

BENTLEY BULLETIN

Chairman Report

Below is my Annual Report presented to the AGM which was held the last weekend in March.

The year started with the AGM in February 2021 at David Vann's premises and the previous committee was re-elected unopposed. Due to the COVID restrictions the Angelhurst Car Day and our planned run to NSW were cancelled. But, a substitute weekend in Stanthorpe was a great success. All things considered we had great attendance at all planned events. I would like to thank Simon for all of the work he has put in to keep the wheels turning so smoothly, and Marilyn for keeping an eye on the finances and ensuring I don't spend too much on the coffees and cakes. Janelle has gracefully stepped in as editor and we are very thankful for the great publications to date.

To the rest of my committee thank you for your support and help in organising events and attendance at meetings.

I have re-joined the BDC UK so as to keep in touch with Bentley matters worldwide and earlier this month I received an email from Richard Parkinson, the BDC UK Chairman regarding the plight of the Ukrainian people and asking for donations. These donations are being matched pound for pound by the UK government. I rang around the committee and suggested that the Club donate \$500.00, but by the end of the calls the amount had been increased to \$1000.00 or 530 sterling. I then suggested we send it to the BDC UK club, and they forward it on our behalf. This was readily accepted by Richard and done to ensure that the UK government match the amount.

As you will see from the Treasurer's report, I have not been very successful in my giving back for those attending our events (sorry). If I am re-elected, I promise to try harder this year.

We have 2 new members who joined this year, and they are: Steve Anderson and Robert Davis. Welcome everyone, I look forward to seeing you in the coming months.

We have a very full calendar of events planned, including Angelhurst (10th anniversary), a trip to Stanthorpe and a weekend away at a country race meeting for our Christmas Party.

Finally, thank you all for your support we have a great little club with a great lot of friendly people. Let's keep enjoying our cars and each other's company.

Please stay safe and healthy.

Cheers for now.
Tery



April Quarter, 2022

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Editorial

Our member, Robert Raftery recited a couple of poems he has penned, at the AGM. I have repeated them here, as they seem to be poignant at the moment.

Thanks to some of our members who heard my call-out for any articles to share in the newsletter. I will be sharing these with you over the next few Bulletins. Don't forget, that if you have anything that you feel would be of interest (no matter how great or small) to our members, then I would love to hear from you.

Don't forget to print out our updated Events Calender for 2022 and keep it somewhere in view so you don't miss an event.

Janelle

Article from "The Atlantic Lady" A Publication of the RROC Atlantic Region

Bentley: A Generational Affair

DAVID EICHORN

This is a family story which transcends generations, from father to sons. It is about a man who loves to collect many heavy things, each seemingly ahead of when they became increasingly valuable: French Armoires, Metal Safes, London Telephone Booths, and perhaps his most favourite, cars.

With cars, he has acquired over 40 of them in his lifetime: American cars from Pontiac, Ford, Corvette, and Cadillac. With European cars: Citroen, Fiat, Mercedes ... even original London Taxi Cabs and a Fire Engine Truck!

While these cars have come and gone, there was one particular manufacturer which was in a class itself, "The Bentley". The first purchase made was a 1948 Black Mark VI in the mid-70s in London from Frank Dale & Stepsons. At the time, John Steed's Avenger's 4 " Blower Bentley was for sale, but that was out of range, so Dad settled for the £600 Mark VI.

The very first journey we had in the car was across the English Channel to France and from there it returned to Massachusetts. In the US, the car would be driven in parades, taken to New Hampshire to an automobile flea market we used to love to go to once a month, on family picnics, from time to time our dad enjoyed taking the car to work, and to many other outings. Back then, the car was kept in the open, covered in the parking lot at the apartment complex we lived in, the only concern being if the young kids who lived there would sit on the grille.

Like every Bentley, this car was breathtaking to look at and a joy to ride in. The one challenge our dad would have was his pant leg would always get caught on the floor stick shift between the pedals and the door. The Bentley always caught people's attention when driven and during that time its prestige continued to grow, amplified when a similar one was purchased by a then well-known Boston Bruin's hockey player, Derek Sanderson.

A few years later, as Dad increasingly travelled for work in Europe, he and Mom decided to move our family to Holland. During the five years we lived there, a second purchase was made at Adams & Oliver Garage in Warboys, England, this time a 1950 Grey Mark VI, one car for me and one for my brother was the long-term vision our father had. Both cars were frequently driven to many different countries in Europe, including Belgium, France, Italy and others, for various family adventures.

The most memorable of our tours was a Concours d'Elegance, requiring a substantial drive from Paris to Deauville. On the return from Deauville, the engine's flywheel timing came out of sync, creating a very loud "pop" from the rear exhaust. This brought many dwellers in small French villages out from their farmhouses to see what was going on; perhaps reminiscent of the cannons fired during the wars fought in the first half of the century! In the end, a simple manual twist of the fan itself and the car was running fine again.

Defining those drives for my brother and I would be riding in the backseat, he keeping the family laughing as he adopted a new name and accent for every country we entered, the most memorable for me being Monsieur Dix-Huit (France), Federico Fettucine (Italy), Jimmy Johnstone (UK) and we fighting over the imaginary "dividing line" right down the middle. Neither of us dared to cross it for fear of being faced with a punch and while yelling "you're on my side!" Playing with our toy soldiers in simulated battle across what seemed to be a cavernous backseat battlefield, it happen many a time, until the screaming was followed with our dad reaching back with one massive arm and separating us from a pending brawl.

Decades later, as our parents were no longer driving the cars, our dad was ready to hand them over to us. Unfortunately, neither of us had the garage space in our homes or the means to maintain the cars. In the end, they were disposed of, and whether restored or broken down for parts, we are not sure, but it would be interesting to find out!

Thinking that was the end of the family's "Bentley era," as our father has done on more than one occasion, the urge to buy bit, and he surprised us again. Reading the newspaper one day, our father came across an ad from someone advertising their 1964 White S3 Bentley for sale in Santa Monica, California. Our father purchased that car and as our parents' time in California came to a close, Dad had the car shipped to Florida, where he had it repainted to a model of the car he obtained from the Franklin Mint and did some research and found they were original colours.

What he didn't realize was his preference for the burgundy/pewter two-tone also matched those of the Florida State Seminoles. Our Dad was approached on different occasions by fans and friends asking if the car could be driven to a game and onto the field at halftime. Eventually, the use of the car was diminished and moving into a retirement community without a garage space, Dad offered the car if we wanted it. This time I had the garage space and could happily accept.

Over two days, the car, no longer operational, was delivered by transport courtesy of a family friend and his sons, arriving in New Jersey on a cold winter evening on Super Bowl Sunday. The body was in beautiful condition thanks to the California weather, but not having operated it for some time, the engine needed to be examined by a mechanic.

Fortunately, someone had called our dad a while back asking about the car and when he mentioned it had moved to New Jersey, the caller mentioned John Palma, and from there I was able to locate John and transport the car over to him to examine what needed to be done. Upon his inspection, the brakes were overhauled, apparently not an uncommon need given the extent of how these brakes are made, and the engine, after draining fluids and making other necessary adjustments, was finally brought back to life.

With the first drive I could see the car needed to get back in its groove. Yet over time, as John said would happen, the car has increasingly run better and better with the more driving I've done. For sure a S3 and a Mark VI are different but from memory, there are three things I find which make me think of Bentley.

The first, the "ticking" as the ignition is turned on and the fuel loads to prime the car to start. The second is the sensation of power, when the car's engine first "roars" into life. The third, when the car is humming along the highway, solid as can be, guided by the unwavering "Flying B" and you can feel the engine quietly operating under the hood and a tap on the accelerator drives a response which makes you feel like you could fly the car with the heritage airplane engine that motors it.

As we had been treated to all the enjoyable times in our childhood, today, I drive our children around in the car on the weekend. They were introduced to Bentley later than we were in our childhood, but they seem to enjoy and appreciate having the car in the family.

My wife and my highlight promenade to date has been driving the car in the Bentley's 100th anniversary celebration in New York organized by Bentley Motors. The event was well attended, albeit we were surprised to be one of the few older cars in the promenade, other than those on display on location in the city. Having said that, I find the line-up of newer Bentley's impressive.

On that day, I was introduced to a new generation of owners, different than preceding generations, but a diverse and sincerely kind lot, both appreciative of their beautiful cars and the history preceding them. Driving through the streets of New York in between the rally and the evening event, where we ran an errand to pick up an espresso machine in repair in The Bronx, it was fun driving through crowded streets where we were met with smiles, cameras and even applause. The evening event itself completed the day of the feeling of having been part of a special occasion.

I drive the car at least once a week with no particular destination in mind but most importantly to be riding with our kids; these cars are family cars, as beautiful as they are, they were meant to be driven, and driven with family and friends. We continue to participate selectively when time permits in local events and enjoy meeting new and interesting members of the RROC family.

While life has evolved, my interest in the car and all Bentley cars remains. And like back in the 70s, the car gets it fair amount of attention, where it has been identified with the likes of its Rolls-Royce counterpart used in the infamous "Do you have any Grey Poupon?" commercial, a similar version (and colour) in Elton John's Rocketman (I think), and the movie documentary on Elvis Presley, The King.

As we have the two past times, we look forward to attending the New Hope Solebury annual antique automobile show next Summer, where the car was recently noticed by the Editor-inChief of The Atlantic Lady Magazine, Joan. Finally, we would like to acknowledge and thank both our mom and Dad in this article, for being the wonderful parents they are and continue to be.

A Bombshell... Blonde... and Potent



The Sonnet of the Spin King

I received this as a text message one chilly winsome morn,
About a bloke who'd played around a bit, the
legendary 'Shane Warne',
Could I conjure up a couplet in a brief six stanza space,
To spin the song of a spinner and his seismic fall from
grace.

Then my memory like a mirage in the distance came to
gel,
As the skeleton in his cupboard took on flesh to
fortune tell,
Telling tales cross linked to legends and to landscapes
linked to sport,
For his techniques will be talked about where sheiks of
tweak are taught.

'Cause he's drawn an inside alley in the category of
flight,
For the dance in his deliveries caused the air to near
ignite
They could come at you like cobras mesmerise and twist and snare
Suspend for an extra second in the superheated air.

Signal left then cut the corner with a leaning to the right,
Leaving eleven men to dread the dreams that drift in through the night,
A tour de force, a phenomenon with that larrikin gene... like Dawnie,
The ground's alive and chanting... winsome warcry... "Warnie! Warnie!"

Word passed round and resonated, things were done and things were said,
As we retreated to the outer to digest the things we'd read,
With a prized scalp on the table the press turned up the heat,
And a great leg spinner's actions were strung out on the street.

Was it just a spur in the anatomy of this celebrated spin king sheik?
That vulcanised his missiles with their mesmerising tweak,
I seem to think he was just a gift bestowed born to take a wicket,
A Bombshell... Blonde... and Potent, to petrify in the patch called Cricket.



Ukrainians Under Fire



Kids' teddy bears are being bombed and their tiny minders too,
Little tots and toddlers 'neath their blankets ... yellow blue,
Clamped down in dark dank cellars through sirens day and night,
Mothers unfurl their frail umbrellas as fathers fume to fight
As a giant injustice floods their land' midst global condemnations
A nuclear mist lands a stone-cold fist on the face of the United Nations.

You can't convert the brainwashed; that ink has run too deep,
But I can't help thinking about Vladimir now the wolves are amongst his sheep,
Russian youth are getting the picture in a way that means a lot,
Western fare has left the square; how's you wings now, Aeroflot?

We watch transfixed as your chieftain Vladimir strings his violin...
And it sounds like a Stradivarius with its cogent battle hymn,
Till the treadmills of time truncate and expire,
We'll not forget the courage of the *Ukrainians Under Fire*,
Nor forget the mindset of this mindless equation
That focused the fire storm of this barbarous invasion

Then that Soviet satellite comes into view, Marina, editor, mother of two,
Delivers her valorous 'no war' handwritten backhander
To hijack the pinnacle of Russian propaganda.
From the confines of the Kremlin it seems Putin's in a pickle,
As his prima ballerina puts a hammer through his sickle.

Then I saw that young captured soldier and I looked into his eyes,
And I thought that the orders he was under were the ones that even he'd despise,
Perhaps thinking of his little sisters when they said their Russian prayers,
On their knees by a sentinel crucifix with their Soviet teddy bears.



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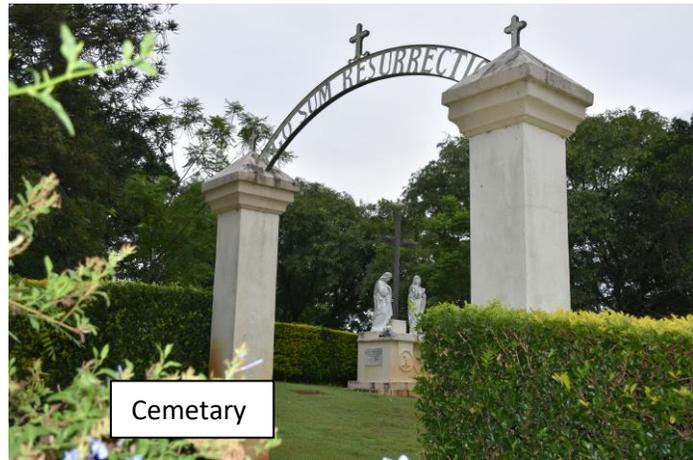
Congratulations Terry Aronson

*Winner of the 2022 RROC National Concourse
Class 11: 1998-2010 Bentley Arnage*



Impact Panel Works specialises in paint and body restoration.
Speak to Adrian on 07 3255 8000 or email
info@impactpanelworks.com.au

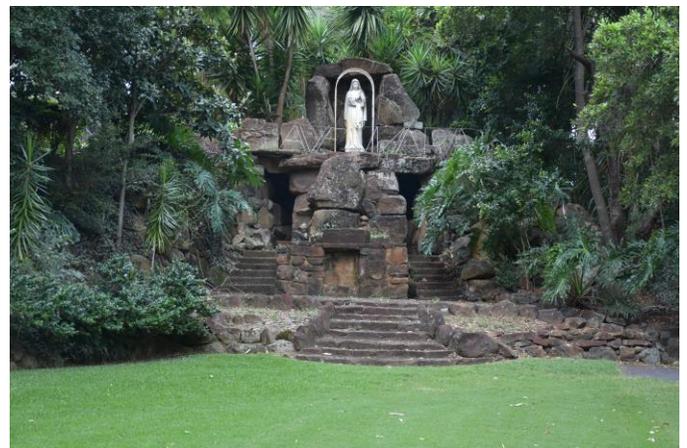
26-27th March 2022 – Woodlands of Marburg



Cemetary



Dining Room





BDC CLUB

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

2022

3rd APRIL Sunday	Visit to Wolf Grodd's Workshop with VCCQ 10.00am 262 Evans Road, Salisbury
22nd APRIL Saturday	Noggin'Natter – Southport Yacht Club 11.00am Organiser: John Cranley
22nd MAY Sunday	Macs Bridge
5th JUNE Sunday	Angelhurst Charity Day Organiser: Tery Hurst
25th JUNE Saturday	Caboolture Warplane Museum 10.00am Meet at Hanger 101 1.00pm Lunch at Woodpecker Bar & Grill Organiser: Terry Aronson
24th JULY Sunday	Christmas in July – Delany's Creek 10.30am Pitstop Café for Coffee, Mt Mee Organiser: John Wagstaff
11-14TH AUGUST Thursday to Sunday	Stanthorpe Run via Warwick Organiser: Simon Pierce
18TH SEPTEMBER Sunday	All British Day
OCTOBER TBC	BDC National Rally
8th-11th NOVEMBER Tuesday-Friday	Annual Christmas Run Kumbia Races staying at Bethany <i>Organiser: Tery Hurst</i>