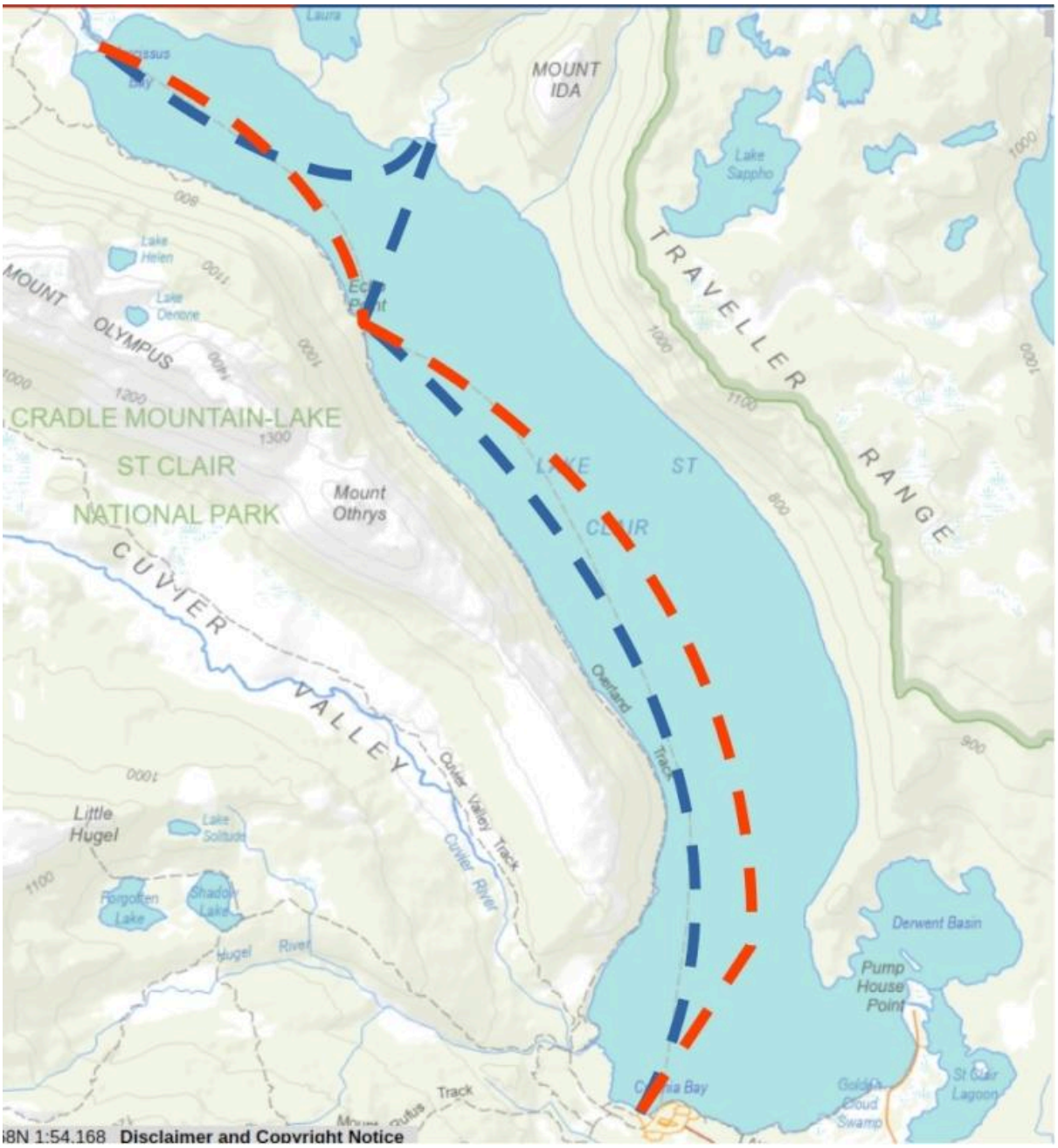
Trip to Lake St Clair 31st October 2nd November 2025



A spring expedition organised by Endra and Dennis seems to have become an annual affair for the LBT. A couple of years ago it was the Pieman, last year the Tamar, and just this weekend gone Lake St Clair. We can't entrust these events to anybody else because in this stormy season we need someone with a direct line to the gods of tide and weather, and these two seem to have it. Last year we bolted down the Tamar on the ebb tide to visit the Low Head historic precinct, and then returned on the incoming flow to view the Georgetown Maritime Museum on the way back to Port Dalrymple. King Canute would have been

impressed. This year spring gales and rains abated for the two days we needed to row and sail the length of Lake St Clair and return. Thank you Endra and Dennis. Thank you gods.

We arrived on Friday evening and put our tents up in the midst of twilight drizzle, which meant that we enjoyed an evening meal at the Derwent Bridge pub even more than if the conditions had been more clement. We were joined by Matt Conboy and Jo so the long table was overflowing. They had come up to make another video for their Youtube channel Small Craft Tasmania. You can see it now >>here<<. It was Halloween weekend, so as a slightly bizarre but entertaining addition to the ambience there were skeletons and scary spiders peeking out from the forest lodge furnishings and bric a brac of the dining room.

By morning, as organised by Muscovich and O'May, the clouds had parted and the Lake was a mirror.



It was very good news both for us and for Peter Shimeld in his little canoe.



The tenders were loaded with all our camping needs, and pretty soon we were off, under the towering mountains.







First stop for brunch was Echo Point, a little beach backed by rainforest, a creek trickling through it, and a landing to tie up to. A slice of heaven for rowers in need of a rest after a strenuous passage.



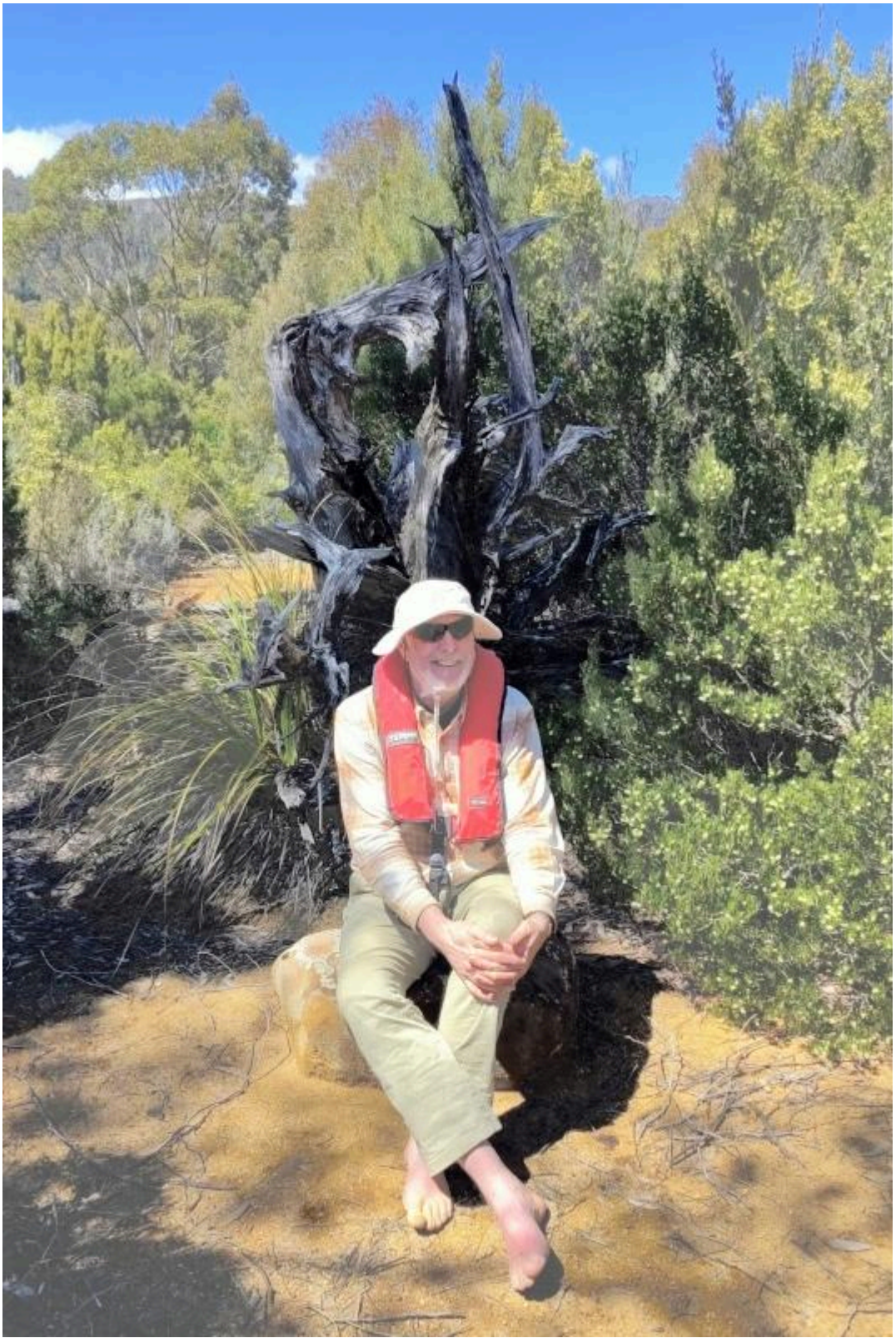
Across the water was the jagged peak of Mount Ida.



Nell Tyson’s sister and her party were on the way to attempting to scale it, so we decided to go across to see more closely what they were up against. They can have the mountain, but we loved the beach underneath it.



JP found a throne stone fit for a president. The Scots have their Stone of Scone - we will settle for this with the very sculptural stump included.



The breeze had got up, so the crew on Freya were able to hoist sail and have a rest on the way to Narcissus Creek.



The entrance to the creek is hidden away but after one false sortie we found it and made our way up to the hut, which was a welcome sight.



It is spartan, but we had come well prepared. To sit around a table and enjoy a G and T (thank you JP) after pitching our tents was luxury.



Nibbles were followed by strolls along the creek, then dinner and then bed.



We woke to find that the wind had swung around to the north west, meaning we would have a following breeze again. How do they do it? There was plenty of time for a leisurely packing and for the Freya crew to hoist sail, and then it was off to Echo Point again for another little explore there. By this time the wind really had got up, so the sail was lowered and the two crews rowed the rest of the way. The wind and chop made getting into the landing back at Cynthia Bay in one piece a challenge, but we made it. Getting the boats onto the trailers under these conditions was another issue, and (ahem) we have given ourselves a bit of work to do on Imagine when plans for loading her went awry and some minor damage was done.

But all in all we had a wonderful weekend. What an organisation the LBT is.

