

# Aboard Sengo

Aboard Sengo

October 2018

## Around Yeppoon

By bicycle

3

## Revisiting the Great Sandy Straits

From Bundaberg to  
Tin Can Bay

8

## Hauling Out

Back at  
The Boat Works

23



Overcast skies off Kingfisher Bay Resort, Fraser Island

## Thundering South...

..with Tempests and Tornados

Great Keppel Island  
south to the  
Gold Coast



Almost full moon – Jacobs Well. This would have been another good shot to try out my new tripod – except it was on boat so I had to rely on the camera's fancy settings to do the best it could.

Tornado warnings and tempests! In between bright blue skies, October's travel and exploring was hampered, or tempered, by wet and wild weather.

Rain radars were thoroughly stalked, admired and shut off when necessary (when electrical storms were getting a bit too close for comfort). Wind predictions watched, travel itineraries calculated, and then reassessed and calculated again!

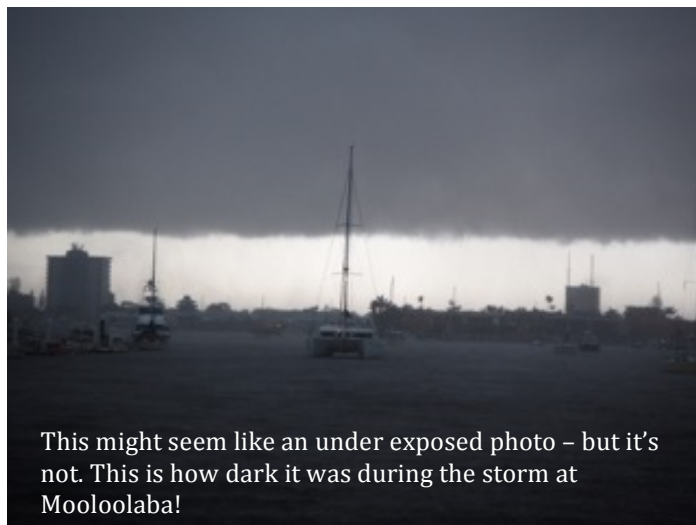
Because of the unpredictable nature of the weather and the requirement to get to the Gold Coast for annual maintenance, we didn't dawdle; opportunities to move south (in relative comfort) were taken when they could be, rather than linger in nice places we would have preferred to explore further or reacquaint ourselves with.

And because of the precipitation we discovered a couple of leaks that had water collecting in our bilge. One origin we knew about and were having it sorted when we came out of the water. Two other origins of leaking water into the bilge were new to us - and one was internal! And because there were two external sources of leaks and there was plenty of rain, there was plenty work to do! Whilst the leaks were not huge it did mean that after a downpour it was good practice to don a sponge and bucket to decant any collecting water. And because one leak had come in over the top of

one window above the bed where the kayak had been laying in three pieces, the mattress was wet and the pillows and sheets we had placed around the kayak to protect our walls were a lovely habitat of mould and must. As a result, after the kayak was moved out of first one cabin and then the next, I found myself with a constant stream of washing to do. I couldn't do it all at once – I didn't have enough pegs - or room on the lifelines.

Of course it wasn't all wet weather and hard work – we did get a few nice days to go exploring so the month will have some positive memories. We had some great times with **Temptress** and caught up with **Blue Pointer** (ex Sunshine crew) who we haven't seen for 2.5 years (as we've been on the other side of the country) but who we've dearly missed.

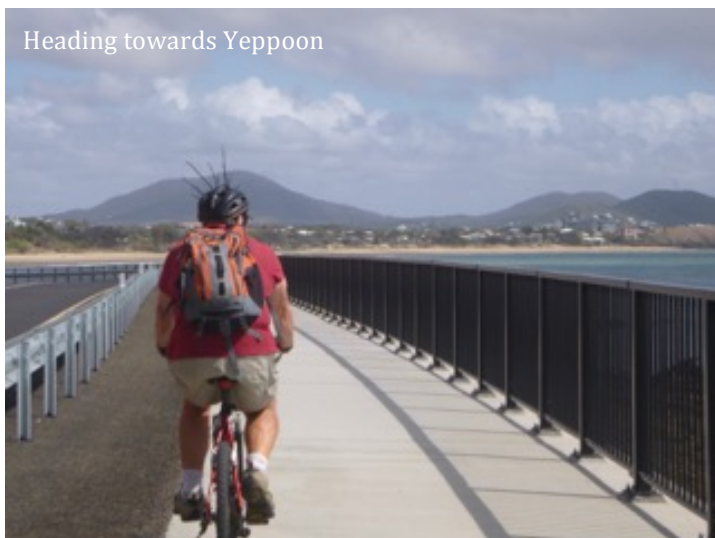
Other delightful encounters were with **Final Fling** and **Thor** as well as a few very short chats with other boats around the traps.



This might seem like an under exposed photo – but it's not. This is how dark it was during the storm at Mooloolaba!



Heading towards Yeppoon



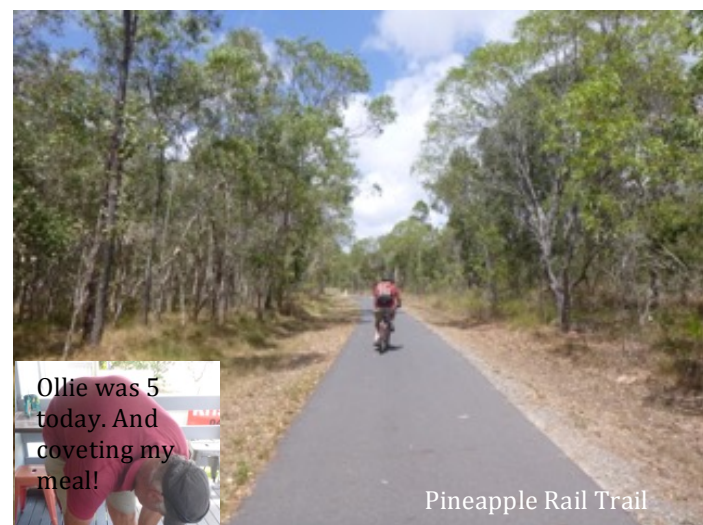
Would the modified head gear work? There were magpie warning signs on this trip!



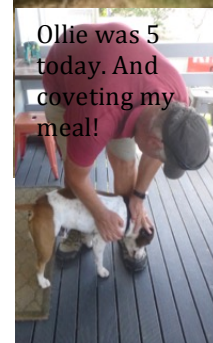
Iammemoor Beach, Rosslyn Bay



Heading into Yeppoon



Pineapple Rail Trail



Ollie was 5 today. And coveting my meal!



Burger Internals



Final rest stop

## Enjoying the wheels some more..

1<sup>st</sup> October 2018. My plan had been to cycle from the Keppel Bay Marina along the beachfront around to Rockhampton Road and up to the Yeppoon Golf Course, before returning to town via the Pineapple Rail Trail, spoil ourselves with a coffee and cake (one of the cafes in Yeppoon stocks Artizan's cakes (see Aboard Sengo September 2018)) and be home for lunch. However, that all changed when Andrew suggested we stop at the Information Centre at Yeppoon and ask if there are any rail trails/bike paths around. There were really only three options, two of which we were incorporating this day. When we explained our plans the response was such: "Oh, No," said one of the 'helpful' staff, 'You don't want to do that. You will be starting the ride uphill!' Of course the skipper didn't particularly like the sound of that so the suggested route was to ride through town, pick up the start of the Rail Trail near where the old station used to be, and then ride back down the hill when we got to the golf course. Coffee (and cake if necessary) could be picked up at Kris's Koffee on the Tamby Road. So, plans completely changed and we started the Rail Trail at the end of James Street, rode through various scenery types for the four plus kilometre trail (the only section of the original line back to Rockhampton that has so far been developed into a rail trail); along the backs of houses, through bush and behind the golf course (where we got swooped by another eager black and white avian – see Aboard Sengo September 2018), before heading back toward Yeppoon via a track down the side of the Golf Course (instead of the Rockhampton Road)

and through the suburbs (with very steep hills!). Of course by the time we got to Kris' Koffee it was lunchtime so we ordered a burger instead (mine without the bread). Lunch was coveted by Ollie (who was celebrating his 5<sup>th</sup> birthday) before we raided the Vet across the road for cat food and the outboard spares shop for spark plugs (Our packs subsequently were a 'little' heavier than when we started out – Andrew's particularly so). We managed to avoid the magpie at the Rosslyn Bay end of Lammemoor Beach (at least there was a public notice of the risk here – and we were wearing our new improved modified magpie deterring helmets) before we ended back up at the boat somewhat exhausted for a day that had been a little fuller than expected.

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The 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> of October were spent in final clean up mode, and whilst we could have left a couple of days earlier than we eventually did, I wanted to start with an almost clean slate, seeing we had access to the facilities. We took advantage of the launderette, scrubbed the back cockpit cushions, caught up with local boat owners (and local aspirant boat owners), had sun downers at the Capricorn Coast Cruising Yacht Club and eventually gave the deck a bit of a gentle scrub (we weren't quite on our hands and knees). At the end of all this, as the stronger southerlies we had been hiding from had dissipated, we deemed it was time to move on.

5<sup>th</sup> October 2018. We left dock around 0550 and the anchor was down at GKI at 0730. The idea was to rest in the morning and have one last hurrah on the island before heading south – perhaps the paddleboards... or maybe a walk on the beach. In the end the afternoon wind picked up and we didn't get off boat. The paddleboards were rolled up and we made plans to head south.

## The downside of using a marina launderette!

### *One hour: 60 minutes!*

That's how long I waited for someone to pick up their washed washing out of the washing machine. The first time. Assuming they weren't going to be all that long (the load had finished) I retrieved a book from boat, sat outside the laundry door, opened the pages and read. And waited. The wind was picking up which was a good thing because I could use it to dry the clothes and it would counteract the lacking sun of the afternoon. If it kept a good strength I might even get two loads done and dry.

By the end of the hour I was sick of the metal chair outside the laundry door and retreated back home to more comfortable seating on board Sengo. And read.

### *Two hours. 120 minutes.*

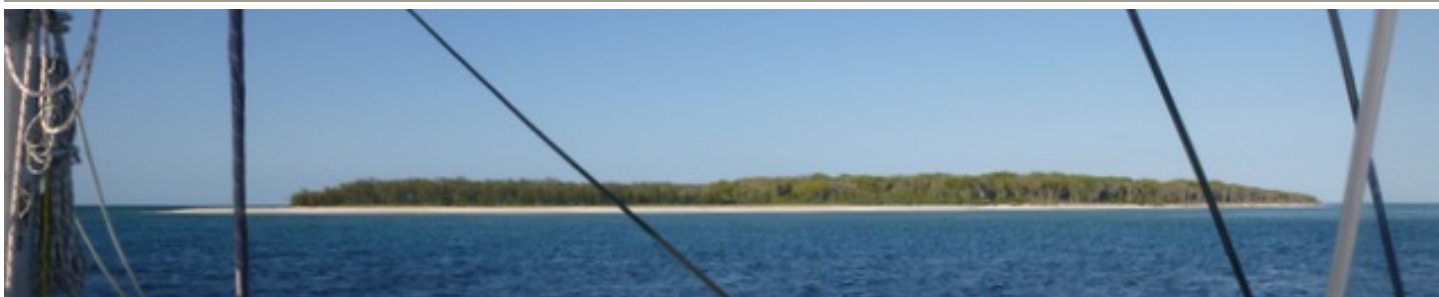
The five-minute walk up to the laundry didn't bother me as much as the walk back again. The washed clothes were still in the washing machine. Under normal circumstances I wouldn't even consider shifting someone's clothes out of the machine but it did cross my mind to do so this time and I very nearly completed the task. Had the load consisted of t-shirts or trousers I would have gone through with it. But it didn't and despite the fact they were technically clean I wasn't going to handle someone else's underwear. Again I retreated back home to more comfortable seats on boat and further reading.

### *Three hours. 180 minutes.*

Surely the washing had been picked up by now! Another 5 minute one-way walk to find the clothes still in the machine! I am now hoping that the owner is alright – surely no one forgets their washing for three hours! These particular machines are useful – they give flexible options for washing - costing \$4, \$5, or \$6 dollars. Coins can be one or two dollars. 'A great system. Was I going to come back in another hour? It was now dark. I didn't know if I could be bothered. It was about this time that I ran into someone who tells me there is another laundry. Really!! Pity I didn't know this earlier. And two machines are free. Wonderful. These machines are older. They are inflexible They only take one dollar coins. They require four. I only have three....

The washing was done the next day – but I had essentially wasted the afternoon....not happy!





## Mast Head Issues at Mast Head Island

6<sup>th</sup> October 2018. It rained overnight: a good hard cleansing rain – which having a newly cleaned boat meant that the water coming off the deck would have been clean and I could have possibly been collecting it for my plants - but - not at 0100! Lightening was flashing outside and I did take the precaution of putting our electronics gear into the oven but I don't think the centre of the storm was that close – I heard no thunder.

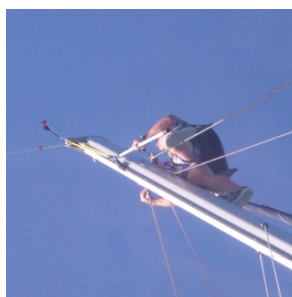
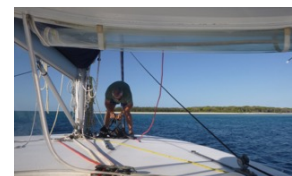
There was no wind to speak of this morning and the motors stayed on after the anchor was picked up. A hopeful early morning start morphed into 0700 which left us with a dilemma for our destination. An early morning start may have meant we could do a long run to Pancake Creek, or preferably, Mast Head Island in the Bunker Group. However starting a bit later with a less than expected wind strength meant that North West Island was now a better prospect, still in the Bunker Group although it was not as far south.

At around 0800 the wind picked up slightly and we decided to put full sails up. The wind wasn't going to give us much but if we could tweak our SOG by 0.3 knots (which doesn't sound like much but makes a difference over many hours) we would be able to change direction and head for Mast Head Island after all, and still put the anchor down approximately within the suggested time for coral areas. At 0830 it all came crashing down! Well, the main sail did anyway. We can't say we've enjoyed the challenges our main sail has presented us with recently, at least the car we put back in three weeks ago was still there, but all we could do at this time was take a deep breath. The dynema holding the main sail onto the main halyard at the top, and part of the sail configuration of the square top main, had let go. All we knew of this was a bit of a

jerk on the boom and we peered up to see no sail. Fortunately it had all crumpled nicely back into its sail bag, it just meant the main halyard was now stuck at the top of the mast, and to retrieve it Andrew had to go up – a job that would have to wait until we were anchored.

So, for a short time we were left with the genoa only assisting the engines until the wind decided it would head around to front us, and with the genoa now doing nothing but flapping around into the radar and damaging itself, we furled it in.

We arrived at our designated anchorage spot around an hour earlier than critical and I was hopeful of a bit of an explore on the island. However, after taking an hour to anchor (we set on the third try – whilst there were no bommies where we were tying, we were close to the reef and there were scattered obstacles on the deepish sea floor), then sending Andrew up the mast with a boat hook (the spinnaker halyard only gets him so far...), and finally reattaching the sail to the top car, we were too exhausted to get off boat. I do note however, the sun had been out and the weather was warm.





Lady Musgrave Island at sunset

## Lady Musgrave Island

7<sup>th</sup> – 8<sup>th</sup> October 2018

7<sup>th</sup> October 2018. Officially we motor-sailed all the way to Lady Musgrave Island and it's coral lagoon; the genoa was out but didn't make a great deal of difference to our speed. It was hot day and it is possible we both got a bit dehydrated because after our arrival into the lagoon (through the entrance, around the isolated danger mark and around anything that looked suspicious underwater at low tide) we didn't immediately have the energy to head to shore. Eventually we headed across to land late afternoon and only just got a small walk around the shoreline before heading back to boat (via a power boat owned by the parents of someone we'd met in a vet practice in Yeppoon).

8<sup>th</sup> October 2018. My headache this morning didn't help the enthusiasm for another visit to the island. When we had been here on a previous visit young noddys were growing up and leaving the nest, this time it looked like the parents were still building the nests and it would have been good to investigate. Instead, we spent some of the morning admiring fish from the back steps, and finally took the tinnie out to explore the coral (from inside the tinnie) mid afternoon. Instead of an afternoon swim we said a quick hello to **Temptress** before heading back to boat just after 1600. Wildlife spotted: one small turtle, a jumping ray, a few small fish around bommies, noddys, brown boobys and terns.



Lady Musgrave lagoon



Lady Musgrave lagoon



Lady Musgrave lagoon



Lady Musgrave lagoon



## Lady Musgrave to Bundaberg

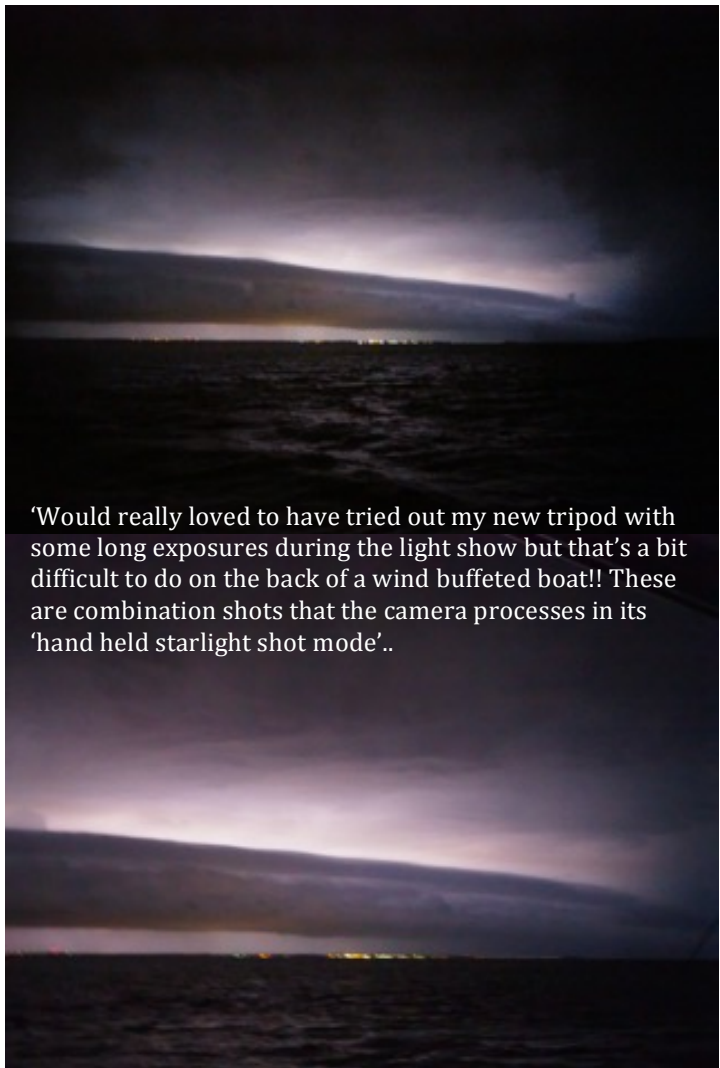
9<sup>th</sup> October 2018. We had actually persisted sailing for three hours this morning, before we put the engines on and set a direct course for Burnett Heads. The northerly winds, whilst great for a beam reach across to Pancake Creek, presented a very weak angle for the southern run, and as the spinnaker blocks hadn't been cleaned I was reluctant to reattach and muck up my cleaned deck (always a point of contention). So, from a fairly promising start of 7.3 knots just after we exited Lady Musgrave lagoon at 0700 we turned the engines on at 0950 having hovered around 4.3 knots (getting down to 3.9 knots at one stage) on the original adjusted trajectory. At 1110 with an engine still running we again turned a bit south west to take advantage of a little more wind *but* our SOG was now a comfortable 6.3 knots (if we'd remained at 4.2 knots we would have been heading into the Burnett River Heads at 2200)!

Engines were completely off at 1250 and we were able to sail all the way to the ship channel markers leading in to the Burnett River. The wind had picked up later in the afternoon and our SOG ranged back up to 6's, 7's and 8's.

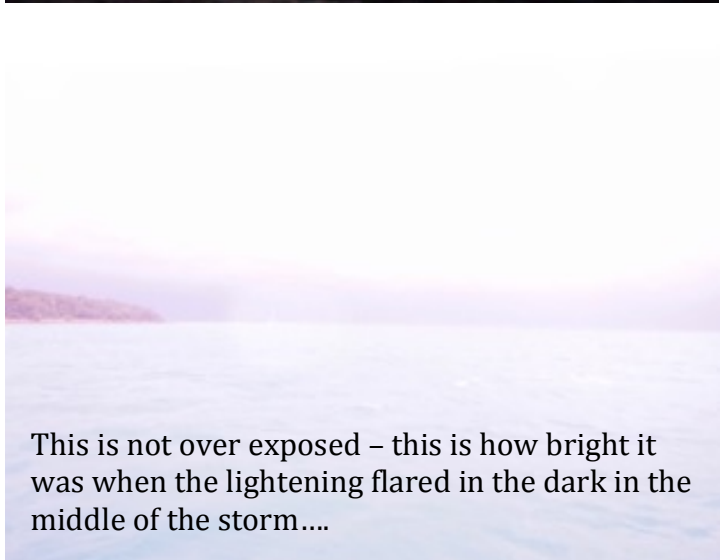
There had been thunderstorms forecast and as soon as we had internet reception, we monitored the cell that was heading north east, skipping across the top of Gin Gin toward the coast. Our hope had been to not only miss the rain, but particularly the lightening. We got a small smattering of rain just as we dropped our sails; an uncomfortable experience as the swell and waves from the boisterous winds behind us were greater than expected. We motored up the Burnett past the small anchorage area outside the Burnett Heads harbour as it was full (with 11 boats, the majority of them catamarans), and we made our way past the sugar sheds to what is now for us a well-known anchorage. The anchor was down before sunset and the rain came down a few hours later - after we had gone to bed.

## Sound and light shows!

### Back in the Great Sandy Straits



'Would really loved to have tried out my new tripod with some long exposures during the light show but that's a bit difficult to do on the back of a wind buffeted boat!! These are combination shots that the camera processes in its 'hand held starlight shot mode'..



This is not over exposed – this is how bright it was when the lightening flared in the dark in the middle of the storm....

10<sup>th</sup> October 2018. We headed out of the Burnett River heads at 0715 into 15-20 knots, gusting to 24 and a long shot away from the 5-10 and 10-15 predicted. At one point (very briefly) there was a reading of 43 knots. We had full sails out and decided not to reef, the wind direction was as predicted, or close enough to, it was just that the wind strength was a bit off. I wouldn't have wanted to be travelling into the waves but with the weather behind us, the ride was acceptable and even Tiger's stomach seem to cope with the occasional sail across the swell.– well most of it anyway. His sprightly demeanor had him eating a full morning tea but eventually lost it on one slightly uncomfortable stretch. We took a few jibes across the 55 nautical mile trip. Toward the end of the afternoon wind strengths in the 20-25 range were becoming more prevalent, for a time angled from directly behind us and even the goose wing configuration wasn't enough to hold the genoa in place across the swell. So for a brief time we travelled on main only, slowing boat speed to 4-5 knots until the wind direction changed and we could again pull the genoa out.

Our destination was Big Woody Island, listed in the guide as okay for a northern anchorage and we hoped the predicted wind direction overnight stayed true. Of course it fluctuated to north west where the protection wasn't as great but with the tide we actually found ourselves almost comfortable with a side on swell. But this wasn't our major issue. Our major issue was the super cell coming from the south west and the impact that would have on us. We did at one point find we were on a lee shore but that was tide related and the wind strength was (thankfully) down to below 5 knots. Our anchorage was of course totally exposed to the south-west (the alternative thought of the River Heads anchorage as the afternoon sail progressed was rejected at the time for the fear of not getting in at low tide) but we had the most magnificent light show before the rain. We were the tallest mast in the anchorage (there were only three other boats and none were near us) but no lightening was struck. By 9pm the light show had passed and we went to bed.



## Tornado!!!

11<sup>th</sup> October 2018. It was around 0200 when I awoke to the uncomfortable slapping of water against the hull (wind against tide), lightening, thunder and 28 knots! (I checked the instruments). Andrew, of course, slept through it. This particular storm front fortunately was short lived and I went back to sleep until Tiger got me up briefly at 0430... At 0600 we awoke to silence; some blue sky, white clouds only, and a bit of haze...but a beautiful still, hot, and sunny morning. What storm!

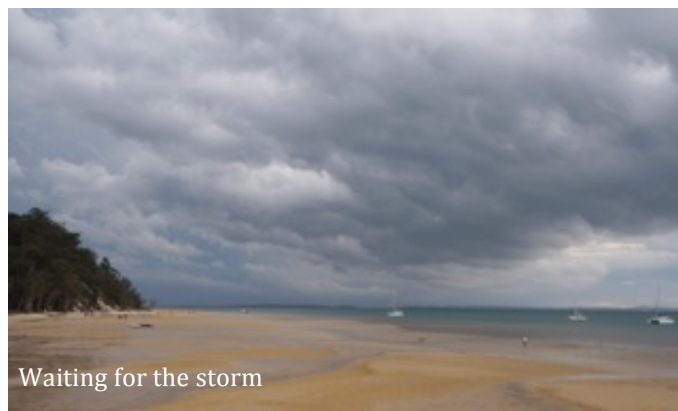
We organised ourselves early and motored over to anchor off Kingfisher Bay Resort on Fraser Island. There was effectively no wind – less than 3 knots, and angles were variable. We were trying to hook up with **Final Fling** who'd spent the previous evening anchored down at Gary's Anchorage and had had to wait for high tide to negotiate the exit and the shallow bit at Sheridan Flats. They anchored just north of us around 1215 and we met on shore around 1300 for lunch. We had a great lunch at the Sandbar (this venue wasn't open last time we were here in 2016) (there were six of us - **Final Fling** had their 2 regular and 2 extra crew) and as the tide was heading out and our tenders had been stranded before we went to lunch, we thought that perhaps we would wait until late afternoon to go back to boat- the less beach to drag our tenders over the better. V and I went for a walk up to the General Store whilst the boys waited at the Jetty Bar. Having perused the wares at the General Store and the fabulous photography in the attached shop, I heard my phone blip with a message. Thinking it was from Andrew I casually checked my phone. This is what it read....

**Emergency. QFES VERY DANGEROUS SORM. likely impact Hervey Bay, Maryborough and Tiaro. TORNADOS possible. Immediately Seek shelter. Avoid travel**

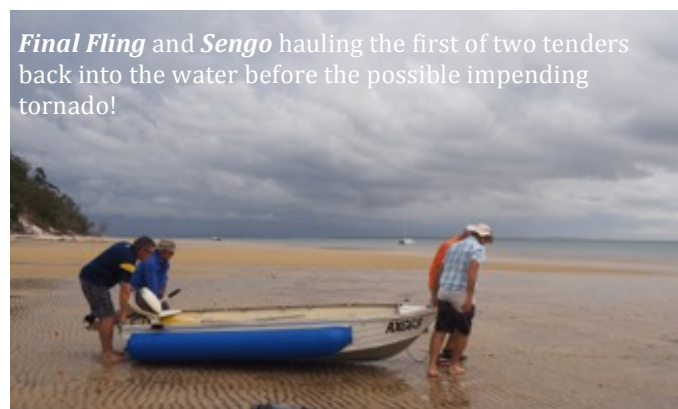
(with associated technical signatures before and after the message)

Apparently V had had a similar message when they were in Gary's Anchorage the night before but we didn't get one – so this was clearly a targeted message for those in range of particular towers. We headed back to the boys and then there was a group effort to get the tenders back in the water. Farewells were said before heading back to our respective vessels. We

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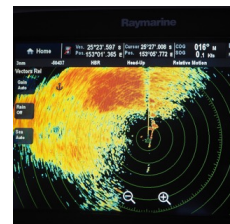


Waiting for the storm

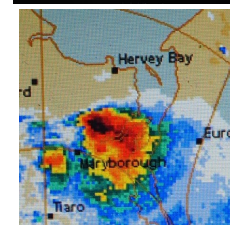


**Final Fling** and **Sengo** hauling the first of two tenders back into the water before the possible impending tornado!

found Sengo, whilst she was still floating, was not that far away from the ledged sand back (I would almost be happy to swim it in summer). Because of the impending south west storm we pulled in 25 meters to make sure we wouldn't be pushed onto the shore with a potential storm induced south west wind, but the tide swung us around the other way anyway. We finished with the chain adjustment just as the rain came down. The weather was intense; even the resort barges decided to temporarily anchor off rather than head into the jetty, and within 5 minutes you could not see very far from the boat. Radar indicated the main part of the storm proceeding around to the north of us (which was unexpected as the bom.gov.au schematic seemed to have it tracking to the south of us).



Fortunately, this particular event was over in around half an hour. A brief respite, computers were rescued from the oven where we had hurriedly stuffed them, and we watched the next lot of storms approach until it was time for the electronic equipment to return to their Faraday Cage.





## Birralee Track.

12<sup>th</sup> October 2018. The morning was gloriously calm, the sun was out between the clouds and, for a while at least, little or no wind meant it got quite hot if you didn't shelter in shade. The plan had been for a walk north along the beach, toward Dundonga Creek and then back into the resort. However the walk along the beach was cut short, a rising tide and large tree debris blocking access, and after returning to the jetty, instead of walking toward the resort we turned left and took the track uphill. On the Department of Environment and Science (National Park's) website the Dundonga Creek walk is listed as closed so I was expecting to be turned back within a short while. However the track led up along the coast and then turned inland for a slightly steeper track before coming to an open area with four picnic tables (two look as if they are being grown over and neglected) at what was probably the 'Hervey Bay Lookout' – trees are growing up to obscure the view. The track leading down to the creek still had no obvious markers on it but we took the





road trail back, past the communications towers and back through the bush to come out at the back of the Kingfisher Bay Resort. The sections of foot track here look less used than the one near the coast, with vegetation hanging over the track for most of the way to the resort. There are a couple of old interps boards along this track highlighting some of the vegetation, and the stands are intriguing metal sculptures. The boards don't seem to have worn or faded but could do with a clean. If we had stayed still I suspect we would have got a good bird count, the bush calls were prolific but by this time the clouds had come in, the general feel of the air was a bit cooler and, as we arrived at the General Store, (where fortunately there were seats under cover) it started to rain. Between showers we headed back to the Sandbar hoping for 'coffee and cake' but we were disappointed. (they did coffee but no cake). Our coffee fix was therefore had at the Jetty Bar and the 'cake' a packet of gluten free biscuits we'd bought at the store. We were joined by *Temptress* for a while and after a couple of showers headed back to boat. (I note that we couldn't see our tinnie from the jetty and hoped it was still there – we found it around the point, jammed behind a stump). Before getting back to Sengo we had a quick look at Dundonga Creek from the water but as the tide was dropping we didn't penetrate too far upstream.



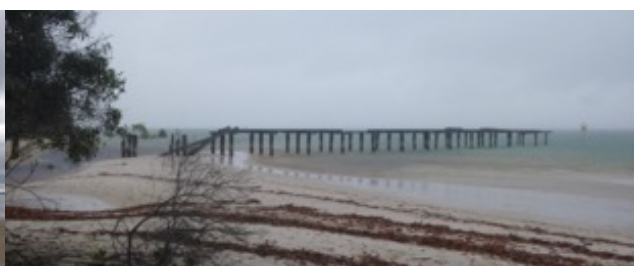
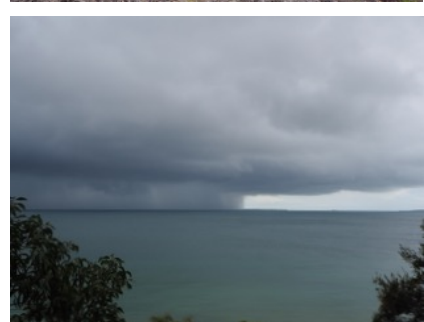
Some *Baknsia*!





## McKenzie's Jetty.

13<sup>th</sup> October 2018. It had rained from late the previous afternoon, had continued overnight and was still raining when we got up (The forecast officially had gone from near 100 per cent to 95 per cent chance of rain!). Plans were to do another walk today – the Mackenzie Jetty loop, a walk we'd done before – but this time with ***Temptress*** and ***Thor***. The plan was for a 0900 start, which got moved to 0930 and then to 1100 as all three boats (including us) moved to a deeper location off shore so a possible south westerly wind would not push us all into the shallow sand shelf at low tide. Whilst we believed the tide to be more dominant than the wind, we weren't necessarily trusting the unpredictable tempests that kept appearing (that may or may not be in the forecasts). Because of the much later than expected start our plan to walk along the beach to the Jetty and back through the bush was quashed, as the tide was already too high to negotiate the top of the sand. So with back packs, walking shoes and light raincoats packed we headed through the resort to the start of the walk in the bush behind. The walk was comfortable, the only real stops taken briefly at a lookout area, a wander around the Z Force encampment (special forces in WW2–see Aboard Sengo April 2016) and at the boiler on the beach near the jetty, to assess our shelter possibilities as the clouds had opened up and we were all getting quite a bit wetter than we'd expected! (Unfortunately the old boiler was a bit too small for the taller members of the group to stand up comfortably so we continued the walk though the rain and we got a slight drenching.) Andrew and I discovered that perhaps we should have brought our Gore-Tex jackets rather than the drizzle proof fold away cheap ones. Of course by the time we got back to the jetty at the resort, the rain had stopped and we'd started to dry out. Lunch was had at the Sandbar and when we eventually headed back to boat we found ourselves in a similar situation to two days before.... The tenders were nowhere near the water – in this case, they were way up at the top of the beach. Also in this case right next to a wedding – I am sure the photographer got creative in his angles to block them out. There was a group effort to get the two tenders back in the water and we were dropped off just as the skies got greyer again and the rain settled in for the evening





## Gary's Anchorage

14<sup>th</sup> October 2018. I was out of bed briefly at the unsociable hour of 0200 to sponge out the bilge (a small leak will be fixed when we are out of the water but there had been that much rain that the bilge pump had turned on), but we got up for the day proper around 0630. Conditions were calm and dry - for a very short time - and then the rain came down. Checking bom.gov.au there was a rain system developing on top of us and by 0710 it was still there - and still developing. Our original idea had been to go to shore for a last hurrah at the resort and then head south - the idea to hunker in Gary's Anchorage (where we can also get to shore for a stroll) before running out of food and stocking up at Tin Can Bay. It was a bit wet to contemplate an early morning start but we eventually made the decision to move south (with *Temptress*) at around 1100. We weren't the only ones, although when we got to Gary's Anchorage there were only two boats there.

It was still raining when we picked up our anchor at Kingfisher Bay - enough rain for me to wear full wet weather gear - and we put down our anchor at Gary's Anchorage in drizzle. Of course Andrew stayed nice and dry. It was me who semi regularly braved the rain to shami down the 'front window' so we could see where we were going.

We don't normally anchor on top of other boats but we did this time. There is a hole at the top end of Gary's Anchorage that another boat had been in last time we were here, and if free, we were going to secure that spot - the depth meant we didn't have to worry about tide and the width was adequate that we didn't have to worry about sand banks. Unfortunately there was a charter houseboat anchored just off the adjacent sandbank and our anchoring position meant we were almost on top of them in relative terms. The charter however seemed full of 'fishos' and of the three small boats attached to the 'mothership', two were out most of the time. In the afternoon the sky cleared for a couple of hours and we headed across to sundowners on *Temptress*. However, it was fully raining when we came back in the dark and we were a tad wet on arrival. Next door also got their own back - releasing firecrackers (or firing shot guns - we didn't get up to investigate) and waking us up in the middle of the night!

15<sup>th</sup> October 2018. Of course it started to rain just as we removed the window! It was inevitable. After the steady rain of the morning, it hadn't rained for an hour or two so we thought it safe to defenestrate.... But....

We had started this exercise with an investigation into why there was diesel in the water in our bilge on our port side. We knew we had a few leaks with the large windows and these are

Whist packing up I managed to spill a plant pot - and the 'magic carpet' had been doing such a good job of keeping the deck clean!



Coming in to Gary's Anchorage

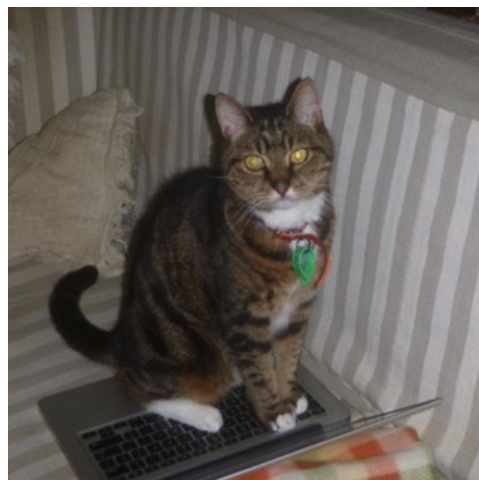


Once we'd stopped, the warmest place was in the helm station



due to get fixed when we come out of the water at the end of the month, however the diesel component was unexpected and worrying. Andrew's only thought was perhaps it was to do with the hose to the genset but to

investigate that we had to get under the bed port aft. To do that we had to move the kayak (which he managed to do whilst I was washing dirty wet towels outside) and I found him hunkered over near the fuel tank wiping up water. What we think has happened is that the leak in the back window (originally a problem 4 years ago but we thought we had solved it and we haven't been in as much concentrated water for a long time to notice any change) has run into the area under the fuel tank (which also had a problem with leaking fuel out the top a few years ago but we thought we had solved that) and dislodged any film that may have been left after an earlier clean up. Unfortunately the window in question is in the pathway of most of the runoff from half the deck so a fair bit of water passes it. We temporarily taped a plastic bag to the window but this didn't work so in the rain we cleaned up, and replaced the window and found we still had a leaking problem (even with further o rings) so we now don't know if it is a problem with a section of the window not sealing or the housing that surrounds it. It is just one thing more to investigate when we get out of the water at the end of the month. (although the use of tape across the window where it meets the hull seems to have made a difference) In the mean time we will need to keep towels handy to keep the area dry. The mattress, having been below the leaking window is wet in one corner and has ended up in the corridor up-ended to allow the wet bit a bit of air flow to dry. Because there was a fair bit of linen (sheets and pillows/pillowcases) on the bed to protect the walls from a moving kayak I now also have a big washing pile to de-must.







16<sup>th</sup> October 2018. The percentage prediction for showers was decreasing and the sun was out this morning, and the crews of **Sengo** and **Temptress** headed off to Gary's Camp for a walk. There are no official walking tracks as such, just vehicle tracks; one to the south and one to the north which after a while splits into two (as described in Aboard Sengo August 2018). Somewhere in the midst is Gary's Lake but there is no track to this and the water body lies between the two northern tracks. Searching the internet we found that one sailor's blog described they couldn't find it. After around thirty minutes of walking we eventually spotted what we assume to be Gary's Lake to our left from the upper (right hand northern track). Frogs were the dominant sound, their calls quite loud across the valley. We continued our walk for another thirty minutes and just as the vegetation changed to a slightly wetter looking forest the clouds opened up, encouraging those that had raincoats to put them on. Having been caught on our McKenzie Jetty walk with inadequate raincoats, Andrew and I had packed our good Gore-Tex hiking coats – but they weren't needed for long. We turned around at this point, arriving back at the picnic ground around two hours after we started, waiting under shelter until the



next rain shower stopped before heading back to boat for lunch. The bird list is small – yellow robin, Brahminy kite, whistling kite, bronze wing pigeons.

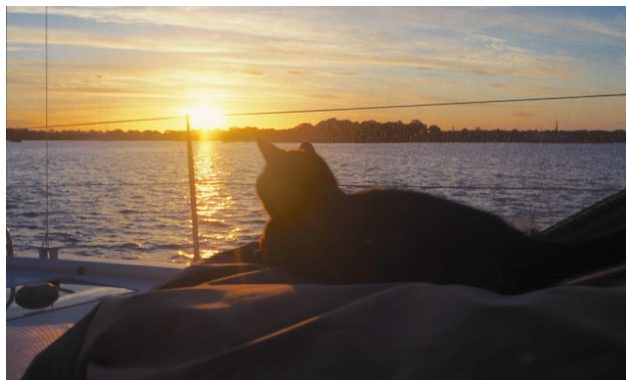


Recent storm damage



## Tin Can Bay

17<sup>th</sup> October 2018. One carrot and one bunch of bok choi. That was it! That was all the fresh vegetables that we had. So instead of enjoying another quiet night at Gary's Anchorage, we made our way south to Tin Can Bay to do a food shop at the Tin Can Bay IGA. Ideally we would have left early, got to TCB at lunch time and finished our shopping by early afternoon. Realistically though we had to wait for the tide and didn't pick the anchor up until around 1030, which was just as well as we had a reading of 0.0 under one hull making our way out of Gary's protective waterways. It was a case of motoring all the way, mostly against a tide until we got to Tin Can Inlet and the genoa was only out to help with the SOG a bit when the wind angle was right. The anchor was down around 1500, we were on shore and had walked to the supermarket by 1530 and we were back at boat before 1700; stocked up for a week or so and ready for the next part of the journey.



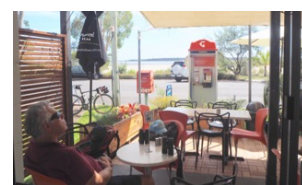
## Foreshore Bird Walk

19th October 2018. It was sunny, there were few clouds and most of them were white. The rain radar showed minor blips that weren't in the immediate locality and we headed off in the tinnie at 0715 toward the mainland. We were walking by 0740 along the Tin Can Bay Foreshore Bird Walk to Crab Creek. We've done this 6 kilometre return walk before (in 2016) and I remember last time it was quite hot. This morning was pleasant and for once we were walking nearer to bird activity times (rather than the middle of the day). The walk is smattered with interps boards along its length, of both the bird species you might see here as well as some of the vegetation and vegetation communities present. There are also notices warning the public that this is

shorebird feeding area and the birds must not be unnecessarily disturbed. We didn't see all birds listed on the boards, but we did see a few extras. This is a pretty walk, following through manicured foreshore, maintained parkland areas, scattered patches of bush and across a couple of bridges through mangroves. 'Temptations' is a café at the Crab Creek end of the walk that serves reasonable coffee, lunches and gluten free cakes. Of course we stopped for our morning tea (even though it was only 0900). If you wanted to be self-sufficient there are picnic tables, bbqs and toilets near the boat ramp a hundred or so meters further on. We had a quick chat to **Zofia** and **San Souci** on the way back, and a quick chat to the Coast Guard (to check if the suggested way points for the Wide Bay Bar had changed in the last two months) before getting in the tinnie, heading back to Sengo and moving to Pelican Bay near Inskip Point, the jumping off spot for the Wide Bay Bar. The plan was to head across the bar tomorrow but the weather predictions keep changing.



a Bird list for the morning – galah, blue faced honeyeater, pied butcherbird, magpie lark, magpie, white ibis, singing/mangrove honeyeater, masked lapwing, eastern curlew, whimbrel, Common koel, drongo, rainbow bee eater, Brahminy kite, whistling kite, silver gulls, welcome swallows, Indian miners, mistletoe bird (male), kookaburra, little egret, willy wagtail, fairy martin, rainbow lorikeet, raven, peaceful dove,





own floating pontoons. My only concern was the 'tightness' of the tide because I didn't wish to hit the private infrastructure on the change of tide. Thoughts of a dinner out were eventually kyboshed – we'd been up since 0415 – and dinner consisted of a homemade pasta carbonara (the bacon needed using and it didn't require the thawing of meat as we hadn't stuck any out in the morning). We went to bed at the early hour of 1930.



## Mooloolaba

20<sup>th</sup> October 2018. We started hauling the anchor up just before 0500 and we were heading out the Wide Bay Bar (one in a line of a multitude of other boats) at 0515. We exited the bar and its associated waterway around 0615 having had the bumpiest rockiest bar crossing that we can remember. I have no idea what poor Tiger was thinking but we were getting reports over the radio of the conditions ahead and they were not as expected. ***Temptress***, having exited the bar two boats before us, at one point turned around to watch us exit over standing, but fortunately not breaking, waves. (Although these were probably only around two meters – half the height of the horrible rogue wave we encountered on the Erye Peninsula in May!)

We tried to sail but it didn't work and with the swell a bit bigger than preferred (around 2 meters and side on) a motor sail was really the only option. Even with this set up we did a couple of tacks to head east so we could get a better bite at the Mooloolah River entrance, and at one stage we had two motors going to assist. Eventually only one motor was on and it was needed if we wanted to anchor in the light, the wind direction having changed from south-south-east around to the east and then around to north-east but with limited wind strength it was not of much use. We entered the Mooloolah River after a mixed sail around 1630 and after a couple of aborted attempts at anchoring in the 'pond' we ended up anchoring up the Mooloolah River, the section of which is a manicured canal with very expensive houses either side, most of which had their

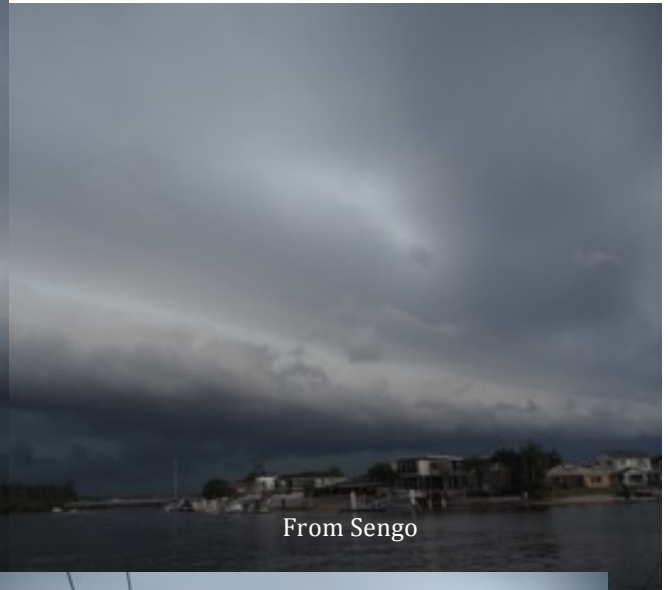
21<sup>st</sup> October 2018 – The forecast was for 90% rain but the morning rain radar showed heavy banks of storms dissipating before they got to the coast. It was warm and there was blue sky showing around the clouds. We headed off to shore, taking a stroll through half of the walkway from the main beach to the spit (lovely bit of 'bush' (vegetation between the beach and the adjacent housing) – we were blocked access to half as they are renovating it to become a 'world class facility' apparently - what ever that means. We did note that the walkways they are building are elevated so that will allow the wild/ bird life (brush turkeys mainly- this is the only place I've seen young ones and we saw one scratching around this morning) to cross to either side of the narrow bushy strip) and had a coffee and something nice at the Mooloolaba Surf life Saving Club. People watching was the go here, there were hundreds on the beach, a fundraiser for 'nippers', patrol men in uniform, quite a few fit people with surf kayaks and lots and lots of swimmers. The surf was up and so was the wind so I don't quite know what the attraction was – it would have been freezing coming out of the water! We had a quick catch up with ***Kalanoo*** before heading back to Sengo to check on Tiger (who had seriously thrown up this morning's breakfast before we had gone out – and the sea conditions had been flat!)



## What a Storm Front!



From Sengo



From Sengo



From Sengo



From Sengo

However at around 1600 the clouds came in, the wind came by and the rain came down. I was a bit concerned about the wind taking over from the tide, in a matter of a minute or less we were suddenly facing a different direction and the gap to the shore was now reduced as a substantial monohull had settled itself on one of the canal's pontoons. No collision was recorded and we spent the next half hour watching the rain come down (as well as a couple of boats in the pond up anchor and move around until the weather had settled – clearly not trusting the bottom to hold them (or the other boats around them). In the end apparently three boats moved during the tempest). Sundowners was on ***Temptress*** and a return in the dark had us just waiting that bit too long - we got wet as the next downpour came in.



© Wendy Modini



© Wendy Modini

I look forward to getting a wide angled lens - I was too close to get the best shot of the storm front. Wendy Modini managed to get some great shots with Sengo in the middle. Thanks Wendy!



### People watching again

22<sup>nd</sup> October 2018. Beach Cricket and sand castles. Young children and teenagers. Surfboards and surf skis. There was not much room between the flags and not all those immersed in the water were playing by the rules, but there were hundreds on the sand, and in the sea. Cyclists along the footpath were apathetic, not one dinged a bell to get by and I was surprised we weren't physically hit by the bikes as they passed. Water dragons sunned themselves in patches of sunlight, on the grass and on the footpath, with one individual on the top of a fence. It would have been a great photo with the surf as background but of course he moved as soon as I got the camera out! Brush turkeys roamed the foreshore.



A quiet sleep – the tempest had gone – and an early start to the current daily chores – mopping up the hot water leak water under

the bed, mopping up the bilge on the port side, mopping up the bilge on the starboard side, dishes etc. We eventually left boat, tied up the tinnie to a new floating pontoon between the coast guard and The Wharf and after leaving ***Temptress*** at Coles wandered up the coast to Alexandra Headland. Morning tea was a 'coffee and slice deal' for \$6 at the Alexandra Headland Surf lifesaving Club (which impressively included the three gluten free options – pity they weren't sugar free) and then a stroll back to town. After lunch we discovered a couple of parkland blocks that got us easily to the shops around the Apple shop on Brisbane Road (why hadn't we discovered this last time – we wouldn't have got as wet – there was a long wet tinnie ride in April 2016 to access the back of the other side of the road!!!) and we stuck our nose into the two op shops in the same strip. I had something in mind and neither of them could help me but we came back with a couple of cheap books (novels) to add to the swap collection.





## Morton Bay and South

Mooloolaba to Morton Bay - The last big jump before 'the Gold Coast'

23<sup>rd</sup> October 2018. A bright sun and a beautiful blue sky greeted us this morning. We didn't expect anything less – the predicted wind was light and the chance of rain minimal. Sengo's anchor was up at 0615 and after heading out the Mooloolah River heads and turning around Point Cartwright we were surprised to have enough wind to set the sails. Full rig was up at 0700 and whilst the wind strength was a bit higher than expected the wind direction was exactly as predicted and we spent the next couple of hours tacking south. Some other similar sized boats that left at approximately the same time weren't so adventurous and motored or motor sailed directly into it. Ironically had we chosen to go around the outside of Morton Island we would have had the perfect trajectory. Eventually, at around 0830 with the boat speed around 4 knots we turned the engines on, pulled the genoa in and made a bee line down our rum line - because although we had chosen Peel Island as our destination and one that technically we could arrive at in the dark without too many hassles, it didn't mean that I actually wanted to! At 0900 Andrew turned a second engine on because we found ourselves in the shipping channel with a ship coming up behind us at some speed! We kept this engine on to make up some time but eventually the second engine went off at around 1300 and we zigzagged through the shallow maze that is the top section of Morton Bay (by this time we were avoiding the shipping channel). The predicted easterly had come in during this time but the terrain was too risky for a straight sail, and so by the time there wasn't really any shallow water left, the wind was blowing north-easterly and with sufficient strength to turn the engines off altogether. At 1350 our only 'engine' was the wind and we reached speeds (SOG) in excess of 8.0 knots. (reaching 8.8 at one stage)

Toward the end of the sail I looked up to find a large run of white sails in the distance to our south-west. The VHF radio chatter was talking about expecting 9 boats to pull out and I realised something big must be going on. As it turns out, 'thanks to a Google search', the Etchel World Championships were on. Fortunately our timing meant that we sailed directly across the course near the official boats when the competitors were at the other end. To me it seemed a bit unorganised – whilst the competitors were at the bottom end of the course, the officials were still trying to work out where to put the finish line – we watched 13 power boats racing back to facilitate this action... Andrew (having spent years racing monohulls) tells me this is normal...

We arrived at Peel Island around 1630 and put the anchor down outside the existing anchored fleet. There was a 'beached' monohull that looked interesting and might be worth 'an explore' in the morning but we had had a long day so we settled in for an early night.



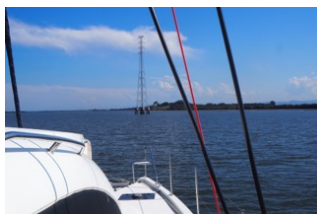
We had been lucky with the conditions all day, the swell was light, the waves almost non-existent, and when we turned the engines off Tiger who had been on the bridge deck couch, had taken his paw from around his nose (in one of those 'I don't want to know' positions) and moved outside to the front cockpit, where he watched the world go by from Andrew's beanbag, or snoozed further on the cushioned seats!



## Peel Island to Jacobs Well

24<sup>th</sup> October 2018. The southern end of Morton Bay has several islands of small, ferry or private-boat-dependant, communities. Russell Island is the only one of these islands we have visited (in 2016) and as low tide today wasn't going to be until around 1600 at the Main Channel power lines (around 15 nautical miles from our overnight anchorage), we thought perhaps we could start our journey south this morning and visit the settlement on Macleay Island on the way. It would have only been a slight detour and perhaps we could have stayed for lunch before we needed to return to the Main Channel and hold our breath to shimmy a mast with a 24 meter air draft under a piece of electrical wire that officially has 20.3 meters at HAT (Highest Astronomical Tide). (The option of checking out the beached monohull that was spotted on Peel Island on the 23<sup>rd</sup> October had 'disappeared' – i.e. the boat was no longer there. This lead us to the conclusion that instead of being stranded this boat was deliberately being careened and whilst we don't know the circumstances (they could have been perfectly legitimate) we think it was a bit cheeky to careen a yacht on a National Park beach)

But, our supply of fresh water was running low and having decided that the sea water was probably clearer at Peel Island than further south we set up to run the water maker. This is when we discovered the genset battery was flat- so that had to be charged first. In the end by the time we charged the genset battery and then made some water it was 1130 and we had run out of exploring time. After an early lunch on boat we headed south, missed a channel on a dropping tide near Coochemudlo Island (I followed the wrong leads but fortunately there was still enough water to get us back to the Main Channel...just), and let a ferry (**Morton Explorer**) pass us to head into the dog leg at Kangarra WS first, we finally reached the power line at 1500. This time fortunately there was no crab pot in the way to negotiate (see Aboard Sengo 2016 and we anchored at Jacobs Well around 1600.



It was the steak night special at the Tavern and we reminisced that last time we were here was with **Kereru** in early 2016 (now somewhere in Asia). The midges were biting at 1700 when we went to dinner and still biting at 1830 when we returned. They had also been joined by the mozzies. The moon was spectacular!





## Jacobs Well

25<sup>th</sup> – 29<sup>th</sup> October 2018. Jacobs Well was conveniently located for the weather that was coming in, and we had no urgency to do anything in particular. We went for a short walk on our second morning but after this we moved anchor locations to north of the permanent-looking boats, about half way to Horizon Shores. The anchorage outside the boat ramp was much more convenient if we wanted to stock up on goods at the General Store/s (or get to shore) but the tide was playing havoc with our position and instead of laying to wind as she should have been Sengo found herself near the middle of the channel! Having watched a large garbage barge head south and then north between us and the channel mark, I didn't wish us to be blocking the path of anything of that size again. Time at anchor was spent reading, fixing issues, a bit of general maintenance and the continuation of washing to get the musty smell out of the linen that had been on the bed under the leaking port aft cabin window. The days were getting hotter and we were a suffering a bit. A fire in an adjacent inlet island produced some horrible looking smoke and as we left on the 29<sup>th</sup> we saw what looked like the base of a houseboat. The river is dotted with the odd wrecks – some don't quite now their status (at low tide they are fully out of the water next to old wrecks), at high tide they seem securely anchored. On the 27<sup>th</sup> we had a delightful reunion with **Blue Pointer** (well, its crew – last time we saw them (2.5 years ago) they were *Sunshine*).



## Jacobs Well to Broadwater Central

29<sup>th</sup> October 2018. It was 1400 when we put our anchor down temporarily just north of the Sea Way Entrance at the Gold Coast. Not ideally it was an outgoing tide, but the water was much clearer than at Jacobs Well and as we were heading out of the water for potentially a couple of weeks and the water maker would not be in use, we needed to fill up our tanks and then pickle (shut down) the system. We had already tried to anchor off Wave Island for this task but there were quite a few boats there and where we tried putting a minimal amount of chain out, the tide swept the boat toward the shore.

The trip down from Jacobs Well had been under motor. A drizzly morning had greeted us as we got up but at least the wind had calmed down. Strong Wind Warnings had boats running for cover on the 28<sup>th</sup>, and at various times there were predictions of 30-35 knot (red on MetEye at bom.gov.au) wind speeds in the area as well as the yellow 25-30 knots. We had recorded 31.8 knots as a gust but we didn't have the instruments on all the time so missed quite a few. **Blue Pointer** who had been anchored the other side of a fishing boat from us ended up moving half way through the day as they were unsure of their swinging regime compared to their adjacent boat. It was a fair enough concern – monohulls and multihulls swing differently – We only knew the swinging regime of the two boats we were between because we had been there a couple of days. We are glad we didn't move though – **Blue Pointer** ended up recording 40 plus knot gusts further east and south in the Broadwater.

Of course the wind had been too strong for putting the washed sheets out but other tasks had been completed over the windy day - Andrew fiddled with possible causes for the leaking hot water system and I got busy reclaiming the front port guest bed as Andrew has started the supports for the kayak to live on the deck again (it has been a long time since the kayak was on the deck – now hopefully it will be in a better, and easier, position to be able to use it!).

By 1630 we had put more water in our water tanks, competed a back-water flush and moved a little further north to anchor off South Stradbroke Island opposite Runaway Bay. It was drizzling (as it had been on and off for the past couple of hours) and the waterway was relatively quiet. We were hoping it would be an uneventful night with not too many (preferably none) of the idiots who scream down here in their boats and create the tidal waves the anchored boats have to put up with.

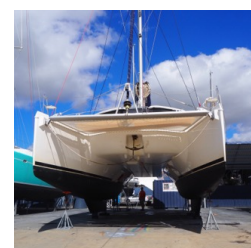
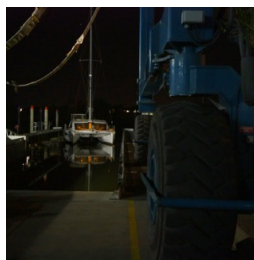
## The Boat Works

### Preparing for some hard work

30<sup>th</sup> October 2018. A year ago today we had been in Fremantle being hauled out on a 250 tonne travel lift (See Aboard Sengo October 2017). Today we were preparing to be hauled out again.

It had been a comfortably quiet night and there were not too many crazies in the morning – the bow waves from power boats started around 0900 but thankfully there weren't too many of them. We pickled the water maker this morning, after not getting it done yesterday, and managed a few other minor tasks and a very small amount of stainless steel polishing. Because we were going to end up on the feeder arm of The Boat Works travel lift this evening, our afternoon journey was traveling up the Coomera River. We were however around an hour earlier than was convenient (they still had one boat to put in the water on that arm) – and rather than anchor to wait (which would have taken a good 30 to 40 minutes by the time we found our spot, put the anchor down and then cleaned and sorted it to come up again), we circled the already anchored boats until the coast was clear. We were fully tied up just before 1700.

31<sup>st</sup> October. If you follow the tradition of Halloween you may have deemed the bats in the sky over us driving down the M1 this evening an omen. They were probably more linked to dead spirits than 'Frankenfurter' and the 'Wicked Witch' dancing to the 'Time Warp' in the Hyperdome Coles around 1800! (at least we know some staff were having fun). We had been up early and The Boat Works staff had started putting Sengo into the Travel lift around 0700. Andrew had followed the progress of lift, clean and placement. Tiger and I sat it out. We had until this time left the cat/cats inside the boat during a haul out but Tiger is a sensitive soul, and he is getting older and no longer has a companion to help him deal with the horrendous internal noise of the water clean. So Tiger and I waited in the shade in the BBQ area. I hadn't put his harness on, which means I wasn't letting him totally out of his cage but he didn't seem to want to come out anyway – a curious paw or



two out of the door and a sniff was all he took before turning around and hiding as far into the plastic container as he could. The birdlife was lovely here (it was early morning after all) so I wouldn't have let him out anyway – although his proximity (on top of the table) didn't seem to worry the family of the blue wrens who frolicked in the garden bed and on the grass only a matter of a few feet in front of us.



Once Tiger had been reinstated back inside Sengo at her temporary home around 0830 Andrew and I had a few jobs to do.... We picked up the hire ute to pick up the scaffolding, got some groceries, did the first Bunnings shop of the day, came back for lunch and scaffold assembling (thanks Colin for the help!) toddled off to a girlfriend's to borrow her compressor, had an hours chat, headed back to boat via the second Bunnings shop of the day, went to Kmart at the Hyperdome to pick up some cheap work shoes for me, supplemented some more food with a shop at Coles. (we managed to park at precisely the opposite end of the Hyperdome to Kmart so we were exhausted by the time we got back to the car park), drove back to Coomera, had dinner, did the dishes (at the BBQ area here before someone told me there was a sink closer) checked all the compressor fittings worked, and did some clothes washing! Andrew went to bed at 2300. I went to bed at 2330!