

THE SEVEN SEAS CLUB of AUSTRALIA

"TO PROMOTE AND FOSTER THE COMRADESHIP OF THE SEA"

Founded 1968

Incorporated 1996

An elected COM shall run the Club in accordance with the Articles of Incorporation & Standing Orders

NEWSLETTER No. 91 Autumn 2022

Greetings Members-

As can be seen by the stories and photos in this edition of the SSC newsletter, it has been an eventful time for the club over the past few months. Interesting meetings, club picnics and BBQ, another sailing of the "One and All", Kenny's big adventure and the annual Armada sail to Kangaroo Island attended by some of our members.

Thank you to those who have sent in contributions for this edition of the Newsletter-

Ian Small, for the President's Report; Captain Peter Thomas for his monthly historical notes; Trevor Powell, who has sent in some of his sensational random photos of ships taken at Port Adelaide as well as from the recent meetings; Peter Allen AM for his update on Baxter and Grimshaw and John Ford AOM, for sending me copies of his wonderful watercolour paintings for the newsletter.

Thanks also to Barry Allison for his notes and photos of the One and All Sailing Challenge, Kel Watson for the photos of the SSC BBQ, Scott Rickards for his historical photo and Ken Messenger for sharing his incredible adventure in the Flinders Ranges.

My wife and I were fortunate to have purchased a larger sailboat; a Catalina 320, which has given us much pleasure over the recent sailing season, with trips to Kangaroo Island and around the Gulf St Vincent. I have included a story of the Armada trip that we joined in with again this year.

Thanks again for the contributions from our loyal members and please keep the articles flowing in.

Fair Winds,
Terry Beaston



"The Buffalo" Watercolour by John Ford OAM

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Ian Small -March 2022

It is with great pleasure that I present my first report as President of this fine Club.

My apologies for nonattendance at the March Meeting but had arranged a caravan trip to Tasmania many months ago.

May I add that it was a fantastic trip and great for reminding me of the maritime and nautical history of the Apple Island. We spent a lovely few days on Bruny Island at Adventure Bay, named after one of Cpt. Cook's ships, and an anchorage for many early explorers, including Tasman, Furneaux, Bligh,

D'Entrecasteaux, Flinders & Tobin and containing an excellent Museum on Bligh and others.

Also, we visited Sarah Island in Macquarie Harbour and heard about the very early convict ship building history there. A must is the short pantomime put on in Strahan on 'The Ship That Never Was,' a lot of fun.

A big thank you to Vice-President, Kel. Watson for filling in as Chair at short notice. I also add my deepest sympathies to Kel and family on the recent loss of his wife, Sheryn.

Our biggest challenge is to rebuild the membership of the club following the boycotting of dinners and resignations following the Gender Motion, Covid disruption and reluctance to attend meetings, the general aging of membership and being unable to attend a meeting for medical reasons. Plus, with Members now allowed to travel Interstate and overseas again after Covid, many are doing so. It now looks like we will have to allow for dinner attendances of approximately twenty per evening.

With the minimum charge of \$1125 (25 x \$45) for an evening set by the Public Schools Club, we had no alternative than to increase our dinner charge to \$45.00 per dinner and look for alternate venues to meet our budget. This is very disappointing after such a long association with the Public Schools Club.

The other important announcement is the formation of a Sub-Committee consisting of Keith Bleechmore and Kel. Watson, assisting by Dr. P Allen after his experiences with the Baxter & Grimshaw Foundation, to advise the COM on:-

Criteria for Membership.

Articles of Agreement and Standing Orders.

Broaden Club Membership.

Most new members have come along as guests to dinner meetings prior to joining and I would encourage all members to invite suitable guests to future Meetings.

We are also always looking for Interesting and entertaining speakers for our dinners and welcome suggestions.

I look forward to meeting as many of you as possible at our next dinner meeting.

Regards,

Ian Small,
President SSC of Australia

Recent Seven Seas Club Meetings:



"One and All" Baxter and Grimshaw participant spoke of his experiences aboard at the February SSC meeting.



Terry Jackson gave an interesting and amusing talk as guest speaker at the February SSC meeting



Captain Peter Thomas was the guest speaker for the March meeting of the SSC

Thanks to Trevor Powell for the photos of recent meetings

On this month

Compiled By Capt. Peter Thomas

Historical notes for the month of April 2022

April 1st, 1826

The internal combustion engine is patented by Samuel Morey.

April 2nd, 1802

Admiral Horatio Nelson, aboard *HMS Elephant*, defiantly ignores orders from his commander-in-chief to withdraw his forces and proceeds to sink the pro French Danish fleet off its home port of Copenhagen.

April 2nd, 1982

The beginning of the Falkland Islands War as troops from Argentina invaded and occupied the British colony located near the tip of South America. The British retaliated and defeated the Argentineans on June 15, 1982, after ten weeks of combat, with about 1,000 lives lost.

April 4th, 1581

Francis Drake completes a circumnavigation of the world.

April 5th, 1621



The *Mayflower* sets sail from Plymouth on a return trip to Great Britain.

April 6th, 1917

United States declares war on Germany.

April 8th, 1802

Commander Matthew Flinders and Captain Nicholas Baudin met in Encounter Bay.

April 8th, 1838

Brunel's new steamship *Great Western* left Bristol on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic to New York, taking 15 days.

April 8th, 1948

RAN survey frigate *Barcoo* was blown ashore and left high and dry at Glenelg North.

April 11th, 1814

Napoleon abdicates and is exiled to Elba.

April 12th, 1961

Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin became the first human in space.

April 15th, 1912

In the icy waters off Newfoundland, the luxury liner *Titanic* with 2,224 persons on board sank at 2:27 a.m. after striking an iceberg just before midnight. Over 1,500 persons drowned while 700 were rescued by the liner *Carpathia* which arrived about two hours after *Titanic* went down.

April 19th, 1587

Sir Francis Drake sinks the French fleet.

April 19th, 1989

Forty-seven U.S. sailors were killed by an explosion in a gun turret on the USS *Iowa* during gunnery exercises in the waters off Puerto Rico.

April 21, 1918

During World War I, the Red Baron (Manfred von Richtofen) was shot down and killed during the Battle of the Somme. He was credited with 80 kills in less than two years, flying a red Fokker triplane. British pilots recovered his body and buried him with full military honours.

April 24th, 1184, BC

Greeks enter Troy using the Trojan horse.

April 27th, 1865



On the Mississippi River, the worst steamship disaster in U.S. history occurred as an explosion aboard the *Sultana* killed nearly 2,000 passengers, mostly Union soldiers who had been prisoners of war and were returning home.

April 28th, 1789

On board the British ship *Bounty*, Fletcher Christian led a mutiny against Captain William Bligh, setting him and 18 loyal crew members adrift in a 23-foot open boat. Bligh survived a 47-day voyage sailing 3618 nautical miles before landing on Timor. Christian sailed the *Bounty* back to Tahiti, eventually settling on Pitcairn Island and burning the ship.

April 28th, 1770

English naval explorer James Cook arrived in Botany Bay, Australia, the first European to do so.

Thanks to Trevor Powell for these impressive photographs of ships at Port Adelaide recently:

A couple of recent events in the Port.

CHIPOL CHANGJIANG at Port Adelaide - 30 April 2022

MV Chipol Changjiang unloading SCT locomotives at 18 Berth, Port Adelaide - 30/04/2022

First off was CSR 024 followed by CSR 021. There are two more were unloaded the next day.



May 2022

Bitumen/asphalt tanker MT Taihai 1 arriving at Port Adelaide –

3/05/2022.

What should have been a routine arrival went pear shaped when MT Taihai 1 lost engine power as she was swinging in No 3 Basin. She had to deploy her port anchor as the tide was running up river, but that didn't seem to hold very well and the tugs SL Endeavour and Barunga had to apply some grunt to bring her to a halt. Eventually the pilot decided to berth her dead ship at 27 berth, instead of M, which meant that the mooring gang had to head over the river to the grain berth.





www.baxtergrimshaw.org.au

ANNUAL REPORT, December 2021

Building self-confidence and empowering disadvantaged youth through maritime training and experience.

The 2021 Directors were: Peter Allen (Chair), Scott Rickards (Secretary), Lucas Cree (Treasurer), Barry Allison (Director), David Linder-Patton (Director), Ken Messenger (Director).

Business was conducted through Directors' meetings and e-mails.

Activities during 2021

Governance of the Baxter & Grimshaw Foundation Inc.

The Foundation is now an incorporated association in South Australia (April 2020), registered with the Australian Charities and Not-for-profits Commission (May 2020) and has Deductible Gift Recipient (DGR) endorsement by the Australian Taxation Office (as of 1 January 2021). It is also now a proud member of Philanthropy Australia.

The Foundation's website, www.baxtergrimshaw.org.au, e-mail address, info@baxtergrimshaw.org.au and QR Code are operational.

2021 saw the production of a promotional brochure for the Foundation, "Going to Sea can literally change a life — At sea, the sky's the limit".

Presentation *One and All* scholarship, 2020

The Foundation financed a young person, Luke Swann, to join a *One and All* Youth Adventure Voyage, 2020. Luke, in successfully addressing a dinner meeting of the SSC in 2021 on his experiences gained from the voyage, demonstrated the personal value that young people gain from maritime opportunities provided by the Foundation.

***One & All* Scholarships, 2021**

The Foundation funded two young people to join separate five-day training voyages on the *STV One & All* in 2021:

Voyage 11th to 15th April, 2021

Madison Kuchel was funded for this voyage. The selection of Madison was achieved through the Rotary Youth Challenge Sails Committee. This Committee meets regularly through Rotary International and aims to enable as many young Australians to gain life-changing skills and experience encountered when learning to sail a tall ship at sea. The Foundation has been grateful to Rotary District 9510 in them being able to assist in selecting a suitable candidate from their wide spread of applicants.

At 16 years old, Madison gained valuable confidence building skills and learnt many valuable aspects of her character and was able to make an excellent presentation to the Members of the Seven Seas Club Meeting on June 16th, accompanied by her parents. The cost of this voyage was \$1125.00

Voyage 26th to 30th September 2021

Joseph Mee was funded for this voyage. Again, Joseph was recommended by the Rotary Committee and proved to be an excellent choice. Joseph returned from the voyage having been appointed as a watch leader. He had the responsibility to lead with enthusiasm and determination, and to keep the watch engaged. He was impressed with how he was able to work with some people that he had never met before.

At 17 years old, Joseph is planned to address the Members of the Seven Seas Club on Wednesday 16th of February 2022, with his parents present and to relate some of his adventures.

The cost of this voyage was \$950.00

Spring holiday camp –Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron — 4th to 8th October 2021.

The Foundation sponsored three attendees at this initial Summer Camp and the applicants were selected from those not normally able to afford such an exercise. Those selected were Tydelle Bleakley, Jackson Brown and Nick Atkins. Margaret Henry from the Sea Scouts and part of the Holiday Camp administrators, supervised the three attendees over the five days. The three attendees are expected to provide an account of their experiences at an address to the Members of the Seven Seas Club in 2022.

The cost of this Camp was \$1230.00

Barry Allison—Director, Baxter & Grimshaw Foundation, convened these scholarships.

Activities proposed for 2022

The Board worked with the tall ship, *STV One & All*, the Australian Maritime and Fisheries Academy, Royal Australian Navy Headquarters, SA, and Philanthropy Australia to plan a 10-day voyage, “Set Sail Scholarships”, on the *One & All*, planned for July, 2022. The Foundation will consult with other charities and disadvantaged public schools to seek applicants, including indigenous Australians.

This new initiative is seen to offer the voyage of a

lifetime and a new direction for 24 young people. It will bring together coxswain students, seeking sea time and task book to complete their certificate training with AMFA, and disadvantaged young South Australians for whom such an experience would be out of reach. It provides an opportunity for both maritime training and experience — unique but proven ways for young people to gain confidence, develop self-reliance and learn important life skills as well as leading to the opportunity for a career in the maritime industry.

A leaflet was produced to promote this proposed new initiative with potential funders and other interested parties.

The Board will continue to work with Rotary and the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron in 2021 to capitalise on opportunities that may arise with youth training voyages on the *One & All* and sailing tuition.

2022 Board Directors

The Foundation’s Rules stipulate that Directors shall retire at the end of each calendar year with the right for re-appointment for a total of five consecutive years in an appointed position. The office-bearers must be members of the SSC.

The 2021 Board elected the following 2022 Directors:

Peter Allen (Chair), Scott Rickards (Secretary), Lucus Cree (Treasurer) and Directors Barry Allison, David Linder-Patton, Ken Messenger.

The 2022 Board members have the experience to contribute to the success of several initiatives planned now that the Foundation in its first real operational year after its establishment.

Finance

In 2021, the Foundation gratefully received sponsorship from the Seven Seas Club of Australia Inc. and Jonathon Harry

Financial assets 31st December 2021: \$98,775.08

Total income 2021: \$6,933.07

Total expenditure 2021: \$9,068.03

A full disclosure of the accounts is available from the Treasurer, on request.

The Foundation looks forward to the continuing support of the Seven Seas Club of Australia Inc. in its endeavour to achieve results that fulfil its purpose, reflecting that the Club has a long-standing connection with the B&G Trust then the Foundation through the Foundation’s Office-bearers being members of the Club.

Peter G Allen AM -Chair
Scott C Rickards-Secretary
Lucus Cree-Treasurer

Baxter & Grimshaw Foundation Inc

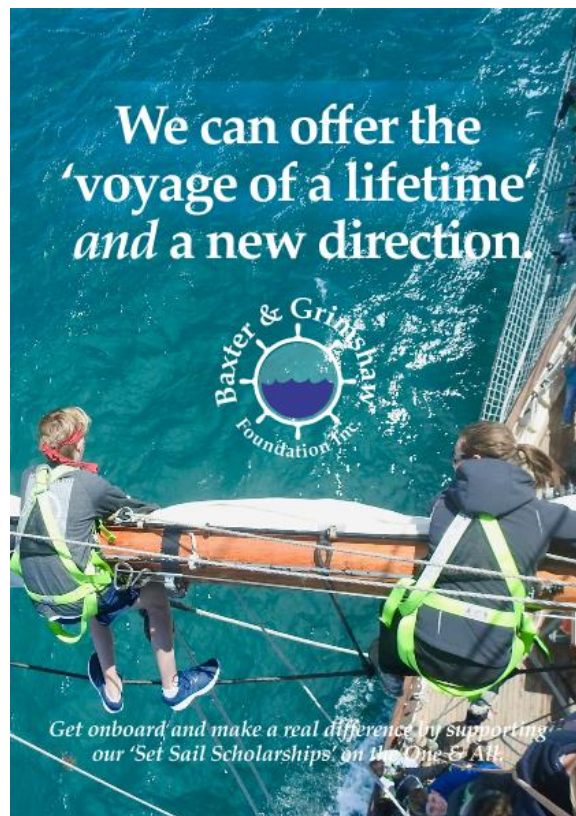
One and All trip -April 2022



The Foundation sponsored a student on the recent One and All trip in April 2022.

Barry Allison met the One and All on its return from the recent voyage, the gentleman standing next to student is Geoffrey Knights --President of the Rotary Club of Port Adelaide. The student is Subarana Rai, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Port Adelaide and funded by the Baxter & Grimshaw Foundation.

Thanks to Barry Allison for the photo and information regarding the trip.



The Baxter & Grimshaw Foundation helps young people gain confidence, develop self-reliance and learn important life skills through unique maritime experiences.

We are now launching our most exciting adventure yet – a partnership with the *One & All* to support participation in tailored 10-day voyages aboard this iconic tall ship.

Each trip will bring together coxswain students seeking sea time to complete certificate training with the *Australian Maritime and Fisheries Academy (AMFA)* and disadvantaged young South Australians for whom such an experience would otherwise be out of reach.

Coxswain training is a pathway to numerous maritime careers, and any time spent at sea will help people challenge themselves and see the world differently.

We are now seeking sponsors and donors to make this program a reality in 2022 – and expand it in the following years – by supporting our *Set Sail Scholarships*.

The Foundation has set a fundraising target of \$74,000 to fulfil this exciting initiative, and a range of sponsorship and donation options is available, along with marketing and branding opportunities for you and your organisation. Please get in touch to discuss how you can be a part of this important initiative, supported by *Philanthropy Australia*.

The Foundation is also endorsed as a deductible gift recipient by the Australian Tax Office and is a proud member of Philanthropy Australia.

Email: info@baxtergrimshaw.org.au

Phone: 0409 093 359

Visit our website at baxtergrimshaw.org.au



At sea, the sky's the limit.



Seven Seas Club of Australia Inc.

Seven Seas Club Annual Picnic

We had cool but pleasant weather for the scenic drive along the Bull Creek Road to the wonderful property at "Seven M Springs" for the setting of the annual Seven Seas Club picnic.

We were offered a warm welcome by the hosts, Vic and Maura at the palatial outdoor area which included a pizza oven and BBQ trailer which was supplied by the PASC and brought to the venue by Barry Allison for the day.

Some of us were treated to a tour of the 100 acre property on the "Green Machine" by Capt. Bob.

A very enjoyable afternoon was had by all who attended.



Capt. Bob and our host Vic manned the pizza oven



Spectacular scenery at Vic and Maura's property



A tour in the Green Machine



SSC BBQ at the Port Adelaide Sailing Club, February 2022



-photos thanks to Kel Watson

Armada 2022

The Armada cruise to Kangaroo Island, organised by Tony Peak (Matuki) of the Port Adelaide Sailing Club, was first initiated over the New Year Holidays in 1994.



Burgundy and Matuki in the "Armada"

Since then, it has become an annual event which is looked forward to each year by many of us who have had the opportunity to participate and enjoy the stunning seascapes and vistas of the Fleurieu Peninsula, Kangaroo Island and Eastern Yorke Peninsula along with the camaraderie and safety of sailing in company.

The timing of the Armada in recent years has changed to the first week of March, which usually affords the optimum weather for travelling to the Island and sailing in Gulf St Vincent.

Tony shares a proposed itinerary prior to the event each year, which is altered depending on the prevailing weather conditions.



Anchorage at Browns Beach KI

We have a pre cruise dinner on the Friday night prior to the scheduled departure to meet the participants and discuss the planned event at a local venue. This year it was held at one of my favourites; the Largs Pier Hotel.

Tony provided us with a list of all the participating boats, crew and contact details along with a printed copy of the planned itinerary for discussion and reference.

This year the plan was to leave a little later than usual on the 14th of March. With boats from four local yacht clubs; CYCSA, PASC, GIYC, and the RSAYS, participating boats left at different times, meeting up just off Outer Harbour at 6am. There were 10 boats in all on the trip.



Meridith and Stuart on Shilo, off Glenelg

At this time of the year, sunrise is at about 7am, so we were treated to a spectacular sunrise as we sailed past Adelaide to our destination for the night at Rapid Bay.

Our first night at Rapid Bay started out tranquil enough, and as it was the long weekend, the beach and park were very busy. The South Easterlies arrived later however and gave us an unsettled night at anchor.

We set off early for our favourite destination, Browns Beach and enjoyed a good sail across Backstairs Passage. After a couple of relaxing days at Browns Beach which included our group BBQ at the campground, we set off for American River for the night. After securing a mooring there, we caught up on the progress of the building of the Independence.



SSC Member Eric Millard's beautiful Austral 30 coasting along the shores near Ballast Head K.I.

The next day we sailed across to Kingscote, anchoring offshore near the Ozone Hotel for awhile before heading around to the Bay of Shoals. We hired a bus to take us into the Hotel for a group dinner and were back at our boats before sunset.

We decided to stay another day at the Bay of Shoals instead of sailing around to Emu Bay as the winds were unfavourable for the trip. We took advantage of this with visiting the local winery and a walk into town.



Armada Group dinner at the Ozone Hotel in Kingscote

We then set off for Edithburgh in favorable weather, crossing Investigator Strait then anchoring at the Cutter Patch. This provided us with a spectacular view of Troubridge Island and its lighthouse.

The predicted SE winds of 10-15 knots was exceeded during the night and reached 25 to 30 knots! Three of our boats dragged anchor, which all made for a very restless night. Edithburgh lived up to its reputation as the "place where wind is made" once again!



Our boat Shilo sailing back to Adelaide

We sailed in brisk SE winds up to Port Vincent, where we enjoyed another group BBQ and breakfast in the new facilities there before returning to Adelaide, which turned out to be the best sail of the trip. -Terry Beaston

“Lost and exhausted—- and no one knows!” [or “How eventually to survive in one easy lesson”!]

This adventure all happened on Sunday, 10/4/2022. -Ken Messenger

Mount Ide is named after my great grandfather– the Surveyor, Corporal Henry Ide, from my mother’s family line.

He arrived in Adelaide in February 1839 with wife and two children, to start his adventure in the new colony.

Henry was a Royal Sapper, part of the contingent that arrived with Captain Frome, who was the second Surveyor-General of S.A., after Captain Sturt.

In 1843, the Frome Expedition travelled north, initially to the most northern property existing at that time in S.A., the Hughes Run at Bundaleer Station, near Wirrabara. Corporal Henry was the officer given charge of the base depot.

Captain Frome then went further north with 5 others, including Governor Hawker. They had been to Hawker’s property, Bungaree Station near Clare, on the way.

The naming of Mount Ide by Frome would have been in recognition of Henry's significance in support of the expedition.

I have long wanted to visit it.

On my previous journeys to the Flinders Ranges it's general location had been investigated as been accessible via a station property track called the Moralana Scenic Road, about 40 km north of Hawker. It stretches then for about 26 km from the Parachilna Road on the west to the Wilpena/Blinman road to the east, weaving it's dusty way through rugged country whilst crossing about 24 normally dry river beds.

About halfway along the Moralana track, the Heysen Trail joins the Mawson Trail and crosses both near an intersection leading to Blacks Gap. The Heysen Trail is a famous walking track of about 2000 km length passing through many properties from Cape Jervis to the Northern Flinders Ranges.

Mount Ide is more of a significant hill rather than a large mountain and it lies between two dramatic mountain ranges. The Elder Range is to the south and includes the Hills of Arkaba and the spectacular peaks of the Wilpena Pound rim are to the north.

Whilst there are several significant hills in the area between those Ranges, a couple of which seem to be higher than Mount Ide, it is the unique location where both ranges are visible in both directions, i.e. not blocked by the other tall hills. Therefore, some of the most known photos of the Flinders Ranges have been taken from its top.

Mount Ide has an elevation of 437m (1434 feet) and is at latitude 31 degrees 36 South and 138° 29.4 East.

So why was it so significant to me to have this adventure at this time?

The issues I considered were the weather, my fitness and timing to fit in with other commitments. Significantly, about 18 months ago, I had been fitted with two new knees which gave greatly improved mobility and therefore fitness. Wonderful inventions!

There also was an opportune spot in the usual busy schedule and so the initial intention was for my son Matthew and I to make the journey together.

However, at the celebrations for granddaughter Shaila's 21st birthday nightclub gig, a large group of us contracted Covid-19! This was 1 week before we were due to depart. Therefore, only I could make it the following week, if I had sufficiently recovered from the virus i.e. one week after I was out of Covid isolation and one week before Easter– plus while it was still fine early- Autumn weather.



Another factor was that my darling, Judy, who was initially coming to do the hike too, went to the England and Scotland in March for about two months—so I had extra ‘special time’ to invest on various priorities.

My wise and clever darling must have known that it was not for her this time!

I knew that hikers do not use the Heysen Trail during hot weather and the forecast was for 34 degrees on the weekend that I had selected—but that should still be ok for me— if I travel light and quick. So what was the preparation?

I knew my frequent beach walk from the Seacliff Yacht Club to the Brighton Jetty and back was a distance of about 4 1/2 km, taking about three quarters of an hour at a strong stride. The distance from the Molarana Track along the Heysen Trail to Mount Ide was going to be about 6 km minimum—but up and down across hilly terrain and through many creek beds.

So the time I estimated to walk in was 1.5 to 2 hours— and with more to allow if I was travelling really well and keen therefore to make the climb to the top too.

My deliberate intention was to carry minimum load, to conserve energy, plus to stay safe and to enjoy it.

Of course, I realised that doing this exercise solo involved risk, but I have always been prepared to take calculated risk — so -‘once more, dear friends’!

However, I did mention to a few people that this was likely to happen, but what could they do about it anyhow! I flippantly said ‘If you don’t see me by Xmas, send help’!

So let's do this!

I journeyed up through the beautiful towns of the Mid North of South Australia, stopped for a beer at the Hawker Hotel, went onward for about 40km to the start of the Molarana Track, then turned in for about 12km.

I selected a spot to camp in my swag on top of a rise on Black Ridge track, enjoyed a glass or two of wine and looked out across the terrain in fading light— until the Milky Way Galaxy showed its splendour.

So I watched and ‘thought about life, the harshness of the Australian bush, and the histories of our families’ Colonist ancestry.

Satellites wandered across the warm clear sky, and I listened to the silence, until eventually sleeping fitfully through the night– still thinking about all of this and tomorrow's challenges. After a light breakfast, the camp was packed, then I explored the rest of Black Gully to its end, terminated by the steepness of the Wilpena Rim.

So here we go now—for Mount Ide—at last!!

I parked the car at the side of the Heysen Trail start-off point at 0845, loaded a small bag with a three quarter litre container of water and the remaining half of a Wirrabara Bakery sausage roll, my mobile phone [which didn't have any reception but could take a photo] and carried a walking staff—all to allow a quick trip.

Dressed in shorts, a light top, a broad akubra hat and leather walking shoes. I'm off!!

I started walking on what appeared to be the logical walking trail which went up a fairly challenging hill but when I got near the top I saw there were actually several criss-crossing trails.

I had been following a goat track! Good start Kenny!

Looking down I saw the remains of an ancient stockyard—and near it I saw a star dropper with a small red ‘H’ label on top.

Yes, this should lead me to my destination. ‘H’ for Heysen!

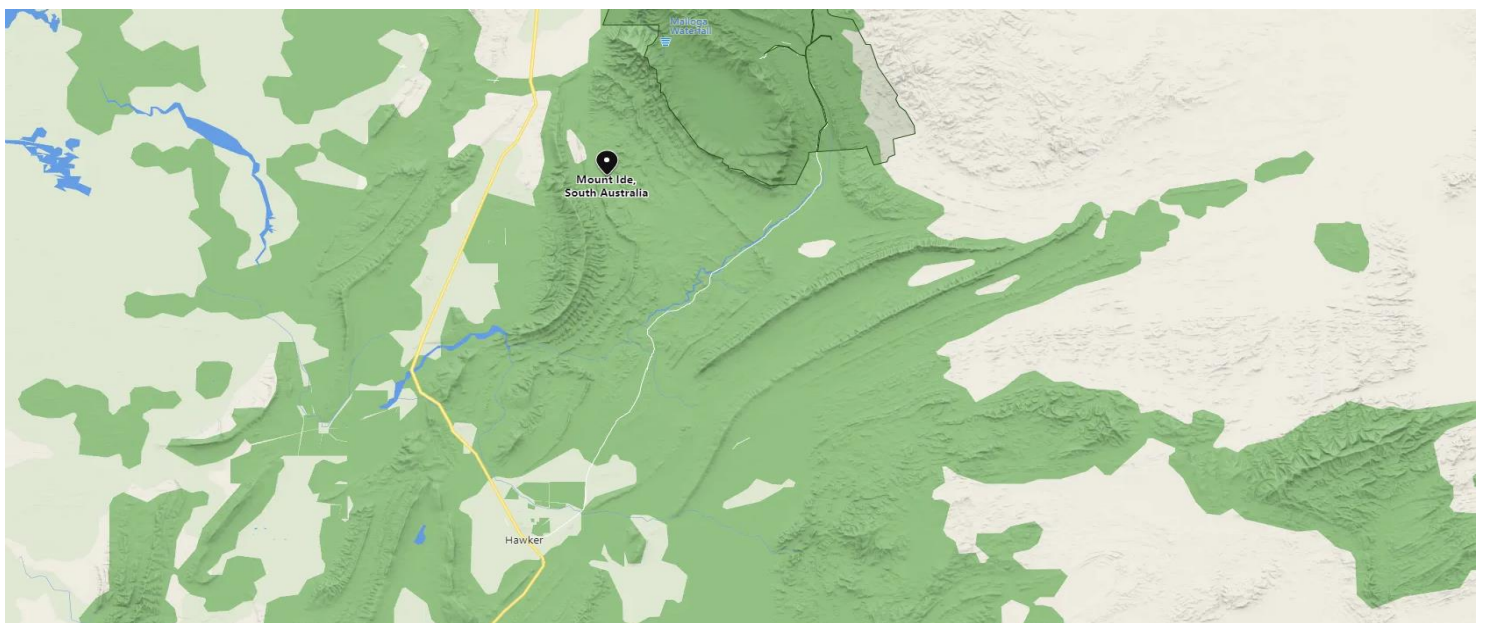
Off I wandered, up hills, through creek beds, across rough open prickly country, stumbling over slippery shale and rocks, through cuttings, up steep rises and down sliding inclines.

The Heysen Trail is marked with droppers intermittently spaced, each not always visible to the next so that when one arrives at the top of a rise the next marker cannot often be seen.

There are many tracks made by animals so it is not clear because there is no defined path. If one marker is missed, how far is the next one— or will it appear?

I had started out by counting each step to 1000. It gave me an idea of when I had travelled about one km– and I also monitored how long that took. But of course it was very undulating country so everything was a rough estimate.

However, I knew that I should reach the initial base of Mount Ide in about one and a half hours maximum. Well I did—and knew it was Mount Ide because I had studied it's proximity to the Trail and also through it's topography with the vegetation that showed on Google Maps. (see below-ed)



‘Ha-ha I have made it’---in an hour and a half—so here is the selfie, with Mount Ide in the background



But to be sure, because I knew that the Heysen Trail then was due to take a sharp left turn to skirt the base of the the Elder Ranges, if I kept going a little further, I should come to the turn. This would double prove my assumptions.

On I went for a while, but it got rougher and with no more markers. So I returned and started to head back—during which something unknowingly happened.

I had inadvertently crossed the line of an ancient, ruined grazing fence which had long disappeared for a critical distance,

So now I was on the other side of where I thought I was!

When I got to a dry riverbed I had previously crossed, I sat to take some water and eat lunch –the left-over sausage roll. Delicious!

However, it was not such a pleasant experience because everything on this parched rocky and shaley ground is hard, with branches and timbers rough, so with nothing smooth to sit or lean on.

Even then on getting down, to be immediately attacked more by the sticky flies– and worse, by all of the ground foraging insects,

particularly with inch ants on an endless attack—unfortunately attracted to the crotch, I found!

To keep the journey manageable, I decided to not climb Mt Ide, because it would have taken an extra hour and much energy— plus I did not want to get short of water.

So, I departed— but without knowing it had gone to the side of the next marker of the Heysen Trail!

However, when realised, as I knew I was heading north, it should be alright— because I should recognise some of the country as I progressively moved into it again. So I reasoned that it should be possible to pick up the Trail once more.

Anyhow, as long as I keep going North, I would eventually arrive at the Moralana track, which was where the car waiting—with extra water in it!

So on I went on, occasionally moving to higher ground to get an idea of the lie of the land. Sometimes moving along the wide but difficult bed of the main dry river bed I was following, I thought it was the relevant water course I'd seen on the way in, so I was always looking for any recognition of the Trail.

But later, I realised that at the point where I started to follow this river course, it had joined with another! So where was this leading?

And now, time was flying faster than I realised!

Damn! When I again went to high country to look out over the panorama, I could see that the riverbed I had been following was about to curve back on itself.

More importantly, I could not see either of the main Ranges.

So where was I heading— north or south?

Yes, I can calculate direction by shadows and sun, but this realisation gave me a major mental warning of the many risks which were now becoming very apparent.

When I had missed the markers for the Heysen Trail I had deliberately continued heading north, always looking for any marker that I recognised from the walk-in —and because I was heading in the direction of the road and my car, had the expectation that I would find the way 'home' to the car.

However, the big point that was then emerging was that if I didn't find the Trail by the time I eventually got to the 24 km long Road, should I then turn left or right when I got there???

Which way would the car be?

So the risk was too great to continue on.

Bugga again!

Here now I was obviously quite exhausted, plus running out of water so if I didn't get to my Prado by nightfall I was in really desperate trouble— by then with no water and not equipped for the night. I was dressed in light clothing with no shelter possible because any bushes in this landscape are prickly bushes— and if I stayed under trees and eventually expired I would not be visible from the air.

But nobody knew I was there or could do anything about it anyhow—so the point was academic!

I was in a bad situation.

What would you have done??

I reasoned that If I had left a note on the windscreen of the car indicating who I was, where I was going, what time I left and what time I expected to be back, who would see the note?? In the 2 days I was along that road, there had been no cars— and if eventually my car was noticed, who would stop and act further?

And when might that be? And how would they find me anyhow ??

People have been lost in the Flinders before, found eventually, much later as bones!

Now lost, I didn't know where I was or where to go.

Even if I had GPS, how would I know which way to go on this challenging and constantly changing terrain to find the best route to my car?

Yes, I could have put in the waypoint to the vehicle in advance but to climb across more mountainous terrain was not a good option anyhow, considering water and fatigue.

Remembering, of course, there was no phone signal—but I actually didn't try it for any assistance anyhow. I don't know if there is some satellite assistance available. I don't think so.

I have now gone for over an hour away from the Track— and don't know where I am relative to it. Plus, not only am I running out of water, I am greatly fatigued— and having had a couple of falls in manoeuvring through creek beds, if I suffer an injury, I will be in even more trouble.

So what to do?

Be strong! I am a lion—persist and succeed!!

Fear can be a friend!

Time to make good decisions. Come on Kenny!

So I found a spot halfway up a hill, to rest and think for a few minutes, have some of the diminishing water and try to find my bearings relative to Mt. Ide— by looking at the not very definitive photo I had taken before as a selfie— to try and identify its outline whilst spanning the horizon.

I realised that the only way that I could be sure of getting out of this predicament was to definitely find the Heysen Trail again, where it was close to Mt. Ide. But by now, I had already been away from it for maybe an hour and a quarter plus,

So to get back on it would be another hour and a quarter, then another hour and a half to get to the car— if nothing went wrong.

My absolute only chance therefore was definitely to find the Trail again, then to turn the right way on [i.e.left!]
--- and even then to be able to keep following it again, considering it may be possible to lose it.

When hikers as a group go on the Trail, I was told that they can sometimes get lost for a while, but then if they have missed one marker, one team can return to the previous marker while the other lot go on until it is found—then signal the others, e.g. by phone or radio.

I did not have that luxury— but I am not inexperienced at the bush and in crisis management!

Ok, eventually in the distance I could see the shape of Mount Ide, even though now I am on the other side of it and by now returning on a broad, rugged winding riverbed again. I am keenly looking for the remains of an old, rusted fence that I remember crossed the river near the Trail location.

Now, I am always stumbling onwards in the main, rough riverbed, often with great and slippery gatherings of rocks to traverse.

All of the many sporting injuries I have had over a dangerous existence are letting me know they exist! As each sweeping bend comes, I wish that this is where I will see the fence at last—bend after bend— will it be the next one no will it be the next one, no will it be the next one!

Oh My God, I've found it— and there is that bloody red 'H' on a star dropper!!

"You bastard, at last—" I said!

My chances of getting out of this just increased. It was now about 13:30. I should have been back at the car at about 11:30, to then drive to Rawnsley Station and quietly recover until tomorrow!

I rested, roughly, for a few moments and thought through the remaining challenge, 'Stay on the Trail, if I miss a marker go back, find the last marker then recover, search but don't disappear into the scenery again!'

Then there are the major factors of fatigue and water.

I have about a quarter of a cup to go— and an hour and a half or more of travel whilst already heavily dehydrated...

I again realise, for a moment, If I don't get out of here by nightfall my chances of survival are very, very slim—because there is zero moisture anywhere here—so basically zero.....

Thus, let's hypothesise for motivation! "I've had it if I don't get out," Kenny died on the Heysen Trail, in the shadow of Mount Ide!' Judy said, 'Don't die!'"

Even through all of this, I am loving the dramatic, ancient and unforgiving outback bush of magnificent Australia!

But just consider! What if I had left a sign on the Prado windscreen saying "I'm Ken, off on the Heysen Trail for a walk to Mt. Ide, Departed at 0845 Sunday, expected back no later than 1300. If I'm not back, assistance may be required, No phone signal. Limited water".

On the 2 days I was in there I saw no traffic, not one car. If a station hand had gone through, maybe he/she would have noticed my car— but not the sign on the windscreen.

In another period, ongoing past again, the sign might have been seen. By then I may well have been making bones— and how would they find me in there anyhow.

If I had collapsed somewhere under some shade, I would not have been visible from the air anyhow.

My one chance was to get back to the car.

So off I went—but not non-stop. The knees were going well but the body was massively fatigued—so whenever there was shade, I needed to stop, have a tiny swig, re-motivate, flick the bloody insects and flies off, search again for any marker and journey onwards with full deliberation.

After another hour or so. I came again to the remains of 100 year or more collapsed fence which lead to the remainder of a stock yard that I recognised as being about half a kilometre from the car. Once again I stopped and rested.

My agony was great. The remainder of very recent Covid, and the point that I had been out here for many hours beyond the expected was logical reason for this, but there were various other reasons that made this quite demanding.....

In getting to Mount Ide and wandering around it and then wrongly heading north for more than an hour, then retracting, I estimate that I had already travelled about 17 to 18 km, and all I had to do now was to traverse about 5 km of country I had already experienced along the Trail to get back to the car. Mentally reinvigorated, I knew I could do it but only by taking it easy which meant resting for a moment wherever there was shade.

This initially meant a lean against a tree— but as I went further it required a sit down for a while and a sip of the small portion of water remaining.

lizards and the birds were all thinking 'Will there be fresh meat for us soon'.

When I came to the remains of an old stockyard, I recognised it as being about 1 km from the car. That kilometre required a few rests. Then, at last I could see the roof of the car in the distance. I was very very very fatigued, and after the final shade available near the car I calculated that there were about 100 steps yet to go. I had been counting for a while.

So I begin counting the final steps— and when I got two number 95 I stopped.

I was incredibly exhausted. And can you believe it actually took considerable mental application to make the final 5 steps.

It was about 3pm—about 6 hours since departure and probably 24 km travelled.

No wonder I was knackered!!

So, what happened then?

There was water in the car, which I drank eagerly —and then disappeared into crouching and sweating sleep for about 10 minutes.

But it was too hot there and I was distressed, so needed to get the car moving and gain some airflow.

The plan had been to head for Rawnsley Park Station, to at last relax for a day.

On travelling the final 15 km along the Moralana Track and fighting sleep, I arrived at the Wilpena Road—and turned right.

Damn, I should have turned left but still continually fighting the inclination to sleep and with somewhat confused, weary and dehydrated mind, I kept going— until finally arriving at the good old Hawker Pub.

Surprisingly, the two cold beers and the quiet rest on the shady verandah gave me renewed invigoration So I continued on to eventually find a camp spot on the side of a riverbed about 80 km south, towards Carrieton.

I was very unsettled.

My mind was full of ‘what if’ questions. So I thought.....

- What did I do wrong? e.g. By going solo? No, I didn’t have to worry about anyone.else.
- What could I have done more? Take more water? Maybe, but too heavy. & I didn’t run out!
- Take a sat phone, solar charger & chart? OK, but technology can fail!
- Take matches? Yes, then able to light a last resort fire so bones found!
- What have I done right? I’ve survived a tricky adventure and have had significant ‘hard-fun’.
- What have I learned? That to live the dream in one’s 80th year on this amazing Continent is fantastic • How worth my commitment? I have been there, as planned. ‘To know one’s blood is to know oneself’!!

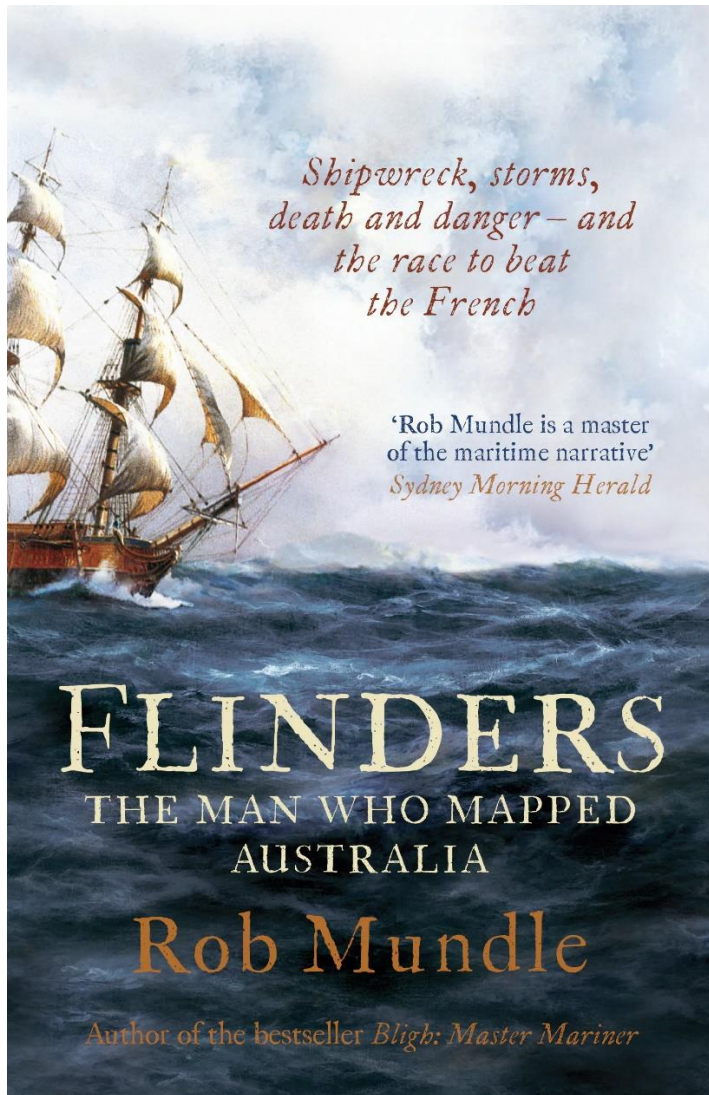
Also Written—

- Stranded at the Spot’
- The New Swag’
- Bush Flies
- Kenny Goes Walkabout
- Frontal Impact Test
- More Than 9 Lives
- Blame It On The Ancestors
- Tripping the Fright Fantastic
- Voyage of a Lifetime
- At Bigtree Bend • At Tarnimokurta
- Ide and Messenger Family Histories—Colonists of 1839.and Onwards’

KCM 16/4/22

*** Photos to be added

Book of the month



The incredible story of the maritime explorer, Matthew Flinders - the man who put Australia on the map. Shipwrecks, storms, death and danger - Matthew Flinders encountered it all on his courageous quest to circumnavigate and chart the treacherous Terra Australis coastline.

From the drama of epic voyages and devastating shipwrecks; his part in the naming of Australia; his cruel imprisonment by the French on Mauritius for six long and harrowing years; the heartbreaking separation from his beloved wife; and the comfort he got from his loyal cat, Trim; to his tragic death at just forty.

This is a gripping adventure biography that details the life of Flinders, a true hero whose name is forever woven into the fabric of Australian history.

From the Archives

City of Adelaide photo sent to me by Scott Rickards



"I collect old photographs. One I acquired recently is of the City of Adelaide in Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin. I haven't seen this one before and couldn't find it on the internet. I thought you may like it for the SSC newsletter. I have no other details, such as date, although the name of the Captain might narrow it down a bit." -Scott Rickards



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