

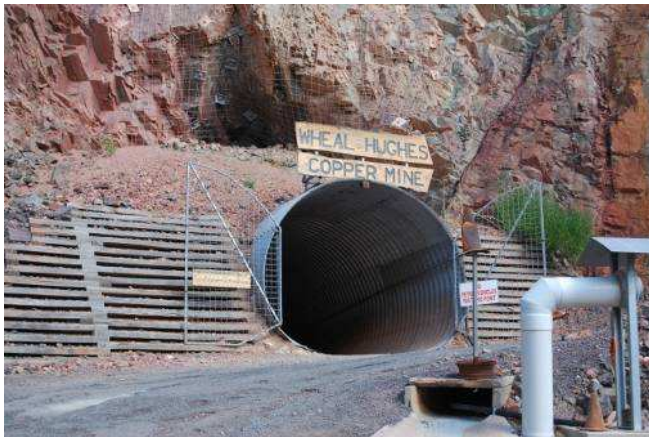


Moonta Bay Trip Report : (5th-8th) March 2010

Friday 5th March

We arrived just on dark with the hint of possible rain. Marie was already set up at the caravan park and we hurriedly camped next to Marie's site and were set up and looking for tea by 8:30pm. Martin and his grandson Jordon was to arrive on the Saturday. Angus had been fed as we travelled and Karen was not feeling well and couldn't eat, so I decided I would eat take away. After finding nothing open by 9:30pm, I returned to the camper to eat whatever I could find. After unpacking, we had found that Angus' clothes had been left behind, so it was another trip back to Adelaide for me. Arriving back around 12:30am after stopping at Port Wakefield for a hamburger, we had already driven around 400kms on getting to our destination.

Saturday 6th March



We had planned to meet Martin and Jordon at the leisurely time of 9:50am at the Tourist Information Centre to pay for our tickets and travel the location of the Wheal Hughes Copper Mine Tour which was to start at 10:30am.

Complete with hardhats and wellies, our guide took us, and about a dozen other people, down to 35metres below sea level and gave us some history and facts about the mine and the Cornish migrants that lived and died in the

Copper Triangle from the 1880s to the 1960s.

After the 2hr tour, it was back into town for a taste of a good old Cornish pasty. We ate lunch then headed to the outskirts of Moonta to drive along the beach to Wallaroo. The drive was not difficult but interesting, incorporating a small salt water crossing, salt pan, and 100s of moguls.

After reaching Wallaroo, we found an old building on the beach with evidence of a long lost jetty which looked similar to an old whaling slaughter house. With a brief investigation between interrupted rainfalls, we headed back to Moonta the same way we came.



We got back to the Caravan park just in time for beer o'clock (4:30pm) and after a couple, Martin and Jordon headed back to Port Hughes where he was staying for the weekend and Marie and ourselves watched a DVD before settling down for the night.

The rain started in the early evening and continued through the night keeping us awake with thunder so loud it shook the camper like an earthquake. I don't think Angus woke once as Karen and I wondered what was in store for us on Sunday with the heavy rain all night long and how Marie was doing in the OZ tent.



Moonta Bay Trip Report : (5th–8th) March 2010

Sunday 7th March



Once again we planned to meet Martin and Jordon this time at 10am and at the Moonta Bay Caravan Park. After we readied ourselves, it was noticeable we had had a lot of rain by the contour of the park grounds, We checked with the park Manager who informed us they got 58mm of rain over night. We met Martin with his son Ben, who had come up for the day, and after refuelling and checking with locals how we would go getting into Cape Elizabeth Conservation Park, we found Marie had something hanging from

under the back of her Nissan. After removing a broken bracket from the sway bar, we had to tell Martin's son he was not allowed to take his dog into the Conservation Park so we dropped Ben and Jordon off back at Port Hughes where they went fishing instead. Don't think he was impressed.

Heading south, we went through numerous water crossings, many axle depth and some around 50 metres or more in length. This was just on the dirt roads and tracks getting to Cape Elizabeth - looks like we were in for a good day.

After entering the Conservation Park, we reduced our tyre pressures down to 25psi and put the sand flags on and headed off through the sandy bush tracks towards the beaches and the remains of an old Aboriginal settlement long abandoned and used by weekend warriors on their fishing weekends.



Still raining on and off, I reckon we got another 20mm during the course of the day and when we reached the settlement and explored the remains, we headed back through some dunes and decided to exit via a track we thought we hadn't used before. MUD, mud, mud, was to be seen before us for many kilometres as we weaved our way through a PAR (public access route) through farm land we recognised we had used years before, only once we reached the end of the track at the homestead.



After reinflating our tyres, dismantling the sand flags and checking over our salt, sand and mudded vehicles, we headed back to Moonta to visit the old Moonta Cemetery that the Wheel Hughes Copper Mine tour guide suggested we visit to look at the graves of those that lost their lives through being poisoned by arsenic and the tragic accidents that happened during the workings of the mines.



Moonta Bay Trip Report : (5th-8th) March 2010

Once again we were interrupted by heavy rain and decided we would call it a day. Martin headed back to his accommodation at Port Hughes and was heading home early the following morning. Marie and ourselves headed back and went out for tea to the seaside restaurant (very posh) at the Moonta Bay next to the jetty and enjoyed a seafood meal each while watching the wild weather come across the ocean through the large windows and comfort of the restaurant. It rained all night long again.

Monday 8th March

Karen wasn't feeling well again and we needed extra time to check out. I was not impressed when I asked for a late check out and was only given to 11am or pay another \$16 for half a day til 2pm. Marie and ourselves packed up in between the continuing flooding rain. I can't remember a trip being this wet since camping at Carnarvon in WA in 1999.

After Marie had left around 10am, we managed to be on the road by 11.20am. We were not going to pay the extra fee nor probably stay there in the future. Despite the rain, it was a good week end with lots of mud and water 4wd driving, something we don't often get in SA. Thanks to Marie and Martin for the good company and my apologies for those that missed out.

[By Dave]
