

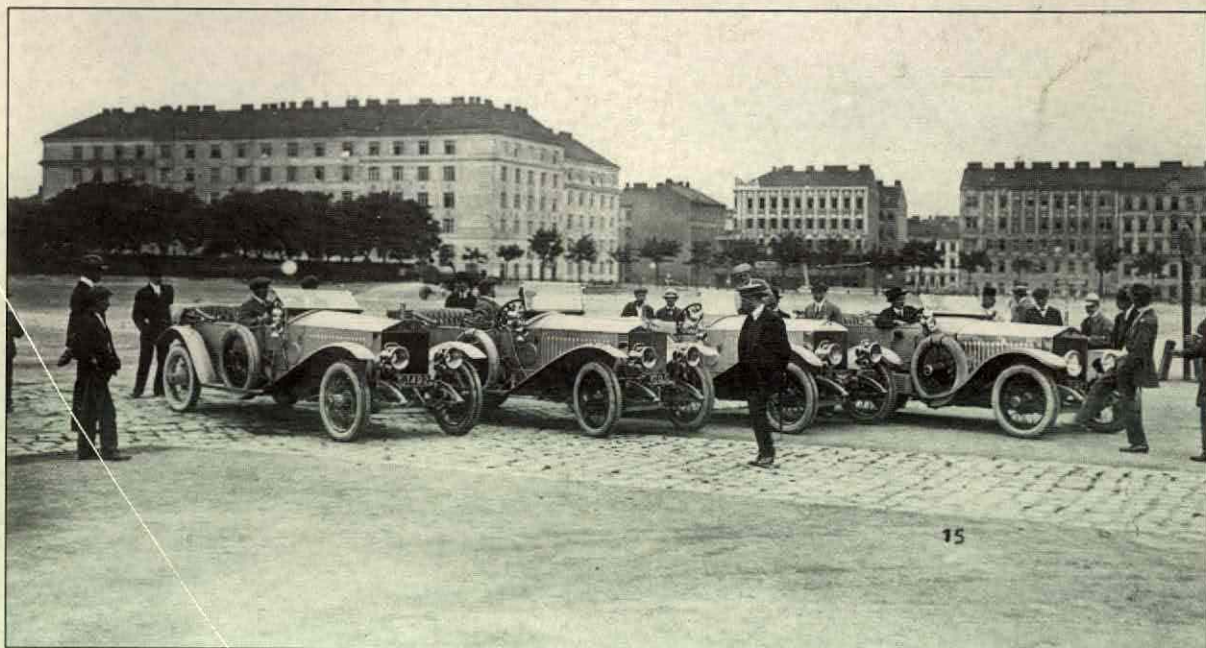
The 20-Ghost Club Record



VOLUME 32

1991

Issue 60



Ready for the 1913 Alpenfahrt

20-Ghost Club Record

Volume 32

1991

Issue Number 60

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Members are reminded that the Club Library contains a considerable amount of Rolls-Royce literature, which may be viewed by appointment with the Librarian.

Note:

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

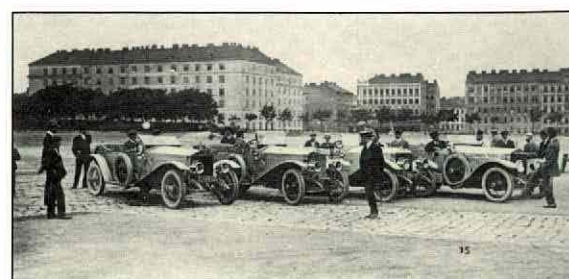
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Cover Photo: The Rolls-Royce cars at Vienna for the 1913 Alpenfahrt.



CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

As I write this, public speculation about the future of Rolls-Royce Motors is beginning, because it has recently been announced that 1991 sales are down about 50 per cent from last year. It is unlikely to be resolved by the time this is published but such a matter must inevitably be of concern to anyone interested in or owning one of its vehicles. We members of the oldest Rolls-Royce Club in the world, and owners of hundreds of its finest products, perhaps have an even more special concern. Likewise, the Club is proud to have among its members a number of executives currently active in the management of the Company and others who were but are now retired.

If ownership of the Company changes, some careers and lives will certainly change too, and that is regrettable. But thinking of the matter more impersonally, it will not be the end of the world. One is reminded of similar happenings in the past. When the W.O. Bentley Company failed in 1931 the marque was retained by none other than the Rolls-Royce Company, and today it is highly respected and still being made. No one can imagine for a second that Rolls-Royce cars will not likewise continue to be made because they are respected all over the world and the marque is therefore a very valuable asset. However, other distinguished cars in the past, Hispano Suiza, Duesenberg, Bugatti and Packard, to name only a very few, are no longer produced, but even those great names lacked the power and prestige of the "greatest car in the world". Although the global economic climate is bad today it is not so bad that Rolls-Royce will be allowed to follow them. In the future there may be more yen, dollars or marks in the Company's financial structure but these great cars will continue to grace the world's

highways, and there is no reason to think that the Company will cease to support clubs such as ours which help to preserve the Company's proud traditions regardless of the ultimate owners.

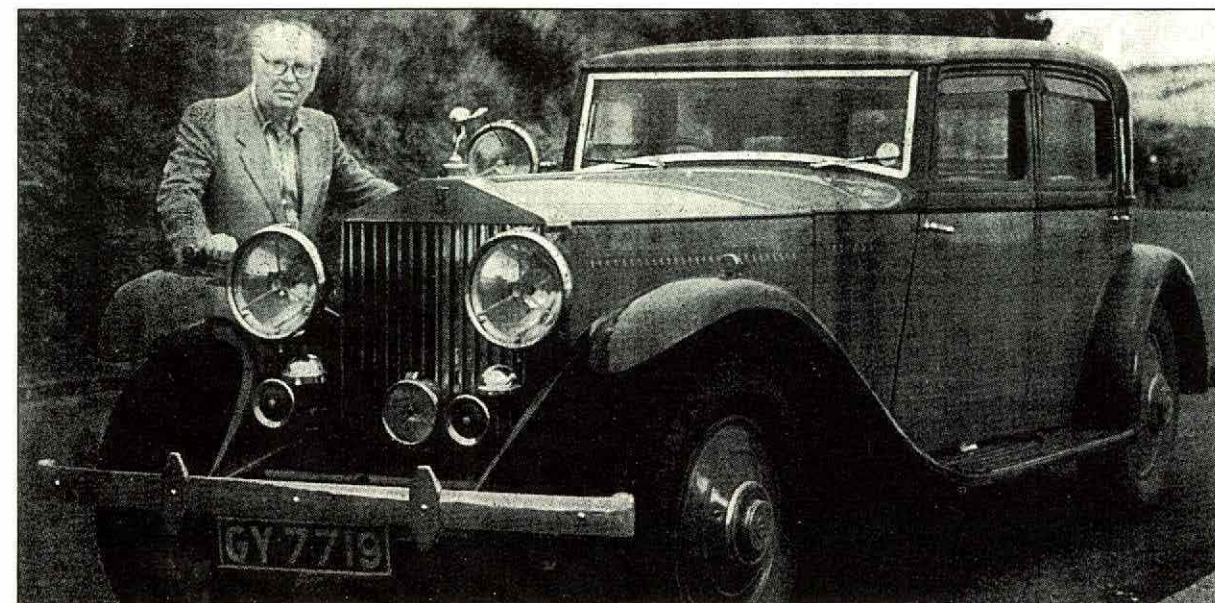
Last spring our Club lost a long-standing member and good friend with the passing of Henry Wilkins. He and Joyce participated in many of our overseas and U.K. events and entertained the Club at their home in Shropshire on at least one occasion. Henry had many fine Rolls-Royce cars over the years, but is perhaps best remembered for his enthusiastic motoring in his bright red Ghost tourer. We send his family our most sincere condolences.

The year just ending has seen the Club once more offering a number of entertaining events. To mention only two, there was our concours in Windsor Great Park where we were honoured by a visit from the Queen Mother, who spent a half hour examining our cars in detail and engaging many of their owners in animated and knowledgeable conversation. The other was a ten day tour of the Scottish Highlands organised by our President, Lord Elgin. The tour attracted four Silver Ghosts and everyone had a delightful time.

These affairs do not happen by accident. Your Committee puts in many hours organising them, and you should know that a very important future event is currently drawing on the time of Honorary Secretary John Kennedy. He in particular is working on the 1993 Alpine Rally to commemorate the 80th anniversary of the famous 1913 event which helped put Rolls-Royce on the world stage. The tour is being organised jointly with the R-REC and has more than 70 Silver Ghosts from all over the world signed up, thus making it the most important event our Club has promoted in many years.

In conclusion, I wish all of you happy and safe motoring in 1992.

Lynn Brua

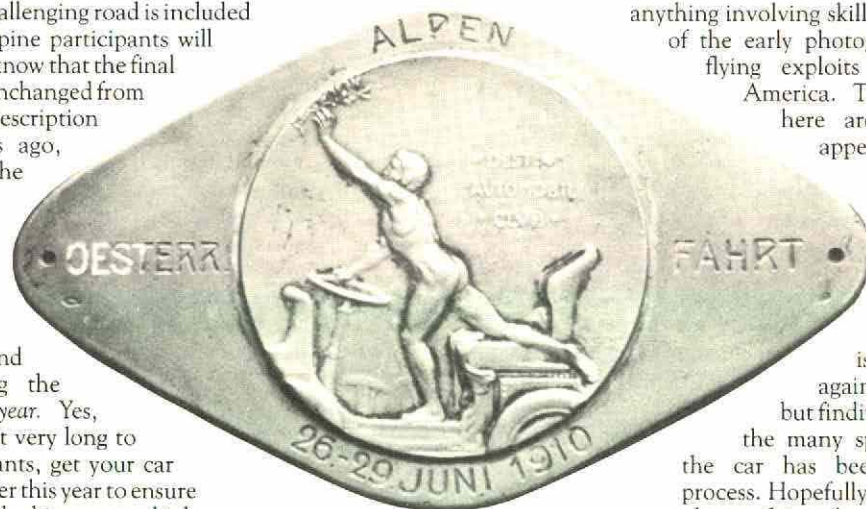


ON THE RECORD

What a difference a year makes! Since the last report, international events have taken more historic turns than one could ever have possibly believed, even after the dramatic changes of the preceding few years. With our focus on the old Austrian Empire, we have seen the emergence, not without strife, of new states recognised by the west. This had now had the effect of making Slovenia, which is a key part of the Alpine 93 event, a free state with none of the ethnic problems bedevilling its new sister state, Croatia. Thus it seems as though we will be able to stay with our original plan for a complete tour through the entire original route of the 1913 Alpenfahrt. Lengthy discussions with the Slovenians late in 1991 would auger well for our being able to be well looked after in this new nation. Remembering that the famous Loibl Pass is now in Slovenia, an early article on this challenging road is included in this issue. Alpine participants will be interested to know that the final 12 hairpins are unchanged from Freeston's description nearly 80 years ago, including the gravel surface of the road.

While still on the subject of the Alpine, the research goes hand in hand with developing the plan for next year. Yes, suddenly it is not very long to go. Alpine entrants, get your car into working order this year to ensure its readiness for the big event, which has seventy Silver Ghosts entered. It is apparent that many are ready to go now. The American contingent, on their journeying to Monterey, reported elsewhere in this issue, embarked on an adventure at least as demanding. Keep up the good work.

Back on the Alpine research and investigations, we have been in contact with a number of descendants whose fathers or uncles or grandfathers actually took part. One of these, Count Draskovich, we visited in his Schloss at Güssing, south of Vienna and near the Hungarian border. His father Count Paul Draskovich, took part on a number of years, including the first, in 1910. The rare medal for this year, which he still had amongst a unique collection of original Alpine artifacts, is reproduced here full size. The family had managed to keep the original Laurin & Klement Alpine car in good working order until 1945, when the Russians occupied the region. By the time they left ten years later the car was wrecked. Only the block survives, in the technical museum in Vienna.



1910 Alpenfahrt medal awarded to Paul Draskovich
Photograph by John L. Kennedy

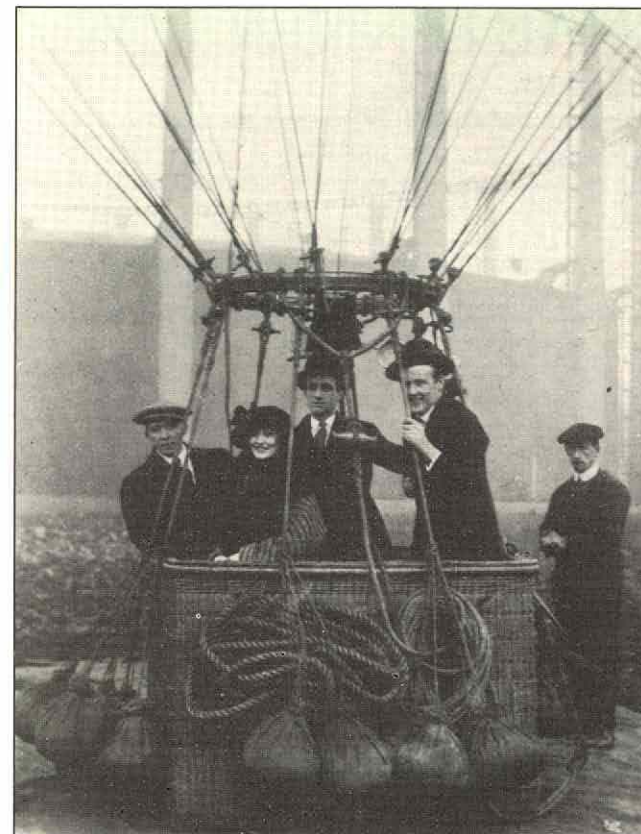
The 1913 Alpenfahrt photographs on the cover and elsewhere in this issue are from an interesting source on the adjacent page — James Radley's personal photograph album and scrapbook created by his sister Honaria. Research into this enigmatic character has unearthed this unique document which has not seen the light of day since his death in 1959. Space, as ever, does not permit more than a few snippets of information, but suffice to say it provides some fascinating insights into a man who learned to fly in April 1910 and by August the same year held the world air speed record! A bobsleigh ace at St. Moritz, a pioneer balloonist, a brilliant salmon fly fisherman, an expert in old furniture and clocks and an aircraft designer and builder as well as being an expert driver of Silver Ghosts (for which he built his own bodies), he seemed to have turned his hand to almost anything involving skill and speed. Many of the early photographs are of his flying exploits in Britain and America. The few included here are to whet your appetites.

Along with all this is the restoration of the Radley Ghost (2260E) from 1913. Finally the car is coming together again, albeit slowly, but finding information on the many special features of the car has been another long process. Hopefully it will be ready in plenty of time for the Alpine.

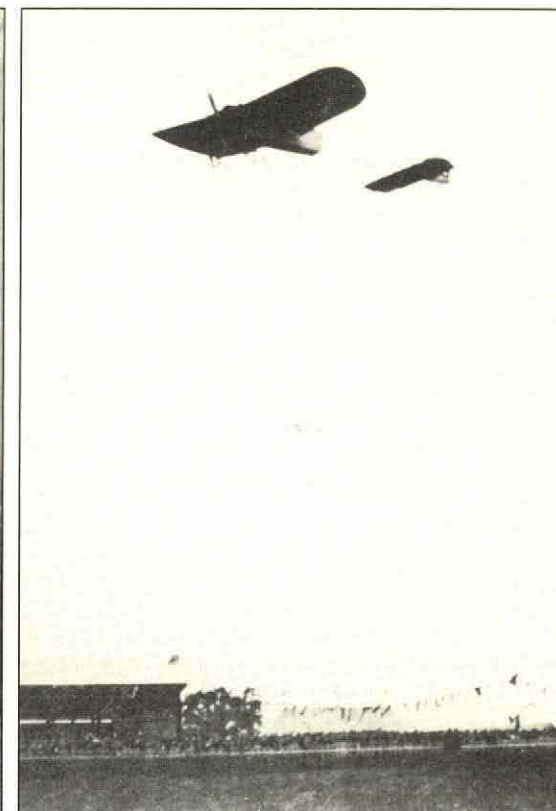
Many thanks, as usual to those who have contributed photographs and articles for this issue, especially those from overseas. All are appreciated; alas, some have not found space in this issue.

Finally we come to a topic which was almost raised last time. Car prices. The recession, in Britain and elsewhere, has put old car prices into a steep reverse, to say the least. This has had the effect of causing some problems, particularly for speculators. If this results in a return of these fine cars to genuine motorists who own the cars for pleasure, and out of the hands of those who buy for other reasons, then these difficult times will at least have produced a welcome side effect.

John L. Kennedy



Radley the Balloonist at Battersea, 1910



Radley captures the world airspeed record (76 mph)
at Lanark, Scotland, August 1910



Inset:
The catch

Radley the fly fisherman at Potarch Bridge, April 1914

AGM & ANNUAL DINNER

London Charterhouse — 1 February 1991

Many 20-Ghost Club members are familiar with Charterhouse School, in the leafy lanes of Surrey, where Committee member Clive Carter is the Deputy Head, but on this occasion, through his good auspices, the venue was the original Charterhouse, tucked away in the City of London near Smithfield Market.

The origins of Charterhouse go back over six hundred years to the time of the Black Death in 1348, when Sir Walter de Manny, one of King Edward III's generals, leased a large tract of land from St. Bartholomew's Hospital (which is still operating nearby) to serve as a burial ground and built a chapel where mass would be celebrated for the souls of the dead.

From these beginnings sprang one of the largest Carthusian monasteries in England, surviving until 1535 when it was dissolved by Henry VIII.

Eventually in 1611 the house came into the possession of Thomas Sutton, who founded the charitable institution largely as it is today; "a home for retired professional men, clergy, soldiers and sea captains and a free school for forty

boys", except that the school became much larger and moved to Godalming in 1872.

The buildings were extensively damaged in May 1941 during one of the most devastating air raids of the Second World War. Restoration of the many gutted buildings was not completed until the mid-1950s, but they have retained the character of early historic buildings and provided an ideal venue for the forty-first Annual General Meeting of the Club.

Formalities were quickly dispensed with; the existing Committee were re-elected unopposed, then followed a lively discussion on the modernisation of the Club rules.

The meeting then moved on to the social side of things and during dinner the Committee discussed the various events proposed for the coming year. Table decoration was once again provided by the fine and historic trophies, awarded to some old and some new faces.

Our thanks to Clive for arranging this enjoyable evening.

BOOK REVIEW

MOTORING My Way

Stanley Sedgewick

Published by Batsford

Originally published in 1976, this new edition also includes the author's experiences during the following 15 years of motoring.

More of a coffee table book than a motoring reference book, it will have an appeal to all who enjoy long distance motoring, particularly in vintage cars.

Sedgewick is one of the few survivors whose motoring experiences span the period from Brooklands in 1934 right up to the present day. As Patron and for many years the President of the Bentley Drivers Club, his chief interest, and a large part of this book, majors on Bentleys, giving this book a special interest to all Bentley drivers.

Nevertheless, it does discuss all the cars in his life and the adventures with which each was involved. Lapsing into the occasional indulgence, especially on his periodic

tours when the mode of transport, hire cars, were of minimal interest in themselves, the book still gives an interesting glimpse into some adventurous motoring, mostly from a time when roads were usually uncluttered and many of the pioneering names of motoring were still active.

Sedgewick, as a Bentley driver par excellence, had a special regard for W.O. Bentley, even though his efforts to revive the Bentley Drivers Club was not initially appreciated, but as the net proceeds from the book are being given to the W.O. Bentley Memorial Fund, Bentley enthusiasts and others will feel that they are also supporting a worthy cause.

JLK

The Lure of the Loibl.

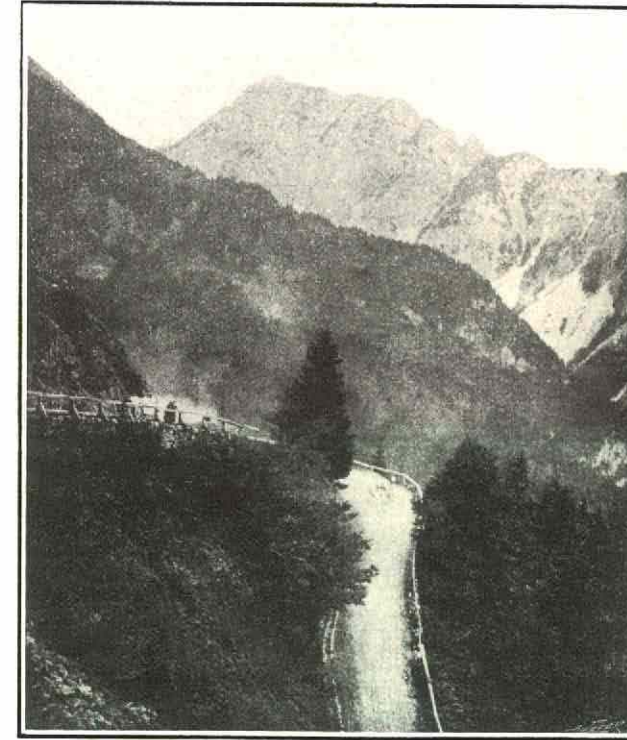
A Sporting Feature of the Great Alpine Trial. Sharp Hairpins and a 1 in 3.4 Climb.

By Chas. L. Freeston, F.R.G.S., Author of "The High-roads of the Alps," "The Passes of the Pyrenees," etc.

IN the way of sporting drives there is nothing in the Eastern Alps to beat the Loibl Pass. It ranks with the Katschberg as a rival for the honour of being the most difficult undertaking of the Austrian Alpine Contest, but the two climbs are nevertheless very different in type. The Katschberg is a sheer test of engine power, for the road is of Roman origin, and as straight as the conformation of the adjoining valleys will permit. The Loibl, on the other hand, displays some amount of engineering skill in its construction, and has, in fact, a considerable number of hairpin bends. Nevertheless, though skill was brought to bear in its design, the planning of its gradients was by no means in accord with modern ideas, and it is undoubtedly the steepest road in the Alps which has not been built in mere haphazard fashion, but is invested with certain windings to relieve the gradient.

The formidable nature of what is left, even after the making of numerous windings, may be gauged to a large extent by the actual figures, and from the latest surveys one finds that the ascent ranges from 17% to 29%, or from 1 in 5.8 to 1 in 3.4, on the inner edge of the corners. It is this which makes the Loibl vie with the Katschberg, for the hairpins are all banked the wrong way, and are acute enough in radius to compel the driver to take the inside edge if he does not stop and reverse; consequently, one of his driving wheels has to force itself over a much stiffer gradient than that of the middle of the road. Added to this is the fact that the inner edges of the hairpins are always very rough. If only the Loibl were as lofty as the Katschberg it would be the harder of the pair to ascend; but as its altitude is 4,481ft., as against 5,283ft., it does not offer so protracted an ordeal; hence, cars which might find themselves in difficulties on the last stretch of the Katschberg, if not provided with a sufficiently liberal margin for error where heating is concerned, might just manage to get over the Loibl.

c8



The Loibl Pass. A view of the twelfth and worst hairpin bend taken from a knoll above the thirteenth and last corner.

As a driving feat, however, the Loibl is supreme. The corners are just wide enough to get round, and must, therefore, be taken with a swing in order to keep way on the car, and for this reason motorists, who are proud of their cars and their driving skill alike must always be fascinated by the Loibl, and tackle it in preference to the easier ascent of the Predil Pass.

Either the Loibl or the Predil, it must be explained, must be ascended or descended by any road traveller bound from Vienna to Trieste, or *vice versa*. Just north of Trieste are the last outlying spurs of the great Alpine barrier — namely, the Julian and Karawanken Alps. They are much loftier and more picturesque than might have been expected of anything so far south-east. Each of these passes alike is worth visiting for the sake of its scenery, apart from the question of reaching Trieste as an objective. Of the two, the Predil offers, perhaps, the more attractive pictures, and certainly the easier route, but the Loibl, as I have said, possesses an unfailing lure to the man who is also out for sport.

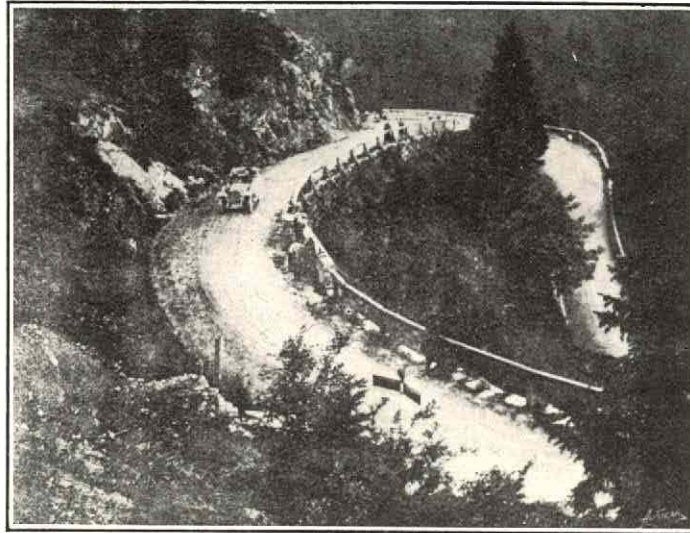
The chief town within measurable distance of the pass, if approached from the south, is Laibach, and for the purpose of description we will make that our starting point. The road is good and broad, and, save for a short hill, is level for a good number of miles, with mountains visible ahead in the far distance. At the village of St. Nikolai there is a fork by a church, but we keep straight on through a wood and, after an ascent and corresponding descent, arrive at the picturesque town of Krainburg, 25½ kilometres (16 miles) from Laibach. We rise out of the town by a hill, and the route is then easy to follow, as there are kilometre stones all along the road. Beyond the village of Naklas the road narrows somewhat and becomes tree-bordered. The mountains now draw nearer, with wooded foothills close at hand. After passing over level crossings at Zadraga and Pristava, the road ascends slightly through a wood

and descends to Neumarkt. Immediately beyond this village a steep rise is breasted, followed by a descent to a bridge. After a level stretch there is another steep rise, and beyond the 47th kilometre stone the road enters a small amphitheatre of wooded hills, with rocky crags beyond, just before reaching the village of St. Anna. At 48.8 kilometres there is a short, sharp rise, and at the 49th kilometre stone a decorated arch across the road, when an Alpine Contest is in progress, announces the Loibl Pass.

Now comes the tug of war! To appreciate what he has to do, the driver should study the following figures in advance, and watch the kilometre stones while actually ascending. For a kilometre the gradient is easy, and then ranges from 11% to 17% (1 in 9 to 1 in 5.8). The surface is moderately good, but the road is not wide enough to permit the passing of other cars in comfort. It is hemmed in all round with rocky crags, and one surmises truly that the Loibl is an enclosed pass, and that one must rise to the summit itself ere the landscape widens. Soon the road itself broadens somewhat, however, and one may pass any car of which one has the pace, always provided that it is not throwing out a blinding oil smoke.

Suddenly a frightful corner appears and puts us on the first speed; it is the first of the thirteen that have to be rounded ere the goal is reached. The inside gradient of this first bend is 18% (1 in 5.5), but at 52.4 there is another with 21% (1 in 4.7). Almost immediately comes a third with 20% (or 1 in 5), and the fourth, at 52.6, is 19%

The Lure of the Loibl. (1 in 5.2). The fifth, at 52.8, is 25% (1 in 4); the sixth, at 53 kilometres, is 26½% (1 in 3.7); and then one regards the seventh, with 17% (1 in 5.8), as relatively easy! By now one is fairly enjoying the



Another view of the Loibl Pass, showing the twelfth corner in the background and a car on the road approaching the thirteenth corner.

zest of the climb, but mentally objugating the rubble on the inside edges, and the fact that the road is invariably banked to one's disadvantage instead of advantage. By contrast I may mention that on all the modern Tyrolean passes the corners are not only widened out but are built up so as to be quite flat, while the inside edge is also flat, and one could cut right across it if there were any difficulty as to the road width; as a matter of fact, however, there is none.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth corners are the worst of the lot, and all occur in less than half a kilometre; their gradients are 26%, 29%, and 27% respectively (1 in 3.8, 3.4, and 3.7), and all have bad surfaces. At the tenth there is an awesome view into the valley below. The eleventh is 25%, and at 54.2 comes the twelfth, with 23½% (1 in 4.2). Then comes the last, at 54.4, with 18% (1 in 5.5), and here, on the day of the Alpine Trial, is a compact bunch of ardent motorists, snapshotting and cheering the competing cars, with probably a cinematograph operator also in attendance. This is the best place, by the way, in the whole trial to watch the competing cars at close quarters, as there is more room for spectators than at the summit of the Katschberg, though the last few yards of the latter are more thrilling, for it is there that the cars are likely to stick if they are in difficulties. Anyone who has rounded the twelfth corner of the Loibl should reach the summit.



The thirteenth and last corner on the Loibl Pass with a crowd of spectators watching the ascent of competitors in a previous trial.

The Lure of the Loibl.

From the 48th kilometre stone to the summit is a rise from 2,132 feet to 4,481 feet in 6.6 kilometres, which averages 361 feet per kilometre, or 600 feet per mile. It is fortunate that the ascent is not longer

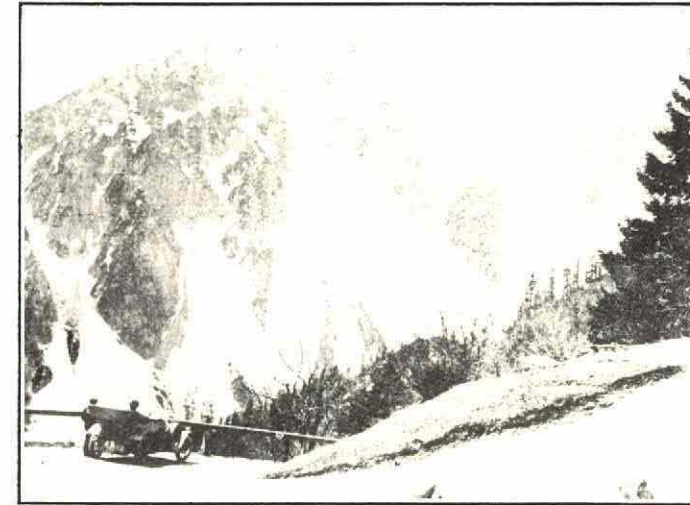
gradient on a corner is the 2½% (1 in 4.4) at the kilometre stone marked 27.4. At 26 kilometres there is a small inn, and the village of Deutscher Peter at 23. The road is wooded throughout, with occasional vistas through the trees of a valley at great depth below and the Karawanken Alps far beyond. At one point, by the way, the lower part of the road can be seen meandering through the valley with a most picturesque effect, but at a distance which the eye can scarcely measure. The foot of the pass is reached at 22.6 kilometres, or 7.6 kilometres from the summit, during which one has descended 2,303 feet, and by this time one has realised that there are some very good cars in the world, for the bumping is a test of their robustness no less than the climb on the other side puts the seal on their climbing powers.

More steep work follows down the "Little Loibl" Pass to Unterloibl, with two hairpins of 17% (1 in 5.8). The road is now fairly broad, but there are numerous bumps, and two bad *caniveaux* just before the 19.8 kilometre stone. At Unterloibl, which is grandly situated, one enters upon a better road, though the *caniveaux* are not quite done with yet. After passing the Hotel Karawankenhof one enters upon a broad plain and passes through Unterbergen. Then comes a winding hill, three kilometres long, which carries one above the valley and opens up fine views of the mountains among which the Loibl Pass is sheltered. At Hollenburg (10 kilometres) the road descends again, and then one bowls merrily along a broad highroad, across another plain, with Klagenfurt backed by wooded hills, visible in the distance. Soon we find ourselves in the capital of Carinthia.

drawn, for the last kilometre is truly affrighting to a driver who is not sure of his car. On the other hand, to breast the climb successfully, amid the cheers of the clustered onlookers at the last corner, is a truly satisfying experience. Last year, Mr. James Radley knocked several minutes off the previous record for the ascent, and was going so strongly that he rounded the last hairpin with one hand on the steering wheel and a bottle of lager in the other.

It is a glorious scene which confronts one from the neighbourhood of the final bend, with the Julian Alps forming a circle of rugged pinnacles in hot weather, while it may be that at the time of one's ascent they are heavily capped with snow. In the way of penetrating to a mountain fastness the journey up the Loibl is hard to beat for a romantic and even thrilling experience. The actual summit is a couple of hundred yards higher, at 54.6 kilometres (34 miles) from Laibach, and is enclosed by high banks; it is recognisable by two tall obelisks which flank the road, and mark the boundary between the provinces of Carniola and Carinthia.

The descent to Klagenfurt, if less steep than the upward journey, is decidedly respectable none the less, and offers a 2½% gradient (1 in 4.3) as a send-off! The distance to be covered is 30.4 kilometres (18½ miles), and the distances are now marked on a diminishing scale from Klagenfurt. There are ten hairpins to be rounded, and sundry *caniveaux* and donkey-backs enhance the necessity for caution. The steepest



A view from the summit of the Loibl Pass, showing the distant crests before the melting of the snows.



The summit of the Loibl Pass, showing the boundary between Carniola and Carinthia. Between Laibach and the Loibl summit on the Carniola side the rule of the road is to keep to the left as in England, whilst after passing the boundary on to the Carinthia side one must keep to the right.

ROLLS-ROYCE & THE

The enclosed photograph, from James Radley's own photo album, has the following caption written on the reverse — "Car No 3 Sinclair — Parsons arrival in Vienna after collision with Minerva (private) car, 20 Km before the finish."

This controversial event was the topic of much discussion in the days following the rally. Most of the published reports appear to treat this as an accident caused by an inexperienced driver, but the facts seem to point to an altogether more deliberate act.

Consider firstly, that the key objective of the teams entered was to win the team prize. Both Rolls-Royce and Minerva had teams of three and each had a fourth car not in the team (which was restricted to three cars), but running with the team as an integral part of their strategy.

The cars started in order of engine size; thus the Rolls-Royce cars, numbered 1 to 4, started immediately before the Minerva cars, numbered 5 to 8. This caused an immediate rivalry, and while the Rolls-Royce cars, with Radley always in the front, were snapping at the heels of the pilot car, the Minerva cars were close behind and no doubt looking for an opportunity to overtake at least one of them.

Further evidence is provided by the local paper from Riva on 26 June 1913 which devoted substantial coverage to the event and even listed the arrival times of a number of the cars. First to arrive, as always, was James Radley in car number 4, at 14:47, having started at Innsbruck at

05:00 and covering the 393.1 km course at an average of over 40 kilometres per hour. Next to arrive was no 3, Sinclair, at 15:00, followed by Hives, no 2, at 15:25. At 15:30, no 1, Friese and Minerva no 5, de Jong, were reported to have arrived, showing how close behind they were; the other three Minervas were declared to be only "a brief distance" behind.

On the following day, from Riva to Toblach across the Dolomites, the Minerva team met with disaster. As Charles Freeston reported in *The Autocar*, "When nearing Landro (about 10 km from Toblach), we saw a two-horse 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 a collision."

The car had skidded on the greasy roads, hit a 'milestone' and turned over. Miraculously, nobody was injured, but the accident had put paid to Minerva's chances of winning the team prize....

The spotlight now moves to the final day of the contest, at the end of a long, fast, straight, where the road then veered off to pass through a small village on the tram route between Vienna and Baden.

Freeston again — "Sinclair, on No 3 Rolls-Royce, slowed

MINERVA MYSTERY

down at a right-angled corner, and though no one on the car had any suspicion that anyone was behind, the driver and a passenger both held up their hands as a matter of precaution. As they were rounding the corner a big Minerva, driven by a non-competitor, drove straight into them at fifty miles an hour and rammed them amidships. The impact drove the Rolls-Royce sideways into a telegraph pole, which was pushed a foot out of its position! The car thus not only received the blow from the Minerva on one side, but the awful thud from the telegraph pole on the other. The engine never stopped! As for the chassis, the footboard on the off-side was scrunched, the wing crumpled, and the change-speed quadrant damaged. On the near side the driving wheel was broken by the telegraph post, the tyre burst, and the wing was bent. After a new wheel had been fitted, however, and the debris removed from the off-side, it was found possible to drive into Vienna on the third speed, the only one of the four that could be put into action. This incident spoiled the Rolls-Royce quartette's record of arriving first at every terminal point throughout the contest. As for the car which did the damage, it was simply smashed up.....No-one, however, on either car was hurt."

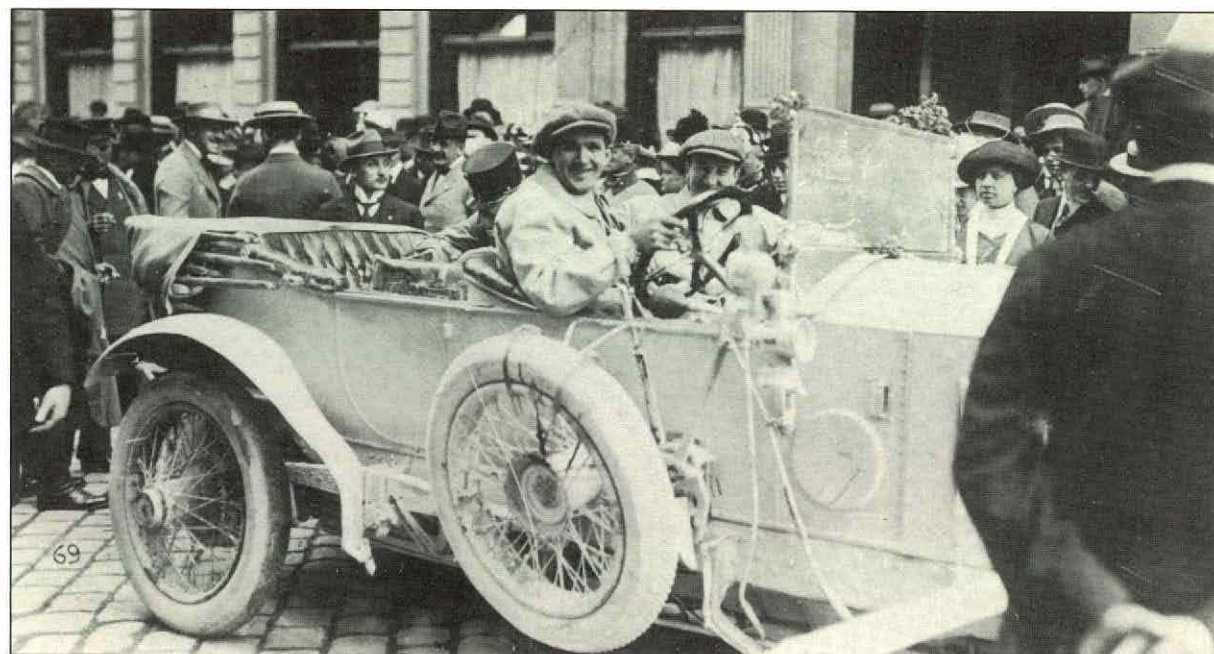
Compare this report with that published in *The Car*, which shows that Sinclair was merely the unlucky last of the Rolls-Royce group, and all the others had already been challenged by the renegade Minerva. "The luck of this car was completely out on the day's run, for when only a short distance out of Vienna it was the victim of an act of folly for which no words of condemnation can be too strong. A non-

competing car, which had come out from Vienna and turned round when the leaders appeared, first tried to hold Mr Radley's car (No. 4), and then dropped back to No. 1, driven by Mr. Friese. Headed off by this in turn, it next tried conclusions with No. 2, and then again with No. 3. As the last-named approached a right-angled corner it naturally slowed down, but the non-competing car came along at full tilt through the dust, and dashed into the Rolls-Royce as it was rounding the bend. The latter received the blow broadside on, and was driven boldly against a telegraph pole.

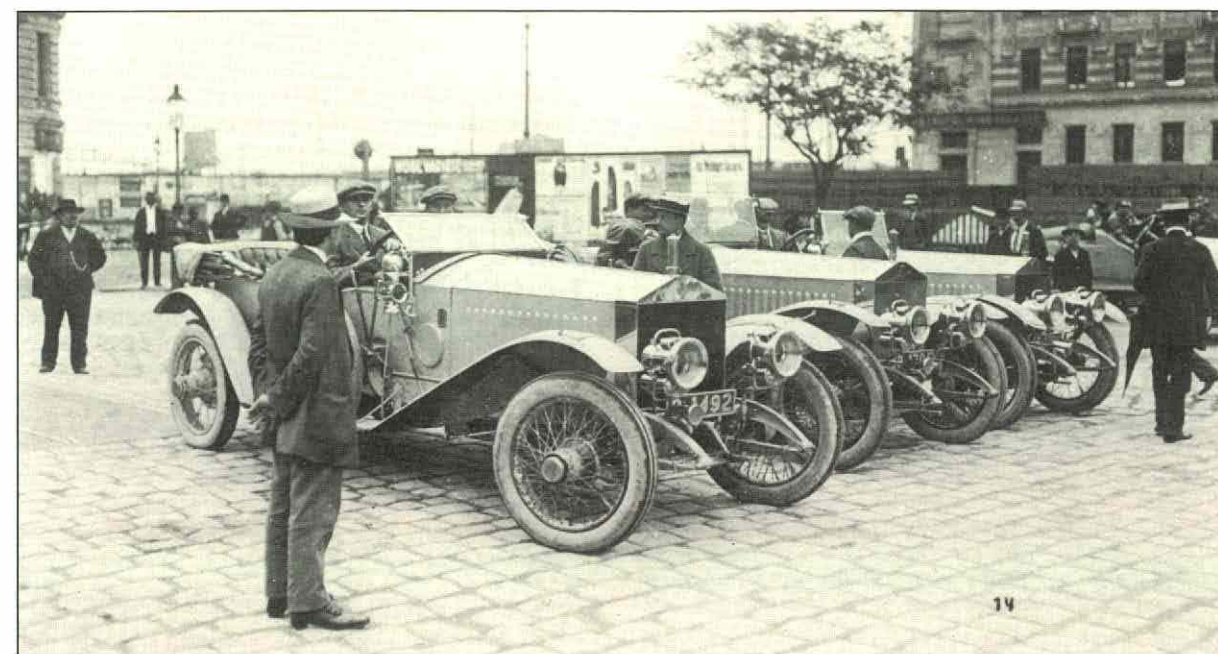
The impact from the oncoming car smashed the footboard, wing and change-speed quadrant, while the blow from the telegraph-pole burst the near-side driving-wheel tyre and broke the wheel itself. The non-competing car was badly crumpled up, but the engine of the Rolls-Royce did not stop, and after a new wheel had been fitted it was found possible to drive into Vienna on the third speed, the only one that could be put into engagement."

Footnote:

A broad, straight road now bypasses the village of Guntramsdorf, relegating the right-angled corner to an anonymous side turning off the main road. Although Rolls-Royce would not have won the team prize anyway, as the winners, Audi, lost no points even in the minor categories and only one Rolls-Royce, that of Friese, was absolutely 'point-free', there must be those who were quite sure that this incident, on a quiet Sunday afternoon all those years ago, may just not have been an accident after all!

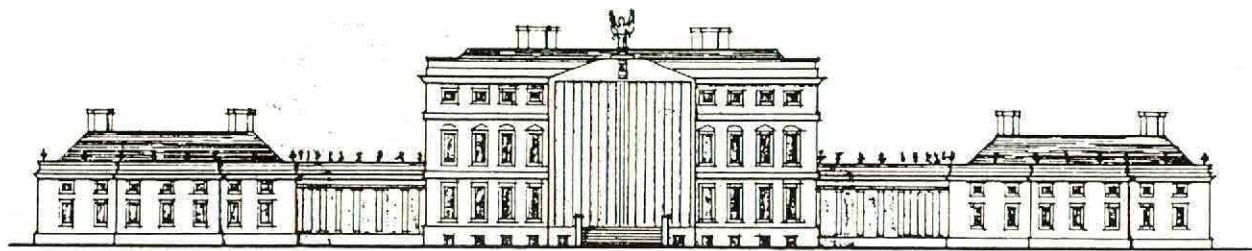


Sinclair back in Vienna after the Minerva "accident"



Compare the car two weeks earlier

Both photographs by Heinrich Schuhmann, Wien — from the Radley album



IRISH GEORGIAN TOUR OF HISTORIC HOUSES IN DEVON

25 – 27 May 1991

Jimmy Valentine writes: "Once again it was the privilege of the 20-Ghost Club to provide the transport for the Irish Georgian Society London Chapter, this time on their tour in Devon. We are most grateful to their Chairman, John Redmill, for organizing the weekend, particularly since he is based in Dublin. Among the Irish Georgian contingent were new members, Canadians Scott and Liz Heatherington. Liz has very kindly provided the following report."

SUMMARY

Diary note – 29 May 1991 – What an excellent weekend! No decision making, interesting houses, beautiful views of the Devon countryside, comfortable and stylish transportation by vintage Rolls-Royce motorcars, witty and learned remarks from Irish Georgian Society members, good talks over a glass of port – what could be more relaxing; and also three days of glorious sunshine – even the gods were agreeable to this event. These annual jointly organized tours visit historic houses in various parts of the country. This one took us to Devon where we were based at the Buckerell Lodge in Exeter. Twelve houses were visited during the three-day tour.

Well-prepared programme notes were delivered to the group and provided a good background to all sites, with illustrations, a map and lists of the cars and persons present.

Saturday, May 25th

A la Ronde – a seaside fantasy

The tour opened on a bright and refreshingly cool morning. As the Phantom II Tourer picked up speed, we suddenly realized why our hosts in the car wore sturdy caps and bonnets. It was exhilarating! By the time we arrived at à la Ronde, my city worries had been blown away.

This 16 sided 'cottage orné', built in 1795 overlooking the estuary of the River Exe is perched on a hillside with a lovely view, beautiful trees, many birds and fragrant wildflowers. Inside there are, surprisingly, twenty windowed rooms, which, although bright, tend to look inward to the centre, creating a cosy and comfortable ambiance. Decoration was whimsical – layers of wallpaper, Chinese-style cut-outs, silhouettes, some fine ceramics – a beautiful creamware potpourri jar in the main drawing room, but the piece de resistance was the upper gallery decorated floor to ceiling with a variety of seashells, ceramic shards, bits of mirror, tile and a variety of feathers, creating a personal diary of seaside walks and local memories.

Ugbrooke Park – political intrigue

This site offered the first opportunity to line up the cars and we must say that Ugbrooke never looked as good as it did flanked by 8 of the 20-Ghost Club's fine motors.

On a rather exposed site, Ugbrooke, a brown-stone 17th century building in castle style stands in splendid isolation. Inside, the main rooms designed by Robert Adams have been rather heavily restored, but there are some interesting paintings and beautiful pieces of furniture on display. In the front hall there is a most spectacular silver ewer and dish by Johann Jaeger of Augsburg, presented by Charles II to his godson, Charles Clifford, in 1671.

The real enjoyment of this house was the family history. Sir Thomas Clifford was involved in the secret Treaty of Dover, c.1673, which could have allied England very closely with France. (Perhaps this would have avoided the present trauma over a European federation!) However, this plan was never realized, but it was fascinating to see copies of the letters and notes describing this plot.

Sharpham – incredible setting; amazing staircase

Before the journey here after lunch, we borrowed some water bottles to give the Phantom I Limousine a well-deserved drink. I am sure it was a hot day for the cars too, particularly with the hills of Sharpham ahead.

The setting of this 18th century three-sided villa designed by Sir Robert Taylor, overlooking the River Dart is amazing. The house is set high up viewing the most beautiful countryside and the steep hills on one side prove a natural site for the present vineyards. Lovely gardens and walks to the back of the house complemented the tranquility. This estate of 500 acres also includes a dairy farm.

Inside, the main octagonal hall is laid out as a 16 point circle, perhaps as a member of our group suggested, like Apollo (the sun) – alluding to the naval career of the original owner, Captain Philip Pownell. But it is the

central hall and staircase that are unique. The pink walls are outlined by the white staircase which carries on almost four stories to a beautiful elliptical dome.

Dartington Hall – a mission and a misted garden

My highlight here, after tea, was to be guided around the extensive grounds, in all 25 acres. In the late afternoon it was peaceful and the soft light lovely on the azalea dell and rhododendron walk as one looked back to the main complex. Overlooking the trapezium-shaped tiltyard and grassed terraces, Henry Moore chose a site for his 'Reclining Woman'. Winding paths by magnolia trees led us back to the bar behind the great hall.

Dartington is well-known as one of the few surviving mediaeval complexes and during the 1930s, under the development of Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst, it was a centre for rural development and reconstruction. It is now a centre for the arts.

Walking into the Elmhirst house one is struck how it feels like an American's home in New England – pale elm panelling along the walls, traditional, mis-matched soft chairs, books and a lot of contemporary photographs, paintings and fine ceramics. The nearby study of Leonard Elmhirst contains a trap door for a speedy exit to avoid meeting unwelcome guests; some of our group were quite envious!

An open staircase leads to the second and third floors, from where one views the most stunning portrait of Dorothy Goldbeck, painted in China and in Chinese style. She sits majestically in a fine black suit and plumed hat and stares out at the viewer. It is a strong painting and gives one a sense of the beauty and perhaps dominance of this amazing woman.

Sunday, May 26

Mamhead House – rock solid

This house at Starcross within the Houldon Hills overlooks a far view of the sea – it is a beautiful vista. The grounds, flanked by a charming old church and some rather ordinary contemporary structures are well-maintained but florally sparse. This rather detached feeling was carried through to the interior of the 'Italian, Tudor-Gothic, neo-classically synthesized' house, now used as offices. There is a well-panelled entry room and imposing fan-vaulted gallery with two large sculpted figures of Cardinal Wolsey and a Bishop close to the fine stone staircase. The panelled dining room, now a boardroom, contains some beautiful carving, particularly on the fireplace and has a rather serious and controlled air which is perhaps appropriate.

We also climbed the stone tower behind the house and saw the workings of the clock.

Trehill – a neo-classical jewel

Stepping out of the comfortable Phantom II Sports Saloon, we were greeted by a beautiful but shrieking peacock, goats and the lovely precision of this neo-

classical villa built about 1827. A four column Greek Doric porch led to an entry hall with blue walls and white bas-relief neo-classical friezes in the Greek Revival style. In the centre of this room in an alcove above the fireplace was a very fine contemporary white cracked vase by the Yorkshire potter David Roberts. An interesting blend of old and new.

The central hall with a fine staircase and sculpture niches containing terra cotta urns was most successful. Upstairs a bedroom looking onto the garden and cricket pitch contained some interesting art deco pieces – from granite clocks, lamps and curved furniture to a marble-topped fireplace and matching new vanity with sink.

New apartments have been built in the basement. Outside there is a charming perennial border and neo-classical conservatory.

Bickham – a beautiful and happy place

For most of the group this visit seemed to be a highlight. Not only was the setting of this home calm and visually relaxing – sheep grazing on the nearby hills, overlooking a pond with swimming ducks, the house itself was draped in wisteria and surrounded by lush lawns and vegetable and floral gardens. Our hosts themselves welcomed the party with a most delicious buffet lunch, formally set out in the dining room, surrounded by fine paintings, ceramics, clocks and silver.

The drawing room on the ground floor opened onto a patio which looked beyond the hills and was filled with geraniums and other blooms. Collections of fine Chelsea ceramics and other porcelains were housed in fine cabinets. Russian palek boxes and family portraits – both paintings and photographs made this a family room.

Upstairs several bedrooms were on view and one included a portrait of Julia Short playing croquet as a small child dressed in exquisite lace and ribbons. A collection of fans was also laid out as well as small toys and a lovely party dress worn by one of the ladies of the house on her honeymoon in Paris.

Powderham Castle – a stately tortoise

We all set out in convoy and with the same instructions half the party entered the castle by the front gate and the other half by the back – within seconds of each other, like a military tattoo.

Sir Philip Courtenay built the main part of the castle between 1390 and 1420. It has been home to the Earls of Devon since 1845 and on the day of our visit Lord Courtenay was sitting in the garden guarding strawberries for Timothy, the 140 year old tortoise.

The castle itself is imposing and baronial, as one looks into the forecourt from the gate tower and this mood is carried into the heavily panelled dining hall. However it is the music room that is the real highlight – a bright and long room suitable for wonderful parties, with a gilded organ at one end and a marble fireplace on one side wall supported by sculptures of Pan and a classical assistant. The tall bay windows look out on to a view of the estuary.



A corner of Powderham Castle



Irish Georgian Society London Chapter Chairman pilots Michael Kent's PI (52SC)



Norman Gardner enters Tiverton Castle



Competition in Turquoise. Geoffrey Price's 20/25 GTK25



Sharpham — the front



A la Ronde



Morning assembly at the Buckerell Lodge Hotel
Photographs by Janet Valentine

Tiverton Castle — a stitch in time

This castle dates back to the 11th century: it was rebuilt during the 13th, 14th and 16th centuries, and ruins from some of these periods are still visible. The building was altered again during the 17th and 18th centuries but the flavour remains distinctly mediaeval.

In the main entry way we were shown how pots of boiling oil would have been set for unwelcome visitors. It was apparently recorded that sheep entrails were catapulted at advancing enemies from the castle walls — was this the first example of chemical warfare?

Monday, May 27 Rockbeare Manor — in a beautiful meadow

This interesting 18th century house is set in a pretty park of 150 acres, complete with a small lake and strategically placed clusters of stately trees. My fondest memory of this site was watching one of the group wade into a sea of buttercups and daisies, well over his waist, to take a special photograph.

The interior of this house included rooms of graceful elegance such as the large dining room, with excellent plaster work, the original Axminster carpet and the sideboard, built to fit the curved side of the room — to the more relaxed ambiance of the billiard room.

Fursdon — a family seat since 1259

The journey to Fursdon took us cross country along some extremely narrow roads and the 20/25 Sedan de Ville somehow just managed to squeeze by a number of anonymous modern cars filled with holiday-makers! The car is excellent for touring as you sit up above the hedgerows and admire the rolling hills and cow parsley along the sides of the roads.

The house was remodelled in Georgian style in 1732. Now, as well as remaining a family home, the house and cottages are also available for holiday stays and there are concerts and recitals on a regular basis. The house has views over the Exe valley. Cadbury Castle and an iron age fort are also in the grounds.

Inside, the ceilings are low in most rooms except the library, which looks out to the beautiful view and whose walls are lined with recessed bookshelves. It has a good black marble fireplace and some interesting family portraits and was built with a sprung floor so that it could be turned into a ballroom when the occasion demanded.

The small drawing room is panelled in light wood and the dining room or great hall reveals an older wall of the earlier house. A bright hall leading to the second floor contains family portraits, including Grace Fursdon by Sir Peter Lely.

Downes — tyger, tyger

Built during the 17th and 18th centuries this large home has remained in the Buller family since 1739. Inside the entrance is displayed the skull of a tiger which was only wounded by a Buller ancestor in a tiger shoot. A native bearer tried to finish off the tiger with his spear, missed the tiger, but pinned the ancestor to the ground. The

wounded tiger bit the ancestor 27 times before it died; the ancestor survived!

The large panelled dining room was full of family portraits which led to the impressive stairway flanked by dog gates. Half-way up the stairs was a huge painting of a horse, apparently won in a wager. A smaller panelled study is used mostly in the winter, as the large rooms are reported to be cold. After a look at the music room we discovered the Memorabilia Room which included various family details, including a piece of Christmas pudding sent to Sir R. Buller (whilst serving overseas) in 1854 by a Mrs Shepherd at the request of her son, who was serving under Buller.

CONCLUSION

On the morning of our last day, all the cars were lined up in the parking lot of the Buckerell Lodge to pose for the important group photograph. The Silver Dawn was skilfully squeezed into the line as the photographer shouted instructions from a step ladder!

The Cars and Drivers

Year	Model	Chassis	Body Style	Name
1926	Phantom I	52SC	Lé Tourner et Marchand Sedan de Ville	Michael & Sandra Kent
1929	Phantom I	IOR	H J Mulliner Weymann Limousine	Jimmy Valentine
1929	20 hp	GEN45	James Young Weymann Saloon	Norman Gardner
1929	Phantom II	98GN	Replica Tourer	Sue & John O'Dowd
1930	20/25	GTR38	Mann Egerton Open Drive Saloon	John & Barbara Squire
1932	Phantom II	36MS	Hooper Continental Sports Saloon	Lynn & Midge Brua
1934	20/25	GNC70	Hooper Sedan de Ville	David & Sue Collier
1936	20/25	GTK25	Park Ward Saloon	Geoffrey & Betty Price
1954	Silver Dawn	SRH84	Radford Countryman Saloon	Janet Valentine



Arriving at Bickham
Photograph by Janet Valentine

Windsor Village – Summer Picnic & Concours D'Etat

Saturday 13 July 1991 had the worst possible weather forecast but although the day started dark and dull it did not rain.

Anne & I drove the 120 miles from Suffolk to Windsor in our Silver Ghost (58UE) which, due to a combination of 50 miles of secondary roads, followed by stopping for one hour and a contraflow combined with a wide load on the notorious M25 motorway, took us four and a half hours. Thus most people had already begun their picnic when we arrived at the York Cricket Club in Windsor Great Park village.

It was a pleasure to drive the last few miles through an area of the Great Park normally closed to the general public. The landscape was beautiful, the houses were well maintained and there were almost no people at all.

Our contingent of around 30 cars formed part of the annual Flower Show which has been held since 1951. It combines an indoor flower show with an outdoor village fête. The occasion is open only to locals who are connected in one way or another, to the Royal Estate. Almost "the last feudal society in Britain".

After lunch we looked at the flower show and watched Lynn Brua present the trophies. Jo and Brian Wootton made the mistake of winning both the concours for small and large horsepower cars with their Phantom I (10UMC) and their 20/25 (GMU28), both cars looking in splendid order. Now they will have to be judges for both sections in 1992! The car voted most popular by the ladies was Mike Shannon's 1915 Silver Ghost Tourer (5CB).

Just before the cars were due to parade in front of the Queen Mother, who has attended this Village Flower Show for the last 38 years, I thought I should check the petrol. Disaster! That hours delay on the M25 had used almost all my petrol. I only had three quarters of a gallon left; enough for five or six miles perhaps, and we had the parade and the trip around Windsor Park ahead, with the nearest petrol station at least 3 miles away.

A lot of members had a spare can, but because they were old ones which leaked they were all empty. Eventually Norman Gardner and Robin Salmon came to my rescue. I had a fight trying to pay Norman for the petrol; he would not accept a penny and said that next time he would probably be in my place and was sure that I would be happy to help. From now on I will always carry a gallon of petrol.

In the meantime, our lunch had been packed away and the Queen Mother had arrived, visited the Flower Show, and presented trophies to the locals for their prize flowers and vegetables and handicrafts.

Rae Kennedy in the 1905 Light 20 (26350), led the parade of cars in front of the Queen Mother, while John did the commentary with a brief description of all of our cars. Special applause, from the Queen Mother too, was given to Peter Collinson for his 1924 Silver Ghost (135AU) which was on the road for its first outing in 23 years, after a prolonged restoration.

After the parade our neighbour suddenly became very busy removing bottles and glasses as the Queen Mother made her way over to look at our cars. We were delighted that she also came to our car and appeared to be fascinated by its history. She was surprised to know that my car had only done 30,000 miles, had only one owner for the first 30 years, had its original bodywork and had never been restored, only maintained.

The Queen Mother very cleverly used the information about bodywork when she met John Kennedy and talked about bodywork on the Light 20. I have met royalty before but I must admit that none of them were as professional or as kind as the Queen Mother. She certainly is a fantastic lady.

The Queen Mother also told John Kennedy that she has in her stables a Rolls-Royce that is twenty-eight year old. I wonder if he got her as a member?! She was clearly fascinated by the Light 20 and asked for many of its features to be demonstrated to her. Although I doubt if she knows much about the TT Races she seemed so interested in the car that I almost thought she might go for a ride in it. However shortly afterwards she left in her Daimler.

Later we went for a spin around the Great Park - over almost to Virginia Water and alongside the copper horse statue of King George III, from where there is a superb view right back to Windsor and the castle, at the end of a long avenue, as the Great Park is situated high on a hill and with traffic free roads was a beautiful place to drive in. My only regret is that the sun was not shining.

We were all grateful to Rae and John for organising this event, and really look forward to the next one.

Jens Pilo

List of Participants

MODEL	YEAR	CHASSIS	REGN NO	CAR DETAILS	NAME
L20	1905	26350	AX147	Harrington Isle of Man TT Car	John & Rae Kennedy
SG	1910	1390	CA191	Jarvis Balloon Car	Tim & Andy Scott
SG	1910	1392	JS191	Fuller Double Pullman	Paul Benton
SG	1915	5CB	E3369	Neale (1973) Tourer	Mike & Margaret Shannon
SG	1920	9PE	YO2344	Dudley Heath (1976) Tourer	David & Stephanie Martin
SG	1921	58UE	XF7007	Barker Torpedo Tourer	Jens & Anne Pilo
SG	1921	60NE	EL1198	Unknown (Portugal) Tourer	Nic & Carol Rosenberg
SG	1921	94NE	XO4485	Burnett & Reyner (1960) Tourer	Alister & Molly Reid
SG	1923	4PK	BU3046	Jarvis (1983) Tourer	Desmond & Valerie Norwood
SG	1924	135AU	YL8383	Barker Torpedo Tourer	Peter & Sally Collinson
PI	1925	10UMC	TD1234	Hooper Tourer	Brian & Jo Wootton
PI	1925	40HC	PE6355	H J Mulliner Tourer	Alan & Jackie Walker
PI	1927	25EH	RR8388	Jacobs (1970) Tourer	Robin & Nicci Salmon
PI	1928	3CL	YX5555	Hooper Sedan de Ville	Colin & Joan Laybourne
PI	1929	1OR	UV1923	H J Mulliner Weymann Saloon	Jimmy & Janet Valentine
PII	1932	36MS	GY7719	Hooper Continental Sports Saloon	Lynn & Midge Brua
20	1927	GXL63	MP2953	A Mulliner Cabriolet de Ville	Ken & Joan Smedley
20	1928	GYL19	343GOF	Hooper Coupé de Ville	Howard & Ann Bevan
20	1929	GEN45	UU4905	James Young Weymann Saloon	Norman Gardner
20/25	1930	GSR40	GK2169	Barker Sedan de Ville	Dave Morgan
20/25	1932	GBT81	GX66	Barker Sedan de Ville	Digby & Margery Wills
20/25	1932	GMU28	DMP31	H J Mulliner Sports Saloon	Jo & Brian Wootton
20/25	1933	GBA32	ALU3	James Young Sports Saloon	Roger & Patricia Richmond
20/25	1933	GBA63	HS492	Barker Limousine	Clive & Jane Carter
20/25	1934	GSF29	BXB12	Barker Sports Saloon	John & Lesley Sturtard
20/25	1934	GXB77	AXM519	Barker Sedan de Ville	Andrew & Pippa Ayres

Centre Pages		
i	vi	i Anne & Jens Pilo talk about their car Photograph by Howard Bevan
ii	iv	ii Stephanie & David Martin greet the Queen Mother Photograph by John L. Kennedy
iii	v	iii John Kennedy explains the Light 20 acetylene lights to the Queen Mother Photograph by Lynn Brua
iv	vii	iv Rae & John Kennedy discussing their car with the Queen Mother Photograph by Jens Pilo
v	viii	v Carol & Nic Rosenberg discuss their Silver ghost with the Queen Mother
vi		vi Mike Shannon holds the Queen Mother's attention Photograph by Jens Pilo
vii		vii Lynn Brua presents the awards to Brian Wootton who won both the large and small horsepower classes Photograph by Jens Pilo
viii		viii A selection of the cars after the grand parade and commentary Photograph by John L. Kennedy



*Windsor Village Flower Show
July 1991*

*An Occasion Fit For a Queen
Picture Record*



ISLE OF WIGHT SPRING RALLY

19-21 April 1991

Friday afternoon 19th April found seven well turned out 20-Ghost Club cars and owners settled on the Isle of Wight for a weekend rally based on the Swainston Manor Hotel, near Carisbrooke.

There was Ron and Muriel Skerman in their 1936 25/30 Park Ward Saloon (registration DUF280), Brian and Jo Wootton in their 1932 20/25 H J Mulliner Saloon, Lynn and Midge Brua in their 1932 Phantom II Continental Hooper Sports Saloon (GY7719) with Margery and Digby Wills as passengers, Sue and John O'Dowd with their 1929 Phantom II Tourer (SC8968); Ann and Howard Bevan came in their 1928 Twenty Hooper Sedan de Ville (343GOF) and Rae and John Kennedy in their 1922 Silver Ghost Hooper Tourer (HC3459). Last but not least was David Martin in his 1920 Silver Ghost Tourer (YO2344), the organiser of the whole occasion, ably assisted by his wife Stephanie. As they live on the island, they knew exactly where we would be well received and to which of the many places to take us.

The venues were most interesting and varied and included Arreton Manor, the glass works near St Lawrence, and the old army fort at Golden Hill, designed to keep out Napoleon. In addition there were scenic coastal routes and the inevitable craft shops.

We were able to hear vespers sung at Quarr Abbey on Saturday evening, which finished that day with a quiet half hour and a most informative meeting with some of the Benedictine Monks.

Lunch on Saturday was taken at The Peacock Vane in the delightful village of Bonchurch. It was like stepping back into the last century, as this hotel had been lovingly restored and furnished by its owners and crammed with Victoriana. It was rather like taking one's lunch, which was superb, in a very up market museum.

The weekend ended, after another excellent lunch at the George Hotel in the yachting town of Yarmouth, with a visit to Osborne House, where our own row of Rolls-Royce cars stood with dignity against the facade of this historic house — a favoured home of Queen Victoria. A small carriage with two horse power in the form of two lovely Hungarian Grays took us sedately to see the Swiss Chalet with its fascinating collection of memorabilia, acquired by Queen Victoria and her family over many years.

The weather proved exceptionally bright and sunny and, against all forecasts, the seaweed stayed dry — and externally — so did we!

A good weekend indeed and our appreciation to David and Stephanie for all their hard work on our behalf.

Muriel Skerman



Arreton Manor



Swainston Manor Hotel



Quarr Abbey



Fort Victoria



Horsepower at Osborne House

Photographs by John L. Kennedy

Royce Foundation

We have been invited to attend this interesting event next summer. Please apply direct to the Royce Foundation as shown in the letter below, sent by them.

HMS Warrior
Britain's First Iron Clad
HM Naval Base Portsmouth

At 6 o'clock in the evening of Saturday 20th June 1992 the

SIR HENRY ROYCE MEMORIAL
FOUNDATION

will be making the presentation of the

TROPHY FOR THE PURSUIT
OF EXCELLENCE 1991

to HMS Warrior 1860 at a private banquet-style buffet on that remarkable and most interesting vessel for the supreme excellence demonstrated in the restoration and refurbishing of what was a derelict hulk. The story of the ship, its armour, its armaments and its steam/sail power is quite fascinating.

Indications are that this visit will be heavily oversubscribed and it is recommended that those who wish to attend register their names as soon as possible (but send no money) by contacting

Frank Shaw,
Foundation Chairman,
92 Kimberley Road, Solihull B92 8PX
Tel: 021 743 2966 Fax: 021 711 1309

Lord Elgin takes the 20-Ghost Club to Bannockburn

The October 1991 Scottish Tour was organised by Lord Elgin, President of our Club, to the highest standard of personal comfort and gastronomic delight. After a superb stop at Contin House Hotel for a couple of days, en route to the official start of the tour, we gathered at Aultnagar Lodge (Carnegie's Hunting Lodge) near Lairg, on Saturday 5 October. The Kennedys managed to be first to arrive and got confused and mixed up with a Bridal Reception that was due to arrive at the hotel just at that moment. We all received the red carpet treatment complete with piper and downpour of rain. David and Stephanie Martin had motored the longest distance, from the Isle of Wight, stopping off for dinner on the way with the Princess Royal. They were battered by the westerly gales for much of the journey, as were all of us who drove from the south.

The following day was spent exploring the north-east of the Highlands. Lord Elgin, the Kennedys and the Adams made it to John O'Groats. Lord Elgin was taken by surprise when he discovered the m.p.g. of his Silver Ghost, resulting in an untimely stop. (It is always untimely to run out of petrol!) Jimmy & Janet Valentine, with Ken & Pam Ducommun over from Vancouver for the tour, as passengers, settled for the delights of a restaurant at Helmsdale where one of Scotland's best salmon rivers flows into the north sea; meanwhile Lynn & Midge Brua did the journey to Durness, near Cape Wrath, on the extreme north-west tip of Scotland.

Aultnagar Lodge revealed its innermost secrets when we turned on either the hot or cold taps, as what came out had all the appearances of whisky, however we soon learnt that this characteristic was the effect of the peat in the local water. It so discoloured the water that when sitting in the bath your legs and ankles just disappeared into the murk.

The next day we all moved to Lochinver, most of us taking in the Summer Isles, the salmon smoke house and the Stoer Peninsula. We encountered gradients up to 25% and narrow single tracked roads provided with many passing places, but little traffic to impede our progress. The scenery was steep and rocky; every corner held a surprise varying from superb panoramic views to the occasional oncoming car. All the hotel rooms at Inver Lodge had beautiful views across the harbour of Lochinver, with its fishing fleet which we saw slip out to sea in the sunset of the evening.

It was the local garage owner or foreman, who said, when we visited the premises, "Rolls-Royces are like London buses; you don't see one for ages, then three all turn up together!"

We know not what any other cars attended the garage for, but are certain it could only be minor running repairs. For ourselves, we had a small nut come loose on the exhaust cut-out. We left the parts that required alteration in the garage, with the mechanic, who said that if we returned the following morning, he would have it ready. When we returned he was most apologetic, as he had not

been able to repair the original parts, but had converted a small piece of linkage from a Ford, complete with metric thread. (now non-standard!) His modification allows the system to work better than it ever has in the 32 years we have owned the car. Sir Henry would be proud of him, and the other Henry (Ford)!

It was from our next hotel, at Craigellachie, on Speyside, that his Lordship decided it was time to enter into the more serious side of our education of Scottish tradition. We were to be on parade, with engines warmed, by 09:45. Such discipline appealed to Alistair Bruce's army training!

We were lined up behind Lord Elgin's ghost (the six cylindered variety). Alistair, in true army form, was marching up and down the motorcade enquiring if his Lordship had a convoy. At the prescribed time our leader proceeded with uncommon haste, and within ten minutes we arrived at our first distillery.

The Macallan, one of Scotland's finest single malt distillers, registered since 1824, but production goes back long before that date. The distillery is on the site where the old cattle drovers had to wait to cross the Spey and the farmer at this crossing point realised their victualling requirements. No date can be put on this early whisky production, but it was most probably illegal.

The Macallan head office, now a finely restored manor house, had at one time been in the ownership of Lord Elgin's Grandfather, and Lord Elgin was pleased to show the Directors a game book and to inspect early photographs of the property.

We were shown around the production plant and store, given details of the various casks they used and how the malts are mixed at the Macallan. All their whisky is stored in old sherry casks and the flavour is achieved by mixing malts from casks which have held different varieties of sherry.

We were shown a film at their reception centre, a small auditorium seating about 30 people, which had a most elaborate wind organ, operating hammers on bottles and pipe and producing the most thunderous sound. The film at one stage show a Scotsman lifting his kilt in a most revealing way to a young lady expressing a mixture of shock and surprise. When we were given a camera's eye view, that closely guarded secret, of what a Scotsman wears under his kilt, can now be exposed to all 20-Ghost members, and we are pleased to report that the traditional fig leaf is, in fact, replaced by three bottles of The Macallan! (The expression, "he's got a lot of bottle", now takes on a whole new meaning.) We were then all given a most generous present, a scarf for the ladies and a bottle of whisky for the gentlemen; no doubt the ladies will also indulge in the whisky.

Lord Elgin called us to order, requested a phone call be made to the next distillery advising them of our arrival time, then we were off, arriving at Glenfarclas about ten minutes later. Here, we were received by the chairman, Mr George Grant, plied us with generous hospitality —



The end of the road. Ghosts 100HG & 51TW rest at John O'Groats



Pause at Dingwall for essential supplies. Ghosts as above plus 9PE



Spirited lineup at Glenfarclas Distillery
Above photographs by Graham Adams



Docile locals near Durness in the far north west of the Highlands



Bannockburn. Lord Elgin and his illustrious ancestor contemplate one of Scotland's finest moments



Alistair Bruce provides musical entertainment in Macallan's unique reception centre



Highland scenery near Lochinver
Above photographs by John L. Kennedy

whisky, wine, three-course lunch, whisky, another distillery tour then yet another sample of whisky.

Having expressed our gratitude to both The Macallan and Glenfarclas, most then made their way to the cashmere shop in Elgin. Not a cheap experience!

Next day we made our way over the notorious Tomintoul-Cock Bridge road in what was probably the worst days driving conditions, with a lot of thick fog on the high ground. Not the best conditions to be driving 2.5 tons of vehicle with only rear wheel brakes. We picked our way in the murk to Alford and the Grampian Transport Museum, winter home of Ian Smith's superb 1907 Silver Ghost Maudsley Wagonette (577), one of the most original early surviving Ghosts.

Ron Bonar joined us for dinner at Craigendarroch with his sparkling all polished aluminium Ghost, making all our cars look a bit weather-beaten, but he had spent 18 hours polishing all the car — or was it just one side!

Next morning we were taken by Michael Bruce, cousin of Lord Elgin, for a walk through his estate — the Glen Tannis Forest. He introduced us to forestry management and some of the misconceptions given to the uninitiated — for example, afforestation takes place at the rate of 2500 trees per hectare against the rate of ten thousand trees per hectare naturally. We were shown some of the trees planted by German prisoners of war in the 1940's. As they were now just coming up for felling, 45 years seems a long wait for a return on an investment, even for the most patient.

By now, most of us had given the craft shops a good looking over, visited various castles and motor museums, had lunches ranging from overpriced bowls of tinned soup to generous portions of superb local seafood. The cars had all behaved, although David Martin had attended to his valves and exhaust a few times. John & Lois Zimble had a sheep jump on their front wing, and run off with a severe headache.

We had been entertained by Lord Elgin, both at the piano and in good voice. The weather had been better than we had expected, enabling us to travel with the hood down for virtually the whole trip.

On the last evening, Lynn Brua made a presentation to Lord Elgin and expressed our thanks, not only for organising the tour, but for his good companionship and for

being a constant source of information.

The true highlight of the tour was when we were taken by Lord Elgin to the battlefield at Bannockburn, near Stirling and told the story of how 37 generations ago, his direct antecedent, Robert the Bruce, had, with a combination of guile and strategy, defeated the much larger army of Edward II, thus confirming Scotland as a separate nation. Generous in his victory, he spared the lives of many noblemen, enabling vast sums of ransom money to be extracted from the English.

Who better than Lord Elgin to take us onto the battlefield to narrate this stirring tale — a fitting end to a great tour.

Footnote: On a personal note, Gill and I, as relatively new members of the Club, appreciated the companionship and friendship of this tour and look forward to many more happy motoring miles. For those of you who were unable to be on this trip, we hope our brief report has given you some idea of what you missed.

We would like to express our sincere thanks to all the organisers and participants for a most memorable tour.

Graham Adams



Canadian contingent on the Whisky Trail
From left — Pam & Ken Docommun and Pat Chapman at Glenfarclas
Photograph by Hubert Chapman

This article, submitted by Derek du Toit, is of particular relevance to those who like to use their Silver Ghosts and should be essential reading for those coming on the Cumbria Driving Weekend next May, and Alpine 93 the year after.

Mountain Driving in a Ghost

The art of driving in mountainous terrain with a rear-braked car has been largely lost to most of us. Trying to find out on a tour by trial and error, the way the art was developed during the first two decades of the century, can lead to some exciting moments. Drivers in those days were instructed to "always go down in the gear in which you went up" and this is usually a good enough rule to follow. However, this usually applied to medium and small cars and is not altogether suitable for a car as powerful and as heavy as a Ghost, especially on long, steep descents.

For every year of manufacture, the Ghost had the best two-wheel brakes in the world and in normal repair would be capable of locking up the rear wheels on almost any surface. Even so, they are not suitable for non-stop use in the mountains for the following reasons. First, a Ghost is usually good for only one really effective stop under stressful conditions such as down a steep hill or from really high speed. This is because the heat built up from stopping such a large car is such that the brake drums will expand slightly so that the shoes cannot contact the surface completely parallel. This means that a lot of braking is not available until things have cooled down a bit. Second, the process of stopping a car throws the weight forward so that the rear wheels have less traction available and will lose their grip more easily.

All of this means that you need to take precautions when driving in the mountains and they are best contained in an extension of our father's driving adage — "Go down-hill in a gear that will allow you to slow down gradually if the governor is on SLOW and your foot is off the throttle." This will mean that you will not have to touch the brakes at all, so they can be saved for a real emergency. You will, in fact, have to drive down hill by using the throttle and although it can be tedious on occasions when the hill flattens out, it will also prevent "popping back through silencer," the Factory's gentle description of thunderous backfires caused by air leaking past a worn throttle. There is a real Caveat to be allowed for here — your down-shifting procedure has to be up to these demands. If not, arrange to down-shift at the top of a grade by stopping at the crest and crunching into a suitable gear or you may enter into the folklore of the movement by missing a gear change on the way down.

As Ettore Bugatti said, "A car is meant to go, not stop!" and this driving technique will allow perfect safety on the steepest hills without any brakes at all. It does not mean, however, that you should rely on the well-known SG infallibility to ignore maintenance of your brakes. You should check them over and ensure they are working properly before you leave. If necessary, call in expert help.

P.S. Do not use your hand brake unless all else has failed — they have cast iron liners and were only designed to hold a post-War car once it had stopped.

Rating Your Car

Tours are the best time to exchange cars and find out how the other half lives. Exchanging rides with like-minded owners will allow you the best opportunity of evaluating your car and are a lot of fun besides. Every car is different and, as you mentally go through this check list, ask the owner how he achieved a particular feature you like, especially if you have been trying to implement it yourself. You might like to rate your own car and other cars you drove, on a scale of 1 to 10. This will give you pointers of ways to improve your own car before the next major outing.

Brakes

Can you lock-up both rear wheels on dry tarmac at 40 mph? Do not try this on anyone else's car as it can remove lots of rubber! It can also be dangerous if you get into a skid.

Clutch

Can the car take off in high gear, on a level road, without protest? Will it reverse without juddering?

Engine

Does moving the mixture control lever 2 or 3 notches either way produce a noticeable difference to the running of the engine under all conditions?

Does the engine pull evenly and strongly under all conditions, on magneto or coil?

Will the engine start easily on hand crank on either magneto or coil when warm?

Does the car run smoothly at 40 — 45 mph?

Gearbox

Can you change gears noiselessly, up or down?

Steering

Can you steer easily with two fingers at speeds over 20 mph?

Is there any shimmy or looseness anywhere in the system? Any heaviness?

Suspension

Will the chassis "give" as you mount the running board?

Do the rear wheels "patter" when braking heavily going downhill on a bumpy road? Do not try to induce; this can be a very dangerous situation.

Wheels

Can you travel at 5 mph, fully laden, with no creaks, groans or other noises from the wheels?

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

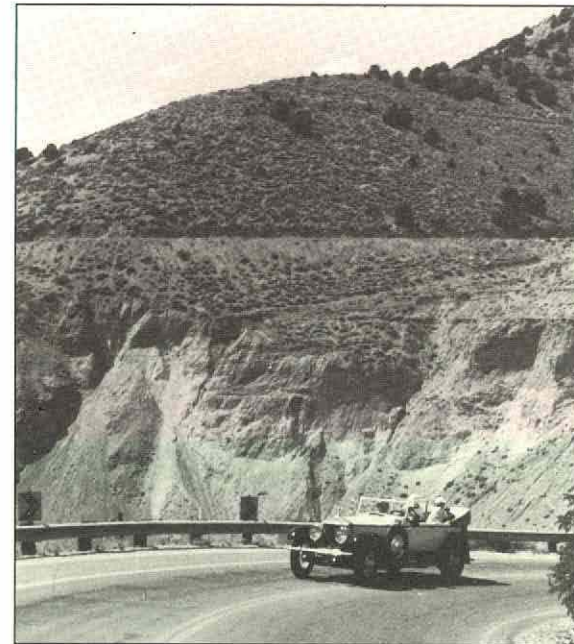
Empirical Testing of Carburation, Cooling and Crew, at 14,000 ft and over 35°C.

The chance of going over some spectacular scenery and plenty of phenomenal passes was too good to miss for the 21 hardy souls who wanted to get to and from Monterey in an interesting way. Meeting in Denver, Colorado for the start of a 3,000 mile thrash, they found they were also to be part of the most searching test of the Silver Ghost's consumption, climbing and cooling capabilities since the early Twenties. Each of the 6 crews (there were more riders than drivers!) on the Ghost Train was handed a logbook containing, *inter alia*, a table of height/boiling temperatures with plenty of space for detailed notes of water, petrol and oil consumptions, as well as observations about maintenance, brakes, tyres and the like. We were expected to note down temperatures, height, speed and weather conditions on a daily basis, in just the same way as the Factory test drivers did so long ago. (Our logbook was based on the "Experimental Log Book no. 8" which the Factory used in 1923/24 when 9PK and 98NK were being driven all over France by Hs. and Rm. while they were trying to sort out the new front wheel brakes. Thanks to Peter Baines at the Hunt House for the copy.) All of this was in the name of science, since there is still plenty to find out about what these cars are capable of. Much of the original information, gathered so carefully in the early days, is not available to present day owners, at least not until someone does the necessary research. Many current beliefs of what these cars will do are therefore often more a statement of opinion than actual experience. We were going to have plenty of opportunity to test our cars thoroughly because the route chosen searched out some of the longest and most spectacular passes in the world — Independence Pass, 12,095 ft; Trail Ridge Road, 12,183 ft; Tioga Pass, 9,945 ft; let alone Pikes Peak, which rises some 8,000 ft in only 18 miles.

Carburation

We started out in high hopes of actually finding out, amongst other such things, whether one has to lean out the carburettor as one gets up into rarefied regions, and if so, by how much? We found this out pretty quickly, because a few miles down the road we turned off to Pikes Peak, that 14,110 ft beacon of challenge to so many car drivers since the early 1900s. Some of our group, in the discussion we had before the start of this expedition, had held that you must lean the jets out as you went higher, due to there being less oxygen, as this would lead to a richer than necessary mixture. A minority held that the correct fuel/air ratio was implicit in the action of the compensating high speed air valve. The Changing Carburettor Jets myth was quickly scotched. As Contrarian Theory so often has it, the few were correct; or at least partially correct. Silver Ghost high speed jets do not need to be leaned out as you go higher; the air valve

compensates automatically. The low speed jet, being uncompensated, does need adjustment, but only about one notch leaner for every 3,000 feet of altitude. For those who had never been at 14,000 feet before, the lack of personal energy was startling — almost everyone quickly understood how altitude sickness could get you if you tried any strenuous activity. The cars also lacked pep.



S362RL climbing towards Virginia City
Photograph by Jo Wootton

Cooling

Another thing we found out on the first day was that it was just as well that we had tables with us showing height/boiling temperatures. (Water, which boils at 100°C at sea level, boils at 1 degree lower for every 915 feet of altitude, thus at about 9,000 feet the boiling point is already down to 90°C.) So with water boiling point down to 85°C at a 13,750 foot altitude, a car running at that temperature is actually boiling away merrily while the driver is blissfully unaware of impending doom! Not that there is anything wrong, or even harmful, with having the engine run at boiling temperatures — it is just that if it continues for any length of time, it will lead to a lack of coolant and an eventually catastrophic rise of engine temperature from 100°C at sea level to the melting point of something such as bearings or pistons. Some of the newcomers to this kind of heavy-duty touring were amazed to find out that their cars have an automatic water levelling process, arising

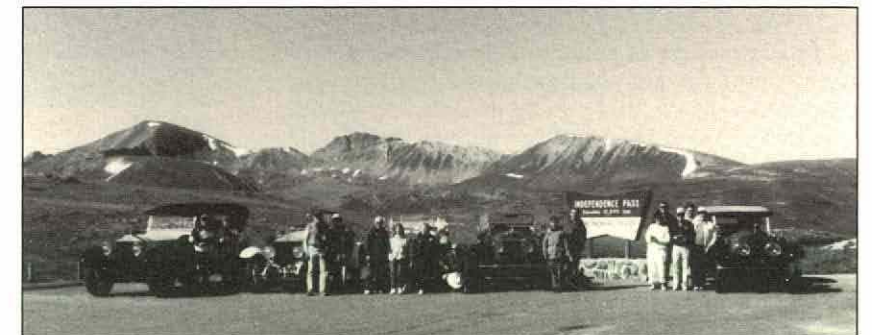
from the setup of the coolant overflow pipes and a water pump that suffers from an over-active thyroid gland. If the pipes are unobstructed, there is a quick coolant loss over about 50 fast miles, until the level settles down to about half an inch above the upper cooling tubes. If the pipes have been doctored so that they do not drain away so much of the coolant thrashing around the upper tank of the radiator, they do not needlessly blow so much water away. This is done by plugging off one drainage tube and fitting the other with a suitable nail, so that the head acts as an umbrella, keeping much of the surging water from going down the tube. Do not attempt to seal off both overflow pipes because the core cannot take any pressure. Another way to slow down the water loss is to fit a restrictor made of a freeze-plug with some quarter inch holes in it. This is fitted in the upper water hose and slows down the activity of the pump.

In an attempt to combat this water loss, one of the cars in our group had an extension very similar to that of the Alpine cars of 1913, to test whether this innovation made any difference. The way the Factory attempted to solve the problem of sealed radiators, and the penalty marks imposed if the seals were broken to add water during the 1913 Alpine, was to extend the overflow pipes some 6 inches higher than normal, protecting them with the Alpine Filler. Ghosts were not designed to thrash along at high speeds; if they do, they can lose lots of water due to the over-exuberance of the water pump. Travel at 20 mph and you never lose any water — crank your speed up to 55 mph and you can convince yourself that you have a badly leaking radiator because you have to top up at every stop. The Alpine Filler (or steam separator, as it is sometimes erroneously called) cures this overflow loss and the only disadvantage is that you have to keep explaining the whole process to those who have never seen a phallic symbol on a car. If your radiator is slightly silted up (most are, these days — or else have chemical deposits from hard water, or both), water will not flow through it as quickly as it should and you can then also lose a lot through water backing up in the upper tank.

The group found that if your cooling system is cool and efficient, it will see you through most long climbs of under 10% grades, as long as you do not rush them. A tight, strong fan belt, a lower gear and a correctly-filled, efficient radiator will stave off boiling as long as you do not have a following wind, an excessive load or an ambient temperature that is over 30°C. If you do start to boil, you have a while, say 5 miles, before water loss becomes a problem. So if the crest or summit is less than that away when you start boiling, and you can bear to whizz over it without taking in the view, you can go a fair way down the other side on over-run to cool everything down before you stop. This avoids the Old Faithful Geyser effect that will greet you if you stop at the top to top up with your top up.

A useful instrument to have is an altimeter — this allows you to judge how far the summit is if you are in trouble. Some of the ways the Factory tried to guard against boiling in the Twenties, such as fitting a smaller fan pulley, were obviously out of our reach on the Ghost Train.

The final lesson we learned was that the limiting factor at altitude and/or on long, relentless passes of a kind seldom encountered elsewhere, was not a lack of power but lack of cooling. You have to keep an eye on the temperature gauge and ease off the accelerator, often changing down a gear, whenever you get to within 5°C of boiling. Better yet, ease off once you go beyond normal operating temperature and possibly stave off boiling altogether. One of the cars had a temperature probe at the base of the radiator, and this showed that the cooled water was generally around 15°C below the highest reading. Another car had a *Mack truck radiator core*! It did not boil at all — naturally it swept past the rest of us on the hills, which it was able to take at full throttle. Lifting up the sides of the bonnet made about 3°C difference, while there were divided opinions about cutouts. Some said they made a difference, others said not. What did make a difference was if you were able to hitch a ride under a cloud



Ghost Train participants at Independence Pass

Photograph by Derel du Toit

— passengers felt the difference too, especially if the top was down. The Springfield cars seemed less sensitive to heat than the Derby cars, almost certainly because of greater capacity from their higher radiators, 22" vs. 20". Another factor was that shuttered radiators do not soak up as much sunlight. If direct desert sunshine falls on a black core, it will put up the temperature by as much as 5°C. We intend doing some more research as well as testing some suggestions made from Australia. These may solve some of the abovementioned problems — watch this space.

Consumptions

It was remarkable how varied the petrol consumptions were. They ranged from 16.25 miles per Imperial gallon on the flat (13.0 miles per US gallon) to under 10 mpg (8 mpUSg). As we went along, and as drivers became more attuned to what their cars were telling them — what else is there to listen to in the desert? — carburetors gradually became more efficient as they were leaned out to where they should be. (Your devoted, and oft-times over-zealous, scribe has noticed that many Ghosts and Phantoms run far too rich these days and feels that if you

water loss, there was no consumption of coolant. With all the variables working against one, the loss could be as high as 15 gallons per 1000 miles — this car kept going because each car on the Ghost Train carried up to 5 gallons of drinking water to guard against every eventuality. Once its driver realized that the antifreeze he was using was foaming, because an unpressurized radiator encouraged it and the subsequent catastrophic heat transfer conditions, the condition disappeared. This was not before the engine had been stripped down in Monterey to try and find a nonexistent blockage in either of the blocks. Replacing the foaming antifreeze with plain water did the trick.

Maintenance

Lubrication programs were just as varied and ranged from overdosing to anorexia. Overdosing in the lubrication sense is normally not life threatening, except for the magneto, generator and water pump. In the first two, it can cause electrical failure of a fundamental nature. Thus the cautious, who wish for their magnetos and generators to last forever, use a minimum of oil — perhaps one drop per orifice per 5,000 miles — and replace cheap bearings if they complain, rather than expensive armatures when they burn out. (Keep in mind that if you have a magneto which has a sleeve bearing for the distributor rotor, such as on a German Bosch ZR6, this needs to be kept lubricated more often.) An over-lubricated water pump, on the other hand, dumps all the lubricant into the coolant, which then clogs up the radiator. With modern antifreeze (if it does not foam in an unpressurized radiator!) there is no pressing to lubricate the water pump bearings at all. Plenty of examples abound of Silver Ghost water pumps doing well over 100,000 miles with as-original graphited asbestos rope packings, original brass bearings, no leaks, no extra packing and only two screw caps of lubricant over that entire distance. So there is no need for modern (and non-authentic) teflon bearings, exotic space-age packings or anything more than a smidgen of water pump grease.

Some of the cars were initially under-lubricated and the fact that Silver Ghosts perform as well as they do all over the world is a tribute to the designer. However, because we kept changing riders around, so that everyone got to drive everyone else's car, there was more lubrication, sometimes at 4 a.m., towards the end of the ghost Train than at the beginning. One place worth noting is the sphere. If this is over-lubricated, the excess runs down the torque tube to keep the centre bearing moist and also keeps the level of the differential at its highest. The drain tubes must be open, but as the excess drips out, the driving dogs are also kept oily. This does not work for Phantom Is because they have a baffle to stop this lazy, though efficient, approach.

Brakes and Tyres

Everyone was comfortable with their brakes, going down steep passes in the appropriate lower gear so that they did not have to touch their brakes on the way down, relying on engine compression to do the job. (Engines lose a lot of compression at altitude and this meant we needed a lower gear than anticipated when we needed engine braking at high altitudes.) Even though we did not come across any such passes, some owners reported, in our discussion

groups, having comfortably come down grades of up to 1 in 3 by changing to first gear on a four-speed box car. The only problem here is that you can run out of oil pressure at such an acute angle if your oil is not well above the normal level.

As for tyre wear, we noted that those which gave the best mileage were Universals fitted to light tourers. Owners typically report in excess of 20,000 miles for these as opposed to under 10,000 miles for Dunlops, with Firestone treads being down to 3,000 miles. Betco tyres, the Down Under response to crummy beaded edge quality during the 1980s, were not used on the Ghost, nor were Goodrich, but reports are that they give good mileage. (Note that these are observations rather than scientific tests. Heavy cars will not give as many miles, and problems with wheel alignment, tracking or wheel balance can wear out any tyres after a very short distance.)



The loneliest road ('The 50') and the loneliest town (Eureka, Nevada)



109MG & S362RL near the Utah/Nevada border
Photographs by Jo Wootton

Breakdowns

"Failure to proceed" afflicts all of us at some time or another, but the response to this indignity is a lot less stressful when there are helpful souls around, as there are on most tours. To console those who initially felt anxious, we arranged a loose convoy system at the start. The slower cars generally left first and so we all caught each other up during the day. This was a much appreciated system by some, since there were parts that were pretty desolate. An example was the road between Ely and Tonopah, where there was nothing, not even a telephone, for 140 miles of desert. (Aussie and other readers south of the equator are permitted a smile or two here!) This section of route 50 is acknowledged to be the most desolate road in the United

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Crew

We took along everything we could think of — lashings of 45 rating Hi-Block sun cream, lots of liquids, emergency food for 24 hours, even some sleeping bags in case we got really stuck. We anticipated getting hot but did not — daytime temperatures only reached 35°C. Dawn temperatures in the desert were as low as 7°C, which can be brutal for back-seat riders being driven at speed in an open tourer. However, we found that getting up really and leaving at the first glimmer of dawn allowed us to do our average of 300 comfortable miles on the desert days while it was still relatively cool. Those who had ventilator flaps on the upper scuttle of their cars kept their feet cooler than those who did not — it is not called a firewall for nothing.



78FW at Ely, where the other Ghost Train resides
Photograph by Derek du Toit

All of this seems less dramatic than previous writers have reported their round trips to Monterey to be, but we probably had more hot weather experience to call on and kept replacing body fluids with caffeine-free drinks.

The Tour Itself

For most of us, this tour was as much fun as you can get. Spectacular scenery, good friends, old and new and the adventures of the Open Road — no wonder Lawrence of Arabia once said, apropos of having whatever he wanted, "I should like to have a Rolls-Royce car with enough tyres and petrol to last me all my life."

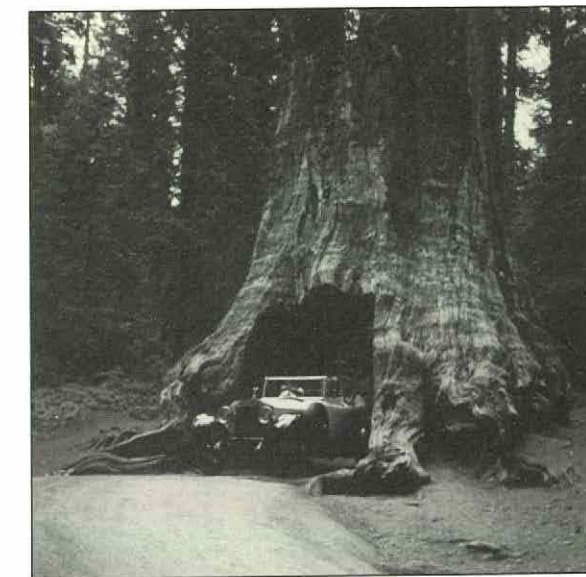
We hope the research we did will encourage others to follow the admonition to "Just Do It". The newcomers to this kind of Grand Tour found that they came away convinced of the bullet-proof reliability of the Ghost and its ability to take us wherever we wanted to go. It was all good training for Alpine 93, which was one of the reasons we did it.

Derek du Toit

Ghost Train Participants

The six Silver Ghosts are listed hereunder. In addition to the drivers, there were riders from England, Scotland, Sweden, South Africa, Australia and America.

Drivers	Car	Chassis
Derek & Helen du Toit	1920 Tourer	78FW
Karl Furr	1921 Mann Egerton Tourer	109MG
Lawrence James	1922 Pall Mall Tourer	85BG
John Harris	1922 Tourer	68ZG
Doug & Mary White	1923 Hooper Tourer	29LK
Don Davies & Ruth Reese	1926 Pall Mall Tourer	S362RL



109MG drives through the famous Redwood tree in Yosemite National Park, California
Photograph by Jo Wootton

Elaine & Rudy Rosales also decided to drive all the way from their home near Cleveland, Ohio to Monterey, California — but did the 2500 mile journey on their own. Elaine relates their adventures.

The Lonely Road to Monterey

Long before plans were under way for a Ghost Train, we had decided to drive to Monterey, California for the RROC National Meet and the announcement of the Train did not change our plans. There is a tremendous difference between driving a great distance alone and driving in a small group — most noticeably, we had to be self sufficient on the road and all advance planning had to be done by us.

First item on the agenda was to decide what we would be driving — having the luxury of two Silver Ghost tourers to choose from. It would need to be in A-1 shape and the choice was 40PG, a 1922 HJ Mulliner Tourer. Rudy began his work on the car almost two years in advance — shock absorbers, a front tonneau, changing the filler pipe on the gas tank to increase its capacity to cater for the long distance driving, and a general tune up.

My work was the “getting us there”. A year beforehand, I contacted that states through which we felt we would be driving and requested maps, lodging and gasoline station information and schedule of events. I also contacted a number of hotel/motel chains and with all the information now to hand, I determined an approximate routing, not using interstate highways and going into areas where we had a special interest. We had determined that 10 days would be the time allotted to drive; this would allow time for bad weather, breakdowns and sightseeing. Early in 1991 I obtained more maps and guide books so we now were ready to go.

We decided that on the first two days we would drive as far as we could. Reasons — we would be fresh and we were not interested in spending time in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or Iowa. Departure day came and we left at first light and headed west, spending the night in Galesburg, Illinois — 503 miles in an open car in August! At this rate, we would be in California in 4 more days.

Day 2 arrived and with it, heavy rain, but you know the adage — if you drive fast enough, you don't get wet — so off again with the top down. After an hour and a half the clouds broke and it seemed we would be just behind or just ahead of it. Lincoln, Nebraska was our destination; a great Bed and Breakfast that made special provisions for 40PG. Since we did 358 miles on day 2, we felt that we could sightsee from here on, so next morning we started our meanderings and adventures.



40PG en route to California

Stopping to make a phone call, we were not allowed to leave until the newspaper editor came for pictures and a story — “we were the most excitement to come into that town in ages”. Stopping for gas, the garage next door closed down so that Rudy could change oil, people were sent home for videos and cameras and we were sent down to the grain elevator to be weighed (5020 pounds and we have the weight slip to prove it) and always the question — “why are you here, so far from the Interstate, how did you find us?” This was the story of the trip — suggestions on which truck stop or restaurant toe at at and even what to order. People could not have been more helpful.

As we drove on, spending night 3 in Ogallala, Nebraska; night 4 in Glenrock, Wyoming; night 5 in Rock Springs, Wyoming and night 6 in Nephi, Utah. We followed the Mormon/California/Oregon or Immigrant Trail. While the Ghost Train went up the mountains, we went through them, as they did in the covered wagons — our highest point being 8,300 feet above sea level. But being totally surrounded by mountains, you marvel at how these pioneers found the passes, the water and their way west.

Of course, the trip was not always idyllic, as there were a few problems. Rudy, trying and achieving the elusive 12 mpg, was running the car lean and we began to overheat. As we increased our extra water supply to 3 gallons, we would stop and fill the radiator with regularity. On day 5, our luck ran out and the seam in the radiator broke loose, with water shooting all over. A fisherman stopped, off they went to a nearby stream, chased the drinking deer away, filled the jugs with “branch water” and Rudy got to

use his state of the art, on the road repair shop to solder the break. About an hour or so later, a split rim and a blow out and we were down to one spare. More work on the radiator that night and as next morning started out as heavy rain, no overheating problems. Driving through Provo, Utah, we spotted a garage, found out that the man could mig weld and he repaired the rim, even painting it. Cost? — why, nothing; he was on his lunch hour and enjoyed working on the car, but could we take a picture so he could show people that he had worked on a Rolls-Royce.

The next two days found us in the desert and the car behaved beautifully (Rudy decided to run it richer as he had proved his point and was tired of soldering) and after taking the pony express trail, Highway 50, dubbed the loneliest road in America, we arrived at the northern end of Lake Tahoe just before a hail storm. And it does pay to travel with your own clock radio, as a second hail storm during the night caused a mud slide that closed the road we were going to take, so listening to the radio saved us quite a detour.

We were now on the gold rush trail, heading towards Jamestown, California to stay at the oldest continuously operating hotel in the gold rush country and feeling pretty cocky; the top still had not been up, the radiator was repaired, the car was behaving beautifully, then — Bang! — another cracked rim and blow out, this time on a curvy mountain road, with no way to pull off. However, people stopped to offer help and direct traffic, as Rudy was lying in the road, but since he was getting good at this wheel changing, we were on our way in a short time.

From there we could have gotten to Monterey in a few hours, but since our accommodation was not available until the following day, we just did more sightseeing. We did arrive in Monterey on the morning of the eleventh day, having driven 2827 miles, never once putting the top up and, wonder of all wonders, still married and even talking to each other!

We would do a similar trip again in a minute, using the same plans and format, deciding today where we would spend tomorrow and taking the roads that looked and/or sounded interesting. Besides being featured in a newspaper story, we met a man riding the entire pony express trail on one of the three horses he had with him. We had countless pictures taken and met people from all over the U.S. and the world and were rarely asked what the car was worth.

After the meet in Monterey, we packed up 40PG and had her trailered home for a well deserved rest. But.. New Mexico, Arizona and Texas look so interesting, and S210ML, our 1926 Ghost really should have a good long distance run, so.....



Rudy soldering on the road in Wyoming



State of the art car repair kit

SPRING LUNCHEON & DRIVING TESTS

BROOKLANDS — Sunday 5 May 1991

Thanks to the initiative of John Kennedy and the early research of Peter Phillips, this year's tests were held at Brooklands shortly after its first public opening. Brooklands was the site for many original tests on Rolls-Royce cars, especially by motoring correspondents, and with no less fiendish ingenuity, Simon Fielder and the Charterhouse Motor Club set their minds to exploit the potential of the site.

Test Hill was the first obstacle. This deceptive slope, steepening sharply to one in four on the last section, brought out the mettle in one driver at least, who stormed up with his cut-out providing extra boost. Others tried a gentler approach; an unfortunate few found the steepness of the angle inimical to gravity fed petrol, or were defeated by gear ratios more suitable to the surrounding Racing Track. The object of the exercise was merely the ascent itself. With the discovery of some timings from the late 1930's, it will be possible to be more subtle next time.

This year, the tests were done separately rather than in series, so those who had completed each trial had the leisure to observe the efforts of their friends. Everyone thus moved off in procession, to the gratification of the general public, to the next test on the Members' Banking. It looked like a simple garaging test, but was carried out across the Banking, which slopes remarkably at this point. It called for considerable nicety of judgement to stop with the wheels between the lines, first forward, then in reverse, especially with the servo time-lag on the later cars. Silver Ghost drivers with outside handbrake seemed happiest here, particularly those with all round visibility.

These advantages were lost, however, on the third test — blindfold manoeuvring under instruction from the passenger. It is remarkably difficult to appreciate the movement of the car in these circumstances, so both skill and patience are required of both parties. The best performances were remarkably fluid, but others backed and filled several times. Simon Fielder, the test's inventor, cornered and emotionally blackmailed by Bryan Goodman, attempted the test himself in Bryan's SCIII. His difficulties caused deep satisfaction to the competitors.

Clive Carter



Colin Laybourne performs the garaging tests in his Phantom I (3CL) on the Members Banking

The rain held off to the last minute and the company retired to the Brooklands Bluebird Restaurant, newly refurbished with 1930's panache, for a sustaining luncheon after their efforts.

Meanwhile, the points were totted up and Digby Wills was found to be the worthy winner of the tests.

Clive Carter



"Stormin'" Norman Gardner attacks Test Hill in his 20 hp (GEN45)



A group of Club cars on the Members Banking
Photographs by Rae Kennedy

CORRESPONDENCE

Record

The Record is just wonderful, just the sort of thing I like to read. I was particularly pleased to read about the 1912 Alpine and to learn about the Ghost that stalled.

My wife too enjoyed the Record — she opened the mail and read it from cover to cover before I got home from work

John Peirson, Vancouver, Canada

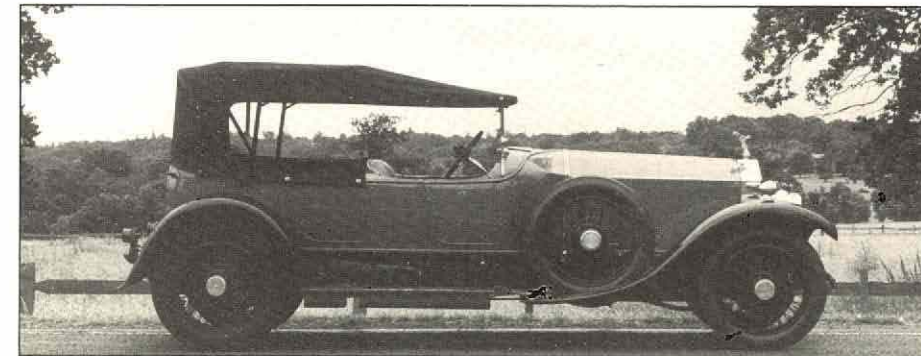
Windsor & a New Restoration

Many thanks to all who helped arrange such a superb day at Windsor last July. Obviously it was such a privilege to be there with the Queen Mother, but for me, it was extra special being the maiden voyage of 135AU, not to mention meeting many 'old' friends again.

Work continues on the Ghost and I am looking forward to more motoring challenges.

Enclosed is a picture of 135AU at Windsor on her big day.

Peter Collinson, London
(This is the car which won the Phoenix Trophy for best restoration — Ed.)



135AU in Windsor Great Park

Photograph by Peter Collinson

AX201 Down Under Again

We had a terrific rally with AX201 in November 1991 and I took four of my cars — quite a show. We had over 200 people and about 65 Rolls-Royce cars of all ages and in glorious sunshine. Everyone loved it.

John Altmann, Toorak, Victoria, Australia



AX201 alongside 2320E of 1913 and two further cars from John Altmann's collection

At the Lord Mayor of London's Show

I am sending a photograph taken when we drove in the 1991 Lord Mayor's Show, which sponsored Children in Cities. There was also a PI and some Bentleys. My fellow partner, Sir Brian Jenkins became Lord Mayor of London.

John Stuttard, London

(Wearing the Chauffeurs Hat — Ed)



AX201 with David Clutton, 2320E with John Altmann, PI 101 TC with Jan Altmann
Above photographs from John Altmann



John Stuttard about to drive his 20/25 in the 1991 Lord Mayors Show

RECENT NEW MEMBERS

A welcome is extended to

Frank Allocca, Chester, New Jersey, USA
 1922 Silver Ghost Wilkinson Replica Shooting Brake 63HG
 John Altmann, Toorak, Victoria, Australia
 1912 Silver Ghost Tishler Torpedo Tourer 2320E
 1926 Phantom I Smith & Waddington Tourer 101TC
 1934 Phantom II Park Ward Continental Saloon 24SK
 1935 20/25 James Young Saloon GOH5
 1939 Phantom III Freestone & Webb Touring Limousine 3DL154
 Ron Bonar, Dundee, Tayside, Scotland
 1922 Silver Ghost Barker Tourer 27AG
 1939 Wraith H J Mulliner Limousine WHC26
 Doug Bristow, Box Hill, Victoria, Australia
 1913 Silver Ghost Replica Tourer 2412
 1922 Silver Ghost Waring Bros Tourer 34YG
 Nick Channing, Ockley, Surrey
 1922 Silver Ghost Unknown Boat Tail Tourer
 Martin Dawson, Oldham, Lancashire
 1924 Silver Ghost Hooper Tourer 85TM
 Murray Ferguson, Norwich, Norfolk
 1924 20 Arthur Mulliner Two Seater Tourer GLK24
 Gregory Gill, Long Beach, California, USA
 1924 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Merrimac Piccadilly
 Roadster 41MF
 1929 Phantom I Martin & King Saloon 127WR
 John Harris, Tiburon, California, USA
 1920 Silver Ghost Brewster Sedan de Ville 77EE
 1922 Silver Ghost Meynell Phillips Tourer 68ZG
 Thomas Heckman, Newtown Square, Pennsylvania, USA
 1914 Silver Ghost Rodman Tourer 36PB

Edmund Hemsted, Nakuru, Kenya
 1916 Silver Ghost Maythorn Tourer 24CB
 Reginald Marsden, Nantwich, Cheshire
 1929 Phantom I Cockshoot Prince of Wales Cabriolet 6KR
 1930 Phantom I Windovers Limousine 60OR
 Brian McArdle, Solihull, West Midlands
 1924 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Willoughby Pickwick
 Limousine 339LF
 Finn Nic Møller, Curaçao, Neth. Antilles
 1913 Silver Ghost Reuters Tourer 2380
 David Morgan, Englefield, Surrey
 1930 20/25 Barker Sedan de Ville GSR40
 John Peirson, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
 1926 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Arundel Limousine S333RL
 Bill Player, Harare, Zimbabwe
 1933 Phantom II Thrupp & Maberly Sports Saloon 102PY
 Russell Rolls, South Yarra, Victoria
 1939 Wraith James Young Sports Saloon WMB38
 Nicholas Rosenberg, Hailsham, East Sussex
 1921 Silver Ghost Unknown Tourer 60NE
 Edward Rowan, Chatham, New Jersey, USA
 1913 Silver Ghost Wilkinson Tourer 18NA
 Ian Smith, Alford, Aberdeenshire, Scotland
 1907 Silver Ghost Maudsley Wagonette 577
 Roy Southward, Lower Hutt, New Zealand
 1912 Silver Ghost Chassis 2038E
 1922 Silver Ghost Coupe 5PG
 1924 Silver Ghost Replica 60RM
 Ralph Stross, Altrincham, Cheshire
 1912 Silver Ghost Replica Roi des Belges 1955E
 1913 Silver Ghost Replica Roi des Belges 2232E
 John Stuttard, Mill Hill, London
 1931 Phantom II Barker Continental Touring Saloon 50GX
 1934 20/25 Barker Sports Saloon GSF29

Events Calendar 1992

AGM & Dinner, Charterhouse, City of London	24 January
New Zealand Tour — Pan Pacific Rally & South Island Tour	10 February/7 March
Spring Luncheon & Driving Tests — Syon Park	5 April
Cumbrian Driving Weekend and Alpine 93 Silver Ghost Event	8-11 May
Irish Georgian Tour — Chester & North Wales	22-25 May
Annual Picnic & Concours — Clandon Park, Guildford, Surrey	21 June
Northern France Champagne Tour	26 June/5 July
Suffolk Scenic Tour	4-6 September
RROC Australia Federal Rally — Ballarat, followed by Tasmania Tour	18-27 September

Beyond 1992

AGM & Dinner, Caledonian Club, London	29 January 1993
Cotswolds & Dorset pre-Alpine Tour	early June 1993
Alpine 93 — Re-enactment of the 1913 Austrian Alpine Motor Contest	June/July 1993
Scottish Highlands & Islands Tour	late April/early May 1994
(with possible extension into Ireland)	

RECORD TOKENS

Alpine Trophy

Once again this prestigious trophy, an actual award to Rolls-Royce agent Curt Friesse for being one of the winners on the 1913 Austrian Alpenfahrt, has an overseas winner. This time it goes to Don Davies, from Media, Pennsylvania, whose 12,500 miles included driving to Monterey and back again. The 1926 Silver Ghost (S362RL) responsible for this great feat will be in Europe in 1993 to take part in the re-enactment of the original Alpine event in which the trophy was first won.

Cumbrian Driving Weekend

This weekend of driving in some of England's most dramatic scenery is specially recommended to all Silver Ghost owners who are preparing to come on the Alpine 93 event.

The event will be a mixture of informal technical discussion, an introduction to the history and a preview of the Alpine event, together with the opportunity to drive your car over the nearest equivalent to Alpine roads that England can offer.

Alpine 93 Waitlist

The response to this event has been tremendous, with more than 70 Silver Ghosts now entered. Entries closed in June 1991 and there are no vacancies. In response to further queries we are, however, allowing late entrants to be waitlisted, although there is no guarantee of a place. If you still really think you wanted to go but forgot to apply, ask for waitlist details. You may well not get a place, but this is your only chance to try for one.

Syon Park Driving Tests

The motor museum at Syon Park is moving to the Midlands. So go to this event. It could be your last chance to see the museum in its present location.

Book up for 1994

Due to the popularity of Lord Elgin's Scottish Tours, the date of the next one is announced. It will be the last week in April and the first week in May of 1994 and will spend time in the western islands, including some of those with their unique malt whisky distilleries.

This tour could be a good opportunity for overseas Alpine participants who wish to leave their cars in the UK for a further season.

If possible, an extension of the tour through Ireland immediately following on from this tour will also be available.

Thanks to all Contributors

We always look for a wide range of articles to publish. Many thanks for all material sent in this time. Please keep it coming. Remember if you send in photographs that felt pen writing often rubs off onto a following photo. Better use a removable stick-on label and show a description and the photographers name on each.

Overseas Visitors

Always welcome at events. Send for details if you hope to come over when an event is on as it is not always practicable to send all event details to overseas members.



Trophy Winners 1991

Alpine:	Donald Davies
Woodmansee:	Don Meyer
Harding-Rolls:	Graham Adams
Fred & Joan Watson:	Brian Wootton
Messervy:	Jo & Brian Wootton
Dymock-Maunsell:	Digby Wills
Stanley Sears:	John Kennedy
Phoenix:	Peter Collinson
Fergusson-Wood:	Michael Kent
F-W Photographic:	Janet Valentine
Ladies:	Mike Shannon

Club Shop

Car Badges

The Club has superb red enamel car badges. £25 each.

New 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

These include a very limited number dating back to the early 1960s and make fascinating reading. Buy now while still obtainable. £2.50 each. Reductions for bulk purchases.

All items available from the Honorary Secretary

Rear Cover:
 From the James Radley album James Radley (driving), Curt Friesse (front seat) and Tubby Ward (rear, in cloth cap) in Silver Ghost (2260E) at the weighing in at Vienna, Saturday June 21st, 1913. Photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann, Wien
 James Radley the Aviator (on left) — at Portholme Aerodrome, Huntingdon

