

The 20-Ghost Club Record



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80 Years On. Jimmy Radley's 1913 Rolls-Royce at the Rolle Pass during Alpine 93

20-Ghost Club Record

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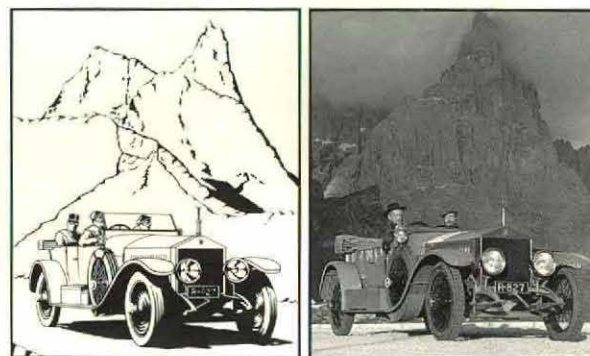
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Cover Photo: 80 Years On, Jimmy Radley's 1913 Silver Ghost (2260E) returns to the Rolle Pass on Monday 28 June 1993, the first time back at this location since Wednesday 25 June 1913 on the Austrian Alpenfahrt of that year. The Alpine 93 logo was based on this scene.



Photograph © Alpine 93 Collection
(All Alpine 93 Collection photographs in this publication by Peter Boshier, John Kennedy and Keith Wilton).

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

1993 was one of the most successful years in the Club's history, at least in my experience spanning more than 25 years. I base this opinion mainly on the participation of larger numbers of members in our year's events. In any club such as ours, there is always a small group of members who are active, with many others being inactive, i.e. seldom participating in anything. I wish I could say that we have reversed this situation. We haven't, but we have turned it a bit.

Attendance at our driving tests and luncheon at Brooklands in the spring and our concours and picnic at Hanbury Hall at Droitwich in July were both at near record levels, as was our Irish Georgian Society joint week-end in Kent and the Isle of Wight rally in September.

But the obvious highlight of the year was the re-enactment of the famous 1913 Austrian Alpine Rally which saw 44 Silver Ghosts from all over the world join in a two week high profile event. Almost all the participants were members of the 20-Ghost Club. The entire rally was thoroughly covered by BBC television and shown in a 50-minute

programme of 'Top Gear' in December. Despite the statement of one of the commentators that the charity fund-raising within the event was organised by the R-REC, the fact is that Alpine 93 itself was conceived and largely produced by our Hon. Secretary, John Kennedy, who literally devoted months of his time over four or five years to making it the success which it became.

Which leads me to say that today our Club has the largest membership in its 44-year history, largely due to the popularity of the Alpine Rally. We welcome this development, particularly because it means that more people are making use of the opportunities to enjoy motoring in early cars.

Your Committee is busy planning the 1994 schedule of events and I hope you will find them to be as worthwhile as last year's were. If you have any suggestions for interesting venues or different events, please pass them on to any member of the Committee.

Full reports of the Alpine Rally appear in this issue of The Record.

Lynn A. Brua



Lynn Brua presents the Dymock-Maitensell trophy to Digby Willis



Graham Adams admires the Alpine trophy, presented for the highest mileage in 1992.

Photographs by Peter Collinson

AGM & ANNUAL DINNER

Caledonian Club - 29 January 1993

We returned again in 1993 to the popular venue of the Caledonian Club in London for our 42nd Annual General Meeting and Winter dinner on 29th January. Fifty members and guests were in attendance and apologies for absence were received from Lord Elgin, our President, and some one hundred other members.

The business meeting as usual proceeded swiftly and smoothly, with previous minutes, accounts and re-election of appropriate Committee members all being approved. It was announced that although the membership had previously approved an increase in the annual subscription to 25 pounds, the Committee had decided to hold the existing 20 pound rate for the coming year.

Proposed events for 1993 were briefly presented by the various Committee members responsible for them, of which by far the most exciting one was the re-enactment

of the famous Alpine Rally to commemorate its 80th anniversary. John Kennedy has devoted much time during the past three or four years to this event and it will be reported on in full in this year's issue of The Record.

Formal thanks were offered to Ken Smedley for organising the evening's activities at the Caledonian Club but a few minutes later Ken fell and sustained a severe cut on his head which necessitated an urgent trip to hospital for stitches and treatment while most of us enjoyed the festivities oblivious to the drama. In true Scottish style the haggis was brought to the banquet table to the skirl of a bagpipe, and Lynn Brua, who chaired the evening, joined the piper with a wee dram of whisky in the traditional toast to the haggis. As usual there were no speeches, with only the trophies being presented to the various winners, followed by much convivial conversation.

DCM

ON THE RECORD



80 years on 2260E, James Radley's Silver Ghost, complete with Austrian Controller, ascends the Katschberg Pass on Tuesday 22 June 1993.

Well, it is over and Alpine 93 has become a part of history. For Rae and myself, this was more than just a frenetic few weeks of motoring - it was the culmination of a quest for knowledge which began with research in 1986 and turned into an idea (or was it a dream or a crusade?) when on the morning of Friday 31 July 1987, I drove up the Austrian side of the Loibl Pass in the mist and cloud, not being certain even if the road I was driving up was actually the Loibl. The atmosphere at the top, with the abandoned old Nazi era customs post on the Austrian side (finally removed in the spring of 1993) looking gaunt and sinister in the swirling mist, with the old border barriers and the tall granite obelisks, produced a feeling of trepidation that was difficult to overcome. To be at such an historic location, then deserted and in total silence, apart from the gentle moan of the cold north wind blowing the clouds through the narrow mountain gap, the emotions gradually gave way to one of elation, particularly when gazing for the first time on the dramatic view south down the valley into Slovenia.

It was at that moment that, having located this most important 'missing link' of the historic alpine routes, that Alpine 93, a complete re-enactment of the original 1913 event, became the challenge, with the Loibl Pass once again becoming a key part of the route as it had been all those years before. Acquiring James Radley's 1913 Alpine car some time later was a further motivator, if one were needed. So was set the key framework of a plan that took nearly six more years to reach fulfilment.

How to achieve this was another matter. But with six years in

which to sort things out, even the impossible could be given a go. (It is interesting to point out here that if I had listened to the advices of many people, some of whom may even be reading this self indulgent mini-tome, then Alpine 93 or at the least many of its more adventurous aims would have been abandoned there and then.) However, New World readers will know that a challenge is there to produce resolve, so, undaunted, we proceeded.

The greatest focus and the greatest challenge, was, and remained, the Loibl. But as I have said to many people, it needed a methodical approach. Firstly, the removal of communism from that part of eastern Europe. Well, we removed the lot at the same time; it was just as easy! Joking aside, the collapse of Yugoslavia regrettably produced the most serious political problems which for a time did threaten our chances of a complete tour of the original route. There is no doubt that an Alpine 91 could not have visited Slovenia or Croatia as the borders were shut; even a year later, the problems with insurance in these countries could well have caused them to be eliminated from the tour.

But back to realities - the big advantage of having a number of years to cover the planning meant that the likely excuse of people out on the route not having enough time to do anything did not exist. Talking to people about our plans for two or three or maybe more years ahead, allowed them time to give it thoughtful consideration as they were never put under a time pressure. The fact that the Loibl Pass was only made usable during the three days prior to Alpine 93 arriving there was not a cause to panic, as some may have thought about doing, but because there was some genuine

concern that a too early restoration could have been of no avail if there had been heavy rain in the intervening period before use and the road became unusable. The local people were understandably nervous about this (since shown to be not a problem as the road survived the inevitable subsequent downpours without damage), as they had no current experience of their 'lost' road, but the vision and enthusiasm to see this as the first stage of 'reclaiming' their valley once the Karawanken tunnel near Jesenice removed all the heavy through traffic from the Loibl Pass route.

It became apparent from talking to people at various parts of the route that they were not usually too interested in car rallies. In some areas, particularly the mountain locations of Toblach and Cortina, there is positive hostility to the car image - they are fighting against a plan to put a motorway through their scenic region. But the historical links were the appealing part of our proposals. The radical changes to the political climate, the greatest for 80 years also meant that there was a nostalgia for the Habsburgs as well. When it was possible for us to provide a large photograph of the original Alpenfahrt in their locality, the enthusiasm for our plans became even greater. In a number of instances the locals did further local research and discovered more about the original event themselves. This then meant that it was their event in their location which we were merely 'borrowing' for a re-enactment.

This historical background theme was thus gradually helping to shape the event, increasing the desire to traverse the original route wherever possible. This sounds like a very straightforward concept, but those who took part will begin to appreciate how difficult it was to find 'lost' roads. Using up to date touring maps as a starting point for driving the route soon showed that it was a tricky problem, as the new bypasses meant that some minor roads were not always shown and in any case the signposts always directed vehicles onto major roads. So more detail maps were needed, (cycling maps proved the most useful in Austria) followed by many hours of checking all the place names from the original rules which I had discovered in the bibliothek in Vienna meant not that we had found the correct route, merely that we had found out the probable itinerary to investigate next time it was possible to get over to the route (provided it was not mid winter with the mountain passes likely to be closed).

Many towns which involved a left turn to get into were left off the new route book for practical reasons, but all had to be investigated. The village of Mori, between Riva and Trento was one such example. Not too difficult to get into and lovely old narrow cobbled streets, but to get back to the main road meant waiting for the up traffic to clear, then find a gap to join the down traffic. After a wait of a full five minutes (in a modern car) during one route investigation, we laughed at the thought of 50 Silver Ghosts queued here, taking three hours to get through! Mori old town stayed to the left of the Alpine 93 route which used the bypass. Conversely, other towns, either in quiet areas or to the right of the route proved a delight to use, even though they often involved driving in very narrow streets. Condino was such a place. Other places were very difficult to find, some taking three trips to discover. The old route into tiny Torbole on Lake Garda then up the long hill to Nago was a case in point. Many Alpine 93 journeymen took two or three attempts to locate the way, even with a route book to warn them of the pitfalls!

Probably the best example of a tough to find entry was Podkoren, at the foot of the Wurzen Pass, the ancient mountain village on entry to Slovenia. Road maps do not show the tiny non-turn we used to find the warmest, most spontaneous reception on the entire tour. It took until the summer of 1992 to find this 'secret'.

Another 'missing' route took even longer to find. The village of Vranja, now in Croatia, was on the list of the original route, but somehow we had not found it. Finally, in April of 1993 it was 'discovered', including the original steep, rough, dirt road which descended for a kilometre into the village. Should this be included? Would the cars rattle to bits? Not until the final draft of the route book just days before the start was this piece included, and then as an option. And like all other really historic portions, it proved immensely satisfying to those who came to Croatia.

There were many more examples. There is a fantastic old road round the Sarca gorge. Entry to it would have been possible. But after a hot walk along a deserted old road there was a massive pile of earth blocking the route. That section was not possible. Neither was the old route into Riva down the Ponale corniche. A more fantastic entry to a town just cannot exist. For five years the old route has been superseded by enormous tunnels. But the bottom half of the road was still usable. The top half was blocked by locked barriers. Persistent enquiries produced no result. (Italy's government was also falling apart, but in a different way to the states to the east of it.) Then a short time before we traversed the area the barriers were removed from the top half but a very solid barrier was in place right at the bottom. The hot day spent walking the route had not been in vain as it was put into the itinerary as an option - superb, even if it meant turning round at the bottom and driving back up to get to Riva on the new road. Bolt-cutters would no longer solve the problem for us!

It was planned that each day would produce some time-warp experiences to try to get close to what we perceived the 1913 feel would have been like. That is how 'Mr Radley' came into being and somehow, like the event itself which developed a personality of its own, he took on a personality of his own. Local areas we visited followed this theme, sometimes even keeping the event a surprise from me. The classic Viennese style evening put on for us at Arco-Riva was an example of this and the overwhelming genuine welcomes in so many small towns in Slovenia and Croatia were others.

Other historical facts were put into the tour book without any control over current day matters. But fortune smiled and the cows still walked down the street in Mals and the frost at Toblach would once again make starting more difficult than normal, with the cars left out in the same location outside the old Grand Hotel as 80 years earlier.

With hindsight, even more of these historic touches could have been incorporated, but to put effort into them for Alpine 93 may have been at the expense of some other features, especially the Loibl, which might have been put in jeopardy. Believe it or not, there are three other mountain pass sections which were left out, many other small sections of old road and 'lost' villages as well.

Could they be used next time? Will there be a next time? From the numbers who booked up and 'paid' a deposit to charity at the ball at Arco, then Alpine 03 is already under way! Maybe it will happen! But could it have the freshness and spontaneity of Alpine 93, where everything was new and fresh for most participants? Probably not. But would that matter? The route never loses its scenic grandeur and appeal and the challenge would still be as great. Another Alpine would be different; there would be new people on it. But while those of us fortunate enough to have such fine cars to use can retain a sense of wonder in this rather sanitised age, then I, for one would do it again. Maybe before 2003 as well. Who else would come? Will they find that it meets their expectations? Time will tell.

John L Kennedy

ALPINE 93

A U.S. VIEW

Die 1913 Österreichische Alpenfahrt 80 Jahre später - an American view

"The Alpine!" This event, melded over the years into the very fibre of our hobby, has acquired a mystical ring. The three Rolls-Royce appearances, in 1912, 1913 and 1914, were so full of drama, adversity and ultimate triumph that more words must have been written about them than many other perhaps worthier exploits. Suffice it to say that, when it became apparent we were going to have an event of some sort in 1993, people signed on immediately. Some of us had been on the 1973 event and wanted a repeat. Others had read about the '73 tour and wanted to take part in the ultimate R-R driving event. Yet others wanted to see Europe and the remnants of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the nicest possible way. All of us, though, looked forward to extending ourselves in the best of circumstances, surrounded by friends old and new, driving our beloved cars through spectacular scenery whilst having experiences that would stay with us forever.

Alpine 93 is an absorbing story of triumph over difficulty, of enjoyment and exertion, of travel, friendship and memories. When first mooted publicly in August 1989, there was the usual mix of supporters and detractors for a new venture. The problems seemed legion - would we really be able to traverse all the 1913 passes, including, for example, the Loibl, which had not been used or even maintained for some 30 years? What about the incredible (to US owners, anyway) cost of gasoline, when factored in at, for some, 6-8 mpUSg over nearly 4000 miles? Surely we would break up the cars, with their ageing metallurgy, over the 1 in 3 passes? How could older drivers possibly maintain the killing pace? Would the inevitable publicity not attract the attentions of the IRA, the Bäder-Meinhoff Gang and/or maybe even the Red September Group? Some of the passengers would undoubtedly hyperthermiate [sic] to death, travelling around in open cars through five degrees of frost over 9,000 ft. Alps.

All these, and other, over-heated concerns eventually melted away when confronted by the calm and methodical approach of the mainspring of this great event, John Kennedy. Secretary of the oldest R-R Club, the 20-Ghost Club, he had long harboured a desire to go over all the 1913 passes in Radley's 1913 car, 2260E, a car he had been meticulously restoring for just this adventure. His preparations for the event were immense and broad ranging; his attention to detail minute; his patience with conflicting points of view legendary. Indeed, he and Rae devoted themselves to this task practically full time for more than three years, driving over the course five times, once by Ghost with four souls on board. The results we all enjoyed reflected this dedication and he and his team are to be con-

gratulated for a marvellous event that will be talked about for years to come. The contribution made by David and Fran Dudley was beyond measure and the mechanical support given by Allen Glew saved many a participant from much grief. Who can forget Chris Leefe standing in the rain in Graz to make sure we got our parking tickets? It was the consensus of all who attended that this was the greatest car tour of all time and its like will not be seen again.

While preparing for the Alpine during winter, many of us (11 cars were represented) in the North East of America greatly appreciated a February 'Come Along Saturday' trying out a computer program Ed Rowan had acquired. This allowed each of us to punch in a suggested route from London to Vienna, submitting our road preferences, major towns and average speeds. The resulting printouts gave detailed sets of road directions and mileages, allowing us to pick and choose our routes. We exchanged information and ideas about clothing, spares, tools and many other details at this, the first meeting of entrants from the New World. John and Rae Kennedy flew over especially for this meeting to further hype us up, showing slides of the history of the event, and answering all our questions. It was a cabin-fever-busting day, we all enjoyed.

We were so much inspired that we took off a raw, snow-flurried April weekend to put in some bracing mileage, testing weather protection for drivers and riders, as well as getting some much needed distance and hill-climbing practice for fresh restorations. We tried loading our cars with everything we wanted to take - and, sure enough, some of us found we had less space for our passengers and/or accoutrements than we had imagined. As the time to send the cars got closer, the pressure increased and there were just as many stories of frenzied, last minute work far into the night here as there were in other parts of the world. One car had its blocks ripped off the night before shipping to investigate a seizure (2 pistons were replaced); a catastrophic leak-down reading on one cylinder of another car was investigated in the same way; yet another car had five brand-new valve springs self-destruct during a twenty mile test spin. All became normal after expenditure of the obligatory amounts of tension, sweat, adrenaline and time, although one owner refused to be fazed and exorcized an ominous tic in his freshly-restored engine by, tying down his oiling valve! Phones and faxes were vital security blankets to those in need and investors in telephone companies benefited accordingly as electrons whizzed along the airwaves of the world.

For some of the North American entrants, it all finally started once we took delivery of our cars in England, a week before we were all due to leave the UK for Vienna. Some connected up with the 20-Ghost Club for a delight-



31EU (Harry Watson) ascending the Semmering

ful picnic/concours. The Thompsons took part in the Derby Bentley celebrations. Others of the 13 car US contingent indulged in a Great Gardens & Horticultural Homes Tour of the Southern Counties. The final burst of activity was for the first Wholly Ghost Tour of Great Britain when we met for two days on the idyllic back roads of the Cotswolds - Chipping Campden, Bourton-on-the-Water, and all that. It was sheer magic to be trundling through an English Summer of rare and scenic delight. We then drove up to Althorp for the R-REC National Meet. Overseas first time visitors to this enormous event of over

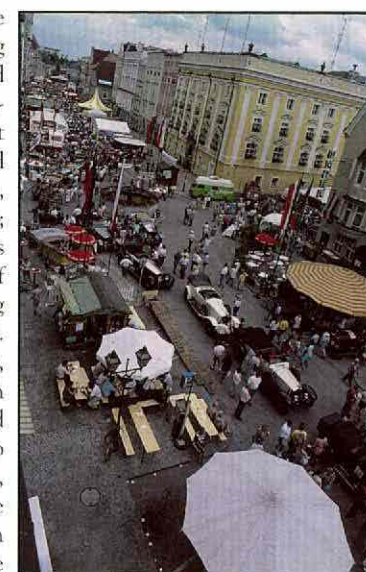


1979 (Peter Phillips) on the Katschberg

1200 R-R/B cars were thoroughly impressed. But most of us were itching to cross the Channel and begin the driving event of a lifetime.

A quick Hoverspeed (30 miles, 45 minutes, £99 return, no seasickness) from Folkestone to Boulogne and we were rolling down the back roads of France towards Metz. Our little band had decided against the more travelled route of faster roads and pre-booked hotels in large towns, preferring instead to take each day as it came, bedding down in the rustic hostelry, B&B, or what-have-you that caught our eyes each evening. Drifting through the dawn mists (and rain for much of the way!) of the wine fields of France, we followed the Moselle to its very source in the French Vosges. This is the way to travel - touring the summer back

roads in a large open car, being hailed by one and all. Unspoilt countryside of ancient beauty; pocket-sized (to American eyes, anyway) farms; peasant owners with centuries of heritage tending their vineyards. Across the Rhine, through Switzerland and over to Liechtenstein, Feldkirch and the first of the Austrian Alps to climb the Arlberg Pass. By



Lunch stop at Wels

now Vienna was calling, so we stopped drifting and started some serious motoring, getting to Vienna feeling we had covered some ground. Indeed we had, for we had just done 1250 miles in four days, by-passing some of the most densely populated



On the Stelvio

bits of Europe, yet having had some time to do a little sightseeing along the way. Now entire group was there, together for the first time. So we collectively jumped into the Alpine Experience, boots and all.

There was so much to see, to do, to experience - the cars (48 of them, 43 Ghosts, 1 PI, 3 PILs and a 1914 Prince Henry Vauxhall), the people, the drivers, the passengers, the Viennese ambiance, the Viennese food, the Viennese chocolate! Two days of intense activity meant lubrication and maintenance, washing and cleaning, sight-seeing and partying, safety inspections and getting our instructions. Meeting old friends, making new ones. Promenading die Tiroler Garten and visiting Schloß Schönbrunn, doing the wide-eyed tourist bit. Getting up at 4:30 each morning

because this far East in the all-Europe time zone; the birds are up at the first glimmer of dawn, 4:00 am! A glittering Opening Banquet fired us up and then there we all finally were, jostling around in Schönbrunn Palace grounds at 5.30 a.m. on Sunday, June 20, shortly to go by the original starting place at the same time on the same day, driving over the very cobblestones our heroes had done exactly eighty years ago.



On the Stelvio

Serendipity had it that the chief Rolls-Royce showroom in Austria was hard by the start and many of us had used their workshops for the things one does on a tour of this nature.



Reception at Bolzano

What a start! Jostling spectators, anxious drivers, concerned navigators, paparazzi, media, hustle and bustle - all the elements of 'the Start-Of-A-Significant-Event'. Within a short time we were zooming down the flat-out straightway to Neunkirchen, drowning in an adrenaline rush over the 17 km straight the Austro-Daimler cars used as a test track in days gone by. That first day really sorted us out - 257 miles and two significant Alpine Passes meant those who did the whole route that day had the feeling they really were on an Alpine. This feeling was enhanced by the fact that this was what they had done on the first day in 1913. (Luckily for us, the pace slackened thereafter.) But this was why many came. There were alternate and easier routes on almost every day for those who wanted them and it should be said that there were rest days; one day in every four was set aside for us to mellow out. This was held by many, to be essential - we could pretend to be heroes but also try to tend to the inner person. Indeed, the BBC crew filming the event were constantly amazed at the sheer ground that we covered, and the pace with which we did it. There was never a spare moment and it says much of the tenacity of the crews that we all got through. There were two 83 year olds on the tour - Bob May and George Milligen - who were an inspiration to all the youngsters of sixty-something who wondered how they



51TW (Graham Adams) passes Lago di Toblino, en route to Riva

did it. That first day was where we all found out just how quickly water got hot in our radiators, just how good our down-shifting to save the brakes was and how easily we coped with that endearing Alpine habit of not having guard rails to keep us away from the valleys several thousands of feet below.

There is not the space, short of an entire book, to describe everything that happened on this wonderful event. So what follows is more an impression of some of the things that happened so the reader may get the flavour of our junketings around some of the most scenic parts of the world. As a summary, it is fair to say the things started on a high note and got better and better as we went along. At the end of each day, we would say "This has been the greatest days touring we have ever done." And then along came the next day to cap it by a considerable margin.

The passes, both as tests to one's car and one's driving ability, just seemed to get better and better while the scenery, peaking perhaps in the Dolomites, simply got more and more breathtaking. Here, then, is an impression of just two of the passes to give a hint of our experiences.

The Stelvio is one of the most renowned passes in all Europe, and justly so. We did it on a rest day. (It had not been part of the 1913 event because the descent would have had to have been through Switzerland, never a part of Austria-Hungary.) At once one of the most demanding and most spectacular of passes, it is also one of the most photogenic. Everyone wanted to have a record of their car making a triumphal ascent. Alas, this was not to be - the incredibly sharp hairpins and heavy traffic precluded some cars from making the climb. Lack of steering lock to enable a single approach was the main deterrent, as an inability to make the

hairpins in one sweep could have clogged up holiday traffic forever. So not many of the long wheel base cars, as well as those with front-wheel brakes, made the attempt.



85TM (Martin Dawson) in the narrow streets of Condlino

properly that morning were less pooped at the 2758m (9049 ft) summit than those who had not.

Almost rivalling Pikes Peak in height climbed, it was also a significant pull in its 1900m (6145 ft) climb over 31 km (19 miles). The last 18 km rises at an average rate of 67.5 metres per kilometre (359 ft/mile), so there were a few boiling radiators, even though temperatures were a cool 40°F at the summit. Pikes Peak averages 444 ft/mile, so we had more cooling capacity reserves on the Stelvio. But it was instructive to notice how those who chugged up steadily in a lower gear and a lighter throttle opening boiled less than those who held on to a higher gear with a heavier foot for as long as possible. There had been much talk about the severity of the Stelvio, as well as the possibly awful weather conditions, but in the event there were no problems other than some badly adjusted carburettors. We even had a satisfactory mixture of snow, hail, mist and rain to greet us at the summit - enough to



2577 (Derek du Toit) negotiates a hairpin on the Ampolo Pass

Neither did some who mellowed out for the rest day in Merano. But those who did had an experience they will remember for a very long time. It was on this pass that we all finally discovered how easily our cars steered and cooled - 48 really tight hairpins up inclines of up to 1 in 8 in places certainly kept us exercised. Consequently, those who had lubricated their steering systems

impress our friends back home with our boldness. It lasted no more than a few minutes.

The weather made things a tad difficult for the first few days, but by the time we got to Innsbruck on the fourth day, we had had our last bit of really troublesome rain. From then on (although it did rain on occasion), the weather got better and better until the last few days, when it was positively baking.

So much so, that several cars were caught unawares by the Stubalpe on day 14. This pass rises 5416 feet and we had a warm following wind - this caused some cars to boil. We also sometimes got warm ourselves when doing our bit, with Bank Austria, to raise funds for the Children's Hospital in Osijek. This meant a lot of stops in various village and town square to show the cars off to the public, partake of tea, lunch or other refreshment and move on. This happened only in Austria and we had hardly any PR duties in Italy, except a few hours in a wonderful square in Bolzano.

The welcome in Slovenia and Croatia was something entirely different and the most emotional point of the entire tour for most of those who went. Both regions have relied on tourism as an important and integral point of their economies for over 100 years, so when this dried up overnight because so many foreigners had no idea these regions had been affected not at all by the troubles to their south, their livelihoods were decimated. Here was a people, cut off from democracy for over fifty years, who were



69TW (Alan Clark) on the Ampolo Pass



Riva del Garda



64AB (Bob May) driving through Nago

overjoyed to see a bunch of adventurers brave enough to bring their high-profile cars to a fascinating country. They turned out en masse to welcome us, to throw flowers over us as we passed and even to waylay us with joyful road-blocks to offer us a special traveller's drink so powerful we could have doubled the horse-power of our cars had we used it as fuel. Day 12 had seven hospitality stops and each one seemed to get better and more intense. The final one was a mere eight kilometres from the Loibl, our target over the last two weeks. This was Třzič, as picturesque a town as you could hope to see. Quite untouched by the modern travel industry, the square was a solid wall of people, all excited and cheering. No wonder politicians like their trade - one had only to wave in Slovenia and the spectators clapped; lifting one's cap to their response brought forth cheers and if one stood up in the car in a square and saluted the mass of people with hands clasped over one's head in greeting, one got a thunderous ovation. We all resolved to run for office when we got home - we obviously had the magic touch! There was hardly a dry eye or an unchoked throat amongst us - what a people, what a welcome.

As if to ensure that all emotions were to be experienced, John Kennedy broke his arm starting his car while in Škofja Loka. He was rushed off to the hospital that Tito had established in Ljubljana to look after his every medical need. John therefore lacked nothing and was given the



29PD (Lynn Boynton) drives through Torbole

ALPINE PASS LIST	
Semmering	985m
Niederapl	1220m
Josefsbergsattel	1012m
Wastl am Wald	1110m
Lueg	553m
Tauern	1739m
Katschberg	1641m
Brenner	1374m
Reschen	1504m
Stelvio	2758m
Brocon	1616m
Gobbera	988m
Rolle	1984m
Pordoi	2239m
Falzarego	2117m
Ampezzo	1518m
Gailbergsattel	981m
Wurzen	1073m
Predil	1156m
Monte Maggiore	953m
Loibl	1370m
Radl	679m
Stubalpe	1551m

The above list also includes a number of the minor passes.

best treatment available anywhere in the world. Although the severity of the break was such that the preliminary news was that he would be out of action for many days, he made a fittingly dramatic entrance, unannounced, Radley black hat and all, to be with us at the final banquet, having driven up from Ljubljana that afternoon.

The Loibl was the pass that had commanded the most respect during the 1913 event. Charles Freeston, that prolific and peripatetic writer of driving the mountains of Edwardian Europe, wrote in 1913 "As a driving feat, however, the Loibl is supreme.... the last kilometre is truly



22FW (Frank Allocca) descends the Brocon

affrighting for the driver who is not sure of his car" Tougher and more demanding than the Katschberg, it had not been used for some thirty years. Indeed, when the planning for Alpine 93 began, it was a derelict ruin, closed to traffic and thought to be impossible to include. Then the Communist Empire imploded and there was a chance. Along came the disintegration of Yugoslavia, civil war and more concerns. However, patient attention to the main objective and some political breaks gave us a window of opportunity - the Slovenian Government also saw the chance of useful publicity. So they declared the pass to be an historical monument and restored it. We were the first group to ascend it. Sent off in a blast of patriotic fervour, flags flying and TV cameras whirring, we set off to climb one of the most exciting passes in the world. With the pre-climb discussion having scared most of the navigators half to death, there was a palpable aura of anticipation at the instruction minutes before take-off. Colin Crabbe was disguised as James Radley, black hat and black coat, and he set off first with Frank Allocca as chase car. We then all went up in groups



2154 (Tim Forrest) ascending the Wurzen Pass

of three every five minutes or so. What a pass! With onlookers urging us on over every foot of the way, we tackled the dirt surface of up to 29% gradient in first gear, sometimes (especially if rear shocks were not set as hard as possible) fish-tailing our way round some pretty tight hairpins. In no time at all, it was over. Such was the way the tour had emotionally crescendoed with the ascent of this last magnificent pass, that at least one navigator burst into tears with the sheer exhilaration of it all. The descent was satisfactorily tough, since it had 30 of the feared caniveaux that so bedevilled the 1913 event. How those men of steel had ever driven at speed over them was beyond us.

A tour of this nature develops a cohesion and a life of its own as the various dramas play out. Alarums and excursions off are a part of the fascination of touring; these are the adventures that are retold each evening. Often these start with the manner in which the group relates to the tour instructions. Within a day, organisers know who is going to have trouble and who is not - this can be heightened by communication difficulties in a strange land if one

has not put in some time with language tapes. Our instructions, however, were superb and it was not easy to get lost. As to the adventures, here are a few that kept the underground communication process active:

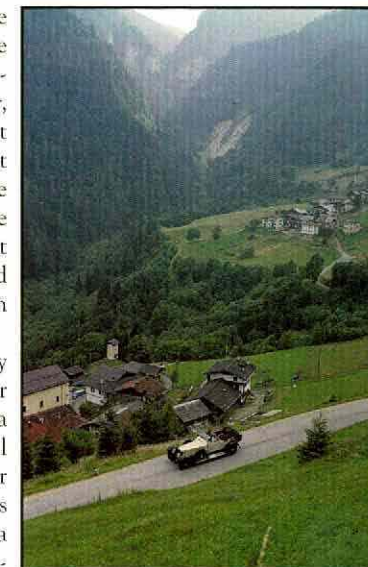
Keith Wherry deserved a prize for tenacity. After a monumental restoration over many years, his engine dropped a sleeve as he was driving to the dock-side for the last

container ship to get to Europe in time. Undeterred by this blow, he rallied to have the engine rebuilt and then air freighted the car to England. He was a worthy winner of the Best Ghost at Althorp but needed major repairs in Vienna. Robert McDermott did a splendid job of taking the clutch out, re-riveting the lining and putting it all back in a single day, virtually unaided. Always the laid-back Aussies, Keith and Kerry had a whale of a time, while his learning curve for a brand-new car lessened the further he drove.

Terry Spilsbury exchanged his car for a drive over one of the steeper passes. When the temperature gauge lost its ether on the way up, the driver reasoned the car was running cool so closed the shutters. Although Terry filled the radiator with two gallons of water the next day, an undetected leak caused by the initial over-heating later meant that the engine got so hot that the solder was melted out of many of the water and oil lines - the water jacket covers even had their gaskets burnt out. He was fortunate to finish the tour.



Oldtimer train near Most na Soči



100HG (Keith Wilson) near Ronco on the Brocon Pass



89AE (Stephen Southall) climbing the Loibl Pass

Richard Hensby found his radiator was leaking seriously at the end of Day 1. In a very short time at the beginning of Day 2, a rest day, he had it out and the ever-efficient OAMTC whisked it off to a shop that soldered it up in no time. He put it back in by noon, making sure that this time it was able to move and so not wrack itself to pieces again. Your scribe collected his car in London and was

trundling down the M25 an hour later when a car transporter dropped a ramp right in front of him. It flipped up to collect the transmission brake drum with such force that the gearbox output shaft was bent, the drum flange was out of true and the aluminium cover plate broken. I tried to bend it all back with baulks of timber and the car's 2 1/2 ton jack but it would not budge. Graham Ashley-Carter did a marvellous job of taking out the back axle, the sphere and half the gearbox. He then got everything back straight and together and we were on our way a mere 11 hours later. Only in England!

So many people had tyre trouble, and so many did not, that there is now a proven theory, the Alpine Hypothesis, that says that any beaded edge car that weighs over 5000 lbs. all up will blow out tyres if it is run fast and hot. Pressure seems to make no difference and neither does the batch or make of the tyre. Many of us got pretty good at changing tyres - the record seemed to be 3 mins 30 secs. for fitting a Dunlop to John Kennedy's car - but we soon ran out of spares and a batch had to be air-freighted from London.

As to other troubles, there were no more than the normal ones. Several magnetos were replaced; the odd bracket had to be welded; the odd exhaust system had to be repaired. There were, unusually, two fires - John Milverton had one in his switch box and Don Meyer had a Fourth of July conflagration when the exhaust swan neck attacked the floorboards. Neither was serious and both were quickly fixed. 48 cars started and none withdrew for mechanical reasons - a 100% record that was noteworthy given the severity of the course. (Henry Petronis, after having hand-pumped himself across Europe because of a broken air pipe, had to rush home at the end of the first day because of the death of his wife. We missed him.) The BBC crew, experi-

enced in following rallies of all kinds, were particularly impressed, saying that in their view no other cars, modern or old, would have got through with a clean slate. Several of the newer owners of Ghosts were similarly impressed. Ed Rowan and Tom Heckman have had much experience of Brass & Gas touring - usually large American cars up to 1915 - and could not think of a car other than a Ghost that would have stood up to the pace with so little fuss and such comfort of steering and suspension. And not all of them were that well maintained during the event, either. We came across one owner around Day 12 who had not lubricated the king pins, sphere or engine coupling.

Comparing this Alpine with the one of twenty years ago is instructive. There is no doubt that the hobby has developed and advanced. There is now a greater body of owners who are prepared to use their cars over significant distances and testing courses, in all kinds of weather. Given that values have increased dramatically over this period, this can

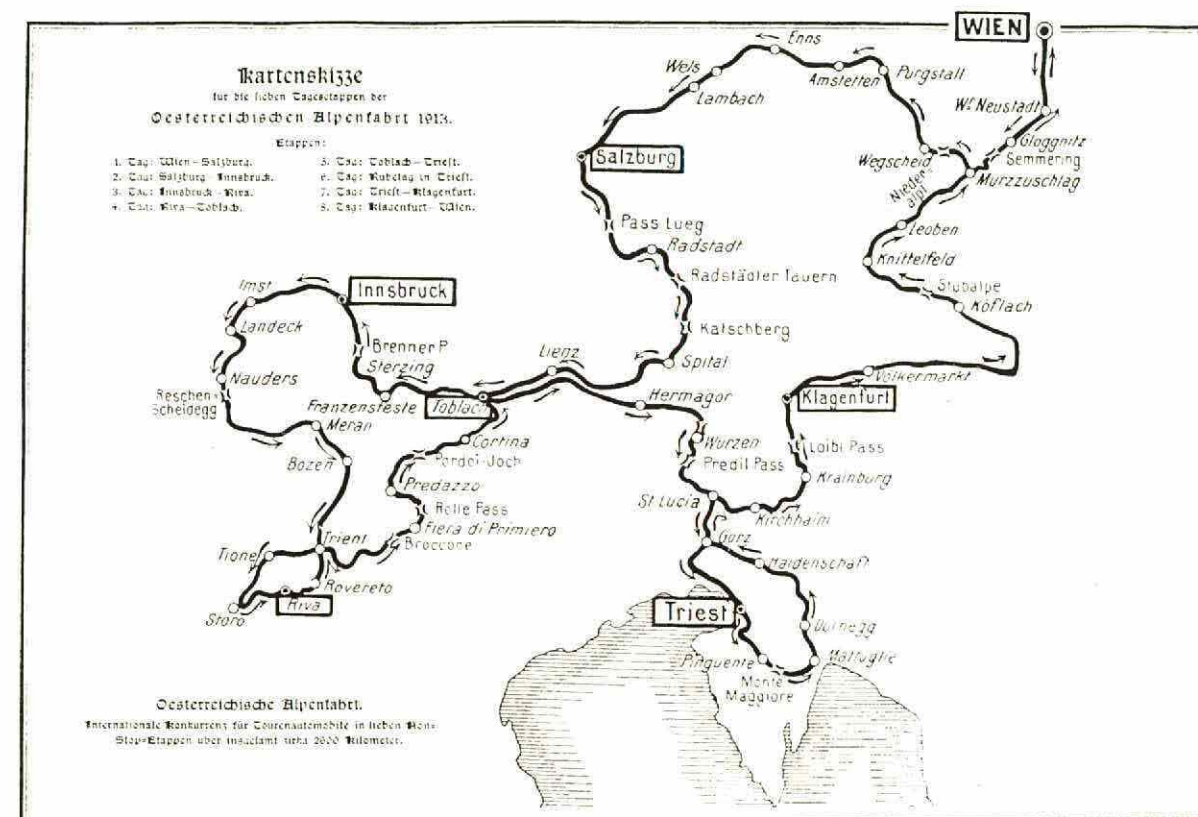


37UB (George Milligen) heads a trio of Silver Ghosts to the summit of the Loibl Pass

do nothing but good, since the alternative often practised is to leave them in museums to protect their concours finishes. The interest in our cars will eventually wither if there are not significant events such as this to encourage people to enjoy doing what the cars were designed to do - taking passengers to reach exotic and interesting places in ways that other transportation cannot. If at the same time we are having fun meeting new people, visiting wonderful



18NA (Ed Rowan) rounds the final hairpin on the Loibl Pass



places and overcoming challenges, our hobby will continue to improve. We should continue to take the cars out on challenging tours and not listen to those who suggest, for whatever reasons, that this should not be done. The current hoo-ha about leaded fuel is an example. Older readers will remember we had similar dust-ups when detergent oils were first introduced and that thirty years ago there were many who sought out Amoco fuel so that they would not have leaded fuels ruining their engines! In passing, the real reason why unleaded fuel in the UK is not as good as that in the US, which never gives any trouble, is that the formulation of the UK product, with all its alcohol and such, makes starting and idling when hot a bit difficult.

What a day - mountain after mountain, view after view. If I could put today in a bottle and take it out every three months I could live forever. (Day 9 - Rolle Pass to Toblach)

On occasion during the latter stages of Alpine 93, talk would turn to the wonderful time we were having and how difficult it would be to explain to the folks back home just how much fun we were having, wheeling our great cars through this wonderful part of the World, meeting all those incredible people. Many travellers suffer from an inability to convey the essence of their experiences, so we

who were there can collectively do no more than say to those who were not - "If there is ever even a hint of a re-run in the next ten or twenty years, do everything - sell the family silver, change jobs to get the time, borrow or steal a Ghost, do anything - Just Do It! It will all be worth it and more."

Derek du Toit, NJ

Others had this to say:-

"The greatest tour.
Silver Ghosts will in future
be judged on basis of whether
they did or did not go on the Alpine."

Alan Clark

"The ultimate human motoring experience."
"The opportunity of a lifetime."

Lynn Boynton

Tom Heckman

"Let us pledge to wear our Croatian ties or scarves
for one night on any future event we attend to
commemorate the finest rally ever held." A toast at the final banquet

Photographs © Alpine 93 Collection

ALPINE 93

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF JO WOOTTON



Oldtimer rendez-vous at Most na Soči

Well, what else can one say that is not going to be said many times over about this marvellous event. This must surely go down in history as the Rally of all Rallies, and Brian and myself feel both honoured and privileged to have been able to participate in such a wonderful re-enactment.

Although there seemed so much time to prepare for Alpine 93, we did, in fact, cut things rather fine in getting ready our 1925 Silver Ghost, (104EU,) long wheel base, front wheel brakes, 14 x 52 rear axle ratio, and fitted with



78FW (Gerard du Toit) drives through the market at Iliriska Bistrica, followed by 71CW (Colin Crabbe).

a 1950s Schaphandrier style dual cowl mahogany tourer body. By the end of 1992 we had still not reassembled the engine, after having it re-sleeved back to standard, fitting new pistons, small ends, valves etc. We therefore had completed only some 1200 miles of running in before the start of the rally. Other specialised work carried out was carburettor fine tuning, replacement of clutch release bearing and carden shaft blocks and pins. For safety we also fitted flashing indicators and a warning light.

The car ran absolutely superbly, covering 7132 km (4456 miles) at over 13 mpg and using only 18.5 litres of oil (considerably better than the hand-book which suggests 1 pint per hundred miles). We suffered some small water loss from a dripping water pump gland, but no overheating on the long mountain passes, where it was usually very hot in the valleys and quite cold at the top, especially the Stelvio. We



1606 (Keith Wherry) leads 2018 (Bill Handcock) into Vipava

had made a radiator filler extension tube to the same specification as the original used by James Radley on the 1913 trials; this, we think, was a contributing factor, for we did not boil on any of the numerous passes. We also had no tyre trouble at all, the wear being 1.5 mm on a new set of Michelin 700 x 21 tyres, purchased especially for the event.

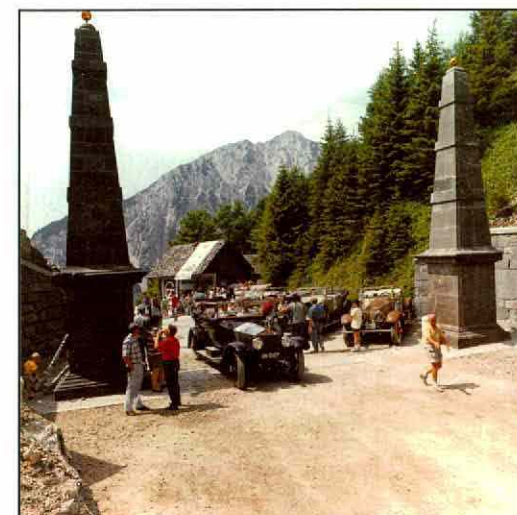
To pick out a few highlights of the tour is difficult as there were so many, but for us one of them must be Day 5, the ascent of the Stelvio Pass, the summit of which is 2758m, the second highest motorable pass in Europe, with its 48 right hairpin bends, being a marvel of road engineering and the ultimate driving experience with magnifi-



1913 Silver Ghost and 1914 Praga swap Alpine stories at Warmbad-Villach

cent scenery. As there had been some doubt as to whether the long-wheel base cars with front-wheel brakes, and balloon tyres would be able to negotiate the tight hairpins without reversing, we were very pleased to complete the ascent whilst having to reverse on only two of the bends. The sight of these wonderful cars in the distance as they tackled trouble-free this King of mountain passes was certainly a sight to behold, and an experience to remember.

The other great pass not to be forgotten was, of course, the Loibl Pass (1370m), the final section of which is rough gravel road and was especially opened for us by the Slovenians, through John Kennedy's efforts. We took the opportunity to negotiate this pass three times, twice Slovenia-Austria and once Austria-Slovenia, so felt we had come to know it quite well. Today, the traffic uses the Loibl Tunnel, partly built by prisoners of war between



35TG (Peter Vacher) reaches the top of the Loibl Pass

1943-45. Unfortunately, after descending the Loibl Pass for the third exuberant time a back wing stay broke upon hitting one of the 30 canniveaux (drainage gulleys) too hard. This we repaired temporarily with a wire coat hanger which held until we arrived home.

Another highlight for us both was the wonderful views as we passed through the majestic and spectacular Dolomites, scenery which surely would be hard to beat anywhere in the world.

We will also remember for a long time the warmth and generous hospitality shown by the people of the towns and villages through which we passed, and in particular that of the Slovenians and Croatians, a people who were particularly welcoming and enthusiastic. Apart from a fleet of Red Cross coaches and a United Nations van, this was the only evidence we saw whilst travelling through these countries of the war in nearby Bosnia. The total sum of money raised for the children's hospital in Osijek, Croatia, was around one million Austrian Schillings, much of which was collected during our travels throughout Italy, Austria, Slovenia and Croatia. At one town in Slovenia we were joined by vintage and classic cars from the Bistra Technical Museum; a 1953 Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith (LBLW37) from this collection previously belonged to President Tito.

Upon our return to Vienna, we found ourselves in a convoy of about twenty Silver Ghosts, with Derek du Toit leading us to the finishing line, looking as if he had the weight of the world on his shoulders as both he and Helen cleverly performed the mammoth task of negotiating the relentless traffic of Vienna to the celebrations at the finishing line at the Schönbrunn Palace, from where this great rally had begun. At this point our non Rolls-Royce battery isolator switch decided to isolate whilst in motion, and was deftly repaired by Brian whilst negotiating the heavy traffic in Vienna.

Tribute must be paid to the organisers of this event, in particular to Rae and John Kennedy for their continuous hard work over the years and also for the faultless and meticulous tour route instructions, together with Chris Leefe, Eric Barrass and Fran and David Dudley for their hard work also. A mention must be made too of the marshals who did such a good job throughout the rally, also to Alan Glew for his mechanical support, and last but not least to Bank Austria and Motorola for their very generous sponsorship.

Altogether an absolutely unforgettable rally, the sense of occasion retracing the original route of the 1913 Alpenfahrt, the superb scenery of the countries through which we passed, the magnificent cars of which we are sure no other assembly of almost 50 single make cars of the same age could have traversed the great Alpine passes with such consummate ease, and of course the wonderful company of people, driving the best car in the world - the 40/50 hp Rolls-Royce - The Silver Ghost.

Photographs © Alpine 93 Collection



Traditional welcome at Podkoren, the first village in Slovenia

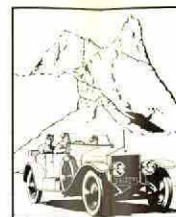


226OE (John Kennedy) ascending the Pordoi Pass, Italy



89AE (Stephen Southall) reaches the final hairpin at the summit of the newly opened Loibl Pass, Slovenia

PICTURE



ALPINE 93

RECORD



42YG (Andrew Wood) at the top of the steep Wurglen Pass, Austria



18NA (Ed Rowan) ascending the Katschberg Pass, Austria



2154 (Tim Forrest) descends on the old corniche road to Riva



51TW (Graham Adams) leaves the hairpin tunnel on the Falzarego Pass, Italy

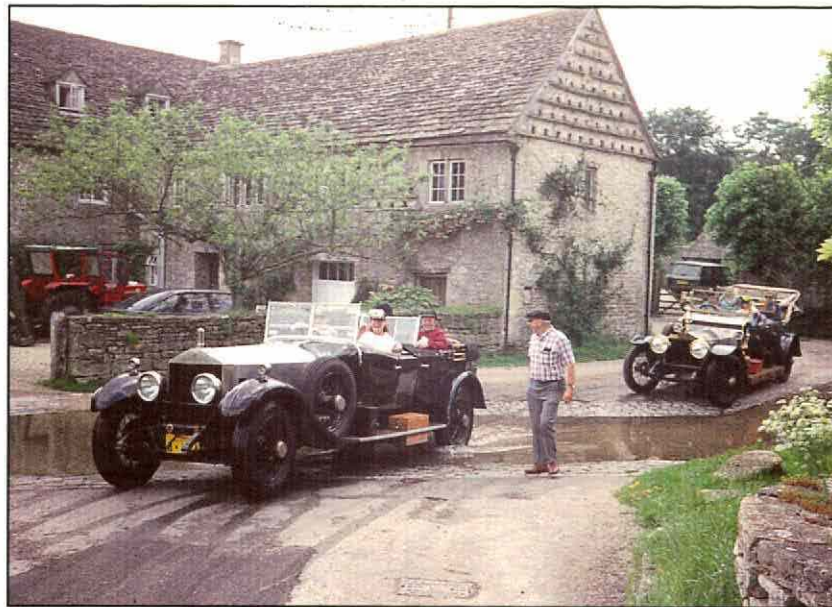


Descending the hairpins on the Pordoi Pass



104EU (Brian Wootton) entering Vipava, Slovenia

Cotswold Tour - June 1993



automata and mechanical musical instruments, most of which were demonstrated to us. This is a museum which we would highly recommend to anyone visiting the area. We followed it up with a pub lunch at the picturesque village of Bibury before continuing around the route. Upon arrival back at base, the Grape Vine Hotel at Stow on the Wold, we were joined by Stephanie and David Martin and Rae and John Kennedy and all enjoyed a convivial evening together.

The following morning found most busy washing and polishing their cars, endeavouring to remove the traces of the previous days ford crossings on a route devised to dirty the cars before the concours at Hanbury Hall, a mere dozen miles from the overnight stopping place.

It was another thoroughly enjoyable weekend, made special with the renewal of old friendships and the making of new.

Jo Wootton

The Cotswold tour was a rally organised primarily to link with the overseas members who were visiting Britain prior to taking part in Alpine 93. We met up en route with our old friends Nancie and Bob Thompson from Toronto and Kerry and Keith Wherry from Sydney, together with Breda and Jeremy Greene and Val and Con Keogh from Perth, Western Australia, complete with their beautiful Silver Ghosts all prepared for Alpine 93.

The route a 20-Ghost Club favourite, took us through the lovely country lanes and villages of the Cotswolds, some of the roads crossing fords, some of the roads were actually stream beds and others were single track roads marked 'Unsuitable for Motors', but all were public roads. During the morning we paid a visit to the delightful town of Northleach, Gloucestershire, where we spent a fascinating hour at Keith Harding's award winning World of Mechanical Music, which is a museum of antique clocks, musical boxes,



Jeremy & Breda Greene with Con & Val Keogh in 41EM precede the Wherrys Silver Ghost (1606) through another ford at Duntisbourne Leer while Bob Thompson keeps a lookout for riverboats. Photographs by Brian Wootton

Summer Picnic & Concours - Hanbury Hall

The home of the Vernon family for more than three centuries, Hanbury Hall was completely re-modelled in the William and Mary style by Thomas Vernon, a Chancery barrister, who completed the task in 1701. This provided the perfect setting for the Summer Picnic and Concours d'Etatof the 20-Ghost Club on Sunday 6 June 1993.

Early June had been plagued by very wet weather and, in fact, the manager of Hanbury Hall had just a few days earlier been expressing severe doubts as to where he could park the cars as the grounds were waterlogged. Luckily, sunshine came to the rescue and the weekend weather was perfect. The turnout of 28 members' cars was one of the best ever, even surpassing the 26 cars which paraded before The Queen Mother at Windsor Village in 1991.

It was a pleasure to welcome Robert Thompson from Canada and Keith Wherry and Jeremy Greene from Australia with their wives and cars who were in the UK for



Trophy winners David Collier and Keith Wherry in front of Hanbury Hall

participation in the Alpine 93 event.

Judging was by Peter Collinson, the 1992 winner of the large horsepower trophy and Brian Wootton who agreed to step in for Peter Price, winner of the small horsepower trophy in 1992.

Keith Wherry had flown his car - a Silver Ghost Torpedo Phaeton (1606) - over in the belly of a Boeing 747 and I trust that he thought this worthwhile for he was the winner of the Fred and Joan Watson Trophy for the best large

horsepower car as well as the car voted favourite by the ladies. David Collier's immaculate 20/25 Hooper Sedan de Ville (GNC 70) won the small horsepower car Messervy Trophy.

The house with its magnificent staircase paintings by Sir James Turnbull provided a pleasant diversion before it was time to part company.

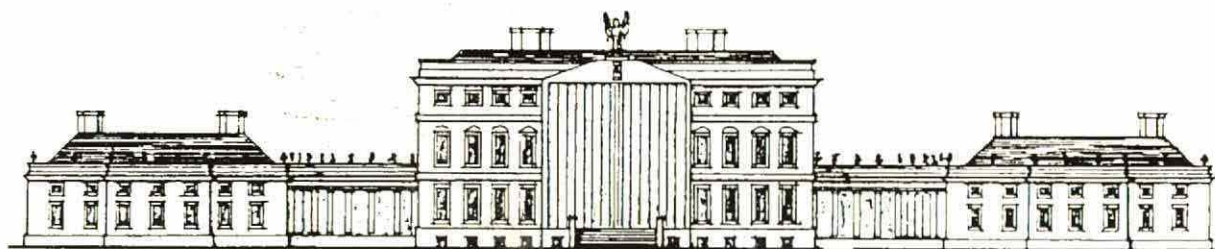
Thanks must go to all Club members who supported this event and proved that the Club can hold successful and well-attended events 'North of Watford'.



The cars at Hanbury Hall

Photographs by Stephanie Martin

David C. Martin



IRISH GEORGIAN TOUR OF KENT

28-31 May 1993

Friday night found the majority of the party arriving at the Master Spear Point Hotel, Ashford, looking forward to another good weekend. Irish Georgians and 20-Ghost Club Members were all in good humour. Michael and I were welcomed with such comments as "Well, what a long way you've had to come!" (All of 35 miles).

After settling into our cupboard, sorry, I mean room, we went down to the bar and then for a very nice meal and generally socialised with old and new friends. Then wishing everyone goodnight, we climbed the ladder to our bed (In the attic - beside the chimney). Another enjoyable Irish Georgian weekend had started and as usual it turned out to be extremely well organised, with information on everything, including, houses, maps, routes and mileage along with drivers instructions. Our thanks must go to Tim & Marylyn Bacon of the IGS.

Cars allowed out for the weekend were 1929 20 Weymann Saloon owned by Norman Gardner, 1929 Phantom II Dual Cowl Tourer - Sue & John O'Dowd, 1932 Phantom II Sports Saloon - Lynn & Midge Brua, 1932 20/25 Sedan de Ville - Digby & Margery Wills, 1932 20/25 Sports Saloon - Chris & Liz Watts, 1933 20/25 Limousine - Michael & Sandy Kent, 1934 20/25 Sedan de Ville - David & Sue Collier, 1937 20/25 Sports Saloon - Hamish Scott, 1939 Wraith Touring Limousine - Sue Taylor, 1954 Silver Dawn Countryman Saloon - Janet & Jimmy Valentine.

Saturday dawned, bright, windy and sunny. Everyone

was up early ready for the off when we discovered the first thing we had to cope with was the 1932 20 Sedan de Ville with two rear flat tyres. Having managed to deal with that little trauma another one reared its head. David Collier was good enough to inform Chris Watts that his car had a cracked head. For a split second I thought David Collier might be acquiring one as well but being a doctor



Goodnestone Park

he managed to tranquillize the situation.

The first house visited was Sissinghurst Castle. A National Trust property since 1967. We were introduced to Sissinghurst by Nigel Nicholson, son of Vita Sackville-West. He gave us a very humorous history of the estate and a little of his life with his mother. Sissinghurst began as a 12th century moated manor. A Tudor house was then built by Sir John Baker (some of which survives) followed by an Elizabethan courtyard house almost all of which was

demolished leaving only the gate-tower. The neglected estate was bought by Vita Sackville-West in 1930 and with the help of her husband Harold Nicholson who planned everything, she planted the most magnificent gardens. There are actually 10 gardens all linked - including a beautiful white wisteria, a

white garden, dovecotes, walled garden, incredible square hedges, foxgloves, peonies, roses, violas, iris, lilac, salvia, anemones, lupins, verbena, clematis and many, many more. They now employ 7 gardeners! In the gate-tower, Vita Sackville-West had her sanctum or writing room with panoramic views over the weald of Kent. It was sad to hear her son say he had only ever visited her there three times in the 32 years up to her death in 1962. The portrait of her painted by DeLazlo hanging in the library is of a very beautiful woman.

After drinking a quick coffee and a look around the National Trust Shop we made our way to Wilsley and a lovely lady, Mrs. Alexander. She and her family obviously love the house and were only too happy to fill us in with any family details we wished to know. She told us that the house was built around 1390/1400 by one of the Flemish master weavers of Cranbrook and scales still hang from hooks on the ceiling in the great hall. It started as a Hall House built of oak at a time when Cranbrook was one of the main wool towns. The house has a strong Dutch influence including blue tiled fireplaces and painted panelling in the family chapel. Also pretty blue spice bottles - which I am told, were also very useful if you were shipwrecked, to put your SOS message in! Or whatever code was used then. They were obviously a very travelled family because the house is very cosmopolitan with grandmothers Chinese shawl box and an ornately carved teak bed from India with matching cupboard brought home after WWI. I think I am right in saying that one of the bedrooms is supposedly haunted by children. Once again the colourful gardens included rhododendrons and azaleas in all shades of pink, red, white and yellow, mostly planned by Mrs. Alexander's father, an artist.



Saltwood Castle

house is now owned by Mr. & Mrs. Norman and was bought by the family in 1949 for £10,500, after the family seat at Bromley Common had burnt down. The house has a strange layout but the lovely staircase and gallery makes up for this. Various things in the house, including the dining room table, had been saved from the fire and several nice family portraits and paintings hang on the walls. There is an interesting Portuguese map of the world and several books by Darwin, who had been a family friend. Mr. & Mrs. Norman's little daughter, Florence, wanted a ride in the 'yellow car' so we waited until last to give her a ride. With everyone long gone, you can guess what happened next. We mis-read the map! No we were not lost!

When we eventually arrived at the Church of St. Lawrence, most of the group had assembled and were waiting. Never mind. This is a most unusual looking church with its Tuscan portico on six columns and a spire which was added much later. Unfortunately trees have grown up very close to the front of the church and hidden a lot of its beauty. Inside is very pretty with four large stained glass windows, a small chapel on one side and an oak staircase and gallery. In the churchyard is the grave of Admiral Lucas the first man to win the Victoria Cross.

Mr. Andrew Wells who introduced us to the history of the church, then took us to his house for tea! Mere House, built as a rectory in 1780, has a very rustic garden with a view overlooking a lake. We had a most satisfying tea served, very bravely, on lovely china while watching John Redmill molest one of the family pets (a cat) and make rude remarks about Janet Valentine's chicken (tapestry bag)! The Wells' enterprising sons had set up their own museum in the basement - called the Guard House - with relics and mementoes of WWII and were charging admis-

As you can imagine by now, with all this new knowledge, we were starving! We arrived at the 18th century Willesley Hotel and ate a superb lunch, enjoyed the ambience of the place and staggered off to West Farleigh Hall, with everyone complaining that all that they wanted to do was sleep after the wine! The

sion. Good luck to them - it was very interesting.

By now the weather had become a little chilly and overcast so it was back to the Hotel for a quick shower and change ready for the evening meal. The first day had been a great success with everything running to time. Another good meal and we fell exhausted into bed.

After a night of torrential rain, Sunday found us up early and ready for the day, even though it was very windy. No sunshine, but that was to come later. Our first house of the day was Goodnestone Park and we were greeted by Lord and Lady Fitzwalter. What a sweet welcoming couple they were, but first things first, coffee and shortbread in the old barn. It was very warming after an hour's drive on this chilly blustery day. Now to the house and garden. We were so impressed by all the beautiful gardens. The rockery and pool garden are very sheltered as is the long sectioned walled garden which as we walked through it and looked towards the horizon, the backdrop was a pretty little Church. It was so peaceful. The house has had the entrance changed from East to West which seems slightly odd when you enter but opening from it is the oval room which is quite charming. There is a most unusual collection of chiming clocks. A grandfather clock on the highly polished staircase and a beautiful Westminster, 8 bell chiming clock in the dining room. There are portraits by Batoni and Mengs and several very nice pieces of pottery fashioned by a son. Unfortunately fire gutted the upper part of the house in the 1950s and although it has been restored the house is now Grade II listed, not Grade I. Again it felt a much loved family home with Lord & Lady F. doing an awful lot of the hard work themselves.

Next stop was lunch at Godmersham Park - but wait! Did I hear that the Colliers were missing, broken down? - Never! Comeuppance, did someone say? No, Chris Watts wouldn't be so cruel! He couldn't have a cracked head, could he? Anyway, on to lunch. Over a little bridge and in through lovely gates to a very well landscaped park. This is an impressive looking Georgian house which was left to Jane Austen's brother Edward in 1797. His son sold it in



Saltwood Castle from the car park

the second half of the 19th Century, since when it has had several owners and is now leased to a business and has been refurbished to accommodate it. Having said that, it still has a very warm comfortable feeling about it. It was purchased in 1935 by Mr. & Mrs. Tritton who had a style all of their own! The orangery was decorated by Felix Harbord with stucco palms and has to be seen to be believed! On her death in 1983, Mrs. Tritton's furniture fetched £6,000,000 at auction! There are still many interesting features including a main entrance through a large pedimented doorcase with attached Tuscan columns, into a most impressive hall with a superb frieze decoration. Again it has a sheltered walled garden accommodating its own rose garden. After a most convivial lunch here including strawberries & cream we made our way to a gorgeous looking house called Olantigh for a photo-stop and then onto

Saltwood Castle.

The Rt. Hon. Alan Clark lives at Saltwood with his wife Jane, a charming lady. Mr. Clark is probably as interesting as his Castle at the moment, judging by all the publicity. He also looks as craggy. In the nicest possible way, of course. His cars were definitely as interesting as his home. Two R-type Continentals, a Ghost, no Phantoms or Spirits - I am surprised! Well, once you've seen (or haunted) one castle you've seen them all. One of the most famous things allied to Saltwood was the story that the four knights who murdered Thomas a'Becket in 1170 met there on the night of the dirty deed. In 1382 Saltwood became the chief residence of Archbishop Courtenay and the gatehouse bears his arms. At this time a lot of the castle was extended and added to. Lord Clark bought it in the 1950s and it has many interesting things including a very romantic painting by Sutherland called 'The Last Dance' and more recently a piece of Elizabeth II Coronation dress given by Hartnell to Mr. Clark's mother. In the Dining Room is the Kings Cup 1902 (Winner - Kariad). A full length portrait of Jane Clark hangs on the stairway. The gardens are vast and most people took the opportunity of walking around the outer walls to admire the view. The Library where we had an

extremely filling tea felt the most comfortable place in the Castle and once again it was a shame when our time there came to an end - all too soon.

When we returned to the hotel David Collier was there, waiting to pounce on some unsuspecting victim for a set of points, which was obviously the problem with 'Harriet'. Michael 'Clark' Kent to the rescue. Both of them having satisfied their desires to get their hands dirty, found just enough time to shower and change ready for our outing and dinner at Chilham Castle.

The route was via Boughton Court, a lovely house with a roaring log fire where Mr. David Galloway (a member of the IGS) had invited us all for pre-dinner drinks. By this time it was blowing a gale and a think we were all loath to leave the cosy drawing room.

Once at Chilham we were entertained again by a very humorous Viscount Massereene & Ferrard who came to the Castle after their family home, Antrim Castle, had been ransacked and burnt in 1922. He had many funny little anecdotes about his family and pointed out a gun hanging on the wall with an inscription 'Lucky is he who escapeth me!' Chilham is in a beautiful setting with magnificent views over the valley. The gardens are picturesque



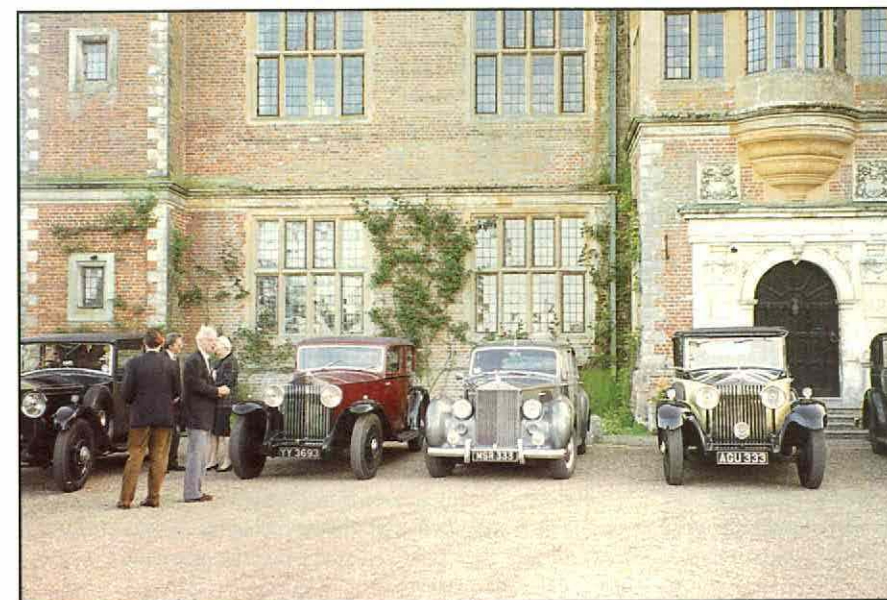
Alan Clark's 1919 Silver Ghost (69TW) at home at Saltwood Castle. The following month it took part in Alpine 93.

and very well maintained. It originated in the late 12th Century, the present house being built in the early 17th Century. Not much remains of the Jacobean house but the staircase is original and has three Jacobean fertility figures carved at the top! We had a very nice meal in the Gothic Hall. Somehow the plastic seats we sat on and the chrome legged trestle tables did not really go with the carved panelling, beams and stone mullioned windows!

We set off for the hotel, out of the magnificent entrance of Chilham and down the road to turn right, but Lynn Brua must have been thirsty because straight ahead was a Pub!

In Lynn went, car as well. He didn't even bother to knock! Sorry, slight exaggeration, but only slightly.

Monday morning and although the weather was still unsettled and very windy everyone was ready to go and we set off on time. By some quirk of fate we arrived at Godinton Park early! It has a long drive down to the house which was originally flanked by trees. Unfortunately the estate lost a total of 300 trees in the 1987 storm. Mr. Alan Wyndham-Green was there to meet us, a little flustered that we were early, but ready to tell us about his incredible house. There was so much here to write about it is impossible. The house has a great warmth and Mr. W.G.



At Chilham Castle

told us that only three families had lived their in over 500 years. It started as a Jacobean Hall House with beautiful 14th century carved panels and timbers. It has a divided chapel with a carved confessional box and carved panelling around the room all with different illustrations. The upper part of



View from Godington House

the room has 18th & 19th century silk pictures. Another room has an oak frieze, carved in 1630 of the Kent artillery practising arms drill. There are William and Mary pieces, Chippendale furniture, Rockingham china, a beautiful Meissen travelling tea service, a marble fireplace carved from one piece of marble, stained glass windows through the stairway, ceremonial Persian carpets, Sheraton furniture, incredible blue Worcester china, an oriental room with Chinese wall panels and Chinese lacquered furniture, a white drawing room with mostly English furniture, porcelain and paintings, plus silver and ivory pieces and Waterford glass. Mr. W.G. told us he did a lot of the domestic work himself, but he would not let us see the domestic quarters because he said they were far too messy! The gardens were also as pretty as a picture, again with a walled garden and some very impressive topiary.

Reluctantly we moved on to Belmont Park where we had a most delightful lunch in what must have been a stable block at one time and overlooked the courtyard. Many of us bought plants and Kent honey which were on sale here! Belmont is set in vast park lands with a very sheltered walled garden. The house was built for the 1st Lord Harris, victor of Seringapatam and conqueror of Tippoo Sahib and quite rightly so, the house has many things to reflect this including wonderful Indian woven carpets. On the drawing room ceiling hung a Waterford crystal chandelier. The clock collection caught the most interest, especially for the men. It was vast. The last and 5th Lord Harris died aged 95 and the house is now preserved and maintained by the Harris Charity who should be very pleased with their work. Two cars, who shall remain nameless martyrs, nearly missed their tea at Pett Place because two IGS members, who shall also be nameless, decided to

go walkabouts. But, we found them and our way to Pett Place, to be greeted with a delicious tea.

This again felt a very homely house with a roaring log fire in the hall. It started as a Hall House with various additions through the years, the latest being the Victorian addition in 1850. It is mostly red brick and the majority of garden

walls date back to Tudor times. There were some very nice pieces of marquetry furniture and wall and rug tapestries. The garden was extremely interesting and well cared for with its pretty gates, statues and pools and the ruins of a small flint 13th century chapel.

Time was creeping on and after we had taken tea and listened to the votes of thanks we made our way back to the hotel for departure home. Another weekend had flown by all too quickly. I wonder where we will be going in 1994?

Sandra Kent

Photographs by Janet Valentine

RECORD TOKENS

Overseas Visitors

Remember, overseas visitors are welcome at events; this invitation is now extended by the Australian chapter to UK and other members, in the same way that it extends from the UK to Australian and all other members. Do bring cars if possible, for the longer tours, but rides will usually be available if enough notice is given.

The Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs

The 20 Ghost Club continues its support of the Federation, the main purpose of which is to ensure that historic vehicles, such as ours, can still be used in public roads throughout Europe without onerous restrictions, provided that the vehicles are properly maintained. As vehicle numbers increase, the threat to the use of our cars remains as great as ever!

BROOKLANDS

25 April 1993



Geoffrey Price on the Test Hill with GTK25. Photograph by David Martin

After the enormous success of the driving tests held at Brooklands in 1991, the decision to return there in 1993 was not a difficult one to make.

Brooklands was the site for many original tests on Rolls-Royce cars, including the speed tests on the London-Edinburgh car. After its epic journey to Scotland and back locked in top gear, it was raced around Brooklands at over 100mph to prove that it did not have especially low gearing. Driving on what remains of the banking today, one can also almost hear the roar and smell the exhaust of blown Bentleys of yesteryear.



Filming with the BBC on the Brooklands banking. Photographs by Rae Kennedy

The Test Hill came first, a stop and re-start one-third of the way up (no rolling back or stalling) the deceptive slope steepening sharply to a 25% gradient towards the top. Various techniques were applied to this obstacle from storming up in second gear with cut out fully open (the cads - they should not be used in England!) to the more cautious approach, even coming to a complete halt towards the top. By fair means or foul all cars made the top.

The Speed Run. With only a quarter of a mile of banking left I could envisage the issuing of parachutes to assist braking. The test however involved a flying start to cover a measured length of banking at an average speed of 19mph. Drivers perception of 19mph is interesting for



Waiting on the banking for the next driving test.

average speeds varied from 11.59mph to John Kennedy's 25.61mph in the Radley Ghost. I thought that my 20.28mph was respectable but Digby Wills returned 19.21mph.

The Manoeuvring. This test involved blindfold manoeuvring under instructions from the passenger. In these circumstances all sense of the movement of the car is lost and great skill needs to be exercised by both driver and passenger. Clear and previously agreed instructions are important. I failed to respond properly to 'steady as she goes'.



After the tests the company adjourned to the art deco setting of the Bluebird Restaurant for a splendid buffet lunch. John and Rae Kennedy were detained by the BBC for filming of the Radley Ghost on the Brooklands banking. This took a full hour and after several weeks, all of 12 seconds appeared on Top Gear!

19 cars took part in the tests and the winner for the third consecutive year was Digby Wills. Second place was awarded to John Stuttard with Brian Wootton in third.

Thanks were given by the Chairman to Clive Carter and the Charterhouse Motor Club for setting the tests and to myself for organising the venue and the lunch.

David Martin

Isle of Wight Rally

24-26 September 1993

Although we have been members of the 20-Ghost Club for many years, we seem to have been to very few events, mainly due to location and timing, so we were looking forward to the proposed rally in the Isle of Wight. We were not disappointed.

We travelled to the Portsmouth in the company of Jo & Brian Wootton and Barbara & David Morgan and there we met the other cars at the ferry terminal and all arrived in Fishbourne to be welcomed by David & Stephanie Martin.

They led us to a local hostelry which served excellent

We were staying at Peacock Vane, an interesting hotel recently featured in the TV series *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It is heavily Victorian, quite luxurious yet unusual and boasts of having three resident ghosts (small 'g'). The room we were given was one of the reputedly haunted ones, but I felt that our incumbent was reasonably disposed and allowed us a peaceful sleep. Half of our party were accommodated in the Winterbourne Hotel but the full complement dined together after a champagne reception. While the ghosts inside were of interest and speculation for the



Carisbrooke Castle

Photograph by Ken Ducommun

lunches of gargantuan portions. However the best was yet to come. After lunch we were invited for further refreshment at the Martin household and were introduced to Roger & Daisy; a more delightful pair of lop eared rabbits I have yet to see, far better than the ordinary creatures in *Watership Down*. The whole party basked in balmy sunshine watched over by the resident moggy.

ladies, the Ghosts (Silver) outside were a delightfully representative collection and totally enthralled the men.

After an relatively early start, all the cars travelled in their own time next morning to Carisbrooke and were by special arrangement allowed into the castle grounds. Gathered together, they looked splendid ranged round the castle walls, 7 Silver Ghosts, 2 Phantom I's, 3 Phantom II's,



At Northwood House

Photograph by Jimmy Valentine

1 Phantom III, 2 20/25s and a Silver Dawn. As all the amenities of Carisbrooke Castle were open to the members, we spent an extremely interesting time looking round at the Museum, the Donkey Wheel and walking the walls.

The early promise of the weekend weather had not materialised, but in no way detracted from the pleasures of enjoying the quiet rural motoring.

By special invitation we visited Morton Manor, a splendid Elizabethan house painstakingly maintained in excellent condition by a WWII Polish Air Officer and his family. The gardens were a delight, containing some beautiful and unusual plants and shrubs. Even in late September there was an abundance of colour. The other interesting feature was the vineyard; we were given a glass of wine from it to taste and the vintage would stand very well with many better known wines. We bought some as well; I shall drink ours, chilled, on Boxing Day lunch time.

Our first afternoon visit was to the Maritime Museum at Bembridge. What interesting objects have been found in those rather treacherous waters round the island and what other secrets do they hold?

After the museum, yet another manor house to visit, Haseley, very old, gloomy and rather eerie. Not a place where I would have liked to spend the night!

Sunday saw a more relaxed start and a journey in the

opposite direction to the previous day. Those who travelled via Ventnor promenade were rewarded with a steep climb on the western exit road whose gradient and hairpins were equal to anything on the Alpine Rally.

Our route led to the Isle of Wight glass works at St Lawrence where most people got bugs (in glass!). We all enjoyed a spectacular run along the south coast to Alum Bay and the Needles, where hot drinks helped ward off the chill breezes before setting off to visit the elegant, stately, yet homely Northwood House where we enjoyed a private visit. This is a much loved, well lived-in family home. A walk through the extensive gardens led to another local hostelry very popular with the locals. The sun now shone again and it was pleasant just to sit and relax outside.

The weekend culminated with a visit to Osborne House, much loved by Queen Victoria and detested by Edward VII. Luckily he did not dispose of the interesting memorabilia of Queen Victoria and her consort which abound throughout the house. I found it all very fascinating.

We would like to thank David and Stephanie for making the event so varied and enjoyable; neither the Ghosts nor the ghosts intruded upon it one little bit.

Patricia Watson

As a prelude to Alpine 93 and a deadline to get cars ready for shipment to Europe the Australian Alpine tour was a useful test as well as a great weeks motor-ing, even for those who would not be coming to Austria. Kerry helped organise the tour and wrote this report.

THE AUSTRALIAN ALPINE RALLY



Some of the participants at the Australian Alpine - 1910E (in front), 6TB, 22NK, 103EM (all Silver Ghosts), 9YC (PI).

The rally started for some of us on Thursday 4 February 1993 with the first meeting point scheduled at the historic George IV Inn at Picton, in the Southern Highlands of New South Wales. With the temperatures soaring, the home brew was wonderful!

Thursday night was spent at the quaint, old fashioned Bundanoon Hotel, with the Donnellys, Laurie Ogle, Malcolm Johns, Margaret Ogle, John Vawser and the Milvertons - and of course, myself.

Friday saw the highlands shrouded in mag-ical mists, Silver Ghosts and a Phantom I. We stopped for lunch at the lovely Carrington in Bungendore, near Canberra. A splendid and



Did Laurie Ogle provide the inspiration for 6TB's rear end design?

some great Victorians, who also happened to be there.

Dinner on Saturday night was a casual affair at Beechworth's historic Hotel Nicholas, where our Chairman, Malcolm Johns, said a few words of welcome to those assembled. There was a wonderful atmosphere of camaraderie and jollity, with old friends and new entering into the spirit of the rally.

Early next morning saw several cars leave for the climb to Mount Buller, whilst most of us took a leisurely drive to the historic Delatite station, where we were treated to a lovely al fresco lunch in the shade of the grand old trees. We also sampled some of the local

jolly affair.

We were joined on Friday evening, in the lovely village of Adaminaby in the Snowy Mountains, by Neil Collins and Peter Lamb in the newly restored Phantom I, 9YC. After some wonderful Snowy River trout and a wine or two, we retired fairly early, ready to tackle the long mountain drive next morning.

Saturday was a beautiful day, travelling the New South Alps, abundant with sunshine and carpeted with wildflowers. The cars performed very well indeed. Into Victoria and a great lunch at the Corryong Country Inn and then on to Beechworth via Tallangatta and Yackendandah. At Beechworth we booked into the Carriage Motor Inn and met with



Liz Milverton refuels 6TB on the Australian Alpine.

Chassis	Model	Year	Name
1910E	SG	1912	David & Diana Jones
6TB	SG	1914	John & Liz Milverton
22NK	SG	1923	Malcolm & Debbie Johns
103EM	SG	1924	Byron & Audrey Dobson
102SC	PI	1926	Laurie Ogle
9YC	PI	1926	Neil & Linda Collins
105MW	PII	1933	Doug & Davina Bristow
GOK74	20	1926	George Forbes
GYK47	20	1926	Terry Bruce
GUJ62	20	1927	George Forbes

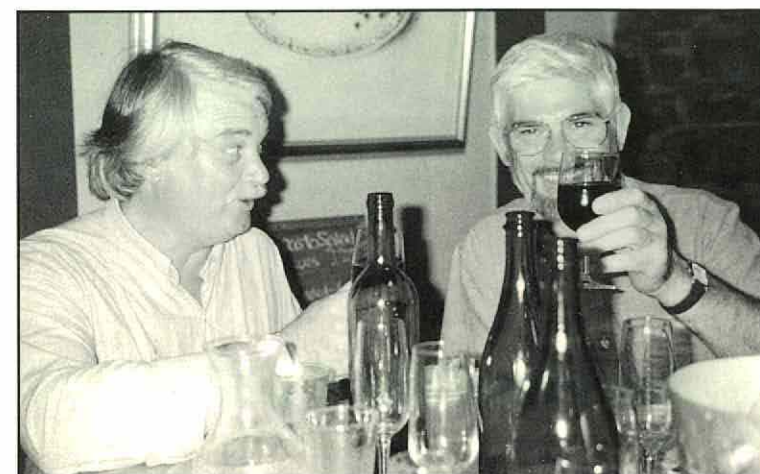
More than 40 people took part altogether. The 10 club cars involved were as shown here.



Two lovely Victorians, Alison McDermott (l) and Davina Bristow (not really Mug of the Week!).

at Bright, there were more mountains to climb. The scenic Mount Beauty, into the valley below, back across the mountains into Ovens Valley and home to Beechworth for our final night together, a balmy evening with a wonderful spit roast in a courtyard.

Some of the New South Welshmen, warmed to the challenges, took the long road home via Lakes Entrance, Bermagui and Berry. A wonderful finale to a great week.



Victorians George Forbes (l) and Lachlan Ely enjoy lunch at Mt Prior vineyard.



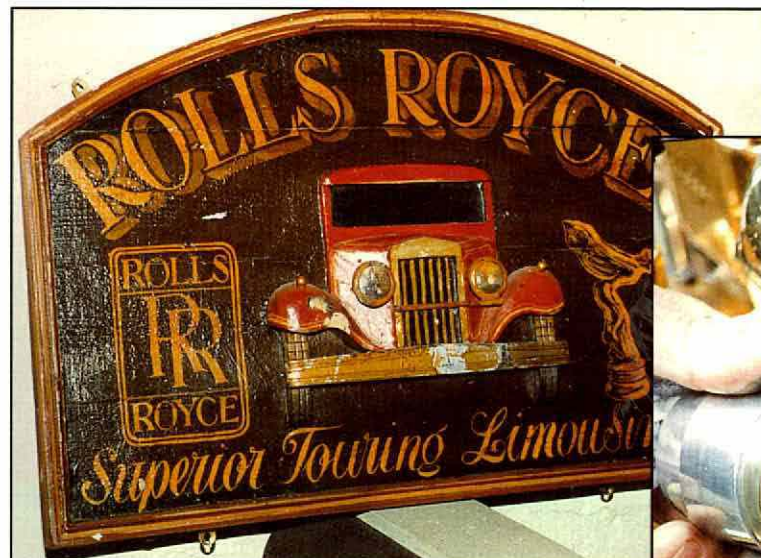
Ready to go. 22NK and 6TB waiting for the start.

KANGAROO VALLEY EVENT

3-5 September 1993

The Berry-Kangaroo Event proved an enormous success and thanks are due to all involved in the organisation, particularly Laurie Ogle at whose property the rally concluded and with a fine luncheon organised by the ladies. The event was based at the Berry Restaurant on the Friday and Saturday evenings and on Sunday Laurie also provided one of the highlights of the weekend - a flight in his own aeroplane, a 1937 Lockheed Electra 10-A, which landed for 20-Ghosters at HMS Albatross, the Nowra Naval Aerodrome.

Overseas readers may be interested to know that Kangaroo Valley must be one of the most beautiful, virtually untouched tracts of land anywhere. Although only twenty or thirty miles from the east coast of Australia, it is very remote. Not like the 'back of Bourke', mind you, but remote. Laurie even has his own cemetery on the property!



Appropriate sign at the Berry Restaurant.



Barrie Gillings at work - changing the frictional properties of Malcolm Johns' carburettor from 22NK



Bill Mainsell in his very sporting Silver Ghost - 70SG



John Altmann holding 'The Whisperer'



A fantastic restoration - Laurie Ogle's 'Anseries'



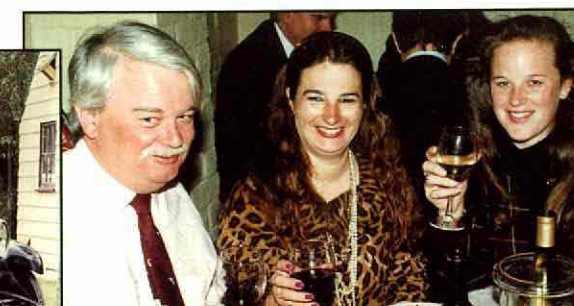
Some of the cars at Laurie Ogle's property in the Kangaroo Valley.



Intrepid flyer Kerry Wherry about to board 'Anseries'.



Sheer elegance! Barrie Gillings Hooper bodied Phantom II - 147GN



George Forbes, Fiona Bailey and Prue Johns dining at Berry

RECENT NEW MEMBERS

A welcome is extended to:

Derek & Helen Allan, Brockenhurst, Hampshire
1929 20 Park Ward Landauler GEN31
Clayton & Helen Banks, Spalding, Lincolnshire
1922 Silver Ghost Hooper Towner 34MG
Wilson & Joan Borden, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, USA
1932 P11 HJ Mulliner Sports Saloon
Lachlan & Margaret Ely, Mitcham, Victoria, Australia
1921 Silver Ghost Jackson, Jones & Collins Limousine 76JG
Gervase & Margaret Forster, Jordanis, Buckinghamshire
1924 Silver Ghost Windovers Doctors Coupé 26TE
Geoffrey & Julie Harrison, Warringah Mall, NSW, Australia
1925 20 Windovers Towner GPK42
David & Wendy Hemingway, Buxton, Derbyshire
1924 Silver Ghost Hooper Landauler 46TM
Achalen & Megan Holmes, Coleraine, Victoria, Australia
1912 Silver Ghost Towner 1884
1913 Silver Ghost Peels Towner 2583
1936 P111 HJ Mulliner Razor Edge Saloon
Keith Jay, Bognor Regis, West Sussex
1927 20 Windovers Coupé GHJ40
1934 20/25 Hooper Landauler GXB43
Forrest & Gayle Johnson, Saratoga, California, USA
1923 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Pall Mall Towner 67JH

Perer & Valmir Lamb, Cooranbong, NSW, Australia
1923 20 Windovers Towner 79A1
Roger & Sissy Morrison, Salina, Kansas, USA
1912 Silver Ghost Roi des Belges 1830
1914 Silver Ghost Barker Towner 35GB
1925 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Cabriolet S128MK
John & Carol Ogden, Huby, Yorkshire
1912 Silver Ghost Hamshaw Towner 2087
Roy & Anne Perler, North Haven, Connecticut, USA
1922 Silver Ghost Towner 49HG
Richard & Alice Prizer, Langhorne, Pennsylvania, USA
1921 Springfield Silver Ghost Locke Towner 63AG
Gilbert & Nanette Ralph, Mr Waverley, Victoria, Australia
1936 20/25 HJ Mulliner Sports Saloon GTK20
Gary & Karen Richardson, Camberley, Surrey
1929 Phantom I Barker Towner 81CL
Kenneth & Judy Russell, Narre Warren North, Victoria, Australia
1936 Phantom III Hooper Saloon 3AZ160
James & Elaine Soens, Warrington, Cheshire
1924 Silver Ghost Chassis 91AU
1933 Phantom II Arthur Mulliner Sports Saloon 7MW
1938 25/30 Park Ward Limousine GGR33

GET IN & GO - 94

Do you get frustrated by wet or cold weather which removes the incentive to do some real motoring? Then do you suddenly find the perfect day but no plans? This year we are introducing an extra series of events for those who find themselves with a fine sunny day on their hands and nowhere to go, or for those who just feel the need to go a-motoring. Set your own rural route and end up with some friends at an interesting venue.

These events need not be committed to in advance, but a call to the co-ordinator could be useful; if the event needs lunch pre-arranged or a train trip booked, please do get in touch. Otherwise, if you have not made plans and it is a great day, just go to your favourite real motor car, check the oil and tighten the mascot, then - GET IN & GO!

Note that if you have a favourite venue not on this list, make a note of it for a future GET IN & GO location.

Day	Date	Location	Details	Contact
Sunday	5 June	The George Hotel, East Street, Hambledon, Hampshire	Tel: 0705 632318. Arrive from noon. Hambledon is the home of cricket and two local teams will be playing that afternoon. Good parking. Call Graham if you want a parking place reserved.	Graham Adams 0489 573773
Friday	17 June	Falkland Arms, Great Tew, Oxfordshire	17th century Cotswold Inn in old village near Chipping Norton. Ideal lunch venue for those going to the Banburyshire weekend. Good place to meet those going on it, even if you are not. From 12:30 onwards.	John Kennedy 0344 883033
Tuesday	21 June	The Pub With No Name, Hampshire	Apparently it was called The White Horse Inn and its location. Proins Deane is not even marked on the Ordnance Survey Map, (but it is located on OS map 186, ref 715290). It really does exist, but a road improvement in Napoleonic times left it stranded in the middle of a field. Not far from the road which runs between the A32 near East Tisted (south of Alton) and the village of Sreep, near Petersfield, it is really worth finding as a genuine pub dating back to 1620 when it last appears to have been refurbished. The only road sign is an empty frame - where the lane to the pub leads off. The inn sign fell off it decades ago. Do find this pub; that is the challenge! There will even be a free beer for the first six drivers of proper motor cars who turn up by 12:45.	John Kennedy 0344 883033
Sunday	10 July	Kidderminster Railway Station - for the Severn Valley Limited	Travel on the Severn Valley Steam Railway with Sunday Lunch in the dining car (reservations are required). Secure parking is available. Arrive before 11:30. Combined cost of train trip and lunch c.£21 p.p.	Kay Marsh 0384 273061
Thursday	4 August	The Phoenix, Hartley Wintney, Hampshire	Meet from 18:30. On the A30 between Camberley and Basingstoke, reputedly the place where the VSCC was founded. Other car groups also meet here on the first Thursday evening each month.	Brian Wootton 0784 433137
Saturday	20 August	Borley House, The Green, Chiddingfold, Surrey	Meet at the Forrest's House in this lovely village between 10:00 and 11:15 for coffee. Receive details of a mystery tour route around the Surrey lanes, including the mini-alpine Blackdown Hill. End at a hostelry for lunch to fortify you for your return home.	Susie Forrest 0428 684208
Thursday	8 September	Ye Olde Bell Hotel at Hurley, Berkshire	Meet from 19:00 at this historic old 12th century pub off the Henley road, near the River Thames. Tel: 0628 825881 to reserve for full evening meal in the restaurant.	Jo Wootton 0784 433137

Events Calendar 1994

AGM & Winter Dinner, House of Lords
Great Ocean Road Rally, Victoria, Australia
Spring Lunch & Driving Tests, Brooklands
Ireland Tour
Islay and Western Scottish Isles
Irish Georgian UK Tour - Hertfordshire
Banburyshire Weekend - Wroxton (nr Banbury)
Summer Picnic & Concours
Picardy mini-tour via Channel Tunnel
Hunter Valley weekend, NSW, Australia

28 January
19-23 February
10 April
22-30 April
1-11 May
28-30 May
17-19 June
17 July
14-17 October
4-6 November

Various one-day mini-events are also planned - see GET IN & GO details

Beyond 1994

AGM & Winter Dinner, Cavalry & Guards Club, London
The Coonawarra Rally, South Australia
Oregon Ghost Trail Tour - Denver to Seattle
New Zealand - Vintage Car Club Rally & South Island Tour
Great Australian Outback Tour

27 January 1995
17-22 February 1995
August 1995
March 1996
April/May 1996

Club Shop

Car Badges

The Club now has car badges in nickel with red enamel. Give your car a treat. £25 each.

Club Ties

The newest fashion Club ties are in pure silk - silver grey to match your Silver Ghost. Give yourself a treat! Only £15 each.

Tyres

Goodrich 33x5 and Michelin 895x135 available at very special prices. Most other sizes also available. Order now and save yourself some money as well.

Back Copies of the Record

All recent editions and some early editions also still available. £2.50 each.

All above items available from the Honorary Secretary

Rear Cover:

Upper: The Grand Hotel Toblach during the 1914 Alpenfahrt.

Photograph © John L. Kennedy Alpine Collection

Lower: The old Grand Hotel during Alpine 93.

Photograph © Alpine 93 Collection



Trophy Winners 1993

Alpine:	Terry Spilsbury
Woodmansee:	John Kennedy
Harding-Rolls:	Derek du Toit
Fred & Joan Watson:	Keith Wherry
Messervy:	David Collier
Dymock-Maunsell:	Digby Wills
Phoenix:	John Kennedy
Fergusson-Wood:	John & Kay Marsh
F-W Photographic:	Stephanie Martin
Stanley Sears:	John Kennedy
Ladies:	Keith Wherry

