



Volume 17
1975

The 20-Ghost Club Record





20·Ghost Club Record Volume 17 ~ 1975

FROM YOUR EDITOR

When I undertook to carry out the task of editing the 'Record' it seemed impossible even to reach the superb standard set by previous incumbents and the mingled feelings of alarm and inadequacy with which I began have in no way diminished with the passage of time. However, the kindness of all whom I have approached has eased the path towards this edition.

As this is being written, inevitably the final form is unclear, but I hope that those members whose encyclopaedic knowledge of Rolls-Royce matters so far transcends my own, will forgive any sins of commission and those who hoped for a larger edition will forgive the sins of omission.

I regret that so long an interregnum should have passed between issues and maybe I underestimated the determination that was needed to wrest from members their contributions. Hence, a reminder to all who read this page, that any letters, photographs or anecdotes would be gratefully received, as well as major articles.

One of the most fascinating parts of this task has been to scrutinise and put in order the correspondence of previous Editors, which gives an insight into the time, trouble and effort they put in. I fear that the soaring cost of postage, never mind the limitations on my own time, preclude letter writing on such a scale and I trust that members will forgive me for occasionally not sending a purely courtesy letter.

Turning from administrative matters, I would like to express our deepest sympathy with the people of Portugal, trying to adjust in times of social change. There is no need to dwell on their difficulties, since they have been well — if not over-publicised, but I hope and believe the laetotropic trend will be restrained and peaceful prosperity return to a charming and civilized people, whose unstinted kindness and generosity we remember from the 1973 Tour. (Incidentally I believe we saw Dr and Mrs. Lacerda at the last Christie Sale at Beaulieu but were unable to speak to them).

At home I see that in the same week as one Minister is gloating over the first indigenous oil officially to come ashore from the North Sea, another is paradoxically refusing to cancel the 50 and 60 mp.h.p. speed limits imposed when foreign oil supplies were endangered, despite the price cutting, internecine war between the petrol retailers whose tanks are overflowing. At least it's nice to know that somebody loves you if you run a large thirsty car.

A young student colleague of mine, on holiday in Paris, was looking down on the roaring traffic of the Champs Elysee, when he observed amid the clanging of 'light traffic contact' from wing-jostling 2CV's, the majestic progress of an Ambassadorial Phantom, elbowing its way serenely through the throng. "It made one proud to be British" he said, with an element of surprise in his voice.

Good, say I, and if our cars by their restrained and dignified demeanour can continue to provide a point of reference in changing times, an example to evoke pride in the hearts of fellow citizens, then they are working in the National interests.

Finally, I must acknowledge the support of Chairman Phil Taylor, the encouragement of Vice-President Anthony Heathcote, the co-operation of Christopher Curtis, and all the contributors and the help of my wife Gill who does the hard work.

Nigel Fredrick,
66 Alcester Road, Lickey End, Bromsgrove, Worcs B60 1JQ
Bromsgrove 74163

Our Front Cover shows one of the goblets presented at the Kensington Gardens Concours. Specially photographed for the Record by J.R. Royston

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Editor: Nigel Fredrick

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The Chairman Writes

I have often been asked why should one become a member of the 20 Ghost Club instead of or as well as being a member of another Club or Association? So I thought back to when I joined the 20 Ghost Club and why I did. The first meeting I attended was by mere chance. I saw several Rolls-Royces travelling together and I wondered what was about to happen so I followed on. I happened to be in a '25 Thrupp and Mabblerly saloon with my wife and family. When we finally arrived at the gathering it was so nice to be met with a quiet welcome — no-one shouting, no-one trying to take my car to his place to have work carried out, no-one who probably had had only one R-R in his existence telling me how unoriginal my car was. But the Committee did look at my car and, I feel, me, and subsequently I was invited to join. What a wonderful thing I now know. Of course there are bigger Motor Clubs than the 20 Ghost but there are more Fords than Rolls-Royces, more service stations for VWs than Rolls-Royces etc., but 20 Ghost Club Members are, if I must be succinct, discerning.

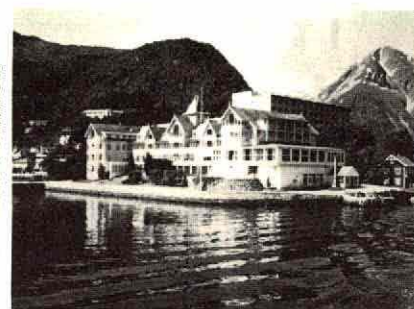
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Delay on Producing 2-Ghost Record.

This is due entirely to me as Chairman. Because of recent ill health I have failed both our new Editor, Nigel Fredrick, and our publisher Christopher Curtis, both of whom have done all the work possible to get this edition out in 1975 but who could not whilst waiting for my final copy. Please accept my apologies.

Philip Taylor.

Photo: J.M. Townrow



NORWAY TOUR

Part 1 by Philip Taylor

The 20 Ghost Club tour started early for members who were going to participate. Anthony Heathcote our Vice President had thoughtfully sent us two maps of Norway together with our itineraries several months before we were due to sail and so many winter nights were spent trying to fathom out our route. Whilst I lacked a deer-stalker and curled pipe I looked like Sherlock Holmes pouring over the maps with a magnifying glass. It was all to no avail — I still got lost, but more of that later in the saga. Most of the cars were prepared for the Club Concours at Kensington on 8 June and in my own case the 250 miles to attend gave the 20 a nice exercise.

Departure day duly arrived and although we thought 23 cars would participate, owing to various difficulties, (with members, not cars) this number was reduced and 17 finally arrived at Harwich, the embarkation point. It was at this stage that the area around Harwich began to resemble the setting of a Mack Sennett film — Rolls-Royces were to be seen travelling to and from Parkeston Quay and numerous other directions. The cause of this flurry of activity? The ship due to take us to Norway had not arrived as yet; gales earlier in the week had put it behind schedule. Lunch was taken whilst waiting for the ship, much to the disgust of a semi-officious-semi-official who attempted to organise the cars in lines. After lunch, with the help of a much more reasonable official, we formed ranks to take photographs and have photographs taken. A Royal Navy helicopter flew overhead and then returned on a lower flight path to

review the 'Dinky cars with Greek temple fronts' below. We boarded and thus began a very pleasant journey including a cocktail party as guests of the shipping line.

Tuesday morning found us steaming up the fjord to Kristiansand in glorious weather. Upon disembarking we were handed maps etc. by a group of charming Norwegians and so we departed for the Fonix Hotel at Arendal. The evening was spent wandering around the harbour gazing at large and small boats whilst the ladies indulged in the cheapest form of shopping (via the window).

Our cars had been parked overnight in an Esso garage and it was here that we refuelled by courtesy of that company. The cars were surrounded by admiring crowds, — a scene often repeated throughout the tour. The route to Oslo via the R18 meandered near to the coast and throughout this beautiful run with little traffic we kept close company with Conrad and Viola Karrass in their Ghost. We stopped for lunch (very good this Norwegian apple pie) only to find competition in the car park from dozens of Peugeot racing cycles. A police escort had been arranged for the entry in Oslo but as the Ghost and 20 were early arrivals we decided to go on ahead and find our way to the KNA hotel without the escort. Our direction finding equipment on this occasion was working reasonably well! We booked in and relaxed, Norway was super and getting better by the hour. Later we heard the sound of two-toned horns and saw a convoy of Rolls-Royces surrounded by police motor-cycle outriders progress down the street and into the basement garage. Funnily enough Conrad and I came from the totally opposite direction — we must know a short cut. We also discovered that the later arrivals had waited for those that had already gone on ahead — sorry!

Dinner and a meeting with our hosts in Oslo and our benefactors from Esso rounded off a fine day. Bess and myself went a stroll around to the harbour before a good night's sleep.

Thursday after breakfast saw a few of us off to the Norsk Teknisk Museum with Torleif Lindtveit as our

host and guide — a very interesting time viewing Pelton wheels, water turbines, etc., but of course, the 1916 Silver Ghost with coachwork by Barker was very much admired. It was bedevilled by a non-original, braked front axle, but after seeing Norway mountain passes later in the tour I think I would probably have fitted four wheel brakes myself. Torleif said if we had time he would get the Ghost out for us to try. Unfortunately we really did not have the time but I would like to go back sometime and take up his offer. Two other cars were of great interest, an approximately one-third scale Cadillac of about 1914, presented as a gift to the Royal Prince of Norway, only a one-seater of course; (I do not say that I could get in it but it would be nice to keep in a Phantom V boot) and a car of approximately 1910 vintage made of wood — not the engine of course but almost everything else. It was a tandem two seater with the front wheel capable of being replaced with skis for use in the snow. A very interesting visit indeed, do go if you ever have the opportunity. A stroll through the city with one of our Norwegian friends as guide enabled us to see the Royal Palace, Tandem trams, the new Oslo Opera House and the very tall statue of the late King Haakon.

The morning saw us leaving Oslo again with a police motor-cycle escort en route for Kongsberg. The scenery of this part of the trip was pleasant but not outstanding. Our attempts to locate the filling station again resembled a Sennett film sequence and again a large crowd assembled. The weather being gloriously fine we moved off on the start of the high spot of the whole tour. My navigation being shocking caused my convoy to go astray with the result that we had to turn in a farm track and retrace our steps. A 20 is so manoeuvrable one tends to forget that the larger Rolls-Royces need a little backing and filling. However after a short interval the convoy reassembled and proceeded.

But in any event I was able to do my good deed for the day by changing our President Frank Hellings 20 rear wheel inner tube. I do wish our friends at Dunlop would make reinforced inner tubes in 5.25 x 21" as they do with most of the other Rolls-Royce

wheel sizes. Please, friends at the 'Fort', don't discriminate against the little 20.

All the members cars made their way through more and more beautiful scenery towards the Gaustablikk Høifjellshotell, the Mountain Hotel where we were to spend a couple of nights. John Bailey in his H.J. Mulliner drop-head saloon took a much longer, but according to John very worthwhile route, whilst John Townrow, true to his nature, had waited for the train ferry after its apparent non-appearance at the appointed time had caused other members to leave. Actually we had been given the wrong time of the ferry's arrival and it did in fact arrive at the correct time. But John's patience and persistence were rewarded by the Captain of the Ferry making room for John's Silver Cloud to go on the train ferry for the return journey from Tinnoset to Mael and Pam and John were able to see the exact spot where the ferry's sister ship carrying the heavy water was sunk by the Norweigan Underground to prevent the Germans producing an atom bomb in the Second World War.

Proceeding along R37 I missed the turning over the railway tracks and up into the mountains. Dorothy Hellings who is a much better navigator than I did not, and so I was then behind Frank and Dorothy's 20 climbing up the mountain, a 'dirt' road, very steep, often single-car width. Dorothy is a very good driver and drove at a sensible pace and I followed, but my car began to get very warm; we had plenty of water so I pressed on. I think on the Club trip to Portugal 2 years previously I had taken a spare water pump amongst my spares but it was not needed because my car ran perfectly, showing normal temperature even when climbing Portuguese mountains in very high temperatures, but this time it got very, very hot. However, we reached the hotel alright, a wonderful place high up with wonderful clean air. We had fine food and a good swimming pool. . . it couldn't get any better. Next day after a wonderful night's sleep I decided to dismantle the water pump in the 20 in case the impeller drive pin had gone, and to flush the radiator

and block with a hose pipe. All seemed well and so it was a quick reassembly and another new inner tube inserted. Please. . . Dunlop! Soon it was time to assemble to hear a lecture by Colonel Poulsson on the raid on the Vemork Heavy Water Plant, in which he was second-in-command. This was enthralling and made us all feel very humble and grateful to our Norweigan friends. We decided for the actual visit to the Heavy Water Plant to use the more modern cars in the party, so away we went down the mountain road to Vemork across the suspension bridge over the gorge, one car at a time, to go over the actual factory (now cleared of its heavy water plant) but we went up and down the building to try and capture the atmosphere of the raid. Most impressive.

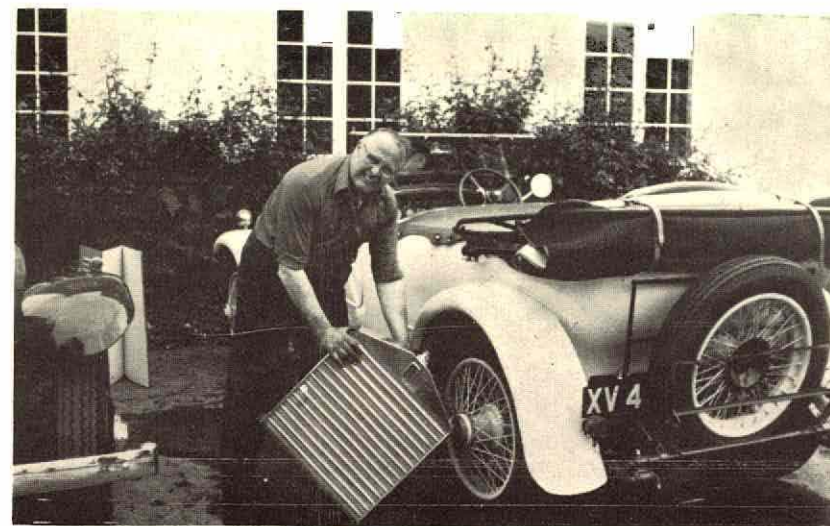


Coming down the mountain. Note the unmetalled road. Photo: Bess Taylor

Sunday now, so we move off to Lofthus. The scenery was getting more and more impressive with wonderful waterfalls. The spray reaching across the road is very refreshing in an open tourer Rolls-Royce. The road clung to the mountainside with the fjord to the left. I was still suffering from the engine running hot due, I know now, to the radiator being blocked with scale from the engine, accumulated over 48 years or so. When I flushed it

with a hosepipe at Gaustablikk it appeared clean, but it must have flushed like lock gates, only one way. Still, Norway has plenty of water and I used a drop (about 200 gallons) during the trip, but the air and scenery made this slight inconvenience seem little to worry about. The hotel at Lofthus was only feet from the fjord and we were present at the Midsummer Celebrations with the local children dressed in national costume. So pretty to see, with a bonfire on a raft in the fjord to complete the picture. We were also able to see the arrival of a seaplane. . . sorry, floatplane bringing the mail and newspapers to the hotel. In the grounds of the hotel was Grieg's small hut which members were able to visit. I didn't go, I removed my radiator, and with help from Clare Heathcote and a small cart, took it to the local filling station and tried to flush it clear with compressed air. Some people were surprised but I thought taking one's radiator for a walk at midsummer was quite a normal English habit. The swimming pool was quite superb at Ullensvang, an unusual feature being that the water was level with the top of the pool with drainage on the horizontal surround. Most Norwegian pools seem to have this feature. I dived in like Moby Dick and like Archimedes, said 'Eureka!' and a lot of water came out. The Manager asked if I would refrain from diving and quickly put up a notice 'No Diving!' After dinner on the second day I had a whisper of a wedding anniversary and we quickly organised a Club tankard and flowers for the Chapmans on their Ruby anniversary.

Tuesday 24th saw us leave to catch the ferry from Kinsarvik to Kvanndal. Although we had bookings for all the cars on the ferry some had to be left behind. This caused some confusion because we had one ticket for all the cars on one ferry. Norwegian Ferry Captains are strong individuals but so is our Vice President/Tour Organiser, and undeclared war took place on the bridge of the said ferry. Only 20 Ghost Club members could make a ferry captain pace up and down his bridge to leave the ferry to valse round and round and round the fjord. Lady Freda and James who were among those left behind for a ferry later in



A little routine maintenance. Photo: Brian Clare

the day said it looked 'quite odd' this pirouetting ship. I am sure I saw part of the same mountain cliff pass three times, but peace and friendship prevailed and off the bridge came myself and Anthony and away up the fjord we went to see the even more wonderful scenery, if that were possible.

The weather had deteriorated and we had a gentle-to-heavy downpour of rain which made the gravel roads into a glorious 'goo', light brown in colour and just as sticky as toffee, so when we arrived at Stalheim hotel, where we were greeted by the cameras and microphones of the TV, it was a case of 'keep the revs down and gently does

it.' The lunch was outstanding and the buffet table a veritable feast, not only for the stomach but for the eyes, with the colour and presentation of the food. The hotel also had a wonderful range of antique furniture to see, but away after lunch we went, down the steep 1 in 4 hill towards Gudvangen at the ferry. Never have I seen 20 Ghost cars looking so mucky. I think a Concours d'Etat held at Gudvangen would have had to have marks for actual thickness of mud. On the ferry it should have been wonderful scenery, but now the rain had turned to fine rain-cum-mist and our 3 hour journey passed chatting to members and trying to dry out. Off the ferry and 6 miles to Soendal Hotel,



Anthony Heathcote in No. 2 Dress joins the band Photo: J.M. Townrow

to be greeted by the Town School Band, about 40 youngsters resplendent in their blue uniforms playing silver instruments with great skill and gusto. A 20 Ghost tankard was presented to their bandmaster and photographs taken, for it was a most heart warming welcome.

Wednesday 25th. Well, off again, 23 miles to the next ferry though only 10 minutes on this one, from Hella to Dragsvik, but whilst waiting to get on, I was presented with 1 gallon of Castrol, so I really didn't mind waiting in the queue. Then 120 miles of grand road up and down a tortuous route to Loen and the Alexandra Hotel, our base for three days. We were welcomed with a cocktail party for the 20 Ghost Club members and told a little of the history of the hotel. How in the late 1800s the first proprietor decided to let one of the rooms of his home for payment and it was such a success that next year he increased by 100% and had two rooms available. It is rather wonderful that the hotel is still in the same family, and run as such, which I am sure goes towards making it the wonderful one it is. Whilst here we were also entertained by our friends of the Veteran Club of Norway who presented us with a small gift as a memento of Norway. Later in the evening we were able to dance and I was privileged to dance with the Club President's daughter, who is the prettiest girl in Norway. *(Some people have more luck than they deserve. Ed.)*

Thursday 26th saw us off by coach to see the Jostedal glacier. We left the coach to travel along the fjord by vintage boat, circa 1923, equipped with 2 cylinder hot-bulb oil engine. I think it travelled about 50 yards per 'bang' and smoke puff, great fun. I was asked if I would like to take the helm and I did, and so steered a straight-on course for several miles along the fjord. On arrival members ascended to the glacier, not by 20 hp or 40-50s, but by 1 hp traps, not very fast but these units had lots of torque — super Norweigan horses in wonderful condition. Concours in fact, and we arrived near enough to scramble over the rocks to the base of the glacier which looked all blue and very cold. On the way back to our transport we picked beautiful wild flowers. Friday

saw us away again by coach, although some members did take their cars on the high road to Dalsnibba to find the last few miles closed because of snow. It was, after all, 27th June and so we should have expected rough weather. I am very pleased I was in a coach instead of an open tourer. I don't think I would have survived the journey back there.

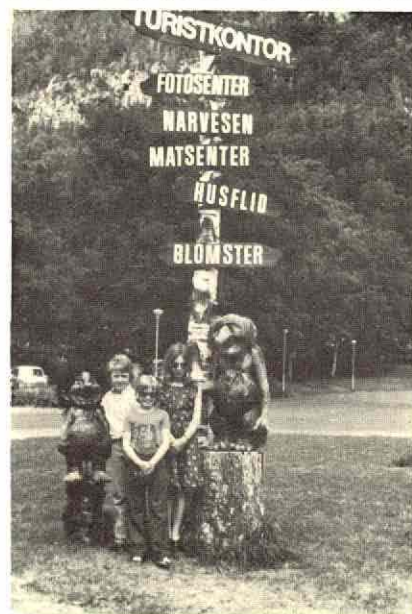
From now on it was back towards home via Balestrand for the night. My wife and I are very good navigators and we only made one mistake on our way to Balestrand — just one little turn left we did not take. (By the way, we really didn't enjoy the extra 148 km we did. Very few 20 Ghost members went to Flora but we did).

Sunday morning saw us on another ferry to Vangsnes off to Voss, (more fuel by courtesy of Esso) and south to the outskirts of Bergen, bypassing Bergen proper to Solstrand hotel at Os. To see the moonlight over the water at Solstrand was a sight never to be forgotten. Monday was spent actually in Bergen, going off to visit the old wooden shopping centre, buying small gifts and sightseeing. We sailed from Bergen on the SS 'Jupiter' back to England with a few hours stop at Stavanger on the way to Newcastle.

To sum up, a superb trip, good company, hard roads and tough terrain with very good hotels and very friendly Norwegians. Members and cars of all ages stood up well to conditions.

I am sorry that all the members could not come with us as the tour did the impossible to stand comparison with our Portuguese trip two years before. My thanks to the Vice-President for making it possible and Esso for enabling us to take our cars so far, I can't wait for our next tour.

NORWAY-Part 2



Trolls, young & old. Photo: Brian Clare

Our second contributor is Fred Knutson, Lynn Brua's brother-in-law. He modestly says that his piece, which was written for family consumption was not suitable for publication. I am sure readers will agree he under-rates his talents. Ed.

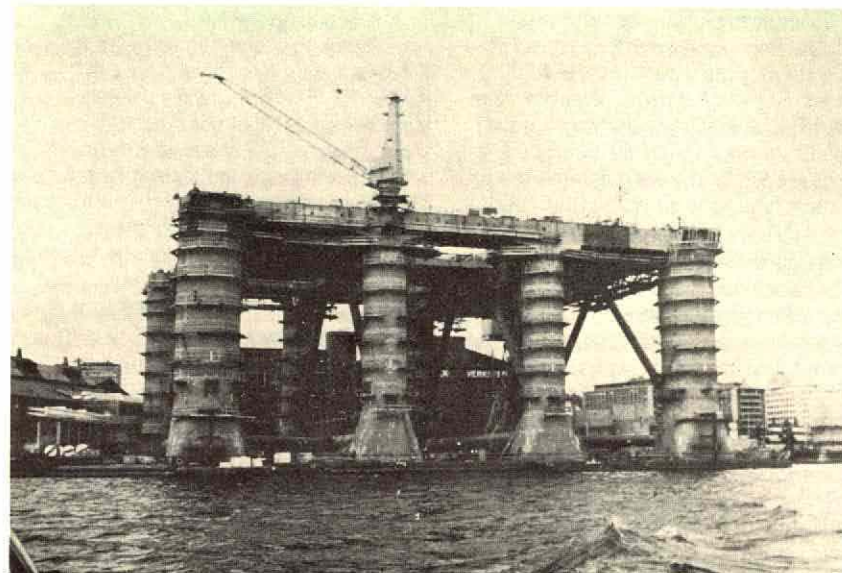
With Captain Lynn Brua at the helm, Midge, Mary and Fred left Tir-Na-N'og on Monday June 16, 1975 for the tour of Norway. (Lynn's car is a 1932 Phantom II Rolls-Royce in perfect shape. It started promptly, climbed the high mountains without difficulty, and stopped quickly — as cars suddenly appeared around sharp bends in the roads. Gina, as she is called because of her protruding headlights, did not fail us once).

It took us one hour to get through London, crossing on the Tower Bridge. London does not have highways that cross the city. Then it took two hours to get to Harwich. The SS Blenheim was supposed to leave at 2.30 pm, but did not leave until 5.30pm. It had been running late because of the number of tourists, but it made up most of the time on the trip. A ship of the Olsen Line, it was happily

manned by young Norwegians. We were immediately introduced to Norwegian prices, for a drink cost \$1.50. Dinner cost \$10 in the main dining room so we ate in the cafeteria. My Yankee pride received a setback for on the ship they would not take dollars, only kroner and pounds. Six years ago dollars were in demand. Now you get 4.87 kroner for each dollar. Mary and I had a chance to enjoy cruise life. There was a mad dash for the deck chairs, then all settled back to enjoy the sun. Incidentally, there are 17 Rolls-Royces on the tour, one from New Jersey. There are about 35 people, eight of whom are Americans. Many of the drivers are senior citizens and they all have had great experience in driving their cars, especially Phil Taylor, who is ready to help all with his extensive knowledge. There is universal recognition and admiration for the Rolls-Royce car. People admire the car and want to know its history. We could not ascertain exactly how they felt about the drivers and the people riding in the cars!

We landed at Kristiansand. A north-west wind and a rugged rocky shore greeted us as we backed into the dock. Then we drove the forty miles to Arendal, where we were quartered in a clean and comfortable hotel, the Fonix. Arendal is a city that surrounds a U-shaped harbour. It is lined with many shops with many lovely items, all of which few can afford. The Fonix is a high-rise hotel and were quartered on the eighth floor. This was one of the few that was fireproof. Each room had an electronic monster, a clock radio, and announcements were made from the lobby through it. In the middle of the night, a red light flashed and a buzzing sound was heard. It would not stop although I pressed every knob available. It turned out to be the phone ringing — a wrong number. The days are so long there are only four hours of night. We learned that you had to pull the dark blinds, otherwise you got no sleep. That was Tuesday the 17th.

The next day we drove the 150 miles to Oslo. En route we stopped on a dock at Drammen for lunch. Ship-building is a leading occupation along the shores of Norway. We saw oil tankers, oil rigs, (tremendous in size)



North Sea oil platform. Photo: Brian Clare

and at Stavanger we saw a monster liquid air tanker under construction. Outside Oslo all the cars had a rendezvous, so they could be convoyed into the city. All traffic was diverted so that three members of the 'Politi' could escort us to the KNA hotel, the centre for the Royal Norwegian Auto Club. The director of the club greeted us, welcomed us to Norway and gave us a cocktail party. After this, we dined at the hotel.

On Thursday, we drove with Phil Taylor to the Museum of Technology, where the young Norwegian director of the museum gave us a guided tour. All were naturally interested in the cars. There was one Rolls-Royce, an ancient Minerva, a steamer, a car that could substitute skis for the front wheels, and an early Porsche, which could not compare with a Rolls-Royce of that year. There were a couple of American cars, a Lincoln, a Cadillac and many Fords, for the model T's made a hit in Norway. There were many other exhibits, turbines, motors, train etc. It was a working museum and they were reconstructing many ancient items.

The whole party walked to the City Hall, the main attraction down by the main wharf. The City Hall contained many frescoes depicting the culture and the history of Norway

in which there were many oblique representations of the German occupation. In the City Hall there were council chambers, reception rooms and gifts from other nations. It is a very spacious building. We also saw a huge oil rig being constructed in a nearby shipyard.

The party was then taken on a two hour cruise of the islands. Lunch was served on board, pilsener and many open-faced sandwiches. We stopped in Bygdoy to see the exhibit of the Kon-Tiki and the polar ship Fram. On the way back to the ship my new roll-up hat blew off and sank gently to the bottom of the sea. At 5 pm the cars assembled to drive to Frogner Park. We had only thirty minutes to inspect the Vigeland sculptures. Such a mass of sculptures — young and old — all doing something. The number is overwhelming — lining the bridge leading up to a monolith, a pillar of humanity. The view is beautiful. In the distance could be seen the white ski jump, the scene of yearly international jumps. Then the procession proceeded to the British Embassy where we were all formally introduced to the Ambassador and his wife. She was very pleasant, and had been in the United States, and wished she could be back in Washington. There were many drinks and sandwiches but we had to move out early for a bigger party was on

their schedule. After returning the cars to the garage below the hotel, we walked to the Senter to window shop and enjoy the sights. A statue of King Haakon surveys the largest city of Norway — 500,000 inhabitants.

On Friday June 20 we were convoyed out of Oslo, went back through Drammen and then headed west. We stopped at Kongsberg, former silver centre, for an official fuel stop. We circled the town several times trying to find the right Esso station. Then we circled the town several more times trying to get out of town on Route 8. We realised that we were going in the wrong direction. After turning around, one of the party thought he was still in England and came bearing down on us on the left hand side of the road. Capt. Lynn swerved aside, otherwise the trip could have ended in Kongsberg!

We were supposed to meet a ferry at the south end of L. Tinnsjo, but because it was three hours late, we all decided to drive. Soon we came to the scenery for which Norway is famous, snow covered mountains, lakes, mountain passes, and waterfalls plunging down into the fjords. Necessarily the roads are narrow. The only way to make a road here is to blast away a mountain and haul the rock away to some distant point. All roads have white lines down both sides, a line down the centre would be useless. One side is often scalloped. You head for one of these indentations and stop, hoping not to hear the noise of scraping metal. We stopped for a drink in Hoven, Telemark, where the owner and two of the waiters had their picture taken in front of Gina. Everyone wants to be identified with a Rolls-Royce.

We continued on the road to Rjukan. One Rolls-Royce was stopped on a narrow road beside a lake. The wind was blowing hard. The occupants were behind the rocks trying to boil water for their tea. We don't know what the outcome was, but tea must be poured at any cost!

From Dale, just outside of Rjukan, we headed up the mountain to our hotel at Gaustablikk. This road was the greatest challenge to the cars. Several overheated and had to stop.

Gina's temperature rose to new heights, but after a few coughs she made it, up 2500 feet in less than five miles. This was a dirt road with many sharp turns and no protecting walls. We all agreed that this road was to be travelled only once more, on the way out. Our home for two nights was a new hotel at the foot of Mt. Gausta. There are a few patches of snow near the top, where the owner said that he had skied a few days before. This mountain is the highest in the south of Norway. The hotel has a new indoor pool, it will have tennis courts and there is a ski tow across the road. At dinner we had reindeer meat which was dark and tender. After dinner there was a party of American scientists down by the lake on which there was a big bonfire on a raft. A violinist played some traditional tunes, rather mournful, some of which sounded like a bagpipe playing. Our leader made a sensation at this party for he proceeded to dive in and swim in the icy waters. Later in the evening we had a beautiful exhibition of folk dancing. The lady danced gracefully without emotion, while her partner — a rugged gymnast — danced with grace and acrobatic motions.

Saturday June 21 was a day of rest. I walked for a couple of hours observing the tundra, the tree line, the ski trails (5 and 10 k.), the scant wildlife (one chipmunk), and the precipitous view down into Rjukan. We had a lecture given by Col. J.A. Poulsson, one of the "Heroes of Telemark." The Germans invaded in 1940 and were trying to harness atomic energy at Vemork, just west of Rjukan. In October 1942 some Norwegians glided in from England. Surviving on reindeer meat, they skied to the Vemork area, and using information from the local workers, six men attacked the plant, destroying 3000 lbs of atomic material. Also in February of that year they succeeded in blowing up a ferry boat containing atomic material in the middle of L. Tinnjo. Unfortunately some civilians on the ferry were killed. These actions greatly influenced the war.

On Sunday June 22 we threaded our way down the mountain to Rjukan. We found A GAS STATION OPEN so we put in ten dollars worth of gas

as Gina gives us only ten miles per gallon. Then we embarked on a 100 mile drive, going over several high ridges. Some of these high areas were very desolate. The snow was banked high, the mountains were covered, the lakes frozen. We went through many tunnels, the longest being about 6 k. with a 10 kr. toll. Then we came to a lovely spot beside a rushing stream and a fine hotel at Sonfronn, where we had lunch. Proceeding down into the valley, we passed many waterfalls, of which the most outstanding was Latefossen, a dual waterfall spreading mist over the road. The stream then rushed down to Odda and then joins the Sorefjorden which joins the Hardanger Fjord. Our Hotel was at Lofthus, the Ullenvang. This is a fruit producing town where Grieg received some of his inspiration.

Monday 23 June was a cloudy day. We went for a ferry ride to North-eimsund. This was 1½ hours from



National costumes among the cars Photo: J.M. Townrow

Ullenvang. There wasn't much to see on this trip although we did pass one factory that produces chrome. The metal is imported, coming here to be processed because of the water power. Midge and Mary visited a 12th century church with stained glass windows that were given by English sailors who had been rescued from the ice. A mock wedding was staged by the children at the hotel wearing native costumes. They were more interested in the refreshments than in marriage rites.

On Tuesday the 24th we had to leave early to make the ferry at Kinsarvik. It's a half hour trip to Kvanndal. From there we drove to Voss for an official gas stop. After Voss we drove 22 miles to Stalheim, where there is a huge tourist hotel. There we enjoyed the longest and the most colourful smorgasbord in Norway. From the back of the hotel there was a beautiful view down into a deep gorge. We drove down into this by a narrow road, through thirteen hairpin turns at a slope of 20 degrees, through the valley until we came to Gudvangen. There we boarded a ferry to take us through the Naeroyfjord to join the Sognefjord. Sailing through the fjords is an enjoyable experience. The mountains are streaked with waterfalls. On top of the mountains there is snow, and on top of some, glaciers. The farms are interesting. There is a lower farm near the fjord, way up the mountain there is an upper farm where

the cattle are pastured during the summer. This is called a "seter." It is run by a girl who milks the cows. Things are moved from the upper farm by a wire cable. On a Saturday night the young men climb the mountain!

The ferry landed at Kaupanger. Then followed a short drive to the hotel at Sogndal. Here we were greeted by the high school band, thirty young people dressed in light blue uniforms. They played well, giving us modern numbers

— including the tune from The Sting. The whole town was out to greet and inspect the seventeen Rolls-Royces from England.

The next morning we drove to Hella and took the short ferry ride to Dragsvik. Then began a long drive north. We crossed three ridges of which the first was 740 metres high. We crossed a very bleak area with snow on both sides of the road, ice on the ponds, and water rushing down from the mountain tops. The second was 530 metres, leading down into Moskog. We drove many miles past a long inland lake, then over a third ridge 640 metres, coming down on the banks of the Nordfjord. We went through the town of Olden, then on to Loen, where we spent three nights in the Hotel Alexandra.

The food was good in all the places we stayed but at the Alexandra it was specially good. For breakfast you may choose from several types of food. There are many kinds of herring and cheeses. You may have hot or cold cereal. Then come the eggs and bacon with many cups of coffee or tea. For lunch you may have soup, fish, vegetables and always boiled potatoes. Then there is pudding and coffee. For dinner you have a cold table of fish, salads, and cold meats. From the hot table come fish, sausage, and meat, which is not very good. The dessert table has many kinds of pudding over which you pour several kinds of sauces. You can eat as much as you like, and become very selective in your eating.

On Thursday the 26th we left the Alexandra by bus to go up the Briksdal Valley to see the Jostedal Glacier. We went through Olden and at its lake we boarded a 70 year-old ferry boat which took us up the valley towards the glacier. Then we boarded the bus again and went to an inn. There we mounted carts that were drawn by fjord ponies, three in a cart with the driver walking alongside. It was a half hour ride up the mountain, past a 50 ft waterfall, and around many hair-pin turns. About a half hour walk we came to a lake at the foot of one of the arms of the Jostedal glacier. The lake was full of icebergs. The glacier gave off a bluish glow. Another arm of the glacier peered over the top of the mountain.

We returned to the inn, had lunch, and were back at the Alexandra by 4 pm.

On Friday 27th about half of the group went on an excursion north. From Stryn we went through a country of pine and fir. From there to Hornindal. We went over the mountains through very barren country to Hellesylt, a very gloomy town at the foot of a waterfall. There the sun shines the fewest number of days in the year. Because it was cold we went to the end of the town to buy a hat. We got a Norwegian plaid cap which looked much better on Judy so I gave it to her. While we were wandering back, Lynn came running up telling us to run to make the ferry. It sailed fifteen minutes before the indicated time. We made it, but most of the Clare family was left behind. The ferry went through the narrow Geiranger fjord. It was about 200 m. wide and some of the mountains alongside were more than 1500 m. high. We went past the Seven Sisters Falls and saw the Pulpit Rock. On the walls of the fjord all the ships have placed their initials, including the QE2. There was one cruise ship anchored at Geiranger, the Sagerfjord.

There we had lunch at the Union Tourist Hotel and after lunch we made the climb to Dalsnibba. It was raining and snowing, so we did not see the great view down into the fjord and the road up the mountain was closed. You would not have been able to see anything because of the snow and the mist. The area around Grotli was very desolate. Then up over the mountains, 1140 m. on the road that led to Videseter. Here we ran into the most snow on the trip where the road was cut out from the snow banks, which were higher than the bus. We passed the place where they were going to have international ski races the next day. Portable rope tows had been set up and we passed many skiers heading for the races as we came down to Stryn and back to the Alexandra. The weather was so poor that we could not appreciate the beauty of the places we had seen. That night we watched a group doing folk dances. A father figure played the accordion and directed traffic. The dancing and costumes were a delight to see but we lost interest when they tried to get

some of the spectators to join the dancing.

The next day we retraced our route south. The trip over the three ridges was more enjoyable because the weather was perfect and it was a good day for taking pictures. We had coffee at a mountain chalet with a view looking down over hairpin turns into the valley. This was beyond Moskog. We got pictures of the switch back roads above Gaular, and spent the night at Kivkne's Hotel in Balestrand.

On Sunday 29th there was a great rush to get to the Vangnes ferry because it holds only 14 cars. After a short ride we rode along the fjord and then beyond Vik we made the climb up 3200ft, to find a snowy desolate mountain top. Then at Vinje we re-joined the road to Voss. There we had our last gas stop (Esso has given us more than \$140 worth of gas). From Voss we took the road to Bergen via Dale. This was up over another mountain ridge and was a very difficult road to drive. It was very narrow and we had to back up several times. Above Dale there were many huts or cabins in the desolate mountains for the Norwegians seem to love to get to the mountains, even though the places seem lonely and desolate. The road down to Dale was very narrow and steep, with many sharp turns. We became very apprehensive about what might appear but Lynn brought big Gina down successfully. Dale seems to cling to the mountainside with several two or three-storey buildings. We passed through many tunnels to Vaksdal, one of which was over 3 k. long. As we neared Bergen a new road was being built. Blasting is a necessary skill and you come to understand why there is only one railway in this mountainous country. Since the hotels in Bergen were full, we had to stay in Os, a town south of Bergen. The Hotel Solestrand was well named for we had two warm sunny days, and most of the people spent the time sunning themselves and viewing the mountains across the fjord to the east.

On Monday the 30th while the girls went to Bergen to shop, Lynn and I walked the two miles into Os. It is a busy suburb town, located in a valley by the side of a stream which enters

the fjord. The water is unpolluted, for you could see fish swimming near the bottom.

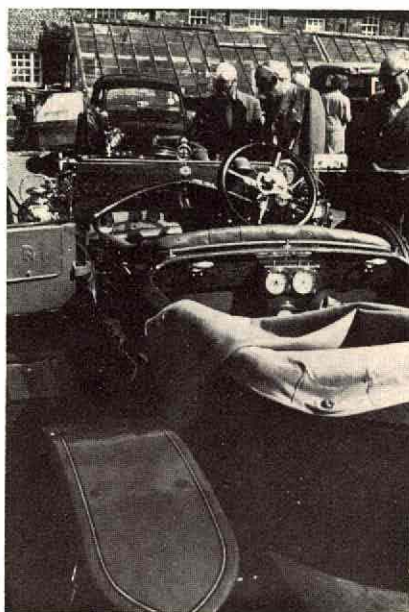
After dinner and the usual dancing, a party was given by the officers of the 20 Ghost Club to honour Anthony and Clare Heathcote. After the wine was served there were a few speeches, then he was presented with a Norwegian tankard and she was given a pin with a Viking ship on it. They have done a great deal of work for the trip and seemed to have held it together.



Anthony Heathcote & Claude Curtis in convivial mood. Photo: Brian Clare

On Tuesday July 1 we left early for Bergen. We walked from the ferry wharf into the city to enjoy the sights — markets, fish, flowers and gifts. The ship sailed at 1 pm through the inland fjords to Stavanger where for a couple of hours we roamed the streets although the shops were all closed. We left at 8pm on a smooth voyage to Newcastle. Then began the long drive down M1 to London. We were back at Tir-Na-N'Og at 8.30 in time to watch the tennis at Wimbledon on T.V. So ended our 1400 mile trip in a Rolls-Royce. Norway in the summer time is as beautiful as Switzerland. The hotels were comfortable, the food was filling and the company was enjoyable and unusual.

P.S. I wonder if Fred and his companions noticed that just north of Hornindal is a farm called "Brua Seter"? Ed.



Mr. C.W.P. Hampton's 1950E with Willis replica body Photo: P. Taylor

Spring Luncheon at GREAT FOSTERS

4 May 1975

The freakish, lingering winter had spilled some frost into the later part of spring. A nippy east wind blew some solitary clouds across a clear blue sky as we set out to join the SEASON'S FIRST EVENT.

Admittedly, constant appeals for "energy economy" — month after month — had met with some success. The more the public mind was oriented towards MPG, the more my conscience had become affected.

Yet just a few miles on the road, with sunshine gleaming on paintwork and chrome, sufficed to turn my armchair-state-of-mind into enjoyment and anticipation. Viewed from the inside of protective luxury the world outside, again, assumed a positive perspective.

By the way of second roads — keeping in mind the organiser's thoughtful words of caution — we should have managed to arrive at our goal on time, by-passing 'heavy roadworks', as directed. Though the approach was right, we overshot the mark and realised too late that we had passed by our meeting point instead. Needless to say, the scope of roadworks was indeed impressive.

We doubled back, and this time could not fail to see the charming Tudor Lodge of mellow brick, with lovely gardens to surround its old-world luxury. The car park signposted itself — again through sparkling sun on glossy chrome and brass, this time 'en masse'. Some help was needed, though, to find a place to park, far more RRs had arrived than management had bargained for. The post-war models seemed to have the upper hand in this array — it was of course the vintage types that took top billings in attraction.

Then, in congenial atmosphere, after a drink or two, the quite delicious lunch of sole, veal and meringue, one parted company again. A feeling of contentment lingered on — how marvellous to see the lovely cars again — a sign of lasting quality, in fact. One cannot help but feel, as I do every spring, how wonderful it is to see each time, that our cars (and owners) hibernate so well! ●

Hungarian' tour 1976

At the invitation of the Automobile Club of Hungary and under the auspices of the Ministry of Tourism, your Committee was hoping to arrange a tour lasting a fortnight, and taking in Poland and Hungary, in the Autumn of 1976.

This was to coincide with the wine harvest, and also avoid the congested peak holiday period.

Unfortunately this is not going to be possible for this year, but it is hoped that next year a similar event will be run, to include other countries of Eastern Europe, and you will be notified of developments in due course.

In the meantime, your attention is drawn to the French Tour to the Dordogne which is to run on from the Concours D'etat on 12th September, through to 25th.

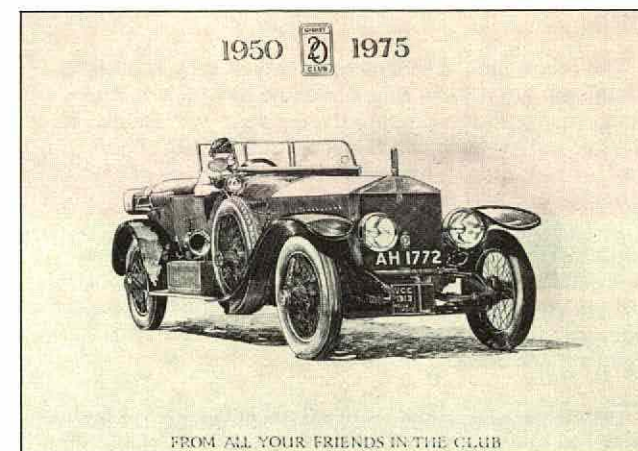
ANNUAL DINNER 1975

Once again the Hyde Park Hotel in London was the scene for the Annual Dinner, held on 25th January. A most enjoyable repast was followed by some stimulating speeches, firstly from the Master, Stanley Sears, who had made a special journey from his home in Portugal to be present. Mr. Sears acknowledged the presence of several distinguished guests and Members and then formally proposed the toast of 'The Guests'. Succeeding him Mr. R.E. Garner, formerly of Rolls-Royce, related something of his experiences with the Company during fifty years service, including a part in several attempts on the World water speed record when he travelled as riding mechanic in the boats to minister to the Rolls-Royce engines.

He joined the Company when the Ghosts were just going out, moved to the Aero Division and was still with Rolls-Royce when the Corniche was introduced, a degree of evolution in one man's working life which few are likely to witness in years to come.

The rich tones of President Frank Hellings rebounded from the ornate mirrors to the elegant chandeliers during a brief but witty speech, then Mrs. Joan Watson presented the Club's trophies, mostly to Andrew Taylor whose performance in events the preceding year was not only good but consistent.

The Master rose once more to point out that this dinner was a special one, and invited Anthony Heathcote to enlarge on this. At the end of a stirring and patriotic speech which for all its excellence was largely improvised, Anthony drew attention to the loyal service rendered by Mr. Fred Watson, whose retirement from the office of Secretary had recently been made public, and presented Mr. Watson on behalf of the Club with a magnificent silver tray, bearing an engraving of 2260E, Fred's famous ex-Radley Alpine Trial car, complete with its owner at the wheel.



Engraving on Mr. Watson's presentation tray
Photo: Photo Studios Ltd.

Mrs. Watson received a silver pendant. Another silver tray from Rolls-Royce was presented to Fred, who was obviously moved by these tributes and the undoubted sincerity of the plaudits that accompanied them.

There was time for a seemingly brief but nonetheless enjoyable session of dancing, during which James Valentine characteristically disclaimed more than a modest share of the credit for organising an enjoyable event, and then those who disdained the comforts of a London hotel were off into the raw cold of a January morning.

2260E on the R.R.E.C. GRAND ALPINE TOUR 1973

by H.B. Poulter

EDITORS NOTE

Skit Poulter has sent the following account of the participation of Fred Watson's Alpine in the 1973 re-run of the 1913 event. Although this took place some time ago, it gives such a good impression of this arduous event that I felt sure Members would wish to see it.

When our friends the R.R.E.C. mounted the sixtieth anniversary of the 1913 Austrian Alpine Trial it would have been almost impossible not to have entered Fred Watson's Alpine Eagle, the car originally entered and driven by James Radley in that event, and the only surviving car remaining today.

The event coming so shortly after our very successful Portuguese Tour, little time remained in which to make arrangements and to prepare the car so it was decided to take her out by train, via Ostende, to Salzburg. There were, in fact, quite a few cars taking advantage of this easy means of getting to the start.

Having thus arrived early in Salzburg on 17th June, the event not starting until the 21st, we had an opportunity of taking our ease and enjoying that delightful city and, apart from a tour of the town on the 19th, no motoring was done.

The morning of the 21st dawned bleak and wet and it looked as though we were in for a not very pleasant run to Vienna. The car ran smoothly and comfortably at 50/55 as usual but bearing in mind the weather conditions, we were quite thankful to arrive in Vienna. The next day was taken up with cleaning the car and various receptions. The former was achieved by the enthusiastic assistance of Fred's son in law, Sebastian who with Gay, were following us round the tour in their Volkswagen Caravan.

The more serious part of the tour started on the 23rd which comprised a circular route Vienna/Vienna as follows:

Vienna to Berndorf, then over the Auf dem Hals pass (2158 ft. 9% gradient) the surface being most fair, the gradients being comparatively easy, largely top and third gear work. On to Pernitz then over the Roher Sattel pass (2823 ft. 8% gradient) with reasonable surface, largely third gear and occasional second. On over the Ochsattel pass (2823 ft. 10% gradient) with easy gradients and fair surface.

After a lunch break, which was well arranged, and very welcome, the sun came out promising a pleasant afternoon's run as follows:

Proceeded on through Terz, Mariazell and Wegscheid over good roads in undulating country. We then tackled the Neideralp (4030 ft. 26% gradient). The surface was reasonable to poor on the hairpins where the severe gradients on these sections often necessitated bottom gear. The possession of only a transmission brake and very small rear wheel drums made the descent down the other side a matter of extreme care. We then continued on through Mierzzuschlag and over the Semmering pass (3230 ft. 6% gradient) which was an excellent main road and surmounted easily at a steady 50 mph, but followed by a slow descent in the low gears due to the brakes (or lack of). Return to Vienna was by good main roads and motorways. Total mileage 170.

The following day, the 24th, all cars left for Velden on Lake Wörthersee. The start was easy down the southern Motorway to its end and then as follows:

On to route 54 over the Schwarzau (1080 ft.) Grummenstein (1328 ft.), Aspang (1635 ft.), Monichkirchen (3214 ft.), Purgau, Rohrbach, Hartberg, Gleisdorf and on to Graz. This comprised mostly easy motoring necessitating a change down only occasionally and driving mostly at 50/55 on the level stretches. We were entertained to a magnificent lunch in Graz after a police-led tour of the town. Leaving Graz on the R70 we passed through Stainz, Deutschlandsberg, Schwanberg, Ebiswald, St.Oswald, Soboth and St.Magdalena. This section presented no difficulties and was over mostly undulating main road. The descent from the summit (4440 ft.) down to Lavesmund however, gave the writer some nasty moments. The road surface was excellent but the gradients and continuous hairpins were, to say the least of it, extremely severe and there were moments when in bottom gear with the governor fully closed and both brakes fully on no retardation in speed was noticeable. Fred, who at this particular time was ahead in the V-W with Sebastian, anxiously awaited the arrival at the bottom, of his daughter and car! From then on, along the valley of the Drawu through Klagenfurt to Velden was plain sailing. Total mileage 230.

The next two days were spent very pleasantly in Velden with no more serious motoring than a Concours held in Velden itself.

On the 27th a tour Velden/Velden via the Österreich Ring was made as follows:

We left Velden (1476 ft.) and proceeded via Pörschach, Moosburg, Feldkirchen,

Mimmelburg, Gnesau (3120 ft.), Partergausen (3356 ft.) Reichenau (3500 ft.) This had been a steady climb of approximately 2025 ft. in 32 miles. We then continued up the Turracherhöhe (5848 ft. 23%). The middle slopes were very severe and the general gradient steep. Minor boiling occurred on this climb. The surface was mostly good, the summit being excellent. Bottom gear was again used on this section. The descent to Turroch, approx. 1700 ft. in 5 miles, made up of many sharp bends and hairpins again necessitated careful handling. Just past the village of Turroch the nearside rear tyre burst, the only trouble experienced during the whole trip. The wheel change was a quick and easy matter. On through Predlitz, Murau and Judenburg to the Österreich Ring for lunch and three laps of the G.P. Circuit for a regularity test, high speed not being the object. After lunch left by Zeltweg to Wiesskirchen and on to R77 to the Stubai pass (5100 ft. 12% ascent, 20% descent), with care again being the order of the day in the descent to Koblach, being approximately a drop of 300 ft. per mile with many sharp bends and medium surface. Back to Velden via Pack, Preitenegg (3530 ft. 9%), Wolfsberg and Klagenfurt. Total mileage approximately 202.

On the 28th all cars left Velden for the return to Salzburg, by-passing Villach on E14 to Spittal, Gmund Kremsbrücke (3122 ft.), Rennweg and up the Katschberg (5382 ft. 22%) which was climbed easily in not lower than second gear. The surface is, no doubt, incomparably better than it was in Radley's day, and the original route was in the reverse direction so no true comparison was possible. On through St.Michael, Mauterndorf to the Tauernhöhe pass (5703 ft. 8%). The surface was reasonable in most places, the descent being deceptive, starting with a very good surface and wide road, becoming narrow and, in some places, a very bad surface. It was here that the lesson of always engaging a low gear in good time when descending these passes (particularly with two wheel brakes S.G.'s) was brought home by the unfortunate lapse of our fellow member Webster Woodmansee, who lost control of his 1922 Brewster bodied S.G. on a steep and bad surfaced section of this pass. Cars both descending and ascending were held up while a very large and solid crane was across the road in the course of carrying out road repairs. After careering past all the cars waiting to descend Webster luckily found room between the first car and the crane to steer into the mountain side (a rock wall) to try to reduce some of the speed before smashing into the side of the crane. Luckily he had the top (hood to you) up, so neither he nor his wife were thrown out and, apart from shock, were not injured, but the car was in a sorry mess (now repaired). One trembles to think what would have happened if the crane had not been there to stop the runaway. The final section through Radstat, Werfen and Golling on to the motorway presented no difficulties. And so to Salzburg and the end, apart from further receptions, of a most

enjoyable and successful tour, covering some 1000 miles of Austria.

Return to England was made as before by train to Ostende. Apart from the burst tyre, the old car behaved perfectly, and seemed to enjoy her return to the scene of her former glories. I only wish James Radley was still with us to learn of her continuing service. Admittedly a certain amount of boiling occurred on some of the more severe sections but this is hardly surprising after 60 years of hard service including what was undoubtedly a strenuous and extremely unkind period when she was used as a garage breakdown hack.

Phantom IV

The article by Ron Sant in Volume 15 has obviously aroused Members' interest, and further information comes to light in correspondence from Mr. W.J. Oldham.

Apparently, at least one of the late General Franco's cars was bullet-proof and the General insisted that Ivan Evernden personally had to sit in the car and be shot at, otherwise he refused to take delivery!

Ev. also confirms that the High Speed Truck 4-AF-4 could not have been built out of parts left over from 4-AF-2 as was believed, since by 17 February 1950, 4-AF-4 had completed 99,952 miles, and the car built for H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth (as she was then) was not delivered until some months later. ●

132 Years in a Day

by John Schroder

Rolls-Royce once said that the use of the Bumping Machine bridged a gap of Ten Years in a Day in terms of wear. We bridged a gap of One Hundred and Thirty Two Years in a Day in terms of history at the Club's Autumn meeting at Bristol on the 5th October 1975.

A fine day was rewarded with excellent support, and despite some members having travelled over a hundred miles, Bristol's rather confusing streets were graced by elegant cars seeking the somewhat inelegant environs of the cradle of the famous steamship.

The first stop was beside the Great Western Dock, where some thirty-five cars lined up on the quay beside the berth of Isambard Kingdom Brunel's masterpiece, the SS 'Great Britain', launched in 1843. We were taken on an informative tour by an official guide, who explained the features that made the ship the sensation of the age. To those of us interested in historical accuracy in restorations, it seems fitting that the original nineteenth-century dry-dock, virtually unaltered, houses the ship once again. Truly she has come home.

The Official Guidebook tells us that the ship was originally intended to try to re-capture the emigrant trade to America, partially already being done by Brunel's earlier 'Great Western', a wooden paddle-steamer. The emergence of new techniques and materials persuaded Brunel to change his mind and build the new ship as an iron-hulled screw-driven vessel. Not only was this the first time these features had been combined, but the ship was twice as big as her forerunner, and the biggest ship in the world. No doubt there were many other features, and our visit convinced us that all the work put in to rescue her from her lonely resting place in Sparrow Cove in the Falkland Islands was worthwhile.

She made only a few trips in the original guise to which she is being restored, and was sold in 1850. After some changes she began a series of trips to Australia, again carrying migrant passengers. She carried troops to the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny and took to Australia the first All-England touring cricket team.

Sold again in 1876, she was converted first to an entirely sailing cargo ship, then after damage in a hurricane, she was used as a hulk, storing coal in the Falklands for fifty years until 1937. Scuttled and beached, she was strong enough to survive intact for a further thirty years!

She is indeed a splendid sight and an object lesson in

restoration. It would have gladdened the heart of Henry Royce to have seen his cars parked below the magnificently restored bow of this fine ship.



Mr. Ashley-Cooper's 40/50. 1278 and Mr. Fergusson-Wood's Dawn SNF 47 join the "Great Britain"
Photo: N. Fredrick

There then followed a leisurely drive through the empty streets of Bristol to our second stop, the Esso Motor Lodge, where some 120 members and their guests enjoyed an excellent lunch. Not un-noticed at the hotel were the special touches of a Rolls-Royce flag on one of the poles near the entrance and some Rolls-Royce paintings in the dining room.

So to the highlight of the day. A visit to the British Aircraft Corporation's works at Filton where we were privileged to see the building of Concorde, something of a mind-boggling experience to someone like myself who is only just beginning to appreciate what nuts and bolts are all about!

After passing strict security precautions, our cars were not only allowed inside the works, but were marshalled by efficient security men in two lines in front of the Concorde assembly building.

In a huge hangar where once a single Bristol Brabazon aircraft was built we saw no less than five Concorde's in various stages of construction. It would have been fascinating to go inside one and inspect the work close to, but it was explained to us that the risk of objects being dropped in the works of a half-completed aircraft was such that even a few biscuit crumbs could constitute a danger, and the workpeople had to use special overalls without pockets, so that there could be no possibility of anything dropping out!

Members of the B.A.C. staff were on hand to show us round and to explain to us some of the highly complicated details of this graceful aircraft, which surprises many people by being much smaller than one expected. Even to those accustomed to modern jet travel, some of the journey times quoted to us seem to be incredible, and apparently it is possible for a test flight team to 'nip over to the Indian Ocean' and be back for tea in a normal day!

The visit ended with a walk through a full-sized mock-up of the airliner, which despite its slim shape offered most comfortable and spacious seating, also an inspection of a model of the complex Destruction Test Rig — which seems to bring us back to the original Rolls-Royce Bumping Machine!

Our thanks must go to Harry Fergusson-Wood for organizing such an unforgettable day, and to his son-in-law, Patrick Hassell, of the B.A.C. Technical Staff, who guided us round and patiently answered our innumerable questions.

For the Club it was nice to see so many old friends, especially Lt.Col. Harding-Rolls and his family. Some of the cars had travelled very long distances to be present, and there was a greater variety than usual, varying from 'JB 3' immaculate as ever, through almost the entire range of Rolls-Royce models, including a brace of Silver Shadows.

The Club's visit made the front page of the local paper, the Bristol Evening Post, with a picture and article across two columns. JB 3 was unfortunately referred to as a Cloud, but Harry Fergusson-Wood got the credit he deserved.

CARS ATTENDING THE AUTUMN LUNCH

Members Name	Date of car	Chassis No.	Model
Mr. G. Ashley-Cooper	1910	1278	S.G.
Mr. D.F. Wills	1924	GMK 9	20 h.p.
Mr. N. Taylor	1927	GAJ 42	20 h.p.
Mr. J.B. Von Der Becke	1928	GWL 32	20 h.p.
Mr. L.N. Williams	1929	GEN 16	20 h.p.
Mr. L. Taylor	1927	15 RF	P I
Mr. F.A.B. Valentine	1929	1 OR	P I
Mr. J.W. Squire	1930	GTR 38	20/25
Mr. C.A. Chapman	1932	GRW 10	20/25
Mr. J. Schroder	1932	GMU 59	20/25
Capt. S.J.S. Boord R.N.	1933	GBA 29	20/25
Mr. H.R. Wilkins	1934	GRC 34	20/25
Mr. D. Dale	1935	GOH 48	20/25
Mr. G.E. Price	1936	GTK 25	20/25
Mr. R.A. Lowe	1932	72 JS	P II
Mr. L.E. Dalton	1936	GXM 5	25/30
Mr. P. Collinson	1937	GAN 35	25/30
Mr. W.A.L. Cook	1936	3 AZ 36	P III
Mr. H. Brooking	1948	WVA 10	S.W.
Mr. R. David Dale	1949	WFC 89	S.W.
Mr. S. Fortune	1952	WVH 9	S.W.
Mr. H.F. Fergusson-Wood	1953	SNF 47	Dawn
Mr. J.M. Townrow	1956	SBC 144	S.C.I
Lt.Col. J.C.E. Harding-Rolls MC, JP, DL	1958	SYB 24	S.C.I
Mr. J. Hamilton-Fish	1958	ALC II	S.C.I
Mr. C. Meachen	1958	SGE 206	S.C.I
Mr. R.B. Clare	1958	SFE 267	S.C.I
Mr. J.I. Yates	1958	SFE 347	S.C.I
Mr. C.J. Curtis	1957	SBD 16	S.C.I
Mr. P. Taylor	1960	5 LAS 29	P V
Mr. F.A. Phillips	1965	JSR 293	S.C.3
Mr. R.M. Harrison	1963	SCX 429	S.C.3
Mr. P. Greenwood	1969		Shadow
Mr. J.G. Hampton	1970	SRH 8080	Shadow

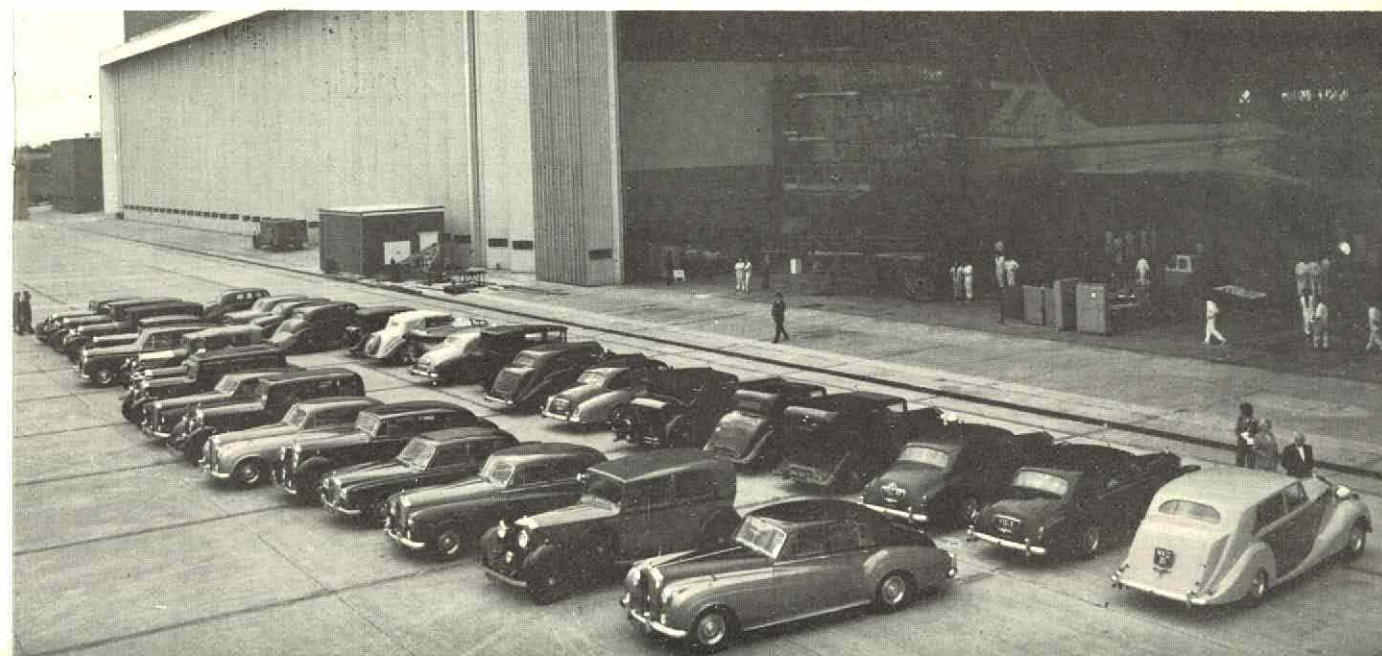
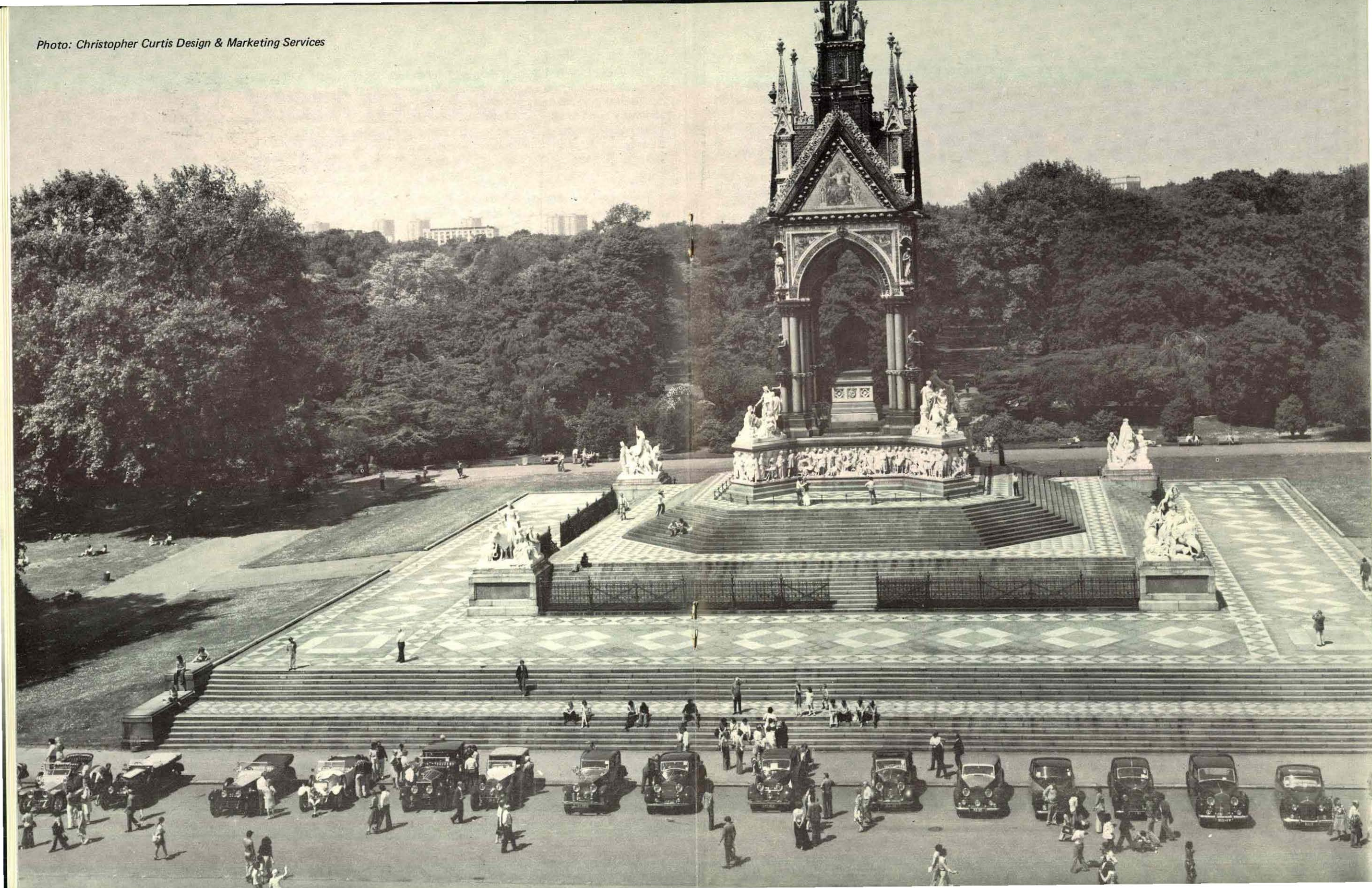
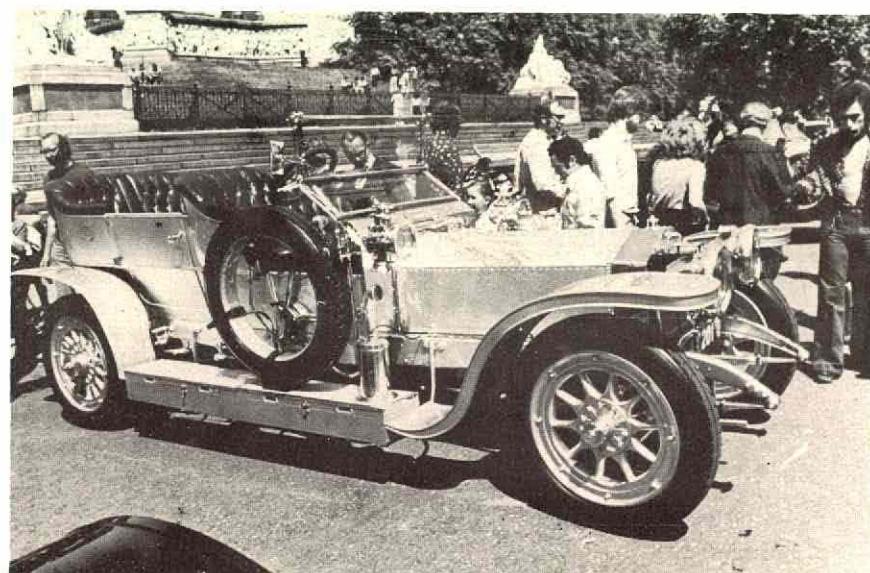


Photo: Christopher Curtis Design & Marketing Services





Silver Ghost Photo: N.Fredrick

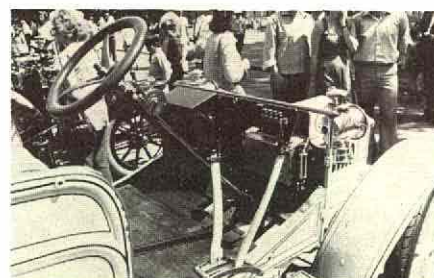
kensington concours by R.O. Barnard

The Concours to mark the Club's Silver Jubilee was at Kensington Gardens on the 8th June. Earlier meetings in these elegant surroundings had been held in July 1953 and July 1954 and while for some people these were just ancient history, for others they seemed at no more than a few days remove.

It was a perfect warm day that recalled 1953 (swamping rain was the memory of '54), and so it continued, the sun shining with such intensity that many were forced to seek respite under the trees.

On arrival, the first thing to admire was the programme: this was no mere entry list but a beautifully produced catalogue embellished with colour-plates and even many of the advertisements were selected portraits of appropriate cars.

The setting and the weather were matched by a wonderful array of cars gathered to honour the old Company and the new, and to commemorate our first twenty five years. Probably the longest journey to the event was made by Manuel Pestana, who came from Madrid in his 1912 Silver Ghost tourer, which the programme said was a Hooper, but which Anthony Heathcote believes to be a Van Den Plas.



The Science Museum 10 h.p.
Photo: N.Fredrick



2087E, Mr. M. Neale's Hamshaw
bodied L-E 40/50 Photo: N.Fredrick

It was exciting to see so many machines of all types and ages being efficiently marshalled into position. And how much more impressive they all were, converging by road and driving silently into line than any static

museum exhibit could ever be. Below the Albert Memorial there was a special central display of representatives of all surviving models from the two-cylinder 10 h.p. up to the Camargue, and this included such notable examples as the 20 h.p. 4 cylinder, 30 h.p. 6 cylinder and Phantom I Brougham from the Sears collection, Fred Watson's 1913 ex-Radley Alpine Trial car and, of course, Silver Ghost herself. From the early 1930's Brua's Hooper Phantom II Continental and Gibson's 20/25 sedanca de ville epitomized elegance. And the post-war range of models was all there, even Phantom IV and V.

It was fortunate that only Rolls-Royce cars were allowed into the Gardens, as the road below the Memorial was full from end to end with gable radiators, and another two or three cars would have been an embarrassment.

The sun's heat increased and the crowds did likewise, with a large proportion of overseas visitors, as seems so often the case in London nowadays. Their interest added to the sense of occasion, even if it did become a little oppressive at times. Somewhere in amongst the throng was a hard working team of Judges, and eventually Anthony Heathcote called owners to the centre by sitting in the back of Hugh Dalton's car and being driven up and down while he addressed us through a loud hailer.

The prizes were presented from the back of President Philip Taylor's open Twenty by Mrs. Sears, and the results appear on the following page.

For most of us, luncheon was a delightful picnic on the grass. The afternoon went more quickly than could be believed with so many cars to see and so many new and old friends to greet. Then a cavalcade of Rolls-Royce hissed and purred out of the park and as I sat in an unbelievable traffic block in Queen's Gate with the bergere-work of the Phantom One ahead of me, the scrollwork of a pre-war Ghost beside me and 'flying ladies' wherever the eye could see I hoped that less than twenty years would elapse before another such day could be held.

CONCOURS D'ETAT KENSINGTON GARDENS - 8th June 1975

				Interior	Exterior	Under Bonnet Cleanliness	Chassis	Originality	Mechanical	Total
Class I										
M. Sapsford	Silver Ghost	1921	XK5169	20	28	10	10	18	20	106
M. Neale	Silver Ghost	1912	LX6165	19	28	8	10	18	18	101
B. Goodman	Silver Ghost	1911	R1097	17	23	8	9	20	16	93
V. Crabb	Silver Ghost	1911	M46	14	24	7	7	20	18	90
T. Lightfoot	Silver Ghost	1912	CC41	15	23	5	6	7	10	66
Class II										
R. Barnard	20	1929	UL7174	15	26	10	9	20	15	95
D. Wills	20	1924	GMK9	18	24	7	10	20	15	94
J. Schroder	20/25	1932	YY3693	15	23	6	3	20	10	77
J. Burchell	20/25	1930	R1923	18	22	4	5	20	7	76
L. Williams	20	1929	RR5320	10	20	6	5	19	9	69
N. Taylor	20	1927	XV4	14	23	3	5	19		64
D. Hellings	20	1928	RX198	14	21	4	4	20		63
C. Chapman	20/25	1932	JJ1957	12	20		2	20	7	61
J. Squire	20/25	1930	LJ3242	10	16	6	2	18	7	59
Class III										
R. Chadburn	20/25	1934	RC8	17	24	9	9	8	16	83
A. Heathcote	25/30	1938	EYT363	16	25					78
H. Wilkins	20/25	1934	BGK370	15	19	8	7	8	15	72
L. Dalton	25/30	1936	DLR552	13	19	8	7	8	13	68
G. Price	20/25	1936	WS8586	12	18	7	6	8	16	67
P. Collinson	25/30	1937	EN0818	14	18	6	4	8	16	66
A. Taylor	20/25	1934	VH7842	11	16	5	4	8	16	60
C. Bath	25/30	1936	CFB52	13	19	6	5	8	8	59
Class IV										
D. Silcock	Phantom I	1925	TD1234	17	23	7	7	13	6	73
S. Sears	Phantom I	1927	YE939	17	24	6	5	13	6	71
W. Lockley-Cook	Phantom III	1936	DGH7	16	24	6	5	14	6	71
D. Berry	Phantom II	1930	VU5569	14	20	7	7	13	7	68
J. Coleman	Phantom I	1928	YX2762	12	17	7	6	11	3	56
J. Valentine	Phantom I	1929	UV1923	10	15	6	4	10	11	56
R. Brooks	Phantom I	1926	YR2648	10	17	5	5	9	5	51
F. Watson	Phantom II	1935	BL0699	11	16	4	4	10	5	50
L. Brua	Phantom II	1932	GY7719	12	19		4	11		46
C. Duce	Phantom II	1933	AL178	9	14	4	5	9	5	46
A. Tipton	Phantom III	1939	FXM7	9	14	5	4	10	4	46
Class V										
C. Flynn	Silver Dawn	1955	PYM579	19	27	10	9	20	19	104
R. Williams	Silver Wraith	1949	WDC81	18	27	9	7	20	20	101
D. Silcock	Wraith	1939	HLL34	17	24	8	8	20	20	97
J. Donner	Silver Wraith	1951	526EVE	19	27	5	5	20	20	96
D. Burness Smith	Wraith	1939	FYY804	12	19	7	4	20	18	80
H. Fergusson-Wood	Silver Dawn	1953	RTU272	16	21	7	7	12	15	78
J. Holyoak	Wraith	1939	FXF444	13	14	4	4	14	15	64
Class VI										
C. Curtis	Silver Cloud I	1957	YKO1			7	7		16	88
T. Eastwood	Silver Cloud I			15	23	8	6	19	17	88
I. Yates	Silver Cloud I	1958	KGW308	15	23	5	6	20	13	82

KENSINGTON POSTLUDE

As noted in the superb Souvenir Programme, the proceeds of this event were to be donated to the Lord Mayor Treloar Trust for the Education and Training of Handicapped Boys and Girls. The final sum of £300 was acknowledged in a letter from which extracts are given below:

"Dear Major Heathcote,

... What a really wonderful surprise your cheque was, and I cannot tell you how grateful we are to you and the Club for producing this for us. I do hope you will tell your Members how very much we appreciate this help. ... and I only wish that I had been able to see the Concours at Kensington Gardens, it must have been a most impressive occasion.

Yours sincerely,
Lt.Col.J.F. Willcocks,
Appeals Organiser."

Also the following from Mr. David Plastow, Group Managing Director of Rolls-Royce Motors.

"May I add my congratulations to the Club on its 25th Anniversary. I think you know how much Rolls-Royce Motors values not only its relationship with the 20 Ghost Club but also the enormous value of its many activities always underlining this Company's unique heritage."

Major Heathcote also received most kind letters of congratulation on a superb event from Lt.Col.Eric Barrass, of the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club, and from Mr. D.E.A. Miller-Williams, Public Relations Manager of Rolls-Royce Motors.

Have you heard about... the Marshall at Kensington who, concerned about the growing boldness of some of the spectators in tampering with the cars and having seen from afar umpteen far-from-inscrutable Orientals posing on one of the very early cars while colleagues clicked camera shutters like castanets, resolved to take a stand against this rising tide of indiscipline. Advancing further up the line, he espied a female person apparently rummaging under the carpets in the rear of the Master's Clark-bodied Phantom I, 76 TC. Fortified by his badge of office he sallied forth to the fray, determined to be polite but firm.

Marshall, (grimly), "Excuse me, Madam, but is Mr. Sears a friend of yours?"

Female Person, (thunderstuck), "I hope so, he's my husband."

Marshall retires, covered in confusion. As Mr. Punch would have said, "Collapse of Stout Party"...

... or the Australian old car enthusiast on a visit to England who happened to be passing the Gardens, came,

saw, and was conquered. He had restored some old American cars and fancied the task of restoring a proper car. Having contacted a member who was thinking of parting with one of his cars which would benefit from such ministrations, he saw the car, arranged a deal, organised the insurance, crating and shipping to Australia, contacted specialist restorers, and made numerous arrangements all in the space of the last few days of his holiday.

Almost as an afterthought, he rang Australia House to see if any small administrative detail had been overlooked. "Yes," said the man at Australia House, "you will have to pay Customs duty on entry to Australia and it won't be at your valuation, or the price you paid, supported by a receipt or not, it will be at the Australian Customs valuation decided by the Officer at Port of Entry, based on current London Auction Room prices prevailing for a model of this age and type. Duty will amount to about 93%!"

Thoroughly shaken, our Antipodean enthusiast saw a chink of light in the gloom. "Can I buy the car and keep it out of Australia for some qualifying time to avoid duty?" "Certainly," came the reply. "You can bring it in after twenty months without incurring duty". Then the coup-de-grace. "provided you can prove that you accompanied the car all that time!"

Defeated at last, our hero reclaimed his money, unmade all his elaborate plans and departed for home with nothing more than some exciting memories and a few photographs of what might have been.

Another car has remained within these islands, so it's an ill wind. ... et seq.

The event attracted six column inches in a widely read monthly 'Motor Sport'. In addition to some typically sour comment on the rather irrelevant issue of P111 maximum speeds, Editor William Boddy was complimentary about the Silver Jubilee book of which he says, "... very attractive. ... fine and appropriate colour plates. This little book has one of the finest colour plates I have seen for a long time. ..."



(A few copies of this Limited Edition are still available from the Editor, Anthony Heathcote, 8 Cheyne Walk, London SW3, price £2.75 plus 25p postage in the U.K. and \$7 to include airmail postage to the U.S.A. Cheques, made out to the 20 Ghost Club, should accompany orders).

CLUB ORIGINS

Dear Editor

In the last issue of The Record, Volume 16, there are two items concerning the history of the Club that differ from my recollection of them.

The first is in Stanley Sears' excellent tribute to Fred Watson, "Thank You Fred." I am sure Stanley will forgive me when I point out that Fred was not **quite** the first and only Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. For a year John Attlee held these offices. To support my memory I looked up in my husband's diaries to find two entries from which I quote. The first one, dated Saturday 18th February 1950 reads: "Changed and with B(eryl) in Fliwver (the nickname of GCK 63) to the Cafe Royal, picking up Adrian on the way, for the Inaugural Meeting and Dinner of the 20 Ghost Club. 22 present. Sears elected President and J.O. Attlee and self joint Hon.Secretaries and Treasurer. Very successful meeting. ..."

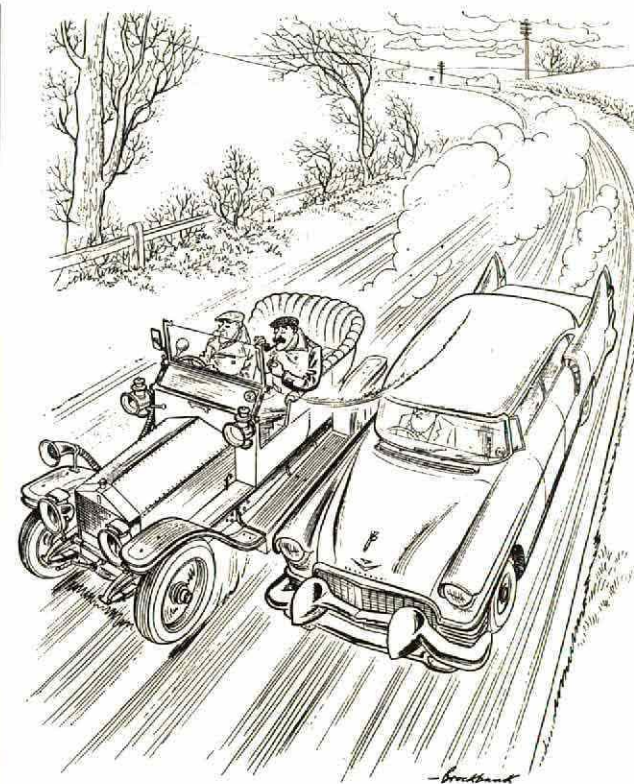
I think the idea was that John Castle should attend to part of the correspondence so that the full burden didn't fall on John Attlee though the latter alone, quite obviously, was Hon. Treasurer.

The second entry is dated Saturday, 24th February 1951 and is as follows: "Changed and with B in car to South Ken. Hotel for 20 Ghost Club Meeting and Dinner. 37 members and guests. Film show after. ... Watson took over as Hon.Sec. from J.O. and self. ... " There must no doubt be minutes of the committee meetings for the year 1950-51 somewhere in the archives, which would show this.

The other point on which I differ, but have no means of substantiating, is on page 22 in "The First Twenty Five Years". Was it not Adrian Belsey who met Peter and Helen Fawcett in Hyde Park in that pleasant spring of '49? I'm sure it was, as I clearly remember Adrian coming to lunch immediately after this encounter (incidentally, not on foot but finding themselves side by side in their cars admiring the view across the Serpentine) and the enthusiasm with which he and John discussed gathering together the people we knew who owned vintage Rolls Royces to form the nucleus of a club.

I hate to think that I'm contradicting Robin Barnard and he also, it may well be, met the Fawcetts in Hyde Park on another occasion. It's a pleasant place to be on a sunny day.

Yours sincerely,
Beryl Castle



From PUNCH

I sought to persuade Russell Brockbank to write us a short piece on why he draws Rolls-Royces so often, in addition to drawing them so well. He disclaimed any literary ability in a charming letter saying, "Why do I draw Rolls-Royces? I am besotted with them: there are so many **different** Rolls-Royces: I adore them all!"

So I make no excuse for reproducing his famous cartoon, which must stand as a wordless motto for the 20 Ghost Club.



Photo: Photopenoptaz

The Follies of EYT 363

In the following article, the indefatigable Vice-President describes his more recent peregrinations. The caption, I hasten to add, is his own — Ed.

On the principle that the lovely golden sovereign of yesteryear has been transmuted into base metal which is itself daily becoming more worthless, I decided to break my little piggy-bank and use the contents before they became entirely worthless. It was this reason that caused me to be found merrily rolling my wheels once again on that ferry that plies twixt Newhaven and Dieppe.

Arriving there I pointed my radiator due south, as I had received a rather nice invitation from a Spanish Club calling itself the A.C.V., which I was to discover stood for "Los Amigos de los Choches Veteranos." In due time I arrived in Barcelona where I was greeted in a most friendly fashion and introduced to the only other G.B., which turned out to belong to Mr. Roy Slater who is an authority on Alfa Romeos. We found ourselves with 30 other cars on the good ship "Canguro" — and I mean good — as the food and accommodation put to shame all the cross channel ferries. We dined sumptuously, and 36 hours later drove off on Majorca. A comfortable room with sitting room attached, a reserved place in the underground garage completed a most satisfactory day — I had visited Majorca before and thought we would be knee deep in package tourists, but it was May and they were very few.

The next week was spent in delightful runs round the

island visiting places I never knew existed, including a car museum-cum-restaurant-cum-bodega run by a charming American couple. The cars were mostly Talbot Lago and Delage with superbly elegant sporting coachwork. I must explain that our visit was organised by the Mayor with the blessing of the Governor of the Island, so we visited places not normally visited. I should add that much of the fun was furnished by four friends who must have weighed 70 stones between them. They were always laughing and possessed the most magnificent skill with that devilish Spanish device, the leather wine bottle, which they held at arm's length and thence unerringly directed a thin jet of red wine into their upturned mouths. Don't try it: your suit, your tie, your nose, your eye, are the only targets you are likely to hit. We had a very efficient police escort every day which helped our progress considerably, also many meals and wine parties arranged by local worthies.

Returning from Barcelona along the coast to France is a long and twisy road; it is easy to see why it is called the rugged coast.

Having enjoyed ourselves so much, when we returned home and found another invitation to go south, we counted the sad remains of our piggy-bank, and decided to blow the lot. This time our destination was Greece. We left in the pink of health, and so once again we set off through Switzerland and Italy for the ferry to Patras.

The Rally was organised by Phelpa — I thought for a long time this was the Club's President's name as he seemed a fairly important young man owning a couple of banks and a trio of assorted Insurance Companies, plus a round dozen of Rolls-Royces from Ghosts to Silver Wraiths, but I was wrong, his name was Andreadis and he had just got married to a young lady whose father was not unknown in Greek shipping circles. Phelpa as I should have known, stood for Philo Paleo Avto Kineto, which I am sure you will all know, stands for the lovers of ancient self movers or automobiles. We may have been ancient but we felt very modern when we parked in the shade of the Parthenon. In the days that followed we were to do some pretty strenuous driving, requiring very accurate time and speed control, which I must say we found very exacting. We came in twelfth, which wasn't too bad but not very good either. On our way out, we had travelled with a Club member and his wife, Konrad and Viola Karras, whom many of you will remember from Norway, with his Brewster-bodied 1925 Ghost, who enlivened our journey and initiated us into many Greek vernacular expressions.

On our return we travelled with a recent Club member who had joined us at Kensington Gardens, with his 1912 Van den Plas Ghost, Manuel Pestana. Together we visited near Modena, the Ferrari factory: a stupendous experience second only to a visit to Crewe.

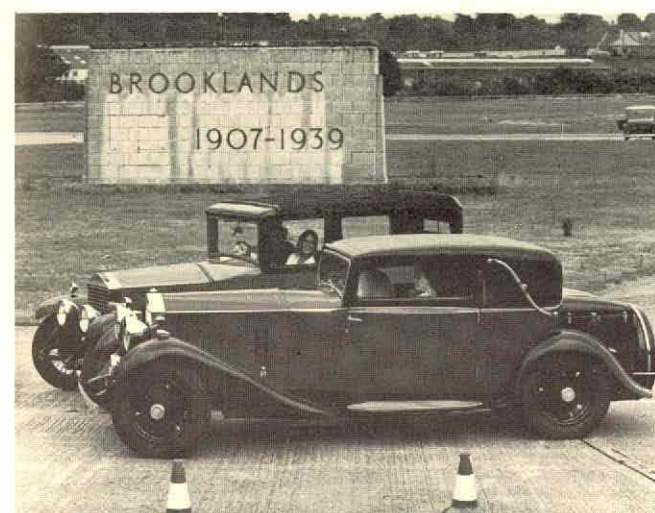
I should add that again the only G.B. present was another Alfa, owned by Richard Pilkington, who owns a motor Museum in the West Country.●



Photo: Photopenoptaz

BROOKLANDS NOSTALGIA

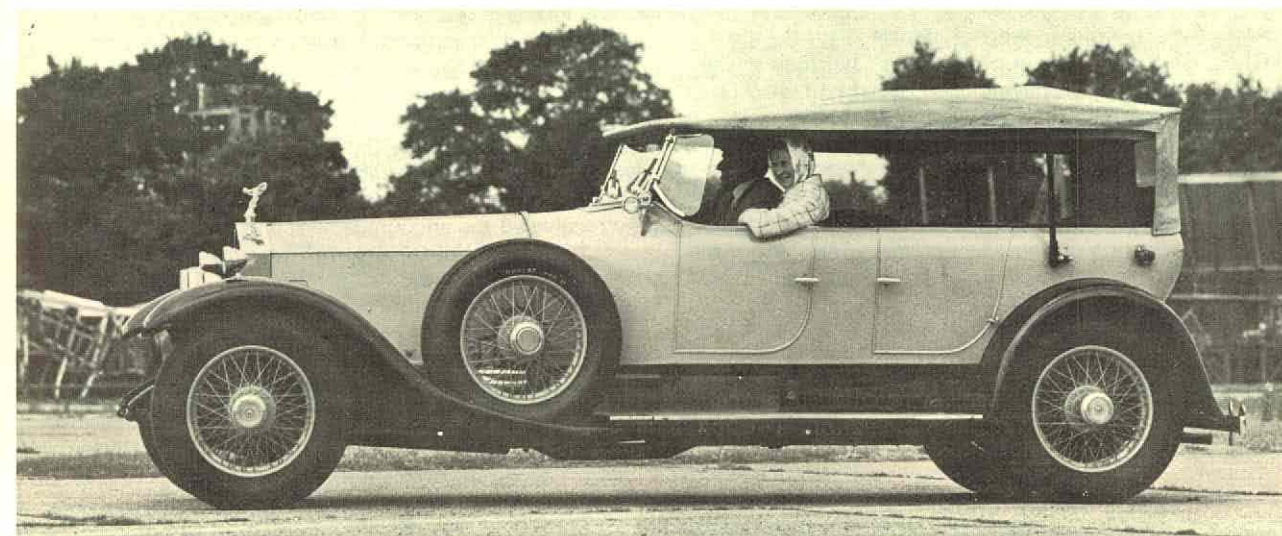
Incidental photos by: Christopher Curtis

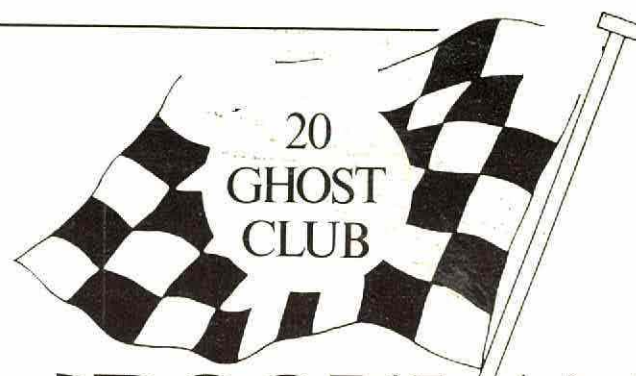


DRIVING TESTS BROOKLANDS – 20th JULY 1975

Penalty Points

		Track	Coasting	Cats' eye	Parking	Turning Circle	Serpentine	Parking space	Stop!	Total
Class 1										
P. Taylor	20	60	200	60	340	0	234	174	220	1288
A. Taylor	20/25	110	0	50	240	150	264	324	332	1470
A. Heathcote	25/30	100	180	90	700	30	161	36	262	1559
D. Burness-Smith	Wraith	110	0	80	330	20	210	400	600	1750
C. Curtis	Silver Cloud I	120	120	100	780	40	246	84	380	1870
J. Squire	20/25	60	430	100	420	20	180	78	600	1888
N. Taylor	20	20	580	90	540	250	164	174	600	2418
L. Williams	20	90	590	100	440	130	175	400	584	2509
Miss S. Taylor	20/25	100	120	100	1260	170	210	400	404	2764
I. Yates	Silver Cloud I	10	1220	110	750	800	186	186	600	3862
Class II										
J. Hampton	Silver Ghost	110	1220	70	1120	0	210	400	400	3530
S. Poulter	Silver Ghost	90	860	120	1560	0	180	400	600	3810
F. Watson	Silver Ghost	130	380	70	1900	20	403	552	548	4003





Sunday 20th July started with several discouraging showers. However the keen members started arriving at 10.20 led by Fred Watson with our host and secretary Skit Poulter, in the Alpine Eagle. John Hampton sailed majestically in in 120 EU and docked alongside the Radley car, followed by the rest of the entrants, the rear being taken up by the Taylors 'en masse' with the 20 and the 20/25 all the way from the 'Heart of England'.

Meanwhile the fiendish tests were being set up by Peter Collinson and his friend Alan.

After the usual picnic lunches, which so typify the 20 Ghost Club meetings, our exuberant Chairman in the 20 acted as trail blazer, having been issued with sticker No. 1, and gingerly proceeded around the course.

Looking at the result sheet, the test which gave the most trouble was the coasting 'Start at line A, at line B snick into neutral. Stop over line C **without touching the brakes.**' Lubricating oil must be improving, because some cars practically needed the 'Home' banking to help them stop.

Parking on left and right hand corners gave more than their fair share of trouble. Actually, the corners were too tight for the Ghosts; however, they were in a class of their own. The best score on this test was by a charming lady driver from the R.R.E.C. Well, that will not do chaps, get some practice in for next year!

While the tests were in progress, advantage was taken to try each others cars out on the main runway. Many cobwebs were blown out that afternoon!

Philip and Andrew Taylor going home with the prizes is not news any more, analogous to Jackie Stewart winning a Grand Prix. Funnily enough, John Hampton **did** go home without his. Well done all three.

Brooklands is a marvellous venue for these tests, masses of space and steeped in nostalgia (both the circuit and the approaches to the circuit) for those of us mature enough to have visited whilst in its hey-day. We were heartily welcomed to the circuit by the ample figure of a member of the Brooklands Society who are all acting, unpaid, Sunday slogging, Navvies, who are endeavouring to clear the old track and bankings of all undergrowth, aircraft jigs and even trees, with the object, one day, of creating a LIVING MUSEUM OF TRANSPORT. They have already made remarkable clearances and have obtained a preservation order on part of the track. Let us hope that they receive all the encouragement and help they need to realise their — and our — dream. Who knows — in a few year's time we may hold our driving tests in the world's transport mecca!

Peter H. Collinson

TRAVEL NOTES

BP invests behind the Iron Curtain and Hungary hopes to attract more British tourists.

Taken from an article by Joyce Wilkins in "BUSINESS SCOTLAND" June 1975

While we await the flow of wealth from North Sea Oil and what it can do for Britain's balance of payments, one British company is already selling oil and petrol to motorists behind the Iron Curtain. Visitors to Hungary this summer can buy BP petrol and oil from familiar BP filling stations and more are on the way.

Three grades of petrol are sold, 86 octane costing 39p a gallon, 92 octane at 50p and 98 priced at 63p. Although the petrol sold under the BP name is not made from BP crude oil, the additive Enerton, which helps keep the carburettor clean and prevents winter icing, is a BP product and BP get a small royalty from AFOR for every ton of BP petrol sold. A feature of all BP stations is that they all have at least one blender pump, a familiar sight in the UK but new to Hungary, and it will be remembered that BP was the pioneer in introducing these blender pumps into Western Europe a few years ago.

Motoring in Hungary is really at the beginning so it is good to have Britain represented there from the start. At present, there are some 500,000 passenger cars to 10m people which means 50 people in 1,000 own a car. Not much when related to Western countries but compared with Russia, where only 7.5 people per 1,000 are car owners, Hungary is a motoring community.

British cars do have a special status, for in one of the AFOR magazines there is a photograph of a splendid Silver Shadow. I was first told that this belonged to the British Ambassador to Hungary. But sadly it turned out that this was not so. The British Ambassador there does not rate a Rolls Royce (very few ambassadors, except to major countries like France, USA and Russia, do): "Our man" in Budapest has a Jaguar XJ6. The Rolls Royce belonged to the Swiss Ambassador! Another Rolls Royce I heard about also created quite a stir. Its owner parked it in the centre of Budapest and went off to lunch. When

he returned he could not see his car for the dense crowd gathered round it. He had to fight his way through and practically plead with the enthusiastic throng to let him have his car back.

About 3m tourists come into Hungary from Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and the U.S.S.R. Last year there were 26,000 from Britain, although in tourist traffic terms this is not much. Hungary would like many more and there is much here that would appeal to the British. There is practically no language problem. For Hungarians Russian is compulsory and then there is a choice and most of them choose to learn English. There is even one daily newspaper printed both in Hungarian and in English. Beer is good and cheap about 5p a glass or 10p a takard. Food is quite highly spiced with peppers and paprika but chips and rice are served with nearly everything to placate the delicate palate. And for the wine drinkers a bottle of full bodied red Bulls Blood wine costs about 60p and the more potent Tokay about £1. A good medium class hotel costs from £9 a night and includes bathroom with piping hot water all the time and a good breakfast.

It is a nice change to be in a country where the £1 still buys something, most places in Europe make Britons feel very poor indeed. There are about 49 Forints to the £1 but all foreign currency is accepted and credit cards from all countries seem welcome.

Getting to Hungary is not difficult now. You need a visa which costs about £2 and you must take a minimum of £10 in currency which is supposed to be spent before leaving the country, although no one checked to see if I had spent any or all of it. Hungary is about 1,000 miles from Calais but the route lies through Brussels, Munich, to Vienna and is all on motorways, only the last 250 miles is on normal main roads. ●

Opportunities Missed

Perhaps it would be appropriate to give some background to your current Editor, who is probably unknown to the majority of members. He writes of his two cars as follows:

Perhaps it would be appropriate to give some background to your current Editor, who is probably unknown to the majority of members. He writes of his two cars as follows:

I first attempted to purchase a Vintage 40/50 in 1955, when a local country garage, kept by enthusiast Barry Spollon, was offering a circa 1921 boat-decked tourer by an unknown coachbuilder for £125. In full running order of course. I had agreed with the proprietor to return as soon as possible with a deposit of £70 as I had only a few shillings on me, but was cajoled by him to play the gallant to a delightful young lady, elegantly dressed as for Ascot with a huge picture hat, who had been mistakenly set down at the garage. I took her to her destination, which was miles out of my way, although gallantry did not extend beyond reluctantly raising the windscreen on the parental Lester-MG I was using at the time. (No doors, only 1½ seats. . . oh, the opportunities one wasted).

Unfortunately the MG cracked its main oil pump delivery pipe on the way home and I had to crawl back, filling up with oil at every garage and repairing the pipe before I could retrace my tracks to the Ghost.

In the meantime, some sneaky young doctor had arrived and paid cash, so the chance was lost. Shortly afterwards, the same garage was offering an absolutely beautiful and original 1925 Phantom I limousine, by Hooper I think, again for £125, but I made no effort to acquire it. What did I want with a closed car? One drove open cars, with a flat hat, and started them on a handle to demonstrate one's virility.

Nevertheless Rolls-Royce fervour must have entered my soul, for when my mother went to a large Ford agents in Birmingham to look at a Ford estate to accommodate the rapidly growing brood of Great Danes she insisted on breeding at the time, next to which was a 1924 Twenty, two wheel brake three speeder, with a very upright V-screen saloon body by Buckingham, with blinds on all the windows — a real period piece, my enthusiasm was rekindled.

I was told, and had no reason to doubt it, that it had been used for about 18 months, then at 6,000 miles, put on blocks in a garage and left. The paint was crazed, but everything else was perfect, even the pimples on the white rubber mat by the driver's feet were unworn. The car had

been seen by a Company representative who was able to confirm that the mileage was probably genuine.

All thought of Ford Estates forgotten I tried to persuade my parents to buy it at the give away price of £395 but to no avail.

Undeterred, I kept an eye on the local press and soon found a Phantom III. Father refused to have anything to do with it saying (a) what would the Directors think, and (b) it wouldn't go in the garage. Mother and I went to see it nonetheless, and it proved to be a 1936 Sedan-de-ville, by Barker I think, in yellow and black. The story was that it had been used up till the war, then stored, and only just put on the road. The indicated mileage was 26,000 miles, and once again, it seemed to be genuine. It was a cold day, and we asked for a ride, so they had to fill the cooling system which had been drained as a frost precaution. The salesman and I, both in dark overcoats, sat in front (how narrow across the scuttle it was), my mother poised herself on the bearskin upholstery — yes, really — and off we went. Our driver handled the car quite well, and at 50 mph it wafted along in famous style, the brakes and ride were impressive, all seemed in excellent order, except for the de-ville extension, where the leather had suffered from a leaky garage during those years of storage. As we came down the hill into Bromsgrove, an elderly railwayman who was just stepping off the kerb, saw us and with the habit of a lifetime, bent his head and deferentially touched his forelock. This is 1955! It seemed a shame to disillusion him, I gave him a slight nod, mother a discreet wave, and due acknowledgement made, we swept round the corner in haughty grandeur.

It seemed a jolly good buy to me at £295 and I subjected father to an intense propaganda campaign, backed up with figures. "Look" I said, "if you buy this PIII, it will take you 17 years to make up in extra fuel cost compared with that Austin A50 you were talking of buying and at the end of that time you would still have a PIII and the A50 would be four tyres and a pile of rust." I'm sure time would have proved me right. Father was unmoved.

I got my way in the end, however, for in 1957, once again at Barry Spollon's garage, I noticed an unfamiliar breakdown truck which closer examination proved to be on a Phantom I chassis. The long, louvred bonnet and rakish wings had a style about them which stood out despite the gharish colour scheme, a hideous truck-type cab and a massive crane.

Appaled at such sacrilege, I persuaded the proprietor to let me have it in exchange for the M.G. Magnette I had bought from him, plus some folding money, so long as he could keep the crane and transfer it to an Austin truck chassis.

He started it up, explaining that the noise was due to the car having refused to start when out on a job a few days previously, until it had filled its silencer with petrol vapour which blew it apart when finally hand started. I think, like

me, he secretly felt that such work was infra dig, and that this was the car's way of showing it.

We struck a bargain there and then, and he promised to bring it over on the following Saturday when he had had time to remove all the breakdown gear. So 100 LC came sweeping triumphantly into the drive of my parent's house relieved after some years of a crane which must have weighed three quarters of a ton. "It goes like the clappers with that off" said the man. I'm not surprised.

It was originally supplied to the late Sir Alexander Kleinwort of banking fame, expressly for touring in the Alps, it has "D" steering, and an exhaust cut out, and was obviously intended to have a bias towards brisk performance. In 1935 it had passed to Mr. J. Ingleby of Huntly in Aberdeenshire and in 1945 was still in use as a private car with Mr. Durose of Edgbaston in Birmingham. Broughtons of Cheltenham converted it to a breakdown truck in the fifties.

Further investigation showed that the original Windover body was complete up to behind the front seats and weighed very little after the truck-like cab. (made of aluminium), hardboard, horsehair, leathercloth, perspex and pop-rivets had been removed.

Alas, it wouldn't go "like the clappers" for me, and all the symptoms of Autovac trouble seemed to be present. It subsequently proved to be a blocked petrol tank filter, which was eventually perfectly cleaned by putting it into a strong solution of chromic acid, such as is used for cleaning laboratory glassware!

I never drove it very far, but delighted in doing hill starts in third speed on 1 in 12, when the engine speed would fall so low that individual power pulses could be distinctly felt as a long, separate, push reminiscent of a steam locomotive.

In the intervening years, I did a little work on it, but priorities of Military Service, marriage, changes of address and so on mean that the car is still not ready to re-emerge into the light of day.

After our marriage, in 1963 we heard of a cheap Rolls-Royce on offer in Stourbridge. It proved to be another early PIII with a splendid limousine body by Hooper. It only wanted a set of tyres and an exhaust system. The engine started easily on the handle and sounded beautiful, apart from the exhaust blow, everything worked and the quality was evident everywhere. I don't find most PIII bodies attractive, but this one did something for me, and at £295 I felt I couldn't live without it. However, I sought the advice of Philip Taylor who knows about these things. "Let's be fair" quoth he, "a good PIII is a wonderful motor car, but a bad one is a disaster. What fuel consumption would you hope to get?" I suggested twelve to the gallon. "Round town I get eight," said Phil with heavy emphasis. My heart sank. Without a house of our own at that time it seemed sensible to let it go. I know Phil advised us as seemed best in our own interests at the time, but this was

the lost opportunity I've regretted more than all the others. That PIII was so VAST! It was the ego-boost of all time. I felt it needed me as much as I needed it. I felt towards it, with its fading splendour, as a Victorian preacher must have felt in the presence of a beautiful girl showing signs of going to the bad, that my hands and my heart could set it on the right path once again. Ah, well! The biggest word in the language is "if" . . .

Some time later the first of a series of Rovers was supplanted by an R-type Bentley which gave us endless pleasure for four years, and only left us because I was told of "an old Rolls at a garage at Rashwood." Gill and I shot off to look at it. GBK 72 is a 20/25 of 1926, with a Barker Sunshine saloon body, almost identical to that fitted to GSF 3, shown on page 242 of Bird and Hallows. It was a sorry sight. A local sand-quarry owner had been given it some years before as a surprise present by his wife. He was an unassuming, self-made man, and I don't think he was really at ease with it. When a few troubles arose, he just put it on the jacks in the quarry and left it. When we saw it, it had just been towed from the quarry and hosed down. Convolvulus was entwined in the chassis, fungus grew from the upholstery and if it wasn't fungus it was white mould. We soon had the engine running and after a lot of minor faults were put right it ran rather well. Connolly's hide food worked wonders with the leather, elbow grease did likewise for the paint, and we set off on holiday to Wales. The crankshaft torsional vibration damper had stuck, and at about 40 mph the timing gear rattle was alarming but I persisted, and suddenly it freed itself and the rattle disappeared.

Thereafter we used it for daily journeys for a time, as well as holidays. The only time I was stopped involuntarily was when the cork in the petrol tap turned round, blocking off all the feed pipes. I made a new cork out of a dinner mat. It seemed to serve well enough and is still there.

We had some excellent runs with the car, which proved watertight even in a tropical downpour which halted most modern cars with flooded ignition. One especially memorable journey was when we left Boston in Lincolnshire, in the morning, wandered through Lincolnshire and Norfolk, sat on the beach at Sheringham until dusk and then drove home to the Midlands without any bother, alarms or excursions and reached home feeling not only fresh and unstrained, but with that satisfaction of a day's communing with a fine machine that only the best cars give.

At present GBK 72 is covered in half rubbed down primer, awaiting the fitting of some superb new Kidderminster carpet, a bit of welding on the wings and some re-veneering of the wood finishers.

I really ought to sell it and concentrate on the Phantom but somehow I can't bring myself to do it.

N.F.

1974 Trophy Results

ALPINE TROPHY

Presented to the Club by Rolls-Royce Ltd., (now Rolls-Royce Motors 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	7154	49	350546
J. Schroder	20/25	1932	3599	41	147559
A.P. Taylor	20/25	1935	3371	38	128098
A.P. Taylor	SCI	1958	5165	15	77475
P. Taylor	SW	1958	5035	15	75525
R.A. Lowe	PII	1932	1755	41	71955
P. Taylor	20	1927	1257	46	57822
W.F. Watson	PII	1935	1040	38	39520
C.J. Curtis	SCI	1957	2050	16	32800
A.P. Taylor	SW	1953	1605	20	32100
E.C. Flynn	SD	1955	1770	18	31860
W.D.N. Berry	PII	1931	676	42	28392
J.I. Yates	SCI	1958	1791	15	26865
N.M. Taylor	PIII	1937	756	36	27216
S.J.S. Boord	20/25	1933	647	40	25880
W.F. Watson	SG	1913	352	60	21120

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
A.P. Taylor	20/25	1934	706	-252	454
C. Meachen	SCI	1958	743	-394	349
C.J. Curtis	SCI	1957	769	-459	310
J.I. Yates	SCI	1958	769	-509	260

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
W.F. Watson	3	2762
A.P. Taylor	3	2466
R.D. Dale	3	1676
M.W. Sapsford	2	1580
L. Williams	2	1501
C.J. Curtis	3	1496
P. Gibson	2	983
J.I. Yates	3	926
C. Meachen	3	899
C.A. Chapman	2	543

(first ten places only)

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
A.P. Taylor	37	89	83	-50	159
C.J. Curtis	9	54	91	-90	64
C. Meachen	5	33	88	-77	49
W.F. Watson	11	100	81	-150x	42
J.I. Yates	8	34	91	-100	33

x Did not compete in Driving Test

HARDING-ROLLS TROPHY

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.

W.F. Watson In appreciation of his 25 years secretaryship of the Club and for his entry of the Alpine in the R.R.E.C. Alpine trial of 1973 being the only car to have taken part in the original trial of 1913.

FERGUSON-WOOD TROPHY

Presented by Henry 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.P. Taylor	83	-50	15	48

THE PHOENIX TROPHY

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

A.P. Taylor Restoration of a 20/25

FERGUSON-WOOD PHOTOGRAPHIC TROPHY

Presented by Harry Fergusson-Wood in 1973. Awarded to the member who submits the best photograph taken at a Club event.

Not awarded this year.

Changes in Membership

New Members

Hugh G.L.A. Brooking, Blanchard House, Leasham Lane, Playden, Rye, Sussex.

Willard A.E. Larson, Everett Psychiatric Center, 3731 Colby Avenue, Everett, Washington 98201.

John M. Donner, Furlong House, Hurst Pierpoint, Sussex.

Christopher Curtis, 20 Lynton Grange, Fortis Green, East Finchley, London N2 9EU

Associate Member

R.N.D. Fredrick, 66 Alcester Road, Lickey End, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.

Note. It is regretted that full details of the above members cars are not to hand, nor of resignations, though it is known that some members have resigned since the last issue.

Ed.

Swap Shop

"Unused nylon cover especially made to protect a 20/25 Saloon C.1930. Available to any member, free, by the generosity of our former member Mr. E. Schupbach. Please apply to the Hon.Secretary.



OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

MASTER: S.E. Sears
PRESIDENT: W.F. Watson
VICE-PRESIDENT: Maj. A. Heathcote
CHAIRMAN: Philip Taylor
SECRETARY: H.B. Poulter ('Silverwood', Golf Club Road,
Hook Heath, Woking)
TREASURER: W.F. Watson (Aldwick Hundred, Bognor Regis,
Sussex)

COMMITTEE:
Philip Taylor (Chairman)
P. Collinson
C. Meachen
D.G. Silcock
F.A.B. Valentine
J.I. Yates

OTHER OFFICERS:
Historian and Librarian: Dr. R.O. Barnard
Trophies: C.J. Curtis
Recorder: Clifford Meachen
Editor: Nigel Fredrick
Membership List: F.A.B. Valentine
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 cufflinks and car badges.

Magazine — Back copies of most issues may be obtained from the Editor.

Club Tie — a new silk tie in blue, embroidered with the Club badge in red, may be purchased from the Treasurer, price £4. each.

Events for 1976:

Spring Luncheon	2 May
Visit to Lord Treloar School	19 June
Driving Tests	20 June
Visit Crewe	21 July
Concours D'etat	12 September
French Tour	12-25 September
Autumn Lunch	17 October
