



Victoria Police Four Wheel Drive Club Newsletter

November 2005

Edition Ten



Upcoming Trips:

- 20th November, Mounted Police Visit
- 2nd December—Xmas Dinner, Curly Joes, Brunswick

President's Report - November 2005

Hi Everyone,

I hope you all backed a winner in the cup.

Induction Information Sheet

The club is still progressing well with the new members Induction Information Sheet being completed. It has information in a summary format about important club rules, by laws and policies.

We all know, most people do not read club rules and by laws, so to ensure all members know something about the more important aspects of the club; the information sheet has been prepared. Once the finishing touches have been done to it, I will send it out to all members so you can be as informed as our new members will be.

Equipment Purchases

The club has recently decided to purchase four UHF hand held radios and a portable air compressor for use on club trips by those members who have not yet bought one of their own. During our discussion about buying the compressor, it was suggested that we should compile a list of equipment thought necessary for the club to own, either as safety equipment, recovery equipment or other equipment for the good management of club trips or the administration of the club.

We already have a satellite phone, first aid kit, UHF hand held radios and the compressor will be acquired in the next couple of weeks. A port-a-winch will be bought after the club winching course is in place, which should be early next year.

If you have a suggestion for any equipment the club should have, email or call me. The equipment list will be discussed at the December club meeting.

That's all for now.

Wayne Morgan
President
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CLUB Classifieds

1 Recovery kit (Complete)	\$175
1 'Big Haul' Hand Winch and Cable	\$250
1 Hi-Lift Jack	\$60
1 Engel Fridge & carry case	\$850

All in excellent condition, Contact Peter Sachon 9247-6405



From the Editor

I would like to start this edition of the club newsletter by thanking those who answered my call for help and took time to put in articles or reports. We have ended up with what I think is a “bumper” issue. However I need more!! Keep them coming.

I had a few teething problems with last issue. This issue I think I have fixed the page numbering system and page 4 will appear only once. Also this month we have got the first installment of the long awaited “Cape York Report”.

I mentioned the need for some articles to reprint to a couple of my friends and I now have a pile of about 20 back issues of 4wd magazines sitting on my desk ,which I must now plow through to see if I can find anything of interest!! Stay tuned to see what I can come up with.

Those of you who attended the Trivia Night would have had a great night. (And I am not only saying that because we were the winning team!!) The challenge is now on for next year for another team to beat the “Cape Yorkers” . Thanks to Gary and Helen for all the work they put in.

Coming up are two more events that how hard working Social Committee have arranged. The visit to the Police Mounted Branch and our Xmas Dinner. See pages 12 and 13 for further details. Hope to see you all there.

Hoping you enjoy this month’s newsletter.

Steve Aicher—Public Relations Officer



and



Present the

Four Wheel Drive *RADIO SHOW*

10 am—11 am every Saturday with Peter Dwyer

ESSENTIAL LISTENING FOR ANYONE WITH A 4X4



Trip Reports

Little Desert Trip

The trip started off to a shaky start with Marcus' new car, a 1995 Discovery this time, had a transmission fluid leak forcing him to leave it at home and arriving at the meeting point 30 minutes late in his sedan. His gear was quickly loaded up in three vehicles and he was in the passenger seat in Corey's car.

It rained all the way to Horsham where we met up with Ray and Bronco then headed on to the Little Desert. We went to the camping area first to set up camp and claim the shelter if it was vacant, but it was being used by the Friends of the National Park who were there conducting a tree planting.

After setting up camp we went off for a drive in the park. The park although a desert is completely covered in vegetation with the sanding tracks cut through. Some of the tracks would have been a bit of fun had it been dry but with the rain the sand was well pack and driving was very easy. We had a good drive around before heading back to the camp for dinner and a quite night around the camp fire.

In the morning the day was clear giving us a good days drive, we headed off towards the central section of the park where a crated was marked on the map, but the area was so heavily vegetated nothing could be seen. It was a good drive there and back and everyone had a good drive.

Sand driving is a bit different to other off road driving and is great fun to have a go at.

Wayne Morgan

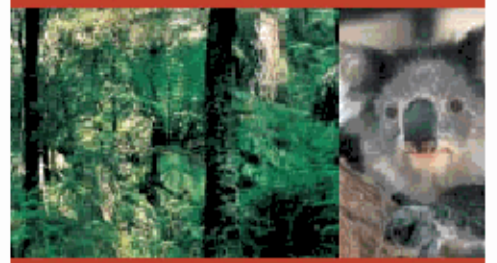


THE BUSH TELEGRAPH

*Report suspicious or destructive
behaviour which puts land, property
or people at risk. Privacy Protected*

132874 24 hrs/7 days

Call the
BUSH TELEGRAPH
number on **13 2874**
to report suspicious activity





4wd TV is a lifestyle/magazine show covering all aspects of the 4wd scene. Each week we feature at least one 4wd competition from Australia or NZ. We have just covered a number of events which depict the fantastic diversity and frequency of local 4wd motor sport.

On September 11 we covered the 4x4Supertrucks event at Calder Park Thunderdome. This was a stadium style presentation with some of Australia's best competitors tackling a variety of man made courses. Highlights were the incredible jumps and wheel stands that thrilled the more than 2000 strong crowd. 4x4Supertrucks is all about bringing the events to the people and for the first time ever in Victoria, spectators were able to see the cream of Aussie trophy class vehicles up close and only half an hour from the CBD. Trent Leen was the overall winner for round 1. The next event is booked for November 27th. Details of this event can be seen on 4wd TV or via www.4x4supertrucks.com.au



From the 17th to the 24th of September we filmed the 8 Day XI at Landcruiser Mountain Park, two hours north of Brisbane. This hardcore winch type event attracted 17 top competitors to tackle what can only be described as 8 days of absolute hell and carnage. Promoted as 8 days of off-road magic the event is one of the toughest and most demanding events we have covered. Competitors regularly broke CVs, drive shafts, winch cables, winches, steering arms and boxes and of course panels! Highlights to be seen on 4wd TV include Brad Cooper's impressive roll on day 1, Bill Lyn rolling twice in one stage on day 2, Fester submerging all but 10 cms of his snorkel in the Brisbane river and Normie Walter's rolling and recovering within time on the last day to take out overall first place.



The weekend of October 1 & 2 found us east of Melbourne for the Vic Winch challenge. This event is an entry level challenge that encourages up and coming and new competitors to get involved and test their skills at extreme driving and recovery under timed conditions. There were 5 rollovers throughout the weekend and plenty of impressive driving. With some of Australia's top competitors on hand to give advice and encouragement the event was a huge success with Craig Elliott rising as the eventual winner. Upcoming events include Mud, Bulls and Music in Qld, Woodpecker in NSW and the WERock Australia rock crawling championships.

4wd TV is created by Simon and Miranda Christie, both members of the Vic Police 4wd Club. Deb and Rod from the club also help out with some filming. For more information visit www.4wdtv.com.au. Don't forget to be watching Australia's only dedicated 4wd show...4wd TV, Thursday nights 7 pm on free to air C31. Cheers,

Simon & Miranda Christie
Directors NIE www.nie.edu.au
Directors 4wd TV www.4wdtv.com.au



Trivia Night Report

The "Victoria Police Four Wheel Drive Club Trivia Night" was held on Friday 28 October at Bell's Hotel.

A good crowd of 31 enjoyed a meal and drinks in the bar before adjourning upstairs for the games and quiz. The night started with a traditional trivia night game of selecting a corner based on a suit of cards. Cards were drawn until only Donna remained to claim the prize. The trivia quiz then commenced with the first 2 sheets of 50 questions each largely based on Australia. Table 3 jumped to an early lead.

A short break to enjoy the finger food was held before moving on to the challenging sheet of matching the words to their meanings. There was some confusion on tables until the format dawned. This exercise proved very popular and was the quietest period of the night with all concentrating. There were, however, squeals of delight when the meaning was discovered to match the word.

The final sheet of trivia was completed and table 3 was announced as winners. Eddie, Barb, Steve, Donna and Pat were each presented with their prize and a Certificate.

I would like to thank everyone who turned up and made it such a good night. People obviously enjoyed themselves judging by the amount of noise and laughter coming from most tables. Thank you also to Bells Hotel for providing the venue and Matt the barman without charge. Thanks to Eddie also for the photos.

Final results: Table 3: Winners	107
Table 2: Wayne's group	98
Table 5: Marcus and Marc's group	93
Table 4: Rod and Deb's group and	
Table 6: Justine's group	equal 88
Table 1: (Who wish to remain anonymous)	75

We now look forward to seeing everyone at the next function: a tour and police horse demonstration, followed by a BBQ, at the Mounted Branch hosted by Marc Drew on Sunday November 20.

Gary MAY.



The Winning Team



The Prez's Team



Cape York Trip Report

*Twas the time between seasons, And all through the house
Packing there's aplenty, Where's this 'quiet as a mouse'?
Magazines, maps all say Cape, Books, websites whisper York
Confidence all going to plan, Why didn't you pack the bloody fork!
Strong clamping of the pod, Chained wheel up on top
Full recovery - all checked ready, Look out Oz we're on the hop.*

After months of planning, the club's first big trip was on its way. Almost!!

Steve and Donna's Suzuki was packed, dogs kenneled, doors locked, engine idling, off to the meet. Eddie and Barbara's diesel Landcruiser packed, fish fed, doors locked, engine dead. So much for the meet. (Warning - don't spend the previous 48 hours moving your truck up and down the 10 metre driveway, Waeco running to the voice of Neil Diamond, extra lights plugged into the back whilst inserting an extra set of shelves. Even with dual batteries something needs a chance to kick over, so out with the jumpstart leads and a friendly neighbourly visit). A call to say we'll catch up and we did - half way up NSW in a town called Cobar.

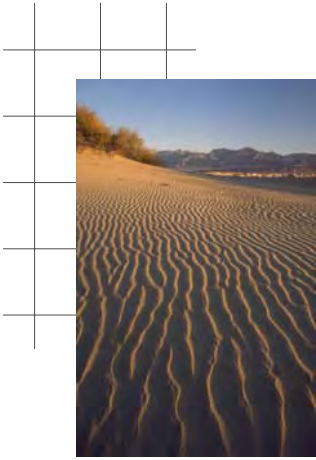
Eddie noticed an occasional loss of power on acceleration on the second day with his little EBO's ([Ed: Eddies reg. plate - we suggested it stood for Eddies Big One](#)) diesel motor and so quite a few times had to call Donna on the two way to wait at the next bakery. Second night's moon smiled down on us in Charleville, a town literally between Birdsville and Brisbane and while the girls were deliberating on their euchre hands that night, the boys were deliberating clutch. What annoyed them was that everything was serviced just before we left and the local 4x4 specialist said that was exactly the problem - the slave cylinder piston was slipping because someone hadn't tightened it correctly. But on the other hand if we continue to lose power, it was the clutch. What that meant if someone didn't have a clutch that can fit a 60 series GXL diesel lying around, it's a fly up job via Cairns. And it was at Charleville everyone met Shirley. She's a bit of a tart really, not frightened to flout her assets in any and every direction and showed no concern who was holding her. Indeed, the number of predicaments we had to physically get our Shirly out of! Well, she did hop along for the ride.

Onwards up the Matilda / Landsborough Highway (one real wish - that the maps could make up their minds and just have the one name that matches everything, road signs, place names, even waterfalls). There was only one slight hiccup on this leg, the replacing of a power steering belt. As pieces of the shredded belt were being pulled out of the motor, the two girls, champagne flutes in hand, were elegantly forwarding directions from their chairs up on the bank. Of course, just as the boys completed surgery a RACQ road assistance vehicle drove past. One thing came out of this - Steve found the Toyota's wiper reservoir cap that had been missing for a few days. At least we could swap it over with the bit of sticky-taped cardboard we were using.



Repairing the fan belt

Going straight up the middle, take a quick look around and the only clue where you were was that the heavy jumpers were now being used as padding to stop that rattle in the back and plants were appearing that you would only see in a nursery back in Melbourne. Yes, the scenery was changing just like our tracksuits had transformed into shorts now the t-shirts were developing into singlets. Outback civilization though was no different - the pub, general store, fuel suppliers, garage (identified by the backlog of waiting vehicles), post office and



Cape York Trip Report

police station quite a few all in one building.

There was a bit of concern about the Kennedy Developmental Road because it wasn't a full red coloured line on the map but we were now between Townsville and the Burke & Wills Roadhouse, north kept beckoning and at dusk next port of call – Mareeba, a worthwhile place for a base camp. It's only 50 kms west of Cairns using the Great Dividing Range as a good windbreak and accessible to numerous locations, Atherton Tableland, Daintree with its military museums and cemeteries, Gordonvale, Port Douglas, Mossman, numerous Aboriginal historical areas, gem fields, lava lodge to name a few. We definitely gave it a check out with our first two night stay.

Ed actually left the place slightly displeased. After how many thousand km of open track, road trains, caravans, Winnebago etc it happened just outside the Mareeba Country Caravan Park. Speedo showing 40 km, an 'L' plater going just as slow in the opposite direction and now a lovely chip right between the driver's eyes. Well, we should have obeyed Donna and Steve's instructions how to get into the Caravan Park – signalling right but have the left indicator flicking whilst going straight ahead and both giving reversing instructions over the two way. At least the windscreen wouldn't have got hit as we would have been standing to one side watching the maestros.

Goodbye black, hello dust. Sitting on the Peninsula Developmental Road, having skipped Cairns and going up to Lakeland, all the pamphlets explain the bitumen peters out to a formed, stony road, with corrugations and potholes. Mind you, the books should have included:- stony, winding, hilly, grids, dips, gullies, many open bouldered creek crossings that pound vehicles and passengers all the way, and then of course those bulldust patches that hide suspension wrenching and axle breaking potholes. You can't open your window to scream agony because you would undoubtedly choke on the dust.

Just south of the township of Laura lies Split Rock, thousand year old Aboriginal Quinkan rock art. We were lucky that a tour guide ([Ed: who had a predilection for Gonads](#)) with a small party just then marched past us and we could eavesdrop on what those animals and hand prints actually represented.

From the Hann River Roadhouse up the Development Road to Archer River. We were going to stop at the historic Musgrave Telegraph Station (nee) Roadhouse. We knew it was built in 1886 and converted to a homestead 1920 because it was written on one of the walls. Now it was a tourist fuel stop with some rather good meals.

That is in fact how all the roadhouses seem to make their profits. When we were there, nobody around but two months earlier you had to pull in just after lunch to get a campsite and everyone recommended fill up immediately. During the peak season you could count twenty cars in the queue and how many times they'd run out of fuel.

Another little annoying fact – for a land steeped in so much black and white man history and items of note we just never seemed to find those sites. But what no one could miss – the termite mounds. And they were big. Some of them were that tall they were even looking down on Steve.

Starting to climb up now, the track became a bit 'wobbly' as we're going along the top of the hills then down (or is it up?) to Coen. A short bakery stop in amongst all the mining relics somewhere in that area then on to the Archer River Roadhouse. Some people said this part of the track is relatively smooth and sandy, but I couldn't write them a nasty letter of



The Peninsula Developmental Road



Cape York Trip Report

complaint because the top of my biro shook off long ago.

Westward ho to the town of Weipa, a large mining town boasting the biggest bauxite mine in the southern hemisphere. You knew you had arrived when ahead of you were huge warning, stop signs and red lights and it was simply an intersection with an incredibly bright orange runway. Well, it was certainly the size of a runway. On stopping and looking left and right onwards rolling into quite a town; luscious green golf-course lawns everywhere, large varieties of exotic trees and flowers, something that actually matched the pamphlets. Lovely, until you left the pleasure of the car's air-conditioning.

Basically you might say two employment options here, either the military base further north or Comalco. We went for a tour around the open mining region and as we approached a truck it kind of grew in size. Parked beside it our bus only reached as high as the hub caps. Now we know what that stop intersection meant – these monsters use roads the size of runways.

At night that place does have beautiful sunsets (that's when those cloudy curtains let you have a peek) but I didn't catch any of those fisherman paradise beauties like the magazine photos – standing on the banks of Albatross Bay fishing rod in hand the water's edge was a kilometre away. Locals blamed it on the lunar positioning and that they only have these freak king tides twice a year. And today was one of them. But the fish were there – one guy standing beside me on the jetty had fun pulling in a 2.5m lemon shark, finally getting it onto the beach and get his lure back. That shark definitely gave him an 'I'll be back with friends' look when he swam off. So before he brought his friends back, onwards we went. Instead of going all the way back to the main road and up, we took a shortcut through the Batavia Downs Homestead station. A private station with cattle meandering all over the place, but they allowed the public to use their track and I'll say never again.



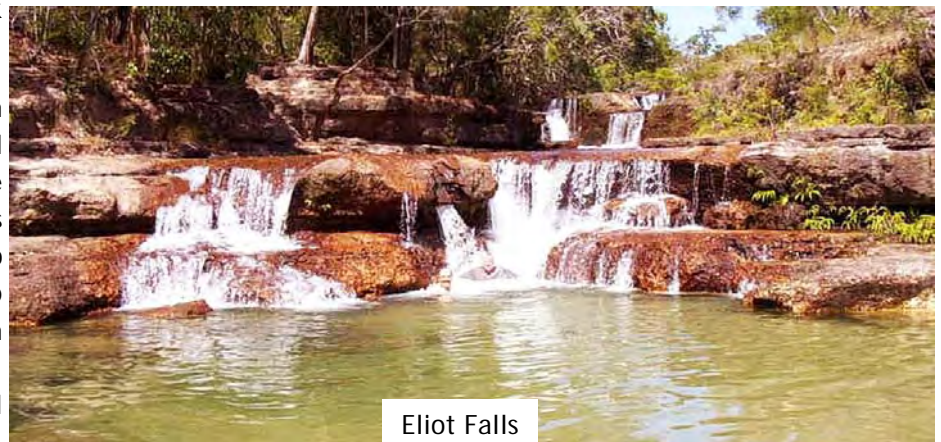
Retightening the Pod Clamps

Then the pod shook itself off its clamps on the Suzuki, luckily Donna was quick enough to feel there was something wrong and they pulled over. Steve, considered in the giraffe strata, was reaching over holding the pod in place, Donna being more of the petite was bouncing up and down to try reach the clamps to retighten them. I wonder if anyone did drive past would they have stopped to assist or to watch?

The other tracks were kept rather in good nick for the military and Comalco road trains, but this one – now that was what the books meant by corrugation. It was only about 40 km and took us what seemed forever. We finally turned left and continued up to the Old Telegraph Road. We'll never complain about track conditions again except those annoying dips full of dust (some called creeks) that if you hit it a bit

hard there is a big bump that Suzi's petrol tank or EBO's bum can explain better.

Up the OT were some rivers and creeks with water in them, two that actually instigated some toe washing. One thing that we do notice is how the tracks were all designed to always have a dogleg on the other bank, so not only do you need to traverse the creek but pick up speed on a curve whilst trying to pop through the bottle neck exit. The deepest creek I think we had (albeit dry) needed 4 Low to avoid



Eliot Falls



Cape York Trip Report

smashing up the petrol tank then have enough guts to crawl up and out, but just as I was pulling over a stately little grandmother glancing over the dashboard of a brand spanking new Patrol, went purring past with a slight nod. She had to look so stately because her neck was supported in a very strong neck brace. At least she had the decency to go down one gear.

On to one of the most photographed scenes up there - Eliot Falls. Up went the tents, on went the togs and into the Saucepan, a lovely deep pool just a bit below the falls. And what a beautiful sautéing it was and even better a long sleep-in next morning until 6 am, compliments of the usual bird call.



First Creek Crossing—Old Telegraph Track

Two more creeks and along came the Jardine River and it was ferry time. After you pay your \$88 fee, careful to have your camera cocked and aimed before you drive on, because next thing is you've crossed and have to drive off. This was a new thing set up with the creation of the Northern Bypass Road (bypassing the nastier creeks). We wondered what was so wrong with the old Jardine crossing so went and had a look if it was feasible to drive over. Forget it. In the dry it might be at most only bonnet deep we think, hard to guess as you can't see the bottom but it's well over 200 feet wide and crocodile signs abound.

And now even more dry - a more ferocious dry. One slab extra light and 2 litres wine per car maximum. Under the new alcohol laws the river is the cut-off point for booze.

Well, just 30 km more to the last town before the tip, Bamaga. It was well packed with tour buses so a bit further up to Seisia and Loyalty Beach campground. Up with the tents, wave at the waves (no swimming because of crocs and sharks), early to bed and ready for that last 30 km.

Day 12 - A nice comb of Suzi's pod, a shake of EBO's filter, some tanning oil for Shirley and on our way. Through the tropical woodland, sweep around the peninsula, around the Jardine dynasty's Somerset homestead ruins, past Frangipani Bay and onto PAJINKA. (Ed: [the indigenous Aboriginal name for the very special place at the tip of Cape York - although we thought it was the tip at the top](#)). Pulling into the car park, indicated by the unfortunate collection of rather over-filled rubbish dispensers is the ruins of what was once a plush resort. Finally, there at the end of the track was one large rocky hill.

Getting closer but now without the cover of the trees it became a strong case of hanging onto your hat rather strongly or else your head would blow off. At the top of this hill before us was a small pebble pyramid. Yes, we're there. No we're not. A sign on it said 'keep going'. Someone thought it was funny; at least it was a good shield to enable changing batteries in the camcorder. On scaling that mini-Everest the sound of surf actually overrode the wind and Endeavour Strait lay before us. There was the real sign - we had arrived at the top!

So many had warned about the lethal wet season and tourist season, we were quickly finding out that the exact opposite is just as lethal - no water - no fresh plants - no insects - no birds - no animals, nothing really to see and as to tourists there is never one around when you need one. Sitting on the edge of Australia, Steve kept hard at work trying to make the auto timer work on his camera for a group photo. There was no one there to go click for us, although in peak season a queue of 100 metres+ has been witnessed. After standing for what seemed eternity hanging onto each other to avoid getting blown off the edge, hopefully the camera worked and before it blew off it's rock time to get back. Even Shirley didn't want to stand around and have her photo taken - a first.

From there down go the tyres and take a look at the beach. At the end of the little cove you could see the track continu



Cape York Trip Report

ing. Suzy went up with a bit of a push but EBO was another story. The run up was good, momentum maintained, but it only needed half a metre, three tyre lengths. Out came the shovels. We needed them anyway to get the shiny 100 series coming from the other direction and trying to use the higher track. First a car full of dust - now a car full of sand. Unanimous decision - to the hills.

Retracing our steps back to Seisia we had to stop for a tree that had decided to try cross the road. A chainsaw job for the council. Not so long ago a shovel, now the bowsaw. No choice, it was either this or sand again.

A bit of a hole out of the treetop, the horrible squeal of fingernails down the blackboard along one side and on our way back to camp. Girls watching boys play in the sand was one thing, but now dragging half a tree off the road, we deserved something nice, and we had used up our quota of wine - not fair.

Disillusioned not really disappointed. The weather may be described as sour. It is a windy place but the locals were agreeing it was years since they had such tornado-like conditions, so bad even the ferry to Thursday Island was cancelled, healthy trees down, all while we were there. And to top it, after some major investigating, it was now proven beyond reasonable doubt someone had left the instructions on how to operate the camcorder he bought two days prior to leaving Melbourne on the lounge. So 15 minutes recording the inside of a carry case with the howl of a tornado will be the final memory of the tip. Time now to start back.



Tree blocking Cape York Road

Barbara Tabaka



Stuck in the Sand



Some Local Color



Our Mascot—"Shirl"



The start of "The Track"



At the tip—Cape York



VICTORIA POLICE 4WD CLUB

INVITES MEMBERS, FAMILY & FRIENDS TO
BBQ LUNCH AT THE VICTORIA POLICE
MOUNTED BRANCH BARRACKS

When: Sunday 20th November 2005
Time: 11am to 2pm
Cost: \$3.00 per Adult, \$1.00 per Child
Includes: BBQ lunch, riding display & tour
BYO Drinks. (No Alcohol)

Where to meet: **Corner Dodd & Grant Streets,
STH MELBOURNE
Melways Ref: 2F G10**

RSVP: By 17th November 2005 to
Justine PHELAN on
mobile 0438 606701



Christmas Function

@

307 Sydney Road, Brunswick 3056



Friday 2nd Dec 2005

6:30pm start

\$30 Head for Dinner

(to be paid in advance - no payments on the night)

Drinks @ Bar prices

RSVP: 25th Nov 2005

Please make payment to :

Treasurer c/o Victorian Police 4Wheel Drive Club

P.O. Box 96 World Trade Centre, Melbourne 3005

Or direct debit to:

BSB: 704 230

A/C No: 100274738

Further details contact:

Mick Barry: 9247 5228

Cam Sanderson: 9380 7212

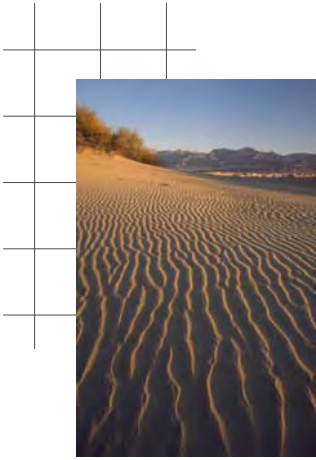


Club Calendar

Date	Details	Rating	Trip Leader
20th November	Mounted Police Social Day & BBQ Cnr Dodd & Grant Sts, South Melbourne	Fun	Justine Phelan on 0438 606701 <u>by 17/11/05</u>
2nd December	Xmas Dinner Curly Joes, 307 Sydney Road Brunswick	Fun	Mick Barry: 9247 5228 Cam Sanderson: 9380 7212 <u>by 25/11/05</u>
4th December	Kids in the Bush: Cystic Fibrosis		Robert Pepper Phone Mobile: 0408 226354 Email: robert@peppernet.org
7th December	Club Meeting Bells Hotel, South Melbourne		
1st February	Club Meeting (1st for 2006) Bells Hotel, South Melbourne		
29th & 30th April	Tallarook 4x4 Roundup, Tallarook	Fun	

For Full Trip Notices & All Details, Please Visit:

www.victoriapolice4wdclub.org.au



The following businesses offer discounts to all Victoria Police 4WD Club members.



Numerous locations throughout Australia
Produce TJM Members Privilege Card available from the club President

www.4wdmegastores.com.au

Time Plus Communications

49 Sydney Road, Brunswick 3056 Phone: 9380 4172
Produce Club Membership Card

www.timeplus.com.au



690 South Road, Moorabbin 3189 Phone: 9532 5558
Produce Club Membership Card

www.allterrain4x4.com.au



511 Whitehorse Road Mitcham 3132
Mobile: 1300 72 4 784

& also at:

94 Puckle Street Moonee Ponds 3039
Phone: 9326 0808

At either store ask for Geoffrey De Graf and produce your Club Membership Card

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meetings

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Women Drivers Olympics

Fifth Place

