

Chairman's Report: Western Cape Mazda MX 5 Club Run 7 April 2013.

After hearing many good reports about the Cattle Baron, Paarl, we set off on a cold-ish Sunday morning from Limnos. Deon and I had plotted a route the previous day that would take us thru' the farmlands at Fisantekraal (is the romantic "Phezantekraal" still used?) to Agter Paarl and thence to our venue.

Attending were yours truly & Joanita, Gerald & Joyce Poswell, Derril & Barbara Papendorf, George & AnneMarie Slade, Liz Morgan, Dianne Novitzkas, Brian & Avril Roy, Craig Howell and Deon Labuschagne. We were especially happy to welcome Paul & Joy Crane: living and working the proverbial "million miles" from Cape Town, it is not always easy for them to attend meetings.

Apologies were received from Terry Andrew, Steve & Mari Ashton, Julian & Jenny Seymour, Alex & Maureen Paterson, Mike & Maryann Little and Duncan Mackintosh.

The run: With Deon and Craig leading and yours truly doing the sweeping, the run went smoothly and without any hitch whatsoever for 500 meters. That's when we hit the first robot after leaving Limnos. That's also when Miz Liz Morgan lost her way.

For the *first* time.

After Liz re-joined the convoy, there were absolutely no further problems for at least another 500 meters. That's when we hit the second robot after leaving Limnos. That's also when Miz Liz lost her way.

For the *second* time.

On a straight road. Within sight of Limnos. (*Show some respect, people - you have to be a natural blonde to achieve this!*)

This time, Kamikaze Liz took out an innocent motorist (in a Hummer!) before scooting off at a tangent, heading towards the Sport Fields. After I herded Liz's "followers" into the right direction, I made a (totally illegal) u-turn and set off searching for our Wayward Liz. I found her, heading in the opposite direction, but in the general direction of Durbanville. After yet another totally illegal u-turn, I gave chase, hoping to catch up and get our Liz back in line. That's when the fun started. Hooooo boy.....

We succeeded in getting hold of Liz on the 'phone. The conversation(s) went something like:

Bernie: "Liz, where you?"

Wayward Liz: "I think it's called Brighton Road, Kraaifontein."

B: "*Kraaifontein?!?*"

WL: (Excitedly) "Yeah!"

B: "Find parking, switch off and wait. I'll find you there and take you to Paarl"

WL: "OK luv"

B: (Much later) "Liz, I've travelled up-n-down Brighton Road and can't find you. Where are you?"

WL: "I told you – Brighton Road. I think....."

B: "Describe your surroundings"

WL: "Err 'ang on" (Overheard) "Where am I? What place is this?" (Then) "Bernie, they say I'm at Makro."

B: (Incredulous) "*MAKRO?! Milner-fucking-ton?!?*"

WL: (Excitedly) "Yeah!"

B: "Liz, feed the name of York Road into your GPS. I'm waiting at the corner of York and Brighton Roads. In Kraaifontein. Then find me there."

WL: “OK” (Then) “Bernie, is it York Road or York Place?”

B: “It’s York Road, Liz.”

WL: The GPS only shows York Place – is it the same as York Road?”

B: “No!”

WL: (Irritably) “Bernie, the Fooking GPS only wants to give me York Place”

Now: this gave me a clue. You see, Deon and I used his Garmin GPS to plot our route. Many of my friends use the TomTom GPS device. Personally, I’ve never heard of a Fooking GPS – must have been bought at China Town and you can’t always trust these cheap imports. To cut a very long story very short, I told Liz to feed the word “Paarl” into the GPS and ‘phone me when (*if!*) she gets there.

And so it came about that we all – Wayward Liz included! - got together at the Cattle Baron in Paarl. Eventually.

The Venue: A lovely setting coupled with a good (affordable!) menu and topped by decent service. Deon was again (how does he do this?) able to arrange reserved parking for us – and I must say, the cars parked in front of the Restaurant made *such* a nice display! The owner, Franco, commented that our “snazzy” cars made his establishment look good. I even noticed some patrons taking photographs! We had ample seating outside on a deck under umbrellas (go check Craig’s photos!) and the weather played along magnificently. This, and good friends, made for a lovely, restful day – until I went to the “Gents” to answer a call of nature.

It was easy to find – the door was clearly marked. On arriving, I entered to find another gent already at the crib and the door to the only cubicle locked. Waiting outside for my turn, the door opened and out came *a giggling blonde female!* I asked her w.t.f. she was doing here to which she replied: “Oh, so it’s the Gents, then. Thought it strange when I heard a bloke busy.....”

Yes, you’ve guessed it. Wayward Liz had lost her way.

Yet again. And with nary a robot in sight.

*(And by the way, Liz: it is not true that **all** men let rip with a thunderous fart as soon they unzip their fly’s. So you may stop giggling now.)*

General:

- 1: Derril Papendorf suggested that we give GPS co-ordinates (if available) of our venues to members during a run. These could then be fed into our GPS devices in case we get lost. I have no problem with this but would suggest Members swap their “Fooking” for “Garmin” (or other reliable) GPS devices.
- 2: Craig Howell suggested we have a floating trophy and award this to the person who gets lost the most. Again, I have no problem with this – in fact, to save ourselves hassle, I suggest we immediately award this prestigious floating trophy to Wayward Liz *in perpetuum*.
- 3: Our Liz wants a Personalised Registration Plate for her car: I have suggested “QUO VADIS – WP”. But this contains more than 7 letters – any other suggestions?
- 4: Barry (bsmith2@toyota.co.za // 083 655 1779) is looking for a hard top for his 2006 MX5. Can anybody help?

Next run: This will DV take place on the 28th April and I have absolutely no idea where Deon is going to take us! As they say in the classics: “Further details to follow!”

Bernie Koch | Chairman

Western Cape Mazda MX5 Club

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