

MG CAR CLUB (CANTERBURY CENTRE) INC
THE CANTERBURY MaG
December 2018/January 2019



THE MARQUE OF FRIENDSHIP





MG SERVICE CENTRE



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I don't know about you but I get a slight guilt complex every time I see or hear politicians or experts or scientists telling me that I am responsible for climate change by driving my car or drinking milk produced by farting cows. My guilt is the greater because I drive an 'extra' car using fossil fuel for fun rather than convert my vehicles to electric drive. Those of you who saw Leonid Itskovic's presentation on electric cars at a recent club night may have a slightly different take on this subject now.

My background is in the travel and tourism industry and over 40 plus years I have seen enormous change in both quantity and quality of both. From petrol driven DC-3s holding 26 passengers to kerosene driven A380s holding 400 plus people. Tourism is constantly lauded as the saviour of our economy and is second only to agriculture in bringing wealth to our country – but – forgive me for being cynical – I don't remember the last time I received any monetary, or other, benefit from the millions of tourists who visit New Zealand.

But back to fossil fuels. Verified statistics tell me that in 2017 90 billion gallons of fuel were consumed by the commercial aviation industry worldwide – that's 400 billion litres of fuel – mainly kerosene or its derivative. Tends to make my MGB's consumption look a little puny with its 40 litre tank. But it's not the amount of fuel that matters – well it is – but it is what comes out of the back of the jet engines after the burning fuel has pushed the aeroplane through the sky. Carbon dioxide, nitrous oxide, methane and other unpleasant gases are amongst those products which are pushed out into the earth's atmosphere and are without doubt contributing to changes in our planet's weather patterns. Depending on just how cynical we are its hard to escape the fact that there are changes happening to our weather patterns.

So much of all this is brought about by commercial and political pressure. Who owns most of Air New Zealand – our government who receives a whacking great dividend every 6 months. Similarly many overseas airlines. The aircraft construction industry has enormous political sway as does the oil industry, from which governments derive huge taxes, so rationalizing worldwide aviation and tourism is not likely to happen easily. Sadly any changes are likely to be a bit late for our grandkids – but here's hoping! Frighteningly, commercial aviation is predicted to double by 2036. Do I sound like an elderly curmudgeon?

So what do we do about it? I'm not about to sell my MG or replace my Subaru with an electric vehicle but I am thinking seriously about limiting my international travel and confining my holidays to places within our own beautiful country, hoping that it is not over-run with overseas tourists. We may be a bit short on old cathedrals and stately homes but we have some of the most stunning scenery in the world – and some of the nicest people. It must be good if all these overseas tourist want to come and see it!

Ted Clarke





Well, I am not really sure where 2018 has gone!

I had a lot of projects planned for the year, some I have completed but sadly some still need my attention, including my golf handicap, although it has come down by one during the year.

I received a shock recently when doing the WOF runs for our vehicles. John, the mechanic who has looked after our WoFs for many years, said to me as he was doing the paper work for the A, "did you realise that you have done just one mile since last time?". I told him that I had only taken it home and then taken it out to bring it for its next WoF. When I

arrived home I checked some of the previous WoFs and found this time last year I had travelled just one mile also. I discovered that 78 miles was one of the larger distances travelled between WoFs over the past five or more years. I guess the only plus is that I have spent nothing on it maintenance wise other than an oil change. It is easier to just grab the BGT when attending an MG event but the moral of the story for me is, don't forget to use your car.



Our member interview in this issue features Kristen and Scott Errington, second generation MGists. It is a great story with them both being raised by MGists and they met within the MG family. I thank them for all the work they put into the story and for their patience in answering all my emails.

For the music lovers we have a very well researched article by Peter Cook, the MGCC Overseas Director, detailing out Cecil Kimber's record collection. This is the first time this article has been published and I thank Peter for allowing the Canterbury MaG to publish it first.

David McNabb, one of our members who now lives in our sister city, Adelaide, has written the first of what I hope will be a regular column on MG happenings in Australia while also reminiscing about days gone by in Canterbury. David is coming over for the Pre'56 rally and we may even see him at a club night in the New Year.

Dren Errington writes about one of the real characters of our club in the 1970s and 1980s, Bob Mansbridge. Our other regular columnist and archives expert, John McDonald, continues to uncover fascinating historical information including in this issue, the first day out for the club caravan.

I thank all of those members who have written event reports and or sent me photographs.

I must continue to thank Val and Judith Bain for their contribution to the production of each issue of the Canterbury MaG. Val for her work with the final formatting and Judith for her accuracy in proof reading and wise comments.

I will catch you at an MG event very soon, maybe even in the MGA!

David Blackwell



CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT

FINDING A MG IN THE LAND OF GM

MG first started exporting to the USA in the 1930s. While the war years brought car manufacturing to a halt, in 1950 Britain exported over 500,000 r/h drive cars to the USA and many of these were MGs. There was no restriction to obtain steel to build cars for export and the greater the export number the more steel MG could obtain for their home market cars.

This was the beginning of young American's love affair with MG and now there must be at least 100 individual MG clubs that are part of the MG Club of America. Some have interesting names such as; Mardi Gras MG British CC, Abingdon Rough Riders Touring Society, British Boots and Bonnets, Michigan Rowdies or the politically incorrect MG Tea Party Club of New England. So given the number of MGs and the enthusiasm of owners why did Tony & I only see one MG on the road in our 3 weeks: nearly 5000 km US road trip? In fact, I doubt there was a MG on the I75 at all. It was Tony who claimed to see Bob McIntosh driving in the other direction, sharing the multi lanes with those huge 80 foot 18 wheelers that keep the US industry and retailers supplied.

It is autumn time here, so maybe sensible MG drivers garage their cars for the winter or even 'plastic wrap your car for the winter' as a Tennessee billboard advertised. Maybe Florida/Georgia's Hurricane Michael and today's New England's sub-tropical storm Oscar were reasons not to be on the road. Oscar certainly put a halt to my idea of cycling the Cape Cod rail trail.

Yet, we have managed to locate some lovely MGs and most were sensibly stored. Lane Motor Museum, housed in an old bakery building on the outskirts of Nashville, had 3 concours MGs on display; two TFs and one TD. This was a really interesting and amazing car museum, specialising in little known and somewhat odd European cars. Why display MGs then? They were the family vehicles and it was evident by the silverware and the rally badges that this family was rather obsessive about all things MG. Also on display was a MG Midget in full race kit.

MGs and other British sports cars have a big following in the New England region where Britain's impact on that early colony is still very visible. Tony and I were visiting a garage that specialised in British car restoration, owned for a vast number of years by Mr Brainerd, aged 92 and still working alongside his son Stuart. Work was underway on a Lea Francis model the same as ours. (The owner called it "the rust bucket" which gives an indication to the car's 'barn-find' condition). Also undergoing restoration were a number of MGs, including a TC chassis. One corner of the garage housed two lovely MGs belonging to and frequently rallied by Stuart. The MGB was painted a rather interesting 2-tone scheme of blue over orange, and a quick look in the open 'trunk' showed the same picnic paraphernalia that we all carry. Some things do not change.

Stuart's second car was a harvest gold MGB GT, still proudly displaying a recent rally entry plaque where we would legally need to display our number plates. (Connecticut is one of the many states that only required rear registration plates on a vehicle.)

The final MG of the day could be considered an attractive garden sculpture if you were not an MG fan. Sitting in the side yard of Mr Brainerd's historic property languished a MGB. The red, rubber bumper model was now home to a berry bramble and quietly reflected the weather-beaten and slightly worn look of the surroundings; a small village called Stoney Creek, once a Victorian holiday destination for the rich industrial giants of New York. Nowadays, a very quiet and delightful tourist backwater overlooking the Thimble Islands in Long Island Sound, Connecticut.

Sandra Frame





When did you first get involved with MGs?

Scott – I've always been in the car club for as long as I can remember and even longer if the stories are to be believed. Dad tells the story of when he was president of the Auckland Club, I was 3, and they were on a run in the far north. About 30 members on the run arrived at a pub for lunch (no bookings in those days) and we were last inside (stropy kids or something). The publican took one look at Mum and Dad with toddler and said "I'm sorry but no children allowed". "Ok" says Dad, "lets go". So 30 people stood up and left, much to the surprised and annoyed look on the publican's face.

As well as many dusty trips to Bald Hill for Hillclimbs, Heatway Rally to watch Tigger in the MGB GT, my first MG memory is watching as a trailer load of rusted parts gets backed down the drive and Dad saying "We will build that together so you can learn to drive in an MG". He was almost right, I did learn to drive in an MG, a very Precious YA, however the rusted M Type is still in bits sitting in its 5th garage 47 years later.

Kristen – Dad has always been tinkering with something or other in the shed. When I was teeny it was a green TD in the detached garage in the evenings when I should have been in bed. So MGs have always been there in the background fabric of my life as I grew up. The biggest questions when we moved houses were always about the shed/workshop space first and the house second.

Being raised in an MG family.

Scott – All our holidays seemed to revolve around MGs. That was fantastic fun though, as a youngster trips to Taupo over Easter meant more Easter eggs, having endless people read



Awards night at the Pre'56 Rally, Geraldine 2011.



Dren and a young Scott check the trailer full of M Type bits arriving at the Errington's home.



Winnie the Pooh stories to you....(It was years before I found out Tigger's real name was John Arkley. He very gamely continued to have a spoonful of malt extract at our place whenever he came round "because that's what Tigger's like"), getting to passenger in some pretty cool cars, sitting there watching the speedo hit 100!! (MPH not KPH), as I got older learning to drive at gymkhanas, driving YAs like I didn't have to repair them (although that didn't last long - I do remember amongst the long list of repairs, having to replace a broken axel on the side of a paddock in Hastings), going to national and international rallies, making some great friendships with the rest of the "kids" and continuing to meet up with them all over the world years later.



A family camping trip in the TF. Scott trying to find the leg room in the back with mother Di at the wheel.

Meeting your future wife at a MG Pre'56 rally was certainly a highlight of being part of the MG fraternity. There she was, 4pm Saturday, 7 January 1995, smiling on the registration desk in Blenheim, absolutely stunning. PS Big thanks to Rod who said go down to the motel, meet the others and "Scott will look after you". Our wedding cake did not have a bride and groom rather a bronze YA and a white MGA coupe and may have been octagonal in shape.



Only dedicated MGists have a wedding cake with MGs on it!

We now continue the family theme and have taken our two daughters, Issy and Lexi, with us to a few rallies, strapped into their racing harness they have gone round the track or through a wiggle woggle and, like Kris and I have done when we were growing up, they have loved every minute of it.

Kristen – Mum and Dad didn't do too much with the car club when I was growing up, there wasn't a local club in Blenheim and Dad and my big brother were very involved in radio control boats and cars, and later go karts. There was always the smell of petrol in the air and an MG in the garage though.

When I got my driver's licence Dad had recently bought a pair of BGTs and I was allowed to drive one of these across town to high school quite often. My first car was a little white 1100, Morris though not MG. Dad bought it for me on the condition I help him fix it up. I had to replace the piston rings and valves before I could get it on the road.

Then Mum and Dad got talked into organising the 1995 National Pre'56 Rally... I had been overseas on a high school exchange for a year and was back doing a couple of subjects at school and working as hard as I could to earn enough money to leave the



Kristen and Dad, Rod Thorp, work on Kristen's first car, a Morris 1100.



MEMBER INTERVIEW - SCOTT & KRISTEN ERRINGTON

country again on my big OE. I wasn't involved in the organisation, but was roped in at every opportunity to help out during the rally. Starting with registration, Scott was very late to turn up but made a lasting impression!

What MGs have you owned?

Scott – My first car was a 1967 Mk3 midget. I have “borrowed” a Y on numerous occasions. Now we have a 1954 ZA. (Needed something to put the kids in.)

Kristen - The ZA, actually the only MG I have ever owned as there's always a dad or a dad-in-law ready to loan one...

Tell us about them.

The Midget was an amazing wee car that I restored the engine, gearbox, interior, seats etc and then one fateful afternoon tried to see if it could fly. And I learned the hard way that cars are best if they stay on the ground. The chassis wrapped itself around a lamp-post 6ft up, not a straight panel left on the car and one very lucky-to- be alive, driver.

The YA seemed like (I'm pretty sure it's mine in the will) my car growing up. Gymkhanas, taking it to rallies, racing at Ruapuna, trials (finding out who the best navigator is in the family) playing tank commander at varsity, the dent on the bonnet “may” have been a tank commander episode gone wrong.

The ZA is our car together.

It has undergone various modifications (MR2 supercharger that Rod wanted to find a use for and managed to shoehorn in) but most importantly as our family grew, the addition of bracing for children's car seats. It gave us the opportunity to continue to be a part of the car club we enjoy and have had so much enjoyment out of. The Z is undergoing some minor repairs at present - it started with fixing a dodgy fuel pump but that was 8 years ago and has been fixed; now onto the brakes, paint job, etc etc (Issy needs a car to learn to drive in soon, hmmm?)

How long have you been a member of the MG Car Club?

Scott - 51 years and loved every minute of it,. Have made some great friends and love being part of the wider MG family.

Kristen - Since 1995.



Scott in action at the Kimberley Domain.



Rumour has it the lamp post was ok!!



Can you recall your most memorable/non-memorable trips or events in your MG?

Scott – There have been a number. 17 breakdowns, passed 9 cars on one MG trip away but two trips/events stand out for me.

Coming home to NZ after our Big OE together, we contrived to keep the homecoming a secret from our parents, all the while managing to register for the '97 Pre'56 rally in Rotorua and arrange for Martin to drive the YA up from Christchurch so we could have a car to compete in. Very successfully too, Di just stood there and yelled at us, Dren looked and saw some long haired guy wearing my shirt, Rod smiled "well done" and quietly gave me a handshake welcome home, Biddy hugged and hugged Kris. It was a very successful homecoming results wise, as Erringtons finished one, two, three overall.

The other was a trip with 29 other MGers to a GOF rally in America. Starting with the boys (Steve Lane, Tony Hart and I) going on every * rated ride in Disneyland in one day, taking about 16 hours (*not suitable for those who were pregnant, had heart issues etc), to having complete strangers insist you drive their car. Although initially I wasn't sure after doing a gymkhana test and squealing tyres and beating the owner by quite some margin until I saw the beaming smile on Jerry's face and still remember his exact words "I didn't know they could be driven like that". All 29 of us being billeted in and around the New England states for a week or so after the rally, we were treated to exceptional hospitality and friendship. Boston became, and still is, my favourite place in America.

Kristen - My most memorable event in an MG was meeting Scott and getting engaged 6 weeks later! We had to plan our wedding for the off-year of the rally so all our MG friends and family could come.

A very close runner up is the Nelson rally when we took our new born Isobella at just 8 days old. We were first time parents and didn't think having a baby would cramp our style! Besides all our extended family and lots of adopted grandparents would be there to help.

If you were heading on a country drive in the Cotswolds (England) or off the beaten track around Geraldine, who, living or deceased, would you like to take with you and why?

Scott – We were fortunate enough to have lived in the Cotswolds for a while and as we drove a midget past Eastleach I should say Cecil Kimber (got goose bumps when I realised where we were); however I would love to do this again with Kris, it was 20 something years ago since we last did it and I can't think of anybody else I would rather hop into an MG with, take a picnic and go and explore all the little country roads like we used too.



Christchurch 1991—Ys of Scott, Peter Lawn and Tony Bushell.



Scott's first breakdown.



Kristen - awhhhhh, so romantic! What else can I say!

If you had space for one more car in your garage what would it be and why?

Kristen – 1956 Karmann Ghia with an electric conversion. My favourite looking car of all time and I love the idea of electric conversions.

Scott - McLaren 720S – A lovely looking car, I've been a fan of McLaren for as long as I remember watching formula 1 in the 1980s and knowing he is a local lad helps. (Lived on same street as Mum, caught same bus as Dad.)

Where is your favourite place to holiday?

Kristen – There are two must haves – warm and by the sea. I don't have a specific spot but would like Scott to take me to anywhere in South-East Asia for a relaxing ocean holiday.

Scott – off the grid with my whole family, all 19+ of us, stuck down the Marlborough Sounds for a week or two, relaxing, playing cards, games, reading books, fishing, swimming and generally unwinding having fun.

What is your favourite meal?

Kristen – Anything prepared by my lovely family for me.

Scott – Kokoda (raw fish in coconut milk essentially but divine) for starters, Miri's curry (a basic beef curry but cooked with love from the time spent growing up in Fiji and the first dish I learnt how to make).

What music would you have booming out of your garage/workshop?

Kristen – Spotify calls it "Acoustic hits oldies but goodies" Look it up, you'll like it.

Scott – My go to list is an eclectic mix



A family affair - Above, Kristen at the Pre'56 Rally Whanganui, 2009 and below Scott and 4 year old Lexi having fun at the Gymkhana.



Kristen winds up the MG ZA at Whanganui, 2009.



of 1980s rock, pop, alternative along with 1990s Brit pop, 1970s rock and some modern hits for good measure. Favourites include Pulp, Bowie, Pouges and most 1980s NZ rock bands.



The next generation are hooked early! Lexi on the fence at Ruapuna 2008.

Right. Kristen takes a cuppa while marshalling MGs for speed day at the MG National Rally, Timaru. 2018. Colleen O'Connell is the other marshal with Stu Moore in the 'A' waiting for approval to enter the track.



**Family photo at the Rotorua Pre'56 1997 following Kristen & Scott's surprise return home.
L to R. Martin Single, Chris Errington, Kristen with Scott behind & Di and Dren Errington.**



Wedding day and lots of MGs





A CANTERBURY CENTRE CHARACTER

By Dren Errington

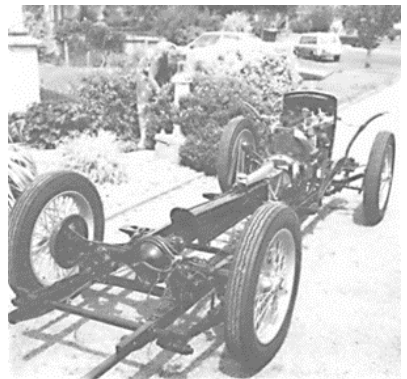
We were spring cleaning the study the other day when we came across an old manila folder filled with invoices, photos and notes on the restoration of a TC. The folder and the TC once belonged to Bob Mansbridge. Those of you who were around the MGCC in the 1970s and 1980s will remember him well. "Wee Bob," as he was affectionately known by club members, was a little person with a passion for motoring and motorsport. He also enjoyed a bit of acting and was a regular at Christmas pantomimes as Grumpy, Doc, or another of the Seven Dwarfs.

Daily life was a challenge that Bob met head on. His cars and home were significantly modified to suit his stature. The kitchen included ramps and platforms to allow him to use the bench, stove and other facilities, while his vehicles had a full set of hand controls, throttle, clutch and brakes, with the exception of what he referred to as his "pedal car". This was a Lotus Europa in which he replaced the driver's seat base with a shortened and raised version with an extra set of brake and clutch pedals mounted at the forward edge. These were attached by extension rods to the original pedals, comparatively speaking, in a conventional format.

He loved to chat especially about motoring stuff, enjoyed the company of adults and children alike and was even happy around large dogs although at BBQs on our back lawn he sometimes found himself competing with our Labrador for a newly barbequed steak. Shopping could also pose the occasional problem and he often told the story of attempting to reach a packet of fish fingers from a chest freezer in the supermarket, overbalancing and ending up headfirst and helpless in the frozen food.

Bob's competitive motor sport career started with a Cooper 500 which was a bit of a handful (pun intended) even with full hand controls. So Bob moved to something a little more suited to road use in the shape of a fairly ratty old TC. That was not Bob's only form of transport, in fact over the years his stable ranged across a fairly broad spectrum, from Bedford Dormmobile to Mini Cooper to Lotus Europa and others. The Lotus was something else, low sleek and enormous fun to drive, which he did on a regular basis. On the other hand the Bedford was very handy for sleeping off the effects of a typical MG party back in the days. In that context, when you're less than three feet tall (around 90 cm) it only takes a couple of glasses of wine to create the need for a lie down. Think early Winter Woollies days with the traditional mulled wine and picture a helmeted and Irving jacketed, very short chap snoozing peacefully in a topless TC in the Sign of the Bell Bird car park, another of his favourite stories.

Bob rebuilt the TC between 1976 and 1981 and his manila folder gives us some idea of the problems all amateur restorers faced back then. Then there were no websites to browse, no email for orders and surface shipping which took weeks unless one faced up to the significant expense of air delivery. In addition there were import approvals and payment to be obtained. These meant permission from the Customs Dept to import the goods, an application for an import licence from Trade and Industries Dept, and an application to the Reserve Bank to transfer money overseas. As an example a letter of enquiry from Bob to a UK MG parts supplier NTG in August 1977, elicited a surface mail response from NTG a few weeks later. Bob posted his order



Ready to begin the renewal.



in December, including an international cheque and the goods arrived in January, more than four months overall. The order was for £46.23 (stg) including a wiring loom at £14.50, two union jack badges at £12.40, a few rubber bits and airmail postage £13.00 (to hell with the expense). And a note to say he, Bob, still owed £3.68. Possibly the exchange rate or prices changed during the process. While much of the restoration work was farmed out to local Christchurch companies Bob managed a significant amount of the work on his own, and with help from some of his MG friends. By April 1981 the TC was ready for its first WoF after many years of painstaking work. Oh yes, one other thing, all this effort did not include a hood or side screens. Weather protection was really only for softies, Bob's version was a full tonneau cover, a gentleman's large black brolly, a beautifully made fitting Irving jacket, leather flying helmet and goggles.

For the next few years Bob and the TC fully participated in all types of MGCC and T Register events. Trials, gymkhanas and country runs including the Winter Woollies were all part of the fun, and he often took a leading role in the fun bits. For instance after a picnic trip to Godley House on the return journey via the Lyttelton Tunnel the TC led two TFs out of the rain and into the tunnel. Within a few metres the TC slowed then accelerated in 2nd gear to around 5000 rpm, glorious sound, then backed right off, then with a toot on the horn (for the Tunnel Gods) back up to 4500 rpm again. We all got the idea then and from there it was an MG chorus of revs and toots. Today there are still members of our club who cannot go through a tunnel without a couple of toots, one for the Tunnel Gods and one for Wee Bob!



Bob in full kit including brolly behind the seat.

Around this time Bob was planning another challenge which eventually crystallised as a long distance run. Now many of us have happily headed off on longish journeys in our MGs, perhaps a rally in the North Island, an extended tour round the South or even taking in both islands, usually clocking up somewhere in the order of 1 – 2000 miles. And there are some who have measured their long distance journeys in older MGs in tens of thousands of miles across distant continents. At first sight Bob's target was comparatively minor by comparison, he wasn't even planning to leave N Z, just drive from end to end and back again, a distance of over 2100 miles (3500kms), in the TC, on his own, with no weather protection other than his umbrella, jacket and helmet. He was now in his late forties and as a little person he was well beyond middle age. A journey of this mature could place enormous demands on him and it did. Nevertheless Bob succeeded in completing his long distance adventure but like others it was a combination of ecstasy and at times agony.

On his return he found his health was deteriorating and with help from some of his MG friends concentrated on getting his property in order before selling up, retiring to his home town and the care of his family in Nelson. Bob was a little guy with a very big heart, a great sense of fun and a real determination to enjoy life, in particular his motoring, despite the hurdles nature had put in his way. In this he was amazingly successful.



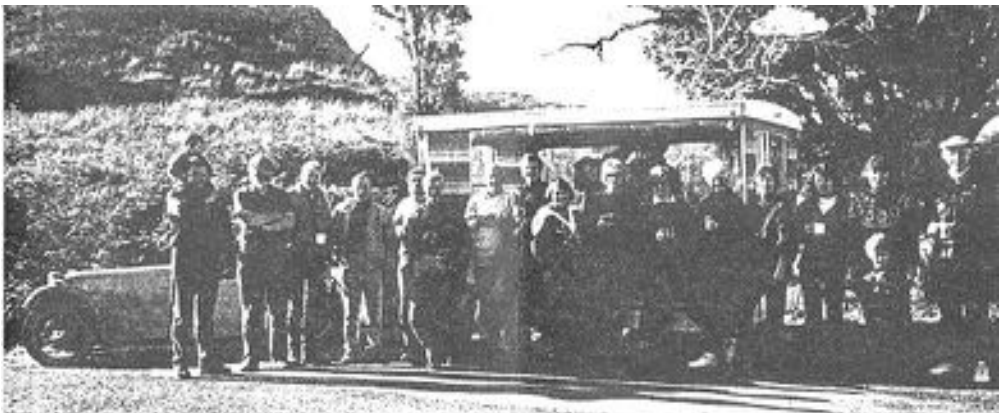


By John McDonald

Something different to ponder, especially for those who regard the MGB as a "modern" MG. It is no such thing, the "newest version was on runout in this country in November 1979. This attached letter was found in the MaG of early 1980, urging prospective owners to avail themselves of one of the last 4 available 38 years ago ...

The club caravan has served us well over the last 24 years, probably something we take for granted as it spends most of the time in the shed. It made its first club appearance at the Winter Woollies run of 26 June 1994, to the Sign of the Bellbird. Andy Granger penned his report thus, "A thick blanket of cloud covered the big city and only two cars were waiting to go.

One said "let's go," the other said "let's wait 10 minutes". 15 minutes later 9 cars headed for



The new club caravan at the Sign of the Bellbird, June 1994.



the Sign of the Bellbird, via the Old Tai Tapu Rd and up Gebbies Pass, driving through thick fog to an absolutely brilliant sunny day. Christchurch might as well as been non - existent under the thick wad of cotton wool. Arriving there we got our first look at our recently purchased club POP TOP camper, towed up by Duncan Yeates, who aptly called it our "drinks trolley". He was also kind enough to have a nice fire going for us in the shelter". Unfortunately the photograph capturing this occasion is not of good quality, but sufficient can be seen to identify Pat and Colleen O'Connell's MG leading from the left.

Finally, an internet appearance titled simply "Camping at Murawai Beach, c1951-52". I wonder if it survived.



A dream American MG garage and workshop.



MGC 50th ANNIVERSARY TOUR

By Grant & Jenny Sutherland



An ideal way to spend a Sunday, with like-minded people on an MG run – this one to host the MGC 50th Anniversary tour group who were passing through Christchurch, 3 MGCs joined us.

Ian Grant, the MGC tour organiser gave an overview of the tour and the MGC development before we left the Cashmere Club. Over morning tea at the Heathcote Valley Inn Tavern President Ted Clarke provided an interesting insight into the background of the tavern and of Orton Bradley Park – our lunch venue.



Leaving the Valley Inn we travelled on to Bridle Path Road and through the tunnel, for some it was the noise and exhilaration of driving, roof down, through the Lyttelton Road Tunnel. After a short drive around Lyttelton and back up Dyers Pass to the Sign of the Kiwi where we went onto the Summit Road, with its amazing views, Lyttelton Harbour to the left and Lake Ellesmere to the right. Great to see a good turn out for this most enjoyable run.

At Orton Bradley Park 27 cars (the earliest being Ross Butlers MG TD) lined up, great to see them all and everyone enjoying their picnics in a sunny sheltered setting. Us enthusiasts enjoyed the opportunity to inspect the visiting MGCs and have a good natter. Before leaving some took the opportunity to wander the rhododendron garden and others enjoyed bush walks.



Thanks to Paul and Serena for a great day, we only took wrong turns a couple of times, oops, and we did enjoy the additional information provided in the navigators notes.





SPRING FORWARD RUN & ANNUAL AWARDS

By Alan McLaren & Lesley Robertson

Known as the spring forward run, prize giving and dinner, the plan was to celebrate the start of daylight saving with a car run from the Cashmere Club starting at 5:00pm. The instructions were to dress as your interpretation on spring. The run would take approximately 90 minutes, where you would end up at an undisclosed venue with the added incentive of a three course pub roast, followed by the club's annual prize giving.

The event was well supported with an array of colours and sights lining up for the run. An organiser's nightmare, Colombo Street was cut off by roadworks, causing a bottleneck on the detour across a small bridge onto Centaurus Road. After that minor hiccup the run organised by Sandra and Tony was superb, with a bit of everything, commencing with a sharp climb up Dyers Pass Road to the Sign of the Kiwi.

It was then a sharp right with wall to wall views along the Summit Road, where everyone avoided the Boy Racer diesel spills warning in our instruction sheet. It was then all downhill onto Gebbies Pass Road and then right heading to Motukarara on the Main Road to Akaroa.

At Motukarara it was left into Duckpond Road which continued into Ridge Road. These names have inspired me to give you a paragraph with educational value. Motukarara means 'Island of Lizards'. This mound of higher ground or island (moto) was once surrounded by swamp and takes its name from a lizard (karara). Lizards feature largely in Maori folklore. In 1874 the Reverend J W Stack claimed he saw a 460mm nun lizard. This lizard is believed to have disappeared with the introduction of the rat. It is believed that the karara in this place name was a species of giant gecko now extinct. Whether the line of MGs snaking their way through the landscape resembled a giant lizard, I am unsure?

Anyway, you will be pleased to know I am now back on track with these back roads surprisingly leading to Rolleston. As a relatively new member I love exploring roads you would rarely have a reason to travel down or even know they exist.



Lesley & Alan took out the best Spring outfit award. Their prize—to write this article.



Juliana Protheroe making her spring statement.

SPRING FORWARD RUN & ANNUAL AWARDS



After re-joining civilisation, the writer witnessed a few participants making fundamental navigational errors. However, everyone appeared to reach the final destination, which was the Yaldhurst Tavern.

In his speech I thought our esteemed President Ted Clarke showed great insight when summing up the day. Showing maturity beyond his years, he achieved this by getting us involved with a series of questions. The first was how many of us have passed through Motukarara on the Main Road and have never ventured on the back road or were even aware of it? The other was how many times have we met at the Yaldhurst Tavern carpark, but have never been inside? This resonated with the majority of our members who were on the negative on both counts. I also agree with his comments that the Tavern put on a superb three course meal with plenty of choice and quantity.

Excitement mounted as the writer who had been dressed by his fiancé in a bug costume which had been bugging him all night, awaited the outcome of the Spring Forward fancy dress competition. Clearly, this was going to be the supreme award of the night. The costume, far too small, was making breathing a luxury, but there is no gain without pain. There were quite a few pretenders to the throne in the competition, hiding behind the play on words, decorated as coiled springs made of wire. Thankfully, sanity prevailed and the bugs had it. The bottle of pinot gris was most welcome.

A number of awards followed for speed, driver agility and focus on following instructions. One thing I will comment on is that Jenny Steere did an admirable job dishing out the awards with the Steere extended family featuring highly. In summing up a very enjoyable evening.



Master of ceremonies, hard working club secretary, Jenny Steere.



Two contrasting interpretations of a Spring hat from Steve Brown and Sandra Frame.



Best performance by a new member. Kevin & Judith Schroder.



SPRING FORWARD RUN & AWARDS



Trophies are a family affair. L to R. Garry Steere, Jenny Steere, Lawrie Steere, Noel Barnes and Maria Barnes.



Some of our winners with secretary Jenny. Top row L to R. Dren Errington, Di Errington, Sandra Frame, Tony Reid, Stu Moore.

Bottom row L to R. Trevor Ingham, David Benson.

SPRING FORWARD RUN & AWARDS



MG CAR CLUB TROPHIES 2018

	1 st	2 nd	3 rd
CLUB BRICK	Murray Meyers Set 2 extensive trials last year		
CONCOURS Hadley Auto Manicure Trophy	David Benson – MG3	Jenny Steere – MGTF 180	Graham Inwood – MG3
TRIALS DRIVER Trials trophy	Dren Errington 2 nd October Trial /2 nd Breakfast Trial	Scott Errington & Matthew Reid	
TRIALS NAVIGATOR Navigators Trophy	Di Errington 2 nd October Trial /2 nd Breakfast Trial	Kirsten Errington & Ollie Reid	
MOTORKHANA overall Aalton Builders Trophy	Garry Steere - 146.23/121.24	Noel Barnes - 150.32/122.66	Lawrie Steere - 152.47 Roger Heijnen - 126.58
MOTORKHANA Ladies Wayne Wright Trophy	Maria Barnes	Jenny Steere	
MOTORKHANAS in MG Grayspeed Trophy	Garry Steere		
LADIES TROPHY highest overall Errington Vase	Sandra Frame		
BEST PERFORMANCE Overall Wheeler Trophy	Stu Moore (46 points) Participated in all Club Nights and events except QB weekend & Winter Woollies 2017	Tony Reid (44pt) (Sir Charles Norwood Trophy)	Lawrie Steere (41pt) High Participation & Motorkhana points
BEST PERFORMANCE Runner Up Sir Charles Norwood Trophy	Tony Reid	Participated in all events except Labour W/E, 1 x Motorkhana & 1x club night.	
BEST PERFORMANCE Overall by New Member	Judith & Kevin Schroder	First event was main trial last October. Something they had never attempted before	
CLUB STALWART Gordon Wheeler Memorial Trophy	Graham Inwood		
TRIERS TROPHY	Trevor Ingham Despite health issues Trevor attended events and participated.		
MMM Attendance	David & Shirley Johnson	Graham Baker	Graham Inwood
PRE'56 TROPHIES			
Gents Stalwart	David Provan MGCC Nat Meet organiser/trial supporter, 2018 Breakfast Trial, Web Master Mulled wine maker for years, Concours judge – Canty & Nationals		
Lades Stalwart	Di Errington MGCC National Director, Assisting with 2019 Pre'56 organisation.		
Age/Mileage Trophy (T Type)	Dren Errington		
Concours Trophy	Lawrie Steere – MGA Twin Cam		
Best Overall Performance T Type Peter Lockie Memorial Trophy	Dren Errington		





COMING EVENTS

From time to time there is a need to change the date, time, and some other aspect of an event due to weather or some other unforeseen circumstance. Please check our website www.mgcarclubcanterbury.nz for any changes. **Internet banking details page 1**

Please note : No regular club night in December.

Sunday December 9

Christmas dinner

Wigram Base 6.00pm

This year's dinner is at Wigram Base, 14 Henry Wigram Drive. Pre-booking with Ted is essential. Dress is a Christmas theme. Cost just \$45.00. Money to the club bank account.

Ted Clarke H 980 8596 M 021 987 527

January 1, 2019

Annual Picnic

Little River Domain from 11.00am

One of the many traditions in our club - the annual New Year Day picnic. This event is organised by the Banks Peninsular Branch of the VCC although the dominant marque is always MG.

Sandra Frame 022 302 2622

Please note : No regular club night in January.

Wednesday January 16

Triple M run

Cashmere Club 10.30

A different organiser each time will take us on a ramble to a specific picnic spot, with an occasional visit to a place of interest on route. BYO lunch or pick up refreshments on route. Please check website or phone the organiser the week prior to the run for any alternative pick up point for those living on the outskirts of town.

Terry & Lynn Faulkner H. 352 4957 M. 021 168 4850

Friday January 25

President's BBQ, concours & PoO

Guide Centre 5.30pm

The traditional President's BBQ. This is a popular event held again at the Cracroft Guiding Centre on Cashmere Road—corner of Shalamar Drive. The evening starts at 6.00pm. Bring chairs and tables and your main course for the BBQ. Delicious seasonal dessert, BBQ and hot water provided.

Concours vehicles will be on display and judged by Dren Errington & David Provan assisted by Roger Foy & Steve Brown. There will be 3 age classes for judging. The overall winner will be awarded the Hadley Auto Manicure Trophy. Please consider entering your vehicle.

Pre'56 - MGB / MGB GT / MGC - Modern MGs.

All MG cars at the venue are part of the Pride of Ownership voting (commonly known as the PoO event) This year the prize will go to the 'MG & Driver with the best patina'. Attendees get to vote.

Ted Clarke 980 8596

COMING EVENTS



Please note: No regular club night in February

Fri—Sun February 1/2/3

Skope Meet

Ruapuna Park

Come along and cheer our club competitors and do not forget to visit the MG tent and caravan for a chat. This event is a great chance to catch up with other M/Gers and also have a look at all the cars. Run by the Canterbury Car Club..

Wednesday February 20

Triple M run

Cashmere Club 10.30 am

A different organiser each time will take us on a ramble to a specific picnic spot, with an occasional visit to a place of interest on route. BYO lunch or pick up refreshments on route. Please check website or phone the organiser the week prior to the run for any alternative pick up point for those living on the outskirts of town.

Stu Moore 027 332 4422

Sunday February 17

Annual Trial

The Peg 1.30pm

Enjoy a rural drive around North Canterbury, following route instructions and answering questions. There will be a timed section and possibly short shingle sections to add interest. No straight-line navigation this time.

The route ends at Jenny & Lawrie Steere's place for an early BBQ, BYO meat, salad and chairs. BBQ facilities available and shelter if weather cool.

Sandra Frame 022 3022 622

Sunday February 24

Sunset Run

Cashmere Club 6.30pm

One of our very popular annual events. A gentle run to an ideal spot for sunset watching. Bring a seat, something to nibble and sip while watching the sun go down.

Ted Clarke 980 8596

Looking well ahead.

Saturday March 30

Levels Raceway Timaru

The club has booked Levels Raceway for all day Saturday from 9.00am to 4.30pm. The programme will include Speed events, Sprints, Motorkhana and possibly some fun events. There will be a notice on the website soon with full details and options for accommodation.

Mark this weekend in your calendar now

Bob McIntosh 021 0871 8057

Also looking well ahead.

Easter 2019.

Classic Fighters Omaka (Blenheim)

Accommodation is booked in Blenheim for the weekend for those wishing to attend this highly enjoyable event. The trade stalls at the event offer a significant point of difference to the Wanaka event. Easter is April 19 to 22. Now the road is open again it will be possible to break the outward journey by staying in Kaikoura on Thursday 18th.

If you are interested contact Trevor Ingham as soon as possible as accommodation is scarce.

Trevor.ingham@ieee.org or H. 358 4021 M. 021 070 6139



By Peter Cook

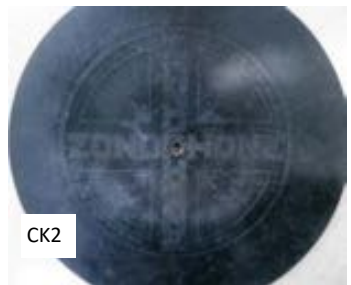
MGCC Overseas Director

Visitors to Kimber House who climb the stairs to the offices above may sometimes notice a fairly large, old, and somewhat tattered red folder. The folder is heavy and contains some twelve 78 rpm records. The inscription at the bottom shows the folder was supplied by Chas, Taphouse of Oxford. The folder was given to the club some time ago by one of CK's relatives. The title above is probably misleading, I think it may be reasonably asserted that CK had more than one folder, and more than twelve records amounting to thirteen tracks. (CK1)



Taphouse and Russell Acott were the two main outlets for recorded and sheet music in Oxford. Those of a certain age will remember that although short of funds, wherever there was a record shop it was possible to visit and listen to records for free. In Oxford both shops allowed potential customers to listen to a maximum of three records in booths. I soon discovered that if it was an especially cold day that requesting three jazz tracks prolonged the use of the warm booths, but raised quizzical eyebrows among the counter staff. The shop rule was a maximum of three people per booth. So popular was this arrangement that one often had to queue for a booth, especially on a Saturday. Having exhausted the patience of the staff, and listened to records for which there were no funds to purchase, all would leave sheepishly to descend upon the other shop. Russell Acott's was based in the High Street, Oxford, Taphouse in Magdalen Street – both central locations. Modern trends in recorded music and the decline in demand for sheet music from the early 1980s were an enormous challenge for established music retailers. Acott's has survived after moving premises to outside the city and specialising in musical instruments. Taphouse was unable to meet the challenge and was wound up in 1986.

The records in CK's collection are all 78s – most single-sided (CK2). Until the early 1950s, records were made from a shellac compound using the secreted resin from the female *lac bug* cultivated in India and Thailand. While shellac had good insulating properties and was immune to damp, it was heavy. The other serious limitation was the length of sound which could be placed on a disc, much classical music was at a disadvantage, but popular and music-hall recordings were ideal for this low fidelity format. Also popular were short operatic pieces where the inability to fully capture the orchestral backing was compensated for by the singer being heard more clearly and loudly. Both Caruso – who first recorded in 1902 - Chaliapin, and the Australian soprano Dame Nellie Melba's recordings boosted sales of both records and home playing equipment. To give an idea of the limitation of length, Beethoven's 5th Symphony which is about 35 minutes long, was available in the 1930s – but on eight separate discs! To find room for Wagner's *Ring Cycle* would have required an extra room, probably. The high fidelity 33 rpm long player introduced in 1948 for the first time enabled many classical compositions to be played from one disc.



Some of CK's recordings date from the acoustic era, when the process to capture the sound for a master disc was entirely physical. Some discs date from 1925 when electronic recording



started with Western Electric's new hybrid system. Although the process was still essentially acoustic in that a master die pressed a groove onto shellac, microphones and some electronic manipulation was possible before the sound was committed to the dies. This was the birth of the 'sound engineer' and of different styles of musical presentation – crooning and the big band sound for example. Discs started to replace cylinders by 1900, and because discs needed less storage space as well as other advantages, the 78 disc was the dominant medium by the end of the First World War. The later vinyl 45s and LPs were post-WWII developments.

With the hybrid recording system came an almost reverse process – the record player or gramophone. The electrical speaker was the approximate reverse of the microphone. Fidelity was much improved. We know that CK was paid a good salary by his employer, William Morris, so there is a very good chance that CK had bought one of the expensive, modern radiograms available in the 1930s and which would have given fairly decent fidelity.

All the classical recordings dealt with here are available on YouTube, most of the non-classical are also available either on YouTube or elsewhere. While the precise recoding may not be available, the singer's voice with a different recording can usually be found.

Cecil Kimber's Records – caveats.

The collection may be divided into popular and light classic. As with many attempts to write an account based on sparse information (in this instance just the discs), what is absent may tell us something as well as what is present. What is absent in the CK record collection is jazz and music hall. Both mediums were greatly popular between the wars, but regarded as suspect in solidly middle-class homes.

Plenty of jazz recordings were available. The Dixieland Jazz Band with Louis Armstrong on trumpet first recorded before WWI, many others followed in the 1920s and 1930s. However, jazz linked to a number of disreputable associations in the minds of many middle-class people: it was racially liberal, was best enjoyed live in darkened night clubs where men and women mixed more freely, and where alcohol and drugs may have been available. It also encouraged 'wild' dancing. It was a world away from the concert hall and a symphonic orchestra. For many parents of teenage children early rock 'n roll posed similar threats to their off-springs' (apparent) innocence.

The second absence is that of music-hall singers and performers. These were very popular songs and the recordings corresponded to those which many had seen performed live in the often raucous atmosphere of the music halls. The songs often mocked the upper and middle classes, dwelt on sentimental aspects of working-class life, and frequently used *double entendres* and sexual innuendo. Recording artists spanning CK's adult lifetime included such names as Albert Chevalier, *My Old Dutch* (a song about an elderly couple separated when forced into a work-house), George Formby, *When I'm Cleaning Windows* (voyeurism), Ella Shields, *Burlington Bertie from Bow* (an aristocratic idler), and the most popular of all, Marie Lloyd with *A Little Bit of What You Fancy Does You Good* (sex), and *She Sits Among the Cabbages and Peas* (pees!). Finally, there was Max Miller, a comedian who did little else but sexual innuendo. We may conclude, with far from overwhelming evidence, that CK's choice of records did not extend to those genres which although very popular, may have been regarded as somewhat *risque* in the middle class home of the era, and especially so in a home with daughters.

The records

Taking the first group – light classical – we start with Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* (1842). (CK3) It was popularised when Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Victoria chose it for her wedding



CECIL KIMBER'S RECORD COLLECTION

when she married Prince Frederick IV of Prussia in 1856. CK's choice of this piece is unsurprising. In the German early romantic tradition it has a memorable and pleasing melody. Taken from Mendelssohn's music for *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the piece accompanied Christian and secular marriage services across the globe, but latterly is heard less at weddings as modern trends for more bespoke ceremonies have gained pace. While CK's domestic life has been described as 'difficult' and his daughter stated that "... emotionally my parents were poles apart", for most the *Wedding March* brings back happy memories.



The next three discs in CK's collection are connected: Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite*: – *Death of Aase*, *Morning Mood*, *Anitra's Dance*, and *Dance in the Hall of the Mountain King* (CK4,5&6). All four pieces were and remain very popular, especially among those who like their classical music to have a melody and to conform to the traditions of European romantic composition. All are also an ideal length for the limitations of the post-1925 78s.



Eduard Greig wrote the *Peer Gynt Suite* for fellow Norwegian, playwright Henrik Ibsen's play *Peer Gynt*, premiered in 1876. *Aase*, *Anitra's Dance*, *Dance in the Hall of the Mountain King*, and *Morning Mood* are short pieces taken from a composition which is about ninety minutes long and originally consisted of 26 parts. *Aase* is Peer's mother and the music is meant to comfort her as she approaches death. For a long time *The Death of Aase* was the most popular of the 26 pieces in the *Suite*; less so today. It is both sombre and melodic, and is somewhat minimalist for the era. It has been said that in many respects *Aase* is the forerunner of Samuel Barber's *Adagio for Strings* composed in 1939.



Morning Mood from the same suite reflects the part in the play when Peer has been stranded in



the Moroccan desert by his 'friends', and wakes up at dawn only to find that he is surrounded by a group of aggressive monkeys which he has to fend off with a stick. At four minutes long, the piece is unusual in that the climax occurs early on, reflecting the sunrise and subsequent activity. The main melody alternates between flute and oboe. It remains very popular.

Anitra's Dance follows *Morning Mood* in that Peer has fended off the monkeys and meets a Bedouin chief in the hot Moroccan desert. He is very taken with the chief's daughter Anitra who dances enticingly for him. The instruction for the orchestra on the score is *Tempo di Mazurka*. *Dance in the Hall of the Mountain King* is both widely known and has achieved iconic status due to its use in films, and its rearrangement for - oddly - heavy metal bands. Peer stands in the large hall in front of the king and is surrounded by gnomes, trolls, and goblins. However, as with many artistic ventures, Greig's over-subtle intentions may well have been missed by many audiences. Greig wrote of his own composition:

"I have written something that so reeks of cowpats, ultra-Norwegianism ... that I can't bear to hear it, though I hope that the irony will make itself felt".

As the topic is classical music, it is worth bearing in mind that as with all communities, the classical music world - both players and audiences - have their idiosyncratic conventions, including humour. For some reason I have never understood, just as rock music has its jokes about drummers and base players, so the classical world has jokes about viola players:

- Q.** Why are viola players like teenagers?
- A.** They come in late, and have usually lost the key.

CK's next disc for consideration is the *Miseréré* from *Il Travatore* sung by Miss Alvena Yarrow and Mister Ernest Pike (CK7). Neither name will mean much to anybody who reads this, and for a good reason. Until the mid-1920s recording artists would use a multitude of names in order to surreptitiously break their contracts (probably the only advantage inherent in the poor sound reproduction), or, for reputational reasons, to record in *genres* they did not wish to be associated with. Eleanor Jones-Hudson (1874-1946) a.k.a. Alvena Yarrow was a Welsh soprano who used a total of 16 names throughout her career. Ernest Pike (1871-1936), his real name, used a total of 19 pseudonyms. Peter Dawson, the noted Australian baritone used 30 names as a singer, and another 9 as a composer. There is no parallel to this in today's music communities.



The *Miseréré* occurs in the final act of Verdi's opera, entitled *Punishment*. This is classic operatic pathos: the hero is in prison and 'Leonora attempts to free him by begging di Luna for mercy and offers herself in place of her lover, but secretly swallows poison from her ring in order to die before di Luna can possess her'. This is pretty well the gloomiest disc in the whole collection.



CECIL KIMBER'S RECORD COLLECTION

This is one of the earliest recordings in CK's record folder. It was recorded in 1905 using a full acoustic system and may have been manufactured much later, but if recorded acoustically no amount of manipulation will alter the limitations of the original recording. A superb recording of this piece by Maria Callas is available on Youtube.

The next of CK's records is J.S. Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in C Minor* (CK8). This is part of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*, a collection of preludes and fugues in all twenty-four major and minor keys. Bach wrote them for the experienced keyboard player, hence they are technically challenging in that all fingers of both hands are kept busy as essentially the fugue is a melody overlaid with a variation of the same melody. For the listener Bach's fugues can be contemplative, so, unsurprisingly, they are frequently played in churches before a service or as a concert. Although the clavier is stated, at the time it was a generic name for any keyboard instrument, including the organ. CK's version is piano. This particular piece has always been popular.



The next of CK's records is *Incidental Music from Monsieur Beaucaire (Intermezzo & Leit Motif)* by André Massager. (CK9) Premiered in Birmingham in 1919 this three-act comic opera is based upon a novel of 1900. Much of the music is in waltz-time, so that may explain some of its popularity. There is a good chance that CK actually saw this opera, perhaps in Oxford at the New Theatre (which like New College in Oxford is not very 'new'). The basic plot is set in Bath, and involves the King of France's son posing as a barber and therefore being misunderstood by everyone until – as much comical drama does – he is revealed in the final few minutes to be of French nobility. The plot involves cheating at cards, love rivalry, and duels. Generally the French characters are clever and attractive; the English characters are fools and cheats. It is no surprise therefore that the opera is rarely performed in the UK, but remains a staple of opera in France.



The final of CK's records in the light classical category is Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, referred to as No. 8, or sometimes No.7 (CK10). The *Unfinished* has only two movements, whereas four was then the norm. There is much speculation as to why Schubert abandoned his symphony. A musical explanation is that the *meter* or regularity of beats is the same for the two movements, and for the planned third movement. Three movements in the same *meter* would normally rule it out as a symphony. Rather like a novelist getting half-way





through his book and realising that the plot has serious holes in it and a complete re-write is needed, better to abandon and start something else. Another explanation given is that Schubert was first diagnosed with syphilis while composing the *Unfinished*, but as he went on to compose much else this seems unreliable. Perhaps it remains popular precisely because it is not a symphony, but has two similar movements which are both melodic and contain low-level syncopation.

We now move to CK's non-classical records. The first two can be dealt with together as they are both Wurlitzer pieces by the same organist, Jessie Crawford (CK11&12). *Russian Lullaby* was composed by Irving Berlin and *At Sundown* by Walter Donaldson. Jessie Crawford (1895-1962) was abandoned to an orphanage in California at 12 months, but managed to teach himself to play the cornet and eventually the organ. Initially a cinema organist in the silent film era, he gravitated to recording and concerts as the 'talkies' came in from 1926. His first instrument was the Wurlitzer, enormously popular, in part because of its versatility compared to conventional organs and pianos, but it was a spectacle in its own right – usually rising from the floor in front of the cinema curtains. It was also technically 'modern'. Most large cinemas had a Wurlitzer or an imitation until after WWII. Crawford's repertoire was considerable, and many of his recordings may be heard on:

<http://theatreorgans.com/southerncross/Radiogram/ListeningRoom/thelisteningroom-crawfords.htm>

At least one cinema in Oxford had a Wurlitzer where CK may have heard some of Crawford's compositions and treatments, but Crawford also toured extensively, especially in the UK in the 1930s. He enjoyed sell-out concerts at the Leicester Square Empire. Embracing the modern, Crawford switched to the new Hammond organ in the 1930s. The Wurlitzer is one of those music forms which had a popularity somewhat baffling to today's music audiences.

Ck's next record *Smoke Clouds* (CK13) sung by Basil Lloyd is pretty obscure. Nothing has been found about the singer, but the song was composed by Herman Darewski. Darewski, originally from Minsk where his father was a musician settled in London and became both composer and conductor of light music. Two of his other songs are '*Ours is a Nice 'Ouse Ours Is*' and the WWI song '*Sister Suzie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers*' – both best sung sober I'd guess. *Smoke Clouds* was written for a review entitled *Topsy Turvey* (1915) which ran for eighty-eight performances at the Leicester Square Empire. CK may have seen the review either in London or on tour in Oxford.

CK's penultimate record is *Roses of Picardy* sung by Geoffrey Anderson, recorded in 1918 (CK14). Composer Hayden Wood got the idea for the tune after familiarising himself with the Somme battlefields. Fred Weatherly provided the lyrics and had in mind a particular D'Oyly Carte soprano to record it, although most recordings were by tenors. The first recording was in 1916, so CK's record is one of the early ones. The song is essentially about yearning and loss; the fleeting encounter between a soldier and a



CK11



CK12



CK13



CK14



French woman in the chaos of war which comes to nothing. No trace of Geoffrey Anderson (if that was his name) has been found. The song was very popular among British soldiers and has subsequently been recorded hundreds of times and in many languages. After its release the song sold 50,000 copies of sheet music each month. It was often used after 1918 as an aid to treating shell-shock. One of the most recent recording of the song is by the British tenor Alfie Boe, who recorded it to be used in *Downton Abbey* in 2013.

We come to the last of CK's record collection, Harry Lauder's *The Wedding of Sandy McNab* recorded in 1909. (CK15). Sir Harry Lauder (1870-1950) was a Scottish singer and comedian in the vaudeville tradition. He started his working life as a coal miner. Winston Churchill described him as "Scotland's greatest ambassador". He was knighted in 1919 for services to the war effort. Lauder cultivated a stage presence of the ever-jovial Scotsman with his kilt, sporran, tam o'shanter, and cromach (stick). Bagpipes were absent. Perhaps he was aware of the following:



Q. What makes a true gentleman?

A. A man who CAN play the bagpipes, but refrains from doing so.

Lauder's three best selling songs are *I Love a Lassie*, *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*, and, after his only son was killed on the Somme, (Keep right on to) *The End of the Road*.

Lauder became enormously popular throughout the English-speaking world. While many of his songs were humorous, unlike many music hall entertainers his songs were never smutty. The *Wedding of Sandy McNab* is about a man who appears to have been destined for bachelorhood, has managed to be 'hooked' by a perhaps naïve young woman, and recounts some of the wedding reception. Some words from the narrated part of the song follow:

"Somebody objected to McNab sitting with his arms around the bride's neck ... the next thing I saw, McNab was sitting with his arms around the neck of a bottle" ... (and the best man refuses to make a speech saying) "Mum's the word. Stick to a pal when he's down".

Speculation of course, but one could wonder, on the basis of what we do know about CK's domestic life, whether a song about an inauspicious marriage was more than three minutes of humour for the man who founded MG.

As I stated at the start of this article, there is a good chance that we have a snapshot of Cecil Kimber's musical tastes rather than anything like the full picture. The red folder at the top of the Kimber House stairs may well be just one of many which were in the Kimber household. On the basis of the twelve discs, all we can say is that they likely reflect the tastes of a respectable middle-class household of the era. It is good though that someone connected to the Kimber family did think of the MGCC when deciding what to do with a collection which is now almost unplayable. I suspect though that the reason they have been on a table on the upper landing for some time, is due to our very able archivist Peter Neal being unable to find an appropriate spot in among the factory records, repair manuals, badges and the like. Also, as far as I am aware, Kimber House has no equipment capable of playing these discs.



As a footnote to the *Wedding March*, although Mendelssohn and his siblings were of Jewish parentage, they all converted to Lutherism as children. Even so, when the Nazis came to power Mendelssohn's music was banned and the authorities sought a composer to create an alternative to the *Wedding March*. The sanctioned alternative composed by Karl Orff was not popular. Faced with the popularity of the Mendelssohn march and unwilling to impose an alternative an etiquette developed whereby the *Wedding March* would be played, but only after Nazi Party members had left the ceremony and waited outside. Where, no doubt, they could still hear it being played.

Jean Kimber-Cook, *Cecil Kimber, By His Daughter Jean*, Enjoying MG, V.12/1, January 1992.

In the UK *Alf Garnett* was received by many as reinforcement and legitimisation of their prejudices, whilst writer Johnny Speight and actor Warren Mitchell had intended the character, contrarily, to be a parody of a bigot; Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the USA* was intended as a critique of American foreign policy and the government's treatment of war veterans, but it became misunderstood and hijacked as a celebratory anthem.

<http://theatreorgans.com/southerncross/Journal/More about Jesse Crawford - Foot.htm>

The circumstances surrounding the death of John Lauder were for a time uncertain and caused Sir Harry much distress. Initially it was claimed by some that John had been shot by a member of his own unit, where he was unpopular. For those interested in WWI history John Lauder's death gives a fascinating insight into events.

<http://www.sirharrylauder.com/the-mysterious-death-of/>



New Members

Norrie Knight & Edna Ryan	Christchurch	MGF
Stephen & Janet Harris	Darfield	MGC GT
Thomas & Hannah Hochsteller	Cust	MGF
John & Ursula Acker	Kumara	MG TF



**A very warm welcome to the club.
We hope to see you often, enjoying the Marque of Friendship.**



By David McNabb

Hullo Club. Editor David has suggested I pen an occasional column, maybe covering recent octagonal happenings on this side of the Tasman, mixed with some MG Canterbury reminiscing. As our heritage-listed non-hirsute historian John McDonald would concur, this Club's past is worth revisiting from time to time.



David McNabb, right, with Jiggs Alexander at a Canterbury MG Club night in 2013.

A sizeable contingent (Stu calls it invasion force) from MG Canterbury headed to Christchurch's Sister City of Adelaide mid November, mainly for a houseboat holiday. By the time you read this they would have returned to New Zealand but at time of writing, it's currently "action stations" preparing McNabb Motels ready for the NZ guests, and hoping to show off some of this fair city's MG attributes.

The visitors only missed by one day, being able to attend Adelaide T-Register's monthly meeting, and the annual Kimber Run was held while the Cantabrians were actually on the houseboat. (I agree with Dren Errington that the "Kimber" should be held in April when Cecil's birthday occurs - however that would clash with the 400+ people that usually attend the Aussie Easter MG National meetings).

The local T-Reg meetings are usually held at members' homes with an emphasis on garage prowling, kerb kicking, problem solving and a few cool libations thrown in. A recent register show was held at a Club member's place with his car collection ready for checking out. This chap owns an MG TA, MG TB, MG TC, MG TD and MG TF . . . he's only missing maybe an Airline, Tickford or Arnolt to add to this lineup! Did I mention an Adelaide club member has reputedly Australia's only TD Arnolt – and Adelaide is home to the fully restored Bucknell family's MG R-type, matching the similar racecar in NZ's Southward Car Museum. We used to have a genuine MG K3 in Adelaide but not long ago it was relocated to Melbourne.

You'll no doubt in coming weeks hear first-hand from the dozen or so MG Cantabrians how their Adelaide Experience went (hopefully well). Another event they "missed by . . . that much" was this city's annual Motorsport Festival first weekend of December, where part of the original Formula 1 circuit is resurrected, and a smaller version of UK's Goodwood Revival is held. Well worth watching!

Briefly, on the "reminiscing" side – I wonder if the Steeres were among the small number of MaG readers who spotted Brian Reed's name in New Members of the Oct/Nov edition with a 1970 Midget. Past President Brian is not really a "new member" as such, having been heavily involved in MG Canterbury since the late 1960s, and that yellow Midget he owns – he has had



since new! Brian continues to also be involved in Kiwanis service organisation (about to be installed as South Pacific Governor), but hopefully he will “show off” that most original MG whenever he can.

I was also very interested in the Sue and Rob Nicholl article in the same MaG, because I recall Robbie (as he was known) in the 1970s, being one of the Club’s foremost gymkhana exponents, along with another “expert” Frank Hooper, both these drivers usually top-scoring in their Minis. Most gymkhanas (as they were then known) were held at either Purau (Katrina & Murray Gardiner’s property) or Wyndy Gray’s farm at Amberley. An early 1970s report lists the Nicholls as racing off to attend one of these events Sunday morning, but Robbie having to pull over roadside while his passenger (not dobbing in Sue!) was seemingly suffering from “too much” the night before at an MG social function. In fact the MG Club calendar around 40+ years ago, on reflection, seemed extra busy, and regularly three out of four weekends were always allocated a mixture of competition and social events. Mind you, we were all a lot younger then, fuel heaps cheaper, MGBs were brand new and life seemed to have less stress in pre-Facebook days.

Around the late 1960s era, our Club tried many varied venues and formats for monthly Club Nights, some memorable hostelries including the Racecourse Pub, Russley, Yaldhurst Tavern, Kerrs Reach, Star & Garter and several others. A more successful venue was Cokers at the southern end of Manchester Street where they used to show B&W movie projector classics like Shell MovieTone motorsport clips. One particular Friday night I recall rocking up to this MG event with fish & chips to chomp, but publican Durham Ogilvie shooing us outside as the smell of that food clashed with the pub’s image! Oh well.

Other long-standing members would no doubt have MG recollections to share, but for now I’ll sign off. Catch you in 2019.



First aid training



A number of committee members and some partners recently undertook a Red Cross refresher course to ensure they have some basic skills should an emergency happen at one of our club events.

One of the main focuses of the training session was to ensure there were adequately trained members to use the club’s defibrillator should it ever be needed.

The photo shows Serena McWilliam assessing a patient, husband Paul, in the training session.



Saturday - Day 1.

By Barbara Clarke

Who would have thought when the fifteen happy travellers left the Yaldhurst Hotel soon after ten on Saturday 20 October that so much could be seen and savoured in just one day. It was sunny as we headed down the Old West Coast Road and there was much to enjoy as we travelled along with the hood down. The clouds were building a little ominously as we departed from our coffee stop by the 'donut' in Springfield so prudence won out and the hood went up before we wound our

way up Porters Pass. Lake Lyndon was looking picturesque and there were a surprisingly large number of people making their way up the formed track towards DOC's Kura Tawhiti Conservation Area at Castle Hill. Were they there to wander through those majestic limestone rock formations or to look for those two protected plants – the Castle Hill buttercup or the Castle Hill forget-me-not?

We continued past Castle Hill village, past the stone cairns leading to the Cheeseman Ski Club where our family used to ski back in the 1970s and 1980s and enjoyed the newly aligned road from the Mingha

Bluff through to Rough Creek on the way into Arthur's Pass. The project cost for the widened, redesigned road that has removed the tight corners and dips and hollows along this stretch of SH73, was an estimated \$22 million but what an improvement to the road!. We had a lunch break at Arthur's and spotted only one kea enjoying the thermals as we travelled the 19 year old Otira viaduct. The eight cars stopped to explore Lester Rowntree's 21 hectare Otira empire where Elena made friends with an extremely tall and most unusually marked goat and inside the memorabilia-packed Stagecoach Hotel Leonid had his own 'game of thrones'.

The road from Otira through to Jacksons was simply stunning with its lush vegetation and once past the Stanley Gooseman Bridge we entered the 'untamed natural wilderness' of the West Coast, as the billboards told us. Dairying is big along the road to Lake Brunner and the paddocks were green as with barely an irrigator in sight. We were now in the 'Home of Westgold Butter', made by Westland Milk Products at their Hokitika factory and there were plenty of grazing Jersey cattle to produce the goodies.



The historic Otira Hotel.



Model T at Otira.



The excellent accommodation for our two night Moana stay was at either the motels or the studio suites at the Hotel Lake Brunner. The view across the 39km² lake was superb although low clouds obscured the mountains when we first arrived. While some enjoyed a short break, Rocky and Jen went exploring some of the walks, Leonid went fishing (successfully) at Lake Poerua and Ted and I took a nostalgia trip to nearby Kotuku. Ted spent some weekends in the early 1960s at the old Jacks Mill (Kotuku) School when it was a Teachers' Training College Outdoor Education Centre. Jacks Mill School is known for its historic miniature bungalow, designed and built entirely by Standard 5 and 6 pupils back in 1938. The school was taken over by the Kotuku Heritage Society in 1994 and is now registered as a Category 1 Historic Place.



Dinner at Moana.

Kotuku is also known for its natural oil seep, the largest in New Zealand. Ted remembers when you could wander across the roadside paddocks to the seep surface but in 2014 the Australian company Mosman Oil and Gas drilled there on its exploration permit area securely fencing the whole site before abandoning the project in 2017.

Since that Saturday I've been puzzling over the terms 'settlement' or 'farm settlement'. There are several of these 'farm settlements' in the Lake Brunner area - Taramakau Farm Settlement, Blair Farm Settlement, Bell Hill Farm Settlement to name just three. Were they areas designated by an early government for farming, farms set aside for returning WW1 soldiers or old Department of Lands and Survey farms? The locals didn't know and I haven't been able to find an answer either.

Anyway, back to the hotel we drove and then it was time for drinks and nibbles in the Johnson's suite before we all met up for Affogato icecream and lemon meringue pie anyone?

Sunday - Day 2

By Margaret Provan

As usual at Moana, clouds hung over the hills and lake in the morning, but our day was brightened by the beaming face of Leonid at our door with the beautiful brown trout he had caught the evening before. He had to show us so he could justify bringing his 4WD packed full of an inflatable boat, motor and fishing gear on the trip instead of a sports car.



Leonid's trout, caught on the Saturday evening.



LABOUR WEEKEND MEANDER

Our starting time for Sunday's trip was eleven o'clock, so we all had plenty of time for a bush walk before that. Only Rocky and Jennifer thought it was necessary to do two walks!

The Johnsons led our little convoy because David had lived at Mitchells and taught at Inchbonnie at the start of his career many years ago. As we headed back the way we had come yesterday, the cloud lifted and the MGs were soon sparkling in the sun. Lots of little creeks link the hills and the lake on this stretch. Their names stretch the imagination too – 'Kangaroo Outlet', 'Puzzle Creek' and my favourite 'Formerly Slip Creek'. There was nothing to indicate what it is called now.



Mitchells Road, Inchbonnie. Real West Coast roads!!

David pointed out where Inchbonnie School was, then we turned onto the gravel road towards Mitchells. Luckily the West Coast is so damp that the road wasn't dusty. The bush was absolutely beautiful. There were tall Rimu and Beech trees hung with Lawyer vines and Punga all topped with young green fronds. We popped out of the bush at Mitchells. I have always wanted to go there, imagining it would be a romantic old ghost town. I was surprised to find that there was nothing there but a boat ramp and the Mitchells Hotel given a makeover and now posing as a posh fishing lodge. We parked in front and David told us tales of his misspent youth. Because it is still the off-season, the owners were away, but a couple relieving there as caretakers came out and told us the history of the hotel. While we photographed the elegant building, they photographed our elegant cars.



Mitchells Hotel, now a fishing lodge.

After another stretch of bush, we came out at the Taramakau River just above the Kumara Power Station, then on into Kumara through a swarm of bees. Shortly after we stopped, we met a man saying plaintively, "Has anyone seen a swarm of bees?" We pointed out the direction they had gone, but didn't have the heart to tell him that there weren't as many as before. Kumara's fascinating history is plain to see in all the historic buildings still standing and on a series of billboards in the park, telling stories of the town's heyday. My favourite told how the gangs of miners tramping towards the town would pass a "Coo-ee" down the line to warn the landlady of the Theatre Royal to get the dancing girls ready.



At our lunch stop at Kumara Junction, there was a dark green TF waiting in the carpark. It has recently been bought by a local couple John and Ursula Aker. There was just room for us to park our TF beside it so that it didn't feel lonely. Surprisingly, both President Ted and Robert Powell knew John many years ago. We had a leisurely lunch, with many people opting for whitebait, until it ran out just before we placed our order.

After lunch we completed the round trip by going home via Greymouth – being careful to avoid the motorcyclists heading back from the street racing. The new road over the Taramakau River is great, but it doesn't have the same feel as the old road and rail bridge.

Later, we finished off a perfect day with drinks and nibbles at Ted and Barbara's unit. As the sun set we watched a lone figure in angling gear heading towards the lake – Leonid.

Monday—Day 3

By Jennifer Hamilton

As we waited for the group to assemble outside the hotel the previous nights antics were being discussed, particularly the whiskey drinking and a strange text that the committee members were receiving. (Not sure the source was ever discovered)

We all agreed to stop at the Otira Stagecoach Hotel for coffee.

It was overcast in Moana when we left but a few kilometres down the road we were in bright sunshine. It was an interesting drive. We passed a Vauxhall on the side of the road and with no other modern cars to be seen we could have been back in the 1970s.



A view from the Johnson's BGT while being passed by a convoy of around 100 motorcycles.

We also watched a lot of motorcycles flashing past us including some 3 wheelers who were cheeky enough to push in onto a one-way bridge.

The Otira pub was interesting as ever, so much stuff in one location. Our host there was flat out making our coffees.

Next stop Springfield for lunch. On the way we passed David and Margaret Provan and Bill and Margaret Hopkins on the side of the road. Apparently, David's TF had lost 3rd gear. No doubt with time and money the errant cog will be located! Thank goodness Bill and Margaret were looking after them so they made it home ok.

Lunch at Springfield was great with most of the group stopping for a very pleasant lunch and some discussions re taking some frozen pies home. They make homemade pizzas from scratch and apparently, they were excellent. This is where we parted company.

Thank you to Jenny for booking the accommodation and the lunch and dinner.

Thank you to Shirley and David for taking on the run at such short notice. Great weekend and great company.





SPRING GARDEN RUN

By Ted Clarke

What a turnout on Sunday for the run out to Terrace Station!! 44 members and 25 cars (not all MGs though). We met at the Yaldhurst Hotel car park and poor Stu Castle had to contend with an Emirates Airbus A380 flying about 6 feet over his head whilst trying to give us directions. Unperturbed we all got away and were cheered on by a farmer on a ride-on mower waiting to cross Bealey Road and waving at every MG as it passed. A pleasantly warm day with no wind couldn't have been a better start for a delightful drive through Hororata to Terrace Station on Milnes Road. Even the ride up the long access drive was picture-perfect with lush green grass and little lambs everywhere.



MGs gathering for another great day's run.

We were greeted by the "gardener", Kate Foster, who gave us some of the background of Terrace Station and pointed out the walks around the garden. Kate is the great grand-daughter of Sir John Hall who bought the station in 1851 from the original run-holder, Mark Stoddart. Sir John, as well as being a runholder, was also a politician and democratic reformer. Born in Hull, England in 1824, he came to New Zealand in 1852. He served as Prime Minister from 1879 to 1882 and was elected mayor of Christchurch in 1906 for the Great Exhibition. He was a champion of the "votes for women" movement and actually presented the 1893 petition to Parliament – 270 metres long rolled around a broomstick and delivered in a wheelbarrow.



Above, Terrace Station homestead and below detailing the history of the station.

Rakaia Terrace Station as it was originally known, was a block of 20,000 acres originally taken up by Mark Stoddart, father of the well-known painter, Margaret Stoddart. In 1862 Hall bought the adjoining 10,000 acre Selwyn Station and farmed there until land taxes and legislation disadvantaged owners of large properties and he sold most of the land prior to his death in 1907 with the remaining land being farmed by his family.



The homestead is one of the first pieces of domestic architecture in Canterbury to receive category 1 registration from the NZ Historic Places Trust and is still lived in by the descendants of Sir John and Lady Rose Hall.

Our group had a wonderful afternoon exploring the garden and buying plants followed by tea on the lawn in "fairly" traditional style.

Thanks Stuart and Tessa for arranging this day.





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By Serena and Paul McWilliam

Despite the bitter easterly, the sun was shining and the mood bright as thirteen MGs gathered at the Cashmere c

lub.

Skirting Wigram (no longer an airfield!) we pulled in to Hartnells at Prebbleton for morning tea. What could be nicer - sitting in a villa bay with coffee, chocolate caramel slice and budding wisteria around the sash windows. From there it was a short drive to our destination on Selwyn Road.

Broadfield Gardens was a real discovery - 5ha of structured formal garden, a hidden delight. Imposing, trimmed totara hedges defined and protected the many 'garden rooms' and ensured MG picnickers could sit on the boundary of the grassy cricket oval sheltered from all but the sun.

Head gardener Dave Falls warmly welcomed us and readily shared his extensive knowledge of the garden and answered questions. Tess and Wolf, Bob's dogs, were pointedly and noisily reminded by the boxer Mac, that Broadfield is his home.

The bare land was purchased 25 years ago by avid gardener and current owner David Hobbs and has been developed through imagination, research and perseverance into an award winning contemporary NZ garden. There are areas of NZ raised exotics but the focus is on natives – the NZ border, the kauri and lowland forests, the conifer and daffodil walk ... so much to see. It surprised nobody wandering under the flowering kowhai or spring blossom that Broadfields has been recognised as a 'Garden of International Significance' by The NZ Institute of Horticulture.

This was a delightful day for all: the drive, the gardens, the picnic talk and laughter.

Many thanks to Sandra and Tony for the trip and to Leonid and Elena for organising Broadfield Gardens.



Head gardener, Dave Falls, explaining the garden's many features.




The beautifully manicured gardens.

Below, the traditional MG lunch.





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TRIPLE M OCTOBER

By David Johnson

Umbrellas were evident with twenty-three Cashmere Club starters. Murray Meyer set us off with 32 detailed directions. Some of us missed a few, otherwise, how did most people arrive before us to the Little Sister Café, as well as to the Steam Museum on MacLeans Island?

A row of our last century cars lined up in front of the big shed. Inside we marvelled at the incredibly huge marine twin engines from the ex-Gladstone Ngamoti dredge. Each engine had three pistons, the smallest one being just light enough for one man to lift, whilst the bigger two, impossible. Steam starts under high pressure with the smallest, less pressure for the second and remaining pressure exhausted into the third cylinder. Hence the Triple Expansion terminology. Our small petrol engines outside paled into insignificance. Makes one wonder about future changes !

Four rows of Steam engines, from humungous to miniature, from yesteryear were displayed and started up with piped steam so we could marvel at their huge con rods, bearings, fly wheels, and noises whilst reading about their previous uses. Well known brands of their day were proudly shown, such as Allen, Robey & Co, Sisson, Tangué etc. together with their past history of milling, compressing, lighting, pumping, propelling, mining, factory uses. All still worked but now decommissioned by other systems. Thankfully we were excused from the experiences of heat and smoke of the boilers, but viewed the huge boiler at the end of the shed which took up two storeys, and must have been fed by a large number of trees for firing it up. The manual effort required visions of the hard-working teams of muscled workers that worked in these times. Even the spanners were incredibly heavy, as Andy went looking for a large nut to fit the spanner he held.

Some engines are still in use today, such as the restored paddle steamer *Waimarie* at Wanganui, and proves the excellence of design and durability of the steam engine. One of my ancestors drove a Stanley steam car but I wonder if it is possible today without a boiler maker's certificate and stays within the smoke emission rulings!

The visiting ladies had a much more cursory view of the displays being happy to spend time discussing hats, future activities and other unmentionables as their partners delved into the intricate details of the machines that were so important in the past. Our day finished in sunshine on the outside deck as we nibbled our picnic food from home, or Little Sister Café.

We appreciated Lindsay and other volunteers who showed us through the museum and helped us understand steam machines. Thanks Murray for a great trip.



Last century's cars line up.



Gladstone big boiler.



Smaller Tangué engine.





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