

# Warburton 25 – 27 February 2011

Welcome to 2011. No floods, snow, storms or fires that had stopped club trips for months. Lovely weather met the 11 trucks who were ready for a re-invigorating stretch of tyres and testing of goodies, from Wayne's new turbo to Marcus' shiny red devil which he insists will stay for good.

For a trip that was meant to start on a Saturday interesting that all but one rolled up to camp Friday. 5 Toyota -v- 5 Nissan 11<sup>th</sup> car leader – you decide by the photo.



*Our fearless trip leader*

## Saturday 26 February 2011

- 10:29:56 Military briefing, Attendances correct,  
General Marcus presiding
- 10:35:00 General Marcus arrives.
- 10:35:05 General Marcus departs
- 10:35:42 General Marcus re-arrives, this time with maps
- 10:45:15 set your watches
- 10:47:00 start your engines.
- 10:50:07 broom:

For once little EBO, the club's ever faithful 60's landcruiser and constant Tail End Charlie handed that pleasure to Wayne with the club's other 60 series cruiser, proof this is definitely a new look convoy.

It was a beautiful sunny cruise, only problem being the main track had a big padlock on the access gate so slight recalculation. Couldn't be sure who was reading the maps though when you heard numerous "you know where we're going mate?" queries going to the two blokes sitting up front in the red devil. Navigator Mark's soothing and confident replies of course they knew were shattered when Marcus asked can someone confirm we are actually on the Britannia track? Everyone knows my voice, so who did Mark and Marcus have with them when a sexy "300 metres turn left second exit" accidentally (?) came from their truck.

Even her knowledge of direction was questioned when the wagging tail was suddenly passed by the red devil and a few of the others going the other way. The track we were climbing was rather slim and with quite a drop on one side meant a ten rather than three point turn to go back. It was easy though, just as we were looking for a spot to do a 'U' turn we were overtaken by those same guys again. Nope, we were on the right track.

Lunch was in a beautiful picnic ground that shows the pleasures of 4wd, then onwards to get back to base by 5pm.



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Then things got a little bit harder



And rockier



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with snatch straps losing colour



And it started getting sticky



And muddier



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I would like to thank those who helped dig and jack us out of a slight predicament. Unlike some others, EBO didn't leave any paint on the tree where we did the 180° twirl around but it was the couple of small logs where we ended up, springs biting deep into the wood and drive tyres spinning around in mid air. Don't know why the jack didn't sink but finally with a bit of muscle and big shovels up and over. Wayne had a big smile on his face, while we were being snatched out of the bog immediately below that wood he was shovelling away preparing a runway to get himself through easily.

Listening to the directions over the two way on getting onto that log with a "you can do it c'mon you can do it" then the definite loud and proud "I did it" should have warned us.

That's what teams are for and this was a real successful team effort to help those stuck.



And stuck some what. No photos of jocks this time as the mud was that deep it covered his bum.



Winching was useless as it created a bulldozing effect so it had to be a snatch, snatch, snatch from behind,

but when the snatcher needed snatching it was definitely a sight



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Then it became stickier, muddier and now darker



Unfortunately it was around 7pm and even though the rain had stopped it was too dark to take photos to prove to everyone there was no damage to little EBO resting comfortably on its side in the trench. To stop Wayne and Marcus looking down at us shaking their heads 'no way out of this one now', Eddie took a deep breath, turned on the motor and with revs up our little truck made it's own way out and joined the others fully intact. Heads were still shaking, but now in disbelief.

It was late when a tired group made its way back to base, so forget about the steaks - off to the local fish and chips shop. There were plenty of yarns around the rotunda's fireplace while watching the rain come down and in the morning it hadn't stopped so all agreed to call it quits and head home.

Because of such a large turnout I tried to note everyone present and apologies if I missed someone, but Marcus, Mark, Paul, Eddie, Tony, Scott, Evan, Rob, Wayne, Chris, Matt and myself would like to welcome new member Daryl.

Finally - a definite thanks to General Marcus who organised the trip.

Final count for Rule Britannia

- 1 tail light
- 1 back quarter panel
- 4 paint jobs
- 2 mud flaps
- 1 lost shoe
- 5 tons caked sludge - and this is supposed to be summer?