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**AUGUST 2019**

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## EVENTS DIARY

### SUNDAY AUGUST 4<sup>TH</sup>

#### THE DIVAS DRIVE

Meet at the Peg Hotel Carpark in Belfast 10.30am. Irene, Marilyn and Yvonne have organized this month's run, we will be lunching at the Cheviot Hotel. **Numbers required, if you haven't already text, phoned or emailed your intention to attend please do so by Wednesday 31st July. Ph 027 675 2544 or [jbkbarrett@gmail.com](mailto:jbkbarrett@gmail.com)**

### THURSDAY AUGUST 15<sup>TH</sup>

#### Gold Card Cruisers

Meeting Place The Peg Hotel Carpark Belfast 10.30 am Cafe Lunch.

### BARRY'S BANTER:

Lecky car or No Lecky car

Back in NW London, where I grew up, I would have been 10 years old when I received my first driving ban. I was 'driving' a bright orange Raleigh Twenty at the time. A bike that set me up for the rest of my life. You see, it had a shopping trolley on the back! My dad wanted me to have a 10 speed, fixed gear racer and hated it. I never knew why at the time.

But then, the first time I took a girl home there was a visible sigh of relief that the Son of Bob was indeed 'wholesome'. Anyway I had formed a riding group called the "Rough Riders". I used to organise races around the block and runs to far off destinations. Weekends and holidays were awesome. We invented mountain biking, it's just that I didn't know anything about patenting at the age of 10. My shopping trolley bike was built of scaffold tubing and left the lighter and sometimes faster racing bikes bent and crumpled in my wake as we raced across forests, jumping over exposed tree roots, fallen branches and wading through streams.

It was the summer holidays and on this particular day we were racing around the block. We rode on the pavement because we were constantly being hit by cars on the road. Our block was rectangular and the start line opposite our house was along the main straight. So from the start we covered 150m to turn one. Turn right. Slight upgrade over 80m to turn two, turn right again and 300 metres huffing and puffing uphill to turn three. Downhill at a rake of knots to turn four. Skid around the RH corner Ivan Mauger style and a mad dash Tour de France sprint for the finish line.



On this particular day the dustmen were out emptying the bins. As I came bombing around turn four I saw the guy pick the metal bin up and I did try to warn him not to come out onto the pavement. But he stepped out of No.10 Creighton Road totally unaware of the stream of bikes heading his way. I was in front as per normal. Just two metres to the finish line so no way was I going to pull up. **Booftaaaa!** I side swiped him as he came out of the gate. He spun around like a ballerina having an epileptic fit. The lid took off like a flying saucer. Rubbish flew everywhere, over front gardens and cars. The 20 gallon metal bin also went skyward but the dustbin man hit the ground.....and he hit it hard.

I looked back and saw the rubbish everywhere and this bloke laying on the ground bawling and clutching his knee. I decided to do another lap. When I came around again there was a lynch mob forming. My Dad was up. Not a good sign. You see, my dad worked nights. Bit like a vampire, no one ever saw him during daylight hours. He was trying to calm the angry mob which had massed outside our gate. It seemed the neighbours were taking the opportunity to voice their opinions on my competitive riding style. Quite unnecessary I thought.

'He knocked my dad over last week. Never even stopped to help him up. Little git!' Shouted Mrs O'Leary.

"He was doing wheelies when he ran over our cat. And I'm sure he's the one who scratched our car. He should be bloody well locked up." Screamed Mrs O'Brien. What is it about the Irish. Always so angry!

There was ringing in my ears and sure enough the local Bobby arrived. The crowd mobbed him as he got out of his blue and white Ford Anglia.



After he fended off the angry housewives he had a chat with the injured party then marched over to our house. I was sat on the front wall cross-legged like a Buddha. He prodded me in the chest with his finger.

"Seems you and your bike are quite famous round here. Well you're nothing but a bloody little menace." He turned to my Dad and said. "I hope you punish him Mr Ricketts.

This poor man over here is now going to be out of work as a result of this little hooligan's antics".

I was sent to my room without any supper. The next day a lady came around from the Council. She was very much a 'Plum in the mouth, hoity toity" kind of lady. Wearing white gloves with matching glasses too. "Mrs Ricketts, I have been in a meeting all morning with the Brent County Council Refuse Collection Union Shop Steward. They have decided that no rubbish will be collected from Creighton Road while your son is free to create havoc with his bike. They are requesting he be banned for a year."

My mum, who knew how to dole out punishment, wasted no time in agreeing to the ban. But first she battered the living daylight out of my behind with the wooden cakespoon. Meanwhile Dad took the wheels off the bike and hid them in the attic. I thought I was being smart by borrowing my mate's bike, but one of the neighbours saw me, ratted on me and I got another flogging, 10 times worse than the first. I couldn't eat sitting down for weeks. And that's how it was for a whole year. Worst year of my life.

They say boys don't grow up. As they get older the games they play are for higher stakes. Fifty years on, there's a new game in town. It's called electric cars.

Well just as the bin man didn't hear me coming, the same applies to the latest fad of electric vehicles. We all know they're pretty silent right? As these cars become more popular, the elderly, deaf, blind and downright stupid are at risk of being slowly eradicated. Statistics are now available of the high number of accidents involving pedestrians which are directly attributed to electric vehicles.

Above 30KPH you might hear a bit of a tyre roar. Big deal! So governments are busy coming up with some sort of speaker device which will be activated when the vehicle is travelling under 30KPH. But who wants to drive around in a car with a megaphone strapped to the roof as though part of a 1970's local election campaign.

Would you play the exhaust sound of a Maserati? How much volume would we be allowed? Or perhaps we could hurl verbal abuse at pedestrians and other drivers. Come to think of it, that would be fun.



Let's say you are the driver of an electric car and during a momentary lapse in concentration you inadvertently mow down a couple of deaf dumb and blind OAP's out walking their dog. You won't just get your bottom whacked and wheels confiscated. You are likely to face manslaughter charges and end up in jail. If you have been successfully charged with a Category 2 offence you could be residing in one of Her Majesty's hotels for up to two years. Examples of Category 2 driving offences include:

- careless driving causing injury or death
- reckless driving
- failing to stop after being in an accident, if no other person is injured or killed
- a first or second drink-driving conviction

Category 3 driving offences are worse and carry a sentence between two and five years.

- dangerous driving causing injury (a maximum prison term of five years or a maximum fine of \$20,000, and compulsory disqualification for at least one year)
- street-racing or wheel-spinning causing injury (maximum prison term of five years or a maximum fine of \$20,000, and compulsory disqualification for at least one year)

It just so happens that like Trip Advisor, Trivago and Booking.com you can check out customer reviews of your local prisons and decide which one you would like your lawyer to request whilst the Judge passes sentence. As the song from 'Life of Brian' goes. "Always look on the bright side of Life"

So, while your whistling away, have a read of a few inmate reviews:- (Note I had to rewrite some of these comments as the spelling, grammar and swearing were totally unacceptable for our reading audience.)

### **Christchurch Womens Prison** (Guess what!

The guys in our office are buying these cars for their wives. Heh Heh!)

★★★★★ Best zoo I would recommend.

They have such a good variety of animals behind cages there and even let them out from time to time.

★★★★★ A unique and memorable lodging and dining experience can be found here. The personal service and hospitality I received here are second to none.

They will come and pick you up from anywhere in Canterbury and personally escort you to the front desk to be sure that you find it OK and arrive safe.

In a word: AWFUL! Steer clear of this place. There is a free one-way shuttle service, but the seats are uncomfortable and the armrests are downright painful. Upon arrival, they take a photo of you for their Instagram page. For some reason, the prison truck drivers are allowed to pat you down. The wait for a table is over an hour and the food is dismal.

★ I served 25 years and was innocent! The warden made me do everyone's taxes and lie on the books! Luckily my friend Sylvia smuggled a rock hammer in and eventually I escaped through the sewer pipes!. Never again!

### **Christchurch Mens Prison**

Really dreadful experience. Room service was poor. The food, I wouldn't feed to my dog. Lingered smell of sweat and fear.

★★★ Great place. I went on holiday here.. didn't cook anything the entire time. I was spoilt rotten.

★★ Great place to spend some time wondering about your past.

### **Mt Eden Mens prison**

★★★★★ Largest Marae in New Zealand

★★★★★ I was the king of this place. No one messed with me. They called me the Big Dog. Even the guards were scared of me. I was in for not paying my parking ticket. Loved the food and when people dropped the soap.

★ The room was nothing like the Air BnB advertisement, had to share with another person!, Food was OK but limited choices, only got to go out for an hour a day. One star, would not recommend.

★★★★★ I have booked myself in for the yearly annual Christmas dinner which is a blast every year. There is also free live entertainment available in the form of local fight clubs held inside the guests rooms. I would highly recommend a stay and the prices of rooms are fairly priced for being free.



By the way, I haven't had any other vehicle bans as my mum did a thorough job and my bum is still sore. But if the police do catch up with me again I tell you it won't be in the WRX..... cos that car is seriously quick man!  
Oh look, my three pages are up.  
Quick recap, if you buy a lecky vehicle .....on your own head be it!

That's it. My work is done.



Sub cuts corner to catch Mas

## REPORT ON SUNDAY JULY 7<sup>TH</sup>

When we woke to a crisp white frost, I knew it was going to be a fine day, decided to take the SLK as it hadn't been out of the garage for 2 months and Julian had checked it over and charged the battery on Saturday so should be good to go. But no it didn't want to go even with some encouragement from the jumpstarter pack! Resort to plan B, no you're not taking the Stag, the heated seats aren't working!

OK plan C it is!

We arrived at Princess Margaret Hospital to be greeted by a rather large collection of over 30 cars.



What a wonderful turnout of members - whoops hadn't even printed off enough run sheets -

Irene gave Julian a hard time about that and now it looks like she will be involved in organising next months run . Looks like it pays to say nothing! Haha

A quick phone call ahead to the Crate and Barrel to let them know instead of 30 to 40 people there will be between 70 to 80 - they assured us no issue. (Even if it did take a little while for some of the meals to turn up) I guess they did pretty good for one chef.

Julian organised the run to go around some great roads - some I'd never been on before. We headed out towards Tai tapu to Coes Ford which didn't have much water going through. Just goes to show how little rain we've had. Along Lakeside Rd to pass through Southbridge and make our way back to Leeston. I did notice a couple of cars took wrong turns but thankfully all ended up at the lunch stop. Must admit nice in the winter to be indoors and nice and warm. Roll on summer time!

Kathy Barrett



Crate and Barrel carpark

## REPORT ON GOLD CARD CRUISERS JULY 18<sup>TH</sup>

On a perfect winters morning 18 cars assembled at the West Melton Tavern car park and we set off for a lovely country run to Springfield.

There was not a lot of traffic on the roads so we enjoyed a great run down some long straight roads which took us through the Sandy Knolls, Aylesbury and Kirwee areas, We were treated to beautiful views of the Southern Alps with a decent coating of snow on them.

After passing through Waddington we carried on down the Main West Road to Springfield to our lunch destination at the Highway Café.

The café staff coped very well with approx 36 diners all arriving at once and a long relaxed lunch time was had by all.



Most of the club members then travelled to the café at the Yaldhurst Museum for coffee and cake to finish off a great day out.

Many thanks to Jim and Gill for once again organising a lovely day out.

Kevin & Lois Thornley

## **WESTERN AUSTRALIA ODYSSEY 2019. 4<sup>th</sup> - 23<sup>rd</sup> September 2019 .**



With just over a month to go no doubt those lucky enough to be doing the Odyssey will be getting the suitcases dusted off and thinking about what to pack.

Max Clarke has done a brilliant deal for rental cars and has arranged our Perth accommodation with parking almost opposite the train station and only a block or so away from the car hire office.

The tour group will be spending two days in Perth with plenty of attractions to visit before they start the grand trek.

## **MEMBERSHIP CARDS**

Just a friendly reminder to make sure you have your new membership cards and updated your details if need be.

## **FOR SALE**

**Club Caps** only \$15 each  
**sew on Badge** \$8 each  
see Kit & Carol Peverill or Rod Hurst



## **2020 MARATHON**

We are pleased to announce that the 2020 Classic Marathon will be organised by Max Clarke and conducted in **early May 2020.**, probably the second week.

School holidays are in April, finishing on the 26<sup>th</sup>. Easter is the 10<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup> of April so we will be clear of both.

Max is at the preliminary stages and advises that the tour will be conducted in the **mid to upper South Island**. His proposed route sounds very interesting. He is checking out available accommodation in a couple of places before he finalises his plans.

We will keep you informed of progress and give you plenty of notice for accommodation.

G2



## OTHER EVENTS THAT MAY INTEREST YOU:

### BellaRat's Gas & Gander

Last Friday of each month about 7pm . Meet at the new NPD gas station on Jones Rd, Rolleston for a catch up and coffee in your rat rods, hotrods customs or what ever you show up in.. good food and coffees. NPD look forward to your visit 740 Jones Road



The Leadfoot Festival is a unique weekend on the New Zealand calendar that brings together an incredible mix of classic and current two and four wheel competition vehicles and motorsport legends.

Tickets are offered to the general public with an invitation to Rod and Shelly Millen's private grounds at the Leadfoot Ranch in Hahei on the Coromandel Peninsula.



From classic formula and road race cars to off-road machines and motorcycles, Leadfoot attracts competitors and race vehicles in an enthusiastic display of speed, style, sound, smell and colour. More than 130 champion and competitive racers are handpicked by Rod Millen to receive the coveted invitation to participate in the 2018 Leadfoot Festival.

The 2020 Festival promises to be packed with action and excitement, as the most glamorous racing machinery and famous motorsport competitors gather together for this annual internationally recognised hill climb event. Make your plans now. **Tickets on sale in**

**August.**

## Could your classic be topping up your wallet rather than draining it?!

We love classics, and so do most people. And increasing numbers of those people who don't own them, want to experience and enjoy driving them, particularly if they're of the sports and/or convertible variety. [RentAClassic](#) has been offering that opportunity in Nelson and Christchurch since 2012, and most of our fleet is provided by private owners with whom we income share. We're a bit like the AirBnB of sports and convertible car hire and due to increased demand, we particularly want to build up our Christchurch fleet.

Owners keep their cars but lease them to [RentAClassic](#) whilst out on hire, and on average have made 5-20% of the cars value per annum. And it's not just classics, modern day sports cars including saloons and coupes definitely appeal too. And because our customers pay a premium over a normal rental car, they really look after them. In over 650 hire days so far, there have only been 2 small 'ouches' to repair. If you're strongly emotionally attached to your pride and joy it's probably not you for you, but if you're interested in sharing the joys of classics with others, read the [Earn money from your Classic](#) section on our website or contact owner Stephen Tanner on 0210747105 or [info@rentaclassic.co.nz](mailto:info@rentaclassic.co.nz) for more information. We'd also love to hear from you if you're interested in earning from helping out with client handovers locally.

Be brave, and share the love!

Yours

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