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Voyage 2019

West Cape York & Torres Straits

At present I am anchored at Seisia on the western side of Cape York not far from the tip of Australia. I am patiently waiting for parts to arrive by plane, as I have had auto pilot - steering problem?? Working on the vessel which entail, beaching the craft so to work on it at low tide, and when at high tide, swimming underneath to move the rudder freely, keeping croc watch as a 13 foot has been hanging around as late trying his luck on the village dogs that swim here in the morning.

I had left Never Die wondering in Roberts creek Weipa on a swing mooring for the monsoonal season, the vessel survived 3 x cyclones with largest cyclone Trevor in March rated at category 4 with wind up to 155 mph. I had flown back south were I turned the Metung property on then Gippsland Lakes Victoria into holiday accommodation and called it Seafarers Rest if you are looking for a holiday details at www.ajmacleod.com and then

spent the next several months either on a road trip into the out back as well as flying to Darwin and Perth inspecting larger Vessels to purchase as I wish now to upgrade, to continue the voyage O.S and bringing others on this wonderful odyssey. hence my current catamaran is on the market details at yachthub.com

<https://yachthub.com/list/yachts-for-sale/used/sail-catamarans/crowther-eureka-expressions-of-interest-for-never-die-wondering/232853>

While in Weipa Alona my Islander friend flew in to keep me company while sailing around the region. She had never sailed in her life, but was like a duck to water, and we spent a couple of weeks on isolated beaches cooking fish on the coals and feasting on mud crabs and washing the meals down with the juice of coconut's. To my shock Alona arrived with her arm tattooed with the words Never Die Wondering? After reading my first book.



The Islander girl deck scrubbing and loving it.



Alona's Tattoo



Spearing mud Crab's one of numerous methods of getting a feed



Feast on the beach



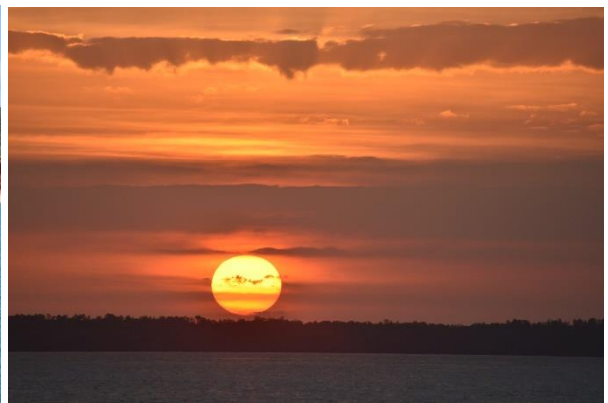
Thursday Island sunset



Anchored near Possession Island



Red Cliffs south of Weipa



Gulf sunset Pine River

Alona flew out and Phil Daly from Tumbarumba flew in and sailed with me back up along the west side of Cape York to Thursday Island, exploring the many rivers like the mighty Wenlock along the way. Phil said he has caught more fish in two weeks than he had in his entire life. Closer to the Torres strait and the consistent south easterly trade winds occur, and I discovered unfortunately they were at least 1 to 2 above the Beaumont grade of predictions, Phil experienced gale force at one stage, and also had hooked a large mackerel while there was 34 knt winds and with all the confusion the lure went through my hand, of which we had to use the bolt cutters to remove??



CLS2 Carpentaria wrecked during Cyclone Greta in 1979



Lure through hand during 34 knt winds



Phil inspecting Turtle tracks, egg laying season



Brumbies on the beach

Phil flew home from Horn island and my plan was to explore some of the islands in the Torres strait for 3 months then sail back down the east side of the cape when the South East trade winds die off a bit and the northerlies start. But three months have been a frustrating waiting game, for permission to visit Island's from tribal council, fair weather or parts to arrive.

You need to obtain permission to visit the islands and after a couple of attempts applying via the Torres strait Islander commission, I was only given permission from the island council of Saibai and Dauan of which lie on the Papua New Guinea border. It was essential to obtain permission from the middle islands of Badu and Yam for safety as for constant strong winds and needing to safely island hop in the short periods of moderate winds. After countless calls and emails, I did not receive permission, I even received a call from a person with the Badu council asking if it was my vessel they could to see in their waters, I explained it was not as I'm now back on the mainland waiting for permission from you. I had also emailed requesting to anchor off their island, and was told I must wait for approval? Well no approval came??very disappointing to say the least?? After this frustrating ordeal I no longer wish now to visit their Islands, who would want to visit a place that your obviously are not welcome at, even with in the so called borders of one's own country, it's a disgrace to say the least.

At present I really do not understand the media hype around traditional elders stopping people climbing Uluru, they are not stopping anyone visiting, just climbing of the rock for safety and sanitary reasons?? Were the media exposure should be, are with some communities denying travellers access to services there??? Even mariners for safety reasons, Hence I am sailing back to Cairns for the monsoonal season as soon as the parts arrive, and the northerlies start.

***“Fill your life with adventures,
not things,
have stories to tell,
not stuff to show”***



Isolated beaches



Black cod



The bushman's compass
Termite hills that face north to south



Some of the 700 Graves of Japanese pearl
divers, many other nationalities lost their lives.

Although it's been a waiting game, spending 3 months between Thursday Island and the mainland has given me time to reflect. Time to really live for the moment, and trying to learn and understand the many cultures here on the Cape and Torres strait, the history of the region of which has been brutal at times of frontier wars? Time to study the weather systems of the windiest part of Australia, and the strong current and tide of which are treacherously dangerous, recently a local family of 5 disappeared while trying to return to their home island, and no bodies have been found to date? A terrible loss.

Besides the negative aspect of the region there is so much positivity, just to be anchored along the west Cape this time of year is safe anchorage, listening at night to the scream of the curlew or the noise of the brolga during their morning flight. Beautifully beaches that stretch for hundreds of miles. Magnificent bushland of acacia trees that grow right of to the high tide mark and just a short distance inland, pandanus palms and paper barks, a wonderful natural region with the blue ocean as the backdrop, I could not get a better spot in Time To Reflect.

“An adventurer, a free-spirited person must never conform to other people’s expectations. It is essential to live your dreams, to explore and to discover. Anything less would eventually lead to a life of regret. Pursue the ultimate- goal to NEVER DIE WONDERING.”

Alistair J MacLeod

Never Die Wondering



Kind regards

Alistair Macleod

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