



News & Record

Issue 77 | Autumn 2024





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March 2025
Saturday 15th – Sunday 16th
AGM and Charles Rolls Dinner in Cambridge. John Snook and Mary Narvell are organising accommodation at Churchill College, a talk and tour of the Churchill Archives, then a coach to Trinity College to visit one of the ancient libraries with a music recital before AGM, dinner and prize-giving.
Mary Narvell:
narvell@btopenworld.com

April 2025
Saturday 26th
Spring Lunch in Strone and Alex's barn - Armsworth Park House, Hampshire.
strone@stronemacpherson.com

May 2025
Sunday 11th – Saturday 17th
The Irish Georgian Tour in County Wexford Ireland. Possibly another (optional) tour to be added at the end. The whole thing promises to be marvellous. John Narvell
narvell630@gmail.com

July 2025
Thursday 3rd – Thursday 24th
The Baltic Region in Summer Sir John Stuttard is arranging a 22-night tour of Finland, Sweden, Latvia & Estonia.
johnstuttard@btinternet.com

July 2025
Date and venue TBC
Club Concours. Probably a one-day event in late July to include family and friends. Maybe trying to tempt the latter to buy a car themselves!

September 2025
Sunday 7th – Thursday 11th
Tour of Somerset.
rslwilks@gmail.com

Letters, Emails & Pictures

I thought I would pop in a couple of shots of Hamish McNaught who has recently been commissioned into the REME and is currently working on armoured vehicles all over Europe. However in his 'spare time' his Goshawk Engineering business is growing well: goshawkengineering.co.uk. Hamish: huge congratulations on your commission!



As mentioned in Charles Cole's report on the Provence Tour in this issue, Sir John and Lady (Lesley) Stuttard have been awarded the RRMC Inspiring Greatness Trophy, for their unstinting work in organising tours. This is a new annual award of the trophy presented to the club by Rolls-Royce Motor Cars at the Alpine Trial last year. The first recipients were John and Liz Milverton, for their remarkable achievement of completing four Alpine Trials. Johnnie presented Sir John with the award during a recent visit. Many congratulations.



I know that some of you doubted the take of Bella fixing the brakes on our Bentley S2 in France recently (Last Word Issue 76) – so here's a quick pic to prove it! Happily her white shirt seemed to survive the encounter – so she wasn't quite so cross with me after all!



Dear Johnnie,

Recently whilst on tour with the club, Zelda pulled down the sun visor in my car and exclaimed 'Gosh! No mirror?' I explained that when Park Ward had built the bodywork for my PII Continental 118MY in 1933 they must have foolishly overlooked the installation of a vanity mirror. Happily for £17.90 Amazon supplied a rather good battery powered illuminated mirror, which I attached with double-sided tape. Park Ward's oversight resolved - phew!

Charles Rentoul



A Three-Week Tour of the Baltic Region in July 2025

The 20-Ghost Club is returning to the Baltic Region in July 2025 after a 13-year gap. The weather in July is perfect for a car tour of the Region. The days are long and warm. Country roads are interspersed with places of great interest – the grand city of Stockholm, once the capital of a major empire; the well preserved, picturesque, medieval town of Tallinn in Estonia; Riga in Latvia with its Art Nouveau architecture; and Finland with its natural landscape and fine food based on local products, not least fish from the thousands of lakes and the Baltic Sea. The 22-night tour will begin and end in Helsinki. We will visit four countries. The itinerary

is described in the flyer which has been printed and is distributed with this issue. It will be another 20-Ghost Club tour of a lifetime. This tour is currently full but, in practice we have found that some confirmed participants on tours have to withdraw for a variety of reasons: ill-health, family engagements or problems with the car. We have developed the concept of a Wait List and many participants on the Wait List find that a place becomes available for them. If you would like to apply for a place on this tour by joining the Wait List, please complete this form and send it to johnstuttard@btinternet.com. Priority will be given to new members of the club and to members who have not enjoyed these continental tours before.

Hi Johnnie,

May 2025 marks the centenary of the New Phantom. As both a 20-GC member and Registrar of the RREC Derby Phantom section I should mention that we are planning a celebration at the Derby, Nightingale Road, Factory site - in and around the Marble Hall Board room and design offices where the New Phantom was designed and manufactured. This will be followed by a tour around the road test route around the Peak District area - no doubt stopping at the Cat and Fiddle pub that was used as a rest point. There is also a proposed talk to be given by the grandson of Lord Hives. The day will be integrated with the Derby Council/ Rolls-Royce Aero Engine event that they are sponsoring.

Details are still being worked on and I will keep the 20-Ghost Club in the loop as things develop.

Kind regards Wojtek Kordel

Charles and Diana Armitage took 1928 PI 65CL off to the Hurlingham Club where they won first in class, ahead of some very polished exotica. They only lost out to an immaculate BMW 507 for best in show. Huge congratulations - click your phone camera on the QR code to see the victory drive!



Watch the film here: Use the QR code for a direct link to the YouTube video.



Roger Thiedeman has emailed in from Victoria Australia:

Hello Johnnie, Would I be correct in assuming that the car in the blue-boxed item (Issue 75 p17 Herodotus) is 40G9 (reg. XM-2826), photographed during its participation in the epic 1923-24 Cruise of the Special Service Squadron, as clues in the caption seem to suggest? Regards, RT

Roger, the experts confirm your assumption! Attached is another picture of the same car on that trip this time in Zanzibar with the Sultan (Seyyid Khalifa bin Harub).

New Members

Graham Tyson reports three new members this time.



Frank and Janet Allocca
Chester, New Jersey, USA
Frank and Janet are former club members and we are delighted to welcome them back. They currently own 1926 Silver Ghost S165ML Brewster Warwick but Frank also has his eyes on a 1913 Ghost tourer – so watch this space!



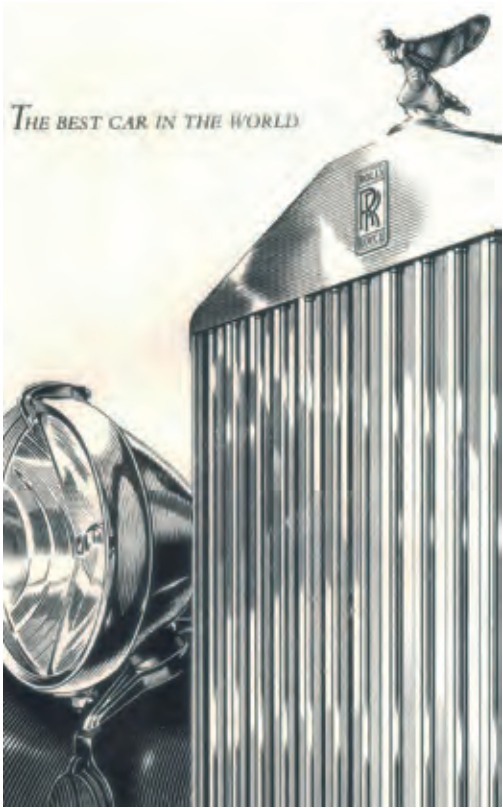
John and Crispin Menefree
Nashville, Tennessee, USA
1924 Silver Ghost 60AU Barker style tourer.
1929 Silver Ghost 75CW Barker style tourer (formerly owned by Nigel Atherstone).



Will Bate
Beckenham Kent
1926 20HP GMJ41 Park Ward 6 Light Saloon.

Persuade your friends to buy a pre-war R-R.
Propose them to Graham:
gtyson@outlook.com

A huge welcome to you all



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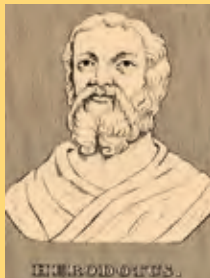
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Just a century ago...

Herodotus casts an eye over R-R related matters within *The Autocar* during July-September 1924.



Novel Mascot
A most original and attractive mascot was seen at Goodwood mounted on a Rolls-Royce radiator cap. It is a representation of *Happy Man* which won the Ascot Gold Cup.

For India
HH The Maharajah of Jodhpur has lately acquired this attractive two-seater 40-50 HP Rolls-Royce with polished aluminium coachwork by Barker.



How to see Switzerland
A lengthy article gave advice on touring Switzerland in a car, citing places to visit and mountain roads to take. The car used by the author was a 40/50 HP Rolls-Royce, but no mention was made of it in the text. It did however feature in several photographs.



A 1700 Year-old Road
The ancient causeway beside which is standing a 20 HP Rolls-Royce car and its owner, Mr W A Clark, was constructed 1700 years ago by the Romans to enable iron ore to be carried from the Forest of Dean to the Severn ports. The touring coachwork of the Rolls-Royce was constructed by Flewitt Ltd, Birmingham. Mr Clark is associated with the AC-Sphinx Sparking Plug Co Ltd.



Mountaineering by Car
Percy Northy (who was a demonstration driver for Rolls and who drove a four-cylinder 20 HP Rolls-Royce in the first-ever Manx TT Race in 1905) was among a group of British motorists who spent a strenuous three days touring in the High Alps in a Rolls-Royce 40/50. This car was an earlier model, not equipped with the recently introduced four-wheel braking

system. The crew observed that the need for four-wheel brakes was not immediately apparent, save on two or three occasions in emergencies. The standard Rolls brakes are exceptionally smooth, progressive and efficient in action thanks to the huge rear drums, and are entirely devoid of annoying squeaks even when applied suddenly with full force.

The journey started in Lyon following the Grand Prix race. On the road to Grenoble, the car sped along at a normal cruising speed of 50 mph with never a sound but the swish of the tyres. Occasionally the speed reached 72 mph. Smooth roads and bad were taken at similar speeds with no sign of discomfort. The big six-cylinder engine accelerates with ease and grace.

Attractive Coupé
“It would not be easy to design a more attractive coupé body than that by Hooper on this 20HP Rolls-Royce Chassis.” The car was recently supplied to a Hastings motorist by Rootes Ltd of Maidstone and Bond Street W1.



On The Road in India
A 20 HP Rolls-Royce touring car between Delhi and Agra. The scorn depicted on the face of the camel is surely somewhat out of place having regard to the admitted excellence of the car.



Simple and Attractive
Saloon Body by Morgan and Co of Leighton Buzzard on a long wheelbase 40/50 HP chassis. The extent of the side windows ensures a maximum of light in the interior of the car.



The Forbes Report

We have had a busy time with club events since the last edition, with the Tim Forrest Trial, the Dorset Tour and most recently the Autumn Lunch, providing a varied range of activities for members. The Dorset Tour was superbly organised by Steve Wilks, who really had every need covered and included lots of activities. One of the highlights of any tour is when we are hosted at a member's house and enjoy their hospitality, gardens, cars, trains etc. We had a delightful time at Gasper Cottage thanks to Johnnie and Bella. On the same theme, we had a very personal tour and lunch at the Grange Winery in Hampshire for the Autumn Lunch. This is a family business owned by Alex Macpherson's cousins. In recent years we have tried to hold the Autumn Lunch in a unique venue with a special interest and The Grange certainly lived up to this..

In this edition we remember our friend and dedicated tour engineer, Roy, who sadly passed away recently and his obituary is included. A good contingent from the club were present at his funeral and wake, in idyllic surroundings in the Forest of Dean. Roy contributed so much to the success of our grand tours each year and will be sadly missed. The tributes at the service and the messages from members have universally reflected on what an even tempered and dedicated man he was, with a wry sense of humour. His skills at mending our cars were legendary and guaranteed him a welcome beer at the end of the day from grateful participants.

His son, Wade and his family have been touched by the many tributes they have received from members, which has been a comfort to them as they come to terms with his loss at only 64 years of age. Wade would like me to pass on their appreciation for all the messages they have received.

Looking forward to next year, John Snook has been working on making next year's Annual Dinner and AGM something special. We will be returning to Cambridge for dinner in a Cambridge College, with a recital from the College choir and a visit to the Churchill archives. Overnight accommodation will be at the Møller Institute which is very comfortable and a place we have stayed before. Look out for more information and the booking form in a month or so. This is bound to be popular, so get your booking in promptly!

Enjoy the rest of the driving season.

Best wishes




*One of Kimberly Shadduck's great pictures, Ken, Jane, Ronda and Bill at Château de Fère.
Ronda gets a special mention in Charles Cole's write up of the tour later in this issue!*

Champagne to Provence Tour 2024



“OK, we’ll go!”

Charles Cole on their first foreign foray with the Club – the magnificent Champagne to Provence Tour 2024

I blame Alex Macpherson! At the 2023 Spring Lunch she exclaimed with characteristic enthusiasm, “Oh, you really must go,” to Provence that is. But Roxy was only just roadworthy and unproven over anything more than a few miles. We pondered. I would have just over a year to complete this “rather dotty restoration” of nearly two decades but... It’s now or never. “OK, we’ll go” said Deb.

And so said General Eisenhower on 5th June 1944 heralding the liberation of Europe. On the 6th June eight decades later, a small contingent of the 20-GC re-enacted the breakout from the beaches spear-headed by Sir John Stuttard taking the lead from Ouistreham over Pegasus Bridge, a vital crossing in the allied advance into Normandy. Others crossed La Manche at the Pas de Calais sur Le Shuttle thence passing close to Arras and Bapaume.

Ken Forbes’ mascot at Pegasus Bridge. (Photo: Sir John Stuttard).



Previous pages: Karl and Virginia Lloyd enter Reims in their 1909 Silver Ghost 1179 with its magnificent Roi-des-Belges coachwork – the oldest car on the tour. (Photo: Kimberly Shadduck).

No one passing through Picardie can ignore the many memorials and war cemeteries, reminding that a war had been fought to end all wars. The poppies still blew and the larks, no longer compelled to be brave, sang high above and it was impossible to conceive the contrast between the landscapes of war and peace.

Rendezvous was at Fère en Tardenois, deep in the heart of Champagne, a château requisitioned for its exquisite setting dominated by a castle ruined by revolution and war. Excellent champagne flowed and new recruits were welcomed with great warmth by all.

Forays were undertaken to the nearby city of Reims but the highlight of this pause in the advance was a visit to Champagne Chauvet where 27 Rolls-Royces and their occupants were welcomed as liberators. Jean-François Paillard-Chauvet led our exploration of the underground labyrinths. Here some of the wine was kept and protected during World War II from occupying troops by entombing parts of the subterranean burrows.

Two cars at rest at Château de Fère. Front: Bill Johnston and Ronda Strykers’ 1923 Ghost 23EM. Rear: Ron and Nanette Elenbaas’ 1911 Ghost 1676. (Photo: Kimberly Shadduck).





Another shot at Château de Fère en Tardenois; the Elenbaas and Johnson Ghosts joined on the right by Ilkka Brotherus' 1931 Phantom II. (Photo: Ilkka Brotherus).

Doug Magee celebrated his birthday and Murray and Ann Grant their 42nd wedding anniversary as Euro-fighters buzzed low thus saluting an event characterised by generosity and sincere friendship. The buffet provided was sumptuous, above and way beyond the call of duty. Al fresco dining, a rarity in England, was a joy in itself.

On departure, each car was bequeathed its own special gift of their finest champagne. We remain in their debt. Our time at Champagne Chauvet clarified the distinction such trips offer between visiting as a tourist and being welcomed as honoured guests and sincere friends who share the same passions.

The Ossuary of Navarin honours the armies of Champagne (of which four were American divisions) where Quentin Roosevelt, son of the American president is buried. A reminder of the debt owed by the Old World to the New.

Such sites are not easily viewed, static, dignified, pristine and impossible to associate the grim realities of war with the immaculate array of gravestones. Although such places tell of the how, where and when we had to remind ourselves what was under our feet and to question the why.

Return to Fère en Tardenois was accompanied by some backfiring. Suspect 'fuel' taken on board at our accommodation was deemed the culprit. Amazingly the malady seemed also to affect the cars which could be heard early in the morning getting going in 'fits and starts'. I have to admit, a spoonerism did then come to my mind, in light of the ongoing internal combustion problems. One private was reprimanded for suggesting this part of the campaign should be renamed Château des Squits, but the wag was immediately told to behave and given another glass of champagne.

We were all soon thankfully recovered and having paid homage to the great Dom Perignon at Hautvillers.

Lost in pronunciation!

The full schedule did afford time for the odd beer. Our hostess duly arrived:

"Qu'aimeriez-vous boire"? Oh, "Une grande bière pression s'il vous plaît", having glimpsed at Google translate in anticipation.

"In a can"?

"Err, no a draught beer: pression" the last word said in my poor, but best, French accent

"Yeez Ein A Can!?" she said with a little more emphasis and, to be honest, just a tad annoyed...

Wishing to avoid a diplomatic incident I had to think quickly... and suddenly the penny dropped:

"Heineken! Oh yes please!"



Teamwork! Clive Lloyd and Karl Reitz working together on Clive's 1909 Roi-des-Belges Ghost 1179..

To Burgundy...

...through tree lined avenues originally planted on the orders of Napoleon to provide shade for his troops. 250 years later, our cars were grateful for his foresight. Partisan activity was evident where misdirection was attempted by inverted road signs. Additional impediments were the wretched gendarmes couchés, who, whilst asleep on duty, were nevertheless effective in slowing our advance to a walking pace. Those foolish enough to ignore their presence were greeted with loud grating noises, unwise, as after John's warnings about French policemen's fastidious enforcement of the rules, they were best left endormis.

Priorité à droit also required particular attention. In certain instances, traffic approaching from the right on minor roads has priority over faster traffic on main roads. Dancing the 'Hokey Cokey' with traffic

approaching from the right is not for the faint hearted: left in, right out?... It could shake you all about! This was especially true when the signs are sporadic and your *Hokey Cokey* partner is a juggernaut.

But, despite these issues, driving the D roads of France was a joy. Little traffic, strange-looking tractors on stilts, vineyards, a leisurely pace to take in what passed more slowly, the scents, sounds, sleepy deserted villages, the vines and a feeling of bliss compared to the frustrations of driving in England.

As we neared Château De Chailly the author narrowly escaped severe reprimand and a spell in solitary for negligent discharge of his duty to ensure Roxy's tyres were inflated sufficiently. 35 PSI just didn't cut it, well it did actually, because one of our inner tubes was left in ribbons. It had to be 55 psi. We briefly F2P but fortunately Roy came to the rescue in no time at all. The wheel was changed and off we went. But then the spare we had put on also deflated (even more than my ego). But again, Roy came, saw and conquered, having borrowed a wheel from Caesar (Peier Caesar that is!).

At this point it seems appropriate to acknowledge the contribution that our co-drivers offer, often wives but sometimes friends or relatives. In 1940 Churchill instigated the LRDG (Long range desert group) in 1940 made up of energetic, innovative, self-reliant, physically and mentally tough volunteers. Perhaps the 20-GC could instigate the LSWG (Long suffering wives group) as certain similarities do exist with recruits soldiering on in discomfort and suffering abuse for any minor navigational errors. They do Sterling work and are necessarily SASsy and as one such member remarked ironically, "*when they're good, they're very, very good, but when they're not, they're terrible*". Although she was talking about the Rolls-Royce PIII, at least I think she was.

Château de la Créé was another al fresco delight. Our glasses exuded passion and it seemed almost surreal to be drinking the finest wines as honoured guests in the heart of Burgundy. My only regret, and that of many drivers, was our enforced discipline to limit consumption. Unsurprisingly our cars felt no such compunction as they glided past the poppies. Neither, I might add, did some of the navigators!

Adrian and Catherine Dickens at Château de Chailly with their glorious 1937 Phantom III Barker Sedan de Ville 3BU176. (Photo: Kimberly Shaddock).



Your author, Charles Cole, putting on the town cap.



Jane Forbes at Château de la Créé. (Photo: Kimberly Shaddock).



Monique Howitt at Champagne Chauvet with 1929 20HP GFN39 Hooper DHC.

and so to...

The Côte... and Le Beau Rivage for one night where Fokko had organised a gastronomic extravaganza in an idyllic setting on the banks of the Rhone. Another surreal moment.

The Duck!

As if two flat tyres wasn't enough, a duck was heard quacking as we left Le Beau Rivage. Quietly at first, but louder and louder. It seemed to be nesting in our rear left wheel. Quack, Quack. You guessed it: the wheel was loose! I had tightened it really well after our punctures - yes - but on the ground. We re-tightened the wheel and the duck miraculously flew away, happily in the direction of nearby Orange! Without exception, all the garagistes we encountered were kind, helpful, interested, entirely unable to speak any English, and refused payment in all instances. It's experiences such as this that sink into the soul and make one happy.

Les Joyaux de Provence

Château de Montcaud was the setting for our last destination, A band played, medals were awarded

and joy emanated from every frog in the pond! Must have been that time of year.

Provence is peppered with pretty villes et villages, such places '*as dreams are made on*'.

Uzès: Light aires, heady with jasmine, shady cobbled squares contrasting bright medieval convoluted ruelles of rough cut limestone, where cornflower blue paint peels off sun bleached doors and shutters amid random self-sown blooms rambling at will, all under an unblemished sapphire sky. Gigondas was another where the 20-GC engulfed the town square and were warmly welcomed.

At the Famille Perrin maison in Gigondas, we toasted Murray's birthday with a selection of their finest vintages of Beaucastel and Les Clos des Tourelles.

We visited nearby Avignon and as we left the garage we made it under the height restrictor with zero clearance. We had been instructed to speak the passcode into the microphone to exit, and having approached the barrier I found I had

forgotten the given code. I tried '*open-sesame*', that didn't work. My exasperated co-pilot and navigator (apparently, I don't listen?) told me to use the words "*Rolls-Royce*." Magic! The barrier lifted. Oh what entrees (and exits!) these cars afford; in fact the two words Rolls-Royce worked for the entire trip.

Monks and nuns

Now look, I didn't make this up. The roofs of many Provençal buildings are topped with Monks and Nuns, it is a fact. Apparently they were originally moulded on someone's thigh, whose we don't know but what we do know is that the monks are on top and the nuns underneath. Perhaps a lapsed missionary named them following a night on the tiles. You'd think they'd be a bit more discreet but you do have to admire their stamina. They've been at it for centuries in flagrante, hidden in plain sight!

Les vins

We tasted many excellent wines, those with legs that could make you legless or those with so long a finish you couldn't remember where you started. However, it seemed a crime to tip even very small amounts into the crachoir given the passion instilled in every drop.

Wine tasting at the Famille Perrin maison, Gigondas, 17 June.





We were treated, spoiled rotten, to use my Mum's phrase, and indulged. I have to say, we really rather liked it!

We were reminded that viticulture - the art and science of growing grapes- is only part of the story. Vinification makes the wine and both are required to fill the bottle. There is of course the addition of vitrification which happens to your eyeballs if you over-indulge. At each château their commitment to produce the wine apogee was infectious. Maintaining the terroir is vital and so mainly organic. Ingenious additives to the soil are used to enhance the flavour, including the burial of cow horns filled with manure and herbs. Quite how this is transmuted into notes of blackcurrant, apricot and raspberry was not disclosed.

Wine, we were told, is about tradition and romance: popping the cork, the 'sniff' by the sommelier, the first tasting and then pouring for real. All add to the occasion but the real focus is the size of the bottle, just enough for a couple to share and retire gracefully. Flavours and food pairing play their part but the time taken to drink provides the space for reflection, whether this is merely on the events of the day or, more broadly, on a life lived well. The effects produce a feeling that all is not as bad as we thought. No other beverage delivers la joie de vivre with such elegance.

Les Bâtiments historiques

Sir John Stuttard had thoroughly researched the points of interest en route to Provence. It is not possible to recount them all here and so may I suggest that if any wish to know details, please refer to the route book available on the club website. Many towns bore the scars of war, and in Champagne particularly from both world wars. Others, such as Le Palais

des Papes in Avignon bore the marks of revolution and subsequent misuse and neglect once the French Papacy ended in 1376. Charles Dickens visited and describes his guide as a "*she-devil with flashing black eyes who glories in the gory past when the building was used as a torture chamber.*" Happily our guide was rather less terrifying!

French églises seemed somewhat darker than their English counterparts. Upon entry, one is met with immediate respite from heat with the cool dark interiors enhancing the votive candles. Perhaps this explains the lack of windows.

Les vignettes

In the evening of each day, Sir John attempted to bring the troops to order, initially with little success. (debrief and briefing for the next day). However, resourceful as ever, he recruited the appropriately named Ronda (a name with Welsh origins meaning "*good spear*") who could produce a whistle which pierced the air just like a spear! Ronda's wolf-whistle was entirely at odds with her delicate frame and instantly brought the troops to attention. Had the pitch been a shade higher, there would have been imminent danger of glass shattering. Fortunately, this did not happen and another diplomatic incident narrowly avoided considering it would have resulted in spillage of copious amounts of the finest champagne.

And each evening one of our number provided us all with a short speech on something of interest from the day just done or the day to come. These '*vignettes*' had proved a source of great fun and information on the previous French tour in 2023 and were no less entertaining for all of us.

It is truly challenging to summarise the brilliance and ingenuity of Les Vignettes but, with my heart in my mouth, here is my attempt.

*Surrounded by vineyards and superlative wine
Fittingly a Vignette translates as a Vine
So as we enjoyed our evenings sublime
On the terrace al fresco afore we'd dine
Experts were called, and could thus... opine*

*Suzanne infused us with the joys of champagne
It's a flute, not the glass, was at pains to explain
But our hosts filled them up again and again
Dom Perignon never said that we should refrain!*

*Ken said T.E.Lawrence was an Arab activist
And enrolled Rolls-Royces for his cause to assist,
And did he not call his Ghost "The Blue Mist"
When no such thing from its rear did persist?
Can we assume he was somewhat Brahms and Liszt?*

*Angelika's French Papacy had us all in a spin
With fake news, so cleverly, she'd no hint of a grin
But whom did she refer to when the boot was put in?
Sadly, 'twas another old timer when the knights weighed in
And Pope-what's-his-face bought it, much to the poor man's chagrin!*

*Lesley explained monks of the Cistercian persuasion
(And not wanting to cast any hint of aspersion)
Quoted an old Burgundian guidebook's version,
of their conversion, to doing God's work making wines with assertion,
In beauty spots ...with no hint of aversion!*

*The Narvells were marvels at rhyming rosé
A Framericano double act, or so you might say
Full of wit and inventive, in fact hip hip hooray!
But did John look a plonker in his mauvish Beret?
Non, Jamais!
Quite the opposite, in fact très classé?
And for his old Rollers what would he pay?
Who cares, the LSWG would give them away!!
And what did John say? No way José!*

*And It's Fokko off to a Flying Dutch start, and delivers
Stories of murdering Romans, but who then got the quivers
About Germanic blond maidens bathing naked in rivers
Fokko, it must have been nippy, did those girls have the shivers?*

*When Mont Ventoux in our sights did appear
Steve told us of an up-cycling cavalier
Twas Simpson the Olympian in his jaune lycra gear
Who died using amphetamine to help persevere
The steep incline when the pain was severe
Crystal clear then, one to the rules must adhere!
Especially when he keeled over, oh, so near!*



Checking the sediment.
(Photo: Kimberly Shadduck).



Bill and Ronda allowing their Ghost opportunity for extra engine cooling!

The Last night

On our final evening, the “Compagnie Côte du Rhône Gardoise” charmingly quizzed Ken, Suzanne and Fokko in their appreciation of their finest vintages. There was an audible sigh of relief when each participant gave the correct answers and each was awarded a medal.

With unanimous acclamation Sir John Stuttard was awarded the “Inspiring Greatness” Trophy for his tireless devotion to the 20-GC over many years.

And we also received the great news that Liz Bramall had been awarded the CBE for her work with Terry on their Foundation which addresses a range of needs and objectives based in the Christian faith (Terry received his own CBE back in 2013). Huge congratulations – very well deserved.

So what made it all so special?

Was it the quiet dignity of Monique, the sight of Murray convulsing in laughter with us all as we shared wicked misdemeanours of our youth, or Karl, the tough kind Afrikaaner efficiently providing aid to anyone in need, or watchtower Ron, ensuring all was well. Perhaps it was one of the perceptive ladies, admiring the diversity of the food offered, and wondering if “we



Joie de vivre! Anders Brotherus girlfriend Eea enjoying a Rolls-Royce Motorcar just as it should be enjoyed. 1931 PII AJS261 (first owned by Charlie Chaplin). (Photo: Ilkka Brotherus).



Arnaud Paillard-Chauvet sitting on Shadduck Rolls-Royce with Champagne.

Steve and Phil Wilks.



had all of God's creatures in our stomachs all at once." Was it the LSWG and their tireless support? Or was it John and Lesley, resting not for a moment, making it all happen. No one was left out, there were no square pegs, no flying fish, everyone gelled to make a unique experience bonded by kindness.

Finally, of course it was all over. We said our goodbyes and there was time for a beer and reflection on the events of the past few days. The place was now deserted but the ghosts, phantoms and wraiths still echoed, laughing, chatting with bonhomie par excellence, enjoying the steady hum of a superbly designed machine manufactured by Sir John Stuttard, with the aid of Charles Rolls and Henry Royce.

Epilogue

It is quite impossible to encapsulate an event such as this, especially where

space is limited. Superlatives lose their power if overused but it is fair to say that, without exception, each and every one of us had a thoroughly enjoyable time, characterised by kindness and good humour, the essential ingredients of good company.

Occasionally above, I have used military terms to punctuate the narrative inspired by the date most of us crossed to France (6th June). However, whilst military operations have attention to detail they must also be cold and calculating. This tour, on the other hand, was full of warmth, generosity and an earnest wish everyone should have the best time.

Finishing as I started I must express sincere thanks to Alex Macpherson for "insisting" that we went to Provence. Without her suggestion we might never have driven Roxy over a 1000 miles to Provence and missed one of the most memorable experiences of our lives.

Cars parked at Clos de Vougeot.



For the man who truly understood the “English Country Lane.”

Tom and Mary Jo Heckman tell of a wonderful tour and sweet memories

“**T**here is no path I’d rather roam, than these narrow lanes about my home, to leave my troubles, far behind, as I follow its track to places kind.” Tim Forrest (1943-2019) like poet Chris Plows in *The English Country Lane*, loved to drive on the bucolic and challenging English lanes in the Surrey and Sussex countryside that surrounded his home in the village of Chiddingfold.

This rally, situated in Tim’s home counties, was conceived by family and friends to honour him and his service to the 20-Ghost Club spanning more than 30 years. As well as being chairman of the club from 2003 to 2009 Tim also organized many rallies, with combinations of rigorous and relaxed country driving always coupled with warm hospitality at the day’s end. Our happy task, during a few glorious days in July, was to remember Tim as we travelled some of his favourite roads; a great friend who both in life and on the road rarely, if ever, “missed a shift!”

And so it was that the Tim Forrest Memorial Rally and Concours, opened with a festive cocktail hour and delicious dinner at the charming Barnett Hill Hotel near Guildford, hosted by the gracious Maurice Whitaker. Maurice did a fantastic job on the hospitality for the entire event. He had place cards for all three splashy sit-down dinners with participants’ names and food orders ranging from prawns to sticky toffee pudding! As if he thought his 20-Ghost Club tourists would not remember what they ordered! As always, delicious wine was included for all the dinners, and members manned up to do their very best to consume all their pre-paid libations!

Steve Wilks was first to arrive at Polesden Lacey in 1934 20/25 GWE53. (Photo: National Trust).

There was a grand mix of the old guard and newer members who came out for this mini-rally. Alongside club stalwarts the next generation were well represented: James Banks, son of Clayton and Helen as well as Jonathan and Sarah Wood and, of course, Katie and Teddy Forrest Towers. It was refreshing to have three drivers under the age of fifty during the Thursday rally day! Perhaps shorter two-day events are easier for work and family schedules? Food for thought as we go forward with future activities!

Thursday dawned bright and sunny, and Katie and Teddy accompanied by five-month old baby Freddie (Freddie didn't drive on this occasion!) led us bravely forward on very narrow lanes, driving "Nellie," their 1912 original bodied Barker Torpedo Tourer. Our jaunt through gorgeous countryside included a stop at Cowdray famed for its polo field (Tim was a regular spectator) together with a very good farm shop, then to the Welldiggers Arms near historic Petworth for lunch. In the afternoon we drove on to Whithurst Park which owner Richard Taylor (an old Forrest family friend) had opened especially for us; a truly stunning walled garden.

Dinner, that night, included more arrivals and was an evening full of laughter. We were all delighted to see Susie Forrest, Tim's wife, looking lovely and in fine form. As many of you know, she faithfully and loyally served the 20-Ghost Club for many years, most notably working on the club's Annual Dinner and Trophy Award night for several decades.

Friday's concours included 1933 Phantom II 90PY as the star of the show, which had travelled from Denmark to participate and we all enjoyed meeting Finn and Karen Randrup owners of this car. This particular Phantom II was originally owned by Dame Maggie Greville, chatelaine of the spectacular Edwardian home, Polesden Lacey, the site of our Friday concours event. The English weather was bright and sunny, and dare we say a bit of a scorcher heat wise!



The Forrest family were in top form seen here including family member Nellie the 1912 Silver Ghost which won 'Ladies Choice.' (Photo: Andrew xxxx).



One of the line ups at the hotel. (Photo: Johnnie Gallop).

1924 Silver Ghost 22LM, Owned by Nick Whitaker and driven by tour coordinator Maurice Whitaker. (Photo: National Trust).



Sir John Stuttard, although not in attendance, had undertaken a fascinating and thorough write-up on the history of Phantom 90PY and on Dame Maggie Greville for our tour book. It spurred us on to learn more and Wikipedia nods to a rather delicious and controversial reputation! Dame Maggie left her large and impressive collection of jewellery to Queen Elizabeth, later the Queen Mother who described Dame Maggie as "so kind, so amusingly unkind, so sharp, such fun, so naughty, all together a real person, a character..." However Sir Cecil Beaton was rather less generous, but we digress!

The National Trust staff at Polesden Lacey were amazing and treated us, and especially our cars, as stars for the entire day. House contents included fantastic collections of Chinese porcelain, Italian majolica, original furniture, magnificent artwork and more. We were particularly enchanted with the collection of Fabergé and Cartier trinkets, gifts to Dame Maggie from various house guests!

We were all very happy to see Susie Forrest again on Friday afternoon at Polesden Lacey surrounded by her daughters Erica and Katie, sons-in-law and her three grandchildren. It made for a very heartwarming and pretty picture in front of Nellie!

The Concours day at Polesden Lacey was really something special; an amazing array of top-flight 20-GC motors, a fabulous setting, a great welcome from the National Trust team, superb judging by Jonathan Wood, and excellent weather! (Photo: Steve Wilks).



But I must also comment on the sheer quality of the 20-Ghost line up outside the house. The concours competition was as hot as the scorching weather. Jonathan Wood, aided by Maurice undertook the rigorous judging. At the end there were three extremely worthy winners:

The Large Horsepower Trophy: Tim Maltin for 1932 PII Sports Saloon 66GX Reg GP-55.

The Small Horsepower Trophy: George Howitt for 1939 Wraith Drophead WHC31 Reg GGF-926.

The Ladies Choice: Katie Forrest Towers 1912 Silver Ghost Torpedo Phaeton 2154 Reg R-1489.

Tim and George were most worthy winners but, of course, the biggest cheer was for Katie and Nellie and the entire Forrest family – a great afternoon.

That evening a traditional final dinner, with complimentary champagne to start and scintillating conversation throughout with more awards and thanks.

It was, all in all, a truly marvellous few days. And at the close, it felt as though dear Tim Forrest had been with us in spirit throughout and had lapped up every minute of joy.

Return of the prodigal

A tale by Cassandra, who was cursed by the gods with a gift of prophecies that nobody would believe



In 1993 I bought a worn out 25/30 from Real Car, in part-ex for my Silver Shadow. The purchase was my first foray into the arcane world of pre-war motoring, but the car grew on me slowly and I kept it for 25 years, lavishing every spare penny on its rejuvenation. Restoration included an engine and transmission overhaul, with re-nitrided crank and new Hall's metal shells. Later came a glass out repaint to Rolls-Royce standards, as well as a myriad small repairs and revitalising that encompassed, for example, the re-chroming of almost every plated component on the car, a comprehensive rewire with correct Ross-Courtney materials, fitting a Laycock de Normanville overdrive, calorstat overhaul, rear springs ret tempering, complete new exhaust system. Et cetera...

However, there remained a fundamental fault with the braking system. It is beyond my technical knowledge but, essentially, wear in the front cross-tube caused the brakes to make loud graunching noises even though efficiency was unimpaired. Coupled with that was a general untightness, if I may put it that way, of the front suspension so that potholes had to be approached with extreme care if embarrassing clunks and bumps from underneath were to be avoided. I was well aware of all this but tolerated it, taking the view that the Rolls-Royce was an old car with relatively crude underpinnings that inevitably protested loudly over uneven road surfaces

Neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son.

About ten years ago I bit the bullet and submitted the car to a well-known specialist to have the cross-tube attended to and the suspension systems restored to original, unworn, condition. The company I chose had been much respected when run by its founder. Unbeknown to me, he had recently retired and turned the business over to his son. Like





£30,000+. The market in pre-war Rolls-Royce cars, particularly ‘small horsepower’ (that patronising put down) models has crashed spectacularly in the past decade. Real Car Co told me the reasons are fivefold, in no particular order: anticipation of electric cars, fear of petrol scarcity, the pandemic, increasing average age of owners, decreasing availability of reliable expertise. In these terms, the current resale value of the 25/30 did not even match the cost of the necessary work to bring the car back to Rolls-Royce standards.

Weep sore for him that goeth away.

All of the above led me to the decision not to proceed with the brake and suspension work but, instead, to offer my 25/30 for sale.

It was placed for sale initially with one of the country’s most well-known, flamboyant and successful R-R dealers – Vintage & Prestige – at a realistic price. Three months elapsed with not a

scintilla of interest. I took the car back and, out of the blue, an auctioneer friend offered a derisory sum. I accepted his bid reluctantly and bade a really sad farewell to my old friend of a quarter of a century.

The new owner ran the car himself for a few months, but dealers never keep cars, and he sold it on. I managed to stay in contact and gathered the car was used at a wedding, and then driven from the reception across the channel and deep into France. It was clouted on the front nearside wing by somebody in a French supermarket car park but, happily, the ensuing insurance repair, by P & A Wood, rendered the damage almost imperceptible.

The new owner then treated the car to its long overdue brake and suspension overhaul. He chose a reputable specialist but one, again, afflicted by father and son syndrome. During the course of the work the father had a heart attack and left the business; the son lacked his parent’s technical knowledge. The car’s owner had a major falling out

many similar scenarios, the son was not a technician of the first order and saw more profit in buying and selling old R-Rs than actually servicing and maintaining them: a most unwelcome trait.

On collection I was deeply chagrined to find that, despite an invoice of eye-watering magnitude, the job had not been done. The garage claimed that the wear was ‘not as bad as we thought so it was unnecessary to carry out the repair’. Instead, they had fiddled about with minor issues and the narrative of the invoice actually contained a whole paragraph describing how they had vacuumed the carpet in the rear passenger compartment. I surmised they had avoided the job because it was too complicated.

Thus, the car remained in its worn state. A few months later, a good friend and 20-Ghost Club stalwart with a R-R and B fleet - each vehicle meticulously maintained in factory fresh condition - took me out to lunch in his Windovers 20/25, a standard D-backed limousine from 1934. I was disheartened by how well it went: we drove over some fairly rough roads, but the suspension was pliable, comfortable, and silent. The car performed how mine ought to have.

I decided once more that the time had come to sort out my own problems. I had recently taken the 25/30, for the first time, to an old-established firm, now in the hands of the third generation, conveniently located not too far from my home, to have a new exhaust fitted. The system on mine, in rorty resonating stainless steel, had been fitted in 1968 and the single silencer had lost some baffles (I wonder where the guarantee is?) Anyway, the firm concerned employed two elderly, but brilliant, Crewe-apprenticed mechanics (sadly, one now dead and the other retired in panic to avoid his colleague’s premature fate), who tolerated nothing less than ex-factory standards. They went over my car with the proverbial fine-toothed comb and their bill nearly brought on a stroke. Expensive to start with, I was charged two and a half times the estimate. Notwithstanding, the exhaust system was fitted beautifully, and the car performed much more impressively than hitherto.

I asked the same garage to quote for attending comprehensively to the brake and suspension issues. Their figure was £14,000. Given the exponential premium of 2.5 I had experienced for the exhaust system work I figured that I might be facing a bill of



with a supplier over allegedly wrong parts and unpaid invoices. The episode turned into a disaster with a five-figure sum changing hands but with no paperwork whatsoever to support the work done. The firm went bankrupt and ceased trading. Things went downhill after that when the owner took a holiday in the Peak District national park (where 25/30 prototypes had been road tested by the factory back in the late 1930s). While staying at a caravan site he chanced upon a pre-war Riley 9 sportscar and, on the spur of the moment, traded in the venerable Rolls-Royce.

Alas, the new keeper (perhaps the owner of the caravan site) did not maintain the car in the style to which it had been accustomed. A year or so later the vehicle appeared on a classic car sales website but at an absurdly inflated price. Having missed the car greatly, I engaged a dealer friend to try to buy it as my proxy but after an exchange of emails politely suggesting the asking price was ambitious, a message came back which clearly ended that line of negotiation. A few months later the car turned up once more, this time on the inventory of an old-established marque specialist, and at a more realistic figure. I managed to buy the car, sight unseen. I paid quite a lot more than I had received on sale, albeit knowing major work had been done in the interim.

I will arise and go to my father.

The 25/30 was duly delivered to my home on a low loader but would not start. The engine compartment, formerly clean and tidy during my stewardship, exuded a general air of neglect, showing surface rust everywhere. It was clear that the car had not been used for some time and had almost certainly been stored either outside or in damp conditions. Steve Lovatt at Ristes came to the rescue by supplying

new points, condenser, coil, and distributor cap. Eventually the engine started, very reluctantly but ran suspiciously, in unaccustomed silence. It propelled the car roughly and jerkily when cautiously driven round the block. Further investigation revealed the tappets to be closed up, completely in several cases, and the timing some 8° out. Once these errors were adjusted, the car regained some of its former composure and started to perform correctly. Sigh of relief and all's well that ends well. Not quite.

To my immense disappointment, the same brake noises manifested themselves but with such alarming screams that the car could not be safely driven. Forensic examination of the braking system (rods, of course, on this model) by a qualified mechanical engineer revealed oil on the rear brake shoes caused by dangerously bodged repairs to the rear hubs and drain assemblies. A lengthy (= expensive) brake overhaul was carried out with the engineer reporting that '80%' of his work was devoted to correcting wrongly fitted seals and improperly built mechanics. At last the problems were put right and the car once again runs safely and satisfyingly, more in the manner of its makers' intentions.

This thy brother was lost and is found.

The selling and buying back of this car has been a painful experience. Far better that it had never left the safe and warm confines of my garage than be trafficked into the wider world and cruelly abused. Like the prodigal son, it is back home now and will stay here. Never to have embarked on this ill-fated exercise in the first place would have rendered life - what do they say on the Continent? - sans souci. My advice to those thinking of selling off the family silver: don't.





Tales of the unexpected

“...my car won’t start...”

Number 93 of many from the NCCC (North Curry Cardiac Creche)
Michael Joy, OBE, MD, FRCP, FACC, FESC, FRAeS

Prologue: Everyone has suffered this maddening experience, usually before a trip to the continent. Management strategies span finding the chauffeur on his day off, sending for the AA, priming the AutoVac or hunting for sparks by faux electrocution. This account tells of an unusual reason for failure to proceed.

Propositus: 1927 Rolls-Royce Phantom 1 doctor’s (in this case: cardiologist’s) coupe 74RF (VF-1700). VF is, by the way, an acronym for ventricular fibrillation: the rhythm of the dying heart. Its rate may be as fast as 1700 beats/minute, too.

PH and SH: Past and social history. The car was exported to the USA in 1960, returning 60 years later. During the last 50 years of its exile it lay derelict in a barn in Wisconsin, home to at least six generations of mice and one frog. The car, repatriated to the UK in December 2019, underwent a three-year ground up restoration in North Curry. It involved 2,500 hours of personal input - OT (occupational therapy) during the Covid epidemic. Almost everything had seized, was corroded or had fallen off. [Ed: do have a re-read of Michael’s previous article *Issue 68*, p48]

History of the present condition (HPC): At the time of the stoppage the car had completed some 3,000 miles following its rebuild and the engine was considered run-in. One day it was parked in the short narrow garage built for a Deux Chevaux when on pressing the starter button, the motor whirred but did not engage.

Explanatory engineering notes: For the owners of those four-wheeled gold-plated cheque books, there are various mechanisms for starting a car all of which involve turning the engine slowly at high torque.

Those with a Silver Ghost will be familiar with hand cranking the engine to fill the cylinders with “mixture”, leaving a piston at TDC (Top Dead Centre), following which the trembler coil (which emits a continuous spark) is switched on. A Colles fracture of the wrist is a potential complication.

Pedestrian amongst electric starters is the Bendix system in which a toothed gear ring circumferentially mounted on the flywheel is engaged by a small free-running cogwheel (dog) on the coarse splined starter motor shaft. Inertia takes it at high speed to crash into the ring gear; until it wears out. A variant is the Bosch system in which the dog is drawn in electromagnetically rather than finding its own way there.

Rolls-Royce, with its burgeoning quest for complexity, in the Phantom 1 has the starter motor connected to the layshaft in the gearbox by an electromagnetic clutch. The design involves a relay with sequential (carbon followed by copper) contact to avoid flash-over. This has to be person enough to operate both the actuator and the motor itself – lots and lots of lovely amperes (and volts) leading to lots of wellie to the crankshaft.

Almost unbelievably the starter button on the floor has the same design – its job is to activate the relay which closes the clutch which connects the starter which rotates the engine in the chassis that Henry built. It is a miniature of the relay itself with carbon and copper contacts operating sequentially.

Diagnostic process:

1. The foot button caused the motor to turn, ergo there was some power available and the motor appeared operational.
2. Hand manipulation of the layshaft clutch engaged the shaft suggesting that the mechanism was intact.
3. A flying lead between the battery and the magnetic clutch terminal indicated that the clutch was capable of working correctly, given power.
4. Hand manipulation of the relay turned the starter motor but the clutch did not engage suggesting that there was not power for both.
5. Disembowelling the floor switch revealed that the spring-loaded button pressed on a lever via a composition peg which engaged first the carbon contact, then the copper contact.
6. Comparison with the appearance of a broken spare switch (from a dump in Weymouth 60 years ago – never throw anything away) revealed that the peg which depressed the lever assembly was 1mm shorter in the car than in the spare; this was due to distortion.
7. The effect was to make carbon, but not the copper, contact denying delivery of a load to the actuator relay.

Prescription (Px): A 1mm brass washer was inserted between the peg and the foot button. Care needed to be taken not to make the peg too long - this would have caused both terminals to strike at once and create arcing.

Outcome: The modification allowed the carbon and copper contacts to operate sequentially, restoring teamwork.

Epilogue: The engine turned happily ever after.



Sir Winston Churchill and Rolls-Royce



On 15th March 2025, the 20-Ghost Club will hold its Annual Dinner and AGM at Trinity College, Cambridge, organised by John Snook and Mary Narvell. They will be writing to members in due course with details of the events planned.

In the meantime, Sir John Stuttard, as a graduate and former by-fellow of Churchill College and its Møller Institute, and as a Patron of the Churchill Archives Centre, tells us about Sir Winston's involvement with Rolls-Royce.

Winston Churchill (1874-1965) was born at Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire of rich, aristocratic ancestry. His early fascination with the military led him to Sandhurst and then to join the 4th Hussars, a cavalry regiment. As a soldier and part-time journalist, he travelled widely, including the Sudan, where he fought in 1898 with the 21st Lancers at the Battle of Omdurman, in the last great British cavalry charge. He also served in the Boer War in South Africa.

He became a politician in 1900, at the age of 25, when he was elected Conservative MP for Oldham, before defecting to the Liberal Party in 1904 and climbing the ranks of the Liberal Government. His interest and experience in the Armed Forces led to his appointment in 1911 as

First Lord of the Admiralty (the civil/political head of the Royal Navy). He oversaw the disastrous WWI Gallipoli campaign after which he was demoted to Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He resigned from the Government in November 1915 and then served on the Western Front with the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Churchill always had an interest in science and engineering. As an influential Minister in the First World War, he encouraged the development and use of both the armoured car and the tank. Speaking at Harvard in 1943 on *Anglo-American Unity*, he said: 'Man has parted company with his trusty friend the horse, and has sailed into the azure with the eagles - eagles being represented by the infernal - I mean internal - combustion engine'.

Rolls-Royce Armoured Cars

While in his Naval Ministerial role, in September 1914 Churchill formed the Royal Naval Armoured Car Division of which Rolls-Royce and Lanchester cars formed the majority of the armoured vehicles. The initiative for this came from the enterprising, even piratical, Air Commander Charles Rumney Samson of the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS), who wished to further the Service's reconnaissance role and to rescue downed pilots. After initially using Wolseley and Talbot chassis, Samson announced that 'Rolls-Royces proved by far the most reliable and suitable'. In September 1914 all available Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost chassis at Derby were requisitioned to form the basis of the new armoured car initiative.



6LB - Rolls-Royce Armoured Car

This caught the public's imagination and the Duke of Westminster raised and commanded the 2nd Squadron of 12 vehicles. The Squadrons were deployed in East Anglia (for fear of a naval invasion over the North Sea), Belgium and France (until trenches hindered their effectiveness), the German colonies in Africa, and then in the Middle East.

In 1915, the Russian Armoured Car Division, RNAS, which owed its existence to Churchill, was sent to Russia to fight in the Caucasus under the command of Commander Oliver Stillingfleet Locker-Lampson. See photo above of 1914 SG (6LB) which was part of this division in Galicia in 1917. 6LB was first owned by the buccaneering James Radley, bodied as a Tourer.

Churchill's first motor car, in 1901, was a French Mors, which he owned until 1906. His next car, in 1911, was a Napier 15HP Landaulette, which was sold by 1917, when Churchill was brought back into Government by Lloyd George and made Minister of Munitions. From then he mainly used government cars and, until mid-1919, a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost was loaned by his friend 'Bendor', the Duke of Westminster, one of 17 Silver Ghosts which His Grace owned. The car clearly impressed him.

1920 Silver Ghost (60AE) Barker Cabriolet

After WWI, Churchill continued his political career as a Liberal MP and he also wrote. In November 1920, he engaged his literary agent Curtis Brown to negotiate the sale of his First World War memoirs. With the first advance payment of £5,000, Churchill bought a new Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost (60AE) Barker Cabriolet for £2,602

After the purchase, knowing how accident-prone Churchill was with cars, his wife, Clemmie, wrote to him saying how thrilled she was about the car, adding *'Please get it insured at once before you ever get into it.'*

But 1921 was a difficult year for Churchill with the deaths of Clementine's brother, Winston's mother and their two-year old daughter Marigold. After Marigold's funeral he said that the car reminded him too much of his daughter and he sold it to his aunt, Lady Wimborne, for some £150 less than he had paid for it. 60AE is the only Rolls-Royce which Churchill owned, although many Rolls-Royce cars (described below) have subsequently been ascribed to him.

For many years, 60AE has been in the proud possession of two 20-Ghost Club members, William & David Corbett. Both brothers, with their wives, Clare and Penny, have participated in club tours and events in the UK and in Europe, including the re-enactment of the Austrian Alpine Trial in 2013. 60AE now bears a Woodall Nicholson Tourer body and carries the registration number 79-FLY.

After Churchill sold his Silver Ghost, there was a hiatus while he borrowed and then bought a succession of Wolseleys – five of them in total. Churchill's daughter Sarah later recalled her father driving the three eldest children from their house in Sussex Square to look at a country estate called Chartwell. *'We were all so excited when we set off for home that my father couldn't make the car start. Help was solicited and an amazing number of people helped to push the Wolseley about a quarter of a mile along a slight incline so that we could have the benefit of the subsequent decline to start the reluctant engine. I noticed the people helping were very red in the face, but ours were redder still when it was discovered that the ignition was off and the brake on.'*

Churchill later owned Austin, Daimler and Morris cars and he is also reported as saying that the Humber Pullman was the only car that he felt he could 'stretch out in' and was less ostentatious than the Rolls-Royce. But that didn't prevent him from being chauffeured in a Rolls-Royce when the opportunity presented itself – and this occurred frequently.



1934 20/25 (GSF18) Thrupp & Maberly Limousine

This car was delivered in April 1935 to Mrs Howard (Alice) Martin of Heathfield, Sussex. It was registered NJ-5500 by the Country Council of East Sussex. It has been alleged that Churchill acquired the car for his personal use and for his chauffeur, Frank (Joe) Jenner, who ran a taxi business at Westerham, Kent to use as he wished on other occasions. But, according to the historian and author, Richard Langworth, Jenner is reported as saying that he (Jenner) bought the car because Sir Winston hankered after another Rolls-Royce, recalling the pleasure given him by 60AE. From the mid-1950s, GSF18 was frequently hired by Churchill from Jenner, who advised that Churchill made his last journey from Chartwell to London in the car, in October 1964. He died in London three months later. Today, GSF18 is hired out as a wedding car.

60AE - 1920 Silver Ghost Woodall Nicholson Tourer owned by William and David Corbett on the Alpine 2013.

1934 20/25 GSF18 in recent times.



1935 20/25 (GBJ21) Salmons Tickford Silver Jubilee Cabriolet

Another Rolls-Royce 20/25 in which Churchill was photographed is an attractive 1935 Salmons Tickford Cabriolet, which was suitable for crowd appearances in fine weather. This model was built to special order, celebrating the Silver Jubilee of King George V. GBJ21 was sold to its first owner, B Wragg, by Essam & Hewson, motor agents of Sheffield.



GBJ21 20/25 with Churchill (picture Tom Clarke collection).

1936 Phantom III (3AZ186) Freestone & Webb Touring Limousine

This stunning Phantom III was definitely NOT owned by Churchill. Its first owner was Frederick Wilcock, the Managing Director of the British Talbot Motor Company. In November 1943, 3AZ186 was requisitioned by the Ministry of War Transport for use by General Montgomery as his chauffeur-driven staff car. Mr Wilcock accepted this, on condition that the car should not cross the Channel because he did not want it blown up or shot at. Monty used the Phantom to commute from his home in Virginia Water, Surrey to London and also while he was based at Southwick House near Portsmouth during the months leading up to the D-Day invasion of Europe. HM King George VI, Supreme Commander Allied Expeditionary Forces General Eisenhower, and Prime Minister Winston Churchill were all driven in this car to the secret D-Day planning meetings at Southwick House. Allegedly, an electric cigar lighter was installed in the rear compartment for Winston's use and is still in place today. Unfortunately, Mr Wilcock's plan to preserve his Rolls-Royce backfired on him. After D-Day the Phantom was reassigned to the Chief of Staff of the United States Army Air Force, General Carl Spaatz, and an American fuel tanker backed into it causing some damage, long since repaired.



A recent shot of Phantom III 3AZ186.



1939 Wraith WHC43.

1939 Wraith (WHC43) Windovers Limousine

This Wraith was originally sold to the Maharaja of Gwalior in February 1942, but the order was cancelled in August 1942, probably because of wartime shipping risks. The car remained in storage until sold to the Ministry of War Transport for the express use of Montgomery and delivered on 26th May 1944. On 9th June 1944, just three days after the invasion, WHC43 and Monty's second Wraith (WMB40) were offloaded at Juno Beach.

Soon after the D-Day landings, Churchill could not be held back, and he visited Normandy on 12th June and again on 21st July 1944. When the Rhine was crossed by the 21st Army Group, Churchill drove with Monty in WHC43 in March 1945 to see the newly captured Siegfried Line defences and the devastated city of Wesel.

Churchill, Monty and WHC43 on 25th March 1945 (picture Pathé via Tom Clarke collection).





Silver Wraith WZB29 left and also shown on page 48 (pictures Tom Clarke collection).

1947 Silver Wraith (WZB29) Park Ward Limousine

This Silver Wraith was first owned by Baron Louis-Marie-Charles-Adolphe Vanderheiden and, on his death in 1952, it was acquired by Emery Reves, the Hungarian born journalist and publisher who moved to New York. There, he made a fortune by negotiating with publishers the publication rights to the memoirs of great war leaders such as Montgomery, Eisenhower and, of course, Churchill. He acquired the villa La Pausa in Roquebrune in the South of France, formerly owned by Coco Chanel. He frequently invited his friend Winston Churchill to spend his holidays at the house. Amongst other guests, Konrad Adenauer, Greta Garbo, Aristoteles Onassis, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace from Monaco and the Duke of Windsor were frequently seen at La Pausa, where WZB29 provided a most fitting means of transport.

When owned by the US publisher Emery Reves, WZB29 was used by Churchill on many occasions including during his golden wedding anniversary celebrations. It was a key mode of transportation for Churchill during his visits to Reves’ residence in the south of France.

The Churchill Archives Centre

Built in 1973 to house the papers of Sir Winston Churchill and his contemporaries, the centre has grown to include over 600 collections from key political, scientific, military, and literary figures, including Margaret Thatcher, Ernest Bevin, and John Major. The archives are a vital resource for researchers, historians, and authors, and their collections have helped to deepen understanding of modern British history.

During The 20-Ghost Club’s visit to Cambridge in 2025, members will be welcomed to the Churchill Archives Centre and able to view some of the thousands of Churchill archives such as wartime speeches and photographs of meetings with wartime leaders.



*Friendship during dark days.
Roosevelt and Churchill on the
quarterdeck of HMS Prince of Wales
during the Atlantic Conference 10
August 1941.*

Churchill College was founded in August 1960. It was the result of two independent schemes. In 1949 Winston Churchill visited Massachusetts Institute of Technology and expressed a hope that a similar institution could be created in Britain. Separately, several leading British industrialists had been meeting at the London headquarters of Shell Petroleum since 1950 to discuss the need for training advanced manpower in the sciences and engineering. The College is a national and Commonwealth memorial to Winston Churchill.



The Churchill Archives Centre.

The Møller Institute was created with a donation to Churchill College from a foundation established by the Danish shipping magnate Mærsk Mc-Kinney Møller, in memory of Sir Winston Churchill’s leadership during World War II, and in view of the College’s tradition of excellence in science, technology, engineering and mathematics.

In preparing this article, I am grateful for advice and photos from Tom Clarke, automotive researcher and author; having reference to and quoting from an article *Blood, Sweat & Gears* by Richard M Langworth, CBE, historian and author, published in *The Automobile* in August 2016 (<https://richardlangworth.com/cars-churchill-blood-sweat-gears>); and information from Churchill Papers, the Churchill Archives Centre, Churchill College, Cambridge. Photographs have also been sourced from Bonhams, the Imperial War Museum (IWM Q 81083) and Pathé News.

Roy O'Sullivan (1959 – 2024)

Obituary by Sir John Stuttard



It is with great sadness that we record the untimely death of Roy Anthony O' Sullivan who died on 28th August 2024, aged 64. Roy was known to many in The 20-Ghost Club as an extraordinarily talented motor engineer who restored pre-War motor cars and who came on many club tours as the tour engineer. For his services to the club and to its members, and for the high regard in which Roy was held, he was made an honorary member of the club in 2017.

Quiet and unassuming, but with a sense of fun and an enjoyment of the ridiculous, no challenge was too great for him. Motors cars which had suffered major or minor problems were restored to life at any time of the day or late at night on hot or rainy days as far apart as Finland, Spain, Poland and Hungary. Nothing was too complicated for him. He made touring on the continent of Europe a stress-free holiday for club members who knew that they could count on Roy to get their car going, whatever the problem, and knew that he would go out of his way to help them. Indeed, helping others was a natural part of his character and his approach, without seeking reward or favour. A beer, or two, in the bar after a long day bringing a car back to full working order, together with companionship, was his own way of appreciating the thanks of grateful owners. He also had a good understanding of people but, in a discreet and quiet way, Roy cared for everyone and their cars with dignity and confidentiality. He was a true professional.



After leaving school, Roy learnt his skills working for Wade-Palmer of the famed Jack O' Lantern Garage (*News & Record* Issue 69) before working for John Tanner, a well known member of the VCC who had established a restoration business. Roy then set up on his own and later moved to Stroud where he lived on a barge. I was introduced to him 30 years ago by club member Peter Golding, who lived close to us in the leafier part of North London. Roy maintained our 1931 Phantom II Continental and our 1934 20/25, joining us on long tours, the first of which was the Peking to Paris Motor Challenge in 1997. He prepared the 20/25, painted FT pink at the request of the Financial Times, so well that the car did not miss a single beat on the 10,000 mile journey across 12 countries and on some of the worst roads in the world. Changing wheels and mending the eight punctures, sometimes in temperatures of over 40 degrees, was his main contribution, together with his friendship and enjoyment of the experience of his first visit to countries outside Europe. We always smiled at his willingness to stand on the running boards of the moving car to smoke a cigarette when, on exhausting long days, we didn't have too many opportunities for a fag stop by the roadside. Then, on one London to Brighton Run, in a back street in Clapham, he took the entire engine out of our 1904 Wolseley, which had seized due to the incompetence of the driver forgetting to turn on the oilers after a brief stop. He soon brought the veteran back to life again. He subsequently helped many 20-Ghost Club members prepare for and complete the London to Brighton Run and the marathon 1,000 Mile Trial of 2000 around Britain, in their veteran cars.

Roy joined us, as supporting engineer, on the RREC's tours of Jordan and Malaysia, in 1999 and 2001 respectively. His first tour with The 20-Ghost Club was the Centenary Tour of France, 20 years ago, in 2004, when he worked on many participants' cars and enjoyed the late nights in the bar with the Duce boys and the Forrest girls. But, bright as a button, he would be on duty the following morning to ensure that his flock of cars departed in good working order. Roy travelled with us on very many tours – the Nordic countries (2012), the Alpine Centenary (2013), Iberia (2017), Prussia (2018), Switzerland (2019), the London to Edinburgh Top Gear Re-enactment Run (2021), Habsburg (2022), Loire & Normandy (2023) and Champagne to Provence (2024). He remarked that joining a club tour was his annual holiday. He loved the company and we loved him.

Roy will be much missed and, at this sad time, we send our condolences to his son Wade, with whom he lived and who cared for him in the months before he died, his daughter, Roxanne, and his four grandchildren.

His admirer and friend, Sir John Stuttard.

Wade O' Sullivan has set up a website to allow us to make donations to Great Oaks Hospice in memory of his father. The details are here: <https://royosullivan.muchloved.com/>

The Last Word

We were heading home from the Dorset Tour (a highly successful few days - with massive thanks to Steve Wilks – a full report by Gervase is coming in the next issue), when we encountered some horse riders coming towards us. We were descending a steep single-track hill as the riders were coming up. There was a layby to the left so I pulled Peabody over and applied the parking brake.

The riders were young and their ponies were skitty. One went past without too much bother, but the other, who was riding and also leading a second horse had a problem. Her horses were obviously scared of the Rolls-Royce. I have encountered this before and it is one of the reasons I pulled over and stopped rather than trying to creep past. Horses seem to be daunted by large chrome radiators perhaps because they can see their reflection (albeit my cars are never that shiny!).

Anyway, the horses were stalled and when the rider tried to urge them on they began to rear up. The situation became dangerous. The rider waved me forwards but I stayed exactly where I was!

Bella was with me and has done a fair amount of riding in years past. She has told me previously that the only way to control a horse in such circumstances is to dismount and lead it past the obstruction. When a horse is led it assumes the person leading them knows what they are doing and is (usually) compliant. I suggested to the rider that she dismount but she didn't fancy it – I think she thought she would be thrown. By now she was quite frightened.

Bella got out of the car and took the reins and led the horses past the Rolls-Royce, perfectly safely and without fuss. Situation resolved.

I know nothing about horses or riding (despite my horsey-sounding surname) and was very relieved that Bella took charge. I would be interested to learn about other members' experiences and particularly thoughts on the correct action to take.

Moving on, I thought I would pop in a couple of images of work being done by Jonathan Wood on The Doctor: it has been away for very nearly an entire year and I have missed it enormously. Peabody has performed brilliantly but there is something very special about the nature of our 20HP Rolls-Royce motorcar. Other members who own a Twenty will understand this completely. The problem has been the steering box where the white-metalled worm and nut had disintegrated. Jonathan has arranged for entirely new components to be turned from high grade metal. It's taken time but we are now very nearly there – and I can't wait!

Thanks for your company – see you next time,

Johnnie

