

Murals - York Peninsula – Fishing – Crabbing - Barossa – Mighty Murray

Moving north from Port Lincoln we duck into **Tumby Bay** at the last moment by chance: As we spot the giant wheat silos beside the road we remember... there is a famous mural on the east facing side (not visible from the main road!)...



Internationally renowned Argentinian artist **Martin Ron** was challenged by the curved surfaces and gaps between the silo cells. It was a unique artistic undertaking to lay the image across this complex 'canvas' in order to create a merging perspective from the 'one and only' perfect viewing spot where the gaps between the cells minimise and curves become straight lines (*silo murals traditionally have images presented vertically on each individual cell*).



Images used in This mural are based on a photograph taken of boys jumping off the Tumby Bay jetty.

The work was carried out free-hand using a cherry picker!

Examples of Ron's work can be found around the world...

Inspired and intrigued we drive the short distance into town expecting to find more murals...



Then we discover French **L'Anse Café**... Do not miss this little treat! Best lunch since we have left Sydney – yes, big call! Run by a fair dinkum French couple, escapees from 'big smoke Melbourne' apparently seeking "a more exciting life in a small country town".

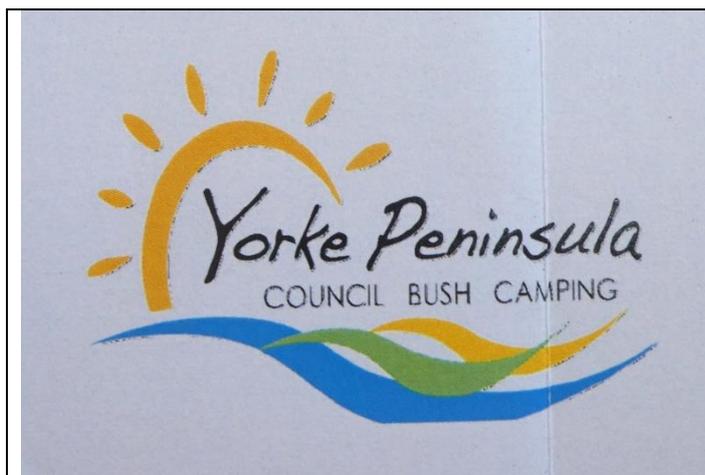


Our next stop is **Port Augusta** where we discard the idea of exploring the 'Flinders Ranges' due to the current heat-wave conditions. At 45°C a number of hikes in the hills are actually closed to the public. There is not much to see in P. Augusta although we spend many hours in the magnificent 'Wadlata Outback Centre'. Highly recommended – one of the best we have seen!



On the way down the **York Peninsula** we have another tyre explode on us... Enough is enough with these ever failing darn **General** brand **Grabber** tyres! Decision made, these will get turfed at the next best opportunity. A change urgently needed to more reliable rubbers before someone gets killed! - 'BF Goodrich KO2' they will be... It takes us two hours in 40°C fitting a spare and performing some emergency panel beating before we can travel on.





Towards the southern end of the York Peninsula we find some nice camping as we look for spots with 'no other campers' and maximum privacy.

Our *Matrix* likes to sniff out those spots especially where caravans normally don't go...

...*Swincer Rocks* is one of them ☺



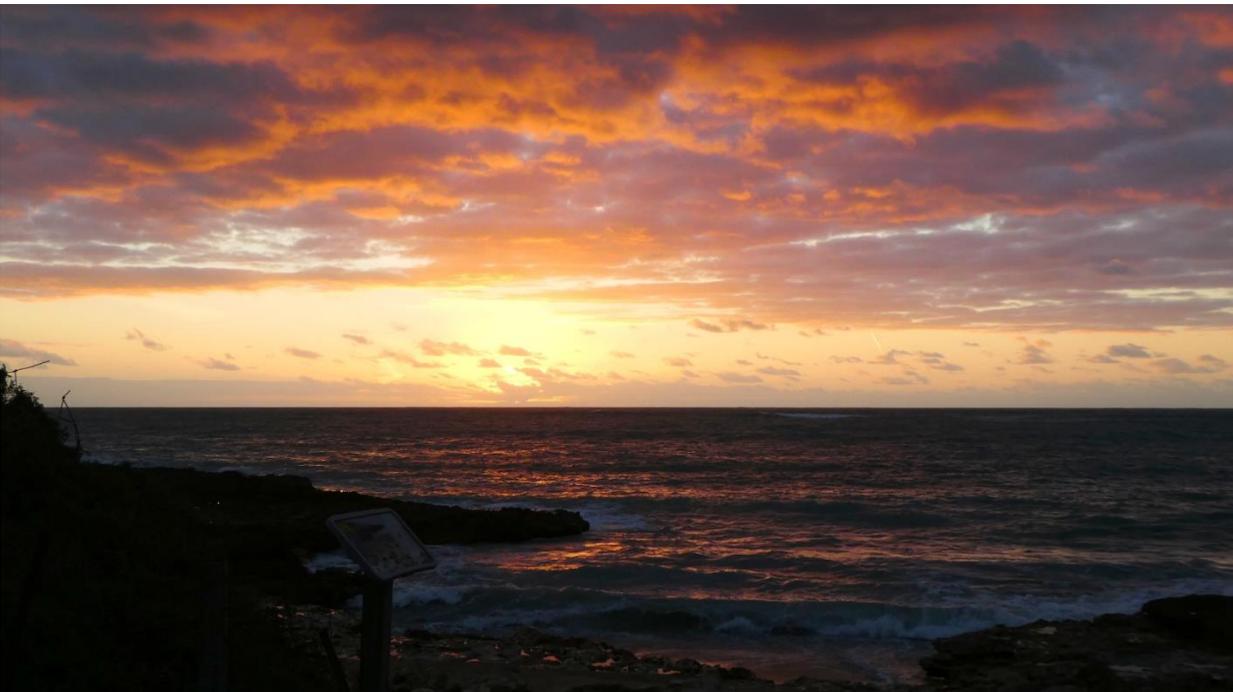
Dune stowaways



Always level the view!

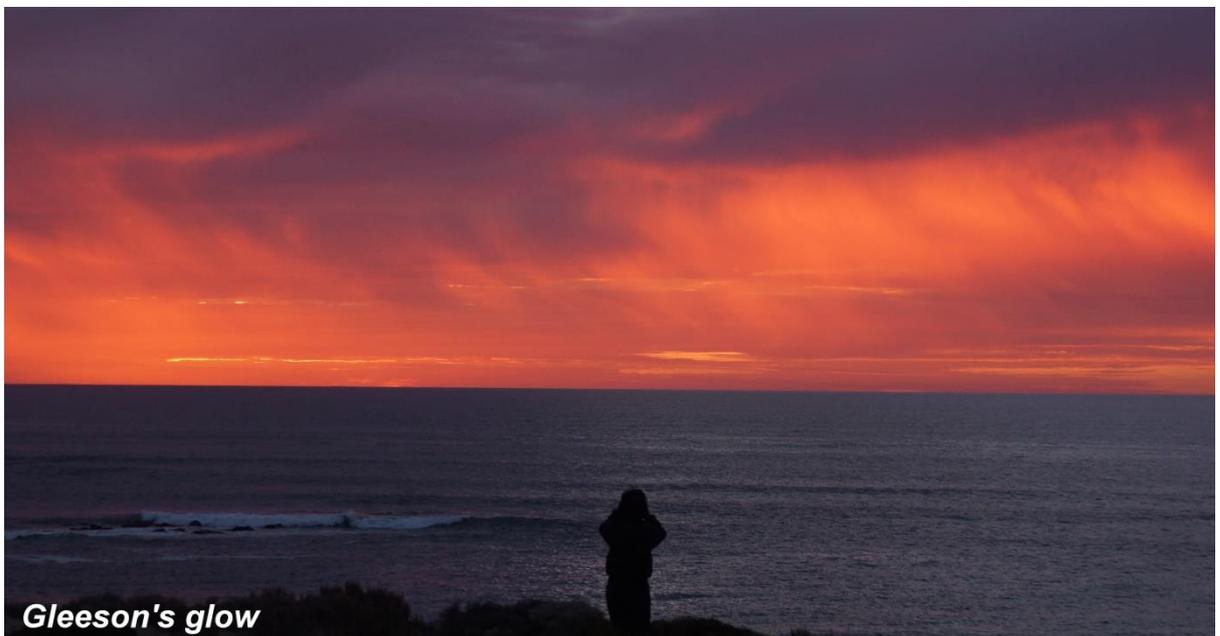


Camp Matrix



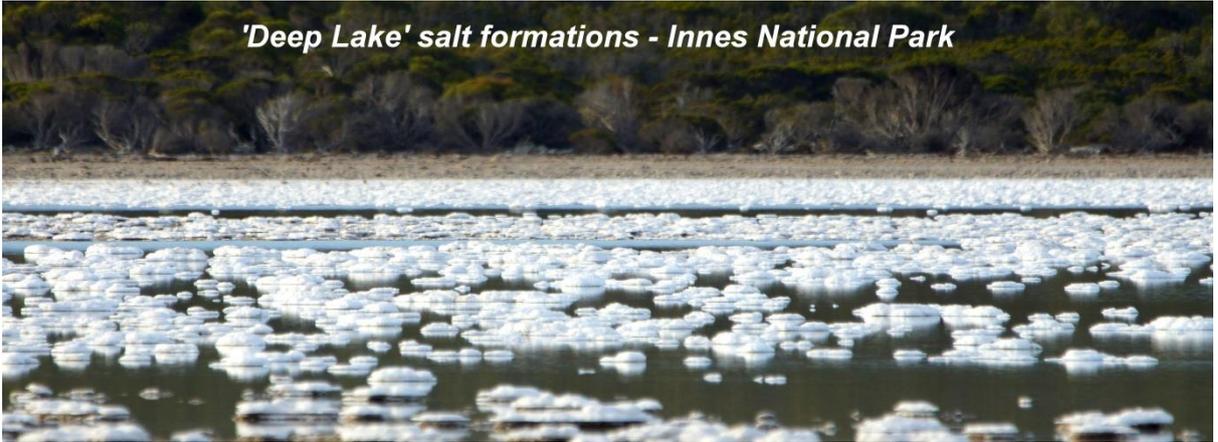
Can it get any better? – Wait! – Here's **Gleeson's Landing** a few miles down the road:





While on the road,
Katherine has been
developing
a taste for some of the
nicer things in life...
...like a single malt wee
drop of dram here and
there 😊😊😊







**Cliff top dining
at
Gleeson's**



"Cheers everyone!"



**On late hour
sea bird watch**

For some time we've been trying to join a fishing charter in order to stock up on our seafood supplies. Most operators are booked flat out this time of the year but at Marion Bay we get lucky: **'Reel Action Fishing Charters'** has an opening for us and we jump at the opportunity. The day starts a little slow trolling for tuna – they are a bit finicky at the moment which can happen from time to time. Though I get lucky scoring a *12kg southern blue fin!*

Skipper **Mark** is a top guy and rather than sticking to a time schedule for the day he goes the extra mile to search out his fishing spots and we get a massive haul into the tank: Loads of nannigai, snapper, leather jacket, swallowtail and a few other bits and pieces. Wife **Jenny** (deckhand for the day) is flat out busy baiting up hooks and handling the fish, flying in furiously... **Mark and Jenny** do take it personally to satisfy their customers and it was a delight meeting them!





From Marion Bay at the south-eastern tip of the York Peninsula we hike north to the small coastal town of **Ardrossan**. Word is out, the blue swimmer crabs are running in droves. They say, you get these in any month with an "r" in it, and March being the best month over all - "we're in...!" Our caravan park lends nets and tools necessary for the undertaking and we head down to the jetty. With help and tuition from friendly locals we graduate from novices on day one to pros the next, doubling our first catch of seven to fourteen on day two. **Ardrossan Van Park** is fully geared up to facilitate their guests with massive cooking pots, gas burners and a crab cleaning station ☺



*Locals
Jeff and Rebecca
teach us
the ropes*

Trap retrieval must be swift



Fish head bait lures the swimmer

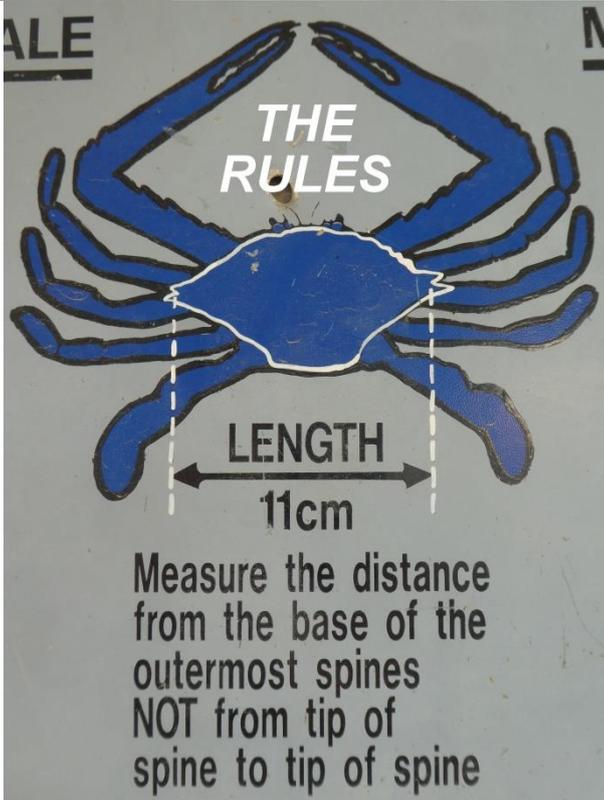
*We are having a ball
netting these sweet
tasty morsels...*

*We think blue swimmer
crabs must be the most
delicious seafood going!*

*Everyone on the jetty
gets in on the hunt and
there are crabs flapping
all over the place.*

*Legal limit is 20 crabs
per person per day!*

A mighty Blue Swimmer crab



Into the boil bucket they go



Ready steady for the plunge



"Getting Crabby Is Ok"



8 minutes on full boil
in salt water



Happy days!



Nasty 'bulls-eye' copped on the way to Tanunda

On the way across to **Tanunda** in the Barossa Valley we sustain massive windscreen damage courtesy of a rock thrown by an oncoming road-train...

First thought...
"not another tyre explosion!" ...

Thank goodness it wasn't!

We push on to seek some fine foods and wines in the **Barossa Valley** some 60km northeast of Adelaide – famous for its high-profile vineyards and wonderful culinary experiences.





Irresistible:

Genuine German Bretzel



Chateau Tanunda

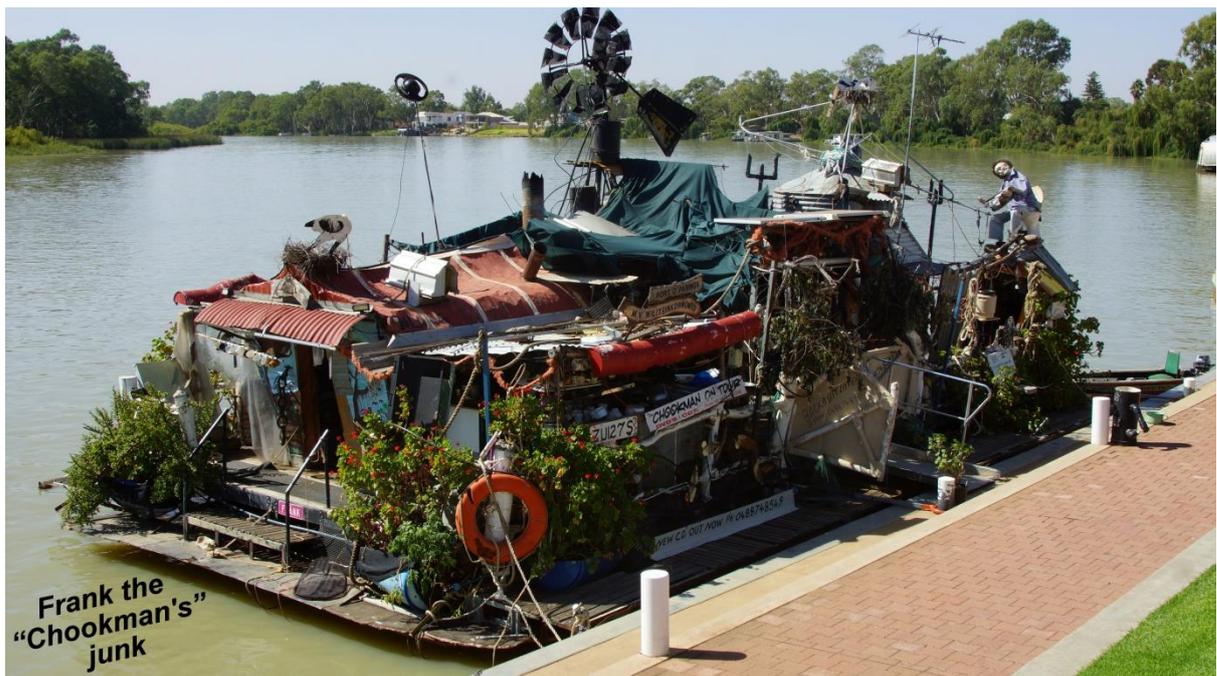




Moving on to **Renmark**, a pristine town with grassy parklands, riverfront pathways and a Mediterranean climate. This is also our first contact with the mighty **Murray River**...



Anyone who's ever seen an Asian junk boat up close? - You've seen nothing yet!
Move over... here comes **Frank's Junk**.



A daily supply of fresh-laid eggs poses no problem to Frank: He travels with a bunch of boat-trained chooks. His raft features a gourmet kitchen and an old fashioned wood-fired stove.



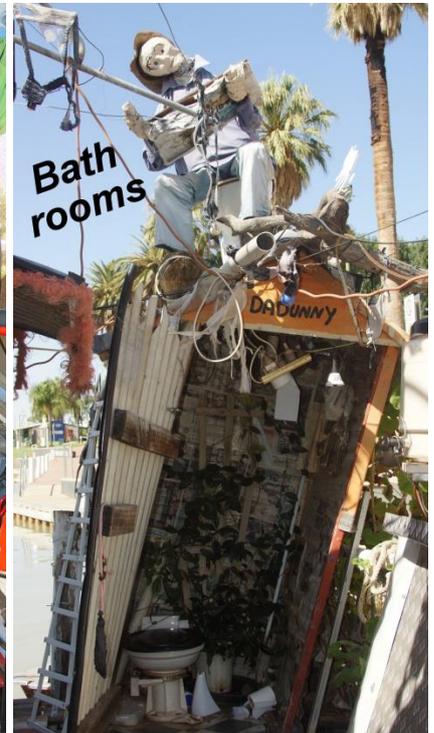
Kitchen with the lot



Onboard fireplace



The wheel house



Bath rooms



Meeting Frank - skipper of junk

We have the pleasure of meeting the man himself – **Frank the Chookman.**

Unfortunately he is on a mission to disembark and there is only time for a brief inspection of his unique craft.

Sadly, not time enough to find out how all of this has come about and why?!

Right after this photo Frank is off, onto his next port of call...





Mildura is next... we have some urgent business to sort, i.e. getting rid of four remaining explosion-prone tyres and replacing them with new boots of a different brand (*BF Goodrich KO2*).

We also pick up a new alloy rim courtesy of Toyota Busselton which was shipped here for our collection. Remember the broken wheel stud incident from the previous report...!

A new windscreen is fitted and the engine serviced before we head further east, upstream of the Murray.



Murray River - Paddle Steamer at Mildura

One day, refuelling at a service station we meet Austrian artist **Marcel Dengel**. Creator of the so-called '*Masiratis*' ("Masi"- "Rati"- "Olga" and "Helga"), mystical figures of Dengel's own dreamings. He travels the world with his "entourage", takes them to exotic locations where he makes "installations", as he calls it, and photographs them. What quirky ideas some of us have... whatever floats your boat I say...!

Masiratis on purpose built trailer:



"Masi" up close:



Maseratis - Walgau - Austria...



Reality check for us:



At time of writing we are **777km southwest of Sydney** on the Victorian border – the Big Smoke is getting dangerously close as our Belrose home remains rented until Feb 2020... we'll be homeless! So have booked into **North Narrabeen Caravan Park** and are set to arrive there on **Sat April 6**.

Next episode: Flying boats – Paddle Steamers – last miles to Sydney

<p><i>Greetings from Chris and Katherine</i></p>		<p>not all who wander are lost</p>
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