

Aboard Sengo

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April 2019

Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour

In two hours!

4

Gordon River revisited

Catching up with the bits that we didn't see last time (well, some of them).

8

The Tamar Valley

Tantalising tit-bits around the Tamar

From 20



On Warner's Landing, Gordon River

Still in the southern State...

Beautiful but cold!

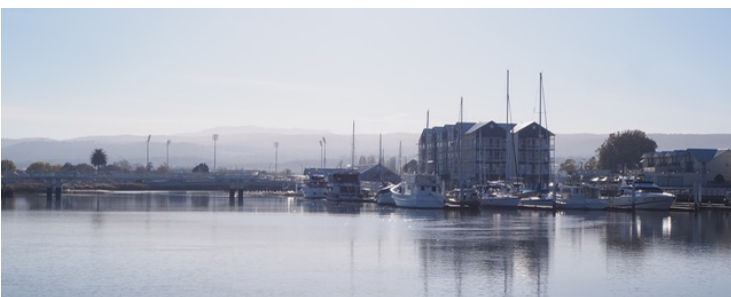


Entering the Tamar River

Mid Autumn in Tasmania

On April 2nd we made it to Port Davey! But it wasn't in the way we originally intended. And we saw it from a higher perspective than we'd originally expected – all as a result of one fine sunny afternoon in Strahan; having decided, in all likelihood, we would be turning north, not south, when we (finally) left Macquarie Harbour.

And the reason we were in Strahan on April 2nd we were still waiting for parts for our anchor winch! Overall, and between false starts, we ended up spending around three weeks in Strahan (over March and April) trying to find out what was wrong with, and how to fix, the winch. It was seven days into April when we finally got our anchor winch going – after several attempts – and we gratefully left town and headed back down to the Gordon River; the first three days of which were very wet and very cold and not conducive to do any outside exploring. Having had friends almost float off a jetty in wet weather in the Gordon River a year ago, we were very conscious of rising above our ropes and the poles they were tied to; the depth below us changed from 2.4 to 2.8 and back down to 2.0



meters but we were never in any danger of floating downstream.

After several further days of chilly weather up river the skipper was getting grizzly, so we held over some exploration of this waterway until next time and headed downstream, settling ourselves in Hawks Nest for a few days before heading back to town in preparation to leave Macquarie Harbour. We got our opportunity four days later and after a 36-hour sail and a 7-hour wallow, we entered the Tamar River - in the fog!

A major weather system was due to hit Tasmania (a regular event for this time of year) and whilst other boats we knew were on docks in Devonport and Beauty Point, we were weathering the next week out on anchor further south, off Deviot near the Bateman Bridge. The upside of this was we got less wind than those near the coast, the downside was it wasn't convenient to go exploring so we found ourselves frustratingly boat-bound. Finally the opportunity came to get to Launceston and we arrived in town, with a reading of less than 0.00 on the depth transducers (three blank lines) in the shallow confluence of the North Esk and South Esk Rivers, docking in no wind on Home Port Landing; the home dock to *Tamar River Cruises*. We had a couple of little tasks to do in Launceston and we scheduled those in as quickly as we could; we wanted to be ready for the next window north.

Consciously, we refused to count the number of wet days this month – we just accepted that we were in Tasmania in mid Autumn. And like last month, the days that didn't rain were magnificently sunny, if not a tad cold. At the end of the month we were still in Tasmania but tantalisingly close to heading north to warmer climes.

From a social point of view, we continued to converse with the locals, had brief chats on the jetty with other cruisers and spent time with *Shebeen*, *RooBinEsque*, *Vamanos*, and the commercial yacht *Stormbreaker* (to whom we are enormously grateful for the use of its mooring during our anchor winch saga).



Regatta Point Railway Station



Regatta Point Railway Station



Regatta Point Railway Station



Lettes Bay



Lettes Bay



Lettes Bay

I have discovered that bribery is a very useful tool. If Andrew looks a bit reluctant I can usually convince him to go for a walk if there is something exotic on offer. Often a cuppa at a café is enough, however today's bribe was the crepes (gluten free) at the Regatta Point Railway Station for lunch, if he would extend the stroll with me to Lettes Bay.

Our first priority however on the morning of the 1st April was picking up cat food, which was waiting for us at the Strahan Post Office. And as Tiger wasn't the only one whose food stocks were running low, we spent this first run to shore doing an IGA shop to stock up our larder as well.

Once the cupboards were no longer bare, we tootled off to Lettes Bay. The settlement is a few kilometers from Strahan, and, is 'sort of' on the tourist run; the feature of which is a collection of old, mainly tin 'miners cottages'. The main group of the dwellings is two to three buildings thick at the bottom of the hill and there is no real obvious path for a closer inspection other than from the roadside without walking through the narrow gaps between them. Without knowing the exact ownership of the dwellings (a couple are set up for tourist accommodation) we didn't trespass. The majority of uniform shacks up the top of the hill Andrew believes are later built – possibly 1950's (ish), and we could smell the smoke

from someone's wood heater (we were envious – it was cold outside!). I suspect there is a friendly AFL rivalry here as several houses had AFL flags hanging from various poles – most however were old and shredded. I am not sure how much of this area is heritage listed but a couple of lucky owners have secured new(er) houses with lovely views over the bay. We had walked to Lettes Bay via Green Street and Lettes Bay Road, but we followed the railway line on the way back to Strahan (the train had just passed us so we knew we had the track to ourselves).

We didn't see many birds but a delightful sight was a small flock of white-throated needle-tails (apparently a regular but uncommon visitor to Tasmania).



Wilderness Train crossing Lettes Bay Road.



Flying on a whim....sort of

The morning of the 2nd April was overcast, and uniformly unfriendly. However as the day wore on the clouds separated and the sun came out. By mid afternoon the sky was mainly blue and we headed to shore. After picking up mail we went for a walk around the streets of town; it was a fairly non-descript exercise – just past the supermarket, along Harvey Street over the hill, left at the round-about, past the police station and back to the waterfront. There was no particular end-game in mind, it was just to get some exercise and take the opportunity whilst the weather was amenable. We noted there are quite a few places for sale in Strahan; interestingly most are very big blocks with single houses on them. Depending on planning restrictions, this would make them ripe for development as a lot of the properties around these single houses already hold multiple holiday units or villas.

At around 1700 we were heading back to the tinnie when we entered the *Strahan Helicopters* shed. This wasn't entirely an unexpected activity, although we hadn't particularly planned it for today. We had been discussing a helicopter ride ever since we got to Strahan in late February; having noted the helicopter on the waterfront when we arrived (and indeed hearing it as it regularly alighted). Our first few days at Strahan had had very mild weather, one even predicted for no wind but looking at the options listed on the *Strahan Helicopter's* website we couldn't make up our minds on itinerary (the company offers several 'usual' options). At the time our mind was also partially on budget (Helicopter rides for us are not cheap!).



However, surprisingly, our living expenses over February and March had come in under budget so today we were happy to splurge.



The standard options/trips that *Strahan Helicopters* offer are generally within a certain radius. ‘What about Port Davey?’ Andrew asked. We could see it was a little further out (and in the opposite direction) to what was generally on offer. The company however is flexible. Indeed, the website blurb does suggest you talk to them about your particular requirements. Of course we caught the pilot a bit ‘on the hop’. He had closed down the ‘copter for the night (the ‘socks’ were on the blade tips) and he was ready to go home. But as we hadn’t heard the ‘copter go up earlier we think we might have been his only customers for the day, so calculating the distance, and the time (he needed to be back by a certain twilight (I can’t remember which one)) as well as time it so we wouldn’t disturb the performance of **The Ship That Never Was** (see *Aboard Sengo* March 2019) he gave the go ahead, and after an initial hiccup (the outside power point wasn’t working for the pump to put the fuel in), we headed off.

It was a big trip (two hours) and one that the pilot hadn’t done before. And it was magnificent. There is something magical about seeing mountainous country from the air; the Tasmanian south west is rugged, and mostly inaccessible, and unless you are on foot (no tracks in the main) or flying over it you are just not going to see it.

I am ruing giving away my book of Tasmanian Geology because it would have been really helpful in interpreting what we were looking at. We passed close to Mount Sorrell, headed down towards and skirted the edge of Lake Peddar, flew over glacial tarns and around tor-topped mountains, and then headed south to Bathurst Harbour and Port Davey,

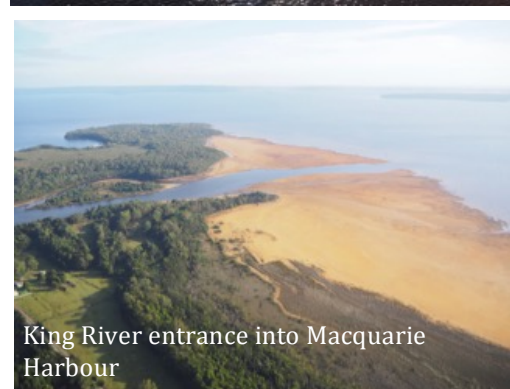
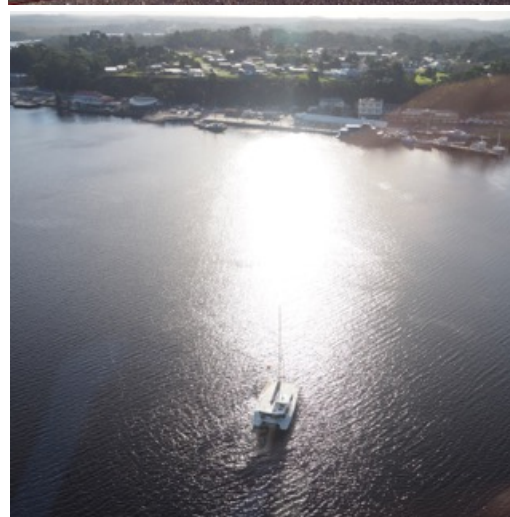
following what looked like a glacial scored flat valley. When we got to the harbour we could recognise the locations there; having looked at charts and maps in guides we could identify anchorages and rivers. We buzzed a couple of catamarans (boats we knew who had no idea we were in the 'copter and were probably wondering what the noisy beast was doing in this location of tranquility) and then headed home via the coast.

The geomorphology and vegetation combinations along the coast were varied, ranging from total coverage of trees on the plateaus, to grasses and shrubs on the plateaus and trees only in the steeper gorges. You could see the difference in vegetation type and scale but we weren't close enough to see specific vegetation heights, although the pilot did tell us that the trees were probably taller than we imagined. We noted the rivers as we flew over them; some we hadn't heard of but some were prominent in the collection of Huon Pine (as noted in **The Huon Pine Story**; Garry Kerr and Harry McDermott). The evidence of the fire around Low Rocky Point was very obvious; the fire (track closures noted in Aboard Sengo March 2019) was extensive and we could see why the track had been closed. There were two power boats (we assume Cray boats) anchored along the coast in amongst the bays and these gave us a sense of scale for the coastline - and a lovely vista with the setting sun.

I was hoping for another run over Sengo when we returned (the earlier photo I knew had reflection issues) but it was not to be; the atmosphere darker than it should have been due to smoke emanating from the north. As our landing time was just before the latest twilight the helicopter is allowed to operate there was no leeway with the flight. However had it been earlier and lighter, the pilot would have headed north to investigate where the smoke was coming from; fire spotting being one of the activities that helicopters are requested/contracted/expected to do.

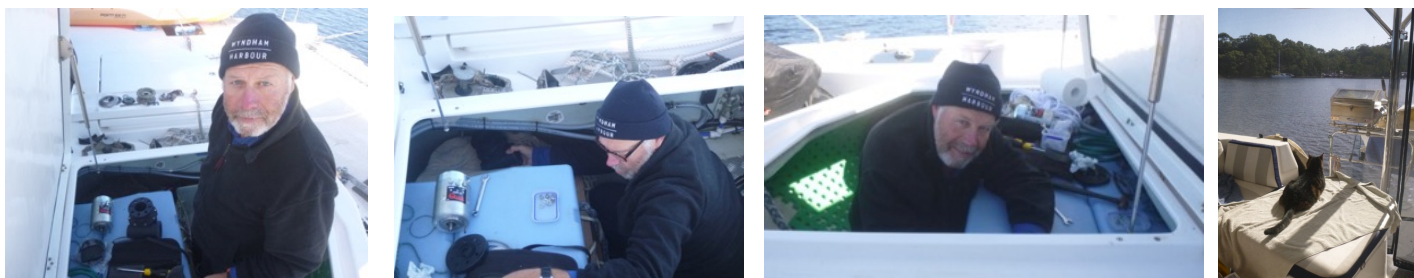
The particular helicopter we took was relatively small; catering for the pilot and three passengers (I am not sure if the centre console bit of the back seat can be converted to a fourth seat). Andrew took the front seat and I got the back to cater for the backpack. He of course had the bigger windows. The back side windows are bowed. This is useful for seeing more but not useful for taking photographs; taking photos out of a helicopter is not my forte and I didn't quite know how to get around the reflecting

sun off the concave surfaces. However I did manage to get a few reasonable shots ('mostly' in focus and with minimal reflection) and I made sure it wasn't my whole experience: I spent most of the time looking not clicking.



King River entrance into Macquarie Harbour

3rd April 2019. We awoke to an overcast sky and rain but the precipitation had receded by late morning and we headed to town, had lunch at Molly's café and then headed off to check out the Community Op Shop. The op shop is only open two days per week from 1400 – 1600. We arrived at 1355. By 1400 several cars had arrived and several more 'customers' had come on foot. I say 'customers' because it seems it is the local gathering place, and whilst most people were browsing they were more concentrated on gossiping and catching up. On the way back to boat we picked up the new anchor winch gear box which had arrived by courier in the morning....



4th April 2019. The morning felt freezing and we could see our breath. Andrew stated he would start to work on the winch once it got above zero. The temperature at the time of that comment at Strahan airport was actually 8.7 degrees (although the official temperature had got down to 2.6 degrees overnight (twice)). So it was mid morning before Andrew braved the elements and continued work on our recalcitrant winch. With cold hands he finally got the new gearbox installed, attached the old motor to it, and turned it on. It worked. Sort of. Things were moving BUT speeds were similar to what we had in the Gordon River, so perhaps it wasn't quite one hundred per cent (but at least something was happening). It was around 1530 when Andrew had finished with the winch and it was 1600 before we got to shore for a big shop. At 1700 when we got back to boat we thought a celebratory glass of wine more in order than trying a very late run for another anchorage. (My hands hadn't been completely idle during the afternoon – I had cut out the remainder of the outside hatch covers from the canvas and started working on those)

5th April 2019. It was windy and not ideal to move anchorages. However, we were getting itchy toes and just wanted to move on. Just to confirm all was well to move before we dropped the mooring we tested the anchor winch again. And nothing happened! It would be an understatement to say it 'was not a joyful moment'. We had the new gearbox installed so why the unit was working last night and not working now was a mystery. Our next step was to try the new motor on the new gear box (thankfully we hadn't sent it back). At this point we were thinking perhaps we should have just bought a new winch! However, today's conditions were not conducive to work outside. The winds at the time of this discovery were gusting up to 30 knots on boat. And rain was expected in the evening. And with strong winds forecast for the next few days things were not looking good for either the motor installation or to get off the mooring.

6th April 2019. The morning winds were, thankfully, medium, and fortunately dropping. Andrew got up at vaguely normal time - I got up late. Late sunrises, grey skies and cold temperatures are not inspiring. And for the past couple of days I had been feeling as though I was coming down with a bug so I thought that snoozing in bed a little longer than normal wasn't necessarily a bad thing. I did however get up when I heard Andrew on the phone to **RooBinEsque**. As I had mentioned to RooBinEsque on the phone the previous day, there was a strong possibility of us leaving town soon, and as we hadn't caught up with this boat for nine months they thought they might come around for a cuppa this morning. That was a terrific idea although nine months worth of adventures on either side was never going to be covered over morning tea. (As luck would have it, the evening was mild so we joined them (and **Vamanos** and **Shebeen**) for dinner at Hamers Hotel giving us time for more tales

After our morning visitors, and a short rain shower, Andrew started working on the anchor winch; attaching the new motor onto the new gear box. After a short interruption (around 1300) for rain, the job was completed and around 1400 switches were turned on, power was applied and boy did the sound of the moving chain sound sweet. No slow grind. No change in speed. We have a fixed system. Of course to get to this stage we have bought both items individually – they do come together in a cheaper form and had we only known we needed both... Ah Well. It is what it is and... it costs what it costs. At least we could now head back into the wilderness!

Gordon River - revisited

7th April 2019. For some reason the clock alarm didn't go off when we expected it to; it went off an hour later, which after an initial panic we relaxed because 'daylight savings' had ended and we ended up back on schedule. The mooring was dropped around 0800, the genoa pulled out as we left Risby Cove and twenty minutes into the journey we turned the motors off.

There was a strong wind warning for this day but the wind was from the north, and whilst the predictions meant that the initial 10-15 knot wind strength might only last until mid morning (where 15-20's and then later 20-25's were predicted) we expected it to all be coming from behind us. The winds did pick up and for a great part of the trip our apparent wind speeds were 17 to 21 knots. At one stage the true wind speed gusted to mid 30's, which thankfully after several minutes, abated back to something more reasonable (and more comfortable with regard to apparent wind speed pressure on our single sail).

There was of course rain predicted with this system and with a 90% chance of precipitation we expected to get wet. We were however rather fortunate with our timing. As we travelled south east down Macquarie Harbour the rain kept its distance; that to the south of us parting as we neared, keeping the harbour waters in front of us free of precipitation, that to the side of us staying on the edge of the harbour, and we watched *Spirit of the Wild* (the RACT tourist boat) get almost completely smothered in the surroundings (the boat is however gun metal grey and designed to blend in). Cloud cover varied during the journey, starting with a couple of small patches of blue, to a lifting swathe of clouds to the south east and east that started to reveal the lower slopes of Mount Sorrell. However with the changing conditions the mountain was enveloped again, showing itself briefly later in our trip before disappearing entirely behind a wall of water. There was at one point what could be described as a following sea, albeit small, and the view behind us was a non-descript and non-defined wall of threatening grey; where sea and sky were all one. However, apart from a small shower at around 0845, the next time we met rain was, as is just our luck, as we were heading into the Gordon River, just over two hours later.

As far as actual sailing goes, we had had a wonderful trip, traveling in the 6-7 knot range, which increased to 9's as we got close to the river mouth. This wasn't ideal of course because our visibility was now much reduced and spotting the lateral marks was a challenge. Fortunately we had put a track on the chart plotter last time we came into the river and we used this as a navigational aid in the closed-in weather.

The idea had been to sail up the Gordon River, and indeed we did sail for the first half hour or so. But ironically, having recently had over thirty knots in the harbour, we found ourselves with much reduced winds (as expected) and at one stage our gauges read 1.1 knots True (not quite that expected). This of course, is not enough for us to sail in and gave us no steerage so we ended up furling the genoa in and putting the motors on downstream and around the corner from Boom Camp so we wouldn't become a floating hazard to *Spirit of the Wild* coming the other way (we could see it on AIS). There were short periods of sailable winds after this, where the mountain ranges allowed a free flow of wind down the valleys, but apart from Limekiln Reach where the winds did flow on good speed in a good direction (where we could probably have sailed but didn't) the wind speeds were too low in the protected river way to give us an opportunity to turn the motor off.

We passed Jack and Jude on our way through, waved, but kept going. We hoped we would get a chance to catch up with the crew of *Banyanda* on the way back down river. A small amount of drizzle dogged me getting out the fenders and barge boards in preparation for docking but it didn't last long and we were happily tied up to Warners' Landing at around 1515.





Ice bergs on the Gordon River....

Well, not quite. There were actually large lumps of froth floating down the river this morning - but they did look like mini chunks of ice. And it felt cold enough....(snow was predicted to 900 meters)

8th April 2019. I am not sure of where our rule of 'we wont be going up river if there is the likelihood of heavy rain,' went because we still ended up taking the opportunity to get up into the Gordon River at the earliest opportunity after our enforced stay at Strahan, even with the forecast for 90 plus percent rain for the next few days.

We had however made sure we noted the water level (both on the landing and our instruments) when we arrived. And it had rained steadily from 1900 - 2200 before fortunately stopping - I did not want to have to leave Warner's Landing in the dark! Checking this morning indicated the water level had indeed risen along the side of the wooden landing but water depth levels according to our instruments were reassuringly about the same.

The sun was out early this morning and there was blue sky. St Johns Falls Jetty looked inviting but of course being on the other side of the river we were still in the chilly shade. However, the forecast was still for 90% chance of showers. TasMaritime had reported that the western districts forecast was expecting its rain in the afternoon and I was still conscious of the water level and a rain event that might impact on it. The Gould's Track upstream from St Johns Falls would be the easier

exploration option today, however it was on the other side of the river. I wanted to revisit behind Warners Landing, and have a harder look for some features that are purported to be here. This would be closer if we needed to run back to boat but would be a colder, potentially wetter and be a possibly less enjoyable journey (until, by chance, we found what we were looking for). When I had looked at the weather forecast yesterday for the coming week today's predicted rain (admittedly for Strahan) was 6-20 mm - tomorrow's was half of that. Perhaps today we would be better to stay put and watch the boat. In the end after a shower off the back steps (we can do that here, there is no one around) we decided that that is what we would do.

The clouds had swallowed up the blue sky by mid morning and it was grey and cold. At around 1030 and again at around 1100 brief (a few minutes) small showers covered the boat with more water and the wind had started to pick up. There were delightful periods of sunshine throughout the day and patches of blue sky were tantalisingly cheerful. But it was still chilly.



9th April 2019. The blue sky and fluffy cumulous looked so inviting. But it didn't last. There was 90% chance of showers and despite several similar respites in the day most times the sky was an overcast grey, it was raining and it was cold. And it hailed! Not surprisingly we stayed inside and for a couple of short periods put the genset on with the small heater. Discussion with a local has reinvigorated consideration of a diesel heater, which may be our next big item if we are considering Tasmania again next year. This is the third person who has extolled the virtues of such a system. Andrew spent the day reading. I spent the day finishing off the final three outside hatch covers.



For brief moments when the sun was out, the helm station was the warmest room in the house

10th April 2019. The morning didn't start as clear as I expected and although it wasn't freezing outside, it was overcast. And instead of the clouds lifting they initially came in. The forecast was still for 60 % chance of showers – the western district forecast had Strahan 'with a shower or two' so I was hoping we would be able to get out between them. We would have to be rugged up – Strahan's maximum temperature was for 15! However things didn't quite work to plan – the afternoon did clear up for a bit but by that time we had lost enthusiasm and it was a bit late to start a walk of unknown duration. **Shebeen** arrived to anchor down river of us. Dinner was on **Shebeen**

It is not only clouds and fog that reflect on the Gordon River.



This rainbow made an interesting change of scenery!



Mornings at Warner's



Morning: 8th April 2019



Morning: 9th April 2019



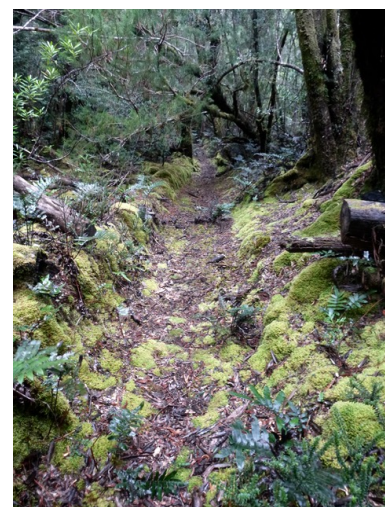
Morning: 10th April 2019



Morning: 11th April 2019

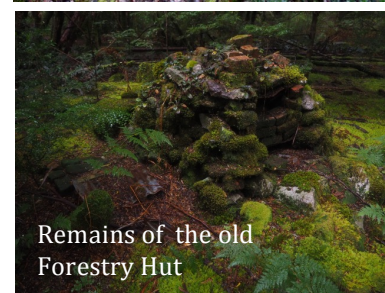


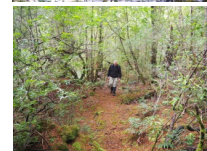
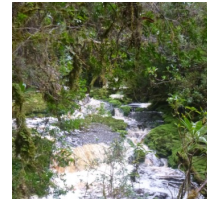
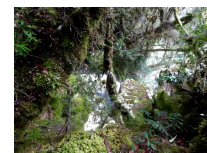
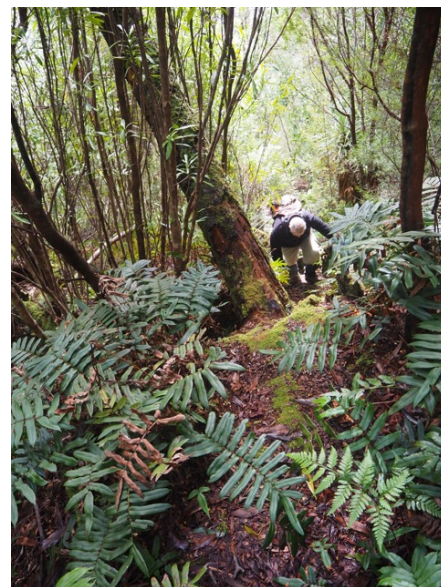
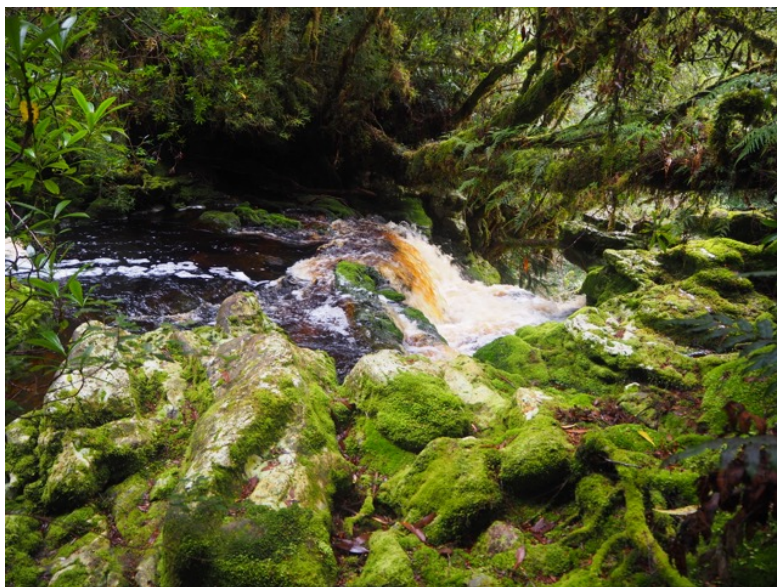
Morning: 13th April 2019



Gould's Track

11th April 2019. According to yesterday's forecast, today was supposed to be cloudy and there was no mention of rain. This morning however that had been changed to 50% chance of light showers. And by mid morning it had been on and off drizzling for a couple of hours. We weren't deliberately going to go out in the rain so we initially waited; but on the other hand, if the conditions weren't going to change much then there was no point waiting much longer. At around 1030 we left boat with blue sky above us but an impending shower coming around the bend. Of course, as we got onto the water the rain, albeit light, started to fall but the decision was (*Shebeen* had joined us) to go for an explore anyway. So finding the small patch of beach we manoeuvred our tenders over the underwater limbs and onto the muddy shore and climbed the very steep bank to find the old winch and trolley at Gould's Landing and then wandered for an hour over the old pinner's track into the wilderness. This track apparently leads (or once led) to another pining site 12 kilometres further on, back on the Gordon River, upstream of the Franklin River confluence. The vegetation to either side of the track was very thick, so much so that it blocked most of the rain out and the greens were superb. The rain had clearly stopped at times as well, as the dappled sun shone through the leaves. We walked the track for around an hour before turning back...we weren't set up for a long hike. On the way back I took a little detour to the old forestry hut (a couple of piles of bricks and moss covered timbers on the ground only – the roofing material was moved to Morrison's Sawmill in Strahan when the hut was demolished (around the 1940's?)). Andrew and I headed back to Sengo and after a quick late lunch I promptly retired to bed for a couple of hour's sleep (the walk had worn me out – there was a fair bit of (steep) up).





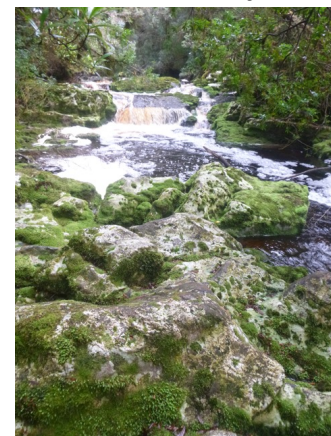
'Up.' Again!

12th April 2019. There were several options for exploring today but we chose another walk.

Having headed back to the opposite side of the river and tied up on the bank just upstream of the St Johns Falls Jetty we clamoured up onto an old track where the options were to turn left or right. I knew the right track led to the St Johns Falls but I wanted to first investigate the left track, which I knew would end up near the winch at the old forestry site at Gould's Landing that we had seen on the 11th April. However, we passed a side track that pointed to the 'Top Falls' and knowing Andrew would only have one 'up' in him, I abandoned the attempt to get back to the winch and headed up the 'Top Falls' 'track' instead. The track yesterday from the river to the winch was steep. The first part of this 'track' was steeper. Add a fair bit of moisture and growth into it and you have a trail only for the intrepid. I was basically crawling up (and I came back down mostly on my derriere – Andrew managed a more dignified descent). The mid section of the track is undulating but fairly flat through pleasant open rainforest and then the track descends again through thicker and wetter species to a cascade and top of the falls. The greenery was fantastic but I was reluctant to get too close to the water. One slip in the wrong place near the edge would have potentially been fatal, one slip further back would have been wet and cold. Birdlife was minimal, small and a bit too quick to be identified. Apart from the ascent/decent on the first section it was a nice walk and the river at the end of it very pretty. When we got back to where the tinnie was

tied up again, Andrew indicated he'd had enough so I went off to investigate the track to the east side of St Johns Falls on my own. Not far along however you can see why the government formed the official boarded track on the other side of the creek; this track is somewhat overgrown and when I got to one location where a significant amount of timber had fallen and was blocking the way I knew it was going to be a hassle to get through. I called it quits and headed back to the tinnie.

After a quick look at St Johns Falls via the official walkway we took the tinnie down river to investigate a few potential historical piners' landing sites (one of which was used as the Base Camp for the Franklin Below Gordon Dam protestors). Of course nothing was overly obvious – there were a few small beachy areas that were probably what we were looking for, but because the weather was closing in and as we had *Shebeen* expected over for dinner, we decided that perhaps we'd leave further exploring here until next time.

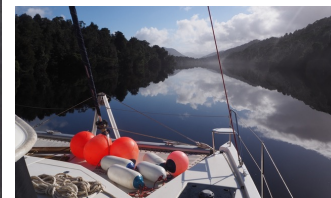




Almost fogged in!



Morning fog still rising from the shadows...



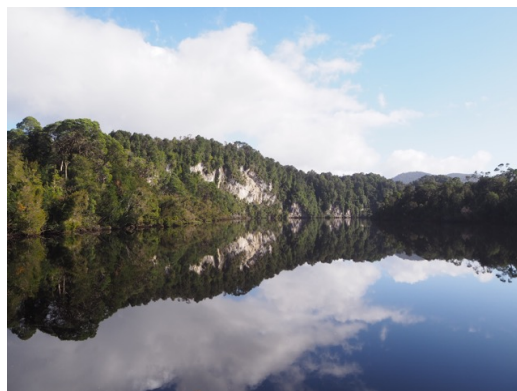
Lake Fiddler

13th April 2019. The wind was blowing a ripping 0.00 knots when Andrew retrieved the lines and pushed Sengo off Warner's Landing, and a little after 0930 we waved goodbye to *Shebeen*. The 80% chance of showers predicted in the morning seemed to have all fallen overnight (the tinnie had quite a bit of water in it) and after an almost complete morning fog, blue sky and sunshine escorted us down the Gordon.

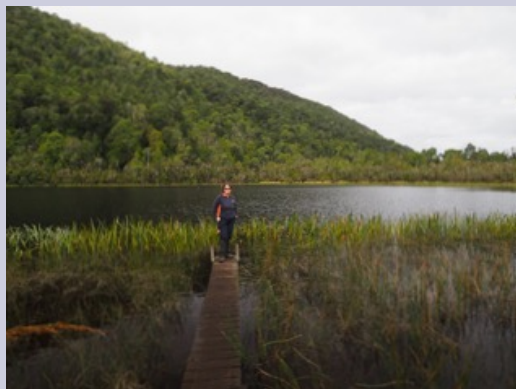
The aim was to anchor in the reach just upstream from Lake Fiddler, and after lunch go and search for this 'meromictic' lake. The river views during the journey downstream were superb and we arrived at our destination at around 1030. I pressed the button to let the anchor out and.... the now almost forgotten rate of the chain clatter was 'music to my ears'. It was the first time since the 16th March - almost a month - that we've put the anchor ball up!

After a cuppa we had visitors (of sorts) as *RooBinEsque* and then *Vamonos* made their way past us on their way upstream. After a quick chat and a swap of tourist info (handing a piece of paper with written instructions on it to a moving boat was interesting) they left us in their wake, and we had lunch and prepared to head off in search for a lake.

Whilst we had awoken to a beautiful melodic call at Warner's Landing (the avian owner of which had been elusive for our entire stay) the only bird we actually saw this morning was a little pied cormorant - who we appeared to chase down the river.



Who is on crocodile watch?



Lake Fiddler



'Land at the obvious spot on the bend and there is a track to the lake' is written in the Tasmanian anchorage guide and could mean anything. And to me that meant the sand beaches right at the turning point of the bend. The 'log with the pad on it' from other people's notes was initially harder to interpret but was obvious when we saw it – and it wasn't on the bend! We 'landed' at the 'log with a pad on it' and followed a trail that is mostly boardwalk from the Gordon River to Lake Fiddler. It is all of a hundred meters or so, easy but very slippery where there is no chicken wire on the timber for grip (we both slipped with our walking shoes). Lake Fiddler is one of apparently 150 meromictic lakes in the world with, according to a Tasmanian Government 2004 report*, 'an unusual and significant chemocline' (an upper layer of fresher water separated from a lower level of water containing more dissolved gases and solids) which in this case provides different habitats for different animal and plant species to grow. The lakes in this area are also, according to references from the same report, being filled in with 'the encroachment of herbfield'. Lake Fiddler is one of several that lie adjacent the Gordon River - we saw three from above from the helicopter. Surprisingly and disappointingly we noted no bird life. On the way back to boat we stopped at what I had deemed 'the obvious spot on the bend' to investigate whether there was another track to the lake. It is hard to tell with the undergrowth of open rainforest if you are following a track or not and I followed what I thought may have been an overgrown trail until it was blocked beyond comfort – or perhaps this 'trail' was the natural layout of the vegetation. We were back at boat (Sengo) by mid afternoon.



At Lime Kiln Reach



Near the lime kiln



At the lime kiln

A lime kiln and a bush hut

14th April 2019. An almost complete whiteout in the morning eventually cleared and the smallest skerrick of blue on the horizon between the hills and the grey clouds managed to expand to a beautiful sunny morning. We picked the anchor up around 1015 and not long after the anchor was briefly down again.

This quick stop was to have a look at the convict built lime kiln on Lime Kiln Reach, the location of which we had not identified on the previous three traverses of the waterway but we had since been given almost exact coordinates of the tiny cove to tie up the tinnie (thank you RBE). Of course Andrew didn't bring his binoculars and it was a bird rich environment; the bird calls here relatively prolific compared with the other locations visited on the Gordon River. Andrew has read of a track behind the kiln but we couldn't obviously see it and we hadn't scheduled extras into the day so we

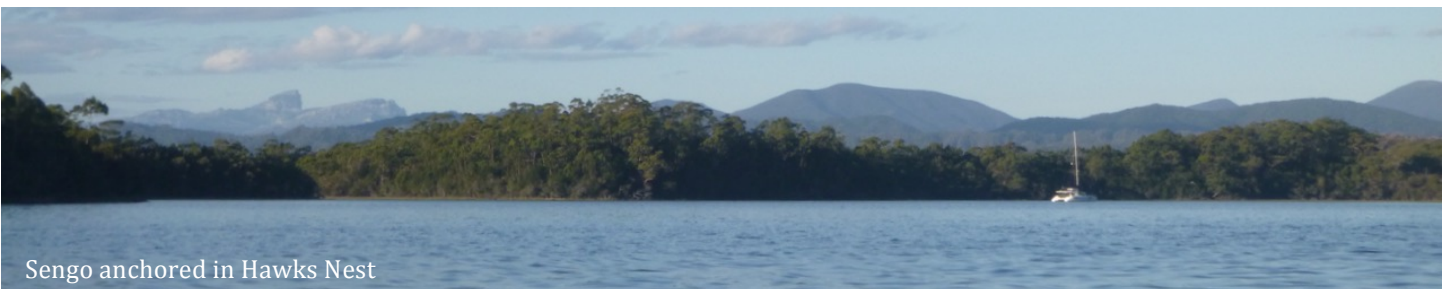
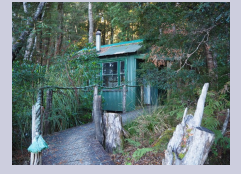
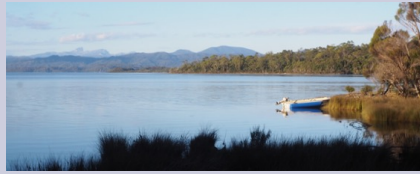
headed back to Sengo and continued down the Gordon. **Harbour Master** was at Heritage Landing and one of our speeds must have been off because he passed us coming out the leads of the river, having put full throttle on. He continued up Macquarie Harbour. We headed across to Hawks Nest; a little inlet at the top of Birchs Inlet.



As we entered Hawks Nest we were greeted by two white bellied sea eagles, soaring majestically above us. It was a great sight.

We got an anchor hold on the second go – the first attempt getting caught in the remnants of someone's discarded shirt! The wind strength was low and suspecting it to increase in the next couple of days we took a quick tinnie ride across to a camp on the western side of the waterway. The camp is another that is maintained by the locals and has fabulous views across to Mount Sorrell and Frenchman's Cap. We were however in shade; a morning visit would be better for bird watching.

Bush camp and fabulous views from its beach



Sengo anchored in Hawks Nest

Sarah Island

15th April 2019. It was a magnificent morning! It was sunny. To a large extent it was warm, (Strahan expected a top temperature of 23 degrees Celsius), and, as we had decided to stay put in Hawks Nest, we spent the morning, in the glorious sun, in the front cockpit reading. Which meant I didn't get any maintenance done. I did manage to put all our dirty but slightly wet clothes and towels out to dry, ensuring they wouldn't go mouldy before we got to the laundrette in Strahan, and at the end of the day we also managed to get the fenders put in the appropriate locker – they had been drying on the tramp for a couple of days after their week of wet weather up the Gordon River. The 'marine' weather forecast was for 15-25 knot northerlies but perhaps that was for offshore because for a large period of the day there was no wind at all where we were and the water was a glassy sheen. Accompanying the magnificent sunshine in the morning was an orchestra of bird calls. We were anchored too far away from the shore to see them, but the calls continued for hours; sweet melodic background notes to the morning's activities.

The excursion for the day was to Sarah Island, an approximately three nautical mile tinnie ride (each way) in the afternoon of blue and sunny skies. We've been to Sarah Island before – having done the Gordon River cruise 14 years ago. I can't remember the boardwalk there before, and there are now interps boards around the 'route' to give visitors who don't arrive with the big commercial tour boats an idea of the history of the island. At one spot I noted a couple of boards on the ground (assume Huon pine) inscribed in memorandum to individuals associated with the island. One name caught my attention; Richard Innes Davey. Richard was the founding member of The Round Earth Company, the company that currently produces *The Ship that Never Was*. Indeed Richard originally wrote the play but for more than the current two actors. He also wrote *The Sarah Island Conspiracies*, a book we had a copy of before decanting our life to get on boat. We had also had the privilege of Richard as our interpretive guide for Sarah Island on that Gordon River tour, and he was fabulous - really throwing himself into performance for the presentation; I can still picture him in character.

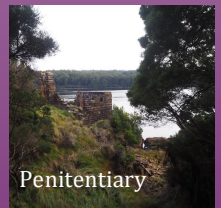
After an afternoon cuppa on *Shebeen* (who was moored just off the island) we headed back to Sengo, arriving back on boat around 1630. The sky was no longer mostly blue – cirrus clouds had been coming in for some time high in the sky, and lower clouds now dominated the scenery. The sun went down behind a layer of grey.

Sarah Island

The Sarah Island Penal settlement existed from 1822 to 1833 as the 'a place of banishment and security for the worst description of convict' The internees were employed cutting pine, brick making, tanning, shoe making, and more famously, shipbuilding, the last ship of which was completed after the settlement had officially closed down, and was subsequently absconded by the convicts employed therewith and sailed to Chile. (The play *The Ship That Never Was* is based on this story). Remnants of some buildings can be seen on site, constructed after all the original vegetation (apparently minus one fern) was stripped from the island. The site was briefly reinvigorated as a convict probation station before becoming home to piners for various periods after the 1850s. In 1899 it was leased privately as a tourist site before being gazetted by the Government as a tourist reserve in 1926. The island was officially declared an Historic Site in 1971



Servant's Oven



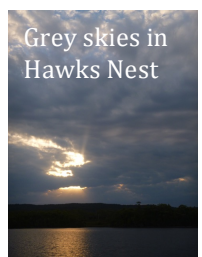
Penitentiary



Approaching Sarah Island's southern jetty



Andrew overlooking the Sarah Island shipyard



Grey skies in Hawks Nest

Hanging around for weather

16th April 2019. Sunny. Delightfully warm. And calm, despite the forecast. We have found when we have been in Strahan that the wind forecast on MetEye on www.bom.gov.au often indicates less wind at the southern end of Macquarie Harbour than at the northern end. As we had no reception in Hawks Nest we couldn't currently confirm this but the day was magnificent, and the anchorage calm. Despite this we did consider moving. Farm Cove is under Mount Sorrell and supposed to afford spectacular views of the mountain. However, had we moved, getting out to head north back to town on the impending south west wind in a few days would have taken slightly longer, and been a slightly more uncomfortable trip and quite frankly, I couldn't be bothered spending the time packing up the boat. I did wish to get some work done today. If we get to Farm Cove on this trip it will be terrific. If we don't, we will make it a priority in the coming summer.

Between finishing off *UpRiver* (the publication interviewing the activists (and others) thirty years after the Franklin Below Gordon Dam environmental fight) and starting to read Rob Mundle's *Cook* again (I sometimes cringe at his style but I am out of novels - the last marina laundrette to have swap books was The Boat Works in Coomera, QLD in November!) I managed to do the following: a quick rust run of the stanchions, a clean up of mould and algae from some of the surfaces in wet areas and hard to get at outside crannies (warm water, white vinegar and a toothbrush), baked pancakes for breakfast and made an Indian vegetarian curry for dinner (Andrew is normally the cook), removed the insects from the underside of our back Verandah (Andrew cleaning the areas I couldn't reach), wiped out the inside of the tinnie which had become a splodge of muddy patches, instigated some gardening (planted some spinach and cat grass seeds), aired out the front starboard locker and we finally put away the barge boards that had been used at Warner's Landing (it took them a while to dry and there was no point putting them back in a wet locker).

Andrew spent a couple of hours trying to find the spare shower head for our outside shower. Inexplicably the shower head had cracked and burst in his hands about a week ago and having bought a new complete kit just for the taps when we were in Fremantle we knew we had a spare shower head somewhere. The new hose was in with the plumbing 'stuff', the new shower head, however, eluded him and in the end, having spent excessive time to no avail, he gave in and glued the existing one back together. The function isn't what it was but it will do until we can find the new one.

As per the day before birds continued to call on the banks around us.

17th April 2019. The predicted rain for today had risen to a 'near 100% chance' but despite expecting it earlier, with the exception of two short (less than one minute) showers, decent precipitation didn't arrive until 1400. And then for a long time it was sporadic. Given the forecast there was less grey sky than I expected on the evening of the 16th April and more blue sky than I expected on the morning of the 17th April but the clouds weren't playing by the usual rules. Overnight, in between these vistas the sky was completely clear and the Milky Way a magnificent 'white' against the black of the universe at 0400, when Tiger decided it was 'breakfast time.' But as the morning progressed so did the cloud cover - although not uncomfortable and the air temperature was quite warm.

I spent the morning on minor maintenance; cleaning up and polishing around the bottom of the davits where they meet the deck, and doing the same to the back transom, which had become decidedly dirty over the past few weeks. The back steps were desperate also, black snow needing a good scrub with a brush but I didn't get to this task before it started to rain. There was also some outside plastic rejuvenation.

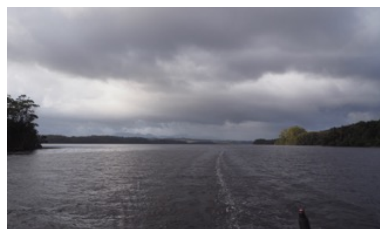
We had pancakes for breakfast again this morning - a different recipe - but I left the rest of today's food provisioning to Andrew.

The steady rain started at around 1800; the temperature outside had dropped somewhat and it was very dark. We were potentially expecting thunderstorms.

Back in Strahan

18th April 2019. It took me half an hour to get the anchor up; the insipid black sticky, and smelly, mud belligerently clinging to the chain. To our west were blue skies and white fluffy clouds. To our south however it was still raining. As we motored out of Birchs Inlet two cap-like clouds hovered over Mount Sorrell (strangely at the same time – I didn't get a photo of this but it presented a curious sight). Eventually the rain came down and obscured the mountain. Again we were fortunate with our timing and apart from one small period, (a matter of minutes), there was no rain falling on Sengo even though it fell both sides of the harbour. Whilst the wind speed was around 1.5 knots when we started our journey, once we'd left Birchs Inlet the wind increased somewhat (reaching up to 24 knots apparent) and we sailed (genoa only) most of the way back to Risby Cove in Strahan, anchoring on the third go between the gas barge and Regatta Point; about where we had anchored when we first arrived in late February. Overnight we hadn't got the potential thunderstorms predicted but we did get an inordinate amount of rain once it settled in. Strahan (Airport) recorded a whopping 56.4 mm for the 24 hours to 0900 this morning.

Our afternoon was spent returning charts, getting a gas bottle filled and a basic food shop.



19th April 2019. 'A beautifully sunny day! Minimal wind. And we were doing domestics! A run to the laundry and several diesel runs with the jerry cans was the entirety of today's activities. Dinner was at the Regatta Point Tavern with **RooBinEsque** and **Vamonos**.

20th April 2017

Seventeen years ago today....

The weather was lovely- 24.3 at 1500 – achieving Andrew's mythical 24 degrees (although we can't call it an 'average'). We spent the morning on boat recovering from the muscle strain and contortions we'd endured during the hauling and decanting of fuel on the 19th. There was a quick shopping run in the afternoon before our wedding anniversary dinner at Risby Cove restaurant, and then quick chat to the Lagoons (RBE&V) who were supping at Hamers Hotel, before returning to boat.

21st April 2019.

Wind forecasts for the morning had changed from 5-10 knots to 10-15 knots to 15-20 knots and whilst we had entertained picking up **Stormbreaker's** mooring one final time to ease departure in the morning, it was far too windy to contemplate such a move. The wind did ease late in the afternoon but by that stage we had changed our plans slightly and the mooring wasn't needed.

The afternoon entailed a final drop off of rubbish, afternoon tea with **Stormbreaker** and very quick final farewells to **RooBinEsque** and **Vamonos** (whose planned departure was also on the morrow but they had different itineraries to us) before getting back to boat; and whilst I made final preparations for the journey, Andrew cooked a wonderful roast beef dinner; it would be our last freshly prepared meal for a few days.

Departing Macquarie Harbour

But not in the direction we initially envisaged!

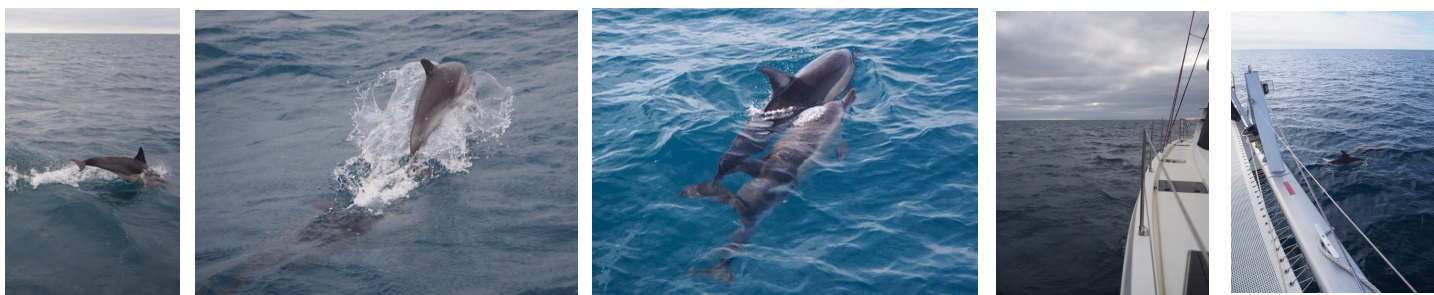
22nd – 24th April 2019. There are eight legs on the crew of Sengo, but as we came out of 'Hells Gate' only two of them were sea ready!

At around 0715 *RooBinEsque* and *Vamonos* were already closing in on the entrance to Macquarie Harbour - but we were just picking up our anchor in Risby Cove, Strahan. Having made the decision to head all the way through to Launceston (or at least as far down the Tamar River as possible) in order to avoid the next horrible Bass Strait 'Blow' (up to, and over, 35 knot winds), in what we expected to be a 48-hour journey, we had surmised we didn't really need to pick our anchor up any earlier than necessary. I am not that fond of picking up the anchor in the dark; and besides the swell predictions were due to drop off a bit when we would be heading out the gap at around 0900. The conditions at Macquarie Heads at 0727 when *RooBinEsque* departed were 5 knots running out and 'a lumpy old west 3 meter swell'. Wind 270 degrees at 12 knots. The conditions around ninety minutes later when we departed the 'Gate' were about the same. The 'ugly duckling' (our affectionate name for *Spirit of the Wild* - she's not the prettiest boat but having been given a tour by the skipper she's pretty nice inside!) was heading up behind us as we approached the critical mark. This tourist boat doesn't seem quite as gung-ho as the 'red boat' (*Harbour Master*), but neither can she, according to her licence, travel as far (she is only allowed to head through the Hells Gate up to the wall and turn around again - the red boat on the other hand takes the tour out to Cape Sorrell). So knowing her limits *Spirit* slowed appropriately to get her itinerary in without coming right up our stern. And between holding on and maneuvering in the swell on the way out we watched her turn around and head back into the safety of the Harbour.

After having exited the Harbour we went inside to check on Tiger - and found the poor little puss had lost his breakfast and was looking somewhat seedy. He was not well for some time, staggering around 'like an old man' (he is an old man but we are not going to tell him that) and was at one stage shaking in Andrew's arms. Mother (me) on the other hand was okay for the first few minutes but I too started to feel woozy. Tiger, as usual, got better quicker than me although it did take some hours. It wasn't until around 0600 on the 23rd that I finally felt normal, Andrew having done a few more hours watch in the previous 21 hours than he should have.

For the start of the journey the winds were of a good strength but the angle wasn't optimal and we spent the first 50 or so nautical miles swapping between sailing and motor sailing; the 'lumpy' swell had the affect of slowing any good sailing speed down. By the time we were off Sandy Cape (approximately 50 nautical miles north of Macquarie Heads) the wind angle was a little more disagreeable still (30 degrees and less on the nose) and the motors went on almost full time from there until the Hunter Group; on the odd occasion when the wind did give us both good angle and strength it usually only lasted a short time. Fortunately though, overnight the swell had dropped right out, waves were negligible and by the time I took over shift at 0600 on the 23rd April, the only thing we had to worry about was the current around the west side of Hunter Island which was, just our luck, against us, giving us a 2 knot disadvantage. This meant our boat speed was around 5 knots but our SOG (speed over ground) was around 3 knots. As we headed across the top of the Fleurieu (Hunter) Group this disadvantage eased somewhat. Once we turned south-east around the top of Three Hummock Island we had a tide advantage, and at 1040 (the time of low tide) the Fleurnieu Group was behind us and we were on a bee line for the top of the Tamar River, chugging along at a respectable 7 knots.

However, at this rate we were going to arrive at the head of the Tamar River in the dark! After being frustrated by 3 knots we now needed to slow down. To arrive in the morning light we needed to average 4 knots. With no engines we were going too slow so we had one engine on just above idle to keep the speed as was needed. Until the wind came! The engine went off and we were back to our original dilemma - Sengo was traveling at 6-7 knots (with a reef). So we braced ourselves for a night anchoring, looked at the predicted wind angle and strength and searched out possible anchoring options.



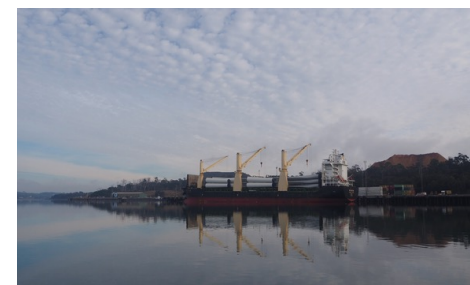
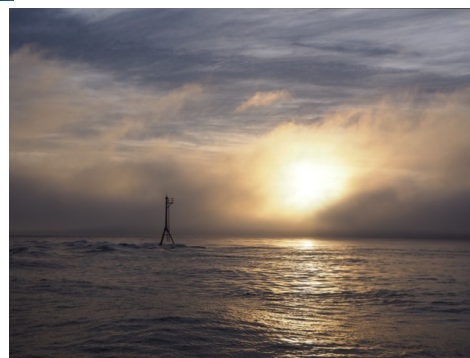
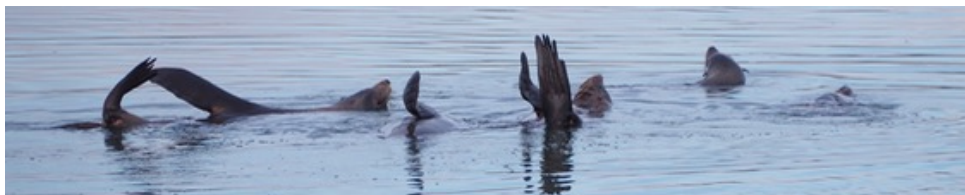
When I woke up at 2300 the wind had dropped and we were only a couple of nautical miles from the Tamar River entrance. Andrew had decided that dropping the anchor in the dark was a hassle (and he's right) so the idea was to drift around a bit. The wind speed was significantly less than a few hours before and we were angling into the wind as much as we could for a SOG of 2 knots or less. An hour or so later I managed to angle the boat too much into the wind, it tacked and I found that we were now facing the opposite direction, but at least the drift was away from the coast. In the end we dropped the genoa at around 0315 and the main around 0400 and just wallowed (only mildly uncomfortably) until it got light.

At 0630 we headed for land. Whilst it was clear on the water a couple of nautical miles out, it wasn't clear at the entrance and a thick fog greeted our arrival at the Tamar River heads. Lateral and cardinal marks slowly emerged from the white as we made our way upstream, against the tide and through numerous whirlpools. Only one boat emerged from the soup; a small fishing boat – the larger cargo ship anchored at Bell Bay informing the local VTS that due to the current conditions they would now leave in the afternoon.

Our first choice of anchorage for the coming blow was full of moorings and our second, not quite as protected, we found had a less than solid bottom. We got the anchor to hold on the fourth attempt.

Wildlife seen on this journey varied. On day one Andrew spotted albatross, gannet, shearwater, seals and dolphins. On day two we spotted albatross, gannet, dolphins and heard penguins overnight. Day three on our way up the estuary was rich. Seals abounded (although the group of four we think may have been nursing an injured individual), egrets, white faced herons, plovers, black faced cormorants, black cormorants, pied cormorant's, oystercatchers, pacific gulls, silver gulls and a wedge tailed eagle who was being harassed by three smaller unidentified birds.

Once we were safely anchored, the afternoon was spent catching up on sleep and putting our biological clocks back into whack.





The Garden. Despite the dropping temperatures I have had some success in the garden this year. Sort of. The lettuces didn't mature to anything to be proud of and I got three piddly eaves before the plants died off. The spinach plants seem to be small but look good but I don't seem to get to them before Tiger does. The cat grass I am trying to grow in more bulk. The cat mint is the best grower of the lot, except that Tiger doesn't seem to like it (he ignores it) and it is taking up three of my pots! The parsley is still alive (that was bought at a shop) as was the mint. There is a pot of basil on the way and the coriander is doing well - I just didn't plant enough of it. Andrew suggested we actually grow something with colour and I chose marigolds. Currently in drab pots, the flowers are adding a delightful sun-shiningly contrast to the green. The jade plants are getting bigger and need trimming.

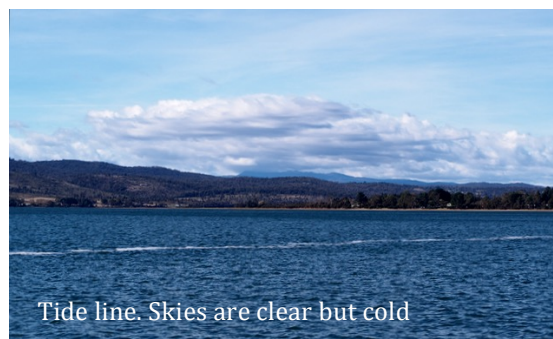
25th April 2019. There was no dawn service for us today, although I was up just after dawn to make sure we hadn't moved. Last year it was just as cold as we made our way to the service at Ceduna. This year we were anchored off Marion's Vineyard with no options anyway, and a very early morning after a two-day sail was never going to be considered- even after a day's recovery.

The morning was blue. The afternoon was grey. Wind speeds gusted over 26 knots - but of course we missed seeing the strongest winds on the gauges. Conditions were just not conducive to getting off boat! We watched the tidal line crept closer to our stern and we wondered what effect that would have on our stability. We were buzzed by a small boat on their way out for the day but we saw no other traffic close; a yacht (dingy) race on the point near Deviot was the only obvious activity. It rained in the late afternoon but only for a short time. We spent the afternoon watching the Anzac Day AFL match on the tablet - a far cry from watching it on the 'ginormous' screen at the community hotel in Ceduna last year. Essendon lost both games but at least this time it was a respectable match.

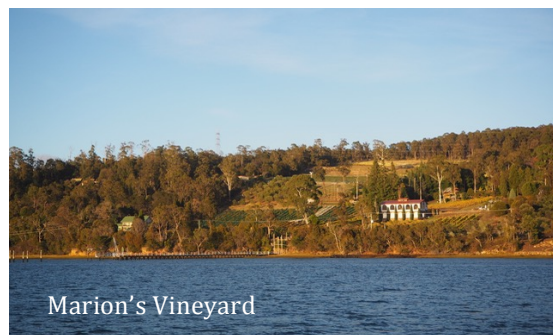
26th April 2010. There were 16 wind warnings in the morning's forecast, including notification that snow was expected down to 600 meters. The coast was getting a whopping and we saw around 28 knots on our gauges. The day was mostly sunny. Andrew spent time on the interweb. I mostly read. My 'jobs' for the day included a small internal metal polish and clove oiling part of the bathroom. It was dry enough to open most of the windows up for a time to air the boat.

27th April 2019. It was cold and overcast but there was not much chance of rain where we were anchored; the rain radar showed any precipitation from the west coast petering out over the central highlands. Our expected temperatures were going to get to around 15 degrees. There was a gale warning for the coast and at 1000 a severe weather warning was issued over the VHF - damaging winds up to 100 kilometres per hour were expected over the southwest, southeast and central parts of the state. According to their graphic - we were out of the 'danger zone' although our forecast did include up to 25-knot winds for the day. We noted gusts to 23 knots. The sky was cloudy but there was no rain.

Yes we put the genset on to put the heater on.
Tiger put himself in prime position



Tide line. Skies are clear but cold



Marion's Vineyard



Launceston

28th April 2019. It was a gorgeous looking morning. And in the sun (out of the wind) it was quite warm. The wind strength itself varied. At one point the wind gauges read 3 knots – at another they read 23! The afternoon wind was due to drop and tomorrow's wind at Launceston was going to be next to nothing, so much so that at high water at the city at 0830 there was 0-5 knots predicted. Which made it a perfect time to dock. So, pushing a bit into the outgoing tide we left our anchorage at Miserable Island just before lunch and motor sailed (genoa only) up the windy and shallow Tamar River.

The river is lined with scattered houses or settlements, farming land, bush blocks or flood plains. There are concentrated boat mooring fields around hamlets and the odd boat mooring elsewhere. Some riverfront properties have jetties; the older ones fixed, skeletal-like structures sticking above the high tide line, and the newer ones have a floating component.

We noticed one riverfront property for sale with its own jetty, and it is yours for over \$1.5 mill' (looking at realestate.com.au there are a few more options for waterfront houses with jetties on the Tamar – all for a similar price)

Birdlife was prolific. Some of the area on the western side of the river is gazetted Tamar Wetlands but birdlife was found all along our journey. Strange 'retaining walls' were seen in the flood areas (upright logs) but we have since found out these were old flood mitigation attempts – three suburbs of Launceston are officially built, at least partially, on flood plain (including some of the city!). An old slipway seemed a graveyard for discarded boats as we got closer to town (including the sorry looking state of the *Harry O'May* the boat we assume was the old Beauty Point Ferry Barge until the Bateman Bridge was built) and not knowing where we were going to anchor (there is not much room at the end and no official anchorage) we surprisingly found the conditions stable enough to come onto dock. Tied up and logged in we headed off to a café near the marina for a celebratory cuppa– it was good to stretch the legs, we hadn't been off boat for a week!

Bird list - black swan, silver gull, black cormorant, white faced heron, great egret, intermediate egret, kelp gull, lapwing, teal (sp?), starlings, sparrows, white bellied sea eagle, ravens, black faced cormorants, pied cormorants (little), pacific black duck, mallard, pelicans



Docked at Home Point Landing



Launceston

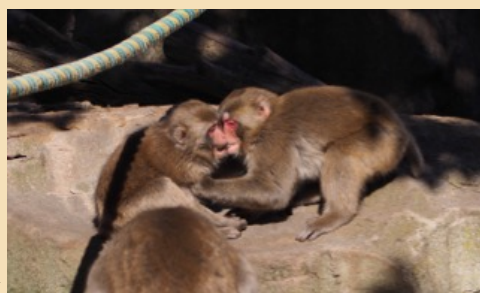
29th April 2019. We are in a city. Therefore overnight was not totally silent. As well as the sounds of the city there was the slap of the water on the jetty and hull as the current (or bow waves) passed by. And the night was not totally dark - there are lights on the jetty. But one must put up with small inconveniences.

This end of the jetty is not secure (unless you call a piece of twine that is held across the walkway secure) - the downside of not being in the marina - but we couldn't fit in the marina anyway. However, this jetty houses the Tamar River Cruises boats which means there are people in the office during office hours 364 days each year, and at night the area is patrolled by security.

This morning's activity was a walk along the North Esk River before turning off to City Park to admire the antics of the macaques before coffee, a wander around town, lunch at a food court, hiring a car and an evening shop. It wasn't an overly exciting day but it did involve some exercise and familiarising ourselves with the central section of the small city of Launceston.



The Japanese Macaques were gifted to Launceston by its sister city Ikeda in Japan in 1965. Apart from humans they are the most northern living primate and can cope with temperatures of down to minus 20. Inbreeding was starting to become a problem and highlighted in 2000 when half the population was diagnosed with Herpes B, which can be fatal to humans. The population is now more appropriately managed. A 2011 Tasmanian Government report listed them as an agricultural threat should they escape and suggested strict permit conditions be placed on anyone who owns a Japanese Macaque Monkey.



Touring the Tamar Valley

30th April 2019. We actually only got one thing completed that we had planned today ... but that was okay. The critical item on the list was the inspection of a house in Trevallyn; the actual main activity we had come down to Launceston to do. The items that didn't get ticked off were picking up cat food, voting, and a big food shop in preparation for our next step north. Instead, after a quick snoop at Tamar Marine (of which one boater we know labels as the 'best chandlery in Aus!') we took a lovely but quick jaunt around some of the Tamar Valley - driving north up the East Tamar Highway and then back to Launceston via the West Tamar Highway, having crossed the river (which is apparently technically an estuary) over the Bateman Bridge. Lunch was at Rosevears Hotel, an establishment overlooking the Tamar River, 16 kilometres from the centre of 'Lonnie'. There is a public pontoon here (you can officially only use it for three hours) but we wont get to use it this time. After admiring the 'River' from Brady's Lookout we drove north to check out the marina at Beauty Point to see if it holds any possibility for us (and with poles I have dismissed it), had a quick look and a bit of a quick bird watching exercise at the Redbill Point Conservation Area overlooking West Arm, a stop at the site of York Town (one of the original settlements on the Tamar dating from 1804 - nothing of the original town exists here), before backtracking over the Bateman Bridge and heading to George Town (coffee at the York Cove (apartments and marina (very small)) and a visit to Low Head. There is so much history at Low Head and George Town

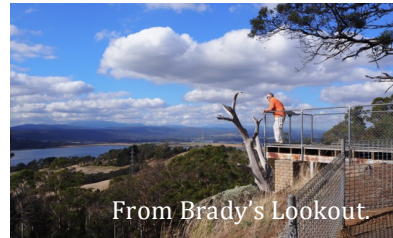
that it would take at least a day to visit all sites. The museum at the Low Head Pilot Station was about to close when we turned up so we will make sure we stop here in good weather and explore the area thoroughly on our next visit.



Low Head lighthouse



Lookout at Trevallyn



From Brady's Lookout



From Brady's Lookout



Redbill Point Conservation Area



Redbill Point Conservation Area



Going over the Bateman Bridge



At George Town



Low Head



Low Head

And topping and tailing the day; refueling from a truck and a flotilla of silver gulls (we are not sure if they are floating or standing!)



Early morning refueling.



The evening gathering!