

Wairarapa – sunshine, blue skies and aeronautical bliss.

Sitting in the pub at Eketahuna, with the usual like-minded friends (and some new ones) at about 6pm on Sunday 18 January, all enjoying a chilled drink after a lovely hot day out in the open, it was time to ponder over the events of the day. Yes it was a great success – another success for the Manawatu MG Group, and thanks must go to Rachel for arranging yet another positive event and return journey to Wings over Wairarapa. For me, driving in my MGF with the group is all about discovery and friendship and for my passenger, granddaughter Emma; it is about adventure and awesome fun. Tops down at about 8.00am and driving through the Manawatu Gorge is the best way to start any day and it was then that Emma asked: “Grandma, when you die – who is going to get your MG?” The planned meeting place was at 8.30am in McLean Road, Woodville, so 9 cars gathered before the final run to Masterton. A traitor amongst our midst, a Mazda driven by Robin and Claire, whose Triumph had broken down yet again, was given a dubious but warm welcome! We watched the low cloud slowly dissipate as we progressed towards Masterton where it seemed the rest of the world was also leading, and temperatures warmed. Emma’s excitement also increased as she was handed a sign saying “VIP Parking”, and we joined the throngs into the entrance of the grounds of Hood Aerodrome to be guided into well-ordered lines in the paddock.



Theory was to leave the cars parked securely – or as secure as you can with a soft top, load up with the chairs, sunscreen, picnic hampers, handbags, sunscreen and sunhats, then we would all walk through the ticketing entry to find ourselves a patch of paddock where we could set up our picnic spot from which to view and enjoy the happenings of the day.

And so the day’s programme began as we all became engrossed in a fine exhibition of flying machines dated from the early 1920’s right through to our latest acquisition – the NH90 Helicopter. For me personally, it was seeing the Harvard (my father’s training aircraft) and



a long-time favourite, the Iroquois. It was a privilege to see such stunning flying skills and great aeronautical displays. Each of the events, we watched as we ate and drank the contents of our picnic hampers, and smeared and re-smeared more sunscreen.



Towards the end of the day, Emma and I completed a survey each, indicating what our favourite parts of the show were – as she wrote “AWESOME” in the comments section, I noticed she had indicated her age as less than 21 years, and I realised I would have to indicate my age as greater than 65 years, a reality check? But then I realised where else could a grandmother and her granddaughter share so much fun, create so many memories and have such quality time together than with a group of MG owners on a glorious day out at an Air show?

Leaving the pub at Eketahuna, we agreed with Rob and Sandra Illingworth, that from Mangamaire, Emma and I would follow them across the Pahiatua Track, back to Palmerston North. Rob and Sandra, in their MG BGT, set a great pace over the country roads and up over the track as each car enjoyed the added freedom of climbs and corners taken as the day of fun and memories came to an end. The following morning as I sat down and put pen to paper for this report, Emma sat down and put fingers to Facebook to tell the world what an awesome day it was.