

# TRIP REPORT -

MT WALKER RECCIE - DEC 2018

## Participants:

Joachim Berger (Defender) - Trip Leader  
Martin Hogan (Jeep)  
Kevin Roberts (FJ Cruiser)  
Tim Evans (FJ Cruiser)  
Richard Buckle (Isuzu D-Max)  
Nazil Dean (Half a Prado)  
John Vergos and Andrew Vergos (Mighty 80)  
Steve Cail (Ranger Raptor)

## Trip report:

All met at the Shell servo, can't remember who was last but out of the kindness of my heart I volunteered to write the trip report, so here goes... (every word is completely true... honest).

Joachim led us in to the tracks via Lake Lyell and past the Rydal pub (naturally we'd be back later for some post trip hydration).

Labelled as a double black diamond day, the warm up meant no messing about and we were straight in with a run at Hell Hill (or Firetruck hill depending who you ask). Lots of debate was had over which line was best: far left where the trees jump out at you, up the middle where you have to straddle the grand canyon or on the right where everything tastes like chicken. Everyone chose different lines all making it up with no dramas... apart from an alleged near roll-over on the chicken track. No photos exist, therefore it never happened.

Next up was Three Sisters, which were more like the wicked step-mothers involving some very steep hills. The only difficulty witnessed by anyone was Richard trying his hardest to negotiate a particularly difficult steep, rutted section in 2WD. Realising his error he swiftly engaged 4WD and all his lockers (all three?) and when he finally remembered to point the wheels forward he made it up.

Next up was the track down to the lake. Stunning views of the surroundings and people doing lakey things. Lunch was called at a shady spot near the river and banter resumed over meat pies and pavlova. Mainly about whether the Raptor's side-steps would survive the day. Significant money was waged and many would be bitterly disappointed by sundown.

After lunch it was time... the one we'd all been waiting for... to the top of Mt Walker. And this is where the men were sorted from the boys.

As we approached John Vergos Hill (the lower, and some would say more difficult section of Mt Walker), many butts were clenched. Despite some carefully placed spotters and paparazzi, several members of our prestigious club entered a competition to see who could drag their mirrors along the ground the longest. Being on home ground, John took the honours again although it was neck and neck with Martin coming a close second. Although at one point, and I know this is sounding more and more unbelievable with every sentence, we saw a Jeep lift a wheel - Martin got a full 10mm off the ground!

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At this tricky section we also experienced lots of metal on rock and plenty of track building had to take place to avoid any damage... to pride. Kevin's FJ did a sideways jig halfway up and left him with the only option to winch a little. This would turn out to be good practice for later and there were no real dramas with everyone up safe in the end.

Last challenge for the day was the upper section of Mt Walker. Martin in his quadrupled locked Jeep on 37s and detachable cupholders led the way as Joachim took command of spotting given there were a couple of tricky parts to this one. Naz in the Prado tried to follow the same line as Martin but only having half a car quickly become wedged on a particularly nasty looking rock. Facing a bit of a drop off to his left, the winch was set up and tension taken up, only to find out his winch wasn't working... more of that in the shackle nominations or caption competition! Kevin came to the rescue in his FJ taking a more direct line over the rock-step between the trees and hooking up a double line pull through a snatch block attached to a secure tree. After freeing Naz from embarrassment, Kevin climbed up the rest with a bit of right foot. Tim in the other FJ and Steve in the Raptor also made it up with no real issues topping off a well driven day by all.

With John and Joachim choosing not to tempt faith, the rest of us made our way back down the mountain (very slowly!) to join them.

On heading out, despite some very courteous marking of corners and junctions, John somehow took a wrong turn and led the back of the pack out a different way. Back at the pub (where the burgers were great!) Johns sense of direction hadn't improved and he told Steve (who was marking the imaginary junction where John got lost) to drive home in the opposite direction. Hmm...?

Steve (Raptor - sidesteps in tact, sorry maybe next time).