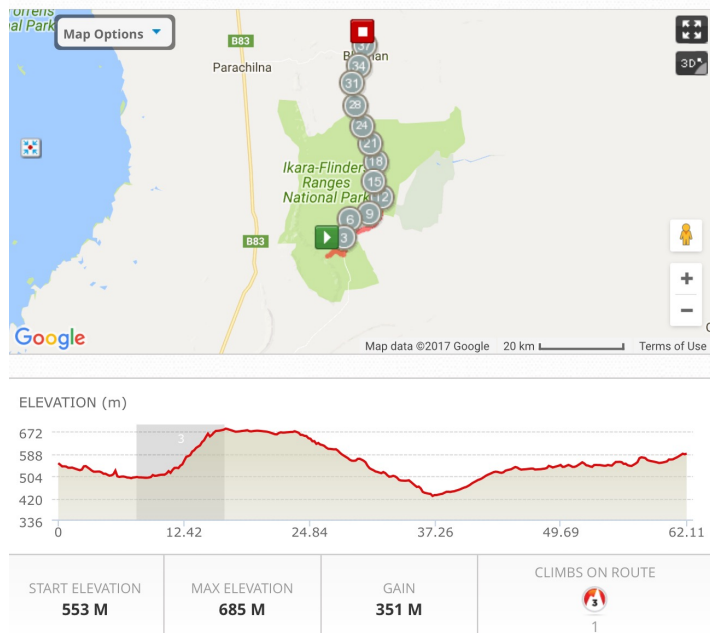


## Monday 24 April - Blinman to Rawnsley Park Station (92km)



This ride has 3 parts: the first ~20km of bitumen out of Blinman then about 47km on dirt to Wilpena, then around 27km to Rawnsley Park and a few km in Rawnsley that our indefatigable "really tough men" (Tony P take note) would also have blitzed through (as much as the mud would have allowed them to do).

Blinman has the dubious distinction of being the most "surveyed town" in the Flinders, originating from a local copper mine in the 1870's. It is a fly-blown settlement built on rock and more rock with a very welcome watering hole.



12 really tough men about to take on the Mawson. Have you ever seen a more disparate bunch of rogues?



Initial rolling run south down to Flinders National Park. Weather looking threatening, wet tracks ahoy!



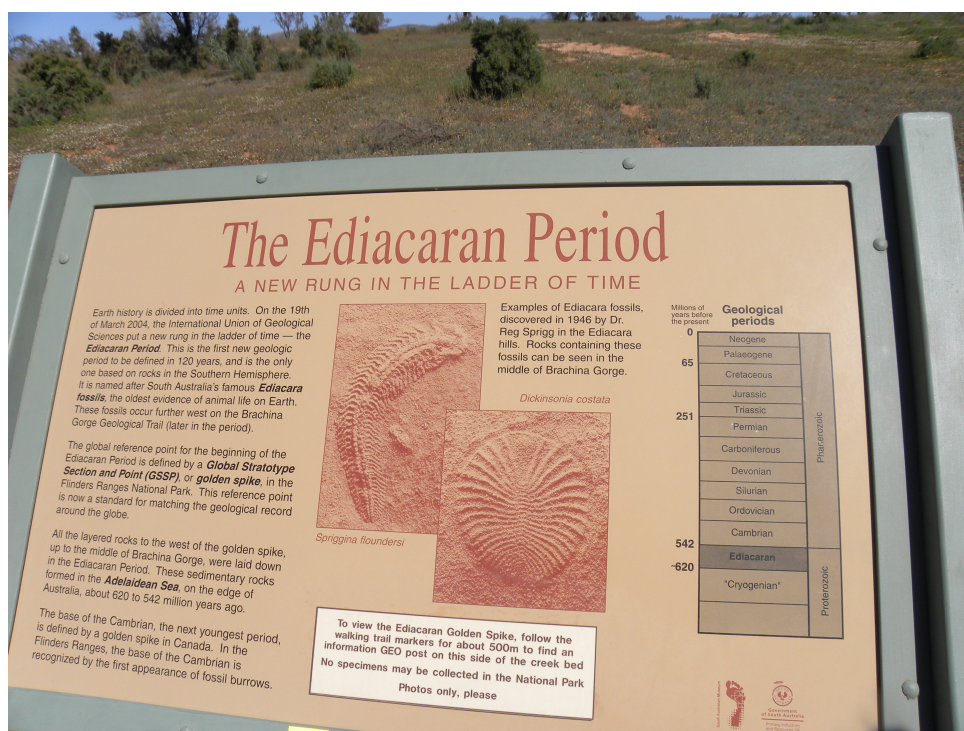
Classic Flinders National Park. Looks stony - need Bramley's wisdom here - but I can safely say if you don't have your wits about you it can be slippery as. Undulating track at this stage, mostly downhill until you ford a river, good speed obtainable for mountain goats.





No-one is fessing up as to whether the river claimed any casualties. I think this was dry on our training ride.

This is located close to a golden spike marking the Ediacaran epoch.



After some dirt road and a section of land owned on a slippery corner by Mark Stephens after he laid claim to it by ploughing a furrow in the loam with his arse on our training ride some months ago, there is the beautiful Razorback into Bunyeroo gorge which reveals the majesty of the Flinders National Park to the uninitiated:



Then it's a bit of grunt on jeep track up to Wilpena, followed by the 27 km to Rawnsley Park station.



Steve, topgun "Wiggo" looks way too clean with Rawnsley bluff in the background. Wiggo was one of the super-efficient Fatmen who got everybody on the ride to put their Wiggle wish-lists through him so as to maximize discount for tires, tubes, carbon seat-posts, gels etc. Some punctilious Fatmen on this ride have wet tyres and dry tyres. Stuffed if I know what they used in



these conditions and I am amazed they would have the energy to change tyres, given they are tubeless, filled with Stan's goop.

A word for the uninitiated: because a track looks firm, it does not mean monsters from the deep are not going to clog up your drive-train: mud is ubiquitous in these conditions and can snarl up the best laid plans.



The savvy explorer B. Schinkel's once pristine carbon steed encountered some muddy conditions.



"Cucumber cool" Kev enjoying a well-earned beer back at Rawnsley Park.

A bird told me Kev wasn't making like a cucumber last week: he had apparently left his trusty steed leaning against the garage door. A family member opened the door and drove over the front wheel of Kev's steed. Ok, seems like not everyone in Kev's family wanted him heading north. But you can't keep a good man like Kev down: "go north young man, go north".