

Aboard Sengo

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August 2017

'Prop'erly attired

A new experience for
Sengo

5

Ruby Falls

Frolicking in fresh water

13

Dugong Bay and Horizontal Falls

Visiting both wet
and dry waterfalls

17



Banyan Creek

Along the West Kimberley Coast

A little bit of sightseeing,
a little bit of socialising
and a little bit of medical
attention.



August was a comparatively social month for Sengo and we met and spent time with seven private boats; which is a lot considering we'd only seen around a dozen private boats for the entire trip so far from Darwin

Provisioning skills were evaluated. Our food supplies lasted the distance (we had bought some extra emergency tins), but it was especially thanks to some generous fellow cruisers who shared their catch, on more than one occasion, that we were able to continue our journey past the 12 weeks of allocated supplies that we had. Other items proved a mixed bag. We had judged well with toiletries (not bad considering during our caravan trip for the wet season we didn't use any of our own and our estimation of quantities had to be re-guessed). Cat food lasted because I bought plenty but quantity of each type was a mixed bag as Cilla wasn't eating as much as she should and Tiger eating a bit more than estimated.

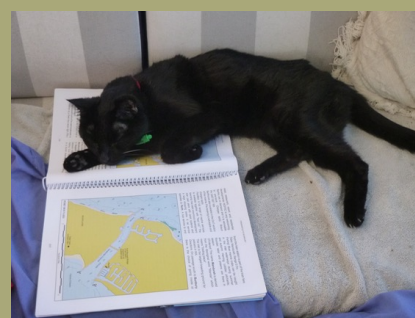
The biggest challenge however was cat litter. Because the consumption was based on historic use, I had failed to take into consideration the consumption based on a change in diet. In short, we were going to run short if we didn't do something drastic (they haven't been weaned onto sand and it would have been hard to get anyway). As disgusting as it may sound, we ended up recycling cat litter; washing used paper and reusing it once it had dried out. Not ideal but it got us through.

The Western Kimberley coast is not as well patronized as the east (here are less 'advertised' accessible aboriginal art sites and waterfalls), apart from a couple of exceptions; Kings Cascades at the Prince Regent River is well known (usually however a spring tide exercise and we didn't quite make it) - and then there is Horizontal Falls. This was the busiest place visited by far with tourist boats popping in, unloading their guests for a two to four hour experience and then motoring off into the distance again as the two or three more commercial operators anchored nearby. Not to mention the constant comings and goings of four seaplanes and two helicopters (and those don't include the tourist boats that have their own).

We finished the month departing Cygnet Bay Pearl Farm, having enjoyed the first cappuccino we'd had in three months and reveling over the fact someone else was making our lunch. We were only a few days out from Broome and the end of our 2017 Kimberley Cruise.



This journey planning business – with charts and guidebooks – is such exhausting work!





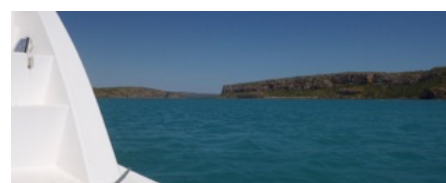
Careening Bay

A good sail but....

1st August 2017 - Careening Bay to Hanover Inlet.

Originally we had been planning on heading toward the Prince Regent River today, a long narrow river between the Prince Regent Nature Reserve, known amongst other things for its Kings Cascade Waterfalls. Like the Hunter and Mitchell River's it has extensive sand flats and drying areas at its outer confluence and a making tide is needed to traverse upstream. Of course if it was only sand it would be straight forward but the bottom of this river is also strewn with rocks and there is comment that at a certain point if the reef is more than one meter out of the water you will not make it to a safe anchorage in time. Because the most likely time to go up this river, to give you the most time to ride the rising tide, is a spring tide, we were going to have to wait another four days before entering. Not that this was necessarily a problem; we were here to explore the area anyway. However, upon re-reading my guidebook, I discovered the river is effectively listed as part of the Nature Reserve Biosphere and needs a permit for access. I had a permit to access certain spots of the adjacent aboriginal land on the other side of the river but not the Reserve, and therefore not the river itself. We also noted that the guide book we had only had a chartlet for the western section of the river and not the eastern section that describes the most popular anchorage. Resolving to perhaps do the Prince Regent River next time we come to the Kimberley, we decided instead to head for Hanover Inlet at the

bottom of Hanover Bay on the western side to the access of Prince Regent River area. As it was **Winston** had also decided this destination and both boats left Careening Bay after the morning change in tide to take advantage of the tidal flow. This meant we were traversing an un-surveyed area at low tide and whilst we both got through, at one point we only had 1.9 meters under the hull. The wind looked promising at first but became light and fickle (and from the wrong direction) as we headed into unknown water, and it was necessary to have the motors on. After passing Bat Island however, now back into surveyed territory, we were able to turn them off, and whilst the wind angle wasn't brilliant (meaning we did a lot of tacking) we were able to sail all the way into the anchorage area (down the bay with 9 knots). It had been a good day. It had been a good sail. It was a pity it wasn't a good anchoring! The first issue occurred when the anchor chain got caught in the anchor locker before there was enough chain out to hit the bottom - we were anchoring in around ten meters of water. That was sorted (with a hammer!), and the anchor was reloaded. We were releasing it again when I missed the ten meter mark call on the chain (we always put a mark on the plotter at this point) and then didn't get a response from Andrew. This was because he was having trouble with direction and himself wasn't getting a response from the port prop. We eventually got the chain out, without our usual due diligence in setting it and turned the engines off. Everything seemed to be working from the top of the engine...but what was down below? Too late to worry about it this evening, we headed off to sundowners on **Winston**.



Just when we needed Careening Bay?

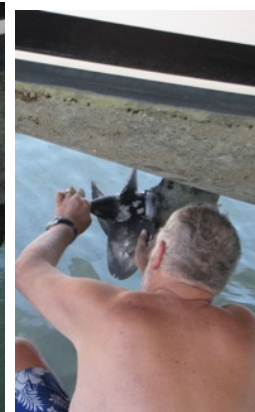
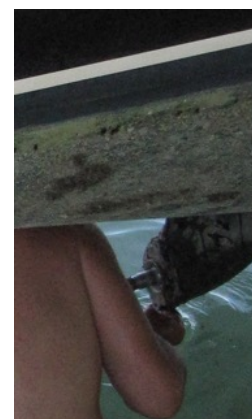
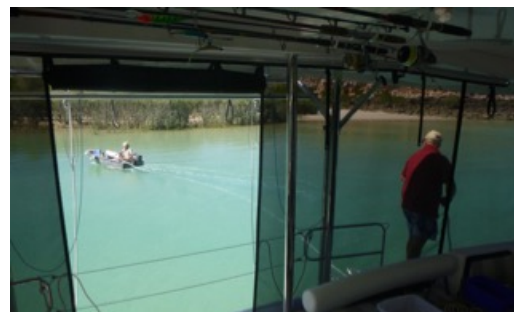
2nd August 2017. We dusted off the Go Pro this morning, charged it, put it on the end of a pole and sent it underwater. There was a good reason why Andrew wasn't getting a response from the port prop yesterday – it wasn't there! It was working yesterday morning, we didn't hit anything and the prop is moused on...we have no idea why it fell off. However at this point I am very thankful we are in an anchorage with other boats.

Winston had some ideas of how we were going to beach Sengo – and they were discussed over morning coffee. Investigation of a couple of beaches ensued before lunchtime and a plan was formulated. Because of the state of the tide we won't technically be out of the water – there will be water lapping at the keels (and around Andrew's feet) but hopefully we have scheduled the time that enough tide goes out to get done what we need to.

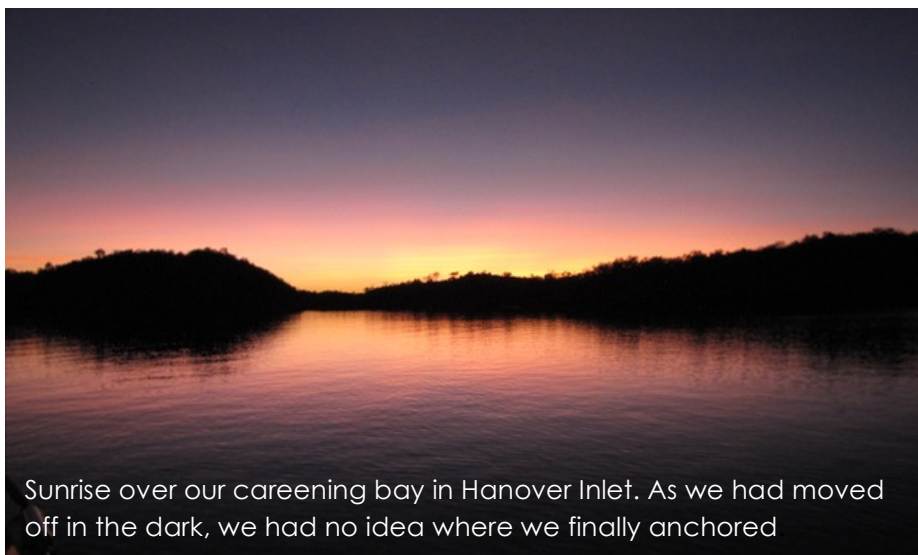
After lunch we went exploring in the finnie – around One Tree Island and up the gorge and creek that come off Hanover Inlet. Back at boat, the spare prop was extricated from storage, anodes were prepared just in case we got time and we geared up for a new experience and a croc watch tomorrow...with Andrew half in the water we definitely don't want to see any!



3rd August 2017. After a nervous start I can say the day was pretty successful. Anchoring didn't go as planned though. Reversing with one prop was going to be bad enough, but add to that a ten-knot side wind and an aggressive outgoing tide and Sengo just seemed to want to go in circles. So instead of dropping the anchor close to where we had put a waypoint and backing into the beach to hit 0.00 we ended up throwing the anchor out earlier and using it to pivot us around. In a small bay this was not a comfortable experience (there were rocks on a point near our turning circle) and it was just as we well didn't throw the anchor out any earlier as we were at the very end of our 100 meter chain when the depth transducer read 0.00. We were also a bit East of our original waypoint with slightly deeper water. It didn't matter in the end. **Winston** had upped anchor to re-anchor just outside our working bay and then come over to grab the stern line and tie it off to a conveniently fattish mangrove before we began to sway too much (0.00 is close to bottom for us but not quite). **Winston** spent the next few hours oscilating between croc watch, being the occasional lackey and giving professional advice... Of course this supportive interlude meant they had delayed their departure from Hanover Inlet by two days but we were very grateful. Sundowners was on Sengo and continued after we hauled the anchor in when we started moving, to drag ourselves out of the bay into deeper water (in the dark.)



We were lucky in that Andrew got the chance to replace the prop, replace the anodes and scrape a few barnacles off the hulls as well. No crocs were spotted (thankfully) but a few small sharks and rays came within sight. Fortunately all were scared off before they got too close.



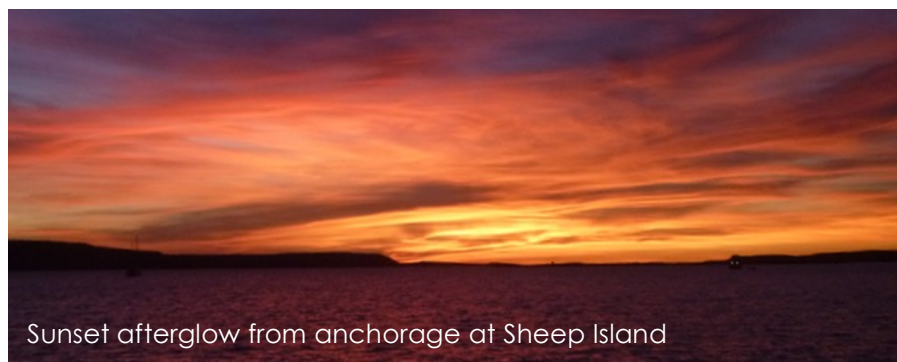
Sunrise over our careening bay in Hanover Inlet. As we had moved off in the dark, we had no idea where we finally anchored

Boy I miss that feathering prop!

4th August 2017. Hanover Inlet to Sheep Island. **Winston** was just leaving when we got up at 0630 and the boat was struggling with practically no wind and a tide that was flowing the wrong way. The timing was awkward. With little wind we would want maximum time sailing to get to our destination but with the tide in the wrong direction progress could be severely hampered. We finally pulled the anchor up by 0730 and shortly after had the spinnaker up, slowly heading north out of Hanover Bay. But it wasn't the quiet serene sail that we have been used to. The replacement prop that Andrew fitted yesterday is 'fixed' and this means that the movement of water over it makes a noise. The faster you go, the noisier it gets. I'd forgotten about that noise – I suppose we will have to temporarily get used to the whine until we can organise a replacement.

During the morning, the wind managed to clock around enough and at appropriate times so that we were able to keep the spinnaker up both on the north bound part of the journey and initially on the south bound journey into Port George IV as well. **Winston** was ahead of us but we were catching up quickly and it looked like they had

stopped. I was about to make comment when we ran into their 'doldrums', the spinnaker collapsed and the wind dropped out to practically nothing. With no wind forthcoming our only option was to motor so instead of continuing the journey we headed off around the Pearl Farm into Dennis's Bay - fully expecting to stay overnight and ride the incoming tide down to Sheep Island the following morning. I managed to get some washing done, read a bit and we were just discussing the logistics for an afternoon fish when we realised the wind was back up. We looked at the time. 1430. We had eleven nautical miles to go. If we could average 5 nautical miles we would be anchored by dark. It took a little longer than expected to raise the anchor as the bridle fell off but once out in the Port proper again we put the spinnaker up. And of course, the wind dropped. Not out completely but enough to have the speed to less than what we needed. Ever hopeful we pushed on and the wind did eventually come back. When the wind angle was no longer appropriate for the spinnaker, we used the genoa to take advantage of the afternoon breeze. All up we motored around two nautical miles without any help from the sails. As we came into the anchorage I noticed the swirling clouds and the sun going down. I missed the sunset – we were laying the anchor – The afterglow wasn't bad though.



Sunset afterglow from anchorage at Sheep Island



White 'settlement' of the Kimberley. Camden Harbour Settlement and Sheep Island

5th August 2017. In 1864 for some reason several Victorians decided they would establish a settlement in the Kimberley. They brought with them 4500 sheep. The settlement lasted less than two years. None of the sheep survived.

Sheep Island, just a nautical mile from the Camden Harbour Settlement, was used as a cemetery. The guide says it is the site of the first woman to be buried in the Kimberley (Mary Jane Pascoe who died from complications with childbirth and whose grave and headstone (not the original) are next to a prominent carved (inscription not clear) boab above the steep all tide beach). The island is also the site of the first infant buried in the Kimberley (Mary's daughter, who died a couple of months later) and information at the site lists five other grave sites; earlier documentation apparently states the graves were enclosed by iron railings but now all but Mary's grave are apparently under rocks and overgrown vegetation. The access to Sheep Island is easy and obvious. The access to the settlement is another matter. The location is not obvious from the water although we did work it out with the aid of the hand held GPS radio its approximate direction. We had no luck finding a way to it this morning - mangroves seemed to halt us at every turn.



Perhaps we will have better luck tomorrow.

Birds; Brahminy kite, Mongolian plover, golden plover, ruddy turnstone

The **Calliance**. The **Calliance** was a 809 tonne ship commissioned to sail from Melbourne, Victoria to Camden Harobour in the Kimberley carrying livestock and settlers. She foundered on a reef off Adele Island on 22nd December 1864. With ballast and some cargo overboard she made it into Camden Harbour on 25th December but after being blown ashore found herself broken in two by the two rocks she finally settled on.



6th August 2017. I think the next time we go searching for historic ruins in outback or remote lands we will make sure the managers have done a burn off first. Having consulted our very non-specific guide this morning and noted the calculated location on a chart of completely the wrong scale, we set off in pursuit of a one hundred and sixty five year old settlement. We had noted a couple of access points yesterday from Sengo at low tide, and, as the camp was supposedly at the back of the bay adjacent Calliance Point we dutifully tied up our tinnie at a gap in the mangroves and, dressed appropriately in long pants and sturdy shoes, went exploring. Theoretically the site was just beyond the back of the bay, but we found a hill instead and taking the rock base of a drainage line we thought we would come across the site by following it upwards. (The other option was following the mangrove line around as a schematic drawing (copy) left on Sheep Island had the settlement by the water's edge). But up we went, to be confronted by another hill, five to six foot high dry grass and no settlement. Checking the GPS we found we weren't anywhere near it either. We continued cross-country, through thinner vegetation and then through thicker sections of grass to some flat areas beyond. Some of the flat sections were rock surrounded by less than knee high grasses - clearly different species' which were to a greater extent situated in rectangular shapes. Were these signs of occupation, a man made change in the vegetation structure (the settlement had gardens) or just a change in the chemical composition of the soil below? We



Long grass



finally found the allocated site, another long flat area of mainly rock substrate, perhaps man made drainage lines (fairly straight but no vegetation which is surprising after 165 years) but no 'ruins'. The drawing shows signs of two substantial buildings (and a lot of tents). Admittedly land adjacent the flat rock area was severely overgrown with the long grass and it would be hard to find anything that looked out of place amongst this. There were trees that almost looked like they were planted in rows and grids but this may have been our hopeful imagination. The only thing that looked positively like a habitable place at the actual conversion GPS



At the GPS location

7th August 2017

This morning we headed off in the tinnie to explore Brown's Inlet, south of Sheep Island. It was bigger than we expected, didn't have any scenery of any spectacular note, and the edges were lined with mangroves. One reason we didn't pack the fishing gear was that we had been shown a photo of the resident, over-friendly croc. The photo was from a tinnie a bit bigger than ours and the



beast had swum up right next to it. Sure enough, at the bottom of the Inlet, we found this creature, or rather, he found us. Normally you would spot a croc in the water to the side or in front, and usually minding its own business. This little beasty wants to be your friend and heads

straight for you. We didn't stick around and we didn't get close. As soon as we saw him we turned the tinnie around and left – the last thing we want is to encourage the croc to be comfortable with humans. A quick lunch back at Sengo and then a zig zaggy sail through Brecknock Harbour, past Kuri Bay that is now back to being a pearl farm (the guide says it's a resort!) and around the corner into Sampson Inlet. The anchor symbol on the Cruising Western Australia guide is in 17 meters of water. We moved a little further on, around the corner into a much shallower depth. A single monohull was the only other occupant of the inlet.





Sampson Inlet

A lovely gorge, a three year-old mystery solved and an official visit.

8th August 2017 Sampson Inlet is a lovely little anchorage and this morning we took a tinnie ride to explore it. The gorge at its upper most end is very pretty and although we didn't get out at the rock wall, apparently there is a lovely billabong further up that can be used to collect fresh water. We turned the engine off a couple of times and drifted on the incoming tide. The birdsong was delightful and if you had the time a good list could be had. We spotted rainbow bee-eaters, reef herons and a pair of Brahminy kites; the one quite close to the water moved before I could get the camera ready and then we discovered why. He was distracting us. His partner was on the nest and I assume she was warming eggs or chicks.



There were lots of little birds in the trees adjacent the water and in the evening the white-bellied sea eagles were calling – their sound always reminds me of unhappy quacking ducks. Late morning we ingratiated ourselves on to **Jack Tar** for a cuppa and a chat before heading back to Sengo for some chores. I did a quick rust run and some washing but the most important thing was extricating the next three week's food from under the bed in our Guest Cabin (C2). We have had the kayak strapped in there on the bed (in three pieces) and apart from being fiddly (moving the kayak temporarily to C3 whilst we moved the food), we thought this was going to be a straight forward job. However.....

Upon opening the entry panel under the bed in C2 we discovered red, slimy sticky stuff on the base of the fiberglass floor. About two years ago we had opened the same panel of wood to discover orange slimy sticky stuff all over the fiberglass floor and the strong smell of diesel. At the



time, after the diesel clean up, we assumed that the spillage was due to the inadequate seal on top of the diesel tanks (located under the aft beds) and we resolved to fix this by adding sealant to one of the takeoffs on top of the tanks where we thought the leak had originated. Having assumed the leak fixed we found a similar situation some months later, to a smaller extent but also of the same strange orange colour. We didn't know what to make of this and extrapolated that perhaps there was some additive in the marine fuel somewhere by regulation. Fast forward to today. We have been very careful filling up our tanks and apart from the top up in Darwin when we arrived any other addition of diesel to the tanks has been via jerry can and plastic tube. When we opened up the panel today to extract the food we discovered we still had a leak. BUT... it wasn't orange... it was red. Then we had an 'AHA' moment. For the past three years we have been leaking coolant in our port engine and we didn't know why. There have been several possible explanations, the last by a diesel mechanic who suggested we might just have a faulty radiator cap. Looking at what was clearly our leaking coolant we worked out it was a faulty hose into the hot water heater. So after a clean up the

hose clamp was tightened and we assume this has now fixed the issue. It was just at this point that I went to turn the port engine off (we had had it on to determine where the leak was) and as I am heading out the door I think 'that noise sounds like more than our port engine'. It was. We had visitors. At low tide and after four pm the Fisheries vessel **P V Walcott** had come into Sampson Inlet for the night - Its everglade type tender (without the blades) was heading for our starboard steps. I yelled to Andrew, who still had his head down, bum up under the bed with the fuel tank, that we had official visitors. We had the usual chat. They introduced themselves as Fisheries (I could see that, it was on their shirts in big letters). They asked if we knew the fishing rules. We showed them our fishing license, and had a bit of a whine about the rules (they encourage waste and unsustainability). I also winged about the ambiguousness of the website and that they need a good editor and as the mother ship **PV Walcott** came past and sent their tender into surf like waves next to us, we made comment about the unnecessary speed. Apparently, the official speed allowed passing other boats is 8 knots. We thought this too high, and suggested that the limit in most Eastern States is usually 5 knots (and no wash). Something got through, when the tender went out a few minutes later after the mother ship had anchored, it was a lot slower in passing us. It also slowed down on the way back in in the dark!

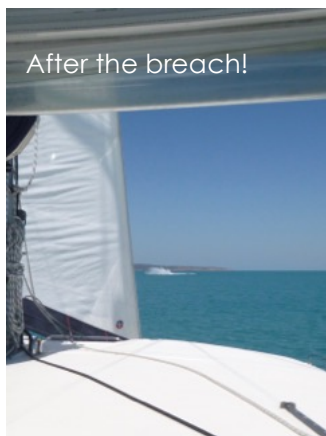




Outside Deception Bay

In a classic case of bad timing...

9th August 2017 Sampson Inlet to Deception Bay. As per usual there was little wind to talk about when we got up and we eventually lifted the anchor at 0830 and motored out of Sampson Inlet. There was even less wind immediately outside the inlet, the water surface was glass, and we motored across this also. Rounding the Slate Islands a small amount of wind showed itself, but not enough to propel Sengo anywhere. Fortunately though we had the tide with us and we put up the genoa for some control and drifted toward Deception Bay. Deception Bay is listed as a playground for whales during the right season but when we anchored in the southern part of the bay we saw none. However, on our way we had seen over twenty and in a classic case of 'bad timing' one breached in front of us. Not



After the breach!

close enough to be a danger though (we are amazed at some of the stories other yachties tell us of whales breaching or swimming next to their boats) but close enough to say 'wow.' Of course, having been poised with a camera all the way

down I just happened to be distracted at this point – all I got was an out of focus photo of the aftermath. Around 4pm **Monkey Me** sailed in. Sundowners was on Sengo.

10th August 2017. Deception Bay. Breakfast was on Sengo and **Monkey Me** donated fresh eggs and bacon for the tomato, bacon and mushroom omelets. We spent the morning swapping notes as they were traveling north, so we could mark up their guides and they could mark up ours. They have an older version of West Australian Cruising and their chartlets for Prince Regent Sound East is not missing! In the afternoon they went to explore Deception Bay. We stayed put relaxing. Sundowners was on **Monkey Me**.



11th August. To Doubtful Bay. A relatively early start had me picking up the anchor at 0710 and us motoring slowly out of Deception Bay. Our first task was to clean the sumlog again so I let Andrew play with the inundation and mopping out of sea water in the bilge whilst I took the helm. Just outside the bay the wind picked up; though still considered 'very light' it was enough to put the sails up. We were timing it so we were sailing south on an incoming tide and the tidal push gave us up to six knots in our speed. Our initial heading was for Raft Point but seeing we were not going to be able to use this location for a push off to Montgomery Reef for a couple of days (to ensure we got to the reef in daylight) we changed our plans and headed up Red Cone Creek instead. We were able to sail up the first couple of nautical miles of this creek, albeit slowly, but motored the rest of the way to the anchorage at the junction of two main arms. You cannot anchor any further up stream of this, it dries. Whale count 16.





Ruby Falls from above

Ruby Falls, Doubtful Bay

12th August, 2017. We weren't sure when the best time was to go exploring up Red Cone Creek as we had to wait for the incoming tide to make sure there was enough water to get us over the sandbar. I made one calculation and thought we would be alright at half tide but then I read the tide changes up here one and a half hours after the tidal reading station. As it was we got to Ruby Falls just that bit too early, a foot hold was got getting out of the tinnie but the next step was into slimy, slippery mud. Not pushing our luck we got back in the tinnie and waited in the shade under a rock ledge a bit longer until the water rose to the level of the next ledge. As it turned out, the tourist tenders from **Diversity Charters** happen to turn up at this time for a picnic and a swim. We



Ruby Falls



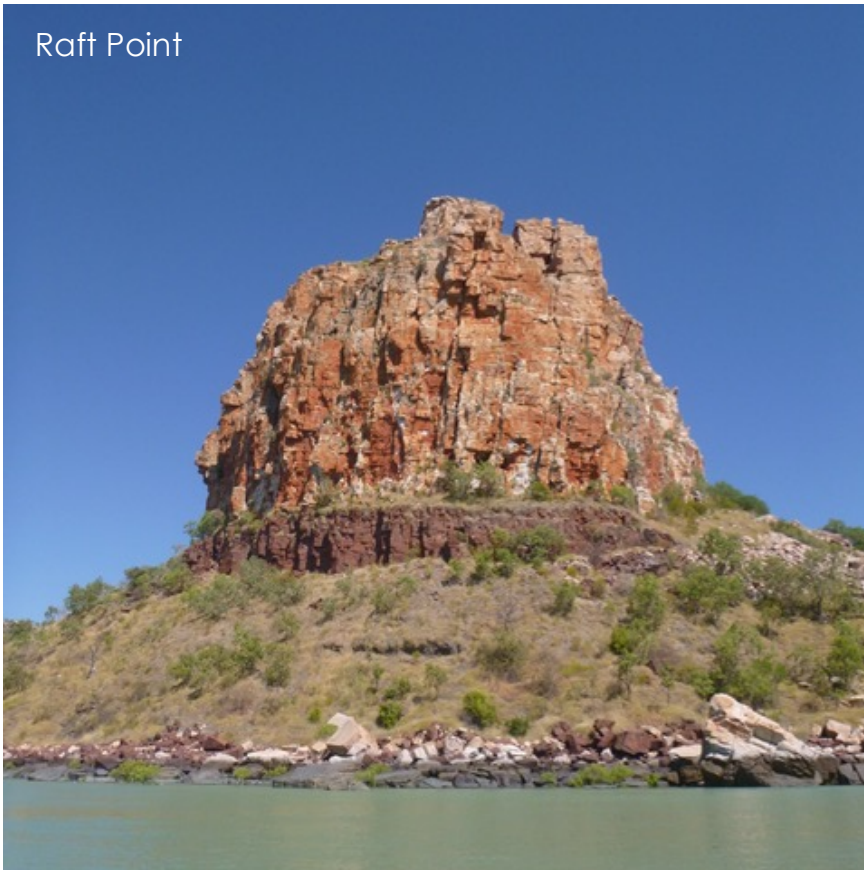
Adjacent the pool above the main falls

followed their lead in, but left the swimming hole to the tourists, temporarily, whilst we climbed the rocks to above the falls. There is a pool up here between the main falls and a smaller waterfall further up but as the climb up was a little scary, I thought it prudent to get down whilst there were still people around and we got our swim in the main pool as the tourist boats left. The tide was still rising and the contrast of rising dirty tide water to crystal clear freshwater is significant. **Diversity Charters** let us know the Coast Guard had called us earlier – I am sure they will call again. Croc count 1.



Ruby Falls

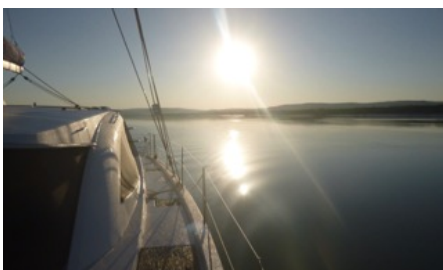
Raft Point



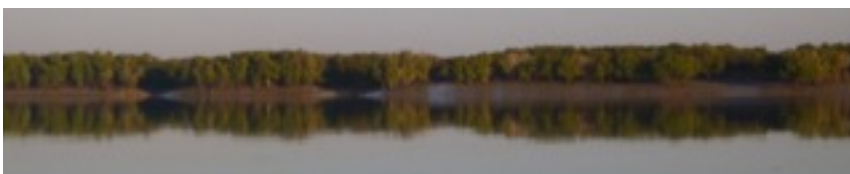
off to a well tramped trail toward two art sites. The second site is one of the most effective I've seen, if only from the fact that it has clearly been touched up at some point and the white background colours of the images are very bright. The images however are not as detailed as others we have seen; a more childlike style. A couple more agricultural looking tracks leading off from the main trail were rejected and we made our way back down the rocky path to get back in the tinnie just after high tide.



13th August 2017 We were up early to catch the last of the receding tide to help us get the 10 nm To Raft Point. It was just as well as there was no wind and we motored all the way, laying the anchor down around 0830. Two other boats were already in the anchorage at Raft Point - a motor boat that stayed all day and a monohull that was clearly waiting for the tide change to move south; they moved out of the bay at around 0900. The beach we needed to land on for the afternoon's excursion was essentially rocks, the sand looking bit consisted of a conglomerate of eroded river like pebbles and pumis and there was not a lot of it. As such we waited until ninety minutes before high tide



before alighting and following the rocky scree (ravine run off?) rocks up the hill between the rocky headlands. We caught our breath at the saddle and followed the path veering



Anchoring (non) etiquette and other rudeness.

It was around 1600 when **Lady M** turned up on the 13th August at Raft Point, a dark green-hulled charter boat that managed to wedge herself in between us and the headland. I am not saying that there was technically not enough room, but apart from us there was only one other boat in the bay at Raft Point at the time and placing yourself that close could seem as pushy. I think I know why they did it - it is a good spot to get a photograph of the fading light with your boat and the rocky escarpment (as per the image on their website). As the evening wore on, the paying guests partied on and we heard a conversation between the **Lady M's** radio man (skipper?) and the radio operator (skipper?) of **Kimberley Explorer** (who'd arrived in the dark) where the explanation was that the **Lady M** currently had a 'younger crowd.' The problem was they were (very) loud, both the music and the raucousness (they were clearly very drunk), and we wanted an early night and an early start (noise travels well over water and especially in the dark). We had heard that **Lady M** was going out to the reef in the morning and was looking at a 0600 start. When the conversation with **Kimberley Explorer** finished, Andrew called **Lady M**, explained we were going out as well in the morning, but because we were a bit slower would have an earlier start. Could he perhaps ask his raucous crowd to quieten down in an hour or so. Instead of an understanding conversation we got a sarcastic '*Ill' see what I can do but they are on holidays*' (What and we aren't and don't deserve respect) and a '*I've been coming here for 20 years*' – a very childish response (defensive child transaction state for those into psychology) and what does that have to do with anything anyway. Andrew did point out that they'd jammed themselves in front of us and a little anchoring etiquette could go a long way. Shortly after signing off **Lady M** called **Kimberley Explorer** and asked 'did you hear that?' Kimberley Explorer cheekily responded he was just enjoying the music (his motives for not pointing out that we were right are unknown) and I note that he wasn't anchored next to this boat. We went to bed, put up with the bozo who flashed a spot light into our cockpit and the idiot that honked the horn for a while and set the alarm for 0430. We got up, had the anchor up by 0450 and were on our way. **Lady M** was heading out by 0530 (earlier than she said so I guess she just wanted to get to the reef first) and when Andrew contacted her, all the radio person could do was try to dismiss him. It was exceedingly rude behaviour in any instance, but not the behaviour I would expect from a professional/commercial skipper!

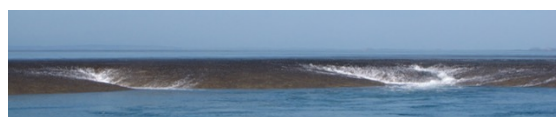
Montgomery Reef.

Montgomery Reef lies about 11 nm from Raft Point, covers an area in excess of 270 square kilometers, has three sand islands in the middle of it and is part of the Lalang -garram / Camden Sound Marine Park. The gutter on the south east corner of the reef is traversable by boat but can only be seen on a dropping tide. The guides say that it is safe to be in the gutter two hours either side of low tide. The suggestion is however, due to the current that you are back out of the gutter by two hours after low tide.

The attraction is the 'waterfalls' that emerge on the side of the reef as the low tide drains the sea away. Apparently during springs the noise is deafening as water runs off the top of the reef. Not all the water has run off by the time the tide starts to come back in.



Montgomery Reef



Montgomery Reef



Montgomery Reef



Montgomery Reef

14th August 2017 Montgomery Reef. The anchor was up At 0450 and as there was no wind we motored across to Montgomery Reef. Just at the moment we were overtaken by **Lady M** a whale emerged in front of us – the closest we've had. (Of course both cameras had their batteries charging!) **Lady M** was first up the gutter and we anchored some way behind her. We have been told that there is room right up the end of the gutter but that information came from a shorter boat with less draft. We were anchored at 0725 and sat on our beanbags on the top deck to enjoy the show – at least the two waterfalls that seemed to be developing adjacent us. After **Lady M** left at 0830 (buzzing us a bit close for my liking but as we were anchored in the middle that may have been a draft issue) we took the finnie and headed further into the gutter, admiring the developing waterfalls along the reef's edge.

The reef seems to be the domain of mainly egrets and reef herons and one lone great-billed heron. No gulls, no terns, no oyster-catchers - no other sea birds. There were however plenty of turtles, frolicking in the turbulence of the cascading eddies and discharges coming off the reef. Andrew was underwhelmed, but admittedly we didn't quite see this phenomenon at spring tide and being a few days after a full moon the drop in tide is not so dramatic. We left at low tide (we wouldn't have been able to do this in a spring tide) and motored all the way to Melomys Island -the sea being glass flat for most of the way. We did try to anchor in the channel between Melomys and Kingfisher Islands; the

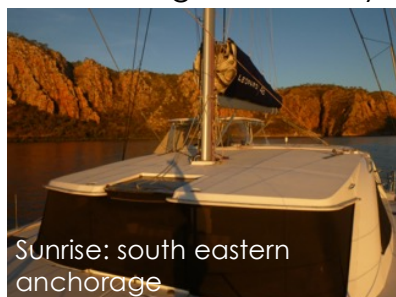
anchorage looked quite nice but depths ranged from 30 plus meters to less than the tide drop within very short distances. We found a couple of likely spots but the anchor didn't seem to hold. We are blaming this on tide, eddies and current – the wind was too light to be a factor. Eventually we motored around to Mangrove Bay on the west side of Melomys Island. The guide says it is uncomfortable in west and north-west winds and tides. This is understandable but we had no choice. At least we got a hold first go. The upside - the anchorage has an uninterrupted view to the sunset.

Dugong Bay

15th August 2017. Melomys Island to Dugong Bay. We left Melomys Island not so much escorted but eyed-off out of Mangrove Bay by its resident 3 meter croc, and motored the 30 or so nautical miles to Dugong Bay; the genoa up briefly but the apparent wind not strong enough to make any real difference. We followed a little power boat (**Arrow**) into uncharted Dugong, past **Great Escape** and then past **Sand Shoes** that was anchored outside the entrance to the creek to access Banyan Falls. We anchored in the south eastern anchorage marked in the guide and enjoyed the evening.

16th August 2017. Not being in a rush the anchor was up at 1100 (just after low tide) and we took Sengo out for a leisurely circuit of the Bay. We motored around to the other southern bay, had a chat to **Sand Shoes** (who very generously shared their lunch) and then motored back toward the entrance to Banyan Creek. After the excursion we got back to Sengo around 1630, eventually picked up the anchor, (the anchor winch was playing up (an ongoing issue) and the bridle had come off!) and headed across to the north-western anchorage listed in the West Australian Cruising guide. We waved to **Arrow** but there was no opportunity to be more social. We were heading into a setting sun and by the time the

anchor was down, the sun was behind the hills.

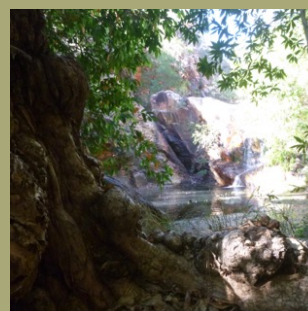
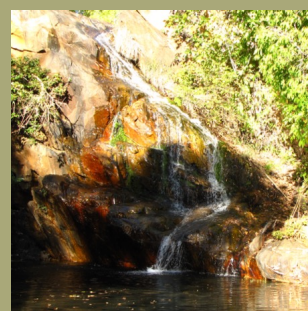


Sunrise: south eastern anchorage

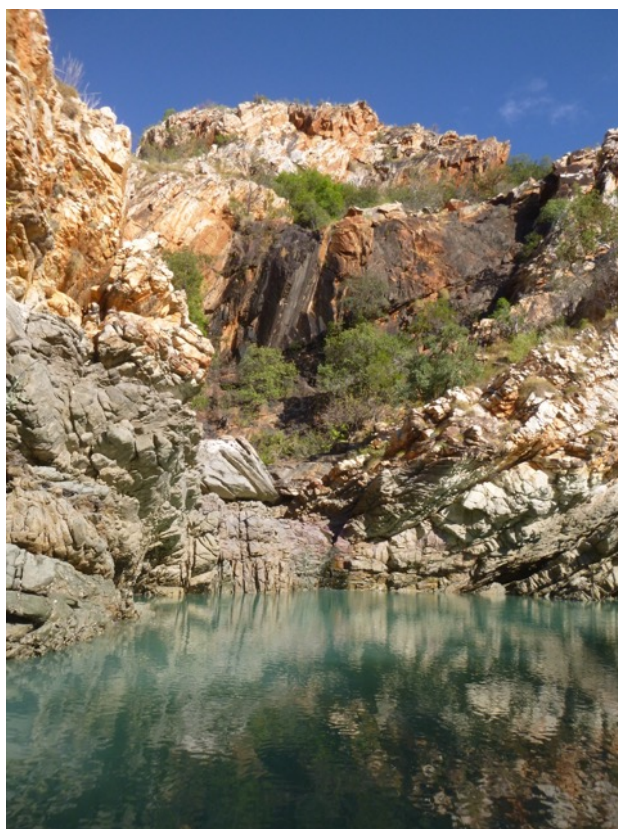


Banyan Creek & Falls.

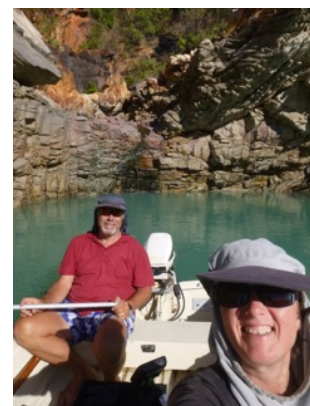
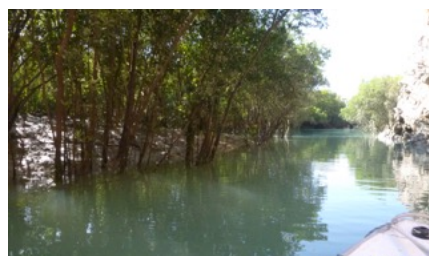
This short little excursion over rocks (and through the creek if you can't see a drier path) is worth the walk. Although the falls are small, closer to wet season there is evidence that a lot more water comes over the drop. The open end of the gorge eventually gives way to a lovely patch of rainforest, chock full of birds and had we had more time we would have stopped for a while. However, due to the timing of the high tide and when we left Sengo to embark on this excursion we had no time to dally. There is a pool in front of the falls, and it looks like there is one above it but we had no time to search for a way up there either. Photographically, you will want to arrive here in the middle of the day when the sun will be shining down into this grotto and no shadows impinge on the images.



17th August 2017. The plan today was to have a little bit of an explore in the tinnie in the morning and then take the last of the receding tide out of Dugong Bay before turning down toward Horizontal Falls. That didn't quite happen and the tinnie ride was initiated a bit later than I'd hoped. There were two falls marked on our mud maps to check out but we were on a dropping tide and it had dropped a bit too much for one (we would have been fighting mangroves instead of motoring over the top of them). The second waterfall however was easily accessible and we could motor right up to the base of it. We couldn't access the pool at the top of it though. This waterfall was essentially a mere trickle but looking up to the escarpment we realised this fall would be magnificent in the wet. We left the motors off for a while and drifted back out the channel, trying to identify the myriad of birds fitting across in front of us between the mangroves. Most were too quick. The sandflies had a field day though and there were a few acrobatic fish. We were also on croc watch as the water was clouded.



Instead of heading straight back to Sengo we said hello to **Arrow** and ingratiated ourselves with their hospitality. Sundowners was on Sengo.



The recalcitrant Anchor Winch. Andrew finally got around to pulling it apart and fixing it. A bit of a grease and a bit of a sand worked wonders



Horizontal Waterfalls

18th August 2017. The morning chorus in the northwestern anchorage at Dugong Bay is prolific and delightful and the sun had peaked its head over the hill adjacent the anchorage at 0630. By this time I had watered my plants, fed the cats (5 times during the night) and drained the ginger cordial mix I'd been making (a gift from **Monkey Me**). We were waiting for an hour before change in tide before departing this anchorage which meant we had the morning free. Andrew finished off fixing the anchor winch (hopefully) that he'd started working on late yesterday afternoon. I just tried to stay cool.



Because of the timing I was hoping the afternoon breeze would have come up by the time we lifted anchor but it was not to be (gauges reading 0.00) and although there was a good apparent wind when we turned the corner it was directly on our nose and of no use what so ever. There are two 'suggested' access paths into Dugong Bay and we had marked a track on our way in on the eastern path a few days before. However, taking the opportunity to get a different perspective we took the western way out, on a dropping tide and although there was minimal tide left to drop, a reading of 2.5 meters under the keel with reef only a few meters away on both sides in a thin bottleneck did have me temporarily panicked. Danger passed and we eventually made it to the turning point where the wind, which would have now been a help coming from behind us, promptly died. Apart from the *Horizontal Falls Seaplane Adventure's* pontoon and one of their barges moored nearby there were no other boats obvious in the bay.

19th August 2017. Sometime during the night **Coral Discoverer** turned up, lights blazing but fortunately far enough away not to be noisy. We got up relatively early but we thought we'd allow the 'tourists' to have the falls to themselves and subsequently our first job of the day was emptying the jerry cans of diesel into Sengo's fuel tanks. After a cuppa we noticed **Coral Discoverer** on her way out so we headed across to the seaplane pontoon for a chat. Because the tides have been neaps there is minimal staff on the pontoon. Apparently the circus starts tomorrow and we asked about the best time to see the falls, the boat rides into the falls and the possibility of a helicopter ride. A quick tinnie ride through the wide gap in the falls was dared, (we were two hours into a dropping tide but it was benign) and then a quick look up a

crevice adjacent to our anchorage (a tourist boat had gone up earlier looking for rock wallabies, apparently) before back to Sengo for lunch.



Who needs Luna Park!

20th August 2017. Well, we were warned. The circus did indeed start this morning. At 0700 four seaplanes noisily landed across the bay and docked on the tourist platform. One helicopter had been out earlier than this and as noisy as these machines are, the escarpment surrounding us certainly helps magnify the din. The turnaround was quick and three of the seaplanes took off again within a short time, heading down the gap between the tourist platform and the escarpment towards our anchorage. Whilst two took off in a straight line; one joker decided he would buzz us on the way out. I wondered if he was trying to give us a message...which prompted Andrew's comment was that 'there was always one d*head in a group'. Ben at the platform had told us yesterday that we might be okay anchored here but we were marginal and we had warned **Arrow** when they had arrived the evening before that we may have to shift. I was expecting a radio call. Instead we got the personalised touch. As we headed over in the tinnie to **Arrow** around 0830 we were met by Lou coming the other way in one of the tourist tinnies. Because of the current wind angle we were indeed a bit close to their desired runway and could we please move. The request of 50 meters didn't seem like enough (that's only about three times our length) so we made it a bit more – eventually. We didn't realise it was imperative. We were enjoying a cuppa on Arrow when **Arrow** heard two parties arguing on the radio as to why we hadn't moved yet. The planes were due back at 0915. It was 0855. ArrgghhH! It normally takes me around 20 minutes to pick the anchor up (I clean it as I go) and so with only 20 minutes until the planes were due back we had to get back to Sengo, store the tinnie back on the davits, switch the instruments on, make the boat ready, remove the shade sail from the front and get out of the way.....Thank goodness Andrew had fixed the anchor winch. We made the deadline by two minutes...the planes were six minutes late!

With the morning slightly disrupted but pliable we re-launched the tinnie and headed up Cyclone Creek. In the guide there are moorings listed here...we couldn't see any, and the only structure was a large houseboat owned by Horizontal Falls Seaplane Adventures, moored in the first bay past the gorge-like exit to the creek. The escarpment is overwhelming in places up here, the geomorphology (layered anticlinal and synclinal sandstone above conglomerate river pebble) intriguing, and much of this



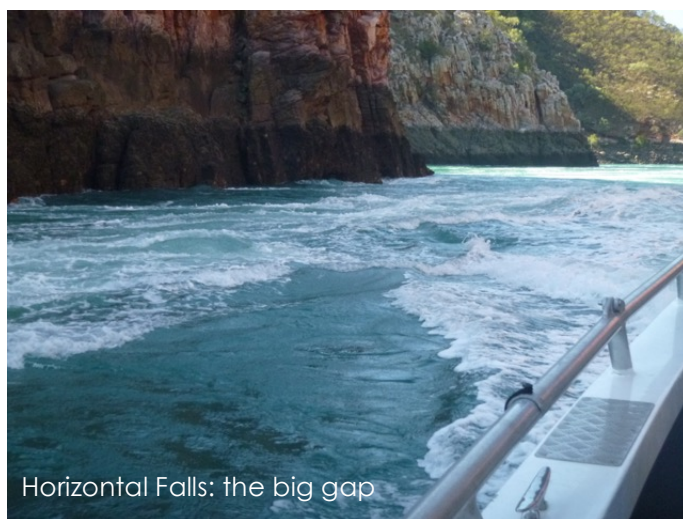
inlet/creek would be dry in its upper reaches at low tide. The creek is wide in places and would make a nice anchorage, depending on the bottom (sand or rock-with or without mangroves on top) but there are the narrow gaps between the cliff faces that in some ways resemble their more famous cousins outside in the bay; whirlpools and eddies a possible entrapment for smaller boats on fast tides. **L'Austral's** tenders went further up the river than we did (we were conscious of fuel) (the tour ship having arrived sometime overnight).

Arriving back at Sengo for lunch we noted the **Lady M** had turned up and anchored in front of us (!) although this time you couldn't argue possession of a scenic spot, and **True North** also motored in. Typically these ships are on a time limit and all three were gone by late afternoon.

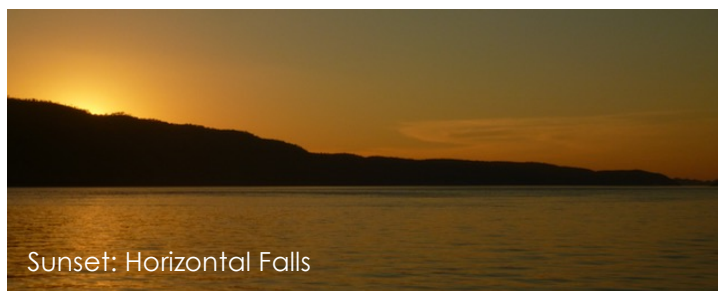
Arrow had arranged for us to go out in a fast boat to go through the falls. Whilst the biggest thrill and drop will be in a week's time, neither of us had the time to wait for this. Neither did **Sand Shoes** joining us in our time slot. Sitting in the front I missed some of the commentary but the driver (Lou) clearly loved playing with the boat. We had requested an outgoing tide (a staff member had said this would be more spectacular) but it means the boats don't go through the small falls gap. I took some video, got some rushed (out of focus) photographs, and felt like a kid in an amusement park as the stomach lurched and we were required to hang on tight. I mean, who needs Luna Park? We contemplated a helicopter ride. At this point I am happy with the boat ride. Maybe next time.



Horizontal Falls: the big gap



Horizontal Falls: the big gap



Sunset: Horizontal Falls



Horizontal Falls: the small gap

Talbot Creek

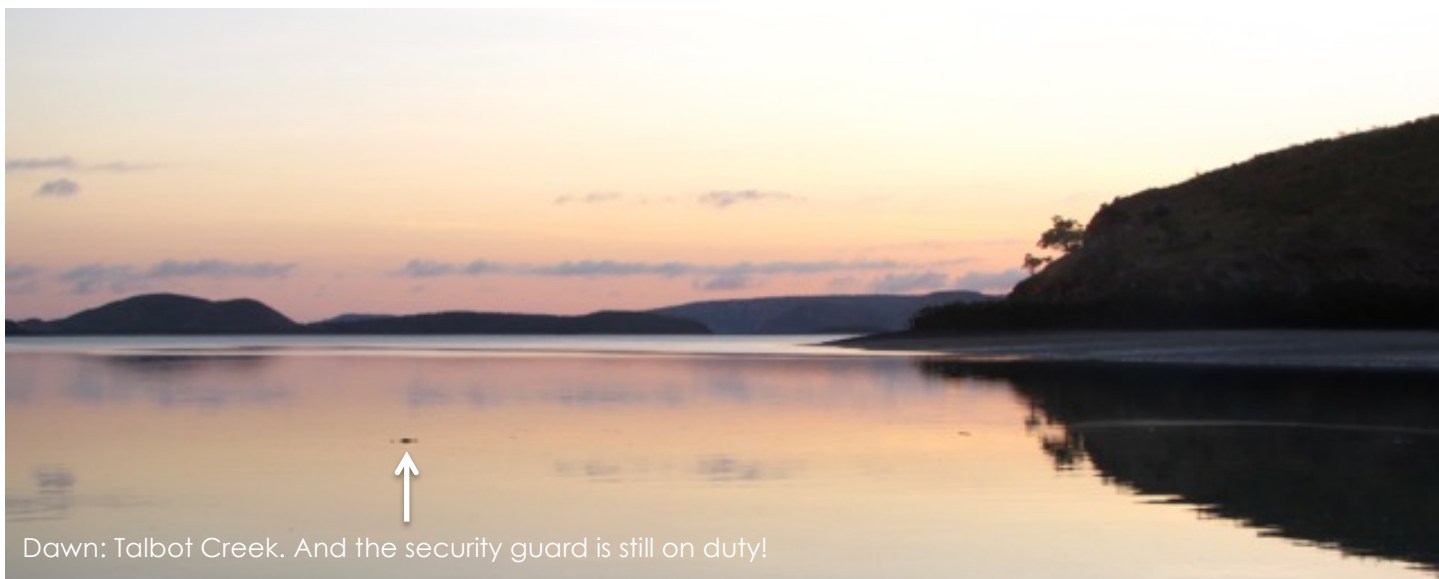
The Lizard Brothers: Guardians of Talbot Creek.

21st August 2017. Yesterday, whilst our stomachs were lurching in our fast boat ride, a feline's stomach was lurching with a fur-ball on Sengo and as the cat had had a good feed at lunch time it meant that when we got back there was one huge mess on the mat. As a result, this morning's exercise was to spread the mat out on the tramp, hose it down (with salt and freshwater), and wait for it to dry.

Our departure from the Horizontal Falls anchorage was slower than expected and due to the erratic wind speed, which was never strong, we zig-zagged our way out, passing Slug Island to our left. Because our destination was only around 12 nm away we waited until around 1000 to minimise the current we would have to travel against, and a few hours later we got the oblique benefit of the dropping tide. The water in this uncharted area can go from quite deep to quite shallow very quickly and although we knew we were potentially heading for an area that dries at low tide we went from a comfortable 17 meters below the keel one minute to 2.5 meters the next. Gybing gave us a bit of a respite for a few minutes (we were soon in 4 meters under the keel) until we decided, as we were close to our potential anchoring spot anyway, to drop all sails and motor in. The schematics in books have extensive sandbars outside this area but just along the mainland there is indication that there 'may' be water still at low water springs?????. Whilst we were hoping to have arrived a bit earlier to explore, we none the less headed across the reducing depth (we had found what was probably the channel out the narrow gap) and headed toward the mainland. Our path took us down to about 3 meters (there was going to be a 5 meter drop from this time) but just inside the entrance we suddenly found ourselves in 21 meters and rising. This is too deep. This hole however shoals quite quickly and again we were in water too shallow for tonight's drop in tide. We finally found an appropriate spot, put the anchor down and...it didn't hold. When I pulled it back up again it came up backwards so I suspect the tide may have pushed it around. Putting it back into the locker in order to try again however I made a (painful) mistake. Because the mat was still on the tramp, I didn't employ my usual method of turning the anchor around, and coming at it from a different angle meant my

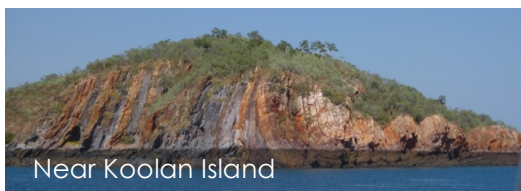
coordination was a bit off. Essentially I didn't get my hands out of the way in time, my index finger got jammed between the anchor and the anchor well wall and, well, there was a fair bit of blood. I have been known to have to clean blood drops off the deck from a fishy dinner. I wasn't expecting to have to clean up my own! Washing the wound with water hurt more and I counted to 200 and had a couple of pain killers before we resumed our anchoring exercise. Fortunately our second go took immediately. I was pretty lucky – the finger was repairable: it could have been crushed or broken!

I had already mistaken a whale for a large tree this afternoon (it was in the distance and I was looking west) so I double-checked the thick-ish branch I saw as we came into anchor. It was indeed a crocodile. And it had a friend. As soon as the engines were off these two reptiles assumed security detail and arrived for a closer look. Whilst the smaller of them gave up after a while and spent the rest of the afternoon sunning itself on the bank, the larger one stayed on guard, circling, resting and visiting periodically - keeping a close eye on us into the evening.



Dawn: Talbot Creek. And the security guard is still on duty!

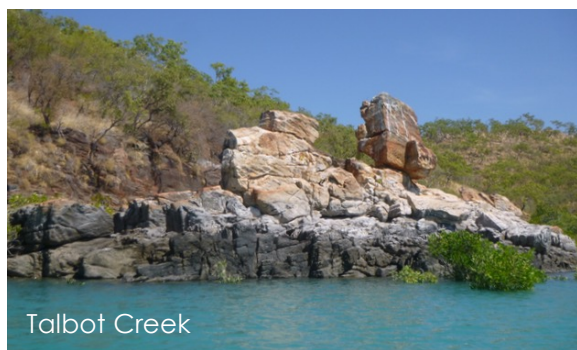
22nd August 2017 Mir Lizard's calls overnight were close to the hull and Mr Lizard was indeed still on guard this morning when I got up at dawn. He had however left his post by the time we launched the tinnie for this morning's excursion. I was expecting an excursion like our visit to Banyan Creek – to tie up the tinnie up a ravine and a bit of a walk to the waterfall. What we got however was a dry sheer rock face. We had waited until around half tide before heading off to Talbot Falls but we could dingy up to it just around the corner and probably didn't need to wait so long. There seemed to be a way up to the next level but you would have to scrabble.... Adventure dinted we tinnied around the bay for an hour instead and were greeted by security when we got back; although he seemed to have disappeared again when we lifted the anchor shortly after. Once we had cleared the extensive sand flats and when we reached our original track in (to Dugong Bay all those days ago) we turned north and sailed, zig-zagging out of the archipelago before turning west toward Koolan Island. We did turn our motors on to transect along *The Channel*, passing the mining site on the island before turning into Silver Gull Creek. There were two other boats in the anchorage and they turned up for a late chat (the sun had already gone down).



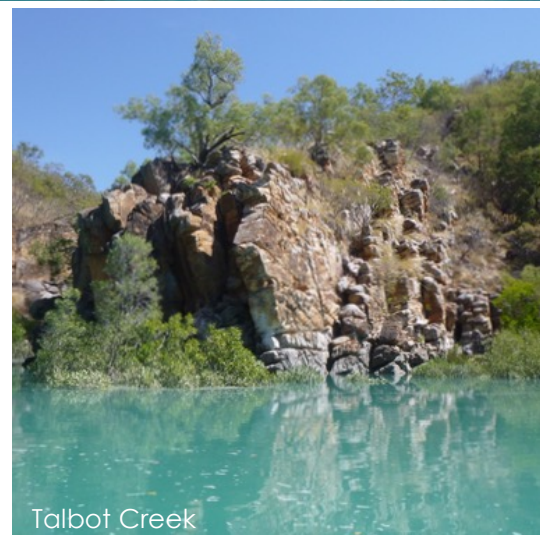
Near Koolan Island



Talbot Creek



Talbot Creek

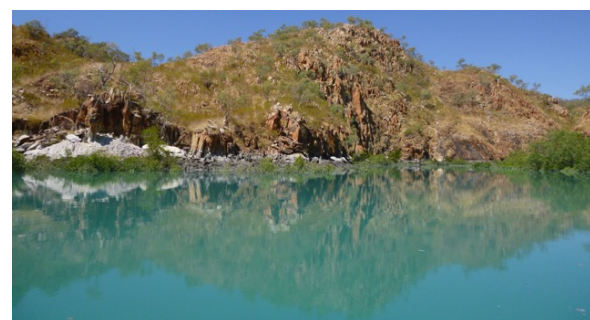


Talbot Creek

Silver Gull Creek

23rd August 2017. Silver Gull Creek – the Squatters Arms and the Water Tank. My lesson for today was 'be wary of wrapping hair bands around one's fingers'! We were in the Water Tank and I was asked about the injury to my right index finger. As I started to explain the events that lead up to the bandage I suddenly realised the finger was starting to hurt and looking at it also realised the end was starting to turn blue. In order to keep the finger dry I had wrapped it in a bit of cling wrap and in order to seal that I had wrapped two hair bands around the base of the finger. Clearly they were a bit tight!

The Water Tank is just that; a sunshade covered tank with stairs to access into it that has constant artesian water running through it; in over the top edge so you can get under it and wet your hair, and out through hole cut as a window overlooking Silver Gull Creek. If you want to just sit and chat you can; inside there are plastic chairs and a shelf around the centre pole to put your things on (above the water level). The Tank is at the Squatters Arms; a gathering place whose long term caretakers left a couple of years ago and after a bit of neglect (apparently) has a new caretaker this dry season.



Instead of heading back to Sengo after our emersion, we headed upstream to have a look at the creek. The weathering of the rocks is fascinating up here and the colours superb. We were back aboard Sengo for lunch (which included oysters given to us: thank you **Three Dolphins**) and **Tight Lines** came over to talk electronics early afternoon. Sundowners was on Sengo.

Collard sparrow-hawk, reef heron, great billed heron, brown honeyeater, bee eater, Brahminy kite, sea eagle, sooty oyster catcher, white quilled rock pigeon, great bowerbird

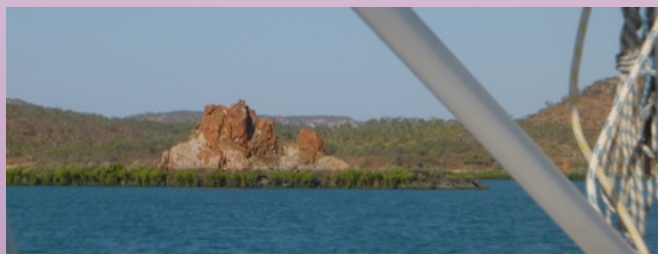
Dog Leg & Coppermine Ck

24th – 26th August. 2017. At the respectable time of 0830 we motored out of Silver Gull Creek and motored into the adjacent Dog Leg Creek. Dog Leg Creek has a fuel barge that the owner supplies with extra when the fuel barges arrive in the area for the mines on Koolan and Cockatoo Islands. It is expensive but if you don't want to go into Derby for your supplies it is the only supply between Broome and the fuel barge that supplies Truscott (around the corner from Honeymoon Bay all those miles ago)). Whilst the scuttlebutt from the past ten years or so that the fuel pump readings are slightly out is grizzled at by all participating boaties, we've heard nothing but affection for the guy that works there, Mick. We weren't going into Derby and we were hoping to sail to Broome but we topped up anyway (we took the tinnie with jerry cans over to the barge rather than mooring Sengo up next to it). The bonus this day was that a barge had just arrived with deliveries and so we got Mick's left over vegies from the last delivery – (and as we didn't pick up the previous offering in Porosus Creek, the first we've had since Darwin). Mick was also kind enough to give me some potting mix. It was enough to fill almost two pots – if plants could talk I imagine the Jade Plants would thank me. The orchid is still surviving and will have to wait until we get to Broome for appropriate substrate. The idea of going into Crocodile Creek at high tide to check out the pool above the waterfall was abandoned as our refueling exercise had taken longer than expected and instead we used the good winds to tack our way to Coppermine Creek. The guide says stay to port (east) to avoid rock ledges coming out from the opposite side near the entrance but it neglects to



Dog Leg Cree Fuel Barge

The varied roc colours of Coppermine Cree

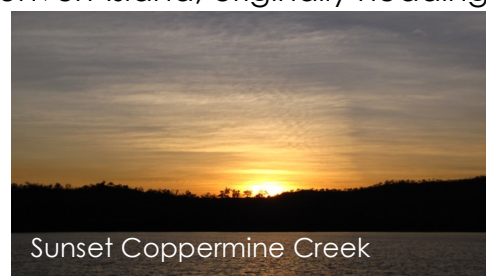


mention the reef jutting out from the point on the eastern shore just after this –we went suddenly from 20 plus meters to three. We eventually anchored up creek near the anchor symbol in the guide around 1630.

25th August 2017. The morning was spent fishing, mainly trolling, around the area, and our only catch, despite legal size, was let go. We are fortunate we were not relying on a catch for dinner because we didn't catch another. An explore in the afternoon had us fishing a bit more but we came home empty handed.



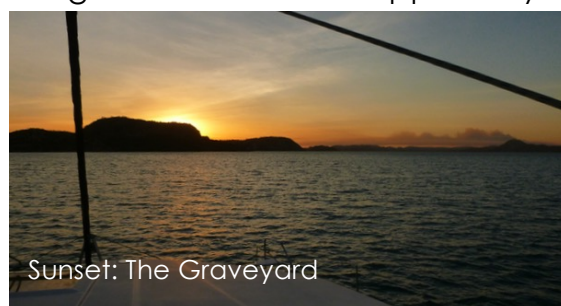
26th August 2017. We pulled the anchor up just before low tide and made our way out of Coppermine Creek; the reef we went over a couple of days before obvious in the morning light. One lazy croc placed itself directly in front of us and only went under the water as I made an emergency detour. He reemerged directly behind us and slowly sauntered away. There was no wind and we motored the entire distance to Dunvert Island, originally heading to Silica Beach but Andrew deciding he didn't like the description of 'anchoring over rubble' as a place to stop. Crossing the bottom of where Whirlpool Passage reenters the surrounding sea was a bit of a non-event although a couple of small (less than 20 cm) systems were passed. The anchor was down at lunchtime and we spent the rest of the afternoon relaxing.



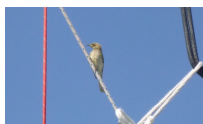
27th August 2017. The Graveyard. If you want your own fast boat experience akin to Horizontal Falls (well, a smaller version) then do what we did and head through the southern entrance into The Graveyard mid tide when the current is at its fastest (it was over 6 knots – we were doing 9.5!) and there are plenty of eddies whirlpools and overfalls to keep you amused and rocking from side to side. The recommended time to enter is at High Water Slack....I seem to have missed that piece of information. We did plan our journey of sorts leaving Dunvert Island after low water to take advantage of the tidal push south and as it happened we actually got wind today. Apparent wind readings were up to 18 knots and we travelled our 10 nautical miles with the genoa only.



Anchor down in The Graveyard we went off to find 'the graves'. There are apparently graves of Japanese pearl divers on the south eastern corner of the island opposite us. We looked but did not see them (there are apparently graves on the Henrietta Islands outside The Graveyard which are a lot easier to find). Moving on, we took off in the tinnie for a circumnavigation of two islands. The geology here is fascinating; each island having different characteristics if not an apparent mixture of many rock types. The other end of the uncharted Graveyard looks worth exploring but it will have to be next time. We have a set number of days of food left and our heading is Broome.



28th August 2017. The Graveyard to Crawford Bay. Exiting out of The Graveyard was just as exciting as entering it and again we didn't go through the gap at slack water. We got a total of 7 knots tidal current push this time and the whirlpools and tide overflows were obvious as we passed. The wind was light, spinnaker speed but, much to Andrew's disappointment we didn't put it up, the many changes in direction would have been a pain to manage.



Internet signal came back as we passed Cone Bay and we anchored in a lovely little anchorage south of this in Crawford Bay.

We were joined by Tight Lines and Three Dolphins a couple of hours later.



29th August. Crawford Bay to Catamaran Bay. Tides. Love them or hate them they never exactly work the way you want them to. The plan was to time our trip to take the outgoing tide for a couple of hours – knowing we would be inevitably swept a little north – and then as the tide changed, hoping we would be swept a little south to even up the rum line. Things didn't quite work out that way and the tide sucked us out a bit further than hoped. The spinnaker was put up and a steady but slow pace was followed (which didn't help). Eddies constantly kept us swinging thirty degrees each way but thankfully the crossing wasn't too rough. The guides suggest you time your journey across King Sound to as near slack tide as possible. Heading for land we dropped the spinnaker and ramped both motors up (often we travel with only one) just to fight the tide and hopefully get some distance south. The tide finally turned – not long after we'd anchored! (We have since learnt that the tide at Catamaran Bay is about an hour behind Sunday Island where the tide station is). To gain access to the Bay it is best to call Cygnet Bay Pearl Farm so they can direct you where to go (or more specifically where not to go). They are friendly and welcoming and whilst we were spot on in our entrance a boat did come out to make sure we knew where we were going.

During our sail we had had another brown honeyeater hitch a ride for a while but the most interesting visit was from several common sandpipers who spent some time on our back steps after we'd anchored



It's all about the gonads...

30th August 2017. I'm not kidding. Catamaran Bay is the home of Cygnet Bay Pearl Farm. They have a restaurant here so the first order of the day was a cappuccino. We had booked into the 1030 Pearl Farm tour and didn't know how long it was going to take us to get to the start so having headed across at just before 0800 we found we had over two and a half hours to spare. We were the only boat anchored in the bay and our arrival had been noticed by most staff, apparently we were a 'slight' change in the scenery. Our arrival had also been noted by Bruce and Alison Brown, part of the Brown Dynasty that has run this pearl farm since the 1950's (Bruce's father and brother started it and Bruce's son now runs it). Bruce has owned several boats (including a 75 plus foot double master catamaran that was used as work boat on the farm) and of course was interested to chat to us about ours. Apparently we are only the fourth boat to visit this season.

The Pearl Farm Tour is \$35 and runs for over an hour. It is interesting and you learn about the pearls, the farm, the farming techniques and the generations of families that have worked here since it's inception. Today most pearls produced are seeded and the foreign material inserted into the oyster to start the process (either a piece of oyster shell or Mississippi mussels) is inserted into a cut slit in the oyster's gonads. Two years later, hopefully, a formed, saleable commodity of a pearl appears; graded on lustre, shape, colour, surface and size. At the end of the tour you get to taste a bit of 'pearl meat' a by-product of the oyster once it has come to the end of its pearl producing life (can be up to 6 years with potentially three saleable products being produced). The pearl meat is expensive and of individual taste - I won't be rushing out to get any. The tour is great, the tour guide, Terry, terrific and you walk away with a much better knowledge of the production of pearls. Of course if you want to take home one of said pearls then the shop is more than happy to sell you one.

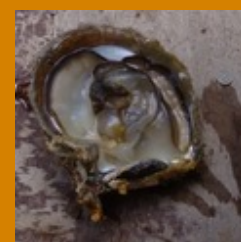
We didn't indulge in the shiny jewelry. Instead we donated our dollars for the cause of someone else cooking for us and lunch and afternoon tea were enjoyed before waiting for the tide to come in at 1600 so we could get back to Sengo.

Bird list: Brahminy kite, white bellied sea eagle, black kites, eastern curlew, beach curlew, red capped dotterel, common sandpiper, broad billed flycatcher, sacred kingfisher, great egret, willy wagtail, mangrove gerygone, diamond dove, peaceful dove, double barred finch, white gaped honeyeater, Torresian crow, chestnut breasted manikin. Great bowerbird, red tailed black cockatoo, red backed wren, rufous whistler, little shrike thrush, black faced cuckoo shrike, red collared lorikeet (and a whole heap of little birds we failed to identify).

Pearling shed with Sengo in background

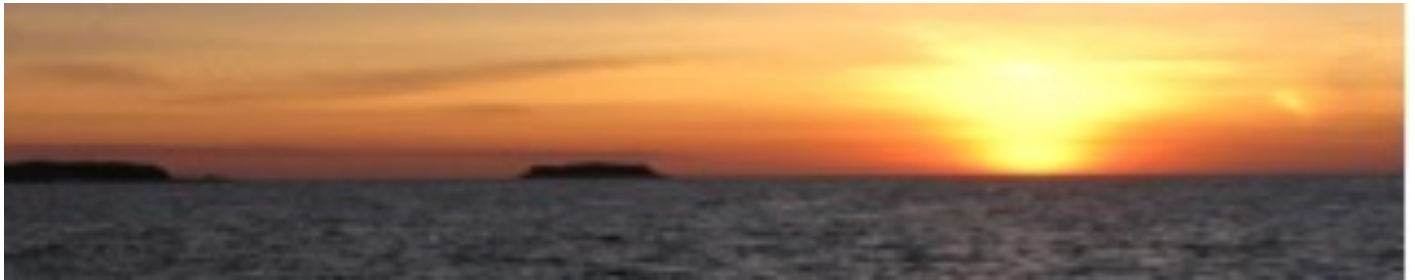


Café with Sengo in background



On the tour an oyster is opened to see if there is a pearl. These oysters are out of the ocean as they are affected by a virus which is affecting the whole industry.

31st August 2017. Catamaran Bay to Cape Leveque. With a glass flat sea we were always going to be motoring out of Catamaran Bay so we timed it so we got 'sucked' out of Escape Passage with all the eddies, whirlpools and overfalls that come with that experience. Cutting inside Jonas Shoal we anchored a fair way out off the anchorages at Cape Leveque, avoiding the dark patches under the water – which were probably weed and not reef. It was a roly anchorage and as the evening wore on we rocked with the westerly swell.



Whales

Whilst we hardly saw any whales on the East Coast we can say we've seen a good part of the migration over the past couple of months. Whilst there is still some animated frolicking, most of the whales in the past few weeks have been seen in pairs, we assume mother and calf travelling together.

