

**Submission
No 65**

**INQUIRY INTO UNSOLVED MURDERS AND LONG-TERM
MISSING PERSONS CASES IN NEW SOUTH WALES
BETWEEN 1965 AND 2010**

Name: Mr John Dixon

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Submission by John Dixon (can be published including name)

In approximately late November 1985:

I am a Victorian, my best friend Peter and I and our two girlfriends went on a long weekend holiday. The four of us were all aged about 26 or 27. The four of us went from Melbourne and camped at Jamieson, in the Victorian High Country, near Eildon Weir.

Returning home on the Sunday, we blew a tyre. We were on the Black Spur Drive, a heavily forested area with a single lane heading south. We pulled off on the very narrow edge of the road. Then discovered the spare tyre was flat. Healesville was about 15km ahead of us and about 7 km or 8 km behind us was a service station. We thought the service station was the best solution to getting the flat tyre fixed. I stood on the opposite side of the road to our vehicle, with the tyre hoping to get a ride to the service station, leaving my friends to wait at the car.

A 4-wheel drive travelling north pulled over pretty quickly. The vehicle was navy blue possibly two tone, a Pajero or Nissan Patrol.

Two men picked me up; it was obvious straight away that they were brothers as they looked similar. The men were both older than me, late 30s or early 40s. They both had handlebar moustaches. They were both wearing jeans, leather belts, tradie sort of shirts and both had knives on their belts. I explained about the tyre and the men said they would take me to the service station. My friends watched me get into the vehicle. The tyre went into the back, and I jumped into the back seat. Sitting in the back seat I could see that the dashboard had a built-in compass.

In the rear of the vehicle, they had two high powered rifles with scopes. The men didn't talk and kept looking at each other.

I made a bit of small talk, said you guys do a bit of hunting? what do you hunt? They smirked at each other and said mainly deer hunting. After about 10 minutes of driving we came out of the forest and the men said we will take you to the timber mill instead to get your tyre fixed. This made no sense at all; I was very worried. They turned off to the right and arrived at the deserted mill. They drove into the mill; there was no one there it was a Sunday they drove around the mill and the piles of logs a few times. Then they said to each other "don't worry about it," left and then drove me to the service station.

Years later I recognised Ivan Milat when he was in the media. I believe I had been picked up by Ivan Milat and one of his brothers that was similar looking. I feel like I had a brush with the devil and only survived because my friends witnessed me accepting the lift on that day in the Black Spur Forest.