



# *The Atlantic Lady*

A Publication of the RROC Atlantic Region

## 1983 CORNICHE

SUMMER 2022

INCLUDES THE NATIONAL MEET



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# The Atlantic Lady



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### On The Cover

Randall J. Fleischer's 1983 Corniche dhc chassis #DAD06735.

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# MEET OUR BOARD

**Chairman**

John Carter  
646.937-0270  
[jtc0000@gmail.com](mailto:jtc0000@gmail.com)

**Vice Chairman**

Ken Koswener  
914.656-7672  
[kkoswener@hotmail.com](mailto:kkoswener@hotmail.com)

**Director-at-Large  
Advertising Sales &  
Administration**

John Carter  
646.937-0270  
[jtc0000@gmail.com](mailto:jtc0000@gmail.com)

**Secretary**

Kristine Chiorando  
321.662-2620  
[kchior@gmail.com](mailto:kchior@gmail.com)

**Treasurer**

Rich Halprin  
203.234-8525  
[rah4539@yahoo.com](mailto:rah4539@yahoo.com)

**Director-at-Large**

**Editor-in-Chief,  
The Atlantic Lady**  
Joan Imowitz  
732.690-2066  
[roc.tal.magazine@gmail.com](mailto:roc.tal.magazine@gmail.com)

**Design Composition**

Joan Imowitz

**VP Membership**

Michael J. Thompson  
201 891-3482  
[mdesignllc@aol.com](mailto:mdesignllc@aol.com)

**VP Activities Director**

For activities info contact:  
[rrvc.vp.activities@gmail.com](mailto:rrvc.vp.activities@gmail.com)

**VP Judging & Awards**

Mike Serpe  
415.609-2467  
[mserpe@yahoo.com](mailto:mserpe@yahoo.com)

**VP Technical**

John Palma  
856.547-6522  
[corniche@msn.com](mailto:corniche@msn.com)

**Director-at-Large**

Lew Cohen  
203.397-8723  
[lcohen@capossela.com](mailto:lcohen@capossela.com)

**Director-at-Large**

Tracy Varnadore  
646.413-1119  
[tracy.varnadore@outlook.com](mailto:tracy.varnadore@outlook.com)

**Chairman Emeritus**

Joe Marley  
862.444-1761  
[josephmarley@msn.com](mailto:josephmarley@msn.com)

**Special Thanks To:****Contributors**

John T. Carter  
David Corbett  
Randall J.Fleischer  
Tom King  
The late Andrew Pastouna  
Bob Phibbs  
Bill Pratt  
Klaus-Josef Roßfeldt  
Mike Serpe  
Charles Summers  
Bill Wolf

**Photography Contributors**

John T. Carter  
David Corbett  
Randall J.Fleischer  
Jeannie Hill  
Tom King  
Bob Phibbs  
Bill Pratt  
Klaus-Josef Roßfeldt  
Mike Serpe  
Charles Summers  
Bill Wolf

# A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

**JOHN CARTER**

It's mid-morning on July 4th and I sit reflecting on the delightful time spent last night with friends at the American Yacht Club Independence Day Celebration. I can't help but note that every single person at my table originally became known to me through my time and association with the Atlantic Region RROC.



I know it's been said before, but the greatest enduring value of our beautiful PMC's isn't just the cars but the folks they bring together. A properly polished and presented Rolls-Royce or Bentley draws peoples' attention more than anything I know. As usual, this occurred during my drive yesterday with Chairman Emeritus Joe Marley, as well as the numerous comments from both guests and staff at the celebration. And while some will just remain curious onlookers others eventually become colleagues, friends, and even RROC Members.

Which leads me to the central theme of this address. This is the season of outdoor events, car-themed or not. I urge everyone to drive your PMCs everywhere as much as possible during these summer months, drive them to barbecues, town events, and local pop-up car meets or Cars & Coffee morning gathering. Show off all we have to offer. Every one of us can be a Club Ambassador this summer. Invite people to join us in the Rolls-Royce and Bentley experience. You'll make new friends, have a great time doing it, and promote the RROC.

I'd also like to include a special note of congratulations to Bill Pratt and Bob Phibbs for their success in winning 2<sup>nd</sup> Place in Concours class 117 at the RROC National Meet in San Diego. You'll read more about that later in this issue.

Cheers and Happy Independence Day,  
John Carter, Chairman





## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

**JOAN IMOWITZ**

Dearest Atlantic Region Club Members,

Randall J. Fleischer has been kind enough to present his 1983 Corniche dhc in Silver Sand. I am very grateful Randall has granted us his Corniche for the Summer cover story. It is truly a one of a kind Corniche to be admired.

We are also honored to have the Editor of the New Zealand Rolls-Royce & Bentley Club, Inc., Tom King, who has written a fascinating story about the recent Vero International Festival of Vintage Motoring, which took place on the other side of the world. You will be presented with an assortment of vintage motor cars as well as club members who participated in this engaging rally.

John Carter describes his tyre blow-out which caused all sorts of consternation.

We have David Corbett, Bill Pratt, Bob Phibbs, Mike Serpe's and Charles Summers' impressions of the National Meet in San Diego, CA., all unique perspectives.

Klaus-Josef Roßfeldt honors us with his report on the last state car for HM Queen Elizabeth.

Bill Wolf treats us to an article on working together as a team, as well as his interesting report on the "Queens Ride."

We will be entertained by David Corbett's amusing explanation of how he came to own his 1952 Bentley Mark VI. You won't want to miss that tale.

Do you have something to say? Do you want your PMC to be featured in The Atlantic Lady? Have you attended an Atlantic Region event and would like to write about your experiences or impressions? Please direct your comments to Joan Imowitz at: [rroc.tal.magazine@gmail.com](mailto:rroc.tal.magazine@gmail.com)

Joan Imowitz  
Editor-in-Chief  
The Atlantic Lady Magazine



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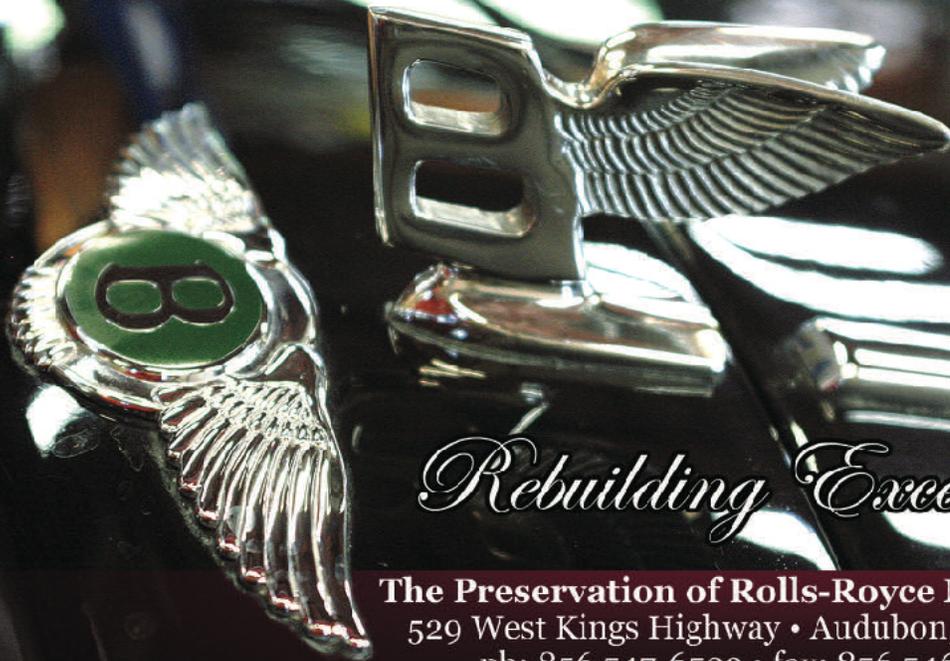
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## UPCOMING EVENTS

- August 14, 2022 New Hope Auto Show, New Hope, PA., 180 W. Bridge Street, 7:30am to 4:00pm. Register on line at: <https://newhopeautoshow.com/registration/>
- September 22 to 26, 2022, Autumn Event at the Athenaeum on the shore of Lake Chautauqua in southwest New York State. Contact David Corbett email: [elwingrant@gmail.com](mailto:elwingrant@gmail.com) or telephone: (716) 200-6269
- October 14 to 16, 2022, Lower Hudson Valley Mini-Tour, RSVP: [kkoswener@hotmail.com](mailto:kkoswener@hotmail.com)
- National Meet 2023 Gettysburg, PA. June 13 - 18, Courtyard by Marriott and the Wyndham Hotel. More details when available.
- At this juncture events are in the planning stage. Contact [rroc.vp.activities@gmail.com](mailto:rroc.vp.activities@gmail.com) for your event suggestions:
- Be sure to visit our website: [www.rrocatlantic.org](http://www.rrocatlantic.org) for the latest news & events. While there, download a prior copy of The Atlantic Lady Magazine.
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# SPOTLIGHT ON RARITY

## RHODY ROLLS I

RANDALL J. FLEISCHER

Life has been an adventure with “Rhody Rolls the First,” the 1983 Silver Sand Rolls-Royce Corniche drophead coupe I acquired two years ago. My dream of owning the car actually started in fifth grade when I pasted a magazine cutout of a classic Rolls-Royce coupe as part of a homework assignment, suggesting this would be the car I wanted to drive when I grew up. Fast-forward 46 plus years and here I am.

Since Rhody Rolls I arrival in late 2020, I’ve had the opportunity to participate in a number of RROC and British car-related events that have not only introduced me to resources for Rolls-Royce owners, but have given me the privilege of meeting other members, experts and enthusiasts who have become my friends and mentors.

The Spring 2021 technical meet in New Jersey arranged by Atlantic Region Chair Joe Marley, gave me the chance to learn alongside master Rolls-Royce mechanic John Palma, owner of Palma Classic Cars in Audubon, NJ. When it was my turn, Rhody Rolls ascended skyward on a lift and I was able to stand underneath as John did a detailed visual inspection. He helped me put together a list of repair needs and future maintenance items to keep the car in top condition. We arranged to get together at his shop a month later to address issues and prepare the car for the June RROC Annual Meet in Lake George, NY.

That tune-up was a godsend because the car had developed a serious brake problem. Brake

warning lights 1 and 2 kept coming on and I couldn’t figure out why. It turned out that both brake accumulator spheres needed to be replaced or there could be a sudden loss of brake pressure. The car weighs over 6,000 pounds and I couldn’t help thinking about the movie “Unstoppable” with its runaway train careening toward a Pennsylvania town!

Thanks to John’s expertise and that of his mechanics, we averted that scenario and were able to deal with a number of issues. His team replaced the number 2 brake pump assembly and the rear suspension strut bleed tubes. They freed up pivots on the emergency brake levers and renewed the upper control arm bushing and engine mounts. Then they wrapped up by replacing vent, air, and oil filters. Delighted with the work, I headed to top-off the gas and then back to my home in New York, for an overnight stay before leaving for Lake George.

Everything was going swimmingly until I loaded the car the next morning. Lo’ and behold, the only removable part in the car had been accidentally removed! The Rolls-Royce engraved gas cap was missing in action! I realized it must have happened when I stopped near the repair shop for fuel. Self-serve gas is outlawed in New Jersey so an attendant had filled up the car then forgot to put the gas cap back on! I hurriedly located the fuel receipt and called Conoco headquarters where I was forwarded to a regional director. What a stroke of luck! He was totally sympathetic



to my plight and within a couple of hours he had contacted the station, found the attendant, and recovered the gas cap. He even arranged for it to be overnighted to my Lake George hotel directly with special Saturday delivery, so it would arrive before the judging started.

With the gas cap firmly in place, I drove to the RROC field and was dazzled by all the gorgeous cars on display. I took my place in the lineup and waited for the judging to begin. Since this was my first Annual Meet, I had no idea what to expect. I struck up a conversation with adjacently parked, fellow Atlantic Region member Joe Mortell, and was absorbing some pearls of wisdom. He told me the inspection would be detailed, but nothing prepared me for the arrival of the judges. They appeared all at once – in a group of 6 or 7 – and sprang into action! Their red caps were a blur as they ducked and swooped around the car. Judges were in the boot, under the chassis, in the cabin! And I wasn't just a bystander. My job was to operate the windows, lights, and various signals to show that all of Rhody Rolls' features were in working order. The inspection was forensic and the judges scrutinized every aspect of the car.

One of the judges emerged from underneath the PMC. It was Mike Serpe. He noticed my deer-in-the-headlights look and stopped to introduce himself. He had been struck by the car's Rhode Island license plates and mentioned that he had lived in the state before moving to a seaside town in Connecticut. He really put me at ease as we compared notes on the New England area and our passion for Rolls-Royces.

Once the judges' inspection was complete, I toured the grounds, taking full advantage of the opportunity to talk to other owners about their vintage models. I hadn't planned to stay for the awards phase, since getting the judges' inspection report was what solely inspired me to participate

in the Meet, but a friend circled back to say the judges were looking for me. When I returned to my car, I spotted a participation ribbon but wasn't sure of its significance. It was only when the lead judge came over to verify who I was that I realized Rhody Rolls might have placed. I was stunned to learn that she had gotten second place in the Touring category! I was humbled and grateful as I headed over to the winners' circle for pictures.

One of the most uplifting aspects of my first competition, however, has been my new friendship with Mike Serpe. Mike is a renowned classic and exotic car guru and entrepreneurial purveyor of most motorized things called rare. He is generous with his mechanical expertise and his ebullient energy. He had noticed some light corrosion on Rhody Rolls' undercarriage during the inspection and offered to show me how to address it. A few weeks later, we teamed up to wield a power sander, Rustoleum (and a couple of beers) for a quick touch-up. Mike also kindly reviewed the judges' inspection report from the meet with me and explained mystery items that had been flagged as point reductions, such as the "engine lamp," a small light under the bonnet that's supposed to come on when it's opened. Loose wires were the culprit and once we tightened them, the light worked immediately!

A favorite pastime of Mike's is taking his Mercedes-Benz (AMG) "G-Wagon" for off-season rides on the beach---and now I'm his side-kick of sorts. On our last ride on the R.I. shore, we spotted a vehicle that had bogged down – a Subaru Outback that wasn't designed for off-roading on sand. The driver was really in a pinch, but Mike hopped down from the G-Wagon, deflated the Subaru's tires for extra traction, and dug out the car. The driver waved jubilantly as he carefully made his way off the beach and back



onto the road. Mike really exemplifies the esprit de corps that characterizes the members of the Atlantic Region and it's what makes being part of the RROC so enjoyable.

At a British car event in August, Mike noticed an exhaust leak under Rhody Rolls' hood. He used a snake camera to see inside the engine and suspected that the leak was near the manifold. An ad in "**The Atlantic Lady**" had brought another mechanic to my attention, Robert Turner, so I called him and described the problem. He too was vastly experienced and was able to replace the engine manifold gasket which fixed the exhaust leak and stopped fumes from entering the car's cabin, plus he replaced the car's left and right brake pads and replaced the drophead hydraulic fluid and repaired a reservoir tank leak. His advice on preventative maintenance has also saved me from quite a few headaches since belts and hoses inevitably dry-rot since the car still only has 19,000 miles. It's wonderful to know that I can drive my car with confidence and I'm really looking forward to visiting Robert again for preventive work at his beautiful new repair shop opening in Esopus, NY.

Anyhow, during the same British car event I received an urgent phone call from my daughter warning me that tropical storm Henri would be arriving in less than 24 hours. I had totally lost track of time and my Rhode Island beach cottage where Rhody Rolls spends the summers does not have a garage (yet) – so this was distressing news! After some enterprising research, my daughter Rachel found Quonset Motor Sport, an incredible 40,000-square-foot motorcar storage facility in North Kingstown, RI, that is built to withstand a category 5 hurricane. The storm threat was so serious that my insurance company simultaneously sent an email alerting me that the car needed to take cover and offering to reimburse me for any storage fees. The stars had definitely aligned so I hot-footed it back to Rhody

Rolls and drove to what I now think of as "the bunker." What an oasis it was! After we parked Rhody Rolls in her overnight spot, the owner walked me through the building chock-full of priceless models and curious contraptions. They ranged from a Lotus to a classic Range Rover and even a quirky vintage camper – all under heavy guard 24/7. I was in car heaven! Too bad Rhody Rolls was there just for one night.

My next excursion was to the August British Car Day at the Larz Anderson Auto Museum in Brookline, MA. This family-friendly show immediately became a can't-miss event for us, and my attendance was made possible through the Yankee Region of RROC. The drive up turned into an impromptu parade as all kinds of British makes and models converged on the highway. It reminded me of my favorite scene from "Herbie Rides Again," the second movie in "The Love Bug" series where VW Beetles come roaring in from everywhere to help Herbie defeat the villain. I found myself driving between a Jaguar and an MG, and we were all honking our horns, flashing our lights, and waving as we traveled to the museum. Cars from the '50s, '60s, '70s, and '80s dominated the road giving passersby the impression that they had time-traveled! We parked Rhody Rolls on estate grounds adjacent to the museum which is housed in a spectacular 1888 carriage house built by Boston's city architect Edmund Wheelwright and modeled after a French castle. The cars inside were just as amazing, starting with an 1899 Winton Phaeton (4 horsepower!) and concluding with a 1926 Lincoln.

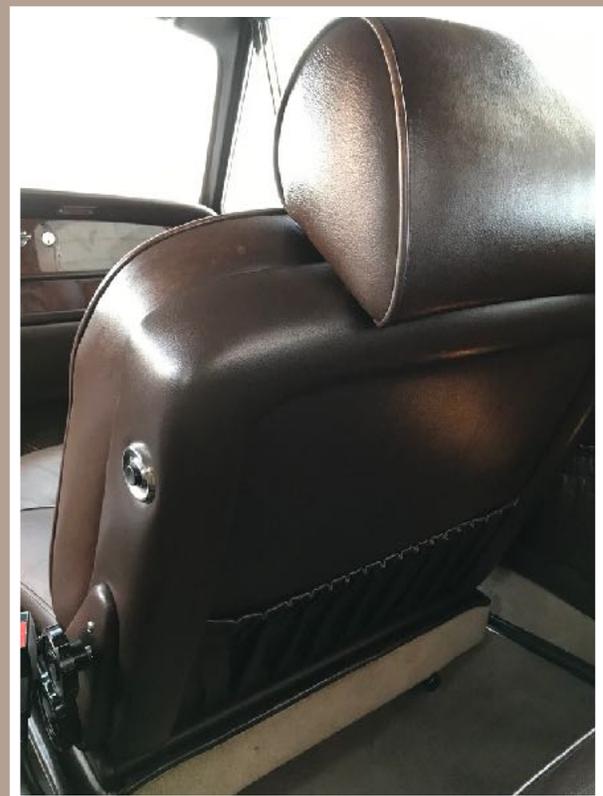
Another festive summer event was a Newport Polo match between the British and American teams, also facilitated by the Yankee Region RROC in Portsmouth, RI. We pulled up to the best seats in the house as we parked Rhody Rolls along the edge of the polo field. We were so close to the game that I literally wondered if I might



catch a flying divot as the horses raced by, and I dashed out onto the field with other spectators at halftime to stomp the divots back into the ground. For me, the halftime show featuring the 2022 collection of new Rolls-Royce sedans and SUVs eclipsed even the glitziest Superbowl extravaganza. We feasted on a catered lunch provided by the Yankee Region RROC and to my daughter's astonishment, she won the Polo grounds door prize gift basket – a perfect ending to a perfect day.

The Atlantic Region Darien Concours at the Darien Country Club in Connecticut was my last fabulous event of the 2021 season, which culminated in the exciting announcements of John Carter stepping into the role of Atlantic Region Chairman and Mike Serpe being appointed the new Vice President of Judging. I also had the chance to finally meet in person the inimitable publisher of **“The Atlantic Lady,”** Joan Imowitz. Her enthusiasm is infectious and be forewarned – once you meet her, you'll find yourself happily agreeing to anything she wants, even if it's pages of prose when what you normally write are strategy recommendations for clients. I was also proud to place third at this prestigious event.

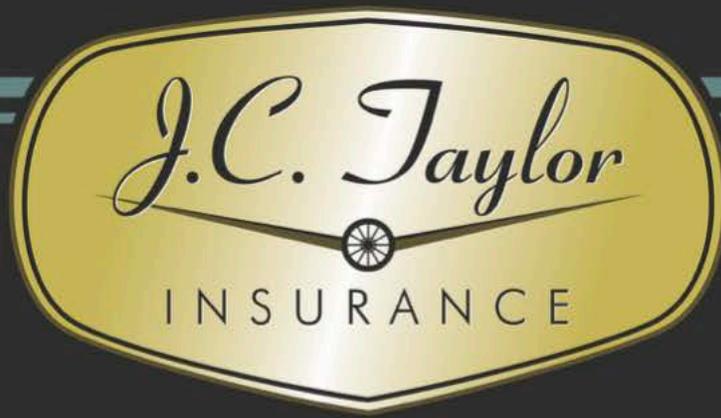
It's almost time to take Rhody Rolls out of the garage for her spring tune-up and seasonal pilgrimage to my cottage in Rhode Island. She'll again enjoy Sunday sunset shoreline road-cruises, as depicted on the cover photo of this issue. I'm thrilled to be starting another season with the RROC and indebted to its leadership and members who have brightened my life with the joys of PMC fellowship.











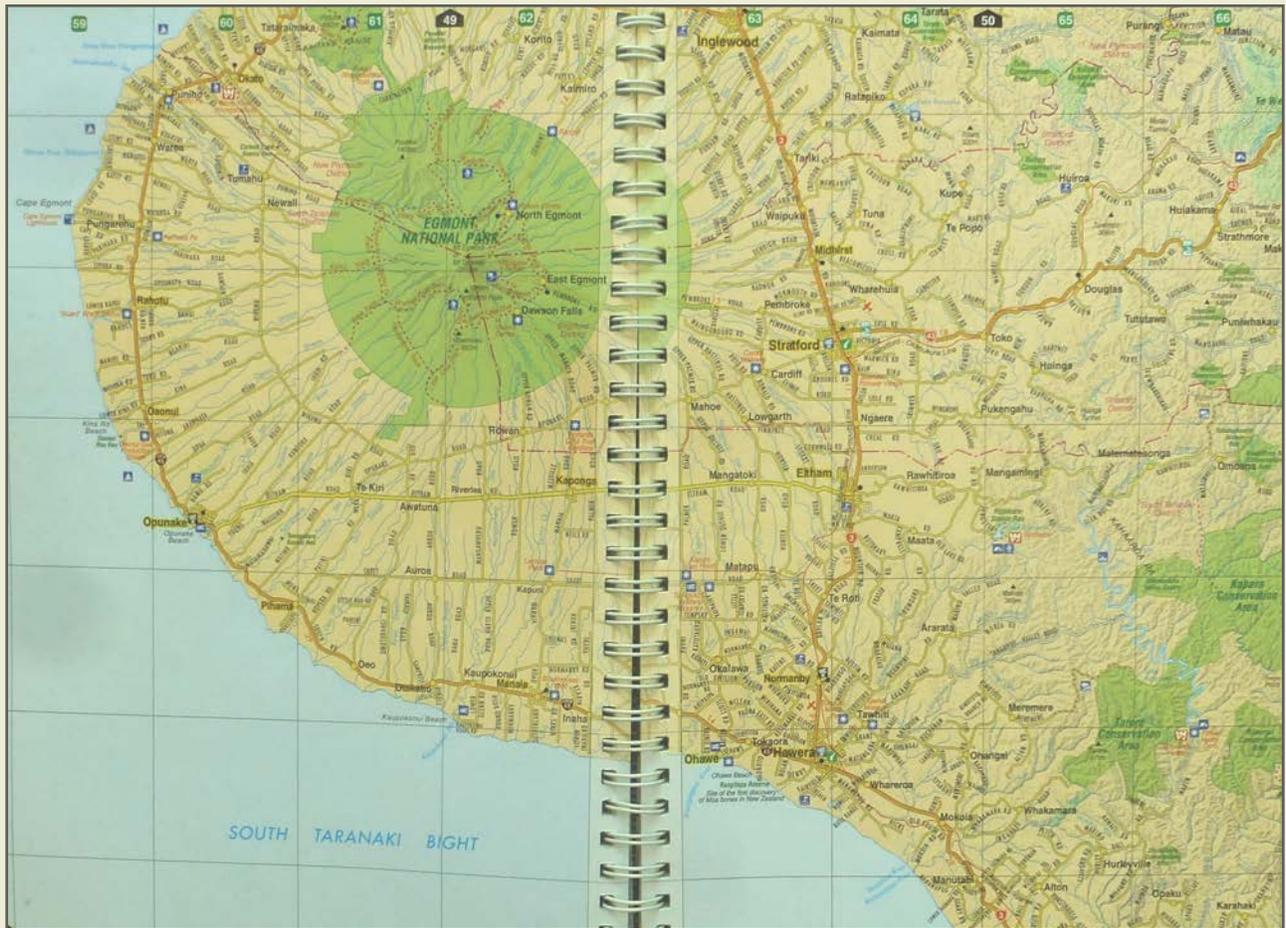
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This map of some of the Taranaki area will give an idea of the road network, and how the 8,261-foot mountain peak is only 16 miles from the sea.

## THE VERO INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF VINTAGE MOTORING

New Plymouth, New Zealand, January 16 to 21, 2022.

TOM KING

Jeannette McLennan's photograph of Mt Egmont/Taranaki. The last eruption was in the 1860s, and its next is described as "overdue." Murray Hawke, visible in the mirror, described the mountain as "elusive, swinging from port to starboard". Even during the otherwise cloudless skies of our week in Taranaki, the volcano was usually attended by cloud.



The Vintage Car Club of New Zealand grew from an informal Vintage Vehicles Association, founded during 1946 by a small group of very young students at Canterbury University College in Christchurch. The Second World War was barely over, and shortages of most commodities were regulated by rationing of food, gasoline and clothing in this most remote corner of the British Commonwealth at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

Two of these students were Andrew Anderson and Rob Shand, and their First Year Latin was taught by Professor Greville Pocock, who had been at university in England with the famous racing personalities, the Guinness brothers Algernon and Kenelm Lee, before the First World War. Professor Pocock became club Patron, and old cars were exhumed and resurrected.

Clubs for early motoring were already thriving in Britain, but the official date for a “vintage” car in New Zealand was settled as December 31, 1931, the year later than the British date perhaps reflecting the delay of the effects of The Great Depression taking longer to bite such a remote country. In a parallel development, the Omicron variant of COVID 19 was just about to affect us, and within 72 hours of the 2022 Festival’s closing, we were again immersed in measures to minimise the effects of the virus. It should be noted that the population of New Zealand is just over 5 million, or one sixty-sixth of that of the United States of America, and I will leave you to extrapolate our death toll of 52 as this is being written...

The 1931 cut-off date for “vintage” was rigidly enforced until 1965, when New Zealand’s first International Rally was planned; the Federation of Vintage Associations had a more liberal interpretation of eligibility, and this has led to 30-year-old cars now qualifying.

The 1965 Haast Pass Rally was the sixth International Rally to be organised, and the first outside Europe. Perhaps because of the spectacular scenery of the South Island, the Rally was splendidly supported by entrants from Australia, America, Malaysia, South Africa, Britain and Europe, as well as by locals. A slight snag was the incomplete nature of the Haast Pass, named

for the influential explorer, surveyor and geologist Sir Julius von Haast (1822-87), but there were still plenty of challenging roads available despite a circular route being ruled out. The tourist interest had not yet become the industry of recent pre-COVID days, and with 500 cars and their 1,000 crew, accommodation ranged upwards from tents.

Your reporter will never forget Andrew Anderson’s 1965 promise of “a whing-ding of some considerable magnitude”; his father had joined the Royal Navy as a Midshipman in 1908, and Andrew still conveys some of the flavour of a ship’s quarterdeck from that remote time. It was a pleasure to see him present every day, 75 years after he formed the club.

After that first big, and enormously successful, rally, the VCC organised another International event in 1972, and from then on approximately every four years, in various centres of New Zealand. Those of you who have travelled here will know that the landscape is challenging, and despite our relatively small size of 103,000 square miles, a great variety of scenery, roads, and experiences are readily available.

New Plymouth was chosen for the International Rally in 2021, but it was postponed because of the COVID pandemic. Until quite recently, large gatherings were impossible, and in a narrow available time space, approximately 500 vintage vehicles and 850 people descended on this city of 58,000.

Relatively remote, approximately 240 miles away from both the largest city, Auckland, and the Capital, Wellington, New Plymouth had developed a quite self-sufficient culture from its earliest Māori days and European settlement from 1841. Even the local savings bank has managed to avoid the Australian ownership of our other banks.

Bearing in mind our present population, where a sizeable chunk of us have, in our extended families, members of other cultures, a particularly shameful episode took place in 1881 at Parihaka, now a quiet village. After disputes arising from differing concepts of land ownership or occupation, dodgy deals, confiscations and local battles as colonial pressure for farmland grew,

about 2,000 Māori had peacefully occupied land there, but the Colonial government sent in about 650 British troops, supplemented by almost 1,000 local volunteers. They were greeted by children offering food, but the community was destroyed with who knows what loss of life and independence? We weren't taught that history at school...

Today, the dairy industry has a very healthy butter-fat component from the Jersey and Guernsey proportion of the herds, and natural gas and petroleum also contribute to the local economy. The city appears quite prosperous, with no apparent "bad bits" of town, and the time of lock-down seems to have been spent in house painting. Situated on the west (wet) coast 'neath a "dormant" volcano of Mt Egmont/Taranaki (8,261 feet), gardens both private and local council maintained flourish; there doesn't seem to be any way of donating to many of these worthy efforts, and Taranaki province is blessed by readily accessible amenities. The Coastal Walkway is about 8 miles long, and incorporates some works of the innovative artist Len Lye (1901-80), a New Zealander who spent most of his career in New York, but returned late in his life to curate his contributions to the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery. What better place to photograph a Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn than outside the gallery?

A very short lesson on the Māori language: a soft Polynesian tongue, syllables are accented similarly unless a stress is noted, and as words can be compound, some formidable sentences can be encountered. The "g" is soft, and "wh" is variously pronounced as one would when carefully asking "what", or inserting a slight "f" into the mix. Try it, and then try "Whangamomona", which is a very isolated village upon which many of us descended on one of our day runs. There, the local honey is excellent, and the 15 children from the primary school were raising funds by selling it at \$10 a jar. One young lady's grasp of mathematics was a little vague, as she offered \$20 change for the two jars' \$20.

With various "long" and "short" mileage options, and a wide variety of interesting roads, a good instruction book complete with maps, convoys of cars were scrupulously avoided, along with the

raising of other motorists' ire. There were no specific starting places or times, just a suggested arrival for the lunches pre-ordered on each of the five days of driving. Each town chosen as a destination was served by a spacious sports field and pavilion of a surprisingly civilised nature. On all but one of the evenings, a buffet meal was served in a large hangar-like building attached to New Plymouth's horse-racing field. Dim lighting didn't help recognition, as grey hair, glasses and wrinkles on the bits not obscured by face masks tend to be generic. Entertainment was provided, and although your reporter would have preferred a quiet jazz piano trio, majority ruled.

The town of Inglewood became a Street Party in the late afternoon of that exception to the catered evening meal, as rally cars sat four abreast along the main street. It was the best place to closely inspect the cars, as the normal view from a 1963 Bentley Continental Flying Spur, for instance, gave but a fleeting glimpse of a 1905 Darracq or a 1906 Cadillac. The Bentley, BC150XC, is owned by a friend from our teenage days of first owning our Rileys, Glynn Williams. In its original Sage Green it is quite unobtrusive, and an interesting study of the effects of fluctuating tastes and fashions, not to forget fluctuating currency exchange rates, to explain the composition of the rally's entrants, could be made. A 1915 Saxon sat near a 1908 Silver Ghost, chassis 60588, and the Fords T and A, Essexes and Hudsons, Chevrolets, Dodges and Austin 7s, which dominated the roads of our childhood memories, were joined on the rally by a Stutz, V8 Cadillacs, a Pierce Arrow, a Franklin and Packards.

The amount of organisation was formidable, and whether we will see such an event again or not, who knows? Support came from entrants in the extreme south of the South Island to North Auckland, and the effect upon New Plymouth, as New Zealanders emerged from lockdown to enjoy their countryside must have been beneficial. As the festival ran, a large wedding and a musical event have been noted as "locations of interest", but the 100% vaccination rate of everyone concerned in New Plymouth has meant a feeling of cautious optimism as this is written, a week after returning home.



1913 Napier T68, a 3-litre four designed by Arthur Rowledge (1876-1957) before his distinguished career with Rolls-Royce from 1921 to 1945. It was entered by John and Katy Parish, who live near Gore, in the very south of the South Island. The town was named for an early colonial governor of New Zealand, Sir Thomas Gore-Browne (1807-87) who was related to Leonie Gore, W.O. Bentley's first wife. She died in the 'flu epidemic of 1919'. Katy had entered her 1923 3-litre Bentley, chassis 348, which was the first of our marque to reach New Zealand, but the Bentley was still being worked upon, so they brought the Napier when the rally started.



Co-founder of the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand (Inc) over 75 years ago, Andrew Anderson, beside John Kennedy's 1922 Silver Ghost tourer by Hooper, chassis 100HG. They were photographed at the lunch stop, the isolated town of Whangamomona (2018 population 264).

Below: Some of the 15 students of the school, and the local honey they were selling as a fund-raiser.





Murray Hawkes' 1929 New Phantom, chassis 59OR. It now carries Brewster tourer coachwork, but originally was a Hooper Sedancalette, delivered new to Alfred Nicholas in Melbourne, Australia. He, as well as producing a generic aspirin, was Yehudi Menuhin's father-in-law. Murray campaigns 59OR widely.



Delages outnumbered Bentleys by 3 to 2, but we make no apologies for including this image of a 1924 DI. Did Louis Delage (1874 -1947) realise that his name could be read quite easily in reflection?



Nyall and Joelene Simkins entered two Silver Ghosts. We followed this 1908 tourer by Pittwood, chassis 60588, back to New Plymouth after the street party at Inglewood, and Joelene's driving was certainly not going to hold up traffic.



Their 1920 Barker bodied Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost tourer, chassis 54RE, was also utterly immaculate.



In contrast, this 1915 Saxon, a marque from Detroit, was about to depart from Inglewood.



Hilary and I traveled very happily over 2,000 miles with Glynn Williams in his 1963 Bentley Continental Flying Spur, chassis BC150XC. Originally delivered to the Channel Islands, careful use has preserved its utter originality over 62,000 miles.



Hilary and Glynn beside “Nodding Neddy”, which delivered petrol to the local council from 1931 to 1957. The port of New Plymouth is visible behind them on yet another day of perfect weather.

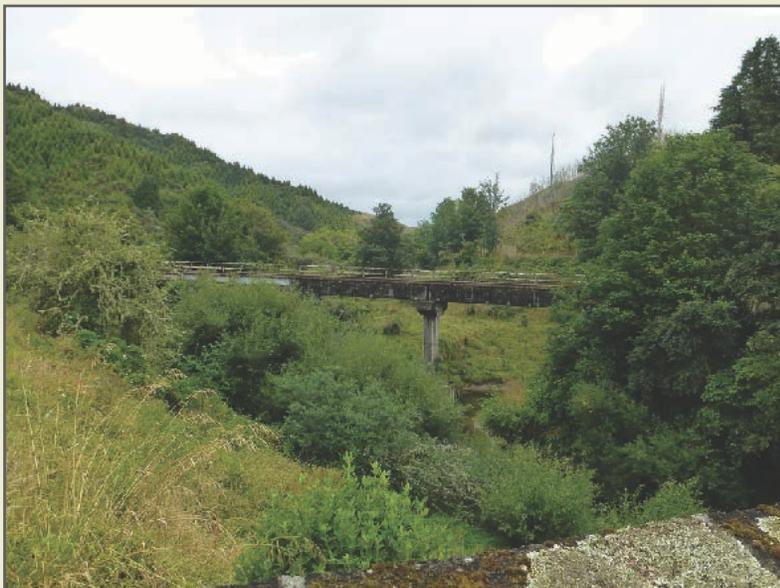


101FH, a 1928 New Phantom by Windovers is famous for competing in the Around Australia Ampol Trial in 1955 to '57, entered by Blanche “Grannie” Brown. She and her team (son Vince [1930-2005] and navigator Catherine Price) finished 5th overall in 1957, winning the over-3 liter class against the then new range of large Australian Fords and their competitors by over 3 hours. Their purchase price of £250 (\$US6600 now) was more than recouped by the prize money. In 1957 a piston failed, so Vince Brown removed it and its connecting rod, welding enough steel cut from a ploughshare onto the crankshaft to restore balance, and they finished the Trial, although unplaced. Restored by Bruce Ross in the 1970s, 101FH bears just one honourable scar from her Trials, a hole in the windshield earned while towing other competitors out of the desert sand in 1956.





A 1929 Morgan 3-Wheeler. A plaque on the dashboard reads, "Notice to Passengers: Oil stains on clothing can be removed quite easily using a sharp pair of scissors."



A typical view of Taranaki vegetation as we flashed by on one of those country roads shown on the map (image 1). The bridge carries the 3'6" gauge railway, which remains the same as when the Main Trunk Line was established throughout New Zealand's difficult terrain around 1907.



Urban Whangamomona, a tiny and isolated community, where members of the school committee had made excellent lunches for visitors.



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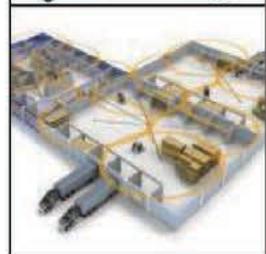
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# The Blowout

JOHN T. CARTER

I worked all weekend with my friend Greg on his Porsche. We were installing new intercoolers, engine mounts, LED light packages, and a sophisticated radar and laser jamming system. The project spilled into Monday. I had to do “real work” at my job, but Greg carried on getting the Porsche roadworthy.

Greg was driving his car to Boston Monday night, and I was hitching a ride with him to Springfield to pick up my Corniche from John Robison. We left my house in NJ about 8pm, arrived in NYC for Greg to pick up some things and then drove on. We stopped for dinner and gas along the way. We arrived in Springfield 2am Tuesday morning where I picked up my Corniche.

The Corniche was working great. John Robison had adjusted the ride height for me after I spent the winter doing a suspension overhaul including new ball joints, lever bushings, hubs, and springs. The steering was centered, the ride solid, and no noticeable pulls. Perfect! About a half-hour into the trip I noticed a slight pull to the left. I was very disappointed because I wanted the car ready for the summer. Oh well. I continued driving. About one hour later in Darien CT, I had a rear wheel blowout. I was doing about 55 at the time.

I quickly pulled over and began changing the tire. The blown-out tire was destroyed. The tread separated from the sidewall at the tread edge. It was just like the truck tire treads you see along the side of the highway. The trim ring was hopelessly lost. For all I know it still might be rolling down the highway.

In the midst of changing the tire, a police car pulled up behind me with their emergency lights on to ensure my safety. They sat in their car watching me as I changed the tire in a light drizzle of rain.

I finally got the spare tire on, jumped back into the car, and begin to roll forward. I heard a scraping noise. I stopped immediately to investigate the cause. The wheel well had been bent inward by the blown-out tire. I needed to remove the spare tire and bend the metal wheel well back into position to prevent any rubbing. It was at this point I realized I had no hammer. The only thing in the car heavy enough to suffice as a hammer was the jack. Unfortunately, I needed that to raise the car to remove the spare again.

I ask the police if they had a hammer – NO. I say, “Ok, what about one of those big metal flashlights you use for interrogating prisoners?” Answer: “Laugh, no sorry.” I say, “Ok, in that case I have no alternative but to call AAA.”

I get back in the car, call AAA, and explain the situation. “Please send someone to provide roadside assistance and tell him to bring a hammer.” I get a call from the one and only tow truck driver that AAA works with in Darien. He says, “So, you need to me to help you change your tire and you want me to bring a hammer? First of all, I’m not touching a Rolls-Royce at all let alone banging on one with a hammer.” I say, “Listen, I didn’t ask you to bang on the car with a hammer. I asked you to bring *me* a hammer so I can tap the wheel well back into shape and get home. This is an

emergency. I'm stranded here." He says, "Let me call you back in a couple of minutes." A couple of minutes go by and AAA calls me back. They basically say, "We're not in the business of bringing people hammers so you're on your own."

I sat in the car for a while pondering what to do. I realized that the car now needed body work on the wheel well. Even if I get the car moving the next step is going to be to take it to a body shop. The options were: Carriage House (close by), back to

Robison, or to John Palma. I've heard good things about Carriage House but I never used them before personally. John Robison is a bit out of the way for me. John Palma is in range of my AAA 200 mile tow. John Palma has a great body guy, but even more importantly he has all the tools to do a rear wheel alignment. He can also look over all the other work that has been done on the car over the winter. John Palma is the way to go.



The Culprit

I call back AAA and say, "Ok, I no longer want a hammer. I no longer want help changing my tire. What I want and what I am entitled to as a AAA Premier member is a flatbed truck to come and pickup the car and take it from Darien to Audubon, NJ near Philly." They say, "Ok, but since the local tow truck guy doesn't want to work with you, we'll have to find someone outside the area and it might take a few hours." I say, "Ok, go for it." I lock up the car, hide the key, and begin walking off the highway toward the Metro North railroad station.

It's now 6am. I text my friend Charles R. in Darien who's an early riser. He calls me and we review my strategy. He agrees the plan is sound. I jump on Metro North 6:30a.

I arrive at Grand Central Terminal, NY. My phone battery is about to die. I arrange an Uber pickup.

Photograph courtesy of John T. Carter

The Uber driver arrives in minutes to bring me the rest of the way home to NJ. He loans me an iPhone cable and I charge the phone. During the trip I get a text from AAA. We've got a tow company and they'll be contacting you shortly. Minutes later another tow truck dispatcher calls. He summarizes the situation and says, "So, my only question is, why did the other tow company refuse to help you?" I responded, "Because the dispatcher from the other company was a weasel. He hears the brand "Rolls-Royce" and thinks he's gonna get sued. The fact of the matter is I love people in the auto industry. My car spends more time at mechanics than I do at the doctor. My cousin owns an auto body shop. I've used tow trucks before and never had a problem." He responds, "Ok, I'm sending somebody out to you." I tell him I'm no longer there but where to find the key.

Several minutes later I get another call, this time from the tow truck driver himself. He says, "Hi, I got your car. Everything's ok." I say, "Great, so you found the key, the car's on the flatbed?" "Yeah, I've got it on the flatbed, everything's fine. By the way, I noticed your wheel well was bent so I took the tire off and hammered the wheel well back into place so the tire wouldn't rub when I pulled it up onto the flatbed." I say, "I've been begging, bribing, and threatening people all night to bring me a hammer and you hammered the car's wheel well yourself without even asking me about it. You're the first reasonable person I've spoken to in the last eight hours."

I send John Palma a text saying "John, I'm having my Corniche towed to your shop. Wheel well damaged blah blah blah." I finally get home, sit down on the couch and fall asleep immediately, 9:30am. I wake up 2pm and look at my phone. There's a text from Palma that says, "John, you better bring your car to another

place because we're so busy here there's no way I'm going to get to your car anytime soon." OMG! I immediately call Palma. Once John hears that my problems are not mechanical in nature it becomes clear that he can take on the job and return my car in a short timeframe.

The blown-out tire was less than 6 months old. I call Diamond Back tire. They say they are going to ship another tire out for free ASAP. DB Tire really stands behind their product. They think the Uniroyal Laredos I purchased are really great tires and the blowout occurred due to a road hazard or just a fluke. They check the date codes on the tires they shipped. The earliest date was late 2020 so the oldest tire is less than two years old.

The insurance adjuster called and said, "Everything's covered except for the tire itself." That's good to hear. I am not going to have any major out-of-pocket expenses.

The theory behind all this is that the tire tread began coming loose about one-half hour into the trip which is why the car started pulling slightly. An hour later it separated completely and the blowout occurred. I have no choice but to trust the remaining tires when I leave John Palma. John is doing a force load balancing and in-depth inspection of all the tires. I am confident everything will be ok. If I have another blowout, the car is basically dead for the whole summer and I can kiss goodbye any top-down summer driving in the Corniche.

John Palma managed to wrap up my car with plenty of time to spare to pack for the National Meet. It's now safely home in my garage. I had a nice early evening joyride last night. 'All is well.'



# *Impressions of The National Meet, San Diego, CA*

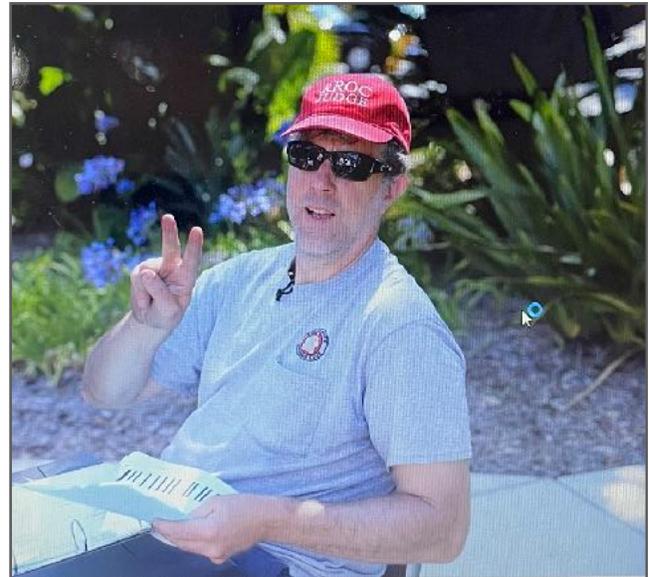
DAVID CORBETT

A bedazzled “Winged B”, proudly perched atop the bonnet of a special Azure, emerged from a cushy McCollister’s Transport truck in foggy San Francisco into the waiting arms of Atlantic and Iroquois Region members, Bill Pratt and Bob Phibbs. After flying cross-country in a crowded aluminum tube, the Atlantic Region gents were eager to settle into the inviting hand-stitched, biscuit-colored Connolly leather seats and motor their Bentley down the west coast to the 70th RROC National Meet in San Diego. Along the way, they visited old friends and made new.

Bill and Bob arrived in beautiful San Diego, where the 70th annual National Meet hosts, Brad and Michelle Zemcik welcomed over 400 other enthusiasts. Apparently, the organizers paid an early deposit to guarantee perfect weather. The sky was a cross between ‘Le Mans Blue’ and ‘Caribbean Aqua,’ the breeze was gently stirring, and the temperature ranged from delightful to balmy.

The Dana Hotel and Resort overlooked Mission Bay and a backdrop of pleasure boats. The centerpiece of The Dana featured our registration area - always staffed with cheerful volunteers - and a huge vendor room, overlooking the outdoor poolside restaurant. Comprised of a cluster of buildings connected by curvy palm-leaf lined walkways, 131 Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars filled the parking areas. The resort staff was responsive and cheerful, keeping a sentinel’s eye over the cars.

The weeklong Meet began with a Monday evening poolside “Meet & Greet”. Thank goodness for those oversized name tags! The ever-popular 6am Dawn Patrol on Tuesday was a great way to see the sights



Atlantic and Iroquois Region member Mike Serpe sporting a red judge’s cap.

and try out a variety of Proper Motorcars. Throughout the week, there were many planned area museum and private collection tours, seminars, and keynote presentations. Off-campus excursions included the famed San Diego Zoo, the nearby Mission Bay roller-coaster, stilted glass houses of LaJolla, hippy neighborhoods, faux-bungalows and Old Town San Diego. One of the many seminars was led by Atlantic Region’s Mike Serpe, who also assisted John Robison and John Palma in under-the-bonnet tech discussions.

Bentley Motors and Rolls-Royce Motorcars supported the national Nwith both staff and their latest offerings from England. Their respective keynotes were focused on the future of electric cars. Some in the audience expressed concern over the fate of the beloved internal combustion

engine and the commitment from the carmakers to support aging cars and collectors. It will be interesting to see how each each company supports over 100 years of brand heritage as they move into the world of electric vehicles.

The Bentley welcome dinner was at the San Diego Air & Space Museum. The delicious dinner was held under a massive domed skylight with passenger jets seen flying overhead.

Once again, the quickly sold-out event was 'Friends of Charles' dinner party with dozens upon dozens of clashing Hawaiian shirts. While not formally recognized by RROC, the group is named for aviator and co-founder Charles Rolls (a confirmed bachelor - wink, wink). He would be pleased to know that the modern RROC is a welcoming club.

Throughout the week, the cars themselves were the stars, the oldest being a 1909 Ghost. Each intimate parking area was filled with stunning cars: Clouds, Shadows, Phantoms, dropheads, Turbos, Dawns, Continentals, Mulsannes, 3-liter racers, Spurs,



100 years old!!

Wraiths, Derbys, and a word-salad of coach-builders. Owners prepped and polished all week in preparation for the roving squadrons of red-hat judges on Friday concours day. The National Meet offers owners the option of touring class and a more formal concours.

The event photographer, Douglas Gates captured the nervous excitement of judging day and the joy for the winners, including Bill and Bob's Azure which won 2nd place.

The week culminated in the Rolls-Royce awards dinner aboard the flight deck of the USS Midway. A spectacular sunset accompanied the booming voice of newly elected RROC president and emcee, John Sweney.

The Azure has returned home to overlook the Hudson River, its 'Winged B' proudly perched atop the bonnet.



Judges cannot be bribed with cheap bourbon and \$50 bucks.



Photographs courtesy of David Corbett

# CULLINAN

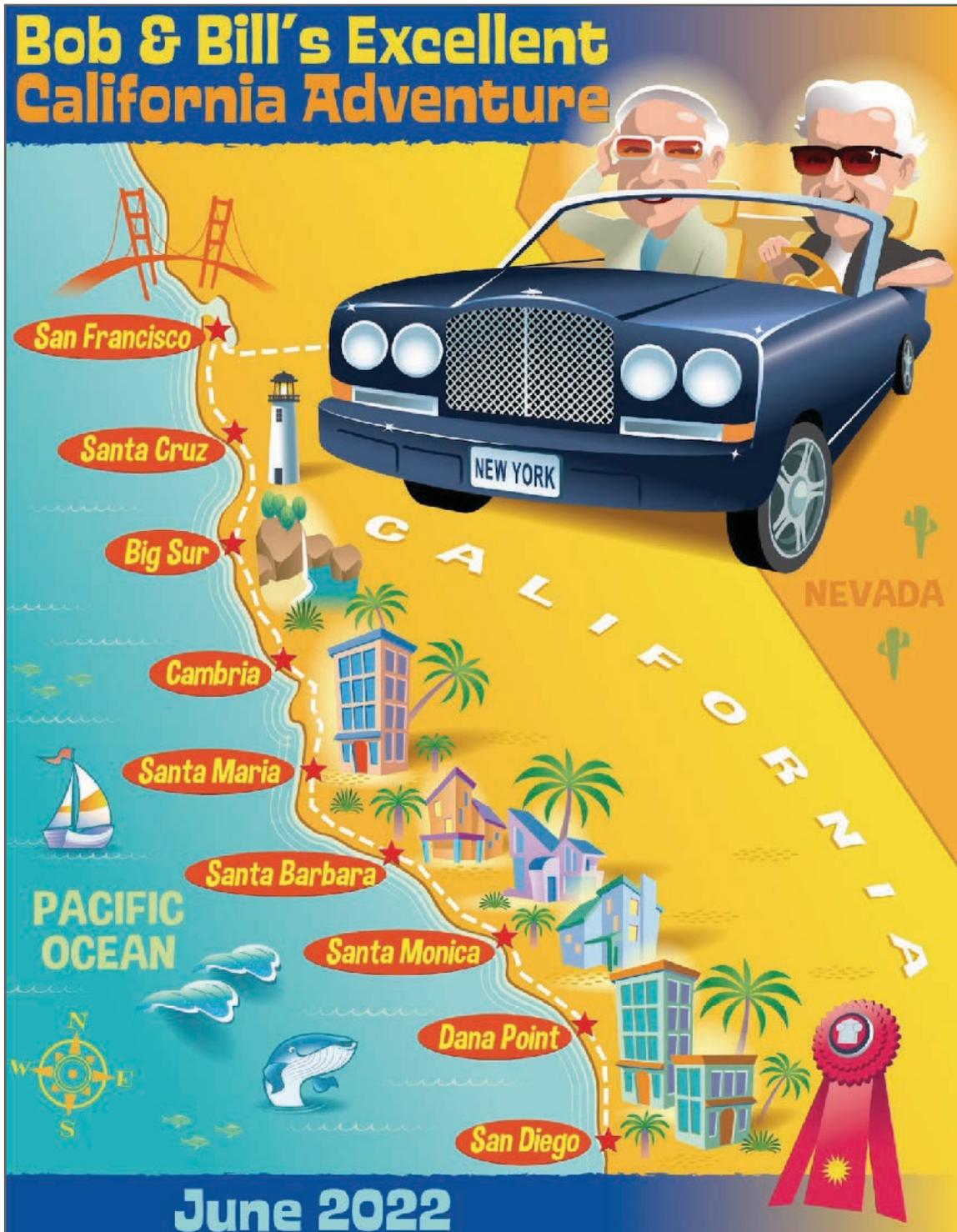
ONE LIFE, MANY LIFESTYLES



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# Impressions of The National Meet, San Diego, CA

BILL PRATT AND BOB PHIBBS



Photographs and cover image courtesy of Bill Pratt and Bob Phibbs

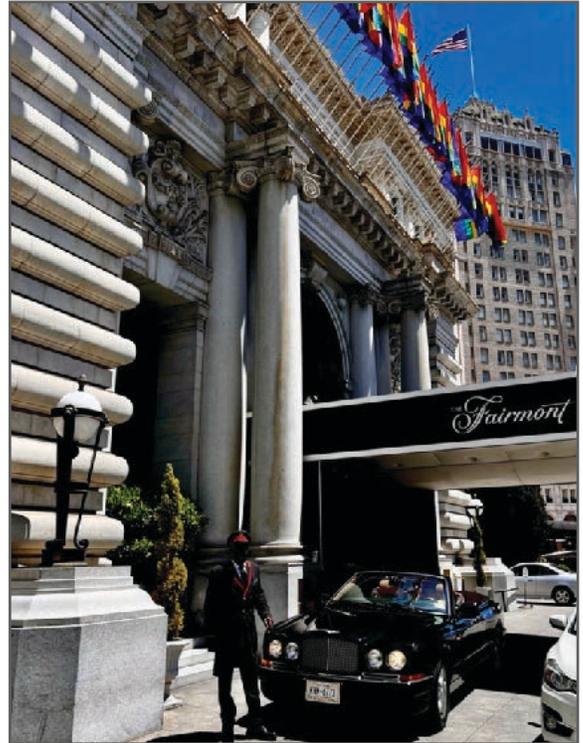
**PREPARING THE BENTLEY  
JUNE 2 (THURSDAY)**

We found the maintenance manual to our 2002 Bentley Azure in the trunk which listed Carriage House Motor Cars in Greenwich, CT as having originally sold this automobile. According to the book they had performed the first three services, so we took it there for a checkup. They replaced a faulty power steering reservoir which is not uncommon for these model years. One of the other discoveries we made was the convertible top actuators and hoses need to be replaced. So we did it. Because we felt it could be a long shot to be judged at the RROC Meet, we downloaded the judging sheet and went to John Palma's Tech Meet in New Jersey to put the car on a lift and get an evaluation. We fixed all the issues we could before McCollister's Transport came to pick up the car to go to San Francisco.



**JUNE 7 (TUESDAY)**

Because the historic Adagio hotel in San Francisco is in the downtown theater district, an attendant was provided for Bentley 24 hours a day. We went to the Fairmont Hotel for afternoon cocktails. We walked to Mastro's Restaurant. It opened at five and people were already waiting to get in. After dinner, the assistant manager Michael came to our table to introduce himself and was excited to hear all about our Bentley Azure adventure. As we



headed down to the second floor and asked the maître d' where the restrooms were he replied, "First show me a picture of the Bentley." Michael had bragged about us! We walked home past several theaters and saw at the far end of the block the famous Palace Theatre.

**JUNE 8 (WEDNESDAY)**

Our first big drive in Bentley was to have lunch in Sausalito over the Golden Gate Bridge. Amazing views of the 'City by the Bay' and even found out our server was also a server at Tavern on the Green in New York City when we were



there at the start of the Millennium! That night we saw the magical Broadway play *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child* at the Curran theater a block away from the hotel.

#### **JUNE 9 (THURSDAY)**

Bill's nephew Tim arrived, and we all drove down to Fremont to visit his brother Joe and family. It was a sunny, hot day with the top-down. Lesson learned on busy freeways in traffic: *Keep the top up!* Post-lunch, we spent time with Tim and his wife in Alameda. Afterward, we visited the USS Hornet aircraft carrier where various car clubs were gathered on the dock. We took a twilight drive home with the top down across Oakland Bay Bridge to see Oracle Park, the home of the San Francisco Giants, all lit up. Walking home after having cocktails and deserts at Mastro's, we met Lucas Hall and William Bednar-Carter, the two leads from last night's *Harry Potter*.

#### **JUNE 10 (FRIDAY)**

Bob's college buddy Kevyn Morrow, who is starring in the touring company of Broadway's *Hadestown* joined us for breakfast before we packed up the car and headed to catch US 1 from the Presidio. Now with the top down as we headed toward Santa Cruz, the power and experience of an open Bentley convertible became clear through aromatic eucalyptus forests. We arrived at the Chaminade Resort and enjoyed their saltwater pool for hours.



#### **JUNE 11 (SATURDAY)**

Cloudy day detour to take the 17-mile drive from Monterey to Pebble Beach. When we pulled over at times we noticed there were more people taking pictures of our car than the scenery. Some of the most spectacular scenery we discovered near Bixby Creek Bridge on our drive to Big Sur. Upon arrival, we found our Big Sur cabin surrounded by redwood trees and included a fireplace. It was rustic in a good way.

#### **JUNE 12 (SUNDAY)**

Bill started his day with a swim and Bob hiked in the redwoods to the waterfall before the curviest scenic drive of the trip. Quick lunch at Whale Watcher Café where a guy from Italy snapped pics for his Instagram site RareCars. Rte 1 roads challenged the Azure's steering rack so we stopped to check, added power steering fluid, and off again. We saw a lot of car clubs rallying north and realized how glad we were to be going south with a clear view of the beaches. We arrived at the San Simeon hotel that we visited 30 years ago and enjoyed dinner in Cambria based on another recommendation from TripAdvisor.



#### **JUNE 13 (MONDAY)**

As we pulled into a café, we heard metal clanging from the back. "It has to be the spare tire," Bill said. Sure enough. We reconnected the post and cinched up the spare tire which had been hanging on the safety hook. It most likely came loose being scraped going over deep gutters on roads and

driveways. *Beware*. Much straighter drive away from the coast to Santa Maria to spend a couple of nights with Bill's brother Fred and his wife Scheryn. *There's a drought?* Could've fooled us with fields of vegetables and roadside stands of avocado, cherries, and strawberries. Fred brought out his 1933 Auburn for a visit to La Casa de Flores, a safe place for homeless veterans that he created. Off to Pismo Beach for lunch and a car beauty shot at the pier. We headed into the countryside to the best steakhouse around, the *Hitching Post* as seen in *Sideways*, the movie. Two diners arrived on horseback.



The ultimate in luxury at breakfast is having fresh oranges right off the tree in the backyard. Then off to Fred's garage - which also included a 1915 Jackrabbit Apperson - to wash Azure to remove the sea spray and road grime. Thorough wash and refresh of ceramic finish. Rims needed a brush and then a sponge to bring up the shine. Some tire black finish, all like new. We got to experience Fred's Aston Martin DB-9 on a well-paved farm road. Yipes! If you have a lead foot, it's ready to race ahead with undetectable speed and ease @100 mph. We visited Robin Onsolen as he was preparing to bring his 1909 Silver Ghost to the Meet.

**JUNE 14 (TUESDAY) & JUNE 15 (WEDNESDAY)**  
After lunch, we drove to the secluded Ritz-Carlton Santa Barbara, and once again Azure got gold star treatment being parked with the other "hot



machines" in the grand courtyard. Dinner with niece Julia Grace at the Angel Oak restaurant on site with an unobstructed view of the coast.

**JUNE 16 (THURSDAY)**

The Ritz-Carlton provided a great brunch by the beach before we set off down the coast of Ventura with miles of farm fields, farm stands, and beautiful countryside. We checked into the Santa Monica Fairmont and had dinner on their patio next to their Koi pond. It reminded us of our Koi pond at home. We checked with our friend Tony Drockton, CEO of luxury handbag brand Hammitt, "Are we still on for the car rally tomorrow?" Yes!

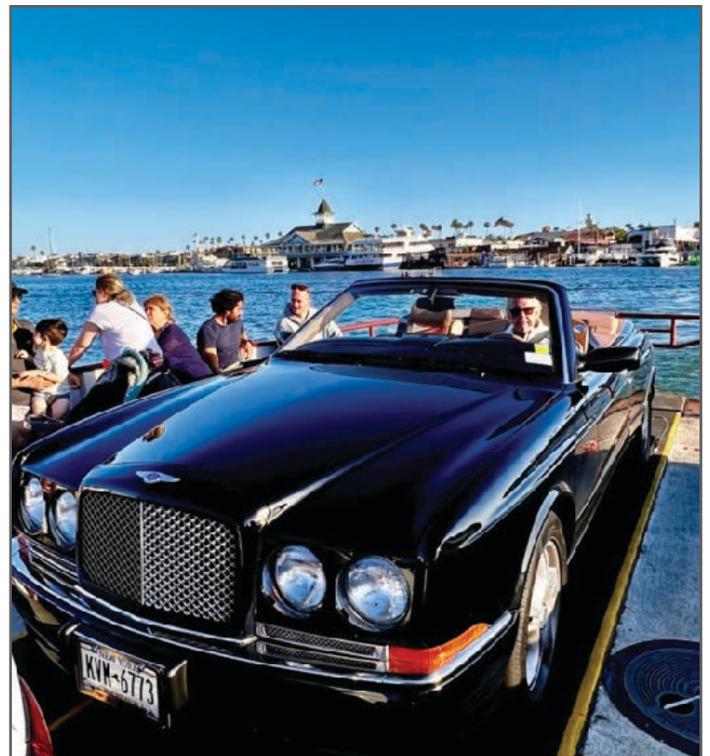


### JUNE 17 (FRIDAY)

The car rally took place about a half-hour drive down the 405 freeway so we started *top-up*. We arrived in Torrance to see a variety of cars including a '52 Mercedes Gullwing, a '21 Ford GT, and more. We rallied around Rancho Palos Verdes for a couple of hours, stopping for lunch at Whiskey Flats in San Pedro where they had converted a propane tank into a BBQ grill. After the Meet, Tony took us on a tour of both Hermosa and Manhattan Beach in his electric cart. At 4 pm we returned to the Torrance airport and drove along the active tarmac to Tony's friend's airplane hangar to dine on fresh Alaskan fish he caught just two days prior.

### JUNE 18 (SATURDAY)

After brunch at the Fairmont Hotel by the pool, we drove to Newport Beach to visit the Balboa Peninsula - past the hotel Bill and his brother had owned for decades to the infamous surfing destination, *The Wedge*. Then we took the car by ferry to Balboa Island.





**JUNE 19 (SUNDAY)**

Another stellar morning as we drove through Laguna Beach and discovered an old favorite, Las Brisas, was open for breakfast. They were serving the special weekend Father's Day brunch even though it was Monday. *How lucky can you get?* We passed legendary Ruby's Auto Diner and took a pic.

Because we drove to the event there is only so much preparation that can be done. We arrived at the Laguna Cliffs Marriott Hotel and the valet set us up with All American Mobile Detailing, that afternoon! This gave us several hours of pool time for swimming, lounging, and poolside food and beverages. The detailing of Azure began at 3:30 and at 6 pm we had an amazing shine on the ceramic black paint.

With carpet shampooed, leather fed, and engine compartment polished, we were confident we



could do the final touches before judging. We were very excited about arriving at the RROC event the next day and would not have planned these three weeks of touring if it were not for the club. We arrived in time for the Bentley Welcome Dinner at the U.S. Space Museum in Balboa Park. The venue flanked by Bentleys at the entrance was quite impressive along with the food and service.

**JUNE 21 (TUESDAY)**

On our first dawn patrol to Torrey Pines we pulled out of the hotel at 6 am. We invited people to tour with us who didn't have a car. We were led by a classic Phantom on the 5 freeway that pushed us to keep up with him. Midway we all got out to look at the swimmers, surfers, and seals. We returned to the hotel and joined the next event, the Cabrillo monument Drive. Bill was talking with the park ranger who noticed two tugboats pulling out into the channel. "Something big is coming," the ranger exclaimed. The rest of the rally group arrived in time to witness one of only three Seawolf-class nuclear submarines, the USS Jimmy Carter, coming into port. We took a group picture and rallied back to the Dana.

That night we took an Uber to dinner at Le Dona in the Ocean Beach neighborhood after consulting TripAdvisor for the best Mexican food in San Diego. David Corbett and Andrea Ross Seitter from the Iroquois Region joined us. The service and food were the best, mixed with the local



surfer culture, and then we went for a fun walk out on the pier to view the sunset with the locals.

### JUNE 23 (THURSDAY)

Bill joined the Owners' Orientation meeting for the procedures he would have to follow on judging day. There was a shortage of judges and Bill volunteered to judge the Silver Shadows because he operated an MPW Silver Shadow 2-door coupe for many years in the Los Angeles RROC. We parked in the designated class spot and began detailing the car. Friends joined us for dinner as we got closer to judging day.



### JUNE 24 (FRIDAY)

Got up at 5:30 am so Bill could get to the judging tent and Bob could clean up after the dew and birds had done their damage to the Bentley. Judging could begin any time after 7 am. Bob kept working on the car while Bill was judging. Around 10, the judges arrived, and Bill came back to represent the car with Bob. Around noon they came around with participation ribbons because the judging was done. Now began the wait for the call to find out if we had won first, second, or third place.

We knew we were a long shot with some of the other entries in our category. We had lunch and after a long wait, discovered they had started taking beauty shots of the winners. We looked at each other and Bill

said, "Let's go close her up. It was a good effort." As we walked down the path, we consoled ourselves it was our first National Meet with the Azure, we'd do better next time, etc. Bob went to the car and Bill went back to the judging tent. As Bill entered, the head judge said, "We've been looking for you. Here's your plaque and your ribbon. Get over to the winner's circle!" Bob had just put the top up and was exiting the car when Bill ran up and said, "**Put the top down! We got Second Place Concours!**"

That night at the final dinner on the deck of the aircraft carrier USS Midway, Robin Onsolen received both the Scher award which is the Ghost with the highest points and the Newman award for the oldest Ghost at the Meet. This was the 1909 Silver Ghost we saw in his shop in Santa Maria.

It was a storybook ending for our journey. *But the one which is dearer than all the rest, is the road that points toward home.*





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# *Impressions of The National Meet, San Diego, CA*

## 2022 National Meet Recap!

MIKE SERPE

The Atlantic region was well represented at this year's national RROC Meet held in San Diego under non-stop sunny skies by day and starry skies by night. The event kicked off with board and business meetings on Monday June 20 and wrapped up with the concours on Friday June 24.

In between was packed with action and quite a few members of our region took part in the festivities. Starting on Tuesday, I was able to join John Palma and John Elder Robison for the first of three tech sessions for modern cars



(1965-on) held under a tent outside where folks could bring their PMCs for inspections, tips, and tricks. Folks like Richard Vaughn, Ronny Shaver and other experts chimed in and helped us out as well on those sessions. These seminars were well attended by over 60 participants and were very interactive.

Each morning kicked off with some driving, including two back-to-back Dawn Patrol rallies. On Thursday an event that allowed participants to test drive some of the latest

Crewe and Goodwood offerings was premiered. The Dawn patrol on Wednesday was especially gorgeous with an excellent turn out! We had our friend's 1976 Shadow down from the SF bay area and took that for a spin while other Atlantic region folks were grabbing rides in various cars ranging from 1920s Phantoms to modern day offerings.

There were some "field trips" offered during the week to museums and local collections and they did not disappoint! The Watts and Evans collections were spectacular and eclectic. There was so much to see. If you find yourself in San Diego someday they are worth checking out, with not just cars but also planes, art, furniture, and a host of period antiques.



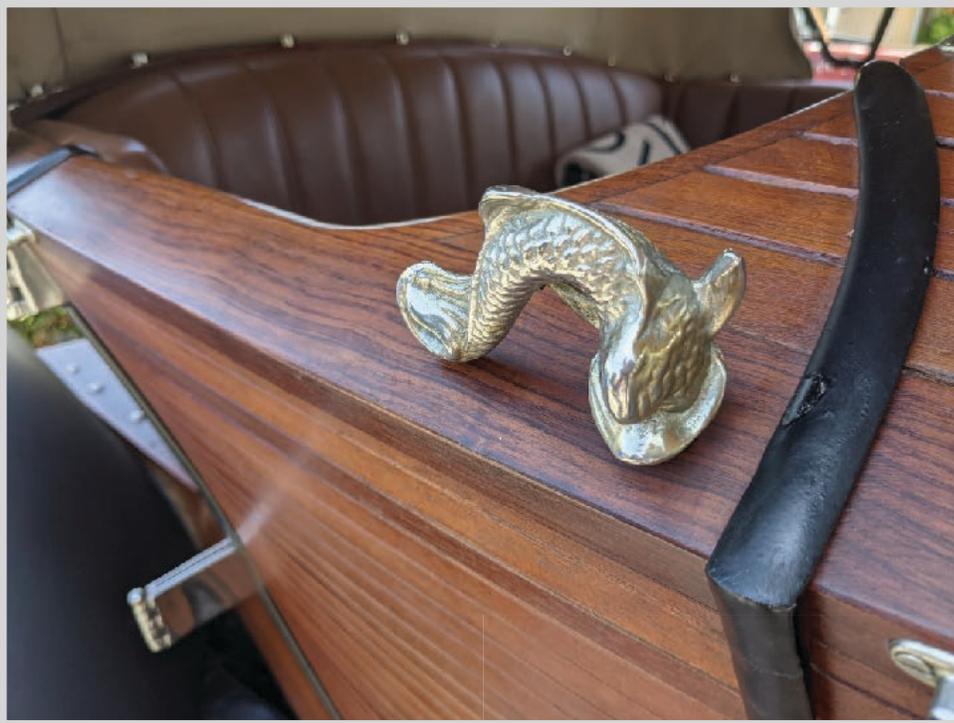
Each day's lunchtime offered a chance to gather with friends old and new by the water right outside of the ballroom, which was setup with quite a large display of vendors and club partners offering cool collectibles to browse or purchase.

The silent auction had some neat items from the RRF and club member donors to bid on just in case there

was extra room in one's luggage. Each year we seem to win the denim machinist' apron with RR insignia and find someone special to give it to. Last year Simon Curzon, this year our host Sonja Diamond Weber from NY. A special treat for us was also being able to meet up with Andrea Krimko who has moved to nearby Pasadena and made it down for part of the week. There was a special award given at the concours in Howard Krimko's name with a nod to preservation rather than restoration as a reminder of his years of service and dedication to the club via our Atlantic region.

A great wealth of knowledge transfer kept everyone's minds on the game all through the week. Each time I passed a seminar it was full with attendees. I hosted an interactive session on inspections and appraisals which we will bring to the RRF later this year with Chief Judge Simon Curzon and also to Gettysburg next year for those that missed out. Many tech sessions shared a wealth of insights and one of my favorites was Mark Alber's carburetor class filled with humor so much that even a non-technical participant would be amused end-to-end.





year and they all did fantastic. Thom Weinhardt joined our team lending his knowledge of SZ interiors. If you can make it to our smaller scale concours this Autumn please consider volunteering as a judge, I promise to make it fun, easy, and a great experience for you! *We need more judges in the Atlantic!*

The end of the week was capped with a celebration

The final day came so quick and the concours did not disappoint. Rolls-Royce and Bentley motorcars spanned all of the decades with an excellent, broad representation of models. Owners stuck close by, not to protect their beauties but instead to invite intrigue, answer questions, and give close up details. The competition was tight with so many clean rust-free West coast cars.

Judging the undercarriage and chassis on these cars is a treat and a lot easier than last year in Lake George. In Lake George we saw a wider divide between the topsides condition and the undersides, but not here. As a team captain, I was proud of our team of judges who worked feverishly on a hot morning to judge 16 cars on 400 different points of contention.

Judging is a great experience and does not require one to be a seasoned expert when on a team of collaborators. We had quite a few new judges this



on the flight deck of the USS Midway, an aircraft carrier which is berthed in the downtown San Diego harbor. The weather that evening was perfect and gave a great setting to meet up with attendees one last time before departing. Most of the talk onboard was centered around sharing out the week's events coupled with forward looking anticipation for Gettysburg 2023..... See you there!



Photographs courtesy of Mike Serpe



# *Impressions of The National Meet, San Diego, CA*

*Planes, no rains, automobiles (and a ship too!)*

CHARLES SUMMERS

What a splendid few days for a National Meet! They say it never rains in Southern California and wow, they were right! From the moment we arrived in San Diego on Tuesday for the Bentley Welcome Dinner at the San Diego Air & Space Museum till Friday evening's final awards event aboard the aircraft carrier (now museum) *USS Midway* not a drop of rain was felt; only the glow of beautiful proper motor cars, the camaraderie among their owners and admirers, and beautiful sunny California skies.

And quite an action-packed time it was! The Bentley event kicked off with a display of old and new Bentley models and once doors opened, an hour or so to meet, mingle and reacquaint with RROC friends while wandering, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres in hand, through the museum's extensive displays of significant air-and spacecraft. Later, we were escorted into the museum's enormous central atrium for a sumptuous buffet featuring braised short rib, prosciutto-wrapped chicken breast, roasted eggplant, and several other dishes. After a bit of desert and a bit more mingling, it was back to the event hotel, Dana on Mission Bay, a sprawling complex of hotel facilities wrapped around a yacht basin.

Up early on Wednesday but delayed a bit, I unfortunately missed that days scheduled "Dawn Patrol" event but was able to grab a pastry and a cappuccino on offer at the hotel gift shop and join dozens of RROC members at the amazing Modern Car tech exam lead by gurus John Palma, John Robison and Mike Serpe, who gave us all countless tips, pointers and pieces of valuable information as



they guided us over roughly two hours time through the engine compartments of several '80s and '90s cars including at least two Rolls-Royce Silver Spurs, a Rolls-Royce Corniche II, and two Bentley Continentals. Of particular interest for me was John Robison's review of a member's beautiful blue '89 Corniche II, a close replica of Bubbles, my own '89 Corniche II left tucked away back East during this year's Meet, but which will be there for sure next year in Gettysburg! After the tech exam, a leisurely lounge by one of the hotel pools with a piña colada and book in hand comprised the remainder of my afternoon and then it was off to nearby La Jolla for dinner and a terrific Broadway-quality production of *Lempicka* at the La Jolla Playhouse with a local San Diego friend. On my way out of the hotel complex for the evening I could see that evening's gala Fiesta on the Lawn getting into full swing, an event that I later heard from RROC members was both delicious and fun.



Thursday morning brought more sun and this time, an early 6am wake up call. I made my way through the hotel's maze-like clusters of hotel buildings and pools and arrived at the main entrance where my fellow early-risers and I were treated to coffee and a lavish pile of doughnuts and pastries to kick off the morning, while a line-up of RROC owners generously offering us rides in "dream cars" of our choice began gathering at the curb. While waiting and munching I made the acquaintance of a charming club member from Charleston, SC, learned a bit about her treasured 1953 Bentley R-type, and together we took a spin around nearby Fiesta Beach in another '53 model, a California club member's classy 1953 Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn with right-hand steering and noble origins, having been originally purchased by an English Dowager Countess. Being chauffeured around in this car, with its classic racing green exterior and supple tan leather cossetting you in the cozy back seat, images of Violet Crawley, the Dowager Countess of Grantham, from Downton Abbey fame came to mind, and I found myself fighting the urge to call up to the front seat (where the car's owner behind the wheel was giving us a very long ride in his impressive car) to ask if we might please pop around to the Ritz for a spot of tea! As we wended in and around the route from hotel to beach and back again, my new friend and I had a splendid time enjoying the ride and reading

though the owner's carefully compiled binder of letters, bills of sale, service records, registration cards, etc, that documented the entire history of the car. On arriving back at the hotel, I bid my new friend adieu and jumped into a more newfangled ride, this time a 1963 Bentley S3. A bit larger and more stately than its 1953 cousin, we all decided this car whispers "look at me - no - don't look at me!" in a more subdued way than some of its Rolls-Royce relatives (yet riding in this car, subdued or not, I still felt like a rock star!). This car was a cream-puff in all regards with its flawless cream exterior, soft creamy leather interior, and smooth-as-cream ride and the S3 was impressive in its presence, road feel, and sheer comfort, all the more so impressive realizing it's an almost 60-year old vehicle.



Back once again to the hotel, I grabbed a quick breakfast and headed out again, this time to the Evans Garage, for a tour of an impressive private collection of automobiles and other items, including my favorites: an original-condition 1931 Cadillac V-16 Roadster in dark green with black interior, a white Mercedes 300SL roadster from the late-'50s



with black interior, and one of those rare, quirky, and very cool amphibious Amphicars from the early '60s, this one complete with tail-fins and in



a color I would have to call “seafoam turquoise”; clearly still ready to drive right across any lake or pond as needed!

That evening we grabbed our local friend again and joined the Friends of Charles group’s festive Hawaiian themed event at the one-of-a-kind Bali Hai restaurant, about 10 minutes drive from the hotel and overlooking San Diego Bay. After a couple cocktails and a lot of good conversation we bid “aloha” to this fun group of tropically-clad club members and proceeded to dinner (vowing to try to get more use from my comfy Hawaiian shirt in the future!).

Friday morning - the big day - dozens of beautiful proper motor cars had been assembled by category in the parking lots around ours and the neighboring hotel buildings. Teams of judges in red caps and clipboards full of blue judging forms pored over every detail of the amazing cars inside and out, from roof to undercarriage. Who says judges don’t have a sense of humor? As I walked around the parking area behind my building, looking at the array of beautifully presented Rolls-Royces parked there, I realized we had accidentally parked our rented and now pretty dusty BMW in the judging area the night before - and it had been “judged”! A tersely worded note (plus a terrible judging score) made this the second year in a row I’d been punished for an infraction on judging day! I later found out the “judge” was my friend and travel companion, always up for a prank!



Back to business, there were some striking cars on display, ranging from very early pre-war cars to almost up to the minute late-model examples. Having always had a special love of drophead coupes, some of my favorites from judging day were a 1965 Bentley S3 Continental “Chinese Eye” which was in absolute showroom condition throughout, a newer but striking triple black 2010 Bentley Azure, and an eye-grabbing early-’90s Bentley Continental with white exterior and red top, but having ridden the day before in the Silver Dawn and S3 sedans, I was drawn to some of the earlier cars (a white Cloud having crossed my path and caught my eye a couple times during the week).



My tour of the judging areas pretty much done and dusted by lunchtime, I was able to spend another relaxing afternoon by the pool before heading out to celebrate the finale of the Meet at the Awards Banquet aboard the USS Midway. Our event took place on the flight deck of this immense vessel and there was some time as the cocktail hour ensued to walk around and view the large assortment of aircraft and naval weaponry on display, and imagine what life aboard such a ship might have been like. As the evening wore on and we ate, drank, listened to speeches and were merry, it was lovely to be gathered outside on another balmy Southern California evening, celebrating the end of another enjoyable National Meet before heading back East the next morning.



Photographs courtesy of Charles Summers

These Meets are always an amazing source of insight and information about various models of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars and everyone is so willing to stop and talk about their vehicles, share stories, experiences and tips, I always come away looking forward to the next. As a relatively new Rolls-Royce owner and RROC/RRF member, I’m always trying to learn more about various cars and, recently, I’ve gotten more interested in other vintages and models beyond the dropheads of the ‘80s and ‘90s that have been my traditional sweet spot. At this Meet I had the chance to chat with many owners about a variety of cars and even ride in some cars that expanded my horizons, and I’m looking forward to learning more. On the same theme of expanded horizons, I found the location and nature of this particular Meet to be refreshing, with venues that focused not only on automobiles, but also aircraft, space travel, sailing, and naval operations. Variety is the spice of life! I look forward to seeing you all next year in Gettysburg!



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# Final Rolls-Royce State Limousine by Mulliner Park Ward delivered July 1987 to H.M. The Queen Elizabeth II

**2022 Report by Klaus-Josef Roßfeldt // Roßfeldt-  
Archive (Photos, Reports & Books on Rolls-Royce  
and Bentley), Germany,  
[rossfeldt@rrab.de](mailto:rossfeldt@rrab.de), [www.rrab.com](http://www.rrab.com)**

This year 2022 will be celebrated the 70th Anniversary of H.M. The Queen's accession to the throne. From the midst of the 1950s thru to the period after Y2K the status of "State Car Number One" had been the privilege of Rolls-Royce Phantom motor cars from model-series Phantom IV and V and VI. Details have been listed inter alia by the late Andrew Pastouna in his book "*Royal Rolls-Royce Motor Cars*" and by Martin Bennett in his book "*Rolls-Royce, The post-war Phantoms IV, V, VI*". Alas, both these publications are out-of-print.

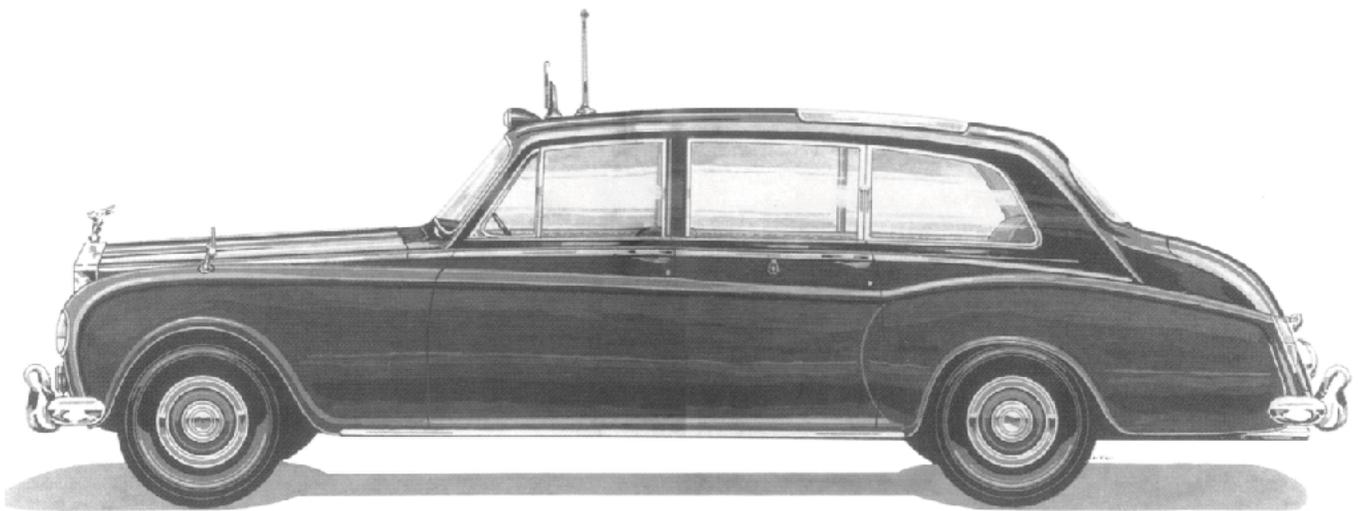
It might be appropriate in this year when Her Majesty's Platinum Jubilee is celebrated to recall peculiar details of the Final Rolls-Royce State Limousine which has been transport of The Sovereign over half the period of her reign?

The situation during the second half of the 1980s needs to be imagined. The last occasion on which Her Majesty's advisers felt money could justifiably be spent on a new Rolls-Royce had been in 1961. In 1978 as a gift to celebrate Jubilee Year the SMMT (Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders) did present The Queen with a Phantom VI. Actually the year for Silver Jubilee celebrations

had been 1977 as Her Majesty's accession to the throne had been in 1952. However due to industrial action delivery of that Phantom VI was delayed by about one year. So from 1978 onward The Royal Mews had soldiered on using two Phantom IV's with chassis laid down in 1949 (#4AF2) and 1953 (#4BP5) and two Phantom V's (#5AS33 and #5AT34) plus the new addition in the form of the 1978 Phantom VI (#PGH101). The Phantom V motor cars had been ordered at the end of the 1950s and were announced as "New Royal Cars" with a Rolls-Royce Ltd. press release from 10<sup>th</sup> May 1960. Over the years it became rather apparent that the very earliest cars would have to perform less onerous duties. Like civil aircraft they had simply performed well beyond their original fatigue life and that was especially true as regards the Phantom IV where only 17 cars were delivered "to Royalty and Heads of State". This was highlighted when in 1986 the oldest car broke an exhaust manifold just prior to a Royal Wedding and had to be withdrawn. The last time this occurred the situation was saved by obtaining an example from the Rolls-Royce training school. Sourcing spares for such a specialised chassis over the last couple of years had become something of a nightmare.

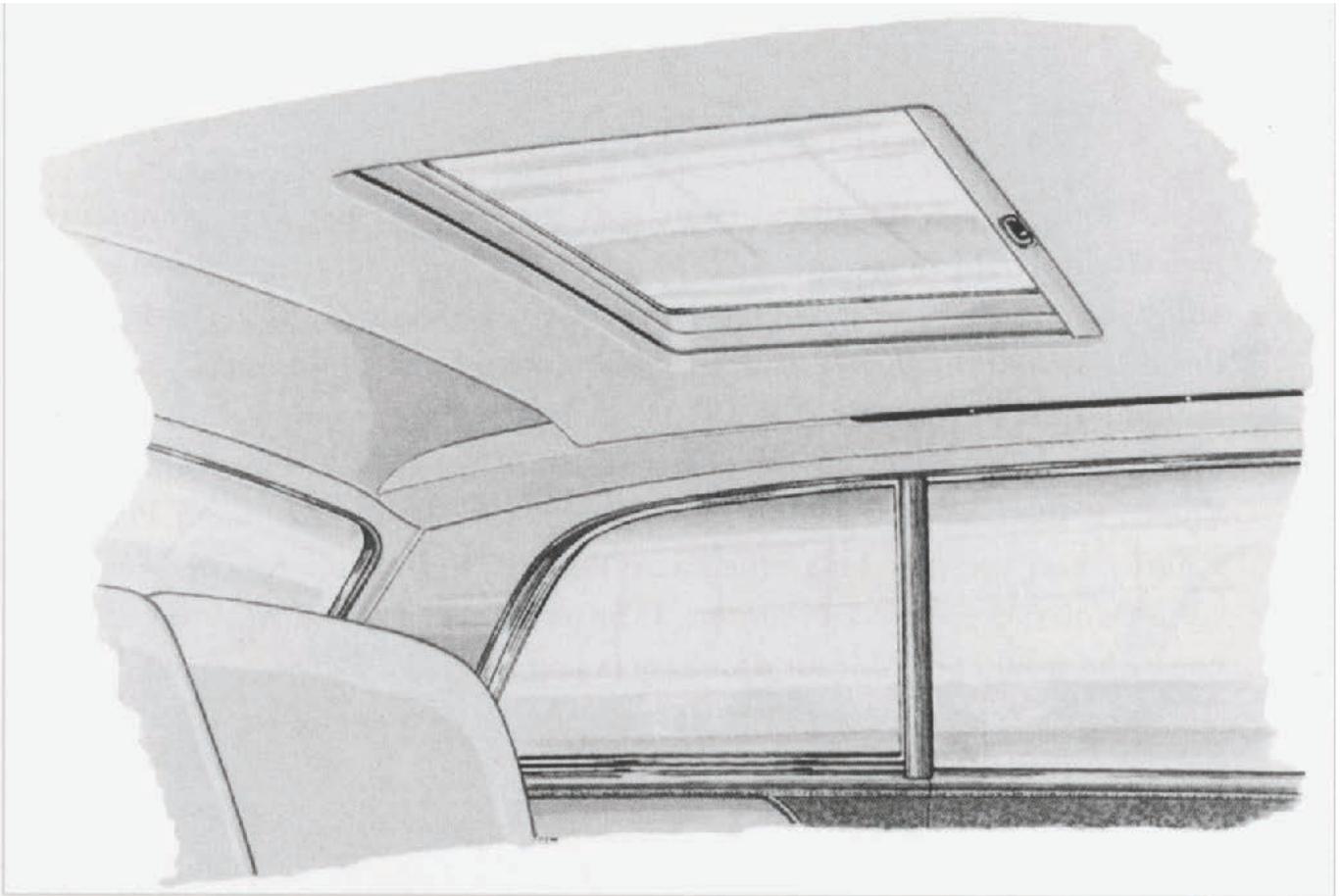
On 20<sup>th</sup> July 1987 Her Majesty received a new Rolls-Royce Phantom VI (#SCAPM0008HWH10415). To keep costs down however The Queen accepted the car with a standard Mulliner Park Ward body with just a few discreet alterations. At that time, the cost of a new one was just over £200,000 which seemed a disproportionate amount out of the Civil List for what was official transport. Although tax was not liable on the vehicle it is likely that with its special roof fittings of Police light, shield and flag standard plus different interior facilities the ultimate figure still was beyond the £200,000 mark. There was a transparent roof-section over the rear compartment and the quarter-lights were extended rearwards. These alterations were developed by designer Peter Wharton in dialogue with the staff from the Royal Mews who informed him based on what they had received as ideas expressed by Her Majesty and hence concluded as Royal instructions. Nonetheless the new Phantom VI from 1987 was not entirely on a par with the grandeur of the Phantom VI from 1978. That car had high rooflines and more glass area; in so far the product from 1978 did follow the tradition from the Phantom V models. However the cost of a vehicle with such extraordinary features 11 years later was considered prohibitively expensive; an echo of the climate having changed.

From the start onward it was rather hard to say where the 1987 Phantom VI would fit. The 1978 Phantom VI, #PGH101, in the eyes of the public was considered obviously as the 'State Car Number 1'. The expectation though that the new Rolls-Royce would replace one of the 35 years old Phantom IV motor cars did not materialise. Despite the most likely candidate in 1987 was the Hooper Landauette, that car remained with the Royal fleet well into the period after an entirely new scenario had started. In 2002 for the Golden Jubilee of H.M. The Queen in a clever coup Bentley Motors repeated the action from 1978. A Bentley State Limousine was a present from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders (SMMT) to The Monarch. It has been stated that an initiative by Dr. Franz Josef Paefgen, CEO of Bentley Motors in Crewe after the factory had come under the wings of Volkswagen, did ignite the switch from Rolls-Royce to Bentley. The Royal Warrant for Bentley was cemented when shortly afterwards with full approval by Bernd Pischetsrieder, CEO of Volkswagen, a second almost identical Bentley State Limousine was built. And 'part payment' for that has been the Phantom IV, #4BP5, State Landauette by Hooper.



**Rolls-Royce Phantom VI, #SCAPM0008HWH10415, State Limousine by Mulliner Park Ward delivered 20th July 1987 to H.M. The Queen Elizabeth II**

Designer Peter Wharton's wash drawing from 1985 of the special limousine code-named 'Lady Norfolk' Drawing: R-R Motor Cars



**Rolls-Royce Phantom VI, #SCAPM0008HWH10415, State Limousine by Mulliner Park Ward delivered 20th July 1987 to H.M. The Queen Elizabeth II**

Designer Peter Wharton's design for the rear compartment sunshin roof and longer than standard rear sidelight

The late Andrew Pastouna in his book 'ROYAL ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR CARS', page 130, as regards the 1987 Royal Rolls-Royce Phantom VI had stated: "This could well be the very last ever Rolls-Royce Phantom produced for the Monarch." Andrew in notes when compiling his book (now filed at Roßfeldt's archive) had also written: "The new 1987 Rolls-Royce Phantom VI will have a hard life in front of it if precedence is anything to go by and will probably still be in harness in 2020." More than thirty years later we have to admit he had been absolutely correct.



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**Rolls-Royce Phantom VI, #SCAPM0008HWH10415, State Limousine by Mulliner Park Ward delivered 20th July 1987 to H.M. The Queen Elizabeth II** Photo: Rolls-Royce Motors



The Royal Shield

*Acknowledgements: The late Andrew Pastouna -GB- in 1987 had compiled a report on basic details; Martin Bennett -AUS- kindly provided information as well.*



# A Ride Fit for a Queen

BILL WOLF



On April 7, 2015, Queen Elizabeth II visited The Cathedral Church of St Peter and St Paul, Sheffield, more commonly known as Sheffield Cathedral, in the diocese of Sheffield, England. Her Majesty's mission on that Spring day was to distribute Maundy Money. According to the Wikipedia entry, "the name "Maundy" and the

ceremony itself derive from an instruction, or *mandatum*, of Jesus Christ at the Last Supper that his followers should love one another". This practice goes back to the Middle Ages when the reigning Monarch, on Holy Thursday, gave money to the poor, and, with variations throughout the centuries, still survives

today. Special coins are minted in denominations of one penny, two pence, three pence and four pence. Although the coins are legal tender, they are rarely, if ever, circulated, but rather they are held by numismatists. Our friend and colleague, Graham Crossley, was on hand at the scene when Her Majesty was chauffeured into Sheffield.

Her ride to this laudable ceremony was one of two of the Bentley State Limousines. These two identical royal motorcars, black over royal claret, were built, in 2002, by the Mulliner division of Bentley Motors to celebrate Queen Elizabeth's Golden Jubilee. *The Economic Times* reported that the cost was \$15,167,500. The cars were designed for the Queen's safety, comfort, and ease of entry and exiting. For safety, the cars are armored, blast resistant and run on Kevlar-reinforced tires. For comfort, the rear seat, upholstered in lamb's wool by Hield Brothers, was custom designed for Her Majesty; for a proper fit, Mulliner employed a model of the same height as The Queen. Compared to a standard Bentley Arnage, the limousines are 2.723 feet longer, 10 inches taller, and 2.7 inch wider, and the rear coach doors open to nearly 90 degrees—allowing for a dignified entry and exit. For a quick getaway, the vehicles' twin-turbocharged, 6.75-litre V8 engines produce 400 horsepower; the top speed is said to be 130 MPH. When carrying the Queen in England, the Bentley Flying B mascot is replaced by Saint George slaying the dragon—when in Scotland, a heavily maned lion.

Because of their rarity and elegance, it is of no surprise that these State Limousines have been manufactured in scale. 1/18<sup>th</sup>, 1/43<sup>rd</sup> and 1/76<sup>th</sup> scale models are available. The model featured here, Oxford Die-Cast Limited 76BSL001, is in 1/76<sup>th</sup> scale and measures a mere three inches in length. Considering the smallness, the model is fairly detailed. Notice the Coat of Arms mounted on the roof and that the wheels offer a

fine approximation of the originals. Although a curbside model (the doors, bonnet and boot do not open), the interior wood, leather and lamb's wool are agreeably represented. The front end, however, should be better. The grille surround, headlamps and mascot are a bit on the fuzzy side, but even with these faults, the model can still be a nice addition to a miniature car collection—or it could be used on a British-themed HO model train layout.

We have taken quite a few liberties in representing the Sheffield visit in scale, but we hope you will enjoy the photo—along with others by the author, Graham Crossley and Bentley Motors Limited. **Long Live The Queen.**







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# Lending a Helping Hand

BILL WOLF

If the collection goes beyond a handful of cars and some basic maintenance must be done, the collector may need a little help. Do the fluids need to be topped up? Did you know that the brake reservoir and battery are under the front seat in a Silver



Wraith? Are all the lights working? Don't forget to check the brake lights. Interior lights? Power windows? Make sure the new registration and insurance cards are properly placed in the glove box.

The collector wishes to remain anonymous, but I can say that, alongside him, Mike Serpe, Dick Stella and yours truly spent a few hours taking care of business. *Anonymous* graciously, generously, took us out to lunch where we enjoyed some very agreeable Lebanese cuisine. And a substantial cabernet. Then it was back to work to finish the job. That's what the Atlantic Region of the RROC is all about.

*Postscript:* Thomas Hoving was the director of The Metropolitan Museum of Art from 1967 to 1977. In the late 1960s he engineered spending over \$5,000,000, an astronomical amount at the time, for a prime Velázquez, *Juan de Pareja*. After the sale, in answer to criticism for spending so much when New York City was in bad financial shape, Hoving said, "You have to have the guts to reach out and grab for the very best!". If you saw some of the cars we attended to that day, you would immediately understand why I thought of *Anonymous* as I read of Hoving's rejoinder.



All photos: Bill Wolf

# Thank You J. P. Martin

DAVID CORBETT

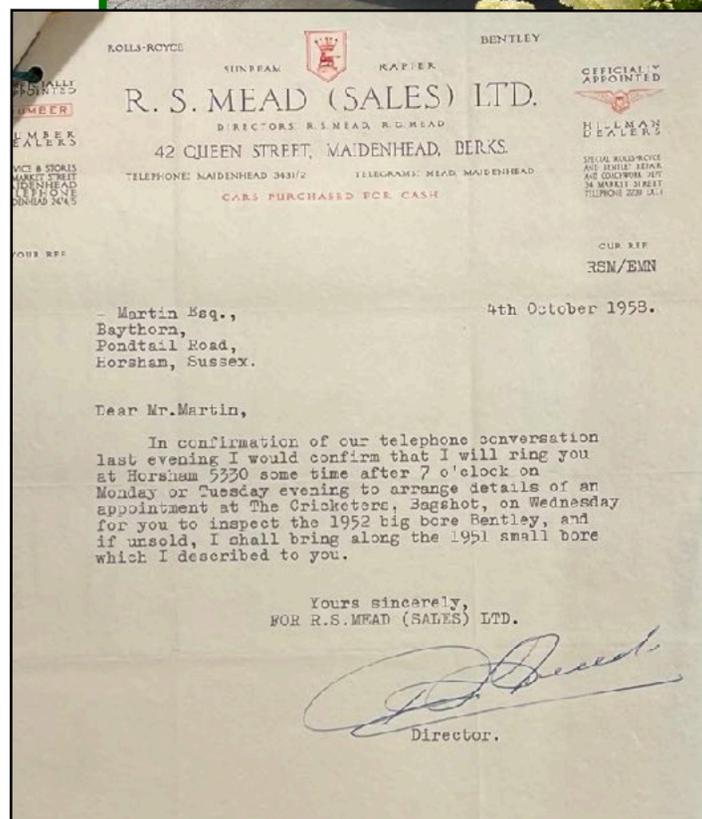
Dateline: London 1958. Mr. J.P. Martin was about to make an important decision: Acquire a 1951 4.3 litre Bentley Mark VI or the 1952 big bore model featuring the larger 4.6 litre engine with dual exhaust and twin carbs (B115PU) Looking 60+ years into the future, Mr. Martin knew that David Corbett would prefer the extra oomph.

The '52 Mark VI eventually landed in the hands of an American serviceman stationed in England, who arranged to bring it stateside. Iroquois Region Chairman Bill Walker acquired the car about 25 years ago. The retired submariner and his wife, Annie, considered the car as a family member, taking it on many extended trips. Service records go back to 1973 and regular maintenance was performed by Rochester's renowned expert, Doug Seibert.

When the time came, Bill Walker wanted to keep the Bentley within the Iroquois Region membership and thus, David became the next steward. Mr. Martin would be pleased.



Photograph courtesy of Jeannie Hill



Above right: 1952 Bentley Mark VI B115PU, David Corbett driving, Joe Marley passenger.

Below: Letter from R.S. Mead Sales, LTD to J.P. Martin, dated October 4, 1958.

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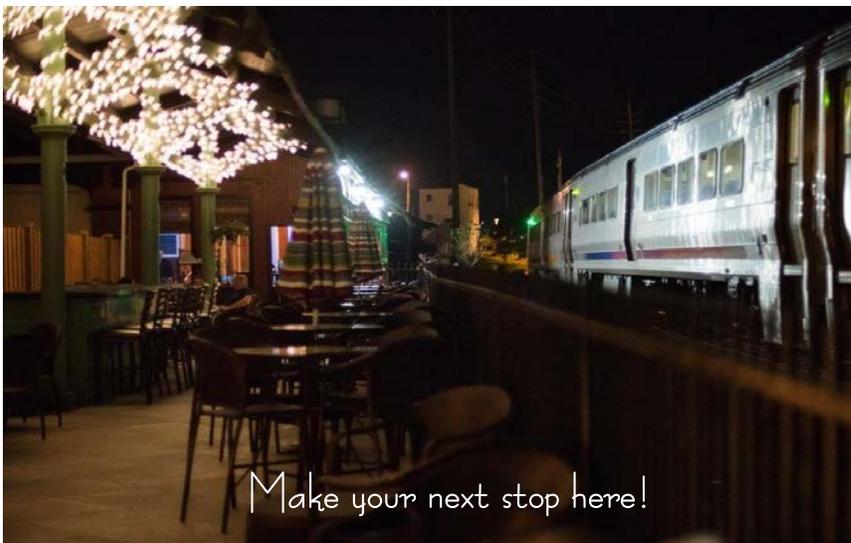
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