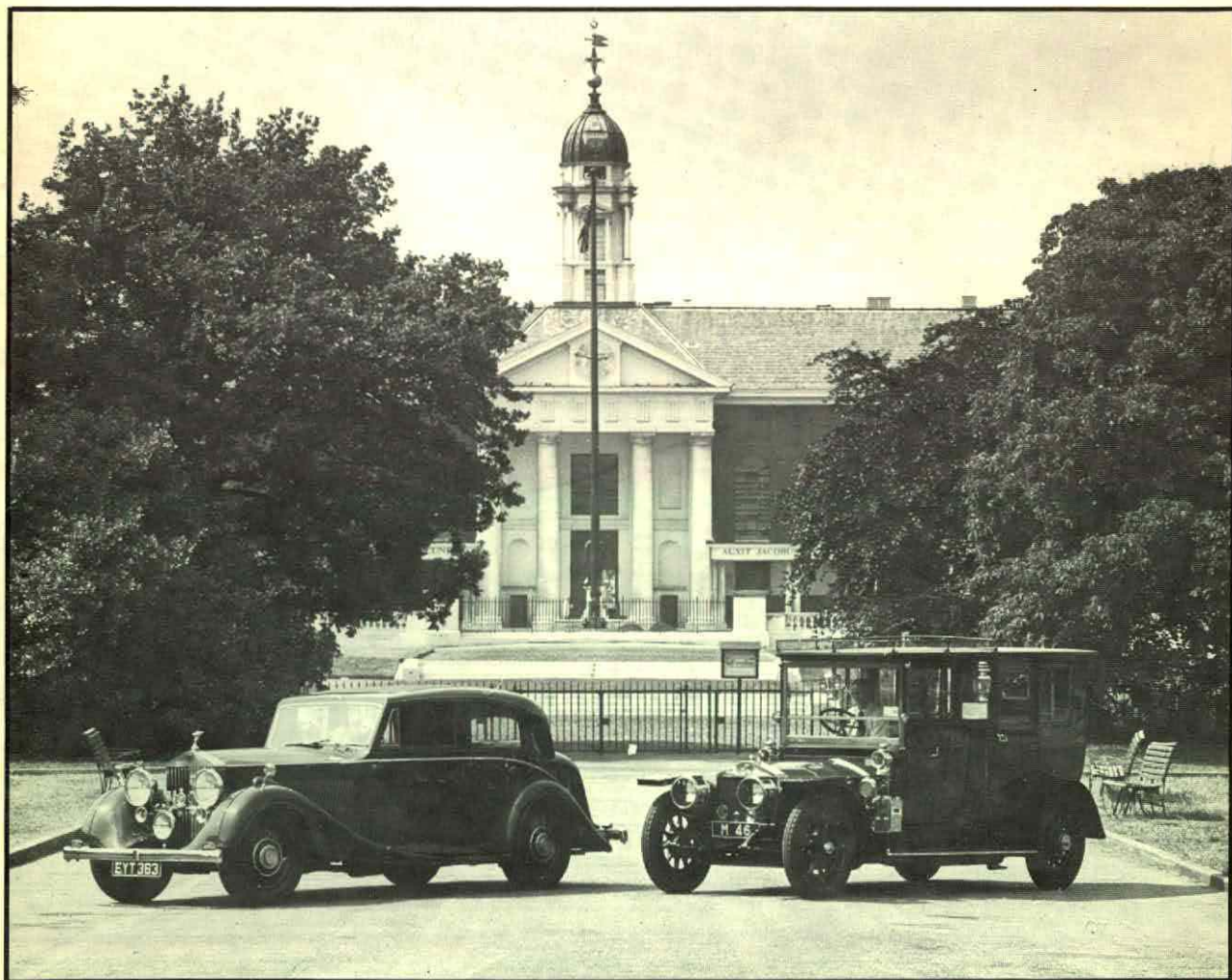


The 20-Ghost Club Record



Volume 19
1977



Cover photo: EYT 363 together with V. Crabb's "Tulip" at Chelsea.

Contents

THE CHAIRMAN WRITES	1
FROM YOUR EDITOR	2
PHILIP TAYLOR – AN APPRECIATION	3
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	4
ANNUAL DINNER	6
FIRST INTERNATIONAL VIGO RALLY by Lynn Brua	6
FIRST INTERNATIONAL VIGO RALLY by Peter Collinson	8
VISIT TO H.J. MULLINER by J.H. Cowlishaw	10
SOME LOOSE ENDS	14
SPRING LUNCH AT IVINGHOE	15
THE "LOST BOOKS" OF ROLLS-ROYCE LORE by Will Larson	16
CHARLES ROLLS' CENTENARY	17
SERMON BY REV. E.G. LOVITT	19
MEMBERS' HOMES AND HOBBIES	
– No. 1 The Master	20
– No. 2 Leo Williams	22
– No. 3 Anthony Heathcote	24
ANNUAL INTER-CLUBS MEETING	28
THE COACHBUILT BODY by Will Larson	30
CHELSEA CONCOURS D'ETAT	32
AUTUMN LUNCH AT THE ELMS	34
"I NEED A NEW SILB" by Joe Criden	36
CHARLES ROLLS' MUMMY by Will Larson	37
TECHNICAL HINTS by Philip Taylor	38
MORE LOOSE ENDS	40
TATRY OSTRAVA by Andrew Taylor	40
TROPHY RESULTS 1976	42
STOP PRESS! TOUR TO ST.PETERSBURG	43
OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE	44

Editor: Nigel Fredrick
This publication was designed and produced by Christopher Curtis, and printed in London by J & P Weldon Ltd.
Typesetting by Context.



20-Ghost Club Record Volume 19 ~ 1977

The Chairman Writes...

We have lived through a golden age. Fine collections of real motor cars have been started with cars purchased for a mere £100 or so, now their value is in the many, many thousands. Club cars were owned by their original owners. One knew where to obtain service and original spares, and not just chassis parts either. One could also travel the highways and byways at one's own expense, which one could afford without sponsorship, nor was one met by people who shook their heads dismissively and commented on "other clubs having been before."

Old craftsmen from Rolls-Royce and other firms really KNEW our cars and gave us so much good advice, not like the new enthusiastic "experts" who have acquired their knowledge from one car. Now there is soon to be a new OPEC conference with maybe another oil crisis on the way. We may have lived through golden years but our hobby, nay our life, can and will go on, and we can enjoy it if we care to. So do enjoy every minute, and even if taxation takes so much away, enjoy the bit that's left. Our cars are superb, our members are superb, let us live our lives to the full. We really do only have a "twinkling of an eye", you know!

If, due to circumstances, you must pass your heritage on (for heritage read Rolls-Royce) I implore you to check carefully. How long has the prospective new owner had his present car? This will give you a judgment of his avidity, so you can decide if he will be a fitting custodian of that heritage.

Philip Taylor

FROM YOUR EDITOR

Dear Members,

Here, at long last, is the edition covering 1977. We hoped to get it to you before Christmas 1977 but the arrival of our daughter at a critical time, together with other setbacks unmentionable, precluded that.

We were asked for a bumper number and thanks to our contributors we believe this is just that. They have all been wonderful, prompt, friendly and efficient.

Lynn Brua and Peter Collinson wrote their coverage of the First Vigo International rally, so I'm told, at gunpoint, Andrew Taylor takes us to Czechoslovakia. Will Larson, from far away Everett, near Seattle in Washington, U.S.A., sheds new light on Rolls lore and literature, while George Green tells of the scene in Australia, and very lively it is, this year.

A major new series, at Anthony Heathcote's instigation, is 'Members Homes and Hobbies', a self-explanatory title, which so far goes to show that 20-Ghost Club members are versatile, albeit tied to a fascination with things mechanical. The series is launched by the Master with a substantial contribution. Joe Criden's humorous note on semantics was 'lifted' from 'Wheels', the Israel Automotive News, and if that raises thoughts on the lines of 'Swiss Navy', you will be as surprised as I was to learn that in 1975, Israel's exports of automotive parts reached \$38 million. Since EYT 363 went there a year or two back, I thought other intending visitors would be comforted by the thought that they have people there who know what they are doing, even if the jargon is new.

As well as articles from World-wide, we have notes on several home-based events, which we hope will be compensation for the stay-at-homes who missed all the fun.

Despite going to commercial sources, the quality and quantity of photographs is not what we would like although we have tried hard.

On a sober note, we have two obituary notices, each sensitively written. The death of Clare Heathcote was a sad but not unexpected event and I would only add that she was an example to us all.



In their Editorial for Volume 13, No. 2, the penultimate issue produced by Ian and Melanie Munro, they expressed regret that it seemed unlikely that the Record would appear more often than once a year. There were several reasons given, which still largely

apply, but at the last meeting of the Committee it became apparent that despite efforts by all concerned, the level of production costs has risen to the point where some sixty percent of subscriptions goes to that end. Your Committee therefore accepted with reluctance that more frequent issues were ruled out unless we lowered our standards. We all felt that members tended to lose touch during a twelve month interval. Should we have a duplicated supplement more often, or change our paper and printing? (or even our Editor!) Your views would be appreciated.



One of the consequences of the rising value of our cars has been an increasing although understandable reluctance to use them for mundane occasions. I think this is a pity, and am always pleased to see a car that is obviously specially brought out for a largely utilitarian purpose such as just going somewhere. All credit, then, to the brothers Neale for taking their pre-war 40/50 brake to the Autumn Lunch, on the foggy day, to a private function away from the crowds where only a few would see and enjoy it.

A function which brought out the crowds and some rarely seen motor cars was the Jubilee Transport Tribute organised by the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club, at Windsor. Although this journal does not normally cover rival Club activities, this was a considerable achievement enjoyed by huge crowds and gave first rate television coverage. The weather held, Her Majesty the Queen reviewed the cars as they passed through Windsor Castle and a Spitfire did some low passes down the drive. Apart from slight congestion and a momentary aberration when the Company 10 h.p. was unfortunately identified on television as the three cylinder, the event passed off with credit to all concerned. Our cartoonist has the last word on this great day.



So there it is, the product of many peoples efforts. May I reiterate my gratitude to all of them, especially Anthony Heathcote and Col. Harding Rolls who have gone to special trouble, to my wife for putting up with the unending untidiness, and doing all the typing as well as creating a maieutic environment. Not long ago a notable figure in Rolls-Royce Club activities could say of the Record only that it had a shiny cover. We hope it's more than that, and if tending occasionally to marivaudage, gives entertainment to most of you.

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

Note: Opinions expressed in articles, letters or editorials may not be construed as being necessarily those of the 20-Ghost Club.

PHILIP 'AYLOR~ an appreciation

Just before the Dinner Dance, we heard that Philip Taylor, our Chairman for many years, was giving up that Office after a long term as a determined protagonist for the Club's success.

His contribution to Club activities is difficult to discuss, for his principal objective has always been that things should be right, and if affairs ran smoothly, he was the picture of amiable geniality. If, however, he felt that we were straying from the highest standards, all the moral pressure exerted by his not inconsiderable presence could be brought into play.

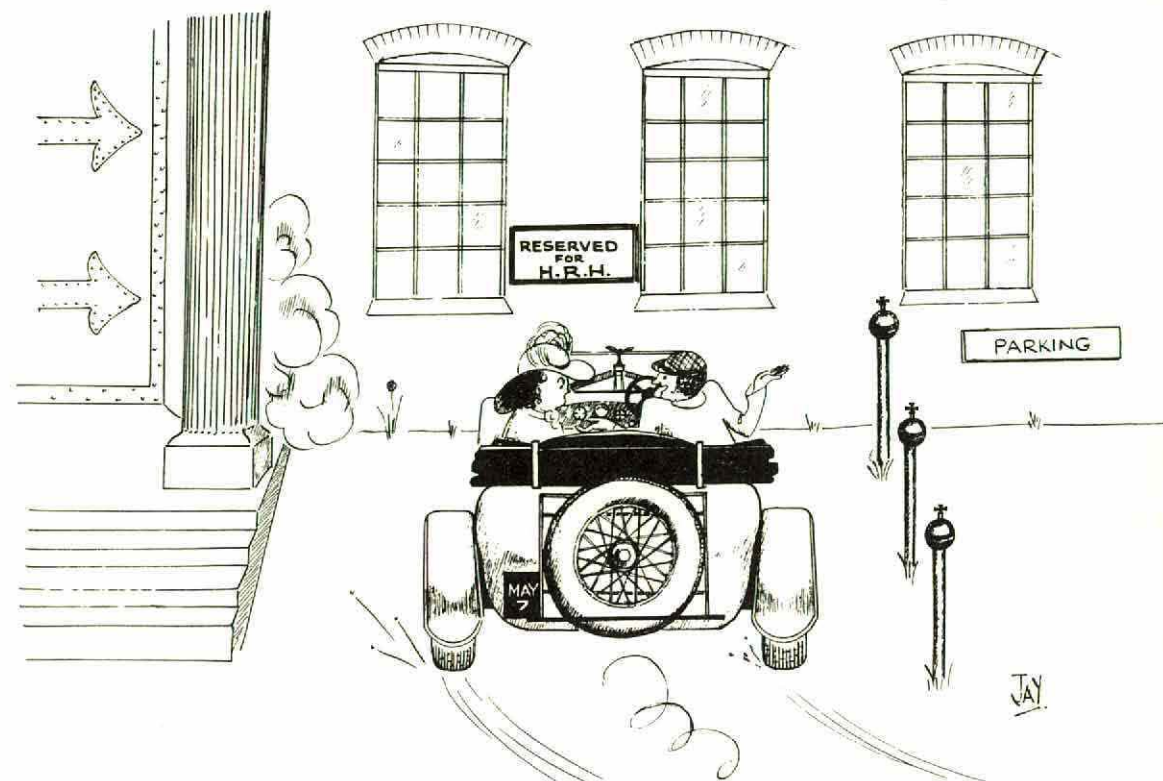
Single-minded and determined people run the risk of becoming a bore, but Philip, with his unceasing flow of irrepressible humour would take the tension out of a difficult situation with a tact and diplomacy that might come as a surprise to those who merely knew him as a boisterous extrovert.

In addition to organising numerous functions, he has been a consistent participant in Club events, and no foreign tour would seem complete without the massive figure at the wheel of his beloved Hooper Twenty.

His encyclopaedic knowledge of Rolls-Royce matters, both historical and practical, was always willingly available to any member in difficulties, having been gained since childhood in the family business, and many a driver on a foreign tour was comforted that Philip was there to bring a practical solution to an intractable tyre or a non-charging dynamo.

Numerous acts of personal generosity will have gone unrecorded, for he wished it so.

Many organisations are judged by their representatives, and Philip's unshakeable enthusiasm for Rolls-Royce and his larger-than-life personality have served the Club well. We are fortunate that he is able to stay on the Committee and continue to exercise an influence in Club affairs.



I told you — it's developed a mind of its own since Windsor!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

from down under....

Dear Mr. Fredrick

The Rolls Royce Owners Club of Australia is a very active band of enthusiasts, including some members of the 20 Ghost Club. Each year one State acts as host to an annual Federal Rally when, from 70 to 100 cars attend.

In recent years there has been a falling off in the attendance of Ghosts and 20 H.P.'s. The main cause could possibly be the distance one has to travel to attend these rallies, for example: when Queensland is the host state the return trip for N.S.W. cars is about 1400 miles, Victorians 2000 and South Australians 3500 miles. It is rare for Western Australian cars to attend Eastern State events, although recently four cars from N.S.W. attended the Western Australian Rally, a 1914 Ghost 6TB, a P1, a Dawn and Cloud III, total round distance of 7800 miles. The Ghost had no mechanical trouble, but did experience some tyre problems.

Mr. D. Watkins of Victoria is currently completing restoration of a 1912 Ghost Tourer no: 1888 with a replica Roi des Belges body, to attend the International Rally to be held in Australia in 1978, starting Sydney on 8 April and finishing Goldcoast Queensland 23 April. Total distance: Veteran Cars 1100 miles, Vintage cars 1400 miles; other Ghosts competing are as follows:

		Chassis No.
R.H. Hunt	1910	1425
G. Wilkinson	1913	2242
W. Maunsell	1914	
G.Green	1914	46NA
		G.Roberts (Driver)
G. Harris	1914	6TB Tourer
G. Sandford-Morgan	1914	Alpine
D. Grant	1920	Tourer
M. Markoff	1920	30AE
G. Williams	1920	
S. Garrett	1921	56AG
J. Lockridge	1921	85AG
R. Walton	1922	Tourer
G. Gilltrap	1923	14PK Tourer
P. McGrath	1923	Tourer
E.R. Rainsford	1922	
R. McCulloch	1923	
Johnston	1923	20 H.P.
W. Cutts	1926	20 H.P.
K.J. & N.P. Budden	1926	20 H.P. Sedan

At time of writing I was unable to get all the Ghost Chassis numbers. We currently have in Australia forty-four Silver Ghosts Pre-1918 and seventy seven 1919-1925 including one Springfield Ghost. We do not have insurmountable difficulties in restoration; several members of R.R.O.C. of Aust. have had difficult parts made up and canvas members before proceeding to see if other members require a similar part, examples: air-pumps — hand and mechanical, air relief valves, exhaust systems etc.

Enclosed is a programme of the International Event with my compliments.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE W.GREEN

(The programme referred to in Mr. Green's letter is a handsome and absorbing one of over one hundred pages, listing and depicting most of the 541 participating vehicles, mostly from the Southern hemisphere. The U.K. is represented by Lord Montagu with a 1914 Vauxhall, G. Hesse 1929 M.G. M-type and P. Venables 1924 Vauxhall. The centrespread is a fine colour picture of Mr. K. Laycock's 1926 Phantom I Tourer, another 1926 PI tourer is entered by Mr. D. Jaquot of N.S.W.)

We learn that the first Australian car was probably the Shearer steam car from 1897, with several advanced features, such as rack and pinion steering, pivotted stub-axles and full differential drive from a four star differential. A vertical twin cylinder engine developed 20 h.p. from a semi-flash water tube boiler. All this was designed and built at Mannum, South Australia, remote from other automotive activity. David Shearer must have been a remarkable man. The car is now on display at the National Motor Museum at Birdwood Mill, South Australia.

Another intrepid Australian was Francis Birtles, who twice rode a bicycle round the coastline and crossed from East to West on a single cylinder Brush. In 1913 he drove a Model-T Ford from North to South, taking only 21 days, more than one third of the distance being entirely devoid of roads. His diary of the journey is most amusing.

There is much more of interest in the programme but space precludes further extracts. With Mr. Green as Assistant Director of this FIVA supported, Caltex sponsored rally, Australian old car enthusiasts are due for a treat. Ed.)

Club Origins

Dear Mr. Fredrick,

Further to Dr. Barnard's letter in the last Record may I suggest that the first seed of the Twenty Ghost Club's beginning might have been planted in 1947 when Peter Fawcett bought from my firm a very pretty 1927 20 h.p. Barker single drophead coupé Chassis No. GAJ 80.

On his invitation my wife and I attended the inaugural dinner at the Cafe Royal but that is another story which subsequently had a happy ending.

GAJ 80 was eventually sold to a Mr. Scuddeboon and shipped to Holland in 1961 after we had carried out a complete chassis overhaul.

You might possibly be interested to publish the enclosed summary of the work done on GEN 45 during the last 27 years that it has been in my ownership.

Yours sincerely,
HUGH KELLER

(This remarkable record is given in full and it certainly indicates that Vintage Twenties are reliable and relatively inexpensive to run. Can any reader match it? Ed.)

GEN 45 30.5.29

July 49	New Dunlops on front	97,000
Jan 50	Rebore — pistons — gudgeon pins — big ends, valve guides. Mains let up. Pivot pins and bushes. Front brakes and servo relined	99,461
June 50	New battery	
Aug 50	New Michelins on rear — new Dunlop on spare	101,500
April 52	New battery	
May 52	New Michelins on front	108,040
Dec. 53	Clutch relined	115,080
Jan 54	Body re-fabricated. Dunlop remould on o/s rear	115,110
April 54	Servo re-lined New Exide battery	115,876
May 54	New Michelin remould on n/s front	115,908
Sep. 54	New Dunlop remould on n/s rear	117,870
Nov.54	Bottom decarbonisation. New Wellworthy rings	118,670
July 56	New Michelins on rear. New Dunlop on n/s front	126,107
June 57	Top decarbonisation. One exhaust valve	128,775
Nov.58	New battery	
Dec.58	New pinion thrust race	138,388
April 59	New Michelins on front	139,354
May 59	Top decarbonisation. Rear footbrake relined	139,758
Feb.60	New Michelins on rear	144,721
Nov 60	Engine rebuild. Block sleeved	
April 61	15/1000. New radiator matrix — crankshaft reground. Coachwork renovated.	150,219
Sep.63	New Michelins on rear	162,407
Jan.64	Top decarbonisation	163,163
Nov.64	New Dagenite battery	166,853
Mar.66	New Michelin remoulds on rear	171,827
April 67	Wings and bonnet painted. New Swan neck	176,520
Jan.68	Propellor shaft and rear axle overhaul. New driving dogs. New rear silencer. Exhaust manifold and downtake pipe repaired	179,399
Nov.68	New Dagenite battery	181,741
Jan.72	Wings and scuttle recellulosed	187,250
May 72	New exhaust manifold and downtake pipe	187,325
Mar.73	New Dunlops on front	188,750
Nov.76	New Dagenite battery	192,326

A smaller gathering this year than usual and accordingly held in a smaller and more intimate room than hitherto, but still with the elaborate style of a more spacious era.

Dennis and Joyce Miller-Williams were sorry not to be there and conveyed that sentiment via Chairman Philip Taylor, as did the Master, Stanley Sears, with the wistful comment that Portuguese petrol was now £1.90 a gallon!

For once the menu seemed to baffle the less erudite diners, and curiosity was unrelieved 'til Claude Curtis made discreet enquiries. Pommes Nouvelles Persillées was New Potatoes with parsley (obvious when you think) and Filet de Merlan was Whiting. We shall know next time.

Annual Dinner Hyde Park Hotel 5 February

Principal speaker, Sir Thomas Lund, was in good form, full of crackling wit and jeux-de-mots — "The Club has done everything for the Guests to make them feel at home even if you wish they were. . . with deft compliments to Officers and organisers for their work during the year. The greatest service that the Club does is to draw together people from all sorts and conditions of life because of their common interest.

Sir Thomas had obviously enjoyed the foreign tours, remembering that on the tour of the U.S.A. it was more fun to be lost with the Silcocks than on his own since he had no navigator, the snowball fight in July on top of the Sierra da Estrela in Portugal and drawing a word picture of Lady Freda Valentine, like Boadicea, urging her son "Faster, James, faster!"

It being deemed impossible to find a speaker to follow Sir Thomas, Lady Freda Valentine discreetly assisted by Clifford Meachen, presented the Trophies, all bar two to the Taylor family, Anthony Heathcote accepting the Phoenix Trophy on behalf of Henry Wilkins for his 1934 20/25 Sedan de Ville.

class, arranged for our passage on a "roll on, roll off" container ship which carries auto parts from France and returns them as finished vehicles from Vigo. The vessel was ideal for the hundred big containers which it carried, but it wasn't intended for vintage cars, and especially not for people.

We had expected to be the only passengers and were surprised to see at the dock a 1931 Buick with two young men from Venezuela and a 1910 Renault with its Swiss owners. The boat had six single cabins with 24-inch berths for its officers. They wanted nothing to do with us since we represented a conspiracy on the part of the ship's owners to debunk them, so to speak. Finally we ten passengers were shown the six cabins and told to scramble. Discretion forbids me to explain the sleeping arrangements of the three ladies and seven men in those six narrow berths, but I can assure our fellow Club members that there wasn't room for any hanky-panky.

The crossing took 38 hours and was unexpectedly smooth, the food was excellent (for a crew of deck hands), the weather was perfect and we saw a whale and many dolphins,

FIRST INTERNATIONAL RALLY of VIGO — Lynn A. Brua

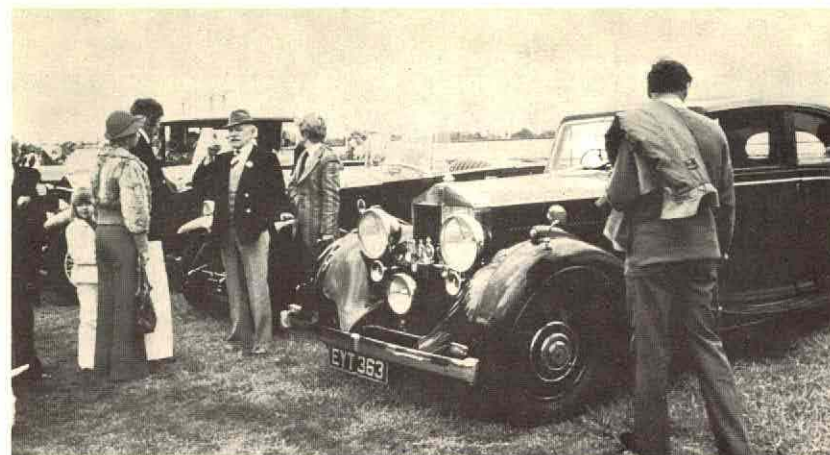
The nearest thing to an international tour for the 20-Ghost Club in 1977 was the participation of some of its members in a magnificent rally in Vigo, Spain in July. It all started with Anthony Heathcote (as usual) going to Spain to try to arrange a tour for us similar to the Dordogne one in 1976, Norway in 1975, and Portugal in 1973. While there he met Don Manuel de G. Pestana y Gonzalez, organiser of the Vigo Rally, (and now a Club member) who invited our Club to participate in that rally instead of organising a separate one.

Our Club would have had much better British representation but for a major transportation problem which arose only a few weeks before the rally. The car ferry from Southampton to Vigo, on which a substantial number of places for us had been booked, was suddenly taken out of service, leaving over 6000 people with confirmed reservations stranded, according to press

reports.

The Club members who did finally go were Doreen and Stanley Sears who came up from their home in the Algarve in Portugal and then used a lovely Silver Ghost borrowed from Senor Pestana for the rally, Clare and Anthony Heathcote and Peter Collinson in Anthony's 1938 25/30, Connie and Cecil Chapman in their 1932 20/25, and Midge and Lynn Brua in their 1931 Phantom II. The only other representatives from Britain were Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu who drove a 1914 Silver Ghost, also belonging to Senor Pestana.

The British contingent and the Bruas from Brussels assembled at St. Nazaire, France on 15 July for a boat trip across the Bay of Biscay to Vigo, and this was where the adventure really got under way. After the regular car ferry had been cancelled Senor Pestana, who is associated in business with Citroen and is an organiser in the Heathcote



but oh those two nights! We docked at Vigo Sunday morning. It is a pleasant industrial city in northwest Spain in a lovely setting, with a fine harbour protected from the Atlantic by pretty outlying islands. It is where Columbus landed on his return from his first voyage to America, where the Spanish Armada sailed from, and one of the cities which Drake plundered. Despite the latter event, the natives could not have been friendlier.

Now, why Vigo for a rally? A very important suspension bridge there was nearing completion and the builders, government authorities, and business leaders thought that a gathering of fine old cars from all over Europe would provide a notable opening. King Juan Carlos was President of the

Committee of Honour of the rally, with Prince Rainier of Monaco, Prince Metternich, and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte also on the Committee. The two latter personages actually participated. Dr. Joao de Lacerda, who will be remembered fondly by all who participated in the 1973 Portugal rally, was there with his wife, driving his rare 1914 Abadal. Dr. Lacerda had been host to our Club at an elegant luncheon and tour of his fabulous car museum in Portugal four years ago. Members will be saddened to learn, however, that political events in his country have severely reduced his collection since we were there.

The rally officially started on 18 July under the sponsorship of the Federation International de Voitures Anciennes, with 76 cars representing eleven countries. The oldest car was an 1899 De Dion Bouton, there were eleven Hispano Suizas and thirteen Rolls Royces. A 1933 Hooper-bodied Phantom II owned by a Frenchman won the Concours d'Elegance on the final day. It was a mammoth open tourer in pale green, with polished aluminium wings and bonnet, and had belonged to an Indian Rajah. His coat of arms, painted on glass, replaced the Flying Lady and was illuminated by a small electric lamp. It was a bit overstated for British tastes, but the Spanish judges loved it.

These Continental rallies are serious business and not just pleasant motoring between frequent

pauses for refreshment. Every morning for five days it started at 9 a.m., with cars leaving at one minute intervals, in age sequence with oldest first, and following a precise route. Each car had a speed assigned to it ranging from 20 kilometres per hour for the oldest up to 40 kph (28 mph) for the youngest. Prizes were awarded based on maintaining those averages over each leg of the tour, each day, and through each check point. Time checkers were sometimes to be seen hiding behind fences and haystacks with stop-watches at the ready to catch recalcitrant speeders or laggards.

Your 20-Ghost Club representatives did not cover themselves with glory in the scoring, but we have good excuses. All instructions were in Spanish only, all distances were in kilometers, and there wasn't a stop-watch in the entire delegation. Also, it is hard to maintain 28 mph on a single-track mountain road behind an 1899 DeDion Bouton being driven brilliantly by two charming senioritas — at three mph!

That is enough of the stop-watch and checkered flag bit for this report. The rest was a blur of warm receptions, elegant banquets, spirited concerts, sumptuous parades, and colourful bands. But perhaps the most memorable part of the whole trip was the thousands of enthusiastic people lining the roads and streets wherever we went. Press and wireless coverage of the event was such that the populace knew our daily routes and turned out in force to cheer and applaud our passing, even in the most remote places.

A four-hour luncheon in the garden of a 17th century ducal palace at Pazo de Oca, with strolling musicians, costumed waitresses, and spontaneous folk dancing led by the Duchess, was another high point. And that evening we drove to the world-famous pilgrimage city of Santiago de Compostela, where we were parked for the night in the Plaza de Espana, with the marvellous baroque cathedral on one side, the 16th century town hall facing it,

and the famous University of Santiago at one end. At the other end was a splendid structure built by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella about 1500 as a hospital, and it is now a parador where we spent the night. Add to that setting the cheers of a few thousand local "aficionados", a marching band, and a balmy summer evening under a full moon, and you will understand why that was quite a day. The reception later that evening in the town hall, followed by dinner in the banqueting hall at the parador, capped the climax. Every other day rivalled that one in hospitality, scenery and fun.

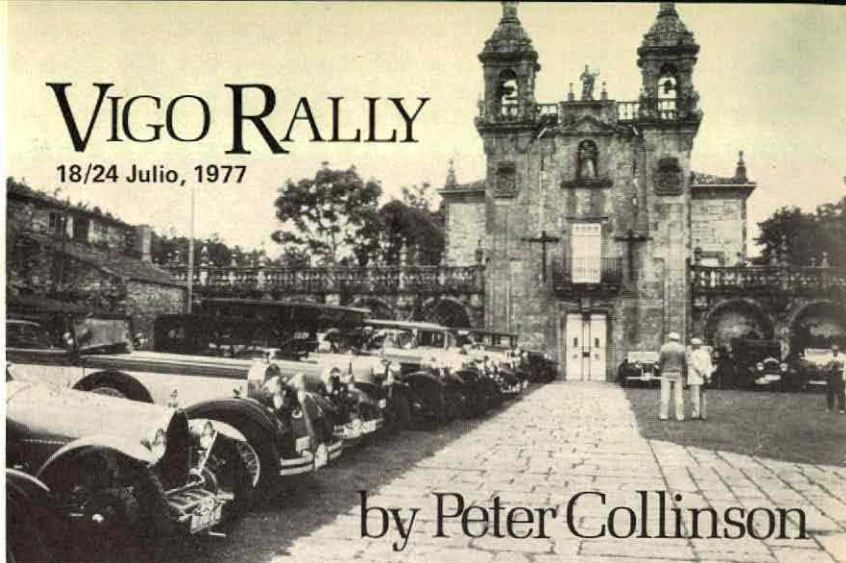
The final day called for us to rendezvous on the approaches of the suspension bridge which we were to honour by our presence. We did, but there was no ribbon-cutting ceremony, for right there where the band would have stood facing the dignitaries was a 40-foot gap which deterred the procession of elegant motorcars across the bridge. We all enjoyed seeing the engineering marvel under construction, took our souvenir photos and departed.

The First International Rally of Vigo (a second is not expected) ended about 3.30 a.m. on Sunday, 25 July, after another great banquet, speeches in about six languages, and the giving of many impressive prizes. Despite hearty "abrazos" and words of admiration for our driving prowess your Club representatives suspected that our little trophies were essentially for just being present.

This account would be incomplete without a few words about Clare Heathcote, who died just a few weeks later. She of course knew her condition, as did all of us, but she made no concessions to it and asked for none. She participated in most of the driving events and attended almost all of the social events. Where she sat there were always old and new friends clustered about to enjoy her company, knowing that time was short. Anthony, as always, was devoted. We will miss her.

VIGO RALLY

18/24 Julio, 1977



by Peter Collinson

Rally cars at Pazo de Oca, from left to right: Bugatti 1924 T-30, Hispano Suiza 1927 H6B, Ford 1928 Model A, Espana 1917, R-R 1914 Silver Ghost.

The rains were getting warmer, and I was just considering forsaking the box in favour of unscrewing the garden door, when the 'phone (which still had not been cut off) rang. "How would you like," said Anthony "to accompany me as navigator and assistant driver on the Vigo rally?" So with passport and toothbrush I made my way to Cheyne Walk and the immaculate and well travelled Arthur Mulliner 25/30. I pressed button A, wound her up to 0.8 and dumped the cork. In no time we were in Portsmouth exchanging cheers with Cecil and Connie Chapman who had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier in their 1932 20/25. The same car, incidentally, in which they toured France in 1946. A cabin, a bar and half a night see us entering St. Malo at sunrise. We turn left to Fougères, look around the lovely old town and at (but not in, because there was a man asking for donations) the Castle and its row of 5 water wheels. We turn south, first I am passenger in the 1938 25/30 then driver, later I am invited to drive the 20/25 of 1932. The difference is astounding, one thoroughly modern, the other thoroughly vintage, I really do not know which one I would choose. Mid afternoon sees us arrive at the Novotel in Carquefou (near Nantes). The inevitable swim, sunbathe then wonders! Lynn and Midge Brua just breeze in from Brussels in their long lanky and thoroughly desirable P11 of 1931. With a car that long you don't have to drive as far, do you? This then, was the 20-Ghost Club's

representation in the Vigo rally.

Early next daylight saw us at St. Nazaire awaiting Citroën's Juggernaut carrier which was to transport us direct to Vigo. I think they were expecting us, but there was more than a little non-cooperation and we and the occupants of six or so other rally cars stood around deciding whether or not to lay in stores for two days of self catering at sea, or whether to drive all the way to Vigo. The silent, staring, steward started to lay up and quite an acceptable beano was served. Sleeping arrangements were a little quaint. Good for an illegal night out perhaps, but a little too intimate for most with two per small bunk. En route I did not see the whale, neither did I see the dolphins that Lynn and Midge told me about. They say that when the sun sets you can see the steam rise as it enters the water.

Having docked at Vigo, the end of the boat opened up and out poured the Swiss owned Renault and the Bugatti 57, the Venezuelan owned Buick, the three Ghost Club masketeers (all immaculate and ready for inspection), the Hispano-Suiza in company with 60 or so almighty "artics" carrying bits so that the Spaniards could assemble those funny little corrugated iron vans which then proceed to fill the boat for the return trip (I'm just wondering whether the Customs have ever questioned what happens to all the empty lorries — like the swarf man and the wheel barrows — but that's another story).



Santiago de Compostela. A historic and architectural showpiece of Spain.

The rally organizer and host, Sr. Manuel Pestana met us at the dock and showed us our Parador. After lunch, and I had even found the most comfortable armchair, Perpetual Motion Brua proposed a quick (of course) motor to Portugal and back! Well, I am younger than he so what could I say? We took the coast road which made the journey about 700% longer, and more interesting by about the same proportion. On our way to Viana do Castelo on the Costa Verde, we sneaked up to one of the rally points. A crafty three point turn at the top, witnessed the proverbial meeting of the immovable object (to wit, one enormous granite post) and the irresistible force (to wit, one gently rolling pee too). The granite lost. We lit a candle for Sir Henry and continued.

Lynn offered me the drive back, and before you could say 'spring plunger for lever, governor control on steering wheel', I was in the seat. The net effect of about two yards of precision Rolls-Royce engine on that well maintained car, over those demanding roads was an experience verging on sensory overload. Like Lynn, when climbing hills, I kept the revs so far from the blood that I only engaged a lower gear when I felt sorry for the engines (I should

think that there is more than one). Lynn says I need not drive it like a 25/30 it would easily cope in top. We took the mountain road back to Vigo, and the memory of those twisting steep hills in an infinite sea of different greens, the long tapering bonnet flashing in and out of the sunlight, the raw power of that aristocratic sports saloon — this is the spirit of the Rolls-Royce, the Spirit of Ecstasy.

The rally itself was indeed, well organised. Each competitor being given a large 100-or-so-page book with not only the details of each day's activities, but a complete list of competitors, their photos and photos of their cars. The usual format was that after breakfast we would trundle down to sign on in Vigo (we got lost every time), we would be given a large card with each check point named. As our car was 1938 and 4½ litre, we could work out by dint of some higher mathematics that we should average 25 m.p.h. As you can imagine, it was easy to arrive early. On the other hand, it did give one time to enjoy the scenery. At each checkpoint the cheery faces of the Pestana family and their friends grabbed our cards, stamped them, and hustled us away almost as though there was a hurry.

Lunch was usually no picnic, more of a feast, anything up to twenty-two (22) courses, a speech or two then off to the second part of the day's motoring which, one occasion apart, finished back at Vigo in comfortable time for a bathe, sunbathe and dinner — very civilized. The once when we did not was when we spent the night at the Hotel de Los Reyes Catolicos (5-star) in Santiago de Compostela. What dignified grandeur. The city is truly historic and beautiful.

Shell fish is a great speciality on this coast of Spain, I think I shall never forget the "platos tripicos de Espana" at la Toja. I think the same applies to Anthony, who was forced to miss the following day's activities.

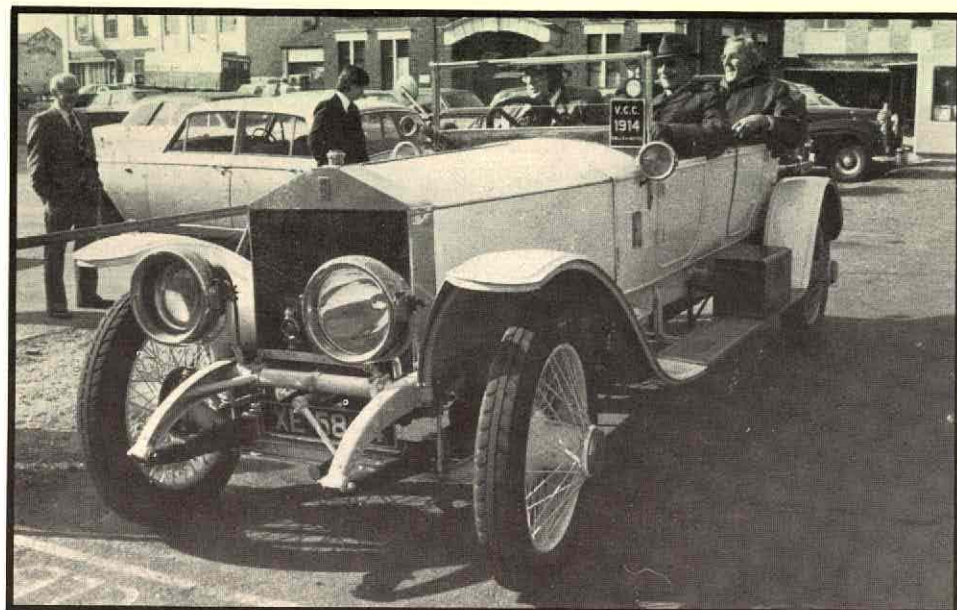
What with feasts and receptions taking longer than they should,

alterations in the arrangements, cars ceasing to function etc., the seriousness seemed to depart after a few days. Instead of taking the rally in dead earnest, the whole affair became quite casual, and on the last day the checkpoint cards were not even stamped. However, at the final dinner, when the speeches became drowned in alcoholic chatter, there were prizes for just about everyone, so it didn't really matter. The main thing was that everyone had a jolly good time, and, given the chance, would do the same again. It was a treat to see Stanley and Doreen Sears, Joao and Ziggy Lacerda, James and Penny Symmington from Oporto and all the characters who attend these international rallies.

The cars, whilst not anywhere near our standards, were interesting, ranging from 1899 De Dion Bouton through Clement; Hispano Suiza; Gregoire; Napier; Abadal; Mathis; Ford; Austin; F.N.; Bugatti; Fiat; Essex; Lancia; Talbot; Lincoln; Delage; Oldsmobile; Chrysler; S.S.; Georges Irat; Alvis; to 1955 300 SL Mercedes Benz.

The return trip was an eye opener. The Bruas left early to drive back to Brussels, Cecil and Connie took the coastal road, and Anthony and I took the low road via Orense, Verin, Benavente to Leon where we stayed the night at the Hotel San Marcos (5 star). Here we were lucky to fill up with fuel about three hours before a substantial price rise. Next day via Palencia to the Hotel Landa Palace (also 5-star) at Burgos. If any member is motoring in the north of Spain, I would recommend a stay at either of these but not at our next stop, the Hotel Real at Santander, fine for the Great Gatsby but unchanged since then. The good ship Patricia took both our cars to Southampton very comfortably, two bunks each. We kept the stewardesses busy in the Bay of Biscay as there was a Nicholas Monsarrat sea and we had used all the paper bags. Following day like a mill pond and the passengers looking slimmer. Well, all good things have to come to an end.

Peter Collinson



Tom & Rita Lightfoot's 1914 Ghost.

A Visit to H.J. Mulliner described by a guest.

I must first explain that I am not a member of the 20-Ghost Club but in April I was kindly invited by a dear friend and neighbour, Mr. Tom Lightfoot, an ardent and quite mad Rolls-Royce vintage enthusiast, to a Club visit to H.J. Mulliner/Park Ward.

Rolls-Royce is a name that 'rolls' off the tongue so easily and which I see every day inscribed on a presentation given to me in 1945 when I left the employ of the company after six years as Superintendent, Machine Shops, at the Rolls-Royce Aircraft Experimental Department at Hucknall Aerodrome, Nottingham. So it was nice to have the chance to visit another field of Rolls-Royce expertise.

My day started at noon on 19 April 'High Noon' when I so grandly stepped into Tom's 1914 Ghost, a beautiful white giant ready for off. We live a little way off the main road, so I had a little time to settle myself in before meeting the admiring gaze of the ordinary motorist. You will of course realise that it is the car which receives the admiration, although being rather tall and sitting on what I suspect was the

ejector seat, my head was above the windscreen, so perhaps I did get some glances. I suppose it reminded me of an incident during the War at Hucknall. We had a captured ME109 in flying condition and for fun and to gain knowledge of course, a dog fight was enacted with our latest Spitfire flown by the 'Chief', Captain Shepherd, and the ME109 by test pilot Sq.Ldr. Hayworth. The ME had a sliding canopy over the cockpit but Sq.Ldr. Hayworth was all of 6'7" and when he sat in the cockpit it was not possible to slide it into position without decapitating him. I still think it was one of the funniest things I've seen, with Hayworth in helmet and goggles and his head above the line of the canopy flying round the sky with a Spitfire on his tail. At least we weren't being chased, but I bet I still raised the same smiles as were seen that day so long ago.

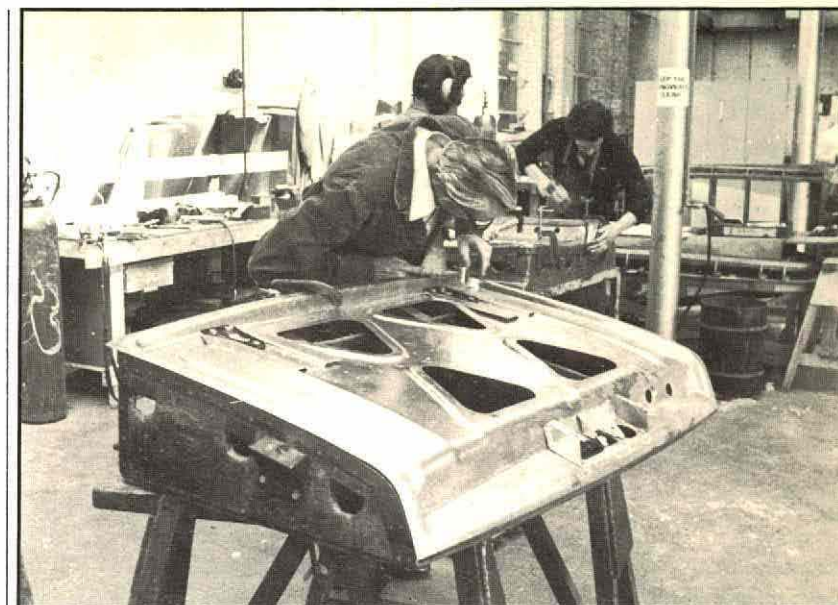
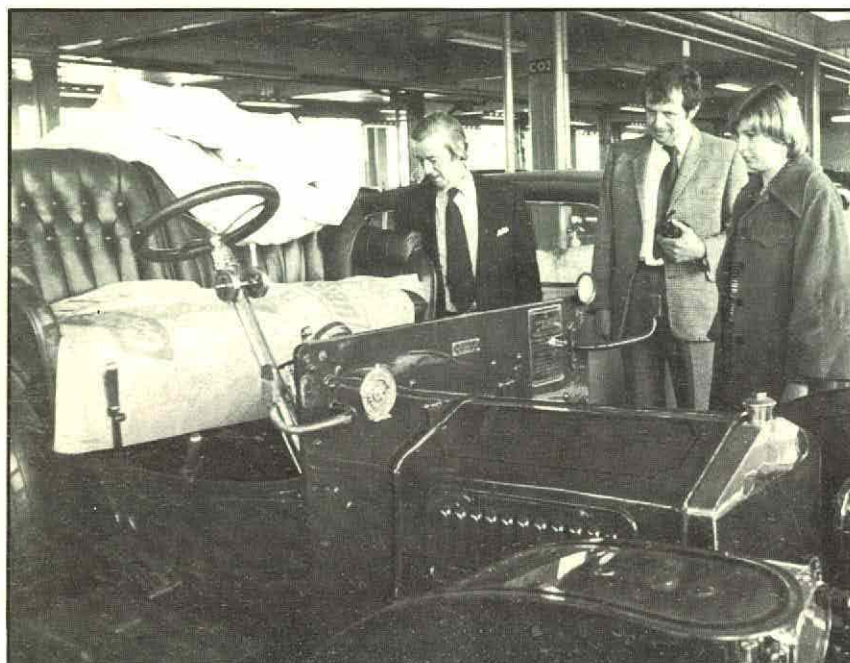
However, back to our Ghost. Fortunately it was a brilliant day, sun shining, wind blowing and the car purring along so elegantly. I'm not by any means a lip reader, but it was really interesting to see that as we were occasionally overtaken

by some of the ordinary folk, you would see the passengers craning their necks to see the radiator and then their eyes would open wide, and yes, their lips read, 'It's a Rolls-Royce.' We were now nearing our destination and I realised that we would make it with a driver who really knows his onions (he's proud of his onion patch by the way) and there was no doubt we should arrive in time and in style. On the final run in we passed Wormwood Scrubs, Tom proudly pointing out the window from which he escaped (I wonder?).

Mulliner Rolls-Royce at last and here we sweep through the gates, directed by the gateman or do they call 'em commissioners (whichever, a charming man), who directed us to our park watched by an admiring group of other Rolls-Royce enthusiasts, also many Rolls-Royce employees. By this time I was really beginning to feel somebody and looked over the side to see whether Tom had managed to pull up in line with the red carpet. Alas, here I realised I was only hindering people who wanted to get a closer look at our Ghost, and see how they used to be made. Leaving her to get her

breath back and bask in her well deserved parking position, we entered the reception hall and were sorted out into parties for the 'show round', our little lot totalling six. As we proceeded from the hall to the works, we were shown a beautiful Silver Shadow II ready and waiting to be despatched to France. It is hard not to feel a certain pride when one looks at this creation of engineering and realising that all the world recognises that the ultimate in the motor car can only be obtained from this little island.

We were warned by our guide that the noise would be considerable when we entered the workshops but he would break us in gently and first of all show us the body assembly line. Here was our first view of the Rolls-Royce taking shape with all the panels and preformed pieces being welded, brazed and spot



Above: meticulous hand assembly of composite panels. Left: the last PIII. Built at Churchill's insistence and supplied to H.M. King of Saudi Arabia. Below: Dennis Miller-Williams shows Sue Taylor and John Bailey the Company 10hp.

welded into the familiar shape. I was particularly impressed by one operator fixing and lining up the bonnet, and twenty minutes later as we returned, he was still seeking that perfect fit. One also realises

that this is a hand built body and that the strength is built in, with the operators carefully ensuring that their particular part is welded true and trimmed to perfection. Spot welding was also very much in evidence and in between our dodging the sparks, you could see that every square inch where the operator could get, he 'spotted' it, making the whole a panel of strength.

The next shop was where all the panels and formed parts were produced. It was here that the tin-bashers hammered, welded and stretched the various components into shape, and I decided that the silence of the Rolls Royce began here. They really knocked the daylight out of the steel and I doubt whether there is even a squeak left when they've finished with it. On our way out of the shops we were shown the body of a Camargue taking shape. Here again one is impressed by the strength in the design, and the old adage 'if it looks right, it is right' certainly applies.

Leaving the body assembly we were now shown the various departments where cars were in for repair and renovation. One particular car really stood out. It had Arabic signs painted on the body and it really had been knocked about, in

fact there was enough sand inside and on it to fill a good-size window box. It would be nice to see that car finished.

The next department was the fitting of the upholstery and trim. There was the same dedication to the job in hand. Only the best is good enough and that I suppose is what the game is all about.

The Phantom VI is the only Rolls-Royce where the chassis is made from scratch at these works. In a bay off the main shop was a chassis being assembled into a design of strength, suitable to carry this, the largest Rolls-Royce made.

From here we were ushered into the tea room and royally entertained with sandwiches and biscuits. After a pleasant speech of thanks on behalf of the 20-Ghost Club by Mr. P. Taylor, we heard the Managing Director give us a little history of the Rolls-Royce Mulliner works.

It was now time for the home-ward run and back to our Ghost, patiently waiting on the forecourt. Our return was a little more hectic as we were in the commuter rush for home. However, we received what I am sure you are all used to, cheers and friendly waves as we majestically threaded our way home. I had a happy pleasant day and give my thanks to Tom Lightfoot and the 20-Ghost Club for such a grand time amongst charming people. Tom's wife Rita, says that all Tom could hear as we were squeezing between cars, buses etc. was 'You b*****'. But there was only one moment when we crept between a bus and lorry, that's where I lost my pipe stem.

Again many thanks and may I wish all of you Happy Motoring.

J.H. Cowlishaw.

Using the stretch press. Above: the sheet of metal is put in place over the former. Right: the former is forced upwards under the watchful eye of the operator.

some members' views...

I had the pleasure of a conducted tour of Mulliner, Park Ward on 19th April. Ever since when, to see a scratched R-R has made me wince. So it would you, dear reader, if you had seen the care and expertise that goes into making one of these masterpieces. We saw the Camargue production line, the Phantom VI line and the long wheelbase Silver Shadow. It may surprise one to know that there is a Phantom VI "line" — I saw it, and last year they sold approximately one per week, which, considering the skilled man hours, is an extraordinary output. Gratifying too that there are sufficient connoisseurs to buy them. I

suppose it is true that most of the world has an opportunity now to buy the products of the finest craftsmen at what, to them, must be very low labour rates, but I digress. Starting at the Camargue, the first stage that we saw was the modification of the basic platform to either long wheel base Silver Shadows or wider Camargues. After this platform is fitted to the remarkably sturdy and utterly practical "jig bed plate", the frame work is added and, piece by piece, the outer body work. Parts such as the boot lid were made entirely by hand, others were hand finished from pressings. Each component had

its jig and it made one wonder at the expense of setting up a production line for such a car. As the doors, bonnet and boot were fitted, so the exciting shape of the Camargue was created. In another hall, exceedingly well lit, the body is inspected for blemishes, a chalk ring surrounding some irregularity that I could not even see! One expects these inspectors to have five square eyes or some peculiarity that would be mentioned on their passport, but no, they look like you or me, they wear boiler suits and they whistle pop songs. At this stage the bodies are sent for rust proofing and painting at Crewe where the mechanical

parts are also made. After its return to London the complexities of the superb airconditioning system and all the comprehensive electrical systems are installed, upholstery fitted, doors trimmed, wheels, radiator, lamps, tracking, then the road testing, final inspection, in company with "The Silver Ghost" which as R.R.'s ever helpful ever smiling P.R.O. says, "is there to remind us of the responsibility we have in building the best car in the world".

You may think from the above that we only saw the Camargue line; no, we saw it all. The Phantom VI line was just as staggering, perhaps more so really, because considerably more of the body work was made entirely by hand and a certain amount of ash framework was used, very traditional and very lovely to see. Our visit was rounded off by a welcome tea charmingly served, a short talk by Dennis Miller Williams and a short thank-you from Phil Taylor. Our thanks go to these two gentlemen especially, for a memorable day.

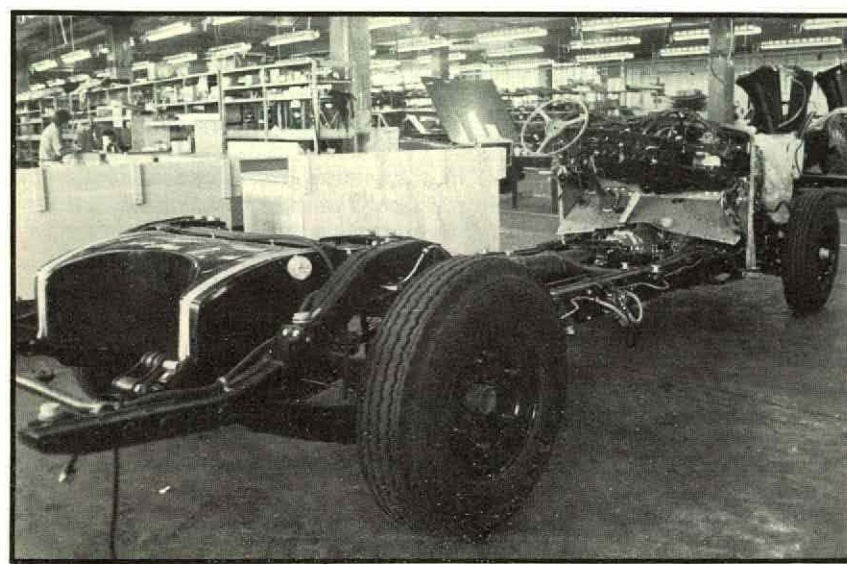
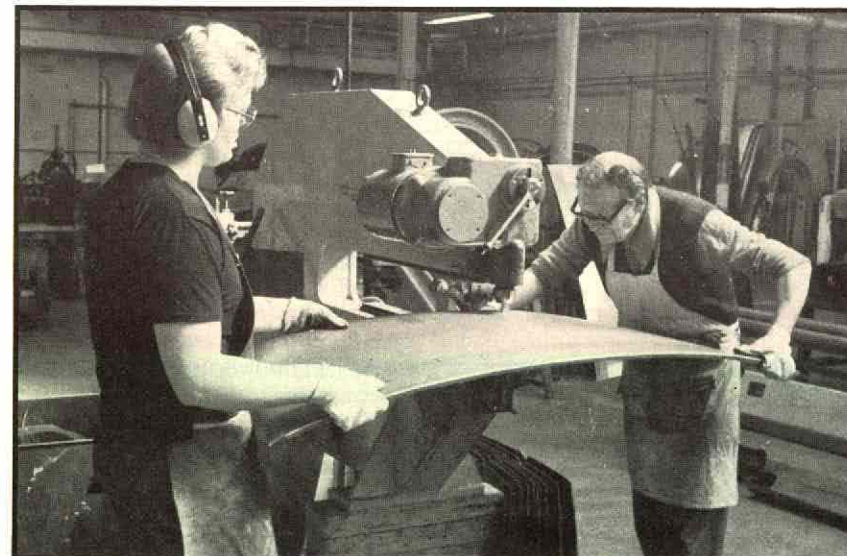
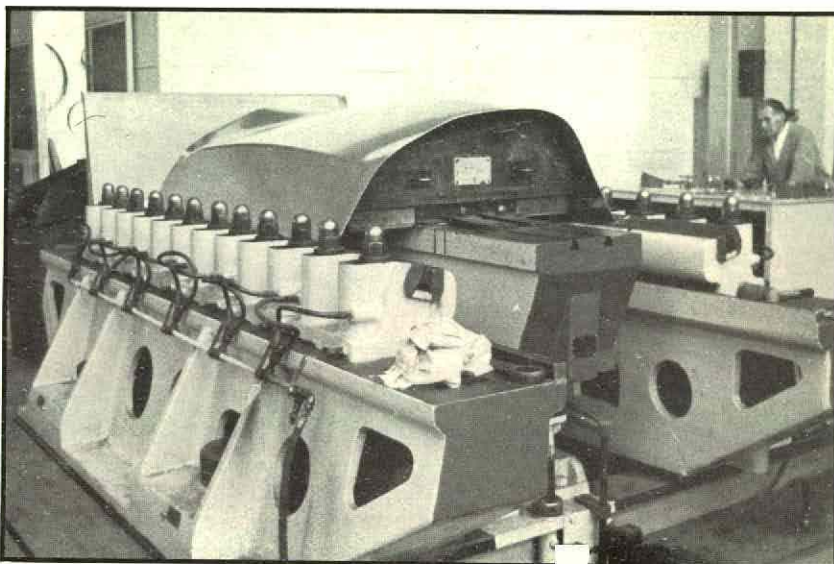
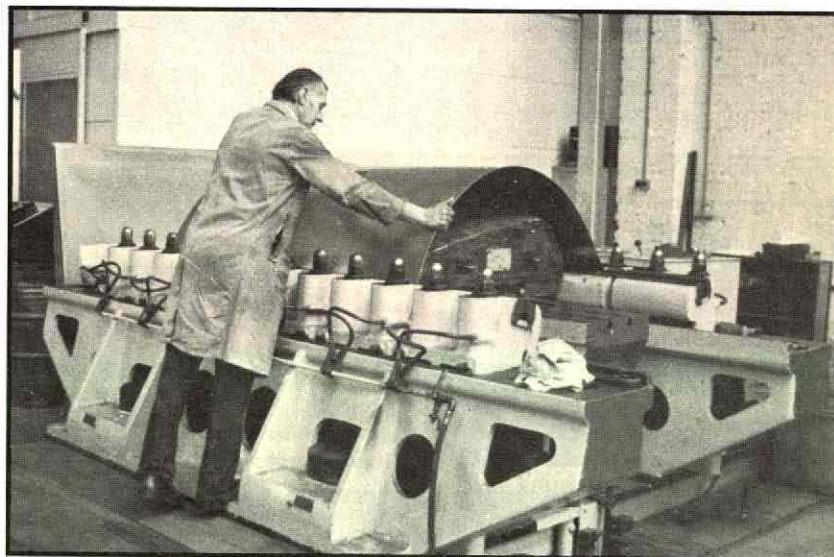
Peter Collinson

Besides being wonderful to see real craftsmen at work again, I was impressed with the quiet, no-hurry atmosphere and the way the operators were happy to talk to you and also the friendliness of the officials. But what made perhaps the biggest impression was the number of young men, no doubt apprentices, who seem to enjoy high skill and made one feel that at least in one area youngsters are pleased to enter and get into the craftsman world, which is good for the future, Rolls or anywhere else.

Altho' the fixed price is very high, one appreciates that the care taken, and the high standard attained and called for does absorb many man hours.

Ivan Yates

Above: a bonnet aperture is carefully cut out with power driven "nibblers". Left: this special left-hand drive Phantom VI will carry armour-plated bodywork. Note the heavy duty wheels, tyres and springs.





Clare Heathcote — a character study taken on the Tour of Portugal in 1973.

CLARE HEATHCOTE

We were all very grieved to know that dear Clare had died and I know that everyone joins in expressing to Anthony and his family our most heartfelt sympathy in their tragic loss.

Clare had not been well for some years, and I know of no-one who bore a long illness with such fortitude and cheerfulness. She had a ready smile for everyone and her radiant personality and charming manner endeared her to us all.

In spite of not feeling well she insisted on taking part, not only in many 20-Ghost Club events, but also in several Continental Rallies with Anthony at the helm who was always devoted to her care with the object of giving her as much pleasure and as little fatigue as possible. No-one could have done more for her.

Doreen and I had the great pleasure of being with Clare and

Anthony as fellow competitors in the F.I.V.A. International Veteran and Vintage Rally in Spain starting from Vigo on July 18th. We saw a great deterioration in her health since we last met her in England, but nothing daunted, she took part in each of the five days events still smiling to everyone. At one restaurant where the lift had failed and she could not manage the stairs, Anthony promptly carried her up in triumph.

We have lost a most lovable lady who displayed in the finest possible manner the qualities of sheer courage, determination, and constant cheerfulness over a long period of illness.

It is nice to know that she had so much enjoyment and happiness on her last Rally. We shall all remember her with much love and affection.

Stanley Sears

Loose ends:

A colleague in the motor industry is fond of relating his experience some years ago when being driven by Jack Sears. At that time, saloon car racing in this country was just being penetrated by the tremendously powerful American V8 engined cars, and my colleague was given a ride round the Silverstone circuit by Jack who was one of the leading lights in the sport. As the big car blasted down Hanger straight, accelerating at a rate quite outside his previous experience my colleague began to think the next corner at Stowe was coming up a bit quickly. A few seconds later, he felt Jack was leaving his braking late. Still further towards the corner he was convinced they couldn't make it and a crash was inevitable. Imagine his consternation then, when Jack calmly changed into top and pressed the accelerator to the floor again!



Seen in heavy traffic in a large provincial city in England.....

An MG sports car is stationary at a red light. A Shadow draws up alongside, the passenger's window whirrs down and a hand reaches out and knocks on the MG driver's window. With some commotion the MG window is wound down to receive the message, transmitted in an amused drawl from the Rolls. . . "Oh look!, hand-wound windows, how quaint!" The Rolls window whirrs up again, the lights change and the Shadow hisses off into the distance, leaving a baffled and wrathful MG owner trying to decide what it was all about. It is not believed the Rolls displayed a 20-Ghost Club badge. Further enquiries suggest that the parties were acquainted. . .



Spring Lunch at Ivinghoe

Ivinghoe sounds like a place in a Jeffrey Farnol novel, with a great moated keep and damsels in distress incarcerated by their wicked Uncle Sir Mortain, who is destined to be slain with a broadsword by brave Sir Guy. In reality it's a small, sleepy little town set in a fold of gently rolling low hills in the Buckinghamshire countryside, with fine Georgian houses and narrow winding streets.

Standing on the edge of the town is the Kings Head, a pleasant low long building with many styles of architecture, and no doubt many stories to tell, could the mellow brick walls speak. A first rate venue for the Spring Lunch, and very well attended too. Those who arrived in time could park in the old yard, approached through a narrow tunnel where one felt it would have been more appropriate to fling the reins to an ostler than merely pull out an ignition key. Be that as it may, a blend of pre and post Hitler war cars arrived, about fourteen in all, though some Members (like us) sneaked along with 'tin' cars.

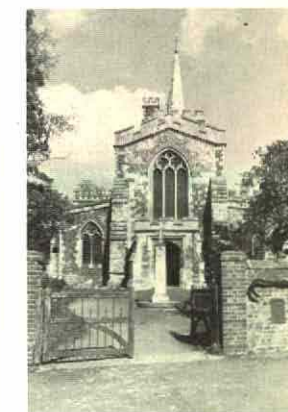
Mrs. Townsley's Hooper Silver Wraith David Dale's Connaught 20/25, and Derek Silcock's late-model Wraith were among those who squeezed in to the yard, and so too, I think, did Cecil Chapman with his 20/25, but Chairman Phillip Taylor declined the challenge of trying to manoeuvre the Phantom VI through the obstacle course, leaving it to grace the front of the building along with Anthony Heathcote's 25/30, Claude Curtis' Silver Cloud (signalling distress with the radio aerial as ever), Nicholas Taylor's Hooper Twenty and other fine machines of which I have no note. Peter Collinson forsook the 25/30 for the sybaritic comfort of a smart silver Silver Shadow; perhaps his digestion needed cosetting after the repast that was to come.

And what a repast it was, overseen by the proprietor, the dapper and attentive Georges de Maison, who swiftly arranged for second helpings of the dessert when the capacity of some members became apparent.

Since it was a fine day, the gathering broke up slowly, as one of the best parts of these meetings is standing about in the sun, gossiping and admiring the cars, especially seeing who got in a mess getting out of the tunnel (nobody did, of course).

Just opposite the Kings Head is the church, a small but interesting building, and on the wall outside is a large iron hook on the end of a pole. I think it was used in the olden days to pull down burning buildings to prevent the spread of fire.

A short distance away is Pitstone Green, where is to be found the restored windmill, which is claimed to be the oldest postmill in the country, for its timbers carry the date 1627. Tailwinded in 1902, it never worked again commercially but was restored to its original appearance in 1970.



Wending our circuitous route home, we went to look at Mentmore Towers, whose much publicised sale was due in a few days. This exercise merely proved that the builders of it knew very well how to lay out the grounds, for it remains secluded from prying eyes except at a long distance unless access to the grounds is achieved. With £3 million at stake that was unlikely, so we went in search of the nearby Aston Clinton hill climb.

A well known sporting venue around the First World War, it gave its name to the Aston Martin car, and was the scene of W.O. Bentley's early successes with the D.F.P. which led to the creation of the old Bentley Motors. It's quite a tough climb even today, and we paused half way up to look back over Buckinghamshire to Ivinghoe in the middle distance, and ponder the convoluted web of circumstances that took us there.

The last decade has seen a wealth of quality books concerning the total spectrum of Rolls-Royce automobiles and about the personalities that brought these cars into renown. The authors of these books have enriched these volumes by drawing upon the files of old photographs taken by used car agencies, surviving factory production records and the reminiscences of retired craftsmen and managers from the motoring industry. Several or many of these books are close companions to each of us.

There is, however, an earlier group of books about "The Best Car in the World". Long out of print, they have a place of honour in the libraries of a much smaller circle of enthusiasts. These books were written between the two World Wars, before the current reverence for the hand-crafted automobile. They view those early events from an intimate, almost contemporary, perspective and were written with differing motives. In general, they can still be obtained by patiently monitoring the Edwardian automotive literature market or via the barter system. Here is a handful of these "old classics".

In 1925 H. Massac Buist as a labour of love wrote the first complete marque history, entitled *Rolls-Royce Memories*, in commemoration of the firm's 21st, "coming-of-age", anniversary. About 500 copies of this 7½" x 10" book of 96 pages were printed "for private circulation" by an automotive pioneer with an unabashed reverence for the firm, its founders, and its product.

1926 saw the quiet circulation of *C.J. — Some Tributes*, a 24 page 8½" x 11½" booklet to eulogize the passing of Mr. Claude Johnson in April of that year. The text is a movingly interwoven tapestry of 30 memorial tributes gathered from the sporting magazines and leading newspapers of his era.

To further mark Mr. Johnson's death, an 80 page 7½" x 10" book entitled *The Early History of Motor-ing* was published. In it is united in book form a detailed chronology of the first ten years of British auto-

THE LOST BOOKS OF ROLLS ROYCE LORE

by Will Larson

mobilism (1895-1905) originally written by Mr. Johnson in the summer of 1904 for serial form publication in *The Car* magazine which was under the editorship of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The book climaxes with a separate history of the first 25 years of the Rolls-Royce Company. Added to the front and back of the text are coloured advertisements from the quality coachbuilders of the period to underwrite its publication costs.

But even then, the first book in our subject area was already gathering dust. Following the tragic death of Charles Rolls in his prime at age 32 due to the mid-air disintegration of his Wright Brothers biplane in 1910, his family desired that his life's work be perpetuated through a biography. His mother, Lady Llangattock, had announced her intent to write it herself with background professional assistance, but before it was more than a scrapbook the family was sundered by the war-wound death of her eldest son, the fatal psychotic illness of the remaining son and the death of her husband. The book understandably was deferred and the format enlarged to pay tribute to each of the men in her life. It was edited by Henry Morris and entitled *Two Brave Brothers*, referring to C.S.R. and his eldest brother. This 5½" x 8½" book of 212 pages contains many family portraits and focuses on memories dear to those close to the family. Published in 1920 in both a red covered half-a-guinea subscription edition and a five shilling blue covered standard edition, about fifty copies still exist a half century later. Copies currently are priced at about £30 when an additional copy surfaces.

Going back further, I suppose we could single out the 1902 and

the 1906 editions of the *Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes* volume on *Motors and Motor-Driving* to which C.S. Rolls contributed a scholarly chapter IX on automotive trouble shooting entitled "The Caprices of the Petrol Car". This should convince even the most cynical historian of CSR's deft grasp of mechanics and of his lucid mastery of the written word. It is a small, plump pocket-sized book of 5" x 7½" with 528 pages.

Further afield, *Fifty Years of Travel by Land, Water and Air* by Frank Hedges Butler (1920) is worth honourable mention as a resource book on CSR's ballooning years. Similarly, *At the Wheel, Ashore and Afloat* by Montague Graham White (1935) covers some of Rolls' early motor racing years.

Sir Fredrick Royces' death in 1933 moved the noted author Sir Max Pemberton to write the first biography of this publicity-shy engineering giant: *The Life of Sir Henry Royce*. There is both a black fabric covered version and a soft linen covered miniaturized book club edition of this book of 280 pages containing a world of information about Royce gleaned from his few confidants. Sir Max must have been distracted abruptly to other endeavours in mid-authorship as this 1935-vintage book falters in quality toward the end into an undigested amalgam of collected letters, documents and remembrances of FHR. It is, however, our good fortune that they were incorporated and thus preserved, even if under-utilised at the time by the author.

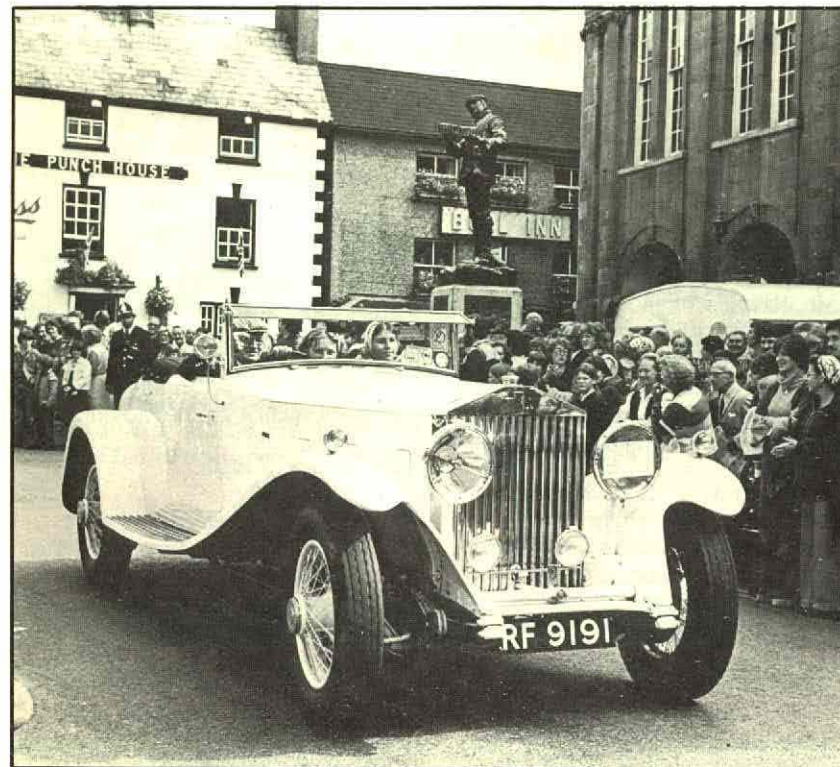
A thin, bright blue, soft covered text by G. Geoffrey Smith, the sporting world magazine editor, entitled *Fredrick Henry Royce: An Outline of his Engineering Achievements* did a more polished job as a popular biography of Royce. It was published at the war's end during a serious paper shortage and consequently suffers aesthetically.

As the few remaining pioneers of this early motoring era fade and pass these are the early books that will forever most closely capture and preserve for the future the childhood years of Rolls-Royce. ●



The official party greet the cavalcade. Col. Harding Rolls is on the extreme right.

CHARLES ROLLS' CENTENARY

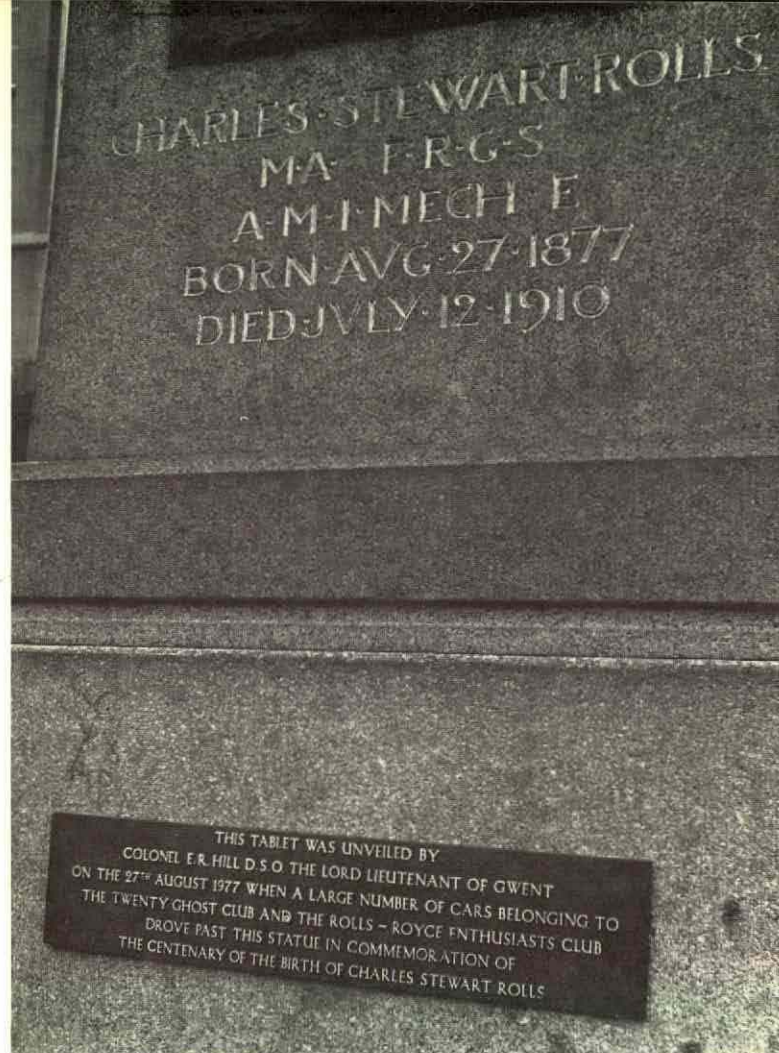


Henry Wilkins' drophead Phantom II passes C.S. Rolls' statue

The centenary of the birth of the Hon. C.S. Rolls on 27th August last year was the occasion of celebrations at Monmouth in which the Twenty Ghost Club and the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club took part. They jointly organised a rally for the day, for which 83 members cars turned out. Charles Rolls' country home was at the Hendre, 4 miles from Monmouth.

The rally started with a rendez-vous just outside the town followed by a drive through the streets to Charles Rolls' statue in Agincourt Square where a tablet commemorating the occasion was unveiled by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Gwent, Colonel E.R. Hill, D.S.O., supported by the Chairman of the County Council, the Chairman of Monmouth District Council, the Chief Constable and the Clerk to Monmouth Town Council. The inscription on the tablet reads:—

This tablet was unveiled by Colonel E.R. Hill, D.S.O. the Lord Lieutenant of Gwent on 27 August 1977 when a large number of cars belonging to the Twenty Ghost Club and the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club drove past this statue in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Charles Stewart Rolls.



A close-up of the new tablet on the base of C.S. Rolls' statue.

The cavalcade then drove out to the Hendre, en route passing through the grounds of Rockfield House, the home of Lt.Col. J.C.E. Harding-Rolls, where many members of the Rolls family were having a picnic lunch. Col. Harding-Rolls is the senior member of the Rolls family — Charles was his first cousin once removed — and he played an active part in the organisation of the rally, particularly at the Hendre. Here the cars were drawn up on the wide grass verges alongside the main drive; the tall trees and the Hendre mansion and the Estate buildings behind, little changed from Charles' time, making a fitting setting for the occasion. Although the house has been empty for many years and the grounds are no longer maintained as

gardens, it is a tribute to the Agent and Estate staff that they are so well cared for. The clubs are indebted to Mr. John Harding, to whom the Estate belongs, for allowing them to hold the rally there.

A buffet luncheon was available to members in the main hall of the house and there was a snack bar in the building which contained the garages in which Charles Rolls kept his cars. In the Orangery an exhibition of photographs and trophies commemorating Rolls' life and career was laid out.

To pay tribute to Rolls' achievements as a balloonist and an aviator it had been arranged that an ascent would be made from the lawns of the house in a hot-air balloon but

the wind was too strong and the attempt had to be abandoned.

In the evening Col. Harding-Rolls entertained members of the clubs to drinks at Rockfield House. This was to have been in the Water Garden but again the weather caused a change of plan and the party had to be held inside. Later there was a dinner dance at the King's Head Hotel in Monmouth.

The Exhibition referred to was the town's contribution to the Charles Rolls centenary. It was organised by Mr. K.E. Kissack, M.B.E., F.S.A., curator of Monmouth Museum and an authority on Rolls. He has built up in the museum a comprehensive collection of papers, photographs and other items connected with Rolls' life and achievements, and many of them were on display at the exhibition. It had been first shown on the previous Thursday in a marquee at the Monmouth Show with, as a centrepiece, the 1933 Rolls-Royce originally owned by Lady Shelley-Rolls, Charles' sister, and now the property of Mr. John Harding. The weather on the day was the worst ever experienced at a Monmouth Show, and it was only through the assistance of the District Council foreman with staff and transport that it was possible to move the exhibits from the quagmire that had been the showground to set them up at the Hendre. After the Rally the exhibition was moved back to Monmouth and displayed in the Museum until the end of October. It was then dispersed, but a number of pictures and other items giving an outline story of Rolls' life are on permanent display in the Local History section of the Museum.

J.C.S. H-R, J.W.A.

(Due tribute should be made to Philip Taylor, Eric Barrass and their respective assistants for bringing about this memorable joint event. If members would like copies of the special booklet, this may be arranged through the editor of the record. If the response justifies it, a special price may be negotiated. It is in any case, well worth having.

The day following the Centenary being a Sunday, a special Morning Service was held at St. Cenedlon, Rockfield, at which the Rev. E.G. Lovitt, Vicar of Rockfield, used the life and aims of C.S. Rolls as the basis for his sermon. In view of the close ties between the Clubs and the Monmouth area it is given here in full. Ed.)

SERMON BY REV. E.G. LOVITT, VICAR OF ROCKFIELD IN COMMEMORATION OF CENTENARY OF BIRTH OF CHARLES STEWART ROLLS 27th AUGUST 1977 SPECIAL MORNING SERVICE AT ST. CENEDLON, ROCKFIELD, SUNDAY AUGUST 28th AT 11.00 am.

I am sure that I am speaking for everyone here this morning and not only here but throughout the whole of Monmouth when I say how much we have all been caught up in the Rolls' Celebrations and how much we all feel part of it.

During these last few days I have tried to gain an insight into the person of the Hon. Charles Rolls and so be able to appreciate the unique contribution which he made. I have been greatly helped by the special little booklet prepared by Mr. Axten, one of our own Church Wardens at St. Maughan's, and by the very wonderful Exhibition held first at the Monmouth Show and later shown at the Hendre. It was soon abundantly clear that Charles Rolls was truly a remarkable and great person and one who particularly has very much to teach us and inspire us at this present time, both in our country and in the Life of the Church. He was a man with a message which is very relevant to the situation we are in today.

I soon discovered also some amazing parallels between the Christian Way of Life and the life which Charles Rolls personally lived.

I would like to share some of these with you. My first impressions of him can be summed up in three words: Enthusiasm, Excitement and Challenge. Three essential characteristics and necessary features of a truly human life and certainly of a Christian. Perhaps what is so wrong and sad today is that these vital elements are so terribly lacking.

People, young and old, are rarely presented with a real challenge which fills them with an excitement that makes them feel really alive, a task to fulfil, something important to accomplish.

The goals set before us are so often Security, Comfort, Pleasure and Ease, important as they are the Christian knows that they must never be allowed to dominate a human life. The reaction to all this is a naturally deep disappointment which is either expressed in intense anger often leading to terrible violence or in apathy and despair. These goals will never satisfy human nature. They would certainly not satisfy Charles Rolls. That a human being cannot live for these alone is a Christian Truth.

Charles Rolls endorses this fact in a remarkable statement which he made during a short speech on the very day before his fatal accident. He said "A Man must have something to give himself to and be willing to die for."

Is not this at the very centre of the Christian Life? Though many do not realise this, can there honestly be anything more challenging, more exciting, more full of adventure than following Jesus, Enthusiasm for the Gospel and being part of His Church in the World? Perhaps our greatest task in the Church today is to help people to realise this.

There are many other amazing parallels too in Charles Rolls' own personal life. One very important one is the practice of humility, the reluctance to claim the glory for oneself, preferring always to give it to others.

He expresses this clearly in two delightful incidents.

The first occurred after that gruelling 15,000 miles trial of the first Rolls Royce Silver Ghost in which he took a major part. Naturally everyone wished to acclaim his undoubted skill and powers of endurance but he immediately reacted by giving all the credit to Henry Royce, quietly reminding them of the designer and builder of the car.

The second occurred after he had achieved the glory of being the very first to fly non-stop both ways across the English Channel.

He was naturally feted and given high honours but the remark which first came to his lips was "Oh, I only sat in the aeroplane."

The last I would like to mention of these amazing parallels is the Christian power of detachment and the gift of vision.

Detachment is the ability of being able to detach ourselves when necessary from even the deepest of our attachments. The Christian learns never to become attached to anything too greatly so as to be incapable of letting go. Charles Rolls illustrates this clearly at the end of one phase in his life.

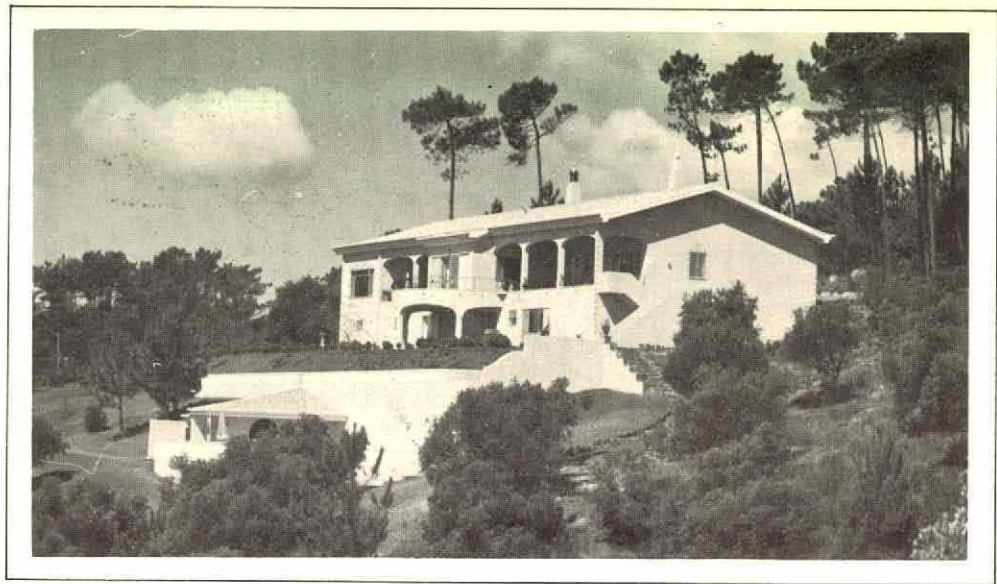
This was closely connected with his gift of Vision, for he undoubtedly was a Man of Vision. He saw in the Motor Car and later the aeroplane immense possibilities. He appreciated their potential and how much they would affect human life. He first set out to master the machine's capabilities and then to demonstrate it for all to see.

Furthermore he set himself the task to help to build the finest car that could be built. He gathered around himself many colleagues with whom undoubtedly he was held in much affection and gave himself totally to the task.

But at the moment of realising his goal, when he could now rest on his laurels and receive the benefit from it, he was given another vision.

Now in the aeroplane in which he saw even greater possibilities, even greater potential. Without any hesitation he let go all his previous interests and gave himself completely to the new task ahead with that same enthusiasm and devotion which he had previously given to the motor car.

We can indeed learn much from the Hon. Charles Rolls and be truly grateful to God for him this day. May we draw inspiration from him and pray that we may capture his enthusiasm for the things which matter.



Members' Homes & Hobbies

No 1 by THE MASTER

I have been requested by Anthony Heathcote to start this new series for the Record, and understand that for a change, motoring matters are to be excluded.

Our house in the Algarve, in the south of Portugal, is named "Collingtree" from the village of that name near Northampton where my parents lived in "The Grange" and where I spent so many happy years of my boyhood.

As will be seen from the photograph, it is situated on a hillside with a steep slope to the south. This necessitated a building on two levels; the upper floor contains our two bedrooms and bathrooms, study, lounge, dining room, kitchen and sun room, as a self contained unit.

On the lower floor there are two guest bedrooms with bathrooms, a large garage with a small workshop adjacent, and a play room or cine room. The guests rooms have a small kitchenette, because at my age I do not want to have the guests round my neck at 8 a.m. for breakfast. They get their own at whatever time they choose, and I can snooze on in peace!

From the covered terrace we get a magnificent view over unspoilt country 13 miles direct to the sea, from an elevation of 900 feet. All around are pines, mimosas, in many varieties, and also olives. In the garden, apart from the usual flowers, there are oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tangerines, peaches, pears and apples.

The climate is as near ideal as it is possible to get, with one of the highest records of sunshine throughout the year. Between May and October we only have one or two rain showers. This necessitates much watering of the garden — fortunately there is an ample supply. We never get frost or snow at this altitude and the air is very dry. The minimum night temperature in winter is 42°F. August is the hottest month with temperatures of up to 85° in the shade and up to 120° in the sun.

The swimming pool is a great joy and can be used from the beginning of May to the end of October and sometimes into November. Often in the summer we have a barbecue in the cool of the evening, and a swim after dark with the underwater light on, which

makes the water a beautiful blue colour.

Apart from cars my main hobbies are steam engines of all varieties, and photography. The late W.J. Bassett-Lowke was a great personal friend of my father and fitted up for me a complete model railway in a large boxroom in the house. It was gauge 1 and started with clockwork locos and progressed to steam when I was old enough. This gave me great pleasure, in imitation of the real thing, and also burnt fingers until I gained experience!

In those days several of the wealthy landowners had miniature railways of 15 inch gauge around their gardens or estates. The steam locomotives were made by Bassett-Lowke at Northampton and I used to be allowed to drive some of them when completed and unpainted on the short test track at the works. Mr. Bassett-Lowke was very kind to me and would take me on some of his visits to these estates and allow me to drive the steam locos around the circuits at various speeds to test that the track was properly laid and graded. Of course these field days gave me the greatest possible pleasure.

Next came threshing time on the small home farm adjacent to my father's house, and I quietly made friends with the traction engine driver and helped him to fire it and lubricate it. Imagine my excitement when I was allowed to drive one of these monsters around the field before it left for another farm. It was the same with the ploughing engines — wherever there was steam, I was there, itching to get my hand on the regulator!

When we were taken as a holiday treat to the local fair, I showed little interest in the coconut shies or the hooplah, I was always up on the huge Burrell showmans engine which ran the dynamo for the fair lighting. I was fascinated by their double cranks and four eccentrics and their beautiful motion. They were perfectly maintained and cleaned and ran as smoothly as poured cream.

Later I was fortunate enough to be friendly with a locomotive superintendent who gave me passes to ride on the footplate of various Railway locomotives, starting with a LNWR 'Precursor' and progressing to the 'Royal Scot'. It was a great experience to be on this fine locomotive with a heavy train labouring up Shap, with its steep gradient, to the summit. It had 3 cylinders with the cranks set at 120 degrees, and the even beat of its exhaust was music in my ears. Next came such famous locos as a GWR 'Castle' and an Eastern Region Britannia.

I assisted in the formation of the private Bluebell line in Sussex, and used to drive the 0-6-0 Brighton 'Terrier' tank engine on test, before it was open to the public.

The finest footplate ride I had was on one of the famous Chapellon Pacifics of the type used on the Blue Train from Calais to Cannes. (Incidentally on 13 March 1930 Woolf Barnato was seeing a friend off at Cannes on the train as he was preparing to drive to Calais on his 6½ litre Speed Six Bentley with semi streamlined body. A £100 bet was made that he would beat the train, and he did. The actual car was found

a few years ago in a deplorable condition, and was perfectly restored by Hugh Harben, one of the Vice Presidents of the Bentley Drivers Club). To revert to the loco, this was a four cylinder compound with two high pressure cylinders inside the frames and two large low pressure ones outside. The valve gear is so arranged that there is independent cut-off between the high pressure cylinders and low pressure ones, and the proportion of steam used in each can be varied at will by the driver. This is a highly skilled process, only learnt properly by long experience, rather like an organist playing on two manuals and varying the stops between the two. On this occasion my Locomotive Superintendent friend came with me because he enjoyed a footplate ride as much as I did. The huge loco, well cleaned and with white painted wheel rims stood at the head of a heavy train at Calais. We put on our blue overalls and climbed high up to the footplate, greeted the driver and fireman, and looked at the many gauges and somewhat complicated controls. Apart from the main boiler steam gauge standing at about 250 lbs per square inch, there are separate gauges for the steam pressures in both high and low steam chests. The driver handed us a pair of motor cycle type goggles each. I declined them, never having had to wear them on a loco before. But I had not reckoned on the 'briquette' coal used on the French Railways. It is powdered, and compressed, and when the loco is under way the draught from the tender into the cab carries vast quantities of dust with it. It was not long before I put the goggles on! A noticeable feature in starting one of these compound locos is the soft exhaust compared to the staccato bark of a simple loco. This is because the steam is expanded in the high pressure cylinders from about 259 pounds per square inch down to about 150 and then passed into the larger low pressure cylinders for further expansion before being exhausted at low pressure. This makes for economy, but has never been widely used on British Railways. These Pacific locos are very powerful and fast and ride more

smoothly than others, with less swaying and bucking about. It was most interesting to watch the driver's skilled technique varying the cut off between high pressure cylinders and the low pressure ones according to the speed and gradients.

All French locomotives are fitted with special speedometers which record on a revolving chart not only the mileage and speed for the whole journey, but also when a signal is at danger. This is done by a small ramp in the centre of the track which is raised when the signal is 'red' and contacts a shoe under the loco, which, when raised, sets off a compressed air siren in the cab, which continues until the driver stops it with a small reset handle. The time taken to cancel it is recorded on the chart and is a measure of the driver's alertness. Conversely when a signal is at green another ramp is raised which contacts another shoe on the loco which rings a bell in the cab for only a second or two. This is a particularly valuable system for safety at night or in bad weather and fog. It was pioneered by the GWR in England and used by them for many years with success.

Space does not permit full details of this interesting run. Although speeds above about 75 mph were not attained on account of the speed limit, it was amazing how this powerful engine could hold its speed or even accelerate up gradients which would have severely checked a smaller one. All too soon we arrived at Paris and with a farewell 'pour-boire' to the driver and fireman, we proceeded to a small hotel adjacent to the station where we had reserved rooms for the night. We were to return to Calais next morning by the train hauled by an electric locomotive. Imagine our dismay when we were informed by the receptionist that no accommodation was available. Things got a bit heated until the Manager arrived and we explained that we had just come off the train, when we were reluctantly accepted and shown up to our rooms. Not until we looked at ourselves in the large mirror, covered in black coal dust and oil, did we realise that this was the reason for

our rejection. After a good scrub in the bath and a change of clothes we descended to the hall where we were greeted with profuse apologies and ushered into the Dining Room like V.I.P's.

In a future article I would like to take you with me, in imagination, on the footplate of an Express loco starting at a London terminus on a run far out into the country and give you full details of the driving and firing techniques, also braking and signals etc. The sight, sound, vibrations and smell of one of these giant 'iron horses' at speed is given to very few people to savour on the footplate. It has to be experienced to be appreciated.

Stanley Sears

No 2 *Leo Williams*

The Williams live with a flock of Muscovy ducks on the Common at Shamley Green which as everyone knows was the home of the late W.O. Bentley. The Bentley Drivers Club held many a gathering at the Sun on the Common and paid an impressive tribute on the occasion of W.O.'s funeral when the roads you see in the photograph were lined with vehicles of every type and age of his creation. Other than his family, his wife Jane, Lucy, Douglas David and Luke, Leo also has a passing interest in mechanical music making, having a Chappell player piano, two Nicole cylinder boxes, a Paillard cylinder music box and two Komet disc music boxes in varying states of disrepair.

He also has an early singing bird in a tortoiseshell case.

Victorian governess cart and 20 hp Rolls-Royce tourer. Both bodies by Barkers. The property of the Williams family.



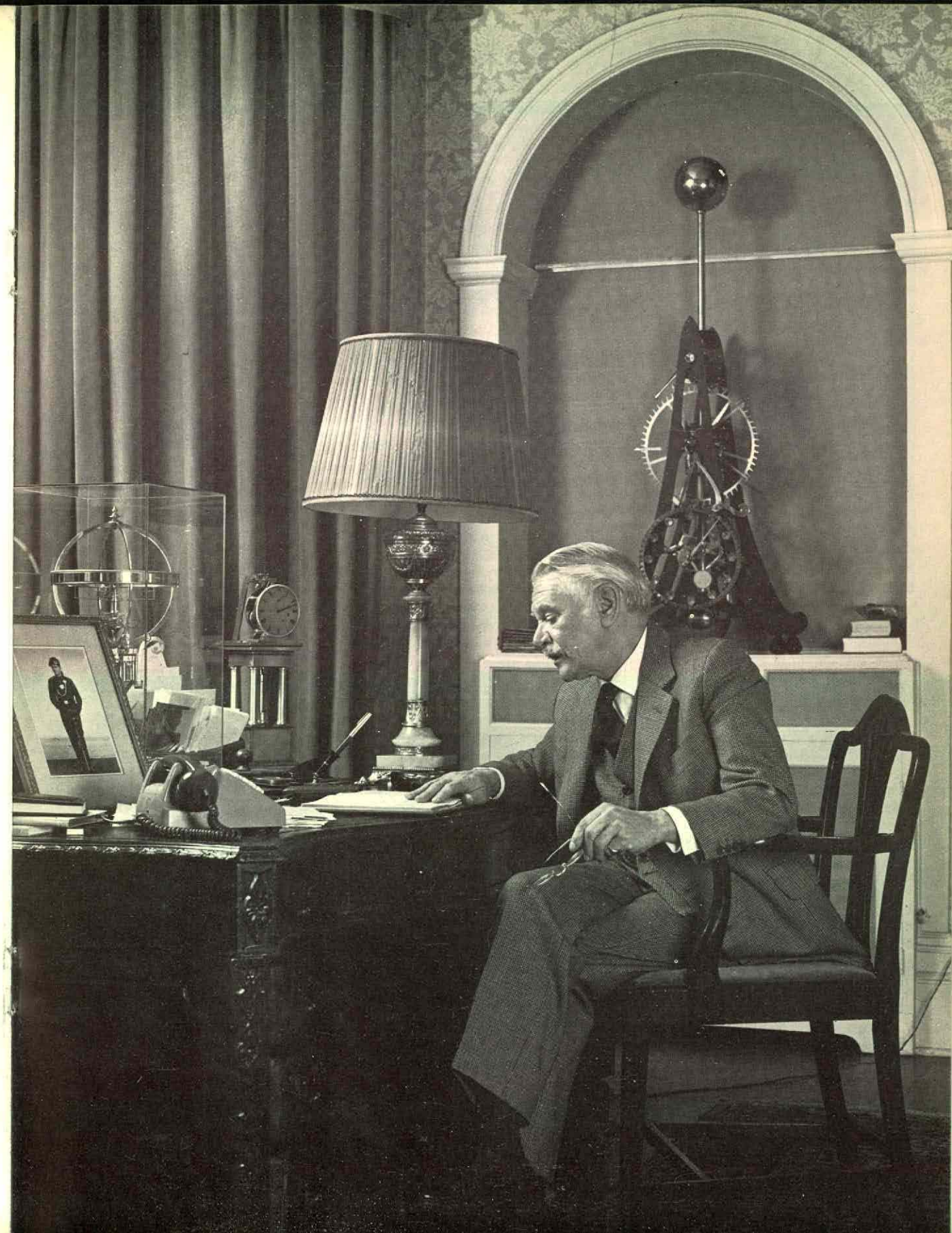


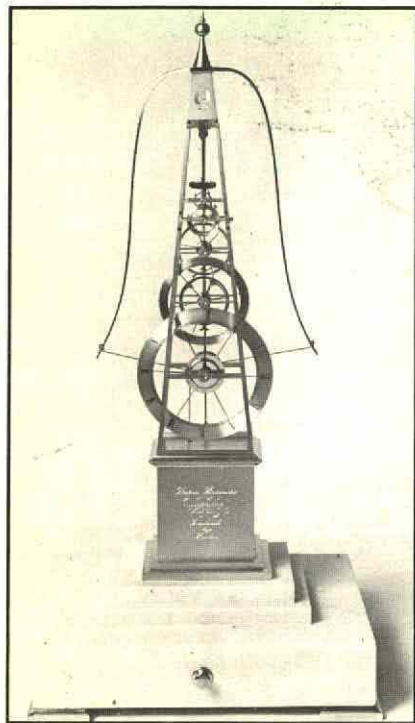
No 3 - Major Anthony Heathcote

The tall nineteenth century house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea was, at the time of its being built, one of the tallest houses in London.

It contains part of Major Heathcote's superb collection of skeleton clocks of which a few are shown and described on the following pages.

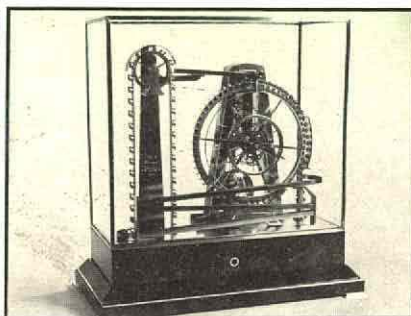
Those who have been privileged to see them in the metal will know that there are many more just as fascinating which have to be left out, but all exemplify the clockmaker's skill and ingenuity of the highest order.





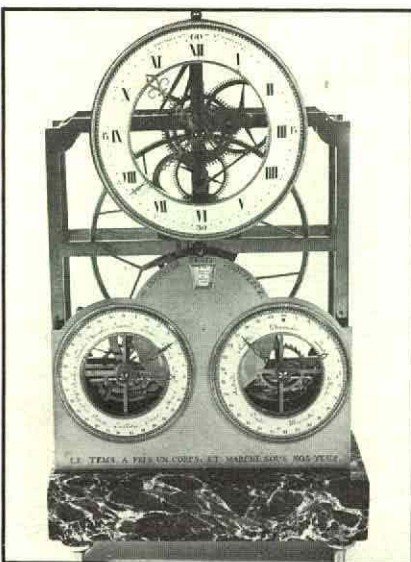
1 **Obelisk Skeleton Clock**

A modern 30-hour English skeleton clock inspired by a nineteenth century French clock by Brosse preserved in the Conservatoire National des Arts et Metiers in Paris. Because of the tapering shape of the clock, the going train has had to be planted with its pivots run in plates which are not parallel. A further peculiarity of this clock is that its motive power is provided by a steel 'crossbow' drawn into tension and pulling by means of chains upon twin miniature fusees. The escapement is a form of pivoted-detent chronometer and it is used in conjunction with a light pendulum suspended upon two cones resting in cups. This clock, which was made by Peter Bonnert at Maidstone in 1974, is wound by pulling a cord without removing the shade.



2 **Water-Wheel Clock**

A constant-force "Water-wheel" clock driven by the weight of balls in exactly the same way as an over-shot wheel is turned by the weight of water in the buckets — One ball is delivered every minute to the wheel by means of the hoist and one ball is released by gravity and returns to the bottom bucket of the hoist. Thus achieving apparent perpetual motion. The hoist is driven by a powerful train of two barrels acting with a common fusee. An almost identical clock was exhibited at the Paris Exposition Universelle in 1900 and there is one in Geneva at the Musée de l'Horlogerie.



3 **The Thouverez Revolutionary Skeleton of 1790**

Approximate height 16 in.

This very important French skeleton clock was made in 1790 by Louis Thouverez of Paris for the Duke of Orleans. It has an historical Revolutionary calendar changing fifteen times a year. The events listed are:

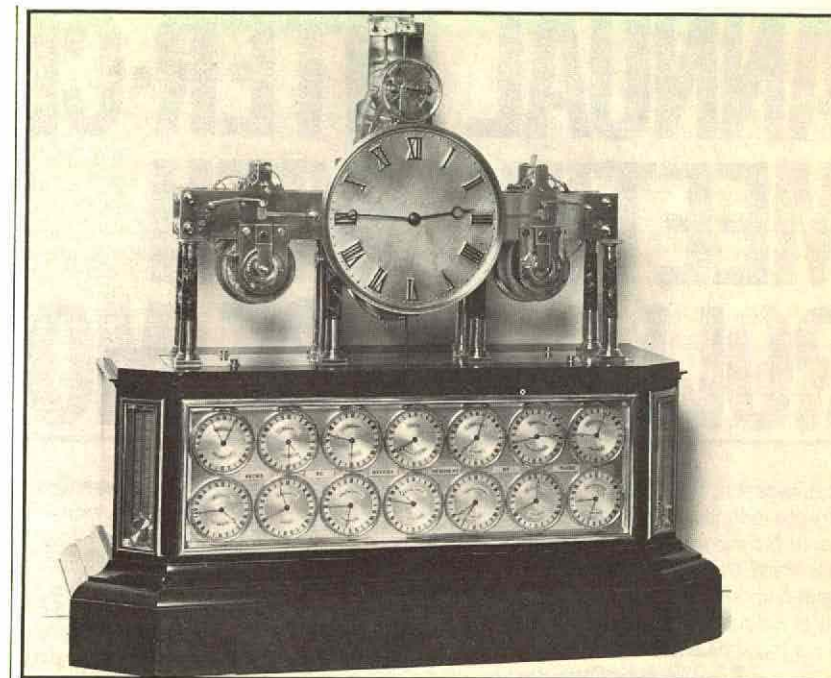
Janvier 1791 le 13
Contributions Mobilières.
Fevrier 1790 le 13
Division des Voeux Monastiques.
Mars 1790 le 20
Suppression de la Ferme Générale.
Avril 1791 le 4
Etablissement du Panthéon Français.
Mai 1789 le 5
Ouverture des Etats Généraux à Versailles.
Juin 1789 le 17
Constitution de L'Assemblée Nationale.
Juin 1789 le 23
Séance Royale.
Juillet 1789 le 14
Prise de la Bastille.
Aout 1789 le 4
Suppression de la Féodalité et des Privilèges.
Aout 1789 le 26
Déclaration des Droits de L'Homme
Septembre 1789 le 14
Acceptation de la Constitution par le Roy.
Octobre 1789 le 5 et le 6
Armée Parisienne à Versailles.
Novembre 1789 le 2
Biens Ecclésiastiques Déclarés Nationaux.
Decembre 1789 le 14
Constitution des Municipalités.

Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, was called Philippe Egalité on account of his liberal views. He disgraced himself when he voted for the death of Louis XVI, his cousin. In November 1793 he was sent to the guillotine himself. His eldest son, Louis Philippe, became King of France in 1830. Later when he was deposed and exiled to England he almost certainly brought this clock with him.

4

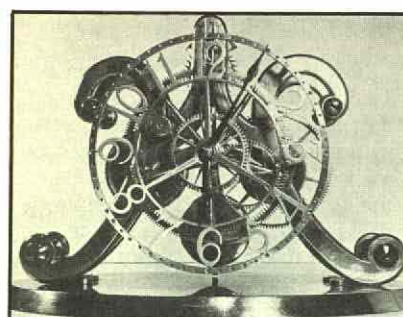
A French world-time clock

The 14 subsidiary dials on the base of the French antique clock show the relative times* in Buenos Aires, Peking, Bombay, Tahiti, Moscow, Pondyerry, Mexico, Batavia, Rio de Janeiro, Port de France, New York, Constantinople St. Louis (Senegal) and San Francisco. To the right-hand canted corner of the base is a thermometer showing Fahrenheit and centigrade. The clock movement consists of three trains on a bed, a layout reminiscent of 'modern' turret clock practice. Above the central meantime dial is a glass seconds dial, and visible behind it is a Graham dead-beat escapement with French-type 'scape wheel. The going train is disposed in the centre of the clock behind the meantime dial. This going train embodies a remontoire with a gravity arm re-armed every five seconds. On the left of the clock is a quarter train sounding ting-tang quarters on two bells. On the right is an hour train striking the hours on a single bell. All the striking work is con-



trolled by locking-plates. The nine-bar gridiron pendulum rests upon a knife edge. This clock goes for one month.

*Local time i.e. not based on the present time zones which divide the world into 24 hour zones; hence the different time setting on the subsidiary dials.



5

Epicyclic geared clock

Invented by William Strutt whose father was a partner of Richard Arkwright the inventor of the spinning frame. The design of the gearing was probably inspired by the rotary machines being manufactured in the 1830s and it is a radical departure from ordinary practice, a sun and planet gear being incorporated in the train, which thus gears up the escape wheel and at the same time gears down the hour wheel.

The pinion on the driving arm has eight leaves, (or teeth), gears with, and rolls round the inside of the central sun wheel of sixty-six teeth and drives the minute hand, whilst behind the central sun wheel and concentric with it is the hour wheel of the same diameter but with seventy-two teeth.

The pinion on the driving arm engages with, and rolls round, both the central wheel and the movable hour wheel, but since the latter has six more teeth on an equal circumference they are therefore closer together.

It follows therefore that in every revolution of the pinion round the sun wheel, it engages the 66 teeth of both wheels and imparts to the hour wheel a forward motion of its additional six teeth which equal one twelfth of the circumference which is the distance travelled in one hour by the hour hand.

(Most automobile automatic gear-boxes incorporate epicyclic gear trains, as did the Wilson box used by Riley, Armstrong-Siddeley and Daimler with pre-selector control.

The suitability of epicyclic gear trains for this use is due to the fact that they have three elements for each reduction step, i.e. sun gears, planet wheels and annulus. Unless one of these elements is locked and prevented from rotating, no drive is transmitted and the gears idle round although still fully in mesh. Thus by applying a brake to the annulus of each train in turn, absolutely crash-free gear changes are obtained, since all gears are in mesh at all times. By alternatively braking the sun wheel instead of the annulus for example, the number of trains can be reduced, reverse rotation can be achieved, and further variations of compound planets, and bevel gears may be used as in the A.P. box used on Minis which is probably the most ingenious of them all. Ed).

ANNUAL INTER CLUBS MEETING WITH ROLLS-ROYCE MOTORS

3 February 1977

This meeting took place at Conduit Street under the chairmanship of David Roscoe of Rolls-Royce Motors with representatives of Appleyard-Rippon, 20-Ghost Club, Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club, Rolls-Royce Owners Club (of America) Rolls-Royce Owners Club of Australia, Bentley Drivers Club.

Mr. McLintock of Appleyard-Rippon explained that 20% of his staff on parts are needed to deal with the 5% of the turnover accounted for by pre-war Rolls-Royce and Bentley spares. Nevertheless, he assured the meeting that they would do the best they possibly could to maintain a satisfactory service and a parts manager with special responsibility for pre-war spares had been nominated. Dr. Mark Shepherd (RROC) confirmed that the number of complaints in the past year had dropped to none. Some brief comments on specific items follow.

Ignition keys — normally obtained via Yale and Towne. Appleyard-Rippon will try to obtain the masters and cut new keys on their own machine.

Derby-Bentley Calorstats — no longer available but the 20/25 type will serve with slight modification.

Duck washers — for crankshaft dampers. Not available as the equipment that made them in the linen trade no longer exists. An alternative PTFE washer approved by the factory will be offered instead. It needs no bedding or ironing and is

believed to be better than the duck. It is unlikely to "stick".

Shackle pins and bushes — these had been out of stock but were now available. (The policy is to keep a 5-year stock of parts costing under 50p and a 1-year stock of those over this figure, based on forecasts of demand. These forecasts are not always accurate, the Clubs could help by predicting likely demand to ensure parts are in stock when wanted.)

Drive dogs — now available in one size only and are unlikely to be re-manufactured as the quantities are uneconomic.

Policy on non-available spares. Appleyard-Rippon will not buy from sources other than Rolls-Royce so as to ensure known quality of parts, but have no objection to Clubs making small quantities. Although Rolls-Royce will make some parts at marginal profit rates, sub-contractors will not. It is accepted that in time the supply of parts from the Company will diminish. Appleyard-Rippon will gradually commonise Rolls-Royce and Bentley part numbers and draw up a list of parts showing which are and are not obsolete. Drawings of obsolete parts can then be issued to the Clubs, for their own manufacture. This should ensure that parts are available from one source or another.

Cylinder heads. Drawings of the 20, 20/25, early Wraith, early and late PII and D series PIII have been found. Those for the 25/30 have

already been supplied to the RREC. Dr. Shepherd and Frank Cook in the U.S. have invested \$200,000 in making PI heads, having made 7 out of 8 castings successfully. They come out at \$5000 each complete. Since 12 PII's were put off the road in the U.S. last year, Frank Cook is considering making PII heads also, and Dr. Shepherd believes the demand exists, as any PII in use which has not had a new head since 1960 needs one. Mr. Cook is also considering 20/25 heads. Appleyard-Rippon opted out after a cost exercise revealed that they would cost £4,000 with no profit.

Col. Barrass (RREC) and Mr. P. Taylor (20-Ghost Club) confirmed that their own independent investigation showed that heads could be made by small contractors under the aegis of the Clubs for between £700 and £1,000. Rolls-Royce confirm that this is acceptable as further supply of heads via the Company is unlikely.

Half-shafts — no drawings of the Bentley 3½ shafts exist at Appleyard-Rippon. Bentley MX series shaft drawings were also needed. Dr. Shepherd believed that Mk V Bentley half shafts can be adapted, but there is no stock of these either.

Mascots. There has been little demand on Appleyard-Rippon or Rolls-Royce for mascots, and Rolls-Royce have supplied no 7" mascots for many years. It was believed that this is because of the large flow of pirate copies. Since the Company was now taking legal action against

all Repli-Royces and others infringing the copyrights, this pirate supply would probably dry up. The Clubs thought that the real demand on Appleyard-Rippon would then make itself apparent and would the Company ensure that genuine mascots were made available? Mr. John Schroder was able to supply masters, ex Charles Sykes, and the Company confirmed that manufacturing facilities still exist. It was agreed that a batch of 100 7" mascots, to original specification and plated, would be put in hand, and a similar quantity of 5" mascots.

It was suggested that because of the change in the Company's status, it might be necessary to mark the base of the mascot "Rolls-Royce Motors 1971 Ltd." The Clubs most strongly opposed this and said new mascots should be indistinguishable from the originals. It was thought the Company might insist, but the Clubs views would be borne in mind.

Technical Literature — Official Appleyard-Rippon have examined micro film and records and passed some out to the Clubs. Eventually ALL records will be filmed and offered to the Clubs. It was hoped to pass both originals and micro-film over entirely (to the RREC) although Appleyard-Rippon would keep microfilm masters and supply copies on demand. Queries would eventually be directed to the Clubs as Appleyard-Rippon and Rolls-Royce Motors could not cope, since knowledge of pre-war cars was becoming limited as older employees

retired. Mr. Bill Trimming's records would also be filmed and passed over with a master retained at the factory. This should be completed by the end of 1977.

Handbooks. There are no original plates for these and all stocks of pre-Shadow Drivers Handbooks are at an end at Appleyard-Rippon. There would be difficulty in reprinting them to the same quality, viz. about £25 each compared to £3-£4 each for a merely functional book. The Company wished to know whether they were needed for their intrinsic quality or just for information. Col. Barrass stated that the Clubs can provide the bare information. The meeting felt that cheapened editions of the handbooks would be resented. Mr. Roscoe said the Company would reconsider this. There was no fundamental objection to Clubs issuing their own versions and the RROC is going to produce a facsimile of the Wraith Handbook.

Club Publications. Dr. Shepherd said that the RROC had taken the PI Service Sheets, added photographs and redrawn the diagrams. This work had been done by John McFarlane and Art Souter, the last Works Manager of Rolls-Royce America. This work was ready now and could be purchased by other Clubs with a minimum order of 10.

The PII sheets were in preparation for issue soon. A PI workshop manual will be issued as a supplement to the Service Sheets. A 16 mm 60 minute colour film on PI is in preparation

for Do-it-yourselfers. Further detailed publications are in hand via the Vintage Car Society including a workshop manual for the Ghost. This will probably take several years to complete.

Col. Barrass informed the meeting that the first draft of a manual on the small H.P. pre-war cars was to hand. Written by Mike Rigsby and well illustrated by Colin Hughes it was also aimed at Do-it-yourselfers. It would deal first with engines and have supplements on gearboxes and axles. It would be ready about May 1977 and cost about £4.50 to Clubs.

The Bentley Drivers Club will issue improved and revised Service Sheets on 3½ and 4½ Bentleys.

Post-war parts. The Company stated that there were no plans at present to "Ripponize" them. All parts should be available so there was no need to make Cloud parts in Australia, nor any need to release body tools.

The meeting was then given advance intimation of the release of the new Shadow II with its accompanying TII Series Bentley. No-one has yet ordered a Bentley Camargue, but if they did, the Company would make one.

Delegates were then most generously entertained by the Company and a meeting arranged for 2nd February 1978.

THE COACHBUILT BODY

Will Larson

The custom coachbuilding firm was the clothier to the unadorned Rolls-Royce chassis. Evolving from the horsedrawn coachmakers trade, they were the repository of the matured skilled handcraftsman and, into the late 1930's, their product was still the pace-setter for mass-produced automotive styling. Major and minor carriage building firms were to be found in each of the industrialised European nations, but it was the English firms that set the standards of excellence. The London firms of Hooper, Barker, H.J. Mulliner, Windover, Park Ward, Gurney Nutting, and Freestone & Webb had their Parisian equivalents in Kellner, Binder, Saoutchik, Letourneur et Marchand, and Fernandez et Cie, while in America such names as LeBaron, Cunningham, Judkins, Murphy and Fisher were held in high esteem. Like their aging craftsmen, these firms, their specialised techniques, and their market have faded into retirement with the resumption of "mass-market" impersonal production after

World War II.

The 1930's was a final decade of excellence in coachbuilding, with the high water mark for the formal sedan and coupe de ville coming early in the decade and the perfection of the smaller drophead coupé and sports saloon coming in the 1936 to 1938 years. These coachcrafting firms were adept at building upon any quality chassis their client might select with an excellent outcome, and voiced no exclusive chassis preference. The largest firms had a modified production line for several of their patterns, such as the Hooper Six-light limousine. The more moderate sized firms had their reputation founded upon one or more models that had been developed to a state of ultimate refinement, ie: the H.J. Mulliner razor-edge saloon, the James Young "Bromley" sports saloon, or the Vanden Plas 4½ L. Bentley open four seater tourers, as examples.

OH, WHERE HAVE ALL THE COACHWORKS GONE?

	Original Coachworks Founded	First Auto Chassis	Last Auto Chassis	
Park Ward	—	1919	1961	Purchased by RR in 1939
Hooper	1805	1904	1959	B.S.A.
Thrupp & Maberly	1760	1896	1946	Routes group body shell producer
H.J. Mulliner	—	1900	1959	Purchased by RR Ltd. 1959
Barker	1710	1905	1938	Liquidation, bought by Hoopers
Vanden Plas	1912	1923	1946	Purchased by Austin Motor Co.
Gurney Nutting	—	1919	1945	Purchased by Jack Barclay, RR retailer
Windovers	1796	1921	1946	Purchased by Henleys Ltd.
Freestone & Webb	—	1923	1955	Purchased by HR Owen, RR retailer
James Young	1863	1908	1967	Coachwork restoration & repair
Arthur Mulliner	1760	1896	1939	Purchased by Henleys Ltd.
Rippon	1855	1905	1958	Switched to RR retailer
Mann Egerton	1898	1901	1939	Austin distributorship
Cockshoot	1844	1903	1945	RR retailer
Mayfair	—	1920	1939	Commercial vehicle coachwork
Arnold	—	1910	1948	VW distributors
Vincent	1805	1904	1958	Retail auto distributor
Carlton	—	1926	1939	Dissolved in 1965
Abbot	—	1929	1955	Custom estate car conversions
Lancefield	—	1921	1948	Switched to aircraft manufacture
Offord	1791	1896	1939	Switched to RR retailer
Salmons	1820	1907	1957	Purchased by David Brown (Lagonda)
Caffyns	1865	1906	1936	"Automobile Agents & Eng."
Crosbie & Dunn	—	1927	1939	Automotive body repair
Maythorn	1842	1911	1931	Absorbed by Hoopers
Lawton	1870	1908	1939	Custom commercial vehicle bodies

For the 1936 season Rolls-Royce was to change its entire line; the Phantom III for the Phantom II, the 25/30 HP to supplant the 20/25 HP model and the 4½ Litre Bentley as a successor to the 3½ Litre. The gathering war clouds went unnoticed.

The table below shows that for each of these chassis the top ten coachmakers commanded nine-tenths of the market, with a dozen smaller coach-

builders producing most of the remainder, and with a final dozen coachbuilders limiting themselves to but one body. Each chassis had differing pace setters. Thrupp & Maberly, which bodies the most 25/30's, was solicited to body few Phantom III's. Park Ward and Vanden Plas who led in 4½ Litre Bentley body production were not coachbuilding volume leaders for either of the Rolls-Royce marqued series.

COACHMAKER FREQUENCY

on the three Rolls-Royce Ltd. chassis, 1936 to 1938

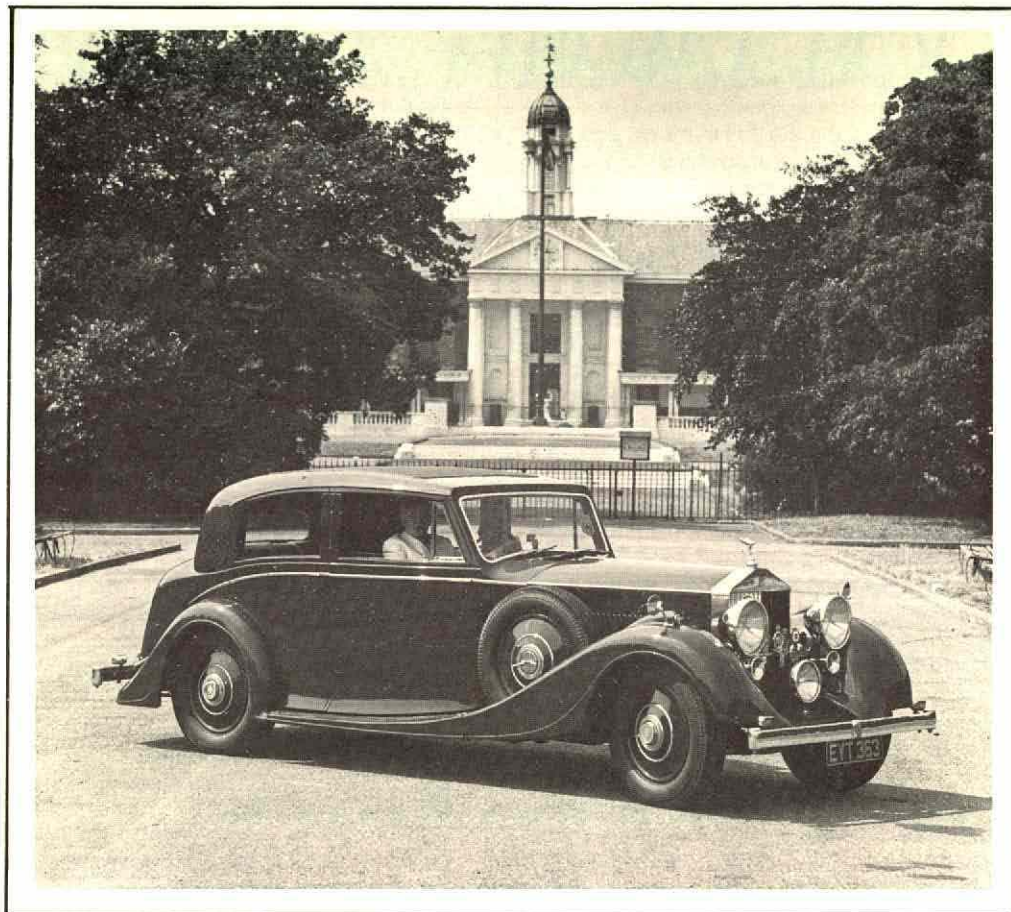
TOP TEN COACHBUILDERS:

25/30 HP CHASSIS			PHANTOM III CHASSIS			4½ L. BENTLEY CHASSIS		
	%	No.		%	No.		%	No.
1. Thrupp & Maberly	20%	204	Hooper	26%	164	Park Ward	43%	530
2. Hooper	20%	196	H J Mulliner	16%	100	Vanden Plas	10%	122
3. Park Ward	16%	157	Park Ward	14%	84	Thrupp & Maberly	9%	105
4. H J Mulliner*	9%	93	Barker	13%	82	H J Mulliner	8%	102
5. Barker	7%	75	Windovers	6%	36	Gurney Nutting	4%	50
6. Windovers	4%	45	Thrupp & Maberly	5%	33	Hooper	4%	45
7. Arthur Mulliner	4%	37	Gurney Nutting	4%	24	Van Vooren	4%	45
8. Gurney Nutting	3%	30	Freestone & Webb	2%	15	Freestone & Webb	3%	37
9. Rippon	3%	29	Inskip (of N.Y.)	2%	14	James Young	3%	35
10. James Young	3%	28	Arthur Mulliner	2%	10	Barker	3%	24
88% of the total production			91% of the total production			89% of the total production		

OTHER COACHBUILDERS

Freestone & Webb	25	Rippon	9	Mann Egerton	20
Mayfair	12	James Young	7	Arthur Mulliner	13
Mann Egerton	10	Kellner	6	Windovers	14
Arnold	9	Binder	6	Kellner	10
Cockshoot	9	Vanden Plas	5	Erdmann & Rossi	10
Vincent	5	Vesters & Neirinck	3	Rippon	9
Martin & King (Melb)	5	Mann Egerton	3	Arnold	9
Vanden Plas	4	Abbot	2	Vesters & Neirinck	8
Martin Walter	3	Lancefield	2	Carlton	5
Kellner	3	Wolley	2	DeVillars	4
Carlton	2	Others — with one only	12	Kellner	3
Fisher-Ludlow (Aust)	2	Sample size	87%	Mayfair	3
Charlesworth	2	619 of 710 made		Konig	3
Lancefield	2			Binder	2
Martel	2			Lancefield	2
Offord	2			Others — with one	13
Franay (Paris)	2			Sample size	99%
Crosbie & Dunn	2			1226 of 1241	
Owens	2				
Salmons	2				
Wolley	2				
Others — with one only	19				
Sample size	85%				
1023 of 1201 made					

* includes 12 unspecified "Mulliner"



Anthony Heathcote and his 1938 25/30.

CHELSEA

Concours d'Etat - 3 July

In eighteenth century London one of the greatest vagues was the Pleasure Garden, an open space which might be a substantial park or just the small garden behind an inn, where persons seeking entertainment could foregather to talk, drink, show off their new clothes, listen to music and singing and enjoy an artificial scene with lights and specially erected buildings, very often with a strong Arcadian theme.

Probably the most famous of these Pleasure Gardens was Vauxhall (possibly a corruption of Fawkes Hall), the resort of the Quality for many years. At first, admission to the Gardens was free, but a charge of one shilling was imposed later to

keep out the rowdier elements. However, in 1742, a new Pleasure Garden was announced, which was to have the best of everything and confirmed that intention by having an admission charge of 2/6d., an alarming sum in today's values.

This was Ranelagh Gardens, built in the grounds of Ranelagh House, hard by the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

In addition to a permanent Orchestra and singers, there was a canal on which boats could be hired, and a Rotunda, a large structure resembling the later Albert Hall and only 80ft smaller in its major dimension although made entirely of

wood. Even the dyspeptic Dr. Samuel Johnson admitted it was the finest thing he had ever seen.

Michael and Thomas Arne, eminent musicians of the day and probably best known today for the lovely song 'The lass with the delicate air', had many works performed here and Michael even wrote a special song, 'Invitation to Ranelagh'.

Such, then, was the precedent for the selection of the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, as the venue for the 1977 Concours, held on this historic site by kind permission of the Commandant and Mr. Michael Raymer, OBE.

The relative peace of Chelsea Reach was being torn apart by some spectacular but excessively noisy powerboat racing when we arrived to lend some compensating tone to the district, being shepherded inside the grounds behind the big wrought iron gates off the embankment, thankfully escaping the tramontane multitudes outside. The weather was superb and the avenues of huge centuries old trees made a welcome pale-green tunnel in which to park the cars and stroll in a relaxed and easy manner along the Arcadian ambulatory so formed.

One hoped to catch an occasional glimpse of a Strephon or even a Chloe, but barring some minor eccentricities, everyone was very soberly clad.

So to the cars.

Compared to the attendance at Kensington this was a modest turnout, perhaps due to conflict with holidays and other commitments, for only fourteen cars competed for the honours, with one or two Shadows and Clouds in supporting roles.

The first thought was that the prospect of heavy city traffic had deterred the two-wheel braked cars but two pre-war 40-50's were there, so it wasn't that. There were no Phantom III's and Wraiths, so perhaps independent front suspension isn't all it's cracked up to be.

But there wasn't a Phantom I either, and that model hasn't got I.F.S. One can't imagine being frightened of other traffic in a PI, rather the other way round.

One shouldn't be greedy, there was some fine PI's at Bedford a few years ago and at Wyld Court more recently so that's enough of that, and the cars that did attend made an interesting display.

Leo Williams' smart little Barker tourer GEN 16 was the sole upholder of the Twenty's reputation and did so to some purpose, being runner up in its class with consistently high marks. A tourer is perhaps

inherently more attractive in these days of mass produced tin saloons, but it is difficult to keep them so if they are used with any frequency.

Another eye-catching car was Henry Wilkin's Phantom II H.J. Mulliner drophead coupé, 28 MS, driven down from its Northern fastness with obvious enjoyment. Striking though it is, one feels that it might look better in another colour, perhaps darker, if that's not too presumptuous.

It has always been difficult to decide what if any concessions to make for cars in regular use as compared to those but recently returned from the restorers workshop. Because of their utility, 20/25's are likely to be thus handicapped more heavily than, say, a rear braked car, and scrutiny of the results seems to bear this out.

On the other hand, although not in everyday use, Anthony Heathcote's GAR 21 does some pretty arduous mileage during the year and yet he still won his class!

The real showstealer was Mr. V. Crabb's splendid 1911 40/50, the ex-Fred Watson Lawton Tulip, 1543, which took the premier position, and drew admiring on-lookers from the peaceful gardens all day. It is unlikely that the photographs will do it justice but

those who saw it on the day will admit that it would take some beating in any company.

During a lively discussion with Anthony Heathcote he enquired as to the intended name of the as-yet unborn editorial offspring.

By exercising his divinatory powers he predicted its gender accurately and offered a succession of possible names, each more fanciful than the last, which is why Alison Amanda is nearly always known as Eulalia. 20-Ghost Club influence makes itself felt in the most unlikely ways.

This meeting had the atmosphere of a family gathering, and apart from a slight hiatus over who was supposed to have brought the Judges' marking sheets, passed off without mishap. Even that was quickly resolved, and Clare Heathcote, comfortably ensconced in the rear of Peter Colinson's 25/30, distributed the prizes with ineffable charm.

GBK 72



Chelsea Concours d'Etat Results:

	Model	Year	Reg.No.	Interior Max 100	Exterior Max 100	Under Bonnet Max 100	Chassis Max 100	Originality Max 150	Mechanical Max 250	Total
Class 1										
Silver Ghosts & Phantoms										
V. Crabbe	SG	1911	M46	73	99	88	86	140	230	716
T.W. Lightfoot	SG	1912	CC41	50	90	51	not judged	140	not judged	331
H.R. Wilkins	P11	1932	RF9191	45	89	81	64	140	220	639
Class II										
20, 20/25, 25/30										
A. Heathcote	25/30	1938	EYT 363	85	93	82	54	135	225	674
L. Williams	20	1929	RR 5320	55	87	69	63	120	215	609
P. Collinson	25/30	1937	ENO 818	55	77	70	55	130	215	602
J.C.S. Spry-Leverton	20/25	1935	JR 4057	85	65	63	58	120	200	591
C.F. Bath	25/30	1937	CFB 52	47	73	80	59	125	195	579
R.D. Dale	20/25	1935	BYX 244	55	65	61	58	140	195	574
A.P. Taylor	20/25	1934	VH 7842	50	63	59	50	125	190	537
J.W. Squire	20/25	1930	LJ 3242	34	70	54	40	115	195	508
J. Hardin	20/25	1933	WO 7821	66	83	54	not judged	120	not judged	323
Class III										
Silver Cloud I										
C. Curtis	SC1	1957	YKO 1	80	90	82	63	135	200	650
J. Hamilton-Fish	SC1	1958	602 EXP 45		82	62	61	135	190	575

AUTUMN LUNCH October 16

As if to prove that the Club does not have the total control over the weather that Philip Taylor would have us believe, the English Midlands were shrouded in mist, some might even say fog, on the day chosen for the Club's Autumn lunch.

Set on the wooded hills overlooking the verdant Teme valley, this famous Worcestershire hotel is some way off the well-rolled routes used by Metropolitans on their way to Scotland, and whether the in-

accessibility or the poor visibility discouraged the London-based members is not certain, although it could be that they meant to come and got lost. Certainly the writer passed Lady Freda Valentine's Phantom I with James at the wheel, right on course and within about five minutes' drive of the hotel, but they managed not to arrive for a further twenty minutes, just as the search parties were being organised. Under foggy conditions, a bit of local knowledge is invaluable!



Ten Rolls-Royces in total decorated the front elevation of the building, being the aforementioned Phantom I, Andrew Taylor in GAF 2, the Rippon limousine 20/25 with its striking blue and cream colour scheme, Philip Taylor in GAJ 42 the Hooper Twenty tourer, Nicholas Taylor in the Barker coupé 20/25 (at least I think that is who was driving what, but the best plan with the famille Taylor is to perm any three from twelve), Henry Wilkins 20/25, Colonel Harding-Rolls' H.J. Mulliner Silver Cloud I, John Townrow's Standard Silver Cloud I, and the two Silver Shadows of Philip Greenwood and Freddie Phillips, the latter in that gorgeous gold.

But the car which caught all eyes was the brothers D.W. and M.R. Neale's pre-war 40/50 shooting brake looking very resplendent with its twin rear wheels. I think it was the first time out with this car and it did them credit.

In discussion with Colonel Harding-Rolls over drinks, it transpired that he had had a good run from Monmouth with no fog until fairly close, whereas Lady Freda had had fog most of the way from

The Elms Hotel

Banbury. She had visited the house when it was still in private hands during the war, which leads me on to the building.

It is a Queen Anne house built in 1710, and known as The Elms as far back as records go. The architect was Gilbert White, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, architect of many London churches. White was also responsible for the Guildhall at Worcester, and many features are similar, in particular the main pediment and the beautiful moulded cornices in the rooms of both buildings. The house appears under its own name on the original Ordnance Survey of 1812, although the trees lining the drive which gave it its name have been replaced with limes.

Having been the home of Admiral Malin and of the Rector of Great Witley, a nearby village, in 1916 it was leased by Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., a well known racehorse breeder who formed and ran the Abberley Stud. In 1927 the Abberley Hall estate which then owned The Elms, was sold and Sir Richard bought the house, adding on wings and incorporating several fireplaces from his old family home, Norton Priory in Cheshire.

On the first night of occupation after this work the old centre block of the house caught fire and was gutted. However, it was rebuilt and served as his home until 1946. Much of its fame today rests on its cooking, and it is unusual in that the chef de cuisine is a woman, who featured in a recent television programme.

The drinks and greetings over, we went up the wide staircase to our dining room in one of the new wings for our meal which was a simple but enjoyable four-course luncheon. Even then, a surprise addition to the menu was announced, and Members seemed to have done the meal justice.

It was a shame that the view was obscured, for the grounds are most pleasant to stroll in and some of the aspects towards the Welsh border reassure the unlooker that there is still some unspoilt English countryside without concrete and tarmac all over it.

For me, though, the greatest pleasure was watching the faultless, smooth, departure of the Ghost, perhaps as it might have done in earlier years, collecting a hunting party from The Elms. . . . ?

MAJOR PITT

Major W.T. Pitt, affectionally known as Bill Pitt by all who knew him, died after a short illness at the end of February 1977. He was a descendant of William Pitt the younger.

After serving in the Royal Flying Corps during the first world war he went to Cambridge and there, as was proper at that time, acquired a 1913 Sporting two seater Hispano Suiza with which he used to tow his horse box. He still owned this motorcar at the time of his death.

Having an interest in early cars he joined the Veteran Car Club in June 1950 and was elected a member of the 20-Ghost Club in May 1957, owning a Barker Sports Saloon Phantom III and later a 1912 Silver Ghost. In the latter motorcar he travelled thousands of miles on rallies both in this country and abroad where he was very well known and liked.

Besides his interest in motoring he was a keen worker for the British Legion and did a great deal for that organisation. He was a lover of country sporting life being particularly fond of regular visits to Scotland for the fishing.

He was an English gentleman of the old school whose like is all too rare today and he will be sadly missed by his many friends.

Very typically he left both the Silver Ghost and the Hispano Suiza to the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain as a measure of thanks for the enjoyment he had had as a result of his Membership.

That Club is erecting a new Library Building at its Headquarters at Ashwell which will be known as the Bill Pitt Memorial Library.

W.A.L.C.



What, you don't know what Silb is? Ask any Israeli mechanic, he'll tell you. You see in Hebrew, the head-lamps are called Silbim, which is nothing more than a simple pronunciation of the words Sealed Beam. And since anything which ends in "IM" is plural, then obviously one lamp is a Silb. Simple, isn't it? Semantics, in any country, cause trouble. Here, it could have been worse. When an Israeli Mechanic, of Moroccan extraction, repairs a French car, the instruction manuals for which came, inexplicably, written in Spanish, then you might expect trouble. But no. A sort of "Lingua Mechanica" has developed, based on some logic, and a lot of usage. For instance, most cars are rear-axle driven. The rear axle is called a back-axe. This derives from the English — Back, meaning the back of the car, and 'Achse' German for an axle. Now look what happens. A front wheel drive car has a front Backaxe (usually pronounced — "Bekeks"). A four wheel drive car like a Jeep or Landover, has a front bekeks and a back bekeks. Clear?

And why Exs? There is an explanation for all this. As has been explained, in German, an axle is an achse. This obviously means a large axle, since the "le" suffix usually indicates the diminutive — as in "Yossele, Maidele, or bissele", meaning, respectively — Little Joe, little girl, or a little bit.

A piston is called, usually, a "piston", but the old timers call it a "Kolben", which is in German, and the purists use the Hebrew — "Buchna". So why, they may be asked, "Buchna"? Did they use pistons in the Bible? No, one is liable to hear the following explanation. Pistons, as the experts know, are not round when cold. They

are cam ground, which means that they are elliptical in shape, which means that they have a "Bauch" (Stomach, in German) on either side, hence "Buchna", Q.E.D.

Take the all important valve. For years they have been called "Supapim", coming from Europe, of course. The modern Hebrew calls this part a "Shastom", or something which plugs up a hole. But there is a generation which calls it a Velf, or, if it is a small one, a Velvel. I have been asked by a fledgling mechanic what was the second name of that guy, you know, Velvel, who discovered the Shastom.

The debate about the carburettor has been going on for a long time. In the beginning, the experts thought that the carb prefix indicated that the item dealt with the element carbon, or carbohydrates, so the first suggestion was to call it a "mefuchman", or carbonizer, whatever that may be. Then, when that was abandoned, the part was called a "Mayed" — or evaporator, which it certainly is not. Now, after much heart and dictionary searching, it has been decided to call the thing a — yes, you guessed it — a Carburettor. This is o.k., since the mechanics have never been calling it anything else at any time.

So it goes. An adjustable spanner or wrench, is called a "Swedish Spanner", for some unknown reason. The oil pan is called a "Carter", and the hub is called a "Nabbe" — none of these being Hebrew. But be it what it may be — the parts are known, and when you need a set of ignition points, all you have to do is ask for a set of "platinot", or Platinums! You'll get what you need.●

Charles Rolls' Mummy

by Will Larson

The unprecedented interest here in America of the touring Egyptian King Tut treasures recalls to mind the Egyptian mummy with whom Charles Rolls grew up.

As a London supplement to their country home Charles' parents purchased a town house at Rutland Gate, called "South Lodge", when he was two years old, from Baron de Worms. Over the years the good Baron had spent inordinate sums on its decor. He had had commissioned a Louis XV room, a Louis XVI reception room, a replica Berlin Royal Palace saloon, and a breathtaking Pompeian saloon complete with elaborately painted walls and ceiling. Each summer Charles' mother expanded the museum flavour of the residence with additional antiquarian memorabilia she somewhat indiscriminately gathered in her world travels. She seemed drawn to the macabre and grotesque. At South Lodge she called one room the Egyptian Room. It had a cloth-tented false ceiling and was lined throughout with Mushabir work. Here she displayed her Egyptian mummy, urns of the ashes of mummies, a papyrus copy of the Book of the Dead, and a brown brick reputed to be a dehydrated loaf of bread from 700 B.C.

In this setting young Charles spent his summers. It's not surprising perhaps that he chose to use his leisure in the carriagehouse workshop.

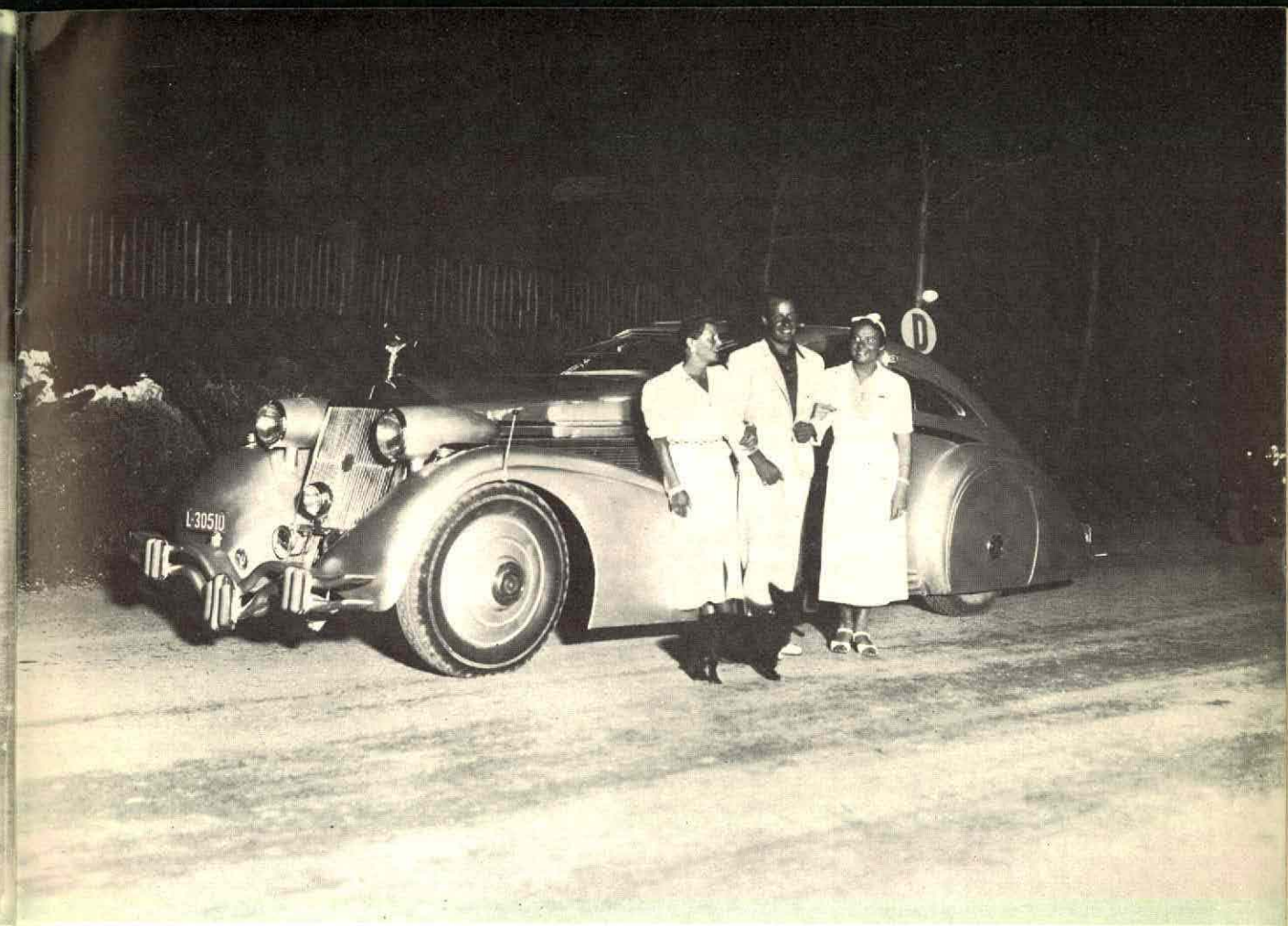
As if the Egyptian Room was insufficient, back at "The Hendre" housed in a tower off the Jacobean oak parlour, Lady Llangattock had what she called "My Chamber of Horrors", to house her collection of

instruments of torture and relics from the Bastille. Centrally featured was a lock of hair of Charles I cut off after his execution and the death mask taken of Napoleon's features upon his death at St. Helena.

I suppose one could say her hobby had gotten out of hand, but then she might have said that of us with our old motor cars.

Bibliography:

- Mrs. Darling-Barker — Leaders of Society No. XVI — Lady Llangattock in *Madame* Oct. 17, 1896 p.173
- Charles H. Curtis — The Hendre Gardens, Monmouth in *The Gardeners Magazine* Sept. 26, 1903; 643-6.
- Cars and Country Houses No. XLII — The Hendre, Monmouthshire—The House of Lord Llangattock, in *The Car* No. 77 Nov. 11, 1903 p.343-5
- Gentlewomen at Home No. CCXXV — Lady Llangattock at the ? The Hendre in *The Gentlewomen* Nov. 3, 1849 p.567-8
- Lady Llangattock in *Hearth and Home* No.282 — Vol. II Oct. 7 1896
- Lady Llangattock as a Yachtswoman in *The Ladies Field Supplement* July 23, 1898 p.18.



TECHNICAL HINTS

by Philip Taylor

You, (no not you, someone else), may have left a light switched on in your car causing the battery to go flat. (What shape should it be?) Of course, 20, 25, Ghost, PI and PII do have magnetos to enable you to get the engine running, but you need to rotate the engine fairly quickly to get results. (Rolls-Royce do not normally have impulse magnetos). But as you know, a Rolls-Royce is equipped with a coil which operates

Above: a delightful period picture of a 20 hp coupe.

at about 9 volts, the voltage drop being effected by the ballast resistance. Now with the aid of a paper clip bent to form a 'U' inserted between the two terminal nuts (brown Bakelite with serrated rims) short out the ballast resistance, making sure it actually touches both Thackeray washers. This should help the car to start, either by starting handle or starter motor, depending on the actual state of the battery. Please do NOT leave the paper clip in place once the engine has started but remove it immediately and put it in a safe place. You might

need it again, and you will be certain to protect your tyres.

Cloud I, II, III, PV, VI, Boot Lid

Many non-owners and indeed owners insist on 'slamming' it shut. The boot lid is made of light alloy and this practice can only result ultimately in damage to the lid. Rolls-Royce in their wisdom fit boot lids with a handle which has provision for you to use both hands and this you should do. Lightly close with downward pressure until you hear two clicks from the lock mechanism. Adjustment of the locking pins will enable the boot to be closed tight without undue pressure yet be rattle free. Slamming the lid shut and then locking the boot will enable a thief, who knows how to, to remove your valuables from inside although you have locked up.

Why and how?

Slamming a boot shut often lets one of the two locking levers click

over on to their respective locking pins. So although apparently secure from an upward pull when you test to see if you have indeed locked the boot, a clever thief or someone in the know' can open your boot by putting their two hands on the handle and a quick vicious sideways shake will release the one locking lever off the pin, and it's away with your sandwiches, jewels, toys whatever.

Adjustment is quite simple. Mark around the base of the pin with a coloured pencil (so you can put it back in its original position if required) and release the counter-sunk screws a couple of turns, adjust pin and retighten screws and test. Continue until you get two clicks one after the other. Other than this problem, these cars are very difficult to break into. Incidentally if you are really locked out and some 'kind soul' is going to break a window to get you in, don't let her or him (sex discrimination you know),

break either the small rear quarter window or one of the flipper vent windows; let them do one of the winding windows or the front screen (it is probably scratched by the wiper blades by now anyway). Better still don't lose your keys. The flipper and quarter windows are a very difficult job to refit with a new glass.

25, 25/30, Wraith, PII, PIII, PIV, S.Wraith

The radiator shutters of these models are operated by a Calorstat (not the early 25, PII) and therefore close when the coolant in the engine gets cold. One tends to clean the car when it's not warm, but it's a good idea occasionally to clean the plated bottom rail of the shutters with the aid of a bottle brush and clean rag when the shutters are actually open, as you can get at parts of the bottom rail which are inaccessible when the car is cold, but which can be seen when the car is stationary after running. ●

Above: this special bodied Phantom III used to get so hot that the passengers dared not close the windows!

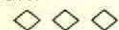


more loose ends...

The following anecdote has nothing to do with old motor cars or gracious living but it caught my fancy when, a year or two ago, the diplomat Sir Geoffrey Jackson was recounting his experiences at the hands of the Tupamaros guerrillas in South America.

Sir Geoffrey was kept in solitary confinement under constant threat of death for many days, and on his release, was seeking a means of recreation for his diminished spirits. He found himself in conversation one day with a virtuoso guitarist (Julian Bream I think it was) and told the distinguished performer that he was thinking of taking up the classical guitar himself. He received the deflating reply, "Why don't you start on something easier like the cathedral organ?"

As it happens, I myself have toyed with the guitar off and on, and was once privileged to have half an hour on the four-manual organ in the Great Hall at Birmingham University. For all the complexity of the organ, I must say that Julian Bream was right, the guitar is much more difficult!



Talking of manual and pedal dexterity needed at the organ console, I was able to have a short drive the other day in one of the latest modern trucks of the sort that most people refer to as Juggernauts. This was a 19 tonne Fiat with a 17 litre 330 hp V8 engine. Apart from being very powerful and having a top speed approaching 80 mph at which it was very pleasant and controllable, it had no less than 13 gears — all crash!

So next time you find the 2nd-3rd change on your Phantom I awkward or bottom gear elusive on your Silver Wraith, spare a thought for the Juggernautist, trying to remember which gear he is in, trying to decide which one he wants next and which way to push the knobs and levers to get it. Even experienced truck drivers unfamiliar with this gearbox have been known to suffer severe brain fade!

At the invitation of the organizing club, Vice President Anthony Heathcote took his 25/30 to Czechoslovakia for the sixth veteran car club rally, held between 2nd and 8th October 1977.

Celebrating, amongst other things, the 60th anniversary of the Russian Revolution and under the auspices of the Ministry of Culture, if my non-existent Czech is to be believed, this event attracted an entry of 86 cars. This was divided into three classes, the first for cars built before 1919, with seven entries, including our old friend Dr. Joao de Lacerda, driving on this occasion a 1909 two-cylinder Unic.

The second class, for cars built between 1919 and 1930 was subdivided into those under and those over 2000 c.c. The smaller cars were mostly local Tattras, Skodas and one of the remarkable 500 c.c. single cylinder Aeros. Andre Plasch from Belgium with a 1923 2-litre Ballot represented the Western democracies. I've never heard of a Brennabor before, and the 1924 4-cylinder 1408 c.c. Aga was a surprise. Our Aga is a vintage coal burning one that does a good line in stews and bread.

The bigger Vintage category included two 5½ litre straight-eight Cadillacs from Sweden, a 1930 Type 630 Mercedes Benz of 6200 c.c. and a straight-eight Horch from East Germany. That country also sent a 1928 Mercedes-Benz Nurburg 460, another straight-eight of 4592 c.c. and Dr. Jiri Kotatko had a 1929 Type 43/44 Bugatti for which a maximum speed of 140 km/hr was claimed, making it the fastest car in the event.

The Post Vintage Thoroughbred category was divided at the 1500 c.c. mark, the smaller cars again mostly local Aeros and Skodas with a locally owned MG TA flying the flag. The larger P.V.T's showed the most variety with a Czech Alfa-Romeo 2300 GT, 3½ litre S.S. Jaguar and assorted Mercedes Benz, including a 500K, and Jean-Pierre Burckhardt's Type 135M 1939 Delahaye.

Former Club member Ebbe Suenson had brought his 1935 Bentley 3½ from Denmark, and Anthony Heathcote was the sole upholder of British and Rolls-Royce reputation. He was accompanied on this trip as co-driver and companion by Andrew Taylor, who gives his story of their adventures below.

Tatry Ost-rava

Dover was to have been the crossing point but a quick glance at the ferry timetable en route from London showed that Folkestone would perhaps provide an earlier boat. This proved true and within 20 minutes of arrival in the town we were away on the boat, having had time to converse with a transport policeman who owned a 20/25

with a Thrupp and Maberley body.

We had decided to aim to stay in a hotel near Cambrai and our route took us via Rheims and its magnificent cathedral. The hotel was a small 6-roomed Chateau with many fountains playing in the courtyard pools. After some difficulty we found a porter who proved to be the owner's son. The restaurant closed

on Mondays because of staff shortages but our host soon provided an excellent repast of pâté, cheese, fresh fruit and bottles of red wine. This meal was preceded by a speciality — Red Virgin — a cocktail of white rum, cassia and champagne — followed by another surprise — the rendering of a French hunting song by the host on a hunting horn in the grounds of a floodlit chateau.

The morning saw an early start for Strasbourg and an overnight stay on the lakeside at Titisee. Zurich was the next exploration point and after a lunch of ham and bread and a visit to the local cattle show we motored on through Lichtenstein and stayed overnight at the top of the Aarberg Pass. The following day brought slight problems with the expansion box of the exhaust system but a 4-hour visit to the local blacksmith cured the problem, albeit only temporarily. We wended our way through the beautiful ski resorts of Innsbruck and Kitzbühl and so on to Vienna, the Schonbrau and Czechoslovakia.

The border control antics provided quite an amusing interlude. Passports and visas were handed over a bank-like counter and through a small gap covered with carpet. After a few minutes and accompanying dark mutterings from behind the carpet out popped the passports. The official at the next stage inquired whether we were carrying cameras and of what make. This information was duly noted on the visas. Stage 3 - search all the luggage and car, quite what for I do not know. A telephone call from the tourist board office to book a hotel and we were clear to leave the look-out towers, barbed wire and soldiers with machine guns to cross the superb bridge across the river to Bratislava.

My first impressions of the country were that the towns were so busy and the queues for petrol were so long — reminiscent of petrol crises in Britain.

We motored on to Zvolen arriving at the Grand Hotel in the dark.

Grand by name, appalling in fact, and so we moved on. It was necessary to park the car in the kitchen yard out of the main thoroughfare to avoid the crowds that milled around everytime we stopped. These crowds were larger than one comes to expect when travelling by pre-war Rolls in the West.

The rally was to start at Tatranska Lomnica in the Tatra Mountains and it was here that we headed for the following day. We arrived at the rally headquarters ahead of the other entrants so we spent the time attempting to make the car sound a little less like a Bentley. Accommodation for the rally participants was in triangular shaped chalets — a very clever design but unfortunately unfinished. Electric plugs were behind wardrobes, sinks with spaces for taps, but taps on the wall, telephones fitted 4 years ago but not connected.

The first event was a dinner at a Koleba — a low chalet type building with an open fire, pine tables and gypsy music. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves here meeting some friends from Denmark whom we had not seen since 1968.

The late night was followed by a fairly gentle start with a run of about 40 km at an average speed of 29 km per hour. We had a few problems here — we thought that the km mark on the tulip route was a timing mark so we went a little quickly. We entered the town of Kerzmarok to the roars of a tumultuous crowd who had gathered to watch the driving tests. Five o'clock saw us at the Town Hall signing the town's visitors book as representatives of England.

We were then asked to visit the Hall of Culture but fortunately we were able to creep away to the hotel and wash and change in time for dinner.

On the following day, on a long run through very beautiful countryside, we had problems obtaining petrol. There was only one petrol station en route which closed between 11.30 am and 2.00 pm — we

arrived at 12.30 pm. Other drivers on the rally were suffering from the same problem but we were able to hail a passing lorry and commandeer a jerrycan to refuel at the roadside.

Dinner at the Grand Hotel that night was superb and amazingly cheap. However, after an excellent evening, given by the Mayor and where the Slivovice and Vodka flowed like water, we were late starting in the morning, but the organiser Jirzy Vanek came to our rescue and drove us straight to lunch and so avoided the not so easy tulip navigation. The scenery was again very beautiful and one could glimpse Poland across the river. After lunch we decided to forget the average speed of 29 km/hr and return at full speed which was much more fun.

Next day we had a proper drive of some 400 miles to Prague. The fully booked Intercontinental Hotel was able to provide excellent accommodation with very little persuasion. (A \$10 bill works miracles).

Prague was very busy with many traffic jams and long queues for the small range of goods in the shops. We strolled around the wonderful old squares, the castle and cathedral and even sampled the new metro. Buying the ticket proved a little difficult but well worth the effort.

Exit was rather more easy than entry but again the car was thoroughly searched, and so to Germany and the first cup of decent coffee for 5 days. The homeward route wended through Nurnberg, Rothenburg ob der Tauber — that magnificent mediaeval walled city; along the Rhine past the Lorelei, across the Mosel and on to Luxembourg. We had planned to visit Brussels but the exhaust was getting just a little bit too noisy so we headed for the French coast and Dunkirk. The crossing was smooth but the boat crowded with coach parties. In 13 days we had covered 2900 miles; the car had used 2 litres of oil, one pint of water and of course, lots of petrol.

Andrew Taylor

1976 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
N. Taylor	20	1927	6267	48	300816
L.H. Jamieson	SG	1924	3974	51	202674
W.F. Watson	SG	1913	2815	62	174530
A.P. Taylor	20/25	1935	2841	40	113640
A. Heathcote	25/30	1938	2220	37	82140
P. Taylor	SW	1958	4380	17	74460
C.J. Curtis	SC1	1957	3520	18	63360
J.I. Yates	SC1	1958	2538	17	43146
S.J.S. Boord	20/25	1933	514	42	21588
W.F. Watson	P11	1935	143	40	5720
W.D.N. Berry	P11	1931	121	44	5324

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
N. Taylor	20	1927	713	-55	658
J. Hamilton-Fish	SC1	1958	712	-116	596
L. Williams	20	1929	722	-175	547
C.J. Curtis	SC1	1957	737	-241	496
W.F. Watson	SG	1913	702	-242	460

DYMOCK-MAUNSELL TROPHY

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

	No. of events attended	Points
N. Taylor	4	15865
P.H. Collinson	4	3427
J.M. Townrow	3	2340
A. Taylor	2	1494
J.C. Harding-Rolls	2	1457
W.F. Watson	3	1418
D. de Ferranti	1	1311
C.A. Chapman	3	1068
H. Brooking	1	769
C.J. Curtis	3	764

(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
N. Taylor	100	100	94	-23	271
W.F. Watson	58	9	92	-100	59
J. Hamilton-Fish	—	4	93	-48	49
L. Williams	—	3	95	-72	26
C.J. Curtis	21	5	97	-99	24

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 use of a Rolls Royce motor car.

Awarded to Philip Taylor for his many years of dedicated service to the Club.

FERGUSON-WOOD TROPHY

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

	Concours	Driving Tests	Rally Attendance	Total
N. Taylor	94	-23	20	91

THE PHOENIX TROPHY

Presented by the late Captain R.B. Honnywill, R.N. in 1970. Awarded to the member who in the opinion of the Committee has carried out the most interesting and thorough reconstruction on an old chassis. It is not awarded annually of necessity but only when there is a worthy recipient.

Awarded to H. Wilkins for the restoration of a 20/25 Sedan de Ville.

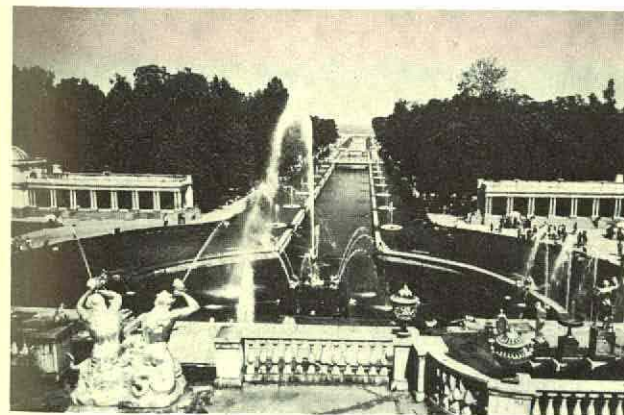
FERGUSON-WOOD PHOTOGRAPHIC TROPHY

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

Awarded to Major A. Heathcote.

STOP PRESS!

Tour to St. Petersburg June 1978



The proposed foreign trip for 1978 is behind the Iron Curtain, believed to be the first foray there by a Rolls-Royce Club.

The tentative itinerary is as follows:

After Concours d'Etat at Chelsea, take the night ferry from Felixstowe to Gothenburg.

Cross Sweden to Stockholm, staying one night en route.

Ferry, Stockholm to Helsinki, arriving at night.

Next day, cross Russian frontier, meeting Intourist guide and lunch at Vyborg. Four or five nights in St. Petersburg (Leningrad), visiting the Peterhof, Hermitage Museum, Pushkin Museum and many other famous sights.

Then motor across Estonia to Tallinn, embark for ferry to Travemunde (near Lubeck) taking 36 hours.

Motor up to Denmark and stop at Kobenhavn, with possible visit to Castle and Museum of Baron Raben-Leventzau at Nyland.

Following day, embark Esbjerg for ferry to Harwich.

The tour is planned to run from 25th June until 10th July and will cover about 1,000 km on the road. The approximate cost including car ferries, passengers, cabins, hotel accommodation and all meals (exclusive of wines) will be £550 per person, reducing to about £1,000 for two.

For further details contact Major Heathcote, 8 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London SW3.

Changes in Membership

The Secretary is extremely grateful for the excellent response to his letter regarding the new Membership List. If any member receiving the Record has not been contacted, would they please notify him.

P.D.M. Brewer, Meade House, Courtenay Road, Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 1HP.



OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

MASTER: S.E. Sears
PRESIDENT: W.F. Watson
VICE-PRESIDENT: Maj. A. Heathcote
CHAIRMAN: Sir Thomas Lund
SECRETARY: P.D.M. Brewer (JP) (Meade House,
Courtenay Road, Newton Abbot, Devon.)
TREASURER: C.A. Chapman
(Little Court, Hambledon, Godalming, Surrey)

COMMITTEE:
P.H. Collinson
D.G. Silcock
P.J. Taylor
F.A.B. Valentine
L.N. Williams

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 Treasurer and include 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 1978

Spring Lunch, Ivinghoe	Sunday 2nd April
------------------------	------------------

Concours d'Etat, Royal Hospital, Chelsea	Sunday 25th June
--	------------------

Driving Tests	Sunday 30th July
---------------	------------------

Irish Georgian Society, Oxon	Sat/Sun 2/3rd September
------------------------------	-------------------------

Autumn Lunch	Sunday 15th October
--------------	---------------------

Photographs

We are obliged to the following for providing photographs for this volume of the Record:

C. Chapman	Page 7
Nigel Fredrick	Pages 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15
D. Jones	Page 17 (top) and 18
Abergavenny Chronicle	Page 17 (lower)
S. Sears	Page 20
L. Williams	Pages 22/23
Christopher Curtis (Photography)	Pages 24, 25, 32 and Cover
N. Taylor	Page 33
The Elms Hotel	Page 35
L. Vidal	Pages 38, 39
Rankin Kuhn Tourist Office	Page 43
