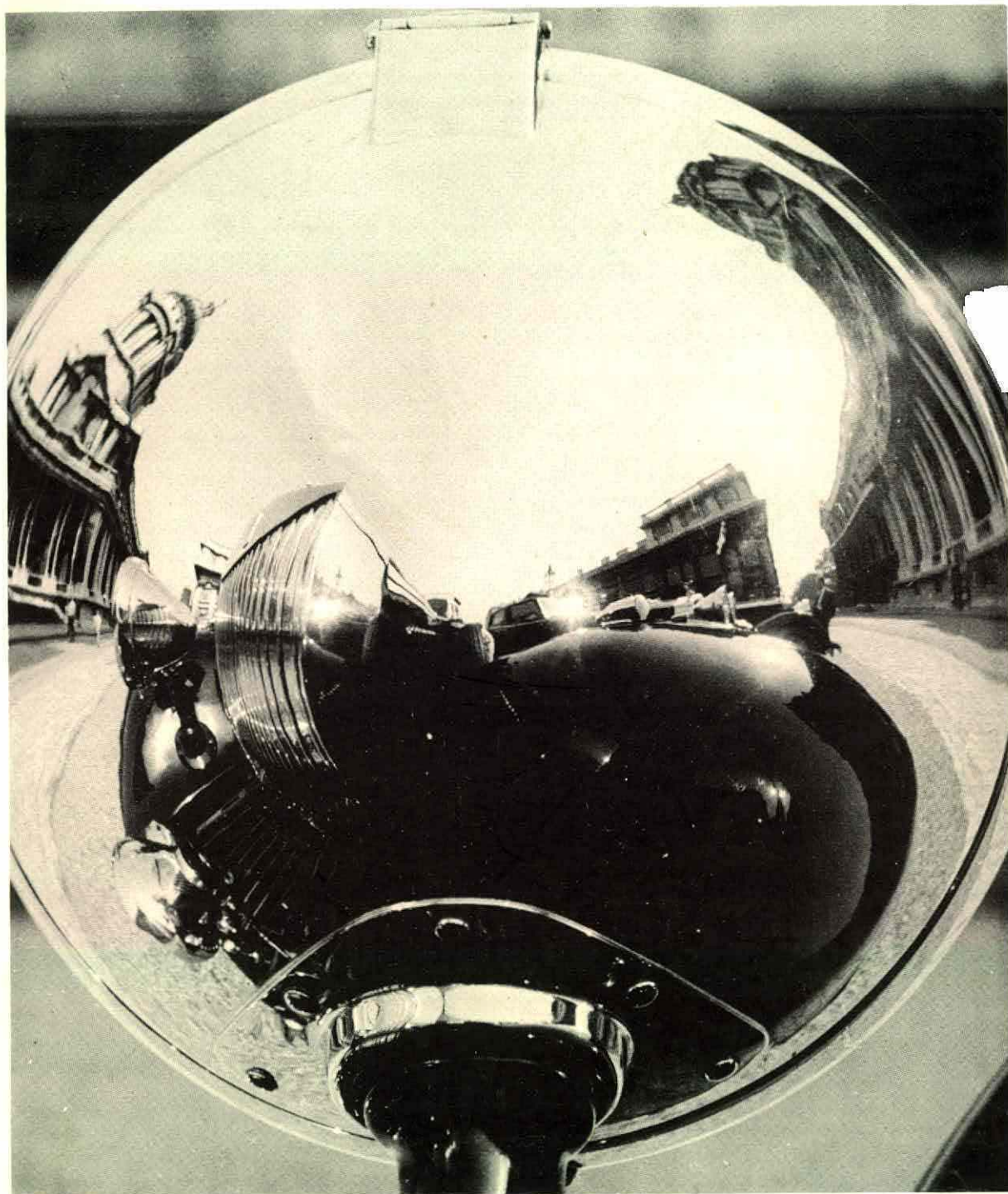




THE 20-GHOST CLUB RECORD

Vol 5 No 3 1964/5



3TA at Greenwich



Autumn/Winter 1964

BOOKS & BOOK REVIEWS

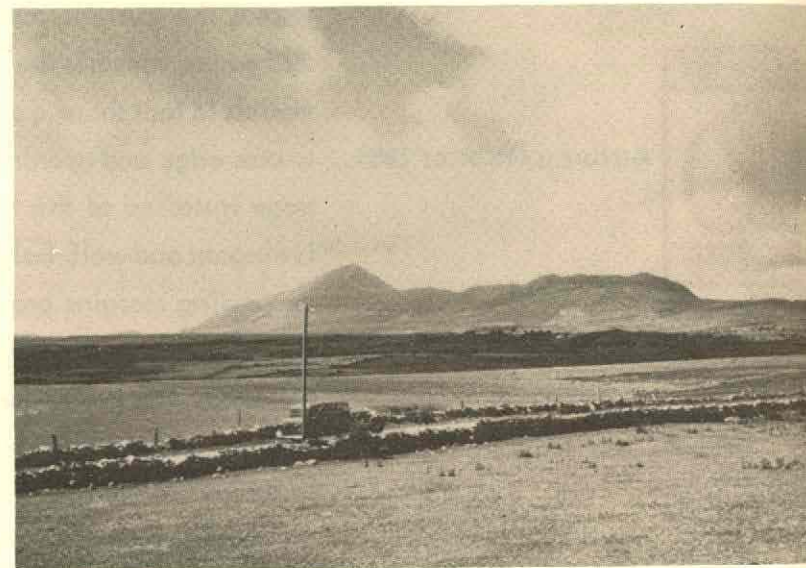
THE current spate of books on Rolls-Royce motor cars and the difficulty that some reviewers in the motoring press appear to have in assessing their relative merits leads one to suggest that something on the lines of a road test and report might be more appropriate. Perhaps in the future we may, in *M*t*r, A*t*c*r* or even *M*t*r S*o*t*, read the following.

"In addition to this firm's 8vo models with 150, 200 and 250 pages, the current range includes the crown 8vo model with 325 pages, which is the subject of this test and report. All these models in fact share a common design, having their pages bound at one edge and opening at the other, and having the contents page installed at the front and a rear-mounted index. Styling is elegant and well-balanced, deep columns of type with slender supporting margins providing excellent visibility all round.

"The model provided for test was apparently the first-off following the prototypes. Careful inspection revealed very few faults in assembly: in one or two cases, a colon had been fitted in place of the very similar semi-colon, and there were signs that one infinitive was split. We found the first chapter particularly easy to engage, and no noise was heard during the change to higher chapters. Page turning is not heavy, although requiring only half a turn from lock to lock. Upholstery is cloth, with loose covers in stout paper printed with a brightly coloured design. We can recommend this model not only for the soundness and maturity of its design but also for the enjoyment to be had from reading it."

Editor: Ian S Hallows, 34 Hayne Rd, Beckenham, Kent. BEC 6113

A PHANTOM III IN IRELAND



Top: some of the Twelve Bens, Connemara (unclassified road between Recess and Kylemore). Centre: St Patrick's Mount, Connemara. Bottom: bridge by Ballingeary, Co Cork.

LIVERPOOL Landing Stage on a grey evening in early May after a hurried rail journey from London - suitcase at the office and all that - and some man wants my ticket to let me on the steamer. Of course, I haven't got it! All that kerfuffle went ahead with the car and my codriver, my brother-in-law, who had nobly driven the car up from Dorset. At that moment, a friendly voice from the boat-deck explains that the 'some man' already has my ticket and I am, somewhat churlishly, allowed on board. Sipping a night-cap or two in the over-expensive bar, I learnt that the car had been suitably loaded and rugged up - and so to bed as we cleared the jetty in an onshore wind: 'No passengers allowed beyond this point' but, as a Naval Officer, I forced my way up to the bridge to congratulate the Skipper on his skill in getting the ship away, and no recriminations followed.

Dublin North Wall on the grey next morning and the car would be unloaded at 8 a.m. I scabble a hasty breakfast and am on deck by 8 10. Not a movement on shore and our car, the first because of her size and girth, is not unloaded until 8 40 (what is time to an Irishman?). Very mild Customs formalities because the bonnet commands such respect and we are away on a 1,700-mile tour with my codriver, who has been in Dublin before, as navigator.

Lunch at Dungarvan, with a couple of chaps in the bar whom my bro'-in-law, ex-BAOR, recognises as Germans. It is a bit disconcerting to see the German influence throughout Eire - technicians, labourers, Volkswagens - all over the place, building dams, roads and factories. But the locals in the South are so charming, so friendly, so smiling that one feels it was worthwhile to come. The towns we have passed, and those we have yet to reach, are dreary to a degree, for the most part, and the food at pubs not much to write about, but everyone, waitresses included, smiles. That makes up for a multitude of sins, and the booze is cheaper than at home.

The country here in the south-east is not particularly exciting but the gorse was in full bloom and there is masses of it everywhere - hills of it, valleys of it, hedges of it. Far too much of it on land which could be put to a better purpose if the labour were available, but too many of the able-bodied have gone to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

In the afternoon, we pressed on to Cobh (Queens-
39 town to most of us) through a quite tropical down-pour at a speed, limited by the capacity of the wind-screen wipers, to about 20 mph. But our welcome

A PHANTOM III IN IRELAND

was generous in the extreme and the view of Haulbowline Island and Spike Island evolved memories of times, often described but never experienced, of the Navy of long ago. It truly is a wonderful and beautiful harbour - and how we could have done with the use of it in 1940-45!

On, next day, to Killarney, with a first glimpse of the lovely lakes from 'Lady's View' and to our hotel, an ex-country house excellently run by a team of youngsters, none of whom looked over 25, even the manager. We had booked ahead and asked for a garage, so part of an old coach house with decaying doors on rusty hinges had been specially cleared for us: the approach was tortuous, damp and grassy and we feared to get bogged but, after the efforts made for us, had to attempt it! Praise be, under all the grass and mud and puddles there was the old cobbled yard, invisible but sound, and the coach house was just long enough. This hotel, the Cahernane, is to be recommended.

Alas, through our two days in Killarney, the clouds clamped down and were seldom above 200 feet with intermittent rain. In fact, our first glimpse of the lakes, as a view, was also our last! We drove round the Kerry Ring, part in rain, part in cloud; we encountered the Fair (monthly cattle market) in one town, with its tipsy, friendly farmers, and its recalcitrant animals and their dung all over the road. We were to encounter three more of these in our short tour. We visited Muckross Abbey but it is naught but a ruin without as for instance at Glastonbury, any archaeological charts or historical notices on display. Ruins in Eire are ruins; what Cromwell didn't smash, the 'rebels' later made a job of.

On, then, through Sligo to Galway and Connemara. We spent a night at Spidal (another Fair day just over) which is 10 miles west of Galway. A fascinating village on the seashore which, with its collection of monasteries, convents, churches etc, gives the impression more of a Breton village. It was once a leper colony - hence the name, contracted from 'Hospital'. Again the welcome in the only pub, clean but with paper-thin walls, again the tipsy farmers, again the filth in the street and on the pavements.

We wandered, in the evening, among the cottages and smallholdings close inland. Smallholdings indeed; fields twenty yards by fifteen - and smaller - divided by dry stone walls made from the stones removed to expose some soil. A couple of cows in this one, a few rows of potatoes in that, diligently trenched by old men, women and children living in stone-walled thatched hovels of two tiny, low rooms with no amenities whatsoever; it is a glimpse back into the Middle Ages.

Next morning, the car badly needing a wash, we enquired for a hose. 'Sure, we have a hose, but it leaks and it doesn't fit the tap.' But luck was on our side. The morning after the Fair is the one day in the month when the roadman is in Spidal to hose down the streets; he would be delighted to provide water from his high-pressure hose, which he did most liberally and indiscriminately as we rushed about loosening the mud and trying to dry off with a leather, but chiefly trying to avoid the jets of water suddenly arriving from the most unexpected directions! Great fun was had by all, including the bystanders.

The next night was a complete blot spent, unavoidably, at a so-called hotel in Narin because our intended hotel at Portmoo, although scheduled to open at Easter, had trouble with the roof and wouldn't open until Whitsun. The English lady owner implied that we should have known of this delay and was quite brusque - a new experience after our welcome elsewhere. Maybe it would not have been such a good bet had it been open. But where we did stay was not exciting; Narin has become a caravanners' paradise with its lovely sands and attractive hills and, of course, gorse. Every house has a caravan park and the so-called hotel caters for them. The bar is stacked like a wine-shop and all that they can find time to offer as meals is a 'fry'. Breakfast in the morning, breakfast at lunch-time and breakfast at high-tea! We fled.

To Milford in Donegal where lived a school chum of mine who, three weeks before at a dinner in London, had offered me lunch, and bed, anything. Dates had been too nebulous to fix at that time but periodic 'phone calls had failed to contact him. So

we called at the Milford Hotel to enquire. Oh, yes, they knew him well but he had just sold his house and was away this week. Could the hotel give us rooms? 'Well, no, but the Doctor's wife can sometimes take an overflow and I know she has one room, maybe two, available,' said the Manager, again in his 20's as at Killarney. It was so, two rooms available at the Doctor's and meals in the hotel, only 200 yards. We accepted gratefully and found the Doctor's walls to be, once again, paper thin, but kindness all-pervading.

The Milford Hotel offers only one dinner - you like it, and eat it, or do the other thing! The first dinner we were offered, on Friday before Whitsun, was fruit cocktail, poached salmon, and I forget what sweet. It was delicious. The fruit cocktail was liberally laced and the Manager later admitted that the salmon was twice poached - once out of the river, and once in the pan! We decided to spend the week-end and we enjoyed it: another hotel to be recommended.

On the way back to Dublin, we spent a night at Strokestown, one of the few beautiful townships that we saw. Its magnificent wide street, with a vista from the 'great house' gates to the Church is, reputedly, the design of the Lord of the Manor in Regency days and based on some Continental resort that he had visited. Either side of this very broad street runs a succession of Regency houses, each with its archway to the stables, and all at one time occupied by his Lordship's family and hangers-on, Doctor, Lawyer, Faded Aunt, no doubt, and so on. Up the centre runs an avenue of trees. The great house, too, is most attractive with its forecourt and wings but, alas, it seems doubtful if it will remain in permanent occupation after the present generation, lovingly as this generation struggles to keep it going; the gardens are more and more overgrown and the sheep encroach nearer and nearer to the house itself.

The sole hotel, which housed us very adequately in spacious rooms (but rather a doubtful bathroom), had only recently been taken over by a retired English couple - she would run the place and he would fish in the innumerable lakes around. Alas, some alterations were being undertaken and the builder had dumped whole loads of sand and gravel immediately across

the entrance to the stable-yard. So the car stood outside and again it rained!

Next morning, believe it or not, was once more the monthly Fair and, en route to Dublin, we found ourselves threading our way, even in that wonderful broad street, among cattle vans, exuberant farmers (even at 9.30 am) and a motley assortment of cattle and pigs - no one bothers to pen the animals and they seem to wander at will until they are, presumably, sold and then comes the chase to round them up and deliver them to the buyer. Meanwhile, the ragged farmers are nonchalantly cashing cheques for £200 or so at the banks - like the pubs, they open early on Fair day.

So back to Dublin by, scenic-wise, rather uninteresting country, except of course for gorse, but, at last, I see what I had expected to find almost everywhere, those elegant comfortable 6 or 7-bedroom houses (probably no bathroom) standing in their own spacious grounds, a good-looking horse or so in a nearby paddock, grand entrance gates opening to a weed-strewn drive. Here they were at last - these shades of Somerville and Ross - but, alas, all too seldom those good-looking horses.

Dublin, where we stayed actually at Dun Loughaire ('Dunleary' to you), lunch at the Kildare Street Club, because I opportunely discovered I was a 'reciprocal member', and a lot of horsey and racing talk; an evening with the Abbey Theatre Co, performing an enjoyable but not too memorable play at the Queen's Theatre because the Abbey itself is being rebuilt - and so to bed.

Next day, a look at Trinity College, Nelson's pillar, etc, a luncheon - as guests of rich friends - at Gresham's and so on board for the return to Liverpool and, thence, among the almost forgotten but ghastly crowded roads, back to Dorset in time to wash the car before Goodwood next day.

A well-enjoyed holiday and the PIII had averaged over the full 2,000 or so miles (Dorset to Dorset) $11\frac{1}{2}$ mpg. No mean effort, I claim. I hope that this account will help those who might wish to emulate our tour; avoid the rather uninteresting middle and keep to the hilly coastal parts. - R B H.

RADLEY COLLEGE VISIT

IN FINE but blustery weather, over thirty members and their guests visited Radley College in Berkshire by the kind permission of the Warden, Mr W M M Milligan, MBE, TD, MA, on Saturday 11 July. The wet weather, which some members encountered en route, did not reach to the pleasant part of Berkshire where the College is situated. A good selection of cars arrived and most of the pre-war models were represented.

There were three Silver Ghosts present. Two, of 1914 vintage, made an interesting contrast. One was an original white tourer which still bore its bullet scars of the Great War, while the other had been fitted during the 20s with a very comfortable touring body of that period. The third Silver Ghost, also a tourer, was a very fine specimen of the 1921 car. Coincidentally, Phantoms were represented by a like number of cars to their model, for there was only one Phantom I but there were two Phantom IIs and three Phantom IIIs. Some excellent examples of the Twenty, 20/25 and 25/30 models made up the attendance to about 17 cars.

The assembly point selected was in front of the Music School and it gave a good view of several cricket matches in progress on a remarkably fine and large stretch of greensward. Members of the famous Red Pelican Squadron of the RAF were flying overhead as the cars were arriving. The Squadron was giving a demonstration of close formation flying at nearby Abingdon Aerodrome. Almost all the cars had checked in when the assembly was suddenly surprised by the Red Pelicans practising one of their most spectacular manoeuvres by diving their jet Provosts upon the gathering. They came diving down, one after the other, from all angles, to zoom back into the sky and reform before finally flying away.

At about 3.15 pm, the visitors were taken in small parties on a tour of the College. Their guides were some of the senior boys who answered questions and pointed out various interesting features. Although the College was founded only a little over a century ago, it includes some fine old buildings together with some noteworthy modern structures.

At the end of the tour, the young guides escorted their guests to the great dining hall where an excellent tea had been provided. The visit ended after 5 pm with drivers giving the boys final opportunities to photograph their cars as they departed.

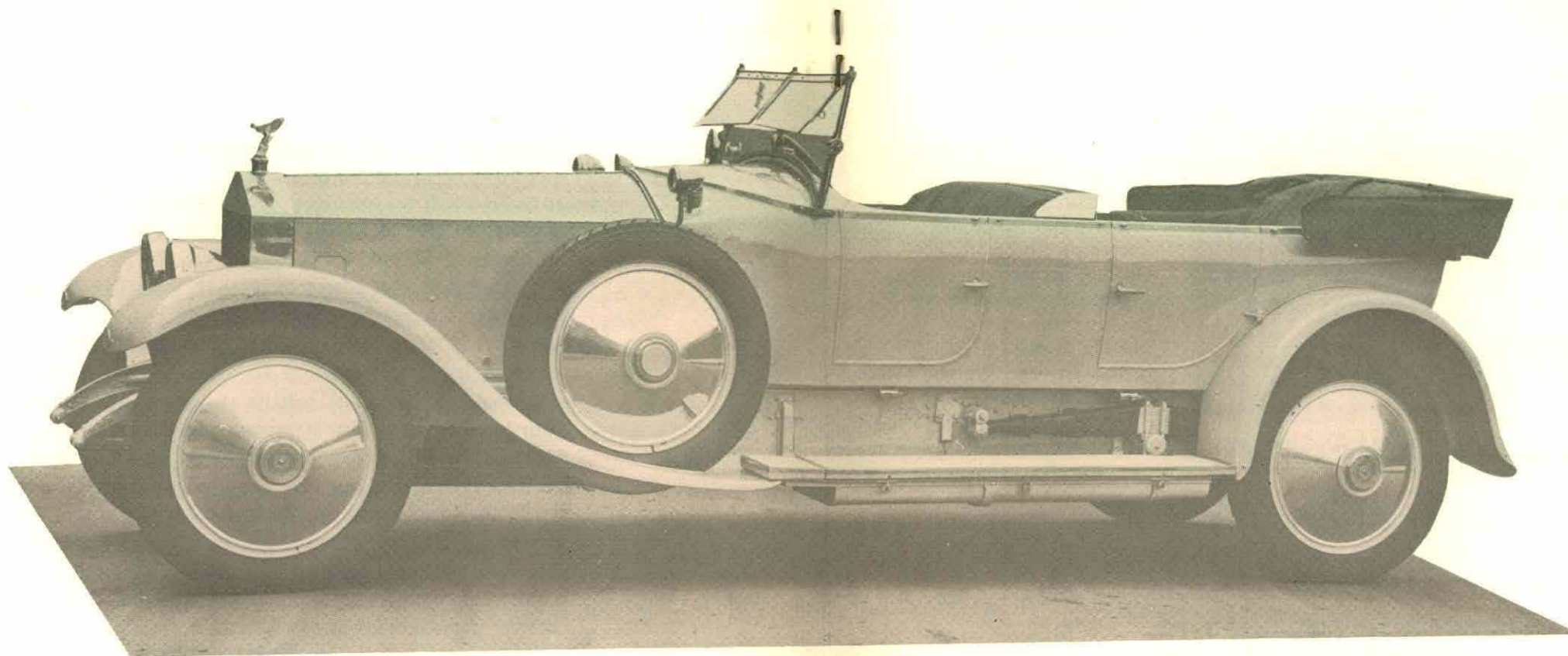
The grateful thanks of the club are due to the Warden of the College, the Bursar and other members of the staff whose kindness enabled the club to enjoy a memorable visit. - K A S.

U S NOTES

WHAT everyone on both sides of the Atlantic wants to know is - how do the American cars compare with ours? How for instance did the cars at Goodwood rank with those at the RROC's 13th Annual Meet at the John F Kennedy Airport on 27-29 August 1964? We attended the Meet, and this was the question we were asked more often than any other. Judging the cars on a 'Concours d'Etat' basis but ignoring marks for originality, we have to admit that the American standard is generally higher than anything we have seen over here. Their approach is necessarily somewhat different from ours; there is little pleasure to be had from the regular use of an 'antique automobile' on American roads, and few of their cars are used for any purpose other than to attend club meetings. Nor have they, compared with ourselves, many Rolls-Royces which have been properly used and maintained throughout their lives.

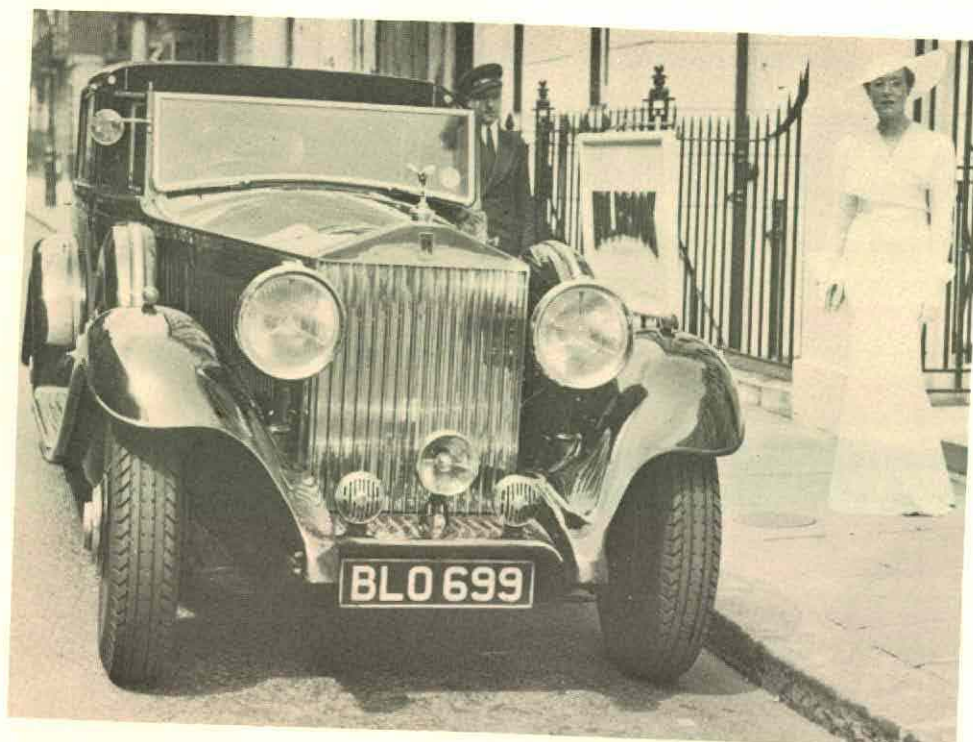
The Americans therefore restore heavily, sometimes by spending \$30,000 on a single car. On the other hand, one of their most prized trophies is for the best 'personal' restoration; the runner-up had spent 11,000 personal (and authenticated) man-hours on his car, and the winner was a doctor who had attended a local engineering college in order to learn to use the tools necessary to rebuild a Silver Ghost. This car had driven 1,000 miles to attend the Meet.

Six hundred people attended the banquet which wound up the meeting; with speeches and prize-giving it lasted for four and a half hours, and the English guests received prizes just for being there. Our abiding impression is of tremendous enthusiasm, great friendliness and unobtrusive - almost shy - hospitality, springing from a real wish that we should enjoy our visit and have fun. WE did. - F and MDH.



PORTRAIT OF 82RM

1924 long-chassis Silver Ghost with six-seater open body.
Chassis no 82RM. 9 steering column.
Original owner HH the Nabob of Bahawalpur.



Taken on 22 July 1936 this photograph shows Mrs John Tooth leaving her home at Stanhope Place in London for an afternoon reception at Buckingham Palace: the P11 shown (3TA) is now in Fred Watson's possession.

MESSERVY TROPHY RESULTS

OWNER	MODEL	YEAR	CHASSIS NO.	GREENWICH MARKS	SANDHURST PENALTIES	
W A L Cook	S G	1912	1895E	729	-210	519
J A G Burchell	S G	1913	2297	745 $\frac{1}{2}$	-235	510 $\frac{1}{2}$
J C Dymock-Maunsell	P I	1926	20TC	724	-225	499
G E Mawer	20/25	1932	GBT52	670 $\frac{1}{2}$	-221	449 $\frac{1}{2}$
F Hellings	20/25	1934	GLB28	701	-264	437
G Lochee Bayne	20/25	1933	GAW22	635 $\frac{1}{2}$	-233	402 $\frac{1}{2}$
J I Yates	Wraith	1939	WRB47	701	-336	365
W F Watson	P II	1925	3TA	695 $\frac{1}{2}$	-349	346 $\frac{1}{2}$
C J Curtis	25/30	1936	GUL49	660 $\frac{1}{2}$	-325	335 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mrs F Hellings	20	1927	GHJ12	700	-372	328
I Munro	25/30	1936	GXM24	653 $\frac{1}{2}$	-363	290 $\frac{1}{2}$
C A Chapman	20/25	1933	GRW10	646	-387	259
I S Hallows	P III	1936	3AZ112	674	-496	178
T D Hadrill	20/25	1936	GLJ49	557	-450	107

SANDHURST DRIVING TESTS



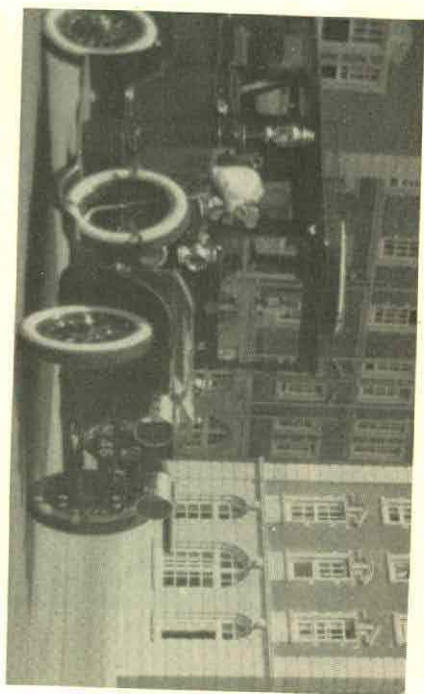
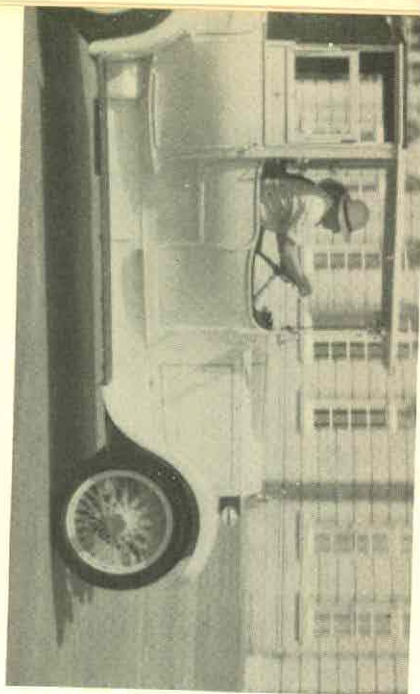
EXTREMELY hot weather marked the club's driving tests held at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, under the auspices of the RMA Motor Sports Club on 26 July, when 34 entrants took part. In general, the tests were similar to those that were arranged the previous year.

The first test was a timed slow section with no declutching, followed by a timed fast section: the chief penalty was 1 point for each second that the difference in time between the slow and the fast section was less than 100. The second test was a parking one, involving the driver running some distance to his car, driving it forward over a line and then reversing into a space between two obstacles until the nearside wheels were as close to a kerb as possible: the chief penalties were 1 point for each second taken, 5 points for each inch the further nearside wheel was from the kerb and 50 points for a tyre touching the kerb. The third test was a timed zigzag around alternate pylons in a single line, starting and finishing through a very narrow box: the penalties were 1 point for each second taken, 5 points for each pylon hit and 10 points for failing to stop astride the finishing line. The fourth test was a timed approach (from a parking line with engine stopped) to a dummy pedestrian to stop as close to it as possible: the penalties were 1 point for each second taken, 1 point for each inch left between pedestrian and car and 50 points for hitting the pedestrian. The last test was judgment of car height by means of movable test posts: the penalties were 2 points for each excess inch and 20 points for touching the height bar.

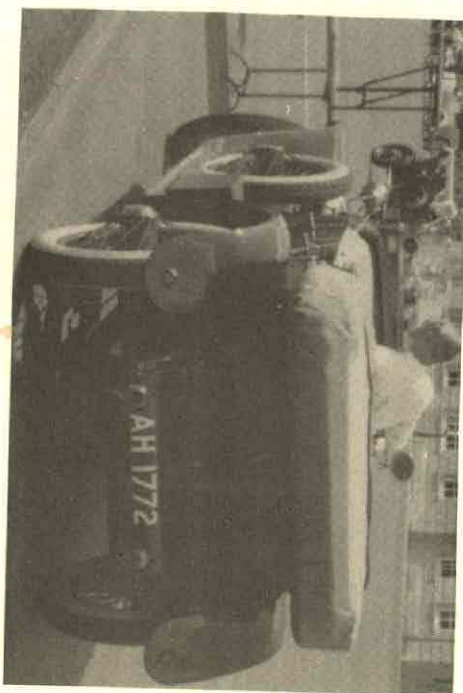
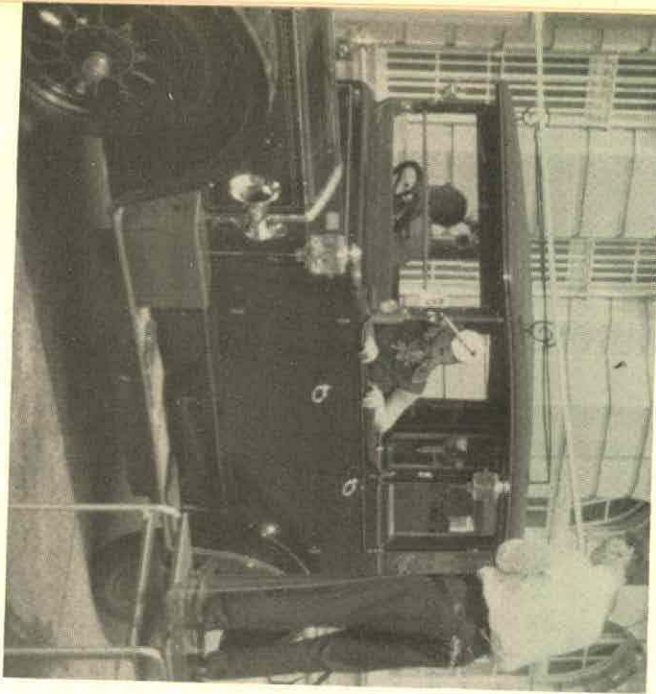
Maj B Wake took first place with Lt-Cdr J C Dymock-Maunsell's 1936 20/25 GBK56, scoring 173 penalty points: Mr P Hoppé was second again with his 1930 20/25 GSR78, scoring 183 penalty points; and Mr S E Sears was third with his 1923 20 58S1, scoring 187 penalty points. Comparing the figures with those of last year, most members did better - some, in fact halving their total of penalties. It does appear, however, that the larger cars tend to be at a disadvantage in tests of manoeuvrability, and it is possible that consideration ought to be given to weighting the scoring more in their favour. The detailed results are given on the next page but one.

PHOTO SOURCES

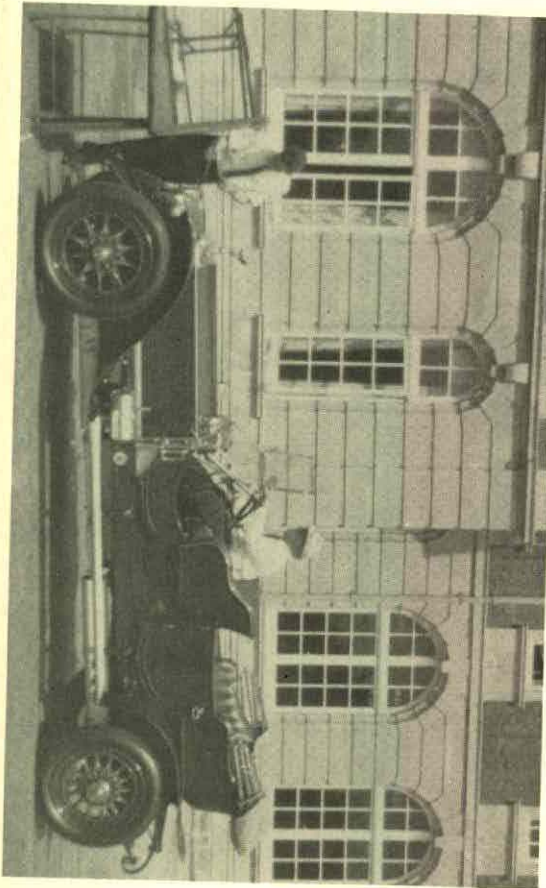
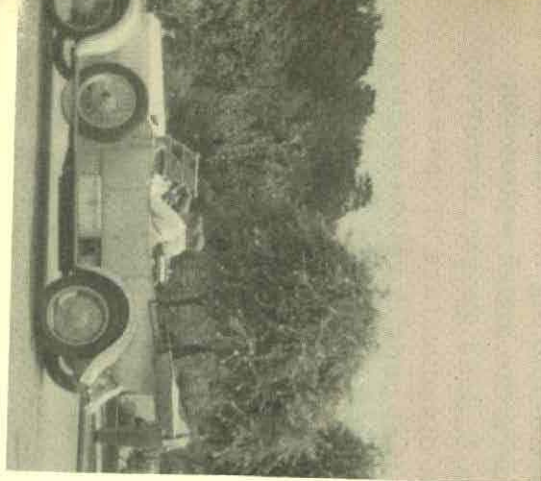
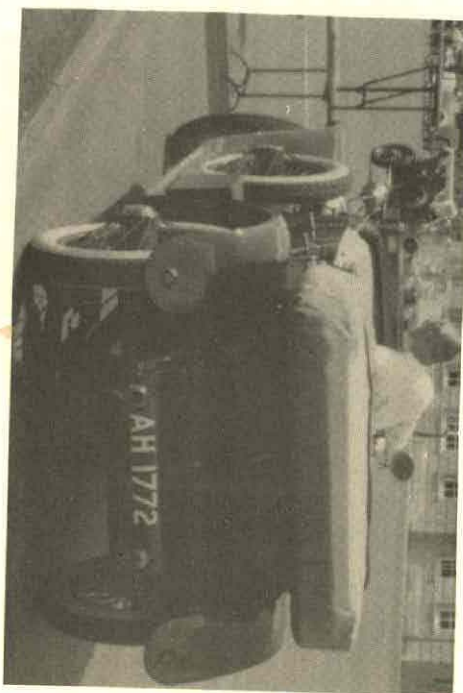
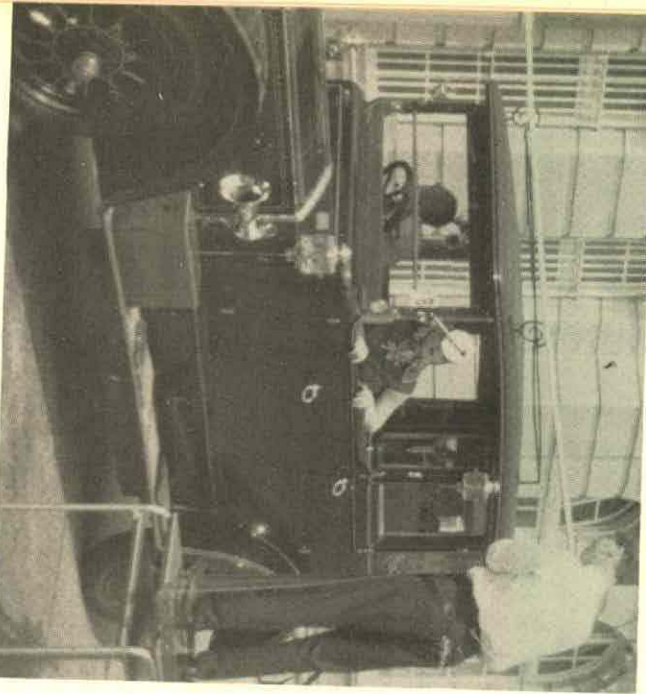
Cover, 53, M J N Custance, 16 Petersham Mews, SW 7; 50 54, I S Hallows; 38, R B Honnywill; 48, Radio Times Hulton Picture Library; 46, 47, 56, Rolls-Royce Ltd.



ABOVE - Two of the older cars going through the zigzag: left, S S Sears' 58S1 (37 seconds); right, W F Watson's 1543 (26 seconds). LEFT - J A G Burchell's 2297 is just too tall to pass under the car height judging bar. BELOW - H B Poulter parking 2260E in 54 seconds, 7 in. from the kerb.



BELOW, LEFT - J G Hutt's 23YB did the zigzag in 45 seconds but touched an obstacle. BELOW, RIGHT - Within 21 seconds, W A L Cook's 1895E stopped only 5 inches from the 'pedestrian' (the tables, that is, not the judge).



												TOTAL PENALTIES
DRIVER	CAR	YEAR	CHASSIS NO.	SLOW- FAST	PARKING TIME	OTHER	ZIGZAG TIME	OTHER	PEDESTRIAN TIME	OTHER	CAR HEIGHT	
B Wake	20/25	1936	GBK56	64	33	5	34	0*	17	7	8	173
P Hoppé	20/25	1930	GSR78	58	24*	40	31	5	15	8	2	183
S E Sears	20	1923	58S1	74	37	20	19*	5	21	1*	10	187
C Meachen	20	1926	GSK80	55	33	40	24	5	18	14	0*	189
P J Taylor	20	1927	GAJ42	79	35	0*	21	5	14	16	20	190
W A L Cook	S G	1912	1895E	76	37	40	22	5	21	5	4	210
D Hellings	20	1927	GMJ81	75	42	30	36	0*	24	6	2	215
G E Mawer	20/25	1932	GBT52	49*	56	60+	25	0*	13	6	12	221
J C Dymock-Maunsell	PI	1926	20TC	74	48	25	35	10	19	8	6	225
H B Poulter	S G	1913	2260E	84	54	35	21	10	17	10	2	233
G B Lochée Bayne	20/25	1933	GAW22	74	33	50	23	10	14	21	8	233
J A G Burchell	S G	1913	2297	66	44	50	32	0*	19	4	20	235
H E Marshall	Wraith	1939	WRB15	82	39	35	31	15	14	20	0*	236
J W E Banks	S G	1922		85	35	30	39	5	17	9	20	240
J G Hampton	S G	1925	120EU	73	52	35	39	0*	16	11	20	246
W T Pitt	S G	1912	1905E	83	47	45	27	10	20	17	10	249
H Savage	P II	1934	141RY	80	65	25	51	5	14	11	10	261
F Hellings	20/25	1934	GLB28	70	90	20	29	10	14	11	20	264
W F Watson	S G	1911	1543	91	45	70	26	5	17	10	12	276
C M G Keeping	25/30	1938	GAR25	87	37	90	31	0*	12*	23	0*	280
W Stuart-Cowie	20/25	1934	GUB28	73	34	85	62	0*	16	13	0*	283
R M Harrison	20/25	1935	GAF81	71	40	100+	29	10	13	22	18	303
W D N Berry	P II	1931	9GX	75	48	80	51	10	20	10	10	304
C J Curtis	25/30	1936	GUL49	62	59	105	43	5	15	30	6	325
J I Yates	Wraith	1939	WRB45	70	42	140	47	5	16	6	10	336
W F Watson	P II	1935	3TA	85	40	135	54	5	15	7	8	349
J G Hutt	S G	1914	23YB	86	45	140	45	5	18	8	6	353
I F Munro	25/30	1936	GXM24	88	68	105	54	10	17	9	12	363
Mrs F Hellings	20	1927	GHJ12	79	56	150	29	0*	15	29	14	372
C A Chapman	20/25	1933	GRW10	70	54	185	35	0*	20	3	20	387
T D Hadrill	20/25	1936	GLJ49	58	36	230	62	20	17	11	16	450
I S Hallows	P III	1936	3AZ112	73	74	245	36	15	18	15	20	496
V Sagovsky	20/25	1936	GBK64	86	91	175+	112	5	18	15	4	516
W J Oldham	P II	1930		76	57	160	111	5	14	132	12	567

* Best result in this section +Includes 50 penalty points for touching kerb.

CHARITY EVENT

T

HE CLUB'S fourth annual 'charity' event, at the Thomas De La Rue School for Spastics on 27 June, was much less well-attended than the previous three, and this was a pity, as it turned out to be in many ways the most interesting and successful of them all. However, the 14 cars which did turn up formed a good representative selection of models, and Fred Watson and Robin Barnard were good enough to bring Silver Ghosts.

The Thomas De La Rue School is a grammar school, and though more than half the children are in wheel chairs and many are unable to write legibly or speak intelligibly, they are all highly intelligent and appreciated our visit to the full. When we drove up in procession in the usual beautiful club weather, the whole school was gathered to greet us, and remained, except when dragged away to tea, clustered round the cars for the whole afternoon. The proceedings opened with the usual age-and-model guessing competition; this attracted a nearly 100% entry, and some of the more severely handicapped formed syndicates, one to push the wheel-chair, one to do the brain work and one to write the answers. The standard was extremely high and the results so close that extra prizes had to be found at the last minute. Then came the highlight of the day for our hosts; every child was given a ride in one of the cars round the lanes of Kent. All the visitors worked hard, but none so hard as the two owners of the Ghosts.

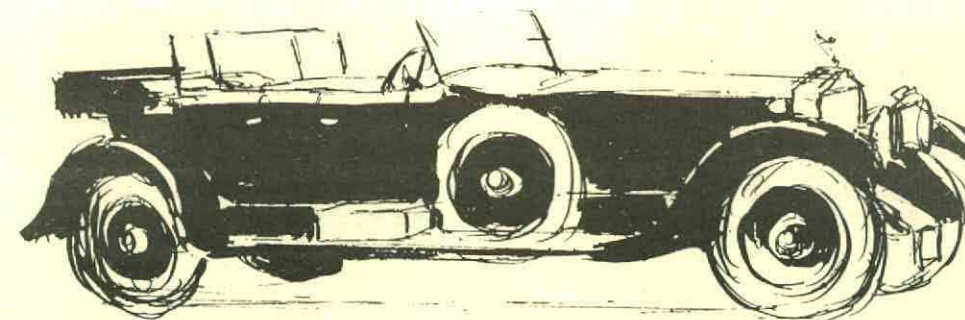
After a welcome tea and a prize-giving at which the excitement was tense, we were shown round the school buildings, practically in the steps of Prince Philip, who had formally opened them a fortnight earlier. They are the work of a group of American architects, of extremely interesting design, and embody all the latest ideas for the training in independence which these children so urgently need.

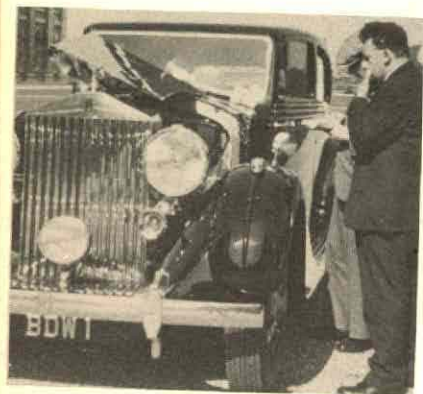
The final leave-taking was almost tearful; we were implored at first not to go at all, and then alternatively to come back again as soon as possible. Some of us have indeed promised to pay another visit next summer term and have every intention of keeping that promise. - MDH.



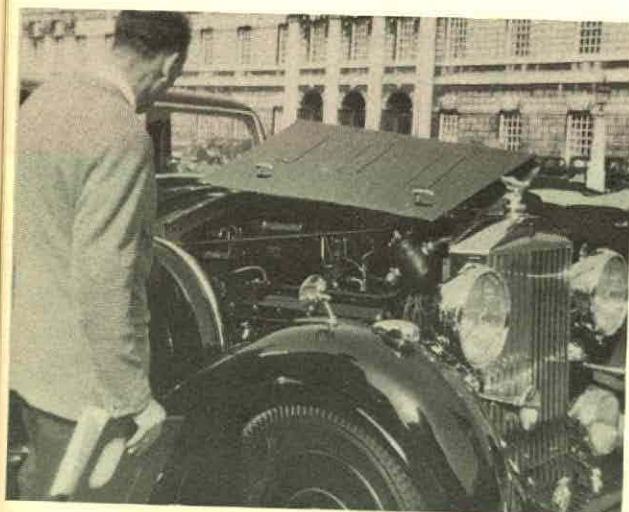
GREENWICH CONCOURS

EXCELLENT weather marked the club's concours d'état which took place at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on 13 September. Four classes were judged - Silver Ghosts; Phantoms; Twenty's and 20/25's; and 25/30's and Wraiths, and the results are given on the next page but one. Each year, it appears that standards are getting higher, particularly in the large-car classes, and the task of the judges, to whom the club is extremely grateful, must equally become more difficult. It is interesting to note that two cars were awarded full marks for interior cleanliness and smartness and four for chassis cleanliness.





THEY SEEK IT HERE, THEY SEEK IT THERE, THE JUDGES SEEK IT EVERYWHERE....



OWNER	YEAR	MODEL	Interior (100)	Exterior (100)	Under Bonnet (100)	Chassis (100)	Originality (150)	Mechanical (250)	Total (800)
E L Corner	1910	S G	100+	84	74	100+	149+	241	748
J A G Burchell	1913	S G	94	86½+	70	100+	147	248+	745½
R O Barnard	1924	S G	98	83½	82+	100+	135	241	739½
W A L Cook	1912	S G	100+	84	61	98	142	244	729
J W E Banks	1922	S G	97	65½	48	75	118	238	641½
L E Dalton	1933	PII	98*	86*	80	100	138	248*	750
P H Kift	1937	PIII	95	78½	79	93	146	242	733½
J C Dymock-Maunsell	1926	PI	91	81	81*	90	139	242	724
W F Watson	1935	PII	92	78½	47	91	140	247	695½
J C Dymock-Maunsell	1934	PII	91	64	55	73	147*	247	677
I S Hallows	1936	PIII	89	60	68	70	143	244	674
F Hellings	1934	20/25	87	85*	64*	76	143*	246	701
F Hellings	1927	20	93*	76	56	85*	143*	247*	700
G E Mawer	1932	20/25	85	76½	54	79	133	243	670½
J C Dymock-Maunsell	1936	20/25	89	78	33	65	141	247*	653
C A Chapman	1933	20/25	83	72	41	72	131	247*	646
G B Lochée Bayne	1933	20/25	89	62½	55	57	127	245	635½
T D Hadrill	1936	20/25	65	48	24	40	138	242	557
M S Timms	1937	25/30	94*	82	79*	100+	141	245	741
J I Yates	1939	Wraith	85	80	67	78	142	249+	701
J Hamilton-Fish	1936	25/30	94	85*	49	68	145	244	686
R M Harrison	1938	Wraith	79	78½	75	86	120	240	678½
C J Curtis	1936	25/30	90	77½	43	60	145*	245	660½
I Munro	1936	25/30	80	77½	48	84	126	238	653½
S J Lovegrove	1937	25/30	88	78½	27	71	137	246	647½
E O Pogson	1936	25/30	77	67	38	62	130	246	620

* Best in class + Best of day

