



Aboard Sengo

March 2016

Autumn days on the Gold Coast

Just hanging around

Delayed in our original aim to head north early, we managed to do a bit more preparation for this year's sailing season, and a bit more exploration of the Gold Coast's Broadwater..

Picking up our new car

Why it is a good idea to update technology!

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What washing Machine?

Tiger much prefers the box

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Jacobs Well

A few days exploration around a little hamlet

Page 11



Eastern beach,
South Stradbroke Island



Sand dunes, eastern beach,
South Stradbroke Island



Track to eastern beach,
South Stradbroke Island



Track to eastern beach,
South Stradbroke Island

South Stradbroke Island

Tipplers Anchorage, Tipplers Passage

A wet start to the month

1st March 2016.

Raining. We left The Boat Works, Coomera around 0730 and arrived at the Tippers anchorage in Tipplers Passage - just as the rain got heaviest. Having lost one of the Marriage Saver headsets (see Aboard Sengo – February 2016), the front clears in the cockpit had to be opened so Andrew could hear me at the anchor well, and therefore he got wet as well. The rain was that heavy I was dolled up in full wet weather gear (for the first time in months) and my time out front was extended as I had to fiddle with the bridle as well (it had come up on the wrong side of the anchor chain). Anchor down I dried off, we had a cup of tea and read a bit, but we spent most of the rest of the day sleeping; trying to catch up on what was lost on the days on the hard stand with those very early morning starts.

Back to Normal

2nd March 2016

It was nice to be back to normal – which meant I could wash my dishes normally in the sink and not use a bucket that had to be emptied into the gully drain four meters below. Unfortunately ‘normal’ also meant back to the routine jobs as well and I spent the morning on the rust run on the stanchions and cleaning (to a large extent) the anchor locker. In between I read ‘At one with the sea’ by Naomi Jones – allegedly the first woman to sail solo around the world. After lunch we went ashore –visiting the café at Tipplers (great looking camping ground) and then walked across to the other side of South Stradbroke Island; unlike our ‘across the island’ walk at Jumpinpin in July 2015, this time we actually had a track to follow.

Tipplers campground has powered and unpowered sites and ‘wallaby tents.’ Showers are available to visitors for a small charge.

Southport, Gold Coast

An Unexpected Adventure

Our new car's first big trip.

4th March 2016

Why are simple tasks never simple? (or How to turn a four-hour exercise into twelve hours!)

This is how the day was supposed to have panned out:

1. Pick up a hire car at 8am.
2. Drive from Southport to Clontarf (via Coomera to drop off, and sort out, our self expanding danbouy (See Aboard Sengo - February 2016)) arriving at Clontarf around 10.30am.
3. Pick up the new car and drive it around to pick up the new caravan (both at Clontarf).
4. Have lunch.
5. Drive back to Southport (picking up fixed/sorted danbouy at Coomera on the way).
6. Drop off hire car and park new car near public jetty.
7. Tinnie back to Sengo and enjoy a couple of drinks for a job well done before dinner.

This is what actually happened.

The pick up of the hire car was relatively straight-forward. Andrew dropped me off at a beach outside a local school; a short walk from the car hire place. As there were no maps/directories available I tried to follow the instructions given to me by the girls at the hire company, missing a turn and taking an extra 10 or so minutes to get back to Andrew, who had tied the tinnie up at the public jetty at Main Beach. Using our 'nav boy' we headed off to Coomera to drop off our expanded (now flaccid) danbouy. The company wanted to test it over the weekend but as we said we wouldn't have a car the next week they were going to try to get it ready to pick up in the afternoon. That done it was off to Clontarf. The expected drive time from Coomera to Clontarf is about an hour and a half. Following the motorway south of Brisbane was pretty straight-forward but just the other side of Brisbane City confusion reigned, the 'nav boy' (as mentioned in Aboard Sengo - February 2016) is not updated, and we did a few quick exits from some major intersections to avoid roads that would have led us to toll ways. Route recalculations led us on a merry drive around Brisbane's north-west suburbs before briefly getting back on to the motorway just before entering the Deagon Deviation –the road leading right up to where we want to go.

Finally, we arrived in Clontarf, around 11.30am, and being hungry and frustrated, we decided on an early lunch. When we picked up the car around half an hour later there were still a few niggly bits to iron out, including learning how to fold down the back seats. We couldn't do it; the salesman couldn't do it and he actually rang a friend of his from around the corner, because he has the same car - and he'd forgotten how to do it. In the end we reverted to Youtube for instructions. ('Got to love technology!') While this is all happening we get a phone call from GreenRV to make sure we are turning up – we had said we'd be

there in the morning and it was now early afternoon. Eventually we drove around the corner to hook the new caravan up! We got a run down of the van, how to light the stove etc, how to put the awning out and raise the top (and I am probably going to have to revert to Youtube for a refresher before I do any of this), and by the time we'd finished all that it was close to 3pm. I had told the car hire company I would have the hire car back by 5pm. Things were getting tight. Andrew choofed back to the car dealer to see if he could get a final part that was being organised and I nipped down to the local shopping centre, picked up a portable washing machine and some cat food and drove back to

meet him along the road. We had one 'nav boy' and Andrew now had it in the new car. We had redirected the preferences so motorways were not included (as we didn't want any sudden moves to avoid toll roads in a new car whilst towing a caravan) and I needed to follow him in order to get back to Southport. I found him at the first set of lights. He was the front car. Perfect. I did a u-turn in front of this and waited until he passed. Unfortunately, because he was the first car at the lights, there were ten or so others behind him, and I couldn't just fall in behind. The first hurdle was when I got caught at the next set of lights and I watched Andrew driving off into the distance. The next hurdle was when I turned off

Deagan Deviation one street too early. There was no sign of Andrew and I had no idea where I was! It was now ten minutes past 3pm so the first task was to ring the car hire company, tell them I was lost and they wouldn't get their car back at 5pm. Next – work out where Andrew was. Establishing that he'd turned off the next road we thought the easiest thing for me to do was take a u-turn, drive back to the Deviation and turn back onto it. Easier said than done; there was no on-ramp here and I ended up heading to some other suburb on the other side of the freeway. In the end I managed to turn around again, head back into Clontarf and repeat the exit procedure, finally finding Andrew about 15 minutes later. At this time we are still well and truly north of Brisbane and trying to get to Coomera (on the Gold Coast) by close of business. Taking motorways off the 'nav boy' meant we travelled through all the old suburban roads to get south; heading at times east, at times west and actually at times south, with all the pleasures of traffic lights and peak hour congestion. (for those readers who know Melbourne – think of five



Hitching up

ways in Kew or the older streets leading into Richmond or out to Camberwell or Box Hill). I managed to lose Andrew three more times in the midst of these suburbs but fortunately my phone had charge so the odd quick phone call was made. We finally got a fair way south of Brisbane and were reasonably close to Coomera. It was 4.30pm. The entrance to the motorway was next to us and we thought, 'we are that close, we can't possibly get lost' and as there were no further toll roads we merged into the traffic – straight into complete gridlock! Andrew tried calling the danbouy people to no avail – they probably knocked off early on Fridays – so we were going to have find an alternate way to get our danbouy back the next week anyway. We took the first opportunity to get back off the car park and onto normal roads to continue the journey.

Here we made our one BIG mistake. From this exit there are no connecting roads (that the 'nav boy' recognised), so we went for a drive in the country- out west and up Mt Tamborine coming back down steep windy roads, at dusk, to Oxenford. It was now after 6pm and we were tired and hungry. We hadn't eaten since lunch and we'd probably driven twice as far as we should have. The steak at The Boat House Tavern at Coomera was overcooked and chewy but we were too tired and too hungry to send it back. (They had got my drink order wrong too but I was too exhausted to argue). Our stomachs sated (if not our taste-buds) we headed back to Southport – this time on the motorway, which funnily enough had practically no traffic on it. We got back to Sengo in the dark and fell into bed exhausted around 8.30pm.



Our car and caravan's first big road trip!

Buying a car in QLD if you don't have a QLD license is.. fiddly, but doable:

To register a car in QLD with a Victorian license you need two things: a Queensland Government Client Number and a Garaging Address. In order to get the Client Number you need a Garaging Address, which is supposed to have the registration of your vehicle stated on it. In order to get a car registered, you need a Client Number. See any problem here? Fortunately most people we spoke to were ok with this when the situation was explained. I got a Garaging Address application form filled out with blank registration details. One, I didn't have the vehicles yet, and two, I needed the paperwork for two vehicles. The process ran relatively smoothly until the car salesman thought my client number was my license and didn't take the paperwork for the garaging details when he went to register the car. Unfortunately he came across a customer service representative who was not willing to look up the details of the caravan (having been successfully registered the day before) and she sent him packing with paperwork for us all to do the signatures again. Beuracracy!

Deliverance

5th March 2016

The 5th March is a bit of a blur as it was another long day. A panic in the morning to drop the hire car back on time (so we didn't pay for an extra day's hire) and then rushing around to buy a car cover and some caravan mirrors, morphed into driving our summer home to a friends place, where it will be stored until needed. A simple drop off was all we expected but we found the caravan battery had to be cut out with an oxy-welder (in order for it to be

put on charge in a shed) and the sharp edges on the caravan had to be covered before we could get the cover on (not a simple task and it took three of us to nut out how to do this). Finally all was settled, we were driven back to Sengo (our car babysitters were staying with us for the night) and we got back to Sengo around dusk. A delightful, more relaxed dinner than the previous evening had us socializing until 11pm.

Priceless!

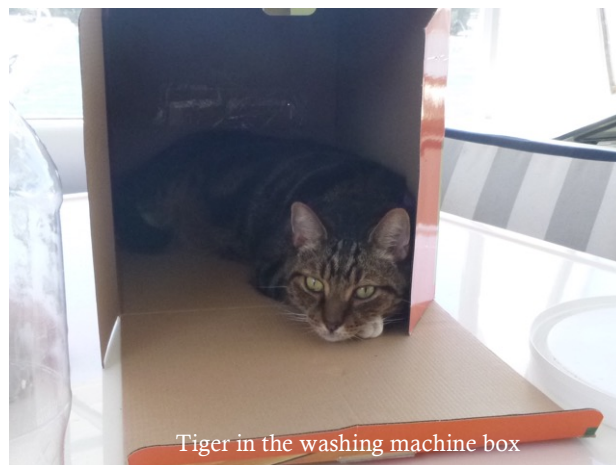
6th March 2016

{For those of you who remember the Commonwealth Bank Ad}. Whilst Andrew was dropping our overnight guests back on dry land, I decided to put together the new washing machine. The hand-operated rotating washing machine from Aldi (yes, heaven forbid, I actually walked into an Aldi Store!) had been recommended to me by *Trade Runner* in September but the praise for the machines was reinforced by *Ultimate I* over coffee conversations at Tipplers Passage. It comes in a box and needs to be assembled but it is quite simple; less challenging even than anything from IKEA – and there are no Allen Keys! It will never do the same job as a domestic electric model, but the price was right and with a bit of elbow grease you can see the difference. The bonus, hopefully, will be taut biceps.



Tiger in the washing machine box

Of course, Tiger didn't care about the washing contraption; he was only interested in was the box!



Tiger in the washing machine box

Federation Walk

7th March 2016

Despite the threat of precipitation, we headed across to The Spit for a walk, continuing south on the Federation Walk from the point we'd stopped in June 2015. We saw no sign of the fire that was supposed to have burned here recently; the planted vegetation seemed in the same condition as that seen north (see Aboard Sengo - June 2015). For a few minutes the atmosphere was relatively silent and I was surprised at the lack of birdsong, but the calls finally made themselves heard. We didn't take as much notice of the species this time but specifically noticed mannikins, magpies, butcherbirds and thick-knees (bush stone curlews).

Of particular note were a few interpretation boards along

one section of the track, small and simple but a nice touch. What was disturbing here was the political sticker that had been stuck to this public property. There was a council election imminent and some joker had decided to stick an anti-candidate sticker on the sign. Putting aside the environmentally irresponsible nature of stickers, using public nature interpretation boards for a political statement is just not on.

The other interesting notice was that of the imported snake. Boa constrictors are from South America – you wonder what idiot decided to release one on the foreshore.

The strangest thing we saw on this walk was the caterpillar train; where thirty or so caterpillars were



Defacing Interps signs



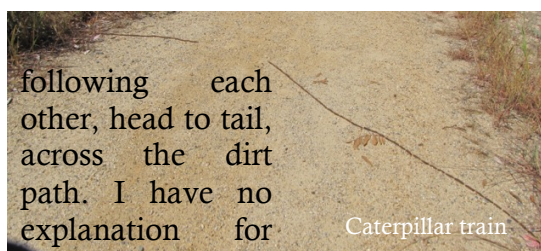
Bush Thick-knee



Boa Constrictor?



Oceanside track - Federation Walk: Gold Coast



following each other, head to tail, across the dirt path. I have no explanation for

Caterpillar train

this and they were crossing the path in the heat of the day!

We finished the walk at the Southport Lifesaving Club with a cuppa before heading back along the oceanside track to where we had left the tinnie.

Bumming around Bums Bay

We stayed anchored in Marine Stadium (otherwise known as Bums Bay), Southport/Main Beach longer than we expected. After the collection and delivery of our summer vehicles, we decided that getting our 4WD fridge shipped up from Melbourne might be a good idea, and then we found our tinnie navigation lights weren't working and we needed to organize a warranty replacement. A pity these two issues didn't coincide as our time here at anchor kept extending and our water supplies were running low. Whilst we do have a water maker, we were certainly not going to run it in the confines of a dead end waterway with dubious occupants. Thankfully it rained and I collected enough water to last us via the good-old - fashioned plastic bucket.

We spent the time here mainly on domestics: cleaning up the front port bow (where I rediscovered some of the 'stuff' we had hidden in there and relegated an appropriate amount to the op shop); cleaning up under the bed in Cabin 2;

(where I discovered we'd had a fuel leak and added cleaning the diesel out of my throw rugs and spare material to the long list of things to do); organizing the delivery of new charts and mail to local business (ensuring we now have charts to the top of Australia and we've collected all our accumulating items from Victoria); shopping (where I have finally realised that the process of shopping is one of the most tiring activities I now undertake); and a trip to the launderette (the result of which is the welcome long forgotten softness under feet of our rug and Tiger is a happy cat; he has his rug back).



Tiger gets his rug back!

The Dell Laundrette

The Dell Laundrette is within easy walking distance of the public Jetty at Southport and has three size washing machines: 9kg, 12kg, and 15kg with dryers of an equally generous size. The seating is not as comfortable as the upholstered tub chairs we encountered in Geelong but the business has vending machines for coffee and soft drinks. There are also computer terminals for your use if you get bored waiting for your load to wash or dry. And, if you want to set up an account, you can pay for your load via your mobile phone!



A small jump North

Bums Bay to Dux Anchorage

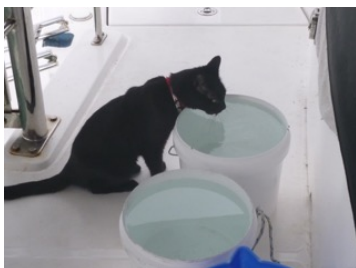
18th March 2016

We finally left Bums Bay and our first stop was a short one; an hour anchored just inside the Gold Coast Seaway entrance north of Wave Break Island. We wanted an area with good tidal flow close to the entrance in order to make some water. Whilst this was happening I hauled up the bridle, which I had discovered when I raised the anchor, had fallen off, and had been hanging lifeless in the murky water. The algae buildup was incredible and I spent the next hour in the hot sun scrubbing off the soft, but thick, layer of green slime. Clearly there was a good load of nutrients here as there was some calcification that looked like the start of barnacles soundly holding on as well. These I also duly scrubbed off.

We continued north, past Tipplers Anchorage and ended up just north of this in Dux Anchorage, outside the Southport Yacht Club facility on South Stradbroke Island. The anchorage was, thankfully quiet, only having six other boats; all of which were flying the Southport Yacht Club burgee (flag).

We spent the next day on general clean up duties, predominantly scrubbing the aft cockpit cushions clean, although with the cats, I don't expect them to stay clean long.

Cilla sampled all the bucket collected fresh rainwater before I got to use it.



Defrosting Fridges on F Arm; Coomera

20th March 2016

Our fridge had been playing up in various guises for a while and we finally made an appointment with a fridge technician to get the unit checked out. The easiest way to hook up was to go back up the Coomera River to The Boat Works.

We left the Dux anchorage reasonably early and, thankfully, arrived at The Boat Works in calm winds.

This time we made sure we had a t-head berth booked and after a very comfortable docking on the end of F arm, Andrew settled down to watch the Melbourne Grand Prix; reminding us that this time last year we were bobbing off a public mooring at Williamstown, Port Phillip Bay, Victoria, cursing as we lost signal to our changing direction and passing tankers. Fortunately there were no such calamities here and Andrew enjoyed an uninterrupted telecast. We finished the night by inviting *Shining Light*, *Ultimate I* and *Bach & Byte* over for sundowners.

21st March 2016

Having defrosted the fridge overnight, the unit was ready to show the fridge technician when he arrived at the beginning of the working day. Our original plan had been to replace the seals, as air was clearly getting into the unit (we assumed it was through the seals), and frosting up the freezer ceiling almost instantaneously after any defrosting had been done. A new seal had been ordered from the manufacturer in Italy but they had sent the wrong size and rather than

wait another two weeks for the correct size to be shipped, the technician had a colleague in the area who produced the same profiles. Fortunately he had a good look at the fridge before we pulled the seal off as, on second thoughts, he decided that the profiles may not fit in the facias as well as originally thought. I had mould growing around the edge of the seals; a phenomenon that was only noticeable after the last defrost, and we were told that our seals were compacted. The suggested remedy to try first was a good clean and a bit of heat treatment. So after I scrubbed the seals with a water vinegar mix using an old toothbrush, we left the drawers in the sun so the seal could become pliable and able to be massaged back into its original, non-compacted shape. The other potential (joint) culprit of our woes was a hole in the back of the fridge where the drainage tube ran out and this was letting in quite a bit of air. After we got back from an extended shopping trip, we reshaped the seals (now delightfully warm after having been in the sun for several hours), blocked the hole at the back, reassembled the fridge, and hoped that would fix it.

22nd March

We took an extra day tied up at The Boat Works to take the opportunity to complete a couple of extra little projects. Andrew spent the morning drilling a hole in the top of the aft cockpit so we could install an aerial. Drilling holes into fiberglass is fraught with danger if you don't know what you are doing but he did a stellar job, poised on the edge behind the main sheet. I continued with cleaning the front cockpit cushions and we took another opportunity to stock up on food

The strange things you see around Southport:



Jacobs Well

23rd March 2016

As usual we left The Boat Works early but not until after we'd used the opportunity, whilst being tied up to a dock, to mark every 5 meters of the anchor chain with coloured cable ties (loom straps). This hopefully will allow me to work out more quickly how much chain I am putting down, or more specifically, how much anchor chain I have yet to pull up.

Our initial plan was to start heading north from here, and we were originally trying to hook up with two other boats (*Joule* and *Kia Orana*) in Morton Bay over Easter. Unfortunately we hadn't yet organized the additional electrical work we wanted, and as the chosen contractor was Gold Coast based, we didn't wish to move too far north before the inevitable retreat south to get the works done after the long weekend.

Our first thought was to head back to the Dux Anchorage but after being in contact with *Kereru* (a *Hardin 45* ketch we had met at Maryborough) over the previous few days via email we knew that their intended destination was Jacobs Well, and as it was only a couple of nautical miles farther on we headed for a rendezvous! Having got to Jacobs Well we took a couple of goes at setting the anchor. The first one set but as we thought we were a

bit too close to an adjacent houseboat we moved further north. The second go didn't set and we wondered whether we had tried the same patch as the unfortunate boat at the side of the channel— see photo below — The third go set nicely and here we stayed for the next week. After lunch and a bit of a rest, we then headed out for an afternoon explore of the town, picking up *Kereru's* crew on the way. We strolled the main street in a matter of minutes. It is not a very big place.



The Also Rans

24th March 2016

I spent the morning finishing off scrubbing the front cockpit cushions and pulling the loose cotton off the remaining couch towels. I read a little bit in between but scrubbing cushions takes

Jacobs Well

The township of Jacobs Well, consists of a tavern, pharmacy, IGA, bottle shop, bakery, (the butcher seems to have gone out of business), a few cafes, a vet and a couple of real estate agents. There is also a VMR, a caravan park and a couple of bait shops. The boat ramp seems popular, especially on weekends, and the car park was always full.

Just to the south of the township, on the south side of Harrigans Creek is a marina estate, Calyso Cove. For around half a million dollars you can still buy waterfront property. Harrigan's Irish Pub, in the marina estate is an impressive looking building and has water access from the main channel and inside the marina.

time. I also did a bit of drawing for the first time in months – but I will probably need to go back to the book to catch up as I am still drawing out of proportion. I guess I just need more practice.

For dinner we went with *Kereru* to the Jacobs Well Tavern. Thursday night is Parma Night and we thought we'd just be offered the normal concoction of chicken, sauce, ham and cheese with chips and a salad for \$16. Instead, however, we found a whole menu full of 'parma' varieties. I've never seen so many variations on offer and I settled on a RUDOLF – cranberry sauce, brie cheese, ham and tasty cheese. Quite indulgent.

Thursday night is also Trivia Night. Entry is free and the game is played with the help of a television screen and multiple-choice answers. You answer by pressing a button on a little remote control. The winners were 6000 points in front of us but we came a respectable second. The only issue we had was from where we were sitting (which wasn't that far away from the screens) we couldn't hear the questions that were based on music, or film clips, as the sound was not clear...so had we actually heard the music and the film clips, who knows, we may have come home with the first prize. Perhaps some other time. All in all it was a great night and we came home over a very calm waterway to be greeted by the very friendly, and hungry, midges.

Up the creek (with a couple of paddles)

25th March 2016

We went kayaking with *Kereru* this morning; across the channel, around a small island and back again, finally exploring a couple of inlets on the western side of Kangaroo Island. We haven't been kayaking for a very long time and it was great. Yes, the kayak still had steering issues if we didn't fully synchronise but it was very pleasant, the only real challenges being both crossings over the Main Channel, either avoiding the powerboats and jet-skis that were shooting along here, or trying not to get tipped over in their subsequent bow waves. The birdlife seen included Eastern curlews (migratory), pelicans, great egrets, lapwings, whistling kites and one white-faced heron. The longer inlet on Kangaroo Island had a sunken boat – but no obvious kangaroos. After a quick coffee on *Kereru* we came back to Sengo where I scrubbed the front cockpit of coagulated dirt and cat hair to await *Kereru's* arrival back for dinner and Mexican Train dominos. It was a great day.



Horizon Shores Marina

26th March 2016

We headed north this morning, in the tinnie, to the Horizon Shores marina, located by land approximately half way between Brisbane and the Gold Coast and about two nautical miles up the waterway from Jacob's Well. The marina is in two sections; one older than the other and some un-refurbished dying pontoons can be seen to one side. Some of the berths are owned and some can only be leased. There is a slipway, but the travelift isn't big enough for us and as far as I can work out you need a car to get to any shopping services. There is a small café however that does a lovely smoked salmon salad. We met a 'local' (meaning he stores his boat here) and spent an interesting couple of hours learning about the history of the area and the marina. The story of the marina is a classic tale of boom and bust and it is currently into its second lot of Receivers.

The Market that never was.

27th March 2016

There is a largish banner outside the Jacobs Hill Tavern advertising a market; the last Sunday of every month from 0730 – 1230 and an invitation to have breakfast in the bistro. A market is always an interesting experience, as each one is different, so we thought it would be a lovely excursion to check this one out. We picked up *Kereru's* crew on the way and went ashore. The shore was busy. It was Easter Sunday – a public holiday and the first Sunday of the school holidays. There were people, boats, cars and boat trailers everywhere. There was however, no sign of a market. The only market type tent was inside the caravan park/camp ground protecting someone's breakfast table. As we got closer to the pub

the place was bare; silent; conspicuously lonely. The bistro was shut and there was no sign of life. Admittedly the advertising flyers on the back of the toilet doors in the Tavern had been also asking for stallholders but we didn't expect 'nothing'. Perhaps because it was Easter Sunday they weren't running it – but it would have been nice to know – and don't leave the banner out the front!

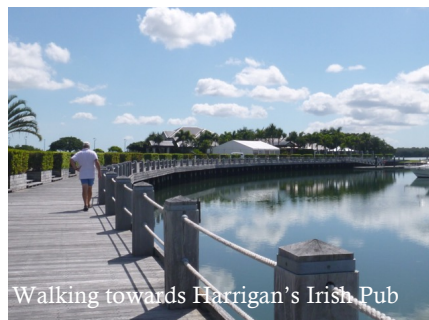
Foiled in that exercise we went for a short stroll instead, finding ourselves at the waters/mangrove edge in front of some houses. There is not much at Jacobs Well to explore that we can tell so we headed back into 'town' for morning tea.

The afternoon was spent, as usual, tidying up Sengo as I am still trying to allocate space to items that came out from under one of the beds so I have room for food stocks. The evening was spent hosting *Kereru* and finishing our game of Mexican Train dominos.

Harrigan's at Calypso Cove

28th March 2016

Calypso Cove is a developing Canal Estate just to the south of Jacobs Well. It has its own 24 hour gym for residents, a gift shop and there apparently will be a café at some stage. Pimpana, a town just off the motorway is apparently only 15 minutes away by car and has most services. The main attraction of this place for us, exploring in the tinnie, was Harrigan's Irish Pub. The lovely, large modern building is situated with access from the marina, the road, and the main channel. Like Jacobs Well Tavern, it has its share of theme nights to attract the locals, although we didn't time it right for the trivia night (on a Monday). There were lunch-time specials



Walking towards Harrigan's Irish Pub

but a morning coffee outside under the verandah was enough to satisfy us. There was no nice little tit bit to eat though – they only supply desert, which is expensive. Harrigan's is convenient to get to, the visitor's berth inside the marina allows for several small boats up to 8 meters and the pontoon outside the marina on the main channel is apparently 30 meters long.



View across Broadwater from Harrigan's



Harrigan's visitor berths inside marina area

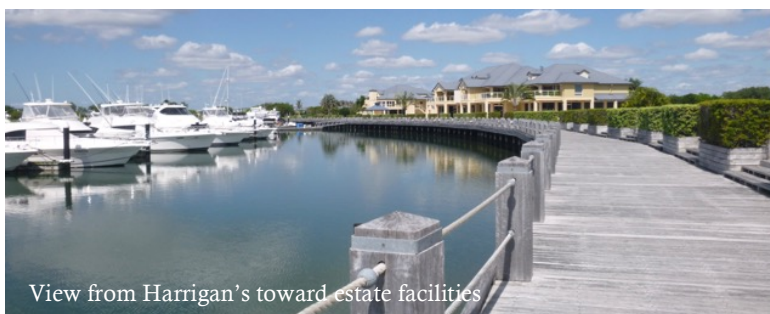
Final Days of March

Polishing and cleaning – a never-ending task

The final days of March were spent on another rust round of the stanchions and polishing the fiberglass hull; the well between the gunwale and the decks, the top of the gunwale, the top part of the freeboard, and the back facia of Sengo.

Not that I wanted to be rude, but I was even that keen on getting these polishing jobs done that I cut short a conversation with a local crabber. Poor fellow, he probably only wanted a chat - but I knew if I had engaged the man in the tinnie who was drifting off the back of Sengo at 0730 that I would lose the enthusiasm for what I was doing. The days were heating up early, and whilst I was working in the shade at that moment, I knew the next task would be in the sun. He'd obviously been watching us – as his comment regarding 'a women's work is never done,' and that he'd seen me doing this the day before (I corrected him by confirming I was polishing the stanchions the day before) probably meant he was on one of the houseboats in the anchorage. I didn't really engage in the passing boat that afternoon either, a few honks of the horn had got my attention but all I did was a cursory wave and a momentary look up from the polishing of the decks. And I didn't immediately recognise the boat, although I suspect they recognised us; as usually a wave and a hoi is all you get from strangers.

The polishing was done in three stages; cleaning, applying and rubbing off; This meant I worked three goes down the length of each side of Sengo. It was quite exhausting!



View from Harrigan's toward estate facilities