

Aboard Sengo

August 2016

Cairns

Cairns was our base for August and we anchored in Trinity Inlet both at the start and at the end of the month. The priorities were victualing and socialising but we got to explore the town a bit as well.

3

Port Douglas

Initially popping into Port Douglas for some rigging work, we ended up staying ten days.

5

Back to the Reef

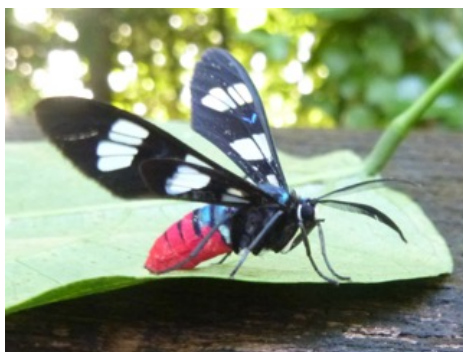
Finally the weather calmed down enough for us to venture out into the Reef again. It was good to be back.

11



Here in 'Far North Queensland'.....

Bats, booms and black snow. This month has definitely been a mixture of work and play; there was plenty of maintenance to do on the boat but plenty of cultural and natural places to explore as well.



This little beastie greeted us as we were walking to the bar. Beautifully coloured but I don't like the look of his stinger.



Sunset from Fitzroy Is



Secret Garden Walk



View from Nudie Beach



View from Nudie Beach

Fitzroy Island

1st August 2016

The first of August wasn't a good day for sailing. Our farewell committee crossing the Johnston River Bar consisted of a pair of swallows (one circling the boat and one sitting on the tinnie engine) who eventually headed for home as we made deeper water. We had made the crossing with relative ease (at the top of high tide) but discovered there was less wind than we expected and motor-sailed north for three hours before giving up, dropping the sails and motoring the rest of the way to Fitzroy Island.

Fitzroy Island has an area of 339 hectares, most of which is National Park and like a few of the islands we have stopped at, this island has a resort; which is still operational but most of it is out of bounds to non-guests. However, there is a hire shop at the jetty and Foxy's bar (food available) which is open to all comers; and there are quite a few of those as several companies run ferries multiple times a day from Cairns Marlin Marina across to the island for snorkeling, diving and other activities.

Unless you are very close to the shore here, the anchorage is quite deep and we were concerned with our swinging circle once we had laid a comfortable amount of chain out. A mono-hull lay to our north and when we lined up with the tide (the wind was variable and oscillated with the tide as to which was strongest) we could see the faces in the cockpit of the other crew who were having their afternoon drinks.

Confident we were secure (although clearly close) we decided we were happy to step off board when *Aquabar* (a Fontaine Pajot catamaran we had met in Rosslyn Bay in November last year) invited us to drinks at Foxy's Bar to watch the sun go down.

2nd August 2016

After morning coffee on board *Aquabar* we went for a couple of short strolls on land; The Secret Garden track (an enchanting track through dappled rainforest up to an elevated platform) and the Nudie Beach Track. (an undulating track around the island to Nudie Beach). I was stunned to find a staff member (National Park or resort?) using a leaf blower to blow the fallen leaves off the track. I mean really – this is a national park – and a blower is so environmentally unfriendly.

After lunch we set sail for Cairns. Another motor sail. The wind was at precisely the wrong angle for us to get a good sail straight across to Trinity Inlet, although we did try the genoa up for a while. We were, of course, just being lazy.

Cairns

We popped into Cairns twice in August. The first time we anchored upstream of the pile moorings opposite the Navy; a convenient yet noisy location. When we returned to Cairns, after our sojourn to Port Douglas and the reef, we anchored in a much quieter spot, upstream from the Coconut Slipway. This however meant a long twenty-minute tinnie ride to town.



Days anchored at Cairns were often overcast and windy.

During our time in town we re-aquainted with cruisers we had met previously, introduced ourselves to cruisers we had been following up and down the coast but hadn't actually met, and ingratiated ourselves with a few of the locals; I mean, who better to get the local gossip from - on everything from services to anchoring spots. One of the useful pieces of information is that this area has a reputation for poor holding; the area just opposite the marina apparently often has 'ships (yachts) that go bump in the night', the central parts of the creeks upstream of Trinity Inlet are unlikely to have much sediment on their bottom due to heavy tidal flow and the holding is better toward the edge of the river-ways, probably because there is more mud for the anchor to actually 'hold' in.

Cairns 3rd to 8th August 2016

3rd and 4th August 2016.

On 3rd of August we tied the tinnie to the 'dingy dock' at the marina and headed out to have a look around town; we had a chat with the marina, an inspection of the local shopping centre, took a bus trip to Whitworths and back and generally strolled the streets. The 4th of August was a day on board – cleaning and clothes washing mainly.

5th August 2016.

Whilst the wind is the obvious factor that dictates our movements, sometimes other issues get in the way. The morning had started windy, and technically there was a strong wind warning out for the weather zone but today seemed to be the best of the forecast days for the next week. The sun was shining and it was quite hot out of the wind. The plan was to take the opportunity, when the wind dropped (which it did to a certain extent), to get in the tinnie and head upstream to explore the Inlet.

However, the morning's strong-ish winds had done their damage and the small boat to the south of us off our port bow had lost her footing. No one was on board and she slowly crept backward. At her forecast trajectory she was going to slide past Sengo with a few meters to spare but we were taking no chances. I fendered up the port side and we kept a

Rustys Markets



very close eye on her. Fortunately her owners did come back but it was mid afternoon by the time they appeared. The upside of this was that we didn't have to worry about what to do with her, the downside to this was that it was too late to go exploring.

6th August 2016

A strong wind warning was still valid for 6th August but according to Met-Eye, Cairns was going to miss most of it, although by the time we had finished our sojourn to town the wind felt as if she was picking up and she was officially gusting to 17 knots. The day consisted of dropping off some recycling (yay, we had a couple of month's worth); exploring *Rusty's Market* (predominantly fruit and vegie stalls open Friday Saturday and Sunday); morning tea at '*A Few Tea House*', Sheridan Street (gluten free and Vegan food); and a visit to the Regional Gallery (free this day to get in, with local indigenous artists featured in many (modern and contemporary) styles depicting stories of fantasy, legend, stolen generations and climate change (as well as some fantastic creative masks (huge) by Tony Cedar in the loft – see adjacent)) . We were also introduced to spectacled bats, strolled through the Esplanade market and watched the water birds as the tide went out. We got back to the boat at 1530.

The 7th and 8th August were spent on board; cleaning, polishing, washing, scrubbing, scanning and shredding.



Above: Work from Toby Cedar; a Torres Strait Island artist

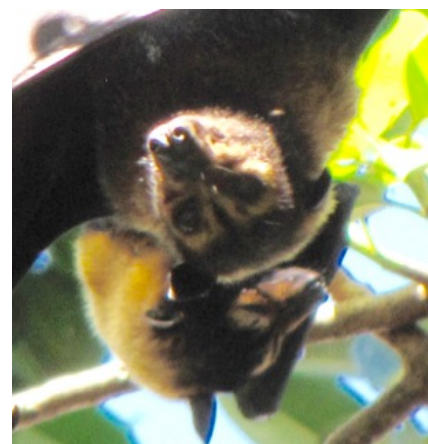


Spectacled Bats

Spectacled bats are listed as vulnerable Federally but do not yet seem to have enough relevant Queensland State protection. Because of this I have read that the Novatel hotel and the new aquarium developers have managed to get permission to knock down several of the rare roosting trees of these lovable creatures (One, apparently was heritage listed!). Fortunately other sites around town with roosting trees now have

information boards letting the public know about these rare beasts and how to treat them. Unfortunately the loss of habitat trees in central Cairns has meant the mammals have had to find alternate accommodation and have moved into the suburbs, creating issues for residents. It is claimed

that bats play a significant role in the health of ecosystems and we seem to be, on behalf of our capitalistic greed, destroying them. I have always loved macro bats and it was great seeing these guys just hanging around (literally) on their roosting tree on in the city.



Port Douglas

9th to 19th August 2016

In the forty thousand or so books (or so it seemed) that I got rid of before this little adventure, I had one entitled 'Ghost Towns of Australia' by George Farewell; the original edition of which was printed in 1965 (before I was born). In it was a chapter on Port Douglas. At that time the town's description depicted a sad and lonely place that had once been so prominent; a few holiday homes owned by country farmers were the newest buildings of the time. Now, you can't move for tourists. If nothing of the old town remained in 1965 it certainly doesn't remain now. The 1911 and 1934 cyclones took their toll and a very busy exporting town soon declined when Cairns took over the shipping of sugar. An excerpt of the book is online.

Heritage interpretation boards are scattered around town outside old buildings and prominent locations, highlighting the town's social and natural history. The heritage museum is situated in the Old Court House and despite being here for over a week we didn't get a chance to check it out.

Up the creek - The moods of Dickson's Inlet

We had good winds for our 33 nautical mile sail to Port Douglas, arriving just after lunch. Our anchorage in Dickson's Inlet was sand fly city if there was no wind but it was otherwise quite pleasant. We managed to find a suitable anchoring spot in the first reach beyond the trawler wharf – there was really only one spot available- and interestingly I heard later that someone thought we were too big to anchor up there. We were definitely the odd boat out being a big new cat versus much older monohulls. The next couple of reaches around had less boats, mostly older monohulls, a coupe of older cats and a coupe of wrecked hulls loitering around along the edges of the mangroves .



We spent three nights anchored in the reach of Dickson's Inlet before heading into the Reef Marina for some work on the boom. We were gratefully assisted in by *Exocet Strike* (an English boat heading for Darwin to re-hook-up with the ARC around the world rally and whose skipper I had met the day before in the rigging shop) and *Indigo* (a Port Douglas catamaran charter yacht whose crew I had met in Coomera in March). After the rigger had completed his work we decided we would stay in the marina for the rest of the week and avoid the strong winds outside.

Lookout Hill Lighthouse



Built in 1878, the original Port Douglas lighthouse was replaced after being knocked over in the 1911 cyclone. The actual light now shines from a communications tower further up the hill. Access is via a small foot track as you climb the hill heading for the Flagstaff Hill Lookout



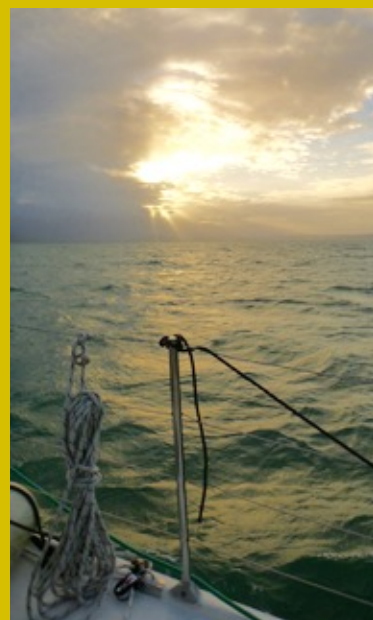
Flagstaff Hill Lookout

My first advice is to TAKE A CAR! Whilst the walk is perfectly doable there is a lot of up and it certainly gives you a cardio workout. Of course we didn't have our walking sticks and it was the day I left the water bottle back at the boat!

The access is via bitumen road but there are plans to create a walking track around the peninsular with a side track up to the lookout.

WAGS

'Wednesday Afternoon Gentleman Sailing', an institution at many sailing clubs, means different things to different people but is essentially a casual afternoon/evening 'on the water' before retiring to the local 'watering hole' for after event activities. The 'local watering hole' is usually the yacht club where the event was organised but can include a local pub if the event has impromptu origins offered by some skippers to the local backpackers and tourists; like we know at one particular Queensland Island. It is a social sail, with or without a course, constituting a 'race', or not, and often only a wander out into the ocean to watch the sunset before retiring back to a mooring or anchoring location. Down south, in chilly Victoria, WAGS doesn't exist in some of the city yacht clubs; the Wednesday night sail is as serious a competition as the Saturday racing. I do have to laugh at Port Douglas Yacht Club though –they have somehow thought they need to become politically correct – and WAGS has become WAGLS (Wednesday afternoon Gentleman and Ladies Sailing). Really people – I thought the whole idea is that it is NOT supposed to be serious! We actually got invited out on two boats for the Port Douglas WAG(L)S. However *Mambare Bay* decided they had a couple of issues that shouldn't be pushed so in the end she didn't go out. We ended up on *Indigo*. The wind was pleasant and there were only a couple of unexpected waves due to the swell. Dinner afterward was at the Port Douglas Yacht Club. It was a great evening.



Tiger 'Takes the Air'... or rather 'the Air Takes Tiger.'

Back in ye olden days, to 'take the air' meant going for a short stroll outside. However, this has nothing to do with my meaning here. Putting it bluntly Tiger's stomach wasn't processing his food as it should have been and we were, quite frankly, having trouble with the daily grind. I wasn't panicking too much as he was eating normally and as we were heading in to the marina for some works anyway I would endeavour to get him to the vet then. There are no vets in Port Douglas and gratefully *Indigo* came to our aid with regards to transport; and it was off to the vet in Mossman we went. The first diagnosis was that the poor mite had a blocked bladder (not brilliant as he has UTD and on prescription food for this sort of issue anyway) but after leaving him there to get x-rays, it turns out the 'cat's full of gas' (sounds like something a hippie in the sixties would say). If he was a balloon we would have stuck a needle in him and he would have popped but there was no quick deflation method available here... the poor bugger was drugged not only for the pain but to help pass the time as well ...so to speak...

Scrubbing the decks

- with a toothbrush.

I now have a greater appreciation for the crews of boats in days gone by on their hands and knees every shift scrubbing away in a concerted motion. Whilst clearly I don't have to keep timbers wet, getting the insipid little, micro milimeter back specs off the deck is something only physical contact can do; rain will just not wash this dirt away

Black Snow, Bowen Snow; there are several euphemisms but essentially the description refers to the small black spots that stick to the deck that originate from the smoke and ash of fires (the burning of cane fields is a regular source up here) or the dust from mined coal (or our experience in Bermagui where we had the soot from an adjacent fishing boat). I had spent hours (and hours) in Cairns scrubbing the decks to get them close to white again and you could really see the difference...until we got to Port Douglas. The Bally Hooley tourist train line runs from the Marina several times per day for an hour's round trip; running along where the old sugar cane train used to run. Usually, for six days per week the Mowbray engine pulls the carriages – The Mowbray is a diesel engine (as if this isn't bad enough). On Sunday's a steam engine pulls the carriages. (The original Bally Hooley was a steam engine). The station is next to the marina and for our time at the marina the diesel Mowbray was in for service -which meant the Bally Hooley steam train ran every day. What clean decks? After a week of steam and ash, the decks are dirty again and I am back to square one. Perhaps I ought to purchase some more toothbrushes!



Soot! Just before my Canon camera decided to play up again...



The Reef Marina

The Reef Marina is not the cheapest on the coast and in comparison to some, is also quite small. It is however friendly, has several restaurants on your doorstep (the marina deck) and you are right in the action if you want to party (at least we were, being so close to the brewery we needed earplugs until midnight on the Saturday night (The Friday night affair was calm in comparison and a was quiet by 2200).

The fuel dock is relatively easy to get to (you do have to maneuver yourself between two arms but there is plenty of space) the only stipulation is that you fuel up either before 0645 or after 1000, otherwise you will potentially be blocking the tourist boats from getting out of their pens.

Car hire is not cheap but there are plenty of car hire places.

Town is a short walk away with a reasonable sized Woolworths supermarket, several chemists, and the usual services of Post Office, doctor etc. Yes, it is a tourist town but it has a good feel. I enjoyed our stay at Port Douglas.

Coffee Break

The Reef Marina is a long building, a bit like a ships terminal, lined with the obligatory tourist shops and tour companies. Around the outside lie restaurants and the new Hemmingway Brewery. On the southwest corner in a triangular tenancy is Barbados. They do light meals (not cheap) but it is mainly a bar; with big bulbous cushion seating with rustic wooden coffee tables in between. On the outside of their tenancy they have gone that step extra and provided lounges. Admittedly it was a bit indulgent for a coffee break. The coffee machine is a portable trailer and only available during the day.



Markets – Wednesday and Sunday

The Port Douglas Sunday Market occupies the grassed area adjacent the old sugar wharf and consists of a large number of stalls with everything from fresh food, takeaway food, massage, skin products, clothes and all the other odds and ends you'd find in a coastal tourist town market. A lot of the goods are locally produced and I saw no second hand goods (apart from books) and no junk (depending on your definition). Andrew managed to pick up a couple of cotton Hawaiian shirts - the tourist shop shirts are synthetic. The Wednesday market in comparison is a tiny affair with a few stalls on the marina decking from 12pm to 6pm. Both markets run weekly.

Low Isles

20th – 22nd August 2016

The extraction from the Reef Marina, Port Douglas was a mixed affair. With help from the staff we headed out of the pen and around to the fuel dock where we tied up, again with the help of the staff, to fill the tanks. The hose was just long enough and we had to hold the top of the bungee on the fuel line so it wouldn't pull out of the tank's socket. However we could have gone to sleep as the fuel came out. After quite some time, maybe thirty seconds or so, we only had two (2) litres registering on the bowser. The marina manager found a fault light at a remote location and reset it. The fuel then flowed as it should have.

The trip out of the leads was a little lumpy. The lateral marks (port and starboard marks) have been moved recently and locals have found the bottom near the port mark to be extremely shallow. – some have found the bottom literally. The wind was SSE and had been for some time. Therefore the swell was also from that direction and a bit choppy – an awful shock for two delicate little stomachs; both of whom lost their breakfast.

The sail itself doesn't take long – the distance is around 8 nautical miles from Port Douglas - and we averaged around 6 knots using the genoa only. We anchored south of the tourist catamarans *Aquarius* and a *Sailaway* vessel but north of the huge *Wave Dancer*, a catamaran ketch. Despite Wave Dancer's roaring engine/generator noise (how to destroy the serenity) I could still hear the melodious calls of the varied honeyeaters on shore. After a light lunch we headed ashore for a brief walk around Low Island.



Note the osprey nest up the top.



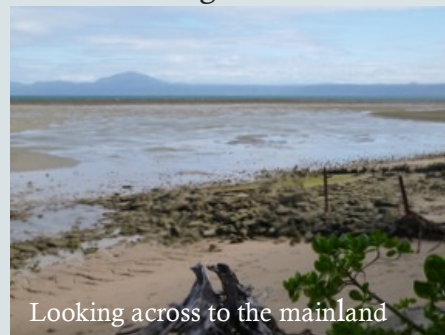
Low Island

Low Island

Low Island is a sand cay formed when debris was washed over a reef structure 5000-6000 years ago. The adjacent Woody Island (both these Islands make up the Low Isles) is listed as a mangrove island. The islands support a variety of vegetation species; which in turn support a variety of bird species. The bird list for our time at Low Isles is:

Varied honeyeater
Sacred kingfisher
Collard/mangrove kingfisher
Terns (several varieties)
Osprey
Sea eagle
Brown booby
Beach Stone Curlew
Silver Gulls

The Low Isles lighthouse was built in 1878 and was the first lighthouse in Far North Queensland. It was automated in 1993 and now runs entirely on solar power. In 1928 what is considered to be the first study of barrier reef coral took place by an international team based on the Low Isles. The reef here is dominated by 15 species of soft coral with 150 further species scattered throughout these.



Looking across to the mainland

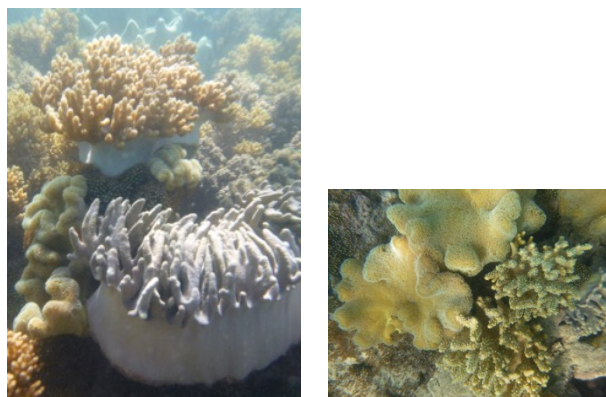


The Garden at Low Island

22nd August 2016

Snorkeling amongst the 'flowers'.

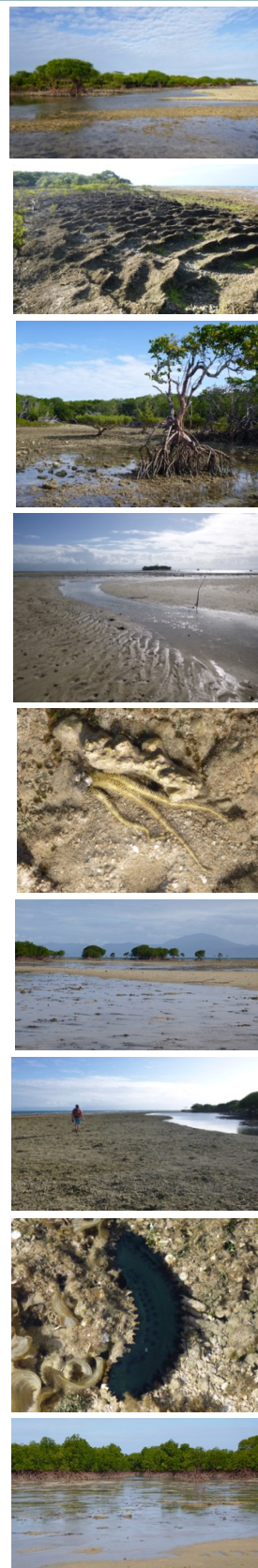
The day was warmer than the previous two and the wind lighter but the low tide later, and at around 3pm we headed across to join the masses snorkeling on the reef. Where the tourist boats landed was busy and cloudy but further around, closer in, was a lovely, predominantly yellow, garden; the shades ranging from browns to fluorescent sunshine held my view. The current was reasonably strong and I found myself fighting it at times. A couple of turtles were seen in the clouding water but not close enough to get wonderful pictures (not like my encounter at Lady Musgrave). Whist the fish species here were many and varied, the coral was definitely the highlight.



Woody Island – 21st August 2016

At low tide there is a sand bridge across from Low Island to Woody Island, (depending on the height of the tide) and we used this to gain access for a walk around Woody Island. We timed it so we left an hour before low tide and returned an hour after low tide so we could still get across without swimming. You do have to be careful where you put your feet though, it is not all dead coral; with live coral, shells, clams, starfish and the odd bigger animal to be avoided: blue spotted ray, eels, sand worms, toad fish. We had reef boots on: Andrew's boots had thicker souls than mine and therefore the walk didn't affect him as much.

Woody Island is listed as a mangrove island and so I assumed it to have a broad base of mud (as the basis of the dominant mangrove plant species) but after the initial section of sand we found the rest of the shore to be hardened, in some cases metamorphosed, coral. My shoes weren't very thick and whist this may have protected the ground, it didn't protect my feet; I had several sore spots when we returned. The Island is much bigger than Low Island (visually looks around sixteen times bigger) and is a significant breeding location for several bird species. As a result it is closed from 1st September through until 31st March every season.



The Reef

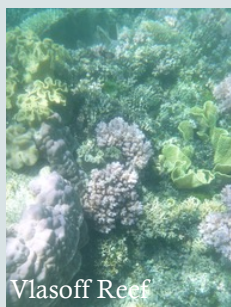
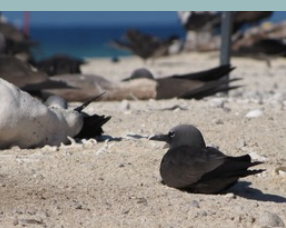
Michaelmas Cay - 23rd August 2016

Michaelmas Cay is a noisy, smelly, avian covered lump of sand twenty two nautical miles from Cairns and because of its bird breeding significance access is restricted to a very small portion of the cay to between 0930 and 1500. The reef off the cay is a popular tourist snorkeling spot and this small area can become quite crowded.

We actually picked up one of the two (only!) moorings here; the anchorage area is beyond a few large bommies and can be reasonably deep.

Residents of the island include common noddies, sooty turns, brown boobies, and the majestic bully the frigate bird (particular species not identified); their antics always a delight for us to watch but frustrating for the bird they are trying to steal food from

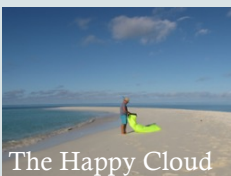
Clearly, at least one tour company has permission to feed the fish here as when I tried rinsing my goggles for our snorkeling run I found a group of curious batfish suddenly appeared. Bach at Sengo placement of the camera just under the water's edge off the back step had a similar result; batfish, and some much larger fish. One was that quick he raised himself out of the water and nipped me.



Vlasoff Reef



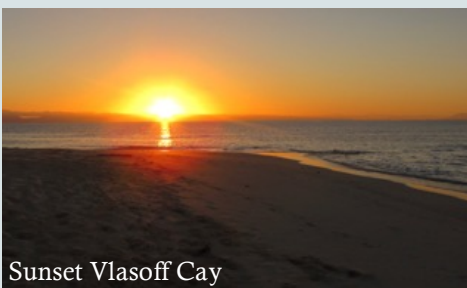
Vlasoff Reef



The Happy Cloud



Sundowners



Sunset Vlasoff Cay

Vlasoff Cay - 24th August 2016

Three nautical miles south of Michaelmas Cay is Vlasoff Cay; a much smaller, and uninhabited spit of sand surrounded by coral reef. When we arrived the water was glass and beautifully clear, there was no wind and the sand cay sat in the background – almost the idyllic tropical image. We took an hour to find a suitable spot to anchor and in the end inadvertently ended up in one of the easiest spots to get to; a large sand area in amongst the reef and bommies (as it turned out one the national parks boats turned up later in the afternoon to survey this very spot for a new mooring). *Arkaydes* and *Rene* joined us an hour later and after a snorkel we enjoyed a lovely falling of the sun (literally sundowners) on the isolated sand cay. Andrew and I got there first and made an attempt to set up our Happy Clouds for the first time. We must have looked a sight. A helicopter hovered over us a couple of times and at first I thought he might be wondering just what we were doing making large gesticulations through the air with brightly coloured pieces of material (I did wave), but on later thoughts he may have just wanted to land. We were there first – and he didn't quite come down low enough to signal his intentions. Andrew walked the extent of the island before we headed back to the boat in the fading light.

Cairns - 25th to 31st August

We sailed into Cairns just as the wind started to pickup and the forecast was for strong winds for the next week. When we finally set the anchor - upstream of Coconut Slipway and around two nautical miles from the Marlin Marina, we were glad of the protection of the hills. Over the next few days the wind oscillated from the 15- 20 knot mark during the day (gusting up to at least 25 knots further downstream toward town) to overnight calms. Unfortunately it wasn't calm enough in the light for us to attempt to get into the marina, and therefore catching up with friends from Melbourne had to be restricted to day time visits; as a largish croc had been sunning himself on an adjacent bank to Sengo and we certainly weren't going to start playing around with moving about in the dark.

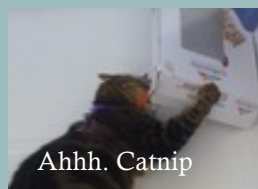
On the last day of August it was time to celebrate. After cleaning up the maggots (see below) we caught up with our friend, [Russell Boon](#) who has just had his latest book published: '*Think, Decide Act; How to Make Effective Decisions Fast Using Emergency Protocols*'. Coffee was at the café at Wharf 1 at the Cruise Ship Terminal, lunch in town and afternoon tea at the Botanic Gardens.....



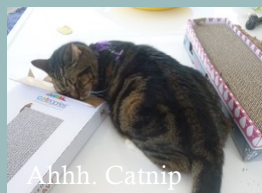
Russell with his new publication

One Happy Cat.

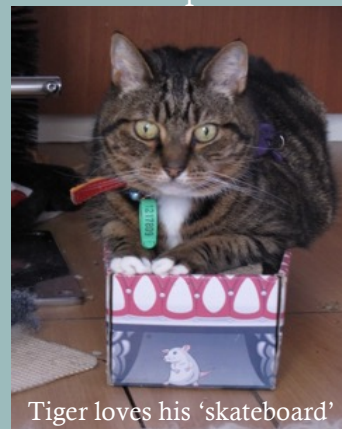
Having not been able to find the fill-ins for the cardboard horizontal scratching post at the 'pet superstores' (I had been told they were no longer made) I went in search of a kmart where a friend had said they had a similar concept, yet different shaped item of compressed cardboard- a nested three-tiered step of an infill. Stockland had no kmart - but did have a Big W, where I found a product similar to the one I was originally looking for; self-contained in a cardboard box and twice the size I needed. As Tiger loves his 'skateboard' as we have dubbed it, I cut the new piece in half and each piece fits nicely in our original base. Of course, he was more interested in the box it came in first; I'd forgotten to take out the cat nip!



Ahhh. Catnip



Ahhh. Catnip



Tiger loves his 'skateboard'

Maggots for Morning Tea - 31st August 2016

On our top step to the helm was a bucket. In this bucket was our food scraps. It is also where Andrew puts the spent coffee grinds before making himself a new cup of coffee. This morning, he'd accidentally knocked the edge of the 'compost' container and quite a few of the of the grinds had headed toward the cockpit floor. Blocking their way was a big blue towel draped over 4.5 pallets of cat food that I had purchased in Innisfail. Simple, I thought. I would just pick up the towel and flick it over the side, as the coffee spill seemed to be contained on top of it. When I went to reinstate it over the pallets (which were wrapped in plastic and the towel was blocking Tiger from chewing the plastic, some sort of strange fetish that he has), I thought I had better just make sure I had got all the grinds. To cut a long story short, after inspecting the pallets I found one of the bottom pallets had a one smashed and several severely dented cans in it; these would have been damaged when we picked them up, we just hadn't noticed them. The opened can was oozing rotten cat food, was crawling with maggots and had small flying insects and their cocoons all over it; not to mention the mouldy, wet, rotten cardboard it was sitting on..



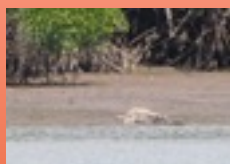
Whale Count

The drought has finally broken and we have seen whales from the deck of Sengo, admittedly they were still some distance away. Two small pods graced us with their presence from the Low Isles to Michaelmas Cay; the first traveling parallel to us along the coast, the second crossing our path. We were an hour early for the birth of a calf at the entrance to the reef lagoon around Michealmas Cay on the 23rd August and haven't as some of our fellow cruisers have, had the majestic beasts swim under us.

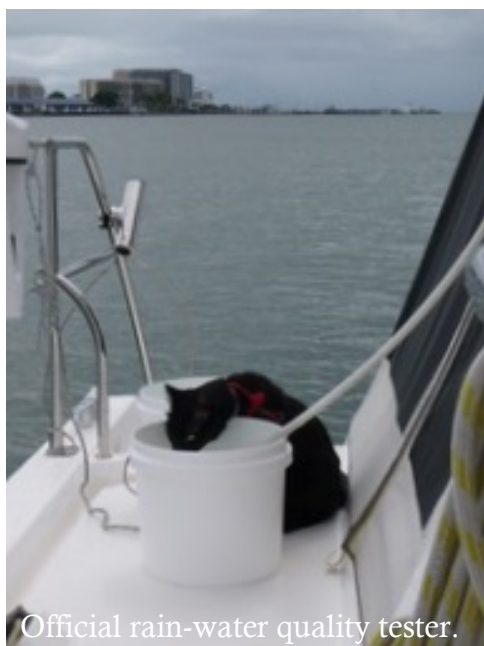
Whale Count for August: 6 (2x 3 individuals)

Croc count

At the start of last month Andrew and I wondered when we would see our first croc. He said Hinchinbrook and I said Port Douglas; it was actually about half way in between these but inland and not whist we were aboard Sengo. That has changed. Anchored up Trinity Inlet we see our first Mr Snappy from the deck; the guess is around 3 meters in length (we had been told by the locals there were a few 2.5 meter plus individuals about). Apparently they bark and sound like deep throated dogs and we will hear them. Andrew spotted this one by realising that suddenly there was a big log on the bank that hadn't been there before.



Crocodile Count for August: One



Winners and losers

Winners

Camera – My Cannon Camera is having conniptions again. She seized up this time just after I had taken a photograph of the steam train so I guess it was ash/soot that blocked her retraction action and not sand. She has since decided she will work again.

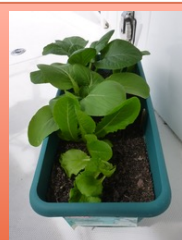
Hull – Whilst we were in a marina (and therefore relatively stable) in Port Douglas, I took the opportunity to have a good go at polishing Sengo. Whist I didn't get all of her done, I made great inroads. Hopefully I will finish polishing her in September.

Boom – Repairs to the missing rivets were made by the 'local' rigger (who happens to be based in Port Douglas). We are confident of using it with full sail and strong winds now.

Tiger – Tiger is very happy we have reinstated his 'skateboard' scratching post (and refreshing his supply of cat nip).

Losers

Thankfully, I am not sure there are any losers this month.



Our first crop; asian greens and lettuce. I thought I'd better take a photo of this pot before Tiger sampled it all!