

FINAL THANKYOU'S FROM OUR ORGANISERS

- Hi Everyone

By now, you should be all safely home, we hope you didn't have too many problems on your return trip.

As stated at the Final Dinner, there are lots of people to thank for this rally:

- World of Wearable Art & Classic Car Museum for organising our rally start venue and lunch
- Phil Dunstan for Haast & Queenstown venues, and the use of his F250 Ford truck as back up vehicle
- Richard & Tracy Bullock for all the fantastic meals at Haast Wanaka and Queenstown
- John Duncan & Raewyn Murray our helpers
- Grant Newall for the bar
- Matt Dunstan & Roy McDonald for being our fantastic support crew in the back up vehicle
- Reagan Williamson & Peter Reid for the jet boating
- Blake Holden, Reagan & Sonia Williamson for the shooting
- George & Jo Wallis for the lunch venue on Monday
- Andrea and Garth Hogan for their wine at the Final Dinner
- George Wallis and Garth Hogan for showing us their toys

As promised, we have attached a copy of the line up of cars at Queenstown. We are sorry, but the size of the photo is restricted to the size which was at the final dinner due to the low resolution the photo was taken. But it is a good record of our rally. We have also uploaded it to our website as the new banner on our [Packard website](#). We are also sending this email to a few people who couldn't make the rally, so you can have a copy of the photo of all the Packards.

Thank you all for the fantastic book on the Southern Alps which was given to us on the final night, especially all the notes written in the cover.

We will be sending a CD of photos out to everyone very soon, so if you have some great photos you would like to include, email them to the.duncans@xtra.co.nz and I will ensure to include them.

Lynette, Robert, Tony & Jane
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WILD WEST WANDER

22 February Trip to Nelson: Early start in Wellington to get to the Ferry before the morning rush. 0715 arrived at the ferry terminal without a hitch. Sky was cloudy as we embarked. The Packard was guided by Ferry staff right to the front, behind the big door, a privileged position. On the 7th deck we had a bird's eye view of the quay and we shouted with glee when we recognised the white Studebaker of David and Sally, Packard of Brian and Dorothy, followed by the pakrika Packard of Malcolm and Terry Dean.

After said hello's and catch up chats we all settled down and enjoyed the crossing of Cook Strait. Initially choppy with white caps, then a larger higher swell and finally with soft breeze into Queen Charlotte Sound. Gorgeous colour under the blue sky with occasionally a faint cloud. Embarking in Picton was a smooth affair with Ferry staff yet again being very attentive, some even swapping a photo.



In Picton 's main street we parked the cars in the middle strip, and had a fine lunch all together in the sun and under umbrellas. Good coffees and company while the shiny cars were standing in the sun being photographed. Then all away on the windy scenic road along the Sounds to Nelson. Sensational sights, however, that as it may be, some of the cars had overheating problems over the higher hills, another had front wheel bearing troubles which had to be fixed in Picton. When we finally saw the sun shimmer on the blue waters of the Tasman Bay, we were stunned. We all gathered in the Chelsea Motel on Rutherford Street for a well earned rest. So came to an end a wonderful day in the sun in great cars.Mareike Van Zon

DAY 1: 23 February—Nelson to Westport



The day dawned beautiful and sunny as we made our way to the World of Wearable Art (WOW) Museum carpark in Nelson, for our start point. Upon greeting each other we watched as the entrants arrived and parked—this was shaping up to be quite a line up of cars. We were able to go into the Wearable Arts museum and see the marvellous displays of costumes designed over the years for the annual Wearable Arts Awards. It is not until you see these garments close up, that you get to appreciate just how intricate, clever and world class they are. This is a world class museum and a 'must see' if you are ever in Nelson. We then commenced our luncheon set amongst

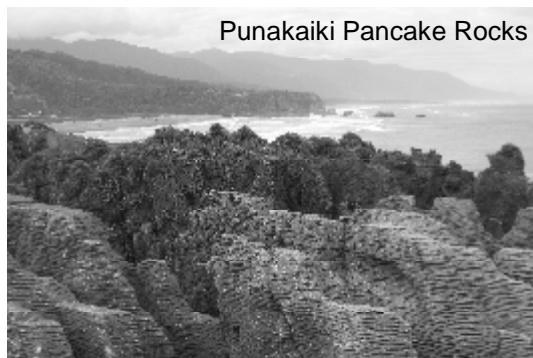
the Classic Car Collection, and were welcomed from our organisers, before setting off at 1.30pm to drive on our first leg to Westport. Some of us hitched a ride in Robert Duncan's V12 Phaeton (thankyou Robert & Lynette), and experienced what a lovely smooth drive this is, but oh yes, has the power when needed!! All along the Buller Gorge in an open car, turning around to see a trail of fine cars behind us, was quite something—the Gorge is just so picturesque, and a 'teaser' of what was to follow on the West Coast. However there are still signs of the slips caused by the 1968 Inangahua earthquake, quite a sobering thought. We stopped in Murchison for an ice block, as it was a very hot day, then caught up with the others as they too stopped. After a while, off again, weaving our way round bends alongside the river until arriving in Westport. Dinner had been arranged at the Buller Club, where much chatter was heard (ah! always lots to talk about after a good day's motoring). George Wallis was asked to tell us something of his time living on the West Coast—most interesting!!! Well if this is the first day, it was just fine.... Bring on Day 2!!!!



.....Terry Dean

Day 2: Wednesday 24 February - Westport to

Franz Josef Morning dawned wet, but we were itching to get underway. Some still had bonnets up when we departed. First stop was at Punakaiki, famous for its 'Pancake Rocks'. There is a wonderful walkway system which allows stunning views of these formations. These were formed over 30 million years ago, and have been sculpted into bizarre shapes by acidic rain, wind and seawater. An absolute 'must do' if one is visiting the West Coast. After a much needed coffee, we put the hood down and headed off again towards Greymouth, where we visited 'Shanty Town' a replicated village depicting life during the gold rush era. Steam train, shops, hospital, school have all been re-created. A most interesting visit. Our next stop for lunch was Hokitika, however we only had time to down our lunch, then carry on. Time to fill the old girl up before heading into the forested region of the West Coast, on into Franz Josef. The weather was looking dubious, however we drove along—hood down—filling the senses with sounds, smells and atmosphere. Driving along Lake Ioanthe the rain started to make its presence felt, as we were now in misty cooler weather. Such a pity as the lake looked to be stunning, even with her misty shroud. We had to relent and put the hood up, as we saw others had done; just as well as down came the rain. On arriving in Franz Josef we found our motel and just wanted to unload quickly as it was pouring.



Punakaiki Pancake Rocks



Dinner that evening had been arranged in the village at 'The Beeches' restaurant, where we enjoyed a 3 course set menu. Once again, the room was 'buzzing' as stories were re-told. George Wallis was once again asked to impart his knowledge of the West Coast, and so we learned more about the area that you won't find in any tourist brochures.

Time to walk back to the motel in the 'sideways' rain—whew talk about blowing and raining!!!! All tucked up for the night and time to reflect on another 'wonder' filled day.

..... Terry Dean

Day 3 Thursday 25 February - Franz Josef to Haast

Overnight some heavy showers, but we woke up to a dry day. Damp misty clouds hung around the sombre mountains with now and then a highlight of snow. Away from Franz Josef at around 9am. The car was gleaming after the cold bath overnight. Hardly on our way when it started to rain again, but finally we thought it was beautiful. On the narrow road to see Fox Glacier, but first a fine coffee in a place full of tables from my grandmother's time! Fox was a fine sight, misty clouds hovering over her, a brief moment of hazy sun. The Fox river thunders down in swirly grey water. On our way to the Salmon Farm Café we crossed many a swift river, narrow bridge, wild beaches and fern covered verges. When checking over a salmon lunch, we found out that most Packards are rallying well, except Henry's 745, still suffering from electrical issues. On its way towards Haast the Packard 1948 woody station wagon had a generator problem but was fixed in record time!. Onto the last leg to Haast.



Odd showers still about but glorious views over the Tasman Sea, thunderous surf rolling in on Bruce Beach. Gorgeous rain forest, ferns, punga on either side of the road. Over the Haast river to Phil Dunstan's crib where a great feast of super food was had. The 'wild' food was Venison, blue cod, crayfish and whitebait fitters—all caught within a mile or two of Phil's crib. Quirky speeches from our 'Aussie' neighbour, with smart repartee from one of us 'Kiwis' had us all laughing madly. A very delectable dessert was had to complete the dinner. A credit to Phil to let us all enjoy his fine golf venue, great shed and fine crib.

Some people had a great speedy jet boat ride. So fun was had by all this fine day.Mareike Van Zon

A sampler of photos from the Wild West Wander 2010 Packard Rally in NZ



Packards in Picton



Dinner in Nelson & Haast



The Mechanics



Our wonderful Australian friends



Nelson Taylor enjoying the Chevy seat.



Undercover parking for the ailing in the auto hospital



Our American visitors—Tom and Carrie Lieb travelling with Garth and Andrea Hogan



Toni and Seibo Brinkerrink Dutch friends travelling with Arnold and Marieke Van Zon.



Most of us were treating to a thrilling jet boat ride up the Okuru River near Haast



The 1948 Packard Woody boys—Paul & Lee Garlington and Steve Tellez (with thumb up)



Phil Dunstan & Robert Duncan watching the golfers at Phil's property at Haast.



WILD WEST WANDER 2010 - ENTRANTS



1926 243 Phaeton - Taylor



1927 426 Roadster—Browning



1927 343 Roadster—Devereux



1928 536 Roadster—McMillan



1929 640 Roadster—Belcher



1929 640 Victoria conv' - van Zon
And Brinkerink



1929 626 coupe—Taylor & Lucas



1930 745 Victoria conv' - Rynbeek



1932 Twin Six Phaeton—Duncan



1933 5 passenger coupe—Smith



1933 V12 Dietrich—Dunstan



1936 120B Conv' coupe—Dean



1937 110C conv' coupe



1937 115C sedan—McKenzie



1937 Victoria Super 8—Wallis

21 Packards and 6 'Orphans'



1938 6 sedan—Hawker



1939 1700 conv' coupe—Mitchell



1941 110 Club coupe—Mackereth



1941 160 Super 8—Flexman



1948 Sedan—Giesbers



1948 Station sedan—Garlington
And Tellez



1938 Hudson 8—Chaney & Luxton



1935 Auburn 851 speedster—Trott



1939 Buick 8 convertible—Cooper



1938 Buick 8 convertible—Worrall



1930 Studebaker Pres' 8—Lane



1942 Lincoln Continental coupe—Hogan
And Lieb

Tail end Charlie
with mechanics
Roy MacDonald
and Matt Dun-
stan, to keep
everyone hum-
ming along.



Magnificent photo put together by Lynette Duncan of most of the Packards on the Rally in date c



Lunch at Classic Car Museum—Nelson just before start of Rally



Entrants enjoying coffee stops, meals and each other's company throughout the Rally



anging from 1926 at left to 1948 at right.

What a wonderful sight!!



Magnificent Wild West food— venison, crayfish, whitebait and blue cod— being cooked by our chef, Richard and team at Phil Dunstan's crib in Haast. Phil lighting the brazier in the West Coast way (flamethrower)
Below: Entrants enjoying the fabulous food in Phil's shed at Haast.



The entrants enjoying the great company and food on various days throughout the rally. We drove long, ate well, drank enough, socialised loudly and slept soundly (hopefully). What else could you wish for?

Wild West Wander 2010 – Nelson to Wanaka



Packards on the move



Packards parked at Punakaiki

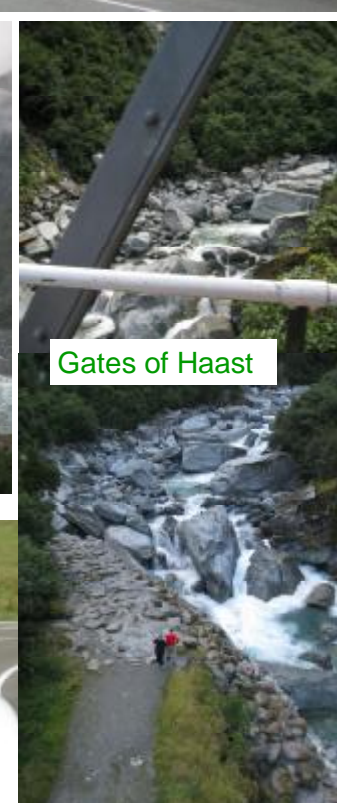


Buller Gorge

Punakaiki Pancake Rocks



These 4 surrounding pics at Fox Glacier



Gates of Haast



Heavy rain at Franz Josef



Weka



The stunning scenery of the West Coast



Westland Beech Forest



Haast River Valley



Rock sculptures at Bruce Bay



Saturday:

Above: Cavalcade in Wanaka.

Below: Art Deco in Ranfurly



Final Dinner and Prize-giving at The Venue in Wanaka



Our Wonderful organisers—L-R: Tony Devereux, Jane Skinner, Lynette and Robert Duncan



Above: Seibo Brinkerink from The Netherlands, and Below Tom Lieb from USA giving their own thanks for such a great Rally



Dennis and Eleanor Mitchell receiving their Award for Outstanding Commitment to the Rally. Dennis carried Eleanor's wheelchair on a bracket on the rear bumper



Editor Terry Dean, being acknowledged by Tony Devereux for receiving the Snodgrass Award for 2nd year running.



Above left: One of the Aussie participants, Bob Davis, extolling the virtues of the Australian 'psyche' with quick and witty retort by our very own NZ representative, Garth Hogan on the right. This was the 2nd such exchange of 'true' stories in typical ANZAC fashion!!



Above: Mechanics—Roy McDonald and Matt Dunstan did a wonderful job of keeping the cars running, always with a smile. Left: Terry thanking Matt (& Roy who was already back at work) on behalf of all entrants for their cheerful assistance. Malcolm giving Matt their refreshments of choice after a hard day's work.

Day 3 Franz Joseph to Haast....Thursday 25th February.

After a very wet night, we awoke to a drizzly day with hopes of it clearing later.

Our Tail-end Charlies have been industriously working on Henry Rynbeek's car in order to make it driveable once more. Our 1941 Packard also needed attention as it had lost water, so the 'head' was checked for tightness in order to avoid a possible problem later. We left the units for the Fox Glacier walk, 21kms away at 9.45a.m. After winding through lush green hills, the tops of some which were immersed in cloud, we passed signs showing the way to Lake Mathieson and Gillespie Beach, before entering the township of Fox, where many members had stopped for breakfast. We decided to carry on through and arrived at the Fox Glacier at 10.40a.m. Unfortunately as there had been a few 'slips' the walks were closed to all except those who had been booked with guides, which eliminated us. However, we were able to take quite a lot of photos of the Glacier (which was quite visible between the mountains), people following a guide along the rocky area below the glacier towards a full vantage point, and the surrounding area of hills, the river and a large parking area, which was bordered on the river-side by a long bank of about four or five feet high. It was very cold and wet so we left there at 11.00a.m. and headed back to the Fox township for a bite to eat where we were joined by Mary & Michael Taylor and enjoyed a pleasant three quarters of an hour or so before leaving at approximately 12.15 for Haast. By this time the sun had broken through with intermittent light showers before settling in to light constant rain..It is no wonder the countryside is so fresh and green - unlike our northern North Island which is looking very parched and dry at this time.

A feature on our travels which we have appreciated, has been the quality of the roading, which far outshines our Northern State Highway 1, especially from Waiouru to Wellington. Our next stop was Bruce Bay - very rough - very impressive. A sign on the roadside warns travellers of debris on the road in high seas. An amazing view opened up in front of us as we approached the road parallel to the beach, as people had put past debris to good use. Along the length of the road foreshore was a bank, approximately three feet high which was decorated with stones, rocks, and debris in all shapes, sizes and colours, thereby achieving an art form coastline along this particular stretch of road. We wondered if the local Maori folk had done a lot of the work as behind an area of small trees and shrubs on the opposite side of the road we could see the roof of a Marae, so would assume there would be folk living nearby.



We carried on our journey, travelling along a stretch of road which was not quite as good as others between Bruce Bay and Condons Road and further on to an area called Blackwater Creek. Haast is now 67kms away. On stopping to give way at a one-way bridge sign shortly afterwards, our car decided to 'balk' at crossing the bridge, which necessitated a small push before bursting into life once more. We crossed over the Parenga River bridge and a sign advertising Salmon Farm Cafe and shop. The rivers are so different to the North Island due to the stoney river-beds. Very picturesque. It is easy though, to see why the rivers would flood, as the level below many bridges is very high. Next we came to signs to Lake Parenga turn-off, Windbag Creek, Quads Creek, Haast and Parenga Track. We then stopped at Knights Point Look-out - a beautiful wild west seaview; a tapestry of colours from sea to sky. A rugged coastline and habitat for a variety of sea birds and fur seals. Almost to Haast - at this point I was informed that we were 904 miles from home. Waita River bridge - our Packard 41 did not like this bridge either. Thanks to Vaughan Mackereth and his 41 Coupe we were towed safely across to the other side -where heads were under the bonnet for some time, and thanks to Steven with Stuart and Vaughan's help - and a follow-up by our trusty Tail-end Charlies we were away again.

A thought occurred to me as I was sitting in my trusty position, prepared to switch the engine on at a given signal - and I am not by any means belittling the situation, as I am well aware of the depths of feelings at times like this, and how deep our affections are for our Classic cars.....but it was almost like being a spectator at an open-air operating theatre with knowledgeable surgeons, heads side by side, peering under the bonnet and discussing the best way to solve the problem. Quite appropriate I felt!

The Haast River was next, and on to Phil Dunstan's crib. Time 3.15p.m. We arrived at Phil's to enjoy a bracing jet-boat ride up the Okuru River with a few 180 and 360deg. turns as a grand finale; a game of Chip and Putt (I was the scorer) and a great bar-b-que dinner to follow, consisting of Venison steaks, blue cod, and crayfish, which was preceded by nibbles of mini whitebait fritters, sushi, marinated fish, potato chips with crudites and dips.

Entertainment was unexpectedly provided by George and Jo Wallis on past history of the district and their own experience of those times. A light exchange between Australian visitor Bob Davis (as introduced by fellow-Australian Rob. Trembath) and replied to by Garth Hogan of Wanaka caused much merriment.

Note - Steven has asked me to include - quote - "our thanks to Robert and Tony for marking the large arrows on the road so well - made driving a breeze"!!

Val Flexman, also for Stuart & Steven, and Vaughan Mackereth

Day 4 Haast to Wanaka Friday 26th February

As usual the first thing we did on assuming the perpendicular position, was check out the weather. After all this was South Westland and everyone knows its propensity for rain, rain, and then for a change, more rain. (They should have just left out the “s” in the first place, as “Wetland” is very appropriate.) But to our joy the sky was a soft blue with a few dispersing clouds. Chilly though, so we were muffled up in our warmest when we saddled up and headed out of town, especially those of us in open cars.

The vertical scenery was spectacular, and said open car occupants were rewarded with wonderful views of waterfalls high in the hills. Our first stop was at the Gates of Haast, a picturesque bridge over the tumbled boulders and rushing waters of the river below. The bridge was a great backdrop for yet more car photos, and Malc and Terry’s ’36 gleamed against the greens and greys, looking probably better than it did when it rolled off the production line. Soon after we stopped again at the top of the pass for another photo op and to savour what must be some of the cleanest and most forest-fragrant air in the country. On down to Makarora to join other rally-goers for coffee and chat, before cruising the road tacked onto the side of Lake Wanaka then across to continue beside Lake Hawea.



This was the time to go quite berserk with the camera as every corner presented a vista so beautiful it had to be captured for posterity. By this time it had warmed up considerably, and really it just doesn’t get better than that – good weather, great scenery, friends to share it with, and the jalopy purring along. We stopped to see if we could offer any assistance with the 745, parked lakeside with a bit of a fuel problem, or was it just an excuse to enjoy the surroundings? After a quick look at the township of Hawea, we turned towards Wanaka, passing on the way some of the horses and riders preparing for the following day’s Cavalcade. Lunch was consumed on the shores of Lake Wanaka, enjoying the magnificent surroundings, before making our way to George and Jo’s lovely home, as this wonderfully hospitable couple had offered to have SIX of us to stay, which defies belief, but there you are. After we’d settled in we were soon off again, to dinner and the AGM held at the Duncans’ “spread”. First item on the evening’s agenda was an appreciative browse around their superb collection of cars. For us gals the T-Bird was one of the most delicious of all, (sorry, I know this was a Packard Rally but we just can’t help it!) and we were to come to know it quite well over the next few days. The dinner was tasty, the AGM was, well, an AGM, and then, with the day having been satisfyingly filled up with pretty good stuff, we retired to George and Jo’s for a “nightcap”.Sally Whitley

Day 5 Trip to Ranfurly Art Deco Saturday 27th February

Saturday February 27th dawned fine and sunny with a little chill in the air, another great Southern Lakes District day for motoring. Three vehicles left the Wallis Estate and headed for the Duncan’s Retreat at approx 8.30am, it was there most of the crew assembled prior to leaving for Ranfurly. Phil Dunstan arrived from Q’town shortly after in the 32 dual cowl looking dapper and showing no ill affects from the wedding, the reception, or the extra driving.

Robert led the way in the resplendent 29 Cadi accompanied by Tony, followed by Mal, Terry and George in the elegant 37 Super Eight, Wade and Jim in the 37 115 sedan, and Phil, David, Sally and Lou and I in the stand alone 32. We were all dressed appropriately and I must comment on how smart the men looked and just how beautiful our lovely girls were!

What a magnificent drive through some truly spectacular scenery, en route we stopped at Hayes Engineering, this is an operation that was mothballed, not only is it as it was left but is still in working condition and we were fortunate that parts of it were fired up while we were there for us to view, it would have been something in its heyday. The homestead still stands and while in sound condition is being renovated back to its original grandeur with meticulous attention to detail. We met up with a number of local V.C.C. members who were also en route to Ranfurly. We crossed the one way suspension bridge (built in 1885 and in magnificent condition) into the tiny township of Ophir, famous these days for being the coldest spot in winter and the warmest in summer (though not this day). We journeyed through the magnificent Ida Valley as the photo opportunities rolled on and before we knew it we arrived in Ranfurly and formed at the front of the waiting parade of cars. Our drive time took approx 2 hours. The sun was beating down and it was hot! It was thirsty work waiting for the parade to kick off and we were held up by the pipe band who went AWOL for a short time, the near by pub was very tempting however coffees sufficed while we waited. The parade was a grand affair and quickly covered the length of the main street and the short detour which took us to the public viewing area. This is where we were joined by Paul, Lee and Steve in the 48 woody. Not all entrants in the parade parked here as some preferred the shade of the trees on the other side of the town. There were many things to entertain us and Terry was quickly snapped up by local event organizer Edna to judge the fashion parades, all prizes were deservedly won by locals. We had lunch and as time passed quickly, we were all too soon back in the cars and en route to Wanaka. There was a little juggling for space in the cars Phil, Tony, Terry, Lou and Sally in the 32 (is it true that Tony slept on Phil’s shoulder? Do photo’s lie? My lips are sealed!), Robert and David in the 29 Cadi, Mal, George and I in the 37, Wade and Jim in the 37 sedan and the boys in the woody. On this day the South Island was at her best, the scenery, the wild blue of the lakes and the early autumn colour change with the steely mountain backdrop were stunning. There were many great highlights that day and memories that will be shared over dinners and drinks for many years to come and photo’s to look at as our memories fade. The best for me personally though was my all too short drive of George and Jo’s magnificent 37 Super Eight, thank you for a very special time on a very, very special day! .. Brent Mathieson

After a relaxing breakfast on a beautiful sunny morning, with the intention of exploring the shops prior to the Cavalcade, Stuart and I walked down to meet up with the rest of our family who were parking the two cars along the waterfront.

However, as by this time it was about 11.30 we felt it more important to find a vantage spot which would give us a good view of the oncoming Cavalcade. According to a local spectators there were approximately 400 horses in the Cavalcade, as I think was mentioned in our Packard data.

Hundreds of people several deep lined both sides of Ardmore Street, campervans parked along the lakeside and cars were parked in every conceivable place. On the large open grassy area opposite the lake were a number of stalls, offering all manner of foods, handcrafts, jewellery and photographs, with music playing in the background.

The sun was shining, the trees waved slightly overhead, and the water of the lake was a beautiful blue with a very gentle flutter here and there.

It was very pleasant, people showed an interest in the rally cars which were parked along the lakeside reserve and asked many questions. There was a real carnival atmosphere about.

At 12.00 noon on the dot we saw the first movements in the main street which suggested that the Cavalcade was approaching.

First came the ambulance, and from then on several groups on foot, dressed in costume - among them a tramping group followed by people dressed in clothing from by-gone days. As each separate group came through a leader carried a banner depicting their group i.e. Trampers; Minaret Marauders; Wanaka District Lions Club; Makarora Trail; Gold Hunters; and Ben Ohau-Big Skies;

Each section had come in to Wanaka from a different direction and merged to form the Cavalcade. Then came the horses. There were all shapes, sizes and colours from dainty Shetland ponies to the magnificent Clydesdales. Now and then one would become a little frisky for a moment or two, but was calmly and quickly settled by their riders. People dressed in past costumes of the day were sitting quite comfortably (or so it seemed to us) in their various types of carriages.

Having drawn on Brian Belcher's knowledge on the subject and spent a little time with him going over our photographs, I am able to pass on the names of some of the horse-drawn vehicles:- a Viceroy; 2x wheel Gig; Wagonette; Dog-Cart; Covered Wagon; Concord Coach - a very high and impressive carriage which was a most fitting conclusion to the Cavalcade.

These Coaches were American and built by Freeman Cobb (of Cobb & Co) who also lived in Australia for three years. Apparently they were harnessing six thousand horses a day. There were others as well which Brian felt were home-made rather than a known make. The last of the Cavalcade passed about 12.45 p.m. after which we strolled around the stalls before stopping at The Ale House for lunch and a cold drink or two. A very pleasant day for all, and thoroughly enjoyed by ourselves.

Val Flexman, for Stuart, Steven, Tracey & Liam and Vaughan & Helen Mackereth.

Footnote: At this point on behalf of both families I would like to thank the Wild West Wander Team for a most enjoyable rally - in fact Stuart and I have decided that we would like to return later in the year in order to see some of these areas in their snowy glory.



Michael & Mary Taylor enjoying a Dutch Apple Pie



Day 6: Visit to Cromwell, Arrowtown & Queenstown Sunday 28 February

Another glorious day and time to saddle up for our trip to Queenstown. We were a little late getting away after fuelling up so we cruised at a good speed to Cromwell where we were all meeting for morning tea. Then some did the wine tasting while the rest headed on. A lovely drive through the Kawarau Gorge and then turned right to Arrowtown. Quite a few Packards lurking around the town and the Arrow Miners Band had their photo taken on and around David's Studebaker. Then on to Queenstown via the Coronet Peak road, past Arthurs Point and down to the waterfront to park for some lunch. A lovely seafood chowder and then us boys stayed near the cars and chatted (we had been warned of officious parking wardens), while the girls went off shopping. Around 4pm we headed out to Phil Dunstan's Slopehill property with Rob Trembath accompanying me in our 120 roadster. On arrival at Phil's property we were all gobsmacked. From the beautiful stone walls and gateway, to the rolling lawns and long driveway down to the Red Barn, and then the wonderful ponds and lakes that Phil had painstakingly constructed as natural wetlands. What a wonderful and stunning property with magnificent mountains as the backdrop in all directions. Quite a few of us took the opportunity to do some clay bird shooting. Phil's shooting gallery has not one, but five shooting stations. Thanks to Blake, Reagan and Sonia for the shooting tips—if you listen to them then you hit the target! I got 9 from 12 and I believe Stuart Flexman got 12 from 12. Well done! As the Packards arrived, Robert and Tony parked them precisely and in date order for the group photo. What a fantastic line up as shown across the top of pages 10 & 11. A great opportunity for everyone to take their own photos of all the Packards. After the usual socialising, chatter and fellowship, we were again treated to a wonderful meal in Phil's barn, prepared and served by chef Richard and his team. The food was from the local area and the lamb was superb. Once again we had Richard's special NZ Pure Ice cream to follow. As dusk was approaching, a quick cleanup and tidy up and we were all off back to Wanaka, many going over the Crown Range. A lovely drive up the many twisting corners to the top with a great view back over Queenstown, then down the long incline back to Wanaka. Lights on into a beautiful night until 'home'. Put the cars to bed then a night cap or two before bed. Another fantastic day of motoring, scenery, food and friends. What else could we ask for?

.....Malcolm Dean



Day 7: Wanaka—Final Lunch and Prizegiving

We were starting to feel a little sad as we knew today was the final day. A trip into town to get supplies in a certain Thunderbird (me driving into town—yeah), saw the morning disappear. Back at George & Jo Wallis' things were gearing up for the luncheon. Once again we were treated to a superb lunch from our erstwhile chefs, and so followed a leisurely afternoon of comradeship, with lots to talk about after each of our different experiences. Many of our members took up the offer to go over to George's shed and view his collection of IHC Tractors and trucks. Later that afternoon some were privileged to visit Garth and Andrea Hogan's property and view their collection. Quite something from reports back, and I was only sorry I was unable to go.

Then a brief rest before gathering for the final farewell dinner at 'The Venue' in Wanaka. We all dressed in our finery and this time our chefs were able to be guests and enjoy being waited on. After yet another lovely meal, the formalities of the evening began. Our organisers thanked one and all for making the Rally so successful, and presentations were made to the prizewinners: Arnold and Marieke Van Zon won the Alan Orr Cup as People's Choice for their 1929 640 Convertible Victoria as pre 1931, and Malcolm and I won the PAC Cup for People's Choice for post 1931 in our 1936 120 Convertible Coupe. Tony then presented me with a special award as Editor of our magazine. Dennis and Eleanor Mitchell won the coveted PAC trophy for 'Most Committed Rally participants.

Then it was our turn to do the presentations. All participants presented both organisers with a beautiful book which we all signed, and a special 'treat' was presented to our wonderful mechanics Roy McDonald and Matt Dunstan (although Roy had returned home).

Then....we were treated to a little repartee from our Aussie mate, Bob Davis (he who had so eloquently spoken in Maast). This had us laughing all over again at his wit and storyline. Not to be outdone, our own ever-so-eloquent member Garth Hogan, rose to 'right of reply'. Once again a very funny and clever delivery, which I think we will call a 'draw' overall. Well, we all headed to our various abodes for the final time, with many of us setting off the next day homeward bound. Malcolm and I were very lucky to have stayed with George and Jo Wallis, together with Brent and Lou Mathieson and David and Sally Lane, so once home we enjoyed a final 'nightcap'. Thank you so much George and Jo for the most delightful stay.

Off toward Christchurch in the morning to head home up the East Coast.

FAREWELL TO A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE.

.....Terry Dean

