

HUNTER'S YARD



Newsletter of the Friends of the Hunter Fleet



Preparing to sail on Open day, 2016

(Picture by Jennifer Mack)

In this issue

Editorial-Christine Wall 2

The Chair Rambles-Rodney Longhurst 3

Friends Write 4

Membership News-Louise Hopkinson 5

Log Books, 2015 6

Friends & Trustees News 8

Junior Hunters 11

The Way of the *Wood Violet*, 1950-Ronald Ingle 12

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Editorial

Welcome to Issue 57. In this Issue we have the first contributions from both our new Chairman Rodney Longhurst and Membership Secretary, Louise Hopkinson. I hope they will contribute in their new roles for many Newsletters to come.

We have had quite a change on the Friends committee. As you know, both Les Gee and Jennifer Mack have retired from their posts after many years of dedicated service to the Friends. Do try to attend the Autumn Event when we will show our appreciation of all their hard work with a presentation at lunchtime.

All these changes have led to a vacancy on the Friends committee. We would be delighted to hear from anyone who is interested in joining the committee and helping to maintain the Friends. There have also been changes among the Hunters Trustees, see p.8.

Do get in touch with Louise if you would like to receive the Newsletter as a PDF by email; this way enables colour photos to be used, and don't forget to write a log of your experiences sailing this summer - excerpts from last year's logs on p.6 and p.11 may inspire you or perhaps "The way of the *Wood Violet*" written in 1950, another excerpt of which appears in this Newsletter, will do so.

Above all I wish you all happy sailing.

Christine

COPY DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE 10 OCTOBER.

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The Chair Rambles....

This is my first ramble since taking over as chairman, from Les Gee following his resignation/well-earned retirement at the AGM. this year.

For those who don't know me I was the Vice Chairman, but most people may remember me as the bloke organising the car parking at the AGM. and autumn events.

Les's first involvement with Hunters Yard was when, as a Norfolk schools sailing instructor/fleet warden, he was involved in the purchase of the Yard by NCC Education Dept., and was its first manager from 1968-70 when he ran it with Cyril Hunter with very limited support staff. Very different times compared to the current situation with a team of trained boat builders under the supervision of a foreman & experienced office staff, all under the management of Vicky Walker, that you see today!

His comments made during his retiring speech at the AGM. emphasised the improvements which have taken place since the Trust took over and I think it is fair to say that the help/support of the Friends i.e. yourselves, has contributed in no small measure to the high standards which have been achieved.

This is particularly relevant in the highly competitive arena of today's leisure industry in which The Norfolk Heritage Fleet has to compete.

As was reported and discussed at some length at what I can only describe as one of the liveliest AGMs I have ever attended, the Chairman of the Trustees, advised that, in view of an ageing customer profile who are

having difficulties with quanting, the Trust is giving consideration to the possibility of having to provide some form of mechanical propulsion to continue to attract that particular group of customers!

Bearing in mind that one of the fundamental reasons behind the formation of the Trust in the first place was the preservation of what is now a unique group of hire sailing vessels in a near original state, which have not been modified by the installation of motors, some people might be inclined to wonder if this is some type of betrayal of the original dream.

I think not.

The Trust is fully aware of its responsibilities in this regard, however, Hunters Yard is not a static museum to be viewed by visiting school parties and passing tourists, but a fleet of sailing boats available for hire, and in order to continue to exist at all it must first and foremost succeed as an operational hire firm in an increasingly competitive and possibly diminishing market, quite apart from the at present unknown impact the recent decision to leave the E.U. will have on this country's economy. Other brands are available with diesel engines, hot water, refrigerators and televisions!!! The touch of a button to get you out of difficulty is a siren call which more people are listening to.

The Trust is investigating the possibility of experimenting with an electric motor which, if they go ahead, will be fitted to *Lucent* the latest addition to the fleet which many of you may have contributed to the cost of the building materials, and which, for no reason that anyone can fathom out is

one of the least popular four birth yachts, and which, as a matter of pure semantics, was not part of the original Hunter fleet. This experiment is expensive and is not being taken undertaken lightly.

Apart from the above item which caused so much discussion (some of it quite heated) the Trust is equally well aware of and is addressing the need to attract a younger and fitter age range of customers who are, after all, the future of all organisations /charities such as the Norfolk Heritage Fleet.

When I started this document I had no intention of turning a Ramble into something resembling a rant, perhaps I should have stuck to car parking?

Rodney Longhurst

July 2016

**AUTUMN PICNIC EVENT
SATURDAY 24 SEPTEMBER,**

11am-4pm

Morning programme:

- ..Wildlife Walks around Horsefen
- ..River cruises
- ..Skippered sails
- ..Painting masterclass

Lunchtime: presentations to Les & Jennifer
children's rowing

Afternoon programme

- ..Wildlife Walks around Horsefen
- ..River cruises
- ..Skippered sails
- ..Painting masterclass

Friends Write....

From Trevor Boulton, Berwick-upon-Tweed

Dear Christine,

As a Friend of the Hunter Fleet and also a member of the Coble & Keelboat Society, I was recently pleased to advise the membership of the latter about Hunter's Yard and their splendid sailing craft. The mention appeared in the monthly newsletter-Coblegram-in which website and other contact details were published.

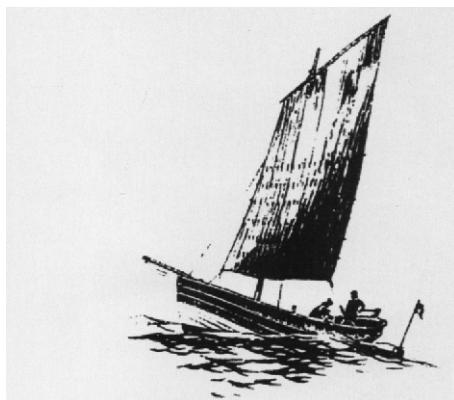
Please find enclosed a copy of the latest journal of the Coble & Keelboat Society, with compliments.

I hope that the 2016 season on the Norfolk Broads will be great success.

Kind regards,

Trevor Boulton

The Coble & Keelboat Society is another heritage boat society, for those interested in the traditional working boats of the North East of England.



Membership News July 2016

I am hugely aware that this is my first piece in the Friends of the Hunter Fleet Newsletter and that I have some remarkable shoes to fill, so it is with great trepidation that I begin.

Firstly, I must send an enormous debt of gratitude to Jennifer. I am sure that no-one will be surprised when I tell you that she prepared copious notes detailing every aspect of this job; without them I would be entirely 'up the creek without a paddle'.

Secondly, I would like to thank all my fellow committee members and the Friends at the AGM who very kindly welcomed me into the fold. We had over 80 people attending and the afternoon sails in Percy's ladies were bathed in brilliant sunshine.

The Open Day was blessed again with Glorious weather and a steady flow of visitors. They were able to spend time looking at the many historical exhibits around the Yard whilst absorbing the wonderful atmosphere. It was a delight watching the sheer excitement on everyone's faces as they set off on their taster sails.

At the AGM, I was approached by various Friends who asked me to look into the possibility of going paperless. This would mean, for those who wish to, that they would receive all correspondence by email. We could also send the Newsletter as a PDF. Could I kindly request that anyone wishing to 'opt in' to email me at:

louise.hopkinson@huntersyard.co.uk

Our membership numbers are gently increasing month by month, with the 1,000 mark getting ever closer. I am hoping over

the following months to increase the information currently on the Friends section of the website and would welcome an ideas or suggestions that you may have.

The History of the Friends

After talking to many of the Friends over the last month I am aware of the many memories that you all have acquired from sailing Percy's ladies. With this in mind I wondered if we could create a library of these and post them on our website. This way we could share them with each other and keep the Yard alive for those who are unable to attend our events.

Photo Competition

We are launching a Friends of the Hunter Fleet Photo Competition on 10th July 2016, to enter just send your picture of 'a moment in time' whilst sailing one of Percy's boats to:-

Louise.hopkinson@huntersyard.co.uk

Last entry date 10th September 2016.

Winners to be announced at the Autumn Picnic on 24th September 2016.

Hopefully I will have the pleasure of meeting many more of you at the Autumn Picnic this year.

Thank you all for you kind and generous support.

Louise Hopkinson

July 2016

STAINED GLASS

The sealed bids for the beautiful original stained glass panel made by Friend Simon Parnell were opened at the Friends AGM in April.

The lucky winners were Judy West and Roger Bradshaw.

LOGBOOKS, 2015

My thanks to Rodney Longhurst who, assisted by Vikki Walker, read all the logs for the 2015 season and selected the winners, which is never an easy task as there are always many contenders. I find that reading the logs during the winter months whets one's appetite for the sailing season to come.

I hope many of you have written or are going to write a log this season. We look forward to reading them.

The winning entries in young peoples section can be found in Junior Hunters on p. 11.

In the Adult section of the 2015 log book competition a prize was awarded to Tom and Helen Fish and the Fish family who sailed in *Lustre* last June. *Lustre* had been hired by the Fish family to celebrate Dan's 80th birthday and his return to Hunters Yard after 65 years- he had sailed in a *Hustler* with his mother and brother in c.1950.

On *Lustre* were Dan and wife Jane, son and daughter-in-law, Tom and Helen and grandchildren Christopher, Naomi and Joshua, all sailing at various times, including sleeping on board, while the rest of the party was close by at Limes Farm.

Tom, Helen, and Naomi contributed to the family log. All entries were beautifully legible, informative and entertaining. Many adventures were had during their 4 day sail, as well as the odd unscheduled "swim" and a great deal of birthday cake appears to have been consumed. In all, a well written and entertaining log and a great read.

The other prize went to Kate Andrews, age classified info, who sailed in *Wood Violet*

with son Tom B, 17 and his friend Tom W,16. The reviewer commented "An interesting, long, detailed account of their holiday with lots of heavy weather. I had trouble reading some of it which must have been written under trying circumstances."

At the start of their holiday in *Wood Violet* at the end of March ("We are normally early summer sailors so the winter coloured reeds and lack of leaves very unfamiliar") they witnessed the launching of the half deckers" they seemed to have been breeding over winter inside the shed". "One of the lads had a galvanized small bath full of hot liquid fat? lard and was pouring it along the wooden slipways and the board and then brushing it into place"

They did indeed have awful weather conditions to contend with "Crew realized that the dinghy had blown itself loose in the night, fortunately down into a private dyke. Expedition mounted to retrieve it." But fortunately they appear to have retained their sense of humour "our first attempt to leave the staithe saw us closely inspecting the bushes and trees on the opposite side of the dyke".

I hope the prize will make up in a small way for the hardship endured and we will try to give them better sailing weather in 2016.

There were four logs which deserve a mention in the highly commended category.

A Highly commended must go to the Cawley family who sailed in *Lustre* last August. While having had some sailing experience, this was their first time in a Hunters boat, and having booked the boat 9 months in advance of the holiday they

wondered how they would cope with months of anticipation. "The children Albert 14, Wilfred 12, Stanley 10 had mixed feelings of excitement, indifference and fear all flowing and ebbing between them culminating in general excitement by the time the holiday came."

Apart from producing a nice well written log, by mother Liz, they must be one of very few families, or perhaps the only family, who played chess while on the Broads! The log concludes with "The week had flown by and we were quite heavy hearted to see it end-we have had such a fantastic adventure which surpassed even our high expectation"

Also selected as Highly Commended again this year, by different reviewers, are Peter Pope and Meg Clarke (Peter and Meg achieved a Highly Commended in the 2014 Log Book competition) who sailed in *Hustler 3* in June. Reviewer Rodney describes the log as "a very good detailed log of a week on the broads", which was mainly written by skipper Peter but with nice additional comments on the sailing and wild life by mate Meg. Meg ends with "a hearty thanks from the mate for all-use of a wonderful boat and the care of her by the Yard. A wonderful holiday afloat (again) and more good learning for the novice sailor-love it!

(My thoughts entirely whenever I finish a week's sailing on the Broads- Ed.)

Another Highly Commended, Lucy Smith and friend Mandy sailed in *Wood Sorrel* last September. The reviewers thought their log was a "lovely account clearly written and interesting". Interestingly, Lucy is a sail

maker so took more notice of the other yacht's sails and how they were rigged. Both friends thoroughly enjoyed the boat and its responsiveness and manoeverability and the general socialability of the other boat users and in the pubs.

And finally, the two Ds, Prof. Dick and Dorothea, combined age 136 years, wrote a long, well written, interesting and different account of their week in *Wood Rose*.

"Slumbering in bed, Dorothea reflected on the first half of their sailing holiday. She recalled the slick lowering and raising of mast, the relaxed and skillful quanting, the calculation to get the tides just right to cross Breydon Water.....brought from happy reverie by the return of skipper, Dorothea tried to come to terms with this being Wednesday 20th May and the two Ds having accomplished but six hours of independent sailing".

The log recounts difficulties with wind, torrential rain, cruisers the size of battle ships and finding mooring places "so few public mooring and so many big boats". On the plus side "skipper got awfully good at quanting" and they heard the bittern, saw a water vole, and much more interesting wild life.

Deb, Guy and Elliot who sailed in *Wood Sorrel* in April wrote "a very nice straight forward legible account of their holiday sailing and dinghy sailing (Elliot)". The family commented ("holidays at Hunters get better each year. Thank you for everyone's hard work".



FROM the YARD

FRIENDS & TRUSTEES NEWS

Pictures by Jennifer Mack

Friends News

Following the AGM in April the new officers on the Friends committee now are:

Chairman

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Norwich, NR2 3PG
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Vice Chairman/Events Organiser

Neil Hopkinson
Tel: 01455 203167

Membership Secretary

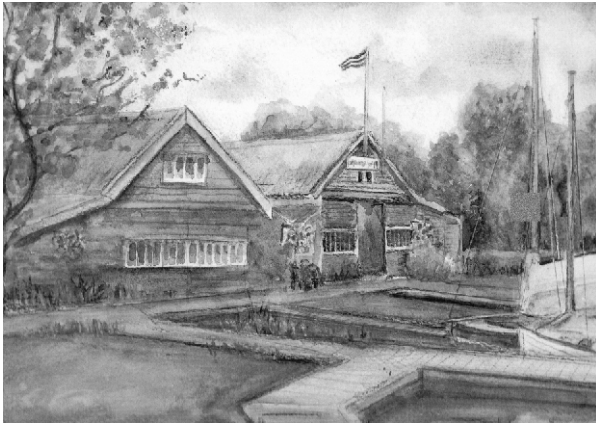
Membership Secretary

Louise Hopkinson
8 Spencer Road
Lutterworth, LE17 4PG
E: louise.hopkinson@huntersyard.com
Tel: 01455 203167

Two long standing committee members, who have contributed so much to the Friends, retired at the AGM-Les Gee, Chairman and Jennifer Mack, Membership Secretary. Fortunately Jennifer will be staying on as a member of the committee. We also lost committee member Jean Gee. We currently have one vacancy on the committee; if anyone would like to join this friendly committee and contribute to the thriving Friends organisation in this way, do have a word with any of the committee. The committee meets three times a year here in Ludham.



Sundew and Buff Tip on Open Day, April 2016



Composite painting completed by Friends at 2014 Autumn Event under the tutelage of Adrian Simpson. See details of this year's Autumn Event on p.4.

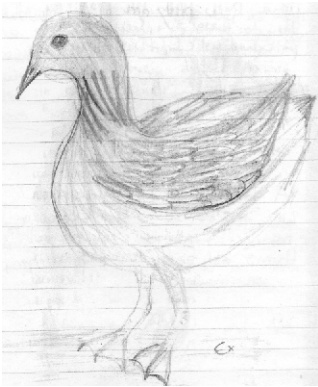
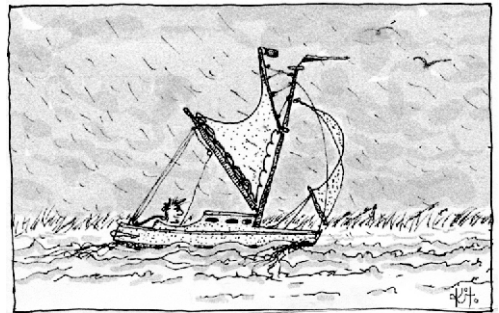


Illustration from the 2015 log of Junior prize winner Emily Bodenham (see p.11) and opposite a delightful sketch by Kit Ellis.



*Thank you Jennifer for all the brilliant efforts that you, and the team, do to keep Hunter's boats in the excellent state that they are in. Well done! And I wish you a 'Happy Christmas'.
Kit.
12th December 2015.*

There will be presentations to the retiring committee members at the Autumn Event.

Trustees news

There have been changes also among the Trustees; Paul Stevens and Rodney Storey have resigned after both having completed 20 years of service to the Trust, and several new faces have appeared.

Paul and Rodney have been replaced by Peter Joyner and Alastair Drew, while three other have joined the Trustees in the recent past-Rebecca Smith (Bryan Read's daughter), Ian Cartwright and Trevor Smith.

I hope to profile the new Trustees in later editions of the Newsletter. To start, on p.10 are a few details from Ian Cartwright.

Trustee Ian Cartwright Resumé

Professional life

I was a solicitor in Local Government from 1962 until 1986. I worked for Great Yarmouth Corporation from April 1971 until August 1973; I lived at St Olaves and, for most of that time had a small sailing cruiser fibreglass and 14ft 6 inches long, which I kept at Priory Marine. I moved away briefly in 1973, but came back and worked for Norwich City Council from 1974 until 1981. I lived at Cringleford and kept my boat at Cox's Yard at Barton.

In 1981 I moved to West Yorkshire, and in 1986 I became Secretary to Northumbrian Water in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tasked to see it through privatisation and flotation. When that was done, I was successively Secretary of the Potato Marketing Board and Solicitor to the Coal Authority. In 1997, I retired from working for other people and became a part-time Consultant, teaching Business and Contract Law (amongst other things) in Macedonia, Ukraine and Russia.

I gave that up in about 2005; my wife died in 2008 and I moved back from Northumberland to Norfolk, and now live in Aylsham where I used to play cricket for the team that is now called "Aylsham St Giles".

Sailing life.

I am an "Arthur Ransome" sailor, drawn to the Broads by "Coot Club" and "Big Six". In 1957, when I was 16, I pestered my father into bringing me sailing. We hired a "Whippet" from Ernest Collins at Wroxham and happily drifted from one bank to another for almost a week. After that, I came back with friends, sailing from

Wroxham and Horning. In 1967, while sailing one of Nick Truman's boats from Oulton Broad, I met another sailor and from my coming to Norfolk to live in 1971 his family and mine had summer holidays together, all of which involved up to five boats, for almost 10 years. Also, he had a Yeoman, on which we would go off camping for a week or more at a time. Additionally, I had some great times sailing my own little boat, mostly alone but often with my son, starting when he was about six, as crew. That ended when I moved to West Yorkshire in 1986, and sold the boat.

In 1976, Henry (the friend with the Yeoman) decided that we were probably skillful enough to sail a *Hustler*, so we did (*Hustler 3*), and I have sailed either a *Hustler* or a *Wood* almost every year since initially with a crew but, since about ten years ago, single-handed. I started by having only one week at a time, but now I have a month, for the past six years, *Hustler 5*. We understand each other!

In the meantime, I have sailed dinghies mostly Enterprises and have occasionally sailed at sea across to Ostend, on Auckland Harbour, a schooner in Cape Town Harbour and been a crew-member on a square-rigger round the Canary Islands for a week.

Hunter's Yard.

I have been an enthusiast for Hunter's Yard, and especially *Hustlers*, since 1976, and I have tried to come down from time to time to make sure they were looking after 'my' *Hustler*.

Ian Cartwright

JUNIOR HUNTERS

LOG BOOK COMPETITION WINNERS,
2015

The prize was awarded to Emily Bodenham,11 for her lively account with pictures. Emily had “lots of fun writing about my adventures on the Broads this year (I've never done that before)”. She ends her log with “A big thank you to Hunters Yard for a week of full joy! My whole crew feel this way.”

But things did not start so well, as Emily recalls “In case you are wondering why I am sleeping so much, it's because of an outbreak of yellow fever(colds and high temperatures). Able Seaman sister Soph was also struck down on our first day.”

Despite this, it did not stop Emily being thrilled at be back on the Broads” When we arrived I was bubbling with excitement- this was to be my 11th time sailing on the Norfolk Broads, and as an extra bonus we were sailing on my favourite boat *Lullaby*. I was the first person to step on her deck I was over the moon(big smile)”.

Eventually the fever passed and she was able to enjoy the wildlife-the smallest ducklings ever, rabbit paradise, a wriggling molehill, parent swans with nine cygnets and an otter swimming past the boat as well as a jumping frog. She also enjoyed the story of skipper Dad falling in the Broads as retold by 1st mate Mum “Yes! Your Dad was in a quanting race and was first I beleave....(a nod from Dad). Anyway he gave an almighty shove of the quant. It was looking good when he found the quant was stuck! He didn't have time to let go before he was pulled off the boat! (lots of laughs)

He hung on as long as he could but the pole started to lean to the side until.....KSPLASHH!!! At this point Dad put in : ”I remember looking-from underwater-at the water thinking it's very green and warm uurgh! (Lots more laughter, at this point)”.

Well done to Emily for winning the prize at the first attempt; we look forward to another log in 2016, hopefully without the yellow fever!

Two other junior sailing parties deserve a mention.

Luke Ansley, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ sailed in *Wood Sorrel* in July. He records” woke up at four in the morning to go down to the Yard for eight-thirty. When we set off the heavens opened and it took Rob and Kate about 15 minutes to get out of Womack water and time $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour in the dinghy. Then a slow and tedious sail to Horning in pouring rain. We had ment to meat a friend at horning sailing club for afternoon racing but we were about two hours late so we ended up helping to put dambers on the floating bridge. Then we went to fetch *Rebel 1* and I had a go in a Laser in a full rigg (I was only 38 kg and managed to capsize it). Then we went to the Ferry Inn for the carvery (yum yum!!)

First time sailors in Hunters boats Vera, 7 and Orson, 9 sailed with Harry in *Wood Violet* at the ends of August, 2015.

Both children contributed to the log which records that they had to contend with variable amounts of wind, either not enough or too much, as well as storms. At one time Orson was helming in has underpants!....

1950- “The way of the Wood Violet” or Three men in a Boat Not to mention the dinghy

Being an impression rather than an exact log, by one of impressionable years, thank goodness.

Here is a further extract from this remarkable log from more than 65 years ago!

TUESDAY 20th (continued)

.....We almost crushed a poor fellow's rowing boat. We downed sails speedily and began towing. But something about the breeze and clouds was ominous, confirmed by large splodges of rain. Hastily we prepared our defences, and the rain came, and the thunder rolled, and the lightening cracked. Our fast and silent work done, we withdrew into the well as it began to pour, presently to be joined by the old man of the rowing boat, who was quite deaf. Eventually the storm passed over, leaving the floorboards of the dinghies awash & the air cool, and a still small voice suggested tea. At which we invited this deaf chappie to stay, and he maintained an interesting and amusing monologue, telling us how he learnt how to sail, inviting our opinions as to his age, indicating the problems of stress and strain involved in launching vessels and concluding with a long and illustrated description of an accident he had in East Dulwich Grove on a bus. “But I was quite alright” he said, “everything works!” and so he seemed as he sculled himself away. R(*Ronald*) went off for a sail in the dinghy, followed by J (*Jack*) who had the wind dying out on him a souring experience he finds. The evening was refreshingly fine, and the

storm was easily forgotten. It remained for R to be awarded the Black Mark of the day, when he neatly lifted J's toothglass over the stern of the boat, in the gloaming, a neat place-kick. Yet like King Arthur he bared his arm and drew it from the depths again. Or am I getting mixed up? Was it a bared arm that received Excalibur into the depths? P'haps I had better go to bed.

WEDNESDAY 21st

“E ain't no sailor” said the boatswain, describing the incident;

“e put the wheel the wrong way. Same as when Moses, not being a nautical man, put his 'elm up when ordered to luff, an' fetched up among the bloody bulrushes.” Shalimar

We had a good sail to the Thurne mouth and were pleased to overtake a vessel or two on the way. We ran and reached up the Bure, keeping pace with the motor boats and even gaining a length or two on occasions. Towards midday we encountered heavy showers. In fact the mixture of breeze, sun and heavy showers made policy difficult. At bottom we hoped to have a long day and get through Wroxham. Anticipating a deluge, we packed up in time to lunch, instead, in the sun! We worked on through the wooded reaches between Horning and Wroxham, and tried to disregard the rain. Fashions were at their best, J resembled a Chinese junkman. R will not speak for himself. The spirit, we may say, was commendable. The balance of factors however was turned, as the rain became heavier and the wind lighter. So we hitched our wagon to a tree; and found that owing to a twisted block, the peak would not come down. To the delight of the crew mustered in the waist of the

ship, R stepped heavily up the sail hoops and relieved the complication. Once again the sun shone, so we quanted this time on past the entrance to Salhouse Broad. More clouds packed up again sun came out again. So we enjoyed tea in the well and decided, after humming and hawing, to go no further. J & R went off to play in the dinghy, with no illusions about the possibility of sailing. We stoodged, so to speak, about Salhouse Broad, and then suggested that the boat be moved in there. We proceeded to do this, J quanting and R bumping from the rear the boat along. Rain caught us in the act and we tied to a tree hastily and retired within. At this moment one of those thoughts, infrequently conceived but of refreshing originality and touchingly naïve, struck us. With D (*Daddy*) confined to the cabin the crew emerged in bathing trunks (There is no armour against Fate!) and with a show of bravado this was their finest hour took the boat from its awkward position, paddled it across the Broad, and dropped stern anchor most neatly, bows on to a suitable tree. That night we snubbed our fingers at Fate, and dined off meat hash and pancakes (one by one) and D read further, and gradually more interesting, instalments of Howard Spring; and the good ship rocked with the laughter of our recalling how “Madame Dribble drained the girls.” This entry does no justice to the day which showed how we kept the tinder of our pleasure dry.

THURSDAY 22nd

“...shelves of crockery, copper pots and pans, cupboards of food: that was all there was to it, and it left little space to move in.” Howard Spring

Although I take my contract to cover the

waking hours of this holiday, I would hardly be fulfilling its spirit if I made no mention of the waywardness of the good ship in the early hours of the morning, and the attentions of the ad hoc anchor watch. Grindings abdominal (from the belly of the ship), something phenomenal, drew our subconscious attentions to the ugly fact that a shift and strengthening of the breeze in the night had deranged our neat alignment of yester evening and we were grinding gently on the gravelly shore. The crew turned out to a man and presently we were once more tucked in. The morning was bright but gusty. We quanted out to mid Broad, and with a little mental reservation, set full sail and sped out to make our way by fits and starts to Wroxham, where we shopped and watered the ship, then lunched just beyond the bridges. We began sailing again with two reefs, presently shook these out, as the wind fell off and the sunny spells lengthened. At one point R was dropped to nip up and down the bank, taking photos. The remaining sailing time passed uneventfully, as we tacked up the wooded river towards Belaugh. A sketchy orchestral concert was rendered, the chief success being Beethoven's No. 6 symphony leader: Jack Webster. D diagnosed a storm of rain and so we packed up for the day, and tho' the rain (as is its habit) delayed in coming, we were glad to have a good tea. We read and drew, and a Times X-Word was rapidly dispatched, before J. cooked a fine set of chops and onion. The evening seemed the most delightful yet. As the rain cleared off, a double rainbow appeared, light mist

began to run about the river, the colours warmed to the setting sun, which lit up for us pink clouds and a clear sky. By degrees and stages we retired within and the cabin assumed its dormitory qualities once more. This is written in anticipation of our bedtime story. If more of note occurs tonight, as doubtless it shall, it must be recorded tomorrow.

FRIDAY 23rd

“But a mop dipped overboard, skillfully twirled till it rotated like a catherine wheel throwing off crystal sparks, and then vigorously applied, soon put that right.” Howard Spring

“The complex depression” (vide The Times 22.vi.50) whose complexity we confirm and marvel at, was still with us. And though it did not actually rain during our getting up and breakfasting, it did so before long and we were confined to the cabin, passing the time by playing three-handed Bridge: the final score was seen to represent fairly our respective merits. J led D by a short head, R registered a blob. Partly it might be said to maintain morale, we cooked up sausages for lunch. As a fitting reward for our resolve to sail in the afternoon, it began to clear and continued so to a fine evening. Though the banks were most shallow we sailed quietly but efficiently onwards, enjoying our surroundings very much. J divided his attention between Gibbon and the surroundings, seated forward by the mast only occasionally disturbed by a sudden lurch (or to hold out the jib when stuck on a turn). D remarked it would be a decline and fall indeed if the book were to accidentally be lost to the river. It would be convenient here to mention an observation on the friendly custom that seems very

prevalent of hailing the passing boats by wink, nod, gesture or hallo. At first we were touched and responded gladly. Now we are a bit divided and it is felt by some that it is overdone a bit hearty perhaps, whacko and all that a bit of a demonstration of how at ease we all are, perhaps? Or is this unkind? The sail to Coltishall and back to a resting place above Belaugh was useful and interesting. At one part we were able to sail up three successive bends of the river on three successive tacks. On the way back we practiced anti-gybe manoeuvres. After tea J & R set off in the dinghy and found a spot at which to sketch and read; then ghosted back, actually under wind power to J's immense satisfaction, discussing Plato and a bit of light philosophy in general quite an idyllic voyage. It was a grand evening all round. We watched the sun set in front of a bank of, not menacing, clouds, and paused to wonder how this could be. There is No Armour is read with deepening interest, and some anxiety as to whether it shall be left unfinished.

SATURDAY 24th

“The rain, redoubling its fury at this moment, danced in innumerable fountains, with a pelting sound that could be clearly heard.” Howard Spring

We were up fairly betimes in order to get thro' Wroxham before the rush. We left our moorings at 10 o'clock and passed under the bridge at Wroxham at 12 o'clock. Within an hour we were on our way again having shopped, collected a letter from Mummy, & snaps taken earlier in the week. So placid was our progress downstream that we lunched in motion. After a short sail on Wroxham Broad, we decided to stop again in Salhouse Broad, and picked up moorings

in big-ship style, taken up, as the ship hove to, from the dinghy from which the line had gone forth round a willow. There followed a confused, multilateral, insignificant, argument about a stern anchor. It was finally laid, really in order to please the younger members of the crew, with an appetite for maritime exercises. R potted forth in the dinghy while tea was being prepared. While eighty yards from the boat an account of our first Cam voyage carried clearly to him across the water. A few minutes later a column of smoke rose from the boat and drifted lazily to leeward. Then orange flames were seen licking over the coaming of the cockpit. "Hmm: Primus trouble" he said to himself rather optimistically considering the signs of conflagration of an altogether different magnitude.

After tea J & R set out in the dinghy to read and sketch once more. Things on shore were generally distracting, and then a large cruiser drifted across the foreground of R's sketch & there took up its moorings or rather tried to, and the efforts to do so received our divided attention and scorn. You see, by now we feel quite the thing with a week's seniority. Divers [surely grebes] have amused us today. Looking rather as if they had been sleeping on their hair the wrong way or like ladies with their hair up in plaits across the top their underwater endurance has as yet defied our estimation. When R discovered for himself that what they went down for was fish - apart from panic crash-dives the others thought this naivety a great joke.

Rain set in after supper. We have read a

good deal more HS and this in the well, looking out on the rain-spattered broad. The anchorage is crowded tonight, and we wondered whether our smoking concert of songs was enjoyed. But as we turned in we realized that their endogenous row, chiefly wireless, probably prevented them from hearing these sounds and sweet airs of ours.
SUNDAY 25th

*"Day after day, day after day,
Without nor breath, nor motion (Daddy?)
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean" Sam T. Coleridge
(A cruel jest, only justified by its parental origin)*

It should be recorded that J accompanied R in his morning bathe. We boiled eggs for breakfast and decided that the timing of boiled eggs was a convention without scientific basis. At 9.15am approx the longboat was rowed ashore with the captain in the stern sheets. Shore party scattered temporarily, to re-collect a happy band, their minds at peace.

No hornpipes twittered as they drew neatly alongside the ship. Our hopes of sailing out of the crowded anchorage, were rather shattered by the fact that many of the anchorites preceded us. We passed slowly through Horning, and a subjective feeling of confidence in the superior sailing powers of the Wood Violet is becoming an objective fact. Indeed, after being overtaken by a Hustler, from which some ribald remark about showing a clean pair of heels was heard, Daddy, with the sheet between his teeth so to speak, promptly and smartly left them hull down astern....

.....*To be continued*

Ronald Ingle

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