



SENGO: MARY RIVER MARINA

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Aboard Sengo

January 2016

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Hervey Bay

1st January 2016

Finally - relief in the weather. After almost a week of very strong southerlies the wind died down and we spent the first day of 2016 essentially doing what I had hoped to do on the last day of 2015.

The shared walkway/cycleway that runs from Urangan to Point Vernon (a distance of 14 kilometres) can be joined from just behind the Breakfree Resort, adjacent the Urangan Boat Harbour. We only got to Torquay – approximately 5 kilometres from where we started (which therefore meant we were up for a 10 kilometre return walk). Coffee and cake was lovely, at the end of the first 5 km leg, but there were few choices for refreshment when we decided to stop. However, as it got closer to midday, more street-side tables began appearing and more people seemed to flow into the streets. The road became busier too and somehow I suspect the late start may have had something to do with a late night the night before.

Our New Year's Eve was latish, we did stay up until midnight but the champagne wasn't opened, and the fireworks weren't witnessed. 25 knots is not be good to sail in but it's not good to walk long distances in either and we stayed home rather than walk the 1.5 kilometres to the Urangan Pier for the fireworks.

We passed a couple of real estate agents, inspected one unit, had lunch in a café opposite the Urangan Pier and came back to Sengo exhausted; I couldn't keep my eyes open and ended up snoozing in the back cockpit for two hours. A phone call inviting us to the weekly gathering of SICYC (Shag Islet Cruising Yacht Club) members at the Urangan Boat Harbour Club woke me up, but a couple of hours socialising was all that we could allow as we were due to leave the marina early the next morning and we had plenty of tidying up to do; including finding homes for the new electric kettle, toaster and stove top that we've acquired for marina/240v power use.



Walkway/Cycleway Urangan to Point Vernon



Historic Maryborough

Maryborough has had a remarkable history. We got to explore and learn about some of it.

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Tinnie Transformation

Step by step to a more stable tender!

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Kingfisher Bay, Fraser Island

2nd January 2016

I woke up at 5am, got up at ten past and waddled up to the amenities to get in the last shower before they were closed for cleaning (I'd attempted this exercise 12 hours before, mistimed it, and got thwarted by the cleaning staff so I didn't want to miss an opportunity for a 'long' shower – we didn't know when we were next going to stop with shower facilities).

There was around 2 knots of wind when we cast off at 7.15am. Light wind is perfect for getting out of a marina pen but useless for sailing and we motored all the way down to Kingfisher Resort, just off the western side of Fraser Island. As we got closer Andrew was hesitant to inform me that he thought he saw sand flies. Fortunately they kept their presence to a minimum in the evening. As I was setting up the anchor ball I noticed our poor little SICYC flag now had very frayed ends. We had always noted other frayed flags and had, mistakenly, thought that age and time up the pole may have had something to do with their state. Our flag had been fine a week or two earlier – it was the strong winds flailing it against the stays that did the damage. The cover for the danbouy flag was also seriously damaged.

3rd January 2016

Another warm and slightly cloudy morning and we took the tinnie to land to explore. There was coffee available at the jetty bar, but it looked like it was only served in takeaway cups so I convinced Andrew that we should get a coffee at the shops. The small shop area in behind the resort is still there and the souvenir shop has a small amount of food and clothing but the pie and coffee shop was gone! Not yet defeated, instead of heading back to the jetty, we entered the resort, slightly under-dressed, and had coffee sitting on the deck overlooking the frolicking guests in the pool. We were possibly expecting visitors and it was just as we sat down to enjoy our caffeine that we got a phone call to confirm the. **Bamboozle's** crew, along with friends (in the friend's little power boat), came out for lunch, whilst, bless their cotton socks, delivering some oars they'd purchased for us at the closing down chandlery in Urangan. It was like a whirlwind: one minute there was two of us and then there were seven; with raucous laughter that I missed the moment they left - you don't get much conversation with the cats. It was fortunate they'd come out this day to visit us though as the weather was about to change.

4th January 2015

Overcast and rainy; although the strong wind warning had been cancelled, or moved, depending on which weather forecast you listened to. A good day to hunker.

5th January 2016

Grey, windy, rainy. We lost sight of the mainland. The strong wind warning was back for the outside of Fraser Island but not for Hervey Bay. We were ok here for most of the forecast over the next few days except the south west wind that was due later this night. We hoped it was only going to be as strong as predicted and only 5-15 knots.



View under the jetty at Kingfisher Bay



Kingfisher Bay Resort entrance



Heathland between Kingfisher Resort and beach

One Little 'Miracle'

On 29th January 2015 we reported a koala that was curled up at the base of a tree on Raymond Island, Victoria (see Aboard Sengo – January 2015). When the individual was picked up the prognosis was not



good. Late last year, Susie, the carer, contacted us to tell us our Koala had, by some unknown miracle, pulled through. She provided us with details and some photos. See below

Initially thought to be a young (2 year old) female because of its size, the individual turned out to be a severely malnourished male suffering from 'severe malnutrition



sinus/chest infection, covered in sores around his bottom and diarrhoea' and generally was in such poor condition the vets instructed her to put him to sleep. Susie however wanted to give the youngster a chance and the vet suggested she waste no more than a week on him. He only weighed 4.66 kilograms and she was unable to even draw blood (his blood pressure was so low).



Susie put him on a fluid drip and she commenced with antibiotics, Vitamin B and colloidal silver. 'He was kept in a basket with a heated throw rug virtually lifeless for 4 days'. After 5 days of syringe feeding of formula milk he was able to just sit and hold himself up. The drip was replaced with oral fluids by day 8 and on 'day 27 he was moved to an outside enclosure'.

'Benson defied all the odds and made a full recovery.



He is our only Koala to survive severe malnourishment and infection.'

'Benson was released off the island' approximately '6 months after coming into care. On release he was a big healthy 7.30 kg. Benson continues to do well at his new home.'

The photos show a maturing animal. He was not so cute and fluffy when he was released into the wild,

Raymond Island Koala and Wildlife Shelter can be found at <http://koalashelter.org>. Note information is a little out of date as Susie is always overrun with animals and has minimal time for updates.

Maryborough, Mary River

6th January 2016

The 6th January was an absolutely gorgeous day! The sun was hot, the clouds were racing across the sky and the shores of Fraser Island were bright and clear; a stark contrast to the day before where we'd endured 24 hours of persistent rain.

But overnight we had suffered the inevitable washing machine effect of wind against tide and whilst we were prepared to put up with this with 10-15 knots – the coming evening's predictions of 15-20 knots from a non-favoured, non-protected direction had us lifting up the anchor and moving; not the afternoon activity of a bushwalk on Fraser Island that I'd hoped for. The easiest bolt hole from where we were at Kingfisher Bay was the Mary River, about an hour's sail away, so that's the way we headed. We stuck our nose up into the Susan River first for a quick sticky beak (both the Susan and the Mary River reach Hervey Bay at the same entrance (River Heads)), but not being happy with the spot we checked out we headed into Mary River proper.

We wound our way around the lateral marks and ended up dropping our anchor at Leslie's Reach, around 10 nautical miles upstream. The evening serenade was the guttural vomiting-like sounds of frogs and the occasional shout of a shot gun...oh, and the invasion of thousands, upon thousands, of insects!

Just as we'd come into the Susan River we noticed a crab pot wedged at the waterline on a blue monohull that was registered in Melbourne. It appeared that no one was on board and it was speculation as to how long the pot had been lodged there. I tried to see what was in the pot, it looked full, but the contents were unclear as we motored past. On the way back out I took the binoculars to see if I could get a better view as we went past again. The homogenous matter was hard to distinguish but it finally occurred to me, just as we were moving out of range, that it was a turtle; and then, fleetingly I saw its head. From a quick glance I knew it was a loggerhead, and I immediately felt sick. So whilst Andrew motored his way into the main channel of the Mary River I was desperately trying to get hold of someone who I could report this to. In the end I left a message at the Mon Repos Turtle Research Centre (see Aboard Sengo December 2015) and spoke to the RSPCA.

7th January 2015

Having come halfway up the river to Maryborough, we thought we may as well go the rest of the way to town, mistiming it slightly so we ended up motoring against the tide for an hour and only had a smidgeon of wind assistance (where we put the genoa up) for the last couple of nautical miles. Towards town there are moorings and the suggested anchorage in Alan Lucas' *Cruising the Coral Coast* is downstream from the relatively new Brolga Theatre.

Before negotiating the anchor between the moorings, however, we thought we would just check out the section of river up to the Granville Bridge (which we can't get under). Toward the bridge there are three slipways and the Mary River Marina, the manager of which saw us and yelled across if we wanted a mooring. A quick decision was made and whilst I was putting a mooring rope back in the anchor locker he yelled out another suggestion. In the end we rafted up against his boat, a 30 tonne 50' sailing cat, which meant we had direct access to the pontoon and the marina facilities.

We arrived late on Thursday afternoon and were informed that Thursday was BBQ night. A small area off to the side of the marina building has tables, chairs and a BBQ and the weekly event helps facilitate a social atmosphere amongst the (resident) yachties and boat owners. We met several new people including the owners of one yacht who've been following us down the coast. It is nice to know I am not the only person who stalks boats! We fell into bed around 10pm.



Toward Devil's Elbow, Mary River

The Mary River Marina

Mary River Marina is an unassuming, friendly, family-run business that has survived the last few flooding events (thanks to the way the pylons were built and their flood management procedure). It only has one pontoon with boats lined up both sides and there are a few moorings out the front (and from what I can gather, these are more likely to be available to the casual sailor).

Having had a succession of successful cafes, a restaurant is due to be opened in February 2016 at the northern end of the building. There is a small room for bikes, the biggest laundry I've seen at any marina I've visited (this one is open to the public) and it is soon to have some bed and breakfast accommodation upstairs. There is also a small adjoining RV park (three power/water pedestals) overlooking the river. The showers are warm, and so is the hospitality. The pontoon area is small, the building is humble (it has been converted from an original bond store on an original wharf) and it is definitely not the Ritz – but you aren't paying Ritz prices either. My only regret in visiting was the timing; as the café was being converted to a restaurant and was not going to open until February it would have been nice for someone else to get us our morning cuppa.

The location is at the end of Wharf Street, the other end of which is the heritage precinct highlighting the early days of Maryborough. The Woolworths Supermarket is a 10 minute walk away (either up Wharf Street passing the old buildings or along the river, through Queens Park). Coles, IGA and Aldi are all in other 'shopping centres' a little further away, walkable, but definitely better if you have a bike.



Heading toward the Mary River Marina

Exploring Maryborough

8th January 2016

The free 1.5 hour heritage walk that leaves from the outside the Maryborough Town Hall six days per week had been recommended to us by two unrelated people and so, on our first morning in Maryborough, we found ourselves, a little early, standing outside the Information Centre waiting for the Guide. The tour starts inside the Town Hall and we were let in by the current mayor (without his robes) whilst we waited for more participants. The guide was terrific and we had him all to ourselves – no one else turned up! The tour finishes at Wharf Street between three museums, and conveniently, very close to the Muddy Waters café. After a cuppa we visited two of these museums; the Bond Store and The Customs House. For \$5.50 you can get a pass that covers these two plus the Military and Colonial Museum but by the time we'd seen two museums we were exhausted; the Colonial Museum was going to have to wait for another day.



Downstairs at the Bond Store Museum; as it would have been in 1883



Bond Store Museum – the rule up the left hand side shows the level of major floods

Lunch was an apple in the Queens Gardens before checking with the Info Centre (back in the Town Hall) where we could hire a car. The short answer is – we can't. There are no car hire places

left in Maryborough – they've all moved to Hervey Bay. Well, that was unfortunate because it was to get to Hervey Bay that we wanted the car. (We can get the bus from Maryborough to Hervey Bay but a car would give us more flexibility as I wanted to catch up with a few people in Urangan). A walk to the vet to pick up some cat food had us returning back to the marina at around 4pm – a full 8 hours after we left and most of that we'd spent on our feet! A quick tidy of the boat ensued before guests for sundowners. We slept well.

9th January 2016

We didn't quite get off the boat as early as we'd hoped but that was a good thing. We were distracted by a neighbour, whom had heard through word of mouth that we wanted to sell an anchor, and as it turned out he wanted to buy one. Within a very short period of time the deal had been made. It also turned out he was willing to lend his car as well so that solved our issues with flexible access to Urangan.

The Colonial and Military Museum was open and attended by the time we arrived - It is only a few hundred meters up the road – and it was being visited by a local historical group. Their guides led small groups around and recounted personal anecdotes about their experiences in the army, the war, or with individuals highlighted in the glass cabinets. These were fascinating to listen to.

From a modern, interpretive point of view this museum is perhaps over-packed, with three levels of all sorts of war and individual paraphernalia, thousands of medals and many war souvenirs. Broken bullets placed in the vicinity of personal descriptions were disconcerting – were these part of their war souvenirs or were these the bullets that killed them. The individual precis were what made this museum and there was information on individuals



Colonial and Military Museum

the Boar War to Iraq. Not all of the people represented were locals but locals featured prominently where there was information. It is

said this is the best military museum outside Canberra. The library is the owner's pride and joy, full of relevant texts and references for anyone who wants help with military research. Unfortunately I was 'warred' out in 2009 when I wanted background of WWI prior to heading to Europe to see where my grandfather had fought- Gallipoli, Belgium and France – so there is only so much history, disappointment and death I can absorb at any one time.



The Deck of Cards: Iraq

Overwhelmed, we headed back to Muddy Waters for a repeat order of yesterday before heading back to the boat via the park along the foreshore. The river had reached high tide and we had been told, and now confirmed, that there was opportunity to drag the tinnie at high tide onto the grassed area below the RV park so we could work on it. We hurried back, emptied the tinnie, launched it into the ebbing tide – where tidal pressure made it difficult to release our strops- and Andrew motored around to pull it out, while I hurried around on land, picking up the helpful marina manager on the way. I was going to photograph the tinnie coming out of the water but the camera was in my picket when I grabbed the side and with one pull made absolutely no impression on the location of the boat but managed to propel my feet down the slippery muddy slope to land bum first on the ground. If anyone was going to go over it was going to me! Boat up and tied off, it was too hot to work on it in the middle of the day, and we returned to pull the push bikes out of the front locker and began the process of assembling them in the shade of the marina BBQ area.



Re-assembling the bikes

10th January 2016

After a lazy morning the afternoon was spent attending to the tinnie. We turned it upside down along the retaining wall and Andrew started sanding it; the fine green paint ingratiating itself over his hands, and therefore, after that, everything he touched. The idea was to just take the flaky edges off so we could repaint it; this first cover still on, in most places, since 1986. Andrew liked blue, I suggested orange - to fit in with the new spinnaker - but in the end we decided white might be best. We are hardly going to see any of the sides anyway as the blue inflatable pontoons that Santa gave us for Christmas are going to cover the majority of them. After a few hours of sanding, cleaning and thinking we were too exhausted to cook and ended up with takeaway with a couple of land-based travellers in a caravan in the adjoining RV park.

11th January 2016

The paint shop opened at 7am so we dutifully had an early start to get ourselves set up for paint, primer and brushes for the tinnie project.

I had a chiro appointment at 10.30 but to save time I thought we could first walk the bikes up to Wilcox Bikes, as the reassembling had proved they fit together but the wheels didn't turn perfectly smoothly. As if on cue, as we entered the shop, another of Andrew's spokes broke and the solution suggested was we probably needed new wheels. By the time the technician listed all the things we would probably need to do to fix the bikes we were very much in the opinion that this exercise was going to cost more than it was worth - but we waited for the quote anyway. The technician did suggest perhaps we may be interested in folding bikes instead - as an alternative to fixing the current ones up - but not at \$479.00 each!

After lunch we were back at the RV patch with the tinnie. We knew we had the right sized aluminium strips but the standard length was slightly short so we had to chop one up for ends. This meant that we could only get three out of four tracks installed by the time we knocked off at around 4pm, but we were pretty happy with the result. Exhausted we grazed for dinner.

14th January 2016

Thursday - everything here happens on Thursday. The Marina BBQ, the weekly street market, the running of the Mary Ann, and the firing of the time cannon.

I had been warned the market wasn't much and it was only one block long (with a bit around the corner) but the usual culprits are there; German sausages, pet treats, hand-

made soaps, hippie clothing and even old tools. The church bells (see page 6) played Elvis Presley's 'Love Me Tender' in the background. There was enough there for a pleasant stroll.

We didn't stay in town for the firing of the time cannon but did pick up the Mary Ann for its short run between the old engineering sheds and the back of Woolworths (it does a longer run on the last Sunday of the month apparently).

After lunch it was back to the tinnie: painting the second coat of cream and the first coat of white-but where we'd stored the boat was exposed to sun at this time, so from this day onward we planned to paint earlier in the day. Dinner, of course, was the Marina BBQ.

15th January 2016

A 0930 start on the tinnie (after a 0800 wash-down of serious sparrow poo on Sengo's Port Gunwales - not the most fun way to start the day)

At around 11am we headed for town - had lunch at the RSL and Andrew went solid rivet hunting (which involved a considerable walk) whilst I had my hair cut (the first time it has been cut professionally in over 18 months). A quick search for the Art Galley supplies store revealed it was not reopening until after the holidays (on Monday 18th January) so I was going to have to keep practicing previous drawing lessons before I got my drafting pencils for tone. We managed to get a second-hand trolley for \$3 at an op shop (it has some stitches missing but the wheels are strong) to replace one that the wheels fell off yesterday, and picked up some carrots, cheese, dip and grapes for a grazing dinner.

16th January 2016

Freshwater flushing of the water maker is a periodic necessity, especially when not turning the system on for more than a few days, and we took advantage of this rainy day (we couldn't paint the tinnie) to get this job done. Usually you would do this from your freshly created water but as we hadn't expected to be this far up river for so long our desalinated water supplies were getting low; and we weren't even going to contemplate desalinating water from the Mary River mud. So, as the rain came down in the morning we strategically placed buckets under our drainage hoses and filed them up with fresh water from the sky. The smell of the fresh water flush is quite disturbing - the first whiff of which makes you think you've opened up your black water holding tanks, such is the potency of the brine cleaning the filters. Thankfully, after a short time the perfume dilutes.

The Mary Ann

The original locomotive Mary Ann (named after the daughters of two local timber cutters) was built to haul locally cut timber to a rail terminus at Caloola Creek (the timber was then rafted downstream from Maryborough). The original locomotive was built in 1873 at John Walker & Co and her vertical boiler allowed her to travel around sharper corners. When not hauling logs she was used to power a circular saw. The replica engine was built in 1998 and now hauls people around on Thursday mornings from the top end of Queens Park to the back of the old Walkers Limited engineering works.



Mary Ann: Checking the oil at the riverside station



Mary Ann: going past the marina. The old Walkers Ltd buildings in the background.



Mary Ann: Queens Park

Historic Maryborough

Maryborough started its life as a wool port in 1847 just upriver from the current site. The town was shifted downriver (unfortunately to a more flood prone site) and the wharf moved to utilise the slightly deeper section of river for incoming ships. The Mary River was originally named Wide Bay River but the name was changed by Governor Fitzroy who named it after his wife Mary. She never got to see the town however as she died in a carriage accident in Sydney shortly after its naming.

Maryborough was once a large immigration port; at one stage being second only behind Sydney, and a total of around 22,000 people immigrated to Australia through its wharfs. (Sometime later 60,000 workers from the Pacific were brought in for cheap labour for the sugar fields: the dark side of an international port).

A good deal of goods were also imported through Maryborough and Bond sheds and stores were set up to make sure the importers were paying their taxes to the Crown.

Queens Park, along the river's edge, was put aside in town planning early, as the planners at the time could see a need for open space for the growing population. The current Town Hall (which was once the regular council building but since the local Councils have emerged into Fraser Coast Regional Council, only hosts occasional meetings) was built in 1907 from funds donated by a wealthy citizen in memory of his wife.



Relaxing in Queens Park

The bell tower at the back of the Anglican Church was also built from funds as another donation from an individual who wanted to build a memorial to his wife. The seven bells inside recently went back to their manufacturer for their first service – a stipulated requirement to get them checked every 125 years!



Bell Tower; Anglican Church

The band rotunda in Queens Park is yet another donation, this time a memorial from a sister for her brother. She travelled to the Grand Fair in Scotland and bought it there. At the fair it had been displayed with a fountain inside it and the fountain was shipped as well. The fountain was placed in Queens Park but they only decided to connect the water to it recently – around 100 years after it arrived!



Band Rotunda, Queens Park



Fountain, Queens Park. 100 years before water was turned on

The post office was built in 1866 and the façade is largely original. It was the first building outside the capital cities to have the telephone and city officials actually spoke to Alexander Bell to work out how to set up the facility. Before the advent of mass produced clocks, the post office was responsible for the

town's time, alerting the occupants and the ships daily at 1pm by a dropping ball from its tower. This ball could be seen from the river by the captains of visiting ships who needed accurate time in order to plan for tidal and daily movements in and out of port. In 1877 a small cannon was found buried in sand on an island in Torres Strait (they suspect it came off a tea clipper that frequented the Dutch East Indies) and was cleaned up and donated to Maryborough. From that time the 1pm time clock was the firing of the canon along the shore – the post office staff were still responsible.



Maryborough Post Office

Ships stopped coming up the river when the Urangan Pier was completed in 1917 and to a large extent that was the end of the growth for the town. Walkers Limited, a large manufacturer of ships and trains was still building ships for the Government in the 1940's (warships) and when that ended they built trains. The 1974 floods was the beginning of the end for them, an industry that had lasted 130 years. In 1980 Walkers Limited was sold and eventually morphed (through various transactions and companies) into EDI Downer, the company that still maintains trains and when given contracts, builds them as well. (Several times during our visit, early morning toots were heard as locomotive engines were driven down the main street and parked, waiting for access to the rail maintenance yards).

There are still some big industries in town. Hyne Timber – going since the 1882, is one of the biggest timber companies in Australia. Telstra has the only 24 hour Australian Call Centre here (although I hear that was compensation for taking away the contracts to build new trains overseas (so EDI Downer is only currently maintaining existing trains) and this smacks of a similar deal that the Howard Government did with Senator Harradine for Tasmania in the late 1990's. How long is this deal going to last and will it be like the Tasmanian situation and the call centre gets moved on in the next political tussle?). Apparently there is a large nursery here that

ships thousands of seedlings per week across the country (I am not sure if this is for revegetation or timber production (I forgot to ask). There are also old established companies like Richers Transport; established in 1935 which has five depots in the area and one further south in Brisbane.

The newer type shopping centres have probably enticed some shops away from the historic city streets and quite a few of the shop fronts are empty. Talking to a few locals however, this may have something to do with the high rent. There was discussion recently of dropping the average rent for these premises but apparently one real estate agent piped up and questioned why they should drop the rent and reduce the value of their property. He can't have been much of a real estate agent, the value of the property would have been unaffected, it was the value of the return he was actually talking about. However, apparently the majority agreed with him, and empty windows still abound.

Maryborough has a Regional Art Gallery and Gattakers Art space, both of which we didn't get the opportunity to get into. There are 43 hairdressers in town, some of which work from home, but I can't see how a town like this

can sustain that many. And hairdressers obviously like their dogs as I've seen two establishments with canine maitre d's waiting behind the doors.



Maryborough Railway Station: Soon to be the Shopping Centre Entry

The railway station, built in 1882 and closed in 1989 (a line is continued to EDI Downer for train maintenance though) is a lovely old building and the transport ticketing office is still inside. Trains however don't come to the station anymore and you currently catch a bus from the side, parallel to the old platform, to Maryborough West where you can catch the country trains heading north or south. It

seems though that the bus depot is going to be moved and the old platforms and tracks taken away, as just behind the station is the new Station Square Shopping Centre which will be expanded to cover this space – however, the old station building will be left in place and incorporated into a new building as the entrance and exit. As the station faces the city centre and there is proven foot traffic on market days, the planners hope this entrance will encourage more movement into the city.

Dotted around the city are various sculptures; some made from pieces of machinery from industries past, and some depicting obvious characters or archetypes, manufacturers, timber cutters etc.

Of course there is also a sculpture of Mary Poppins, a character created by PL Travers who was born in Maryborough. Although PL Travers spent most of her life in England, Mary Poppins is held in such high esteem that there is a Mary Poppins Festival each year. There is also a regular Mary Poppins walking tour. However, we did not explore any of this part of the town's history, and for the moment if you want to know any more about it you will need to read someone else's blog.



Maryborough River Morning

20th January 2016

Andrew took a quick trip to town to pick up the newly serviced engine for the tinnie while I did one half of the final food shop. When I got back to the boat I was in the middle of unloading when I got a call from Andrew at the RV park saying he was back and ready to put the engine and pontoons on, and then relaunch the tinnie. Gratefully we had help from *Whitehaven II* manoeuvring the boat back toward the water (as the tide had peaked and it was a race to get the boat to slide into the water before it got too low). Rescue came in the way of *Roughnecks Revenge* who was coming into the pontoon with his tender and he suggested we throw him the tinnie rope and he would drag the tinnie out. This meant it was a very painless, and clean exercise for

Andrew as the tinnie was towed to and then tied off at the back of Sengo. The air bags on the side of the tinnie work but until we get a bracket made for the davit system we are going to have to deflate the inner starboard pontoon every time we lift her out of the water. A small price to pay.

After getting the tinnie back on board Sengo we took a trip over to Granville (with a marina resident's car) for a quick lunch at the pub before stocking up with meat from the Granville Butcher. I had been told this butcher accepted customers bringing their own containers in, and as this is what I used to do with the butcher in Research, Victoria, this was perfect for me. Less packaging. Less environmental waste.

21st January 2016.

Our final full day in Maryborough. Keen to get a bit more use out of our bikes before we packed them back in the forward lockers, I suggested we visit the historic store in Lennox Street. In this heat, an early morning ride would have been preferable, but the museum didn't open until 10am so we had another look at the weekly Thursday market, purchased a few items and sat down to gluten free cake and a cuppa to hear the final 10 minutes of a teenage violin busker. She is brilliant. We'd seen her twice the previous week; once on the corner of Adelaide and Elena Streets, and

then later on a patch on Adelaide Street, towards Kent Street. Clearly she has two spots booked for each market and where she currently stood she was in harsh sun. The comments between a customer and owner of the coffee shop suggested she should ask for a spot in the shade. I went over to donate to the violin case and told her she had a couple of supporters and why. The next thing I see was a staff member from this coffee shop wander over and invite her to stand on the footpath outside the shop – totally protected in the shade.



Maryborough Thursday Market

Coffee down, and Andrew sporting two plastic buckets each side of his backpack - so he looked like something from a Hanoi street scene- we cycled our way to the historic

Brennan and Geraghty Store Museum (see side panel).

A couple of quick last minute shop visits on the way back to Sengo, including a quick rest in Queens Park and then it was time to pack up. The bikes got dismantled, and greased, before being put back in the forward lockers, the petrol from the old metal fuel tank was transferred to the new plastic one, and we did a final rubbish and recyclable run to the bins. A welcome shower before the evenings BBQ was likely to be the last shore based shower for a while and was enjoyed thoroughly. It had been a very hot and sticky day.

The weekly BBQ was a chance to reconnect with the other marina residents and let everyone know we were leaving the next morning. We weren't the only ones heading out. We started to make our move at 10pm, stating our regrets to new arrivals (they'd arrived in the morning) that we didn't get to catch up, but getting distracted and sitting down with them until 11.30pm discussing touring to Darwin and the Kimberley. They had spent several years living in the Top End and I would have loved to have picked their brains more but it was late and I was exhausted. I am hoping that we see them again as we head north and spend some more time getting their tips for Top End touring.

22nd-23rd January 2016

On the morning of Friday 22nd January we motored from Maryborough down the Mary River to River Heads and slightly north across to the lee of Big Woody Island. Whilst our general trip plan was to head south, we were keen to catch up with *Sunshine* who were likely to be in the area on the weekend. (We had been trying to catch up with *Sunshine* for three and a half months). Saturday was a bit windy but Sunday was a glorious day and *Sunshine* arrived to anchor adjacent us mid-morning. An immediate catch up for morning tea and then sundowners (they provided the champagne) made us realise how much we'd missed them.

Monday 25th January 2016

As *Sunshine* left us to head north, we headed south and found ourselves anchored near Yankee Jack's Creek for the night. *Kereru* was here (we'd been at the Mary River Marina with them) and we caught up with them for sundowners again before contemplating our next move. All sights were on the Wide Bay Bar crossing and when the next opportunity would present itself to do this. The METeye wind forecast suggested Wednesday might be the day. The winds weren't brilliant, but the predicted wind on the Thursday was much stronger, and whilst the push from the north

would have provided a lively ride, it was the mooring at the other end that worried me. This evening was spent cleaning out the bilge.



Sunshine in the morning: Big Woody Island

26th January 2016

Australia Day/Invasion Day - Yankee Jacks to Garry's Anchorage

Our aim was to reach Pelican Bay this day, not far from the township of Tin Can Bay, but an impending storm had us turning about and sheltering in Garry's Anchorage. This anchorage is renowned for sand flies but thankfully they didn't materialise – I suspect this had something to the torrents of rain that fell in the afternoon. There was an inordinate amount of bird song from Fraser Island just after rain but we had no time to explore. Maybe next time.



This storm is why turned into Gary's Anchorage

Brennan and Gerghaty Store

The store is now run by the National Trust as a museum and when the store closed in 1972, after being open for 100 years, apparently 50,000 items were left on the shelves. It must have been a big clean up but three years later (in 1975) the store opened as an example of an historic general goods store that has spanned several eras. A high proportion of bottles and boxes still have their original contents in them (although some contents have been removed because they have been exposed to the air and have started to deteriorate). The original ledgers were still in the 'office' area and are still being interpreted.



Brennan and Geraghty Store Museum



Rail system used to move goods from delivery truck/cart outside front of store to back room to be sorted



Back room: Brennan and Geraghty Store Museum

27th January 2016

The slow boat to China – or the slower boat to Mooloolaba. At Garry's Anchorage we were a bit further north than we preferred to be to start our trip to Mooloolaba so the extra trip down to Inskip Point before the Wide Bay Bar gobbled up a bit of time. We'd logged in to Tin Can Bay by phone around 7am. We heard a couple of boats on the radio at around 8am saying they intended to cross the bar at 8.30am. As it turned out we were on a convergence course with one small boat. We tried to call him. Do we go first or do they go first? We were trying to ascertain whether he was either a local or had done the bar crossing before. We couldn't raise him. The Coast Guard tried to call him and he couldn't raise him either. In the end we pulled in to follow behind. Almost immediately we regretted that decision. He was moving at two knots. Two painfully slow knots. The Mad Mile – so named because of the 'not so smooth' countenance of its waves, was endured longer than need be and we regretted not pushing through first.

To get out of the Wide Bay Bar you need to travel approximately 6 nautical miles via way points that Tin Can Bay Coast Guard will provide for you. Clearly as these are related to where the sand is shallowest, you need to check these coordinates every time you go through. Whilst the trip was not pleasant (Tiger and Cilla managed to throw up – and mother (me) wasn't feeling too good at the end of it either), as far as a bar crossing goes, it was quite reasonable – the swell was around 2 meters and there was no chop. Clearly though, there are at least three of us on this boat whose bodies are out of sync with open water sailing.

The rest of the trip south was a mixture. We tried sailing to get below Double Island Point but after doing two sides of a triangle to be heading north again we put the motors on and headed in the direction where we wanted to go. After the Point it was a mixture of pure sailing – enjoying 8.5 knots for some of that time, and motor sailing – we were keeping the speed around 6 knots as we didn't want to arrive at midnight.

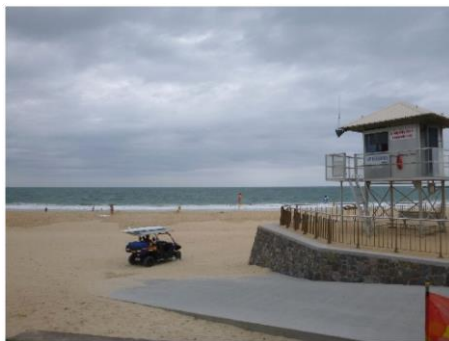
As it was we arrived in Mooloolaba – in an unfamiliar marina – at 8.30pm. Thankfully, **Vamonos** (Lagoon) had lined up friends to help us dock. We'd had a long day and after a tinned meal and a shower we went to bed exhausted.

Mooloolaba

We had primarily come into Mooloolaba to catch up with **Vamonos** (Lagoon). Whilst here we also caught up on a few chores and did a little exploring.

Thursday 28th January 2016

Once we had officially booked ourselves into the marina we went for a walk. On the ocean side of Parkyn Road there is a lovely trail through parkland to the Spit and the Council has provided well for the public with BBQ's and picnic tables. Back towards the main town, you can follow the path or the beach. One section of the pathway is a boardwalk with lush (I'm guessing mostly planted) rainforest vegetation on each side and some houses back onto this greenery. What a wonderful way to get to the beach! The brush turkeys were obvious, and oblivious to us, and this is the first time I've seen juveniles of this species. Despite school holiday's being over, the paths, roads and beaches were busy and the lifesavers were on duty at several designated positions.



Lifeguard Tower



Boardwalk through 'rainforest' near Mooloolaba Spit

Friday 29th Jan

We spent a significant amount of this day with Vamonos. Vamonos and Sengo have very different plans for the coming sailing season so we took the opportunity to spend as much time as we could with each other.

Saturday 30th Jan

This morning was spent 'repairing' the SICYC flag. I used a similar colour yellow material but as it was thicker than the original and I've used it on both sides (it was an evolving project changed halfway) I suspect I have mucked up the flag's balance.

We took another walk to Mooloolaba with Vamonos in the late morning for a coffee; this time via the beach over sand so there was a little more effort exerted. And it wasn't so easy getting back from lunch at the local fish & chip shop. There was a BIT of rain!



Just a bit of rain and what wind? This is the wet season after all!

Sunday 31st Jan Bed and Breakfast in Paradise

Friends invited us up for a bed and breakfast experience in Melany, a gorgeous hinterland area with pastures, rainforest and fabulous views. Lunch was at the restaurant/function centre 'Tranquil View' which provided a fantastic vista across to the Glass House Mountains.

Before reaching our overnight accommodation we visited Melany Cheese and we sampled many of their locally produced wares. I liked the buffalo herbed fetta best. Our B&B was a quaint house surrounded by a gorgeous garden with easy access to a mountain creek and water hole.



Counter - Melany Cheese

Training Wheels

What better place to get our bikes out for the first time than **Maryborough: City of Cycles** (so called because of the days when the town was dominated by industry and many workers rode their bikes to work. At knock off time the local police would come out and direct the vehicular traffic to stop to allow the hundreds of cyclists right of way on their way home (or to the pub)). After picking up our newly repaired bikes (having accepted the cheaper of two quotes to 'fix' them) we awaited the opportunity to take them out. Our main ride was to the Fay Smith wetlands (part of the Great Sandy Biosphere and one of the last remaining wetlands in Maryborough) and then across to the town Lagoon. Having not ridden for so long I was afraid I'd forgotten how to do it and was pleasantly surprised when I survived our first ride relatively intact. A visit to the Historic Brennan and Geraghty Store was the last ride before we took the wheels off, and greased them up ready for the next time we bring them out



Almost a smooth ride



Figure Andrew: Fay Smith Wetlands



Loosening the chain



Trish: Fay Smith Wetlands



More loosening of the chain



Andrew: Fay Smith Wetlands



Fay Smith Wetlands



The Lagoon



Just like Hanoi! Andrew carrying his buckets purchased at the Thursday market.



A ride to the Brennan and Geraghty Historic Store

Transformation of a Tinnie

From a partial remaining green paint job (circa 1986) to a gleaming white hull. Add some buoyancy tubes and Voila! Tinnie Transformation in 20 steps



Step 1: Get your project to the work area



Step 2: Remove any old unwanted items



Step 3: Sand the work surface



Step 4: Read the instructions



Step 5: Attach the railing



Step 6: Make sure everything fits



Step 7: Check the other side fits



Step 8: Apply primer to the outside surface



Step 9: Apply primer on inside



Step 10: Make sure you've not missed anything



Step 11: Start applying paint



Step 12: Apply a second inside coat



Step 13: Start painting the outside coat



Step 14: finish outside coat



Step 16: Stencil the registration number



Step 19: Put it all together



Step 15: Take a rest day: it rained.



Step 17: Colour the stencil in



Step 20: Finally in the water



....don't forget to drain the water out.



Ready for final fitting



It works! Lovely to be able to stand up in our tinnie



Step 15: Set up the new oars



Step 18: Test the new tubes