

EXERCISE MUGGINS RUN

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It all started as an adventure training idea in Tech. Spt. Platoon. The boys thought that it would be fun to go to the Capel Through the year the trip looked less and less likely to occur. Then, much to everybody's surprise and amazement almost the whole of A Echelon motored off early one morning from Weipa.

The Exercise started on Monday 21 September. With fourteen vehicles leaving all at once, some of the Rifle Coys who saw us depart Weipa could not believe that we were actually going to Cape York. The trip up was marred by several break-downs but this was unavoidable because of the condition of the road, which so often turned into bull-dust. And then there were the countless creek crossings.



With grim determination LCpl. Knight attempts to escape the embarrassment of getting stuck in Cockatoo Creek - and FAILS.



"Technical Support" in need of support to get out of Cockatoo Creek.

Regardless of all the setbacks the convoy finally reached the Jardine River as one group on the first night. At this stage we were advised not to cross the river. We started next morning as a tourist attraction with many civilians observing us with great delight because of our comical attempts at crossing the river.



Win some loose some when your out in front. QM at the head of the convoy crossing the Jardine River heading north on Exercise "Muggins Run"



"Let me out of here" no one changes gear in the middle of the Jardine River.

The Jardine stretches from the West (Gulf) to East (Pacific Ocean) it has many stories about it, particularly of croc's and other man eaters. The width of the river was about 70 metres and it was one metre deep and had a sand floor. It proved to be a time consuming effort because of the weight of the Landrovers and trailers. It took us three hours to get across.



Civies sponging a lift across the Jardine River, heading south to Terafirma.

On the same day we arrived at the Aborigine Reservation town of Bamaga about 20 miles short of the Cape. This was the first civilized town where we had the opportunity to sadly put away our ration packs and eat something decent. The only disappointment of this place was the lack of pubs.



"Where did we go wrong men?"



"The best damn picnic spot in the North" - The Delahunt River on The Cape.

We moved on to the Cape, it was an experience of a life-time for us to stand at the most Northern part of Australia. A lot of people think the Cape is a small town but the population is two and amenities are the camping ground with fresh water.



AAH!!! What a relief to finally reach the top. Cape York Peninsula.



The RAAF arrive "at the top" with a resupply of fuel and empty stubbies - 18 hrs late.

From the Cape we moved back down the West Coast about 15 kilometres to a beach where we camped that night. We invited the local police out to the camp for a barby of (you guessed it) ration packs. Our attempts to get fresh rations had failed.



"Wielding the Wrecker". Exercise Muggins Run. Widening the main road for the return journey to Townsville.

We departed next morning at about 11 a.m. after the Copter arrived with fuel. We made a brief stop at Bamaga then on the track to Townsville. The return trip was the same as the journey up; long, bumpy, dusty and tiring. But it was all a good experience.



"Right of Centre" at the top of Australia. Cape York Peninsula.



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