

Trip Reports:

Spontaneous Snow Trip Report

Early Sunday 29 August saw us on the road to meet up with a handful of enthusiastic snow trippers who had answered our late mail call to join us to have a look at the record snowfalls. We met up at



Stephanie and Louise Holden

the Myrtleford cafe for a coffee, prior to heading up along the Buckland River in an attempt to get as close as we could to Mt Selwyn. Joining us were club president David Robinson, Rob Holden and his girls Louise and Stephanie, David Jackson his grandson David, and friend Zach, and new member Dean. We had Molly and Bryn with us in the Pajero.

After a trial crossing of the Buckland River at Gun's track, we paused for an hour or so to effect some urgent repairs to Robbo's patrol which had a problem with perished belts and water entering the air cleaner. We decided to have morning tea during the repairs, which were admirably helped by all adult participants. We were particularly impressed by the extensive supply of tools and equipment from Dean's shorty cruiser, and Robbo's shiny new sidchrome tool sets.

We headed along the Buckland Road intending to travel along the Mt Selwyn Road. The journey was hard going, as many trees had fallen across the road, due to the additional weight of the recent snow and windstorms. Over four hours we travelled around 10km, with a tree clearance required every few hundred meters. Dean came to the fore with his chainsaw, which had a heavy workout during the day, burning up several tanks of fuel. We



Tow tobogganing – hilarious!

finally gave up the attempt within sight of Mt Selwyn (about 4km away from our turnaround point by GPS) when we were confronted with a large tree at 4pm. The return trip took us around 30 minutes.

The kids enjoyed snow ball fights, snow angels, snowman, and snowboarding/surfing on toboggans behind David's new Disco.

Keep an eye out on your email and the website for further spontaneous trips (ie trips thought of on a Friday evening over a beer...) See you on a track somewhere soon, Bethne and Stan Williams



Dave was always cheerful when helping to clear the track.



Dave Jackson's grandson David was a bit tired at the end of the day.