

THE TRAILWALKER

ISSUE No. 42

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF
THE HEYSEN TRAIL AND OTHER WALKING TRAILS INC.

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THE TRAIL HEAD - PARACHILNA
JUNE, 1993

THE TRAIL WALKER

EDITORIAL.

As many of you know, "The Friends" accomplish much because of the countless hours given freely by so many of you. Just reading this 'Trailwalker' it is evident that willing workers are still greening, maintaining, and working on The Trail. Others reconnoitre and lead walks, volunteer at the Workshop and Office, write articles about events, or help in countless other ways. A big THANK YOU to you all! Were it not for this help given, even this "Trailwalker" wouldn't reach you. Thanks go to all this months contributors, to Kay Pfluger for typing, Sue Croser for editing, the Sponsors who advertise, and to Bradley Howell and his team for folding and enveloping this issue.

MEMBERSHIP ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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PRESIDENTS REPORT

The Trailwalker is an essential part of our communication with members and has been the subject of a lot of discussion, trying to find ways of making it informative and worth reading. In this issue there are topical articles such as Terry Darby's ad hoc series on first aid and useful information such as that contained in the item on looking after your Gore-tex coat. All good reading and useful.

But we always need more. If you have an item you feel is of interest to others please contact the office and I know they will be happy to receive it. And don't be afraid to help with any useful suggestions

• welcome Sue Croser who has taken on the task of Editor for this issue.

The past two months have been busy with plenty of activity in all sections - Greening have had a particularly busy program and have been supported by an enthusiastic group of volunteers, our Maintenance groups have been as usual working on many sections of the Trail - too many to mention - and Walking have contended with an ever increasing number of Walking SA and Heysen walkers including our well attended weekend at Douglas Scrub and a very successful week at Willow Springs. It is good to see the interest and enthusiasm in all our committees and makes it satisfying to know we have such a group of dedicated members working for the Friends and helping me.

With most areas of the Friends working well we have now turned our attention to the Workshop where there is a need to assist Eric in production and shop maintenance. There is an opportunity for any interested members to assist in the many projects being worked on and we would be most interested to hear from anyone who has some time to spare.

BANKCARD FACILITIES

The Friends' can now accept plastic money, ie Bankcard, Visa, and Mastercard, for purchases, membership subscriptions, and payment for walking activities. Please inform the office when you wish to avail yourself of this option.

MEMBERSHIP

Please let us know if you have, or are about to, change your address and or telephone number. If you do not wish to receive your copy of Trailwalker or continue your membership please tell us.

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WILLOW SPRINGS STATION - IN THE FLINDERS RANGES

Marlene Edwards.

You may have read the full-page spread in the Advertiser a few weeks ago, about the Reynold's family in the Flinders Ranges who embraced tourism whole-heartedly to supplement an income from sheep-farming in hard economic times. They are the owners of Willow Springs station, and they have offered their shearing quarters for accommodation since the mid 1980's to bush-walkers, artists, poets, schoolchildren and others at a very reasonable price.

"I've been there" I thought, as I read with great interest the article before me. Only days before, we spent our last night at Willow Springs, around the roaring fire, in an attempt to write a concise paragraph or two for the visitors book. 'What was so special about the place?' we asked each other. We agreed it was the peaceful surroundings, the open fires at night, the comfortable lodgings, the great showers, and not to forget the smiling dog called Beau, who won some hearts and laughter by virtue of being 'so ugly'.

Our first impression of the Willow Springs shearing quarters was surprise at the high standard of lodgings. After tossing a coin to see which two of the five women would sleep in their own double-bed, a weary group of travellers from Adelaide relaxed over a meal at the splendid big table in the dining room, adjacent to the open fire, already burning well, thanks to Ray. The group seemed to establish a co-operative team spirit, from the outset. Members split off into pairs. One male and one female managed the fire, another pair managed the food, and the same applied to driving and walking.

From the back verandah of the shearing quarters, a series of paths take the walker in numerous directions, sometimes past sheer rock formations, looming high above running water. The walker can observe ancient Aboriginal carvings that pre-date anything done by the ancestors of living Australian Aborigines on the exposed rock faces. Animal tracks take the walker high up the hill-side, to share magnificent views with herds of multi-coloured wild goats, and flocks of sheep. It was indeed a stroke of good fortune to have had lodgings at Willow Springs secured after a cancellation, and to make this our base-camp for a series of day walks in the Flinders Ranges.

Many varieties of wildlife were evident. There were eagles soaring high in the skies, large bushy-tailed foxes with multi-coloured faces slinking off the side of the road, a supply of kangaroos (the 'big red' variety being the most popular, but less abundant) and euros dotted about in open fields, emus strutting in the natural growth, plenty of rabbits bobbing out of the car's way at dusk, and numerous varieties of birds nestling in the trees. Scenic views were spectacular and breathtakingly beautiful, with

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sunsets admired from recognised look-out points. Passing through Parachilna and Brachina Gorges at dusk was an experience not to be missed. Plenty of wild animals scampered across the road as we passed by. One kangaroo was reluctant to move whilst feeding her joey, who was quick to jump into the pouch as the headlights moved closer.

Kay had an unfortunate accident on the first day when she missed her footing in a rocky creek bed. This put her on crutches for a week before having a knee operation. The group recaptured their high spirits, a feat which was no doubt assisted by Kay herself, who, despite considerable pain and disappointment, maintained her great sense of humour. Some changes to our plans were necessary to adjust to the situation, which turned out to be something of a drama which brought us all closer.

Mike's leadership was flexible enough to withstand changes to the walking program to ensure Kay was included whenever possible. Furthermore, when it became obvious some of us did not feel entirely comfortable climbing up rocks, or being in precarious places, other amendments were also made. Possible walks such as St. Mary's and Rawnsley Bluff were crossed off the list, and replaced by walks which featured wooded surroundings, running creeks, and bird-life to photograph, and lesser climbs such as Mts. Ohlssen Bagge and Elkington, instead of rock-climbing.

Back at the shearing quarters after a day's walk, a three-course meal was served every night, prepared by Sue, with Bradley in control of the soups. The large country-style table was the site for much fun and laughter, which carried over to the fire-side, until the generator closed down at ten-thirty, and threw the quarters and out-houses in darkness until six thirty next morning. Then up at seven o'clock, breakfast and lunch preparation at eight, and ready to hit the road in Mike's Pajero by nine - that was the usual pattern for the morning start - with Sue drawing up the rear, carrying refreshments to serve at the end of the walk.

Our journey by vehicle to the beginning of each walk was usually marked by a game perhaps best called 'spot the kangaroo', or the 'fox', the 'eagle' or the 'emu'. Some of us hoped to see a wombat or two but this was obviously not to be, since wombats do not frequent the area. The distance travelled was at times quite lengthy, but never dull, since when we were not looking out for wildlife, it was the ranges that took our interest.

What I found of special interest was the walk up Bathtub Creek, said to be named by members of the Adelaide Bushwalkers because of the unique structure of the creek bed, which literally consists of a series of quite distinct, and deep indentations, akin to a row of bath-tubs filled with water. This picturesque area proved to be a favourite spot for lunch. Also our walk to the top of Mt Elkington was memorable, since it required that we walk on narrow tracks around the side of hills, at some height above the surrounding country side. I always travelled behind Ray, holding firmly to his walking stick for balance. I was not the only

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member of the group to arrive back in Adelaide with a stick fashioned from the yakka, ready for the final embellishment.

At the conclusion of the Mt Ohlssen Bagge climb we all celebrated with champagne, at the entrance to Wilpena Pound. Already there were hints of disappointment at our impending departure from the Flinders, and of parting company in Adelaide. The journey home was interrupted by pleasant diversions - lunch by a little pool in Orroroo and afternoon tea at Polly's tea-rooms in Burra (the country home-place, and business-house of our leader and his wife).

Many thanks to Mike for a great week of walking in the Flinders, to the cook and the cook's assistant for a truly 'sensory experience' (as they might say), to other "Friends" for companionship and camaradie, and the Reynold's family for providing top accommodation.

Not to forget Beau, the little old black dog, with the long tail, that rotated like a wind-mill whenever she bared all her teeth in a ritual greeting, which prompted much mirth in the group, and led one member to ask the owner 'has your dog really got false teeth?' No doubt Beau has smiled at countless visitors to Willow Springs station over the last decade, and impressed upon them, too, the beauty of nature so easily missed or overlooked in the busy everyday life of the city.

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SUNDAY JUNE 20th 1993

Kay Pfluger.

A group of 8 "friends" (Marlene Edwards, Carol Milburn, Sue Croser, Sue Hirschfeld, Bradley Howell, Ray McKenna and Kay Pfluger) took part in the Willow Springs week in the Flinders Ranges led by Mike Fretwell.

We were making our way down the Heysen Trail along a creek bed on the first day's walk when I stepped off into space. Not a big step, but when I landed, I twisted my ankle and then my knee in the opposite direction. OWW! Marlene was first on the scene and thought I had found a nice lunch spot! She soon realized from my actions that something was wrong and frantically called for Mike. When I could let go of my leg, Mike bandaged it and I was made as comfortable as possible - a nice soft seat (courtesy of Sue Croser) which unfortunately was left behind, - a poncho to keep me warm and a couple of pain killers. We then settled back to have lunch and assess the situation.

The chatter, jokes and photographers were successful in keeping the large vulture looking birds away!

While we were still eating, a couple of other walkers arrived and Mike gave them details of our situation to pass on to the Rangers at Wilpena. This would take a couple of hours!

It was getting time to move and I insisted I could walk but I couldn't pass Terry Darby's test "to hop on that foot on the spot 10 times before agreeing with them".

Articles from my back pack and the back pack itself were distributed amongst the group. Bradley and Sue C. left at great speed to bring her car up as far as possible along the fire track.

With the help of ALL the party either to lean on, to scout the best way down the creek bed, or to encourage me, we were eventually on even ground and making great pace. hop...hop...hop... Sue and Bradley arrived back and advised where the car was and how far we still had to go. It seemed to go on forever but eventually we arrived. After a further rest Marlene and Carol helped me across the creek (they got their feet wet). Mike had retrieved his 4WD. Then we had a well earned afternoon tea.

Mike, Bradley, Ray and Sue H. returned to our base in Mike's Pajero to do the chores while Sue C., Carol, Marlene and I left for the Hawker Hospital.

We did meet the Ranger on her way in to assist and unlock the gate but we were in the vehicles and underway by then.

At the hospital I had a ride in a wheelchair and was assessed by the two nurses who put an ice pack on my knee (it was agony), gave me a couple more pain killers then rang for the doctor. We were told she would be 15

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- 20 minutes as she would have to walk up. We missed out on the Flying Doctor! Sue and Marlene left to get petrol and Carol kept me amused.

The doctor wasn't able to diagnose the injury due to the swelling and also because the knee was frozen. With my knee secured in five layers of bandage and the necessary supplies including crutches, we ALL left the hospital.

We arrived back at Willow Springs to a roaring fire (courtesy of Ray), and stories of how badly Sue H. had behaved. Assistant Cook Bradley had everything under control (except Sue H), and we were able to sit straight down and have our welcome hot meal. (Leek and Potato Soup, Spaghetti Bol, and Prunes in Port with Almond Jelly)!

If ever you have the misfortune to sustain an injury on a walk, I hope you are as fortunate as I was to have such caring, thoughtful and kind "friends" around you.

The injury happened just before 12 noon and we arrived back at the vehicles about 4.00 p.m., the hospital at 5.30 p.m. and returned to base at approximately 7.30 p.m.

The day didn't go as Mike had planned but the best was made of a bad situation and they were able to resume their walking program the next day. The Willow Springs owners called on me throughout the next 2 days to see that everything was O.K. After that I was able to go to and from the walks too, and wait with the cars.

Once again thank you to all on the Willow Springs week.

I did have an operation on 29th June which revealed cruciate ligament and cartilage damage. I can't wait till it all heals so I can get out and walk again.



THE CONQUERORS OF MT. ELKINGTON

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ACCOMMODATION ON HEYSEN TRAIL AT TOORALIE HOMESTEAD

Tooralie Homestead is situated nine kilometres east of Hallett, a pleasant two-hour drive from Adelaide and approximately THREE KILOMETRES FROM THE HEYSEN TRAIL.

Tooralie Homestead is an historic homestead more than a century old, situated on a large sheep grazing property, growing wheat and oats.

The Pohlner family farmed sheep, cattle and horses and they preserved the natural bushland areas, making it unique and beautiful with plentiful bird life and native fauna.

In the Tooralie Homestead the living is tranquil with log fires in the winter.

Tooralie Homestead offers Bed and Breakfast, home style accommodation and ALL visitors can enjoy a home-cooked or continental breakfast and dinner in the formal dining room.



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can cater for groups of up to sixteen persons in four comfortable rooms, with heaters and cosy atmosphere, which can each accommodate four persons plus a lounge with wood and electric stoves and ridges and all kitchen utensils and crockery in dining area. Showers, toilets and barbecue facilities.

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DAILY

Bed and breakfast \$40 per person

Full board in Homestead \$75

Tooralie Lodge, \$25 person, linen provided and breakfast
(N.B. Minimum booking periods apply)

A deposit of 30% of total Tariff is required with booking

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IT WORKS BEST WHEN YOU FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS (HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR GORE-TEX CLOTHING)

Earlier this month when the the season broke, I (Mike Fretwell) was re-marking the Trail with Norm and Arthur in pouring rain. Really no problem, I thought, as I had my Gore-tex on. By the end of the day I discovered how wrong I was. Except for the area on my back protected by my pack, I was soaked to the skin. Was this the Gore-tex we all know and wish to own? A telephone call to Andrew Bell of Gore and I soon realised I knew very little about the care and maintenance it needed. A straw poll of other experienced walkers showed I was not alone on this!

Andrew Bell has very kindly written this article for us. If you need further advice regarding care and maintenance, or have any other concerns about your Gore-tex garment, Andrew will be only too happy to attempt to answer them; contact Andrew at W.L. Gore & Associates on 008 - 226 703.

Traditionally, wet weather clothing has required little or no maintenance; you cared for your oiled japara by re-oiling it every couple of years; you cared for your dry japara by maybe recoating it if it had lots of use and you cared for your PVC raincoat by throwing it out and buying a new one when it got torn.

Today's "hi-tech" wet weather gear needs a little more care and maintenance - "it works best when you follow the instructions". The performance of most weather-proof fabrics is reduced with washing. In the case of Gore-Tex the reverse is true.

Although Gore-Tex fabrics are engineered to resist the elements that may cause degradation and leakage - body oils, cosmetics, chemicals such as insect repellants and dirt and grime - their eventual build up may prevent Gore-Tex garments from performing at their peak.

Rather than causing damage, regular cleaning will enhance the properties which make Gore-Tex the most effective waterproof, breathable fabric available. Best of all, this regular care could not be simpler!

Machine or hand wash in warm water with powdered detergent. No special detergent is necessary. Use pre-wash stain treatments as needed.

Do not use bleach or fabric softener.

Drip dry or tumble dry on a warm setting.

Steam iron on a warm setting.

In cases of obvious oil penetration or built up grime, dry clean professionally, request clean solvent and spray repellent.

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Maintaining Surface Water Repellency.

Every new Gore-Tex garment is coated with a Durable Water Repellency (DWR). This means that water beads up and runs off the face fabric. In time the effectiveness of the DWR will be reduced. It is important that you maintain this treatment as it maintains the garment's breathability during even the heaviest downpours. Although it has no bearing on the waterproofness of Gore-Tex fabrics, it is an important part of ensuring their overall performance.

After you have washed your garment, apply heat through tumble drying or better still, ironing. This will reset the DWR treatment. Eventually, you may need to re-apply the treatment. Use a commercial spray whose active ingredients are fluropolymers.

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FORWARD CALENDAR.

AUGUST

- Sun. 8th. A taste of Tea Tree Gully History at Anstey Hill Conservation Park. Colin Edwards will lead this Walk S.A. walk.
- Sun. 15th. Trail Maintenance. Phone office for details if you are available.
- Sun. 22nd. Either -
Northside:- Meet Arthur Smith at Waterfall Gully. He knows this area very well, and plans to walk mostly in Chambers Gully area.
Or
Southside:- Meet Fleurieu Members for a walk in Deep Creek Conservation Park.

SEPTEMBER

- Sun. 5th. Trail Greening. Phone office for details and to volunteer.
- Sun. 12th. Details changed. Phone office for details of time, place, and leader.
- Sun. 19th. Trail Maintenance. Phone office for details and to volunteer if you are available.
- Sun. 26th. Either -
Northside:- Meet Norm Taylor for a walk in Vixen Gully area.
Or
Southside:- Liz Barry is leading a walk in Second Valley Forest Area.

OCTOBER

- Sun. 3rd. Trail Greening. Phone office for details and to Volunteer.
- Sun. 10th. Black Hill/Ghost Tree Gully area with Jill McPherson.
- Fri. 15th. Social Meeting. Girl Guide Hall, 278 South Tce. Adelaide. 7.00 p.m. for 7.30 p.m. start. Speaker to be advised in next Trailwalker. Please bring plate of supper to share.
- Sun. 17th. Trail Maintenance. Phone office for details and to volunteer.
- Sun. 24th. Either -
Northside:- Still a surprise. Phone for details or check next Trailwalker.
Or Southside:- Fleurieu Members will lead us on another great walk, venue depending on weather.

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OR. Join fellow members on another great Weekend Walk. This time it's to Wirrabara in the Mid North. We travel up to the Y.H.A. Hostel by bus Friday evening, with evening meal supplied en route. Interesting walks are planned for each day. Then we travel home later on Sunday. Bus, all food costs, and hostel accommodation are all included. Places are limited, so as usual, please book early to avoid disappointment

Sat.30th/ Back Packing Introductory Course Weekend - See
Sun.31st elsewhere in this magazine for details.

Water (1 litre minimum), lunch, nibbles, clothes suitable to the day and strong footwear are all that is needed to enjoy these activities. All leaders are volunteers who share their love of The Outdoors and Walking, by researching and leading these walks free of charge. Please phone the office (9.00am - 5.00pm, Monday to Friday), on 212 6299 to find out meeting time and place, and to book. This will ensure adequate leadership numbers are forthcoming.

WALKING COMMITTEE REPORT. by Sadie.

Our 1993 walking season is now well under way and our Committee have endeavoured to provide an interesting programme for our members.

The Walking S.A. programme originally set up for those beginning walking has proven to be extremely popular and many of our experienced walkers have been keen to join in too. These walks are centred close to Adelaide and we have concentrated this year on walking in our near National and Conservation Parks. In July, 32 participants joined Jamie Shephard in Morialta. We envisage Colin Edwards' walk in the Anstey Hill Conservation Park will be well attended, so book in early please. Colin will also be giving a brief history of the Tea Tree Gully area and we hope to finish off with afternoon tea at Newmans Nursery.

Friends walks have also been well attended. We have been holding a choice of either a north or south walk on the fourth Sunday of each month. Check the calendar elsewhere in this magazine for our continuing programme.

Michael Fretwell co-ordinated a week's walking based at Willow Springs shearers quarters in June. 8 persons participated, walking in many well known areas of the Flinders Ranges including Mt Elkington, Bathtub Creek, and Wilpena Pound. The success of this week has paved the way for future similar programmes. The catering for this week was provided by Sue Croser who supplied excellent cuisine.

In July, Colin Edwards and myself (Sadie) organized a weekend at Douglas Scrub, McLaren Flat, using the Girl Guide centre as headquarters. Excellent accommodation was provided, and our evening meals were catered for by local caterers. On Saturday I led an interesting walk through

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vineyards and native scrub. Also included was a visit to Kays Winery where we had pre-arranged wine tasting with local wine maker Colin Kay. Mmm-mmm.

On the Sunday Colin's walk was in the Kuitpo area and included the Jupiter Creek Gold Digging Historical Site.

The next weekend away will be 22nd - 24th October staying at the Wirrabara Youth Hostel. Plans are well under way and recces are being organised for this trip. We plan to do walks through Wirrabara Forest, on the Heysen Trail and in the Mambray Creek-Alligator Gorge area.

We are also planning a workshop for members interested in backpacking. This will be held over 2 or 3 evening sessions, after which an overnight walk will be planned with a full pack. Mark Darter and Christina Tassell will be co-ordinating this programme. Details elsewhere in this issue.

The Walking Committee would like to hear from members interested in helping with our activities, e.g. leading walks: short, long, weekend, weeks or Eco walks. We are also interested in hearing from anyone who would like to join our Committee and help us plan our 1994 programme. Just filling in and returning the questionnaire in the last Trailwalker would show your areas of interest!

Bookings for all trips, whether 1 day, weekend or more need to be registered at The Friend's Office. This will enable us to provide an adequate number of walk leaders.

Please phone 212.6299. (9.00 a.m. - 5.00 p.m. Mon - Fri)

ECO-WALKING

Eco-walking can be defined as a walk with a leader who has specialist knowledge of a particular area of interest linked with our environment.

eg.	native/animals	(koalas & kangaroos)
	plants/trees	(orchids & eucalypts)
	birds/insects	(even the bees)
	rocks/fossils	(gold/galena)
	the seashore	(glaciers & grit, seaweed, and shells)
	history/heritage	(the ancient and old)
	sensory experiences	(sight, sound, & smell)
	wine growing	(yummy in my tummy)

The walking committee invites expressions of interest from potential leaders/participants to have a go! - please register at the office, as some eco-walks will be arranged for 1994.

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WEST COAST WANDERINGS (PART 2)

Volker Scholz.

It was 5 years ago that my wife and I completed a 137 km walk around the Jussieu Peninsula incorporating Lincoln National Park (see "The Trailwalker" August 1988). To satisfy further curiosity of an area I grew up in, but never really got to know all that well, I decided to go back and add to the 1988 walk in May this year.

The walk was to leave from the Coffin Bay National Park at Point Avoid, continuing along the coast through the Uley - Wanilla water basin, into Whalers Way tourist park along the coastal reserve to Sleaford Mere Conservation Park and back into Port Lincoln. An estimated total distance of 90 kms.

I got approval from the Engineering and Water Supply Department to walk across the land but not to camp on the water reserve. Mr. R Theakstone gave me approval to walk through and to put a cache of food and water in Whalers Way. So it was on the 12th of May my parents who still reside in Port Lincoln took me to Point Avoid on a cool overcast day.

With a glint in Mum's eye as she stuffed another clean handkerchief into my already bulging pack which weighed approx 55 pounds and my Father mumbling something sounding like "you must be bl--- mad", I set off in a southerly direction along Gunyah Beach, a beach of pure white sand with no sign that humans had been on it. My little Australian Geographic pedometer who was to be my only companion for the next 5 days was counting off my steps.

The first hour of walking was consumed with thoughts of "what have I forgotten", work related things I had definitely forgotten and trying to adjust my pack to make it comfortable. The second hour was spent getting a consistent pattern of walking organised and thinking that perhaps my Father was right as it had been a fair while between back-packing trips, but from then on the brain found the neutral position. I remembered what I was out here for and started to take in the magnificent vistas presented to me for nothing. Walking along the beach with the wind pushing in a swell of up to 5 metres and the sea birds as companions is the tonic that recharges flat batteries.

I walked for 4 hours covering 13.5 km on sand that varied from hard to very soft as the tide came in pushing me further up the beach. The sand dunes up to 20 metres high made from shells which had been crushed by eons of pounding by the mighty swells of the Southern Ocean and bleached pure white, were stark contrast from the grey clouds and green ocean. Hooded and Redcapped Dotterels ran along the beach while the Oyster Catchers and Gannetts became aerial companions floating effortlessly on the air currents. A lone emu wondered what the strange shape was walking towards it until I got to within 10 metres of it when it headed for the nearest

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dune. Must have spoken to Dad!

Through the sea mists loomed the imposing cliffs, bastions against the constant onslaught of the ocean. I decided to start walking across the slope of the dunes to avoid a climb of 130 metres where the beach and cliffs met. A magnificent Wedge Tail Eagle landed on the dunes approximately 30 metres from me and as I got closer, it glided to the top of the next dune. It's colour of golden wings attested to it's young age and it's superb condition attested to it's prowess as a hunter. This bird stayed with me for the next two hours.

Once reaching the top of the cliff line, the view was spectacular. My starting point was already obscured by the sea mists and the patchwork of sunshine breaking through the clouds highlighted the mists climbing up over the cliffs. Shortly after, I reached the boundary of the Uley - Wanilla Basin near Shoal Point so decided to camp the night before crossing it to honour my agreement with the E&WS. The days walk was 19.7 km taking 6 hours.

Through the night a south westerly change came in. With it came high winds and heavy rains. By morning the winds were a cold blustery southerly. With wet gear to carry, the weight in my pack increased, but the cliff top was solid and walking was fairly good. The low pressure system had pushed up a huge swell. As each wave pounded into the cliffs the earth trembled and fountains of spray plumed up the face to be carried over the top by the strong wind. It was an awesome and humbling sight to experience the raw power of Nature. The going became rough as the stony surface became harder to negotiate and I twisted my knee which slowed me up considerably. The Native Correa was in flower all along the cliffs which was a change from the dull grey of the salt bushes. Toward the late afternoon the sky had cleared and the cliffs near Cathedral Rock were highlighted by the brilliant sunshine with huge swells now up to 10 metres sending up pure white plumes of spray. The last 2 kilometres of the day were very slow due to my knee which had begun to swell up considerably. I wanted to get into Red Banks in Whalers Way as I had put extra water there. Reaching the site at about 4.30, I had covered 22.8 km in 8 hours.

Light overnight rain fell, but by morning my gear had dried out and the swelling in my knee had gone down considerably although it was still sore to walk on. Whalers Way is a coastal scenic tourist drive with vehicle access to various points of interest. I used to work in this park in the 1970's and it was like coming home again. The attractions such as Theakestones Crevasse, a 300 metre fissure 20 metres deep up which the huge swells crashed, Cape Carnot the most South Westerly Point in South Australia and of world geological significance which sent plumes of spray 50 metres in the air, the towering cliffs with shear 140 metre drops in the Black's Lookout and Cape Wiles area where the wide sweep of Sleaford Bay comes into full view were still capable of mesmerising the senses as they were 20 years ago. A new addition to Cape Wiles is the New Zealand Fur Seal colony at the base of the cliffs. About 40 animals frolicked in

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the surf or lazed away the day on the rocks safe from human interference. Overhead, a White Breasted Sea Eagle in full adult plumage soared the thermals and I was the only person there to be part of it all. Wonderful!

After lunch it was on to Fishery Bay, the site of a shore based whaling station from 1839 - 42. The remains of the whalers cottages are still visible behind the dunes, the fresh water spring where the whalers (and I) obtained good water and the remains of the Try Works platform where the blubber was tried out for oil are still visible. One of the Try Pots is preserved at the entrance to Whalers Way. The soft sand of the beach aggravated my knee and slowed me up yet again. After leaving Fishery Bay where the surf was providing excellent opportunities for the 12 or so surfers, I walked around a rocky headland to a small deserted beach and in a sheltered swail decided to stop for the day to rest my knee. The remainder of the day was spent on a dune, out of the wind, reading a book and watching the swells and the world go by. The days walk was 18.3 km for 6 hours walking.

Rain fell again during the night and my gear was wet so I didn't start walking till about 9.30. Along the cliff edge my knee was giving me problems due to the rough surface, so I went inland onto flat cleared land which was a vast improvement. The Walk to Lone Pine Beach (minus the lone pine thanks to vandals) was easy going as was the short walk to Mine Beach (where a World War 2 mine was washed ashore). A short distance down the road was Sleaford Mere - a brackish lake of approximately 6 sq. km. Behind the Mere was a four wheel drive track which is easy going and an ideal opportunity to do some bird watching for the various waders that frequent the area among which I observed Cape Baron Geese, Musk Duck, Black Swans and Chestnut Teal. I decided to make it a short walk as Port Lincoln was not too far away and I was in no hurry. I walked 13.5 km in 4.5 hours and spent the rest of the day relaxing in the sun and looking for ruins of shepherd cottages that were part of the Tulka Station in the 1950's.

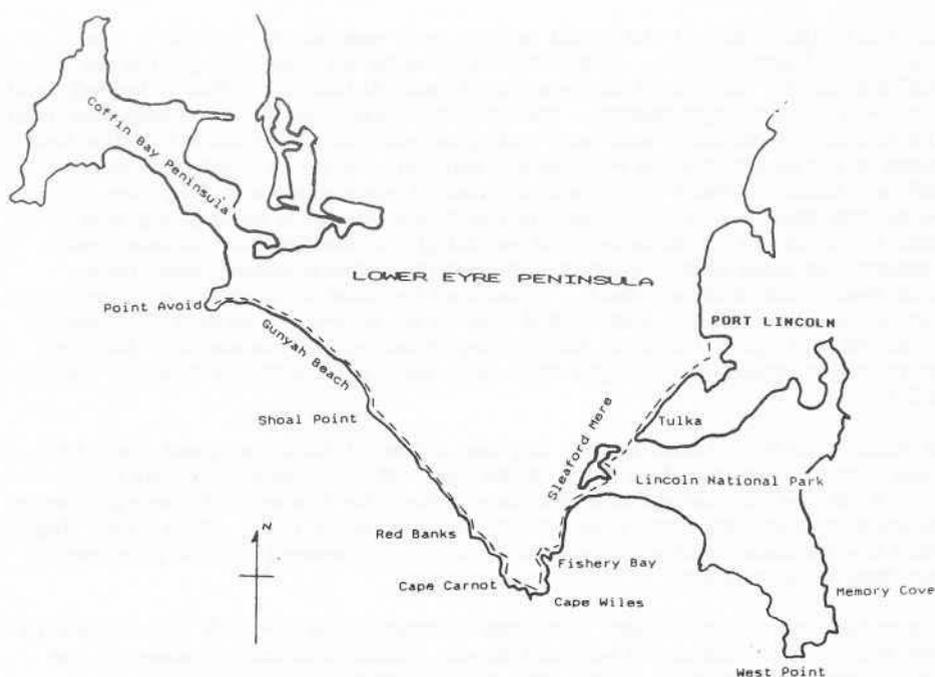
The walk into Port Lincoln next day was a casual 10.5 km, past the old Tulka Station and Flinders Well where Capt. M. Flinders obtained fresh water from the native wells a few days after the tragedy at Memory Cove on the 22nd of February 1802 where 8 of his crew were lost. This final leg, along the bitumen road which was an intrusion compared to the previous four days took 3 hours.

So another leg of this coast line was covered. The areas I had walked in 1988 and on this one are a walkers dream. About 220 kms of some of the most majestic, inspiring areas that South Australia has to offer is available to those who wish to experience long lonely beaches, towering cliffs and sheltered waters. The wildlife, magnificent sunrises and sunsets, landforms created by forces humans can only hope to copy, rolling scrublands and the ever present thundering swells can make one appreciate why the Nauo who were the original occupants, consider this area to be

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spiritual. To spend time in this timeless place is to understand. For those who are statistically inclined, I walked 84.8 km in 5 days averaging 16.9 km per day. A total of 26.5 hours was spent walking for an average of 3.2 km per hour. My pedometer told me I had taken 135,462 steps to do the trip and both my knee and feet were not about to argue. I used the Lands Dept 1:50,000 scale topographical maps of Wangary and Sleaford. The next leg is now beckoning.

P.S. I lost my Mum's hankie. If anyone finds it when they do the walk can you please return it. Ta.



LOWER EYRE PENINSULA

TRAIL WALKER

GREENING COMMITTEE. by Jim Crinion

This has been a fairly hectic two months for the "Greenies". As I mentioned in the last Trailwalker, when the winter rains arrived we moved rapidly into action and planted our 1400 seedlings with the help of many extra volunteers who gave a weekend to assist with their planting. Although some protective guards were erected, it still has been necessary to provide proper fencing to prevent their damage from sheep driven down the road reserve. A mob of 5000 sheep would do a lot of damage!

Ray McKenna kindly made his trailer available and we took the huge load of fencing which comprised of 400 star droppers and 5 coils of 200 metre long rain mesh wire up to Kapunda. Luckily we made the town without incident and dropped the load at Steve and Louise Jenner's place who had kindly allowed us the use of their drive as a depot. As the day was still young we decided to have 'a go' at erecting the fencing around one plot of trees. Believe it or not we managed to do it in one and a half hours without any problems! With a few more helpers I reckon we could do a compound in half the time. Later in the week I persuaded my wife, Shirley, to join me for the day on site in order to finish off some of the paper-mat work which we hadn't been able to finish the previous week. When I arrived however I decided to use up the residue of the coil of wire which Ray and I had used - so we had a go. We actually managed to do two compounds (more left in the coil than I thought). Shirley proved an able assistant but balked at using the 'light' driver for the star droppers. I was led to believe these days that women are the equal of men!! On the following weekend Jim Carty and Arthur Smith with two friends Alvin and Kath joined us to help complete another three fencing plots. Only thirteen to go!!

In the last Trailwalker, I mentioned the stirring efforts of Ray McKenna and Jim Carty in carting and watering of the seedlings. I did forget to mention the great work that Peter Clark did in the same area. Sorry Peter! They all will be pleased to hear that I have managed to persuade the Department to purchase a motorised pump and a 540 litre tank. I hope this will prevent any strained backs and will assist in speeding up our work. The units will be particularly useful during the summer months or when we do direct seeding. The hose on the pump has a fitting which will enable an area to be sprayed to assist germination. The tank will fit on a 6 x 4 trailer and this will enable the unit to be towed direct to the site of the individual trees. We have indeed been very fortunate to procure this equipment because it is in excess of our grant. Our thanks go to Andrew Moylan in the Department for making the monies available.

By the time this screed is published in the Trailwalker, I will be lazing in the sun in Queensland until the beginning of September. In the meantime I hope the fencing work will have been completed, and the seed collection continued. Para Wirra Recreation Park fencing of two compounds will also have been done (material is on site) in conjunction with the Friends of the Park.

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The Committee was considerably heartened by the response within the Friends to the assistance with the tree planting at the end of May and to help afterwards on the fencing. We hope a few more volunteers with a desire to help will come forward to give a day to complete the project.



GREENING NEAR KAPUNDA

A HEYSEN TRAIL WEEKEND, DOUGLAS SCRUB.

Pollyanne Hill.

On a recent Friday evening we found our way, miraculously, in the dark, to the Guide Camp, and esky first, pushed our way into the large room filled with Heysen trailers - some twenty odd (some more than others) warming by a wood fire, and the prospect of dinner.

An area of table upstaging a football field in size was fringed with cutlery and around which diners soon found a place and huddled in, knees and elbows cosily at close encounter.

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Bottles passed, faces glowed, conversation flowed - devoted Heysen Trail walkers together again with a week-end project ahead.

A more than satisfying three courses followed, then with the cleaning up done, relaxation by the fire, and bed. Because we live nearby, Peter and I went home to our own, returning after breakfast on Saturday morning to find a chirpy lot, having spent a good night warm and snug in their bunks, without creepies and crawlies and Things that go Bump, as we heard had happened on a previous camp at Quorn. Nor were spirits dampened, apparently, with their breakfast marmalade turning out to be apricot jam.

So all were ready and raring, well rugged up in the cool wind and somewhat vercast conditions. Even so, there were the couple of incorrigibles with are blue knees. Sadie handed out maps and briefings and we waved off Kay and Ronda (Kay's sister visiting from Melbourne). Kay was adopting a purely sedentary approach to the weekend owing to a mishap on a previous walk at Willow Springs so they had elected to scour the countryside for marmalade by car. The rest of us adjusted our packs and strode on after Sadie, round the scrub first for a warm up, then through the gates and out into the wide world, encouraged by promises of camels and a winery.

We passed protea farms, traversed scrubs, admired robin-red-breasts and budding parmeliads, and on emerging out on to roadways, a glimpse of the Kay and Ronda birds as they flashed by, ostensibly still looking for the elusive marmalade, but on the third sighting our suspicions were roused. We were being supervised. Not one camel did we encounter however. At Kay's Winery (there were disclaimers of relationship) they appeared again, Kay and Ronda, grinning hugely like Cheshire cats and goodness knows how many sips ahead of us. But we soon caught up and the more bottles were emptied, the more purse strings were loosened until Kay and Ronda found most of their vehicle occupied with cartons and parcels. (Well, they HAD kindly offered). It was an impressive row of empties left standing on the bar as we tottered out into the cold. I think the rest of the walk was a breeze. I don't remember much about it, except that at one stage we found ourselves scurrying down to the brink of the Onkaparinga Gorge, following an enthusiastic Sadie like rats to the music of the Pied Piper.

Unfortunately the spell broke as we peered into the abyss. Then there were mushrooms on the way back, with Beth chasing off at a tangent, vying with the sheep, as though following a pipe of her own, and bulging a little in parts when she caught up.

Dinner that night was convivial and another filling three course meal. Faces and names were now being attached to each other with ease, and there were cards, books and conversation afterwards round the fire, until about ten p.m. when for us, bed seemed the best bet.

Next day we cleverly arrived at the camp after all the cleaning up was done and in time to be briefed by Colin, who took the lead at the head of the cortege (no other word for it) of cars funerially winding their way along the twisting foothill roads, enmeshing impatient traffic, and up

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along Razorback Road, at one stage collecting a string of motorbikes. No scorpion's tail could have looked more angry as the dozen or so bikes buzzed and weaved in frustration behind us.

Leaving half the cars at a given spot, we piled into the remainder and headed, endlessly it felt, on to another given spot some miles away near Echunga. There the serious walking started, but it was a perfect day for it, and the surroundings idyllic. So too, thought a succession of cyclists, horseriders and picnickers, as we padded through pine forests, and scouted through scrubs; negotiating fences, squelching through marshes, and leaping creeks, following blindly the only one who could lead us back to our cars. Through a maze of tracks and trails and ten degree turns (was he trying to lose us?)..... not once was he fazed. Well, perhaps just once, when a landmark hut had moved itself carelessly - not his fault.

Lunch was about five minutes later than scheduled. Abandoning the designated spot to picnickers, we retraced our steps and settled down in a sunny corner to rummage through our knapsacks. "By their lunches ye shall know them". An apple and a lettuce leaf appeared on one lap; a meat pie and a chocolate cake on another, and everything between.

We stumbled upon our waiting vehicles almost by surprise, having long since given up expecting them just over the next hill though Colin would have it otherwise. He knew exactly where they were all along. He was leading the Children of Egypt out of the Wilderness. For my aching calves it was the attainment of Nirvana.

I never did find out about the marmalade.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM

To: The Treasurer, Friends of the Heysen Trail and Other Walking Trails,
10 Pitt Street, Adelaide, SA 5000. Tel. 212 6299

Please renew me as a member of the Friends'

I enclose \$..... 1993

Membership fees are \$12 (single), \$18 (family), \$25 (other organisation)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POST CODE.....

TEL. NO.....

THE TRAIL WALKER

BULLETIN BOARD.

SCOUT OUTDOOR CENTRE INSERT.

The Scout Outdoor Centre are one of our sponsors and now offer you special savings on selected goods. Their Winter Warmer Sale closing date is 2 weeks after you receive this issue, not 31/7/93 as on the back of the flyer.

HEYSEN TRAIL MAPS.

Members can now purchase Heysen Trail maps from the office at a special discount price of only \$5.00. ea normally \$5.50. Please show current membership card for discount.

FOR SALE: BOOTS.

1 PAIR ZAMBERLAN LEATHER BOOTS SIZE 5 - 5.1/2 \$60.00

1 PAIR HI TECH ROSSI BOOTS SIZE 8 \$65.00.

Call into the office to try them on if you think they might fit.

BARRY HAYES HEYSEN TRAIL PHOTO EXHIBITION.

Barry has magnificent photographic enlargements of places on the Heysen Trail for sale in an exhibition at Pro Hart Gallery - Second Floor of Myer Centre. Well worth a visit!

DEADLINE for next Issue of **Trailwalker** is September 13th. Please have your articles into the office by that date. Late articles are not guaranteed publication!

If you would like to include an item on the Bulletin Board, please let us know.

BACK PACKING WEEKEND - Introductory Course

Mark Darter and Christina Tassell will be conducting a backpacking weekend on the weekend of 30/31 October, 1993. There will be 3 Tuesday evening briefing sessions prior to the trip. If you wish to participate in this introductory course please contact the office (212 - 6299).

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