

# Stockton Beach November 09

Trip report by Steve Lee no, that's right, he was too late to write it so  
Trip report by Wendy Yee-Dempster



## Attendees-

Chris "Fearless leader" – mega-modified GU  
Ross - the oldest piece of red rust running Troopy  
Michael "tail-end Charlie" ever reliable GQ  
Mark, Peter & James- Trusty twin cab Hilux  
Claire & Jenny – house on wheels soon  
Steve & Laura – GQ battle wagon  
Scott n Wendy – GQ still going strong  
John & Pamela – new Pathfinder, for a while anyway  
Mike and Liz – new Pathfinder that survived  
Robb & Simone- older Pathfinder rarely beaten  
Murray, Jody & Sarah – not scared of the dark GU  
Lawrence- who's bogged again?  
Fred and Robin  
George and the family- the cleanest, shiniest GQ ever  
Dave and mate, only on Sundays

After arriving at the meeting point at Lavis Lane, picked up permits, we set of for the car park with 13 vehicles in tow.

Aired down to 15 Psi and a final briefing on sand driving from "fearless leader" we set off for our first taste of sand (literally with a shovel full coming in the window courtesy of Mickey Thompson MTZs) so, windows up thank you.

Chris led us all over a big figure 8 learner's course which soon sorted out a few tyre pressures and throttle requirements. Off we went again follow the leader.... a few hills a few bogged and a few snatches to keep everyone moving.



We stopped for lunch at the Sygna wreck with a lot of other vehicles camping and fishing.

Wendy had the "ladies room" set up between the cars with the "bucket", you fill it-you empty it policy in place. It all worked well with a few rolled eyes and "what's the world coming to" looks.

That was the lunch time entertainment watching giggling Wendy trying to put the dunny back in the bag, John came to the rescue with a few deft twists the dunny was stowed for transit.

We set off for a drop off and drive back circuit which soon had vehicles stopped and stuck on the exit point. Wendy earned a few beers recovering a few bogged ones, well a lot really.

While the others were waiting they observed a healthily large brown snake make a run for it away from our tracks, before we came back.



Of for a tour thru the Fort Wallace WW2 proving range, which showed some armour piercing that would stop a GQ, probably, definitely a Toyota!



Off again up and over round & round we go, whoops, do Pathfinders normally pour green water out of their chin?

John and Pamela's car has retired hurt after copping an uppercut from a small crest that modified the radiator and surrounds, not in a good way. A Patrol is looking good? Some bush remedies tried to stem the flow of radiator fluid but too much damage had occurred.

The next lesson was towing, with a few auto wagons enlisted to recover the disabled Pathy to Anna Bay Claire towed Chris who towed the Pathy, the tow was accomplished smoothly and efficiently, with Claire giggling all the way, as usual.

I was in the latter group following the red rust rocket of Ross fishtailing all over the beach and noticed his tyres looked a bit odd, so we stopped to change the tyre.

Off we go again and now the red rust rocket is blowing black smoke and, sure enough, stopped again. All was not well with some oil leaking out. After letting the old girl cool down, the water pump was now not well.

The rest of the group had returned from delivering the Pathy from evil and heading off to the evening's camp site.

Murray, Jody and Sarah towed Ross and his truck into town and left him with family and made their way to a more civilised camping spot to join us in the morning. Simone and Robb also headed for their hideaway in town.

Well the remaining vehicles headed off and set up camp.



After the obligatory photo on the leather lounge suite, yes, a leather lounge suite, slightly water logged, we've got the pics to prove it! Didn't know Freedom delivered that far!!

With the wagons in a circle, tents up, showers running and the horses doovers and drinkies out, the socialising began, with stories of Devon and numbing and someone extended an invite to the locals, and we were soon swamped by squadrons of Hexham Greys, the fiercest, fattest blood transfusion

system in the world. Out with the Aerogard, which they loved, plan B was to cover up.

Scotto went to put on a jumper truckies and long socks, and was later found with the long socks on and fast asleep. After a few more bebies everyone wandered off to bed.

Sunday morning the camp was packed away and we headed back to meet the townies by the lagoon.



Off we go following fearless leader, who kept finding the soft stuff and required some assistance to continue.

A BIG dune was found and, like Lemmings, off we went one after the other over the edge.

A few more hills and a few more recoveries, and some quite amazing feats, from the remaining Pathfinders on a few of the climbs. It was getting towards

midday and we hadn't broken anything, yet! So lunch was calling from Samurai beach, so off we went, crawling thru town on 15psi and over to a lovely clothing optional beach, what is it with Chris and nudies?

Some ventured in for a swim and a feed others enjoyed the breeze and the shade and comparing modifications to vehicles and looking at other ideas. Wendy had the "ladies" set up again, seems to be a popular concept, go figure!

From there the group parted ways with some venturing back down the beach, a couple partook in the local fineries of fish and chips before heading back to Sydney.

Hugs and kisses all round with promises to bring a plate for the next club meeting in December, yeah, and that will be all business, NOT!

Thanks to all who attended and made it a fantastic weekend,

Thank you Chris, Michael and Steve, who's experience was invaluable,

Commiserations to those who have scars to heal and repairs to fix.

It will be better next time, armed with a little more knowledge and experience and another lot of newbie's to make you look good! When you stop learning, check your pulse!



Until next time.  
And a merry xmas to all  
Wendy Yee-Dempster