

In case you weren't aware, I started as editor at magazine number 101 and because I thought it was a good idea and I have no imagination I went back to magazine 1 and reproduced articles from it. I figured this would work as a regular feature as it would bring newer members like me up to date with the clubs history. This next reproduction will maybe get re-used at convention time but as it is from magazine 3, here it is.  
Peter G

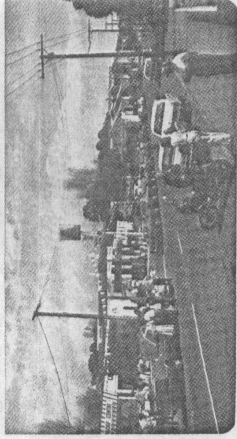
6

#### NEW ZEALAND MUSTANG CONVENTION 1972.

The first NZ Mustang Convention was hosted by the Taranaki Mustang Club, Labour Weekend, Oct 1/79. For our members planning, of course, started many months before, but Labour Weekend for us started early Saturday morning. Last minute details had to be prepared, mainly the hangi. (A hangi is a traditional NZ native meal - meat & vegetables wrapped in cloth - steams cooked over white-hot stones, buried in the ground for about 3 hours. That's mainly used for ceremonial purposes.) We had to have a foresight we had to dig 2 holes. At a previous hangi we had to dig 1 hole. The stones were put into that we were. We located the stones threw them into the larger pit and placed a tarpaulin over the top, in case it should rain.



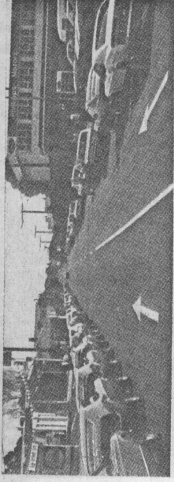
Registration began at 11am, at the Leach St Service Station. Also invited, but sending regrets that he was unable to attend, was Patron Lee Iacocca.



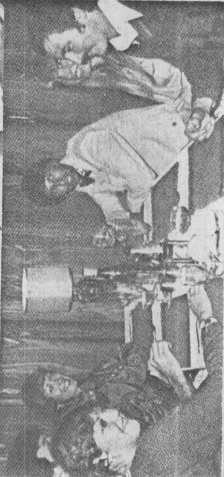
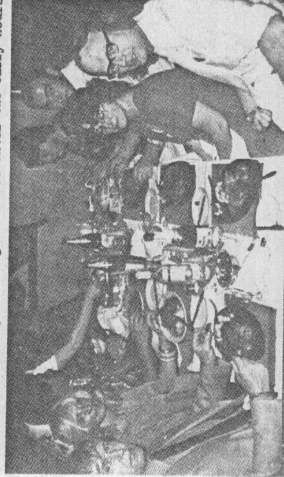
~ 34 ~

7

32 Mustangs had arrived by 2pm, and the largest convoy ever held on a Public road in NZ thundered off to the Pupare Gardens, for relaxation and reminiscence.



The evening came all too soon, but finished as we were, we had to take time off chatting to eat. The Ball Restaurant proved it's worth, and wining & dining continued until the early hours.



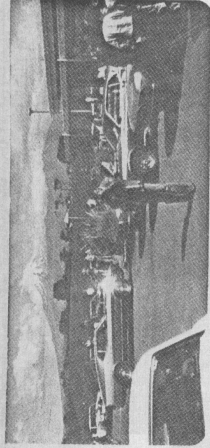
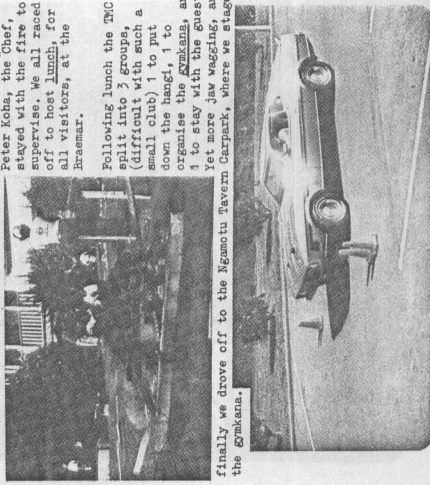
~ 35 ~

Many a sore head was laid to rest on Sun am. No sleep for the TMC; we had a hangi to prepare. Spuds, kumara and pumpkin to be peeled (spuds shove thru metal fatigue) chicken, pork & lamb - enough for 80 people.



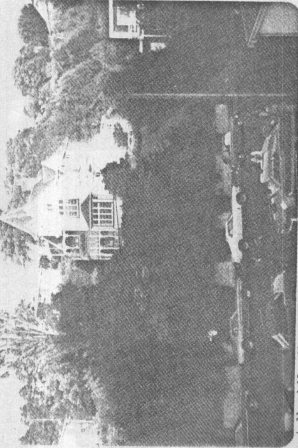
Wood was stacked carefully over the pit and set alight. Johnes Dad, Peter Kobs, the Chef, stayed with the fire to supervise. We all raced off to host lunch, for all visitors, at the Braemar.

Following lunch the TMC split into 3 groups, (difficult with such a small club) 1 to put down the hangi, 1 to organise the Amkangs, and 1 to stay with the guests. I let more jaw wagging, and finally we drove off to the Ngamotu Tavern Carpark, where we staged the Amkanga.



Back at the 'Mustang Stables', the burnt wood had to be removed from the pit, to prevent smoking the food. All the goodies were then placed inside the large pit (in my front lawn). A mountain of soil was shoveled over the food (wrapped), and a continual watch was kept to prevent steam escaping.

Dinner time arrived, and all the visitors made their way to 'Glen Stuart'.

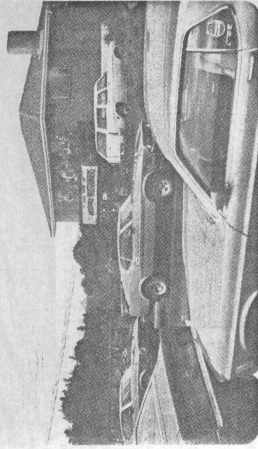


More talk while the hangi was lifted, and then an appetising aroma filled the air. Tummy's began to rumble, and rumble, Stangers filled in patiently, and before too long had eaten their fill.

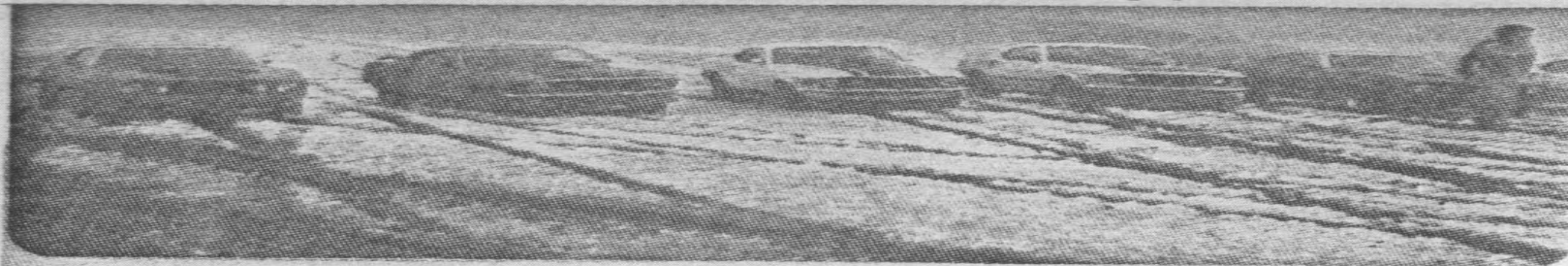
80 odd people crammed into the upstairs and wired, danced and talked the night away.



The following day, 5 Clubs met at Roger & Corinda's, for a formal meeting and cutting of the cake. Light refreshments were served, and then we said goodbye to most of the visitors.



Those remaining were treated to a trip up Mt Egmont. Finding near blizzard conditions, we headed home, cold & hungry.



Somehow we found ourselves, once more, at the Braemar and stayed for dinner, and you guessed it , more tongue wagging.

The following day we led the remaining visitors out of the city, in a sad farewell.



Jocelyn