



# New Zealand Rolls-Royce & Bentley Club Inc

Issue 09-1, 2009



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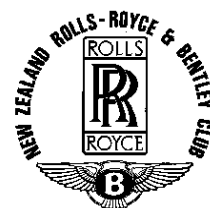
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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAGAZINE  
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**Membership**



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

**FEES:** Registration Fee: \$10.00 (once only)  
Membership Fee: \$75.00 (annual)  
Family membership: \$ 5.00 (annual)

**CONTACT:** Membership Registrar  
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**Front Cover:**

*The new Rolls-Royce Phantom Coupé at its launching in San Francisco last October, reprinted with the kind permission of The Flying Lady Editor, Sabu Advani.*

**Club 40th - From Roy Tilley**

At the Napier AGM I was tasked with confirming the date of the founding of this Club. An article written by our founder, Roger Lloyd in the December 1992 magazine confirms that it was in 1971, the first major event being on Queen's Birthday of that year. Therefore we are looking at a 40th anniversary in 4 years' time, so perhaps we should be starting to think now about how we are going to celebrate it.

## Club Calendar 2009-1

### Northern Region

Friday to Monday 13-16 March

**NATIONAL RALLY AND AGM (organised by Central Region)**

You will need to book the accommodation ASAP direct with the motels listed below.

**Friday:** Starting Monte-Carlo style and meet and greet in Napier early evening. Dinner own arrangements.

**Saturday:** Travel to Turangi via Taihape and "Gentle Annie." Formal dinner at Parklands Motor Lodge, Turangi.

**Sunday:** National Annual General Meeting at Parklands Motor Lodge, Turangi at 10am, then either return home or travel to Greytown via the Manawatu Gorge to arrive at around 3pm.

**Monday:** Tour an olive grove and brunch then depart for home.

**Sun 26 April Albany Olive Press Cafe and Shop** 88 Burne Road, Albany [www.olivesnewzealand.co.nz](http://www.olivesnewzealand.co.nz)

Come for a tour of the olive grove and granite pressing mill and then have lunch

**Saturday/Sunday/Monday 30/31 May & 1 June Queen's Birthday Tour North** via Dargaville, Rawene, Kaitia and back through Kerikeri, Pahia, Whangarei and Auckland

### Annual General Meeting Weekend Organised by the Central Region

*Because the original date for our Annual Rally and AGM (March 7/8th) coincided with the Ironman contest in Taupo, accommodation in that area is booked solid. The date has therefore been moved back by one week. The arrangements therefore are now as follows with more details to be added from time to time:*

**Friday 13th March:** Meet for dinner and stay the night at [Marineland Motel, Napier](#).

**Saturday 14th March:** Drive from Napier over Gentle Annie to Turangi. Stay overnight at the [Parklands Motor Lodge](#), where we will have our Annual Dinner.

**Sunday 15th March:** AGM at the [Parklands Motor Lodge](#), then drive via scenic route to Greytown. Stay overnight at [Oak Estate Motor Lodge](#)

**Monday 16th March:** Visits in the Martinborough area and then disperse.

Roy Tilley has booked 15 units at each of the following, but they should have been confirmed by members by now, as there is no guarantee of space.

[Marineland Motel, Napier](#); [Parklands Motor Lodge, Turangi](#); [Oak Estate Motor Lodge, Greytown](#).

### Southern Region in co-operation with the Rolls-Royce & Bentley Touring Club (Inc)

The Southern Region Committee is at work on an exciting programme of events. We will be working closely with the Rolls-Royce & Bentley Touring Club (Inc) to ensure that their events and ours fit easily together. With our busy lives the wider choice of dates cannot be anything but beneficial to us all.

We propose meeting the RREC 25 Register's Tour on 16th February during their travels through our Region. Further details of these dates and other events will be published in the Southern Region Newsletter.

**Sunday 22 February: Twin Rivers Classic Auto Display & Parade Sponsored by Paul Kelly Motor Co Ltd.** Canterbury Agricultural Park, [A & P Showgrounds] Curletts Road, followed by a 38 kilometre tour starting at 3:30 p.m. Enquiries to: Denis Ashworth, Rotary Club, Avonhead. Phone 354 0553 or 0274 864 787

**Sunday 1 March:** A gentle day's Tour visiting various points of interest, starting from the Heathcote River parking outside The Princess Margaret Hospital at 10 a.m.

**Easter Weekend 10 to 13 April: Touring Weekend to the West Coast.** Further details closer to the time, but your Committee and its resident geologist have many

interesting places in mind. Early autumn is a good time for travel on the West Coast. Do reserve these dates on your calendars.

## Australian Events for 2009

With the Tasman Sea being much narrower than it used to be, the following The Rolls-Royce Owners' Club of Australia events would tie in very nicely with an Air Adventure Australia tour (see their advertisement on Page 20). The Rolls-Royce Owners' Club of Australia web site is <http://www.rroc.org.au> and contacts for their events are:

Australian Capital Territory [secretary@act.rroc.org.au](mailto:secretary@act.rroc.org.au)

New South Wales [nsw@rroc.org.au](mailto:nsw@rroc.org.au) and <http://nsw.rroc.org.au>

Queensland [qld@rroc.org.au](mailto:qld@rroc.org.au)

South Australia [sa@rroc.org.au](mailto:sa@rroc.org.au)

Victoria [vic@rroc.org.au](mailto:vic@rroc.org.au)

Western Australia [secretary@wa.rroc.org.au](mailto:secretary@wa.rroc.org.au)

Some of their events planned for 2009 are as follows:

**1 March 20/25, 25/30, Wraith Register High Tea** Hydro Majestic, Blue Mountains, Les Hearne +61 422 810 882

**25-30 March Federal Rally**, Albany, Western Australia, Mick Rust +61 418 915 356

**5 April to 12 May Terra Australis** from Fremantle, Mick Rust +61 418 915 356

**15 to 17 May Weekend in Newcastle**, incorporating National Heritage Motor Day <http://nsw.rroc.org.au>

**Date in June t.b.a. Phantom Run** <http://nsw.rroc.org.au>

**28-30 August Spirit, Mulsanne and Related Types (SMART) Register Weekend** Alan White +61 2 6674 5734

**18-21 September Silver Wraith, Silver Dawn, Bentley Mk VI and R-Type Register Social Weekend** Gos Cory +61 2 4822 5135

**Date in September t.b.a. Dawn Patrol** <http://nsw.rroc.org.au>

**Date in October t.b.a. Silver Cloud/S-Series Bentley Register Weekend** <http://nsw.rroc.org.au>

## Club Shop

### BOOKS

*From the Shadow's Corner* by Cal West, Product Support Manager, Rolls-Royce Motors Inc, USA. A compilation of technical articles, specific to the Silver Shadow and its derivatives, reprinted from *The Flying Lady*. We will include with this a set of reprints from *Know Your Silver Shadow* featured in the Club magazine in recent years. \$80 per copy including P & P.

*Silver Cloud/S Series Reprints 1955-1966:* A compilation of technical articles from *The Flying Lady* specific to the Silver Cloud and S Series. \$20 per copy including P & P.

### NZRR&BC CAR BADGES

Of the original design but made in stainless steel are now available at \$60 each.

**Send your order with cheque made out to "New Zealand Rolls-Royce & Bentley Club" to: Roy Tilley, Technical Liaison Officer Post-WW2, 204a Waiwhetu Road, LOWER HUTT.**

### CHASSIS RECORDS

The Company's Construction Records, which accompanied every Rolls-Royce and Bentley (since 1931) chassis throughout its production at Derby or Crewe are a valuable resource for subsequent owners. They show details of the original order, any special equipment supplied, and the results of tests and inspections carried out 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 at a price which has to reflect not only the cost of photocopying and postage but also the cost of maintaining a valuable archive resource and employing a full-time archivist. The number of A4 pages for early cars may vary from two or three up to 20 or more, depending upon how much work and subsequent servicing was carried out by the Company and its agents. Records for a Silver Shadow can amount to 50 or more pages and are likely to cost around \$NZ150 but will be a worthwhile addition to any owner's library. For details of how to obtain a copy of your car's records, contact the Club's Technical Liaison Officer, Roy Tilley, on 04 566 0850

e-mail [rmt@xtra.co.nz](mailto:rmt@xtra.co.nz)

### ADVERTISING – pages 20 to 24

Classified advertisements (monochrome) pertaining to Rolls-Royce and Bentley matters are free to Financial Members who do not deal regularly in Rolls-Royce or Bentley cars or services. All classified advertisements must be submitted in writing to the Editor, Tom King, Phone 03 339 8309, e-mail [the.king@xtra.co.nz](mailto:the.king@xtra.co.nz) 191 Sparks Road, Christchurch 8025. The publication of commercial advertisements, or any advertising in colour, will be the subject of 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.

**Our Web Site is [www.nzrrbc.co.nz](http://www.nzrrbc.co.nz) Tell your friends about it.**

## Mainland Comment

As the world as we knew it continues to erode, the various factions purporting to govern The United States of America are discussing the financial rescue of The Ford Motor Company, General Motors, and The Chrysler Corporation. The total figure mentioned represents just one month's revenue in good times for, say, General Motors' world-wide transactions, but to someone whose numerical skills run something along the lines of "One, Two, Three, Four, Lots" it is still a considerable sum of money.

If these companies collapse, the implications are too enormous to contemplate. They must, however, be considered beside the wind-fall profits in which they exulted during the years when they were able to sell enormous (cue in the Gospel-ish "So high you can't see over it/So over-tyred you can't see under it/So wide you can't see round it/So tinted you can't see through it") behemoths which were designed with cynical disregard of prevailing safety standards mandatory for car design because "light trucks" needed minimal research and development and could have massive structures teetering on flimsy chassis, ante-deluvian axles our car manufacturers were seeking to supersede seventy years ago, and brakes and steering which contrived to place the person at the helm at such a remote position as to encourage oblivion, the better to concentrate upon the beverage-holder, the CD or MPS player, whatever is happening on the mobile telephone, and the disputes occurring in the rear seats amongst the cosseted little dears just collected from school. There, a chap feels better now.

One method of soaking up otherwise taxable income was the purchasing of vanity marques such as Aston Martin. Obviously knowledge of automotive history is not a requirement for an executive at Dearborn, Michigan, for it has been written on good authority that the original partners of Aston Martin,

Messrs Bamford and Martin, would have been better off financially had they offered every prospective purchaser of their cars £50 to please go away and forget about them. Through successive ownerships of Bertelli, some hopeful syndicates, Sir David Brown, Victor Gauntlett, along with various Receivers and Official Assignees, has Aston Martin ever actually been a viable business?

Our 08-6 contained a brilliant letter from 1961 written by Mary Matthews to her daughters overseas, and this followed the very well received reprint of "Outbreak of Crime on Auckland Motorways" by Marsden Robinson. This issue has a letter from long ago which is sure to gladden the hearts of all Punctuation Pedants, and your editor is always happy to receive suggestions or contributions of past gems that you think we would enjoy.

The article on the Danseys Pass run organised by the Bentley Drivers' Club in November was written by BDC member Simon Towle. Simon has used the nomenclature prescribed by Wise's Guide to Place Names in New Zealand, so the possessive apostrophe we might expect in "Dansey's" has not been used. The name above the hotel's veranda is "Dansey Pass Hotel" to further confuse the issue, and of course Mr Wise's "Guide" might merit a possessive apostrophe too, but who are we to argue?

The December 2008 Southern Edition of *Country-Wide* has an excellent article on our members Meyrick and Maire Carruthers and their successful predominantly Romney sheep farm in South Otago. Meyrick has been working on Mt Joy for over 60 years now, and with no ailment more serious than "Metal Disease", referring to his love of machinery, there are no plans to retire although the succession of now over 100 years in the family is established by the Carruthers' daughter Elizabeth and her husband Phil. Our Best Wishes go to Meyrick and Maire for 2009,

and we thank Michael Midgley for passing on the copy of *Country-Wide*.

One seldom has the privilege of studying a dismantled Silver Ghost engine, and the photographs printed below show Bruce McLroy's 1912 engine 1774 as it has some attention for the first time since its reconditioning by Derby in 1929. There have been traces of metal in the oil lately, with fluctuations in oil pressure as the relief valve was unable to seat properly, and this was carefully monitored during the recent Banks Peninsula branch of the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand's Monte Carlo event when the car and its driver did such sterling work from Mt Cook to Duvauchelle between 0130 and 1530 on one Saturday in November. That the crankshaft journal bearings did not entirely run proves the value of careful inspection and action when symptoms of impending doom are manifest.

For various reasons this magazine is later than had been planned. To enable some up to date coverage of the 20/25 Rolls-Royce Tour the deadline was extended, then the editorial computer entered the forgetful stage of its life, and when the usual deadline fell the editor was away on the annual Riley Car Club of New Zealand National Rally, this year in Feilding. During the driving hours the driver's thoughts usually turn to the most inane music likely to come over the car's radio, if one had been fitted in 1932, but the Riley owning propensities of those with Rolls-Royces and Bentleys came to mind. As well as W.O. Bentley, whose first car was a V-twin Riley of 1909 or so, Rolls-Royce Limited owned at least one Monaco, and other illustrious Riley owners included Prince Birabongse of Siam and Raymond Mays. Moving towards our own era we have Ian Maxwell-Stewart and Sir Michael Kadoorie, and a list of our Club members who own, or have owned, Rileys includes Winsbury White, Roy Tilley, Keith Hunter, Ramon Farmer, Glynn Williams, and our new members Malcolm McMillan and Geoff Walls.



## Chairman's Report

What an exciting month it has been for us! I looked up the club website on our return from overseas last month to find that there was very little organised. In fact nothing, due to the fact that, as is well known, December is traditionally full of social and work related seasonal functions. I have tried in the past to organise events for various clubs and nothing works.

So how to brighten up an otherwise quiet month? When one is retired it gets quite boring if one does not make the effort. So I decided that the time had come to add another Proper Motor Car to our fleet. These are hard times and many people and businesses are having a difficult time making ends meet so it is one's duty to make the effort. Also a good time for some great buys.

A friend (some friend!) of mine had e-mailed me a copy of an advertisement for a Mark VI Bentley for sale in Christchurch. I don't know why he e-mailed me apart from the fact that he also owns a Mark VI and feels the need for someone to share his worries.

Now one of the advantages of being chairman of this club is that it vastly widens one's circle of friends and I was able to ask a favour of our newsletter editor who is a denizen of Christchurch to pop into the dealer where this car resided and have a look to see if it was worth a trip down that way. The report came back, along with a handful of photos, that it would indeed be worth the trip so I went on line to Pacific Blue and secured a couple of tickets. A couple of tickets, because management at this end

thought she could bring her extraordinary bargaining powers into play. A couple of tickets because I knew that she would fall in love with the car and talk me into it.

We arranged – alright we invited ourselves – to stay overnight with Tom and Hilary and Tom met us at the car showroom. He has owned a Mark VI in years gone by and was of enormous help to me by showing me what to look for and pointing out the potential faults of the model. These, I must say, are few indeed and now I have driven the car, I see what makes our friends so enthusiastic about them.

Fortunately, and soon you will realise why I say fortunately, between Tom's visit on Friday and our arrival on Monday, the proprietor of the showroom had scraped the front left wing on the showroom door and left a very ugly but relatively harmless scratch along with a fair bit of body filler exposed. Enough to bring cries of alarm from Lois who was now able to play her full part in starting to bring down the price. We took it for a test drive and by dropping down a couple of gears, we managed to induce the exhaust to smoke a bit which was another source of concern on the distaff side. You can see how good she is at this sort of process. To cap it off she asked to drive it herself and promptly stalled the thing only to find that the battery was nearly flat and only just managed to re-start it. When we saw that the ignition light was glowing, we realised that something was amiss in the generator department. By now the price I was prepared to offer was falling like a concrete glider.

The salesman was smart enough

to take the wheel for the drive back through the city traffic and return to the depot whereupon we pointed out yet again the very poor state of the rear seat leather. Lois had already had a chat to our trimmer on the basis of Tom's photographs and had in her mind an estimate of the cost. Bearing in mind all these factors, I proceeded to make an offer which I thought would raise gales of laughter. But no!! It propelled him back to his phone whence he returned to tell us that we owned the motorcar.

This morning (Thursday) the dealer, having obtained a shiny new warrant of fitness, put our new baby on the railway and we should see it on Monday. In detail it is a Mark VI Bentley 4½ litre Park Ward Drop Head Coupé Chassis number B119NY. The body is painted a slightly bluish shade of silver and the upholstery is grey and we both love it. Bruce McIlroy tells me that I should throw a set of valve stem seals at it and that will probably do wonders for the very slightly smoking exhaust. Otherwise, the engine makes no strange noises and pulls much better than I expected. Colin Gray has a booking for Tuesday to fix the generator so we are well under way and we haven't even got the car home yet.

I intend to use the car for club functions and do the myriad little jobs whilst we are enjoying it. A rolling restoration I believe it is called. The biggest job will be the panel work and repainting of the guards but I plan to have that done while we are away on the 20/25 R.R.E.C. rally so we shouldn't miss the car at all.

And those are my notes for what should have been a quiet month. Richard.



I had been to Thailand several times and was well prepared for the cultural blast which I knew would hit us when we arrived in Rajisthan. At least I thought I was. It certainly is a cultural blast but quite different from anything I could have expected even in my wildest dreams. Everything is more colourful and more crowded than we here in New Zealand can envisage.

It was, I freely admit a highly sanitised version of Rajisthan, Lois and I are a bit beyond adventure tourism and backpacker accommodation. We are at the stage of life where I feel I have not only earned but now positively need a few luxuries. A bit of air conditioning in the bus and a soft feather pillow on the bed

## Notes From Rajisthan by Richard Hadfield

at night and we certainly got that.

Were we really there? I feel as though I have had a month long dream. I have the photographs to prove we were there so we must have been. We were greeted on arrival at one palace by a fireworks display followed by dancing tribal women and ceremonial

elephants or maybe it was ceremonial tribal women and dancing elephants. It's still all a bit of a blur.

Our introduction to this tour has nothing short of the very best provenance. We were asked by a friend of Lois to entertain a neighbour of hers, Chuck Sishoda, with a visitor who was keen on vintage Rolls-Royces. Much to my surprise, the visitor was none other than John Fasal who has written many of the Rolls-Royce books in my collection and it was an honour to entertain him. The gentleman neighbour of Lois's friend was an Indian New Zealander whose daughter runs a 'small group' tourist business and that led to this trip.

The Sishoda family was one of the ruling families of old Rajisthan so, wherever we went, Chuck was greeted like an old friend and one of the family. Chuck, of course, is not his real name but if you saw his real name you would understand the reason for the nick-name. Our accommodation was based on the many royal palaces which due to modern taxation have been converted, at least in part, into tourist accommodation to the most superb standards. Chuck was, on several occasions, asked by the Maharaja, who still lived there, to join him for a cocktail hour along with his guests – us. That's the sort of chance one can't get on an ordinary tour!

We started with a flight into Hong Kong and on to Delhi and what a stroke of luck that was. The tour had originally been based around a flight to Bangkok and on to Delhi but a change of schedules by Thai Air caused the organisers to take the other route. If that had not occurred, we would very likely have been seriously inconvenienced by the problems at Bangkok airport at the end of November. From Delhi, we joined our little bus which

was a fifteen seater with the back row of seats removed to increase the luggage space. It was brand new and we had a superb driver for the conditions which, on the road, were almost beyond description.

Imagine a two lane freeway with an almost continuous dividing strip. Imagine no concept of a fast and slow lane so we have everything from very large and grossly overloaded trucks along with buses, cars, delivery vans, Tuk-tuks and camel drawn carts which travel at a slow walking pace. Now throw into the mix a selection of sacred cows wandering about quite unsupervised and frequently sleeping wherever it took their fancy. The odd flock of goats could be found being driven along this highway but the most surprising thing was on a couple of occasions, to find a big truck with lights blazing and horn blowing coming the other way in what we would consider the fast lane. I asked our guide how they expected to get away with this and he told me that most likely the driver wanted to stop only a couple of miles down the road but it would be too far to travel the correct way and find a gap in the central reservation to cross and return to his desired destination.

I may seem to emphasise the driving aspect of our visit more than many travelogues but this is a club based around cars and this part of the trip was such a remarkable feature that it is hard not to make mention of it. Typical of the driving behaviour was to enter a major roundabout in a city with maybe six or seven roads entering it to find that a vehicle which would normally be required to circulate the roundabout to get to the fifth or sixth exit, would calmly go the short way which was head on to two or three lanes circulating the more conventional way. The amazing thing is that we never saw an accident or the results of one. In three weeks, the worst I saw was two cars with minor damage to a door which was little more than a supermarket ding. I did see, on two occasions, trucks lying on their ear with the load spread across the road, the result of overloading you would not believe followed by a quick swerve to avoid a camel.

The people are ultimately easy going and forgiving and while we might think it wouldn't work, it just does. They universally rely on the constant use of their horns but not in any way to express rage or frustration, but rather to announce their presence by way of courtesy to other road users. It really works for them! They wouldn't last ten minutes in New Zealand let alone a day but for them it is a way of life and it works.

I'm supposed to be recounting our travels and the sights we saw so let's get back to the itinerary. From Delhi where we arrived late afternoon, we travelled for about an hour and a half to the Pataudi Palace which is just over the

state border so we are finally in Rajasthan. We thought that it was simply wonderful but our stopping places were to get better and better throughout the trip until we truly were in royal luxury. The next day it was on again to Samode where we had the first of our Gala dinners.

We had three gala dinners in the three week trip and each one was distinctive. What tied them together were the dining rooms. We were entertained in each case in the "Durbar" room which in our terms would be a throne room. The decorations were superb and very visually distinctive, each one decorated to an extent which, to the western eye, could be described as "over the top". Apart from a multiple of colours in a mix we just wouldn't see, the main feature was multiple mirrors stuck on to the surfaces in the form of a mosaic. Tiny mirrors in many cases no larger than a five cent coin. The overall effect had to be seen to be believed.

Next day we drove to an annex of the hotel where we had a barbeque lunch served in the most fabulous ornamental gardens and this gave an insight into the way the maharaja's lives have been constrained by modern conditions.

The hotels where we stayed were nearly all maharaja's palaces which like the English country Houses, have to find some way of getting an income to support them and with most of the land gone so has the income to support this lifestyle. The only alternative is to abandon them and let them fall into disrepair. Every one we saw had been wholly or partly converted to hotel style accommodation of the most superb standard with nothing left wanting. Every hotel had the most glorious swimming pool usually surrounded by tables and chairs to serve snacks or light meals and drinks.

But I digress. After Samode we drove to Jaipur where we stayed for two nights. Next morning we were taken, by a very well qualified guide, to a massive astrological observatory called 'Jantar Mantar'. Structures as high as four or five metres have been erected in brick and stone then plastered smooth to read various aspects of the constellations and also make a very accurate estimate of the time. We were invited to figure out the time of day using these structures and taking into account various factors like how far east we were of the true hour on the surface of the earth (which was, by the way, eleven minutes). My reading was out by three minutes until I found out that my own wrist watch was out by – you guessed it – three minutes.

On now for another two-night stop at the royal hunting tents close to the Pushkar Camel Fair. This fair is held annually in the desert near the village of Pushkar and is associated with a religious festival during the first full Moon of November. Because it is in the desert and because it has only recently come to the

attention of the tourist organisers, there is no accommodation. So our organisers had, using family connections, had the old hunting tents taken out of storage and pitched in an area where water was available and a cooking and meal tent could be put up as well. In terms of camping, they were sumptuous with sprung beds and each tent with an annex containing full en-suite facilities including a flush toilet.

We drove around the camel fair on the back of a cart pulled by a camel for over an hour. I have never seen so many camels. I have never imagined so many camels. In fact I never thought there were so many camels in the world. We were told that normally there would be over half a million camels there to be bought and sold. In addition there were thousands of horses also for sale, strange horses with distinctly Arab lines but ears that curled inwards. No selling was formalised and all the dealing seemed to take place between individuals. All were sleeping in tents or simply under their wagons. Locally there seems to be a strange custom to shave the camel's hair in patterns which are supposed to make the animal more desirable and sale worthy.

Next day we went to the actual village of Pushkar and visited the Ghats where the local Hindus take a ritual dip in the waters of a lake. The overriding memory of this place is the astounding colour and beauty of the saris worn by all the women. No two ever alike or even similar which made the streets look very colourful. The streets were full of stalls selling trinkets of a hundred kinds in a hundred different colours. All aimed squarely at the locals and not even slightly at western tourists.

On November 8<sup>th</sup> we drove to Khimsar and checked into the Khimsar Fort, another mediaeval building saved from decrepitude by the tourist trade. Before dinner we were transferred to jeeps and driven out onto the desert with the object of finding some of the original game species which, Chuck told us were so numerous in his childhood that the family would have to stop their vehicles to avoid running into them. We saw Blue Buck and Antelope along with quite a few Water Buffalo. This little diversion ended way out in the desert where our hotel, once again, had built an outpost for entertaining their guests, and called rather atmospherically "The Dunes". And there, in the middle literally of nowhere, we were served a meal of several courses with appropriate wines with nothing to see all around but rather large sand dunes.

On now to Ranakpur with its Jain temples. Jainism is a religion which was developed in the sixth century and has similarities to both Hinduism and Buddhism. The temple is constructed entirely of marble and contains hundreds of sculptures of the wide variety of gods. Jainism is unusual in that they will only eat that which does not involve the death

of any other living thing. Thus they eat the leaf of a plant or drink the milk of an animal but not the plant or animal itself.

On now to Udaipur which was our last and finest stop in Rajisthan. Our accommodation was at the Shiv Niwas palace. The Maharaja who owns and lives here opened his collection of cars for me to see. Now I had hoped to bring back fascinating tales of wonderful car collections and I hoped to be able to repeat the travellers' tales of old with descriptions of rows of Silver Ghosts with their instruments studded with precious stones but I am sorry to say it just isn't like that any more. I saw only this one collection of cars and that was largely dominated by post war Americana. Not to my taste although there were four Rolls-Royces. A twenty horse power saloon, quite ordinary which you could see on any of our rallies, a Phantom Two with plain limousine coachwork by Barker and a pair of 20/25s which had been mercilessly butchered. Both into jeep style transports, one for the polo team and the other for hunting in the dessert. And I mean butchered!! Panel work like you have never seen. Hammer marks all over!! My six year old grand daughter could improve on it no end. I was quite distraught by such treatment of such an otherwise heavenly starting point.

The palace though had been altered and added to and modernised in the most sympathetic way. On our first

night, the palace put on a Son et Lumière display for us which took us through the history of the region with all its wars and invasions; arranged marriages to patch up tribal relations; deceit; mistrust and murder; Mongol invasions – the lot. Quite a mix but very, very interesting especially when followed by cocktails in the Maharaja's private quarters. And what private quarters they were. Large, high stud rooms furnished with a range of items from India, the east in general and Europe. There were mirrors and chandeliers to make Lois weep for. The glasses we drank from were the most superb vintage glassware and filled with the most divine wines. All this enjoyed over conversation with the Maharaja himself in the most self effacing manner.

To cap it off, as we left we exited by a different door and there was the most exquisite MGA Mk.2, the spitting image of the one Lois and I took for our honeymoon all those years ago.

In Udaipur there is quite a large lake which has had another palace built on it and then the lake level has been raised so that it appears to be floating. The next afternoon, we took a boat across the lake to the palace for afternoon tea and that evening we were transported by a fleet of Tuk-tuks to the far side of this lake for a meal looking over the lake across to our Palace hotel. It was quite magical.

All good things end far too quickly

and we soon found ourselves transported to the airport for a local flight back to Delhi in preparation for our return to Hong Kong and the journey home. But it wasn't quite over. There was a side trip organised from Delhi to Agra for a visit to the Taj Mahal. As it happened I had caught a nasty cough and I was so under the weather that I called for a doctor. Believe me when you call for a doctor from a hotel in Delhi, you are feeling seriously off colour. It transpired that I was running a temperature and I was confined to bed for the next day. As a consequence, I must be the only Kiwi to visit Delhi and turn down a trip to see the Taj Mahal. Lois, however did the journey and reported that it was all she had expected and more. I asked her how big it was and she told me that she thought it was just the right size. Helpful eh?

I could go on until I bored you to sleep but I think you have got the idea that we had a great time and I would recommend the tour to anyone. A certain degree of fitness is needed. I thought India was a flat country, but believe me they have filled it with steps and stairs at every possible opportunity so that by the end of each day, I was more than ready to retreat to the bar for a medicinal tincture. All in all it is a very interesting country and we had a very instructive tour. I sometimes think that more and more, the main thing I learn is how much I don't know about the world I live in.

## Regional Reports - Northern

### Northern Region AGM Dinner Sunday 16 November 2008

The region's Annual General Meeting and dinner was held on Sunday 16 November 2008 at Romford's Function Centre which is on Tamaki Drive, Auckland and has uninterrupted views of both sides of the harbour - magnificent. The weather was excellent except for the usual strong winds we get at that time of year.

The following members were elected to the committee for 2009:

Regional Chairman	Rod Newport
Regional Secretary	Philip Eilenberg
Regional Treasurer	Michael Milne
Region Events Co-ordinator	Selwyn Houry
Regional Committee	Kevin Williams
	David Merryweather

Pre-dinner drinks were then served with background music being provided by an electronic pianist - all very pleasant. The buffet menu was up to its usual standard with a number of members having seconds! A very big thanks to Bentley Auckland for their sponsorship of the wine and beer for the event; their continued generous support of the region is very much appreciated by its members. Members came from all over the region, the longest distance travelled being Chris and Angela Houry from Kerikeri and Rob Carthew from Taupo.

### Northern Region Annual Picnic at Shakespear Regional Park on Sunday 17 January 2009

This was the 7<sup>th</sup> year we have held the picnic at the Regional Park at the end of Whangaparaoa Peninsula about an hour from central Auckland. At site No. 1 there is a permanent pagoda, set-up with barbeque tables and a water fountain, so there is shade for those who want it. After a week of fine weather, we woke up to rain, however this was forecasted to clear through the morning and it did to be beautiful sunshine by mid-morning so we were able to drive up there in the MX5 with the top down.

We had another excellent turnout for time of year and it great to see Richard and Lois Green with their Park Ward 1930 20/25 on its first outing since having a top-end engine rebuild, Kevin and Sue Williams tuned up in their freshly restored 1929 Hudson limousine and also new member David Fox. David owns a 1970 long-wheel base with division Silver Shadow but we will have to wait to see it as it was still in for servicing. Also Ray and Shirley Scampton and friends (SC III) and Peter Roma (SSI) from Whangarei came along. A couple of brave souls decided to have a swim but again there was quite a bit of wind around the peninsula.

Thanks to all those members who attended the picnic. It is always a great first event for year and the location gives the PMC's their first decent run for the year.



## Southern Region “Lady Barker” Run, 23 November



Some of our cars at Steventon, while in the foreground, regardless of their doom, the little Texels play.

One of the best accounts of early colonial life here is Lady Barker's *Station Life in New Zealand*, based on letters she wrote to her sister for every sailing of "the post" to Britain, and published in book form in 1870. An excellent illustrated edition was published in 1991 by Random House, ISBN 1 86941 1110. Betty Gilderdale, has written *The Seven Lives of Lady Barker* (David Bateman 1996 ISBN 1 86953 289 9) from which these notes are gleaned.

Lady Barker was born in Jamaica on 29 May 1831 as Mary Anne Stewart, of English, Irish and Scottish ancestry. Her father, the Honourable Walter Stewart, was Acting Colonial Secretary, and although the colonial society in Jamaica had been based upon the appalling basis of slavery, by the early 1830s this had been abolished, the vote for all males had become established, and there was considerable social and political opportunity for all. With the establishment of the British Free Trade, colonial sugar and coffee were no longer protected in price. The decline in revenues meant that the three main topics of conversation were said to be debt, disease and death; a cholera epidemic in 1850 killed 30,000 people, 8% of Jamaica's population, and a smallpox epidemic followed.

A Royal Artillery officer, Captain George Barker, was aide-de-camp to Jamaica's governor. He was 14 years older than his bride when he married Annie Stewart at Spanish Town Cathedral in

1852. After her recovery from a bad bout of malaria, she went to Britain with her husband in August 1852, bore her first son in September 1853, a stillborn son two years later, and her third son in August 1857. By this time Captain Barker had distinguished himself during the Crimean War, was decorated, and promoted to Colonel. His next posting was to India, where he again was successful during the rebellion of 1857-58 as Acting Brigadier, and in 1859 was awarded the K.C.B.

Lady Barker joined her husband in India in 1860, and wrote vivid accounts of her grief in leaving behind her sons and the privations of the voyage. An expedition from Calcutta to Simla in the north-west of India was similarly arduous, moving at the speed of a British Army Expeditionary Force. Her time in India was tragically cut short by the death from hepatitis and dysentery of her husband in 1861, and she returned to England at the age of 30, a widow of slender means. There was enough inheritance for her elder son to be assured a commission in the British Army, and her younger son was adopted by childless relations in order to assure the inheritance of his adoptive and ailing father under the punitive financial and social rules which then prevailed in England.

When staying with relatives, Lady Barker was introduced to Frederick Napier Broome, home after a spell in New Zealand as a farming cadet. Canadian born as eldest

of a large English clergy family, Broome had received a grammar school education rather than the more socially acceptable public school, and his father provided £500 to establish his son in partnership with his friend (and Lady Barker's cousin) Philip Hill on a farm in New Zealand. Lady Barker accepted Broome's proposal of marriage, they were married on 21 June 1865, and soon set off for New Zealand by way of Melbourne. Lady Barker bore the voyage with her usual fortitude despite her chronic sea-sickness and pregnancy, and the couple eventually reached Lyttelton. Their son Hopton Napier Broome was born 12 March 1866, but lived only 10 weeks, and is buried at Barbadoes Street Cemetery in Christchurch.

They named the farm near Whitecliffs to which they moved after a spell in Christchurch "Broomielaw", and the house they set up was originally a cob cottage formerly known as "Steventon" extended by kauri prefabricated wings, with door and window frames imported from America. With no school or church within 30 miles, Lady Barker (as she was known by the conventions of the time despite her being married to Mr Broome) soon established educational, church, and library services. At this time of year who could do better than to quote an excerpt from Lady Barker's December 1866 letter?

*"From eleven o'clock there was a*





constant announcement 'A horseman coming up the flat'; and by twelve, when I as beadle announced that all was ready, a large congregation of thirty-six came trooping into my little drawing room. As soon as it was filled the others clustered around the door; but all could hear, I think. Frederick began the service; and as the notes of the Christmas Anthem swelled up, I found the tears trembling in my eyes. My overwhelming thought was that it actually was the very first time those words had ever been sung or said in that valley – you in England can hardly realise the immensity of such a thought – 'the first time since the world was made'. I think the next sensation was one of extreme happiness; it seemed such a privilege to be allowed to hold the initial Christmas service."

Their merino wool clip and lambing of the 1866-67 season was successful. After paying off some of the mortgage the perhaps somewhat impetuous young Frederick Broome, at 24 eleven years his wife's junior, met a man who was returning to England and had 100,000 acres beyond Lake Wanaka for sale at what seemed a ridiculously low figure. With no more apparent regard than the purchase of a camper van behind Australia House, Broome bought the property without seeing it. When he and Lady Barker eventually made the journey to see it, they realised that it was entirely unsuited in its isolation

and bush cover for sheep farming.

On top of this set-back, during the record snow (four feet high, with drifts to the top of the veranda) and rain storms of July 1867 they lost 1,000 sheep, 3,000 lambs, all their poultry, and were close to starvation themselves. An economic depression followed, effectively destroying their venture here, and they left New Zealand in January 1869 for a life as authors both, and a series of British Colonial Office postings which eventually saw Broome knighted. Lady Broome died at the age of 79 in 1911 in London, where in the absence of a pension since her second husband's death (in accordance with Colonial Office policy) she had lived quietly and modestly.

During the Rolls-Royce and Bentley Touring Club (Inc) weekend trip to The Hermitage last winter the subject of Lady Barker came up during conversation with Helen McArthur, who was travelling with Stephen Fowler in his Silver Shadow 2. Helen's parents Gavin and Natalie McArthur live at Steventon, where the present homestead incorporates the cob cottage and its extensions from the Broomes' time there, and she made the kind offer that a pleasant run for the Southern Region could finish there.

Helen and Stephen have been friends and rivals from their school days, and a competition between the

very different Texel and Romney sheep breeds respectively farmed at Steventon and Stephen's Shangri La evolved into a barbecue lunch to supplement our salads. A set of fairly simple instructions, with excerpts from *Station Life in New Zealand* which Ramon Farmer had copied in an appropriate font included at appropriate points, were sent out to prospective entrants, and all we needed was perfect weather.

That happened on schedule on 23 November, and some cars left from the Lady Barker literary plaque which sits in what was expected to be a quiet part of Christchurch's High St at that time on a Sunday morning. It wasn't quiet after all, but other cars joined at intermediate points, and by the time we reached the cottage built by Bentley Coton in 1864, now run as Hororata's museum, there was a good range of cars ranging from the McIlroys' 1922 Silver Ghost, through Berwick Taylor's Derby Bentley B165MX visiting from the Northern Region, Mark VI's of the Calders and Geoff Walls, R-Type of the Vincents, to the Silver Cloud 2 of the Fergusons, Alastair Scott's Silver Shadow, and the Silver Spirit of the Greens.

The route had taken us up the long and straight Wards Road from Rolleston towards Hororata, and in the Broomes' day this would have been their route from their farm near Whitecliffs to catch the train at



Rolleston for Christchurch. To us riding in comfort aboard a Company product these Canterbury Plains roads can seem boring until we reach the foothills, and it is worthwhile to try and imagine the effort required to travel 140 years ago with no bridges, weather forecasting, or shelter belts to give respite from the nor-westerly winds, usually followed by a sharp southerly. Today, Hororata, Glentunnel, Coalgate, and Whitecliffs are quite closely placed little settlements nestled in pleasant valleys with views towards the hills and the Southern Alps beyond.

Steventon's is a beautiful setting, with Lady Barker's garden and trees still evident. Helen had written explanatory labels on various landmarks and points of interest, including the Gentlemen's Bathing Pool. Ironically, a viable coal deposit which could have saved the Broomes' venture was discovered on the property, and this had sustained previous occupants of Steventon before the McArthurs bought the property in the 1960s and concentrated on farming it.

We parked as directed in the paddock closest to the house, which carries its plaque "Broomielaw", and Helen with her quadra-thingy transported all the gear of the 40 or so of us who gathered

with our salads, to the lawn beside the veranda. As we settled in on this very warm day, surrounded by mature trees and rhododendrons while bellbirds sang it was hard to believe the snowdrifts of 1867 which reached the veranda's top.

The McArthurs had arranged pergolas over the barbecue area, and Helen and her cousin Suzanne manned a very efficient operation, assisted by Stephen Fowler. The relative merits of Romney and Texel breeds were debated spiritedly, and despite the hints of flavour enhancement on the hoof ("Would you like some herbs, dear?") the competition was declared a draw. The afternoon was very pleasantly filled by walks around the garden, up the hill by those who wanted to burn off their lunches while practising for a climb of Flagpole Hill on another occasion, and tours of the homestead and its construction, still cob in places, conducted by Natalie McArthur. We all learned a lot, and as groups dispersed to points north and south, others lingered on the veranda as generations before us have done.

It was a delightful day, and will be remembered for a very long time. We are all very grateful to the McArthur family, and to Stephen Fowler, for organising the day and for being such gracious hosts.

On a sad note, Terry Walls, who is our new member Geoff's father, died early on Christmas morning. This was less than a month before his 97<sup>th</sup> birthday, and he thoroughly enjoyed his day on the Lady Barker Run travelling in Geoff's "Big Bore, Small Boot" Mark VI Bentley through some of his favourite Canterbury countryside.

ATK



(Top left) Those lingering on Broomielaw's veranda would have been buried in The Big Snow of 1867.

(Top) Gavin McArthur talks to us about Steventon's history as John Ferguson adjusts the seating.

(Middle) Team Romney's Stephen in action while Ramon Farmer and John Ferguson drool.

(Above) Team Texel's Helen and Suzanne had an added advantage of charm.

### New Members

**We extend a warm welcome to the following new members:**

David Fox  
2/10 Royal Viking Way  
Lynfield, Auckland 1042  
(09) 6264 996  
1970 Silver Shadow Long Wheelbase  
with Division  
Registration LRH  
Chassis LRH 9706

Malcolm and Ann Graham  
4 Brooker Avenue  
Burwood, Christchurch 8083  
(03) 3826 500  
1994 Bentley Turbo R  
Registration NZB  
Chassis RCH 54119

Geoff Walls  
4/3 Karitane Mews  
Karitane Drive  
Cashmere, Christchurch  
(021) 786 652  
1951 Bentley Mark VI  
Registration HRH  
Chassis B274MD

Prof. Malcolm and Eileen McMillan  
P.O. Box 102  
Twizel 7944  
(03) 4389 798  
1951 Bentley Mark VI  
Registration AJ 1952  
Chassis B55LH

Reprinted from *The B.C. Spirit*, Newsletter of the Rolls-Royce Owners' Club, British Columbia Region, by kind permission of the Editor and the Author.

The reason for making our Canadian wholly owned subsidiary responsible for the Pacific market as well as Canada was because; in the formation of Rolls-Royce Motors International S.A. in 1973 the Pacific Markets did not easily form part of a geographic group. The world had been divided into four areas: the Home Market controlled from the Factory at Crewe; the European and South African area under the offices of R-R.M.I. in Lausanne, Switzerland; and the North and South American countries controlled from New York by Rolls-Royce Motors Inc. From this it can be seen that the Pacific markets were a bit of an orphan in this scheme of things.

Further it was realised that in order for the new company Rolls-Royce Motors Limited to succeed it had to increase the annual production of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars from the 1609 total achieved in 1972 to something of the order of 3500 per year. As we had a strict policy that the Production Department would not build any car unless Marketing had an order with a specification and a deposit from the Dealer this meant that we also needed 3,500 orders per year as well.

It was felt that the Japanese and Australian markets in particular were capable of considerable expansion but that it was not possible to develop them properly from England. Communication in those days consisted of mail; telephone; telex; and air travel. Mail was slow; telephone was not practical due to the time difference; telex was too impersonal; and travel from the U.K. was long.

The base for the new Office to develop these Pacific markets took a lot of thought and the combining of the Canadian and Pacific came from the fact that a Canadian airline had that name and did do just that. Further the idea of Vancouver as the base came about because of its time zone being virtually half way between England and the Pacific, also the name of the Province, British Columbia, was of inestimable value in dealing with the Pacific from a base off-shore from England.

Rolls-Royce Motor Cars (Canada) Limited, a wholly owned subsidiary of R-R.M. Ltd of Crewe, was originally an Importer, Wholesale and Retail facility in Montreal responsible ONLY for Canada; my job as C.E.O. was to expand the Canadian Company to embrace all the Pacific Rim Markets as well. The Montreal facility would continue to be entirely responsible for Canada and the Vancouver Office would handle all the Pacific Markets on behalf of Rolls-Royce Motors International, Lausanne, Switzerland.

We had no presence in Vancouver

so my first job was to find an office, preferably near the airport, and suitable staff. I rented an office in the Delta Airport Executive Park and had a search agency find me a "Girl Friday" as I found out the position of Secretary/Office Manageress was called in Canada. I started with a fold flat chair and a card table as my desk and when the chosen lady arrived in the middle of December our first activity was to go out and buy the required furniture and office equipment. I was surprised to find that office furniture had to be pre-ordered and that delivery was anything up to three months, so we ended up buying "floor models" for immediate delivery.

At this point it should be noted that the Pacific Markets from 1945 to 1975 had received only about ten visits (about one every three years) from staff in England mainly due to the long distances and high costs of travelling and the low volume of demand for cars. Dealers had been required to send mechanics to the Service School at Hythe Road, London, and executives had visited England from time to time to attend the British Motor Show at Earls Court. This was about the sum total of the direct support that they had received, and the Vancouver Office was charged with taking an aggressive approach to these markets.

By the New Year 1976 we were up and running and I was in the planning phase of deciding my programme for the year. My plan was for me to visit each of the existing franchised importers in the Pacific markets at least twice per year for a few days at each location. I also planned for a technical service engineer to visit each location at least once and maybe twice per year for about four days to carry out service clinics and the like. At this time our communication media were telephone, the telex, and of course air mail.

An airline guide was soon procured and it was not long before I calculated that my plan would entail me flying a little over 100,000 miles each year, and so in this article I do not propose to itemise each of my yearly visits to the dealers but rather report on interesting aspects that occurred each year.

I also set about finding a suitable man from Crewe who had all-round technical expertise and persuaded him and his family to join me in Vancouver. There was such a man who had been working for me for some time previously, and he and his family arrived in Vancouver in the middle of 1976 to start planning his technical service visits along the lines I had worked out.

I soon realised that 1976 was going to be a very busy year for me. In late February our Adelaide dealer sales executive visited me in Vancouver and was

amazed to be able to see and touch snow on Cypress Bowl for the first time in his life. His visit also confirmed that Vancouver was a city the dealers from the Pacific were prepared to visit whereas London was too far away.

I then had a need to visit the Geneva Motor Show in Switzerland to see our exhibit and to meet with Sergio Pininfarina, and returned via New York for a Board Meeting of Rolls-Royce Motors Inc.

In April I flew via Tokyo to Kuala Lumpur to attend the British Technology for Malaysia Exhibition where Rolls-Royce Motors had a stand, and I had previously persuaded the Dealer to order a Silver Shadow in Willow Gold to be displayed. So great was the interest created among the 132,000 visitors to the show that we had to rope off the stand and employ an armed security guard to protect the car from over-zealous admirers. The Exhibition was formally opened by the Duke of Kent who I was pleased to note remembered me from our previous meeting at the Crewe Factory. I was to meet the Duke on quite a few occasions in the future because it appeared that he was much involved in representing The Queen in the Pacific countries.

A doctor resident just south of Kuala Lumpur became the proud owner of the gold Silver Shadow and I created much interest among the various Sultans who visited our stand.

On the way back to Vancouver I stopped off in Hong Kong and met the Hon. Michael Kadourie, the owner of the Peninsula Hotel Group, to discuss the eight cars they had on order, and also met with the Senior Trade Commissioner for Hong Kong to discuss our future market strategy.

At the end of April I flew to Phoenix to participate in the Press Launching of the Carmargue in the U.S.A. We took over the Del Webb Mountain Shadows Resort to host all the Dealer Executives for the first day and the major trade journalists and radio and television reporters for the second day of the two day event. The Carmargue was announced at \$US100,000; this was the first production car to be retailed for that price in the U.S.A.

In late June I was in Japan where we introduced the Carmargue in Tudor Red at the British Trade Centre in Tokyo hosted by Lady Wilford, wife of His Excellency the British Ambassador, Sir Michael Wilford. The Press coverage of this event was impressive and several orders were taken for the Carmargue and also the Corniche. We carried on to present the Carmargue in the old capital of Japan, Kyoto, and then in Osaka.

From Tokyo I carried on to visit all the Dealers in our Pacific markets, arriving back in Vancouver on 1st August after stopping off in Manila to inspect the Rolls-Royce cars owned by President Marcos and his wife Imelda.

I participated in the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary R-R.O.C. meeting in Toronto in early September, and at the end of the month Stanley Sedgwick, the Patron of the Bentley Drivers' Club, came to stay at our home prior to my driving him to the old Faculty Club at the University of British Columbia to meet members of the B.D.C. and the R-R.O.C. B.C. Region.

In December I was invited to be present at the official opening of the new Grouse Mountain ski lift by the Premier Bill Bennett (in the pouring rain).

At this point our factory in Crewe was starting to use the new communications medium, the facsimile transmission machine, or FAX for short. It was called a Group 1 machine, and no-one in Vancouver had one. B.C. Tel was approached to install a clean delegated telephone line and obtain a Group 1 Fax machine for us. In due course it arrived. It stood about four feet high and was about two feet wide and the same amount deep. It worked most of the time but was not all that good; however it certainly was an improvement on the telex machine from the point of view of labour time consumed. In due course I persuaded all the Dealers in the Pacific to get one, and by the time they were all on line we were on to the Group 3 machines which were much better and the forerunner of the small machine we use today and take for granted.

With the end of the first year I was able to give thought as to how the task of expanding our Pacific markets could be shaped. I had learned a lot from my visits to all the eight countries I had visited, and our major problem seemed to be the Import Tariff restrictions that most of them operated in one way or another. For example, Australia operated a Quota System for obtaining Import Licences and which related to the number of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars imported in 1939, and also imposed a 57½% Import Duty on the landed cost of each individual car.

Singapore had a law which imposed a limit of 120,000 motor vehicles of not more than ten years of age being the maximum number of vehicles in use in Singapore. To get an import licence one had to prove that an existing car had been scrapped or exported from Singapore, and so dealers and private owners would buy an old car for this purpose; and in consequence the used car market for this purpose was inflated in price. On top of this there was an Import Duty of 50% of landed cost making a new car very expensive.

Hong Kong had a 60% first registration tax but no import duty and

Japan had a mere 4% import duty BUT it required all cars to be built to comply with the same Japanese motor vehicle requirements as their domestic cars. This sounded innocuous enough until I read some of the test procedures required. These were all different to those used by the U.S.A. and Great Britain and were one of the reasons that no American car manufacturer bothered to supply cars to Japan. We arranged for our importer to do any modifications they found necessary to get each car through the import test which the Japanese Authorities took a month to complete. On the Silver Shadow one modification the importer had to do was in respect of the exterior door handles where by the Japanese measurement the operating knob was 1 mm too long and so new knobs had to be made in Tokyo to the approved dimension and fitted.

Importing new cars into these countries was not easy and overcoming the restrictions was both time consuming and very costly.

In February 1977 I had the great experience of flying on a Pan Am Boeing 747SP non stop from San Francisco to Auckland, a flying time of just over 14 hours! The upstairs cabin was converted to a dining room called the Captain's Table and I was invited to sit with the Captain for dinner shortly after leaving San Francisco. The food was out of this world. I was later presented with two certificates signed by the Captain confirming that I had crossed the Equator and also crossed the International Date Line. I know that such niceties do not have a place in today's flying unfortunately.

My reason for visiting New Zealand and Australia was to discuss with each of the four Australian Importers the possibility of a National launching in Sydney of the Silver Shadow II which was being announced in Great Britain that month. In all the 50 or more years that we had been selling cars in Australia we had never done a product launching because once the cars left England they were no longer our property but were the property of the particular importer. Further, I had learned that no Motoring Correspondents had ever been given the opportunity of test driving our cars because the importers had not liked the idea. So I explained to the four importer executives that I wanted to do a Press Launching of the Silver Shadow II in Sydney, hopefully in May, and gave them full details of what such a launching would entail. I then set about having the Melbourne, the Adelaide, and the Perth importer agree to have their demonstrator cars delivered with the Sydney importer's car direct to Sydney so that we would have four demonstration cars available for the launching. These three cars would then have to be shipped on afterwards at their expense.

I was delighted when they all agreed, and I then arranged for our Public Relations Executive from R-R.M. Inc of New Jersey, Reg Abiss (previously employed by the BBC in London), to help me invite the Press and TV in Australia to participate.

The date could not be set until we knew the shipping details of the four cars which were to be shipped in two 40-foot containers, two in each. We allowed a bit of "wriggle time" and set the date for 19 May at a golf club just north of Sydney and just near some interesting roads along the coast that were nearly deserted at that time, nearly Australian winter.

Reg and I flew into Sydney on 15 May and started getting organised. The invitations had already gone out and on the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup> the weather was perfect as the Press arrived for their drive. Four TV channel camera men and anchor persons arrived and we had a dramatic success with the coverage that appeared all over Australia the next day. Much of this coverage was "canned" and re-broadcast in the more remote areas of Australia, such as Alice Springs and Darwin, over the next few weeks and months, and gave us immense coverage.

On the evening of the 20<sup>th</sup> the Sydney importer put on a party by invitation in his showroom, and Reg deliberately arranged for me to appear on a radio talk show, somewhat similar to our Bill Good Show, at 7:30 in the morning of that day and which was scheduled for 5 minutes. However the Host got so interested that our Talk Show lasted a full hour, and we learnt later was a big reason why the showroom party was so well attended in the evening.

The four importers were amazed at the success of the launching in Sydney and arranged their own Showroom Parties in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth as soon as their demonstration cars arrived from Sydney. Subsequently their order books reflected that success.

The launching of the Silver Shadow II in Japan had to be delayed until July 1977 due to the cars having to be made to comply with the Japanese very stringent and different regulations. The importer, Cornes & Co., was building a new showroom and service facility of 37,000 square feet at a cost of \$US5M on the outskirts of Tokyo and it was decided to combine the official opening of this facility with the launching of the Silver Shadow II. I had the honour of doing the unveiling of the car and declaring the new showroom and service centre open in front of the large number of invited guests and H.E. Sir Michael and Lady Wilford, the British Ambassador to Japan and his wife.

In September the late Hubert Chapman, who was then Chairman of the British Columbia Region, invited me to be a Judge at the R-R.O.C. Meeting held at