

Graham and Chris on Tour Part 3

Wyndham (Parry's Creek Farm) to Kalumburu.

After Parry's Creek Farm we set off for the Gibb River Road. The first stop was only about 50Km along at El Questro. What a wonderful place. We booked in for 2 nights and ended up staying for 5 nights (still not enough to do it all). The camp ground was fantastic but we opted for one of the



Amelia Gorge

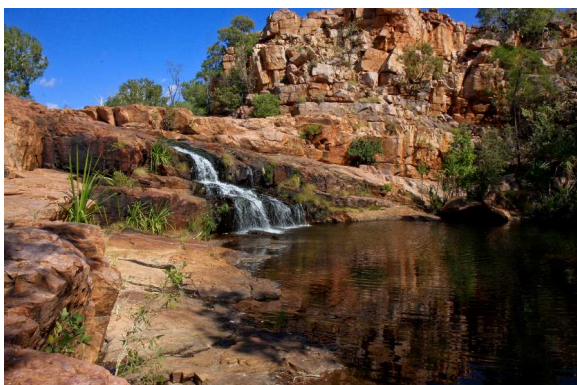


*Chris checks out a giant
Boab on the Champagne
Springs walk*



Pentacost River

secluded sites that they offer. Minimum of about 400 M between each camp spot along a great creek. There was no extra charge for the private site but of course there were less amenities. There was a toilet but we had to make our own arrangements for shower. At El Quesro we visited Amelia Gorge, Zebedee Springs, Champagne Springs, El Questro Gorge, Chamberlain Gorge and Emma



Champagne Springs



El Questro Gorge

Gorge. The walks to these spots ranged from 700M to 9.6 Km return. We also took on their 4WD tracks which were a lot of fun and seriously 4WD, particularly the drive to Saddleback Ridge. There is so much to see and do at El Questro that you could spend a week to 10 days, especially if you did all the 4wd tracks.



El Questro vista



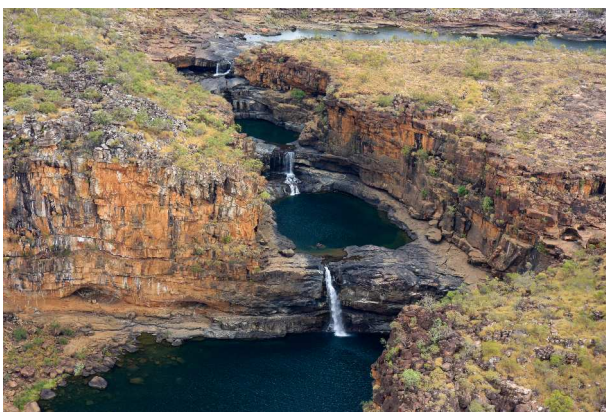
Chamberlain Gorge

From El Questro we headed west, and stayed at Ellenbrae Station. Got the car and trailer bogged in the fine sand trying to get the best camp spot but our trusty winch saved the day. (For the 3rd time this trip).



Cockburn Ranges – EL Questro Station

From Ellenbrae we headed west and then took the Kalumburu Road directly North and headed for the Mitchell Plateau. People say the Gibb River Road is hard on tyres and vehicles but the Kalumburu Road is a whole lot worse although there were some stretches that were OK. 150Km up



Mitchell Falls from the Heli



Our Camp - King Edward River

the Kalumburu road we turned off on the Mitchell Falls road and camped on the King Edward River. What a delightful place to camp. As it is only 70km to Mitchell Falls from here, we decided

to leave the camper and drive into the falls early the following morning. Good idea! – the road was a bloody shocker. A Mini Minor could easily get lost in the corrugations. It took us 2.5 Hours to do the 70Km without the trailer.



King Edward River



King Edward River

When we got to the Mitchell Falls, the decision to camp at King Edward River was justified as the camp ground at the falls was not exciting. We booked a Heli to pick us up from the falls in 3hrs and then walked the 3.5 km into the falls. The swimming at the falls was great and the view from the heli on the trip back breathtaking.

We then returned to King Edward River and the following day had a rest day lounging around the camp, going for a walk and swimming in the river.

The following day we packed up and headed for the Aboriginal Community of Kalumburu on the far north coast of Western Australia.



Our Camp Site – McGowans Island - Kalumburu

We camped at a place called McGowans Island after having purchased an entry permit from the Community Corporation.

There was a lot of activity happening as the Army had set up a joint construction project for an upgrade to their airstrip and a new barge loading facility.

There were also some private contractors camped at McGowans. While trying to catch a fish off the rocks a voice from down the beach says “Hey want to come out with me”. This old bushy/contractor invited me out in a small inflatable to do some fishing. Hesitatingly I said “OK” remembering the 16 foot croc that Chris and I had observed from the shore the day before. The tired old 6HP Johnson Seahorse struggled to get us on our way (fuel problem of some sort – too

much oil in the fuel, my new mate thinks). Colin (the bushy) says “keep an eye out for the croc, if we catch sight of him we'll head for shore”. Well we started trolling and within about 30 metres I had a Barracuda on my line. Over the next hour or so I caught a Golden Trevally, a Spanish Mackerel and several Barracuda and we were never more than 150 Metres off shore. Poor old Colin didn't catch a thing. According to my mate it was the lure I was using. He had had one just the same and had lost it in a fight with a fish. “Never misses!” he says. Mind you Colin had kept his contractors camp freezer stocked to the limit with fresh fish and was trying to give some extra away to us but we had nowhere to store it.

After 3 Nights we set off to return to the Gibb River Road 250km to the south.

End Part 3.