

4x4 Yerranderie

September 19th, 2009

Trip Leader: Glenn Schultz and his trusty stead

Attended by: Andrew and Gaye
Steve and Laura
Georgia and Sir Thomas Mitchell

Our trip started Saturday, Sep 19 with the meeting place being Berrima for a 9:00am start. Surprisingly, everyone was on time, a few decided to visit the local bakery for some fresh local produce. Rolls freshly baked were on the menu then after a quick exchange of rolls between some, we were on the move.

The day was turning out to quite pleasant, no sign of clouds and the sun was starting to show his face and our thoughts were, it could only get better. Everyone had brought their sense of humour.

A quick stop at the lookout in Natti National Park and all let their tyres down for a smoother ride. Our trusty leader was also the photographer for the weekend, a man of many talents and he can cook.

It was soon decided that keeping a fair distance between the cars was the go, as the road was very dusty and it was also a good idea to see just where one was placing the wheels and to admire the scenery.

Morning tea was at Wombeyan Caves a spectacular spot. The girls decided to go exploring and find the Caves (not that they were lost). The boys stayed behind to have secret men's business. The girls soon learnt that to see the caves one needed money something that none of us had (yes, sad to say our wallets or is it purses) were back with the cars. This spot needs a weekend in itself, oh, so much to see so little time.

We were soon on the move heading towards our destination which we were getting excited about. It was a pretty easy going trip into Yerranderie although it was a very long drive. What we didn't realise at that time was Wombeyan would be our one and only stop banking on Yerranderie for lunch.

The road was easy going, only the odd ant hill to climb up and down which didn't really need 4x4 to be engaged, yet, one person still managed to run out of gears (oh, the shame of it, I have to confess it was me) I somehow managed to run out of gears not once but twice over the weekend (one would assume that warrants a fine – well someone has to keep up the revenue for the club and make El Presidentie happy).

After driving for a few hours and lunch time had been and gone, the question over the radio was asked, "How long to go?" Our trusty leader's answer was about 20 mins. One soon learnt do not trust what this man says. He neglected to mention that its 20 mins as the crow flies. Some of us were then on the lookout for low flying ducks.

The scenery between Wombeyan and Yerranderie is very diverse and amazing. Then, the sign we all have been waiting to see 15 min to Yerranderie. There are some very lucky

ducks out there. The caretaker and the locals (the wildlife) were there to greet us and show us to our campsite. No sooner were the motors turned off, lunch was first on one's list.

As is tradition I've noticed with the club a fire must be made, whilst some were practicing their pyrotechnic abilities, others went off to explore. Old machinery is still scattered about the bush and mine shafts have been fenced and it's history sign posted. The town itself has been very well restored. Valerie Lhuede who owns the silver mining town has done an excellent job in its restoration. The whole town is solar powered, 12 volts converted to 240 volts. Silver was discovered by an Aboriginal elder named Werriberri. The caretaker allowed us to go into some of the buildings and have a gander.

The museum was an amazing place with its history written on the walls along with all its artefacts on display. If one has not yet visited this place it well worth the trip, not just for its history but also for its beauty and the locals put on a show.

Happy hour was on around the campfire, where else. After a few drinks and all were relaxed it is amazing what you soon learn about people. Gaye mentioned she is related to Sir Douglas Mawson. For those who don't know Sir Mawson was one of Australia's greatest explorers, noted primarily for his extensive work in Antarctica. His exploration of the continent spanned between 1907 and 1931. Douglas Mawson's face also appeared on the old Australian hundred dollar note. Future trips were also a topic of discussion. The night put on a show and the stars were out in full force, a sight not seen in the city.



Sunday arrived too soon, all packed up, the locals came to say goodbye, even a goanna dropped by. Steve found some eggs and decided to feed the goanna, the goanna took a shine to Steve and decided to give chase, which amused us to no end.

Our next stop would be Dingo Wells. Not much long after our departure, negotiation of a mud puddle had to be made, our fearless leader went

through sliding and almost looking like he may not make the other side.

Andrew whose car has no ground clearance had to find another way around. A search mission was launched and soon an alternative route found. I named this the chicken route, which I was quite happy to take. Laura was driving Steve's car and there were discussions about which way to go. Laura wanted the chicken route, Steve the other. The score - Laura 1 Steve 0.





We arrived at Dingo Wells for lunch and just as we had finished, it came down in bucket loads but the rain did not last long.

Creek crossings were negotiated although not as deep as the ones at River Island. Then along comes the roller coaster road, one look at that had me shaking in my boots.

Our fearless leader and his trusty steed started going up then stopped. I think he said he picked the wrong gear (oh, another fine).

The road looked worse than it was, piece of cake, as suspensions were put to the test.

Soon we arrived at Kanangra Walls, truly spectacular, another place worth having a look. Time for a group photo, sit back and take in the scenery. We went for a bit of a wander, then time to head out.

We arrived at Oberon and between the mud and the dust you could no longer make out what colour the forbies were. Tyres were pumped up, goodbyes were said and all started for home.

An excellent trip and a very tiring trip.

Our thanks to Glenn for a great weekend and to everyone on the trip for making it a great weekend.



Georgia