

The 20-Ghost Club Record



Volume 22
1981/82



Photo Ken Smedley



20-Ghost Club Record

Volume 22

1981/82

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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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EDITORS NOTE

It was a bad case of delayed shock. Forty-eight hours after I had agreed to take on the editorship of the "Record" I began to worry, with visions of acres of empty paper waiting for non-existent contributions. Having spent the last twelve hours finalising the contents of this issue I'm beginning to realise how lucky I have been and how grateful I should be to those members who rallied round and made the job comparatively easy.

They say practice makes perfect so hopefully the next issue will be an improvement. My thoughts in this direction are towards better photography and an advance in layout and graphics. On the first point, we badly need an official photographer who has the Record in mind when releasing the shutter. Anyone prepared to help please write to me.

Readers correspondence is a good indication of the virility of any publication and I shall be greatly heartened if some members can find time to write about something so that I can get a correspondence page going.

Digby Wills

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Becoming Chairman in July 1981, succeeding Sir Thomas Lund, this is my first letter to our members in this capacity. Tommy passed away in April and his obituary will be found elsewhere in this issue. While on that sad subject I also want to note the deaths of Anthony Heathcote and Skit Poulter, both long-serving officers of the Club. Also J. O. Attlee, a founder member, C. G. Duce and Ralph Harrison well liked and respected senior members of the Club. They all are sorely missed.

Our events in 1981 were for the most part well attended and enjoyed, with our Concours d'Etat at the Midland Motor Museum attracting the largest participation for this annual affair in quite some years. On the other hand we had to cancel our Irish tour which had been planned with the Irish Georgian Society, for lack of participants. It seems that many people were too uneasy about the political situation in Ireland to want to go there.

The Scottish Highlands tour was our biggest event of the year and was much appreciated by the 22 who went on it. It is well reported elsewhere in this issue but I must express the thanks of everyone to our President, the Earl of Elgin, who planned and led it. With his wife Victoria he lent warmth and hospitality to a well-organised fortnight of splendid motoring.

Another important happening in 1981, while of a different sort, has been the appointment of a new Editor for "The Record". He is Digby Wills, long-time member and owner of a lovely 1921 Silver Ghost, for which he won the Phoenix Trophy in 1980 for the best restoration. Now he is doing the same thing for "The Record", restoring it to its former high standard. This issue will be his first, and if his care and devotion to it are any criteria it should be good. Sight un-seen, I say thank you Digby.



In his last Chairman's Letter, Sir Thomas called for more members to volunteer to organise events. The call has born some fruit because Lord Elgin has joined the small number of those who have organised major rallies, and it appears that our biggest event in 1982 will be handled by one of our newer members. However, I would like to echo Tommy's plea for a few more volunteers in this field, particularly among our overseas members. If any of you have an interest in arranging a tour of your country let me know and together we will see what can be done. Over the years we have demonstrated our fondness for ambitious foreign trips—with Russia, Japan, Norway, Portugal, and Austria/Hungary to name only some, so let us think big again.

I end on the matter of membership. This year new members probably just balanced our losses. While not seeking substantial growth we do want to remain vigorous, so suitable new members are always being sought. As our former Chairman Phil Taylor once said, there are bigger Rolls-Royce clubs than ours, just as there are more Fords than Rolls-Royces. We are not striving to be largest but we do want to maintain our special quality, in keeping with the quality of our motor cars.

With the best wishes of the season and a happy new year.

Yours faithfully,

Lynn A. Brua

November 1981

LUNCH AND DRIVING TESTS — EFFINGHAM PARK

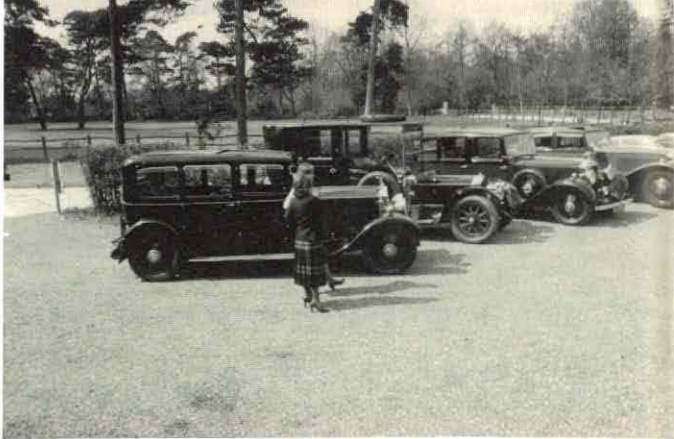
SUNDAY, April 12th 1981

Effingham Park, near Cophorne in Surrey, proved to be a delightful setting for the spring lunch on Sunday 12th April. There was plenty of space to conduct the driving tests, the modern, attractive museum was an interesting diversion when members could tear themselves away from their own cars, and even the weather was kind to us.

Bryan Goodman was the organiser of the event and, in the manner of all great generals, he skillfully delegated the work of running the driving tests to an able lieutenant, the writer of this article. (If any bias creeps in to the glowing description of the superb organisation and fantastically well-run event, I am sure everyone will understand and forgive!).

The driving tests called for sound judgement, manoeuvrability, and a lot of skill—which were not always forthcoming! However quite a number of members brought their cars to compete, to enjoy the day out, and to laugh at others' mistakes—there were several Silver Ghosts, a few Phantoms, some 20/25's and sundry other vehicles to grace the car park. The Goodman and Woolley families were kept busy measuring and recording penalty points (ably assisted by John Tanner). Drivers were expected to park in difficult areas, negotiate a slalom, judge stopping distances—rolling to a stop on a slight uphill gradient caused a lot of problems and laughter; they were lucky, I nearly laid out the course in the other direction!

A look around the museum before lunch revealed a fine collection of interesting vehicles and we sat down to lunch with an elegant Rolls-Royce and a Bugatti looking on. The very pleasant lunch was enlivened by the boxer Alan Minter strolling



around to look at the cars on display; then we returned to the second round of tests. After the serious (?) competitors had completed the course, several non-competitors joined in and I was made to drive Peter Heilbron's PII as a penance for making everyone undergo such an ordeal—and did abominably badly! Two of these non-competitors actually achieved the best performances of the day, Bryan Goodman and Harry Payne curator of the Effingham Park Motor Museum, both in Silver Ghosts. Several ladies displayed their skills at the wheel, showing their menfolk how (and how not) to cope with the course.

The three winners were all driving 20/25s—1st was John Squire with 193 penalties, 2nd was Geoffrey Price who had been protesting all day that he had never done this sort of thing before, and 3rd was Nicholas Taylor who had driven 161 miles just to be there, quite splendid. Congratulations to these three and very many thanks to everyone who came along and helped make this a happy day for us all.

Alys Woolley

20 GHOST CLUB — Concours d'Etat
19th July 1981

The Midland Motor Museum at Bridgnorth houses perhaps the finest collection of motor cars reflecting one man's taste that I have ever seen. Bob Roberts is a member of the 20-Ghost Club and his two Phantom IIs normally in the museum were out on parade when we arrived. Most of the cars are fast and many have racing histories. My interest is in the earlier cars and I remember a 30/98 Vauxhall and a Hispano Suiza. Every one of the cars looks ready to be driven, which it is not possible to say of any other museum I have visited.

The venue was part of the car park opposite the bird garden, but the line-up of cars was most impressive. Derek Silcock in his Wraith (which suffered maladies on his way home), Henry Wilkins in his red Ghost tourer 5LB, Michael Hawley brought both his 1911 double limousine as well as his 1925 Springfield tourer with long chassis. Welcome as a spectator were Nigel Fredrick and family. The Ghosts of Digby Wills and Bryan Goodman were present but Brian Wootton brought a very pretty and properly original 20/25 sports saloon by H. J. Mulliner. Andrew Taylor brought his fiancée in his 20/25 limousine and Nicholas Taylor came with new member Bryan Corser in a most interesting 1926 Phantom I with tourer body, and their parents brought their newly acquired Shadow drophead.

P. S. V. Greenwood and F. A. Phillips came in Shadows too, while Claude Curtis arrived in his well known Cloud I.

It was an uncanny feeling to see "EYT 363" at the right of the line. Anthony Heathcote had only died a few weeks before and yet Micky and the Leo Williams family had kept up the tradition that this car should be with us.

Geoffrey Price came in his 20/25 and our faithful secretary, Lynn Brua, in his PII Hooper Continental Saloon which complemented the Thrupp and Maberley saloon and the very elegant Barker tourer of our host Bob Roberts.

Outdoing us all was new member Tony Bourne who had invited friends to drive his 20 h.p. doctor's coupé thus necessitating his driving another car. His left hand drive Packard V-12 of 1916 should have caused more technical interest than it did as it was to be another twenty years before Rolls-Royce produced their first V-12.

We all picnicked amongst the cars and visited the bird garden and museum until the results were announced. The judges were Bob Roberts and Michael Barker, the museum curator. It was thus not judged to Club Concours rules and thus produced different winners. For this I was delighted as I was awarded first prize with my Ghost 1779 and Derek Silcock was second with his Wraith.

Bryan Goodman



Spring Driving Tests 1981 — Effingham Park, Surrey										
RESULTS										
Mileage to Event	Competitor		Garaging	Wheel Distance	Slalom	Parking	Gate Swing	Rolling Stop	Total	
32	Digby Wills	S.G.	58	80	12	10	62	30	252	
N/A	Jack Woolley	S.G.	45	40	5	—	—	—	—	
9	Bryan Goodman	S.G.	27	10	14	25	45	1	122	Non-Comp.
N/A	Harry Payne (Curator, Effingham Park Motor Museum)	S.G.	30	17	35	6	56	1	145	Guest
33	Derek Silcock	PI	48	183	—	—	30	30	—	
23	Lynn Brua	PII	58	62	34	53	50	0	257	
9	Peter Heilbron	PII	108	55	27	48	11	0	249	
45	Geoffrey Price	20/25	56	16	8	64	64	6	214	2nd
161	Nicholas Taylor	20/25	77	89	7	12	30	12	227	3rd
50	John Squire	20/25	18	103	1	30	28	13	193	1st
32	Anthony Heathcote	25/30	104	12	50	33	22	4	229	
N/A	Guest of Anthony Heathcote	25/30	42	17	80	16	2	12	179	Guest

Bryan Goodman, Secretary of the Meeting

CONTINENTAL PHANTOM II's SOLD OR KNOWN BY PADDON BROS.

Hugh Keller has spent most of his life alongside or inside a Rolls-Royce car. Of all the models made by Rolls-Royce before the last war he admires the Phantom II and likes best the Twenty. He has tabled here a history of PII sales made by Paddon Bros. which may spark off a series of follow-up articles to bring the records up-to-date. Do I hear members picking up their pens to dash off reminiscences? (Ed.)

GX	JS	MS	MY	MW	PY	RY	SK	TA	UK
6	60	24	14	31	8	9	4	27	5
49	82	36	20	45	42	47	8	29	42
51	83	72	62	55	158	55	96	53	
58	84	74	74	71		57	138	109	
60		98	94	73		83	154	131	
65		104	134	99		165	170	161	
67		116	140			175		179	
		122				197			
		132				199			
		148				201			

Notes on some of the Chassis mentioned on the attached list

6-GX We sold and bought back this car eight times—twice to Lady Apsley who had previously been crippled in a hunting accident.

49-GX This was a great friend of mine as I used to see it and it's owner, Sir Harry Peat, on my drive to London each morning. He sold it to a Mr Matthew Prior who brought it to us for renovating mechanically and bodily, the latter being done by Caffyn's of Worthing.

51-GX This must have been rebodied just prior to the war as when we had it in 1940 it had the body shown in Mr Raymond Gentile's book. Paddon sold it to a well known gynaecologist who later on changed it with us for 31-TA, a one-off Thrupp & Maberley open tourer which I bought in Exeter and drove to Liverpool. A rather disappointing car and according to the gynaecologist not nearly such fun to drive as 51-GX.

58-GX Captain Roland Orred was a great friend of Paddon Bros. and he and I stood over Mulliners while the body was being built to his special requirements.

Previously he owned Phantom I Chassis No. 62-NC, a small very light Mulliner Weymann saloon which we had built for him.

60-GX Sold to the Earl of Ivor in 1933 for a birthday present for his son who afterwards was killed in the last war. All the lamps were black finish and the sidelamps were mounted on the front windscreen pillars.

60-JS When we bought it in the early 1960's we got with it the original four page registration book which showed that it had not been used since before the war and no petrol had been issued with it. I think it had white dial instruments and a white steering wheel. Originally an experimental chassis—see Mr Gentile's book.

Some time before I had purchased a Stephen and Grebel searchlight hoping one day to attach a PII to it. Caffyn's did this for us when they repainted it dark green and black—previously pale green over dark green. I sold it to Mr Frank Hand—a prominent member of the R.R.O.C.

82-JS Sold to an old friend of Paddon's who had previously owned a Twenty Hooper saloon and then PI 62-NC ex Roland Orred. When he died his son took over the car and shipped it out to either Kenya or Malaya.

83-JS Sold new to a Mr de Zayas who had a chateaux at Isere, in the south of France. Hooper built the sports saloon body and to cut import duties into France it was painted shop grey with black leather upholstery and Paddon used it for a month or two and it was left outside in our yard. During the war it was hidden in a barn and then shipped to the States. I heard nothing about it until ten or so years ago when I got a letter from his son saying that his mother would like to send it back to us for renovations. Wood & Pickett did the coachwork and repainted it white. I managed to get another Stephen & Grebel searchlight to replace the original which had been stolen. Mr de Zayas' son took it back to Isere but I have not heard anything from him since then.

24-MS Sold new to Mr Jo Shenley, a most delightful old gentleman and a tremendous enthusiast. He lived in one of the big houses in Belgrave Square and also had a lovely house at Studland Bay. Before he bought 24-MS and when I first knew him in 1928, he had a 33/180 Mercedes open tourer in which I drove him and his valet to Deauville. After that he bought PI 21-CL from us straight off Hoopers stand at Olympia in 1928 and did it again in 1929, this time a PII—both cars were Sedancas. He also bought a new twenty h.p. Weymann from us in 1927 which he gave to his daughter. She had married a member of the Belgian Embassy and the twenty was afterwards rebodied by Van den Plass Brussels who produced a very attractive foursome coupé. 24-MS was specially built for Mr Shenley by Thrupp & Maberly painted Mercedes red with special red leather upholstery which they got from Germany.

What a thrill I got in helping to build this glorious motor car.

36-MS Had, I believe, been laid up in North Wales for many years. It is a Hooper Sports Saloon. We sold it to Lynn Brua, Chairman of the 20-Ghost Club, in early 1961. The original owner had been C. P. Chester of Eastern Parade, Swansea. Lynn paid us £850 for it.

72-MS Was a Barker Sedanica with the longest bonnet I have ever seen. It continued right up to the windscreen. We bought it from one of the big agents and I got the price down because this special bonnet had rivets which indicated to me that it had not got synchro mesh gears and was less valuable.

122-MS Was reputed to be the original owner's Christmas present to his wife. A curious car because it appeared to have done a very low mileage—around 20,000—but had passed through many hands. This was in 1946 so probably speculators had got hold of it.

31-MW My advice was sought by Mr Duce, it's present owner, as to whether he should buy it. Quite one of the most attractive PII's ever built and in really original condition.

45-MW Bought through Noel Coward's girl friend, sold twice, the second time to Paul Woudenburg—another R.R.O.C. friend. He and I collected it from it's then owner's garage and drove it back to London—afterwards shipping it to California.

73-MW Reputed to have belonged to Sir Laurence Olivier. An unusual body as it was a full length Barker Sedanica which would have looked much better on a long chassis.

99-MW A most attractive Freestone & Webb sports saloon bought new by Dr. Dix Perkin who lived in Ovington Square just by our works in Cheval Place. He had had his second spare wheel and bracket stolen and I managed to get the last replacement from Hythe Road.

55-MW Owned by the Worthington Brewery family with the lovely registered no. of E-303.

It had been laid up throughout the war and for some reason the spring gaiters had been removed and the chassis steam cleaned. In consequence the springs had gone rusty and the car was almost completely unsprung.

8-PY Was a standard Barker sports saloon in 1954. See Mr. Gentile's book on the Continental Phantom II's.

42-PY Sold to a Mr Anthony Gibbs who wrote about it and Paddon Bros. in a book.

158-PY I first saw it in it's owners garage somewhere in Essex. He was a relative of the first owner and I put him in touch with Mr. Maidment who bought it and took it with him to South Africa. On it's return to the U.K. it was sold at Christie's for, I think, £14,000.

It appeared for sale again a year or two ago after a fair amount of restoration.

9-RY We sold this to a friend of Shane Chichester who was R.R.'s southern area inspector.

My wife and I drove it down to South Wales.

47-RY I remember taking this to Hythe Road and getting Jack Thornton, their head tester, to see if they could improve the steering which was liable to semi-seize on full lock. He certainly did improve it.

165-RY A superb car which I drove quite a lot before selling it to John Anderson, a member of the 20 Ghost Club. It had belonged to the Mac-Alpine family and it's second registered no. was BSW-1.

154-SK A very lovely low mileage Thrupp & Maberly saloon which we sold to a Colonel Dickson. On his way home he was run into by a huge lorry. His wife was killed and the car was a write off. Curiously enough the body was not badly damaged and we had it renovated and altered to fit a 1935 20/25 chassis. It was eventually bought by another member of the 20-Ghost Club who had it, I believe, until he died a short while ago.

170-SK One of Sir John Leigh's cars with the large instruments. The rear part of the Freestone & Webb saloon body had been very well extended to form a shooting brake but in appearance it had been ruined.

29-TA Bought and sold twice, the second time to Frank B. Cox who owned a well known restaurant in St. Rafael, California. He sent us wonderful food parcels during the time we were rationed.

53-TA Sold to a Mr. Heinke who had owned the Phantom I ex. Orred & Lorraine Young.

109-TA Bought with two bodies. The original extremely attractive Barker razor edge sports saloon had been removed by it's woman owner who had substituted a Weymann enclosed limousine taken off her PI. This we scrapped and put back the Barker. The mileage was absurdly low—around 20,000—and I remember Paddon writing to me in Freetown, where I had been appointed just before war was declared, saying he was having great difficulty in selling it for £450. There is a picture of it in Dalton's *Elegant R.R.'s* centre of page 48.

161-TA An attractive—possibly one off—Thrupp & Maberly 4'some coupé in excellent order which I remember selling to a friend in the U.S.A. for £350 in 1959. Also in Dalton's book.

5-UK I knew this car when it was owned by a Mr Gresham who lived in Yorkshire. The body was built by Kellner but I would say it was an exact copy of a Thrupp & Maberly similar to 29-TA and 22-PY which is shown, together with 161-TA, in Dalton's book on page 216.

42-UK Owned by an old friend of mine and a very keen R.R. owner who had had Ghosts, Phantom I's and a Phantom III. In 1964 he ordered from us a new Silver Cloud III which between us and with wonderful co-operation from R.R. we managed to have finished to his specification as far as was possible with a standard model.

That was the time when we were able to order direct from R.R. and not as now through an agent who one hardly knows.

Sadly he died quite soon afterwards having driven it only 11,000 miles.

Hugh Keller

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S NEW ROLLS-ROYCE

An overcast Saturday, July 8th, 1939 saw a two car cavalcade wend its way north toward Ayot St. Lawrence to the suburban London estate of British playwright extraordinaire George Bernard Shaw—a shiny new chocolate brown 25/30 HP Wraith with Freestone and Webb limousine coachwork in the lead. In the party was Mr. Godfrey Barnsley of Godfrey Barnsley, Ltd. of 54 Baker Street, a Rolls-Royce distributor; a Mr. Day, G.B.S.'s chauffeur; a senior dignitary from Rolls-Royce, Ltd.; and Mr. Stuart Macrae, a journalist for *The Motor* magazine. It began to sprinkle large raindrops just as they pulled into the lane leading to the residence. The pilgrimage stopped; the "committee" emerged.

"It would rain. Looks as if it's set in, too," someone said glumly. "Even if he comes out I don't see how he can be expected to stand about in the rain to pose for a photograph. Why, he's eighty-two, isn't he?"

"Mr. Shaw is eighty-three," the chauffeur corrected with poise, "... and here he comes."

Head erect, white hair and beard akimbo in the breeze, he comes marching out of the house, looking a bit puzzled to see so many people waiting for him. It was explained that several photos of him accepting his new Rolls-Royce were hoped for.

"Photographs of the car you want—oh, and me as well? Right. Let's go ahead then," he said cheerfully. "What's that—it's raining? Yes, it often does," said Mr. Shaw, dismissing the subject with a wave of the hand. He spent the next several minutes getting wet inspecting his new car as several photographs were taken. "How about one of me getting in? Day can be holding the door." Mr. Shaw looked suitably impressed when the bonnet was raised. "How many cylinders has it got?" he asked.

"Six, sir," said the expert.

"Only six! It looks as if it ought to have at least sixteen. A wonderful piece of work, the modern car—or so a neighbour assures me. What are those things in front?"

"Those are the twin horns."

"Funny things, horns. I remember I had one called a Gabriel horn. I thought rather a lot of it until one day when I was going up somebody's drive and I let it off to advise them I was coming. When I arrived they asked me if I'd run over a donkey at the gate."

"Are you going to drive this car yourself, Mr. Shaw?" the journalist asked.

"I doubt it. I suppose it's easy enough to handle, but my reaction time is getting slow, you know. I don't know why on earth they let me have a driving licence at my age. I'm not safe. They should refuse to renew it. Besides, I think too much of Day, my chauffeur, to risk his life by taking the wheel. He's a married man with children. Mind you, I used to drive quite a lot. I had my first car in 1908—a Lanchester. Later on I was the proud possessor of a straight-eight Lanchester with a Harmonic balancer, some kind of musical instrument. In between I owned a Lorraine-Dietrich. I told Mr. Barnsley about that one last time" (in October 1935 when his prior 20/25 HP Rolls-Royce was delivered.).

Mr. Barnsley had supplied cars to Bernard Shaw for the past 18 years. One of the special features on all Mr. Shaw's cars was a parcel net extending the width of the division. Mr. Barnsley was proud of this year's innovation, a Clayton-Dewandre rear interior heater. Commenting to the journalist, Mr. Barnsley related, "Mr. Shaw always likes to ride in front with the chauffeur, Mrs. Shaw at the back. His new Wraith has a special front seat with a high back, which enables him to sit bolt upright, and at the same time rest his head against the upholstery."

"The trouble with my driving," G.B.S. continued "is that I'm easily put off. In the early days of motoring I hired a car to go down to the coast, and it collapsed on the way. That put me off. Another time, when I'd just changed my car, I thought I'd try running the new one home from the station. I did everything just the same as usual, and found myself shooting out of the yard at thirty-five miles an hour instead of my customary fifteen. That put me off, too. Then one day I was going along a narrow lane near here, when the car I was driving physically encountered one coming from the opposite direction driven by a lady. I don't know whose fault it was, but that really put me off. So nowadays, except now and then when I run the little car down to the village, I'm content to be driven. Anyway, I generally want to read when I'm motoring."

The inspection completed, Mr. Shaw invited every one into the house. "Please help yourselves to tea. I never take it myself. That dish might be hot, by the way. If it is, I advise you just to drop it. And now, wasn't there a document of some sort you wanted me to see, Mr. Barnsley, in our car exchange?"

There was. It was produced.

"There seems a lot of it to read," was his comment. "Oh, I've got to sign it, have I? That's all right then; I needn't read it after all. It doesn't do to read anything that has to be signed. If you do that you can't repudiate it afterwards."

A copy of *Mein Kampf* was lying on a side table. Seeing that the journalist had spied it, G.B.S. commented, "Hitler's a clever fellow. Generally manages to get what he wants. His grammar's bad, though. There isn't a decent sentence in the whole book."

He returned from his writing desk in the corner with the document duly signed. "That completes the transaction, doesn't it? Right! Well, now I'll tell you something about the old car—something I was keeping quiet about until you'd taken it over. That car has a peculiarity. It whistles when another one passes it coming the other way. You ask Day! He tried to find out the cause, but he never succeeded. There's nothing wrong, of course, but it just goes 'Woosh.' I thought you'd like to know about it."

Mr. Barnsley seemed untroubled. He might even, he thought, be able to charge extra for the whistle.

"I shall quite miss it on the new car," admitted Mr. Shaw. "We'll be away for a holiday in the new Rolls-Royce in a week or so, now that I've finished my new play—it's a historical one, about Sir Isaac Newton... but I must go and do some work."



Back toward London wove the caravan with now a used 20/25 HP brown Rolls-Royce to the rear. It was still raining. Mr. Day in the garage was probably at work leathering down the rain-drop-bejeweled big luggage trunk at the back of the new purchase, FAR200.

Reference: *The Motor*, July 18th, 1939.

W.L.

20-GHOST CLUB FIRSTS

Some of the newer members may not realise that although small in numbers the 20-Ghost Club has the right to claim many firsts.

Cars and members on the Maiden voyage of the QE11 to New York. The first western motor club to visit Soviet Russia since the 1917 Revolution. The first motor club to visit Japan (with cars). Represent the United Kingdom at the celebrations of a treaty of alliance between England and Portugal 600 years ago. The first motor club to visit the Norsk Hydro heavy water plant at Telemark, Norway accompanied by the Officer in charge of the raid on that eventful night in the Second World War.

Philip Taylor

CLUB SHOP

Car Badges

Red or black enamelling. Deposit £10 with £8 refundable on return.

Ties

£5 including postage.



Cufflinks and Brooch

Once again we are able to offer sterling silver cufflinks enamelled with Club emblem and RR logo in red. They make an ideal birthday gift for a member who has several gold sets of cufflinks but none in silver. **Lady members please note** price only £20.

Also we now have similar design as a brooch or lapel pin **Gentlemen members please note.** Price only £12.

Send your cheque to: B. K. Goodman.

SIR THOMAS LUND, C.B.E.

Sir Thomas Lund, "Tommy" to his wide range of friends and acquaintances, died in London on 20th April 1981, age 75. He had been a member of the 20-Ghost Club for many years and its Chairman from January 1978 until his death.

He was educated at Westminster in London and became a solicitor in 1929 but only spent a year in practice before joining the Law Society in 1930. He became Secretary-General in 1939 and when he retired, 30 years later, became Director-General of the International Bar Association until 1978. His last years were spent as a Consultant to the London firm of solicitors Kidd, Rapinet, Badge and Co. and Yarde and Loader.

During his many years at the Law Society he carried out an expansionist policy which radically changed its image and greatly raised the standing of solicitors both in the United Kingdom and abroad. He created The Legal Aid and Advice Scheme which served as a pattern in many other places in the world and in 1947 played a major role in establishing the International Bar Association. In 1962 he set up the College of Law in Britain and served as its first Chairman from 1962 to 1969, and also inaugurated the British Academy of Forensic Sciences. From 1963 to 1979 he was Secretary-General of the International Legal Aid Association.

Under his leadership the Law Society organised the first Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference in London in 1955 and the Conference with the American Bar Association in 1957. The following year the Queen bestowed a knighthood on him.

Tommy was a brilliant after-dinner speaker and colorful raconteur, as those who have attended our recent Winter Dinners will know. He once said he spent one hour of preparation for each minute of speaking, an indication of his high standards in all things.

The Club sends its condolences to Lady Lund and their daughter Robina.

Lynn A. Brua

ANTHONY HEATHCOTE

Major Anthony Heathcote who was a Vice-President of the 20-Ghost Club for many years died after a short illness in May 1981. Those of us who knew Anthony were given the opportunity to know 2 people in one body. The one Anthony was very kind and happy and the other really tested our friendship to the limit; at times he made it very hard for us to keep liking him. He was the brilliant organiser of many Club tours, as witnessed by those who went to Portugal, Norway, Russia etc. He knew Europe "like the back of his hand". He could, I think, speak 8 or 9 languages, but, he did mumble. I often used to tell him that whilst Clare, Mrs. Heathcote, only spoke English she was always understood, he with his 8 or 9 was never understood. I spent many, many hours with Anthony and I got to know so much of his history. How as a 7 year old boy in the native quarter of a North African town his grandmother dropped dead at his side leaving him completely alone and bewildered amongst strangers. How Anthony got his men home after the fall of France in 1940. How he went behind the Iron Curtain and brought out an important person to the West (this within the last 2 years). All this and so much more. He did not tolerate stupid people and I think his four words "go away, go away" were a very effective way of dealing with such people. Although it did not seem to work with a Norwegian ferry captain. The ferry continued to circle whilst Anthony marched up and down one side of the bridge and the captain the other side. They seemed like 2 bears in a cage until I calmed them both down. How he almost caused us heart attacks! I believe he got up to his tricks in Japan, was arrested and was only released on the good offices of his friends. He loved to be awkward. For instance he would park his Rover anywhere, doors unlocked, windows and sun shine roof open, ignition keys in the lock. It would appear obvious to the untrained eye that he would only be leaving the car for a few minutes but not so, Anthony would leave the car for 4-5 hours, return and find a safe car with no parking ticket. I will admit his car was fitted with a secret immobilising device. He once took my Phantom V and parked it in Piccadilly Circus opposite Eros and for two hours he stood on the kerb and watched whilst police and traffic wardens made special efforts to look the other way. However I must admit on one occasion Anthony's advice on parking and how to deal with a subsequent fine ultimately cost me £26.

Anthony's 25/30 was always a great credit to him, it was not just a show piece but driven like a young racing car. Out to the Middle East, to Czechoslovakia, to Spain and of course to most of the 20-Ghost events. He considered that a front number plate was unnecessary ("One does not need to identify who is going to hit one—it is only necessary when leaving having done so"), and a road fund tax disc upset the looks of a car and although he had both in the car it took me a long time to persuade him to put both in the correct place.

Anthony had a restless soul and he always wanted to be going somewhere. I live approx. 125 miles from his home and one Boxing Day about lunch time we received a telephone call. Anthony had decided to take his Rolls for a "little" run round and he was calling from a telephone box approx. 4 miles away from us. We had a very happy unexpected Boxing Day together. We will miss the postcards which he sent from all over the world. We particularly treasure one from Red China which just read—"Allanging Lolls-Loyce Lally, Anthony".

We members of the Club who knew Anthony will miss his drive, his enthusiasm to get things done and his restless soul. May he now rest in peace.

P.J.T.

TROPHIES — WINNERS 1981

Fred & Joan Watson:

Bryan Goodman 1911 Silver Ghost

Alpine:

Andrew Taylor 20/25

Messervy:

G. Price 1936 20/25

Dymock-Maunsell:

Bryan Goodman 1911 Silver Ghost

Stanley Sears:

Lynn Brua 1932 P11

Harding-Rolls:

Lord Elgin (organising Scottish Tour)

Phoenix:

Nicholas Taylor 1933 20/25

Fergusson-Wood Photographic:

Ken Smedley

Fergusson-Wood:

J. R. Hand

NEIGE et GLACE RALLY

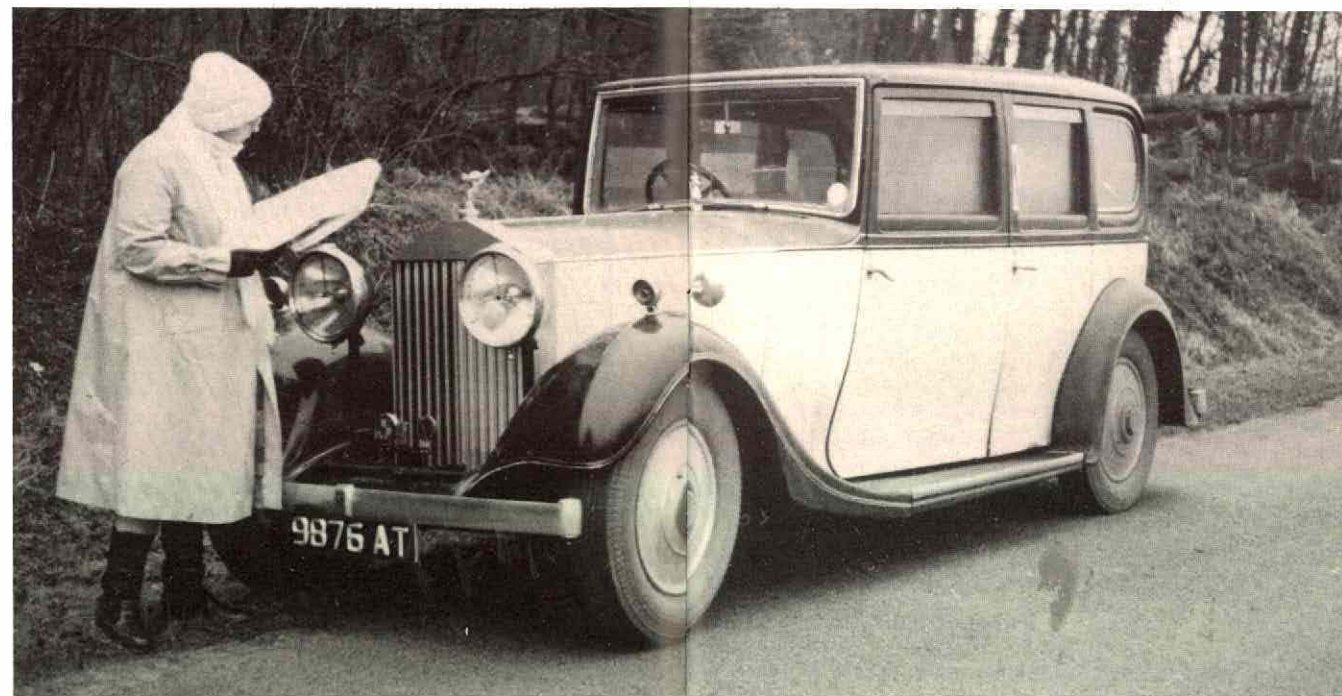
On receiving an invitation from the 4 A's of Grenoble in October 1980 to the 8th Neige et Glace Rally at Les Menuries and Val Thorens, it seemed rather a good idea to combine old car motoring and skiing in one holiday. An international cheque applied for and the entry form filled in; the next question was what car to go in? Emma, the 20 h.p. tourer, gorgeous, but not really the car to drive about 2000 miles on salty roads in January. Berkeley, my brother Nicholas' 20/25 Hooper Sports saloon, again very nice but a bit slow, paintwork too good and will the skid chains fit? (more about that later). Rupert, my 20/25 Rippon limousine, paintwork fair, quite fast and the skid chains fit (or did when Rupert competed in the 6th Neige et Glace). Zebedee, the Bentley, was not quite finished—no hood or windscreen yet. The decision was made and Rupert looked forward to another trip to the French Alps in January. My sister, Sue, said she would come as 'co-pilote' as the French say.

Next thing was to plan what to take besides clothes and essential rally equipment i.e. snow chains, shovel, tow rope, the usual red triangle, fire extinguisher and first aid kit. I had quite a list of things to check on Rupert, but in the end after a bad case of flu I only checked the oil, topped up the screenwasher and put 50% anti-freeze in the cooling system (essential because of the expected 20° of frost).

We left at 6.30 pm with a very full car for the sensible Channel crossing from this area—Southampton - Le Havre. We made good time to Southampton so had a rather nice dinner at the Polygon Hotel before boarding for an uneventful crossing. An early start of 6.30 am the following morning meant we could explore the "pretty" route to Grenoble. We had Arthur Eperon's book and so decided to follow his suggested route some of the way. First stop was Beauvais to see the magnificent cathedral. The tallest Gothic choir in the world—quite superb. Then coffee and croissants, a refreshing break and on the way back to the car a look in a bookshop. Discovered a very interesting book on Rolls-Royce with a number of "new" pictures but written in French (can't win all the time!). We motored on to Clairere de l'Armistice and saw the railway carriage where the 1918 Armistice was signed and where Hitler insisted on receiving the French surrender in 1940.

We motored on enjoying traffic free roads and interesting scenery until quite late. We had hoped to stop at an Auberge belonging to an ex-RAF officer but we could not find it; we then tried a rather grand Logis but it was closed until 10th February. We carried on towards Dijon, travelling a little faster because it was getting late. We arrived in Dijon but we could not find any hotels only restaurants. We drove around for some time then decided to stop, have dinner and ask the restaurant staff if they knew of a good hotel with

garage. The food was good but the waiters' English was worse than our French. However we heard some Americans talking at the table next to us, they were visiting their daughter who was at college in Dijon, and so we asked them if they knew of a good hotel, they did and they duly gave us the address. We asked the head waiter for directions, we think he said it was difficult to find, however, he instructed one of the waiters to change and show us the way. We left the Place de la Liberation and attacked the one way system with the aid of one totally overwhelmed French man. We arrived at Hotel Chapeau Rouge, unloaded the luggage, checked in and garaged Rupert in a locked, heated garage in about ten minutes flat. We had a good night and left early in a very dirty Rolls-Royce for Grenoble.



"My sister Sue said she would come as 'Co-pilote' as the French say"

The drive was wonderful, through Beaune and along the valley to Grenoble. We arrived in Grenoble after lunch and looked for Place St. Bruno (the rally starting point). A petrol station seemed the logical place to ask, after refuelling we were just about to ask when a typical Frenchman (in a beret and driving a Citroen) said "Neige et Glace? Follow me". So we did and arrived at Place St. Bruno. We parked, introduced ourselves and collected our rally plates, goodies etc. We walked back to Rupert and decided we must wash him as he looked very dirty—a pale shade of brown all over. Sue fetched hot water from a local cafe together with hot wine! Unfortunately I did not wear gloves whilst washing Rupert and I got slight frostbite in my thumb (silly English!). Rupert looked like a Rolls-Royce once more. We attached the rally plates and were then allocated an interpreter and four other cars to follow. Off we set to collect our vouchers for hotels and meals, stopping in what must be Grenoble's Regent Street to collect them and causing quite a traffic jam!! Next stop—double parked this time—to look at the rally poster and decide what make of car appeared on the rally poster. Again we stopped a little further along the main street, much to the annoyance of the trolleybus drivers, to guess the weight of a smoked ham. Difficult in kilos! Another stop—how many oranges in a crate on the front seat of a "Maigret" Citroen.



Snow ploughs wheels were taller than Ruperts

We returned to the Place St. Bruno to look at the other competing cars about 60 in total ranging from a 1908 Chenard et Walker to a 1955 Salmson. We drove in convoy to the underground garage and with the cars safe collected our room keys and changed for dinner.

Next morning, a cold, dark, 7.30 am start. We somehow managed to go through the starting line twice and received a bottle of rum—driver's anti-freeze. Once out of the town the scenery was well worth looking at, the route was fun and we started to climb through the thick snow. A coffee stop followed and things were held up a little by a huge snow plough, the Bugattis looked good I seem to recall. The only accident of the rally happened here but it was not too serious, the car being towed out of the ditch by another competitor.

Most competitors stopped to put their snow chains on but I did not feel like getting out—too cold. We motored on. The mountain roads were getting steep now but we overtook a lot of lesser cars on the straight stretches. We followed a Bugatti type 57C for a while but he was too slow.

Continued page 16

THE SCOTTISH TOUR — September 26th - October 6th, 1981

The low cloud and persistent downpour which greeted the overnight travellers and their cars when they were ejected at Stirling Station could hardly have been dismissed as 'Scotch Mist'.

However, the gloom was rapidly dispelled after a ten minute drive to the Headquarters of the Scottish Amicable Assurance, where, as guests of Lord Elgin (inter alia 'Amic's President) those who had enjoyed the luxury of railing their cars overnight joined up with the hardier souls who had driven north.

The breakfast meeting in the bright and cheerfully decorated staff room at S.A. provided the opportunity for Lord Elgin to outline, not without humour, what was in store for us for the next ten days, and for the drivers and passengers of the seven participating cars to exchange greetings.

The briefing over, we sallied forth—Lord Elgin in his 1911 Ghost Tourer, wisely attired in waterproof coveralls beloved of sailors who call it foul weather gear! Bryan and Mary Goodman, equally well attired to face the elements, had arrived the night before from a Veteran Car Club rally on the Isle of Islay having already clocked 1,000 plus miles from home in their immaculate 1911 Ghost open drive limousine. New members, Jim and Eileen Hand had driven from the Midlands in their 1927 Phantom I Sedan. Ken and Joan Smedley were in their 1927 20H.P. Sedan. Lynn, Midge Brua and their two daughters (visiting from U.S.A.) seemed pretty comfortable in their 1932 Phantom Continental, equally so Cecil Chapman and his two sisters with the 1932 20/25 sports saloon. The entourage was completed by Fred and Joan Watson, their nephew Patrick Brewer and Dawn, his wife, in the comparative luxury of their 1971 Silver Shadow saloon.

The general idea was to take one's own time and route (where optional) and all meet at the appointed hotel each evening, except in instances where Lord Elgin specifically recommended, or had arranged a visit to places of special interest.

Thus, the first morning we all visited the Doune Motor Museum on the A9 north of Stirling—this was a very well balanced collection of some fifty cars circa 1905 - 1966. Of special interest of course was RR car no. 26330—the only surviving 1905 3 cylinder of six made by Royce Ltd, Cook Street, Manchester—the car is in excellent condition and almost 100% original. Another of the many super exhibits was a 1937 Lagonda V12, designed by



A little more than a "Scotch Mist"



The home of Glenlivet—all cars turned up



At Ardenasseig

W. C. Bentley when he finally parted from the Rolls/Bentley fold some four years after the merger. One could go on, but sufficient now to say that Doune, for the enthusiast, is well worth a visit.

Our hotel for the first and second nights was the Ardenasseig, a converted mansion at the north end of Loch Awe. It has been said that hotels in the highlands are fewer and further between than most places and are either excellent or very indifferent to poor. Ardenasseig was unquestionably in the former category, but you need to know about it, or to know Lord Elgin to find it! After leaving a class B road and travelling for five miles along a track one is encouraged by a notice saying simply 'only two more miles'!

The two nights stop over at Ardenasseig gave us the opportunity to enjoy the scenery and extensive gardens (during brief breaks in the continuing downpour) and to sample really good food attentively served. Side trips were also in vogue—Inveraray Castle some 25 miles away being popular, whilst some took in Oban where, amongst other interests the Maritime Museum was recommended—and so, on to Skye. The plan to travel the well known "Road to the Isle" was partially thwarted by the news that the ferry from Mallaig to Armadale had just ceased operating—however the extra mileage involved in driving to the all year round ferry at Kyle of Lochalsh was more than compensated by the superb scenery as Loch succeeded Loch en route from Fort William. This was an especially enjoyable drive as by now the clouds were lifting and the sun breaking through to give some quite dramatic effects.

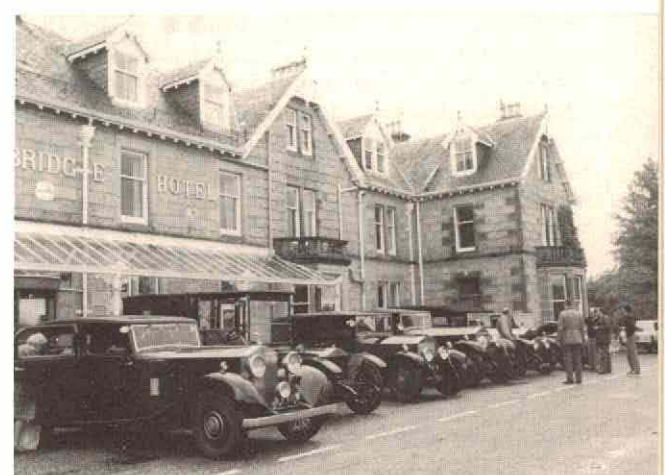
On Skye, Lord Campbell was 'mine host' at the Kinloch Lodge Hotel. Lord Elgin (a Bruce) had cautioned that the Campbells and the Bruce's were in dire conflict in the 1700's but vouched that it was all now over and we would be safe in our beds. At Kinloch we met three Canadian friends of Lord Elgin, who had come over to join him for the tour. Good food and a pleasant evening ensued following which, due to insufficient accommodation at Kinloch, some of the party left to bed down at Advassar a few miles away. Any rumour that their departure was influenced by Lord Elgin's story is, of course, entirely fictitious.

A small hiccup the following morning, both 'Ghosts' sported punctures and their respective drivers commiserated with each other and worked together to quickly set things right.

That day was spent exploring Skye. Portree, the principle town is attractive—we found a Silver Ghost in the harbour, a 35ft yacht so named. Dunvegan Castle was well worth a visit, and the



Lord Elgin in the driving seat of his 1911 S.G.



Outside Nethy Bridge Hotel



Cecil Chapman makes a presentation

evening drive from there to the Lochalsh Ferry with the Cullens to the South West was a sight long to be remembered.

The next two day's driving afforded a variety of scenery for which superlatives could hardly do justice. The route from our overnight stay at the Kyle of Lochalsh took us through Glen Carran and Glen Marree to Inverewe for lunch. We arrived as the heavens opened and although some brave souls splashed around part of these world famous gardens most of the party decided that they would settle for the explanatory indoor displays of the area which owes its beauty and variety of species from a particularly strong influence of the gulf stream in those parts.

After a night stopover at the Dundonnell Hotel at the southern end of Little Loch Broom we continued north, later to turn eastward to Invershin. This was a truly interesting drive, enhanced at last by sunshine. Most, if not all of the party, took the route recommended by Lord Elgin, which he said would be both scenic and challenging—it was both. Shortly after leaving Dundonnell the first taste of the scenery to come was revealed by a stunning vista from above the falls of Measach looking down Loch Broom towards Ullapool which itself turned out to be a most attractive spot.

Shortly after Ullapool we took the B2009 and wound our way high alongside a succession of Lochs with periodic steep encroachments down to the sea and up into the heather again. Finally reaching the most northerly point of the tour at Kylesku—this was a rewarding and exhilarating drive. In the 'pub' that evening Brian admitted to having to change down once in his 1911 Ghost and Ken Smedley said he 'hit' first gear with the 20 HP on a couple of occasions. On the leg from Kylesku to Invershin the party were invited to call in at Lord Elgin's hunting lodge for refreshment. This turned out to be a very pleasant diversion, especially for Bill Campbell one of our Canadian friends who had already lured two trout out of the lake before the main party had arrived.

After the heady scenery of the west coast the run from Invershin, south through Inverness, was somewhat tame. Interest was revived, however, on arrival at Cawdor Castle, normally closed to visitors at this time of the year, Lord Cawdor himself showed us around what was a most delightful home. The castle itself being in every sense complete i.e. battlement, drawbridge, portcullis, secret passages etc. but with very compact and comfortable living accommodation, many of the walls being adorned by the most beautiful Venetian tapestries and ancestral portraits.

From Cawdor a short distance to Nethybridge in the heart of the Spey valley, the home of many famous whiskies, thus there were no objections to the scheduled three nights stay at Nethybridge!

On our first morning we tripped over to Glenlivet and were shown how malt whiskies were brewed, and sampled a wee dram or two just to check if they'd got it right! Apart from sampling whiskies the longer stayover gave time to wash just a little mud off the cars and make minor adjustments. One suction screen wiper had been so overworked that the leather suction cups had given up the ghost and had to be temporarily replaced by cups made up from pieces cut from a chamois leather. Visits were made, of course, to see curling at the nearby Aviemore centre at the foot of the Cairngorms and several folk drove through the wild life park at Kincaig. The Landmark centre at Carrbridge also had much to offer with films and exhibitions of all aspects of Scottish history.

The last night of the tour was spent at Spittal of Glenshee. The drive there took us within sight of the Cairngorms, picturesque with the first snowfall of the season, thence via Balmoral and Braemar—in all a pleasant run.

The hotel at Glenshee turned out to be a ski lodge whose landlord was most hospitable. The roaring log fire, champagne cocktail starters, good food and "Whisky galore" provided just the setting for the Ceilidh, the "pièce de résistance" of this musical evening being the humerous ditties and sketches rendered by Lord Elgin with a true Scottish flavour that delighted everyone and left us in no doubt that he'd done it a time or two before.

The next day, following a very pleasant visit to Broomhall—Lord Elgin's home near Dunfermline—everyone said their farewells and set off on their respective ways home. We had covered some 1,350 miles in Scotland, and with the exception of the odd puncture and a few minor adjustments all cars (as one would expect) ran superbly, despite several days of continuous downpour in which even the highland grouse and ducks kept a low profile.

Our thanks go to Lord Elgin and Lynn Brua for organising such an interesting and rewarding event.

Ken Smedley

SCOTTISH TOUR

The rally started in the pouring rain that was to punctuate the next ten days, but the cars, their owners and passengers decided early on to ignore it altogether. We gathered together for breakfast, an excellent way to begin a very varied and interesting holiday.

Half of the rally spent two incredible nights at the Ardanaiseig House Hotel. With the Bruas, Chapmans, Hands and Smedleys we stepped right back into past luxury, comfort and elegance in beautiful surroundings on the shores of Loch Awe. We began to get to know the other members of the party, including the Hands, new members of the Club in a Barker bodied Phantom I. It was difficult to tear ourselves away to drive to Kyle and across to Skye. The Ghost seemed too wide to negotiate the winding single track road through the peat bogs with the Cuillins towering above. Kinloch Lodge, where we at last encountered the entire party, supplied a most delicious meal. The next day most of the roads on the island were explored by the adventurous drivers, driven (!) by their ladies in search of tweeds. The sun shone and the scenery was magnificent.

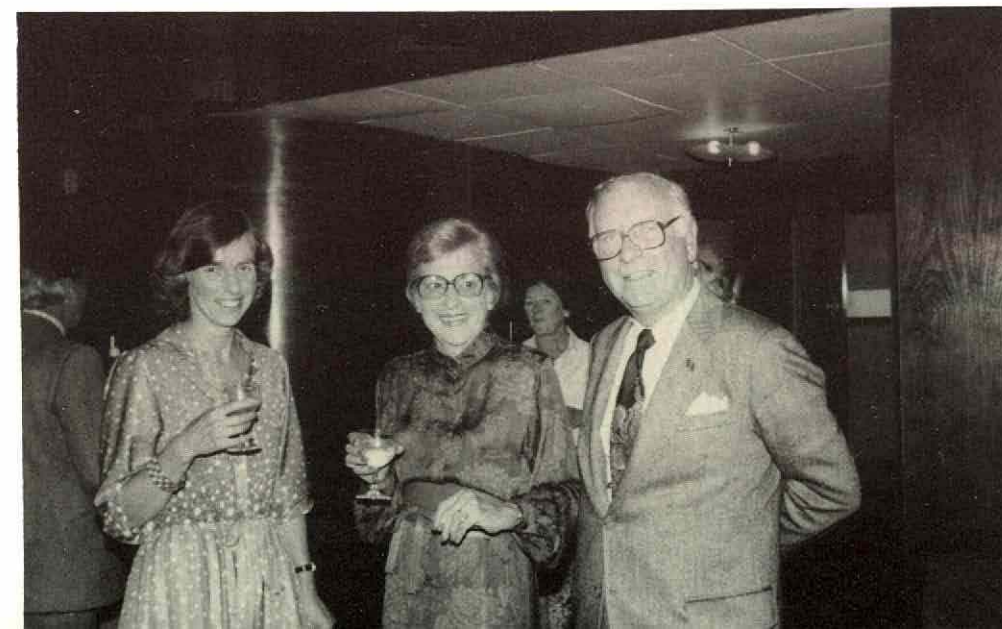
Back on the mainland we continued northwards up the incredibly wild and scenic west coast. We were three in front of the Ghost as Dawn Brewer had left the comfort of the Watsons' Shadow to join us. We met for lunch at Inverewe Gardens where Bryan and Patrick Brewer started their campaign to reorganise all dining rooms so that we could eat in larger groups. The Dundonnell Hotel by Garve must have heard the rumour as they had done the work for us and we all ate together, it was a very merry evening.

The following day was the most spectacular drive to Ullapool and then around Inverpolly, rather hair-raising at times with Bryan trying to spot golden eagles and red deer. We were entertained to tea at Strathkyle House, the northern home of Lord Elgin. It was a beautiful evening to walk through the heather and round the Loch. Our Canadian friends caught a trout.

Now we were driving south through Inverness and a rendezvous at Cawdor Castle. We were privileged to have a guided tour led by the Earl of Cawdor and his son, they even took us up on to the roof of the tower.

The next three days were based at the Nethy Bridge Hotel. We explored much of the countryside round about, Loch Garten, the Highland Wildlife Park, and the Aviemore Centre. One very wet morning I was more than happy to ride in great comfort with the Watsons, whilst the Ghost had Patrick as a navigator. They found the Glenlivet Distillery before we did! The countryside was looking rather unusual by this time, with so much water about and the River Spey in spate.

The drive from Nethy Bridge, over the Devil's Elbow, above the snow, to the Spittal of Glenshee was fantastic. The Ghost ran smoothly, still carrying the Canadians' excess baggage. Lord Elgin's Ghost tourer was not able to contain four large men and an overdose of bags! We had a wonderful welcome at the hotel, tea beside a blazing fire. Most of the party spent the early evening searching for tweeds and knitwear once more, there were some bargains in the sale.



Mary Goodman,

Midge Brua,

Lynn Brua

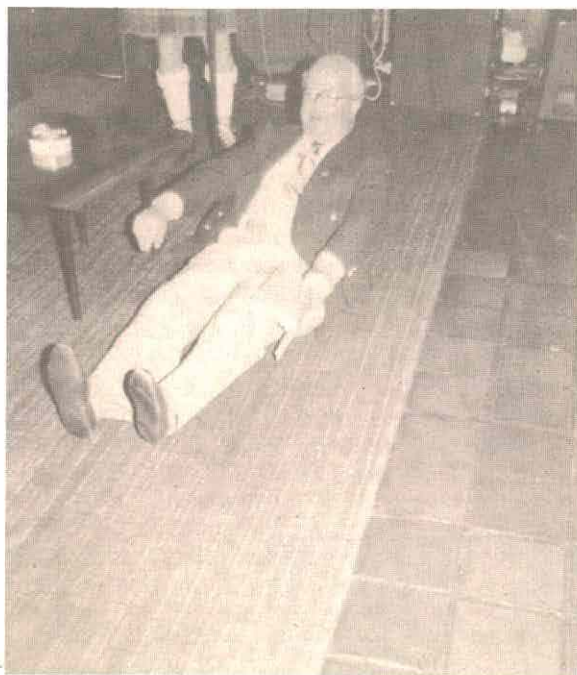
with Joan Smedley

in background

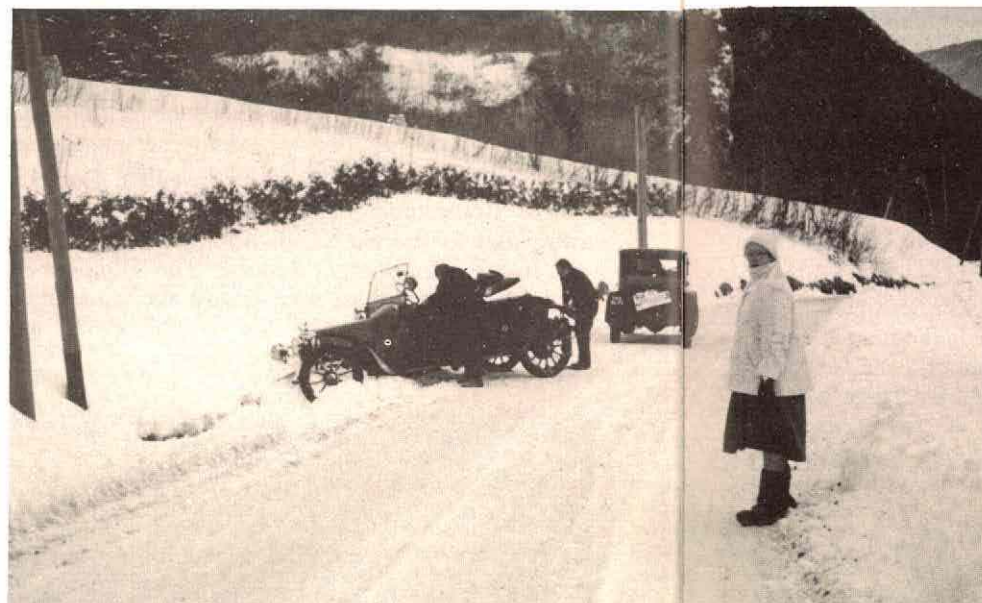
Lady Elgin joined us for the final banquet, a superb meal, followed by a ceilidh. We sang, attempted an Eightsome Reel and our President disclosed hidden talents as he took over the microphone and entertained us with several humorous songs, finishing flat on his back at the end of "The Pawky Duke"!

The rally was small enough for us all to get to know each other very well. We were lucky to have an international flavour with Ann and Jean, two of the Bruas' daughters and the Canadians, curling friends of Lord Elgin. We are very grateful to Lord Elgin for organising the Scottish Tour. He found us a most beautiful, fascinating and at times testing route, and a series of very comfortable and varied hotels. Everywhere we went we met the sincere interest, kindness and hospitality of the Scottish people—a tour to be remembered.

Mary Goodman



In the morning we were photographed next to the snow ploughs whose wheels were taller than Rupert! We then had a hill climb (timed). Great fun drifting the back out on a 20/25 Limousine on mountain roads but not very Rolls-Royce like. We relaxed at the top with a cup of hot chocolate in the bright sun. There then followed driving tests on ice around the town. Three laps and great cheers when we finished. We continued further up the mountainside to Chalet 2000 for lunch, it was very steep. The other cars were having trouble getting away despite the chains and I thought we would have problems too but by starting in third (a bit cruel) and on moving slightly changed rapidly into bottom. We crept away—much to the amazement of the onlookers. They all thought we had special tyres. After lunch Sue had to play skittles. She scored 6 out of 10. We garaged Rupert brushing the heating pipes with the car roof—very close. We changed into evening dress for the prizegiving and both walked in deep snow to the hall. Looking back we must have looked silly. We arrived on time and were the first there



Help from a
fellow competitor

and saw a superb display of prizes. Everyone received a prize. We took the long distance award and literally a pile of others. The chat singing and dancing continued long into the night.

Next morning we should have changed hotels to continue the week's skiing but the threatened ferry strike seemed imminent and we therefore thought it wise to return home. We had however arranged to garage Rupert at Barclays Bank in Calais if necessary. We left the area via Geneve and travelled to Poligny and the Host. des Monts de

Vaux. We were the only guests, the food was excellent, Rupert was comfortably garaged and we spent a very pleasant evening.

Next morning we left in thick freezing fog. We discovered a lot of snow had fallen as we motored north, the roads were covered with thick ice in places, the lorries were throwing up a vast amount of dirt and there were many accidents. However we kept going and made good time. We decided to make for Calais because of the multiplicity of boat crossings. Petrol was getting low but it seemed enough to get us to Calais and there were no petrol stations open. We tried the hovercraft but they were not running, so on to the car ferry terminal. Sealink was the first boat and with a £19 ticket purchased we had 20 minutes to wait. This is when we found the reserve was not working, we stopped dead on the ramp leading to the boat. Fortunately we had a can of petrol inside the car and we were able to start Rupert once more. It caused great hilarity ("give you 50p for it") and the short crossing passed even more rapidly than usual. We were going to stay overnight in Dover but after re-fuelling we decided to motor home.

We got home after midnight, very tired and Rupert was very dirty. We had driven 682 miles in that day. Rupert did 1752 miles in 6 days, used 2 quarts of oil (because of the speed); the passenger's window came off it's chain and one windscreen wiper gave a little trouble (overwork). Otherwise nothing had been done other than one not very good wash. We cruised at 55/60 m.p.h. and used some (!) petrol. We both had a wonderful time. It really is a rally worth doing once but having been once you want to go again—so . . .

Andrew Taylor

A TWIST OF FATE

The outcome of even a major war not infrequently hinges upon small but pivotal happenings. We all know that many historians credit the Rolls-Royce powered Spitfire squadrons of the Battle of Britain as turning the tide for the Allies in World War II. Unrecorded is the role of the last surviving male of the Rolls family, wherein but for a small turn of fate the Battle of Britain might never have need taken place.

By way of background for this strange tale, Charles Rolls was the youngest of three sons born to a landed gentleman and Tory Minister to Parliament who, when Charles was 15 years old, was rewarded in mid-life for his political loyalty with a Barony . . . Charles' father became the first Lord Llangatock with the title inheritable by the eldest son, John. John Rolls, seven years senior to Charles Rolls, as the eldest son had been groomed for a life of civic service, while Charles and middle brother Henry were allowed each to follow his own bent.

After an Oxford law degree, quiet and scholarly John Rolls filled an ascending sequence of leadership roles in the home town of Monmouth—church organist, choirmaster, Justice of the Peace, county councilman, ceremonial High Sheriff, Monmouth Grammar School board member, Monmouth General Hospital trustee and mayor of Monmouth. Although as pacifist as a bird-watcher, one further of these civic positions expected of him was to be Captain and honorary Major of the 1st Monmouthshire Royal Artillery Volunteers. As in all things this task also was performed with patriotism and polish.

With the Call to War in 1914 John Rolls fell in unflinchingly at the head of his artillery unit. He was the second Lord Llangatock now, as father had passed away two years prior. In fact, he was the only male Rolls left. Charles Rolls, you will recall, had died four years earlier in an aeroplane crash. Remaining brother Henry had been reduced to helpless invalidism due to schizophrenia six years prior.

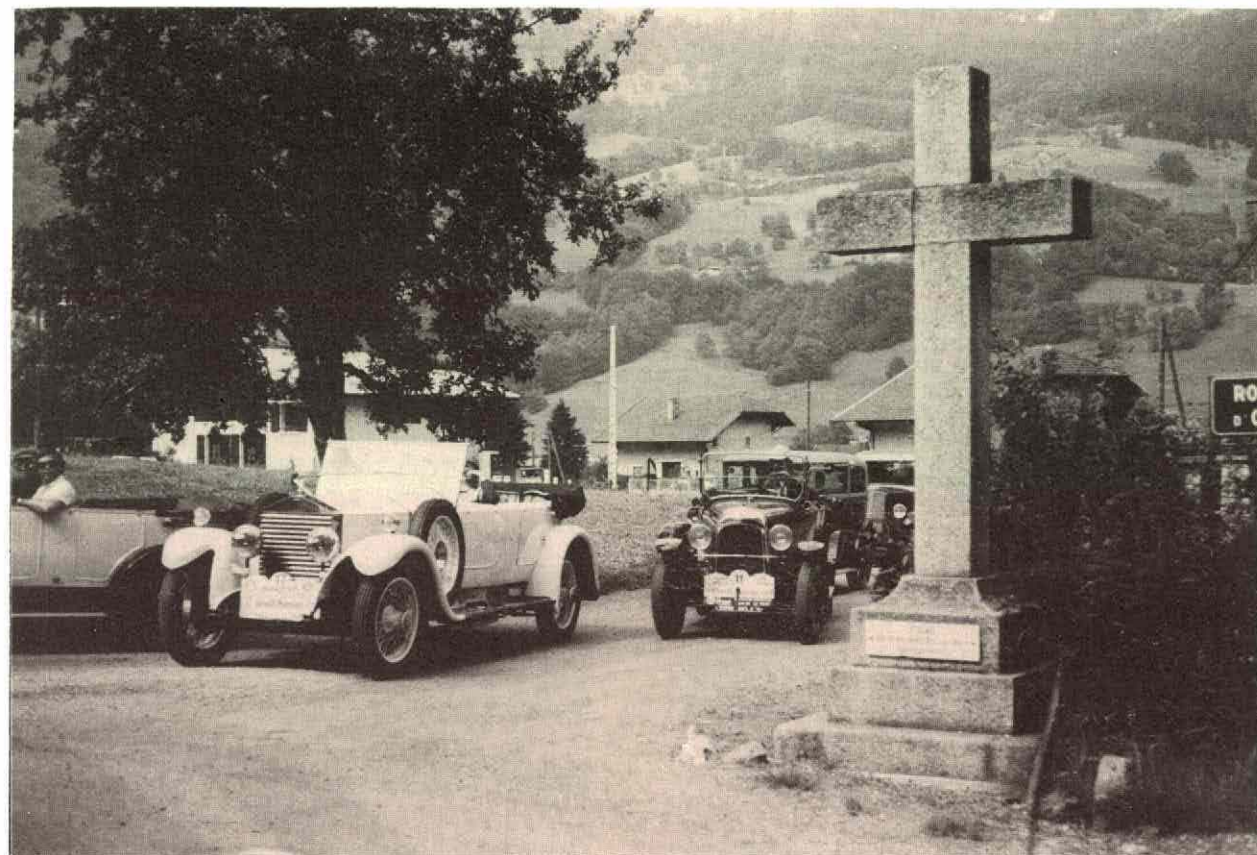
The Great War which the great generals predicted would last but three months was not going well at all. For over a year the new Major Lord Llangatock trained and groomed his Artillery Battery of local youths. In October, 1916 Major Rolls' unit went to France.

The First Monmouthshire Royal Field Artillery of the Fourth Welsh Brigade was sent to battle as an intact full-strength replacement unit into the center of a five-mile deep offensive bulge in the three-month old, blood soaked Somme Offensive

Turn to page 24

NEIGE et GLACE Rally—from page 11

So past him and motor on. St. Martin de Belleville was the lunch stop, a buffet in a large village hall with good food, good wine and good company. We followed the wine with a timed trial up the pass! The cars were parked in a garage normally used for snow ploughs and ambulances and our hotel for the night was a modern purpose-built ski hotel. Sue and I had dinner and danced in the discotheque until quite late/early.



A few things happened after we got home. The main thing being my engagement to Georgina! So when details of the Rally du Mont Joly arrived I decided to go with Georgina in Emma, Dad's 20 h.p. tourer. The rally looked interesting so we sent off the application form and were accepted. We decided to go via Dover and stayed the night at the White Cliffs Hotel, not especially good but with a nice safe garage. Next morning we caught the hovercraft which in typical British tradition was late. The crossing was fairly quick, and somewhat similar to an aeroplane about to take off, all the way across the Channel. We left Calais on the coast road very slowly and stayed the first night in Beauvais, where we had an excellent dinner. It was slightly more difficult to find accommodation in July rather than January and the French cannot understand why 2 people want 2 rooms!

Next morning more gentle driving taking in the scenery on the way to Paris. The thought of driving in Paris reminds me to fit indicators to Emma. Paris was very hot and we left after a brief visit

and motored on. We had hoped to stop at a nice relais but they could not help so a little further on we came to Abbaye St. Michel, Tonnerre, the hotel I have tried to stay at in January. We parked Emma, both very tired and dirty; Georgina a lot worse because of too much sun. At reception the inevitable happened—only one room. I decided I would take it for Georgina and find another hotel for myself. I left Georgina and said I would be back at 7 pm for dinner. Down in the town I found the Grand Hotel (grand in name only—my room was a bit yuk!). I changed and returned to the Abbaye for dinner. I had a bad night at the Grand plagued by mosquito bites.

I picked Georgina up in the morning and a good lesson in the difference in hotel prices. The Grand was approx. £5 and the Abbaye approx. £35 but worth every penny.

We motored on to Ancy-le-Tranc where we stopped to look at the chateau, tour the market and buy a few things. We travelled through Dijon, amazing how different it is in the summer, on to

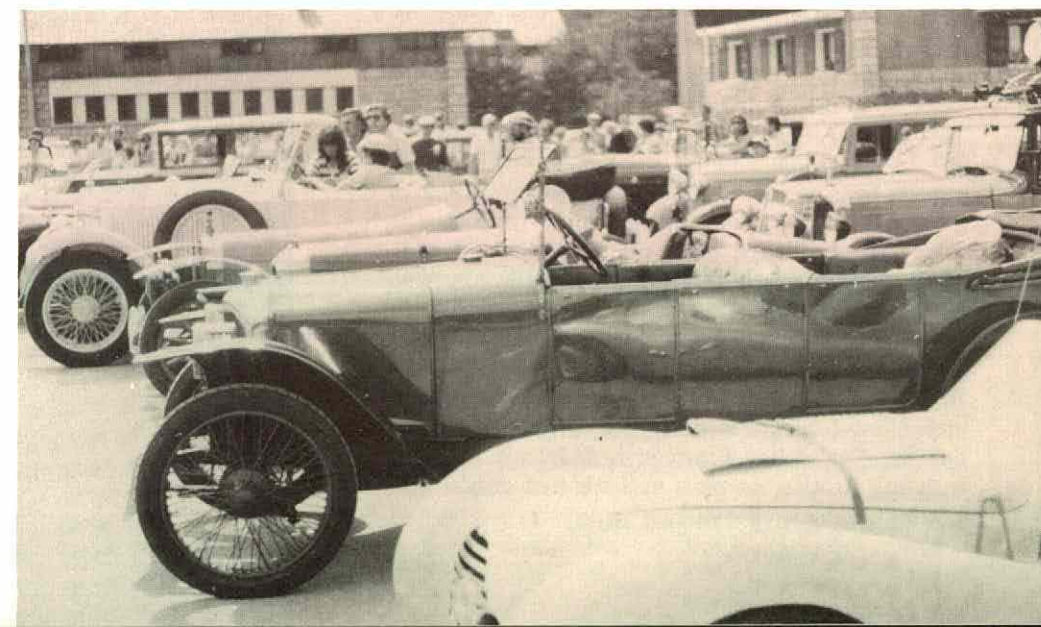
Nuits St. Georges where we tried without success to get rooms in order to visit the caves. Onto Beaune where again all the hotels were full so we ended this day's journey at Hotel Le Cep, a lovely 17th century house, beautifully furnished and actually having rooms and a garage. Beaune was very interesting and we had a pleasant night and a morning's shopping. A visit to the bank once more confirmed the difference in the season. A very helpful receptionist at the hotel booked us into the Hotel Mont Blanc in Megeve for the following evening. The hotel was out of this world, the food excellent and the prices astronomical!

The rally started on the Saturday afternoon so Emma was cleaned in the street, wheels, radiator, under wing and of course bodywork. Whilst in the process of cleaning Emma we met the other competitors and the organiser Monsieur L'Hostis. After lunch we motored to St. Gervais for the official start. We joined the other cars—Bugattis, Salmsons, Citroens, Lamborgini and an E-type Jaguar. We received our rally plates etc, met some old friends and generally got to know everyone. After about one hour we were sent to our hotel to change. This sounds easy but it was a climb of about 7000 ft. We had to unload all the luggage because the next event consisted of a Concours d'elegance in the true sense. We changed into our outfits, Georgina in a rather superb blackflapper dress with mauve trimming. I wore my brother's white tie and tails. We both felt very smart. We descended the mountain admiring the scenery as we travelled. Having arrived in the town square we remained in the car for a while as we both felt

embarrassed about getting out. There was a brass band playing in '20's fashion so we finally plucked up enough courage to alight. Very embarrassing in front of a cheering and clapping crowd. There then followed a drive around the town and a run into the countryside based on a chosen average speed. It all went a bit haywire because of the traffic.

Dinner was rather a grand affair after first being welcomed by the mayor and rally officials. Snail vol le vent, salad and plenty of wine of course! We left late and drove back up the mountain. I thought to myself I could now see why they wanted us to leave Emma in town and accept a lift. Ah, well, silly me.

Next morning in thick fog (low cloud?) we cautiously trundled down to town again. This time we went in convoy to Megeve more wine with the Mayor, later a little convoy to the cable car for lunch and breath taking views of Mont Blanc. After lunch we had driving tests with large dice and other "fun" items which included driving Emma on an ice rink with Georgina hanging over the side hitting footballs with a broom handle into a goal, our score 2 out of 6. After a long wait in the hot sun we left for the hotel to change again for another Concours d'elegance. This one in front of a huge crowd, television cameras and a team of 7 judges, all flood-lit. We drove up—I got out and opened the door for Georgina and we walked around Emma towards the judges to great applause. The television interviewer gave me the microphone and took Georgina by the arm and escorted her back to Emma—more applause—we



both got in and drove off to deafening applause, another smashing dinner and late night.

The next morning we picked up a passenger, Hubert, whose car was not powerful enough for the day's run of three mountain passes. We were given a route, a list of clues and a 35mm black and white film. We had to follow the route, rather difficult, translate the clues and understand them and then photograph the result.

We were very pleased to have a fluent English speaking passenger! The weather broke and the hood and side screens were in use for most of the day but the roads, the views and the company made up for everything. We got all the clues ranging from pictures of waterfalls, statues, hotels to a beautiful lady. This would have been easy but someone had already photographed Georgina, so a bit of quick thinking, and we took a picture of the "20" mascot! All the pictures taken we headed for Megeve and handed in the film. We were invited to tea at Hubert's chalet. It was superb, sitting by a log fire, drinking tea with a view of Mont Blanc outside the window.

Another excellent dinner and late night led us to the next day's hill climb. While we were waiting to start the Grimpette—Gymkhana du Mont d'Arbois or hill climb to us we saw the Tour de France race through. It was surprising to see so many bicycles and the intense enthusiasm that built up just before the riders arrived. The majority of cars had gone before us, the crowd were anxious to see a Rolls-Royce moving and therefore we warmed the engine up slightly to make Emma run more smoothly. We had a Le Mans style start (in the good old days with proper cars). I ran across the road, hopped in and started quickly, and shot (or so it seemed) up the mountain. We were going very well until we caught a Mercedes 450 SEL and a BMW and another of the competitors. We had to slow right down and follow them for the remainder of the route. There followed a quick driving test and a run to the finish to stop the clock. Next on the agenda was golf—hole three balls in less than nine strokes. Georgina did this quite well but she forgot she had high heels on, "not done to walk on a green" we think they said. After this fun interlude a short drive up to the airport to park and look at the scenery. The aero club were offering special rates on a flight around Mont Blanc. Three of us decided to go. It was quite marvellous. A safe landing, which pleased me, as the last time I had flown in a Jodel was in 1977 with my brother as pilot and we had crashed on landing! Gulp!

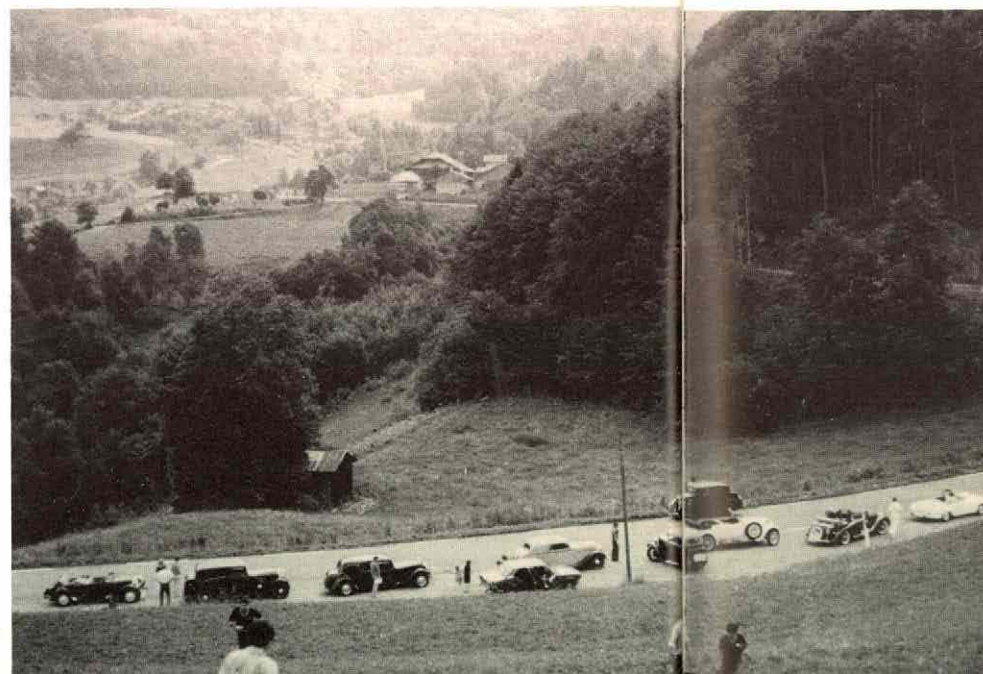
Georgina having travelled to the airport by Graham now returned by Jaguar E-type to the final lunch and prize giving. The weather was now really hot with blazing sun and a clear sky. Then onto the prize-giving. With so many to distribute this took quite some time. We were awarded first prize for the Concours d'elegance, first prize for photography, first for the Driving tests and the award for the longest distance driven to the event. We carried off two silver cups, a Kodak camera, three holdalls, a hamper of food and the largest item—a table. Invited to dinner by the organisers we decided to stay another night. It was another lovely evening, with the added attraction of being collected by Lamborgini.

Next morning we got up early. Then we tried to pack Emma with all the goodies we had won. My case ended up on the carrier after the table had taken all the room inside.

We motored quickly to get through Geneve before people awoke. We travelled well all day and arrived at St. Omer in the evening. Next day a short run to Calais, then Hovercraft to Dover, then home to Birmingham. Not a bad run 776 miles in 36 hours. I must admit to being tired. Emma ran very well, no trouble at all, she only used a little oil. She had just had a rebore so is nicely on the way to being run in now.

After two superb rallies this year I can only say "Can I go again please?"

Andrew Taylor



Looking for clues

at La Clusaz



審定商標 商標公報
Approved Trademark TRADEMARK GAZETTE

中華民國七十年四月

APR 16 1981

審定商標第 156012 號

商標圖樣

勞斯萊斯

RR

ROLLS-ROYCE

申請案號 04 368 號

申請日期 七十年一月九日

商標名稱 勞斯萊斯

RR ROLLS-ROYCE (墨色)

商品類別 第八十三類

商品名稱 鐘錶及其附件

申請人 陳文隆

代理人 郭明雄律師

審定商標第 156013 號

商標圖樣

審定商標第 156014 號

商標圖樣

金

Jo

申請案號 04 28341 號

申請日期 六十九年十月

商標名稱 金 赫

JOHNNY

商品類別 第八十三類

商品名稱 電子掛鐘

申請人 金赫實業社

代理人 吳宏山律師

審定商標第 156015 號

商標圖樣

Where Rolls-Royce is based in a block of flats and no one answers the door —

"Dateline Taiwan, just two months ago—and registration of the Rolls-Royce trademark appears in the country's official Gazette. Except it was not requested by anyone from Derby or London, but by Mr. W. E. N. Lung-Chen, who lives in the block of flats, photographed by 'Export Times' reporter Tom Hanley.

Unfortunately for Lung-Chen, he couldn't spell Rolls-Royce properly—which wasn't the case, though, for British Leyland, Audi and others, the brandnames of which were stolen at the same time."

The ambitions and the rate of progress of the Taiwanese have been much underated and companies not registered in Taiwan should think seriously about acting. Failure to register exposes the company to the risk of their names being copied by local companies—which they have a right to do because the names are simply not registered.

from Export Times June 1981

HOTELS

Good hotels are few and far between these days. It is particularly gratifying when the hospitality is good and includes an interest in our cars. Both the hotels mentioned will extend a warm welcome to 20-Ghost members.



The Elms Hotel, Abberley, Nr. Worcester is run by Bryan Crosthwaite who has a 4½ litre Bentley in his stable which is almost as luxurious as the hotel.

The Elms is a beautiful Queen Anne country house hotel set in twelve acres of parkland and formal gardens in magnificent Worcestershire countryside. The twenty bedrooms, all with bathrooms, and colour television, are furnished with antiques as are the lounges.

The restaurant is acclaimed for its superb food and fine wine cellar. Log fires burn all year round. There are croquet and putting greens and a hard tennis court for guests to enjoy.

Their Winter Break tariff is £60.00 per person for a two night stay, £82.50 for a three night stay if one night is Sunday. Price includes dinner, accommodation, breakfast, daily newspaper and sherry on arrival.

The Manor House Hotel, Moreton-in-Marsh. This is a hotel which blends the old (over 300 years) and the new (less than 5 years). A very warm welcome awaits members and their cars from either Mr. Fentum, the director, or his resident manager, Tim Riley. Good cooking, comfortable lounges and bars and very tastefully furnished bedrooms.

Be sure to mention the 20-Ghost Club when you make contact.

A RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE

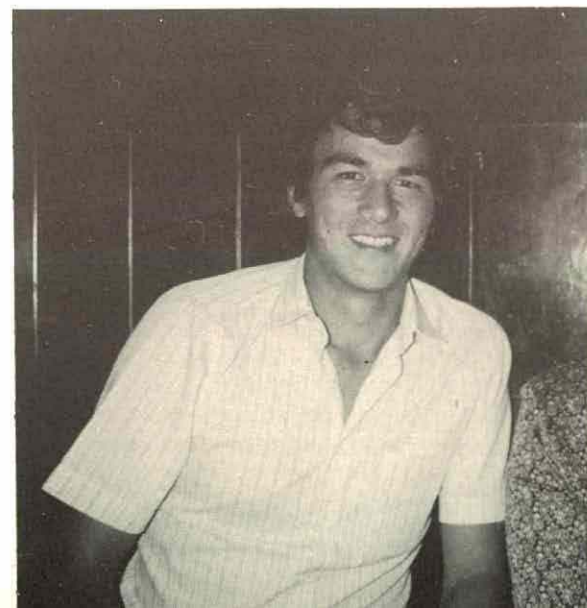
Digby and I have been fortunate enough to renew our acquaintance with Cathay Pacific Airlines and we have recently returned from a Far East trip, reminding us of the happy days we spent East with the 20-Ghost Club two years ago. This time we travelled in the more comfortable Marco Polo section of Cathay's planes and our destinations were Hong Kong, Singapore and Penang.

Whilst in Hong Kong we contacted George Olcott—he is now based in Hong Kong—and on two separate occasions over dinner we reminisced about the Club's Japanese Tour. It was quite obvious to us that George has very happy memories of this tour and holds the Club members who took part in great esteem. He mentioned that he would like to meet them all again and when he expressed his intention of visiting England for the World Cup we suggested that we ask the Club Committee if a "get-together" could be arranged. To this George warmed considerably and even suggested that he might ask Hayashi to take a few days off and fly to London from Tokyo! George asked us to convey best wishes to all his 20-Ghost friends and he hopes to see you next year.

Cathay Pacific certainly looked after us well and we were pleased to note that on each leg of the trip they were doing very good business.

Margery Wills

For those who missed Japan, George and Hayashi took on the formidable task of shepherding 13 Rolls-Royce cars through Japan. It might sound simple enough task but there are 23 members who know different. Two years later George has just reached the ripe old age of 26! (Ed.)



TAYLOR TIPS



The hints below are probably not official Company methods and whilst I am not always keen on new fangled ideas these do work.



Exhaust downtake pipes, exhaust pipes and manifold flanges. A product called "Firegum" made by Holts is very good. This white paste, similar to toothpaste, used sparingly in conjunction with copper/asbestos/curry washers will give a good gas tight seal. It can also be used without a gasket in an emergency. After applying, tightening the joint, wipe off excess paste and leave to set for a couple of hours before starting the car.



Rocker covers and side tappet covers on small R-R's tend to weep oil. Although new cork gaskets can be fitted to the tappet covers they do not seem to last. "Hermetite Instant Gasket" (also similar to toothpaste) is very useful. Degrease the two sides of the joint, spread the instant gasket on the removal part of the joint (not too thick), using a finger tip spread 3 in 1 oil on the engine side of the joint, replace cover and quickly wipe off the excess which exudes.



The Hythe Chemical Company of Hythe, Southampton make a very good antifreeze suitable for our cars including those with aluminium heads. It does not seem to find the leaks in apparently solid metal as certain other makes seem to do.

I have used all these products for some time with complete success.

Philip Taylor



Subscriptions

The Treasurer tells us that subscriptions were due on the 1st of January 1982 at £10. Many of you pay by Bankers' Order. Those who do not please make life easier for Cecil by paying up smartly. American members should send \$22.



Back Numbers

A complete set of 20-Ghost Records will make good reading for your old age or might even interest your grandchildren. Copies of most are still available, £1 each, but supplies will not last for ever and can never be replaced. Send for details to Bryan Goodman.

ALPINE TROPHY 1981

The Alpine Trophy really is worth winning, and takes some winning too. The mileage your car covers during the year is multiplied by the age of the car, which seems fair enough, but how do you beat 198,270 miles which is Andrew Taylor's total. Don't despair. Make sure you enter this year. Andrew got himself engaged recently so he may have other more important matters to attend to.

RESULTS

Name	Mileage for year x allowance =	Age	TOTAL
A. P. Taylor	4,406	45	198,270
J. E. Tanner	2,850	65	185,250
P. J. Taylor	3,263	53	172,939
N. M. Taylor	2,823	47	132,681
L. A. Brua	2,270	48	108,960
C. A. Chapman	1,537	48	73,776
D. F. Wills	980	59	57,820



20-GHOST CLUB New Members 1981

- G. B. Corser*, 8 Swan Hill, Shrewsbury, Salop.
PI 1925. 86 RC. EL 1645 Hooper Tourer
- J. R. Hand*, Clee House, Dunsley Hill, Kinver,
Stourbridge, Wores.
PI 1927. 16 LF. YH 2900 Thrupp & Maberley
Sedanca-de-ville.
- M. M. O. Jodrell*, Leigh Court, Donhead
St. Andrew, Shaftesbury, Dorset.
20/25 1933. 6BA29 AXFII Hooper Sports
Saloon.
- C. T. R. Leeje*, West Farm House, Harriotts Lane,
Ashted, Surrey.
SG 1922. 66HG NRL 342 Wilkinson Tourer
SCII 321 HYU Park Ward Saloon.
- M. Stainer*, The Grand, Folkestone, Kent.
20 1929. GEN 18 UU 7871 Windover Cabriolet.
- Hon. William McAlpine*, Fawley Hill, Fawley
Green, Henley-on-Thames.
SG 1920. 40FW 4926DG Labourdette Tourer
20 1926. GZK39 YO8391 Barker ¾ Coupé
PI 1927. 91EF RF3588 Thrupp & Maberley
Limousine
20/25 1935. GLG35 BXX868 Park Ward Saloon

battleline as artillery support for "one final" infantry attack to effect that elusive "ultimate collapse" of the German defensive line. Moving up into firing position in the night of October 2nd, 1916 the unit was to receive an unremitting baptism of fire.

The Battle of the Somme by October had already drained England of much of its life's blood. 120,000 Englishmen had died, many not yet buried, with 250,000 more casualties injured and evacuated. The momentum of the offensive had stalled. An equally-ravaged German army that had suffered 600,000 casualties that summer occupied an elaborate maze of slit trenches on the somewhat higher chalk foothills and raked machine gun fire down on everything that moved on the Somme River valley bottomland below them where the English were similarly burrowed into deep trenchwork. A near-continuous September rain had turned the action-churned and shell-poxed ground into a quagmire of mud.

Dug in, with their mountain of ammunition behind them, the Monmouthshire Artillery Battery was raining a-round-the-clock high explosive fragmentation shells upon the German front lines where 400 yards away the Imperial German List Regiment was pinned down in total immobility. Regimental casualties were fast approaching 80%.

There were two death-immune heroes in this quarter-mile of battlefront just west of the hamlet of Bapaume: Major John Rolls in an exposed front-line artillery spotter position calling back artillery fire like a choir director, and on the German side a message runner with foolhardy courage scrambling about the front lines as if magically protected from the hailstorm of steel fragments about him. As in those cruel twists of fate usually reserved for grand opera the luck of both men was soon to run out.

On October 7th the German messenger with the agility of a powdermonkey was finally laid low by Major Rolls' artillery fire, suffering a shell fragment to the left thigh. On October 27th Major Rolls was struck by a small shell fragment in the jaw, a stray product from his own artillery fire. Both were evacuated to the rear, where John Rolls died of wound infection on October 31st, 1916 (the date revised with poetic license to November 1st, All Saints Day, by his mother.) The more seriously injured 27-year-old German Corporal was evacuated to the Beelitz Military Hospital where he recovered.

The Rolls lineage came to an end.

Returning to combat with his Regiment and onward into our history books was Corporal Adolph Hitler, Iron Cross Second Class.

Will Larson

20-GHOST CLUB 25 YEARS AGO

1957 saw the Events Committee busy planning an ambitious event: a three day rally to celebrate the Jubilee of the Silver Ghost, and the entry was to be restricted to Silver Ghosts. Nearly all the 22 entrants sound familiar today starting, of course, with chassis 551 The Silver Ghost, and with John Hampton's 120 EU at the end of the line. However, Adrian Garrett's 1907 car 588 has now been in Australia for years, the Neales' Fuller of Bath limousine 1392 spent a long period in Switzerland before the Frey auction, and Dr. Williamson's 1914 tourer is believed to be in Italy.

The rally was held on 12th - 14th September. From the Rolls-Royce sports ground at Derby the cars drove to Buxton, for dinner at the Palace Hotel. The next day there was a Concours, followed by a drive up to the Cat and Fiddle Inn for photographs. On Saturday there was a drive to Crewe for a factory tour and driving tests.

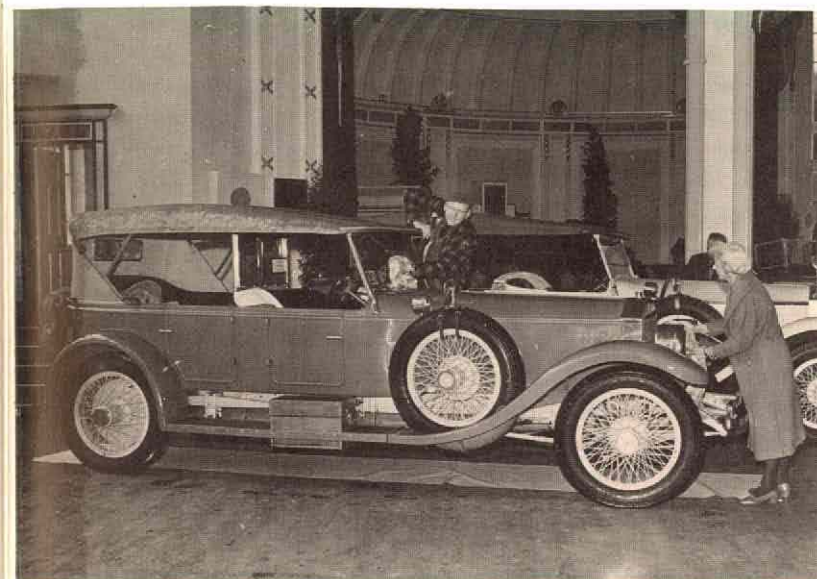
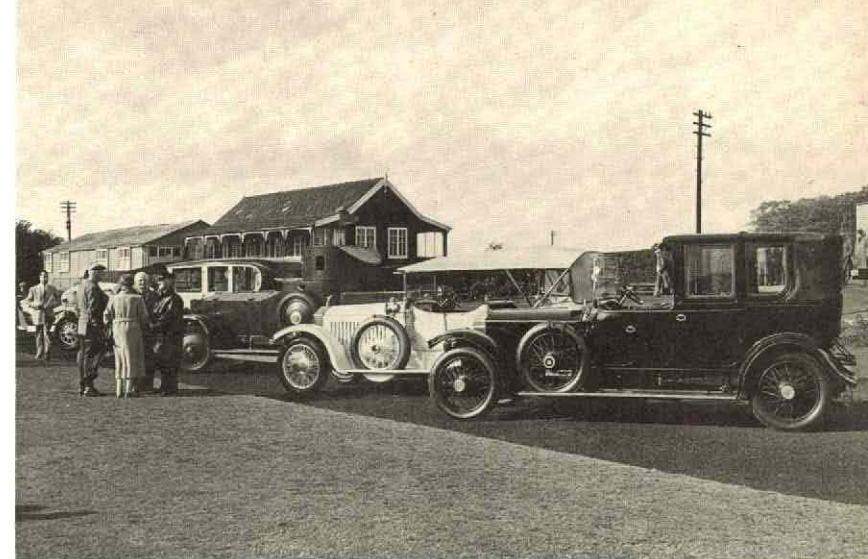
The weather left much to be desired: it was cold and wet. Webster Woodmansee and Frank B. Hand had brought a Springfield Pall Mall phaeton apiece from the U.S.A. and Frank pointed out that iced water was all very nice at table but it was coming into the car, and even through his bedroom ceiling in unnecessary amounts.

Fortunately it proved possible to hold the Concours within the comfortable Buxton pavilion and to add a certain sense of history to the damp drive up to the Cat and Fiddle a certain Mr James Radley took the wheel of Silver Ghost. Over forty years after the end of the Alpine trials his way of driving still retained **panache**; "never could turn them over" he is reputed to have said on handing over his precious charge to its proper custodian.

Robin O. Barnard

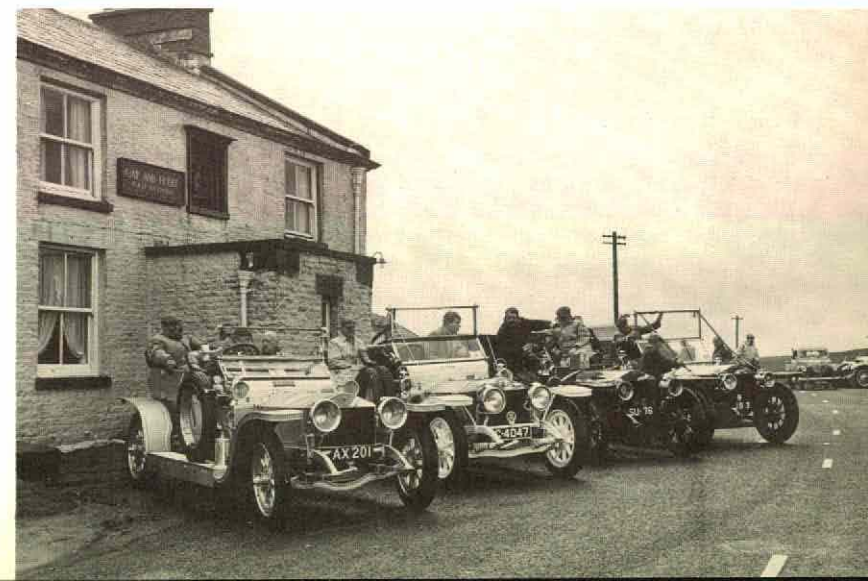


Before it rained. 1914 Barker landaulette de ville 60RB (Holland) and 1914 Barker tourer 23YB (Williamson) next to a Ghost armoured car at Derby sports ground.



Buxton, and under cover. The Woodmansees mop up their 1922, chassis 62UG. This car has had some adventures in the last 25 years including a near encounter with disaster in the Austrian Alps.

Four of the oldest at the Cat and Fiddle, left to right: 1907 chassis 551 ("Silver Ghost"), 1907 chassis 588 ("White Ghost"), 1907 chassis 577 ("Auld Lady") and 1910 (1278)





FRED & JOAN WATSON TROPHY

A magnificent new club trophy generously presented by Fred & Joan. It will go each year to the Silver Ghost or 20 hp car scoring the highest combined points in the Concours and Driving Tests.

Events Calendar 1982

A.G.M. and Dinner, City Livery Club, Blackfriars, London

12th February

Midlands Tour also incorporating Spring Driving Tests

23rd - 26th April

Irish Georgian Tour in Dorset and Somerset

28th - 31st May

Concours at Waddesden Manor Nr. Aylesbury

17th July

North European Tour

Late Aug / early Sept