

# ARGADELLS Trip Report      October 2025



It was Friday 3rd October and after much anticipation the annual TLCCSA Argadells trip led by the now infamous James and Linley Edwards was upon us. With the recent rains resulting in widespread greenery, the Argadells station set a glorious and inviting scene ready to be explored and enjoyed. Vehicles began arriving and the familiar ritual of rekindling acquaintances and camp set-up began in earnest. With the group looking to be great company, the campsite being ideally situated, and with a combination of clear skies predicted with enough wind to keep the fly's at bay, it was promising to be an ideal weekend for camping, driving, and socialising, or in the words of Billy Gibbons to, "Turn on, tune up and rock out!"

**Friday 3rd October 2025** – By late afternoon camp was all set up with James and Linley perched up on the newly allotted Nob Hill looking down on the rest of us from their fine mansion on wheels magnificently



enhanced by their well named Y62, Tui. They had the Fenske's, Marcus, Charmaine, Levi and Nandi the dog with their highly envied Y62 Warrior set up to their left, the Sellek's, Louisa and Grant with their sure footed Prado set up to their right while they looked over the Malcik's, Vlad and Denise with their trusty Prado, the Caravanless Vidale's father and son team Andrew and Liam with their length challenged Cruiser, and last but not least the Arnold's, Mary and Steve with their magnificent outdoor kitchen, culinary delights and their beastly Land Cruiser. We can only imagine the absolute



pride these fine and noble Edwards must have felt as they looked down and over their newly established and very mobile village from their lofty position up on Nob Hill.

Soon Vlad, or Bad Vlad as he is now colloquially known to distinguish him from the other unfortunately absent Vlad, soon set about starting the fire in preparation for dinner cook- up. Of course, it should be put on record that he started the fire in the wrong part of the fire-pit. However, considering that for no fault of his own he was born in the Northern Hemisphere, we all cut him some slack and very gently coached

him and quickly forgave him while Andrew, who is widely regarded an exceptional fire keeper, set about fixing the regretful situation up. In no time at all the smells of smoke mingled happily with the delicious aromas of food cooking and the joyful cacophony of chatter and laughter filled the early evening air as stories of previous adventures were recounted and retold over a few beverages and nibbles. Unfortunately, Grant ruined everything by reminding the group, and with somewhat unnecessary glee I might add, of the Fenske's being unceremoniously dragged down the hill by their rebellious runaway caravan on the start of last year's Argadells trip. Thanks Grant, you'll keep.



Acquaintances rekindled, bellies full and a few beverages later, it was time for an early night and soon all that could be heard in the clear, silent, and beautiful night air was the now common sounds of rapturous snoring coming from the Edwards's mobile mansion up on Nob Hill.

**Saturday 4th October 2025** – The delightful sounds of a camp waking up with dull clunks of doors and draws being opened and closed, the lowered voices greeting and chatting, mingled with the soft crunching of footsteps and the sporadic bird calls, all made for a very pleasing morning to wake up to. Then with the barking sound of a V8 delightfully growling to life, the Edwards headed off back to Quorn to purchase a few fly nets. This seemed to set the conversations around camp to a more serious note and tyre pressures and lunch arrangements etc. all began to be eagerly discussed in preparation for the first day's activities.



Returned and now armed with the latest mechanical fly barrier technology and with the precision of a military operation James and Linley had us all assembled for the daily briefing at 9:30am sharp. Well informed we all headed to our trusty vehicles and to the tremendous roar of the mighty V8's and copious puffs of black diesel exhaust fumes bellowing out from the diesel donks, we did our radio checks and buckled up. Now as Marie Ebner-Eschenback so eloquently puts it, "there is only one proof of ability and that is action," and we were certainly ready for some action!

The Argadells tracks are not particularly challenging but they more than make up for this arguable inadequacy in sheer splendor. That said, on a few occasions James was called on to expertly spot those requiring some guidance over a few of the more gnarly bits along the tracks. We found ourselves chatting over the radio on all manner of things while following our illustrious leaders with the blind faith of true believers. One topic of particular interest was the invasive prickly pear that was seen from time to time along our meanderings. Very soon various options and recommendations were being made and suggestions on how the new owners of the property could become beneficiaries of the TLCCSA's fine services.

Reaching the top of Mt Arden may not be a particularly challenging drive as per se, but for those who do not feel comfortable driving heights, it can get the heart rate going. After a brief stop at the top clutching on to any bits that could be blown away, we escaped the wind and headed down the opposite side on a track more commonly described by Charmaine in terms better not repeated in any respectable trip update. Hill decent mode seemed to be a topical issue throughout the course of the weekend, and this proved a perfect opportunity to try it out and swap experiences. After a brief stop for lunch, choosing the wind over the fly's, we resumed our travels and in what seemed a blink of an eye it was time to head back to camp for the end of what had been a most enjoyable day out.



Sitting in the shade of the Edwards's mobile mansion, we gathered and shared some nibbles and drinks while reflecting on the day and sharing stories before we set off to prepare dinner. At about this time Steve valiantly led a rebellion around a bottle of Ratu Rum and drawn unsuspectingly into it, I unfortunately left our dinner to be burned (which thanks to Linley's brave intervention was not totally ruined) and the evening culminated with me falling over a log that had snuck up behind me and me then being unfairly banished to quarters until sunrise. I am led to believe that no one else nor any animals were injured in the rebellion, so I suppose all is well that ends well.



**Sunday 5th October** – Things seemed a bit slower on Sunday Morning, maybe due to it being the first morning of daylight saving or maybe due to Steve's ungodly rum infused rebellion from the night before I am not sure, but soon we had James briefing us for the day, and I might add, a little less promptly than the day before. Soon however we were all merrily on our way again with fresh anticipation of the day ahead. Arriving at the bottom of the Buckaringa Gorge Lookout track we stopped to consider some options. After clearing the main track of a fallen tree most of the crew opted to take an alternative and seemingly easier track to the start of the ascent. Andrew, however, undaunted bobbed through and up behind Edwards's patrol in his half-loaf- sized Landcruiser making it look easier than parking a Prado in its natural habitat at the local mall. After I complained about how boring the drone footage was, he zipped around and did it again, but unfortunately it was even more uninspiring the second time.

On the way up from there to the lookout a small incident served to remind us all just how quickly disaster could strike when Grant dropped a front wheel over the edge.



Now we all know a photo never does justice to the steepness of the angles, but it was somewhat of a precarious situation to say the least. His prompt response and very wise decision to stop and call for help was a very good example of what to do in such circumstances. With Louisa out of the vehicle for safety (I presume by her tone that she meant Grants and not hers) and under James's and Andrew's guidance, Grant expertly drove their vehicle out of danger, and we were soon once again on our way. The story is nicely tucked away to tell, unembellished of course, around a campfire in the future!

The rest of the day's drive was very pleasant and soon with tracks all driven, we headed back to camp. With all thoughts of any rum infused rebellious behaviour firmly out of mind and with Steve on his best behaviour (presumably due to depleted rum rations from the night before), we spent a most pleasant afternoon and evening enjoying shared nibbles and drinks in excellent company while preparing dinners and exchanging life experiences and stories, making suggestions for the future and the likes while I concentrated on avoiding making any promises I would find hard to keep or more pertinently, making sure no one made any on my behalf! I am on to you Linley!

**Monday 6th October** – With tracks all well driven we had decided on a shared breakfast before we left rather than any more driving. As the smells of bacon and all manner of deliciousness wafted through the air the sounds of air compressors inflating tyres and the general noises of packing up could be heard. Hungry mouths fed, dishes washed, and vans and vehicles packed and ready, goodbyes were said and with promises of future adventures locked in, the weekend was suddenly over.

It's a Wrap - Events such as these are so much more than merely driving tracks and are often more memorable for what happens



around the fire than what happens out on the tracks. In normal life we can be separated or even driven apart by our varied histories, our incredible or traumatic life experiences, or by our formed and often fiercely defended views on all manners of topics. However here, drawn together around the fire there is freedom to share these many experiences and views, laughing and joking and enjoying ourselves and doing so with people we may never otherwise have met. It is in these moments that we can find





ourselves understanding rather than trying to be understood and hearing what we may not otherwise have listened to. Then, it is no surprise that we can even tear up as some of the stories being told reach down to touch our very hearts and we learn just how much more we have in common rather than what separates us.

I am reminded of a quote by C.S. Lewis “Friendship is born at that moment when one person says to the other: ‘What you too? I

thought I was the only one.”  
I am sure I speak for one and all when I say thanks to all those that make these adventures possible, we appreciate all your efforts.

**Written by Marcus Fenske**