



The Bridle Track

The Bridle Track – Sat 6/3/10 – Sun 7/3/10

Attendees

Ben, Gis, Connor & Zoe Sweetnam – Nissan Patrol (Trip Leader)
Stan & Noelene – Landrover Defender
Glen & Kim Coddington – Mighty Toyota Hilux

Saturday

The trip unofficially started on Friday night with a phone call from Ben apologising in advance for any rain we may get over the weekend as he just realised that Monsoon Mason would be in the same vicinity as us over the weekend!

Glen and Kim met up with Stan and Noelene on the way up and arrived at our meeting point nice and early. Ben, Gis and

kids arrived nice and late! We went to the pie shop in Bathurst for our mandatory breakfast before heading off. The sky was a bit grey but soon cleared up to a beautiful day. We headed off but not before Glen stopped in at Dan Murphy's to finalise the weekend supplied before continuing through Bathurst and towards the Bridle Track. On the way Stan and Noelene got stuck behind a car that was even slower than they were. It must have been bad for Noelene to complain!

We hit the recently tarred Bridle Track. After 15 minutes on tar we decided to rename it Bridle Hwy. Thankfully not long after that we hit the dirt. Ben asked Glen if he bought his chainsaw. No. Ben didn't pack his because he was doing a trial pack for Cape York and Carl was taking his (except Carl is not on this trip) Luckily Noelene bought a Stanley knife!!



We stopped to air down when the Defenders horn decided to pack it in. Along the way we stopped to check out most of the campsites for future visits before arriving at our destination. We set up camp and sat down for lunch and a beverage. Ben had to fix his exhaust again and wire it back up so it didn't fall off. After an hour or so we put the tarp up in case of bad weather as the people that were here before us left so much rubbish in the picnic shelter we were unable to use it. The men took off to get some firewood and set the yabby trap. When they came back we saw Glen had been attacked by mites of some sort from the timber. Gis, Ben, Noelene got out the stop itch, numbing spray (Kim got out surface spray!) to try and sooth the bites. In the mean time Stan broke his aerial while unloading the timber. Glen stayed back at camp silently suffering while Ben and Stan went and got some more timber. When they came back Ben set up the shower for Glen to rinse the nasty bitey things off him as he continued to erupt in a mass of welts. Kim's shower kit was something similar to her first aid kit – dishwashing liquid! Thankfully Gis came to the rescue with some soap. Then came the weird part – Ben OFFERED to wash Glen down which of course Glen accepted with a smile (Is this the beginning of a bro-mance??) Once the bonding was over, Ben started dinner with Kim as the apprentice. Kangaroo Korma and Cous Cous was the meal to be had. Stan got the fire going while dinner was prepared and started briefly on the stove before moving to the camp fire. We all had dinner and moved to the fire where the friendly chatter and laughter continued.

Sunday

Noelene was awake first followed closely y the rest of the camp. Must have had something to do with Noelene liking the sunrise sky. Ben went and checked the yabby trap he, Stan and Glen set the day before. We got 7 exotic yabbies (Ben used tuna with sundried tomato and chilli) and promptly cooked them up for a snack. The sky was starting to look a bit

grey so we all packed up before the rain hit and headed into Hill End camping area for showers as the Saturday weather was so hot and humid. It was here that the rain started but the humidity and flies continued.

We left Hill End after showers and it started pouring. The indicators on the Defender got stuck on again. Don't think it likes the wet weather! We headed towards Sofala then followed the Turon River before turning off towards Sunny Corner. It was still raining very heavy. It was then that Stan advised us that his horn was working again. The Defender must have a mind of its own.

We finally hit the Great Western Hwy for the trip home. The rain was getting heavier as we got closer to Lithgow when all of a sudden we heard a familiar voice – Ron Mason! At least that explained the weather.

We said our goodbyes and headed off home. Thank you Ben for yet another great trip.



