

# SOUTH AUSTRALIA

## HAHNDORF

Siggy and Heather | Travel Blog

### Adelaide Hills

We left wonderful Creeve Roe and headed for the Mt Lofty Ranges but with no real plan of where we would end up. The ranges came quickly into view. We were surprised how close they were to the Barossa and to Adelaide. After an early morning tea stop we decided to drive to Morialta Conservation Park and take a bush walk before heading on to Hahndorf for the night. Unfortunately when we got to the road in to Moriata (aptly named Switchback Road) we realised that "vehicles towing caravans" were not permitted so we had to take the long way around though Adelaide's outer suburbs. Bummer. As it turned out we were lucky that we did not do the walk - it was a very hot 37 degrees - the hottest for decades. We eventually located the caravan park and headed in to Hahndorf by bike. What a pleasant place. Its has a long history and reminded us very much of many of the quaint German villages we had experienced in our travels. The shops were all done up nicely and the restaurants and hotels served German beer and German menus. We've had 3 nights here.



### Hahndorf's funny leather shop

There are lots of shops in Hahndorf that cater specifically to tourists. The leather shop certainly did that but much more - the owners have a wicked sense of humour. Out on the pavement, even before you took a look inside, there were funny little statues and signs. Then, everywhere you looked inside there was something that made you laugh. The shop itself was vast - it went on and on with every sort of leather product you could think of. But the place was alive with laughter with giggling and cackling heard throughout the shop.



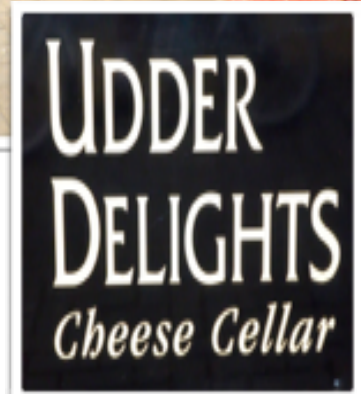


## A gentle day

Its not often that you come across something totally unexpected. Here we were walking slowly on a winding path around the lake in Stirling Linear Park when we came across an inviting seat at the water's edge. We sat down to admire the view and take in the bird sounds. There was a remote control sailing boat race quietly going on on the lake. On the seat was a hessian bag. Heather opened it and looked inside. We then spent the next hour reading many wonderful stories and poems written by fellow strollers and left there for visitors like us. Fabulous idea.

"Old trees lean inward, reflections shimmer in lake, in time they will meet,"

"Splash on water shouts, abandoned moment lingers, water forgets its shape."



Mt Lofty  
Summit



Rocking Horse wood factory



Still reading.



Remote control sailing boat race



Steam machine of a bygone era

