

Stolen Moments

Sunday 9th July saw a healthy number of MG's gather the Square at Palmerston North at 10.00am, a very chilly and glum morning, and the promise of a picnic lunch at Foxton Beach didn't really ring bells of enthusiasm and excitement from me to be quite honest. The plan was, as usual, define a destination, but avoid the shortest, smartest route by prowling around roads less travelled. Driving north up SH1 to Mt Stewart and turning left onto Penny Road introduced us to another Sunday drive on country roads, along the peripheries of Rongotea, Glen Orua and Himitangi. There is something about country roads which tempt my eyes to sneak the opportunity to gaze across the landscape, take in the views and observe the topography – ah yes – flood plains and many drains and streams, with the mountain ranges on the horizon. Come on now, eyes back on the road ahead! It is a beautiful drive through farming, cropping, and some formerly flax growing land. Today one could catch glimpses of a very active cross-country motor cycle event as we ventured into the Himitangi Block sand-hill area. Onward, into Foxton, there was an opportunity to snatch fish & chips before heading to the beach. My cell phone's weather forecast app promised showers and only 11°! Surely we could dine in some hijacked shelter somewhere? Yet, at the beach, it was mild, still and the sun even tried to spirit its way through the cloud.

Picnic time as we watched brave/mad souls surfing on lively but grey looking waves, snatching the opportunity to do a spot of summer sport in the middle of winter. A great time for chatting, photography and chomping, before we moved on to Foxton township to the MAVtech Museum where we could prowl around a fascinating collection of vintage audio and visual equipment. Firstly we were entertained in the 1930's theatre to some 1950's cartoons, each of us served with a sample of jaffas! It didn't take much for a couple of us experiencing recharging of 1950's memories to pirate the moment and send a couple of those jaffas tumbling noisily down the rows of the uncarpeted upstairs auditorium. Following the movies, we were taken on a tour of the building sharing its treasures of cameras, film projectors, radios, radiograms and even an old pianola, which John, Viv and Robert attempted to play the lovely tune "Invercargill March". Countless other archives of film, tapes, music, LP's, 75's, videos etc were rummaged through, all telling stories of New Zealand's journey through music and movies, taking us all down our own memory lanes.

Following that fascinating display with a running commentary from members of the Museum Trust Board, we emerged back into the sun –ah yes sun! – to the crooning voice of Slim Dusty. Thanks to Rob Illingworth for organising a day which far exceeded expectations!

"That's All Folks!"