

THE 20-GHOST



CLUB RECORD

AUTUMN 1966



Message from the President

IT is with a deep sense of gratitude, mixed with regret, that I greet you for the first time in the capacity of President. I thank you for the honour you have accorded me by my election to the Presidency following Stanley Sears' resignation. To follow such a President who was loved and respected by all is a hard task indeed which, with your help, I hope to fulfil to your satisfaction.

Stanley had been President of this Club since its inception in 1949 and is so well known to all of you except perhaps certain very recent members. He and I have been friends since our Cambridge days together and his departure from England means a lot to me after a close association dating from 1923. Incidentally he is delighted with the title 'Master of the Club' which the Committee decided upon and it seems to be universally popular with members.

This summer, Joan, Gay and I made an extended tour of New York and Canada. Being unable to cross on the Queen Elizabeth as arranged because of the shipping strike, we flew to Bermuda instead and had four days there and still reached New York at the appointed time. We spent all the time with Stan and his sister-in-law, Helen, who has retired from her position in South Africa and is residing with him. Being temporarily in a small furnished house, he was unable to put us up but the hotel was very close. I am delighted to report we found him very well and very happy with life on that superb island. He bought a very nice house and awaited about four months for possession only to discover that the noise of scooters at night made it impossible to live in so he has put it on the market again. He has acquired another which he much prefers and hopes to be in about Christmas time. We all wish him well.

Thank you once again for the confidence placed in me in my dual capacity. Especially do I thank our Chairman, John Dymock-Maunsell, all Club officers and those that serve on the Committees. I have worked with them for many years and know that no club could be better served.

Joan and I thank all our good friends for all the kindness shown to us during Joan's illness and for the lovely flowers sent from the Club to welcome her home. It was impossible to reply to letters at such a time but they gave us such encouragement knowing that so many were supporting us during our desperate emergency. Through a miracle of modern scientific surgery, Joan is well on the way to full recovery.

It is with great regret and concern that we hear of the illness of those two keen and popular members, V Sagovsky and R M Harrison. We send them and their families our sincerest regards and wishes for speedy recovery.

May we all have many happy meetings.

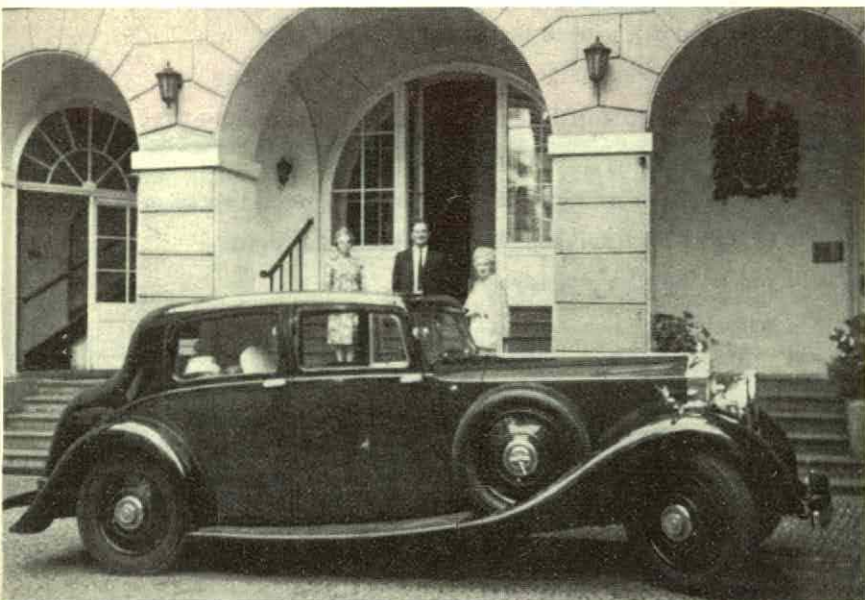




LEFT — Entering Czechoslovakia. BELOW — Arrival at Acron Hotel.



LEFT — Outside British Embassy in Prague.



A 25/30 BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

FRIENDS in the Diplomatic Service told us last winter that they had been posted to the British Embassy in Prague. 'Fine, we will come and visit you', we replied, conjuring up a mental picture of the 25/30 making a stately progress through Wenceslas Square eyed by crowds of incredulous Czechs.

There followed many days of planning, working out mileages, hotels, frontier crossings, visa applications, purchases of Czech petrol vouchers, maps and so on. The Czechs are keenly conscious of the hard currency benefits to be obtained from tourism, and in the event the whole affair proved quite simple. But initially, it must be admitted, the prospect of filling in a visa form in quadruplicate, the apparently stringent and complicated regulations about foreign currency and the often mutually contradictory instructions in the brochures of varying dates which were handed to us tempted us at times to throw up the whole project. However eventually everything was arranged, and we set off from Montrichard on the 828-mile journey to Prague immediately after the conclusion of the club's tour of the Loire Chateaux.

First stop was at Vaucouleurs, carefully chosen as being just off the main N4 to Strasbourg, and a pleasant little town full of Joan of Arc associations. The next day we set off for Baden Baden in weather so fiercely hot that when we stopped to put in a litre of oil the filler lid had to be removed with a rag protecting the hand. The engine temperature remained normal throughout.

The excellent Nancy by-pass took us to Strasbourg, where the pavements were so hot that they could be felt through the soles of our shoes. A look round the Cathedral and its surroundings, a quick beer, and then across the Rhine, through the Customs, and to Baden Baden. We spent two nights there, agreeing that it was a delightful place and well worth another visit.

German tourist literature had been lavish in praise of the newly improved Black Forest High Road, and this we took on the next stage of our journey.

Unfortunately, the most spectacular views were blotted out by thick mist, but the 37 miles through some charming villages and magnificent forest were well worth the detour from the direct road to Nuremberg, our next stop.

We had planned to by-pass Stuttgart via the autobahn, but the surface was so bad and the traffic so heavy that we got off it as quickly as possible and went straight through the centre of the town. This proved highly rewarding, since it is a most attractive place reached after a long curving descent reminiscent of some of the approaches to Bath.

And so on to Nuremberg. As almost inevitably happens on these occasions, we arrived in the rush hour, and equally inevitably the town plan which had seemed so simple earlier on proved sadly inadequate. Taking the opportunity of a halt at a traffic light I leant out of the window to ask the direction of our hotel from a passing German.

'How old is your car?', he demanded in reply. 'Thirty years', I said. A pause, a hiss of breath, then a long drawn out 'Chesus Christ!' Quickly, he explained that his command of the English language was due to having been a POW. Just then, the traffic lights changed, and I had to move on still not knowing where our hotel was. In due course, we tracked it down, and a quick stroll round in the fading light after dinner showed us that here again was a city worth several days' visit.

The next day, not without some trepidation, we set out on the remaining 70 miles to the Iron Curtain. Our spirits rose as we passed through some of the most wonderful scenery we could remember. Mile after mile of rolling fields and forests, so open and so sparsely populated that it seemed scarcely believable in Europe.

At Roznádov, one of the authorised frontier crossing points, the Germans at the Customs post were as friendly as we have always found them. We passed through, travelled along some 100 yards of no-man's land, and then we were there, with a double-banked barbed-wire fence stretching for miles on either side of us, and a watchtower guard peering down at us in the best Iron Curtain tradition.

None the less, the Czech Customs men could not have been pleasanter. The formalities only lasted some ten minutes, and they willingly gave permission to photograph the scene.

Our main impression for the next 70 miles or so was that the entire Czech army was out on manoeuvres. What seemed to be hundreds of evil-smelling lorries puffing black fumes right across the road slowed our passage, and we were glad to lose most of them after passing through Pilsen. Later, we learnt that Czech troops are regularly used in farming and road construction work.

Ten miles outside Prague, and right on time in spite of the Army lorries, our Embassy friends met us in their car as arranged beforehand. Some encouraging looking bottles were transferred to the 25/30, as we were informed ironically that our arrival coincided with the start of an Alcoholics Anonymous conference in the capital.

Then we were led through the centre of the city to our hotel, the Alcron. Miraculously, there was one modest parking space left outside it, and equally miraculously we reversed into it under the curious eyes of dozens of Czechs with a speed, accuracy and aplomb which would have won first prize at Sandhurst. We had arrived.

There followed four days of lavish entertaining, sightseeing, afternoon tea at the British Embassy where the 25/30 created no small sensation, and a visit to the romantically picturesque Karlstein Castle some 20 miles outside Prague to watch a witty little comedy associated with the history of the Castle played in the open air beneath its walls. Although we did not understand a word, the grace, humour and simplicity of the piece was charming, and when interest momentarily waned there was always the Czech audience around us, mostly cheerful countryfolk, to be studied.

Sightseeing highlights in Prague were the King Charles Bridge (1357), now mercifully closed to motor traffic, the dominating 16th century fortified palace on

Hradcany Hill, the St Vitus Cathedral started in 1344, and the great Strahov Monastery with its wonderful painted ceilings and magnificent books.

The pavements were unexpectedly extremely crowded, and most people were tolerably well dressed, vivacious and well fed. The shops were poor, and it was frustrating to find only communist newspapers and magazines on sale. The western press is not allowed in at all.

The city is a paradise for old-car fanciers. Due to lack of foreign currency and low earnings, a car is beyond the reach of the average Czech. As a result there is a wonderful collection of mid-20's to mid-30's cars to be seen, most of them, except Renaults, unidentifiable, but all lovingly cared for and in passable running order.

Great efforts are clearly being made to clean up the major buildings of this impressive and beautiful city, and before long it will undoubtedly have regained its former splendour. Our hotel was alive with Americans and British, and contacts with the West have increased enormously, we were told, during the last couple of years.

It was time to leave, and we set out for Cheb, an alternative frontier crossing point, going this time via Karlsbad, now known as Karlovy Vary. This once famous spa seemed sadly deserted compared with the busy prosperity of Baden Baden, but for all that still impressed with its fine buildings and wide streets.

An appalling road took us to Cheb, and we were relieved to reach the Customs post. Here, we were fortunate enough to find a very cheerful French-speaking officer who put on a jokingly authoritative air and demanded to see our engine. To keep up the joke we pretended some hesitation, and confessed that actually there was only a Citroen 2 CV engine inside which we were trying to smuggle out of the country.

Thereafter, he made only the most cursory examination, and we left the watch-towers and barbed wire, not without a sense of relief, to pass through the German customs and proceed to our night's stop at Bamberg. This is a truly fascinating town, with some of the finest mediaeval buildings in Germany.

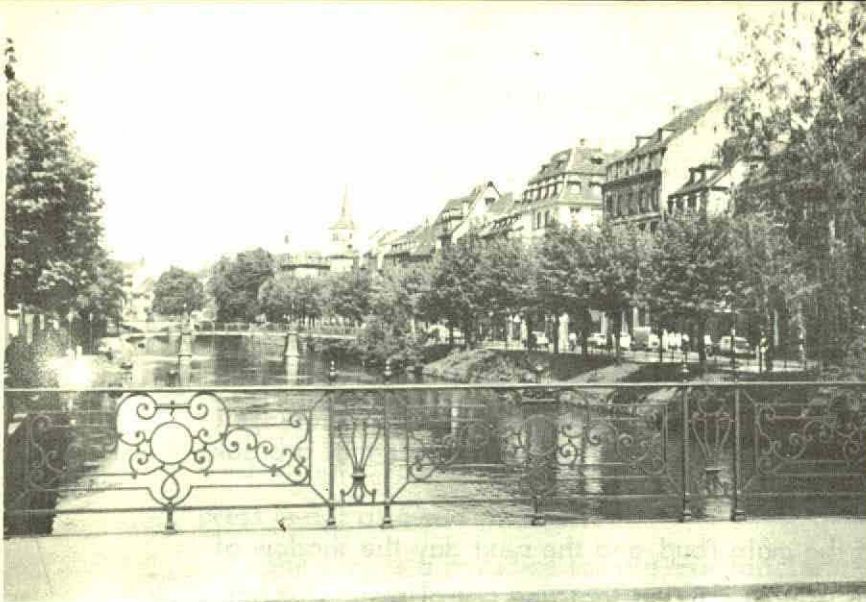
The next day, after some 200 miles of autobahn, we passed through the Customs at Saarbrucken to be regaled by a friendly Customs officer with the old, old story about Rolls reliability, and how, should a car break down overseas, Rolls immediately send a replacement part, accompanied by their own mechanic of course, and refuse to make any charge because they will not admit that a breakdown has occurred...

A night at Valmont, just off the main road, and the next day the shadow of impending calamity hung over us when we found that one petrol pump was not working and the other was distinctly erratic. We had provided ourselves with a spare, and had this fitted at the first reasonable garage within half an hour. At lunch, however, we discovered that the junction between the pump and the feed to the engine was leaking badly. This meant another stop at the next garage. More quick service. A small hole was soldered, a washer fitted, and off we set again. Our troubles seemed to be over.

We were wrong. Twenty miles on and only some 230 miles from Le Havre we heard a shattering clatter behind us. We stopped immediately and found pieces of our offside rear spring scattered along the road for fifteen yards. This of course was a major disaster.

Fortunately we were only a quarter of a mile outside the small town of Ste Menehould. We organised a breakdown van, brought the car into a garage, found ourselves a hotel and, because it was too late that day, set to work the next morning, a Friday, making calls to London for help.

That same afternoon we heard from the R A C in London that Rolls at Crewe would be airfreighting a new spring on Monday. Rolls, they emphasised, would air-freight it themselves, marked for onward transmission by express rail to Chalons-sur-Marne, our nearest main line station. It would be out of the hands of the R A C. Our friends at Paddon Brothers, they added, had been most helpful in contacting Rolls with the necessary details.



LEFT — Canal at Strasbourg. BELOW — 14th Century Tyn Church in Old Square in Prague.



ABOVE — Karlstein Castle outside Prague.
RIGHT — Charles Bridge (1357) — background is the 16-17th Century palace Hradcany Hill where the President lives.



Our spirits rose, but only to sink again when the R A C told us on Monday evening that Rolls would not now be sending the spring until Wednesday. No explanation was forthcoming.

They sank to rock bottom when the R A C in Paris, with whom we had also been in touch, reported on Thursday that Orly Airport Customs would not release the spring unless we came personally to Paris to sign for it. Why, the R A C asked, had Rolls been so misguided as to send it to Orly and by Air France too, which was bound to lead to trouble? And why had they not told their agents in Paris to look after it? It was well known that the Customs at Le Bourget were much more liberal minded, and the R A C never sent anything to Orly.

The position had become ludicrous. We had been waiting for no less than seven days. The R A C said that the only thing was to repatriate the car by truck and rail, and they would see to the return of the spring to England. And so it was agreed.

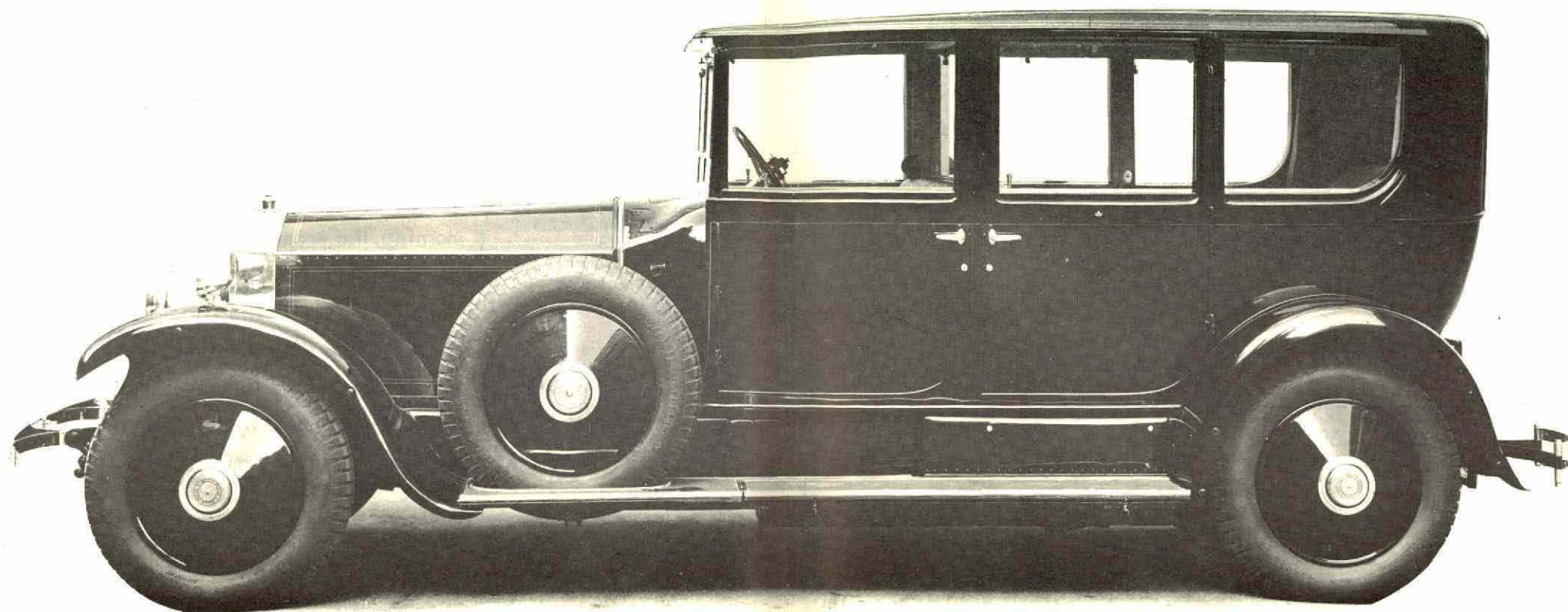
The next morning, the proprietor of the hotel presented us with a bottle of liqueur as a parting present, and personally drove us the 25 miles to the nearest main line station. By noon, we were in the Paris office of the R A C where we handed over the car documents and signed various forms. This very efficient office then booked us on an afternoon plane to London, gave us our air tickets, found us a taxi to Le Bourget, and we were home by late afternoon. It was a sad end to a fascinating journey of over 2,000 miles, averaging 17 m.p.g. and using only one litre of oil.

Our enforced stay at Ste Menehould, dull and frustrating as it was, had taught us anew how very kind and hospitable are the French in the smaller centres. It had opened our eyes to the stupid rigidity of the French Customs and, regretfully it must be said, exploded finally the myth of swift and efficient Rolls-Royce service to owners in distress overseas.

To emphasise this unhappy disillusionment, we found on our return to England that the spring sent out to us was the wrong type anyway. It was returned to Crewe, who supplied another one. Incredibly enough, this too did not fit.

We gave up. Now we are having new main leaves specially made for each rear spring.

I M & M M



PORTRAIT OF 84AL

1928 Phantom I with pullman limousine
body by Barker. Chassis no 84AL. Colour
of body blue. Original owner H J Benjamin

Sandhurst Driving Tests

THE club's driving tests at the Royce Military Academy, Sandhurst, which were held on 24 July under the auspices of the RMA Motor Sports Club, took place in intermittent but heavy rain. The tests were similar to those that had been arranged the previous year, and teams of three cars each from the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club and the Midland Rolls-Royce Club competed against a club team of three: the result of the competition was a win for the 20-Ghost Club, in spite of the valiant efforts of the other two clubs' chairmen.

The individual winners were P Taylor (111), A Heathcote (114½) and C Meachen (128) in the small-car class and H B Poulter (137½) and J F Gresham (167) in the 40/50 class. On this occasion, the small open cars (in spite of the weather) achieved the best results: of the first ten cars, only two were 40/50's and only two were closed.

NEW MEMBERS

GLANVILLE, Lt-Cdr J F, D S C, V R D, Fowley Cottage, Emsworth, Hampshire. Emsworth 2249
25/30 1937 GHO32 Reg DYR700 Sedanca, H J Mulliner

GRESHAM, Lt-Col J F, D S O, Rex House, Willersey, Broadway, Worcestershire. Broadway 2365
S G 1912 1962 Reg CC41 L-E tourer, Cockshoot

RHYS-DAVIES, B T, and Mrs, Inglewood, Woodham Park Way, Woodham, Weybridge, Surrey.
25/30 1938 GGR11 Reg RG9309 Limousine, Park Ward (Byfleet 45172)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

McHAFFIE, A N E, and Mrs, 10 Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh 9. Newington 1656

Sandhurst Driving Tests

DRIVER	CAR	YEAR	CHASSIS NO	SLOW-FAST	PARKING	ZIG-ZAG	PEDESTRIAN	CAR HEIGHT	TOTAL PENALTIES
P Taylor ×	20	1927	GAJ42	29	52	12*	16	2	111
A Heathcote	25/30	1938	GAR21	34½	45	14	9*	12	114½
C Meachen	20	1926	GSK80	20	60	15	20	8	123
D W Hellings	20	1927	GWJ81	27	67	15	19	6	134
H B Poulter ±	SG	1913	2260E	34½	71	14	18	0*	137½
R Brooks †	PI	1926	57YC	29½	20*	12*	15	20	146½
J C Dymock-Maunsell	20/25	1936	GBK56	31½	87	12*	14	2	146½
J Hamilton-Fish ±	20	1928	GWL32	28	72	16	21	10	147
P Hoppé ±	20/25	1930	GSR78	33½	93	12*	16	0*	154½
G N Lochée Bayne	20/25	1933	GAW22	34	82	16	23	0*	155
E Harris †	SG	1924	69EM	32	85	23	18	0*	158
S J S Boord	20/25	1933	GBA29	25½	88	19	22	4	158½
J F Gresham	SG	1912	1962	13¾*	98	26	30	0*	167¾
K B Wootton	20/25	1932	GHW16	29½	94	18	13	20	174½
J G Hampton	SG	1925	120EU	32½	102	16	19	18	177½
C Cromie ×	25/30	1937	GUN4	25	105	12*	21	6	179
C J Curtis	25/30	1936	GUL49	27½	125	21	15	0*	188½
H Savage	PI	1926	20TC	31	113½	16	16	12	188½
R B Honnywill	PIII	1936	3AZ76	32	125	25	10	2	194
R W Bell	20/25	1932	GHW64	25½	142	15	12	4	198½
C M G Keeping ×	25/30	1938	GAR25	22	97	18	58	8	203
W A L Cook	PIII	1936	3AZ68	35	125	19	14	14	207
B Wake	PII	1934	141RY	27½	88½	21	60	12	209
W D N Berry	PII	1931	9GX	33½	120½	19	29	10	211
J F Denton	25/30	1936	GUL39	27	144	16	29	10	212=
F Hellings	20/25	1934	GLB28	35	96	17	62	2	212=
T D Hadrill	20/25	1936	GLJ49	24	142	17	24	6	213
Mrs I Munro	25/30	1937	GLP5	36	95	18	61	4	214
W F Watson	PII	1935	3TA	33½	101	18	60	2	214½
R M Harrison	20/25	1935	GAF81	18	120	15	60	10	223
H R Wilkins	PII	1932	28MS	29½	109	17	60	10	225½
Mrs F Hellings	20	1927	GHJ12	25½	180	16	16	4	241½
J I Yates	W	1939	WRB45	32½	169	18	17	12	248½
W F Watson	SG	1911	1543	40	172	39	16	14	261
R W Colton	20/25	1930	GXO95	27	199	14	15	8	263
S J Lovegrove	25/30	1937	GHO48	32	186	22	15	20	275
S R Terry	25/30	1938	GZR2	24½	179	20	60	16	299½
C A Chapman	20/25	1933	GRW10	24½	219	19	60	0*	322½
B E Harrison	W	1939	WEC49	32½	208	25	60	0*	325½
R Symmons †	SG	1924	135EM	24½	235	42	31	20	357½

* Best result in this test

× Midland Rolls-Royce Club team

† Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club team

± 20-Ghost Club team

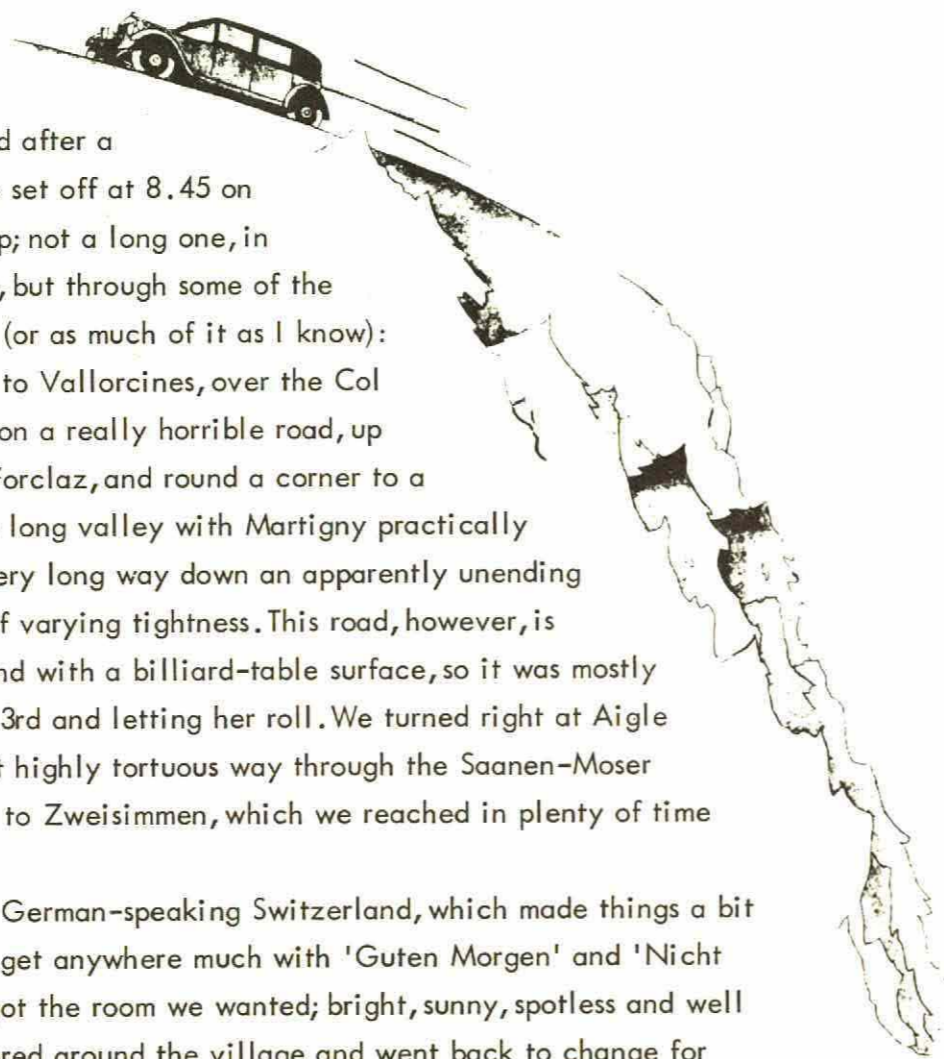
A 20/25 IN FRANCE & SWITZERLAND - 2

Sept 8.

Another day of magnificent sunshine, and after a fairly early breakfast we set off at 8.45 on the second leg of our trip; not a long one, in fact only about 80 miles, but through some of the finest scenery in Europe (or as much of it as I know): up the Chamonix valley to Vallorcines, over the Col des Montets, down a bit on a really horrible road, up again to the Col de La Forclaz, and round a corner to a tremendous vista down a long valley with Martigny practically under one's feet but a very long way down an apparently unending series of hairpin bends of varying tightness. This road, however, is splendidly engineered and with a billiard-table surface, so it was mostly a matter of getting into 3rd and letting her roll. We turned right at Aigle and made a leisurely but highly tortuous way through the Saanen-Moser pass, Gsteig and Gstaad to Zweisimmen, which we reached in plenty of time for lunch.

This, of course, was German-speaking Switzerland, which made things a bit tricky (you don't really get anywhere much with 'Guten Morgen' and 'Nicht Hinauslehnen!') but we got the room we wanted; bright, sunny, spotless and well equipped; lunched; pottered around the village and went back to change for dinner. At this point, the pervading peace of the place was torn to shreds by what sounded like the collapse into the street of the entire stock of the hardware shop just opposite. We rushed to the windows to look at the wreckage, but it was only a local farmer bringing the cows home.

Greatly relieved, we dined (well) and so to bed, for when it comes to wild night



life Zweisimmen lags quite noticeably behind a good many more light-hearted resorts: Babylon, for instance; or Sodom and Gomorrah. The whole place shuts down about 8 p m, though an occasional roisterer may sometimes be found dealing in a devil-may-care way with a bottle of Coca-Cola as late as 9 o'clock; but you can't count on it.

Sept 9. A dull day for weather to start with but dry and mild, and we started off for the Guide Chalet at Adelboden about 9 a m. This seemed quite early enough for an 11 a m appointment 45 miles away by road (about 10 as the crow flies) but turned out to be barely adequate, for the roads, though good, are so tortuous and narrow that one can go for miles without getting into top, and the maximum safe speed is seldom much above 30. The last mile or so up to the Chalet was a really testing bit of road, steep, awkwardly cambered, narrow and poorly surfaced, but the car made no bones about it.

We took our daughter into Thun (a fairly sophisticated town) then back to the Chalet and home to Zweisimmen, where the main dish at dinner was a 'Berner Platte', a chop from a side of smoked pork, slices of smoked sausage, and potatoes, all steaming on top of a pile of sauerkraut. Later (a good deal later), puffing gently, we went to bed.

Sept 10. It was raining, so we took the train up the valley to Lenk, to see if it was raining less there. It wasn't: it was raining harder. So we bought two umbrellas, had some coffee, and took the train back.

Apropos coffee, we had not had a cup of really good coffee since entering this country. Wherever you go for coffee, it is hot, nicely served - and instant. As they invented the stuff, I suppose it is only fair that they should be compelled to drink it, but it seems a bit hard that innocent tourists should have to do the same.

A train trip to Gstaad in the afternoon was well worth while. Even in the rain, this 40-minute run gives a series of highly attractive views as the train climbs laboriously up the Saanen-Moser pass and then hums happily down the other side.

Sept 11. Raining like mad, so we spent the morning in the hotel. I tried rolling my new umbrella, and got a sort of arthritic black pudding. Stupid of me; I might have known that it probably never stops raining long enough to make the manufacture of rollable umbrellas worth while.

In the afternoon, we went to Interlaken (which has lived on tourists for many years and looks like it) and parked innocently in a Blue Zone, thus getting a ticket couched in such courteous terms as to double the feeling of guilt - no fine.

Sept 12. The day started off normally, i.e., with rain; in fact it was rather more normal than usual, for it rained harder; also longer, and the morning's excitement was limited to a dash down to the station to see if there was a train going out or arriving, just to lend a bit of excitement. There wasn't.

So after lunch we decided to go to the one place we wanted to see that the rain couldn't spoil because it was inside a mountain: the Trummelbach Falls. We set off with mackintosh and umbrella at the ready, filled up the tank, and in about 10 minutes drove out into sunshine - a bit fitful, but sunshine nevertheless - and this lasted all the way to Lauterbrunnen, where we had a look at the waterfall. Then on to Trummelbach, where we parked the car and went up in the lift to the falls, which really are quite remarkable.

We were wrong, however, in supposing that it would be drier inside the mountain than out: between the pervading spray from the main fall and a series of miniature falls craftily placed to catch the back of your neck as you passed it was wetter - much wetter. Still, they had to give you something for the price of admission (2 francs) and about a litre of ice-cold water down the neck at least provided the element of surprise.

It was on this trip that we first saw actually in wear the National (or Cantonal?) costume, on two men who wore (starting from the ground up) stout black shoes secured at the side with silver buckles, heavy woollen stockings gaudily patterned, rather baggy breeches, an embroidered waistcoat like a baby's walking harness, a short, heavy jacket, and to top the whole thing a rummy-shaped felt hat with a sort of feather duster sticking out of the top of it. Dressy.

Sept 13. Can there be anything in superstition after all? We went out after breakfast to do a bit of shopping in chilly but dry weather. When we came out of the shop, it was raining cats and dogs, and did so for the rest of the day! My phrase-book told me that the colloquial French for this was 'Il pleut des Hallebardes' (whatever those may be); but a fat lot of use that was in German-speaking Switzerland.

Sept 14. One of our best days. A fine, clear, warm morning, so we took the Gondelbahn up to the top of the local mountain, the Rinderberg. A Gondel is a little cabin for two, rather like a bubble car, which hangs from a moving rope like a toffee-apple upside down; very sedate and leisurely, and you get splendid views from it. After lunch, we went over to Adelboden to collect our daughter and her luggage.

Sept 15. We started for home in magnificent weather at 9.15. Over the Jaun Pass, then 3 hours of excessively sinuous driving through Bulle and Vevey to Lausanne. Interesting to note how the style of building changes as one leaves German and gets into French-speaking Switzerland. Through the Customs with the minimum of trouble (the car, no doubt), and 5.15 found us in Chaumont, about 225 miles from our starting-point.

This doesn't seem much for 8 hours' driving, even allowing time off for coffee, lunch and tea, but the first 100 miles or so was entirely mountain work, where it is not easy to average much better than 20 m p h. Anyway we had had enough for that day and the Hotel Terminus and Reine looked attractive. So, after a wash, did the bar.

Sept 16. Another superb day, and we set off on the next leg about 9.20. We had meant to stop in Rheims, but thanks to fast roads we were in Arras by 4 p m, and after a spot of tea started to look for an hotel. This took some time, but we finally fetched up at the Hotel Moderne, and a quainter name for it would have been hard to find. It was in fact a typical French second-class hotel, a perfect rabbit-warren of a place, with twisting passages, lots of red plush, woodwork everywhere (including the electric light conduits); just the place, in fact, to give the Chief of the local Fire-brigade nightmares; but clean and with comfortable beds.

Sept 17. A dry but cloudy morning which deteriorated steadily as we covered the last 60 miles to Le Touquet. We got there about 11.30, changed our booked passage for an earlier plane, and were having sandwiches and coffee in Lydd soon after 1 o'clock.

At this point, we really didn't care if it rained (which it did - heavily), and drove home wondering, rather smugly, how many other makes of car could be relied on, after 30 years' continuous running, to do the odd 2000 miles of such varied work without a hint of trouble of any kind, and use just 2 quarts of oil in the process.

T.D.H.

CLUB NEWS

WARLIES VISIT

OUR 'charity' event on 25 June was a fulfilment of a long-standing promise. After our very successful visit to a boarding school for Dr Barnardo's boys, another of the good Doctor's schools invited us to do the same by them; this time it was 'Warlies' at Waltham Abbey in Essex, a school for 40 handicapped children, many of whom take a great interest in old cars. It turned out, perhaps unfortunately, that our only mutually convenient date was that of the school's Open Air Fete in celebration of the Dr Barnardo's centenary year. This meant that the children themselves were too busy to appreciate properly our turn-out of 15 cars, which included six different models and made a fairly impressive show drawn up on either side of the main entrance. However, we had been warmly pressed not to postpone our visit, but to utilise it as a help towards the always important business of fund-raising.

In this we were quite successful; the usual age-and-model guessing competition was held but this time with an entrance fee, prizes being provided by the generosity of the members who attended. The sale of competition forms raised nearly £5, but the actual entry returned was so small that only one prize was presented (to the school groundsman, a very popular win) and the rest of the money given to the fund.

The fete itself was a model of what a fete should be, with a splendid fancy-dress competition and a great variety of side-shows. The usually reliable club weather let us down badly, and the rain which started half an hour after our arrival continued steadily and with increasing force and finally washed us all away to drive wetly home and clean our cars all over again. But an English country fete is never spoiled by a drop of rain; when we left it was still in full swing, and the Superintendent, Mrs Knight, wrote later: '... We would have preferred a fine day, but the end result was better than usual with a grand total of over £300! We know the 20-Ghost Club had much to do with this!'

One of our members, on his entry form, had scratched out the words 'I would like to attend' and substituted 'I have been bullied by the chairman into attending'. This is the right spirit, and must be maintained if we are to continue to make a good showing at these very worth-while meetings. M D H

NORTHERN WEEKEND

THE Northern weekend which took place on July 8 and 9 was well attended by club members and was reasonably fortunate in the weather. The weekend began at the Dymock Arms, Penley, Shropshire, where motor cars started arriving soon after 11 am. The first was Mr D Z de Ferranti's 1908 ex-Marquis of Bute's Silver Ghost, all the way from Bangor and very much restored since members saw it last at Beaumaris a year previously:

Mr de Ferranti himself landed about twenty minutes later by helicopter. In all, 15 motor cars arrived and refreshments were enjoyed as guests of the Chairman (who later remarked that he had never known such an abstemious party). At 12 noon in bright sunshine the cars left for Rolls-Royce Ltd at Crewe some 25 miles distant, the only incident en route being a burst on one of the Silver Ghost's tyres.

At Crewe, members were entertained to an informal lunch by the company and then moved off in small parties to tour part of the works. In the paint shop, steel body shells were seen being phosphated, dip primed and painted, and on the assembly lines the elaborate wiring and piping systems required by the very advanced specification of the current model were particularly noticeable. The skill of the upholsterers and the veneer experts was then inspected, and the all-too-brief tour concluded with an examination of the finished product. After tea, members regretfully left for their overnight hotels further north.

For the next day, two combined meetings had been arranged with the Rolls-Royce Section of the Vintage Sports-Car Club, the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts Club and the Midland Rolls-Royce Club. About 19 cars met at the Craiglunds Hotel, Ilkley, in the morning: after lunch, a further meeting took place at Harewood House, when about 32 cars were present. Most of the members present took the opportunity of visiting the House, which had been opened especially for the event. Finally, some members drove to Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire for the night, returning home on the Sunday.

On this occasion, more cars based on the North attended than had been the case on the Snowball Rally in 1961. Thanks are particularly due to Mr W D N Berry for his part in the organisation of a most enjoyable weekend and to Rolls-Royce Ltd for their kind hospitality at Crewe.

CAMBERLEY HORSE SHOW

BOTH the 20-Ghost Club and the Bentley Drivers' Club were invited to take part in the Camberley, the Staff College and the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst Horse show held in the grounds of the RMA on 17 September. About 80 motor cars were present including post-war Rolls-Royces and Bentleys, and a prize was awarded to Victor Hodgson for his 1936 25/30 Barker saloon GTL27. After the judging by the military, the clubs paraded in the main ring to a commentary given by John Dymock-Maunsell and Johnny Green. The weather was probably the best it has been for a club event this year, and members had time to watch a good proportion of the events which included, in addition to show jumping, parades of the Bisley and Sandhurst Foxhounds and of the Sandhurst Beagles, a coaching marathon, a parachuting free fall display and a Royal Signals motor cycle team display.

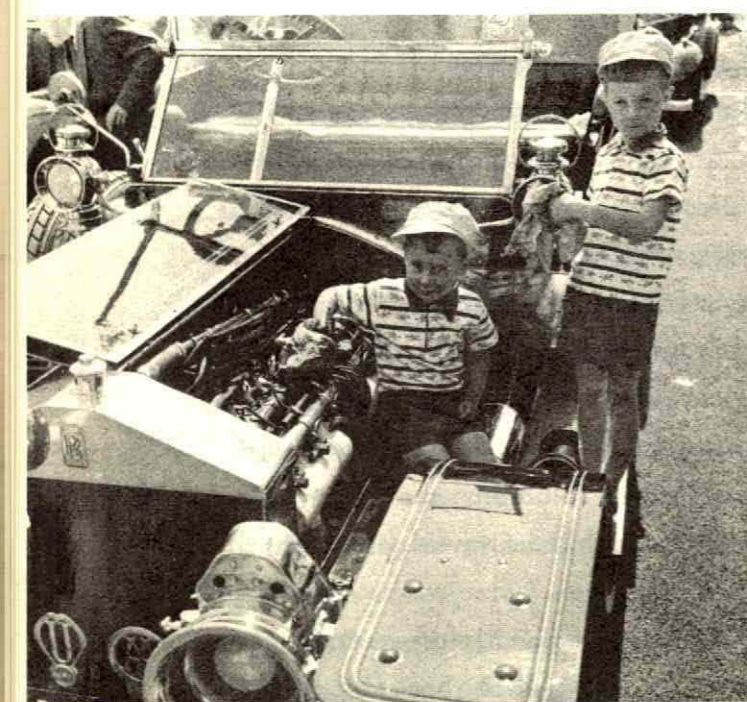
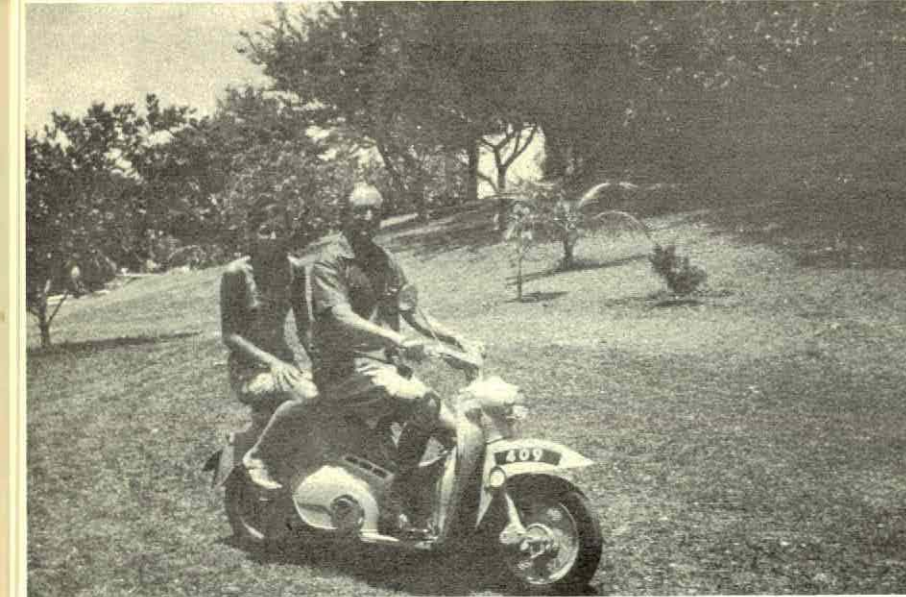
PHOTO SOURCES

J C Dymock-Maunsell 62 (bottom); G B Lochée Bayne

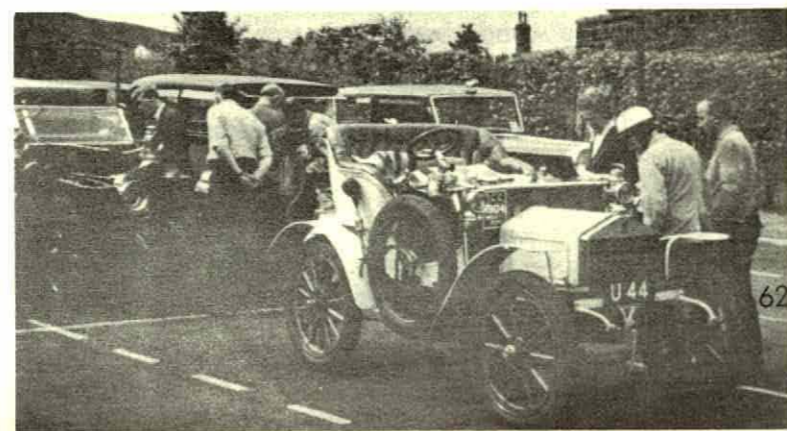
62 (top right);

Mr and Mrs I Munro 46 and 52; Rolls-Royce Ltd 54 and 55;

W F Watson 62 (top left); W Woodmansee 64; Yorkshire Post 62 (centre).



Top left: Stanley Sears on two wheels in Bermuda. Top right: A pearly king was one of the visitors at 'Warlies' on 25 June. Left: David Berry's two sons at Ilkley on July 9. Below, left: One member arrived by helicopter at the start of the Northern weekend on July 8. Below, right: Oliver Langton's 10 hp model aroused much interest at Ilkley.



Members' Letters

FROM WEBSTER WOODMANSEE

THE City of Milwaukee recently completed construction of a new public museum. A rather unusual architectural feature for this type of building is a pair of display windows, one on either side of the main entrance.

Last autumn, the museum authorities suggested the placing of our Silver Ghost 62UG in one of the windows for the bleak months of Winter and early Spring. After my ready assent, measurements were taken and it was found that, on removal of the huge plate glass doors, a 'generous' quarter inch remained and the car was driven from sidewalk to lobby to window, whilst television photographers, invited by the museum's public relations director, pointed their cameras.

Background for the display consisted of "blown-up" automobile advertisements of the 20's, including one for my own body style. Very effective floodlighting was used in the late afternoons and at night. I, having my office a block away, experienced the thrill of seeing this object

of my affection morning, night, and sometimes at noon! Spokesmen for the museum were amazed at the great amount of interest attracted by the exhibit.

62UG will perhaps be remembered, though not in its all-white state, participated in the Silver Jubilee Rally of the Club in 1957. It is of early Springfield origin with various British features not found in later products of that factory.

Milwaukee, a community of about a million people, boasts 16 Rolls-Royce automobiles, from 1914-1937, and a few very modern ones.

FROM VICTOR HODGSON

Have you balanced your Dunlop wire wheels? If so, you might have experienced difficulty in removing and replacing the nuts which secure the lead balance-washers, even after lubricating the bolt threads. Perhaps the threads pick up lead from the washers. It is difficult to turn more than half a flat of some nuts with a spanner because the wheel spokes interfere. The difficulty can be overcome by using a leather strap to spin the nuts, the spanner being needed only for the initial slackening and the final tightening.

