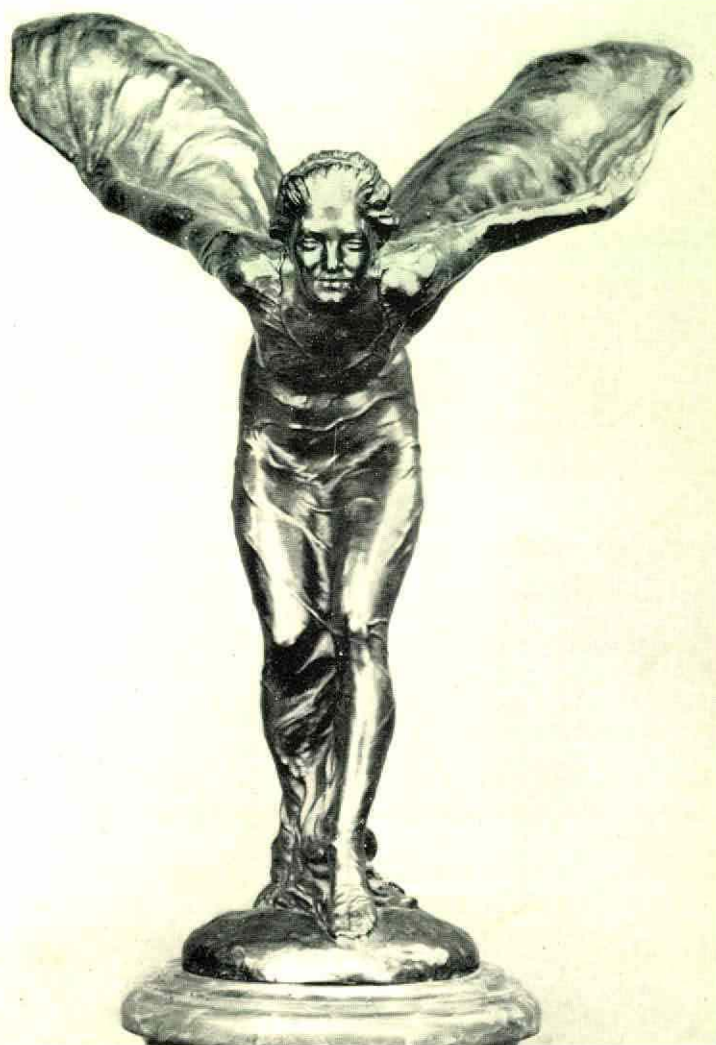




THE 20-GHOST CLUB RECORD

Vol. 14 1973



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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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FROM YOUR EDITOR

As your new editor I offer with some trepidation, spiced with daring, my first offspring of a "new look" to The 20-Ghost Club Record. Following such successful and experienced predecessors as Ian Hallows and Ian and Melanie Munro is not an easy task. I was fully aware of the responsibility and burden entrusted to me by the Committee when I accepted the challenge. I hope you will enjoy reading Volume 14. All constructive suggestions and criticisms will be very welcomed – at least it will prove to me that you have been sufficiently interested to read beyond page 1!

I am grateful to all those who have helped and supported me with contributions to this issue, both in material and pictures. In 1974 I hope many more members, who enjoy the Club and our activities, will take an active part in providing material for the next issue. I seek variety in content. It is not fair to always rely on the "old faithfuls" and, whilst we all enjoy their contributions and hope they will continue to give their active support, they, in turn, like to read articles and see pictures taken by other members of the Club. All members have something to contribute, otherwise they would not belong to The 20-Ghost Club – and this includes overseas' members too. Together with your help we can, I am sure, produce a magazine that is worthy of our Club's record.

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The Chairman writes . . .

This Record will be the first you have received for some time; many things have happened during the interval. The new editor of the Record is Iris Terry to whom we are very grateful for taking over this task and without a doubt the quality of the Record will match the superb turnout of the Terry car. I am sure we would like to thank Ian and Melanie Munro, the former editors, for their efforts over the years.

The number of club members appears to increase slightly but this I feel is due to the opening of Associate membership to owners of post Silver Cloud I and Silver Wraith models, i.e. Shadows, etc. This move was inevitable for the continued functioning of the club. The Rolls-Royce company became Rolls-Royce Motors – we must progress too. We have a unique club and we must do all we can to preserve such a wonderful way of life; keeping the best traditions but moving with new ideas. History can teach us many things but our memories can play tricks – how we thought events were better attended (they were not); how we thought members loved their cars only then to sell to the highest bidder with no thought to the future use of the car. I ask you to consider before deciding to sell your car whether the future owner will use it, whether he uses his present car and in what fashion.

The joys of ownership of a Rolls-Royce are at least three-fold; (1) the sheer joy of owning quality, "the best" in a world of de-hydrated reconstituted rubbish; (2) the joy of driving superb machines and appreciating the finesse of control; and finally (3) the thrill of maintaining such beautiful machines. Rolls-Royce ownership is a second religion – such is our devotion. Whilst I write this the newspapers and television are full of the fuel crisis which is about to hit us, and I suggest one should take advantage of 2 whilst we still have petrol – we can appreciate 1 and 3 without it.

The major event of 1973 has been the magnificent Tour of Portugal which Anthony Heathcote arranged and prepared with such detail. It was a truly 20-Ghost Club event and it represents the image we should project.

We should also project the image of the "pure" Rolls-Royce. Originality is difficult to define – enough to conform with the various traffic regulations but not "be-devil" for its own sake. Here perhaps a small plea towards brightness in colour and away from "embassy black" (in the words of the advertisements) the early cars seem to have been quite bright, then only to become more sombre in the late 30's.

To all the helpers in the Club – Thank you: to Fred Watson who combines duties of Secretary and Treasurer; to the Committee; to Anthony Heathcote for Portugal; to Claude Curtis for Bedford; to Fergusson-Wood for the Brewery visit; and to all those others who have helped with events throughout the rest of the year. Thank you for your assistance in the continuance of the success of the 20-Ghost Club. Happy motoring for 1974.

PHILIP TAYLOR

Annual Dinner and Dance

The Annual Dinner and Dance was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, London on Saturday, 27th January 1973. Once again it lived up to its reputation for providing a happy occasion in the depth of winter for members to meet and discuss the past and often the future. Ian Frazer, Chairman of Rolls-Royce Motors Limited, replied on behalf of the guests, to which Philip Taylor, our Chairman, responded. Mrs. Frazer kindly presented the Club's Trophies.

Perhaps inspired by his return to this annual event, after many years, one of our early members, J. Godfrey-Gilbert, quickly drew the sketch below of St. Peter's Square, Rome, on the back of a menu. Could this not be a possible meeting place on our next visit abroad in 1975?

I.F.T.
(January 1973)



Spring Lunch 1973

The Club met at The Onslow Arms Inn, West Clandon, Surrey on Saturday, 14th April 1973 and was attended by 14 members, bringing 32 guests and 12 cars. Mine Host of the Inn very kindly reserved the whole restaurant for our party, although the seating capacity is somewhat larger, and he gave us a section of the bar to ourselves, sealed off by a filigree iron gate.

Cars began to arrive shortly after noon and were parked in one line in order of age making an impressive sight, ranging from the Silcocks' immaculate New Phantom tourer to Philip Francis's guest Silver Shadow ("condition good for its year"!). In all quite a good spread of models was present, comprising 20 H P, New Phantom, 20/25, Phantom II, Silver Cloud I and the Shadow – and three of them were tourers.

While our cars were arriving we greeted an "intruding" Shadow bearing the number FAL 1, driven by its owner F A Laker of air chartering fame, who showed enormous interest in our activities and apologised for having so young a model to park in the vicinity of the elder brethren.

The Onslow Arms bar welcomed us – a really delightful hostelry, parts of which go back several centuries – a timbered building with inside the best of antiquity preserved with its multitude of beams, yet modern comforts have been unobtrusively included. (No – this is not a draft brochure for the Inn).

After lunch, many of the party went down the road to Clandon Park, which (yes – this is from the brochure) is one of the most outstanding Palladian houses in the country restored by the National Trust to its original magnificence. The highlights of Clandon Park, which everyone appreciated, are the superb plaster work and wall paper, together with the collection of furniture and porcelain, left to the Trust by Mrs. Gubbay.

It was a glorious day, which in itself is so important for any of the Club's social events, and this added to the happy atmosphere of the occasion, which for many ended by revelling in the gardens of Clandon Park after touring the house in the afterglow of the food and wine of the Inn.

DAVID DALE



(Photograph: H. F. Fergusson-Wood)

Our first visit of the season was to a brewery – an unusual brewery in that there were many other sources of interest besides the primary one of the making of beer.

The last day of March, unlike the first few days of April, was kind to us, and although the wind was blowing off the River Thames, the sun shone upon us as we assembled in the brewery yard to have our photographs taken, en masse, with our cars, drinking the Company's beer, and being joined by one of the Company's fine show horses, of which more later. Our drinking was not confined to the odd pint while the photographs were being taken, as we were given licence to go in and out of the sampling room at will, thanks to the generosity of the Directors.

The preliminaries over, we divided into two parties, those who wanted to see the horses first and those who wanted to see the Beam Engines first, not forgetting, of course, that on the way, we were going to be shown the process of beer making. Some were so intrigued with the horses, the ram, the Muskovy ducks and the other animals around the stables and some were so intrigued with the Beam Engines, that they stayed in those areas with the result that in the finish I think both parties were well and truly intermingled.

The Company's eight horse team – the only one in Christendom!



(Photograph: Young and Co.'s Brewery Limited)

Visit to Messrs. Young & Co's Brewery Limited, Wandsworth

Nevertheless, I think everybody saw what interested them most.

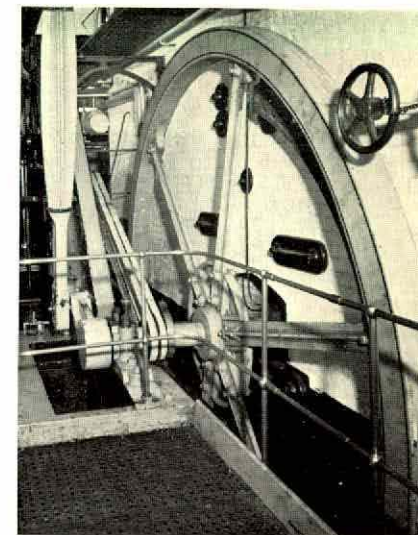
The Brewery has existed on its present site since 1675. In 1831 Charles Alan Young, the founder of Young & Company, purchased the business and it has flourished here ever since under that name. There are a number of brands of beer marketed by Messrs. Youngs, all of which bear the Trade Mark of a ram, hence the presence of a very fine ram in the stable yard.

The Company still keeps 22 working geldings, which do three journeys a day within a three mile radius of the brewery, and deliver, on average, 10,000 tons of beer per annum. In addition to earning their keep, a team of show horses are on hand and are shown at the principal shows each summer. No doubt members may have seen them at the Royal Show, the Royal Windsor, Royal Richmond and other shows. If they have not, they will no doubt wish to see them from now on. These horses have won countless first prizes and championships as photographs and mementos in the stables will show. To see these horses at close quarters is fantastic; they stand over 18 hands and weigh something over a ton each. The team of show horses are all blacks with four white socks. When one is in

the stables and stable yard, one cannot really believe that just the other side of the wall is the roar of traffic, buses, lorries and, only a few miles away, Hyde Park Corner. Within this compound not only do we have the stables, but a training ring. One is really taken back into the country, and indeed the country of at least the beginning of this century, but more of antiquity is to be seen in another part of the brewery where one sees Industrial Antiquity in the form of Beam Engines. These are not just Beam Engines as one might see in a museum, but Beam Engines working daily and providing power required for the various processes in the brewery. One was erected in 1835 in the reign of King William IV, the other a mere baby having been built as late as 1867. These engines operate through gearings fitted with horn beam teeth. They were not just turning over for our benefit: they work daily and they run approximately 12 hours each day non-stop. Therefore, I make no excuse when I now quote from a memorandum I had sight of, of various technical aspects of these engines. Members will have noticed from the brass plate on the 1835 engine that it was made by Messrs. Wentworth & Sons of Wandsworth. It was originally erected for 12 horses power in May 1835 but modified in 1865 to 16 horses power. This engine is compounded with cylinders of 12 in. and 18 in. diameter using steam at 60 lbs. per square inch. The high pressure piston has a stroke of 3 ft. and the low pressure piston a 3 ft. 8 in. stroke. The 1867 engine develops 20 horses power and is also compounded. The later engine is practically identical in design, the only difference being that the smaller engine is supplied with condenser water by gravity while the larger engine is supplied by a large single bucket circulating pump. These engines have the usual A shape frames, cast iron beams with lattice-work eccentric rods and links suspended from the beams. The valve gears have vertical guides and swinging links. The fly wheels are fabricated from wrought iron. Incidentally the original high pressure piston is now on exhibit at the Science Museum. It was changed after only 110 years' service for a new one.

Both engines drive through gearings fitted with wooden teeth, shafts and dog-clutches and operate three 3-throw and one 2-throw vertical pump. They also drive additional shafting and pumps for circulating mash and beer.

Horse lovers and those interested in Industrial Antiquity got carried away from the basic reason we went round the brewery which was, of course, to see the process of



1867 Beam Engine 24 h.p.

(Photograph: Young & Co.'s Brewery Limited)

beer making. Although I was personally intrigued with the other interests referred to above, I did learn something about beer and its making. The strength of beer depends basically on the quantity of malt used per finished barrel. Light and pale ales and bitters are brewed from pale malts – mild ales, stouts and dark beers from dark malts and roasted malts. From start to finish a brew takes 7 days.

Tradition has it that a brew that takes less than 7 days is an "ungodly beer for it has not been blessed by the Sabbath". The ingredients of beer are malt, hops, sugar, yeast and water, all of which I am told are referred to in a brewery as Liquor.

During our visit I found out some useful terms, such as "Finings", apparently made from isinglass, which in turn is made from swimming bladders of certain fish. Finings are added to cask beer immediately before this goes out to the trade; Finings separate the yeast and the hops from the beer so that the beer can be pulled up bright in the bar. Well, it is nice to know that fact the next time you call for your pint.

I believe the morning was enjoyed by all. We are indeed grateful to the Directors for allowing us to visit the establishment and our thanks go to Mr. Rowley, the Head Brewer, for his agreement to the visit and to his two assistant brewers, Mr. McClure and his colleague, themselves enthusiasts of vintage cars, for kindly escorting us around.

H.F.F-W.

Concours d'Etat

Visit to Bedford School - 13th May 1973



(Photograph: Claude Curtis)

Five Bentleys, including a 3-litre, 4½-litre and Speed Six together with six guest Rolls-Royces provided an unorthodox but none the less welcome addition to a most successful meeting at Bedford School, attended by twenty-five Club cars. The Club display was indeed impressive, with every model represented from the Silver Ghost to the Silver Cloud III except for a Phantom III and a Silver Cloud II.

Claude Curtis, himself one of Bedford's most illustrious pupils, had clearly been determined to organise the best possible show for his old school, and in this he amply succeeded. It certainly was an eye-opener for the younger generation. "Magnificent – fantastic" were the words one heard from them as they moved along the line of cars.

It was a typical early English summer day – greying clouds with a promise – to be generously fulfilled – of rain to come, and a chilling breeze. Everybody felt quite at home and thought nothing of it.

The proceedings opened with judging for the Concours d'Etat, which was broken off for lunch, a really excellent cold collation served in the dining room of St. Cuthbert's House. We are grateful to Mr. Wood, the House Master, for this facility and to Mrs. Hall for all the work she did to make us comfortable.

White and red wine flowed in abundance, the former organised by Claude Curtis, and the latter by a magnificent figure in a green monk's habit, also an Old Bedfordian, who arrived in a Silver Shadow and handed out scores of miniature bottles rather surprisingly produced in Switzerland and Somerset. Both were excellent. Little could Claude Curtis have thought, as a simple diligent schoolboy only a few years ago, that one day he would be wrestling with corkscrews and bottles of wine in this dining hall while the Head Master cheerfully cleared away empty plates from the tables!



(Photograph: Claude Curtis)

Lunch completed, some of the members were shown round the School by the boys. With over 400 years of tradition behind it, there was much of interest to be seen, and indeed there are records of a school on the site dating back to the Fourteenth Century.

Meanwhile the judging of the cars continued, after which they paraded in the grounds before the boys in a Concours d'Elégance in which the boys themselves were the judges. Tea followed, and then our Chairman, Phil Taylor, announced the prize-winners. They were:

Class 1	1928 New Phantom	John Coleman
Class 2	1924 20	D. F. Wills
Class 3	1951 Silver Wraith	R. W. Colton
Overall Winner	1936 25/30	Victor Hodgson

After the winners had been presented with their prizes by Clare Heathcote, wife of our new Vice-President, the Head Master, Mr. W. M. Brown, was presented amidst applause with a Silver Lady ashtray and a copy of John Oldham's book "The Hyphen in Rolls-Royce".

And so, in the refreshing evening drizzle which ended this most enjoyable day, our cars crept away one by one to confront the appalling complexities of Bedford's one-way streets in the hope of eventually emerging from the city limits pointing in approximately the right direction.

All of us who were present owe a great debt to Mr. and Mrs. Brown for having made us so welcome despite the complete disruption of their normal Sunday activities, to Mr. K. S. Hall, who worked so hard over the arrangements for our reception, and to Claude Curtis, the sponsor, chief organiser and presiding genius of a memorable meeting.

Ian and Melanie Munro

CONCOURS RESULTS MAY 1973

			<i>Originality</i>	<i>Under bonnet cleanliness</i>	<i>Chassis</i>	<i>Mechanical</i>	<i>Exterior</i>	<i>Interior</i>	<i>TOTAL</i>
1	J. W. Banks	Silver Ghost	90	67	81	180	55	55	528
2	J. Hampton	Silver Ghost	125	70	77	—*	60	60	392
3	J. Coleman	New Phantom	150	73	82	211	55	70	641
4	F. A. B. Valentine	New Phantom	125	66	67	208	60	55	581
5	W. D. N. Berry	Phantom II	100	75	82	217	65	55	594
6	T. A. Roberts	Phantom II	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	D. F. Wills	20	150	86	92	220	55	70	673
8	C. Meachen	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	P. Taylor	20	150	60	83	196	55	40	584
10	H. Keller	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	L. Williams	20	150	77	65	224	45	60	621
12	J. W. Squires	20/25	125	78	62	201	50	20	536
13	Sir T. Lund	20/25	150	62	60	236	45	50	603
14	D. Dale	20/25	150	72	81	221	50	60	634
15	V. Hodgson	25/30	150	97	67	227	60	75	676
16	D. Burness-Smith	Wraith	150	60	76	229	50	35	600
17	I. Munro	Silver-Wraith	150	78	73	203	50	45	599
18	R. W. Colton	Silver Wraith	150	94	78	214	65	45	646
19	A. Taylor	Silver Wraith	150	65	78	203	60	45	601
20	N. Taylor	Silver Wraith	150	61	70	214	60	20	575
21	A. Heathcote	Silver Dawn	150	90	73	221	60	50	644
22	C. J. Curtis	Silver Cloud I	150	75	74	219	60	55	633
23	J. Hamilton-Fish	Silver Cloud I	150	67	79	222	55	55	628
24	T. H. J. Eastwood	Silver Cloud I	115	59	81	—*	55	65	375

* Car left before judging had finished.

My Workshop by Brian Morgan

Henry Royce is quoted as having said that he would prefer to be regarded as a skilled mechanic rather than as an engineer. He is remembered, of course, primarily for his abilities as an engineer but I have always felt that he was trying to say that he had derived far more personal satisfaction from making things with his own hands than from organising other people to make the products of his brain. With this sentiment I wholeheartedly agree and while circumstances have dictated that I earn my living by organising other people's work I have always kept the balance true by giving myself the facility to be an amateur mechanic in my spare time and from this I have derived the utmost satisfaction.

I was very lucky during my boyhood in having a friend whose father had a splendidly equipped private workshop in which the two of us were allowed to work to our heart's content with only two provisos. They were that we always made a decent job and that we kept the workshop spotlessly clean. The basic machine tools were available and the two of us progressed through the familiar series of model making, bicycle repairing, wood working and so on until one magic day when we were both about 13 years old we jointly acquired an extremely decrepit Rover motor cycle and set about its restoration. That is now forty years ago and ever since, apart from the war years, I have never stopped messing about with old motor bikes and old cars.

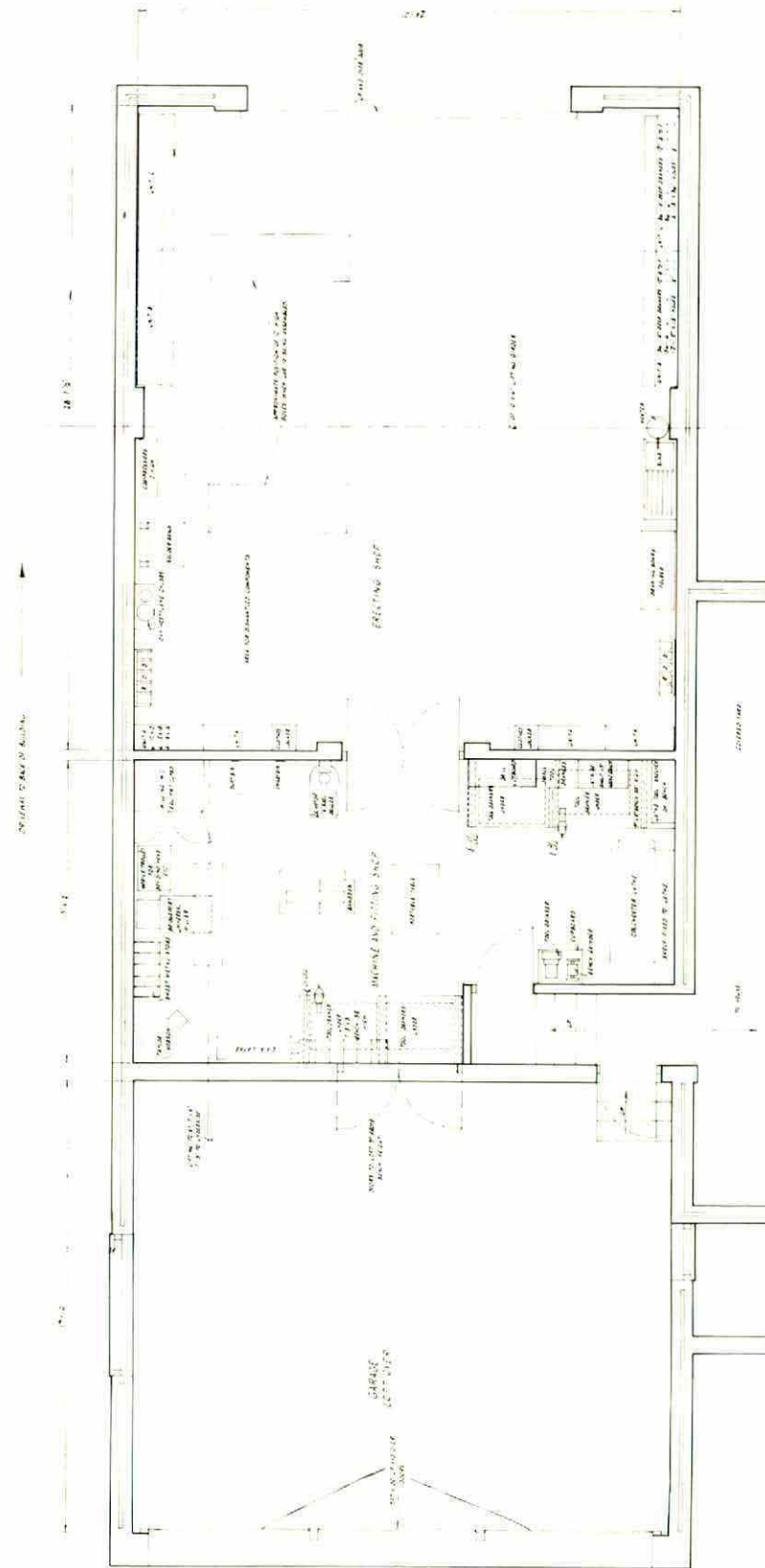
On returning from the war in 1946 I found myself now married and living in a Victorian semi-detached house which luckily had an access road to the bottom of the garden. My first workshop was a sectional wooden shed with a corrugated iron roof, room for one car, a bench and very little else. I still had the machining facilities of the workshop in which I had worked as a boy if I cared to walk a quarter of a mile. For this I was extremely grateful because by this time I had come to realise that the only satisfaction is to do as much as possible of the job oneself. In the shed I restored the 1914 G.P. Opel but while engaged on the job my mind kept coming back to the inescapable fact that I should never be happy until I had a really commodious workshop with at least the basic machining facilities all under one roof. The Opel project ended in disaster by splitting its cylinder block from end to end on its first run and having sold the remains to Stanley Sears I then decided to build my ideal workshop before taking on another car job.

Funds and the general building restrictions at that time precluded any thought of bringing in a builder and so I got a bricklayer friend to teach me the rudiments of his craft, an architect friend kindly put my ideas onto paper and, obtaining planning permission, I borrowed a concrete mixer, put up floodlights and set to work. I can honestly say that apart from skimming the granolithic finish onto the floor I did every part of that building myself including laying gas, water and electricity supplies down the length of the garden and probably no other job has given me such a sense of satisfaction before or since.

Fifteen years and several restorations later we decided to move house and to have built what I hope will be our final resting place. Naturally a workshop had to be included in the general layout and for general convenience was made as part of the house. Nothing is incapable of improvement but I did give this, my present workshop, a lot of thought and have got it as near to perfection for my particular purpose as I can and a brief description may be of interest.

From the plan you can see that the building is 24 ft. wide internally and divided into three compartments. At one end is the garage for three cars in running order which is unheated and in which no work is carried out, it being merely a place to shelter cars in normal use. Due to the ground sloping upwards from front to back of the building the garage section has a lower floor level than the other two sections. As the roof line is kept level throughout, this allows there to be a loft over the garage with access doors only 9 ins. above bench top height in the workshop. The loft floor is capable of taking loads of 300 lbs. per sq. ft. and can therefore be safely filled with any amount of motor car parts.

At the other end of the building is the dismantling and erecting shop with adequate room for two cars to be worked upon and for the storage of the myriad of stock pieces one collects over the years. There are no windows at all because wall space is so valuable and much of the work is done in the hours of darkness in any case. Lighting is provided from 8 ft. 120 w daylight fluorescent tubes and if ever one feels the need to be in touch with the outdoors one can always open the 12 ft. wide up and over door. The centre of the building is occupied by the machine and fitting shop which communicates with the erecting shop through two swing doors. Heating comes from a 4 in. diameter pipe running right round the two parts of the workshop area at 8 ft. above the



floor so that valuable wall space which could be taken up by radiators is left uncluttered. A thermostatic control keeps the temperature at 65°F and in summer the building is sufficiently well insulated to keep cool on a hot day.

To describe the contents of my machine and fitting shop would tend to become rather like writing a catalogue and so I will just mention what I regard as the essentials. First a very rigid bench with a vice, the vice having no serrations on the jaws as I have spent many hours filing out marks left in components which have been held in a blacksmith's vice. The bench is wooden but has a $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick stainless steel sheet bonded to its working surface which can easily be kept clean. All the hand tools in regular use are in open topped shallow boxes along the back of the bench. There are two benches in my workshop simply because my son shares it with me. Next a lathe. Slowly over the years I have been able to afford bigger and better lathes and have now ended up with a Colchester Triumph 2000 which I consider gives a motor car restorer a tool adequate for nearly all his needs and at the same time is a rugged and powerful machine well able to make full use of carbide tooling. It can accommodate up to 16 in. in diameter and 30 in. long and above these sizes you just have to find someone with a bigger lathe to do the job for you. As this lathe will run up to 2,000 r.p.m. it is still convenient for making very small parts despite its large capacity. I also have a C.V.A. lathe which is of very small capacity and can be useful when making such parts as those needed for instrument repairing. A lathe is useless unless you have a grinding wheel on which to make the lathe tools and in my case I have a standard electric bench grinder but with a grinding wheel on one end and an 8 in.

Garage and workshop layout.

diameter wire brush on the other which is a splendid device for cleaning up corroded or dirty pieces of metal. For putting the final accurate finish on a tool I have a tool grinder with a cup wheel giving a flat cutting face instead of a curved one.

Next in importance to a lathe is a drilling machine and again over the years I have progressed upwards from a small sensitive $\frac{1}{2}$ in. capacity pillar drill to a very robust radial arm machine capable of taking the largest parts in which I shall ever need to put a hole. One of the great developments in machine tools in recent times is that whereas the rule used to be that large machines would only run slowly and therefore were no good for small jobs, nowadays most machines have a good speed range and therefore it you can only have one of each type, the larger the better.

My milling machine is an Adcock & Shipley Bridgeport, a superbly universal type of tool which can cover a surface up to 36 in. long by 12 in. wide. Not the last word in toolroom accuracy but plenty good enough for my needs and having the benefit of being usable as a rudimentary jig borer. This is convertible into a horizontal milling machine which one does need on rare occasions and being a mass produced machine is very reasonably priced. A metal cutting band saw completes the list of larger machines and this latter is in constant use chiefly for cutting sheet or plate when fabricating brackets and the like. It will, of course, also cut wood when put on top speed. Having a great dislike of hard manual work if it is avoidable I have recently acquired a vertical emery band finisher which gets round a great deal of the filing which I used to have to do. The last machine which is quite unessential but can be fun is a Taylor Hobson engraving machine which I picked up years ago for virtually scrap price. On this one can engrave bogus instruction plates and the like to confound future motoring historians. It does not get much use.

Apart from the machines, I have gradually accumulated a fair selection of hand tools, measuring equipment and so on which go towards being better equipped to making components and screwing them together and these are all stored in drawers either below or above the benches.

This then is the shop in which all the component parts are either repaired or made again as the job of restoration proceeds and we will now move out into the erecting shop where those parts are attached to the main assembly as each is completed. Here the only equipment used for making pieces is a soldering and brazing bench and the oxy-acetylene welding gear. The fumes given off by these are bad for machine tools and hence they are kept out of the machine shop. A compressor with a service pipe running round the whole building and a sink with hot and cold are also sited here. Any paint spraying is strictly done out of doors for obvious reasons of safety.

Along part of the length of the two side walls are metal shelves up to 3 ft. high on which the smaller components of a dismantled car can be stored. Above these from 3 ft. up to 7 ft. are rows of small drawers, 288 of them in all, in which the stock of standard items such as all the common length and size combinations of BSF bolts, nuts, washers, split pins and so on are kept. Across the end of the erecting shop remote from the entrance are bins for stocking raw material in rod or strip form. Paint, petrol, putty, polish, packing and general stores are also held in there racks. Plenty of 230v. sockets are fitted at intervals around the walls and also hang down from the ceiling at two points along the centreline of the erecting shop. At each point where electricity emerges I made it a rule to have a double 13 amp socket which costs very little extra once the wiring has been run and it is very often invaluable to be able to plug two things into the same place at the same time.

At approximately where the engine of a car would be situated if the car is driven forwards into the erecting bay, I installed a lifting beam spanning the whole width of the shop and fitted with a block on a trolley capable of lifting one ton on its centre. This is excessively strong for motor car engines but it can be useful to lift the whole of one end of a heavy car onto stands as I do not have a pit. Talking of boxes, a very simple idea which I adopted many years ago was to make two coffin shaped boxes, 6 ft. long x 2 ft. wide x 1 ft. deep, I place these on the floor one across the front axle centre line and one across the back and then rebuild the car with its wheels standing on top of these boxes. Although it only raises the assembly by 1 ft. it makes life a great deal more pleasant and well repays the small trouble at the end of easing the finished car down onto the floor.

The considerable extra length of the erecting shop compared with the length of any car is useful in accommodating the dismantled parts while a rebuild is in progress and especially the engine on a stand with room left to walk all round it.

That then is a brief description of my workshop and having written these notes it suddenly occurs to me that I have never yet restored a Rolls-Royce, although I have owned a Ghost, a P II and a P III in years gone by. Does anyone know of a reasonably priced Ghost Doctors Coupé that I could have a go at when I have finished the current rebuild?



The author's LWB Silver Wraith against the background of the old and new Colleges



David Hellings demonstrating the parking test in his "20"



"Yes, Mr. Curtis, that's just right"

(Photographs: Nicholas Taylor)

Driving Tests at Sandhurst 1973

Once again the 20-Ghost Club was fortunate to be able to hold its Driving Tests at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

There were three main differences this year in so far as the actual tests were arranged on the Churchill Square instead of outside the New Buildings, that the marshalling was fortunately – or unfortunately – carried out most efficiently by friends and members of the Club, and that the marking was based on the marks lost system – i.e., the winner of each test is awarded zero penalty points and the loser is awarded penalty points equivalent to the number of entrants, thus when all the points are totalled the person with the lowest number wins.

Low cloud with rain cleared by start time which turned out to be later than planned. The first test was basically a slow drive of approximately 25 yards, then with a drop of the flag, as fast as possible to cross a line a further 25 yards away, reverse into a garage and drive forward to cross the finishing line. Clifford Meachen's delightful little "20", in my opinion, always excels in the slow section by showing off the smooth low rev torque of the "20".

From this to a parking test with a space of 7 feet by 24 feet. My brother, Andrew, driving a 1953 LWB "Silver Wraith" of some 18 feet literally slid into the relatively small gap as though he could drive the car sideways.

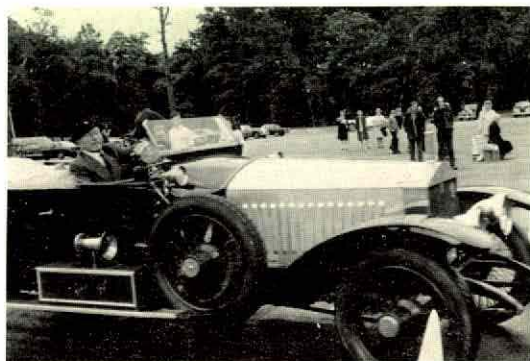
A little further around the course Claude Curtis in his Silver Cloud I showed his demonstration of long-distance width judging to be more judgment than luck. Mrs. J. Townsley's Phantom III reminded me of the Jaguar advertisement of the mid-Sixties – "Grace, Space and Pace" – as it performed the wobble. Mr. Squires completed test 5 with some very precise driving which is more than can be said for most of the entrants. Dick Colton drove his Silver Wraith with his usual determination and Fred Watson in the 1913 Alpine competing on the same terms as cars 40 years its junior put up a great effort.

Whilst the scores were being added there was an optional test for the entrants. This took the form of a course laid out with cones around which the blindfolded driver had to steer his car relying on instructions from his passenger or passengers. This test had no bearing on the scores but was just an enjoyable time-waster.

Prizes were presented by Mrs. Heathcote to:

- 1st Andrew Taylor, Silver Wraith
- 2nd Dick Colton, Silver Wraith
- 3rd Philip Taylor, "20".

NICHOLAS TAYLOR



Alpine in action



Mrs. J. Townsley's P III circling test 5



It's in the bag

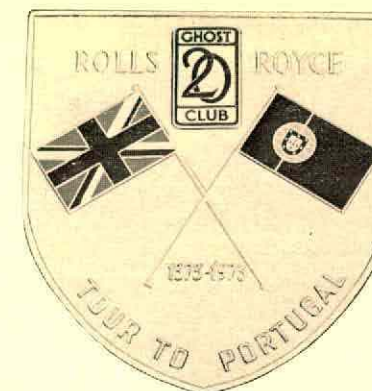
(Photographs: Nicholas Taylor)

A Member's Plea

*Hose and leather, wax and shine
Let's pray hard it will keep fine!
Glistening bonnet, spotless chassis
Gleaming engine, perfect lassie.
What's the reason for this bustle,
This infernal, endless hustle?
'Tis a 20-Ghost Club concours –
d'Etat or Elegance – a foreign tour;
Driving tests or weekend meeting,
Spring or Autumn Luncheon greeting.
We enjoy our get togethers;
We defy inclement weathers.
But, as we hose, wax and shine
Oh, how we pray it will keep fine!*

*(With apologies to the Chairman's
remarkably accurate weather
forecasts.)*

I.F.T.



Portugal 1973

It all began in the quayside, Southampton. Eighteen of us, in our best bonnets and shining with excitement, gathered up our passengers and whispered them up the ramp and into the *M.V. Eagle*. We were off.

Now I will introduce myself; I am a much-travelled matron of forty-six, a Mulliner Weyman Twenty "Sports" Saloon. (In view of our later adventures, I should say that the "sports" is a bit misleading; though I like to cruise at fifty on good roads, and can still do my designed maximum of 58 m.p.h., I am not what you might call a *fast* car.) I found I was parked close to my old friend's EYT (the Vice-President-Car, a little *too* conscious of her blue good looks perhaps, but very sweet when you get to know her) and darling XV4 (the Chairman-Car; we are the same age, you know). I found plenty of other old friends, among them the Howell-Car from Maryland, whom I last met in the States in 1969. The oldest present was the splendid Leake-Car from Oklahoma; I felt rather in awe of her, and sad to say she left us before we could get properly acquainted. We old guard were particularly pleased to see some new girls among us – five post-war cars to carry on the old traditions. I pride myself on being broad-minded about modern fashions, and must admit that some of the young things are quite elegant.

Ashore in Lisbon we preened ourselves for the photographers in front of the Belem Tower, and drove in procession along the coast road to Estoril, showing off in our own dignified style to the first of many appreciative audiences. Next day there was another procession with Police-Escort-Car through Lisbon to the north, but six of us got left behind – my people's fault I suspect, but they won't admit it. Elegant, powerful ANU, our Master-Car, did her best to lead us through the concrete jungle to the safety of the autostrads, although she was a stranger there herself. Have you ever seen six Rolls-Royces lost in a foreign city, and determined at least not to lose each other? We battled through without loss, but my people were late for lunch and late for dinner, because, as I said before, I am not a *fast* car. However, that night we were all safely tucked up under cover and slept the better for it. (My dears, I know I shouldn't tell tales, but – I think it is something to do with her visits to the Dead Sea – EYT *snores*).

Next morning—Espinho to Caramulo—we managed to get lost again, and never have I had such an opportunity to study my friends' rear lamps as we drove round the lanes of Portugal in what seemed to me to be ever-decreasing circles; and as the last twenty kilometres were uphill all the way, I was naturally last again. After this my people learned wisdom, and by dint of starting in good time, watching the map and maintaining my own steady pace, I was able to keep up with the van and find time for leisurely picnics among the olive groves. The mountain climb I took in my stride; I found that Portuguese hairpin bends are not hairpins at all, so much softer and easier on one's tyres, so I soared up in third and second (but not stopping to play snowballs) and coasted down gently in third with my radiator tightly shut. I felt a little hurt when ANU asked me if I had boiled; I *never* boil, and in fact came back to Southampton with the same Pembrokeshire water with which I had set out.

So we proceeded south (and not one of us failed to proceed) and everywhere we were admired, especially by the children. I specially remember Estremo; we were queueing for our free nosebag of delicious "Normal", and everybody in the town seemed to be clustered around us. My people had just finished explaining in sign language what my ignition lever did for me, when a little boy came up to me and said "Ah-oo-ah!" in a Klaxon-voice. This was a bit of Portuguese which I could understand, so I sounded off in reply. My dears, it was the best joke I have ever made.

What memories for a sedate middle-aged belle dame! The natives were friendly, overwhelmingly so; and of them all, I shall remember best the smiling, fascinated children.

RX 198



Me, picnicking
(Photograph: Frank Hellings)

Day to day diary

(Editor's Note: The Master, Stanley Sears, who had recently made his home in Portugal, joined members with his Phantom III. Following his reputation for perfection he has meticulously recorded the daily events and, in his unique style, recalls many happy memories.)

May 28—the day was fine and warm

We met the *Eagle* at Alcântara Docks at Lisbon. She arrived half-an-hour late but looked most impressive passing under the splendid Salazar Bridge. Twenty-two Rolls-Royces from a 1912 Silver Ghost to a Silver Shadow disembarked and parked in the special BP enclosure on the dock-side. We then moved off to the Belem Tower for official photographs. From the United States of America, specially for this occasion and for the Alpine Rally, James Leake had brought his 1912 Silver Ghost and Jerry Howell his 1924 Phantom I, Springfield Model.

We left in convoy slowly to the Hotel Palácio at Estoril, where we relaxed. Later we went by taxis to a dinner at the Muchaxo Restaurant given by the local Junta do Turismo da Costa do Sol, which although it did not start until 10 p.m., was most enjoyable. We were welcomed by Sr. Mora and Sr. and Sra. Cardoso de Lima, the Secretary of the Antique Automobile Club of Portugal, who had given us so much assistance in the preparatory stages of the arrangements and who accompanied us as far as Porto and Caramulo.

Thanks to the great generosity of BP, who provided free petrol for the whole tour (something like 1500 gallons) we filled our tanks to the brim ready for the run to Porto the next day. I must say that it was a great pleasure to see the hand of my Phantom III petrol gauge go right over to 32 gallons for the first time in its life without having to withdraw many notes from my wallet!

May 29—the sun shone all day and it was very warm

A coach took us to Lisbon to visit the Jerónimos Monastery famed for its beautiful architecture and cloisters. We admired the outstanding sculpture of the modern monument to the discoverers, inspired by Vasco da Gama, on the bank of the river Tagus. There was an opportunity for shopping in Lisbon before changing to go to a reception specially arranged for us at the British Embassy House at 6 p.m.

We were warmly received by the British Ambassador, David Muirhead, and his charming wife. We met the First Secretary, Richard Edis. The drinks and appetisers were presented on a lavish scale—so much so that many members, including myself, could not eat any dinner afterwards!



Anthony Heathcote's cars head the procession off the *Eagle*
(Photograph: Claude Curtis)

May 30

We left Estoril about 9 a.m. with a police escort to guide us through the difficult traffic and unfamiliar streets of Lisbon. The late starters had quite a difficult time to find their way. We only covered 48 miles in the first two hours on the way North to Bussaco, where we enjoyed a most excellent buffet lunch given by the Tourist Board at the magnificent Palácio Hotel. This was the summer palace of the last King of Portugal until 1910 and was built, regardless of expense, in 1890. The most ornate and beautifully carved stonework of the exterior and a large part of the interior was matched by the superbly carved woodwork of the doors and panelling.

After lunch we proceeded to Espinho to the Hotel Praia do Golf, a brand new modern box-style hotel by the sea, which had an excellent garage, housing all the cars.

After a very quick change to dinner jackets we were taken by coach to a reception by the exclusive British Company of Shippers of Port wine in Porto, at their beautiful building, which is entirely British. There we sampled several varieties of Port as cocktails before going to the Palácio da Bolsa for a splendid dinner given by the President and Directors of the Institute of Port wine and the Directors of the British Exporters Company. We were particularly impressed not only by our most cordial reception, the dinner and wines, but also by the magnificence of the buildings and the fantastic decoration of the halls and dining rooms. At the conclusion of

a most enjoyable evening we were—fortunately—safely returned to our hotel by coach, which was just as well after the liberal process of port wine tasting!

We had had a long but interesting day and had covered 210 miles.

May 31

I was brought smartly out of bed at 6.30 a.m. by the sound of a steam locomotive on the railway line adjacent to the hotel, which normally had electric trains and was delighted to see a 2-6-4 tank engine which was oil fired, starting from the station with a four coach train. It made my day!

After spending an hour washing the Phantom III I was most annoyed to find it raining when I emerged from the enormous hotel garage, which housed all our cars. This rain persisted all day with short sunny intervals. It unfortunately spoilt our views of the lovely mountainous country en route to and surrounding Caramulo, which is situated at 2,300 feet above sea level. On arrival there we were warmly greeted by Dr. João Lacerda and his enchanting wife Zica, and after cocktails beside their beautiful swimming pool, we were given an excellent lunch in the Estalagem, which he owns.

After lunch we visited his magnificent museum of about 46 cars and many motorcycles: both are beautifully presented and housed in an ideal building, specially constructed for the purpose. Many of the cars had been repainted and improved in condition since I had last been there in September 1972 and their condition was immaculate. A large variety of makes was represented from an 1898 Peugeot to a 1960 300 SL Mercedes, including three Rolls-Royce Silver Ghosts and two Phantom IIs and, in particular, a Phantom II which carried the largest array of suitcases at the rear, the sides and the roof, that I have ever seen. The suitcases were very securely mounted, which led us to pull



The old and the new in line outside the Belem Tower
—first stop after docking in Lisbon
(Photograph: Bess Taylor)



Snow on the Serra da Estrela (6,000 ft.)
(Photograph: Peter Collinson)

Fred's leg, because on arrival at Caramulo he was dismayed to find that his large luggage trunk was missing from the rear of his Phantom II. It had fallen off en route and been found, fortunately, by a roadman, who stopped one of the following cars – James Leake's Silver Ghost – and handed it over only slightly damaged.

Unfortunately it was raining hard when we left Caramulo for the run to Urgeirica to a nice country hotel of the same name. We covered only 107 miles this day.

June 1 – another fine and warm day

Our route to Estremoz, about 170 miles, was through Covilhã and over the mountains of the Serra da Estrela Range. The gradient in the steepest parts varied between 1 in 10 and 1 in 8. It was a splendid road with many corners and wonderful views. I was interested to see at about 4,000 feet altitude a blue roadside notice of the International type advising the use of chains.

At about 5,000 feet there were some patches of snow in the crevices and above this to the maximum altitude of 6,200 feet an increasing amount. I stopped to take a photograph of Helen standing by the Phantom III with a large snowball.

All the cars made the climb without any trouble. The performance of the Phantom III was most impressive. Such is the torque of the V12 engine, that most of the climb was done on top gear, using third only for some of the sharper corners and to overtake the slower cars. Near the bottom of the descent on the other side, however, we saw what appeared to be a car on fire. On approaching nearer it was seen to be the Silver Shadow with brakes so overheated that it was enveloped in thick smoke – the driver had forgotten to hold second gear for engine braking on the descent!

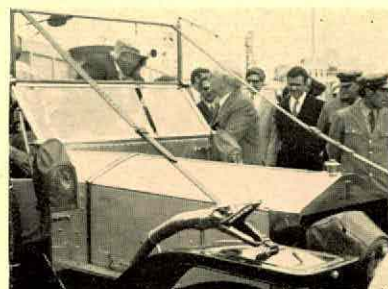
Most of us stayed at the fabulous Pousada of Rainha Santa Isabel, the finest in Portugal,

which has been converted at enormous cost by the Government from a derelict castle on the top of the hill to a very beautiful hotel with delightful decorations in medieval style.

Soon after arrival some of us were just taking baths and others, including myself, had put on old clothes to clean our cars, when we were requested to report immediately to the cars for a parade through the town of the Câmara, or Town Hall, where the Mayor would present to each car a piece of pottery to commemorate our visit. We duly paraded twice around the very large main square, much to the delight of the local populace, who cheered and waved and clapped their hands. After waiting for some time it was announced that the Mayor was not at present available and that the pieces of pottery would be sent to the Pousada.

June 2

After thick mist in the early morning, which quickly gave way to sun and warmth, we left Estremoz for the Algarve via Vila Vicosa, to view the famous Royal Palace which was the home of the last King Ferdinand of Portugal until his assassination in 1910. Some members also visited the Castle, which has been very well restored. There is also a large marble industry in the district. At the end of an uneventful run of about 185 miles we arrived at the Penina Hotel in the Algarve, where we were booked in for three nights. It was nice to be able to unpack everything and to get some laundry done. That evening we were requested to report to the room of Anthony and Clare at 7.30 p.m. to celebrate an "event", which proved to be the arrival of their first grandchild – a boy. When justice had been done to this happy occasion we went to the new Casino (only finished that week) for dinner by the Directors of Casinos do Algarve, two of whom were present – Mr. John Stillwell and Dr. Cardoso – and also the British Vice-Consul, Dr. José de Pearce Azuedo.



James Leake's 1912 Silver Ghost
(Photograph: Claude Curtis)

June 3

This Sunday was a day of rest and relaxation together with some cleaning of cars. Most members were content to enjoy the splendid pool of the Hotel Penina and to sunbathe. Although there was a cool breeze there was sun all day long. Some members attended the Church service held in the Hotel Conference Room. In the evening we were entertained to dinner at the Alvor Hotel by the Directors of the Board of Tourism, led by Dr. José de Pearce Azuedo, who, as already mentioned, is the British Vice-Consul in Portimão.

June 4 – fine and warm with sun all day and a fresh breeze.

Due to the fact that my house was still unfinished I was unable to fulfil my intention of inviting members there for a buffet lunch. Instead I arranged this at an attractive guest house named "Casa Fajara" at Carrapateira. This is situated near Cape St. Vincent and Sagres, so that it was possible to combine a visit to the lighthouse, which is the most westerly point of Europe, with a visit to Fort Belize at Sagres, where Henry the Navigator founded his nautical school.

June 5 – sun all day and very warm.

We left the Algarve and went by the coast road via Lagos for Lisbon and Estoril enjoying a picnic lunch en route.

We had been invited by the famous wine company of Fonseca, who had over fifty branches in Portugal, to visit en route their new production and bottling plant at Azeitão near Setúbal, where the well-known Lancers, white and Rosé wines, are produced in their distinctive bottle. The plant is new and is the best equipped and most modern of its type in the world. It is clinically clean – more so than many hospitals – and the huge indoor storage and blending vats were beautifully finished in rose tiles. This was set off by the high polish of all the stainless steel piping and filters and pumps. The latter were mounted on trolleys so that they could be moved with their white flexible plastic piping from one vat to another. Gone were the old familiar wood barrels. The bottling plant was fantastic in its precision and speed of filling, corking and packing into cardboard containers. Outside there were at least fifty storage tanks, like enormous beehives, dazzling white in their asbestos-type insulation.

We were able to sample several of their light and popular wines, both white and Rosé, which are slightly "petillant" and of which large quantities are exported to England. Each person was presented with two bottles of "Lancers" on departure.

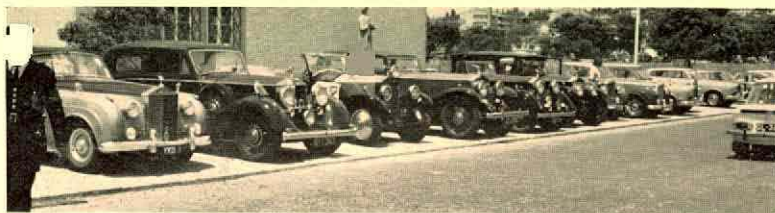


"Self service" to the kindly
hospitality of B.P.
(Photograph: Claude Curtis)

We moved on to the Palácio Hotel at Estoril and after a bath and change into dinner jackets we drove, by kind invitation, to cocktails at the beautiful country house of our new member "Bo" Hermanson (of Swedish origin) and his charming wife, Joyce. "Bo" owns two Silver Wraith limousines maintained by his chauffeur in immaculate condition. The house is situated on a hillside at Malveira do Serra, a few miles from Cascais and has a magnificent view down to the sea about three miles away. The garden is a joy to behold, and I think it is the finest property I have yet seen in Portugal and is complete with its own separate guest house and swimming pool. We reluctantly tore ourselves away from their kind hospitality to go to dinner at the Casino at Estoril by invitation of the Directorate General of Tourism hosted by Sr. Mário Saraiva. After a very good dinner we were entertained by an excellent floor show with a variety of artists, the highlight of which was a conjurer, who did quite impossible things with balls and glasses.

June 6 – fine and very warm with sun all day.

Members could be seen cleaning their cars before doing some last minute shopping in Estoril. At mid-day we moved off in convoy to the Peixe Restaurant – just by the exquisitely carved stone monument to the Portuguese navigators and discoverers on the left bank of the River Tagus. Here we were entertained to a delicious buffet lunch by the Directors of A M Almeida Lda, the Rolls Royce and BLMC agents. We were welcomed by the General Managers, Sr. Ris da Silva, and we were honoured by the presence of the President of the whole large complex of A M Almeida and C Santos, the latter being the Mercedes



A grand line-up of 20-Ghost cars, together with some belonging to the Portuguese, outside Restaurant o Peixe in Lisbon, prior to returning home

(Photograph: Bess Taylor)

agents. Comendador António Libanio Correia is a most charming gentleman of 80 years of age. He spoke excellent English and was most vivacious. At the conclusion of the lunch the final "thank you" was aptly made by Anthony.

This seemed a fitting moment for Fred to present to Anthony a beautiful silver gilt filigrée model of a Portuguese galleon, which had been subscribed for by members, in recognition of all the splendid and laborious organisation he had undertaken to arrange such a successful tour.

The cars then slowly departed and I said farewell to each in turn. Then the riverside parking space was empty and all was quiet. Helen and I stood alone and wished them a smooth voyage home in the *Eagle*.

So ended one of the best organised and most enjoyable tours in which I have ever taken part. It was happily timed to coincide with the 600th Anniversary of the Treaty of Alliance between England and Portugal and the visit of H.R.H. Prince Philip to Lisbon. Everywhere we went we were met with the most kindly cordiality and generous hospitality. Our cars created the greatest interest not only for the adults but with the school children who were lined up outside their various schools en route and who cheered wildly, waved flags and clapped their hands. Many of the elder generation smiled and solemnly raised their hats as we passed.

STANLEY SEARS

★ ★ ★

The Portuguese Tour

26th May to 8th June 1973

by Peter Collinson

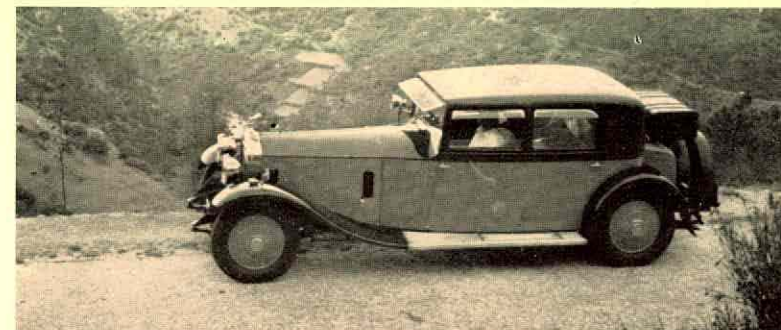
(all photographs by Peter Collinson)

By the time we reached the Bay of Biscay, we (the *Eagle* and the members of the 20-Ghost Club) were steady enough to refill the pool and so we spent our time between the Panoramix Bar, the Restaurant and around the pool, where Anthony Heathcote was up to his usual tricks with the children – ducking and being ducked! The forty-hour boat trip was a real holiday and a good start to the tour.

As soon as we disembarked at Lisbon and had passed under the "Ponte Salazar" (1966) we were on the Square being photographed and plied with maps, folders, itineraries etc. Nobody seemed to know who was who and anyone with a uniform, a camera or a whistle was allowed in.



Rainha Santa Isabel at Estremoz



Peter Collinson's Continental Phantom II at Serra do Caramulo.

A police escort then conveyed us to the Belem Tower (Sixteenth Century) for official photographs and then along the Corniche road to Estoril. We had tea at Seteais where we first met Bo Hermanson, a friendly native who is now a member of the Club. He offered to lead us down the more picturesque route – the other side of the Serra Santa – and this we accepted but as we left the Palace last in order to take photographs we found ourselves engaged in a mini Monte Carlo rally to catch the others up again. From the driving seat it was exciting and I am told from the passenger seat it was most picturesque, the road descending in a series of hairpin bends between the walls of many fine properties or quintas.

The next day was free. Some members took the opportunity to visit the world's finest collection of Royal coaches and others visited the Hieronymite Monastery dos Jerónimos (1502). In the evening we were invited to a reception at the British Embassy for what was one of the highlights of the tour.

The following day we left Lisbon led by a police escort, who put us on to the road to the north. Our destination was Espinho (just south of Oporto) but on the way we stopped for lunch at Bussaco. So it was we drove up the "damned long hill" to the former royal hunting lodge, where we had the *most stupendous feast*. The miniature manueline palace was "iced" with the most delicate and photogenic stone tracery and rich in *Azulejos*, a painted and glazed tile art learned from the Moors. From there we went down hill again, through the historic forest and northwards. Maybe, because the roads were getting rougher or because of the aforementioned feast some of us were pretty tired by the time we reached Espinho but there was no time for resting. It was a case of straight into dinner jackets and by coach to Oporto, where we were guests of the Institute of Port Wine and British Exporters Company. Here the evening soon became a blur – one remembers in a haze more feasting and perhaps most of all the ride back by coach, which was a riot – a few of our more respectable members being heard to sing some of those unmentionable songs.

The next morning, bright and early, we reloaded our cars, removed them from the garage which had been kept solely for our use and went southwards again. Up the Serra do Caramulo through superb country with rivers and waterfalls, cultivated terraces and sheep, all wrapped in dense pine forests, and so to the health resort of Caramulo. Dr João Lacerda welcomed us to drinks and a delightful lunch before a visit to his car and art museums. Apart from an Abadal, a Bugatti, a Ferrari or two, a quintet of Mercedes Benz and many other fine cars, he had some highly desirable Rolls-Royces.

The highlight of the next day was the climb to 6,000 feet over the Serra da Estrela, the highest massif in Portugal, where we had to dismount to re-enact a Wellingtonian battle with snowballs. The hairpin bends on the way down this boulder-strewn "solid granite pile" made the day's motoring memorable. Soon after passing the Howell's Ghost with the inevitable 20-25 tourer of Ralph and Queenie Harrison in attendance astern, we reached Castel Branco, close to the Spanish border, in time for our picnic lunch. Having "done" Castel Branco we pressed on through much flatter country passing en route the lonely 20 – Frank and Dorothy Hellings playing Tortoise and Hare.

We stopped to photograph a walled city on a hilltop – the map showed it to be Estremoz, where we were due to stay the night. Estremoz was one of the towns on the map which was ringed in felt tip by B.P. So we found the B.P. station and gratefully filled the tank with "Normal". The attendant considered our car to be a "Moto Real".

By following the "little house" signs we arrived at the Pousada of Rainha Santa Isabel, once the palace of King Dinis. The attached, little chapel was liberally decorated with the inevitable *Azul Azulejos*. Having assembled in the palace yard we then returned in convoy to the town centre, where we turned round the square and then round again in a vain attempt to meet the mayor, who did not, however, materialize. It was a grand opportunity to see the pavements which were made entirely of marble.

Next morning was dramatic, the superb simplicity of the sculpture of Rainha Santa Isabel (wife of King Dinis) standing high above the clouds made it look, for all the world, that we were on an island. However, by the time we had had breakfast we were down to earth again and on our way south. The destination was the Algarve, a mere 300 Km! The roads became rougher and rougher and it seemed, at times, that the granite sets were smoother than the tarmac – we think we now know what chariot racing was like!

Vila Viçosa was delightful, all set about by orange and lemon trees, and the home of the lavish Court of the Dukes of Bragança, the eighth of whom became King of Portugal in 1640. It was about here that we came upon a marble quarry and felt forced to take more pictures because it is pretty sobering to see the gigantic chunks of mountain from which our mantelpieces and necklaces are made. Later we saw a craftsman just completing, from one solid hunk, a marble bath, so thin that we could see his shadow through it. We wondered what language he would speak if in drilling the plug hole, it cracked. We did not wait to find out, but pressed on through ever increasing vegetation towards the Serra de Monchique, the "block" the other side of which was our goal, and also the lush vegetation giving a truly tropical appearance to the twisting and turning road. When the Portuguese, who live with this all their lives, consider the view worth a special sign on the roadside, then you can be sure the view is worth stopping for. We did and it was. It is interesting to note that all the olive trees (or were they Arbutus) grow with a right-hand spiral – not one exception.

And so we arrived at Alvor, greeted as we pulled into the Praia Golfa forecourt by a gentleman allotting us a parking space and a photographer, whose excellent picture now resides in our album. That evening we were invited to the Casino do Algarve for dinner, which we all enjoyed and a floor show.

We had two free days and spent them at leisure around the swimming pool (until that menace Anthony arrived to tip us all in!), golfing, exploring the coast line or whatever else took one's fancy. We were invited by Stanley Sears to a curry lunch at the diminutive "Casa Fajara", a guest house which is ably and amiably run by Jeffery and Diana Honour. This was a gem of a place, a few hundred yards from the west coast, near their windswept "Lands' End" or come to that Europe's "Land's End" and 20 Km. or so from Sagres where Prince Henry founded his school of navigation (Fifteenth Century) – now a youth hostel.

The last afternoon was spent by many preparing their cars for the last leg of the journey. The little white Mini van with Rolls-Royce Service Van written largely on the side was kept busy for a change with a couple of punctures to look after and one or two other minor items like the shock absorber link of Lady Valentine's P I, which James informed us had been broken for about 28 years! Derek Silcock elected to spend the whole afternoon washing and leathering his immaculate, coach-painted P I tourer.

We felt sad as we left the Algarve. On our way back we enjoyed a picnic lunch, a wine tasting, a memorable crossing of the 1½ mile Ponte Salazar and finally, 320 Km. later, we, once again, arrived at the Palácio Estoril.

The luncheon before embarking was at the invitation of Count Caria at the O Peixe (the first). This was a very modern building, which used to be a sailing and sports club, built close to the dramatic structure which was erected to commemorate the great seafarers of Portugal. Count Caria made an excellent speech which should cement Anglo-Portuguese relations for many years to come as when we left, he and Anthony were still endeavouring to untangle their arms after all the hand-shaking and flag exchanging. It must be placed on record here that the world record lunch was eaten by Leo Williams at this luncheon.

In a happy state we steamed up the road to the waiting *Eagle*. As she sailed down the Tagus estuary we saw again many of the places which gave us such marvellous memories – "Christ in Majesty", the Ponte Salazar, the Belem Tower, the Discoverers, Estoril and Cascais. Alas, all good things have to come to an end.

"Thank you so much" to all our hosts, B.P., who gave us all the fuel and oil, Rothmans, Bo and Joyce Hermanson, Stanley Sears and especially Anthony Heathcote, the organising genius.

PETER COLLINSON

A Weekend in Monmouthshire

The demarcation line of the television weather map passed very close to Monmouth so that it appeared the weekend might be sunny or it might be showery. Saturday started with an uncertain haze leaving one wondering which side of the line Monmouth was placed but, by the time eleven Rolls-Royce cars had assembled in Castle Square there was no doubt that a very warm afternoon would follow.

The cars ranged in period from the 1913 Alpine of Fred Watson to Pip Greenwood's Silver Shadow and local interest was soon aroused. Viewing the rear compartment of the 1929 Phantom I Sedan de Ville a young spectator was heard to exclaim "That is the way to travel in a motor car".

Several members and their friends took the opportunity to explore the older parts of Monmouth and in particular the town's museum, where there is a special section devoted to the mementos of The Hon. C. S. Rolls. Another area of interest was the collection of exhibits relating to Lord Nelson. We then made our way to the Officers' Mess of the Castle Establishment, where we were entertained to tea by Colonel Bowen, the Commanding Officer of The Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers, and his officers. Later we dispersed to our respective hotels, leaving the cars safely parked in the Red and White Monmouth bus garage.

In the evening members joined those of the Rockfield Cricket Club as guests of Colonel Harding-Rolls at the King's Head Hotel. Sir William Thomas, High Sheriff of Monmouthshire and Lady Thomas were present and also the Mayor and Mr. Price. To mark the occasion our Chairman was asked to present two



tickets for the Gillette Club Cup Final to the Cricket Club. In the absence of the President, Major General Harding, these were accepted by John Davis.

After dinner a painting by a local artist, Jim Ward, was auctioned. This went to Sir William, which was more than appropriate since the landscape painting depicted the white bridge leading to his house. Dancing followed and another happy evening was enjoyed by Club members.

On Sunday morning members gathered and drove their cars in procession to Black Meadow in the village of Rockfield. A service had been specially arranged in the beautiful little church close to Rockfield House. Members appreciated the care and thought that had gone into the sermon, the theme so cleverly linking the Eternal Spirit with that of the "Motor Spirit".

A sumptuous lunch was given by Colonel and Mrs. Harding-Rolls at Rockfield House in their new, attractive water gardens. After the quiet and peace of Monmouthshire it was hard to return to motorways and suspension bridges. Once again we thank Colonel Harding-Rolls and the town of Monmouth for their kindly hospitality and for helping to make the weekend so successful.

C. R. R.



Statue of Charles Rolls holding his aeroplane, famous for making the first double crossing of the English Channel. In the foreground Fergusson-Wood's Silver Dawn

Photographs:
H. F. Fergusson-Wood



1972 Trophy Results

ALPINE TROPHY

Presented to the Club by Rolls-Royce Ltd. Awarded to the car which covers the greatest mileage, according to age, during the year.

	Model	Year	Mileage	Age Allowance	TOTAL
L. H. Jamieson	SG	1924	8594	47	403918
S. J. S. Boord	20/25	1933	2747	38	104386
P. Taylor	20	1927	2017	44	88748
Mrs. D. Hellings	20	1927	1738	44	76472
C. J. Curtis	SC1	1957	5412	14	75768
R. A. Lowe	PII	1932	1742	39	67938
Miss S. M. Taylor	20/25	1935	1857	36	66852
N. M. Taylor	PIII	1937	1640	34	55760
A. P. Taylor	SW	1953	2949	18	53082
W. F. Watson	PII	1935	1285	36	46260
E. C. Flynn	SD	1955	2682	16	42912
W. F. Watson	SG	1913	529	58	30682
J. I. Yates	W	1939	726	32	23232
Mrs. M. Munro	25/30	1936	571	35	19985
W. D. N. Berry	PII	1931	462	40	18480
I. Munro	SW	1950	807	21	16947
R. W. Colton	SW	1952	838	19	15922

MESSERVY TROPHY

Presented in 1954 by the late Roney Messervy, Service Manager at Hythe Road. Awarded to the car with the best aggregate performance in the Concours d'Etat and the Driving Tests.

	Model	Year	Concours	Driving Test	TOTAL
R. W. Colton	SW	1951	754	-166	588
N. Taylor	SC1	1958	620	-193	427
Mrs. D. Hellings	20	1927	695	-292	403
A. Heathcote	25/30	1938	698	-332	366
J. I. Yates	W	1939	656	-367	289

DYMOCK-MAUNSELL TROPHY

Presented by Lt.-Cdr. J. C. Dymock-Maunsell, R.N. in 1962. Awarded to the member who gets most marks for Rally attendance.

	No. of events attended	POINTS
Mrs. D. Hellings	4	10746
W. F. Watson	4	3942
C. Meachen	4	3448
R. M. Harrison	4	3336
P. Taylor	3	2852
A. Taylor	3	2701
Lady Freda Valentine	3	2189
J. I. Yates	4	1923
A. Heathcote	2	1830
C. J. Curtis	3	1620

(First ten places only)

FERGUSON-WOOD TROPHY

Presented by Harry Fergusson-Wood in 1969. Awarded to the member, under 30 years of age and/or of less than three years' membership, with the best aggregate marks in the Concours, Driving Tests and Rally attendance.

	Concours	Driving Tests	Rally Attendance	TOTAL
A. Taylor	87	-22	15	80
N. Taylor	80	-27	10	63

HARDING-ROLLS TROPHY

A cup originally won by the Hon. C. S. Rolls and presented in 1962 by Lt. Col. J. C. Harding-Rolls. Awarded to the member who, in the opinion of the Committee, has contributed most either by individual meritorious service or performance with a motor car.

A. Heathcote Tour of the Middle East in 25/30.

THE PHOENIX TROPHY

Presented by the late Captain R. B. Honnywill, R.N. in 1970. Awarded for an outstanding restoration.

L. H. Jamieson Restoration of 1924 Silver Ghost.

STANLEY SEARS TROPHY

Presented by the Master in 1963. Awarded as a "Victor Ludorum" to the member who gains most aggregate marks in all competitions.

	Alpine	Rally Attendance	Concours	Driving Tests	TOTAL
Mrs. D. Hellings	19	100	89	-39	169
A. Taylor	13	25	87	-22	103
R. W. Colton	4	12	97	-22	91
A. Heathcote	—	17	90	-33	74
N. Taylor	14	7	80	-27	74
J. I. Yates	6	18	84	-50	58
P. Taylor	22	21	—	-24	19

(First seven places only)

★ ★ ★

The Autumn Lunch

On Sunday, 14th October 1973 the Club met for the Autumn Lunch at "The Bell" in Ramsbury, Wiltshire. This was a new rendezvous. Some fifty or more members and their friends enjoyed an excellent lunch of "Benevolent Soup" and those not too sure of this soup – the menu described it as a "rich vegetable soup for the poor" – had Prawn Cocktail as an alternative. This was followed by the "Mains" (so stated in the menu) of Roast English Lamb or Steak and Venison Pie, followed by Somerset Syllabus. For members who would like to recall the recipe, or were not present, the Syllabus was composed of cream blended with port, brandy and sack, floating on a bed of port – indeed very, very good! We found to our delight that "The Bell" had a most useful wine cellar so we soon got down to feeling well pleased with ourselves and at peace with the world.

On leaving "The Bell" we drove to Avebury Manor, an Elizabethan manor house, the home of Sir Francis and Lady Knowles. There they entertained us, most charmingly, to tea in the Library with Christiana and Charles. It is a lovely house, set in beautiful gardens with some most unusual, old trees and in particular an historic yew tree. On leaving Avebury Manor members went their separate ways.

We must not, of course, forget the cars. Of the twenty or so present six were Silver Clouds I, II and III, four Phantoms, including Leonard Taylor's new 1927 Phantom and R. Brook's 1926. James Valentine came in his 1929 Phantom I. It was nice to see Clifford Meachen and Nicholas Taylor, who both braved the elements, in their open touring 20s of 1926 and 1927 vintage. Among the Silver Clouds a special welcome to John Hamilton-Fish and Ian Yates, neither of whom have been too well. We look forward to seeing much more of them in 1974. Indicative, perhaps, of the passing years, two members brought their Silver Shadows.

All in all a meeting to be remembered.

CLAUDE CURTIS

Marseilles and back in a day

Proving a point in comfort (and a Corniche)

by Stanley Sedgwick

INSPIRATION

On returning home from the South of France in my (then) Lincoln Continental nearly two years ago having driven 864 miles in the day (*Autocar* 18th November, 1971) my feeling of self-satisfaction was quickly deflated when I opened the current issue of *Autocar* and read the following statement in the Road Test of the Ferrari Daytona – "Across Europe it would undoubtedly prove the fastest touring car that traffic conditions would allow, easily coping with a trip from the Channel to the South of France and back in a day".

This struck me as an assertion worthy of demonstration and I resolved to see what could be done about it when the opportunity arose. Realization proved less easy than I had hoped, none of my Daytona-owning friends appearing to be in need of a co-driver to put hundreds of miles on the clock with the object of finishing up where they had started, so the idea went into the memory bank.

Some months later I drove my open 8-litre Bentley 1,000 miles in a day in England (*Autocar* 28th September, 1972) in a total time of 17 hours 37 minutes. I then perceived that the same length of time at the wheel of a fast, modern, closed car – on roads free from speed limits – would encompass a considerably greater distance and it followed that I could drive all the way across France and back in a day myself given a suitable car. On further consideration I came to the conclusion that such a journey would be more meaningful if accomplished in a full-size saloon instead of an out-and-out sports-car. Thus it was that I asked a mildly surprised John Craid – Marketing Director of Rolls-Royce Motors – if I could borrow a Corniche for the trip. I was even more surprised when he said "Yes", and I proceeded to make plans.

PREPARATION

When? Who with? What route? The answer to the first question was easy. It made sense

to undertake the drive when the daylight hours were longest, but before the holiday rush, and to choose a day in the middle of the week to avoid week-end congestion. I decided upon Tuesday, 22nd May, and tackled the next question – who should I invite to accompany me? The occupant of the passenger seat had to be prepared to take three days' leave; to match his bodily needs to the mandatory stops for petrol; to keep a detailed record of time and distance throughout the trip and be prepared to be driven uncomplainingly at high speed in my sole company for 18 hours or so. I was fortunate in recruiting a Canadian friend, Hugh Young, to this (mobile) office which, in the event, he fulfilled untiringly and meticulously. What is more he enjoyed every minute of it.

The choice of route to be followed gave me food for thought. Obviously the maximum use was to be made of *autoroutes* and this presupposed using A1 to Paris, A6 to Lyon and A7 beyond. Hitherto I had joined the A1 at Arras having driven from Calais, Boulogne or Le Touquet, but this is a tedious drive of about 70 miles passing through many villages and several towns which takes anything between 1½ and 1¾ hours according to conditions. I was pleased, therefore, to discover that a new stretch of *autoroute* had been completed from Dunkerque to Lille which entailed only a short distance through the outskirts of the latter city to reach the start of A1. I decided to use this new route feeling sure that the additional mileage would be more than justified from a time-saving point-of-view – and so it proved. I selected Marseilles as the turn-round point, for this met the fundamental aim of crossing France from Channel to Mediterranean, and set about building up a target timetable.

From a study of maps, A.A. and R.A.C. routes and my own records of previous journeys, I computed the mileage from Dunkerque to Marseilles to be 657.6. The target timetable, i.e. a yardstick of possible progress – against which to assess the actual, which I devised was as follows:

	Miles	Hrs.	Mins.
Urban areas –			
Lille	2.5	4	
Paris			
(Boulevard			
Périphérique) ..	8.5	12	
Lyon	3.0	5	
Vienne	5.6	8	
	19.6	–	29
Autoroutes – 638 miles			
at 90 m.p.h. ..	638.0	7	6
	657.6	7	35
Stops for petrol (and			
refreshment) 2 x 20			40
minutes		8	15

Allowing for a 45-minute meal break in Marseilles, and the same time for the return journey, the total time (including stops totalling 2 hours 5 minutes) added up to 17½ hours, thus a 4.30 a.m. start indicated a return to the starting-point by 9.45 p.m. – just about the duration of daylight at the time of year.

REALIZATION

Another happy coincidence was the opening of "La Motellerie" at Armbouts-Cappel on the outskirts of Dunkerque just off the "Voie Express" (dual carriageway road) which becomes the *autoroute* A25 after 8 miles. So we crossed from Folkestone to Calais on the 5 p.m. ferry *Hengist*, drove to Dunkerque and turned in early at "La Motellerie" having filled the petrol tank to the brim and requested a

4 a.m. wake-up call. (I had booked rooms for two nights, but we took the precaution of paying our bills for the first night to an astonished night-porter who couldn't believe his ears when I said that we were going to Marseilles for lunch.)

After self-made cups of coffee we left the motel at 4.20 a.m. and drove back into Dunkerque to the roundabout at Petite Synthe, 3 miles westward from the ferry terminal, where the "expressway" leaves the coastal road N40. I stopped there to take a photograph of the Corniche against the dawn sky before we set off at 4.31 a.m. The cloudless sky augured a fine day and the sun was soon shining brightly. As the engine warmed up I increased my cruising speed, mindful that the 45 miles to Lille should be covered in half-an-hour, and was surprised to find that 4,000 r.p.m. corresponded with an indicated speed of 110 m.p.h. Knowing that the true speed at 4,500 r.p.m. was 118 m.p.h. I assumed that the rev.-counter was correct and that the speedometer exaggerated. I speeded up to find that 4,200 r.p.m. equated to 120 m.p.h. on the speedometer and, at 4,500 r.p.m. (which marked the start of a yellow segment covering the next 500 r.p.m. before changing to red at 5,000 r.p.m.), the needle was going "off the clock" at 130 m.p.h. Thus it was evident that an indicated 130 m.p.h. corresponded to a true ground speed of 118 m.p.h. – an error of approximately + 10%. I knew, therefore, that so long as the instrument reading did not indicate more than 130 I would not be stressing the engine in any way. (Actually, my mandate from Rolls-Royce Motors was "... there should be no need to place any restrictions on the maximum speed for sustained cruising other than those dictated by road and traffic conditions".)



(Photograph: AUTOCAR)

Just before reaching Lille we overtook our first car – it was a light grey $3\frac{1}{2}$ -litre Bentley saloon pursuing its gentlemanly progress, presumably having crossed on the night ferry. (We didn't see another U.K.-registered car for another 400 miles and only five all the way across France). The traffic was light and the trip recorder registered 139.7 miles at the end of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Odometer readings, only 0.2 per cent out, were taken as accurate. The distance to the toll-gate at Arras was 75 miles and we passed through 51 minutes after leaving Dunkerque – only two minutes later than planned – thus endorsing the choice of route.

We reached the end of the toll section at Surveilliers (159.2 miles) at 6.13 a.m. having averaged 98 m.p.h. from Lille. The large number of cars approaching Paris at this early hour surprised us and traffic was running in all lanes on the *Boulevard Périphérique*. It was, however, maintaining a speed of 55 m.p.h. so that the drive round to the *Porte d'Italie* took only a minute longer than I had allowed. We sped off down A6 mentally calculating where we should replenish the tank and take our first sustenance of the day. Rolls-Royce Motors had indicated that I could expect to do not fewer than 11 m.p.g. This meant a range of about 250 miles – hence my plan to make five stops for petrol. We stopped at the Aire de Service Principalade Nemours at 7.14 a.m. and put in 94.6 litres (20.81 gallons) of *Super* to replace that used in covering the 233.5 miles to this point plus 5.7 miles the previous evening. This showed a consumption of 11.49 m.p.g. at an average speed of 86 m.p.h. We partook of a "continental" breakfast at a stand-up counter and the wheels were turning again after only 23 minutes. The next stage would take us to Lyon and we could not have had better conditions for the journey – dry road, sunshine, moderate traffic not too frequently obstructing the overtaking lane and only short stretches of single-working due to road works. I was cruising with the speedometer needle rarely dropping below 120 – a true speed of about 110 m.p.h. – and was conscious of the readiness of the car to exceed this gait without effort – but more of this later.

The first hour after breakfast saw another 96.4 miles behind us and then we were overtaken for the first time – by a 280CE Mercedes – as my speedometer showed 130, i.e. 118 m.p.h. We repassed it 10 minutes later at the same speed and did not see it again.

At 9.31 a.m., five hours after leaving Dunkerque, I had driven 418.7 miles (=83.74 m.p.h.) and 23 minutes later, i.e. after five hours driving time, 455.6 miles, which made the average driving speed 91.12 m.p.h. We reached the toll-gate at Villefranche at 09.52½ (dead accurate, this Young fellow) and five minutes later at Les Chêres (458.5 miles) I put in nearly 22 gallons in exchange for 120 francs which, at 11.33 to the £ equalled £10.60, i.e. 48 pence per gallon. We decided not to eat – it was not yet 10 o'clock in the morning – and the stop took only 7 minutes. As we pulled out on to the *autoroute* I pressed the wrong button to check the level of oil in the sump and for the second time opened the petrol-filler flap by mistake. Stopping to shut it, I remembered that this could not happen on the standard Silver Shadow, the button for testing being on the opposite side of the steering column to the petrol filler opener – a space taken up by the rev.-counter on the Corniche. We reached the entrance to the Tunnel de Fourvière at Lyon at 10.12 a.m. (469.3 miles). This tunnel has eliminated the slow, twisty, downhill run through the "agglomération" to the river bank and takes all the strife out of crossing Lyon. Five minutes after entering the tunnel we had resumed high-speed cruising on A7.

It always surprises me how rarely one is held up in Vienne where the *autoroute* runs between the town and the River Rhône and narrows to a single lane over a temporary flyover at the main intersection. We were on top of this flyover at 10.28 a.m. (489.3 miles) and passed through the *Péage* at Reventin four minutes later intending to run non-stop into Marseilles. At this point we were 18 minutes ahead of our target timetable, fuelling stops having occupied only 30 minutes against a budget of 40. The 137½ miles of *autoroute* to the *Péage* at Salon Nord, including 8.2 miles of single lane working, took exactly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours (=91.67 m.p.h.). After Orange we had been experiencing a crosswind from a westerly direction strong enough to keep tell-tale windsocks in a horizontal attitude.

We arrived at the large roundabout encircling the triumphal arch which marks the end of A7 at Marseilles at 12.29 p.m. and pulled up at the *Cathédral* on the Quai de la Joliette at 12.31 p.m., exactly eight hours after leaving Dunkerque and a quarter of an hour ahead of our target time. The point-to-point average speed for the 666.3 miles had been 83.29 m.p.h. and, deducting the two



(Photograph: AUTOCAR)

stops aggregating 30 minutes, the driving time of $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours (5 minutes less than planned) represented a driving average speed of 88.84 m.p.h.

Instead of stopping in Marseilles for lunch as programmed we decided to wait until we reached a "Jacques Borel" restaurant which we had noted 26 miles out on the *autoroute*. So, after a stay of four minutes in the South of France to photograph the Corniche against the background of *Cathédral* and docks, I turned the car and headed back to our starting-point. The *mistral* was blowing strongly, but the weather was still fine and sunny.

We stopped for lunch and petrol as planned. Two litres of oil went into the engine as a safety measure for none had been added for nearly 900 miles. The press-button oil-lever indicator was not designed to give a correct reading at the speeds I had been doing, when most of the oil is doing its job elsewhere than in the sump, and the engine hadn't had a chance to cool sufficiently to obtain a valid reading on the dipstick. In the restaurant we made for the snack bar, but the receptionist said it would be quicker in the *Gourmet Restaurant*. This seemed to me to be a contradiction in terms, but we had a simple *plat du jour* and, considering that the French don't know the meaning of the words "tres presse" in the context of food, were lucky to be on the move again after 49 minutes. This meant that our stops now added up to within a minute of my original target timetable. As Hugh put it, we rejoined the *autoroute* as our ghost went past.

Just after 3 p.m. with over 800 miles behind me I sensed what I refer to as a lowering in my threshold of awareness. This is

not really sleepiness, but I become conscious of blinking and of taking fractionally longer to refocus my vision when transferring the eyes from road to instruments. After five minutes "zizz" in appropriately named "*Aire de Repos*" I was completely refreshed and resumed this most enjoyable drive. (Inured by this time to making calculations from recorded data my indefatigable Clerk of the Course wrote in the log: 40 winks in 5 minutes = 8 winks per minute!)

The traffic was lighter in this direction and the Corniche purred happily along in the manner of the fast, well-mannered touring car that it is, as is evidenced by the fact the distance of 196.4 miles between the toll-gate at Villefranche and the Courtenay/Sens Junction was covered at an average speed of 99 m.p.h. I see from the log that I averaged 100.17 m.p.h. over the last 117.7 miles of this stretch.

At 5.23 p.m. we had clocked up 1,000 miles which had entailed 11 hours 18 minutes driving at an average speed of 88.5 m.p.h. Just after 6 o'clock we were overtaken by our third car – a Citroën SM going like the clappers – and the weather deteriorated rapidly. Clouds gathered, lightning danced round the horizon and by the time we passed the exit for Courtenay and Sens it was raining very hard indeed. There was a brief respite at Fontainebleau and then a torrential downpour commenced which was to continue unabated for more than an hour and a half. The traffic was heavy approaching Paris and was reduced to a crawl and stationary jams by shunts and breakdowns. The *Périphérique* was congested and it took 23 minutes to drive from the A6 to the A1. At Le Bourget the thunderstorm continued, it was as dark as night

though only 7.35 p.m., and the torrential rain was bouncing high off the road. We took advantage of a covered petrol station to refuel for the last time.

The weather cleared before Lille and we found the rather tricky route round the town using the partly-constructed *Boulevard Périphérique* whereon happened the only "untidy moment" of the whole trip when I found myself faced by an unlit barrier marking the end of the completed surface and an un-signposted deviation to the other carriageway. I stopped without touching anything and the biggest surprise was the cloud of self-raised dust which enveloped the car after it had come to rest on the unmade surface! It is not difficult to imagine the thoughts that went through our minds at this happening so near to goal. As we joined the A25 *autoroute* west of Lille for the final run-in Hugh told me that according to our target timetable we were due in Dunkerque, 40.4 miles away, in a quarter of an hour! The road was dry and traffic-free and we made it in 23 minutes, thus producing a sprint finish to our 1,330 mile run at 105.5 m.p.h. We stopped at the Petite Synthe roundabout at 9.53 p.m., eight minutes later than our target arrival, shook hands and drove back to the motel for supper and to honour our reservations.

The return trip had taken longer than the outward run which had been made in as favourable conditions as one could ever hope to get. The following is a summary of the journey:

Dunkerque-Marseilles (666.3 miles)

Total Time
8 hours = 83.29 m.p.h.
Driving Time
7 hours 30 minutes = 88.84 m.p.h.

Marseilles-Dunkerque (664.5 miles)

Total Time
9 hours 18 minutes = 71.45 m.p.h.
Driving Time
8 hours 14 minutes = 80.74 m.p.h.

Round Trip from Dunkerque to Marseilles and back to Dunkerque (1,330.8 miles)

Total Time
17 hours 22 minutes = 76.57 m.p.h.
Driving Time
15 hours 44 minutes = 84.54 m.p.h.

I reckon that, on the basis of the above-reported progress, and remembering that 25½ miles were driven on single lanes where speeds were often restricted by heavy trucks

to 40 m.p.h. or less, I must have driven more than 1,000 miles at speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. The overall petrol consumption was 11.35 m.p.g. It was rather better on the run south (11.95 m.p.g.) than on the way back (10.83 m.p.g.) – presumably because progress was more free-flowing necessitating fewer bursts of acceleration. (Incidentally, SP Radial 205 HR 15 Dunlop tyres were inflated to 34 p.s.i. rear and 30 p.s.i. front compared with the recommended all-round pressure of 28 p.s.i. for normal running).

The following breakdown of the times taken to drive the various stages on the outward journey will serve as a basis for those interested enough to compare their own progress on the way to the Cote d'Azur without going to the unlikely destination of Marseilles:—

Miles		Hrs.	Mins.
178.0	Dunkerque to Paris (Porte de la Chapelle)	1	57
9.3	On the <i>Boulevard Périphérique</i>		13
282.0	Paris (Porte d'Italie) to Lyon (Tunnel de Fourvière)	3	1
20.0	Lyon (Tunnel de Fourvière) to Vienne (top of flyover)		16
153.9	Vienne (top of flyover) to where the (new) auto-route to Aix-en-Provence and Nice forks off 8 miles south of Salon	1	42
643.2		7	9

EVALUATION

That neither of us was really tired at the end of this long run says a lot for the Corniche. We wore the seat-belts all the time and, although we expected to be uncomfortable because of the relatively low top anchorage point (dictated by the construction of the two-door body) necessitating the strap coming up from behind the shoulder, we were not, in fact, inconvenienced. It is true to say, however, that the belts are more comfortable when not wearing a jacket.

Once placed in the right position the seats were so good as to call for no further adjustment and neither of us found it necessary to change our postures; nor were our joints stiff on getting out of the car. Two other factors

played a tremendous part in making such a long journey unfatiguing – the air-conditioning and, because this enabled one to drive with all the windows closed, the insulation from outside noise. The controls for the air-conditioning are very complicated and the system is more difficult to 'drive' than the car, but it is a good system and I hope it won't be long before it is automated and thermostatically controlled as has been the case in quality American cars these many years.

The Speed Control device is not designed to function at speeds over 90 m.p.h., so it was not much use on this drive. I did use it once, however, when we were confined to a single lane by road works, to check the speedometer reading at 100 k.p.h. against a timed kilometre – this distance took 38 seconds which is a speed of 94.74 k.p.h. indicating that the instrument was over-reading by about 5½ per cent at this speed. (It should be said that it is almost impossible to time accurately from a moving vehicle – especially at high speed – even using a split-second chronograph. At around 100 m.p.h. an error of only one-fifth of a second in reading the time between one kilometre marker and the next makes a difference of more than 1½ m.p.h.).

The Corniche performed impeccably. The fact that this particular example was built prior to the introduction of the major changes to the front suspension made little difference in this type of motoring. Only one fault manifested itself – in addition to the annoyingly optimistic speedometer – and that was the interior mirror being loose on its stalk. The right size Allen key would have fixed it in a moment but it was aggravating having to reposition it at frequent intervals. When I handed the car back with 33,882 miles on the clock it was as smooth and quiet as when delivered to me.

Altogether I consider that the Corniche proved itself to be a very, very good fast touring car. Not quite fast enough, mind you, and I make this open plea to those at Crewe to offer a higher axle ratio as an option for those who habitually drive on the Continent. I feel that the car has reserves of power and that the resulting slight falling-off in acceleration, if any, would be a small price to pay for an available top speed nearer to 140 m.p.h. and a cruising capability in the region of 125-130. (If not an option on the Rolls-Royce version, I suggest that it should be standard equipment on the Bentley!) Such a modification would meet the oft-heard criticism that the top-end performance of the Corniche does not match

up to the standards set by certain other manufacturers of very good, but less costly cars.

To those who cringe at the price of the Corniche – and I am one – and who, having read this are inclined to say . . . "So it should", my reply would be "Well, it did, didn't it?" Of course, no-one in his right mind would wish to drive across France and back in a day, but it shows that a four-figure mileage on the Continent in daylight is well within the capability of this car. A few more miles of *autoroute*, and destinations way down in Italy (normally thought of as being at least two days away) could well be reached between an early breakfast and dinner – especially if two people share the driving.

JUSTIFICATION

I offer none. I undertook the drive solely for the pleasure I would derive from it ("one man's meat . . ."). I was not disappointed. It cost a good deal of money and didn't last very long, but I can't think of anything which would have been more rewarding to me in terms of sheer enjoyment and I don't anticipate ever again using nearly 60 pounds' worth of petrol (119 gallons) and paying out over £12 in tolls in a day.

Thank you R.R. for a lovely day and thanks to H.J.T.Y for bearing with me.

RUMINATION

It is interesting (to me, anyway) to note that the 1,330 miles took 15 minutes fewer than the 1,000 miles in the Vintage Bentley in England. Just to think of it – the average speed across France and back, including all stops, was nearly 10 per cent above the maximum speed allowed in this country.

My average speed for the round trip (76.57 m.p.h.) was slightly higher than that of the winning Speed Six Bentley of Woolf Barnato at Le Mans in 1930 (75.88 m.p.h.). I realise that the Bentley's average was maintained for 24 hours, but there were two drivers! There *has* been some progress in automobile and road engineering in the intervening years.

Was this the longest U-turn in history?

SPECULATION

I wonder how my new Double-Six Daimler would ? Better not?

Book Reviews

THE WOMAN AND THE CAR by Dorothy Levitt, published by Hugh Evelyn, 144 pp, 28 illustrations, about £1.25.

This book is one of two recent reprints by the specialist publisher, Hugh Evelyn. When first published in 1909, it was a handbook of noteworthy advice and encouragement to all women who drove, or aspired to drive, a motorcar.

The authoress, Dorothy Levitt, was an experienced motorist and the pages reporting her public records read like a list of the main motoring meetings from 1903 to 1908, plus some successes in motorboat races. She achieved fame in various vehicles ranging from the diminutive single-cylinder De Dion to the mighty six-cylinder ninety-horse Napier.

The eight chapters of the book are well set out and include interesting information, much of which is still useful to the owner-driver. Sound advice is given on purchasing a car although the recommended necessary and desirable equipment has changed with the passage of years. The speedometer and driving mirror, which were then "desirable", are now required by law. One item mentioned by the authoress as "... a fur-lined leather arrangement which covers the steering wheel, has just been introduced for winter-driving", is dismissed with the comment that "... soft, fur-lined kid gloves are better". This "arrangement" seems to have re-appeared for summer and winter driving in saloon cars, but many experienced motorists may still share the view of the authoress.

The important checks an owner-driver should make in preparation for "a ride in the car", are given in Chapter III as a sequence of "duties". The first is to see that there is fuel in the petrol tank as, "It is unpleasant to be stranded on the road, miles from anywhere, minus petrol". Today this might not be such a hazard so time has shown that the simple task, sometimes called "C.O.W.A.F". (Check Oil, Water, Air and Fuel, in that order) has proved the best.

Dorothy Levitt shows she has studied the motorcars of her day very thoroughly. She has explained the mechanism in simple language and given good advice on its maintenance.

There are two small criticisms which may be made concerning the photographs on pages 32 and 42. The first is captioned, "Unscrew the cap and peep in". It shows the lady looking into the car's radiator. This should have carried a clear warning that such peeping should not be practised if the engine had been recently run. The second shows the lady at the starting handle of her car. Here an opportunity to describe the safest way to hold the starting handle has been missed.

This book can give the novice useful advice, instruction and encouragement whilst the experienced motorist may find it interesting to compare the cars of yesteryear with their counterparts today. Readers generally should enjoy the work for the expert young woman motorist, discovered long ago by S. F. Edge of Napiers, writes with a refreshingly quiet and pleasant style.

THE MOTOR BOOK by R. J. Mecredy, published by Hugh Evelyn, 168 pp, 75 illustrations, about £2.10.

This is the second of the two reprints published by Hugh Evelyn, and it could be called a companion manual to "The Woman and the Car". Not that it is mainly for men, but because it goes further to increase the motor knowledge of all motorists.

The author, Richard James Mecredy, started "The Motor News" in Dublin in 1900 when there were scarcely half-a-dozen motorcars in Ireland. He foresaw the ousting of the horse by the motor vehicle and studied all aspects of the motorcar and motoring. In 1903 he published this handbook which gives a detailed description of the motorcar, with both simplicity and clarity.

He opens by explaining the theory of the internal combustion engine and then describes the construction of the engine, transmission, brakes and steering. The early chapters cover most of the mechanism of the motorcar, with clear instructions and simple diagrams.

In the later chapters he gives advice on the art of driving and car care, followed by a section entitled "Temporary Derangement", which gives instruction on the correction of faults and failures.

This could be a very interesting, useful book for veteran car enthusiasts and owners as, besides the clear driving and maintenance instructions, it contains a number of photographs and sectional drawings of some early motor carriages.

Arthur McKinley

Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace

Sunday, 18 November 1973

We were up before six o'clock. Not as early as the Carriage horses on the previous Wednesday – they had risen at 3 a.m. – but since our venue was the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace not unnaturally our thoughts went back to the historic Royal Family Wedding of H.R.H. Princess Anne. We were away by 7.20 a.m. and had an uneventful trip to arrive outside the Royal Mews by 10 a.m.

This was an occasion that 20-Ghost members will not forget. First it was the largest gathering of cars during the year – 50 cars and 155 members with their guests attended. The cars lined up around the Mews quadrangle, directed by the Chairman, Philip Taylor, in order of age – the eldest on the left, Michael Sapsford's 1921 Ghost beside John Hampton's 1925 model – the youngest on the right, A. C. Boyce's 1973 Shadow from Torquay.



The Chairman beside Claude Curtis's Cloud I

It was a pleasant surprise to see Stanley Sears from Portugal. We were sorry Jim Leake could not extend his stay but appreciated having his ex-Royal-owned 1957 Wraith among the parade of cars. Bill Cook brought his Phantom III.

We were honoured by one of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II's Phantom Vs – one of the State cars and we had an excellent opportunity to admire the soft, curly carpet, the beautiful walnut veneer panels and dashboard and the special transparent Perspex roof.

The second reason was the variety of exhibits, all closely linked to our national history; the pageantry we had experienced earlier in the week was made more real by being able to see the coaches used in the processions –



C. Meachen's 20 beside the Ghosts



One of the State Phantom Vs

The Glass Coach, the dainty Scottish State Coach, the open Landau in which H.R.H. Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips drove to Chelsea at the start of their honeymoon and the most ornate and original of all – The Gold State Coach, used at every coronation since it was ordered and built to the directions of George III in 1761. At that time it cost around £8,700 and today is valued at over a million pounds. The coach is gilded all over and on the sides, front and back panels are paintings by the Italian, Cipriani.

In other sections we found harnesses and ceremonial regalia; saddles belonging to past and present members of the Royal Family; photographs of the various occasions and events at which they have taken an active part and rosettes and trophies won at competitive events, including the medallion won in 1972 by the British Team.

Although this was a car meeting it was one at which horses took a predominant part – without them these magnificent coaches would be immobile. Among the Cleveland Bays we met Fergus, Osprey, Milton (who stands 18 hands high), Castlecar and St. David. They gave us a friendly welcome and obviously enjoyed admiration. Con Sedgwick, herself an enthusiastic rider, must have been delighted, as I was, at the opportunity to stroke and talk to these noble animals. We saw the Windsor Greys – amongst them Budapest and the now famous Santiago, who still looked superb with that wonderful flowing, well-groomed tail.

We were most grateful to The Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort, for allowing us to make this special visit on a Sunday and the members of the Royal Household who gave up their time to show us round and answer our many questions. We appreciated the arrangements made whereby our cars were able to remain in the Royal Mews until after our gathering and lunch at the Rubens Hotel. We thank Harry Fergusson-Wood for his excellent organisation. We compliment Philip Taylor for his success in waving his magic wand, or whatever it is he does, to ensure the Club meetings have such exceptionally good weather. For a day in November, following the glorious sunshine on Wednesday, it was incredible that the weather forecasts could again be wrong and Philip's usual confidence confirmed.

I.F.T.

(Photographs by Iris Terry)

HONORARY MEMBER

HONNYWILL, Mrs., 55 Hans Place, London SW1. Tel. 01 584 6050. Elected an Honorary Member in memory of her husband.

NEW MEMBERS

BELL, Mr. and Mrs. C. J., The Corn Mill House, Yoxall, Staffordshire. Tel. Yoxall 423.	SC1	1956	SBC8	RWP777	Standard saloon	
BREWER, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. M., Meade House, Courtneyhay Road, Newton Abbot, Devon. Tel. Newton Abbot 4000.						
CLARE, Mr. and Mrs. R. B., Willow Cottage Farm, Aston-by-Stone, Staffordshire. Tel. Stone 3554.	SCI	1958	SFE 267	MMT64	Standard Saloon	
CRABB, V., Woodstock, 55 The Mount, Fetcham, Leatherhead. Tel. Leatherhead 73105.	SG	1911	1543	M46	Limousine	Lawton
	PI	1927	100EF		Tourer	Hooper
	PII	1930	GY49	CG1000	All-weather	Gill
	PII	1933	80MY	AGN 333	Coupé	Barker
	PII	1934	35RY	AYO 410	Sedan de ville	Barker
	PIII	1938	3CM49	ELP 87	Saloon	Barker
	SW	1955	DLW 55	PYM 565	Limousine	Hooper
GARRETT, A. M., The Cat & Fiddle, Linden Way, Castlecrag, 2068 NSW, Australia.						
GREENWOOD, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. V., 10 Belle Walk, Moseley, Birmingham. Tel. 021 449 0814.						
Silver Shadow						
HARE, S. T., 1 Gaspar Close, London SW5.						
HERMANSON, Mr. and Mrs. B., Quinta do Cou, Agua, Malveira do Serra, Cascais, Portugal.						
JAMET, Andre, 7 Rue Watt, 75013 Paris, France.						
	Wraith	1939		WMB 29	Sedan de ville	Hooper
KARRAS, Conrad, Chilton Drive, Great Notch, New Jersey, U.S.A.						
	SG	1926	S335RL		Roadster	Brewster
KENDAL, Talbot, Senior, 45 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.						
	PII	1930	41GX		Boat-tailed Roadster	Binder of Paris
LACERDA, Dr. João de, Museu do Automovel, Caramulo, Portugal.						
	SG	1911	1707		Tourer	
	SG	1920	6YE		Sedan de ville	D'leteren Frères
	PII	1930	75GY		Coupe Sedan	Weyman
LANGE, Mr. and Mrs. S., Coomery, Tuckenhay, Totnes, Devon. Tel. Harbertonford 272.						
MACDONALD, William H., Box 518, Union Town, Pennsylvania 15401 U.S.A.						
	PIII	1939	3DL54		Sedan de ville	Park Ward
PHILLIPS, Mr. and Mrs. F. A., 28a Hartopp Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.						
SCIII						
ROBERTS, Mr. and Mrs. T. A., Hilliards House, Cranleigh, Surrey. Tel. Cranleigh 4672.						
	PII	1930	135GY	GG2275	Tourer	Barker
RUGERONI, H. G., Refugio Birre, Cascais, Portugal.						
	SG	1913	2629		Two-seater	Pais de Souza
SCHRODER, J., Milcote, Ascot, Berkshire SL5 8AB. Tel. Ascot 20909.						
TOWNROW, J. M., Beech Cottage, 103 Bristol Road, Birmingham B5 7TX.						
WILLIAMS, Mr. and Mrs. L. N., Trefusis, Shamley Green, Surrey. Tel. Bramley 2343.						
	20	1929	GEN 16	RR 5320	Tourer	Barker
WIRTH, Dr. W., 4000 Basel 21, Maulbeerstr 6, Switzerland.						
	20/25	1935	GOH 72		Sports coupé	Freestone and Webb

CHANGES IN ADDRESS OR RANK

CHAPMAN, C. A., Little Court, Hambledon, Godalming, Surrey. Tel. Wormley 2853.
 ELLIOTT, A. G., Moray Lodge, 10 Willow Drive, Cooden, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.
 FROST, G. L., 176 Old Brompton Road, London SW5.
 GILL, W. T. Thornbury, Hazelwood Road, Duffield, Derby.
 JAMIESON, Major L. H., 4 Moray Place, Edinburgh 3. Tel. Caledonian 6914.
 OLDHAM, Mr. and Mrs. W. J., Green Lanes, Pont au Bré, Augere, St. Peter, Jersey, C.I. Tel. West 19.
 POAG, B. M., 1a Jeffrey's Court, Jeffrey's Road, Clapham, London SW4 6QE.
 ULLYETT, K., Clycine House, Hampton Court Road, Hampton Court, Surrey KT8 9BZ. Tel. 01546 8130.
 YOUNG, G. S., 64 Coolhurst Road, London N8.



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SECRETARY AND	
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 F. A. B. Valentine

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Trophies:	C. J. Curtis
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Honorary 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 are available from the Secretary and includes lapel brooches (for ladies and gentlemen) in sterling silver, Club ties, silver cuff-links and car badges.

MAGAZINE—Back copies of the Record may be obtained from the Editor.

FILM—The Club has a professional film made by Samuelsons Film Services of the Tour of Portugal. The cost, £1,350, has been defrayed by most generous donations from Anthony Heathcote and James Leake. A copy of this film has been produced for Club archives.

EVENTS FOR 1974

26 January	Dinner and Dance at The Hyde Park Hotel
28 April	Spring Luncheon
19 May	Concours d'Etat
May/June	Heart of England Tour
July	Driving Tests at Sandhurst
September	Visit to Portsmouth Naval Docks
October	Autumn Luncheon
December	Annual General Meeting