

**Some times getting  
there is half the fun**



# Team Goose - Western Australia

## Some times getting there is half the fun

People from W.A. often have to go to great lengths to compete in events predominantly held on the East Coast. We are faced with the extremes in distance, time and cost every year. But we always find that just getting there can be half the fun.

In 1990 we had trucked 5 boats from Bunbury W.A. to Hervey Bay Qld, for the national and inaugural World Titles in a Hertz rent-a-truck at a cost of over \$5000. After this we had decided to build a large trailer for future trips as the expense was prohibitive. We had seen the local "Tornado" class trailer in Perth and it was agreed that we spend association funds on building a similar trailer. After all we had the technology and the resources. Who needed plans.

Scott, the skipper of N5.8 #500 was a welder and his parents had a large workshop on the farm with all the necessary gear. A quick sketch was produced on the side of a Port cask and the project was under way. We purchased a new set of axles, hubs and some metal for the sub frame. Each night for a couple of weeks we all meet at the workshop and over a couple of beers work commenced.

The trailer rapidly took shape with the bulk of the materials being sourced from around the farm shed. Other than the main sub frame the trailer was constructed from 1 inch water pipe (farm grade). Sheet metal was obtained from a couple of old billboard signs that had been laying along side the shed.

At this stage little concern was given to the finished weight of the final product. We had put in 1 tonne springs on a tandem axle, standard bearings and trailer brakes being run from the hitch.

We now had a trailer, it was painted bright yellow.

What we didn't have was a vehicle to tow it with. None of us wanted to volunteer our own cars, as this things was starting to look a bit heavy at this stage. We had 5 boats going to Forster, 4 \* 5.8's and 1 \* 5.2. Lucky for us one of the 5.8's decided to tow his own boat over, leaving 4 to go by trailer.

Scott came to the rescue with an old Valiant from the farm. Just like most of the trailer parts this was also just laying around at the farm. It hadn't been used for quite a while and was out of licence. It had a big V8 and was as solid as a rock. A quick paint job and a visit to the local licensing agent and we now had a car to tow the trailer.

This trip was not only the maiden trip for the trailer and the car, but also for most of us. We set about getting the car ready for the trip. This consisted of installing a CD player, CB radio, radar detector, flashing strobe light (I still don't know why) and toggle switches to alternate between the radio and CD player. The wires under the dashboard looked like a spaghetti factory at this stage. A set of spot lights are installed as we plan to drive late into the night and the potential for hitting kangaroos appears quite high, particularly on the Nullarbor.

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We also decided that as the valiant was quite old and had limited gauges we would install a sonic temperature alarm on the engine block. The oil had been changed and a new fuel pump installed. We were ready.

Four people had decided to come in the car and the rest were to fly. In retrospect four was too many, and it should have just been two, which would have left the back seat free for the resting co-driver. Of the four only two were to drive, Scott, and myself as the trailer turned out to be bit of a handful to tow. Our two crew were both young guys, aged 16 and 17.

## **Day 1 (5.00am) 26<sup>th</sup> of December 1991.**

We arrive at Scotts farm to commence our trip East. The boats had been loaded onto the trailer prior to Xmas, all except Scotts. His had been left off as he had some work to do on the hulls prior to making the trip. We had planned to all meet at Scotts and just transfer our gear to the car and leave early. We spent the next one and a half hours loading Scotts boat and gear. Not a good start!

We are finally under way at 6.30am. After fuelling up we head up Roelands hill, this is the climb from the coast up to the top of the scarp at Bunbury. A short, but steep climb and we figure if we get up here, the rest of the trip will be a breeze. We clear the top of the scarp and head East towards Wagin.

We encounter our first problem, rain. It had began to rain quite heavily and the windscreen wipers didn't work. As it was mid summer we hadn't checked the wipers prior to leaving. We push on at a slower speed.

Our speed to date had been 75 – 80 km/hr. We found any speed higher than this created severe swaying of the trailer. We had tried to drive through this swaying to see if it settled down at 90 – 100 km/hr, but the car seemed to struggle with the weight and as it appears that the total weight of the loaded trailer was more than the car. It was decided that it would be too dangerous to attempt any speeds greater than 80km/hr.

The rain continued for a couple of hours and the front windscreen seal also leaked. Water was dripping onto the passenger side floor and the glove box had a couple of inches of water in it. Our cassette tapes were floating around in the glove box.

We are having trouble with any significant hills, as the car is starving for fuel under load. Every time we push the accelerator down too hard to maintain speed up the hills we appear to be sucking air and cannot maintain power without the engine coughing and spluttering. It is thought to be a fuel pump problem, so we are bleeding the fuel pump approximately every 100 kms. Our speed up the hills is being reduced to 60kms/hr.

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At 11.00 am we pass through Newdegate and continue East.

5 kms east of Newdegate we lost a wheel off the trailer. All the studs on the leading wheel on the drivers side had broken off level with the hub. We retrieve the wheel and assess the situation. We need a new hub and nuts for the studs, as we are unable to locate all the broken studs to retrieve the nuts. We unhitch the trailer and leaving our two crew with the trailer while we head back to Newdegate.

It is Boxing day and the entire population of Newdegate (200 people) have gone to the coast for the holidays. The only service station in town is open, but doesn't carry any parts. We are directed to the local wrecker, who also isn't open or home. We find the local tyre dealer's yard who also isn't home. At the rear of his premise in the bush are several old wrecked cars, so we proceed to borrow a couple of car hubs from the wrecks to see if any will fit the trailer. With 3 hubs collected we are ready to head back to the trailer and try our luck.

Well it appears our luck is rapidly running out, as we leave the yard we become bogged in soft sand. We are at the back of an industrial lot on the edge of town, borrowing parts when the owner isn't home, so calling for help didn't seem to be an option. We spend an hour jacking and digging and chocking the tyres before we are free.



Damaged trailer on Day 1

It is now 3.30pm, and back at the trailer we discover that none of the borrowed hubs fit the trailer and that all the studs are fixed in, meaning we can't even just replace the studs.

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Just as we sit there with the map out looking for the closest larger town that may have the parts we require, the farmer from a house not far from where we are has wandered down to see what is happening.

He invites us up to his shed and assures us that there should be something there that will do the job. He has some old 1 tonne holden hubs in the shed, they are the wrong size for fitting the trailer, but we can transfer over the studs to our hub. Even though the studs don't lock in place to prevent the whole stud rotating when we tighten the nuts, but it will get us going. We swap a flagon of port with the farmer for the studs and nuts and return to the trailer.

The only jack we have is the car jack, which won't lift the weight of the trailer, see it gets better. We flag down a passing motorist and borrow their jack. With two jacks working we can lift the frame high enough to fit the wheel and tighten the nuts.

The only problem that we can't fix is the rear of the two trailer springs has turned over (inverted) and is locked tight.

We hook up the trailer and continue on our way. We lost four and half-hours fixing the hub.

The back of the car is sitting very low now and it is suspected that the air bag suspension had been damaged when we lost the trailer wheel.

It is now 7pm and we are just outside of Esperance. We have covered a total distance of 650 kms in 13 hours.

It is starting to get dark and we are soon to discover that when we run high beam, which has the spot lights direct wired in to them, that this over heats the relay switch and we loose all lights. The first time this happens it caused a bit of concern, but we got used to only running the high beam in short bursts.

We push on into the night and arrive at Norseman at 11pm. The carbie is still starving for fuel under load so it is decided to replace the fuel line for the second time since we left. This time we are able to buy proper fuel hose to replace the clear plastic hose we have installed earlier in the day.

### **Day 2 - 27<sup>th</sup> of December 1991.**

By 2am we pass Balladonia roadhouse. A total of 1060 kms now covered. The kangaroos are every where and we still have no high beam that we can run for longer than a couple of seconds. As we leave the lightly treed country for the more open country the kangaroos are getting worse. We have just missed the largest roo I have ever seen by a couple of inches. We are all still awake in the car as all eyes are on roo lookout duty. We now are using the high beam every time it looks like a roo may jump on to the road. Our speed is down to 50 – 60 kms per hour, but the car is running better in the cooler night air, so we push on.

I try to get a couple of hours sleep as Scott drives on. I am woken at 4 am by a change in the tone of the exhaust. As I wake up and look ahead, the Nullarbor looks to be alive with Kangaroos. The change in the tone of the exhaust that had woken me was due to

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Scott running a wombat over. The bloody thing was all ready dead, but he had managed to run a dead wombat over and rip the exhaust from the rear of the front muffler. A closer inspection also revealed we now had pieces of dead wombat flesh all over the back of the car and the trailer.

We are the only car moving at this time and, I can see why. The Service station attendant back at Norseman had tried to warn us of the large numbers of roo's around. But it had suited us to drive on in the cool of the night to reduce the running temperature of the car. We had thought our fuel problems could have been due to fuel vaporising with the high engine temperatures.

It is now around 5am and My trip diary entry states, "Every Kangaroo in Australia has just crossed the Nullarbor in front of the Car".

At 5.30am we pull into Cocklebiddy Service station for fuel and breakfast.

The road is now full of trucks and buses on the move. The roo's are just being mowed down, and the road is blood red in many places. It is just too dangerous for these larger vehicles to swerve.

We now spent the next couple of hours driving around carcasses, swerving from one side to the other. They may be dead , but with our lowered suspension and already damaged exhaust they are still a major threat to us should we hit one.

By mid day the eagles have become the next big problem for us. These large, majestic creatures are cleaning up the road kill. As you approach them they mostly just hop of the road and return to there meal as you pass by. But every now and then one will take flight. These birds take minutes to lift of and we narrowly miss several that just clear the car, and come even closer to the masts secured to the top of the trailer.



Fuel stop on the Nullarbor

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By lunchtime on the second day we have crossed the WA/SA border. The car continues to run hot and we still have fuel pick up problems. We have propped the bonnet open on the first bonnet latch and roped it down to the front bumper in an attempt to get cool air into the engine well.

The further into SA we get, the bigger the rolling hills are getting. We are only just getting up some of the major hills now. At the top of some hills we could walk faster than our top speed. But at 3pm we pass our first vehicle of the trip, a motorised wheel chair. It was lucky we caught him on a down hill section as he could have repassed us back if it had been on an uphill section.

The tail pipe has now worked loose and is knocking under the car. We are getting close to Ceduna and it is decided that we will find some where to spend the night in Ceduna and repair the car in the morning before continuing.

At 7pm we arrive in Ceduna and after booking accommodation in a chalet park we head for the local yacht club and enjoy a meal and a couple of beers. Ceduna is a nice place to break the journey. We had now covered 2077 kms in 2 days (37 hours of non-stop driving).

## Day 3 - 28<sup>th</sup> December 1991

We find a local garage that allowed us to put the car on his pits and allows us to work on the car ourselves. This was a low budget trip and any money spent on the Valiant would be wasted. But we did have time. We spend a couple of hours working on the car. We shifted the fuel pump to the rear of the car to try to solve the fuel pick up problems. We find a loose line leading to the carburettor and re-attach this. The power steering hose is leaking badly, this is fixed. The tail pipe is reattached and we try unsuccessfully to reconnect the front muffler. The air shocks are checked, but the internal air bag has split, so little can be done to fix the suspension.

We leave Ceduna at 10.30 am and continue to head east.

The fuel problem appears to be fixed or is it just that the terrain is much flatter with little or no hills. We are confident now and are reassessing the route. As we had previously decided to avoid any large mountain ranges.

It is still very hot outside, over 40 degrees, and we have been nursing the car along.

Going up hills we continue to waste off considerable speed and at one stage we were passed by a flock of galahs flying by. This caused much laughter on board, as one of our local 5.8's back home is called "A Couple of Galahs".

At 5.30pm we arrive at Port Augusta. Our next big challenge is now only a few km's away. From here we have to climb the ranges from the coastal plain up to the plateau.

We tackle Horrocks Pass and the sonic alarm is screaming its head off for most of the climb. This is a short, but very steep section and our speed is down to about 10kms per

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hour. We are forced to stop half way up as steam rises from the now boiling radiator. We allow it to cool down and add water for the final couple of km's to the top. A big part of the problem was finding some where suitable to pull over after the car started boiling, as this is a very windy and narrow section of road.

The fuel pickup problem continues to plague us. At 11.30 pm we cross into NSW.



## Day 4 - 29<sup>th</sup> December

We arrive at Broken Hill at 12.30am and refuel. The local attendant tries to discourage us from continuing on, as the roo's are reported to be in plague proportion. We tell the



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guy that we have just crossed the Nullarbor at night and they couldn't possibly be any worse than we had already seen.

We hadn't even got out of the 60km/hr zone before we started seeing our first roo's. The area was on the end of a long drought and had just had rain a couple of days earlier. The sides of the road had a nice light green carpet of fresh grass and every roo in the area knew just where their next feed was coming from.

Both side's of the road was lined with roos' and we try to sit in behind a road train, who was just bowling them over. But we didn't have the speed to stay with him and we soon find ourselves with wall to wall roo's and no high beam again.

It is not long before we hit our first one. It had jumped into the rear passengers side door. A quick inspection reveals no damage so we push on. The side of the tailer takes 3 direct hits from large roo's between Broken Hill and Wilcannia.

Our speed is down to 60 – 70 kms/hr as the animal hit count starts to mount. The car takes another 2 light hits in the passengers side door. It's a good thing Valiants are bullet proof. Since leaving Broken Hill we have hit 3 roo's, a dozen rabbits and a fox.

Scott has drifted off to sleep in the front passenger's side seat. A pattern was starting to emerge with me doing most of the late night, early morning driving. We carried 60 litres of fuel and with our low speed it made fuel stops between 4 to 5 hours apart, at which time we changed drivers.

As any one who has driven the Wilcannia / Broken Hill road will know the entire distance is through properties with no stock fences to separate the stock from the road. At regular intervals a road grid is crossed with fencing running parallel to the road for a hundred metres each side. This to redirect the stock away from the grid and off the road. But all it does is trap the sheep inside the fences against the grid with know where to go.

It was as we approached one of these grids that I spotted a herd of sheep on the road and started to slow. Scott had woken in fright and spotted the sheep, but still being half asleep couldn't get out the right words. All he could do was yell "BAA BAA" and point ahead. This brought fits of laughter.

As all in the car were wide awake now they had decide to play with the roos. It is still early in the morning (3-4am) and roo's still line both sides of the road. Most are intent on just getting a meal and ignore the car. Very few move, but when one moves the whole lot moves, and this is dangerous as they cross the road to move as a pack.

As we came across one 's close to the road Scott and the boys wind down the window and yell out "Bang" as we drive past. The roo's scatter and this keeps them amused for quite awhile. But one roo didn't run back into the bush, instead it jumps side ways and starts bounding down the road in the same direction as us. I am unable to stop in time and run up the back of the roo. The roo gets up and shakes its self and jumps off, we check the car, again no real damage. It was decided not to continue playing that game any more.

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We pull into Cobar at 6.30 am for breakfast and refuelling. The trailer has chunks of skin and fur all along the side. During the night we had taken 3 hits in the side of the car, one in the front and several direct hits on the side of the trailer. We had just missed pigs, sheep and wild cats and goats. With an average speed of 60kms/hr neither the car or trailer had sustained any damage.

We climb a large set of ranges between Gilgandra and Coonabarabran. The numbers of cars around us is increasing and our low speed is causing a problem on some of the long inclines. At the top of one incline I pull off the side of the road to allow a long line of cars to pass. The shoulders are rough and pot holed, and after the trailer bottoms out on a large pothole we pull over to check it.

A centre strut on the suspension is cracked and a mudguard is bent. It is 2.30pm and we still have 540 km's to Forster. We decide to carry on and nurse the trailer all the way through and have it repaired when we arrive. We are continuing to have fuel problems. Our speed up many of the hills is down to just 40 kms/hr.

The trailer suspension hasn't worked properly since we lost the wheel back in WA as the rear spring of the trailer is still turned over. This is putting extra pressure on the car's also failed suspension.

Just west of Tamworth at around 5.30pm the left rear axle has shifted and the entire axle has moved across the trailer. The tyre is rubbing on the trailer body and we have worn a groove in the tyre. We spotted the problem when smoke started pouring from the tyre. We fix the springs as best we can along side the road. We have to resort to pulling up white posts to lever and hit the wheel over as we still don't have a jack that will lift the trailer's weight.

We arrive in Tamworth and are unable to find any service station that has someone on duty who will weld the strut or allow Scott to use their welder. We drive on to Moobla and a small local engineering workshop located along side the main road is found, and he is open. We reweld the centre strut, centre both axles and tighten all the bolts. We loosen off the rear trailer spring clamp, which should allow the springs to just float, rather than flex. This should stop it from turning back over. We have come to the conclusion that the weight on the trailer is a little heavy for the springs.

The owner is happy just to help and we leave him with 3/4 of a carton of WA beer in return.

Not bad so far, as it cost us a flagon of port in WA, parts only cost in Ceduna and 3/4 of a carton in NSW.

Its now 7.30pm and all we have to do is cross the Great Dividing Range. We turn at Moobla and head up the ranges. While the climb is not overly steep it has taken us 5 hours to travel 80kms. The cars rear muffler is now nearly right of and is scrapping on the ground every time we hit a bump.

We have climbed so high that we are in low cloud and mist, visibility is limited and we encounter the odd large semi on the road. We are now at the top of the ranges and start to head down. The drop off on the side of the road is almost vertical, or it appears that

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way in the dark. We are now in a light misty rain, still without windscreen wipers. And it is cold.

This route we have chosen is steep, really steep, and narrow, most corners are speed rated at 25 – 35 kms/hr and we are just idling down and riding the brake continuously. But at least for the first time the motor is running cool. We have 50kms of this before we reach the bottom. As we crawl around yet another tight bend the car runs out of fuel and stalls. We hadn't touched the accelerator for quite a while.

The draw on the battery while we idled down the ranges with the CD player, hand held spot light and CB radio on has flattened the battery. We can't start the car. We roll a short distance to a small straight and wait for a car to flag down.

## Day 5 - 30<sup>th</sup> December

It is now 12.30am and traffic is non existent.

By now we are cold and hungry. We had estimated that the last couple of hundred kilometres would take 3 to 4 hours and that we would find tea when we arrived. All that was left was two cans of beans and spaghetti, but no can opener. A screwdriver was used to punch holes in the top and ring spanners are used as makeshift spoons. Desperate times call for desperate measures. The boys decide against eating that night, as it's the same spanners that have kept us rolling for the last 5 days.

We have also entered the 3<sup>rd</sup> day since we last showered.

We all doze off in the car and some time latter Scott is woken by the sound of a truck exhaust brake close by. He frantically tries to wake me as I am in the driver's seat to get me to turn on the park lights. It is a frantic few seconds as I wake and struggle in the dark to find the light switch. I am still more asleep than awake, but we just manage to turn them as the truck rounds the corner behind us, less than 50 metres away. That was probably the closest we had come to actual harm. While the journey to date had been eventful, non-of it was dangerous, that was.

The truck pasted us by before we could get out of the car. Leaving the park lights on we again waited for the next vehicle to flag down. At 3.30am we were awoken by someone banging on the drivers side window. A car had come along and seen us, stopped and walked around with out any of us waking. We get jumped started and head for Forster, arriving at 5.00am on day 5.

We pull up along side the river on Tuncurry side and settle in for a few hours sleep. By the time we wake up it is mid morning and people are walking around, along side the car every where. We had chosen to sleep next to the local fun fair and holiday makers were out and about, but we didn't mind, as we had arrived.

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Loaded trailer at Forster

We spend the next 4 days setting up the boats and sailing on the lake. The weather is very poor with rain and thunderstorms rolling in most nights.

We all sail the titles and WA boats perform reasonably well.

The trailer is left parked on the highway at the turn off into the Sailing Club with a large sign advertising the event.

The sign is latter souvenired and returns to WA.  
Sorry Big Al !

While at Forster we managed to do what 4 kangaroos couldn't do and that was put a dent in the Valiant, but that's another story.

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Team WA at Forster.  
(Sitting on the Valiant)

L – R Ken Bingham (Bingo), Jeff McDoughal , Adam , Nick , Scott Talbot,  
Richard Pearson, Gary (Goose) Gornall, Kevin Cooté.  
Absent – Ken Risling, Brian DeVries.

The four that came by car, are those wearing the yellow shirts.

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## The trip Home

While not as eventful as the trip over, it also had its moments. Some of those are described below.

After the titles we packed up the trailer and car and headed for Newcastle. We were not keen to tackle the Great Dividing Range at the same location that we came down and Piggy had advised us that the route west out of Newcastle was flat.

We headed for "Pigs" place and our first obstacle was a small, but steep hill just before Bulladelah. We were crawling along at 5 kms/hr in first gear in an attempt to get to the top with the radiator boiling. We are forced to pull over and let it cool down and top up with water before continuing.

We made it in to Newcastle latter that day and spent 2 nights at Piggies.

Early on the Monday morning we headed for home, all of us wishing that we could have swapped places with the guys that flew both ways.

At a fuel stop approx 8 hours in to the journey home we discover the trailer lead hadn't been plugged into the car and had been dragging on the road. The plug was long gone and only frayed wires remained. We direct wire the trailer to the car by twitching the wires together.

At Cobar we have problems with the trailer lights and these are fixed. No it wasn't the direct wiring it was an earth problem at the back of the trailer.

Just East of Wilcannia we hit our first roo for the return trip, again no damage.

While refueling at 2.00am just outside of Broken Hill we notice that the spare tyre for the car is not on the trailer and it is assumed to have been left in Forster. A close inspection of the trailer also reveals that we have sustained damage to the side walls on two trailer tyres. One on each side.

You will notice that we didn't learn from driving over, as we again tackled the Broken Hill section during the night. We cross into SA at 4.00am. It has taken 18 hours to reach this point. The same distance going over had taken 29 hours. We were already 11 hours head of time. I pull over and get 2 hours sleep before continuing, the guys hadn't even been aware that I had pulled over.

Just East of Ceduna we pass a car, other than the wheel chair passed on the way over this was the only car that we passed during the entire trip.

The next night just east of the WA border I again pull over and get 4 hours sleep before continuing on. I had pulled over into a truck bay on the Great Australian Bight, only several metres from a vertical drop, off a couple hundred feet. I thought about it afterwards and it probably wasn't the wisest of places to park with 3 guys asleep. Had

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they woken and stepped outside in the dark for a leak, I may have had many forms to fill out, explaining their sudden demise.

The next day the temperature on the Nullarbor is very hot, in certain parts the bitumen is literally melting. Our fuel vaporisation problems have continued all the way home and the hotter the temperature the slower we could go. Our top speed is now down to 60 kms/hr, but we are hopeful of making Norseman by 6.00pm. Norseman recorded temperatures in the mid 40's that day. It was even hotter on the Nullarbor with the bitumen melting in some places.

The last 340 kms into Norseman took 5 and half hours. The car is very close to boiling as we pull into Norseman. The block mounted engine temperature gauge had vibrated loose and hadn't gone off. This along with the fact the since we left Forster the cars temp and fuel gauges hadn't been working. At some stage in the past 5 hours the gear shifter had been knocked into 2<sup>nd</sup> gear and was not noticed as it was covered with a stubby holder over the gear stick.

We head north towards Kalgoorlie in order to access the 24 hour service stations in order that we can continue into the night.

We arrive in Perth at 6.30 am on the 4<sup>th</sup> day. It has been a full day less to come home than the trip over. We only had 180 kms to go to get home to Bunbury.

I hand the driving over to Scott so I could get an hour's sleep, as I had driven most of the night. I warn him that he should get some fuel before going too far, as we no longer had any left in the Jerry cans and the car tank must be getting low. Remember the fuel gauge was no longer working.

But Scott, being Scott ran us out of fuel, only 10 kms from home. We enlisted the help of a local farmer who gave us enough to get home. The trip had ended like it began.

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The trip over had been 4450 kms and we used 920 litres at a cost of \$782.

The return trip had been 4066 km's and we used 792 litres at a cost of \$653.

Fuel prices ranged from 93c on the Nullarbor to 63c at major towns.

Those making the trip had been myself (Goose) and my crew Richard, Scott Talbot and his crew Nick.

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The valiant was used for a couple of months after we returned, it was even given a service where it was found that the fuel problems were related to sediment in the carbide blocking the jets from full flow under load.

As you would expect from a car that had sat for so long before we used it.

The Automatic gear box failed shortly after and we couldn't locate an exchange unit to replace it. Other wise it was destined to make future trips. The car was retired back to the farm.

The trailer made one more trip in 1994 to SA and then it to was also retired to the farm. This time it was towed by a 4 wheel drive troop carrier, where we could sit on 110kms per hour with ease. We had to replace two wheel bearings on route, but at least we had a heavy duty jack this time.

I had kept a trip diary, as this was my first driving trip across the Nullarbor. The entries originally were to record fuel, distances etc, but it soon became apparent that this was to be one of those journeys that would be remembered and spoken about for years to come.

The diary was lost until early this year when it turned up while I was repainting the house to earn some brownie points for this years nationals. And in this the year 25 NACRA it seemed an appropriate time to share the journey with NACRA sailors both new and old.

The trip had started my passion for attending NACRA events.

Remember “**some times getting there can be half the fun**”, so travel to as many Nationals as you can, and use the opportunity to see this great country of ours and forge bonds with fellow competitors that will last a life time.

I know I have.

## Goose

Footnote: My last 3 trips have been solo and completed in under 3 days from Sydney to Perth. This includes stopping and getting several hours sleep in the car on route. The family flys these days and leaves the driving to me.

Fuel prices have ranged from 80 cents in Qld to \$1.30 per litre on the Nullarbor.

Foot/footnote Recent trips in 2005/2006 has seen fuel prices as high as \$1.80/litre.

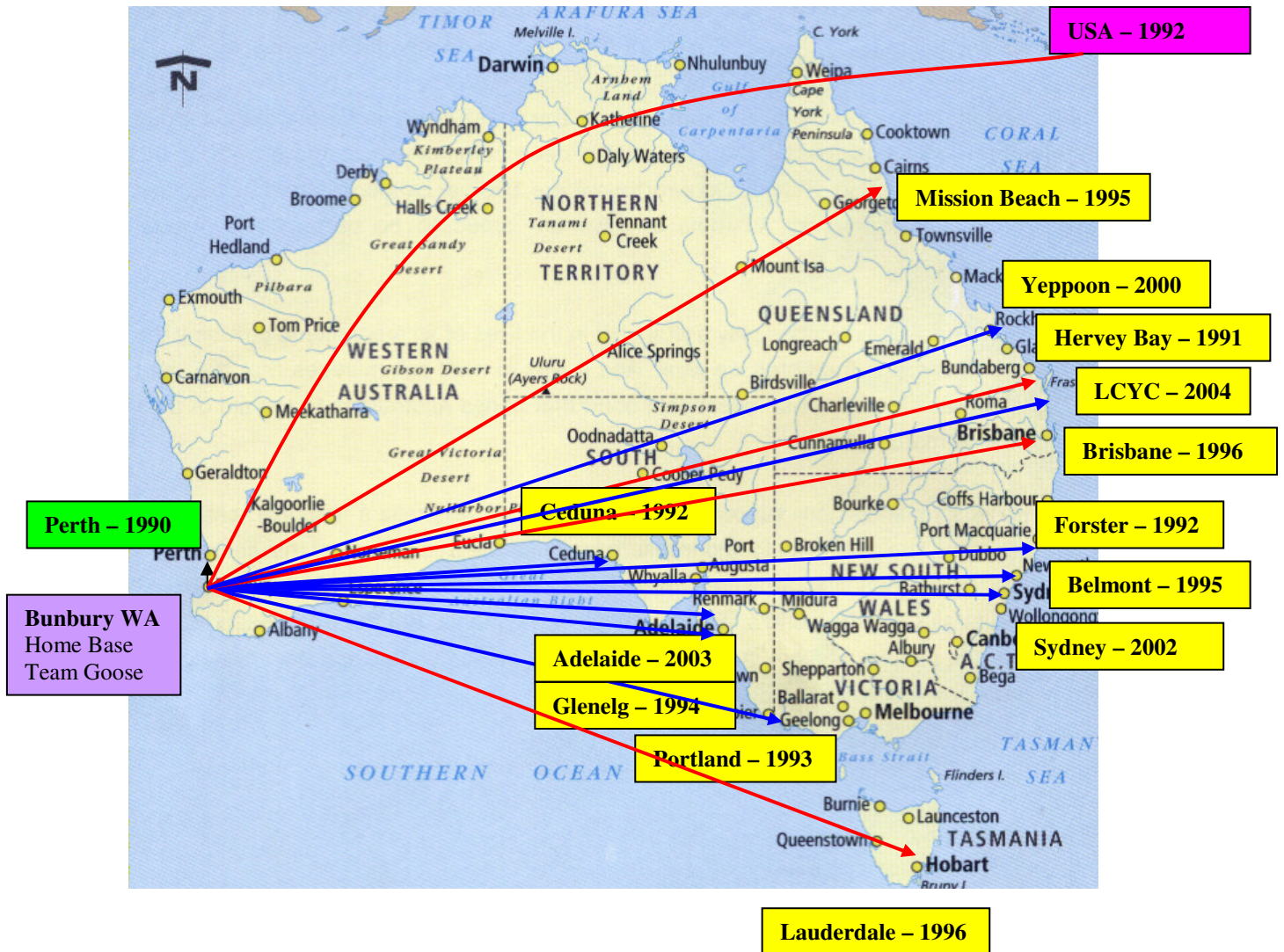
I continue to enjoy each trip, as each one still presents its own unique challenges.



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Summary of my road trips from 1990 – 2004.

Since then I have done 6 more major events in the East Coast, 3 by road and 3 by Air.



Red lines are where I have flown.

Blue lines are the trips where I driven across (just following ‘Highway 1’).

## Summary of major “NACRA” trips

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<b>Year</b>	<b>Venue</b>	<b>Transport</b>	<b>Distance</b>
1990:	Perth - WA National Titles	Drive	400 kms
1991:	Hervey Bay – Queensland National Titles and 1 <sup>st</sup> World Titles	Fly	
1992:	Forster – NSW National Titles	Drive	9,000 kms
1992:	Long Beach – California USA USA Nationals & 2 <sup>nd</sup> World Titles	Fly	
1992:	Purchase N5.8 1220 Drive to Ceduna – SA to pick up boat	Drive	4,200 kms
1993:	Portland – Vic Nationals Titles	Drive	7,000 kms
1994	Glenelg – SA National Titles	Drive	5,400 kms
1995	Belmont – NSW National Tiles & 3 <sup>rd</sup> World Titles	Drive	9,000 kms
1995	Mission Beach – Qld Nth Qld Titles	Fly	
1996	Lauderdale – Tas National Titles	Fly	
1996	Brisbane – Qld State Titles	Fly	
2000	Yeppoon – Qld National Titles & 4 <sup>th</sup> World Titles	Train/Drive	12,000 kms
2002	Sydney – NSW (via Brisbane to pick up new Boat) National Titles	Drive	11,000 kms
2003	Adelaide – SA National Titles	Drive	5,400 kms
2004	LCYC – QLD National Titles	Drive	11,500 kms
2004	Foster – NSW F18 Nationals	Fly	
2005	Sydney – NSW Nationals	Drive	9,000 kms
2005	Airlie Beach – Qld F18 Nationals	Fly	
2005	Victor Harbour – SA Pick up Cherub For son	Drive	6,000 kms
2006	Victor Harbour – SA Nationals	Drive	6,000 kms
2006	Humpty Bong – Qld State Titles	Fly	
2007	<i>Brisbane – Qld Nationals</i>		
2007	<i>Yeppoon – Qld F18 Worlds</i>		