

The 20-Ghost Club Record



Volume 23
1982





20-Ghost Club Record

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CLUB OFFICERS:

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- President:*
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine
- Chairman:*
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- Solicitor:*
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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 some 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.

Contents

Chairman's Letter	1
Black Country Weekend	2
W. A. Lockley Cook: Obituary	4
Concours d'Etat	6
Irish Georgian Weekend	9
Letters	13
Tour of Germany and Denmark	14
Phil. Paddon	23
Club Shop	24
Taylor Tips	25
Rolls Royce in models	26
Types of Coachwork	27
20-Ghost Scrapbook	29
Events Calendar	back cover
Small 'Place' at Bruges	front cover photo

EDITOR'S NOTE

Collecting and editing the material for this issue has been a real pleasure, only the inevitable rush and pressure during October and November makes it any sort of a chore.

Margery and I have taken part in all the events except the Irish Georgian weekend—just the one not to miss actually—and we both agree that a Club event is quite the best way to meet the nicest people.

My thanks, and your thanks, are due to those members who have written up the events so ably and to our other contributors. Gathering material is a task made easier if it pops through the letter-box unexpectedly so anybody out there with something to share, you know my address. In my last notes I made the point that readers' correspondence is a good indication of the virility of a publication. If I was right the 20-Ghost Record needs a course of iron jelloids.

Hope you enjoy this issue.

Digby Wills

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Our year's events are behind us and most of our motor cars, at least in the northern hemisphere, are being settled in for a well-earned rest. The year has sadly also brought a few deaths among the membership but the inflow of new members has enabled us to hold our own or even show a net gain, which is gratifying. The loss of Bill Cook, who was Club Honorary Treasurer for many years should be especially noted, as well as the death of Australian member George Green, a long-time member who owned ten Silver Ghosts and other Rolls-Royces.

In my letter last year I commented on the fact that Digby Wills had become Editor of "The Record", and you have now seen his first result. I think you will agree with me that he has done an outstanding job. Furthermore, although this does not show, he produced it at less cost, no mean feat in these inflationary days.

It should also be noted that Ken Smedley has joined the Committee during the year, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Anthony Heathcote. During the summer Cecil Chapman, our Honorary Treasurer, suffered a stroke, and although he is recovering he has asked to be relieved of his responsibilities. To accomplish this Bryan Goodman, our Honorary Secretary for the past year, has agreed to take over the treasurer's job and Ken Smedley has consented to become Honorary Secretary. At our next Annual General Meeting you will be asked to confirm these new appointments. Having explained the musical chairs, I want to pay tribute to Cecil, who has quietly and efficiently served the Club for many years as an officer, while participating in most of our domestic and overseas events.

Our Annual General Meeting/Winter Dinner last February was well attended at the City Livery Club in London, the highlight of which was the remarks of our President, Lord Elgin, who had that day been invested by the Queen as a Knight of the Thistle, the highest order of chivalry of Scotland. That evening he also made the first presentation of the new Fred and Joan Watson Trophy to Bryan Goodman.



The Midlands Tour and Driving Tests in April, the Irish Georgian Tour in Dorset and Somerset in May, and the Concours at Waddesdon Manor in July were for the most part successful although attendance at the Concours was unexplainably poor. Details of these events will be found elsewhere in "The Record". The overseas tour this year covered Belgium, Germany and Denmark and was attended by 19 people and eight cars. Pictures and reports of the event appeared in a number of papers in cities and towns we visited.

The programme of events for 1983 is being planned at this time. The Committee is constantly trying to find interesting things to do and is always open to suggestions. We believe the number and type of events are about right, with our emphasis being on using our cars. Although changes are bound to occur in the months ahead, I will say that we are hoping to have our winter dinner at the House of Lords, an event at Hickstead, home of the National Show Jumping Championships, another long week-end tour with the Irish-Georgians, a joint meeting in Wales with the Midlands Rolls-Royce Club, and a tour of the Low Countries with a Continental vintage car club. I do hope you will participate in some or all of these and that you will try to introduce appropriate new candidates for membership.

With best wishes for the holiday season and a happy new year.

Yours faithfully,

Lynn A. Brua

October, 1982

BLACK COUNTRY WEEK-END

"A Black Country Weekend? Oh, Dear! That doesn't sound very interesting". Oh! Wasn't it though? Sue Taylor arranged a marathon 4 days of culture, history, art and industry. With equal efficiency, sunshine was arranged for each day, making the delightful, rolling countryside of Clent and Lickey most attractive in its spring colours—but we could have done with less wind.

The weekend was full of highlights, but one unexpected pleasure we enjoyed each day, was the company of one small boy, named Ash Lange, —Joan and Fred Watson's 6 year old grandson, who was always bright and chirpy and wined and dined with the best of us.

I can hardly believe that we accomplished all of Friday's itinerary with such ease. After viewing the Palladian magnificence of Hagley Hall we partook of an excellent luncheon in the turquoise dining room, decorated with some of the fine plasterwork for which it is renowned. In grandiose style, 24 of us were seated at the large oval table as if at a country house party.

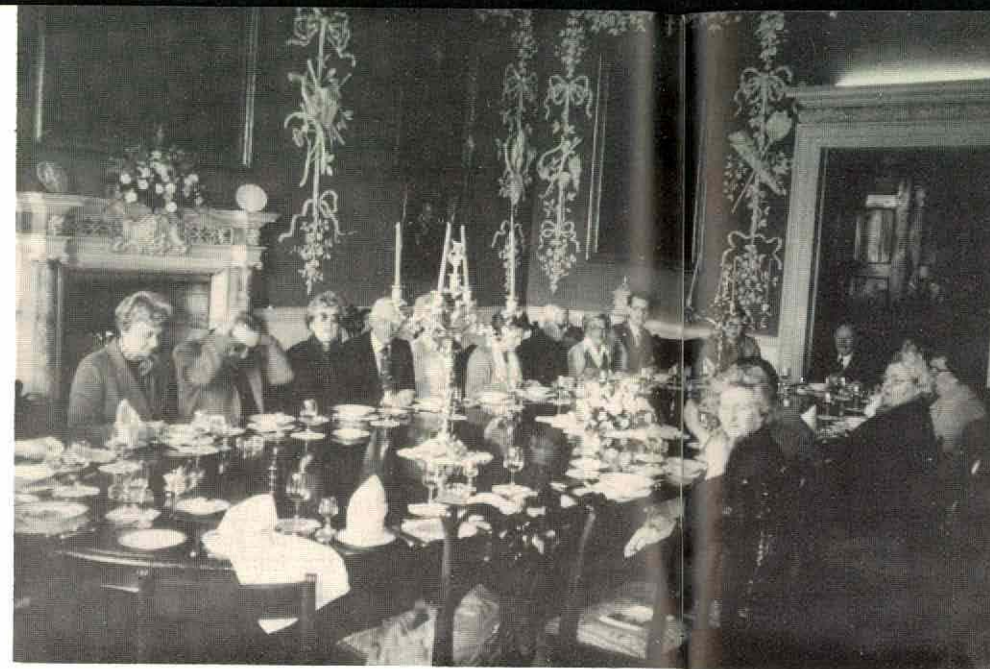
Our route then took us to Dudley when we were grateful for Jack Woolleys' Silver Ghost towering ahead (and Alys's navigation) to give us confidence that we were on the right road.

At the Open Air Black Country Museum we saw the beginnings of a memorial to the past. A short tram ride took us to the reconstructed village where we watched the traditional Black Country art of chain making. There were workers cottages furnished in period, a chapel and shops stocked with goods typical of the late Victorian era. Some of the packaging and equipment was found in the broken down buildings before restoration. All shopkeepers and other personnel associated with the project, dressed the part.

When we embarked on a long boat for the trip into Dudley canal tunnel, we soon knew why we had been advised to take raincoats and hats, as water dripped on our heads from stalactites in the roof.

Opened in 1792, it was in regular use until 1920's as a major industrial transport link to Bristol, when traffic began to decline, though even in 1950's some boats were "legged" through, the channel finally silted up. Restoration was started in 1964.

The "bargee", in local accent and associated dry humour, told us that Black Country Mums took their children into the tunnel if they had whooping cough—50% were cured—the other 50% died of pneumonia! He soon persuaded Phil



Lunch in the turquoise dining room at Hagley Hall

Taylor, Ken Smedley and Digby Wills that it was necessary to "leg" the boat home—murmuring something about batteries being flat—but we think he had a twinkle in his eye.

Once more aboard our cars we left the museum—at least the Price's nearly didn't. We stalled going up a steep hill and couldn't restart, until Phil suggested putting her into reverse, which did the trick after momentary alarm to those behind us.

Following Sue's excellent directions we arrived safely at the Holiday Inn, Birmingham, central, modern and comfortable despite the dubious distinction of having "Gladys Knight and the Pips" as guests!

In the evening we all enjoyed "Major Barbara" at the New Repertory Theatre a short walk away and even though someone had left their tickets locked in their car, Sue produced replacements. Here we were joined by some club members who lived locally.

Our motor cars were an excellent representation of the name. The collection was a changing one, as some of the participants were with us for part only of the tour. But for three successive nights the Essex Street service station of P. J. Evans (whose Rolls-Royce franchise in Birmingham goes back to the earliest days) was home for Jack Woolley's Silver Ghost, Ken Smedley's 20 HP Cabriolet-de-Ville, Lynn Brua's PII, Fred Watson's PII driven by Sebastian Lange, Geoffrey Price's 20-25 HP, James Valentine's Silver Dawn and Fred Watson's Silver Shadow and Phil Taylor's Silver Shadow convertible loaned to Digby Wills for the event. The staff there, for whom no opportunity arose for a display of their

A tram ride at Open Air Black Country Museum



skills, were keenly interested in our motor cars, which we left each evening with a comfortable assurance that they were safely tucked up.

Saturday was another marathon day. After a sustaining breakfast, we set out for Stuart Crystal Glassworks, Stourbridge. Here we saw the story of glass from constituents to treacle-like metal which, with skill and dexterity, was blown and manipulated into familiar objects, decorated and polished. Most of us left the Factory Shop clutching packages.

We ate our Taylor-size picnic lunch at the Broadfield House Glass Museum which showed a fascinating display of items from Roman to present day.

That evening our transport was a grand old municipal 'bus, (1949 Guy) lovingly restored, in which we were driven via the once opulent Edgbaston to the amazing Jonathan's Restaurant. There we enjoyed a gourmet meal, accompanied by Vivaldi's Magnificat, amidst a conglomeration of antiques and Edwardian bad taste. Janet and James Hand, Eva and Fred Phillips and other local friends joined the festivities.

Sunday's events at Stone Manor Hotel, set high in the beautiful Clent hills, reminded us that we were a car club and the gentlemen (and some ladies) exhibited their skills as they "demolished" the obstacles of the driving tests. Alys sampled most cars with great style. Once again local members, including the Greenwoods, joined the contest.

A crowning climax to our Midlands trip was Monday at the Rover factory, Solihull. We were welcomed most warmly by senior members of the marketing organisation. We watched the complete assembly of hand built Range Rovers, were driven round the "assault" course, which they call the Test Track, in all 3 models. Many of our brave members, including Sue, took a turn at the wheel. The impact on our stomachs did not impair the enjoyment of the tasty lunch provided.

"And so farewell to sunny Birmingham." We particularly liked fathoming the intricacies of our city, rebuilt since we left in 1948 but what a joy to soak once more in baths of its beautiful water.

Oh, Dear! I could write so much more—of how the Valentines, arriving late, were locked out of the Garage, of how Margery Wills cleverly put Phil Taylor off his stroke during the driving tests, of how we tried to show Midge and Lynn a beauty spot of our youth and met the world and his wife, of the Rover, packed with Taylors on the test rig when the computer print out read



Spring driving test winner: Jack Woolley 1912 Silver Ghost 190E

from page 3

"HELP"—of the group of us led by the Woolleys who sought and found tea in a quaint cafe at Clent, whose owner hoped we would return, a sentiment reciprocated.

Betty Price

W. A. LOCKLEY COOK

'Bill', as he was known to his many friends, is no longer with us, and the motoring scene in Veteran and Vintage and Classic circles will miss him greatly. He had an old world charm of character and his ready smile and wit endeared him to all he met.

He was always prepared to give advice and assistance to anyone with a problem and his very many years of experience with all types of cars qualified him to do so in an expert manner.

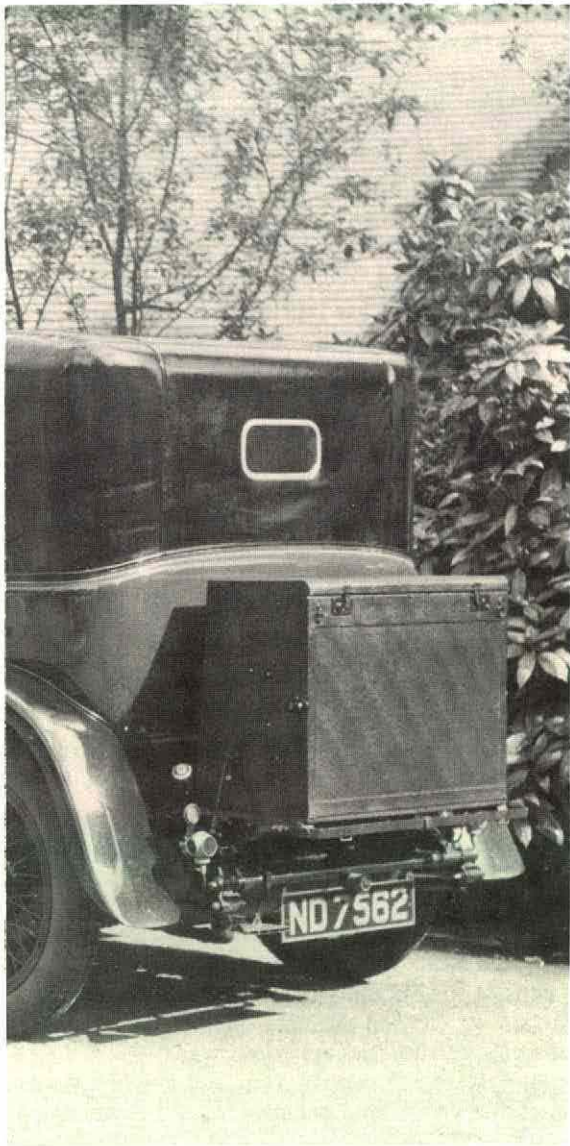
He was a member of many Motor Clubs and also a Committee Member of several where his wise counsel was much appreciated.

He had a superb collection of cars from Veteran to Modern which had been restored as necessary to new condition under his meticulous personal supervision; some of these are the finest of their type in the world today. There is not space to describe them but they are already well known. 'Bill' was for many years active in the competitive scene and took part successfully with every type of car eligible for the various events. He was one of our best all round drivers and a fine sportsman, always in sympathy with his machine.

He and Marion were very popular, especially on rallies, where he would entertain us in the evenings with delightful stories of his experiences. He was the finest example of the perfect gentleman and he will be sorely missed by his many friends worldwide.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Marion and the family.

Stanley Sears



Various types of trunks were available, the most popular was fitted with three suitcases. The design was by four considerations, expense was not one of them.

Weight—construction was such that they were extremely light in weight for their size.

Strength—very strong and could be dropped or suffer hard knocks with little damage.

Secure—Fastening to the car had to be such as to be rigid as roads were bad and the trunks were perched overhanging the rear grid.

Waterproof—they were virtually waterproof owing to the well fitting lips at the opening points. This also made them dustproof.

Usually the Rolls owner or the chauffeur brought the car to the time office in a little alley between Great Charles Street and Livery Street. There the works timekeeper measured the luggage grid and checked the rear of the car. These measurements were sent to the workrooms and a design to suit the style of the car and style of the trunk decided upon.

The construction was of high grade plywood, this was glued with animal glue with pine sections along the joints then re-inforced with overlapping strong linen or twill. Heavy duty rexine was glued on the outside. The method used was to cut a piece of rexine slightly larger than required and brush the glue all over it. Then it was placed in position and using hot rags (dipped in the well of the glue pot), rubbing the rexine hard into position. The heat from the hot rags heated the glue and a perfect adhesion was obtained. On some trunks the corners and edges were re-inforced with black cowhide.

The large trunks were fitted with three suitcases covered in a lightweight rexine. Their construction was of lighter plywood about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and made complete with top, and then the top was cut off about $1\frac{1}{4}$ " down. This ensured the lid being an exact fit to the body and any change in climatic conditions was cancelled out as the wood for the top and bottom were exactly the same.

The fixings were designed and patented by J. B. Brooks and specially made and were ideal for their purpose.

To ensure that the trunk could not be removed by any unauthorised person the clips used were adjustable camlock fittings with keys. These held the trunk firmly on the grid and when unlocked moved sideways to release the trunk.

George Smith
April 1982

BROOKS TRUNKS

After 3 years of part-time jobs I started full time work at J. B. Brooks of Great Charles Street, Birmingham in August 1918. The first World War was still being fought and J. B. Brooks Ltd. were still making supplies of various equipment for the army.

On cessation of hostilities in November 1918 production of normal goods was slowly begun. Amongst the goods that were made were Rolls-Royce luggage trunks ("Brooks Trunk"). When I left the firm in 1924 they were still being made.

Spring Driving Tests 1982 — Stone Manor RESULTS

Competitor		Wibble- Wobble	Parking	The Minute	Pads	Width Judging	Pedestrian	Total	
Lynn Brua	P.II	115	69	150	130	2	10	476	
Jack Woolley	S.G.	22	13	105	120	8	5	273	1st
Kenneth Smedley	20h.p.	12	23	100	130	10	2	277	2nd
Sebastian Lange	PII	15.5	20	110	140	1.5	0	287	3rd
Digby Wills	S.G.	14	64	115	150	4	12	359	
Geoffrey Price	20/25	14	87	130	160	8	3	402	
James Valentine	S.D.	16	44	425	160	22	80	747	
Susan Taylor	20/25	13	56	388	130	22	8	617	
Philip Taylor		12	6	115	130	8	200	471	
Pip. Greenwood	S.S.	65	79	175	150	2.5	200	671	

ANDREW TAYLOR, Secretary of the Meeting

WADDESDON MANOR —
Concours d'Etat

On Saturday 17th July we awoke to a glorious summer morning, always a relief when one has a leaky sunshine roof. Our two guests cleverly navigated us through the quiet lanes from Henley and we approached Waddesdon Manor from the south to see the towers in the sunlight above the trees on the horizon.

We swept round the long drive to a magnificent vista of the house and the first car to catch our eyes was the very pretty 20 h.p. belonging to Commander Keller. He actually designed this car in 1929 and he must feel justly proud of such an exquisite result.

We lined up with eight other cars, which if not a great quantity made up for it with a varied and attractive selection. We chatted with Geoffrey and Betty Price in their original 20/25 1936 Park Ward then we dispersed to a rather fragmented picnic to the sound of popping corks. Here lay my first mistake in not collecting information before lunch. I had difficulty in finding out even the colour of some cars after lunch from their somewhat merry owners. Fred Watson and Patrick Brewer were drinking what appeared to be 1924 vintage gin from an elegant kit including real horn goblets, which blended so well in the boot of his beautiful Silver Shadow I.

Lynn Brua organised the day in his relaxed manner from his desirable Continental Hooper 1932 Sports Saloon. Our hard working editor took copious shots of proceedings with his camera while his Silver Ghost gleamed in the sunlight. Peter

and Jean Heilbron made an impressive entrance in their magnificent 1924 Silver Ghost Salamanca all weather Cabriolet de Ville, which looked even better with the hood down. Phil and Jean Francis arrived in their immaculate 1965 Silver Cloud III Continental which has a timeless elegance much admired by all.

While many toured the treasures of the house and very attractive aviary, Commander Hugh Keller and Nigel Frederick were working hard assessing the cars for the concours. Without such knowledgeable and dedicated souls it would be difficult indeed to run such an event and the club must be deeply in debt to both Hugh and Nigel for their work over the years.



At two thirty Lynn Brua summoned us by klaxon to hear the results. The new trophy kindly presented by Fred Watson for the best Silver Ghost was won by Peter Heilbron. The first prize for the concours by Phil Francis and the second prize by Lynn Brua.

The official event was then concluded by a well earned round of applause for the committee and judges for arranging such a successful and enjoyable day.

Most of us then partook of tea in the lofty kitchen or chatted amiably in the afternoon sun before dispersing to our various ways.

To sum up I would rate this one of my most enjoyable rallies, and our two guests agreed.

John Squire

20 GHOST CLUB 1982 CONCOURS D'ETAT
Waddesdon Manor
17th July 1982

Judged by Hugh Keller & Nigel Frederick

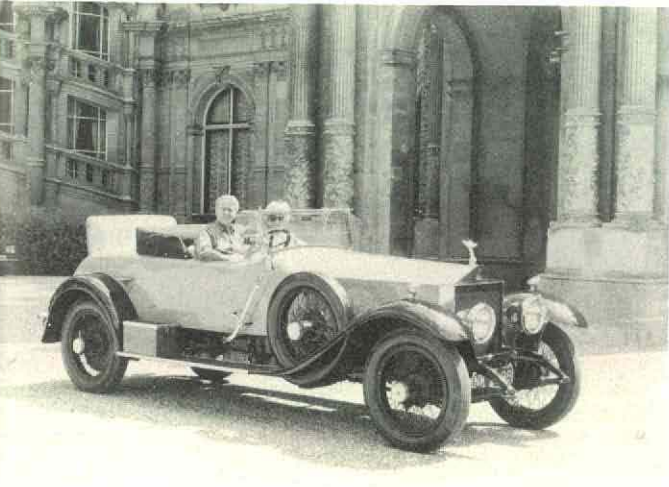
Owner	Registration	Type	Year	1	2	3	4	Total
P. Francis	99 CWF	Cloud	1965	9	7	35	35	86
L. Brua	GY 7719	PII	1932	9	6	35	35	85
P. Heilbron	XX 4530	SG	1929	8	8	30	34	80
D. Wills	NK 2898	SG	1921	4	8	35	32	79
G. Price	WS 8586	20/25	1936	8	7	32	31	78
J. Squire	LS 3242	20/25	1930	6	6	30	20	62
Column 1 — Originality				10	maximum			
2 — Cleanliness				10	maximum			
3 — Mechanical				40	maximum			
4 — Coachwork				40	maximum			



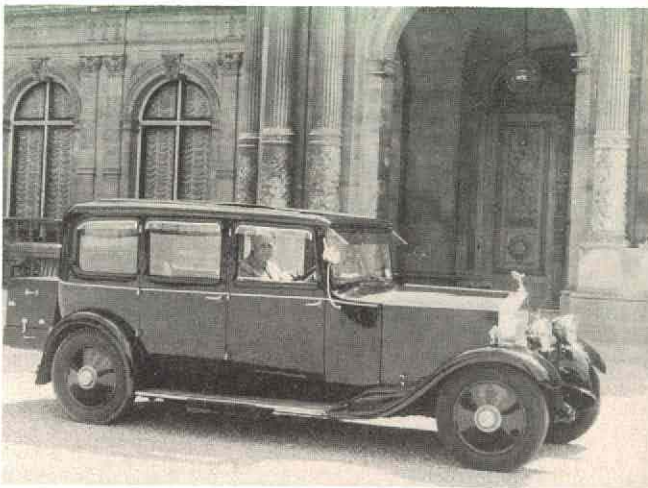
Peter Francis Cloud 1965



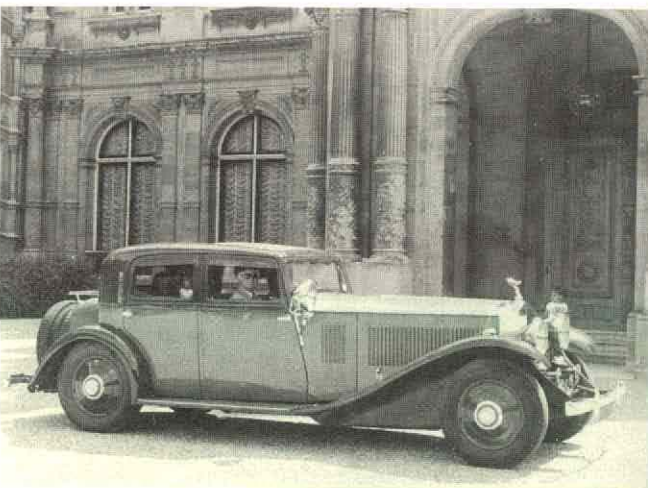
Fred Watson Silver Shadow



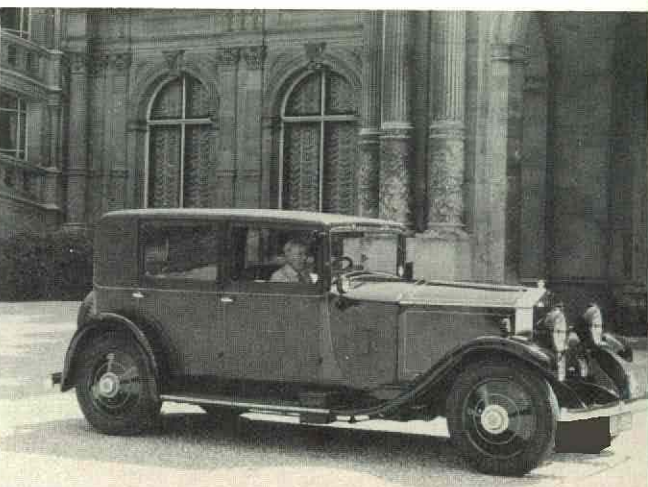
Digby Wills Silver Ghost 1921 AG 9



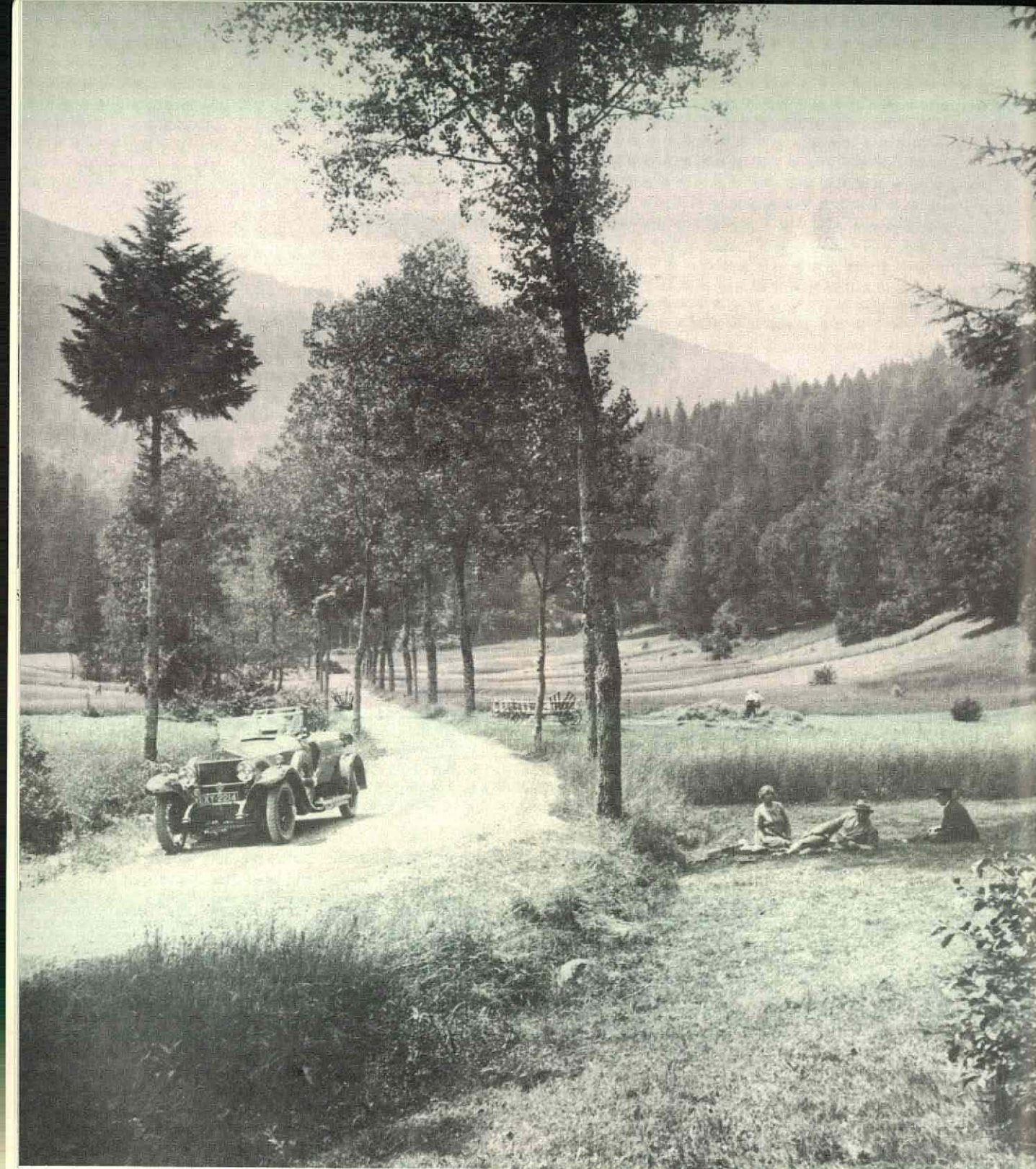
John Squire 20/25 1930 GTR 38



Lyn Brua PII 1932 36 MS

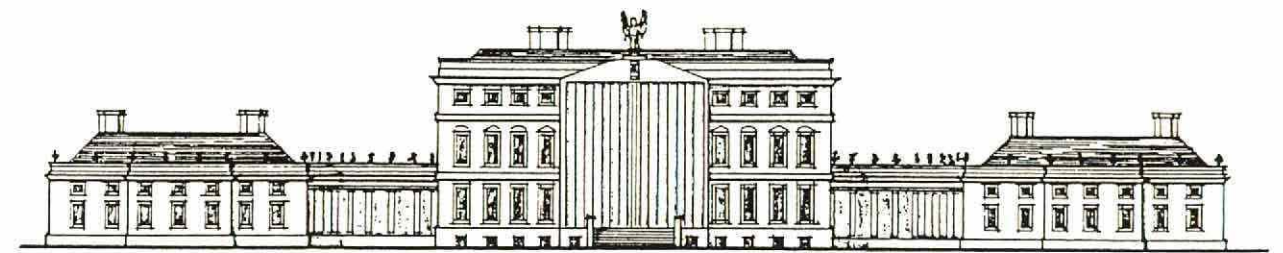


The Judge's car 20 hp 1929 GEN 45



Evoking the spirit of Dronford Yates, this Phantom I was touring the Basque country in 1926.

(Percy Northey photograph, presented to the Club by Harry Grylls)



A WEST COUNTRY TOUR

The 20-Ghost Club is indeed fortunate in having a committee member and his wife who are also members of the London Chapter of the Irish Georgian Society. For without James and Janet Valentine we would not be able to sample the delights of English homes, craftsmanship and hospitality at their best. The Irish Georgians (affectionately known as the "gorgons") give the members of the 20-Ghost Club the opportunity to visit many wonderful homes and houses on these joint weekends. Many of the houses visited are privately owned and not generally open to the public. We are treated to a feast of beautiful paintings, interiors, ceilings and the general atmosphere of English country life in a true and often magnificent setting. I must heartily recommend members of the 20-Ghost Club to take part in future combined events. The company and houses are stimulating and interesting, the food excellent. In all a weekend of charm, delight and elegance.

My brother Andrew and I took 2 cars (we do speak actually) on this occasion; Andrew the 1927 "20" Hooper Tourer known to us as "Emma" and I the 1970 Silver Shadow Drophead "Sophie". We left Birmingham on the Friday morning and pottered slowly south in convoy (I never have a map!) We lunched in Minchinhampton and had tea in Shaftesbury. We took time to see Gold Hill (scene of the Hovis T.V. advertisement); unfortunately the buildings are now slipping down the hill and require extensive renovation. We continued to Dorchester and sought our hotels (2 different ones), Andrew to the Kings Arms with car park and I to the Casterbridge Arms with no parking facilities. I highly recommend the Casterbridge Arms—a recently renovated, small Georgian house with delightfully furnished rooms and good breakfasts (no other meals). Despite our misgivings we were the first and not the last to arrive in Dorchester. We therefore took the opportunity to visit Portland a haunt of our youth. Fortunately the Kings Arms were most

obliging and allowed both our cars to be parked in the locked hotel car park.

Upon our return from Portland we were pleased to see the other members of the Club who were participating:

Henry Wilkins with his red 1915 Silver Ghost Tourer and his nephew Peter with the blue 1934 20/25. Geoffrey and Betty Price with their 1936 20/25, Chairman Lynn Brua and Midge in the Phantom 11 Sports Saloon and later our organisers with "Auntie" the 1929 Phantom 1 and "Niece" the 1954 Silver Dawn.

Saturday, 29th May

The party assembled outside the Kings Arms at 9.30 a.m. in blazing sunshine and with the delightful aroma of roasting coffee beans permeating the air from the tea and coffee merchant next door. The Irish Georgians numbered some 26 and with a short blast on his whistle I.G.S. Chairman, Nicholas Thompson brought them all to order to sort passenger arrangements. The seats in the open cars were claimed first, I wonder perhaps if the weather had been dreadful the reverse would have been true. Once we were fully loaded the convey moved off with graceful progression. I noted an interesting little sign painted on the wall of one of the buildings in the High Street—'120 miles to Hyde Park Corner'.

The first house on the programme was Dewlish, built in 1702 and now the home of J. Anthony Boyden, Esq. Mr. Boyden was unfortunately away at the time of our visit but he had arranged for his chauffeur to collect his new Silver Spirit from Jack Barclays the day before, and bring the car to meet its older cousins.

The house had many paintings with a maritime theme reflecting the owner's interest as an organiser of the Americas Cup. The use of colour in the rooms was quite unexpected—orange and grey; dark blue, white and vibrant green on the staircase toning perfectly with an enormous painting of wild fowl by Peter Scott.

The swimming pool looked extremely inviting at the start of a hot day and it would perhaps not have taken too much encouragement to remain there for the entire day. ►

The convoy proceeded to Milton Abbey—boys public school and the setting for the BBC series "To Serve Them All My Days". The Bursar kindly showed us around the school and pointed out the problems of maintaining such large and extensive buildings. Problems that encompassed dry rot, damp, damaged plasterwork and not least, arson—a pupil had set fire to the library and caused great damage, fortunately now repaired.

The Abbey itself contains the only hanging tabernacle in England and a very crude drawing of a skull and hour glass on one of the grave stones set in the aisle. The interior was cool and quite a relief from the now blazing sun outside.

Lunch followed at the Hambro Arms, Milton Abbas. This village was completely destroyed by Lord Dorchester and rebuilt as a model village in the late 18th century. "Capability" Brown had a hand in the plans. At the time of building the cottages with water, light and space must have seemed like palaces to the displaced villagers and even today it seems almost too neat, too perfect. The small village ensemble playing for the local fete added a nice tone to the air.

The day continued hot and sunny and we moved onto Stepleton House, home of The Hon. Robert Hesketh. We had been told that we would only be allowed to view the outside of the house as the family would be away but no sooner than our fleet drew up than the main door opened and we were invited to view the inside by the owners.

Our next call was to Ranston, the home of Mrs. W. H. Gibson-Fleming—a grower of lily of the valley. The house was built by the noted family of architects and master builders of Blandford—the Bastards. The Bastards also built Stepleton. Ranston was built in 1753 but was reduced considerably in 1961-63. One original front remains but the other fronts are by Louis

Osman, better known as the designer of the crown for the Prince Charles' investiture at Caernarvon.

The rooms were full of the beautiful perfume of lily of the valley, cultivated and picked by Mrs. Gibson-Fleming and her sister-in-law and sought after by the buyers at Covent Garden. Mrs. Gibson-Fleming provided a very welcome cup of tea and told us of her problems with the lawns—not moles or dogs but an overactive moss killer with disastrous results. The house was well guarded with 5 or was it 15 labradors? Very friendly and keen to know the intruders to their beautiful home.

We moved to Sherbourne Castle. Sir Walter Raleigh converted the buildings of the 1100's, but, soon abandoning the idea he built the present castle in 1594. We had a very hurried viewing of the interior before changing for drinks and the concert at the Abbey. I was intrigued by the family crest which contained an ostrich. Rather an odd choice I thought to be associated with a noble motto. Post war Rolls-Royce products do have their part to play—the boot of the Shadow proved extremely useful and contained almost the entire party's dinner wear! Once suitably attired, and with Phill Rogers making the Chinese wolf knee rug from "Emma" a most elegant wrap for a passenger in an open "20", we swept off towards the Abbey. The Concert was given by the English Chamber Orchestra Wind Ensemble. The programme was varied, and the more modern parts of the recital not to my liking but generally a pleasurable if somewhat back breaking evening. Pews can become too hard too soon. Supper was served at Minterne, quite a distance from the Abbey. It was now getting dark and considerably cooler—the open cars were now not quite so popular! However we arrived in Dorchester without a case of bronchitis. ▶

Melbury with the Tudor tower in the background

Sunday, 30th May

The day again hot and sunny. We drew up outside the Kings Arms causing quite a traffic problem for the holidaymakers motoring by. Each car's complement of passengers had changed. We progressed (really the only way to describe our stately cavalcade) to Mapperton Manor House, home of Mr. Victor Montagu (the former Viscount Hinchinbrooke). The house contained many modern French paintings collected by the present owner and his father. We wandered from room to room and were taken by surprise by stepping from the dining room and small ante-room directly into the 12th Century chancel of the chapel. The chapel has virtually no foundations because of the hardness of the ground. However to the rear of the house there is a valley laid out as formal gardens. This work was started by a Mrs. Labouchere in 1919 and continued by Mr. Montagu. Indeed the Orangery at the head of the valley was only built a few years ago but already the stonework had blended beautifully with that of the older range of buildings.

Melbury House was one of the largest on our tour and simply full of treasures, from Canelletto paintings, a sketch by Rubens and an array of silver by Paul Storr. This house and its contents would take a whole weekend to discover and explore even superficially. The porcelain fruit, nuts, vegetables and fish were only too realistic and, I have to admit, just had to be touched. We were made very welcome by Lady Teresa Agnew and her family and they joined us for a picnic lunch on the lawns—a lunch very ably prepared and organised by Honor McCulloch. Her quiches were very popular with all members of the party and disappeared rapidly, accompanied with the appropriate liquid refreshment for the area—cider.

Janet Valentine and Lavinia Baird at Ranston

The daughter of the house led several parties through a rabbit warren of rooms and staircases to the top of the Tudor Tower which had recently undergone major restoration. Other parts of the house were now being restored including a Victorian/Edwardian ballroom which some members suggested would make a very suitable garage. The Church too was open for our inspection; a mainly Perpendicular building with one of the finest arrays of monuments in Dorset.

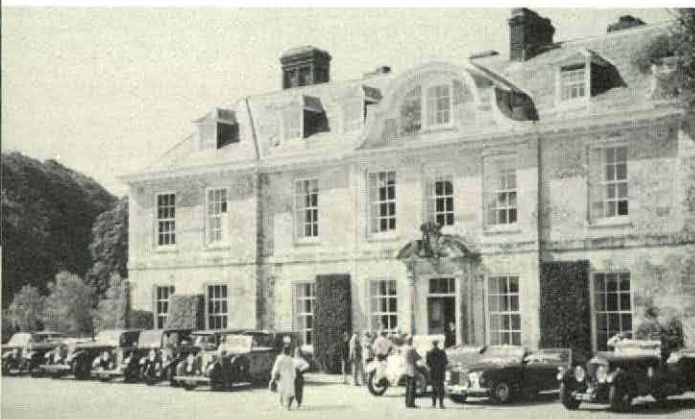
I was by now feeling a little overwhelmed by the beauty and quality of the venues of our visits so far and by the time we reached Montacute I was "house-blind". Andrew and I viewed the house somewhat superficially and made for the tea rooms. I would say we were not the only ones who were slacking! I will return to Montacute one day and do full justice to the Long Gallery and the portraits from the National Portrait Gallery.

Tintinhull House. Charming and delightful is the only way to describe this relatively small farmhouse and its gardens. Indeed the owner's wife is the author of a book on the design and running a small garden. Tea was served on the lawns and we soaked up the long hot summer sun. The house cat was also enjoying the sun and had found the ideal place to relax—on the hood cover of the Shadow. It seemed a shame to disturb her but eventually she had to be removed but was none too pleased with the action. The formal gardens here were laid out by Dr. S. J. M. Price, a clergyman and distinguished botanist. A number of the party took the opportunity to gather plant specimens—with the owner's permission of course.

We motored to Wolfeton. By now the map reading was getting really rather haywire. Janet Valentine in "Niece" as lead car always seemed to have the best navigator, but, often the immed-▶

An elegant line-up at Ranston

10 Dewlish House. A fine array of Club cars with a Bentley belonging to I.G.S. member Robin Dean



ately following car's navigator would have an alternative opinion and disappear in an opposite direction causing great hilarity to all and sundry. Half the convey arrived at Wolfeton via what they thought was the main drive only to be greeted with the other half from the opposite direction. Both parties encountered herds of cattle, narrow driveways and deep potholes and were none the wiser as to the true identity of the correct entrance.

For me, Wolfeton gave the first impression of being a French chateau with its circular towers of the 16th century gatehouse. Built by the Trenchard family all that remains of Sir Thomas' Trenchard's house is the gatehouse and south-west corner of the Manor House. This was a house where the imagination could run riot. The atmosphere and tremendous amount of restoration work to be done gave food for thought. It was reputed that an earlier owner of the house had driven a horse and carriage to the top of the main stone staircase for a bet. No mean feat. The bet was won but on occasions the clatter of hooves and iron clad wheels can be heard. At the head of this staircase is a great gallery, recently divided into a number of small rooms, and now slowly undergoing restoration. Its present state shows only too well what time and lack of maintenance, for various, reasons can do to buildings of great age.

Rather better preserved was a series of 14th century wooden panels in the Gatehouse. Signs of the zodiac were interspersed with scenes depicting the seasons and associated work on the land.

The fire was now alight in the dining room and we gathered there for drinks and a delicious supper of chicken and almonds followed by a tempting vacherin. Wolfeton has its own cider press and we were able to sample the products.

The wine and cider flowed along with good conversation. The time to leave ultimately arrived. By now it was pitch black and quite chilly, most of the party were tired and well fed. It was extremely fortunate that the return journey to Dorchester was very short!

Monday, 31st May

Dorchester, "Casterbridge" of Hardy's novels is the home of the Dorset County Museum. The museum was founded in 1846 and is still private being the property of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society. It contains a special Thomas Hardy collection and a private library. One of our party, Caroline Treffgarne, being a member of the society arranged for us to view the library and its contents. Again more time was needed to appreciate the treasures within.

The weather was becoming even hotter as we progressed to Athelhampton. A battlemented house with work of the 15th, 16th, 17th and present century. The main staircase was created in 1961 using Jacobean timbers and decorated with wallpapers in William Morris' Indian pattern. Other wallpapers are to designs by Pugin. Sir Robert Cooke, the owner, is particularly interested in the work of Pugin at the Palace of Westminster and has collected and displayed a number of artefacts relating to the Palace.

The gardens of Athelhampton are a delight. Mainly formal with a series of enclosed gardens with much topiary work and little fountains. One recently created pathway has been named "Wealth Tax Walk"! The Cooke family are continuing to work on new ideas and plans for the gardens.

An excellent buffet lunch was served in the stable block—a cool respite from the somewhat intense noon-day sun.

After lunch we motored to Herrington, home of Major-General E. A. W. Williams and a house never normally open to the public. The convoy ►

swept down the drive and we were greeted at the door by the Major-General who swiftly marshalled his visitors for a rundown of the history of the house and a tour led by members of his family. Herrington is a Gothic house to the north whilst the remaining portions were late 16th century. The barrel roof Jacobean plasterwork of the great chamber has to be seen to be believed—elephants, camels, all manner of animals and little boys dangling from pendants in the roof. Not only plasterwork but decorated wooden panelwork with Adam and Eve, other figures from the bible, mythology, the virtues and learning.

Mrs. Williams showed us the nursery with the sliding panel in the wall allowing parents to keep an eye on the sleeping infants. Still in use when the grandchildren come to stay! In a different vein there were some items of a rather gruesome nature—death masks of the last 3 murderers to be hung at Dorchester prison. A most unholy and threatening trio even in their solidified state.

Herrington has remained in the same family for over 500 years, and with Major-General Williams obvious pride and delight in his home, coupled with that of his wife and family, I felt we were seeing a small portion of English heritage being cared for before being handed on for the next 500 years.

Within 2 miles of Herrington was the final venue of the weekend, Came. Built in the late 18th century for John Damer, brother of Lord Milton owner of Milton Abbey, the house contains splendid roccoco plasterwork and many marble chimney pieces. A vestibule and conservatory were added in 1840. To the north lies a stable block but it was never matched on the south side as one would expect.

Tea and cakes were served on the lawn and the party remained to eat and chat for some time, unwilling certainly to bring to a close a lovely weekend. We returned to Dorchester and said our farewells.

It was a super way to end a lovely weekend. Thank you, James and Janet. ■

Susan Taylor

* There is a sad footnote to this report. Upon our return to Birmingham we received a call from James Valentine. Their journey home had been marred by a terrible accident with "Aunty". A car had smashed into the front of "Aunty" causing considerable damage. Fortunately neither Lady Freda nor James was seriously injured although Lady Freda was detained in hospital overnight.



Our longer standing members will be interested to know that Dorothy and Frank Hellings are enjoying their retirement in a delightful all wood Scandinavian design house perched on the cliffs at Broadhaven near Haverfordwest. Frank still has his Mulliner bodied 1927 20 h.p. and uses it occasionally but he doesn't like crawling under to do maintenance. Frank is, of course our honorary solicitor.

Letters

It was so good to receive a copy of Volume 22 of the "Record", and I hope that you enjoyed the work of editing it. However, you have been let down badly by the itinerant commentator of the Scottish Rally. Blood will flow!

On page 13 (on Skye) "mine host" is Lord MacDonald, with whom we have never been in conflict: but I did have a Campbell in my party. The cause and effect on page 16 is the result of a song called "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Malt", and not "The Pawky Duke" (which preceded it), and for which I am probably responsible in part! Yours ever, *Elgin Dunfermline*

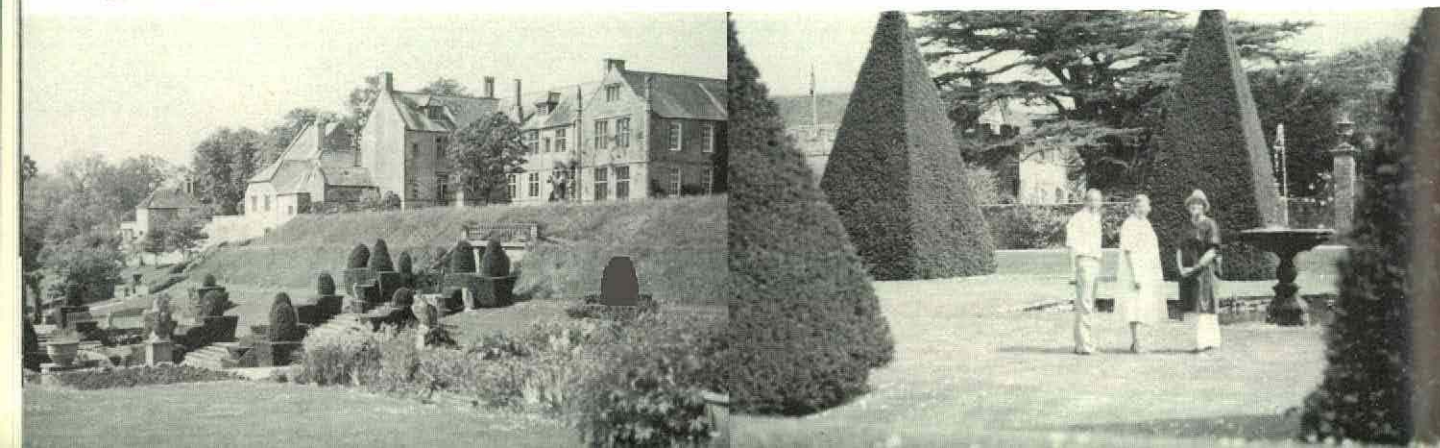
What a lovely surprise to receive the 81-82 Record, many many thanks, it was so thoughtful of you to send it.

Judging this your first year of editorship I feel sure you need have no further worries about future presentations. Anthony would have been so pleased, I feel certain he would have awarded you full marks.

I think Phil Taylor's obituary of him was excellent, so very true as I'm sure everyone who knew him well would agree.

I treasure so many happy memories of my association with the Club and look forward to your next edition. *Miki Holland Park Ave.*

12 The gardens of Mapperton, laid out by Mrs. Laboochere





Cocktails with Mr. & Mrs. Taylor Bigbie

stalked by a policeman. Wound way through great crowds and impossibly narrow alleys to small 'Place' which was entirely full of Rolls-Royces and also contained the hotel, which looked exactly like something out of Dornford Yates. Great welcome by hotel. Car covered in Belgians in national dress. Clog dancing in the square.

Off to drinks party in the country. Procession of seven Rolls's formed up amid great crowds, much manoeuvring and the displacement of the local ice cream seller. Off through streets of fantastic charm and waving crowds, some of whom sang Rule Britannia. Out into phenomenally tree lined avenues, joined by an eccentric Baron in a black Bentley. A perfect 1930's Rolls Royce advertisement was formed by the two Phantoms seen passing through the poplar trees. Arrived at the Bigbie's superb farmhouse in the country, the sound of the poplar trees and the light on the water made it like living in a French Impressionist painting. They had invited all their English-speaking friends or anyone who had been in England and lively Franglais conversation developed over the Kir on the terrace. Back through the countryside on tiny roads much to

the surprise of the inhabitants with the Baron leading, in the middle of the road which seemed much more familiar to them. After garaging cars at the local Rolls agent, took taxis back to the outskirts of Bruges and walked back to the hotel alongside the canals through streets already lined with spectators excitedly waiting for the festivities to begin. Dinner was taken in a canalside dining room, a procession moving in the background. Later walked out to view it, seeing only those on horseback and the pageant scenes—exactly as it must have been in 1400.

Day 2 Sunday Bruges to Trier

Woke at 7 a.m. to find square in front of hotel deserted save one lonely sweeper. Impossible to sleep later since the sonnerie from clock started. "Just sweep through Brussels" said the guide; so we did. Got lost, saw one classical building, wound up in enormous fair and market on the Brussels inner ring road, which is also being dug up for their new subway system. There were times when it looked as if we would never get out of Brussels and, if we did, that it would be in the wrong direction, but eventually, past the barracks, we escaped. Ghent was amazingly picturesque, full of thousands of people on bicycles, trams, and diversions for which the Flemish word is incredible. Brussels/Luxembourg frontier was a small hut and a cheerful wave but Luxembourg/Germany took over an hour and a half. Finally released along the Moselle, got some inkling of what the great wine valleys would be like. Over the river to Trier, direction finding not improved by confusing Nord Allee with Sud Allee and, having traversed whole town and gone round the block looking for the garage, wound up at new glass/chrome hotel. The Black Gate, Trier's main tourist attraction, immediately opposite, approp-

TOUR OF GERMANY AND DENMARK

The Editor, grown cunning even in his early days in the Chair, asked me to write up this Tour well before we left, when I was unsuspecting and naive. It did, however remind me to keep some sort of Diary, written up each evening. We dined particularly well, so the record may be a little patchy at times and I apologise for leaving out the adventures which others undoubtedly had. That, as they say, is another story, and I have my hush money to consider.

The party consisted of: Lynn and Midge Brua (Our Leaders) with Fred and Elsie Barrett in the P II Continental; Jane and I in a 20/25; Ken and Pam Ducommun in their Ghost; Peter and Jean Heilbron in theirs; Geoffrey and Betty Price (20/25); Lady Freda, Jimmy and Janet Valentine, (Radford Silver Dawn); Digby and Margery Wills (Ghost) and Jack and Alys Woolley in their new Continental P II.

"Dear Diary

DIARY OF THE 20 GHOST CLUB TOUR OF GERMANY AND DENMARK

Day 1 Saturday Dover to Bruges

Arrived car park of Ferry Terminal displaying the nerves of first time participants. Nerves communicated themselves to the car and the starter motor failed. Cranking produced much hilarity in the spectators but little in the participants. However, made it on board successfully but was surrounded by Belgian deck hands who looked fanatically Communist. Need not have worried; they asked all the questions which were later to become so familiar—"How old is it?" "How much did it cost?" "Is it a Rally?" "How big is the engine?" and, unexpectedly, "Look here is another one". So there was; the Heilbron's Ghost. Managed to find Peter and Jean in the lounge and thus experienced the warmth of Club feeling and allayed the growing suspicion that we must be mad and were certainly conspicuous. Arrived Ostend and took the old road—lift bridges, cycle tracks and very flat country. Got to Bruges, asked the way to hotel, told "it is in the centre". Asked again nearer the centre, told "leave the car and walk". Went to the centre anyway. Jane leapt out to consult the giant map displayed there but was seized by a passing Belgian who told her at great length which hotel she wanted (since he had already directed five Rolls's) while the car was

The "mechanic the club takes with them"?



Ancient and not so modern



riately black and sinister. Walked out in the evening with the Woolleys to local cafe which had what appeared to be an 85 page menu and wine list—most encouraging.

Day 3 Monday Trier to Heidelberg

Planned route on minor roads. Left with Peter and Jean, up the Moselle valley. Superbly spectacular, gigantic vineyards climbing both sides of the valley. The river much wider than expected, huge barges plying it, new giant dams have made it more navigable. The sheer labour of the vineyards suddenly came home. Stopped at what we thought was Berncastle (but turned out to be a suburb village) in a modern cafe that welcomed coaches and hence had room for the Ghost. They thought we were mad wanting to eat on the terrace but obliged us. Then went through the real Berncastle which had tiny winding cobbled streets leading up into the mountains through the main square. Roads very twisty and forested, practically Alpine climb, magnificent views back, especially of Peter negotiating the hairpins in the Ghost looking like all the pictures in the history books. Reached eventually a giant plain, wonderful rural roads, huge sweeping fields, descending from time to time to thread small villages. On to a deserted motorway, joined it where it was beginning to be built, but came off slap into the middle of the American base area, a salutary reminder of the other side of Germany. Great tank parks, missiles, thousands of Americans with their own number plates, own signposts, own towns. Off through small roads heading for Frankenstein which looked unexpectedly suburban, and so up into the mountains again.

Visit to Speyer whose cathedral was a pink striped new-looking Romanesque building with a gigantic crypt housing one or two Holy Roman Emperors. Approaching suburbs of Heidelberg, desperate not to enter it on the motorway, entailed small suburban detour down Beethovenstrasse, Mozartstrasse and Wagnerstrasse. Peter said "I like music but this is ridiculous". Arrived more by luck than by judgment in the middle of Heidelberg, Jane having asked the way successfully from a passing motorist in a traffic jam. Great row developing—"How the hell am I supposed to know which way to turn and anyway . . . Look! there's the hotel". Arrived desperately tired after wonderful but long drive to find the Club requiring driving tests to get the cars all into a very small space for a photograph. Peter, the last in, eventually leaning exhausted against his car in his floppy hat. The Hotel was de Grande Luxe—the room all black and white, bottles of cham-



Spangenberg Castle ▲



Relaxing on the Funen Island ferry ▲



Count & Countess K. B. Ahlefeldt-Laurvig ▲
talk to Lynn and Lady Freda



pagne in the fridge. Escaped to have dinner in student beer hall which looked amazingly authentic, which probably meant it was designed for the tourists, but housed a very nice two seater carriage with dicky seat. Enormously long pedestrian street—sometimes thought we'd never reach the end.

Day 4 Heidelberg

Morning spent working on the car, unable to escape from the courtyard of the hotel so done in glare of publicity. Murphy's Law demands that both front wheels were off the car when the local press appeared. Peter, who was in his old overalls, was asked if he was the mechanic which the Club took with them to look after the cars. Journalists received huge amounts of information from all present, got most of it right. No one would confess to telling them the things which appeared and were totally inaccurate. The afternoon spent doing the tourist bit. To the castle with a magnificent view and a gigantic wine butt as well as a fascinating chemist museum. The Electors' church very bright but bare. Evening dinner at the Ritterhaus, the only one to have survived the Great Sack, at which "The auditor reluctantly accepted the wine bill".

Day 5 Heidelberg to Rothenburg via Schwabischall

Left Heidelberg about 10, rejected Neckar valley and went parallel to the motorway on minor roads. Schwabischall an enormously picturesque market town. Car park was preceded by a two-metre bridge which, fortunately, I thought about after we had gone through it. Whole town on a great slope up from the river. Superb market square. Church, up its 52 steps, was shut so retreated to the Cafe Am Market for extremely sophisticated pastries and the echoes of organ practice. Left main road to take the triangular cut-off to Rothenburg. The roads quite deserted, the views superb, the driving entirely pre-war. Joined the 'Romantic Road' for the mile or so into Rothenburg and at 'Centrum' sign turned off wideish suburban road straight into the Middle Ages through a great fortified Barbican, down unbelievably picturesque cobbled main street, travelling slowly through crowds of amused tourists under the gilded shop signs hanging overhead. Hotel very dark and rambling, full of carvings and passages at different levels. Our room itself quite startlingly 60's with wrought iron screen round the bed decorated with metal climbing roses, and a Bardot tapestry in the bathroom. The tartan bidet in another room caused a sensation. Guided to garage round tortuous bends and

under the church into a stable yard full of Silver Ghosts backing and filling. Berthed the Rolls (D. Yates strikes again) and set out to do the Town. Up the tower of the Rathaus which was very high, very narrow, full of tourists and shaking. The guard rail round the top was much in demand. The main church was mercifully Gothic after a diet of Roccoco excess. Walked along the battlements, the wall-walk having been restored for over half the circuit of the walls. Staggered off into cafe to recover with a calming cake, looking like the hunchback of Notre Dame since the wall-walk roof is low and sloping. Dinner in a private room at the Hotel Eisenhut marked the last time that we were all together since the Ducommun's were leaving. On behalf of all, Geoffrey presented Lynn and Midge with a print of the town as a 'Thankyou' for all their work. Lynn, replying, said that we were now entering unknown territory and he hoped we wouldn't want it back later.

Day 6 Rothenburg to Spangenburg

Jack and Alys left early having taken the roof off their car which meant that it rained on everyone else twenty minutes later. Left in company of Peter and Jean who followed us even when we took the wrong turning—such faith. On the rural roads, muck spreaders were much in evidence. Stopped at Wurzburg to visit the Residenz. The Valentines attempted the Marienburg and found it despite being told by local council employees that it didn't exist. The Residenz was a riot of exotic Baroque plasterwork and trompe l'oeil, much given to feet hanging over the edge of the cornices and swagged draperies. Photographs on the upper floors showed how appalling had been the bomb damage. The restoration was superb, including silvering of the decoration in the green painted rooms. Had lunch in romantic picnic spot with vista but thereafter fates were unkind and traffic became heavy. Spangenburg turn-off led to country lane which rose and twisted through wooded valleys with only just enough room for the cars causing a wild surprise to the local inhabitants who thought the 20/25 odd enough, but the Ghost, wow! The castle hangs over the town, so had to go up an impossible track which finally debouched onto a drawbridge. Peter sensibly held back to ease the weight problem—an excellent precaution in view of later disclosures. The castle was like the fictional Frankenstein and apparently deserted apart from a gigantic hound in the courtyard. As dusk drew in, legends multiplied, especially over dinner which was made more exciting by our failure to understand the Menu. Lightning flashed ►

through the narrow windows and was unwisely discounted by the braver souls, as was the story of wild boar in the moat. The eating was good but stopped abruptly at 10 p.m. when the kitchen closed without notice half way through the second course, the staff apparently fleeing back to the village for the night. Lady Freda disclosed that the castle had been a prisoner of war camp, and the party retired to bed with some trepidation.

Day 7 Spangenberg to Celle

Daylight and an excellent breakfast made the castle look less like a Hammer film set. Departed straight up motorway since we had an appointment with friends of Jane's early youth. Drove into fearsome storm: lightning and torrential rain coinciding with major road works and diversions. There were times when visibility disappeared altogether. Peter, sheltering under a motorway bridge since, as usual, the storm had been preceded by his opening the car, thought he was being hounded by police patrols which turned out, fortunately, to be motorcyclists seeking shelter, too. Arrived eventually at Wolfenbittel a charming town with another cake shop for planning strategy. Did tour of the schloss, an extremely one-horse affair which, though it appeared to be built of stone turned out to be wooden and apparently falling into its own moat. An engaging small museum inside it. Left the town on tiny minor roads through great cornfields and woods. Attempted to get into the wrong house, since Jane was making too much of an allowance for youthful exaggeration of memory and had picked one half the size of the real thing. We had a graceful and warm reception in a cool, elegant house fronted by a huge courtyard and backed by an 'English' park with cedar trees. Left as it was getting dark. The Celle road was long and straight. With unmodified headlights we attempted to beat the dusk, and the car, obviously affected by all the Phantom Continentals, picked up its skirts and fairly thundered into the growing night. Would we make it? It was of course Celle festival week and the town was bulging. We got lost, turned up a one-way street and did an unintentional tour. Thus we arrived late for dinner, which was a magnificent spread, planned, cooked, wines chosen and a Menu printed all within 1½ hours. The rest of the party were very forgiving, especially Lynn and Midge since we had their luggage with us. At the end of the meal the huge, bearded chef appeared to great applause and the party sank gratefully into gigantic leather sofas in the hall—far larger and more luxuriant than the upholstery of most of the cars. We resisted disco and bowling.

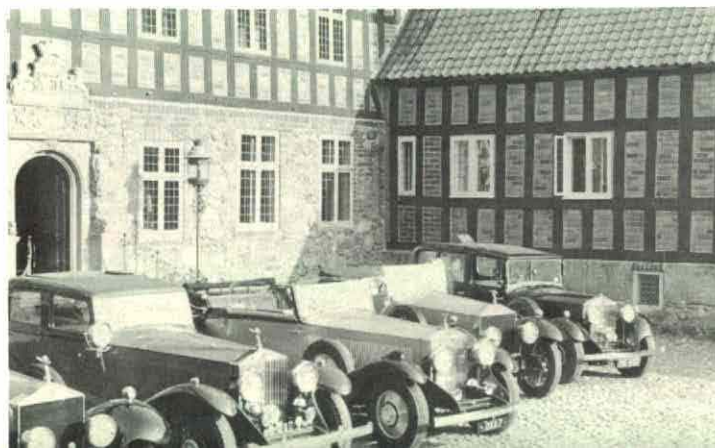
Day 8 Celle to Denmark

Long, boring, straight, flat roads which gave the illusion of making no progress. Skirting Hamburg we came to rest exhausted at Husum on the coast road where we again found one of those providentially civilised cake shops in the Schloss Allee. Reached the frontier at evening, and thus into Denmark; the journey made more complex by the faded illegibility of the signposts. Through a wood we came to the local chateau. So used were we to staying in them that we attempted to get through the gates. Much waving from the party having tea on the pavement outside the Hotel fortunately saved us from beating on the doors and committing lese majeste. The hotel appeared to consist of the entire village street. The cars were accommodated in the orchard guarded by two large Alsations (probably charming and gentle, though no one dared find out) and the people in little houses down the street, ours having a door giving out on to a small garden with apple trees, and horses looking over the hedge. Dinner in the hotel in the unsuspected presence of the Minister of State included a mysterious fruit which Digby, now the expedition botanist, identified as Rosehip the next day.

Day 9 Shakenborg to Steensgard

Left in Convoy, the day spent driving through 'the island of Funen called the Garden of Denmark'—Rolling agricultural land complemented by straight empty roads. The first day of the hot-shot itinerary in which everything was described as "idyllic". 40 kph required—this produced some nervousness but in the end turned out to be reasonable. Walked in gardens of Grasten Castle, a rather domestic building on the lake. The Valentines drove up the drive assuming access and Lady Freda was deposited in state

Steensgårde Manor House



Steensgårde Manor House

unintentionally. To Fynshav and the ferry, the first introduction to this charming Danish habit. The road simply ran into the sea and a fine salty wind was blowing. Peter, having pulled off to the car park for some discreet adjustments, was discovered inevitably surrounded by Danes and so trusting were the other cars that they all lined up behind him. The ferry was extremely efficient, extremely clean and very agile. Jane slept in the sunshine the rest attacked Danish pastries. On landing, crowds who had read their local paper fed by the tourist office lined the road and waved, thus royal procession developed to the Motor Museum at Egeskov Castle, a fairytale pile rising from a moat where we were received by the Count and his wife. Cars lined up and became instantly part of the museum whose collection was small and miscellaneous by some standards but nonetheless attractive and fascinating for that and particularly strong on motorcycles and carriages. A Thrupp carriage and a superb silver picnic set causing much excitement. Excellent idea of restorers flats—those owning cars (most are on loan) can stay the weekend to work on them. Shown gardens by Countess. In the fuchsia 'haven' all the plants have to be taken in in the winter, an extraordinary labour. The kitchen garden is

being recreated from old plans. Left in search of petrol and had first meeting with petrol-pump which will only work on 20 Kroner note. Mercifully opened up by obliging Dane.

On to Hagenskov, a cool white 'georgian' building, with what we later found was a typical great courtyard attached with the farm buildings around it. Once summer home of the Royal Family being restored by the owner who showed us round and gave us tea. Young nephew Peter, of excellent English and diplomatic ambitions which judging by his treatment of us should easily be fulfilled, helping manfully with its origin. All seven cars fitted, just, onto the gravel in front of the house making a splendid view. After a detour through the woods to visit the ruins of the older castle, set off for Steensgard Manor. Entered under large archway—we were becoming accustomed to that—into the giant courtyard. Again the cars just fitted in side by side. The welcome was very friendly and the cars were shunted off into the indoor riding school. Closing the door proved to be a two-man job, very nearly marooning one man inside. Dinner bell at 7.00 led to superb dining room, part of a suite of public rooms, all distinguished. Splendidly laid table, floral decorations being on tall candelabra like glass pillars. The meal enormously memorable with champagne soup of which the recipe was fortunately secured. We had been told it would be like staying in a private house as indeed it was. Cocktails on the terrace, strolls round the moat, coffee in deep sofas.

Day 10 Steensgard to Maribo

A picturesque drive including some of the great bridges leads to Tranekær and lunch at the inn. Digby produced wasp sting cure and assured us all killing wasps was most unwise. His motives not entirely ecological—he manufactures the stuff.

Egeskov Castle



Proceeded in convoy to Tranekær Castle, one of the oldest inhabited buildings in Denmark. Shown round by charming Count and Countess who appeared entirely English and pre-war, and whose efforts to preserve and furnish the castle in the 1950's were fascinating. Though potentially grim, the castle was charming, with long views over parkland and a full battery of miniature cannon. On again to the ferry, some of us on a picturesque detour "its only six kilometers and its signposted all the way, you can't get lost" said our leader. We surprised him. Another ferry, smaller this time, but apparently capable of turning in its own length. Left the mainstream at girls' insistence for a paddle. Beach deserted and, with howling wind and freezing sea, no wonder. Paddle was very quick and ritual. To Maribo—a modern hotel looking on to the lake. A fine aspect with illuminated fountain. The distance from garage to hotel—over a mile—giving considerable appetite for dinner. After dinner a promenade round lake through the woods to look at the fountain led to loss of Jane who joined someone else's 21st birthday party. Braver spirits attempted a swim in the hotel pool when they returned.

Day 11 Maribo to Copenhagen

Peter mercifully provided taxi service to garage. Having stayed to enjoy sauna, had to race like mad to next appointment—I didn't know the car would go so fast, nor, since we overshot, stop so fast. Visited Ahölm Automobile Museum, the Beaulieu of Denmark, a very large number of cars, the whole of deep fascination to the men, who spent two and a half hours with the Baron. Whole party then embarked on Baron's steam train for joy ride round the estate, the mechanically minded penetrating its disguise as butane fired. The Baron collects things: from his 400

odd cars through trams to model trains and the special railway saloon in which his father shunted his diplomatic way around Europe. The 'piece de resistance' which we saw when visiting the castle itself was an 1890's river paddle steamer moored in the bay. One could spend all day and still not see it all. The tour of the castle was fascinating, the Baron reminiscing in a vastly entertaining way and even providing an interesting dog for Lady Freda. The visit induced a sense of proportion since we were getting rather smug about the show made by our cars: the Baron had almost as many fine Rolls's inside the museum as we parked outside it. Left reluctantly, one of the party having to be hauled physically away from the butterfly collection, and set out for Copenhagen. Chastising reminder of what life is really like provided by overcrowded difficult roads, peppered with traffic lights. Copenhagen in the rush hour, but fortunately drove straight to the hotel, feeling pleased with myself. Soon evaporated—took three shots to find the garage 100 yards away. I suppose circling a city centre in the rush hour is an experience worth having had. The hotel was quite startlingly British and appeared entirely constructed of mahogany. Those who had battled with the traffic sank gratefully into leather chairs in the English library for tea.

Day 12 Copenhagen

The morning spent window shopping—furniture, porcelain. An afternoon expedition to the new Copenhagen Motor Museum. Five minute drive took 25 minutes in convoy. The site very like National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham. Whole Museum having been dismantled for a national display, we arrived as they were trying to put it back again. They kindly took time off to show us round. Number of English cars caused comment, especially an early Rover, as did the most extraordinary wild Berliet. Museum believes in participation and has a workshop as well as a fire station and a stretch of road for children. Dinner was in the Tivoli Gardens in a greenhouse of Parisian elegance, looking on to the lake and the rain. Strolling out afterwards saw marvellous open-air circus act culminating in four performers balanced on 70ft., thin stainless steel poles swaying in the high wind. Viewed the fun fair (vintage car ride was shut), the magic carpet ride looked particularly horrific, and stayed to watch spectacular fireworks, so close that you could feel the ground shake.

Day 14 Copenhagen to Randers

Broke the journey at Frederiksborg an extraordinary Victorian rebuilding of a vast mediaeval moated castle which now contains the National

Collection of Furniture and Pictures. Started at the stroll, ended at the run so large was it. Determined to return to it. Skirted great fjord and drove down an extraordinary sandy peninsular to the ferry port. Not all arrived and the ferry drew out as Peter drew in. A cold and windy crossing and a shortish drive leading to Randers. From outside the town seemed modern and the hotel small but experience discovered there was a great deal more to them. Hotel built 1863 vamped 1920's by Gaugin's son provided very friendly reception. Cocktail party in splendid cinema-style lounge and dinner in a private room at a table decorated with geranium petals and fern leaves, small model Rolls-Royces and the RR symbol picked out in red on the tablecloth. The dinner itself sensational, so much so that Alys was moved to thank the chef in her best Danish. We enquired of the waiter whether he thought the chef had understood. "Oh yes", he said. "He comes from Newcastle, but I think he got the gist of it."

Day 15 Randers to Silkeborg

Before departure, drove in Convoy down pedestrian precinct to the Town Hall where, at an extraordinary ceremony, all admitted to the Stork Club. Since this involved singing a song, prancing like a stork, eating a chocolate frog and drinking port all half an hour after breakfast, the deportment of the company was a little tried, but remained superb. Set off manfully and via the country roads to Aarhus where the operations of providence arranged that most of us met, mildly lost, at the same crossroads. The last formal meal of the tour was taken at the Four Seasons restaurant. Here Lynn showed again the excellence of his forward planning by presenting Lady Freda with a suitably inscribed tankard in appreciation of her unfailing support of the club since its foundation. Lady Freda rose nobly to this unsuspected tribute and drank the company's health from her tankard to great applause. After a brief visit to the Old Town, where buildings from all over Denmark have been brought together for a living museum, we pressed on to Silkeborg where we stayed at a modern lakeside hotel and, that Valentine celebration day should be complete, Jimmy entertained us to cocktails in honour of his birthday.

Day 16 Silkeborg to Esbjerg

Last day: determined to make the most of it. Embarked on Mrs. Woolley's circular tour of the lesser known industrial estates of Denmark (a wicked misrepresentation of a superb windswept drive through farmland). Stopped for wherewithal

for picnic in small, apparently deserted, town and were surrounded by thirty inhabitants in as many seconds. They were delighted with the cars: "I am a mechanic, could you open the bonnet?" Had a determinedly British picnic in gale force wind under lowering skies. Reached the sea—necessitating further stop for schnapps and a final view of 20 knot surf-boarding (not a happy augury for the crossing) before driving down to the ferry port for embarkation on a giant quasi-liner. A cruel and capricious fate dealt Lynn not one, but two punctures at the last minute but the Phantom is fortunately equipped for treacherous foreign roads with two spares, and he made it to the boat in time. The crossing was as fraught as expected and, even with the stabilisers, not all of us made it through dinner, but the cabins were much better than expected and all survived the crossing. To drive in England again was an alarmingly crowded experience.

▼ Officers of the Stork Club



Our Leader had brought us 2,000 miles without one serious mishap or failure of organisation. We came to expect impeccable hotels and smooth transfers as normal so well did the arrangements work. We can advise all those thinking of joining a 20/Ghost tour . . . GO! The people are splendid and the experience is enlivening, full of adventure and panache. When it looked as if one car had broken down the rescue plans (one Patent Agent and two Engineers in the fastest car) made one feel comfortably secure. Doors normally shut were cheerfully opened and the sights and the countryside were second to none as one drew on the experience of seasoned and elegant travellers. The settings for the cars were magnificent, too—my photos seem to consist of our car in front of all the major monuments of Europe. Above all, it was great fun and we remain very grateful for the friendliness and hard work that made it so. ■

Clive Carter





PHIL. PADDON

I first met Phil Paddon when we lived opposite each other in Hampstead in 1920 and between then and 1925 when I joined his firm we used to meet at most of the Brooklands meetings as well as at his home.

About 1920 he rented, at £10 a year, one of the lodges of a big estate at Holmwood, near Dorking. This had a very decided bearing on his later life. He lived there premanently throughout the war and carried on the business of Paddon Bros. with the wonderful help he got from Albert Etherington. Albert was originally his chauffeur way back in 1920 and, over the years, became as fine a mender of pre-war Rolls-Royce cars as ever existed.

Paddon was one of the pioneers of flying and motoring, having balooned with Charles Rolls, Thomas Sopwith and Moore Brabazon. I think I can say that Rolls-Royce owe a great deal to him and his friends Neville Minchin and Guy Knowles for the beginning of the owner drivers' enthusiasm for first the Silver Ghost and then the twenty h.p. I have pictures and descriptions of the new Silver Ghosts that he and Minchin had built specially and also the twenties of Knowles between 1920 and 1930.

Would you believe that on most Sunday mornings, if fine, my young sister and I would journey up from Hadley Wood where we then lived to meet Paddon and his friends in Hyde Park for the Church Parade which would include such cars as Rolls-Royce, Hispano, Delage, Minerva and Isolta.

As well as being a great enthusiast, very rare amongst motor traders in general, he was a brilliant salesman. Two interesting tips he gave me regarding buying cars in general—one, never run the other fellow's car down and two, always let him speak first.

He made his lodge keeper's cottage at Holmwood into a very comfortable home and installed a lift in the garage he had built so that Albert could do overhauls. He also rented and renovated a large barn which he converted into a fine storehouse to house the cars he had bought for re-sale and also quite a few belonging to Jack Barclay. This was during the war years when Cheval Place was let to a wholesale green grocer.

In pre-war days there were only a few dealers in used Rolls-Royce cars and we would be

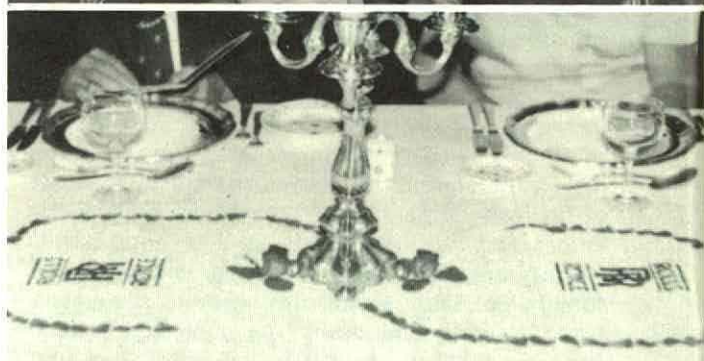
offered cars from all parts of England and often from the continent. Rolls-Royce at that time did not retail any of the cars they had taken in part exchange themselves and generally offered them to us.

I remember two rather strange ones we bought from them—a model T Ford Saloon and a front wheel drive Alvis. Buying cars in the twenties and thirties was nearly always great fun. Rich elderly owners were not as a rule particularly coherent in their descriptions so if they lived far from London you never quite knew what you were going to find. Paddon had a somewhat far fetched story of an elderly gentleman coming into his office one day saying that he wanted a green Rolls-Royce car with a lid to it.

One trip I made to the North of Scotland was to see a 1932 25 drop head coupe that we had sold some years before. It was in beautiful order so I bought it and started off for London, stopping at the first garage I came to for petrol. Doing the same thing was the owner of a speed twenty Alvis drop head, also in nice condition. He so liked the Rolls that we did a deal on the spot and off I set again this time in the Alvis. When I got home, with no trouble apart from the Alvis' electric petrol pump needing a smart blow from my fist, my next door neighbour liked the Alvis so much that another quick deal was concluded and I arrived back in London the next day with his Wolseley and lots of lovely money.

Another unusual trip that I made in the late 1930's was to an old client living in Hawick to whom we had in the past sold a 1928 Weymann twenty. He was interested in a 1932 Rippon sports saloon 25 and having fixed a price difference I said I would bring it to Hawick for him to see. Paddon was away on his holiday so I did not want to leave the works on its own for longer than was necessary, so I arranged our meeting for the Saturday morning. I then telephoned King's Cross and asked them to produce a wagon which could be attached to the midnight train to Edinburgh and to book me a first-class return sleeper to Hawick. The next move on the Friday afternoon was to drive the 25 to Kings Cross and then into the wagon. All went according to plan, my sister driving me home for dinner and afterwards back to King's Cross to catch my train to Hawick.

On arrival at Hawick the next morning the wagon with the 25 inside it was all ready for me to drive it out and up to the buyer's house where I was given an excellent breakfast. We duly exchanged cars and I drove the twenty back to Hawick station and into the same wagon which the station master had kept available for me and ▶



was to be attached to the night train for London.

My eldest sister lived near Carlisle, she offered to entertain me for lunch and dinner, collect me from Carlisle station and then after dinner drive me back to Carlisle station in order to catch the night train home. All this worked out splendidly and on arrival at King's Cross the next morning I drove the twenty out of the wagon and home to Barnet for breakfast. As far as I can remember the total cost to the firm of this trip was between £20 and £25. I wonder what it would cost today and whether it could be done so well and so quickly.

Other quite interesting trips I've had were to Bordeaux in 1925 in a 1922 Bentley 3 litre all weather; to Cannes in 1931 with my eldest sister in a 1925 10/23 h.p. Talbot Weymann saloon which cost us about £100 for three weeks and to Deauville in an open 33/180 Mercedes.

The Talbot in which we went to Cannes was a really splendid little car on which I did over 100,000 miles which is just about what I have done on my twenty, whose total mileage to date is 197,000 which includes trips to Italy, Germany, Denmark and Holland.

Of all the models made by Rolls Royce between the wars I admire most the Phantom II and like best the twenty.

Hugh Keller

NEW MEMBERS

B. Inder, Unit 27, The Pines, 51/53 The Crescent, Manly, NSW 2095, Australia. SG 1922. P443 Touring Smith and Waddington, SD 1952. 527C SFC 54 Saloon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lange, Coombery, Tuckenhay, Totnes, Devon. SG 1913. 2260E AH 1772 Alpine Tourer Radley Morison, PII 1935. 3TA BLO 699 Sedan d.v. Gurney Nutting.

J. C., J. G., J., Mrs. N. Leake Sevenoaks, Mrs. J. C. Sanders, PO Box 1887, Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401, USA. SG 1911. 1683 Tourer, SG 1912. 2006 Tourer, SG 1921., SG 1923. 357HH, SG 1926. S369RL Piccadilly Roadster, 20 1926. GYK33 Landulet, PI 1927. S397FM Playboy Roadster, PI 1928. U 165, PI 1929. S 340 LR Brewster, PI 1929. 117KR Sedan, PII 1930. 130KJ Roadster, PI 1930. S402MR Springfield, 1931. S496MR Springfield, PII 1933. 14MY Continental, 20/25 1933. GLZ10 Drop-head Coupe, 20/25 1936. GXX30 Brougham, PIII 1937. 3/BT171 Pickup, PIII 1937. 3BU134, 1938. WRB80 4-door, 1951 LWME71.

A. J. Norcott

E. Ottewell, Kings Newton Hall, Derbyshire DE7 1BX.



Japan tour reunion at the White Hart, Sonning, 15th August

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.

TAYLOR TIPS



Does your motor car suffer from water leaks around the rear window or windscreen during a heavy downpour?

"Hermatite" Windowseal is excellent and if used with care is almost invisible. It is not however suitable for opening windows.



Our cars are rather getting on in years and since they were built many gallons of water have flowed through the engines. This deposits scale inside the water passages and ultimately causes overheating of the head. This scale can be removed by the use of "FURGON". Obtainable from Wakem Ltd., Lever Street, Bolton, Lancashire.

Method of use

1. Drain cooling system
2. Dissolve Furgon Cleaner in 1 gallon of warm water
3. Remove radiator cap
4. Pour into cooling system
5. Top up with water to working level
6. Start engine and run until warm
7. Stop engine
8. Leave Furgon Cleaner in system for 2-3 hours
9. Drain system
10. Flush system with water
11. Dissolve ½ lb bicarbonate of soda in warm water
12. Add to cooling system
13. Top up with water to working level
14. Run engine for 15 minutes
15. Leave bicarbonate of soda in system for ½ hour
16. Drain system and refill ready for use.



The sparking plugs fitted to the 25/30 h.p. Rolls-Royce; a Wraith or indeed a 4½ Bentley are rather difficult to obtain being a LB 14mm (long body) plug with a ¼" reach (thread). One solution to the problem is to have made copper bushes approx. ½" long with walls ⅛" thick. These replace the normal plug washer on a long reach ¾" plug. By doing this the hexagon of the plug will be proud of the cylinder head enabling a normal plug spanner to be used. Champion, Lodge and NGK of course supply long reach ¾" 14mm plugs. **DO NOT** screw a ¾" plug into the head without putting on the ½" copper bush. If you do you will damage the engine.

OTHER PEOPLES TIPS

Examination of cars which have been in the hands of their owners for some time reveals frequent occurrences of incorrectly fitted split pins. While the head or "eye" of the split pin may be snugly housed in one of the slots of the castellated nut, one of its legs projecting at the other side will be found bent down haphazardly over one face of the nut while the other is bent up over the end face of the stud or bolt ready to savage any passing knuckle.

The split pin which had been fitted when the chassis left the works had its head in one slot and its legs lying equatorially against the castellations each side of the slot.

To achieve this result when fitting a new split pin, the part of the pin within the stud or bolt must be twisted through 90°. Grip the leg portions which are to project from the stud fixing in a chuck (lathe or drill) and twist the head of the pin with an adjustable spanner. After retightening the nut (on its original stud or bolt) to align a slot on each side of the nut with the transverse hole in the stud and inserting the largest twisted split pin which will fit, the legs of the latter can be splayed and bent round the nut.

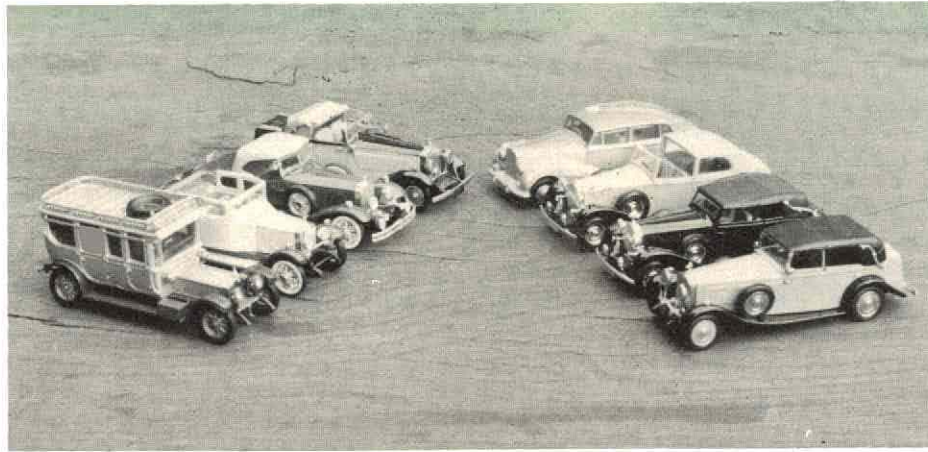
Preferably the two ends are tucked into the neighbouring slots (after trimming with side-cutting pliers), so as not to snag your cleaning rag, and the exposed portions of the pin covered with a dab of black paint.

On no account should a split pinned nut be unscrewed with the split pin in place, thereby shearing off the head and legs of the split pin, damaging the nut threads and rivetting the remainder of the pin in the hole in the stud. Instead, bend the legs back together, trim them away, prise the head out of its slot with a sharp pointed instrument and then ease the split pin out by gripping it with the side-cutting pliers and levering against the side of the nut.

James Valentine

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Would the membership please note that Bryan Goodman has taken over (subject to ratification at the AGM) the Treasurership of the Club. The bank account will remain where it is so no bankers orders need be disturbed. The subscription remains, as it has been for many years, at £10 per annum payable at the beginning of the year please.



ROLLS-ROYCE IN MODELS

WESTERN MODELS

A relatively new company in model car manufacture for the true enthusiast, and are in my opinion certainly one of the finest. They have recreated the dream cars of the world, with exotic and flamboyant cars from the worlds major marques, throughout the spectrum of motoring history. Apart from the 1933 Phantom II Continental Sedan and the 1933 4 door Phantom Continental in the photograph, they have recently produced a splendid 1926 Phantom I of which I am now the proud owner. Westerns also produce a very fine model of the new Silver Spirit and I am sure we will see the introduction of many more Rolls-Royce vehicles from his company in the next few years. These models can be purchased in kit form or, alternatively, ready constructed and painted.

SOLIDO MODELS

The two Phantom III models seen in the photograph are fine models but one of the finest models they produced in the 60's was a Rolls Royce Silver Cloud. Unfortunately only a very few lucky collectors own these. This French manufacturer has recently ceased trading which has made early mint examples very expensive.

SPOT ON

Spot On models were a subsidiary of Tri-ang and were made to a 1/42 scale. They started production in 1960 and ceased four years later. Without doubt extremely difficult models to obtain, a Silver Wraith in poor condition would fetch £50 - £60. A mint boxed example would possibly fetch double this. Spot on also produced

- | LEFT BANK | RIGHT BANK |
|---|--|
| a) SILVER GHOST
(Corgi Classic) | a) PHANTOM II 1933
(Western Models) |
| b) MODEL TWENTY
1923 (RIO) | b) PHANTOM III
CONVERTABLE
(Solido) |
| c) PHANTOM II 1931
(RIO) | c) PHANTOM III
SEDANCA-DE-
VILLE
(Solido) |
| d) PHANTOM II
CONTINENTAL
1933 SEDANCA
COUPE
(Western Models) | d) ROLLS ROYCE
SILVER WRAITH
(Spot On) |

a fine example of the Royal Limousine Phantom V State Landaulette with the Queen and Prince Philip sitting in the rear seat. I have been trying to obtain this model for at least ten years without success.

CORGI CLASSICS

The company took its name from a Welsh breed of dog because the Playcraft and Mettoy toy manufacturers merged and started Corgi Toys in Swansea, South Wales in 1956. The models were made of zinc alloy and were introduced with clear plastic windows to make them more realistic—a feature not seen until then in model car manufacture.

The Corgi Classics were a range introduced by Corgi in 1969 of which only six models were produced, the 1912 Rolls Royce 40/50 Silver Ghost being one. Now, of course, a collectors item and relatively difficult to obtain in mint condition. The Corgi models were introduced at approximately 1/45 to 1/48 scale but changed in 1972 to 1/36 scale. Since then, however, the firm's noticeable trend has been to produce more and more products that are not models of real cars and trucks, but rather representative of vehicles from comic strips, movies and television shows. They are still in existence as a company but most collectors will find very few of their current models worthy of recognition.

RIO

Rio models are made from plastic and diecast with extremely good detail. Manufactured in Italy for collectors and obtained in many model shops throughout the world. To my knowledge the model Twenty 1923 and the Phantom II 1931 which can be obtained in various colours with or without the hoods up are the only Rolls-Royce they have attempted to produce.

Howard Springett

TYPES OF COACHWORK
EXHIBITED AT THE MOTOR EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA.

From Original Drawings by our Special Artist.

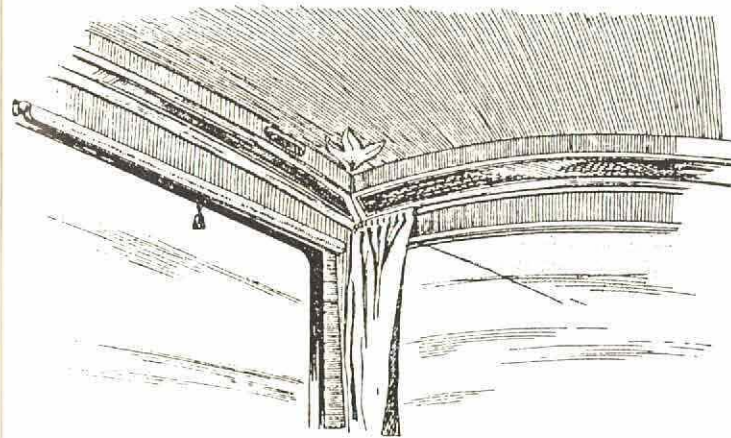


FIG. 26.—The raised roof treatment of an enclosed Limousine on "Rolls-Royce" chassis by Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., Northampton.

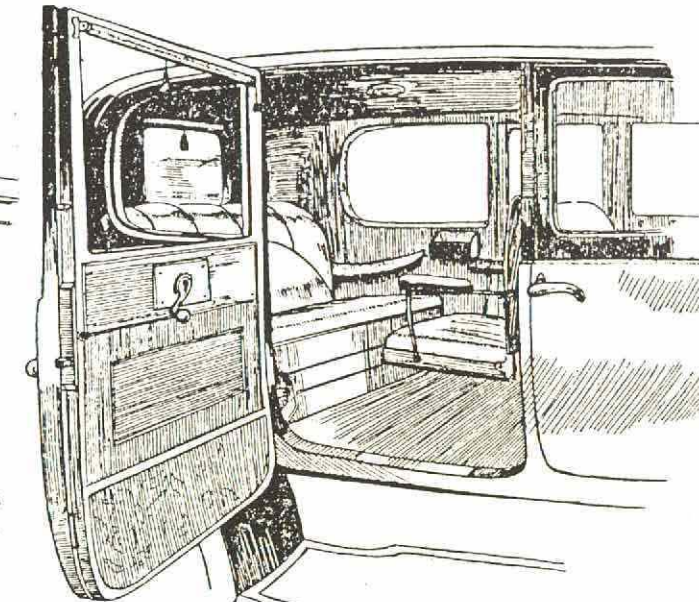


FIG. 17.—The interior of the "Cockshoot" enclosed Limousine on "Rolls-Royce" chassis with distinctive style of upholstery.

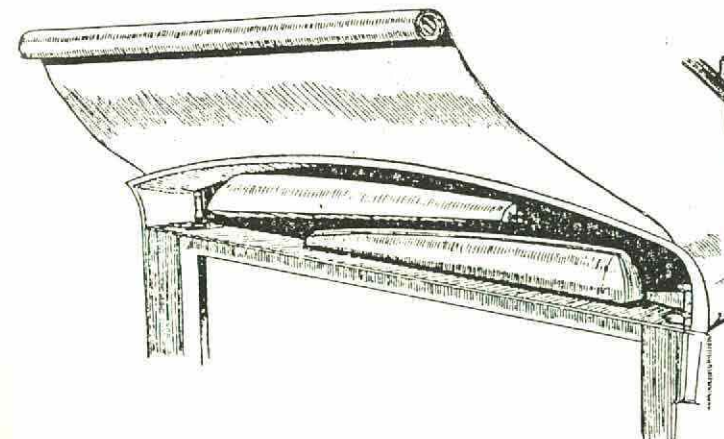


FIG. 27.—The new and original device for folding cant rails as fitted by Barker & Co., Ltd., to the extension front of their bodies.

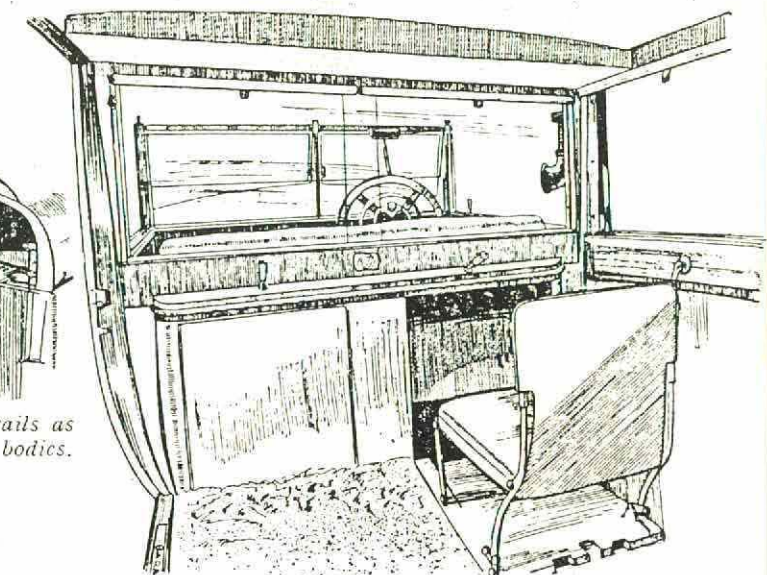


FIG. 22.—Interior of "Barker" Limousine, showing treatment of front.

B. K. Goodman

THE 20-GHOST CLUB LIBRARY

The library falls naturally into three parts: there are rare and historic items that could not be replaced and that I should be loathe to lend to anyone; a relatively small number of the commoner modern books and magazines that many of us already possess; and there are collections of photographs.

The more interesting of the photographs have been, and will be, enjoyed by the whole membership through the medium of the Record. Some are of historic interest in the history of Rolls-Royce, others are of cars, or of Club events. There are even two (silent) ciné films. The books make no attempt to be comprehensive; we have depended entirely on donations and the Club's funds have not been spent in the auction room, or in ordering any of the plethora of books that have appeared in recent years. So if you decide to borrow XYZ rather than buy it the chances are that we will not be able to help.

Appropriately enough, since the original emphasis was on the 40/50 Silver Ghost and the 20 h.p. model, we have more on these cars than on later types. Two individual donors stand out: Roney Messervy (Msy) and Shane R. Chichester (Cr) both associated with the company from the far-off days.

Let us review some of this material. One choice item is a coloured catalogue produced by Barkers in 1913. It illuminates the transition that coachwork was going through at this period. At one end there is the Morgan limousine (named after J. Pierpont, perhaps?), a tall very conservative shape, with no side-protection for the driver, mounted on a $\frac{3}{4}$ elliptic sprung, flat-bonneted chassis. The Guinle torpedo, in contrast, has a tall radiator, a louvred tapering bonnet and wire wheels—a Colonial chassis, in short, with a very modern-looking flush sided torpedo body. More graceful is the "Humphries" design, a low touring body on the L to E chassis. Carlos de Salamanca's openable cabriolet is shown, the type afterwards known as a "Salamanca".

Perhaps the finest of Rolls-Royce catalogues is that for 1910/1911 (reprinted a few years ago). It includes a series of paintings by Charles Sykes and an astonishing group of natural colour photographs taken by Percy Northey. One is very much aware of a range of dates: not all the cars are

of the latest style. Some of the testimonials quoted are delightful:

"Despite the mountainous character of the country in the vicinity of Bath . . . we never once came off the direct third speed . . ."

"It may interest you to know that the average time for oiling and preparing the engine in the morning was 20 minutes. This may specially interest you in view of the fact that I have heard it stated that the Rolls-Royce engine is so complicated that it takes a very long time to attend to it daily . . ."

No quick flip of the starter and away—in those days. A graphic record of pre-war life is provided by the Rolls-Royce Bulletins: the Club's set starts with 1925, but the periodical began before 1914. Whether in Rotten Row or Cap d'Antibes the cars appear as maids of all work, conveying debutantes, politicians, royalty or just unknown owners who cannot quite resist smiling, such is their pride of ownership. This pleasure in the car is the one inseparable link between us and the past: "We gave the New Phantom all kinds of work to do . . . and she did it all so faultlessly, so much more gracefully than any other car could have done it . . ." (1925). ■

Robin O. Barnard

TROPHIES WINNERS 1982

Fred & Joan Watson: Peter Heilbron
1924 Silver Ghost

Alpine: Not yet known

Messervy: Digby Wills 1921 Silver Ghost

Dymock-Maunsell: Lynn Brua
1932 PII

Stanley Sears: Lynn Brua

Harding-Rolls: Lynn Brua

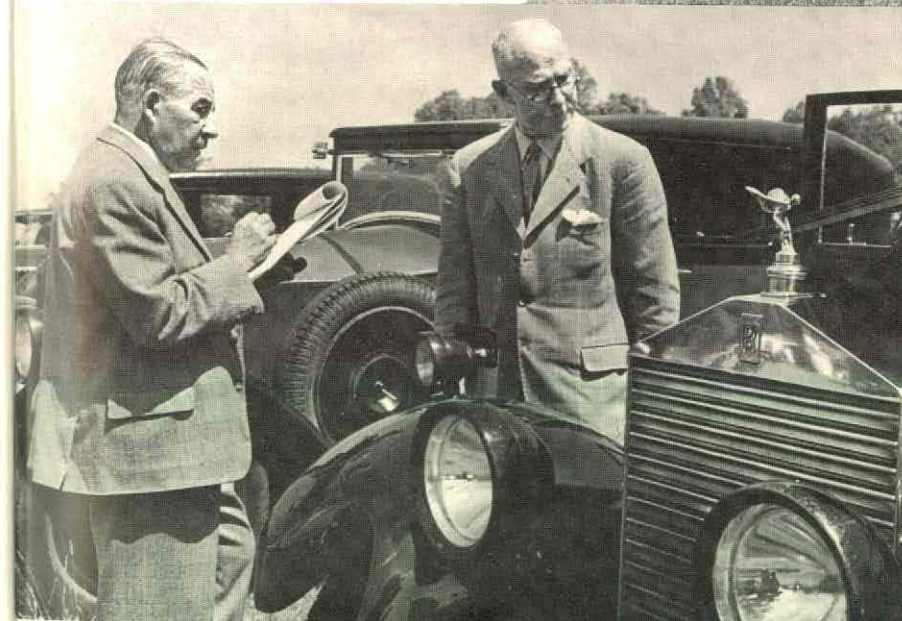
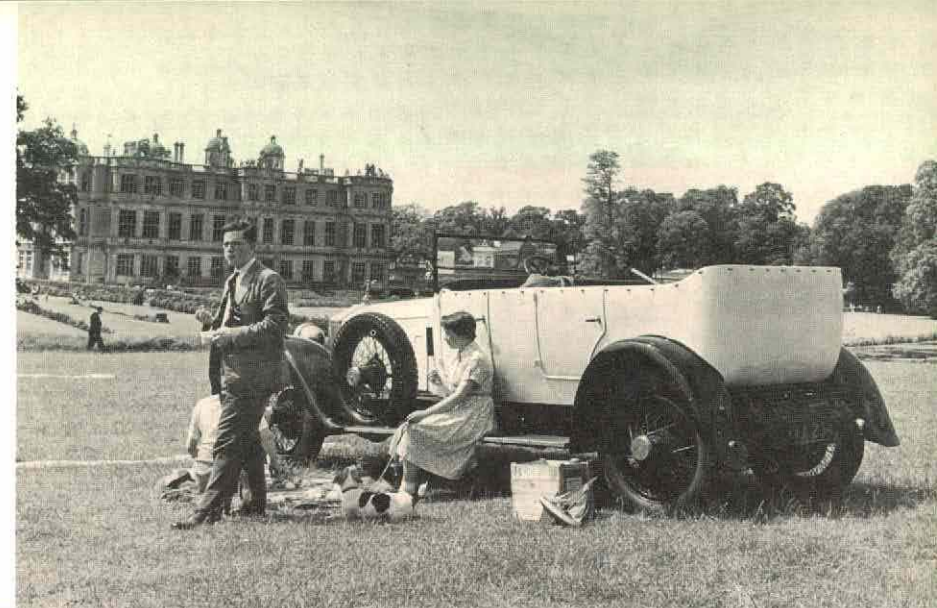
Phoenix: Not awarded

Fergusson-Wood Photographic:
Lynn Brua

Fergusson-Wood: Sebastian Lange

Scrapbook

For the summer event of 1958 Longleat provided a splendid background.
(Photograph by Hans Wild) ►



Roney Messervy (Msy)
judges 1928 20 hp GXL 27
belonging to Major-General
Sir Gerald Burrard Bart.
Longleat, 1958.
◀ (Photograph by Hans Wild)



1955 visit to RR (Crewe).
John Hampton's discourse
is met with some scepticism. ►



This is why it was called the 20-Ghost Club, Line-up at the London Airport rally, 1954



(photograph—BEA).

Events Calendar 1983

A.G.M. and Dinner, House of Lords

28th January

Irish Georgian Tour in Derbyshire

27th - 30th May

Festival of Welsh Castles incorporating Driving Tests

1st - 3rd July

Concours at Chalcote Park, Stratford upon Avon

11th or 18th September

European Tour, in conjunction with continental veteran car club, Weekend in Benelux area

Date to be advised