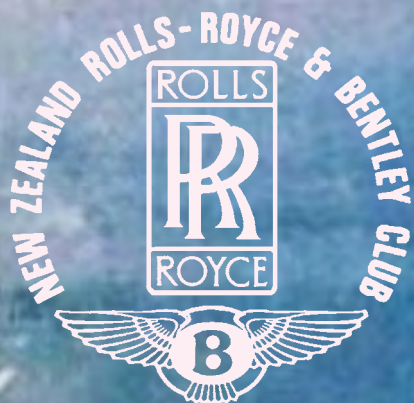


New Zealand Rolls-Royce & Bentley Club Inc

Issue 13-4, 2013



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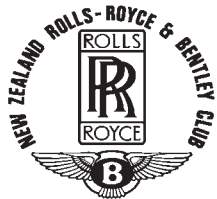
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NEXT MAGAZINE:
Deadline for receipt of all material for Issue 13-5 is 22 September 2013.

(Front Cover)
Rolls-Royce Motors' advertising in its early days included some wonderful art, and this painting, courtesy of Rolls-Royce Motors, captures the adventure of Alpine motoring, at a time when the 100th anniversary of James Radley's success is being celebrated.

Membership

MEMBERSHIP of the New Zealand Rolls-Royce & Bentley Club Inc is open to anyone with an interest in these two distinguished marques, whether or not they are the owner of a Rolls-Royce or Bentley. Your Membership SUBSCRIPTION includes the Club Magazine (6 issues annually), the right to attend all Club events and activities, and to partake in Club management.

FEES: Registration Fee \$ 10.00 (once only)
Membership Fee \$115.00 (annual, reduced to \$100 for prompt payment)
Family membership \$ 5.00 (annual)

CONTACT Membership Registrar NZ Rolls-Royce & Bentley Club, Inc
Clive Edmonds, 156 Hill Road, RD2, Napier 4182 Phone: (06) 336 6644 Email: clivedmonds@yahoo.com or www.nzrrbc.co.nz, then **APPLICATION FORM**

Chassis Records

The Company's Construction Records, which accompanied every Rolls-Royce and Bentley chassis (since 1931) through its production at Derby or Crewe, are a valuable resource for subsequent owners. They detail the original order, any special equipment, and the results of tests and inspections prior to dispatch. The records for all cars over 10 years old are held by the RREC in the UK, and copies are available to members of that Club. The number of pages for early cars may be up to 20 or more. Records for a Silver Shadow can amount to even more pages and cost around \$NZ150. To obtain a copy of your car's records, contact the Club's Post WW2 Technical Liaison Officer, Roy Tilley, on 04 566 0850 E-mail rmt@xtra.co.nz

Advertising

Classified advertisements pertaining to Rolls-Royce and Bentley are free to Financial Members who do not deal regularly in Rolls-Royce or Bentley cars or services. All classified advertisements must be submitted to the Editor, Tom King, Phone 03 3398 309, e-mail the.king@xtra.co.nz 191 Sparks Road, Christchurch 8025. Commercial advertisements will be the subject to a charge to the advertiser. Colour advertisements are charged at \$220 per half page and \$300 for full page, payable to the NZRR&BC Inc.

Mainland Comment

Issue 13-3 had a serious glitch, because your editor thought he knew the chassis number of James Radley's 1913 Alpine Trial winning 40/50 h.p. off by heart, so didn't have to check. Of course he should have; it is 2260E, not 2250E; idiot!

In this issue we have Eoin Young's article about Russell Brockbank, whose cartoons have brought pleasure to millions. Unsure about illustrations, permission to use some of his drawings was sought from Mr Brockbank's family, and they have given their permission to use any we wish, as long as acknowledgement is attributed. This we gladly do, and the drawings which accompany Eoin's article are reproduced with the kind permission of The Brockbank Partnership www.RussellBrockbank.co.uk.

Thanks to friends within our Club, your editor has been loaned some wonderful books to read. Currently, they include *Wild Irishman* by Peggy Hamilton (A.H. and A.W. Reed, Wellington 1969), *Not Much of an Engineer – an Autobiography* by Sir Stanley Hooker (Airlife, England 2012 reprinted from 1984), *The Edwardian Rolls-Royce* by John Fasal and Bryan Goodman (John Fasal, Abingdon, England 1994), *Rolls-Royce Armaments* by David Birch (Rolls-Royce Heritage Trust, Derby, England 2000), and *Jaguar Saloon Cars* by Paul Skilleter (Haynes Publishing Group, Yeovil, England, second edition 1988) which, together with a weekly magazine that takes two weeks to read, ensure that there is plenty to occupy ze leetle grey cells of a long winter evening. Thank you, one and all.

Our Club belongs to the Federation of Motoring Clubs, and for the first time their Annual General Meeting was held near Christchurch, so your editor was delegated to attend. The meeting was held at the Canterbury Branch of the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand rooms on McLean's Island on a very bleak day, so it was a relief to feel the warmth of the open fire. There was a good turnout of representatives from the various motoring clubs the Federation incorporates, attending from around the country, with some familiar faces, including our own Stephen Fowler wearing his "other" hat as a delegate from the Rover club, Roy Hughes the FoMC Secretary, our advertiser Wes Davies from *Classic Driver* magazine, and the editor of that magazine.

The FoMC represents between 65,000 and 70,000 people, and is set up to be a lobby group on behalf of them. One suspects that many people are counted more than once, for theirs would have to be a sophisticated system to ensure that a chap's membership of our Club, The Vintage Car Club of New Zealand, The Riley Car Club of New Zealand and goodness knows what other organisations too is counted only once, but we are assured that has not happened. The largest group represents caravan and mobile homes, into which category none of what one could laughingly call The Editorial Fleet fall.

We heard speeches from various luminaries, including Mark Stockdale of the Automobile Association, usually heard on Morning Report lamenting the oil companies' latest price increase. He gave a good account of the principles behind blends of ethanol in petrol, and various substances in "Bio-diesel," the controversies involved in whether or not the land used for crops harvested for fuel could be better used for growing food, use of water in growing those crops, loss of forest; in other words, the imponderables which drive a chap to chardonnay. In the North Island a 10% ethanol/petrol blend is on sale, and the general rule seems to be that, if your car has carburettors, don't use it, apart from test results run by the AA at Pukekohe racing circuit, where 15 litres of ethanol blend drove the test car 15 kilometres less far than the petrol equivalent. Because ethanol is exempt from excise tax, E10 is cheaper, but on the results of the test is still more expensive than petrol. Refer to www.aa.co.nz/petrolwatch, www.biofuels.govt.nz and www.fomc.org.nz.

Southern Region Luncheon Runs



Those long shadows are a feature of the autumn and winter days. That sky may look blue, but it is actually the high cloud of that peculiarly Nor-westerly sky which is often, and certainly was at Queen's Birthday, a harbinger of grim weather to come.

In a vain attempt to delay the onset of winter, members of the Southern Region Committee decided to call activities at Queen's Birthday Weekend "The Very Late Autumn Run". Originally an overnight stay was mooted, but complications of finding somewhere congenial, comfortable and warm at a peak weekend meant that we followed Geoff Walls' idea of organising lunch at country venues. Seventeen of us met at Andrew Bain's Classic Car Barn at Waikuku on Saturday 1 June, where there is always an interesting stock. This time it included a 3 litre Bentley, chassis 891, engine 908, which featured in Jim Sawers' article "The Timaru Bentleys" in our magazine 10-4. Andrew's building is a substantial brick edifice, one of those which is colder than the day outside, so many of us took advantage of the hand-warming qualities of the coffee available at a neighbouring café, while others delved into the interesting bric-a-brac emporium in the same building. Geoff gathered us all together to continue north to Black Estate, a vineyard café at Omihi, about 60 kilometres north of Christchurch, where we were joined by the eighteenth member of our party. The score in the car park was one Silver Shadow, one Mark VI, one R Type, two S3s, and two T Types, along with an Austin-Healey 3000 and an efficient little car from another country.

The weather was quite mild but dull, but the view from the elevated café over the vineyard and the valley beyond was wonderful, and we could see the nor-westerly arch forming.

Lunch was laid for us at one long table, and was called the "family feast" with Black's own smoking of salmon, a good selection of salads, and sirloin of beef, accompanied by tasting servings of their chardonnay, riesling and pinot noir wines, followed by tea or coffee.

Central Region Report, by Lesley Tilley

On Friday night, 21 June, the longest night, twelve intrepid diners gathered at the Wellington Club to indulge in some superior dining in elegant surroundings. The author (henceforth known as I), and her SO had been chauffeured to the venue by a member of the Club by quality transport and parked in the Club's own underground car park. As Wellington had been hit by the strongest storms in 45 years over the previous 24 hours, wind and rain damage was much in evidence, and two couples looking forward to joining us had been unable to travel to Wellington. Fortunately, the rest of us had managed to avoid fallen

Michael Midgley eventually prised us away from the table, and took us to see what remains of Glenmark Station nearby. At one time this was one of the largest sheep run in the country, at around 120,000 acres, after George Henry "Scabbie" Moore absorbed his less successful, 'tho perhaps more scrupulous, neighbours. His very large house burned down in 1891, but we were able to see its foundations, the huge stable block which was capable of housing fifty horses, and the manager's house. The valley they occupy is beautiful, and well worth the detour from Highway 1, enhanced by the nor-westerly light which had decided to play by that time in the afternoon.

Our thoughts went to other members of the Southern Region, who were competing in the Irishman Creek Vintage Rally, enjoying a somewhat more Spartan weekend than we. In the Mackenzie Country the nor-westerly took its toll of vintage hoods, and we heard of competitors on the Brass Monkey Motorcycle Rally who were blown off their bikes.

Thanks to Geoff Walls for organising our day, and thanks to our members and friends for coming along.

On Monday, survivors went to another fine café, Primo e Secundo at Methven, run by Maria Trengrove. Anyone who has enjoyed her catering at events in Ashburton will vouch for the quality of her food. Reaching Methven along the route we had chosen was interesting, as there was quite serious snow falling, although the drenching which Canterbury has recently had ensured that the snow did not lie at the altitude we travelled. Here's to the comfort of a Bentley saloon, where the main challenge is in figuring out the operation of the de-mister and heater controls.

F.H. Royce Ltd and Royce Ltd, by Roy Tilley
(with thanks to Mike Evans, who contributed much of the history)



After C S Rolls and F H Royce met in Manchester on May 4th 1904, with the subsequent establishment of Rolls-Royce Ltd and its move to Derby, Royce's earlier business of manufacturing electrical equipment was sometimes thought to have disappeared into oblivion. Certainly the domestic light switches, bell-pushes and lamp holders would not be expected to survive the advances of modern manufacturing technology, to say nothing of two world wars.

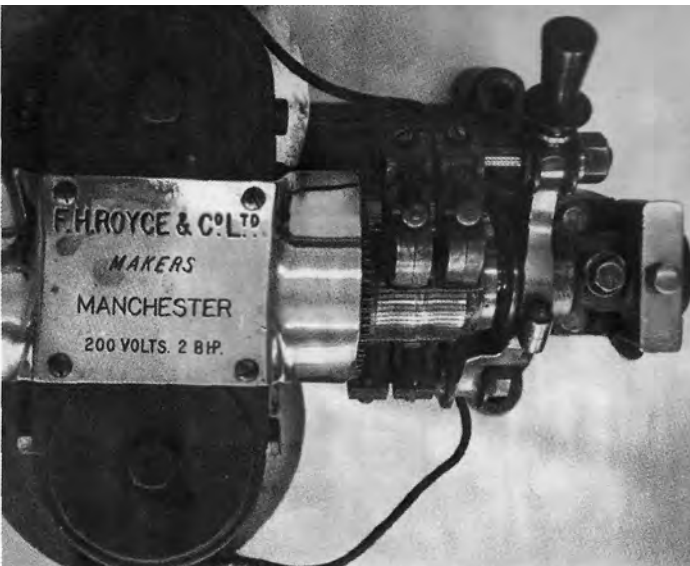
However, Royce's products also included more durable industrial equipment, such as electric motors, dynamos, winding gear and cranes, and these were exported in quite large numbers around the world, even to New Zealand, which is about as far from the point of manufacture as it is possible to go.

Royce's original company, F H Royce and Co, grew from virtually nothing in 1884 to something more real by 1894, when it was launched on the Stock Exchange to finance expansion, both in product range and manufacturing capacity. The cranes engineered by Royce in the 1890s, after F H Royce & Co Ltd was floated, really consisted of a Meccano set of bits which could be assembled to meet individual needs.

Donald Bastow, who worked with Royce as a junior designer at the end of R's life, recalled how the engineering of cranes and capstans was fit for purpose; i.e. engineered for the task it had to do and not finessed without good reason, but it was so well done that it lasted almost forever.

In 1899, the order book was so full that the company was launched again, as Royce Limited, and the money raised, thereby, paid for an additional factory at Trafford Park Industrial Estate. From then on, products were labelled "Royce, Manchester", but they were the same products, really, as had earlier borne the name F H Royce & Co Ltd.

All the Royce Limited work was moved into Trafford Park in



1906 so that Cooke Street could be "Rolls-Royce". Contracts of service for Royce, De Looze and many others were made over to Rolls-Royce Limited; thereafter, all that Royce did for Royce Limited, and it was substantial, R did in his own time.

In November 1932, Royce Limited was taken over by Herbert Morris of Leicester, and in due course Morris moved what was kept of Royce Limited to Loughborough. There, they continued making Royce cranes, still to Royce designs, right through until 16 November 1964 when the last Royce crane was built. Plenty of these cranes are still in use, including one at Rolls-Royce's plant at Nightingale Road in Derby.

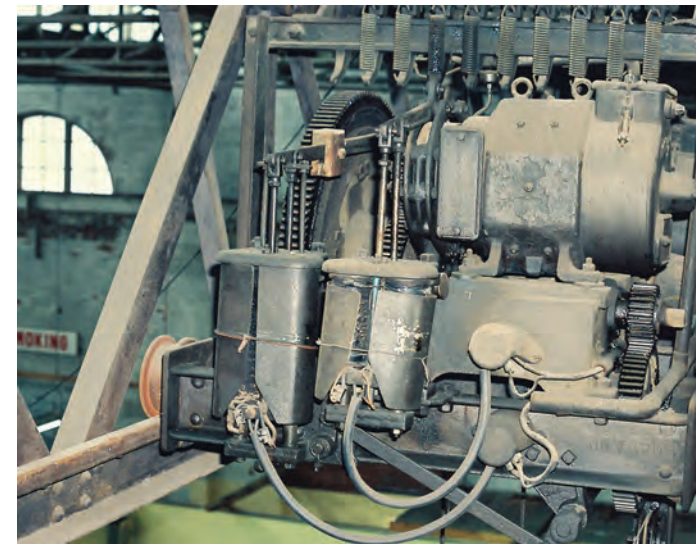
The company, Royce Ltd, was reactivated on 25 October 2002 to facilitate the sale of cranes onto the American market. Royce Ltd was still in existence in 2004 as a paper company, still owned by Herbert Morris Ltd of Loughborough. Product support continues and Morris still have lists of spares.

A business called Royce Crane Company is situated in Roswell, Georgia, USA and is being contacted to see if they have any connection with Herbert Morris and F H Royce Ltd; their product range appears entirely consistent with that of the UK companies.



Pictures of the two Manchester-built Royce cranes in Wellington Harbour Board Shed 22, photographed in 1988

Three 1½ ton cranes were located in Wellington and two of them, built in Manchester, are shown in the photographs below. These were taken in 1988 and show Royce cranes built in the mid-1920s. They were installed in Shed 22 of the old Wellington Harbour Board buildings, at 2 Taranaki Street, Wellington. Their Marine Dept. survey certificates were last issued in 1976, about the same time that ISO shipping containers came into widespread use and large volume wharf sheds were no longer required. Recent enquiries revealed that, when Shed 22 was stripped out and refurbished some years ago, these two cranes were removed and sold as scrap. Recent photos below show the remains of the pillars that once supported



In these photos below, taken in July 2013, and in the earlier photos above, the semi-circular windows indicate where the crane tracks had been, and also the additional seismic strengthening which has been carried out to this historic building.

their rails.

One other crane is believed to have been installed in Shed 21 diagonally opposite the Wellington Railway Station at 28 Waterloo Quay. This is being further investigated at the time of writing.



Rolls-Royce plc in the UK are currently offering a range of lifting gear to the deep-sea petroleum prospecting and drilling business, so it seems to the casual observer that a full circle is being turned.



The 2014 Annual General Meeting



This is the view of Akaroa Harbour which greets the viewer from Hilltop on an autumn morning.

The Southern Region has volunteered to organise the 2014 Annual General Meeting Weekend, timed to coincide with the long weekend which Anzac Day on Friday will bestow. Preliminary work has established the venue as Akaroa, the picturesque small town and former French colony about an hour's drive from Christchurch. That proximity will enable a shuttle service in local members' cars to visitors from other Regions who are not bringing their cars. Alternatively, this would be a good time for members of other Regions to start organising a South Island Tour to coincide with 25 to 27 April 2014.

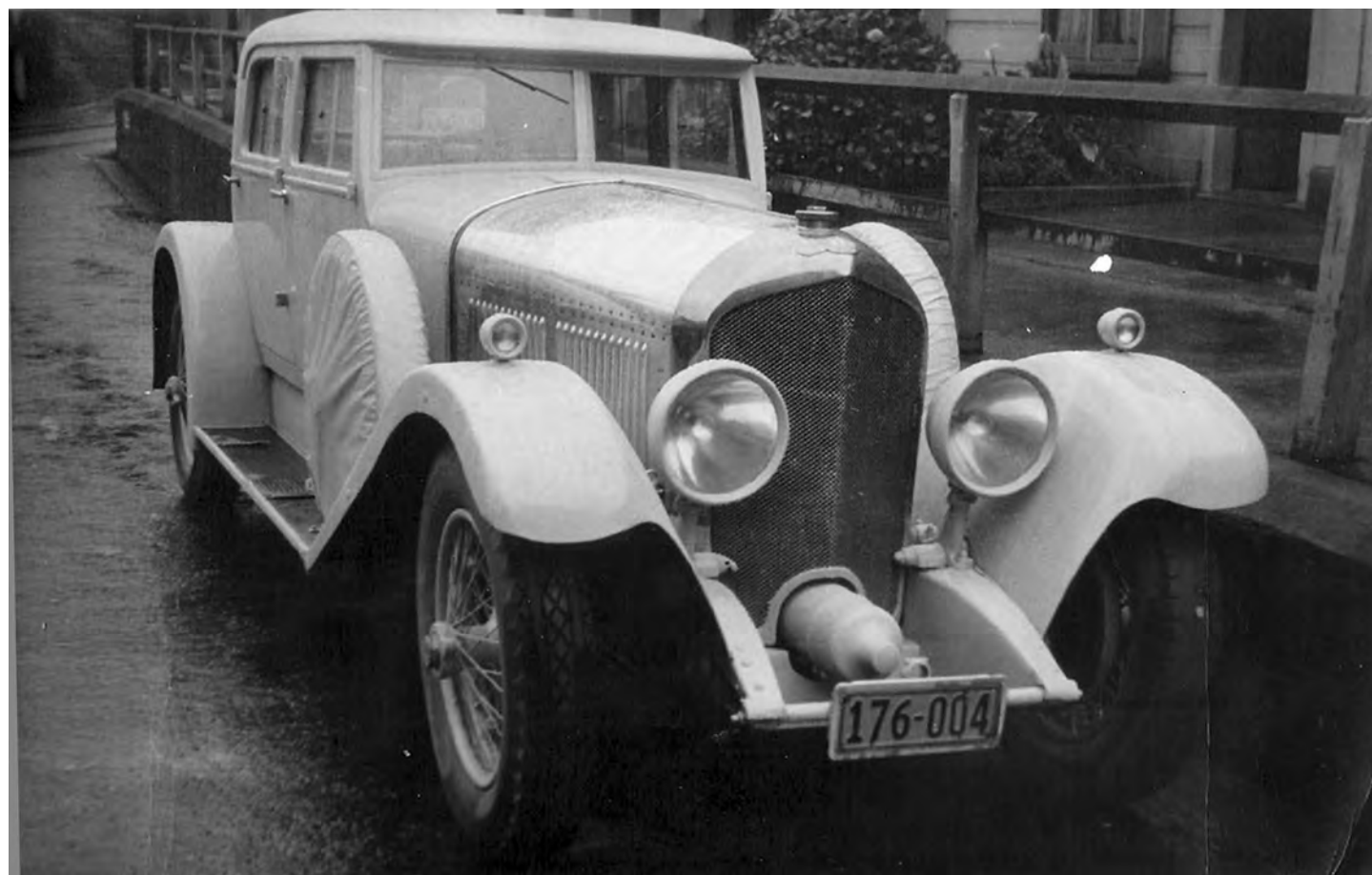
Full details are on the Club's website www.nzrbc.org.nz but the format will be as follows:

Friday 25 April 2014: Registration, Welcome, and Drinks before Dinner at the Grand Hotel, Rue Lavaud, Akaroa

Saturday 26 April: Banks Peninsula Tour, Annual General Meeting and Dinner at the Grand Hotel

Sunday 27 April: Farewell Lunch at French Farm Winery on Akaroa Harbour

Bentley Mystery Laid to Rest



It took rather a long time but I finally have confirmation of this car's identity. Anyway, it is Standard 6 1/2 litre, chassis KD2107, ex Palmer, Swinger, Bennett, Anderson/Sharpe, Chamberlain and now the Estate of Peter Channing, cared for by Rae Fairweather.

This photo was taken circa 1947 outside Dr Bennett's house near Cranmer Square, Christchurch.

The coachwork is remembered as being Weymann, and Andrew Anderson remembers being taken for a drive around the block in the late 1940s by the then service manager for Scotts Motors, Lyall Lester. Lyall later went into partnership with Alan Storer and they ran their business, Lester and Storer, in Harewood Road.

He looked after the Bentleys of Jack Barrett, who lived almost across the road, which included the S1 that John Bain now has. He also serviced my 3 litre for several years when I first bought it.

Cheers,
Gavin Bain.

The World's Fastest Hearse? Story and Photographs by Clive Edmonds



On a recent visit to club member Ian Hoggard, I could not but be fascinated by the sight of a Turbo R Hearse.

It conjured up images of someone wanting to have their final journey at 0 to 100 mph in 6.8 seconds, and indeed the massive chrome plated clamps to restrain the casket only supported this idea.

A "body snatcher's" special perhaps, to outrun pursuing rival family members.... The possibilities go on and on.

Little is known of this vehicle except that it was apparently delivered new in Belgium and found its way to New Zealand via Japan.

It is an interesting conundrum to which someone in the Rolls-Royce and Bentley fraternity worldwide must have the answer and I, for one, would love to know the rest of the story.



This photograph explains itself, but soon New Zealanders will be able to visit Team McMillan's Rolls-Royce showroom in Great South Road, Auckland, to see the Wraith. Bob McMillan, Director, and Neil D'Arcy Brain, Brand Manager, expect the new Wraith two-door coupé to arrive in the showroom in September, and are welcoming enquiries.

The price for our market with the New Zealand specification has been announced, and is \$475,000, including on-road costs. The factory-supported 4-year unlimited kilometre warranty, 4-year service plan, and 24-hour roadside assistance is included.

The performance from the twin-turbo V12 engine and 8-speed automatic transmission seems quite startling, particularly when 465 kilowatts are translated to 624 bhp; 0 to 100 kph acceleration is 4.6 seconds, and 800 Nm of torque arrive at just 1,500 rpm.



One of the 2013 Alpine Trial 40/50 hp cars being fettled at P. & A. Wood Ltd



We think this is Ernest Hives, Hs in Company parlance and later Lord Hives, with his assistant George Hancock, looking pleased with the way the 1913 Austrian Alpine Trial has gone. Hs's car was chassis 2224, and its rear guard looks a little bedraggled.



40/50 hp chassis 2260E in 1913, driven by James Radley, and in 2013, driven by John Kennedy.



Susan Littin's photographs of the Stelvio Pass, and four New Zealanders at its 9,050' summit; Steve Littin with 18PB, Bruce McIlroy with 60ZG, Andrew Fox with 47YG, and John Chamberlain with 7BD.



The Bentley Mulsanne (above and below right). This registration number has been used by Crewe for many years; the late Ken White had this as a "personal" plate on his Silver Shadow, its significance known to a select few.

During the first quarter of 2013, deliveries of Bentleys increased by 26%, to 2,212 cars. North America remained Bentley's largest sales region, with 632 cars delivered to customers in the region, an increase of 35% on the same period last year. European deliveries grew by 62%, with 335 cars delivered to customers, and 371 cars went to British owners, a 59% increase on the first quarter of 2012. In China 474 cars were sold, actually a decrease, as customers wait for the new Flying Spur, the top selling Bentley in China, becoming available shortly. The Middle East region performed well, with deliveries up 41% to 237 cars, our own Asia Pacific region also having had an outstanding quarter, increasing its deliveries by 68% to 116 cars, while Japan saw growth of 31%, with 47 deliveries.

A group from New Zealand was lucky to be included in the Bentley Drivers Club tour of the Bentley factory two years ago, and, while we were not allowed to take photographs, the image below brings back vivid memories of the care taken to ensure that each car complies, through a stringent computer checking system, with its destination country as it is being built.



The place was the Eastbourne-Tunbridge road, not very far from the Cross in Hand – a lonely stretch, with a heath running upon either side. The time was half-past eleven upon a Sunday night in the late summer. A motor was passing slowly down the road.

It was a long, lean Rolls-Royce, running smoothly with a gentle purring of the engine. Through the two vivid circles cast by the electric head-lights the waving grass fringes and clumps of heather streamed swiftly like some golden cinematograph, leaving a blacker darkness behind and around them. One ruby-red spot shone upon the road, but no number-plate was visible within the dim ruddy halo of the tail-lamp which cast it. The car was open and of a tourist type, but even in that obscure light, for the night was moonless, an observer could hardly have failed to notice a curious indefiniteness in its lines. As it slid into and across the broad stream of light from an open cottage door the reason could be seen. The body was hung with a singular loose arrangement of brown holland. Even the long black bonnet was banded with some close-drawn drapery.

The solitary man who drove this curious car was broad and burly. He sat hunched up over his steering-wheel, with the brim of a Tyrolean hat drawn down over his eyes. The red end of a cigarette smouldered under the black shadow thrown by the headgear. A dark ulster of some frieze-like material was turned up in the collar until it covered his ears. His neck was pushed forward from his rounded shoulders, and he seemed, as the car now slid noiselessly down the long sloping road, with the clutch disengaged and the engine running free, to be peering ahead of him through the darkness in search of some eagerly-expected object.

The distant toot of a motor-horn came faintly from some point far to the south of him. On such a night, at such a place, all traffic must be from south to north when the current of London week-enders sweeps back from the watering-place to the capital – from pleasure to duty. The man sat straight and listened intently. Yes, there it was again, and certainly to the south of him. His face was over the wheel and his eyes strained through the darkness. Then suddenly he spat out his cigarette and gave a sharp intake of the breath. Far away down the road two little yellow points had rounded a curve. They vanished into a dip, shot upwards once more, and then vanished again. The inert man in the draped car woke suddenly into intense life. From his pocket he pulled a mask of dark cloth, which he fastened securely across his face, adjusting it carefully so that his sight might be unimpeded. For an instant he uncovered an acetylene hand-lantern, took a hasty glance at his own preparations, and laid it beside a Mauser pistol upon the seat alongside him. Then, twitching his hat down lower than ever, he released his clutch and slid downward his gear-lever. With a chuckle and shudder the long, black machine sprang forward, and shot with a soft sigh from her powerful engines down the sloping gradient. The driver stooped and switched off his electric head-lights. Only a dim grey swathe cut through the black heath indicated the line of his road. From in front there came presently a confused puffing and rattling and clanging as the oncoming car breasted the slope. It coughed and spluttered on a powerful, old-fashioned low gear, while its engine throbbed like a weary heart. The yellow, glaring lights dipped for a last time into a switchback curve. When they reappeared over the crest the two cars were within thirty yards of each other. The dark one darted across the road and barred the other's passage, while a warning acetylene lamp was waved in the air. With a jarring of brakes the noisy new-comer was brought to a halt.

"I say," cried an aggrieved voice, "'pon my soul, you know, we might have had an accident. Why the devil don't you keep your head-lights on? I never saw you 'til I nearly burst my radiators on

you!"

The acetylene lamp, held forward, discovered a very angry young man, blue-eyed, yellow-moustached, and florid, sitting alone at the wheel of an antiquated twelve-horse Wolseley. Suddenly the aggrieved look upon his flushed face changed to one of complete bewilderment. The driver in the dark car had sprung out of his seat, a black, long-barrelled, wicked-looking pistol was poked in the traveller's face, and behind the further sights of it was a circle of black cloth with two deadly eyes looking from as many slits.

"Hands up!" said a quick, stern voice. "Hands up! Or by the Lord..."

The young man was as brave as his neighbours, but the hands went up all the same.

"Get down!" said his assailant, curtly.

The young man stepped forth into the road, followed closely by the covering lantern and pistol. Once he made as if he would drop his hands, but a short, stern word jerked them up again.

"I say, look here, this is rather out o' date, ain't it?" said the traveller. "I expect you're joking - what?"

"Your watch," said the man behind the Mauser pistol.

"You can't really mean it!"

"Your watch, I say!"

"Well, take it if you must. It's only plated, anyhow. You're two centuries out in time, or a few thousand miles longitude. The bush is your mark – or America. You don't seem in the picture on a Sussex road."

"Purse," said the man. There was something very compelling in his voice and methods. The purse was handed over.

"Any rings?"

"Don't wear 'em."

"Stand there! Don't move!"

The highwayman passed his victim and threw open the bonnet of the Wolseley. His hand, with a pair of steel pliers, was thrust deep into the works. There was the snap of a parting wire.

"Hang it all, don't crock my car!" cried the traveller. He turned, but quick as a flash the pistol was at his head once more. And yet even in that flash, whilst the robber whisked round from the broken circuit, something had caught the young man's eye which made him gasp and start. He opened his mouth as if about to shout some words. Then with an evident effort he restrained himself.

"Get in," said the highwayman.

The traveller climbed back to his seat.

"What is your name?"

"Ronald Barker. What's yours?"

The masked man ignored the impertinence.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"My cards are in my purse. Take one."

The highwayman sprang into his car, the engine of which had hissed and whispered in gentle accompaniment to the interview. With a clash he threw back his side-brake, flung in his gears, twirled the wheel hard round, and cleared the motionless Wolseley. A minute later he was gliding swiftly, with all his lights gleaming, some half-mile southward on the road, while Mr Ronald Barker, a side-lamp in his hand, was rummaging furiously among the odds and ends of his repair-box for a strand of wire, which would connect up his electricity and set him on his way once more.

When he had placed a safe distance between himself and his victim, the adventurer eased up, took his booty from his pocket, replaced the watch, opened the purse, and counted out the money. Seven shillings constituted the miserable spoil. The poor result of his efforts seemed to amuse rather than annoy him, for he chuckled as he held the two half-crowns and the florin in the glare of his lantern. Then suddenly his manner changed. He thrust the thin purse back into his pocket, released his brake, and shot onwards with the same tense bearing with which he had started upon his adventure. The lights of another car were coming down the road.

On this occasion the methods of the highwayman were less furtive. Experience had clearly given him confidence. With lights still blazing he ran towards the new-comers, and, halting in the middle of the road, summoned them to stop. From the point of view of the astonished travellers the result was sufficiently impressive. They saw in the glare of their own head-lights two glowing discs on either side of the long, black-muzzled snout of a high-power car, and above the masked face and menacing figure of its solitary driver. In the golden circle thrown by the rover there stood an elegant, open-topped twenty-horse Humber, with an undersized and very aston-

ished chauffeur blinking from under his peaked cap. From behind the wind-screen the veil-bound hats and wondering faces of two very pretty young women protruded, one upon either side, and a little crescendo of frightened squeaks announced the acute emotion of one of them. The other was cooler and more critical.

“Don’t give it away, Hilda,” she whispered. “Do shut up, and don’t be such a silly. It’s Bertie or one of the boys playing it on us.”

“No, no! It’s the real thing, Flossie. It’s a robber, sure enough. Oh my goodness, whatever shall we do?”

“What an ‘ad.’! cried the other Too late now for the mornings, but they’ll have it in every evening paper, sure.”

“What’s it going to cost?” groaned the other. “Oh, Flossie, Flossie, I’m sure I’m going to faint! Don’t you think if we both screamed together we could do some good? Isn’t he too awful with that black thing over his face? Oh, dear, oh, dear! He’s killing poor little Alf.”

The proceedings of the robber were indeed somewhat alarming. Springing down from his car, he had pulled the chauffeur out of the seat by the scruff of his neck. The sight of the Mauser had cut off all remonstrance, and under its compulsion the little man had pulled open the bonnet and extracted the sparking plugs. Thus having secured the immobility of his capture, the masked man walked forward, lantern in hand, to the side of the car. He had laid aside the gruff sternness with which he had treated Mr Ronald Barker, and his voice and manner were gentle, though determined. He even raised his hat as a prelude to his address.

“I am sorry to inconvenience you, ladies,” said he, and his voice had gone up several notes since the previous interview. “May I ask who you are?”

Miss Hilda was beyond coherent speech, but Miss Flossie was of a sterner mould. “This is a pretty business,” said she. “What right have you to stop us on the public road, I should like to know?”

“My time is short,” said the robber, in a sterner voice. “I must ask you to answer my question.”

“Tell him, Flossie! For goodness sake be nice to him!” cried Hilda.

“Well, we’re from the Gaiety Theatre, London, if you want to know,” said the young lady. “Perhaps you’ve heard of Miss Flossie Thornton and Miss Hilda Mannering? We’ve been playing a week at the Royal in Eastbourne, and took a Sunday off to ourselves. So now you know!”

“I must ask you for your purses and your jewellery.”

Both ladies set up shrill expostulations, but they found, as Mr Ronald Barker had done, that there was something quietly compelling in this man’s methods. In a very few minutes they had handed over their purses, and a pile of glittering rings, bangles, brooches and chains was lying on the front seat of the car. The diamonds glowed and shimmered like little electric points in the light of the lantern. He picked up the glittering tangle and weighed it in his hand.

“Anything you particularly value?” he asked the ladies; but Miss Flossie was in no humour for concessions.

“Don’t come the Claude Duval over us,” said she. “Take the lot or leave the lot. We don’t want bits of our own given back to us.”

“Except just Billy’s necklace!” cried Hilda, and snatched at a little rope of pearls. The robber bowed, and released his hold of it.

“Anything else?”

The valiant Flossie began suddenly to cry. Hilda did the same. The effect upon the robber was surprising. He threw the whole heap of jewellery into the nearest lap.

“There! There! Take it!” he said. “It’s trumpery stuff, anyhow. It’s worth something to you, and nothing to me.”

Tears changed in a moment to smiles.

“You’re welcome to the purses. The ‘ad’ is worth ten times the money. But what a funny way of getting a living nowadays! Aren’t you afraid of being caught? It’s all so wonderful, like a scene from a comedy.”

“It may be a tragedy,” said the robber.

“Oh, I hope not – I’m sure I hope not!” cried the two ladies of the drama.

But the robber was in no mood for further conversation. Far away down the road tiny points of light had appeared. Fresh business was coming to him, and he must not mix his cases. Disengaging his machine, he raised his hat, and slipped off to meet this new arrival, while Miss Flossie and Miss Hilda leaned out of their derelict car, still palpitating from their adventure, and watched the red gleam of the tail-light until it merged into the darkness.

This time there was every sign of a rich prize. Behind its four grand lamps set in a broad frame of glittering brasswork the magnifi-

cent sixty-horse Daimler breasted the slope with the low, deep, even snore which proclaimed its enormous latent strength. Like some rich-laden, high-pooed Spanish galleon, she kept her course until the prowling craft ahead of her swept across her bows and brought her to a sudden halt. An angry face, red, blotched, and evil, shot out of the open window of the closed limousine. The robber was aware of a high, bald forehead, gross pendulous cheeks, and two little crafty eyes which gleamed between creases of fat.

“Out of my way, sir! Out of my way this instant!” cried a rasping voice. “Drive over him, Hearn! Get down and pull him off the seat. The fellow’s drunk – he’s drunk, I say!”

Up to this point the proceedings of the modern highwayman might have passed as gentle. Now they turned in an instant to savagery. The chauffeur, a burly, capable fellow, incited by that raucous voice behind him, sprang from the car and seized the advancing robber by the throat. The latter hit out with the butt-end of his pistol, and the man dropped, groaning, on the road. Stepping over his prostrate body the adventurer pulled open the door, seized the stout occupant savagely by the ear, and dragged him bellowing on to the highway. Then, very deliberately, he struck him twice across the face with his open hand. The blows rang out like pistol-shots in the silence of the night. The fat traveller turned a ghastly colour and fell back half senseless against the side of the limousine. The robber dragged open his coat, wrenched away the heavy gold watch-chain with all that it held, plucked out the great diamond pin that sparkled in the black satin tie, dragged off four rings – not one of which could have cost less than three figures – and finally tore from his inner pocket a bulky leather note-book. All this property he transferred to his own black overcoat, and added to it the man’s pearl cuff-links, and even the golden stud which held his collar. Having made sure that there was nothing left to take, the robber flashed his lantern upon the prostrate chauffeur, and satisfied himself that he was stunned and not dead. Then, returning to the master, he proceeded very deliberately to tear all his clothes from his body with a ferocious energy which set his victim whimpering and writhing in imminent expectation of murder.

Whatever his tormenter’s intention may have been, it was very effectually frustrated. A sound made him turn his head, and there, no very great distance off, were the lights of a car coming swiftly from the north. Such a car must have already passed the wreckage which the pirate had left behind him. It was following his track with a deliberate purpose, and might be crammed with every county constable of the district.

The adventurer had no time to lose. He darted from his bedraggled victim, sprang into his own seat, and with his foot on the accelerator shot swiftly off down the road. Some way down there was a narrow side lane, and into this the fugitive turned, cracking on his high speed and leaving a good five miles between him and any pursuer before he ventured to stop. Then, in a quiet corner, he counted over his booty of the evening – the paltry plunder of Mr Ronald Barker, the rather better-furnished purses of the actresses, which contained £4 between them, and, finally, the gorgeous jewellery and well-filled note-book of the plutocrat upon the Daimler. Five notes of £50, four of ten, fifteen sovereigns, and a number of valuable papers made up a most noble haul. It was clearly enough for one night’s work. The adventurer replaced all his ill-gotten gains in his pocket, and, lighting a cigarette, set forth upon his way with the air of a man who has no further care upon his mind.

It was on the Monday morning following upon this eventful evening that Sir Henry Hailworthy, of Walcot Old Place, having finished his breakfast in leisurely fashion, strolled down to his study with the intention of writing a few letters before setting forth to take his place upon the county bench. Sir Henry was a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county; he was a baronet of ancient blood; he was a magistrate of ten years’ standing; and he was famous above all as a breeder of many a good horse and the most desperate rider in all the Weald country. A tall, upstanding man, with a strong clean-shaven face, heavy black eyebrows, and a square, resolute jaw, he was one whom it was better to call friend than foe. Though nearly fifty years of age, he bore no sign of having passed his youth, save that Nature, in one of her freakish moods, had planted one little feather of white hair above his right ear, making the rest of his thick black curls the darker by contrast. He was in thoughtful mood this morning, for having lit his pipe he sat at his desk with his blank note-paper in front of him, lost in a deep reverie.

Suddenly his thoughts were brought back to the present. From behind the laurels of the curving drive there came a low, clanking sound, which swelled into the clatter and jingle of an ancient car.

Then from round the corner there swung and old-fashioned Wolseley, with a fresh-complexioned, yellow-moustached young man at the wheel. Sir Henry sprang to his feet at the sight, and then sat down once more. He rose again as a minute later the footman announced Mr Ronald Barker. It was an early visit, but Barker was Sir Henry’s intimate friend. As each was a fine shot, horseman, and billiard-player, there was much in common between the two men, and the younger (and poorer) was in the habit of spending at least two evenings a week at Walcot Old Place. Therefore, Sir Henry advanced cordially with outstretched hand to welcome him.

“You’re an early bird this morning,” said he. “What’s up? If you are going over to Lewes we could motor together.”

But the young man’s demeanour was peculiar and ungracious. He disregarded the hand which was held out to him, and he stood pulling at his own long moustache and staring with troubled, questioning eyes at the county magistrate.

“Well, what’s the matter?” asked the latter.

Still the young man did not speak. He was clearly on the edge of an interview which he found it most difficult to open. His host grew impatient.

“You don’t seem yourself this morning. What on earth is the matter? Anything upset you?”

“Yes,” said Ronald Barker, with emphasis.

“What has?”

“*You* have.”

Sir Henry smiled. “Sit down, my dear fellow. If you have any grievance against me, let me hear it.”

Barker sat down. He seemed to be gathering himself for a reproach. When it did come it was like a bullet from a gun.

“Why did you rob me last night?”

The magistrate was a man of iron nerve. He showed neither surprise nor resentment. Not a muscle twitched upon his calm, set face.

“Why do you say that I robbed you last night?”

“A big, tall fellow in a motor-car stopped me on the Mayfield road. He poked a pistol in my face and took my purse and my watch. Sir Henry, that man was you.”

The magistrate smiled.

“Am I the only big, tall man in the district? And the only man with a motor-car?”

“Do you think I couldn’t tell a Rolls-Royce when I see it – I, who spend half my life on a car and the other half under it? Who has a Rolls-Royce about here except you?”

“My dear Barker, don’t you think that such a modern highwayman as you describe would be more likely to operate outside his own district? How many Rolls-Royces are in the South of England?”

“No, it won’t do, Sir Henry – it won’t do! Even your voice, though you sunk it a few notes, was familiar enough to me. But hang it, man! What did you do it *for*? That’s what gets over me. That you should stick up me, one of your closest friends, a man that worked himself to the bone when you stood for the division – and all for the sake of a Brummagem watch and a few shillings – is simply incredible.”

“Simply incredible,” repeated the magistrate, with a smile.

“And those actresses, poor little devils, who have to earn all they get. I followed you down the road, you see. That was a dirty trick, if ever I heard one. The City shark was different. If a chap must go a-robbing, that sort of fellow is fair game. But your friend, and then the girls – well, I say again, I couldn’t have believed it.”

“Then why believe it?”

“Because it *is* so.”

“Well, you seem to have persuaded yourself to that effect. You don’t seem to have much evidence to lay before anyone else.”

“I could swear to you in a police court. What put the lid on it was that when you were cutting my wire – and an infernal liberty it was! – I saw that white tuft of yours sticking out from behind your mask.”

For the first time an acute observer might have seen some slight sign of emotion upon the face of the baronet.

“You seem to have a fairly vivid imagination,” said he.

His visitor flushed with anger. “See here, Hailworthy,” said he, opening his hand and showing a small, jagged triangle of black cloth. “Do you see that? It was on the ground near the car of the young women. You must have ripped it off as you jumped out from your seat. Now send for that heavy black driving-coat of yours. If you don’t ring the bell I’ll ring it myself, and we shall have it in. I’m going to see this thing through, and don’t you make any mistake about that.”

The baronet’s answer was a surprising one. He rose, passing Barker’s chair, and, walking over to the door, he locked it and placed the key in his pocket.

“You *are* going to see it through,” said he. “I’ll lock you in until you

do. Now we must have a straight talk, Barker, as man to man, and whether it ends in tragedy or not depends on you.”

He had half-opened one of the drawers in his desk as he spoke. His guest frowned in anger.

“You won’t make matters any better by threatening me, Hailworthy. I am going to do my duty, and you won’t bluff me out of it.”

“I have no wish to bluff you. When I spoke of a tragedy I did not mean to you. What I meant was that there are some turns which this affair cannot be allowed to take. I have neither kith nor kin, but there is the family honour, and some things are impossible.”

“It is late to talk like that.”

“Well, perhaps it is, but not too late. And now I have a good deal to say to you. First of all, you are quite right, and it was I who held you up last night on the Mayfield road.”

“But why on earth –?”

“All right. Let me tell it my own way. First I want you to look at these.” He unlocked a drawer and he took out two small packages.

“These were to be posted in London tonight. This one is addressed to you, and I may as well hand it over to you at once. It contains your watch and your purse. So, you see, bar your cut wire you would have been none the worse for your adventure. This other packet is addressed to the young ladies at the Gaiety Theatre, and their properties are enclosed. I hope I have convinced you that I had intended full reparation in each case before you came to accuse me?”

“Well?” asked Barker.

“Well, we will now deal with Sir George Wilde, who is, as you may not know, the senior partner of Wilde and Guggendorf, the founders of the Ludgate Bank of infamous memory. His chauffeur is a case apart. You may take it from me, upon my word of honour, that I had plans for the chauffeur. But it is the master that I want to speak of. You know that I am not a rich man myself. I expect all the county knows that. When Black Tulip lost the Derby I was hard hit. And other things as well. Then I had a legacy of a thousand. This infernal bank was paying 7 per cent on deposits. I knew Wilde. I saw him. I asked him if it was safe. He said it was. I paid it in, and within forty-eight hours the whole thing went to bits. It came out before the Official Receiver that Wilde had known for three months that nothing could save him. And yet he took all my cargo aboard his sinking vessel. He was all right – confound him! He had plenty besides. But I had lost all my money and no law could help me. Yet he had robbed me as clearly as one man could rob another, I saw him and he laughed in my face. Told me to stick to Consols, and that the lesson was cheap at the price. So I just swore that, by hook or by crook, I would get level with him. I knew his habits, for I had made it my business to do so. I knew that he came back from Eastbourne on Sunday nights. I knew that he carried a good sum with him in his pocket-book. Well, it’s my pocket-book now. Do you mean to tell me that I’m not morally justified in what I have done? By the Lord, I’d have left the devil as bare as he left many a widow and orphan if I’d had the time!”

“That’s all very well. But what about me? What about the girls?”

“Have some common sense, Barker. Do you suppose that I could go and stick up this one personal enemy of mine and escape detection? It was impossible. I was bound to make myself out to be just a common robber who had run up against him by accident. So I turned myself loose on the high road and took my chance. As the devil would have it, the first man I met was yourself. I was a fool to not recognise that old ironmonger’s store of yours by the row it made coming up the hill. When I saw you I could hardly speak for laughing. But I was bound to carry it through. The same with the actresses. I’m afraid I gave myself away, for I couldn’t take their little fal-lals, but I had to keep up a show. Then came my man himself. There was no bluff about that. I was out to skin him, and I did. Now, Barker, what do you think of it all? I had a pistol at your head, and, by George! whether you believe it or not, you have one at mine this morning!”

The young man rose slowly, and with a broad smile he wrung the magistrate by the hand.

“Don’t do it again. It’s too risky,” said he. “The swine would score heavily if you were taken.”

“You’re a good chap, Barker,” said the magistrate. “No, I won’t do it again. Who’s the fellow who talks of ‘one crowded hour of glorious life’? By George! It’s too fascinating. I had the time of my life! Talk of fox-hunting! No, I’ll never touch it again, for it might get a grip of me.”

A telephone rang sharply upon the table, and the baronet put the receiver to his ear. As he listened, he smiled across at his companion.

“I’m rather late this morning,” said he, “and they are waiting for me to try some petty larcenies on the county bench.”



Announcer: "Well Folks, things are pretty quiet up here at the moment...." A Brockbank from "Speed" magazine May 1937

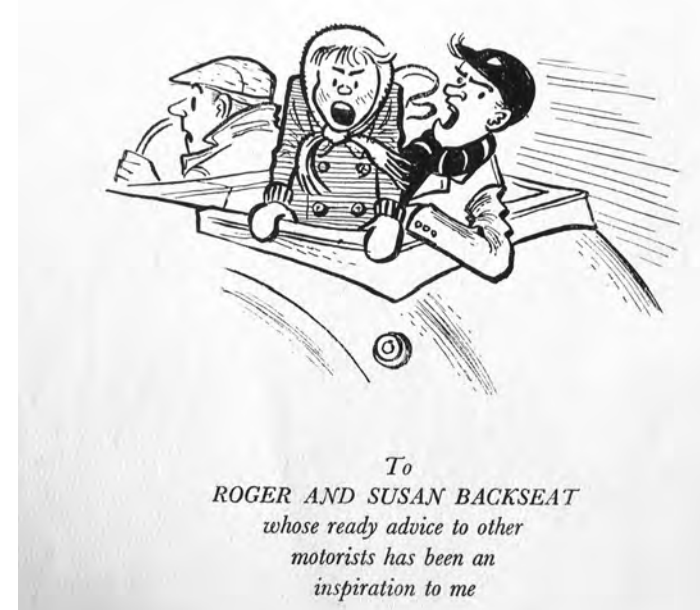
Russell Brockbank was an accomplished artist with the rare ability to make the world laugh with his cartoons, becoming better known for his amusing motoring art that seldom needed captions for his worldwide fans, than the serious artistic talent that earned him the job as Art Editor of the famous weekly "Punch" magazine in Britain.

There were several books of Brockbank cartoons dating back to the 1940s and 1950s but now Sue, and Roger Brockbank have gathered their favourite 'Brocks' and "101 Brockbanks" is just published in softback landscape by Haynes Publishing.

Canadian-born in Niagara Falls in 1913 (his mother rushed across the border so that her offspring would be British, not American!) the softly spoken 'Brock' came to Britain in 1929. His father was escaping the desperate days of the Depression in the U.S.A., to the point of leaving his Cadillac on the dock with

the keys in the ignition because there was no market for such a large luxury car. He had attended art school as a lad in Buffalo and when the family arrived in London, he went to Chelsea Art School in 1929, married his wife Eileen in 1933 and 'starved happily for several years' working for various magazines and getting the odd piece of work in *Punch* magazine. "I think the reason I was determined to get my work into Punch was because my father bet me that I couldn't!"

Brockbank's secret was that he was an artist before he found fame as a cartoonist. He worked for *Speed*, the monthly motor racing magazine and the MG magazine *Sports Car* in the 1930s and his art of then-current racing cars is superbly evocative of the period, capturing the spirit and the excitement, the essential atmosphere of speed. There was little hint of humour then. He was a struggling serious artist at a time when his peers were F. Gordon Crosby, Bryan de Grineau, Roy Nockolds and Patrick



Sue Ellis and Roger Brockbank, to whom we are grateful for their permission to reprint these images.

Nevin.

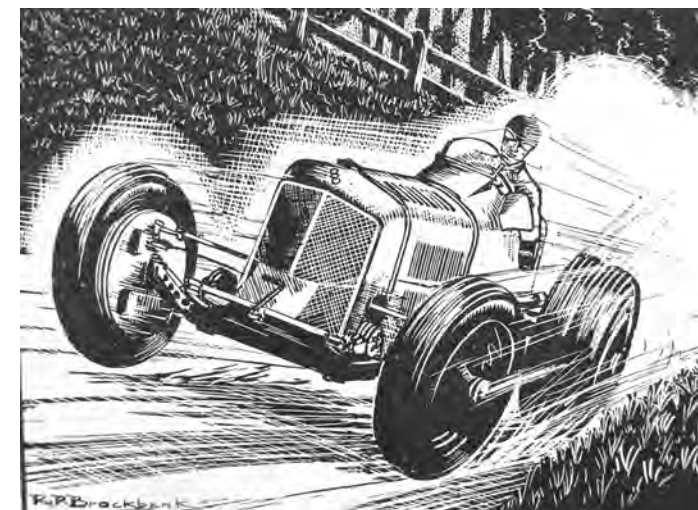
He would say later that his pre-war works made him crawl with embarrassment when he looked back on them 30 years later. "They looked fine to me," said motor racing historian Cyril Posthumus when we were discussing Brockbank's art. "But 'Brock' was surely a better judge." I agreed with Cyril. In those days the wage for a working artist on magazines like *Speed* was slender and when the publisher asked Brockbank to hire other artists to give more variety to the illustrations, 'Brock' simply changed his style, signed different names to the art (one of them being 'J.C. Hames, his brother-in-law!) and pocketed the extra commission monies for himself.

Brock also enjoyed the ability to combine technical accuracy with the humour in his cartoons, prompting Dean Batchelor to write in *Road & Track* in 1979: "Brock's reputation was established as one of the finest illustrators – I refuse to call him a cartoonist – in the motoring world. When Brockbank drew a Blower Bentley, you knew it was a Blower Bentley. And when he drew a Bugatti, you knew it was a Type 35, 51 or 57."

During World War 2, Brockbank was trained as a submarine instructor and he was sent with another officer to Sydney in Australia to set up a school for submariners, but the war escalated and the two undersea experts were all but forgotten. "We used to check in at our base office each morning to check for messages from headquarters in Britain and then wander down to the beach for the day. My mate had been reading the Standing Regulations and he pointed out that any unit with a minimum of two ranking officers, qualified for a canteen bar. We filled out the Royal Navy application forms and sent them off. Three weeks later a big covered lorry arrived and crates of beer and cases of whisky, gin and vodka were unloaded into our 'canteen' room. I had never seen so much booze outside a pub – and now we had one of our own!" The pair partied for a month...and then the same delivery lorry arrived and unloaded the same mountain of alcohol. By the time the third delivery arrived, Brock and his mate had made arrangements and as the truck disappeared, the first of a queue of taxis arrived to take on rare supplies for a Sydney 'black market' clientele that found it hard to find booze through conventional channels. The two 'submarine instructors' had discovered a lucrative alternative source of income!

Look at a 1940 copy of *The Motor*, and the illustrations of the Tripoli Grand Prix are by Brockbank, who had been sent a copy of the race report and turned out the drawings of Farina and Villoresi, Alfa Romeos and Maseratis, while at his office desk in England, having never been near the North African race!

Everyone has their favourite Brockbank cartoon. Mine was the wonderful drawing of a poplar-lined Route Nationale in France and an Englishman in a Bugatti has collided with a French cyclist who is lying in the road. The driver is running back to help, and his wife is calling to him "Ask him if he knows a good restau-



"While you're about it, ask him if he knows a good place for lunch"

rant around here!" British racing driver, Alan Brown, bought the original and for years it hung in his study at his home in Spain. I always wish I'd bought it when he offered it. Oddly enough, this cartoon does NOT feature in the new "101 Brockbanks" book!

When Murray Walker, the BBC television commentator, came to New Zealand on a world trip to publicise his autobiography *Unless I'm Very Much Mistaken* in 2002, we hosted a lunch for him in Christchurch on the day of his 79th birthday so we crafted a card out of another famous Brockbank cartoon showing a racing car heading at high speed, straight at the terrified BBC commentator who is shouting into his microphone "And now we will return you to the studio..." Another favourite of mine is a cartoon at Silverstone in the late 1940s with a public address speaker technician standing in the middle of the track shouting "All I can hear is a high-pitched scream rising in pitch!" as a 4CLT Maserati Grand Prix car is slamming straight at him from behind. And who can forget the ashen-faced driving instructors drawing lots as to who will have to test a young girl with an XK-SS Jaguar, waiting at the kerb outside. The XK-SS was the rare and rapid road-going version of the D-Type Jaguar sports-racer!

Brockbank created an industry around his specialist art. When the staid British Racing Drivers' Club wanted cover art for their dinner menus, a Brockbank cartoon was always a favourite. Rob Walker, who entered cars for Stirling Moss, asked 'Brock' to produce a cartoon of his 300SL Mercedes road car for his



Christmas card. Rolls-Royce commissioned him to create promotional cartoon booklets around their luxury cars. BMC always used Brockbank art in their marketing programmes for the Mini.

In 1950 he went to Indianapolis for the Austin Atlantic record runs, helping by setting out marker lamps for the hours of darkness, cooking bacon and eggs for driver breakfasts...and appearing quite unexpectedly at different points on the track (like lying in the middle of it!) in order to keep the drivers awake and alert. For his services he was presented with a gold cigarette case and he also produced several cartoons of those Indianapolis records.



Briggs Cunningham chose Brockbank as a spotter on his pit counter at Le Mans in 1953. "I was picked for the job because I was able to memorise groups of headlights. I could remember the pattern of the headlights and spotlights and it meant I could pick out each individual car in a group of Jaguars coming up out of the night from White House."

The Doghouse Club for Grand Prix drivers' wives and girlfriends asked Brockbank to design their famous badge, featuring a rueful-looking dog wearing a Les Leston crash helmet in a kennel with a chequered roof. The badge was used in plates and bowls featuring the signatures of all the top Grand Prix drivers.

The Italian coachbuilder, Bertone, invited the English cartoonist to visit their carrozeria and draw scenes and vignettes that amused him. They proudly published a book of 29 of the cartoons and presented it as an instant collector's item at the Turin Motor Show.

It was a lot easier to laugh at Brockbank's humour than it was to produce cartoons on a regular basis, especially around motoring as a subject which, in the 1950s, was scarcely an amusing activity. Classic cars were being made then, but classic motoring as a hobby was fifty years away. Brockbank could make the most mundane motoring situation hilariously funny. Temple Press published hardback collections of Brockbank cartoons on a regular basis in the 1950s and all were best sellers; then there were collections of the collected editions. All are now collector's items.

Motor racing artist Michael Turner and I decided that if Brockbank could make motoring amusing, we could do the same for Grand Prix racing in the 1960s. We could all tell funny stories around the dinner table after a Grand Prix in Europe but capturing that humour in a cartoon drawing and a caption to match the situation was extremely difficult. We sold a short series to *Autosport* and they were reproduced in an end-of-season annual, but looking back on them now, they were stiff and almost serious in their attempt to be funny.

"I thought it was a great idea," Michael Turner recalls. "But I found it a real chore unless there was an obvious subject to interpret as a cartoon. I seem to remember that our idea was sparked when Paul Hawkins plopped his Lotus into the harbour at Monaco and others included Colin Chapman's escape from custody in Zandvoort

and Jackie Stewart's fastest lap at Spa in the BRM having never raced there before. Having to knuckle down to producing a useable drawing back at the hotel the evening after a race was often very hard work and it made me appreciate Brockbank's talent even more!"



By comparison any Brockbank cartoon lightens the scene and the situation, triggering a chuckle. By contrast, Brockbank himself was a slightly lugubrious individual, a tall, slim, silver-haired character, slowish-spoken with a faint trans-Atlantic accent, scarcely a comedian. He made a good partner to Henry Manney III, the charismatic American who covered the European racing scene for the august publication *Road & Track* in the 1960s and poked fun at a Formula 1 scene that tended to regard itself as rather stuffy and serious. They covered international motor shows together, bouncing amusement off each other.

His sense of humour was contagious. That twinkle in the artist's eye shone through in all his work so that Swedes and Germans and Japanese thought the cartoons just as funny as the British who always felt that the drawings had been done especially for them. He created 'Major Upsett,' an archetypal, perpetually irate, red-faced English gent and drew several series of cartoon strips about his invented friend. Brockbank wrote a spoof appreciation of his most popular and long-lived cartoon character, saying he first spotted the prototype for Major Upsett in an English

pub in 1938. "He was complaining to an indifferent innkeeper about road manners not being what they were before the 1914-18 war. He envisaged Hitler starting another one, took it for granted that we would win but hardly dared contemplate what road manners would be like after that. From the opposite end of the bar, I observed his fiery eye, his nose pocked like a picture of the moon's surface, the restless twitch of his outmoded large moustache (which in moments of stress seemed to cause him to rattle all over) and I sketched him on the bar counter by dipping a finger in my pint of mild and bitter.



"Please, may we have our ball-race back?"

"Shortly afterwards, contemptuous of a barman who didn't care and a youth who insulted his drink by doodling in it, he swept out. I heard the whirr of a dispirited starter motor several times, then language I shan't attempt to repeat here as he threaded the crank-handle through the radiator and shook the little car like a terrier with a rat. Eventually it started (obvious holes in the silencer), the crank was flung with force into the car, the door slammed and he was away to accompaniment of a nasty graunching sound. Hurrying to the door I observed him retreating into the distance behind his own smokescreen; I also took in the newly dented shape of my offside rear mudguard.

"To recompense myself for this damage I put him in several cartoons in *The Motor*, in the course of which I got to know him rather well. The curious thing is that as I carried on drawing him, he gradually took over – I thought up the situation, he reacted to it in character, and the thing was done. After the War (1939-45) I revived him and the strip went weekly, with him in absolute control, of course.



Brockbank enjoyed his motoring at a time when it was permissible to do so and he preferred Alfa Romeos, Mini Coopers and a Porsche at one stage. He confessed, "I drive fast cars too fast. My wife's knuckles are permanently white, toes permanently curled..."

'Brock' was 66 when he died in 1979, half a century after he had arrived in London as a young aspiring Canadian artist. Because original Brockbank art is so scarce despite his prolific output, prices are inevitably higher than other motoring cartoon works that come on the market.

Temple Press, publishers of *The Motor*, paid Brockbank a flat rate, but made large profits by syndicating the cartoon art to magazines around the world. Because they policed their copyright rigidly and retained all the Brockbank originals drawn for



"1955, 4,000 miles only, one owner, many extras, very carefully used."

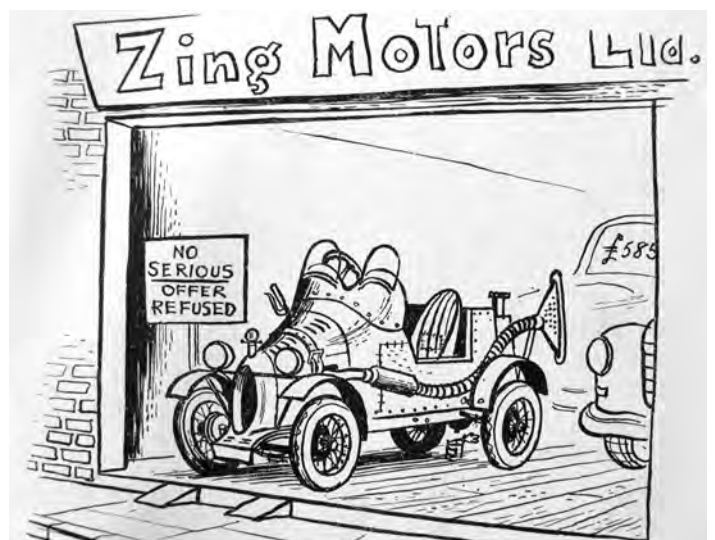


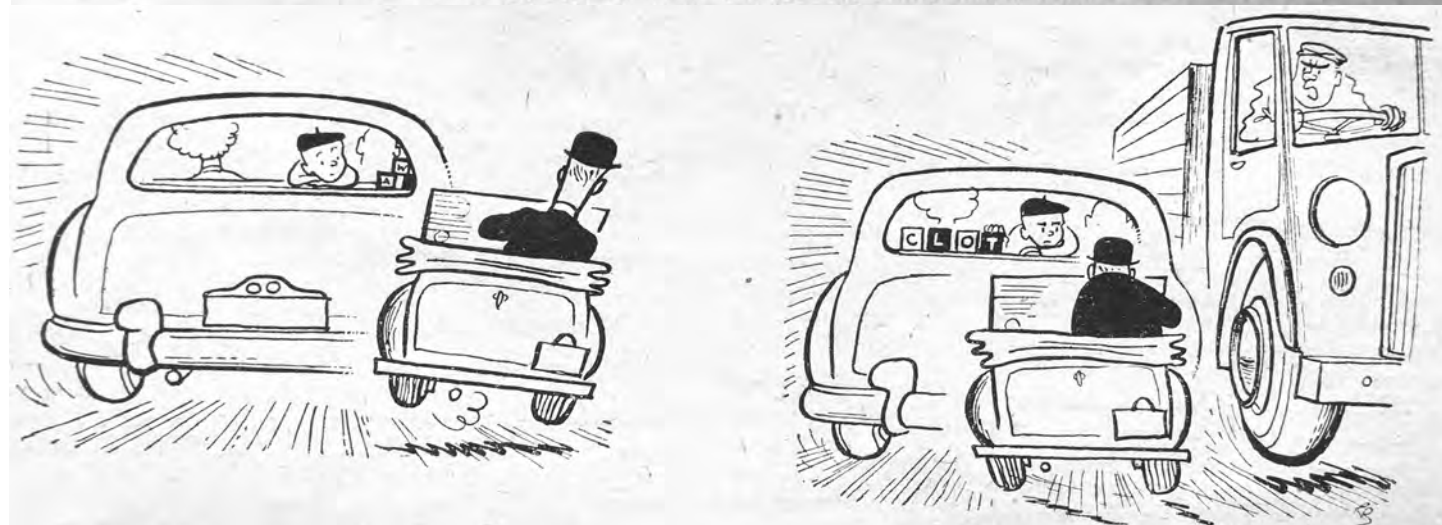
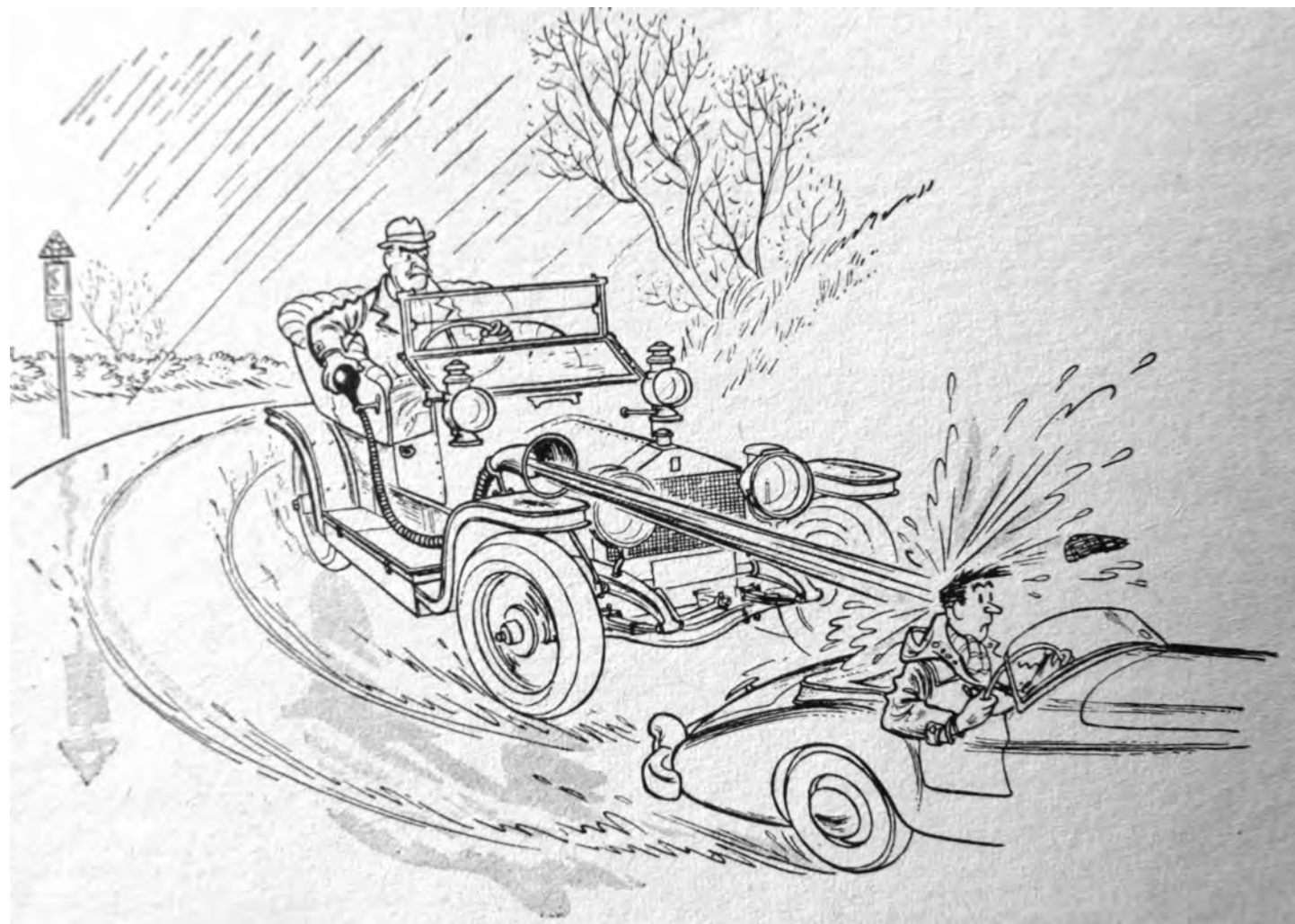
"...and I know that you, Sir, as a distinguished foreign journalist, will bear in mind that this is the only one of these we've made, and not exceed 2,500 revs in any gear."

them, original 'Brocks' are sought after by an international collectors' market. This is an ironic situation because *The Autocar* maintained a similar rigid copyright protection of the original art by Frederick Gordon Crosby...and yet by the 1960s they were using his brilliant original large-format cutaway technical drawings to wrap bundles of the magazine! Like using antique newspapers to wrap fish and chips...

The first collected book of Brockbank cartoons published was *Round the Bend* in 1948, followed by *Up the Straight* in 1953, *Over the Line* in 1955, *The Brockbank Omnibus* in 1957, *Manifold Pressures* in 1958, *Move Over* in 1962 and *Brockbank's Grand Prix* in 1973.

Brock's daughter Sue Ellis and other members of the family have formed the Brockbank Partnership and offer rare original cartoons and prints through www.russellbrockbank.com.



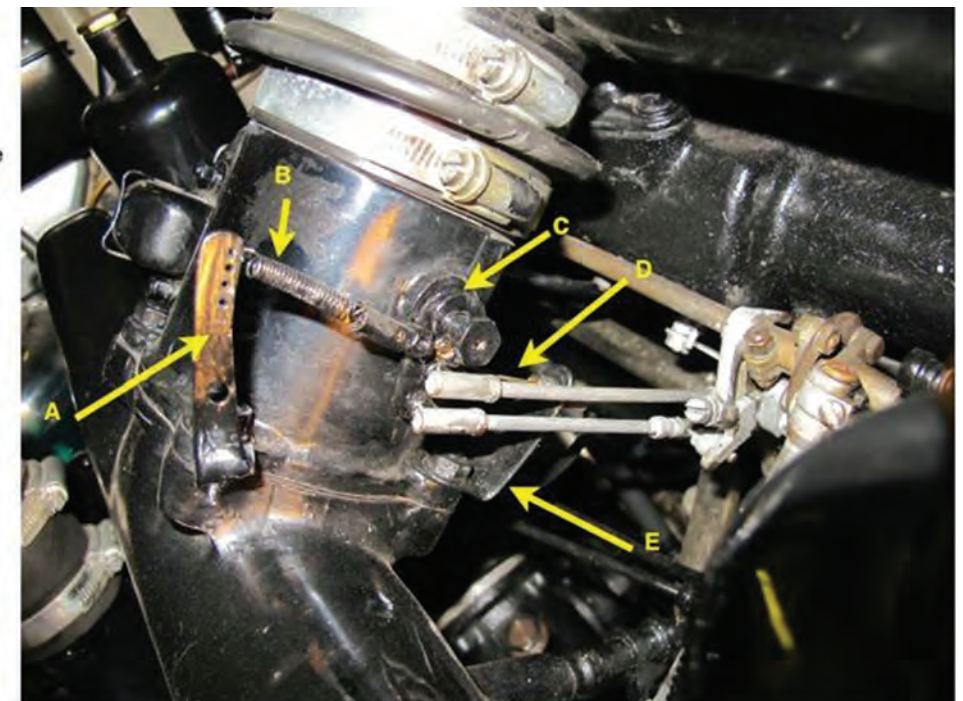


Brockbank's drawings on this page do not need captions. The photographs, from the Brockbank web site, show the artist at work and play... a nice man....



Automatic Choke Over-ride Modification by Bill Medcalf, Chas. Vyse and John Stewart

- A:** Make up bracket with 90° foot to accept return spring.
- B:** Return spring.
- C:** Make up bracket to fit on spindle with hole to accept a solderless nipple.
- D:** Just visible - inner Bowden cable.
- E:** Make up another bracket with 90° foot, with hole to fit outer casing of the Bowden cable.



Designed by the late Bill Medcalf.

Chas Vyse November 2011

- F:** Motor cycle type Bowden control lever. Clamped to outer of Handbrake casing.
- G:** Bowden cable. Follows the route of the handbrake casing to feed the cable into the engine bay.
- H:** In case you were wondering - another Bill Medcalf modification. A stop light switch from a motor cycle is mounted under the dash. This spring & connecting wire operates the switch when the handbrake is pulled 'ON'. The stop light switch feeds a prominent red warning light fixed underneath the driver's side dash cubby hole.



Designed by the late Bill Medcalf.

Chas Vyse November 2011

These illustrations and captions came from the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts' Club Mark VI and Silver Wraith Register Newsletter, and are reprinted by permission of the Registrar, Tony Jenkin.

John Stewart has made a further modification, and his article and photograph appear below the Register items. What looks like rust on "A" in the top photograph is actually copper grease.

These images and captions from Chas Vyse give a pretty good idea of the choke over-ride on his R Type. I have pretty much copied his set up down to the bracket E in the second photograph but then have modified slightly for neater application.

As most owners will know the automatic choke system on our cars with twin SUs is notorious for over-choking in our moderate climate. With choke over-ride I can start my car (choked), back out of the garage, shut the doors, activate the over-ride, and drive up the road with little or no choke, depending on the ambient temperature. With automatic choke the engine is still heavily choked after several miles. I have recently done a ring job on my R Type



This shows the small lever (black) which operates the choke over-ride. Just visible is the hole in the bolt head where the Bowden cable is free to slide. Clamp on the cable end.

and on inspection of the old rings my re-conditioner immediately pointed out vertical score marks on the rings, a clear indication he said of periodic over-rich mixture; hence my enthusiasm for a practical over-ride.

I have eliminated the return spring **A** and bracket **B** by changing as follows. Make a flat lever 2 ins. Long and ½ in. wide from light panel steel or similar. Drill to fit snugly on the choke spindle underneath the lever for the existing choke rods. When clamped by the nut on the choke spindle, the edge of this new lever will rest on the choke rod spindles on the upper side.

Now the important difference: do not attach the Bowden cable directly and firmly to this new lever. Instead, you will have drilled a hole at the outer end of the lever to accept a 3/16 short bolt. Drill through the flats of this bolt so that the Bowden cable is a loose sliding fit. Insert the cable and with the choke in the closed posi-

tion, attach a clamp type nipple (I made one) and tighten the screw. This is better than fitting a soldered nipple which would make the cable length adjustment difficult. It takes very little force to open the choke against the bi-metal strip. If for any reason the over-ride is not operated, then the automatic choke will function exactly as designed, because the Bowden cable is free to slide through the bolt head.

With this relatively simple modification the system, as on the Vyse car, is virtually unnoticeable under bonnet, and operates perfectly.

I found an old Amal two stroke engine throttle lever which I clamped to the steering column with a jubilee hose clamp. I drilled a hole through the fire wall to accept the Bowden cable, a much easier installation than the circuitous route through the brake cable hole.

**The Mark VI and Silver Wraith Register
(including Silver Dawn, R-Type, R-Type Continental and Mark V)**

This Register is part of the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts' Club, and the item above is reprinted from their excellent Newsletter. It was passed on by Henry Green and John Stewart, who organised the Register's permission. Part of the Registrar's, Tony Jenkin's, letter to Henry is quoted: "...of course you have our permission to spread the word about anything we publish which could assist owners with maintaining

these superb cars. Please note that I am always happy to join anyone with a Register car to our Register, be he/she a Club member or not. It is far more important to know the whereabouts of surviving chassis than just to get subscription money." TonyJenkinlivesatFairAcres,Bampton,Oxon,EnglandOX182AA, telephone +44 1993 850 801 e-mail upthec lump@btinternet.com

20/25 Differentials by Eddie Riddle

These notes were created on the dismantling/assembling the rear axle. They are the simplest sequence I have found and were without the benefit of Rolls-Royce notes.

Remove the rear axle assembly from the car

- Undo the four brake rod clevice pins at the wire cable ends
- Disconnect the ride control shock absorbers. In my case I found it easiest to remove the top of the upper section of the link (just two 1/8 BSF nuts) as all the joints were frozen solid.
- Disconnect the lubricating oil feed pipe from the left hand spring hanger. This pipe comes along inside of the front half of the spring gaiter. You don't need to remove the pipe from the gaiter unless you wish to.
- Remove the split pins from the spring 'U' bolts (four on each spring) and remove the nuts.
- Disconnect the drive shaft from the pinion. (8 nuts split pinned)

You need to support the chassis in some way. Either use axle stands, or in my case I lifted the chassis up with an overhead chain block.

You will need to remove the spring shackle bolts from the body somewhere. It doesn't matter which end you choose, but I found the front end of the springs the easiest. Watch out for the special spacer washers found on each side of the spring eye. On reflection, it probably would be easier to remove the springs completely, it's only another 2 shackle bolts.

There is now nothing else holding the axle assembly to the chassis. I just lifted the chassis up in the air a bit and rolled the entire rear end out on its wheels. How you do this step depends on the tools available.

- Support the axle assembly on suitable stands.
- Remove the road wheels, hubs and drive collars as detailed in the RR instruction sheet.
- Remove the bracing rod, which is attached to either end of outer axle housings.
- Drain the oil from the differential head.

If you have no need to dismantle the brake assemblies, just undo the 16 nuts (on each side) which hold the outer axle housing to the differential head. These housings just pull away from the differential head and you are left with aluminum differential head and the 2 axles as one piece.

- Remove the inspection plate from the other end of the differential head (12 nuts) and tap out the cover plate.
- Slacken the clamp bolt (don't try to remove the bolt completely, it is peined over on the end) on the meshing adjustment casting, push down the spring loaded lock pin and turn it 90 degrees to lock it down out of mesh. Mark the position where the locking pin was located. (a

permanent marker pen is useful here) Using a suitable tool remove the adjustment nut counting the number of turns needed to remove the nut. Counting the number of turns is only important if you don't replace any bearings. It is a right hand thread. NO HAMMER AND PUNCH technique PLEASE.

- Remove the 8 nuts, which secure the pinion assembly to the differential head.
- Mark the position of the pinion housing, and spacer washer relative to the differential head. The pinion assembly will now just pull clear of the differential head.

Note: You can't remove the pinion assembly until you have moved the crown wheel back from the pinion.

- Remove the 18 bolts and nuts which hold the two halves of the differential head together, noting that there are two shorter bolts and nuts immediately next to the pinion opening.
- Remove the 12 split pinned nuts from the right hand side of the differential head which hold the thrust bearing, side carrier bearing and the crown wheel mesh adjustment in place.
- Using a soft hammer tap the two halves of the differential head apart. Please no screwdrivers, punches, or hard hammers.

If all has gone correctly you will have the crown wheel, both side carrier bearings and the two axles as one piece. Note the side carrier bearings are still in place on each side of the differential.

- Remove the 8 split pinned nuts and bolts that hold the two halves of the spider gears housing together.
- Remove the spider gears and their spigot bearings. Watch out for the bronze thrust washers which are fitted between the back of each spider gear and their spigot bearing. Keep the washer associated with its spider gear together.
- Remove the axle from each half of the housing noting the bronze thrust washer fitted behind the spider gear on each axle. Watch out for the small bronze bush, which sits on the end of one the axles. The two axles are different.
- Bend back the lock tabs, undo the castellated nut (left hand thread) from the left hand side of the spider gear housing. (the side with the crown wheel on it)
- Use a suitable puller and withdraw the side carrier bearing.

Before you can remove the right hand side carrier bearing it is necessary to dismantle the crown wheel meshing adjustment. The thrust bearing can now be removed and it's associated spacing washers by undoing the castellated lock ring.

- Now tap out the right hand side carrier bearing.
- Thoroughly clean all parts. Rinse all the bearings separately, blow-dry, lightly oil and check for roughness

and excessive side play. Each side carrier bearing is different in size.

The side carrier bearings do not take any side thrust.

Dismantling the pinion housing

- Remove the long bolt and nut (the nut is pinned) which passes through the pinion. It holds the rear roller bearing inner surface in place. Pull off the inner bearing collar.
- Remove the pinion nut, which holds the drive flange in place. This flange is on a taper and has two woodruff keys as well. It is unlikely you will be able to remove this flange with a puller. The most successful method is to use a large press. It will be very tight and come off with a bang. You won't do any damage. I actually had about 12 tons pressure before the flange came free. The 8 flange bolts can now be removed.
- Slide off the outer pinion casing, being careful not to damage the seal located in the front end.
- Remove the spring wire ring, which locks the castellated bearing ring in place. Just flick it out with a screwdriver. This ring is immediately behind the pinion. It is a right hand thread.
- Undo the castellated bearing lock ring completely, and you will now be able to remove the pinion bearing cover. You can now see the bearings, spacers and oil slinger.
- Knock back the lock tabs and remove the oil slinger nut. It won't be tight. It is a left hand thread. The bronze thrust washer will come away with the slinger.
- Remove the front outer thrust bearing surface (it is a hardened ring). The rear thrust surface will probably have remained inside the pinion cover.
- Remove the double row thrust bearing. You will see two rows of balls in their separate cages. The inner bearing surface for these two rows of balls in a single unit.
- Remove the outer bearing spacer. Remove the inner spacer and its bronze thrust washer. These two items are held in place by two Woodruff keys. A puller may be necessary.
- Remove the pinion bearing and the castellated bearing lock ring. Clean all parts thoroughly.

Look inside the pinion cover and you will find the pre-load bearing spacer. Don't lose it. It is matched to the thrust bearing.

Reassembling

- Replace the bearings as necessary.

If you have replaced the thrust bearing **you must replace the pre-load spacer as well.**

Assembly is just the reverse of the dismantling procedure. Before you refit the drive flange don't forget to fit the 8 flange bolts.

Reassembling the differential

- Start by fitting the right hand side carrier bearing. Just press it into its housing.
- Reassemble the thrust bearing and its bronze thrust washers.
- Replace and tighten the castellated lock ring.
- Start the crown wheel adjustment nut on its casting. Just a couple of turns will do. Leave the locking pin disengaged.
- Refit the axles, (don't forget the bronze bush on the end of one of the axles) and spider gears to the crown wheel half of the differential housing. Replace the 8 bolts, tighten and fit new split pins.

New Members - A Warm Welcome to the Following:

Christopher and Joanie Field
25 Kauri Drive
Brick Bay
Warkworth 0982
Phone (09) 422 2247
1964 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III
Chassis LSEV 2555
1992 Bentley Turbo "R"
Chassis SCBZR03A3NCH44544

Spring can't be too far away now, and what better way to depict it than this photograph of the late Peter Russell's Mark VI Bentley James Young Sedan ca de Ville, chassis B195EW at Peter's farm Woburn, near Waipukurau?

- Check that the axles rotate freely. As you rotate one axle the other will turn in the opposite direction.
- Fit the left hand side carrier bearing, replace the castellated lock ring and bend down the lock tabs.
- Fit the two halves of the differential casing onto differential head. Replace the 18 bolts and nuts and tighten lightly.
- Fit the 12 castellated nuts (remember the split pins) to the right hand side carrier bearing. (don't forget the spacing ring) You probably will need to give each axle end a thump with a heavy block of wood just to get some clearance. At this point the crown wheel and differential assembly should rotate freely with no tight spots.
- Fit the pinion assembly to the differential head. It will just tap into place (don't forget the spacer ring). Fit and tighten the 8 pinion nuts. Tighten the 18 differential housing bolts.

You should now be able to rotate the crown wheel by turning the pinion drive flange. It must be free from any tight spots. The mesh clearance between the pinion and the crown wheel will be excessive at this stage.

- Fit the outer axle casings, and replace the nuts.
- Working from the inspection cover end, adjust the pinion mesh clearance by rotating the crown wheel adjustment nut using a suitable tool. Hammer and punch is not an acceptable method. Once the correct mesh clearance is obtained, engage the locking pin and tighten the clamp bolt. Replace the inspection cover (there is a paper gasket between the cover and the differential head housing).

The correct pinion backlash is etched on the crown wheel. It is in the range of 0.004" to 0.10".

The backlash should be measured at the tip of the pinion teeth. The only problem is that you can't get near the pinion once it is assembled in the differential housing. As luck would have it the pitch circle of the flange bolts is the same as the tips of the pinion. So all I did was to put several washers of the same diameter on one of the flange bolts and tighten it up. Now use a dial gauge touching these washers as your measurement point.

- Check the tooth contact with bearing blue to ensure you have the correct pattern on BOTH sides of the tooth. (run and over-run)
- Replace the hubs and road wheels.

That's it. Fit the unit back into the car.

Bearings used in the rear axle assembly.

Left side carrier Hoffman145 equates to 6209U1 in NTN
Right side carrier Hoffman 140 equates to 6208U1 in NTN
The thrust bearing is a special and had no identifying numbers present
Rear Pinion Bearing (this roller bearing is at the extreme end of the pinion) Hoffman R325
Double row thrust bearing Hoffman R330
Rear Pinion Bearing Hoffman N330
Inner wheel bearing
Outer wheel bearing
NTN are common bearings readily available in NZ from Saeco Ltd





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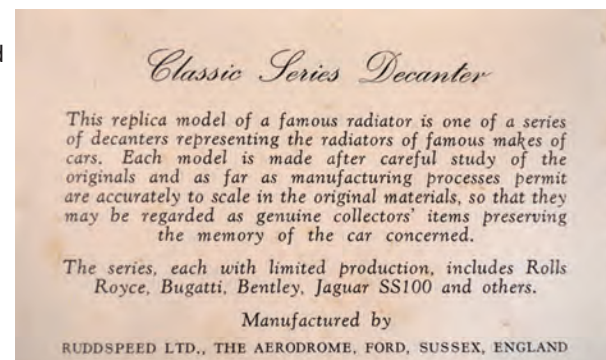
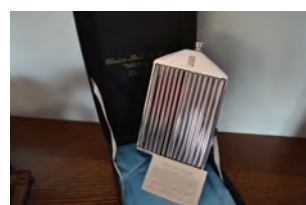
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This car, chassis 9NA, was photographed at the RREC Castle Rockingham event in June 2011. It finished its testing on 13 November 1913 and went off to have its first body, a landaulette by Cockshoot, fitted.

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Coming Events

Full details are also contained on our newly enhanced Web Site www.nzrrbc.org.nz

NORTHERN REGION

Saturday/Sunday 28/29 September: Spring run to Russell. Staying at Duke of Marlborough Hotel.

Tuesday 12 November: Northern Region AGM & Christmas Dinner at Totara Restaurant, 249 State Highway 17, in the Old Albany Village.

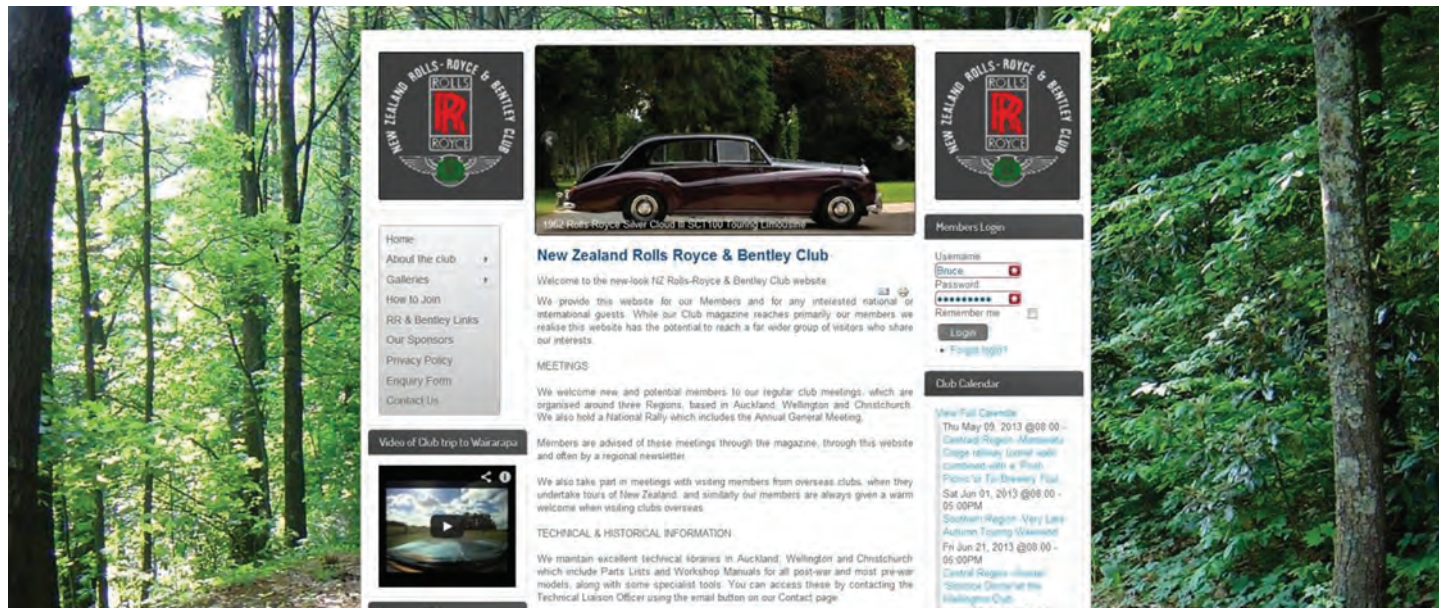
CENTRAL REGION

Labour Weekend 26-28 October: Event based at Taupo; further details to be advised

Saturday/Sunday 23/24 November: Central Region AGM in the Wairarapa; further details to be advised

SOUTHERN REGION

Friday to Sunday 15 to 17 November: Traditional Canterbury Show Weekend Tour and Southern Region AGM: Details to be advised but will be based in Otago and Southland.



Website Corner

Bruce Gordon – NZR-R&BC Webmaster

NZRRBC Website proudly sponsored by NZ Websites Ltd. Welcome to our first Website Corner!

Over the last few months I have been developing a brand new website for the club, and those of you who have logged onto the site recently will have seen the results. I do hope you like the new look, content, and functionality.

One of the first features you will notice, is that you now have a “Members Login”, found at the top right of the site, just under the right logo. By the time you read this, all club members will have received an e-mail with your new website username and login from Rob Carthew. If you haven’t received yours yet, email Rob at chairman@nzrrbc.org.nz.

Simply place the user name and password into the boxes provided, and hit the “Login” button. The page will refresh and in the login box you will be greeted by name. When logged into the site as a member, you will have access to more features and content, and this area will grow in time.

Image Gallery: In the new menu is an option – Galleries – and if you run your mouse over this, a popout submenu offers you two options, click on the one named “Image Gallery”.

In the Image Gallery we have set up 3 categories: Club Events, Members’ Cars, and Members’ Gallery

Image Upload: This Gallery area is “Members Only” so if you haven’t already logged in (instructions above), then do so in the boxes provided, and log in. You will now be able to view the Gallery. If you wish to simply view images, there are plenty available in the “Club Events” area.

Image Gallery – Uploading images

To upload images of your car to the Image Gallery, go to the “Image Gallery” and click on the popout menu item “Image Upload”. You will be shown a new page with 3 tabs - Single Upload – Batch Upload – Java Upload. Choose whichever of these you prefer and follow the instructions.

It is very important that you select “Upload Here” as your Category option in the dropdown menu. You will notice your name will have been automatically inserted in the “Author” section. Website admins will receive an e-mail alerting us of the new image uploads, and one of us will approve the images, at which time they will be published on the site. This approval should not take more than a few hours at most. If you have any questions please feel free to e-mail me at webmaster@nzrrbc.org.nz. If you do, please don’t forget to add your phone and e-mail address, and I will reply as quickly as possible.

I hope you enjoy the new website and please do let us have any questions, suggestions and comments!

Regards,

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