

The 20-Ghost Club Record



Volume 28
1987



Combe House, Somerset.



20-Ghost Club Record

Volume 28

1987

CLUB OFFICERS:

Master:

S.E. Sears

President:

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine

Chairman:

L. Brua

Secretary:

J.L. Kennedy

The Moat House, Warfield,

Nr. Bracknell, Berks. RG12 6BN

Treasurer:

B.K. Goodman,

The Chalet, Pilgrims Way, Reigate, Surrey

Committee:

K. Smedley

P.J. Taylor

F.A.B. Valentine

J.N. Woolley

Editor:

D.F. Wills,

52 Kingston House East, Prince's Gate, London
SW7 1LJ Tel. 01-584 6818

Historian & Librarian:

Miss S. Taylor

Aubrey House, Aubrey Road,

Harborne, Birmingham, B32 2BA

Tel. 021-420 3676

Trophies:

K. Smedley

Library

Members are reminded that the Club Library contains a considerable amount of Rolls-Royce literature, much of which is irreplaceable, and thus cannot be sent out on loan. However, it can be viewed by appointment with the Librarian.

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 construed as being necessarily those of the 20-Ghost Club.

Contents

	page
Chairman's Letter	1
A.G.M. & Winter Dinner	2
Spring Lunch - Driving tests	3
Concours - Hyde Park Party	5
Somerset with the Irish Georgians	8
Autumn Lunch - H.M.S. Warrior	15
Tec Tip	7
Correspondence	16
Transcontinental Tour Diary	17
A Successful Hunt	20
Trophies	21
Austrian Alpine Adventure	22
Scrapbook	inside back cover
Events Calendar	back page
<i>Front cover photo. John Squire</i>	

Editor's Notes

This issue has turned out to be rather special, much against my early predictions. With the Overseas tour cancelled, I could see the prospect of several empty pages looming. A hasty appeal to our American members for copy produced a magnificent response, and I must apologise at once to those who's material I have been unable to include. My fear of empty spaces was unfounded, however, as late in the day John Kennedy contributed the fascinating account of his 'Austrian Alpine Adventure'. John is doing a tremendous job researching the Alpine Tours and we are privileged to be able to print his article. The other big news is also John's, as he has brought the Light 20 back to this country, see pack page.

I am greatly indebted to John Redmill, of the Irish Georgians, for his splendid coverage of the Somerset Tour.

Once again, thanks to all my contributors, the Record would not exist without them. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have made complimentary remarks about the Record over the last six issues, and to wish my successor the same co-operation from the membership.

Digby Wills

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

The Club's year began as usual with our Annual General Meeting/Winter Dinner, held for the second time at the Caledonian Club in London; a venue which seems always to produce a friendly and happy evening. Our President, Lord Elgin, regaled us with his Robbie Burns address to the haggis, a highlight of any dinner.

April found the Club at Wyck Hill House at Stow-on-the-Wold in the Cotswolds for our Spring Luncheon and Driving Tests, won by Susan Taylor, who I believe is the first lady member to win it. This was followed at the end of May by our regular joint event with the Irish Georgian Society, this year in Somerset. A full report of this week-end will be found elsewhere in this Record.

The biggest and most unusual event of the year was our participation in the Centenary Celebration of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Hyde Park, London in June. Nearly 100,000 persons attended the affair, including the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and we were the only car group invited to appear. We held our annual concours on the day, and it was won (as has become customary) by Ken Smedley with his elegant 20 hp.

The big disappointment of the year was the cancellation of our European Tour which was to be held for a charity of the Knights of Malta. The Inter-Continental Hotel Group had very kindly agreed to provide us with free hotel accommodation in eight cities and were most efficient in arranging a difficult programme. After more than six months of planning, the knights of Malta dropped a bombshell on us by suddenly announcing that they were unable to obtain sufficient cooperation from their Continental colleagues to assure the success of the event.

To partially fill the gaping hole left in our calendar by this cancellation, the Taylor family organised an interesting visit in October to the newly restored historic iron warship H.M.S. Warrior at Portsmouth Navy Yard. A fine turnout of cars lined the quay alongside the ship despite the hurricane which had hit the area only 48 hours earlier.



For next year, in addition to our mandatory concours and driving tests, your Committee is planning to augment the Irish Georgian May week-end in Yorkshire with a few extra days of touring in the same area on our own, and to arrange an overseas tour in September/October to the Channel Islands and Brittany in cooperation with the Jersey Old Motor Club.

Australia is celebrating its 200th Anniversary next year with a multitude of events, including a cross-country rally for vintage cars. Five of our Club members are known to be planning to participate, including Committee members Bryan Goodman, John Kennedy and Jack Woolley. We wish them an enjoyable and safe journey.

You have already received, or shortly will receive, an up-to-date members list which is now on a computer and should be easier to maintain. From it you will see that our membership remains stable. However, we are always interested in taking in suitable new members so your suggestions will be welcomed by the Committee.

Finally, Digby Wills, Committee member and Editor of this journal for the past six years has indicated that he wishes to stand down after this issue, saying "In my view it is time for a fresh mind to tackle the problem". It is my own view that we have never had a better "Record" than during Digby's editorship, so it is with regret that we accept his resignation. I'm sure every member will join me in an expression of thanks for a job very well done.

Lynn Brua

AGM & WINTER DINNER 1987

*Fair fa' your honest sonsie face
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place
Painch tripe, or thairm
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm
(and more.....)*



What, you may well ask (if you were unable to partake of the feasting and sociality of the 1987 Annual Dinner) has Robbie Burns and Haggis to do with the 20-Ghost Club!?

Well — the occasion of the 37th Annual Dinner, (and the AGM) was celebrated at the Caledonian Club, where a turn out of sixty members and their guests, foregathered to enjoy an evening in a truly Scottish atmosphere.

The AGM served the established purpose of electing Club officers for the ensuing year, and to both receive suggestions and outline proposals for 1987 events. There were no time-consuming or, contentious matters, and the meeting terminated leaving ample time for cocktails and a friendly get-together before members were ushered in to dinner by a piper in full Scottish regalia.

The dinner went down well, literally and metaphorically speaking and all present were most pleased that our President, Lord Elgin,

together with Lady Elgin and their son Lord Bruce were able to be with us.

The dinner was well under way when the Haggis was piped in with due ceremony and addressed, to the delight of the assembled company, by Lord Elgin in the manner and style which only he knows how.

Dinner was followed by the award of trophies and with a brief witty speech by our President, which at one point left our Chairman, Lynn Brua in some doubt as to whether he had been “sold a pup” and if you were not present and are interested, ask a member who was (present) to enlighten you! Carriages were called for 10.15 but many members chatted on awhile before departing.

If you were unable to be with us on this occasion, do try to come along next year to meet kindred souls and enjoy a very pleasant evening, as I believe all those present did on this occasion.

Ken Smedley

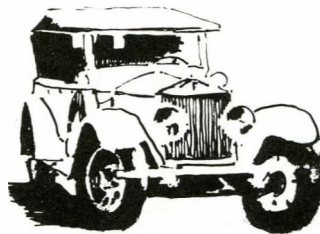
Yes, it was England and it was April and what a beautiful sunny day for the Spring Luncheon and Driving Tests.

The venue, ably reconnoitred by Ken and Joan Smedley, was Wyck Hill House, near Stow-on-the-Wold. Originally the site of a Roman settlement the present manor house was begun in the 1700's and has recently been completely restored and converted into a hotel.

We gathered for coffee, and introductions between "old" and "new" members swiftly followed. New members present were Mr. W.T.C. Shelford with his 1921 Silver Ghost with Park Ward Cabriolet body and Mr. R.C. Skerman with his 1935 Rippon bodied 20/25. Amongst the more familiar faces were Digby and Margery Wills, the Valentines, Lynn and Midge Brua, John Townrow, Stephen Southall and many others.

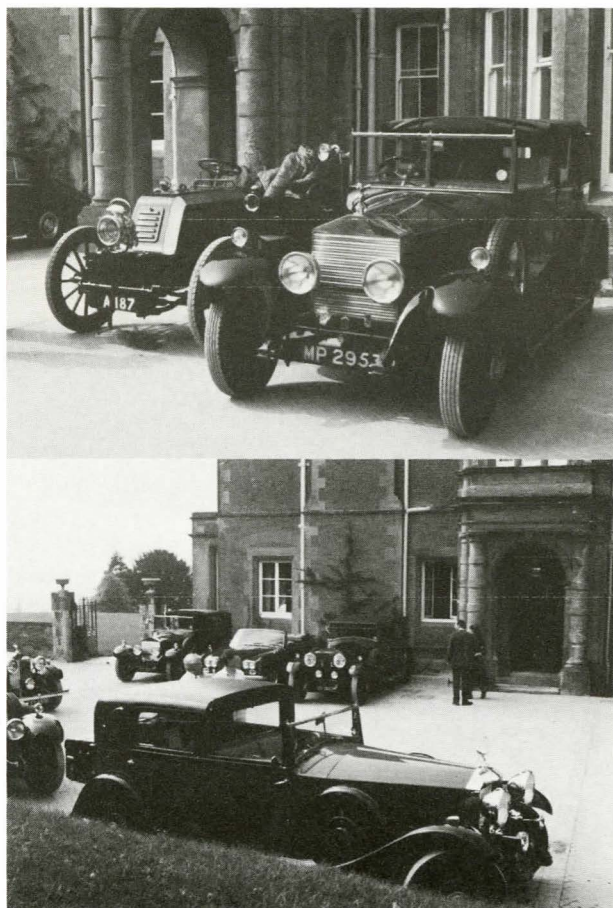
Discussion ensued on carburation problems - all ages of old motor car appearing to have had problems recently for no apparent reason. Is it perhaps caused by the new formulae of petrols recently introduced? The old carburettors preferring the less refined versions?

The driving tests were about to start. Instructions were handed out by the organiser, my brother Andrew. Tests with a "Roman" flavour - "Chariot"; "Along the Fosseway"; "Conquering the land". The tests commenced. The excuses for other than excellent performances became ever more interesting. One year there will be no need to organise any tests - awards will be given to the driver who can produce the most outrageous reason for hitting a kerb!



Luncheon & Driving Tests Wyck Hill House 26th April





*John Tanner's 1903 Mors alongside Ken. Smedley's 20 hp.
Wyck Hill House - Digby Wills' 1932 20/25 in foreground.*

Seriously none of the tests is over-taxing but just based on everyday manoeuvres with a motor car. There was an interloper to the tests, driven by John Tanner, a 1903 Mors. A car so noisy it masked all normal conversation. A Rolls is unbelievably silent in comparison.

The site was compact, which enabled all the non-drivers to gather, chat, watch the tests and bask in the sunshine all at the same time.

Lunch was announced and our party adjourned to the Heythrop room for a delicious meal of watercress soup, fillet of lemon sole and lemon meringue pie. The conversation hummed and once again a huge family party atmosphere ensued. Friendliness as always being one of the keynotes of a 20-Ghost Club meeting.

Now to the embarrassing part of this report - the announcement of the Driving Tests winners. 3rd Stephen Southall, 2nd Phil Taylor and the winner - myself. I have never been in this honoured position before despite having competed for many years. I was totally surprized and highly delighted. I promise no sibling collusion. I happened on that day to drive better than any other entrant. Probably never to be repeated!

Once more the end of the day proceedings approached - yet another enjoyable 20-Ghost affair. Many thanks to Ken and Joan Smedley and to Andrew for organising such a pleasant day.

Susan Taylor

Driving Tests

Driver			Reg. No.	Test 1.	Test 2.	Test 3.	Test 4.	Test 5.	Total penalty points	
J. Woolley	1934	P.11	DXA 7	3	100	182	40	20	345	
S.R. Southall	1920	S.G.	R 4871	3	5	62	128	20	218	3rd
D.F. Wills	1932	20/25	GX 66	7	100	79	57	20	263	
L. Brua	1932	P.11	GY 7719	123	6	74	65	20	288	
N. Taylor	1926	P.1.	YO 8869	1	100	51	102	20	274	
S. Taylor	1939	Wraith	HLL 34	9	9	47	19	20	104	1st
P. Taylor	1927	20 HP	XV 4	3	14	63	73	20	173	2nd
R.C. Skerman	1933	20/25	KY 4506	4	100	63	82	20	269	
K. Smedley	1927	20HP	MP 2953	7	100	67	53	20	247	
J. Townrow	1956	SC 1	FOC3	50	8	103	67	20	348	
J. Valentine	1929	P.1	VV 1923	29	1	182	172	20	404	

Concours d'Etat Hyde Park

20th June 1987

in conjunction with Centenary Celebrations of St. John Ambulance

An 8 am. deadline in central London on Saturday 20th June following days of excessive rain did not seem auspicious for the mid-summer rally. The day dawned fine however and the sun soon made a welcome appearance and was to stay out all day, much to the relief of the organisers. For this was the Great St. John Party in Hyde Park to celebrate the Centenary of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, to be graced by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

On the Queen's arrival the show was officially opened with a fusillade of fireworks and a flurry of black balloons and the Royal party separately toured the site. By now sleeves were rolled up and picnics on the grass were the order of the day. A military tattoo with the musical drive of the Household Cavalry complete with the mounted band of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, was as fine a display as I have ever watched. There was a circus with elephants, clowns everywhere and a variety of events, displays and activities in an atmosphere that

*Colour print kindly
contributed by Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Ltd.*



Photo. John Squire.

It was a treat to be driving through London at 7 in the morning and the absence of traffic made me feel there was a possibility of making the whole 35 miles in top gear. Traffic lights, alas, all too soon brought these hopes to nought.

The entrance to our site seemed difficult to find but the presence of a County Commissioner in proper uniform and the Flying Lady smoothed away the barriers blocking the road to ordinary cars and ordinary mortals. Our members were cosily sited in a shaded glade and naturally attracted a lot of attention.

Bands from the Brigade of Guards and The Royal Marines and The RAF marched to the Central Cross and in turn led the community singing. County tents and their various displays came slowly to life and the 9 mile sausage started its journey from butcher to frying pan.

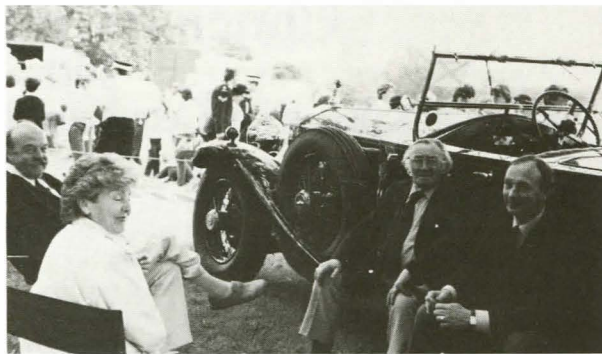
really had to be experienced, so unique was it all.

We have to congratulate Sue Taylor for giving us the opportunity of helping St John and for arranging for us to be part of this extraordinary day, memorable largely for the thousands of happy smiling faces of those of all ages who give so much time to help others. Nor should we forget the part Sue herself played in the Brigade and in particular her initiative in launching the Badgers, or junior, movement.

Whilst the club members were enjoying themselves around the park or downing glasses of Sancere, Duncan White and David Taylor, our expert judges for the day, were busy with heads inside a bonnet listening for noisy tappets, or crawling underneath a chassis looking for grubby under parts. No Concours can be held



Norman Gardner with Joy Clemance, Deputy Dir. Essex; Joseph Bird (hidden) Commander Essex; and Charles Sparrow Q.C. Commissioner for Essex.



without knowledgeable and willing helpers such as Duncan and David. For them to give up a day on our behalf we are very much in their debt. and I take this opportunity to say 'thank you' for all members present. The results table is published in full to help everyone but Ken Smedley to find out where they fell down. It seems the only way to win is to make sure Ken fails to arrive.

All the old faithfuls turned up. New faces we welcomed were John and Eileen Lawson, Mr. & Mrs. Pilo with their young family, and Mr. & Mrs. Dowell. From the United States of America

RESULTS CONCOURS D'ETAT

Driver	Type	Chas. No.	Reg. No.	Interior Cleanliness	Exterior Cleanliness	U. Bonnet Cleanliness	Chassis Cleanliness	Originality	Mechanical State	Total	
K. Smedley	20 hp.	GXL 63	MP 2953	100 96	100 92	100 98	100 95	150 150	250 250	781	1st
R. Skerman	S.G.	2582	RS 169	97	89	93	99	150	250	778	2nd
J. Lawson	S.G.	1831	X 2477	98	95	97	97	140	248	775	3rd
F. Valentine	S.D.	SRH 84	MSR 333	81	68	74	79	145	218	665	
J. Pilo	S.G.	58 UE	XF 7007	92	91	86	65	140	220	694	
N. Taylor	P.I.	20 TC	YO 8869	94	91	95	85	140	238	743	
N. Gardiner	S.G.	7 AU	XX 4530	84	93	78	76	135	236	702	
A.C. Dowell	20 hp.	GEN 16	RR 5320	85	86	98	83	140	243	735	
H.R. Wilkins	P.II.	98 GN	SC 8968	96	88	94	94	135	238	745	
J. Kennedy	S.G.	100 HG	HC 3459	85	95	96	91	140	225	732	
G.E. Price	20/25	GTK 25	WS 8586	84	88	88	76	130	236	702	
Lady Valentine	P.I.	1 OR	UV 1923	75	70	64	76	100	233	618	
D. Wills	20/25	GBT 81	GX 66	91	92	69	85	125	240	702	
P. Taylor	20 hp.	GAT 42	XV 4	61	76	88	75	125	234	659	
J. Townrow	C.I.	SBC 144	FOC 3	87	84	75	79	110	230	664	
S. Taylor	W.	WHC 77	HLL 34	78	68	86	96	135	246	709	
B. Goodman	S.G.	1779	R 1097	85	91	93	92	140	245	746	



Timing the Magneto

TEC-TIPS



I have found the method described here to be most satisfactory. For 20 & 20/25's, having first set the coil ignition timing correctly, engage the Magneto, do not change the Jack Plug on the ignition tower. Now depending on which type of timing light you use, you will either fit a spare piece of HT lead and spark plug to the Magneto with the timing light connected to it, or the one lead from the timing light to the Magneto and the other lead to a spark plug. In either case the spark plug body must be earthed. Dab a little light coloured paint on the timing mark. Now run the engine. The Timing light will light the marks on the flywheel. Advancing and Retarding the lever will show which is the correct setting for running on Magneto. Ah, you say, but it is not running on Magneto. True, but if timed correctly just change the Jack Plug & remove the temporary wires and prove it.

If the timing is out, undo the serrated nut on the front of the Magneto, freeing the drive, revolve the Magneto input shaft to whichever way you need to go, tighten the nut, and run the engine again. By trial & error you will get it right eventually.

For large HP cars, fit the timing light on No 6 Magneto Plug (most leads aren't long enough to reach No 1 and it works just as well). Dab a little paint on the flywheel timing mark, now run the engine on Magneto or Battery and Magneto, check the timing marks, advancing and retarding the lever to check the range. If it is out, undo the nut on the Magneto drive shaft and revolve the input shaft, tighten the nut. Again by trial and error you can get it right.

Nicholas Taylor



27th November 1987

I thought the enclosed photo may be of interest. On our return from the trip to the "Warrior" at Portsmouth we achieved 200,000 miles at Woodside Garage near South Molton. I had a bottle of champagne ready to celebrate the occasion, which we did with the garage owner.

I have had this car since 1957.

John Squire

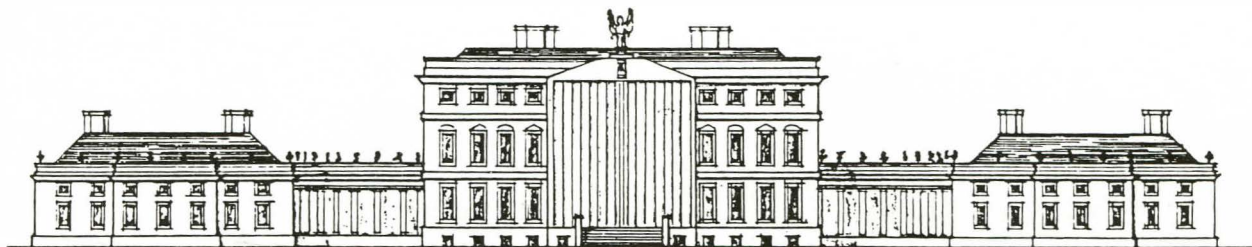


we were delighted to see Walter and Irene Baran, George and Helen Bull, and Joseph and Judy Weber - what they all thought about standing in a half inch of water for an hour to see the Royal party we will never know.

Among the interesting cars to turn up was the 1911 Silver Ghost with replica Roi des Belges coachwork belonging to John Lawson, and the similar bodied 1913 Silver Ghost belonging to Ron Skerman. Sandy Dowell brought his 1929 20HP tourer, the first time we have seen this car for some years, Bryan Goodman brought his very original 1915 Silver Ghost with Brougham coachwork, Jens Pilo a delightful 1920 Silver Ghost with tourer coachwork by Barker, not to mention Ken Smedley's beautifully turned out 1927 20HP Cabriolet de Ville. We were honoured indeed to have with us for the day, on loan from Rolls-Royce, the 1905 10HP. So many people there had no idea how Rolls-Royce started out in life and were intrigued to see this diminutive vehicle.

For me and the Essex County Commissioner the whole day was worthwhile if only for an incident on the way home. As we moved slowly through Parliament Square a taxi drew up nearly alongside and its Cockney driver passed the comment, 'Time you had a new one, mate!'

N.H. Gardner



SOMERSET TOUR WITH IRISH GEORGIANS

23 - 25 May 1987

It was not the ideal start to the tenth joint tour of the Irish Georgian Society and the 20-Ghost Club that we had hoped for; an unspeakably foul journey from London in unseasonably torrential rain past endless road works had led us, after midnight, exhausted and bad-tempered to what appeared to be a huge pile of scaffolding on a derelict site trapped between a railway line and a motorway. All the effort that Nicholas Thompson had put into planning the weekend, the hours of writing notes on the houses (all plagiarised from the most illustrious of sources), the collating and stapling together of endless piles of photocopies into the guide books that everyone had come to expect — this had brought us to the Creech Castle Hotel, just outside Taunton. The name of the place was just visible through the scaffold poles and a few winged Victories could be seen glinting like Ghosts through the murky gloom of the car park; yes, we *had* arrived at the right place. We crept in, checked in and crawled in to bed. Why did I keep thinking that a large "S" must have fallen

off the beginning of the first word of the hotel's name?

Sleep was brought to a rapid end by the totally unexpected chorus of trimphones that jump-started the hotel at 7.30 the next morning, and breakfast was a happy reunion with friends from both societies. And then, to be ready for the start, there was no time to lose. We had sixteen houses to get through during the next three days so the eyeing-up of the cars by the Irish Georgians, and the I.G.'s. by the car owners had to be done in double-quick time. Would the weather improve? Could I face Henry Wilkins' magnificent but draughty 1915 Tourer? No, but Norman Gardner's superb moss green Cabriolet was called "All-weather" so that should be perfect. A few minutes later, following the Chairman's whistle-start, the whistle-stop tour had begun; no jump start here!

Can there be a more thrilling sight than ten elderly and perfect Rolls-Royces with 46 Ghosters and Georgians on board, gliding elegantly towards an English country house?

Crowcombe Court

Brympton D'Evercy



Crowcombe Court, our first house for the day, is a majestic red brick block of the 1730s, probably the finest of the period in Somerset, set at the end of a wooded combe on the west side of the Quantock Hills. The clock of the adjoining church struck to announce our arrival. The house is not lived in, and the disappointment of seeing its sadly neglected and empty interiors was partly made up for by their sumptuous plasterwork carried out by anonymous Bristol stuccodores for its builder, Thomas Carew, and completed in the 1740s. A stunning entrance hall and staircase led us on to two particularly exciting features; the dining room floor painted with the Carew family's coat of arms, and an upper room (now a bathroom) still with its 1740 flock wallpaper over which some Irish Georgians could barely conceal their delight. A quick dash to the church, to admire the 1534 carved pews and the bells signalled our departure.

The leafy lanes of Somerset are twisty and hilly, and the indignity of getting separated from the rest of the stately crocodile near Stogumber was more than compensated for by being offered and accepting a police escort to **Combe House**, our next stop. The rain could hold back no longer, and we scarcely looked at the very Irish facade of this late 18th century house before crowding into the entrance hall for shelter, and to meet our hosts, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Windsor-Clive. A most generous couple, they provided lots of steaming hot coffee and platefuls of biscuits (had our stomach-marching reputation already reached deepest Somerset?) as well as allowing us to closely inspect their extensive and wide-ranging collection of paintings and water-colours — Blake, Burne Jones, Gill, Sargent, de Wint — that filled the walls of this most liveable-in of houses.

The weather now cheered up, and many walked down the bluebell-covered combe to our next stop, **Nettlecombe**, the parent house of Combe, while the cars provided a wonderful moving silhouette on the skyline above. Our brochures told us that Nettlecombe Court, now run as a Field Centre, "is a typically English palimpsest", a comment that provoked much discussion — well, it would, wouldn't it? There was even more discussion on how to find the loos (all that coffee) before we examined the house. The late medieval core of this Trevelyan house had been altered about 1600, 1640 and in the 1750s and 60s, and splendid family portraits by Hudson and Romney could barely conceal their disgust at having to share their delightful Adamesque drawing room with a Black Widow Space

Invader machine. Paintings by Harold and Laura Knight and vigorous Cromwellian plasterwork whetted our appetites and the gallery of the great hall was a wonderful vantage point to see us attacking the lunch laid out below on long oak tables. What excellent Stilton and cider we had under that splendid Elizabethan ceiling! Alas, time was our enemy, and all too soon we were on our way to **Dunster Castle**, seat of the Luttrell family since 1376 and given by them exactly 600 years later to the National Trust. Magically sited above a little plain, the red stone Castle was repaired and remodelled in the 1690s after being severely damaged during the Civil War. There was severe damage to the approach road, so our feet had to take us up the hill to the entrance on the north front remodelled to the designs of Salvin in the 1860s, not everyone's favourite period (or, indeed, architect!). But what treasures there were inside — perhaps the most exotic great staircase of the later 17th century in the whole country, the sumptuously carved oak balustrade alive with animals and plants, gorgeously vigorous plasterwork ceilings to the dining room and serving room and a complete set of 1760s seat furniture of supreme elegance in the morning room at the head of the staircase.

From there, lanes lined with beech hedges and cow parsley brought us to a complete contrast, **Gaulden Manor**, home of Mr. and Mrs. Starkie. Small and cosy, and surrounded by the most charming garden laid out like a miniature estate, the change in atmosphere proved to be too much for Janet Valentine's chicken handbag, which could barely contain itself on meeting a concrete duck. The small dark interiors of Gaulden, smelling of oak fires and with wonderfully naive mid-17th century plasterwork ceilings, full of biblical figures and skeletons, now house good country furniture and mementoes of the late Lady Diana Cooper, a friend of the family.

The sun finally came out for Sue Taylor's impromptu tour of one of Taunton's council estates which the cortege struck on its way to the last house of the day, **Poundisford Park** at which we finally arrived an hour late. After sherry on the lawn of this wonderful mid-16th century merchant's villa, a house of mullioned Ham stone windows and gables surrounded by a beautiful garden, we toured the delightful interior and were much taken by the similarity of the present owner, Ralph Vivian-Neal, to the portrait of one of his early 18th century ancestors. All the rooms were fascinating, comfortable in scale, and many with internal windows from which

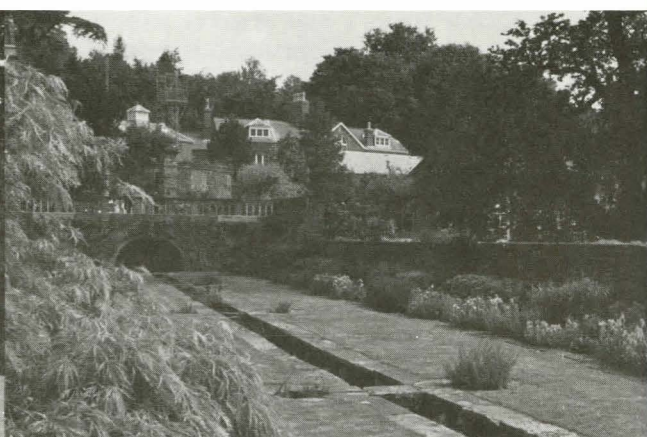
intriguing views of the rest of the party could be gained. Mrs. Vivian-Neal's lively and informed guiding was a real treat, making our visit an enormous pleasure. But we are misknown as the Irish Gorging Society, so dinner in the converted stables called to us, loud and clear. The new owners of the stable restaurant had inherited our booking from the previous occupants and they did us proud — smoke trout pate in glove puppets, lamb with plum sauce, cheese and in honour of Edward Coleridge, the Irish Georgian Society "local" who had helped to organised the tour, yellow birthday cake. Our rendering of

building into the most imposing of houses with new panelling and plasterwork, all to the designs of Peter Mills. The first floor saloon was admired by all — it is the most triumphant room, full of wonderful things as is the rest of the house. The marvellous 17th century chairs of the library, once the Monastery frater, were greatly enthused over, as was the chapel, beautifully furnished with Cromwellian fittings.

But on, on to **Brympton D'Evercy**, a house of such exquisite beauty that it is breathtaking. So was the lunch that was provided for us in the stables by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clive-Ponsonby-



Coker Court



Hestercombe Gardens

various birthday songs must have been notable more for their volume than their musicality and, mercifully, before things got completely out of hand, we bade our farewells, having had a delightful day.

But the following morning Sue neatly got her own back on those foolish enough to have questioned her abilities as a map reader. Weakened by the excesses of the previous evening, they innocently followed her and, while they blinked, missed her most professional handbrake turn in a garage forecourt. She then sped off in her 1939 Wraith Tourer in the general direction of our first port of call, **Forde Abbey**, leaving some of the others heading through the mist apparently towards Cardiff. All however found their way to Forde, seat of the Roper family and perhaps the most splendid, house of the weekend, architecturally speaking. A medieval Cistercian monastery, it was reconstructed by its last Abbot in the 1520s and 30s "with incredible splendour and magnificence". Converted into a mansion immediately after the Dissolution, in 1649 Forde became the property of Edmund Prideaux, a wealthy local lawyer. He transformed the

Fane, and it was all washed down with white wine from their own vineyard overlooking the house. What a glorious sight it all was, the golden stone of the 16th century house, with the earlier church and Dower House standing next to it, glowing in the sun and catching the myriad tiny panes of glass. The equally glorious south front of 1678 overlooks a most handsome garden and lake and our departure was witnessed by crowds of afternoon visitors to the house. We were on our way to **Coker Court**, another late medieval house, complete with a most impressive great hall, but also with a large block added in the 1760s by the architect William Chambers for the Helyar family. A lovely garden, quiet and secluded, only overlooked by the church tower, was the result of much hard work by Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd who also provided a wonderful spread of sandwiches and cakes for our tea.

From here we travelled across the flat plain of Ilminster to a third medieval manor house, **Lytes Cary**, now owned by the National Trust, and lived in by Mrs. Chittenden who kindly showed us their part of the house as well as the rooms normally open. Although occupied by the Lyte family from 1286 to the 18th century, the house



Harswell House



Barford Park

is really the creation of Sir Walter Jenner who bought it in 1907, restoring and refurnishing the house, and leaving it to the Trust in 1948 as a memorial to his wife. His wonderful garden, a collection of external rooms enclosed with walls of beech and yew, and with lilac and wisteria everywhere, evoke a moving sense of the past.

And so, on to dinner, bidding farewell to the Chittendens and their closely shorn sheep in the yard. **Hatch Court** was our destination, home of Commander and Mrs. Nation. The house is the architectural masterpiece of a local amateur architect, landowner and M.P., Thomas Prowse, for his rich young client John Collins, who built it in 1753. Small, elegant and superbly sited, it rises above its green parkland, proudly confident of all its surveys, the arcaded loggia between the pyramid roofed towers being ideal places to view the lush countryside. But darkness fell as we enjoyed these vistas, with our sherry, and Commander Nation, once the owner of a magnificent Bentley, enjoyed the sight of all the cars. The kindness and humour of the Nations was marvellous; an excellent dinner, with the best hazelnut and treacle tart ever, served in both the hall and the dining room. After this, much discussion about the interior of the house which, curiously, was mainly early 19th century, and the many paintings by Alfred Munnings throughout the house. During the last century, Hatch had been owned by no less than four separate families, all of whom had no doubt made alterations to it; despite this, and the lack of documents to help the architectural historians of the party, it is a superb house that many of the party wanted to own themselves. So it was with sincere regrets and thanks that we finally left the Nations to clear up our mess just before

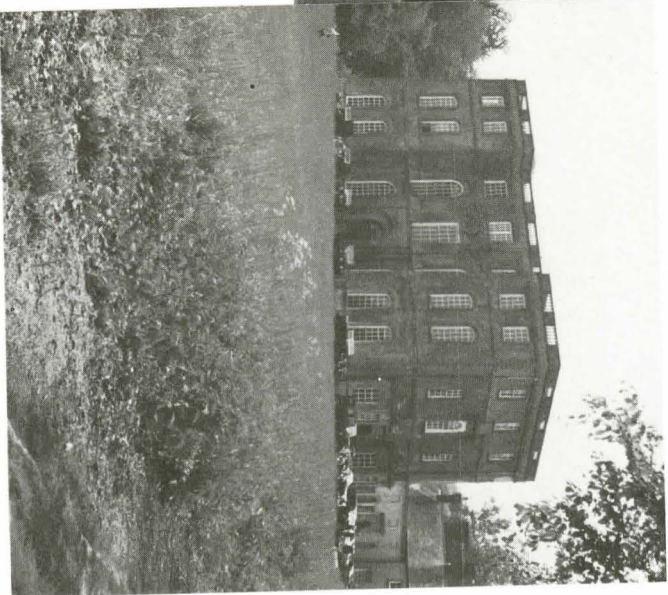
midnight, to return to the Tudor bar of the Creech Castle Hotel and Henry Wilkins' hysterically funny stories.

Better weather greeted us on Monday morning, and it was Janet Valentine's turn to lose the way to **Hestercombe**, where we were to inspect the wonderful gardens by Edwin Lutyens and Gertrude Jekyll, designed in 1905 for Viscount Portman. Turning a long line of Ghosters is no joke, but it had to be done, and our eventual arrival coincided with a loose Friesian cow on the rampage in the garden, and Nick Thompson's back seizing up, leaving him fixed in the bent-double position. The cow, being caught by some employees of the Somerset Fire Brigade, present occupants of the grim 1875 house (to which no-one warmed), and Nick being laid gently on a bench, we were all free to enjoy the amazing re-creation of the late 17th century garden that Portman had commissioned. The iris-lined walks were sensational. The gardens have been beautifully restored in recent years, richly deserving the several awards given for this work.

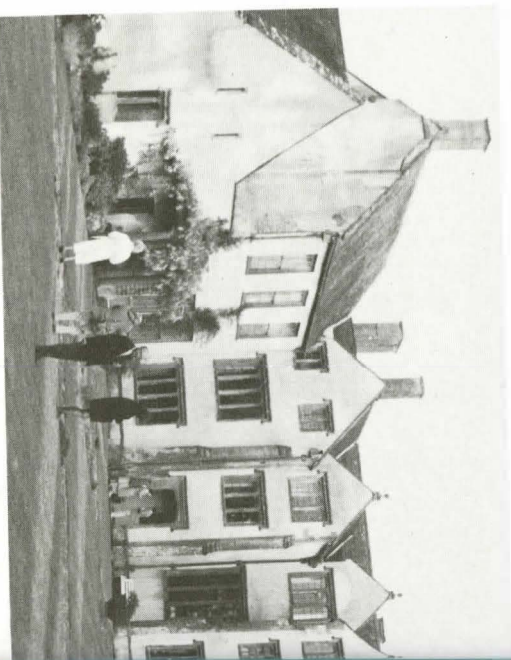
Nick was winched into "Niece" and we then proceeded to the most evocative and mysterious house of all, which everyone enjoyed and whose restoration by its present owner was proving to be nearly as momentous as our theories about its architectural history — **Halswell House**. Mr. Tuckey had only recently taken over the house, which rises four-square out of its surrounding cornfield, and what a wonderful house it is — a Tudor courtyard house, with a large entrance range rebuilt in 1689 with a splendid centrepiece by William Taylor, and the adjoining ranges altered in the mid-18th century. The restoration has just begun, and the barely furnished and



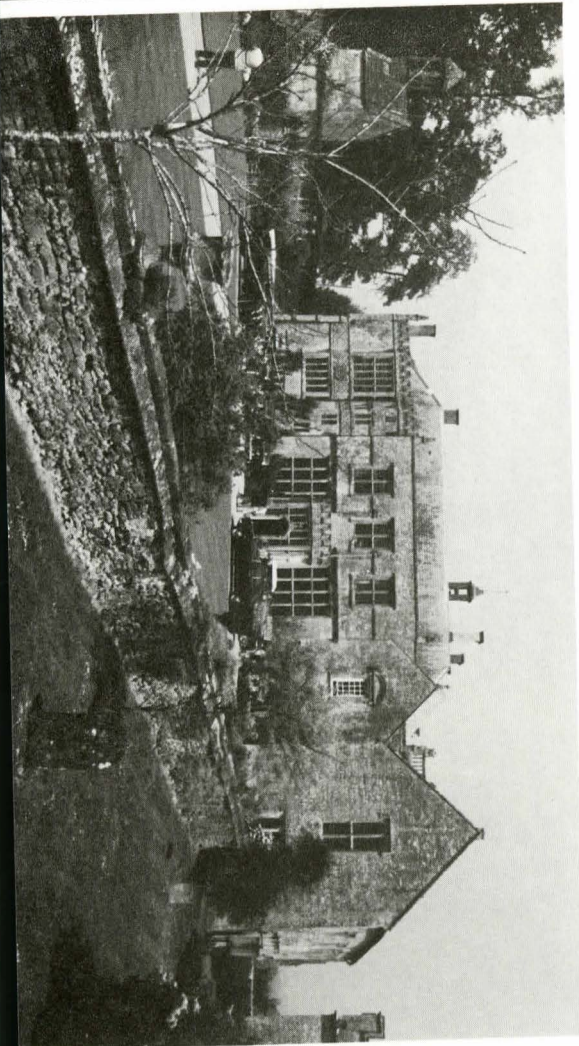
Cothelstone Manor



Halswell House



Poundisford Park



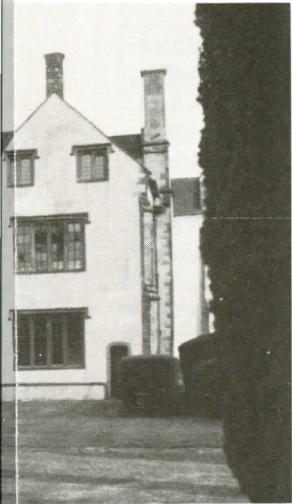
Brympton D'Evercy



Henry presents Nick with a pruning stick!



Barford Park



Lydeard House



in the 1760s by the Tynte family, who employed Robert Adam to design the garden temple that survives (others have not), but who was responsible for the stepped obelisk, the circular tempietto, the domed dovecote...? Time passed so quickly at Halswell and we had to leave Mr. Tuckey to his labours and head for **Barford Park** ... and another lunch!

This is surely one of the most delightful small early 18th century houses in England and, as is its garden, impeccably maintained by the equally elegant and impeccable Colonel and Mrs. Stancomb. The main block is small, and of about 1720, and the wings on each side, each faced with pilasters and a pediment, are only a little later in date. The interior is so elegantly simple and full of both lovely furniture and the scent of many bowls of lily-of-the-valley, that all wanted to own it! It seemed to be amazing that, when the last of the Jeanes family's descendants died in 1958, the house was left derelict, and that increased our admiration for the Stancombs' achievements.

At last the sun poured down on us; summer arrived as we were invited to partake of a lunch of fresh salmon, avocado mousse and lemon and orange souffle, seated by the pool or on the terrace — nothing could have been more perfect. Henry, never lost for words, gave a delightful thank you speech to Nick Thompson for all his work in arranging the weekend, and it was in rather a light-headed frame of mind that we all poured out of the Stancombs' gates in a perfectly ordered line, having only just successfully avoided the gate posts, to make for **Cothelstone Manor** which lies at the foot of its hill overlooking the Vale of Taunton. Built by Sir John Starvel in the late 16th century, it is the epitome of the English group, with church, gatehouse and cottages clustered around it, all built of the local stone. The house was in ruins by 1820 when the family died out. A new house was built for a new owner (but this was demolished twenty years ago) whose daughter restored the old manor in the 1850s, but alas nothing of the original interior survived. Mrs. Warmington, the present owner, was unable to

be there, but her son welcomed us and showed us the house and gardens above.

Finally it was a short journey to our last house and our last meal at **Lydeard House**, and the excellent tea by courtesy of its present owner, Mrs. Ross. In a way we had also come full circle architecturally, for Lydeard was possibly designed by Nathaniel Ireson, the same architect who had built Crowcombe Court, the first house we visited. It is similar in appearance — brick, with stone embellishments — and is of the same date. It was extended in the latter part of the 18th century by its then owner. Mrs. Frances Hamilton, no doubt a lady as full of character as Mrs. Ross, if her surviving diaries are to be relied upon. It was into the garden that we drifted, after a tea of some considerable magnitude, and we all relaxed in the warmth of the sun. What a blissful place to have our group photograph taken, to the sounds of much merriment as John Townrow made yet another telephone call on his portable receiver, and to count our blessings that three intensive days had passed happily without incident, all had survived the hotel, and that the threat of the bad weather had not materialised.

With fond thanks to Mrs. Ross, and farewells to each other, we departed for the mundane rigours of daily life, but all vowing to meet again next year — but where? Will it be Yorkshire, as suggested by so many? We shall have to wait and see.

Thanks are due to many, all the house owners and Nick Thompson in particular, for making the weekend such a success, despite the unpromising start. This year we saw no Blenheim Palaces or Windsor Castles for the theme was the quintessentially English manor house, full of charm and style but manageable in size. We could all imagine living in any one of them. But the thanks of the Irish Georgians must be reserved for the 20-Ghost Club for putting up with us yet again, and for allowing us once a year to see the English Country House in the most perfect way — from the seats of your most beautiful cars.

John Redmill I.G.



After lunch at Barford Park



Visit to

HMS WARRIOR

1860

BRITAIN'S FIRST IRONCLAD

18th
October
1987

Early on Friday morning there had been tremendously destructive storms in the South-East so we had spent Saturday cutting trees to secure vehicular egress rather than preparing the Ghost. We drove past up-rooted trees for much of our route to Portsmouth.

We had to arrive by ten o'clock to park on the jetty. On board we were given guided tours of HMS Warrior, launched in 1860 as Britain's first ironclad warship. It displaced 9,210 tonnes and had a complement of over 700 men. It has three (restored) masts and was square-rigged with over 48,000 square feet of available sail area. Also installed during its recent seven year restoration are replicas of its guns and the horizontal trunk-type steam engine with two double-acting cylinders of 9½ feet x 4 feet. When under sail the blades of the 24 ft diameter propeller could be removed.

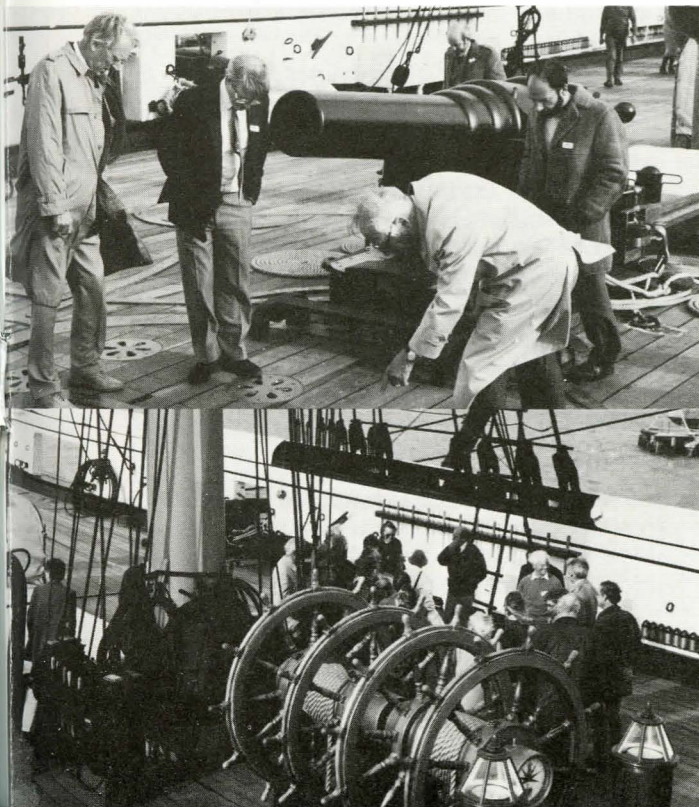
The promised (and much required) coffee on board failed to materialise so some of us visited the Mary Rose restoration project, a most interesting tour of Henry VIII's warship, built in



Portsmouth 250 years before the Warrior. We had no time to go over HMS Victory before what we fondly imagined would be a 20-Ghost standard lunch. The caterers had been recommended to us by the local R-R distributors but though their food proved good they had totally failed to arrange with H.M.S. Warrior for any accommodation.

Apart from our Cloud III and Fred Watson's Shadow which don't count there were eleven cars paraded. The Ghosts of Michael Panter and guest, Andrew McGill, were supported by Andrew Taylor's PI limousine and the PIs of Lynn Brua and John Barber (another guest). Philip Taylor brought his Barker 20 h.p. and Clive Carter, John Squire and Digby Wills had 20/25s. Sue Taylor had brought the third of her family's cars which was the Wraith saloon and the Valentine's Dawn completed a very happy though eventually poorly fed group of about forty people.

Bryan Goodman



Correspondence from the U.S.A.

1935 20/25 James Young Sedan Coupe.

I acquired the car a couple of years ago in Washington, D.C. The old girl had not had a good run in years and would not exceed 38 m.p.h. due to an inadequate supply of petrol to its combustion chambers. However, I felt it needed only minor mechanical work, and cosmetic attention. I made several telephone calls to M.T. Donaho, III, our small car mentor which proved extremely helpful. His always wise advice, including that I did not try to drive to California, was unconvincing. In feeling its pulse, taking its temperature, and analyzing its reflexes, I was convinced the car was fundamentally sound.

The same afternoon June and I drove to Florida where with the helpful hand and masterful mind of Joe Fox, then chairman of the southeastern region, we further improved its performance. Then to California in 4 days without incident. We came over the mountain pass from Imperial Valley at 45 m.p.h. passing modern cars at the side of the road with their hoods up gasping for air. There could be no finer tribute to Rolls-Royce the car, or Royce the man.

Recently after fixing a frayed ignition wire to the coil which caused intermittent starting problems, the 43 year old Lady again has the spirit of an adolescent, the stamina of a marathon runner, and the grace of a goddess.

Henry Royce we salute you!

Bob Barrymore



Extract from a letter to The Master

Yesterday afternoon I received my new issue of the 20-Ghost Club Record. This attractive and very exclusive periodical, which I fancy comes out once a year, has a splendid photograph pasted onto the cover, well conceived and well executed and very much redolent of the atmosphere of the Club itself, since the photograph was taken through the window of what must have been a stately home. On the circle drive, as you will recall from your own copy, one sees a happy admixture of early and later model Rolls-Royces.

Inside are many nice photographs, almost all of them taken with considerable skill even though one could assume that some of the photographers are skillful amateurs. The issue is particularly nice because it gives a kind of cross-section of the year's activities, which is indeed the way it should be and permits those of us who are senior citizens to feel that we accompanied the Club on its year's activities.

To you, the Master, reading this annual review of your brainchild must be about the most pleasant reading you do.

The matter on which I seek your advice, Oh Stanley, is contained in the quotation

"...requires, among other things, current ownership of a pre-War Rolls-Royce in good condition."

That gave me a slight tremor, for was I — at my four-score year — going to have to resign from this remarkable institution?

Then I went on to read, "Occasionally someone who knows of that requirement queries the fact that a few members do not currently have one. This is because with advancing years (that's me) some have been forced to give up driving heavy and non-power-assisted vehicles for reason of health and safety, and we are not going to disqualify them for something which will happen to all of us in time. Such old-timers continue to be honored and cherished members."

Hurrah!

Saved by a hair! That means that I can continue to drive my 1976 Silver Shadow (and it's still immaculate at 25,000 miles) without either my original sponsor, The Honorable Stanley Sears, or our current Chairman, Mr. Lynn Brua, sending me formal notice that my resignation is requested.

Arthur G. Rippey

"Notes from a Transcontinental Tour Diary"

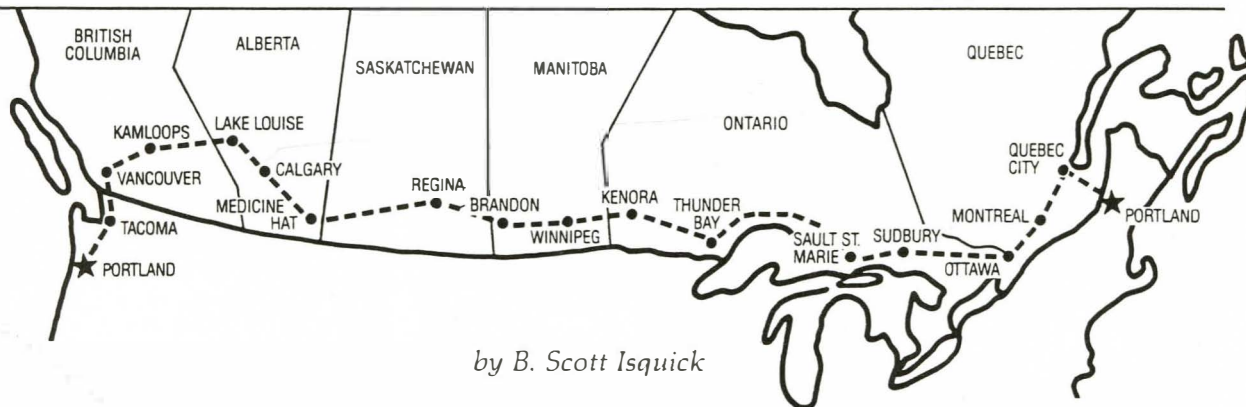
Reprinted by kind permission of B. Scott Isquick

Portland to Portland

1985 TRANSCONTINENTAL RELIABILITY TOUR

PORTLAND, MAINE ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ PORTLAND, OREGON

JUNE 15 — JULY 17, 1985/MILLARD W. NEWMAN, TOUR DIRECTOR



by B. Scott Isquick

Club member B. Scott Isquick (OH), accompanied by his wife, June, drove his 1913 Colonial model Silver Ghost #2651 in the 1985 Portland to Portland Transcontinental Reliability Tour, a tour limited to 65 cars, 1914 or earlier. This was the same car he drove in the 1982 Transcontinental Tour and the 1973 RREC Commemorative Alpine Rally in Europe. Here he shares some of his reactions and impressions from his journal.

Late May. Decided I had better not make any social plans for the Memorial Day weekend because it was time to prepare the car for the Portland to Portland Transcontinental Tour. Starting at 7:00 a.m. each morning, I adjusted every part of the wonderful 1913 Silver Ghost, stopping to lubricate everything according to the handbook. At 8:00 a.m. on Monday, Memorial Day, I decided the car was finally ready to go. Friday of that week, we loaded the Ghost into our trailer and headed for Portland, Maine.

Saturday, June 15th. Just returned from the inspection process. There are five Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce cars on this trip—a large number for a tour comprised of only 60 vehicles. It's interesting to see the

number of cars that are brought here needing mechanical attention prior to a 3,700 mile trip. I see engines apart, valves being refaced and reground, and brakes being adjusted. It's amazing how naive and trusting we all are of 75 year old vehicles.

Sunday, June 16th, 7:00 a.m. The cars began to line up outside the Holiday Inn for the 9 o'clock procession. The Portland, Maine, Police Department led the parade out of town.

Monday morning, June 17th. Gorgeous clear skies, warm sunny weather here in Quebec City. I noticed yesterday that at high speed I was getting a slight imbalance in the steering, so first thing this morning I put 7 to 8 ounces of weight on each of the front wheels. The car has been running beautifully; started off the switch this morning after a little priming. We are looking forward to an easy day sight-seeing in Quebec City.

Tuesday, June 18th. It rained since 5:30 this morning, and all of the motorists are late. Usually they start leaving between 7 and 7:30—it is now 8:45 and we are just leaving, hoping that it stops raining.

What adventures we had... the rain did not stop and at times pounded

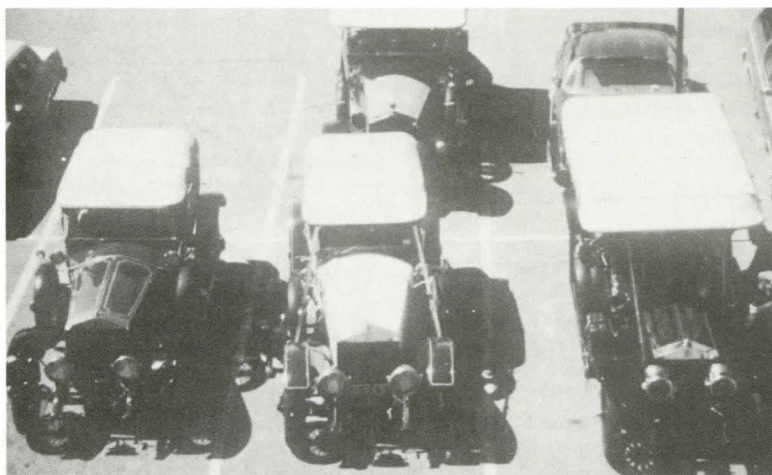
very hard. Cars stopped along the way, some with wet ignition systems. Going along the road near Three Rivers, Quebec, at the height of the deluge, a Ford Escort passed us and the water from its wheels struck the windshield like a fire hose. The water went up over the windshield, under the top and sprayed us just as if someone had turned on a hose. Fortunately, we had a towel, so we wiped off the inside of the top, inside of the windshield and each of us.

We are looking forward to a free day in Montreal tomorrow. This will give us a chance to pick up our free oil from Quaker State that Millard Newman graciously arranged. We will clean off a quarter of an inch of mud from every surface of the car and take care of lubrication and normal maintenance that the car certainly deserves.

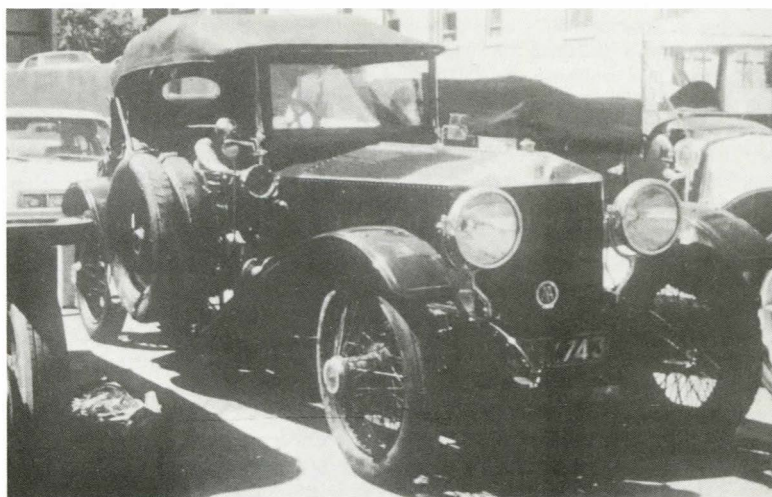
Thursday morning, June 20th. We are all planning to leave the Chateau Champlain and drive into Ottawa, about 150 miles. The wind on the road this morning is terrible. Cross winds combined with driving 50 and 55 mph make a very uncomfortable ride, and I see a lot of people with their older cars having difficulty driving in a straight line. Fortunately



Scott Isquick's 1913 Ley and Sons Alpine tourer, 2651, heading west.



Seen at Sault Ste. Marie are, at rear, Charles Lowe's 1913 Barker tourer, 10CA, and in front, Scott Isquick's 2651, Ken Wessell's 26GB, and Millard Newman's 1911 tourer, 1644E.



John Silberman's 1913 London-Edinburgh Barker tourer, 2513, in Regina.

for me, this 1913 Colonial model chassis drives and steers well and keeps its nose in a straight line.

Friday, June 21st. Bill Davis, our Tour Marshall driving his Bentley Continental, followed me for a considerable distance, clocking my Ghost continuously at 90 kph, just over 56 mph, a very comfortable all day cruising speed for this car.

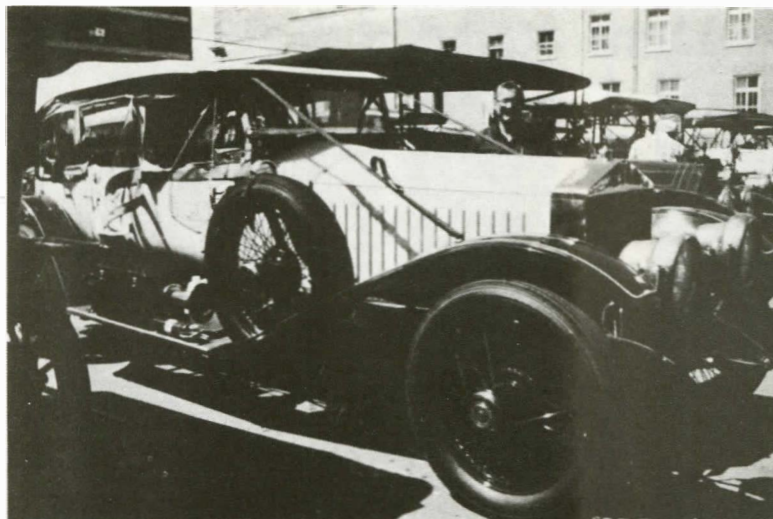
Saturday, June 22nd. The terrain became hillier today. We are at the southern end of the Laurentian Mountains and tomorrow we will try for Sault Ste. Marie. A light rain became a cloudburst and everybody got wet. When I heard some of the other stories, I realized how lucky June and I were. Most people lost brakes, especially those of the external contracting type. The 1912, 1913 and 1914 Cadillacs ended up with no brakes. We, with our enclosed, internal expanding rear brakes, actuated by a hand lever, were very happy people. So far the five Rolls-Royces have performed well. I don't think they have had any real mechanical problems.

Wednesday evening, June 26th. Thunder Bay. We will have a day's rest and an opportunity to fit a modern car horn on the Rolls. Many times I've found that drivers waiting to pull onto the TransCanada Highway don't realize the speed this old car travels. I sound my Klaxon horn, hoping they will wait until I clear the intersection to enter, but they take it as a friendly greeting and wave as they pull onto the road in front of me going 20 mph while I'm going 60.

Friday, June 28th. I loaded the luggage in the car and started heading west on Route 17. The skies remain quite gray and the road continues to be hilly and curvy and very interesting. However, we are encountering fog and are dreading the 19 km (almost 12 miles) of dirt road that we learned about yesterday.

We were told that PCB waste was stored in the area of the highway, and the environmentalists demanded that the pavement be torn up and the PCB encapsulated. Now that stretch of road is being repaved, and we will have some rough driving on wet mud.

The topography is starting to change in western Ontario. The hills are not quite so steep and the craggy, red granite rocks have now given way to a stratified shale with quite a



Ken Wessel's 1914 Albany Alpine tourer, 26GB, in Regina.

bit of lignite. It is fascinating to see the glacial effects.

Saturday morning, June 29th. This is clean up day, much needed after yesterday's muddy road. After checking the adjustment of all the valve tappets and putting a little oil on each of the valve lifters, I cleaned the car using Joy and Fantastic. I decided to do a proper job, jacking up the front and rear axles, rotating the rear wheels and wiping every spoke individually. From 11:30 that morning until 5:45 in the afternoon, I washed and waxed the car, polished the nickel, cleaned under the fenders, under the chassis, wherever I could reach. Now the car is sparkling clean and looks the way I like it to look.

Sunday, June 30th. I pulled into Winnipeg about 11:30 a.m. and drove to the Holiday Inn. As I came into the garage, I noticed that the clearance for the cars was 6'3". I cleared the 6'3" mark by 1½", so I started cautiously down to the first, second, third, fourth levels and then was told to go down another two levels where special reserved parking had been cordoned off for our tour. As I came down the lowest ramp, I didn't realize that one of the water pipes had dropped down two inches, and I struck it, smashing the windshield, breaking the top, bending the metal framework at the top, and tearing the leather retaining straps. I was miserable! After I surveyed the damage, we went back and found that the height of the pipe was 6'½"; this is what did

me in. With three good friends, we removed the top and proceeded with chains, a crossbar and a 1½ ton hydraulic jack, to straighten all of the metal framework which we'd removed from the wooden top bows. After three hours we felt that the frame had been properly straightened so we put it back together and found that it worked. One of the first-timers on the tour owns an auto top shop, and he was kind enough to retack all the pads that were torn off the bows.

Wednesday, July 3rd. At 10:30 we left Brandon, Manitoba, for Regina, a distance of 225 miles. At Elkhorn, Manitoba, we visited a little city-owned antique automobile museum. It was interesting to see the emphasis in this prairie town on cars like Model-T Fords, early Chevrolets, early Dodges, the McLaughlin (the Canadian equivalent to the Buick), and early farm equipment and household appliances. There were no Rolls Royces or Duesenbergs.

Thursday evening, July 4th. The Ohio participants hosted a party which went off very well. It was fun to hear 200 people sing the Star Spangled Banner in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Friday, July 5th. We continued against 50 to 70 mph headwinds and arrived in Medicine Hat at 4:15 p.m. This was very hard driving for most people. Fortunately for us, the later model Rolls-Royces have low touring bodies with narrow frontal surfaces and tops that come down well over

the windshields. This helps considerably in windy driving. The 600 cu. inch 1914 Simplex had to be shifted down from 4th to 3rd. We stayed in 4th gear.

Thursday, July 11th. We left the Lake Louise Inn at 1:30 and started down through Yoho National Park. There was a 15 mile descent into Golden which was really "hairy"—it was probably the most mountainous, curvy, high-speed descent of the journey. After the tortuous descent, we paralleled the Columbia River and noticed that the Rocky Mountains had changed. Instead of being 11,000 foot-high mountains with snow on the tops, they were slightly lower with vegetation growing all the way to their tops.

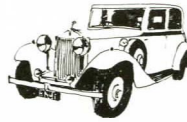
It is now Thursday night and we are comfortably ensconced in a motel in Revelstoke. I noticed that I used less than 1 quart of oil, and in descending the mountains gasoline economy increased to over 12 miles per gallon.

Tuesday morning, July 16th. We left Vancouver and headed for Tacoma, a distance of 170 miles. As we left Vancouver, the Pacific Ocean was on the right and the Cascade Mountains were on the left. The trip into Tacoma, Washington, was quite beautiful.

Wednesday, July 17th. The winner of the rally based on points and age was the 1907 Packard 30 Roadster, a car without a top or a windshield. This car had its engine out several times during the tour but never missed a check point and, even with the few points lost from being trailered now and then, amassed the largest number of points. It also received bonus points because it is a very early car.

We are very happy to have completed this tour successfully, without one mechanical adjustment or one tire failure. I believe all five of the Silver Ghost Rolls-Royces had perfect scores. You don't get docked points for running out of gas, especially if you carry a six gallon can on your runningboard. That meant that we were able to reach the check points on time, without having been pushed, pulled, trailered or towed. It was a very nice ending to an extremely arduous and interesting Transcontinental Tour and again proved the quality engineering of Sir Henry.

A Successful Hunt



As all owners of pre-war Rolls-Royce motor cars will know, detailed records of manufacture together with information on the names and addresses of the original owners are available. Some years ago, we, i.e. the Taylor family, obtained the records on as many of our cars as possible. Amongst these records were details on my brother Nicholas's 20/25 chassis no. GLZ 20, a 1933 Hooper bodied Sports Saloon built for Lord Glanely. Lord Glanely's address was given as Berkeley Square, London and Exning House, Newmarket. We have always given our cars names and hence the 20/25 "Berkeley". Thus this story paused for some ten years.

In July of this year I visited Hay-on-Wye and its numerous second-hand bookshops. Not with any particular purchase in mind but with more of a general interest I wandered through the automobile section — nothing earth-shattering —

and possibly find Exning House. I left Cambridge early and drove towards Newmarket. Leaving the main road towards Exning village I came to a cross roads. Which way to turn? No large house in sight but instinct or luck made me turn right. I encountered a long high wall of the type often found surrounding estates, then gates and a large sign "The Glanely Rest" Surely not a coincidence. I would never disturb someone's privacy but the house and grounds looked occupied by perhaps a school or college. There were a number of cars parked and activity about the place. I drove tentatively to the front entrance prepared to retreat if I had intruded on a private house. However, inside the front entrance porch a plaque had been erected in gratitude to Lord Glanely and the foundation — Exning House was now a home for the elderly. I entered and was greeted by the Matron and the

"Lord Glanely's address was given as Berkeley Square, London, and Exning House, Newmarket."

we had all the R-R books displayed and information on Mark 111 Cortinas isn't exactly riveting! I continued on to the genealogy department and sought out the nineteenth century county directories. Unfortunately there was not much here to aid my present areas of research. My eyes drifted to a Kelly's Directory of 1932. Ever a repository of useless information, I recalled the name of the "Berkeley's" owner. Sure enough he was listed. Freeman of Cardiff, President of the Cardiff Shipowners' Association, President of Royal Porthcawl Golf Club, raised to the peerage in 1918, no heir, addresses given as Berkeley Square and Exning House, Newmarket. I made rough notes in the back of my diary, eager to tell Nicholas of the information. President of a golf club? — that fact would explain the unusual space built into the body of the car — perfect for golf clubs.

September came and I had a speaking engagement at a conference in Suffolk. I sat planning my route from Cambridge and came across the name Exning near Newmarket. Why was that name familiar? I pondered and then I remembered. I was not due to arrive at the conference venue until lunchtime, I had time to explore Exning

handyman. I explained the purpose of my visit and I was welcomed wholeheartedly. The matron was a Morris Minor fan! She and the handyman proceeded to take me on a tour of the house — yes, Lord Glanely had lived here, his portrait over the fireplace showing a fine figure of a man, tall and distinguished. The house had been made over to the County Council as he had no direct heirs. As was common with many houses of this size and situation it was occupied by the armed forces during the Second World War and many of the Yanks stationed here called with wives and families to show them their war-time billet. Into the ballroom, the main stairs, the roof even, down into the cellars with the bottle identification tags for champagne and fine wines dating from the late 1800's. It was here in the cellar the handyman showed me two leather bound photograph albums. Rescued when the house was being cleared after the war. What a find! Sepia photographs dating from before the First World War showing Sir William and Lady Tatem in the Cardiff area before their elevation to the peerage, moving scenes of wounded soldiers convalescing in their home — sad, lost faces staring from across history. Happier times



with sports and tea parties, Lord and Lady Glanely welcoming Lloyd George and many other personalities of the day. Fancy dress parties and of course Lord Glanely on the golf course. It was interesting to note, however, that his figure and stature was not quite as tall and distinguished as his portrait in oils displayed. Quite a number of motor cars appeared in shot but not sufficient in detail to suggest type and model. This album really added to "Berkeley's" history — the type of people, their lifestyle and the events the car would have attended.

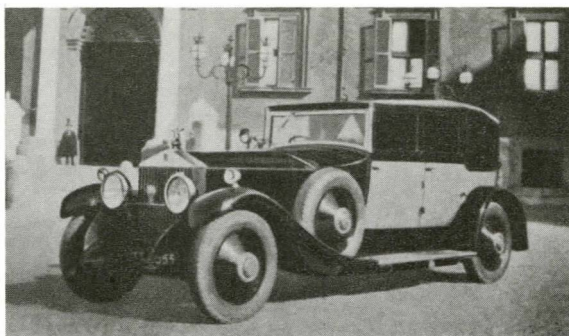
The Matron added that a number of the present residents had been in service with Lord Glanely. Part of the residents' programme included "recall chats". Subjects were wide ranging and with skill and care all sorts of memories could be invoked. When the occasion arose the subject of the Glanely's and their cars would be raised and the Matron would contact me with any information. I left via the back drive, past the coachhouses undoubtedly also used as a motor house.

Little by little we can piece together the history behind our cars — a detective story which is infinitely fascinating. Indeed the cars themselves are a part of history whether you view them in an engineering or social context.

Susan Taylor



Members Jack Woolley and Colin Laybourne found photo. record of their car's from registration numbers published in Vol. 27.



TROPHIES WINNERS 1987

<i>Fred & Joan Watson:</i>	R. Skerman
<i>Alpine:</i>	J. Kennedy
<i>Messervy:</i>	K. Smedley
<i>Dymock-Maunsell:</i>	J. Squire
<i>Stanley Sears:</i>	Susan Taylor
<i>Harding-Rolls:</i>	D. Wills
<i>Phoenix:</i>	not awarded
<i>Fergusson-Wood:</i>	R. Skerman
<i>F.W. Photographic:</i>	J. Squire

An Austrian Alpine Adventure

It all started by our winning of the Alpine Trophy, in 1986. This historic trophy is one of the pair of cut glass decanters originally given by the Archduke Leopold Salvator of Austria as one of the prizes in the Austrian Alpine Trials in 1913. It was won by C.C. Friese (not James Radley as popularly supposed) and subsequently presented to the Club by Rolls-Royce.

The sight of this trophy on the mantelpiece (or the dinning table) was the catalyst into finding out more details of the Austrian Alpine Trials.

Many people are aware that the Alpine Trials were held each year from 1910 to 1914 (and were to have been held again in 1915): that James Radley entered a Silver Ghost in 1912, and on the first day, on the Katschberg Pass, his car stopped on a very stiff gradient owing to its being geared too highly. The car restarted after unloading its passengers, but because he lost so much time and spoiled his chances of winning, he dropped out of the event. In 1913, of course,

the Rolls-Royce team of 3 Silver Ghosts, plus Radley in a 4th Ghost performed superbly, and in 1914 Radley alone was once again magnificent.

In spite of this, there is little detailed information of the event itself and I set out to research "The Alpine" to discover as much as I possibly could. Over the following months I gradually obtained information, much of it from the British Library and the National Motor Museum and built up enough data to more than fill a book.

Much interesting information has thus come to light, but this is not the place to discuss it. After the researching stage (still not complete, but getting harder to find new material) it seemed that the best thing to do was to travel over the route to see what it was like 75 years after the first Silver Ghost came to the Alps. And what better way than in a Silver Ghost?

Much time was then spent researching a route, both to the Alps and within the Alps, as there were some differences in each of the years. After



detailing the 1912, 1913 and 1914 routes we chose a route which most closely approximated the 1914 route but also included other portions unique to either 1912 or 1913.

With my wife, Rae, and children, Jane and Robert, we set out in mid-July 1987 in our 1922 Ghost (100HG) travelling via France, Luxembourg and Germany and joining the Alpine Trials route near Innsbruck 5 days later. Our first trip was over the Brennerpass (old road) down to Sterzing in Italy and return. Then off for our first really long Alpine journey of 228 miles to Villach and the 3 passes crossed included the Radstadter Tauern, where the road was being rebuilt and the surface was very muddy — a little like some of the original roads, then on to the famous Katschberg Pass, rebuilt since the trials but still steep at about 18%.

From a Villach base we headed on a round trip southwards into Yugoslavia up the very steep Wurzen Pass, immediately descended then crossed into Italy where the Predil Pass was ascended, then back into Yugoslavia again. (These regions were all part of the Austrian Empire until 1919.) We were now in quiet roads, little villages with flowers in profusion from window boxes, and cheering people as we glided by. We knew how it must have felt to the Times Correspondent from a report published on Saturday June 28th 1913. "Schnell, Schnell!" the children cried to the cars as they flew past today, and flung flowers at us all. Flowers, sunshine, glorious scenery, and happy faces — that is what the runners in this great race see."

We then continued southwards down a very scenic valley following the 1912 and 1913 route and at Mos na Soci (formerly St Lucia), headed eastwards along quiet mountainous roads to Kranj (formerly Krainburg) then on to the Loibl Pass road. This is now a busy main road and a steep climb leads to the tunnel which now bypasses the old pass route which in its day was more difficult and more feared than the Katschberg. The tunnel, now the boundary between Yugoslavia and Austria, was thus something of an anti-climax but we continued on back to Villach without finding the Loiblpass summit.

So much has been written about the Loibl Pass that it seemed essential to return and find the old road. So a day or two later I headed back from Villach, early on a drizzly, cloudy morning in a search for the Loibl. An old gravel road seemed a likely choice and it turned out to be the old main road, now used only as a logging road. I drove the Ghost up this steep gravel road



At the foot of the Predil Pass, Yugoslavia.



On the final ascent of the Loibl Pass - first Ghost for many years.



Neat summit of Stelvio Pass, some of the 48 hairpin bends in background.

Opposite: Silver Ghost (100 HG) stands alongside derelict Austrian Border Guards buildings and ancient obelisks remain as silent sentinels.

round many hairpins, over countless *canniveaux* (drainage gulleys across the road) and up into the mist. It was an eerie sensation to find myself in solitude at the top of the pass, with its two high obelisks which still mark the border, and the barriers and derelict customs posts on either side. All this in a swirling mist certainly evoked the ghosts of the past and made this one of the most memorable locations on our whole trip. Although the Austrian side which I had ascended had grades of up to 23%, the Yugoslavian (formerly Carniola province of Austria) side was always used for the ascent in the Alpine trials, with 13 hairpin bends and gradients from 17% to 29%.

As C.L. Freeston wrote in the *Autocar* in 1914 "The hairpins are all banked the wrong way and are acute enough in radius to compel the driver to take the inside edge if he does not stop and reverse. As a driving feat the Loibl is supreme. The corners are just wide enough to get round, and must, therefore, be taken with a swing in order to keep way on the car, and for this reason motorists who are proud of their cars and their driving skill alike must always be fascinated by the Loibl, and tackle it in preference to easier ascents."

My impressions of this part of the Alpine Trails route, still in its original state, are best summed up in the log which I wrote on the day of my visit.

"Top of the Loibl Pass road on Austrian side. Obelisks; abandoned border posts; barriers across road; rain and mist. Road on Yugoslavian side unused and growing weeds on surface in many places. Walk down Loibl Pass road — steep, some minor land slips with small rocks on road; basic formation intact. Navigable.

Further down road past numerous hairpin corners; large rock about 2 metres wide blocks road. Further down some rain gulleys also make road un-navigable. Could be easily repaired and weeds scraped away to make road usable. Road ends in locked gated fence within 100 metres of tunnel entrance on modern road.

Walk back up pass. Steep — hot work. Road in very original state but many old side barriers broken or missing. Stone barricades almost intact.

Back to summit — open barriers. Back car down to second hairpin (from summit). Various photos. Evocative. Restart (just) on slippery wet weed covered road for "mini-ascent" of Old Loibl Pass. Drive back to summit — close border barriers.

Descend on Austrian side. Over the *canniveaux* (about 30 in the descent of around 2 miles).

Much more awkward to cross when descending. Braking very tricky on surface of fine gravel. *Canniveaux* bumpy if traversed at any speed over 10-15 mph.

End of Old Loibl Pass road. Back to busy main road."

Back to civilisation again and an afternoon journey to near Salzburg via the Turracher Hohe — once a feared muddy track, now a modern road though still with a formidable gradient of around 25%. A first gear climb with the engine getting hot but never boiling.

Our journey continued with a mixture of sight-seeing and motoring as far east as Vienna.

Altogether we were more than 4 weeks on the journey and continued the Alpine Trial route on the way back via the Dolomite road including the dramatic passes of Falzarego, Pordoi, Rolle and Brocon and finally the mighty Stelvio with its 48 tight hairpins on the ascent to its 2757 metre summit. We returned via the Swiss Alps, by now really enjoying the mountain regions.

Our trip had so many highlights that space does not permit a more detailed account here. Our most abiding memories, both on and off the Alpine route include the First War trenches and tunnels at Vimy, the Mosel and Rhein Valleys, the medieval town of Rothenburg ob der Tauber, Neuschwanstein Castle, Radstadter Tauern and Katschburg Passes, the Old Loibl Pass road, Hallstatt village and lake in the Salzkammergut, Salt mines, Ice caves, Salzburg, Vienna, the Grossglockner, the Dolomite route, the old Palace Hotel at Roncesvalles — a period piece from vintage motoring days, the standing ovations from many of the small mountain villages, the superb Stelvio Pass route, the Splügen pass road, the St Gotthard Pass road, Furka Pass and the Rhone Glacier, Brienz with its vintage steam ship and steam rack railway, Riquewihr village in Alsace, the Schlumpf museum and the wedding party in the Somme which "kidnapped" us and used our car as a backdrop for their photographs.

Altogether we traversed 50 mountain passes, some more than once, including 33 passes with Alpine Trials connections. Our total distance was 4000 miles with overall fuel consumption a little over 10 mpg. Not bad considering some of the very steep routes involved. Apart from a puncture on the first day on the continent we had no problems mechanical or otherwise.

A tribute to a fine 65 year old car and to the pioneering motorists of three quarters of a century ago.

John L. Kennedy.