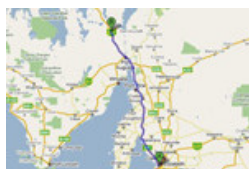


Just Cruisin with Mick and Sally

[Home](#)[About Us](#)[Travel Destinations](#)[Photos](#)[The Big One](#)[Park Reports](#)[Favourites](#)

Charlinga South Australia - June 5th 2009 until June 8th 2009.



Charlinga is an outstation of a sheep grazing property in the southern pastoral district of South Australia 400 kilometres north of Adelaide.

Fri 5th June 2009: This weekend was to be a tenting weekend so the caravans were remaining home. With four vehicles venturing off to the bush for the June long weekend, it was a matter of being able to leave when we all arrived home from our respective days work. Once Bruce and Maree had given us the message at 2.35pm that they were on the Port Wakefield road and heading north, we left home to meet them on the way to Port Pirie where we were to meet up with Dion and Sam. From Port Pirie, it was a short drive before meeting up with Malcolm and Sue on the side of the road where the Wilmington road meets the Pirie to Port Augusta road.

With our traveling party now complete, it was onto Port Augusta where we then headed further north out on the Woomera road before stopping at the Range View rest area for our final modern toilet break as the rest of the weekend was going to be a bush toilet. Most of the rain had finished while traveling by the time we reached the turn off to go out to Charlinga, well that is what we thought was going to be the case.

We arrived at the Charlinga outstation where we were greeted by my Uncle Frank who was to show us where we were camping for the weekend. With it now being dark, we followed uncle Frank for some 14 kilometres before we arrived at the weekend's campsite. We set up our tents knowing that we were going to have to wait until the morning to see what our weekend hideaway was going to look like. No sooner had we had the tents up and a heavy rain storm poured down on us making everyone scurry for cover. Not knowing how much rain was going to be on the road back to the Charlinga outstation, Uncle Frank headed for home as he too was to have an early rise the following day to head off for a weeks holiday. No sooner had the rain fallen and it soon cleared to allow us to sit around the campfire for an hour or so before retiring for the night.





Sat 6th & Sun 7th June 2009: The showers continued on and off all day although there was not enough rain to drive us into the tents. With an umbrella, there was enough cover to allow us to continue sitting around our fire which burnt all weekend. Most rain is ok as long as there isn't a driving wind as well which we were lucky that the wind had stayed away for the best part of our weekend. Some of us went walking during the afternoon with great views of the lake from some hill tops not far from where we had set up our camp, something that we couldn't see in the dark on our arrival.

Dion kept himself busy at times cutting wood for our fire with an axe that Malcolm had brought with him. It was good to have so much firewood in the near vicinity as it meant that we could burn our fire all weekend knowing that we were not going to run out of wood on the last day. The supply of wood also allowed us to burn wood to collect coals to cook our camp oven roast for our Saturday night evening meal. The Sunday was the pick of the days weather wise this weekend with long fine sunny breaks. While the clouds looks threatening at times, no rain fell during the day that caused anyone to grab their umbrellas.

Mon 8th June 2009: With either rain or a heavy dew each night, we had decided to allow our tents to remain up for as long as possible before we packed them away for the trip back home. With this in mind we were going to leave them up until early afternoon but a late morning shower of rain changed all of that so it was a quick pack before the first of the showers arrived during the late morning. After a bbq lunch cooked on the open fire where we decided to try to make this trip an annual event, we all made our final preparations to head for home. The soft ground caused a few problems for Dion and his Commodore, but with a few pushing him from behind he was soon out and on his way. It was 12.47pm when we started to drive back to the Charlinga outstation to return some items lent to us for the weekend and then to make our way to Port Augusta where we were to stop and pay a visit to my father's before the final leg home.



With all of the good byes said at Dad's before we left Port Augusta at 3.45pm, it allowed us to keep the wheels rolling as each of the group turned off to head their own way as we all drove south. More heavy rain was falling as we reached Snowtown and Lochiel. With our weekend destination being so far north, we took a gamble with the weather and we were all happy that it worked out the way it did. Bruce, Maree and Sally and I arrived home at 6.30pm ready to start the worst part of the trip away, the unpacking.

