



## Sandy Adventure – White Hills to Myalup 17<sup>th</sup> November 2019

By Steve Dickens

Sunday 17th November saw us embark on our Sandy Adventure from White Hills to Preston Beach and beyond to Myalup Beach which is the normal length of the trip

After what seemed like a very long journey arrived at the Falcon Miami Bakehouse, we met Mike and Clare, Doug, Frank and Rosa, Ian and Denise North and Louise Bond, and of course Kerry and Steve as the leaders. We resisted the cream cakes which was hard and instead settled on a coffee.

At the base of the sand dunes at the start of the sandy road we aired down to 18psi, Louise who is new to 4WD, was talking to Kerry ( who was getting out of helping with the air down)

With Doug as tail end Charlie we set off up the last hill and just at the top of the dunes and before the decent to the beach, Kerry took a photo of an advert for a 4WD recovery guy, past experiences fresh in Kerry's mind.



On the Beach we struggled with the sand to keep our vehicles in tracks, it was picturesque with the ocean so close to us and with the seagulls and other birds flying around. It made a nice change from the busy city life.



We stopped for morning tea when I had a déjà vue moment and I had a flashback to the homeland , for in front of me stood a group of males, shorts on having a paddle in the ocean, now back in the Mother land we would have seaside outings to beaches, men would stand ankle deep in water with a 4 knot hankie on their heads and rolled up trouser legs, the view before me was very similar I must say.

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Onwards we went, the terrain was very much the same, we stopped briefly at the Preston Beach amenities before pushing on to Myalup, Louise found a particularly soft sandy spot and was slightly bogged but a few magical words from Mike had her on the move again. I must say the beaches were littered with fishermen and parked 4WD's, some sunbathed, some fished, some sought shelter in tents and lean-tos, but it was a busy beach

Just short of Myalup we stopped for lunch, at this point I noticed something splashing around in the ocean, surely it was not..., no how could it be..., shark or whale or..., hang on a moment. I rubbed my eye. It was Mike who'd gone for a swim, he emerged from the surf exclaiming "that's better!"

We made it to the car park at Myalup, aired up, Kerry gave a debrief and thank you and we were on our way home

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A good trip, lovely views, relaxed, not too much sun and of course watching Mike have a swim.  
Priceless!