

The 20-Ghost Club Record



Volume 21
1979/80





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President:

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine

Vice-President:

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Sir Thomas Lund, C.B.E.

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Committee:

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P. J. Taylor

F. A. B. Valentine

Historian and Librarian:

Dr. R. O. Barnard

Trophies:

C. J. Curtis

Recorder:

C. Meachen

Solicitor:

F. Hellings

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

Car badges and club ties are available from the Secretary.

The Record

Back copies of most issues exist, write in first instance to the Secretary.

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

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EDITORIAL APOLOGY

Our Editor since 1975 had been Nigel Frederick who produced four issues of "The Record". Late in 1979, he found he was unable to continue, but we wish to record our thanks for his four years in the editorial chair. The issue which should have appeared at the end of 1979 failed to materialize. After several unsuccessful efforts to find a replacement one of the committee members was persuaded to assume the responsibility. With the passage of a further thirteen months however, drastic steps were called for, and this combined 1979 and 1980 issue has been produced following the obtaining of the paperwork available in early April.

Lynn Brua and Bryan Goodman apologise for any shortcomings and would like to hear from anyone willing to volunteer for the job.

THE CHAIRMAN WRITES

First of all I must express my personal regret and that of your committee that we were unable to publish The Record in 1979 but we are doing our best to make amends for this by producing the present combined 1979-1980 issue. The problem arose as a result of the unexpected resignation of our previous editor.

Now I want to refer to some of the successful things that have happened to the Club since we last went to press. First and foremost, I have great pride in being able to announce that we have been privileged to have the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine accept the office of President of the Club. This is a great honour for us. To give a full biographical sketch of him is really not possible in this limited space but suffice it to say that he has been a member of our Club for some years, he owns three Silver Ghosts and is President of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club. Secondly, I am glad to be able to report that Bryan Goodman has become a member of the committee and there he has certainly made his presence felt as he has been particularly successful in helping us to get new members. We are enjoying a healthy increase in membership I am delighted to be able to say and it is significant that the new members are very active and have supported our major overseas rallies very well.

Our finances are in a healthy condition, our events have been financially self-sufficient and the committee sees no need to increase the subscription despite rising costs.

During these past two years our standard events - the Winter Dinner, Spring Luncheon, Driving Tests and Concours d'Etat have been increasingly well attended and enjoyable. In addition to these, our annual weekend visits to off-the-beaten-track Stately Homes in conjunction with the Irish Georgian Society have become a very popular new event and they look like becoming a standard fixture on our calendar.

In 1979 the Cotswold weekend was a success and the tour of Japan was unique, while the tour to Austria and Hungary this year has added further lustre to the Club's reputation for fine overseas rallies. An excellent programme for 1981 is now well in hand and the events and dates will be found elsewhere in this volume but I will say that the highlights will be an extensive rally in the

Scottish Highlands which is being organised by our President, Lord Elgin, and a tour of Ireland with the Irish Georgian Society.

Finally, I wish to express some concern about the future. For too long the Club has been dependent on only one or two of its members for the planning and organisation of our illustrious overseas rallies. Most notable has been Anthony Heathcote who has been responsible for, among others, the visits to Portugal, Norway, the Dordogne in France, Vigo in Spain, Leningrad and this year Austria and Hungary. Lynn Brua who has served with such extraordinary enthusiasm and ability as our Honorary Secretary arranged the Japanese tour last year which was highly successful. We need now a few other members who would be willing to undertake the responsibility of organising tours. One of our newer members, I understand, John Tanner, has volunteered to try to organise a tour of the German wine regions in 1982. This is certainly most encouraging. May I ask whether we could not have a few more volunteers to help us.

Sir Thomas Lund, C.B.E.

SPRING LUNCH 1979

On 9th April the Club held its Spring Luncheon. The venue was the very pretty 'King's Head' in the centre of the charming village of Ivinghoe in Bucks, and we had a private room for the Club party of 41 persons.

The weather was foul. Coming from Surrey in convoy with another pre-war Ghost and a PII we came through floods that were preventing passage to lower slung modern cars. Arriving at Ivinghoe, I was disappointed to find that the Rolls-Royces could not be put in the hotel car park and could not be put anywhere in one sodden group, but had to be parked as and where space allowed. The cars present included the Ghosts of Bryan Goodman and guest Jack Woolley and the 20hp of Leo Williams whose passengers included not only his family, but also Anthony Heathcote and his bride of three weeks. There were two super PIIs, the well known Lynn Brua car and a Brewster bodied limousine brought by guest Peter Heilbron. There were three 20/25 saloons, one brought by the Taylor family, though regrettably Philip could not be there, one brought by Geoffrey Price and one brought by

guest Clive Carter. There were two post-war cars, a Silver Wraith and a Cloud I and a small assortment of Shadows whose owners were sensible to have left anything more ambitious behind on such a terrible day.

Once inside the bar everything was very different. Everyone warm, dry and glass bearing and with an open log fire in the grate, the journey was well worth all the problems of getting there and I would like to thank the organisers of the occasion.

Bryan Goodman

DRIVING TESTS 1979

It is as well that the pilots who flew from Biggin Hill had better navigators than we were. However, ten cars eventually arrived at the famous airfield. It must have been difficult to find, as everybody decided to celebrate – all day! The drink was certainly flowing.

The well rehearsed picnics appeared – the food ranging from hot soups to quiche, and from tea to whisky and wine (chilled of course). Maybe that was the reason why nobody could understand the driving tests, described by Leo Williams as “a test of your mental ability as well as your driving dexterity.”

Two or three members wandered around the sites of the tests and Leo had to drag the other competitors away from their picnics/feasts to explain the tests in detail.

The first test consisted of careful placement of the wheels on a red tape on the runway. Anthony Heathcote, in his immaculate Arthur Mulliner 25/30 went first, tearing around the course and slamming on the brakes extremely close to the lines, rendering his able navigator, Luke Williams, almost headless! He did well, but the best technique was evidently that employed by the Cecil Chapman 20/25 which has been his since

1948. He came first, having decided that accuracy was more important than time.

We thought that Peter and Jean Heilbron in their PII were leaving, but it must have been their 54 foot turning circle that took them so far from us!

The second test was for precision parking parallel with and central to a line of cones. Anthony in “EYT” and Tom Calvert driving Gisela Townsley’s lovely Wraith, ably navigated by John Lang, came first equal, proving that a car driven by a Committee is the best for this. Other members were not so good at parking!

The torrential rain did not stop Richard Chapman in Dad’s 25, from giving an almost faultless demonstration on this test. It was a pity that nobody apart from my father and me, saw it, as everybody ran for shelter.

The third test was an enjoyable one for the drivers, as, against the clock, they had to drive over caricatures of Messrs. Heath, Wilson and back over Thorpe, or perhaps I slightly misunderstood. That test ran smoothly, with Cecil Chapman coming in first place. (Could it be that he does it all by mirrors?)

Duties completed, the sun came out, and back in the car park, so did the liquid refreshments. Ralph and Queenie Harrison were there as ever, but not competing due to Ralph’s recent operation. Ken and Mary Rossi were also in the *parc ferme*.

Just for a change, instead of the announcement of the results being drowned by rain, they were drowned by the sound of a R.N. helicopter landing and taxiing in front of our cars.

Our thanks go to the members who came, and especially to Leo who organised the meeting. It was a super day, as a result of which the R.A.F. Benevolent Association is £30 better off.

Julie Collinson

DRIVING TESTS 1979 RESULTS

			Travelled	Total			Travelled	Total
1st	Cecil Chapman	JJ57 1932 20/25	42 miles	172	7th	Digby Wills	NK2898 1921 SG	30 miles 314
2nd	Gisela Townley	TGK293 1933 SW	60 miles	196	ALSO PRESENT:-			
3rd	Lynn Brua	GY7719 1931 PII	30 miles	246		K. L. Rossi	SUU5 1956 SC1	15 miles —
4th	Anthony Heathcote	EYT363 1938 25/30	35 miles	267		R. Harrison	4045DP 1963 SC111	37 miles —
5th	Peter Heilbron	VW8657 1929 P11	19 miles	294		L. Williams	RR5320 1929 20	30 miles —
6th	Clifford Meachen	7203PP 1958 SC1	104 miles	311				

Concours d'Etat, Royal Hospital, Chelsea

June 17th 1979

How lucky we were to have a warm and sunny day, after the weeks of wet, dreary and cold summer. As we turned into the Park adjoining the Royal Hospital the sun was shining and glinting on the roof of the historical old building. At the same time there was a gentle breeze blowing so no question of any of the cars, or their occupants, becoming over heated, and no dirty cars to be washed at the end of the day.

As the 14 cars slowly rolled into position, headed by Leo Williams in his 1929 Tourer, even the small children playing on the grass stopped to watch and wave. It was an impressive sight, and gave the few Chelsea Pensioners who were strolling around something a little different to look at. One old pensioner commented to me, “We don’t see many of these cars around here, and I’m not sure which are the most delightful, the cars or all of you ladies”. I decided it was rather a double-edged compliment, but quite charming. Undoubtedly there was life in the ‘old boy’ still as he ambled off to look over more of the cars, and presumably the ladies.

It was interesting to meet John and Norwyn Tanner, prospective new members, who had driven up from Hampshire in their 1915 Silver Ghost, having previously been to a local fête that same morning, and to hear that they had not long been back in England, after doing an extensive tour of some 2000 miles in Switzerland, with no mishaps. Quite an achievement for a 64-year-old car. The original owner of this car came from Leningrad, but the car was found 8 years ago in Tangier in a derelict state, although I understand it was not restored by its present owner.

It was good to welcome again some of the members whom we had not seen for a little while. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson with their 1936 25/30 Saloon, Mr. and Mrs. Francis and their 1937 25/30 Van den Plas Drophead, Mr. John Squire and his 1930 20/25 Mann Egerton Saloon, just to mention a few of them. Also, a thank you to Commander Hugh Keller for his thorough and excellent scrutiny of the cars. He spent the whole afternoon most meticulously surveying and checking everything before coming to a final decision.

The whole afternoon was most pleasant and relaxed, and it gave us an excellent opportunity of

being shown around the Hospital. It even gave the Committee members an opportunity of holding an ‘open air’ meeting whilst sitting on the running boards of Lynn Brua’s 1931 PII Continental Saloon and Hugh Keller’s 1929 Weyman 20 Saloon, they appeared to have had quite a successful meeting, even if they did finish with somewhat corrugated ‘derriere’s’.

The result of the Concours d’Etat was as follows: First – Derek Silcock’s 1939 Wraith Park Ward Saloon.

Second – Anthony Heathcote’s 1938 25/30 Arthur Mulliner Saloon.

Barbara Silcock

CONCOURS D’ETAT

12th July, 1980

The judges were Robin Barnard and Skit Poulter and this is their report:-

Clandon Park near Guildford provided the setting for the 1980 Concours d’Etat. The plain red brick exterior of the house conceals an interior of great splendour created for the Onslow family in the first half of the 18th century, and further enriched by the donation of Mrs. Gubbay’s remarkable collections of furniture and porcelain. This is one of the National Trust’s great gems; thanks to recent renovation and decoration it is now in lovely condition. A guided tour, starting at 11 a.m., lasted just long enough to stimulate our appetites for luncheon.

Marking for the Concours d’Etat follows a detailed formula laid down many years ago. It does not seek to find the most beautiful car, or the one most recently restored; rather, it rewards perfection of cleanliness and maintenance and penalises anything non-functional, unoriginal or clearly neglected. With fifty separate sub-sections to be marked, and eighteen cars to inspect within an hour and a half, the judges were fully occupied.

In the pre-1940 class five 40/50’s of the Silver Ghost type arrived to join two 20/25’s and single specimens of 20, 25/30, PI, PII and PIII. Each car was an individual and the variation in coachwork style and finish was fascinating.

The two formal-bodied 1911 40/50’s looked fit for display within Clandon’s marble hall, but their

marks dropped with their non-functional headlamps. Of the post-war Ghosts one had no connection between the side oil tank and the sump, while on the other the extra oil valve hardly opened at all. The 1915 limousine looked well used and had, in fact, just been driven from Gibraltar. The 20 tourer made an engine noise that defied diagnosis (slipper drive?), but the PIII was inaudible as ever. (On this model you can tell the engine is running as you see the petrol gauge move down.)

The PII Continental displayed a notice board full of details in Japanese, while the 25/30 was telling us something in Russian, but no interpreters were provided. The PI, which started life as a Silver Ghost and was updated prior to delivery, was restored nearly twenty years ago but is in near-pristine condition. Hardening of the magneto drive rubber joint was the only fault uncovered. There was cleanliness in the right (in-accessible) places, and drops of oil evident as well. The 20/25 Barker drophead finished in brown is a most elegant newcomer to this event.

Trying to see around and behind the petrol tanks of the pre-war cars is one thing; doing the same on the post-war models is another. The judges were impressed by the special Radford fitments in the Silver Dawn (which lost marks on a leaky exhaust), admired Ralph Harrison's sweet running engine and Claude Curtis' super-clean underbody. But the marks added up to victory for John Baynes (guest of Ken Hughes) who brought a 1958 H. J. Mulliner convertible finished in two delicate shades of colour. Wherever you looked it was clean and the wood veneers were outstanding.

With his usual efficiency our organiser, Bryan Goodman, had announced the winners and moved us towards tea by four o'clock.

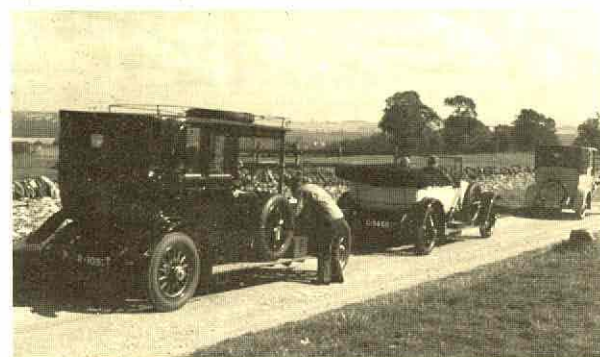
COTSWOLD WEEKEND

21st-22nd SEPTEMBER 1979

We were instructed by Anthony Heathcote, the tour organiser, that our weekend was to commence in the bar of the Lords of the Manor Hotel, Upper Slaughter on Friday evening. After a very soggy day in our 1911 landaulette we arrived to discover this lovely hotel in a little Cotswold village. Outside the hotel were four abandoned post-war cars (Watson, Curtis, Greenwood and Phillips) Derek Silcock's grey Wraith, our secretary's PII

and our new president's 1911 Glasgow bodied Ghost tourer of only 22 chassis earlier than my car. Lord Elgin himself was finishing the washing of his car, so I had to make a show at least of cleaning my own.

On Saturday morning Harry Fergusson Wood appeared to shepherd the column of 14 cars to the Cotswold Rare Breeds Farm Park. Appropriately near the head of the column was Stanley Sears with the Lonsdale 20hp landaulette. He and Doreen had also had a long, wet drive the day before. We had the farm park to ourselves and at one point I suggested to Lord Elgin that an animal he enquired about was a belted-Galloway. "Not with horns it isn't" he replied, so I shall have to do some more homework or converse only about Silver Ghosts in future!



Our President Lord Elgin in 1757, preceded by our Master, Stanley Sears in his 20 h.p. Hamshaw and followed by Bryan Goodman's 1779 Barker.

We then progressed in convoy in perfect weather through beautiful countryside to Donnington Brewery, a small private brewery producing 600 gallons a day and with much of the machinery still driven by the 120 year old water-wheels. But it was the setting of the brewery that was so breathtaking. We descended into a valley alongside a lake of clear water and with many ornamental wildfowl on it. The stream below the water-wheel was well stocked with enormous rainbow trout. It was a privilege to sample the beer and visit such a well kept property.

After lunch at a nearby pub we drove to the National Trust property Snow Hill Manor, a Jacobean house filled with an extraordinarily diverse collection of furniture, clocks and paraphernalia. After this we walked back through the village to enjoy the hospitality of Harry Fergusson Wood and his sister to a sumptuous tea party. The tea

party was missed by Digby Wills who had taken his 1921 Ghost to be prepared for its Japanese adventure, but included prospective new member John Smedley who came in a 20hp Sedan. Then it was back to Upper Slaughter to change and prepare for dinner at Broadway. Philip and Bess Taylor joined us at the dinner so we were a comfortable 32 diners for a very happy evening.

Next day the Tour Organiser did not marshal us all into action and only three cars went to Sudeley Castle, but Mary and I enjoyed lunch there in the company of Geoffrey and Betty Price and James and Janet Valentine. I am sure all who attended join me in thanking Anthony Heathcote for putting the whole weekend on the road and thanking all our Cotswold hosts. After a most excellent weekend we drove home again in pouring rain.

Bryan Goodman

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN TOUR 1980

Gary Wootton (our youngest Correspondent, aged 12 1/2, writes):-

We left Englefield Green, our home, at 5 a.m. on Thursday, 11th September. After driving off the ferry at Ostend, we started our journey through Belgium on the E5 (an international route). We passed Brussels and, after travelling south-east past Liege, we crossed the border into Germany where we stopped at Aachen. The next day we carried along the E5 passing Cologne and crossing the river Rhine, on our way to Karlsruhe, where we stopped to visit some of our relations.

We then continued our journey through the Black Forest into Bavaria, which was hilly and had very pretty scenery. Travelling through the Alps, we then crossed the border into Austria on Sunday 14th. We arrived at the first hotel of the 20-Ghost Club rally on Monday, and joined up with the first and second arrivals, who were Major Heathcote and Mikki and Mr. John Tanner and his friend. The hotel was called the Schloss Fuschl which was situated about 4 miles outside Salzburg on the edge of a big lake. This rather old hotel had been under bomb attack during the last war, but luckily for the hotel the bombs had missed

and landed in the lake, killing all the fish. These fish were swept up at a village on the far side of the lake. Also, during the war Baron Von Ribbentrop stayed at this hotel. I like staying here because I liked the lake. It is possible to hire paddle and rowing boats which we did for one hour. My brother Jason liked watching the trout in the trout farm, which had five ponds, full of fish. The day before we left the Schloss Fuschl all the members went on a guided tour of Salzburg. As the cars were leaving Schloss Fuschl on Thursday the 18th, one of the members drove into a large flower pot, completely demolishing it.

The nine Rolls-Royce cars set off towards Durnstein. I rode in Mr. Henry Wilkin's bright red 1915 Silver Ghost which I enjoyed very much. Jason also rode in a 1915 Silver Ghost belonging to Mr. John Tanner, which he also enjoyed very much. We arrived at Durnstein at 7 o'clock, having covered 236 miles that day. The hotel was situated on the River Danube, on which there were many large barges being pulled along by tugs.



John Tanner's Ghost 30ED and James Valentine's P1 10R on the summit of the Gross Glockner.

The following morning at 10 a.m. we left Durnstein, and arrived at Vienna at 13.05 at the Hotel in Palais Schwarzenberg which was very big. We were met outside Vienna and were escorted in to help us find the Hotel. The streets of Vienna are crowded with cars, people and trams. The buildings of Vienna are mostly all over 50 years old, some are also much older. This city was affected during the last war by the Germans; this can be seen from the bullet marks on the buildings. The Club's stay at this hotel was three nights, which gave us a chance to look around. We visited the Spanish Riding School which we all enjoyed. There was a fountain near the hotel, which at night changed colour by different coloured lights shining onto it. This fountain was put there by

the Viennese to hide a statue of a Russian soldier, which the Russians had put there at the end of the war. On the way back to the hotel one night we met Mr. and Mrs. Brua and we sat by the fountain watching the changing colours. Unfortunately Mr. and Mrs. Price left us at Vienna to return to England.

Our next destination was the Budapest Hilton Hotel in Hungary. We left Vienna on Thursday the 25th and after covering 265 miles we arrived at Budapest, which is also a very crowded city. We had some trouble finding the Hotel, but found it eventually. This hotel had underground garaging for the cars. Mr. John Tanner's Silver Ghost was too high to enter, unfortunately, and had to be left outside. The hotel was situated in Buda facing over the Danube to Pest. I liked Budapest, but not quite so much as Vienna. My family and I went on a boat trip along the Danube, which was very interesting.

After leaving Budapest, the Club travelled 201 miles back towards Austria and Hotel Drassburg, and arrived there late afternoon on Friday 26th. This is a very small hotel, but the gardens, which cover 10 hectares, were very interesting and pretty. There was also a small swimming pool which we used, together with Lady Freda Valentine.

We left Drassburg on the 27th and made our way to Hotel Schloss Dichlarn which was 357 miles. This was the longest days travelling of the trip. The route we took, together with Mr. Wilkin's two cars, was through very desolate mountains, which had hair-pin bends and 1 in 3 slopes.

This time my brother travelled with Mr. Wilkins in his Ghost, and I travelled in my father's 1932 20/25 Sports Saloon, which was a lot warmer on that day. The weather was foggy and drizzling, which made the three-car convoy very exciting, even on one stretch of the route the road had slipped away down the mountain. We stopped that day for hot soup and drinks at a lonely mountain café, which had a big mountain rescue St. Bernard dog. In that area, the mountains were very high, and once we reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet. We knew this as we took an altimeter with us. This was my best journey. We arrived at the hotel in the evening. This big hotel, fairly old, was situated in a very green landscape. It had two large swimming pools, which my brother and I tried out, together with other Club members.

The next morning we left the Hotel Pichlarn in Irdring, our destination being Innsbruck. We passed through some very beautiful scenery on the way there. We were undecided as to whether to tackle the Gross Glockner pass or not, but didn't in the end because of the time.

We arrived at the Club's last meeting place at Innsbruck. The party was split into two hotels, our one being the Sport Hotel. We stayed there two nights, and then we sadly said goodbye to all the friends we had made on the trip, and started the journey back home to England.

The mileage altogether from Englefield Green to Budapest and back to Englefield Green was 3,100. I think every member who went on this trip enjoyed it. I hope to go on another trip next year.

Gary Wootton

NORFOLK WEEK-END – May 1980

Over the Spring Holiday weekend, the club enjoyed its third joint venture with the Irish Georgian Society, thanks once again to the efforts of Janet and James Valentine. Seven of our motor cars went to Southwell Lodge, a Hall of Residence of the City of Norwich College, where the drivers and navigators were nicely tucked up in bed by the charming Mrs. Hammond who organised the very comfortable accommodation allotted to us and some twenty members of the I.G.S.

That body, as readers may wish to be reminded, exists here, in Ireland and in the United States of America to provide voluntary aid in maintaining and restoring fine Georgian buildings in Ireland. The organiser of our delightful three-day programme was Nicholas Thompson, Hon. Treasurer of the London Chapter of the Society. His efforts embraced arranging for visits to fifteen extremely interesting properties, laying on two supper parties (one of which included a memorable pianoforte recital) and the production of a 7,000-word illustrated and be-mapped booklet for everyone present. These exertions in no way diminished his energy which for three hectic days was directed, through the medium of an ex air-raid warden's whistle, to keeping 34 independently minded souls to a remarkably tight time schedule.

For all the to-ing and fro-ing along the traffic-free lanes between the various houses and our Norwich base, we relied on the more or less flawless navigational skill of Janet Valentine's party in the immaculate Radford Silver Dawn. Only once was there a mix-up when, to the bewildered delight of two bedward bound young children, a line of elderly Rolls-Royces halted beneath the windows of a small cottage and asked a farm worker for guidance as to the right road for Wickmere House. He, looking as if he were about to say, "If oi were goin' there oi wouldn't start from yere". He just directed us "Roigh(t) an' roigh(t) an' roigh(t) again."

It has to be recorded that Midge Brua's navigation kept their party free from this somewhat humbling incident, and the great PII was already parked when the rest of us arrived in the evening shadows.

That was our last night; the home of Noel Bolingbroke-Kent, whose wife Fiona (her hobbies, praise be, include superb cooking) feasted us on salads and patés, meats and puds, after which we moved to the drawing room where Louisa Harmer played Beethoven, Debussy and Chopin with great accomplishment while we sat enraptured, and a demure blonde in elegant night attire and all of seven years old, finally fell asleep, with her guardian Jack Russell in her arms and the cat asleep under the piano.

Back to the tour: only two mishaps occurred among our motor cars. This time it wasn't Leo Williams who punctured, it was Anthony Heathcote, Leo chose to lose a head-lamp glass instead, happily easily replaceable. Anthony seized the opportunity to display his splendid independence of spirit. Delivery of the punctured wheel to a repair garage, and its subsequent collection, presented two occasions when he could legitimately allow us to go off ahead of him, only to find him already there when we arrived.

James Valentine was to be seen once with the floor-boards of the New Phantom removed – (and did we see a bit of string?). In his 20/25 Geoffrey Price was compelled to demonstrate how our tool kits, allied to our understanding of these motor cars, enabled the problem of low oil pressure, due to dirt in the oil relief valve, to be quickly overcome – without an involuntary stop. He did the job in a decent suit, of course, but the protective cuffs

which K.B.P. pleaded with him to wear, were admired by a few practical ladies (patent applied for!!) and using the splendid Portuguese Tour banner and loo roll (K.B.P. never goes on tour without one) oil did not get where it shouldn't have.

But the most surprising happening was when the glasses, worn by one of Leo Williams passengers, blew off. We were aware that something was wrong when we met his car coming the other way bubbling over with laughing young people. The spectacles were found on the grass verge suffering from nothing but a slight scratch – almost as spectacular as Fred Watson losing a trunk in Portugal.

However, the most memorable sight was thus: Imagine a narrow village street and jolly pub coming into view as we rounded a bend in the road, and slowed down; our progress delayed by an arrow and flashing lights. The obstruction was – not a hole in the road but a Rolls-Royce No. EYT 363, parked on the double yellow line. When on-coming traffic allowed us to pass, we were cheered on by the jovial owner and his party – tankards in hand, lining the pavement outside the pub.

"The equipment was lying about and it seemed a good idea to make use of it", said Anthony!!

AND, NOW the Houses! What a privileged group we were! With two exceptions we had them and their owners to ourselves, except at one, Ditchingham Hall, where the head gardener, in the owners' absence, had been detailed off to play host. The house was exquisite. The beautiful furniture and china was well kept and polished by one German woman.

Unlike the motley group in which the Lady Beauchamp Proctor found herself in 1771, whilst waiting to view Blickling, our male members did not amuse themselves by throwing their hats upon the heads of busts in the hall.

Not knowing beforehand what houses we were to visit it was interesting for some members to meet old acquaintances, as, when we arrived at Houghton Hall and were greeted by the Marchioness who ushered us through a private entrance. After chatting to Lady Freda about old times, she waved a hand saying: "You all know where to go, don't you?" and was gone – next seen, as we viewed *her house*, showing great interest looking at *our cars*.

Variety of design, use and condition of the homes made the visits much more alive than National Trust crocodiles.

We shall all remember the delicate Mrs. Barclay who was wearing the same earrings, when we called, as could be seen in Arringour's portrait of her, painted a few years ago. Regarding the house, her husband made the fascinating remark, "No-one has been in that room for 40 years – not since my grandfather died."

Beautiful plasterwork in many houses and Langley Hall School (who gave us a super tea) was a joy to behold, especially at Gateley Hall; a charming house we each felt we could live in happily. We stopped there to enjoy one of the delicious lunches arranged by Janet and Honor McCulloch of the I.G.S. The first lunch we ate in the spooky ruins of a burnt-out mansion.

We very nearly came away with a giant IMHOF "musical box" type organ found in Melton Constable Hall where "the Go Between" was filmed. The farmer, who happened to own the house because it was on land he wanted to farm, said that the organ was broken, but Anthony and 2 or 3 others got to work and at least produced a ghostly moan.

The Buliver-Longs of Heydon Hall, whose hospitality we enjoyed whilst consuming Fiona's first dinner, had pulled down later accretions to their house to make it manageable. Ronald Buxton of Kimberley Hall would be pleased to see the 20-Ghost Club any time.

To mention all the interesting people and places would take a whole magazine and the details of 15 houses do become a little muddled. However, for the interested but illiterate like ourselves it was great fun to see the architectural delights and to hear the experts amongst us, discuss whether that design was 1756 or 1675 and whether this one was a phoney.

We do hope that there will be a chance to join the Irish Georgian Society on another tour. If so, we shall certainly look forward to going and being cuckoos amongst the culture vultures once again – if our stamina continues to equal that of Lady Freda.

Geoffrey Price (and K.B.P.)

HOW THE JAPAN TOUR CAME ABOUT

It all started on the ship carrying our party home from the Leningrad Tour in 1978. As we proceeded from Helsinki toward Travemunde, Germany, we talked of the difficulty of organising something to equal the marvellous tour just ending, and Anthony Heathcote joked of traversing the Great Wall of China next year. This led to equally facetious remarks about India or Japan, but I said Japan might be possible if we could get serious sponsorship, and I thought this could be found. I have felt for a long time that since we draw crowds wherever we go we have an inherent commercial value which we have failed to appreciate, and I agreed to try to prove my point.

I first contacted a friend of mine who is a Director of one of Britain's largest shipping lines, to see if we could get a discount on the ocean freight. That was in January 1979, nine months before the cars were eventually shipped. He put me in touch with Overseas Containers Limited and negotiations began, but I quickly learned that ocean freight rates are fixed by a Conference of international carriers, and deviations from them must be formally and specifically approved by each carrier in the Conference. There was speculation that we might get a reduction of between 25% and 50%, and the cost of shipping a car (based on dimensions, not weight) was estimated accordingly. Months later, when the party was made up and we knew exactly which cars were going and when they were to be shipped, application was made and a 25% reduction obtained. However, a week before the cars were due to leave and after each participant had paid for the trip, I was casually told that the discount only applied to the return portion of the journey, and that furthermore, oil price increases and unfavourable changes in exchange rates in recent months requiring the levying of a substantial surcharge. The net result was a 41% increase over the budget, with the final cost of shipping each car amounting to £1236.

While all this was going on I was looking for someone to help us with our costs in Japan, one of the most expensive countries in the world to visit. I have a good friend, a Welshman named Mike Williams, who had lived in Japan for some years, whom I asked for suggestions, and he put me in touch with an English colleague who has been

living in Japan for 29 years and is married to a Japanese. I corresponded with this man, Chris McDonald, and met him when he was in London to receive an O.B.E. in late June. He spoke to numerous organisations about our wish to come to Japan, and identified us by displaying our beautiful Silver Jubilee souvenir programme. One of those he contacted was Cornes, the Rolls-Royce agents for Japan but they didn't give him much encouragement.

During this same period, but unbeknown to us, Cathay Pacific Airways, whose principal owner is the Swires Group in London, had Rolls-Royce on their minds. This airline had just bought some Boeing 747 planes and wanted to promote their new service, but couldn't find anything very exciting in this because other Far Eastern lines had been operating 747s for ten years. Then they realised that only their planes would have Rolls-Royce engines and that this was promotable. They then thought of vintage Rolls-Royce cars as visible evidence of reliability and durability, and went to Cornes with the idea. They were put in touch with Chris McDonald and the loop was closed.

I next met with Mike Hewitt, Cathay Pacific's Sales Manager in Japan, on July 2 in London and we quickly established our mutual interest. I said I thought it would be impossible to make the trip before next Spring, but he said that would be too late for their purposes so November was chosen. A limit of 10 pre-war cars and 20 people was initially set, but in the weeks that followed Mike kindly agreed to allow an increase when it became clear that there was greater demand for places, and I didn't want to say no to any Club member. The deal was on and on August 22 a bulletin was sent to the entire membership with an application form for those interested in going. It should be noted that the cost, as announced in that first bulletin, of £2000 for a car and two people, was ultimately only exceeded by £20 per person, although petrol and insurance were extra.

In the ensuing five weeks before the cars were taken to Southampton for shipment, many telexes and frequent telephone calls flowed between Tokyo and London as details were worked out. I estimate that I made or received a total of 500 telephone calls prior to the trip. Some of those were to Spain and the United States because ultimately members and cars from both of those countries joined us. Several more visits to London were made by Mike Hewitt

and his assistant, George Olcott. John Tanner very kindly found us the best ocean freight insurance rate for our cars, and Bryan Goodman contacted the Japanese Embassy in London to inquire about regulations on importing and driving cars in Japan. The written reply he received saying cars could be taken in temporarily without formality was wrong, to say the least. At a very late stage in the planning it was learned that every car required a "carnet de passage", which one gets by posting a sizeable bond to assure Japanese authorities that the car will not be sold in Japan without payment of duty. Getting these documents entailed bank guarantees and Royal Auto Club involvement, and they were obtained so late that a Pilot of Japan Air Lines had to be enlisted personally to take the documents to Tokyo because the post would have been too slow. I was told that if Japanese customs didn't have them a week before we arrived they wouldn't be able to clear the cars in time for our use while there.

From the outset I had insisted that the cars were to be put in their containers and removed only by their owners, because I had heard horror stories of vehicles being stripped while standing on the docks awaiting shipment. This was agreed by the steamship line but created a problem in Tokyo, where customs officials insisted that they needed access to the cars for several days for inspection prior to releasing them. Since this would have severely upset our tight programme in Japan, the problem was solved by Bryan Goodman going to Tokyo a day ahead of the group to supervise unsealing containers and removing cars. This was accomplished smoothly and all cars completed the entire journey, including 600 miles of driving in Japan, without a scratch.

The entire cost of the trip, including car transport, return air fares, hotels, meals and sightseeing, not only for Japan but for the subsequent visits to Hong Kong and Bangkok, exceeded £100,000, of which cost our group contributed £35,000. The hidden price we had to pay for such subsidization was some very early morning rising to keep television appointments and a little less time for sightseeing for the same reason.

And what did our sponsors think of their investment? In a letter from Mike Hewitt after the trip he said, "We are delighted with the public response to this event made possible by members of the 20-Ghost Club. I am certain that without the

unremitting co-operation and unflapping enthusiasm of the members, who allowed themselves to be pushed by us into the limelight, or rather the spotlight of TV (65 million saw us), the event could not have been the success that it was. I shall be most grateful if you will convey our most sincere thanks to all members and their guests, who participated in the 20-Ghost Club rally to Japan".

Lynn Brua

This article was written at the request of Rolls-Royce for their house magazine but we do not know if it appeared.

JAPAN TOUR 1979

In 1978 the 20-Ghost Club drove six Rolls-Royces to Leningrad which is surely the first time a vintage car rally has been behind the Iron Curtain. Even more incredible in the month of November 1979 the 20-Ghost Club were in Japan! We had been considering the possibility or impossibility of such a trip, when an approach was made to Cathay Pacific Airways Limited, a British owned airline operating out of Hong Kong. Cathay had just added a Rolls Royce powered Boeing 747 to its fleet and wanted some Rolls-Royce publicity.

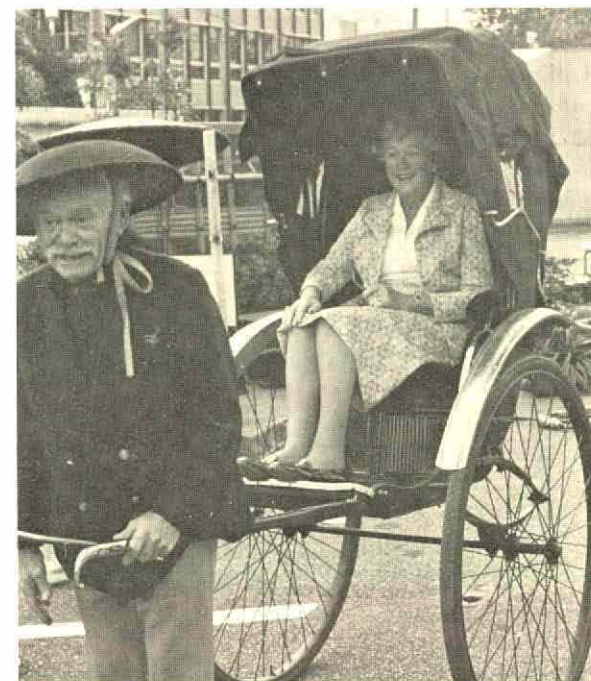
The administration fell to our club secretary, Lynn Brua, and his first circular to the membership was at the end of August – just over two months before departure! Those two months must have been hectic for him assessing the numbers of people, telling Cathay whether we could motor so many miles per day etc. Then we needed international driving licences, shipping documentation and then bank guarantees on the cars values (although the Japanese Embassy in London had told us otherwise). I subsequently read an article in Collector's Car Magazine: "The idea of this deposit was to prevent the car being sold illegally in transit in countries where car imports are taboo". It was a very good entry of twelve cars that eventually made the trip accompanied by 31 people. The cars included no less than five Silver Ghosts and entries from U.S.A. and Spain joined those from the U.K. At the end of September we went to Southampton to load the cars into their (O.C.L.) containers. Patience in the face of docks

officialdom was rewarded by us seeing our cars right into the containers, after petrol and water had been emptied and batteries disconnected. I considered the merits of driving the 1912 Ghost into the container (on magneto ignition and a float chamber of petrol) but as no-one present would have been either upset or impressed, decided not to bother!

It had been suggested that the party leave England on 1st November, but those of us involved in the London to Brighton Run on November 4th were sufficiently vociferous for the departure to be postponed until November 6th. We flew by British Airways to Bahrain which is Cathay's present westward limit of operations. From there we went to Hong Kong where the party were to rest for 24 hours before going on to Tokyo. I was deputed to fly straight through and spend my rest day unloading and making ready for the road the twelve old motor cars, which would have been an ideal way to spend such a day except for lack of sleep! I was collected at Narita International Airport and driven to the Tokyo Hilton where I was told at half past midnight to be ready to leave at 8.30 a.m. We enjoyed the luxury of this superb hotel for four days.

Next morning I got my first view of Tokyo and its traffic, its people and its way of life. There was some difficulty getting the cars into the country, as tourists just do not bring their cars to Japan. When asked what the problem was the customs officials seemed to tell Cathay "As the answers are not in our Rule Book there cannot be any problem and therefore the cars do not exist". By mid-morning honour seemed to be satisfied with the undoubted help of the manager of the Japan Automobile Federation, Mr. Takubo, and the containers were delivered and unloaded one by one. It was like opening Christmas parcels for me and for George Olcott our Cathay shepherd for the tour.

The tour proper started next morning as we drove all the cars to display them at the Tokyo Motor Show, and for the first of very many times exchanged public speeches and gifts and received bouquets of flowers. The show was interesting comprising seven exhibition buildings round a central Mall. Two halls were for commercial vehicles, two halls for Japanese cars, one hall for two-wheelers and a separate hall segregating the foreign cars. I was surprised to see so many English and European cars being offered in



Barbara Silcock tries alternative wheeled transport with inexhaustible energy source.

L.H.D. form in a left of the road country. None of the salesmen spoke English well enough to tell me, but I learnt later that it is mostly snob appeal. "Anything left-hand drive proves you can afford a foreign car". Or, "The chauffeur is better near the pavement to help passengers out on that side". Either might be correct as there is no room for overtaking in Japan. My only surprise at the Show was to see a Mark VI Bentley hot-rod on the Rolls distributors' stand. I think it was a Mallalieu.

The next two days passed fast and included a superb dinner given by Cathay Pacific with the British Chamber of Commerce at the Hilton, a visit to the British Embassy, and being the subject of miles of T.V. coverage. One car (the 1915 Ghost Brougham) was even lifted back later in the tour from Kyoto to Tokyo, to appear for a few seconds on a Tokyo television quiz programme. The transporter it went on was boxed in for the occasion and the owner, John Tanner, and our other Cathay shepherd, K. Hayashi, went by bullet train. K. Hayashi swore that the telephone call he received on the train was not a premeditated P.R. exercise!

The T.V. coverage was repeated in every town we visited, with the Japanese quite incredulous as the twelve large cars drove by. They seemed to have no idea that the motor car existed so long ago, could not believe the silence of the engines, and

were astonished that anything more than ten years old should still be mobile at all, let alone cars nearly 70 years old.

Our tour then took us from Tokyo to Mount Hakone, Mount Fuji, Kanzanji Spa, Nagoya, Lake Gifu, Lake Biwa, Osaka, Nara, Kyoto and Kobe. This is the historic Hokaido Road along the south coast of Honshu which is the largest of the four principal islands of Japan.

Our cars were (happily) an ideal cross section of the Rolls-Royce products and included all pre-war models except the Phantom III. The five Ghosts ranged from Jack Woolley's 1912 tourer to John Tanner's 1915 Melhuish Brougham and a 1914 tourer with Van den Plas coachwork brought from Spain by Senor Pestana. Two vintage Ghosts, a 2-seater and a 4-seater were complemented by the P. I. Brewster coupe brought from America by Conrad Karras. Our secretary's Phantom II Hooper sports saloon was the last of the bigger cars. We had one 20 h.p., one 20/25, two 25/30s and Derek Silcock's superbly silent 1939 Wraith Saloon brought up the rear.



First day out of Tokyo – Digby and Marjorie Wills.

Our cavalcade was always led by Cathay's shooting brake (a dull vehicle with steering column three speed box). I am told that all Japanese cars have a bleeper which goes off if the car exceeds 60 m.p.h. The tail of the convoy was brought up by a "security" vehicle, whose team guarded our cars 24 hours of every day whenever and wherever they were parked. We were also blessed with a pair of mechanics seconded to us by Cornes & Co. Ltd., the Japanese distributors of Rolls-Royce and by a Silver Shadow demonstrator. Cornes mechanics refuelled the cars each evening and were generally

most obliging and invaluable. Happily, we had no breakdowns of any consequence at all, but even punctured wheels disappeared immediately in the Cornes car to reappear repaired an hour or so later. It was this sort of detailed planning by Cathay which made our visit so memorable.

I found a friendly nation of great contrasts. They make electronic calculators yet the shop assistants use the abacus. They are clean to the point of bowing rather than shaking hands, and yet the atmospheric pollution was appalling. They had the nice custom of presenting you on arrival at a restaurant with a hot, damp face flannel. Those of us who travelled in open cars handed the flannels back as dirty rags! Most taxi drivers wore white gloves and many cars had white cotton seat covers. Cornes new Rolls-Royce had tailored seat covers in what looked like broderie-anglaise, but were probably neither French nor English. The company manager told me that Cornes sell 100 new Rolls-Royces a year in Japan and reckons there are 4000 in the country. The road conditions were yet another experience. We drove 1000 miles and apart from our trip in the mountains round Fuji it was like driving 1000 miles through inner suburbia. Traffic lights are *de-rigueur* at any and every junction, and the discipline of the drivers is exceeded by the discipline of the pedestrians who will wait for their crossing light even if there is no traffic coming. The part of Japan we visited seemed to be solid with people. We drove for hours just to reach the centre of a town and then hours more to leave it. One paddy field and then hours more suburbia is my memory, but then I also remember seeing various crops growing, and once (yes, once only) I saw three or four cattle in a yard. Gingko and Plane trees lined many streets but they were massacred rather than pruned and a house with a garden really was a rarity.

We used some motorways and these (apart from being toll roads) were of much the same standard as ours. But everywhere the traffic was solid, sometimes it moved smoothly, sometimes it was stationary – yes on the motorways too – for miles and miles. British lorry drivers complain about the new tachographs, but heavy lorries in Japan are fitted with three green lights above the cab which light up according to the vehicle's speed. If all three are on then the lorry is exceeding the limit and advertising the fact. Foreign cars are very seldom encountered. We saw not a single non-Japanese registration plate, and in a day's full

motoring we would see perhaps three British, three European and half a dozen American cars. Foreign cars seem to be available in the show-rooms and seem to be very snob and sought after, and yet someone seems to inhibit or prohibit the purchase of them. Fifteen years ago it was the wealthier Englishman who bought a foreign car here, but now when the Jones's buy foreign is the true Briton buying British again?

When we did get off the main roads and into the mountains it was very pleasant, plantations of tea and oranges as well as the rice fields and the wooded hillsides lovely in their autumn colours, particularly the Japanese maple trees. We were able to visit many temples and shrines and saw Buddahs in all shapes and sizes. We also saw some fine ornamental gardens each with its regulation lake with mammoth multi-coloured carp. The gardens were lovely in their way but towards the end I longed to see a copse of trees left to grow naturally instead of being tortured into the shapes necessary to match the pictures in Japanese paintings!

It was a constant source of pleasure to us to see our vintage Rolls-Royces parked outside these places and in front of some of the lovely hotel buildings we visited. We did not see another non-Japanese registered vehicle in our 1000 miles and one is not surprised. There are signposts at the motorway exits and the occasional route indication elsewhere, but there are no street signs anywhere as none of the streets have names (there are five named streets in Tokyo, the world's third largest city). There are street numbers, but the buildings are numbered by date of construction so this is of no practical use! It seems that you do not travel by car outside the areas you know. To find an address in another town is a slow process asking instructions all the way. At all times our convoy had guides with local knowledge, sometimes they were in their own cars and sometimes travelling with us, and even they got lost occasionally, which caused great – but unseen consternation between our two Cathay shepherds, connected from front to tail of the column by short-wave radio. In the never ending suburbia that remains our impression of Japan our cars were fast enough, even on motorways.

The cars were re-packed into containers at Kobe and as I write this at Christmas they should be approaching Southampton. It was truly a

memorable trip and one which could never be repeated or matched. Even though I am convinced I was never built to sit cross legged on the floor, we had a marvellous reception and I would not have missed it. We all look forward to Cathay Pacific flying into Gatwick and we all hope we may fly with them again.

B.K.G.

HAVE ROLLS – WILL TRAVEL

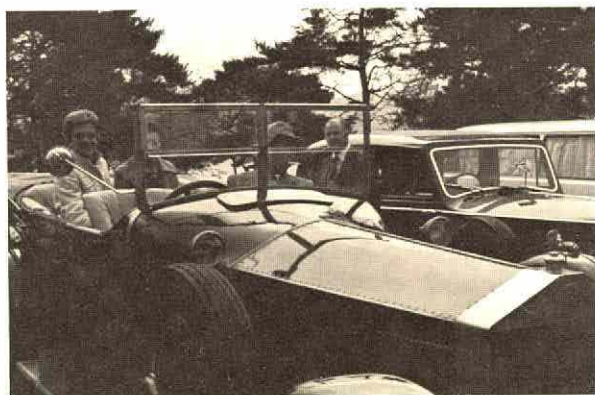
It was towards the end of August when I received a telephone call from the Secretary to enquire whether I was interested in a rally in Japan. When I had established that he was not joking, I gave a cautious "Yes" – cautious because this sounded a rather expensive rally! When more details became available all was explained: Cathay Pacific Airways Limited – the national airline of Hong Kong and partly British owned – is applying for a licence to fly Rolls-Royce powered Boeing 747 jets between Japan and London. At the moment, they fly in the Far East with one service to the Middle East. As part of their publicity they wanted to do something special in Japan, and a chance meeting with the Club Secretary resulted in the suggestion of a few vintage/veteran Rolls-Royce cars to drive around Japan. The idea was accepted, but the publicity was wanted in November so as the cars would have to travel by sea, only about a month was available for planning! In the event, 12 cars were selected and mine was one! At the end of September my car, a 1915 Silver Ghost, registration number CR1909, joined 10 others at Southampton docks for loading into containers. The twelfth car came from Florida and was sent direct from the USA to Japan.

At 9 o'clock on Tuesday, 6th November, the party of 31 (12 drivers and their passengers) met at Terminal 3, Heathrow airport and boarded a British Airways Tri-Star for Dubai. At Dubai, we changed to a Cathay Pacific 707 and flew to Hong Kong, arriving in the afternoon on Wednesday. We spent a night in Hong Kong to recover from the long journey, and flew on by Cathay Pacific Tri-Star to Tokyo on the Thursday, arriving at the new Narita airport in the evening where we were met and taken by coach to our hotel in Tokyo.

Early Friday morning we went to the docks to collect our cars. They had travelled well, apart from more than usual tarnish on the brightwork, but this was soon put right with Brasso and elbow grease! It was a relief that CR1909 started first swing on the handle and was soon waiting at the dock gates for the first drive in Japan. Although the Japanese drive on the same side of the road as us, there are a lot of them! Traffic was always formidable, and this first drive was typical of most of the rally – heavy traffic, but excellent road discipline and courteous road manners. We eventually left the docks to drive straight to the 23rd Tokyo Motor Show, where we were guests of honour and displayed our cars to the public. While the cars were on display we had complimentary tickets to the motor show – a very large exhibition with mainly Japanese cars, trucks and motor bicycles, but also a fair number of British, European and American cars exhibited. At about 4.30 p.m. we set off for the hotel, driving through the Tokyo rush hour! An evening reception was given by the British Chamber of Commerce, and on the Saturday we drove to the British Embassy where NHK – the Japanese "BBC" – interviewed us. The Ambassador was away, but his wife came to meet us, and came for a ride in my car when we discovered their home is in our home village of Abbots Ann! It rained all day, but in the afternoon we went on a coach tour of Tokyo. This rain continued into the evening, when we visited a Theatre to see some Kibuko classic acting before having our first Japanese meal. Somewhat tired, we returned to the hotel ready for the first Cathay Pacific presentation on the Sunday. We drove to a new area of Tokyo, and our cars were put on parade – parked on red carpets! A band was playing and we exchanged speeches and presents with local dignitaries!

Monday morning saw the start of the rally proper. We were to drive down the old Tokeido road from Tokyo to Osaka with excursions to Mount Fuji and the surrounding lakes. Two TV stations televised the start and a Buddhist priest blessed the cars and their drivers. It was a simple and delightful ceremony, and it must have done some good as we had no mechanical problems in any of the cars! We set off to drive across Tokyo, through Yokohama to Hiratsuka for lunch. The traffic was unbelievable – nose to tail lorries most of the way, and we began to realise why most Japanese seem to travel by train. We had four guide cars: the Cathay Pacific car, the Narita

security van, a modern Silver Shadow provided by Cornes, the Japanese Rolls-Royce distributors and the technical back-up car with two Rolls-Royce service engineers. This gave one guide car to ferry three Rolls-Royces on the rally, but even so there were moments when the traffic and traffic lights caused us to split up, and this was no fun at "V" junctions with what few road signs there were in Japanese! We reached Hiratsuka and after a short "welcome" ceremony were entertained to lunch by the Chujitsu-ya Department Store. These stores were huge and sold a vast range of goods – it seemed possible to do all the family's shopping at the one store, and it was a pleasant surprise to see a fair range of British clothes for sale even though they were very expensive. After lunch we continued the drive to Mt. Hakone, and on this stretch I managed to get lost after taking the wrong fork at a "V" junction! After about 5 miles the Rolls-Royce car found me! They were obviously very worried and the following day a radio contact was set up between the leading and the last car! (A 2 metre amateur radio link!). We spent the night at the Fujiya Hotel, a superb old Japanese hotel set in the mountains near Mt. Fuji. As we were to find throughout the trip, the welcome and hospitality was fantastic.



Midge Brua in 27AE, the only Silver Ghost in Japan.

Tuesday's drive was the most spectacular – we left the Fujiya Hotel very early and drove through the lake area round Mt. Fuji, pausing for lunch at Lake Yamanaka where the only known Silver Ghost in Japan joined us. In the afternoon we drove on to Shizuoka, but here the traffic won! The rally cars were split up and only three reached the welcome reception on time (this time I *didn't* get lost!). The local police, friendly helpers and Cathay Pacific went in search of the stragglers and, after

about an hour, we were all present. The welcome was the usual event with speeches, interviews, local TV coverage and presents – a cool evening with clear skies and a view of Mt. Fuji in the distance. After the reception, we drove on into the night, reaching our hotel rather late and very cold, and one car missing. This eventually turned up, but the message was clear that to drive in Japan you need an *experienced* guide – even our guide found it difficult to navigate!



Lynn Brua and Leonard Taylor in front of Mount Fuji.

Wednesday, took us to Nagoya, one of the larger cities in Japan. It fell to me to attend the welcome ceremony at the Town Hall where the mayor of Nagoya gave a speech of welcome and I replied on behalf of the rally! All very formal, but quite a privilege to have such a civic reception. By this time, the TV coverage was so great that everyone knew when and where we would be, and at each stopping point the streets were lined with Japanese cheering and waving Union Jacks. We carried a letter of greeting to each city from the British Ambassador to Japan as well as some Wedgwood plates specially commissioned with the Rolls-Royce "Flying Lady" mascot.

Thursday, we drove on to Gifu, stopping on the way at the Meiji Village for lunch. The Meiji village is a museum of buildings and transport dating from the time of the last Emperor – Emperor Meiji. A fascinating historical collection, all rebuilt in this village, including an early railway still "in steam". Gifu, an overnight stop, is famous for cormorant fishing – the birds having their wings clipped and a piece of rope tied (carefully) around their necks to prevent them swallowing the fish! Although the season was over, a local fisherman brought a cormorant to show us and explained how it was done. Not quite

as cruel as it seemed at first, but the RSPB might have a few words to say!

Friday morning, we took a cable car to the top of a mountain outside Gifu, Mt. Kinka, to visit a shrine and a nature park, and then down again to visit a Japanese lantern factory – a small factory practising a traditional art making the most delicate and intricate paper lanterns. After lunch, we drove on to Lake Biwa and the Biwako Hotel: very much a resort centre in a beautiful setting, but we were only there overnight before setting off for Osaka, the formal end of the journey down the old Tokaido road.

We reached Osaka in the afternoon – another huge city – and were welcomed in grand style with at least three TV stations there with lightweight TV cameras covering the event. Unfortunately, the weather broke and we drove on to our hotel in the rain. On the Sunday, we drove to the Expo Land where our cars were on show, while some of the party went to Hiroshima. Expo Land was the site of the 1970s World Fair and remains as the leisure park for Osaka. In spite of the rain we enjoyed the funfair with free passes to all the rides! At last we were more than one night at a hotel and time was more relaxed. On Saturday night, dinner was not pre-arranged so I entertained our two Japanese guides from Cathay Pacific with three other members of the rally. The Japanese chose a local gourmet restaurant and we had a fascinating meal. It was in a private room, tatami mats on the floor and panelled walls with cushions and a low table. Shoes off before entering! The meal went on and on with many delicacies, all delightfully presented. I am not sure what everything was, but I know that we ate the poisonous "Blow fish" that only specially licensed restaurants are allowed to serve (due to the danger of killing the customers!), as well as raw fish and seaweed. It was an unforgettable experience even if not a gastronomic delight...

Monday morning saw a 45 minute TV programme "Ohio Gasimusu" (Good Morning) at breakfast time where we were the main feature, before we drove off to Nara, a very old city and the first capital of Japan. Here we were taken by coach to the Todaiji Temple – the largest wooden building in the world and containing an enormous bronze buddha. The night was spent at the Hotel Heijo – a traditional Japanese hotel and another experience! On arrival it's "shoes off" at the entrance, men then go to their rooms and the

women to other rooms. Green tea is served in the room before you have a wash and a change into a Kimono – then into a communal bath; one for the women and one for the men. After soaking in this very hot bath you dress again in the kimono and all congregate for dinner (cross-legged on the floor again). A traditional Japanese meal with many small dishes, again difficult to establish just what you are eating, but most enjoyable! Lights out at about 10.30 p.m., and on returning to your room you find that beds have been made up on the floor. About 4 or 5 sleep in a room with the men and women in separate halves of the hotel! It was off again early the following morning for me, as Fuji TV in Tokyo had arranged for my car to be taken back to Tokyo for a TV programme. In spite of my requests to drive back, the car was put on a transporter and driven off. I later went back to Tokyo on the "Bullet" train to cover the 350 mile journey in about 3 ½ hours – maximum speed 125 m.p.h., and a train leaves for Tokyo every 12 minutes! The TV programme was a "Quiz" and I appeared for about 30 seconds, but it was interesting to see a TV station in Japan. I returned to Kyoto the following day by train, and the car was already back there having been returned by transporter overnight.

The rest of the time was spent in and around Kyoto – the capital city before Tokyo became capital – and then the sad day when we drove to the docks to put our cars into containers for the homeward voyage. We flew out of Osaka International Airport on Saturday, November 24th after two of the most interesting and enjoyable weeks imaginable. It was sad to say "goodbye" to George Olcott and Hayashi-san our two guides from Cathay Pacific, but this is one of the unfortunate things about modern travel – it's easy to see the world, but friends made are a long way away.

John Tanner

Rolls-Royce Owners Club of America Trophy

When the 20-Ghost Club visited the United States on the maiden voyage of the Queen Elizabeth II in 1969, the Rolls-Royce Owners Club of America very graciously presented us with a handsome trophy to commemorate the occasion. It was a Steuben glass vase, about 12 inches tall, mounted on a six-inch mahogany base. Since that time it has been on loan to the American Museum in Bath.

The members will be interested to know that the trophy is now back in the Club's possession, and will be on display at major functions.

Lynn Brua

20 GHOST CLUB/CATHAY PACIFIC TOUR OF JAPAN (or the CXY Rally) – November 1979

Thirty-one people left London Heathrow on November 6th, 1979 at the beginning of a journey which was to amaze and to delight, to startle and to surprise, sometimes to frustrate but never to bore. After a chaotic baggage transfer at Dubai and a quick stretch of the legs at Bangkok, Hong Kong was a welcome stop-over for a night's rest (except for Bryan Goodman who continued on to Tokyo to supervise the unloading and preparation of the cars). On to Tokyo to be met at the airport and taken to the Hilton Hotel by two young men who proved to be hard-working, caring, comforting, amusing, whatever-the-occasion-demanded companions, George Olcott and Katsu Toshi Hayashi.

On Friday the 12 cars were driven to the International Motor Show in Tokyo, where they created a great deal of enthusiasm and interest – what a splendid sight to see these cars ranging from 1912 to 1939 progressing majestically down the avenue to their display area. Even more splendid was the presentation of bouquets to 12 astounded drivers – astounded both by the lovely girls and by the novelty of receiving bouquets. Driving through the streets of Tokyo was quite a challenge and not to be underestimated, although one gentleman managed to stop and photograph at will. In the evening, a cocktail party and dinner given by Cathay Pacific and the British Chamber of Commerce, with the cars on display outside, was a happy occasion for the group and for all the other guests who were invited.

It rained the next day for a sightseeing tour of a Japanese garden where the ritual of the tea ceremony was demonstrated; and the view from the Tokyo Tower was marred by the poor visibility. After a Chinese lunch the cars were driven to the British Embassy where the rain reduced the number of spectators. The evening tour of Tokyo started with a visit to the traditional Kabuki theatre to hear and see a strange performance which succeeded in sending several members of the party to sleep. Our first Japanese meal of sukiyaki was tasted with some curiosity – most found it reasonably pleasant and sitting on the floor was made easy with having a well under the table (the one and only time). Lynn Brua in the role of a war-

lord being accepted by the geisha was the highlight of the visit to a geisha house, where audience participation in folk music and dance was encouraged. The night club which followed gave a welcome opportunity to sit on chairs, and the cabaret by the London Belles was very good and made us feel at home!

Some people took a trip to Nikko in the sunshine on Sunday when the cars were displayed at the Sumitomo Building, which is in a new development area with many young people and a lively carnival air. A red carpet was laid down, and when it was pointed out that these cars tended to drip oil, the reply was that this was the reason for the carpet! Wonderful views from the top of the building gave us our first glimpse of Mount Fuji. In the evening a short walk took us to a Japanese restaurant for a yakatori dinner which was most enjoyable. The food in Japan was always an adventure, and some of us found it delicious, although quantity was questioned by some. (This was either the cause or the effect of the neat, slender Japanese people). It was always arranged artistically on plates and we quickly learned to cope with chopsticks. Restaurants display mouth watering invitations to enter in the form of wax models of their wares which are beautifully made. But how some of us wished for slip-on shoes!



At Fuji TV Studios.

The theme of the journey was revealed the next morning with the blessing of the cars at the Hieshinto Shrine before their departure on the Tokaido Road – the old pilgrimage route to Osaka. TV filming took place at the shrine and later at the Fuji studios where we had a conducted tour; then lunch at a large store before driving along the coast and up a beautiful winding mountain road to the Fujiya Hotel on Mount Hakone, a charming and

welcome contrast to bustling Tokyo. The hotel, on the edge of an extinct volcano, had delightful gardens containing ponds and a watermill, and the autumn tints on the surrounding hills were seen to advantage in the superb weather. The next morning was enlivened by the sight of one gentleman being found up a tree where he said he was hanging about waiting for his luggage. Later in the day he nearly caused another war by pretending to toss grenades into army lorries full of Japanese soldiers! At the coffee stop at Yamanaka, three Japanese-owned pre-war Rolls-Royce cars joined the party which was an interesting surprise, as no one knew of any in the country. The lunch stop at Shiraito found 31 foreigners sitting on the floor eating with chopsticks, whilst the local populace sat at tables and chairs using knives and forks! The reception in Shizuoka was an exciting and emotional one – cheering throngs waving Union Jacks, the playing of Land of Hope and Glory, and the longest rendering of God Save the Queen ever heard, preceded a rather long night drive to Lake Kanazawa and the Sunza Village Hotel, which chilled a few in open cars and left a desire not to have too many such runs.

Wednesday, November 14th was a rather bad day: a delayed start and a petrol stop, plus very heavy traffic led to a late lunch of tempoyaki at the Higashiyama Garden Restaurant, and a reception at Shirakawa Park, where the delay and the cold had driven many people away. The Nagoya Kanko Hotel cocktail party improved matters enormously, and we could relax and chat with the Cathay Pacific staff and with the helpers from Cornes, the Rolls-Royce agents in Japan, and the security men. (These security guards did a great job in watching over the cars at night and when on display, and no one had any anxiety over their safety). By now the routine of evening briefing, loading and unloading of baggage, driving in convoys behind lead cars, etc. was established; and, although now and again a driver would take the "scenic route", most were grateful for the care of our escorts. The cars were behaving splendidly and only minor problems occurred, a puncture here and a sticking valve there, a rare push and an occasional stalling. Traffic was always a problem, especially to old cars, and driving through the multiplicity of traffic lights and traffic jams could be very frustrating. Of course this traffic congestion does encourage people to use the highly efficient railway system and the "bullet train" impressed those of us who used it.



At Lake Yamanaka in Hakone National Park.

We had a "day off" on Thursday to see the Meiji Village where rebuilt buildings of the pre-1912 Meiji period and an old steam railway made a peaceful interlude. An entertaining cormorant fisherman came to the Nagaragawa Hotel at Gifu that night to explain how the birds are used to catch fish: his grass skirt and his head scarf made him almost unrecognisable the next day in dark suit. Sightseeing in Gifu included a cable car ride to the Inuyama Castle at the top of Mount Kinka, where there was a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside and we had some fun feeding the squirrels. Everyone enjoyed seeing how paper lanterns are made, and some even enjoyed having hamburgers for lunch.

The next hotel at Lake Biwa was anticipated with apprehension after being briefed on the delights of a typical Japanese inn, therefore it was something of an anti-climax to discover that the lovely Japanese exterior concealed western-style rooms. The setting was most attractive at the side of a tranquil lake and we all appreciated the peaceful atmosphere.

The expressway to Osaka was relatively free of traffic, and the early arrival meant a leisurely picnic before another Land of Hope and Glory reception at the tallest building in the city – the end of the pilgrimage.

Sunday brought the second rainy day and, as the cars were to be left on display at Expo Land, several people took trips to Ise and Pearl Island or Hiroshima, leaving a handful to enjoy all the fun of the fair! The odensuki dinner at Mimiu in the evening revealed the group's growing enjoyment of Japanese food.



Daughter and mother by John Tanner's SG. at Meiji Village.

There was another TV filming early on Monday morning for the ABC TV Good Morning Show ("Ohayo gozai masu") which most of the passengers watched in bed, and then on to Nara. Several cars took the scenic route and arrived late for lunch in the beautiful Hanna Restaurant in Nara Park. The first permanent capital of Japan contains many interesting buildings, and we visited the Todaiji Temple and its huge bronze buddha, the Kasuga Shrine where several people bought "fortunes" – those who got "misfortunes" hung them on trees so that the gods would take care of the ill tidings, and the enthusiastic deer in the park managed to nip a few of us who did not feed them enough. The Hotel Heijo really was the promised treat of a Japanese inn, the rooms were for four ladies or gentlemen and bathing was in public, but segregated, baths. It was enormous fun and when nearly everyone came into dinner in kimonos it was clear that the oriental influence had penetrated deep! Although a certain amount of hilarity over stolen kimonos caused some to get to bed later than others, the morning produced the surprising fact that most had slept well despite being in the raw.

Kyoto was reached the next lunchtime, and the rest of the day was free for wandering around the small streets and arcades of this ancient city, (except John Tanner who was not lost again but was taking part in a TV quiz show with his car back in Tokyo). The Kinkakuji Temple, the Heian Shrine, the Kiyomizu Temple were all interesting but the "nightingale" floor in the Ninomaru Palace intrigued us most, as even the lightest foot-step produced a lovely cheeping sound. Alas, on Thursday, November 22nd the cars had to go to Kobe to be loaded into containers for the return journey, but to raise our spirits in the evening, a

fire broke out in the kitchen of the restaurant where we were dining – rumour has it that George Olcott wanted to be rid of his responsibilities but there is no evidence to support this.

In essence, the tour was a fascinating experience with memories of the plastic policemen, taxi drivers in white gloves, traffic lights, the orderliness of Japanese life, bustling cities and peaceful countryside, tight-packed houses with pretty roof-lines, green tea and saké. Lovely slender girls, delicate artistry, beautiful chrysanthemums, the cameras taking thousands of photographs of us, the unfailing politeness of the Japanese people and their warm welcome. Each of us will have our own special memories but everyone gives heartfelt thanks to Cathay Pacific whose organisation and generosity made this journey possible, and to their staff, Peter Sutch, Mike Hewitt, Hashimotosan, David Birch, Philip Chen, and of course our very own George and Hayashisan: plus the Cornes staff and the security men. Last but not least we are all grateful to Lynn and Midge Brua who worked so hard in planning this highly successful rally to Japan.

Alys Woolley

OBITUARY

H. B. POULTER

Skit as he was known as Secretary and friend to many members of our club, was suddenly and very sadly taken from us last November, after completing the RAC London to Brighton Run he loved so much. He went on that last event of his life as always, with his old and devoted friend, Fred Watson, sharing the driving of the "Gladiator".

Skit and Fred went on countless rallies together over the last 30 years or so, may well be even longer. Skit's preference was for the 1913 "Alpine Rolls-Royce", he adored it, more than any other.

Skit had that wonderful "Hail fellow well met" attitude, and one felt so refreshed from his very cheery smile and personal charm. He had a tremendous interest in anything mechanical, and was still developing his model railway, when the end came.

We send our sympathy to Sandra and her family. Skit will be missed very much by all of us.

J.G.H.

Combined Tour of Northamptonshire with the London Chapter of the Irish Georgian Society

Seven cars converged on Northampton, but the youngest, your correspondent's Silver Dawn, was skittishly showing severe symptoms of wishing to "fail to proceed". So six cars assembled in the forecourt of Northampton Station, temporarily imposing chaos on the regular users such as taxis.

Our pleasant task was to provide transport for members of the Irish Georgian Society's London Chapter on a tour of fine homes in Northamptonshire (many of which are not normally open to the public) and to contribute funds for the restoration of Georgian buildings in Eire.

Having extracted our cars from the forecourt mêlée, we were soon out of Northampton and into the peaceful rolling countryside. Our first stop was to see two-tone iron stone and limestone "Inigo Jones" paintings at Stoke Bruerne (the central portion of the housing no longer exists). Next, we headed for Chicheley Hall with its four different flamboyant brick façades with details copied from renaissance buildings in Rome. Here we had lunch, followed by a tour of the house with its memorabilia of Admiral Lord Beatty and the Battle of Jutland. After exploring the grounds, the shrill note of IGS organiser Nicholas Thompson's ARP warders whistle soon had us assembled and under way again.

Our next visit was to the most unusual building of the Tour – the Menagerie at Houghton, an "eye-catcher", all vermiculated façade at the front to be seen from the main house (no longer extant) and plain at the back which used to look out on to pens, moat and cages for the collection of animals. The interior of the Menagerie (restored from ruin by G. Jackson Stopps, Esq.) has a main room with superb plaster work, separated from ante-rooms by Doric Screens. Here we had tea looking out North across our cars and a cornfield to the site of the main house.

Then on we moved to Castle Ashby up the main central drive for a tour of the house and grounds as the evening sun dispelled the grey clouds. After a convivial dinner at the Falcon Inn in the village, we returned to Northampton to bed and substantial breakfast at Mrs. Lucie's colourful Landsdown Hotel.

After negotiating the sharp right-angled bends in the narrow brick-walled alley from the hotel car park, we were on our way to medieval Drayton Park which has never been sold but has always passed to succeeding owners by direct or indirect descent. After our tour of the house, we settled into our picnic lunch amongst the Wicker in the courtyard, with its later, Vanburgh-type en pante surmounted by stone swags, shields and spears. The lunch was organised by Honor McCulloch of the IGS and, particularly the four varieties of quiche, by Janet Valentine (the memory of the haddock-filled quiche lingers in the mind).

And on once again, this time to Kirby Hall, now a ruin, built to receive Queen Elizabeth I – but she never came. And so to the last house, Derne Park, the house of the Brudenells and of the late Earl of Cardigan. After tea in the shortly-to-be demolished Ball Room (built by the Earl of Cardigan) we returned to Northampton.

And the Silver Dawn, which was coaxed out of Northampton to the first village, where we chanced upon a retired Rolls-Royce Service Engineer and a lad who noticed, as dusk fell, tell-tale blue halo on the side of the distributor. A slight bend to a terminal tag and perfection was restored.

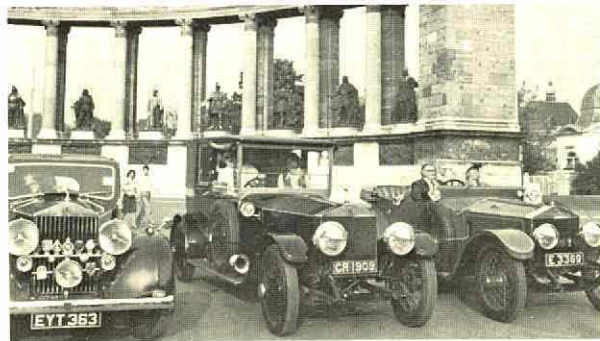
Our thanks are due particularly to Nicholas Thompson of the IGS for organising the tour and the comprehensive notes issued to the participants.

James Valentine



Cotswolds Tour: The Vice-President prepares to refresh parts not reached by other lubrication systems.

AUSTRO HUNGARIAN TOUR MEMORIES



Heroe's Square, Budapest, 1980 - Heathcote, Tanner and Wilkins.

At the Hungarian border post, we switched off the engine and waited patiently (while Anthony Heathcote turned round and departed to improve his visa). The cheerful border guards wanted to know what the Late and Early lever were for - there was no alternative but to switch on and waggle the lever. Luckily the engine started and all were impressed.

Although one didn't notice it on the way in, as we were about to leave Hungary, one did notice the wire fence and, on the Austrian side of the fence the strip of bare gravel - which is not recommended walking.

Knowing from bitter experience in Portugal and Norway that one should not chance driving up high passes with an Autovac, it was only the second sign for the Gross Glockner (and the brilliant sunshine) which tempted us to turn round and give it a try. Having paid our £6 entrance toll, we felt committed, but the dreaded petrol-vapourization struck before the toll booth was out of sight, and we had to pull into a layby for our picnic lunch (someone had previously turned the no-parking sign to face away from the road). Remembering an earlier suggestion the bonnet was opened and we proceeded up the pass (with occasional stops for water), mainly in first gear to keep the cooling air moving. On the descent the other side, we were delighted to encounter John Tanner's town-car bodied Silver Ghost making the ascent from the other side. A trip through a corner of Italy and a motorway over the Brenner pass returned us to the itinerary.

F. A. B. Valentine

A FEW NOTES ON THE TRIP TO AUSTRIA

We were warned about the food! Friends who accompanied us to Salzburg and returned home with us from Vienna, suggested going on a diet before setting out on this delightful holiday to Austria.

Our journey was uneventful, unless one counts our having to drive from Ramsgate to Dover because the channel was too rough for Hovercraft.

We took the dull route through Northern France at high speed, stopping only to show to our friends the fantastic Memorial at Verdun.

Our nights' stop was memorable for the excellent dinner which we enjoyed at Kinhotel Kniebis-Lawn in the Black Forest.

We battled this heavy German traffic on a motorway suffering from repair work, finally meeting the Club at Schloss Fuschl where everything was enchanting, even if they did put large flower pots on bends in the drive just asking to be crashed into by large Rolls-Royces.

I liked Salzburg and Geoffrey marvelled at the concentration of beauty and culture in Vienna.

We avoided being sprayed by the trick fountains, we learned a great deal about the Trappe family!!! (about whom our guide took every opportunity to tell us) - we sampled the delicious pastries at Tomaselli's and were lucky to be favoured with beautiful sunshine instead of SCHRURREGEN (Rope rain) for which Salzburg is well known.

By chance we discovered TRAUNKIRCHEN and saw the strange and extravagant fisherman pulpit in the church and grotesque carvings executed by a local artist, whom we met, and the unusual War Memorial in the rocks.

We enjoyed our brief visit to Durnstein and hope to revisit there one day.

Having heard how wonderful Vienna was, I felt disappointed until I reassessed my values. The Schwartzenburg was very grand (a few of us sneaked into a wedding reception and saw some

magnificent rooms). The Opera was an experience if only to see the "frocks" worn by women in the audience. All the Centre was enchanting, from the oval domes of St. Peter's and Karleskirche, to the gilded Otheve about which the lurmovists remark that her wisdom *stays outside* the Parliament building.

We learned that because of the eccentricities of the language "TONIGHT" can mean either "THIS EVENING" or "TOMORROW EVENING" according to the time of day the remark is made. Sacher Torte is alright but there are many more delicious cakes to be found at DEMELS, where the window display made of sugar was very artistic indeed.

The HORSES at the Spanish Riding School were clever but went on too long, and though I had an excellent view, I wished I had slipped out (as some did) and heard the BRUCKNER Mass in the Augustiner Kirche next door - a better performance and free.

Everyone was pleasant to us. We were delighted

by the countryside and the flower decked houses, painted Kaiser gelt yellow, many sporting attractive wall paintings, and the tall black capped church spires looked quaint.

We sadly bade farewell to the rest of the Club at Vienna because we had to return home. We wandered once more through the TRAUN Valley and on to Rosenheim, where we indulged in super food washed down with a SPATLESE and tasted the *real* KAISER SCHMARRN.

After encountering a political meeting at which Herr Strauss was speaking in Worms, we "did" Thiers and Luxembourg and spent our last night in the smallest town in the world, Durbury in Belgium.

One delightful memory of Austria - the piped music was usually Mozart.

Many thanks to Anthony for organising the trip which holds happy memories.

Betty Price

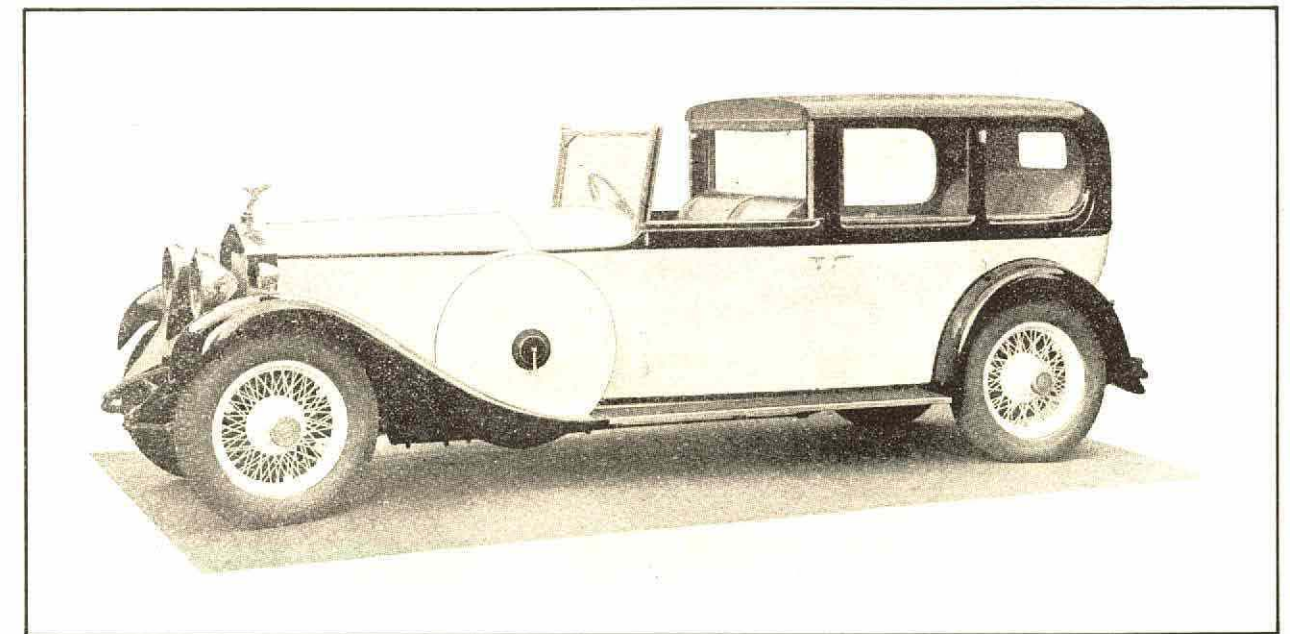
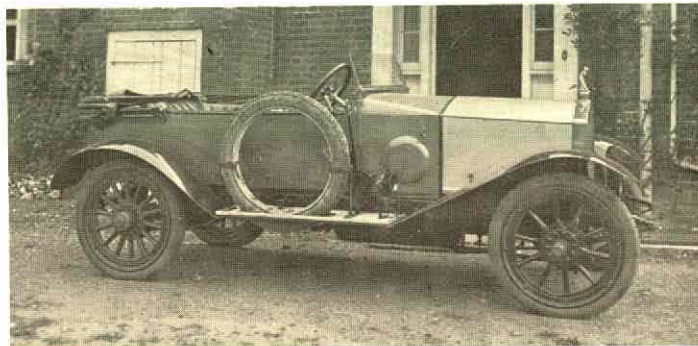


Illustration of a choice example of British coachwork mounted on a 40/50 h.p. "Rolls-Royce" Phantom II chassis with Park Ward Limousine-de-ville coachwork. This car is built on most handsome lines, luxuriously upholstered in West of England fawn cloth and soft black leather; cellulosed in ivory and black, and silver plated fittings throughout. It was exhibited at the Olympia Motor Show by Messrs. Park Ward & Co. Ltd., Coachbuilders, 473 High Road, Willesden, London, NW10, and sold by them on the opening day of the Exhibition to Mr. Edgar Wallace, the noted author and playwright. The whole job was a typical example of the highest degree of workmanship that was then attained by the British body builder.

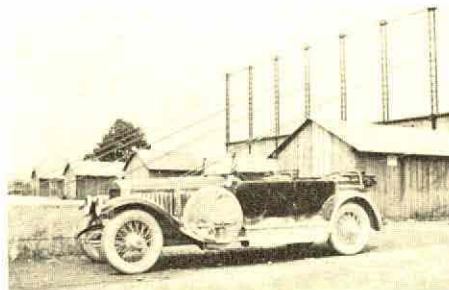
Extract from Motor Body Builder, 1930.



These photographs of a 1905/6 20 h.p. car were given to me by the late Mrs. V. Smith of Reigate, and show her father's car before and after he rebodied and modernised it. The Silver Ghosts were photographed when Mr. Smith was in the RNAS at Luxeuil in France.

The early Ghost limousine with sunshine roof is by Henri Labourdette and made for Monsieur Millerand.

Bryan Goodman



CLUB TROPHIES

We believe that more recent members might be interested to know about the Club's Trophies.

There are eight club trophies, seven of which are awarded annually, and one when in the opinion of the Committee there is a worthy recipient. None of the trophies can be won outright.

ALPINE TROPHY

One of two silver-mounted cut glass decanters originally given by the Archduke Leopold Salvator as one of the prizes in the Austrian Alpine Trials in 1913. It was won by James Radley and ultimately presented to the club by Rolls-Royce Ltd. Awarded to the owner of the car which gets the maximum marks between December 1st and the following November 30th for mileage and age according to the formula outlined below.

1. The car must be in the owner's possession throughout the period, but need not be driven by him (or her) in toto.
2. The prize is for the car. Owners of more than one car may enter them separately, but may not expect them to be aggregated for the trophy.
3. One mark is awarded for each mile covered during the period, irrespective of whether covered on business or pleasure, at home or abroad.
4. Multiplied by the complete number of years from the year of manufacture of the chassis to December 31st of the year in which each competition commences.

MESSERVY TROPHY

A silver salver presented in 1954 by Roney Messervy, who in the early years built up a happy liaison between the club and Rolls-Royce Ltd. He worked for virtually all his adult life with Rolls-Royce, ending up as Service Manager at Hythe Road. Awarded to the owner of the car which puts up the best aggregate performance in the concours d'etat/elegance and the driving tests. The same car must be used in both events and be driven by the owner in the driving tests.

DYMOCK-MAUNSELL TROPHY

Presented by Lt-Cdr. J. C. Dymock-Maunsell, R.N. in 1962. Awarded to the member who gets most marks for rally attendance, for distance driven to the events, multiplied by the square root of the age of the car, multiplied by the square root of the number of events attended. Tours count as one event. The age of the car is calculated as for the Alpine Trophy competition. Different cars may be taken to different events, but not more than one car may count at each event. The events to which this refers are promulgated in the circulars covering the event. The owner must attend the event to be eligible for marks.

STANLEY SEARS TROPHY

Presented by Mr. Stanley Sears in 1963 when he was President of the club. Awarded as a "Victor Ludorum" trophy to the member who gains the most marks for the Concours d'etat/elegance, driving tests, rally attendance, Alpine trophy and miscellaneous competitions. Marks are scaled as follows:

Concours d'etat/elegance, Alpine trophy and rally attendance, 100 to the top owner and remainder in proportion, driving tests, 100 penalty marks for the worst performance, remainder in proportion. If a member does not attend he will get no marks, but in the event of the driving tests he will subtract 150 penalty marks.

HARDING-ROLLS TROPHY

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

FERGUSON-WOOD TROPHY

Presented by Mr. H. F. Fergusson-Wood and is awarded to motor car owners who are under 30 years of age on the preceding 31st December, and members who have been elected for a period of less than two years on the preceeding December 31st.

Marks are awarded as follows:

Concours d'etat proportion of 100 compared to the marks of the best car present.

Driving tests. Penalty marks proportion of 100 compared to the marks of the car with the highest penalty.

Rally attendance. Five marks for each event attended including the Concours d'etat and the driving tests up to a maximum of five events. Tours to count as one event.

THE PHOENIX TROPHY

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

FERGUSON-WOOD PHOTOGRAPHIC TROPHY

Presented by Mr. H. F. Fergusson-Wood in 1973, this trophy is awarded for the best photograph of a club car or cars (preferably at a club event) taken and submitted by a member during each season.

Entries may be colour slides, colour or black and white prints.

TROPHY WINNERS

Alpine Trophy
Messervy Trophy
Dymock-Maunsell Trophy
Stanley Sears Trophy
Harding-Rolls Trophy
Phoenix Trophy
Fergusson-Wood Trophy
Fergusson-Wood Photographic Trophy

1978
N. M. Taylor
L. Brua
L. Williams
C. J. Curtis
F. W. Watson

1979
A. Taylor
C. Chapman
L. Brua
A. Heathcote
L. Brua
D. Wills
P. Heilbron

1980
J. E. Tanner
B. K. Goodman
L. Brua
L. Brua
A. Heathcote
Lord Elgin
B. Wooton



Events Calendar 1981

Spring Lunch at Effingham Park, Copthorne, Surrey

12th April

Irish Georgian Society Tour of Ireland – Organiser F. A. B. Valentine

Concours D'Etat at Guards Polo Club, Smiths Lawn, Windsor Great Park – Organiser: A. Heathcote
19th July

Scottish Tour – Organisers: Lynn Brua and Lord Elgin

26th September – 6th October

Winter Dinner and AGM

Early 1982
