

THE DAY THE WAIKATO VINTAGE CAR CLUB CAME TO TOWN

Story told by “**Holly**” – a little fluffy dog

It was a crisp Autumn morning, when suddenly the front door bell rang. With much excitement I ran to the door wagging my tail, jumping up and down and much sniffing of feet and shoes. Yes !! I know these two blokes. One has a **Jaguar** and the other a mate. I welcomed them inside and they met up with my Master. With warm greetings being exchanged, I followed them out to the shed.

I ran around the old Dodge my Master has been restoring trying not to get in the way. They fitted a make shift fan belt and the original radiator. The old Dodge must have been very thirsty as it needed a big drink of water.

“Hey – don’t spill it everywhere – I’m getting all wet !!”

After a bit more tinkering, they fired up the motor – it purred away nicely. Master was pleased.



Inspecting the Chev



Holly inspecting the Chev

But Master – the back wheels are spinning!! Luckily the Dodge was still up on blocks, otherwise the whole chassis would have shot backwards out of the shed!! Much laughter followed. Then the makeshift fan belt broke – I guess they’re are going to have to make another one. Oh boy it’s lunch time – yah.

With much anticipation of getting something tasty to eat, I sat closely to one of the nice blokes, fluttered my eye lashes at him “but nah – nothing” After lunch the Vintage Car Club cars started to arrive. The Car Club had motored into Matamata for morning tea, a visit to the Tower Museum and lunch before arriving at our place. **Great** - more sniffing to be done!! Master and the two blokes went to check out the cars while I checked out all the old wheels. No!! I better not pee on the Corvette Stingray wheels, maybe the Packard or perhaps the Rolls Royce.



Vintage car club Pontiac

Nah – I think I should just pee on the lawn. After admiring all the cars, Master invited all the visitors into the shed were further discussions on restoring the 1927 Dodge and 1928 Chev were had.

While I was checking out all the old cars, a small Jack Russel was barking and whining – “what a racket”.

Standing up on my hind legs I informed him to stop moaning

and whining as he’s very lucky to sit in the front seat of a Rolls Royce!!

Slowly – one by one the old cars departed for home – what a great sight. The two blokes then headed for home after an enjoyable day – especially for the 88-year-old fella.

After locking up the shed I followed Master inside where he reclined in his favourite chair



Holly in her Vintage

and I snuggled up on his lap while he enjoyed a much-needed cuppa. I had a

wonderful day, lots of cuddles from the laddies, got lots of pats from elderly blokes that at times found my small stature hard to reach. But most of all I got to sniff some wonderful old wheels – just a shame I couldn’t leave any messages. A great day was had by all – now it’s time for my afternoon nap.

Happy sniffing. Holly

(My masters are Gary and Estelle Bexley)



Holly in her F-Type