



SIMPLY REGAL.

WORKS OF ART

FALL 2017



The Atlantic Lady
A Publication of the RROC Atlantic Region



ROLLING COUNTRY ROADS.



A MEMBER'S MOMENT.
SPOTLIGHT ON
JOHN & SANDY
MATSEN.

THE CHAUFFEUR IS, AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN, JOHN; SANDRA, THE ASTUTE WOMAN THAT SHE IS, HAS A DISTINCT PREFERENCE FOR THE LIMOUSINE PASSENGER SEAT.

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A LETTER FROM
OUR EDITOR



A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN.

by **ANDREW BLACKMAN**

STUNNED IS HARDLY THE WORD!

This past week, when playing with my clicker, a TV ad appeared for JAGUAR cars, expounding the benefits of their new SUV.

Tears came to my eyes, as I recalled the heady days of my youth, bouncing around in XK 120s and 140s and 150s and then the very beautiful Mark IV which I purchased when a junior in college. I foolishly traded my Mark IV for my Austin Healy so I could drive safely and in style all over Europe for a year when I graduated.

I should have kept it stored away, as today, at auction, it probably would have helped pay a lot of bills.

Over the years Jaguar produced the Mark 7 and 8 and 9 and 10 and the 3.4 and 3.8 and the S series, and the beautiful XKEs, and some fine race cars, and occasionally an interesting car after that.

But now, they have lost it completely. Their new SUV might as well be any one of a dozen other uninspired oversized cars on the road today. So, this once esteemed manufacturer joins all the others in cashing in on the big market for massive vehicles — those that crowd our parking lots and our highways, so often causing limited visibility problems and a surplus of driving angst for the rest of us.

More to the point, I see with equal dismay that Rolls-Royce has now joined Bentley in producing an SUV, gargantuan in scale, obviously designed by committee, and seemingly of equal visual massing to the German tanks of years gone by.

I'm sure that some may take issue with my diatribe, and be willing to even go for a test drive for a ride in, and even consider the purchase of one of the new SUVs. Impressive technology I am sure.

But what has happened to the thrill of steering a fine Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn or Bentley R-Type through the curves on a winding country road, shifting through the gears in a Silver Wraith in the hills of Vermont when going skiing, or pressing the "Sport" mode button in a Bentley Continental and blasting past the pack of otherwise faceless, indistinguishable, plebeian motorcars that crowd our interstates and shunpikes.

We all receive The Flying Lady, and The Atlantic Lady, and some of us receive Modern Car, and perhaps even a bevy of other periodicals which record the history and technology and design and even the long past and recent racing successes of the marques that we adore.

Both Rolls-Royce and Bentley have historically produced some of the automobile world's most beautiful, and distinguished, premier Hollow Rolling Sculptures, my HRS designation for the vehicles that we have all owned or do now own with pride.

The new production of these SUVs, even if still on British soil, but under tutelage from distant lands, and in answer to economic demand and tastes from even more distant nations, brings tears to my eyes, and pains to my heart, as I feel the end of a very special era approaching.

I'd be interested in your comments.

Moving on, I'd also like to request all of us to contribute to a new source of information, by sharing some knowledge we all have acquired, or have heard of, relating to consultants or dealerships or suppliers who can help us acquire and maintain our cars. Perhaps you know of auction houses who can help work with us when the time comes to move on from ownership of our current Rolls-Royce or Bentley motor cars, on to a newer one or even to the purchase of a Mini if we intend to remain a Brit car aficionado, albeit at somewhat lesser horsepower.

And, on that note, I'd like all of us to briefly recall and recount, and then record for all of us to share, some of the fine relationships that we have enjoyed with these individuals or companies over the many years that we have been motoring about in our Wraiths, and Silver Wraiths and Dawns, and Mark 6s and R and S and T types, and Spurs and Continentals, and so on.

The Flying Lady and our own excellent TAL abound with advertisements from dealerships and suppliers, and I would hope that they are the resources that keep us smiling, on the road — at speed — without a worry or concern for finding a nearby flatbed for the occasional ride home.

If we can all put pencil to paper, or tickle some keys next time we have a spare moment, and record some of the names that come to mind, with a brief blurb to follow, that list might make for some interesting reading in some future TAL.

In the meantime, press the clutch pedal firmly all the way down when down shifting, park with care so as to not scrape the tyres on the curbs when parallel parking, drive with abandon, enjoy the ride, and most importantly, arrive safely.

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FEATURE STORY:

A MEMBER'S MOMENT.

by GLENN BRUKARDT

THIS WAS AN EASY ASSIGNMENT.

ON A LOVELY, SUNNY FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 9TH, OUR ESTEEMED EDITOR SENT ME ON A CONTE INTO THE WILDS OF WESTERN NEW JERSEY (OKAY, I LIVE IN THOSE SAME WESTERN WILDS) TO INTERVIEW OUR FEATURED ROLLS-ROYCE OWNERS CLUB (RROC) MEMBERS, JOHN AND SANDY MATSEN AT THEIR HOMESTEAD IN THE HAMLET OF ANNANDALE, CLINTON TOWNSHIP, HUNTERDON COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.



John and Sandy were a pleasure to interview, simply because they are pleasurable people. I have known both for many years; they are the type that don't have a but attached, as in "they are really nice, but...". They are really nice, period. And that statement was certainly not influenced by the whiskey they plied me with during the interview at their country kitchen table.

Okay, onto the meat. John summarily piled the table high with a flop of magazines, photographs and boxes of memorabilia, all mementos to their proud, four-wheeled children; Sandy just shook her head and smiled. I then posed a series of questions to the duo in no particular order; their answers follow.

Let the spirits flow.

What prompted you to join the RROC in 1976?

Back in 1975, John eyed a magazine that featured the RROC National Meet, it might even have been French Lick, Indiana, and seeing the beautiful cars, and the regal setting, said to himself: I want to be in a scene like that. The decision was as simple as that.

That same year, John decided to dive direct into the deep end, no toe-in-the-water for him, and purchased a rare, Duncan Industries one-off, a [1947 Bentley Mark VI Drophead Coupe](#) from a dealer importing cars direct from England. We will call this [Car No. 1](#). The Mark VI had no design number, as it was the only body Duncan Industries ever put on a Rolls-Royce or Bentley.

John, like most of us bitten by the Rolls-Royce/Bentley bug, figured he should rub shoulders with people who knew a bit more about these cars than he did, since he knew next-to-nothing; to that end, he joined the RROC in 1976, initially just the National organization, and later, the Atlantic Region as well. That was 41 short years ago!

What has kept you paying RROC dues for the past 41 years?

Sandy jumped in and said that was an easy one - it was their fellow RROC members; they are a fun group of people, simple as that. We have an interesting, eclectic mix of individuals that have a common thread...they all love what they have.

John added that the Club has been, for 41 years, and still is, an essential support group; the knowledge and know-how is simply invaluable. That first car, the 1947 Bentley Mark VI Drophead Coupe, was, as John somewhat affectionately termed it, a Project Car (some of us assuredly have other, less-polite names for same).

He worked on it, a perpetual restoration project, for the 14 years he owned it, through 1989, when he passed it to the next 'lucky' owner. The RROC and its members were an invaluable resource for that first 14 year learning curve.

How did you come to own your current Phantom V?

At this point, John gave me a bit of backstory on the cars in his and Sandy's ownership queue. It gets a little convoluted, so try and follow along; I refilled my whiskey glass; make it a double.

After they parted with Car No. 1 in 1989, the Mark VI above, John and Sandy took a must-needed respite, for three years, no restoration and repair bills! It's like the kids finally left home! But, alas, kids invariably find their way back to the roost, do they not?

Thus, in 1992, John and Sandy purchased [Car No. 2](#), another rare, one-of-fourteen-manufactured long wheel base (Design No. 598) [1954 Rolls Royce Silver Wraith](#), with Park Ward touring limousine coachwork, which John emphatically stated at the kitchen table, with much delight, was not a Project Car. The Matsens were the third, proud owners of the Silver Wraith.

In 2001, while still owning Car No. 2, John and Sandy bought [Car No. 3](#), yet another rare one-off; a coach-built, long wheel base [1960 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II](#), with James Young touring limousine coachworks (Design SCT 100M.Q.). John and Sandy were the proud fourth owners of this classic Silver Cloud II.

As many RROC members know all too well, this is how the symptoms start; soon you find yourself on a slippery slope that manifests itself in a garage full of cars, like a closet full of shoes, albeit a bit more expensive to maintain. Empty wallet syndrome soon follows.

But, stepping back from the hoarding abyss, after eleven lovely years, John decided to let the Silver Wraith go, selling it in 2003. They were back to owning just one car, No. 3, the 1960 Silver Cloud II. And, cue the music, life was good.

Until, that is, the infamous email arrived, in 2007. The son of the second owner of Car No. 3, the Silver Cloud II, wanted to buy it back from the Matsens and bring it back into its former family, badly, as John put it. John and Sandy had no interest in selling the Silver Cloud II, but after much cajoling by the persistent son, agreed to part with Car No. 3, but only if, as John put it, they could find something interesting to replace it.



The Matsen homestead in bucolic Annandale, New Jersey; Circa-1810 red brick Federal Style Colonial



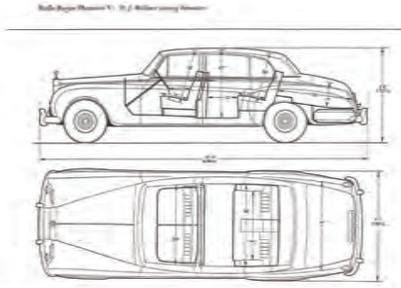
What better way to dine in the rear of a limousine than at the 'Matsens Bar And Grill



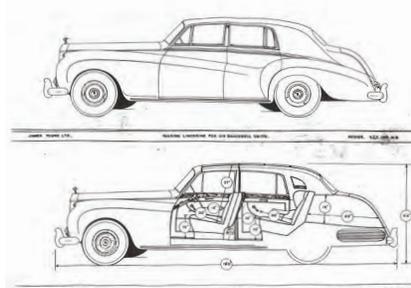
A historic stone well house, pond and grounds at the Matsen's home; June peonies bloom in the foreground.



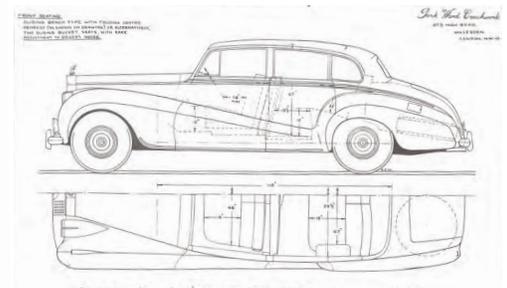
A bit of the instrument panel for the chauffeur to peruse.



H.J. Mulliner Design 7516



James Young Design SCT100M.Q.



Park Ward Design 598

Looking for some help to find that special car that would allow them to let Car No. 3 go, John turned to friend and car collector extraordinaire, John Cory, who helped John and Sandy track down and buy a very special [Car No. 4](#); namely, a 1960 H.J. Mulliner Rolls-Royce Phantom V Touring Limousine (Chassis No. 5LAT86), one of just eight built (Design 7516). The Phantom V engine and structural layout were designed based upon the Silver Cloud II, albeit in a much-stretched and upgraded format, and bodied by H.J. Mulliner, prior to their merger with Park Ward).

So in 2007, John and Sandy became the third, proud parents of the long wheel base Phantom V, which was built and reserved for dignitaries, royalty, heads-of-state, business and industry titans and, of course, Exxon chemical engineers living in western New Jersey. So, in 2008, after an eight year run, with the Phantom V in the stable, the Matsens reluctantly sold their beloved Silver Cloud II back to the family of the second owner.

Asked if he was 'happy overall' with the Phantom V limousine, John smiled wryly and said "yes; it's big enough."

John and Sandy, being the third owners of the Phantom V, told me there was an interesting backstory regarding the limousine's first and second owners. Owner No. 1 was apparently an ice cream magnate from Lawton, Oklahoma, in Comanche County, ninety miles southwest of Oklahoma City. Lawton was, and still is, home to Fort Sill, a sprawling, 146 square mile army outpost whereby the soldiers stationed there were apparently big ice cream eaters. The ice cream man had the Phantom V custom-made and shipped to New York in February, 1961, where he picked it up and drove it straight through to Oklahoma. He kept it five years, till he died, at which time the estate sold it to Owner No. 2, a good friend of the ice cream magnate - a man with a collection of 50 classic automobiles, also in Lawton, Oklahoma. It was in this sprawling collection that the Phantom V sat, rarely driven, from 1966 to 2007, forty-one long years, until John and Sandy brought it home to New Jersey. At forty-seven years old, the limousine has a mere 30,000 original miles on the odometer.

Any plans to buy or add to the 'Collection'?

Before I finished the question, before John even had a chance to part his lips in response, Sandy pounced.

"We are keeping No. 4!"

John simply grinned and added that the Phantom V will last him the rest of his life...and longer. These cars, John said, are works of art.

I asked Sandy if she gave John pushback on any of the four car purchases over the past four decades; she said no, she was on board with John regarding all the buys...her only criteria was, and still is, that at the end of the day, there had better be enough money in the account for her to 'write the checks she wants.' Apparently, mission accomplished.

What is your dream car?

Sandy said you can always dream higher, but John added that he had wanted a Phantom V for a long time, and is content - it is the 'apex of excess'.

When asked about their favorite of the four cars they have owned over the past 42 years, John said Car No. 4 - the Phantom V, with little hesitation. Sandy opted for Car No. 3 - the Silver Cloud II, followed closely by Car No. 2 - the Silver Wraith. However, she qualified the statement with a simple shrug of the shoulders: " I like 'em all."

Well said.

What do you keep in the trunk? What about in the glove box?

In the trunk? A set of tools, an owner's manual and, of course, a flashlight. John said when he was 'young and foolish', he did his own repairs, mainly on the Mark VI Convertible and the Silver Wraith; as he got older and wiser, he opted to let others do what they do best, and relegated himself to 'minor repairs' on the Silver Cloud and the Phantom V.

In the glove box? Sandy said a RROC Directory, so we can remember people's names!

What positions have you held - both in the Atlantic Region and National?

The accolades that John has received, and the Club positions he has held, are too numerous to list here; suffice to say he has been a very active, supportive and engaged member of the RROC on both the National and Regional level for forty-plus years, in his words, 'more so in the 1990's than today'.

Now the whiskey was settling in a bit, which unfortunately blurred my scribble of notes. However, that caveat said, I did manage to read my pencil scratch and could cull the following major milestones for John: National RROC Board Member (6 years) Atlantic Region Board Member (on/off for many years), Atlantic Region Chair (3 years), Activities Chair (3 years) and National and Regional Judge (for many years). Sandy served as the Atlantic Region Board Secretary and has hosted Atlantic Region member events and car tours over the years, which this writer has had the pleasure of attending. Well done Sandy.

Have you received any car awards or notoriety?

Again, John had more accolades than I could capture, writing as fast as I could. However, as he plied through the pile of magazines, photos and boxes of awards, some of the highlights I was fortunate enough to capture were the prestigious National Preservation Awards for both the Silver Cloud and the Phantom V.

And, in addition to bedecking the cover of this 2017 edition of the The Atlantic Lady (TAL), John and Sandy's cars over the years have also graced seven other covers:

- A January/February, 1995 TAL cover for the Silver Wraith;
- A January/February, 1999 National cover (i.e., The Flying Lady; TFL) for the Silver Wraith;
- A December, 2001 TAL Newsletter cover for the Silver Cloud II (featuring the Cloud sporting a Claude the Caribou head attached to the front grill - Claude was apparently a casualty of a 1973 Alaskan 'hunting accident' - John didn't elaborate further, and I didn't ask - I just hope John likes this article, and doesn't bring a gun to the next Atlantic Region event);
- December, 2007 TAL cover for the Silver Cloud II;
- A February, 2009 TAL cover for the Phantom V
- A Spring/Summer, 2009 Post-55: Silver Cloud & Bentley S Type Society cover for the Silver Cloud II; and
- A Fall/Winter, 2010 cover of the St. Lawrence Region/Lake Placid Region magazine, with both the Phantom V, and John, covered in snow, standing beside the road.

Quite impressive; making the cover for the Matsens is apparently old hat. But their cars are certainly worthy of the honor.

Also, when you are fortunate enough to own limited edition, quality collector cars, you also have access to impressive custom coachworks automotive drawings, which John has for the Silver Wraith, the Silver Cloud II and the Phantom.

What are your favorite type of club events?

John stated he enjoyed the larger tours organized by the National office; Sandy agreed, pointing specifically to an event at Lake Placid. They quickly rattled off eight National tours that they participated in with the Phantom V, with car-counts in the forty-plus range, which is quite the spectacle. National meets, with 300 - 400 attendees, is equally impressive, and they enjoyed the opportunity to meet and mingle with an eclectic mix of RROC members.

When not spending time at RROC events, or driving leisurely in the Phantom V out and about Hunterdon County, Sandy and John enjoy sailin their 33-foot J/100 day-sailer out of the Perth Amboy Yacht Club. Boats, another inexpensive hobby.

How did you end up in Annandale, New Jersey?

The Matsens live in a stately, circa-1810 red brick Federal-style Colonial home; they have resided here since 1970. They and their Phantom V live on a quiet, meandering country lane, in the pretty hamlet of Annandale, Clinton Township, population just under 1,700, a stone's throw from the Round Valley Reservoir.

John graduated from Columbia Graduate School and landed a job as a chemical engineer with Exxon, stationed at their Clinton Township research and engineering complex. To stay close, he went 'looking for an old house.' So what does a young bachelor engineer buy? Well, an old brick Colonial homestead with four bedrooms, of course! What is this young guy up to? the locals asked. Needless to say, bachelor-John was the talk of the tiny town; scandalous!

Alas, it never became a house of sin; John didn't stay a bachelor for long. Back in those days, we are talking circa-1969, the way to hook-up with the opposite sex was, of course, to attend a 'Young Adults Group' meeting - sounds very sexy and exciting! (Note to reader: this writer was yawning at the thought). John found himself at such a 1960's dating hotbed in Summit, New Jersey, and eyed a come-hither young woman across the room by the name of Sandra, who was living and working nearby. John was smitten, and the rest, as they say, is Atlantic Region history.

Sandy waxed poetic at John's retelling and said 'the late 1960's/early 1970's bar scene was just starting; this was the end of an era.' And so it was. They met in 1969, married in 1971 and have never left Annandale. Both are now retired and enjoying life. The Phantom V rolls the country roads about twice a month, rarely leaving Hunterdon County much these days.

I asked John and Sandy how they decide who gets to drive the Phantom V; Sandy stared at me as if I was daft and stated matter-of-fact: 'I have never driven Car No. 4, or Car Nos. 1, 2 or 3 either...ever!'

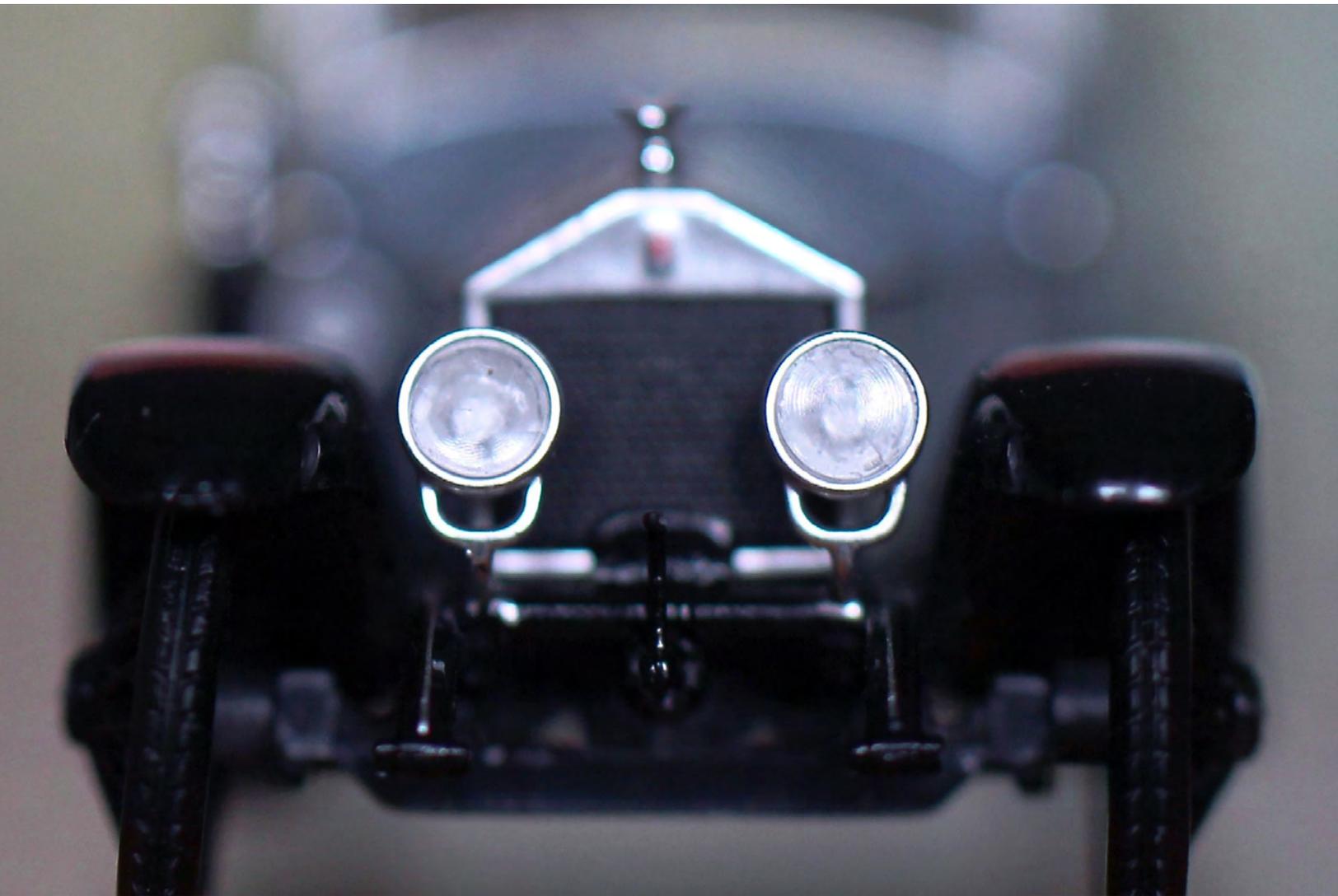
The chauffeur is, and always has been, John; Sandra, the astute woman that she is, has a distinct preference for the limousine passenger seat.



TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

by BILL WOLF

HI-HO, HI-HO, THEY'RE VERY SMALL YOU KNOW.



Silver Ghost

Yes it's real—the
McKinley that is!



HO scale models of
Roll-Royce and
Bentley motorcars
are trending.

The majority of the
cars are in HO scale—
some are somewhat larger. HO scale,
of course, is a model train designation. An HO scale
model would be roughly 1/87th of the size of a real-
world motorcar. To get a good idea of the size we are
discussing here, take a look at the Bentley Continental
Park Ward resting on the \$500 bill (above).

But there's not much to say about them. And some folks
are born with collecting genes—some are not. But I do
believe that most folks appreciate scale models. And
there seems to be a correlation between appreciation
and scale. Assuming at least a decent likeness and
authority, the tinier the model the more it intrigues. The
models shown on these pages have been collected over
time, and although many were purchased on-line, a few
have been rescued from dark, dingy antique-cum-junk
shops, found among the knick-knacks, gee-gaws, old
coins, dusty vinyl records, moldy books and now nearly
useless home accessories and appliances.

This project was conceived, completed and submitted
as not much more than the attempt to generate some
smiles. Oh, yes, the American car is included because
my first car was a fire-red 1959 Chevrolet coupe.
So—smile awhile!

1959 Chevrolet



Bentley Continental



Bentley R-Type



Silver Ghost



Phantom VII



Phantom II





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THE '76 HOUSE.

by JOSEPH MARLEY

THE BRITISH HAVE COME AND GONE, BUT THEY CERTAINLY MADE A REALLY BIG IMPRESSION ON US.



By Zeete - Own work, CC BY-SA 4.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=41327114>

On February 26, 2017 the British again met up with their colonial counterparts. Sixty-eight Atlantic Region RROC members and their guests shared Tappan, New York's historic 300-year old '76 House—and with a group of re-enactors dressed in Authentic Colonial garb.

The weather was seasonally brisk, but clear, and a fair number of members brought mostly modern-era PMCs out from their warm garages to cruise the storied streets of Tappan's beautiful Historic District.

Inside the '76 House members and guests quaffed Mimosas in the same space occupied by Nathanael Greene and his Continental Army Officers more than two hundred and forty years ago. The '76 House also quartered a more famous guest during the Revolutionary War. Major John Andre — the British spy who conspired with Benedict Arnold. He was imprisoned there before meeting his untimely demise at the end of a noose across the road on October 2, 1780.

At brunch members feasted on Scottish smoke salmon, shrimp, crab salad, brazed beef and turkey as well as the more traditional breakfast fare of omelettes, waffles,

bacon and sausage. While enjoying coffee and dessert, the members carefully listened to a feature lecture from returning guest speaker Professor Richard B. Bernstein -- a renowned speaker, author and professor of law at the City University of New York.

The Professor's lecture focused on the recent presidential election and the electoral college, which was of extreme interest to our collective, and somewhat mixed politically-viewed group; made especially interesting because of the timing of his lecture. Professor Bernstein's presentation was a tad controversial as he often straddled the line between academic neutrality and political commentary. Overall, the lecture was quite informative and exhilarating. Our members walked away knowing far more about our country's political traditions than they expected or perhaps even wanted to know -- and the day was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A sincere thank you to Professor Bernstein for sharing his extraordinary knowledge and expertise.

It was a beautiful venue and all who attended had an extremely pleasant morning and afternoon. A few members even extended the event into the evening sampling '76 House ale in the taproom while enjoying offerings as diverse as alligator empanadas and sheppard's pie.

The '76 House is open for brunch every Sunday as well as dinner most nights. Should you venture there on your own — and you should — be sure to look for the bronze two-foot high Spirit of Ecstasy nestled among the other artifacts. Tavern-keeper Robert Norden's father, who not incidently drove a Camargue, aquired it many years ago. It's reportedly one of only eight in the world dating to 1930.





THE CREWE FACTORY VISIT.

by **KEN KOSWENER**

IN THE BEGINNING

I became interested in the marque when I was about twelve years old. In 1967, I was bicycling near Kennedy Airport, when a convertible Rolls-Royce came around a bend. The driver was wearing a dark jacket, white turtle neck, and sunglasses straight out of a spy movie. The image, all these years later, is still burned into my mind.

The second “push” was a British science fiction TV show, called “The Thunderbirds.” It took place in 2069 (100+ years in the future). The show’s heroine was named Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward—who was driving around in a 22-foot long Rolls-Royce Leviathan, called “Fab-1” (which also happened to be its license plate number).

Skip forward through public school, college, marriage, a flirtation with 105-series Alfa Romeos, and a few kids, and, in 1995, I bought my first Rolls-Royce, a 1969 Silver Shadow. I also immediately joined the RROC and began to study the history of the marque.

After the Shadow, a 1959 Silver Cloud joined the family, which, I learned, was built in Derby (the chassis) and London (James Young coachwork). Finally, my current 1987 Silver Spur arrived, a Crewe-built car, as is the Silver Shadow.

So, because the Shadow and the Spur were built during the Crewe era, that town has always held certain interest for me and I vowed to make a pilgrimage, should I ever have the opportunity to visit England. (Needless to say, as many of us were, I was distressed when Rolls-Royce was split off from Bentley, with the latter remaining in Crewe and the former moving to Goodwood.)

WEDDING BELLS

Having met a charming young woman on the Internet my son decided to get married, and, being that her family and friends were much less portable than his, it was decided that the nuptials would take place in a suburb of London. Dartford, Kent.

Did I hear correctly? England? Certainly, Crewe cannot be that far from London, and, so, the adventure began. We would be there for two weeks, with the week leading up to the Sunday, August 21, 2017 wedding being the busiest, so I began to make plans for the rest of our visit.

Going marque by marque, I first contacted Rolls-Royce in Goodwood, only to be told that that 1) the plant would be down for re-tooling that week and 2) tours of the plant were already booked for almost a year, with preference given to new customers and those recommended by dealers. Totally understandable, so off to the next set of calls.

Bentley was quite accommodating to “legacy” owners, regardless of the marque, with Friday being reserved for tours by owners of older cars or non-owners. I made a reservation for four, since everyone except for Zila, my older son, Alexander and his girlfriend, Michelle and me, would have left to return to the States. We had to be at Bentley at 8:30am so we made overnight reservations at the local Doubletree Spa in Chester, about 19 miles from Crewe.

THE ROAD TRIP

We left our AirBnB-arranged flat in Greenwich, on Thursday morning at about 10am, for a projected four-hour ride. Our rented Citroen Gran Picasso was a great vehicle for long distance travel, and can seat up to six or seven in relative comfort. It was even better with just the four of us.

Try getting out of London via Dartford Bridge on a Thursday morning in a timely manner.

On the trip north, I told my son, Alex, some of the legends of the factory that we have all heard throughout the years — recounting how the leather smiths used a common table fork to punch holes in the steering wheel’s leather wrap. Alex found that to be humorous, but not believable.

As is typical for our family, we pulled into the Doubletree Spa, Chester at about 5pm, and readied for an early dinner, followed by a visit to the resort’s magnificent spa. Early to bed, then early to rise.

ARRIVAL

It was not too far from the resort to the factory in Crewe, and we pulled up to CW1 House a few minutes late, which, in local parlance, was right on time. We were greeted by the gentleman who would be our host for the day, Mr. Nigel Lofkin, who began his career at the factory in 1983, as a leather smith in the interior group.

CW1 house is Bentley Motors’ ideal concept marketing center. The various models are displayed with individual distinction, along with details of their commissioning. It is inviting and a visual joy. I was immediately drawn to the brand new (at that time) Bentayga, Bentley’s SUV. Put plainly: There was no expense spared and no detail overlooked. What caught my attention was that, when inside the car, with the doors closed, the cabin is completely silent, and you are immersed in the sumptuousness of the interior, both in terms of comfort and appointments. Again, the attention to detail of the fit and finish is breathtaking.



CW1 House Factory in Crewe.



The Bentayga’s physical presence is striking from the outside...



and, from the inside...



and from any angle, in between...



with unlimited potential for entertainment during the trip...



...and, my son, Alex, trying to figure out why he had just ordered a new BMW M4.



along with matching luggage.

Next was a tour of the commissioning area, including a discussion of all of the available colors on display, more than 240! Except that is not entirely accurate or complete, because, if you want a color that is currently not in their catalogue, they will create the paint to match, given a sample, as they did for a gentleman who wanted a certain shade of light blue to match a kitchen countertop appliance, and thus was born "Blender Blue," a new color in the Bentley bespoke arsenal.



The long wheelbase Mulliner limited edition also was quite pleasing to the eye, and was in its own, dedicated display area, towards the rear of the pavilion.



Optional whiskey service for the rear seat divider...



or wine service with integrated chiller.



A Continental GT Speed displayed in a dramatic color combination...

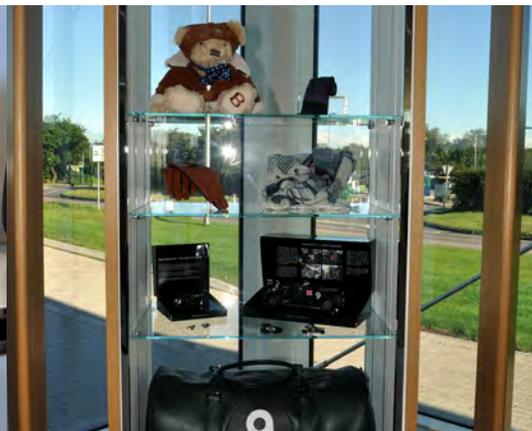




as is the flawless wood inlay and finish, executed to the customer's desire.



And, of course, a choice of mascot motif, where applicable.



Finally, available regalia.

After about an hour in the CWI House, and the pleasant conversations with our Bentley hosts, we departed on a shuttle van to the factory complex. Once past reception, Nigel led us to a hall of remembrance and gallery of Bentley history and achievements. (It should be noted that the other marque once associated with Bentley is, understandably, not mentioned anywhere within the gallery).



Nigel walked us through the history of the Bentley marque.



Nigel proudly presented "EXP-2," one of the two original prototypes and the oldest surviving Bentley automobile. It has a championship racing pedigree.



We were blown away by this exhibit. (Get it? "Blown" away?)



This may just look like a Continental GT's front wing, but it demonstrates the advances in aluminum processing and forming that has been made at Bentley. Originally designed, the fender is two pieces, with the plastic bumper starting at the half-way point (vertically) at the headlight openings.

Action!

At this point, all cameras needed to be surrendered, as a no-photography rule is strictly (and understandably) enforced on the assembly floor.

Make no mistake, Bentley Motors assembly line is a state-of-the-art, immaculate facility, employing some of the best craftspeople—building some of the best cars in the world. The care taken on each turn of a bolt is outstanding.

The pre-manufactured and (in-house) pre-painted body shells are placed on pallets that are moved slowly down the line; gone are the days of the “Queen Mary” buck that was used to assemble the Shadow-class cars. Each car is accompanied down the line by its build sheet that tells the staff how the car is to be assembled, according to the bespoke specifications of its owner.

Along the line, we were introduced to Noel Thompson, senior member and lead of the steering wheel assembly team. He explained the process of creating the leather wrap. To disprove my story, my son was looking for a state-of-the-art leather-punching machine that would put the holes into edges of the wrap, but, instead, Mr. Thompson displayed the legendary table fork that he used to do the work. My son was floored, but, Mr. Thompson did explain that it is not used on every wheel that they produce. There is a gold fork that is reserved only for The Queen's car's steering wheel.

Quality inspections take place constantly during the assembly process, with every seam of the car being measured again and again, and all surfaces—inside and out—being examined for any possible irregularity that may exist or may have developed during assembly.

A favorite of the factory is when a customer, with a car on order, is going to tour prior to delivery; they do their best to schedule the car's assembly to occur during the visit. During the tour of the line, the customer is maneuvered into asking if this is where and how their new car will be assembled. “As a matter of fact, that happens to be your car, right there. Would you care to help build it?” At that point, the owner is offered the chance to tighten a bolt or two to specification, or a put a few stitches into the steering wheel's leather work, and then initial the log. Being part of the process certainly increases the pride of ownership in the finished car.

Once the major components are assembled, the car's engine is rolled out on a pallet and mated to the chassis from underneath. Final assembly takes place and the car is driven to final inspection, where every aspect of the car is again scrutinized, one final time. Only then is the car decreed to be a Bentley, and worthy of shipment to its new home. It is then wrapped in protective material, prior to shipping.

We then walked up the opposite side of the assembly building where we witnessed the woodwork being created and the apprentice training area. The craftspeople-in-training were busy creating sample pieces, and eagerly awaiting the day that they would be able to go on the line, some being second and third generation at Bentley.

To that end, Nigel was quite pleased to tell us that since the takeover by Volkswagen, the future of the marque is glaringly bright, with new buildings in the work to allow for increased production and new model lines.

We exited the assembly building and then retired to a lounge displaying Bentley memorabilia and regalia. Finally we were back off to the lobby to retrieve our cameras.



One last view of the front of the legendary building, and then, back to CW1 House for some final refreshments and photographs...



to make a final farewell to our host and new friend, Mr. Nigel Lofkin...



A final farewell to CW1 House and the storied marque that it represents...



Off to the local pub, where Zila enjoyed a pint or two (or three or four) and finally, back off to Greenwich, London, to ready ourselves for the flight home, the next day.

Oh, yes, when I got home, I removed a front seat cushion from my 1987 Silver Spur, and there were leather smith Nigel Lofkin's initials. He represents all of the craftspeople that built my car.



Even though pictures were not allowed on the assembly floor, we were able to sneak out this picture of Andrew Blackman's new Continental GT drophead as it came off the line.



NAME THIS TOOL.

John Carter

(answers on page 42)

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THE SECOND LIFE OF A MEMBER'S CAR.

by ANDREW BLACKMAN

WONDER WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE BELOVED CAR YOU USED TO OWN? (HERE IS A STORY THAT YOU WILL NEVER BELIEVE, AT LEAST I DIDN'T—AT FIRST).

Sometime last January I received an email from Tom Webster, whose name I did not recognize, either as an acquaintance or as a member of the RROC. My later research showed him to be living in Manhattan, evidently a member of RROC since 2013.

His email indicated that he had recently purchased my previously owned 1993 Bentley Continental R, apparently from GullWing Motors on Long Island. He had been restoring it, and had modified it to race in the La Carrera Panamerica road race which evidently runs from our Mexican border all through Mexico, ending at the Guatemalan border.

Well, I do remember many delightful years of driving the car, certainly one of the finest that Bentley had ever produced. It was swift and as sure footed as any Brit machine that I had ever owned. A few years after winning the Atlantic Region Concours and the Americana Manhasset Concours, when I took it in to Carriage House Motors in Greenwich for some minor service, I never conceived of what would occur that day.

Michael Shudroff, the owner met me as I drove into their entry drive. He told me he had another car that I would buy. Not ever intending to part with my Conti R, I scoffed at the idea, until he beckoned me around the

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Take the best that exists and make it better.
When it does not exist, design it."

Sir Henry Royce 1863-1933



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corner to see what would become my new pride and joy, a rare, limited edition silver 1999 Bentley Continental SC Sedan Coupe. Many of you have seen it since—all over the tri-state area.

I TRADED UP ON THE SPOT, AND NEVER LOOKED BACK.

Evidently my R ended up at GullWing Motors, and Tom bought it some time later with the intent of having the students and staff at Tri-County Schools in Easthampton Massachusetts, a school specializing in providing special education services for students ranging from 6 to 22 years old, who are experiencing a variety of learning and behavioral challenges, work on it and make it race-ready.

The MEXICO-OR-BUST project idea was to restore a “vintage” Bentley with a team of special-needs teenage mechanics under the supervision of John Elder Robinson.

Interesting that the word “restore” appears in their press releases, as the car had been in pristine condition when I parted with it about five years ago, trading it to Carriage House.

Anyway, the organizers of their fundraising event and Bentley Ambassador Derek Bell were having a party on one of the piers on the Hudson River at the Classic Car Club Manhattan, and I was invited to attend. I offered to bring my Continental SC along, and they agreed to have it displayed indoors next to the Continental R and a new Continental Supersports that Bentley was displaying, so there ended up being just three motorcars at the event that evening.

After they ushered me into the pier facility, a cavernous hall packed with guests, I was thrilled to see my old car gleaming in a new dark green paint job, upholstered in new leather, with some graphics on the sides that made my heart skip a slower beat.

These guys were planning to enter my car in the most punishing road race in the world.

They had powder coated the wheels, changed the radiator and adjacent grillage to the later Matrix Grid design, and done a great deal of mechanical work that would make the car “race-ready”.

Emblazoned on the front fenders were the “Mexico or Bust” slogan, some trade logos. While I was there, they completed the installation of the big number “7” in the white bulls eyes on the door panels.

Some of the organizers and Bentley personnel appear in photos with me.



A previous photo shows the car in somewhat more restrained attire, when our Howard Krimko, the Chief Judge was presenting the First Prize in our division at the American Manhasset Concours in 2012.

I’ve just learned that they will not be racing in this year’s race, but will be entering in 2018.

If you have never seen any photos from this grueling road race, you can see them on any of their websites (La Carrera Panamericana).

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SHAKEDOWN CRUISE.

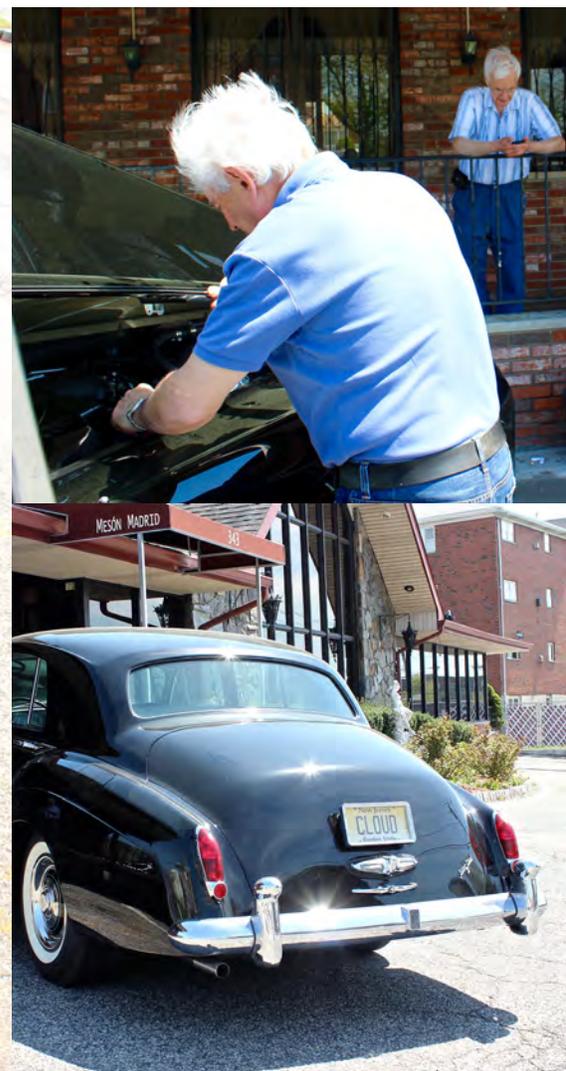
by BILL WOLF

SHAKEDOWN CRUISE IS A NAUTICAL TERM IN WHICH THE PERFORMANCE OF A SHIP IS TESTED. GENERALLY, SHAKEDOWN CRUISES ARE PERFORMED BEFORE A SHIP ENTERS SERVICE.

Bill Imre and Dick Stella



LSD479 Front Angle



LSD479 Rear Angle



LSD479 Side Angle

Motorcars do shakedown cruises too. What follows may be shorter than even the web addresses below.

Little to report. Four friends, three Atlantic Region members and a guest, get together to have lunch at the Meson Madrid. Glide there in LSD479, the sleek, black, low-mileage Silver Cloud III, a recent addition to a fine collection. It had resided in a museum for many years, and the odometer reads a mere 31,000 miles. Recently the Cloud had been in the shop for diagnoses, prognosis, freshening and repair.

Inside the restaurant, we relished the good food and fine wine. The conversation covered politics, jokes, concerns, family, stories old, stories new and toasts. After the caffeine and desert, smiles remained as we all climbed into the luxury of the cabin. Uh-oh. No start. Right panel of the central-hinged bonnet comes up and that's Bill Imre (photo on page 24) checking the fuel lines while Dick Stella checks his Ubër app — to no avail. The car's owner is a bit chagrined and perhaps a shade embarrassed? Meticulously he keeps his cars and they are always ready to take to the roads. Well, practically always.

Fast forward to the next day!

Turns out it wasn't a fuel problem at all. It was an electrical connection not properly connected. That's it. Quick fix. Not much to it. But in life, aren't the small pleasures somehow sweeter than the thrill of large events? Holding hands at sunset will be more fondly remembered than the elegant hotel suite or the evening's musical entertainment. Aren't afternoons such as this one those that embrace the heart of the Rolls-Royce hobby? Traveling in a car of fine leather and wood, a timeless elegance. The Silver Cloud—generally acknowledged as one of the finer, classic designs Crewe has offered. Friends together. Knowing that this car will most likely run a good many more miles before another problem arises. Not much to say, really, short and sweet. Just wanted to present a Rolls-Royce afternoon of good Rolls-Royce people and relate the incident to other good Rolls-Royce people. That's you dear readers, you.

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Always a beauty, the 1927 Rolls-Royce Springfield Phantom I Playboy Roadster in 1950.

AUTOMOTIVE RESTORATIONS.

by **MARIANNE BRUNSON FRISCH**

A ROLLS-ROYCE IN THE FAMILY. SOMETIMES AN UNEXPECTED NEW ACQUAINTANCE SNEAKS INTO OUR LIVES AND CAPTURES OUR HEARTS.

Pamela looked askance at the large bright blue car that her husband Landis steered up the driveway in 1950. “The kids and I were sitting at the front entry when he pulled up in what he explained was his ‘new car.’ He replied to my query about where he would put it with ‘I will build a garage.’ Meanwhile I had been saving money for a fancy party dress for one of our daughters.”

For Landis, it was love at first sight of the 1927 Rolls-Royce Springfield Phantom I Playboy Roadster. Instantly enamored with the stately beauty he saw winding the roads of New Canaan, Connecticut, Landis followed the driver to neighboring Wilton, offered him \$1,000 and drove the car home. How he later retrieved his other car remains a mystery.

“The Mistress,” as nicknamed by Pamela, chauffeured Landis on client calls. The Roadster has become a family member, fittingly cared for and nurtured while housed in the two-car garage promised and designed by the renowned architect-

owner. Landis continued to enjoy the car, taking the family on Sunday ice cream runs, which drew stares that young daughter Ainslie recalls as “disconcerting and wonderful.” At one point, Pamela hid the much-loved Rolls from extended family who were pressuring them to sell the car.

In 1990, Landis engaged Automotive Restorations, Inc., of Stratford, Connecticut, to restore the car’s body, interior and top and remedy mechanical issues. Frank Cooke of The Vintage Garage, North Brookfield, Massachusetts, along with his right-hand man Norm Gaudette, were also involved to good effect.

Landis called upon Cooke to repair the car’s “guacamole gears” in a July 1990 letter: “I have always felt frustrated by the limited high speed available with my S106PM, like so many other cars but especially Rollsies of its period where apparently chauffeurs and especially owner-drivers found the non-synchromesh gearshift so

cumbersome as to call for a low enough set of ratios to permit starting out in second and indeed in high gear. Though I stayed away from these extreme tests I found hill-climbing around sharp turns without downshifting from high gear almost improperly easy, while on level runs any speed above the middle forties seemed to bring the motor to painfully high rpms."

In Landis' correspondence to Cooke, he cited the May-June 1990 *The Flying Lady* article "Giving the Gears to the Guacamole Ghost" by John Harris who resolved the same issue through "the successful alternation of the rear axle gear ratio on one of his Rolls-Royces." Cooke responded, assuring Landis that "we are very familiar with the changing of the gear ratio differential on your car and can fix it for you" with "gears about \$1,800 from England."

Grandson Gabe adopted the car as his childhood "babysitter," whiling away hours in the car's luxurious interior. His continued love of the car prompted Pamela to keep it after Landis' passing in 1991. Gabe kept apprised of the restoration's progress through its completion in 1992, while Pamela tended to its ongoing maintenance and care. She drove it to a December 1992 RROC holiday party with *The Atlantic Lady* reporting that she was "happy that her automobile made the trip uneventfully and that her red-cheeked rumble seat passenger...survived the cold ride as well."

1927 Rolls-Royce Springfield Phantom I Playboy Roadster No S106PM was built on a chassis manufactured at the Company's Springfield, Massachusetts, factory. The car sat unsold as did many other costly luxury machines after the crash of 1929. It was rebodied in the early 1930s in elegant Playboy

Roadster form by Brewster & Company coachworks of Long Island City, New York. Attractively decked-out in sporting style, the car soon sold and has enjoyed quite a life since.

Handsome and elegant, this well-cared-for car has garnered numerous awards at Rolls-Royce Owners' Club Annual Meets and Atlantic Region Concours, including National Award Winner as well as First in Class and Chief Judge's Award, respectively. Outings at the Lime Rock Park Historic Festival Sunday in the Park Concours d'Elegance have earned both Best in Class and Skip's Sunday Best. Most recently, the car clinched the Award for Timeless Elegance at the 2017 Greenwich Concours d'Elegance Americana, sitting among its family on the show field; this was the fourth time the car was an invited entrant since the 1996 inaugural show.

A current typical summer afternoon finds the three—Pamela and Gabe with the Playboy Roadster—at lunch seated within sight of each other. A new generation embraces "The Mistress" with 10-year-old great-grandson William enjoying weekend "get-about" drives.



Gabe and William accept Skip's Sunday Best award at Lime Rock Park Historic Festival 34 - Casey Keil/Lime Rock Park



CARING FOR YOUR MOST PRECIOUS GEM.

by KEVIN QUIRK

It feels so sensual when I run my hands across her rear and up her back flanks. Sliding my hand along her gorgeous curves, swells and crevasses, feeling the softness and underlying strength and warmth of her body. I'm enraptured as I fall in love with her over and over again.

So when it's time to pull my Silver Spirit out of the garage to the wash bay I'll make sure I give back all the care and tenderness I can to keep her lines and curves feeling as smooth and supple as the leather on her seating.

I've been detailing cars for nearly forty years and I still enjoy it and learn as the methods of painting and coachbuilding change with technology and age.

THERE ARE PROPER METHODS TO KEEPING OUR PMC'S LOOKING AND FEELING GREAT. THIS ARTICLE WILL TELL YOU THE HOW'S, WHY'S, WHEN'S, TO DO'S AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, THE NOT TO DO'S.

Basic washing is not as simple as running water across the top of the car.

Time of day. Morning. As enjoyable as it is, it'll feel like a burden when the sun starts to reach full peak and you're looking at wheels while sweat drips in your eyes. Then it's not fun. Start in the earlier morning, while the sun is low and the temps are too. Late afternoon is also an option. If you're an afternoon cleaner leave the car in the garage or in the shade. Why?

- Paint is a living breathing organism. It reacts to heat, humidity and sunlight much the same as you do. Paint is porous. It expands and contracts, it reacts differently to environments. What it doesn't do is

adapt to environments as we do. You have to adapt the environment to satisfy the paint.

- The best environment is an air-conditioned garage with temps in the mid-seventies. If that isn't available, replicate as much of it as you can. A cloudy day is better than a sunny one outside. Do you have an EZ-Up tent? Large shade tree? You get the idea.

Inside out. Take care of the inside first. Start with the dash, the console and then the trim. V-36 is a good wood trim polish that will assist in cleaning grim and grit, removing haze and light scratches from your wood trim (use as directed). Meguiar's Synthetic X-Press spray wax is an excellent product for other glass, chrome, stainless steel, vinyl and non-leather or cloth materials. It will clean, NOT leave streaks or spots and is an excellent protectant as well.

As for leather*, Bill Hirsch sells marvelous cleaner and rejuvenators. Like your paint, leather, even more so, is a breathing organism. It needs to be kept clean and properly nurtured. Use soft cotton towels or microfiber towels of 470 GSM (grams per square meter) for best results. Turning it frequently and changing them often follow the easy instructions to removing contaminates and grim from your seating and allow it to dry. Then the rejuvenator should be applied using a soft horse hair brush or a very high quality paint brush. Spread the rejuvenator across all leather surfaces evenly and softly. Allow the car to remain completely closed and parked in a very warm environment allowing the rejuvenator to soak deeply into the hides. Building up heat opens the pores of the leather. Allowing the car to be in that environment for 18 - 24 hours is the ideal circumstance. When you open the car doors, wipe all the seating down using your cotton or microfiber towels. Light buffing will return a luster to your leather that will last for months and months. Use caution the first few sittings in the car as residual rejuvenator will likely mark pants or dresses. (A white beach towel on sitting areas may be a good idea for the first few miles). The final step is vacuuming.



PREPARATION

It's time to prep for the outside. Some people use a single bucket, two buckets or even three. Three buckets are best; one for wheels and tires alone and two for the body and bumpers. But soap first. Again, Meguire's makes a very good wash. Shampoo Plus. Heavily concentrated, two ounces is more than adequate for a five-gallon bucket.



Use a bucket grit guard. They can be cut down to fit smaller size buckets. Grit guards allow you to rinse your wash cloth so the dirt you remove from the towel will settle to the bottom and you're not reapplying dirt to your car. Use different color guards to identify the use of your bucket. (So you're not cleaning your roof with the same water used to remove the brake dust from your wheels.)

- Wheels - Do your wheels first. Using a dedicated bucket to them. Wet, wash and rinse one wheel at a time. A rewetting at dry time may be done.
- Cleaning Towels - Some like a sponge, towel, rags, etc. to use for the cleaning. A 325 GSM towel is preferred over synthetic sponges. Don't use one towel for the entire job. Five or six will be best. Remember, you don't want the dirt you remove to be put back on and reused to scratch your paint. Use one for the bonnet, one for the boot and roof, one for the left, one for the right and the last two for the front and back. It may seem overkill, but removing scratches and swirl marks can get expensive. Fold your towel into a four tier square. It's softer and mushier that way. But keep it light. Heavy is not good.



PROCESSES

Work your way down from top to bottom of the car. Roof, bonnet, boot, front and rear and side panels. The last to get cleaned is the rocker areas of the car, the bottom. Only wet the areas you're working on at the time. Otherwise you're going to have drying and water marks that can be difficult to remove. When you're moving your towel across the car, follow the lines of the car. Don't work in circles or cross hatch. Following the lines will get better coverage.



- Under Pressure - VERY, VERY IMPORTANT. Take your right hand and rub it vigorously over your left forearm until you start to feel heat build up and redness begin to show. It doesn't take long. Recall we mentioned that paint is a living breathing organism? Heavy pressure is NOT the way to remove tree sap, road tar, bird droppings, and grease or oil spots. Review the car prior to beginning the cleaning. Address them then. Use a remover appropriate for the spot. Use light pressure NO MATTER WHAT. Pressure only causes scratches and marks. We tend to use lighter pressure on the sides of the car simply due to position. Typically when you wash you wave back and forth on the sides with little pressure. Use that same soft pressure on the bonnet, boot and roof. You may actually lift your towel and hand away from the car to reduce pressure on the horizontal panels.
- Drying - You've washed from the top down, in the shade (or better in an air-conditioned garage.) You only applied water on panels as you've gotten there. It's all washed and it's all wet and now it's time to dry.

There's a saying: Give the laziest man the hardest job and he'll find the easiest way to do it. I raised my hand. There are some very good (and expensive) low pressure, high volume air blowers out there. But a leaf blower can be a very effective tool (not too close though). Blow all the excess water off the car. You'll find that by blowing seams, windows, mirrors, door handles, chrome trim, license plates and any other screwed on pieces will eliminate that annoying water from constantly sliding down the car while you dry and or wax. You've seen it on cars after the pull out of the local car wash. White water lines dried by driving speed leaving racing stripes on the sides.

Caring for Your Precious Gem, continued on page 42.



NONPAREIL

Nonpareil, tucked in the Historic District of downtown Belvidere, offers epicurean, contemporary American cuisine, featuring a range of local-sourced, farm-to-table produce, with vegetarian options and tapas portions, if desired. Lunch, dinner and dessert menus change every month, with the seasons. Set in the famous Boglioli's Palace Of Sweets, a circa-1877 National Register of Historic Places designated and preserved award-winning building, the entire restaurant is fitted with the original, fully refurbished circa -1931 Art-Deco adornments, set amongst a professional gallery of artwork, collected from around the world. Original art available for viewing pleasure during dining; local/regional artists work available for purchase, rotated on a regular basis.

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NONPAREIL *at The Boglioli's Palace of Sweets - A History*

Nonpareil is set in the famous Boglioli's Palace of Sweets, which was a social hub in the tiny riverside hamlet of Belvidere, from circa-1931 to 1955.

After thriving for decades, Boglioli's was hit hard by Hurricane Diane, in August, 1955; the Delaware River ran three feet deep in the restaurant; you can still see the faint remnants of water damage to the bottom of the candy and counterbars from 60+ years ago.

The Palace sat vacant, with soaped windows, for 46 years, from 1955 until 2001, when it was purchased from a surviving Boglioli family member and fully restored to its former glory. The piled personal effects ran from the front door to the back wall, and were over ten feet high; you could barely open the front door itself, and a tiny path weaved through the space. When the debris was cleared (including bagged aluminum soda cans from the 1960s, slated to be recycled), all the original plates,

glassware and furnishings were found at the bottom of the pile, largely intact, as they were left in August, 1955.

Most of the furniture and fixtures in the new Nonpareil are original to the 1931 store (all the woodwork was designed and manufactured by a prominent Philadelphia woodworking shop). Even never-opened oversized jars of candy canes, root beer candies, large glass bottles of soda syrup and oversized tins of Hershey's chocolate powder remained...all were salvaged and kept. They are presently displayed on the upper platform at the back of the restaurant. The cash register and the Coca-Cola bottle holder/tree were also original to the Palace of Sweets, as are all the booths, the tables, the sconces and the chandeliers. Other memorabilia, scattered on the shelves behind the counters.

As you relax and dine with us, we hope you take some time to look around and enjoy the fabulous original circa-1931 decor.



AFTER ALL, THERE ARE PRIORITIES.

by GLENN BRUKARDT

A JOURNEY, SOMETIMES STARTS WITH A SIMPLE TURN OF THE KEY.

At noon on a gorgeous, sunny Sunday, June 25th, mine began solo in a shiny clean *1996 Bentley Brooklands (EBT-57920)*, fueled-to-full and pointed toward that tony outpost of Greenwich, Connecticut for the annual Atlantic Region ritual, loathed by some, still adored by others, the *Greenwich Polo Club Event*. This year's early summer festivity was to bear witness to the United States Polo Association (USPA) *Monty Waterbury Cup*, as if anyone in the RROC actually knows what that *Cup* signifies, or pays attention to such tinny details.

As the Brooklands effortlessly rolled east and north across New Jersey, into New York State, the sun shone high and bright, temperatures hovered in the low 80's,

the radio blared classic rock, the air conditioning was cranked to high, and fellow motorists eyed with envy the Bentley as I rolled along in the fast lane.

Life was pretty darn good, so, you knew it simply couldn't last.

Ten miles west of the Tappan Zee Bridge, the free-flowing highway clogged to an absolute dead stop. A zero to five mph crawl ensued for the next 45 minutes, as the dashboard temperature gauge climbed steadily toward the red zone (raise of hands as to how many Rolls and Bentley owners have practiced this horrified gaze at the ominous temperature gauge - please don't



Pam George, Andrew Blackman, Bobbie Tindel and Stan Nayer - smiles in the rain!



Dr. Philip, Mary and Ashley Pacelli, and Gianluca Arianna enjoying the day.



Justin Kerstner participating in the infamous champagne Bottle Toss Game; Sorry Justin, wide right!

go red on me!). Off went the air conditioning, open went the windows, pour went the sweat, which puddled in the seat of my shorts. Nice.

So much for pretty darn good, and curses to all those who bagged the Polo event, and were sitting home, comfortable and dry.

When traffic finally began to break up, and the Bentley gods saved me from overheating, I searched for the accident, the Sunday construction roadwork, the Trump picketers along the side of the highway... there were none to be found. The cause of the gridlock was, as usual, unknown, and had vanished. There was absolutely no trace of anything. Which made it that much harder to be mad. I'll blame Trump.

The rest of the trip was, thankfully, back to gorgeous; a sunny drive up the Hutchinson River Parkway/Merritt Parkway is always a pleasure -- the scenery is stunning.

Two and half hours later, the Brooklands rolled through the Greenwich backcountry, passing the grand, walled and gated estates along North Street, where, seemingly, no roadside blade of grass nor wall stone dared to be askew. *Picture perfect* seemed an understatement.

After pulling onto Hurlingham Drive, into the Polo Club grounds proper and forking over the \$60 per car (pack in as many passengers as you can, said the RROC flyer!) entry fee to park and sit on the grass (euphemistically labeled a *Lawn Ticket*), I was directed to the Rolls-Royce Club designated area by the young man collecting my money, and found the stable of my Bentley and Rolls-Royce brethren on a small knoll just inside the entry gate, near the old tree grove The Atlantic Region used to occupy, absconded in recent years by *center-stage* Tesla (and their gauche major sponsorship money)!

I seemed to be one of the last to arrive to this shindig, as the queue of RROC coachworks was impressive. It was at this time that aforementioned beautiful blue sky suddenly turned ominous, with dark rain clouds seemingly appearing from nowhere.

Thankfully, one half of our intrepid Activity Directors, Joe Marley, arrived much earlier than me and scored, at NO cost (take that Tesla!) three stately white Polo Club tents on the far side of the pitch for our members to lay out their bounteous picnic spreads, next to the Kona Ice food truck, the polo pony trailers and six Porta-Johns... score (I think)!

After photographing our stable of cars for this article, I schlepped it across the field and parked myself under one of the tents, just before the rain rolled in, delaying the start of the match for a bit, this allowed me time to peruse the USPA program for factoids on the day's Cup event.

USEFUL MATCH
DETAILS
INCLUDED:

- Who was actually participating in the match today (*Airstream* versus *Postage Stamp Farm*, in the Cup Finals - slated to begin at 3 pm);
- The handicap for each team (18);
- How many saddled horses comprised each team (four, slotted in position numbers 1 to 4);
- The respective rating of each player (i.e., A, 5, 6, 7 and 8 - whatever that really means);
- The origin of the polo ponies/chukker horses (almost half are former thoroughbred racehorses - it takes several years to retrain them); and
- The typical age of the polo ponies (they can play high-goal polo into their late teens/early twenties).

So much for those factoids.



Tracy Varnadore and Heidi enjoying their picnic fare, despite the rain!



Joe Marley enjoying a drink and cigar; what polo match?



Rich Halprin, Scott Lefebvre and Joe Marley relaxing, waiting for the rain to pass.

Prior to the match start at 3 pm, for the Atlantic Region early-arrivals, Mr. Peter Brant, the owner of the Greenwich Polo Club, afforded the attendees access to his rarely-open on-campus private gallery, the Brant Foundation Art Study Center, beside the gargantuan statue of Nike, or Winged Victory, of Samothrace. which features a rolling exhibition of contemporary art, with an emphasis on promoting education and appreciation of contemporary art and design. The current exhibit was entitled Animal Farm, with a corresponding theme, focusing on 1980's pop icons, with many of the pieces oversized. Although I missed the gallery exhibit, sitting in traffic, some of the other RROC attendees enjoyed the display, both genuinely, and with a tongue-in-cheek wag - let's just say the pieces on display did not meet everyone's definition of art. See photos on page 34.

Just as the horses and riders were paraded onto the field at 3 pm, the wind whipped, the sky opened and so began the rain, in fits and starts. To that end, the match was postponed for a wee bit, which allowed our members to duck under the cover of our tents, pry open their picnic baskets and begin to eat, and more importantly, drink. This was the first year general Lawn Ticket seating was available on this far side of the polo complex, which afforded a different view of the field, and was a bit less harried/crowded than the standard grandstand side. For one, this writer enjoyed it.

Now for a naming of the RROC Atlantic Region contingent and friends that made the trek, in addition to the writer:

Stan Nayer and **Bobbie Tindel**, with their 1958 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud I (LSJF58); **Joe Marley**, with his blue 1984 Rolls-Royce Silver Spur; **Scott Lefebvre**, with his 1987 Bentley 8; our intrepid Chairman, **Andrew Blackman**, with his lovely date **Pam George**, in their 1999 Bentley Continental SC (Sedan Coupe; ZBX-65022); **Traci** and **Merri Varnadore**, along with that little-cutie-of-a-dog, **Heidi**, in their...jaguar(!), **Rich Halprin** and **Elise Liebowitz** in their...BMW(!), and **Dr. Philip Pacelli**, with his wife **Mary**, daughter **Ashley** and her boyfriend **Gianluca Arianna**, in their 2007 Bentley Continental Flying Spur Sedan. We also welcomed some of the crew from the Boonton Railroad Historic Society, who sometimes

frequent our Club events, along with friends of Scott and Joe, including: **Greg Deal** and **Maria Brown**; **Taras Terlacky** and **Jen Coghlan**, **Justin Kerstner** and **Dena Colao**, and **Joe Kocsis**, and **Veronika Bartoshko**. **Manish Dhadda** made an early/brief appearance in his white 2013 Rolls-Royce Ghost at the beginning of the event, said some hellos, but unfortunately had to leave for a prior commitment in the City.

There were also two mystery attendees to the day's polo event. Parked with the cars from the group above were, what appeared to be, a circa late-1980's/early-1990's maroon Bentley Mulsanne, as well as a circa 1976-1980 two tone maroon Silver Wraith II. Alas, since the drivers and passengers of these fine vehicles did not make their way to the far-side white tents absconded by Joe Marley, we never got a chance to share the day, or determine who our mystery peers were. Perhaps you can reveal yourself at the next event, knowing that at least your wheels got due credit for taking the ride to Greenwich.

Julius and **Ona Cohn** also made the trek to the Polo event, as they usually do on an annual basis (for probably the past fifteen years, according to Andrew). However, upon arriving, Julie proceeded to our more recent normal spot in the 'far tree grove' and began to set up, when he was summarily asked to leave by security - the sheer indignity. But the security detail assured Julie wouldn't be 'written up.' They were instructed to join the rest of the rabble Rolls-Royce/Bentley crew on the far side of the field - look for the three white tents, by the porta-johns. Alas, understandably, Julie and Ona were a bit perturbed, and didn't want to hump his heavy picnic gear across the field, so they, unfortunately left without enjoying the day with their fellow RROC members. If you had only waved Julie, we would have sent Andrew over to carry your gear - he could have made multiple trips while the rest of us supervised from afar! Seriously, sorry we missed you both, and hope you give it another go next year; we promise to run interference with the security detail.



Joe Kocsis and Veronika Bartoshko - all smiles.



Elise Liebowitz, sporting the infamous RROC shades!



Justin Kerstner and Dena Colao enjoying some bubbly.

Upon unpacking her picnic spread, Elise produced a pair of cheap plastic sunglasses (blue, with orange lenses) that someone abandoned on a fence at last year's event - they were that bad. I hid them in Elise's bags as she and Rich packed up their car in 2016. Needless to say, the infamous glasses have returned, with Elise trying to pawn them off on me - no such luck! Elise was determined to make these classic shades a new Atlantic Region tradition, passing them from event to event. At the event's end, word was they ended up with Scott LeFebvre, but he has been mum on the topic. To be continued, I'm sure.

Despite the onset of rain, after about a 15-minute delay, the polo match proceeded and, as usual, most of the RROC members ignored the play, eating, drinking, and smoking cigars. Specifically, Joe, Scott and I enjoyed some Partagas 1845 Fabulosos, while imbibing in champagne, which was passed amongst the tents.

After the bubbly bottles were empty (along with wine bottles to boot), someone (no one is actually taking credit) began a crass contest of tossing the empty liquor bottles thirty feet through the air, end-over-end, into a blue trash can, trying not to noggin passers-by in the process, many of whom stopped to watch the spectacle (they too were not paying attention to the polo ponies). Andrew coined it the "Bottle Toss Game", not to be confused with croquet.

Needless to say, there were many rim-shots and near misses (of both the trash can, and the passing spectators), until Scott LeFebvre downed a three-pointer with a bottle of Pinot Noir. Not sure if this little extracurricular activity will get the Atlantic Region members of the RROC tossed from the polo event next year...we will see. I made a side-bet with Andrew when he toed the bottle-toss line, and to help him out, I moved the can to within ten feet and still defied Andrew to sink the bucket, with a ten-spot on the line. Andrew choked spectacularly under the pressure! The trash can was then pulled back out to thirty feet, and I taunted Andrew with a double-or nothing bet. Andrew swallowed the bait and missed again - wide right! As I turned around to collect my winnings, like a chameleon, Andrew melted into the background crowd and has been hiding since; the man still owes me a Jackson for it. Something tells me I will have to chase him down and wrestle it from his wallet at the next event, maybe when he falls asleep (Please note picture on the bottom left of page 35).

By 3:45 pm, the sun returned, and the crowd erupted in applause; the rest of the event played out under a beautiful blue sky. The polo play suspended for the traditional stepping-in of the divots, and the crowd blanketed the field, walking, pressing, avoiding steaming divots and generally having a good time.





Greg Deal and Maria Brown
having a good time.

At some point, in the fourth chukker, the score was tied at four, but no one, including me, by match-end had memorialized who won the coveted Monty Waterbury Cup — as if it really mattered. By 5pm, the match had concluded and the RROC contingent began to call it a day - a half-hour later the last remnants of picnic leftovers were packed, and the crew hauled the remains to the queue of cars on the far end of the field. Party over? According to Heidi it was; all twenty-six pounds of her was fast asleep on the Varnadore's picnic blanket, exhausted from all the food and watching the horses run up and down the field.

But unwilling to call it a day, a small sub-group (Rich, Elise, Joe, Veronika, Scott, Joe, Greg, Maria and I) decided to have an *after-party* on the way home, stopping at the Sunset Cove, in Tarrytown, New York, and having dinner on the Hudson River, beside the Tappan Zee Bridge. Sitting al fresco, the group dined leisurely, while listening to live music, watching the sun set and recounting the day's events. A few actually knew the names of the teams playing polo, but no one recalled the score, or who won. But they all knew that Scott won the bottle toss, with a bottle of Pinot Noir.

After all, there are priorities.

Until next year.



Andrew Blackman, our fearless Chairman,
dreaming of polo ponies and the winning goal!

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SON OF GADGETS.

by KEN KOSWENER

Besides leaking fluids that modern science has yet to name, one thing that our cars have in common is the battery. Since, in the northeast, our cars are not used as often as most other cars are, the battery tends to lose stored power, especially during the winter months when the cars are laid-up. This behavior often leads to the premature failure, necessitating replacement of the battery when the cars come out of hibernation.

To aid in this, there are devices known as “battery tenders” available that are hooked up to the battery with a permanent (or semi-permanent) mounting and wiring.



(Factory Photo - Comfort Connect)

The kit comes with two interchangeable cables: one with traditional alligator clips for temporary connection, and, eyelet lugs for a more permanent connection. Both feature a locking connector to the charger’s cable, which CTEK refers to as “Comfort Connect.”

Let’s first look at the charger, itself. It is a small unit with a button and a row of status indicator lamps. The button toggles the charger’s various modes. The status lamps show which part of the charging cycle the charger is currently operating in. Obviously, there is an AC-line input cord, and then the 12-volt DC line output cord, terminated with a Comfort Connect connector.

Now, connecting and disconnecting the charger via the alligator clips is not convenient, and the leads with eyelets on the ends leaves a cable dangling around the boot, CTEK has come up with a nifty, little kit for mounting an input port, with charge status indicator, on a wall of the boot. It is not only practical, it looks good, and should pass muster in judging, at least for touring class.



(Factory Photo)

The kit comes with the following items:

- The panel mount connector/status indicator with about 9 feet of cable with terminal eyes pre-connected, and a fuse at the battery end.
- A self-stick template for cutting the rectangular hole for the mounting.
- Instruction Manual.

Let’s note here that the panel mount connector has plastic spring clips around the body of the connector that will lock into the hole that we are going to cut, and, also that, the connector must be installed in a place with enough backroom to clear the body of the device.

The guinea pig is my 1987 Silver Spur, with brake fluid bottle holders, and with the battery mounted in the right side of the boot, under the floor. You can modify these instructions for whatever car you are mounting it in; this is a general outline.

One of the great villains of adding electrical “stuff” to a car is that cables tend to chaff and fray if not routed correctly, so we will take care to make sure that the wires are protected, especially considering how much length we’ll have left over, since we don’t want to cut the wires to shorten them and lose those nice molded-on eyelets.

So, we will need a Phillips-head screwdriver, a box (or carpet) knife, and wrenches for the battery terminals.

The next step is to locate an area on the panel that is not obstructed by any structural metal behind it. Looking at the bare frame of the car, there is a nice big hole to the right of the brake fluid bottle holder insert, and this is going to be the place where it goes.

(The following describes a 1987 SSpur. Other models/years are similar.) If equipped, remove the two screws holding the bottle door hinge to the floor of the boot and remove the door. Remove the Philips head screws that hold the panel in place (there are five when the bottle holder is installed.) The panel can then be removed by some creative wiggling. Remove the plastic bottle insert and return the panel loosely into place. Reach behind the panel with a pencil and scribe an outline hole of the back of the panel. Now, off to the worktable, where we will attach the included self-stick template as close to the center as possible, in the back of the panel. Square it with the bottom edge of the panel, since the top is on a slant, relative to the trunk line. (The illustration shows a squiggly circle that I did in the blind. I then drew a new circle using a small glass around the center of the original "circle.")



On some protective surface, with the panel face down, cut the square hole with the box knife using the template's outline. (Do not be tempted to put your hand behind the panel as you are cutting to steady it, for obvious safety reasons.) Try to stay just within the line to make it oh-so slightly smaller than the actual switch. If this is done carefully, the hole will now be the same shape and size of the connector. Test fit it in case adjustments to the cutout are required, and then press the connector into the cutout until the edges of the connector's face crush the carpet pile edges down. The clips will now expand and lock it into place. (If the hole is a bit loose, you can use some glue on the rear to hold it into place, but, if all went well, it should not be necessary.)



The Cut



The Result



The adapter pressed into place.

Reassemble the panel back into the side of the fender wall, and draw the wire to the rear corner. It is now time to dress the wire through the frame to the battery, so extend the wire all the way open, and pull it through the hole that we cut. Draw the wire around the frame, and down under the rear of the boot and run it along the battery mains cables, per the picture. We will leave a little slack within the battery well, along with the fuse holder, but not too much. To prevent chaffing, I have also covered that exposed section of the wire with a flexible, protective, plastic loom from that I originally purchased at Radio Shack (RIP) but is also available at Home Depot et al.

Loosen the battery clamp nuts, negative first, and remove the negative clamp immediately after loosening the nut. (This is to prevent accidental shorts, if the wrench touches a ground point whilst loosening the positive nut.) It is not necessary to remove the positive clamp, but both nuts must be removed. Attach the eyelets to the bolt shafts on the nut side, make sure that they are lying as horizontal as possible and tighten up the nuts. Try to keep the fuse holder on the top of the battery to prevent it from being crushed. (You can always use a self-stick anchor in the battery top, with nylon wire ties to keep the cable still, if you are as paranoid about these things as I am.)

Finally, dress the wire by using nylon wire ties to run it along the battery cables, and tuck the slack of the cabling into the corner area, out of the way, away from sharp edges and still, with wire ties.

The finished product should look something like this:



And, to charge, all you need do is pop off the cover, plug the charger into the socket, and then plug the charger in. I have found that the boot lid will close safely on any decent 20-amp rated power cord, if you need to close the lid.

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Also, unless your boot is as cluttered as mine, you can see the charge indicator simply by opening the lid a taking a peek.



Neat, Functional, and Convenient

The only question left is whether the pieces (carpet & backing,) removed from the panel and shown in the final picture, should be forwarded to the Foundation to be archived and classified for historical purposes.



Feel free to email me with any questions, or suggestions: kkoswener@hotmail.com

BOOK TO BE PUBLISHED!

Nonpareil basks in 15 minutes of literary fame!



Immerse yourself, data-style, in a soon-to-be-released, sprawling, 8-volume fictional novel entitled *Belvidere*, set in our own sleepy little riverside hamlet in Warren County, with Nonpareil and Bogliol's Palace of Sweets prominently featured throughout the story. Controversial characters, coarse language and a slew of taboo topics abound - readers be warned - this expansive novel is certainly not for the faint of heart.

Installation volumes will be available to purchase individually, or as a complete 8-book set; in hardcover, eBook and audiobook formats.

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FOR THE TECHNICALLY-MINDED.

by JOE MARLEY

On a sunny Sunday morning, this past May the more technically-minded members of our Chapter gathered with their PMCs at Deluxe Auto Storage in New Hyde Park, New York.

As in prior years, we had two goals for this event. Our first aim was to provide members and interested friends the opportunity to learn about the mechanics of the wondrous, yet occasionally vexing machines, we drive. The second was to give Members' a chance to have their personal Rolls-Royce and Bentley vehicles inspected by two of the most knowledgeable men on this continent.

John Palma, the owner of Palma Automotive in Audubon, New Jersey is National Tech Advisor for the RROC and the undisputed master of modern cars. He focused his expertise on the Rolls Silver Shadows and T-Series Bentleys, and later cars.

Howard Krimko, currently affiliated with Champion Motors in Syocett, New York has spent decades beneath the bonnets of vintage British cars and was responsible for evaluating and locating at least two members' PMCs; Stan Nayer's Silver Cloud I and Ed and Joanne Goldman's Silver Cloud II. He was awarded for his service to the Club at the National Meet Banquet in Ashville, North Carolina last year. Howard stepped into the role David Scott has performed so well in years past and concentrated on the Clouds and S-Series Bentleys.

The turnout was higher than recent tech meets and the experts had a long day's work. One by one about fifteen Atlantic Region Members' cars took the lift.

The expert inspections provided some revelations, to be sure.

A failing water pump was detected on John Carter's otherwise pristine white Corniche III convertible. This discovery no doubt saved John from suffering a failure to proceed in his award-winning car somewhere down the line. Newcomer Jun Youn's car had much potential but a long road ahead, Nigel Mack, also attending for the first time learned that some shop years ago had reattached his bumper's guards upside down — an easy fix with a socket set and a can of penetrating oil. Your author was pleased to learn that his recently-acquired 1984 Silver Spur was pretty sound but for a leaking fuel accumulator that John Palma advised me to procure directly from Bosch.

As always, Deluxe Auto Storage provided a terrific on-premises lunch for us and allowed attendees to stroll through the fantastic collection of cars housed there. It was an eclectic grouping to be sure, ranging from a nearly new Silver Ghost to a Ferrari F-40 to a Ford Model and a restored Good Humor truck — proof positive the classic Car hobby is large enough for everybody.

Find out more about Deluxe Car storage at Deluxecarstorage.com

John Palma can be contacted through his website Palmaclassiccars.com; Howard Krimko can be reached through championmotorsinternational.com.

NAME THIS TOOL: ANSWERS

It's a relay removal tool.



Grab and pull out a relay.



The relay removed from its socket.

Caring for Your Precious Gem, continued from page 29.

Once the majority of the water is removed, use a 1,100 GSM towel to dry the remaining water. Once again. Light pressure. If at any time a towel drops on the ground anytime during the cleaning process, it's done. It no longer gets used until it's been run through the washing machine.

- Waxing - There's so many different waxes available how are you to know what is best for you and your car? Listen to the hype? A friend? An ad? The pretty bottle or can it's packaged in? A professional?

There are good, better and best. But by whose definition? Some are longer lasting. Some are easier to apply and remove. Some have UV protection in them. But the best wax is the one you're most comfortable and happy with. Because everyone has their favorites. This author's preferred is Insulator wax. There are a few companies that make it. Their value in an insulator wax is that its intended design is to be applied to telephone insulators and add conductivity to the electrical wires passing around them. It is intended to last a long time. They tend not to be dusty when polishing. They can take a lot of heat. They aren't in sexy, shiny boxes with pictures of race cars on them. They cost more because they do more. Shiny boxes are for birthday presents.

Apply your chosen wax two to four square feet at a time. Apply it in small circular motions running on a track. Like a Tornado going across flat land. Allow it to dry to a haze and polish it off. Follow the lines of the car in removing. DON'T PRESS HARD. If you've got to push the wax off, you've got the wrong product. Or working in the wrong conditions. It's all about the temperature and humidity. Wax your way from the top down. Just like you did when washing. Be sure to get all the excess, white residue off and from the cracks of brand names, molding etc. Use a Q-Tip in the small tight areas. Be careful and take your time.

If you start out with a car that is not already slightly scratched and swirl marked and you follow these simple guidelines as discussed here, you'll have years of enjoying the beauty and luster of your car's paint, interior and overall appearance.

If you want your PMC's paint and body in true "concourse condition" then look into Paint Correction (far different than removing a few scratches and swirl marks) and protecting your paint and interior with Nano-Ceramics.

The author offers to discuss any questions regarding the process of proper cleaning and maintenance of your PMC's paint, body and interior.

A FINAL NOTE FROM YOUR EDITOR.

by KRISTINE CHIORANDO

SO BEGINS THE JOURNEY.

Those four words were penned in my first letter to you – two years and four publications ago; I can hardly believe the time has flashed so quickly. It has been a roller-coaster of frenzied and frustrating, exhilarating and educational; a non-stop ride of articles to secure, writers to chase, copy to edit, photographs to select, advertisers to woo, monies to chase, with the whole production wrapped in three ominous words: deadlines to meet. If I had to sum the experience in two thoughts, it would be these: absolutely exhausting and for-sure fun. What a ride.

But that ride is about to end for me.

So on that note, I am passing the baton, both the fun and the exhausting, to a new editor, who will guide The Atlantic Lady from this point forward. **Ms. Dena Colao** will assume the reigns, whom I am confident will do an outstanding job ensuring we provide the same relevant, accurate and enjoyable content you have all come to enjoy over the years. **Welcome Dena!**

However, before I exit stage left, I wanted to take a moment to thank the many Club members who are, and have been, instrumental in making this magazine a success. It is because of them that I have been able to help compile this fine magazine, to stitch their stories, tales and experiences into a cohesive tapestry, which countless members have told me they look forward to finding in their mailbox, opening, and reading. That is the best testament to our joint efforts.

Now, I would like to take a moment to make a few special call-outs:

To **Glenn Brukardt**, who has been cajoled to write countless tales in his colorful, eloquent, and humorous way, memorializing the many Club events we have enjoyed over the past two years;

To **Bill Wolf**, who has shared with us many an eclectic story, and ample professional photographs, capturing artifacts, history and friends;

To **Robert Tevis**, who brightens our day with his legends of movies, highlighting our renowned motorcars and other stories past and present;



To both **Ken Koswener** and **Kevin Quirk**, who share their expert advice and technical knowledge on how-to-care for our beloved, finicky motorcars, as well as impart their wealth of Rolls-Royce and Bentley history;

To our Chairman **Andrew Blackman**, who has passed-on his wisdom, has dedicated a good part of his life to this Club and who has, beyond question, shown us all what an incredible sense of humor he has – even if at his own expense;

To Co-Activity Chair **Joe Marley**, my last-minute, oh my goodness, I need an article, wing-man; who always pulled through and provides concise, very well written synopses of a variety of Club events;

To that other Co-Activity Chair, **Scott LeFebvre**, who has more-often-than not rallied the troops to attend many of the Club events featured in the magazine; and

To those many untold members who so willingly supported our Club events despite busy schedules, shared their passions, their memories, and their tales of what inspired them to command the wheel of our prestigious motorcars, not to mention those who have been willing to spend their dollars funding magazine ads and/or their time lassoing other advertising dollars from near and far.

I will always look back melancholy at the infamous time, two years ago, after my second martini (pictured above), that I agreed to be your editor-in-chief (damn martinis do it every time!). So, it is with a sad heart that I bid you farewell, at least from the editor's chair. I will certainly still see you all at upcoming Club events, asking Dena "when are we going to get the next edition of The Atlantic Lady, the deadline is approaching!"

I end my editorial stint with these four words...

SO ENDS THE JOURNEY.

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