Gnaala Mia, Dryandra Woodland



We planned to stay here for six days and to relax and have a good rest. Weather was good to start with, but for the last few days we had overcast skies, with a spattering of rain one day, and very little chance of topping up the batteries (with our battery of solar panels): oh well, pack the shorts away and back into trackies.



One of the reasons we like it here in the Dryandra Woodland so much is that it’s so peaceful, and only the birdsong to listen to. Wattle birds, Willie wagtails, finches and the odd wren. Plus the usual array of parrots.

We did see a few baby Numbats near the caravan, well, 20 feet away, and they seem to have a nest in the hollow of a log. They were so small you could almost fit them in the palm of your hand. Their colour was light, a light colour on their ‘shoulders’ and the black and white stripes developing on their haunches.

Later on in the day on the other side of the grounds we saw a larger one and its colours were developed, the same as the adult Numbats. Lovely to see in their natural habitat.

Later on I got a surprise when I saw an Echidna ambling along to who knows where.



Near the caravan someone, don’t know if it was children on their holidays, or rangers giving back something to the site, but a gunya had been erected compete with stones arranged inside for a make-believe fire, and pathway leading up to it.



Fabulous.

We went for a quick shopping trip into Narrogin, via Williams. The obvious stop was The Woolshed for lunch on the way through, have been there several times, and it hasn't changed.



Narrogin has a lovely memorial park near the centre of the town with a few older trees, very large with wonderfully shaped knarled branches. Couldn't resist a photo. The town hasn't progressed much, but they do have an Atlas discount fuel station. Mostly they're found in larger communities.



All around the lower wheatbelt towns the fields are either covered in growing wheat or lupins, nearly ready to cut canola, or sheep, several hundreds in each flock. Wonderful to see such a wealth of growth in the rural areas.

Last trip from Narrogin, we stopped at what now looks abandoned Happy Valley Homestead. All shuttered up abd looking sad.



We had seen it several times over the years and were taken with the old wooden post fencing around it. It looked like a blast from the past.

The recent history is that it used to be a house that you could rent out and stay there for a holiday, but this has ceased, but the house still stands the test of time. On the property is what looks like a garage, made with mud bricks, and the old shearing shed.

Old farm machinery is rusting away, shame really, as it seems like someone’s dreams have been shattered.



When we returned to camp the lights of the car lit up a tree near the awning of the caravan, and we saw Mum Possum and her baby, scurrying up a tree branch. They were so quick there was no time to pick up the camera, let alone get a shot!

We are off tomorrow to go to Wandering for a night – all roads lead to Wandering it seems – destination signs to wanderung seem to be every dosn here – and then onto Beverley for a coupld of nights to catch up again with travel mates, Steve and Webdy. That’ll be good.