

The 20-Ghost Club Record



VOLUME 29
1988

Issue 57



Plain sailing in the Cotswolds.

20-Ghost Club Record

Volume 29

1988

Issue Number 57

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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.

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

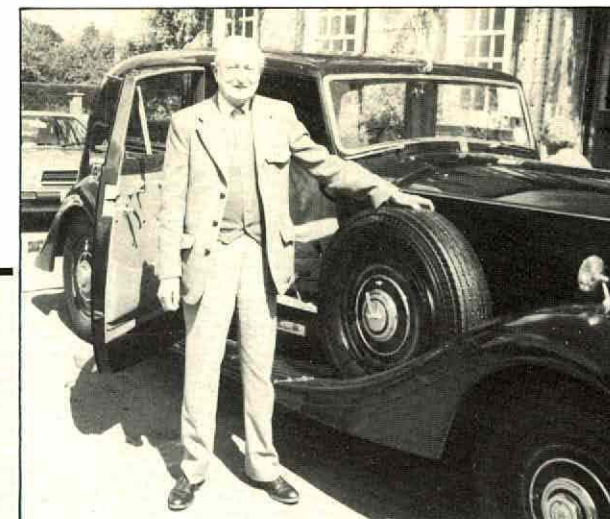


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Cover Photo: Plain sailing in the Cotswolds.

Photograph by Mary Goodman



Stanley Edward Sears, MA

Born November 9th 1903
Died September 17th 1988

Stan was the eldest son of Mr & Mrs Sears of Collingtree Grange, Northamptonshire. He had an elder sister, Mrs Crossley-Meates who was a member of the Veteran Car Club for many years, and a brother 8 years younger who was a member of the 20-Ghost Club until his death 7 years ago.

He was educated at Eastbourne College, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His father who was the founder of the Trueform Shoe firm died quite young when Stanley was only 14. Stanley was very car-minded even as a boy, and could drive at the age of nine.

When up at Cambridge he had a 12/40 Alvis which was followed by a 12/50 Alvis, and a friend had a similar car. Life at Cambridge in those days was very different from what it is now. Though we did not think we did much work, we all took degrees.

At that time Stan was very keen on Lanchesters as well as Alvis, and Mrs Sears had a 40HP saloon. We often made visits to one or other of the works, and had dinner at Collingtree with Mrs Sears, returning to Cambridge before midnight.

After his days at Cambridge, Stan joined the family firm of Trueform. In July 1928 he married Bunny Dunning and they lived in Northampton. Jack was born in 1930, and Eric in 1931.

In 1936 Stan resigned from Trueform and moved to Bolney in Sussex where he started farming. Having obtained an engineering degree and wishing to fulfil his ambitions as an engineer, he also became a director of John Allen & Co at Oxford during the last war and remained with this company until retiring in 1966.

In 1936 he witnessed the London-Brighton Veteran Car Run for the first time and acquired a Darracq soon afterwards. This car fired his enthusiasm for collecting old cars. He joined the Veteran Car Club and at the outbreak of the last war was on the Committee. He and others were instrumental in forming the Acquisition Committee to preserve from the scrap yard old motor cars which were to be melted down to make munitions. Hundreds of cars were preserved and stored during the war, all over the country.

When hostilities ceased, Stan decided to concentrate on restoring and building up a collection of old Rolls-Royce cars, a marque he much admired because of the quality of their construction. Soon his painstakingly restored Rolls-Royce cars were admired by a growing group of enthusiasts. He was a founder member of the 20-Ghost Club in 1949, becoming its President and later, Master.

For 50 years Stan was a leading light in the movement to restore old cars to their former glory and his standards of excellence were a byword, as was the encouragement and help he gave to younger enthusiasts.

He lived by the words of that great engineer Sir Henry Royce

"Whatever is rightly done
However humble
Is noble"

He is survived by his wife Doreen, sons Jack and Eric, six grandchildren and two great-grandsons.

W.F.W.

ON THE RECORD

For many reasons, 1988 may be looked on as a turning point for the Club. Firstly, the death at his home in Portugal in September of Stanley Sears, the Master of the Club. All of us, whether we knew Stanley or not, owe him a debt of gratitude not only as a founder member of the Club, but also for his involvement in saving and restoring many old cars. In addition to the obituary, an article and photos of the Thirty, probably his most difficult restoration, also appear in this issue.

The upsurge in new members, many of whom have a Ghost or other vintage Rolls-Royce, is a pleasing trend which reflects the need for a specialist Club which caters specifically for pre-war cars. This is also showing in the number of early cars now regularly attending our Club events, which we hope to increase both in number and adventurous content. Having recently shipped our cars to Australia to participate in the great Bicentennial Rally which is covered in detail in this issue, we feel that it may be possible, given the interest of members, to run or be involved in many more long distance trips. This was certainly the feeling conveyed by many of our new members in Australia, so please let us know any new areas where we should consider running trips to.

Already there is interest in touring in Morocco and India, and we are hoping we can tour New Zealand in 1992. There have also been requests for another Austrian Alpine Tour. 1993 would be a suitable year, being the 80th anniversary of the famous 1913 contest. Which prompted me to obtain original material on this event, some of which, in this 75th anniversary year, is published as a full reprint rather than just a small extract. We have much more historical data which could feature in the Record. Do let me know your preferences.

Our cover photo, by Mary Goodman, depicts Bryan cruising in their 1911 Silver Ghost (1779) down one of the lesser known public roads in the Cotswolds. The road was not flooded — it is merely that stream and road share the same bed as they have done since before the days of the internal combustion engine. Anyway, it is ideal for cars with wooden wheels such as this! In 1989 we hope to find more

rural motoring delights in Devon, at the country house party in April. If successful, we hope to make this a regular feature. Any suggestion regarding hotels and locations are welcomed.

This year has produced some interesting material for the Record, including a large amount from Australia, which was so much in focus during 1988. There are moves afoot to have regular organised 20-Ghost events in Australia, now that there is a sufficient nucleus of members out there. Details are not yet to hand, but members should contact Malcolm Johns for more information.

The recent strength (relatively) of the pound has seen a number of cars returning to Britain, and interesting articles have been received from John Eastwood and new member Terence Stone. Space does not permit their inclusion until a later issue, but mention must be made of the Springfield Ghost (401HH) which Terence has imported from America. It was purchased from Ed White, known to many Club members, particularly for the assistance given to those on the first USA tour in 1969. Sadly, Ed died in November, active to the last, and in the last letter he wrote to the Club in June, (in which he invited Terence to join the Club), he advised that "as a final accomplishment I am restoring a PI (S276RM) that I have put aside for about 20 years." We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

Finally, the age of high technology has arrived at the Record. After a considerable amount of trauma, we have now managed to work with a printing and design company who are able to read text directly from a personal computer and arrange the artwork electronically. This will allow us to work to high standards at lower costs and, in future, to work to better deadlines (provided essential material is supplied to the Editor on time!) As colour is also being introduced, please send in quality colour slides and photographs, as well as black and white, with an appropriate caption even if you are not supplying an article. Depending on material available and costs, we eventually may be able to increase the number of editions we produce, even if we do not intend to emulate Scotland which produces a Daily Record!

John L. Kennedy

1992 & Your Car

On behalf of our Club, Bryan Goodman attended the inaugural meeting of the Federation of Historic Vehicle Clubs (formerly the Historic Vehicles Club Committee), held at the RAC in July.

The main purpose of the meeting was to organise a professional lobbyist in Brussels to ensure that the 1992 harmonisation of traffic laws does not drive early cars off the road.

This is a very real threat and our Club, together with most of the British Car Clubs, have contributed to an initial fighting fund so that a co-ordinated plan of action can be pursued.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

From my viewpoint the Club had an eventful and successful 1988, but to those of you who do not participate as actively as the Committee would wish, this may not be apparent, so I'll tell you.

The vintage car world rather focused on Australia in 1988, for that country's Bicentennial celebrations included a very large rally in which cars from all over the world participated. Included in that gathering were at least ten of our UK members, including three members of our Committee, all of whom shipped their cars all the way from England.

A happy by-product of their participation was the opportunity to meet a number of vintage Rolls-Royce owners (the cars, not the owners) who have subsequently become Club members. Which leads me into the general subject of Club membership and why I said we had had a successful year. 1988 saw the largest increase in new members for a long time, with a net increase of about 50. This of course does not make us a giant among the various fine Rolls-Royce clubs in the world but it shows that we still have something valuable to offer our rather special members. I take this opportunity to welcome these newcomers and urge them to be active in our affairs.

Technical Tips BEADED EDGE TYRES

I have run cars on beaded edge tyres for a long time and have had to change many on both detachable and non-detachable wheels.

Well base tyres have wired beads and so cannot be expanded. They need a "well" in the rim into which to lower the bead and allow the opposite side to be levered on. Beaded edge tyres have to be stretched on.

With beaded edge Dunlops I have always used the following method. Firstly, I never try to remove or fit a tube without taking the tyre off completely. This allows proper inspection of the tyre, proper french chalking, and, perhaps, no loss of blood. I place the tube in the tyre with plenty of chalk. I then inflate the tube to fill the tyre and prevent pinching it whilst fitting. I then place the valve and BOTH

For our new members I would like to give my view as to what makes us different. By and large we use our fine automobiles in mildly adventurous ways, rather than taking them out only for the occasional Sunday afternoon drive. Also, being the only club exclusively dedicated to the earlier pre-war (i.e. six-cylinder) Rolls-Royce cars, we are not swamped by Clouds and Shadows at our events, a problem which other clubs are finding increasingly difficult to deal with.

At our concours held at Polesden Lacey last summer we enjoyed the largest turnout for this event for many years, with about 25 pre-war vehicles, many more than the usual number. Your Committee is not sure why, but we are hoping we can repeat the success. The overseas tour to the Channel Islands and Brittany had eight cars and 18 people, about our normal participation.

For the coming year, plans are afoot for a trip to the United States on the Queen Elizabeth II, marking the 20th anniversary of the Club's similar journey on the ship's maiden voyage. It is intended to join with the Rolls-Royce Owners Club of America for a tour of Pennsylvania. You will learn more of this shortly.

It is my sad duty to report that our Club's founder, Stanley Sears, passed away in September at his home in Algarve. An obituary appears elsewhere in this magazine but I wish here to remind everyone of our debt to him. Not only has the Club lost its founder and benefactor but the entire vintage car movement has lost a great friend.

Finally I wish to call to everyone's attention that our Honorary Secretary John Kennedy has taken on the additional responsibility of editing the Record. I hope that many of you will aid him in this work by contributing to it.

As this is being written on New Years Day I take this opportunity to wish everyone safe and happy motoring in the coming year.

Lynn A. Brua

tyre beads into the rim and slowly work round the rim, fitting both beads at once.

Betco tyres are a different matter and whilst in Australia recently I changed a tube with Peter Adams of the Betco company. He fitted the chalked tyre over a wooden pointer inserted through the valve hole of the rim and levered on one bead. From the other side he then pulled the bead across the rim face. He was then able to remove the wooden pointer and insert the well chalked tube into the rim and partially inflate it. It was then easy to fit the other bead.

The job is comparatively easy on small cars, but if you must run a Silver Ghost on 895 x 135 then you must expect it to be heavy work.

Bryan K. Goodman

AGM & WINTER DINNER 1988

There was an undercurrent of subdued excitement at the 38th Annual General Meeting and Dinner on 5 February 1988. The reason — four members present were off to Australia within a matter of days, to join in the Australian Bicentennial celebrations, by taking part, with their cars, in the veteran and vintage rally to Canberra. A far cry from the Worshipful Company of Painters — Stainers, whose elegant hall we borrowed for the evening, and whose Guild was well established by 1502.

Chairman Lynn Brua lost no time in dealing with the formal part of the meeting, and quickly and efficiently minutes were approved, accounts adopted, and committee members re-elected. Hearing about progress of arrangements for the year's events is always more interesting, and those committee members doing the organising made their reports. After last year's disappointment at the cancellation of the overseas tour, through no fault of the Club, we were interested to learn that the organisation of a tour to the Channel Islands and Brittany is well advanced. We heard that arrangements for our annual trip around interesting houses with the Irish Georgians was to be in the area of York. Betty Price suggested giving longer warning of the date of the AGM, to improve attendance. The Chairman was sympathetic but pointed out that the Committee try to vary the venue from year to year to add interest, which can cause date and price fluctuations. He felt that perhaps the price of this year's dinner may have caused the smaller attendance.

Cost aside, nearly forty members and guests sat down to what turned out to be an excellent meal, very pleasantly served in the Court room. Wine flowed with the conversation and the evening came to a close all too soon. Goodbyes were interspersed with "Watch out for the Kangaroos", "Don't take the wrong turning", and "It's downhill all the way!", as we picked our way through the narrow City lanes to locate cars to take us home.

Digby F. Wills

Photographs: John Townrow



Dymock-Mauensell Trophy, John Squire



Harding-Rolls Trophy, Digby & Margery Wills



Messervy Trophy, Ken Smedley

Silver Ghosts in Australia

The following is a summary of all the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghosts ever imported into Australia.

Not all vehicles were imported in the period immediately after their manufacture. Many in fact resided in the U.K. or elsewhere before being imported into Australia. Some were original imports which were exported, then rebodied as ambulances and sent to the Front during the First World War. After serving in various theatres of war, a few of these returned to be rebodied.

This list is based on information originally prepared by Patrick Kane-White, Fred Miller-Robinson and the late Bert Ward. More recently it has been updated by Ian Irwin (who supplied the list) using additional sources of information from within Australia and by reference to original files in the Royce Foundation.

EDWARDIAN & PRE-WAR GHOST IMPORTS

- 1907 (546), 551#, 588
 1908 (739), (747), (749), 754, (757), (764), (799)
 1909 922, (999), (1009), 1122, (1126)†, (1166), (1173), 1194
 1910 1230, (1237), (1291), 1322, 1332, 1334, 1363, 1388, 1404, 1425, 1492
 1911 (1500), 1520, 1524, 1547, (1554), 1606, (1663), 1671, (1710), (1730), (1732), 1749, (1762)
 1912 1826E, 1853E, 1884, 1888, 1905E*, 1910E, 1958, 1988, 1997, 2006, 2009, 2018, (2068E), 2082, 2104, (2124), 2133, 2139, 2145,
 1913 (2177), 2242, (2243E), (2247), (2282), 2297, 2316, 2317, 2320E, 2412, 2442, (2448), 2454, (2518), 2519, 2534*, (2570), 2583, (2600), 2617, 2643*, 2678, 43NA
 1914 (50NA), 54AB, (42EB), 12RB*, 38RB, 40YB, (47YB), 34LB
 1915 6TB, (7BD), 11BD, 3AD, (10AD), (20AD), (34ED), 17CB

SPRING LUNCH & DRIVING TESTS

SUNDAY APRIL 24 1988

Apart from watching other Club members tie themselves into knots taking part in the driving tests, the members who gathered at Ettington Park enjoyed a day in the environment of a gracious Victorian country house. An excellent lunch was taken in the South room after drinks in the magnificent sitting room, to a piano accompaniment.

On what must have been the best day of Spring for weather, a good selection of cars turned up and we were particularly pleased to see Bryan Corser, his first attendance for some time, with his Barker Sports Saloon (GRM14). Henry Wilkins, (having sold his beautiful Ghost, came in the PII tourer (98GM), together with daughter and son-in-law Sue & John O'Dowd and grandchildren who made straight for the pool. Digby Wills came in his 20/25 (GTB81), fresh from the paint shop. Muriel and Ron Skerman's 25/30 (GWX10) was immaculate as ever. Geoffrey Price's 20/25 (GTK25) was also looking very smart after a lot of work during the winter. His generator stopped working on the way, as did mine, but Phil Taylor soon took care of both by waving his magic aerosol.

The tests were simple but nevertheless sorted us out ruthlessly. I somehow managed to score equal first with Phil, who graciously insisted that I keep the mug one gets for all the hard work.

POST-WAR GHOST IMPORTS

- 1919 3PP, 12LW
 1920 15TW, 18TW, 28TW, 35TW, 87TW, (88TW), 15CW, 47CW, 62CW, 69CW, 27FW, 34FW, (37FW), 38FW, 49FW, 51FW, 62FW, 99FW, (39BW), 59BW, 127BW, 143BW, 154BW, 158BW, (30AE), 61AE, 75AE, (96AE), (114AE), (32EE), 33EE, (2RE), 26PE, 64PE
 1921 65UE, 8LE, 53LE, 1TE, 69TE, 8CE, 59CE, (70CE), 56NE, (81NE), (96NE), 21AG, (30AG), 35AG, 56AG, 85AG, 106AG, 143AG, 9LG, 24LG, 142LG, 38MG, 179MG, 25JG, 62JG, 76JG, (38UG)
 1922 (65SG), 70SG, 71SG, (80SG), 51TG, (62TG), 154BG, 14KG, 30KG, 33KG, 4PG, 6PG, 16PG, 33YG, 34YG, 47YG*, (1ZG), 2ZG, 12HG, (14HG), (17HG), 20HG, (32HG), 67HG, 85HG, 100HG*
 1923 25LK, 27LK, (39LK), 52LK, 62LK, 65LK, 67LK, (87LK), 88LK, 97LK, 22NK, 23NK, 33NK, 14PK, 26PK
 1924 38EM, 54EM, 72EM, 103EM, 104EM, 123EM, 32LM, 39LM, 15RM, 48RM, (83RM), 6TM, (41TM), 58TM, 1AU, (40AU), 46AU, 47AU, 57AU, 67AU, 110AUB, (112AU), 113AU, 125AU
 1925 40EU, 60EU, 64EU, 113EU, 121EU

KEY () Chassis destroyed or whereabouts unknown

— Survives but not in Australia

† Engine survives at Paulerspury

AX201 visited Australia in 1984

* Temporary import for Bicentennial Rally

** Temporary import for 1970s Rally

TOTALS	IMPORTS	SURVIVING	STILL IN AUSTRALIA
PRE-WAR	99	60	36
POST-WAR	133	109	94
TOTALS	232	169	130

As with any definitive list, more details may well come to light once it is published. Given the dry climate and the fact that in the colonies nothing was ever thrown away, (I know!), it is still possible that somewhere another Ghost may be quietly resting in a barn or in the bush waiting to be discovered. — Ed.



Lining up for the driving tests

Article & Photograph — Digby Wills

Probably the most difficult restoration which Stanley Sears undertook was the 30 hp 6-cylinder 1906 Rolls-Royce car (26355). The following account describes its discovery in Australia and is followed by a timely letter explaining its current whereabouts.

THE SIX-CYLINDER THIRTY-HORSEPOWER

A Unique Rolls-Royce

No doubt many have dreamed of being the one to discover a pre-Ghost Rolls-Royce. If it also happened to be the only one of its type still in existence, one could hope to be instantly rich and famous. Here it is what it is really like ----

by Gavin Sandford-Morgan

Most people interested in early Rolls-Royce motor cars will be familiar with the discovery in South Australia in 1956, of what has still proved to be the sole remaining 6-cylinder 30 hp Rolls-Royce. This story first appeared in the "Veteran Car in South Australia", edited by George Brooks.

Early in 1956, rumours had been circulating amongst the cognoscenti about the remains of an old Rolls-Royce which was supposed to be in the Virginia district, about 15 miles north of Adelaide. We of the same cognoscenti naturally discounted this information, which, of course COULD NOT POSSIBLY be true. It must be a Silver Ghost or possibly a Twenty. Probably of no real interest anyway.

It was left to Len Vigar to actually go and start looking for it. Unfortunately I was unable to accompany him on the particular day in question, but a systematic search by Len and Laurie Vinall, assisted by Gordon Haverland, enabled them to track down "the old chap who has got an old Rolls-Royce" in Virginia. There Len and Laurie found the remains on a tomato farm right on the main Port Wakefield road. It certainly was a Rolls-Royce, it certainly was a 6-cylinder Rolls-Royce and the engine certainly did consist of three separate blocks of 2-cylinders each.

Here then was a discovery to rival anything which Pompeii, the Valley of the Kings, or the mountains of Peru had disclosed. Here was the sole remaining survivor of an historic Rolls-Royce model long thought to be extinct.

Since Len Vigar had been the instigator, Laurie Vinall magnanimously stepped out of the picture at this stage, leaving Len to carry on negotiations for the purchase.

In view of some little experience I had had in rebuilding a 1910 Silver Ghost (1425), in the course of which I had acquired the hard way some little knowledge on the subject, and a large collection of early Rolls-Royce parts, Len Vigar discussed the 30 hp with me.

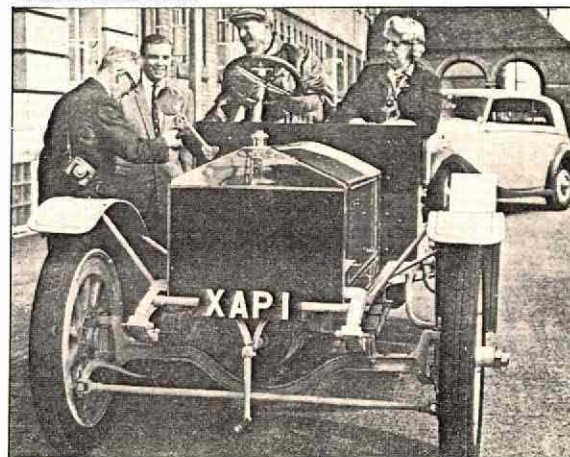
The upshot was that we entered into negotiations together and after some bartering Len and I shortly thereafter became the joint owners of the 30 hp. We then removed the remains to Len's farm at Eden Valley.

The previous owner, incidentally, had bought the car in 1939 from a motor firm in Adelaide named Auto Cars Ltd. Nobody knew when or how the car had first appeared in Adelaide, but it certainly had competed in the first Veteran Rally in 1934, wearing a non-original body. Understandably enough, in that day and age it was just regarded as an old Rolls-Royce, of no particular merit.

Once we got the 30 hp back to Eden Valley, we surveyed the heap of assorted pieces we had acquired, and, the initial excitement having now abated somewhat, tried to make a



As discovered in Australia



Mr & Mrs Sears in the restored car at Nightingale Road works with Bill Morton & Alec Harvey-Bailey

Source — C.W. Morton's "History of Rolls-Royce Motor Cars"
realistic assessment of what would be involved in carrying out a proper restoration.

The chassis itself was reasonably complete, including springs, running board brackets, and front and rear axles complete with decaying wheels. The gearbox was partially dismantled, but appeared reasonably complete except that the change-mechanism was missing completely.

Other missing parts included the radiator, the bulkhead, the entire ignition system, all water pipes and manifolding, all controls and instruments, and the front of the timing gear housing. Missing also were part of the steering column, the steering wheel and all controls, while the steering box was in a very advanced state of decay, the aluminium housing of the box being badly corroded.

The basic engine itself was reasonably complete, as was the clutch and most of the transmission, but many of the smaller parts were either missing or damaged beyond repair.

It soon became apparent that few, if any, of my collection of Silver Ghost parts would fit the 30 hp and we were unable to obtain any detailed information of the unusual and complicated ignition system, the induction system, or the carburettor.

The result of our survey, therefore, was that we realised we would have an extremely difficult job to carry out a reasonable restoration, and that it would be virtually impossible for us to carry out the sort of restoration which this unique car deserved. We also began to realise that a restoration of this magnitude would probably be beyond our joint financial resources, and even if we felt we could have financed it, we could not see how we could justify the expenditure of the amount of money involved in a veteran car, no matter how unique.

This line of thinking may seem unrealistic today, with the enormous changes which have taken place in the world of veteran cars, and their market value in particular, but of course it is always easy to be wise after the event.

At about this time we received a letter from Stanley Sears, a leading British authority and personality in the world of old Rolls-Royce motor cars, who asked whether we would be interested in selling the 30 hp to him. We replied that we were not, and considered the matter closed. He continued to write occasionally and he was able to help me with some of my Silver Ghost problems, so that when I found it possible to spend some weeks in England in the summer of 1957, I was invited by Mr Sears to visit his house and see his magnificent collection of cars. In particular I was very keen to see his 20 hp Rolls-Royce (26350), which, of course, is virtually a 4-cylinder version of the 30 hp car, or, if you like, the 30 hp is a 6-cylinder version of the 20 hp. I had also heard, and now had it confirmed, that Mr Sears had used parts of two cars to build this one 20 hp, and therefore had a considerable number of 20 hp parts left over. In the course of our discussions I tried very hard to obtain some of the parts we needed for the 30 hp, but he was politely adamant in refusing to sell any parts on the basis that he might always need them for his own 20 hp. He was also hopeful that one day he might locate and obtain a 30 hp, either ours or another, which might exist somewhere in the world.

After I returned to Australia, Mr Sears continued to correspond with us over the next 18 months or so, suggesting various ways in which we might be persuaded to pass the 30 hp car over to him, if not on the basis of a straight out purchase, then on the basis of an exchange for one of his other cars, or some similar alternative arrangement.

Looking at the whole matter as objectively as we could, Len and I realised that we would eventually have to make a difficult decision. On the one hand, both for financial reasons and also because we would find it difficult to obtain the necessary technical information, we would find it difficult, if not impossible, to make a reasonable job of restoring the 30 hp to reasonable working order, let alone carrying out a proper restoration to original condition. On the other hand, in Mr Sears we had someone who was the acknowledged expert on the subject, and who had shown that he had the means, both financial and technical, to carry out first class restorations of early Rolls-Royce cars. His outstanding achievements in this field already included the superb restoration of the original Silver Ghost itself, which

he carried out for Rolls-Royce Ltd, and his restoration of his own 20 hp car.

He had ready access to all remaining Rolls-Royce records, he had already located and received assistance from many old Rolls-Royce employees, he had the benefit of all the research he had done on the 20 hp car. He also had the unique assistance of his stock of 20 hp parts, together with his ability to use components of his restored 20 hp as patterns for parts missing from the 30 hp.

It was therefore apparent that if a first-class restoration of the 30 hp car was going to be carried out, Mr Sears was probably the only man who could do it properly. That this unique car had to be restored properly was really a matter beyond question and to a certain extent this did tend to simplify our problem.

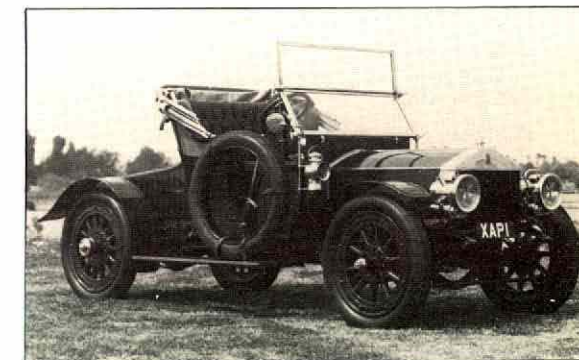
From this point of view it seemed logical and desirable that we should pass the car over to Mr Sears, particularly if we put the interests of Rolls-Royce enthusiasts in general before our own natural desire to retain and restore this unique car.

CORRESPONDENCE

At the November 1987 James Leake sale I was the successful bidder for the only remaining 30 hp that was restored in the early 60's by Stanley Sears. The story of the restoration, et al., has been very well published in most of the Rolls-Royce publications.

However, it would be nice to have a notice in the 20-Ghost Record that it is now in my possession and the only pre-Ghost left in the United States. Enclosed is a current picture of the car for your archives and to be used in your publication if you care to.

MILLARD W. NEWMAN, Tampa, Florida



The 30 hp today Photograph — Millard Newman

The Great Alpine Contest.

Incidents of the Trial. Snow in the Dolomites. Fine Work by the Rolls-Royce Team. By C. L. Freeston, F.R.G.S.

EVER irresistible is the call of the Alps when June comes round, and, with its melting of the snows, throws open the most glorious highways in the world. Hence even the double disability of a bronchial attack with lumbago super-added could not deter me from setting out to Vienna in order to cover the Austrian Alpine contest of 1913, although I was not sufficiently recovered in time to make the outward journey by road.

In the Austrian capital I was met by the 18-24 h.p. Deasy of which the use had been offered to me by Mr. J. D. Siddeley for the purpose of "free lancing" over the route; on a competing car I should have been hampered by restrictions and unable to take photographs when and where I wanted. Really, one needs the fastest car that was ever built to do journalistic work effectively on a contest of this kind; but in pace and hill-climbing power alike I found the Deasy even better than I expected, while the comfort of its cantilever suspension has been delightful, and particularly desirable over the specially bad side roads, liberally intersected with gulleys, which are intentionally incorporated in the trial route.

The general nature of the Alpine contest, and of the route to be followed, were described in *The Autocar* of June 21st. I now subjoin, therefore, my impressions of the actual journey from day to day up to the time of mailing, merely adding that, as Friday was a day of rest in Trieste, the cars were not to be sent on their homeward way to Vienna until Saturday.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22ND.

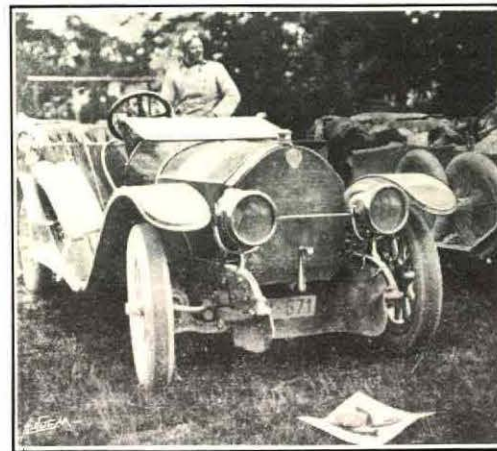
As was the case last year, the starting order of the competing cars was so arranged that those with the

highest-powered engines should set off first, and thus it came about that the Rolls-Royces led the way. Small chance was there, in consequence, of my seeing anything of their running unless I got ahead, and we left Vienna, therefore, at half-past four and made off for the Semmering, with the double object of watching some big cars go by and enjoying an early coffee at the summit. Breakfast having been disposed of, we had not long to wait ere the official pilot appeared, and then a grey car was seen rounding the corner, and Radley flashed into view and went past literally flying. At once the Rolls-Royce policy was apparent; Radley was to make the running, and the other three cars were out for the team prize. They came along soon afterwards in more leisurely style, and then the Minerva team followed, with Herr Ludwig Schild's Silent Knight Daimler coming hot-footed after.

Then we got going ourselves, and travelled a long distance ere we were overtaken by any of the remaining big cars. The route was along the main road as far as Mürzzuschlag, and there we turned off for a cross route over the Niederalpl. This pass proved more trying than its altitude (4,130ft.) would suggest. The road is narrow as a farm track, and in condition even worse. It abounds in *caniveaux* and donkey-backs, making the ascent much slower, and is in no sense engineered on the ascending side, while the gradients change every few yards. At their steepest they are probably 1 in 5, and meant first speed work even for the biggest cars. The Deasy climbed it, however, on half throttle, and then we wound down to Weyscheid. Let me say at once, however, that if the road were only a good one the journey would be

well worth taking, as the views from the summit of the Pass are surprisingly fine in whichever direction one may look on a clear day.

Several hairpin corners occur on the descent, each being followed by an awful *caniveau*. A broader road is encountered at the foot, but a tatty one; it is, nevertheless, picturesque throughout, running through



Mr. Walter Delmar on his Benz car.

beautifully wooded hills, some of which are surmounted by white limestone crags. Later on there is a long ascent with several "hairpins" of good radius, leading up to Mariazell, a beautifully situated town and the most popular pilgrimage resort in the Eastern Alps.

Another minor pass had now to be ascended—the Josefberg—which rises to 3,346 feet, and offers good going and very charming scenery throughout. Further on another saddle had to be crossed, of 3,608 feet altitude, with a narrow and rather rough road. Eventually this cross route from Mürzzuschlag emerged on to the main road between Vienna and Salzburg, at a point east of Amsletten. It proved to be in better condition than when I drove over it last year, and offered some fast going, though with not a few fairly steep undulations.

The bigger cars, of course, had already arrived, Radley having completed the course by one o'clock—i.e., in eight hours for the 265 miles. The other Rolls-Royces came in next, three-quarters of an hour later, followed by the Minerva team, who, as events subsequently showed, were the only ones who came within measurable distance of holding the English cars in speed.

As often happens in events of this kind, the first day did not pass off without its quota of disaster, and the fact is undoubtedly due to the excitement engendered by the spirit of competition. A few of the drivers certainly forgot that the Alpine contest was one of reliability and freedom from penalty marks, and drove as though embarked upon a race. It was one thing to keep one's position according to the order of starting, but quite another to attempt to force one's way past bigger cars.

Hearing at Salzburg during the evening that a boy had been killed by one of the cars and several passengers injured, I sought out the official observer of the S.C.A.T., the car stated to have come to grief,

The Great Alpine Contest.

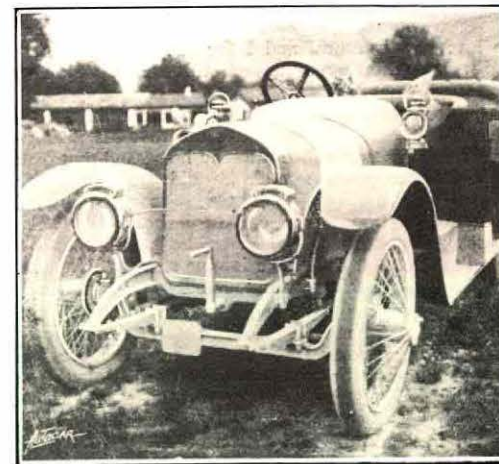
Gellinek, the observer in question, reported that the car struck a tree, and in rebounding threw out himself and Frau Piwonka, the wife of the driver, and knocked over a boy. Rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, the latter was not killed, but the lady was badly hurt, and was conveyed in a private car to Wels in charge of two doctors. Herr Gellinek was cut about the head, but was able to proceed to Salzburg.

The 38 h.p. Coventry Daimler entered by Herr Ludwig Schild, of Munich, had been considerably forced from the very start, and it was not altogether surprising to find that he had retired with a seized sleeve valve. As four cars did not start—namely, the F.I.A.T. of Herr Newkluf, Herr Robert Siercka's Austro-Daimler, Herr Koloff's Hansa, and the Alfa—this brought the number of those which completed the first day's run to forty-one.

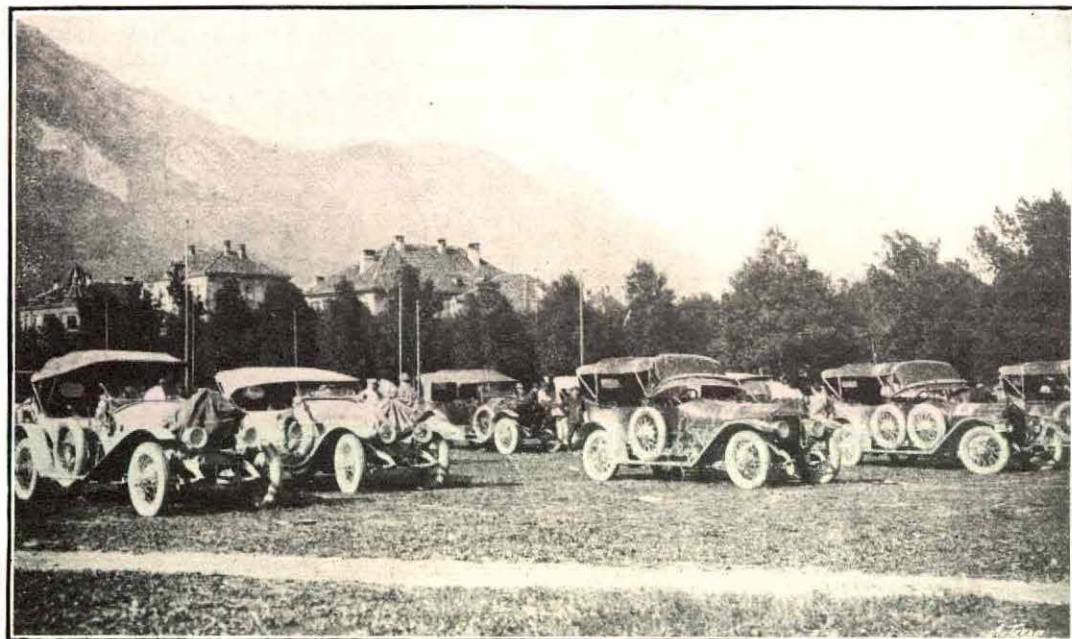
MONDAY, JUNE 23RD.

Piloted out of the town by soldiers as flag-wavers, the cars left Salzburg from five o'clock onwards, and started their long run of 262 miles to Radstadt, Spittal, Ober Drauburg, Lienz, Toblach, Sterzing, and Innsbruck. The task was doubly formidable, for, in addition to prodigious distance, it included the crossing of the Tauern Pass, the Katschberg, and the Brenner. I left at 4.35 in the hope of reaching the Katschberg before the leaders arrived, but tyre trouble due to a defective tube made just the difference between getting over the Tauern first and otherwise, and the Rolls-Royce quartette overhauled us about eight o'clock. The Tauern Pass itself is no light undertaking, by the way, and there was one particularly steep pitch, sticky with heavy rain, that involved an anxious moment.

Safely over the top, however, we glided down to Tweng and Mautendorf, and then at St. Michael im Lungau faced the violently quick rise on to the Katschberg Road. The surface proved to be rougher than last year, in contrast to the Tauern Road, which had improved; and what made matters worse was that the roughest parts were at the steepest points, owing no doubt to the effect of horses' hoofs and the use of skid-pans; the road crust, indeed, was quite soft.



The Raba car. The only competing car of Hungarian manufacture.



A general view of the cars parked at Innsbruck.

The Great Alpine Contest.

just where a firm surface was most needed. No one, in fact, who has not seen the Katschberg with his own eyes can form any adequate idea of its severity as a climb; and, after crossing it two years in succession, I can only say that few touring cars could reach the summit unless geared very low on the first speed and provided with radiation of the most effective kind.

At varying speeds, however, the majority of the competing cars got up without loss, the exceptions being one of the Horch team and the six-cylinder Delaunay-Belleville driven by M. Robert Dollfus, of Lyons, who was balked by a non-competing car, and, after stopping, could not complete the ascent without assistance. In the circumstances, however, he was not disqualified; any other course would have been particularly regrettable, for M. Dollfus is a good sportsman who entered a two-year-old standard car for

timed the tour unofficially. The Puch car driven by Herr Emanuel Quoika also retired.

At Innsbruck I learned that the officials were much exercised at the fact that all the Rolls-Royces had got ahead of the official car and got in very early. As a matter of fact, the pilot car jibbed a bit on the Katschberg, and the Rolls-Royces meanwhile swept by and could not afterwards be caught, for there is nothing in the competition fast enough to hold them. Technically, they should have waited, and an intimation was conveyed to the drivers that they must curb their enthusiasm for the rest of the contest. Nevertheless they had been running on half throttle throughout, although they arrived about one o'clock. Car No. 2, I should mention, lost one mark at the start from Innsbruck by accidentally stopping the engine when leaving the "park." Herr Severin Schreiber's

some ten miles from the latter town I could not but recall with a shudder the experience of last year, when a local car came flying round a corner on the wrong side and struck us head-on; the bang as the two vehicles met will ring in my ears for the rest of my days.

Though Riva was the day's objective, the cars were not sent over the direct road thither, but made a détour over fairly rough ground to Trione and Storo ere reaching the beautifully situated town at the head of the turquoise-blue lake of Garda. A pleasanter spot for the night's halt could hardly have been chosen. At night the inhabitants provided a procession of illuminated boats and a firework display, which threw up into bold relief the striking outlines of the surrounding peaks.

Another withdrawal took place during the day—that of Prince Elias of Parma, who had been driving

The Great Alpine Contest.

The day broke finely enough, it is true, and looked more promising indeed than anything which had preceded it, for we had had either rain or dull skies ever since the start. I went ahead on the Deasy, as I wished to call on an old friend at Roncigno, thirty kilometres beyond Trient, and the weather was still bright when we neared the zone of trees in the magnificently built Broccone Pass. Here the Rolls-Royces came past in great style, and I am bound to say that I have never seen anything more beautiful in the way of locomotion than the way in which they flew up the pass. We all know what a fast car is like on the level; but the sight of a group of cars running up a mountain road at high speed, with a superbly easy motion to which each little variation in the surface gave the semblance of a greyhound in its stride, was inspiring to a degree. There was nothing of the climb about it; it was a run, pure and simple; on



A view during the descent of the Katschberg.

the love of adventure, and I for one should be very glad to see him come through this terribly arduous contest with flying colours.

The Rolls-Royce cars went up on half throttle with consummate ease. Radley tells me that his average speed was over twenty-five miles an hour, and that over the final precipitous stretch he did not fall below seventeen miles an hour. There is a possibility, I may add, that after the contest is over the Rolls-Royces may return to the Katschberg and set up a record; at present their time is nine minutes, but with an open throttle this can undoubtedly be bettered.

After descending to Rennweg and Gmünd with care, owing to the presence of bad *cairacamp*, and winding down the ravine road to Spittal-an-der-Drau, we had pleasant running for over a hundred miles along the Pusterthal. Then the frowning fortress of Franzens-feste came into sight, and it only remained to cross the Brenner Pass and descend to Innsbruck. As last year the road was in excellent condition.

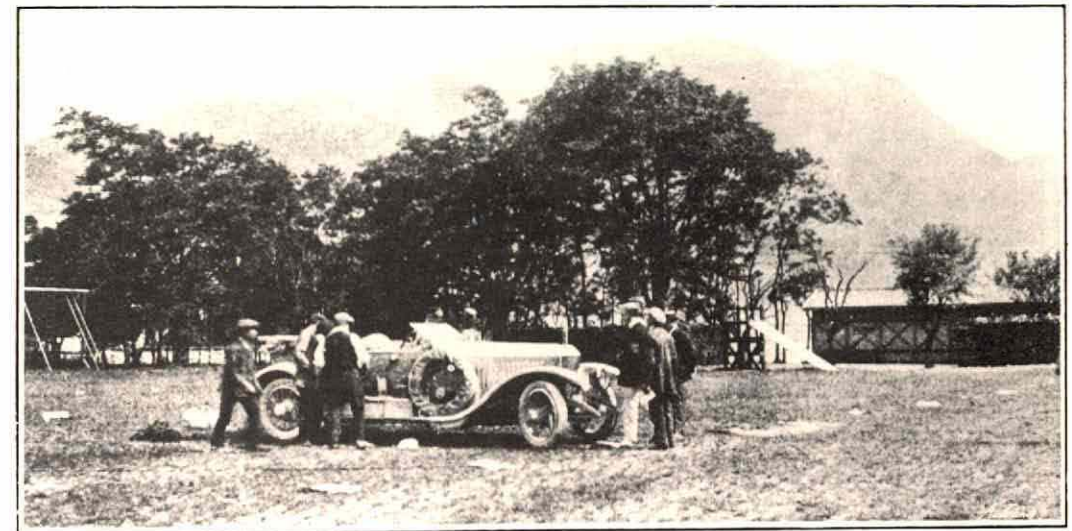
During the day the Archduke Heinrich Ferdinand found himself *en panne* with his Puch, and had to retire; he procured another car, however, and con-

Renault was the only absentee at the end of the day's run; in fact, it did not start from Salzburg.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24TH.

Though attaining the respectable length of 246 miles, the third day's journey was relatively easy in respect of gradients and other obstacles. The route lay along the narrow road westwards to Imst and Landeck on the Arlberg route, and there the cars were diverted southwards through the Hoch Finstermünz defile and up the Reschen-Scheideck Pass, from which a fine distant view is obtainable of the Orler group high up over the Stelvio Pass. It is a pity that only the ascending side of the latter is on Austrian soil, as otherwise it might be included in the present contest, and would offer a fine test of driving skill. However, the cars turned eastwards at Neu Spondinig, where the Stelvio route begins, and ran through the valley of Meran to Bozen. I watched the leading cars pass through the latter town, Radley being to the forefront as usual, and looking decidedly unhappy at the slow pace set by the official car.

From Bozen to Trient the road is all on the flat, and calls for no particular comment; but at a spot



The first arrival at Riva. The Rolls-Royce No. 4, belonging to and driven by Mr. James Radley.

the smallest car in the contest, an Austro-Daimler of 80 mm. bore by 110 mm. stroke. So far the team prize competitors were all doing well apparently, with nothing to choose between them save in respect of pace. I say apparently advisedly, for only by accident could one hear of any particular car having earned a penalty. The officials themselves had no data to disclose, as the observers' records are posted every night to Vienna for tabulation. Any member of any team might have suffered minor loss *en route* without anybody being the wiser save those on the car itself; all that can be said, therefore, is that up to now the Rolls-Royce, Minerva, Horch, Hansa, Audi, and Fischer groups completed the day's journey intact.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25TH.

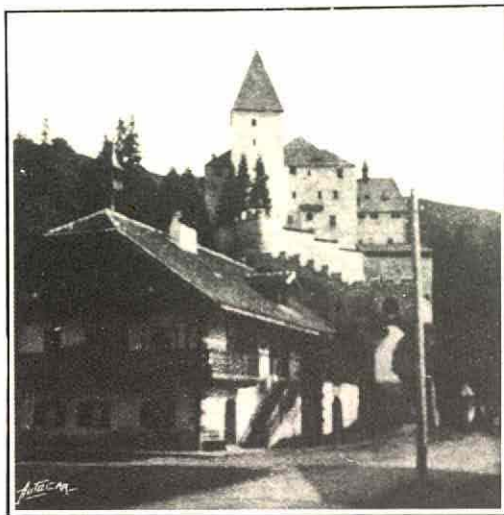
No words can describe the disappointment that was in store for the competitors on this, the fourth day of the trial; or for those, at all events, who knew the nature of the route that lay before them. It was the great day, in fact, on which the itinerary led through the very heart of the Dolomites, over the marvellous series of six passes—the Broccone, the Gobera, the Rolle, the Pordoi, the Falzarego, and the Ampezzo respectively—which provide a journey of transcendent beauty such as is without a rival in the whole world.

the other hand, the pace was not the terrific hurtle of a racer on the flat, and the impression left on the mind was that of a perfect golden mean between the relatively slow ascent of a stiff gradient under power and the ordinary tear along the straight in a Grand Prix. It was a spectacle, indeed, worth going many a long mile to see, and I could wish that we had a similar testing ground in England. Beautiful in another way, moreover, was the effect described to me later by a spectator who looked down upon the cars rising to the summit of the Pordoi Pass (7,382 feet) where he was stationed; as they rounded one bend after another, spread out about forty yards apart, the Rolls-Royces seemed to be the living embodiment of grace and power.

If at a more moderate pace, we forged to the summit of the Broccone on our 18 h.p. Deasy, having risen nearly 5,000 feet from Riva. After a halt at the little inn for coffee we descended the perfectly designed road to Ponte Vanoi, and I was looking forward to a glorious run through the Dolomites, which I knew so well from repeated visits, and to the taking of many photographs. Alas and alas! We had hardly crossed the Gobera Pass ere the rain came down in torrents, and ere we tackled the 4,000 feet

The Great Alpine Contest.

climb up the Rolle, with its entrancing views, there was not a mountain to be seen! Long before the summit was attained we were in a dense mist, and the glorious Cimone della Pala, the Rosetta, and the other mountain groups of such amazing grandeur to those who know them were blotted out from view.



The Castle of Montendorf, seen from the Tauern Pass.

And this state of things continued throughout the day. Not a peak was visible as we descended the Rolle and rose gradually to Canazei, where the real climb of the Pordoi begins. But worse was to follow. It had become bitterly cold, and I was in no way surprised in the circumstances to find that as we drove higher and higher the rain turned into snow. At the summit the flakes were falling thickly, as large as the palm of a man's hand, and we shivered as we dived through them into the hotel to obtain warm food and drink.

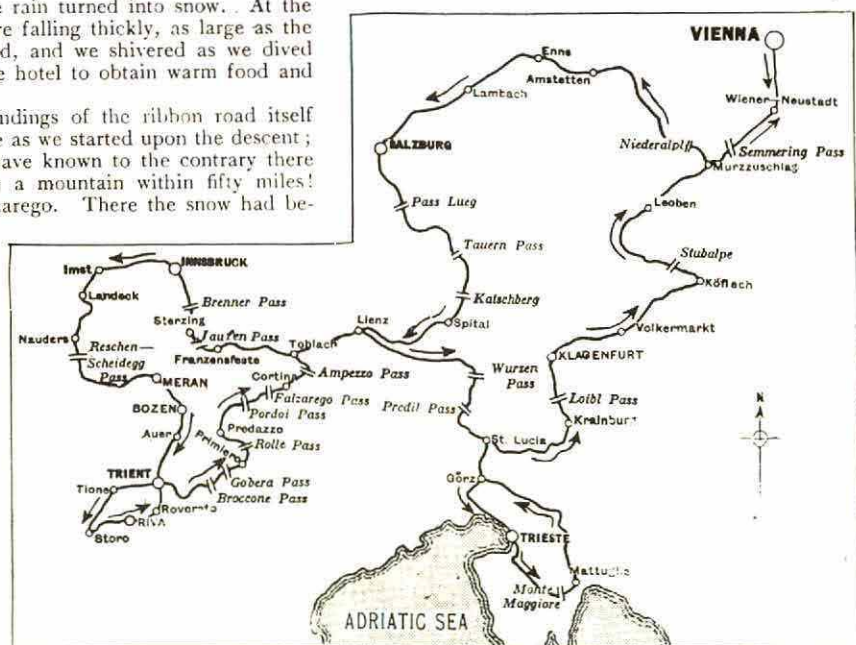
Only the lovely windings of the ribbon road itself were visible to the eye as we started upon the descent; for aught we might have known to the contrary there might not have been a mountain within fifty miles! And so with the Falzarego. There the snow had become rain again, but every view that should have greeted us was a wall of mist. There is one particular point near the summit from which a truly glorious prospect is ordinarily available, and from which I had hoped to get my best photographic results; but one might as well have turned one's camera towards a London fog. It was simply heartbreaking to have travelled out so far for a blank

result, and though in the nature of things I have had disappointments in my touring career, for the weather has always to be reckoned with, I have never known one so hard to bear as this. If not engaged in a contest, of course, one could have stayed until the weather cleared, but the inexorable necessity of pushing on left no option but to accept the situation.

Cortina was all but unrecognisable as we descended the last stage of the Falzarego Pass, and the splendid Ampezzo Road to Toblach was shorn of its famous view of the superb Monte Cristallo and other mountain peaks.

Ere we reached our goal, however, we had something else to think about than scenery, and were brought down to the level of mundane things, or rather the vicissitudes of this strenuous contest. When nearing Landro we saw a two-horsed team in the middle of the road, and as it moved aside in response to our horn, something in vivid orange flashed into view. It was one of the Minerva cars (No. 6) driven by Herr Karl Klinkosch, being towed along the road. At once we suspected an accident, and as we passed the surmise was only too obviously correct. The whole of the rear portion of the body had been torn away, looking like nothing so much as the gaping hole in a liner after collision. How had it happened, and was anybody killed were the questions we asked ourselves. We were soon in Toblach, however, and there learned the details of one of the most extraordinary accidents that has ever happened in the history of motoring.

The cause was commonplace enough: the car skidded badly on the rain-soddened road and lurched on to the grass. As soon as it met this resistance it turned completely over. The hood was up at the time, and how the passengers got out, and how they escaped injury, is mysterious enough. But what of the driver? I derived my information from M. Dollfus, who came up immediately after the mishap.



The route of the Austrian Alpine Tour.

The Great Alpine Contest.

and, in fact, conveyed the occupants of the car to Toblach. The car, he tells me, lay right across a ditch, and by a miraculous stroke of good fortune the driver was head downwards in the hollow. Round him, moreover, were the broken sticks of the hood, and he had doubly escaped death, for not only, except for the ditch, would he have been killed by the weight of the car, but he would almost certainly have been transfixed by the snapped ribs of the hood.

As it fell on soft earth the chassis was not so irretrievably injured as to dismiss the prospect of its ultimately returning to Vienna under its own power, but for the purposes of the contest it was finished with, and the Minerva team, as such, was out of the running. This was the more to be regretted as the cars were making a good show, and so far had finished every day in their order.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26TH.

Greasy roads everywhere confronted us as we left Toblach next morning, and with the accident to the Minerva exercising a sobering effect, the pace of the cars generally was appreciably slower. We doubled our tracks of Tuesday as far as Ober Drauburg, and there turned south-eastwards for Hermagor, and then southwards for Trieste. Three passes lay on our route of 329.3 kilometres—the Gailberg, the Wurzen, and the Predil. Last year the initial stage included the Kreuzberg, but the route was varied this year, making it necessary to cross the Gailberg Pass instead. It is a fairly broad road, but was very heavy after the rain.

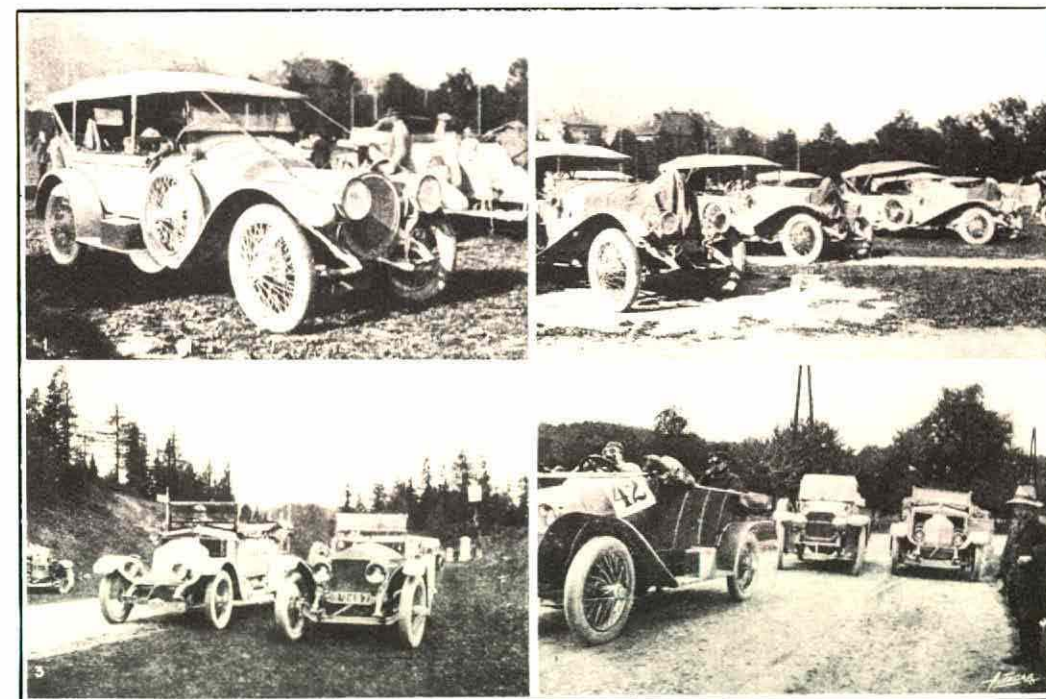
The Wurzen Pass proved to be very steep, if only 3,512 feet high; it was, in fact, a miniature Katsch-

berg, and meant a good deal of first speed work. The scenery thence to Tarvis is exceedingly fine, but the outlines of the mountains could only be dimly discerned through the mists. There was no difficulty about the ascent of the Predil, over which the road is good; it is likewise picturesque, but, as it is fortified, photography is strictly forbidden, warning notices to that effect being erected at several points. For many miles we ran through rain and over very slippery roads; but after a long descent to the plains the day brightened, and, to our joy, we found a wide, hard, and dry road along which we bowled merrily all the way to Görz and Trieste.

As Radley passed near Ober Drauburg he sang out that he had lost three minutes at starting, nor could one be surprised. The cars had been all night in the open, at an altitude of close on four thousand feet, and with a temperature nearly down to freezing. Several of the competitors were quite unable to turn their engines round for a time owing to congealed oil. As usual, however, the Rolls-Royce cars reached the finishing point in front of the other competitors, and there is certainly nothing in the trial to hold them as regards speed.

Only the observers' records, however, at the end of the contest can determine which team has earned the smallest number of penalty marks. The Audis are running very well, though one of them collided with a motor trolley on the Pordoi and had its petrol tank broken off. To what extent this may have been penalised, or regarded as an accident, it is impossible at present to say.

(To be continued.)



SOME OF THE CARS IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE TOUR. (1) The Delaunay-Belleville belonging to M. Robert Dollfus. (2) The Rolls-Royce team in the open-air garage at Innsbruck. (3) At the summit of the Katschberg. The Rolls-Royce of Mr. Claude Johnson, who followed the trials is seen, also the 18-24 h.p. four-cylinder Siddeley-Deasy (90 x 130 mm.) used by Mr. C. L. Freeston for the same purpose. (4) A halt at the level crossing near Vocklabruck.

POLEDEN LACEY – SUMMER PICNIC & CONCOURS

The elegant grounds of Polesden Lacey in Surrey proved a very appropriate setting for the summer picnic and concours d'etat of the 20-Ghost Club on Sunday 17 July 1988.

There was a splendid turn out of cars dating from Bryan and Mary Goodman's 1911 Barker Landaulet to the 1957 saloon of Christopher and Ann Curtis. The Taylor family were up at 5 a.m. and brought two cars. Norman Gardner was unable to bring his 1924 Ghost and John Hampton bringing Fred Watson was unable to bring his 1925 Ghost, but all enthusiastically presented themselves in other transport.

Great interest was shown in Peter and Rosemary Phillips' recently acquired two-seater 1912 Ghost, with Peter already planning alterations and improvements. Unfortunately, Jane Ashley-Carter was unable to attend owing to illness, so Graham brought along his son Piers, in a Twenty tourer.

Our thanks to Robin Barnard and John Morris for so willingly judging the concours. A well deserved first place went to Colin Laybourn in his PI 1928 Hooper Sedan de Ville, followed by Michael Sapsford with his 1914 Silver Ghost in second place, and the Bruas in their 1932 PII in third place.

The sun managed, eventually, to come out and by midday we were all able to sit out and enjoy our picnics and meander amongst the cars and owners, swopping valuable snippets of information and generally enjoying a splendid motoring day.

Muriel Skerman



The setting



The prizewinners Photographs — John L. Kennedy

Concours D'Etat Participants Table

Name	Model	Year	Chassis	Regn No	Interior cleanliness Max 100	Exterior cleanliness Max 100	Under bonnet cleanliness Max 100	Chassis cleanliness Max 100	Originality Max 150	Mechanical state Max 250	Total Max 800	
Bryan & Mary Goodman	SG	1911	1779	R1097	75	70	80	70	140	240	675	
Bob Keeler	SG	1912	1721	R1252	75	75	75	80	148	238	701	
Peter & Rosemary Phillips	SG	1912	1779	BM8794	80	85	80	82	120	235	682	
Michael Sapsford	SG	1914	53PB	BD3577	90	92	80	85	145	245	747	2nd
Nick Ridley	SG	1915	30ED	R2503	68	70	68	65	132	230	633	
David & Stephanie Martin	SG	1920	9PE	YO2344	60	60	60	60	90	220	550	
John & Rae Kennedy	SG	1922	100HG	HC3459	70	68	70	65	138	242	653	
Andrew Taylor	PI	1926	20TC	YO8869	85	82	78	78	142	230	695	
Colin & Joan Laybourn	PI	1928	3CL	YX5555	96	92	92	94	147	247	768	1st
Lady Freda Valentine & Jimmy & Janet Valentine	PI	1929	1OR	UV1923	65	70	65	70	130	230	630	
Lynn & Midge Brua	PII	1932	36MS	GY7719	93	89	84	85	143	242	736	3rd
Alister & Molly Reid	20	1926	GOK49	CJ8788	65	72	68	72	130	230	637	
Phil Taylor	20	1927	GAJ42	XV4	75	82	78	75	138	240	688	
Sandy Dowell	20	1929	GEN16	RR3320	75	80	80	78	138	238	689	
Michael Stainer	20	1929	GEN18	UU7871	68	65	65	70	135	230	633	
Digby & Margery Wills	20/25	1932	GBT81	GX66	90	90	83	88	141	240	732	
John & Lois Zimble	20/25	1934	GFE14	CYF23	85	85	60	75	130	235	670	
Geoffrey & Betty Price	20/25	1936	GTK25	WS8586	72	75	70	75	136	232	660	
Ron & Muriel Skerman	20/25	1936	GWN38	DUF280	82	89	81	88	145	240	725	
Peregrine Heathcote	20/25	1938	GAR219	EYT363	75	82	70	78	130	238	673	
Gerald & Susan Bowser	25/30	1937	GMO40	OC7300	78	82	80	80	142	232	694	
Chris & Ann Curtis	SC	1957	SDD16	YKO1	75	80	75	75	140	240	685	

The following comments were made by the judge as to faults found in several cars:

1. Excessive slop on carburettor linkages.
2. Loose fanbelts.
3. Deterioration of rubber joints in water pump or dynamo drives.
4. Lack of apparent lubrication.

YORKSHIRE TOUR WITH IRISH GEORGIANS

27 – 31 May 1988

The Spring Bank Holiday weekend began with a longer-than-usual drive north, several of the party testing the Humber Suspension Bridge en route. We were delighted to be joined by Audrey and Lenox Jamieson from Edinburgh with their grey Silver Ghost tourer (68RM). Other cars in the party included Norman Gardner's Silver Ghost (7AU), the Taylor and Valentine New Phantoms (20TC & 1OR respectively), the O'Dowd's PII (98GN) and 20/25s of the Wills, Prices and Wilkins.

Our expedition provided transport for members of the Irish Georgian Society's tour of country houses. Accommodation was arranged by Nicholas Thompson of the IGS who had divided the party into two groups, with half the party staying in the Worsley Arms Hotel in the village of Hovingham, and the remainder in the splendid Georgian Bransby Hall of Henry Scrope, a member of the IGS.

On Saturday morning, the whole party assembled around the Worsley Arms to receive our orders from John Redmill of the IGS. Not only had he prepared a full illustrated set of notes on each house we were to visit but each driver was issued with a detailed set of instructions so that we no longer had any excuse for getting lost.

The first house we visited was **Ebberston Hall** which was also the smallest, giving the appearance as we arrived of having only one storey, and that with only one room each side of the front door. Once inside, we found we were on the first floor, with a ground floor at the back, overlooking a formal canal which survives from the original cascade of fountains which extended down a dale towards the house, to disappear via a cascade and reappear at the front of the house. Designed by Colin Campbell, the interior is lavishly fitted out with classical pilasters and moulding.

We then drove to **Settington House** which had been a three-storey rectangular stone block, but like several of the houses we were to visit, had suffered by fire and had been reduced, to the designs of Francis Johnson who was present to show us the changes he had made, to an almost pyramidal shape, still a large house but more manageable.

Next we visited **Sledmore House** for lunch. Largely designed by its amateur architect owner Sir Christopher Sykes in the 1780's, the house was damaged by fire in 1911 but restored. Especially memorable was the vast library on the first floor, on the scale of the Baths of Cara Calla and Diocletian in Rome.

Thence to the grandest palazzo of the tour, **Castle Howard**, also known as Brideshead. Having parked our cars around the lawn in the front courtyard, we entered the house and climbed the monumental staircase, witnessing your correspondent's mother, Lady Freda, ascending on a stairlift rack and pinion railway operated by the Hon Simon Howard, who then gave us a detailed guided tour, including the great hall, 70ft high and 52ft square under the dome, restored after a serious fire in 1940.

The day's tour concluded with a tour of **Sutton Park**, relatively plain brick outside, but with fine rococo plasterwork within. After drinks in the evening sunlight in

the formal gardens planted by the present owner, a light supper was served in the tea-shack (architect unrecorded).

On Sunday morning we assembled at Bransby Hall and drove first to **Rokeby Park**, formerly home of the Rokeby Venus by Velasquez, now in the National Gallery. A copy hangs in its place "exalted over my chimney piece — to a considerable height so that the ladies may avert their downcast eyes without difficulty and connoisseurs steal a glance without drawing in the said posterior as part of the company."

After lunch we were most kindly received by the Marchioness of Zetland who showed us round her house **Aske Hall**, which grew from a fifteenth century peel-tower via additions by Carr of York and remodelling in 1963.

Afternoon tea was at **Arnccliffe Hall**, again by Carr of York and again with magnificent plasterwork, the ceiling of the staircase hall featuring a voluptuous figure of Plenty.

And so to the last house of the day, **Allerton Park**. Our instructions told us to continue straight ahead at a T-junction, so across the grass we drove to find the drive leading to our parking area clearly labelled "Rolls-Royce Parking Only", in front of the Puginesque Gothic Mansion. At the front door we were welcomed by a piper in Highland dress. Inside, the house is monumental — arriving on the first floor, you feel that you are on the ground floor of a gothic cathedral. The owner, Dr Gerald Rolph is restoring the house most spectacularly and painstakingly, and between tours of the house entertained us to a lavish feast for dinner in a room which was starting to be decorated in a manner to rival Henry VIII's chapel in Westminster.

On Monday 30th, we started at many-gabled **Norton Conyers**, possibly the model on which Thornfield Hall in Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre" was based, with great hall and oak staircase. Then on to **Ribston Hall** — fifteen bays or windows long — stables and great "Harlequin" saloon by Carr of York and lunch (picnic) by Janet Valentine.

Thence to **Stockeld Park** by James Paine, with its elliptically spiral staircase swirling up to the roof. After a hurried tea, we headed towards York to be most kindly welcomed by His Grace the Archbishop of York. Dr Hapgood showed us round, not only the various parts of the palace dating from all periods up to Gothic, but also the extensive grounds and walks along the river bank.

We then returned to **Hovingham Hall** for dinner and a tour of the house, which was designed by Thomas Worsley and is entered through a covered riding school.

Our last day, Tuesday 31st, started at **Aldby Park**, once home of the "Darley Arabian", one of the three arab stallions from which all thoroughbred racehorses descend. His portrait hangs in the hall.

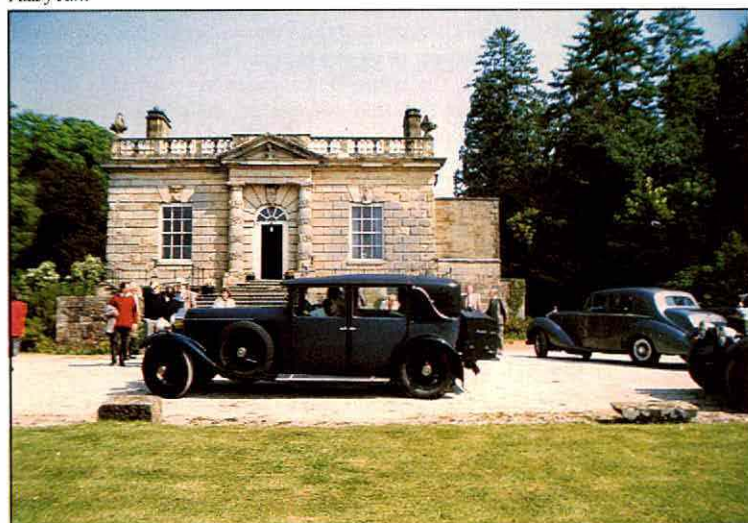
Then we headed for **Newburgh Priory** which offered architecture from all periods and possibly contains Oliver Cromwell's remains in the attics. After lunch in the great kitchen hall, Geoffrey Price presented John Redmill with a token of our appreciation of his organisation. We then explored the grounds and Japanese woodland gardens before returning to Bransby Hall and a sumptuous final tea before we dispersed.

We are most grateful to John Redmill and Nicholas Thompson for allowing us to participate in this tour.

Jimmy Valentine



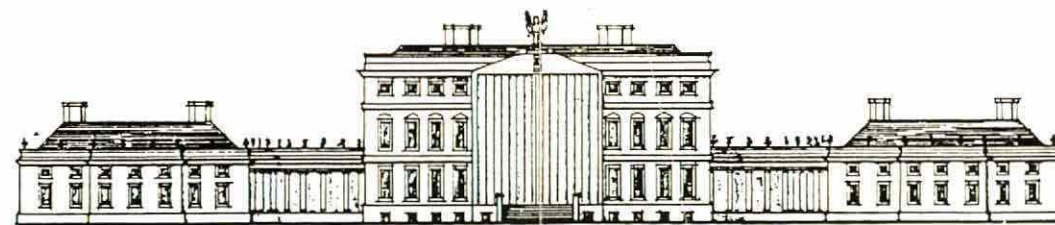
Aldby Park



Ebberston Hall and New Phantom compared



Bishops Thorpe Palace



Irish Georgian Yorkshire Tour 1988 Picture Record



Allerton Park



Arncliffe Hall

Photographs — Janet Valentine



Aske Hall



Castle Howard



At Arncliffe Hall

THE AUSTRALIAN BICENTENNIAL CASTROL WORLD RALLY 1988

What was billed in 1984 as the 1988 FIVA Rally eventually became the "Australian Bicentennial Castrol World Rally", with starts from each of the state capitals converging on 15th and 16th March on Canberra for a further five days of activities.

The original starts from Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Hobart became seven with the addition of Perth and Darwin, with eight and fifteen days respectively to join the Adelaide starters.

Rally Executive Director, Ian Irwin of Canberra, also a 20-Ghost member, took time off from his full-time job and his part-time job of restoring his 1910 Silver Ghost (1404), to organise this, the world's largest ever vintage car rally, with nearly 1200 cars finally arriving in Canberra.

The 20-Ghost Club must have had a larger proportion of its members involved in this event than any other Club in the world. Seven members shipped cars from UK (albeit not all RRs) and others from UK and USA borrowed cars in Australia. All of our Australian members, old and new, were involved, most with their cars, and the Rolls-Royce marque day in Canberra was attended by more than two dozen Silver Ghosts and many other vintage Rolls-Royce cars. Many new members have joined the Club and we hope they will be able to participate in our activities — particularly our overseas ones.

The different and diverse routes provided many different motoring adventures. Four of the sagas are told in the following pages, covering the Sydney, Adelaide, Perth and Darwin legs of this great rally.

Perth Rally

Bryan and Mary Goodman spent a week in Perth, Western Australia, prior to the rally, and accompanied us in a publicity run to the port of Fremantle on a very hot day in our 1921 Silver Ghost Cunard Tourer (65UE).

February 28th was the big day where the mob were hooted off by the Governor, Professor Gordon Reed, at the Classic Car Show of the combined Car Clubs Association. This was a show of some 450 cars to which the Governor motored in his Phantom VI.

The Perth contingent comprised of 25 cars and a Model A truck with a speed of 25 mph. The Rolls-Royce cars were the 1914 Alpine Eagle (12RB) of Lord Montagu with Prince Michael of Kent as co-driver, our 1921 Ghost, a 1927 Phantom I Ascot Tourer (48UF) and the first Phantom II delivered in Australia (61WJ), dating from 1929. The oldest car was a 1913 Studebaker. Other Brits included Bernard and Simon Parris (Hispano H6) from Tonbridge and the Weeks family from Billerica in their Bentley Speed 6. An hour before the start the PI radiator sprang a serious leak which was finally fixed by means of a rubber-backed washer either side and a bolt through the tube — perfect.

At noon we headed off up the long hill onto the plateau to Canberra and the hill proved very hard work for several cars in the frightful heat which was really a pleasant 38° compared with what was ahead in the next four days.

We stopped at Merriden the first night where on a rough check I estimated I was doing 8 mpg — daunting when we had about 3,500 miles to go! The PI had bad fuel troubles (twin electric pumps) and the PII overheated badly. I must explain its owner, having only recently bought the car and finding the engine a little too tired for this epic run, borrowed the engine from Val Keogh, the "other half" of the PI couple who took delivery of her new PII from the USA one week before. Though this car ran well it had not been used for many years and so, in the heat, the years of sitting idle meant a repeatedly blocked core.

The next morning tea stop was at the property of a local farmer who proudly showed us his collection of cars and agricultural machinery which included World War II tanks. These were used for clearing the bush by being driven parallel with a heavy chain slung between them — expensive to run but cheap to buy and most efficient at the job.

65UE felt better the hotter the weather became. We had to stop regularly to release the air pressure — not a problem many Ghost owners have! Vapourisation was a problem for

most. It was an amazing sound to hear the petrol boil up in all the carburettors as the cars stopped for a rest. 65UE did not suffer this malady at all and it may be because, on the advice of an old bushman I added half a litre of diesel to each tank of petrol.

We drove into the old ghost mining town of Coolgardie at 6 p.m. and stopped for a beer. The ambient temperature was 48° celsius. We were told by the local policeman that it had been 56° out on the road — it felt something like that! My wife Breda made up balaclavas from T-shirt material and with long sleeves, gloves and good goggles we were very comfortable. She also had a squeeze bottle of water to spray on the balaclavas and we had salt drinks regularly.

We all overnighted in Kalgoorlie where the PI fitted all new fuel lines and the PII removed the radiator and back flushed again and again. 65UE was now performing better than it ever had in my ownership, with fuel consumption now up to 12-14 mpg. Obviously it just needed a decent run.

Day three had Breda driving out to Kambalda, of nickel mining fame, and on to Norseman. This is all mining country — slag heaps, holes and beautiful salt flats. As Breda has a lead foot we were cruising comfortably at over 60 mph all day — we had never driven over 55 mph before and felt happier at 40 in the past. On this day, whilst standing having a morning coffee, someone said to me not to move, whereupon I had a good view of a snake sliding over my feet. As I looked at it I wondered if the Flying Doctor aircraft could land on this stretch of road. As it was the famous "90 Mile Straight" I guess it would have been possible!

The group left Baledonia for Cocklebidy on the fourth morning where the temperature cooled dramatically but the wind from the roaring forties would carry you away — not to mention the sand and dust. It attempted to sand blast the paint and glass. We were covering about 300 miles per day.

Ian Irwin, the National Rally Director, drove 65UE from Cocklebidy to Eucla and I took the opportunity to take some good action photography, as there was a long section with fierce wind. No RR shots, as the two Phantoms were left behind in Kalgoorlie but caught up with us at Eucla after a non-stop run of 600 miles. My minor hiccup was a dry clutch thrust bearing, and a little oil cured that.

The border from West Australia to South Australia was crossed the next morning and we stopped off to view the magnificent cliffs of the Australian Bight. The Studebaker, which had an 80 mile fuel range, attempted to replenish at this stop and it proved impossible to pour the petrol into the tank in the gale. A photo session of the Rolls-Royce cars at Nullarbor Station passed the time for half an hour, while

some of us took a scenic flight along the cliffs. The Nullarbor Plain means treeless plain and it is just that — and occupies the southern centre of Australia from the coast northwards — desolate in the extreme.

The first rest day was at Ceduna where all the Rolls-Royce cars had an oil change and the fabric-roofed PII saloon had its ripped roof sewn back on after the pressure from an on-coming road-train blew it wide open. We had to lean firmly on each side of our two-piece windscreen to keep it from being blown into the car and the arm of the wiper was bent right over the screen, but the car itself was perfectly stable in these conditions with the wind head on at about a 30 degree angle from the right. The other tourers roped their hoods to the chassis. Our ghost always kept its hood neatly folded under the tonneau for the entire trip, the Speed Six being the only other to do so.

In Ceduna we pressure cleaned our steeds and later discovered that the water was salt that one episode left its mark on the nickel, unfortunately. We participated in a local car display and had a guided tour of the earth satellite station where all international phone calls, television, etc arrive in Australia.

The next night we met the Darwin contingent who had had a fabulous trip with some very interesting vehicles.

Apart from the first day, fuel consumption ranged from about 10 mpg at over 60 mph to about 15 mpg at more reasonable speeds, and twelve litres of oil including one complete change halfway through. I sucked about one pint of oil out of the differential and splashed probably half as much again out of the overflow pipes all that oiling over the years caught up with me! The front exhaust manifold downpipe became noisy and the main bearing in the magneto got a little warm, so I disconnected it for safety towards the end of the trip.

Jeremy Greene



Beware of camels, wombats and kangaroos

Adelaide Rally

We left England on a chilly Sunday evening in February 1988. We chose the Adelaide Rally as we have relatives in Valley View, a small town near Adelaide, but actually flew into Melbourne to collect the car and visit other relatives and friends first.

The day after we arrived in Melbourne we collected our Phantom I (10UMC) from the docks. No problems here, and she started first time on the button, thanks, no doubt, to Brian's endless hours spent in the garage. We left Melbourne after spending four days at Blairgowrie on the Mornington Peninsula and crossed Port Phillip Bay by the ferry which runs from Portsea to Queenscliff, taking just half an hour. This saved us quite a lot of mileage by not having to travel up the peninsula and into Melbourne itself. The journey to Adelaide took us just over three days, travelling by the coast road which is called the Great Ocean Road or Princes Highway, and was built in memory of the Australians killed in the First World War. This is one of Australia's most spectacular highways, and it was along this quiet road that we saw some of the most dramatic and beautiful scenery during our stay in Australia, consisting of sheer cliffs and wild seas.

Our first overnight stop was at Warnambool, where we managed to obtain the regulation digger hats (minus the corks!) to keep off the hot sun, then on towards Mount Gambier, passing through the Port Campbell National Park, where we saw what is known as the Twelve Apostles — twelve rock formations jutting out of the sea. Mount Gambier is famous for its Blue Lake, which apparently mysteriously changes colour for no known reason, from a very light blue to almost black. Our next night was spent at Kingston, a fishing town renowned for its lobsters, and we then travelled on to Adelaide, passing through the Coorong National Park which was rather flat, with the wild countryside supporting much wildlife.

We arrived in Adelaide late on the Thursday afternoon to the welcome of our other relatives, and spent five days here visiting places of interest in and around Adelaide, also meeting our great friends the Laybournes, who had flown direct to Adelaide. We all visited the Birdwood Motor Museum, where needless to say the men became very engrossed. On instructions from our younger son we visited an Australian trout farm, and followed this with a visit to Port Adelaide which Brian visited many years ago when in the Navy, then saw the Australian Bicentennial Exhibition.

We also visited the South Australian Car Club headquarters where we were introduced to many people and made to feel very welcome. We visited Helen Heathcote who now lives in Adelaide and who would be remembered by many members of the 20-Ghost Club. We attended the Lord Mayor's Garden Party on the Tuesday, to which Helen also came, thoroughly enjoying herself, complete with appropriate hat for the occasion.

Wednesday dawned and we all assembled at the Torrens Parade Ground in Adelaide, together with the entrants from Perth and Darwin, for the great send-off by His Excellency The Governor of South Australia, then we were on our way, en route for Canberra. The entrants from Perth and Darwin, who were travelling to Canberra via a different route, left the city in a different direction.

The journey to Canberra took us about six days, a distance of over 800 miles. The hospitality of the Australian people en route was marvellous, with lots of functions laid on such as morning or afternoon teas and warm welcomes from school children and old peoples' homes.

Our route took us through the Barossa Valley, one of

Australia's most famous wine producing regions, following the Murray River and passing through Renmark and Mildura which were our first two nights stops. We then journeyed on to Swan Hill, travelling along a very hot, windy and dusty road. At Swan Hill we all enjoyed a barbecue in the evening then visited a son et lumiere at the Pioneer Settlement, which gave us a very good idea of what life was like in Australia many years ago. The next night was spent at historic Echuca, one of Australia's earliest inland ports, on which the book "All The Rivers Run" was based. We spent an enjoyable afternoon with the Laybourns, cruising up the Murray on the old paddle steamer which was featured in the book. On leaving Echuca we motored through Yarrawonga then Holbrook, meeting the NSW veteran cars at Gundagai, where we were pleased to see John Zimble in his 1910 Lanchester and to spend some time chatting and comparing experiences of the trip so far.

We eventually reached Canberra, checked in at the Rally Headquarters, then settled into our hotel ready to enjoy our few days in Canberra. Here once again there was a great deal going on, with many events to celebrate the Australian Bicentennial. We visited the new Parliament House which was to be officially opened by the Queen in May, the Australian War Memorial and many places of interest. We also had a trip with John Lucas and Rory Poland up to the

Telecom Tower which rises 195 metres above the summit of Black Mountain, and which centralises Canberra's television and radio facilities. At the top of the tower are public viewing galleries which give fantastic views of Canberra and the surrounding countryside for miles around. Another highlight was the Garden Party which had been arranged for the English participants by the Governor General of Australia at Government House. Here we met Prince Michael of Kent, and were also shown around the house and gardens.

Our final full day in Canberra was spent with all the Rally entrants congregating at the Natex Centre for the public exhibition of the cars, and in the evening we attended the Gala Ball. Our friend from Adelaide, Eric Rainsford, was awarded a pewter wombat for having the most desirable car in the Rally, a beautiful 1912 Silver Ghost (1997).

It was with great reluctance that we said our farewells to all the new friends we had made on the Rally, and the following day we departed our separate ways and headed towards Sydney via Bateman's Bay, once again a scenic coastal route. It was from Sydney that we had arranged to have our car shipped home, and after spending four days in and around Sydney, we headed for home via Fiji, Honolulu and San Francisco, completing what was for us a Rally of a lifetime.

Jo Wootton

Sydney Rally

The Rally Executive Director, Ian Irwin, had visited us in Reigate in 1986 and persuaded us to enter the 1908 Hutton starting from Sydney. I took it to Barking on 4th January 1988, where it joined two Bentleys and the four other 20-Ghost members shipping cars at the same time, John Donner with PII (47MW), Jack Woolley with Silver Ghost (1905E), Brian Wootton with PI (10UMC), and John Zimble with his 1910 Lanchester.

Six weeks later, Mary and I arrived in Perth where we rode in a pre-rally parade with Jeremy and Breda Greene in their Silver Ghost (65UE). When we arrived in Sydney we learned that the Hutton had been driven away from the docks so at least it was still a runner! It had travelled well in its container and was scarcely dirty. I had to clean the float chamber in the dark basement garage of a smart hotel in Sydney and we were set for the rally, which started with a display in Macquarie Street, Sydney, on Sunday, giving us then a free day before the real start from Parramatta Park about 20 miles west. It was here that we received our rally numbers, brief instructions and an awakening as to how informal it was all to be.

There were 350 cars out of Sydney (with no list I could not check this nor the number of non-starters). Apart from the enormous number of American cars (Fords T and A, Dodge, Buick, Chevrolet, Hupp, Cadillac, Hudson, etc) there was a galaxy (no pun intended) of Europeans. There was the Rally Director's 1914 de Dion V8, a number of Edwardian Wolseleys, Talbots, Humbers and Austins, Vauxhalls both Edwardian and vintage and examples of Ceirano, Armstrong Whitworth, F.N., Argyll, Metallurgique, Stutz and so many more, none of which had I ever seen before.

Mercedes Benz gave considerable sponsorship and a

replica 1886 Benz was driven over the start line. The company had entered a 1913 Benz which performed very lethargically even though closely pursued by two brand new Mercedes containing white-overalled attendants. Apart from two Cadillacs of 1903 and 1906 there were no other following cars with trailers. A 1902 Crestmobile which was only driven in the towns I discount. Apparently it is normal for Australians on touring rallies to tow light baggage trailers behind their competing cars but this was not allowed for their International.

That first day we drove to Katoomba in the Blue Mountains, then to Bathurst, Orange, Parkes, Young and Wagga Wagga for the subsequent nights. Leaving Katoomba we realised why there were no detailed road instructions. There was only the one road and morning tea or lunch was probably the next place on the map. We have memories of open country roads with fairly good surfaces and up to 50 miles between small towns. The Australians had had an exceptionally dry summer so the countryside was burnt dry with only the gum trees adding a grey-green colour, except when parrots flew across our path.

Our first day's drive into the Blue Mountains confirmed my fears that we had a slipping clutch. This we fixed next morning by packing the three coil springs with five cent pieces that Mary begged from some of our new Australian friends. Apart from a puncture later in the Rally the car then ran beautifully.

Each afternoon we arrived quite informally to find our motel. On some days there were lunches organised and on some evenings dinners, receptions or, as at Bathurst, an evening at the trots. Most entertaining — trotting races! Throughout the Rally Tom Threlfall complained not only that the hood of his borrowed Model A Ford could not be lowered, but that as a VCC man, I was probably lost without a tender car and trailer. I met him at the trotting evening and recommended he put his money on the starter's horse as it was the only one on the course not towing a trailer.

Although the foreign cars had to have local registration (which includes third party insurance) we were licensed using the car's home licence plate numbers, so did not need new plates. There were over 150 makes of vehicle on the Rally which included motorcycles and a few commercial vehicles. About a dozen cars went from the UK. There was a big contingent from New Zealand and others from Italy, Papua New Guinea, USA, Norway, Denmark and Hong

Kong. There was a Lancia Lambda from Japan, whose collector owner had never been allowed to drive it. Hearsay has it that it went better after a sump full of flushing oil had been changed, but my amusement came on hearing an Australian with a loud hailer calling to Mrs Japanese one morning to "Hully, hully" to her car!

The various legs of the Rally arrived in Canberra over two days and it was then that we received the programme and lists of runners.

Canberra is a motorist's city of wide boulevards well laid out. It is not the Australians' favourite place as 80% of its population are state employed and it is therefore assumed to be a burden on the economy of the rest of the country. Our hotel overlooked a cross-roads and for five days and nights I do not think it would have been possible not to see a veteran or vintage car from our window.

On the afternoon following our arrival in Canberra, the British contingent (there were a number in borrowed cars) went to a reception at the Governor General's House at which Prince Michael received us with Sir Stephen and Lady Ninian.

Friday in Canberra was "Marque Day". There was a choice of 18 events from single makes (eg. Hupmobile, Vauxhall, Buick, Packard, STD) to "Continental vintage", "motor cycles", etc. Our car was made in Acton but we went in it to the Rolls-Royce event. It was as well that we had many friends there, as the Hutton was definitely beneath the dignity of some participants. There was a fine line in Edwardian Ghosts, all except Jack Woolley's contemporary tourer being replicas.

Next day was the Public Display at Canberra's National Exhibition Centre. It was a great sight to see the Arena containing some 1200 pre-1931 vehicles. They segregated the American cars (well over half) from the rest, but "the rest" were not in any order except for at least fifteen Crossleys which created their own lines. I persuaded a Silver Ghost owner's wife that she would like to take my place for a boat trip on Lake Burley Griffin with Mary that morning so that I could carry out a proper inspection of this wealth of "new" cars.

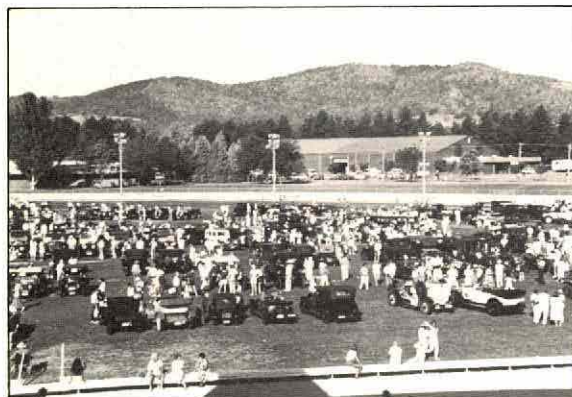
All Australian cars seem to be spray painted which immediately gives an odd look to veterans. All cars with hoods seemed to have them erected at all times: Sidescreens too if they had them. Only mad dogs and Englishmen drove in the midday sun!

On Sunday morning the closing ceremony was attended by comparatively few participants. Apart from a prize for an Italian who had flown his car to Australia, all the awards were for the Concours. There was no competition and so no winners for the road event, which had entailed over three weeks motoring for some participants.

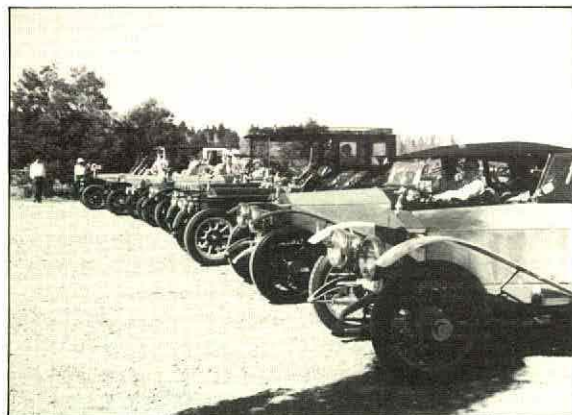
And so for us it was perhaps to the best drive of the trip. Canberra to Sydney is 200 miles over good roads with little traffic. The Rally was over, the car was running beautifully. We had had a wonderful time and met so many new friends and were on our way to stay with one or two of them for a few days before heading home.

This was the first time over the Equator for Mary and me but we certainly hope to go to Australia again.

Bryan K. Goodman



National Exhibition Centre, Canberra



Veteran Ghost lineup on Marque Day



20-Ghost Members in Sydney. From left, Bryan Goodman, Malcolm Johns, John Zimble, Bryan Inder, Gilbert Ashby, Jack Woolley. Kneeling - Jeremy Greene

Darwin Rally

"The Territory Connection", from Darwin to Adelaide and thence to Canberra, was the most ambitious of all the routes to the capital.

Our Silver Ghost Tourer (100HG), and two English Vauxhall 30/98s were shipped from Tilbury to Melbourne in mid-December 1987 and thence taken overland, courtesy TNT Car Transport, all the way to Darwin.

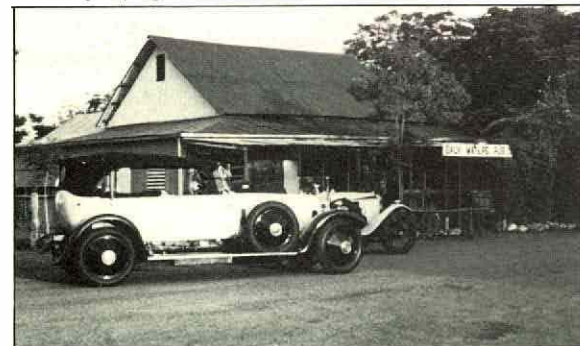
Immediately on our arrival by air in Darwin, it was obvious that "The Territory" was a very different part of Australia from the south-eastern areas more familiar to us and to most of the Australians on the rally. Firstly, Darwin is in a tropical jungle region. Secondly, this was the wet season. Hot and steamy, with frequent rumbles of thunder and periodic downpours, the wet season was going about its business.

Before the rally commenced, we were able to spend 2 days in Kakadu National Park, a vast 12,600 square kilometre area about 200 kilometres east of Darwin. Recently placed on the World Heritage List, this vast landscape contains a large flood plain which in this, the wet season, it was possible to travel on by boat, to observe some of the rich wildlife consisting of many varieties of flowers and birds plus lizards and crocodiles. Ancient rock paintings in other parts of the park made this a marvellous start to our rally.

The next few days were spent in Darwin cleaning our cars of the red dust deposited on them during their journey from the south, and partaking in various activities in the city, then we were ready for our journey to commence.

As was to happen on many more days, we arose in the dark and were ready to leave at dawn. In the hot humid half-light, with the Darwin City Band playing and many residents along the roadside to cheer us on our way, our band of adventurers set off southwards down the Stuart Highway. Our procession consisted of 28 vintage cars, 2 vintage motor-cycles and a vintage combination side-car, plus a variety of other vehicles including 6 or 7 army support vehicles and other interesting cars belonging to locals who were travelling with us for the day. In addition, we had a TV crew travelling with us all the way to Adelaide, providing breakfast time news coverage of our adventures.

The star of our group was the 1908 Talbot, the original car to have made the journey back in 1908 from Adelaide to Darwin before a road existed, following the route of the telegraph line — a route which the modern road still follows. Accompanying our 1922 Silver Ghost was the fine 1912



Daly Waters Pub — A welcome oasis

Silver Ghost (1958) belonging to Jim & Valmai Weir of Sydney. Other marques represented included Ford (Models A and T), Flint, Packard, Cadillac, Alvis, Fiat, Whippet, Hispano-Suiza, Bugatti, Bentley, plus a host of Vauxhalls ranging from a Prince Henry to some 30/98s, and an MAB — an Edwardian mammoth powered by a 1917 Liberty aircraft engine of 27 litres.

At a pre-rally briefing, the Northern Territory Police had outlined some particular hazards of driving in the outback. The weather, the road conditions, driver health and road trains. These huge vehicles are about 50 metres long and consist of a traction unit and 3 very large trailers, and when encountered need to be treated with very great care. There is no speed limit in the Northern Territory and these monsters go very fast.

We soon encountered our first road train. Surprisingly it was going slowly up a hill in the same direction as ourselves and on the wide smooth road we swept past it in style and safety. It was the only road train we were to overtake on the entire journey.

Our breakfast stop on this first morning was at Batchelor, a mining town about 100 kilometres from Darwin and here we were to experience the first of the many examples of the wonderful hospitality of all the little towns down "the track". The locals cooked us breakfast, then looked over our cars before we set off again in the heat of the morning for our next port of call — Adelaide River. Here a beautifully maintained World War II Memorial Cemetery is a reminder that the "Top End" of the Northern Territory suffered from substantial bombing by the Japanese who had planned to invade Australia from the north. We had planned to attend a simple ceremony here, which turned into a very poignant moment when one of our party discovered that his father, lost in action on a mission north of Darwin during the war and thus with no known grave, was listed on the main memorial in the cemetery.

Our subdued group set off across the rain swollen Adelaide River, now bridged by a high level bridge as well as a low level one, so that road closures in the rainy season are now rare. In the midday heat through the lush green jungle growth with its numerous termite mounds we headed for our lunch stop at Pine Creek, over 100 kilometres away.

This tiny historic gold mining township, with its many relics of a busier, more prosperous time, gave us yet another splendid welcome and lunch in their small but interesting museum. We finally took our leave for yet another hot



driving session to the town of Katherine and our overnight base.

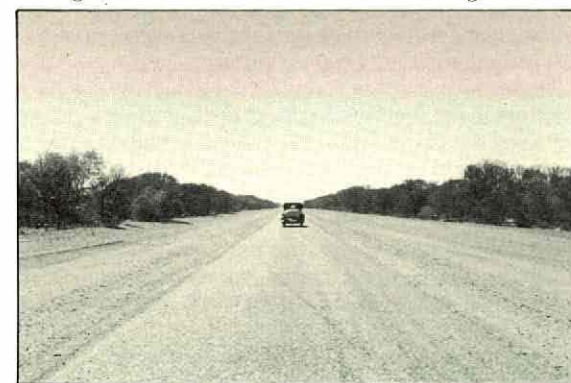
Before nightfall we had a chance to visit the famous Katherine Gorge and take a boat ride through some of the rock canyons before walking alongside a small stream to a large waterfall and the chance of a very refreshing swim on this hot tropical evening. We were assured that the waterfall pool had no crocodiles in it!

Darkness comes early and quickly in the tropics and night had arrived before we returned to the floodlit sports ground in Katherine to set up camp. The army provided camp beds and sleeping bags. After erecting our own beds we then had the option of sleeping out under the stars or under canvas awnings. Those who chose wisely and slept under the awnings stayed dry when the thunderstorms which had rattled all around the area finally descended upon us in the middle of the night, forcing those in the open to arise, take up their beds and walk to shelter!

Dawn was fine but humid as we set off for Mataranka, the heart of the country immortalised in the book "We of the Never-Never", written by Jeannie Gunn in 1902. The wife of the manager of the Elsey cattle station, she was the first European woman to come into the area in the days when the railway went from Darwin to Pine Creek and there were no roads.

When we reached Mataranka township, we were entertained to morning tea, then collected up the local children in our cars and drove them the 10 kilometres to the Mataranka thermal pool, surrounded by lush tropical rainforest which provided some welcome shade. If one ever sought a tropical paradise, this must be the place. We lunched nearby, alongside the reconstructed Gunn homestead, used in a recent film of the book, then transported our charges another 25 kilometres to the graves of the pioneers of the Elsey station. After walking around this historic site, the children presented each driver with a copy of the book "We of the Never-Never", yet another example of the wonderful hospitality we encountered. One of our small passengers was so enthralled by his ride in our car that he was overheard saying to his mum "this car is so big you can get lost in it".

On, then, in the intense afternoon heat to the next watering hole, the old Larrimah Hotel. Another chance to meet some colourful locals and experience a little of the outback sense of humour. Outside the hotel was a small puddle, all of 2 metres across, with a large pink panther fishing in it! The hotel also offers to sell fishing licenses to



The long hot dusty road to Alice Springs

passing travellers.

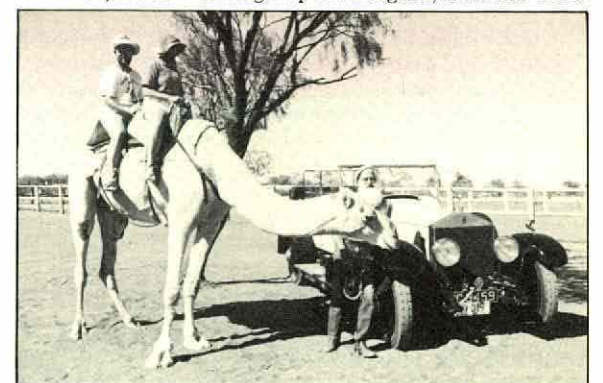
Well refreshed, we headed off in the late afternoon sun for Daly Waters, once a major junction of the early air routes of the 1920s, twenty years before the Stuart Highway was built. Here was yet another Outback pub reeking with character and characters which provided a memorable evening. The sign outside the pub says "Daly Waters Pub — Australia's Oldest Licensed Public House — Established 1893". It seems that all the earlier licenses were hotel licenses and Daly Waters has pub license number 1. Another quirk of the Outback.

Day 3, and after a pre-dawn breakfast we set off in the cool of the early morning. We had now driven out of the very humid areas into the drier regions where at sunrise the temperature was relatively pleasant. Our relief at this variation was short-lived, however, as the temperature rose steadily so that by 9 a.m. it was very hot and continued rising dramatically over the next couple of hours until it reached well over 40° celsius! And such it was to be for the remainder of our journeying in the Northern Territory and into South Australia, with the temperature exceeding 46° celsius on some of the days!

In these extreme temperatures, long distance driving became something of an endurance test for both car and passengers. We would drive with the hood down in the early morning and put it up in mid-morning to provide some shade for the remainder of the day. The split windscreen proved a godsend, being opened horizontally to let a substantial breeze blow through when on the move. We draped wet towels around our necks and inside our shirts to provide an effective form of air conditioning and we stopped at frequent intervals to change drivers and partake of the iced water which we carried to ensure that our fluid intake reached 4 litres per day — the minimum needed just to stave off dehydration!

The pubs helped provide the remainder of the fluid intake, but as we progressed further south towards Alice Springs the distances between pub or road house gradually increased to more than 150 kilometres. On one such bleak stretch we called into Banka Banka, the only homestead built right beside the Stuart Highway. Never has ice cold water ever tasted so good or been so refreshing.

Whilst here, we were told of a water-hole a short distance down the road. Although the river had long since ceased to flow, there was indeed a water hole and we took the opportunity for a swim, accompanied, as we discovered, by the local yabbies — not a group of hooligans, but fresh-water



Camel Farm near Alice Springs

crayfish which nibbled our toes as we bathed!

Apart from a few narrow sections of road and the occasional section of road works where a dusty temporary road needed to be traversed, the road condition was generally superb with a wide smooth two-lane tarred highway which never melted even in the extreme temperatures to which we were subjected.

To prevent the car from boiling in the intense heat we frequently ran on the governor, which on the Ghost allows us to cruise at around 40 mph and thus maintain a steady pace with the engine temperature staying at a constant 95-96°C but never boiling — and able to cruise at that pace for long periods.

The distances and the temperatures were not without their toll on some of the vehicles, usually those not sufficiently well prepared for a real endurance run. But with assistance from the mechanics both in the rally and with the army all the vehicles were kept mobile, even if some were carried on the transporter for a day or two so that they could keep up with the main party, attending to running repairs and the occasional clutch or complete engine rebuild in the cool at the end of the day. The locals, as ever, were also extremely helpful and sometimes were able to locate old clutches or other stray spares to help some of the more vulnerable vehicles. On more than one instance, parts were given to a passing coach or road train to take to either Darwin or Alice Springs for repair or to use as a model for re-casting. The repaired or renewed part appeared within a miraculously short time. Such was the trust and co-operation in this pioneer part of Australia.



Border of Northern Territory and South Australia. Only another 1250 kilometres to Adelaide

Another feature of outback Australia is the flies. They followed us faithfully wherever we went. At least there were some good repellents available which differentiated us from the locals who disdained to use such things.

The further south we went the more the vegetation changed, as well as (or because of) the climate. By the fourth day, trees were a rarity. Those which managed to grow were usually small and stunted. Vegetation became more sparse and mostly scrub — the predominant feature in the hot arid land was the red red soil. Even the termites, whose mounds were so common in the humid north had decided that this was not the place to live.

The most interesting feature of this region was a strange group of natural granite rock formations known as The Devils Marbles. These huge stones, up to six metres in diameter have been eroded into round marble shapes by the wind. Although they appear to be able to be pushed over at a touch they are actually still joined on to the rock below — or so we were told. We could not push them over, anyway.

The old main road went right through the middle of the 1800 hectare site of these thousands of strange rocks but a new road away from the area was almost ready for use. Our party was the first to use this new 20 kilometre deviation and thus avoid one of the roughest and most dangerous sections of the old narrow highway.

At Wauchope (pronounced walk-up!) Pub, our lunch stop a short distance past the marbles, we gave a ride down "the track" to the turn-off to their station to a family consisting of a mother and 4 of her 5 daughters, who had travelled many miles along dirt roads just to see the cars and to hopefully have a chance of a short ride. They were not disappointed as somehow they all managed to squeeze into the Ghost besides all the paraphernalia one travels with on an expedition such as this.

On our fifth day out from Darwin, we finally reached Alice Springs. After setting out from Ti-Tree, our overnight camping spot by the most central pub in Australia, we visited the tiny hamlet of Aileron, a name with obvious pioneer aeroplane connections, past Aborigines still living in their traditional bush hut "humpies" and along a long section of narrow unrebuilt road just wide enough for one road train, where it was necessary to maintain extreme vigilance and be prepared to pull well off the road if one of these giants appeared.

The Tropic of Capricorn was crossed a short distance north of Alice Springs, but on leaving the tropics the weather became even hotter and drier.

There was only a small pool at the original Alice Springs, the site of the terminus for the old telegraph line from Darwin, where the original stone buildings are now a fascinating museum recalling the heyday of the Telegraph Station.

The town is now situated a few miles south — a modern town in the middle of a desert. Here we changed from sleeping under the stars to a 5-star hotel. Quite a contrast! Our 3 day stay here gave us a chance to catch up on general maintenance and also to see some of the magnificent desert scenery in this "Red Centre" of Australia.

One of the highlights of our busy time in Alice was a visit to the School of the Air and a chance for some of us to broadcast to the children in the Outback to tell them some of our experiences. Other highlights included visits to the Flying Doctor headquarters and a superb art gallery with a 360 degree panoramic painting showing all the landmarks and main features in Central Australia. Our journeying to the Macdonnell Ranges took us to some interesting water holes suitable for swimming in — the last time we even saw any natural water until Port Augusta!

Departure from Alice Springs at daybreak saw us doing a brisk run in the cool morning air to the Camel Farm, about 100 kilometres to the south. This unique institution is run by Noel Fullerton, a colourful character even by Outback standards. A self confessed lover of Silver Ghosts, he was eager to pose by the car while we posed on one of his camels. His offer of a swap was politely declined. At the camel farm it is possible to have camel rides or to go on long safaris for a week or more right off the beaten track. Wild camels are caught, broken in and even exported to the Middle East!

A short distance past the camels was the turn-off to the Henbury meteorite craters. A slow rough dusty dirt road

took us the 13 kilometres to the twelve craters, formed thousands of years ago when a single meteor weighing several tonnes, and travelling through space at over 40,000 kilometres per hour, broke into fragments shortly before striking the earth. The minimal rainfall in this region has prevented the erosion of the craters which are up to 400 metres across.

The remainder of the days journey took us along the fine Lasseter Highway en route to Yulara and Ayers Rock. The fine new township of Yulara was in the middle of celebrating a 1920s week, to coincide with our visit. We drove into town in convoy, were given yet another official welcome on arrival, and had a variety of evening entertainments including a splendid 1920s ball.

But the highlight of this area is, of course, Ayers Rock. The world's largest monolith, it stands about 350 metres high, and is nearly 9 kilometres around its base. The rock has great religious and historical significance to the Aborigines and it has recently been returned to their ownership by the Government.

The rock was visible from our luxury hotel (no camping for us here) and during two full days here we walked up to the summit (if we were fit), drove around it, walked up to interesting features of it, photographed our cars by it and watched the sun set on it. We also visited The Olgas, another group of massive rocks about 30 kilometres from Ayers Rock, reached along a very rough red dirt road. In temperatures in the high 40s celsius we were grateful for the coach provided free by the Yulara Corporation. This can be a hostile land, and we were reminded that a tourist had died of dehydration at the Olgas only the previous week.

All good things must end, and we left Yulara at sunrise while the desert air was still crisp and fresh. The car also seemed to delight in the conditions as we covered the journey to Mount Ebenezer Roadhouse, almost 200 kilometres, in a bare 2 hours. When we left here after a mid-morning breakfast about an hour later the temperature had blasted up from mid 20s to mid 40s and we once again travelled on the governor at a more sedate pace.

This was our last evening in the Northern Territory at Kulgera, near the South Australia border. Here we were to say farewell to the army division which had escorted us from Darwin, and meet a new division who would see us to Adelaide.

Our large group camped near to where a noisy herd of cattle was being dustily loaded onto a road train. A number of the animals must have escaped in the darkness, for twice in the dead of night a small herd of cattle came through where we were sleeping under the stars. Fortunately no damage or injury resulted but we were rather lucky.

We had braced ourselves for even hotter weather in South Australia but a very strong wind had sprung up from the south west. Although we had to battle against this gusty 40 to 50 knot wind until Port Augusta it did provide a substantial cooling effect, and temperatures no higher than mid 30s seemed positively cool!

The distances between roadhouses in this region were now much further apart — sometimes over 250 kilometres, with no signs of civilisation in between. The strong winds increased our fuel consumption by as much as 20%, so with the odd extra side trip we found that we were close to



Mining operations near Coober Pedy



Beware!



Underground house at Coober Pedy

running on fresh air at one fuel stop.

One of our most abiding memories on this section was an outback station we visited, about 20 kilometres down a dirt track. They had had no rain of consequence for about five years, and the aridity of the entire place made us realise just how harsh a life it was.

Further down towards the south we came to the unique town of Coober Pedy. This must be the nearest equivalent to a 19th century gold rush town anywhere in the world. This region produces over 75% of the world's gem quality opals and the 35 different nationalities living here make this Australia's most cosmopolitan town.

Approaching this town from the red barren desert to the north must be similar to driving on the moon. Everywhere were shining white mounds of mining dumps about 5 metres high, with the wind blowing a dust like bushfire smoke from the places where active mining was taking place as we passed.

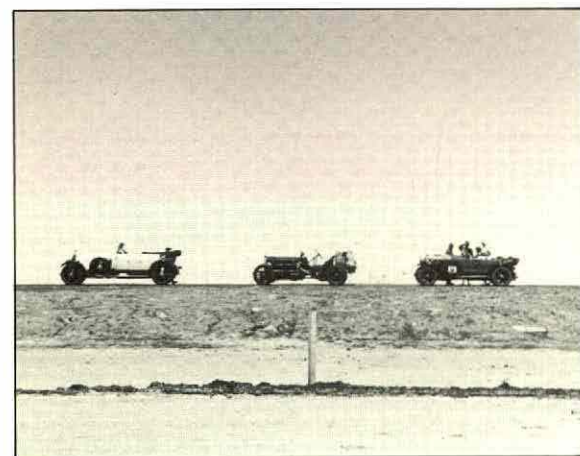
Everyone in the town is directly or indirectly involved in mining, all the stories are of those who "made it" and struck a fortune, and for everyone else, next week, or even tomorrow, might just be the day that they strike it big.

The summer temperatures in this Australian Klondike normally exceed a debilitating 50°C, and the miners long ago realised that their underground workings were considerably cooler than their houses. As a result, many of the people live underground and there are also underground churches, shops, pubs, museums and motels.

The entire town had a buzz about it, and the children especially were incredibly excited about our visit, as in this town where almost all thoughts are about opals we were their sole Bicentennial event.

The remainder of our journey across this flat featureless desert land took us to Woomera rocket testing range where an interesting museum showed the evolution of rockets and weapons which have been launched from this desert site since the 1950s. Then on past the salt lakes, whose glistening surfaces were similar to Lake Eyre, a short distance away, used in attempts on the land speed record.

At Port Augusta we met the intrepid travellers who had driven across the Nullarbor from Perth. We travelled with them for the remainder of the rally to Canberra.



Salt Lakes in South Australia

We were now back in civilisation and after a triumphant entry into Adelaide we said farewell to our army support group and now stayed in the relatively cramped luxury of motels.

As this was vintage time in Australia, our travels now included numerous detours to some of Australia's best wineries, as well as visiting a number of Victoria's early gold rush towns of which Bendigo and Beechworth were especially interesting.

This was followed by a very busy week in Canberra where so many activities were organised that we never had a spare moment. With about 1200 vintage cars in town, the sight of old cars driving down the wide streets of the capital at any hour of the day or night was always a pleasing sight.

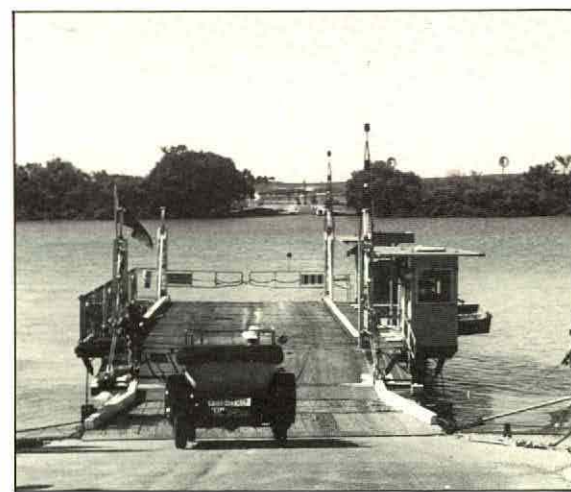
Finally it all came to an end, and we drove leisurely back to Melbourne over a couple of days, drove our car into a container, saw it sealed by the Customs Officer, then caught a taxi directly to the airport for our journey home.

Our 4600 mile Australian epic was at an end.

John L. Kennedy



A quieter Guildford!



Ferry across the Murray River

Channel Islands & Brittany Tour

Our tour commenced in mid-September 1988, when we set sail on the ferry from Weymouth for Guernsey, before meeting the remainder of the tour party in Jersey a few days later.

Guernsey is a pleasant, relatively uncommercialised island, with many beautiful bays and scenic spots and is also within a short distance of the smaller Channel Islands. We spent 3 days on the delightful island of Sark — possibly a unique place on a 20-Ghost tour as cars are not permitted on the island — not even Silver Ghosts! Pony and trap or cycle proved a sedate way to see this small but delightful island and experience a life-style from before the advent of the motor car.

During this time our Ghost was safely tucked away in a garage on Guernsey alongside a 1912 Ghost (1948) belonging to new members Tim & Pat Scott. Whilst on Guernsey we also visited James Fattorini and drove his 1908 Ghost (754). He is believed to be only the third owner of this car, originally sent to Australia, then returned for use on the front in the First War, and afterwards "modernised" for its second owner in the early 1920s.

We were also fortunate to see the Battle of Britain commemoration over St Peter Port Harbour, ranging from the evocative fly-past of Hurricane, Lancaster and Spitfire through to a Harrier display which was preceded by the Red Arrows. Very impressive from our harbour vantage point.

In the midst of some very fast machinery gathered in the harbour for the International Power Boat Championships, we set sail on the evening ferry to Jersey and met the remainder of the group who had arrived earlier in the day.

The many attractions for us to drive to down the narrow Jersey lanes included the Orchid Farm, Durrell's zoo, the German Underground Wartime Hospital and the famous Lalique glass church. On the Sunday we met the Jersey Old Car Club and went driving round the bays before ending up at the Windmill Pub. New members Paul and Bunny Roberts joined us in their 1924 Silver Ghost Tourer (82EM).

The summer weather of the Channel Islands was too good to last and our first day in Brittany turned out rather wet when we visited Mont St Michel. With the assistance of a specialist guide we were able to visit and explore the Abbey in detail, including the many areas not open to the public, including the roof tops and the crypt — altogether a rewarding if exhausting tour.

Fortunately the weather relented for our cross country journey next day to Lorient and Chateau de Locquenole. From this elegant base we were able to explore some of the many attractions of the region, including the old Port Louis nearby, the thousands of megaliths around Carnac, the Quiberon peninsula and the old world harbour of Auray, in the Morbihan Gulf. Lunch in the seafood restaurants in the area was, naturally, superb.

After a few days of eating and exploration on Southern Brittany we headed back to the northern coast again, to Chateau Hotel de Coatguelen, near Lanvollon, about halfway between St Malo and Roscoff. This was another ideal base to meander from for a few more days, visiting the rugged coastline and the tiny inland villages along the

narrow country lanes. On more than one occasion, when in a convoy of 3 or 4 cars we would see bars empty as their inhabitants tumbled out with mouths agape to wave and applaud our silent procession through the village.

Finally in gale force winds we reached Roscoff for a midnight sailing for Plymouth where gales had given way to a brilliant autumn morning as we dispersed for our homeward journeys.

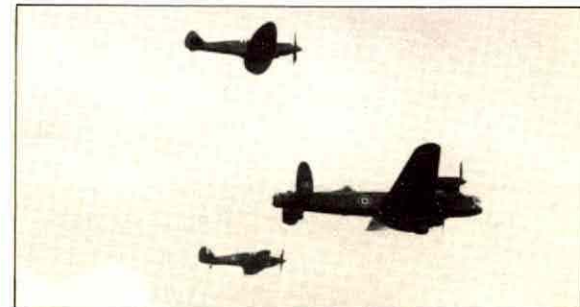
John L. Kennedy

TOUR PARTICIPANTS

Name	Car	Chassis	Regn No
John & Rae Kennedy	1922 SG	100HG	HC3459
John & Rupert Donner	1926 PI	21SC	YN9160
Jimmy & Janet Valentine & Lady Freda	1929 PI	10R	UV1923
John & Anne Barber	1930 PII	84GY	JM127
Lynn & Midge Brua	1932 PII	36MS	GY7719
John & Barbara Squire	1930 20/25	GTR38	LJ3242
Digby & Margery Wills	1932 20/25	GBT81	GX66
Geoffrey & Betty Price	1936 20/25	GTK25	WS8586



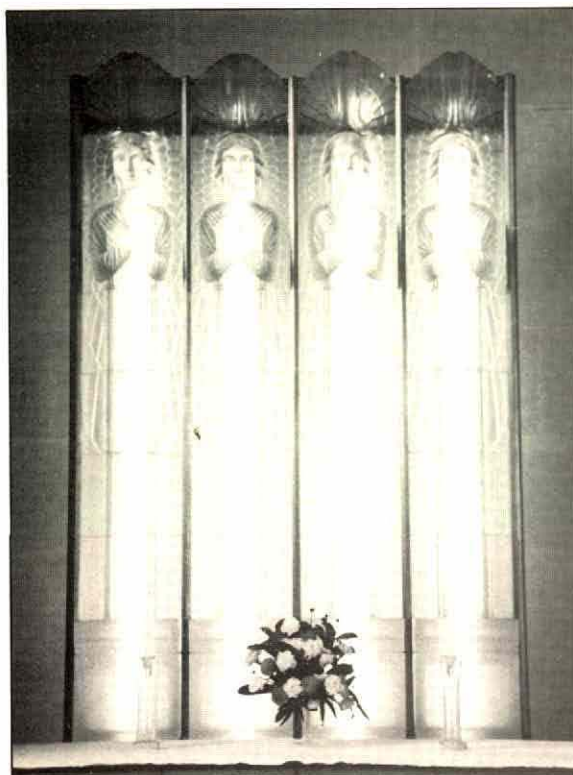
La Coupee — The only horsepower on Sark



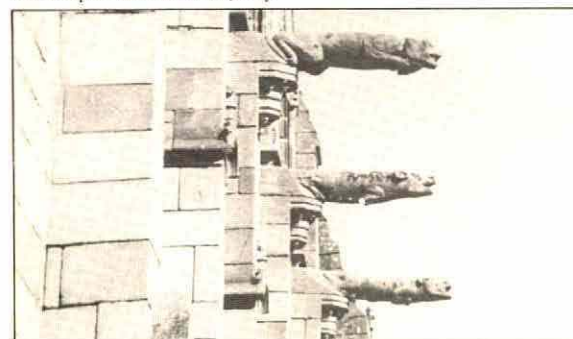
Flypast of Rolls-Royce powered Hurricane, Lancaster Spitfire



Longueville Manor, Jersey



Rene Lalique Glass Church on Jersey



Gargoyles at Josselin



Coiffe wearer — Auray harbour



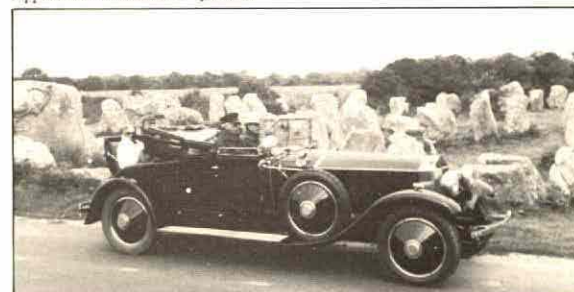
"Jersey" Jersey cows



Relaxing after a hard days motoring



Appreciative mechanics — Josselin



Stone age motoring — Carnac, Brittany



Shelter from the southwesterly gales — North Brittany

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

Des Rolls-Royce font étape

Ah ! les belles anglaises !

Partis de Portsmouth, et après avoir effectué un périple d'une semaine dans les îles anglo-normandes, quatorze membres du très sélect « Rolls-Royce 20-Ghost Club » sont descendus au Montgomery pour une halte de deux jours dans notre ville.

A bord des sept merveilleux bijoux de collection des années 20, nos amis britanniques ont visité la région dont, bien entendu, le Mont-Saint-Michel. Quelques-unes de ces Rolls-Royce, garées sur le parking de la digue du mont ainsi que devant le Montgomery de Pontorson, ont bien évidemment suscité la curiosité de tous ceux qui passaient.

Jusqu'en Union soviétique

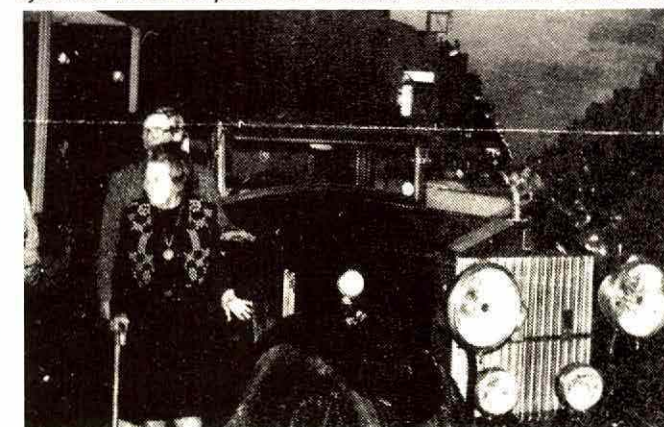
John Kennedy, appartenant à l'une des branches familiales proche de l'ancien président des États-Unis et propriétaire de la Roll-Royce Silver Ghost 1922, confie : « Utiliser une telle voiture est source de beaucoup d'émotions. Nous, les membres de ce club, nous préférons les entretenir et nous en servir plutôt que de les voir inertes dans un musée. Cela correspond tout-à-fait à l'état d'esprit britannique qui, comme vous le savez, a la flatteuse réputation d'être conservateur. Nous avons le goût des jolies choses. L'un des plus beaux exemples, à part celui-ci, est notre flottille de bateaux à voiles. Avec nos voitures, nous allons dans le monde entier comme touristes.

« Nous avons été le premier club automobile à être autorisé à entrer en Union soviétique. Là, plus modestement, nous allons nous rendre en Bretagne, au château du Locquende, près de Lorient et au château de Coatguen, près de Saint-Brieuc. Ensuite, nous retournerons chez nous. »

Parmi les membres du club, Lady Valentine Freda, âgée de 93 ans, se faisait piloter par son fils, à bord d'une « Phantom I » de 1929.



Sur la digue du mont, on regarde d'un air rêveur l'une des belles anglaises des années 20, ayant une vitesse de pointe de 120 km/h et consommant 30 litres au 100 km.



Lady Valentine Freda et son fils s'apprêtant à monter à bord de leur Rolls-Royce « Phantom I » de 1929.

LADY FREDA VALENTINE

Sadly, this was her last tour, as her death was announced as this edition went to press.

A regular participant on many tours and rallies for more than 20 years, in the faithful Phantom I which had been the family car since the early 1930s, Lady Freda was a much loved and familiar figure who will be sadly missed.

To Jimmy and Janet and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

AUTUMN IN THE COTSWOLDS 1988

Bryan Goodman

This was John Kennedy's idea of "a vintage-style drive through quiet Cotswold lanes" on Saturday 15th October. Much of it felt more like the Badminton Horse Trials!

Most of us met on the Friday evening in the very comfortable Wyck Hill House Hotel at Stow-on-the-Wold. After breakfast next morning, John gave us our detailed route instructions and asked whether we had brought Wellington boots. We thought this funny until we reached the first of six fords! (Seven, actually — Ed.)

His route was superb. There was no hurry and luckily no traffic, as in our landaulet (1779) we had the countryside not only brushing both sides of the car but the roof as well! The set route took us 75 miles through beautiful and little known bits of the Cotswolds to the Donnington Brewery — still flourishing in the ownership of the Arkell family. The setting is idyllic and the mill lake contains a fine collection of waterfowl. We were honoured to visit as we had been nine years earlier on our last Cotswold Tour.

There were eighteen cars entered but only nine actually did the run. Andy Macgill (1701) and John Kennedy (100HG) had the other two Silver Ghosts and Brian and Jo Wootton their PI tourer (10UMC). Both 100HG and 10UMC had done the Australian Bicentennial Rally as had Mary and I (with the 1908 Hutton). Lynn and Midge Brua brought Barbara Silcock in the PII (36MS) and Ken Smedley in his 20 (GLX63) headed the selection of smaller horsepower cars. Ron and Muriel Skerman with their 25/30 (GWN38), Susan Taylor (with David and Sue Collier) in her Wraith (WHC77) and the Valentine family in their Silver Dawn (SRH84) completed this selection.

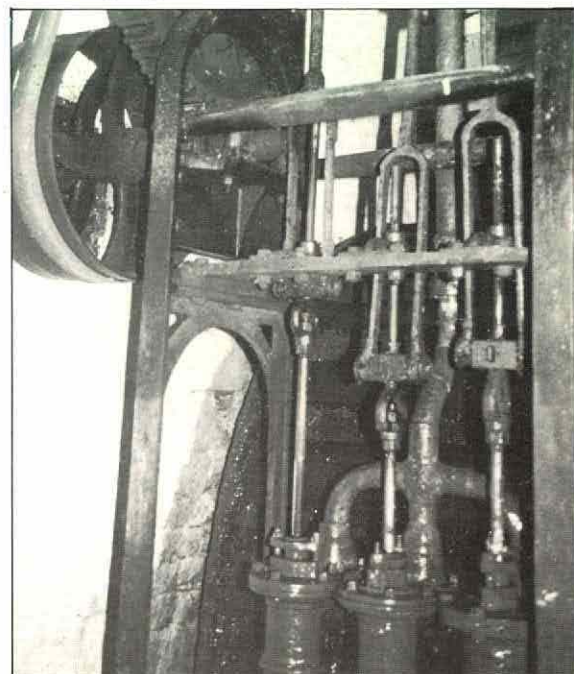


Andy Macgill navigating past Dintisbourne Leer

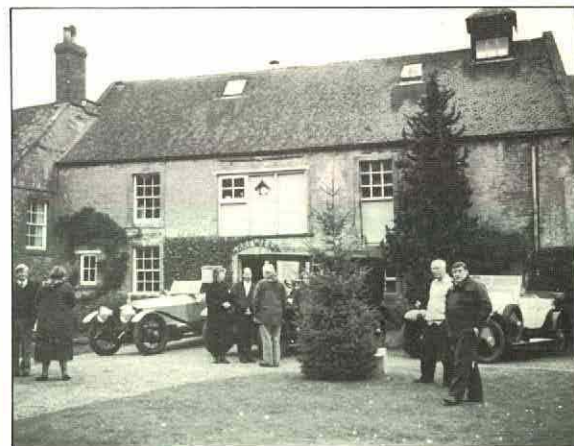
The wellingtons could have been necessary. We actually stopped to prospect before traversing about fifty yards of gravel stream bottom before we set sail in the Silver Ghost. We saw hundreds of pheasants and three roe deer but very few inhabitants on the roads. It really was a perfect autumn ramble, completed by very convivial company in the hotel for dinner that evening.

Having dispersed on Sunday, some went to visit Snowhill Manor, and we went to the "World of Mechanical Music" at Northleach with the Skermans — a fascinating hour before a pub lunch and the drive home.

Thank: you, John.



Ancient brewery water powered pump



At Donnington Brewery

CORRESPONDENCE

Re: Unleaded Fuels in Rolls-Royce Cars

Tetraethyl lead in petrol was introduced in the 1930s as an anti-detonation additive but has been found to be damaging both to health and the environment and most people now wish to avoid this. There are two factors affected by removing the lead from fuel:-

1. An increased tendency to detonation (pinking) under load,
2. The possibility of increased valve seat wear due to the absence of the lubricating effect of the lead content.

Detonation occurs mainly on high compression engines dating from the introduction of V8 engines in 1963 onwards and is controlled by a small adjustment of the ignition timing — 1 degree per unit drop in octane rating normally being sufficient. This has minimal effect on performance.

Valve seat wear only affects engines with cast iron heads without seat inserts, and this includes all pre-war cars with the exception of late Phantom I, Phantom II and Phantom III.

Post war cars are not affected as these invariably have aluminium cylinder heads with high grade iron inserts which are resistant to wear.

This leaves:- Silver Ghost

Phantom I up to Chassis # 1CL (late 1928)
20, 20/25, 25/30 and Wraith

The above could suffer valve seat wear under conditions of high speed and load and under these circumstances it is recommended that inlet valve clearances in particular should be checked between services, for should the clearances become reduced, valve burning may result.

One final point — engines converted to lead-free fuels can be run on leaded fuels with no harmful effects to the car, should unleaded not be available, but 2-star fuel contains less lead than 3 or 4 star fuels, so is the least environmentally damaging alternative.

GRAHAM ASHLEY-CARTER, Henley-on-Thames

Rolls-Royce Motor Cars and Unleaded Petrol

Over the past 12 months there has been a growing awareness of the harmful effects of atmospheric borne lead on people, particularly children. It has been clearly demonstrated that a major source of lead in the atmosphere is that used in petrol.

Under an E.C. directive now adopted in Britain the availability of unleaded fuel is growing rapidly and soon all new motor cars sold in this country will have to be capable of using unleaded fuel.

Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Limited are conscious of the manufacturers responsibilities to the environment we live in and indeed the longevity of our motor cars is a reflection of this by making the best use of available resources.

You will be pleased to know that all the engines in all of the Rolls-Royce Motor Cars ever built are capable of running satisfactorily on unleaded petrol.

In most cases a fairly simple adjustment is all that is required, provided of course that the car has been correctly maintained and is otherwise running normally.

There are some who claim that using unleaded fuel adversely affects performance. However, tests show that this is rarely the case and it is doubtful whether a Rolls-Royce owner would detect any effect on their car.

We would urge you to consider changing over to unleaded fuel as a contribution to the overall environment, and incidentally to get the benefit of cheaper petrol.

To help you, your local Rolls-Royce franchise holder will be happy to carry out the adjustment without charge, and since it does not take very long to complete you may be able to arrange for it to be done whilst you wait. Or preferably, let him have the car for a few hours so that he can check it over to make sure it is in good condition in all other respects.

We would like to help improve our environment. Please join us and take advantage of this offer as soon as possible.

JEFF COWELL, Manager After-Sales — UK Operations
Rolls-Royce Motor Cars.

French Alpine Tour 1989

For 1989, the year of the Bicentenary of the French Revolution, we are organising a tour in the French Alps. Crossing from Dover on 16 July, we will pause briefly in Champagne and Burgundy regions before reaching the Alps on the evening of 19 July.

From various bases in the Alpine region in each of which we will stay a minimum of 2 nights, we will be able to make circular tours of up to 25 of the most spectacular passes including three of the 4 highest in the Alps. On 2 days we will cross into Switzerland and Italy to traverse passes which mark national frontiers.

This is a tour recommended for large horsepower cars whose drivers are seeking some spectacularly scenic

motoring.

Tour ends on Wednesday 2 August. Return via Le Havre or Cherbourg.

Contact John Kennedy for further details.

QE2/USA Tour 1989

Scheduled to sail from Southampton on 17 September 1989, and join with the RROC Vintage Tour in Pennsylvania from 24 to 29 September. Extra touring to Niagara Falls and Finger Lakes region of Upper New York State before returning to New York via the great Hershey autojumble. Return to UK on QE2 on 14 October. Contact Brian Wootton for more details.

RECENT NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following members since the last list was published

Bill Shelford, Haywards Heath, West Sussex
1915 Silver Ghost Park Ward Cabriolet 5CB
Brian Moore, Hildersham, Cambridge
1915 Silver Ghost Replica Alpine Tourer 29ED
1926 Phantom I Marshalsea Bros Tourer 43LC
Chris Curtis, East Finchley, London N2
1957 Silver Cloud Saloon SDD16
Sue & John O'Dowd, Shifnal, Shropshire
1929 Phantom II Replica Tourer 98GN
John Fasal, Wormley, Hertfordshire
1914 Silver Ghost Mulliner Landaulet 60LB
1922 20 hp Barker Tourer 42GO
Jeremy Green, Shelley, Perth, WA
1921 Silver Ghost Cionard Tourer 65UE
1922 Silver Ghost Barker Open Drive Limousine 4PG
David Jones, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia
1912 Silver Ghost Tourer 1910E
1928 20 hp Barker Limousine GKM60
Robin Salmon, Maidenhead, Berkshire
1927 Phantom I Tourer 25EH
Ian Irwin, Canberra, Australia
1910 Silver Ghost Chassis 1404
John Bentley, Batley, West Yorkshire
1910 Silver Ghost Fuller Double Phaeton 1392
Richard Moore, Linton nr Wetherby, West Yorkshire
1911 Silver Ghost Hooper Limousine 1645
Tom Leake, Allertorpe, Yorkshire
1914 Silver Ghost Two Seater 11AB
David Martin, Newport, Isle of Wight
1920 Silver Ghost Tourer 9PE
Gerald Bowser, Polegate, East Sussex
1937 25/30 Vanden Plas Drophead GMD40
Andy Macgill, Daventry, Northants
1911 Silver Ghost L/E Tourer 1701
Nic Petroff, Elyria, Ohio, USA
1929 Phantom II Hooper Limousine 67WJ
1933 20/25 Barker Limousine GAW32
1935 Phantom II Binder Drophead 187TA
Dick Philippi, Downey, California USA
1914 Silver Ghost Waring Bros Tourer 40YB
Hubert Chapman, Vancouver, Canada
1927 20 hp Southern Motors Doctors Coupe GAJ66
Rory Poland, Springfield, South Australia
1921 Silver Ghost Tourer 8CE
Jim Weir, Castle Hill, NSW, Australia
1912 Silver Ghost Tourer 1958
1925 Phantom I Martin & King Saloon 10MC
John Milverton, Sydney, NSW, Australia
Byron C Dobson, Fern Tree Gully, Victoria, Australia
1924 Silver Ghost Gibson Coupe 103EM
Garry Dubois, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia
1910 Silver Ghost Roi des Belges 1332
Gavin Sandford-Morgan, Walkerville, South Australia
1924 20 hp Roadster GAK33
John & Anne Hunt, Main Ridge, Victoria, Australia
1923 Silver Ghost Martin & King Limousine 88LK
Bob Keeler, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire
1912 Silver Ghost Hooper Open Drive Limousine 1721
1933 Phantom II Hooper Allweather Tourer
Bill Hancock, Allendale, Northumberland
1912 Silver Ghost Tourer 2018
John Barber, Pangbourne, Berkshire
1930 Phantom II Thrupp & Maberly Sedan de Ville 84GY
Tony Boella, Southampton, Hampshire
1924 Silver Ghost Tourer 104EM
1928 20 hp Barker Cabriolet GFN35
Antoinette & Jeremy Dillon, Warragul, Victoria, Aust.
Des Dillon, Warragul, Victoria, Australia
1920 Silver Ghost Jackson Jones & Collins Tourer 64PE

Rick Carroll, Jensen Beach, Florida, USA
1907 Silver Ghost Tourer 553
1907 Silver Ghost Roi des Belges 565
1912 Silver Ghost Holmes Tourer 1826E
1914 Silver Ghost Brewster Alpine Tourer 20TB
1922 Silver Ghost Pall Mall Tourer 77AG
1925 Springfield Silver Ghost Piccadilly Roadster S315RK
1929 Springfield Phantom I Brewster Derby Speedster S158FR
1933 Phantom II Brewster Henley Roadster 291AJ5
Bob Martin, Houston, Texas, USA
1910 Silver Ghost Roi des Belges 1278
1935 Phantom II Gurney Nutting Sedan de Ville 179TA
1937 Phantom III Hooper Sports Limousine 3BT85
1954 Silver Dawn Freestone & Webb Saloon SOG48
Des Norwood, Slough, Berkshire
1923 Silver Ghost Tourer 4PK
Goff Radcliffe, Hailsham, East Sussex
1926 20 hp Connaught Limousine GYK34
1928 20 hp Park Ward Landaulet GFN48
1937 25/30 Park Ward Sports Saloon GRP24
Mike Shannon, Royston, Hertfordshire
1915 Silver Ghost Tourer 5CB
Alister Reid, Epsom, Surrey
1921 Silver Ghost Tourer 94NE
1926 20 hp Cockshott Saloon GOK49
David & Sue Collier, Birmingham, West Midlands
1934 20/25 Hooper Sedan de Ville GNC70
Chris Lambert, Walton nr Wetherby, West Yorkshire
1911 Silver Ghost Barker Roi des Belges 1590
Terence Stone, Dawlish, Devon
1923 Springfield Silver Ghost Piccadilly Roadster 401HH
Ross Marshall, Campbell, California, USA
1914 Silver Ghost Locke Limousine 45NA
Robert McDermott, South Melbourne, Victoria, Aust.
1913 Silver Ghost Chassis 2678
1914 Silver Ghost Chassis 38RB
1920 Silver Ghost Chassis 28TW
1920 Silver Ghost Chassis 99FW
1920 Silver Ghost Chassis 59BW
1921 Silver Ghost Chassis 179MG
1923 Silver Ghost Barker Cabriolet 25LK
1923 Silver Ghost Gazzardi Tourer 65LK
1923 Silver Ghost Chassis 67LK
1924 Silver Ghost Park Ward Tourer 32LM
1925 Silver Ghost Chassis 113EU
1935 Phantom II Chassis 38LK
1936 Phantom III Chassis 3AX99
Neil Collins, Double Bay, NSW, Australia
1920 Silver Ghost Chassis 94FW
1927 Springfield Phantom I Chassis S155PM
Terry Cohn, Farnham, Surrey
1908 Silver Ghost Rothschild Roi des Belges 712
1912 Silver Ghost Barker Pullman 1907
1913 Silver Ghost Laporte Colonial Tourer 2534
1915 Silver Ghost Hamshaw Open Drive Limousine 2BD
1922 Silver Ghost Barker Tourer 84TG
1928 Springfield Phantom I Brewster Pickwick Sedan 95BG
1931 Springfield Phantom I Brewster Marlborough Town Car S449MR
Paul Roberts, Grouville, Jersey, Channel Islands
1924 Silver Ghost Tourer 82EM
Tim Scott, St Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands
1910 Silver Ghost Brainsby Landaulet 1204
1912 Silver Ghost Roi des Belges 1948
1914 Silver Ghost Connaught Tourer 1UB
1924 Silver Ghost Chassis 80RM
Roy Woollett, Biddenden, Kent
1913 Silver Ghost Tourer 2500E
1923 20 hp Barker Tourer GA8
1935 20/25 Mulliner Sedan de Ville GSF53
1937 25/30 Hooper Sports Saloon GHO3
David Berthon, Castle Hill, NSW, Australia
1920 Silver Ghost Cionard Detachable Cabriolet 69TG
Philip & Susan Brooks, Alexandria, Virginia, USA
1936 25/30 James Young Bromley Saloon GWN20
Keith Wherry, Hunters Hill, NSW, Australia

Events Calendar 1989

AGM & Dinner, Cavalry & Guards Club, Piccadilly 17 February
Spring Luncheon & Driving Tests, Ascot Vineyard, Berkshire. 16 April
West Country Weekend House Party, Combe House Hotel, Gittisham nr Honiton, Devon 21-24 April
Irish Georgian Tour, Shropshire/Cheshire 26-29 May
Annual Picnic & Concours, Bibury Court, Oxfordshire 9 July
French Revolution Bicentenary Alpine Tour 16 July - 2 August
USA Tour on QE2 & RROC Pennsylvania Tour 17 September - 14 October

Club Shop

Car Badges

The Club has obtained superb new car badges, red enamel on either brass for brass radiator cars, or chrome for nickel or chrome radiator cars. £25 each.

33x5 Tyres

Original 1920s tread pattern. Suitable for Silver Ghosts and New Phantoms. Immediate availability. Available from the Club at competitive prices. (Other sizes may also be available).

Back Copies of the Record

Some dating back to the early 1960s, these can make fascinating reading. Buy now while still obtainable. £2.50 each. Reductions for bulk purchases.

Rolls-Royce 25/30 Parts

Ignition Distributor — stripped, cleaned and lubricated.
Twin Ignition Coils — original coils in special mounting bracket.
Twin Electric Fuel Pumps — SU type, horizontally opposed, checked.
Starter — Checked and stall-torque tested. With Bendix drive.

One only of each of the above — for Club cars only.

All items available from the Secretary.



Trophy Winners 1988

Fred & Joan Watson:	Michael Sapsford
Alpine:	John Kennedy
Messervy:	Digby Wills
Dymock-Maunsell:	Geoffrey Price
Stanley Sears:	Digby Wills
Harding-Rolls:	Lynn Brua
Phoenix:	Not Awarded
Fergusson-Wood:	John Barber
F-W Photographic:	Mary Goodman

Rear cover:
Devils Marbles Road Train
Ghost and "Big Mac" Out of the Tropics
At Ayers Rock Chateau Tahbilk, Victoria
Photographs — John L. Kennedy
Salt Flats near Kambalda, WA Ready for the Nullarbor
Photographs — Jeremy Greene

