

Post



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Apr 15, 2025 · 6 min read

New city, who dis? - April 16, 2025

Updated: Apr 20, 2025

SUMMARY

Flew to Adelaide in the state of South Australia. Checked into the EOS hotel at the Sky City Casino where they promote "gaming" which sounds ever so much safer than "gambling"! The hotel and our rooms are extremely nice, modern and well thought out (with the exception of our large balcony which is in full sun for most of the day...) drinks and snacks at the top floor bar with an excellent view. Great dinner at another subterranean French restaurant/jazz club. - Karen

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DETAIL

Going to be another travel day, airline willing. We're pulling up stakes in Melbourne and jetting west to Adelaide. It's a 9 hour drive, on the wrong side of the road, so yes, we're flying.

As usual we clean up and pack up. Our suitcases are getting fuller with wine and (allowed) food. We're also packing more clothes, as further north (a bit) means warmer here in the southern hemisphere.

Our Uber ride to the airport is in a big sliding door Kia van. En route we see lots of the small, cute traditional Melbourne houses with lots of wrought iron gingerbread fru-fru, suggesting that back in the late 1800s, when they were built, everybody had at least some money.

We check our luggage unassisted. Another way to overcome a shortage of labor. The LCD screen/conveyor belt contraption confirms that our luggage is heavier than before. The process is extremely doable. Hey USA, take note!

Going through security we leave all our liquids and electronics in our carry-on, but are asked to remove everything from our pockets. Of course I know they don't really mean everything, do they? So I leave my comb, vitamin case, cough drops and a package of salt, in my pockets. The scanner is one I've never seen before. You stand with your feet spread apart in a very particular location, looking forward, hands down, but slightly out from your sides. You have to be precise with your body position. We all fail repeatedly.

With each failure something else comes out of the pockets. At one point, Karen failed because she had a Kleenex in her pocket. Eventually, with me, they give up and send me back to put all my pocket crap back through security, too damn suspicious. I'm still holding my passport and paper boarding pass and they scrutinize that carefully once I pass the crazy scanner test.

We repack all of our pocket contents back where it belongs. We buy coffee and breakfast, there being no lounge for which we qualify. The checkout lady apologizes for the oven being on the fritz. She tries to warm it a bit, but it's still an egg-bacon-cheese-croissant popsicle by the time we eat it. Shudder.

In the waiting area there's a TV showing endless infomercials. The cell service, like everywhere else in this connectivity forsaken city, is truly abysmal, unusable. Curious.

We board the plane, three of us from the front of the plane and Karen from the plane's rear door. She's seated two rows behind where we're seated, for some reason. It's tricky getting down the aisle. Parked in the aisle is an Indian woman with a baby on her hip and an elderly mother at her side. They both have armloads of carry-on.

They don't know what to do, so they're just standing there, not getting out of the way, awaiting instructions that aren't forthcoming. As everyone does, we squeeze our way past. Eventually a flight attendant points them to their seats. They go six rows beyond their row and are turned back. They finally do find their row, but don't know which seats are theirs. It takes forever for them to get settled. The grandmother is waving an open baby bottle, half full of formula, asking something of the stewardess. She, alas, doesn't speak that language.

Eventually two stewardesses park themselves semi-permanently at the end of their row, instructing and willing the unruly threesome to stow all their luggage, get into their seats, and buckle their seatbelts. It takes forever. Sadly this confirms what we've heard from local tour guides about some Indian travelers.

Inflight Don and I have beer (paid for by Don's watch coming into quick proximity to the stewardess' handheld terminal). You have to support the local economy, right?

In Adelaide the deplaning is similarly delayed for the same exasperating reasons. Luggage arrives quickly and we're soon in an Uber, hotel-bound.

I'd say the rideshare pulls up in front of the hotel but really we're beneath it. It's a casino and a hotel, so they want to be fancy. Cold water while we wait in line? Sure! It's in glass bottles with metal screw caps. Interesting.

During check in we have to pay an AU\$200 deposit for 'incidentals'. I pay and sign and the clerk hits the wrong button, cancelling the whole transaction. He's embarrassed as we have to do it all again. Both couples get complementary drink coupons (it is a casino) but we get two extra due to the credit card snafu.

Our room key is a thin wooden coin, not unlike a gambling chip. It's about the size of a Kennedy half dollar, but certainly lighter. To get to our floor, which is different than Tricia and Don's floor, we have to badge in with our round key in the elevator. As such as they can't visit us and we can't visit them, without first meeting on the ground floor.

Our room is very nice with a lovely view and a big balcony. There's a river flowing by the hotel, and beyond that is a giant new looking sportsball arena. There's a hike and bike trail on the shore of both sides of the waterway. There's a long arching pedestrian bridge crossing the water. It's designed to look like a waterway itself, with water cascading into the river at the far end. Very artsy-fartsy.

One floor below ours is the pool, hot tub. If we drop a pretzel straight down from our balcony, we hit someone soaking in the hot tub.

Some hotel bathrooms have the toilet in the same room as the sink in the shower so only one can be used at a time. Some rooms have the toilet in a separate room with the door, so they can both be used at the same time. Ours is somehow trying to be the best of both worlds: with the toilet in an adjoining room, but without a door. Crazy!

The hotel bar on the 9th floor is our next stop, for lunch. There are young ladies there with graduation caps, fancy dresses, and proud parents. Apparently graduation day. We get a refreshing beverage and some small plates to share for lunch.

We chill the rest of the day in our nice room, watching the sun go down in the west. For dinner we get dolled up and head into town. It's another French restaurant, La Louisiane, and again it's below ground and a jazz club.

Our host greets us with a smile and an explanation about a house small martini for each of us being customary, if that's OK? Goodness gracious, yes, please!

The glass holds about an ounce or maybe 1.5 ounces of martini. We don't learn till we get our check that they were \$10 each. Oh well. Our waiter is French, from Lille in the north of France. Good dinner, good food, and good fun. OK jazz.

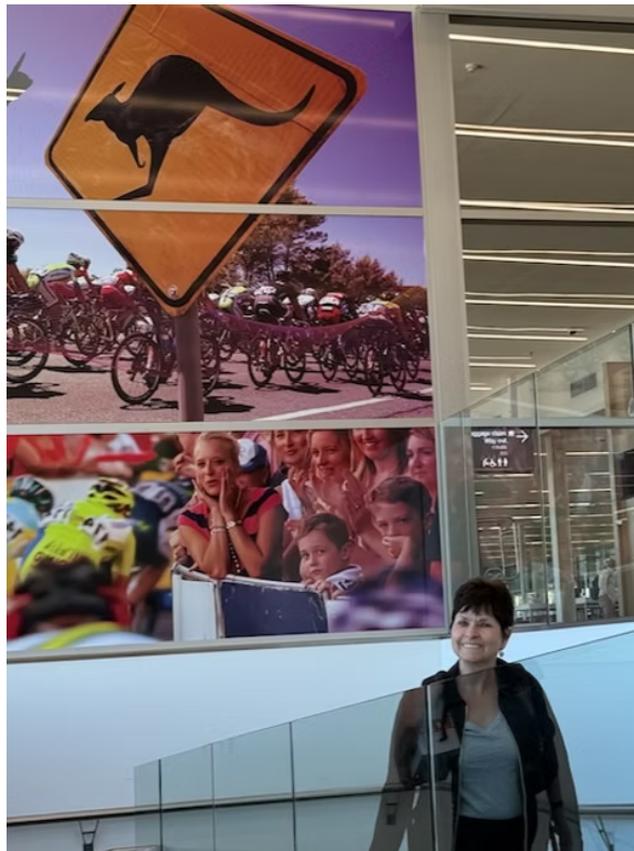
Photos



Flying out today. Waiting in front of the Hotel Windsor for our Uber.



At the airport the pastries beckon something fierce. We are able to resist.



At the other end of the flight. In Adelaide, Karen's smiling and the advertising is advertising.



Our room. Not one of those olde time hotels. This one's new and modern.



The bathroom has a separate room for the water closet, but... without a door. What up with that??



Big balcony and nice view.



Below us is the pool and hot tub. We could drop stuff on the people down there, but we resist. (for now)



Lunch up on the 9th floor at the rooftop bar/restau.



Lovely view. Lovely day.



Awesome sunset.



At dinner we're talked into the 'customary' welcome martinis. One for each.



We ordered this to split. A tad small.
Good, though. Crust, onion compote,
olives and anchovies.



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Gorgeous greens on the salad.



On the walk home we find an amazing
building and place we need to visit during
our stay.





Back at the hotel Don says he knows of a different entrance that gets us back to our rooms via the casino. Interesting but not a draw for any of us.

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