

tandanya

Adelaide Bushwalkers Magazine

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ABW

75 in

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*It's dead easy to die; it's the keeping on living that's hard.
...Douglas Mawson*

It is thought this ice-filled face in a Burberry helmet is the meteorologist, C.T. Madigan, on Mawson's expedition. John George Hunter collection of photographs of Antarctica, 1911-1914

<https://maas.museum/inside-the-collection/2012/09/08/history-week-2012-threads-what-mawson-wore-in-antarctica/>



Photo: Frank Hurley

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Tandanya Summer 2020

The Flinders Spectacular 2020

by Paul Falkenberg

Thursday 23/7

The Flinders Spectacular weekend was building once again as dome tents bloomed across the Mambray Creek campground. One by one we ABW trekkers arrived, drawn to the regal glow of Sammi's spiritual sceptre. And with each new arrival a hulking bag of firewood was hurled onto a communal pile, as carbon currency for the night's looming lust for fire.

With sun slipping from view our buxom timbers were ignited, and like moths to a flame we gathered to the glow. Then all manner of campfire conversation began to flourish; from fungi to geometry; from Covid-19 to politics; from organic hallucinogens to the disinfectant properties of wine. A variety of foodstuffs made their aromatic entries too, and it was nice to see a Trangia in operation under the culinary knack of Trevor and Lindy.

Meanwhile in the darkness above, Sofia spied the thinnest

of crescent moons, so we all laid back in our chairs to marvel up at the clarity of our Milky Way Galaxy. Full bodied vigneron juices helped lubricate both vocabulary and view, thereby turning minutes into hours and eventually turning puffed-out chests into bushwalker bedtime. Several smoky bodies then succumb to the sweet dreams of being horizontal.

Yet we were still one arrival short, until Mick motored in about 10-30pm to find three of us bods still fireside and vertical in a warm yellow-ember vigil. Mick was a little humbled, so he rewarded the embers with some empty MacDonald's packaging; tongues of fire then seared upwards with golden multinational gusto. We toasted to our profit of warmth (with some of Penny's fine Cab-sav), saluted, then it was time for our tents.

Friday 24/7

At 8:25am we mustered in the pinch of some crisp morning air, yet sharp in the knowledge

that an ascent of the 'Battery' was imminent, and Hidden Gorge beyond via its 18km loop. A formal 'how's-your-aunty' pep talk from Sammi, then we launched with legged verve and vanguard file.

We reached the Battery for early elevenses; munching, sipping and gazing out from its rocky western face and there across the blue pristineness of Spencer Gulf were Point Bonython's white industrial tanks, noticeably visible on the far side shore. They triggered Bruce & Sofia each to reminisce of their snorkelling days in those parts. Remembering the exotic underwater flays of Cuttlefish bioluminescence; in colourful declarations of romantic intent and territorial patch (Hmmm, a bit like a city night club I guess, but underwater.)

There was a wish to keep the conversation flowing, so someone mentioned how good the taste of Calamari was! Ahhh yes, the O so human dichotomy of enchanted-eyes vs a hungry-stomach.



The Battery's ~600m altitude made it handy for a WhatsApp connection too, so Maragret kept in technological touch with underlings back home. And as the blue sea views continued their allure, perhaps Margret's past days of living in WA's northern heat drew memories of a deep cooling plunge.

Next we descended a thin easterly track towards Hidden Gorge where Sammi's scanning eyes spotted clusters of greenhood orchids, courteously blooming like the floral movie-

stars of semi-arid survival. Eventually the track morphed into the ruggedness of Hidden Gorge, drawing forth our sure-footed tenacity and thigh high muscular vigour. And with each step inward our city-dormant vernaculars began to unfurl with eye enchanting reverie.

Shear rock walls towered up into the baking sun, anointing the deep gorge air with heat enough to rise. Wwedge tailed eagles wheeled high and proud on their hometown thermal dividends. Shady rock ledges of hanging green drew tropical imaginings of everglade lushness. Flecks of insects criss-crossed our vision like little Zoros of single-minded busyness (fervent servants to their ephemeral clocks!?). Eventually the gorge narrowed to a rocky squeeze, where we sat for lunch with sun on our shoulders and serenity at our backs.

We then followed the creek out into broad gum-studded bushland for a 7km ramble back to camp having pockets full of daylight still. We showered, re-grouped, and dressed for the weekend's fancy Jacket evening. Splattering's of colour were the consistent fabric theme; Margaret donned purple pigtails; Mick wore a vest of psychedelic emu fur; while Graeme became a standout in his red jacket, matching hat, and honey-bear yellow tie (which he sportingly wore for the next 48 hours).

The cool hues of twilight then rolled over us again, so campfire re-ignition began morphing more of our woodpile into guilt-free CO2 warmth. Fine wine, fancy food and goose-bumping skin then moonshined our interactions

on past 9:00pm. Yet just like last night, we were one Adelaidean short again?

Until about 9:30pm when a pair of headlights shimmied in towards our camp missing all of the gumtrees. Then out from the night stepped Tina like the biblical garden of Eden, her jacket ablaze with golden sunflowers and perched upon shoulder was a dazzling bird of paradise, alias 'The Beaked One'; whom with a bit of finger prodding offered we fire-side crowd the warmest of falsetto cheeps. Accordingly, Tina and bird took pride of colourful place in our Mambray Creek dress circle.

Saturday 25/7

Saturday morning was a pack-up of tents and chattels for an 8:30am drive on to Devil's peak. Its 2.4km upward track began gradual then steepened towards its elevation of 697m.

As we neared its fractious top, a large butt-crack shaped opening loomed in the rocky fray before us. The path marker said go-right! but alas the 'siren of the crack' called we souls forward into its cavernous dead-end. Inside we found ourselves in the ogle of graffitied rock walls, echoes of past inhabitants, and a dark melancholic stillness of air – but turn back we did not dare! We spied some reprieving shards of light from an upper side opening, so levered our bodies up and out upon elbows and knees.

There we emerged on its bare rocky summit, erect and beaming with raised arms of Shawshank like exultation. Our proud statures bristled in the open air like mountain top hackles; reciting *veni vidi vici!*

A lose-yourself gaze, late morning ponder, nibble, sip and suck, then we bullocked on back down the rocky cataract feeling our knee joints a-grizzle. We crossed paths with some youthful bouldering dudes and dudesses on their way up, their twenty-something physiques and limb joints were a human condition to envy. Subconsciously though, we reconciled that our otherwise wisdom of age was still a good deal too ... ummmm!?!?

Back into the cars and onto Quorn for a supplies pick up, then off to the shearers shed at Dutchman's Stern for a communal lunch - yum! There we sat on its 100-year-old hardwood decking consuming sandwich, sausage-roll and sun, while overlooking the dry-stone scatterings and patchy green of paddock foreground; ambivalent in our cud chewing sedentary.

"Five-minute warning!", then up and off towards the Dutchman's Stern of 820m, via its 10.6km circuit. The track zig-zagged back and forth affording a kind gradient, then halfway up we paused at a precipitous made-to-order lookout. Where Trevor's eyes glazed northward and recalled a more direct (but arduous) clamber up its northerly ridge of earlier ABW years.

We moved on to reach the Stern's notable vantage in basking sunshine, which propagated a photo frenzy. And despite a general collective sweatiness upon back and brow, one keen trio hugged it in tight for a closey-pic. Later it was learned that 'No-Pong Arm Pit Rub' (made from all delicious ingredients) may well have been in reciprocal



Walk leader portrait, Hidden Gorge

use. Afternoon is a great time to be up on the Stern, because the lower-level valleys and clefts are made extra contrastingly dark by the sun's oblique angle; while the north-western horizon keenly greets one's gaze with its white saltpan brilliance of glimmer. We took a full 20-minute dose of zenith, then departed our vantage feeling and smelling like ABW roses of fraternal liberty – Spectacular!

Heading southwards and roundwards we passed through 'Goat Ravine', with its sharp

screed slopes of restless mountain decay. Usually we spot a bleating goat or three on the far side face, but not today. And whilst these hairy fugitives often evoke a feral reputation, it's to be noted that the finest of fabrics can bear from their underside shag, cashmere, but typically from their Gobi Desert cousins. And as an example, Lindy later showed us one of her personally hand-crafted scarfs, with its skilled entwines of cashmere suppleness.

Our walk concluded back at the carpark, for a drive on to Pichi-Richi Park and our last night of camping. Once again, the warmth of wood ignition became central, but this time within the rusty steel ring of a pioneering bullock wagon 'tire'. But our wood stocks were low! so Penny answered our carbon dependency call by dragging a mammoth bag of wood from her car, two or three sea-turtles in size! And when opened a timbersome bonanza booned, and so our Pichi-Richi night blazed.

Nearby, Graeme and Mick put a communal BBQ to good sizzling bovine use, while Bruce helped flute the evening along by offering shots of single malt whisky, eventually bringing a midnight crescendo into full night-owl view. Accordingly, some loose jokes spilled down our fronts, and without penning any of the lurid details, there were some notable subject matter characters, i.e. Lion, Goat, Rodeo-Horse, and a colourful story about the naive perils of a massage parlour...

Then just Mick & I remained fireside, and being aware of the lateness, we kept our voices low. To the point that our noble ears could hear a near-by tent sleeper break-wind ... but so loud that they woke them-self up! ... evident by the subsequent thrashing of tent fabric as they rolled their body over inside (deflated!). In a reflex precautionary move, both Mick and I leapt up and away from the naked-flame fire seeking safer distance elsewhere – indeed bedtime. And with that, no further mention was made of the midnight phonic war!



Alligator Gorge

Sunday 26/7

For the final day it was off to Alligator Gorge for its 10km loop. It had been 25 years since I had last visited its rocky passage, yet its past faces and moods were still acutely embedded everywhere. Within its ancientness were the fossilised waves on cascading rock shelves, red-gum roots in horizontal desperation for a crevice. Sandstone pillars quietly eroding into blocks and shards, while star-shaped petals pushed their purple up at the sun. There were path-crossing threads still sticky

from last night's spidery deeds, and feathered choirs above in rich mid-morning song. We walked our imaginations through its twisting coolness until emerging onto the gentler hill slopes beyond. Where bushland then forested, seemingly pristine, but John noted that it had once been plundered for railway sleeper production, until WA timbers came into vogue early last century. And a good last century it was too! as John and I reminiscently anchored our conversation back there, spruiking our younger football playing

days when goal posts were tall, tangible and reliably un-moving.

Our track wended for several more kms, until we found ourselves re-entering Alligator George from its south-end narrows – time for a group photo. And finally, up a 30m high stepped terrace to our carpark which Sofia darted hardly missing her breath.

From there we drove on to our final congregational gig, at the Melrose Bike Café, for tea, tarts and coffee. A charmingly eclectic place, having paintings on walls, lycra on clothes racks and an array of old wooden tables. There was also sign on the back door saying, “Bike Repairs Through Here” (for those of chain and wheel inclination).

And as we recognized more of the room’s urban artefacts, we felt our minds transitioning back to where our journey had begun three days earlier. That place where kettles plug in, tables have cloths, and doorways clinically delineate our every task. Alas, next stop Adelaide ...

Thankyou Sammi for another well organised Flinders Spectacular weekend, and all ye fellow trekkers whose interactions fostered this narrative.

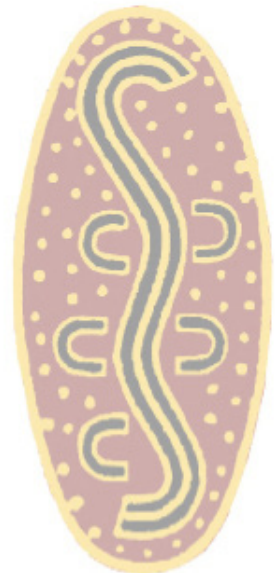
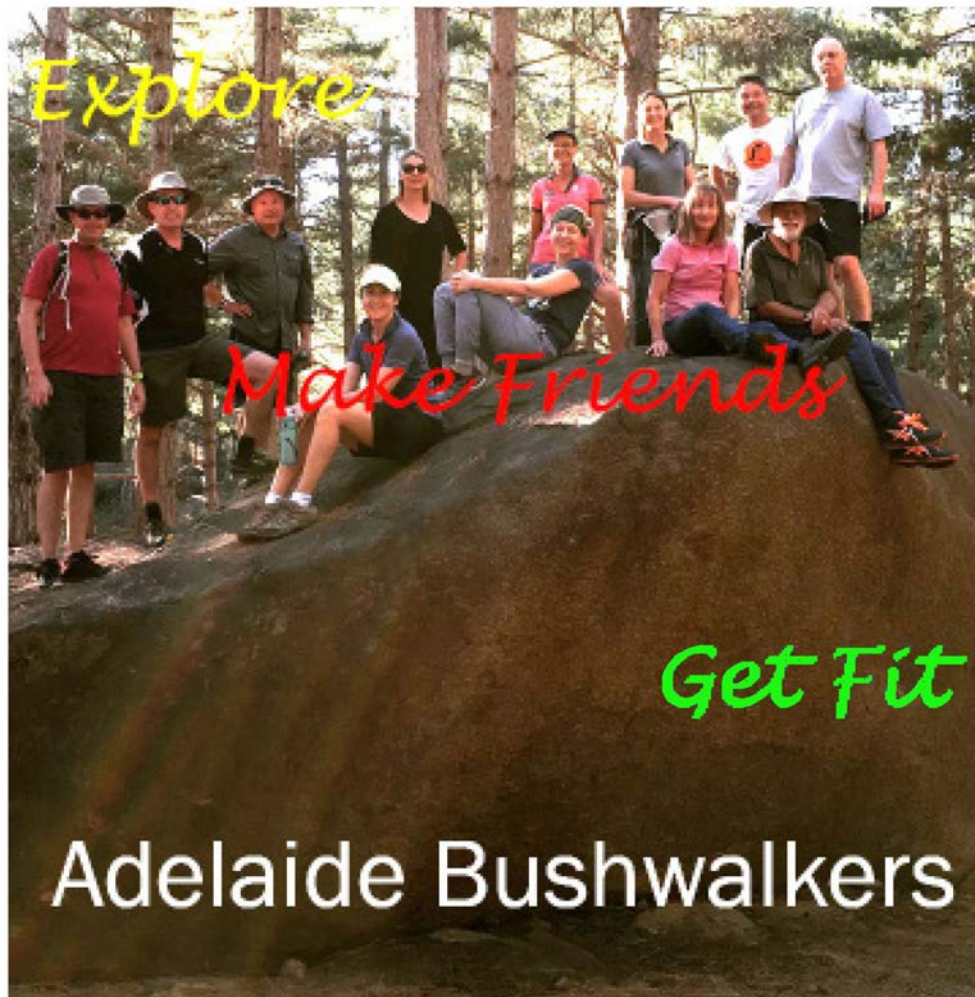
Paul Falkenberg.



Quorn



Melrose



ABW Club information

The club meets at the North Adelaide Community Centre, 176 Tynte Street, North Adelaide on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30pm (February to November)

Annual subscription fees

Category	Normal	Student
Prospective Membership	\$60	\$30
Full Membership	\$60	\$30
Associate Membership	\$10	\$10

Family membership is no longer available for new members

Contact details

Email: gohiking@adelaidebushwalkers.org

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Banking Details

Bank: Bank SA BSB: 105900 Account: 950 866 540 Account name: Adelaide Bushwalkers Inc.

Membership queries

Contact the Membership Secretary Bec Thomas on 0474 894433

or via email through gohiking@adelaidebushwalkers.org

For privacy reasons, the names and contact details of other office bearers are no longer published in the magazine. Please use the contact details above.

75th Anniversary

75th Anniversary

- **Beyond Heysen Walk** – Lee is leading this activity. Lee advised that Lorraine and Mark will not be able to assist him in the organisation of this walk the 75th anniversary celebrations. The route of the walk will depend on rainfall with the preferred option to incorporate the new water tanks, with an alternative option around Parachilna. The timing is likely to be in the first half of May 2021. Lee plans to post the walk on the ABW website in January 2021.
- **Re-enactment of first ABW walk** – Alex is leading this activity. It was confirmed that this event will occur on the weekend as close to the original date of 26 October. Kerry has done some research and advised that the walk started at **Gill-Hill** St Fullarton at a tram terminus.
- **Commemorative badge and shirts** – Roxanne has progressed this and communicated with the committee to select a badge design. A range of shirts was discussed, but the committee agreed that choosing these should be deferred until we can meet in person. The committee agreed that the badge and polo shirts should be made available early in 2021 (March).
- **Updating History Book** – Kerry is leading this activity and will be receiving articles to include from some **members** Publish updated history book towards the end of 2021.
- **Social Party / Bush Dance** – Sammi Lanyon is leading this activity. This needs to be monitored carefully regarding COVID. The committee agreed that this should take place late in 2021 and possibly replace the usual Christmas party.
- **'Activity' Bagging** – Nino reported that John Bartlett will lead an activity. Rather than peak bagging, John will modify this to be an 'activity bagging' event. This will enable a wide range of members to participate.

Please stay tuned via the ABW website for confirmation of events and dates. The proposed walk from Parachilna Gorge to Mt Hopeless depends on water availability which at present is doubtful. An alternative celebratory major walk will occur if this one is cancelled.

narrina

by Mal Watt

August 2020, Co-leaders: John Callihan and Sammi Lanyon

This was one of John's annual August trips to the Flinders, and he had started planning and negotiations with Narrina early in the year. As culling of feral animals occur periodically it is wise to plan ahead and always seek permission. Sammi was walk leader and crowd control.

All twelve people arrived at a damp Blinman by 5pm, after a drizzling drive up from Adelaide. Some took a pub room, some a spot in its campground, more suited to camper vans than tents but it worked out ok. Margaret, Esther, Sofia, Kathy, Pam, David, Mal, Trevor, Bruce, and Richard made up the final numbers.

We met in the pub's warm dining room, operating to Covid-19 restrictions, such as using only our reserved table and chairs and sitting down for meals and drinks. Dinner choices were served, wine drunk and much chatting and catching up. The place was busy with three main bookings in the large dining room. At last drinks (after trying the Santalum acuminatum pie) the final few headed to bed, it was raining.

Sound from the nearby community generator soothed the campers into sleep.

Morning brought sunshine, the campers using the little camp kitchen for breakfast, then the group met at the bakery for final caffeine and treats - cash only as the

Telstra line failed overnight.

Our convoy of seven cars headed the 30 or so kilometers to Narrina homestead, driving cautiously along the winding and at times muddy road, though ok for 2WD.

We neatly lined up our cars and met Alan Ireland of Narrina, who had kindly offered to transport our water supply (about 20L each in 10L cartons) to our Midwerta Bore campsite - the bore was not operating since there was no stock to water and the nearby spring was dry. A gift in appreciation was provided.

The country on our easy 10km walk was very barren (just ready for a post-apocalyptic movie or



View ESE from Patawarta Hill peak- Narrina Pound to left

western), taking us past Ben Lomond, past ruins of a shepherd's hut and to the tree lined creek beside the bore.


John located a spot for the campfire in the creek and we spread out finding suitable spots for our tents, some mindful of the squeaking windmill.

Alan and Mary arrived with our boxes of spring water, which relieved some angst, as the rainwater collected in the bore's trough would not go far.

It became cold very quickly as the sky had cleared and later the planets, stars and Milky Way were outstanding in clarity. Many tales were told around the campfire as we cooked and ate, and Richard

fruitlessly looked for his lighter in the gravel. Fortunately, that was the coldest night for the week and conditionings became milder, also Richard found his lighter.

Our initial day hike was to be up to Cocks Comb. We followed a creek system towards the the ridge, arriving for a sunny lunch with a view over Narrina pound to the south, and valleys to the north, Mt Andre just to the east. No waterfall obstacles were encountered on the creek but it was rocky, so a bit slow. Kathy enjoyed sampling the rain water that had collected in the occasional rocky hollow. After lunch, Sammi and John assessed that we could not get to Cocks Comb and back



before near sunset, so we descended towards another creek system eventually finding a useful goat track and back to the plain and camp. Going cross country on the plain did involve some hills and gullies (and a great goat track) and a waterfall (dry) was encountered. We did around 9.5km. A pleasant evening was spent around the campfire again, with cloud cover proving a milder night.


Our second outing was to Mt McFarlane, a fairly easy day of about 14km return. Rain was possible so suitable gear was carried, but Sammi had arranged (without telling us) that it would only rain for a short period after we had returned.

This was quite a photogenic walk, walking past mesas (this author is still trying to resolve the best name for the formations), up creeks, beside dry waterfalls, with a bit of steep but easy sections to get to the flat peak. The spur



Natural pine terraces-spur up to Mount McFarlane

Kathy and Bruce, Mount McFarlane dayhike



had stunning terraced layers with native pine. The peak provided great views across the pound to Patawarta Hill and to Mt Andre. Many photos of individuals etc. were taken, and John and Richard improved the appearance of the disheveled cairn and Sammi left a note in the 'logbook' jar.

We descended partway for lunch with a view to an interesting 'paved' creek, then scrambled down to see its lonely boulder, and exit to the plain and to use the station track back to camp.

Sammi pointed out some echidna diggings, and later an echidna was spotted trundling along a creek. Eagle eyes also spotted two eagles and plenty of goats. Mal picked up some echidna scat samples for Adelaide Uni's Echidna CSI project.

The rain cleared about dinner time, a less cold night with another brilliant clear night sky.

Our third day hike, started with a mild sunny morning but changed to chilly gusts as we ascended a spur up to Mt Andre, impressed as the views became better and better. We encountered a drop-off on the spur, that initiated re-route scouting by individuals, that John solved with little alteration to our onward progress lead by Sammi.

After a casual pace over about 3 hours we reached the large cairn on the edge of Mount Andre. The usual group photo was taken, with some novel flying over the edge trick photos by Richard and model Sammi.

Moving a little to the wind shadow, we had lunch in the sun with a view north over the Pinda Springs lease's rugged valleys - was that Arkaroola in the distance?

A route down another spur was nominated by Sammi/ John, and Mal tasked with the navigation so Sammi could



Molkgena Bore (dry) and hut ruins - Narrina Station



deal with any stragglers, lol. It was a great spur with stunning views into Narrina Pound (Ben Lomond and the Mount McFarlane family of mesas). There was also interesting terrain both on the spur (sometimes narrow) and in the side valleys with sheer ochre walls to each side.

We arrived back at camp midafternoon after about 12km over 7 hours.

It was a mild night for our last campfire dinner, and again the stars and Milky Way were outstanding, as was the company of course. As for the night sky, the planets Jupiter and Saturn shone down in the evening, and Mars and Venus pre-morning.

Our final (and warmest) day was spent moving out. As most of us had still cartons with spring water remaining, we stacked those next to the bore's empty tank, as Alan was happy to collect and use the water.

Sammi had, on the night before, polled on who wanted to do the easy hike up Ben Lomond on the return walk and only Kathy showed interest. Anyway, the rest of us packed up for a relaxed departure and not long after met Kathy (who had been to the top) at the agreed time and place.

Back at Narrina homestead Alan came over and we chatted while eating Richard's oranges he kindly brought to share. Most vehicles headed to the Blinman bakery and then onto Wilpena for the final trip's night and dinner. Mal was staying up north for a bit longer, and Alan was

kind enough to let Mal drive on Narrina around to near Patawarta Hill on a station track. This allowed for a north side ascent the next day. This side of the pound was quite green in comparison to the rest of the pound.

A note from Mal: Being on my own I was cautious, and made a couple of stops to build up some entry/exits for crossing Molkegna Creek. Molkegna Bore is in quite a spectacular location with a backdrop of the sheer cliff of a nearby mesa. There are ruins of a shepherd's hut next to the non-working bore. Anyway, I managed to drive to within 2km of Patawarta Hill's base and spent four hours the next morning on a climb up and back on the northern spurs, on a perfect day. Those spurs are very steep and mostly rock slabs or rocky ridges so good gripping shoes are the go. I left my details in the ABW logbook there and counted about 22 people had been recorded in the last 12 months. I picked up my fourth echidna scat sample for the week on the way down. As a side note, I later drove the nearby Public Access Route (PAR 4) which took me past the other side (south) of Patawarta Hill - somewhat bemused as it was a much easier drive than the shorter Narrina track.

Before finishing with Narrina, I did a quick walk into Wlidawildana Creek from Narrina Road, looking for a hut marked on an old pastoral lease map. I found the hut remains (probably just pine and mud (and stone) as no metal or nails around, unlike other the recent ruins encountered). The ruin site was up on the high bank, 100m or so up from Wlidawildana Spring (shown as approximate on the top map). The spring was lightly weeping from the base of a gum tree, but running enough to fill lower rock pools.



View from Mt Andre



Mt McFarlane



One Planet Factory
West Sunshine, Melbourne

Made In Australia: ONE PLANET on the Trail

by Fleur Brown-Beeby, Scout Outdoor Centre

One of my favourite things about working at the Scout Outdoor Centre is that it's a hub for outdoor types, so I always get to keep a pulse on what's happening out there. The best days are those helping people gear up for a hike, or seeing them come back to chat about how it went. The connection to local has always been a backbone of the store and it's this ethos that made me want to work here in the first place. It's also why we have such a great relationship with Australian outdoor gear brand ONE PLANET.

They've been designing and manufacturing gear for over 40 years - the majority of it in their Sunshine West factory in Melbourne. You can imagine our excitement to hear that as testament to our connection, one of their new daypacks is actually named in honour of us: the Rundle!

As a team, our staff have regular training sessions from ONE PLANET to learn about the latest technological developments and have a good chat about

our adventures. Often it's with Andrew King, one of the founders. He has this quiet way of imparting intricate knowledge, massive passion, and pride in the company's Australian heritage - all at once, and all with a cheeky grin.

A bunch of us have also been to visit the Melbourne factory. There are a few real characters who have been there forever and make the the whole thing feel like hanging out with a dedicated family of gearheads. It's a unique experience to watch the manufacturers hand-bend harness stays to shape, cut canvas, and fill sleeping bag baffles with down.

During Melbourne's stage 4 Covid-19 lockdown, the factory was forced to close for eight weeks. Even at stage 3 lockdown it operated at reduced capacity. It's been a tough year, but ONE PLANET did as we all do on the trail, preparing and adapting to new and changing environments. I was pretty impressed with how they just kept going with both feet.

They have invested more in local manufacture, updating their factory with new machines, servicing, and improved warehousing. This commitment to local keeps them in touch with design outcomes and gear quality and is also great for their environmental impact - which is, after all, what it's all about. Where do we walk if not in the great outdoors?

The team has also used the downtime to update products. Adelaidean bushwalkers will be pleased to know they recommend their new lightweight pack range as for us. Their classic canvas packs have also had a revamp, and they've added a new range of daypacks (Rundle included) and travel luggage. Then they've improved their website and photography so we have a better experience from start to finish. Honestly, I wish I'd been that productive during isolation.

ONE PLANET has been working with a local chemical supplier to test and understand the best way to clean and apply sanitiser without damaging it. These resources are available for



Team Adventures at Mambray Creek, Alligator Gorge

the Australian outdoor industry. Nationally, many schools and outdoor professionals use their gear on school camps and other trips, so this has widespread benefit. The resources are also great for anyone hiring or purchasing ONE PLANET gear through with us.

Maybe we're a strange breed, but for us there is nothing more satisfying than seeing someone walk out of store with a well-fitted pack. We keep a diverse range of ONE PLANET ultra-durable WATERLOC® canvas packs and practical lightweight' packs for bushwalking. These use the EXACT FIT® harness system. It's a specific, personalised fitting process and our staff are fastidious about getting it right.

These packs also make up most of our hire range because they're durable enough to withstand any kind of adventure. Simon took the 85L McMillan (now updated to the Tarkine) on his latest hiking / climbing trip to the Grampians, knowing the the harness would

easily carry the heavy load and the canvas would withstand the rough terrain. It was a great companion to an epic adventure!

The other thing we love talking about is sleeping bag temperatures, and we stock a solid ONE PLANET range of down and synthetic. Down bags are filled to order and labelled with the fill date and exact loft on the bag, tested in accordance with ISO 23537-1, the international standard for sleeping bag performance. My Nitrous -1 was filled with down 3 days before it arrived in store. Its mummy shape, lightweight 10 denier fabric and 800+ loft hydrophobic down make it the perfect package for multi-day hikes in spring and autumn, plus mild winter trips. It will take a while, but I'm determined for it to see the entire Heysen Trail with me.

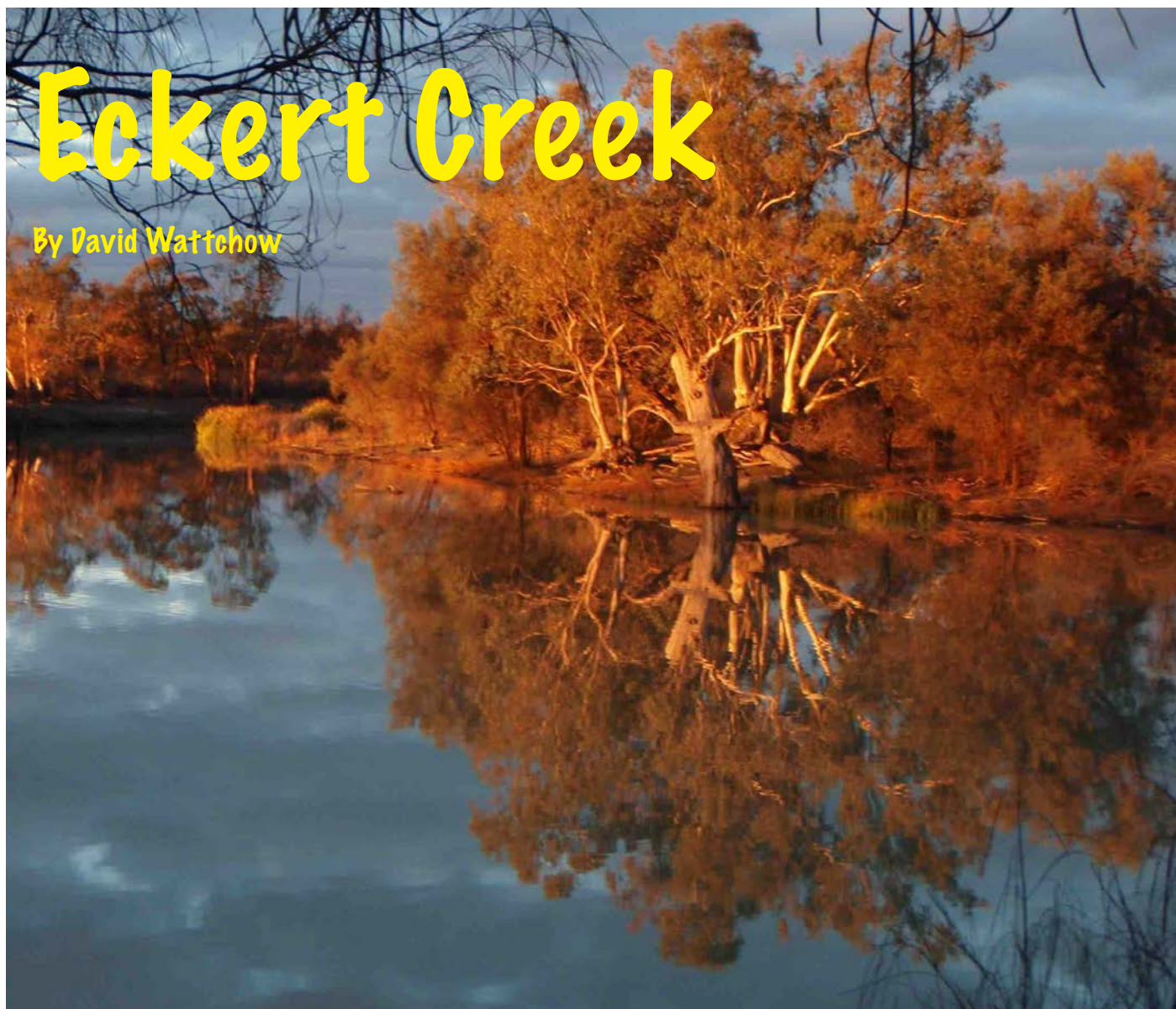
Then there are the tents. These range from durable workhorses for school camps through to ultra-lightweight Dyneema® pyramid tents that look like gossamer

and offer incredible strength to weight. The Goondie series is one of our staff picks, being strong but ultralight, with a high waterhead rating and multiple choices for the fly and inner. Staff member Chris took his Goondie 2 on the Larapinta Trail last year and set up for each night in minutes, knowing the strong 75 denier floor meant he didn't have to be too precious about it.

One of my favourite things about ONE PLANET, and something I know will resonate with many, is their thrifty, resource-saving approach. They would prefer to repair and reuse any day over discarding and buying new. It's great when a brand doesn't feel like a sales machine. Send in a 15 year old Styx pack and they'll sew a damaged pocket, or send a well-loved Bushlite sleeping bag and they'll refill with down and rejuvenate ready for the next round of adventures. Feet get cold? They'll put some more down at the bottom of the bag. Love it.

This is one of the many benefits of them being so close to hand - communication is easy, everyone's a friend, and we all share a vision: to explore, respect, and revel in this beautiful outdoor world.





We arrived at the Eckert Wide Waters just south of Berri on a cold and rainy winter's day. The lignum scratched at our car as we nosed along a muddy track to a delightful campsite overlooking the Wide Waters. These are a smaller version of those seen at Ral Ral creek, presumably a flooded old billabong.

A group of bushies gradually assembled – these being Margaret and David Wattchow, Lindy and Trevor May and Trevor Moyle, and later joined for a few days by Helen and David Evans. The campsite is at a confluence of waters – the wide waters, the

Splash and Eckert Creek (South arm). We soon had a firepit dug and a warm fire blazing to ward off the cold (it was below zero most nights! – hence the need for lots of duck down, thermals and even fibrepile at night time).

The next day we got our canoeing gear together and set off along the Wide Waters under a grey sky. Though there are surrounding irrigation properties these were not generally visible and it quickly felt quite remote. The top end of the Wide Waters quickly narrows to a series of creeks, one of which is Eckert Creek (north arm) that then meanders and picks it's way

amongst reed beds to a junction with Eckert Creek south arm (known locally as Jarrett Creek). We ducked under a regulator on the north arm but had to portage a regulator on the south arm. We now rocketed down the south arm with substantial flow and back to the campsite.

This was a decadent trip with happy hour being mandatory! Before settling into a convivial evening by the fire.

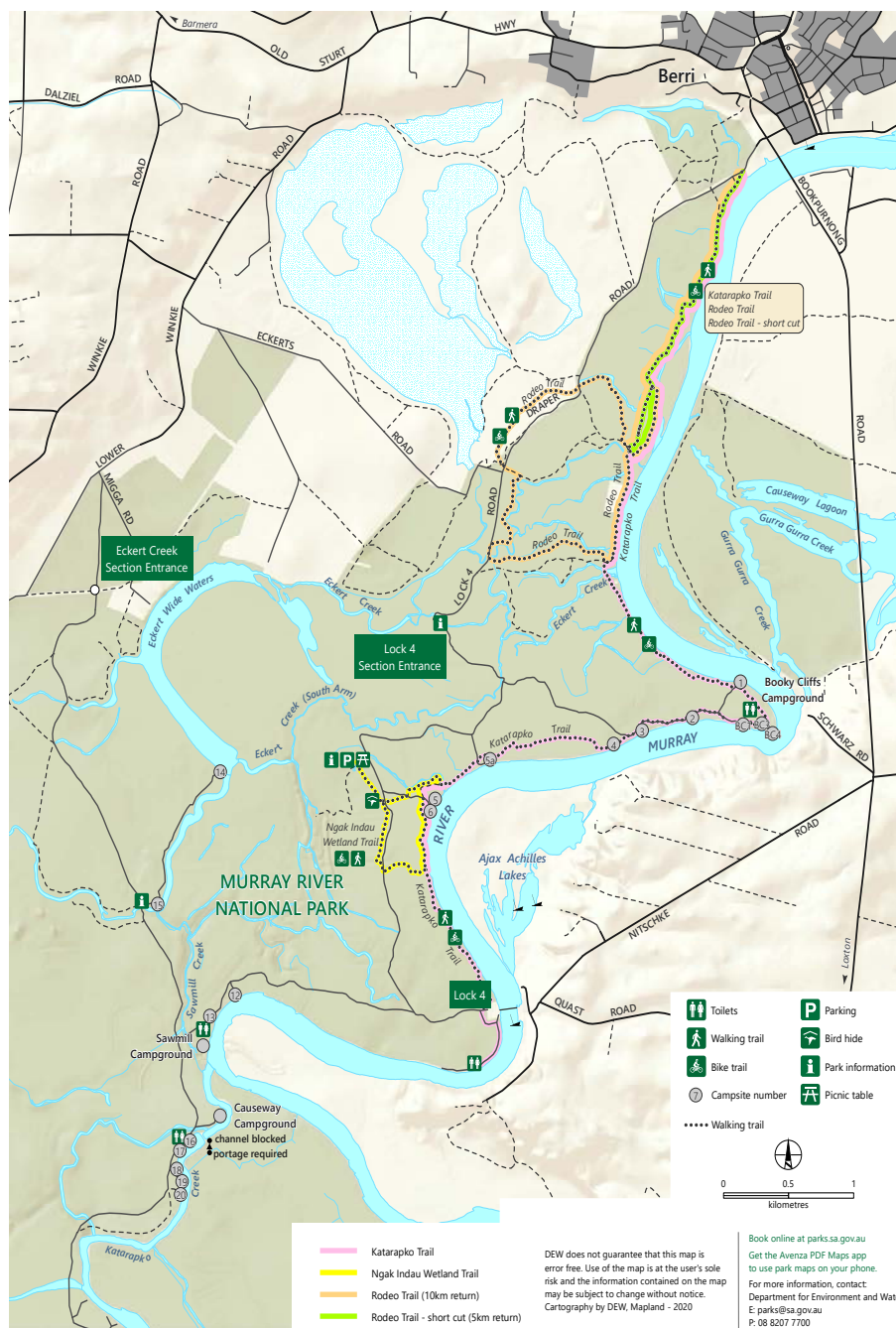
Next day we went along the top end of the Splash and entered the Sawmill Creek. The local proprietor of Canoe Adventures

(Kym Werner) had paddled in that morning for a chat. He had been clearing a channel through reed beds on Sawmill Creek, and warned us of logs and snags in the lower section near the Murray River. Nevertheless we had to haul ourselves through the bulrushes at the entrance to Sawmill Creek before twisting our way down this delightful creek with evidence of the river red gums being cut for firewood in the past. There was some cursing as we negotiated the snags at the lower end before exiting on to the Murray River (near the junction with Katarapko Creek) and depositing on a large sand bar for lunch.

Now we made our way back, again negotiating the snags (Trev Moyle was in his element!). Pulling into shallow waters near our camp our Canadian canoe drifted at 90 degrees to the bank. Of course, if the prow is up on the bank this becomes quite tippy, and I ended up in the water! I can report that the waterproof camera still works, and that hypothermia rapidly sets in. I was lucky we were near camp. It took hours to warm up!

Helen and David now turned up, Dave with his trademark raucous laugh. He was only able to paddle for a day so we went back along Jarrett Creek (the prettiest) then along the final portion of Eckert Creek to the regulator and Murray River. Here Trev (Moyle) and the Mays portaged the regulator and paddled up to the Gurra Gurra Creek entrance. Margaret, Dave Evans and Margaret and I paddled back downstream to a nice side water and patch of scrub for lunch. Dave was tramping around in the mud barefoot, but soon cleaned this up.

Murray River National Park Lock 4 and Eckert Creek Sections





helpful. This was the second use of Trev's canoe wheels that day.

The quickest way home was via Sawmill Creek and we avoided the problematic lower section and regulator by portaging across country (third use of the canoe wheels! – sequestered into the Canadian canoe). Dappled light fell across the creek as we worked our way back to the Splash and campsite.

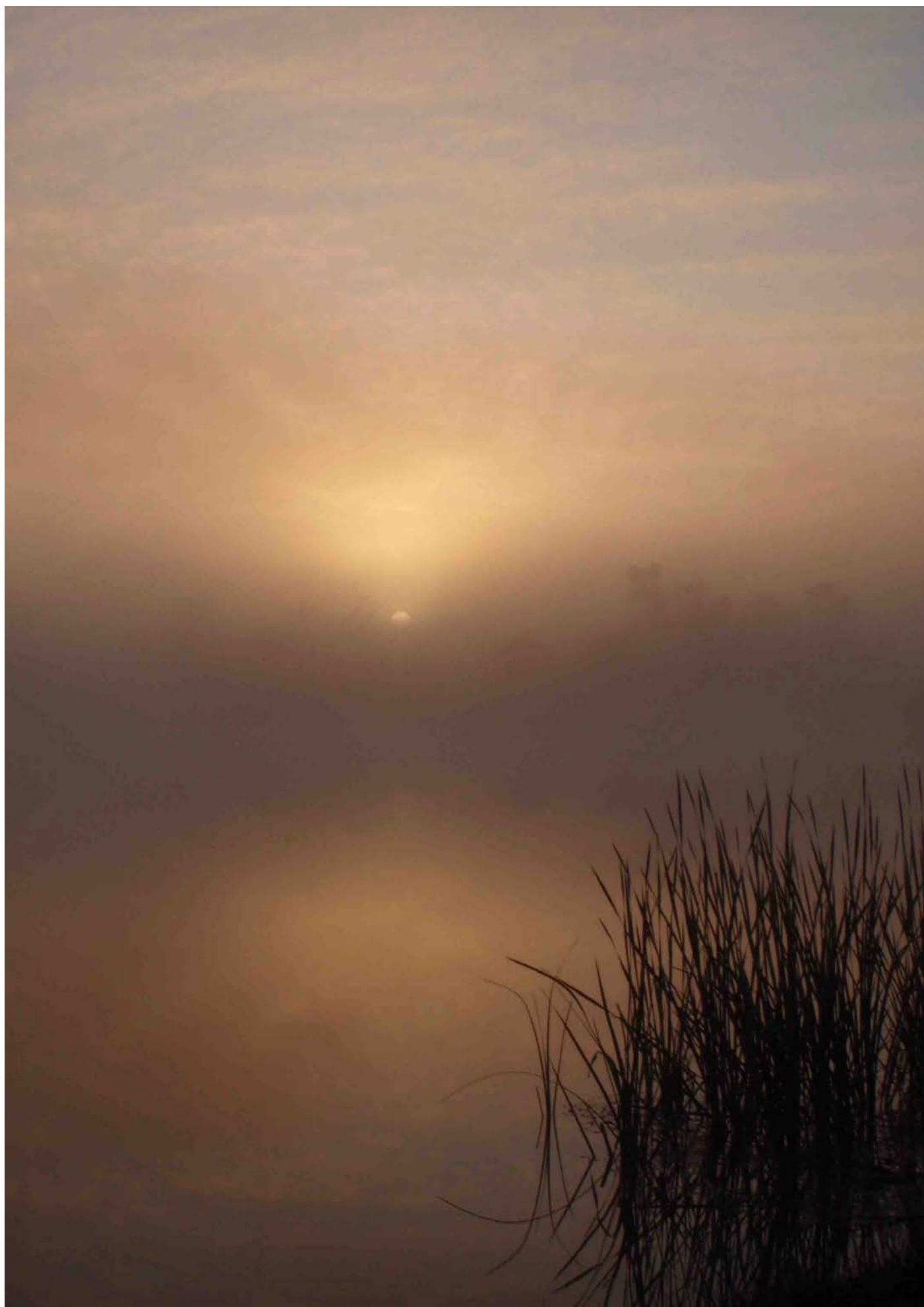
Another fire (wood supplied by the benevolent Trevors) concluded a pleasant exploration of this area close to home.

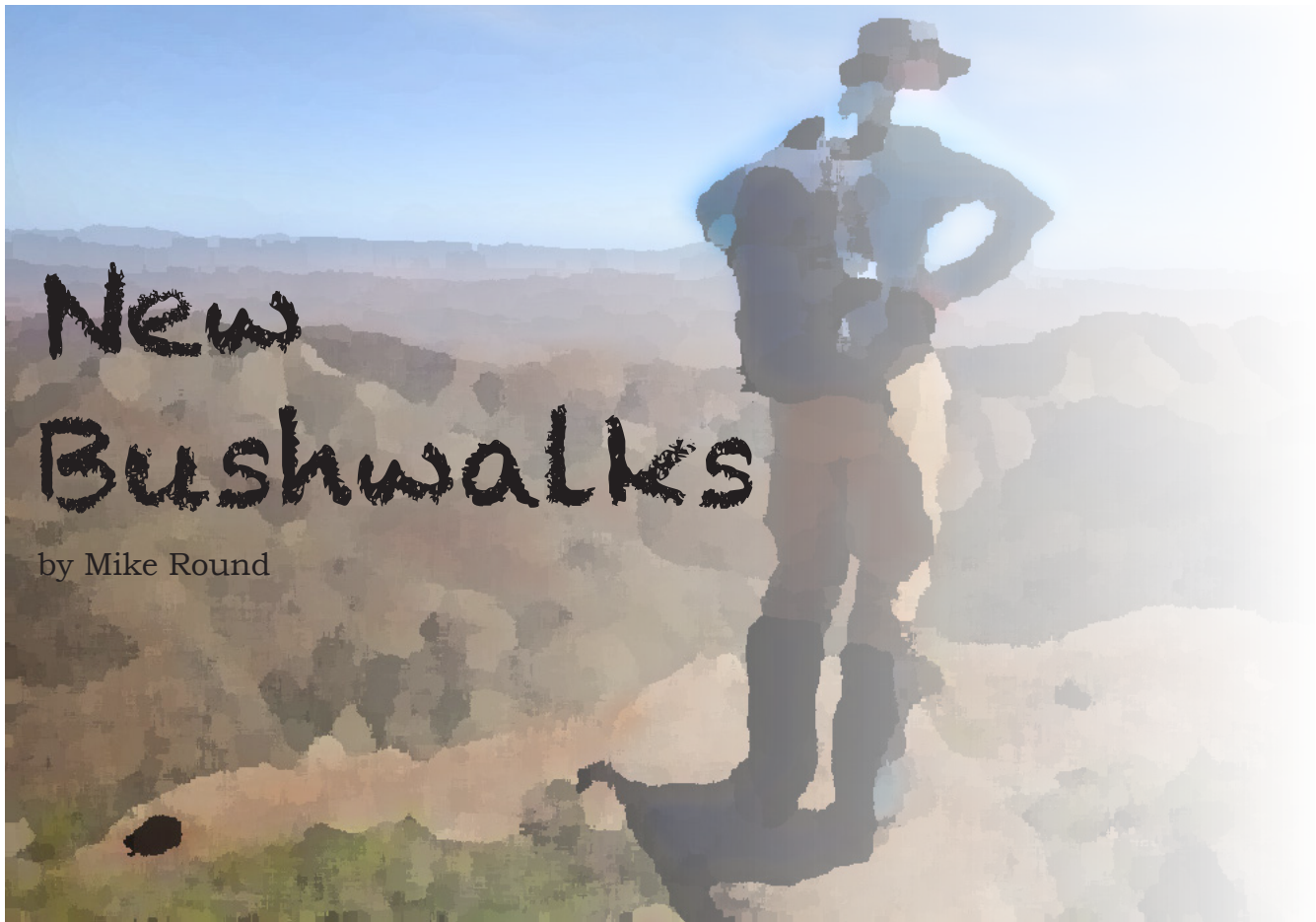


For a final day's paddling we went along the Splash. Several previous attempts to negotiate this had been unsuccessful due to low flows and reed beds. After we had portaged the regulator though (Trev's canoe wheels came in handy here) we had good flows and no problem finding the way. Flows were much improved at this time due to considerable works for the Riverine Recovery Project. This aims to replicate the flood/drought cycle that is a normal part of these waterways. By chance we had a flood cycle. The Splash opens out to irrigated orchards, then quite bare land, before it enters Katarapko Creek.



The junction was unrecognizable with large stone works and a regulator in place. We meandered along the top section of Katarapko. At the stone weir the kayaks were able to squeak through but Margaret and I needed to portage the Canadian. A local fisherman proved very





Five new linear walks planned for the Flinders are outlined below: three for 2021 (solid blue lines on the map) and two for 2022 (dotted lines). The times shown are for walking days only. The walks continue a series of end-to-end walks already done (green lines). Three of the walks follow the three longest creeks that flow from the Ranges and they're downhill all the way! Transport logistics and location of water sources are the main planning issues. Pack-walking fitness and commitment are the main requirements, prior bushwalking experience much less so. The walks may be private rather than club walks, depending. Please get in touch if you're interested, mhround@yahoo.com.au.

Willochra Creek, 22-31 May 2021.

This is 'Summit to Sea' walk. Bus to Melrose, climb Mt Remarkable (OK, that bit's not downhill) and drop into Spring Ck-Willochra Creek and follow it to Lake Torrens. Walk out to Pt Augusta. Bus to Adelaide. (230 km, 9-10 days. Two water caches, 3 dry camps. Route A on the map.)

Lake Torrens to Lake Frome, 18-28 June 2021.

Drive to Nilpena and be driven 20km to the lake. Follow Freshwater Creek into the ranges, cross Moolooloo – Narrina and out along Rose-Mt Chambers Creek to Lake Frome. Up Bendieuta Creek to the the Balcannoona-Mt Frome Road (food and water cache). Three return options to Nilpena. (180 km, 9 days. Three dry camps. Route B.)

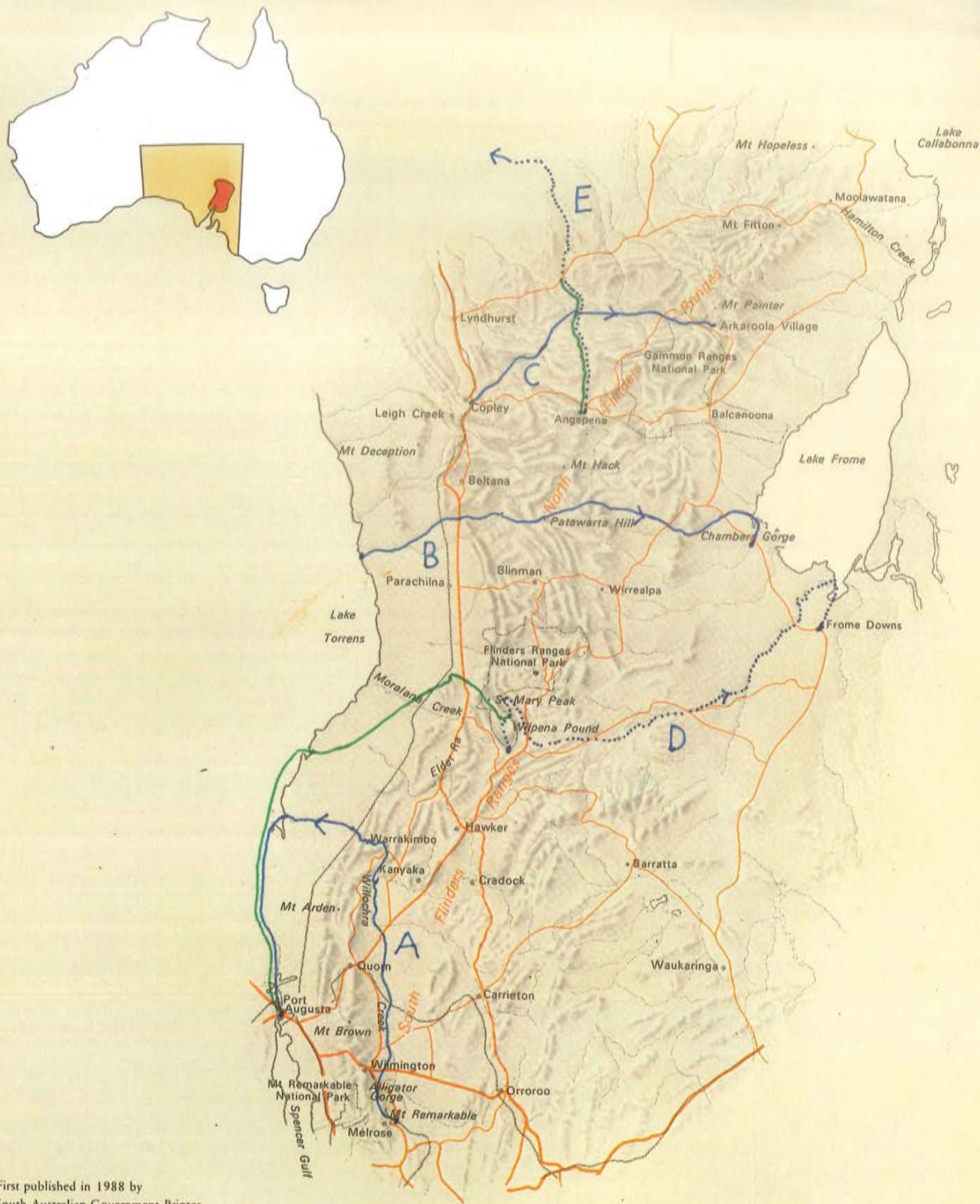
Copley to Arkaroola. 17-26 July 2021.

NE from Copley to Reedy Hole Springs on Frome Creek and then to Arkaroola via Yudnamutana Tank and climb 3 nearby peaks. Transport depends. (135 km, 8 days. Route C.)

Wilpena Creek, May 2022. The nature and destination of this walk should make it inspiring. From the lake, we walk out to Frome Downs where my car will be. Long days, three water caches. (180km, 7 days. Route D.).

Frome Creek, July 2022.

This walk is from Angepena to Marree. I began this walk three years ago but quit at the Strzelecki Track where a chance offer of a lift to Lyndhurst was irresistible so it's back to the start. (197 km, 8-9 days. Route E.)



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Deep Creek-hard yacka

by John Glover

This is a walk that didn't seem to want to happen. Last year I had to cancel the Deep Creek walk when I realised that I had scheduled it for the same weekend as my youngest daughter's 21st birthday. This year all was going well until I tried to book camp sites, over a month ahead, at Cobbler's Hill and Tapanappa camp grounds. They were all booked. I blame Covid. People aren't going to Bali for the weekend anymore! So, I tried booking sites for the following weekend, and by totally changing the walk and staying Saturday night at Trig camp ground, I could just get enough sites.

Luckily, when I broke the news to the other walkers they were all still good to go. Half the walkers spent the Friday night before the walk at Cobbler's Hill campground. I had brought a few boxes of branches from my recalcitrant Lemon-scented Gum, and we had a terrific little campfire. At some stage I lost my only pair of glasses. All the trails

that I planned to use were well marked and so I was more annoyed than concerned.

On Saturday morning everybody was keen as mustard, waiting for the walk to begin, which it did right on 9:00 am. The weather was cool and cloudy and threatening to rain as we walked down to Blowhole Beach using a steep footpath to the north of the 4WD track.

Near the top was a plaque placed there by the Adelaide Bushwalker club many years before (see picture). At Blowhole Beach we picked up the Heysen Trail heading south and climbed back up the hill again. Welcome to walking in Deep Creek – for every down there is an equal and opposite up, and lots of them. Still, I'm sure that no one minded because there were so many plants in flower, and no weeds to be seen except Cotton Bush, which had lots of Caterpillars of the Wanderer (Monarch) Butterfly.



Early in the walk, heading down to Blowhole Beach.
Great views of Kangaroo Island



Plaque by Adelaide Bushwalkers

Unfortunately, the upper reaches of Aaron Creek were choked with Arum Lilies, which everyone else thought looked beautiful. We walked down Aaron Creek, one of the prettiest little walks in deep creek, walked back again and then lunched at Eagle Waterhole. From there it was about 7km of upping and downing until we reached our overnight campsite at Trig Campground. A few other groups were celebrating Halloween but we were way too tired and had an early night.



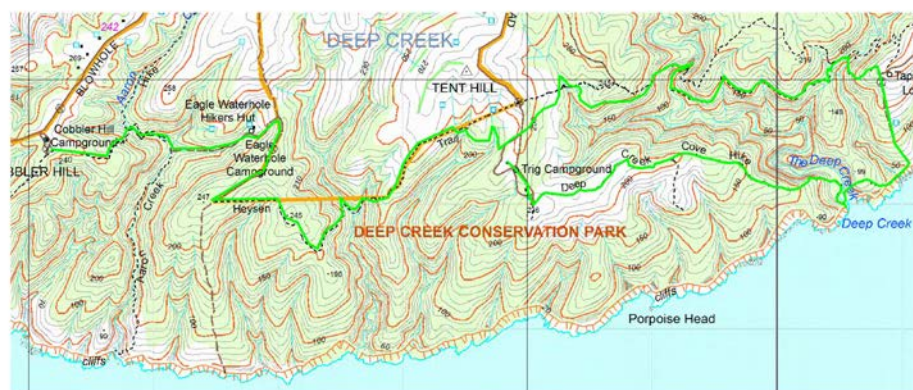
Patchy rain didn't damp down our spirit

The next morning the sky was blue and already hinting at the 30 degrees that had been forecast. We put a few essentials into day packs and walked to deep creek cove. From there we went to the waterfall which has definitely shrunk since the last time I saw it 2 years before. Or maybe I've gotten bigger. It was flowing really well though. After a short break we did



Deep Creek Loop Walk Day 1 17Km

The walk down Aaron Creek (one of my favourites) can be done with a day pack



Deep Creek Loop Walk Day 2

The big Deep Creek Cove loop can be done with day packs

We still get to do the waterfall as well





Cheerful walkers

a couple more downs and ups and arrived back at Trig Campground around 1pm. We quickly took down our tents, repacked our big packs, and walked back to the cars at Cobbler's Hill.

It was an excellent walk. The use of day packs for the Deep Creek Cove/Deep Creek Waterfall section proved to be a great improvement over previous years. A huge thanks to all the walkers, especially the four younger walkers who were great company, strong, competent, and most of all – happy. Also, a huge thank you to Ling, a ring-in from the Gold Coast Bushwalking club. She was the bubbliest person I have ever met.



Photos and captions Ling Zhang, Gold Coast Bushwalkers





Deep Creek Waterfall



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Extra Walking Motivation

by Mike Close



I work pretty hard during the week and come Sunday I need some exercise, some me time.

Now I love bush walking but on those cold or lazy stay in bed mornings sometimes I need a little bit more to get me going. That's where planning comes in. For motivation try to plan a snack or lunch treat in the middle or end of a walk. This can be a little difficult. Try getting a hamburger on the Yurribilla Trail or fish and chips near Mt Crawford. Its not always the easiest. So I've developed a repertoire of trips where the food treat element gets me going. Here are some of my hard won strategies.



Mt Lofty Summit Café: the place looks swanky and expensive. I've been going here for years always buying a coffee and eating a sneaky cake out of my pack. You don't have to do that. I had a meal there recently for the price of an average Adelaide schnitzel.

Too hard walking up that steep Mt Lofty track? Nope, try one of the other multiple easier ways up there. Eg Walk up from Eagle on the Hill or start from Yarrabee Road. The thought of a nice meal at the top could be all it takes to actually do it.

Scenic Hotel: Horsnell Gully to Norton Summit and back. I save this trip for when I am training for a major walk and am fairly fit. The route is a bit long and can take up a lot of your day. It's a great walk though and you often see locals in the same place every time.

Koalas! It's the Scenic Hotel at Norton Summit we're off to. Plan your route at home and arrive hungry and thirsty. The lower bar is informal and they do a great steak sandwich and chips. Upstairs is the main dining area. Its has been known for really indulgent people to just order desert and coffee. If it's warm and you are doing beer pints take it easy as there is a nasty hill to climb on the way back. Ha! and my wife is thinking I am training like an athlete.

Panini Brothers: there must be dozens of routes and circuits up and down the main range of Blacks Hill Conservation Park. Even navigation skills

can be worked on in this park. I have been known to summit the range via an established track and then descend off track. Conversely a favourite is to walk up the Torrens Gorge via the road and then turn hard south, uphill and ascend via one of three barely there bush bashing routes. Descend back to the car via any route you choose.

The pot of gold at the end of this rainbow is a truly sensational Italian bakery cafe at the back of the Newton Centre Shopping Mall car park. Panini Brothers first came to my attention for the famous cold pizzas they sell. I would buy one and take it home for the family to eat.

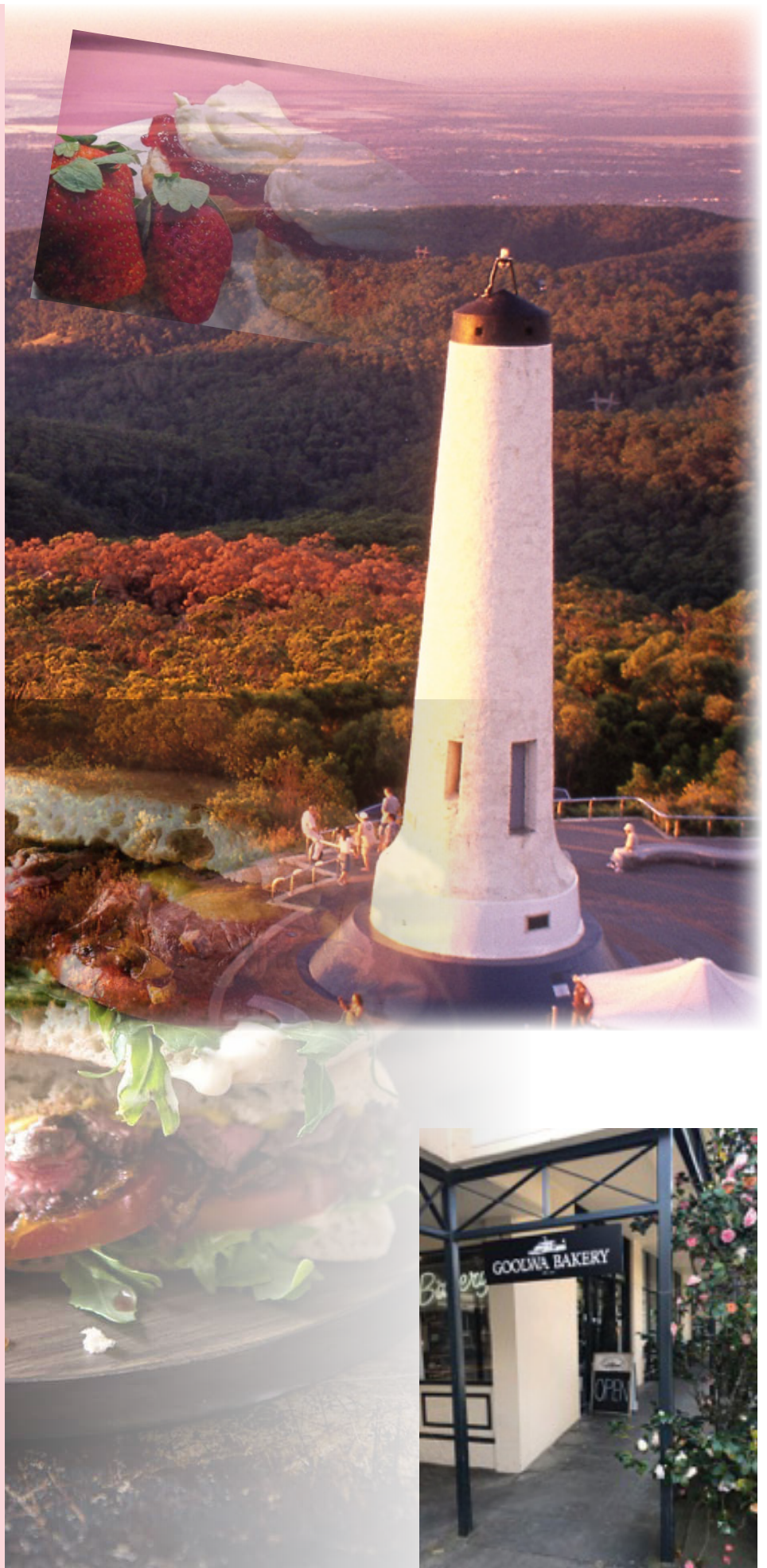
Multiple toppings including vegetarian are available. Any establishment that can make cold pizza sell like hot cakes is doing something right. Which brings me to cakes. Does any country do cakes quite like the Italians? Take a ticket and wait to push your money into their hands happily in exchange for the most exquisite cakes creations going. Just discovered one called fogliatella hard to spell and pronounce, wonderful to eat.

They have all manner of cakes even what look like home made zeppole. Crusty crunchy bread is a winner there too. Been known to dreamily prepare my order during the week in my head. The lady says anything else and the orders keep on coming. Hey! I really do have a big family.

Goolwa Bakery: So the hungry weekend wanderer might find oneself going up Mt Lofty from Stirling or perhaps looking for tunnels and waterfalls in Belair National Park. If getting going in the first place is your difficulty try thinking of the treats of the Goolwa Bakery at Stirling. The many varieties of well made and generous pies is your goal. There are plenty of bakeries around that produce pies but many are not of the quality you can buy here.

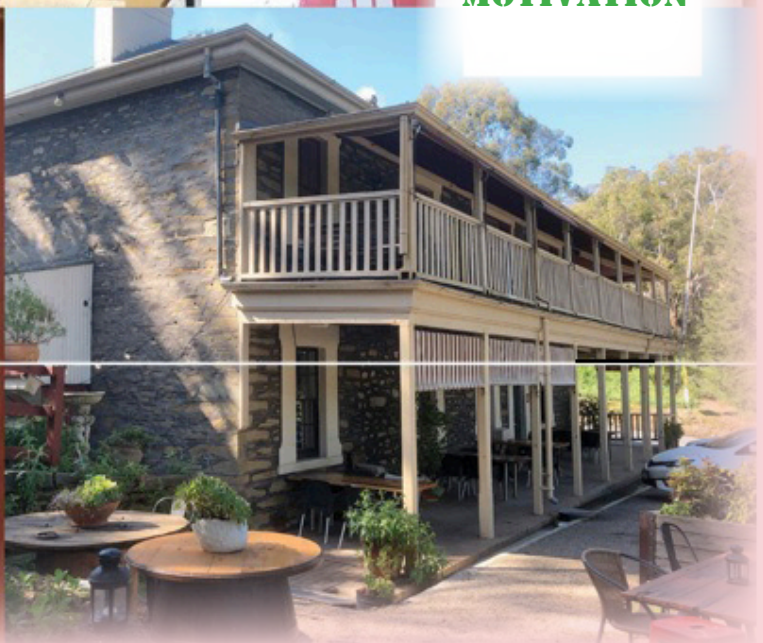
The crowd of people ordering confirm this judgement. On a budget? Just buy that pie and glow in the aftermath of your walk in the car with your thermos of coffee and a slice of fruit cake you have packed. There are many more varied and interesting walks that can take in the Stirling Shopping area. If in need of serious fitness one can hit Stirling via the Pioneer Womens Trail from Beaumont. Sections of the Heysen or Yurrabilla Trails are nearby as well.

The Walking SA website has walk routes and navigational directions to reach most locations and often GPX and KML files.





**BUSHWALKER
MOTIVATION**



Photographic montage-Mike Close