

THE WIL

WELCOME TO THE...
'WORLD FAMOUS'
GLENGARRY HILTON

Outer West Trip Report 14/4 – 22/4

Thursday 14th – Sydney to Dubbo – By Ben
Left Sydney at a reasonable time and made for Dubbo. The plan was to meet the Coddington's in Dubbo tonight and everyone else Friday night. Stopped for McD's in Penrith for breakfast for the kids. Stopped for Mc D's in Orange for lunch for the kids. It was obvious Mum wasn't around and Dad was in charge.

We took our time heading up and made Dubbo around 3.30pm. Set up camp and had a happy hour dinner – no one could be bothered going to much effort. Early to bed, for what was a freezing night. The sky was clear and the stars out and it was so cold. I still had most of our thermals tucked away because I didn't expect it to get that cold until we were further west. No matter, got up in the middle of the night, pulled them out, sorted the kids and went back to bed.

Friday 15th – Dubbo Zoo – By Ben

A nice lazy morning with no reason to rush at all. Had breakfast and got the car sorted (all the warm clothes were out now). I took the kids to Western Plain Zoo with the Coddington's for the day. Awesome, the kids had so much fun looking at all the different animals.

We had lunch at the Zoo and finished our tour before returning to camp. The Fity's rolled into the camp late afternoon, and chairs were set up to watch the show. The Groth's were coming up late and had a room booked, with Brian staying down the road and Stan & Noelene just out of town. We had a quiet night and then off to bed, with tomorrow the official start of the trip.

WORLD WEST



Saturday 16th – Dubbo to Bourke

Sunday 17th by Kim Coddington

Woke to a beautiful morning in Bourke. Today was going to be all about nothing! Ben & kids decided to stay at camp with Nathan, Brian wanted to see the train station and Bourke while the rest of us headed to the Back O Bourke exhibition centres. The centre was really informative and well worth a look if you are ever in Bourke. We then headed to the wharf and saw hundreds of dead fish. We then headed to the train station and decided on a pub lunch and beer. Karina took the lead with John being navigator. Although he was armed with a map of Bourke outlining each of the streets and pubs, we still got lost. The navigator had a hissy fit and quite.

Being in a place like Bourke you would think a pub would have been open for lunch. Nope. Not even the Bowling Club was doing lunch. Our counter lunch and beer soon turned into a pie and latte! Oh well, plenty of beer back at camp. Once we got back to camp we headed off down the river for our paddlewheel cruise. Loads more dead fish along the way. We had planned to drive the 0.5km to the wharf but John thought it was much nicer to walk so we all decided to do the same. Just as we were about to pull into the wharf the heavens opened up. Monica ran the 0.5kms back to camp to shut up the tents as we had all left our screens open (well it started off as a nice day). We found a few beds got wet, almost everyone's chairs were soaked but all was not lost as Karina had packed her hairdryer!

We did a communal cook up. Kim did her super famous pizzas, Groths did a crunchy chicken noodle salad and Shelley cooked a lamb roast. Noelene followed it up with fruit cake.

After dinner we did our daily shackle nominations. Glen dished out the dirt on everyone. Fortunately for Stan and his 3 point turn in the biggest intersection in Bourke, it was nothing on the Groths 9 time tour of Bourke looking for a pub, hissy fits, going through exit only signs to get into IGA and many other things, they were awarded the shackle.

Monday 18th Bourke – Mt Oxley Day trip (By the Fitzy's)

We woke up this morning to a beautiful blue sky, looks like it will be a warm day ahead for our trip to Mt Oxley. Fitzy must have woken up on the wrong side of the bed because he walked into the girl's toilets and got sprung by Monica of all people. "Only Fitzy"!

The Groth's were on time this morning as John had his car running an hour before we were set to leave charging his 2nd battery that runs his fridge.

We finally set off from camp at 10am. 20 minutes in we turned right onto the first piece of dirt for the trip and then we reached the first locked gate. There was another car waiting at the gate when we got there, none of the keys they had been given from the office

would unlock the gate. There were like ten different locks on the gate. We tried the key we had been given and that would not unlock the gate either. We were on the phone to the Information Centre when we found a solution, there was a gate down the paddock that was unlocked and we were able to get through that way. The other car decided to follow us through and stay with us for the trip just in case something else happened along the way.

Once we got up to the top we took some photo's and watched an eagle fly around us waiting for us to leave so he could get his hands on the dead carcass that was near our cars. We then set off to the "Food & Huts by Mt Oxley" for lunch. There was a shelter with BBQ's and toilets, a great camp kitchen and with tables and chairs. The BBQ was lit and I cooked the sausages and our chicken for our lunches. Fitzy went missing for a short time and I was asked the usual question "Where is he?", with my reply of "have a guess, probably on the dunny". The next minute everyone is throwing rocks at the toilet trying to get him out and then he turns up behind the toilet going "what are you all doing?". He wasn't in there at all.....

Just before we were leaving, Fitzy was REALLY on the dunny and Karina barged in on him without knocking... We headed back into town to fill up with fuel and supplies, return the keys to the Info Centre then headed down to the old bridge for another group photo then back to the campsite. A good day was had by all with Brian and Nathan cooking up some lamb curry and casseroles in the camp ovens.

Noelene was given the shiny silver shackle for the day.

Tuesday 19th by Brian Harris

Every one was up early to pack for the part of the trip to Bokhara Huts station. Some were up earlier than others. As I was batching this week and still learning about my new camper trailer I was the last one ready. The Fitzys agreed to be the coffee couriers and we all met in town. Not only were the Fitzys ½ hour late with the coffee run but somehow managed to forget the Sergeant of Arms' coffee order. How this act was not punished by instant shackle award I will never understand.

After a few words between H&W on who was to blame, Ben, our fearless leader took us out of town with only 1 U-turn being required. We headed off to Brewarrina. After a brief stop for fuel we had a look at the Aboriginal fish traps. Then it was a 25 km run north to Bokhara Huts. This is an amazing outback station, set next to the Barwon River. The station owner was only too pleased to show off his latest guest; a six foot python, which had moved in overnight into his work shed. After we set up camp, the night was spent sitting around the camp fire with many of the locals (green frogs, mice and any other insect you can think of.) Then it was time for some sleep ready for the next day of adventure.





Wednesday 20th April – Bush Hilton Day Trip – By Noelene
We started the day slowly with a nice pancake breakfast whilst some went to check out the yabby traps and found them empty with the baits also missing, so we think that we were “yabby rustled!” Karina had insect surgery performed by John when a small fly took up residence in her ear. We left camp at 9.30 am with a mud map from Graham and Cathy the owners of Bakhara Plains. After airing down on Carcool Rd. we proceeded on our adventure going over cattle grids and “Leave them how you find them gates!” We stopped at Narran River for morning tea break where Liam became firmly stuck in the smelly mud and Stan made a quick efficient rescue.

We met a couple at the river who just happened to be the cook at Glengarry Hilton, so after she gave us directions, quickly returned to work to inform them that 7 cars were on their way for lunch. We continued on our way to Glengarry Hilton, brilliantly navigated by Ben our fearless leader and what a very super unique place to have lunch, and the beer was cold. We then had a little walk around taking photos and left at 2 to return to our camp. Graham the owner, and Lobby (the station manager and all round jack of all trades) had drinks and a chat with the men during a spectacular sunset across the flat plains. Some members relaxed around the beaut fire and listened to great and interesting yarns from some very nice friendly country lads. The day was fantastic with great weather, company and country charm.

Thur 21st April – by Nathan and Bradley Gilbert
After spending 2 good days at Bakara Huts, and gorging ourselves on fresh Yabbies, it was time to head off to Pilliga and the Artesian Bore. We had to fill up at Brewarrina first; that done we were off to Walgett, 134kms, on the Kamilaroi Highway which was an easy and uneventful trip. Ben’s gas guzzler needed more gas at Walgett and there were also many required loo breaks; after filling up Ben punched Pilliga into his ‘trusty’ GPS and gave us 2 options: Pilliga on dirt for 80km’s or Pilliga on tar for 130km’s?

We choose the dirt option cause it put us closer to beer o’clock. So we drove down the main road in Walgett and turned left where the Pilliga sign post pointed; and that’s where it went ‘pair shaped’ on Ben’s GPS. He said we were going the wrong way according to his GPS so we turned right, left, right and a few more left and rights; we did at least one illegal U turn then down an alleyway (probably the only one in Walgett) then left and right again and we were, low and behold, back on the road that had the Pilliga sign post!! So Ben was christened 10 turns Ben, or Ben-10 for short.

The road to Pilliga was called Come By Chance road and we were going down it Come What May! We had to wait for a marauding herd of walking Scotch Fillets to cross the road at one stage but apart from that the dirt road option was turning out to be a good road; although Ben’s GPS thought it saw a Ware Wolf run out of the bushes but it turned out to be a baby walking Scotch



Fillet. Just before Pilliga we drove past a 'Road Closed' sign on the tar option we were considering so lucky us; although we later found out the road wasn't closed.

We drove through Pilliga, as it was very quiet, and went straight to the Artesian Bore camp site; Grey Nomads everywhere with rigs ranging from the 'pensioner pack' right up to the 'look at me, look at me pack'. The pool built for the Bore swimming hole was good as were all the facilities and amenities; and free too! We set up a hasty camp and went for a swim with the persistent kids; it was good to wash the mud, not red dust but mud off. A perfect way to end a great trip organised by Ben, 10 cheers for Ben-10.

Friday 22nd April – The Pilliga to Newnes

I woke up early (4am) with a dodgy tummy and was done. Must have been the dodgy curry someone fed me the night before. When I got up, found Nathan already racing to the toilet – someone slipped him a dodgy curry as well. We were splitting up today, John Groth taking most of the group to Lightning Ridge for the Easter festival, Nathan heading to Port Macquarie, Brian returning home and I was off the Newnes to meet Gis, Lachlan, Taps and the Clarkson's for Easter. Chucked the kids in the car, packed up and was away by 5am. I had camped well away from everyone so I wouldn't wake anyone. Thought about tooting as I went past the Coddington's but Monica had already copped enough of the trip so I relented.

Drove on dirt for about 100k's between the Pilliga and Coonabarrabran while it was still dark. I must have seen about 40 kangaroo's all over the road in that time with some darting out onto the road at the last second. Unfortunately one didn't move in time and I clipped it. I checked the car and saw no damage (luckily) and was a good reminder about why we have bull-bars. Made Coonabarrabran for breakfast and fuel. Got the kids changed and the car repacked a bit. Used the Service Station to air up and I was off. I pretty much drove through to Newnes with only toilet stops along the way. The original plan was I would be in News Friday night, but with the early start and good run, I made Newnes just after 11am. The kids were excited to see Gis, after 10 days with just me, they couldn't get out of the car quick enough.

A big thanks to everyone that came, we had so much fun it made it hard to come home.

