



HAWKESBURY FOUR WHEEL
DRIVE CLUB

BLUE MOUNTAINS
FOUR WHEEL DRIVE CLUB



4 x 4

JAMBOREE ' 82

JAMBOREE COMMITTEE

Colleen COLLINS	Blue Mountains
Kevin COLLINS	Blue Mountains
Mal DAVIDSON	Hawkesbury
Rhys JONES	Blue Mountains
Geoff ROBERTS	Hawkesbury
Jack ROBERTS	Hawkesbury
Fred SIMMONS	Hawkesbury
Paul URQUHART	Blue Mountains

capably supported by the other members of

BLUE MOUNTAINS FOUR WHEEL DRIVE CLUB

and

HAWKESBURY FOUR WHEEL DRIVE CLUB

PREFACE

It all started on the return trip from the Tamworth Get-Together in 1981. Members of both clubs were so impressed with that event that they decided to put it to both clubs to jointly host a similar event in 1982.

And so it was. Both clubs agreed, and jointly, through the nominated committee, we began making ready for :

4 x 4 JAMBOREE ' 82

Where is it going to be held?
How do we notify all the clubs?
How many people do we cater for?
What sort of entertainment do we provide?
What trips do we put on?
What facilities do we provide?
How much is it going to cost, in time, money and effort?

These were just a few of the hundreds of questions which had to be answered before Easter 1982.

Slowly, but surely, over the next 12 months, each question was ticked off, sometimes only to be replaced by another. The cost in money was fairly easy to estimate, in time and effort, not so easy.

With Easter almost upon us, more time was spent arranging prizes, trophies, printing of agendas, packing visitor packs, and of course, childrens lolly packs for the Easter Bunny.

Then, almost overnight, it was Thursday, the day of final preparation, and the Yarramundi Picnic Grounds began to be transformed from the normal sedate area to a bustling scene of tents, caravans and colour. From out of nowhere, a sand pit appeared, a gymkhana course was erected, and the whole area was surrounded in lines of colourful bunting.

By late Thursday and early Friday, visitors started to arrive and we realised....it had started.

This is a story of the greatest Four Wheel Drive event for 1982 :

4 x 4 JAMBOREE ' 82

4x4 JAMBOREE 82



EASTER 1982
APRIL 9TH TO 12TH
YARRAMUNDI PICNIC GROUNDS
NEPEAN RIVER
CASTLEREAGH
00000000000000000000000000



FRIDAY 9th

- AM - REGISTRATION & SETTLE IN.
- PM - HISTORIC/SCENIC TRIPS: GYMKHANA.
- NIGHT - CAMP FIRE - FILM.

SATURDAY 10th

- AM - 8 TRIPS: GYMKHANA: SPORTS.
- PM - SHORT TRIPS: GYMKHANA.
- NIGHT - COUNTRY WESTERN DANCE AT CAMPSITE.

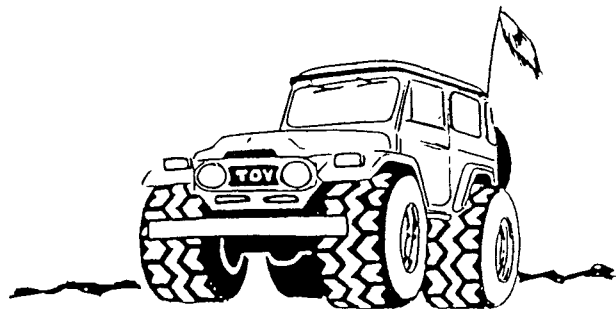
SUNDAY 11th

- AM - EASTER BUNNY: 8 TRIPS: GYMKHANA.
- PM - SHORT TRIPS: GYMKHANA: DAMPER COOKING COMP.
- NIGHT - CAMP FIRE: PRESENTATION OF GYMKHANA PRIZES

MONDAY 12th

- AM - SEVERAL SHORT TRIPS: SPORTS
- PM - DEPARTURE

ADMISSION : \$20 per membership



4x4 JAMBOREE 82



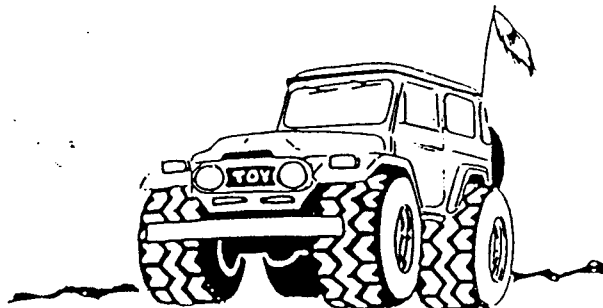
TRIPS



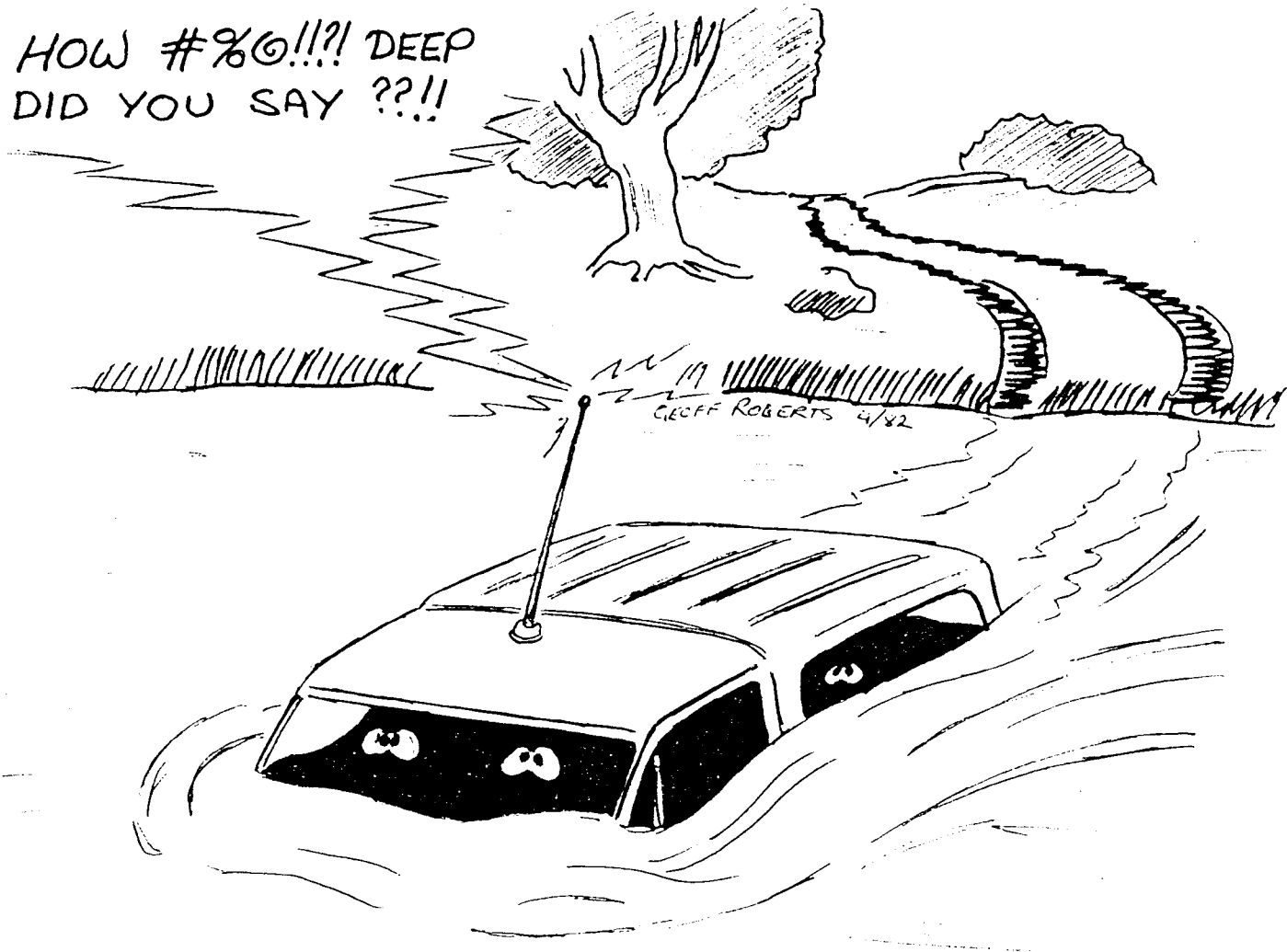
BAALS GAP - NEWNES - GLOW WORM TUNNELS
JENOLAN - KANANGRA - KOWMUNG
HISTORIC TOUR THROUGH MACQUARIE TOWNS
PENRITH - KATOOMBA VIA NATIONAL PARK
KATOOMBA - BLACKHEATH - BELL - MT WILSON SCENIC TOUR
WISEMANS FERRY - ST ALBANS
MCDONALD RIDGE
LAWSON - GLENBROOK
BOWEN MOUNTAIN - MOUNTAIN LAGOON - COLO
COLO HEIGHTS
BOWENFELS
GRASSY HILL - COLO

GYMKHANA

SLALOM - VERY TIGHT
BLINDFOLD SLALOM - FOLLOWING NAVIGATOR DIRECTION
WATER COURSE - TRANSPORTING WATER THRU SLALOM



HOW #%@!!?! DEEP
DID YOU SAY ??!!



GEOFF ROBERTS 4/82

ST ALBANS

One of the unique aspects of the area selected for the Jamboree is it's collection of historically significant sites and constructions. Two trips were planned to visit as many of these areas as possible. The St Albans trip was one of these trips, Trip Leader was Jack Roberts.

Leaving the Jamboree base camp, the convoy proceeded along normal roads to Maroota, near Wisemans Ferry. There can be found a surveyors peg marking the site where a pioneering surveyor met his doom. He died of thirst, less than 1 kilometer from an abundant supply of fresh water. On a bit further to a nearby private property to observe several sites of ancient aboriginal carvings. From here it was a short journey to Hawkins Lookout to sample the picturesque views over the Hawkesbury River. One unique site in the area was the Court House Rock, which apparently is still registered as a Court House.

Once over the Wisemans Ferry, the convoy participants were able to see the incredible Convict stonework on the bridges and roadside along the bottom end of the Old Northern Road. Of course, what is an history trip without a graveyard. On the way to St Albans, past the old roadhouses, the old graveyard, on the banks of the McDonald River, was visited. Down the road a little was St Albans where lunch was enjoyed.

After crossing the bridge at St Albans, the convoy proceeded along the opposite bank stopping to see the old stone church, which was never completed, but was used once for a wedding. From there the McDonald Ridge was followed to once again visit more aboriginal carvings of kangaroos.

The trip back to base camp crossed more private property and a unique picnic ground where a castle is being constructed in the surrounding hills.

Thanks to all who attended this trip.

GLOW WORM TUNNEL

The Glow Worm Tunnel at Newnes is a unique, spectacular wonder which was a must for inclusion in the Jamboree Agenda. Although there was a substantial amount of tar roading involved, the end result certainly justifies the journey. Trip Leaders during the weekend were Kevin and Colleen Collins.

Scheduled for departure at 8.00am sharp, but 8.30 and still the convoy had not left. Someone(s) had forgotten torches. Soon the convoy was motoring along the Bell Road heading for the turnoff at Clarence. Here the normally treacherous, 'slippery' tracks were somewhat drier and safer than usual and it wasn't long before all were enjoying a relaxing cuppa near the Pine plantation.

The scenery along the old coach road doesn't change much for some 2 kms, except for the odd 'roo intent on racing you down, or across, the track. Out of nowhere the track suddenly drops into the valley. The descent is, if nothing else, different from the previous 20kms. Winding down over rocky outcrops, decorated by signs painted over the rocks by the local land owners. From this trail a branch-off is located which will lead straight to the tunnel. This branch-off contains most of the interesting driving and didn't disappoint anyone on these trips.

A large, dead fallen tree is the first obstacle. Shorties can usually make it around in one or two attempts, longies take 3 or 4, but unfortunately, Lnadies often take 5 or 6. Before anyone could attempt to negotiate the track around, some manicuring was required to remove a root from the tree. This root posed a threat to any roofrack or high-topped wagon that happened to venture, or slide, near it. With it removed all vehicles made it around without too much trouble.

The next difficult section involves winding around a rather narrow rockface and under some low overhanging rocks. Sounds easy enough, but, on the return trip, the drop is on the passenger side, and you know how hysterical some passengers can get. The sight of a 70 foot shear drop tends to turn some of them white. Once past the rocks, the track looks easy enough.....BUT, one certain stump sometimes jumps out to grab the front wheels in some sort of headlock. This causes an amount of embarrassment for one MQ owner, who will remain nameless...eh Blue.

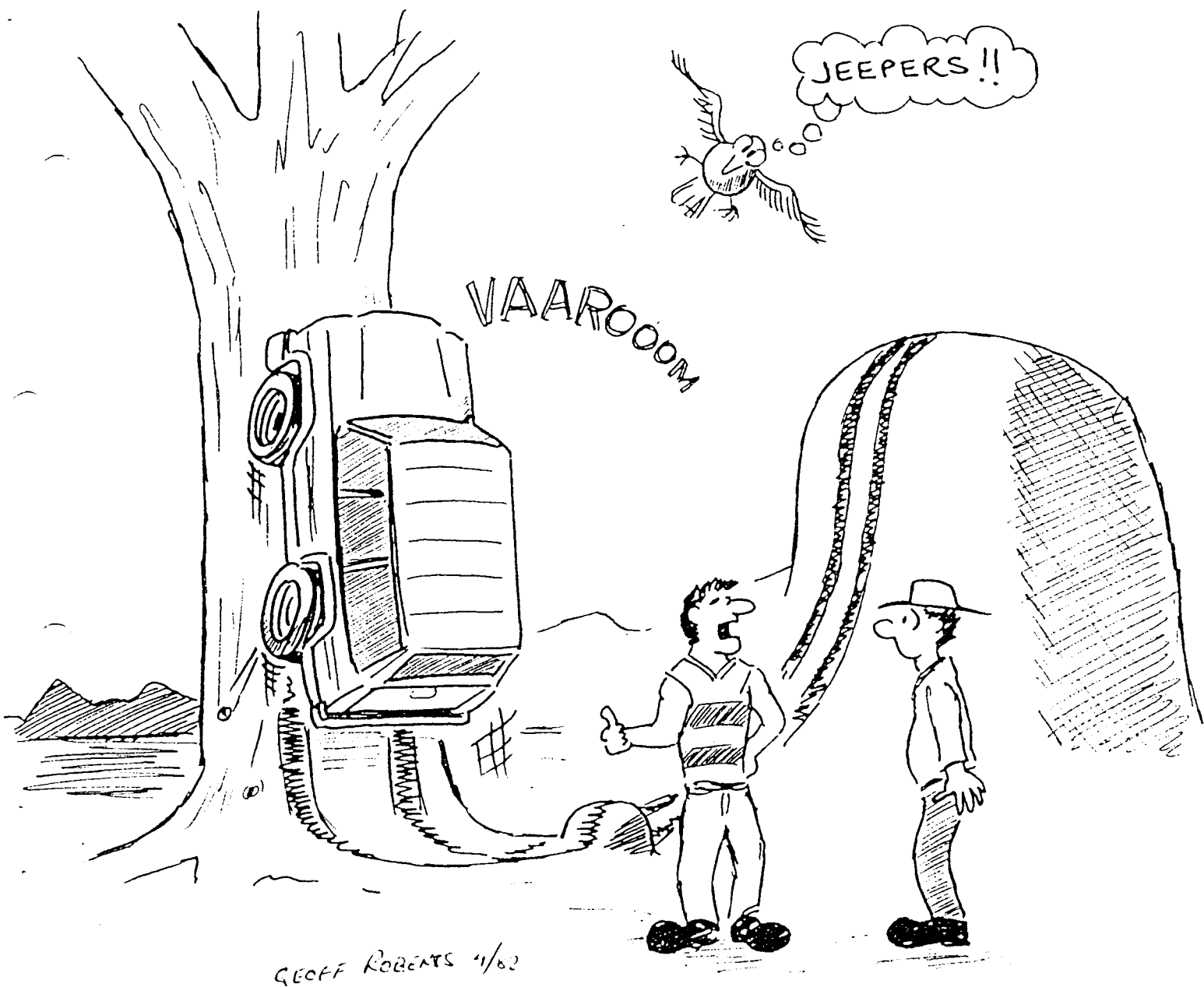
The last track to the tunnels is getting to be a problem all by itself. Slowly, but surely, the track is getting eaten away by an ever-increasing wash-away. At last measurement there is about 2-4 inches to spare.

The tunnel is nothing less than spectacular. Small green lights on an inky black ceiling makes a bright starlit night pale into insignificance.

The return trip only posed problems at the fallen tree. As according

to Newton's law, goin' up ain't as easy as comin' down. The MQ suspension didn't help their drivers, but they all made it under their own steam. Next, the JEEP. Magnificent as it is, IT GOT STUCK. When asked if he had locked his diffs, Len replied....'Eh...what diff lock'. And so a new era had begun. After three years of driving the Cherokee, Len discovered what that funny switch in the glove box was for (stupid place for a switch anyway). He always thought it was to glove box light, but it didn't work, so he never used it.

The trip back to Jamboree Base Camp was relaxing and capped of a great trip.



GEOFF ROBERTS 1/62

LENNYS JUST DISCOVERED
HIS CHEROKEE'S DIFF LOCK.

BOWEN MOUNTAIN

Having recied this trip only two weeks before, I was well aware of what was in store, especially the final river crossing, which on that occasion resembled the Amazon in full flood.

Leaving Jamboree Base Camp, we toured along the tar until reaching Bilpin. Here the fire trail follows the top of the ridge overlooking the peaceful valleys below. Little time could be wasted looking at the sights as the river crossing, at the conclusion of this trip, was certainly going to take a long time to negotiate. Descending into the valley was easy enough except for one large hole. And what a hole it was. It has been described as a murky chasm seemingly intent on devouring everything and anything that ventured near it, and that included a few spectators as well. Somehow everyone seemed to clammer their way clear, that is after their wagons slid around and dangled a few wheels in the air.

The valley provided an excellent venue for morning tea or lunch, depending the arrival time. From here, the climb out consists of a series of short but sloping, rutted, zig-zagging climbs followed by a calm tranqil track through almost rain-forest terrain. The climax to this section is the final scramble up onto tar road. Here the track consist of several large steps with a sudden drop off to one side, just to add to the interest in selecting a suitable line up the hill. With a small amount of rebuilding, the track was made a bit easier and permitted all vehicles to clammer their way up. Some took two or three attempts, but all made it under their own steam. From here to the treacherous river crossing was a few miles of tar road

Boy, what a disappointment. What was four feet deep and fast-flowing several weeks before, now was a mere trickle which hardly wet the hubs. Having warned everyone of what was in store at THE RIVER CROSSING and now to face this 'creek' was rather embaessing, still it did provide a quiet ending to what was a good trip.

Thanks to everyone who came along for the run,,sorry about the river though.

Rhys

MACQUARIE TOWNS

The areas surrounding Windsor (formerly Greenhills) and Richmond abound in history with their convict-constructed buildings, landmarks and quaint colonial atmosphere. To provide visitors with an opportunity to see some of these areas and what they can offer, a guided tour was included in the Jamboree Agenda. Most capably lead by Fred Simons, this trip proved to be a real winner.

It was obvious from the outset that all points of interest could not be visited in the limited time available, however, through the wonders of CB, a running commentary was provided on those spots which were passed by. The first stop was Pitt Town and the Scotts Church, built in 1860, also the nearby farm which was constructed in 1810. A lot of interest was shown in the Oblisk standing on the high point of the 1867 floods. The Old Settlers Arms Hotel, 1830, is a good example of the travellers refuge in those days. On the way to Wilberforce we passed the old Half Way House and Huxleys Blacksmith shop, which has remained in the same family for 5 generations and is still working today. Wilberforce has the oldest existing timber cottage in Australia, Rose Cottage, built in 1798. On to Sackville to see the Oldest existing church in Australia. This is the Presbyterian Church, built by the settlers from sandstone quarried from the river banks. Total cost of the church, a princely £400 (\$800). The trip then visited the Tizana Winery, built in 1860 and still operating. Some difficulty was encountered in extracting some the Willinilly club from here before proceeding on to see St Thomas Church at Sackville.

Windsor was the first stop after lunch to see the oldest pub building in Australia. Built in 1815 as the Macquarie Arms, its name was changed first to the Royal and then back to the Macquarie Arms. Hiding behind the Arms is the Museum, built in 1842 as an Inn. From here on to the Penninsular Inn, built in 1845, and had its name changed to the Court House Inn. This building is seen in the opening of the TV series 'A Country Practice' and much of that series was shot in this area. The colonial buildings in this area are too numerous to list, each with its individual charm and history. The last notable site was that of St Matthews Church at Windsor. Built by convict labour in 1872, the commemorative stone was laid several times, because someone kept on stealing the silver dollar from under it. This church is considered a Francis Greenway masterpiece.

The round trip through Richmond and back to Castlereagh passed many more historically interesting buildings but time did not permit to stop at each. It was really great to see so many people interested in the history and heritage of this country and hope that it won't be too far in the future when I may once again share their most enjoyable company and another escapade. Thanks to all.

Fred Simons



St. Matthews, Windsor in 1855



Norman Lindsay Museum

COLO HEIGHTS

Because of the number of early arrivals on Friday, it was decided that several 'short' trips be organized for those who wanted a bit of action. This was one of those 'short' trips. Trip Leader was Tony Thatcher.

Leaving Jamboree Base Camp just after lunch, a convoy of eight vehicles proceeded along tar road until arriving at the starting point on the Putty Road. The rain, which had been persistent during the previous week, had decided to have a rest today, quite a change seeing that on most of Tony's trips, rain seemed to be a prerequisite.

The trail follows a number of valley floors, meandering through areas of sandy tracts, wooded flats and water crossings ending with a larger-than-life rocky climb back to the Putty Road.

As with many tracks in the area, trail bikes were around and three of them were met early in the trip and again, in more interesting conditions, a bit later. After passing the old rifle range, it wasn't long before the first major creek crossing was encountered. Consisting of several large logs laid 'lengthways', the bridge over was somewhat difficult to negotiate. Driving along about 50 feet of log without falling off isn't all that easy, but most made it without incident, although two 'locals' decided to give a good demo on how easy it was to 'fall off a log' and then get winched back up again. Still no damage to bridge, creek or cars.

The journey from here was pleasant and fairly easy, with many small crossings and climbs handled comfortably. Soon the convoy arrived at the first real obstacle. A rather swollen waterway that seemed rather bottomless. Just as the convoy arrived, so did those trail bikes again. The hardest, and oldest (must have been all of 14) was going to show everyone just how it should be done. Well, he did, but appeared somewhat the worst for wear when he finally emerged out the other side. It was obvious that these guys had to be shown the proper way to cross a creek, and without incident, all managed to cross with a minimum of fuss. An alternate crossing was investigated, but it was no better than the first.

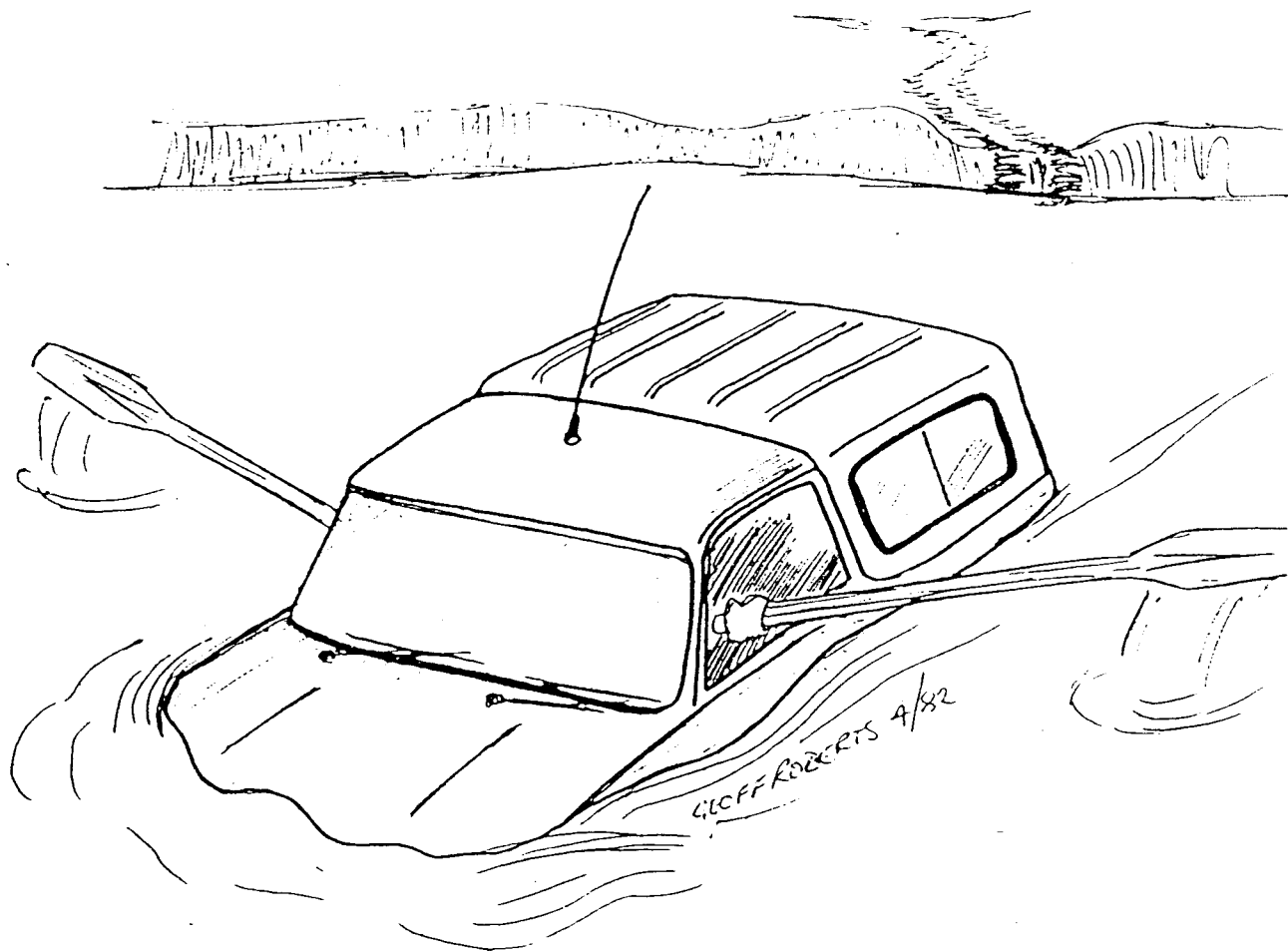
Not so the next crossing. This one was the additional problem of having to change direction, midstream, and negotiate submerged obstacles. As was predicted, all had to be winched through so that a minimum of disruption was caused. However this didn't stop the vehicles from getting completely covered in gunk, not to mention the passengers.

But time was getting away and still the climb was to come. It was decided, that after seeing the state of the hill, a bypass be used. The first attempt at the hill failed, so everyone else went the bypass way. Although a bit longer, this bypass, still a made track, was a bit easier and less time consuming, and it wasn't long before the convoy was back on tar road.

By now, things at the Jamboree Base Camp were becoming somewhat serious. The convoy was about 2 hours overdue and it was time for a rescue team to be formed ready to swing into action. Just as it was about to leave in search of the 'lost patrol', a radio message was received that they were on their way. It was obvious, from the colour of the vehicles, as to why they were late, and equally obvious from their comments, that they all had a good time.

NOTE :

Because of the condition of this track, it was decided by the Jamboree committee to restrict this trip and to later cancel it all together.



WOULD'NT IT HAVE BEEN
EASIER TO BUY A
ROWBOAT, DEAR ?

LONG ANGLE GULLY

This trip was included as a last minute, stop-gap, short trip and turned out to be one of the favourites, being run on all four days. Trip leader Dave Robertson, and on one day Rhys Jones, was able to lead convoys through areas of typical mountain ruggedness and serenity, all in about 2 to 3 hours.

This trip offered a wide variety of 4 wheel drive conditions, ranging from scenic 2 wheel drive sections, almost semi-rain forest in parts as well as several creek crossings. It also provided rocky uphill climbs and a particularly tricky down hill section plus a sandy steep creek exit. All in all providing terrain to suit almost everyone.

On Friday's trip we went through the easier sections of the trip avoiding a series of sandstone "steps", some of which appeared almost formidable, particularly when viewed from the sills of a station wagon. These "steps" looked particularly daunting to some of our northern visitors who remarked on not having traversed this type of terrain before. At the final creek crossing a certain "local" short Toyota has having serious difficulty extracting himself from the creek. Someone jokingly commented "Stick'er in 4WD Jack". The rather embarrassed reply came "I am"..... Yep, you guessed it folks, in 4WD low range,,,but hubs not locked in, for the entire trip to this point.

Shortly afterwards we took a wrong turn and were halted abruptly by a large washout. After considering the depth and width of this chasm it was decided to back track to the correct trail. One extra adventurous NJ60 cruiser decided he could make it. The body twisted, the chassis groaned, the motor went 'ticka ticka ticka tick' and half way through it started to slide. The body twisted a bit more, the chassis groaned a little louder and now the motor roared, but the cruiser continued to slide, straight into the washout. With slightly re-modelled doors, the driver managed to reverse back out, a difficult task in itself, and rejoin the rest.

Score....Track 1.....Toyota 0.

On following days this section was avoided and we tackled the steps instead. Four LARGE steps to be negotiated followed by a sigh of relief after anxiously checking the sills. Climbing cautiously down over the rock shelves, one after the other, several vehicles were heard to emit sincere groaning noises, or did they come from the passengers. It was a bit tricky driving around one particular rock on a sideways camber of about 20 degrees. Certainly brought the heart into the mouth, and turned the faces of some passengers a funny shade or white. Most vehicles managed to scramble their way to the top, some, who took the wrong line, were given tokens of remembrance from the local rock steps. It seemed as though station wagon sills were the "Special of the Day".

The return to camp was an enjoyable end to a great short, but very interesting trip. Our thanks to everyone who attended and made the weekend more interesting and enjoyable. Particular thanks to those from Tamworth and Kempsey who seemed to really enjoy the 'different' terrain.

Dave 'Yowie' & Rhys

JENOLAN STATE FOREST

After lots of talk we finally left Jamboree Base Camp around 9.00am and proceeded up the hill towards Katoomba. Making fair pace we turned onto the Highway only to be greeted by those hoards of holiday makers out for 'a quiet drive in the mountains'. First stop Katoomba, Peter had forgotten to get some ice and the Dunns had desperate need of a pit stop.

Down Mt Victoria Pass and left into Cox's River Road with the tail enders now coughing and spluttering in the clouds of dust (that was the vehicles, not the passengers). Onto Jenolan Caves Road and a short run to Hampton Village. Now get set for the fun. Off the tar and into the forest, up a steep climb and we should be at the fire tower..... Either someone moved the tower or, heaven forbid, I'm lost. Well, we found where they moved to tower to and set down for lunch. After a good feed and a long talk we went down a new track, this one should be easy enough. Oh.... not that we are lost again, but this does seem a little different to the track I was expecting. Getting steeper and steeper and steeper and a steady hand is required to safely arrive at the bottom, which all did without too much trouble. Down through the lower forest to find our way blocked by a fence in the middle of the track. We didn't argue but found our way onto the Jenolan Road and onto Little River.

We proceeded along the track and up the steep slope without any trouble. Pushing on through some incredibly beautiful country, fern filled gullies steep tree studded slopes and arrived at Gibraltar Rock. The view from here could only be described as breath-taking and is a photographers dream.

So with time running out, we drove out through Mini Mini Range and onto tar road again. A quick break at Mount Boyce for coffee before heading into the thick Sydney-bound traffic. Local knowledge allowed us to use as many back streets as possible to avoid the enormous traffic jamb.

Thanks to all parties on this trip, as groups such as this make trips memorable occasions worth while.

Ken & Olga Rumble



YEH.....BUT 13 SECONDS WAS
STILL PRETTY FAST.

GYMKHANNA & CONTEST RESULTS

SLALOM	:	Ken Rumble	Blue Mountains
BLINDFOLD	:	Harold Whitebread	Kempsey
WATERCOURSE	:	Harold Whitebread	Kempsey
CHAMPIONSHIP:		Harold Whitebread	Kempsey

TEENAGE SLALOM		Craig Roberts	Hawkesbury
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CHILDRENS EVENTS

FRISBEE COMPETITION

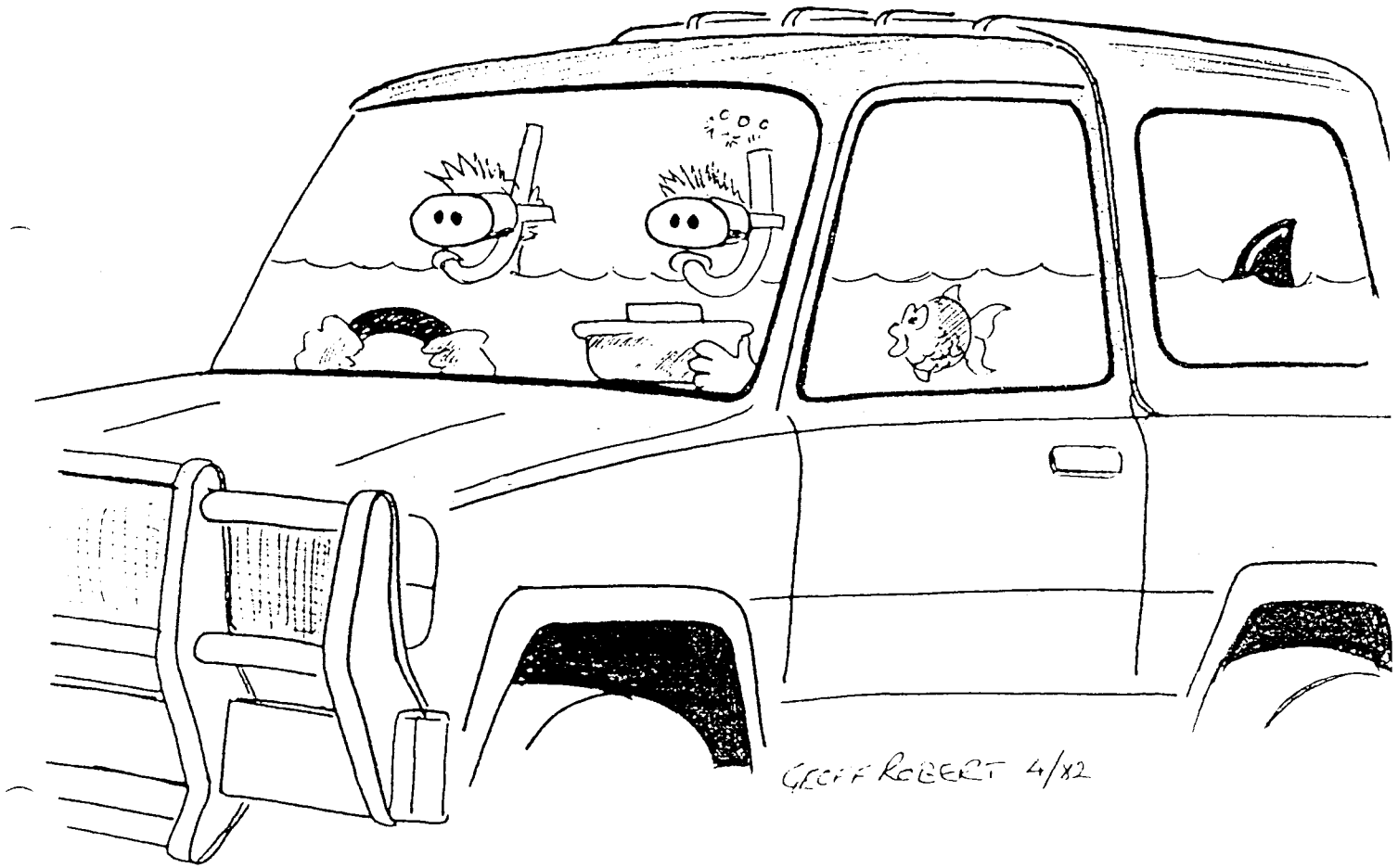
First	Tod Robinson	Toyota
Second	Dean Barber	Hawkesbury
Third	Seth Erskine	BushDriver

JELLY BEAN CONTEST

Winner	Bernadette Urquhart	Blue Mountains
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RAFFLE

First	Tony Thatcher	Hawkesbury
Second	John Huntington	Blue Mountains
Third	Mike Haines	Wollondilly



I THINK WE DID
SPILL A BIT.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

How do you entertain 300 or so people huddled around a camp fire for 3 nights. Well, firstly you try and organise things like films, dance bands etc and then hope like hell that the rain, which has been falling continuously for nearly two weeks, holds off long enough. NOTE when arranging for films, make sure you have the film in your hand before you include it in your agenda. Unfortunately, the film we had arranged, through Leyland, did not arrive in time and Friday night's entertainment required some last minute changes. Many thanks must go to Mike Haines and Co from the Wollondilly club (or was that the Willinilly or Witchery grub tribe), who, at a moments notice, provided an evening of laughs and fun, even a flock of galahs (but no budgerigar).

Saturday night was Square Dance night. With the whole area lit up with 8 1500watt spot lights, a low loader truck as the stage and an area the size of a football field mown short for the dance floor, the scene was set for a grand, outdoor Square Dance. To cut a long story short, it was great, exhausting fun for kids of ALL ages, even my five year old daughter is still jump, clap, jump, clap around the house. It was good to see so many from all clubs get up, leave the cozy fire and enjoy the dance.

Sunday night was presentation night, with over \$500 worth of prizes and trophies to be awarded for all the competitions and events conducted during the Jamboree. The results of these are listed somewhere in this mag. Last but not least, was the Damper Cooking Competition. Somehow, yours truly got conned into being chief taste tester and what a mixed bag of offerings were entered. Some were funny, some were downright bad and others were camp-fire delights.

The camp fire remained the central point for the evenings, with over 20 tons of wood cut and ready to burn, the old fire burnt, non-stop, from Thursday till Tuesday morning and provided a superb venue for a lot of chinwagging and evening drinks.

4 x 4 Jamboree ' 82
Was on at Easter for me and for you
They came from the city and the country
To spend a few days at Yarramundi

Four Wheel Drives of every kind
Some with caravans trailing behind
Headed out for a weekend of fun
The same thought shared by everyone

There was plenty to do for one and all
Or just relax and do nothing at all
Twenty three trips all told were run
Providing all with plenty of fun

From muddy bogs to climbing rocks
View mountain scenes or rivers to cross
Some of it tricky, but not too hard
There was even some history and a vineyard

Gymkhanas of all types for young and old
A Slalom, a Watercourse and a Blindfold
Some went too fast and gathered the stakes
While others were slow, but avoided mistakes

The battle for prizes was keenly fought
The results were closer than we had thought
The judging was hard to find the Grand Champ
But, Harold from Kempsey was named Champ of the Camp

Even the kids had the time of their lives
In the sand pit there and places to hide
The Easter Bunny pleased all the kids
With plenty of lollies and Easter eggs

The evenings were far from being so quiet
With a blazing camp fire every night
Wollondilly provided some fun
And the Square dance exhausted everyone

It's Monday now and time to pack up
Get all that gear back into the truck
And the time for farewells now is here
But we'll see all of you Easter next year.

Rhys..