



## LANCELIN

Sunday 25 August 2019 \* Out and About 4WD Club Day trip

Trip Leaders: Mike-n-Clare \* Participants: Paul; Bob; Andrew & Hertha

Mike and Clare's 'small-group day trip' planned for a four-hour run to the Lancelin sand dunes, went a bit longer – "just call me 'skipper!'"



The meet and greet was in the carpark at the Currumbine Shopping Centre, morning tea at the Lancelin Bakery on time – so far.

The sand dunes were practically empty apart from a bus load of tourists 'surfing' the big dune near where we aired down. We practiced a few hill descents and ascents on the biggest drivable dune I could find, and once one of our party remembered to engage 4wd we satisfied our hilly skills.



After wandering around the dunes for a while, we thought we would check out the beach conditions which were very soft, but we went anyway. The problem was finding a suitable exit - we did, but at Wedge Island about three hours later!





The beach track was navigable, the beach immediately about the water line was hard and fast, but the tract of sand between was soft and treacherous.

I was the first to 'park up' in the soft sand where a bloke from a rare oncoming group kindly dragged me down to the hard sand at the waterline. Mobile again I managed to get stuck again trying to get back up to the track. Paul came to the rescue this time with a quick snatch strap grab then he led off up the beach.

I caught up to him about 2 kilometres up the beach at a relatively flap open space and called the rest of the convoy through. Andrew came along first but came a cropper about half-way along at a particularly chopped-up soft area. I went back to assist but had to go past him a fair way (about another kilometre) before I could do a 'u' turn, just past where out TEC Bob was waiting patiently.

I finally arrived back at Andrew's location – we were very spread out – drove a little way past him and stopped at the edge of the hard surf zone sand and the treacherous soft sand – but not quite far enough!

Between Andrew's winch and two Maxtrax, our two snatch straps and my two Maxtrax we choreographed a couple of mutual recovers of my 4by and manoeuvring Andrews 4by up onto the four Maxtrax, from where I successfully recovered Andrew onto the hard sand above the surf line.



I went back to retrieve the buried Maxtraxs and Andrew the snatch straps, when Clare, who was sitting in my 4by, beeped the horn when waves started to break on my 4by's front wheel. Andrew and I hastily caught up with Paul, who was an ant size dot further up the beach, then called Bob through who was also an ant sized dot back down the beach – Bob did not get stuck.

The rest of the trip on the beach was incident free when we arrived for lunch at Wedge Island it was now about 3pm. It was still a bit windy at Wedge and lunch was well deserved. After sorting out our joined snatch straps and various shackles we all aired-up and headed home.

Clare and I had a good drive home contemplating the day's recovery events and the great company... it was a great "four-hour" trip!

