

A Day at the Beach

Our last stop before heading off the cape was Chili Beach and as much as I hate to say it Chili Beach should really be renamed Plastic Beach.

Every bit of detritus from South East Asia seems to end up on this otherwise pristine beach. Think televisions Gilligan's Island, or Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, and that's Chili Beach. Just add plastic.

One "paradise combo deal"... you want plastic with that?

It's not hard to imagine, a few years from now, a beach made of decomposing plastic chips with little flip flop thong creatures floating at the waters' edge. They wait patiently for another empty bleach bottle to float by, a new home for this offensive creation of our South East Asian neighbors.

Quick local Ranger facts.

A clean up, just on Chili Beach, one month ago yielded the following:-

Six tonnes of plastic.

Four thousand seven hundred and ninety one thongs (not including the ones nailed to trees).

The following morning there was a new batch of plastic on the beach.

Ninety percent of the rubbish comes from South East Asia.

Nine percent comes from passing ships and boats.

One percent is local deposits.

But it's not all bad. The red and green stains we saw on the beach and thought were oil or bilge waste-water turn out to be algae bloom (normal this time of year). The algae once washed onto the beach starts to decay and gives off a unique (and not so pleasant odor). Good thing the sun's not shining.

No one is sure where Chili Beach got its name by the way. The best guess is a Chinaman used to grow chillies in the area back in the eighteen nineties. Or maybe the hippies named it, when they moved here to plant palm trees after being thrown out of The Daintree back in the nineteen seventies.

Just up the road from Chili beach is Portland Road - a tiny community with a long history going back to Cook and his trip up the inside of the reef. Later Bligh stopped at Restoration Island just off shore. This was after the famous mutiny, he was scared to come ashore unarmed. The famous explorer Edmund Kennedy left some of his party there and went off to be speared to death (that's what made him and Jacky Jacky famous). World war two led to a defense base being built there to serve the allied air force. Then came **the hippies**.

Nowadays the little village has a dozen or so residents, a cafe and a guy who will do you a good deal on a fishing charter if the tides right and he feels like it.

Below a selection of the good and the bad ...



Bat Spray



Beach softener



Art?



On the beach 1



On the Beach 2



and the flouro algae