

I too have
No Regrets

More than 90 years of memories belonging to

Gordon Ernest Vogtherr

Translated into English

By

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DEDICATION

My Childhood and Family Memories

My parents were married on 7 November 1923, by Canon Hall at the St. Matthews Anglican Church, in Hastings. My father was a 25 year old pork curer Ernest George Frederick Vogtherr and my mother Doris Ridgway Corbin. My mother was very level-headed and had meticulous accounting skills. They had a house built by Mr. Adamson at 707 St. Aubyn Street West, near the intersection with Grays Road. I came into this world on Monday, October 26, 1925. I was born at Sister Julia Fahey's Private Maternity Home at 201 Grays Road, Hastings and as it turned out, I was to be an only child.

My father was born in the age of the horse, but brilliant engineers were beginning to perfect the internal-combustion engine and petrol driven vehicles were becoming a fascinating novelty. His earliest experience of petrol driven vehicles was riding occasionally on commuter buses.

My paternal grandfather Carl and his family of five had emigrated to New Zealand half way through 1913. There was his wife Sophia, three sons Ernest (16), Leonard (9) and Carl junior (6) and an only daughter Winifred (14). Carl senior had been born Friedrich Wilhelm Karl Vogtherr in the town of Blaufenen, Germany on August 9, 1873. Blaufenen is town in the Baden-Württemberg region midway between Mannheim and Nurnberg. His parents were Johann Friedrich Vogtherr and Margaretha Barbara Martin.

Karl completed his schooling in Germany when he was 12½ years old. He was sent to live with relations in the North-East of England as a 14 year old. The family were led to believe it was to avoid military training and the ambitions of the 'iron chancellor' Bismarck, and probably was prompted by his great-grandfather's decision in desert the Royal Prussian Infantry. Thus, as a fugitive traitor in 1804, he was destined to never see his wife and children again. More likely Karl's move to England was the result of the industrial revolution, when England became a major land of the opportunity. The German butchers had become admired and their sausages had an outstanding reputation. The German immigrants of the middle of the 19th. century found it easy to establish a successful butchery business. Nearly all the butchers came from the small Hohenlohe district of Baden-Württemberg. This improvised agricultural area is only 30 miles in radius in the north-eastern of the former kingdom.

Karl was employed in the uncle's big butchery and small goods shop in Sunderland. This was at 15 North Bridge Street in the Wearmouth section of the city. In the 1891 census, 23 year old pork butcher Ernest Martin and his English born wife Maria, were employing three Germans in the butchery. 24 year old John Saham was the assistant pork butcher, while 19 year old Friedrich Keith and Karl were the apprentice pork butchers. All came from the same area of Germany as Karl. They all lived above the shop, along with two young English domestic servants. At the time, Karl Hanselmann from Blaufenen, had a pork butcher's shop at 21 North Bridge Street. His younger brother Gustav had owned a butcher's shop at 260 High Street.

After coming out of his apprenticeship, Karl took over the ownership of the business from his young uncle who was immigrating with his young family. Karl sold the shop and moved to a better location only a few blocks away. This butcher's shop was at 264 High Street and he had fifteen people serving behind the counter. He lived above the shop as did most of the employees. He anglicized his name to Carl William Frederick Vogtherr, just prior to his marriage. He only had a very basic standard of English.

In the 1901 census he was employing four German immigrant lads, 21 year old Fred Schoch was a shop assistant, while 24 year old John Hain, 19 year old Gottlieb Alldorfer and 18 year old Conrad Schmitz were all pork butchers. He also employed four German woman. 23 year old Barbara Manion was a shop assistant, while 35 year old Caroline Martin from Blaufenen was the domestic cook and she was an aunt, the sister of Ernest and Fred. Two German teenagers Maggie Buetshewort and Caroline Henne were domestic servants, along with local girl Hetty Snowball who was the housemaid.

Unfortunately during 1902, aged only 29, Carl suffered ill health and was forced into temporary retirement. He took his family to live in a small village called Cleadon, four miles north of Sunderland. Here he purchased a nice new brick villa on Whitburn Road, which he called Sunny Brae, after a Collie Club in Illinois. Carl was already breeding top class Rough Coated Collies and exporting them around the world. Until his health returned he concentrated on breeding and showing his dogs, plus numerous varieties of fowls and racing pigeons. Carl was the judge of the sheep dog section at the International Dog Show at Berlin in 1907.




Carl Vogtherr

Sunnybrae Collie Kennels

Offer for sale puppies and matured stock of the world's best breeding. Our kennels are full of the Parbold, Seedley and Southport Strains. For 3/6 will send my booklet on training the Collie.

Raymond Clark, Bloomington, Illinois



In a short period, he purchased several cottages in Chester Street, Sunderland which bought in a steady rental income. One of these was a Victorian Terrace house at 6 The Westlands, which was on the south side of Chester Street, forming part of the West High Barnes Estate. Carl mortgaged this property in April 1903 for £400. He on sold this property to a leading pork butcher George Bruck in June 1907.

The North-East was always very impoverished and in 1909 the Great Slump, a minor worldwide economic panic had put many out of work, and rents from the cottages dried

up. Carl's health had improved sufficiently for him to begin working again. He sold Sunny Brae, after turning one of the Chester Road cottages into a beautiful double fronted pork and beef butcher's shop, with marble interior and several mirrors. At the time, there were 16 butcher's shops on Chester Road. The family moved to one of their rented properties in High Barnes in the West end of Sunderland. Eventually financial issues forced them to shift into the upper storey, above the shop.

Carl opened another small branch in High Street, opposite the Empire Theatre, where you could see a silent movie for four pence from the 'goods'. The economic slump worsened and business declined. Carl was forced to close both shops. In 1911 Carl leased a butcher's shop at 36 King Street, South Shields, nine miles north of Sunderland. The 1911 census records Sophia helping in the shop, while Carl was employing another four German immigrants. 29 year old Fred Hafele was a journeyman pork butcher, while Albert Martin was still an apprentice pork butcher. Two women, Annie Harchtel and Rose Sahn were the domestic servants. This venture was a total disaster and the family were forced to sell all their furniture, his wife's engagement ring and many presents from their wedding twelve years earlier.

Always the optimist, in 1912 Carl took over a butcher's shop in Merrington Lane, a suburb of Spennymoor, 20 miles south of Sunderland. Opposite the shop was the large M. Coulson & Co. steelworks and close by a huge coal mine employing three thousand men. Within months the men at the Iron and Steel Works went on strike. After a month, the owners closed the business and transferred the work to another plant in Middleborough. Surprisingly my paternal grandfather's business still prospered even after the steelworks closed.

Out of the blue he received a cablegram from his 56 year old uncle in New Zealand. Friedrich Martin was born in Erpfersweiler, five kilometres north-west of Blaufenfelden, Baden-Württemberg and after emigrating in 1874, he had become a naturalised New Zealander in 1882. He commenced two pork butcher's shops in partnership with Johann Kuch in Wellington in 1882. One was at 59 Willis Street and the other at 153 Cuba Street. Although the partnership dissolved within 12 months, Fred kept operating in Willis Street for 25 years.

Fred Martin purchased the troubled Palmerston North Mild Cure Bacon Company in Grey Street in November 1907. He began providing Kiwi Bacon and Ham products. He killed up to 100 pigs a week. Now in 1913, he wished to retire as his health was not the best. He offered to pay the family's fare to New Zealand and give Carl a half share of the business. The company was making a £3,000 annual profit. Surprisingly my paternal grandfather was going to turn it down, as emigrating was considered a gesture of failure. But his wife was having none of it and after a flaming row, Carl had to accept the challenge. The Merrington Lane shop was sold to a mean Yorkshireman.

On their last day in England the family took a Red Bus ride around the traffic jammed streets of central London, to see the famous sights. All my father remembers is fog, and his eyes stinging from all the petrol fumes. The family departed from London, as second-class saloon passengers aboard the New Zealand Shipping Company's R.M.S. Ruapehu, under the command of Captain Greenwood on March 13. For the voyage, they were in pairs in three separate cabins. They experienced strong winds in the channel before arriving in Plymouth. They continued their voyage at 2 pm on March 15. The ship encountered a fresh south-west gale and heavy seas across the Bay of Biscay, to reach Teneriffe on March 21. They sailed at noon the same day, and they had fine weather accompanied by moderate trade winds all the way down the Atlantic Ocean to Cape Town on April 5.

After only a four-hour stopover they were sailing across the Southern Ocean. The vessel immediately encountered one short violent westerly gale, with waves higher than the vessel, but otherwise they were blessed with favourable conditions. The R.M.S. Ruapehu berthed in Hobart on April 25, to unload a few passengers and 690 tons of general cargo. For the first time, they were allowed to leave the ship and have a few days on dry land.

There was trouble in Hobart, when a young Irish passenger Jimmy Duffy got inebriated and took on the whole bar, assaulted the bosun and finally the quartermaster back at the ship. The trouble maker ended up facing the local magistrate and four months gaol.

The family commenced the final leg of their voyage at 8 am on April 28. Across the Tasman Sea, they experienced south-west gales and monstrous seas. The captain would not risk bringing the vessel into Wellington in the dark, so they attempted to shelter in Cloudy Bay. Unfortunately, the wind changed to the south-east, bringing heavy squalls. Therefore, the Captain R. C. Clifford had to hove-to, and the ship spent the night in Cook Strait, until daybreak.

RUAPEHU, s.s. 0.25 a.m. 7465 tons, Clifford, from London, via Teneriffe, Cape Town, and Hobart. Passengers for Wellington—First saloon—Miss Hair, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hair, second saloon—Mrs. E. Percy, Miss L. Lauder, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mason, Messrs. Argood & Third-class—Miss M. Baldwin, F. M. Brown, E. Inghel, G. Daniel, G. H. Kearney, M. O'Brien, W. Parmou, W. Vogthor, L. I. Cameron, Madames C. Coates, E. J. Daniel, Lucy Evans, E. M. Kearney, Leahy, N. Leith, J. Inghelton, A. Priestley, G. Vogthor, Messrs. G. Baird, H. Brock, W. C. Brough, F. Chamberlain, A. E. Cox, M. Cox, E. J. Daniel, J. Dickson, R. H. Dixon, E. Evans, W. W. Francis, Theo. Hall, W. W. Kearney, R. Holmes, J. Inghelton, D. A. Jolly, A. C. Jones, G. Lawrence, A. Leaver, J. Leaver, D. McLeish, J. Mann, J. Porteus, A. Priestley, H. Shuttleworth, E. G. Squire, C. Vogthor, C. H. Wood, Allen, B. Noel, W. O'Brien, H. Stevenson, E. Lauder, Messrs. A. F. C. Cox, Leahy, L. L. Vogthor, Allen.

REHANGI, s.s. 0.36 a.m., 233 tons, Burns, from Timaru.

JOHN, s.s. 11.0 a.m., 24 tons, Helm, from Timaru.

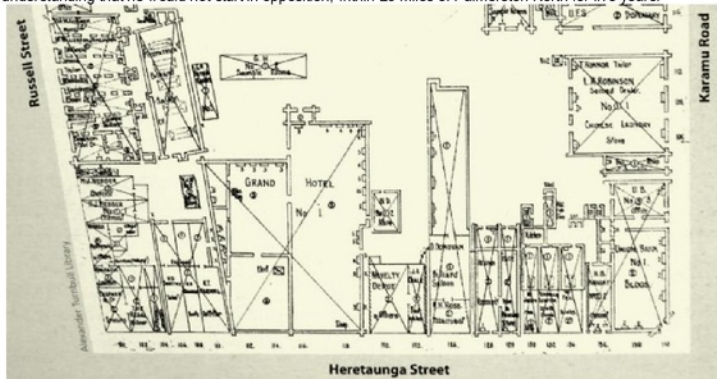
Dominion. 3 May 1913. Carl and his family arrive in Wellington, New Zealand.

Early on Saturday May 3, the vessel came through the heads into Port Nicholson and anchored in stream at 8.30 am. After pratique had been granted by the Port Health Officer, the Ruapehu berthed at the King's Wharf at 10.20 am. After a 52 day voyage, Carl Vogthor brought his family down the gangway on to the land of promise.

Fred Martin's wife Elizabeth met them at the wharf and took them by train to Palmerston North. They were surprised, the business situated at 12 Grey Street, opposite the Dalgety sale-yards was not a sophisticated

operation, but a small shed, and a small cool chamber refrigerated by a gas engine. My father started on 15 shillings a week, but his father would grab 12s. 6d. of this. Within six months he was earning 30/- a week.

The Vogther family lived at 12 Grey Street next to the bacon factory, before finding a large house in Frederick Street. They quickly moved on to another home in Campbell Street. In May 1914, Ernest Hansel an employee asked for the opportunity to purchase the business. Fred Martin agreed, believing Ernest wouldn't find the finances, but he did and the offer had to be accepted. As compensation for losing the promised takeover agreement with his uncle, my grandfather Carl Vogther was paid a sum of £1000 by Hansel, with the understanding that he would not start in opposition, within 25 miles of Palmerston North for five years.



Heretaunga Street

STOP PRESS NEWS.

This space is reserved for news that may arrive after we have gone to press.

PIGS ! PIGS !

THE ELITE HAM AND BACON FACTORY
AND
SMALL GOODS STORE,

HERETAUNGA STREET, HASTINGS
Phone 379. Phone 379.

HAVING taken over the business lately carried on by Mr. W. KESSELL, I wish to announce that I am also carrying on the Curing business, and in future all pigs should be sent to the above address. I am now prepared to receive Pigs at the following prices:-

At BACONERS, 120lb to 150lb, 5jd lb.
At PORKERS, 80lb to 120lb, 6d lb.

Curing for owners a speciality, price 1jd per lb.

Orders sent to all parts of town.

C. VOGTHER, PROPRIETOR
(late Palmerston North Bacon Factory)
F. MARTIN.

Hastings Standard
August 20, 1914.

My grandfather bought a Hastings ham and bacon business in July 1914 from Walter Kessel and commenced setting up his business. Kessel a restaurant cook had purchased the Dainticure Bacon Company in June 1909, from William E.S.Wood. The factory and cool store was at 607 Miller Street and Kessel opened a shop on the corner of Heretaunga Street and Station Street, previously the site of H.J.Webber's pharmacy. The Lowe Brothers Butchery took over the shop in December 1912, as their town shop. Walter Kessel operated out of Alfred Rebay's old pork butchery location at 111 Heretaunga Street East, near the Grand Hotel. This was where my grandfather Carl Vogther set up the new Elite Ham and Bacon Company.

The property was owned by the chemist Herbert Knight. The premises were in a prime location, but not very desirable. It was a long but not very wide, producing a cramped work space. It had a 14 foot frontage and was 60 foot long. At the rear was a smaller room, 10 feet by 12 feet which had a right of way leading from Karamu Road. The 'Elite' delicatessen opened its doors for business, on the day the Empire declared war on Germany, August 4, 1914. The family lived on the second floor above the premises.

Carl originally offered 14 different products but found it didn't work. He struggled to sell his classic types of German Bratwurst to the locals. Thereafter, he whittled it down to around four items. People wanted to eat bacon, so he advertised in the local paper for pigs and switched his focus to bacon and ham. He would kill and cut up the pigs in the back room of the store. The best pigs were female about nine months old. He hired cool chambers in the newly built Hawke's Bay Fruit and Produce cool stores, on the corner of King Street and St. Aubyn Street. Working in the cool store office was a 14 year old boy

named James Wattie and also a young blonde lassie named Doris Corbin.

Here in the cool chambers, my grandfather created a brine from hand-mixed curing ingredients including salt. The meat was put in the brine and left to cure. This would take seven days in the cool store at 1°-3° C. After removing the meat from the brine, it was washed with warm water then left to dry in a cool airy place for two days. Next it was lightly smoked for about 30 minutes with the smoke temperature no higher than 42° C. Oak and beech produced the best results. He would mature the ham and bacon by dry stacking or hanging the product, and drying it with a light air flow. This made it special and the slow method produced a quality product,

ready for sale after eight weeks. The two styles of smoked hams were Westphalian and Kassler.

Meanwhile Ernest Hansel had offered my father, £3 a week and free board in the vacated Martin home next to the factory, as an incentive to stay on at the Palmerston North bacon factory. Six weeks later, my grandfather needed his assistance, so he followed the family to Hastings. Carl also employed Joseph Smith, who had been working at the Kiwi Bacon factory.

My grandfather's business thrived, purchasing up to 100 pigs a week and providing rolls of ham and bacon for local stores, restaurants and families. The delicatessen would hand slice up to 60 cooked hams every week. A smoked cured pig's head sat in the shop window for decades. This was novel way of advertising and a great attraction for young children, out shopping with their mothers.



Hawke's Bay Fruit and Produce cool stores.

Unfortunately during the war, the family were persecuted, because of our German surname, but friends, notably W. Richmond, assisted my grandfather to continue in business. It probably didn't help that the outspoken Socialist in the Reichstag at the time was named Vogtherr. It wasn't an ideal start for a German pork butcher and wasn't helped when the Post Office Savings Bank froze his account with a tidy nestle egg.

My grandfather had to register with the police and other personal complications arose, such as the manager of a bank who turned down a cheque without even ringing up. My father meanwhile had several hundred pounds in his pocket ready for banking, so he quickly switched to become a customer of the National Bank. One local bacon company in direct competition tried dirty tactics, with a placard in the window, 'Buy from the British firm', surmounted on the Union Jack. My grandfather's business prospered because of his superior product and it went full circle, with this firm asking him to buy them out.



Downstairs boarded up, upstairs windows smashed.

Hogan and his reinforcements of Legion of Frontiersmen in uniform. Afterwards the family had no further bother and people accepted them as equals.

Archie Lowe had commenced a butchery delivery in 1910 and was soon joined by his brother George, who owned land at Stortford Lodge on the corner of Maraekakaho Road and Omaha Road. They built a brick building

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SHOW OF
XMAS HAMS
From 2lbs up to 30lbs. Finest Selection in the Dominion.
THE ELITE BRAND.
DON'T HAVE ANY IMITATION.
Cannot be beat for Quality & Flavour.
The Ideal Present for Christmas.
COOKED AND DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.
ELITE HAM & BACON FACTORY AND SMALL GOODS STORE,
HERETAUNGA STREET, HASTINGS.

Hastings Standard. 20 December 1915

The hatred towards German people climaxed on the New Year Eve attack on a pork butchery in Gisborne. A crowd of about 2,000 people demonstrated outside the shop after sunset and culminated in throwing stones and bottles at the windows. The police were unable to halt the violence until the crowd dispersed about 2 am. Friedrich Wohnsiedler was born in Mulfingen, Baden-Wuerttemberg and later became a pioneering figure in the winemaking industry in New Zealand. Similarly, C. Heinholt's pork butchery in Wanganui was stoned and looted in May 1915. During this period, many Germans were sent for internment on Somes Island in Wellington Harbour, for the duration of the war.

The anti-German sentiment came to a head in Hastings, after the Gisborne reprisals. In the wake of the sinking of the Lusitania and the first usage of poisonous gas, a patriotic meeting organised by the local Liberal MP Dr. Robert McNab was held in the Princes Theatre on the night of May 17. Hogan, a tough police sergeant, was determined to stop any hoodiganism. He organised a number of reliable citizens and mobilised the Legion of Frontiersmen. Meanwhile my father and his brothers set up kerosene tins as warning devices in the backyard of the shop and all night they sat outside and waited for the worst. A mob assembled in Heretaunga Street ready to cause havoc but eventually melted away, after seeing

for fruit cool stores and a butchery. It had a sturdy oak outside the front entrance. The refrigeration unit was powered by a 35hp Trangye gas engine supplied by a gas plant and using an ammonia compressor pump. They had an ice making plant, producing 2½ tons per day.

In September 1913, the Frimley Fruit Canning Factory had closed because of bad management. Therefore, late in 1914, part of the Frimley factory was relocated by the Lowe brothers on to their property at the Stortford Lodge intersection, to become the Stortford Lodge Bacon Company on Omaha Road. On the adjacent corner of the intersection was the Stortford Lodge Hotel and on the opposite corner Lynch's Grocery store.

In early December 1916, my grandfather's chief opposition the Lowe Brothers asked him if he would like to purchase the Stortford Lodge Bacon Company. The purchase price was less than the rent he was paying for the cool chambers. Part of the contract included the Lowe Brothers supplying the steam and refrigeration. On the same day the deal was signed, the Hawke's Bay Fruit and Produce cool stores announced a rental increase. Carl moved all his stock to Stortford Lodge and commencing killing there on January 8, 1917. On Friday night April 27, the King Street cool stores were razed to the ground, in a massive fire which lit up the night sky, and the cool stores were never rebuilt.

My paternal grandfather renamed the Stortford Lodge factory the 'Elite' Ham and Bacon factory. The new premises were well equipped. Unfortunately, when they moved to Stortford Lodge the factory was full of mouldy unsold bacon and infested with bacon flies which took years to eradicate. My father ran the wholesale side at Stortford Lodge and my grandfather the retail side of the operation. The steam posed no problems but the refrigeration plant, using an ammonia refrigerant, struggled to supply the capacity to cool the bacon factory, fruit cool stores and ice plant, especially during the peak period December to April. Any variation in temperature was detrimental to the meat products.



Stortford Lodge butchery & cool stores. Bacon factory far right.



Elite Bacon Factory, Stortford Lodge.

The move to Stortford Lodge brought Elite into direct competition with the established firms. My grandfather now doubled his weekly kill to 200 pigs. The family and business had a postal box No. 266 and now had two phone numbers as seen in the photo.

In 1918, my grandfather purchased the whole of the Lowe's enterprise, incorporating the butcher shop, the brick fruit cool stores and the ice plant for £2500. At the time aliens were not allowed to own property in New Zealand. The purchase was achieved through the mortgagee William Richmond holding the lie over the property. Richmond's very successful meat exporting business made him a powerful figure and he backed my grandfather's endeavours.

With control over the whole enterprise, improvements were made. They gained a connection to the borough sewer system. They replaced the old gas engine running the refrigeration unit, with electric motors. My father quickly learnt how to run the refrigeration plant and all about fruit cool storage. During the season the cool stores held 40,000 cases for the local orchardists.

The staff employed at Stortford Lodge included Bill Napier the engineer, Jack Kelly, David Graham the office clerk, Bill Marven, Jack Kelt, Frank Wharton, storeman Bill Wilkins and Jack McCormack, who was a bacon curer in the factory for 17 years.

My father's first adventures in motoring began by purchasing a second hand 'Governor' lightweight two stroke motorcycle in 1918. This bike provided one 14 mile push home and his first brush with the local constabulary. He sold the 'Governor' to purchase a B.S.A. for £12. This motorcycle had survived the H.B. Fruit and Produce cool store fire in April 1917. It didn't last long. In avoiding a head-on collision with a cyclist on the wrong side of the road, Dad ended in a ditch and his motorcycle was left a little dented. Soon afterwards he sold the B.S.A., and began looking for a safer alternative. He was banking £4 every week from his £4.10s wages.

In 1923 new bylaws were introduced, making Nelson's (NZ) Ltd at Tomoana, the only licensed abattoir in the borough. This instigated increased killing costs as the factory could no longer kill the pigs themselves. Up to this stage they had used a horse and cart for transporting to and from the Stortford Lodge factory. Bill Hyslop a salesman from Tourist Motor Company called one day to demonstrate the latest light truck to my grandfather. It was the very first Chevrolet truck to be sold in Hawke's Bay. My father learnt to drive it that morning. In the afternoon, my father was entrusted with the 1924 'Grasshopper', to collect a load of frozen pigs from Tomoana. This included a tricky backing manoeuvre down a long tunnel. This model's nickname 'Grasshopper' came from the characteristic sudden jump when engaging of the clutch. This truck was used for the 'Elite' Bacon Company's pick-ups and customer deliveries for the next 14 years. About 1924, Heretaunga Street East was renumbered and the Elite delicatessen address became 128 Heretaunga Street East.

On May 8, 1925, my paternal grandfather became a naturalised New Zealander, thus gaining the rights to vote and old age pensions. For many years, the family continued breeding Rough Coated Collies and in 1926 my father won the champion puppy trophy with Sunny Brae Sentinel. The family had carried on the same stud name from Sunderland. In 1925, my father started breeding himself, after buying a black Collie bitch 'Lassie' from a saddler Bill Carberry, who lived in Grays Road. His father Carl wanted the first choice of the original litter, and this puppy registered as Champion Stortford Jack became one of the most successful prize winners in New Zealand between the two world wars. Lassie's pups paid for my father's first car.

My parents were engaged just prior to Christmas in 1922. My mother's parents lived at 522 Grove Road. The Hastings Borough Council had just introduced a scheme, where they would lend up to £750 to home builders, at 5% over 25 years. The applicants had to have a fully paid freehold section. My parents found a section in early 1923 in St. Aubyn Street west and paid Billy Beale £175.10s for it. The Hastings Borough approved the building tender from prominent constructor Jimmy Adamson, who put Ted Wall in charge, with Billy Weaver as the carpenter and Billy Beale the painter and decorator. Bad weather delayed construction but the house was ready for my parent's return from their honeymoon.

In 1925, my father purchased his first car, a 1912 Hillman 12hp roadster for £50. It was a three seater and had huge brass headlights lit by acetylene from a cylinder on the running board. Strangely appropriate, during the evening prior to Labour Day, my mother began having contractions, so was escorted to the maternity home. I was born about 8 am on Labour Day. When it was time for my mother to take me home, my father had to pay £12.12s to Sister Fahey for the pleasure. My father named me Gordon in honour of the then Prime Minister Joseph Gordon Coates.

Soon afterwards, my father had biked home from Stortford Lodge to have lunch, when his mother rung to say his father had been involved in an accident at the bacon factory. He rushed back and found his father smothered in blood. Dr. Harry Wilson was called and Carl Vogther was immediately whisked off to Royston Hospital at 207 Avenue Road West. While oiling parts of the revolving shaft, he had failed to turn it off, and was hit in the head by a moving part. Knocked unconscious, he fell on to the revolving shaft, which gripped his apron. It twisted tighter and tighter until it began ripping skin and flesh from his stomach. On coming to, he had released himself from the belt and phoned for help. Carl was in hospital and off work for a long period and Dad ran the whole Stortford Lodge operation. My uncle Len was employed to handle the books and invoicing. He demanded £5 a week, while my father was only getting £3.

My mother told me that I was a little monkey and wouldn't sleep. The chemist Herbert Knight prescribed a Plunket Society diet. To stop me crying as a baby, she would carry me outside and put me in the car, and Dad would start up the car engine of his new 1926 Chevrolet Tourer. Instantly the crying would cease. My father said to make me sleep, they parked the car outside my bedroom window with the motor running. Immediately I would relax and nod off. As benzene was 1s. 9d. per gallon, it was a cheap method of sedation. Therefore, it will surprise no one, that the first word I spoke was "car". Someone once said, "Give me the child until he is seven and I will show you the man." With me it was probably just seven months. Petrol was obviously in my veins.

I had more than my share of ailments as a child. I was in and out of Royston Hospital on numerous occasions, before I reached five years of age. At the time, the hospital was a two storey building in Avenue Road West. I encountered a series of ear problems, stomach disorders and nose complaints. Not helped by falling down the backstairs at home before I was two years old, and breaking my nose. Another illness occurred after riding on my father's back in the Tuki Tuki River and swallowing some scummy water. I got terrible diarrhoea, and Dr. Harry Wilson admitted me to the hospital. I eventually recovered, but on the day I was to be released, there were complications. At 11 am, Royston Hospital rang the bacon factory and told my father I urgently needed a blood transfusion. My father rushed into town and gave the blood. It did the trick and I was allowed home that night. Unfortunately, two weeks later I had a relapse and was again in Royston Hospital.

I had ear problems and Dr. Harry Wilson was reluctant to do several incisions inside my ears but recommended a Napier specialist. My father wasn't impressed with the £21 bill, and Dr. Wilson had it reduced to £10. A few years on, I attended a kindergarten adjoining Royston Hospital. About this time, we purchased our first radio. My father gave up smoking and stopped attending race meetings. Hence his money went further. Furthermore, Betty a lovely Rough Coated Collie became my playmate, whether she liked it or not. I used to lead her around by pulling her mane.

During 1928, my grandfather gave notice to the butcher shop tenants at Stortford Lodge to start looking for new premises, as he wished to turn the corner location into a petrol bowser station. Immediately the word spread,

two fuel companies signed a supply agreement, after my grandfather paid a £10 deposit. My grandfather spent £600 on alterations to the building, while the petrol companies insured the supply of the pumps and oil cabinets. Both these oil companies failed to deliver. Eventually my grandfather was operating a petrol station on the corner selling Plume Motor Spirit, Big Tree and Union petroleum brands. The bowser station had two large metal concertina gates that my father opened and closed every day. Eventually the service station had seven pumps, three owned by Atlantic Union Oil, another one supplying Shell Petroleum and another Vacuum Oil Company. The other two were owned by my grandfather himself.

When my grandfather returned to work after his long convalescence, he was belligerent and very difficult. My father knew a showdown was imminent. Dad took a Saturday afternoon off work. He took Mum and I across to Nelson Park, Napier to watch Hawke's Bay play the touring English cricketers on a glorious summer's day. The illustrious visitors plundered 511 runs off the local attack. That day February 1, 1930 my grandfather and Uncle Len had a huge 'bamey' and my uncle had walked out on his father. Fifteen years later Len would be national secretary of Meat Producers' Association.

Six weeks later, my grandfather employed a new man in the office. Immediately the books would not balance. Finally, my father had some evidence that dishonesty was before the shortfalls. My grandfather abused my father for even suggesting the new man was stealing. This was in October 1930, and my father just walked away from the factory and the family business. During the Depression, it wasn't easy to find paid employment and he quickly encountered the difficulties involved. He started hay baling before spending several weeks digging out weeds along the railway siding for the Atlantic Union Oil Company. They liked his ethics so kept him on, to fill four-gallon tins of oil. He then spent a week driving a truck for Alex Wilkie, for £5.

During November, a vacancy for a manager for a new bacon factory opening in Nelson, appeared in the Situations Vacant column in the Dominion newspaper. They received 26 applicants but my father was the only one the Department of Agriculture would recommend. The owner, a broad spoken Scot with a wooden leg arrived at our door wishing to talk to Dad in mid-December. James Wyllie had been born on Blackbyre Farm, east of the village of Fenwick in Ayrshire during 1884. His family still resided on the farm but he had taken over Kershaw Engineering in Nelson. He enlisted during the war and became a Lance Corporal in the NZ Engineers. Eleven months after arriving in Europe he was admitted to a Casualty Clearing Station in the Le Touquet sub sector, suffering from gunshot wounds. He had a fractured right humerus and a severe foot wound. His right leg was amputated above the ankle. He spent 19 months in hospital, in which time he designed two artificial limbs, which were manufactured and supplied in June 1918. These were eventually damaged in New Zealand and he made new artificial legs himself at his engineering works. Wyllie's first wife had just died and in the near future he was to marry his children's housekeeper.

Wyllie had been left £3,000 by his mother in her Will and wished to invest in a new venture. He assured my father he wouldn't interfere in the running of the bacon factory. My father's first impressions of Wyllie weren't good. He appeared to be combative but offered to pay for Dad to travel to Nelson to look at the prospective operation. The following Monday, Dad sailed across to Nelson, on the Arahura. They went out to Appleby, where an old Cider factory was to be the proposed bacon factory. It was a converted coolstore on the Nelson-Motueka Road. It had no water supply, two large soakage pits for drainage, generator power, coal fired refrigeration but had plenty of steam. The killing would take place on site. My father suggested to James Wyllie to forget about this enterprise and left Nelson thinking he had persuaded him against further progress.

Just before Christmas, Dad began selling Electrolux refrigerators for the Hastings branch of the Napier Gas Company on commission. He was one of 126 applicants, and got the job because he was the only one with refrigeration experience. On his first day, he sold a big unit to Charlie Slater for his fruit storage and received £8.10s in commission. On the second day, he sold another refrigerator. That was the last sale he was to make. Door knocking at hundreds of homes produced the same result. No one had any money and my father was not making any. So, he handed in a fortnights notice. Roach's Department Store promised to put in five fridges but that was a future project. During Monday February 2, my father had met with the former mayor George Ebbett and measured the kitchen in their Southland Road home for a new fridge. He was to show Mrs. Ebbett a range of choices at 11 am the next morning.

In mid-January, my father had gone to Auckland to look at a business for sale, in Karangahape Road. They wanted £1,000. My father put in a stupid £300 offer and it was accepted. The vendor also agreed to a £50 deposit and the balance to be paid from profits. The deal was to be finalised on February 4.

Tuesday February 3, 1931 was my first day at Mahora School. At 10.50 during morning break, came the devastating 7.9 Richter scale monster Hawke's Bay earthquake. New to the school I hadn't worked out which door in the hallway led to the playgrounds. I was thrown off my feet as several waves struck the school building.



James Wyllie - Kershaw Engineering

In a blind panic I grabbed my cap, and found my way outside by the nearest exit. I remember seeing the swell in the school baths still sloshing water over the sides. I didn't wait around for any instructions. I ran across the schoolyard and all the way home. A strange smell of smoky bricks hovered in the atmosphere everywhere. All the way home, little infants were gripping their mother's legs or on the footpaths in tears.

When the world started to move, my father had been standing outside Thompson's Butchery in Heretaunga Street West, just marking time until his appointment to demonstrate a new model fridge to Mrs. Ebbett. The Napier Gas Company showrooms were just around the corner on King Street. He immediately ran 15 yards passing the grocer's shop to the corner of Heretaunga Street and King Street, then the force of the shockwaves threw him off his feet and headfirst across the intersection into a large telephone pole outside the Cosy Theatre. Bricks rained down one by one, but none directly hit him, but slowly they buried both his legs and crept up his torso. Luckily the Cosy Theatre had been poorly built and the bricks separated and didn't fall in large lumps.

Exactly where he had been standing, 38 year old clerk Julia 'Ivy' Thompson had rushed out of her father's shop and had been crushed by falling masonry. Across the road seventeen people perished as the façade of Roach's Department Store crashed into the centre of the road before the whole building caved inwards. Dad extricated himself from the bricks, grabbed his bike from outside the gas company and rushed home to comfort us.



The King Street and Heretaunga Street Intersection after the earthquake.

My father found mum standing on the footpath outside home. Dad set off on his bike for the school to bring me home. But couldn't find me anywhere. He was most relieved when he arrived home again to see his terrified youngster hugging mum outside our home. I remember Dad arriving home on his bicycle, his suit covered in dust and totally missing the seat of his pants. Both business districts of Napier and Hastings were heavily devastated by the quake and many buildings left in ruins. But additional devastation was to follow.

Like most of the private homes, both our chimneys had come smashing down. The main fireplace fell outwards and not through the roof into the living area. Disastrously the little chimney in the kitchen had come down through the roof. My mum was left with china, glassware, crockery, jam sauce, jars of preserves and wall hangings, smashed or broken on the floor of our home. My grandparents had suffered ill luck. The façade of their delicatessen had collapsed, along with the neighbouring Donovan's billiard saloon and the large five storey Grand Hotel, spread a mountain of debris that blocked easy access to the area.

My father went back into town to look for his mother and sister, who both worked in the 'Elite' delicatessen shop. He clambered over the rubble in the street to find amazingly the shop intact. As it was a wooden building it had ridden the storm and only the ferro-concrete front had crumbled. My grandparents and aunt lived on the second storey and he climbed the stairs which had remained undamaged. He found no one and discovered not even one glass had been broken. Dad was relieved to hear that his mum and sister were at the home of Miss



Elite Bacon Company, wooden storage building, cool storage building, bacon factory and petrol station at Stortford Lodge.

At Stortford Lodge, the brick building housing the petrol station was a total wreck, but the wooden bacon factory was practically undamaged. Luckily the fruit picking had not started, but there was still the problem of no power to run the refrigeration for the meat stocks. By 2 pm it didn't matter as the emergency relief committee commandeered all the stock from both the delicatessen and the factory. The dodgy office clerk had bravely rescued the cash books from the safe. Not surprisingly he was never to hand them over, and burnt them to cover his murky tracks. The landlord had adequate earthquake insurance for the shop, but my grandfather had never taken out any insurance on his premises at Stortford Lodge or the contents of the Heretaunga Street shop.

In the afternoon, my father and a young employee Jack Kelly returned in the old Chevrolet truck to salvage the stock and some belongings for the shop. It was nerve wrecking as more shakes were occurring regularly. My grandfather's 1924 Austin 12 Tourer was undamaged in the brick building behind the shop, but was trapped by a large timber beam. They planned to return the following day to collect more belongings. My grandparents and aunt, suddenly homeless, came to live with us. They had practically lost everything in the earthquake.

Amongst the 151 aftershocks that day came a severe shock of 5.8 at 8.41pm. Much more of the Grand Hotel came crashing down on to the surrounding properties, but it also ignited a broken gas line in Bell's Grocery on the Russell Street corner. With no water available for fire-fighters, the furious fire went uncontrolled, eventually sweeping through my grandparent's wooden dwelling and gutted every building in the block on Heretaunga Street and Karamu Road. My mother's sister woke us at 5 am with the bad news. My grandparents not only lost the equipment from the stop, but their car and the remainder of their personal belongings, including Granny's beautiful linen and handwork. Auntie Winnie lost her cherished Fritz Kuhla piano. All were taken by the fire.



'Elite' delicatessen still smouldering the following morning.



Fire destroyed the whole northside of Heretaunga Street.

Until our chimneys was repaired, we were not permitted to live in our house. No one wanted to live inside our house any way, as the region experienced 612 aftershocks before the month was out. We owned a large tent, which was erected on the back lawn, but most of the extended family slept inside our large garage. The final death toll of the Hawke's Bay earthquake rose to 256, with hundreds more injured in varying degrees.

Meanwhile, my father volunteered for the special police force and he was one of three appointed as an inspector for the next ten days. This quasi-military force was to keep law-in-order, control the CBD and help with

the evacuation. Dad didn't get home for a sleep for three days. There were 306 men employed on picket duty at every intersection every minute of the day. One of my father's earliest tasks was to drive a group of nurses to the emergency hospital in the huge camp in Nelson Park, Napier. It took hours to negotiate the huge cracks in the coastal road, only to find Napier more devastated than Hastings. He chose to return to Hastings via Taradale, which was a mistake as the roads were almost unpassable and the Waiohiki bridge down. One day while manning the pickets, his team even refused to allow the Commissioner of Police passage and the esteemed gentleman was forced to take a large detour, but took it in good humour.

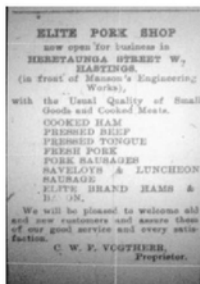
My father received a certificate signed by the Mayor George Roach, in appreciation of his services as a special constable, which I still possess. During the week, my father was surprised to get a cable saying the Nelson bacon factory venture was opening on February 23 and the position was his if he still wanted it. I think my father felt a little guilty leaving Hastings in its hour of need, but mum's wisdom shone through. He accepted the position in the South Island. My grandparents and Aunt Win would stay in our house, as they were still homeless. My parents loaded our faithful 1928 Detroit built, straight eight cylinder Hupmobile Tourer with crockery, utensils, bedding, Betty and myself and we were off. We sailed across on a Cook Strait ferry Arahura and I remember being seasick.

Therefore, my father became manager of the Blackbyre Bacon Company at Appleby and was promised 10% of the profits and a weekly wage of £6. Wyllie had organised accommodation in a small cottage in a back paddock, where I would have to wade across the river to get to school. My father dismissed the offer and found a large bungalow in Queen Street, Richmond for 22 shillings and six pence weekly rental. Dad brought some furniture from the mart. We later moved to a new bungalow, straight opposite, with a rental of just 17s. and 6d.

Wyllie had made several improvements, some good and others were bad. Hence the factory was still quite crude and some machinery was still being installed. Wyllie had organised five employees including Charlie Austin a 56 year old butcher from the West Coast, Frank Wagner and Harry Best an engineer to run the plant, refrigeration and steam boiler. But Dad was still the curer, boner, roller, smallgoods man, salesman and bookkeeper. They had an Albion five ton truck available, which did five miles to the gallon. Wyllie operated a 30 acre pig farm on the opposite side of the road, where he introduced the Large White breed of pig. Over nine months, 12 sows produced 156 piglets but only 24 survived the winter, most succumbing to pneumonia. Dad managed to get the factory running smoothly, although the depression made things demanding.

By March 4, my grandparents who had lost almost everything had established temporary premises in 423 Heretaunga Street West and the 'Elite' Pork shop operated from this location until the old premises were rebuilt the following year. This building was in front of Alex Manson's machinery business. It was situated next to Bill Carberry's saddlery. We had purchased Lassie from him. The wooden factory building at Stortford Lodge remained and was only eventually demolished to make way for the present Cumberland Court Motel in 1999.

My grandfather was about to gain an earthquake recovery loan from the treasury amounting to £1650 to rebuild the cool stores at Stortford Lodge. While he was rebuilding the cool stores, outside operators moved in and afterwards his income from the cool stores dropped by an average of £6,000 per year.



ELITE PORK SHOP
now open for business in
HERETAUNGA STREET W,
HASTINGS.
(in front of Manson's Engineering
Works),
with the Usual Quality of Small
Goods and Cooked Meats.
COOKED HAM
PRESS'D BEEF
PRESS'D TONGUE
FRESH PORK
PORK SAUSAGE
SAVINOVS & LUNCHEON
SAUSAGE
ELITE BRAND HAMS &
B. ON.
We will be pleased to welcome all
and new customers and assure them
of our good service and every satis-
faction.
C. W. F. VOGTNER,
Proprietor.

H.B. Herald Tribune
4 March 1931



Heretaunga Street showing the 'Elite' delicatessen block after the rebuild.

After the rebuild, my grandfather already had accommodation, so opened the 'Elite' delicatessen a few doors from the previous location, below Donovan's billiard saloon at 120 Heretaunga Street East. After a few years, he relocated again to 118 Heretaunga Street East, beside the State Theatre.

After five weeks in Nelson, no one had received their wages. Dad arranged with the bank for a weekly cheque to pay the employees, so no one would be caught out if the venture failed. Flybrow was a major problem, because of the manure pit. The Nelson Freezing Works at Stoke had offered to kill the pigs for 2/- 6d and store them until needed but Wyllie blindly couldn't see the financial benefits.

Wyllie had accepted orders not realising it took six weeks to product the products. They secured Tamworth pigs from Takaka which were outstanding meat producers, and some Berkshire pigs. Dad secured the ham and bacon supply to J.Wood and Son, who were the leading grocery in Nelson.

Unfortunately Dad had problems with Harry Best enjoying too much of the factory's previous product, so Jock Brough became the new factory engineer. The factory was killing 40-50 pigs every Monday. Dad had a small but efficient operation. In the first year, they made a profit and the following year the books were looking even better, and my father received a £1 weekly wage increase.

Regrettably, the Governor General Viscount Bledisloe made an official visit to the Blackbyre Bacon factory. He was a breeder of pigs and had his own bacon factory. He suggested to James Wylie that killing 120 pigs a week was the only way to make ends meet. Wylie started making big plans. He bought in pigs to fatten on pea hay and applied for an export licence. This proposal meant the local health inspector Dr. Mercer called to inspect the premises. Dad was given 24 hours to get rid of the digester, which he hated, and was happy to oblige.

The factory owner purchased a new refrigerator from England with a Tangye diesel motor. Sadly, the diesel motor couldn't develop the required power to sustain the cooling unit. My father had been very successful, phoning the local outlets every morning to obtain orders. Wylie decided to send Jock the engineer door knocking every morning and sales quickly fell away. My father quickly reverted back to his successful selling practice but Wylie cut everyone's wages by 10 shillings a week to cover the losses. He soon tried again to reduce the wages, but this time my father stood firm.

I had to go into wearing glasses when I was eight years old. I was getting continuous headaches and a Nelson optician put me into spectacles. At primary school and at home I would always be drawing motor vehicles. Just about every time it would be a stylish sports car, open top with long flowing guards.

During 1934, the Rangitikei Bacon Company in Marton, went bankrupt and my father had read an advert for the leasing of the factory in the Dominion newspaper. James Wylie and my father were still having their differences and argued a lot. Dad had found the cheapest and most successful form of advertising Blackbyre products, was window displays at several outlets. In September 1934, he had just completed a new display in Howcroft's Grocery Store, when Mr. and Mrs. Wylie removed it and created their own presentation. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Dad threw the keys across the table and within a week our family had embarked on the Arahura and moved back to Hastings. Within 18 months, Wylie's venture would be bankrupt, and he lost the farm, the factory and almost everything.

My father went to Marton to check on the prospects of the Rangitikei Bacon Company. This was just a one-man business in Hair Street, behind Panny Lurajud's fish shop. This Greek gentleman owned the factory and supplied the refrigeration. The lease was £3 a week. Lurajud had a medium sized Reo truck and was prepared to do all the bacon factory's carting. Dad recommenced operating the Rangitikei Bacon Company. I stayed in Hastings with Auntie Gert for a short period until my parents had found a house in Marton.

While in Marton, we lived at No. 1 Station Road, near the Tutaenui Stream which ran past our property and was always in my mind as a flood risk. The house was owned by Mr. Leonard Carey, a local builder, and the rent was 25 shillings a week. This time my parents had most of their furniture moved from Hastings to Marton. My father worked tirelessly on his own and build up the small business. At first, the suppliers were weary having suffered a financial loss with the previous owner but Dad started curing for the local farmers.

My father had always banked with the BNZ and before leaving Nelson got a credit reference from the branch manager. He gained a £180 overdraft by depositing his insurance policy as security. Eventually he needed another £25 and the bank manager was reluctant to give him more credit. Consequently, he switched to the Union Bank of Australasia. Here he was aided by the generous support of his bank manager Mr. John Thorp, who increased the overdraft to £400.

Regrettably the floor of the curing room collapsed, but the owner converted another room into a refrigerated curing facility. He also installed a new 30 gallon gas copper which cost £12. A gas line had to be laid passing Panny Lurajud's home. Then came another obstacle, the steam boiler was condemned.

Dad had been fascinated by Holly self-raising flour brand, made by Buchanans Flour Mills in Ashburton, and their advertisement appeared in the old Edmonds Cookery books. My father chose 'Holly' as the possible brand name for his products and began using it, as there were no copyright issues. The factory made a small profit for the first year and my mother took over the clerical side of the business. Dad would drive to Bulls, Palmerston North, Halcombe and Feilding to secure new customers and get weekly orders.

One day I was riding my mother's bicycle and at a good clip as usual. I misjudged a corner and hit the roadside gutter. Bike and I went flying, and I received several bruises. Alas Mum's bicycle did not fare too well. It had a U shape bend in the front wheel. I had to pay off three-pence a week to my father until the repair bill had been recuperated.

By 1937 my grandfather's business had still not recovered from the 1931 disaster and he could not repay the loan from the treasury or any of the mortgage taken out with William Richmond. He applied for relief of mortgages through the new 'Mortgagors and Lessees Rehabilitation Act of 1936'. He gained a satisfactory arrangement, but the consequence was he was ineligible to get any more accommodation from the bank. Dad received a letter from the manager of the National Bank in Hastings, stating that the 'Elite' Bacon and Ham Company was in a dire financial predicament. He suggested if my father could come back to Hastings and take charge of the ailing business and invest £1200 into the business, they would extend the credit limits. Otherwise the business wouldn't last six months. Dad spoke to his father, but he seemed impervious to the serious state of his finances.

Dad had always considered returning to Hastings to commence his own enterprise and now seemed the right time. My father wanted to create a completely new business and he found advertised in the newspaper a suitable arrangement. Harry Mossman, a land speculator offered to build new premises on a large spare section on Karamu Road, between the newly built Thompson Motors and the Public Trust Office, which was situated on the Queen Street corner. He was happy for architect Robert McDowell to create a structure to house a new factory to my father's specifications and to fulfil my father's requirements for a bacon processing facility.

Afterwards the basic agreement to lease the premises from Harry Mossman for a designated period was signed. The rent would be £3 and 10 shillings per week for five years, with the right of renewal for another five years. Charlie Palmer was awarded the contract to build the premises, after submitting a reasonable tender. Immediately he hit a snag, when he was presented with the architect's plans which included the technical tongue and groove method and using no nails. This was quickly rectified when the agreed set of plans were produced which stipulated nailing of the skeleton framework.

MOSSMAN & COY.

We have been appointed sole agents for the undermentioned sections—

Each side of Thompson Motors, Karamu Road, 44 and 37 feet, 50 x 90 with right-of-way; between Tong's and McDermod's, 40 x 90 next to Madame Biguen's, Eastborne Street, 50 x 2 1/2 chain; opp. Bush Manor's. The owners would consider erecting immediately, suitable buildings for approved tenant, at five per cent on land and eight per cent on buildings. Immediate inquiries requested.

MOSSMAN & COY.
Sole Agents — HASTINGS

H.B. Herald Tribune—May 7, 1937.



An aerial photo from 1934, showing the vacant sections north-east of the Public Trust building.

With his plans in place, Dad did not renew the Marton lease for a fourth year. We returned to Hastings on Labour Day in 1937 and we went back into our old home in St. Aubyn Street West. My grandparents and Auntie Winifred had to move out and found a nice residence at 106 Park Road South. While the factory was being constructed, my father drove again for Wilkies Transport for a short stint. He vowed he had never worked so hard in his life than during this period, when he was employed by Wilkies.

Dad hoped to be operating by Christmas and received a small stock of frozen legs of pork but the opening target couldn't be achieved. For that reason, he gave all the pork to his sister to sell at the delicatessen, as Nelson's Tomoana Freezing Works were already refusing to supply my grandfather. In 1937, Kiwi farmers produced more than one million pigs for the New Zealand market.

The 'chippies' under the local contractor Charlie Palmer had put the final excellent touches to the factory in early February and the new Hastings Bacon Company officially opened for business on February 19, 1938. An indication of Dad's confidence was the expenditure to make the premises thoroughly up-to-date. He made provisions for future expansion. Utility was not sacrificed for beauty, as it was most convenient and very few steps were necessary to get around all the essential parts of the factory.

The refrigeration unit for the factory was the first contract awarded to the newly created Agnew Refrigeration Company. Ted Tucker installed a unit, built by Hallmark in England. It was fully automatic with two Larkin Coolers installed in the curing chamber. These coolers were fitted with electric fans which run for 24 hours a day, thus ensuring complete uniformity of temperature throughout.

The cooking of the ham was done by gas, operated under controlled heat which ensured the retention of the valuable meat juices in the hams during the process. The whole building was thoroughly ventilated by a current of air and the glass doors and skylights made it a healthy and well-lit factory.

Originally the quality pigs were selected from local farms and slaughtered under excellent conditions and Government inspection at Tomoana Freezing Works. Now the 'Holly' brand had a new home and this very high-grade product would be available in more local outlets.

My mother continued with all the book-keeping and ledger entries for the company. The Hastings Bacon Company took a postal box, P.O. Box 71, Hastings. This is still our postal address, 80 years later.





By commencing business in Hastings, my father went into direct competition with his father. Meanwhile my grandfather's businesses was completely flourishing and rapidly he found bankruptcy papers being served on him. Two bad seasons in 1937 and 1938 finally saw the curtain come down. My paternal grandfather had been battling the bottle for years, which didn't help. The bookie at the Stortford Lodge Hotel was also gaining a regular profit.

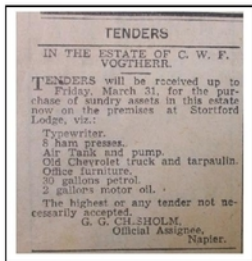
My father's business flourished under his astute management. He began by processing just ten pigs a week, until he had established a reliable cliental. Within a year, he was killing ten every day. We sourced the pigs direct from the farmers as far away as Woodville. They arrived by rail, already killed and dressed.

Being an energetic twelve year old, already with a mechanical bent, life was exciting. Sure, I was supposed to help my father, before school, after school and occasionally at lunch time. Even in the school holidays, I was unofficially helping the family business. I was given no pay but Dad would put a little directly into my POSB account. Sadly, our return to Hastings, brought the decision to put my best mate Betty down. Dad had imported her from England as a puppy in 1928, and on the long sea journey, she had been poorly nourished and suffered irreparable damage curtailing for longevity.

Wilkie transport did all our carting of pigs from the abattoir at Tomoana, and transporting orders to and from the rail head. Alex Wilkie's son Cyril took over the business later. How did we ever get away with carrying carcasses on an open truck tray with just a tarpaulin over the pigs.

In November 1938, the 'Elite' Bacon Company went into liquidation, my grandfather appeared before the High Court in Napier and was declared insolvent. The delicatessen location at 118 Heretaunga Street East continued until a next court hearing. Afterwards 118 Heretaunga Street East became a marble bar for Health Foods (NZ) and eventually during the war, changed its name to the Tip Top Milk Bar.

On 17 February 1939, my grandfather appeared in the Hastings Courthouse to face the bankruptcy proceedings. He had been declared bankrupt on the 9 February. He was represented by his solicitor Mr. Hallett. The main creditors were Atlantic Union Oil, the Treasury, National Bank, William Richmond and three employees. These secured claims amounted to £8272, while there was £1762 owing to unsecured creditors.



His main assets included a life insurance worth £9000, but with a surrender value of only £412. The shop and bacon factory had been for sale for two months, without receiving any offers. Carl Vogther stated the land building and plant cost £7540 and there had been £5000 spend on additions and improvements. His other assets included two petrol pumps and three tanks, an air tank and motor pump worth £45, stock including 30 gallons of benzine, two gallons of oil and 400 blocks of ice. The only machinery was a typewriter, Chevrolet truck Reg. No. H9020 and a large tarpaulin.

The three employees Jack Kelly, Bill Wilkins and Mr. Duckitt were claiming a substantial amount for wages not paid. Wilkins was claiming for 8 weeks and 2½ days at £5. 8s. 2d. a week. Carl Vogther could not confirm the amounts because the wages book had not been kept up to date after the office accounts clerk David Graham took ill. David Graham had begun suffering from blood clots in his legs. Thrombosis claimed his life, as the clots travelled to his brain. David would die aged 34 years old, on April 16, 1939.

The Official Assignee estimated the total assets were £1230. 5s. He made a tentative judgement that there was a £248.16s. 9d. deficiency, but everyone knew the true figure was much higher.

Soon afterwards part of the Stortford Lodge site was sold to Mr. A. Robson, while the mortgagee William Richmond took the remainder. The tentative price for the land was £4,000. The fruit cool stores at Stortford Lodge became the Richmond Cool Stores. Richmond sold the bacon factory to L.J. Fisher and E.E. Rixon. It became the Stortford Lodge Bacon Company operated by Mr. Rixon, with Fred Green as the curer. The bowser station was abandoned, with no parties interested in operating it. The Chevrolet truck was sold to Mr. E. Wiggins, 606 Oak Road.

My grandfather began earning a living by growing vegetables at home and selling them from his gate. He never drunk alcohol or gambled again. Aunt Winnie went to work for L.J. Harvey Ltd, eventually giving 24 years loyal service. My father made a pledge to pay out all the creditors who wanted reimbursement, to ensure that the Vogther family still had a good name. This took many years to achieve. By July 1948, my father had paid all the

preferential secured claims. By January 1950 he had paid off £545 of the unsecured claims but still had over £433 unsecured claims outstanding. Finally on 13 November 1952, my father paid off the last claim. One cheque had been generously returned, and my father paid off another two unrecorded claims, including £20 to C.H. Slater.

In the early days of the Second World War, Dad was conscientious and did his best to save petrol and was allocated the minimum number of coupons, two gallons of petrol per month. That wasn't too much of a problem because we only lived about ¼ of a mile from the factory. Before the war, I would do local deliveries to customers on a factory bike, with a large carrier basket. During the war and while I was at boarding school, the Hastings customers were still supplied by this delivery bike. Freight costs from the abattoir and railhead was ½ d. per lb. The pigs cost my father about £3.10s.

When Dad found out that George Passey and George Green, the panel-beaters next door had been allocated 40 gallons of petrol a month, he found it difficult to accept. During those days when severe rationing was in force, many would beg, borrow, bargain or buy any coupons that might be circulating. Dad's friend Mr. Thomas Clissold, became affectionately known as 'Father Christmas', because of his uncanny ability to produce these valuable petrol coupons more often than not. He was a small robust man, with a ruddy complexion and always had a cheeky grin. He always wore a brown suit and hat. He had told us that in 1912, he was a cook on the 'Terra Nova' during Captain Falcon Scott's ill-fated Antarctic expedition. We thought it was a tall tale and didn't believe him, until one day to our astonishment, he turned up with King Neptune's three foot long wooden razor, inscribed with the words 'Terra Nova' on it. Mr. Clissold must have filched it, as a souvenir during the voyage. One wonders where the wooden razor is today?

To my knowledge the family suffered no anti-German sentiment during the Second World War. Although the Department of Justice and Department of Internal Affairs both opened a file under my grandfather's name in 1940. During the war my father purchased a furnished beach cottage at Te Awanga for £460. It lay on the northern end of the lagoon, with a lovely view of the Bluff Hill at Napier.

My Sporting Memories

After helping my Dad in the bacon factory after school, I would run alongside his bicycle, all the way home about a mile away through the streets of Marton. One evening the local tailor Mr. Twigg saw me and asked how far I thought I could run. "Down to the railway station and back." I replied. He was surprised, as this was about a mile. He was an official of the Marton Harrier Club and suggested to my father that I should join the local club. At the time, the club had a strong reputation in the region, and Frank Hill was the best runner in the club. He had many royal battles with Charlie Wellar of Wanganui, the three time New Zealand Harrier Champion. My father went and talked to Mr. McPherson, the local Gas Company manager, and D'Arcy Foster the foreman at the Ford dealership in Marton. They were both active members of the harrier club. My father allowed me to start running and therefore I commenced racing when I was still only ten years old.

In 1935, I joined the club. I came under the guidance of a couple of the local runners. The club's president, Mr. Dashwood organised a series of three races for 9 to 11 year olds at Marton Park. On a 440 yard track, the races were over one lap, two laps and three laps on successive weeks. I finished with two seconds and a third placing, and just a point behind the overall winner. I received a miniature cup for being runner up overall. My first trophy, and still treasured today.



Two early harrier images of me.

I joined the Hastings Harrier Club for the 1938 season, along with other juniors including Peter Single, John Campin and John Philpott. We all came under the guidance of club stalwarts Colbourne Wright, Tod Taylor and the Spurdle brothers, who gave us helpful advice with training and racing. Unfortunately, the Hastings club did not have a separate junior grade. We could keep up with many seniors over short distances, and from the beginning were trying to outrun as many seniors as possible. I have vivid memories of laying a paper trail with Jim Moran after the big flood of 1938. We both waded through mud up to my hips down Poplar Avenue on April 30, five days after the heavy rains.

Later in 1939, I remember running down Karamu Road, passing the Showgrounds with Bill Tully, during the annual Napier to Hastings Road Race. Because of my age I couldn't compete, so I ran part of the course as a training run. By now, my father was getting worried that I was punishing my body and would burn out. Les Spurdle, the harrier club's coach and handicapper supported my father's suggestion to moderate my athletic ambitions, by sending me away to New Plymouth Boys' High School.

I rejoined the Hastings Harrier Club in late 1942, but because of the war there was very few organised racing. Many other clubs were in recess and there were no official championship races. The club had introduced a junior grade and my first race back was the inaugural six mile Clive to Hastings Road Race for junior runners in September. With only my reputation to go by, the handicapper ungraciously started me off scratch, ten minutes behind the limit runners. I did record the fastest time 36.30 but I never caught two runners off more generous handicaps. C. Baumfield off a 10 minute handicap was still 74 seconds ahead of me at the finish, and W. Shattky

off 8 minutes was still 59 seconds clear at the finish.

I won the Hastings Junior Club Championship over 5,000 metres the following August, in 20 minutes dead. In the 1943 Clive to Hastings Road Race I was again off scratch, but this time I won both line honours and recorded the fastest time. Henderson off 5 minutes was second, John Philpott (6.30) was third, while the previous year's winner C. Baumfield (4.50) was the next finisher. The weather that day was atrocious, and everyone was frozen stiff by the time they finished at the Hastings Post Office, in Russell Street. Luckily soaking in hot water was available at our factory in Karamu Road, but still many were overcome by severe muscle cramps. That was the coldest I ever experienced while harrier running. Mum started a scrapbook, to record my running achievements and the achievements of my other athletic heroes including Doug Harris.

1944 was my final season as a junior. I specially targeted the six mile Clive to Hastings Road Race again. I was training conscientiously and running confidently, with an eye on the first ever National Junior Cross Country Championships to be held at Miramar, Wellington. In the local event, I was off scratch again, paired with Albert Pay, a visitor from the capital. The conditions were the complete opposite to the previous year. A very hot Hawke's Bay day, Albert and I were well matched and ran stride for stride until we reached the three mile peg at the Karamu Stream bridge. We had both worked hard and were feeling the strain, but I decided to put in a surge, just to test the water. Surprisingly there was no strong response and he dropped behind. He still made me work for my sixth placing but I crossed the finish line at the Post Office in a new record of 33 minutes 10 seconds. The 1944 season was a good one as I won both the senior and junior club titles, which probably still hasn't been repeated by another runner.

July 22, 1944 Hastings Harrier Club Championship

Senior Grade-6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr

Junior Grade-3 miles and 220 yards: 1. Gordon Vogtherr

August 5, 1944 Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championships at Hastings.

Junior Grade-3 miles and 220 yards. 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 19.33½, 2. Guy Instone (Has) 20.16, 3. David Lowe (Has) 21.43.



The titanic lunge to finish third equal at Miramar.

On September 23, Mum and I travelled to Wellington for the national harrier champs. The race was over 3 miles and 220 yards, on a good testing course with hills, road and a cross country section at Miramar. Pete Tulloch and Albert Pay were able to burn me off although I was only 20 yards behind at halfway. In a desperate finish, I was credited with equal third with Neil Stanyer from Auckland. The Auckland runner had come with a powerful late challenge and I was not aware he was challenging until the last two strides. Thankfully there was no photo finish cameras in those days, otherwise one of us could have been disappointed. My time was 19.58, some 38 seconds behind the winner Tulloch. Unfortunately, this ultimately ended up being by far my best harrier placing on the national stage.

After the cease fire in 1945, life gradually returned to normal as servicemen returned to civvy street. My father, Reg Cabot, Colbourne Wright and others reformed the Hastings Athletic Club. I was keen to run track, to bridge the summer gap between harrier seasons.

1945 was my first year in the senior ranks and with many servicemen returning to civilian life, the competition was expanding. I took out the fastest time for the King's Birthday Road Race in Napier and again I was successful winning the senior club title. It was raced in perfect conditions overhead, but the ground was very heavy and greasy after recent rain. As well I won the first Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Senior Harrier Championship to be held since 1941. I won comfortably from Tod Taylor, who had won the title three times prior to the war. The time was a slow 41 minutes 15 seconds, illustrating just how challenging the Taradale course could be.

I travelled to Dunedin for the N.Z. Cross Country Championships and while flying south, they announced that peace had been declared, V. J. Day. The races were held in wet conditions on the Wingatui racecourse. I finished a creditable sixteenth. A week later I ran the Heretaunga Baton race for the first time. This was an annual four man baton relay race, from Hastings to Napier between the two local clubs. I was lead off runner and our team won by almost three minutes. On September 15, Dad drove three of us to Wellington for the Vosseler Shield at Lyall Bay. In a field of 111 competitors, Tod Taylor came seventh, Tom Manley fourteenth and I was a further two places back. This was my first ever 10 mile event and I lacked the conditioning for the extra distance.

July 21 1945 Hastings Harrier Club Championship at Havelock North.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr 41.00, 2. H.E. Taylor 41.34, 3. Bernie Anderson 43.36

August 4 1945 Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championship at Taradale

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 41.15, 2. H.E. Taylor (Has) 41.51, 3. G. Healey (Gis) 42.55.

When we lived in Havelock North, I would regularly train over the club championship course, which ran past our front door in Duart Road. Also, I often ran home from the Hastings boundary after work. One day, my father dropped me off at the boundary. It was only as his car disappeared towards Havelock North, I realized I had not

put my shorts on. That particular run home was very fast.



During this period, many club runners just ran in sandals. I was lucky I had a pair of proper soft leather running shoes, which were good for road running. But I needed more grip for the grass tracks and especially the winter cross country racing. Spikes were only just starting to appear overseas, but only the top international athletes had them. Anyway, I found my running style did not suit spikes. I cut some rubber soles into horse shoe shapes and glued three to each running shoe as cleats, similar to those used by baseball players. They were surprisingly affective and gave tremendous grip. I could run on all surface with the cleats and suffer no discomfort or loss of performance.

In March 1946, Bill Wells, the West Coast-North Island Harrier champion, attempted to break the New Zealand six mile record in Hastings at Nelson Park. Hastings athletes, including myself, were invited to act as pacemakers. He broke the record with a time of 30 minutes 55 seconds.

I recorded the fastest time at the King's Birthday race in Napier. For the first time since 1941, the hugely popular Anderson Rally at Dannevirke was conducted. I ran a solid race for fifth place in a field of 52 starters. Later in the year I lost my club title. The course was very heavy with ankle deep mud and the creeks in flood. But I retained my provincial harrier title on the same course at Havelock North by over two minutes.

Unfortunately, at the New Zealand Championships three weeks later things didn't go to well. I had surveyed the Trentham course on Friday afternoon and it was hard and fast. With atrocious overnight weather and more heavy rain and a bitter southerly throughout the next day, the ground was a slippery, waterlogged challenge. This played into Jim Matheson's strengths to finish 21st. while I struggled to stay upright in the mud and finished 31st. Cliff Cox passed me ploughing through the appalling footing. He was minus his shorts, which he had lost to the mud. That day the annual North verse South rugby match at Athletic Park was called off after 65 minutes.

June 8 1946 Anderson Rally at Dannevirke.

Senior A Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Ken Galloway (Pal.Nth) 34.40, 2. L.Hawthorn (Pal.Nth) 35.05, 3. V.Fiddes (Pal.Nth) 35.15, 4. Clem Hawkes (VicU) 35.47, 5. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 36.00.

July 6, 1946 Hastings Harrier Club Championship at Havelock North.

Senior Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Jim Matheson 40.34, 2. Gordon Vogtherr 41.26, 3. George Foulds 43.18

July 27 1946 Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championship at Havelock North.

Senior Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 38.31, 2.J.Matheson (Has) 40.40, 3.G.Foulds (Has) 40.52.

In 1947, Derek Turnbull joined the Hastings Harrier Club and we became very good friends and regular training partners. Derek was working for Mr. Tod on his farm at Otane and owned a brand new Triumph Speed Twin motorcycle. He was an enthusiastic runner and along with Jack Bartlett, Colbourne Wright, Jim Matheson and George Foulds, the Hastings club had a formidable look. At the annual King's Birthday open handicap road race, I arrived 10 minutes after my start time, but the officials allowed me to run unofficially, and with no warm-up I recorded third fastest time.

Three weeks later, I was third at the prestigious Dannevirke Rally. This was a very controversial race because a marshal sent us off course. There were numerous protests over the results. Then our club had to swallow a bitter pill, when we were defeated in the Heretaunga Baton race for the first time since its inception in 1934. I finished fifteenth in a field of 47 at the National Harrier Championships at the Eilersie racecourse. I wasn't too disappointed as I only faded over the last mile after lying eighth for most of the journey. This came on top of a disappointing third at Gisborne two weeks earlier, while defending my provincial title. Although our club did retain the Eagle Shield.

I won the club title the following month. At the end of the season, our club finished second in the Marton-Wanganui Road relay race behind New Plymouth. I ran the final leg into Wanganui, against Bill Wells the reigning NZ Harrier champion and George Bromley (Marton). I began the leg a minute behind Wells and 45 seconds in front of Bromley.

June 21, 1947. Anderson Rally at Dannevirke

Senior A Grade 6¼ miles: 1. John Eccles (VicU) 35.29, 2. Clem Hawkes (VicU) 35.30, 3. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 36.20

July 19, 1947. Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championship at Kaiti, Gisborne.

Senior Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Eric Tee (Gis) 41.34, 2. Jack Bartlett (Has) 42.29, 3. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 43.05.

August 23, 1947. Hastings Harrier Club Championship at Havelock North.

Senior Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr 39.25, 2. Jack Bartlett 40.42, 3. Jim Matheson 42.01.

September 20, 1947 Marton to Wanganui Road Relay

A Grade: 1. New Plymouth 2.15.16, 2. Hastings 2.18.57, 3. Marton 2.19.41, 4. Pal. North YMCA 2.20.03

I had won a solitary one mile provincial championships on the track, and three times secured the three mile title, but when Derek Turnbull arrived, I never saw which way he went and he took track titles with ease. I thought I was a reasonable track runner but quickly discovered I was a draught horse because I did not have a good

finishing sprint. The six mile championship was held for the first time on February 21, 1948 and Derek recorded 33 minutes 22 seconds. I was third some 300 yards distant. I did run a track race in Auckland and was blown away by the opposition, reinforcing my doubts that I could ever be a good track runner.



That's me, in the No.5 singlet leading the 1948 Dannevirke Rally senior field off the start line.

Running was always just another hobby for me, therefore I would train possibly just twice a week but it was always at 85% plus effort. My performances were often affected by nerves. I was quite heavy for a runner, 12 stone being my usual racing weight. I was one of a rare breed that ran in glasses. My forte was over country where I could use my major strength, which was stamina.

My tactics were always the same, try to burn off the opposition so it would never come down to a desperate sprint. I developed a quick hurdling technique, which was putting my leading foot on the top wire and pushing off. This method was disconcerting to trailing opposition because the fence was left swaying and their hesitation cost them time.

In 1948 I once more recorded the fastest time in the six mile King's Birthday race in Napier. Our club got revenge by defeating the Napier club in the annual Heretaunga Baton Relay in a course record time 1.08.41. I ran the third leg and took over the baton with a 10 yard deficit. I blew Cliff Craven away to storm to a 95 second lead and the team won by over 2½ minutes. Later that season, I won my fourth senior Hastings club title to equal Tod Taylor's tally.

Two weeks later, I headed off Derek Turnbull and claimed the provincial title at Dannevirke in a very quick 34 minutes 43 seconds. The Hastings club again retained the Eagle Shield. At the New Zealand Cross Country Championships at Motukarara, near Lake Ellesmere, I had a good run to finish 21st. after an arduous two day journey south.



*Hastings Harrier Club. Seniors. Eagle Shield Winners - 1948
Derek Turnbull, Jim Matheson, Jack Bartlett, George Foulds, Myself, Colbourne Wright (in front)*

I had my first start in the 13 mile Napier-Hastings Road Race and was off a two minute handicap but could only finish twelfth. Although I did record the fastest time, 73 minutes and 14 seconds. I started 30 seconds behind Derek Turnbull and chased him all the way and caught him but the effort told. Over the last 300 yards, I had run myself to a standstill, going into oxygen debt. I was almost so disorientated that I had to be guided to the finish line, trailing Derek home by nine seconds.

In the final event for the 1948 season, our club team of George Foulds, Jim Matheson, Jack Bartlett, Derek Turnbull and myself won the prestigious Marton-Wanganui Road Relay to claim the W.L. Young Memorial Rosebowl for the first time.

July 17, 1948. Hastings Harrier Club Championship at Havelock North.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr 40.37, 2. Derek Turnbull 41.22, 3. Jack Bartlett 43.53.

July 24, 1948. Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championship at Dannevirke.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 34.43, 2. Derek Turnbull (Has) 35.25, 3. K. Woodward (Dvk) 35.55.

I trained extremely diligently throughout the 1949 winter knowing I had a good chance of a top ten finish in the Nationals on the familiar home course at Havelock North. In the King's Birthday Road Race in Napier, I recorded the fastest time by over 1½ minutes with my all-time best effort for the course, 31.50. Two weeks later I recorded my best finish at the Dannevirke Rally. Although Les Shadbolt beat me by over 1½ minutes, he had smashed the course record in the process. The Hastings Club were dreadfully unlucky to miss the team trophy by a single point.

June 18, 1949. Anderson Rally at Dannevirke.

Senior A Grade 5.8 miles: 1. Les Shadbolt (Moa) 33.37, 2. Gordon Vogtherr (Has) 35.15, 3. Roy Lamberton (Moa) 35.57. Alas four weeks later, an Achilles heel problem cropped up leading into the Heretaunga Baton. Therefore, I missed the club and provincial championships. Then ultimately within a fortnight, measles ruined my dreams for the year, three weeks prior to the big national harrier race. I had to watch it from the side of the road.

Early in 1950, my parents purchased a house at 16 Coleman Terrace on the Napier hill, so I joined the Napier club with four senior provincial titles already under my belt. There was no animosity from the Hastings club. They realised it was logical decision, but the Napier runners were not so happy. Suddenly their pecking order had been unceremoniously revised and someone new was rewriting their course records. Roy Smith was their gun runner and had claimed their club's senior titles on four consecutive occasions. One of his biggest supporters was my father. I think Dad did it deliberately to provoke more effort out of me. In training, I often tackled the demanding six mile championship course at Taradale in fading light or darkness.

After the disappointments of 1949, I became a more conscientious runner, who trained assiduously. Frequently after work, I would run the 13 miles home to Napier. My father would drive ahead in stages, but never once did he pick me up. The completion of this long run was a challenging ascent to Coleman Terrace.

Most of 1950 I played second fiddle to Roy Smith, especially at the Napier club championship. But I won the provincial title on the same Taradale course in a record time, a week later. The Napier club didn't appreciate my sudden improvement, believing I had been foxing at the club championships a week earlier, but they didn't realise I always performed better in the second of back-to-back races. My only other major achievement during 1950 was breaking the Laurence Cup race record. This was an annual open handicap race from Clive to Napier.

July 22, 1950. Napier Harrier Club Championships at Taradale.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Roy Smith 38.29, 2. Gordon Vogtherr 39.45, 3. Jack Frame 41.12.

July 29, 1950. Hawke's Bay-Poverty Provincial Harrier Championships at Taradale.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Nap) 37.14, 2. Stan Jelly (Dvk) 37.26, 3. Brian Smith (Nap) 38.10.

At the National Cross Country championships at Awapuni I could only manage 31st. as it was a flat fast course. It did not play into my strengths. At the end of the season I couldn't get time off work to travel to Christchurch for the iconic Takahe-Akaroa Road Relay with the club.

In 1951, I finished a creditable fourth at the Anderson Rally before capturing my first Napier club title and retaining my provincial title at Gisborne. The wandering harrier Noel Taylor was first home on the day but didn't have the residential qualifications to claim the title.

Eventually I smashed my own Laurence Cup record by a huge 1 minute 19 seconds and then won the North Island Harrier Rally in Gisborne. The national harrier championships were again at the Wingitui racecourse and I finished in 28th. position.

June 16, 1951. Anderson Rally at Dannevirke.

Senior A Grade 5.8 miles: 1. Brian Derwin (Scot) 34.27, 2. Ron Langlands (Mata) 34.35, 3. Keith Winstanley (Moa) 34.46, 4. Gordon Vogtherr (Nap) 35.12.

June 30 1951. Napier Harrier Club Championships at Taradale.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr 37.56, 2. Roy Smith 38.45, 3. John Milne 38.54.

July 21, 1951. Hawke's Bay Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championships at Kaiti, Gisborne.

Senior Grade 6½ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Nap) 40.36, 2. John Milne (Nap) 41.00, 3. Richard Hawkins (Gis) 41.18.

August 25, 1951. North Island Harrier Road Rally at Gisborne.

Senior Grade 8.8 miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Nap) 48.49, 2. Laurie Tonkin (Nap) 49.10, 3. Jack Frame (Nap) 49.55.

The final event of the 1951 harrier season was the Marton-Wanganui Road Relay on September 29. We were still leading when I commenced the final leg into Wanganui. I could not withstand the challenge from Keith Winstanley, who caught me with three miles to run. I battled determinedly for two miles but by the time I entered Cooks Gardens, he was 400 yards ahead.

Senior A Grade: 26 miles. 1. Feilding Moa 2.12.55, 2. Napier 2.13.50, 3. Marton 2.18.06, 4. Wanganui 2.19.10.



Members of Napier's 1951 Marton-Wanganui Rally team.
Laurie Tonkin, John Milne, Myself, Roy Smith, Graeme Ward.

June 21, 1952. Napier Harrier Club Championship at Taradale.

Senior Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr 36.53, 2. Roy Smith 37.24, 3. Ray Scott 38.19.

July 19, 1952. Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Provincial Harrier Championships at Dannevirke.

Senior Grade 6¼ miles: 1. Gordon Vogtherr (Nap) 41.35, 2. Anthony Weatherley (Gis) 42.17, 3. Bruce Ryde (Dvk) 42.28.

In 1953, I ran for the Napier club in their first attempt at the prestigious Wellington-Masterton Road Relay, where we finished strongly for meritorious fifth place. I was originally down to run the first leg but the car I was travelling in, with all the best runners didn't get to the start-line in time. The team were forced to run our weaker team members first and the better runners over the second half of the relay. We were hopelessly out of contention early, but everyone was inspired. I eventually ran the last lap into Masterton, to finish behind the powerhouse teams of Lynndale, Victoria University, Scottish and Owairaka.



At full tilt, I loved the pleasure of speed.

The following season, I retained my club title by half a minute and in the process broke my own record for the revised Sugar Loaf course by 21 seconds. Then at Dannevirke in what my father described as my greatest run, I captured my seventh Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Harrier title. In heavy going, on steep hills, I produced a tremendous hill running effort that murdered the opposition.

Sadly a leg injury, hampered the rest of my winter, which coincided with Roy Smith really hitting top form, and breaking three of my course records. The national cross country championships were held at Te Rapa and the injury affected my performance, which was a pity because the course suited me.

Afterward our honeymoon, I swapped clubs again and ran a few races with the Hastings club but my leg problems were still troubling me, and business and family commitments were becoming priorities.

I returned for a few races in 1957 but again developed a major Achilles strain in my right leg. I was invited to take part in the Hawke's Bay Centennial Baton Relay from Wellington to Napier. Dad drove a few of us down to Wellington. As a committed conservative, and I found it ironic I was given the honour of accepting the baton, containing the goodwill message, from Labour Prime Minister Walter Nash on the steps of Parliament at 6.50 pm on Sunday October 31, 1958.

That was the beginning of a 200 mile journey that ended at McLean Park on Monday afternoon at 3.15 pm. We immediately drove back to Hastings after I completed the first leg of the relay. After a sleep, I got up at 4 am and met the convoy at Takapau and remained with them until the conclusion. Each of the 51 runners ran four miles carrying the torch and received a certificate commemorating the event.

I kept an interest in the harriers and athletics, over the years. The welfare of the Hastings Harrier Club has always been close to my heart. I have also kept in touch with the Napier club, mainly through my father's involvement as the passionate and benevolent patron of this organization for two decades. I have attended many reunions and jubilees over the last 50 years. I still occasionally go to watch a harrier event, although the numbers of participants in the sport has diminished alarmingly. During 2014, I was appointed Patron of the Hastings Harrier Club.

My School Memories

After possibly achieving the record for the shortest attendance at Mahora School, I began my schooling again three weeks later in the tiny tots at Richmond Primary School. I spent four and three quarter years at this school. When we returned to the North Island, I was in Standard Three and I would walk to Marton District High School for the next three years. When I got into the standards, I got second in a class of 44 students, but still received a fail mark. After coming back to Hastings during the Labour Day weekend 1937, I had the last six weeks of the term in Standard Six back at Mahora Primary School.

Just before the new factory opened I commenced two years at the Hastings District High School which was a co-educational secondary school. At the time, many parents did not approve of co-ed secondary schools, so many Hastings children were sent to the two Napier secondary schools, or boarding schools if the parents could afford the expense. Along with many friends from Mahora including Randall Roberts, Bill Hill and Derek Webb, we all rode our bikes to the big school in Karamu Road South. The school was just across the railway line from the racecourse.

To be able to bike to high school in 1938, I had proudly purchased a brand-new Phillips bicycle from George Lambert's shop, situated across the road from the bacon factory. This was my earliest big purchase and I think it cost £7.10s. Dad withdrew the money from my Post Office Savings Bank account.

In 1940, my father was concerned I was running too seriously, and to curb my obsession and to keep me from possibly burning out too soon, I was sent to boarding school in New Plymouth Boys' High School. I did reasonably well and was always near the top in the examinations. But as one teacher pointed out, "He does quite good but could do better". Either way I ultimately received my School Certificate. I missed gaining my school certificate the first time by a few marks, mainly due to my Technical Drawing not coming up to my usual standard. So, I became a second year fifth former and gained my school certificate easily in the 1941 examinations.

Barclay McGregor was another Hawke's Bay lad at the school. At the end of term in 1940, Ivor Field, a student from Waimarama had biked all the way home from New Plymouth. The following year, at the end of last term before Christmas, Alan Brabant and I thought it a great idea and decided to attempt it. We left New Plymouth at 4 am on the arduous 240 mile journey. We cycled all day along the main highway and by the time we reached Ohakea we were really struggling. After climbing Mt. Stewart we were so tired, we just collapsed and lay in the middle of the road for some time. Eventually we pushed on, to arrive in Palmerston North at 8.15 pm and after 150 miles were starting to question our enthusiasm. We stayed with a friend of Alan in Palmerston North. The second day, although only 100 miles was just as exhausting. When we arrived in Hastings, we agreed that once was enough.

In the library at New Plymouth Boys' was a copy of Adolf Hitler's 'Mein Kampf'. This was his famous manifesto, displaying his political ideology. I was amused to find a photo in the book, of a dockyard strike led by a socialist activist Ewald Voghtner. Over the decades, I have combed through numerous editions of this book, and I have never once seen that photograph reproduced again.

In my third year, I became a house Prefect for the boarders. My friend Alan Brabant and I would attempt to sneak out to go to the motion pictures or just into town as often as possible. In my spare time, I had begun earning money by loading cheese on to trucks for 4s.10d an hour.

After the first term of 1942, our lovely headmaster retired and the deputy head took over. Immediately all privileges for the senior boarders, like going to sports events, shopping, visiting friends, attending plays and movie theatres was revoked. Life at New Plymouth Boys' became very restrictive and unpleasant and I was becoming restless.

I had been at New Plymouth Boys' High School for over two and a half years. Alan Brabant and I planned to travel to Hawke's Bay to watch our school play rugby against Te Aute College. This was just before the beginning of the August school holidays. Our school had lost this annual encounter on the last two occasions, so everyone was seeking revenge. Lamentably the game was cancelled because of the strict war travel regulations and fuel restrictions. My friend Alan Brabant decided he was not going back to school for the final term. I didn't want to return to school either and I decided to join the exodus.

My Working Memories

While in Marton, after school I would go to his bacon factory to help my father with any chores and would run errands. I wasn't paid an allowance for the work. Helping Dad was accepted as my contribution to the family's financial progress. In truth, I spent more time at the neighbouring fish shop, helping the owner John Anderson preparing the spuds for chips, or watching the containers being filled from the ice-making tank.

Once our new factory was operating in Karamu Road, Hastings I would help and run errands as often as required. Once again it didn't take me long to become bored, and I would spend my time watching the world go by or visiting the interesting nearby businesses. I wasn't Dad's most conscientious helper. But before school, lunch time, after school and during the school holidays, most days I would be helping my father by doing the deliveries and running other small errands.

I officially commenced working and entered the family business, under my father's tutorship in August 1942, after deciding to finish school. Immediately I began having driving lessons, behind the wheel of Dad's 1933 MG

J2. I gained my driver's licence, just before my 17th. birthday. By now my mother had relinquished the company bookkeeping, and her brother Fred, who was a partner for Esam & Corbin, was our accountant. This arranged continued right through to the 1970's when Gerald Byrant was doing our books for Esam & Cushing. When Gerald established his own accountancy practice, our business and family concerns followed.

During the war, the factory was producing 25,000 lbs of bacon, ham and lard every month. It was not easy having to live and work with my father. We were together almost 24 hours, seven days a week. I was earning 35 shillings a month, while butchers at the Tomoana Freezing Works were on £20 a week. But having similar interests, Dad and I remained on good terms with each other, and rarely fell out over issues.

During the war years, we were kept very busy supplying both bacon and ham to numerous military camps as well as the local civilian requirements. The size of our premises still dictated our output, although we had no wish to go big. Locally most farmers had moved away from cows and pigs, and gone into the more lucrative sheep flocks. Thereafter we became reliant on freezing works for our supply of pigs. They arrived frozen, divided into two sides with head, trotters and backbone removed. Additionally, affecting the direct purchase of farm killed pigs, was the steady growth of Hastings, Napier, Taradale and Havelock North. More butcher's shops were opening, each requiring three or four pigs per week.

My father purchased the property opposite the bacon factory in Karamu Road, sensing a chance for a quick buck. He paid £470 for the building. Dad rented the building for 15 shillings a week, to a young chap who was beginning a car painting business. Our neighbours, the panel beaters suffered from a down turn in trade during the war. Their premises were empty for six months, in which time Dad decided to expand the factory and the various alterations would cost £400. We negotiated a lease for both sections at £5.17s. a week for five years, with a right of renewal. About this time, Dad experienced his first serious health issues. Ultimately a special diet helped relieved his stomach problems and he improved steadily. At the end of 1945, Dad's speculation paid off, when a land agent offered him £1000 for the Karamu Road property opposite the factory. Dad doubled his money in little over 12 months.

In 1946, after the Fiat Topolino, our two door Morris Eight became our delivery vehicle. We had numerous customers, such as Coupers store in Grays Road, later R.C. Bauld. Ted Kelly's grocery in Heretaunga Street, just across the road from another customer Bill Marr. The Windsor Park store and McDonalds Grocery in Taradale, two good clients Harold F. Bush, and Norman Donkin in Te Mata Road Havelock North, together with White & Glenny, later Bourgeois Bros. All these outlets were regular and long-time customers as were most of the local hospitals. For decades, the size of our factory and a lack of suitable refrigerated transport stifled any ambitions of expansion and distributing our products outside of the Heretaunga Plains. We had to turn away many new customers.

While other bacon companies lost ground, we kept up the same quota that we had achieved during the war years. As a result, our small business needed more labour. My father employed a very good Irishman Frank Donnelly, who served us very well in the factory for over a decade. He also employed his youngest brother Mick for several years. He had been wounded and captured in Crete during the war, before spending five years as a POW at Stalag 8B in Poland. This incarceration had taken its toll and Mick showed little enthusiasm for the work. One day he up and left without any explanation.

My aim was still to become a racing car mechanic, perhaps with either Mercedes Benz or Auto Union. This passion grew and grew. I carefully followed the Grand Prix battles of these two prominent marques, which were eloquently described in detail in both the 'Motor' and 'Autocar' weekly magazines. They featured vividly drawn or painted racing scenes by 'Motor' artist Gordon Crosby. Today his drawings are virtually priced out of reach of almost everyone.

By 1950, the Bacon Company's annual turnover had reached £40,000. Pigs were costing £12 to £14 each. Mossman wouldn't renew our lease on the factory unless we agreed to pay the 15 shillings a week rates on the property. The rates office refused to allow this demand, but nine months later finally consented to this arrangement.

With the steady population growth, came new suburbs and more corner stores. With more families owning cars, parking in the Hastings and Napier CBD's was becoming a nightmare, so suburban shopping centres were becoming popular. The bigger operators moved into the new local outlets with prepacked bacon rashers but 'Holly' had a great name with housewives. Previously grocers got raw ham but now we had to bone, press and cook the ham for the trade. This entailed an enormous amount of extra work. The whole trend towards rolled bacon, tested the grocer's ability. They had to purchase a meat slicer, which was expensive but this bought in customers and additional business.

Graham Hill, who drove for Wilkies Transport did all our carting and was very reliable and gave good service. Carting costs had risen to 2d. per lb. Dressed pigs were transported in a truck with an enclosed canopy and hanging rails from the Tomoana abattoirs. It was only after 1960 that these trucks were required to be refrigerated as they are today.

In 1954, my parents travelled to England and Europe on an extended holiday and I was left to run the business for over 6 months. I had already had some experience of sole management during Dad's series of health issues, during which he couldn't work for lengthy periods. My parents were to have travelled on the Blue Star 'Rhodesian Star' leaving Wellington in April with 12 passengers. But were suddenly given the opportunity of an earlier departure aboard the 'Empire Star', which was leaving Wellington on February 14. This Blue Star vessel had 13

passengers in single cabins, with a community bathroom and lavatory. Shirley and I took them to Wellington and ferrowled them. Travelling via the Panama Canal, the 'Empire Star' had to await in stream overnight until a berth became available in Hull. Unfortunately, the ship ran aground on a sandbank and it took five tugs to pull her clear on the next high tide. Finally, they docked at 5.30 pm with rain pelting down. My parents had purchased a new 3 litre Alvis Grey Lady drop head Coupe, straight from the factory, to use for their travelling around many countries on the vast continent. Since the war my father had collected many rare books, mostly about New Zealand from auctions and second-hand bookshops. On this trip he began collecting antiques in earnest, concentrating mainly on porcelain figures and rare exquisite dinnerware.

They had booked a return voyage on the 'Orion', with a two berth cabin on the waterline E deck, carrying 1100 passengers. After touring Europe, they heard the 'Tasmanian Star' was going via the Suez Canal to Melbourne. For £145 each they accepted two first class deck cabins on this cargo/passenger vessel. From Melbourne to Wellington they came over on the Huddart-Parker 'Wanganella'. The six months in control of our company had given me invaluable managerial and customer service experience.

My father encouraged local artists and engaged them to produce limited editions of Christmas cards for the Hastings Bacon Company for many years. For customer deliveries, the majority of the work load fell on a series of Baby Renaults. The first one did 46,000 miles at over 1,000 miles a month. More than often it was overloaded. While still going strong it was traded in for a newer model. In all three Baby Renaults served the company well. This continued until 1961, when we purchased a Morris Series E. This was much more suitable for the task, but in truth it was only purchased because there wasn't another Renault available. We got over two years out of this vehicle before a more serviceable Ford Anglia van was acquired, specifically for our factory deliveries. The Hastings Bacon Company became a limited company in ??????

During this period, an ex-serviceman from Elsthorpe, Jack Greer came to work in the factory. He worked for us for 26 years until he retired and during those years became virtually part of the family.

The Hastings Bacon Company was performing well and Dad and I worked well together. There were issues occasionally but nothing major. Dad used the Baby Renault to commute between Westshore and the factory most days. Late in the summer of 1960, Dad arrived home from work at 6 pm, had a swim in the surf and dressed before going upstairs to have dinner. Just as he started to sit down for the meal, he had a slight tearing pain in his stomach. He headed for the downstairs lavatory but suffered a haemorrhage. My mother helped him to bed and called the doctor. He immediately called the ambulance and by 8 pm Dad was in Napier Hospital, thinking he would die. He was poked, prodded and questioned in a very noisy ward. Tests and specimens were inconclusive. I visited him almost every evening to check on his progress and relieve the boredom of hospitalization. After a fortnight, he was allowed to return home but on Easter Saturday morning while we were hauling for flounder at Westshore, he received a phone call. He was called back to hospital for a scheduled operation in three days' time and was admitted into the surgical ward.

Just after Easter 1960, Dad underwent major colostomy surgery and regrettably the operation went horribly wrong. His bladder was accidentally torn during the exploratory surgery. Instead of being in hospital for ten days, he was there for five and a half months, looking out the window towards his Westshore home. A week after the operation he was in terrific pain and needed morphine. He had days of no sleep. The internal stitches in the damaged bladder had burst. This caused a urine infection producing severe complications. A catheter was inserted and remained there for three weeks. With little else to do, he occupied his time by looking through antique auction catalogues. He attempted to purchase his first Charles Goldie sketch, a crayon drawing of a Maori woman for £75. By some unexplained mishap in the New Zealand Postal service his cheque didn't arrive for several weeks, too late to claim the item.

Dad was released for a day during the winter, so he could witness the dedication of the Rose Window at the Anglican Cathedral, which my parents had donated. In September, he finally went home and came under the daily care of an excellent District Nurse. His kidneys had been critically damaged by the urine infection and the nearest Urologist resided in Wellington. Afterwards Dad made good progress at home and struggled on, but was a semi-invalid and he knew he couldn't contribute physically in the bacon factory. He was forced to retire from the business, although he remained a managing director.

This instigated a radical change in the management of the company as I took over the reins of the day to day running of the bacon factory. My father had groomed me over the years, so it wasn't a major adjustment but arrived a little earlier than we both envisaged. Dad attempted to stay involved, driving out from Napier whenever he felt comfortable. It was usually in the morning, after the District Nurse had dressed his nasty wound. In 1961, a pus-filled cyst developed on his bladder making sitting difficult. Eventually one night it burst and Dad yielded and agreed to see another specialist.

On Friday April 21, I drove my parents to Wellington and Dad commenced five weeks in Ward 23. An X-ray on Anzac Day confirmed the specialist's opinion and an operation was scheduled for Tuesday May 2. I was caught speeding in the Aston Martin, returning from Wellington. I was apprehended for doing 67 mph, but two minutes earlier I'd been hitting 95. The traffic officer fined me £9, which my mother paid against my father's wishes.

I had enhanced the company's reputation and received glowing appreciation from both suppliers and customers. With the increased traffic flow in Karamu Road and new larger trucks, we were experiencing trouble with the access to the factory. Our landlord had died and soon the new executors of the Mossman estate wanted to double the property rental, as our five year lease was up for review. Consequently, we began exploring the

possibilities of relocating the business, although after 25 years, the Hallmark refrigeration unit was still running well.

My father purchased a section from the Johnson family, in a desirable location, although it still had a large beautiful villa on it. In those days, councils didn't have industrial and residential zoning, so there were no red tape issues. Dad subdivided the section into three different titles. This was a momentous occasion for the family, as we had to raise enough money to freehold the property through the Northern Building Society. My father had set up a Vogtherr Grandchildren's Trust and gave ownership of the new factory to the trust. Therefore, the Hastings Bacon Company started paying rent to the trust. Dad redistributed a portion of his shares in the company, leaving the grandchildren with the majority of shares, and Mum and I the remaining interest. After 30 years in business, the company was still banking with the Union Bank, which had merged to become the ANZ.

John MacKersey was awarded the contract to build the new factory and began construction in late 1961. We prepared to move the whole operation to its current location on the corner of St. Aubyn Street East and Warren Street. The Holly bacon curing tradition began a new chapter in the newly built factory on April 2, 1962. We were paying £65 rent per month to the trust. Up until this stage, the freezing works had stored all the pig carcasses, until we required them. Now we had the cold storage facility to store them ourselves.

After his operation, Dad made steady progress before suffering another urinary infection. He had a high temperature and was still retaining too much urine. During the fourth week, he suffered terrible pain and secondary bleeding. Eventually his retention tests became satisfactory and he was allowed home. He found the stairs at home an increasing burden. On December 11 1962, my parents purchased a new home at 23 Ferguson Avenue, Westshore, a move of just half a mile to the south. This was a corner section with a waterfront outlook. The interior was excellent, having recently had £6000 spent on upgrades. The house had been occupied by an osteopath, who wanted £8250. He accepted Dad's offer of £7500 plus commission. At the rear, off Gardiner Street was the old surgery. This was converted into a sleep out for the usage of my family, when we stayed over during the summer months.

Luckily, my parents sold 24 The Esplanade on December 15, to a retired farmer. At the time, I was troubled with appendicitis and required an emergency operation after the onset of peritonitis. Dad attempted to help with the house moving but only reopened his old wound and was confined to bed again.

Eventually another cyst built up on my father's bladder. He had lost confidence in doctors, so made an appointment with a faith healer at Takapau. He was no quack, fixing a vertebrae problem in his back but couldn't resolve my father's main problem. I drove him to see a Wellington specialist in the Porsche Super 75. He saw this new specialist in Ward 23, but while staying overnight in a hotel, the cyst burst. Dad went back to Ward 26, under his previous specialist. The doctor wanted to enlarge the opening to the bladder. After a week, Dad walked out of the facility, determined it would be done privately by his own doctor. After the operation, my father was very weak and made little recovery. The re-stitched bladder burst again. He was confined in Sherwood Hospital for a long nine weeks, before finally being allowed to return home.

In 1963, we had another building constructed alongside the new factory, with a Warren Street frontage. It was possibly not our best business decision at the time, because it stretched our finances too much and nearly found us in the bankruptcy court. Raelyn Clothing Company, owned by Ray Ball went into the new building and in the long run this evolved into a good equitability decision. It utilised the whole section, and produced additional income at the time when our company did not require that much floorage area. This new building was owned by Vogtherr Holdings Ltd. This was a new company established on July 23, 1963 with my mother holding 2490 shares and 2510 by myself.

By 1965 the annual turnover had reached £62,000 and we had a permanent staff of five. My father had handed over all his company shares to me, except 50 controlling shares. The rest of the shares were held by my mother, the Grandchildren Trust and myself. I purchased 200 shares from my uncle Mick.

All the time I run the business, I had one motto - quality and service - and if you don't get both, I would want to know. This was the incentive to limit our trading to just Napier and Hastings. We knew our customers personally, they were our friends and now we had the Ford Anglia van. There were the first signs of change, as the suburban family grocer was facing stiff competition from the new food marts and supermarkets. By 1974 we were employing six people in the bacon factory.

I purchased the neighbouring three sections on St. Aubyn Street. Eventually Ivan Small set up Technical Projects Ltd at No.207 before Barry's Motorcycles made it their home. Paul Stitchbury set up his garage at No.209 and right next door to the Bacon Factory, Neil Pulford and a partner set up a refrigeration servicing business.

Even in his last car, the BMW, my father would still drive over from Westshore most days just for a chat and obviously to keep a watchful eye of his legacy. We had good staff, whom we regarded as part of the family. I remember Jim Beattie, Dick Berry, and particularly Judy Jude, who is still with us. These last two have been with our company for over twenty years. In the office, we remember Kitty Wishart who had previously worked in the Railway office. She was followed by Heather Milne, the wife a close harrier friend John. Gwen Vernon later took over the office duties. All these women gave us loyal service and contributed immensely to the efficiency of the Company. Our faithful Ford Anglia van was finally replaced by a Toyota van.

My daughter Claire, a trained nurse, came on board in 1982 'just to help out' over summer. Apart from a short stint overseas to do the Kiwi OE, she became a permanent fixture. The industry was changing when she joined

the family business. New technologies brought a new mindset. Our head curer Gary Windley, who had joined the company in 1977, wasn't fussed on the changes and said he would be out the door if we dropped our traditional curing method. Therefore, we continued the three to four week additive free process to mature the product, ensuring the mild flavoured product was retained.

Meanwhile other companies moved on to a modern technique using chemicals, that reduced the curing time down to three days. The others would inject the brine into the legs of pork, this meant ham could be cured in 48 hours, but the ham would be 20% heavier. We continued to naturally wood smoke it and air dry the bacon to ensure that any excess moisture is removed. Hence, when our bacon goes in the fry pan it cooks crisply and does not boil, in excess water. As supermarkets replaced the corner stores and we had to move with the times. Pre-packaging our product for the supermarket shelves became an important component of our business. Our second daughter Linda also helped in the office and factory.

We continued to only use New Zealand grown pigs and no imported product. Eventually, Nimon and Sons and other transport companies had refrigerated transport, which enabled us to accept orders for our quality products from almost any part of the North Island. Overnight we could supply the pantries of high quality restaurants and cafes as far away as Auckland and Wellington, which hadn't been possible previously.

In the winter of 1985, I took off to participate in the Great America Race for classic cars and left Claire to run the factory and business. I felt guilty leaving Shirley at home, while I was gallivanting across the globe. At the time, we were looking for new tenants in the Novelty Enterprises building and while I was absent Gerard Bryant, our accountant dealt with the company payments. When I got back after five weeks, I attempted to give Claire a holiday. On March 20, 1986, my mother's shares in Vogther Holding Ltd were transferred to Shirley. At the same time, Claire became a director of the Hastings Bacon Company.

Soon after starting Claire got upset because she made an elementary mistake. I told her not to worry, we all make mistakes and we learn from our mistakes. But if you don't learn from a mistake and repeat it, then I may not be so sympathetic in future.

I began to take less control of the day to day running of the factory in April 1987 when Shirley and I had a long holiday overseas. Claire was also away in Europe but officially became the manager of the factory that November and I officially retired in February the following year. I was now 62 and had been in the confines of the Hastings Bacon Company for 45½ years full time and previous to that, another five years as an unpaid part-time helper.

My Early Motoring Memories

From as far back as my memory allows, I had a passion for cars. In particular, exotic sports cars, mainly British and if they had the MG badge on the front, I was in heaven. I possibly inherited this passion from my father, and in my teenage days, I was fortuitous to have a father who loved to purchase some very extraordinary vehicles. My interest was first aroused when we lived in Marton, and Dad was running a 1928 straight eight Hupmobile - the Light Eight, which he had owned since 1930. He purchased it from a local aviation legend in Hastings, Captain T. W. White. As a 20 year old, my father and Jack Williams had each paid £5 to experience air travel for the first time in Tiny White's De Havilland. Two weeks later, it crashed in King Street, near the present site of Wattie's Canneries.

Dad had a passion for cars, although he was not mechanically minded. His first car had been a 1912 Hillman roadster, followed by a brand new 1926 Chevrolet Tourer. I was brought home from the Maternity Home in the Hillman, so this was my first car ride. Soon afterwards, he sold the Hillman and ordered the Chevrolet from Tourist Motor Company. Just before the delivery date, my father got word the car prices were going to be reduced. The dealer assured him that there was no possibility and he trusted them. The deposit for this car came from the proceeds from selling Pedigree Rough Coated Collies puppies and £50 borrowed from his mother-in-law. This was the least expensive of the Chevrolet models, a convertible seating two people and if required, another two in the 'dickie seat. Within a month of getting the keys, the new price had been reduced by £26, but the dealer just laughed my father off. With this one bad customer deal, Tourist Motors lost the whole family as a customer, and thus potentially many thousands of pounds over the years.

In 1930, Combined Buyers Ltd, the New Zealand agents for Hupmobile, had closed their doors. Frank Fraser, who had a small garage in Warren Street, had purchased all the second-hand Hupps. Dad went to inspect the vehicles and fancied the Light Eight which had been driven by the company manager Captain Tiny White. The car was in excellent condition. He traded his Chevrolet and parted with £100 for the Hupmobile, and proudly bought it home. It was fast and served the family well for over six years.

Regrettably one day while on our way to the Manawatu A. & P. Show, just outside the garage in Bulls, there was an awful clonk and the car came to a halt. A piston had collapsed, so we had to hire a taxi to run us back to Marton. Dad had been thinking of buying a new car, now he had good reason.

Earlier in 1936, as Dad wanted a new car, he had looked over an old square shaped 1935 Hillman Minx, with its honeycomb grille. There was also a new Vauxhall 21 hp saloon in Palmerston North. The Citroen at £365 was considered a little too pricey. A Hudson, a Terraplane, and various horse-powered models of the Morris had also been examined, before he set his heart on a Morris 12 Standard for £317. This model had leatherette seats and no sunshine roof.

Disappointingly, Dominion Motors in Wanganui could not supply him with any of this model, but they offered

him a brand-new Morris 12 De Luxe Series 2. This had superb leather upholstery and a sunshine roof, which was a sliding roof. Incidentally the roof did not leak. For this beautifully finished vehicle, he was offered a reduced price, so he quickly shook on it. It had a very stunning two-tone paint scheme, red and black. Unfortunately, the performance, with the side valve motor left a lot to be desired.

At the time, I can remember a new Ford V8 Coupe would be selling for £275 and a Morris 12 for £330. Another bonus was Dominion Motors had offered Dad the best trade-in price for the Hupmobile, £30. His friend Mr. Thorp, the manager of the Union Bank, had just purchased a new Vauxhall 14, so they would often compare the performances of their two new vehicles.

While still residing in Marton in the mid 1930's I spied a brand-new Cord 812 sedan, finished in a metallic red colour. A little later, I saw a most unusual car parked in Broadway. On closer inspection, it had no obvious name on the badge but I eventually discovered it was the latest 'Traction Avant' Citroen. Dad liked the idea of front wheel drive and independent suspension.

Thus, when we moved to Hastings, Dad spoke to two gentlemen, both dentists in partnership together, about this French make of car. Mr. Harry A'court Fitzgerald owned a new 1937 Citroen 12 and Ernest Roberts-Whyte had a Light Fifteen Citroen. Both vehicles were amongst the earliest Citroens brought into New Zealand. These two dental surgeons enjoyed their cars and were real characters, having owned five new cars each over no more than a two year period. They both had owned their Citroens for 10 months, illustrating that they were appreciating the performance of both their Citroens.

On a Monday in 1938, my father was offered the very rare 1937 Citroen 12, by Henry Upchurch a car salesman at the Hawke's Bay Farmers' Co-operative garage. My father immediately discovered it was Mr. Fitzgerald vehicle. It was in excellent condition and had only 7,000 miles on the speedometer. They were worth £235 brand new. Like peas in a pod, both dentists had traded their Citroens in, and each had purchased a new 1938 Chevrolet Coupe.

Firstly, Dad had to try to trade in the Morris 12 De Luxe. The Hawke's Bay Farmers Co-operative garage was very difficult but ultimately a deal for the Morris 12 and £60 was struck. The Citroen was a beautiful and technically interesting automobile, with front wheel drive. My father kept it until 1940, when he became concerned about the availability of spare parts and the possible loss in value of the car. As it eventuated the Citroen models were never short of available parts, throughout the six years of hostilities.

Dad was able to make a reasonable deal with Johnny Peach, who ran J.E.Peach Ltd, the Ford agency in Hastings. Johnny Peach tossed a coin, and if Dad had called correctly another £5 would have been added to the £260 value of the Citroen. Of course, Dad lost the coin toss. Dad traded the Citroen for a six cylinder 1939 Dodge D8 de Luxe saloon. This was a fine American saloon, heavy, reliable but had no real character. It had a steering column gear change and had a reluctance to go into second gear. This was destined to become the last American car my father would own.

By this stage petrol, was heavily rationed and private citizens were allocated only two gallons a month. Johnny Peach was a shrewd motor dealer, and with people unable to run big cars because of the rationing, he would buy them cheap and store them. After the cessation of hostilities in 1945, there were no new cars available, and plenty of returning soldiers seeking mobility. Peach made a killing due to his clever foresight.

Many cars were requisitioned by the military during the war, causing a shortage of cars for the general public. In 1942, Dan Begley the chairman of the Heretaunga Dairy Company purchased the Dodge, on behalf of John Tietjens, a stock agent with the NZ Pig Marketing Association, who was desperate for the Dodge. Dad sold this vehicle for £495, which was a lot of money during the war years.

From this good deal, he went from the sublime to the ridiculous, and purchased a small 1937 Jowett 8 four door saloon for the family. It only cost him £195 for this comfortable roomy four seater, which was powered by the well renowned Jowett 8hp flat twin motor, which was a horizontally opposed two cylinder boxer engine. This engine was first used in the trucks and vans coming out of the Bradford factory as early as 1907. Jowett primarily constructed cars with small engines and this one was 907 cc. It was a rare model, brought to New Zealand by Mr. J. Nelson of Havelock North and had travelled 33,000 miles.

This car wasn't fast, but could cruise along at 45 mph all day, but most important in those austerity days, returned 40 miles to the gallon. This car had been the forerunner to the pre-war Jowett 10, a flat four engine and the post war Javelin and Jupiter models. Our 1937 Jowett 8 and a pre-war Jowett 10 that I saw in Wanganui one day, are the only Jowetts I have seen in my whole life.

Soon after purchasing the Jowett, my father saw a 1939 2.6 litre MG WA type advertised in the classifieds in the Dominion newspaper. We travelled to Palmerston North in the Jowett on a Sunday, then caught the express train into Wellington. While awaiting the train at the Palmerston North railway station, we met our harrier friend and MG fanatic Colbourne Wright on the platform. He was all dressed up in his Khaki army uniform. Dad appreciating Colbourne's knowledge, invited him to join us to view the MG. He jumped at the chance, as he was an ultra-fussy owner of a 1935 MG PA type two seater. Alas we discovered that although it was only four years old, this vehicle was not tidy and we decided to leave it alone. To this day, I believe it was one of only two 2.6 litre M.G. vehicles to have landed in New Zealand. There was only 453 of these built prior to the outbreak of hostilities.

On arriving home, we noticed a midget two seater 1933 MG J2 type sports car with Chassis J.3334 and swept wing guards, advertised in the local Herald-Tribune. It was at Havelock North, so we went out to the farm to

inspect the vehicle. We found it in a farm barn covered in dust, with the chooks using it for nesting purposes. It was a mess, having been left idle for years, but Dad purchased it for £165. I was 17 years old and very impressionable. But I reached seventh heaven, having an MG to look after. I had been afflicted with a sports car addiction. The vehicle was quite rare, as it was the only swept guard J2 MG that I have seen in New Zealand.

This car took our minds off the darker issues of the war. It had low cut doors and the spare tyre was attached to the petrol tank by straps. The car was powered by a four cylinder engine, with an overhead camshaft, had a 847 cc capacity that delivered 36 bhp at 5500 rpm. With a new paint job, some restoration and many hours of just tidying it up, including polishing the aluminium dashboard and rocker cover, we eventually had a nice car, that ran well. Although with the hood up, it was very cramped and small. Thus, I enticed Dad to leave the car open, which looked the best anyway.

In early 1944, I was driving the midget MG when a Mr. Sweetman of Palmerston North waded me down and offered to buy the car. He made the remark that he had previously owned a similar car which had been burnt out and written off. I was broken hearted when he drove the car back through the Manawatu Gorge that night. We posted the registration and change of ownership papers down to him. It was only then that he discovered he had brought back his former car without realising.

I was extremely fortunate that my father enjoyed owning these very good motor vehicles, but he wasn't mechanically minded and didn't like servicing or maintaining them himself. He didn't want to drive the cars competitively, whereas I just loved to compete. As a young man, with my licence at 17 years of age, I had some of the best cars to look after and drive, without very little, if any personal expenditure. My father scoured second hand bookshops for automobile magazines to read and collect. We both browsed through numerous editions of pre-war 'Motor' and 'Autocar', devouring rather than reading them.

A call went out from the Royal New Zealand Air Force for car magazines, so we duly bundled up all our old copies of 'Motor' and 'Autocar', and sent them away. This left a huge void in our lives, so gradually my father began buying any motoring magazine he found lying about in second-hand bookstores.

After a year both Dad and I agreed that the nicest car to own would be a 1½ litre MG VA type Sports Tourer, from the years 1937 to 1939. To both of us it was head and shoulders above anything else. It was a real four-seater sports tourer which had very good comfort, stylish looks, tremendous performance and economy. We believed 1½ litre was perfect, as neither of us were fond of the large engine American cars. We had never seen a 1½ litre MG Tourer in New Zealand, but enquires revealed in fact that there was one in Hastings. It had been imported from England just prior to the war and its owner Bob Campbell had died in a military air crash while serving with the RNZAF. But it was not for sale. Prior to the war, there had been a group of three hard case MG enthusiasts in Hastings, Bob Campbell, Bill Krogh, a car salesman at Thompson Motors and Henry Miller. All three had perished early in the war, while serving their country.

My Dad tried to purchase the MG, but to no avail as it was not on the market. Then one day, we received a shock when the local Citroen agent Jack Kelt, a long-time friend and workmate of my father, rang and asked if he would be interested in purchasing an MG tourer. He jumped at the chance. Bob Campbell's widow had finally decided to part with it and was asking £400 for the black 1938 1½ litre MG Tourer. It had done only 30,000 miles but we both realised, they obviously would have been pretty hard miles. It was an anxious time, with us not sure if there were other interested parties, but finally Jack Kelt sealed the deal.

Once again, I was smiling from ear to ear. What to me was the ultimate four-seater MG sports car was now sitting in our garage. The car needed tender loving care as it had not been serviced adequately during the war. It received several weekends of cleaning and polishing from this young doting admirer. Dad technically knew motor vehicles, but when it came to car maintenance and mechanical repairs he was hopeless. Whereas I was real grease monkey. The MG had a smart body with cut away doors, a fold flat windscreen, knock on wire wheels, Luvax manually controlled shock absorbers, a wonderful dash with beautiful 5" Jaeger instruments, a Chronometric revolution counter and a remote gear change. Jack Kelt spent a whole Saturday morning just trying to remove the Rudge Whitworth knock-off wheels. They had left and right threads on alternate sides.

Being wartime, parts were hard to unearth. Therefore, the fragile state of the hood meant it was only lowered four times, thus lessening the chances of damaging the material. Hood material was virtually impossible to procure during the war. As well, my father was now suffering from rheumatics, so the hood stayed up and the three side curtains remained erect.

Here was me, a wild teenager, wishing to feel the wind rushing through my hair, and I wasn't allowed the hood down. On the four occasions the hood was lowered it was wonderful and the experience helped cement my passion for sports cars, which remained within me for life. The MG cruised comfortably at 65 mph and had a top speed of 80 mph. I spent numerous hours polishing the great upholstery and perfect paint work, the brass instruments, the bumpers, the headlamps and the unusual inbuilt Jackall hydraulic jacks. At first, the manual controlled shock absorbers didn't operate. Until I did some clever adjusting. Finally, they could be adjusted from the driver's seat, according to the road surface.

In July 1944, my father sold his 1937 Jowett 8 hp. four door saloon, which had amassed 33,000 miles on the clock, to the cookhouse contractor at Tomoana. The MG became one of our everyday cars for two years. We enjoyed the 1½ MG Tourer as a family car, and I always sat in the back seat with the hood up. This annoyed me, but one day we went to the Spring Show at the Hawke's Bay A & P Showgrounds, with the hood down. Oh joy, a real sports car at long last.

At the end of the war, Dad began receiving the 'Motor' and 'Autocar' magazines direct from England. We were able to keep a close eye on the motor racing scene, as car racing had recommenced in England and across Europe. We rapidly built up another small collection of magazines, which we read from cover to cover.

The next purchase was an interesting selection, a 1937 Fiat 500 Topolino. My parents were building a new home in Duart Road, Havelock North and this car would be ideal for commuting backwards and forward over the increased distance. The car was only powered by a 570cc water cooled side valve engine, but still cruised at 45 mph. By employing the fuel economizer, we managed a fuel consumption rate of 48 miles to the gallon. The Topolino was used for our company deliveries. Remarkably we could squeeze three adults into the car. Squeeze being the characteristic, as it was really too small. It gave us good service until I rammed Mr. Greenwood's truck amidsthips in the village centre. The left-hand drive truck suddenly did a U turn in front of me, and I didn't have time to react.

Dad decided we required a new second car. The 1933 MG J2 type sports car had been sold and a lovely 1937 Austin 7 Ruby saloon was purchased for £185, having clocked up 33,000 miles. It lasted only about 10 days, before Dad realized it was the worst car he'd ever driven and was dismayed to find a top speed of only 40 mph. He traded the Austin 7 for a 1937 MG TA sports, which had seen better days. The 1937 MG TA type midget had belonged to Hugo Hollis, a car club fanatic from Wellington. It had gone up in flames but had been well restored and the interior was like new. This MG model had a small 275cm wheel base, and the four cylinder engine had a 1292cc capacity, delivering 55hp. Unfortunately, it performed poorly for us, compared to when Hugo Hollis owned it. This car lay inactive for a spell before it was sold to my close friend Randall Roberts, in an attempt to get a more economic alternative.

Midway through 1946, new car models were beginning to appear in the showrooms of the car dealers. The most popular were the Ford Prefect, the Standard 8, the Austin 8 and the Morris 8 series E. At the time, all cars were black and this continued for a long time after the cessation of war. Dad chose a two door Morris 8, which served us well, travelling back and forth to home at Havelock North, as well as doing the deliveries for the Hastings Bacon Company. Incidentally it was only the second Morris series E to be sold by Stewart Greer Motors in Hastings, after the cease fire. Dad traded in the restored Fiat Topolino, through John 'Pos' Upton who was the head salesman at the time. Miss Nelson from Waikoko Gardens became the proud owner of the mighty Topolino. The two door Morris served our purpose very well and achieved 36 mpg just meandering around the town.

In about June 1946, the New Zealand Farmers Distributing Company of Feilding, advertised a 1938 Big Four 2.5 litre Riley Kestrel saloon for sale in the Dominion newspaper's classifieds. It had done only 3,800 miles since being imported. The car belonged to the wife of Mr. Mel Andrews, the company's Managing Director and was in immaculate condition. Therefore, we drove to Feilding after work one mid-week afternoon. It was 8 pm before we were shown the car. It was painted a beautiful black and had red leather upholstery. The smell of the upholstery was almost overpowering, suggesting the car was brand new, even after seven years of being in wartime storage on blocks and under a car cover. Under the leather were the air cushions of the large comfortable seats. The car's chassis number was 38KX 1258 and came out of the factory on June 2, 1938. It was the only example of that model in New Zealand.

This vehicle was one of the last 16hp Big Four 'Blue Streak' Riley Kestrels built before the collapse of the Riley Motor Company, and the subsequent takeover by Nuffield. The 1938 models had a vertical grille, and was even more unusual by having a Borg Warner three speed and overdrive gearbox. The car had twin spare wheels, and was fitted with a four cylinder overhead valve Standard 10 motor with a 36mm carburettor. This type of motor was retained by Riley until 1955.

I was pleased to see the gunmetal instruments on the walnut dash, included a set of 5" Jaeger gauges for the speedometer and rev counter, the same as adorned the MG. These were a superb set of the finest pre-war instruments. The astounding 16 inch brake drums completely filled the inside the 18 inch Dunlop wire wheels. Finally, it had been installed with a nice car radio. The asking price was high, £750. The new price in 1938 had been £875. We took the Riley for a test run and we were both very impressed. On our return from the test drive, my mother said "You are not going to buy that!". To which Dad instantly replied, "It's so good, I am not going home without it."

During this period, Dad felt really miserable in the MG. Dad's Rheumatics in cold wet weather with the driver's side curtain down were unbearable. Finally, after some haggling, a deal was struck, with Mr. Andrews allowing £550 for the MG, which apparently, he wanted for his son. By the time we left for home, it was beyond 10 pm. I drove the 1938 Big Four Blue Streak Riley Kestrel in luxurious comfort, learning to master the overdrive gearbox. Eighty miles per hour came up smoothly, almost silently and this saloon was far more acceptable for my Dad's health. There was not one scratch on the interior walnut woodwork. Eventually, Dad purchased £90 worth of spare parts for the vehicle.

In December 1946, the arrival of the new Healey Sports saloon was announced in motoring magazines. Dad immediately air mailed a letter to the factory, enquiring about the possibility of purchasing a vehicle. A letter in reply, which I still have, dated February 10, 1947, stated that a complete car was not available. If we could get a body built, they could supply the chassis and engine! So, we gave it a miss, especially if the factory could not supply one complete very fast car. I doubt if Walter Nash would have given us, an import licence anyway. The Big Four Riley that Dad purchased was a direct descendant of the Healey, but didn't have the same performance and design. How lucky I was to later purchase a 1950 Healey Elliott, something my father was roughly denied

the chance of achieving.

Both Dad and I took more than a keen interest in sports cars and joined the New Zealand Sports Car Club in 1947. This club was based in Wellington. Over the next two years, we took part in events such as the standing ¼ mile sprint outside the Ford Motor Company factory on Seaview Road at Gracefield, Lower Hutt, and the Paekakariki hill climb. For the 1947 sprint the weather was fine and there was a good selection of cars. Fred Sharman from Christchurch brought his Railton to the event and there was a new 3½ litre Jaguar. We won, in the Riley Kestrel beating all the saloons but then they made us have a run-off against the racing Sunbeam of Roy Cowan. We were just pipped and were denied the first-place purse of £3.

After successfully reforming the Hastings Athletic club as an outlet for the energies of the return servicemen, many of the same group including my father looked towards fostering motoring interests. Along with Bill Tucker and Charlie Black's support, the Hawke's Bay Sports Car Club was formed on May 14, 1947. The inaugural meeting at the Red Cross Rooms in Hastings, was organised and called for by my father. Dad became the inaugural committee chairman and we both became foundation members. The first hill climb was organised for August and the first beach meeting for February. We competed in the first event on June 15 in my father's Riley with ten other cars. This was just a low-key social event to kick start the club.

In October 1947, we took part in a hub rally, with competitors starting from various towns and all finishing in New Plymouth. It was organised by the New Zealand Sports Car Club. Four cars left from Hastings at midnight, others left from Wellington. The Hawke's Bay team consisted of Dad and myself in the Riley Kestrel 16hp, Frank Pierson and his future wife in their 1947 Singer Roadster, Margaret Cooper and Beth Heaton in a 1946 Hillman Minx and finally Len Charlton and Bill Tucker in a 1938 Austin 10. Everyone converged at Palmerston North about 3 am, and members of the Manawatu club joined in the rally. After a meal of sausages and mashed potatoes, we were dismayed to find out the Palmerston North check point controllers hadn't synchronised their watches. Our watch showed a minute less than the race official's timing. On arrival in New Plymouth for breakfast, the driver's skills were tested by numerous driving exercises on the Bell Block airfield. Hawke's Bay finished second in the team's event, while Dad and I were placed third overall. That one minute difference, put us down from first place to third.

Given the opportunity, Dad borrowed a 1939 Fiat 1100cc Balilla for a few weeks. The front and rear doors opened out and there was no pillar between them. It had a 'square' motor with the piston and stroke the same length. The carburettor was fitted with an economiser which reduced petrol consumption. This was a lively pillar less saloon, which was quick, capable of nearly 80 mph, but was not very economic. Next Dad brought a Singer 10, then he brought a 1937 Riley 1½ litre fitted with a Wilson gearbox, which was a pre-selector abomination. It was a nice turquoise blue but we didn't like the car's performance and soon disposed of it to Phil Fowke from Lower Hutt. Dad took possession of a very nice black 1½ MG Sports Tourer from a chap called Pothan, who wanted our two door Morris Eight.

In the 1948 Third Annual Paekakariki hill climb on February 11, the Riley Kestrel suffered fuel starvation which affected our placing over the 2.1 mile course. Roy Cowan in a 1922 T T Sunbeam won the 3000cc class in a smart 2.59.8. The next serious event in 1948, was another hill climb on Seafield Road, Bay View on February 28. It was run up the first hill and was good fun. Bill Hanna's MG TA, Alan McKenzie-Douglas in his 1932 Alvis 12/60 duck back Tourer and many other cars and bikes participated. Probably the star attraction was Jim Donald's white 1911 6.0 38hp Sleeve-valve Daimler.



The Green 1½ MG Tourer at Seafield Road, February 28.

On the day of this event, Dad saw a 1½ litre MG Tourer, similar to the black one he owned, was up for sale. This car was green and the owner Mr. Dick Tolley wanted an exorbitant £650 for it. Unperturbed, Dad purchased it, so we now had two 1½ MG tourers. Dad brought it on the Saturday morning and I drove the green 1½ MG Tourer, that afternoon and it performed well. 64 seconds was good enough for third place in the sports car section.

On the Monday, Alton Luttrell from the Carlton Club Hotel saw the green 1½ litre Mg Tourer packed outside the factory and asked how much Dad had paid for it. "Too bloody much" was Dad's reply. This chap offered him £900, which staggered my father. But with little hesitation accepted the offer. Very soon £900 suspiciously appeared in a brown paper bag. Thus, Dad made a tidy profit, on this very short ownership and had additional assets in his bank account. Years later, the Inland Revenue were to catch up with Mr. Luttrell

Eventually, Les Bognuda of New Plymouth would gain ownership of this vehicle. We had just got the black MG performing well, when a Hamilton dealer got the local car salesman Jerry Wolfe to procure it for him. After the deal was made, Wolfe endeavoured to drive it to Hamilton, only to crack the cylinder head on the outskirts of Taupo.

During this period, the MG vehicles were making an impact in America. The invasion of the small, square two-seater mounted on large wire wheels was cashing in on a new market. The locals were no longer attracted to the large cumbersome American monsters, but were now looking for a high performance, modestly priced, thoroughbred sports car. The MG was quick, very manoeuvrable and had a throaty exhaust sound

Early in May 1948, Dad bought a 1947 four door Morris 8 Series E, which was just six months old and had only 600 miles on the clock. It was cream colour and had belonged to Jim Reaney of Zala's Furriers. Dad paid £600 and two days later we took it over the Gentle Annie, up to Moawhango which is just this side of Taihape. We went there to look at a 1938 1½ litre MG Drophead Coupe. This car was distinguishable, as it was fitted with Chevrolet steel wheels. It was not in the best condition, so we left it alone. It was later purchased by Trevor Mawley, the Officer-in-Charge of No.11 Squadron of the Air Training Corps. This car later went to Wellington, then New Plymouth before finishing up in a wrecker's yard in Stratford. The parts were eventually sold all around the country to 1½ MG owners.

Earlier in May, an advertisement had appeared in the Dominion newspaper for the sale of a brand-new Morgan 4/4. So, we duly drove down to the importers, Wellington Motors in Lower Hutt, but failed to come to an agreeable trade. The asking price was too high £935. Anyway, there was opposition from my mother, due to it being another two-seater. Eventually, Dad and I made a second trip to Wellington and this time made a deal for our Morris 8 Series E and the Morgan 4/4. To Dad's horror, the salesman asked if the Morris' motor had been rebored! It had only done 700 miles.

Dad handed over £150 plus the keys to the four door Morris 8 Series E, which he had owned for just a week. The Morgan was bright blue with a black hood, and black upholstery. The Morgan was fitted with a four cylinder overhead valve Standard 10 motor with a 36mm carburettor and carried twin spare tyres at the rear. The Morgan Motor Company had commenced making their 4/4 model in 1936, providing styling, keen handling and excellent performance.

On the way home, the gear box between the front seats, was getting very hot, so we called into Dickinson's Garage at Woodville. A quick inspection found nothing wrong but I came to the realisation, just how beautifully crafted this vehicle was. Thus, began a more serious approach to car club events by myself, driving both the Riley and Morgan. I drove the Morgan to a first up fourth in the unlimited sports car section, at the local hill climb on the shingle at Seafield Road on October 16. It was no match for Bill Hanna's T.C.MG because the second gear would only produce 32 mph. The wide space between second and third gear made it no match for the sharp MG's of Bill Hanna, Felix Campbell and Hugo Hollis on the hill climbs. The little motor couldn't produce enough horsepower although the car handled well. But in the unlimited saloon car class, I drove the Riley Kestrel 16 to victory, by over three seconds.



The Morgan 4/4 with the top down and the top up.



Driving the Morgan 4/4 on the Seafield Road shingle.

Around this period my father was at loggerheads with the local car club and I was barred by him from competing in any of their events. My father resigned in November 1948, due to his strong objection to the committee meetings taking place in the Carlton Club Hotel. At the time, the hotel proprietor Alton Luttrell in his Supercharged Auburn, was a top performer in the club. Dad did not condone drink and driving. It was eight months before they eventually accepted his resignation, as he would not budge from his conviction.

The Morgan's brake cables were something of an issue, particularly when you desperately needed some reaction. I remember one day coming into the intersection of Simla Avenue and Te Mata Peak Road, a little too fast on the metal surface. I applied the brakes, only to find myself skidding forward, although I was on full lock.

More important, three adults tucked tightly into this small two-seater, was not a pretty sight.

In 1949 on January 29, the North Island Hill Climb Championships was held on Seafield Road. Ten cars ran for the championship and another 26 cars in the handicap section. I was timed at 1 minute 58.4 secs in the Morgan 4/4 for a credible fourth placing in the handicap section.

Just a few weeks later on February 12, we took both the Riley and Morgan to the inaugural New Zealand Hill Climb Championship on the Paekakariki Hill. The New Zealand Sports Car Club organised the event, with the distance exactly two miles. The hill was in good condition, although recent repair activities left a fine screen of gravel on several difficult corners. This produced disastrous tyre adhesion amongst the quickest cars. The 1500cc class was hotly contested with four M.G.'s, an Alvis and our Morgan 4/4.

Morning Run.

1. A.S. Farland (MG Midget N type) 2.44.55, 2. Hugo Hollis (MG TC) 2.44.5, 3. Geoff Easterbrook Smith (Alvis) 2.54.05, 4. Shand (MG TA) 2.54.65, 5. Christie (MG TA) 2.55.45, 6. Gordon Vogtherr (Morgan 4/4) 3.05.4.

During the afternoon run, in a desperate attempt to catch Farland, Hollis hit the inside bank at the Cutting, bounced on to the outside bank before smiting the inside bank again. Surprisingly he still improved his time in this run, but Farland produced an amazing drive. The Alvis jumped out of gear at the hairpin and the driver's words shocked prudish spectators. Cowan's Sunbeam almost had a big off at the Water Trough Corner.

Afternoon Run.

1. A.S. Farland 2.39.95, 2. Hugo Hollis 2.44.0, 3. Geoff Easterbrook Smith 2.52.9, 4. Christie 2.54.9, 5. Shand 2.56.45, 6. Gordon Vogtherr 3.05.9



At the wheel of the Morgan, Paekakariki hill climb, February 12, 1949.

Fordy Farland's time was only bettered by E.H.Faulkner, in the unlimited class. Unsatisfactory, our 1938 Big Four Riley Kestrel competing in the 3000cc section, again for the second year in a row suffered from fuel starvation. This was in spite of having a second electric fuel pump fitted to eliminate the problem. It finished with a time of 3.28.95, a good 30 seconds off the pace.

I won the handicap section of the event in the Morgan 4/4, which performed marvellously. I was presented with the Handicap Hill Climb Cup, which I still proudly display amongst my treasured trophies today.

Handicap Cup:

1. Gordon Vogtherr (Morgan 4/4) 3.05.04 - 3.05.09, 2. Phil Fowkes (Riley saloon) 3.11.08 - 3.11.85, 3. B.H.Clinkard (Alvis Speed 20) 2.59.45 - 2.58.02.

The Riley Kestrel Blue Streak was parked outside the factory one day, when Mr. Tocker, a dentist in Greenmeadows took a fancy to it. It was now 12 years old but still in perfect condition. He was happy to pay £1000 for the vehicle, together with all the spare parts. Dad got a good price and a nice profit, and it was time to move on. Even when we sold it, the leather upholstery still smelt like new. Unfortunately, the Riley hasn't been seen for decades, as it resides in Australia.

My parents drove the Morgan 4/4 to Auckland for the Empire Games in January 1950. Whilst in Auckland, Dad left the Morgan with a car dealer, in an attempt to sell it. Dad immediately purchased a post war 1947 Citroen Light 15 hp which he found advertised for sale by a city garage. It was in very good order but had a high mileage, and cost £750. Subsequently he saw a 2.1 litre 1947 Rover 16 saloon advertised for sale in the New Zealand Herald with only 2,000 miles on the speedometer. It was nearby in Remuera, and had belonged to the recently deceased manager of the Westfield Freezing Works. It was immaculate, so he purchased it for £1400, leaving a £500 deposit until he sold the Citroen. As a result, suddenly he had possibly three cars to bring home to Hawke's Bay. Dad couldn't get the garage to take back the Citroen. However, they suggested a possible solution. The Manurewa Service Station owner was happy to purchase the Citroen for the same price Dad had paid for it. One problem was solved, but the Morgan 4/4 was still not sold.

I had received a telegram from Dad, stating he had purchased a 1947 Citroen and could I fly up by plane on Friday afternoon, as the Morgan hadn't been sold. John Nimon and I flew to Auckland to drive the Morgan 4/4 home and witness the final day of the Empire Games. Dad met us at the Whenuapai Airport and took us to a closed garage, where he unveiled not a Citroen but the Rover. Eventually, we went to pick up the Morgan 4/4 on Sunday morning, to bring it home. To our surprise, it had been purchased by a schoolteacher the previous day. This car hasn't been seen since.

The four of us came home in the Rover, which was a beautiful vehicle, painted green with green leather

upholstery and polished walnut dashboard and door filets. This model had semi-elliptic springs at the front and rear. It had a very smooth quiet motor and delightful gearbox with freewheel. It had a top speed of 77 mph but it was gutless on the Taupo-Napier Road hills.

Early in 1950, Dad ordered a new Jowett Jupiter after reading that it was a three seater coupe. This was an advanced project by renowned automobile designers Eberan von Eberhorst and Leslie Johnson. The Jowett Javelin had made headlines in 1949 when a company-entered car won the 1.5-litre class in the 1949 Monte Carlo Rally. A few months later, a Javelin won the 2-litre touring car class in the Belgian 24-hour race held at the Spa-Francorchamps circuit. It averaged a fabulous 65 mph for the whole journey. Amazingly, when the Jupiter arrived into the country, it was a convertible roadster which didn't suit our needs. Dad should have ordered a Javelin which was the saloon model. It would have been great to race, as it won its class three years running at the 24 hour Le Mans race.

For a long period after the war, new cars could only be purchased with overseas funds, which obviously favoured the very few people with overseas funds available. However, many rackets were conceived. Often cars were being resold, for more than their original purchasing price. Late in 1950, Ross Dysart & McLean had for sale the latest four seater Rover. We had followed the reviews and performances of these cars overseas and were keen to try one. Dad and Andy Dysart managed to wangle enough funds together to purchase a new 1951 P4 Rover 75, the Cyclops eye model. It got its name from having a fog light mounted on the centre of the radiator grille. There was delay in delivery because of the Waterfront Disruption and shipping strikes but it was duly delivered to Hastings. The 1947 Rover 16 was traded in for this new 2100cc four door Rover. It had an IOE straight six cylinder motor with twin carburetors. This car served the family well, running to and fro to Coleman Terrace in Napier, where we were now residing. It was very well built and finished, with nice woodwork and Duralumin doors, bonnet and boot-lid, which ensured no rust in later years. John Ormond a prominent farming and political figure from Wallingford purchased the Rover 16 off Andy Dysart for £1250.

Unfortunately, I found the new Rover had an uncomfortable bench seat driving position and this caused a serious Achilles tendon injury in my right leg. This injury gave me increasing problems, eventually accelerating the curtailment of my harrier activities. As well, cornering was not one of its strong points either, and felt similar to rolling around on a doughnut. To top that off, it had a rather disconcerting oil consumption. Even after a top up, it would still register at low level reading.

The Rover 75 had a horrid steering column gear change, which had my father cursing regularly. My parents did a trip to the South Island in the Rover, and on the Kenepuru Saddle Road near Portage, they were confronted by a tour coach. The road was narrow, so Dad attempted to reverse, but could not find reverse on the steering column system. He became so frustrated he vowed to get rid of the beast, as soon as he could manage it.

After six months of both enjoyment and loads of cursing, we read an advertisement by Motor Lines Ltd, owned by Phil Andrews' father. They were the Renault and Alvis agents in Palmerston North, and were promoting the new 1951 3 litre Alvis saloon. This model had a small rear window. After a trip to Palmerston North and a test drive over the Tiritia Hills, came the horse trading for this car worth £1850. After much bartering with Mr. Andrews, the Rover 75 was traded-in as a deposit for a new black Alvis, much to Mum's disgust. She never liked black and needed some persuasion. This event in December 1950, began a chapter of owning three Alvis vehicles over a comparative short period. This car had a fine motor with real power and a nice gear change, but I wasn't happy going back to a car with a composite body structure. It was also without my favourite instrument, the rev. counter but it did cruise comfortably at over 70 mph.

The Alvis was fitted with Dunlop four ply tyres and within ten days three of the tyres blew. This gave us tyre changing practise and much inconvenience. Dunlop agreed that the tyres were not suitable and made a reasonable swap. Also, Dad wasn't too happy about the clonk in the Salisbury differential, which was awful but never got worse. The experts assured him it was not an issue but he still felt uneasy.

I wasn't very popular, when I tinkered with the brakes and Dad got stranded on a backcountry road near Bay View. The brakes had completely seized. I received a telephone call, and the language was explicit. I raced out with some tools and soon had the vehicle mobile again. You can guess the lecture I received, about leaving things alone. On another occasion, after visiting Ball's Clearing at Rissington, the check straps fell off on to the road. When we stripped the door trim to put it back, we found none of the screws on the body had even been tightened properly.

Late in 1950 we wanted to run two cars, one for commuting and business, the other for pleasure and to be the family car. Dad knew the Renault 760 cc was becoming available and ordered one. This small rear engine Renault was designed to provide good performance and to be economical. It had been given good reports in the motoring journals. After awaiting patiently for a few months, we took delivery at Christmas of the first baby Renault to come to Hastings. The Renault 4 CV, as it was designated, was a four door saloon. The front doors became known as the suicide doors, because they opened from the front.

The baby Renault was very similar to a Volkswagen Beetle, but they would never admit any influence. It was quite technically advanced with rear engine, rear wheel drive, wet sleeves and independent suspension. There was an absence of synchromesh for first gear, therefore this was only engaged for starting. It had an excellent gearbox, and the car could really go. Unsatisfactorily the finish on the body wasn't very good. This car was used for business and pleasure, covering 46,000 miles in four years and at an economy rate of 44 mpg.

I used the baby Renault for car club events. In 1951, the North Island Sprint Championship was held at

Whakatu and the 1950 Renault was dead last. A month later, I had become interested in a young lady, who was a neighbour and took her to the North Island Hill Climb Championships on Seafield Road. The baby Renault was well off the pace again, and I blotted my copybook by throwing a conrod through the cylinder block while returning home from the event. There was an ugly hole in the side of the block. Dad was not impressed, but luckily the son of the importers was racing that day. We towed it home to Coleman Terrace, where Phil Andrews and I whipped out the motor. Phil took the motor back to Palmerston North and after three weeks we had the car back on the road.

In November at the Whakatu sprint, the baby Renault performed a little better, finishing as the ninth-place car overall. Unfortunately, at the Seafield Road Hill climb we were once again tail-end Charlie. But in some car club events, especially the gymkhanas, our baby Renault was unbeatable. Being light, with a rear engine and rear wheel drive, the car excelled in any wet boggy conditions. It was small and quick, and had a good three speed gear ratio. It was amazingly quick in reverse, being the same ratio as low gear going forward. I was never beaten in a gymkhana driving the baby Renault.

In 1952, I teamed up with Phil Andrews in a three car Renault team for a saloon car race at Ohakea during February. Phil's car performed very well. Our car was much slower but went reasonably well. This was my introduction to circuit racing. I found the other drivers were maniacs, with no fear for their own safety. This cured my ambitions for circuit racing for decades.

By 1953, Dad was sick of hearing the clonk in the differential of the Alvis, and traded it in for the latest model. This new model was a drop head Coupe with a Tickford body in silver, but in the bright sunlight it could produce a reddish sheen. It had a red plastic hood which made it look smart, along with the red upholstery. The company had made changes, with the front suspension now having double wishbones and telescopic shock absorbers set inside the coil spring. This was a better idea and a great improvement. This time, the Salisbury differential made no alarming noises. Dad had trouble free motoring and clocked up just 2,000 miles, before heading overseas. Hearing the car was to be sold, Fred White from Porangahau offered Dad the new car price, in January 1954.

Within a few months, Dad had another new 3 litre Alvis. He had ordered and paid for it six months before leaving New Zealand. This model was the Grey Lady TC 21/100 Alvis drop head Coupe model. It had revised front suspension and shock absorbers. It was fitted with steel wheels rather than the standard wire wheels. The vehicle had the same Tickford body and colour scheme, silver with the red hood. Unexpectedly, my parents had to wait a week for the car to become available. Finally, Dad had the pleasure of taking possession of the vehicle from the factory in Coventry, England, and my parents could commence their planned tour through Great Britain and Europe.

The car was purchased through Motor Lines, Palmerston North, the New Zealand agents for £1850, and therefore the shipping agents in England demanded their cut. Dad duly paid the £14 for the permission to take delivery, plus some free pungent advice. They had put two gallons of petrol in the car and demanded 9s. 6d. Dad gave them some more advice and told them to fill the tank right up. The petrol bill came to £2.14s.4½d and they wanted every last half penny. Dad was staggered at the complete lack of good customer relations, having bought three cars at £1850 each, in less than four years.

Dad's troubles were just beginning. Just after driving from the factory, he had a nasty feeling the paper work for the vehicle wasn't correct. He pulled over and checked. He found the car's identification did not correspond with the paper's details. He returned to Coventry to speak with the export sales manager Mr. Michie. Unbelievably they filed the engine number off the block and stamped the numbers that were on his paper work, on to the engine block. There was possibly two Alvis 'Grey Lady' engines in the world, with the same number. A couple of days later, my father travelled to Birmingham, to see the World Cross Country Championships. The event was won by Mimoun, the Moroccan who became the 1956 Olympic marathon gold medalist.

While returning home, he could smell burning oil and upon investigating found oil sizzling everywhere. They crawled back to Warwick and attempted to get hold of the Coventry factory. Being 7 pm on a Saturday, all he could raise was the night watchman. Dad was told that no one from the works had a home telephone. However, about 9 pm Mr. Michie rung Dad at his hotel. Next morning at 10 am, two mechanics towed the car, 12 miles back to Coventry. The problem was a stuck thermostat which was rectified, but it was Tuesday morning before my parents could commence their travels.

The Alvis performed well throughout Great Britain and four countries of Europe: Belgium, France, Germany and Switzerland. Until it rained! Then the water poured in over Mum and Dad's legs through the suttle. The vehicle agents in Carlisle put some 'goo' in the suttle and told Dad to call into the Tickford factory at Newport Pagnell, on his way back to London. When he did, they put the car on a hoist and Dad showed them the 1½ inch rectangular hole at the top of each wheel arch, where water or dust poured in like a vacuum cleaner. They said they had made them that way for decades. Not surprisingly, Dad suggested they stop the practice and he probably lost any respect for British manufacturers. As well, the front passenger's door rattled at certain speeds. Oil was applied but when it dried out, the rattle returned.

After Europe, Dad returned the car to the factory, for preparation for shipment aboard the 'Dominion Monarch'. The factory promised to attend to a few issues before it was shipped home. The car arrived in Hastings ahead of my parents return. Shirley and I drove the Alvis down to Wellington to greet my parents at the wharf. They had come home via Sydney on the 'Wanganella'. It rained on the way to Wellington and my pants were wet up

to the knees. The factory had done nothing to remedy my father's complaints, including the hole in the wheel arch. This could have been the last British car my father would buy, had he not been smitten by an Aston Martin.

Once back in Hawke's Bay, I found the door rattle was caused by a spot weld coming adrift and repaired the problem in minutes. Once more this vehicle served my parents well, and altogether they clocked up over 50,000 miles in the three Alvis vehicles. Where have they gone? This vehicle was sold to well-known character Percy Jansen, who gave the car a pretty hard time, before eventually selling it to an Australian. As a result, another one of our ex-cars went to reside across the ditch.

My Aeronautical Memories

I remember Dad and I travelling to Wanganui, late in 1936 to witness an Air Show at the local airfield. We saw Vickers Vildebeests, which were the first training planes purchased by the Air Force. Plus, Piet Van Asch displayed a new Monospar ET-25 Universal. This was NZ Aerial Mapping's first aircraft. Piet made a low pass over the airfield, flying on just one of the two 90hp Pobjoy Niagara engines. The plane was retired in 1943 but was still kept in mint condition and flew regularly. Tragically, it was destroyed in a hangar fire at Bridge Pa aerodrome Hastings, just before its 50th anniversary flight in June 1986. Tragically at the time, it was the only Monospar in the world still flying.

As a rebellious teenager, I joined the No.11 Squadron of the Air Training Corps in Hastings in 1942. During 1945, after a weekend parade, I sneaked into the factory and packed Cyril Whittaker, Guy Instone and couple of others into our little Fiat Topolino and drove up the Te Mata Peak Road. We stopped and set up bottles and cans on top of the fence posts and proceeded to have some target practice.

In the mid 1950's, aligned with my interest in tinkering with anything mechanical, I got into aero-modelling of several forms and model aircraft flying. I tried both free flight and control line flying. My model planes were powered by either a Mills 2.4 or a 0.75cc motor. I tried controlled glider flying. One day while flying one of my early planes at Irongate, I lost control of the plane. We tracked it for miles before it came down near Paki Paki.

In later years, I moved up to a Frog 500 engine, and began team racing. This sufficed my interest in anything mechanical, while we were raising our family of four girls. I wouldn't have been given permission to spend our money on a more expensive hobby. I was a regular and successful controller at the New Zealand National Championships for several years.

About 1960 I flew radio-controlled sailplanes and power models. I commenced this interest with just a single channel HMV Wright Radio control unit. In later years, I was able to purchase a sophisticated America 10 channel Controlaire reed radio control unit, which was a marked improvement. They were still crude compared to the tremendous proportional units available today.



Jack Williams

For a couple of decades, Jack Williams managed the secondhand bookstore in Warren Street called Everybody's Book shop. The books and magazines were piled so high, Jack could sit on top of the stack and touch the ceiling. He knew every book and which pile to find it in. I was a regular customer, as he was the agent for the magazine 'Modelair', and stocked model aircraft, kit sets, balsa, glue and other modelling enthusiasts special needs.

Inadmissibly, I had a major 'whoops-a-daisy' while flying a newly built two metre wing span aircraft. I was attempting some inverted low-level flying, and forgot that when upside down the control panel is reversed. Instead of climbing, my months of creation crashed nose first into the ground and parts of the fuselage and wings separated alarmingly. In January 1966, I decided to sell all my aero modelling equipment before I did any more damage to my planes and especially my pride.

Efforts to bring an airworthy Catalina to New Zealand were begun by a syndicate in 1992. It ended with the unfortunate loss of the Boeing Canada built Canso N5404J, during the delivery flight. It was forced to make an emergency landing near Christmas Island in the Pacific on January 14th, 1994 and came to a sticky end.

The syndicate reorganised itself as the Catalina Club of New Zealand. It brought another aircraft to New Plymouth on October 26th, 1994. The new aircraft was a Consolidated Vultee 'Catalina' PBY-5A. The aeroplane had been built under licence by Canadian Vickers at Carterville, near Montreal. Originally it was registered as CN 357 Serial No. 11054 on March 20, 1944. This aircraft had begun its war service with the RCAF and operated on anti-submarine duties. It had a wing span of 104 feet, and a gross weight 12,245kgs. It had a huge fuel capacity of 1,450 gallons and a maximum speed 288kph. It could fly 2,000 nautical miles non-stop, over a 20 hours period. It was fitted with two Pratt & Whitney 'Twin Wasp' R1830-92 radial engines.



Consolidated Vultee 'Catalina' ZK-PBY on show at Napier Aerodrome.

From 1988, Pierre Jaunet had operated the aircraft in Africa as Z-CAT. The aircraft transported up to 16 passengers and four crew between Egypt and Zimbabwe with 'The African Safari Company'. The aircraft was hired by the Peter Stuyvesant organisation in 1993, to fly an 'Odyssey' across the Atlantic and back. The aircraft had over 14,000 hours on the airframe. Z-CAT made the 20,000km flight to New Zealand in approximately 87 hours over 14 days.



Another Catalina seen during the 1985 holiday trip to Hawaii.

It was registered to The Catalina Co. NZ Ltd on 23 March, 1995, and became ZK-PBY. It arrived painted in the blue and red 'Peter Stuyvesant' plumage and toured around New Zealand airports, so enthusiasts could admire the machine.

Eventually the aircraft was repainted in a wartime colour scheme to represent NZ4017 XX-T of No 6 Squadron RNZAF and two seats were removed.

The Southern Cross was the name of the Fokker F.VIIB/3m tri-motor monoplane which in 1928 was flown by Australian Charles Kingsford Smith and his crew in the first ever trans-Pacific flight to Australia from the mainland of the United States, about 11,670 kilometres. Kingsford Smith and Charles Ulm also made the first non-stop Trans-Tasman flight in the Southern Cross from Australia to New Zealand on 10/11 September 1928.

My father had photographed the plane landing at Stoke aerodrome on another subsequent visit. This was on Sunday March 18, 1934 and I was a witness that day, at eight years of age. The original Southern Cross is now preserved in a special glass hangar near the international terminal at Brisbane.

On the 24th March 1990, the ANZ Bank in New Zealand celebrated 150 years since the opening of the first branch in New Zealand. This was our bank, the Union Bank of Australasia, which historically is the longest serving trading bank in New Zealand.



Kingsford-Smith's Replica Southern Cross at Napier Airport. 1990

To celebrate the occasion, the ANZ sponsored a special visit to New Zealand of a recently created replica of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's famous aircraft, The Southern Cross. It was the largest known flying replica aircraft in the world, thanks to the massive wooden wingspan of 21.8 metres and 17.5 metre length.

The full-sized flying reproduction of the Southern Cross was built in the 1980s in South Australia. This replica flew the Tasman during the first week in March 1990 and then toured New Zealand, landing at 22 locations and flying over most New Zealand townships before returning to Australia in April.

During June 2009, I joined a group of 17 New Zealanders in the Experimental Aircraft Association Tour Party to the EAA Air Venture at Oshkosh in Wisconsin. This had become a huge annual gathering of aviation enthusiasts held each summer at Wittman Regional Airport. The week-long show was sponsored by the EAA, an international organisation based at Oshkosh. The first gathering was held in 1953 as a small part of the Milwaukee Air Pageant, but by 1959 it had outgrown the facilities at the Rockford airport and relocated to Oshkosh. The official name of the event was the EAA Annual Convention and Fly-in and was restricted to EAA members. In 1998, the name was changed to *AirVenture Oshkosh*, but many regular attendees still call it as *The*

Oshkosh Airshow or just *Oshkosh*.

In 1997, the structure for the show changed, allowing non EAA members access to the entire grounds. Hence, the event now attracted between 200,000 and 300,000 individual persons over the weekend. During the 2009 air show the famous Pitcairn autogiro was impressive. The new Airbus A380 made a promotional visit. There was a Hurricane, a Lancaster and a C-5M Super Galaxy was also on display.

But the star attraction in 2009 was the White Knight Two, which is part of Richard Branson's big space tourism project. This is the special airplane built as the mothership and carrier launch-platform for the spacecraft Space Ship Two and the unmanned launch vehicle Launcher One. The mother ship is a large fixed-wing aircraft with two hulls linked together by a central wing. It was called VMS Eve after Branson's mother and officially unveiled on July 28, 2008, and flew for the first time on December 21, 2008.

It had a flight crew of two, was 24 metres long, had a 43 metre wingspan and was powered by four Pratt & Whitney Canada PW308 turbofan engines. It could fly to an altitude of 21,000 metres.



Richard Branson's Virgin Galactic Mother ship.

The Virgin Galactic was a U.S. commercial spaceflight company within the Virgin Group planning to provide commercial aircraft for suborbital spaceflights for space tourists. Virgin Galactic's founder Richard Branson had contracted aerospace designer Burt Rutan to build the mothership and spacecraft.

One of the other interesting attractions was an impressive air writing competition.

Personally, the highlight was coming across a replica of my favourite plane the Grosvenor House. I was able to watch it fly. The airworthy full-scale replica of the DH.88 Comet was built in 1993 by Thomas W. Wathen of Santa Barbara, California, USA. N88XD flies wearing the full colours and registration of G-ACSS *Grosvenor House*. The original 'Grosvenor House', a de Havilland DH. 88 Comet a twin-engine British aircraft, won the MacRobertson International Air Race, from London to Melbourne in October 1934. The race celebrated the 100th anniversary of the State of Victoria, in Australia.

In January 1934, the de Havilland company offered to design a 200 mph (322 km/h) aircraft to compete in the race and produce a limited run, if three were ordered by February 1934. The sale price of £5,000 each, would by no means have covered the development costs. The engines were uprated Gipsy Six R's, tuned with a higher compression ratio, so the DH. 88 could maintain a height of 1,200 metres on one engine. The DH.88 might have been the only wooden British high-performance monoplane, but for a shortage of metal for aircraft construction during the Second World War.



Yours truly beside the replica Grosvenor House.



One of my favourite prints of the Grosvenor House.

Twenty aircraft took part in the race, including three examples of the DH.88 Comet. The scarlet G-ACSS was the property of Mr A.O. Edwards and was named *Grosvenor House*, after a London hotel he managed. It was crewed by C.W.A. Scott and Tom Campbell Black. They reached Singapore eight hours ahead of the next entrant. Over the Timor Sea they lost the port engine and repairs at Darwin failed to solve the oil warning issues. They flew the last two legs on one engine throttled back, but their unassailable lead insured them victory. They landed at Flemington Racecourse on October 23, recording an official time was 71 hours 18 seconds. In the same aircraft in March 1938, Arthur Edmond Clouston and Victor Anthony Ricketts went from London to New Zealand

(13179 miles) in 104 hours 20 minutes. The return flight later in the same month, took 140 hours and 12 minutes. They had become boyhood heroes of mine.

I had unsuccessfully attempted to see the original Grosvenor House housed at the Shuttleworth Collection at Old Warden, England during another overseas trip in 1987. It would take another later trip to England, to achieve my dream and see the original plane.

After leaving the Oshkosh Air Show our tour party visited the Harley Davidson Museum in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which celebrates over 100 years of motorcycling.

In December 2008, I attended the 80th Anniversary of the Hawke's Bay Aero Club at Bridge Pa aerodrome. The Catalina made another appearance, along with a Beechcraft Staggerwing, a brand new Citation Mustang high-velocity jet and numerous restored bi-planes

I still take a keen interest in model aircraft flying and attended the Warbirds over Awatoto, an event over the three-day Waitangi Day weekend in 2015. This attracted 56 pilots and over 100 aircraft, and some amazing demonstrations.

My Adult and Matrimonial Memories

My parents wanted to live in Havelock North and eventually purchased a section for £600 and built a new family home on Duart Road in the Havelock hills in 1945. They found the two acre section on the corner of Muriwai Crescent. The section had streams on the front and back boundaries. The section was part of the subdivision of the Muriwai Estate by land agent Jack Masterson. It had a 200 yard driveway off Duart Road, up to a flat plateau on the top of the rise. There was a secondary entrance off Muriwai Crescent, but this was never used.

The location produced clear views across the Heretaunga Plains to the mountain ranges in the west. In winter with the trees defoliated, Napier to the north came into view. This was their dream home but they made two crucial errors in the concept. Firstly, they decided on a tile roof. This entailed strengthening the structure to hold the weight of the tiles. Numerous tiles were broken in the construction. The roof wasn't weather proof and often a veritable hurricane blew through the ceiling cavity. This cold atmosphere caused the second problem. The plastered ceiling and walls created moisture and damp marks.

The house was built by two brothers, Dick and Wally Hewitt. Dick had been foreman for Henry Cooke and this was his first undertaking on his own account. They were very conscientious builders. On one occasion, the builders returned part of a load of timber for the house, to the Timber Merchant supplier McLeod and Gardner. They considered the timber was not heart Rimu, as they had specified. Try doing that today!

Jack Wright did the painting of the house. During the painting phase, Mt. Ruapehu erupted over one weekend covering all the surfaces in volcanic ash.

Upon moving into the house in early 1946, my mother quickly discovered the house was in a very cold location. Especially in the late afternoon. The climate in the Havelock hills was colder and damper than on the plains. The house was named Cleaddon, after one of the places in England where my father had grown up. My paternal grandfather had died of pneumonia in July 1944 and my grandmother Sophia followed in October 1945, from a clot in her leg, while in hospital. Afterwards, my spinster auntie Winifred and her brother Mick went back into our St. Aubyn Street house, when we moved to Havelock North.

We planted 1400 trees and shrubs on the property. A citrus grove was established on the slope and a large plantation on the reverse side of the hill. My father proudly planted a row of 24 Pohutukawa trees, but a frost at Easter, left only three surviving. On that particular day, ice lay behind the house until after lunch. Dad built a large 12 foot by five foot fish pond, as a garden feature. I planted a thousand tulips on the northern slope of the section.

My first real female interest was a registered nurse Ngaire Cook. We dated for almost three years, but she wasn't very impressed with my father, as he wouldn't allow me the usage of a car for outings. My parents sold Cleaddon in 1949 after only four years. Jack Masterson had a buyer, Mr. Smith senior of Wellington, one half of the Smith and Smith Ltd chain of paint stores. £4,000 was the agreed price but the Land Sales Court reduced the price to £3650. This decision was appealed by my father and he was successful at the L.S.C. committee hearing. We returned to live at 707 St. Aubyn Street West in Hastings for a third time, as Aunt Winnie was visiting England and touring through Europe, with her good friend Ruby Shattky.

At the time, we still had the beach cottage at Te Awanga, but it was occupied by friends, the Ferbrache family. They had returned to New Zealand from the Channel Islands at the cessation of the German occupation. Already my parents began to look for a suitable property on the Bluff Hill in Napier. They wanted a northerly aspect, overlooking the ocean and room for a double garage, for all my father's vehicles.

In late January 1950, Mum and Dad went to Auckland for the Empire Games. John Nimon and I flew to Auckland for the final day of competition, after finishing work on the Friday. We stayed at a private hotel on the sea front at St. Heliers. My parents had purchased a small section in Chaucer Road North with a glorious view, from a Mr. Robert Wallace for £290. A Land Sales Valuer wrote the value down to £190, before an appeal to the L.S.C. committee had it back to £290. John MacKersey was going to build the house, but firstly over a chain of 20 foot macrocarpas had to be cut down and the roots removed to the Onekawa dump.

During all this my father was in much pain. Ultimately, he had a terrible attack and was rushed into hospital in

an ambulance. Dr. Wilson wanted to remove his gallbladder and scheduled this serious operation to go ahead within two weeks. Thus, the building of the house was postponed. Dad consulted a second opinion from Dr. Owen Thomas, who declared the pain wasn't related to his gallbladder. After x-rays and 16 days in hospital, Dad was released to convalesce at home.

A day after his return home, my parents were offered a nice house at 16 Coleman Terrace, on the Napier Hill. Mr. Henry Goudie the occupant, was relocating to New Plymouth and heard my parents were looking for a home on the hill. The 10 year old house was in a sunny spot, facing north, overlooking the harbour, the aerodrome and the far off ranges to the west. The owner wanted £3,500 but accepted £3350. We moved into the house during Easter weekend. Alterations were done to the bathroom. A new stove and hot water cylinder installed and most of the house was painted and wallpapered. When we went to live in Napier we had the 1947 Rover. But soon Dad and I were commuting to Hastings each day in the baby Renault, which was sufficient and economic.

The Chaucer Road section was sold for £400 and the Te Awanga property, boat and all was sold for £1,000 to Jean Simpson, a nurse. Dad also put our old St. Aubyn Street house up for tender and accepted a £1750 offer. Aunt Winnie moved to her own flat in Heretaunga Street West near Stortford Lodge.

On moving to Napier, I began attending St. Pauls Bible classes. I had taken up mid-week badminton and played socially with the Napier St. Pauls club. They played in the Army Hall at the bottom of Coote Road. One of my playing partners was 22 year old Shirley Violet Bishop and this is how we first met. She was a good player which impressed me. Shirley was taking Sunday School classes at St. Pauls. I invited her to come to see me run in the prestigious Anderson Rally at Dannevirke. Dad and I picked her up from outside the Government Buildings in the town, just before mid-day on Saturday. She must have inspired me because over the first lap, Brian Derwin and I established a 100 yard lead. I desperately tried to shake off Brian but he was too powerful. Sadly, I run out of puff and fell off the pace over the concluding half mile, but still finished a credible fourth. Shirley must have been impressed because I received another date.

Shirley's family lived in Cobden Crescent, which was 'two hills' away from my parent's house. We became romantically involved and so began quite a lot of back and forth, along several alternate routes of about 1 mile to her house. Shirley had maternal Scottish ancestors called Mackie, which was to manifest itself in the auburn hair colour, through the generations.

At the time, Shirley belonged to the Napier Sailing Club, crewing for Lyall Wigg on a 14 foot Firecrest. They later moved together onto a 16 foot Mataura. Shirley and Lyall worked feverishly on both these boats, amongst a mile of ropes. Shirley was a superb sailor, being able to handle the exacting demands of sailing, and occasionally with head down, she would be hectically bailing the water out, as required to retain buoyancy.

The skipper Lyall Wigg had lost his right hand during the war, when his RNZAF Corsair crashed on landing. He was knocked unconscious in the cockpit but was dragged free by a brave doctor. Lyall suffered severe burns to his face, arms and hands. Although very handicapped it didn't stop him being a very competitive and competent sailor. From 1959 to 1972, Lyall Wigg held the various positions of Rear Commodore, Vice Commodore and finally Commodore of the sailing club.

Every year, the Napier Sailing Club held a ladies' race. There were very few female members but Shirley remembers racing 16 foot Firecrests, and beating Sally Dunstan to win the Ladies Trophy. I was encouraged to join the crew but couldn't emulate Shirley's ability. Shirley's brothers, the Black brothers and Russell Spiller were all avid yachtsmen. Many in the Napier club sailed Patiki class yachts, which had no keel and prior to the earthquake had been popular for sailing on the huge inland estuary. Later, I crewed for Lyall on a Flying Dutchman, a fast two-person yacht. I have vivid memories of hanging out on the trapeze and being sick at the same time. Not a recommended exercise. I'm definitely a good 'landlubber'.

Shirley and I became engaged just prior to Christmas in 1952. I had previously followed the correct protocol, and asked her father for his blessing to wed his youngest daughter. Shirley and I had already selected and purchased her engagement ring from McClurg's Jewellers in Hastings Street, Napier.

Her father hailed from Hampden in North Otago and had been employed as a butcher in Oamaru. The family originated from Somerset and arrived in New Zealand as steerage passengers aboard the Shaw Savill clipper Taranaki. It berthed at Port Chalmers on December 22, 1879. Her father John was born onboard the ship on December 7, during the voyage to New Zealand. In 1910, he married Violet Mackie and came to Napier and commenced work with Louis Stephenson, a friend employed at Ringlands Menswear. This store was a men's outfitter in Hastings Street.

After a short period, he became a commercial traveller for Ringlands Brothers. He covered an area from Blackhead on the coast to Inland Patea on the Taihape Road. He visited all the big sheep stations, selling ties, shirts and hats to the large land owners and station managers, and fitting the gentry for their suits. He would attempt to sell underwear, socks and clothing to the shepherds and farm hands.

During the First World War, Shirley's eldest uncle had to leave his farm at Levin to fight overseas. He rose to the rank of Major. While his brother was overseas serving, her father went down to manage the farm. Upon his brother's return from active service, her father ran a butcher's shop in Levin. Shirley was born in 1928 in Levin, the youngest of five children, three boys and two girls. Her father brought the family back to Napier in 1935, to again become the travelling salesman for Ringland Brothers Menswear. He was soon working in a butcher shop on the corner of France Road and Coote Road.

Shirley attended Central School and Napier Intermediate before progressing to Napier Girls' High School. Her

two nearest siblings were both boys, so she was always playing and competing to be their equal. Thus, she was a real tom-boy and able to hold her own against the boys. She excelled at Art but left school in 1944 to commence work at Allen's Furnishing Company Ltd on the north side of Emerson Street. Shirley was employed as an apprentice in the soft furnishing department, under the guidance of Myrtle Webster.

Once out of her apprenticeship, she became self-employed and worked out of parent's home in Cobden Crescent. Shirley picked up work, by word of mouth, but her reputation grew quickly through her quality of work. She had played cricket and basketball (netball) at school and had a fleeting rendezvous with athletics. This was enough to gain the women's long jump title for the Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay region, soon after leaving school. She had shown some ability at Napier Intermediate, becoming the school long jump champion.

Shirley loved the ocean and the sea air, and by moving to a coastal town like Napier, with two ports, a large estuary, beaches, ships and boats her passion grew rapidly. One weekend she was on Kirkpatrick Wharf, strolling along enjoying the sun and sights, when she noticed Mr. Arthur Alexander's large Keeler was moored at the end of the pier. This was the only Keeler in Hawke's Bay at the time, thus quite an attraction. The crew were having a lunch break before sailing back to its mooring at Scarpa Flow, in the Inner Harbour.

Shirley was admiring the yacht and knew a couple of the crew. Shirley was invited to join them on their return voyage. She didn't need any persuading. The peaceful sound of the Keeler cutting through the water and the air caressing the sails had her utterly snared. Soon afterwards, Lyall Wig got wind of her interest in sailing and begrudgingly Lyall gave the girl the opportunity to crew for him. Her brothers had sailed against the Wig and Black brothers before the war.

Towards the end of the war, Napier hosted the Royal Navy Frigate Achilles. Many young ladies were invited to attend a social dance, which was put on for the sailors while their vessel was in port. It was held at the Forrester's Hall in Dickens Street, near the Catholic Cathedral. Shirley met a young English sailor during the evening, and they regularly corresponded by mail for several years, before losing touch.

Shirley hadn't been a Girl Guide or Brownie but when she was seventeen she joined the Ranger Guide Group in Napier. During her time in the pack, her best memory was going tramping for two days in the Kaweka Ranges. Pauline Tyr from the Ranger Guide Group in Hastings had made arrangements to accompany the Heretaunga Tramping Club on a weekend adventure, and members of the Napier Group were invited to join the party. Shirley still remembers staying overnight in the Kaweka Hut.

Shirley and I were married in St. Pauls Presbyterian Church on June 27, 1953 by Reverend Grey. He knew I was an Anglican and Shirley a Presbyterian. Accordingly, his good advice was that it didn't matter which church we attended, as long as we went together. It was very good advice, and we began attending the Anglican Church of St. Matthews, once we had settled into our Tomoana Road home. Mavis Blackwell was Shirley's bridesmaid and Cyril Whittaker was my best man and my harrier buddy Brian Smith was groomsman. Russell Spiller was the photographer at our wedding and I wasn't too happy with his efforts. The wedding reception was held in the newly constructed Asher Hall, beside the church. Our reception was the first private function to be held in the hall.

Shirley and I had already purchased a house at 404 Tomoana Road, Hastings a month after our engagement. The previous owner Mr Karl Pajo, a confectionary manufacturer, had got himself into financial strife, due to betting on too many slow race horses. The land agent was asking £3,500 for the property. We offered £3000 as we knew it had to be sold by January 20 to avoid a mortgagee sale. This appeared to be quite a lot at the time, but I liked and was familiar with the area. I wanted to live in that proximity, which was close to my childhood home at 707 St. Aubyn Street West.

At 3 pm on January 15 the offer was accepted. We arranged bridging finance through the Union Bank until a State Advances loan could be secured. We paid a £1000 deposit and raised a mortgage of £2000 with State Advances at 4.25% for 25 years. At the time, I was earning £12 a week working for Dad in the bacon factory. It took almost all of the 25 years to pay off the mortgage, but what an achievement and celebration, when we could eventually call our home freehold.

For our honeymoon, we borrowed Dad's blue 1950 Renault 4CV. We spent the first night in Palmerston North. We visited Dawson Falls on beautiful Mount Egmont and my old school New Plymouth Boys' High School. We went through the Waitimo Caves and up to Auckland. We stayed at the wonderful 'Mon Desir' Hotel at Takapuna. We were able to occupy our Tomoana Road home immediately upon our return from honeymoon, and settle into a normal married life. If that really exists.

We had an instant family, because Shirley had a pet fox terrier called Scuffy, and he moved into Tomoana Road with the newly-weds. Lamentably, Scuffy was accustomed to very low traffic flow on Cobden Crescent. He ran out on to Tomoana Road and was hit by a vehicle, and had a leg broken. Unfortunately, Scuffy didn't learn from this initial mishap and next time met with fatal consequences. Shirley wanted another dog, but it was over twenty years before she got her wish.

As newly-weds we didn't have much money, so one of the luxuries we did without was a telephone. We were lucky to have obliging neighbours Bill and Evelyn Ferguson in St. Aubyn Street, who had a gap in their back fence on to our property. If either of our families in Napier needed to contact us, they would ring our neighbours. They would take a message or they would send their son racing over, to inform us there was someone on their phone, wanting to talk with us.



Shirley, Diane and myself in our lovely old 1927 Lea Francis, during the Hastings Celebration Parade, proclaiming the city declaration. September 8 1956.

[text withheld]

Margaret would follow

first of our four daughters, who we named Diane Mary. Linda
then Claire Louise Our youngest daughter was
christened Andrea Lynette.

When baby number two was on the way, it was obvious we needed more room than the two seater Coupe could provide. Consequently, we purchased the Fiat Ballila.

Eventually my mother wanted to live by the sea, so my parents purchased a home at 24 The Esplanade, Westshore in May 1959. It was two storey but was crummy which my mother didn't appreciate, but it was purchased for the magnificent 360° outlook. The living portion of their new residence was upstairs but the whole place needed new carpets and repainting and wallpapering. The garage was extended to house both the Renault and Aston Martin.

They had trouble selling Coleman Terrace. Although there were 63 interested parties, no one could get finance, because of a credit squeeze. After three long months, an oil company representative purchased the property for £5500.

As our family grew we would spend many a summer day at my parent's Westshore home, enjoying playing on the sand, and swimming in the sea. Dad purchased a 85lb fibreglass boat with a Swedish outboard motor. On the first occasion I took it out, I mistimed my return to shore and a moderate Westshore swell, tipped the craft upside-down. I was trapped under the hull for a short time. Dad wasn't happy, as the outboard motor had to be dismantled, dried and re-greased before reassembling it.

In 1962, Colbourne Wright accompanied the author and publisher A.H.Reed for a short period, during his walk from East Cape to Cape Egmont. At breakfast time on Thursday January 27, Henry Roucher had given Colbourne a lift in his taxi to Eskdale. In rainy conditions, he accompanied the 86 year old adventurer for 12 miles of his odyssey into Napier. The following Wednesday, Alfred departed from Havelock North, through Pakipaki, before staying overnight at Colin Buddo's farm at Poukawa. The next day he walked to Te Aute and on Friday morning from Pukehou, he continued through Otane and Waipawa to his next host, John Harding at Mt. Vernon Station.

On Saturday morning, I drove down to Waipukurau, with the intention of joining Alfred Reed on his next stage to Takapau. From Ruataniwha Street in Waipukurau, we walked up and over the Pukeora Hill. On the Takapau Plains, having journeyed 11 miles we met Archbishop Lesser and his wife, returning from Wellington. We stopped for lunch, dining with the Primate. Afterwards, Alfred Reed insisted that I accept a lift from the Archbishop, back to my car in Waipukurau.

During 1963, when my father was confined to bed, I attended my first antique auction at Bethunes in Wellington. I left Napier airport on the early 7.45 am flight. Dad had given me instructions to bid up to £400 for a book 'The New Zealanders Illustrated' by G.F. Angas. Published in 1846 it had been originally sold to 177 subscribers for £1. 1s. The other book he was interested in was an original 1841 first edition of 'Rambles in New Zealand' by J.C. Bidwell. It cost 2s. 6d. when it was first published and I was to bid up to £100.

Knowing I wouldn't be popular, coming home empty handed, I had to put in a bid of £405 for the first item. Fortunately, this bid secured the book. At the time, this was a record price for a book in New Zealand. For the second offering, I tried a £114 bid but it was passed in. Later my father discovered the reserve for this book was £140. I was back in Napier by 5 pm that same night.

In the mid 1960's, Shirley and I had joined the masses and bought a black and white Philips television set. There was no local signal, so for a year or more we had to contend with a weak reception from the transmitter north-east of Wairoa on top of the Whararata's. Originally there was only one or two channels that only ran for five hours a day. Beverley Hillbillies, Coronation Street, Z Cars, Dr. Kildare, My Three Sons and a hundred different shows graced our home and entertained the girls.

For the first 18 months of our marriage, we went without a car, until we got on top of the mortgage repayments and had purchased the necessities for starting a home together. Without a motor vehicle, aero-modelling filled in my mechanical void. When we finally got some wheels, Shirley learnt to drive our restored Lea Francis, which at last gave us some mobility. She quickly learnt the right way and adapted to the right hand 'crash' gearbox. She received her driver's license behind the wheel of a true vintage car. Once Shirley, Diane and I were mobile, it was easier to go over to visit both our parents and friends in Napier.

When I purchased the derelict MG to restore in January 1966, money was not plentiful and a big issue. The four girls were growing fast, all at school and were developing interests and pursuits. There were several long discussions between Shirley and myself about what was possibly more important than a second car. Luckily I won over, after agreeing to some perimeters.

All our daughters went to Mahora School, before going on to Heretaunga Intermediate.

[text withheld]

During 1968 my parents introduced the Vogtherr Award. This is an annual scholarship, given to the pupil who has shown the best all round diligence, leadership and reliability. The award is presented at the End of Year prize giving and open to all girls at Hastings Girls' High School. Some amazing young ladies have benefited of this sponsorship. Shirley and I have continued the scholarship, and have doubled the amount to \$1,000. This amount is split in two portions and the second half is presented after six months.

I was never a Rotary Club member. Shirley and I got involved, when we took in a young German exchange student during weekends. This young man, Thomas Konig wasn't settling in with her host family in Hastings. This resulted in our family being approached by George Pacey, the local exchange student administrator. He was a friend and fellow Lodge member of Shirley's brother. We agreed to try and keep Thomas entertained at weekends and give him some space. Shirley and I took him away to a vintage car rally in Taihape. He loved it and apparently when he returned to West Germany, this was all he could talk about. This was the highlight of his time in New Zealand.

A few years later, another German exchange student was having trouble, accepting the perimeters set by her host family. She was staying at the home of Mandy Clarkson. Analena Vatteroth was very liberated but by coming to our house a few times, she settled down to accept the quieter New Zealand environment.



Family picnic with the Auto Union 1000S and the MG. Andrea, Linda, Shirley, Diane and Clare.

[text withheld]

While all four girls were attending Heretaunga Intermediate school, Pat McCarthy remained the headmaster. Pat Lorck was the deputy head and Ngaire Shand took music and drama productions. She was still there in 2002, her department now housed in a beautiful Music Suite. The school had a tremendous array of teachers through the period our girls attended the school, and they received an excellent broad base of education.

[text withheld]

My parents sold their second Westshore home about 1970. They were troubled by the increased traffic flow along Ferguson Avenue and moved to a home at 4 Selwyn Road, Havelock North, which had much fewer traffic issues. My father died on October 28, 1973 and was cremated two days later. One by one, our daughters finished their schooling and flew the nest. They became successful young women in business and the community. All our four daughters eventually married and had two children each, giving us a total of eight grandchildren.

[text withheld]

[text withheld]



David Marett's Form Two class

[text withheld]

Linda :

married a young farmer Bob Bruce from Argyll East. At the time, Bob had been working at the Department of Agriculture, The Bruce family farm was at the end of Mock's Road, Argyll. Linda's father-in-law Charlie Bruce had broken in 1100 acres of scrub and bush after the Second World War. He and his wife Mina both toiled away industriously and managed to bring up seven children.

[text withheld]

Linda became interested in ceramics and from this hobby, she went to EIT in 1991 to gain more knowledge and appreciation. Linda finished with a Diploma of Visual Arts & Design after three years at the Eastern Institute of Technology. In 1994, she was awarded the Creative New Zealand New Artist Grant, which allowed her some scope to establish herself. She was very interested in intertwining the handmade and the industrial. Linda tried to explore local cultural stories and the ongoing meeting points of Maori and Pakeha. From 1994, for five years, Linda took extra mural papers in Maori Studies, through Massey University.

Her first solo exhibition during 1995 was called *Fragments* and was held in the Hastings Community Arts Centre, Hastings. The same year she had her first Group exhibition at the Hawke's Bay Museum called *Collective Inspiration*. The previous year, she had won the Merit Award in the Hawke's Bay Craft Review and in 1996 was the winner of the Hawke's Bay Craft Review and the Mary Vigor Brown Award

Eventually Linda set up her own Ceramic business titled 'Works of Wt' which quickly became very successful, due to Linda's hard work. Her background knowledge of commerce and marketing gave her a terrific advantage. She set up a studio workshop along Railway Road, Hastings, just inside the boundary city. It was very small but big enough for her needs. She produced work that was expensive, but was highly sought after, because they was quite unusual in design and presentation.

Linda was commissioned by EIT to provide a focal point design for the main entrance, to the Institute grounds. She was tutoring at EIT for a few years, but found her business going so well, she could not commit enough time to the students. She remained a part-time tutor at the EIT School of Art and Design, in what is called the ideaschool. Most recently she has been appointed a permanent part time tutor, which replaced the previous ad

hoc casual arrangement.

Linda now has been working as a practicing artist in the field of ceramics, sculpture and installation for over 30 years. She is regularly invited to exhibit regionally and nationally in public art museums, outdoor sculpture exhibitions as well as several dealer and community galleries. For over a decade some of her work is permanently on display in four galleries around New Zealand.

Linda creates contemporary ceramic artwork. She tries to create artistic expressions that reflect her views of the complexities of life in New Zealand. Her designs combine clay, metal and sometimes plastic, which push the extremities of design. Almost every year, Linda will arrange a solo exhibition somewhere in New Zealand. Queenstown or Auckland are popular venues. It is quite common for Linda to participate in up to four group exhibitions in the same year, at different venues all across the country.

Linda has been tutoring students for Diploma and Degree programmes at the Stewart Centre ceramics group. Her lessons concentrate specifically on ceramics. In 2002, she gained another grant from Creative New Zealand aimed at developing new frontiers. That year, she exhibited overseas for the first time, displaying her work in Australia, at the 21st Gold Coast International Ceramics Art Award.

In 2005, she won the Sculpture Award at the annual Hawke's Bay Review, held at the Hawke's Bay Museum in Napier. The following year, she was awarded the Merit award at the Hawke's Bay Review, held at the HB Exhibition Centre in Hastings. In 2007, she again won the Hawke's Bay Review held at the HB Museum. During 2008-2009, she taught students sitting the Glaze Technology papers at the Otago Polytechnic.



Our daughter Linda

Linda undertook research she referred to as the 'Ōtātara: people & place' project. It aimed to document the first ten years (1976-86) of art teaching at the Hawke's Bay Community College, which eventually led to EIT's School of Visual Art and Design, now known as ideaschool. This was located on the hill above the EIT's Hawke's Bay campus. The old Perry homestead facility grew to become a cluster of buildings where people would gather and create in a manner that fostered personal growth and community pride. Linda found it a spiritual place, with its own special energy. Though the buildings no longer exist, a paved area of handmade bricks remain to mark the original location. These bricks were fashioned from clay dug from the nearby banks, producing symbolic remnants of the efforts put into building the place.

Linda's research project brought together many key people involved including Dr John Harre, Para Matchitt, Jacob Scott, Grey Wild, John Wise, Ray Thorburn and Bill Buxton. They had all made significant contributions in those early days.

Eventually Linda arranged for these people to gather at EIT for a two-day hui, so they could talk about their experiences as part of this art community, and the philosophical approaches of Ōtātara. Linda identified important aspects, still relevant to art education and learning today. She prepared a chapter about the Ōtātara Arts Centre which was incorporated into a written history of EIT, which was published in late October 2015.



Just a tiny sample of Linda's beautiful work.

Beginning in 2006, for three years she was a part-time tutor supporting extramural students doing a Diploma of Ceramics at Otago Polytechnic. In 2010, she displayed works at the 51st National Exhibition of NZ Potters at the Otago Museum. During 2012, Linda did a Certificate in Adult Education course at EIT.

Meanwhile husband Bob has forged an impressive record as a sheep dog trialist over the last decade. He has represented New Zealand in a Trans-Tasman challenge against Australia. In September 2014, he was a member of the 'Dog Blacks' which won the test against Australia at Strathalbyn, South Australia for the Wallago Cup. While in Australia, Bob competed at two other trials at Maitland and Paskerville. In February 2015, he represented the North Island in a four dog and master team, at the inaugural New Zealand Rural Games, staged in Queenstown. He is a national judge and officiated at the New Zealand and South Island Championships at Gore in 2010. He was the judge of the short head and yard competition.

Bob began getting serious, when he joined the Te Aute Sheep Dog Club. He has been on the club committee and is a past president. His first venture on to the national stage was in 2005, at the North Island and New Zealand championships at Taumaranui. The national champs attract up to 300 competitors running 450 dogs. His dog Tiger was off the pace and recorded a sixth and seventh placing respectively. Four years later on his home turf, his dog Trump was seventh in the North Island Championship, but performed admirably in the New Zealand Championship. He finished runner-up to P.J.Campbell's dog Dime in the short head and yard contest.

In 2011, Bob contested the long head competition at the North Island and New Zealand Championships held at Masterton. Running his dog Trump again, he finished with a third and a fourth placing. The following year at

the North Island Championships at Ohaewai, he won his first major title. In the long head contest, Trump scored 195 points to head off G.R.Dickie's Tweed with 193.25 points. In 2012, Bob won the short head and yard with Trump, at the trials run by his club.



Bob Bruce (right), with the NZ team that won the Wallago Cup at Strathalbyn, South Australia. Others are Andy Clark (Canterbury, left), Ian Herbert (Blenheim) and Murray Childs (Northland).

At the 2014 Hawke's Bay 150th anniversary Spring Show, Trump trotted out again to claim third place. Trump had one more contest, and although still fit his time was up. Having retired the multiple champion Trump, his new dog Skip was sixth in the long head contest at the 2014 North Island championships at Taumaranui. Soon afterwards at the South Island and New Zealand Championships at Geraldine, Skip performed impressively in the short head and yard contests. He finished with a third and a second in the national championship behind P.R.Kidd. That year Skip had won the long head event at the Te Aute Dog Trials.

In 2015 Bob was running three dogs, Skip, Hood and the youngster Cheat, who is the son of Trump. Skip repeated his success at the Te Aute Dog Trials and Hood was third in the straight hunt. With a round to go, Cheat is first equal with Kevin O'Connor's Jo in the Hawke's Bay Top Heading Contest. Bob is still chasing the coveted green tie, presented to the New Zealand champion.

The 2015 New Zealand and North Island Championships held on Te Moehau Road, Moawhango, didn't go well for Bob. Linda and Bob had headed off on Monday May 25, just as the snow arrived, with Napier residents recording snow for the first time in one hundred years. All week the championships were held in frosty conditions and this may have affected Bob's dogs. He was well down the field and missed selection for the Trans-Tasman challenge.

In April 2016, Bob extended a unique home course record when he and new kennel star Cheat won both heading dog titles at his club's annual sheep dog trials. In the long head contest, Bob and Cheat scored 98 points, one more than the runner up Jeremy Berry and his dog Moon. In the shorthead and yard, they scored 95 points to pip Dave Wallace and Blue by .25 of a point. Bob had won at least one title on the course each year since 2012, except when the trials were cancelled because of the impact of a drought. He won successive long head titles with Skip in 2014 and last year.

In May 2016 at the Ruakituri dog trials, Bob and Cheat won the shorthead and yard. Later in May, Bob and Cheat headed south for the South Island and New Zealand championships in North Otago.

[text withheld]

[text withheld]

[Claire]

In December 1982, she came to work in our factory.

She married Neil Pulford in a ceremony on Te Mata Peak during 1990.

Neil is a refrigeration engineer with a NZ Trade certificate and the son of Johnny and Joyce Pulford of Clive.

[text withheld]

Claire was president of the Iona Old Girls' Association in October 2008, when the college marked the 50th Anniversary of the St. Martin's Chapel. Part of her duties was a presentation to the new Chaplin Allana Hiha, of the beautiful Vera Lamer Memorial Cross. In 2011 Claire was present to witness the Margaret Blythe Religious Studies Centre being officially opened, after watching the building process. From 2004 until 2010 Claire was a member of the Iona College Council. Now she is a trustee of the Iona College Foundation.

Neil was originally employed by Supercool Hawke's Bay, a company that grew in the 1980's to be the largest refrigeration and air conditioning company in the region. This company employed a staff of up to 30. As a result of redundancy, Neil went into partnership and commenced Hawke's Bay Refrigeration Ltd in 1990. In February 1992, he bought out his partner to become sole owner. It was a successful venture, employing in excess of twenty employees. Neil's skills and qualifications have blossomed and he quickly obtained an Industrial Plant Operators Certificate and gained an Ammonia and Dangerous Chemicals Handlers Certificate. Claire became a director and shareholder of Hawke's Bay Refrigeration Ltd in June 1993. They sold the company in June 2005.

Immediately they became early investors in the brainchild of food and beverage entrepreneur Neil McGarva. After running a pet food exporting business and exploring the opportunities of using plastic bottles, instead of cartons for UHT pet milk, he was now looking towards the human consumer. Several investors got cold feet, as

McGarva's plans blossomed into other beverages. Neil and Claire had 60% of the local investment, but things looked grim until in January 2009, when they secured a joint partnership with Singapore based Etika International, which ensured the necessary capital. The enterprise had a ready market in China after the baby formula contamination scandal in 2008. Ekita Dairies (NZ) Ltd was born, and a 1.65 hectare site in the Whakatu Industrial Park was selected, and construction of the processing plant commenced in 2010, which eventually cost \$66 million.

The Prime Minister John Key opened the facility on September 1, 2011 and production commenced the following month. It is a state-of-the-art UHT Aseptic PET bottling line for milk and juice products. It manufactures its own PET bottles on site. Much of the early production was just bottled water, desperately needed for the nuclear contaminated region of Japan, following the Tsunami. The plant was the first in the world to produce UHT liquid infant formula with a patented teat cap. The product has a twelve month shelf life, and comes in 250 ml or one litre bottles. China, Australia, Japan and Hong Kong are the main markets. Fonterra supplies 50 million litres of milk annually from local suppliers. The company produces UHT lactose free pet milk and UHT kiwifruit juice for export. Neil is now a director of the company and they both remain shareholders.

[text withheld]

After 21 years of marriage and our daughters beginning to fly the nest, Shirley and I made some alterations to our house at 404 Tomoana Road. We put on a new portion at the rear and soon followed this by adding a new second storey. While the second storey was progressing, I managed to get the approval from Shirley to have a new 30 foot x 20 foot double garage built. I had big plans for my retirement car restoration activities, so it had a smooth plastered pit, fluorescent lights and strengthened roof trusses.

Both the alteration and extension to the house, and the building of the new garage were done by J.C. Mackersay Construction. The new upstairs portion was to equally become 'The Gallery' housing my father's extensive art collection, which I inherited. It eventually housed many of Shirley's paintings as well. In 1975, we put solar heating panels on the house roof.

In January 1974, we upgraded and purchased a new Philips K9 colour television set. We received it in time for the Commonwealth Games coverage, from Christchurch. The opening ceremony of the Games was the first colour television broadcast in New Zealand. The K9 became legendary for their amazing longevity and our television set was still going strong more than 35 years later, when we were forced by the Digital age to upgrade again, to a flat screen. In 2000, we installed the paid to view Sky network, so Shirley could watch the cricket, rugby and motoring programmes.

In about 1976, Bob and Linda had a litter of Black Labradors whelped on their farm. Shirley was offered one of the black Labrador puppies. She loved them all and could not decide which one to take home. Linda suggested the most active bitch would be best. She was called Abbey. When I arrived home, and met the new surprise addition to our household, I told Shirley, the dog would have to stay outside. I was quickly overruled two votes to one. Abbey grew to be a wonderful family pet, and several of our grandchildren learnt to become mobile by hanging onto Abbey's mane, just as I did with Betty, four decades earlier. Abbey enjoyed a long and full life, before Shirley had to make the inevitable decision to put her down.

In 1976, we agreed to display most of my father's treasured art collection to the public, for the first time. The Hastings City Cultural Centre housed the exhibition from Friday June 18 until June 30. It included lithographs, etchings, drawings, paintings, porcelain, three ancient Chinese pieces and the 16th. century publication 'The Little Book of Art' by Heinrich Vogtherr. This gave Hawke's Bay students and art lovers the opportunity to view works by artists seldom seen outside major art museums. For the first time, the works of legendary artists Edouard Manet, Henri Matisse, John Ruskin, Pablo Picasso, Camille Pissaro, Sir Anthony Van Dyke, John Constable, Burne Jones, Pierre Bonnard, August John and Odilon Redon were on display, along with works from New Zealand leading artists Frances Hodgkins, Peter McIntyre and Charles Goldie. The following is just a small sample of the items displayed at this exhibition.



*Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, Kuan Yin.
Marble stele. Ming Period 1368-1628 AD.
14th. Century. Purchased in March 1963.*



*Danseuses. 1925 Original Lithograph.
Jean Louis Forain (1856-1931) French Impressionist.
From the collection of Marcel Guerin.*



*La Charette. Coloured lithograph.
Camille Pissaro (1830-1903)
Dunedin*



*Flora. Bow Figure.1755-60
From M. Hanan Collection,
Original 1833 Etching. French Romanticism.*



*Etude de Femme Nue- Vue de Dos
Eugene Delacroix (1798-1863)*



*Horse. Chinese. T'ang Period 618-906 AD.
Hue rare and costly cobalt oxide blue glaze.*



*Interior of Cathedral. James RWS Holland (1800-1870)
Queen Victoria's watercolourist.
Purchased September 1964. Cost £40*

From 1968 onwards, for the next decade. Shirley and I were away from home every long weekend, attending vintage car rallies in our lovely 1937 MG. In 1978, with the last of our kids finishing college, Shirley finally gave up co-piloting the MG and quit the team. She felt it time to concentrate on some of her passionate interests and achieve some of her dreams.

Shirley decided to follow her passion for painting. She spent three years under the tutorship of Roy Dunningham, through night classes held at Hastings Boys' High School. She found Roy a great mentor and instructor. She joined the Keirunga Gardens Art and Craft Society. Shirley had another year learning, this time attending daytime classes at Havelock North High School, under the direction of Judy Masters. She had a little studio in our garage in Tomoana Road. She didn't appreciate having to share the garage with me and three cars. Shirley began to display her paintings and these works received critical acclaim.

Shirley was nominated for membership, as a working artist of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts in Wellington. Unfortunately, she wasn't lucky enough to be accepted, by the Academy. This would have been a great opportunity to expand her horizons. A major step forward came from a bequeath from her incorrigible uncle in Australia. George Mackie vanished from the family for several decades, and only reappeared briefly to visit his mother before she died. He had been living in Australia, after skipping the country to avoid jail for illegal bookmaking.

Many years later, George Mackie again ventured back over the ditch, to visit many of his nieces and nephews. When he arrived in Hastings, Shirley and I were away on one of our overseas holidays, but he left us a little goodwill note. The following year, Shirley and I made a special trip to Australia, to locate George and say hello. His house was full of Annual Reports and Financial Reports from numerous companies. He had amassed a small nest-egg by skillfully playing the Australian share market.

Therefore, with her inheritance Shirley purchased a lovely six-sided room, built by Lester Harris' company in Omahu Road. It was very sturdy and made of weatherboard, with a ranch slider and several windows for ventilation. The room was lifted by crane over the fence from Bill and Evelyn Ferguson's neighbouring property,

and planked on to the back yard area. Shirley had at last, the studio she had yearned for, to achieve her potential.

My mother lived in a flat in Southampton Street West and passed away in 1985. From Dad's extensive art collection, we loaned two paintings to the Hastings District Council. We agreed that the council could have them, as long as they remain on public display. They were both hanging in the mayor's office. One is an enamel miniature of Warren Hastings, painted by miniaturist artist William Hopkins Craft (1730-1811) and the other the original oil by Charles F. Goldie (1870-1947) of Wreimu Tamihana. The Goldie painting is insured for over \$600,000.

My Later Motoring Memories

I arrived home with our first car after our marriage, in early 1955. It was a 1927 Lea Francis 12/22 'Doctors coupe' given to me for nothing, because it had sans motor. It had laid derelict in this non-motor state for a number of years. When I took it home it was covered in dust, chook and bird droppings but it still was very original.

Shirley must have been wondering what kind of idiot she had walked down the aisle with. But apart from old age and some small patches of rust, the body was in good order. This Lea Francis was one of six imported by a Havelock North garage. It's first owner had been Miss Stollery, who was the headmistress of Iona College from 1925 until her marriage to the Iona College Council chairman Mr. J.B. Campbell.

By hunting around, Charlie Black luckily found a motor in Marewa, Napier. Thus, I began my first restoration effort in the winter of 1955. This 10hp motor had been used as an inboard motor on a speed boat. By some miracle, the motor fitted straight in and served us perfectly for the duration of our ownership of the vehicle. Eventually by cleaning and polishing the body, plus a little repainting by hand, it looked presentable. It had an old right hand gear change, which was literally a 'crash' gearbox, no synchromesh. It cruised at 45-50 mph.



1927 Lea Francis drop head Doctors Coupe, with Diane in the front.

At the time, Hawke's Bay didn't have a branch of the Vintage Car Club, so I joined the Wanganui Branch. Some of the members I remember were Ken Wright, Bert Tonks and Charlie Withers. Eventually we needed a bigger family car. With our second child due to arrive, a two seater wasn't practical. Shirley and I drove the 1927 Lea Francis in the parade to celebrate Hastings becoming a city in 1956. The Wanganui branch of the Vintage Car Club had come across to participate in the celebrations. Ken Wright admired our car during the parade and was aware we were hoping to sell it.

Ultimately the Lea Francis was sold to Ken Wright for £150 following the Hastings celebrations. Linda had already arrived, so Shirley would have to nurse Diane, while Linda in her collapsible cot, sat on top of the two seats, behind our heads. No wonder she has shown no fear since. After hunting around, I purchased a lively but very tatty 1939 1100cc Fiat Ballila, a four door pillarless saloon. The same model vehicle as Dad had driven for a short period in 1949. It cost £150 as it was in a state of disrepair. Subsequently, I started my second car restoration project in a short period.

During 1959, my father and I were invited by Reg and Olive Kilbey to a meeting in the A.A. Rooms in Napier, where it was decided to form the Hawke's Bay branch of the Vintage Car Club.

I restored this vehicle reasonably rapidly and it served the family well until late in 1959, when the crankshaft broke. I had to import a new shaft, sourced from Australia, to get it going again. On November 5, 1959, I recommenced my activities with the Hawke's Bay Car Club. It was a Gymkhana, with six tests and attracted thirty-one entries. The Fiat Ballila 1100 finished a credible third, ahead of 28 other entrants. At the Bridge Pa Sprint on December 5 1959, the Fiat Ballila won the under 1100 cc saloon class with a 25.4 second run (62.93 mph). This amazing result was possibly helped by having no other cars in that competition.

Dad and I were motoring around the streets of central Wellington, when we spied a very exotic car. We parked and strolled over and did some tyre kicking and were impressed. It was a beautiful Aston Martin DB 2/4 Mk.II. Immediately, I could tell by my father's face he was smitten. He made enquires amongst his local contacts and found out the owner was a Mr. King of Dalhoff and King Ltd, who were tractor importers. Shortly afterwards, on a business trip to Lower Hutt, Dad was walking down Bridge Street, and spied the beautiful red Aston Martin DB 2/4 Mk.II, parked on the city street. This time with its bonnet up.

An acquaintance of ours, Phil Fowkes, was the New Zealand agent for the Aston Martin. He still had an import

license for one more car. The David Brown Organisation won't discuss terms without an irrevocable letter of credit. Dad received a letter from his Bank Manager and in due course, Dad had ordered the newly released 1957 Aston Martin DB 2/4 Mark II saloon. It was to cost £2,900. This vehicle was painted two tone, with a silver top and charcoal body. It had 26 coats of paint and the interior had red upholstery.

Dad had been subscribing to automobile magazines for many years, so was always well abreast of motoring developments. It must be understood that in those days, company vehicles were wholly tax deductible in the company's name during the first year. Hence, Dad quickly got on the gravy train, realising that he could have the best car that the company could afford. Good logic, thanks Dad! Those loopholes became a little more complicated, as the decades rolled on.

There was huge excitement when this exotic car arrived safely on the wharf. Dad handed over the cheque and found the credit letter in the car, still unopened. This was a genuine 100+mph vehicle. It was the fastest car Dad had owned. It came with a wonderful motor racing pedigree, but few were raced privately because of the huge cost of repairs. At the time it was, and still is a very rare model in New Zealand.

The car had been finished on March 13 and received its factory warranty, two days later. I still have that certificate. Its engine number was VB6/J773 and the chassis number was AM300/1155. There was only 199 Mark II's built and only 146 were saloons. Late in 1955, Aston Martin had taken over the Tickford Body Building company, so this model had a Tickford body.

During the 1950's Aston Martins had performed very well in motor racing, particularly the DB2. Outstanding performances had also been achieved by the VMF62, VMF63 and VMF64. One of the latter models, was driven by Lance Macklin, who was the factory driver and ultimately came to live in Hastings and work for Barclay Motors. I met with him on October 28, 1970 and persuaded him to sign one of my father's old books. This was 'Aston Martin. The Story of a Sports Car.' It was compiled by Dudley Coram and published appropriately in 1957.

The engine had a barrel type shaft and bearing, which was fitted from the rear and locked in place. The front suspension was very unique, employing trailing arms operating on coil springs at the outer ends. The pivot points were connected to a common torsion bar, which ran across the chassis in an oil filled cylinder. The system worked well and was very light on tyres. The bodywork was light alloy over steel tubes producing a light but strong structure. We enjoyed owning this car immensely.

In 19,000 miles of motoring, the Aston Martin's engine was never touched and performed magically. This manufacturer was the first to hinge the whole bonnet and mudguard assembly, making for easy servicing and maintenance. It had a 2992 cc twin overhead camshaft motor and the timing chain was 12 foot long. It must have been a huge task to thread on. This vehicle could do 0-100kph in 10.4 seconds.



With Mum and Dad beside the 1957 Aston Martin DB 2/4 Mk.2.

Dad drove both the Aston Martin and Alvis alternately just to compare and appraise them. The Aston Martin was noisier, and the gears, clutch, brakes and even the window wipers needed a strong man. Dad had become a member of the Aston Martin Owners Club and was registered as No. 1415 O. The O standing for overseas owner. In 1959, over the Anniversary Day-Labour Day weekend, my parents and I did a trip in the Aston Martin around the East Cape region.

Dad found the third Alvis hard to sell although it had done only 19,000 miles. Everyone was shying away from drop head vehicles. Eventually it was sold for a bargain price of £1050, to well-known character Percy Jansen, a Hamilton car dealer, as there were no other buyers.

Jansen gave the car a pretty hard time, and within a month it was a unrecognisable wreck. My father later saw the car at the Westshore Service Station, but it had New Zealand plates over the top of British plates. The new owner from Gisborne thought they were the original British plates and was surprised when Dad quietly informed him, he still had the British plates in his garage. He had been duped and had just spent £250 on repairs, which incidentally my cousin Douglas Corbin had done for him. Eventually it was sold to an Australian and another one of our ex-cars went to reside across the ditch.

Mid-way through 1960, Dad took pity on our expanding family and bought us a 1960 Singer Gazelle Series 3A. The family believe my father probably had to part with one of his 'Goldie's' to pay for our Singer Gazelle. It was one of the first to be fitted with bucket seats and it had a floor gear change. Although it was New Zealand assembled and straight off the showroom floor, I didn't like the vehicle.

Therefore, just six weeks later, I made an agreement with Moller Motors in New Plymouth to trade this new car, for a 1958 DKW Sonderklasse saloon. They agreed, as the Singer Gazelle models was difficult to acquire, and

few were available on the market at the time. Meanwhile, I had sold the 1939 Fiat Ballila to a guy from Timaru. Thus, our little Fiat went over to the mainland, and has not been sighted since.



Front bonnet badge. DKW Sonderklasse.

The very rare German DKW Sonderklasse, a four door saloon became our family car. It was a six seater and ran on a compact three cylinder 896cc two stroke engine. Its cylinder block was the size of a loaf of bread. It only had 14,500 miles on the speedometer when I purchased it. It was vastly different and was one of the few four door DKWs in New Zealand. It cruised along at 100kph, although it struggled to keep up the revolutions on the hills. My daughters were embarrassed to be seen in this car.

Unlike them I was very proud to ride behind the badge of Auto Union. The four interlocking rings representing four German manufacturers Horch, Audi, Wanderer and DKW.

The economic crisis in the 1930's saw the four German car makers join forces to face the stiff competition, under the Auto Union banner. Horch built big cars, DKW small cars, Wanderer concentrated on the medium price range and Audi the more deluxe models. DKW built their first very strange cars in 1926. Their models were all two stroke engines.

My memories of the reports of the great pre-war battles between Mercedes Benz and Auto-Union in the numerous 'Foulis' books I purchased as a teenager, had wet my earliest appetite for motor sport. The great drivers Von Brauchistch, Rudolph Caracciola, Hermann Lang, Hermann Muller, Hans Struck, Dick Seaman, Tazio Nuvolari, and Berndt Rosemeyer were heroes of mine. Those huge 600hp monsters, racing only feet apart must have been a thrilling sight.



A beauty contest between my 1958 DKW Sonderklasse and my wife Shirley. March 1961. Cornwall Park.

Over the years Ross, Dysart & McLean did most of my mechanical work. Colin Campbell was a great mechanic and Ron Peters did any panel work that was required. Colin Campbell remembers me coming into the garage one day where the apprentice was trying to bleed the clutch on a Singer Gazelle. The young apprentice wasn't very pleased to be instructed on the best way to bleed the clutch, by someone off the street. The DKW Sonderklasse ran smoothly and gave me very little problem.

During Dad's trip to Europe in 1954, he was amazed how fast and manoeuvrable the tiny Porsche were, particularly on the rough cobblestones in many European towns and cities. One day on the Autobahn heading south from Stuttgart, through the Black Forest, one of these sleek little cars flashed past his Alvis, which was doing 93 mph. Ultimately, it disappeared up a winding section without slowing and disappeared over the horizon. After returning from Switzerland, he eventually saw the same white Porsche parked outside the Red Cross

Headquarters in Bonn. My father had given it a closer inspection and liked what he saw. While lying in hospital in 1960, he vowed he would have a Porsche before he died. We had both followed the achievements of Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and his son Dr. Ferry Porsche, and their Auto Union Grand Prix cars and the successful design of the mass-produced Volkswagen Beetle.

Import restrictions made it impossible for Dad to purchase a new one from the Zuffenhausen plant. Once out of hospital, my father began driving again in his weakened state, after just a few weeks. Dad found the 'he-man' Aston Martin very difficult to drive and needed something with lighter handling. He wrote to the Porsche agents in Auckland but they did not have anything suitable, as they could only bring two cars into New Zealand every year. They were only a sub agency, as Norman Hamilton in Melbourne had the franchise for the whole of Australasia.

Eventually, Joe Gardner, the sole Porsche agent for New Zealand got tired of Dad's badgering and he offered him his own Porsche. It was a 1958 356A GS four cam Carrera Hardtop Coupe which had travelled 13,000 miles. In his fragile state of health, my father did not want a four overhead camshaft motor but Gardner was insistent. Deep down Dad probably would have loved another new Aston Martin, but their prices had skyrocketed, taking them off his shopping list.

The Porsche arrived one Sunday morning in October, and after just a half mile drive, Dad was trapped by all the slick sales talk. Joe Gardner had driven it from Auckland in an unthinkable four hours, the time it took most just to get to Taupo. This model had a 1600cc engine and two huge Solex twin choke carburetors. This was the top of the range de luxe model, at the time. Only 59 of this model came off the production line that year. It was one of just a few Cabriolet GS models with a detachable hardtop. Therefore, this righthand drive model was extremely rare, being the only one. It had Vin # 15116, Original # 692/2 and Engine # 93040. Dad paid £2,900 to fulfil another dream, way too much.

This was a 125mph car, so Joe Gardner's instructions were clear, do not 'lug' the motor in top gear and do not drive it under 2,500 revs. This would make normal town driving rather difficult. It had been poorly maintained and had a multitude of faults. Leaking gaskets, faulty petrol pump amongst other things. Between Dick Hawley, Dad and myself we set about getting the Carrera quickly back to its best condition. Once overhauled, it performed like new.

Porsche always warn that only factory trained mechanics should tinker with these machines. But Zuffenhausen is a million miles away and Dick Hawley was confident that everything would be marked, and the 'Carrera Guide' would provide the necessary details. Dick Hawley did not want the responsibility, so it was left to me to do the donkey work. Dick Hawley, who owned John Hill's Automotive Electrician Ltd in Hastings, had a wonderful mechanical knowledge and was a first-class automotive engineer. He made himself available with advice and support throughout the exercise.

Following the manual meticulously the valves were reground and some spacing washers under the valve springs were replaced. It was evident to keep this racing motor in first class condition, the engine should be tuned every 8,000 miles. Only twice did we remove the detachable Hardtop section of the body, as it took two strong men to lift off, and then you had to find a safe place to store the hardtop. The biggest issue was, without the Hardtop, the car wasn't as rigid. Therefore, we never removed it unless it was necessary.



1958 356A GS four cam Carrera Hardtop Coupe

Removing the air-cooling shrouds took time, but lowering the motor from the chassis onto a simple garage jack was easy. It became obvious that the cylinder head gasket had blown. By a stroke of luck, Dad had been given a spare top overhaul gasket when he purchased it. Being dual ignition, there were two spark plugs per cylinder, lying at 90°. Even with the engine out, they were still difficult to unscrew, and my forearms were sorely tested. With the head off, the bright shining chrome dimpled cylinder, the size of the unrestricted carburettor inlet and the beautifully built overhead shaft gear could be appreciated.

When it was eventually back together, it was delicate and easy to drive, which suited Dad. One Sunday, we took it south of Hastings, for a big test. On the Te Hauke straight, we had it doing 120 mph and the revs over 7,000 through the lower gears. It produced phenomenal acceleration, being geared at 17.3 mph per 1,000 revs. The glorious 'Carrera growl' came to the fore, if she was pushed above 5,000 revs. This would put a tingle down my spine.

In 1960, my father accepted an invitation by the Hawke's Bay Car Club to race his cars again, after almost a

decade away from the sport. At the Gymkhana on May 8, 1960 at Pukahu on Lloyd Curtis property the Renault 4CV won in soft conditions and we repeated the effort at the Brookfields Bridge Gymkhana in November. This time we won by a country mile. Two weeks later at the Bridge Pa sprint I drove the Aston Martin and the Porsche. They won both their classes. The Porsche the 1500-2300cc class in 19.2 (104.6 mph) and the Aston Martin the over 2300cc class in 18.0 (107.9mph), which were both new club records. The time by the Porsche for the 1501-2300cc class was never broken because they brought in new classifications.

During 1961, the baby Renault was back winning again, this time the February 'Dustbowl' Gymkhana held at Pukahu, once again. In March, at the Bridge Pa sprint, I got second in the under 1101cc saloons, running my own D.K.W. Sonderklasse. It did 24.4 seconds (69.2 mph) to finish behind Alan Styles in his Mini Minor. The Porsche won her section in 20.4 (95.8 mph) but Dick Whittington V8 Coupe broke the sprint record to beat the Aston Martin, after I had registered a 18.8 seconds (105 mph) effort. We thought the Porsche time should have been better. Afterwards, I wrote to the factory. Their reply was quite straight forward, "Take it to the full 7,500 rpm." I thought of the worst scenario and decided no thank you.

We did several long trips away in the Aston Martin, which was a very quick car, but the steering, clutch, brake and gear change were all very heavy. Belonging to the Aston Martin Owners Club in England, we were kept up to date on all their new models, through their newsletters. The Aston Martin DB3S had achieved good results but the later DBR1 and DBR2 Formula One cars had a few issues.

Dad had three superb motor vehicles but little garaging at Westshore, so he decided to sell either the Porsche or the Aston Martin to solve the quandary. Torn on which to part with, we took them both for a drive to Central Hawke's Bay. Across the Takapau Plains, we let them rip and ran them at 100mph, hoping the local constabulary were on duty elsewhere. It was evident at speed, the Porsche was likened to a ballet dancer, while the Aston Martin felt like a 'he man' truck.

There was no argument which had to go. Selling the Aston Martin was not easy. Even with widespread advertising and the vehicle having travelled only 19,000 miles, nobody was willing to layout money for it. Ultimately at the beginning of the winter of 1961, Manthel Motors in Wellington took the car. Dad received just £1,000 and a brand-new Renault Dauphine as the balance. This was a sad state of affairs, as he had ended up with three cars again. Luckily by the following Wednesday he had sold the Dauphine to a local garage. Dad even made a 'tenner', although he had already lost probably a thousand on the Aston Martin. It took Manthel Motors until March 12, 1962 to sell the Aston Martin to James Morey of Lower Hutt. The car changed hands rapidly and numerous times over the years.

Taking the Porsche from Westshore to Hastings was a nuisance, and sometimes Dad would drive the majority of the journey just in second gear, so as not to drop below 2,500 revs. Clearly the car was not suitable for his driving, or Hawke's Bay roads. Dad had only done 6,000 miles when it sounded rough and needed more attention. The factory suggested he look at purchasing a Super 75, which should do 100,000 kilometres without any attention. In February, the factory in Zuffenhausen offered to do a straight swap of engines, which was very generous, as the Super 75 was several hundred pounds dearer.

The Super 75 employed a push rod motor compared to the Carrera's four overhead cam shafts. The New Zealand agent put a spanner in the works, by demanding £575 to make the change. He was told to 'go jump in the lake' by my father.

The following day Dad rang a keen Porsche enthusiast, Jack Shelly of Shelly Motors, Wellington for his advice. Jack offered Dad his own 1961 Porsche 356B Super 75 hp Coupe which had done only 4,100 miles. He was retiring and was preparing to live in Honolulu, after selling up. He didn't want the Carrera. Dad took a couple of days to think it over and then decided to take the car, but it was too late, the car had already been snapped up.

A month later, the Hamilton car dealer Percy Jansen rang offering the car for £750 plus his Carrera. Dad told him smartly to take a hike. Three weeks later, he rung back but Dad told him he wouldn't deal over the phone, and if he wanted a sale to bring it to Napier. Next day it arrived and on April 2, 1962, Dad traded his 4 cam Porsche 356A Carrera and £350 for the low mileage Porsche 356B Super 75. It was in lovely condition, missing only two rear reflectors. This car suited Dad's driving ability and he enjoyed every minute behind the wheel of this vehicle.

At first it didn't ride or steer very good, but once the hard German Dunlops were replaced with Michelin X tyres, it handled like a dream. Meanwhile during the transaction, Jansen and Colin Giltrap had managed to break the crankshaft of Dad's 356A Carrera. This was remedied at considerable cost by Giltrap, and I still have one of the connecting rods from the mishap.

The Porsche 356B was fast, and one day in this car I drove Dad for treatment by a faith healer at Takapau. Just past Waipawa, I spotted an Aston Martin growing bigger in the wing mirrors. He shot past us in Ruataniwha Street, Waipukurau doing over 50 mph. We let him go, but after the descent on the Pukeora Sanatorium Hill I put my foot down and passed him on the Takapau Plains doing 107 mph. I think this did better good for Dad, than the treatment he received later that day.

In 1962, Dr. Bruce Cook drove his Porsche Carrera 1600 GT at Ardmore, during the New Zealand Grand Prix meeting, where Stirling Moss defended his Grand Prix title in a Lotus. This car did reasonably well but just vanished from sight afterwards. In 2011, I was surprised to learn via the Internet, the car was found on a New Zealand farm almost 50 years later, and was now being restored in America.

In December 1963, Dad had contacted Tony Shelly, who was now running Shelly Motors, about getting a 1964

Porsche 356C with the new disc braking system. But the offer for Dad's Super 75 which had only done 16,000 miles in two years and was still in new condition, wasn't satisfactory. Dad heard that two 356C cars had been seen with demonstration plates at the Ohakea motor races. So, he wrote to the agent in Auckland. They had the latest 356SC on board ship somewhere between Europe and New Zealand. Dad could have it, if he wanted to pay £150 for this model's extra features. After several operations, Dad believed he was on borrowed time, so accepted the risk of bankruptcy.

In February 1964, he had traded up to a new 1964 Porsche 356SC Super 90 Coupe, the most powerful of the pushrod models and the top of the range, with a Carrera like performance. 0-50 in 7.2 seconds, 0-100 in 28.4 seconds. Whereas the Carrera employed four overhead camshafts, the SC used a conventional 1600 cc overhead valve motor, meaning the price came down from £3600 to a more moderate £2800. A fortnight before the car landed on the wharf, the son of the New Zealand agent arrived at my parent's home in Westshore and took away the Porsche 356B Super 75S. For the first time in over 40 years, my father was left car-less.

He eventually travelled 260 miles to Auckland to collect the new Porsche. After a pre-delivery inspection, he took on the very arduous hilly Taupo-Napier road. He waltzed away from all the other cars to be home in no time, everyone feeling very fresh. It had disc brakes all round, a 12volt lighting system and Dunlop braced tread tyres, which were manufactured specially for Porsche cars. It had an enlarged Polaroid front windscreen and a larger rear window. Other features were front and rear demisters, separate heater, air conditioning, variable speed wipers, windscreen washers, easier adjustable seating, a locking gear box and the hand brake operated internally on the rear brake drum.

My father enjoyed this car, as it was quite a quick motor car and suited my father's driving. It was comfortable, handled and cornered superbly and was tractable. Dad rattled on 20,000 miles and was now completely sold on Porsche vehicles. Sadly, soon after my father sold it, the car was wrecked in an accident and was written off.

In 1966, Porsche announced the release of the radical new Carrera 911. After reading the results of several road tests, Dad knew he wanted one. The model was originally known as design 901, but Peugeot had taken out the patent on design numbers with zero in the middle. Therefore, only a few of the earliest models off the production line did have an engine castings with 901. It was a direct descendant of the humble VW Beetle, but had a flat six motor. For six months, Dad tried to make a deal with Joe Gardner, the New Zealand importer. Finally, Gardner wouldn't even talk, so he rang Norman Hamilton in Melbourne. He was sympathetic but couldn't possibly help for another six months, although Dad was informed that the Governor-General of Australia, Lord Casey was getting his Porsche 911 in another two days' time.

His disappointment vanished when Mr. Hamilton rang back an hour later, with the news that a 911S was due to leave Germany in a few days. If Dad would accept the vehicle with 'Pepita' cloth inserts, it would be his and the agent would re-direct the shipment, direct to Auckland. Naturally he jumped at the chance, as he believed his motoring days were still on borrowed time. Within a week, it was aboard the vessel 'Mirrabooka' en route to New Zealand.

On arrival, the agent Joe Gardner wanted to show it off to his friends but Dad wasn't having any of that, after all the shenanigans. Dad took possession immediately it had cleared the delivery inspection. The only damage was caused by someone trying to wrench the Porsche badge off the bonnet and destroying the badge. My father rang Mr. Hamilton on the Thursday, asking for replacement and on the Monday morning, it had arrived in Napier. Porsche knew the importance of customer relations.

My father's car is believed to be the first Porsche 911 to be purchased from New Zealand, arriving in June 1966. It was a white Coupe with red leather upholstery, and the 'Pepita' inserts in the two seats. The car had the new five-spoke Fuchs 'flower petal' alloy wheels. These early models had a shorter wheelbase than succeeding versions of the 911, which made it a joy to drive. To assist with weight distribution, it had a 75 lb lead weight inserted into the front bumper. Heaven help any novice who removed the front bumper to do some repairs, unaware of this heavy attachment.

Initially my father was disappointed with the 911, a superb piece of engineering but lacking the Porsche character. It was all glass, a real hot house in summer until one learned to manipulate the ventilation system. The steering wheel was so low it rubbed on his knees. The sun often caused a blinding reflection off the window wipers. The metal surrounds on the doors ended in a sharp point with caused him an injury. With the Solex reservoir type carburetors, the vehicle was devilishly hard to start when cold.

In response to his complaints, the factory airmailed a different steering wheel complex for £60, to produce a 3 inch clearance. What arrived was a scruffy plastic steering wheel, instead of the usual wooden wheel, so he sent it back to the agent in disgust. The new owner of the 356SC came to visit one day and Dad took it for a spin. He was staggered at how heavy and sluggish it felt. He suddenly appreciated the qualities of the 911 model and never complained again. Dad was pulled over by the constabulary for doing 67 mph. At the time, the open speed limit was a crawling 55 mph. He was the second car in a queue of many cars. When Dad asked why the first and third cars were not pulled over. The traffic cop said he hadn't seen them, illustrating just how fatal driving a Porsche could be.

His Porsche 911 came in for a lot of admiration both for its looks, its sound and its performance. It was superb motor vehicle. It had Firestone Phoenix H.R. tyres fitted, and at 24,000 miles, when he traded it in, they still had useable tread. At 19,000 miles, he had the ventilated brake pads checked. They were in excellent condition and only displayed one sixteenth of an inch wear. On trips to Auckland and Wellington the petrol consumption was

24 mpg, although oil consumption wasn't as moderate.

Like my father before me, cars are my passion. I always had a hankering for a sports car of my own and the urge grew so large, I finally began exploring the possibility. I spent hours thinking and writing down exactly what I wanted. Looked at the availability of spare parts and tyres. From all my research, I kept coming back to my old favourite the 1½ litre MG Tourer. There were several reasons; it was open air, could carry a family, it looked sporty, had the ability to perform and most importantly, I knew how to maintain them. MG purists believe the VA is the least successful model, being too large and underpowered. But I knew the torque figures were exceptional, as road tests had proven. I loved the fold-flat windscreen, cut-away doors and that important revolution counter. I finally decided it was time to attempt to get my own MG, but finance was still a major issue.

William R. Morris a former bicycle maker had formed Morris Motors Ltd in 1912. Subsequently a subsidiary corporation called Morris Garages was created to make sports cars. They wanted to create a modestly priced small car for commuting and with a quick change of sparkplugs, you could have a racer. Their concept fits every MG, from the earliest midgets to the modern streamlined MGA.

Consequently, as early as April 1964, I advertised in 'Beaded Wheels' for any information on the two 1½ litre MG Tourers that my father had owned, in the 1940's. Over a period of months, I located three different Tourers. One had been imported privately from the Republic of Ireland in 1958 and had laid idle for seven years, due mainly to the fact a W.O.F. could not be obtained. The paintwork was like a patchwork quilt having been roughly painted by hand. The owner wanted £275 for this 1937 model, which I considered too expensive, for the funds I had available. I had located my father's first 1937 MG, but the owner wanted £210, which again was too expensive. The third possibility lay in a hundred pieces in Rongotai. Of the 590 tourers built, these appeared to be the only three still in New Zealand.

After almost a year of haggling, I purchased the imported MG for £150, from Robert Townley in Auckland on January 7, 1966, on the same day the Mangere Airport was commissioned. I had disposed of all my aero modelling gear to help fund the purchase. The 1937 1½ litre MG VA type Tourer, was a four seater, with a 1548 cc engine and twin carburetors. It had left the Abingdon factory on September 1, 1937, with Chassis VA No. 0773T. It was fitted with Jackall inbuilt Hydraulic jacks and originally had fingertip shock absorber control. It was originally registered on May 6, 1938 with licensed plates AUT 808. But the earliest details of any documentation, was a registration form from Northern Ireland in 1950.

It was in a dreadful state but everything was there. The timber frames had rotted and the panels needed a lot of work, but importantly the motor was in one piece. The car had the superb instrument panel with two Jaeger 5" gauges and several smaller, all with brass surrounds. I spent two years restoring and rebuilding the car. During restoration, I discovered several previous colour schemes, including an iridescent pink from probably the war years.



Eventually in November 1967, after 23 months, restoration was complete and I was driving a gleaming black 1937 MG VA type Sports Tourer, similar to the one, my father had driven during the war. It had a 1½ litre four cylinder overhead valve engine that could do 80 mph.

I had done the paintwork and it looked good. I had problems finding the black colour I was craving. Ultimately, I imported a black pigment from South Africa and a paint was created by an Upper Hutt paint manufacturer. In the shed at home, I painted the body parts then often hung them on the clothesline to dry. After drying, they would be wet sanded again and another coat applied. In total, I applied eight coats of paint before I was satisfied with the result. I had put in new English Ambla upholstery to bring the interior up to an excellent standard.

On January 30, 1966, I joined the MG Car Club in England and began receiving the Safety Fast magazine. During 1966, the MG Car Club created the SVW register, which attempted to keep a record of three types of car; MG VA (1.5 litre), MG SA (2 litre) and MG WA (2.6 litre). I became member No. 2. They produced an annual MG Review and I still have a copy of the first edition. I joined the Hawke's Bay branch of the Vintage Car Club on May 7 1966. The V.C.C. of New Zealand had been founded in Christchurch in September 1946 and the local branch formed in January 1958.

From that moment onwards, I tried to attend and compete in as many Vintage Car Club and MG Car Club events as time and money would allow. My first long trip in the MG was on November 7, 1967. Colin Campbell and I drove her to Wellington, to participate in the 10th. Annual Vintage Car Rally organised by the Wellington branch of the V.C.C.

At this stage, post vintage vehicles were frowned upon by the V.C.C., and I had some difficulty in having my MG accepted, for their events. This wasn't our only worry heading south to the capital. Another problem was I had failed to fully tighten the front wheel bearings, and they worked loose on the trip down. Three days later the rally began, with the starting point at Levin and finishing at Trentham Memorial Park. There were 47 entrants but only three in the P.V.V. section.

I received my first plaque and I still regard it as the nicest of the numerous I have received. This plaque became

a permanent fixture of the car, along with dozens of others over the years. It was attached to the interior panelling, in the co-pilots compartment. The organisers were left speechless by the high standard of my restoration. We had to do a time trial and a driving test. In the Class 3 for Post Vintage Vehicles, Mike Taylor driving his 1938 Super 8 Packard Coupe just pipped me to take the honours. In those early days, P.V.V. vehicles were from 1931 to 1945, while vintage cars were from 1918 to 1931 and anything earlier than that were classed as veteran vehicles.



Dad's 1968 2.0 Porsche 911S at Westshore.

In 1968, Dad's 1966 Porsche was sold to Shelly Motors in Wellington and replaced by a new 1968 2.0 litre Porsche 911S. This was the second 911 built in 1968, to be sold by Tony Shelly of Shelly Motors, who were now the newly appointed New Zealand agents. Dad had agreed on a price of £5350. Dad knew devaluation was hovering around the corner, but was assured by Tony Shelly that he was covered, against that scenario. Devaluation occurred soon afterwards, and the asking price rapidly climbed to £6100.

Unfortunately, the agent had tried to cover himself by buying British Sterling, but this backfired when Britain devalued first. Dad refused to pay the extra and advised the agent to cancel the order. My father finally agreed to pay an extra £250 but stipulated that he take possession straight from the ship. Once more, Dad had chosen white with red leather upholstery.

In February, Dad took possession one afternoon at 5pm and we commenced the 200 mile drive north from Wellington. The moonlight drive was magical as was the car. At first sight there appeared little difference, but Dad quickly discovered the improvements. The mag wheels, the no glare wipers, the black leatherette dash, the new instrument dials, the improved gearbox and the increased width of the rims and the longer wheel base made the handling superb.

This Porsche had a dual braking system, ventilated discs, new German Dunlop V.R. tyres, the trim was nicer and the carpets were plusher. With a 1½ inch clearance between the steering wheel and Dad's knees, the driving position was excellent. With Weber carburetors, it produced 25 mpg and instant starting.

His old car was on sold to Dr. Graeme Cowie of Masterton, but with only 19,000 miles on the speedometer, the rear driveshaft universals had to be replaced. The Porsche factory considered this not unusual. Dad's second 911 was driven regularly and like all of his Porsches, was serviced by Bill Hanna at Havelock North Motors. Bill had the honour in 1961, of accompanying Angus Hyslop as his mechanic, on the 'Driver to Europe' scheme. Over there they achieved two Formula Junior victories and a class win at the Le Mans 24 hour race, by teaming up with Denny Hulme in a Fiat Abarth 850cc. They finished fourteenth overall, completing 3531 kilometres and were the first Abarth to ever finish the race. Afterwards Hyslop was offered a Formula One drive, but declined the offer and returned home to the farm.



Taupo V.C.C. Rally 1968. Diane, myself, Linda and Shirley down by the lake in the MG, it's second contest.

In January, 1968, the Hawke's Bay branch of the Vintage Car Club held a weekend rabble to Gisborne. Twenty-two cars took up the challenge. This event prompted the locals to form their own sub-branch of the V.C.C. in Poverty Bay.

The Taupo Vintage Car Club Rally on March 15 and 16 of 1968 was my first success in the MG. The car was awarded second overall in the Concours d'Elegance but we were first in the Gymkhana, which was staged on a football field, near the centre of town. This allowed us to win the Rally overall. The Taupo branch had just been formed and this was their inaugural event. My car was the only Hawke's Bay entry in the field of 42 vehicles. I never took out special insurance on my cars, while I rallied and raced them. I had to accept the consequences if I had an accident. Luckily God's providence was on my side and I only had one little mishap.

During Easter of 1968, the National V.C.C. Rally was to be held in Timaru, and I tried to get my 1937 1½ litre MG VA registered as a post vintage vehicle. Time was running out and I still had no confirmation from the national executive. We decided to go after we received a verbal acceptance. Just as Shirley and I were preparing to leave for the long trip south on April 10, the news broke that the s.s. Wahine had struck Barret's Reef and was sinking in Wellington Harbour. We were booked on the ferry for the very next sailing, the following morning. There was panic for a few hours, and much apprehension as we drove south to Wellington.

We managed to get on the s.s. Maori, which did the next Cook Strait crossing following the aftermath of the disaster. We were all very thoughtful as we passed the upturned hull of the sicken Wahine, but there was hardly a ripple upon the ocean. It was a millpond all the way down the South Island's east coast to Lyttelton. Altogether five entrants from the Hawke's Bay club headed south. Half the cost of putting our car on the ferry was covered, through the generous sponsorship of Shell Oil Company.

We did however catch up with the destructive storm, as it raged across the Canterbury Plains. Rather ironic, one of the first people we met after our arrival in Timaru, was a member of the V.C.C. Acceptance Committee. He informed us that he had vigorously opposed the acceptance of my MG for the rally. After seeing the car and the high standard of restoration, he agreed the car should be accepted, along with any other vehicles that had been restored to the same high standard.

Although South Canterbury received less rain than other regions, the two inches had put the planned venue, the Showgrounds out of action. There were 203 entries, although 19 had to withdraw because of the personal problems caused by the storm. Eventually there were only four North Island entrants; Len Southward's 1912 Buick, Allan Lakes' Hispano Suiza, Mike Curry's 12/50 Alvis and our MG. But it was still the biggest event held since the 1965 Haast 6th. F.I.V.A. International Rally, which was the first of the series held outside Europe.

On Saturday morning, they staged a 51 mile Time Trial, around the rural areas. After lunch, came the Public Display and field test, which was held at a new industrial subdivision at Washdyke. Fortunately, this hastily arranged alternative had sealed streets, footpaths and plenty of space. Sunday included a 20 mile Picnic Run to the Pareora River, before the dinner and presentation of trophies back in Timaru. Our 1937 MG VA-type Sports Tourer was awarded first prize in the Concours d'Elegance contest, for Class 6, the post vintage vehicle section. For the following few years, we continued to win the post vintage section of the Concours d'Elegance.

Finally, I received a letter from the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand stating that the MG had been accepted in the Post Vintage Vehicle category on April 17. Luckily, they were realising that by allowing post vintage cars into the VCC, they would increase membership, as parts for most vintage cars in New Zealand were becoming really scarce and very few could afford to maintain a true vintage automobile. After some controversy at executive level, the MG became only the twelfth post vintage car to be accepted. Another of our old cars, the 1938 Big Four Riley Kestrel had already been accepted as a P.V. vehicle.

In August, several of us travelled down in the DKW to attend the Annual General Meeting of the Vintage Car Club in Wellington. Much time was spent discussing the rules relating to Post Vintage Vehicles and several changes were introduced. Two more P.V.V. cars were accepted included Warren Johansen's 2 litre MG. From October 5th. until the 12th. my MG VA took centre stage at the Wellington Display Centre, alongside the new MGC model.

The inaugural rally of the newly created Wairarapa branch was held on the 5-6 October 1968. The venue was the Solway Showgrounds in Masterton. There were 24 cars and nine motorcycles representing the four nearest branches. Sadly, heavy rain and drizzle on Saturday morning, hindered proceedings.

The 1969 North Island Rally was held over Easter, from 4-7 April. It was hosted by the Bay of Plenty branch and over 100 vehicles converged on Tauranga for the long weekend. This rally was done by Shirley and I.

On May 3, 1969, I changed the registration plate on the MG from BK 9749 to FT 1937. At the time the speedometer reading was 6934 miles. At the same time, I purchased the next number plate FT 1938, which eventually went on to Dad's old Blue Streak Riley Kestrel in 1971.

The Hawke's Bay Labour Weekend Safari Rally was brought forward and held in conjunction with the bi-centennial celebrations to commemorate the landing of Captain James Cook in Poverty Bay on October 9, 1769. It attracted 73 entries starting from two different points. Included were four cars from the South Island. 48 cars left from Napier, while another 25 commenced from Whakatane. The two routes converged at the Matawhero roundabout and continued on to finish at Churchill Park, across the road from Midway Beach.

A short 30 mile trial, was held on Sunday morning and the vehicles were on display in the afternoon. There were only two cars in the post vintage section, G.L.A. Bognuda's very rare 1935 Brough Superior and our MG. Bognuda was the overall winner of the rally.



My fully restored 1937 MG VA-type Sports Tourer.

Everyone of Dad's Porsches were white with red upholstery. This 1970 model clocked up 20,000 miles while in his ownership. He enjoyed this car immensely and drove it for three years.



Our family 1970 BMW 2000 saloon

Even at moderate speeds around town, this BMW would unnervingly lift the inside rear wheel while cornering. It was fitted with independent suspension with McPherson struts. For all the faults, it served the family well while we owned it.

My father arranged for me to receive a new 1970 BMW 2000 saloon, registration number DS 2000. The car was his choice not mine, although the purchasing funds still came out of my credits with the company. It cost around \$6250. It was the four door version of the very successful BMW 2002, with a 1900 cc straight four engine. At the time, very few of this model had come into New Zealand. It was a terrible choice, as it had no revolution counter, and let hordes of dust into the driving compartment.



The 1937 MG participating in the Daily Telegraph Centennial Rally celebrations in February 1971.

The family took part in the Daily Telegraph Centennial Rally in February 1971. During 1971, the MG was the overall winner of the North Island Rally at Palmerston North. Over Labour Weekend we participated in the 7th. Annual Safari, organised by our local branch.

Late in 1971, twenty one years after Dad had sold it, I purchased the luxurious 1938 Big Four Blue Streak Riley Kestrel. Alan Wells of Foxton, a real Riley enthusiast, had lovingly restored the car, almost breaking his heart in the process. Only someone who has restored a Riley's wooden bodywork, would understand. In February 1972, I sold the Big Four Riley to Tony Denny. It was just prior to setting off for Nelson to participate in the 1972 International Vintage Car Rally, which Shirley and I contested in the MG. The V.C.C. of New Zealand had lodged an application to hold this F.I.V.A. Rally in 1966.

This was the 13th. International F.I.V.A. Rally for vintage and veteran vehicles, attracting a record 762 entries. Amongst the entries were competitors from every Australian state, Great Britain, Indonesia, USA, Hong Kong and South Africa. There were 94 Fords, 49 Austins, 39 Chevrolets and 34 Dodges amongst the entrants. The event began with a Monte Carlo style rally, with all the competitors beginning from nine designated starting points and making their way to Nelson over twenty different routes.

There were seven entries from the Hawke's Bay branch of the V.C.C. We all decided to start our race from Timaru. The trip down was a great shakedown for all our vehicles and equipment. The journey was spread over four days, including overnight camping which added to the camaraderie. Especially awaiting for Phil Peach, in his 1924 Chevrolet Four truck affectionately known as 'Emie', to arrive every evening with the huge payload it was towing.

We were waved away in Timaru and finished the first day in Wānaka, after taking in some spectacular southern scenery. Near perfect weather would prevail constantly, during the two weeks of the event. On the second day, we travelled over the Haast Pass, all the way up the West Coast to Westport. We traversed some of New Zealand's most spectacular scenery. Several shingle roads in the remoter areas added to the period atmosphere and created tremendous memories. With the beautiful weather and the hoods were rolled up, competitors received suntanned faces. We finished our Monte Carlo style event in Richmond Showgrounds, Nelson, with everyone arriving in mass over a 12 hour period.

Over 20,000 locals flocked to the venue to view the amazing array of motorcycles, trucks and cars arrive. This exceeded the organiser's wildest dreams. Twenty-two cars had commenced from Auckland, travelling through Waikaremoana to Napier. The oldest car in the rally was a 1900 Worsley, owned since 1947 by Mervyn Winter of Dunedin. It had a single cylinder boxer engine with an overhead camshaft.

In all there were fourteen pre-1916 cars in the pioneer section and they had all run from Christchurch to Nelson via Ashburton. They took in the Pioneer route 94 and the tough shingle roads of the inland road to Kaikoura. Overall there was a high standard of mechanical reliability, with only one serious breakdown and the only entrant not to reach Nelson was the victim of a crash caused by driver error.

Richmond Showgrounds was the venue for the Concours d'Elegance contest. My car did not feature in the results. Commencing in Richmond Showgrounds, the next contest was a road section run through to Greymouth and returning via another route. But over five days, competitors were kept busy polishing and making minor repairs or adjustments, or swapping stories, gifts and vehicle parts. The next contest for the rally cars and their drivers in whose veins racing blood ran, was a 24 hour Le Mans type relay race commencing on Saturday.

This was a chance to prove our competence, as everyone was divided into eleven teams with 68 vehicles in each team. The winning team would be whoever carried their team sash the furthest in 24 hours. It was grandly titled the 24 hour Le Mans Replica Grand Prix d'endurance. Every team vehicle had to accomplish at least one lap within the 24 hours. We were permitted a practice run on the circuit on Friday night and slept in team tents overnight.

The venue was a 7.3 mile circuit at Renwick, west of Blenheim. Next morning a Shell petrol tanker arrived and Dunlop Tyres set up another outlet. There was a final briefing at the race headquarters in a woolshed. The race was to commence at noon on the Saturday. This event attracted thousands of spectators, with Marlborough folk getting the opportunity to view all the cars in the rally in action, at one venue. This section of the rally had been a hot issue and criticized as too dangerous because of the narrow roads, but was quickly vindicated the Rally Director's vision.

The logistics were colossal, from communicating with the local community, traffic management, timing equipment, recruiting experienced personnel for timekeeping, scrutineering and observation marshals. There was lighting for pit-lane, the selection of teams, straw bales and safety tyres on potentially dangerous spots to arranged and put in place. There were team tents, first aid stations, canteen facilities, through to fire precautions, and numerous race briefings. Each vehicle was timed and points could be deducted for failing to achieve a complex index performance based on the age, weight and technical specifics.

With the sun blazing down and the sun lotion stocks running out, the start was delayed ten minutes just to get the crowd away from pit-lane. Finally, a miniature cannon was fired and the first cars were off. Within the first few hours all cars were performing well above their scheduled index times. The sash changing transfers were impressive and teams reorganised their running order to gain advantages. During the afternoon into the evening, slower veteran cars are preferred by many of the team captains, leaving some of their better options for a night and final dash. Covering 10,000 miles, there were few breakdowns and no major mishaps. Periodically the salvage crews would tow stranded vehicles from the circuit. During the afternoon, the temperature topped 90°F,

the sales of soft drinks and ice cream soared.

Teams received information from the circuit public-address system, if one of their cars had broken down on the circuit. By dusk, the lights came on but the speeds don't diminish. During the night, windscreens fogged up because of a heavy dew. Cars over shoot their charge-over boxes. All through the night, people remained on the spectator hill. The cooking facilities run out of food and everyone tried to catch forty winks. Team scouts were sent into Blenheim to bring back hamburgers and chips.

Team H was leading from Team Foxtrot and Team Echo. Most teams run a three lap rotation, during the night. Cars and drivers went missing, and one car from Team Foxtrot run out of petrol. Drivers had to be aroused from their sleeping bags, when teams urgently need reinforcements.

As the sun crept above the foothills, more cars became available again and teams have to run their remaining one lap competitors. Model Ts and Austin Sevens went head to head. Teams scrambled to get their cars completing the compulsory one lap. At the end of 24 hours, the Team Echo led by Jack Nevell of Rangiora had completed 131 laps, the greatest distance. They had registered a lap more than the next team. Amongst the winning team were Geoff Owen in a Bentley, Vic Jacob, George Roberts in a superb 1914 Prince Henry Vauxhall, Len Southward in his 1912 Buick, Bob Turnbull in his 1907 Sizaire Naudin, John McLauchlan, Gordon Prosser, John Stringer, Dad Poynton, Mr Caldwell in a Plymouth, Bob Scott in a 1913 Metallurgique, and Earle Gill in a 23-60.

This event was tremendous fun and easily the highlight of the International Rally. It was a successful because of the detailed planning and time spent organizing every aspect. Everyone worked in unison to produce a smoothly run event. Each competitor felt the unifying effect of the team spirit and cemented new friendships. Any doubters were left with no criticism. Unfortunately for me, I was in a team that had a captain who wasn't that competitive or well organized as most of the other captains. He ran the slower cars too far and gave the faster vehicles little time to advance the team's standing.

On the final night of the International Rally on Tuesday, more than 1600 people attended the award presentations, banquet and ball. They were held inside a large hangar at Nelson Airport. One of the talking points were the toilet arrangements. As the hangar had no facilities, a fleet of buses were employed to shuttle people to the main terminal building to use the toilets. Therefore, to miss the bus could produce a predicament.

My daughters still complain that they were never given the opportunity to drive the MG. Most of the time, the only chance they had of sitting in the driver's seat, was in the garage when their father needed someone to pump the clutch or brake pedal. They remember the instructions coming from below the car, "In, Out, In, Out" as the bleeding process occurred. Later several of the family were given the opportunity to ride in the MG, when I paraded it latterly, during the Spring Blossom Festivals.

One exciting moment occurred when a group of us petrol heads were assisting in preparing the routes and special stages, for the upcoming Heatway International Rally in 1972. In May, we were going to survey the planned routes between Taupo and Taihape. On our way to Taupo, while driving, I lost the BMW on black ice at Tarawera and did a frightening 360° pirouette. Fortunately, we stayed on the tar seal and there was nothing coming in the opposite direction. My passengers Lionel Priest, George Howard and ??? were quite pale and quiet for a while, after this narrow squeak.

I participated in the North Island Tour in 1972. The 8th. Annual Safari Rally over Labour weekend in 1972 was hosted by the Gisborne sub branch. It proved to be very popular, with 72 vehicles commencing the rally in beautiful sunny conditions.

In December 1972, I traded the BMW in for a red 1971 Triumph 2.5 P.I. saloon. It had 10,000 miles on the clock. This model was the first production car with fuel injection. This model had 130hp, while later models were detuned to 120hp. Unluckily, the bushes seized on the petrol pump and I sold it over the Easter weekend.

In 1974 Dad wanted a new 2.4 Porsche 911 Targa, with electric windows and a four speed gearbox. Unfortunately, Mr. Hamilton from Melbourne gave him the bad news. The Zuffenhausen factory could not fulfil the request. In the meantime, my father had sold his 1970 2.2 Porsche 911S to Mr. Robert Stewart of Skope Products in Christchurch. Mr Stewart had approached Dad and after careful consideration, he let the car go. But having no car, quickly left him frustrated and he began losing sleep.

He eventually rang me one day, after reading an advert from Shelly Motors in the Dominion newspaper. It was for a new 1973 BMW CSI Coupe. I was instructed to get down to Wellington to see Tony Shelly and bring it home for him. He had not seen the car, sat in it, driven it and knew little about its capabilities, but my father had to have it. This BMW was the company's flagship model, a top of the range three litre and priced at \$17,300. This was way back in 1973. Just think of what that translates to in dollars today.

Driving it home, I found the BMW rather disappointing. While the car performed very well and was comfortable, the directional stability was unnerving. Dad agreed and I suggested that the car would drive better with a set of Koni shock absorbers. Hence, they were fitted. Eventually Tony Shelly came to the party and shared the cost of the Koni refit, and the car's handling was transformed. With his deteriorating health and semi invalid state, he enjoyed driving the BMW, as the power steering assisted his driving.

Dad found it a beautiful and comfortable model, clocking up 2,900 miles in it. He drove the BMW on the day he died. This ended a tremendous saga, of great motoring adventures in superb cars. As his book title about his life suggests, there were 'No Regrets'.

The Gentle Annie Safari in 1974, started in Hastings and took the competitors to Taihape over the infamous

Gentle Annie road. The event attracted 36 cars and two motorcycles. The rally covered 300 miles through some spectacular back country. I was lucky to win the Post Vintage Vehicle award.

The 1st. North Island Post Vintage Vehicle Rally was centred around Cambridge. Excellent weather and nice touring sections throughout the Waikato.



Dad's old 1958 356A GS Carrera became mine.

Dad's 1958 356A GS four cam Carrera Hardtop Coupe had been sold to Duncan Rutherford of Leslie Hills, North Canterbury, who had amassed a collection of over 100 vehicles. In the 1970's I managed to purchase the car, after putting forward a good case to Mr. Rutherford. This possibly was one of the few cars that Duncan Rutherford ever sold.

While in my ownership, I contacted Joe Gardner and learned that he still had the original fitted leather suitcases for the Carrera. I went up to Auckland and picked them up.

Just prior to this, we owned a pastel yellow Auto-Union 1000S for a short time. It was a four door saloon, broadly similar to the DKW, it's predecessor. It had the three cylinder, two stroke motor but had been enlarged to 991 cc, giving it 44 bhp. Its top speed was 75 mph and did 27 miles to the gallon.

My car interest continued onwards through the decades, although my involvement has taken a different path than my fathers. Having rallied extensively throughout New Zealand, I thought I should try something more challenging and participate in some of the big international rallies. Preferably I wanted to do them in the MG but the economics of such an undertaking from 'Down Under' dictated I look at cheaper options. By October 1976, the MG had covered 28,500 miles of rallying and touring. It had been usual for Shirley and I to join in Alan Storer's individual tours of the North and South Islands. These always took us to interesting towns and locations across the country.



Gwavas Garden Homestead.

Beginning in 1971, Lionel Priest introduced an annual Homestead Run, which was a non-competitive run to a historic location, for the Hawke's Bay branch members. Lowry's Okawa Stud and Russell's Tunanui Station were the destinations on the first outing. The following year, Fernhill House was visited and in 1973 they visited Oamaru, Hautapu Station and Greenhill Station at Raukawa. The next year, the V.C.C. took control of the event and organised the homesteads runs, although Lionel Priest still had a large input. The first was to the Grange in Haumoana and the Tuki Tuki Valley. Later in the year, another trip was organised to Glenalvon Station and Gwavas Garden Homestead.

Every year the club members would travel in their cars to one or more of Hawke's Bay grand homesteads. They were mainly rural properties, echoing memories of the province's gentry. Occasionally, we took in one of the bigger houses in the towns of the Heretaunga Plains. These outings became popular family picnic events. Gilbert Lloyd organized many of the outings. Each year, bar one, the members participating received a memorial plaque, with a design of the location visited. Shirley produced a nice sketch of the Arapata homestead in 1974 and more often than not, her drawings appeared on the Homestead Run plaque.

I organized several Homestead Runs, after Lionel Priest moved aside. In 1981, Gilbert organised the run to take in two homesteads owned by the Chambers family. Firstly, we travelled to Kopanga in the Havelock North hills, which had been constructed in 1914. Later we took in Mokapeka, which was east of the Tuki Tuki Valley. Here the members viewed the oldest privately owned hydro-electric station still operating in the world. It was built in 1892, from plans sent out by Thomas Edison. For the 1988 Homestead run, the number of vehicles attending almost reached one hundred.



Some examples of the plaques from the early Homestead Runs of the Hawke's Bay branch of the Vintage Car Club. 1971-89

At the early pre-1956 MG car rallies, held biannually from 1977 onwards, I won the trophy for the Concours d'Elegance, at all of the first three rallies. At the first rally held in Christchurch, I went on my own and was the only North Island entry. The events were restricted to pre-1956 models, affectionately called the 'last of the square riggers' due to their sharply angular style. This was prior to the creation of the more rounded and aerodynamic body design, of the more rounded models like the MGA and Magpie. During Easter weekend in 1978, I participated in the Todd Park Rally in Wellington.

Late in 1979, I decided to sell the 1958 Porsche 356A GS four cam Carrera Hardtop Coupe. It was purchased by Ray Barker of Auckland for \$21,000. He lovingly restored the car and therefore in 1981, he won the Concours d'Elegance at the Eilerslie Park Car Show. This was great reward for his effort. It was later sold in 1983 jointly to Trevor Hudson and Colin Giltrap. Once again, Hudson won the Concours d'Elegance at the Eilerslie Park Car Show in 1984.

Today, the car is invaluable and would fetch a huge amount if sold. Ultimately, Colin Giltrap gained 100% ownership of the vehicle after Hudson's death, and his son now drives the vehicle and it's definitely not for sale. They still have the suitcases and it still has the AK 2740 number plate. It is on permanent display at Giltrap Motors Porsche showroom in Newmarket, Auckland.

In November 1979, I purchased the first of what was to be seven Honda Accords. This first model was brand new and powered by a 1600 cc engine and was painted white. It was only the second to be sold in Hastings.

In 1980, after the Silver Jubilee of the foundation of the MG Car Club in Britain, I relinquished my membership with them and joined the Auckland Branch of the MG Car Club of New Zealand. The MG Car Club of New Zealand had been founded in 1952 and the Auckland branch was formally created in 1960.



MG Car Club 50th. Jubilee Badge.

I participated in my second F.I.V.A. International Rally in 1980. This was the twenty-first version of the rally and held in the thermal wonderland of Rotorua. This was the third time it had been allocated to New Zealand. There were a wonderful large field of 1060 entrants of which 850 made it to the start line. Originally there were 964

cars, 64 motorcycles and 34 commercial vehicles representing 139 different makes.

The event ran from the grand opening on February 24 through to March 8. Entries came from West Germany, South Africa, the Channel Islands, Hong Kong, England, Japan, USA, Australia and Canada. Three hundred South Islanders made the journey north.

Shirley had recently decided to vacant the co-pilot's seat and no one in Hawke's Bay seemed to be available to take her place, at the time. As a result, I had to gather a scratch crew consisting of Colin and Lillian Cockburn from Ashburton, to fill the vacancy. Together, we achieved my greatest rallying result, by winning the road section over five days of competition, ahead of 849 other vehicles.

The Hub Rally format used didn't lend itself to the total involvement of all the branches, as with the two previous F.I.V.A. events. Most of the work fell on the branches in the proximity of Rotorua. Many of the services were provided by professional contract operations and very successful.

At the insistence of the F.I.V.A. several sections weren't compulsory, which replaced the competitive edge with a more social emphasis. For the road sections, which was compulsory, the field was divided into five groups, with each completing a different route each day. Therefore, over five days, every competitor would have covered a total of 674 miles of the road section. These were well organized and incidents were minimal.

On every stage which involved three to four hours of driving, there were numerous checkpoints. These checkpoints were secret, and would come upon you, on a blind corner or over the brow of a hill. Your vehicle lost 10 points for every minute your vehicle was behind your allotted schedule, at each checkpoint. Your score and overall position would be posted on a results board every night, at race headquarters. After three days of road sections, other participants were amazed that the Vogtherr team still had no penalty points.



Action shot of my dice with Jack Newell's Vauxhall at Bay Park Raceway.

This was after Colin and Lillian dropped a bomb shell on Friday February 29, announcing they were scheduled to be home on the Monday, in two days' time. I quickly told them that they would not be leaving alive. Consequently, our partnership continued with the same results. If my memory is correct, we amazingly incurred no penalty points over the remaining road sections.



First Place Trophy - Road Section 21st. International VCC Rally at Rotorua, 1980.

The evening entertainment and dinners were tremendous and could be a trap for many competitors. The swap meet on the Saturday was affected by atrocious weather. That afternoon the MG performed admirably during the speed section around the Bay Park track at Mount Maunganui, which was organised by the North Shore branch of the V.C.C. Unfortunately, the weather in Rotorua deterred many from making the pilgrimage to Mount Maunganui.

The track was dry and there was some memorable racing. I particularly had a great dice with two Austin Sevens. Also involved was John Valings in his 4½ litre Bentley and Jack Newell, who was behind the wheel of his 1924 30/98 Vauxhall, with a 4224cc overhead valve engine. While Jack's car had the legs on my MG on the straights, he couldn't compete with the excellent braking and cornering ability of my MG. Jack Newell eventually had the fastest time and won the race. This event was great fun. The award presentations occurred on Saturday night, back in Rotorua.

I knew spare parts were critical, if I was to keep the MG on the road. I assembled a large collection of spare parts by being meticulous, being diligent and continuously searching around New Zealand and overseas. Improvements and maintenance were important, as I wished to keep the vehicle at a very high standard.

By 1981 I had clocked up 44,000 miles in my 1937 1½ litre MG VA type Tourer. Early in the year, I picked up the overall Concours d'Elegance prize at the pre-1956 MG Rally held in Marton during January. Performance wise it was unbelievable, and although just 1548cc four cylinder engine it could cruise up the Te Aute Hill with three adults at over 50 mph.

Later in the year we did the East Coast Rally, organised by the new East Bay of Plenty branch of the V.C.C. and then the Annual Safari over Labour Weekend.



Fourth Pre-1956 MG Rally at Nelson. We had a disappointing result.

Ahead of me, 34 year old Jennifer Croft from Christchurch in a MG J2, had obviously skidded in loose gravel on the bend, causing oversteer and a probable over-correction caused her car to roll several times. On hearing of the accident, I took her husband Peter to the scene of the accident. Jennifer had been thrown out and killed.



In full flight in the Bert Sprint, on the corner that claimed Jennifer Croft's life.

In 1984, I contacted the organisers of the Great American Race, as our MG was eligible because of its age. The logistics made it impossible to enter. Following that event, I contacted the race organisers again and asked if they had received requests for a keen navigator for the following year, as I was interested in filling a co-pilot role. My request was widely advertised in their brochures, but there was no response, even a few months before the 1985 Great American Race was due to start. But then, but that's another complete story.

My Tourist Memories

In 1975 Shirley and I did a Continental Coach Tour of Europe. This was a 25 day tour, through many of Western Europe's nicest cities and places. We went to France, West Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Shirley celebrated her birthday in Paris, France. There were 16 men and 26 women on the coach. Everyone was from either South Africa, Australia, Canada or New Zealand. We also visited America, South Africa and England during this first big overseas experience. We visited Stonehenge.

In 1979, Shirley and I had a holiday in America. At the time our youngest daughter was on a Rotary Exchange Scholarship in Texas. We visited Rotarian friends in Los Angeles, Kerville and Idaho Falls. We headed to Canada to visit some friends in Edmonton, who had been on our Continental Coach Tour of Europe in 1975. Finally, Shirley and I attended several car attractions in California.

Arriving in Los Angeles, we met up with the Gardners, who ran the 'Gateway to America'. They had started the scheme to assist exchange students to get safely to their destinations. They had been very concerned that students were arriving unattended at Los Angeles Airport and the Gardners had attempted to right the situation.

On January 26, 1983, I competed in the Fourth Pre-1956 MG Rally in Nelson. I was disappointed the judges only gave my MG third place overall for the Concours d'Elegance. Obviously, they were determined that my car would not win the Concours d'Elegance again, after three successive victories. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

One of the contests was a bent sprint on River Road, Appleby, over a 1,500 metre distance. This was very familiar country to me. I was on the start line, being the very next car to come under the starters orders.

The bend didn't have a good camber, so when I did my run later on, I kept to the inside and had no difficulties navigating the bend. This was a shattering mishap, as Peter Croft had become the 'Godfather' of New Zealand MG and vintage rallies. Peter had realised that older MG's couldn't compete successfully in car club events, so the annual rally type events blossomed for the pre-1956 MG's. He made sure that the Concours d'Elegance contests were just as important as the performance sections.

They began helping the visiting students from their International flights on to their connecting internal travel, and visa-versa. They had helped Linda in 1974, when she was returning to New Zealand, and got stranded in Los Angeles because of an aviation fuel crisis. Afterwards, the Gardners had visited us in Hastings and became good acquaintances.

Shirley and I flew to San Antonio via Phoenix. We were met at the airport and headed for Kerrville. The 105°F temperature was a shock. With this heat and high humidity, we were indeed, 'Deep in the Heart of Texas'. Understandably all the cars and homes had air conditioning. As the rainfall is low, the houses had no spouting and roofs are made of slates. Most homes had basements and double glazing. We found Andrea was very happy with her experiences away from home. We gave her host parent's Mary and HT Paul some money to help with her expenses. We also gave Andrea a little money, to help her buy any of her needs.

We met with Joe Stevenson the Rotary Exchange Officer and attended a Rotary meeting in Kerrville. I discovered their major concern was that although San Antonio had 450 members, they were only hosting one exchange student. Meanwhile, Kerrville were hosting three Rotary Students. Kerrville couldn't finance students this way and their resources were stretched. This was causing conflict within the Rotary Club. Each viewpoint was correct, according to where you were coming from, and irreconcilable.

I gave Rotary \$700 for Andrea to receive a holiday but could not pay anything towards her visits to Fiesta Week. We were happy to give Rotary money, as money was not the problem. We met Harvey Kutac, a professional Rotarian. He was about to give up the Rotary Exchange Chairmanship to raise \$2 million in 60 days, to guarantee Kerrville Rotary achieved their exchange student budget. Harvey expressed this wonderful theory behind allowing our daughter to become an exchange student. "You had given Andrea two beautiful things. Roots and wings."

We were driven into San Antonio to see the 32 shops at El Mereado Market and 80 specialty shops in the Farmers Market Plaza. The rich culture of San Antonio abounds throughout the plazas of Market Square. Market Square was the home to the largest Mexican market in the United States. A three-block outdoor plaza, near San Antonio's city centre, was lined with restaurants, shops and produce stands. Dozens of shops sold everything from hand-embroidered dresses to leather belts.

Market Square was the home to working artists, musicians, dancers and cultural events. This gave it a rich and lively cultural atmosphere. There were food and beverage booths alongside Guadalajara lamps, with the sounds of mariachi music blending with the excitement of Mexican dances. Shirley and I strolled along the lovely River Walk, which ran along the banks of the Guadalajara River.

On our way between Kerrville and San Antonio there were five Air Force bases within a short distance of the highway.

We moved north to visit Idaho Falls and catch up with our good friends the Gambles, Jones and Bush families. They had all hosted Linda during her year in America. Once again, we found Idaho Falls was also in the hill country, on the edge of the desert. This area's economy was mostly agriculturally based until 1949 and the opening of the National Reactor Testing Station, in the desert to the west. It was situated 80 kilometres from Idaho Falls, on the same U.S. Highway 20/26 route as the Craters of the Moon, which was another 80 kilometres further west.

We went to see both attractions. The Idaho National Laboratory was known locally simply as 'the site', and was an 890 square mile complex in the high desert. It employed a thousand workers and some locals had been working there for 25 years. The Experimental Breeder No. 1 Atomic museum at the facility, was open to the public at certain times. The facility first generated electricity from nuclear energy in 1951. By 2012, there had been 50 unique nuclear reactors built and tested at the facility. We saw four different reactors and many other displays involved in nuclear energy production.

In 1961, the only fatal nuclear reactor incident in the United States occurred at the NRTS. An experimental reactor named SL-1, was destroyed when a control rod was pulled too far out of the reactor. This led to a core meltdown and explosion. The blast killed three military personnel working on the reactor.

Shirley and I travelled on to the famous Craters of the Moon National Museum and Preserve. It was on the Snake River Plain, with an average elevation of 1,800 metres. The protected features are volcanic and represent the best-preserved flood basal area. The National Preserve encompasses three major lava fields and 400 square miles of sagebrush steppe grasslands. The lava fields lie along the Great Rift of Idaho, the best example of deep open cracks in the earth's surface.

Next stop on our itinerary was Edmondton in Alberta, Canada. Here we were to visit two wonderful widows, Mildred Reichelt and Estelle Anderson, who we had met on our 1975 coach tour of Europe. They gave us a tour of the city and showed us the building explosion that was taking place.

We travelled west to Jasper National Park. It is called the gentle giant of the Canadian Rockies and one of the oldest and largest national parks. It is very popular, with 1000 kilometres of trails and thousands of campsites. Elk, moose, deer, mountain sheep and bears are frequently sighted. A major attraction is Maligne Lake, situated 44 kilometres south of the Jasper township. It is famed for its water colour and vista. The lake is 23 kilometres long, in a deep glacier valley. There are three glaciers visible from the lake; Charton, Unwin and Maligne. There were spectacular waterfalls everywhere. We didn't have time to take the highly-recommended cruise on the lake.

The 325 square kilometre Columbia Icefield is the largest ice field in the Rocky Mountains in North America. It lies partly in the Banff National Park to the south and the southern tip of Jasper National Park. We stopped off

at Bow Lake which was just down the road from Crowfoot Glacier. This was another beautiful area. The views just took your breath away. It was a great warm, sunny day when we were there and the water colour of the glacier lake was incredible. There are some information boards which were very interesting and the view over the glacier further up the road was stunning.

We travelled south east to Calgary, Alberta where we were entertained by another two friends Muriel and Mud. We went up to the top of the 191 metre Calgary free standing observation tower in the downtown area, which was a must-see on any visitor's itinerary. It was originally called the Husky Tower and opened to the public on June 30, 1968. At the time, it was the tallest structure of its type in North America.

The tower featured a revolving restaurant, Sky 360, that rotated so as to give customers a scenic view of downtown Calgary. There was also an observation deck with a glass floor extension to test your fear of heights. Standing on the amazing glass floor you receive a birds-eye view of the city streets below. From the observation deck we experienced a spectacular 360° view of the bustling city, the majestic Rocky Mountains, the foothills, and the prairies.

Another new attraction was the Devonian Gardens, which was a large indoor park and botanical garden located in the downtown core of Calgary. On a 2.5 acre site and opened in 1977, Devonian Gardens were designed by J.H. Cook Architects and Engineers and donated to the City of Calgary by the Devonian Group of Charitable Foundations and Calford Properties. The construction cost was nine million dollars. The gardens contained more than 20,000 plants representing 135 tropical and local species, decorated with waterfalls, bridges, koi ponds and sculptures by local artists, showcasing a permanent art exhibition. The gardens included a living wall, fountains, a children's play area, and over 550 trees, as well as a function space for special events.

We took a train to Banff, a town within Banff National Park in Alberta. The town is located in Alberta's Rockies along the Trans-Canada Highway, approximately 126 km west of Calgary. At an elevation of 1,530 metres, this community is at the second highest elevation in Alberta, only surpassed by Lake Louise. The town is situated above the Bow Falls near the confluence of the Bow River and Spray River.

Banff is a resort town and one of Canada's most popular tourist destinations, known for its mountainous surroundings and hot springs. It was surrounded by mountains, notably Mount Rundle, Sulphur Mountain, Mount Norquay, and Cascade Mountain. It is a destination for outdoor sports and features extensive hiking, biking, scrambling and skiing areas within the area. Sunshine Village, Ski Norquay and Lake Louise Mountain Resort are the three nearby ski resorts located within the national park.

When the transcontinental railway was built through the Bow Valley in 1883, three Canadian Pacific Railway workers stumbled upon a series of natural hot springs on the side of Sulphur Mountain. The Banff Upper Hot Springs on the mountain are now one of Banff's most popular attractions. A popular tourist attraction, the Banff Gondola, was available to ascend Sulphur Mountain (2,281 metres) where a boardwalk (Banff Skywalk) begins from the upper terminal taking visitors to Sanson Peak.

We stayed at the Fairmont Banff Springs Hotel near the Bow Falls. Here the river drops approximately 30 feet near its divergence with the Spray River. The falls are just a short walk from the hotel. In the hotel were large groups of young people, all in jeans and tee shirts. The Banff area is renowned for wild flower displays. Unfortunately, delphiniums were the only flowers we could find. The area was known for Icelandic and Shirley poppies but the season for these varies ended in mid-July.

From Banff, Shirley and I commenced a two day 100 kilometre journey aboard the Rocky Mountaineer Train. We travelled on both the Canadian Pacific Railway and Canadian National Railway train tracks. Our first destination was Castle Mountain, a mountain located in the Sawback Range within Banff National Park, but part of the Canadian Rockies. It was approximately half-way between Banff and Lake Louise. Its castle-like appearance was a result of erosive processes acting at different rates on the peak's alternating layers of softer shale and harder limestone, dolomite and quartzite.

Most of our early train travel was beside the tree lined Bow River. Our next stop was Lake Louise, 58 km west of Castle Mountain. Lake Louise was still on the Bow River, just a little hamlet, named after the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. The lake is almost on the border between Albert and British Columbia. At an elevation of 1,600 metres, the elevation was comparable to the Whakapapa Ski Field on Mt. Ruapehu. The panorama of Lake Louise was filled with several snow-capped mountains.



Cisco Bridges - CPR bridge (black) in foreground, with the photo facing upriver.

Our train journey took us through a spiral tunnel in which the track loops twice on itself within a mountain as it descends. The journey took us through the Fraser Canyon which is an 84 kilometre section of the Fraser River, where it descends rapidly through narrow rock gorges in the Coast Mountains, en-route from the Interior Plateau of British Columbia to the Fraser Valley.

The southern stretch of the canyon is a major transportation corridor to the Interior from the west coast, with the tracks for the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways and the Trans-Canada Highway carved out of its rock faces. Many of the canyon's side-creevasses were spanned by bridges and trestles.

Prior to the double-tracking of these railways and major upgrades to the Trans-Canada Highway, travel through the canyon was even more precarious than we experienced.

At Siska, a few miles south of Lytton, there are the Cisco bridges, a pair of railway bridges at the throat of a rocky gorge. The Canadian Pacific had been on the east side of the canyon, while the Canadian National had been on the west side. Here the two railways switch sides: the CP crossed a 160 metre long truss bridge to the westside, while the CN employing a 250 metre steel-arched bridge crossed to the east side. The two railways now have an agreement to allow directional running through the canyon with all eastbound trains using the CP line, while all westbound trains use the CN tracks.

We stayed the night at Kamloops, which was a city located at the confluence of the two branches of the Thompson River near Kamloops Lake. In the winter, this city serves as a base for skiers. We had dinner under the Yum Yum Tree.

Next day, our journey followed the Fraser River down to Hells Gate. At Hells Gate, near Boston Bar, the canyon walls rise about 1,000 metres above the rapids. Fish ladders along the river's side permit migrating salmon to bypass a controversial rockslide. During the 1880's, Canadian Pacific Railway built a transcontinental railroad with tracks constructed on the west riverbank at Hells Gate. In 1911, the Canadian Northern Railway began a second transcontinental railway along the south and east bank of the canyon. While carving into the canyon walls, rock and debris was dumped into the river in significant volumes, at Hells Gate.

In early 1914, during construction of a new tunnel, a large rockslide fell into the river just above the Hells Gate portal. Debris dispersed on the river bottom caused a 5-meter vertical drop in water depth and increased turbulence and water velocity. This exceeded the swimming capacity of the salmon, resulting in premature mortality and reduced populations of salmon fry in the subsequent years.

Tons of rocks and debris were removed from the river, and government officials declared that the river at Hells Gate had been fully restored, but many biologists maintained that the slide permanently altered the river's ecology. Salmon were forced to spawn in new places and many died without spawning or did not produce many offspring, as the new habitat was "unsuitable. The majority of the salmon that did not get through the passage were females and ultimately in the short term, the salmon population declined.

The altered river environment threatened the salmon population, which in turn created tension between the Canadian government and the aboriginal peoples of the region. Studies done in 1941 mentioned that Hells Gate inhibited salmon passage and fish ladders were installed and the sockeye numbers increased, and pink salmon numbers upriver rebounded.

The train journey took Shirley and I out of the mountains, into Okanagan Valley. This was a very fertile area, with fruit orchards and large acreages of vegetables and commercial flower growing. Eventually, our train journey ended in Vancouver. Shirley and I found Vancouver to be a beautiful city. We could see why it consistently rates so high in surveys of desirable locations. The North Shore mountains dominate the cityscape. But immediately, we had accommodation problems, as we had been booked in 'This time next year.'

We did a hop-on hop-off city tour. We started in Gastown and went to see the Totem poles in Stanley Park, a 1000 acre urban park. We kept travelling north over the Lions Gate Bridge. This took us to Grouse Mountain. We took the Sea to Sky Gondola at Squamish, just north of the city. This Gondola carried 100 people at a time.

We returned to the city and went to Granville Island which was a shopping district. The Public Market was the jewel in the Island's crown, with a fascinating assortment of colourful stalls. We visited the city's Chinatown, which is the biggest in Canada. It was centred on Pender Street, where there were many historic buildings. Shirley and I finished our city tour, by going to see the Steam Clock, located back in Gastown. Although styled to appear as an 19th-century antique, the dock was built by Raymond Saunders in 1977. It was built to solve the issue of a steam vent on this popular sidewalk. It had a whistle chime that sounded the full set of Westminster Chimes, every quarter hour. Two lasting memories of Vancouver were sadly, our first real exposure to the drug culture and my very expensive haircut.

Next day, we took the bus to the roll-on roll-off ferry from Tsawassen to Swartz Bay on Vancouver Island. The ferry ride took 95 minutes. The terminal at Swartz Bay, was 20 miles north of the city of Victoria. This is the state capital with a beautiful historic Parliament building. It was a very attractive city, with many flower beds and the Sunken Garden at Butchart Gardens, a top tourist attraction. The city had a lovely inner harbour for yachts and pleasure boats.

Shirley and I took the late afternoon sailing of the S.S. Princess Marguerite II ferry, to Seattle. This was a five-hour journey down the Puget Sound in Washington State. Known locally as 'the Maggie' it originally offered first class overnight accommodation but now only does a two-way daylight sailing. The ship has features found on more luxurious ocean liners, including a grand staircase, ballroom, formal dining salon, cocktail lounge, spacious and comfortable lounges, wide promenade decks, and private staterooms. She could accommodate 2,000 passengers and up to 60 vehicles on her car deck. The steamship was white with stylized Union Jacks on the two funnels and the stern.

From Seattle, we travelled in a Greyhound coach to San Francisco. Once more, we experience problems finding accommodation, as we couldn't pre-book. We eventually had to settle for a hotel, near the Grayline Coach Depot. We found the streets in this area quite dirty and occupied by winos. Well you take the good with the bad. To get around the city, we used the cable car transfers. We went to Fisherman's Wharf and Pier 39. This old section of the city, was once the Little Italy of San Francisco, and is an area renowned for its shops,

restaurants, and the beautiful setting along the waterfront. Pier 39, located in this general area, was home to over 130 stores and many unique places to eat.

While down on the waterfront, we embarked on a nice sightseeing boat trip on the Bay, going under the Golden Gate Bridge and cruising past the notorious Alcatraz Island. On our return down the Bay, we cruised past Angel Island State Park and went as far as the Oakland Bridge. The cruise took two hours. Later on, we visited the Golden Gate Park, a fabulous green space in the heart of San Francisco. It had a number of lovely gardens and museums. In the park, there was a grand network of walking trails and more than 5,000 different kinds of plants and dozens of species of trees, several lakes, bridle-paths, and a buffalo paddock. The park is the location of the Japanese tea garden, greenhouses and a botanical garden.

That night although we were feeling tired and dejected we still went to the USA premiere of the Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice musical 'Evita'. This was at the Orpheum Theatre and one of the rare musical shows that didn't appear on Broadway first. We had more difficulty getting more forward accommodation and hiring a rental car for a one-way drive to Los Angeles.

We eventually found a rental car and headed south for Monterey and turned off at San Juan Batista the 15th of 21 mission stations between San Diego and San Francisco. Here we came across a Seismometer recording the numerous seismic activities, along the San Andreas Fault Line. Shirley and I attended the historic motor racing carnival at Laguna Seca, just outside Monterey on the peninsula. It was a real eye opener with expensive exotic cars racing at their top limits. There were cars like a flat eight Porsche Grand Prix machine and numerous four cam Porsches.

The following day, we attended the largest Concours d'Elegance in California, called the West Coast Concours at Pebble Beach. This was a wonderful scene but rather a farce, as cars were bought in on trailers from the Eastern Seaboard. People were on hands and knees with toothpicks and cotton wool picking every last bit of dirt from tyre treads.

We then drove down the coast to Goleta, where Jim Wellington manages his specialty Porsche workshop. A note on his workshop wall reminded customers, the workshop charges were \$40 an hour for four camshaft Porsches. A sobering thought, remembering how long it took me to replace the head gasket, and later the broken crankshaft on our Porsches. I managed to purchase a few parts for my Carrera, including a new windscreen, which we managed to bring home as cabin luggage. Because of our ongoing accommodation problems, we did have to slum-it and sleep in the rental car occasionally.



Souvenir Badge from GOF West 1979.

Shirley and I headed to San Diego, for the largest annual MG Rally. The GOF West gathering had commenced in 1973 to promote the use and enjoyment of vintage MG automobiles, through an annual assembly in California. GOF West stands for 'Gathering of the Faithful' West. Each year, a different MG club sponsors the event. Most gatherings attract about 120 vehicles, this year there was 300. There are over 20 trophies on offer, including the Highest Points Award, covering three categories. They hold numerous contests and raise money through an auction of MG or British car related memorabilia and parts. That year, they had a fashion show. Eventually by 1993, they were producing a regular newsletter called the GOF West MG Gazette.

From San Diego, we headed inland to visit the Grand Canyon. It took us six hours on the freeway across the desert to get to Phoenix. The onward journey to Sedona was a lovely scenic area.



Souvenir Gold Coins from 1983 Queensland.

We went to the Grand Canyon village to get our ticket, then proceeded to the South Rim, 6 miles to the south. Here we got a good view of just a little, of the 277 miles of the Colorado River flowing through the canyon and the exposed rock face, which is up to two billion years old.

During 1983, we went on a three week touring holiday in Queensland. We flew to Brisbane and on to Townsville. We travelled by train through the sugar cane plantations at Karada.

On Magnetic Island, we witnessed a man walking towards us, surrounded by a swarm of yellow butterflies. I saw and held Koala Bears. We visited Mission Beach before arriving in Cairns. Here we visited an old acquaintance and friend Sue Marrell. From Port Douglas, we took a catamaran trip out to Outer Great Barrier

Reef. Here, we went for a swim in the crystal-clear waters.

In 1986, Shirley and I were in South Africa for two vintage car rallies. In total, we were in the republic for seven weeks. In the three-week period between the two events, we toured many places. Our party of nine New Zealanders in South Africa for the F.I.V.A. Rally, hired a 1.9 litre Volkswagen Minibus. At the time, the revolutionary struggle against Apartheid was in full swing. President Botha was introducing reforms but because of the troubles, the government had declared a state of emergency the previous year. The media was censored and 30,000 people were being detained without trial.

We travelled from Durban to Port Elizabeth. We took in the Ndebele Village, a model native village for the tourists. We continued through Transkei, the Bantu Reserve to East Cape. Umtata the provincial capital, an emu farm, Swazberga and the Prince Albert Mountains followed. There were Baboons in the mid of the road and they wouldn't budge. We visited the home of the Lipizzaner horses. In 1948, the famous white stallions were imported by Count Elemer Jackovich-Beson from Austria.

Our group stayed in Cape Town for four days, during which we took the Table Mountain Cable car to appreciate the famous view. We went to Stellenbosch, 25 miles east of Cape Town, home of many wineries and market gardens. Here we saw unusual scarecrows on motorcycles. We took the Blue Train overnight to Johannesburg. The city was memorable for the tremendous display of Jacarandas.

After the MG Rally at Pretoria, Shirley and I toured Transvaal and went to a Zulu camp. We returned to Kruger Park and White River. We stayed with the McLeod family, who had participated in the rally. They had a large two-storey house in the country. We went north to Zimbabwe and witnessed the magnificent Victoria Falls. This was done on a flight in four seater plane. By the second time, we had circled the majestic falls, I was feeling a little squirmiest. We finished our trip at the site of the Battle of Blood River. The Vortecha Memorial commemorates the settler's battles with the Zulu. Our last stop was before heading home was at Plantzaberg.

In April 1987, Shirley and I headed off on a big holiday, our first overseas experience travelling just by ourselves, since the trip to the United States in 1979. We were out of bed early to catch a mid-morning flight from Napier to Auckland. After taking the shuttle from the Domestic Terminal to the International Terminal, we had a few hours waiting around, before flying out on a Boeing 747 to Japan. After a 13 hour flight, my cousin Russell Vogther, who was the New Zealand Senior Trade Commissioner in Tokyo, met us at Narita Airport, 1½ hours' drive out of Tokyo.

It surprised us that orchestral music should be playing over the public-address system in this huge airport terminal. We quickly found out this was the norm for most public venues, including large department stores. Russell lived in Shinjuku, a suburb of Tokyo. This area was a little quieter than the central city area, but there was still a huge volume of traffic, day and night.

On our first morning, we had a nice walk around Shinjuku. It was like an ancient village, encased by the metropolis of a heavy populated modern city. From Shinjuku, we walked down several fascinating small narrow streets, passing the Old Bath House, to arrive at the little village of Sangubashi. We mingled with the ordinary locals, desperately trying to understand the exchange rate. \$NZ100 = 82.5 Yen, therefore everything seemed expensive.

On our second day, we travelled on the Bullet Train to Kyoto, to visit Nobuzo and Yone Honda, whom we befriended at the Grand Canyon in 1979. They were at the station to greet us, the train being meticulously on time. Yone was wearing a lovely traditional kimono. As Japanese homes are quite small, Nobuzo had booked Shirley and I into the Kyoto Hotel, as they could not accommodate us. In the evening, we were escorted to an expensive Japanese Restaurant. Here we enjoyed a typical meal, kneeling on the floor beside a low table. The meal included raw fish, saki, bamboo shoots in soy sauce, green salad and a clear soup. It was so enjoyable, we returned to the restaurant the following day.

I noted that the cars in Tokyo and Kyoto were predominantly white or black. Tokyo was very clean and designed to move people quickly and efficiently. Pedestrian crossings were 30 feet wide and spaced at regular intervals along busy streets. The men were conservatively dressed in black or grey suits with ties. While the women were meticulously dressed, mainly petite and wearing beautiful tiny shoes, which most Europeans couldn't hope to wear. On our second day, Russell and his wife Sheryl drove Shirley and I to see Mt. Fujiyama. For a lengthy time, we could not see the volcano, but eventually it emerged from the haze, looking far larger than Mt. Egmont. At Lake Kamanaka, we had lunch before Russell and I spent time playing ten pin bowls. This was different and most enjoyable.

We flew from Narita Airport, via Anchorage, Alaska to London. Alaska was not as cold as might be expected but the countryside looked rather bleak, and the snow-covered mountains dominated the landscape. We landed at Heathrow at 6 am and were through immigration and customs within half an hour. This was greatly appreciated after our long flight.

Next day, we took the train to Dover before boarding a cross channel ferry to Calais. Claire was waiting in France to meet us. We collected our brand new left hand drive Renault SGL 'Eurodrive' rental car, which we hoped would provide us with the freedom and no problems, over the next three months.

Shirley and I returned across the channel and began travelling through the south of England. Claire had not been to Cornwall, so accompanied us for the first week. We journeyed through Devon and Cornwall, taking in the sights at St. Ives, Penzance, St. Michaels Mount, and Tintagel, which is on a fabulous promontory of rugged cliff face on the Cornish coast. We visited Shirley's cousin Jack Bishop and his wife Joan in Devon. He had

stayed on in England after the war and worked in the Diplomatic Service.

Glastonbury was a real experience, as was the climb up Tor Burr. We spent a day in Bath, the Renault SGL having travelled 1600 km in the first week. The only problem for me was getting accustomed to a left-hand drive car, on the British roads. We drove down motorways, a little in London but quite of few miles down narrow winding lanes of rural England, with either hedgerows or stone wall fences trying to rattle the door handles. We left Claire in London, and she returned to West Germany to do some fruit picking, while we headed north.

Over a delightful five weeks, we covered 6,000 kms through England and Scotland. The weather was beautiful, with spring in full bloom from the south of England, right up to the Highlands of Scotland. In Scotland, we visited the impressive Doune Motor Museum near Stirling. It had a great collection of cars, most of which are still regularly on the road. We were able to walk for a short distance along the top of Hadrian's Wall. The left-hand drive rental car was wonderful. We went to visit Mavis Blackwell in Scotland, where she was continuing to follow her teaching profession. Mavis had been Shirley's bridesmaid, at our wedding.

On our way south, we went to see the Shuttleworth Aircraft Collection at Old Walden Aerodrome. There was a remarkable collection of early aircraft ranging from the earliest aviation attempts, through the historic fighters of the mid-thirties, which were all biplanes. My quest to find the DH88 Comet, 'Grosvenor House' which had won the London-Melbourne Air Race in 1934 was almost fulfilled. A.E.Clouston, the NZ aviator broke numerous distance records in this aircraft, and must be one of the most historic aircraft of its type in existence.

Sadly, but pleasingly for me, a small notice at the museum stated the plane had flown again on May 17, 1987 after 15 years of restoration work. It was now in a hangar at Hatfield, only 30 miles to the south, but sadly I could not get to see her in the flesh, on this trip. As mentioned under my aeronautic memories I was later to touch, witness flying and photograph an authentic replica in America and ultimately more.

We went to Sherwood Forest before arriving in the city of Lincoln. The beautiful Cathedral sits majestically on top of the hill overlooking the city. We caught up by telephone with Lionel and Judy Priest, and Ian and Ann Hay who were resting in London having completed their tour of the Continent. They were about to set off again to look around England and Ireland.

We took a ferry across to Ostend and began driving on the right-hand side of the road. We had to keep our wits about us for a while, and to adjust to the eerie feeling of driving on the wrong side. We took the E40 to Brussels and on to Aachen, just over the border in West Germany. Here we met up with Claire again. This was the start of a month on the Continent, including the family reunion in Ansbach over the upcoming weekend. Ansbach is a large town 40 kilometres west of Nurnberg. The gathering was to celebrate 500 years of our common ancestor Georg Vogtherr, from whom all persons carrying the name derive.

I had been stimulated to be proud of the family name and my ancestry by my father. He had obtained the earliest heraldic coat of arms dated 1471. He had collected a copy of the first edition of the family history, published in 1982 by Dr. Friedrich Vogtherr. This family tree commences from 974 AD, although the Vogtherr name doesn't appear until 1321. Even then there is a gap of three or four generations, and only includes the male lineage. Unfortunately for me, this account of the family was written in German, not a language I was able to command.



Medallion showing vista of Ansbach

Georg Vogtherr had been born on March 11, 1487 in Schwabisch Hall in the Kocher Valley, the second son of oculist and surgeon Konrad. After completing his theological studies, he was ordained a priest and became vicar of Feuchtwangen, 25 kilometres south of Ansbach. He was won over by the Evangelist Protestant movement and gradually developed his new belief. He became a chaplain and preacher in Feuchtwangen and a steady Lutheran transformation was completed in the town, over a ten year period.

Unfortunately, he died two years later in 1539. Georg Vogtherr had nine children to his first wife Agnes and four to his second wife Sybilla Hoffacher, so left a large gene pool for the family name to flourish. At the gathering, I represented the thirteenth generation and likewise Claire was from the fourteenth generation.



The view from our bungalow.

In 1990 Shirley and I holidayed in Tahiti. We stayed in the Kaveka Beach Club at Maharepa on the island of Mo'orea, 11 miles north west of Tahiti. We took the ferry from Pape'ete, the Tahitian capital out to the island. Each day, several ferries call at the Vai'are wharf, on the eastern side of Mo'orea. The ferries have to pass through a gap in the coral reef surrounding Mo'orea, to enter the lagoon.

We were allocated bungalow No.325 at the resort.

The Kaveka Beach Club is situated near the top of Cook's Bay. It was a delightful facility, with a restaurant built over the lagoon. A pier protrudes into the lagoon, until the seafloor falls away to a steep shelf. At the end of the pier, the water was still so clear you can see fish right at the bottom of the shelf. Where the lagoon floor drops away, the water takes on an amazing deep blue shade. The coral abounds, therefore one needs to take care while swimming to avoid a nasty scratch from the sharp coral branches. The variety of fish species and brightly coloured coral makes this a favourite spot, for avid snorkel divers. We experienced a tropical downpour, which was quite invigorating.

In 2000, we had a lovely relaxing holiday in Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands. We stayed at the Muri Beachcomber Motels in Unit No. 10, situated right on the lagoon. The unit had a double bed and was one of ten units, situated in a horseshoe pattern, with tile roofs and separate solar water heating panels mounted on the roofs. There was a wide grass area, in front of all the units. Muri Beach is on the south-east coast of the island.

During July into August 2001, Shirley and I holidayed in Western Samoa for twelve days. We were both trying to enjoy life, before age started to lessen our options. We were still in good health. We were accommodated at the Siufaga Beach Resort at Tuasivi, on the east coast of the island of Saroli, in the Samoa group. We arrived at the International Airport on Upolu Island. Then took a one hour ferry ride, from Mulifanua Wharf. We just wanted to chill out in a Fale, away from the damp and cold of another New Zealand winter. As usual, I couldn't relax completely and jotted down my many pages of thoughts and memories. The resort is a 15 minute drive from Salelologa Town, the main community.

During Easter 2003, we farewelled Claire, Neil and the two girls at Napier Airport. They were off to Ireland and we would meet them in Italy, the following month. Shirley and I had rented a villa in Pistoia in Tuscany for a fortnight. Scott and Barbara Thomson, vintage car enthusiasts from Masterton were also sharing the villa. I had met Scott during a Mainland Classic Tour. He had a Riley Replica and also a Rolls Royce. Pistoia is just 30 kilometres north-west of Florence. This was going to be our base, while Scott and I witnessed the Mille Miglia car race.

Shirley and I flew to Paris and spent May 6, taking in a few of the attractions of Paris. We looked at the Arche de Triomphe, the Musee D'orsay in a restored railway station, and on the Champs Elisee I came across a Peugeot Dealership, with a 1937 Peugeot 402 Cabriolet Folderway on display beside the latest 406 Sports convertible.

The next morning, we got our hire car and travelled to Vernon, 75 kilometres north west from Paris to see Claude Monet's house and his water gardens. We took highway A13 towards Rouen, which was a partial toll road. The road follows the River Seine for a while. From Vernon, we followed the signs to Giverny.

Monet and his family settled in Giverny in 1883. Monet had a large number of pines trees cut down, keeping only the two yews and began a beautiful flower garden. Claude Monet did not like organized nor constrained gardens. He married flowers according to their colours and left them to grow rather freely. There are two parts in Monet's garden. A flower garden called Clos Normand, which is in front of the house, while a Japanese inspired water garden is on the other side of the road. Both parts of Monet's garden contrast and complement one another.

Ten years after his arrival at Giverny, Monet bought the piece of land neighbouring his property, on the other side of the railway. It was crossed by a small brook, the Ru, a tributary of the Seine River. With the support of the local jurisdiction, Monet had the first small pond dug and began creating a Japanese style garden. In this water garden is the famous Japanese bridge covered with wisterias, other smaller bridges, weeping willows, a bamboo wood and above all the famous aquatic nymphaea, which bloom all summer long. The Japanese bridge was built by a local craftsman. The pond and the surrounding vegetation form an enclosure separated from the surrounding countryside.

In 1966, Michel Monet gave the property to the Academie des Beaux-Arts and it took them almost ten years to restore the garden and the house to its former magnificence. The greenhouse panes and the windows in the house had been reduced to shards by the wartime bombing. The floors and ceiling beams had rotted away, a staircase had collapsed. Three trees were even growing in the big studio.

By the time the gardens had been restored the Japanese bridge was too dilapidated to be saved. It was rebuilt and made of beech wood. The property was eventually opened to the public in September 1980. Over 500,000 visitors converge on Monet's gardens every year. And to retain the garden's beauty, the inner alleys are closed to the public. We had to walk on the side alleys but still received a lovely perspective of the colourful gardens.

Next day, we drove our small four door Renault car south to Chartres, to see her impressive cathedral. We followed the Loire valley south. We stayed a night at the lovely Chateau de Bobigneux near Bourg-Argental, 28 kilometres south east of St. Etienne.

The following night we stopped at the village of Aspremont in the Cote d'Azur region for the night. This is 10 kilometres north of Nice. Originally it was a fortified village, with circular streets around a hill. We stayed at the Hostellerie D'Aspremont on Place St. Claude.

Next day May 11, I stumbled across a classic car rally at Pegomas, just inland from Cannes on the France Riviera. Here, I saw a completely original 1926 Type 43 Bugatti. Although, the hood was obviously very new. There was also a Rally NCP Sports Car.

We arrived at our Tuscany villa, located at Via Modenese 479, Cireglio on May 14. Cireglio is a village town located on the slopes of Monte Sasso di Cireglio in the Pistoiese Mountains and dominated by chestnut groves. Our villa, elevated on the surrounding hills, looked down on Pistoia, 7 kilometres away.



From right clockwise: Neil, Lydia, Shirley, Ellen, myself, Barbara Thompson and Claire.

Pistoia is a typical Italian medieval city, with a population of 90,000 in the neighbouring region. It was originally a walled city with four gates. Its main square called Piazza Duomo, was dominated by the large bell tower of the cathedral. This was just one of fourteen impressive ancient religious chapels and buildings. We enjoyed lunch there and had a nice walk through the narrow streets of the old walled section.



Siesta lunch in Pistoia. Taken by Ellen who did her best to hide my old wrinkles.

Next day we went into Florence. The famous Ponte Vecchio bridge was a major attraction. On Tuesday, we travelled west and visited Lucca, with the impressive architecture of the cathedral in the main square. We went to Pisa and walked to the top of the famous leaning tower. From the top, we looked out over the large plain to the Apennines. We went to Seina, on another outing. We travelled south east to Assigning, a town on the shores of Lake Trasimeno.



Here am I discussing the finer points with the Japanese entry in the 1950 Healey Silverstone.

On May 25 and subsequently the following day, Scott, Neil, Shirley and I took in the famous Mille Miglia race. On the first day, while the males were pursuing the race cars in Parc Ferme at Urbino, Shirley was away enjoying the ancient architecture of the old city.

After vacating our villa, Shirley and I headed north into Switzerland. We spent a night at Hotel Florian at Nus in the Valle d'Aosta region. It was a four storey mountain chateau in the Alps, on the medieval commercial route and pilgrim road to Rome. It was close to Mt. Blanc and the Matterhorn.

From here, we went to visit my old friend Count Jacques de Wurstemberger. The Count's huge automobile Collection de la Fondation Herve had now been rehoused at the Aigle Centre at ZA Chable-Croix. This was just off the main auto route, between Lausanne and Valais. The Count himself, had left his Chateau and was resident at Chalet Herves in Villars sur Ollon.

Amongst his huge collection was a 1925 Lancia Lambda V4, with a narrow 2120cc engine with an overhead camshaft. It had independent suspension and brakes on all four wheels. This model had a 1-2-3 finish in the Mille Miglia.

Jacques had a 1936 Rolls Royce 25/30 with a six cylinder 4257cc engine, in his car museum collection. Amongst his post war cars were a 1950 Aston Martin DB1 drophead and a 1963 AC 'Ace', which had a 2553cc Ford Zephyr engine, which was overhead valve that produced a top speed of 201kmp. Only 37 models were ever made.

As well, the Count had a 1928 Avions Voisin C14 Lumineuse, a 1930 Avions Voisin C14, a 1930 Talbot M75, and a 1935 Avions Voisin C25 'Aerodyne'. Amongst his collection, he had a 1934 MG K3 racer, which had a six cylinder 1087 cc engine with compressor that delivered 120bhp at 6500 rpm. He also had a 1936 MG SA, a saloon with a six cylinder 2288cc overhead valves with no overhead camshaft. The only other MG in his

collection was a 1939 MG WA, with a 2562cc six cylinder engine delivering 100 bhp at 4400 rpm.



Jacques R. de Wurtemberg and his driver Rene.

On May 29, Jacques de Wurtemberg took us to Villars in Switzerland, in another of his much-loved cars, a 2.6 litre MG Tourer. We were staying at Alpe Tleuvie Hotel in Villars sur Ollon and the Count came and collected us and took us to lunch in the restaurant, at the Summit Hotel of Simplon Pass. We enjoyed our meal and had picturesque mountains in every direction.

We travelled back to Italy through Gambettola, a small municipality 25 kilometres south east of Forli. At Ficarolo, we visited the leaning church tower. We had three nights at Assisi, during which we visited the famous Cathedral Santa Maria del Angeles. We eventually flew home from the international airport near Rome.

In the winter of 2005, we were not sure where to holiday. We found House of Travel were advertising holiday packages at the Hotel Kaveka on Mo'orea. We thought the promotion sounded good, and hoped Kaveka would be as nice, as we found it fifteen years earlier. We found out the hotel was the former Beach Club, the same establishment we had stayed in, during our previous visit.

Therefore on July 15, we packed our togs, and flew to Auckland to connect with a French Airbus flight to Fa'a'a International Airport, Tahiti. After a five-hour flight, we arrived at 8.25 pm, in the warm evening air. After quite a wait, we caught a De Havilland Canada DHC-6 Twin Otter aircraft, which flew us to Teme'e Airport on Mo'orea. We were met off the flight and taken to the hotel. It was managed by a rather large French lady.

We were allotted bungalow 325, which unbelievably happened to be the exact same unit, we had occupied on our last visit in 1990. Once more, we woke every morning to a wonderful view. It was virtually straight out the front, beyond the lawn and palm trees, across the stunning lagoon to the far shore. We usually awoke after 8 am and immediately got into our swimming attire, and took a most enjoyable dip in the warm clear waters of the lagoon.

Having left Hastings, where the overnight temperature was plummeting to about 2°C, it was wonderful to wake to what felt like paradise, and spend the day just in a pair of shorts, a shirt and sandals. There is a nice swimming beach alongside the restaurant, in front of several of the lagoon bungalows. Three swims a day was not beyond the normal day's activities. The water was quite warm and comfortable to swim in. But during our first few days, sleep was the most common pastime, and a most enjoyable idleness.

Looking up Cook's Bay, the jagged rocky-mountains are a magnificent backdrop. They overlook the trees, palms and even a pineapple plantation on the northern face of the mountain range. Except for a small loop road that runs to Belvedere, there is only one road that circulates the whole island of Mo'orea. Every day was clear, sunny and hot. All this was just five hours flying from New Zealand. Truly paradise.

Shirley and I hired a small rental car, a Citroen 1, to tour around the island. It took a total of 63 kilometres to go round the island. We spent the day just cruising slowly around the coast, stopping whenever something took our eye. The road is narrow but sealed all the way. It was interesting to see signs every few hundred metres, advertising 'Black Pearls'.



Opunohu Bay (left), Cook's Bay (right), viewed from Belvedere Lookout.

At the top of Cook's Bay is a supermarket. Here we turned off the main road, on to a bumpy unsealed track. I have driven on some shocking roads in the past, and this was up with the roughest. After quite a distance the track meets up with a sealed road, which winds its way up to Belvedere. This is a high elevated lookout point, which gives you a tremendous view of Cook's Bay and Opunohu Bay. In the parking area of the lookout, there were numerous school groups, out on field trips.

Beyond Opunohu Bay, we stopped at the Intercontinental Mo'orea Resort and Spa, which is a very luxurious, extravagant and an expensive place to stay. It did not appeal to us at all. While there we began chatting with a German lady who now resides in Australia. She had recently become a widow, and had brought her son to Tahiti,

after he graduated from University. She said she was horrified at the costs being incurred during her stay at the resort, but now had no options. I thought we could maybe show her our humble Kaveka Hotel, which I'm sure would have pleased her far better. Although everything in Tahiti is expensive. After chatting to her, we found out this woman, Christa Dale from Sydney knew our good friend Dr Henry Pang. He is a Dental Specialist in Sydney, who apparently has several dental practices in the city. Henry Pang and his friend Larry Lim visited Shirley and I in Hastings, during 2004. They were driving their Bentley around New Zealand.

We continued on our tour of the island in the Citroen. We found a small roadside café/bar, where we had a delicious cold freshly squeezed pineapple drink. It cost 600 Pacific French Francs (\$7.50). We continued on our drive for a while, before turning off the road onto a sports ground. We parked our car near the lagoon and had a little siesta under some trees. Refreshed, we carried on and began noticing huge piles of rubbish stacked up outside many houses. They consisted of old fridges, stoves, wheelbarrows etc. We began to wonder how often the rubbish collectors did their rounds.

We tried valiantly to find a waterfall, which was shown as a tourist attraction on the provided map. Unfortunately, the Citroen ran out of road, and still no sign of a waterfall. We retraced our journey over another veryumpy track, back to the tar sealed road. We later discovered there was no waterfall to see, because there hadn't been any rain for many months. Further on, we paused at another lookout on the brow of a hill, and met another New Zealand family, also taking in the sights.

Hotel Kaveka is privately owned, totally relaxed but they are always ready to serve you. The costs are less than half of what the Intercontinental and other similar resorts charge, and had a much homelier atmosphere. At mealtime in the restaurant, night or day, you were able to get up from your table, and throw pieces of bread into the clean, clear waters below the floor, for the plentiful fish to fight over. Amongst the rocks of coral below, many sea cucumbers lie seemingly motionless.

Those who enjoy snorkelling are in heaven, amongst the many colourful fish and beautiful corals. There are both dolphin and whale watching trips available for the tourists.

Everything in Tahiti is very expensive. \$NZ542 was exchanged for 35,000 Pacific French Francs. It took some mental arithmetic to convert prices back to New Zealand dollars, when we were purchasing items. After a while, you forget about the exchange rate and settle down to accepting the inevitable, and just make sure you have money available in your pocket.

Even at my ripe age, I couldn't help but take notice the bikini clad women, sunbathing on the white coral sand beaches. Most appeared to have chosen bikinis several sizes too small, as more was 'out' than inside the bikini top. In addition, several Italian ladies were keen on topless sunbathing and swimming. I think I've mentioned previously the interesting scenery on these very hot days in paradise.

Each day Shirley and I witnessed new people arriving at our resort, replacing those who were heading home or moving on to another location. Each morning and evening, Greig the manager would come and have a chat with all his clients. This made everyone feel at home and gave me the courage to attempt the occasion 'Bon jour' with the other guests. If I received no reply I would attempt a 'Bon journo' as many of the guests spoke Italian. Although it was difficult to have a serious conversation, through hand gestures and a few common words we were often able to understand one another. Albeit this can be an interesting exercise in perseverance.

Our flight out of Tahiti was delayed causing a few headaches once we landed back in Auckland. Also, rather unnerving in future, the Air Mo'orea Twin Otter aircraft which flew us from Mo'orea, back to the International Airport, was to crash into the ocean on 9 August 2007, killing all 20 people on board, seconds after taking off from Mo'orea Airport.

In 2006 Shirley and I were in America and Europe. This was part of the Hershey Swap Meet Tour.

The winter of 2007 was awful in Hastings. Cold, wet, drizzle and daytime temperatures struggling to top 8°C. We arranged a second visit to Rarotonga. We postponed our departure a few days, so Shirley could celebrate her 79th birthday at home. Our girls had complained that most years, Shirley was overseas on her birthday and we never had a chance for a family celebration.

This time we flew to Auckland on July 19, which was a miserable day to fly in and out of Auckland. We flew from Mangere International Airport at 4.30 pm. We had a 3¼ hour flight to Rarotonga, aboard an Air New Zealand Boeing 767-30 aircraft. The plane was full, with around 300 passengers. It was a good flight, no dramas and just time to taste some Air New Zealand cuisine and take in a movie. Due to crossing the international dateline, we arrived at 10.20 pm local time, but now July 18. We had left our Honda Jazz in the car park at Napier Airport. It had been raining heavily, and now I couldn't recall locking the car. This doubt hung over us, for the whole week we were away on holiday.

By the time we cleared Customs, received our lei and arrived at our accommodation, the Muri Beachcomber Motels, it was 11.30pm. We were given Unit No. 8 which had twin beds, rather than a double bed. Many things had altered in the seven-year period seen our last visit. We were ready for bed but we unpacked and then dressed for bed. Our heads had just hit the pillows when a cock rooster started crowing. At midnight? However, this was rural Rarotonga, and this was to be expected. The same rooster starting crowing again as the sun began to rise, but he did not disturb us too much.

Inside our unit was picture perfect, spotlessly clean and beautiful displays of tropical flowers everywhere. Our first day was cool, with the occasional light shower, so we just laid back and did nothing. It was great just to be away from home. I expect on this cloudy showery day the temperature was about 24°C, but in general the

mercury does not go over 27°C very often, during July anyway.

Hens wander all around the complex, one hen has a brood of about six lively chicks. From the front door of our unit, we could gaze out through a clump of coconut palm, across the large lagoon to the outer reef. Very peaceful, the only sound was the far off breaking of the waves, on the reef. Continuously waves break over the reef, from the indigo blue Pacific Ocean beyond. A lovely tranquil setting.

The roads around the island are all tar sealed and in good order. Numerous bicycles, cars and scooters zip by, many are rental vehicles hired by tourists. The various resorts usually have vehicle rentals close by. You have to go into Avarua to purchase a driver's licence. At a cost of \$10, it's a nice moneymaking scheme. There is a regular bus service into and out of Avarua, which runs every half hour during peak hours, in both directions right around the island.

On Friday evening the All Blacks were to play the Wallabies in Australia. I finally found out how to get into the guest's lounge to watch the game on television. I had wondered what the brightly coloured key in our unit was used for? Late that afternoon, I went to book dinner at 'Salty's' only to be told no tables were available, because of a private booking. It had been reserved for a wedding reception, after the newly-wed's nuptials at the Pacific Resort, close to our motel.

On our third day, Saturday July 21 we caught the 10.15 am 'clockwise bus' into Avarua. This was a beautiful ride, with rich green banana palms and hibiscus bushes in many different colours, around every corner. We went to the Punanga Nui market during the morning. We just browsed around, looking at the marvellous goods on sale. All the clothing appeared to be beautifully manufactured. The parioa for sale made a colourful sight. We were tempted to buy some items but were weary of the problems getting them back to New Zealand. We had a very healthy lunch of fruit salad with vanilla and lime ice cream.

We noted that Avarua on the north coast, appeared to be quite warmer than where Muri is located. There were crowds of people waiting for the buses and many had to be patient and wait behind for the next departure or for a backup bus. Saturday afternoon saw the local Muri yacht club out on the water in full strength. Shirley was still a bit of a yachting fanatic. There were probably twenty yachts out racing on the wide expanse of calm lagoon waters. There were races for Sunburst, Laser and an outrigger class of vessel, which was designed and raced here in Rarotonga. Interestingly, it carried the New Zealand 'Ide Along' class yacht rigging.

After the racing, Shirley and I walked along the sandy beach with its very fine gains of sand. We saw some people wading back to shore, after visiting the little island in the lagoon. By the waterline, you got a good perspective of the size of the huge waves, breaking over the reef near the horizon. It was intriguing, the contrast in colour of the waters inside the lagoon, to the indigo blue beyond the reef.

The Cook Islanders are friendly people, easy to talk with and willing to communicate. They are kind, generous and obliging. They have automatic rights to New Zealand citizenship and are vehement followers of rugby and the All Black team. The All Blacks defeated the Wallabies 26-12 in Melbourne. It was a hard-fought match, with the final score not reflecting the Wallabies effort. Shirley and I had eventually watched the match on a large screen, in a tent at the Pacific Resort. This was where the New Zealanders and All Black supporters had decided to gather.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny. From the 'men's forum' outside the local store, I discovered that the church service was at 10 o'clock. No buses run on a Sunday. It was walking time and would take 20 minutes. For us oldies, it took 25 minutes at a leisurely pace. As usual, there was a tremendous congregation, and their singing was brisk and hearty. Something New Zealanders find hard to emulate. The ladies and men sang their various harmonies, which blended in beautifully with a distinctive Cook Island style. After the church service, all the visitors were invited to have morning tea in the community hall, alongside the church. Everyone took up this wonderful offer.

Come the time to walk back to the Muri Beachcomber Motels, I found it a very demanding task. By the time, we reached the little store, just beyond the Pacific Resort, I had to slump down in a chair for a rest. Bigger this age thing. We finally got back to Unit No.8. I needed more than a sit down and was anxious for a lie down. The 26°C temperature was very demanding, plus the long trousers and long sleeved shirt added to the discomfort. I stripped off, took two Paradex, flopped on to the bed for a nap and hoped for some pain relief.

Upon waking, we both sat in the sun before changing into our swimming attire. We both went for a dip, while others were paddling canoes and the 'armchair admirals' were racing radio-controlled model yachts, in front of the Yacht club restaurant.

Afterwards, we walked along the sands, with virtually not a breath of wind and made dinner arrangements, by booking in at the Pacific Resort. It was a nice meal, served in a large tent erected on the beach front. Here Shirley and I could look out over the beautiful waters of the lagoon, along with many others enjoying their evening meals. I had freshly caught flounder, with mashed kumara, while Shirley shared her plate of steamed vegetables, including carrots, beans and cauliflower. For our sweets, I had fresh fruit, pawpaw, pineapple, grapes and ice cream. It was a delightful dining experience.

On Monday, we planned to do the four hour trip aboard the Lagoon Express. But upon enquiring, I discovered it was fully booked. Hence, we opted for the Tangaroa 4 x4 Express, which employed two old Land Rovers, suitably modified with Nissan engines and gearboxes. It provided an interesting four-hour journey, taking in the inland island road around the island of Rarotonga. We were taken up to the highest peak to look down on Avaua, the airport runway and far out to sea way beyond the reef. There was plenty of evidence on land of the six

cyclones that have battered the region over the last couple of years, but on this day the smooth lagoon waters and warm sunrises gave little warning of the potential problems the weather can create.

On our return, back at the Tangaroa depot, we were treated to a 'hangi' lunch. There was fresh fish, chicken, mutton, kumara and breadfruit from the hangi, plus coconut milk and other fruits on the side. Quite a change from our usual fare. Arriving back at Muri Beachcomber, we stripped down and lay on the bed for a good sleep and to help our digestive process.

At the Muri Beachcomber Motel units, we have got to know a German couple from Dresden, an Austrian couple from the outskirts of the lovely city of Salzburg and several friendly Kiwis from different places. In the afternoon, arising from our slumbers, Shirley and I went for a swim in the lagoon. I could see many sea cucumbers, which you usually see at the popular Queensland beach resorts.



Afterwards, Shirley and I squeezed into a two-person canoe and managed to successfully paddle out to the island in the lagoon, just opposite our accommodation. It was an enjoyable experience but later I was in terrific pain in the shoulders and lower back, which made even walking a difficult task. We ascertained the pain apparently came from the paddling of the canoe. Here was that age problem rearing its ugly head again! With my mobility problems, we decided to have a light snack for dinner in our unit. A half can each of good old Watties fruit salad.

By 8 pm. I was in great discomfort, so took two Paradex tablets and packed myself off to bed, like some old cripple. I woke about 3 am but went back to sleep with no difficulty. On arising next morning, I was slightly stiff but most of the pain had subsided. I put the experience down to muscular pain. Using muscles with little more actively than they are accustomed to, thus bringing on considerable muscular pain.

Tuesday July 24, and we had booked for the 'Captain Tama's Lagoon Cruise', a boat trip around the lagoon. There were 40 other people on the trip in the glass bottomed boat. The wind had picked up and there was the slight hint of drizzle, from time to time. The boat anchored near the reef, giving us a close look at the huge surf breaking over the reef. Quite a number of passengers took the opportunity to jump over the side and go snorkelling. Shirley and I weren't that adventurous, and just sat on board, and watched the vast array of different species of coloured fish swimming directly beneath the vessel. We were anchored in a marine protected area, in which fish and sea creatures can only be enjoyed and caught on camera. We upped anchor at 11 am and motored along the lagoon, before dropping anchor in a different area.

We finally returned through the increasing wind and rain, before stopping for lunch on one of the four little islands that lie inside the lagoon. Lunch was cooked on a barbecue. Bananas were sliced in half and fish and onions were cooked on the barbecue. We stayed on the island until 3 pm, then returned to the chartered cruise's headquarters. After returning to our unit at the motel, I felt rather cold and went to have a lie down. After an hour, I felt worse, so had to put another layer of clothes on, for the first time. The wind had freshened, bringing a cool chill to the air. The loudness of the breaking waves, reverberated in intensity according to the changing wind direction. But the sound was always there, and to Shirley and I it was soothing and enjoyable. Never annoying, just the beautiful sound of the power of nature.

Wednesday July 25 was a special Gospel Day. All the shops are closed and the bus service is reduced to one way, 'Clockwise' and only between 8 am and noon, and two hours in the afternoon, 2 pm to 4pm. There was going to be a great gathering at the main Auditorium in Avarua, however we decided to give it a miss. We thought we deserved a quiet day. We did walk to the shop at the Pacific Resort, just down the road. As there are few footpaths on Rarotonga, care needs to be taken and you definitely need to walk on the righthand side of the road, facing the oncoming traffic. The Cook Islands have the same road rules as New Zealand and drive on the left-hand side of the road. At the shop, we topped up our meagre food supplies, just enough to last us for another one and a half days.

The weather was quite blustery again. The lagoon became fairly rough but this just encouraged more Para gliders, with their colourful para-sails, to be out on the water. One person on a surf board went skimming across the lagoon. The south-east wind created even bigger waves rolling into the far side of the reef. Overall the weather wasn't very tropical. It was cool when we arrived and with the drizzle had stayed around 24°C most days. Since the strong winds have set in, coming mainly from the south east, the temperature had dropped noticeably. Even at 21°Celsius it was still much warmer than anything in New Zealand, during that period. The fronds of the coconut palms tell you which direction the wind was blowing.

Thursday was our last day in paradise. The Cook Islanders were so laid back, easy going, and nobody was in a hurry. A wonderful place to come and do 'nothing'. Quite a number of the residents of Muri Beachcomber Motel took a chartered tour to the island of Aitutaki, which included a 45 minute plane flight there and back. The Aitutaki trip cost \$400 each. We considered the 11 hour tour was a little too taxing for Shirley and I. Thus, we declined the offer and stayed put. With just a few hours of our holiday remaining, we took things quietly and tried to utilise as much of the food stock as possible.

We had to be up at 3 am on Friday morning and the alarm clock did its business. A staff member came to check on us at 4.30 am, which was a nice safeguard. We were ready to meet our transfer van to the airport at 5

am. It gave us a final 'anticlockwise' tour but alas it was still dark and few landmarks stood out. We went through all the customs and immigration checks and then waited for our plane to arrive. The Boeing 767-300 from Los Angeles touched down at 6.30 am. We expected to board the aircraft for the 7.05 am flight to Auckland. Unfortunately, there was a problem, a technical fault. It was two hours before they had solved the issue and we could finally take off, for Auckland.

While awaiting the delayed take off in Rarotonga, another man awaiting to board the flight, came up to me to say hello. It was Larry Bagge from Christchurch, who with his blonde wife Carol, now wearing a floral headband, were both with me on the Hershey Swap Meet Tour in 2006. By now, many passengers were very apprehensive, because there was a likelihood they would miss their internal domestic connecting flights, to various New Zealand locations. We crossed the International Date Line again but this time we lost a whole day. We landed back in New Zealand just before mid-day on Saturday.

Luckily Alan Brabant and Ann Aiskins were waiting for us at the International Terminal. They quickly ferried us across to the Domestic Terminal. We hurriedly checked in our luggage and got our boarding pass. We made the deadline by a mere two minutes. Back in Napier, we collected our luggage and found our Honda Jazz safely locked and awaiting our return.

In 2010, Shirley and I arranged to do a 14 day River Cruise from Budapest to Amsterdam. The ship traversed 68 locks on the long voyage. From Budapest, the Danube River carried us upstream past Pressburg in Slovakia, and on to Vienna. After a stopover at Melk, we sailed past Linz, to Passau in Germany. Finally, just beyond Regensburg we entered a 170 kilometre man-made channel at Welheim. This waterway called the Europa Canal took us north, encountering 16 huge locks.

The canal flows through Nuremberg to Bamberg. Here our ship entered the River Regnitz, which winds lazily through the German countryside to Würzburg, before becoming the River Main at Werheim. We floated gracefully upon the River Main, which flows through the huge city of Frankfurt, before intersecting with the Rhine at Mainz. Once we entered the Rhine, the river traffic of this ancient waterway tripled. The continuous traffic flow along the Rhine was impressive. Every few kilometres, as we cruised downstream, there seemed to be another castle or the remnants of a castle, high above us, atop the steep sloping valley.

In 2013, Shirley and I went back to Tahiti. The following year we went to Hawaii. Here we took a helicopter flight before embarking on a seven Day cruise on 'Pride of America'.

With the years catching up on Shirley and I we were content to have leisurely holidays. In July 2015, we took a Mediterranean Cruise from Barcelona to Turkey. Shirley celebrated her 87th birthday in Barcelona.



Shirley and I enjoyed our travels to far off places.

The Great American Race was the longest time and distance rally in the world. It had become the most prestigious vintage car race of its kind in the world.

The 1985 event was sponsored by Interstate Batteries and entries were restricted to vehicles from 1936 and earlier. In later years, the restrictions were extended to 1942 and earlier cars. All the entrants must generally conform to manufacturers original specifications. The total prize pool in 1985 amounted to \$US250,000, with the winner taking home \$US100,000. The entry fee was \$US5,000, therefore the race was taken generally very seriously. Only the wealthy, professional, heavily sponsored or slightly crazy would enter.



Clocks and stopwatches are allowed but only the mechanical hand wound variety. It was a Time and Distance event, not a speed event. Every day, for eleven days, the competitors were given up to 130 individual instructions. These detailed maintaining a speed, mileage marks and directional changes. The contestants had to achieve a perfect time for the stage, only known to the race officials. Points were deducted depending on the time discrepancies. A system of handicap bonus points gave older model cars, with less speed, a chance of competing on an equal footing. The car that lost the least number of points would be declared the winner in New York.

With very little notice, I received a surprise telephone call from America. It was from 73 year old Eddie Schuler of Morrison, Illinois. He had entered his royal blue 1924 Chrysler 70 Phaeton for the third time and his navigator had suddenly taken ill. He asked if I would be interested in navigating for him. Silly question and needless to say, there was no discussion with Shirley and no hesitation in accepting the offer. This was a silly mistake on my part, I should have consulted her. I quickly felt very guilty.



Adjusting the New Zealand Ensign just in case someone misses it.

In due course, I flew to Chicago over the Mid-West in a DC 10. Eddie met me at the airport. We drove to Morrison, his hometown, some 137 miles west of Chicago. Eddie was obviously a real character, with a hundred stories to tell along the way. He had entered every Great American Race since its inception but had little knowledge and concept of car rallying. He had originally been a Chrysler, Plymouth and Dodge car dealer.

In 1976, in a 1914 Dodge, he had won the Grand Championship Trophy for the Round the World Auto Race with his son Mark and was thereafter, hooked on long distance rallies. This event had tried to recreate the famous 1908 Round the World Race, negotiating through numerous countries from Istanbul, Turkey to San Francisco on the West Coast of America.

Eddie showed me his pride and joy, the 1924 Chrysler, which he had purchased in 1969. The New Zealand ensign was already mounted on the front bumper, displayed alongside the Stars and Stripes. Eddie was adamant that we could not travel like it was, as the New Zealand flag was mounted higher than the Stars and Stripes. The answer was quite simple, just cut off a little of the mounting dowel and all was perfect and everybody was happy. A third flag on the front bumper, would be a state flag, being whatever state we were driving through.

The motor had only done 600 miles since a rebuild, so it should have been perfect. Or so Eddie believed, but to me the car was in a shocking condition. During the rebuild, the pistons and rings were not replaced, as he had informed me they would be. King pins and bushes were rusty. The car was taking a quart of oil every 100 miles, as it leaked oil from the motor, plus a broken oil pipe. The old cracked tyres, especially the right front, would not have lasted 100 miles, let alone a double crossing of the United States.

Eddie had spent too much time fitting a sophisticated water cycling system, with a series of electric fuel pumps and an auxiliary water tank under the dashboard. He had installed a 13 gallon auxiliary fuel tank, but no other maintenance had been attempted. Maintenance had always been high on my preparations so I was now very

reluctant and wondering what the hell I had got myself into.

Oh yes, Eddie was also deaf. Not a good omen for a navigator. On top of that, the week before I flew into Chicago, Eddie had a new heart pacemaker fitted. We would have to wait another day, until the stitches came out, before commencing our journey. Eddie having raced all three Great American Races, was given the privilege of choosing his racing number. He had selected race number 13, the same as in previous races, as the car was the thirteenth Chrysler with this body style, to be built by the company. That first year of production, Chrysler managed to sell no fewer than 32,000 cars. Despite all my reservations, I had travelled all this way, so lets see if we can achieve a miracle. I realized, I possibly would never get another opportunity to do a double crossing of the United States, and take part in the Great American Race with 100 other exotic vehicles.

Most of the competitors were multi-millionaires, to whom the costs of such a venture were incidental. Eddie and I were banking on saving costs at all levels, to survive this 7,000 mile odyssey. We allowed ourselves twelve days to get to the start line in Los Angeles, California on the West Coast. For the 1985 race, the distance had been extended to 3,400 miles over 11 days to traverse America before finishing in New York.

Odometers are not allowed to be used but there are mile markers on most main highways, so this would assist with my navigating. On board, I had two sweep second mechanically wound clocks, one wind up watch and three wind up stop watches, all of which were approved by the race rules. I start recording our journey on a pad, writing a diary as we travelled along the bumpy roads, which just created another challenge.

Thursday June 13.

Our first day on the road took us through Des Moines, the capital of Iowa State and Kansas City in Montana. We stayed overnight at Ellis in the State of Kansas, after a long day of 415 miles. We left Morrison at 6.35 am for Clinton across the Mississippi River, then headed south on Highway 30 to join the Interstate 80 going west at 11.04 am, with 36 miles to De Moines. I used a stopwatch and we maintained a constant 47 mph, although the speedometer read 42-43 mph. Eddie had used the Illinois State Police radar to check his speed and they suggested at 50 mph his speedometer was showing 48 mph. This is a large discrepancy.

When we reach De Moines, we had done 200 miles, only 6,800 miles to go. The car is going perfectly although are feet are getting roasted because the exhaust is not far below the floorboards. Hundreds of big rigs go flying past. Rich fertile country, similar to New Zealand, but for 160 miles everywhere is cornfields. Fences don't seem to exist, reminiscent of Europe. From Des Moines, we head south 400 miles to Kansas City. A gentle rolling landscape. Interstate 80 is a four lane highway, virtually all concrete with wide sealed shoulders. Come across a lot of wooded areas, no squirrels or bears yet.

We have our lunch break to stretch our legs at St. Charles, after 250 miles. The menu was ham and beans with corn bread. What else! Those big rigs keep shooting by, but an unmarked Highway Patrol car had one pulled over plus a car. Put in one quart of oil, possibly needed more. There is still 16 quarts left in a carton in the rear of the car. All my luggage is on board, so having no rear shock absorbers doesn't really matter. We cross from Iowa into Missouri, with 130 miles to reach Kansas City. Four lane highway, beautiful warm weather but I dread the Arizona desert where temperatures hover around 105 F. A purple cover weed called Crown Vetch covers the banks running beside the highway. The root system apparently holds the banks in place.

We stopped at Bethany, Missouri, to change the interstate flag, which flies on the righthand side of the front bumper. We have every State flag, which will be changed every time we cross a state border. Eddie phoned Kansas City from a used car dealers yard. Eddie spoke to a Chrysler dealer, to arrange garaging for our vehicle overnight. A valuable safeguard. The local yard had a 1976 Chevrolet Camaro on the lot for \$4,950 and would go as low as \$4,450. Any offers?

Back on to Route 35 at 3.45 pm, with 88 miles to go. We should arrive about 6 pm. Another check with the stopwatch against the speedometer reading, shows no change. 43 mph is really roughly 47 mph. The long, wide rolling highway stretches ahead. The clouds are separate blobs in the blue sky, very different to a New Zealand cloud formation. We arrive in Kansas City after 11½ hours on the road and 415 miles.



The Chrysler at the Topeka Dealership.

Just 2,000 more miles to Los Angeles. The Chrysler dealer loaned us a new Chrysler Le Baron Turbo Coupe to get to our accommodation.

Friday June 14.

Weather today is overcast. My face and hands didn't get too sunburnt yesterday. Eddie's left hand was swollen, so he is wearing a glove today. Beautiful rolling green country, green wooded areas and not a great deal of cropping. Through Laurence onto Topeka. On the tumpike, we had to pay \$1.55 to travel 50 miles west to Topeka. On Route 70, there is not much traffic and the cars are more dilapidated and quite rusty, due to the salt spread on the snow-covered roads in winter. We called in at the Chrysler dealership in Topeka.

On the road again, heading towards Hays, in the middle of wide rolling grasslands. A few spots of rain but the car is performing admirably. Rolling wooded areas, amongst arable fertile land growing wheat, corn and Soya beans. Around 3 pm the car begins misfiring, which cleared but we eventually stop. The engine is running rough but we pumped more water into the radiator and gave our girl another quart of oil. Does a world of good! 27 miles from Hayes we come across a nest of six oil wells. A little later, a host of oil rigs scattered across the landscape as far as the horizon.

Having spent too long at Topeka we can't afford to stop for lunch. Luckily, I had packed some apples, nectarines and chewy peppermint sticks. After 300 miles, we arrived at Ellis in Kansas. Quite hot, close to 90°F, but the low humidity makes things bearable. We were to stay in the home of Ann and Harold Hedges for two nights. I get a good night's sleep.



Eddie and I at the boyhood home of Walter Chrysler.

Saturday June 15.

We stayed the whole day in Ellis, a small country town of only about 2,500 people. Ellis was once an important stopping point for the Union Pacific Railroad, being half way between Denver and Kansas City. The 'Round House' enclosed the turntable and workshop. Some monster steam engines had up to 16 large driving wheels. The demise of steam sealed the fate of Ellis. It was here we visited the boyhood home of Walter Percy Chrysler (1875-1940), which is now a museum.

It is cared for by an energetic group of ladies. Walter Chrysler had first worked on the railways as a locomotive cleaner, as a boy. On display was his toolbox, filled with tools he created himself. 1985 was the 60th. Anniversary of the Chrysler Company, so it meant something special.



Eddie taking the ladies from the museum for a jaunt.

Eddie Schuler is a showman, proud of his six cylinder 1924 Chrysler 70 Phaeton, the fourteenth to ever come off the assembly line of the fledgling company. One of the car's features were the four wheel hydraulic brakes, introduced 12 years ahead of Cadillac and Lincoln. It had been ahead of it's time, coming out fitted with all kinds of technical gadgets, such as an air filter on the carburettor, an oil filter with an exchangeable filter pad, aluminum pistons and a seven-bearing crankshaft. Eddie knew all the features off by heart and eventually I could recite them just as good as he could.

Eddie passed out printed cards of the car and waved to all who took an interest. He was a tremendous ambassador for Chrysler, vintage cars and the race. A television network interviewed Eddie during the afternoon and was shown at 10 pm that night. We also made the front page of the *Ellis Review*, a weekly newspaper.

This is wheat growing country. Wheat is selling for \$2.98 a bushel, but the production costs are about \$3.05, plus more if the crop requires fertiliser. Thus, the farmers are struggling to survive. Ellis is also the hometown of the Disney family. I bought some zinc ointment, to protect the schnozzle from the sun. The temperature today was 95°F. I was lucky that Ann Hedges got my laundry done for me.

Sunday June 16.

We left the Hedges house at 7.40 am heading for Colorado Springs, a 320 mile journey. The car received three quarts of oil to start with and will need more before the day ends. Maybe we should have shares in an oil rig. Eddie and I drove west to Colorado Springs, a small city 64 miles south of Denver. It is a renowned health resort. It is a clear fine morning. We are crossing prairie land, with miles of Kansas wheat. The terrain is flatter and there are no more oil rigs. We pass many small communities with populations from 4,000 to five persons.

At Oakley, wheat and more wheat. Huge vertical silos, eight in a row, maybe 100 feet high. Just outside Wallace, after travelling 100 miles, we encounter the first sage brush, a dried-up river bed and we are starting to climb noticeably. The temperature is in excess of 90°F but the canvas half hood roof gives us important shade. We experienced more motoring problems. The vehicle had three 6volt AC electric fuel pumps. One for the main fuel tank and another for the 13 gallon auxiliary tank. The third operated the water temperature. The pump on

the main tank wasn't pumping sufficient fuel, so we changed the pump but the replacement produces the same result. We had lunch at Kit Carson, which is at an altitude of 4250 feet. I had a nice hot and vegetable soup, even though it was around 90°F. We put our clocks and watches on one hour.

Heading off again towards Colorado Springs, we saw our first antelope, unfortunately a dead one on the side of the highway. Thunder clouds are looming and the sun has gone but I'm not at all sorry. Being a Sunday, on top of our fuel pump problem, many gas stations are closed. Eddie saw lightning and we encounter a little drizzle. We must have been close to the centre of the storm because the strong winds kept alternating direction.

We arrived at Colorado Springs and stayed at the Range View Motel, where we get a magnificent view of Pikes Peak. I manage to convince Eddie that if we really wanted to make the summit, we should leave early and leave all our luggage at the motel. I had soup and a chocolate flossy, similar to a cream freeze, for dinner. Eddie went to bed early while I had a walk around, then wrote three postcards to mail, to those still at home.



At the summit of Pikes Peak.

Monday June 17.

Next morning, we were up at 6 am and on our way before 7.40 am. We drove the Chrysler to the summit of the famous Pikes Peak, a distance of 30 miles and effectively a climb of nearly 8,000 feet. Eddie called it a 14,110 feet 'knob'. The car performed perfectly, never missing a beat. We did the long hard grind mainly in second gear, before resorting to first towards the top. It was an exciting moment when we reached the summit, a 20 mile ascend from the toll gates, where we paid \$4.00. There were small mounds of snow near the summit. This fulfilled one of Eddie's lifelong aims, and we were both pleased we did it.

There were Aspens and Pines along the sides of the road to Pikes Peak.

Just before noon, we found a plumber so he could create a heat shield, to keep the heat away from the inlet manifold and carburettor. Alas, we were given a small sheet of tin and some tinsnips. We proceeded to make two awkwardly shaped plates between which we sandwiched 'batts' fibreglass and Parker Kalon screws to hold them together. Appears to solve the problem. No lunch again, just an apple and a drink. We left Colorado Springs at 3.40 pm. The ranges are now 40 miles away to our right, not dissimilar to the Ruahine Range. We are heading for Raton across the border, but Eddie thinks Trinidad is far enough and we stop for the night. We had originally planned to be in Sante Fe for the night, but that's still another 200 miles away. Already we have travelled 1150 miles.

We stayed at the Holiday Inn Motel, \$42.30 for the night but with 10% discount as Eddie is an old age pensioner, it only cost \$32.50 for both of us. I purchased a ceramic tile from the motel gift shop. For dinner, we went to a 'Wendy's' restaurant. I had chicken and rice soup, and the salad bar has a good choice. My meal cost \$2.95 plus tax and a \$1 tip. Some children at the next table are munching peanut butter and jelly hamburgers with French fries. Thus far, my meals have been good. The obese American ladies keep appearing with monotonous regularity. They are everywhere and I almost feel sorry for them. Outside it is raining, with a thunderstorm lurking with more lightning and claps of thunder.

Tuesday June 18.

Up bright and early and on the road at 7.20 am. We will drive south to Santa Fe, which is at the base of the Sangre de Cristo mountain range in New Mexico. After overnight rain, we climb up and over the 7,894 feet Raton Pass on Interstate 25. A four lane highway all the time. We cross into New Mexico. Our doubtful fuel pump worked good on the climb but after passing Pueblo the replacement pump plays up. Now we have two electric pumps requiring a check over at Sante Fe tomorrow. The mountains are now left behind and we are out onto wide flat open spaces. Green grass and a few trees.

Mile markers read the distance to the Texas border, 426 miles. Not much traffic on these Interstate Highways. With the 55mph speed limit, members of the Highway Patrol seem to be everywhere, on the hunt for fast cars. I begin to wonder if we can really average 50 mph but our old vehicle seems to perform better, the harder she is pushed. Six cylinder, aluminum pistons, high compression, all original. What a marvellous trip, passing small townships with just a few hundred residents. Travelling at 6,000 feet, Sante Fe is at 6,400 feet.

My stopwatch works perfectly, and just slips on and off so easily with the Velcro, and doesn't disturb my wristwatch. 9 am and the temperature is about 68°F. Some windmills were still operating, while others lie derelict. About 30 miles from Sante Fe, come across gorgeous countryside, stunning high rocky outcrops. Small cactus on the roadside with yellow flowers, and lots of yellow sweet clover awaiting it's flowering.

We arrive at Sante Fe at noon. Sante Fe is the oldest state capital in the USA. Here one of Eddie's friends, a Chrysler dealer Joe Horace arrived to meet us and produced two new tyres. It must have been the only time Eddie listened to me, over the month-long adventure. The car gets a good check over and oil change. The

Chrysler dealer dropped the sump, changed the oil and hopefully stopped the oil leaks. The dealer took us to have lunch at a Mexican Restaurant which was OK. We went in his sumptuous Dodge, that had everything and seating for eight in luxury. The Chrysler dealer only charged Eddie \$27 for all the work and parts and ordered two new tyres for us to collect in Los Angeles. We will be lucky if the right front makes it there. I would never travel with tyres in the terrible state of his front, and no spare tyres. Eddie puts too much trust in God. He is so much like Len Southward.

We leave Sante Fe at 4.30 pm. Damn, didn't get one photograph. Sorry that we couldn't stay longer, but we need to get nearer to Los Angeles. We are just over half way there. On the way to Albuquerque, we run into another thunderstorm, but luckily missed most of the rain. We intended staying in Albuquerque, but we got completely confused on the off ramp and wasted huge amounts of time. Then we headed west again on Interstate 40, and eventually came across another off ramp signalling Albuquerque. Eventually, we did make it, and found nice accommodation for the night at the Regal 8 Inn. Once again, the cost was only \$32.50.

Wednesday June 19.

Beautiful fine morning, glorious scenery, and the car is going well. I posted a fat letter home, containing my daily diary. Our destination is Flagstaff, 325 miles away. Thirty miles out, we come on to Canyon type country which is beautiful in the morning sun. We are heading towards the Painted Desert, on a brick road with sand painted hills, blue sky and white bubbly clouds. This part of New Mexico is so beautiful and the good thing is, the race will take us back this way. From Sante Fe west, is a common Great Race route. Or so we hope! I have taken a few photos of the huge freight trains. Five locomotives hauling 100 freight cars.

Pueblo of Logena is on our right, a chapel on a hilltop surrounded by Adobe houses. These houses have thick mud and brick walls, timber poles across the roof which is covered by sticks and finally dirt. There are no eaves. The rock formations are spectacular. Albing is at an altitude of 4,965 feet. 150 miles away Gallup is at 6,500 feet. Therefore, we are still climbing. We suddenly pass through a valley of volcanic rock, with an existing lava flow. Maybe we will find the source.

We stopped at Grants. I like the town with a long wide four lane main street. Although the town has the highest unemployment rate in the United States. We fill the main tank with gas and replaced the glass side shield. The replacement cracks again immediately. Grant did once have eight uranium mines but they are all now closed, because it is cheaper to buy uranium elsewhere. The mine shafts extend 3,000 feet below the surface.

We crossed the border at Lupton and are now in Arizona. Magnificent country but in due course we drive onto flat plains again. Hot, 90°F. 160 miles to Flagstaff Pass, a fairly wide dried up riverbed named Little Lithodendron Wash. We have seen a number of these dry riverbeds today. 2.45 pm pass through Winslow, just over 50 miles left to go. Headwind is not affecting our speed, still maintaining 50 mph. The exhaust under my feet, just adds to the heat in the passenger's seat. Ahead lightning, another thunderstorm threatens.

Eddie wants to get to the Chrysler dealership in Flagstaff by 4 pm. The car is pulling hard, the road looks flat, but I know it is a steady uphill and the strong headwind isn't assisting. More incredible rock formations, red rocks in the meteor crater area. Heavy rain ahead, hope we miss it. Not on your Nelly, we get hit! Just 10 minutes, but a furious gale and the rain buckets in from the north. The rain stops and the wind changes completely to a tailwind thankfully. Blue skies ahead.

Flagstaff is at 6,500 feet, so we have climbed 1,500 feet today. Still can't see the Pacific Ocean. Now we have covered 1700 miles and used 18 quarts of oil. We stay in a motel run by Indians. The shower was wonderful. Cleaned off all the grim. The motel allowed us to use their laundry for a \$1 but there were no ironing facilities. That night I fixed one of my clocks. The minute hand was bent and obstructing the second hand.

Thursday June 20.

This morning we adjusted the brakes, fitted insulation around the fuel lines and filled up with gasoline. We also purchased another case of oil. We head for Kingman, 144 miles away at the edge of the desert. A short day by our standards. I practise navigating with Eddie, but with the undulating country, long climbs and pushing into a headwind again, maintaining 50 mph in the Chrysler is impossible. Travelling along comfortably with 70 miles to Kingman. Hillsides covered in scrub and dry grass. 150 miles to the California border. I practise navigating by the mile markers. I am now glad we have driven to the start. What a way to have a holiday and see America. Today hasn't been too hot, although there are no clouds, it has been very hazy.

Crystalline rock formations in the cuttings on the roadside. Finally, we are dropping in altitude rapidly, 5,000 feet becomes 4,000 feet with 28 miles to go to Kingman. Travelling on Interstate 40 Arizona at altitude, will be about 3,500 feet at Kingman. We run down into a wide flat valley surrounded by hills. We must tighten the head down and buy a new water temperature gauge. We need to know the water temperature while we drive through the desert tomorrow.

We were met by Manny Fuller at the Chrysler dealership, and they fit a new water temperature gauge free of charge. They loaned us a new Dodge Ram customised van while our car went into the showroom overnight. It is parked beside a 1937 Chrysler New Yorker and a 1939 Buick Straight 8 Sedan.

We are interviewed by Betsy Miller from the Mohave Daily Miner and the article appears in the following day's edition.

Friday June 21.

We are up before 5.30 am and have breakfast, before picking up our car and heading west to Palm Springs. We reel off the miles and the desert is still incredible. There are vast wide valleys and millions of acres of nothing.

We passed through Needles and Amboy, which was probably the most desolate place one could imagine. It is stuck out in the middle of the Mohave Desert. 10.30 am and probably the hottest driest, part of the desert, but Palm Springs is not far away. The car is simply amazing, have we got it sorted? A steady climb has the temperature gauge soaring to 130°F, but still not boiling as the antifreeze does its job. A 50mph average seems to be asking too much in this heat, when we return through this hot desolate landscape. Barnetts, another desolate place, hot dry and once more in the middle of nothing.

We stopped at Twenty Nine Palms at 11.20 am, where we had a long cold drink and a nice ice cream soda, which helped to offset the oppressive heat. Outside this place is a range of hills, made up of just large boulders and nothing else. We pass the settlement of Joshua Tree with its unusual trees. Down the valley to Riverside and the conditions remain hot and very windy. We were amazed to come across a huge wind farm, with row upon row of huge electric power wind generators, similar to the Hawke's Bay frost protection windmills. The eight lane Interstate 10 suggests we are finally leaving the desolate back country. The Interstate is alive with a beautiful display of cream and pink oleanders both sides of the highway and even down the medium strip.

We stayed the night at Riverside, California a town of over 80,000 citizens. Over the last two days have been jotting down possible hazards for our return journey. Some of the areas across the desert where there were no mile markers, I have noted the mileage to help our accuracy.

Saturday June 22.

As we drive onwards to Los Angeles the volume of traffic builds and builds. The weather is again beautifully fine and hot. The last hundred miles is through metropolitan areas on an eight lane Interstate. The freeway is virtually full all the way into the city. We follow instructions and some of Eddie's instinct, as to how to get to our destination. We carried on along the freeway and amazingly found the Sheraton Universal City Hotel in North Hollywood. We could now mentally prepare for the start of the Great America Race, in two days' time. The hotel cost about \$90 a night plus meals. I am sharing accommodation costs with Eddie.

The Chrysler was still in good order, but still using three quarts of oil a day. Since we left Morrison, Illinois we have covered 2,200 miles and now must prepare for the 3,400 miles from Coast to Coast. Competitors were slowly gathering in the huge hotel car park, and the fire engines were putting on a show. This heightening the awareness of the locals. Many contestants were putting final touches to their vehicles, while a few were still reassembling their cars. Do they know what to expect?

The oldest entrant was 76 year old Whitney Kew, who drove a 1930 Studebaker President 8. He had driven from Kansas only to discover he had burnt all sixteen of his engine valves. This elderly man worked non-stop in the Los Angeles afternoon heat and into the evening to strip the motor completely. He rose with the sun the following morning to carry on and by the early Sunday afternoon, he had the motor running again. You can imagine the smile on that old man's face.

At race headquarters, the organisers Tex Smith and Betty Johnson from Greatrace Ltd, Dallas greeted us. We checked in and completed the necessary paper work. We were both presented with a competitor's medallion.



At North Hollywood, courting down the hours.

Sunday June 23.

Over a day and a half there was a great variety of vehicles arriving and lining up at the Sheraton Universal City Hotel Parc Ferme.

Many of the competitors have fitted New Zealand made tyres, so I don't feel a total stranger. The cars were amazingly diverse. Ginni Withers 1906 Mitchell Roadster, a Ford Model AA, a 1924 Seagrave Pumper and the huge 1912 American La France fire engine from Warsaw, Indiana. Some of the crew rode on the back right across America last year. Goodyear were represented by the 1917 Packard 'Wingfoot Express' truck which crossed the United States in 13 days during 1918. The World Champion racing driver Phil Hill was in his Road and Truck sponsored 1915 Packard.

A mysterious figure calling himself Count Von Voboril had returned in his open wheel 1916 Lancia Kappa, after performing well previously. Alan Travis had two entries, a 1916 Mitchell and a 1936 Ford V8 Coupe. Tom Lester a millionaire industrialist from Florida had two entries, and was an early favourite, with a 1909 Mercedes and a 1909 Lozier. Dr. Barbara Atwood was one of the few women, with a majestic 1934 Packard Cabriolet V12. Jerry and Kay McMennamy from Amarillo, Texas were entered with their 1935 Auburn Cabriolet 653. There was a 1906 four cylinder Cadillac, but it wasn't the oldest.

There was a 1929 Cord Coupe and a 1930 Cord convertible. Some of the luxurious cars included the 1933 Le Baron Chrysler Custom Imperial and a 1936 Packard V12 Phaeton and a 1936 Packard V12 five seater convertible. The Phaeton had the original bodywork and paint, only the motor had been rebuilt. Both Packards were black with large whitewall tyres.

The only sad tale came from Bob Berry, who couldn't get his 1914 Model T Ford Raceabout Speedster's motor back together, before the start and forfeited his entry fee. From now on my diary became less importance, as I concentrated more on my navigating.

Monday June 24.

Before we get underway, there is plenty of American Ballyhoo, with the Battle Hymn of America belted out at full volume. Most too busy talking to worry about all the pomp as the excitement builds. At mid-day the first cars rolled away from the start outside the Sheraton Universal City Hotel. The cars left at one minute intervals. We drew the sixteenth position to get the flag. Ninety-one cars, three fire engines and a motor bike headed out of North Hollywood, with Palm Springs our first destination, 138 miles away.



The 1924 Chrysler 70 Phaeton being introduced to the crowd, as we sit under the starting banner.

Telly Savalas, the famous television and movie star, got so excited he jumped aboard one of the fire engines and rode for a short distance down the freeway. I found it difficult following the instructions provided. We had to contend with heavy traffic all the way on the freeway. I timed Eddie accelerating to 50 mph and it took 2 minutes, which is ridiculous in the circumstances. I know he can do it in 47 seconds but the car hadn't been maintained correctly, thus a slipping clutch affects the acceleration time.

Things went reasonably smoothly for Eddie and me, although I had problems interpreting American instructions. Consequently, we did miss a check point, placed in a rest area off the Interstate, just before Palm Springs.

Soon afterwards we took a major battering from a severe sandstorm. 450 km/h winds whipped up sand with blinding ferocity. It strung our faces for nearly half an hour, before receding as quickly as it materialized. We arrive in Pam Springs after 4.15 pm.

Tuesday June 25.

Next morning up at 4.30 am for the driver's briefing at 5 am. We are told the start will be delayed for at least half an hour. Because of another sandstorm, the route had been temporarily closed. After the recent oppressive heat, the cool morning was acceptable. This was the stage that everyone who was concerned about. The heat across the arid Mohave Desert. If we can make Flagstaff it will be all downhill after that.

Off we trek through the bleak deserted plains around Bameetts. Late in the morning we have a regulated stop at Needles for fuel and other necessities. We were presented with a small medal by the people of Needles. Over a hill and drop into Amboy, more heat and sand. Why would people live in such a place? We were held up by a long freight train. We almost ran out of petrol, near panic but get to the lunch stop at Kingman in the early afternoon, on the auxiliary tank. We received a nice hospitable welcome from the people of Kingman. Free zones during each leg, enable all competitors to fill with gasoline, do some quick maintenance, get something to eat and be at the other end of the transit zone in time for the start of the next section. More often than not, the stage goes straight onto the Interstate to average 50 mph.

After driving for 350 miles we arrive at Flagstaff, to be greeted by a large group of supporters at the local Chrysler dealer's showrooms. McCoy Motors was the location of the finish.

Wednesday June 26.

Up at 5 am, for the 325 mile leg to Albuquerque. By mid-morning we have a regulated stop at Holbrook. We had a delightful lunch stop at Gallup, New Mexico. The locals really turned it on, by providing lunch and giving us each a bag of goodies for our journey. The local Indians turned out in their traditional costumes, with the elderly ladies wearing beautiful turquoise jewellery. Gallup is the location of the highest altitude for the race.

On through the heat, keeping to instructions and endeavouring to reach each check point as near as possible, to the allotted time. Navigators usually carry at least three clocks and probably three or four stopwatches. The stopwatches proved to be affective in maintaining our average speed against the mile markers, which inform you of the distance to the next state border. We have another regulated stopover at Grants for gasoline. We finish at the Classic Hotel in Albuquerque at 5.15 pm.

Thursday June 27.

This was going to be a tough day. Last year, Eddie's race finished during this stage when the 1924 Chrysler 70 Phaeton cracked the block. Hopefully lightning never strikes twice.

From Albuquerque, we drove to Santa Fe for a morning tea break. We arrive safely at the Downtown Plaza, Santa Fe mid-morning. Many of the locals converged on to Plaza to look over the contestant's cars. We were particularly pleased to see our Chrysler dealer friend Joe Horace again, complete with a brand new tyre for the Chrysler. Such was the generosity of these people that there was never a thought of charging for the tyre. Just the encouragement for Eddie and I to get on and reach New York.



I examine the broken piston at Cline's Corner.

Twenty miles east of Santa Fe and still in the hill country, there was an ominous clatter from the motor and we were forced to pullover. The Chrysler sat on the verge of the freeway, as one by one our competitors rumble pass. Is our race over? Eddie carefully checked the motor and suggests that probably the number three piston had broken. We are miles from nowhere, do we go back to Santa Fe or get towed to Cline's Corner the next refueling stop. A nice passing motorist offered to tow us to Cline's Corner 30 miles up the road. Which we gratefully accepted. Here we dropped the sump and investigate the damage. Eddie was correct and the piston had broken in half.



The 'Wingfoot Express' trailer prepares to load aboard our car, from the side of the freeway.

Apparently the 'sweep' vehicles had already passed us at Cline's Corner, but several hours later the 'Wingfoot Express' trailer uncovered our whereabouts. They loaded the Chrysler aboard and hauled us all the way to the overnight stopover at Amarillo. The Race had really taken it's toll this day.

There were seven breakdowns, including the Whitney Kerr Studebaker and the little 1927 Chevrolet Roadster which had punched a valve right through a piston and the sump. We all tried to make light of our misfortunes, enjoying a few laughs and relaxing. We were all out of the race for the time being, so no need to get hung-up over our plight.

We had a long day, late into the evening they were still collecting the last of the breakdowns. Eventually we arrived at Amarillo about midnight. Here we received another medal from the people of Amarillo, but this reward seemed very hollow. Some cars were able to be worked on, through the night. This enabled them to make the start line at 6 am next morning. Eddie and I weren't so lucky.

Friday June 28.

Although broken we soon discovered we were amongst friends. The local Chrysler dealer received wind of our predicament, and quickly offered to tow us to his workshop, so we could avail ourselves of his facilities. He quickly contacted a workshop machinist, who ascertained that a World War Two Jeep piston maybe a suitable replacement, if machined accurately. As luck would have it, he had previously used a piston set from a Jeep. I was sceptical, but within a short time he had produced a matching piston, together with rings. By early afternoon, the car was in running order again. When Eddie faced up to pay for the time, parts and facilities, they just waved him aside. This was their contribution to the great race, and they admired the fact that a 1924 Chrysler was giving it a go.

We eventually got away from Amarillo at 3.30 pm. Eddie and I were already very tired, but now even more determined to finish. We were now 9½ hours behind the other competitors, who were somewhere between Guthrie and Witchita.

We proceeded to drive 415 miles to Wichita to catch up with the rest of the cars. We rolled into town at 1.30 am, after 10 hours toil along the Interstates. During this stage, the ex-World Formula One Drivers Champion Phil Hill 'gave it away', after an accident. He and his navigator had been watching their speedometer and stop watches so intently, they had not seen the danger going on around them.

Saturday June 29.

We only got two hours sleep at the Hilton Inn East Hotel, before getting out of bed at 4.30 am for the usual drivers meeting and a 6 am start. Just to make things worse, this was going to be the longest leg of the Race, 13 hours and 465 miles to St. Louis, Missouri. The other competitors gave us a great reception when we walked into the briefing. They were both surprised and happy to see us again. They hadn't reckoned on the stubborn tenacity of 'fast' Eddie, even at 73 and on his third Great America Race. We had a mid-morning refuelling at Emporia before continuing on to Kansas City for the lunch break. We already had wonderful lunchtime welcomes at the smaller towns but the mid-afternoon welcome at Boonville, Missouri, outstripped all the previous receptions. The day finished at Sheraton Westport Plaza in St. Louis.

Sunday June 30.

The starting places are drawn every morning, so we travelled the freeways with different cars around us, and came to know many of them quite well. The red 1924 Bentley was often around our Chrysler, as was the 1930 L29 Cord convertible and 1930 Six Speed Bentley of Peter Agg from England. The support for the event just

gets better. Arriving in downtown Bloomington, Illinois for our lunch break, the whole town turned up to give us a royal welcome. In Bloomington, I understand they closed every business, tuned up their local band and produced a real carnival atmosphere.

It was complete contrast in Chicago, when we arrived mid-afternoon and the streets were empty. The finish was an anti-climax, a low-key affair at Palmer House in State Street. This suggests future events should maybe concentrate on the smaller communities, who are looking to get involved and willing to participate in the event. Our cars were parked in rows along two city blocks, and were guarded day and night by security while we were there. We were told our valuables would be safer in the vehicles.

Monday July 1.

Next morning, I had trouble with Eddie. I was waiting at the car, with the 7 am start rapidly approaching, but no Eddie. I was concerned, especially with the reputation the streets of Chicago have been known for. I dare not leave the car, in case he turned up and I was not there. Eventually I did find him, down the street. He had become disorientated, and couldn't find the car. Someone told me he was found with tears in his eyes.

We had a morning break at Bronson Park, Kalamazoo, before lunching in downtown Lansing. We had a reasonably early finish at the Hilton Hotel, Southfield, Detroit.

Tuesday July 2.

Another early start-time. We followed the shore of Lake Erie to Toledo. We have a morning tea break in the port area. We have lunch at the Goodyear Tyre Technical Research Centre at Akron. Their blimp flew high above the stage finish. The afternoon run took us into Pittsburgh. Once again, the weather is sunny but it was difficult navigating through the city streets, particularly as the car is so noisy and Eddie is so deaf. Pittsburgh was a complete opposite to my expectations.

We both loved Pittsburgh. Once a large filthy steel city, it is now all cleaned up, with lovely new buildings on the 'Golden Triangle' near the large 'Three Rivers Stadium'. The Allegheny and Monongahela rivers converge at the 'triangle' and form the Ohio River, which in turn flows into the mighty Mississippi. The city has 570 huge bridges which illustrates the size of the metropolis. All the competitors had a lovely evening river trip, aboard the paddleboat Liberty Belle. I witnessed two proper paddle steamers plying the waterways. The trip was similar, and thus reminded me of the 'Bateaux Mouches' river trip in Paris on the Seine. I enjoyed the smorgasbord meal aboard the Liberty Belle and the chance to exchange tales with the other participants.

It was in Pittsburgh that I became more aware of armed police carrying .38 revolvers, handcuffs and live ammunition. Something very frightening, when you are not accustomed to it.

Wednesday July 3.

Today we left Pittsburgh heading east through Pennsylvania. We had a lunch break at Hershey's main park. Here we were given some of their world renowned special chocolate products. They provided a marvellous lunch. We had a terrible time in the afternoon's run, into Philadelphia. The navigation instructions were all awry and it was a frustrating day endeavouring to get into Philadelphia. We were supposed to arrive in downtown Philadelphia at 6pm. Then form a parade through town to the Airport Hilton Hotel. We finally made the finish at 7.15 pm and missing the parade.

Meanwhile there were other race cars all over the city, trying to rectify their mistakes after misinterpreting the instructions and now attempting to find the finish. The organisers make no apology for pressuring exhausted drivers and navigators into making mistakes. The race leader Tom Lester blew \$100,000 in prize money today, as he fell victim by losing concentration. To add to our problems, we were given vague instructions to find our hotel. We eventually had to ask for local assistance and found the hotel.

Thursday July 4.

Next day was supposed to be the easiest, but it included a usual 4.30 am alarm call. This time was chosen, so the cars could clear the city before the commuter traffic became heavy. Already running near the rear of the field, the final run into New York created more frustration. We got lost a couple of times and arrived late for the noon finish in New York.

We had our share of problems but we made it to New York. Of the 94 starters, 24 broke down en route but only seven were forced out completely. Sadly, one was the fire track from Warsaw, Indiana, which broke a crankshaft. Although, it was welded so they could carry on. Unfortunately, the weld broke several days later, and this time it was irreparable.

It was quite a thrill waiting for the 4th. July Parade in the afternoon, surrounded by massive skyscrapers which abound in New York. The Great Race vehicles were featured in the parade down Broadway, and it was not long before we glimpsed the Statue of Liberty. She was heavily cloaked in scaffolding, in the midst of her restoration, for which Eddie was campaigning to raise money for.

You would have noted the signs on the side of our Chrysler, 'Help Lee Restore the Statue of Liberty'. Lee Iacocca of Chrysler had undertaken to pay for restoration costs and Eddie was a major supporter of the project. Eddie was also raising money for the 'Winning Wheels', a wheel chair facility in Prophetstown in his home state of Illinois.

After the parade our cars were ushered across the river to Pier Two on Manhattan Island. Here we were collected and taken back to our hotel, the Vista International, which connects the two tallest skyscrapers in the 'Big Apple'. The Vista Hotel is only 16 storeys, so is tiny in comparison to it's neighbours the twin World Trade Fair Towers. Little did I know at the time that these two building would become so famous sixteen years later,



Awaiting the parade on Broadway.

Eddie was not going to stay in New York nor go to the Final Dinner, but just head straight home to Morrison. However, I managed to entice him to stay and shouted him to the Dinner. The whole event has been extremely demanding, wearing, bruising and tiring. After a well-earned rest, Eddie and I dressed for the Final Banquet, held in the Windows of the World restaurant, atop one of the 107 storey World Trade Fair buildings. The lift goes up 50 storeys in 20 seconds. A real express elevator. What a magnificent view, looking down on the Hudson River and the Statue of Liberty. We were so high the Goodyear blimp balloon floated lazily past, several 100 feet below.

At the function, we said our goodbyes to the many friends we had made along the way. After our broken piston episode, so many people were pleased that we were able to rejoin the event and finish. It was nice that a number of people after the Banquet, made an effort to wish us well. My greatest thrill was to receive a 'Finisher' Medallion for completing the Great American Race from Los Angeles to New York. Even though we broke down, we had rejoined the adventure and made it to the finish. After all, that was our aim, and the old Chrysler had brought us through eventually.



1985 Souvenir Race Badge.

The trophies for the Race were really magnificent. The first twenty place getters each receiving large bronze Eagles. The winner Jack Casson deservedly won in a 1914 Dodge, which had been the model of accuracy and consistency. Their \$100,000 winner's purse was donated to a Monastery in California, from whom they had borrowed the vehicle. 1914 had been the year Dodge began producing cars, which were ahead of their time, with completely steel bodywork.

Dr. Barbara Atwood in her 1934 Packard was runner-up and Tom Lester's 1909 Mercedes Benz and a 1909 Lozier, both figured in the final results. The latter vehicle taking third place. Ginni Withers who called herself 'Jennifer Goodheart, Heroine of the Road', won a \$25,000 bonus for highest placed oldest vehicle. Eddie and I were credited with finishing in 72nd. place.

Friday July 5.

Next morning, we packed and made our way across the river to collect our Chrysler. We were joined by numerous other competitors, all preparing to head home. We have over 1,000 miles to cover in the next three days, to get back to Morrison, if I am not to miss my scheduled flight home. It was midday, before we were on our way west crossing the George Washington bridge. It wasn't helped by taking the wrong exit and ending up heading towards the Bronx, rather than Interstate 80. Once clear of the city limits, we kept the car's bonnet heading west through New York State, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Soon we were passing through the Appalachian Mountains, a beautiful scenic area of America. We descended into a lovely bush covered mountain region, with green pastures filling the valleys. Mauve flowers abounded on the roadside, just like the Firewood throughout Canada. Eddie tells me these particular plants have roots like wire.

The scenery in Pennsylvania is extremely attractive. Nature is everywhere, with few towns or communities. 7 pm on a lovely evening and the car going well. I wish you could see all the gorgeous flowers in the Appalachian evening sun. 8 pm we have just topped a long, long steady upgrade, where there is a sign 'Penfield' elevation 2250 feet, highest point east of the Mississippi. We arrived at Du Bois about 8.20 pm quite exhausted after travelling about 300 miles. By the time, we booked in at our accommodation, and sat down for a Chinese dinner it was 9.30 pm. We hit the sack at 10.30 pm.

Saturday July 6.

We were up at 5 am and on the road still heading west by 6.30 am, after having breakfast. We will attempt to do 400 miles today, so we can get to Morrison tomorrow. Being a Saturday, most of America seem to be on the roads. At every little lay-by or stop there are cars and people. Every restaurant and café is full of people, all the time. We crossed the border into Ohio at 8.30 am. We are on Interstate 80, another four lane never ending stretch of highway. Heading for Youngstown, like Pittsburgh another steel town where all the mills have closed. Cheaper to buy from Japan.

Interstate 80 is lined with trees nearly all the way. Many millions of acres must be taken up by the vast network of Interstate highways. The system is effective and America has plenty of land. Interstate highways with even numbers, go across the States. The odd numbers go North and South. So, care is needed in entering or leaving a freeway, to head in the right direction. The vast freeway interchanges never cease to amaze me. Across

America virtually every mile of the Interstate highways had mile markers.

The Ohio country is beautiful. Off-ramp signposts point to familiar places, Cleveland and Akron. We pass a large General Motors Assembly plant off the Interstate at 9 am, with 60 miles to Cleveland. The mauve flowers have gone, as have the mountains. 10.15 am, 26 miles to Cleveland and we return to long wooded rolling countryside. We have a lunch break at Cleveland. We have 345 miles to go to Chicago and another 140 miles to Morrison. The clock is adjusted by an hour. Eddie has a rest from the wheel and I am allowed to drive the Chrysler for three hours, before he takes over again. This was only Eddie's second break from driving, since we set off.

About this time, I suspect we can make Morrison by dark tonight. Westward Ho we go, 50-55 mph all the way. Just the occasional stop for gasoline, oil, some refreshments and stretch our legs. By 6 pm, it was evident Eddie was not going to be away from his wife Pauline and his own bed for another night. ETA for Morrison is 8.45 pm. This last day is the longest I can remember, and the last hour on the road seemed like it would never end. Incredibly we had covered 700 miles for the day, after 15½ hours of driving. We have clocked up 1000 miles for the last day and a half.

Sunday July 7.

At last one day in the same place. Back in Morrison after 24 days and a double crossing of the United States of America. I have seen and witnessed so much. A dream come true and an experience of a lifetime. Thank you Eddie Schuler, for such an opportunity. Only two thunderstorms and no real rain to worry about. Eddie's Chrysler had cruised along at 50-55 mph day in and day out. We just kept putting in gas and oil. The vehicle had gobbled up 50 quarts of oil for the whole journey. There had been no time to do any laundry, since we departed from Los Angeles. We just kept changing into something less soiled. At least, we had been able to have pleasurable showers every morning. Eddie Schuler's house in Morrison is on Route 66, but is in need of some restoration, but his mind is constantly focused on his cars.

Monday July 8.

Reflecting on what we did, I think if somebody offered me a navigator's position next year, I would accept it. But I would like to do it better, next time. With someone more organised and properly prepared. Organisers believe it takes three years to become a serious contender. I would insist on a motor that does not leak oil. Brakes that can be adjusted and not rusted solid. Gasoline and water pumps that are transistorised. New tyres all round. Intercom headphone sets, to alleviate the road noise. Speedometers properly calculated. A car with the exhaust properly silenced. No slipping clutch. Meet at the start in Los Angeles. Quite a demanding list!



I think Shirley looks a little more comfortable with our friends.

Tuesday July 9.

United Airlines have been dealing with industrial relations problems. But the strike action does not affect my flight to Los Angeles. Have had problems with Pan Am and confirming my booking on the connection to Honolulu. Made several phone calls from New York then Cleveland without luck. Eddie took me to O'Hare Airport in Chicago to fly out at 3.35 pm. I arrived at Los Angeles at 7 pm. I didn't have to go through customs. The flight to Honolulu takes off at 9 pm. I will touch down at midnight. I met Shirley in Honolulu.

I hadn't been happy with myself, taking off to do the event, and not consulting with my wife before accepting the offer to compete.

On top of that, leaving Claire to run the factory, with so little experience, had been debatable. Thus, I hoped to rectify our strained relationship in the relaxed, warm, sunny atmosphere of Maui. I flew in from Los Angeles at midnight, while Shirley's flight had been delayed a full day. She arrived several hours after me on July 10. We stayed at the Moana Hotel in Honolulu then later moved to the Kaanapali Shores Holiday Resort.

Later I obtained a video, showing the highlights the running of the 1985 Great America Race. Eddie and his Chrysler feature three times.

My Final Motoring Memories

In 1985, Hawke's Bay hosted the biannual Pre-1956 MG Rally for the first time. At the event dinner, Denny Hulme and Angus Hyslop were the guest speakers. This is where I first became acquainted with Denny's wife Greta.

A sprint was held at Thunderpark Drag Strip at Roy's Hill, where Hulme took a great interest in my MG. His first vehicle had been a little convertible MG TF in 1955 and had stirred the 19 year old's love affair with motor



Dennis Hulme stands beside my MG at Thunderpark Raceway.

sport. He moved on to a MG 'A', which he sold to move into single seater racing. After retirement from Formula 1 in the 1970's, Denny found the original TF, now painted white.

He had repurchased it in 1975 and set about restoring it to its original wonderful condition. Including back to the original red colour. It was in a poor shape and most of the wooden frame had to be replaced and it spent many months in panel shops and workshops. It would take him until 1988 to finish the full restoration job.

During 1985, the Vintage Car Club decided to honour the centenary of the horseless carriage and celebrate Karl Benz's first car to be driven by an internal-combustion engine. The celebrations were to take two forms. A commemorative tour of New Zealand, commencing in Invercargill and finishing at Cape Reinga. There were eight separate rallies during the Easter break, staged at different venues around New Zealand.

The commemorative tour commenced on Sunday March 24, and had stop-offs at Gore, Balclutha, Dunedin, Oamaru, Waimate, Timaru, Christchurch, Kaikoura, Blenheim and Picton. From Wellington, the convoy travelled to Palmerston North. From here, there was a 102 mile run through to Waipukurau for lunch. In the afternoon, there was a leisurely 35 mile jaunt into Hastings. Appropriately, the city of Hastings was celebrating its centenary the same year. They went on to Taupo, Rotorua and Auckland to arrive in Whangarei on Good Friday, April 3.

Whangarei, Hamilton, Hastings, Wellington, Blenheim, Greymouth, Pleasant Point and Alexandra were the venues for the different Easter Rallies. On Good Friday, Hastings hosted 150 official entries and several ineligible vehicles. The rally offered four different routes through the Hawke's Bay countryside on the Saturday. On the Sunday, there was a large public display at the A. & P. Showgrounds, including hot rods, tractors and stationary engines.

In February and March 1986, Christchurch hosted the 1st. Pan Pacific Rally. It attracted 800 vehicles. I had already committed my attention to a bigger adventure later in the year, so I had to by-pass this inaugural event.

The 1986 North Island National Rally was held in Rotorua over the Easter weekend. On Saturday, they held a Gymkhana and on Sunday a 90 mile run around the lakes and Mt Ngongataha.



In 1986, I ticked off another box, by competing in an overseas international rally in my own vehicle. I was accompanied by four other New Zealand V.C.C. entrants: Alan Storer, Bill Sole, Rob Ross and Ron King to the rally in South Africa. I shipped the MG over the Durban in a container, so we could take part in the World F.I.V.A. International Southern Hemisphere Vintage Car Rally. After entering I discovered the Great MG Indaba, based at Johannesburg was scheduled to be held three weeks after the FIVA event. This was a bi-annual event organised by one of the six MG clubs in the republic.

(left) The Rally Plaque from the 1986 World FIVA International Southern Hemisphere Vintage Car Rally, South Africa.

I had advertised in the Beaded Wheels magazine for persons interested in attending the rally. We got a good response and originally had 12 parties interested in participating in the Kiwi contingent. Unfortunately, with the rising costs, the economic situation in South Africa, the political situation and probably the feelings created by the 1981 Springbok and the following Cavaliers rugby tours, many decided that could not commit to the undertaking. As it transpired, we only had to find \$800, as the hosts in South Africa found their generous sponsors willing to cover all the other expenses.

I had put the MG into a shipping container in Auckland. We flew to Johannesburg, but had to travel to Durban, on the east coast, to collect the car. It had been offloaded and stored with other overseas participant's vehicles, in a hotel basement car park. On September 10, we arrived at the appointed hotel in Durban for a race briefing and scrutineering.

Shirley was originally going to be the navigator/co-pilot, but had creaked her neck. She chose to become a passenger in Bill and Kay Sole's borrowed 1957 Studebaker Coupe. I luckily found a South African David Fraser willing to volunteer to take up the co-pilot's seat. He would eventually emigrate to New Zealand. The other New Zealand competitors were Ron and Verna King in his 1957 XK 150 Jaguar, while Rob and Diane Ross and their son Ashley were in their 1925 Dodge.

The final members of our party were Alan Storer and his partner Miss Johnson in their 1930 Ford Model A commercial. Alan had been the national club captain of the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand for decades. There was another Kiwi entry, who were not part of our party. R.Cleaves and S.Shaw were entered, using another locally owned 1938 Packard.

We were quickly blown away by the sponsorship for the event. Total Lubricants were the major sponsor for the event. They supplied all competitors with vouchers for free oil and petrol for the entire rally plus rally jackets for everyone. Mercedes supplied 13 cars and two huge barrage trucks, while Coca Cola had their product flowing out our ears. My car was given the No.86. All the competitor's cars were parked in the hotel basement. Hence, we had to fight through the fumes to attach the sponsor's labels, mask over the speedo and attend to any last-minute maintenance.

The final count of 143 entries was disappointing but many had withdrawn because of the economic sanctions and political situation in the republic. The value of the rand had collapsed. The overseas contingent came from the United Kingdom, Austria, Spain, the Channel Islands, Holland, Germany and America. Sadly, there were only two veteran cars but a high number of P.V. vehicles.

From the Durban start we travelled to Pietermaritzburg and Johannesburg. Then onwards to Pretoria and Pietersberg in Transvaal. Everywhere we went there was civil receptions and plenty of ceremony. Every day we travelled long distances, as the roads were mostly very straight. The day often involved eight hours of driving. The weather was brilliant, but 30°Celsius one day was too hot and several cars overheated.

There was little chance for sightseeing but at the Kruger Park, the rally cars were not permitted to enter, therefore we received a coach trip to view the wonderful array of wild animals. I received a strong rebuke from one of our guide wardens, when I strolled ahead of him, in a quest to be a closer view. We stayed at Winkler. We travelled into Drakensberg Escarpment where the Highveld plunges 1000 metres, onto the eastern Lowveld. Two hours north of White River was Pilgrim's Rest, a perfectly preserved gold-rush town, equivalent of our South Island treasure Arrowtown. The rally continued north to Thohoyandou, which was the capital of the Venda District on Zimbabwe border.



Some souvenir nightcap chocolates from the South Africa trip.

The vehicles of the New Zealand contingent performed reliably. The only mishap was an unfortunate accident, when Ron King's Jaguar chipped a curb and rolled. The car sustained major damage but Ron and Verna escaped with minor injuries. They continue as passengers in a marshal's car. The rally finished in Johannesburg.

At the dinner on the final night, I received the award for the top placed Kiwi.

After the rally, the nine New Zealanders hired a minibus to tour the Eastern coast line. This was an enjoyable experience and was the 'icing on the cake'. The hospitality was overwhelming and the scenery of this country was memorable.

Three weeks later, we took part in the Great MG Indaba, another international rally, this time organised by the MG Car Club of South Africa. It began with a cocktail party in the Council Chambers. The rally event from Johannesburg to Pretoria and attracted 300 cars. It was mainly centred at Gold Reef City, which was a huge hotel and amusement park facility in the outskirts of Johannesburg. It had been created on the site of an old gold mine.

The rally ran from 10-12 October and included a Hill Climb. The Concours were held at the amusement park. I met Count Jacques de Wursterberger for the first time and he accompanied us as a passenger.



The 'Roaring Raindrop'.

Phil Hill was the guest speaker at the MG rally dinner. He still held the world speed record for a MG. On the Bonneville Salt flats in Utah during 1959, his MG had recorded a hair-raising 257 mph.

Hill drove an experimental MG, called the 'Roaring Raindrop' which had a 1½ litre supercharged MGA Twin Cam engine. He used 86% methanol with nitrobenzene, acetone, and sulphuric ether, for an output of 290 HP. In establishing this record, he eclipsed the previous record of 246 mph, recorded by Stirling Moss in same car.

The whole trip was a tremendous experience and it was marvelous to be able to drive on the superb South Africa roads.



In February 1987, I purchased a MG Tankard from Les Wilson of Astley, Manchester, who was a specialist in motoring memorabilia. It had been presented to the winner of the 1936 Abington to Abington MG Trial.

Abington is where the MG factory was located. I paid \$120 for the tankard. This trophy had been won by Mr. P.B. Tanner in car No. 69, a 746 supercharged MG C Type.

At the 1987 Silver Jubilee of the MG Car Club, held at Silverstone, I was asked to act as official judge of the Concours d'Elegance. MG Silverstone is the biggest MG event held in Europe every year.



Early stages of DKW Sonderklasse restoration.

In 1987, I bought the DKW Sonderklasse back again. It was in a very dilapidated state and I lovingly restored it back to its former glory during a seven year period, as one of my retirement projects. I scoured parts from across the globe, but South Africans seemed to be the best suppliers.

On one of Claire's excursions overseas, I asked her to bring back a part, I had sourced in Germany. She was horrified to discover the part was a differential. So too were the checkout operators at the airport, when Claire walked up with the car part, as part of her homeward luggage. She must have spun them a good sob story, because they didn't even charge her any excess baggage fees.



A selection of Safari Rally plaques.



The annual Hawke's Bay Safari has begun in 1959 and was held annually over the Labour Weekend. The run usually took in the challenging Gentle Annie on the Fernhill-Taihape Road. In those days, the Gentle Annie and a large section of the route was unsealed. By springtime, it was often very dusty. I was most unhappy to find one day at a lunch time stop, someone had scribbled 'Please Clean Me' in the dust on the rear of the MG. It was only years later, that the culprit, my own daughter Number Three, owned up as the delinquent.

The 1988 North Island National Rally was held in Lower Hutt over Easter. My MG was amongst the 200 vehicles attending the event. It was part of the Europa Rally held by the Wellington branch and my car won the Post Vintage section.



On September 1, 1987, I had a special 50th Anniversary celebration for my MG. This was a happy occasion. In my twenty years of ownership, I had travelled 64,000 miles in her.

Once restored, I had raced and rallied the 1937 MG VA-type Sports Tourer car whenever possible. It clocked up 108,000 miles by 2001 and had become a favourite car. Over the years, I have obtained enough spare parts to keep it going for decades to come.

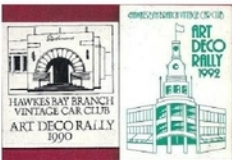
Four times the motor had been overhauled. Tyres were never a problem as Firestone 475/500x19 were readily available. Unfortunately, Firestone sold the molds to an overseas enterprise, with the result that the imported product doubled in price.

In the 1988, at the Hawke's Bay Rally there were only 25 starters.

I attended the 1989 North Island National Rally which was held as usual at Easter. This time it was hosted by the Wairarapa branch, who were celebrating their 21st Anniversary.



1988 Annual Wellington November Rally.
1989 Annual Wellington November Rally
1990 Annual Wellington November Rally. I enjoyed the November rallies because they always included a speed section on the Manfield Motor Racing circuit at Feilding.



For several decades, Ivan Small was to be my regular co-driver and navigator. In 1990, we attended the MG Car Club Octagon Week in Auckland. Here they used an Index of Performance handicap system, which assisted the chances of my MG against the newer models. Our MG VA did exceptionally well and we were runner up in the pre-1956 section.

For many years, I had taken an interest in Healey Westland Roadsters and other models created by the designer of high performance cars, Donald Henley. He began his own company after the Second World War. The company produced the chassis and suspension of the vehicles, which were fitted with engines, gearboxes and axles from other manufacturers. 591 of his cars used a 2443 cc Riley four cylinder engine, before going into 6 cylinder models. They produced 506 cars with a Nash engine. He also produced 25 roadsters with a 3 litre Alvis motor.

In 1948, a Healey had won the touring class in two prestigious rally events. Firstly, the Targa Florio in Sicily and later the Mille Miglia on mainland Italy. In both cases the winning car had been driven by Johnny Lurani. In 1949, a Healey Silverstone had won the famous Mille Miglia in Italy.

My all-time favourite car was a 1950 Healey Mille Miglia saloon which was also known as the Elliott saloon. Donald Healey the founder of the Healey Motor Company and the chief designer had died in 1987. In November 1988, I purchased a 1950 Healey Elliott saloon and shipped it out from England. It was the ninety-fourth of only 101 Healey Elliotts built between 1946 and 1950. Only about 25 still exist.

This became my first priority retirement project, and I spent eighteen months, full time, restoring this lovely vehicle. Meanwhile, the DKW Sonderklasse restoration was put on hold. It was an Elliott saloon No. 194 with the chassis number B1812 and it still carried the British registration plates KYP 85.

The Healey Elliott was two door, four seater and had a tuned version of the proven Riley twin cam 2.4 litre four cylinder engine. The chassis of their own design was basic, but efficient with a light steel ladder frame with an X-type cross brace. The vehicle had independent front suspension with coil springs and alloy trailing arms with Girling dampers. The rear suspension used a Riley live axle, again with coil springs. This advanced design allowed soft springing to be combined with excellent road holding. The Healey Elliott had Lockheed hydraulic brakes. In 1948, the Elliott saloon was claimed to be the fastest four seater production car in the world, and was timed at 110 mph on the Jabbeke straight in Belgium.

The dramatic Elliott aerodynamic body design was the work of Benjamin Bowden. Unusual for the time, the prototype body was tested in a wind tunnel to refine its efficiency. This was the beginning of aerodynamic styling for reduced drag. The body was built by the Elliott Company of Reading, with an ash frame and aluminium panels.

Once the restoration of the Healey Elliott was complete, I started to look around for events to contest. I looked overseas and the longest and most prestigious was the Pirelli Classic Marathon in Europe. It was run over seven days from England, through France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Italy. The field is restricted to 130 vehicles, therefore the first priority to acquire a Historic Vehicle Identity Form and highlight the reasons the car should be eligible.

We were accepted and the entry fee was £1150 sterling, but on top of that, was the shipping costs for the car there and back, plus the air fares for me and my co-pilot. This was a huge financial undertaking and could I find a willing co-driver to share these costs? Luckily, Alan Styles was a willing supporter and in a satisfactory financial position to share the costs. The organisers gave us the honour of selecting our race number, therefore I chose #85, the same as the vehicle's Licence Plate.

It definitely helps to have a spouse who is sympathetic and helpful, even though in a passive way. Shirley had allowed me to follow my dreams and compete in some wonderful events. This was definitely going to be the pinnacle.



GOF 50th. Anniversary



The MG on the grid for Classic and Vintage car racing. Ohakea April 1990



A treasured moment. Three MG VA Tourers. Gary Wall's 1938 'Luxembourg' beside my MG and Terry Beresford's 1937 Tourer.

My 1937 MG Tourer now had the registration plate MG 1937. This was the fourth change of registration plates that I have used on the vehicle.

Prior to competing in the 1991 Pirelli Classic Marathon in the Northern Hemisphere, Alan Styles and I needed a shake down trial. The only event compatible was the Festival of Speed week in the South Island. In February, we drove the Healey Elliott saloon down to Dunedin where the event would commence. The car had only done 1,200 miles since restoration, when we left Hastings to go south.

The event included two days racing on the Levels Raceway at Timaru, a hill climb up the Coronet Peak road at Queenstown and culminating in some white-knuckle street racing in Dunedin. The Healey performed very well. The racing in Dunedin was in very wet conditions. The circuit included the cemetery hill was an adrenaline-charged experience.

Alan and I clocked up 2,100 miles in 12 days which gave the car a good examination. We drove back to Wellington and the car was put into a container and loaded aboard a steam ship and shipped off to the Tilbury Docks, England on May 11. The 1950 Healey Elliott had been well tested and now had done 4,500 miles since restoration.



Alan Styles and I posing with the 1950 Healey Mille Miglia saloon in Dunedin.



Here am I throwing the Healey around the fast Levels Raceway at Timaru.



The Kiwi Healey Team awaiting the start on Tower Bridge, Central London.



The cars awaiting the ferry crossing at Dover. Note the 'Rally Clock' on the bonnet.

Alan and I flew from New Zealand on June 14. The Fourth Pirilli Classic Marathon from London to Cortina d'Ampezzo in Italy began on June 23, and was scheduled to finish on June 29. Stirling Moss, Timo Makinen, Roger Clark and Anne Hall were just some of the illustrious names amongst the entries. We were entered as the 'Kiwi Healey Team' from New Zealand. There was going to be three speed tests, one in England and two in Belgium, plus five regularity tests. Otherwise the tour comprised of touring stages and flat out special stages.

The event had attracted the maximum 130 competitors, which was split into eleven classes. The first day was a long tiring day but just the first, of seven hard days of rallying. We started in central London on Tower Bridge, before travelling across Kent to Dover. A cross channel ferry took us to Calais before reaching Liege in Belgium at midnight. The Healey and crew performed well on the first day.

Alan Styles took over the driving for the speed test at Spa-Francorchamps, the Grand Prix circuit in Belgium. Alan drove brilliantly and had the Healey really leaning out on the tight corners. This second day was another long day and finished in Kempton, in southern Germany, just short of the Austrian border. We possibly covered 1000 kilometres on this day.

On day three, we both worked hard, me behind the wheel, Alan carefully and accurately navigating and timekeeping through the narrow forest tracks in Germany. In one special section in the Black Forest, Alan and I did exceptionally well, moving into a top position in our section.

Two minutes before starting, we were given an average speed we had to achieve. Alan had a very good mathematical brain, and every kilometre, he gave me a calculation of our speed over that kilometre. Thus, we

could tell if we were achieving the average speed, or were ahead or falling behind the target. We finished the section in the top 10 places.

We performed brilliantly in the regularity tests and recorded first equal on two separate stages, ahead of 128 other seasoned competitors. Not bad for a couple of chaps from 'beyond the black stump'. The day included many demanding speed sections, with many hours of undulating roads through the Bavarian countryside. Alan was very organised but also very dominant and you never tested his judgement calls, unless you had a good argument or wanted a good argument.

We headed into Austria where the police stopped three quarters of the competitors. An Australian entry was fined 50,000 lire but as he didn't have the right change, it ultimately cost him 100,000 lire. We headed into Northern Italy, across the Passo di Stelvio (9100 ft), which has 48 hairpins and a maximum altitude of 9,000 feet and then over the Passo de Gavoia (8700 ft).



Navigating through the testing forestry roads in West Germany.



Just prior to our unfortunate excursion over the bank.

We eventually got the Healey back up the bank and drove on to overnight stopover at Merano. The organisers only fined Klaus Treude and Lothar Schmitz 12,500 lire for causing the accident, instead of the maximum 25,000 lire. It was a bitter pill to swallow, after the organisers refused to let us carry on with the rally. The Porsche turned up on the start line the next day, but they were quickly informed by the other competitors that they weren't welcome.

Alan and I accepted the decision, but kept following the rally cars anyway, all the way to the finish in Cortina D'Ampezzo, three days later. The race was won by Ronnie McCartney and Dr. Beatty Crawford in a 1965 Austin

Alas providence was not looking over us. Towards the end of the day we had more demanding Regularity tests on winding forest metal tracks. This was the first day we ran the car without heil caps.

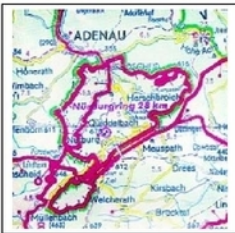
At Gasteig, in the Tiro Austrian Alps, on a lonely forest track we got shunted by a German competitor driving a Porsche 912. The impact flung the Healey into the undergrowth and down a two metre bank. The front left mudguard took the brunt of the damage and the suspension was bent. The Porsche had taken a wrong turning and had done a U turn to hurry back to where they had gone off course. We had made the same mistake.



Alan Styles doing his best to cover up the damage at the finish in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy.

Mini Cooper S.

Following the Pirelli Classic Marathon, on our return journey we stayed overnight with Count Jacques de Wurtemberg at the Chateau de Vincy. This was on the shores of Lake Lemon near Chexbres. The Count has a large collection of classic motor vehicles, which he began collecting in 1948. The following day, near the Swiss border in France, we stopped off in the city of Mulhouse to visit the Schlumph Motor Museum.



Continuing our journey back through West Germany, Alan Styles and I took the opportunity to visit the Nurburgring Motor Museum and saw one of the pre-war record breaking Mercedes Benz racing cars and a U16 Auto Union engine and drive unit. An exciting experience for any ageing petrol head. We capped the day off, by proceeding to drive my Healey Elliott around two complete laps, of the famous long Nurburgring race circuit, through the Eifel Mountains. We both did a lap each. A truly frightening circuit with tight climbing bends and steep downhill sections. We were both tested to the limit by this spintangling circuit.

I drove back to London, having parted with Alan at Aachen, on the German border. Alan was off to Ireland to see his son, who was residing in the Republic. I went north to Bonnie Scotland. A previous owner of the Healey Elliott, Keith Murray lived in Kirkcudbright, Scotland. Consequently, I took the damaged Healey up over the Border, so he could see his old car. Finally, I loaded the damaged Healey Elliott into a shipping container, at

the Isle of Sheppey, for its return journey to New Zealand.

Alan arrived back in New Zealand two weeks before me, and the only correspondence I received from him, was regarding sharing the costs of the trip. From his point of view, he believed we were 'even stevens'. When I finally arrived home, Alan was amongst others at Napier Airport to greet me. Afterwards, he went home and got one of his motorcycles out, an Italian Bucati, and went for a spin. Alan had a large collection of Jaguar cars, motorcycles and an open wheeled Cooper 500.

That afternoon and into the night, no one could discover his whereabouts. Finally, his friend Dr. Thompson discovered his body in the morgue. Alan had been riding the bike on Puketapu Road between the village and the Puketitiri Road turn-off, when he had a head-on collision with a car. It was rumoured that his flying body hit the car, before his motorcycle. Unbelievably the police had not established his identity. I was shattered by the news, and even today I am still horrified by this tragic outcome. What had been a wonderful experience, was overshadowed by Alan's death. When the 1950 Healey Elliott came back by ship, I faced more expenses. A little matter of fixing that front left section.

A Dutch friend, who we met in South Africa, went to the famous Delft pottery factory in Holland and had a one-off dinner plate produced to commemorate Alan Styles and our effort in the 1991 Pirelli Classic Marathon. The plate included the Healey Elliott, registration plate and event plate. It was a fitting tribute to Alan Styles and took pride of place in my study amongst my other memorabilia. Unluckily, many years later, while Shirley was doing some dusting she sent it crashing to the floor. She was very reluctant to tell me the news. I wrote to our friend in Holland, asking if it was possible to have another one produced. It ultimately cost me \$300, but I was pleased I did, as I again had a nice commemorative tribute to Alan. In the meantime, I had glued the broken pieces of the original together. Shirley had collected them off the floor, and from a short distance you could hardly see any of the cracks.



Two badges from the 2nd. BP Pan Pacific Rally 1992.



Probably my second most prestigious rally award. First Place-Post Vintage cars under 2000 cc.

I attended the 1991 Annual Wellington November Rally.

With the Healey, still not in the best shape, I entered the MG VA tourer in the 1992 Second BP Pan Pacific Vintage Rally, to be held in Palmerston North. Sue Hobbs came on board as the co-pilot. Organised by the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand, over 900 vehicles assembled at the four Monte Carlo Rally style starting points on Monday February 10.

350 started from Fraser Park, Lower Hutt on four different routes. 160 left from New Plymouth, 238 from Taupo and the remainder from Napier.

Amongst the large overseas contingent was a team of three vehicles from the Mercedes-Benz Museum in Stuttgart. The cars were a 1916 Benz 18-45, 1926 Mercedes 28-95 and a 1938 Mercedes Benz 320 Cabriolet 'D'. The 1916 Benz was 4.7 litre four cylinder motor and was right hand drive. Frustratingly it would suffer nine punctures during the rally.

The whole field, all converged at the Square in Palmerston North for a mayoral reception, before going in convoy to the rally headquarters at Awapuni Racecourse. Here there were camping facilities, for those not staying at motels and hotels. Paul Stitchbury drove down from Hastings in his little car, to the venue. He was going to camp, so managed to seize five large tent poles into his vehicle. Only when he got to Palmerston North, did he realise he had left the canvas tent back in Hastings. I offered him a place in our motel. Unfortunately, this meant I had to vacate a bed and sleep in the garage.

There were five Hub rally days interspaced by lay days. The five destinations were Mt. Bruce, over very testing hilly terrain, a Gymkhana at Foxton, a dusty, shingle route to Mangaweka, where the locals dressed in period costumes, a long day to Waiouru before travelling along the banks of the Wanganui River to Wanganui and finally a trip to Norsewood.

The speed day and swap meet were ruined by very wet weather. Still, some brave souls did venture onto the Manfield raceway at Feilding. Sadly, many competitors returned to Awapuni, to find their tents flooded and suitcases and personal belongings floating around inside. The next day, was open to the public, and beautiful weather witnessed an incredible turnout of 30,000 spectators, who arrive to view the assortment of vehicles. There was music, food, helicopter rides and a group of Tiger Moths flew in to join the celebrations. The rally wound up on the 21st. February. Sue Hobbs was a great navigator and we took first place in the rally section, for Post Vintage vehicles with under 2000cc. This was another creditable performance and another lovely prized trophy for my study.

Immediately afterwards, Sue Hobbs went out and purchased a 1936 Chevrolet and neither of us ever won a vintage rally again. The event was professionally videotaped and copies are still available from several libraries.

Late in 1992, I entered the First Pirelli Mainland Classic Tour. This was going to be a legal speed tour over six days and limited to 65 cars. It was the first of its kind attempted in New Zealand. The organisers had 300 inquires in the first 14 days. The previous year, a small group of Triumph TR enthusiasts had organised an event they called the Pirelli TR Southern Lakes Tour. This event involving just 10 cars and 18 people began in Geraldine on November 2 and finished at a Wanaka winery on the 5th. Following the enjoyment and success of the 1991 tour, a small Dunedin group involving David and Christine Mehrtens and Mike and Trish Duffy put together the First Pirelli Mainland Classic Tour.

Once my car was accepted, Phil Andrews came on board to co-pilot the 1950 Healey Elliott. The event started in Christchurch on November 9 and continued over the next five days. I picked up Phil Andrews in Palmerston North and we crossed by ferry to Picton. We started meeting other cars while heading south, including Chris Hindmarsh with his MGB GT along the Kalkoura Coast. The Healey Elliott had been honoured with the Number 2. The honour of No.1 had gone to Trish and Mike Duffy in their 1954 Jaguar Mark 7, as they were the joint-organisers of the tour. The 65 entrants involved 150 people.

Amongst the entries were a 1958 DB2/4 Aston Martin Mark III, a pristine 1956 Chevrolet Belair, a 1948 1,971 cc straight six Bristol 400 from Whangarei, Michael Haggitt's 1.5 litre Riley Special and John Clark's Fraser Nash Millie Migila Replica, affectionately known as the 'chain gang'.



Christchurch mayor Vicky Buck flags the Healey Elliott away at the start.

The race started at the Lancaster Park Mobil Service Station on Moorhouse Avenue. We met Peter Croft, who was in a MG saloon, at the start. Throughout the tour a Sheriffs were on hand to administer an instant fine for anything considered inappropriate. These fines were paid in a specially printed rally currency. Special passports were also carried and those getting business stamps along the journey were awarded with rally money.

The second day started from Timaru. We encountered the New Zealand traffic jam, a flock of 90 ewes which stopped our progress for ten minutes. Phil Andrews did the speed trial on the Levels raceway. The weather was awesome while we travelled through the MacKenzie Basin. With stops at Lake Tekapo and Lake Pukaki, we had time to admire the amazing blue of the mountain lakes, before heading towards the Hermitage.



Healey Elliott with Mt. Cook towering in the background.

We stayed the night at the superb Lake Ohau Lodge, which provided an amazing view of Mt Cook-Aorangi up the Dobson River valley. The majestic mountain tops of the Southern Alps were clear, for all of the two days we were in the region. The tour took us through Te Anau onto the Milford Road. Exiting the Homer Tunnel, we were in Milford Sound. The Milford Wanderer a large charter vessel, which had only been commissioned in September, took all the competitors on a lovely trip out on to the Fiord. The rally finished in the Octogen in Dunedin on the Saturday.

Afterwards an auction was held, which was the incentive to accumulate as much of the rally currency 'Pirelli Bucks' as possible. Martyn Robey in a 1969 Fiat 124 won the Mainland Classic Cup. Phil and I returned home by taking the long way, over Arthur's Pass to Greymouth. We visited the Denniston Incline, north of Westport. It was 2000 feet up the side of the mountain to the mine entrance on the plateau, where they had railed the coal down from the face. The mine had closed in 1967.

I was blessed to have Colin Campbell and his fastidious mechanical capability, looking after the serious maintenance of my numerous cars. He had a great knowledge of the British Motor Corporation vehicles, which guaranteed the MG and the Healey were always in top condition.

In 1992, I competed in the Rex Porter Memorial Rally in the Wairarapa. Rex had been the first assistant editor of Beaded Wheels.

The 1992 Hawke's Bay Safari Rally was held in atrociously wet conditions.



The right rear tyre is smoking as I lose control of the back and commence the unplanned entertainment.

I contested the Cape Runaway Gymkhana and another rally through Northern Taranaki. This was followed by the 1992 Annual Wellington November Rally.

On April 17 and 18 of 1993, I drove the 1950 Healey Elliott in the Telecom Classic Motor Festival in Hamilton. I lost the car big time on one of the street corners and spun the car completely 360°. The heart stopped beating for a few seconds, but I received critical acclaim from the crowd, for my entertaining excursion. I did get some compensation, as the Healey Elliott being chosen as the 'Best Presented Car'.

During 1993, I took the Healey down south again for another attempt at the Southern Festival of Speed. It included another speed trial on the track, a hill climb at Coronet Peak and street racing in the centre of Dunedin. Ivan Small was my co-pilot. There was plenty of touring through the beautiful MacKenzie Country, Crown Range, Skippers Road and around the hydro lakes. Ivan and I returned home via the West Coast, taking in the sights of Te Anau, the Haast Pass, Jackson Bay, Franz Joseph, Hokitika, the Buller Gorge, Golden Bay and Nelson.

Ivan and I did a fishing trip on a chartered boat, while in Golden Bay.



My 1950 Healey Elliot stands proudly amongst our classic and vintage cars on display at the 1993 Festival of Speed.

The 1993 Mobil Alpine Classic was staged during the 20-21 November. As the Pirelli Mainland Classic was every second year, enthusiasts tried to bridge the gap, by arranging an alternative tour. With the passage of years, I started concentrating more on attending touring type events. Maybe my spin at Hamilton, had dented my confidence but the MG and Healey were still very competitive.



Still trying our best. 1994 Hamilton Motor festival street races.

Determined to erase from my memories, my previous misadventure at Hamilton, I went back in February 1994 to the very next Motorfest Street Racing Carnival. The Healey Elliott performed well and the driver did not make the same mistake. It was great fun and I had the Healey leaning over at every corner. Our best laps were all 1 minute 44 seconds. It was an honour for the Healey Elliott to be chosen as the 'Best Presented Car' for the second time.



MG Rally.



A large array of plaques for the Art Deco Rally.



DKW Sonderklasse after restoration.

Over the decades, I took part in many Blossom Parades in Hastings and nearly all the early Art Deco Parades in Napier.



Plaque for the 1994 North Island National Rally.



The restored DKW. Inside the restored DKW.



Outside the restored DKW

Over a 40 year period, more than sixty properties have opened their doors to the club for the Homestead run organised by the Hawke's Bay branch, and many have been visited more than once. Whana Whana Station has been the hosts three times. Every year, bar one, the members participating received a memorial plaque, with the location visited. Recently, Shirley donated her original plaque sketches to the present homestead owners. They were all appreciative of the gesture. The missing plaques for Turanui/Greenhill/Glenlyon (1980), Te Onepu (1982), Whana Whana (1983), Springvale (1984) and Stoneycroft (1994) are still displayed on the MG herself, which is now under new ownership.



Some later plaques from the Homestead Runs.



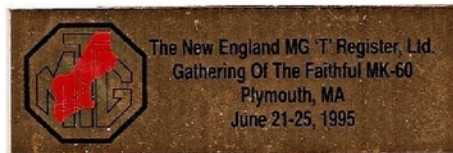
Car plaque from 1994 Pirelli Mainland Classic Tour.

I entered the Second Mainland Classic Tour, once again organised by the Mehrrens and Duffys. For a change, I entered the restored DKW. This time it was extended to seven days and increased to 75 vehicles, with 160 people participating. The tour commenced in Dunedin on November 6, before motoring over to the West Coast and on to a finish in Nelson, on November 12. This tour was filmed for video release. This year the tour currency was called Bondaleros and the sheriff was Bill Cowie.

The Mainland Classic Cup was won by Michael and Sally Thorp in a 1970 Jaguar E Type, while a new trophy, The Michael Haggitt Open Air Motoring Trophy was claimed by Errol Norris in a Jaguar XK 120C.

Michael Haggitt had died in Dunedin in July 1993. He was prominent in the sport, having competed in V.C.C. events in a 1916 Dennis and a 3 litre Bentley for many years.

I competed in the 1995 Art Deco Rally in my 1950 Healey Elliott.



The plaque from the MG Migration

I attended the 1995 MG Migration USA. This was held in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Greeta Hulme was another Kiwi attracted to this event. Shirley and I took in the seven New England States before spending three days in New York city.



I attempted to take Shirley to dinner in the Windows of the World restaurant, atop one of the 107 storey World Trade Fair buildings. But I got the north tower mixed up with the south tower and we found no restaurant, but had a great birds-eye view of the city from the viewing platform.

We visited Dr. Don Smith of Sycamore, Illinois. He organised a special Winter Rally for us to compete in and allowed me the choice of any of his three MG vehicles to drive. Dr. Smith had earlier stayed in our home in Tomoana Road, during a visit to New Zealand. I had first met him at a MG International Rally, staged in the South Island.



*In the snow at Lake Lyndon, South Canterbury. October 15, 1995.
The Alpine Classic living up to its name*

I completed in the 1995 Mobil Alpine Classic Tour in the MG, on October 13-15. We stopped for a play in the snow at Lake Lyndon. Since the restoration, I had clocked up 92,000 miles and had been on most primary roads the length and breadth of New Zealand. I had a map of New Zealand in my garage, and for two decades filled in the different journeys. Ultimately, there were very few roads left unmarked on the map.

This event was the first time Greeta Hulme came as my co-pilot. The event finished at the Grand Chancellor Hotel in Christchurch. Here I had to answer two easily questions about the car and perform one test exercise. For the test, I had to drive the MG one revolution of the tyre.

The tyre had a chalk mark and to score points you had to do exactly a 360° revolution. Greeta and I had practised at 404 Tomoana Road before heading south. Greeta realised she could she the rear wheel nuts

through her wing mirror. Therefore, with me following her instructions we performed the exercise precisely. Whittaker's MG Meeting in 1995 attracted over 200 cars to Manfield. We took the Healey Elliott for a spin.



I contested the 1995 Annual Wellington November Rally.

The third Mainland tour had a new organising committee. The Mehrtens were joined by Trevor and Jane Payton and Brian and Sue Hope. I did the 1996 Pirelli Mainland Classic Tour in the Healey Elliott. It began in Blenheim on October 28 at the beginning of Labour Weekend. It attracted 73 vehicles and about 150 people. The seven day tour included a lay day in Wanaka. It concluded on November 2 in Dunedin.

Greeta Hulme was my co-driver on this tour and became a regular navigator on six different rallies in total. Although I asked her to do some driving, she was happy just to navigate.

She had been training to be a nurse when she first met Dennis. After they became engaged, she followed him overseas in August 1961, after gaining her nurses certificate. She worked at the Surbiton Cottage Hospital just outside London. They had two children a son Martin, and a daughter Adele.

Since I first met Greeta in 1985, her life had changed completely. On Christmas Day 1988, their 21 year old son had died tragically at a family gathering at Lake Rotoiti. He had dived off a jetty into shallow water and drowned. She had never got over the tragedy, Dennis was worse and self-destructed, becoming isolated and inconsolable. From this, came the truth that her husband had been having a long-time affair, with a female motoring journalist. She had been blinded to the obvious signs, but when the truth came out, they separated but did not divorce.

Dennis tried to handle his grief by returning to racing trucks and cars. On the 33rd. lap of the 1992 Bathurst 1000km Classic, aged only 56, he suffered a fatal heart attack, while behind the wheel and gently careered along the crash barriers on Conrod straight, until coming to a stop.

After his death, Greeta and her daughter began attending vintage vehicle gatherings and rallies in their MG TF. When they started, they didn't even know how to lower the hood and pack the side windows away safely, as to not damage the hood or upholstery. But they learnt by experience. From meeting Greeta on these occasions, we eventually became a team. Greeta generously acknowledges that she saw more on New Zealand, through navigating for me, than she could imagine. She had never been to the South Island and many rural outcrops of the North Island, prior to our association. Although, she readily admits that racing along at 90kph and trying to read and communicate the course instructions, she only saw a fleeting glimpse of the passing landscape.

The tour currency for the Pirelli Mainland Tour of 1996 was once again 'Pirelli Bucks'. Ashley and Linda Southgate's 1966 Triumph TR4A took out the Mainland Classic Cup, while Alan Crawshay in a 1974 Lotus Super Seven won the Michael Haggitt Open Air Motoring Trophy. The third trophy, The Penrite Cup was won by a 1927 4.5 litre Bentley piloted by Brian and Sonia Wright. In 1927, a 4.5 litre Bentley had won the Brooklands 500 at an average speed of 170kph.

During 1996, the 50th Anniversary Rally was held with a Monte Carlo style start over 25 different routes from 9 starting points in the South Island. This was a non-competitive element. The 1996 North Island National Rally was held at Easter in the Wairarapa. It was to commemorate their 21st. Birthday and the opening of the branch's new clubrooms at Clarendville. The rally attracted 170 entrants. Routes were all in a figure eight configuration, with just four checkpoints. Unfortunately, there was bad weather for these runs on the Saturday. On Sunday, there was a public display and a Gymkhana. On Sunday evening, they held the rally dinner and prize giving.

Greeta was my co-pilot and on our return home, I decided to pull up the hood to protect us from the rain. Greeta was surprised, she did not even realise the vehicle had a hood. I had always told her that travelling at over 60 mph, the raindrops would not land on us.

Hawke's Bay hosted the 1997 North Island Rally and on September 1, 1997, I had an 60th. Anniversary party for my MG. I invited some of closest car club friends over for a nice garden party, in our backyard. We were blessed with beautiful Hawke's Bay sunshine.

By Christmas 1997, the 1950 Healey Elliott had covered 37,000 miles of fast and interesting driving.



Don't tell my daughters, but two of my favourite lovely girls.



Badge from the Donald Healey Meeting.

In June 1998, I travelled to England to attend the Donald Healey International Centenary Meet at Perranporth in Cornwall, England. Donald had been born in this small fishing village on July 3, 1898. He died in 1987.

Shirley and I toured Europe once more before heading back to England. While on the Continent, I attended the 1998 Swiss Golden Jubilee Meeting at Interlaken. There were 300 MGs at Interlaken for the event.

I was asked to be an official judge at the Silverstone weekend for the MG Car Club.



I did the 1998 Pirelli Mainland Classic in the Healey Elliott again. Once again it commenced over the long Labour Day weekend. The starting point on October 25 was the main street of Ashburton. This time 82 cars with 160 people took part in the seven day tour. The tour headed north-west to the West Coast through Arthur's Pass before coming back across to the east coast, via the Shenandoah saddle and the Lewis Pass. The mid-week lay day was in Akaroa, before heading south through Ashburton, Twizel, Lindis Pass, Cromwell and Milton to again finish in Dunedin on October 31. The Healey Elliott won the prize for the Best Post War car.

The tour's currency was called Possum Bucks. Jack and Melva Cockburn took out the Michael Haggitt Open Air Motoring Trophy in a 1934 Lagonda Rapier Sports. The Althorp family's 1966 Alfa Romeo 2600 Berlina claimed the Penrite Cup while the 1967 Jaguar MK2 of John and Hazel Quinn won the Mainland Classic Cup.



Impressive plaque for the 40th Wellington November Rally.



1971 Triumph 2.5 P.I. saloon.

In February 1999, I bought my old 1971 Triumph 2.5 P.I. saloon for the fourth time. For a vehicle with 170,000 miles on the clock, it was still in good condition, and only needed some 'tender loving care'. It was still painted 'Brigade Red'. Two years on, the car remained in great shape and was motoring tremendously. It now qualified as our new 'Vintage' vehicle.

The Triumph always looked like an average family saloon. It still appeared modern but also looked traditional.

It was out of production but still looked modern. A beautiful car. One of the few hints that this was a fast, accelerative car, was the little plain P.I. badge on the rear quarter. Few people realised what was hidden under the bonnet. It had a capacious, fully lined boot, which made it practical. The bonnet lid had a spring-loaded lock, which was easily opened, even with an armful of parcels.



More of my huge collection of MG badges.



The Sunrise 2000 on the 1st January, arranged to celebrate the new millennium, was done in the Healey Elliott.

For the 2000 Pirelli Mainland Classic Tour, I decided to take the Triumph 2.5 P.I. Once more, it was a Labour Weekend start, on October 22. This time, the start was from outside the beautiful and historic railway station in Dunedin.

From Dunedin, we headed south through the interesting region of the Catlins into Southland. From the deep south, we headed north through the stunning Southern Lakes districts. We had an easy day mid-week in Central Otago, before heading over the Haast Pass into Westland. We travelled up the West Coast, before heading east over Arthur's Pass. Eventually we headed south to complete the full loop and finishing in Dunedin.

Prize-giving was in Dunedin on October 28. 140 people in 65 vehicles, took on the seven day challenge. 'Millennium Bucks' was the currency for this tour. Colin and Rita Roberts, with their deputies Liam and Loudovic, occupied the Sheriff's Department. David and Rayna Leslie in a two seater 1966 MGB Roadster, won the Mainland Classic Cup. This vehicle had a 1799cc straight four engine and a monocoque construction. A 1929 Ford Model A claimed the Penrite Cup and a 1924 Beadmore Super Sports won the Michael Haggitt Trophy.



All British Car Day-Hastings. March 2001. My three cars: Healey, MG & Triumph.

By 2001, the 1950 Healey Mille Miglia saloon had clocked up 50,000 miles since the restoration work was completed. On October 27, 2001, I drove Healey Elliott at the Te Onepu Hill climb south of Hastings.



During 2002, I did the National Rally in the MG and placed another plaque in car.

The Sixth Mainland Classic Tour had a new sponsor 'Penrite'. A good field of 76 vehicles and 160 persons enjoyed seven days of touring and fellowship. For the fourth time, I used the Healey Elliott on the tour. The tour began on October 20, 2002 in Pictou. The first day ended in Takaka in Golden Bay, after the scenic descent from the Takaka Hill summit. Day Two was spent around the Nelson Lakes area, before finishing in Blenheim. That night we had a Pine Wood Derby fun evening. The next day was an easy day in Kaikoura, enjoying the wonderful sea attractions.

Day four was another long day, heading over the Southern Alps to Greymouth. The next day, we retraced our tracks over the alps to finish in Christchurch. Day six the tour took us to Oamaru, and the final day we continued in a southerly direction, to the finish again in Dunedin. The tour currency this time, was just called 'bucks'.

The Mainland Classic Cup was presented to Darryl Monk and Mike Todd in their 1972 Chrysler Valiant Charger E49 R/T. Barry and Vivienne Hoffman won the Penrite Cup in a 1960 Jaguar XKI 50 FHC, while the Michael Haggitt Trophy was claimed by a 1960 Austin Healey Sprite MK1 driven by Robin and Aaron Ross. This model was nicknamed 'The Frogeye' and had an engine borrowed from a Morris 1000. It was a 948cc straight four engine, with twin carburetors. These cars were built at the MG factory in Abington. My Healey Elliott was awarded the best 1940-1950 car trophy.

I loved cars that could motor along at a good clip. I took part in Classic, Vintage and MG Car Club events, the length and breadth of New Zealand and gained enormous pleasure from participating. Although, there was always maintenance and repairs to attend to, which kept me busy and the mind active. I did not buy cars for them to sit in a garage in mint condition. I loved to drive, a thousand miles, day in and day out.

In 2003, now 77 years old I seriously looked at competing at the one last big event, which still sat on my

bucket list. This was the Mille Miglia, the famous two day 1000 Roman mile event, in Italy. The event had the prestige only rivaled by the 24 hour Le Mans. The first edition of the Mille Miglia was held on March 26 in 1927 with 77 cars participating. Stirling Moss had won the race on May 1, 1955 in a record time of 10 hours, 7 minutes and 48 seconds, averaging 98.5 mph. This is still the record and over 10 mph quicker than anyone else has ever been able to register. He was driving a Mercedes Benz with a 2,982cc straight eight engine.

Due to a freakish fatal crash in 1957, that tragically took the lives of two participants and eleven spectators, the race was banned. In 1982, it was revived as a historic retrospective for old-timers. It was open to any model of car that had competed in the original series of 24 races from 1927 until 1955.

My 1950 Healey Elliott was eligible to enter. Alas my co-driver Scott Thomson considered the huge financial commitment, involving entry fees, travel costs, accommodation and shipping the car to Europe was too extravagant, for just a two day event. I accepted the situation but wasn't going to miss the opportunity totally, and took the second option. I travelled with Shirley, Claire, Neil and the girls to Tuscany to watch the event. Scott and Barbara Thomson flew over to join us.

From the 'Scotchman's grandstand', I followed the race and witnessed some wonderful old racing cars in action. I definitely saw more of the event than I would have, if I had been behind the wheel of the Healey. The race commenced in Brescia on May 25 and followed this legendary route, through the stunning landscapes of northern Italy. Scott, Neil and I went to the lunch time stop, at the hilltop city of Urbino. I took numerous photos of the wonderful array of racing cars in Parc Ferme.

On the second day, we went up to the summit of Passo Della Futa, half way between Florence and Bologna and watched the whole field race over the top of the pass. We followed the cars north and later watched the afternoon racing section, from the terrace in front of the Hotel Tonte Abeti in Lamoli.

The race was won by the Argentine pairing of Sieleki and Hervis in a 1923 Bugatti T23 Brescia. They won with 13,902 points and had finished in second place the previous year. In second place, was the Italian car of Vesco and Vesco. They were in car No. 137, a 1934 Fiat 508C Coppa.



1924 Bugatti T35T driven by grandson of last King of Italy, Emanuele Filiberto. This car was created for Targa Florio endurance race.



1929 Mercedes Benz 720 SSK. German entry.



1934 Aston Martin MK II. Italian entry driven by Bonomi/Bonomi. Finished 47th.



1936 SS Jaguar 100. Entry from Japan.



1938 BMW 28 MM Roadster.
This model won the race in 1940.
This was a British entry.



1938 BMW 328 MM Roadster
Driven by Prinz Leopold von Bayern
Co-Pilot King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden.



1931 Aston Martin Inter. 1495 cc
Entry from Italy.



1939 Fiat 508c MM. Entry from Austria.



1937 Aston Martin 2 litre. German entry.
In background is the 1934 Fiat which finished second.



1934 Alfa Romeo 6C 2300 Spyder C.
Australian entry.



1939 4.5 litre Lagonda V12 Le Mans. Dutch entry.



The winning car, 1923 Bugatti T23 Brescia.



1928 Mercedes Benz 720 SSK. German entry.



1940 Autoavia 815. Italian entry.
The second Ferrari designed vehicle to be built.
8 cylinder 1.5 litre.



1949 Healey Silverstone. Japanese entry.
Driven by Masuda/Masuda.



1955 Porsche 550 RS. Driven by all Italian woman team of Gnutti/Arardi. Finished 23rd.



1953 Ferrari 225 S Driven by Gnutti/Savoldi Finished 9th.



1956 Mercedes Benz 220A
The New Zealand entry driven by Moss/Moss.



1948 Cisitalia 202S MM. Japanese entry.



1950 Healey Silverstone. Entry from Japan.
Driven by Ishinabe/Ishinabe.



1955 Mercedes Benz 300 SLR.
German entry from the Mercedes Benz Museum.
Driven by Moss/Weckerle. The No.722 car driven
by Moss/Jenkinson in their 1955 victory.



1952 Aston Martin DB 35. Dutch entry.



1950 Healey Silverstone Driven by Sisti/Bernini.
They finished 13th with 9327 points and were 4th in E class.



1955 Aston Martin DB 2/4. Entry from South Africa.



My Healey Elliott at the 2003 Te Onepu Road Hillclimb

On September 28, 2003, I entered the Te Onepu Road Sealed Hill Climb contest. I drove the Healey Elliott to an official time of 1.23.66 secs.

I was on the organising committee for the 15th National Pre-1956 MG Rally, which was held in Hawke's Bay from Saturday January 22, 2005 through to January 27. This was only the second occasion Hawke's Bay had hosted the biannual gathering. We hosted 70 cars, and this time there was an international flavour. Entries came from as far afield as USA, Germany, England and Australia. I offered and loaned out my MG to an American father and son, who had travelled over from Ohio. By now, my square rigger had travelled 117,000 miles since restoration.



In my favourite cap, adorned with rally badges. Bridge Pa October 2004

On September 24, 2005, the Hawke's Bay Car Club celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the Te Onepu Road Sealed Hillclimb. The Hawke's Bay branch of the Vintage Car Club were invited to participate. This swelled the field from the usual 30 odd, to 90 participants. This afforded the event to a wonderful yester year feel. One of the great entries was a 1906 14.4 litre Darracq, which was Malcolm Campbell's original Bluebird. This vehicle was truly nostalgic and driven by a female in her 70's.

Of course, the younger brigade were more interested in Greg Murphy, who brought his 2003 Holden Commodore V8 Supercar. He didn't disappoint, and wowed the crowd. Jack Hobson who contested the inaugural hill climb and had won his class in a Triumph TR2, returned in a Vauxhall. Paul Stitchbury's Humber 80 bought back great memories. This car, when owned by Harold Heasley, had won the NZ Racing Drivers Club Championships, in the process beating Jaguars.



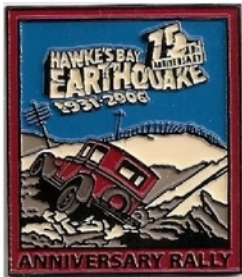
One of my last outings in the 1937 MG. Taking the first hairpin. The Annual Hill Climb at Te Onepu. 2005.

The following day, a second hill climb was held on the Pukeora Hill, just south of Waipukurau. This was the twentieth anniversary of this event. The car enthusiasts had two wonderful days of sunshine, no accidents and no fencing demolition. Bringing the numerous eras of cars together was memorable. In the inaugural December 1956 event, Tom Fox had won the Sports under 1500cc class in a MG TF 1500 in 1min.21sec.

Rex Porter Memorial Rally was run by VCC Wairarapa in March 2004. This rally was done by me, in the Healey Elliott. Rex Porter had been the original assistant editor of 'Beaded Wheels'.

In 2005, I sold the Healey Elliott to David Gunn from Adelaide for \$52,000. Today the Healey Elliott resides in New South Wales.

My garage and study is filled with photographs of cars, flags, banners, racing numbers and car badges. There are numerous certificates from racing on tracks, speed trials, hill climbs, long distance rallies, and Concours d'Elegances all over New Zealand and most importantly some from around the globe. My favourite cap and two others are adorned with numerous badges from events over several decades.



In February 2006, I went into the Hastings branch of the HBS to do some banking, and was approached by the funding manager Kevin Smith, who had a nice surprise for me. As part of the bank's 75th Anniversary of the Hawke's Bay earthquake commemoration, they had put a vintage car on display.

Suddenly after fifty years, Shirley and I were reunited with our very first car, the 1927 Lea Francis 12/22 coupe. It now had a new colour scheme and a new awning, but Kevin Smith had obtained a copy of the registration form, which listed all the past owners. He had recognized my name on the registration document.

In 2006, I joined a large group of New Zealanders in a tour party to the Hershey Swap Meet in USA. Afterwards Shirley and I travelled on to Europe. Shirley celebrated her birthdays in France. I visited the Porsche factory and the Mercedes Benz Museum, both in Stuttgart.



Displayed in my garage in Havelock North are the plaques which adorned my cars during many of the rallies.

Forty years after attending my first rally, I participated in the Wellington Branch's 50th Anniversary of their November Rally in 2007. This was to be my last rally as a competitor.

In February 2008, I decided to sell my 1937 1½ litre MG VA type Tourer. The MG had done over 120,000 miles in 40 years, since I restored it in 1967. The hood was still showing little wear, because it had rarely been erected, during the decades I drove the vehicle. The side curtains were still as clear, as the day they were restored. They were made from an American material called Lucolite. This had proved to be a wonderful answer to a continuous problem with drop head coupes. There was plenty of spare parts to go to the new owner. This included a completely rebuilt spare motor.



Within three weeks, David Mackersay of Hastings had bought the MG Tourer for \$75,000. David Mackersay owned the revamped Crown Hotel in Ahuriri. David believes that I only allowed the sale to progress, after finding his wife Jane had the better mechanical brain.

It was reassuring that the vehicle was going to remain in Hawke's Bay and became the Crown Hotel courtesy car. David did not want most of my spare parts, so through the MG club, I kept advertising for sale, the more than sixty spare parts, I still had on hand. By 2008, there was six VA Tourers residing in New Zealand. They belonged to Les Bognuda (New Plymouth), Terry Bereford (Masterton), Bill Brehaut (Picton), Keith Barclay (Wanaka), John Gray (Blenheim) and my very own, now with David Mackersay.

Over the years, I did drop feed David and Jane many spare parts, which I could not find a buyer for. Also in 2016, I gave David an ice cream container full of rally plaques and badges, which I had accumulated over the decades. Hopefully, he can one day have them mounted on a board, to go with the dozens that are already a permanent feature on the interior panelling of the car.



Although I no longer had a vintage vehicle, it did not stop me attending rallies and gatherings across the nation. In November 2008, I attended the Annual November Vintage Rally in Wellington, which celebrated 50 years of vintage motoring. I was now just an enthusiastic spectator.



Handing over the 1936 MG Trial tankard to George Walter in Masterton.

In February 2012, I finally sold the MG Trial Tankard from 1937, which I had purchased from England in 1987. The new owner was George Walter of Johnsonville, Wellington. He was a MG enthusiast and gave me \$200 for the memorable item.

Over the Labour Day weekend, I attended the Porsche Parade in Taupo. This was organised by the Porsche Club of New Zealand.

During the last week in February 2015, I flew to Greymouth to be a guest and observer at the twentieth running of the bi-annual Pre-1956 MG Rally. At the rally dinner and prize giving on the final night, I received a very complimentary introduction, before I gave a small speech. The gathering ran from February 28 until March 4.

In 2016, I was eligible for a 50 year membership badge from the Hawke's Bay branch of the Vintage Car Club. I have been promised a 50 year membership badge from the MG Car Club, in recognition of belonging to the club from 1966 until 1980. Then continuing with a membership of the Auckland Branch of the MG Car Club of New Zealand.

Even in 2016, I am proud to know the new owners of most of my motor vehicles, still love and cherish them, just as much as I did. At the recent Concours d'Elegance at the Ellerslie Park Car Show, the 1958 DKW Sonderklasse saloon and the 1958 356A GS four cam Carrera Hardtop Coupe, plus my father's 1957 Aston Martin DB 2/4 Mark II were all presented for judging.

On July 2, 2016, I received a 50 year membership badge and a citation from the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand. They were presented at a wonderful dinner, put on for me at the clubrooms on Sandy Road. It was organised jointly by the local branch and the national body. It was wonderful to share the occasion with friends, family and close associates of the motoring world. I made a speech on my involvement with the Vintage Car Club and my life with cars. Many of my friends entertained the gathering with a few anecdotes of their memories of me. At the conclusion, I presented gifts to Greeta Hulme, Sue Hobbs, Colin Campbell, Bruce?????, David and Jane Mackersary.

My Later Memories

As time passed, I slipped into the background at Holly Bacon and let the next generation make the decisions regarding the future trends. After many years of debate, I accepted the reasoning behind a name change and Hastings Bacon Co. Ltd formally became the Holly Bacon Company Ltd in January 1994. And continued the 'Famous for Flavour' slogan.

Five years into retirement, most of car restoration work, travelling dreams and the 'bucket list' was slowly being ticked off. Thus, in the down times I gradually began jotting down my memoirs and experiences in my first 70 years on this planet. Now twenty plus years later, I'm in my nineties, I have finally tried to formally document the 50 years since my father wrote and published his autobiography 'No Regrets'. Whence updating the progress of the family business, the blossoming of family members and in particular recall the wonderful people and life I was blessed to encounter. What a challenging and rewarding project.

Clare has established strong links through the local community by sitting as chairperson on the Food Hawke's Bay committee for two years and being on the council of the Chamber of Commerce. She is passionate about most things, while remaining honest, believing integrity to be a vital ingredient.

Under the progressive management of my daughter Clare, the Holly brand continues to thrive. Years ago, we used to get our pigs locally, but gradually the local supply dried up, and our present pork supplies are mainly transported up from Canterbury. They travel quickly overnight, in modern refrigerated trucks.



Claire and husband Neil Pulford working together.

Claire still specialises in the production of high-quality bacon and ham cured by the Bavarian dry-stacking method used by our Vogtherr family since 1914. Clare, representing the fourth generation has ensured the Holly Bacon brand has adapted with the times, by making it available through online orders. Therefore, Holly products are now available nationwide, with a door to door mail order service. There has always been pressure to bring prices down, but loyal customers helped our business ride out the bumps. Her small team of five has kept focused on providing that premium product, which the family has been passionate about for 100 years.

My grand-daughters Ellen and Libby and my son-in-law Neil are now heavily involved in the day to day operation of Holly Bacon Company. Ellen runs a stand at the weekly farmers' market. This keeps regular customers supplied and brings in new clientele. Libby has created several sauces to sell in the shop.

She has been blessed with some wonderful employees. Dick Berry was in the factory with Gary Windley for a number of years. Judy Jude, Ursula Williams, Pauline Walters, Sharon Jones and Craig Stevens have all contributed immensely to the efficiency of the bacon factory, office and store.



In 2013, Claire's team won the Consumers Choice Award at the New Zealand Best Bacon and Ham Competition. I am so privileged and proud to see our little enterprise thriving, having witnessed many Hastings business being crushed by supermarkets and nationwide chains. The forever changing, stringent Health and Hygiene Regulations may compel Claire to move or rebuild in the future. But the factory and shop have been modernised and the floor space increased by 300% through expansion into two adjoining buildings. Now by looking through a glass panel into the factory floor, customers can witness the age-old curing technique in progress.

Claire now sells traditional English pork pies from the shop, and has travelled to Bavaria in search of inspiration, and possibly find some of the forgotten 14 recipes of her great grandfather. The first trip occurred when Shirley, Claire and I attended the 500th Anniversary of the birth of Georg Vogtherr. He was the original patriarch from whom all Vogtherrs can trace their DNA. It was a tremendous occasion, bringing the descendants from around the globe together.

The Hohenlohe butchers had bought their rich knowledge, of delightful secret family recipes, to industrial Britain in the 19th Century. The British had not eaten much pork, until exposed to these new wonderful delicacies. The English butchers concentrated on beef and lamb, so the pork butcher provided some speciality alternatives. In Germany, they had slaughtered their animals and salted, smoked and pickled the meat for the

long winter months. Claire may not have rediscovered the forgotten German recipes but has since broadened the product range, to include fresh pork, smoked chicken, pastрами and prosciutto.

At Holly Bacon, Claire's new delicatessen and test kitchen has increased the product range. The retail outlet is still just a very small part of the business, as bacon and ham curing remains our bread and butter. A foothold in the Foodstuffs' supermarket network is the source of a sustainable future.

Claire has amassed tremendous skills that include smart decision making, strategic planning and financial literacy. She established a history of voluntary Governance, working as a Government appointee to the Small Business Advisory Group for three years and was an independent appointee to the Hawke's Bay Regional Development and Tourism agency for a term. This resulted in her working on the Joint Food Standards and with the Inland Revenue on the Cost Compliance Survey, released in September 2010. Recently she took a week-long residential Company Director's Course, with the Institute of Directors to hone her Governance skills. Claire can articulate her views clearly and will defend the decisions she is responsible for making.



*The Angel Meissen Figure
Michel-Victor Acier
Period 1764-1775
Purchased April 1962 for £50*

On September 19, 2000, Clare commenced Wine Country Delicatessen Ltd. On November 9, 2006, the shares were transferred into a new venture, Hot Logic Ltd, with Claire and Neil holding 50 shares each. This company provided Neil a new outlet for his skills. He became an independent assessor, giving advice on insurance claims, reporting on refrigeration industry design faults and problems, monitoring and producing preventative maintenance programmes.

Neil has organised coolstore installation, and any commercial refrigeration plant installation and project management. Being registered as an Independent Qualified Person providing Warrant of Fitness Certificates for buildings, he was employed by the Hastings District Council, Napier City Council, Central Hawke's Bay Council and the Wairoa Council. He was also a Registered Assessor for COMPETENZ refrigeration and air conditioning apprentices.

During 1976, I became a shareholder in the Whakatu Afforestation Trust. Eventually, I became a trustee. In late 2000, we advertised for tenders for the trees in Parsons Forest. Pan Pac Forest Products were successful and this block was clear felled immediately. Early during the following year, three compartments were put up for tender and again Pan Pac Forest Products made the successful submissions. These three compartments were all completely clear felled before November. Negotiations began with Pan Pac Products to clear fell an additional three compartments in 2002.

In 1994, we agreed to show my father's art collection to a wider audience for a second time. It was displayed at the Hawke's Bay Exhibition Centre in Hastings. The exhibition was called from Hogarth to Hodgkins- masterworks from a private collection.

This time, we increased the number of exhibited items to over 100, with 63 pieces of art, 20 pieces of porcelain, three ancient Chinese pieces, three wood carvings and added a selection of seventeen pieces of Georgian silverware created by leading London silversmiths, the Bateman family. The display ran for six weeks from April 16 to May 22. The centre curator Stephen Salt made an impressive display of the treasures. This time for security reasons, we didn't advertise our family name, as art thief is a lucrative trade.



*Marriage Coach of Josephine. Porcelain by German firm
Sitzendorfer for Porzellan-Manufaktur KG. Imported 1953 to
celebrate coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.
New Price £450. Paid £100 in October 1958.*



*Rough Weather. Original Watercolour
Petrus van der Velden (1837-1913)*



Te Araroa. Peter McIntyre (1910-1995)
Ink Drawing. Appeared in his 1964 Art Book.



Danseuse Endormie au Divan. Original Lithograph 1927.
Henri Matisse (1869-1954)

The former director of the National Gallery Luit Bieringa reviewed the exhibition for a national newspaper and said it was worth travelling to see. He believed it rivalled the Queen's Collection in Wellington, at Te Papa, the previous year.

During 2001, Shirley was tour leader of a large group of New Zealand artists, who went to Turkey to visit and learn about the wonderful ancient architecture and sculptures. The party was made up of artists rather than archaeologists.



Interior view of the Blue Mosque

Shirley's adventure began in Istanbul. Here the tour party went into the historic Sultan Ahmed Mosque, popularly known as the Blue Mosque, because of the blue tiles adorning the walls of its interior. It was built from 1609 to 1616, as an imperial mosque, after the war with Persia and dominates the city's skyline. The Mosque has one main dome, six minarets and eight secondary domes. The interior of the mosque is lined with more than 20,000 handmade ceramic tiles, in more than fifty different tulip designs, and marble columns. More than 200 stained glass windows with intricate designs admit natural light into the Mosque. Today the interior lighting is assisted by chandeliers.

From Istanbul, the group travelled west along the Gallipoli Peninsula to ANZAC Cove. This was an emotional pilgrimage for all the Kiwi travellers. The ill-fated 1915 campaign is often considered as marking the birth of national consciousness of New Zealanders. The 'baptism of fire' is a link to our emergence as an independent nation. The tour group viewed the landing site and the slopes leading up from the beach to the heights of Chunuk Bair, where so many of our countrymen fought and died.

A tour guide gave Shirley a good understanding of the sequence of events, pointing out the location of Russell's Top, Quinn's Post, Baby 700, Krithia Spur, Fir Tree Spur and Lone Pine. They stopped at the three main memorials to the ANZAC troops on the heights of the Peninsula.

The tourists next foray into history was Troia, which had been added to the UNESCO World Heritage list only three years previously. What we know as Troy, with its 4,000 years of history, is one of the most famous sites in the world. The city was situated in what was known as Asia Minor, and the first excavations at the site were undertaken in 1870. Its extensive remains are the most significant demonstration of the first contact between the civilizations of Anatolia and the Mediterranean world.

Moreover, the siege of Troy by Spartan and Achaean warriors from Greece in the 13th or 12th century BC, immortalized by Homer, has inspired great creative artists throughout the world ever since. The cause of the Trojan war was intense commercial rivalry between Troy and the mercantile Mycenaean kingdom. The ultimate prize being the control of the Dardanelles and the lucrative trade with the Black Sea, from the Aegean Sea.

The first city on the site was founded in the 3rd millennium BC, during the early Bronze Age. The site was a flourishing mercantile city, because its location allowed for complete control of the Dardanelles. The first defensive wall round the citadel was built around 3000 BC. Subsequently, eight other cities have been built on the site, the last occupying the site from 85 BC– 500 AD.

In 306 BC, Troy became the capital of a league of cities in the Troad and in 188 BC it was identified by the Romans and recognized as the mother-city of Rome (Ilium Novum). The town prospered under Roman rule and survived being devastated by Herculean raiders in AD 267 and a severe earthquake in the early 6th century. Deserted once again in the 9th century, it was reoccupied in the later Byzantine period and not finally abandoned until well into the Ottoman period.

Subsequent exploration and conservation, dates from its rediscovery in 1793. It was identified by scholars, firstly as Ilium in 1810 and then as Troy in 1820. Excavations over more than a century, have revealed 23 sections of the defensive walls around the citadel, eleven gates, a paved stone ramp, and the lower portions of five defensive bastions. These date for the most part, from the second and fourth cities, however a section of the earliest wall survives near the south gate, of the first defences. The great residential complex consists of five parallel long buildings with porches. The largest of these is considered to represent the prototype of the Greek temple.



The Librarium of Celsus in Ephesus.

The tour headed south to Ephesus, an ancient Greek city on the coast of Ionia. It was built in the 10th century BC on the site of the former Arzawan capital by Greek colonists. The city was famous for the Temple of Artemis, completed around 550 BC, and one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

After the Greek era, the city flourished after coming under the control of the Roman Republic in 129 BC. According to estimates, Ephesus had a population of 33,600 to 56,000 people in the Roman period, making it the third largest city of Asia Minor. The site covers 415 hectares and excavation began in 1863. Only two world wars interrupted the progress of the archaeologists. Ionians, Cimmerians, Lydians, Persians, Syrians, Romans, Byzantines and Seljuk Turks all ruled Ephesus for lengthy periods.

Ephesus contains the largest collection of Roman ruins in the eastern Mediterranean. Only an estimated 15% has been excavated but those visible give some idea of the city's original splendour. The city was partially destroyed by an earthquake in 614 AD, and its importance as a commercial centre subsequently declined as the harbour silted up, stopping direct access to the Aegean Sea.



Ephesus Roman Amphitheatre.

The names associated with the ruins are evocative of its former life. The Roman Amphitheatre with a 24,000 seat capacity, is the largest outdoor theatre in the ancient world. The theatre dominates the view down Harbour Street, which leads to the silted-up harbour. The other main structures are the Library of Celsus, the Basilica of St. John, including the Apostle's tomb, and the Temple of Artemis. The temple was damaged in 268 AD, in a raid by the Goths before being destroyed by St. John Chrysostom in 401 AD. Other features are the Gate of Augustus, the Odeon Theatre, the Temple of Hadrian, the Temple of the Sebastol, the House of the Virgin Mary and the Tomb of Pollo. The site has the largest gladiator's graveyard in the world.

While sometimes Shirley and I had considered purchasing a new home, when we told the real estate agents that we needed a four car garage, a room for an art studio and an even larger room for an art gallery, they seemed to find the challenge too daunting. Being unable to cater for our requirements, they never phoned us back. But we were happy in Tomoana Road, which was very handy to town and relatively inexpensive to maintain.

By the time we were in our seventies, the huge quarter acre plus 10 perch section, required allot of energy to look after, as grass, weeds, flowers, scrubs and trees never cease growing. But we battled on and kept our house and section nice and tidy. Our dear old weeping Elm kept spreading. I estimate that it was planted soon after the house was built in 1924, which made it 87 years old in 2011. It must be one of the largest weeping Elms in Hastings. The tree provided wonderful shelter throughout the hot Hawke's Bay summers. Then when it shed its leaves and it would allow plenty of light to filter through, during the shorter days of winter.

Over a long period, Shirley and I have given money to many charities, directly or from Vogtherr Holding Ltd funds. The Lowe Walker Rescue helicopter, Riding for the Disabled and St. Matthews Anglican Church are very dear to our heart.

Shirley produced some beautiful paintings and sketches from her own studio, in the backyard. On one occasion, the Keirunga Gardens artists hired a cottage at Ohakune for a weekend, so they could paint beautiful alpine scenes. The group held annual exhibitions at both the Hawke's Bay Community Arts Centre in Russell Street South and the Havelock North Function Centre in Te Mata Road.



Tall Ships by Shirley Vogtherr

Keirunga Artists Exhibition

September 2014

In July 2008, Shirley held a large exhibition of her art works at the Hastings Community Arts Centre, behind the library. She called the exhibition "Odyssey". She chose twenty-two works and was very happy when ten paintings sold on the opening night of her exhibition. She had selected a variety of works including landscapes of Hawke's Bay, which were not conventional but fragmented, as if appearing through shattered glass.

Shirley is inspired by our frequent earthquakes in Hawke's Bay. She also showed her love of boats with a series of works, once again painted in her fragmented manner, but the oils softly glowed from the canvas. In a complete contrast were four dramatic charcoal nudes. Two female nudes, painted viewed from the rear, in shades of grey and gold with a silvery sheen, gained the most critical acclaim.

Shirley has continued her involvement with the Keirunga Gardens Arts and Craft Society. Presently each artist has been given a mystery envelope, which contains a photograph taken by one of the society's photography group. From these photographs, each artist has to represent the image in their own unique way onto the canvas.

One of my passionate wishes is to witness a book written on my wife's art work.

Over the years of travelling, I collected a huge array of flags, representing scores of nations around the world. I loved to display these flags on the flagpole, I had erected in the front of our Tomoana Road home. Unfortunately, by 2001, my 'bionic knees' meant my bicycle languished in the garage. These knees didn't take kindly to pedalling, and I had lost confidence with the increased volume of traffic around the city.

Latterly, our home has been shared with Oscar. A very placid Labrador. He has grown old gracefully, along with his owners. Now he doesn't even alert us, if someone comes up the driveway. But he will still line up for a pat from the visitors.

In 2010 Shirley and I sold our lovely family home at 404 Tomoana Road, with nearly sixty years of beautiful memories and purchased a nice house in Lucknow Road, in the Havelock North hills. It was ten years old and receives plenty of sun. Many of the rooms look out on to the pleasant sports fields of Iona College, where our daughters had spent their college schooling. A nice sized double garage gave us room for a studio for Shirley and many of my car and aeroplane photos, clippings and badges.

The belated move, illustrates how understanding Shirley has been, by not badgering me to build a new home, over nearly six decades of marriage. We sold the Tomoana Road property for \$355,000 and bought the Lucknow Road home for \$430,000. The flagpole moved to Havelock North as well and I still fly a flag most days, when we are home.

During 2014, my cousin Russell published an English translation of Dr. Friedrich Vogtherr's, Second Edition (1908) of his History of the Vogtherr Family. Russell's revised work included the research results of his brother Michael and those of Helene Vogtherr of Erlangen, who has delved into the female lineage. This work has extended the family tree into the 21st. century.

In January 2015, Shirley produced a limited edition of just 25 copies, which was a small drawing of St. Matthews Anglican Church. They were fully mounted, ready for framing. They were sold for \$50 each to raise funds for the church. I purchased the first edition, as I have never owned one of Shirley's works previously.

In early 2012, Claire signed the Holly Bacon Company into Bruce Mactaggart's effort to promote Hawke's Bay businesses through a community campaign, to sponsor the two Black Sticks hockey squads build up and Olympic campaign. Holly Bacon were one of 24 Hawke's Bay businesses and individuals to give official financial backing. The men's team didn't live up to expectations, while the women produced a wonderful campaign. They lost their semi-final in a penalty shootout against the top seeded women from The Netherlands, after twice leading. In the bronze medal match, they lost to the host nation Great Britain, in front of a partisan crowd. Claire continued her principal sponsor support of hockey and the membership of 16 companies and two families

became formally the Hawke's Bay Sports Event and Education Consortium Inc.

In April 2014, a Festival of Hockey was held at the newly completed Hawke's Bay Sports Park hockey stadium. The inaugural Hawke's Bay Cup tournament included six international women's teams. The tournament includes several competitions including veteran and secondary school teams. The following year, the Hawke's Bay Cup section was expanded to eight top international women's squads. The organisers hope to get television coverage of the major matches in the near future. This will give the principal sponsors like Holly Bacon increased exposure.



Claire and I behind the counter of the revamped Holly Bacon Company delicatessen.

[text withheld]

Sadly, Shirley's eye sight is becoming so impaired that each painting she produces, maybe her last. But she remains a wonderful cook, housekeeper and soul mate.

I celebrated my 90th birthday with a family gathering, and consequently it was again Labour Day. I shouted the whole family to have a Hastings delicacy, a Rush Monroe Ice Cream from their outlet in Heretaunga Street West. Three weeks later, the family organised a formal party at the Vintage Car Club clubrooms in Papakura Domain, Meeanee. It was lovely to see so many of my family, friends and acquaintances together. Everyone had a great afternoon and the speakers were quite generous and didn't roast me too much.

My Battlefield Memories

My father had strong views on many things, and he never hesitated to write to the editors of the newspapers or politicians to vent his feelings. My father supported Social Credit idealism, while I am strongly conservative. My father experienced economic hardship and always championed the underdog. He believed that New Zealand was the best country in the world but that its people were afflicted by apathy and conformity. He sympathised with the ideals of the first Labour government but was not impressed with their record during the war. Similarly, he was an adherent of the social credit philosophy, but became dissatisfied with the social credit organisations' emphasis on theory, rather than action.

Shirley and I have always attempted to be useful citizens of Hastings, Hawke's Bay, and New Zealand. We want our grandchildren and great grandchildren the chance to grow up in a similar wonderful environment that we were blessed with. Shirley and I would love to be able to make the world a better place.

I was a founding member of the Nelson Park Action Group. This group gained 13,000 signatures in a petition to stop the redevelopment of this sports park into a retail park. We were given the run around by the District Council during 2005, but I did speak at the public commissioners hearing, as part of the group's submission to stop the rezoning of the land, from industrial to large format retail.

I battled long to try to stop the death of Nelson Park in Hastings, but eventually lost and sadly witnessed it torn up to become a Mega business park. I did not want to see the only all-weather athletic track in Hawke's Bay lost. Luckily it was replaced as promised, by the new track in the newly established regional sports park. Some would call it progress, but for every new business premise opening, another closes somewhere else.

I battled long for the return of the memorial gates to the entrance of Cornwall Park. They were removed by the Hastings District Council in the 1980's and subsequently sold to David Hunter. He eventually sold them to Walter Watson, the founder of Direct Fish Supplies, who used them at the entrance to his property at 280 Poraiti Road, his residence since 1951. In November 1999, Watson had died from injuries received in an accident, after his ride-on mower had cart wheeled down a slope on his property. When the property was put up for sale, Mr. Watson's daughter Mary Britton, who owned an equestrian riding school in Waverley Road, Meeanee, removed the gates. In 2005, she relocated to the Redwood Park riding stables at Groveland, Florida with her husband Hugh, taking the gates with them. At that stage, I realised the battle to have them reinstalled was over, but I battled on to get replica gates erected at Cornwall Park. Sadly, I was unsuccessful.

I have fought to get Derek Turnbull included in the New Zealand 'Sports Hall of Fame'. Once again, I have been unsuccessful. Scores of age group world records, world titles and victories doesn't seem to matter.

Since 1993, I was part of a small group of Hawke's Bay Vintage Car Club members who spent over eleven years restoring a 1922 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost Colonial bodied saloon. The car had now done over 600,000 miles. The car had been given to the club in 1959, by the late Roger Greenwood, of Havelock North, although a Dannevirke resident Eric Knight was responsible for bringing the car to New Zealand in 1925. It was believed to

be the only Neilsen (NZ) bodied Rolls Royce on the road in the world. In 1980 when the car had done 320,000 miles the seven litre six cylinder motor was completely overhauled by members of the club. Parts and expenses came to about \$4,500 but it still needed a lot of work of work to look presentable.

Thirteen years later, we began carefully dismantling both the mechanical parts and the bodywork of the vehicle. Over a decade, we painstakingly rebuilt the various units of the Rolls Royce. The replacement parts and the technical knowledge had to be sourced from throughout the globe, so we could successfully achieve this very complex restoration project.

The project took far more time and money, than we ever envisaged, but once started we were determined to carry out a top-quality restoration. The group who dedicated themselves to do the restoration, had all retired from their daytime jobs and were into their 70's and 80's, before it was completed. They gave over 4,000 hours of voluntary labour to the task.

Over the first ten years the vintage car club spent over \$70,000 on the restoration project. We received \$20,000 in donations and a Grant from the Lottery Commissions Board in March 1996, for \$22,668. The remainder of the money had come from the club's reserves. By 2003, we estimated it would require another \$20,000 to complete the restoration. Rewiring, painting and re-upholstery still needed to be finalised. We went looking for new funding outlets.

Alan Dyer kept a diary, which recorded the people and time spent on restoring the Rolls Royce. Colin Compton the Vintage Car Club treasurer, during the restoration programme kept an accurate record of the funds spent and the invoices received for the project. By the time, the restoration project was completed, the costs were nearly \$100,000. The restored Rolls-Royce was insured for \$300,000.

In February 2008, members of the Hawke's Bay Vintage Car Club voted to sell the 1922 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, by a large majority. Although realising it was a valuable part of the club, I knew it was expensive to maintain and just was not a good asset and was a noose around the club's neck. I was pleased to see it go, but the decision didn't go down well with some members. Many walked away from the organisation in disgust. Most never returned but it was the correct decision. Since then, the club has gone from strength to strength, to become the biggest and most financial in New Zealand.

The Rolls-Royce had only done 400 miles, after the restoration project was finished, when the Rolls-Royce agent for New Zealand came to look at it. We had put it up for sale. He took it for a test run and unfortunately the engine had major problems. But he was able to secure a buyer and the club received \$250,000 for the 1922 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. With plenty of money in our bank account, the club looked at building new clubrooms. A purchaser was found for the old clubrooms by the Maraenui Golf Club, and for just \$550,000, new clubrooms were erected in the Papakura Domain at Meeanee.

One of my concerns was the traffic management proposals for St. Aubyn Street, after Mitre 10 Mega and Harvey Norman located into the area. Suggestions to put a medium strip from Karamu Road to Hastings Street were disturbing. That, along with a no right-hand turn into Warren Street, would have ultimately affected access to our factory and other businesses. Virtually no accidents had occurred at the intersection, during the lengthy period we had operated our premises on the corner. I was worried, the inconvenience, would drive customers away, because after the revamp of St. Aubyn Street into two lanes, the only customer parking close to the shop was on Warren Street.

Something very dear to my heart is St. Matthews Anglican Church in Hastings, where my parents took their marriage vows. In 1995, I assisted in the task of raising the \$200,000 needed to restore the beautiful pipe organ. Before the millennium, we raised an addition \$50,000 to install a new sprinkler system in the church. This was hastened by the loss of several wonderful old churches in Hawke's Bay, to fire.

My Mother and father gave two stained glass windows to the new Cathedral in Napier in 1960, and in 1964, in celebration of 50 years trading in Hastings we donated a large stained-glass window for the St. Matthews Anglican Church in Hastings. In 1989, we completed the large stained-glass window in memory of Canon Button and to celebrate 75 years of business in Hastings.

During 2001, I took an active position in deciding where to relocate a new Visitor Information Centre, in Hastings. The decision to utilise the vacant Westerman's corner was a popular outcome. This gave some guarantee that one of the very few iconic building in the city to survive the earthquake, maybe still around for the centenary of the disaster.

Shirley and I were involved in the huge restoration and refurbishing of the auditorium and other sections of the Hastings Municipal Theatre in Hastings Street. The project was handed over by the Hastings City Council, to the Tourism Facilities Trust, who gave it to the Hastings Municipal Theatre Trust in 2002. This trust had been set up by Ron Shakespeare, way back in 1987 for just this type of challenge.

We were heartbroken in 2013, when the building was declared not up to earthquake standards. After the tragic Canterbury earthquakes, insurance companies and building inspectors elevated the building stability requirements. Many building owners and landlords were faced with multi-million dollar structural strengthening projects or demolition. The latest estimate to bring this magnificent building up to insurable standards, is a staggering \$23 million plus.

One of my present battles has been to rectify the targeted rates by the Hastings District Council for businesses on St. Aubyn Street. These additional rates are charged to 460 property owners to fund the Hastings Central Business District Association. Unfortunately, only about 212 of these properties are within the correct boundaries of the CBD in Hastings. For years, the remaining property owners have been paying additional rates, without

their knowledge and getting no direct benefit.

My Memories of Friends and Inspirations

Being an only child, my parents gave me tremendous support, but this also culminated in them taking me everywhere, so I made few close friends, until into my teens. Moving to new locations every few years, also hindered establishing close relationships. Derek Turnbull was an exception and was a real character. The day following the N.Z. Cross Country Champs at Motukarara, he arranged for us to trek with the local tramping club from Lyttelton to Little Pigeon Bay. I was stiff before I started, and totally shattered by the time we arrived back at our hotel.

Another time, he suggested we go out to Cape Kidnappers to see the colony of nesting gannets, as part of a training run. It sounded a tremendous idea, so we rode out to Clifton Beach on his new Triumph Twin Speed motorcycle. We parked up and proceeded to race out to the cape's gannet colony and back. It took us just one and a half hours, thus we didn't have to worry about any tide times. That was Derek.

He left Hawke's Bay after two years to attend Massey University. Immediately, he was the driving force in establishing a running club at the university. He eventually brought a large property at Winton in the far south.

In later life, he became a phenomenon through his amazing running achievements. Around the globe, he won numerous races in his age group, regularly recording times faster than the best amongst the younger age groups. At one period, he held all his age group records from 800 metres to the marathon, and eventually, often over several different age groups. While in sixties, he was still achieving the same times, he had recorded as a thirty year old. His life is recorded in a lovely book "Fastest Old Man in the World". We remained friends for life.

My father was a great inspiration and he recorded his memoirs in an autobiography called "No Regrets". He was eldest of four children, and a native Geordie and a Victorian. At birth, he was registered as Ernst Georg Friendrich Vogtherr, which was Anglicized before coming to New Zealand. He attended Miss Ellis' Kindergarten in Cleadon before going to Miss Merrimen's Prep School in neighbouring East Boldon, which was just across the railway tracks.

When he was eight, he was sent to live with his maternal grandmother in a tiny cottage, at No.2 Gandy Street, Kendall and attended a Quaker school. Stramongate School was a co-ed school and was renowned for a high standard of learning and discipline. After two years, he returned home at the end of 1909 to attend High Barnes School and eventually Westoe High School for two years. He did deliveries on a carrier bike for his father's business, before and after school.

Another economic slump forced him to leave secondary school at the age of 14, to assist full time in the family business and became a master pork butcher. The Tyne and Wear area of England was a tough area with gangs, robberies and homicides accepted as the norm. My father had to call on commercial customers every night to receive the orders for the following day. Therefore, as a safety measure he would walk six colliers on his rounds.

His first brush with the law was at fourteen, when he didn't push his barrow around a constable on point duty. He was grabbed by the ear and pulled back to do it properly. He had his first accident soon afterwards. On a dark and rainy evening near Durham, his butcher's cart collided with another cart driven by a drunken horseman. No one was hurt but the drunk's horse finished suspended in mid-air, on top of a hedge.

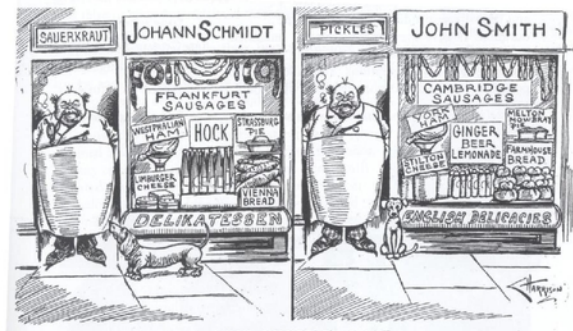
5am every Tuesday, he accompanied his father to the Newcastle cattle market, fifteen miles to the north-west of their shop in Sunderland. These were no auctions but direct purchasing from the farmer. Sometimes it took all morning, to establish a deal. At 2pm, a train carting the stock would arrive at Monkwearmouth railway yards. All the butchers would drive their sheep, cattle and pigs through the busy central streets, back to their premises. A large mob was easier to control, therefore all the butchers in Chester Street would brand together, to get their purchases to their shops with the least amount of calamity.

During the Great Slump, the family lived in trying conditions. My father had rheumatics and couldn't walk for six weeks. His sister got scarlet fever and his brother Len contracted pneumonia. This prompted the family's decision to come to New Zealand, when the chance arose.

Soon after arriving in New Zealand, some mean spirited local reported my father to the authorities, for not registering for military training, and he received a court summons. The judge quickly dismissed the case, but my father agreed to join the cadets. When war broke out in Europe, he tried to enlist but was told he was still too young, although he had added two years on to his age. As a result, he joined the Territorial Service, belonging to the 9th Wellington East Coast Mounted Rifles, B Squadron.

He was still only 17 years old, although posing as a 19 year old, when three times he attempted to enlist. He was turned down routinely, because of flat feet. Finally, my father was accepted for the infantry with the 10th Reinforcements, which went into camp on November 16, 1915. On December 20, Dad was promoted to Lance Corporal. He trained at Trentham, Maymorn, Tauherenikau and Featherstone, after which he was posted to the Otago Regiment, D Company.

He was subsequently discharged on Tuesday March 16, two days before he was to depart overseas – because of his ancestry. He was told by Army H.Q. to go away and change his name, then try again. He was posted back to the territorials and given the rank of sergeant. He was to serve for 12 years and eventually became the Squadron Sergeant Major in the territorials.



A QUICK CHANGE OF FRONT.

Stupidly, my father was conscripted in October 1917, under the Vogtherr name, but did not get called up in the ballot. During the 1931 Hawke's Bay earthquake he served in the special police force, which consisted largely of ex-army and territorial men. In the Second World War my father was Regimental Sergeant Major of the Hastings battalion of the Home Guard.

Up until 1917 my father was a Baptist, then he changed to the Anglican Church. He played association football for Rovers in Palmerston North and then Hastings United. He dabbled with boxing, before becoming engrossed with the achievements of the Hawke's Bay Rugby team, who surprised the nation by claiming the Ranfurly Shield in 1922. For five years, the province was intoxicated by shield fever. Eight challenges were played in Hastings and for three mid-week challenges, the bacon factory was closed, so everyone could go to these matches.

For 30 years, my father kept racing pigeons and breed champion poultry, mainly Red Chequers. In one pigeon race from Pamassus, for young birds, my father's bird was the only survivor to make it home. This bird also died soon afterwards from fatigue. The distance was way too far for young birds. In another event from Invercargill, over a 600 mile distance, all three of Dad's yearlings returned to their roost.

Dad was an Rough Coat Collie enthusiast and in 1926 won the national best puppy with Sunny Brae Sentinal. In 1929, the local Government Veterinarian Jack Parker was going overseas, to visit England. He offered to bring back a bitch for my father. He chose a lovely girl from the famous Ashstead Kennels of Mr. Roberts, just south of London. Her registered name was Auricular of Ashstead, but to us she was Betty. She was a tremendous success and champion at many shows.

Throughout his life my father owned fine sports cars and in total he owned 51 different cars. So, obviously petrol was in my blood. In 1949, my father attempted to secure the Porsche agency for New Zealand but was beaten by Norman Hamilton of Melbourne. Hamilton had sat in the Porsche Headquarters in Zuffenhausen until they had built the first two right hand drive vehicles, which he took home to Australia.

Even as a semi-invalid in later life, my father owned a succession of six early model Porsches, including a lovely 1958 4 cam Porsche 356A Carrera Coupe. Before that, he owned three Alvises and a 1957 DB2/4 Aston Martin. They were all exotic, rare and far too expensive. His final purchase was a three-litre BMW Coupé, which turned out to be a 'dog' until we transformed the unruly handling. He was a wonderful father, and a great friend to be able to share a mutual sports car interest. Luckily, his significant interest in motor vehicles, provided me with an unbelievable array of fast cars to drive and maintain.

My father didn't get involved with politics but had strong views and loved to discuss issues either local, national and international. Two characters come to mind, and were regular visitors to the factory, to yarn with Dad for a half hour or more on the various politics of the day. The first was Bill Gladman, an old pensioner with a white

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beard, who wore a pink woollen singlet and an old hat. He walked with a limp and was aided by a trusty walking stick. The other was Davy Sykes, a regular along Karamu Road. He would call on Dad, to while away an hour, putting the world to rights. Davy was in his eighties, with a white moustache and wore a hat. He had been a 'woollen textiles man' in Huddersfield, and knew his wools thoroughly. He would often check out jackets and coats in the local menswear stores, for the quality of the wools. Both Bill and Davy were hardnosed Labour supporters, sticking up for the working man. A cause which won my Dad's every sympathy.

Dad loved New Zealand, and New Zealanders, but was adamant that this country could not produce a half reasonable statesman. He believed that the country was run by bureaucrats, who were not very literate and only knew the word NO, to any proposal. When he was given permission by the Reserve Bank, to purchase a rare book by a New Zealand artist in London, he almost had heart failure. He believed import restrictions were strangling the advancement of the country. Porsche could only import three cars a year. A 911S cost £6100, of which £2100 was sales tax and duty. He told the Government, anyone buying a Porsche must be a lunatic or close to death. He wasn't sure which side he belonged to.

Dad was a good man, although he didn't go to church, he was a believer and adhered to high moral standards. Although, he was tested many times by dodgy car dealers, he never stooped to their levels in his own business dealings. My parents were both very generous to the church, which still shows today. He was a teetotaler, and would not tolerate alcohol, under any circumstances. Probably his own father's demise, caused by the demons in the glass, intensified his displeasure. Likewise, smoking wasn't acceptable to him.

My father was an enthusiastic photographer and had a movie camera and took some amazing footage around the world during his travels, as well as in New Zealand. He always had an eye for beautiful things and began collecting eighteenth century porcelain. Steadily his interests broadened and by buying and selling shrewdly, my father built up an amazing collection of rare New Zealand books, early English watercolours, figurines, porcelain, etchings, drawings and lithographs, many of which were purchased from England.



Ena Te Papatahi.
1908 Oil on board, 10" x 8"
Purchased December 1961 for
400 guineas. First painting bought.



Wiremu Tamehana (the Kingmaker)
Painted 1900, 8" x 9"
Purchased for £200.
Historically significant.



Pipi Puzzled Pipihahuka
Pencil Drawing 7.11.1942
Done a year after Goldie stopped
painting because of ill health.

At one stage, Dad had six original C. F. Goldie oil paintings and two other pieces in his collection. These included two portraits of Ena Te Papatahi, the niece of Tamata Waka Nene. He sold one of these for £100 more than he purchased it. Another, was a portrait of Wiremu Tamehana, done by Goldie, three years after studying in Paris and returning to New Zealand, to establish an art academy in Auckland.

Possibly the best works by Charles Goldie that my father purchased, was an oil painting 'Hera Puna,' done in 1919. It cost my father £660. Another painting of an unknown Maori, which cost only £200 is now become recognised as one of Goldie's finest. Dad also had one of Goldie's last works, Reminiscences of Rahapa Hinetau. This is an oil painting done in 1934, which cost my father £550. Dad, also purchased a pencil drawing titled Pipi Puzzled, Pipihahuka. In 1919, Goldie had painted Pipi Puzzled (Pipi Haerehuka), and now it hangs in Te Papa, along with five other works. In November 1968, for \$350, my father purchased an original sanguine wax crayon and chalk drawing of Harata Tuahere.

My father wrote an account of his antique and art collecting called *Your bid, Sir!* (1969) and printed 50 copies. He was a self-made man, with a great zest for life, and pursued his diverse interests with vigour and enthusiasm. My father sold several of the finest of his collection just, before his death. But I still inherited over 120 items from his collection, including three works by Goldie.

My father was probably the number one influence in my life.

From Heretaunga Street East heading north (left hand side)

- 100** Union Bank of Australia had rebuilt on the same location, as they were before the earthquake. The new premises were a large two storied brick building on the corner. We did our banking there. Diagonally across the intersection stood the large two storied wooden Albert Hotel with its long wooden railed exterior balconies. It gained notoriety in 1960, as the hot spot for the 'Battle of Hastings' riot. It was finally demolished in 2014 after a decade of being a decaying relic. On the other corner was the Carlton Club Hotel owned by the Luttrell family. Mrs. Luttrell lived on the premises for numerous years.
- 102** At the time of the earthquake, the Bank of Australasia run a small branch here. After a merger with other banks, this building housed the Hastings Branch of the Napier based newspaper 'The Daily Telegraph'.
- 104** Chin Woot's Chinese Laundry. It had operated from this address before the earthquake and after the rebuild had reopened. It operated very efficiently for several decades and at some stage just closed.
- 106** Private shop of Jenkin's Book Club. In the late 1940's Falconer's Pie Shop opened up and did quite a good business, with old Mr. Falconer at the helm. They produced a large variety of pies and they were very popular. At a later date, Shorty Price took over the business. Soon after the takeover, during the summer months there was a sharp cold snap and he had been concentrating on other products. Shorty had not realised that like the weather, he had to change his products accordingly. Trading slumped and we can all learn from our mistakes.
- 108** Jimmy Hutchinson men's hairdresser and eventually Edwin Davies took over as the barber.
- 110** George Geor's café. In the 1950's, Stanton Brothers established a very successful stationary, office supplies and art supplies business.
- 112** Billy Brown the butcher. He was a real butcher in the old style, wearing the traditional blue and white striped apron. Billy always had a twinkle in his eye, and knew how to make great sausages. For many years, he had a great team working alongside himself, his son Colin, Ray Leach and Dot's husband. I well remember taking tubs of flave lard over to Brown's Cash butchery, on our carrier delivery bike by skilfully dodging the Karamu Road traffic. I would mince it in Brown's large mincer and return it to the factory on the bike. By the late 1950's, Tarplett was the butcher.
- 114-118** Prior to the earthquake, the UFS Dispensary, Charlie Briggs' Saddlery and Williams' Garage occupied this address and nothing replaced them afterwards. Suddenly in the early 1950's, a high wire netting fence was erected on the vacate section. Lo and behold we had one of the first used car dealerships in the town. 'Square Deal Neal' operated out of this vacate lot. It continued for some time, as the Hastings Car Sales Company. I remember Neals had the Allard Agency, and recall seeing there a new P2 type Allard saloon and a new red two seater Allard Palm Beach.
- 120** HB Farmers Meat Company were here before the earthquake. They built a new two storied building. They were there for a number of years. During the war, a number of their staff were members of the Home Guard. Henry Norton often would call into our factory, on his way the New Zealand Railway Bus Depot. The company papers and deliveries were dropped off at the Whakatu Post Office by the Hastings-Napier bus for the Whakatu Freezing Works. Davies the dentist was in the same building.
- 122-124** Before the earthquake, the National Bank occupied this location. They moved to a new location. Karamu Chambers was built and housed Carr and Stanton the charter accountants and numerous other business offices. Hallett and O'Donnell solicitors were another occupant of the building.

Queen Street East

- 200** Traill and Fryer, land and insurance agents, including NZI. It later became the Standard Insurance's office.
- 202** Hector Stratton an accountant.
- 204** Alex Katranski sold soft goods. In the 1950's, George Bayley a car upholstery and Norman Taylor a sign writer shared the premises. My father owned this property for a short period.

206 Ainsworth's Garage.

208 When Dad had his head down working, I would sneak out and run across to Geo. Lambert & Son's Cycle Shop. Here George Lambert carried on a very successful business, which included a locksmith service. Everyone tried to have a bike in those days. The bike shop fascinated me and I purchased my first bike from them. Jack Thomas, was the cycle mechanic and very good at repairing our bikes. Jack took over the business from Mr. Lambert, just before the war and in the 50's, Alfred Pavitt was the bike shop proprietor.

210 This was a private villa. It was the haven for all the drunks in the town. I saw many strange characters come and go over the years. But they didn't cause too much disturbances. I never saw inside the den of iniquity. Malcolm Dakins, and his wife both pensioners were the occupants.

212-214 Tassy Smith was a large portly man, who ran a second-hand goods store. He had everything imaginable in his cluttered shop. How he could tuck himself into his small 1936 Ford Ten saloon, always amazed me. He lived at Haumoana. Tassy would always be seen standing on the footpath outside his shop, with the jacket of his suit open, a watch chain and greenstone charm dangling from his waistcoat. He normally would be wearing a hat. You always knew when he was in the street, his loud voice and raucous laugh carried far, and you could hear him a block away. The building was an old two storey building with corrugated iron on the south side. Thomas Smith was a great friend of 'Auntie' Henderson. E.H. Williams took over this business.

216 Alex Nevezie boot repairer.

218 Hastings Parcel Service.

222 Service Station owned by Arthur Alexander which became Morley Motors.

Avenue Road East

300-304 In 1938, this building was occupied by the Labour Party's national newspaper 'The Southern Cross'. The newspaper was published for a few years but eventually folded. Two of the staff come to mind. Mike Hunt was the photographer and Russell Orr was the reporter. He was also a photographer and later set his own commercial photography studio. When the 'the Southern Cross' folded at the start of the war, the Hawke's Bay Daily News used the building. By 1950, Agnew Refrigeration had relocated to this bigger showroom and workshop. They were there for over 35 years and very successful, especially when television sets first came on to the market.

306

308 Hector Stubbs a motorcycle engineer. By the 1950's, Peter Koorey, motor mechanic worked from this location.

310 C.H. Slater's fruit, flowers and vegetable auctioneers

From St. Aubyn Street East heading south (left hand side)

315 Moffat's dairy became Arthur Maultsaid's.

313 May and Adams motor mechanics and auto repairs. Later, Rex May and George Bailey's workshop.

311 Young's car painters.

309 Frederick Charlton's service station became the Tui Service Station.

307 Private dwelling of George Cullum. Then later, Herman Cater, a driver, lived there.

301-305 In 1937, Agnew Refrigeration had just commenced business and occupied this building. Jack Agnew and Ted Tucker began on their own, but were soon joined by Ted Dobson, as the refrigeration engineer. When Agnew's relocated to their new premises opposite, the New Zealand Railways Bus Company had their Hastings Terminal, depot and workshops here.

- 219** Motorways Ltd opened up a tyre re-treading business, managed by Mrs. Gage. Her daughter was a popular singer at the time. On the staff was Rex Tucker, Ted's brother. They did a thriving business during the war, when new tyres were in very short supply. They had problems at times with the earlier re-treads, as the quality of the rubber varied. On the whole, we were just glad to get tyres and stay mobile. Changed to the Hawke's Bay Tyre and Re-tread Company.
- 217** A dear old lady known as 'Auntie' Henderson had a dairy there for a number of years. I think she lived upstairs above the shop, in this two storey wooden building. For all small goods, like milk, bread, cream, ice cream, Maggie Henderson was always there. Her real regular customer was Bill O'Neill, who was possibly the last of the horse drawn carriers. Bill use to pull up regularly at Aunties and give his horse an ice cream. In the early days, the horse drawn carriers would line up along Russell Street, just along from the railway station. This carried on into the motor driven era. Bill O'Neill and the Macklows had their base there, while Wilkies depot was behind their home in Fitzroy Avenue. Later, they shifted to a property in St. Aubyn Street West, adjacent to the Masonic Lodge rooms. Maggie Henderson's husband was a bootmaker. In the 1950's, it was called the Terminus Milk Bar because it was near the bus terminal.
- 215** May and Adams motor engineers. In the 1950's, this had become a Tumers and Growers storehouse.
- 213** Gospel Hall
- 207-209** Thompson Motor Company. As a young teen, instead of helping Dad in the business, I would be looking through the showroom to see what was on display. There were Standard Flying Ten and Twelve models. Bill Keogh's mother owned a quite rare Standard Flying Fourteen. Tommy Thompson was the owner of the garage and during the war, his son Lander converted a Terroplane Saloon, to run on a gas producer. He and other boys used the car to go back and forth to school at Napier Boys' High. After serving an engineering apprenticeship, Lander later came into the garage and eventually replaced his father, when he retired. Some of the staff in the garage that I remember were, George Gebbie was the head mechanic, Leighton List, who was badly burnt one day, when fire broke out down a pit. Alan Boyce, who was a good mechanic and spent long hours of his spare time down at the mouth of the TukiTuki river at Haumoana, trying to reel in Kahawhai. Alan and I spent quite a lot of time down there fishing with rod and reel, or with a 'retta' board at the river mouth, chasing those elusive Kahawhai. In later times, Paul Stichbury served his apprenticeship in the garage, and after the war when 'Pors' Upton joined Thompson Motors Ltd, he was responsible in helping Paul Stichbury finance his first Austin 7 sports car. Paul was still a teenager and serving his time with the firm. Henry Roucher attended the petrol pumps and owned a 1927 Chrysler Tourer. Today, it belongs to an acquaintance Digby Young. Henry Roucher began the first Hawke's Bay car club magazine in December 1956.
- 205** Hastings Bacon Company.
- 203** Dents- the panel beaters. Soon after Charlie Palmer built our factory, Harry Mossman put up another building to occupy the vacant ground between the Public Trust and our factory. Ray Green and George Passey were a pair of hard working panel bearers, who offered me another diversion from helping Dad in the factory. We were accustomed to the tapping and banging noises, from next door. But when they acquired a new pneumatic hammer unit, our tolerance wasn't as gracious. Life with our neighbours, became unbearable. The partnership split up, when one of the pair was conscripted into the military. Towards the end of the war, Dad purchased the lease of this property, so we could expand our factory floor area.
- 201** Public Trust Office

Queen Street East

- 119** Hawke's Bay Herald-Tribune newspaper office. The two papers had merged in 1937.
- 117** Tong and Hoar monumental masons. L.A.Denton, an accountant, replaced the gravestone marking. In the 1950, this was the dispatch depot for Hastings Taxi Company and the Blue Band taxis.
- 115** Funeral Parlour. Tong and McIver operated out of this old two storied building. It became Ray Hutchinson's furniture showroom and Russell Orr set up his commercial photography studio in the same building. I can recall a second-hand auctioneer operating from this building at one stage.

- 113 It became a local studio for the Candid Camera franchise. It later became Batchelor's Camera House.
- 109 Johnson's Hairdresser and tobacconist. Then in the 1950's, W.Patterson and Co. office supplies.
- 107 Beside the service lane, was the two storey McDermott building, occupied by its owner. Ernie McDermott and his son Jack ran a saddlery and harness business for many moons. Ernie had worked for Briggs Saddlery straight opposite, until the earthquake, when it was wound up. On entering the building, you nasal senses were immediately aware of the lovely powerful smell of tanned leather. There were saddles, straps and reins throughout. The overseer on the shop-floor for many years was Miss Heighway. She attended to the book-keeping as well. Climbing the rickety stairs at the rear of the shop, brought you into a large open workshop. Here you found off-cuts of leather scattered everywhere, on tables and the floor. Both Jack and Ernie would be seated on their stools, or at the heavy duty sewing machine, attending to the task at hand, with a wooden clamp between their knees. The awl, the needle and waxed thread would be close at hand, on their workbench. It was fascinating for me, to watch these tradesmen displaying their skills. Towards the later part of the century, it was nice to see the building still occupied by another saddler, Forbes & Co.
- 105 Small restaurant.
- 101-103 During the war, Annie Gilchrist, a dressmaker worked out of this location. Noel and Francis Nutter, a ladies' outfitter, later occupied the site. This was the Holden Building owned by Johnny Holden. He would often come to the bacon factory for a yarn. Johnny drove a white 1939 Morris Eight Series E, which had been an exhibition vehicle at the 1940 New Zealand Centennial Exhibition in Wellington. He lived in a lovely fine homestead at Te Awanga, where he had established an impressive citizen band amateur radio set up. In the 1950's, it became the Caferama lunch bar and did a good trade.

Heretaunga Street East