



PO Box 10331, Christchurch 8145. Ph 03 359 1100

Email: classicmotoringsocietynzinc@gmail.com cmsnz.org.nz

MAY 2020

Chairman: Barry Ricketts 021 775300 Vice-Chairman: Julian Barrett 03 359 1100
Secretary: Noeline Hurst 03 347 9092 Treasurer: Diane Brandish 03 327 8991
Committee: Rod Hurst 03 347 9092 Jim Milne 027 611 3455 Kit Peverill 03 327 9362
David Harman 027 3438700 Tour Director: Graeme Sharp: 021 395 944

EVENTS DIARY

Trolley Day



Start from your place and work out how many different routes you can take to get to your local supermarket. Remember to take shopping list and bags. Sorry no coffee stops allowed along the way. On arrival select your trolley ensure it has been decontaminated and you've passed through boarder security safely. Remember to obey the "rulez" keep following distance of 2 metres, no dangerous overtaking manouvres especially in the meat aisle (1 mistake and you'd be minced) but don't stew on that. If you cross the redline and lose your way take 2 Left turns followed by 2 Right turns (repeat if necessary) and you will find your way to the checkout.

BARRY'S BANTER:

Bob the Lair Builder

With the lockdown we have been watching a lot of Netflix. 'Watchmen' was shown on Box Sets and is brilliant, but I couldn't stop wondering who builds these amazing villainous complexes. Gave me an idea for a short story! Bit longer than the usual banter so sit back, read and I hope you enjoy.

It's a bitterly cold Friday night down at the Cock and Sparrow pub, just on the outskirts of a remote sleepy hollow called Blindsdale in Norfolk. In the North East of Great Britain there's nothing but wilderness and the icy wind which comes non stop from Siberia. The landscape is bleak. You can drive for hours and the outlook is just the same. The roads look alike, the people look alike, the stone villages look alike and all the pubs look alike with their stone built double fronted entrances and Dickensian windows. Probably started out as old residential cottages but were then converted into local public houses. Rusty black signs with gold lettering hang above the main entrances, eerily squeaking away in the breeze. Just like them there haunted house movies.



The wood fire is crackling away in the grate but the pub is empty, save for a tall, well built man with short dark hair, a pot belly and a builders bum who is sat at the bar nursing a pint of Bishop's Finger (Nun's Delight). Bob wasn't a local. He had moved up to Norfolk with his building business 15 years ago from 'Sowf Lundun'. He had suffered for far too long at the hands of 'know all' clients and super intelligent agents of the Inland Revenue and felt it was time to make a clean getaway to the land of low IQ. He figured Blindsdale would be the perfect safe haven to put down roots and plant some seed. Literally!

With his London accent, tanned complexion and straight teeth Bob had become an instant hit with the local lasses and although he always denied having an immense appetite for promiscuity the 2011 census confirmed that after just five years of Bob's arrival, there had been an unexpected spike in the birth rate. The locals didn't mind. The region was in desperate need of fresh blood to dilute the gene pool so Bob was welcomed with open arms.....as it were!

Bob is deep in concentration and is counting on his fingers. As usual, Bella is being a nuisance. Bella has always adored Bob, every since he rescued her from the side of the road where she had been the victim of a hit and run. As it was close by he had brought the seven week old golden retriever puppy into the pub where he knew she wouldn't be short of care and attention while he summoned up the local vet. Bella is now two years old and being a pub dog is incredible social to all and sundry but she still has a particular passion for Bob and was constantly nuzzling him and trying to jump onto his lap.

"Will you leave it out, Bella!" Bob wrestles her front legs from his lap back to the ground. He wishes that Nora was on duty but it was her night off and she had left her son Sid in charge. Only Nora could control Bella who had no time for Sid at all.

Sid, is polishing glasses and putting them back on the shelf above the bar. He is 24 years old, but with his whiskers looks at least forty. He has the stature of a Hobbit and should anyone request a cocktail has a stool under the sink that he uses to reach the top shelf. Proud to be the village idiot, Sid it is said, had descended from a long line of fools dating back to the court of King Arthur. His large blue eyes are set too close together and he has a unibrow with thick black curly hair. His skin is typically pale and blubbery, if not translucent, bit like a jelly fish. Sid always smelt of fish and rotting seaweed thus proving he may have descended from a family of whale fishermen and seafarers on his mothers side. It is said that when the Vikings landed off the coast of Blindsdale, they took one look at the villagers and ran screaming back to their boats.



A gust of wind howls, rattling the windows and sending the pub sign into overdrive. Bob looks outside and notices his trusty Ford transit van, the only valuable asset left behind by his runaway father, is no longer in sight having already been covered in a blanket of snow. Bob Senior was also a builder but didn't have a head for business. Owing money all over London, he had packed up and done a runner to South America, grabbing an Indonesian internet bride en route.

"Bugger!" Bob thought. The old girl was never great at cold starting and he might have to rent a room for the night.

"Cold out tonight, ain't 'em Bob. You know that there Nor Easterly don't go round yer....it go frew yer." Says Sid, while coughing into a wine glass then giving it a buff with a beer stained floor cloth. "Whatcha got goins on there then?"

Bob closes his note pad, puts the pen behind his ear and replies. "Ah, some geezer give me a ring yesterday and asked me to go price a job."

"What is it? An Extension?"

"Nah. It's another evil lair, Sid. They seem to be all the rage these days. Sprouting up all over the place. Interesting fella. Comes from money but he weren't half spooky. Definitely not from round 'ere". He beckons Sid to come closer, then whispers in his ear.

"He says it's top secret. Says he wants to take over the world to avoid a nuclear holocaust, and so, has to build this whopping great underground fortress. Even got a train running

through it. Got yer tunnels, dungeons, high level platforms, lake full of crocodiles and these massive bullet proof windows in the control room looking out onto a truly wicked count down clock." He goes on. "Met his wife too. Tracy. She's from Belize. Built like a supermodel and very nice indeed, but never had her for a voodoo princess. She clicked her fingers and I was teleported up three flights of stairs to his penthouse office."

"Get away!" Says Sid, blowing his nose in the dish cloth. Bob carries on, "Yeh, it'll be thirty metres below ground and it needs lifts, emergency stairs and a liquid propellant multiple burn satellite launcher. You wanna see this heat ray that he's having made by ACME. It's gonna be called The Punisher. Reckons it's payback time and he can stir fry all of China with just one zap. Gotta sort out the footings for that and jack up a generator and a sparky to wire it all up. He'll need a fierce rake of computers too. Could be a big job, you know."

"So how comes you be involved, oh but?" Sid asks. But before replying Bob wondered who the hell had schooled this kid. Because if it was the old Grey Lady, she deserved to be run over.

"He don't know anyone local so he wants me to get all the tradies lined up and even find some dodgy blokes with scars to run security. After the meeting Tracey only flew me from his office back to the van.....via London! And that was so I could see the extent of the property, the quarry and tip sites out by the estuary. Now I know how superman feels. Bloody cold at sub sonic speed without a coat on."

But then Sid asks. "That don't sound too flash for the old globals warning do 'em!"

And Bob replies. 'True enough but it's either that or more of the same. Corona Virus 20, 21 and 22 and so on, innit. Speaking of which, how is your old man doing?"

"Ar, im and my Aunty Eileen are still locked up in her cottage with the fever. Be a week now." The door suddenly bursts open and Bella sees who it is and skitters off behind the bar. A deluge of snow lashes across the lounge. Mack, the village mafioso, puts his shoulder behind the door and slams it shut. He runs his hand through his hair, flicks the snow off of his shoulders, then straightens his collar and tie.

"All right Bobby Boy ?" He barks with a deep, commanding voice but a poor attempt at a Bronx accent. This was followed by the customary, "Sidnay!.....shut it!..... and keep that bleedin dog under control!"



Mack Paine, is Blindsdale born and bred. Claiming to be in his early fifties, he is deceptively tall with grey hair to match his skin and Armani double breasted suit. He always wears a crisp white shirt and sports a tie. He looks ex military as he marches up to the far end of the bar to take his usual spot, far away from the roaring fire. Mack reckoned he looked like a gangster. His only claim to fame was a non speaking part as a henchman in the English gangster movie The Long Good Friday, but one blink and you would have missed him.

Since then he always felt he should have been in the movie

"Goodfellas". But he's a long way from New York and is not quite the

Robert de Niro. To be brutally honest he sounds more like Boycie from Only Fools and Horses. With the unibrow and boss eyes not so popular in the States, Blindsdale would be his Bronx and Manhattan for now. Oh, and Mack still lives with his mum.

He pulls out a solid silver cigarette case, flips it open and takes out a ready made juice joint. Sid drops what he is doing, runs over and pulls out a packet of matches from his pocket and lights him up. Seeing the marijuana and crack filled cigarette burst into life Sid gives a thumbs up to the no smoking sign and waddles back to contaminating the glassware. Mack stands at the bar, back straight, both arms out in front resting on the counter.

Bob touches his forelock, "Aye, Mr Paine. All's good."

Mack nods at the barman and clicked his tongue like a jockey. "Usual Sidnay. Yeh, running a bit late tonight Bob, as I had to stop off and give someone a message. Know what I mean. "

Sid grabs a glass and his stool and heads for the top shelf. He makes up a cocktail of Bacardi, Malibu and pineapple juice, shaken and served over real man ice in a tall glass, accompanied by a maraschino cherry, a slice of pineapple and the customary pink umbrella.

He was quite the busy bee. "There you go, Mack."

"That's Mr Paine to you and you keep 'em coming..... and how many times have I got to tell yer to put yer bleedin' mask on."

Sid, finds a mask beside the sink and quickly puts it on. It was being used as a soap dish and had seen better days.

Mack chuckled. "Right. Now give Bob the finger..... and have one yourself, you cheeky git."

Mack looks around to see who else is in. "Bit grim in 'ere tonight innit lads? How's about livening things up a bit."

Bob whispers under his breath, "Here we go again. Bleedin Groundhog Day."

Mack Paine was a nasty piece of work. Made his money early in his underworld career from robbing post offices then bought a couple of haulage trucks and started fly tipping. He would pick up a load of waste material from a construction site, having been paid to take it to the local tip. But he came up with this bright idea to dump it anywhere where it would be seen as an environmental hazard. Outside parks and cemeteries were great locations. He'd then found a 'friendly' councillor who arranged for him to win a term contract at Norfolk County Council to remove fly tipped material from around the borough.

He made a fortune. This soon made him the proud owner of a large fleet of trucks, Akerman excavators plus a brand new, fully loaded, Aston Martin DB9. One day Bob had met him at the pub and after closing time had walked him to his car. When Mack opened the door a very worn baseball bat fell out. Bob picked it up and said to Mack, "Wow, I didn't have you down as a baseball player."

Mack grinned and replied. ' When you're dealing with the bottom end of the brain market son, you need to carry one of these.'

Turns out that if you crossed Mack Paine you would be in line to have your knees smashed. Paine by name and pain by nature. "I particularly like the DB9 because the handbrake is beside the sill where I keep my little friend here, so I can arrive at my meeting, pull up the handbrake and grab my mate 'ere at the same time, you know what I mean. Very efficient your Aston."



Paine Enterprises Ltd also supplied traditional gaming machines and jukeboxes all over East Anglia. With a 20 year contract firmly in place Mack had repeatedly refused Nora's request to update the Cock and Sparrow's steam driven vinyl record unit. Nora wanted the latest digital dukebox with modern music. She felt cheated by the deal as younger patrons had deserted the pub preferring to drink and dine elsewhere. Mack has reached into his trouser pocket and pulled out some small change. Marched over to the jukebox and selected D26. He stands there as the music begins. He clicks his fingers to the beat like Sammy Davis Jr and with perfect timing spins around and starts singing.

"I've got you, under my skin. I've got you, DEEP in the heart of me.

A so deep in my heart that you're really a part of me. I've got you, under my skin."

Mack roars with laughter. "Don't yer just love Frankie boy."

He returns to his corner where he stands there clicking and tapping away to the music. So engrossed in his one man show the song is almost over before realising Bob had not been taking any notice. He points at the notebook. "What you got there then, Bobby boy?"

Mack also considers himself to be a bit of a wheeler dealer, but Bob had seen the fruit of his labours and decided not to involve this particular hoodlum in any of his operations. When they first met, Bob had set Mack up with an Architect to design his house and had seen the finished drawings. A six bedroom, two storey modern manor with six car underground garaging and a lions den. It had an amazing performance specification with Italian marble, German kitchen and bathroom units and designer rugs from Iran.

Mack made himself project manager and took charge of procurement. He found Asian and Peruvian suppliers who claimed they could replicate the designs for a third of the price. It was an offer he couldn't refuse. The end result was something out of steam punk and the house had become the laughing stock of the real estate fraternity.

Bob closes the note pad and puts it in his jacket pocket. "Sorry Mr Mack, it's a bit hush hush!"

Mack takes a long puff on his joint, blows the smoke high into the air and points at the barman. "What's the story, Sidnay."

Sid looks at Bob and shrugs his shoulders to signal an apology. "He's only 'ave got a new client lookin' to take over the world, ain't 'em, and wants one of them monster underground caves. You know, like out of dem Bond movies."

"Not another one. How many's that you've done?" Says Mack, pulling up a bar stool and sitting right beside Bob.

Sid butts in. "That'll be the turd I knows of, ain't 'em. Like there was that Dr Sheepsbrain who wanted to take over the world by breeding highly intelligent sheeps. Remember you had to build him that barn out at Westalockhaven. Just up from Mackaferry's farm."

"I suppose knowing these evil lair geezers it had to be a big un." Says Mack.

Bob replies. "Big enough for the A380, wiv these monster ceiling lights and extractor fans. Had to hoist them up with a block and tackle. Bastard of a job that was."

Mack is enjoying this conversation. "So, what does a highly intelligent sheep taste like? Does it come ready marinated in mint sauce and jump straight onto the barbie?" He jests whilst digging Bob in the ribs.

Bob replies. "Er, no Mr Paine. In fact the plan didn't quite work out. You see he was a genetic engineer and he developed this serum from the human FOXP2 gene and along with neural implants he was able to breed sheep that could talk. Turns out they were really clever. But whenever he went to kill one for dinner they would talk him out of it."



"Well I don't see any sheep running the place, so what happened?"

"They developed telepathic perception and were able to get all his passwords. They got round the security system, went into his house, opened the gun cabinet, went into his bedroom and shot him in the ribs. Dragged him outside, across the yard and left him to die in the sheep dip. But he had this device hooked up to his heart so should it stop ticking a series of incendiary devices would go off. Well this

bloke Buzzer, he's an ex Army bomb disposal expert, he well and truly overdone it with the explosives and the whole place went up like a fireball. You couldn't recognise a brick from a burnt out sheep carcass, it was that hot."

"Does it pay well?" Asks Mack.

"Good question Mr Mack. The rates are good but I learnt my lesson on that job, cos I never got my retentions back. I insist on advance payments now as these evil lair jobs never end well."

Bella has fallen asleep at Bob's feet and Sid busied himself making a fresh cocktail which he slides towards Mack on a coaster. "And then there was that other geezer, Bob. The one with the meterites." Says Sid.

"Yeh, Dr Meteor and his killer rabbit. Vicious little bugger that thing. Had teeth like a bleedin' piranha and could hunt like a cat. Anyway, he had this marvellous plan of controlling world politics by guiding in iron meteorites from outer space using magnetic fields and dropping them on major cities. Clever bloke. He was set to make a fortune. KGB been hunting him for years as he threatened Russia with a drop on Putin's gym. Basically he could play snooker with any meteorite between here and Venus. By tracking its size, location and speed he reckoned he could fire a pulse of plasma at it and the meteorite would be re-directed to wherever he wanted it to go."

"What happened to him?" Asks Mack whilst lighting up another reefer.

"Had to build this whopping great house on the side of a cliff. You wanna give that a try. Bloody hard work that was. We drilled rock anchors into the side of that cliff for months on end, working 24 hour shifts. Feller I got to wire up the GPS guidance system had a problem with the programming and couldn't work out the difference between Grid North and Magnetic

North. Tell the truth Phil had only ever wired up kitchens but there was no one else available at the time."

Bob pauses for a moment wondering if he is saying too much, but then goes on.

"I remember the Doctor was busy trying to convince Theresa May and NATO that he was serious and he interrupted the TV schedule and addressed the nation threatening to blow up Coronation Street. NATO called his bluff and he decided to do the dirty. But he forgot to check with Phil if he had fixed the line of sight commands and he only went and pressed the red button, didn't he. The system went to failsafe and in the middle of the night this whopping great meteor went through his roof. Massive fireball. Lucky though cos I had an advanced payment on that one."

"So, how hard is this new job then?" Mack asks.

Now that Sid has spilt the beans on Bob's new secret mission Bob decides he may as well do some brainstorming.

"A lot of digging required. See, I don't mind that side of it Mr Paine as I bought a bigger 4 in 1 bucket for the JCB. But he only wants a nuclear-blast resistant glass dome built over the entire property. It's the old Earl Grey manor that runs a turkey farm down in Southwold. Bleedin 150 acre block innit. Dunno where I'm gonna find that much scaffold, let alone the glass. Old Percy over at the glass shop has just had his hip done and can barely climb a 4 foot ladder."

Sid pipes up, "The Old Grey Lady, she were the lady of the manor. Word 'as it she were run over by an 'orse 'n' cart one night when taking a Christmas hamper cross the road to her slaverers. Many a car been run off the road cause she still be haunting it, ain't 'er."

Then Sid asks, "'Ere, 'ave he tried the yellow pages?"

Bob was starting to get quite agitated with his poor eloquence. "Don't be stupid! I can't go delving into the yellow pages if this is supposed to be top secret, can I. Besides, I tried looking for a mad scientist on Google and it kept linking me to that Dr Tedros geezer at the World Health Organisation."

Mack asks. "Has he gone along with the advance payment idea, then?"

Bob reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his note pad to reveal an evil lair shopping list and a cheque. Yeh, there's no problem there, Mr Paine. He's only give me a cheque for \$20 Million quid and a black Mercedes CLS 550 to get things moving."

Mack's eyes light up. "Bloody 'ell. Twenty big ones. Nice!" He leans back, takes another drag on his ciggy. As he crosses his leg at the knee the stool took off backwards. Some frantic waving of arms, legs and a pina colada cocktail brought the stool back onto all four feet. It was priceless and Bob and Sid thought it was hilarious but dare not laugh.

Instead he gets up, pretending nothing has happened, orders a top up and walks over to the dukebox. As he returns to his stool the dukebox blurts out "Crazy" by Patsy Cline. "So, Bobby boy, did he happen to say how he made his money?"

"Yeh, he mentioned somefink about strangling his brother with his bare hands and making it look like suicide then killing his parents by dosing their porridge with rat poison so he could be sole heir to the family fortune. Apparently, his old man made his money by manufacturing high quality surgical masks and COVID 19 vaccine and selling them to the highest bidder.

Mack carefully leans back on his stool this time and takes a long drag on his reefer filling the entire bar in a huge, but merry fog. "I like his style. What's his name?"

That's the weird thing Mr Paine, For someone who wants to destroy the world or bits of it I expected it to be Dr Death, or Professor Lucifer or somefing like that."

"So what is it then?"

Bob reaches into his swanndri jacket pocket and pulls out his new client's business card and slaps it on the bar. Mack picks it up. There's a name on the front and nothing else. No phone number or contact details.

Mack sighs and says, "Well Bob, next time you see Mr Evil Ernie, you tell him I want in.or else!"

+++++

LOOKING BACK

January 2012 Sunday Run
Destination Washpen Falls



well worth the hike for the stunning views

+++++

M&M'S IOARA MARATHON

Just to let all 26 entrants for Max and Merilyn's Marathon that we hope to run the event once we know when Molesworth will be open after the lambing season. Looking at around mid to late November but before Xmas this year.

We will continue to keep everybody updated as news comes to hand.

We believe that accommodation will be easy to come by given the impact of Covid 19 on international tourism.

Effectively this means we can handle a few extra entrants so if you are interested contact Max and Merilyn at atmore.towers@extra.co.nz or G2 at info@saabclassics.net

This will be our last extended NZ tour until August/Sept 2021

FOR SALE

The Club now has **new car badges**. These are of the soft peel and stick type, designed to fit on curves as in body panels or windscreens. They are 100mm long by 50mm high.



Badges as above only \$9.00 each.

Club Caps only \$15 each

sew on **Badge** \$8 each

see Kit & Carol Peverill or Rod Hurst



AGM --- AGM --- AGM --- AGM

WAS TO BE HELD ON SUNDAY 24TH MAY, WE WILL KEEP YOU POSTED AS TO HOW AND WHEN THIS WILL NOW HAPPEN. MOST LIKELY WILL BE ONCE WE ARE ABLE TO CONGREGATE AGAIN.

+++++

2021 TASMANIAN ODYSSEY

We can confirm that subject to Australia opening its borders [which we understand will be pre-Xmas] that the Tasmanian Odyssey will proceed.

The Odyssey has been physically plotted by members Robin Fletcher and Barbara Lloyd and will run between the 22nd of February and 9th of March 2021. It will start and finish in Launceston.

We are currently finalising accommodation arrangements and will be asking those who wish to join us for a deposit in the next few weeks. We will release the details initially to those on the WA Odyssey list as it will be necessary to limit the number of entrants due to accommodation constraints. The WA entrants persuaded G2 that we should do Tasmania as most missed out first time round. On this basis G2 has decided to give them first option.

If you are interested contact G2 [info@saabclassics.net]. He will be looking after the admin for us.

As the distances are not as great as the mainland the Odyssey will have more of a tourist flavour to it with plenty of opportunity to visit some of the interesting features of the Island State. It is certainly a beautiful place to visit with plenty to see and do.

Costs are not yet finalised but we anticipate that they will be similar to other pre tour Odysseys.

Max Clarke has agreed to sort out rental cars for us.

TAKE A TARGA



Targa New Zealand is running again in mid-October, clear of the Labour Day weekend. Thanks to a collaboration between Rod Corbett of VCC and CMSNZ and Peter Martin of the Ultimate Rally Group there will be a VCC class in this years Targa rally. This is ideally suited to the type of 30year old plus vehicles that we run on our tours and is a huge amount of fun.

Essentially Targa is an all Tarmac special stage Rally which runs over 5 days, this year starting in Albany, going as far north as Whangarei across to Whitianga and finishes at Pukekohe.

There are 3 primary groups of Competitors which are.

1. Open class where the big boys play, with full safety equipment and all that goes with it.
2. The Tour class where entrants follow a lead car through at high speed but cannot overtake
3. The VCC class where cars registered with VCC that are over 30 years old drive to an average speed but are not to exceed 130kph, roll cages, helmets etc not required unless you are in an open car. Allowed to overtake.

Achieving the average speeds on some of the Special Stages can be challenging without being dangerous, on others not so challenging. Being able to use all the road with confidence that there is no one coming the opposite direction is a huge factor and adds to the "fun" factor.

John Rapley and I have entered the two stroke 850cc Saab 96 again. Even though we crapped out last year with 2 stages ago when a \$1.00 pin came loose from the gear shift the whole event was a great adventure both socially and from a driving point of view.

Some are towing their cars up north but I will be putting the SAAB on a car transporter and flying to Auckland.

I cannot commend the VCC Targa enough, great fun, great experience well worth having a go.

Give Rod Corbett a ring on 0274 338 772 or e mail him at rod.corbett88@gmail.com and he will put you on his mailing list for the regular updates.

Come on, give it a go.

G2

+++++



16 April 2020

To: All members, New Zealand Federation of Motoring Clubs (FoMC)

From: Harry Duynhoven, President, FoMC

Greetings to all club members

I trust that you are all coping well during the lockdown, and that perhaps some of our eighty thousand or so members are finding time to do some of those jobs on their heritage vehicles that they have been putting off!

In this bulletin, I want to update you on some news that is of particular interest to motorists. I'd be grateful if you could forward this to your members.

Exemption for expired WoF and 'Rego'

The government has announced an emergency law that provides a 6-month extension for vehicles that have an expired WoF, CoF or 'Rego' due to the lockdown. Similarly, there is a 6-month extension for anyone whose driver's licence or endorsement expired.

The law change provides legal assurance that people can drive for essential purposes during the lockdown, and in the period afterwards, with an expired WoF or 'rego' or licence, without fear of infringement because the lockdown meant they could not renew it. It also means that your insurance policies will remain valid because the WoF or 'rego' etc. will be deemed current.

For ease of enforcement, the extension is backdated to anything that expired from 1 January 2020 (1 March for licence endorsements), which is also good for anyone who was unable to get a WoF or repair prior to the lockdown (such as while waiting for hard-to-get parts for their vehicle!).

It's important to note that this extension only applies to the laws that require you to display a valid WoF or 'Rego' etc. The vehicle must still be in a roadworthy condition. If it isn't then you shouldn't drive or your insurance could be in jeopardy in the event of an accident.

While the extension is for a maximum of 6 months (to around 10 October), the NZ Transport Agency can shorten this with notification. Six months was chosen in order to deal with the inevitable backlog. However, we'd encourage you not to wait that long to renew your WoF or driver's licence after the lockdown ends.

Although there was no public consultation on this emergency law, your Federation of Motoring Clubs was given a prior briefing, and gave their support to the proposals.

- More information about the emergency law is on the NZTA website:

<https://www.nzta.govt.nz/about-us/coronavirus-disease-covid-19-services-update/frequently-asked-questions/rules-changes-general-faqs/>

A reminder that if you are taking your heritage vehicle out, ensure that it is for essential purposes, such as going to the supermarket.

Vehicle licence scam alert

Whilst you can renew your expired 'rego' anytime online (even if the WoF has expired), please be aware that there has been a scam operating. An email genuinely sent from the NZ Transport Agency will include your specific vehicle details (eg your vehicle's plate number, vehicle make and the licence expiry date on the 'rego' label on your vehicle). For further detail: <https://www.nzta.govt.nz/media-releases/scam-alert-vehicle-licence-rego-renewal-emails/>

Keep in contact with your club members

During this period, we encourage committee members to take the opportunity to keep in contact with your club members, especially those that live alone.

This message from the VCC President, Diane Quarrie, echoes our sentiments:

<http://vcc.org.nz/covid-19-vccnz-response/15-ways-to-get-your-classic-car-fix-during-lockdown>

Click on the following link and all will be revealed

<https://www.msn.com/en-nz/motoring/news/15-ways-to-get-your-classic-car-fix-during-the-coronavirus-lockdown/ar-BB11LURI?li=BBqd5YO>

PLANNING AHEAD



Some thoughts for 2021 and 2022 we would like to get your feedback on.

1. **2021 ALPINE** G2's thinking ideas for a 4or 5 day Alpine to be conducted around Canterbury and South Canterbury with stops at Akaroa, Methven, Timaru, Twizel or Lake Ohau. He proposes having the event at the end of winter /early spring which is a return to our traditional Alpine [and snow] dates. Let you committee members know what you think or get hold of Sharpie [G2} **He is also looking for an organising team** so if you would like to help could you let him know. [Info @saabclassics.net](mailto:info@saabclassics.net)
2. He will guide you through the process and admin details.
3. **2022 MARATHON.** Quite a number of years back our marathons ran for about two weeks and G2 is recommending a return to this format for the first time in 18 years. His reason is simple; we are due for a North island tour again and he wants to go to the far north once again. An event possibly starting in Napier, heading north to the Coromandel before heading up to Whangarei and to the North Cape lighthouse. From the north we would head back down the west coast to finish in Palmerston North or even Wellington.

The marathon would run over 10/11 days with a 3/4-day allowance for those who will need to travel from the South Island. Sharpie has in mind late Summer or Autumn and suggests we could include either ANZAC weekend or Easter.

Let us know what you think so he can sort out some organisers in plenty of time. Again contact your committee members with feedback or let G2 know at info@saabclassics.net

