



JACKAROO 4WD CLUB

VICTORIA'S PREMIER ALL MAKE 4WD TOURING CLUB

AUGUST 2020



The Newsletter

And so the Covid19 restrictions continue. The resumption of our Club activities looks even further away unfortunately.

To fill the void to a little extent, I have included more trip reports from past years for your enjoyment. These and reports in previous Newsletters, are to places we haven't been to recently.

So., as well as providing memories of trips and past members, they should give some impetus to trips we can run when the restrictions are lifted.

Thank you to the members who responded to my request for articles for the Newsletter. If your article is not in this issue, it will be in the future.

Jan Martin responded with an article to remind us of fancy dress costumes at past Tri-States. The article begins on page 8.

Which leads to our cover. At the Whyalla Tri-State, run by our South Australian friends, the theme for the dinner was "Rock and Roll". Michael Martin got into the groove with his reminder of those days.

Little Desert

For well over twenty years, each year Alan Dash has run a trip to the Little Desert, usually on the first weekend in October.

Alas, due to the current restrictions on travel, it looks unlikely the trip will run this year. It will break an unbroken run to the area.

Therefore, next month the Newsletter will be devoted to past Little Desert weekends and I'm looking for members to send in their memories and experiences of past visits there.

Please send them in, with photos if possible and we'll enjoy the area as a "virtual" trip.

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President's Report



I trust this finds you and your loved ones safe and healthy. Personally, we have found video calls useful in maintaining contact with family and friends. If anyone feels they need to chat, please do not hesitate to contact myself, or any of the committee members.

Well, here we were thinking that life was gradually returning to normal, only to have it turned on its head again. The Committee did not meet this past month, but routine Club business is being handled well by them in isolation. As you are aware, face to face meetings will not be possible for quite some time.

It is easy to be jealous of people in other states as they resume their travels. But spare a thought for those stuck in the rains and mud of Central Australia. Even in the snow in the Flinders Ranges!

Just continue to dream and plan those activities and trips we will all enjoy in the future. I, for one, will need plenty of exercise to get rid of my "Covid Belly".

Please look after yourselves.

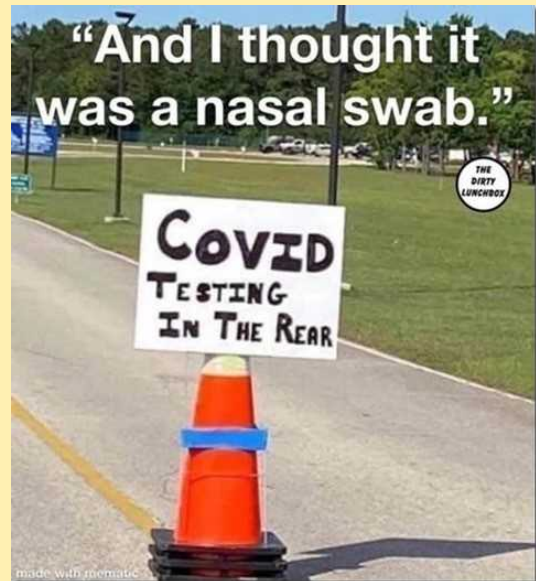
Rod Tamblyn

Alan Dash with News from Clunes

Jackaroo Club members may be interested in the following:

1. The Clunes Show Committee has received a grant of \$110,000 to rebuild new, larger and modern toilets and showers. They will put in about \$30,000 in addition to the grant.
2. As well, an additional grant of \$10,000 from the Bendigo Bank has been received for improved seating.
3. The October Clunes Show has been cancelled due to Covid 19 restrictions.
4. Neil Newitt has his photographic shop and adjoining shop for sale.
5. Malcolm advises that housing real estate is becoming more attractively priced, as some people try and escape city life in the "lockdown".
6. The trees planted at Peter Clark's property, done by our Club in conjunction with the Sunshine Lions, are thriving.
7. Light snow fell in the area on Tuesday 4th August.

Coping with Isolation



Mid-Winter Macedon Meander

17th July 2010

Participants:

Greg & Noelene Moore (Trip Leaders)
Wayne & Sue Peterken
Rod & Margaret Nicholas
Ian & Anne Blainey
Michael & Jan Martin
Wayne & Christine Scholes
Chris & Lyn Smith
Rick & Glenda Farlow
Rod & Bonnie Tamblyn
Harry & Jill Richards
John & Nancy Dudley
Craig & Sue Findlay



In fine and pleasant conditions, the group took the "meander" title literally and gradually gathered together between 9.00am and 10.30am at the Riddells Creek Farmers Market.

The market was small, but varied and most assisted the local economy to varying degrees.

Greg gathered us all together and we set off, firstly to drive past his place and check out his new driveway.

Looked nice, but not much chop if only one, or two, cars can go on it!

From there we headed up to Mount Macedon and its summit. I'd heard

that conditions can change "in the mountains", but was not expecting this much difference.

It was freezing!

But as we are hardy four wheel drive people, we put on jumpers, parkas, beanies and gloves and headed for the summit cross.

Mt Macedon is an extinct volcano which rises 1010 metres above sea level. The Memorial Cross is sited close to its summit.



The cross is some 21 metres high and was established by an early resident, William Cameron, as a memorial to those who died in World War I, in 1935.

The cross and its surrounding gardens were extensively damaged in the Ash Wednesday fires in 1983.

The cross and the gardens have been restored, largely due to the generosity of the Grollo family.

Distinguished artist, Frederick McCubbin, bought a property (Fontainebleu) at Mt Macedon in 1901. He settled there with his family and painted until his death.

This was of interest to me because the Bendigo Art Gallery recently had an exhibition of McCubbin's later work, much of it centred on the Macedon

area.

We did not need much encouragement to go back to the warmth of our cars and continue the trip.

After descending the mountain, we took to some hilly areas en route to the Cobaw Forest.

Along the way, we passed Macedon Lodge, the private training establishment of Lloyd Williams of Crown Casino fame.

Lloyd has his racehorses stabled here and trained by his private trainer, Robert Hickmont. Efficient, the 2007 Melbourne Cup winner, is trained here.

Our destination was the Paramour Winery in Carlsruhe. The property, owned by Will and Kath Fraser, was once a Clydesdale horse farm.

A couple of the Clydesdales are still agisted on the property and are keen to meet visitors.



We were taken into an imposing old post and timber barn, which is used for cellar door sales.

It also regularly hosts small operettas and choral evenings. (Wayne and Christine did in fact, come back next day to such a program).

Will took us into the winery itself. It boasts stainless steel tanks in every

direction, except for the oak barrels used for wine maturation.

The Frasers quite generously allowed us to use their barn to have lunch and soon the participants were settling down to their victuals. Hot soup seemed to be a favourite.

Our hosts made their wines available for us to taste and purchase. Most of the group availed.

Eventually, Greg got his whip out and the posse gathered together to continue our trip.

It was off to the Cobaw Forest, to drive some tracks and avoid large water hazards, including one particularly deep one where Rick went fishing for Jeeps.

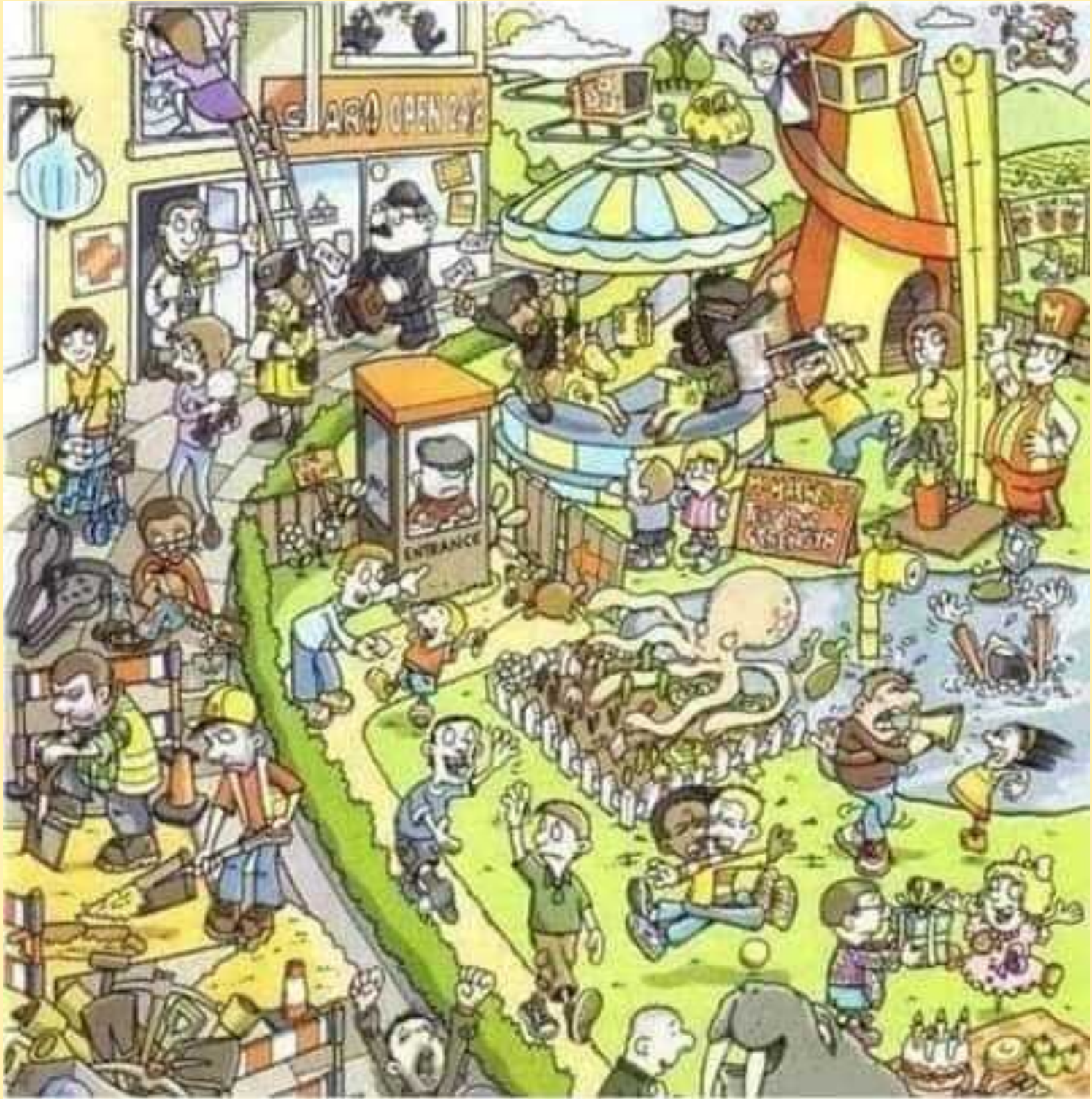
Soon enough, we were out of the forest and, in response to requests, Greg took us up into "His Backyard".

These rutted, hilly tracks with some tricky washaways, required a bit more concentration and, in my car at least, some use of the "Jesus Handle".



Past Greg's place once more and then into Riddells Creek and its hotel, where most of the group settled down to a pleasant evening meal together.

Thanks heaps to Greg for a great and varied trip. Well done.



There are 39 Beatles songs hidden in this drawing. How many can you find?

Karl Marx is an historically famous philosopher, but no-one ever mentions his sister Onya, who invented the starting pistol.

My friend told me he had the body of a Greek God. I had to explain to him that Buddha was not Greek.

Celebrating 17 years of Tri-State Costumes

Jan Martin writes:

We don't need more bad news at the moment. Trying to think of something cheerful to contribute to the Club Newsletter was not hard.

I have a collection of hilarious photos taken at some of our Easter Sunday night dinners and they bring back happy memories.

For those members who have not been to an Easter Tri-State, on the Sunday night there is always a sit down dinner, usually catered for by local community groups like the CWA, CFA, Lions, etc.

These dinners often have a theme and attendees are encouraged to fancy dress in line with the theme.



The earliest costume theme I can remember was at Spear Creek S.A. in 2003. The NSW crowd had a Mad Hatter top hat that got passed around to whatever hapless member achieved something loony. I think details were kept strictly secret at the time.

We'd just come back from a trip to the Middle East and were the proud owners of traditional Arabic costumes - the long white cotton robes and the red and white checked Keffiyeh head dress (aka a tea towel) like Yasser Arafat.

I think we got suckered into buying them by a very persuasive market stall holder in Cairo. Finally, we had an opportunity to wear them.

Next year was Victoria's turn to arrange the event and it was held at El Dorado. The costume thing was starting to catch on.



One team came with a seven strong Scots contingent. The men displayed inventive sporrans and eminently forgettable knees beneath their kilts.

Fortunately, none of them attempted to play the bagpipes.

The idea of a unifying theme for the dinner seems to have developed over the next few years.

The SA nuns in traditional black and white habits was an early example that continues to the present.



The South Australian Kangaroo Inn Tri-State in 2006 had more costumes and even a costumed Jackaroo, which

got covered in shaving cream polka dots overnight to the surprise of its owner.

By Tolmie 1 in 2007, the majority of diners wore costumes. Themes were announced in advance and prizes were awarded.



That year saw some beautiful masks and it wasn't even compulsory to wear them then.

We went on a couple of pre Tri-State trips with Jill and Harry, which involved calling in to op-shops in small country towns to pick up last minute costume items.

I don't have pictures of all the years, but some of the standout ones I took include the "kings and queens" theme at Queanbeyan in 2008.

Wayne looked glorious in drag and Sue from SA was fetching as a "Queen of Hearts". The Martins went as Bill and Hillary Clinton voters, our version of American royalty.



I remember all those rockers at Whyalla in 2012. The polka dotted dresses and bobby socks and the Elvis impersonators.



Michael still has the op shop very skinny sequinned jeans and the outrageous wide floral tie. But where else would you wear them now?

At the "Gold" theme at Moonambel in 2013, Chris wore a striking costume constructed from gold car blockout blinds.



Bonnie was particularly striking in gold lame and lace from top to toe.

Special mention needs to go to Norma, who always makes imaginative, and intricate costumes for herself, Ray and Les.

Who could forget Ray with a wombat on his head at Bega in 2017 and the three of them with costumes out of Alice in Wonderland at Tumut in 2011.

So, hopefully the tradition will continue and we can look forward to more outfits at Delegate next year.

Meanwhile, enjoy some more memories overleaf.



The
Kings and Queens
at Queanbeyan in
2008



Moonambel 2013



Bega 2013



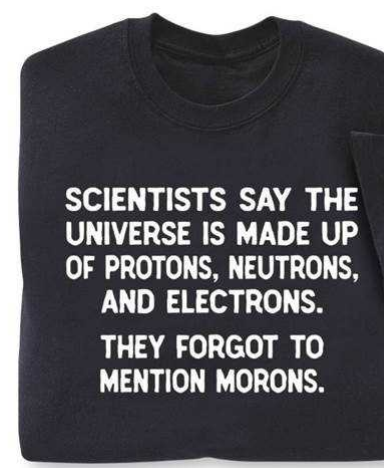
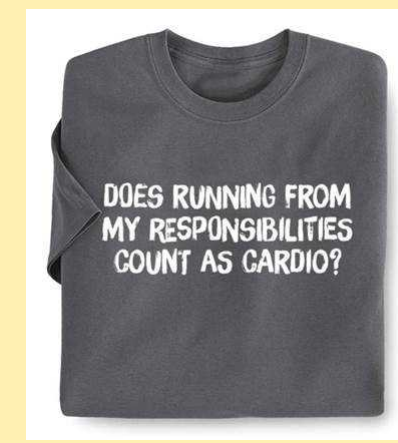
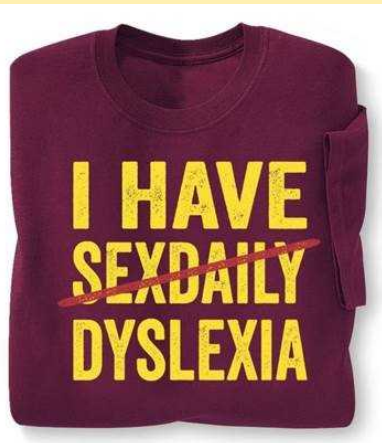
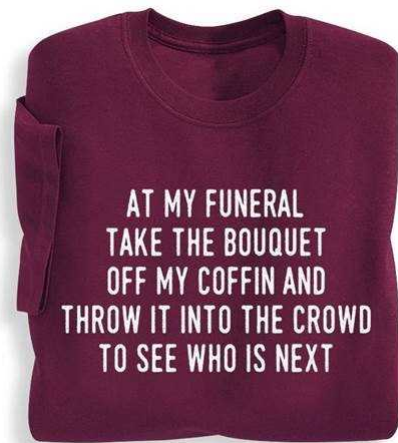
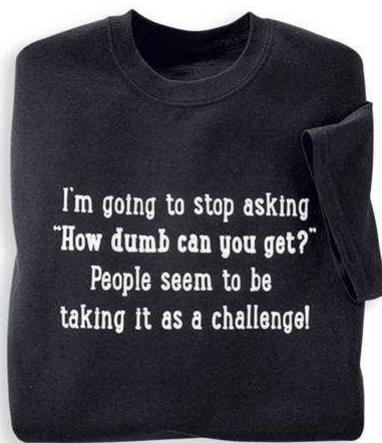
Whyalla 2014



Norma, Ray & Les
over the years



Some More Tshirts you may have missed



Bunyip State Park Trip

Sunday 20th July 2008

Participants:

Mike & Anita Pavey - Trip Leaders
Gillian Adams & Brendan Jones
Rick Farlow
Harry & Jill Richards
John Skinner
Peter Clarke
Michael Brockman & friends
Evan Davidson & Lucy (the dog)
Christophe, Sylvie Audigier & family
Rod Tamblyn

Mike Pavey reports:

Bugger!!! Having made an unscheduled stop on the way to our meeting point in inclement weather, I was glad to arrive just before 9.30am (10.00am departure) at the McDonalds car park in Pakenham.

To my disgust, a long line of Jackaroos and Nissans awaited. And further, all sporting cheeky grins from the warm side of the glass inside McDonalds.

Surely I can't be writing the trip report for my own trip???

After sheepishly doing a quick head count, I gleefully discovered a participant missing. Aha, maybe I'll be saved after all.

So what is the protocol on visitors being asked to write the trip report I pondered, as we waited for Evan to arrive. Probably not the right thing to do, I grunted inwardly. Grr!!!

I must have been feeling weak, as a McCappacino suddenly looked very appealing, if only to warm the hands.

A dishwater like substance, disguised as coffee appeared ... eventually
It's amazing how long a bad cup of coffee takes to make. Eeewww!

After a quick welcome covering trip briefing and introductions, we hit the dampened road with a handsome convoy of five Nissans and five Jackaroos.

After all the overnight and morning rain, the surrounding bushland and pasture looked incredibly fresh as we twisted up, down and around on the road to Gembrook.

A right turn on to the Beenak East Road towards the Bunyip State Park, led us to Mortimer Picnic Ground - the only picnic ground in the Park with toilets and a large enough area for ten vehicles to "air down".

Thankfully, the temperature wasn't as low as the previous weekend.



Shortly after, we left the picnic ground and headed east up Tomnibuk Road on our way to the Four Brothers Rocks.

The Bunyip State Park Management Plan had resulted in considerable change over the last few years.

Four wheel driving and motor bikes were now restricted to the northern part of the Park. The former southern trails

were now limited to walkers and horse riders.

For the winter season, the North Eastern routes, including the Lower Sisters Track, Sisters Track, Phasmid Track and Spion Kopje Creek Track were closed to protect the tracks from excessive degradation.

Many other tracks, rated from Easy to Very Difficult (double diamond) remained open, though all looked very sorry and sad affairs. Alas, they were severely chopped up from the greasy conditions and it gave you an appreciation for conservation and track closure perspectives.

The unsealed road to the Rocks was in very good condition, with a few well positioned puddles to splash through, if the magnificent bushland didn't have your heart pounding any faster than idle.

After turning right on to Burgess Road, off Link Road, we meandered 1.6kms towards the Rocks and ... a locked gate!

It appeared the recent fire that had burnt across the northern side of the road, had left quite a number of "widow makers" - tall gums with green crowns, but charred trunks. A ticking bomb of potential risk to humans and cars alike.

From the gate, we trundled the ten minutes down the hill to the Rocks, all the time peering upwards for any potential danger.



The Four Brothers Rocks are big and bold and strike an impressive form, sporting some amazing lichen in green and orange.

There are openings to climb through, or around, for the ultimate photo opportunity for you and the kids. Then there are the sweeping views north across the Park.



After more chit chat and alternate turns at patting Lucy, we embarked on the refreshing walk back up the hill.

So, it was back to Mortimer's Picnic Area for a communal gathering around a park table for lunch.

After lunch, we took the opportunity to appreciate the magnificent flora along the Mortimer Nature Walk.

It's one of those self guided walks with boards along the path that provide information on the various plants and life forms.

The scenic circuit led us initially into a damp, shady forest with layered scrub. Magnificent gums, ferns and grasses were a feature, as were the gently running creeks with crystal clear water.

As we crossed Tomnibuk Road, the flora changed considerably to single layered grasslands, peppermint eucalypts and stringybarks. Quite amazing to see the difference in such a short proximity.

As we had completed at least two days

worth of exercise (Mark Lees will be weeping), we retired to our trusty trucks in search of some puddles to quench our desire for some off-roading, after we had decided to avoid chopping up the tracks further.

John Skinner was keen to get his tyres dirty without too much adrenalin, as he guided the little stick in his 4WD for his first four wheel driving foray.

The previous week, we had found an ideal succession of lumpy puddles, so we ventured from the Bunyip River Road, under the power lines, into cocoon like scrub.

A quick glance in the rear vision mirror showed John grinning from ear to ear as the muddy water splashed over the clean white duco of the Navara. Wahoo!

Along the track, we met a Toyota literally oozing brown mud. The driver and his family looked well pleased with themselves.

We stopped for a chat and asked where he had been. He excitedly offered to take us on a promise of an amazing journey to four wheel drive heaven, where, we could cut up the track, slide left, right, backwards and forwards.

As attractive as it sounded (well, not particularly), we declined with thanks. Ahhh, four wheel drive camaraderie.

Our next destination was the Lawson Falls at the eastern side of the Park, towards Labertouche. In this spot, the “enemy” were known to frequent the area in numbers.

Yes, bikes and lots of them. But today, perhaps due to the inclement weather, they were a little thin on the ground. Such a pity!

We followed the power lines down Bunyip River Road. An impressive

array of bog holes loomed on both sides of the road, providing play areas for those so inclined.

Evan was itching for some excitement and encouraged others into the grunge, although he was not willing to indulge himself. Sensibly, no-one obliged.

But the road provided some fun of its own, as it held some water and soon became a sloppy affair.

We turned left up Labertouche Road and away from the power lines. The track skirted around private properties with lush green pastures. Pretty as a picture.

As we turned back into the forest, it started to rain again and the prospect of further exercise to get to the Lawson Falls was somewhat uninspiring.

We made a group decision to head to the motorbike parking area and toilet south of the Boronia Car Park.

There we “aired up”, shared a lamington with a cup of tea and enjoyed more chit chat.

It was now after 3.30pm and, with some of our travellers from the other side of town, we posed for some group pics, exchanged our farewells and safe travels and headed home.

Some headed off via Powelltown for the “short cut” home. The rest, including me, headed for the Princes Highway, an easy fifteen minutes down the hill.

Another extremely enjoyable social trip was complete and we had the pleasure to get to know some more people from our Club and their partners, who we don’t often see at the meetings.

Thanks to all for participating.

What is a Mechanics Institute?

Remember those days when we used to be able to go on trips and see the sights and towns of this wonderful country of ours?

I'm interested in the history of the towns I visit and much of that history is reflected in the old buildings still standing.

Most towns which had their beginnings from late 19th to early 20th century, have similar prominent buildings.

The Town Hall was often a grand structure. Churches usually were prominent and, because at the time they were the centre of the town's communications, post offices were often impressive buildings.

These towns usually also had a less pretentious, but a structure just as important in its day. These buildings were known as Mechanics Institutes.

What did they do? Why did most towns have one?

Well, we have to go back to 1799 in Glasgow and a gentleman named Dr George Birkbeck.

Back then, only the privileged and wealthy could get an education. The working men were largely uneducated and illiterate.

This concerned George, so he began giving a series of lectures to these men, free of charge. They were held in the evening when workers were able to attend.

As you would expect, they proved very popular and other educated people took up the cause. Soon the movement spread, firstly through Scotland, then

throughout Great Britain.

In time, dedicated buildings began to appear, the first of these was the Edinburgh School of arts in 1821.

At that time, "mechanic" meant an artisan, tradesman, or working man. Hence they took the name "Mechanics Institute".

It wasn't until the Industrial Revolution before mechanics became more associated with machinery.

Mechanics Institutes were established in British colonies including Canada, America, New Zealand and Australia.



Hobart's Wesley Hall, home of Australia's first Mechanics Institute - the Van Dieman's Land Mechanics Institute

The first in Australia was set up in Hobart in 1827. In 1833, Sydney followed with the Sydney Mechanics School of Arts.

Melbourne's first was established in 1839 in a building in Collins Street and given the name of the Melbourne Mechanics Institute.



It was renamed the Melbourne Athenaeum in 1873 and continues as that today.

From the late 1850s on, as towns grew up with the influx of miners and settlers, Mechanics Institutes were established in rural areas. By the turn of the century, Victoria had around 1000 Institutes.

In time, as the workers became more educated, the Mechanics Institutes set up libraries. As well as books, they made newspapers available. These proved very popular with miners seeking news from "home". Billiards was also popular.

As the Victorian government created public schools from 1860s, the need for the Mechanics Institutes to provide education diminished. Their reason for being changed to the provision of community needs.

They generally moved to provide a hall, library and reading rooms and facilities for programs of educational and entertaining activities.

With the passage of time, Mechanics Institutes gradually lost their pre-eminence, particularly as local and state governments increasingly provided libraries, education and community spaces.

Their numbers have reduced to around 560 in Victoria, but they still remain the hub for social activities and home to local organisations in many towns.

When next we can get to go on trips and you see a building marked "Mechanics Institute", reflect on the important part they played in the cultural development of Australia.



The Ballarat Mechanics Institute



Fryerstown

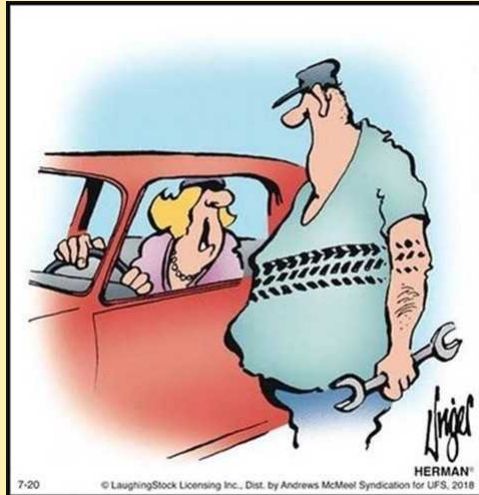


Heathcote



Kyneton

Tail End ...



"I thought you were finished!"



"That too tight?"



"Maybe we should park somewhere else."



"Pretend you're a purse snatcher... I wanna try something."



"Did you see a large woman on a bike go past here?"



"So I said to her, 'How about giving me something to remember you by?'"