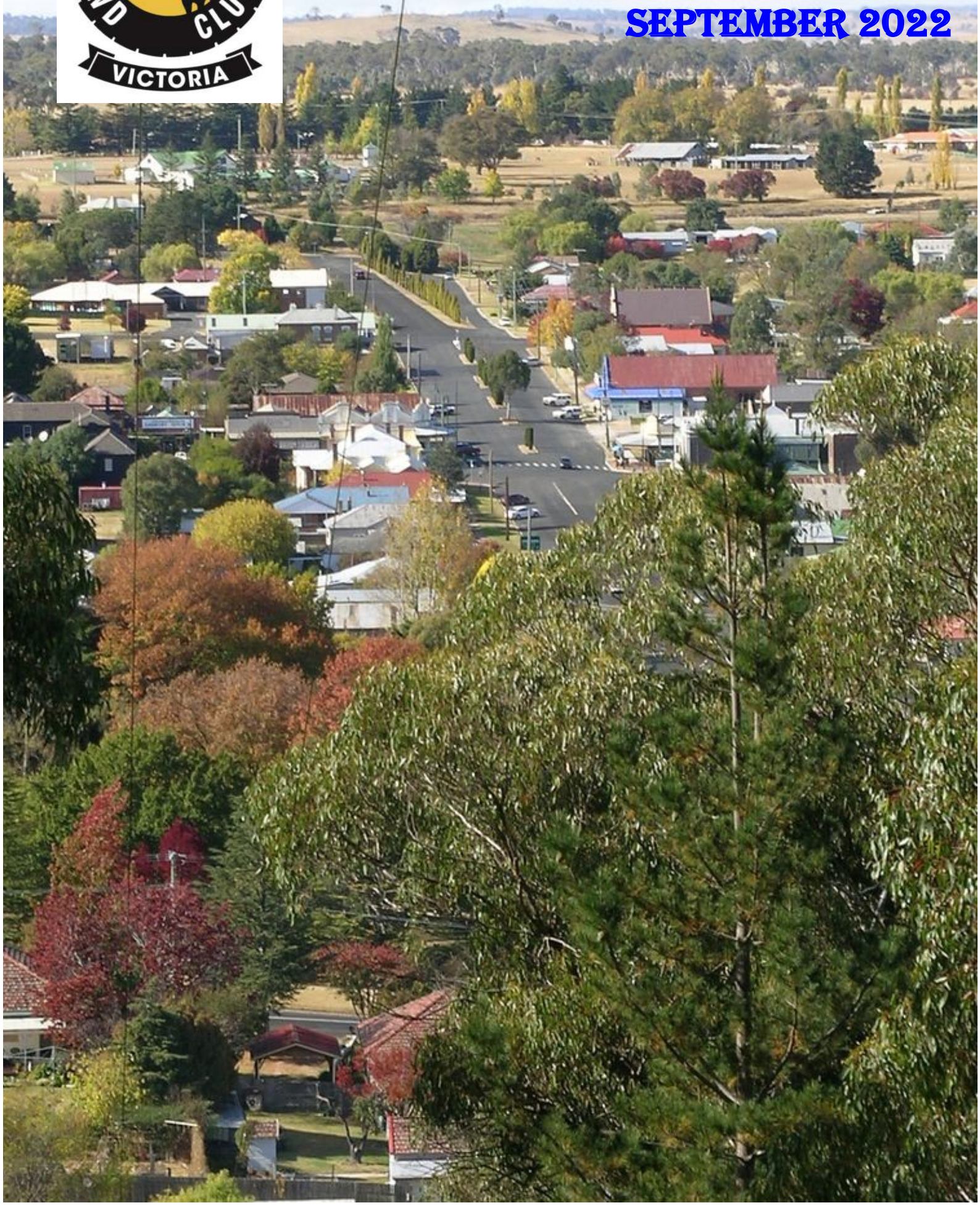




JACKAROO 4WD CLUB

VICTORIA'S PREMIER ALL MAKE 4WD TOURING CLUB

SEPTEMBER 2022



Next Meeting Pizza Night

Our next meeting will be Wednesday 21st September at our normal venue, the Fairfield Bowling Club at 7.30pm.

It's on again. After two years of not being held due to Covid19 restrictions, your committee has decided it's time for a revival of the Pizza Night.

The Club will provide pizzas to follow our General Meeting and promote a friendly atmosphere for a social evening.

There might even be a surprise for those attending.

Take the opportunity to catch up with fellow members and find out what's happening around the Club.

Newsletter

The cover is a photo of the centre of a small town called Uralla in central New South Wales.

I had the wonderful experience of spending a couple of days there on my recent trip to the sodden North.

If you're in the area, or intending to pass through, consider spending some time there. My report starts on page 6.



The Jackaroo Club of Victoria Box 297, Fairfield 3078

www.jackaroo4wdclub.org.au

President:

Rod Tamblyn 9735 0698 or
0427 884 603

rodtamblyn@optusnet.com.au

Vice President:

Alan Dash 0407 568 700

alandash@bigpond.com

Secretary:

Chris Rogers 9481 4769 or 0425 795 858
rogers_chris@optusnet.com.au

Treasurer:

Ian Blainey 0458 444 656

ian_anne@bigpond.com

Trip Coordinator:

Peter Sanders 0434 675 610

jack4WDvicTrips@gmail.com

Membership Officer:

Cleve Warring 0432 122 832

cleve.warring@bigpond.com

Editor:

Harry Richards 0408 142 107

harryjr42@optusnet.com.au

Librarian & Clothing:

Ian Marr 0413 546 178

iamarr@optusnet.com.au

Property Officer:

Mark Eames 9431 6400 or 0401 998 172

eamesm@tpg.com.au

Committee:

Philip Johnstone 9807 9096 or
0417 014 636

Graeme Mitchell 9467 4759 or
0490 119 840

Paul Trowse 0408 003 383

John Dudley 0412 948 361

John Smith 0419 364 392

President's Report

After last month's meeting when so many people were either ill, recuperating, or away, it is to be hoped the meeting this month will be well attended.

It is our annual Pizza Night, where the Club provides pizzas for members to enjoy in a social atmosphere. So come along, have a slice of pizza and a chat with your fellow members. No doubt some of them will have a tale to tell from the last couple of months.



A gentle reminder, if you haven't renewed your membership yet, please do so a.s.a.p. With the Club trips starting to ramp up, if you have not paid your fees, you will not be covered on any trip by 4WDVic's insurance.

Planning for next year's Tri-State event continues, with four reconnaissance trips planned before the end of the year. (See trips on page 18). Please try and get to these trips and give the organisers a helping hand. Camping will be on the site of the Tri-State.

4WDVic has announced that work on a new training ground near Toolangi is proceeding well. Meanwhile, our Training Co-ordinator, Graeme Mitchell, has arranged an alternative program until this new facility becomes available. See page 17 for details.

Keep warm, dry and safe and I'll see you at the next Meeting.

Rod



This is how HOT
it is today..

**May you live
to be so old
that your
driving
terrifies
people.**

There are clever people and then
there are ...

I FOUND A BOOK CALLED
HOW TO SOLVE 50% OF
YOUR PROBLEMS. SO, I
BOUGHT TWO.



I still think I got it right
and the teacher's wrong.



THE RECIPE SAID...DRESS THE CHICKEN!



I was driving when I saw the flash of a traffic camera. I figured that my picture had been taken for exceeding the limit even though I knew that I was not speeding.

Just to be sure, I went around the block and passed the same spot, driving even more slowly, but again the camera flashed. Now I began to think that this was quite funny, so I drove even slower as I passed the area once more, but the traffic camera again flashed.

I tried a fourth and fifth time with the same results and was now laughing as the camera flashed while I rolled past at a snail's pace.

Two weeks later, I got five tickets in the mail for driving without a seat belt.

You know, you just can't fix stupid.

Jackaroo 4WD Club

Merchandise



Polo Triton \$35

Mens & Ladies Sizes



Polo Charger \$35

Mens & Ladies Sizes



Polo Oceana \$35

Ladies



Chambrey Shirt \$40

Mens & Ladies Sizes

long or short sleeve

CONTACT

Ian & Ann Marr

Mb 0413 546 178

iamarr@optusnet.com.au

All prices are subject to change as per suppliers pricing at time of order.

All clothing will include Club Logo on left breast.

Pockets if available with polos can be supplied, however, it will be the responsibility of the purchaser to arrange for sewing on.

Requests for other clothing brands, styles, ladies fits, heavy coats, hats and caps etc. will be considered pending availability, cost and approval.



Charger Shirt \$40

Mens short sleeves



**Half Zip Fleece
Adult \$42**

Graphite Marle



**Full Zip Hoodie Fleece
Adult \$42**

Gun Metal

Uralla NSW



It's fascinating where your interests will take you.

Some of you will be aware of my strong interest in the Gold era of the second half of the 19th century, particularly in Victoria.

The impact these gold discoveries had on the nation's economy, democracy, population diversification and especially the magnificent buildings of that era, amuses me.

The manner in which towns grew quickly as prospectors rushed to new finds and, as the gold ran out, died when the miners moved on, has interested me for

many years.

I have run trips in the past based on what I have learned and have a couple more in mind for the near future. But more of that later.

A by product of the gold discoveries, was the rise of bushrangers, who thought it was easier to rob people of their gold rather than work for it.

The stories of a number of these has been well documented, e.g. Ned Kelly, Ben Hall, etc. How they came to bushranging often was after tangling with the ragtag police forces of the time.

Mostly their time as bushrangers was short lived, often only months, rarely extending to more than two years, or so.

On my way north on a recent trip, I came to Uralla in Central New South Wales. As I entered town, I noticed a statue of a man on a flighty horse.

Intrigued, I stopped to check it out and found it was of one Frederick Ward, a bushranger better known as Captain Thunderbolt, or sometimes just Thunderbolt.

As is my wont, I decided I needed to find out more about this Thunderbolt, so arranged to stay in the caravan park at nearby Armidale (23kms away) for a few days.

What a gem that decision turned out to be. Not only did I learn about Captain Thunderbolt, but I discovered an attractive town with a heritage extending back to gold discoveries.



Uralla (believed to be an aboriginal word meaning "meeting place") lies approximately halfway between Sydney and Brisbane.

The area began to be populated in the 1830s, when squatters arrived, attracted by prime sheep grazing land.

A village began at the intersection of two roads, now known as the New



England Highway and Thunderbolt Way.

An Irishman, Samuel McCrossin, who was to become prominent in the early town, settled in 1841 and built an inn at this intersection in 1849.

The discovery of gold at nearby Rocky River in 1851 resulted in a boon for the village, so much so, it reached town status in 1855.

A further gold strike in 1856 maintained the momentum and by 1860, the town's population exceeded 5,000.

At the same time, the agricultural community was expanding and Samuel McCrossin's son John, built a flour mill in 1870.

As with many gold towns, the gold started to run out and the miners left for other prospects. But by then, the town had become a service centre for the area's farming community.

The town was declared a municipality in 1882 when the railway arrived. Not a lot has changed since then.

Today, it still serves as a centre for the farming district and has become a residential area for commuters to the nearby city of Armidale.

Tourism also plays a major part of the town's economy and I found the people very welcoming of visitors.

If you decide to visit Uralla, I would suggest you set aside at least one full day to take in all the town has to

offer.

Firstly, go to the excellent Visitor Information Centre just near the statue of Thunderbolt.

Apart from directions to sites worth seeing, you can pick up a guided walk of the main street. There are some fifty odd buildings, many from the 19th century, listed on both sides of the road.



As you walk around looking at the hotels, government buildings and shops of that era, note the gas lamps along the street. These are replicas of the originals of 1911 and were installed in 2000. I felt they added to the old world charm of Uralla.



A little away from the main centre,

the railway station is well worth your inspection.

As mentioned, the railway arrived in 1871 and the station was opened in August 1882. It is still used today with a daily train to and from Sydney.

The station is Heritage listed and classified as "historically rare".



Close by is the Station Master's residence. Now a private home, it is a fine example of the type of homes given to senior government officials at that time.

Another must see is the McCrossin's Mill and Museum, just up the street alongside the Visitors Centre.



The mill was built in 1870 and equipped with a 16hp engine, capable of powering three sets of mill stones. The flour produced was silk-dressed, i.e. sifted through silk to separate the flour from the grain residue.

Production capacity of the mill was

about one thousand bushels (18,650 kgs) per week.

But, like most industries, conditions changed. The cooler, wetter climate around Uralla produced crops which were not of uniform height and tended to be closer to the ground. As such new mechanical strippers could not be used.

Other areas, South Australia in particular, had developed steel rollers which produced a better grade of flour than grindstones.

South Australian flour began to enter the local market and soon had a big hold. The local mills found it hard to compete.

The arrival of the railway in 1882 foreshadowed the death of the local industry. Local farmers could now transport their grain more efficiently and cheaper to more modern mills.

McCrossin's Mill closed in the mid 1890s and was put up for sale.

It was purchased in the early 1900s for use as hardware store. The steam engine was relocated to the Rocky River goldfields, while the other equipment was dumped.

In about 1935, it was sold again to the McRae family, who had a grocery and hardware business close by. The old mill was used as a storeroom for that.

From the middle of the 1970s, Uralla had a property boom, as people from Sydney recognised the value of demolishing its old buildings which had fallen into disrepair and rebuilding.

McRae closed his store about then and had no further use for the old mill. Its future looked doomed.

A group of locals arranged a public meeting in November 1979, with the express purpose of buying the mill and converting it into a museum and

function centre.

At that meeting, the Uralla Historical Society was formed and the group set about raising funds.

Their first task was to sell 600 \$20 debentures, which they did. They then approached government agencies for assistance and eventually got enough funds to complete the purchase.

Volunteers then began the task of preparing the building for its purpose. Each Sunday for two years, they worked under the supervision of an architect and a builder.

It was officially opened on 2nd May 1983 and, thanks to some generous donations from local groups, all debenture holders were paid out by the end of the year.

The McCrossin's Mill Museum is not your standard museum. You won't find a collection of old photos, last century implements and dusty paraphernalia.

Its displays are well laid out, some thought provoking, others a dash of humour.

There is a recreated Chinese Joss House, containing artefacts from the goldfields; a local soldier's effects which were found bricked up behind a wall and an amusing collection of cricket items.

And of course, an exhibition devoted to Captain Thunderbolt. Which leads into the reason for my visit to Uralla - to learn this bushranger's story.

The last of the New South Wales bushrangers, Frederick Ward, better known as Captain Thunderbolt, preyed on travellers on the roads of New England for much of the latter 1860s.

As a young man, Fred Ward became an expert horseman while working as a horse breaker and drover on the noted Tocal horse stud situated on the lower Paterson River.



Tocal homestead



Tocal yards & stables

This experience, combined with his strong self reliance and physical endurance, meant he could survive in the bush for long periods of time.

His first brush with the law came with an arrest in April 1856 for attempting to drive forty five stolen horses to the Windsor saleyards.

He was arrested, tried and found guilty of "receiving stolen horses" and sentenced to ten years hard labour at Sydney's infamous Cockatoo Island.

After four years, he was released on a ticket of leave (parole) and went to live in the Mudgee district.

There he met and married Mary Bugg, whose father was a convict shepherd and her mother an aboriginal woman.

Mary fell pregnant and Ward took her to stay with her parents near Dungog, while he returned to Mudgee to work.

He was caught riding a "borrowed" horse and sent back to Cockatoo Island to complete his original sentence, as he had broken parole.

Yearning for freedom, on September

11 1863, Ward and a companion Frederick Britten, slipped away from their work gang and swam to shore through the shark infested waters of Sydney Harbour.

The pair made their way north where, late in October, they were spotted by police south of Uralla at what is now known as Thunderbolt's rock.



A gun battle ensued and Ward received a bullet wound to his left knee, before the pair escaped through a nearby swamp.

The pair split up and Ward began his bushranger activities.

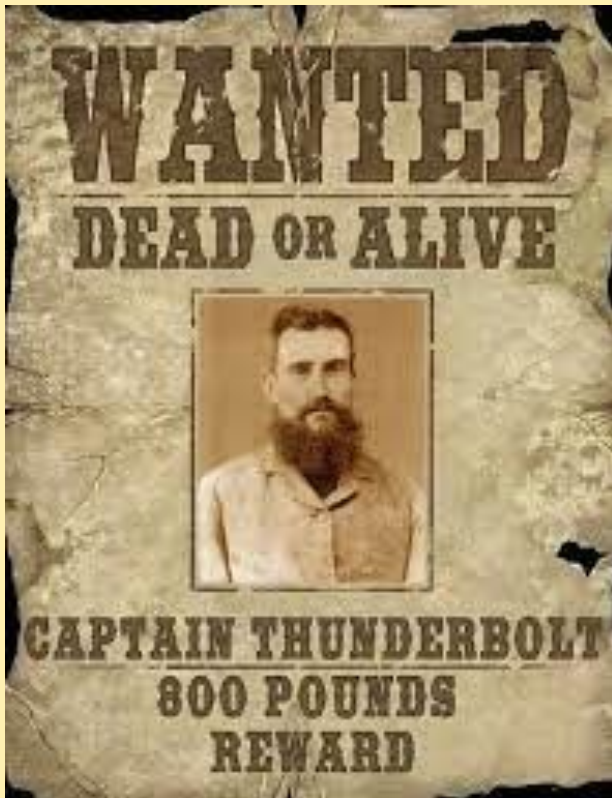
On 22nd December 1863, Ward entered the tollbar house on the road between Rutherford and Maitland.

He hammered on the door of the tollkeeper, rousing him from his sleep. The startled officer, Delaney, is reported to have said "By God, I thought it was a thunderbolt".

Ward is alleged to have replied "I am thunder and this is my bolt" referring to his pistol. From then on, he was known as "Thunderbolt" or "Captain Thunderbolt".

Ward evaded the law for a further six years, during which time he made a career of robbing mailmen, travellers, inns, stores and stations.

Roaming across a vast area from the Hunter Valley to the Queensland



border, Ward sometimes included Mary and their three children in his crimes.

Mary often entered towns to purchase supplies and inform him of possible marks for his next robbery.

Due to his early training at the Tocal horse stud, Ward could recognise fast, quality horses. He would steal these horses and was able to outride pursuing police on many occasions.

On 25th May 1870, Ward met his demise. He arrived at Blanch's Royal Oak Inn just south of Uralla. After robbing the landlord and his clients, he settled down to drink with them.

A hawker, Giovanni Cappisotti, whom Ward had relieved of some of his wealth, managed to escape and raised the alarm at Uralla.

Senior Constable John Mulhall and Constable Alexander Walker set off for the Inn. Walker was not on duty and therefore not required to go with Mulhall, but elected to do so. He was not in uniform.

Mulhall had the superior horse and arrived at the Inn while Walker was

still approximately 800 metres away.

He heard shots being fired, then met Mulhall galloping back. He told Walker he had exchanged shots with Ward, but raced off back to Uralla and took no further part in the chase.

Walker continued on and upon reaching the top of a hill overlooking the Inn, saw two men on grey horses, one gesticulating to the other to ride away.

He correctly assumed the man doing the gesticulating was Ward and rode down to challenge him.

Ward took off and Walker pursued him. The chase took them to Kentucky Creek, with shots exchanged along the way.

Once he reached the creek, Ward dismounted from his horse and waded across the creek, thinking his pursuer would not follow him.

Walker rode up and shot the horse to ensure the bushranger could not use it to escape.

He then galloped up to Ward in the middle of the creek. Walker later testified that the conversation went like this:

"Surrender" ordered Walker

"Never. What is your name?". (Walker was in civilian clothes so Ward could not have recognised him as a police officer).

"Walker"

"Are you a trooper?"

"Yes"

"A married man?"

"Yes"

"Remember you are a married man Walker" said Ward shaking his pistol.

"Will you surrender?"

"I will die first"

"Then it's you, or I, for it" and Walker urged his horse forward.

Ward rushed at the constable with his gun raised and Walker fired, hitting Ward in the chest.



Thunderbolt went down, then rose again, whereby Walker felled him with a strike to the head with his pistol.

Thinking the bushranger was dead, Walker pulled him from creek and left him on the bank to return to the Inn.

Walker thought the other man, whom Ward had sent away, was an accomplice but he learned he was in fact a robbery victim.

He then returned to the creek to reclaim the body, but it was not there. Next day, Walker returned with a group including Mulhall and after a short search, found the body a little distance away.

It was later found that Ward's pistol had jammed and could not be fired.

Ward's body was put on public display and hundreds flocked to see it. For a shilling (10 cents) you could buy a postcard of his bullet ridden body.

He was buried in the Uralla cemetery and his grave can be seen there.

Frederick Ward was 5 ft 8 in (173cm)



tall, slight and of sallow complexion with hazel grey eyes. He had light brown curly hair.

He undoubtedly had great nerve, endurance and unusual self reliance. His success as a bushranger can be largely attributed to his horsemanship and splendid mounts.

Captain Thunderbolt became something of a folk hero. He inspired popular sympathy by his agreeable appearance and conversation, gentlemanly behaviour and avoidance of violence.

Of Australia's bushrangers, Captain Thunderbolt was the most successful and, at nearly seven years, was the longest at large.

His wife, Mary Bugg, is believed to have passed away in 1905, having led a quiet life after his death.

The museum has an excellent display of nine paintings by local artist Phillip Pomroy, of the events that led to Fred Ward's death.

Call in. You will enjoy the experience and, if you smile nicely and they're not busy, the friendly ladies on duty might offer you a cup of coffee.

Uralla, you were a wonderful surprise on what was a routine journey north.

My Kid: I feel like you're always making up rules and stuff.

Me: Like what?

My Kid: Like if I don't clean my room a portal will open and take me to another dimension.

Me: Well that's what happened to your older brother.

My Kid: What older brother?

Me: Exactly.

OLDTIMERS

Wife crashed the car again today.....
She told the police the man she collided with was on his mobile phone and drinking can of beer !
Police said he can do what he likes in his own living room !

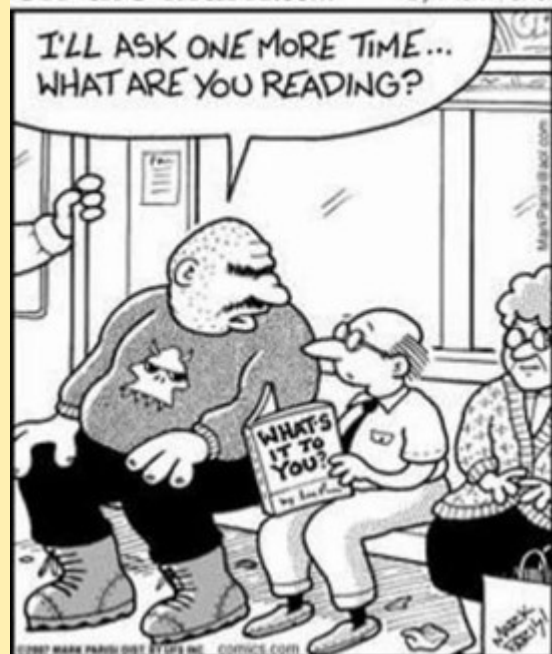


A Man asked a Fairy to make him desirable and irresistible to all Women.

She turned him into a credit card.

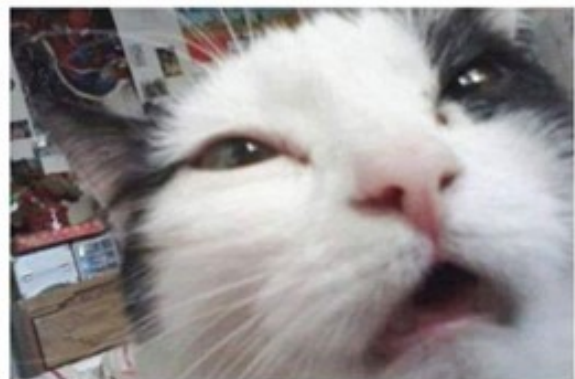


Gramma's Funnies



I went to visit a psychic.
I knocked on her front door and she yelled...
"Who is it?"
So I left.

When you're almost asleep, but you hear that you got a text and you have to roll over and see who in the world would be contacting you at the ridiculous hour of 9PM.

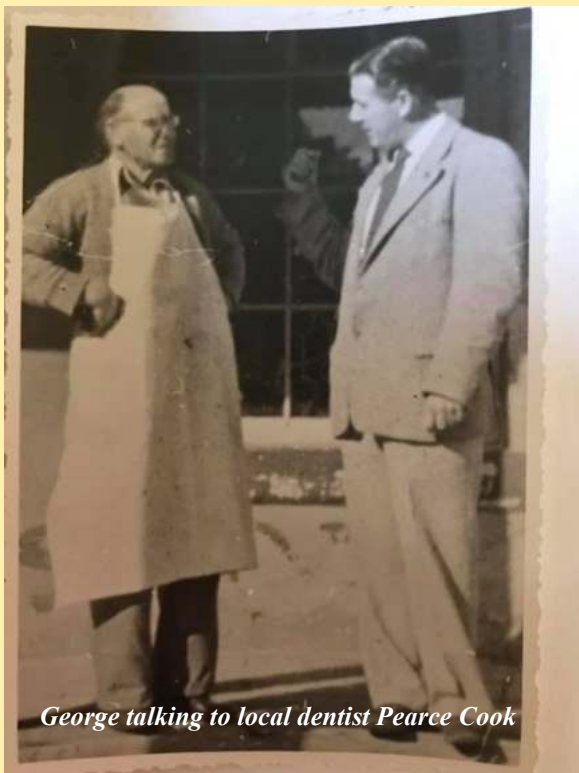


The Tenterfield Saddler

Comfortably within my ten favourite songs is *The Tenterfield Saddler* by Peter Allen.

Written by Allen and released in 1972, it became a worldwide hit.

The song is biographical and is about Peter Allen's grandfather, George Woolnough. There is an interesting history behind it.

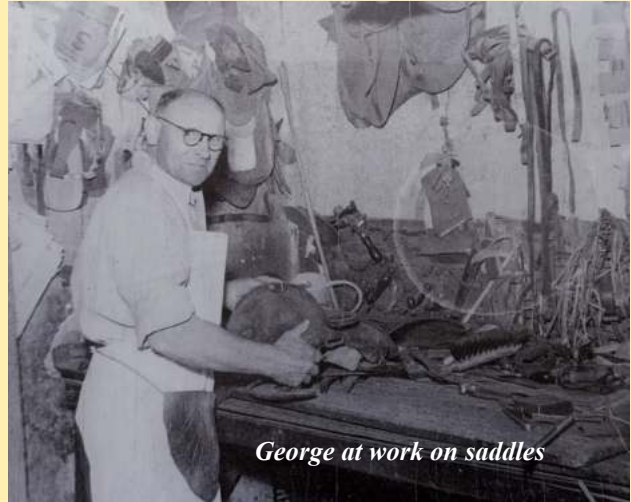


George talking to local dentist Pearce Cook

George Woolnough was indeed a saddler in Tenterfield and followed a sequence of saddlers in the shop.

The first saddler in the shop at 123 High Street, Tenterfield, was Charles Pavel who purchased the premises in 1870 from Sir Stuart Donaldson, a local grazier who went on to become the first Premier of New South Wales.

In 1874, Pavel sold the building to the Australian Joint Stock Bank and it became a bank for 23 years.



George at work on saddles

Then Dan Egan bought the premises and re-established it as a saddlery.

In 1908, George Woolnough bought the business and ran it until his retirement in 1960.

Of interest, the solicitor who handled the sales of the shop was Major J.F. Thomas of "Breaker" Morant fame.

George's accommodating and compassionate nature saw the saddlery become a gathering place for men throughout the region.



They would meet there and discuss all manner of topics while George worked and listened, undisturbed by the chatter of the men who wandered in.

Sometimes the men would bring their children, who would play with the leather offcuts while their fathers talked.

Among the regular visitors was A. B. (Banjo) Paterson, who lived in the town for a short time and married a local girl, Alice Walker.

George married Maude Hayes in 1912 and they had four children, two girls then two boys.

The third child, Richard John, known as Dick, married Marion Davidson in 1940 and Peter Allen (nee Woolnough) came from that union.

Dick served in the Second World War and upon returning to Australia became a violent alcoholic.

He killed himself in 1958 when Peter was 14. Dick's death hit George badly and he never really got over it.



George retired in 1960 and passed away three years later. He is buried in the Tenterfield Cemetery.

In 1905, an extension to the Tenterfield library was named The George Woolnough Wing.

The saddlery, built in 1860 of local bluestone was classified by the National Trust in 1972. It is still there and open to the public.



Thousands of Peter Allen fans still visit the saddlery of the famous song "*The Tenterfield Saddler*".

Me included.

The meaning of the song

On the next page I have printed the lyrics to the song, *The Tenterfield Saddler*.

If you've read this article, the heartfelt lyrics will make sense to you.

The first verse obviously refers to his grandfather and his love for him.

The second verse is about his father, his alcoholism and his suicide and the effect it had on his grandfather:

- *The war baby* was Peter, born in 1944
- *George had no answers* - his grandfather's despair

The third verse is autobiographical:

- *Changed his last name* - Peter changed his name from Woolnough to Allen
- *Married a girl* - his doomed marriage to Liza Minelli
- *He'd almost forgotten* - the constant demands on a performer

Time is a traveller - time never stops

Time is a meddler - despite your efforts, fate will intervene

Time is a tale teller - you will relive your experiences

The Tenterfield Saddler Lyrics

The late George Woolnough, worked on High Street
And lived on Manners.
Fifty two years he sat on his veranda and made his saddles
And if you had questions about sheep, or flowers or dogs
You just ask the saddler.
He lived without sin, they're building a library for him.

Time is a traveller, Tenterfield Saddler turn your head
Ride again Jackaroo, think I see kangaroo up ahead.

The son of George Woolnough, went off and got married
And had a war baby.
But something was wrong and it's easier to drink than go crazy.
And if there were questions about why the end was so sad
Well George had no answers about why a son
Ever had need of a gun.

Time is a traveller, Tenterfield Saddler turn your head
Ride again Jackaroo, think I see kangaroo up ahead.

The grandson of George has been all around the world
And lives in no special place
Changed his last name and married a girl with an interesting face
He'd almost forgotten them both because in this life he leads
There's nowhere for George and his library
Or the son with his gun to belong
Except in the words of this song.

Time is a traveller, Tenterfield Saddler make your bed
Fly away cockatoo, down on the ground emu up ahead.

Time is a meddler, Tenterfield Saddler turn your head
Ride again Jackaroo, think I see kangaroo up ahead



Driver Training 2022

Due to the closure of the Werribee training ground, our driver training courses have had to be rearranged.

Members who wish to do the Driver Training Course in future, will need to register with the Training Course Co-Ordinator (Graeme Mitchell) and when we have three or four registered, course dates will be arranged to suit those involved.

The theory will be held in Bundoora and the practical driving at the Lerderderg 4WD park.

Currently, two members have registered for the course. If you would like to do the course, please contact Graeme Mitchell on 0190 119 840



Tri-State Exploratory Trip

23rd & 25th September 2022

Explore sites and venues for possible setting of Tri-State 2023.

Meeting Place & Time: Twin City Archery Club, Toners Lane Morwell at 10.00 am

Convoy Limit: No limit **Approximate Distance:** 300kms round trip

Fuel: Full tank ex Melbourne. Fuel available at Moe

Trip Standard if Dry: Easy **If Wet:** Easy

Trip Leader: John Dudley 0412 948 361 or rjdudley@bigpond.com

Special Requirements:

Registered participants:



Annual Little Desert Weekend

Friday 30th September to Tuesday 4th October

After cancellations due to Covid restrictions, the foray into the Little Desert, led by Alan Dash, will again take place. Alan will take us into the desert habitat, looking for wildflowers, orchids, birds and whatever else takes his fancy. Plus some sand driving, of course.

Meeting Place & Time: Serviceton Recreation Reserve, whenever you get there.

Convoy Limit: TBA

Fuel: Full tank ex Melbourne. Fuel available at Nhill.

Trip Standard if Dry: Medium **If Wet:** Medium/Slippery

Trip Leader: Alan Dash 0407 568 700

Special Requirements: Be prepared for cold and/or wet weather. Bring some fire-wood if you can. Caravans and campers OK. Some powered sites available and the site has all facilities. Tyres and recovery gear suitable for sand driving.

Currently registered:



Tri-State Exploratory Trip

15th & 16th October 2022

Explore sites and venues for possible setting of Tri-State 2023.

Meeting Place & Time: Twin City Archery Club, Toners Lane Morwell at 10.00 am

Convoy Limit: No limit **Approximate Distance:** 300kms round trip

Fuel: Full tank ex Melbourne. Fuel available at Moe

Trip Standard if Dry: Easy **If Wet:** Easy

Trip Leader: John Dudley 0412 948 361 or rjdudley@bigpond.com

Special Requirements:

Registered participants:



Tri-State Exploratory Trip

29th October to 1st November 2022

Explore sites and venues for possible setting of Tri-State 2023. This is the long weekend for Melbourne Cup

Meeting Place & Time: Twin City Archery Club, Toners Lane Morwell at 10.00 am

Convoy Limit: No limit **Approximate Distance:** 300kms round trip

Fuel: Full tank ex Melbourne. Fuel available at Moe

Trip Standard if Dry: Easy **If Wet:** Easy

Trip Leader: John Dudley 0412 948 361 or rjdudley@bigpond.com

Special Requirements:

Registered participants:



Tri-State Exploratory Trip

25th to 27th November 2022

Explore sites and venues for possible setting of Tri-State 2023.

Meeting Place & Time: Twin City Archery Club, Toners Lane Morwell at 10.00 am

Convoy Limit: No limit **Approximate Distance:** 300kms round trip

Fuel: Full tank ex Melbourne. Fuel available at Moe

Trip Standard if Dry: Easy **If Wet:** Easy

Trip Leader: John Dudley 0412 948 361 or rjdudley@bigpond.com

Special Requirements:

Registered participants:



Christmas Party at Clunes

Friday 2nd to Sunday 4th December

A weekend to celebrate the upcoming Christmas festivities with fellow members and families. Early notice to mark your diaries. Further details closer to the event.

Meeting Place & Time: Clunes Showgrounds any time after 12.00 midday

Convoy Limit: No limit **Approximate Distance:** 120kms ex Melbourne

Fuel: Full tank ex Melbourne. Fuel available at Clunes

Trip Standard if Dry: Social **If Wet:** Social

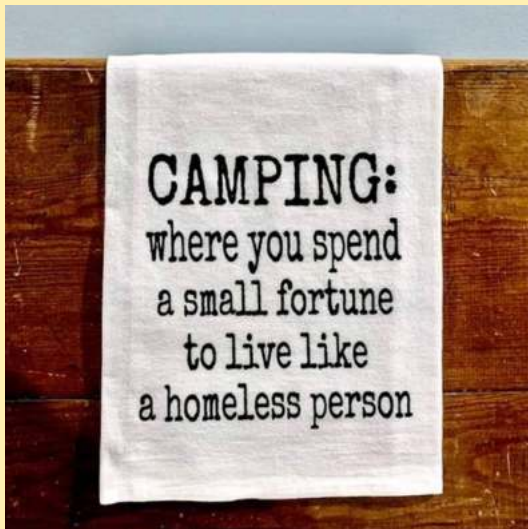
Trip Leader: Alan Dash 0407 568 700

Special Requirements: To be advised

Registered participants:

Tail End ...

The Outdoor Life



Thank God they put a cone up...I would've drove right into this mess...



40 People Missing After First Flat Earth Surfing Championship

