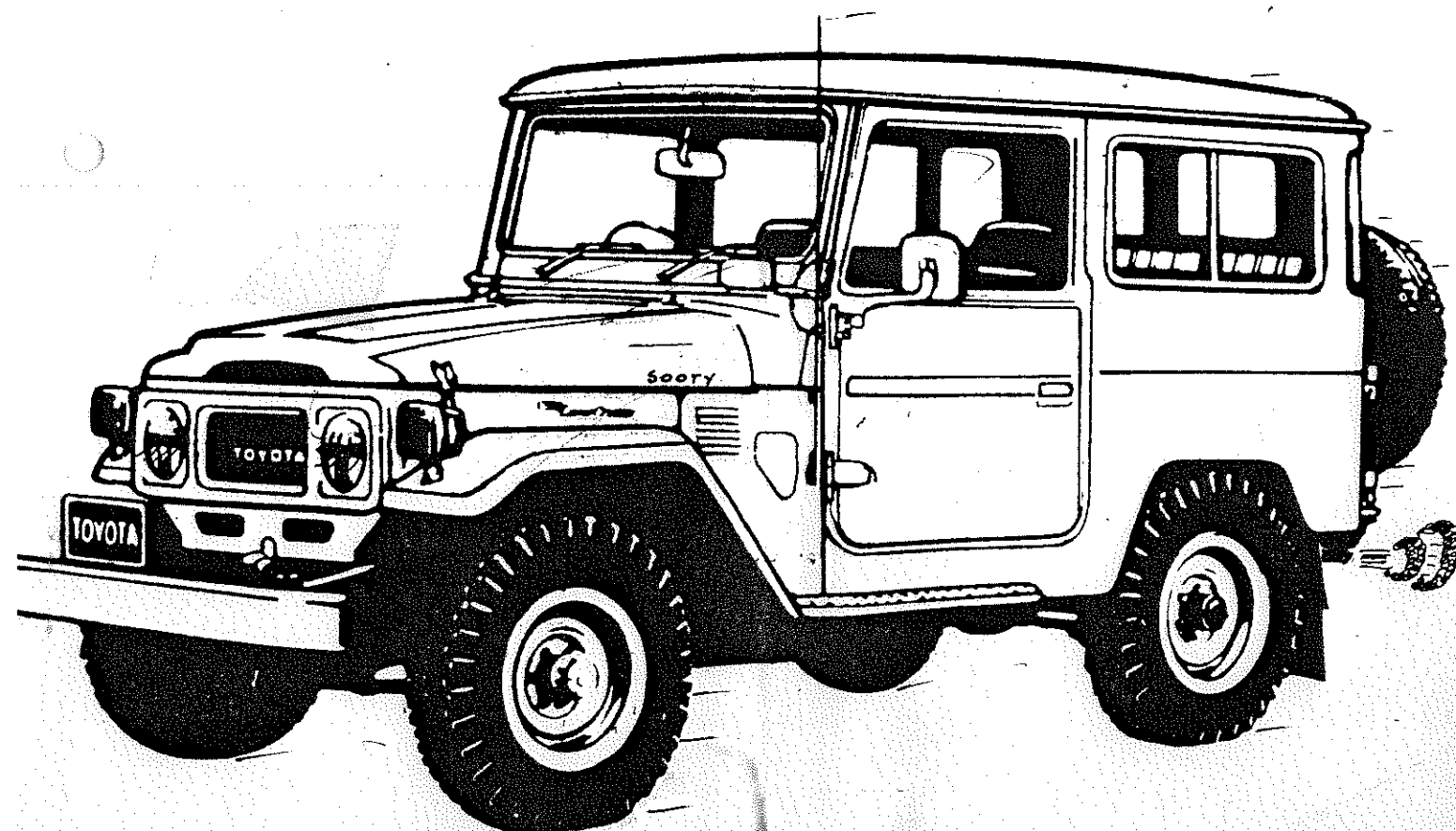


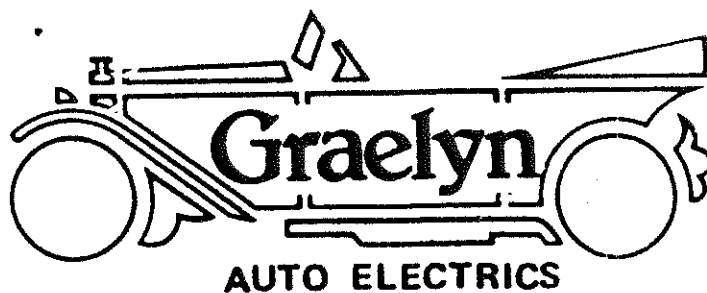
MARCH 1986

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TRIP CLASSIFICATIONS:

'A' Grade: Extensive use of 4 WD. Tracks may be difficult to negotiate - chains should be carried along with towing slings and anchor points, good winter tread pattern tyres are a must. Trip leader has the right to refuse a vehicle if above points are not met. Types of conditions likely to be met include: steep climbs and descents on all surfaces - rocky, muddy, mud & snow, deep river crossings and overgrown tracks. Max. 6 vehicles.

'B' Grade: Virtually same conditions as 'A' Grade but track condition is more favourable. Good tyres are a must as well as necessary recovery gear. Max. 10 vehicles.

'C' Grade: Very limited use of 4 WD. These trips include car rallies etc. Type of tyres do no matter and recovery gear not essential. No. Max vehicles.

In all above cases vehicles should be in sound mechanical condition and carry the basic spare part requirements as listed in previous Newsletters.

The Committee would like to express the fact that if in the opinion of the trip leader a vehicle is not suitable for a trip, then that vehicle may be refused permission to partake.

Newsletter items to Tom Brachna by General Meetings at the latest.

MEETINGS LAST TUESDAY OF THE
MONTH AT THE DANDENONG LIBRARY

CORRESPONDENCE

P.O. BOX 778

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In Dave's absence I will fill you in on current happenings.

By the way Dave's disappearance is due to a severe case of "HONEYMOONING". I hope he gets over it and comes back to duty soon.

Narby's on again and many of our members are travelling down to Valley Farm to view, socialize and maybe even participate in the Jeep Club schedule. To all those going have a good time.

The next most important happening is the cricket match against the N.P.C. at Mentone Grammer's playing fields on Sunday the 23rd March. We need plenty of players and plenty of supporters as rumours have it that the Nissan team is out for Victory. We are having a butt of beef cooked on the spit and a raffle.

Please! let's have some support of both players and spectators. 10 a.m. is the time to be there.

The Bush Dance has been postponed until later in the year, as we need to obtain a permit from the Forest Commission and hopefully all the other problems can be ironed out, before we eventually go ahead.

As always we need trip leaders. We have tried to plan well into the year, and have left weekends free to hopefully be filled by people wanting to lead their friends to a place which they enjoy and want to share with others.

Anyway, that's all from me for this month and you can wait for the next report from your leading "Pres".

Tom.

c a l e n d a r - 1 9 8 6

- MARCH 23 Tentative Annual Cricket Match against Nissan Club at Mentone Grammar playing fields.
- MARCH 28,29,30,31 Talbotville area leaving Hallam Pub 8 a.m. Good Friday.
On the way try and find the Den of Nuggan
Set camp on Crooked River.
Few short sightseeing trips around area.
Fishing, swimming and socializing.
B Grade.
For further details see Tom Brachna
- MARCH 28,29,30,31,1 Hattah and Murray-Kulkyne Park
Departing Cnr. Victoria & Elizabeth Sts. Melbourne 7 a.m. Good Friday.
Fuel required: 20 litres, last fuel available: Sea Lake
National Park, Base camp, C & S Grade
Route: Through Hattah National Park, Murray-Kulkyne Park. ~~Social~~, Social, fishing, bushwalks, sightseeing.
Take plenty of fresh water. Petrol, diesel available Hattah.
- APRIL 6 BRIAN AND MURRAY TOOLANGI A GRADE DAY TRIP
APRIL 19 & 20 Gippsland Go Down.
Refer to letter in Magazine. Names taken at February meeting.
- MAY 3 & 4 Wine trip to Rutherglen area.
- JUNE 15 Annual Football match against Nissan Club.
(tentative)
- JULY 5 & 6 Driver Training weekend.
- JULY 26 to Kakkadu National Park.
SEPTEMBER More details soon?
See Tom Brachna.

ANYBODY WISHING TO LEAD TRIPS PLEASE CONTACT COMMITTEE.

WE STILL NEED TRIP LEADERS!!!

o t w a y r a n g e s - a u s t r a l i a d a y
l o n g w e e k e n d

Troop: Pat Casey (Trip Leader), Ann, Martin & Damien Casey, Bluey & Joy Male, Terry Baker, Anna & Natasha, Bruno Santarossa, George Szabo, Tom, Liala, Dustin & Lee Brachma, Debra & Peter Pink.

After various small groups joining, the majority joined force at Pat's parents retreat in Torquay. Pat was still having coffee, while Anne was having last minute doubts about leaving Jane for the weekend.

Then it was all aboard for the winding trip down the coast to Apollo Bay, our first stop however was unscheduled. The winding road or was it Tom's driving, got the best of Dustin and they made an emergency stop. Tom promptly let everyone know via the C.B. and this seemed to urge several other members of the party to pull over for some impromptue sightseeing. When everything settled down, we once again set our sights for Apollo Bay.

Apollo Bay was crawling with people. First stop fuel, then tinnies. Now if you think the guys have got their priorities wrong, it was just that the Service Station was before the Pub and parking was very limited not helped by the fact that apart from the normal Saturday morning traffic jam, a market spread most of the way along the Beach front.

It was about 11 a.m. by the time everyone had gathered together again and it was decided that the local pie shop looked like a good lunch spot, so most grabbed something to eat before we ventured to our camping spot.

From Apollo Bay we lost sight of the coast and slowly climbed into what appeared to be a rain forest, then out on to the dirt road and an afternoon tea of dust. About 1 p.m. we drove over a very rickety bridge into an open paddock backing onto an inlet/come river. Glen Aire Inlet was fairly crowded when we arrived, but seemed quite pleasant.

After unpacking, all but a few, decided to test out the sand down near the mouth of the river. This started Pat's bad luck run. Pat got bogged, along with Bluey and had to be snatched out. Everyone decided that less air was needed and tyres were deflated. Tom then decided to try the sand dunes and ~~have~~ have a "quick chat" to the Fishermen. George's 720 Datsun had problems on a small sand dune, but after a couple of tries, then a long run up, it finally went up and over.

PTO

Otway Ranges cont.

The adventurers appeared back at camp only to find that parking space was very limited. We had acquired neighbours, that had cars with loud engines that needed regular revving whilst in the standing position, stereos that could not be played below a dull roar, and esky's full of tinnies.

We decided that by 10 p.m. they would have all bombed out and then thought we had better go and get some wood for the evening's camp fire. Pat led the way back towards Apollo Bay and then cut down a track to the left which led to a secluded little river.

Pat and Peter decided to do a spot of fishing while Bluey made wood gathering easy with the chainsaw. By the time Pat and Peter returned (minus any fish), the mosquitoes had all, but carried me away, and we joined the rest of the wood gatherers. All the vehicles were loaded and ready to return to camp (lucky hey!).

Back at camp unloading wood and would you believe more neighbours and a queue of about 10 waiting for the loos. We were beginning to wonder if we had dreamt the trip from Melbourne and were not camped in the Fitzroy Gardens on Moomba weekend.

The people on the other side had a coffin full on tinnies, unusual place to keep your drink, but each to their own.

Dinner over and done with, we decided to have a nice quiet drink around the camp fire, still maintaining that with the amount that lot had drunk, they could not last beyond 10 p.m. But they did, and by midnight most of us realized that we were not going to outstay these people. They seemed settled in for the weekend, and especially the evening.

About 2.30 a.m. things started to go bump in the night. First the fridge, then a game of chasey between our tents and the final straw, Tom's Toyota. It got the better of us and we decided to investigate. This time it turned out to be Tom himself, looking for the shovel. None the less, why you might ask? Some joker had locked himself in the loo and promptly passed out and no amount of persuasion could make him come out.

Tom returned from his trip into the dunes and by this time Pete and I were fully awake. We would have been listening to stereo from the cars either side of us if the tapes had been the same, but they were not.

The three of us decided to re-kindle the fire and have a coffee, as we were not going to sleep till this lot quietened and we were soon joined by Liala who also found the noise impossible. It was not till about 5 a.m. that the last body finally crawled away. Peaceful bliss at last. By this time it was getting light, and our anger at being kept awake all night got the better of us and we could no longer sleep. We had an early breakfast when the kids awoke and by 7.30 a.m. were allpacked ready to head off for greener pastures.

Pat, Terry and company had missed all the excitement being camped on the other side of the road and were quite surprised when they rose at the events that had taken place during the night.

Otway Ranges

When everyone had breakfast we packed up and after some discussion with the Otway Club, who were also camped at Glen Aire, we decided to venture on.

We headed off for Blanket Bay. The tracks closer to the Ocean proved to be very dusty. At Blanket Bay the kids went fossicking for shells among the millions that had been washed up on the beach, each trying to find the best one and con their respective parents into allowing them to come back sand and all into the vehicles.

From Blanket Bay we headed off to the Parker River, where we found more people camped and the track to the river blocked.

We decided that the only way down was flying fox and that we would need a helicopter to return, even though we did not venture down, the view from the top was great.

On to Crayfish Bay. Again in the vain search for camping facilities. The camps like the trees were scarce and we decided to visit the Lighthouse before making a decision.

The male population thought that the sand dunes looked tempting and a short cut over the top was taken by all, but the 720 when after one futile attempt, George decided to take the easy way out round the dune.

The Cape Otway Lighthouse proved to be a bit of a fizzer. It was all locked up and the only vegetation in the area was growing behind it's fence blocking all but a limited view.

A tinny was called for and further pouring over the maps. Maite's Rest was decided on for lunch, 20 kilometres from the lighthouse on the main Ocean Road. Oops, not again. Everyone's mate had decided on the same lunching spot, so on we rolled up Beech Forest Road towards Colac and found a nice little nook on the side of the road for lunch, in amongst the ferns. Bluey nearly wrecked lunch by getting bogged in the fernery, but the new vehicle held its own and made it out without assistance.

By this time we had lost one of the party, George, in the Datsun 720. He had left as he had to return home to pick up his daughter from Tullamarine, or was it the worry of putting scratches on his immaculate vehicle.

Once again in the ever searching quest for the ideal camp, up and down tracks, Pat swore we were not lost, but after returning down the same track three times, a few pointed comments were made. Back on the right track, down to the ? River, a very picturesque spot with many lovely ferns and beautiful, clean, cool stream flowing under the bridge.

On again looking for a camping spot we travelled up hill and down dale, literally and saw some very worthwhile camping spots for a quiet weekend not too far from Melbourne.

Then we headed for Forked Paddocks to see if there were many people camping in there. Woops, wrong turn, and heading down a track with some rather nasty speed humps. Pat decided that this might not be the right track and left the rest of us in a small clearing and headed down the track on foot to do a bit of surveying.

Otway Ranges

About face and back over the speed humps to a nice little greasy hill which was decreed to be the right turn.

Pat went up first (with locker in) and made it look fairly easy, then it was Tom's turn. As usual Tom decided to use the bumper of the Hi-Lux as a plough and keep a muddy souvenir of the trip. Half way up the hill we discovered a huge hollow tree, so time was taken out to take some snaps of the gang inside this huge cubby house.

Without further incident we made Forked Paddocks, and guess what? Not a camper within sight. We set up camp and took a walk down to the creek. A few of us decided that it was bath time and went back down for a pleasant soak in the "cool" waters. The rest of the chickens thought that it was better to smell than freeze.

A leisurely meal, then the fun started. World Series Cricket had nothing on a game of tippity run in the bush. All that was needed was lights and we would probably still be making history with our brilliant playing styles.

Terry then decided that we had had enough fun and that we should suffer his secret damper recipe. We do note however that Terry's damper is only dished out for eating round a camp fire and definitely after dark.

After the night before an early night was had by all, which was just as well because we were woken early the next morning by a piercing noise, which was later explained to be Anna and Natasha singing "Happy Birthday" to Terry.

After breakfast, we all went for a walk. Yes, really a walk to have a look around, and found some very interesting tracks. We returned to camp to recover from our exhausting jaunt, but not for long. Pat's accelerator foot was itchie, so he decided to take Tom for a ride to test out the Tracks we had seen.

You guessed it! Pat got bogged, and to make matters worse, filled the Toyota with water which left Tom sitting in a mobile bath in the passenger seat of Pat's car.

Again, Terry came to the rescue and pulled Pat out of the Creek. After a bit more track hunting the two vehicles returned, wet, but otherwise unscathed.

After lunch, we all packed up for the trip home. On the track out we found another camping spot with the biggest fern trees I have ever seen. The other side of the creek proved to be a mite greasy and took a couple of attempts for some people to make the top. The next stop was Lake Elizabeth, but when we got to the bottom of the track we found that it was a 20 minute walk into the Lake. The concensus was that we had done enough walking so it was decided to find another way in.

Of course, this meant clawing our way up a rather nasty little track, that registered 30° on the tip meter in some spots.

Otway Ranges

Finally, Lake Elizabeth, which was a very picturesque spot and a short stop before it was decided we had better head for home. We headed off down the road, when Tom suggested we take the Wye Track as a short cut.

By the way, if Tom ever suggests a short cut do not listen to him. We headed down the track and not more than 100 metres down the track it turned into a tunnel of trees. The only time the track opened out was into a mud puddle.

Five kilometres down the track and we struck the first bit of trouble. A Holden Ute bogged to the doors in the middle of the track. The only way round was to cut away some trees and then we only made it passed with about an inch to spare. Two hundred metres down the track, yes, you guessed it, Pat's bogged again.

After much fiddling, grunting and groaning, Pat finally winched himself through the bog and headed off up the track to find a place to turn round to come back and winch the rest of us through. Pat had been gone about 15 minutes, when the rest of the men folk decided to turfur a 3 foot diameter log out of the bog, and see if this made it any easier to get through.

This task accomplished, and we still had seen no sight of Pat and could not raise him on the radio.

Terry was next in line so he was to try the bog and then go and look for Pat.

Pat's voice came crackling over the C.B. Yes, again, Pat had been bogged, and had had to winch himself out. Then he got back to a sticky part on the track, a log sticking out from the bank and a sharp drop off on the other side. He advised that he needed help as the log was on the blind side coming back and he could not judge to get passed.

Terry decided to go to the rescue. You may ask while all this was going on why we had not used Bluey's winch. Well there is a good explanation. Pat had used Bluey's control on his winch to get through the bog, and had taken off up the track with it.

Terry braved the bog and almost made it. Finally having to get Turfured out. At this point, Pat turned up having plucked up enough courage (or maybe got sick of waiting) to sneak round the log. The task now was to get Pat facing the right direction again. This accomplished, Bluey tackled the bog and being an experienced campaigner made it through with no problems at all.

Next in line, our Hi-Lux, but much to the disappointment of the driver and not due to any lack of encouragement from the sidelines, we almost but not quite made it.

Bruno tried some low flying and I do not think he even got the wheels muddy as he bounded over the bog.

After everyone had emptied the mud out, Tom made it through easily and we were off again.

Otway Ranges

The track was still quite muddy in parts and very narrow, with a lot of sticks and logs hanging from the banks, and we all know who "hates those scratches".

Pat warned us of an upcoming boggy section, but the Hi-Lux did not even make the mud before getting stuck. Hung up by both diffs in some deep rutts. We were snatched out, and tried a different line and with some helpful instruction from Bluey made it through.

In all it had taken about three hours to travel 16 kilometres. The rest of the journey was rather uneventful. We called in at Lorne to wash off the Otway mud and for a feed of Fish and Chips. Then travelled in convoy back to the Torquay turnoff where Pat and family left us. The rest splitting up in Geelong.

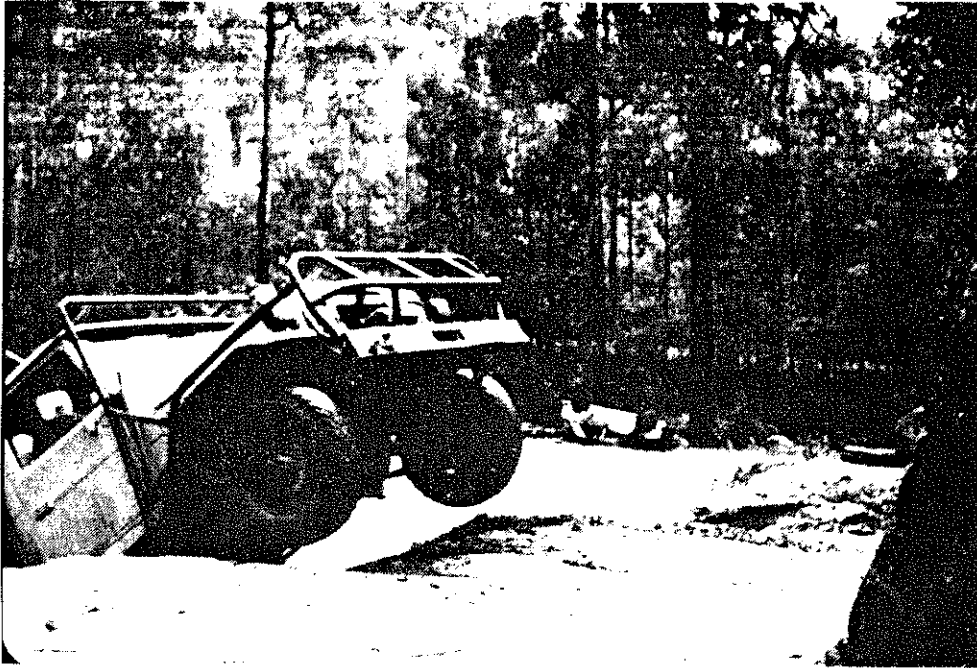
All in all, a great weekend was had by all and we found it great having a look round an area that we had not seen much of before.

Thanks very much to all for the great company, and hope that we can do it again sometime.

Debra and Peter Pink

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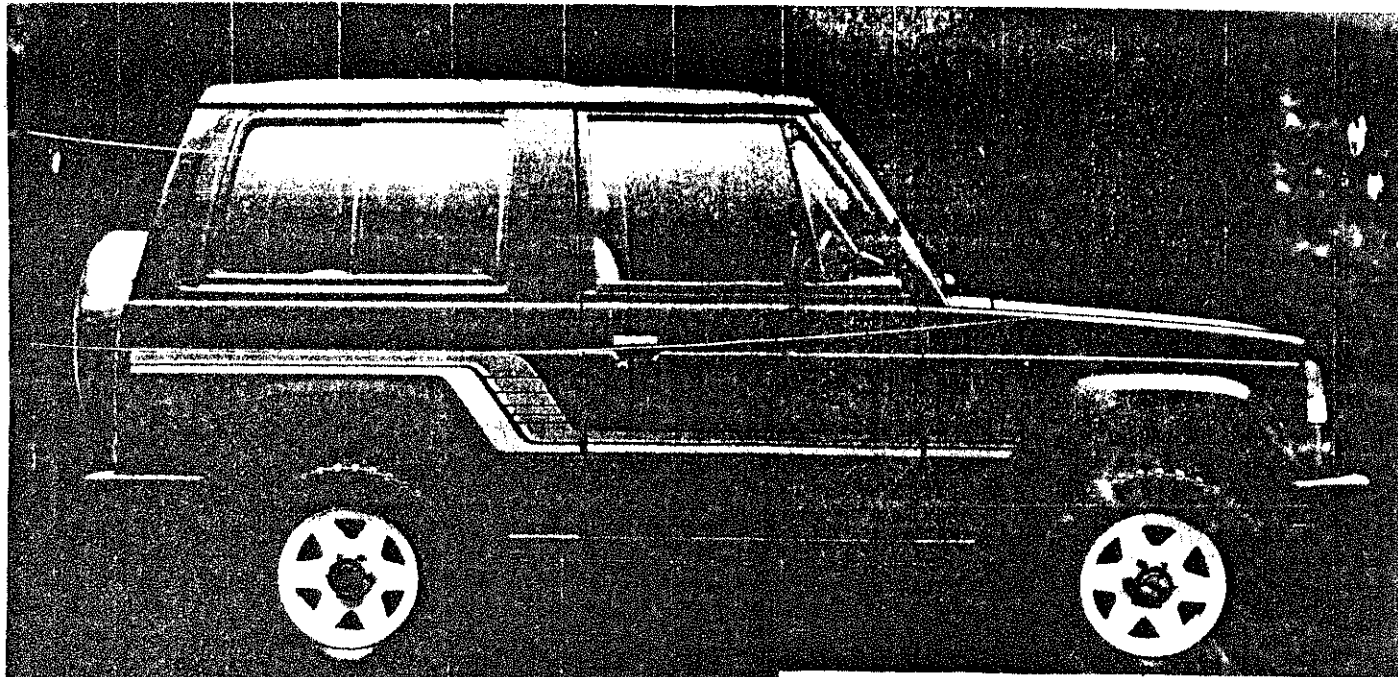
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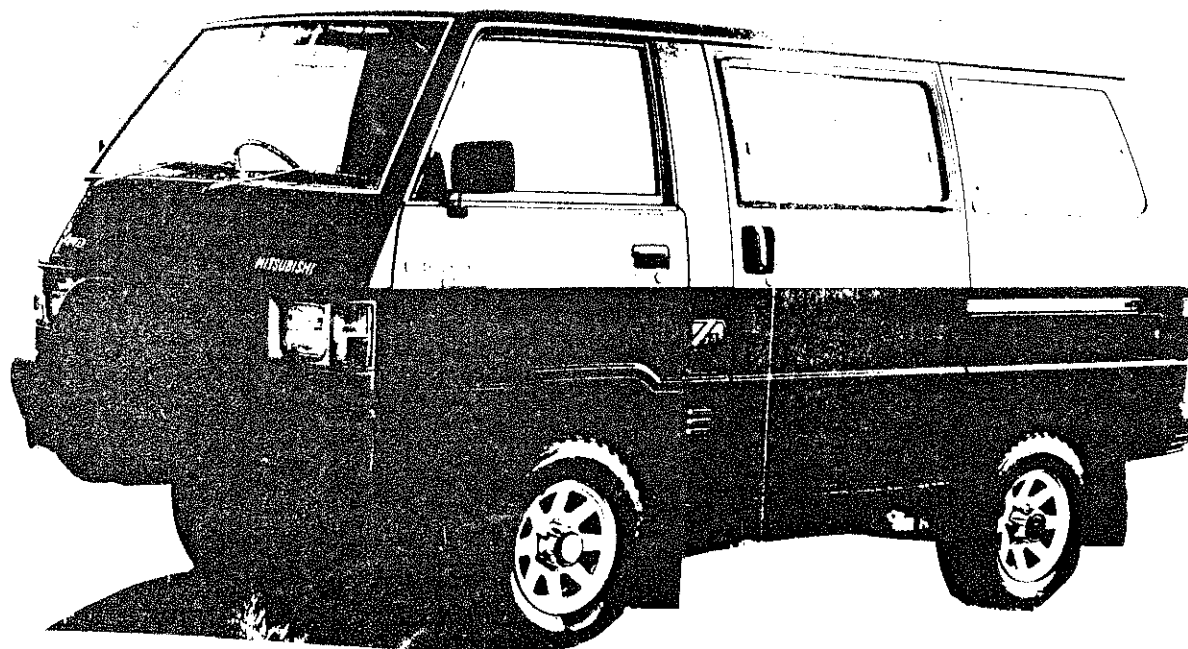


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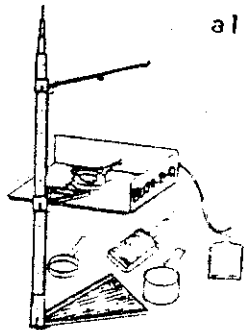
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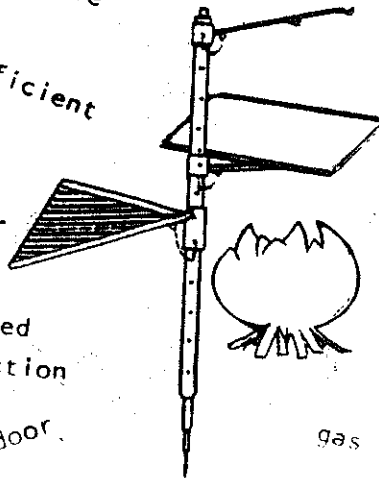


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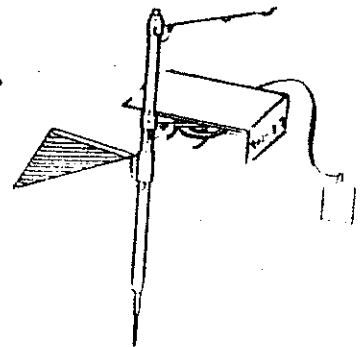
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