

# *The 20-Ghost Club Record*



Volume 25  
1984



*Geoffrey Price's 20/25 at Fontenay*



## 20-Ghost Club Record

Volume 25

1984

### CLUB OFFICERS:

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**President:**  
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**Chairman:**  
L. Brua

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**Trophies:**  
J. Tanner

### 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.

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### EDITOR'S NOTE

Most readers will, no doubt, have noticed that with this issue they have two copies of the 'Record' dated 1984. My apologies are due for a mistake in the cover date of Volume 24, which should have been 1983. I hope we are now back on a steady course with Volume 25.

Putting together this issue has been made easier by my trusty contributors complete co-operation. Reports on events have been undertaken willingly and produced on time, for which I am most grateful. The response to my appeal for photographs has met with an enthusiastic response, which has made the selection of the few I can include a difficult task.

We are hoping to put our member's list on computer, hence the enclosed questionnaire. Please fill this in so that we start with good information—**do it now before you forget.**

The Hon. William McAlpine has provided me with a number of spare copies of the 'Record' and the R.R.E.C. Bulletin. Anyone short please contact me. Proceeds of any sale will contribute to Club funds.

Margery and I look forward to seeing some new faces at rallies next season.

Digby Wills

## CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

The Club continued to flourish in 1984 as evidenced by the higher than usual attendance we witnessed at almost all of our events during the year. Further evidence is the number of new members and applications for membership which at least balance our losses.

All clubs such as ours have the problem of the increasing age of the members and the need for a steady input of younger people. At a FIVA (Federation International de Vehicules Anciens) rally which I attended in Greece this summer, one of that August organisation's senior officers told me that they now accept for membership people with vehicles manufactured as recently as twenty years ago, in order to attract younger members. I find it hard to consider a 1964 vehicle "ancien" and see no need for us to change our rule concerning pre-war cars only. Our cars will eventually go to younger owners who hopefully will become members themselves. Several happy instances of this evolution occurred this year. Richard Chapman, only son of Cecil, our long-time Hon. Treasurer, has joined us; Master Perigrine Heathcote, grandson of the late Anthony Heathcote and inheritor of his 20/25, has become our all-time youngest member (he is about 12); Brian Wootton, youngish but over 12, has acquired old member Derek Silcock's splendid PI; Sue Taylor now has Derek's 1939 Wraith; her brother Andrew (these are Phil's children) has former member John Dymock-Maunsell's Phantom I; John Eastwood is the proud possessor of Hugh Keller's illustrious Twenty; and all but one of the cars of our Master Stanley Sears' collection which was auctioned by Christies last year have been bought by Club members. So much for car genealogy.

After not having an overseas tour in 1983 we rebounded strongly in 1984 with a splendid tour of the Champagne and Burgundy regions of France attended by 34 people and 13 cars (including four Ghosts). All arrangements were made by our President Lord Elgin and I want here to express our thanks to him and Lady Elgin for making it possible. A report of the event itself appears elsewhere in this issue. It is hoped that we may have a tour of Northern Spain in September or October next year. It would feature staying almost exclusively at elegant "paradors" and seeing memorable sights and sites off the normal tourist routes. More will be forthcoming

about this event later, but do make a mental note of it now.

I would like to end by thanking your Committee for their continued efforts and dedication. We collectively hope that we are offering the events and publication you want, and any of us would welcome suggestions as to how we can make the Club even better.

Best wishes for a happy, healthy and prosperous 1985.

Lynn A. Brua



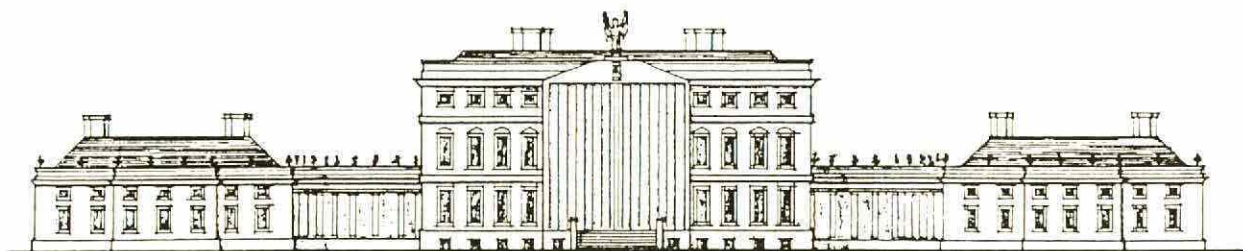
### OUR PRESIDENT IS MOTORING SPEAKER

Lord Elgin, who is always in demand as a speaker and who travels to America and the Far East several times each year for that purpose, has recently been guest speaker at two important motoring events in England. In early November he addressed the banquet at the close of the Brighton Run, the famous annual event staged by the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain. Our Club Honorary Treasurer, Bryan Goodman, incidentally, was Chairman of that event this year. Nearly 500 people attended the dinner held as always at the Metropole Hotel in Brighton.

The other recent speaking engagement was even more prestigious and unique. On 7th December Rolls-Royce Motors Limited celebrated the 80th anniversary of the Rolls-Royce motor car and the 65th anniversary of the Bentley with a gala banquet at the historic Guildhall in London. Attended by about four hundred people, some of whom came from half way around the world, it featured dinner music, followed by the beating of retreat, by the Royal Marine Band. Lord Elgin, speaking for the guests, regaled those present with his seemingly endless supply of stories told in delightful Scottish brogue. He concluded by congratulating Rolls-Royce for its wisdom in adopting its famous radiator profile, first made popular in England by his ancestor who brought certain stones now bearing his name from the Parthenon in Athens.

Lord Elgin does not need the compliments of our modest Club on his prowess as a speaker, but the above report should serve as a reminder of how fortunate we are to have him as our President, and what a privilege it is to see and hear him in the relative intimacy of our Club's annual Winter Dinner. The next one is scheduled for Saturday, 16th February, 1985 at the Runnymede Hotel at Egham in Surrey. Give yourself a mid-winter treat and come.

# AVON TOUR



"Ah! Another nice week-end in our cars with the Irish Georgians viewing grand houses with interesting companions more knowledgeable than ourselves. What will the weather be like? Better take good shoes—dresses for dinner will spend all day rolled up in a bag—thank goodness for Jersey knits."—Well! It rained and we almost froze, in fact thermal underwear was the order of the day. Having packed far too much stuff—we launched ourselves into the English summer drizzle to battle for a place on the roads.

By the time we'd had our picnic lunch, we were journeying through verdant countryside splashed with acid-yellow rape. Then draped over a hillside was Bradford-on-Avon, a 17th century ancient cloth community boasting many attractive stone houses and a genuine Saxon church down by the river Avon. This town was to be our base.

At the Swan Hotel we checked in, refreshed ourselves and enjoyed a meal of our choice accompanied by Mrs. Thorneycroft of the I G's and our own Henry Wilkins. Total cost for four of us—less than £6. The food was tasty and plenty for people who had indulged in tea at Polly's teashop Marlborough on the way.

After a comfortable night we all arrived at breakfast and met Lois and John Zimble who had come in their beautiful restored maroon Vanden-Plas 20/25 coupe, on its first 20 Ghost trip. Though John acquired the car five and a half years ago when; at a touch the nearside door—"Come on in me 'and sir", it has taken three and a half years to produce today's superb condition. (It took almost as long to get breakfast in our hotel).

So our slightly bolshy group set off to join the rest of the merry throng in the station car park—spirits not dampened by the weather—rain of course. Seats sought by the I.G. members were at a premium in saloon cars. Digby and Margery Wills's delightful 'new' 1932 20/25 was one of

these. This pretty blue/black Barker Sedan de Ville had belonged to a Gladys Matthew until 1973. For the past 6 years the car had been in Guernsey where it had lived a very sedate life.

During the week-end many bright young things braved the open cars like Henry's Ghost, (and later Andrew Taylors open 20hp Tourer) for a time at least. Later there was a crush in the hard tops belonging to Lynn and Midge Brua, Sue and Nick Taylor, the Wills', our own 20/25 and **Two** Valentine cars. **Yes** we all welcomed 'Auntie' back on the road after that dreadful ordeal. Geoffrey had already had a pre-view of its pristine condition when we happened to visit Irthlingborough.

After being greeted by our passengers like long lost friends, we all set off in convoy for **Alderley Grange**. How pleasant it was to arrive at this 17th/18th century house to be welcomed by our host who actually looked pleased to see us despite the prospect of dirty boots on his aubusson. The house was filled with beautiful things. Lynn pointed out a clock with unusual crystal moon phase indicator. A small cabinet had been rescued and brought by horse and cart from Silesia by ancestors. I promised a slightly alarmed house owner that my jottings were mainly about the Club and our antics and for security reasons details of contents were not mentioned.

The well stocked gardens were tended with the same care as the house. I loved the sweet scented Mexican Orange but Geoffrey was so impressed by the herb gardens with sundial and fountain that he felt urged to encourage me to go home and dig right away. Three children bid us a serious 'farewell' in preparation for the dour contrast of Doric 'porte-cochere' and shuttered windows we encountered at **Osleworth Park**. We trailed past eucalyptus, and a couple of fine old Cedars in the direction of a Victorian swimming pool, but some did a quick trot out of the cold into a cute little church, first built before 1131. ▶

On one arch was an unusual interlocking zig-zag decoration and one of the chancel windows was golden orange stained glass, probably 17th cent. Flemish. Legend has it that this church once housed the illusive Holy Grail. We saw the niche and secret steps to it, but the Holy Grail, removed in the 16th cent. to Manor of Nanteos and then to a still more secret place in 1951,—remains illusive.

Eagerly we proceeded to **Newark Park**—not because we couldn't wait to see this large house (part dating back to 16th cent.) but because **Lunch** was waiting for us, most kindly and generously provided by our host, Mr. Parsons from Texas. After being used as an old peoples home, the house fell into decay and narrowly missed being left as a picturesque ruin, but in 1970 friends in the National Trust persuaded Mr. Parsons to take over the house and restore it. This mammoth task he and his helpers have not yet completed. At present this castellated building has an unruly appearance. The loo's had a character of their own. One dated back to Tudor times, one had a CLEAR glass door and its chain was located on the other side of the wall. A bath had been raised two feet or so in order that one might enjoy the view and the bath at the same time—but the bed with the bells on it invited raucous comment.

Sitting by a large kitchen fire, we drank delicious hot watercress soup followed by fish mousse, chicken risotto and salads washed down with cider cup and finished off with sachertorte and other luscious pud's (Don't you wish you'd come). We were all much happier now (I don't know what was in the punch). Nicholas Thompson of the I.G.'s, one of the trip organisers was playing an organ, and just as a sing-song was about to develop, someone realised that there were other houses to see so tolling the bell, lodged above the house somewhere, called us to order. Replete we departed, taking care not to uproot newly planted trees and savouring the thought that Sally, Duchess of Westminster was one of the volunteer helpers who was serving our soup.

In order to reach **Worcester Lodge**, 17th cent. gate house, dining room of the Dukes of Beaufort, we negotiated a sharp left turn by first driving straight past it, led by Janet, into the village of Wootton-under-Edge and then, like nine dancing elephants in the circus ring we circled the village Cross and approached our turning from the opposite direction as a gentle right fork with ease, watched by puzzled villagers.

Bishop Pocock who visited **Worcester Lodge** in ▶



*Alderley Grange*



*Osleworth Park*

*photos Digby Wills*



*Belcombe Court—built for the Francis Yerbury, inventor of a method of making superfine cloth*



*Midford Castle—a view of the ruined chapel ▶*

1743 noted that it stood on high ground—so did we, for **how** the wind blew!! We stayed just long enough to view the room with its unexpectedly attractive plasterwork ceiling, whilst Geoffrey changed a wheel—**WE HAD A PUNCTURE!**

The call of tea must have been the reason for our driving across a field and along a ride. Sue announced that she had broken down only to discover an inquisitive passenger had switched off her master switch by mistake. Then Lynn walked back to warn us that Henry was stuck in the mud (well his car was), so beware. This attempt to save us all cost him dear for he too had begun to sink, but the I.G. young men were lusty car pushers so all was well.

Then joy! The sweetest little 'Maison de plaisance' **Swangrove**, where Mr. & Mrs. Greenaway urged us to warm ourselves by the fire and partake of tea and chocolate cake provided by Mrs. Milburn (whom we shall meet later) in the reception room upstairs where the second Duke of Beaufort—er—entertained. Before we departed, charming 81 year old Mrs. Greenaway played the piano and her husband sang familiar songs, whilst outside, the present Duke inspected our cars and tyre marks across his land.

The ordered splendour of **Dyrham Park** one may view anytime but it was interesting to see this William & Mary house complete with family furniture, I noted especially Murillo's 'Peasant Woman and boy' in the same room as the Gainsbrough copy.

Pleasantly weary and a little cold we arrived at delightful **Sheldon Manor**, occupied continually since 1180 and where Andrew Taylor joined us in his 20hp. Here we did a quick change and enjoyed delicious food and wine provided by the charming Major and Mrs. Martin Gibbs. A happy throng set forth along narrow lanes along which, many locals, returning from Saturday evening revels were squeezed into lay-bys as 10 giant Rolls-Royces appeared like phantoms and pressed their ghostly way home.

*Dyrham Park*



That was only Saturday. Since there were Sunday and Monday to follow I fear that any attempt to describe the houses in any detail would necessitate a small booklet not an article, so I am endeavouring to produce an atmosphere rather than a report.

Sunday started with an even worse pantomime at breakfast and Geoffrey suggested that it was an ideal place to go for training for a visit to Russia.

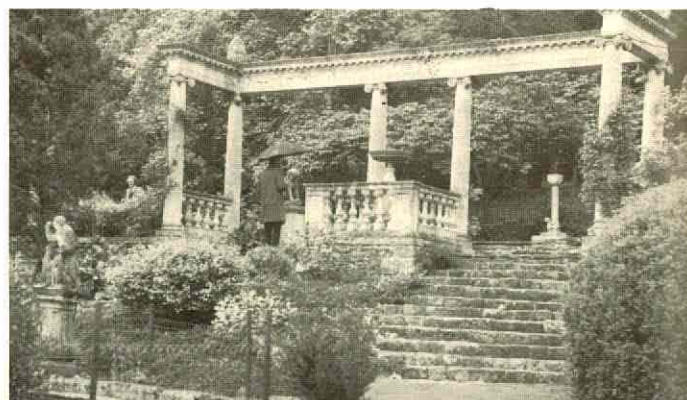
Watery sun enabled our ten car loads to view another gem—**Belcombe Court**, built for Yerbury, the inventor of worsted cloth, who entertained overseas buyers in this small attractive 18th cent. house (with some fine plaster work and carving). The well kept gardens were a mini Stourhead with templetto; grotto, with floor made of real fossils; peacocks; re-erected Victorian fishing lodge and giant lily pond fed by Georgian water channels in the hillside. The mediaeval stone barn is worth a mention as it looked like a church having been Gothicised by the Victorians. It was almost full of firewood, but it was noted that it would have made a wonderful home for a couple dozen old Rolls-Royce's.

At **Iford Manor**, rain once more marred our appreciation of the garden, designed partly to display statuary and Gothic and Renaissance fragments collected by Peto, one column was actually Roman. After an aesthetic morning, the George Inn at Norton St. Phillips, eventually produced a welcome hot lunch.

The next house **Midford Castle** one reached by means of a precipitous drive. It was built by an eccentric in the 18th cent. and is a three storey playing card, club shape, on a plinth. The original furniture, which was 'Gothic' shaped like the windows, was sold, but the new owners have gathered together a collection of similar shaped pieces.

At **Corsham Court**, Lord Metheun met us wearing a track suit. The ceiling in the Picture Gallery had fallen down so we couldn't see it.▷

*Part of Harold A Peto's garden at Iford Manor*



The house is open to the public so one can go any time and see the only Michelangelo in private ownership shown off by Lord Metheun who, by repute, will still be wearing a tracksuit.

Around this time, taking up a remark by Digby that his car was believed to have travelled less than 80,000 miles, Geoffry applied his unique knowledge of accelerator pedal wear and declared 'that the mileage is more likely to be 180,000 miles. He may well be right, or perhaps the chauffeur wore hobnailed boots.

An abundance of Buck's Fizz made the ravaged **Neston Park's** new kitchen—in the dining room—perfectly acceptable. It would be nice to see this house, with the unusual staircase, when the new owner, Sir John Fuller has completed his renovations.

Fortunately, **Ridge House** was not far away and restaurateurs Mr. Michael Milburn (whom I thought at first was butler at Neston Park because he served our drinks) and Mrs. Milburn, gave us a sumptuous dinner. Piers, aged 8, did a fine job pouring wine for Lady Freda, whose dogmatic energy put many a lesser mortal to shame. This is an interesting house of mixed periods and once more the kitchen has invaded—this time into the drawing room.

Monday. After a slightly more organised breakfast—perhaps owing to K.B.P.'s visit to the kitchen we sallied forth, (guess what? It was raining again. How glad I was I took my golfing shoes).

**Babington House**, which had been added to since early 17th cent. was our first stop. We noted some fine plaster work in the hall and a collection of clocks, mostly long case. The young women of the party noted the handsome young man who escorted us round the house and who told us that the B.B.C. had filmed the Master of Ballentrae in one bedroom (which looked ready for an auction) and mentioned that the downstairs drawingroom had been used as a French brothel—in a

*Widcombe Manor—just one mile from the centre of Bath*



film of course! In the dripping garden and following Saxon tradition was the tiny church—looking like a mini Birmingham Cathedral. As the owner Mr. Jennings claimed ownership of an old Rolls-Royce, he was given no rest until it was uncovered. An interesting Park Ward 20/25 circa 1928 which is awaiting restoration.

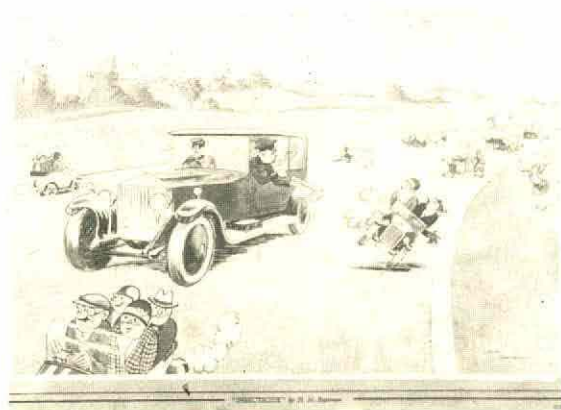
Gardens look sad things viewed in the rain. Even the formal gardens and the massive 'yew' walls at Ammerdown struggled to look magnificent. The house was not on view so we two, with our passengers, escaped to our car to eat almond cake and drink hot tea for 11's. Where did it come from?—That's our secret.

Lunch was enjoyable and would have been even more so for some had they known that wine was included. The Talbot pub at Mells, follows what is local habit and we were ¾ of an hour late for **Widcombe Manor** which we reached after a pleasant long drive through what looked like an uninhabited Orchardleigh Park estate. We did a whirlwind whip round the terraced garden (rain now stopped) we saw Canada geese and a three tiered waterfall. As we had been walking in the garden, the lady of the house 'would be grateful if we removed our shoes'. This we did (who didn't darn their sox last week?). Warm pipes ran under the stone floor and a leather floor in one room was warm also. We would have liked time to appreciate this lovely 18th cent. house.

After an unintentional tour of Bath, we arrived at our last house, **Lyncombe Court** where evidence still exists of Roman and Elizabethian habitation. The immaculate terraced garden was delightful, though small to others we had seen. Our host thought we were a party of Muslims for as we entered this small house of charmingly refined elegance, we all removed our shoes—the lady of Widcomb had trained us well. After tea and shortbread in the kitchen, we said 'farewell' to some of our party. Others returned to Bradford on Avon where we sorted ourselves out. ▷

*Lyncombe Court—a beautiful internal remodelling*

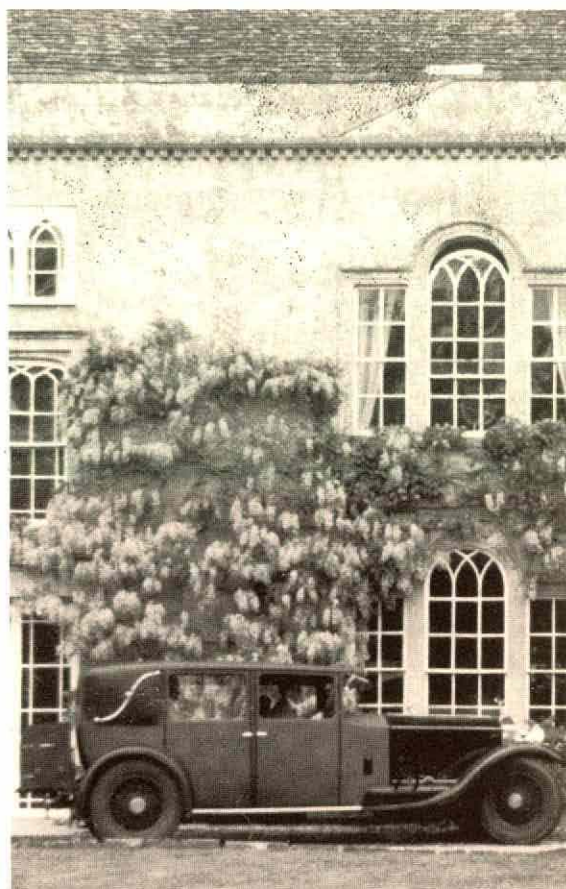




Everyone was profuse in their thanks to Michael Thompson, Caroline Treffgarne and Janet and others who had done so much work to make the week-end a success, and a great success it was despite the rain—we needed that for the gardens anyway. So with more ‘goodbyes’ we went our separate ways. We set off along the M.4 (puncture still unrepaired) comforted that Digby and Margery had kindly offered to keep an eye on us until we reached home territory. Many thanks from us to them for that great club spirit. “So we say Farewell—to (what should have been) sunny Avon”.

Betty Price

*The Irish Georgian group at Ammerdown Park*



## 20-GHOST CLUB CONCOURS D'ETAT, H.M.S. ALLIANCE

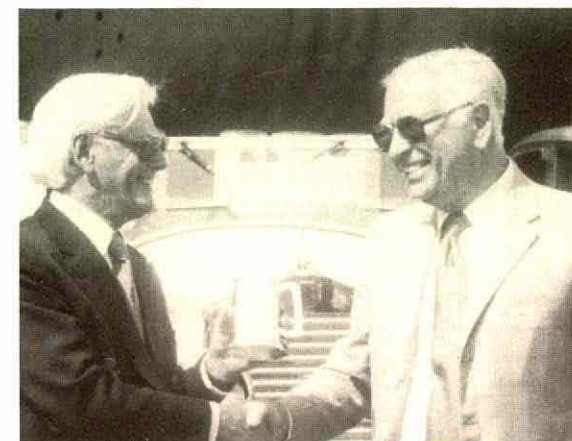
Take wonderful weather, an excellent ‘value for money meal’, a select group of cars, a glass or two of wine and put them in a submarine museum and you have the recipe for a first-class day. Those of you who missed it were the losers.

We are all most grateful to the Taylor family for the organisation and for fielding no less than three cars.

After a fine run down from Sussex we were a little fazed by the way in to the museum but arrived to find most participants already there. Amongst cars that caught the eye, were Brian Wootton’s very early P.I Hooper tourer. This is the ex Derek Silcock car and it has been a member for somewhat longer than its present owner. Digby Wills brought along his recent acquisition. A low mileage unrestored 20/25 Barker Sedan. A very handsome car this in its most original Delft blue and black. The only Ghost on parade was a 1914 British built chassis with a Brewster Salamanca body in traditional Brewster Green.

With just a few minutes for introductions we were invited to ‘get fell in’ in a small dark room for a film explaining the basic functions of a submarine. Then on a guided tour of the submarine H.M.S. Alliance when so many questions were asked that it all took a long time. Your scribe was fascinated by the torpedo (Mark 22) which spewed out  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles of wire behind it in order that it could be steered ‘in flight’ as it were. One had visions of it running out of ‘go’ with all this lot behind it or even the wire getting hooked up and the thing coming back! The ladies had sympathy for the chefs who were expected to produce food for about 65 crew in a space well under half the size of an average kitchen. Inattention to the precise instructions for using the loo could produce some surprises which we had better not go into here. Well when submerged the pressure outside is greater than inside, isn’t it!!!

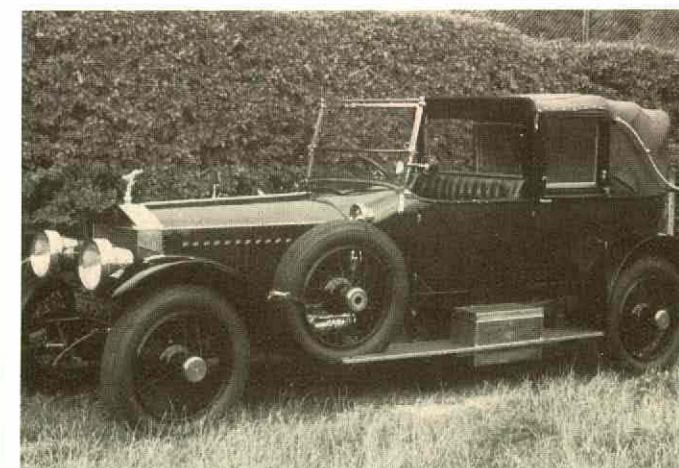
We emerged somewhat gratefully into bright sunshine to find the judges were already hard at work. Fortunately they were not allowed too much of that before lunch was served. It was brought to us in and around the cars. Very good value and with a glass or two of wine as well.

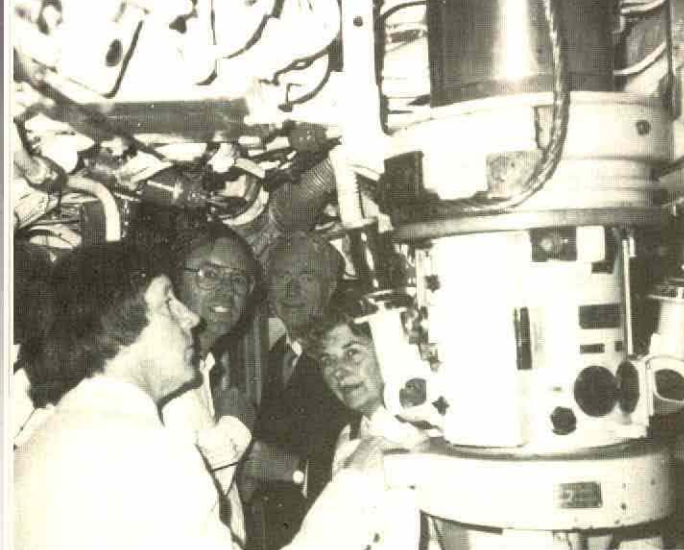


With your car parked on the very edge of a jetty extra glasses of wine were not advised. The judges seemed to finish lunch before the rest of us and were back on the job. Boots open, doors open, bonnets up—underneath—the motors were left with little dignity. We are all most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Allerton and Geoff Sims who did a thorough and conscientious job.

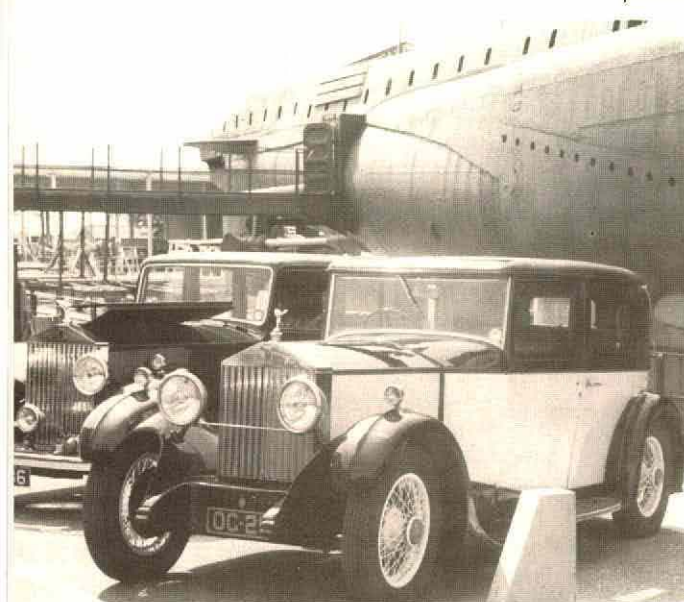
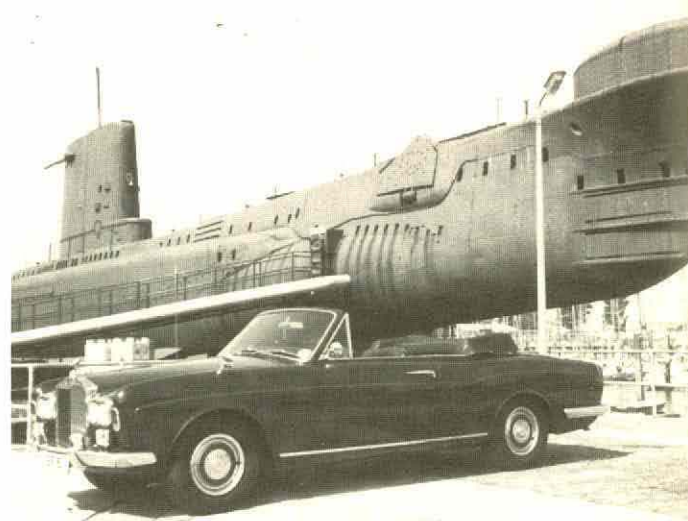
Finally Phil Taylor assembled his troops (or should we say ratings) for Lynn Brua to announce the results. Pots for containing grateful fluids were presented and the party slowly broke up. We were reluctant to leave...

Michael Sapsford





photos Susan Taylor



photos Digby Wills



## A MOVING TALE

Now I come to think of it, it was the fact of owning two Royces that was a significant factor in the case. Moving house, I mean.

Our Phantom had lived in isolation in the garage my father and I put up specially for it over twenty years ago, at his house where I was then living. The 20/25, always known as "The Barker", after its coachbuilder, occupied a major part of the garage we put up at our own establishment a short distance away, and although both cars have been on the road during my ownership, they'd never actually met, so to speak.

When, in the fullness of time and at God's disposing, my parents departed this earth, we were faced with the choice, to stay where we were or to move to my father's old house, Gill and I were in an agony of indecision. We liked our own house, but were running out of room. There would be room "up the road," but we didn't like the house very much.

Not that we gave the Royce factor much of an airing, for its consequences were almost unthinkable.

If we stayed where we were, one of the Royces would have to go. So move we must. Of course, it sounds simple. Just get the Barker down off its DWS jacks and drive it about 400 yards up the road. Father's old Rover 90 which had served the family so loyally for twenty years would have to be sold as part of the estate anyway, and was callously bundled out into the cold, and I studied its old home to see if it would accept the Barker. In the end, by taking out all the accumulated bric-a-brac of thirty years, the garage was cleared to a shell, even a brick-built workbench was sacrificed and all sorts of memories evoked by the catharsis.

Bits of a Wolseley Hornet engine I put in a K2 MG Magnette instead of the original, whose flywheel had fallen off. I'd managed to drive to work for a week with the power being transmitted solely by the Woodruff key, with the flywheel rattling about on its taper. When I got the engine out, the cylinder bores were so worn you could see the inner edge of the rings'. Off it went to the re-borers. "Rebore and sleeve", I said. "Can't", said they, "It's already been done". "Push the old sleeves out and put new ones in" I said. So they did, but they were stepped sleeves and they pushed them the wrong way and smashed the block. "Sorry" they said, "we won't charge." In went the Hornet engine, and out it came, quite often, as the front mounting worked loose, and it

fell on the track rod, making the steering a bit heavy. I became quite adept at putting it back on the road. The rear lights were novel, too. The rear light harness from an A30, tied to the spare wheel, with crocodile clips to connect to the battery, which lived behind the seat. "Yes Officer, I can operate the rear light switch from the driving seat..."

I sold it and bought the Phantom I.

Bits of the top-hat Austin 7 saloon 1930, that my sister bought in Newbury for £4 and then found it wouldn't work. I got dragged in and found some blackguard had fitted it with a cardboard head gasket, which was quite unable to resist the combustion forces and keep the oil and water apart. We decided to tow it home. I'd got a nice long tow-rope, my mother would drive the towing vehicle, a Triumph 2000 Roadster, and my sister would act as liaison. At least that was the theory.

Mother set off at a good lick, not being one to hang about. The speedometer in the Austin 7 worked but the lights didn't, so my frantic hand signals as we thundered along through the fifties were interpreted by the distaff side as gestures of impatience, so we went faster. I tried to break the tow by braking. I should have known better. Brakes? On an Austin 7? At 60-65 mph? Ridiculous! Eventually, I over-ran the rope, which broke, and I was saved. That wasn't the end, however. Going through Abingdon, as we negotiated a left hand junction, a police constable waited 'til Mother had passed, then stepped out in the road and held up his hand to me. I said it was a long tow-rope, didn't I? Fortunately, Mother observed his action in the mirror and realised my dilemma. Her son wouldn't want to be bothered by a policeman so she put her foot down, two litres of power were unleashed and the Austin accelerated towards the Officer and the corner. I know not where he went, but I went round the corner like a rocket, leaning over to an angle only limited by the rear tyres rubbing on the top of the wheel-arches.

Somehow we got back, and the Austin was soon got going. It would pull quite strongly at 25 mph and despite our earlier frights, I was a little aggrieved when my sister gave it away without giving me the option. I see one went for £4000 the other day. Were those really the days?

Bits of Rileys, bits of T.T. Replica Scotts and Ariel Square fours. Out with them all.

Eventually the measuring tape just hinted that the Barker would go in, so back home to fetch it.▷

Turn to page 22

| Name       | Reg. No. | Year & Model  | Chassis No. | A  | B  | C   | D  | E   | F   | Total | Pos. |
|------------|----------|---------------|-------------|----|----|-----|----|-----|-----|-------|------|
| Sapsford   | BD3577   | 1914, S.G.    | 53PB        | 90 | 78 | 70  | 82 | 110 | 220 | 650   | 3    |
| Wootton    | 1D1234   | 1925, P.I     | 10MC        | 90 | 95 | 100 | 80 | 150 | 195 | 710   | 2    |
| Taylor (A) | YO8869   | 1926, P.I     | 20TC        | 65 | 60 | 75  | 70 | 110 | 250 | 630   | 8    |
| Taylor (N) | XV4      | 1927, 20      | GAJ42       | 80 | 80 | 75  | 80 | 110 | 200 | 635   | 4    |
| Smedley    | MP2953   | 1927, 20      | GXL63       | 95 | 76 | 93  | 93 | 150 | 220 | 727   | 1    |
| Brua       | GY7719   | 1932, P.II    | 36MS        | 95 | 90 | 80  | 75 | 70  | 185 | 595   | 5    |
| Wills      | GX66     | 1932, 20/25   | GBT81       | 60 | 52 | 50  | 55 | 110 | 165 | 592   | 10   |
| Taylor (S) | HLL34    | 1939, Wraith  | WHC77       | 52 | 65 | 65  | 75 | 110 | 210 | 577   | 9    |
| Norcott    | OG25     | 1930, 20/25   | GDP81       | 48 | 35 | 35  | 42 | 150 | 110 | 420   | 11   |
| Curtis     | YKO1     | 1957, Cloud I |             | 85 | 80 | 65  | 50 | 70  | 250 | 600   | 6    |
| Price      | WS8586   | 1936, 20/25   | GTK25       | 65 | 80 | 65  | 60 | 110 | 210 | 590   | 7    |

A Interior Cleanliness  
B Exterior Cleanliness and Smartness  
C Under Bonnet Cleanliness and Smartness

D Chassis Cleanliness  
E Originality  
F Mechanical state



## Burgundy Tour

On Sunday, 30th September twelve Rolls-Royces were making their separate ways across France to rendezvous in Reims. We stopped at the motor museum in Compiègne on the way—only to find the Zimblers' superb Van den Plas 20/25 tourer already in the square. Picnicing with John and Lois Zimbler outside Compiègne we noticed that our car had a flat tyre which was to be our only mechanical problem of the holiday. Everyone arrived safely at the Frantel, Reims.

Our first worry was that our landaulette was too tall to go into the underground garage. We stayed at Frantels in Reims, Dijon and Macon. The management at Reims was as lacking as Dijon proved to be outstanding enough to restore our confidence in the Frantel chain. Sadly Lady Freda Valentine tripped going out to supper on our first evening, broke her arm and subsequently spent a week in hospital.

Our party included four Ghosts headed by Lord and Lady Elgin whose 1911 torpedo (1757) is only a little older than ours (1779). For much of the tour the Elgins were accompanied by Roger Cra'ster, long time member of the Rolls-Royce company at Conduit Street. Kenneth and Pamela Ducommun had driven from Brussels in their 1920 Maythorne tourer (46 YE). Peter and

Jean Heilbron's 1924 Windover Allweather (7. AU) was the fourth Ghost in the regretted absence of John and Norwyn Tanner. Kenneth and Joan Smedley were non starters so there was no 20 h.p. present, we were sorry not to have their company. James and Janet Valentine chauffeured Lady Freda in her Weymann saloon PI (IOR) and James and Eileen Hand brought their 1926 Thrupp & Maberley Sedan de Ville (16LF).

Sebastian and Gaye Lange had intended to bring Fred Watson in their PII but it was not ready so PII honours were left to Lynn and Midge Brua (36 MS) and Henry and Joyce Wilkins (28 MS).

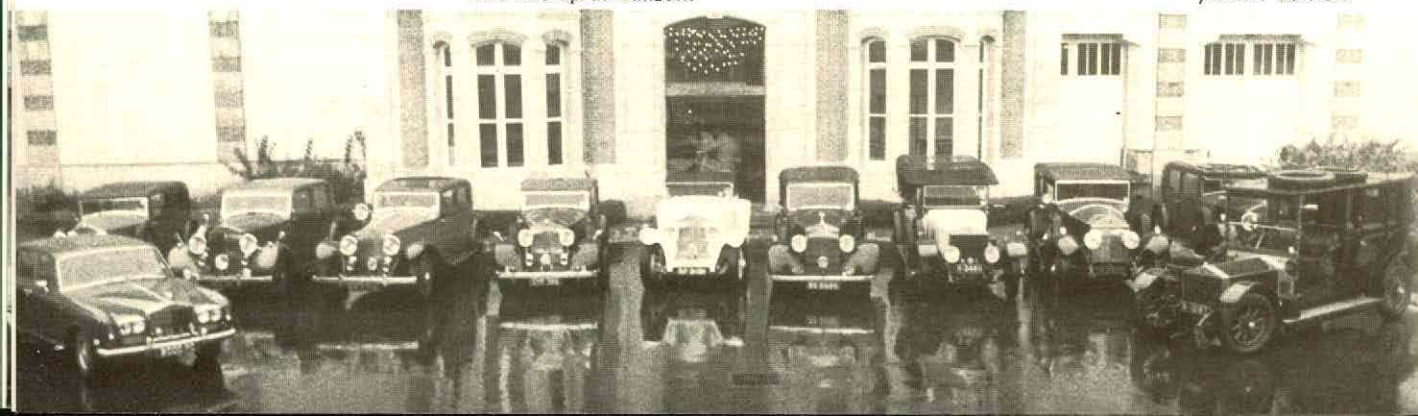
There were three 20/25s. Geoffrey and Betty Price in their tall Park Ward Saloon (GTK 25), John and Lois Zimbler doing their first Club holiday with a lovely Van den Plas tourer (GFE.14) and Digby, Margery and Joy Wills with their newly acquired Barker Cabriolet (GBT 81).

Sue Taylor and John Bailey brought the Taylor Wraith saloon so we had a very representative selection.

The weather was not kind to us in Reims but the hospitality more than compensated for this. Monsieur Pierre Lanson introduced us to champagne manufacture, with our first tasting. Then▷

*The line-up at Lanson.*

*photo: Lanson*



*M. Perrier shows us how Napoleon's men opened their looted champagne.*



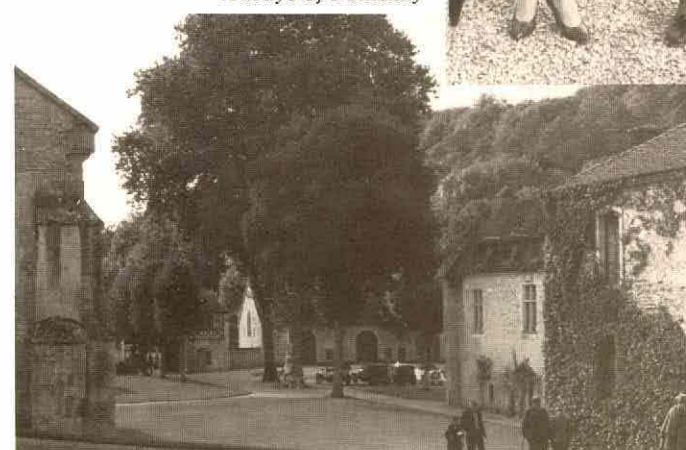
*Madame Perrier and Lady Elgin at the Orangery at Epernay.*



*Lord Elgin making one of his many presentations of Highland goodwill.*

*photos  
Janet Valentine  
John Zimbler  
Digby Wills  
James Hand*

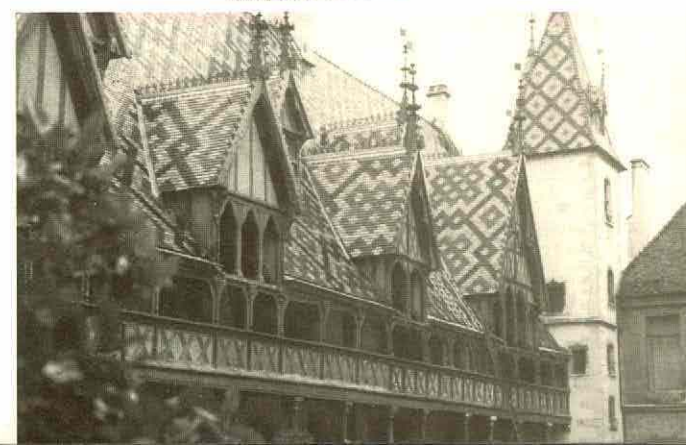
*Abbaye of Fontenay*



*Clos de Vougeot*



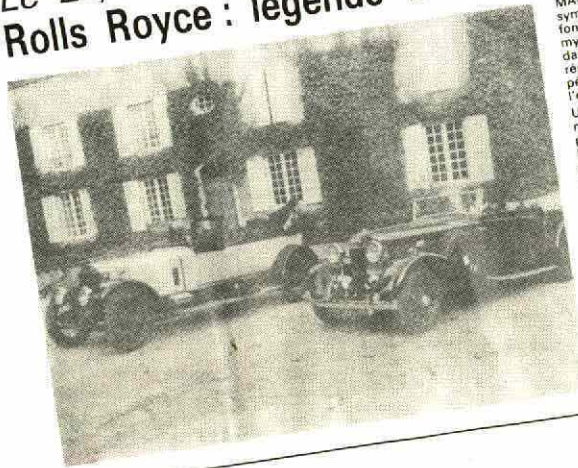
*Hospice at Beaure*



*Lunch at Rotisserie du Chambertin*



## Le 20/Ghost Club en Mâconnais Rolls Royce : légende vivante et magie d'un sigle



Union Reims, Oct. 3rd

MACON — Rolls Royce. Un rêve, un symbole, une légende. L'inaccessible sur fond de fétichisme, l'absolu confinant à l'art mysticisme, ou plus simplement le tout dans le monde automobile. Le tout résumé par deux lettres magiques frappées au sommet d'une calandre qui ne pèse pas moins.

Une Rolls ça n'est pas une automobile. Même si quatre roues et un moteur peuvent donner cette illusion à quelque beotien échappé d'un autre âge. Ce que c'est ? Une Rolls, et rien d'autre. Rien d'autre ne pouvant prétendre, d'ailleurs, à être une Rolls. Et lorsqu'une douzaine de ces majestés vous font l'honneur de se rassembler sous vos yeux l'espace d'un après-midi, elles vous accordent la très belle privilège rare de Pontanevaux, qui se trouvaient hier dans la très belle propriété Thorins à Fontenay, qui accueillait, pour quelques heures, le 20/Ghost Club et son président Lord Elgin — venu de son Ecosse natale, dans une superbe « modèle 20 » millésime 1911.

Après la Champagne, la Bourgogne du Nord et le Mâconnais, des nobles ancêtres (la plus récente date de 1936) prendront la route du Beaujolais, avec une visite prévue au musée de la Rochetaille, où

Siber Ghost, Phantoms et 20/25 seront accueillies par Henri Malartre.

Lorsqu'on interroge M. Roger Crastier sur cette légende vivante, son oeil clair s'allume et pétile de plaisir. Chez cet homme chaleureux qui compte 51 années de présence chez Rolls — il est aujourd'hui « spécial consultant » auprès de la direction — la passion le dispute à l'humour et à la simplicité. Un rire juvénile le prend lorsqu'on évoque quelques-unes de ces extraordinaires histoires transmises de génération à génération, et contribuant au mythe Rolls Royce, histoires pour beaucoup... totalement fausses. A titre d'exemple, si les deux lettres magiques sont de couleur noire depuis 1933, ce n'est pas signe de deuil pour M. Rolls, décédé la même année. La raison en est bien plus prosaïque : le noir se marie mieux... avec les couleurs « modernes ».

Reste la coquetterie suprême de la marque de Creve concernant la puissance des moteurs, jamais revêlée. Lorsqu'on pose la question, la réponse est invariablement suffisante ! Et pour le dernier modèle en date, la Bentley Turbo : « C'est la même puissance... plus 50% ! »

Michel DESSOLAIN

## Tournus Ah ! Les belles anglaises



Après avoir usé leurs pneus et promené leurs belles carrosseries sur les routes du Japon, d'U.R.S.S., de Norvège, du Portugal et d'ailleurs, les respectables et éblouissantes voitures du club « 20 Ghost » ont fait escale samedi au restaurant le Rempart à Tournus.

En 1916, Royce et Silver-Gost lançaient sur le marché international une 20 CV Petite 20 CV. Ils disaient les sujets de sa gracieuse majesté.

Après guerre les nostalgiques de cette 20 CV fondèrent le club

« 20 Ghost ». Les 200 membres du club gentleman et ladies de la haute société d'outre-manche, sillonnent les routes du monde. Ces ambassadrices du « chic anglais » dont chacune d'elle mériterait d'être la perle d'un musée de l'automobile, sont passées par Reims et Dijon et s'attardent quelque peu dans les caves de la Bourgogne et plus particulièrement du Mâconnais puisque les 14 voitures et leurs 36 occupants séjourneront 4 jours à Mâcon. Comme quoi on peut allier internationalement la nostalgie du passé et les joies de vivre du présent.

Le Dauphin Saône & Loire, Oct. 8th

## Reims, capitale de l'automobile ancienne



Le « Rolls Royceghost club » avait choisi les caves Lanson ou il fut accueilli par MM. Pierre Lanson et Lawrence Webber, directeur de cette maison à Londres.

Au total, quarante voitures de légende dont pas moins de cinq « Silverghost ».

La plus ancienne était millésimée « 1911 », une fortune au mètre carré.

(Photos Jean-Jacques DEVERLY, Christian LANTENOIS, Pierre TYS et Carmela VICENTE)

# Press Coverage Champagne & Burgundy

Le Bien Public Dijon, Oct. 4th

## Le Twenty Ghost Club au restaurant « Le Rempart »



Aujourd'hui, près de 200 membres perpétuent la tradition et voyagent, à bord de ces véhicules automobiles, au Japon, en Russie, au Portugal et en France.

Samedi, une tournée les avait amenés de Calais en Bourgogne. La halte de midi, les 33 passagers des 14 voitures l'ont passée au restaurant du Rempart, réputé pour son excellente cuisine et un accueil chaleureux. Nul doute que nos amis anglais garderont de Tournus un excellent souvenir !

En 1950, nos voisins d'outre-Manche, peux et farouches conservateurs, mettaient sur pied une association pour la protection des plus vieilles voitures de la marque, menacées de disparition. Un nom était alors choisi par les adhérents : le « Twenty Ghost Club ».

Mister Royce, le célèbre constructeur des Rolls, voitures à combien prestigieuses, n'avait jamais caché sa préférence pour la Silver Ghost créée en 1920. Après la guerre il imposait le règne des 20 CV... des « Twenty ».

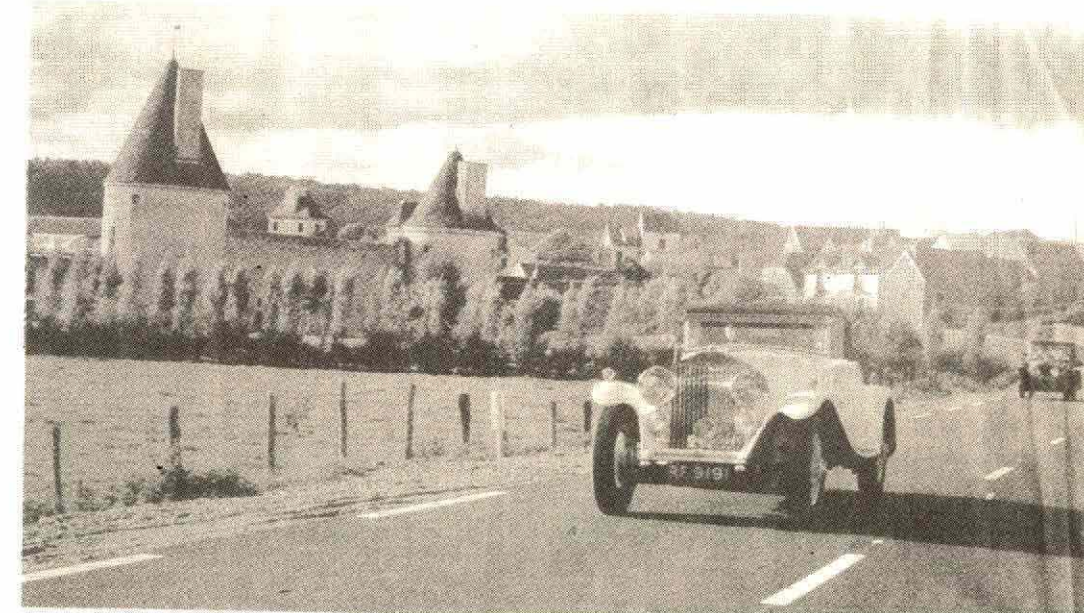
## Des Rolls sur la Côte... d'Or



Leur moteur n'a pas troublé le silence de la campagne cote-d'orienne. Mais elles ne sont pas passées inaperçues pour autant ! Etonnant cortège d'objets d'art roulant que ces onze vénérables et précieuses Rolls-Royce de 1935, 1928 et même 1911 ! De l'abbaye de Fontenay (notre photo Daniel Cherubin) au château du Clos-de-Vougeot, en passant par Dijon, les membres britanniques du plus ancien club de Rolls-Royce sillonnent actuellement notre région

(DERNIERE PAGE)

## Fontenay, Dijon, Vougeot Le Club des Rolls est de sortie...



De Fontenay à Dijon, en passant par Posanges et son château, un étonnant cortège d'objets d'art roulant.

(Photo Daniel Cherubin)

« C'est la reine des voitures ! » Expression s'appliquant à Peugeot, Renault, Talbot ou Citroën, selon que celui qui l'emploie possède une Citroën, une Talbot, une Renault ou une Peugeot.

Eh bien non ! Vous aurez beau affirmer sentir le même bien-être au volant de votre grand tourisme qu'au sortir du hamam, la reine des voitures — excusez du peu — c'est la Rolls... La voiture des familles, quoi !

Pas tout à fait. Mais leurs heureux propriétaires en font une grande : cent cinquante membres dans le monde, pour le seul « Twenty Ghost Club », le plus ancien club de Rolls-Royce, situé en Ecosse. Nous en avons rencontré onze d'entre-eux, dont le président, Lord Elgin, hier après-midi, en Côte-d'Or.

### Sur trois roues

A quelques kilomètres de Montbard, même les visiteurs de l'abbaye de Fontenay — qui passe pour être le type le plus pur et le plus parfait de l'art cistercien — n'avaient d'yeux que pour « elles ». Onze Rolls « Silver Ghost » et « Phantom », ailes

vénérables — et précieuses — de 1935, 1928, 1915 et même 1911 !

Voitures de collection ? « My God !... Mais elles roulent ! » répond Lord Elgin en frappant d'un coup de canne son pantalon de golf et ses chaussures pure laine d'Ecosse, une chaussure posée sur l'épais paillason du marche-pied.

Elles roulent, c'est certain. Mais nous ne les avons pas entendues arriver ! Leur moteur n'a même pas troublé le silence de l'abbaye — précise son propriétaire, M. Aynard, qui les accueillait.

Après la Russie, le Japon,

l'Amérique et quelque vingt-trois pays d'Europe, Lord Elgin, au volant de sa Rolls-Royce « Silver Ghost », bordeaux et jaune de 1911 — une seconde main ! — (à noter qu'une Rolls n'est jamais une voiture usagée, mais une voiture ayant servi), il accompagne les membres de son club pour une promenade de santé.

Etonnant cortège d'art roulant, au prix tellement extravagant qu'il est inutile d'en parler. On aurait même dû faire un petit incident de parcours rarissime : la Rolls de 1911 du président du club a perdu une roue à quelques kilomètres de

Fontenay. A peine si Lord Elgin s'en est aperçu : le fabuleux trésor, poursuivait tranquillement son chemin. Un seul souci pour les membres du club : la protection de leur cher patrimoine ambulant. Non contre les ravages du temps (aucun danger), mais contre une éventuelle convoitise.

A Mâcon, avouant l'un d'entre eux, ma Rolls ne rentrait dans aucun garage. Je n'ai pas dormi de la nuit.

Même en ayant dévisé, comme il se doit, la victoire de Samothrace. Enfin, le bouchon de radiateur en argent.

A. S.

Le Bien Public Dijon, Oct. 4th

Le Courrier le journal Saône & Loire, Oct. 8th



Madame Thorin



On the way to Solutré

Betty Price slightly tipsy?



20-Ghost Club members try their hand at picking



Pre-lunch group at Rochetaillee

photos  
John Zimble  
Digby Wills

Lady Elgin  
Betty Price  
Janet Valentine



14 Lois Zimble definitely pushing her luck!

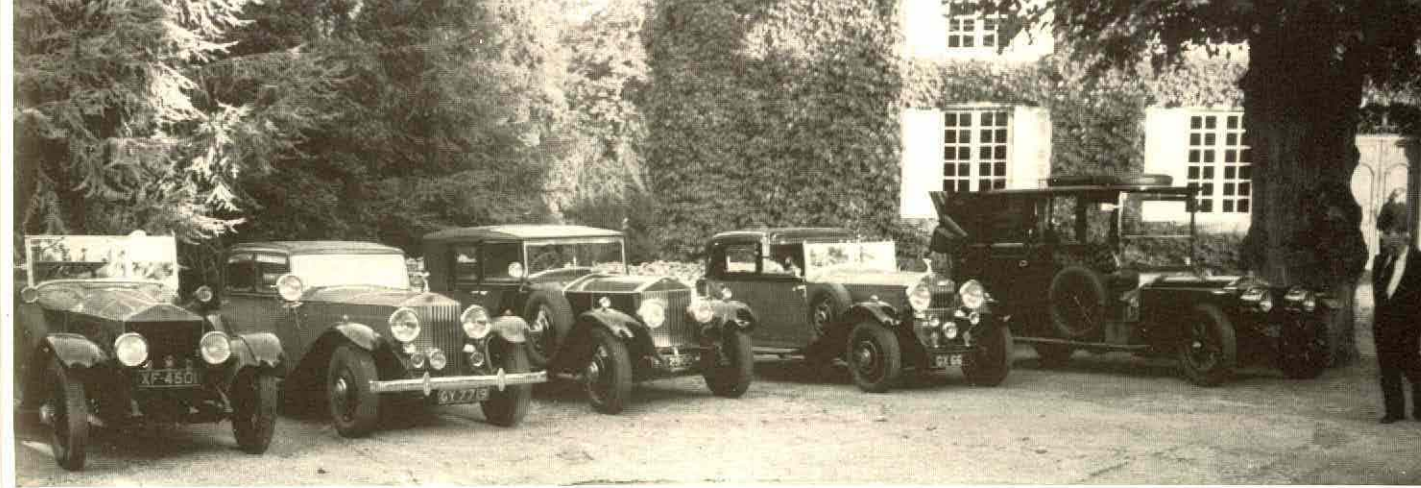


photo and title: James Hand

Henry—without his Royce

he led us on a drive through the vineyards before entertaining us to a magnificent lunch (though I was not sure about the desirability of cocks-combs). Peter Heilbron in his 1924 Ghost was plagued throughout the day with fan belt trouble, finally solved with local help on the way to Dijon.

Next day Moët & Chandon at Epernay increased our knowledge and experience of champagne. I wonder how many of the 10 miles of cellars we covered and if lost I wonder how long one could survive on a diet of champagne. There is a great deal of mechanisation in the process now, I felt sorry for the local work force and disappointed that the incredible remote control machinery responsible for degorgement, feeding with sugar and corking was Japanese. The meal that followed was in the superb setting of the restored orangery fronted by a most colourful and typically French formal garden. That afternoon we enjoyed a tour to the abbey where Dom Perignon, the monk, discovered the secrets of making champagne. The Abbaye of Hautvillers contained a fascinating exhibition of the early life of the monks, we were also shown a rose planted by the Queen Mother in 1983.

The next day brought a very early start for the pre-war Ghosts as we had a long and beautiful drive to the Abbaye of Fontenay. As the soils changed we were aware of vines in the chalk—then miles of sugar beet on loam, I had never

seen autumn crocuses growing wild before. We all met for lunch at the delightful Abbaye de Fontenay. Unfortunately Lord and Lady Elgin in the oldest car on the rally lost a Rudge-Whitworth wheel—in dramatic style. It flew across the road, gouged a large chunk out of a poplar tree—back across the road and into a ploughed field. As a result of skilful driving little damage was done and with fortuitous arrival of the police and some local help the car was reshod and the Elgins joined us half way through a delicious buffet lunch. We had a delightful tour of the Abbaye, guided by the owner M. Aynard. He is a direct descendant of the Montgolfier family—of balloon fame.

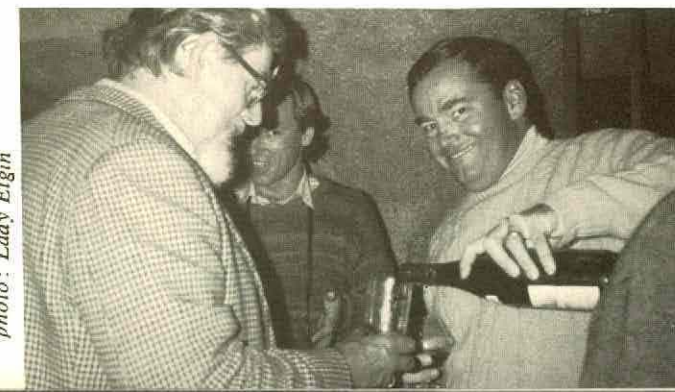
A wet Thursday saw us driving to the Clos de Vougeot, the headquarters of the Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, and then on to the picturesque town of Beaune with its famous Hospice. The vendanges had started and the grape pickers in their waterproofs gave a great welcome to us in ours!

En route again on Saturday we were aiming at Macon via lunch at Tournus—with our first snails, much tastier than I expected. There followed some quite exciting driving up to Cluny and back to Macon. During the day the 1932 Phantom II of Henry and Joyce Wilkins broke the end off a valve, so discretion being the better part of valour—the car had ended its tour. The▷

What the fashion conscious Lady wears for Autumn 1984



photo: Janet Valentine



Dudley Welch slipping Ken Ducommun an extra glass

hotel was beautifully situated by the Saone and the weather had definitely improved.

The next day Digby Wills took a turn driving our Ghost whilst Bryan was able to try the 20/25. It was a beautiful drive to the Mountain of Solutr , a most impressive sight, towering over the vineyards terraced up the hillsides. Later in the day at Chateau Loyse we were able to watch the grapes arriving from the fields and undergoing their first pressing.

James Valentino was working on the drag link of the Phantom I and the next day Jimmy and Janet left us to drive back to Reims to collect Lady Freda from hospital.

Monday was a visit to the museum at Rochetaillee, though as the staff there consider 11.30 a.m. the start of their lunch break many of us missed seeing the cars in the chateau. The afternoon's tour at the Chateau de Corcelles gave us a very interesting insight into the manufacture of Beaujolais.

The last day was warm and sunny for a delightful tour through the vineyards, passing the Moulin   Vent to lunch at the invitation of Monsieur Thorin, a long time friend of the Elgins. He had been a most sympathetic guide and host for the previous few days. It was a delicious 'wine pickers' lunch at Les Jaques, in the cellar amongst the wine barrels, with a delicious beaujolais.

Chateau Les Jacques

During the afternoon there was a mad dash by Sue Taylor's Wraith, two Ghosts (Goodman and Ducommun) and the Watson/Lange Silver Shadow to visit a so-called museum with cars for sale—The unrestored Phantom I European bodied cabriolet at 550,000 FF tempted no one!

An excellent dinner at Les Maritones, near Macon concluded a most enjoyable tour. I had found my first visit to this area of France delightful, I learnt a great deal about the manufacture of champagne, burgundy and beaujolais.

It was strange to think as we made our way north to stay overnight near Paris that Dudley and Ann Welch would already be home in Boston. Sadly Ann's parents, Lynn and Midge, had valve trouble a few miles after starting for home. How incredible that the two Phantom Twos, only six chassis apart, should apparently suffer similar mechanical derangement less than six days apart over fifty years later. Fortunately they were able to share the rescue vehicle sent out for Henry Wilkins' Phantom II, what a valuable lorry-load!

We all thank Lord and Lady Elgin for a fascinating and relaxed tour—It was through their contacts that we were all privileged to be given such warm welcomes and the personal guided tours. The efforts of planning it all to run so smoothly must have been prodigious.

Mary and Bryan Goodman

photo Digby Wills



## SPRING LUNCH AND DRIVING TESTS

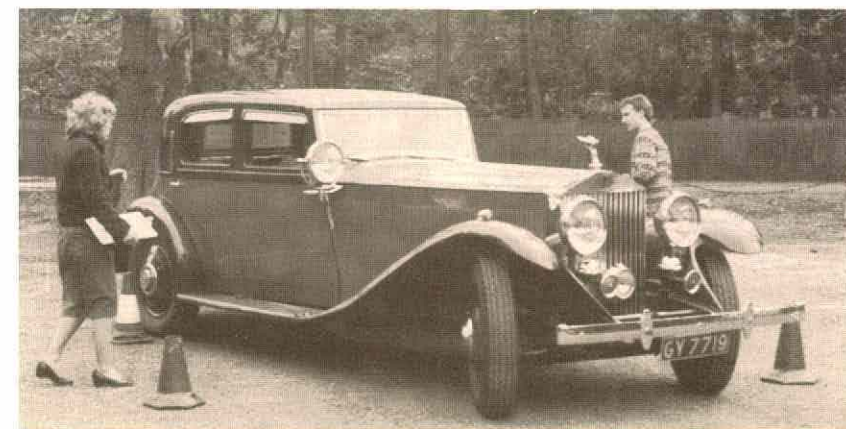
After a week of sunshine, cold nights and warm days, it was sad to wake up on Sunday morning to overcast skies and fine rain. Just over an hour's drive in the Ghost covered the 40 or so miles to the Berystede Hotel, the venue for this year's first event, set in the woods just south of Ascot. Bryan Goodman had undertaken the organisation of this event, and well organised it was. Thirteen cars attended, and all managed to complete the six tests in the two hours between 11 a.m. and lunch-time. An interesting collection of cars with 3 pre-war Ghosts, 2 post-war Ghosts; 2 Phantom

1's; 2 Phantom 11's; 2 Twenty's; a 20/25; and a Wraith. Our new member John Lawson was there with his early Ghost, coming 5th overall—the results are shown in the table.

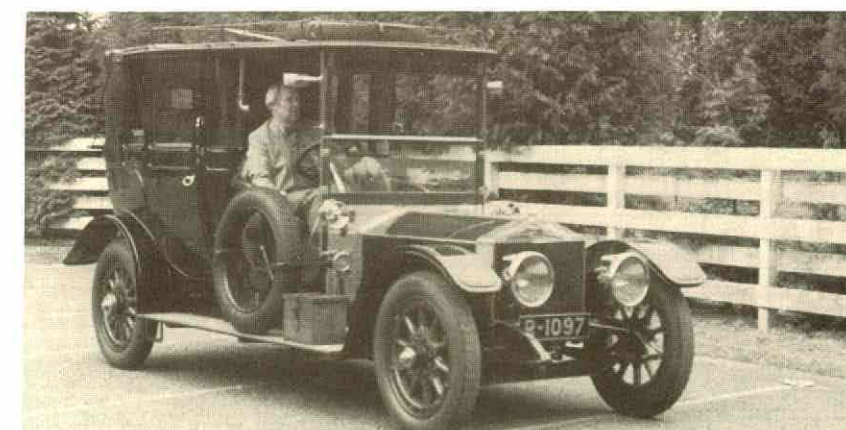
After completing the formalities of the tests, the company assembled in the Hotel's Windsor room for drinks and luncheon, followed by a few words from our Chairman, Lynn Brua, who concluded by presenting Ken Smedley with the tankard awarded to him as overall winner.

An enjoyable day out, an event well organised, and our thanks to all those who helped.

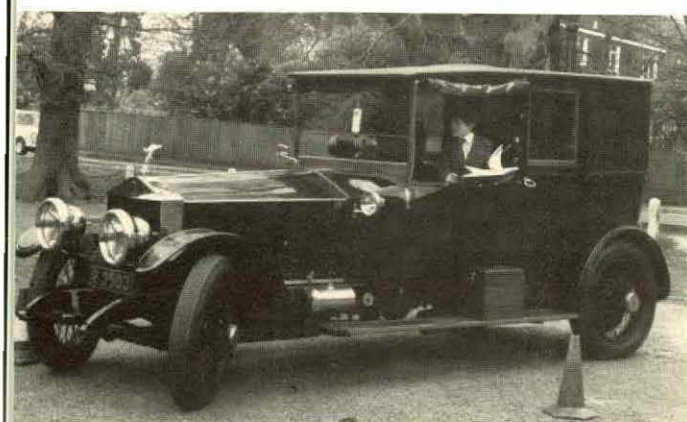
John Tanner



Goodman's Gavotte



Uphill all the way



Get out of the rain



Don't follow my leader



Parking Prettily



Diagonal Diversion

photos Digby Wills

# 1984 SPRING DRIVING TESTS

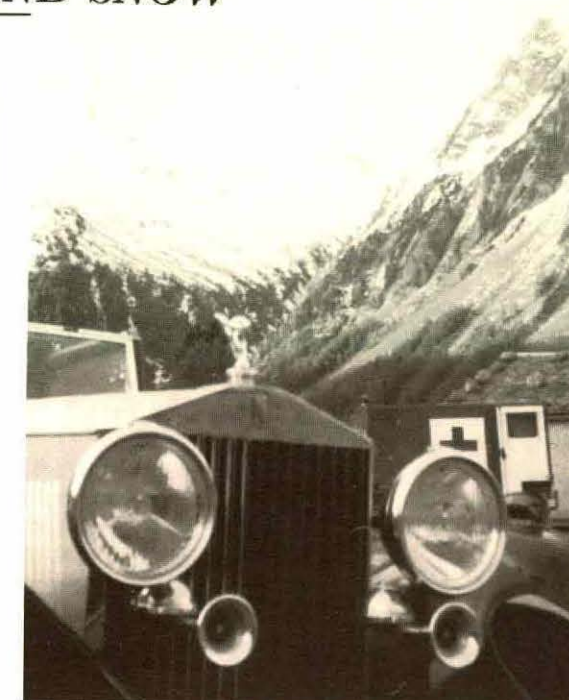
|                 |       |         | Don't<br>follow<br>my leader | Get out<br>of the<br>rain | Diagonal<br>Diversion | Parking<br>Prettily | Good-<br>man's<br>Gavotte | Uphill<br>all the<br>way | Total<br>Penalties | Position |
|-----------------|-------|---------|------------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|----------|
|                 |       |         | 1                            | 2                         | 3                     | 4                   | 5                         | 6                        |                    |          |
| John Lawson     | S.G.  | X2477   | 0                            | 13                        | 64                    | 6                   | 35                        | 14                       | 119½               | 5        |
| Bryan Goodman   | S.G.  | R.1097  | 0                            | 4                         | 18                    | 18                  | 2                         | ½                        | 42½                | N.C.     |
| John Tanner     | S.G.  | R.2503  | 0                            | 112                       | 22                    | 0                   | 20                        | 0                        | 154                |          |
| Digby Wills     | S.G.  | NK.2898 | 10                           | 16                        | 15                    | 12                  | 35                        | 9                        | 97                 | 3        |
| Peter Agg       | S.G.  | EL.1078 | Non Starter                  |                           |                       |                     |                           |                          |                    |          |
| Peter Heilbron  | S.G.  | XX4350  | 10                           | 27                        | 80                    | 40                  | 100                       | 6                        | 258                |          |
| Brian Wootton   | P.I   | TD.1234 | 20                           | 122                       | 42                    | 8                   | 4                         | 18                       | 214                |          |
| Andrew Taylor   | P.I   | YO.8869 | 10                           | 14                        | 48                    | 12                  | 48                        | 12                       | 144                |          |
| Nicholas Taylor | 20    | XU.4    | 10                           | 2                         | 44                    | 12                  | 14                        | 0                        | 82                 | 2        |
| Ken Smedley     | 20    | GXL.63  | 10                           | 39                        | 0                     | 5                   | 3                         | 2                        | 59                 | 1        |
| Jack Woolley    | P.II  | DXA.7   | 10                           | 13                        | 18                    | 24                  | 50                        | 0                        | 115                | 4        |
| Lynn Brua       | P.II  | GY.7719 | 20                           | 250                       | 60                    | 24                  | 58                        | 15                       | 222                |          |
| Geoffrey Price  | 20/25 | WS.8586 | 30                           | 66                        | 20                    | 37                  | 48                        | ½                        | 201½               |          |
| Susan Taylor    | W.    | HLL34   | 10                           | 62                        | 72                    | 37                  | 26                        | 0                        | 207                |          |

## 4155 MILES OF SUNSHINE AND SNOW

On August 30th, 1984, Jack and I left home in the 1932 Phantom II to go to the World FIVA Rally in Greece—but via another FIVA Rally in Switzerland. The weather in England had been so good that we packed our summer clothes, only adding anoraks at the last minute, just in case. The first snag was when we arrived at Newhaven to discover that our ferry was cancelled and we had a dash to Folkestone to catch the only boat with space available. After that everything went smoothly and a pleasant journey through France seeing Versailles and Fontainebleau ended in a lovely hotel at Avallon. On to Geneva the next day through an area where the signposts read like a wine list.

The Swiss FIVA Rally began in Geneva in beautiful weather and on our first day we journeyed to Gstaad on minor roads, with a few wine receptions, through lovely scenery. Fritz Schlumpf and his wife were guests of the rally that evening and created quite a bit of interest. On to Vitznau via Interlaken where we had an amusing wine reception on the pavement outside the Credit Suisse Bank, and a chaotic ferry crossing of Lake Lucerne. The following day there was a visit to the Lucerne Transport Museum which I, who normally dislike such museums, thoroughly enjoyed. We had started to get to know new people and new cars by this time and in particular Yves Ketteret who is well known in old car circles and was in a rather nice Lancia as well as several ex-patriates who were pleased to welcome us Brits. Tony and Verity Bourne were also there in their 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce.

Our next stop was in Wildhaus and we were realising more and more why the rally was called the "Lacs et Montagnes"—it was a typical small Swiss ski town, friendly and welcoming and set in beautiful scenery. Unfortunately, we awoke to our first rain and had to put up the hood of the car, which ruins the view of the mountains, for our drive through Liechtenstein (visiting the Prince's "caves" and sampling his products) to lunch at Davos and a night stop in St. Moritz. The rain brought down rocks onto the road and one British Bently had its fuel tank ruptured badly but three hours' work by an agricultural engineering firm had it back on the road again.



Photos Alys Woolley

All that rain faded into insignificance the next morning when we found that we were snowed in—all the passes were blocked—a rally organiser's nightmare! 82 old cars marooned in the mountains! We helpless travellers, ill-equipped as we were, brought cheer to the shop keepers of the town by buying boots, etc., whilst the snow continued to fall. The highest possible praise must go to the organisers who arranged for a special train to take us out in three journeys—at 10.30 p.m., 2.00 a.m. and 5.30 a.m. Not only that but our next stop in Saas Fee was also snow-bound, so new hotels, meals and road routes were quickly, but not without difficulty, arranged and we went to Zurich before our final destination, Montreux.

Overall, it was a wonderful rally and the snow only gave it an excitement and an unreality once we were in sunshine again; the organisers cannot be praised too highly for what they achieved, not only when disaster struck, but for everything they planned to make the rally run smoothly and give a great deal of pleasure to the entrants.

The next day, Sunday 9th September we met Lynn and Midge Brua to travel together through

Switzerland and Italy to Greece. We would have preferred to drive over the St. Gotthard pass but the snow lingered on, even though it was warm and sunny, so we had to use the tunnel which is rather long and smelly when in an open car. At the border town of Chiasso we lost the Brua's in the traffic and continued to our hotel, the splendid Villa d'Este on the shore of Lake Como. Unfortunately Lynn had a problem with the car and had to have some work done by a first rate Mercedes workshop. Jack crossed and recrossed the border several times bringing amusement to the Customs Officers and comfort to the Brua's. However, all was well and in the morning we continued on to Rimini which was not very interesting but convenient for Ancona the next day.

We met up with our fellow rallyers at the ferry and I was startled to hear one gentleman say "The Panzers have not yet arrived" but soon realised what he meant when 16 Mercedes cars (mostly 300 SLs) drove in with their support vans! Together they did tend to dominate the rally but individually we found them to be friendly, interesting and welcoming (some of them had been doing this rally for several years). The ferry El Greco was a clean and pleasant ship, the Captain gave us a reception and we were able to visit the bridge: three of the rally committee had come from Greece to meet us and brief us on the plans; altogether a welcome relaxation to just lie in the sun after so much motoring.

Hot sunshine for our journey to Delphi to join the Athens starters, including Conrad and Viola Karrass in a splendid Bentley, at a lovely lunch stop. The organisers tried to give us a chance to see the sights of Greece as well as serious rallying, and there are some wonderful sights to see—Delphi, Olympia, Corinth, Athens. There were

some interesting cars too—a Voisin belonging to Count de Wurstenberger was beautifully restored and most unusual; a 1939 Lincoln Zephyr which had only 1500 kms. on the clock in 1981 and is completely original; two good Model T Fords of 1920 and 1922 (the oldest cars on the rally).

The new FIVA rule admitting cars over 20 years old does make it strange for us older-car enthusiasts and, I must imagine, creates more problems for the time-keepers; I fear that it will mean a reduction in the number of really old cars in the long term which is hardly what FIVA should be doing.

The roads in Greece were on the whole good but sometimes very poor. On one section we were warned of 6 kms. of gravel road and it was bumpy and dusty but most cars, including an Aston Martin and two M.G.'s covered it with care and without mishap. The Mercedes team manager, however, instructed his drivers not to take that route in case rocks damaged the cars, and consequently they were disqualified. The next day Frau Schmidt, driver of one of the 300 SLs, fell at Olympia and injured herself badly enough for a helicopter to take her from the hotel to Athens airport to return home. All in all a bad time for the Mercedes team.

Light relief was provided during the driving tests when one of the Greek drivers put his rally numbers on a donkey and did the tests—he did not win! Onward ever onward, hotels were adequate but we tended to be given tourist food rather than Greek food; one memorable lunch we did have real Greek food and it was lovely. The Corinth Canal was a fantastic sight on our way to Athens arousing as much interest as the ruins at Old Corinth. Eventually we drove into the Olympic Stadium in Athens which was thrilling and exciting; that evening a reception held near the Acropolis gave us a wonderful view of the Son et Lumiere (we couldn't hear the "son") and a hilarious return to our hotel on a local bus which went in the wrong direction! Conrad Karrass saved us with his fluent Greek and we had coffee at the Hilton before getting a taxi to our own hotel. Lynn and Midge Brua left us on the Friday in order to get back for the Burgundy Rally. We stayed on, with several others, for a few more days relaxing and sightseeing, returning to England on September 30th after a whole calendar month packed with new sights, new people, new cars and a few old friends . . . Did it really snow in Switzerland? . . .

*Alys Woolley*

## AX 201 IN SYDNEY

The original Silver Ghost AX 201 (Chassis No. 60551) was joined by almost 200 other Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars in Sydney, on Sunday, 1st April, 1984 for a spectacular day to commemorate the 80th anniversary of the running of the first Royce car. Each year the N.S.W. Branch of the Rolls-Royce Owners Club of Australia hold a Commemoration Run on the nearest Sunday to the 1st of April. This year it was 80 years to the day!

The day commenced early at Royal Randwick Racecourse where the cars and passengers took part in a concours d'elegance, each car driving past a judging panel. The occupants of the cars carefully dressed in costumes of the era of their cars. Morning tea together with champagne provided by the Sydney Rolls-Royce distributor followed.

The cars then left in strict chronological order following our eminent visitors AX 201 for a drive of about 20 miles, past the Sydney Opera House and over the Sydney Harbour Bridge to our luncheon venue at an historic old home. It is now a restaurant called Oatlands House and was built in 1824.



*photos Bryan Inder*

A sumptuous lunch was served and prizes given for the best cars and occupants. Over 400 people enjoyed the lunch. During the speeches Dennis Miller-Williams commented on his thrill of driving AX 201 over the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Our Club president read out messages of congratulations including a congratulatory telegram from the 20-Ghost Club. (Many thanks for this most thoughtful gesture).

The N.S.W. Branch of the club is fortunate to have about 270 members owning a greater number of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars than members. The standard of restoration is high and a large number of cars on this day were pre-World War II. A special effort was made to bring out as many Ghosts as possible to welcome AX 201. Australian members of the 20-Ghost Club were Malcolm Johns in his elegant 1928 Phantom I, 96 AL with Windovers coachwork (his Ghost 2 ZG is under restoration). Dr. Gilbert Ashby drove a friends 20 hp. GAJ 32 with an Australian original body by Reliance Motor Body Works. (his Ghost 2 ZCT is also under restoration). I drove my 1922 Ghost 12 HG tourer by Smith and Waddington, Sydney coachbuilders.

It was a great thrill to be allowed to share AX 201 'Downunder', surely the greatest distance it has ever travelled from the Cooke Street factory. On its sojourn with us in Australia AX 201 also visited Melbourne, Brisbane, Surfers Paradise, Adelaide and Perth (now the home of the America's Cup).

April 1st, 1984 is a day we will all remember and AX 201 is a true ambassador for the great ideals of Rolls and Royce.

*Bryan Inder, 12 HG, SFO 54, SBH 18210*



First pump up the tyres. By hand. The good Lord had called father before I had quite finished the compressor. Four 5.00 x 19 tyres is a lot of air. Down off the jacks. Take all the stuff out from inside and off the top. Find a battery and charge it. Put the carpets back. Restrain oneself from admonishing two small daughters who wanted to "help". After all, it was their arrival that caused a cessation of Barkering. Would they like a ride up to Grandpas? "Ooh! yes please!"

Lubricate effectively, check the fluids. Oh dear. The Bluecol had found some holes in the radiator matrix that weren't there five years ago. The starter motor was still wanting its new brushes. Get out the handle and wind. And wind. And wind. Three and half litres, 105 psi compressions, six of them. It's got to go up the road somehow. The removal men won't do it. Look at the contact breaker points. Aah, almost non-existent. I was right to get some new contact studs from a friend at Lucas. No time to fit them now, its a brazing job. Will a clean be enough? The handle again. Think of the osteopath's bills. Quite suddenly, the familiar even, thrumming, the sigh of the Autovac and the five year interregnum might never have been.

Pile the children in, "Stand up and hold onto the back of the front seats, then you can see out." Back out and trickle up the drive to the road. Drat! Traffic! A hill re-start. Never mind, the 25 handbrake is the best I've tried. Now we're off, the smooth flow of power, the accommodating flexibility.

All too soon we're there, into the drive, children out, poker faced, a non-event by their expressions. Just open the garage door and ease the car in. It's stopped, how dare you. Out again, wind, wind. Don't you love me any more? Well, it can't stay here, how will the removal van get past? Get the garden tractor out. It will pull but not push, just sits there churning up the gravel. Desperation, evening approaching. Try the handle again. Hooray, R-R have never let me down yet! It was the shame of the tractor that did it.

In we go, a gentle chunter, ignition back to "late", sit and listen to the familiar noises echoing off the garage walls. It still sounds alright.

After which moving the Phantom from its lordly dominance of the other garage to a position in a corner, to make room for the lathe and the pianola et al is simplicity itself, if you forget the chassis member that poked a hole in the window.

And so to a winter planning our rebuilding, when we'll have to pull it all out and do it all over again . . .

G.B.K., 72

## Annual General Meeting

It's our great good fortune to have a Committee that thinks the annual general meeting needs to be treated as a special occasion in the Club's yearly calendar. For several years there have been a succession of interesting venues for this event, which doubtless explains why there is a goodly turnout of gloriously dressed ladies and their formally attired escorts.

The latest A.G.M., on February 27th followed the established pattern, with the chosen spot being the Caledonian Club, close by Belgrave Square. We are greatly indebted to Hon. Secretary Ken Smedley for having arranged for us to enjoy an evening in the elegant surroundings of this famous old club, long recognised as the leading meeting place of Scots' in London. To meet in such surroundings guarantees that certain atmosphere of 'family' privacy.

Under the highly competent Chairmanship of Lynn Brua the formal business of the evening was briskly carried through. Those industrious worthies who constitute the Committee, and whose well directed efforts maintain the Club's pulse beat, were enthusiastically re-elected. Members were told that plans are well in hand for a tour of Burgundy at the beginning of October and the possibility of our participating in the 1986 celebrations in Adelaide to mark its 150th anniversary was raised from the floor.

Following the meeting members were able to enjoy an interlude of conversation, glasses in hand, to the discreet accompaniment of the music of the bagpipes, played by a faultlessly uniformed regimental piper, who piped us into dinner in the Stuart Room. Dinner was unquestionably a memorable meal, the food and wine were outstanding; neeps and haggis was our second course. It was duly piped in and, to the special delight of members unaccustomed to Scots hospitality, was then ceremoniously 'addressed' by our President Lord Elgin, in faultless style.

After the serious business involving our knives and forks we relaxed over the toasts and the presentation of awards. A touch of 20 Ghost Club history was added by the presence at the top table of Fred Watson, sadly unaccompanied by Joan: he had just celebrated his 80th birthday, but with the familiar cigarette holder in hand appeared very much as he did all the years he served us as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer and then as President. Our evening ended with members giving easily won attention to a highly entertaining speech by our President.

Geoffrey Price



## TEC-TIPS



Geoffrey Price reminds us that the early 20/25 is fitted with an Autovac which is connected to the inlet manifold by a small diameter metal pipe. His fractured immediately on starting the engine after a stop at a hotel. The symptom is a loud continuous hiss. The temporary and effective repair proved to be, Selotape. Later 20/25's have a flexible hose instead of the metal pipe. Motto, always carry a roll of Sellotape—it could remedy that continuous hiss after a stop at a hotel. G.P.



A change of car in 1984 brought me my first experience of wheel discs. These are Barker discs where the valve extension sticks out from the side of the disc. The original extensions are made of metal tubing with a flexible rod running down the centre, which in days long ago, contacted the tyre valve centre thus releasing pressure and allowing a reading to be taken from the inner tube.

My first discovery was that the modern forecourt airline connectors do not like the little piece of protruding valve extension. It just isn't long enough to get a grip.

Secondly, although air would go into the tube if you were strong enough to hold the airline in place, there was no back pressure to give a reading—because the flexible rod was failing to do its job.

More than one member has admitted to grappling with the same problem, so I am happy to pass on What I feel is the perfect solution. Schroder produce a flexible rubber valve extension 4" and 6" long for use on tractors and trucks which screws straight onto the inner tube valve. It cuts out this valve and thus the pressure is brought forward to the outside of the disc. I also use a short rigid metal extension which I attach just before connecting to an airline thus providing plenty of grip for any make of forecourt equipment.

These valve extensions worked perfectly during the Burgundy trip and lost no air. D.F.W.



**Captain Cox -Cx-** celebrated his 98th birthday on August 12th last. Our picture shows him on that day with the medals he won during both World Wars. Soon after the outbreak of the 1914/18 War Lt. L. W. Cox was then in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and was posted to The Royal Naval Air Service to take charge of 8 Rolls-Royce armoured cars due for service overseas. He accompanied them to Gallipoli, thence to Egypt. Here he transferred to the Army Mechanical Transport Section of the R.A.S.C.

At the end of General Allenby's Campaign in the Middle East he held the post of S.M.T.O. (Senior Mechanical Transport Officer) to the Twenty-first Corps. He was mentioned in General Allenby's dispatch Dated 5th March, 1919.

He was promoted to Acting Major during the later part of the campaign.

He was awarded the M.C. for distinguished services in the field.

#### TROPHIES WINNERS 1984

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Fred & Joan Watson: | Michael Sapsford |
| Alpine:             | Jack Woolley     |
| Messervy:           | Ken Smedley      |
| Dymock-Maunsell:    | Susan Taylor     |
| Stanley Sears:      | Nicholas Taylor  |
| Harding-Rolls:      | Lord Elgin       |
| Phoenix:            | Jimmy Valentine  |
| Fergusson-Wood:     | John Lawson      |
| F-W Photographic:   | Digby Wills      |

## THIRTY YEARS ON — 1954 - 84

"Where have all the twenties gone?" might well be the question that comes to mind when looking at the 1954 line-up at the London Airport meeting (in Vol 23). Michael wonders how many I can identify (see his notes in Vol 24) and I can only say "not all". . . Here are some further notes compiled after a close examination with a lens:

Foreground: 1543, 2260 E, 26350. All well known.

Next row, from right: XP 1298 79 AG owned by Adrian Belsey. This 1923 20 had later fixed-head coupé bodywork. It is believed to have been broken up after an accident.

HU 3132 GNK 2 Hooper limousine—S. R. Chichester.

KK 9630 GA 11 Hooper coupé—B. Weston.

XU 6008 GMK 54 Hooper limousine—G. E. Price.

DGY 500 GYK 44 "Replica"—Southern Motors: ? Owner

ON 5233 GCK 63 Vincent tourer—John & Beryl Castle.

VA 5249 GZK 32 Penman landaulet—R. C. Browning.

RO 9189 another "Replica" drophead; unknown owner.

YE 8888 GMJ 64 Hooper coupé—E. Morey-Kyrle.

YX 1620 GBM 37 H. J. Mulliner saloon—A. Healing.

TF 1520 GDP 81 20/25 Carbodies tourer—M. H. Vivian.

KW 7407 GVO 8 Park Ward limousine—H. V. Forbes.

Four cars untraced.

Back row from right:

XO 5571 66 H5 H. J. Mulliner 3/4 coupé—B. Thorne.

Tourer—untraced, but not the Dymock-Maunsell car.

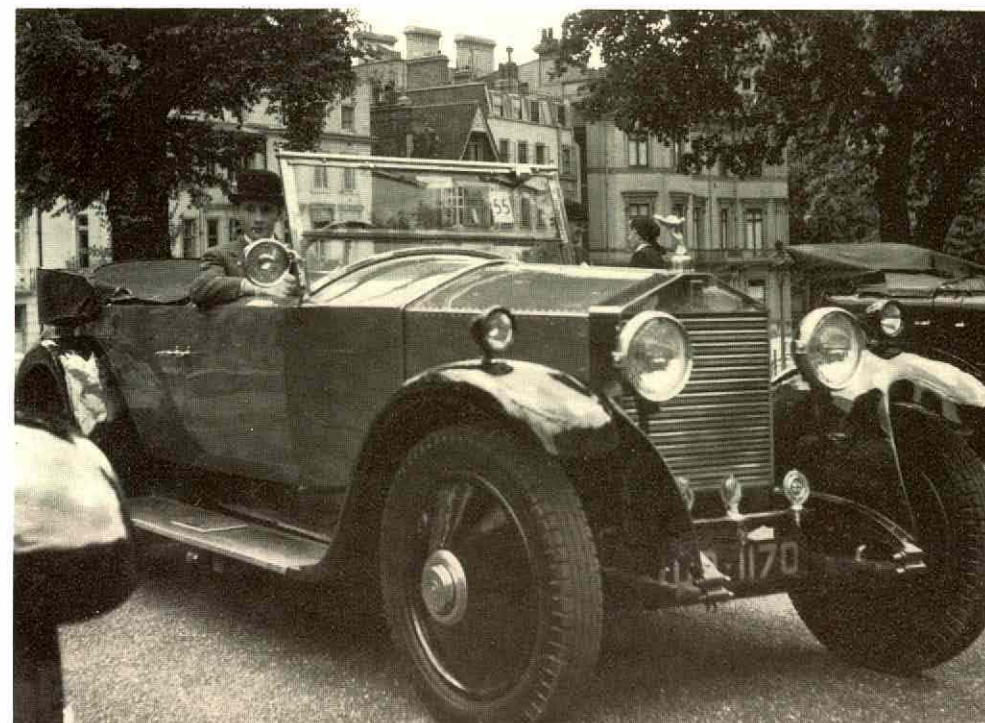
AYH 206 20/25 saloon, untraced.

Phantom II—uncertain.

Phantom III 3 AZ 68—W. A. L. Cook.

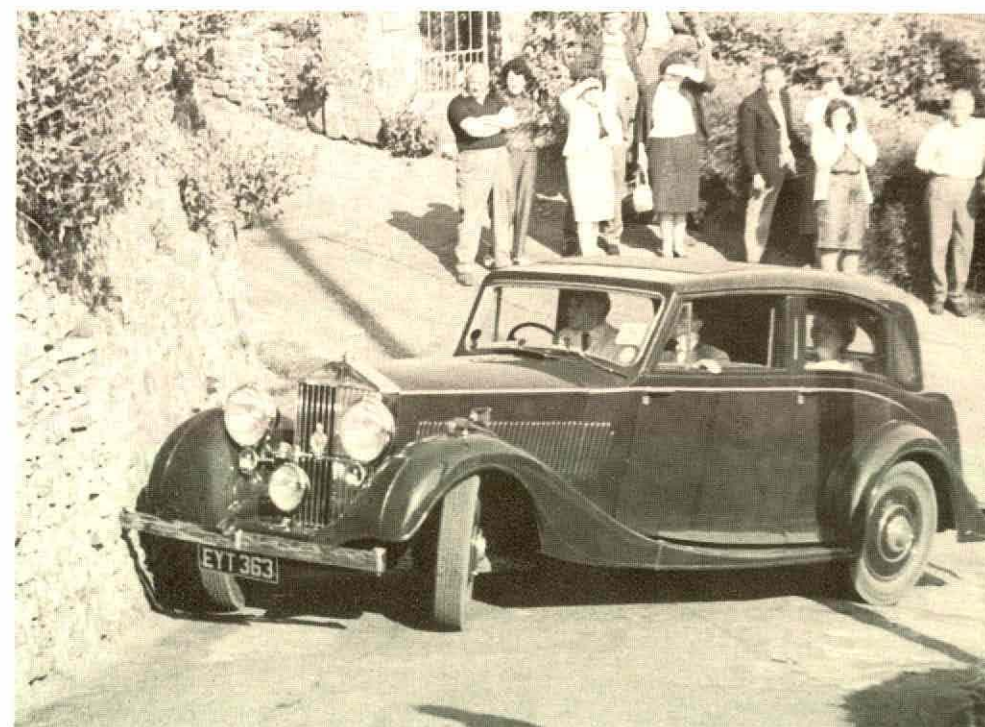
Can anyone claim to have the same 20 (or 20/25) they owned in 1954? I did not buy my present car GFN 71 until 1958. For the 1953 Kensington Gardens I had GHJ 8 (Hooper tourer) with which I joined the club at the age of 20.

Robin O. Barnard



A youthful Robin Barnard at Kensington Gardens in his newly acquired 20 hp. Hooper Tourer GHJ8

Scrapbook



A dashing Anthony Heathcote storming the hill at Broadhaven in his 25/30 Arthur Mulliner Saloon GAR 21

photo loaned by Dorothy Hellings



This photograph from Mr. Northey's collection is titled on the back "Mount D'Aguille". The National Geographical Society have failed to locate this most unusual rock formation. Anyone know where it is ?



## Events Calendar 1985

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A.G.M. and Winter Dinner, Runnymede Hotel, Egham

*16th February*

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Spring Luncheon and Driving Tests

*21st April*

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Irish Georgian Tour, Lincolnshire or Yorkshire

*25th, 26th, 27th, May*

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Concours combined with Midlands week-end and visit to Rolls-Royce Motors. *late June/early July*

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Spanish Tour

*late September/early October*

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