

The 20-Ghost Club Record



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Contents

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Chairman's Letter	1
1997 & 98 AGM & Annual Dinners	1
1997 Tours and Events	
<i>Brooklands Driving Tests</i>	2
<i>Ghosts for Gals</i>	3
<i>Irish Georgian Northumberland</i>	4
<i>Lakeland Challenge to Scotland</i>	8
<i>Concours d'Etat - Cirencester Park</i>	11
1997 Australian Events:	
<i>Southern Highlands National Rally</i>	12
Special Reports:	
<i>Peking to Paris</i>	14
1998 Tours and Events:	
<i>Irish Georgian- Southern Ireland</i>	18
<i>Scandinavia</i>	21
<i>East Anglia</i>	27
<i>Concours d'Etat - Holkham Hall</i>	30
<i>Dorset Weekend</i>	31
1998 Australian Events	
<i>6th National Tour-Tasmania</i>	35
<i>Mount Tomah</i>	39
Other events	
<i>Get In and Go miscellany</i>	40
New Members 1997/1998	42
Events Calendar 1999	43
Trophy Winners 1997/1998	43
Club Shop	43

Cover Photo; an Edwardian Spirit of Ecstasy in front of an Edwardian Country House



Chairman's Letter

This issue of the Record covers the Club's activities for the two years 1997 and 1998 so as to 'catch up'. These two years have seen a large number and wide variety of events especially with the 'Get in and Go' events which are relatively easy to organise and continue to be popular.

Sadly the first few months of 1998 saw the sudden deaths of two prominent members. Ken Smedley, a long serving committee member and the Club's trophy master and Dr Harry Watson, an active member and brilliant engineer who had organised a number of Club events and the 1997 Scottish Rally. Later in 1998 we had news of the death of Ken Ducommun in Vancouver after an illness.

The major overseas tour of Norway for 1997 had to be postponed until 1998 due to a clash of dates but was very successful and is reported later in this Record. Special thanks go to Graham and Gill Adams and John and Kay Marsh for their considerable time and effort and for their reconnoitre of this tour at their own expense.

Although not a Club event, I was inspired by Club member John Stuttard's epic journey from Peking to Paris in a 1934 Rolls-Royce 20/25 without any mechanical problems other than tyres. This incredible achievement earned John two of the Club's most treasured trophies for the year 1997 and is covered later in the Record.

After the 1999 AGM in February, I would have served for four years as Chairman and will be stepping down. Stephanie and I plan to settle in Southern California in 1999 but hope to be back in England each summer to renew our acquaintances with all the good friends we have made in the Club over the years.

I wish to thank my fellow committee members for their hard work and support during the past four years and also to thank the few non-committee members who have come forward to organise events.

I hope my involvement will continue for many years and I wish future success to the Club and all its members wherever they are. I wish you all happy motoring into the new millennium.

David C. Martin

1997 & 1998, AGMs and Annual Dinners

The AGM and dinner at the Caledonian Club in 1997 proved to be a very enjoyable event. Supporters of the Scottish Rugby Union Football Team in the adjacent room periodically livened up the proceedings with their bagpipes!

In 1998 the club returned to Boodle's a most popular venue for the event. Our President Lord Elgin was in attendance with his wife, Lady Elgin and he kindly agreed to present the trophies.

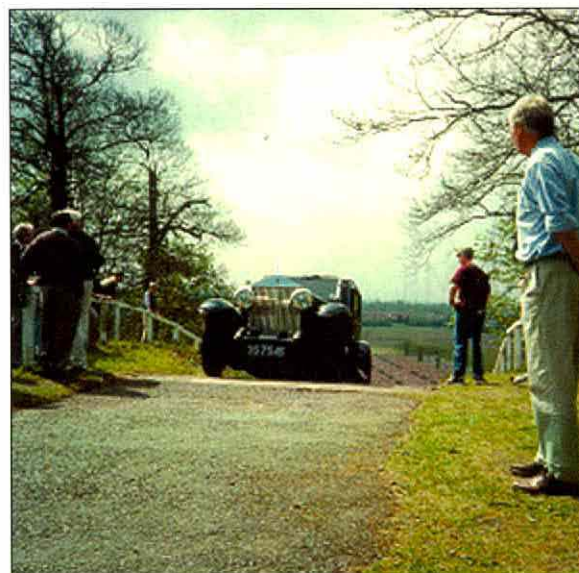
David Martin (left) and Lord Elgin present the Fred & Joan Watson Trophy to Tim Forrest, the large horsepower Concours d'Etat winner



BROOKLANDS DRIVING TESTS

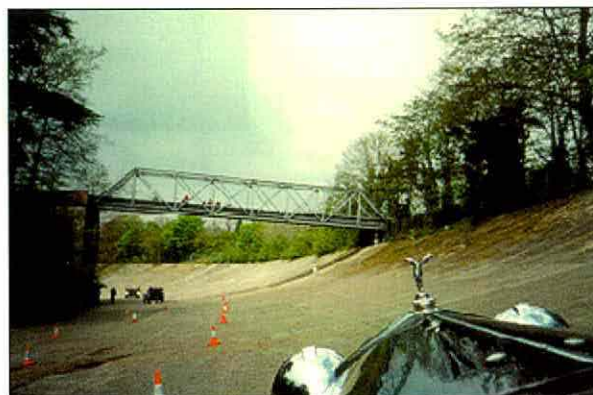
This traditional event proved popular in 1997 and 1998 although on both occasions the weather was less than brilliant!

In 1997 Eleven cars turned up on a somewhat overcast day that was to prove typical of many of the year's events. As usual a varied series of tests had been set out by members of the Charterhouse School Motor Club. An old favourite, stopping and starting without running back on the original Test Hill proved to be a good test of skill and the state of one's clutch.



The 20/25 proves it can climb hills

Next we went around part of the original embankment, not at 100 mph as in the original London to Edinburgh Silver



The 20/25 on the Member's Banking

Ghost 1701, but at a more sedate speed as close to 20 mph as possible.

After some further taxing driving tests the winner proved to be Clive Carter in his 1933 20/25 Barker Limousine.

Barker again proved to be the winning coachbuilder in 1998, when Tim Forrest took the honours. On this occasion the deciding test involved squashing as many tennis balls as possible on a grassed area beside the track. The winner was so intent on doing this that he failed to notice an area of soft ground and had to be pushed out by the boys from Charterhouse. He was expecting to be disqualified but instead found he had been awarded maximum points



Clive Carter studies the Dymock Maunsell Trophy

GHOSTS FOR GALS

11th May 1997

Following some successful events held by the Silver Ghost Association, Susie Forrest organised a weekend for the girls at P & A Wood in Great Easton.



Clambering over the Duke of Westminster's Ghost

The object was to encourage more lady drivers by giving them confidence and knowledge of their cars.



Ladies in search of the great Sphere!

A very clear handbook (still available from Susie) was produced and used to explain the function of key controls linked to a bit about essential maintenance. We ended with a short period of driving instruction.



More exploration of the wonders underneath

At one point the gals appear to have revolted and commandeered



Commandeering the armoured car

the Armoured car but...



Andy Wood (far right) keeps control

despite being severely outnumbered Andy kept calm and managed to keep order!

No photographs appear to have been taken of the driving instruction but that is perhaps just as well.

Whilst all this was going on, Andy's brother, Paul took the men off to a fascinating day driving a convoy of the latest Rolls Royce. We first went to the Shuttleworth Collection of historic aircraft where there were some First World War fighter planes and some fascinating early aero-engines.

We then visited Historic Flying in Alderly Edge. They are outstanding restorers of World War Two aircraft. Here we looked over a Spitfire, a Hurricane and a Mustang in various stages of assembly. We were given a fascinating talk on how parts for the planes had been manufactured by hundreds of small suppliers before being brought together for final assembly. We all left with a feeling of considerable awe.

Our sincere thanks to Paul and Andy Wood for all the trouble they took.

Tim and Susie Forrest

1997 Tours and Events

IRISH GEORGIAN NORTHUMBERLAND TOUR

24th to 26th May 1997

The joint tour of the 20-Ghost Club and the Irish Georgian Society in 1997 was a tour never to be forgotten for a variety of reasons, most of them good. The Northumberland countryside has been described as dramatic, rugged, wild, robust, remote and beautiful. These qualities have influenced many of the fine houses that we saw during the weekend. The Northumberland buildings have also been influenced by the history of the area. For centuries warfare was endemic and the natural houses were castles, towers and other fortified buildings. The weather was glorious and the scenery was stunning. As most of the driving avoided the main trunk roads, it made for a remarkably enjoyable experience for us 20-Ghost Club members.



Callaly Castle

The Queen's Head hotel in Morpeth was well located for the tour. We were grateful for a secure car park since the return of the cars each night after dinner caused much merriment and comments from the local lager louts of which Morpeth seems to have a fair share.

On Saturday 24 May we left the Queen's Head to drive to Craigside, one of the most dramatic houses of northern England, built for Sir William Armstrong (1810-1900) the engineer-inventor and subsequent arms magnate. The house started out as a two storey fishing and shooting lodge but as Armstrong's fortune grew, was transformed into a megalomaniac. Evidence of Armstrong's inventions were to be seen all through the house, especially in the kitchen with its hydraulically operated spit and dumb waiter. Craigside was the first house in the world to be properly lit by electricity and all from hydroelectric power supplied from artificial lakes which Armstrong commissioned on the property. On Armstrong's desk sat one of his inventions which he obviously did not take seriously because he did not bother to take out patents, the sewing machine! Mr Singer did however, and the rest as they say is history.

The next stop was Belsay Hall and Castle which in terms of architecture and landscape features is one of the most important sites in the whole country. We moved on to Capheaton Hall, built by Robert Trollope in 1668-70 and described as one of the most interesting houses of its date and character in England. The house is two-storied over a basement and is exactly 100 feet square set in magnificent landscaped countryside.

Thereafter for drinks at Hesleyside Hall. The most memorable thing about this house is the cantilevered staircase attributed to Bonomi built around 1812. The grounds were laid out by Capability Brown in the 1770's. For dinner we visited Chesters, originally a substantial two and a half storey house built in 1771 which was transformed by Richard Norman Shaw in 1891.

The enjoyment of our first day was however overshadowed when, during the late-night and relatively long journey back to Morpeth, John and Susan O'Dowd's car was hit from behind by a drunk driver who was being pursued by the police. Fortunately they survived.



Graham Mead's 1923 Ghost at Lilburn Tower

Sunday saw us departing the Queen's Head for Callaly Castle. The layout of this Castle is irregular and complex but dates from the early 15th century. We went on to Lilburn Tower built by one of the last great provincial architects, John Dobson. He had two attributes which endeared him to his clients: he is reputed never to have exceeded an estimate (Rolls-Royce specialists please note!) and he was adept at making houses warm and draught-free. The interior of the house is magnificent. The house is unique for having retained most of the original furniture and fittings.



Eshott Hall



Secure parking for cars at Alnwick Castle

Our third stop of the day was at Chillingham Castle for lunch and an optional tour. Chillingham is a fine example of a fortified house and dates from the 1340's. Built by Sir Thomas de Heton it is typical of the period having four corner towers linked by curtain walls. Around 1600, when it was safe to make the Castle more civilised, the North entrance was remodelled, the South side of the courtyard was rebuilt and the North side was redesigned with fashionable long galleries. The more homely Georgian façade on the South garden side was built in 1753.

Alnwick Castle, our next stop has been the seat of the Percy family since 1309. Built as a defensible site, the Castle is an elongated triangle with a large shell keep between two baileys. By 1750 the Castle had become a virtual ruin but was then restored by the Dukes of in the 18th & 19th centuries at a cost of £250,000. Beyond the walls the grounds were landscaped by Capability Brown.

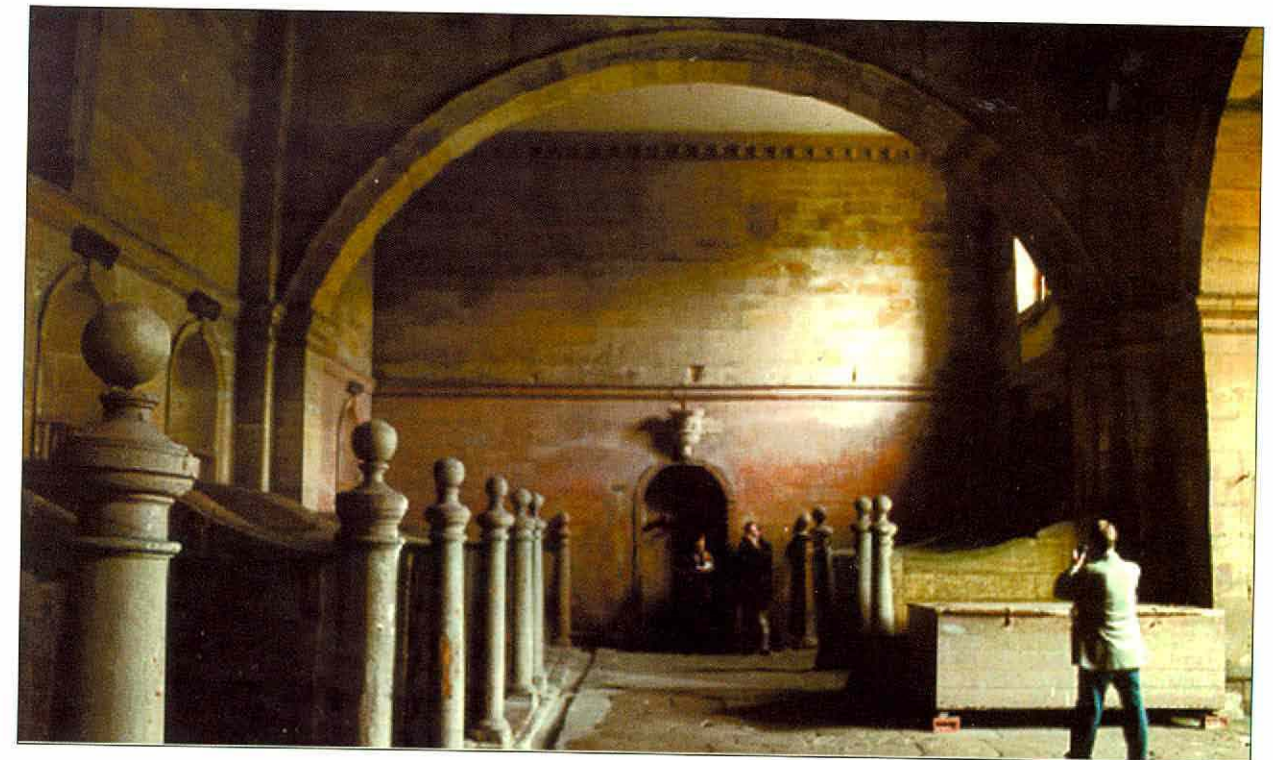


Gervase Forster's Ghost outside Seaton Delaval Hall

Our drinks stop for this day was at Guyance Hall above the River Coquet. The Milburn family were colliery and ship owners created Baronets in 1905. The present owner keeps the house, garden and estate in meticulous order.

Our evening meal was at Eshott Hall dating from 1660 by Trollope. The house was aggrandised in 1881 by the Bainbridges, founders of the first department store in the country.

Bank Holiday Monday and our last day. Could they have possibly kept the best to last? (You never can tell with those Irish Georgians). Our first stop is a Seaton Delaval Hall built by the soldier, playwright and architect Sir John Vanbrugh for Admiral George Delaval and started in 1719, both of whom sadly died before the house was finished, the owner from a fall from his horse. The architect who was also responsible for Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace built no other house that is so mature, so compact and so powerful. Sadly the main block of the house was gutted by fire in 1822 and much damaged by troops during the First World War. However the incredible stables remain undamaged. Few "motor houses" could ever match this for splendour.



The incredible stables at Seaton Delaval

Our penultimate house was Blagdon Hall built between the 1720's and 1750's incorporating parts of its 17th century predecessor. The 3rd Viscountess Ridley was Sir Edward Lutens' daughter and she designed the great South Water Garden in the 1930s which incorporates a 580 foot long canal. Other follies and features include a balustrade with two obelisks, an avenue of limes, a round pond at the corner of the walled kitchen garden, a Lake and Temple, a Quarry Garden, a White Iron Bridge, an Ice House, a Sculpture House, a rustic Boathouse, a Summerhouse, a Mediaeval Cross and a Gothic ruin!

Our final visit was to Meldon Park, which was built in 1832-6 for Isaac Cookson, the younger son of a Newcastle banker. The estate has descended from father to eldest son ever since.

The friendship and camaraderie between members of the two organisations were, as ever, enormous fun proving the longevity of the relationship built up since 1978. As ever, we are deeply indebted to the Irish Georgian Society and especially to Robert and Pippa Jennings for the organisation of the tour. The logistics of arranging 14 house visits, including lunch and dinner stops as well as hotel arrangements, are mind boggling. Any Club member who appreciates history or architecture and has not participated in an Irish Georgian weekend does not know what they are missing.

*David Martin
(Abridged with apologies by Tim Forrest)*

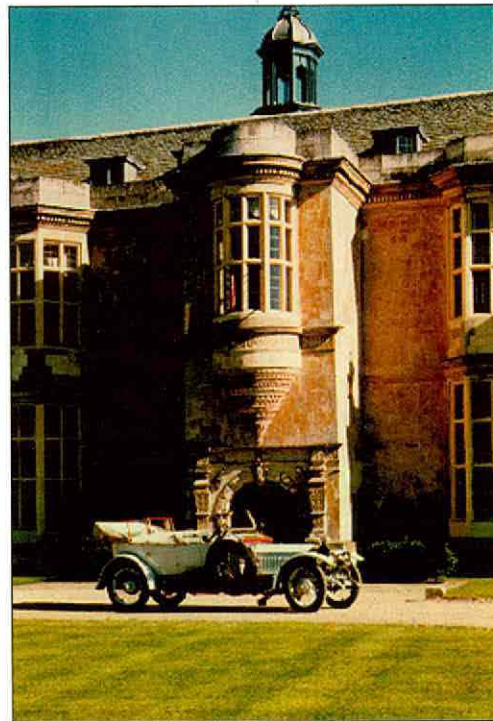
Lakeland Challenge to Scotland

27th May to 1st June 1997

In June the Rolls Royce Enthusiasts Club organised a tour of Scotland to mark the 90th Anniversary of the 1907 Scottish Trial in which the Silver Ghost was awarded a Gold Medal.

Since most of the 'foreign' cars were to be unloaded in the South of England, Tim and Susie Forrest organised a feeder tour from Aylesbury to Glasgow. This subsequently became known as the Lakeland Challenge partly because of the challenging passes covered but also because of the intricacy of the navigation! Our Southern Hemisphere visitors found following instructions every 500 yards somewhat taxing, since in the outback they only need to do this every 50 miles!

The Challenge started with the cars congregating for a magnificent dinner at Hartwell House near Aylesbury. This beautiful House was the residence in exile of King Louis XVIII of France from 1809 to 1814.

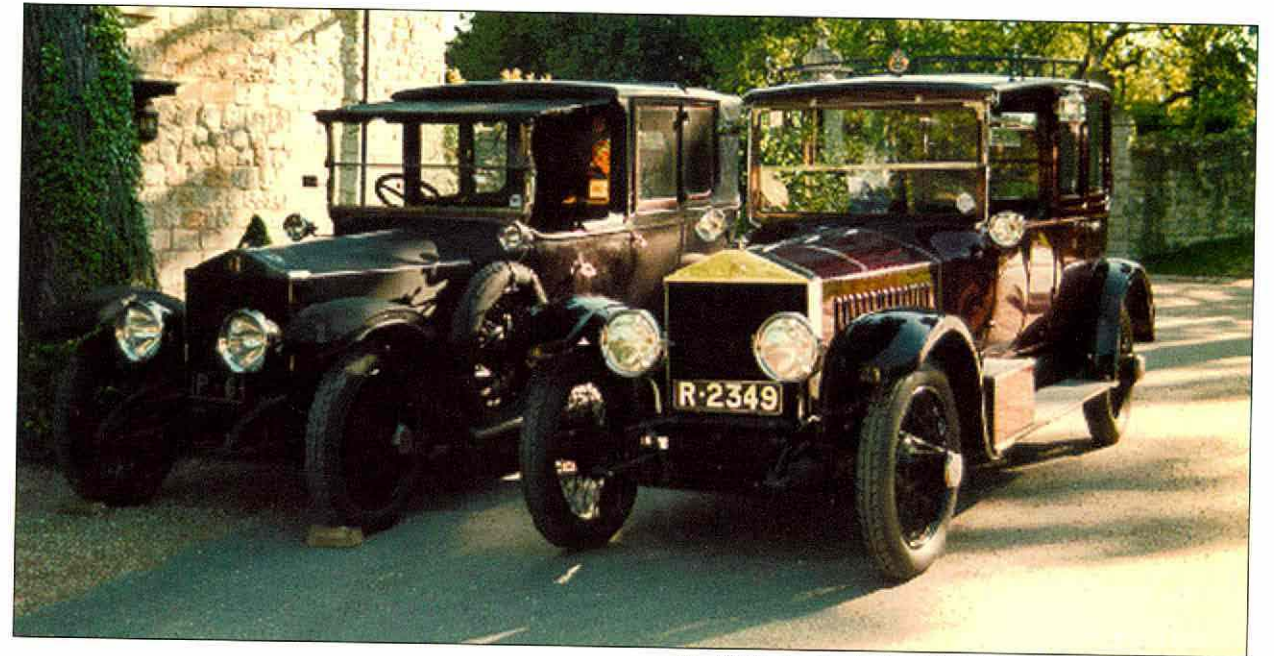


1912 Silver Ghost 2154 by Barker, outside Hartwell House

There were several great things about this Tour, the first being the weather. From start to finish there was glorious sunshine which combined with the spectacular scenery made a lasting impression on everyone. Another was the people who had come from the three major continents and had brought a wide variety of cars to meet the challenge.

Once we had dragged ourselves away from Hartwell House, the first leg was a relatively easy one through the Cotswolds to Shrewsbury. The next day proved a taxing one as there was much to see and much navigation to be done to avoid the dreary industrial surroundings of Manchester and Liverpool. For the cultured there was the magnificent beauty of Chatsworth House, whereas those of an engineering frame could marvel at the remarkable scale of the Settle Railway Viaduct with its millions of bricks.

Fortunately to help people get back on schedule there was then a fast road to the Lake District climbing over Shap Fell on the way. Altogether a long run (235 miles) but the Leeming House hotel on the shores of Lake Ullswater was well worth reaching with its combination of magnificent views and excellent food and wine.



Two 1914 Ghost Landaulets, 60RB by Barker and 60LB by Mulliner

For those not needing a rest(!), a tour around the Lake District had been arranged with the warning that it was for experienced Ghost drivers only.. We went over the Kirkstone Pass to Lake Windermere, then along Connistoun Water to the very steep 1 in 3 (33%) Hardknott Pass.



1924/1910 Barker Shooting Brake EM 107 passes 2154 at the top of the Hardknott

Hardknott has several very tight hairpin bends which were particularly difficult for those cars with 4 wheel brakes. John and Kay Marsh were delayed by a stalled DB5 Aston Martin, and a Ford Fiesta stuck with a jammed gearbox! Not surprisingly their Shooting Brake EM107 was rather

hot by the time the road was cleared, but raring to go. They just managed the hairpin on full lock, having engaged first gear and then stormed to the summit in second where they met up with Tim Forrest's equally warm 1912 3 speed Ghost quietly cooling off.



2154 descending the steep and twisting Wrynose pass

The descent via the Wrynose Pass is quite frightening - full lock on the hairpins with various steep gradients for several miles. The 3 speed cars needed to go very slowly and certainly needed to be in the right gear to avoid overheating the brakes! Fortunately there was a good pub at the bottom next to a period filling station to refresh both cars and drivers. The next day offered a similar set of challenging hills before we had a fast easy run up to Scotland.



2154, (again, apologies!) 107 EM and 1923 Brewster Piccadilly Roadster 401 HH

Tim Forrest

SUMMER PICNIC & CONCOURS D'ETAT CIRENCESTER PARK POLO CLUB

SUNDAY 22nd JUNE 1997

In total contrast to the previous year's Concours at Hagley Hall, the day was cold and wet with a biting wind.

22 cars entered and 15 turned up. Unfortunately our Chairman David Martin and Stephanie were unable to be with us so we had to find a judge - fortunately Keith Wherry had arrived all the way from Australia and so without hesitation we asked him to do this unrewarding task! Being his usual helpful self he accepted and we were most grateful to him.



Engine inspection on the eventual winner

It was good to see Adrian and Sylvia Garrett, John and Liz Milverton, and Jeremy and Breda Greene, also from warmer Southern climes.

The weather must at least have made a change for them. We did put up an awning and most of us had a damp lunch under it.



Southern Hemisphere visitors feeling damp and cold!

The sun came out at 3.30 pm when we moved our cars to Aston Down some 5 miles away (due to the state of the Cirencester Polo

grounds after all the torrential rain they had had over the last week). We watched Cirencester win against The Rest of the World.

Tim and Sue Forrest won the large HP class with their 1912 Silver Ghost with its original Torpedo Phaeton body by Barker. Ken and Joan Smedley the small HP Class with their 1927 20 HP Mulliner Cabriolet de Ville, and John and Liz Milverton won the ladies trophy in their 1914 Silver Ghost Tourer.

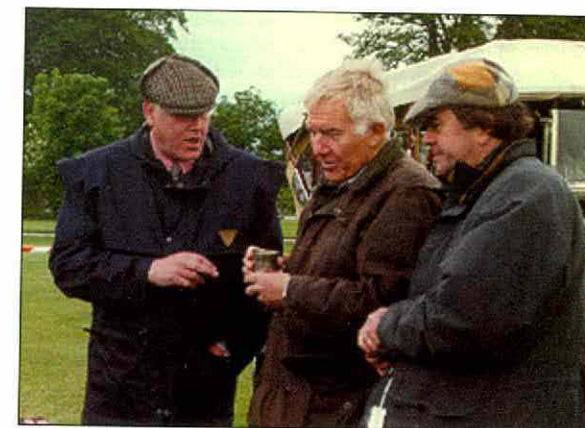


Ken Smedley receiving the Small HP Trophy

So ended a thoroughly damp weekend. The feeder tour in the Cotswolds had been equally wet and so we were all glad to get home out of the rain and hope for better things next year!

(In fact it was to be another damp weekend again! Ed.)

Kay Marsh



An Australian, a New Zealander and an Englishman in deep discussion in the rain

1997 Australian Chapter Events

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS 1997 NATIONAL RALLY

The headquarters the Australians Fifth National Rally (February 21-26 1997) was 'The Briars' Country Lodge which is situated about half way between Bowral and Moss Vale. The informal dinner in the Bistro that evening provided an ideal way of greeting members as they arrived.

On Saturday we drove to Kiama via the scenic route, made more challenging by an observation quiz which Keith Wherry had prepared. However, Barrie was more concerned with covering the 70 or so miles before lunch and thinking about the steep terrain ahead. Lunch at Kiama was the first event in what was turning out to be an eating marathon.



We only stopped at friendly ones!

Sunday morning breakfast at the Equestrian Centre saw a few people missing. It was rumoured that several were suffering from the effects of the extra red wine consumed during the wait between courses the night before. We did, however, seem to have a full contingent for lunch at the Bradman Museum in Bowral. That night we dined at Milton Park and enjoyed a pre-prandial stroll in the beautiful gardens. Marie Harland discovered that our hosts even provided Aeroguard and she shared it around some of us who were being by mosquitoes. A most pleasant day organised by Liz and John Milverton.

Monday morning was spent at Wakefield Park Race Circuit which is owned by RROC founder member, Paul Samuels. All the boys got out their lead boots. Our Chairman, Malcolm Johns, left his dignified demeanour in the pits and hooned around the track with the best of them. From the observation room it was quite a sight to see the early cars, such as Adrian and Sylvias Garrett's 9CE, flying up the hill climb. I don't think I did see George Forbes' 8CE. It was going too fast.

In the afternoon a lavish lunch and an interesting tour of the Old Goulburn Brewery and that evening we coached it to Gambells on the Park in Bundancon. How do the organisers find these delightful out of the way places?

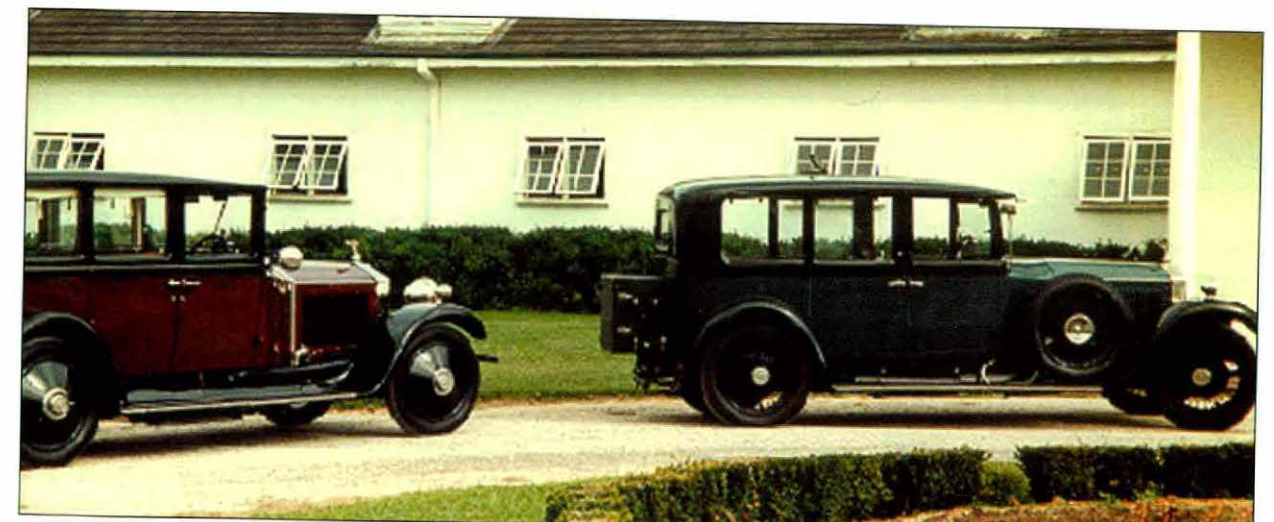


Malcolm Johns, at speed, Wakefield Park Race Circuit

Nowra and vicinity is Laurie Ogle's stamping ground and so he organised the run to the Boatshed Restaurant on Tuesday. We departed late for this and rode with Rex and Norah Vincent after a few minor adjustments had been made to 123EM.

After yet another great lunch Rex opted to go through Kangaroo Valley for the return journey. It was less hilly, very picturesque and muddy! The final dinner that night was held at the Briars. This was a very democratic affair. It seems that Keith had managed to think up an award for just about everyone on the Tour. Perhaps the most important ones were Lady's Choice which was awarded to Rex Vincent for 123EM. There was heartfelt thanks to all the organisers who had ensured yet another great Rally.

Margaret Gillings



Two 20 HP Limousines GMK 60 and GYK 97

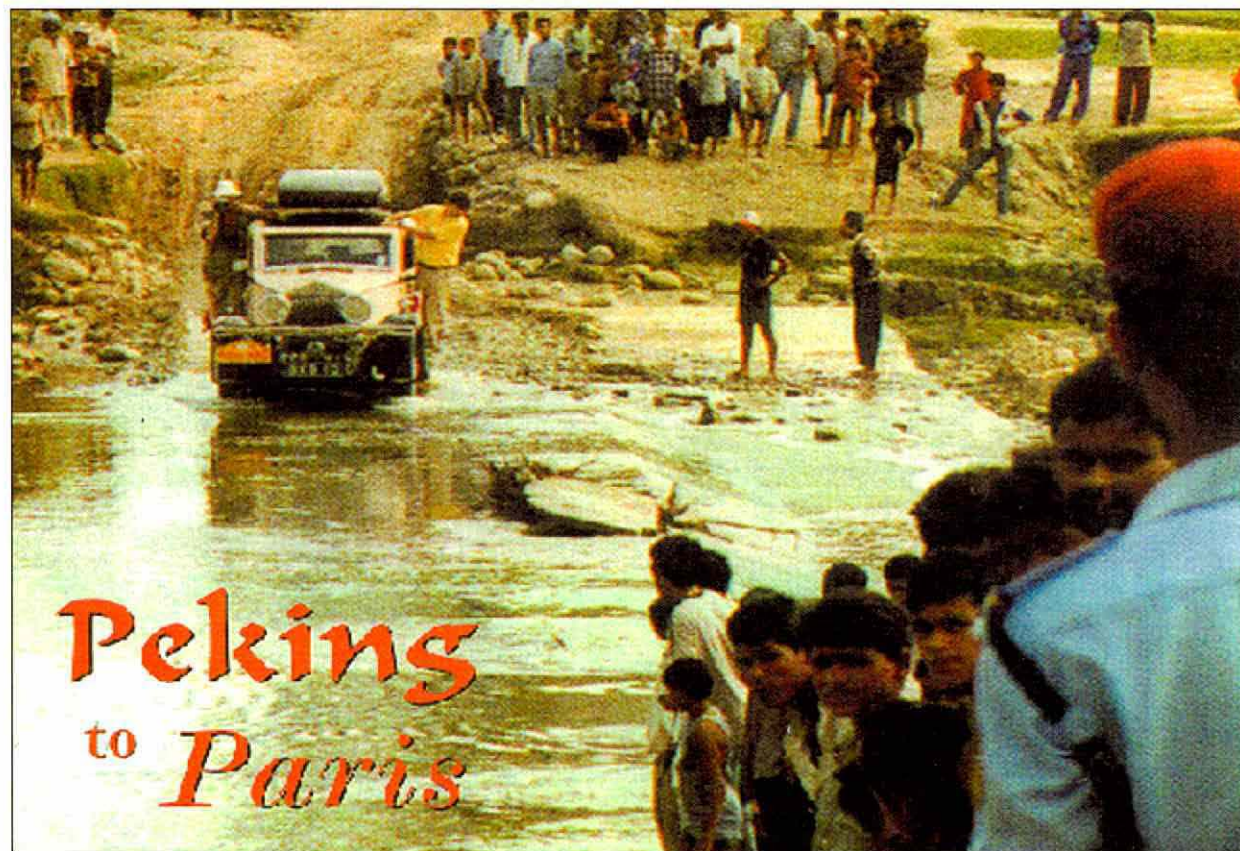
Special report 1997

PEKING TO PARIS IN A 20/25

The most reliable car in the world?

By John Stuttard, who recently completed this 10,000 mile challenge

It takes 10 hours to fly from Beijing to Paris. The distance is approximately 6,000 miles as the crow, or perhaps a 747 Jumbo jet, flies. By land, it is an altogether different story. On 6 September 1997, 94 pre war and classic cars lined up in Beijing. Some 43 days and 10,000 miles later, 82 vehicles drove triumphantly into the Place de la Concorde and wrote themselves into the history books.



Crossing one of thirteen fords in Western Nepal

The 'Peking to Paris Motor Challenge', as it was christened by the organisers, the UK based Classic Rally Association, was ostensibly a competitive rally (ultimately won by a 1942 Willys Jeep). For many it was an opportunity to travel in an old vehicle through some of the world's most fascinating countries, albeit over some of the world's worst roads.

So why was it then that our 1934 20/25 Barker bodied Sports Saloon, affectionately known as 'Harrison' after the first owner Henry Harrison Stuttard, should have started every morning and not experienced a single mechanical hitch? The only problems encountered were eight punctures, a dented Chinese jeep Beijing which refused to get over to his side of the road, one dead sheep in Western China and some dents to the bodywork as the road turned into a boulder laden stream just short of the Tibetan-Nepalese border.

So why no hitch? This is a question which Rolls Royce 20/25 owners will probably not find hard to answer. After all, the car was created by the greatest motor engineer of all time. Also, the roads in Europe in the 1930s were not all that good, resulting in the need for a sturdy chassis, robust springs and shock absorbers and a certain amount of over engineering, all of which proved invaluable on the roads of China, Tibet and Pakistan.



The highest road in the world; the Tangula Pass, W/China

Asian potholes, ruts, mud, streams proved too much for the Aston Martins, Bugattis, Buicks, Chevrolets, Citroens, Marmons, Mercedes, Stutzes, Vauxhalls and Volvos, but not for the 20/25. Even the thin air at high altitudes in the Himalayas did not deter the carburettor from functioning perfectly. Harrison just kept on going.



The Potala Palace, Lhasa Tibet

But perhaps an added reason for the lack of problems was the amount of time spent in preparation. "Well begun is half done", quoted my cousin John Boothman who is a Derby Bentley man. "I have to confess that when you first told me you were taking the 20/25, I thought you were slightly mad! It seemed to me that such a refined, complex piece of machinery would never stand up to the punishment meted out by maintaining high average speeds for day after day on unmade roads. The fact that I have been proved wrong is a fine testament to the quality of the car and

the skill of its crew". Indeed it was the preparation that was half the battle. Most of this comprised simply ensuring that the original parts were functioning correctly. Very few modifications were made to the original 1934 specification.

Some modifications were made of which I am sure Henry Royce would have approved including

- a bull bar at the front to nudge cattle and jeeps out of the way
- two extra fuel tanks to extend our range between stops to over 300 miles
- an oil filter and roof rack

The organisers had warned us that four in the car was too many and that we would probably not make it to Paris, a prediction we were happy to prove wrong. It was a lot to expect of a 1930's saloon car with a fully laden weight of three tons. However having four on board meant that we did not suffer from the problems of some of the other cars where some of the drivers and co-drivers were no longer on speaking terms later in the rally.

Tyres were one area, which we were unable to improve. These were not designed for either the very poor roads or the weight of the car. As a result we were to experience no less than eight punctures which delayed us on occasions. This also resulted in us using our rest days to look, usually unsuccessfully, for new tyres. However we did learn much about tyre repairing with us awarding Pakistan first prize for being the best tyre repairer en route.

The support crews on the rally in their 4-wheel drive Fronteras were real heroes, pulling no fewer than 30 cars, including ourselves, out of ditches, mud and soft sand. They also stopped to provide emergency repairs and roadside first aid.

The story of the rally and the route itself has been told in depth elsewhere. Nevertheless elements of the tale are worth retelling for those who have never been on a rally in a remote part of the world.

A feature of the rally in Northern China was the huge numbers of people and policeman lining the route. In one city we estimated crowds of over 100,000, including flag waving school children who had been given time off to watch the cars pass by. In China alone we reckoned over one

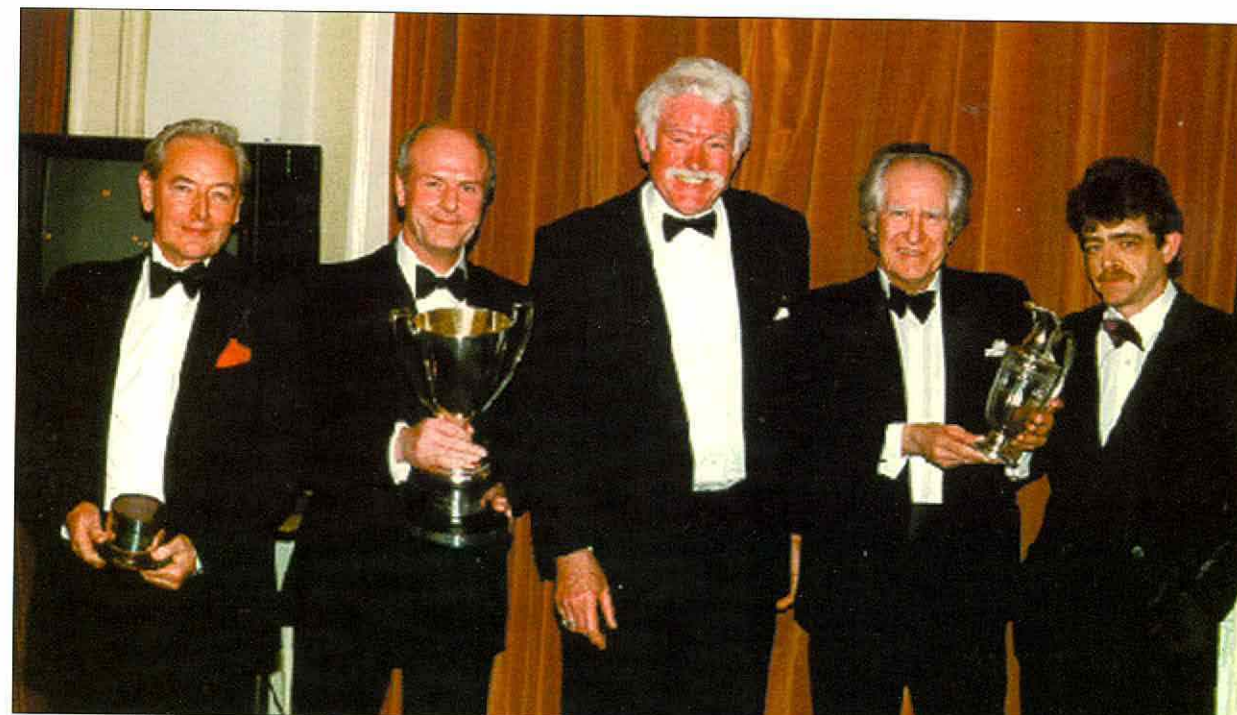


Being pulled out of the sand on a "road diversion", W. China

million people must have seen the rally usually cheering or simply watching in disbelief. Many threw flowers and passed messages of support in broken English through the car windows. Along the route the same degree of friendliness and welcome was to be repeated country after country.

Along the way there were naturally some quite stunning sights, as well some moments when one was either terrified or deeply conscious that one was in bandit country a long way from civilisation! However one was comforted by the fact that there was always tremendous chivalry and camaraderie throughout this extraordinary event.

Out of 94 cars, which started in Beijing, 82 reached Paris demonstrating the determination and true grit of the participants. The other Rolls-Royces on the rally fared reasonably well particularly the 1950 Silver Dawn, the 1965 Silver Cloud II and the 1955 Bentley Continental. However those who modified their cars had significant problems. The 1967 Phantom V was lucky to survive breaking its non-original "heavy duty" modern springs. The pretty boat tailed 1928 Phantom I from Germany had unfortunately replaced the Autovac and much of the electrical systems with modern modifications. He was less fortunate and had to retire in India when these finally failed.



John and crew receiving the Alpine and Harding Rolls Trophies from the Chairman

The finish at the place de la Concorde with the accompanying champagne reception in Formula 1 style, was a magical moment after travelling 16,000 kilometres in 43 days. We finished well down the order, but this was partly because we were in the touring category, partly because we frequently stopped to take photographs, enjoy the countryside and have the occasional lunch stop.

For each of the participants life will never be the same again. In summary it is difficult to better the words of Prince Borghese who won the first competition in 1907 on his Itala who is quoted as saying "By driving from Peking to Paris, I have proved it is quite impossible to drive from Peking to Paris". All of us in the 82 cars that finished would echo that!

1998 Tours and Events

IRISH GEORGIAN TOUR OF IRELAND

17TH to 21ST June 1997

To celebrate the Irish Georgians' Ruby Anniversary, we spent a longer weekend than usual, on their native turf of Ireland. For the 20/Ghost Club this meant going overseas - not unusual for the Ghostly fraternity - but for us in smaller horsepower cars not an enterprise to be undertaken lightly! For myself in particular it meant taking things slowly, wending my way gradually westwards until we eventually dropped down into Fishguard to the Ferry Terminal



Gervase and Margaret Forster's unusual 1921 Lopez Silver Ghost tourer at Fishguard

Disembarked safely from the ferry, we found ourselves Ballinkeele House, an 1840's mansion whose present incumbents have mercifully set it up as the most impressive Bed and Breakfast I have ever seen. Up betimes next day, we collected our quota of Irish Georgians from their hotel in Wexford and set out for Castletown. Here Mr and Mrs George Magan are comprehensively restoring a distinguished late eighteenth century house.



Ground up restorations of Ghosts are expensive enough but this.....



The impressive line up in the forecourt at Curraghmore

The atmosphere is very much as it must have been in 1773 with a strong feeling of an eighteenth century house being newly built. The exterior of the house is cleaned, the stonework crisp and bright, the gardens still being laid out, the topiary hedges minute and the wrought iron gates in their undercoat. The interior is alive with carpenters panelling, plasterers plastering and floorers laying black-and-white-marble floors. This was a novel experience which emphasised the startling newness which these houses must have presented in their first flush of youth.

And so, after a refreshing cup of coffee, on to Curraghmore which has a tremendous air of horsiness. There are some 39 looseboxes and the last three heads of the family were painted in hunting pink. An enormous courtyard, lined with pollarded limes, gives it the atmosphere of a small French country town. Here, the Marquis of Waterford generously received us himself.

After a picnic lunch in the stables we went to Monksgrange, 'the epitome of the smaller Irish country house'. Sketches and mementoes were produced from the turn of the century, when one of the family had built his own car in the coach house.

Despite daunting exterior of Boris House, this was a house which would be great fun. Mrs MacMorrow-Kavanagh gave us a lively introduction as we sat in the chapel under a riot of blue and white icings-sugar vaulting. The jeux d'esprit continued through the wonderfully quirky entrance hall through the fan vaulted 'Tudor' staircase to the upstairs library to the column-ended, shell-niched dining room, where a splendid supper had been prepared for us.

Friday began with a scenic drive for the intrepid over the Wicklow Mountains. After the lush valley of Avoca, the scene of 'Ballykissangel', the road rose sharply to become impossibly narrow, and precipitous till we came to the sort of waterfall one only sees in picture postcards

We should then have had an easy journey to Charleville House, but our usually impeccable instructions had taken too optimistic a view of our intelligence, so the entire party wound up in a picturesque hillside jungle round the back of Powerscourt. We thought the lodge-keeper looked a little surprised to see us, but we are of course accustomed to the impact a 20-Ghost convoy makes on the public and accepted this as our due. However, once extracted, we were soon bowling up the immaculate drive of the exceptionally well kept Charleville House.

From this Arcadia we plunged into Dublin via the rush hour but were soon back in accustomed splendour at the foreign ministry in Iveagh House on St. Stephen's Green which is converted from two already rather grand Georgian town houses, one of which remains largely intact. In these surroundings of tremendous glamour we were regaled with a witty and informative diplomatic discourse, and a welcome glass of wine. As so often with the Irish Georgians one felt what a privilege it was not only to be admitted to the building but also to have the opportunity of talking with those who live and work in it

We then had the contrast of two restoration projects. The first was a house saved from decay but arrested in mid development, where walls are half plastered, floors uncovered and rooms apparently derelict. 'Conservation is not yet complete' say JR's notes: you bet - but a fascinating view nonetheless of what courage it takes to rescue these remarkable houses.

The second was a huge house where the star of the evening was the restorer. When she took it on, the house was subdivided into what Dickens would have called a rookery, with some nineteen families in residence! The contrivances by which she had managed to restore former glories were breathtaking, requiring courage, determination and humour of a high order - all charmingly deployed to give us a memorable evening.

Next morning, Larch Hill gave us a sort of farmyard full of eccentricity. Here were little forts made for chickens, Gothic pigsties, and a landscape dotted with follies. The temples, forts and grottoes were constructed in mock primitive style, as if the efforts of children on a beach had somehow been transposed into brick and stucco. The most eccentric monument of all was the builder's mausoleum - a giant fox's earth, dug out for him since he became convinced that he would return to this world as a fox in revenge for all those he had assiduously hunted.



Ken and Rita Fairburn's P11 somewhere in Ireland

After this rural foray we were shortly back in sophisticated surroundings. Lucan House, now the residence of HE the Italian Ambassador is the epitome of coolness and style. Beautifully furnished and kept, the house is ideal for elegant entertaining, and elegantly we were entertained in it. I found myself, glass of champagne in hand, earnestly discussing the proposed new colour scheme for the dining room with the Ambassador's glamorous wife. If that were not enough, within the hour I was standing in a tent in the garden of Leixlip Castle, chatting to Her Excellency the English Ambassador at the Irish Georgian's Ruby Garden Party.

Our final supper, was at Furness, the home of Patrick and Louise Guinness. This gave a completely new dimension to the term 'finger buffet' - I don't think I have ever seen so much smoked salmon.

All credit must go to Jimmy Valentine for enabling us to get in on this weird and wonderful trip. Though there were moments when the distances that had to be covered were too great, this was the inevitable consequence of an ambitious programme which resulted in our seeing some truly remarkable monuments. Future trips are likely to be easier on the mileage.

John Redmill our Irish Georgian leader came up with impeccable notes as usual and he remained enthusiastic and good-natured despite constant harassment. His connections and knowledge are awesome. Irish Georgian weekends can be counted on to have moments of drama, but they also have grandeur and eccentricity to be found nowhere else.

THE SCANDINAVIAN TOUR

7th- 26th JUNE 1998

11 Silver Ghosts, three Phantoms and two 20h.p. cars completed 2,200 miles of gruelling Scandinavian roads including those over the two highest mountains of 8,045 feet with only a few electrical problems.



Lakeside at Voss: Ghosts of Bonar, Leefe, Mead, Robson & Adams with the 20h.p. of McRoberts

The majority of the participants met up at Lumley Castle for an excellent dinner which was served by white gloved waitresses. The next day there was a delay in the ferry sailing so we had plenty of time to do our own things before arriving at the terminal in pouring rain. We were glad of our warm cabins and our first Smorgasbord dinner.

We arrived in Bergen on the afternoon of Tuesday 8th to be faced by quite a barrage of television and newspaper reporters who, due to the Customs hold up, had ample opportunity to interview many of us.

The journey to Voss was somewhat wet but the 43 tunnels on the 150 kilometre drive gave some shelter to those in open cars. When we arrived we were all made very welcome by Mrs Fleischer. Unfortunately visibility on the following day was poor and therefore there was no view. The journey down round the 'S' bends back to the E16 gave everybody a great, thrilling 2 ½ hour trip with towering mountains and waterfalls. On arriving at Flam we took the mountain train to Myrdal and, despite heavy rain, the views and waterfalls were absolutely magnificent.

We returned, after a short break at the top, to Flam taking the local bus to Gudvangen, which is a journey of two tunnels, one of 5 kilometres, the other of 11, back to our cars. Many people decided that the hill to the Stalheim Hotel was irresistible on our way back. This tour is known as "Norway in a Nutshell".



On Thursday we woke again to heavy rain. Mrs Fleisher had arranged for us to take a cable car to a light lunch on the mountain overlooking Voss. Returning to our cars, we travelled a short distance to the Agricultural Museum, with farm buildings dating back to 1500 and life in the early centuries. We returned round the lake via a very old barn where we had a waffle tea with singing and dancing!



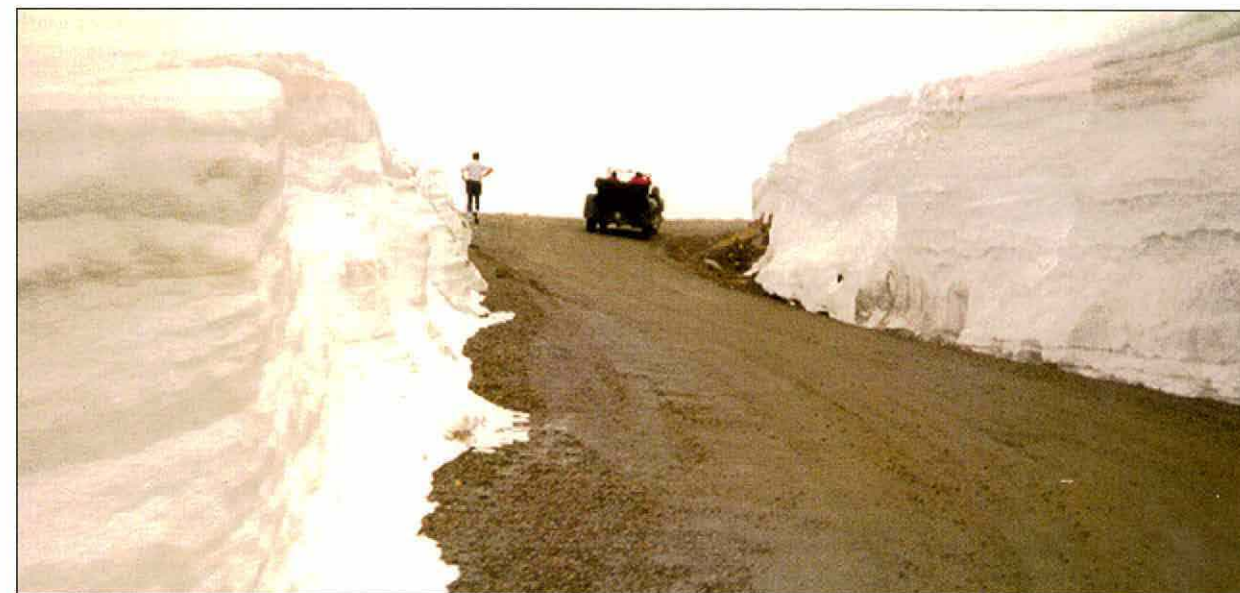
A damp start for Ron Bonar's 1922 Barker Tower & John Marsh's 1910/24 Barker Shooting Brake

Another very cloudy and dull morning greeted us on Friday as we set out on the journey to Geiranger, a distance of 326 kilometres. We started the first climb over the mountains, and it wasn't long before we were driving with snow on either side of the road. After a long descent to Vinje and onto Skei for lunch, we started another very long climb on Route 39 of over 10 miles with snow 5-6 feet deep on the side in many places. The mountain was covered in cloud with visibility down to 10 yards and a descent with very sharp 'Z' bends. On arrival at our hotel, Utsikten, overlooking the lake at Geiranger, we were informed that the hotel neither allowed smoking or drinking. Amazing how many people produced bottles out of the backs of their cars!



John Fasal in his 1922 20 HP Barker Tower braves the elements

Again more rain on our free day, Saturday 13th, but a good run for the optional tour, involving three ferries. Some ventured up the Dalsnibba mountain road on a loose surface with snow 11 feet on either side, towering above us. With visibility finally down to 5 yards and therefore no views, we did a 180 degree turn and headed back to base.



Graham Adams 1920 Ghost nearing the summit of the Dalsnibba between 11ft snowcuttings

Sunday dawned bright and sunny at last! The view from the hotel over the fjord and surrounding mountains was fantastic. By 8 o'clock we were all raring to start on this 213 kilometres run to Kristiansund, the first climb being to Eidsdal through twenty 'Z' bends. We then took the ferry and went on for 60 kilometres with scenery out of this world. Towering mountains covered in snow and sunshine caused many to pull up to appreciate it all. The descent of 12 kilometres round bends that allowed no error, with temperature gauges down on the stop, engines fluttering and backfiring due to the cold made gear changing difficult as the accelerator would not increase the revs. On arriving at Kristiansund, the Grand Hotel had arranged with the Toyota garage to allow us to use their indoor heated parking.

Our next free day on Monday dawned cold and dry. The recommended tour was to a restaurant off the Atlantic Highway for a fish lunch.



Bill Hancock warms up his 1912 Silver Ghost on a cold, bright morning

On Tuesday the beginning of the 339 kilometres run from Kristiansund to Roros was dry but cool. But soon the rain started and didn't relent for the rest of the day. Roros was bitterly cold and some had witnessed snow for several kilometres. The alternate route was longer but had better scenery. Those cars with only rear wheel brakes were experiencing difficulty in these very wet conditions.

Another free day on Wednesday and the rain was still coming down! Several people had to bail out their cars before starting on maintenance work and the dreaded weather forecast talked about it being wet for the next four days. The ladies took the opportunity to go shopping.



Graham and Gill Adams in their 1919 Silver Ghost about to enter one of the many tunnels

As predicted there was torrential rain for our 339 kilometres run from Roros to Elvseter on Thursday. The temperature was only just above freezing for our early start. The roads were good and with little traffic we were at the Dovrefjell Hotel for coffee and wonderful waffles, in an hour and three quarters. We took route 29 and then 15, the rain stopped and the temperature became warmer. Our unique hotel, built completely of wood was able to offer us an early dinner.



Adrian Garrett with the oldest Ghost on the Rally (1907) in some rare sunshine

Glorious sunshine and fresh snow on the mountains saw the start of our next free day on Friday, with optional run over the mountains of some 250 kilometres. It was quite a fantastic drive up to the highest mountain in Norway, including many 'S' bends with deep snow lying either side. The coffee stop hotel was 50 kilometres away which caused a great number of gear changes, to negotiate the bends. The road to Ardal was

passable but the road surface was still under repair and great care was called for. The 'S' bends on the way down numbered over 50 and got tighter so many cars were unable to negotiate them without reversing.



Christopher and Martin Leefe on the highest road in Norway

Arriving at the bottom our water temperatures were back on the stop and it was difficult to keep one's engine to running. After lunch we took a ferry at Kaupanger, then started on the long climb back up to Turtagro where the very many 'Z' bends brought most down to first gear. One's arms were really beginning to ache and despite the outside temperature being only +3C most of the cars had their thermometers on 90 C. After a further steep climb and then a 40 kilometres downhill on a twisty, demanding road, everybody felt delighted with a route which was so challenging and demanding.



Lining up for one of the many Ferries in Norway

A free day on Saturday 20th found drivers maintaining their cars before disappearing with their wives to Lom for shopping and visiting the local Presbyterian Catholic church, dating back to 1166.

There was a sunny, early start on Sunday for the 298 kilometres drive from Elveaser to Lillihammer. We ran through Lom then did a 'U' turn onto Route 51, followed by a very long mountain climb which quickly turned into a snow scene, becoming colder and colder. The mountains were exceptional with sheep and goats on the road. We finally reached the café near the top of the second highest mountain in Norway. The cars were extremely hot and glad of the rest to cool down. Then we were on the downhill run, the total distance over the mountain being some 124 kilometres.

We will never forget the scenery over these mountains, the unmade section of some 80 kilometres had deteriorated since our recce and was somewhat more rutted than had been expected. Our exhaust pipe broke at the main bracket. However some quick repairs by Graham Adams with some of my electric fencing wire delayed us for only 10 minutes. We were pleased to get back on a metal road to find a series of very steep 'Z' bends leading down the hill to Lillihammer. The hotel had done their stuff and very kindly reserved us a parking area beside the hotel. We were joined there by the Norwegian Section of the RREC, their President, Arne Solhaug, and his colleagues for dinner.

Monday 22nd was a day that had been arranged for us by the Norwegian Section. We were taken by coach to Lake Mjosa, the largest lake in Norway and boarded the oldest paddle steamer in the world which had been converted from timber to oil firing. Again the weather had deteriorated. As this was the first run of the year, cannons were fired and a reception party was waiting, including a band and the Mayor to pick up our coach to take us along to a Norwegian Manor Farm. The owner, and fifth generation, greeted us and told us of the history. The very large house had been converted along with one of the big farm buildings for the Olympic Games in 1994. We had a most enjoyable cold luncheon before returning by coach to the hotel at 2.30 pm.



Bill and Nora Handcock head the table for lunch

The rain set in again on Tuesday, making the 430 kilometres run from Lillihammer to Stenungsund, a challenge for all of us. E6 to Gottenburg is one of the busiest routes in Norway and Sweden. The rain had eased and when we finally reached our destination, 10 cars had already arrived at the Yacht Club.

The final warm and sunny free day on Wednesday was spent by exploring the small islands on the South coast. Many of us met up for lunch at the most wonderful fish restaurant.

Over breakfast on at 7 am on Thursday morning there was confusion as to the best way to get to the Scandinavian Seaway ferry. Fears were upheld and I don't believe that one person arrived at the terminal without having to turn round. The ferry arrived at South Shields on time on the 26th June and when we dispersed in all direction of the compass, many had very long journeys, again in the pouring rain.

John Marsh

East Anglia Tour

17-18 July 1998

Jens and Ann Pilo very kindly organised a really interesting tour of East Anglia for us prior to the Annual Concours in Holkham Hall. In our case we had had the usual scramble to get away from the ties of school and office and head North to our hotel in Bury St. Edmonds for our overnight stop. In the centre of this town are the ruins of the abbey built by King Canute in 1014 to the honour of St Edmund, the last Saxon king of East Anglia, killed by Danish raiders in 870. This strong Nordic flavour was to continue with us throughout the weekend.



Graham and Gilly Adams leaving Bury St. Edmonds in their 1919 Silver Ghost

Next morning, having extricated ourselves from the depths of the hotel's walled car park, we set off through the narrow streets and off into the Suffolk countryside. Suffolk is a largely agricultural county of generally flat, low-lying terrain with some nice straight roads built by the Roman's. It is a very peaceful place, which was undisturbed as our Ghosts swished along the country roads. Suffolk's beauty inspired the great landscape artist John Constable and many local scenes are still recognisable as the settings for some of his best-known works.



John Fasal and Veronica Shaw in their 1922 20HP 42 GO, in Lavenham

Many of the towns contain fine old Black and white timber buildings. A good example of this type of architecture was the first town on the route, Lavenham where the streets are lined with black and white timber-framed houses dating from the time when it was the centre of Suffolk's prosperous wool trade in the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries



Adrian Garrett's 1907 Silver Ghost 588 crossing the ford in Kersey

We moved on to the equally pretty, but much less known village of Kersey where the High Street took us through a shallow ford complete with a few sleeping ducks on the pavement.



Gervase Forster, 1920 Silver Ghost 26 TE passing Jens Pilo's 1920 Silver Ghost 58UE

We then set off North along delightfully empty roads passing under one bridge, which was so low that it nearly decapitated John Marsh's ex Prince of Wales Shooting Brake. We continued on until we reached the coast at Thorpeness for a lunch at the Dolphin.

Life after lunch for the navigators was to prove a little more challenging particularly for those who had imbibed rather too well. The difficulty was simple; for some obscure reason our route on the A1120 went one way while the road markings went another way. Things got worse when the local authority gave up on providing road numbers at all, but fortunately the villages were still posted.

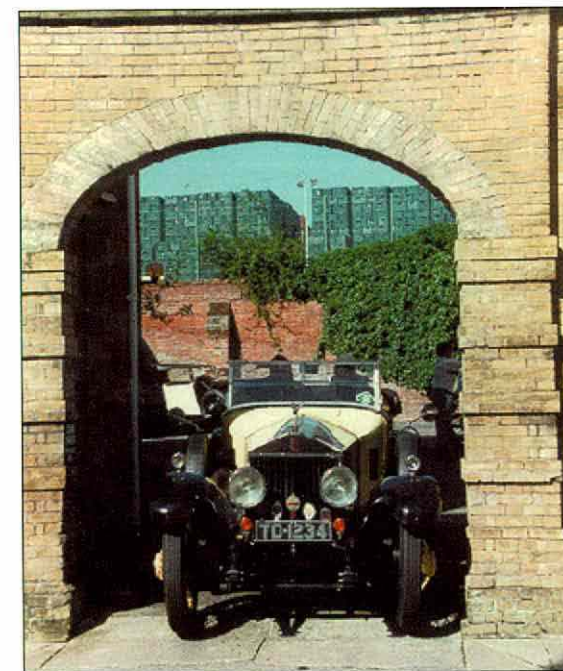
Eventually we all arrived, some earlier than others, at Coldham Hall's gate lodge and drove up the beautiful long drive to Jens Pilo's wonderful house.



Part of the line up for tea at Coldham Hall

After a well earned excellent tea the assembled cars and crews returned via more country roads to Bury St Edmunds for dinner, before setting off next morning Northwards again to the Concours at Holkham Hall. Our particular thanks go to Jens and Ann for everything, including Jen's Photos which won him the F.W. Photographic award.

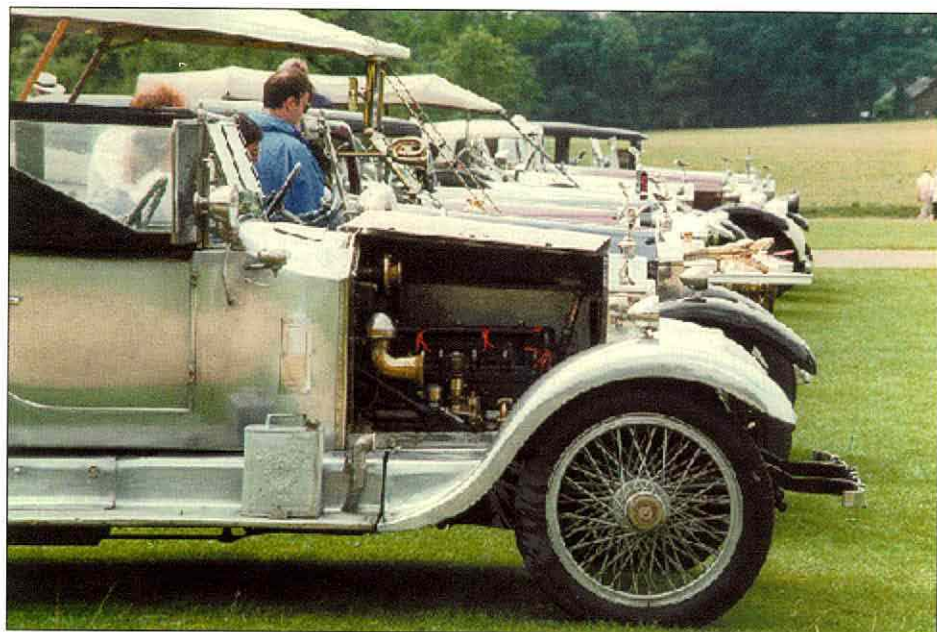
Tim Forrest



Brian and Jo Wootton leaving Bury for the Concours in their 1925 PI, 104 EU

Summer Picnic and Concours D'Etat Holkham Hall, 19 July 1998

Under leaden skies we arrived on Norfolk's Northern coastline at Holkham Hall. This 18th Century Palladian mansion contains state apartments of rare magnificence including a huge marble hall, filled with columns and statuary. For those of us with a more down to earth bent, there was also an exhibition on the history of farming.



A good turnout of cars arrived in both the small and large horsepower classes.

The clear winner in the large Horsepower class was Colin Laybourne's immaculately restored Ghost. David Collier won the small HP class in his 1934 20/25 Sedan de Ville by Hooper. Another Sedan de Ville, David Martin's, 1936 20/25 by Mulliner, won the Ladies Trophy.



David Martin presents the Large Horsepower Trophy to an immaculate Colin Laybourne

A CHALLENGING DORSET WEEKEND 9th to 11th October 1998

First, As reported in the Western Gazette



Roller Rally; members of the pre-war Rolls-Royce Club(!) met at Plumber Manor Hotel, Sturminster Newton, for a week-end drive around Dorset. The white 1911(!) sports tourer(!), pictured here, was the oldest of the 15 cars there.

The view from a Passenger Seat

Roaming around Dorset in October in an open car is not everyone's cup of tea, including mine, but what a pleasant experience turned out to be before me.

Our drive down from Cheshire earlier in the week was not too encouraging - rather wet and cold. We met up with other members at Brian and Jo's home in West Knoyle. This was a nice way to meet new faces and greet familiar faces that sometimes one only meets on a yearly basis. We then had a short drive to the Plumber Manor Hotel near Sturminster Newton, which is a family run country house hotel built in the early 17th century, set in the midst of Thomas Hardy's Dorset. As we settled in it started to rain, and then rained for most of the night.



A damp start from Plumber Manor

Saturday was a damp start for the Ghosts but by lunchtime the sky had cleared and the sun was shining. Coffee that morning was courtesy of Howard and Jackie Phillips at their home in East Chewilborough. Brian had sorted a lovely route heading down to the coast through quiet villages and down tracks through farmyards and up over the wonderful rolling hills- real picture postcard stuff.



Tim Forrest's 1912 Ghost 2154 atop the rolling hills of Dorset

Lunch was at The Elm Tree pub in Langton Herring close to the sea. This is a very old pub with lots of history, smugglers and spies. After lunch we visited Abbotsbury, where we had the choice of visiting the swannery, tropical gardens, a tithe barn and terracotta warriors. We headed for the tropical gardens of course, but I suspect the swans had a good lunch that day.

Leaving Abbotsbury, the road rises up on top of the cliffs with a most wonderful view of Chesel Beach and the beautiful Dorset coastline; then we headed inland driving round the ramparts of an iron age fort. We stopped for tea at Cerne Abbas where a wedding was taking place at the Abbey. While we were having tea the bride, groom and guests walked down to where the cars were parked for wedding photographs - a picture in itself. Back at the hotel for dinner and as always a chat about the cars.



A happy Joan Laybourn in Colin's 1928 PI Sedan de Ville by Hooper



Morning Coffee in the sun at Thornhill Park

On Sunday we had a short drive to Thornhill Park for coffee, the home of Richard and Cary Goode. This was a most interesting garden with an early Georgian house overlooking the Blackmore Vale. It was built by the important decorative artist, Sir James Thornhill, who painted the ceilings at Greenwich and St. Pauls Cathedral.

We then left for Sturminster Newton for an interesting guided tour of the 17th century mill, which is one of the oldest working water mills left in the country still producing flour in the same way. Lunch was at the local pub, then it was time for farewells.



Three Ghosts outside the mill

The weekend was one to remember- good food, good wines and good company. Many thanks to Brian and Jo for their work and time spent organising such an event. Also congratulations to Jonathan and Gail Woodhead for driving down from their home in North Yorkshire in their 1924 20 HP. We hope you arrived home safely.

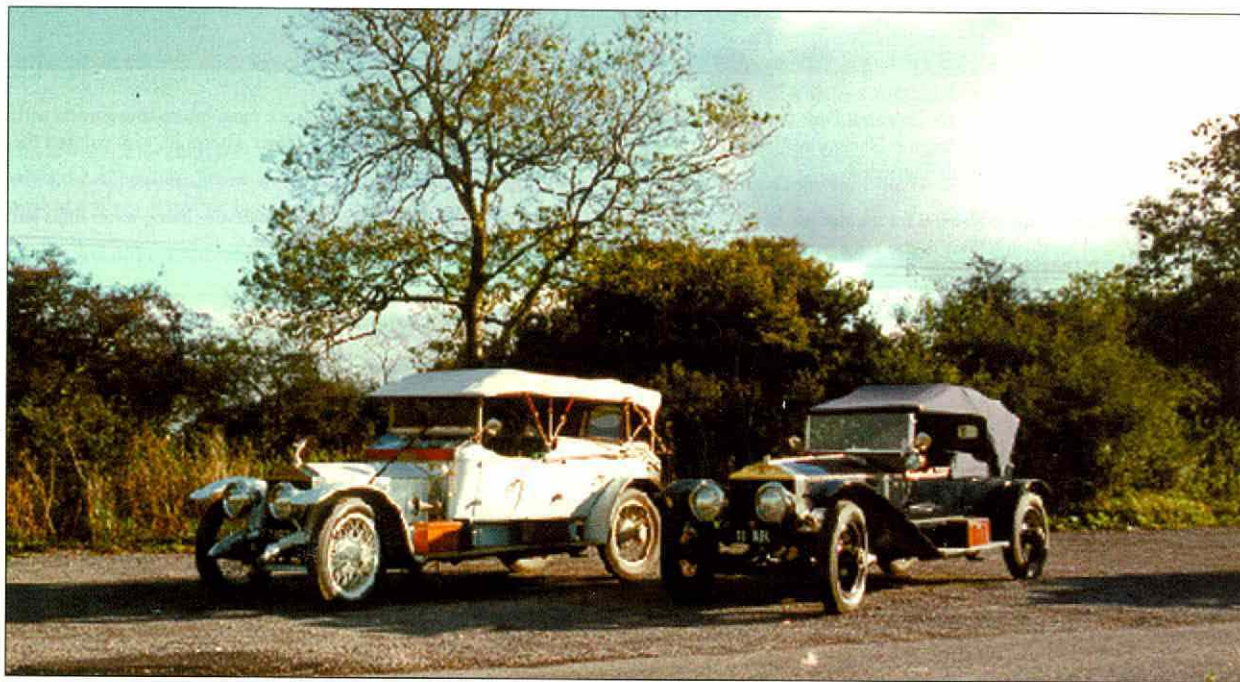
Elaine Soens

The view from a driving seat

This was a really enjoyable weekend with lots of varied motoring. As is often the case we were late leaving home in fact we left when we should have been arriving! After a somewhat speedy trip down the A303 in the rain, we turned off down the narrow roads to the hotel. It was, as they say "as black as pitch". The Ghost's lights only dimly managed to penetrate the darkness and it was almost impossible to see if a car came the other way or caught up. So ensued a sort of cat and mouse game. Whenever a car came past we would go as fast as possible while we could see before having to crawl along until the next one came past. However the very warm welcome at the hotel and the obvious relief of our friends that we had actually arrived made it all worthwhile.

The next day was to provide a different kind of challenge. For the first time in my life I found my Ghost snaking underneath me as we turned an open uphill bend! Now I know my high compression pistons work well but in truth the problem was not due to the power of my engine but the amazingly greasy surface coated liberally with Dorset clay.

After lunch it was Susie's turn to have a repeat performance. As we climbed another steep, country lane, we again had the unusual experience of the tail gently snaking beneath us. Fortunately Sue and 2154 kept on going without mishap! When we returned to the hotel we discovered others had similar tales to tell. Jimmy Valentine had in fact experienced so much wheel-spin that he "failed to proceed." Fortunately his wife Janet was fleet of foot and with much initiative persuaded a somewhat surprised local farmer to tow them over the top!



Two 1912 Ghosts in the afternoon sun; 2154 (again) and David Robson's 2079

Despite these alarms and excursions the driving was excellent, with some lovely empty roads and beautiful views. In fact our return journey when David and Rosie Robson joined us was one of the most enjoyable of the year. There was beautiful afternoon sunshine and a roller coaster of a road that had long sweeping bends and interesting undulations. It was ideal for testing the efficacy of the governor that indeed worked just as Royce had intended.

Altogether it was an excellent weekend and many thanks to Brian and Jo for the drive of the year. As Elaine says the food, drink and the company were pretty good too! My apologies if my car 2154 is in a lot of the photo's, but no one else seemed to have any pictures!

Tim Forrest

1998 Australian Chapter Events SIXTH NATIONAL TOUR - TASMANIA 20 February 1998 to 3 March 1998

Most of us actually felt we had started the Tour on Thursday night at the formal dinner at the National Gallery of Victoria. Our thanks go to Diana and David Jones for organising this very special evening. Gil Ralph proposed the Loyal Toast and we were addressed by David Jones and our Chairman, Malcolm Johns. The spectacular venue, the company and the food certainly made this a night to remember.

The following morning we met at the Jones Motor House. You think you're a collector! David and Diana have a beautifully displayed collection of automobilia including a number of Shell cans, Michelin advertising material and, of course, quite a number of very desirable motors. Diana served us a sumptuous tea before our afternoon departure on The Spirit of Tasmania. Another thank you to the Jones' from all of us.



Next time an Australian tells you he has a few things in his garage, remember this is what he means!

The loading of the cars on to the Spirit to take us across to Tasmania proceeded uneventfully. As the sea was surprisingly smooth, we were able to dine extremely well in the three and a half hour crossing to Port Phillip Bay.



Loading onto the Spirit of Tasmania

On disembarking in Devonport we found Jeff and Lola Priddle waiting for us with the luggage van and thanks to Bob Boscoe we were given really great, detailed route instructions.

No sooner had we eaten a delicious lunch than we were arriving at "Entally House" for afternoon tea, where a wedding was taking place in the beautiful gardens. George and Fiona Forbes passed us on the way to Longford and I just had time to read the 737 on his number plate. What an appropriate supersonic number for that exceedingly quick little 20HP. Why do we always call 20s 'little'?



Shady discussions in the car park on the unnatural speed of a 20

Time to proceed to Longford for our first night's stop after a longish day on the road. We had been warned to expect "colonial accommodation" and whilst most of it was superb, one place, Kingsley Olde World, was a cross between "Fawlty Towers" and "Keeping up Appearances". With an ultra-refined Hyacinth Bucket as a landlady, artificial flowers, strings of beads, dolls, stuffed cats and bears everywhere, it was certainly a bit of a shock, especially for our English guests on their first night with us.

The next day was a stunning drive over good roads with light traffic through the Tasmanian countryside. It was punctuated by a stop-off and tour of Woolmers Estate, lunch at Winton Estate and an afternoon visit to Freycinet Vineyard. 1492 travelled for some of this route behind Rex and Norah's 25/30 driven by Graham and Barbara Mead and the Mathesons in their Springfield Ghost. The cars were a great sight driving down the winding road. We arrived at Freycinet Lodge in the Freycinet National Park at Coles Bay in lovely bush surroundings where we would be staying for two nights.



A long and distinguished line up at Winton Estate

Monday gave us the choice of a drive to Bincheno for lunch or doing the walk to Wineglass Bay. Many did the walk. It was quite a climb to the top of the first hill and some quit there. Others persevered down to the beach and were rewarded with idyllic surroundings. Personally, I am a great enthusiast of car park socialising and the one at Freycinet was a real goody peering into engines and offering suggestions.

The bus driver, who transported us to dinner that night at Schhouten House in Swansea, told us of a garage in Swansea, which had not changed in any way for the last sixty years. Barrie's eyes glowed in the dark of the bus! However, when we predictably stopped there for fuel the next day, questions like "Got any old Lodge spark plugs, Shell cans, Michelin advertising stuff, sport?" met with the inevitable answer, "Yeah, used to have lots, but we took it all to the tip.. Must have been a couple of years back, wasn't it Fred?"



Ghosts and Phantoms haunting Pirates Bay

Disappointed, we pressed on for Richmond via Cranbrook and Orford, the road through the Prosser Gorge winding and steep in parts. This road boasts stretches with colourful names such as Break-me-nick Hill and Bust-me-gall Hill. About forty miles out of Richmond on our way to Port Arthur, Pirates Bay lookout provided everyone with some great photo opportunities.



Deep concentration on the lobster

Then down the steep descent to Eaglehawk Nest with its unique coastal formations where we walked down to view this mini Giant's Causeway. Our lunch stop was the Lufra Hotel, and what a lunch! The highlight being the halves of lobster as fresh as any we'd ever tasted.

By now we were well into swapping drivers and rides between cars. Frank Meek took the wheel of 1492 and Bill kindly allowed me to have a drive of Gertie. While the traffic had to stop at the swing bridge, I was showing off the slow idling and unfortunately stalled. (Women Drivers!) With incredible presence of mind I rolled over the bridge, swung left rather than right and bullied Jacqui into pretending to take photos of the harbour, so as to hide my embarrassment. Gertie recovered rapidly from my mishandling and we rejoined the traffic flow, falling in behind.

Barrie Gillings, whilst seeking a supply of his favourite soda water, found a street map of Hobart showing a wine and spirit merchant. Finding that the shop had turned into an estate agent, he checked the map again, and this time read at the bottom in fine print "Diagram of merchants in this area in 1866". He was just over 130 years too late!

It was also the traditional 'award' night with Keith Wherry as the Awards Master. Nearly everyone managed to pick up a suitable prize, some more serious than others! A lovely antique map of Tasmania was presented to Tour organisers, Robyn and Keith Drew as a thank you.

It was another great Tour and remarkable for the number of cars attending; 16 Silver Ghosts, 3 Springfield Ghosts, 4 New Phantoms (Pls), 2 20HPs, 1 20/25 and 1 25/30, 27 cars in all. It was even more remarkable in that Barrie Gillings didn't manage to lose even one hat!



Gervase Forster from the UK receiving the inaugural "Tourist Lost Overseas" poster

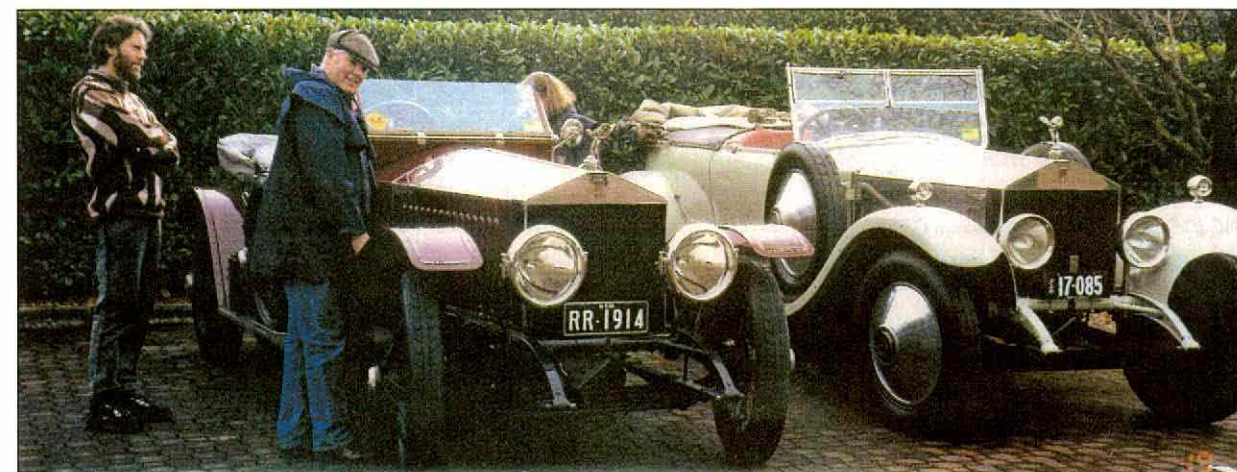
*Margaret Gillings
edited with apologies by Tim Forrest*

WINTER TOUR AND LUNCHEON AT MOUNT TOMAH

19 July 1998

The day dawned badly - cold and wet, (July represents the depths of winter in Australia), but this was not to stop the twenty-six intrepid travellers from their Winter Tour and Luncheon to the Mount Tomah Botanic Gardens.

We met at Rhondda and Neville Vassallo's home at Dural for morning tea at 9.00 am. And what a spread this turned out to be! There were so many different types of cake it was hard to choose which one, let alone try one of each style! Malcolm Johns, our Chairman, provided us with the usual detailed Tour Manual and we prepared to depart at 10.00 am.



Our most photographed cars (for obvious reasons): 6TB & 22NK

The two courageous Silver Ghost owner/drivers, Malcolm Johns accompanied by John Vawser and John and Liz Milverton led the convoy with hoods down in the mist. The others followed in modern vehicles. Peter Lamb joined us for the run up but couldn't stay for lunch. The drive up the scenic Bells Line of Road shrouded in mist must have been similar to the test runs in England on a cold wet winter's morning. (Or is that every day in England?). This run may have been steeper.

The convoy turned off the road to the Mount Tomah Botanic Gardens Restaurant and I feel our members and guests had food only on their minds as they headed straight for the restaurant taking little interest in the gardens. Or was it the threat of rain?

The magnificent view of the Blue Mountains was initially obscured by the fog, but did lift occasionally. Waiting for us at Mount Tomah was Kerry Ely from Melbourne with mother Clare Dorrell and daughter Sarah Wherry.

Moving quickly to the dining tables, we found the wines were opened and a fine selection of appetising entrees was served. The succulent main course consisted of warm duck salads, Tasmanian salmon and mushroom, potatoes and fresh salad. Following the main luncheon there was a choice of three desserts and these were a delicious sliced baked apple or a pear in almond cream or a strawberry cream and brandy biscuit.

Time travels when you are eating well, talking lots and enjoying the day and all too soon we had to return down the mountain to a place called home after another great winter tour and luncheon.

Bryan Inder

NEW MEMBERS IN 1997

Anthony & Gillian Armitage, Usk, Monmouthshire
1928 Phantom I Thrupp & Maberly Tourer 65CL

Frank & Audrey Barrow, Bexhill, East Sussex
1935 20/25 Connaught Sports Saloon GOH48

Donald & Janet Bellew, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, USA
1920 Silver Ghost Barker Tourer 22FW

Graham & Elizabeth Bennett, Heathfield, East Sussex
1936 20/25 Hooper Touring Saloon GXX36

Philip & Rosita Chubb, Great Snoring, Norfolk
1926 20 Windovers Tourer GCK3

Douglas & Joyce Clarke, Hungerford, Berkshire
1928 Phantom I Roadster 31EH

Paul & Toni Curtis, Redhill, Surrey
1930 20/25 Park Ward Sports Saloon GTR30

Philip & Nada Dickinson, Yarramalong, NSW, Australia
1926 Phantom I Chassis 45SC

Roger & Christine Fry, Kalamunda, Western Australia
1934 Phantom II Drophead Coupe 132PY
1934 Phantom II Windovers Limousine 142SK

Philip Hall, Towcester, Northants
1928 20 GYL5 Tourer
1931 20/25 Mayfair Coupe Cabriolet

Les & Roselee Johnson, Chatswood West, NSW, Australia
1924 Silver Ghost Tourer IAU

Ted & Pat Kelly, Ormskirk, Lancashire
1924 20 Two door Coupe GMK4

Nigel & Jane Price, Nelson, New Zealand
1924 Silver Ghost Tourer 57AU

Richard & Alison Prideaux-Brune, Sturminster Newton, Dorset
1922 20 William Arnold Doctor's Coupe GHJ2

Philip Tombleson, Hassocks, West Sussex
1925 Phantom I Tourer 58RC
1931 20/25 Thrupp & Maberly Sedan de Ville GFT34

David & Jean Vann, Carseldine, Queensland, Australia
1927 Phantom I Martin & King Limousine 27RF

Tobias Ward, London
1910 Silver Ghost Baloon Car 1334
1934 20/25 Fernandez & Darrin Sedan GLZ43
1935 20/25 Freestone & Webb Two door Sports Saloon

Betty Woodard, Raleigh, North Carolina, USA
1919 Silver Ghost Brewster Utility 37LW
1939 Wraith Gurney Nutting Coupe WHC33

Jonathan & Gail Woodhead, Knaresborough, North Yorkshire
1921 Silver Ghost Barker Enclosed Drive Limousine 82AG

NEW MEMBERS IN 1998

Jorge & Monica Fernandez, St Ives, NSW, Australia
1920 Silver Ghost Rothschild Tourer 69CW
1927 Phantom I Barker Tourer
1928 Phantom I Hibbert & Darrin Cabriolet
1937 Phantom III Barker Saloon
1937 Phantom III James Young Drophead Sedan Coupe

Michael & Celia Kemp, West Pennant Hills, NSW, Australia
1923 20 Supreme Fixed head Coupe

Strone & Alexandra Macpherson, Old Alresford, Hampshire
1930 Phantom II Hooper Tourer 62GY
1926 20 Southern Motors Drophead Coupe

Martin and Carolyn McCarthy, nr Dungog, NSW, Australia
1927 20 Drophead Coupe

David & Joy McPhee, Moggill, Queensland, Australia
1909 Silver Ghost 1122 Chassis

Peter & Beverley Moran, Hunter Hill, NSW, Australia
1923 20 E E Agate Saloon GA79

Peter & Margaret Perryman, Finchampstead, Berkshire
1930 20/25 Unknown Barrel sides Tourer

James & Trish Poskett, Brockley, London
1927 Phantom I Hibbard & Darrin Cabriolet

Suzanne & Nicholas Sherwood, The Oaks, NSW, Australia
1911 Silver Ghost Balloon Car 1730

Graham & Dorothy Singer, Kenmore, Queensland, Australia
1920 Silver Ghost Tourer 62FW

John & Saisuda Smith, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire
1926 20 James Young Saloon GMJ12

Neville & Rhondda Vassallo, Dural, NSW, Australia
1920 Silver Ghost Kellow-Faulkner Tourer

Thomas & Susan Weller, Newbury, Berkshire
1921 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Pickwick Saloon
1937 Wraith Park Ward Special Saloon WXA7

George & Mildred Williams, Simonstone, Lancashire
1928 20 Kevill-Davies & March Brakenvan GKM14

Bill & Tricia Wood, Hannington, Northamptonshire
1911 Silver Ghost Barker Laundale 1779

Events Calendar 1999

AGM & Dinner, the Four Pillars Hotel	5th February
Motoring Down in Hampshire (Strone MacPherson)	10th to 11th April
Pub Meet & Ramster Gardens, (Susie Forrest)	15th April
Driving Tests & Spring Lunch - Brooklands	25th April
Spanish Tour	24th April -14th May
Pub Meet Richmond (Gervaise Foster)	May
Irish Georgian UK Tour -	28th to 31st May
Royal Ascot - (John Kennedy)	Tuesday 15 June
Pub Meet to Twyford Vinery - (John Kennedy)	June
Jubilee Annual Rally & Concours	3rd to 4th July
Hampshire Happening -(Graham Adams)	end July
Wessex Wander - (Brian Wootton)	August
Surrey & Sussex Navigation Test - (Susie Forrest)	August/September
Steam Railway Weekend Cheltenham (Nigel Hughes)	End September
South Africa Tour SGA Durban to Cape Town	September/ October

(Note AGM 2000 in London probable date - First Friday in February)



Trophy Winners 1997

Alpine:	John Stuttard
Woodmansee:	Graham Adams
Harding-Rolls:	John Stuttard
Stanley Sears:	Harry Watson
Fred & Joan Watson:	Tim Forrest
Messervy:	Ken Smedley
Dymock-Maunsell:	Clive Carter
Fergusson-Wood:	Nick Stow
F-W Photographic:	-
Phoenix:	Michael Kent
Ladies:	John Milverton



Trophy Winners 1998

Alpine:	Graham Adams
Wodmansee:	Bill Handcock
Harding-Rolls:	Adrian Garrett
Stanley Sears:	John & Kay Marsh
Fred & Joan Watson:	Colin Laybourne
Messervy:	David Collier
Dymock-Maunsell:	Tim Forrest
Fergusson-Wood:	Jonathan Woodhead
F-W Photographic:	Jens Pilo
Phoenix:	Tim Forrest
Ladies:	David Martin
Small Horsepower:	Michael McRobert

Club Shop

Car badges The Club has fine cut badges in Nickel with re enamel	£25.00 each
Club Ties Pure silk ties are available either in silver grey or in the new navy blue version, both with red club logo	£15.00 each
Back Copies of the Record All recent editions and some early editions also still available	£2.50 each
All the above items available from the Honorary Secretary	

Little and Large

Brooklands 1997



Honorary Secretary
20 Ghost Club
Rolls Royce Silver Ghost

Member
750 Motor Club
Austin Seven Ulster

Chairman
20 Ghost Club
Rolls Royce Silver Ghost