



# Kimberley Kapers

Bob & Colleen Ford's

In this special Two Part report, roving columnist Bob Ford takes his trimaran *Moonglow* down the top end of West Australia, fishing some of the most remote wilderness regions left in the world.

**H**aving made a rapid pace from Gove to the great city of Darwin, and what a great city it is, we set about seriously provisioning our yacht *Moonglow* for a 4 month cruise into the rugged Kimberley.

Extra LPG bottles, extra diesel containers on deck, triple outboard fuel supplies for our tender's 5hp Evinrude - 80 litres, ample I hoped. Bread mix, frozen vegs, canned fruit and everything else ever preserved by that method.

*Moonglow* waddled west towards Cape Charles, with her antifoul line well and truly submerged, even extra bunk space was crammed with stores. During strong wind warnings for 25-30km ESE, which were issued virtually daily without a break for five weeks, we battled sou'west. Sure, the wind was off the land, but due to rocks, reef and other shoals, we were forced well offshore. The currents often crossed, or were often running against the winds, raising the seas into a very nasty 2-3 metre-plus chop, which runs very close without any backs to them.



Crossing the face of some bays was straight out bloody rough.

We gratefully overnighted in some good anchorages, such as at Point Blaze, and a roly one near Channel Point inside the Peron Islands in 40m of water. Why? Black jew. The Peron Islands are famous for jew and other great fishing. A fishing Safari Lodge is well established at Channel Point, and the area is a

**Spectacular cliffs facing the Hunter River, WA.**

favourite of Darwin based extended charter vessels.

Sure I caught one; we'd left just enough freezer space for that fish, and one fish, although a small one, filled us up. Rather than stress more fish by hauling them up from those depths, I put the lines away. Even our anchor needed its air bladder deflated when we eventually got it hauled up

the next morning.

On across the mouth of the Daly River, 15 miles up the bay to our east. We copped another belting from the solid SE blows, ahead of Cape Ford, a calm anchorage, and as it turned out, a great crabbing and fishing estuary. But then, with a name like Cape Ford – you'd reckon the fishing would have to be good!