



Paul's Power-Lines Pie-Warmer Adventure

19th October 2019

Report by Steve Dickens

When Paul runs a trip you just know there will be parts that leave your heart beating and a sense of achievement, and this was one of those such trips

We met at the Mundaring KFC, fortunately too early for a breakfast, Paul the trip leader, Kerry and Steve, Bob Dorizzi, Mike and Clare and Andrew and Hertha, a small but keen group.

As we had all turned up before time it was decided to leave 10 minutes early and we made our way up the Great Eastern Highway for about 2 km where we turned left and entered via the Western Power substation the actual start of the powerline track, we made our way up the track looking out for gaping holes, we pulled over to air down.



It was at this point we had our first drama. Our trusty Hilux decided to not return the valve after airing down. With Steve scratching his head, Kerry enlisted the advice and support from the group and thanks to many, Bob was able to replace the valve, Paul had been seen fiddling in the back of his jeep, nothing unusual really.



We ventured on for about 500m when the trusty Hilux developed a clunky type sound. That's about as technical as Steve gets. Steve got under his car not having a clue what he was looking for but he looked the part, maybe it's the tow bar cried the others, so we dismantled this, Kerry declared after driving over a few rocks that the noise was better, as we went to continue Paul was again fiddling in the back of his jeep. Onwards and upwards we went, inclines, declines, washouts, water, yes, some muddy looking water.



The first playground had Paul check we were all safely up while he did the incline as a decline and the decline as an incline, his Jeep manoeuvred very well and was briefly on 2 wheels, we watched on, admiring his skill and fearless actions.



Morning tea was at a dusty playground with wash outs and water, we remembered past trips that had seen Steve King's son Alan come a cropper in one of these trenches that entered and exited the lake, we chose not to copy. Paul was still fiddling in the back of his jeep, now I was wondering what he was doing, at this point Paul announced, "Great, my

sausage roll is hot", yes you guessed it, he had a pie-warmer and he had been checking on his sausage rolls along the way.

We set off again only to see Paul offer assistance to a dodgy looking commodore or something similar which had a flat battery, conspiracy theories were spoken by many of us, more washouts, tight corners, mud holes, steep inclines and declines, some gasps some other choice words, Paul was good at pointing out chicken tracks but for me it was often after I had passed them duh !!!!!

Now while we drove through dust and soft mud, in Bobs case wet soft mud, Mike had managed to keep his car showroom clean.



We had lunch in an open area near THE mudholes toward the end of the track. Cars manoeuvred and awnings opened we struggled to find shade, but we had just enough, we ate lunch. Paul had a delightful Chicken burger warmed in his pie-warmer, we chatted about the day and the obvious merits of a pie warmer.

We had a great day. Some of those tracks were heart thumping, and adventure was a good way to describe the trip. Well done Paul it was great fun as always.

And those of you worried about the trusty Hilux, it went to the doctor and is now fully back to health. 2x cv shaft assemblies, rebuild front diff \$2025. Ouch! (Wish cars had health insurance...)