

THE TRAILWALKER

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF THE HEYSEN TRAIL
AND OTHER SOUTH AUSTRALIAN WALKING TRAILS

DECEMBER 1988

Registered by Australia Post - Publication No SBH1454



MERRY CHRISTMAS



*More than a Merry Christmas I wish you this year,
More than a Happy Christmas with your loved ones dear,
More than the precious hours with friends who are true,
More than the gifts you treasure that others give you—
I wish for you the blessing of that Christmas day
When angels sang the story and stars marked the way.
I wish you joy unending with much love and cheer—
I wish you peace on Christmas and through all the year.*

"A Christmas Wish" by Grace Mathews Walker



WELCOME!

A welcome is extended to the following new members

Ray Smith
 Barbara Tabor
 John and Margaret Opie (family)
 Liz. Barclay
 Helena Tonkin
 Marbury School Inc. (school)
 Alan Wilson
 Victor Harbour High School (school)
 Brenda Buckingham
 Alan Beaumont
 Jean Fordham
 Andrew Jarick
 Kevin Riggall
 Mary Lloyd
 Sherry Fuller
 David Partington (family)
 Alan Peart
 Neville Hudson
 Bruce Rosier
 John Foord
 Peter Klar
 Marleen and Dean Carver (family)
 Adelaide Backpackers Inn (organisation)
 Kingston Community School (school)



"THE TRAILWALKER"

IS PUBLISHED BY "THE FRIENDS OF THE HEYSEN TRAIL

AND OTHER WALKING TRAILS INC."

WITH ASSISTANCE FROM THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT

THROUGH THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RECREATION INSTITUTE



HEYSEN TRAIL

EDITOR : DOUG PAICE

 *
 * DEADLINE FOR NEXT EDITION *
 *
 * FRIDAY JANUARY 20TH *
 *



This is the first issue of the "Trailwalker" to be sent to landowners and District Councils who are participating in the development of the Heysen Trail. These copies are being purchased by the Recreation Trails division of the South Australian Recreation Institute to improve communication between the Institute, walkers and the man and woman on the land.

As the Trail grows, over 1000 km. to date, the more walkers and landowners will meet. I feel sure this meeting can be of benefit to both sides if we are prepared to talk to each other.

I am certain that those of us who walk for pleasure, carrying our swags and revelling in the sheer joy of the outdoors, will not do anything to harm the natural or rural countryside. Farming, grazing and cropping are complex undertakings and it is easy to give offence through ignorance.

I urge walkers and landowners to use these pages to create a better understanding between the two for mutual advantage.

Let us share your fears, your joys, your brickbats and bouquets.

Terry Lavender





DEVELOPMENT NEWS

MAINTENANCE AND TRAIL BUILDING

Groups of volunteers have continued maintenance of the trail from Newland Hill to Mt. Crawford. At the start of the season it was hoped all outstanding maintenance in this section would be completed. Unfortunately this has not been accomplished. However, it is hoped that this section will be finished by the beginning of next years walking season.

Work will continue on the trail throughout the closed season and guidelines for this are currently being prepared by the maintenance committee. Marking has commenced on the section of the trail from Peters Hill to Webb Gap, whilst Terry and staff have marked part of the trail through Bundaleer forest. The latter was marked with the new pole markers which will now be used instead of the traditional star droppers.

A further 45 metres of bog ladder at Glen Bold has been laid and the final 75 metres is scheduled for completion in January.



By request of the local council the star droppers marking the detour at Colonial Drive have been removed. The trail is now marked with metal triangles affixed to existing road signs.

A small detour has been marked at Picadilly to enable walkers to avoid the main road. Official detour signs will not be placed here as the extent of the detour does not warrant these signs. The trail leaves Spriggs Rd. and follows Hanson St. to Spring Gully Road.

The erosion problems along the trail in the Warren Conservation Park are being addressed with a number of erosion barriers already installed. After this work had been carried out Martin led a workshop to instruct and demonstrate erosion control procedures. This was a valuable exercise and all members present gained from this. The expertise gained will be a great benefit not only to workers completing this job but also for others doing similar projects elsewhere.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all volunteers who have assisted with maintenance work a very happy Christmas and to thank you all for your help throughout the year.

Colin Malcolm.

CO-ORDINATOR.





During October and November the trail team has continued to concentrate their efforts on developing the Heysen Trail between Marrobel and Crystal Brook. We have had public meetings at Georgetown and Hallett meeting over 40 landowners.

Negotiations have been finalised with the Woods and Forest Department and the 14 kms of trail through the Bundaleer forest reserve has been completed ready for opening in April 1989.

A series of meetings with individual landowners and their families cleared the way for development between Peters Hill and Niblich Gap, a distance of 40 km.

The physical work was undertaken by the "Friends of the Heysen Trail" in a very well organised and professional manner.

The Trail's team also visited Tarcoola and Andamooka advising and designing local walking Trails.

The first field trip into the Woolshed Flat to Hawker section of the trail was made. This part of the trail will be difficult to develop due to the lack of crown lands in the area. However, we still believe that the trail can be completed to the final stage by June, 1989.

The construction of the furniture for our hut at Crystal Brook was completed and installed on time by our own staff.

Under Trail Staff Supervisor 26 troopers from the Army Survey Branch carried out much needed trail maintenance in the Deep Creek Conservation Park and the Echunga Goldfields.

The Heysen Trail display went on show at the TAFE "Outback Promotion" and played a leading role in the "Leisure Day in the Park" promotion.

The Trails Division Staff and the "Friends of the Heysen Trail" completed 110 metres of raised swamp platform over the notorious Brady's Gully.

Terry Lavender
MANAGER - RECREATION TRAILS
S.A. RECREATION INSTITUTE

30 November, 1988





FRIENDS COX SCRUB CONSERVATION PARK

BI-CENTENNIAL WALK



Members of Thorfoot Walkers joined The Friends' walk to Cox Scrub Conservation Park near Mt. Compass on Sunday, 23 October, 1988, and swelled our numbers to approximately 90 walkers.

Two groups were formed - Jim Crinion and Dick Sampson lead a wildflower expedition through The Conservation Park where the warm spring weather had brought to life many vividly coloured flowering plant varieties - grevillea, boronia, dampiera, scaevola and the white flowering leptospermum. The soft sandy conditions underfoot following the dry weather slowed the younger members of the party but everyone enjoyed the experience of walking through this park with its unique vegetation.

The second group chose a circuit walk following the outskirts of The Conservation Park to Coles Crossing over the Finnis River. The numerous logs and fallen trees which are swept along this river during heavy winter rains, failed to position themselves in a convenient location to provide a dry crossing of the Finnis. Undeterred, the walkers simply removed shoes and socks and waded through the shallow water at the crossing. All remained upright and refreshed, continued the walk to the top of the range, enjoying magnificent views of the distant coastline along the way. Cox Scrub Conservation Park was also clearly delineated.





The party followed the ridge to the junction with the Heysen Trail near Mt. Magnificent, then descended along the Trail through the Finnis Conservation Park to a ford crossing of the river and returned to the starting point.

The outing was thoroughly enjoyed by all walkers, but particularly by Max, aged 10 months, who was back-packed for the whole journey. Max looked, listened, slept, chatted happily in his own language to everyone and obviously obtained immense satisfaction, fulfilment and enjoyment from a day's walk along the Heysen Trail.

*			*
*	RATES FOR ADVERTISING IN THE "TRAILWALKER" ARE AS FOLLOWS:-		
*			*
*			*
*	Full page	-	\$45
*			*
*	Half page	-	\$25
*			*
*	Quarter page	-	\$15
*			*
*	One-eighth page	-	\$10
*			*
*	Classified Ads up to 30		
*	words	-	\$10
*			*
*			*
*	Please send advertisements to the Editor, "The Trailwalker",		
*	Friends of the Heysen Trail and Other Walking Trails, Inc.,		
*	1 Sturt Street, Adelaide, 5000.		
*			*
*			*



FINAL BI-CENTENNIAL WALK

On Sunday, 20th November, 1988, the Common Venturers Bushwalking Club, under the capable leadership of Bill Gordon and Fred Brooks, hosted the final walk in the Friends' series of introductory walks along the Heysen Trail as a Bi-centennial activity.

Twenty-nine walkers, including several children, gathered at Bethany Reserve. A car shuttle was arranged to transport the walkers to the start at Mt. Crawford Forest on Brown's Road. The weather was windy but fine and the magnificent views from the exposed wind-swept ridges more than compensated for the blustery conditions.

The route chosen followed a new section of the Heysen Trail which had been surveyed by the Friends soon after the inception of the group and later marked by members of the Common Venturers Bushwalking Club who are also "Friends", (see Map No. 9).

The forest provided shelter from the gale force winds blowing from the west. The Trail within the forest passes through areas of native bushland containing fascinating rock formations and emerges through rows of pines to reveal a magnificent vista of the Kaiser Stuhl Conservation Park in the foreground against a backdrop of the Barossa Range. The unusual rock formations extend into the Conservation Park and include one enormous rock on the edge of the path in the shape of a horse's head - we named it Jasper for identification purposes.

The descent from Rifle Range Road to the Bethany Reserve revealed a breath-taking panorama of the Barossa Valley and provided an appropriate climax to an exhilarating finale to the Friends' Bi-centennial walking programme.





FRIENDS' FEBRUARY GATHERING

As advised in the October issue of "The Trailwalker" a gathering of Friends will be held in February. Photographs of various activities of members' contributions, e.g. maintenance and trail-building, Bi-centennial walks, etc. will be displayed. The South Australian Recreation Institute's excellent video film of the Heysen Trail will be shown. A guest speaker will be asked to give an address on a topic of interest to walkers.

In addition, an outline of the planned activities for the forthcoming walking season will be presented. With your support, 1989 is expected to be a year of intense activity and achievement, particularly along the Heysen Trail. On completion of the Heysen Trail the emphasis of our activities will switch to the network walking trail system to provide increased opportunities and experiences for the recreational walker.

The date and venue of the gathering will be announced either in a Newsletter or in the next edition of "The Trailwalker". Dates being considered are 17th or 24th February, 1989.



WEDNESDAY WALKERS

We call ourselves the Wednesday Walkers, not very original perhaps, but we have an alternative name to distinguish us from other groups with the same choice of day. However, I'll refer to that later.

As recorded in the A.R.P.A. Bushwalking newsletter, No. 9, November, 1987, in an historical account by James Ridyard, both A.R.P.A. and our group were formed in February, 1983 when Vicki Hardie, retired teacher, organised a meeting, convened by Terry Lavender, to form groups of volunteers to help maintain the Heysen Trail. She was very concerned about the inability to provide adequate funds for that purpose. We were duly allocated sections of the trail to look after and made our reports to Madalene Ledo who passed them on to the Department. About eight of us, under Vicki's leadership, formed the nucleus of our early monthly walks in the Mt. Compass/Nangkita/Willowburn area. Most of us were recent retirees, filled with zeal for the task. We have some wonderful memories of the times when our enthusiasm was stronger than our bushcraft, and others, of a not yet well developed sense of direction. I'm not sure that even now, nearing the end of our sixth year, that great development has taken place. I have a hat to prove it. The caption reads, "I'm their leader, which way did they go?" Peaks are attached to each side of the cap rather than the front.





From that first day we were "hooked", and while still carrying out monthly maintenance of the allocated area, we ventured weekly along the trail in day walks north and south of Adelaide. Jim (Ridyard) worked out an efficient reporting system with maps, the ones we use today.

After a time our members brought along friends, the criteria for joining being mainly interest and compatibility. It was important to us to keep that precious unity of spirit which had grown through sharing. Our average weekly numbers are eight to twelve, full roll call up to sixteen, remaining there.

In March, 1986 Vicki died prematurely after an illness of some months. To us it was a devastating loss of a friend and leader, but she was such a positive person that even now we say sometimes, "What would Vicki have done in this dilemma?" At times we feel, even, that she is with us - walking and being.





It could be said that we are a self-educating group, each with interest in special directions, which are shared. We carry a reference "Library" of material about native trees, flowers, birds, walks, historical and general data. Some of our photographs (up to album 10 now) have been sent overseas, including the wacky ones - ("Eat your heart out Crocodile Dundee!"). In a hastily written letter, legibility at risk, one of our group mentioned our name, and back came the reply, "Love the bits about your Wednesday Wallies" - so that has become our alternative name. Pat kept, and still does, a diary of our walks, which makes wonderful reading now, coupled with the photographs.

As for creativity - well - no end of talent. Madalene and Lyn can be seen, rear ends up, in many shots, looking at wonderful discoveries in the scrub. June, an excellent dancer, has created unusual choreography around fallen logs. Meg, a textile artist - embroiderer of note, with a book just published, sees in the bush environment themes for many of her pictures. One of her works is hanging in the new Parliament House in Canberra. Doug (Vicki's husband) treats us to his delightful, irreverent at times, observations in true Scottish style, including wonderful captions for photographs. Bob B. trains dogs, so to him we go for expert advice. He's ex-Navy, also irreverent, except when it comes to orchids - he's getting to be the first to find. Bob N., a builder with interest in stone has a great store of knowledge when we come upon ruins. Mac, also ex-Navy, a devotee of Robbie Burns, breaks into other verse now and then. Meg researched one of his incomplete favourites, "That's the way for Billy and me", cut it into stanzas, presented them to each of us to recite along the way, apropos of nothing at all and in secret. Having thrown Mac. into utter confusion, Meg then revealed all in a full recital at Bridgewater Falls during lunch. ("Boys' song" Ettrick Shepherd - poet). Joan, the quiet participant and co-ordinator can always be found in the group by her delicious chuckle and keen observation. Melva is our pathfinder, frequently discovering "new" trails around McLaren Vale/Flat and the Fleurieu. Being a superb spokeswoman and a lover of nature, Melva can charm property owners into inviting us into their special areas, especially at wildflower/orchid time. She is the one who cheers us on through flagging patches on longer walks. Wyn, "the leprechaun", has Irish stories and songs to enchant the bushland walkers and birds. We appreciate her quiet sense of humour. She, too, has a book, yet to be published,



recording precious past experiences of her life in the bush. Jim walked with us many times and now has departed to the West permanently. He was especially a perceptive and caring guide through Belair at orchid times - he knew all the patches. Two maintenance marathons stand out in our memories - both with the purest and most earnest of intentions. One was at Newland Head section of the Heysen Trail when we cleared the scrub along the fence. The other was a Kyeema clearance through a massively overgrown section, requiring a machete. The timing, ironically, was of special interest to us and to Jim. We wish him and his family all the best in the west.

Now, Joan and Lester were married in January this year, a couple of golden-not-so-oldies, and it was a bush wedding in Douglas Scrub, McLaren Flat, where Melva and her husband, Murray, are caretakers at the Girl Guide campsite. A Kiwi married a de-pomificated Aussie in a setting of scrub, with the birds singing their end of day songs. We made a guard of honour with our walking sticks for a photograph.

Charlie closed the roll book as an early retiree, and one of the "Hills Mob", a man well acquainted with the bush from Burra to Coopers Creek and beyond. How do thes Poms do it so well?! - also an irreverent.

We have all become "Friends of the Heysen Trail", and truly appreciate the privilege of being able to walk along trails of unique beauty.

We planted a tree in Vicki's memory in Belair National Park in the Woods and Forest creek area by the garden - a candlebark - (Eucalyptus rubida) - we thought it fitting.

As Jim Ridyard's A.R.P.A. article stated, "She was the start of it all, the early volunteers, the A.R.P.A. bushwalkers, the Wednesday walkers, and now the Friends of the Heysen Trail. We should be grateful to her, for she gave us an immeasurable start". And so we are!

PAT BRUUN



YOUTH DO IT AGAIN IN 88

The following was written as an English assignment in response to the heading "My life could never be the same now that"

My life could never be the same now that our six day hike is over (Trek 88). I feel as if life has changed for me and I'm finding it difficult to adjust myself back to my normal daily routine.

I have been hiking for a few years now and I have never felt like this. I know that hiking is part of me and I love to watch the seasons unfold. Each has its own unique characteristic. It is something that fascinates me and can hold me captivated for an eternity.

If you have never seen the early morning colours of the sun rising, pitched a tent in bleak weather, had a conversation with a spider that's helping to devour your dinner, then you don't know what you have missed and you're missing out on the best things in life.

Out there we were a family caring for one another, back here life goes on and each of us separate once again to go our different ways. Many times I thought how lucky I was to be with such a caring group, it was almost too good to be true.

If there was a problem or a grizzle, it was brought out into the open and discussed, not hidden away to dwell upon. Out there if anything was wrong we all knew and supported and encouraged one another.

I don't think I have ever felt for a group of people as strongly as I felt for this group who have become very special to me. I know that each and everyone of them feels (or felt) the same way as I do. It's something I wish every human being on earth could experience.

The feeling of belonging together was just so powerful it was overwhelming.

I believe I was priviledged to have undergone such a sensation so endemic that it was wonderful and life could never be the same again.

18th August 1988

11.25 a.m.

ASHLYN RICHARD

(yr. 11 Gawler High)



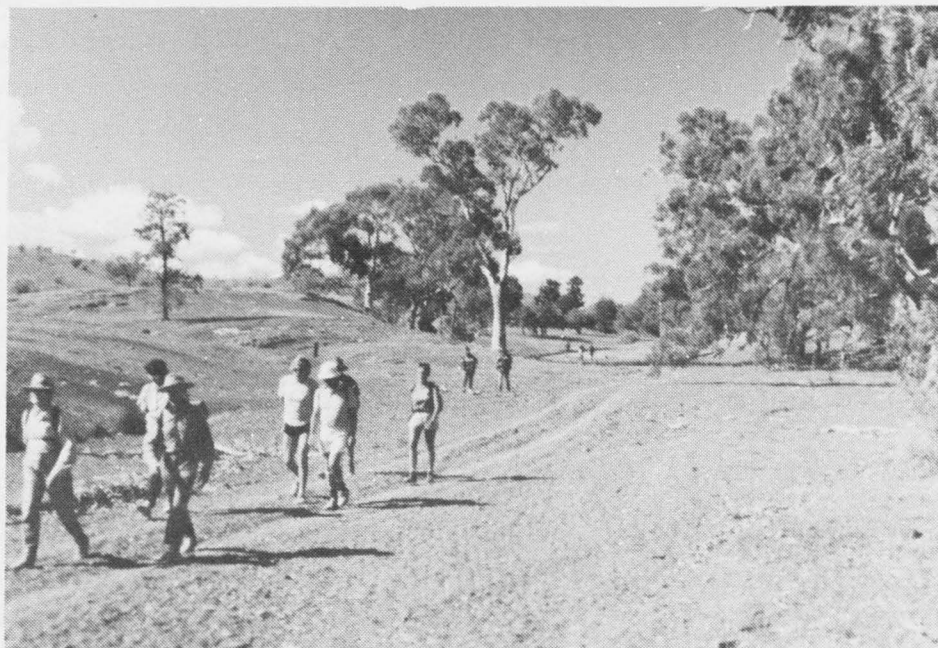
WALK TO THE OPERA
BRACHINA TO BELTANA
or
(I WALKED 100 KM. TO HEAR KIRI)

On Saturday 3rd September 1988, nearly 10,000 people gathered under the canopy of the clear starlit skies of the northern Flinders Ranges. Most had travelled by plane, train or road transport, some from nearby Flinders Ranges towns & stations, others from New Zealand & other far away places. There were however 73 who had walked from Brachina Creek; over 5 days & 100kms.

Warren Bonython had been appointed to the Board of the Opera in the Outback more than 12 months earlier as an Environmental Consultant. He approached the Adelaide Bush Walkers Inc. & other walking clubs early in 1988 promoting the walk & looking for expressions of interest. From then on he & I gradually assembled a "walkers package".

At first we discussed the various possible routes, campsites, & timetables. He wrote to interstate walking clubs & generally advertised the walk in the media with other "Opera packages" offered by Australian National. By late May we had a possible 40 starters. It now seemed viable. On return from a trip to Coongie Lakes in mid June, we inspected some of the campsites, walked some of the "off track" section of our proposed route & visited some of the landowners.

Eventually it all came together on Tuesday 29th August 1988, (well..almost - our prearranged bus did not arrive...this still remains a mystery?). The Australian Army, who had generously agreed to transport our food & equipment & Warren had all left the Bus Terminal unaware of our dilemma. We arrived at Brachina Creek two hours late, in a replacement bus. Warren was there, so we commenced walking in three groups up the Aroona Valley, flanked by the enchanting Heysen & A.B.C. Ranges. It was a short walk (8 kms) to our campsite under the shade of the native pine. "Where is the Army truck?" was the cry from the troops; a missed turn involved them in a longer sight seeing tour of the Flinders Ranges.





Later in the evening (re-united with our gear & food) we talked about the day's events & discussed the next day's route & arrangements. Most of us knew only a few of the other walkers, but before the 5 days had elapsed many new & hopefully long friendships were cemented. Wednesday in fine weather we passed by the ruin of the Aroona Outstation (sampling the water from the tapped well), then north joining the Heysen Trail. About mid-morning we stopped at Pidgeon Bore and digressed down to the Bath Tub Gorge, to see the natural "bath tubs" created by the scouring the creek bed to form well rounded pools. After lunch back at the Bore we followed the Trail to the head waters of Wild Dog Creek, which we followed through its small but delightful gorge with its natural spring, before heading for our campsite near the Angorichina Village.

The Army had appointed a new navigator & our supplies were all neatly assembled on the grassy creek bank on our arrival. About 12 Army men & women accompanied us throughout the trip, including a medic, & two 2-way radio operators as a safety measure. In ideal weather & camping conditions we casually had tea. After dark we gathered again to discuss the day's walk & Thursday's plans. Most people then went to their sleeping bags without further ado.

Thursday's sky was as clear as one would expect in the smog free healthy environment of the Parachilna Gorge. Today's walk was mainly off "the beaten track" following an old mining path pass Mt Mary then N.E up & down a few small creeks with their myriads of springtime blossoms. We joined the mighty Oratunga Creek, its broad rocky & sometimes smooth pebbled course having been decided many millions of years ago. We wandered our way along its pleasant path around huge bends guarded by towering red & orange rock cliffs, & along straight stretches shaded by the many river gums so much the scene of these glorious ranges. We stopped for lunch under the shade of one of these giants among the wildflowers & familiar sounds of the everpresent galahs.

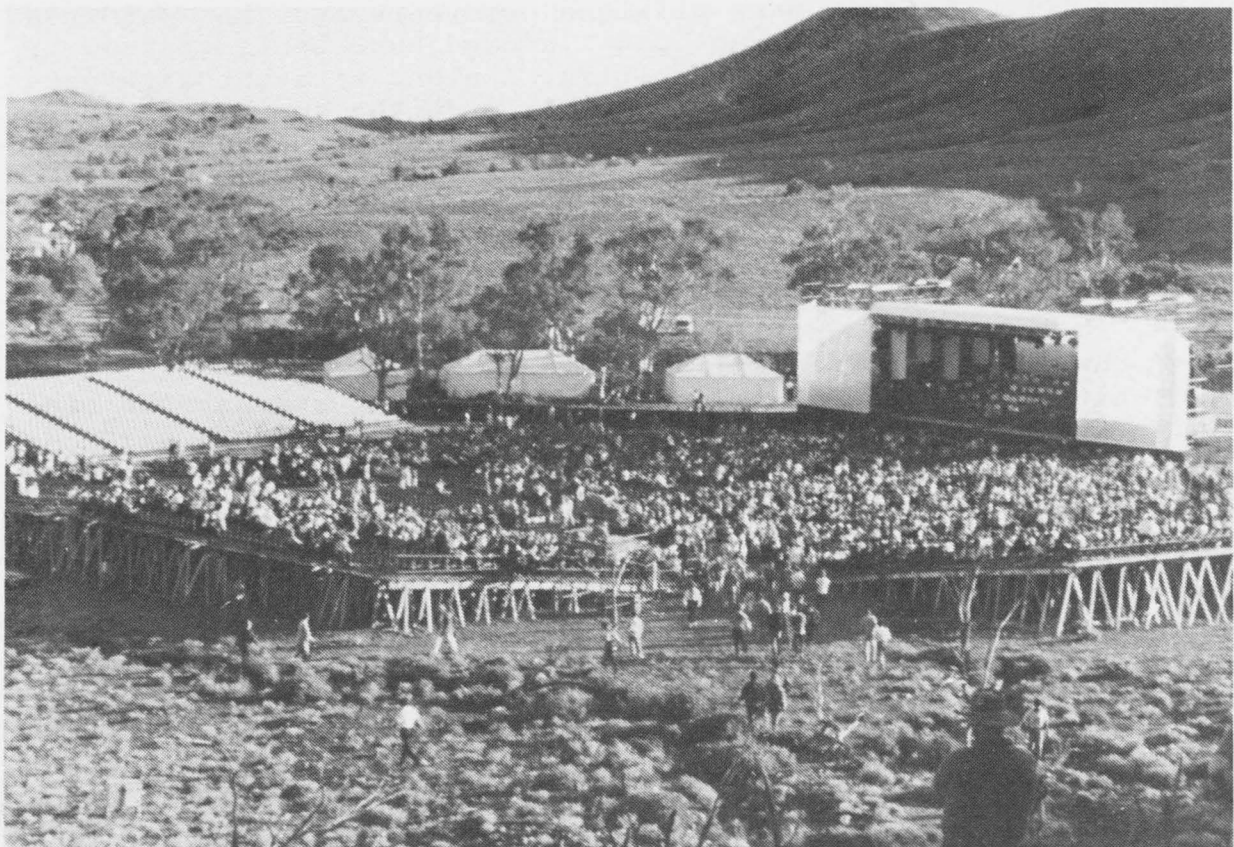
Some of the party walked with me up the adjacent ridge rising 1000 feet above the creek bed. From this lofty spot we could see, well to the south, the Wilpena Pound's northern peaks & to the N.E Patawarta Hill towering above the ranges. The vegetation on the surrounding hills was sparse but the dissecting gullies were amass with flowers. That night we camped near the old Oratunga Mine (a reminder of dashed hopes of last century).

We had now walked for just over 2 days & about 45 kms with only a few blisters & no real problems. There was only one exception, one of our party had slipped on a gravel surface & injured her shoulder. The Army had transported her to Leigh Creek South hospital. She was unable to take any further part in the walk, although she attended the reception at Old Beltana & the Opera.



That night the walkers were reminded of the long day ahead (25 kms.) & although it was not expected to be strenuous an early start was desirable. We were to traverse the range to our west, bypassing Mt Samuel via a saddle near the Mt Samuel Well into the Blackfellow Creek to Big Ben Bore, over Nuccaleena Creek then west & N.W. to Bitter Springs Creek then north to Hunter Springs Well. From there the last 4 kms would be across the plains to our campsite near the dismantled railway on the Old Beltana road at Breakfast Time Creek. Warren & I had checked the last 10 kms of this route in June.

The high clouds of the previous evening had dissappeared as we started this long section on Friday. The weather again was great, helping us to enjoy again the many patches of the wildflowers & the long stretches of shady creek walking. We were alone (a group of about 70 people is hardly being ALONE) with nature; spread out in small groups idling along at a pleasant pace, talking if you wanted to, or just soaking up that which "greenies" strive to preserve for our grandchildren to enjoy...the solitude & the beauty of our natural environment.





The 25 kms seemed to slip by very quickly as we all reached camp well before our estimated time. I think we were becoming fitter & accustomed to walking these distances.

There must have been mixed feelings that night in camp as we prepared over our tea. The next day we would be back in "civilization"... leaving behind our glorious solitude and our brief encounter with nature. That day was to be the climax of the trip... the reason we were there... to see & hear Dame Kiri Te Kanawa... to be part of a unique occasion. Personally this was a sad time; it always is when I leave "the bush".

Saturday's blue skies were typical. It was great to be up & about morning. We started up the long dirt road to Old Beltana with the occasional motor vehicle whizzing by without much concern about the choking dust that engulfed the walkers. We stopped about 2 kms before the Monument at Old Beltana for an early lunch. Warren had arranged a reception at the Smith of Dunesk Church in Old Beltana. The "Advertiser" photographer arrived & flashed his shutter at us a few times.

It was at this point we raised our homemade banners, flags & balloons & walked on into Old Beltana being preceded by two Army drummers & a piper. Warren was a proud & happy man.

We were welcomed by Premier John Bannon (in his new R.M.Williams outfit.), the media with its video cameras & other film units from New Zealand & Australia. Microphones & portable tape recorders were everywhere to record our arrival. After about an hour of this we left the locals to ponder on the occasion and headed overland towards the Opera site on Trebilcock Creek in the Yalkarinha Gap. Around 3.30 p.m. we reached our final camp. Some of us "washed" changed shirts, deodorized ourselves then all walked the last 1.5 km to the Opera.

Many of us wore our specially designed T-shirts, with its 4 colour logo of the event on the front and "We walked 100 km to hear Kiri." on the back. We could have sold 100's of them, and at ridiculous prices. We could not be bought. They are unique...not to be repeated...for a not to be repeated event. They (the T-shirts) mean something special to us...for we HAD WALKED 100km, we HAD been at one with nature for 5 days - not just a 12 hour "wilderness experience" like over 9000 other people had "enjoyed".

The concert:... well that was something else; you had to be there to believe it, enjoy it. No words can express this wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, event. Dame Kiri you are the greatest. Thank from all of us for that tremendous concert... truly marvellous.

Last, but not least, many, many thanks to you Warren, for without your belief in & commitment to the walk we would not have had the opportunity to participate in this never to be repeated experience. The grand memories are now firmly locked away in our minds forever.

Thank You Warren, & fellow walkers.

Graeme Oats

