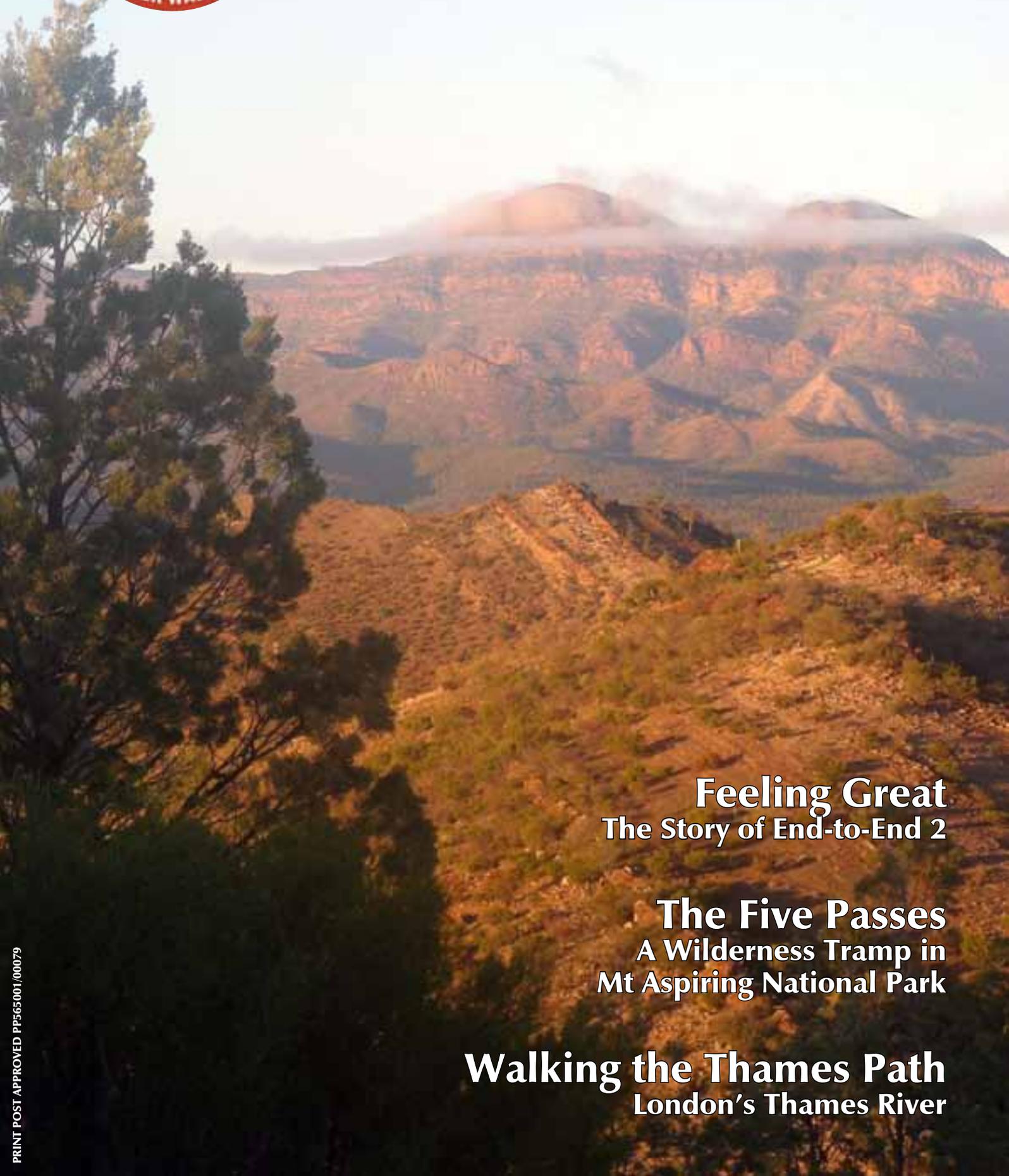




The Trailwalker

Magazine of the Friends of the Heysen Trail

Issue 109 **Spring 2008**



Feeling Great
The Story of End-to-End 2

The Five Passes
A Wilderness Tramp in
Mt Aspiring National Park

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Published by the Friends of the Heysen Trail & Other Walking Trails

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Membership Information

Joining Fee	\$10
Single	\$20 per year
Family	\$30 per year
Organisations	\$50 per year

Membership is valid from the date of payment until the end of the corresponding month in the following year.

Trailwalker Magazine

Views expressed in contributed articles are those of the authors, and not necessarily those of the Friends of the Heysen Trail.

The Trailwalker magazine is available by subscription or online at www.heysentrail.asn.au/trailwalker

The Trailwalker magazine is published quarterly:

- Autumn (March)
- Winter (June)
- Spring (September)
- Summer (December)

The Trailwalker magazine has a distribution of 1200, and an estimated readership of approximately twice that number.

Articles, reports and other submissions by members and other interested parties are welcome and should be emailed to the Trailwalker Editor at trailwalker@heysentrail.asn.au

The submission deadline is usually the first Friday of the month prior to the month of publication.

Advertising Rates

1/8 page vertical	\$40 per issue
1/4 page horizontal	\$60 per issue
1/4 page vertical	\$60 per issue
1/3 page vertical	\$70 per issue
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Full Page	\$150 per issue
Flyer (supplied for insertion)	\$180 per issue

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Advertising specifications and article submission guidelines are available upon request or by visiting www.heysentrail.asn.au/trailwalker

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Wed 19th November

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Robyn Quinn, David Beaton,
Elizabeth Rogers

Tuesday 10.30 - 2.30

David Rattray, Dawn Bon,
Chris Porter

Wednesday 10.30 - 2.30

Jack Marcelis, Wendy Fox,
Gilbert Downs, Allan Wadham

Thursday 10.30 - 2.30

Chris Casper, Chris Hanna,
Jim Alvey, Elfi Driscoll

Friday 10.30 - 4.30

Sandy Melbourne, Colin Edwards,
Jamie Shephard

Saturday & Sunday Closed

Relief Staff

Jim Alvey, David Beaton, Jack
Marcelis

President's Report

Simon Cameron

Winter is a busy time on the trail. Maintenance occurs year round but most of the work in the Flinders occurs around this time. Sections of the trail are surveyed, reports made and working bees are organised.

Gavin Campbell, our maintenance coordinator, also looks after a section up in the north from Quorn to Hawker and this huge commitment is typical of the section leaders. We have also been fortunate to have the assistance of John Henery of Alpana station, near Blinman, as a section leader but health considerations have led to his retirement. I take this opportunity to offer our thanks to John. The Friends depend on our section leaders and publicly thank them at every opportunity.

Winter is also our peak walking period with Trailwalkers and Trailstarters and End to End programs. Our walk program is varied and very social with the emphasis on social. In an effort to meet our members walking needs we will soon be introducing feedback forms, so if you get stuck walking behind me when I am wearing my kilt you have an opportunity to have your say.

Also a time for celebration with the second End to End group completing their walk at Parachilna. Mt Arden thwarted their best efforts in June, but nothing can keep a good End to Ender down and an amazing array of catch-ups have been organised to climb that picturesque peak. So there was even more reason to celebrate the End of the Journey. It is a celebration with mixed feelings. There are some from that first group of Enders whom I never see now, but most keep popping up on weekends away and the bonds that were forged over 1,200km of trail are strong indeed.

I have just returned from Kokoda after completing one of the most beautiful walks I have ever been on. Trekking through rainforest covered mountains every day, crossing crystal clear rivers, stopping for a swim wherever I could, looking out over cloud shrouded valleys, staying in grass plaited huts and singing with Papuan porters is a treat not to be missed. As I mentioned in my last report walking with a group of Friends is always fun and this trip was special. I only wished there were more from our walking group with me. Five Friends made up a large part of the group of 14 trekkers. Most of the others came from Queensland, and as we all know, walkers are friendly, interesting people, but the Kokoda veterans from the Friends now have some wonderful memories to share as we walk the Heysen trail, as well as some outrageous outfits.

See you on the Trail.

Front Cover



Early morning mist surrounds St Mary Peak, Wilpena Pound

End-to-End 2 walked in the valley beside St Mary Peak and the Pound before proceeding along Bunyerroo Valley and up the steep hill in the foreground, to Yanyanna Hut. Some members of the group had tackled St Mary Peak on the rest day mid-week.

Read about End-to-End 2's adventures in the three articles on pages 10 to 12.

Burra Branch

By Hugh Greenhill

At the Burra Branch walk planning meeting for this year, I put my name down for what I called a mystery walk. At the time I had no idea where I was going to lead the walk, hence the mystery. I am always looking for a new area to walk and this gave me time to find a place no one had been to previously. A few phone calls and a location 5km north east of Yacka was found, following the Broughton River, in the Yackamoorundie Range. A few hardy walkers set off to walk over the hills and into the Broughton River valley. The scenery was spectacular with different rock formations and vegetation at every turn of the river.

The Full Moon walk was very popular with plenty of participants turning out to walk under the full moon. This, the second full moon walk we have done, was most successful, finishing off with a bonfire of old fence posts. The walk was even more enjoyable as we avoided being slapped in the face by tree branches, as had happened previously. The Full Moon walk must be catching on elsewhere as the Barrier Rangers at Broken Hill are having one shortly. It will be interesting to see how they fare!



*The Window in Tourilie Gorge, c 1890.
(Source Reuben Thomas collection)*

A walk in the Caroon Creek Conservation Park, along the eastern slope of the range from the lookout to Tourilie Gorge, was fascinating, with plenty of creeks to explore as they cut back into the hills. Along the way we came within 60 metres of an emu with a clutch of nine eggs (viewed more easily with binoculars).

The next walk will be up Mount Bryan, then onto Mount Bryan East School for afternoon tea as the proposed wind farm, with 36 wind turbines may change the view in the future.

Brief News

Trailblazer

Trailblazer is a team endurance event that offers distances of 18, 34, 50 and 100km. Staged along the stunning trails of the Adelaide Hills and Plains, this year's event will take place on 18th and 19th October, 2008. Visit the Trailblazer Challenge website - www.trailblazer.org.au

Bridge Re-Opened

The bridge that was destroyed in flooding several years ago in Mt George Conservation Park (Map 3.3 Southern Guide) has now been rebuilt, so the trail has been restored back through the golf course and the temporary re-route disbanded.

Next Issue Deadline

Submissions for the Summer edition of the Trailwalker will close on 7 November.

Articles on the Heysen Trail or other trails within Australia or overseas are welcomed from members. Articles from non-members who have hiked parts of the Heysen Trail are also welcomed.

If you are planning to write an article it is suggested you contact the editor with your idea. Unexpected articles may be delayed in being published.

Deadlines: the Trailwalker is published quarterly - March, June, September and December. The deadline for articles is normally on the first Friday of the month one month prior to the month of publication.

Contact: the editor can be contacted by email on trailwalker@heysentrail.asn.au or via the Friends office.

Article Lengths: as a guide, a large article, of 3 to 4 pages should be no more than 2,500 words. An average size article, of 2 to 3 pages should be around 1,500 words. A 1 page article should be between 500 and 750 words. Articles should be typed, preferably in Microsoft Word, and emailed. Printed or hand written articles are not generally accepted.

Photos: to provide visual interest photos should be supplied to supplement the article. A photo which includes the author is encouraged. Photos should have captions,

and be emailed. They should no more smaller than 10cm wide at 300dpi (or 1280 pixels wide). Alternatively, photos could be left on cd or dvd at the Friends office. Printed photos are not generally accepted. If photos are not your own or from a friend, you may need to acknowledge the source.

Maps: for articles about multi-day hikes maps are encouraged. Maps copied from websites may be too small to be reproducible in print form - they should no more smaller than 10cm wide at 300dpi (or 1280 pixels wide). Assistance can be provided in finding or drawing suitable maps. Map sources may need to be acknowledged.

Letter to the Editor **New Members**

Dear Editor, I cannot allow the piece about Stella van der Krogt on St Mary peak (Trailwalker Winter 2008), to pass without comment about how unwise she was. She was certainly very lucky. Overseas visitors just do not appreciate that most of Australia is unfriendly to the point of being hazardous. In my experience they are unaccustomed to temperatures in the 30s and the lack of water. Stella evidently had no adequate map and tried to return by a different route from the one she had already walked. She ran out of water and had no matches or mirror. St Mary Peak is no more a single person outing now than it was when I first climbed it forty years ago. Is it a counsel of perfection that when you walk unfamiliar territory, you have a least one companion. John Prescott

Thank you for your feedback - we certainly welcome feedback about articles. We felt the issue you raised was self-evident in the article by way of action and outcome and as such needed no further words of caution - Editor

The President and the Council would like to extend a warm welcome to the following members, who have joined the Friends since the last edition of the Trailwalker, and urge them to become involved in the voluntary, walking and social aspects of the association.

Yvonne Powell	Carol Clark
Melanie Sjoberg	Nadia Marzi
Toby Hansen	Peter Gniel
Mark Bubner	Cheryl Gilchrist
Jenny Bubner	Mathew Kemp
Susan Powell	Ann Owen
Trevor Powell	Karen Cumbertson
Caroline Ros	Nick Cumbertson
Sandra Freebairn	Teresa Birdseye
Paul Freebairn	Nick Birdseye
Charles Kay	Judie Cox
Eric Lewis	Hatsue Matsunami
Sharon Commis	Christina Jarvis
Naomi Martin	Catherine South
Elizabeth Ann	Robyn Welsh
Francis	Timothy Anderson
Trevor Keene	A Anderson
Margaret Nippert	Annie Hastwell
John Callinan	Jack O'Dea
Dallas Clark	

Office Report

By Jack Marcelis
Office Coordinator

Thank you to those members who answered our plea for more staff volunteers. We currently have a full compliment of office staff. I am grateful for that, because the warmer temperatures 'Up North' at this time of the year combined with the peak of the walking season in Europe leaves us usually understaffed when for us 'stay at homes' it's also the busiest time.

I am also pleased to report on a record 38 new members this term and further that the names denote they are not all Anglo Saxon but a much broader cross section.

Those of you who occasionally call in to the office will have noticed the outside walls have recently been repainted and enlivened with an earthy colour. Moreover, this serves to make our office more visible as well with some new signage.

After all the outside works we are now updating and refreshing our office. The final of this entire endeavour is about to get underway with the replacement of the old and tired looking display cabinets under the guidance of Geoff Couch. To brighten the place up we are also installing a few extra fluoro lights. The ceilings will be freshly whitened with the walls flowing on from the outside theme and painted an apricot colour.

Many thanks to member Neil Rivett of Watty Paints, Albert Park who generously donated the many litres of paint. Thank you also to Jamie Shephard, Robert Alcock, Julian Monfries, and Jim Alvey all ably led by Colin Edwards, the supervisor of our 'in house' painters.

Walking Committee

By Arrienne Wynen
Walking Committee Chairperson

Here we are in the second half of the walking season. The weather now is great for enjoying long walks, and the countryside is looking fresh and green with the rain that we have had. Our two groups have walked the Kokoda Track and had wonderful experiences, the End-to-End 2 group is on the final week of their journey from Cape Jervis and the End-to-End 3 group is gaining ground each month. As well as these walks we continue to provide both Trailstarter and Trailwalkers each Sunday for members and those that want to give it a try. As all these walks are popular I would remind members to book early and if unable to make the walk to ring the office and leave a message for the walk leader.

As a walk committee we try to provide a program to suit our members, and to help us do this, and to identify those problems that inevitably creep in we have a questionnaire. Not another questionnaire, I can hear the grumbling already, but it is the easiest way we have of collecting information, so please tick the boxes and help us improve the walk program and make it what you want it to be. These forms will be circulated at walks and you will be able to return them to the walk leader or fax to the office at a later time.

Trail Maintenance Sections

The Heysen Trail is graciously maintained by volunteers. If you discover a problem on the Heysen Trail, please contact the Friends of the Heysen Trail office, or the Maintenance Co-ordinator or relevant Maintenance Section Leader. We welcome feedback on the condition of the Heysen Trail, constructive suggestions on improvements that could be made, and general comments or enquiries about the Trail.

Maintenance Co-ordinators

Gavin Campbell 8296 8613 (H)
Arthur Smith 8261 6746 (H)

Maintenance Committee

Chairman

John Wilson 8356 9264 (H)

Details of maintenance sections and their contacts is available on the website at www.heysentrail.asn.au/heysen_trail/maintenance.htm

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Walking SA

By Thelma Anderson
Walking Access Committee

Proposed closure and sale of Long Gully Road, Jupiter Creek - a section of the Heysen Trail.

The highlight of this report is the outcome of Mount Barker Council's proposal to close and sell to the adjoining landowner an undeveloped road reserve south of Mylor, known as Long Gully Road and identified as the Heysen Trail. At a meeting of Mount Barker Council on 16 June, 2008 the agenda item listed a "recommendation that Council *not* make a road process order to close and merge", etc. "the northern portion of Long Gully Road ... in Preliminary Plan 06/0094". The agenda item also lists the names of twelve organizations and individuals, in addition to a petition, who submitted objection to the proposal to sell the road reserve, far outnumbering support for the sale by DEH Trails and the Office for Recreation and Sport. The Native Vegetation Branch submitted support for the sale, conditional upon the endorsement of a Heritage Agreement on the title but this was unacceptable to the landowner. In any event replacement of the bog ladder will provide the necessary protection of the various indigenous plant species occurring within the swampland. The unanimous support by councillors to retain the road reserve in public ownership sends a clear message to the wider community, and to trail managers, of the wishes of the bushwalking community for the route of the Heysen Trail to be resumed along the original alignment. The only secure tenure for the Heysen Trail and guarantee for future generations is within public ownership and it is our responsibility to ensure it retains this status permanently, not used as a bargaining tool for the convenience of landowners to the detriment and disadvantage of all South Australians. The unprecedented support of individual walkers and the wider walking community in objecting to the proposed road closure process is

testimony to the esteem in which the Heysen Trail - a South Australian icon - is held.

Woodcutters Road

Onkaparinga Council recently considered a proposal submitted by Horse SA regarding access along a section of Woodcutters Road but rejected the proposal on the grounds that it would not be sustainable for use as part of the Kidman Horse Trail or the Tom Roberts Horse Trail in view of a threat to rare and endangered plant species that occur throughout the area. Horse SA has accepted the decision and will work with Council and other agencies to examine alternative areas for access by horses. No decision has yet been made by Council for designation of the Woodcutters Road area, but Walking SA in their submission indicated a willingness to assist in maintaining a Bush Care Site. It is also understood that a Management Plan of the area between Acklands Hill Road and Pole Road will be prepared by Council and access, if any, will be on a severely restricted basis. Protection of the significant native flora and fauna will be paramount to Council's management of the location.

Deep Creek Conservation Park

A document was recently made available to Walking SA, being a report of a meeting held in the National Fitness Centre in 1962 to discuss the acquisition of a "regional natural reserve at Deep Creek". Representatives of wide-ranging organizations connected with outdoor activities attended, including Mr. A.E. Simpson of the National Fitness Council, and Miss Helen Black (with connections to the origins of the Heysen Trail. Other organizations represented were Adelaide Bushwalkers, Boy Scouts Association, Botanic Garden, Girl Guides, Society for Growing Australian Plants, National Parks, S.A. Museum,

Ornithological Society, Zoological Gardens, Youth Hostels Association, Field Naturalists, W.E.A. Ramblers, Flora and Fauna Board and the Cave Society of S.A. and many other related groups. The purpose of the meeting refers to the interest of the "NFC in securing a large area of national rugged bush country close to Adelaide which could provide a training ground for young people to learn the art of living in and finding their way about the Australian countryside." Details of the value and size of the area are outlined, together with discussion with Government Ministers. The area was described as "a museum piece and the last untouched example of the natural condition of the southern part of the Mount Lofty Ranges. "This alone should be sufficient argument to have the area proclaimed a natural reserve to be kept strictly in its virgin state." Mr. Simpson said. "Colour transparencies of the area, presented by Tess Beneke of YHA were shown and Mr. D. Kraehenbuehl, Field Naturalists, showed other slides illustrating the nature and extent of the bush cover plus some rarer examples of flowers and birds still to be found along the Deep Creek." A motion "that a committee be established to examine the possibilities of making a public appeal for the purchase of a large area of natural vegetation at Deep Creek." was seconded and carried unanimously. We are now reaping the foresight of this group of naturalists, together with the responsibility of protecting the area for the benefit and enjoyment of future generations.

Farewell to June Boscence

June's resignation from the position of Administrative Officer with Walking SA took effect from 30 June, 2008, although we hope to see her about the office and on the trails from time to time. We certainly valued her cheerful countenance and efficiency in keeping the office activities "on track" and look forward to joining her on occasions

when she is checking the Women's Pioneer Trail - a valuable task she has promised to take responsibility for in her retirement. **Welcome to Eleanor.** Eleanor Martin has accepted the vacant position in the office and we extend to her a warm and friendly welcome as we also enjoy the benefit of her support.

Stepping Stone Creek Crossings



River crossing via stepping stones - Victoria
(Photo courtesy Carlien Melrose)

On a camp in Victoria in recent times members of the ARPA Bushwalking Club were privileged to experience a futuristic method of crossing the significant streams that rise and flow through the goldfields areas and well-vegetated natural forests towards Melbourne. The use of bridges to ford quite significant streams, in this case the upper reaches of the Yarra, has been successfully replaced by securely installed, custom made stepping stones. It is understood that an ARPA member walking the Pilgrim's Way in the United Kingdom some years ago experienced the same principle to negotiate a stream on that walking trail. The photographs have been passed on to DEH and the principle applied on a modified basis in the Sturt Gorge Recreation Park. However, this experience has proved that the method cannot be compromised by cost-cutting of materials. Nonetheless, with appropriate materials success would be assured.

Friends of Sturt Gorge and the Park rangers are to be congratulated on their initiative in moving forward with the idea.

Discounts Available to Members

The following discounts are available to members. Your membership card must be shown to receive the discount, some exclusions apply.

Friends of the Heysen Trail

10 Pitt St, Adelaide 8212 6299
10% discount on all maps and books

Adelaide Hatters

36 Adelaide Arcade, Adelaide 8224 0131
10% discount

Annapura Outdoor Shop

210 Rundle St, Adelaide 8223 4633
10% discount (excluding sale items)

Aussie Disposals

42 Pulteney St, Adelaide 8224 0388
Elizabeth City Centre 8287 3008
Colonnades, Noarlunga 8326 3186
327 Main North Rd, Enfield 8342 4844
Up to 10% discount

Boots Great Outdoors Centre

1277 South Road, St Marys 8277 7789
Up to 10% discount (excluding sale items and fridges)

Columbia Sportswear Company

208 Rundle St, Adelaide 8232 0690
10% discount off recommended retail price

Flinders Camping

187 Rundle St, Adelaide 8223 1913
10% discount (excluding sale items)

Mitchell's Adventure

Westfield Marion 8296 7700
Westfield Tea Tree Plaza 8395 9555
10% discount (excluding sale items and portable fridges)

Mountain Designs

187 Rundle St, Adelaide 8232 1351
10% discount (excluding sale items)

Paddy Pallin

228 Rundle St, Adelaide 8232 3155
10% discount (excluding sale items)

SA Camping World

109 Jetty Road, Glenelg 8376 1330
10% to 15% discount

Scout Outdoor Centre

192 Rundle St, Adelaide 8223 5544
10% discount on outdoor gear (excluding sale items)

Snowy's Outdoors

92 Richmond Road, Keswick 8351 2111
Up to 10% discount

Trims

322 King William St, Adelaide 8212 5099
Westfield Marion 8298 9777
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Wattyl Paints centres

Refer to page 52 of the 2008 White Pages for your nearest outlet.

Feeling Great

By Bev McLeod, Ralene Shaw, Rhonda Dempster and Helen Cradock

The 'Heysen Trail' has become our obsession and biggest personal challenge to complete in August 2008. When we first started walking on some End-to-End 1 days and catch ups we thought, okay just for the fun of it, we will do the odd day. We were told that we should just do the easy bits but this made us determined to tackle the whole 1200km!

So when Kevin Boyce decided to start at Cape Jervis to do his catch ups for End-to-End 1 we joined in and thus the End-to-End 2 was born.

It has been a journey of great personal challenge taking us out of our comfort zones. We have spent hours at the gym and training walks to enable us to undertake the trek. We have made many close friendships laughing and crying together but always supported and encouraged. We have seen places in South Australia we had no idea existed and stayed in quaint country pubs where doors fell off the hinges, taps didn't run and we laughed until we cried. The hospitality shown to us has been exceptional and the meals memorable.

The track was not always spectacular and sometimes Jerry's link days were tedious along bitumen and country roads. However, with everyone's company it was never boring. Someone always had a story or walking adventures to tell. Signs come and go... "follow the fence", "follow the creek", "follow the ridge", "follow the track", "follow the road" and the arrows always showing the way. Up and over numerous stiles, gates, fences and even through paddocks with resident bulls eyeing us off.

Memories of dolphins hunting for fish at Blow Hole Beach, rainbows over Kings Head, stampeded by cows, the autumn tones of the grape vines, frosty mornings and bald hills in Burra, the ghost at Hallett, the bagpipes and rock 'n roll in Gladstone Goal, Simon singing on the trail, wedding party on Pichi Richi train, sunrise over Dutchman's Stern, sunset at Partacoona, overnight camp on the trail at Mt Arden, gale



Helen Cradock, Rhonda Dempster, Bev McLeod and Ralene Shaw and on top of Mt Bryan

force winds along exposed ridges, dry stone walls, hot tailing past beehives, wedge tail eagle gliding just above our head through a creek bed, colors of the Flinders Ranges and all the undulations and gullies we traversed. Just one more hill to go... just another gully...

Just one more hill to go... just another gully...

The tradition of the silver tray has kept us sustained during the walk. It makes an appearance at morning tea with such delights as Haighs chocolate frogs, Crows and Port colored lollies, cakes, slices... the list goes on and on. On the two weeks away in 2008 the tray appeared at the end of the day under the direction of the Nutty Fruit Cake Committee who made sure no weight was lost on the walk that day. Trevor also kept us energized each walk with a never ending supply of Tim Tams.

Thanks to everybody for their ongoing support and encouragement without which we would not have completed the trail. Thank you also to the many

friendships we have made throughout our journey. Special thanks to Jerry and Michelle Foster who have kept us going with tail end stories and encouragement well beyond the call of duty.

Tackling the Heysen Trail has given us the confidence to tackle walking adventures interstate and overseas. We hope the end of the trail in August will be the start of many more adventures to follow.

We did it!!! ●



Walking in the Flinders: End-to-End 2

By Elizabeth Alvey

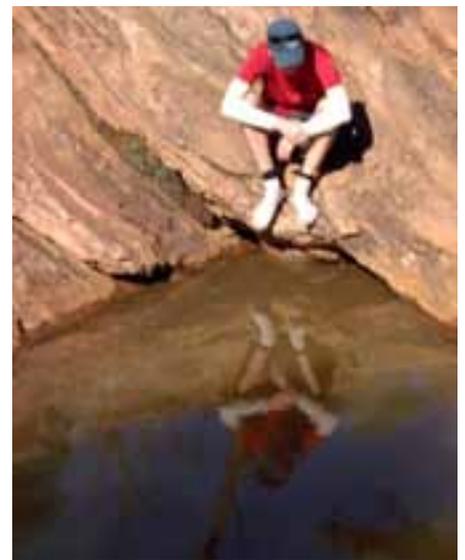
The catch-up chatting began in the bus, which picked up many walkers from outside the Heysen office, in Pitt Street, on the way to the first stop in Port Augusta. Walking gear and food filled the storage area under the bus but left just enough space for a large addition, no names mentioned, in Snowtown.

This was to be our penultimate week of walking the Heysen Trail, but no one can plan the weather. How great that there has finally been some rain in the north of our state; some seed has been planted and there is already a tinge of green to show for it. For walkers, though, the rain was not so well timed. Our bus got bogged on the Eyre Depot road to the west of the range. Thanks to careful planning by Jerry and Michelle, we were towed out by Barry and Trevor, in the pre arranged support vehicle. Plan B: We returned through Pt Augusta and Quorn to access the trail from the eastern side at Argadells HS. No one could say we didn't try. The day was overcast and misty. Wet weather gear was put into action. It was too damp to sit for morning tea. Ominously, even the 4WD'ers were abandoning their holiday weekend plans. Then the mist turned to rain, the wind blew across the ridge top, there was no shelter for a lunch stop, and still another 13km to go in these conditions. Sadly, our kilt-clad president decided it was too wet to play his bagpipes on Mt Arden. Plan C: We retraced our steps. We had walked about 19km. It was dark by the time the

bus was negotiating the wet dirt roads back to the main road. Jerry awarded this group the prize for the greatest amount of effort for the least amount of trail walked in a day: 450m (900 if you count both directions.) A hot shower and hot food were welcome that night.

Day 2 was a rest day. It turned out to be a sunny day but the access roads were impassable. Tip: If you haven't already visited the Wadlata Outback Centre in Port Augusta, do so soon. It is an excellent exhibition of the Outback, made interesting by its variety of interactive displays, and has a good café too.

We moved on to base at Quorn for two nights, with the challenge of Mt Arden as yet unmet. The next walks were characterised by rock hopping along creek beds. This was made all the more interesting by the steep gorges and recent rain, leaving water holes, and in some places, running creeks, to be crossed. There was plenty of mud too, adding weight to our boots, a novelty for those who have mainly been walking the Heysen in drought



Jeremy resting at a rock pool

conditions. The rock pools provided picturesque lunch stops, and Jeremy, with his reflection, became the focus of a photo shoot or was it just his feet? The colour of the rocks; ochre, orange and red also demanded photography; it would be good to return in different lights. This section is amply supplied with campsites, such as Bucharinga North, Calabrinda Creek and Mount



Walking into the mist of Mt Arden

End-to-End 2 Finishes the Trail

Nine Trail Finishers

Nine hikers from the End-to-End 2 group recently completed the Heysen Trail at the Parachilna Gorge trailhead

In mid August the End-to-End 2 group completed their hike of the 1,200km Heysen Trail - nine of fifty hikers personally completing the trail. Two more hikers were just two walks off finishing the trail.

The group had spent a week on the trail hiking from just south of Wilpena Pound to the end, and

earlier this year had spent a week hiking from Quorn to just south of Wilpena Pound. The group started at Cape Jervis 6 years ago.

The End-to-End 3 group which commenced in 2006, and is currently in the Barossa Valley, is due to complete the trail in 2011.



The End-to-End 2 finishers of the Heysen Trail at the Parachilna Gorge trailhead, Aug 16

(L-R) Jeremy Carter, Ralene Shaw, Hilary Dickman, Elizabeth Alvey, Nikki Price, Jim Alvey, Bev McLeod, Rhonda Dempster and Gavin Bowden

Continued from page 11...

Elm. We can only imagine how this area was different in the past, with the early pioneers trying to make a living. We saw the ruins of a community large enough to support the Mt Elm School, and graves at Old Wonoka recorded the lives of those who worked the land rather than gained their recreation from it.

Importantly, amongst other things, this carried today's supply of goodies so capably organised by the fruitcake committee.

For the last three nights we were based at Hawker. A break from the predominantly flat territory was the hike up Jarvis Hill, with its magnificent viewpoint across the Willochra Plain, then through forest and along the Yourambulla Range. This is not a track for the faint hearted. It requires considerable concentration on footwork with steep drops at the edge of the ridge. We were rewarded with fabulous views, this time towards the Elder Range and at last, Wilpena Pound appears within reachable distance. In the near distance we had a bird's eye view of an eagle's nest. It took up most of the tree.

We almost got into the swing of creek walking, but the same creek seems to be called many different names on the map; Wonoka, Memmerna and Slaty Creek, to the inexperienced, all seem to be the same one. It was interesting to note how this area had changed since the End to End 1 group had walked through a few years ago. One in 50 year floods, in 2007, had taken out dense vegetation, leaving us the choice of following the creek beds or walking on its banks. Huge horizontal tree trunks caught in between the trees still standing, were testament to the power of this mighty flood. Mayo Hut has a commanding view above the flood line; it offered a scenic lunch stop. We left the trail at the Red Range campsite with a steep climb through the native pines on the Arkaba station, to the familiar site of the bus, and its driver, Gavin. Importantly, amongst other things, this carried today's supply of goodies so capably organised by the fruitcake committee. ●

Burgan Fencing Consultants Proud Supporters of End-to-End 2



The proprietors of Burgan Fencing Consultants, Tony and Robyn Burgan, congratulate those dedicated walkers, who accompanied by Jerry & the Pacemakers, completed their End-to-End 2 journeys on 16th August 2008 at Parachilna Gorge.

As proud supporters of End-to-End 2, we invite you to talk with us first before you start your fence making or mending project. Our consulting fees are half reasonable and will have you walking away happy.

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The Five Passes

By Alan Davis

Lying adjacent to the mighty Fiordland National Park in New Zealand's South Island, Kiwi trampers in the know will tell you Mt Aspiring National Park is surely one of their country's premium hiking destinations.

Perhaps the least developed of all the national parks, and bisected by the Southern Alps, snowy mountains alternate with deep valleys carved out in the last ice age creating a region still very much a wilderness. It was here Brent Telford, a fellow 'Friend' and I were to spend 6 days on a hike last summer (2006/07). Our route was one referred to by the locals as the Five Passes. You'll find nothing about it in the usual tramping guides. Indeed, we were only able to glean bits and pieces of information from one of the New Zealand Alpine Club publications. Notwithstanding the wonderful scenery, the attraction of the Five Passes is for much of the route there are no tracks or huts whatsoever. So that meant we would be sharing our hike with few others. In fact, over the six days we saw only one other couple doing the route as we were.

Such a remote walk begins, of all places, on the Routeburn, now officially New Zealand's most popular

track. So we set off on a lovely benched pathway along with dozens of others for about a fifteen minute stroll, until a small unmarked side-track led off to our right. Shortly

Notwithstanding the wonderful scenery, the attraction of the Five Passes is for much of the route there are no tracks or huts whatsoever.

after a sign proclaimed, "this is not the Routeburn". Very apt. For the first three hours we slowly ascended up through thick forest, eventually reaching the treeline then following a poled route up onto the sodden slopes leading over Sugarloaf Pass. Of course the views in all directions were superb



Alan on Park Pass

but shortly after it was back into the forest descending steeply, eventually to reach the Rockburn. Then it was all the way following this lovely river to Theatre Flat and our first nights camp.

Theatre Flat is a large amphitheatre surrounded by mountains and forest, bisected by the Rockburn and except for the usual busy sandflies, we had the place to ourselves. But the gloomy skies of late afternoon were to translate into heavy rain which greeted the dawn. Nothing to do but stay put and hope the bad weather would only last hours and not days. But just before 2pm the rain eased and we made one of those inspired decisions to quickly pack up and head off. Back into the forest, ascending slowly to the bushline until about an hour below Park Pass, we took shelter in heavy, freezing rain behind a huge boulder. Just as we contemplated bivvying for the night, the rain eased again and we pushed on reaching the summit about 7pm. Here the gods smiled on us as the sun came out, the clouds lifted and



Not the Routeburn, short break on the Rockburn

*Exhilaration on Fiery Col**Brent on Fiery Col*

we were afforded the most magnificent views. All the gloom of the morning melted away in a few moments. The descent into the valley floor was cruel to say the least, a slippery mish mash of mud, gnarled tree roots, at times nearing a vertical decline made more dangerous by the heavy rain. If nothing else it convinced us no matter what lay ahead, there would be no turning back. About 8.30pm we found a small clearing in the forest and quickly set up camp as the heavens opened again.

The first glimpse out of the tent in the morning revealed blue sky and this was to be one of those wonderful days hiking to be long remembered. Except for the first half an hour of bushbashing and boulder hopping, once we forded Hidden Falls Creek, it was to be spent all above the treeline following the river slowly upstream, in glorious sunshine with mountains in all directions and this whole beautiful valley completely to ourselves. Late morning stopping for an early lunch on Cow Saddle, we contemplated the forbidding mountain vista to our right completely capped in heavy snow. Our way over Fiery Col lay up there and Brent made a comment that expressed how we were both feeling, "if we kill ourselves up there today, at least we'll die doing something we love."

Well die we didn't and with the help of our trekking poles and Brent's alpine skills (acquired whilst living in Switzerland) about 3 hours later we

stood on the wave-like summit of the pass, the final hour or so climbing up ever increasingly steep snowy slopes. No way to describe the exhilaration we both felt. The descent off Fiery Col was in the highest spirits down into a warm, sunshine filled almost meadow-

Brent was probably much closer to the truth when he made the comment at the bottom, "boy did we ever stuff that up".

like valley with waterfalls flowing down from the upper peaks. Even the climb up onto the Olivine Ledge and the long slog for 3 more hours could do little more than take a tiny bit of gloss off a wonderful day. Wearily we crawled into a tiny rock bivvy, barely a metre high and 6 to 8 metres deep, hidden away in a pile of huge boulders, but marked by a rock cairn left by previous, considerate trampers. Here we spent the night cocooned away



Late lunch in the meadow below Fiery Col

whilst the temperature dropped well below freezing and gale force winds howled outside.

Next morning it was the final navigational challenge of the trip, the climb up a spur line into an icy plateau containing the Fohn Lakes then up and over the Fohn Saddle, the last of the 5 passes. I don't know what Fohn means (Brent say it's a warm wind in Swiss) but it definitely was one of the coldest and most forlorn places I've ever hiked to. The largest of the Fohn Lakes was nearly completely frozen over and we crossed a snow bridge near it's outlet

before almost inadvertently stumbling onto the saddle. The descent down into the sun-filled Beansburn Valley was "interesting" to say the least. I've satisfied myself we pioneered a new route off the Fohn Saddle but Brent was probably much closer to the truth when he made the comment at the bottom, "boy did we ever stuff that up". An hour or so later we set up an early camp just above the Beansburn and spent the rest of a long, warm afternoon relaxing.

Day five and it was back into the forest slowly and cautiously making our way following the Beansburn downstream. Early afternoon the reappearance of sandflies meant we were nearing civilisation again and indeed shortly after the roar of jet boats bringing tourists on their wilderness adventure into Mt Aspiring National Park signalled we had reached the Dart River. After a while spent wading down the Dart we eventually found a track along it's bank which opened out into large stony flats leading back to the Rockburn and our final night's camp. With our tent pitched on a large almost lawn like flat and watching the sun set over the beautiful surrounding peaks we contemplated how much developers would pay to build a resort here. The next morning it was an early start for a final 3 hour sprint around Lake Sylvan and back to the Routeburn road. About 30 minutes later the shuttle bus which had carried us to the start of our trek 6 days before dutifully stopped and several hours later we were back in familiar territory in Queenstown.

A wonderful 6 days and warmly recommended but certainly not a walk for beginners and only for the hardest of solo trekkers. ●



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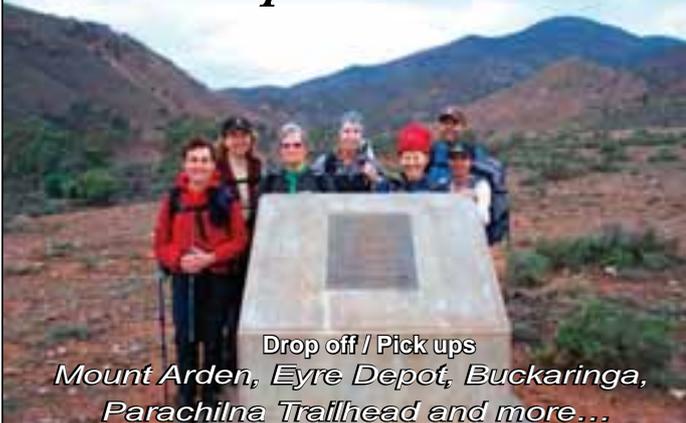
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2008 Walk Programme

	September	October	November				
1st Week of month	Father's Day Sun Sept 7 Trailstarter Black Hill David Beaton	October Long Weekend Sun Oct 5 Trailstarter Cox's Scrub David Beaton	Sun Nov 2 Walk Rally Parklands Nic Wait				
	Sun Sept 7 Trailwalker Deep Creek Ray Blight		Sun Oct 5 Trailwalker TBA Julian Monfries				
2nd Week of month	Sun Sept 14 Trailstarter Mt Pleasant Graham Parham	Sun Oct 12 Trailstarter Anstey's Hill Graham Parham	Sun Nov 9 TBA TBA Gavin Campbell				
	Sun Sept 14 Trailwalker Aldgate Gavin Campbell	Sun Oct 12 Trailwalker Mt Crawford Chris Caspar					
3rd Week of month	Sun Sept 21 Trailstarter Wistow Sandy Melbourne/ Rosie Gubbins	Sun Oct 19 Trailstarter Brownhill Creek Colin Edwards	Sun Nov 16 TBA Port Adelaide Arrienne Wynen				
	Sun Sept 21 Trailwalker TBA Steve Wilkinson	Sun Oct 19 Trailwalker TBA Ben Wait					
4th Week of month	Sun Sept 28 Trailstarter Morialta Lyn Wood	Sun Oct 26 Trailstarter Para Wirra Arrienne Wynen					
	Sun Sept 28 End-to-End 3 Pewsey Vale to Tanunda	Sun Oct 26 Trailwalker Mt Hayfield David Beaton Sat Oct 25 – Sun Oct 26 End-to-End 3 Kapunda to Hamilton to Peters Hill					
5th Week of month	Key to Walk Programme <table border="1" style="margin: 10px auto;"> <tr><td>Trail Starter walk</td></tr> <tr><td>Trail Walker walk</td></tr> <tr><td>End-to-End walk</td></tr> <tr><td>Other walk event</td></tr> </table> <p>An explanation of walk grades and details for each walk event are published on the website</p>			Trail Starter walk	Trail Walker walk	End-to-End walk	Other walk event
Trail Starter walk							
Trail Walker walk							
End-to-End walk							
Other walk event							

Registering for Walks

You must register for a walk, either online or over the phone.

Register online (by Wed prior please) at
www.heysentrail.asn.au,
or by phone the office on 8212 6299
(during the hours listed on page 3).

Walk Grades

There are five different grades of walk on the Friends of the Heysen Trail walk programme. Four of these operate during the walk season, generally from April to November when it is not Fire Ban Season:

- Trail Starter
- Trail Walker
- Trail Rambler
- End-to-End

When it is not walk season, generally during the summer Fire Ban Season, a fifth walk grade, Summer Twilight Walks, operate.

Details of each walk grade are provided on the website.

Appropriate Clothing

All walks are subject to you wearing appropriate clothing. Prime considerations are warmth and weather protection. Your safety and the safety of the walking group can be jeopardised by you wearing inappropriate clothing. In an emergency situation it can take hours to evacuate a sick or injured walker. Leaders may not accept people for a walk who have not come appropriately dressed or prepared.

What to Wear

- Good walking shoes, or boots, with grip soles. Thongs, sandals, elastic-sided boots and smooth-soled sneakers are not appropriate
- Thick socks
- Wet weather gear - a three quarter length waterproof rain jacket is ideal (showerproof spray jackets and quilted parkas are not waterproof and create a danger of hypothermia)
- A warm jumper or jacket of wool/polyester fleece. Cotton shirts and windcheaters have minimum insulation when wet and retain water
- Shorts, loose comfortable wool or synthetic pants (jeans are not suitable as they are cold when wet and dry slowly)
- Shade hat and sunscreen in warmer weather. Warm hat/beanie in cooler weather

The above list is for Twilight Walks, Trail Starter and Trail Rambler walks. For Trail Walker and End-to-End walks, in addition to the above list, please also consider bringing:

- Thermal underwear
- Waterproof over-trousers

What to Bring

- Basic First Aid and Emergency Kit containing:
 - UV sunblock, throat lozenges, lip salve and paracetamol
 - Insect repellent
- Torch
- Lunch and snacks (include some for emergency)
- Plastic bag for rubbish
- Water in a secure container; minimum one litre, and two litres if the temperature will be over 20°C
- Gear should be carried in a day pack; one with a supporting waist belt is recommended

The above list is for Twilight Walks, Trail Starter and Trail Rambler walks. For Trail Walker and End-to-End walks, in addition to the above list, please also bring:

- Whistle
- Wide elastic bandage and triangular bandage with safety pins

Walk Cancellations

Walks are cancelled if the broadcasted forecast is for temperatures over 32°C. For simplicity, this can be determined the night prior to the walk on the 7pm ABC evening news weather forecast, based upon the Bureau of Meteorology's routine 4pm forecast. Even if the forecast is later revised, the walk remains cancelled. End-to-End walks will be rescheduled to the following month. This doesn't apply to Summer Twilight Walks.

If unforeseen circumstances arise and you are no longer able to participate in the walk, please notify the office as soon as possible, preferably by 4pm Friday, or leave a message on the answering machine after this time.

Further Information

For further information about each walk, walk grades, frequently asked questions or to print off a colour copy of the programme, visit www.heysentrail.asn.au/walks

The tree
huggers
who need
saving...



September is
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chance for you to help
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Foundation save
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We Don't Leave Our Wounded...

By Julian Monfries

These thoughts echoed in my head as the rest of the 1st Friends Kokoda group walked out of Naduri village in PNG, to the tune of Monty Python's Flying Circus. You may recall my mishap whilst trekking the Trail from the Autumn Trailwalker earlier this year.

To recap for those that came in late, on day 5 of our Kokoda trek, whilst descending a very steep slope, my left foot slipped and I landed heavily on my left ankle. The end result was a fracture of the lower fibula.

I hobbled into the next village, feeling my left foot getting heavier and heavier as the swelling set in. At the village, off with the boot to reveal a truly ugly site, and the realisation that I could go no further, other than a flight out.

Some confab between the two Jim's, our trek leader and the leader of our porters and the decision made to fly me out. I would be left behind with my porter and we would take the next charter flight out, in a day or two.

He asks some odd questions about certain anatomical names. He visits a number of times and is just as odd each time.

Colin and I divide up the food, he gets the wine, my pack is taken to the thatched guesthouse, and my sleeping mat and sleeping bag laid out to stake my claim, in case other trekking groups try to take over.

More confab and it seems my porter is needed for the group, so I will be on my own, albeit under the care of Andy Ovuru, the village head man.

Then they're off, leaving their wounded behind.

At least I get a solo audience with Ovuro Ndiki, the oldest living fuzzy wuzzy, reputedly 103.

I sort myself out, set up my living quarters, then sit, leg up to ease the swelling.

Andy comes up to see how I'm getting along, tells me the plane should be in tomorrow and then leaves me on my own.

Time passes slowly, I read the very good, Field Guide to the Kokoda Track. My bum gets sore so I put my leg even higher and lie on the bench. My back gets sore; the bench is hard timber and logs. I sit up, my leg gets sore and so it goes on.

The trek to the dunny is an interesting exercise, 50m away and uphill. Uphill is good, downhill is not.

Andy comes back and asks if I would like some hot water for a tubs. WOULD !!

The water arrives and a combination of hopping, splashing and pouring I have the first hot shower/ bath that I have had for 5 days. The hot water is great until it cools and then it seems very, very cold. My towel is too small to dry me quickly. Anyway, I am clean and in clean clothes and feel much better.

Edwin visits. He is Andy's son and talks shyly about school and what he is studying.

John visits. He hopes I will take a huge tarpaulin to Port Moresby for the SDA 100th Anniversary camp later in the year. He's an odd "bod" but at least it's company. He asks some odd questions about certain anatomical



Not your normal Monday commuters

names. He visits a number of times and is just as odd each time.

At last it is night and I can have some dinner. The BackCountry food comes out, the hot water goes into the Thai Beef Curry and after a few mouthfuls of unidentifiable chewy bits I give up. It's not the same without the laughter and the bon vivant of the campsite. From then on I stick to cup of soup and caramel instant desert.

Darkness falls very quickly; I am tired and a little sore. Some Brufen and a couple of sleeping tablets sees me nod off quickly, until the bladder imperative strikes, not once but 4 times. I hobble to the door, it's 5 rickety wooden steps down, so I just pee from the top. It must be all the fluid in my leg.

At some point I hear someone walking around, but go back to sleep.

The next morning, it turns out my prowler was Andy, to deliver the bad news that the plane won't be in today. Something about the pilot over his hours, or no experienced pilot to land



Day 4 at Diggers Rest

at Naduri, or the pilot is elsewhere. The story changes. So maybe Sunday?

The day is quiet. Seventh Day Adventists don't do much on Saturday. The church bell is the most active thing about the village. My bum is sore. My ankle isn't too bad. The Guide gets a working over. It's not that easy to read.

Later in the day Andy comes back. I can see it is bad news. The plane won't be in tomorrow either.

Sunday dawns and with it some freshly baked bread from Andy. Now that makes for a celebration, jam and Nutella! At least there is some activity in the village. They ignore me. Trekkers come over from Kagi. They ignore me. Well, some come to see me to commiserate. The day drags. I look forward to bed, that takes up 12 hours at least.

Andy comes back to give me news and chat. He stays an hour or so. The plane will be in between 7 and 8 in the morning. Be ready!!

I sleep like a log. Remember those sleeping tablets. I'm up and packed by 6.30, more fresh bread and jam, courtesy of Naduri Bakers Delight.

I can see the villagers drifting up to the airstrip, its 7.30AM. One of the younger guys comes past and offers to take my pack. I accept gratefully. By the time I get to the airstrip, there must be 80 people waiting. I hope it is a 747 or we're not all going to fit.

Of course it's New Guinea time and plane eventually hits, yes I mean hits, the runway at 9.30. I am told to push my way slowly forward to ensure a seat. I do and get the jump seat at the door.

Meanwhile everyone is throwing things on the plane as fast as they can, sweet potato, sugar cane, and things I don't recognise. The senior pilot gets out of the cockpit and starts throwing things off.

Eventually, the plane is ready to take off. The co-pilot stands in the door to the cockpit and gives us our safety briefing. Well he does say "Welcome aboard, our flight time to Kagi is 3 minutes".

The plane revs up, then throws itself off the hill, well the hill seemed to drop away pretty quickly.

A hard hard bank to starboard, then we hit the airstrip at Kagi. I am trying

to film this on my DV camera through the cockpit window. We hit so hard, I end up taking video of my groin. This is fun.

The plane uses the entire runway, and just before hitting the bank at the end, does a sharp right hand turn and stops.

We then wait for the seriously ill porter who has malaria and needs to get to Port Moresby urgently. What about the seriously injured trekker who has been stuck in a village for 4 days. The porter doesn't arrive, his wife won't let him go. That's women for you.

Whilst we're waiting I get chatting to the pilot. He's an expatriate of 30 years and wonders why I would want to walk the Trail. His attitude is if you can't fly in, it's not worth visiting.

Ready to take off again, the co-pilot does his spiel, except this time "flying time to PM, 15 minutes".

Spectacular takeoff again, then a great flight over some fabulous country. Great stuff.

Will I go back and finish the Trail. Damn right-unfinished business.

Join me and the Friends for the 3rd FoHT Kokoda 2009 trip. ●

Soldiers of the Kokoda Campaign

By Gavin Campbell

This walk has for many years been a dream of mine, a pilgrimage to honour those heroes of World War 2 who fought and died in battles for Australia similar to the ancient Greek battle of "Thermopylae" and to live some of my father's wartime experiences.

Editors note: this article was written before Gavin walked the Kokoda Trail and as such should probably be read in conjunction with his last article (pages 13-15 Autumn Trailwalker). It was omitted from the last Trailwalker because of space constraints.

In the battle of Thermopylae 300 Spartans defeated the Persian Army by holding a pass and not allowing the Persians through. Kokoda was a tactical retreat, that is; they fought, retreated, ambushed the enemy, retreated, ambushed the enemy etc, etc. gradually weakening the enemy until its final defeat. The Australians were massively outnumbered (as were the Greeks at Thermopylae) and an all in battle would have meant yet another Japanese victory with all Australians being killed.

The warriors of the Kokoda Campaign and the Battle of the Coral Sea (Australia's Battle of Salamis) are Australia's saviours. These battles I consider much more important to Australia than Gallipoli. Kokoda was fought for Australia's survival, was led by Australians and it was a victory. It was also the first time the Japanese had suffered a land defeat and were turned back during the war. The Second World War was similar to the ancient Greek war, for again it was saving civilization from barbarism. I wonder if the battle of the Kokoda Trail will still be celebrated in 2,500 years time as Thermopylae is. (There is a recent film called '300' which is about the battle of Thermopylae.) We really should have a substantial ceremony, including perhaps a holiday, to commemorate the battle of the Coral Sea and Kokoda, possibly on August 25th, for the Battle of Isurava was raging on that day in 1942, and that date fits well with 25th December and

25th April. In fact why such a ceremony wasn't put in place 65 years ago is to our Political leader's shame.

The sad irony is that when the campaign was over and the soldiers were called on parade, the armchair General who was, by all accounts an overfed, slothful, womanizer, decided to call them cowards and had their leaders sacked. The soldiers were subsequently sent on several Macarthur inspired suicide missions as their reward, while the General retreated to safety and comfort and possibly a few gins and tonic. He possibly went to his retreat at Sapphire Creek known as "Blamey's Botanic Garden" where apparently no expense was spared in creating a haven for him and his top brass cronies. These suicide missions included, as my good friend Jack Fraser, who was an infantry man involved, explained to me, such things as full on charges along airstrips into the barrage of machine gun fire. Was Blamey punishing these men for their 'cowardice' or was he an incompetent survivor of the terrible tactics of the First World War. If the former, could he have been charged with war crimes against his own men (A novel concept.). Why he denigrated the men is open to conjecture but my theory is that he was a career Public Servant and for promotion he had to admonish any success by those of lesser rank. On the other hand, he could have been crawling to that well known self promoter, General Macarthur, who said Australians couldn't and wouldn't fight. Ironically he achieved his goal of promotion, for it was his end to become a death bed Field Marshal. What fields he was going to marshal at that stage I don't know, maybe the Elysium Fields, but I doubt he was worthy.

The sad irony is that when the campaign was over and the soldiers were called on parade, the armchair General who was, by all accounts an overfed, slothful, womanizer, decided to call them cowards and had their leaders sacked.

It appears he and his fellow officers didn't suffer too many inconveniences during the war. One of my father's career officers did comment that he wished the war was over so he could get back to proper army life. With these blokes in charge it is little wonder the war was such a debacle before the civilian soldiers took the reins (Singapore, Pearl Harbor and Macarthur in the Philippines).

I have always called it the Kokoda Trail and all literature of the 50's and 60's, when I was young and impressionable, called it a Trail. In later years many people including ED refer to it as the Kokoda Track. It certainly is a track now but before and during the war it probably was a trail, a rudimentary series of tracks connecting all of the villages.

As I have prepared for this walk, my thoughts have gone to Shelley Burns' dad who achieved a military medal on the Kokoda Trail for 'Sterling efforts in the care of the wounded' ("No words of mine will ever be able to express the wonderful, unselfish, the tender way in which Johnny [Burns] and Alf [Zanker]

looked after those suffering men" reported Captain Katekar). At one stage they ordered those of their wounded, who could, to go bush while they stood by their stretchers as they heard the approach of what they expected to be Japanese. They turned out to be Australians and so John Burns and his little group weren't all bayoneted.

This is the behaviour of true Australian heroes and has been all but forgotten amongst thousands of similar acts by Allied forces throughout this war. Mr. Burns was, when I knew him, a well fed bloke and Jack Fraser, has told me he even had that well fed look in New Guinea when he met him soon after Kokoda, a circumstance which Jack didn't think was possible at the end of this campaign under such difficult conditions. He was a pastry cook by trade, so I guess he could rustle up a good meal when food supplies allowed. When I knew him he was Balfour's CO. Now that is a good reward, with all of that yummy food on tap!

The last time I saw him was near the end of a marathon on the banks of the Torrens in the late 80's, on a lovely, sunny and crisp morning while he

waited, with his wife Von, for one of his step sons to finish. It could have been either Barry or Peter, who were formerly his legacy wards. I don't know if he is still alive but I guess it will be old age and not the Japanese, nor the pies and cakes that get him in the end. I have often thought that such civilized pursuits, such as marathon running and Heysen Trail walking, are only possible because of the men of the allied forces who fought in that war. These ordinary men and women did such extraordinary deeds, as the Memorial at Isurava commemorates with the words "Courage, Endurance, Mateship and Sacrifice".

As an addendum to this story; while I was walking in the shallows, along the beach to the Brighton Dawn Service on



Some members of D Company, 39th Battalion, returning to their base camp after a battle at Isurava, c September 1942

Source: #013288 - www.awm.gov.au

this Anzac Day past, I thought of the debt we all owe to that generation of men and women, so many of whom suffered or gave their lives and how I hope we haven't squandered the legacy they fought so hard for.

A little about Jack Fraser is that he has walked most of the Heysen Trail only diabetes and old age prevents him from completing a small section near Burra. He is a Friend of the Marino Conservation Park and has many years ago donated Fraser (Mt Desert) Reserve to the nation. ○

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Walking the Thames Path

By Kevin Liddiard

Following an overseas conference in March, I spent the Easter period in London on R & R before heading home. Knowing London well and not being keen on joining the 'madding crowd' I decided to walk part of the Thames Path.

This was not entirely unplanned as I did have thermal Ts and long sleeve tops which are also excellent for general travelling, and my feet were comfortable in my excellent Scarpa tracks.

Most Oz walkers visiting England are heading for the Coast to Coast, Cotswold Path etc, so why the Thames Path? Well, it's easy, close to London, readily accessible by public transport, and it's a great walk. If you have a few days to spare you can walk a section or two with minimal equipment. A small day pack or bum bag are adequate. My conference handout satchel worked nicely as a shoulder bag.

The first and only real problem was the English weather. It was the worst Easter for decades, freezing cold and snowing.

How to combat the cold? A visit to Marks and Sparks for an 'el cheapo' fleece and then a street vendor for gloves and a London beanie and I was on my way.

The Thames Path is hardly a walk in the wilderness, but it is ever changing with something new every kilometre. It starts at the Thames Barrage, passing through London on its way to Oxford and the river's source. Residences line the banks, from well kept modest homes to stately mansions and great estates. The walk passes by towns and quaint hamlets, and through large parks and fields. There are numerous locks and tow paths, and river craft of all kinds: launches, houseboats and long boats; whilst in the parks and rural areas mute swan, ducks, geese and other native birds abound. There are many places

Most Oz walkers visiting England are heading for the Coast to Coast, Cotswold Path etc, so why the Thames Path? Well, it's easy, close to London, readily accessible by public transport.

to stop overnight or for lunch, tea or ale or two.

My wife Lee and I had previously walked and/or boated the Thames from The Barrage to Kew. I started at Richmond and walked over a period of three days to Windsor. A point of warning: one should hardly get lost following a river, but the Path often comes to an apparent end and crosses from bank to bank, so it is important to know where and how to proceed. Apart from a general map, I used information from various websites, in particular www.thames-path.org.uk, which has excellent descriptions and photographs plus guides for public transport.

On the first day I walked from Richmond to Hampton Court Palace (8 miles), day two on to Staines (12 miles) and day 3 to Runnymede and Windsor (8 miles). The weather was near freezing, sometimes snowing, but still an enjoyable experience. I was not alone; many stalwart Brits braved the weather, cycling or walking their dogs, and there was much activity on the river, including a hotly competed 'Source to London' school canoe race.

On day 2, after a pleasant BLT and ale at the Angler Pub at Walton-on-Thames I walked to a ferry crossing



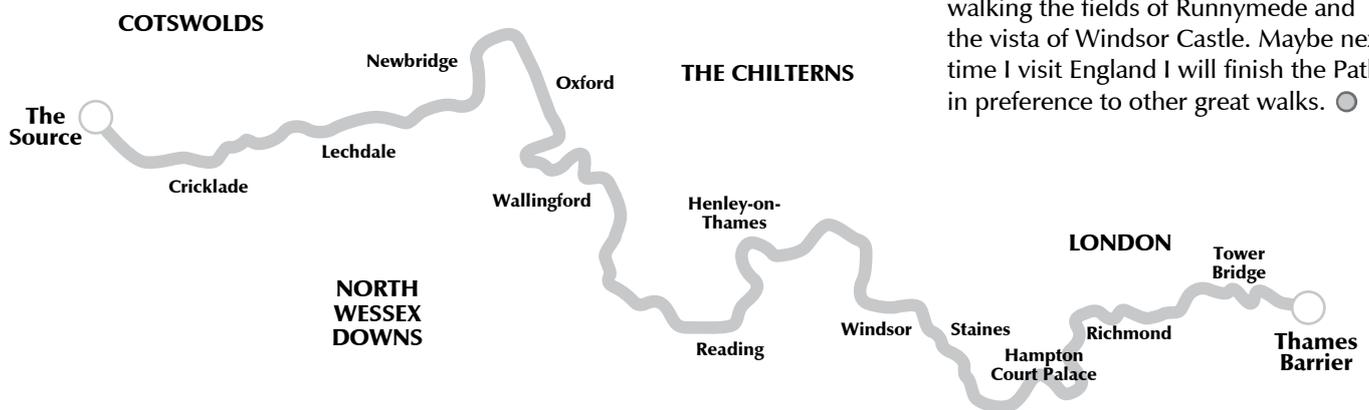
Kevin on the Millenium Wheel with Westminster beyond



where the ferry is hailed by ringing a bell. I and others could not get attention so I had to back-track and reroute for 6 kilometres in snow, hail and blustery wind. When I reached the crossing point the ferry was operating, and some polite but acidic words of advice were offered!

On my final day in London, waiting for my return flight home, I walked from Westminster to Putney, another 8 miles, culminating in a total of about 75 kilometres in the four days.

Final impressions: the trees along the way were in bud burst and the jonquils and daffodils were 'dancing in the breeze'. My favourite memories were walking the fields of Runnymede and the vista of Windsor Castle. Maybe next time I visit England I will finish the Path, in preference to other great walks. ●



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King of Anstey's Hill

By Jo Chesher

Colin Edwards is a master of levitation. Or that's how it appeared one sunshiny day, walking along the Heysen Trail in the Mid-North. The rather large and long King Brown was curled up, taking an afternoon siesta on the bushtrack as we rounded the bend. One minute Colin was walking in front of me, a mere mortal chatting with another walker. The next moment he was practicing instant levitation.

The alternative of course was to tread on the dozing snake. I guess this was the impetus necessary to reveal an innate ability to achieve instantly what it takes yogis many years to perfect.

Walking has been a part of Colin's life for over 30 years. He started by taking his daughter Lisa on walks around the Ansteys Hill area when she was around five years old. Lisa eventually moved on to horse riding but by that time Marlene, Colin's wife, had joined him and they have walked regularly for over 20 years. They live within 200 metres of Ansteys Hill and Colin considers that he knows just about every track. They also walk at Waterfall Gully most Mondays and on Sundays Colin usually walks with a small group of friends.

Colin has made Adelaide his life-time home. He was born at a no-longer-existing hospital in Medindie and spent his early school days at nearby Walkerville Primary School. After attending Prince Alfred College his first job was apprentice boilermaker, following which he went on to structural steel work and drafting, eventually aspiring to manager level. He is now supposedly retired but still works, always finding another job that needs to be done. And he and Marlene now enjoy being grandparents to Lisa's two children, Thompson (12) and Georgie (10).

In the late 1980s Colin took Marlene and Lisa to Paddy Pallins to buy walking boots. It was at this time that we heard about the Thorfoot Walkers and the Friends of the Heysen, both

in their early formative days. Neville Southgate was the President of the Friends and also the instigator of Thorfoot in association with Paddy Palin. After contacting Neville they booked on their first organized walk at Myponga and, as they say, the rest is history. Over the years Colin has walked most of the Trail, with just a 20 km section north from Mayo Hut remaining.

It was comforting to hear that even experienced walkers can get lost. The difference I guess is that experienced walkers carry maps and compasses, and know how to use them.

During his time with the Friends Colin has served on the Council and the Walking Committee, as well as spending a year in the role of president. He was more recently involved in a Friends publicity push to coincide with the opening of the 2006 walking season. The Friends organized the official opening and also a stand in the Adelaide Arcade where volunteers handed out brochures and gave information to many of the people passing through the arcade who wouldn't usually be aware of walking clubs in Adelaide. The result



Colin Edwards

was a record number of over 90 walkers starting out on a project to walk the entire Heysen Trail from Cape Jervis to Parachilna. The Friends have acknowledged Colin's substantial commitment by presenting him with an Honorary membership in 2003

Colin's passion for walking developed into a small business venture called On Trak, which he and his business partners ran for about three years, hosting and leading walks for small groups in a variety of Aussie walking destinations.

Over the years Colin has developed close friendships with a number of Heysen walkers and he enjoys organising informal trips away to places such as Tasmania, perhaps his favourite place to walk. He enjoys getting off the beaten

track carrying around 20kg in his backpack and sleeping under the stars. Other favourite walks in Australia are in the High Plains on the Victorian/NSW border.

Memorable walking trips overseas have included Nepal, and the infamous bus trip from Kathmandu to Pokara. Colin remembers the bus breaking down with a broken spring, and passengers using levers and logs and brute strength to lift the bus and make the necessary repairs. And there was the trip with Marlene along the same notorious route, this time in a cab. An experience that can best be summed up by the fact that Marlene refused to return to Kathmandu the same way! I guess she didn't feel comfortable driving with a less-than-cautious (maniac?) driver along the narrow dirt road with a drop at the edge of thousands of feet, complete with the unnerving experience of noting the many rusted car and bus bodies strewn along the bottom of the steep gorges. Colin briefly considered Marlene's alternative of walking back and then decided to book two tickets on a flight back to Kathmandu only to find that there was a pilot strike, leaving many travellers stranded in Pokara. The Nepalese Air force came to the rescue, providing a shuttle service the following day, which meant queuing from 6.00 am to get a seat on the next flight. More positive experiences in Nepal have included trekking in the Annapurna and Pokara regions and trips to India which included Varanasi and the golden triangle (Delhi, Agra, Jaipur).

Another favourite walking experience was in the River Kwai area in Thailand. Colin commented that there are so many lovely people to meet outside of the cities - that country people are different. And I agree.

A few years ago Colin and Marlene were booked and ready to head off to Israel for a walk from Nazareth to

Bethlehem. But their travel plans coincided with the beginning of the uprising in the country and cancellation or deferral was advised. They considered other possibilities, finally deciding to stay closer to home - a first-class sleeper on the overnight train to Sydney and then walking in the stunning Blue Mountains.



Colin on the Kokoda Track at Brigade Hill

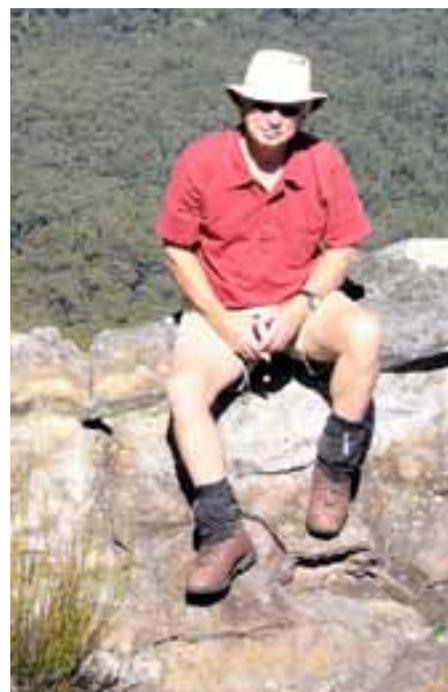
Colin and Marlene have shared many walking adventures over the years. And later this year they will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. A lot of boot prints under the bridge since their 'love at first sight' meeting in the Perry Engineering Drawing Office!

When someone has walked as many trails as Colin has, there are plenty of experiences in the mix of highlights and lowlights inherent in bushwalking. Having found myself lost in the Flinders on a couple of occasions (no - not on a Heysen walk!) it was comforting to hear that even experienced walkers can get lost. The difference I guess is that experienced walkers carry maps and compasses, and know how to use them. Colin recalled walking in the Flinders, chatting with a fellow walker, and then the question, "Which way is the homestead?" But it was just a matter of checking the map and compass, and sitting and thinking for a while. Such good advice. As Colin says, getting lost is just part of bushwalking.

Interestingly, Colin finds it easier to get lost in shopping centres than he does in the bush. He shared the story of getting lost in Target at Tea Tree Plaza and having to ask someone where the door was. This brought to mind the possibility of Colin being prepared on

any future shopping forays with a map and compass in hand!

Colin's next walking adventure was a long way from his local Target, on the Kokoda Trail. On May 11 Colin flew out as part of group of 14 Heysen walkers who undertook one of the great walks, experiencing the trail taken by diggers all of those years ago. At 72 one of the oldest to complete the track. ●



Colin in the Blue Mountains

The Milford Track

By *Christina and Trevor Tassell*

An early morning wake-up call had us out of bed at 7:30am to an overcast, rainy day and a quick breakfast of cranberry juice, bananas and coffee. Then it was a short walk down the hill into Queenstown to The Station. This is the headquarters of Ultimate Hikes who were to be our hosts for next few days.

Day 1 - Thursday 15th November

We were introduced to head guide, John, a jovial kiwi, who issued us with name tags and left us to introduce ourselves to the others.

In no time at all the packs were loaded and we were off to Te Anau and the start of our walk. Ours was a group of 24, 7 Aussies, 2 Brits, 2 Koreans, 2 Swedes, 10 Americans and one Japanese guy.

The bus trip to Te Anau was uneventful, we picked up our two remaining guides, G and Sharon; had our group photograph taken, back on the bus for a 20 minute trip to Te Anau Downs the launch point at Lake Te Anau to the head of the Milford Track.

We piled onto the Fiord land Express, dropped our packs in a heap and headed up to the upper deck to take

in the magnificent scenery of Lake Te Anau. We headed up North Fiord passing an island where a small cross and memorial plaque had been dedicated to Quinton McKinnon, one of the founders of the Milford Track who was presumed to have drowned nearby in 1892, and further on another small island where significant ancient Maori artefacts had been found in the not too distant past. The weather was miserable and the wind cold but the scenery more than made up for it with snow topped mountain ranges all around us and fiords running off to our left and right.

In no time at all we were tied up at the jetty at the northern end of Lake Te Anau; gathered our packs, disembarked, disinfected our boots and gathered in a group for last minute instructions before a 20 minute walk to Glade House, our accommodation for the first night.

We arrived at Glade House to orange juice and biscuits, introductions to the host, allocation of rooms - we had a double en-suite room, very comfortable and spotlessly clean, the others were in a combination of shared bunk rooms or en-suite rooms - and a 20 minute rest before a walk through the beech forest to Glade Burn, a rushing, crystal clear alpine stream above Glade House.

The water was icy cold and sweet tasting; we stayed for about 30 minutes and then made our way back to Glade House to change out of our hiking gear ready for a beer and glass of wine before dinner.

It was about this point that we had our introduction to the infamous New Zealand sand-fly; I had a mental picture of them being similar to our march fly, about the size of a bee and with a nasty bite. Wrong - they were smaller than a mossie, black, with a bite that crept up on you several hours after the nip. We had been warned about them so had come prepared with a roll on repellent; unfortunately the roller ball didn't rotate properly so our protection was somewhat compromised as I was to find out in the next few days!

Dinner was a rowdy affair with lots of discussion and laughter as people got to know each other a bit better. The dining room was set up with round tables that each seated around 8 people; the guides were the waiters! Entrée was carrot soup, venison/ steamed cod and vegies with dessert of apple strudel with ice-cream followed by tea and coffee!

If this was walking the Milford Track it was going to be a doddle!

After dinner we gathered in the lounge area for a getting to know you session



Christina & Trevor at the beginning of their trek



This is the freezing pool that Trevor swam in

and a slide show of what to expect on the track the next day, followed by a general question and answer session and more drinks.

As each Lodge's power was supplied from its own diesel generator set that was switched off at 10:00pm Tina and I decided that a shower would be a good bet so headed back to our room; we were showered and in bed before the generator went off - just as well as the morning's start was scheduled for 8:30am.

Day 2 - Friday 16th November

A suggestion from the previous night was that when the generator went off we leave the lights on to act as an alarm when the generator came on again in the morning; consequently we were jerked out of a deep sleep at 6:15am when the room was flooded with light as the generator roared into life!

Breakfast was served from 7:00am but prior to that tables had been laid out with a variety of breads, meats, cheeses and a range of condiments to allow us to make our lunch sandwiches for the

coming day; a large basket of energy and chocolate bars and giant biscuits provided snacks for morning and afternoon smoko.

Breakfast consisted of cereal and porridge, bacon, eggs, hash browns, cooked tomato and tea and coffee - once again the guides acted as our waiters.

The days walk was to follow an old pack horse trail along the Clinton River via the Clinton Valley to Pompolona Lodge, a distance of 16kms and 5-7 hours walking with a gentle climb to around 250 metres above sea level to the lodge.

We left Glade House right on 8:30am. The weather was slightly overcast and cold enough for a fleece as we crossed the swing bridge over the Clinton River and headed up the Clinton Valley towards snow capped Mount Sentinel. The Clinton River was on our right hand side as the well made track meandered through the beech forest; every now and again the track passed right alongside the river's edge and small track spurs allowed us to go right down to river and marvel at the clarity of the

The water was so clear that we were able to see three or four large eels scavenging on the bottom and an equally large pair of rainbow trout swimming back and forth

water - so clear that even though it was flowing rapidly we could still see the stony bottom.

A mile or so up the track we made a short detour along a board walk to an area known as the Wetland Walk; the marsh like vegetation in this area was quite unique to that of the rest of the track.

The track continued on through the lush lichen covered beech forest to Clinton Hut the first of the Department of Conservation huts. Hut is something of a misnomer as the 'hut' provides accommodation for 40 walkers in bunk

room accommodation, separate kitchen facilities, hot showers and flush toilets - a far cry from the accommodation offered on say the Heysen Trail back in Oz. The whole facility has a full time live in manager to ensure that the place is looked after by all who use it.

With the walls of the west branch of the Clinton Valley, the Valley of the Perpendicular, soaring to 4000 feet on either side, the track continued to the 7 mile peg and the Harere Falls shelter which was our designated lunch stop. When we arrived the early walkers were already enjoying a steaming hot cuppa supplied by our ever attentive guides so we threw off our packs, grabbed a cup of tea and coffee, found a suitable seat and devoured our sandwiches.

The track from here became a little rougher but still quite easy walking on a gentle gradient, so I was able to enjoy the scenery without having to watch where I was putting my feet. The track passed out of the beech forest into an open area called The Prairie;



Christina on track with Sharon one of our guides

the towering walls of the valley were still there; waterfalls cascading down from the skyline and all the time in the background was the muted roar of the Clinton River - it really was overwhelming - especially the first distant glimpse of Mackinnon Pass which Clinton Mackinnon and Ernest Mitchell discovered in 1888 to open up the Milford Track.

At the 10 mile peg the track re-entered the beech forest before reaching a ruggedly built shelter called the Bus Stop, constructed to give walkers shelter while waiting for the river to subside; a short walk from the Bus Stop had us at the entrance to Pampolona Lodge.

Our host showed me to our room, saying that we had the best view in the whole lodge from our bedroom window and sure enough framed in the window was the entire vista of Mackinnon Pass flanked on either side by the snow capped peaks of Mount Hart and Mount Balloon - unbelievable!

Tina was just as taken with the view from our bedroom window and resolved to sleep with the curtains open!

By the time we had had a nice hot shower it was time for the bar to open so we went down for a beer, a glass of wine and a snack of scones, jam and cream!

Dinner was another rowdy affair with the menu as shown in the photograph; we both decided on the pasta because a little bird had told us that tomorrow was going to be a particularly difficult walk ascending Mackinnon Pass at 1000 metres above sea level so we needed all the energy we could muster.

By the time we got back to our room the sun was setting on the snow on Mt Balloon the peak on the right hand side of Mackinnon Pass so we left the curtains open and went to bed; eventually I had to get up and close the drapes otherwise we wouldn't have slept a wink .

Day 3 - Saturday 17th November

After the usual lunch packing and breakfast we were back on the track by 7:40am with the most challenging day of the trek ahead of us; 15kms of 6-8 hours walking to Quinton Lodge via the famous Mackinnon Pass and it's 9 zigzag ascent to 1000 metres.

We walked together for the first hour or so as the track lead into the upper reaches of the Clinton River, passed Mirror Lake and began a steady climb to Lake Mintaro and a loo stop at Mintaro Hut. We crossed the suspension bridge over the Clinton River and began the ascent to Mackinnon Pass which we had been able to see for some miles. We soon hit the first of the zigzags; the track had petered out to a quite rocky and dangerous path so a fair amount of care was needed to make sure an ankle wasn't twisted or a knee wrenched - the only way out of here was by helicopter. The only way to enjoy the scenery was to stop and look; taking your eyes of the track while walking was asking for trouble.

It certainly was a difficult climb - more difficult than St Mary's Peak in Wilpena Pound because it was a constant upward pitch for a good 2 hours. At about half way up the magnificent vista of the Nicholas Cirque nestled between Mt Hart and Mt Balloon at the head of the Clinton Valley opened up but the going was too tough to really enjoy the view - just get to the top and

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then look back!

Eventually the track opened out as the final zigzag was completed and the stone cairn, topped with a cross, of Mackinnon's monument came into view; another 200 metres and I had reached the top to find John and Sharon enjoying the views and a hot cup of Milo; to say I was chuffed at getting there was an understatement. I dropped my pack with Sharon so that she could protect it from a couple of marauding Keas, got a cup of Milo from John, realised how cold it was up there, put my fleece on and went to wait for Tina at the base of the cairn. As I waited there was a roar from across the valley and I turned just in time to catch a snow avalanche rumbling down the side of Mt Hart; it continued for a good 30 seconds and then stopped as quickly as it had started.

Tina arrived at the top about 30 minutes later obviously elated to get there but still talking to one of the American women who had teamed up with her on the way up!

The 360 degree view from Mackinnon Pass was spectacular; directly in front was Mount Pillans, the Arthur River Valley and 12 Second Drop to Quinton Lodge; to the right Mount Elliot with the Jervois Glacier perched precariously on its southern flank and snow topped Mt Balloon; to our left Mt Hart and the peaks of Nicholas Cirque; behind us the vista of the Clinton Valley.

We spent another 20 or so minutes taking the obligatory photographs to prove we had indeed conquered the pass, before deciding that lunch was on

the agenda and left for Pass Hut another 20 minutes further on over the highest point on the pass at 1154 metres.

At the front of the hut, perched on the very edge of the cliff was a long drop toilet; the view from that dunny would have had to have been the best in the world as the glass panelled door allowed a view over the entire Clinton Valley!

The normal route down to Quinton lodge was around the base of Mt Elliot and under the Jervois Glacier but the track had been closed because of the risk of avalanche, so we had to descend down the Emergency Track, basically straight down!

The path was extremely rocky, very steep, very hard on the knees and overall not particularly enjoyable. A short way into the descent there was a loud rumble from across the valley as an avalanche roared down from the Glacier; the decision to close the main track under the rim of the glacier had already turned out to be good one!

We stopped frequently to admire the crystal clear waterfalls that followed us down. A set of timber and steel steps followed the path of a cluster of waterfalls known as the Cascades for about 100 metres; each cascade fell into a deep, crystal clear pool before overflowing into the next cascade - a truly spectacular sight. At regular intervals sightseeing platforms had been constructed to allow photo opportunities; we both found that the steps were even harder on our knees than the rocky path!



Clear clean waterfalls

Our bums were dragging on the ground when we started to ascend steeply again - bummer - when quite unexpectedly we came to a sign that pointed to our left and Quinton Lodge; crossed a swing bridge over Roaring Burn and we were there!

We were both so knackered that we could barely walk up the steps to our room but we had resolved on the way down from Mackinnon Pass that we were going to do the 1 1/2 hour walk to Sutherland Falls when we reached the Lodge. Sutherland Falls is the 5th highest waterfall in the world at 580 metres from top to bottom so it was well worth the effort; the cooling spray at the base was just the tonic we needed before heading back to Quinton Lodge.

A wonderful hot shower followed by a beer, wine and snacks before dinner was just what the doctor ordered; dinner itself was mushroom soup, crumbed turbot or rib-eye steak with vegies and a Kahlua ice cream and fresh fruit desert.

Day 4 - Sunday 18th November

Day 4 dawned for us at 6:15am with the alarm flooding the room with light. Up, dressed, lunch made and breakfast completed we were on the track at 7:30 am with 21km of walking, 6-8 hours, to Mitre Peak Lodge at Milford Sound via Sandfly Point - the end of the walk!

The track descended down a rocky hill for some distance before flattening



Mackinnon Pass

out through the lush rainforest; the walking was relatively easy but we were both feeling the effects of the previous day's slog so it took a while to get into stride. Fortunately after about an hour the track broke into the open along a section called the Race Course, where pack horses used to pass each other in the early days, then plunged back into the rain forest before arriving at the morning's smoko stop, The Boatshed, built in 1928 to house boats that were used to ferry supplies up from Lake Ada.

Somewhat refreshed, we headed off again, crossing the Arthur River over a swing bridge about 15 minutes from the Boatshed. The water was so clear that we were able to see three or four large eels scavenging on the bottom and an equally large pair of rainbow trout swimming back and forth; about 50 metres upstream we spotted a pair of the rare Paradise ducks splashing about close to shore.

The next landmark was Mackay Falls and Bell Rock; the falls were spectacular but we were getting to the stage of 'Not another waterfall!' so took a few photos and slogged on. The track continued on in the rainforest, climbing a rocky ledge cut into the side of the mountain; it seemed to go on for ages continually climbing and quite treacherous underfoot. We were starting to feel the pinch when the roar of Giants Gate Falls

could be heard close by; this was to be our lunch stop so we put on a spurt .

A few of the gang were already there, perched on the rocks with the spray from the falls keeping the sandflies at bay. We pulled up a rock and demolished our sandwiches and just generally tried to build up the stamina for the final leg to Sandfly Point - the end of the walk some 4 miles on.

A couple of the Americans and Aussies, including two women, decided to test the water and have a swim in one of the deeper rock pools; this idiot decided not to be out done and joined them. It was cold - must have been close to freezing point as the water was directly from a glacier above the falls and didn't see the sun until it reached the head of the falls - it was so cold that my head immediately ached, so how stupid was it that we all went in for a second dip!

The track continued to rise and fall, skirting Lake Ada; the walking was difficult mainly because we were both tiring badly. After about an hour's slog we emerged from the rainforest onto a wide, flat path built by convicts in 1890; we then knew that Sandfly Point was just around the corner. Unfortunately it wasn't, nor was it around the next one or the next one; we were beginning to despair that we were ever going to get there until finally on a straight

stretch we could see buildings in the distance. We almost ran the last couple of hundred metres and fell into the hut at Sandfly Point to find G waiting with tea, coffee and muffins; we were so relieved that it took some time to sink in that we had indeed reached the end of the track!

With photographs taken to prove we had indeed completed the trek we all piled on board the ferry for a rough crossing from Lake Ada to the Milford Sound wharf and our last night's accommodation in Mitre Peak Lodge.

Dinner was an even noisier affair - this time the 3 guides joined us for the meal rather than waiting on us - something I felt they should have been doing all along. The menu was Goats Cheese puff pastries for entrée, main course of Salmon or Rack of lamb and veggies and chocolate muffins with cream for dessert .

After dinner we retired to the lounge for the presentation of Milford Track completion certificates, directions for the Milford Sound cruise next day and general house keeping details.

We had a late night and were in bed by 10:30pm... and so endeth the walk of the Milford Track! ●

Loop Walk on the Heysen Trail

Mt Crawford Forest

By Gavin Campbell

This loop walk stays almost entirely on the Heysen Trail. It is on map 3.9 of the Southern Guide and is about a 14-16km walk.

It can only be done when logging is not taking place because during logging it is dangerous and prohibited.

Leave your car on Mount Road (grid reference 573 131) and follow the Trail west along Murray Vale Road. Turn right and go along Warren Road a short distance then southwest through the forest to Gordon Road.

Walk south to Tower Road then on to Chalks Road. Follow Chalks Road in a southeasterly direction to Warren Road then follow the Trail through the forest to Cricks Mill Road. Go along this road for a short distance then follow the Heysen Trail along the ridge top in a northerly direction to Centennial Drive then to Mount Road, then back along Mount Road in a southerly direction to your car.

If allowed, follow the Trail over the summit of Mount Crawford to Mount Road and then again follow Mount Road in a southerly direction to your car.

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Contact Details

David and Sally Henery
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