

# Victoria Police 4WD Club 2011 Christmas Party

Saturday, 3<sup>rd</sup> December, 2011. Wombat State Forrest.

Food - Breakfast was a nice Aussie treat, bacon, eggs and bangers. Bronco and Lorraine M-Z rolling up at 7am made sure everything was on the go for the 9am start. Those eggs in the bread that the two Lorraines concoct are a treat and those curious how the fried bread tasted will have to ask Ray as he scoffed the lot.



Ready for Breakfast



Donna supervising the Lorraines

Drinks – Plenty of cold things. Major Marcus and Ensign Electric-Urn were sniffing through every nook and cranny looking for a live plug. Pity no one asked the Ranger to turn the power on.

Weather – After a week of thunder, lightning, rain and flooding, there was a bit of trepidation whether swapping the Muddies for the All Terrain tyres was a good idea. Well, the TV said it was officially summer and too late now.

Numbers were down from last year, probably because of the weather, but us oldies have seen it all before so could take on anything, well almost anything. Little EBO, the club's infamous 60 Landcruiser and always backed up by her brother Wayne's 60 series super duper turbo cruiser; was primed and ready to take on the young bucks. Watching Marcus roll in with Wayne in the passenger seat, well everyone's got enough recovery gear if need be.



What's for breakfast?



Sausages

A very quick club meeting and time to leave. With promises that this time three of us would not be stuck with a left/right ? at the 'T' junction; Bucking Brownie shot off, in slow mo that is. Turned out a treat. Beautiful tracks we hadn't tried before, only one motorcyclist who in fact pulled over to let us through and lovely drive weather.

There were some surprises sprucing up the trip which included long water rides peppered with cute dimple potholes, wheelies spinning around recently down trees, roller coaster rides up dust and down dust, nice tight canoodling between rock faces and plummets down to creek and yippee rides down the rock slide into the creek and 90° sharp right turns straight up the caramel crumble. All covered by a lashing of penetrating dust making its way out of the air ducts onto and into everything.

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Lunch was a refreshing break, the only dislike expressed by all was that the toilet block was barely visible on the horizon. Then off home.



A day of shocks as well:

- EBO was early
- someone has bought the ring but hasn't proposed to her yet
- muddy terrain but never a snatch strap sniff
- heavy clouds and you had to wear sunglasses
- no good electric urn but coffee was hot
- special Christmas prizes and club president Brownie wins main one yet again
- people liked the photo of the flower on the website gallery
- Wayne's new professional you-name-it it's-got-it camera actually works

We've already taken numbers to see what Social Baron Bronco's brewing for our next party.

A fitting ending to the year and 2012 here we come.

