

The Tamar Trip

30th December – 2014

Toby wanted to go for a paddle – anywhere but we did talk about Freycinet. But Toby didn't like to leave his work vehicle at Coles Bay so I said I'd drive up to Launceston and stay the night and we could go to Coles Bay in the Pulsar.

But this was the forecast:

Gale Warning for Tuesday for Central North Coast

Winds - Westerly 20 to 30 knots, reaching up to 35 knots in the early afternoon.

Seas - 3 to 4 metres. Swell - Westerly below 1 metre, increasing to 1 to 1.5 metres offshore.

Weather - Partly cloudy. 80% chance of showers.

Later on they said it was going to go SW in the morning so we then decided to paddle down the Tamar River to Beauty Point where his brother Rod had a shack. It was high tide at 9 in the morning so we'd have a good current all the way.

But it didn't work out like that – it stayed NW for the whole day. A screaming headwind. In some of the gusts I was watching the shore and we were not making any progress and that was with a current helping us. It was fierce – my hat kept blowing off as the toggle wasn't strong enough to hold it.

For the first 2 hours I slowed down a few times for Toby to catch up but the last hour he was stronger and was ahead of me. After 4 hours we made it to Rosevears Pub and I was pretty tired by then. Had there been a nice beach earlier I would have stopped at it – but the Tamar is all mud banks and oyster shells. We pulled the kayaks up on the floating dock. Toby tied his down so it wouldn't blow away while we carried mine up to the lawn.

Toby rang Rod because we had already driven down there early in the morning to leave Toby's vehicle there. While waiting for him we had a couple of beer/ciders. Although it had been a big struggle we both agreed it had certainly been a good training paddle and dispelled any doubts that Toby had about his fitness for the Flinders trip.

I had lent Toby one of my sails as his has rotted over the last 17 years.



We started at the Tail Race at Riverside.



There were a couple of short sections of the river where we could sail.



Rosevears Pub dock.



Bloody windy.





The view was definitely better from inside the pub.



