



THE

GOSHAWK



FLIER



RROC GOSHAWK SOCIETY
SERVING THE SMALL HP COMMUNITY

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As always, I warmly welcome
your articles! and
thanks!!

Terry

Greetings Ladies and Lads of the Goshawk Society

Sincere thanks go out to Tom Murray, Gil Fuqua, Gregory Johnston, David Clover and Phil Brooks for their contributions to this most worthwhile publication! Perhaps some of the rest of you might put fingers to the keyboard and send me something? I am still hopeful that, one day, I'll open an email from one of you telling me of the trip you and your parrot took..... and how said bird described the trip!

One again we in the northern climes are enduring snow (lots of it), rain & wind while you in the southern climes are basking under Old Sol.....I suppose it's only fair.

Speaking of sun don't forget the RROC National Meet In Orlando, Florida 27 March-2 April. The prospectus from HQ RROC is almost the size of TFL and describes a spectacular week!

We have put Old Wraith away for the winter...except for cold but dry days. He does have a Clayton heater (works well) that was installed before the original owner took delivery. I do feel a bit of a sissy, however, driving a prewar with a heater...but it does feel nice!

Barb, Old Wraith and I wish you and yours a very healthy, pleasant & meaningful Holiday Season. Perhaps some of you could send me a picture of your PMC in a winter setting?

Terry



60 Years of Being in Love, Part 2

For the Goshawk Society "*Goshawk Flyer*"

Tom Murray, Guilford Connecticut

Part One of this story (discussing Clara Bowe's car) closed in a state of Rolls-less-ness after the sale of my beloved Wraith, WLB22, a condition that lasted five years. Still, it was not a time devoid of consolations. During that period there were some wonderful items on E-bay, among them pre-WW2 Rolls and Bentley Handbooks, which I began to collect in earnest. Many times a Handbook has gone astray from the car to which it once belonged, and on rare occasions amazing coincidences can occur, uniting book and car again. One day a handbook appeared with what appeared to be the chassis GED5 stamped on the inside cover. I say "*appeared to be*" because the image was unclear. GED5, a handsome Mann Egerton limousine, happens to belong to good friends, Richard and Jeanne Lorenzen in Lincoln, Nebraska. A few years back Richard even let me drive GED5 (aka "Petunia"). I forwarded the E-bay link to him, he did some optical wizardry on the image to confirm that the book did in fact belong to his car, and entered what became a winning bid — this, when the car was nearly seventy-five years old!

Though it sounds illogical now, the year after I parted with the Wraith I began going to RROC national meets again. The last one I had attended was fully sixteen years earlier — 1980 in Newport — to which I had driven WLB22. I just wanted to be around the cars. The greatest pleasure, however, proved to be meeting collectors and researchers who quickly became good friends — among them Tom Clarke, whose book about the 20/25 had been published in the Complete Classics series, Bryan and Cindy Jones, Paul and Nancy Teryl, John and Robin deCampi, Jack Triplett, David and Rachel Timmons. Many readers will know David's spectacular Wraith WHC43, a Windovers limousine restored to perfection — the car consigned by the British government to be used by Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery in the last years of the Second World War. David has amassed amazing photographic documentation on the car, much from Pathé News footage, verifying that His Majesty George VI and Winston Churchill were passengers in the car.

The year 2000 marked the beginnings of a search for another Rolls. My sixtieth birthday was not far off, and there was a growing awareness that a time could come when I might not be able to "*get out and get under*", at least not so easily. The occasional car came up for sale locally and any trip away for playing organ concerts set me poring through the FL Bazaar and Hemmings and spending an extra day in a distant city to check something out. "It doesn't cost anything to *look*, does it"?

Then, in *The Flying Lady* (September/October, 2000) an advert for a 20/25 Hooper Allweather appeared — a four-door open car from the mid-1930s — translation: *rare* ! The fall term at Yale had just begun and, thinking that such an attractive car would surely have sold already, I did nothing. But then, in the March/April issue, the advert appeared again. There was no photo with the ad but there was one in Tom Clarke's book. I determined to drive to Ocean City, Maryland to see it one weekend, casually mentioning in an e-message to Bernard King (of the Complete Classics series) that I was going to look over GPG70.

The car was a dream! Its owner, Edward "Scoop" Collins had been giving it excellent care. With regrets, he and his wife, then both in their eighties, had



begun to part with their collection. Driving back to Connecticut I mentally rehearsed all the reasons why such a purchase was a foolish extravagance. Hadn't I already had my fun with these machines? As it says in scripture: *"To everything there is a season"*. Maybe the season had passed.

Upon arriving home I collected e-messages, not with much enthusiasm, since we all know how unrelenting e-mail can be. But a surprise was waiting on the screen — a message which began: "News travels fast and Bernard has just rung me with the news that you are going to inspect GPG70 . . . the second of my grandfather's Rolls-Royces" (!) The message was from William Morrison, keen Rolls and Bentley owner, scholar and author who for years did research for clients on ownership histories for their cars under the business name Motorhistorica. (He is currently completing The Mulliner Project, a forthcoming history of the several Mulliner coachbuilding firms).

As you now can guess, I acquired GPG70, which continues to bring the greatest pleasure. Will generously provided me with a history of the car, which was owned exclusively by two generations of the Morrison family in Scotland until coming to America. Thus, the history of GPG70 emerged, not through months of searching on my part but from someone who had unique, first-hand knowledge.

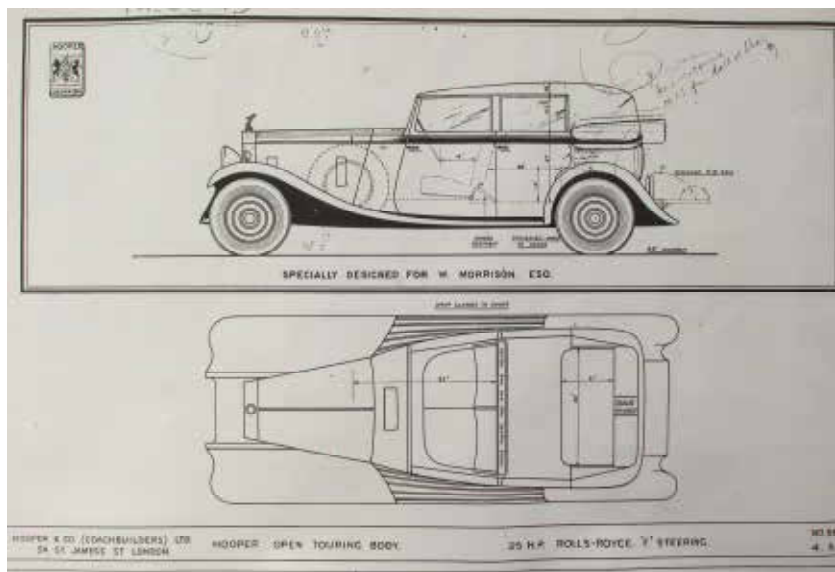


The car was bought new by William Morrison Sr. as a "retirement treat" when he stepped down from the board of the Distillers Company in Glasgow at age seventy. His younger son (also William) had a hand in the design and wanted rakish front wings without valences, "like the MGs used by the Glasgow Police". The result was more conservative. Will says "possibly Grandpa put his foot down"! A native Highlander, Morrison used the car for fishing trips but did not drive it himself. When the car passed to his eldest son, Myles, the family continued to employ a chauffeur, but Myles loved to drive and care for the car himself. An avid life-long climber, Myles went off to Everest at the age of 68 and walked the base camps in his kilt!

In the late 1960s Myles met Ronald Henges from St. Louis at a vintage car rally. Mr. Henges

admired the car and seven years later, when Myles was 71, they reached an agreement for purchase. GPG70 then came to join Henges' Springfield P-I "Tilbury" in October of 1974.

Part One of a definitive history of this car (and others owned by the Morrisons) has just appeared in an article written by Will in Number V of *The Roycean*. Part Two will appear in the next issue and will cover the car's history in North America. If you consider yourself a serious student in matters Rolls-Royce, you owe it to yourself to acquire this yearly journal; get all five back issues if you can! Given the copious amount of information about GPG70 now available there for readers, I will refrain from elaborating further on its history. Please note the photo of Morrison Senior with the car when new, and also Hooper's elevation drawing. I wonder whether Brewster's "Newmarket" design had an influence on Hooper? The difference in wheelbase (129 inches for the



20/25 versus 144 inches for the Phantom) makes it necessary for a much larger “cut” in the rear doors on the smaller car, but the similarity is worth noting.

My firm resolve had always been to have only one “collector car” at a time. But there are circumstances when resolve weakens, when an opportunity arises and when the exceptional generosity of friends alters the normal course of events. In this instance, the musical “connections” referred to earlier play a part. Through David and Rachel Timmons I became acquainted with Russell and Marcia Herrold of Columbus, Ohio. Civic leader and senior partner in the largest law firm in Columbus, Russell was a trustee of CCCA, a past President of the CCCA Museum and served as what he liked to call “Meet-Head Judge” at CCCA Grand Classics.

The Herrolds and Timmonses have also been pillars of Covenant Presbyterian Church in Upper Arlington, Ohio since its founding, and when their church sanctuary was being built in 1964, David and Russell insisted to the architect: “We want a *genuine pipe organ*, not an electronic imitation!” By 2004 the forty year-old instrument had begun to show its age. When asked, I happily offered some advice on a renovation proposal (which also included adding stops and pipes) and was subsequently invited to play an inaugural concert on the organ. Marcia chaired the fund-raising committee and I recall being present when, with a flourish, she officially dissolved the committee upon the completion of its work!

Sadly, Russ passed away soon thereafter. At that time the engine of his 1939 Wraith was being rebuilt by Earl “Butch” Murphy in preparation for the Finger Lakes CCCA CARavan the following month. It would have been the Herrolds’ thirty-sixth CARavan in the thirty-three years they were CCCA members. David Timmons writes: “Given the usual 1000-mile length I’d estimate they might well have done 40,000 miles [in the Wraith alone] on such tours. The only other CARavan they tried in another car was the 1995 coast-to-coast which they started from New York in their 1940 Buick Limited. We joined them in Northern Ohio when the Buick was having problems. After working all night during the layover it was determined that the Buick could go no further. We quickly put it in a trailer, ran it to Columbus, exchanged it for the Wraith, which successfully continued to California without any special preparation. That made believers out of a lot of people”.

Nine years followed Russell’s death before Marcia decided to pass their gorgeous Wraith H. J. Mulliner sedanca de ville (WLB41) along to a new caretaker. David was there to help in the transition, most especially in trailering the car (and me) to Murphy’s for inspection and new fluids (it had been off the road for several years) before we made a test drive. The Wraith had been in the Herrold family for forty years (1973 – 2013), by far the longest family ownership in its history, during which it won a number of CCCA senior awards.



Small HP Lubrication – Enot's Fittings

By Gil Fuqua (TN)

The Small HP cars have a few lubrication fittings on the chassis that resemble an elongated dome with threads. The fittings were manufactured by Enots in the UK and were designed for oil lubrication, not grease. Known as Enots fittings, they provide lubrication to key parts that are not served by the Bijur system.

Silver Ghosts are loaded with Enots fittings since they were made prior to the introduction of the Bijur central lubrication system found on 20/25s, Phantom Is and later cars (Photo 2). The Silver Ghost Association (SGA) has considerable experience with lubricants for the earlier cars and recommends Steam Cylinder Oil for lubrication through the Enots fittings. Steam Cylinder oil is 600w and is much thicker than engine oil. The more viscous nature of 600w oil provides some extra stickiness to parts and is an important attribute for use in the Enots fittings. Steam Cylinder Oil (600w) is available from most of the major petroleum manufacturers, such as Mobil, Texaco and Penrite.



How Much Oil is Enough in an Enots Fitting?

When oiling the Enots fittings, put oil into the fitting until it comes out of the joints. That's enough. There may be Enots fittings on the front axle, rear axle, front engine mount and drive shaft. In oiling the drive shaft, the Enot's fitting should be facing down so the vent hole opposite the Enots fitting is on top. Be sure to remove the vent plug prior to adding oil to the drive shaft coupling. Add oil to the drive shaft fitting until it comes out the vent hole. If you have not oiled the drive shaft coupling before, remove the vent plug and roll it to the bottom to initially clear any old oil and debris with a few squirts of oil in the fitting. Once this clears, roll the vent hole to the top and continue filling until overflowing. Then replace the vent plug.

On earlier cars, there are Enots fittings around the servo, brakes and clutch where too much oil can be a problem. The front brakes have a small drip hole below the Enots oil nipple. Check that the drip hole is clear since it allows excess oil to weep out and away from the brake linings.

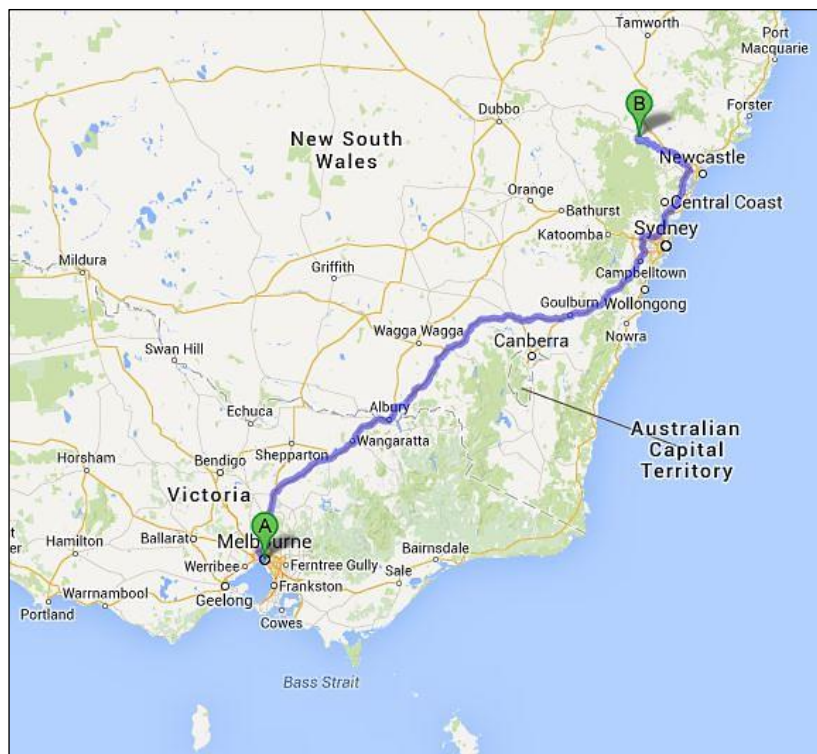
Be sure that your Enots fittings have a cap on them to keep out dirt. If you are missing a cap for an Enots fitting, new ones are available from Fiennes Restoration,¹ Restoration Supply², Vintage Supplies Ltd.³ and other suppliers.

Enots Oil Guns

An Enots fitting has an integral coarse thread and is designed for an Enots oil gun that screws on to the fitting and provides an oil-tight fit. There are a number of variations of Enots oil guns, including original ones made by Enots (Photo 1) and several modern alternatives.



GPG 23 ATTENDS THE 2014 FEDERAL RALLY OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE OWNERS CLUB OF AUSTRALIA



Over 700 miles from A to B

The Hunter Valley, about 150 miles North of Sydney, is renowned for its combination of wonderful scenery, temperate climate and a profusion of boutique vineyards all linked by a network of charmingly picturesque roads.

Who could resist such a perfect venue for the 2014 RROCA Federal Rally to be held in early May?

Gail and I set about planning our trip in early February. Given the fact that we faced a 1400 mile round trip by road and that both of us led busy lives, we decided to send GPG23 by road transport to Sydney and fly in, collect the car and drive the remaining 150 miles to Rally Headquarters. At the rally's conclusion we felt that we could allow a couple of days for the return drive to Melbourne.

THE PLAN

Since its arrival in Melbourne in April 2012 after 8 years of Phil Birkeland's careful custodianship in the Pacific Northwest Region of the RROC, GPG23 had already covered two quite lengthy journeys including a week's touring in its home state of Victoria, covering a thousand miles in the process. This experience, confirmed by Phil's meticulously-recorded log book of maintenance notes, gave us every confidence in the car's reliability and its fitness for such a journey even at 79 years of age.

Nevertheless, we booked the car in for a pre-rally checkover at Simon Elliott's Derby Works. I also decided to take the opportunity to rectify the only blemish sustained on the car's journey to Melbourne from Long Beach California, namely to replace the clutch plate which had been severely "cooked" by the idiots at either end of its sea voyage. With the removal of so many items (seats, floor, gearbox etc.) that a 20/25 clutch replacement entails, it also occurred to us that it would be a good opportunity to give the running gear and chassis a really good going-over.

Almost simultaneously, the thought hit us: why not prepare the car for Concours duty at the same time?

Given the car's previous concours history in Phil's hands back in the U.S.A (Five Touring Class 2nd Places and two awards for the best/most original Hooper-bodied car at a National Meet), we felt that we should enter the car in the much-coveted E.J Vidler Shield for Age & Authenticity category

In 45 years of membership of the RROC here in Australia, I had never participated in any concours event, so the learning curve was going to be a steep one, to say the least. I decided that the best course was to "judge" the car myself, which would at least give me a starting point for the preparation process.

Firstly, Paintwork: excellent condition, but with "cobwebbing" over much of the body and with finishing work required around the inside of the boot lid area. To rectify the cobwebbing there is no substitute for many hours of skilled handwork with fine paper and polishing compounds. The chassis: in wonderfully complete and original condition and just in need of a thorough cleanup and correct "P" clips securing the wiring where needed. Interior: attention to the brightwork, a good waxing of the timberwork and the usual attention to leather, carpets and glass.

The wheel discs deserved replating of the brightwork and repainting of the coach lines, whilst restoration of the RR badges on the bumper bars completed my schedule of concours preparation tasks. Since our acquisition of GPG 23 it had been our aim to finish what previous custodian Phil Birkeland had started and return the car to a state identical to that when it was delivered to its first owner.



The recesses under the front seats now boast their full array of tools

Now sporting its full compliment of small and large tools, original No XVI Handbook, original Sales Brochure and correct 1935 copies of the Rolls-Royce Bulletin, GPG most certainly lacked for nothing in this respect.



MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES

Fast forward to May - a matter of a few months, during which time I must have aged several years.

The car was booked into The Derby Works in early April to attend to the replacement of the clutch, one or two other small jobs and of course, a general service and checkover prior to such a lengthy trip. As is so often the case, unexpected problems then arose to threaten the timetable.

The discovery that the exhaust main silencer was on its last legs added many dollars and the consumption of much time to my carefully - planned schedule. The dismantling of the clutch mechanism revealed a cracked clutch ring which placed extra strain on both bank balance and my nervous system. When the wrong clutch parts arrived from the U.K and had to be exchanged for the correct items, another 3 weeks' delay threatened severe dislocation to my plans.

But thanks to Simon Elliott and willing hands it all came right in the end and Gail and I took advantage of every moment of the unscheduled down time on the car to clean the chassis and running gear from end to end.

This was a painstaking but very rewarding task made easier by the fact that the whole underside of the car were basically pretty clean to begin with but the exercise again underscored the originality of the chassis by showing to advantage all the marvellous original brown paint, a point that I hoped would not go unnoticed by the judging panel.

GPG 23 was collected on time by the carriers for its journey to Sydney.



Under starter's orders: GPG 23 about to depart in luxury for Sydney

ON OUR WAY AT LAST

Two days later Gail and I flew to Sydney and after a 10 minute cab ride were reunited with GPG 23. Soon we were on our way for our late morning 150 – odd mile trip to the Hunter Valley and our 2014 RROCA Federal Rally rendezvous. Having avoided the worst of the traffic snarls that are an inevitable concomitant of navigating from one side of the Sydney metropolis to the other, an hour's driving brought us to the ease of freeway travel to our destination and with GPG 23 devouring the miles at a serene and unfussy 50-55 mph, the stresses of the preceding two months quickly became a distant memory.

On arrival at Rally Headquarters and with registration formalities speedily despatched, we unpacked and gave GPG 23 a quick wash and brush-up. We awoke the next morning to an amazing sight with cars and crews everywhere beavering away furiously at their final-minute concours preparations. It all felt a little surreal to us as we both felt that we had done everything to prepare the car for scrutiny and chose instead to take an unhurried breakfast prior to the 10am drive that all concours participants were required to undertake.

We departed on schedule for the concours venue - a local boutique winery about a half-hour's meandering drive away – in glorious sunshine.



Beautiful weather and empty roads – GPG 23's natural habitat for the Rally weekend

THE CONCOURS JUDGING

If on some future occasion someone asks me whether I would prefer to submit GPG 23 to concours judging or visit the dentist, I know which answer to give.

The concours venue was in fact the barrel room at the winery where the bright overhead lighting and the blindingly brilliant torches issued by the platoons of concours judges meant that not even the tiniest flaw would escape their collective eagle eye.



When four (!) judges descend upon our car, even the most phlegmatic owner would find the situation unnerving.

When two of the four judges turn out to be renowned Rolls-Royce historians Tom Clarke and David Neely (as was the situation in my case), even the slightest gesture such as a slightly raised eyebrow is sufficient to cause the severest palpitations.

Note: The venue's lighting does not do justice to GPG23's unique colour!



Amanda Henderson takes notes whilst David Neely (l) and Tom Clarke (r) confer whilst yours truly (fr) tries unsuccessfully to appear nonchalant



*“What on earth are they whispering about?”
Four more concours judges in conference about GPG23*

Gail was more down to earth: “stop wringing your hands. Come and have lunch.”
Anxious self: “but what if the judges want to ask me any questions about the car?”
Sensible Gail: “they’ve already gone to lunch, you dummy.”
Inconsolable anxious self: “but they might want to re-examine the car”
Long-suffering Gail: “THEY’VE ALREADY GONE TO LUNCH”.

We were released from servitude by the judging panel at about 2.30pm and after such an experience, the prospect of an afternoon siesta was an attractive one, to say the least.

That evening at the Presentation Dinner I was serenity itself, being completely convinced that an older car would have prevailed in the judging.

You see, the Vidler Shield has built into its scoring system an Age Allowance, whereby cars older than GPG 23 are at an advantage under such a system. Given the gaggle of Ghosts, Phantoms & 20HP’s up against me – not to mention a gorgeous Freestone & Webb 20/25 with fabulous Art Deco fittings – it really seemed foolish to allow one’s hopes any free rein.

So when GPG 23 was announced as the winner I was totally unprepared, to the extent that I took some time to find my feet. After I returned to our table and the dust settled, Gail and I took a moment to reflect on the events of the day and indeed the weeks and months leading up to the Concours and now in the aftermath of the announcement we did admit to a feeling of deep satisfaction at what we had managed at our first ever attempt at such an exercise.

To think that only 11 years after Phil Birkeland had discovered this sleeping beauty in Peter Hageman’s showroom and gently and sensitively brought it back to its former glory, here it was on the other side of the world, winning an award which really is testament to Phil’s dedication to its preservation.

All Gail and I did was to finish what he started.



EPILOGUE

Two days later we set off on the 700-odd mile return journey to Melbourne in the same balmy weather of the previous four days. We had decided to spend two days driving home but had no specific overnight stop in mind. As things turned out GPG 23, obviously relishing the open road again, would have none of that. Once into its stride the car just ate up the miles and before we knew it, we had swept past the tentatively – planned overnight stop.

15 hours after our departure and amazingly suffering no sense of fatigue whatsoever, I pulled into our driveway in suburban Melbourne. The 700 + miles had been covered in a completely effortless and undramatic fashion. In my 46 years' experience of driving the products of Derby and Crewe I cannot remember a journey that better epitomised the Company's mastery of combining performance, comfort, handling and reliability in a single driving experience.



Homeward bound, with GPG23 raring to go

This car never ceases to amaze us with its willingness to run for mile after mile in a totally relaxed fashion, while the following statistics would bring a smile to any 20/25 owner's face:

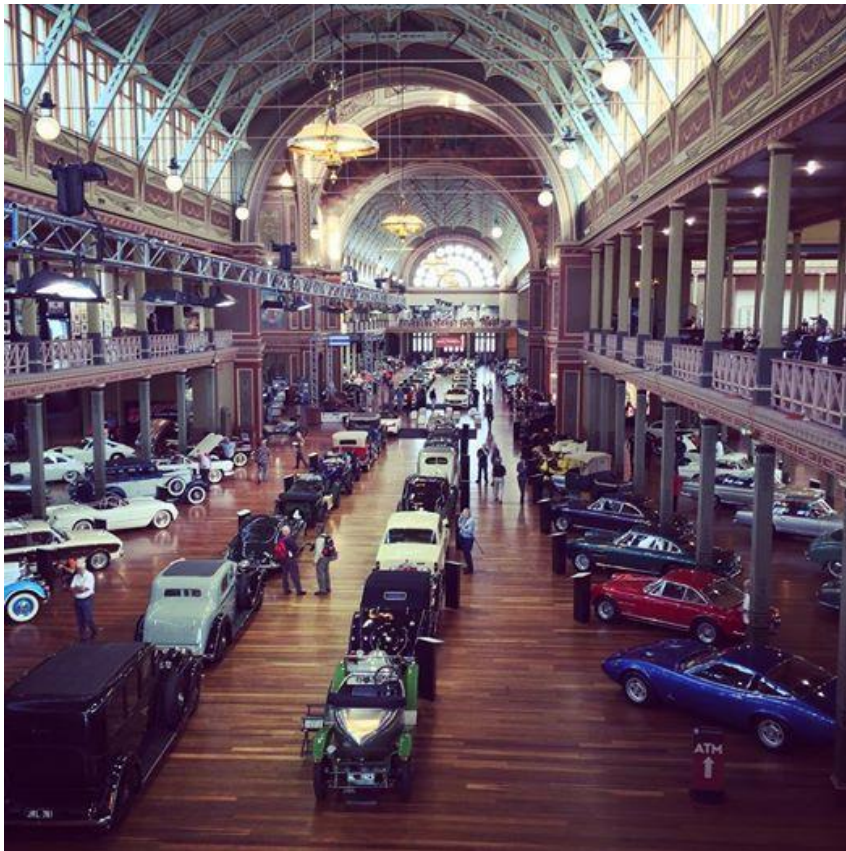
| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Water temperature</i> | <i>72 – 76 degrees</i> |
| <i>Oil pressure</i> | <i>27 lbs</i> |
| <i>Cruising speed</i> | <i>50 – 55mph</i> |
| <i>Fuel consumption</i> | <i>16mpg</i> |

In addition there was a discernible improvement in the car's power, all of which added up to a journey so relaxed that the hours behind the wheel were utterly stress-free.



Journey's end for the 2014 winner of the E.J Vidler Shield for Age and Authenticity

What an unforgettable journey and what a wonderful motorcar – truly, one of “Sir Henry Royce’s little jewels”.



POSTSCRIPT

In July Gail and I received an invitation to participate in Motorclassica 2014, to be held in Melbourne from 23rd – 26th October.

Motorclassica is the largest and most prestigious concours event in the Southern Hemisphere which is attended by many thousands of spectators and invitations to participate are highly prized.

GPG23 (lower left) at the 2014 Melbourne Motorclassica

We entered GPG23 in the hotly contested Preservation Class and were thrilled to be awarded a Finalist's Rosette, ultimately gaining 2nd Place, being only ½ a point behind the Winner.



Gail and I have decided that this final endorsement of Phil Birkeland's work will mark the end of a decade of GPG23's life in competition.

With a haul of five Touring Class awards and two Hooper Coachwork awards in RROC American Concours followed by two further Australian Concours awards – the last in open national competition – GPG23 has now earned a richly-deserved retirement

We look forward to keeping you all informed of the next chapter of GPG23's adventures after a new high-ratio 13:50 cwp has been fitted. We feel that Sir Henry would have preferred this solution to the more usual fitment of an overdrive kit.

The test will be in the driving. Stay tuned.

Gregory Johnston
Sixth Owner GPG23

RROC San Diego tour and the La Jolla Concours d' Elegance

IN OUR 1937 ROLLS-ROYCE 25/30 GGM24 JAMES YOUNG SPORTS SALOON

By DAVID CLOVER, Oakland, CA

In early May over 10 years ago I saw a recently posted listing for a 1937 Rolls-Royce 25/30 by a consignment dealer in San Diego. After a conversation with him that same Friday afternoon, my wife Kristi and I decided that evening to drive down and see the car, since we really like the looks of the car and felt that it was nearly perfect for what we were looking for in the way of an interesting vehicle that we could use for touring. We arrived in San Diego at 11:00 the next morning, got a short drive in this vehicle around the Gaslight District of San Diego, had a long talk with the dealer and did a visual inspection of the vehicle and by 1:00 signed the papers to buy it. The rest is history, as this PMC, which we named "Edward", after Edward VIII, the Duke of Windsor (since it looks like a proper English country club car and since, also, that he had abdicated the Throne of England just as our chassis was completed), has given us much satisfaction, especially while doing extensive amounts touring with it.

So when we heard about the San Diego Region planning the RROC Spring Tour in April, 2014, we were ready to pack, drive down and celebrate a 10th anniversary. Since we try to avoid freeways (especially Interstates), we made our plans to head south (actually more southeast than south) mainly on California Highway 1. So on Monday, April 7, we departed from Oakland, across the San Francisco Bay Bridge and finally onto Highway 1 into Pacifica. We went through the new Devil's Slide Tunnel and down the coast through Half Moon Bay, Santa Cruz (with a side trip to Natural Bridges State Park and a drive along the Boardwalk), and Carmel. We made the almost mandatory photo stop at the Bixby Creek Bridge (a reinforced concrete arch bridge with a 320 foot span) before driving into Big Sur and our first night's destination, Deetjen's Big Sur Inn. This rustic inn, built in 1937, was the perfect place to stay on our first night out. Tucked into a wooden cove just south of the Nepenthe Restaurant, it offered a chance for a scenic nature walk before an excellent dinner in their restaurant and a cozy room for a good night's sleep. At last we felt that our driving adventure was really under way.



The weather was great the next morning for our drive south. Traffic was light but we did have some delays for the ever necessary road work. This road is perfect for our PMC and we had no trouble keeping up with traffic through, in places, traffic had trouble keeping up with us. The sights of the mountains meeting the ocean in such a dramatic fashion made



frequent stops necessary. No matter how many times you drive this road (that in itself was a major engineering feat when it was constructed between 1919 and 1937), it still leaves you in total awe of the beauty of its setting. By the time we reached Hearst Castle, the fog began settling in and we made a quick drive to our destination for the day, the Madonna Inn in San Luis Obispo. As an interesting note, San Luis Obispo, about half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco, is the home of the first "motel". Built in 1925 by Los Angeles architect Arthur Heineman (who also coined the word motel meaning motor hotel), each unit was a two-room bungalow with a kitchen and private garage and cost \$1.25 per night.

If you do not know the Madonna Inn, you are really missing something different. Each room has its own unique décor, mostly way over the top. We stayed in the Yosemite Rock room with rocks everywhere on the walls, a bathroom with a rock floors, water basins and waterfall shower. The decorations of every part of this inn, especially the dining areas, makes your eyes swim. If you are not familiar with this place, check it out on the internet.



South of San Luis Obispo we had no choice but to drive on Highway 101 until after Pismo Beach. Highway 1 went its separate way again through

Vandenberg Air Force Base to Lompoc. We took the time for a visit to La Purisima Mission, founded in 1787 as the eleventh of California's 21 Spanish Missions. Blue skies and light breezes made driving through the green farmlands and rolling hills a real pleasure. Then it was back onto Highway 101 (with occasional side trips on the old coast highway) through Santa Barbara to our destination in Ventura. This old town, built near the Spanish mission, was known as Buenaventura until 1866 (the name is still on the façade of City Hall). In old downtown is the law office of Erle Stanley Gardiner, where he began writing the Perry Mason novels in the 1950s. By the mid-afternoon the coastal fog had set in so we could not see the Santa Barbara Channel Islands.

The next day, with the fog still hanging around, we did a brief drive on Highway 101 before turning off at El Rio onto Highway 1 again (now also called the Pacific Coast Highway). Soon we were passing the cliffs of Point Mugu (where the Santa Monica Mountains meet the ocean) and on through Malibu. How is it that every time, in movies or a television show, you see someone driving along the highway through Malibu, it is sunny, there is very little traffic and no traffic lights, while what we experienced was fog, heavy traffic, all to frequent traffic signals and hair-raising driving behavior. Things got worse as we passed Santa Monica and it took us forever to finally get past Long Beach (at one point we thought a 747 was going to land on our roof and not LAX) and back to the open roads through Huntington Beach and Newport Beach. We finally arrived at our destination in Dana Point just as the sun was setting. The earliest photo of our PMC was at a concours at Dana Point in 1970 when it was owned by Dr. Thomas Amberry (who became famous in 1993 when he got his place in the Guinness Book of World Records by shooting 2,750 consecutive basketball free throws—a record that has since been surpassed).

The sun was out on Friday for our drive into San Diego. With Camp Pendleton in our way we were forced finally onto Interstate 5 for nearly 25 miles before getting off at Oceanside and rejoining the Pacific Coast Highway. After an easy drive along the coast through Carlsbad, past the Del Mar Racetrack (horses), through Torrey Pines (where, as a teenager in 1955 I saw the sports car races on city streets the featured such drivers as Ken Miles, Phil Hill and Dan Gurney) and pass the Scripps Institute of Oceanography into La Jolla. After a few more miles on the Pacific Coast Highway back we finally arrived at the meet hotel for the RROC Spring Tour, the Best Western Hacienda Hotel in Old Town San Diego. This area in the foothills just below the San Diego Presidio is where San Diego got its start. After ten years 'Edward' finally returned to San Diego.

Our rolling car show to San Diego had taken 5 days of slower driving, four completely different places for overnight stays and four wonderful diners. Every time we stopped, we received some sort of positive reaction to 'Edward', sometimes making it hard to get back on the road quickly. But it never bothered us, since we knew that driving a prewar car always draws attention. Our drive down was just over 600 miles and in the entire time the oldest car we saw on the road was a 1950 Chevrolet.

LA JOLLA MOTOR TOUR AND CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

The organizers of the RROC Spring Tour had made the suggestion to the tour participants to think about entering their PMCs in the La Jolla Concours d'Elegance to be held on the weekend before the start of the tour. We took this suggestion and decided not only to enter the show but to participate in the tour the day before.

Thus, Saturday morning, April 12, found us at 7:15 A.M. at the San Diego Automotive Museum in Balboa Park for the start of the La Jolla Concours Motor Tour. While there were many PMCs, we were the only prewar. The real stars through were two Bugatti Type 57 and a 1930 Isotta Fraschini 8A Touring Roadster. After having breakfast, looking at the museum collection briefly, and much car related discussions while being filmed by an overhead drone, the nearly 100 cars on the tour headed off for our first stop, The Calumet Collection (later to also be featured on the RROC Spring Tour). From



there we did a long drive to Rancho Santa Fe for a visit to some magnificent country estates, one of which had a main house of 29,000 sq. ft. set on nine useable acres. Along with the usual swimming pools and tennis court, it also had a nine-hole putting green off the exercise room. Nice place but slightly out of our price range. Our return trip took us along the coast to the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club for a buffet lunch in a setting along the beach. The tour cars were all allowed to park on the extensive lawn area in front of the main club house – an elegant setting with a small lake as a backdrop. Well fed, we were off for our final stop was a private museum called “Only Yesterday”. In the shop was a wonderful “Maharaja” Rolls-Royce PIII Thrupp & Maberly Sport Four Seater (which was offered at Bonhams Quail Lodge Auction in August), but the star of the collection was a 1930 Duesenberg J Murphy bodied all-weather four door convertible. From there it was a short drive back to our hotel where we spent some time preparing our car for the next event.



Early Sunday morning found us under foggy skies at the Ellen Browning Scripps Park at the Cove for the La Jolla Concours d'Elegance. Now we were surrounded by Rolls-Royces and Bentleys. We were placed in the Rolls-Royce Pre-War class along with a 1926 Springfield Silver Ghost RRCCW Salamanca (S399RL), a 1937 Phantom PIII and another 1937 25/30 4-

door touring Convertible (GMP39) (at right) belonging to Peggy Mason and her daughter Danielle (they were also signed on for the RROC Spring Tour so we got a chance to see more of this PMC). Behind us were a 1929 Bentley Speed Six Vanden Plas tourer, a 1935 Bentley 3 1/2 Litre Park Ward drophead coupe (B111DK), and a 1937 Bentley 4 1/4 Litre Vanden Plas tourer (B42KT). Among the more interesting post-war Rolls-Royce and Bentleys were a 1948 Silver Wraith Limousine and John Ellison Jr. (owner of the Calumet Collection) showed his 1967 Phantom V State Limousine Landaulette.

The Master of Ceremonies was Keith Martin, host of the television show “What’s My Car Worth”. Entrants could not bring tables or chairs but there excellent wooden folding chairs for everyone and the luncheon, served in a separate area, had

a wide choice food and drinks. The setting, on a cliff about the ocean, was perfect with plenty of room for the cars and lots of spectators. The sun did not come out until 2:00, just as they were getting ready to announce the awards. Overhead, the drone was again filming the affair until it had an encounter with a seagull and had to land very quickly, however never coming close to any of the show cars. To top off a wonderful day, we received an award for third in class. Luckily we were very close to the exit and were able to make a quick escape once the show ended. A quick 10 mile drive brought us back to our hotel in time for the gathering of participants of the RROC Spring Tour. This tour was covered in *The Flying Lady* July/August 2014 so I have only a few comments to add. The first day event on Monday, April 14, was an interesting drive around the attractions of San Diego but the Tuesday and Wednesday events featured too much freeway driving for our liking without that much to see and not enough time to relax and 'kick tires' with other participants.

COMING HOME FROM SAN DIEGO

When the RROC Spring Tour concluded on Friday, April 18 and everyone began departing homeward bound, Kristi and I got ready for the final stages of our adventure. After saying our farewells to the departing participants and finally getting everything packed we set out for a rather short drive through the Gaslight District of San Diego, over the Coronado Bridge and our next destination, The Hotel Del Coronado. Arriving in our 1937 Rolls-Royce 25/30 ('Edward') caused quite a sensation pulling up to the front entrance and, as a result, we got our own special protected parking place. There are many ways to get about at the Hotel del Coronado. Here's a comparison of two ways to do so.



Ten years ago, right after buying 'Edward', we came to the Hotel Del Coronado to have lunch and celebrate my birthday and our purchase. At that time we thought it would be fun someday to return and now we were having our chance. We got a room overlooking the ocean and settled in. On the horizon we could see a string of rocky islands in the distance. Being unaware of these islands we asked several hotel employees about them but no one seemed to know anything about their existence. Finally online we found that these four islands are actually part of Mexico and known as Islas Coronados (Crown Islands). Now only the South Island is occupied by a few fishermen,

a group of Mexican Naval Radar personnel and a few lighthouse operators. But there is more to the story of these islands! In May, 1943, USS PC-815 (Sub chaser) under the command of Lt. Commander Hubbard, used one of these islands (which at the time was occupied by the Mexican Coast Guard) for military exercises (thinking that they were in U.S. territorial waters), firing several rounds. Following the complaints of the Mexican Government, the officer was relieved of his command and demoted. We know he best as L. (Lafayette) Ron Hubbard, the man behind Scientology.

After enjoying a day of leisure and being well-fed by an excellent Easter Sunday Brunch, we began our journey northward. However, before we reached Camp Pendleton, the traffic on Interstate 5 had slowed to a 25 mph crawl. We finally left the freeway at San Juan Capistrano, visited the mission there (founded in 1776 - home of the oldest building in California still in daily use) and checked to see if the "Return of the Swallows" in mid-March was still a regular event (yes!). Then it was back onto the Pacific Coast Highway through Laguna Beach and Long Beach to Malibu for our overnight stay at the historic Malibu Country Inn. Next door was a wonderful restaurant, Kristy's, with a great view up the coast and the Santa Monica Mountains.

After an excellent breakfast at Kristy's, we were off for another day's adventure. Just before we got to Oxnard we somehow got off Highway 1, so we pulled over to check the map, and thus met "Wild" Bill Lenox, a raspberry and avocado farmer. He pulled up to us in an older restored Mustang and simply said "I will write you a check for it" and then asked if we have time to come see his small car collection of prewar American sedans and a sorted group of hotrods. We spent some time talking about cars and then he gave us some suggestions about getting to Solvang (our day's destination) avoiding Highway 101.

We stopped again in Ventura (we had stayed here on our way to San Diego), but this time just to visit Mission San Buenaventura, the 7th Spanish Mission, founded in 1782. In 1953, my parents took me on a vacation to visit all of the 21 Spanish California Missions and on this trip I had a chance to visit three of the missions for the first time since then. We also found out that Ventura was the original home of Union 76 Oil Company (we wondered why we kept seeing so many Union 76 gas stations in the area). From Ventura we followed the old Pacific Coast Highway, then up into the foothills through



Montecito on Highway 192, before heading north on Highway 154 over San Marco Pass (El. 2218'). Just past the summit was a great lookout point that allowed us to enjoy the wilderness of the San Rafael Mountains and Los Padres National Forest. Very few roads enter this area and most of the exploring has to be done on foot. As we descended into Santa Ynez Valley, we passed Lake Cachuma, whose water level was already showing the effects of this year's drought. A few

weeks after we drove this road, the Tour of California bicycle race went over this same pass so we got a chance to enjoy it again, including a spectacular arch bridge over a deep canyon (which is unseen as you drive over it), in the comfort of home. We arrived in Solvang early in the afternoon, which gave us a chance to thoroughly explore this all too cute little Danish styled village (check it out on the internet).

Tuesday morning found us off on the road for an early morning start; however our first stop was right at the edge of Solvang,



Mission Santa Inés, the 19th Spanish Mission. From the mission we drove north to Los Olivos. Unlike Solvang, this town had a certain unspoiled charm and a quiet sense of dignity, a place we will have to return to explore further. We drove past the Fess Parker Winery and thought of the fact that you had to be of a certain age to remember the man that played Davy Crockett in the 1950s Disney movie and then Daniel Boone on an early 1960s television series. When the movie Davy Crockett came out, every kid in the neighborhood just had to have a coon-skinned cap with a tail.

Being a quiet Tuesday, there was very little traffic on Highway 101 so we had a peaceful drive at 55 mph all the way to San Luis Obispo. Then it was back onto Highway for the drive up the coast, through Big Sur and into Carmel. Above Cambria we stopped at a beach that is a refuge for sea lions. As far as the eye could see there hundreds of them, mostly just sun-bathing though there were a few moving, making lots of noises and creating a general disturbance. We made a pit stop at the Visitor's Center at Hearst Castle, where we found out that a large number of visitors were from Great Britain, at least a large number from those that reacted from seeing our car drive up and park. As we were leaving we passed a tan-colored 1940



Lincoln Continental belonging to a collector living in Cambria. There had been storm further north the night before, but now the sky was clear with a strong cold wind coming straight off the ocean. The drive north was now even more dramatic than when we had come down two weeks earlier. The surf was up and god sized waves crashing against the shoreline made for some dramatic photos. As we came into Big Sur we saw a Ford Model A heading south, then when we had just passed Point Lobos when we spotted a Silver Ghost heading the same direction. It all happened so fast that just the passengers in both our PMC had a chance to wave. At last, some encounters with vehicles older than ours out driving and enjoying themselves.

That night we stayed in Carmel at our favorite place, the Normandy Inn, had a chance to wander around town and have dinner at one of our favorite restaurants, Anton & Michael. It was a perfect last night stop for our trip.

The next day it was more motoring along on Highway 1, through Santa Cruz to Half Moon Bay. Then it was onto Highway 92 over the hills to the San Mateo Bridge and home to Oakland. As we went over Highway 101 in San Mateo our speedometer read 49,000 miles, which means that in less than ten years we have put nearly 27,000 miles. By the time we got home we had logged nearly 1600 trouble-free miles on our San Diego adventure. From all the favorable reactions and comments we received on this trip, we can clearly see how people appreciate seeing an old car out on the road for a lengthy trip.

As a post-trip thought: Our Rolls-Royce had resided in the San Diego area at least from somewhere in the mid-1990s until 2004, but at no time did anyone say that they remembered our car or remember seeing it before. From photos that Brad Zemick had given us years ago and from photos in issues of The Flying Lady we know that our car has changed very little from the outside (a 1970 photo shows it with a metal cover over the spare tire), therefore we found this very unusual, especially after meeting so many different car collectors and having it entered in a highly visible car show.

As a post script to this adventure, we have had a busy summer and fall driving 'Edward', putting on another 1600 miles (we passed 50,000 actual miles on a trip to the Sierra Nevada in September). We have heard that there is to be a Summer RROC Tour in Vancouver, British Columbia, so it is time to get ready for another driving adventure.

Heard on the Road

A group of friends, all aged 40, discussed where they should meet for a reunion lunch. Finally, it was agreed that they would meet at Le Manoir in Pointe Claire because the waitresses were cute & wore mini skirts.

Ten years later, at age 50, the friends once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was decided that they would meet at Le Manoir in Pointe Claire because the food and service were good and the beer selection was excellent.

Ten years later, at age 60, the friends again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed they would meet at Le Manoir in Pointe Claire because there was plenty of parking, they could dine in peace & quiet, and it was good value for the money.

Ten years later, at age 70, the friends again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed they would meet at Le Manoir in Pointe Claire because the restaurant was wheel chair accessible & had a toilet for the disabled.

Ten years later, at age 80, the friends again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed they would meet at Le Manoir in Pointe Claire because they had never been there before.....

Perks of Reaching 70

Kidnappers are not very interested in you 2. You are likely to be released first in a hostage situation 3. No one expects you to run....anywhere 4. People call at 9 PM and ask: "did I wake you"? 5. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac 6. There is nothing left to learn the hard way 7. Things you buy now won't wear out 8. You can eat supper at 4 PM 9. You can live without sex but not your glasses 10. You no longer see speed limits as a challenge 11. You quit trying to hold your stomach in no matter who walks into the room 12. You sing along with elevator music 13. Your eyes won't get much worse 14. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off 15. Your joints are more accurate than the weather service 16. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either!!!

25/30 GWN76 Donated to Rolls-Royce Foundation

By Philip C. Brooks, Williamsburg, VA



Holbrook Mitchell, a Life Member of RROC, recently donated his 25/30, GWN76, to the Rolls-Royce Foundation. Holbrook had the car when he joined the club in 1966 and has done much restoration work on the car. Some work remains to be done, including repainting and reattaching the wings and running boards. The radiator is currently off the car and being cleaned.

What is particularly interesting about this car is that it has a stylish five-passenger coupe body by John S. Woolley Ltd. of Nottingham, England. This little-known but very good coachbuilder had its roots in two Nottingham firms that went back into the nineteenth century, T. R. Starey Ltd., later known as Starey's, Ltd., and John Woolley & Sons. Starey's won many coachbuilding medals for their carriages as early as 1855. Starey's and Woolley's merged in 1908, and by this time they were building motor car bodies; one of their landaulette bodies on a 1908 Renault VP 20/30 HP chassis still exists. By 1920 the Starey's name was dropped, and the firm became J. S. & A. Woolley: John Sutton Woolley and Arthur Woolley were the sons of John Woolley, the founder of the Woolley firm. Arthur Woolley died in 1931, J. S. Woolley died in 1933, and Harry Malpas Woolley, son of J. S. Woolley, took over the firm. John S. Woolley Ltd. continued building car bodies at least until 1937 and as body repairers and electrical and motor engineers until 1955. Their premises on Park Row in Nottingham burned in 1942, possibly as the result of an incendiary bomb. Although they moved into Nottingham's first postwar building, on Castle Boulevard, in 1946, it's probable that their stocks of wood, paint, and varnish burned in 1942. This may be why they apparently built no car bodies after the war.

Starey's and Woolley's, and later Woolley's, were typical British provincial coachbuilders. In the nineteenth century they built high-class carriages primarily for the local gentry. In the early twentieth century they continued to build high-class bodies both for local customers and for customers some distance from Nottingham. Starey's

and Woolley's built six Silver Ghost bodies before World War I, mostly for Nottinghamshire customers. After that war, J. S. & A. Woolley built twelve bodies on Rolls-Royce chassis: a Silver Ghost, a Twenty, two Phantom IIs, four 20/25s, two Phantom IIIs, and two 25/30s. GWN76 appears to be the next to last Rolls-Royce bodied by Woolley's, being delivered to F. C. W. Newman in January of 1937. Sir Thomas Shipstone, chairman of Shipstone Brewers of Nottingham, had the postwar Silver Ghost, the Twenty, and one of the 20/25s. Sir Julien Cahn, Bt., a wealthy Nottingham industrialist and internationally known cricketer, had one of the Phantom IIs and both of the Phantom IIIs. F. C. W. Newman was also a prominent cricketer and a star batsman of Sir Julian Cahn's private cricket team. The cricket connection didn't stop there, though: Harry Malpas Woolley was president or vice-president of three Nottinghamshire cricket clubs, as well as the Nottingham Forest Football Club. Woolley's clearly had a strong customer base in the cricket clubs.

The body of GWN76 is in keeping with the latest styles from leading London coachbuilders. The car's swept tail, gracefully projecting boot, and chrome side moulding spear are not unlike what Mulliner might have done, for instance. The door handles have their own Art Deco styling. The car has twin sidemounts, an optional extra that adds a bit of panache to the body. It also has an "Auto-Altimeter" mounted on the fascia. Its interior woodwork is not overly embellished but again is similar to what Mulliner might have done. Its pleated leather seats are comfortable. The car is painted black with dark green side panels, and the green is carried through to the leather seats. All in all, GWN76 is a stylish car built by a coachbuilder who deserves to be better known.



I should add that Sue and I have been interested in the story of Woolley's for many years. She grew up about 1.5 miles from Woolley's factory. Her father's car hire firm had a contract with Nottingham Forest Football Club to deliver ticket sales proceeds to the bank after every home game, and he worked with Harry Malpas Wooley in doing so. Will Morrison provided me with much of the above information, which nicely rounded out what little I knew already, and I am grateful to Will for his generosity in sharing the story of John S. Woolley, Ltd.

Philip C. Brooks
GWN20