

Angels, slaves, others and the rest of you (almost in alphabetical order)

May 2016

by the Welsh Angel

You may remember that sometime in May 2016, due to some Real estate Reorganisation in the King family, Orip branch, it was necessary to also reorganise the Club's assets there.

Here is the story of that event.

At first light on a sunny Saturday the keenest Angels, Slaves and others descended on the King estate and were immediately put to their allocated tasks. There were no actual carrots or sticks on show but the slaves were soon shown the buckets, the water, the scrubbing brushes, the forklifts, the boxes, the two story storage and the CONTAINER.

And so it soon came to pass that the container was ready to receive its cargo. Which was in one thousand two hundred and fifty-one piles in the paddock alongside the container. Thanks to the slaves you may hear about some angels soon, be patient. Meanwhile, first light plus three hours some of the others, or perhaps the rest of you turned up and decided to instruct the slaves and the angels in what they were supposed to be doing: One; no more than two samples of any single part to be kept *(later amended on a case by case basis)*

Two; all related items to be stored together *(totally ignored by Slaves Angels and Others)*

Three; you will keep working in spite of the rain showers *(yeah right)*

Within fifteen minutes the two storied storage was totally empty, well almost. The container was totally full, well almost.

So the angels worked their magic and hot soup and buns, bananas, apples, tea and coffee suddenly appeared. BUT, it was only a strategy to ensure the slaves were able to continue the partially complete project; two minutes and fifteen seconds was the allotted time for the "lunch break".

The slaves were then put back to work and one slave Alex was ordered to reduce a perfectly good P76 body to pieces no larger than a sixpence! There should be a photographic record of this feat – preferably a movie.

Right: There is a photo but I prefer to label it Alex the axe angel rather than slave. VP Dave supervises closely – too damn close really.

Give the oldest guy there the axe, really guys!

So the sorting and storing was pretty much as complete as could be, but the interesting part is the fate of those bits considered (by the others) to be surplus to requirements. They, the superfluous parts, were placed, not thrown, chucked or lifted into a huge trailer.



What followed can be seen to be believed in the photo below, the slaves revolted. With one accord they filled their boots (of their cars you nutter, not the ones on their feet) and their utes, stealing about 90% of the surplus requirements. Front struts were popular, gearboxes and other large and heavy objects were brazenly removed from the trailer, seriously reducing the return from the scrap metal dealer.



Left: Ooohh look at that. That's too good to chuck. I will just rescue it for another day.

Ooohh says Clyde, a spare door for my race car (that he barely uses) Clyde the car collecting angel strikes again

And so everyone retired to the now empty garage, but wait, if the garage was empty the Angels worked their magic yet again, and suddenly appeared a fully laden freely available beer fridge, but wait, before the slaves could empty it they were rushed off to the Bethlehem RSA for refreshments and food of the highest order and great company to rival the greatness of the stories that were told. Mostly being the bargains, high quality of the junk that the wives of the slaves, the angels and the others and the rest of you had spent the day acquiring in Tauranga, The Mount, Papamoa and probably Whakatane, thanks to the kind care of one of the angels – the one called Annette.



<Above: "Is this an auction of the scrap?">

The day can be summed up in one word - heavenly.

The Cast:

ANGELS - Mike King, Annette King and the rest of the King family who were in attendance.

SLAVES, OTHERS and THE REST OF YOU – Gordon and Jan, Wally and Tanya, Dave and Maria and Steve.



The editor has used some licence in his description of individuals in some of the photos i.e. slaves have become angels as should be the case if recuing valuable Leyland parts.

However, we must forgive the Philip the Welsh angel (left), these photos were taken before Wales toured New Zealand with such devastating results. I'm sure Philip wouldn't have worn it post destruction! And then there is angel Mike (below) with the smile a mile wide looking at his empty shed, the old and wise bearded angel Ian to his left and Steve the slave, sorry Steve but there had to be one slave didn't there.

Hand written story sent from the boondocks of Taranaki by the Welsh Angel, typing and additional comment and changes by Rob who had permission.

