

All Aussie Car Day Manfeild

30th January 2016

by Rob Jones



(Above: All Aussie Car Day)

The All Aussie Car Day (AACD) at Manfeild and Wheels with Attitude (WWA) at Dannevirke found themselves to be on the same weekend covering Saturday and Sunday. No conflict there except for wanting to go to both and the unnecessary travel involved in coming home and going back again! Oh, and getting off work on the Sunday, easy.

Solution required, Ron and I both came up with the idea that we should stay the night and joyous delight, Sonya agreed that was a good idea saving needless travel and fuel and giving her a weekend at home with Abby. Now to recruit members.

After much persuasion Ed realised that it was Auckland Anniversary weekend on the Monday so he could come down and get back within reasonable time frames, so that's three. Trevor Day was good to go to Manfeild but not Dannevirke, Brian and Colleen Francis were good for both and luckily for Paul his work commitments evaporated so he and Linda could join us for both shows as well. They kept to themselves for the Saturday night socialising as they were staying in a nice little farm cottage elsewhere. Brian and Colleen just live down the road so they did go home for Saturday night. As seems to be the way one more Leyland is always due to appear but fails to proceed, this time it was Lance in the Force 7V with a cooked coil soon after departing. So we were six. Mr Larsen was already elsewhere!

Remember the group photo of the Leyland's at AACD appeared on the cover of the March Penzed. Opposite we have a collection of Aussies finest, Trevor's beautiful HOTO S V8, a Valiant Ranger XL station wagon, one of few cars to look good in powder blue, this one from Featherston. I have always liked these Valiant wagons. This really nice 1970 Falcon has a young woman as a daily driver in Masterton and the classic 1963 EJ Holden, one each from the Big 4. My Mum had an Airforce Blue EJ station wagon for years.



AACD organiser Dwayne Burrell of the Manawatu Ford Club had complained to me about his yearlong booking at Manfeild being over ridden on short notice by the powers that be when I enquired about the change of date. This had a big impact on their printed invitations and music/catering bookings but thankfully the show went on very

successfully. Now I don't recall the worthwhile charity they support but it was donated \$2130 from the proceeds of the event despite the numbers being down a little. Dwayne is arranging next year's booking and will let us know if it again coincides with WWA and should it do so we may look at a bigger turnout for a weekend away like old times.

I set out on a pleasant cruise to Ashhurst to meet Trevor and carry on through to Manfield which we did but by the time we arrived we were in the midst of a big convoy of Fords so Trevor had to gun it off the railway crossing just for fun, which of course left my poor old 6 sitting in second gear at about SFA revs so onwards I trundled. Nothing to prove really.

Anyway, we agreed (didn't we) to meet outside the Manfield entrance and go in together so we could hold hands during the show. It's better that way. We noticed our group had a tendency to make other cars to go in the wrong gate, the resulting mayhem as they came out and tried to beat the queue into the correct gate was scary so we quickly joined said queue and entered the display paddock and set up our gazebo, chairs and our very handy portable table – we needed that gazebo, it was hot. Before any of this was finished the people started coming in. Old friends, those that hadn't seen a P76 in 20 years, one that has a lot of parts and a brother in the Wanaka area with a very special P76 that will not be in the club. Their details are in my camera dairy and I must follow that up!

But the boys had business to attend to: Paul and Linda departed for serenity and Trevor for Ashhurst while the rest of us, Ron Rob and Ed and I should mention Ray, Ron's mate who came along for the ride. (BMW, Jaguar and the like but he's known me for over 20 years and Ron longer) so is familiar with P76's and doesn't criticise them knowingly, planned our next move.

We had to look at a car over in Wanganui (the owner told me he grew up there and spelt it that way all his life so that's good enough for me). This car was for sale on Trade Me by then member Michael Paddison who was in China on the day so his brother showed us a really quite good Pimento Super (ran like a top) and at another location a PMAG Super in a sad state that still carried its Aussie registration plates. All this took a while and was quite thirst developing. It was still hot. Long story short that Pimento car is now in the club with a Southern Group member who I hope is still happy with it. And it came to pass that said member has just got married and sent as photo of the wedding cars including said P S V8 all spruced up inside and out and looking lovely on the day – see it elsewhere in here.

Having had Ed swear in my ear about the route Ron took out of Feilding to get to Wanganui he determined we should lead on the way back to allow a visit to the Halcombe Hotel, a place of great refreshment and class with a brand new XF Jaguar parked amongst the Hilux's!

And the bar had a sign behind it telling everyone they were in "Robs Bar". Sadly he didn't have a spare sign for me! Our P76's were noticed by those on the leaners as the conversation indicated but we were allowed to imbibe a wee measure in peace before returning to Feilding to debate motorcycle racing and dinner. The place was full of motorcycle racers who had obviously dehydrated badly during a day's hot racing and were hell for leather rehydrating!

It was around this time that we decided the local Irish pub might be a good place to eat at and we should refresh before dinner. Unbeknown to us Ray had been leaving Ron's car unlocked in all our travels – used to central locking – so being a good lad he locked his door the old way the same time Ron left his keys in the ignition! Ron was not keen to mutilate his paint or door rubbers with a coat hanger if we could find one and there wasn't a bit of plastic strapping to be had anywhere, we asked, searched the bins and raked our brains. Luckily for all of us the local locksmith whom we had to phone was just round the corner on another callout so he popped round and popped open the door with consummate ease, it's a worry, and at no cost to Ron. How does he do it I can hear you all asking! The locksmith was amused by Ron's story and happy to look at the P76's so we all went to dinner happy and with sore sides.

In preparation for dinner some elderly men seem to take longer than a 20 something young woman, and when we were almost ready Ron called out saying. "Oh hell I forgot to take my little blue pill". Sorry but this had us bellowing with laughter and set the tone for the evening.

Dinner was very good along with more hydration, the company was good to and we had a ball. I'm sorry but I cannot recall the next wondrous saying springing from Ron's mouth but again he had us in stitches, unintentionally. How does he do it?

There is no doubt about Feilding being a pretty town, the Irish Pub was very popular but once we'd eaten out fill we returned to the motel for a quite ale before bed. The motorcyclists had long since retired. Nice looking bikes on those trailers.



Rob Jones P76

T Day P76.

Below: Grandstand view Taken by P Heath

