

Starry, Starry Night or the Stars that leak.



At 2.35 on a Saturday afternoon 8 cars were 'going in the right direction', north from Clifton Beach. Being mindful of safe driving, some people were looking for 'points of interest' along the Buchan's Point beachfront but all we saw were model planes flying overhead near the Rex Range lookout.

It was an easy drive to our afternoon stop at Newell Beach for the traditional afternoon smoko break. John was quite taken with Sam's unique CB radio installation skills.

From there we continued on to Miallo to 'Jamie's already famous Monument'.



What a shame it was raining and we all had to stay in our cars and couldn't get a closer look at it! From here Jamie led us to the Rex Range turnoff, to make contact with the Brittons; Margaret had been away on another of her Sydney trips, and claims she has not added to her shoe collection.



As our leader was passing the Julatten Tavern, over the radio we hear ‘shouldn’t we have turned off back there?’



Eight cars did a turn around (supposedly we were there to look at the cane loading facility), and another monument, missed by our trip leader,



Past the Tavern again!!! (What, no Happy Hour), tears in my eyes, past the same pub twice in one day and still no beer, eventually over the radio came, ‘we’ve found the right road!’

As dutiful “Tail End Charlies” we waited at the turn off for Margaret and John to catch up with the group. The road from here was wet and muddy and slippery, with the boys counting the puddles. Dinner time was approaching when Lucky the rooster was spotted beside the road, Sam let him cross, so we all stayed hungry.

Beryl’s running commentary as to the condition of each puddle’s bottom, hard, soft, rough, bumpy, holey etc, kept us all well advised.

As we approached the Bump Track turn off, we could hear the rest of the group planning the dinner stop, obviously unaware of the condition of the track from here to the Quaid road. Margaret’s large suitcase, the biggest I have ever seen, (we were on a **day** trip Margaret) must have been on her side of the car and the weight of the contents, (5 pairs of shoes, pyjamas, coats etc) made the car slide into sideways into one large mud hole. I think I even heard Margaret say “I’m not saying bl@#*&y a word”, something John said he has been waiting years for. With a bit of assistance John backed up for another go and easily made it

through the second time. At the same time Lionel and Sophie decided they did need a bit more mud on their car so took a couple of goes at getting through a slippery patch. Jamie then displayed his axe man impersonation, bruising a tree that had fallen across the road.

The track continued to provide plenty of opportunities to test some wet weather skills, with all drivers displaying good wheel placement and mud spreading techniques.

All the cars made a grand entrance to our dinner spot, slip-sliding on a very well placed mud patch just at the edge of the bitumen dinner area.

Jamie and Beryl announced we would be having a star lit dinner but only they had stars in their eyes!

A tarp was quickly erected between 2 cars with the diners underneath setting up tables, chairs and cooking equipment on the bitumen with the double lines running right through the centre



The stars kept dripping so we set off for home at 8.30. The wild life tally included a huge boar, bandicoot and frog. It was an easy, but still wet slippery muddy drive through Black Mountain Forest to get onto the Kuranda road.

Thanks Jamie and Beryl for a great afternoon and evening trip, keep looking for those monuments!