

HUNTER'S YARD



Newsletter of the Friends of the Hunter Fleet



The International Classic Boat Show, Holland Watching the young boat repairers

Picture by Pat Bray

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Friends of the Hunter Fleet Committee Members

(Acting) Chairman

Les Gee
Mulberry Hill, 44 Norwich Road
Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich NR14 8AB
Tel: 01508 495059

Committee Secretary/NHFT Trustee

Philip Bray
5 Westfield Road
Swaffham, Norfolk PE37 7HE
E: philip.bray@huntersyard.com
Tel: 01760 725931

Membership Secretary/NHFT Trustee

Jennifer Mack
The Old Rectory
Antingham
North Walsham, Norfolk NR28 0NW
E: jennifer.mack@tiscali.co.uk
Tel: 01263 833375

Treasurer

Peter Wall
Flycatcher
School Road
Ludham NR29 5PF
E: peterwall@keme.co.uk
Tel: 01692 678060

Chairman - NHFT - Bryan Read

E: bryan.c.read@btinternet.com
Tel: 01603 454281

NHFT Administrator - Vikki Walker

E: huntersyard@btinternet.com
Tel: 01692 678263

NHFT Trustee - Paul Stevens

Tel: 01692 678210

Jean Gee

Tel: 01508 495059

Neil Hopkinson

Tel: 01455 203167

Eric Diffey

Tel: 01603 457248

Derek Herriott

Tel: 01692 631387

Rodney Longhurst

Tel: 01603 453889

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Editorial

Welcome to Friends old and new.

In the last issue, I bemoaned the fact that I hadn't set foot on a Hunter boat for a very long time. In true 'Friends' spirit, I was contacted by three people offering me the chance of joining them on a sail! Thank you to all of you, and I hope to take at least one of you up on your kind offer, if the winter *ever* ends.

The wonderful McGonagall-esq poem from Jem Coady in our last issue raised a few smiles, and brought in another cautionary tale, this time from Lex Creemers. At times, sailing Hunters can be quite daunting it would seem, and yet the last time I crewed on one, admittedly several years ago now, I found it handled incredibly well. I find it very refreshing that several of the reports in the log books refer to people having 'forgotten' how the boats handle when they come back to them after perhaps a year's break, but then it all comes back, and as long as the weather behaves itself, all is fine again.

As I write, there are just a few short weeks to go before the start of the 2010 season. Let's just hope the Great British Weather decides to play ball and accept that spring is just round the corner. And *please*, don't forget to write up your log entries in the books provided! Last year's entries made for great reading.

Zoë

Newsletter editor:

Zoë King Email: zoe@zoeking.com
Broadlea House
Heron Way
Hickling
Norfolk NR12 0YQ

The (Vice) Chair types...

As I write, arguably at the beginning of another decade, my mind wanders back to times past and to people who played their part in the history of Hunter's Yard, some of whom we have lost quite recently.

One of these was George Southgate who died in November. He it was who first drew my attention to the fact that Cyril and Stanley Hunter were putting the yard on the market. This fact coupled with the almost simultaneous availability of Howe Hill enabled Dr Ralphs to achieve his ambitions of a field study centre and a sailing base for Norfolk children, in the same year.

George had already been the prime mover in the formation of the Norfolk Schools' Sailing Association and a founder member of the National Schools' Sailing Association and helped set the pattern of sailing courses for pupils and teachers in Norfolk. The O.R.I.A. qualifications we all now know are the direct descendants of the tests dreamt up by George and I in the early sixties.

A week or so earlier, Jean and I also attended the funeral of another old friend, Ken Morley. Ken was Metalwork teacher at Wymondham School and, in addition to being an enthusiastic sailing instructor on Education Committee Courses, together with Richard Cracknel and Johnny Robbins, qualified as a skipper of Albion. He also cast the first aluminium gaff jaws for use at Hunter's Yard and a number of quant botts. Later he bought the motor cruiser *Saskia*, when she was eventually sold off.

John Marr, a long serving member of the Friends Committee, also died recently and will be sadly missed, not least at the yard itself, where he kept *Vixen*, his well known sailing cruiser. Jean and I are made doubly

sad by not being able to attend his funeral having at the time, no car, due to the ice and an ill-placed lamp-post. We shall never sail down Fleet Dyke again without seeing *Vixen* moored up and John and Vera raising their glasses of white wine to us as they did so many times in the past.

On a more optimistic note, Jean and I were able to accompany Philip and Pat Bray, Rodney Storey and Tim Frary on a trip to the Enkhuizen Traditional Boat Show, in Holland. This expedition was organised and impeccably led by Willy Hoedeman, whose excellent article on his sailing exploits in both Holland and on the Broads appeared in the November issue.

The exhibition element of the festival was, thankfully not quite on the scale of the London Boat Show but absolutely fascinating, as were the nearby museum and the masses of traditional vessels moored nearby. Willy managed to persuade the organisers to screen a film on Hunter's Yard and the Broads and was interviewed on the platform during the screening. At the end, the assembled spectators broke into spontaneous and prolonged applause. Later he was able to arrange for an article on the yard to appear in the Dutch equivalent of the *Classic Boat* magazine.

Mr Hoedeman is due a most hearty vote of thanks, not only from those of us for whom he made this memorable experience so pleasant and effortless but also from the Trust and the Friends for the free publicity he arranged. We look forward to the possibility of welcoming some of his compatriots to the Broads.

And finally, I have just found a 1969 copy of the Norfolk County Sailing Base brochure from which I note that the cost to the general public of hiring a four berth was

£35. 5s, in the high season, falling to £30. 5s in the low season and you could have got a Hustler for £19.10s. for the week or a halfdecker for just £8. Schools and Youth groups were half price. Those were the days. A Happy New Year to you all.

Les Gee

February 2010

Membership News

There has been an excellent response to the end-of-year subscription renewal notice again this year and you have been even more generous than in previous years. Well over half of you have already renewed your membership and I am confident that my follow-up Spring Reminder to those of you who pay by cheque will produce a second wave of activity after you discover the first notice must have gone astray somewhere under the pile of Christmas mail!

The website and, more recently, the 2010 Brochure are attracting new Friends and we have already welcomed 14 so far this year (including a great nephew of Percy!) even

though we are still in the depths of winter's icy grip.

The total count for membership is now over 860 families although we have had a few sad bereavements lately. We are hoping to recruit many more Friends during the season and I am aiming to reach 900 by the end of the year.

May I remind you that it is now possible to view both current and past Newsletters on the website in the Members Section of the Friends' page. The Log-in password for Friends from now until the end of the year is 'Percy'; it will then be changed when subscriptions are due again. There is also a page that publicises future events.

Thank you all for your valuable and generous support and the many kind messages that you send me.

With best wishes for a successful and enjoyable season.

Jennifer Mack

March 2010

Win a Prize



**Hunter Fleet
LOG BOOK
Competition 2009
Are you a winner?
Find out on page 8**

Friends Write

From Ian R Cartwright

Congratulations on the latest Newsletter. I specially enjoyed Will Hoedman's piece - it seems to embody the true spirit of Broads sailing - not too complicated, and enormous fun!

Poor old Hustler 5, though. That episode happened the week after I had delivered her safely back to the Yard after a wonderful fortnight, usually with too little wind, rather than the conditions described! H5 is 'my' boat - I sail her every year for (usually) 2 weeks, and I don't want anything to happen to her!

Very best wishes,
Ian R Cartwright.

From Lex Creemers

Had a laugh reading 'The Tale of Hustler 5 at Acle Bridge' by Jem Coady... By the way, I found on Google Maps that the location shown for Hunter's Yard is actually a bit up the road from where you really are - you might want to talk to them about it.

Thanks Lex, and for your own 'cautionary tale' which graces these pages. We discussed the Google Maps question at our last Friends Committee meeting. Google Maps uses the centre of the postcode to determine position, and as the whole of Horsefen Road uses the same postcode, the position of the yard is inevitably now shown incorrectly.

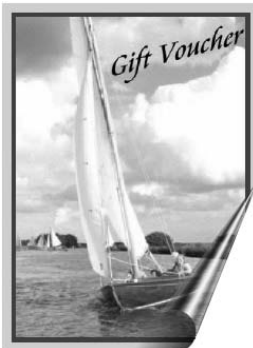
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The Glorious 14th of July, 2009

Lex Creemers

That same 14th of July described in 'The Tale of *Hustler 5* at Acle Bridge' by Jem Coady (issue 37) saw three Australians, two of whom were temporarily working in Wales, on board *Wood Rose*. We had picked her up the previous day, been given a 2-hr lesson and then left to play. We had stayed the night at South Walsham and the morning started beautifully; *Wood Rose* was made ship-shape and we were the first ones on the water. A soft breeze from the SSW pushed us onwards to the river. Life was good and sailing was bliss.

We are not particularly experienced sailors; in fact, two out of the three of us had barely been on a boat before and the undersigned skipper had never had his hands on anything this big and yet so utterly without motor. Fair weather sailors indeed.

On a whim we turned from the river into the creek leading to Norwich Road bridge. Once in the creek the skipper started to become a bit nervous: this was very narrow for his liking and with the wind exactly in line with the narrowest section of the creek, getting back could be quite interesting. But *Wood Rose* kept happily gliding along and the crew were counting ducklets.

When we came to the bridge, tasks were divided and everyone was fully prepared to lower the sails and mast. At least the skipper thought so. Things went awry from there. We were at the bridge far quicker than expected. Slowing *Wood Rose* down with a following wind was simply not possible in the space we had (to us, anyway) so we turned sharply and headed back to the river - then up again to the bridge to find a place

to moor - then down the river again to lose further speed - all the while dodging boats coming through the bridge, of course - then back up to the bridge and bumping ever-so-softly into a moored yacht that really did not lose any paintwork in our doing so....

Time for a break and for a bit of help from the Yard (we had not been able to get the toilet to flush - but regardless, here's hoping South Walsham invests in a few toilets). A quick review by experienced eyes showed everything else was fine, other than that in setting up that morning we had swapped a few sheets here and there - minor stuff, she was after all still sailing.

After brunch at the Bridge Inn the wind had gotten a fair bit stronger and we decided we were not going to go through the bridge: we had found our limits and they were wanting, m'lud. Back to the river.

Easier said than done. The aforementioned narrow stretch of water defeated our first attempt to make it through. Soon we were almost stopped in the eye of the wind. Rather than holding up all those river boats behind us (or as the skipper thought of them: those bloody oversized floating bungalows), back up the river to gain some speed and into a second attempt. We got a very close look at a nest of coots, but again did not make it through.

Around for a third time. By now the skipper was edgy and (as found later) pulled the mainsheet far more tightly than he should have, so we lost speed again, the coots were visited again and we went back up the river again.

There was no difference in our fourth and

fifth attempts, though by now we were all getting quite tired (everyone had been taking turns pushing *Wood Rose* off the banks, punting her through the eye of the wind or to just get some speed into her, putting coot chicks back on their nest, etc).

That was when the first squalls came through and the lightning and thunder started. The mainsail came down and we allowed *Wood Rose* to drift into a reed bank where the wind kept her safely pinned.

Of course this was no long-term solution. When the weather improved somewhat we tried again to make it through, but our sixth and seventh attempts failed as well and by now the skipper was convinced that he was in need of a fair bit of re-training if he was to get his boat, his crew and himself out of that water rat-trap.

So it was decided to get back to the bridge and moor there in the hope that the wind would (a) die down; and (b) change direction. Mooring was achieved with assistance of a motor-boat (sigh) but *Wood Rose* and the other yachts in the area were unscathed so the skipper kept his thoughts to himself. By and large, anyway. Then the wind and thunder really picked up - thank goodness we were not out there.

Convinced we had taken the best if not only course of action, *Wood Rose's* crew sat impotently when two Hunters (one *Hustler 3*, the other possibly *Wood Violet*) swept past in the immediate aftermath of the thunderstorm having just traversed the bridge. We followed their progress all the way to the river. Yep, they were struggling a bit too, in our infamous neck of the woods (OK, reeds) but I'll wager anything you like that they did not gatecrash a nest of coots.

All-in it was a chastening experience for the skipper and a worrying experience for

the crew. So when the morning of the 15th dawned, with the wind still in the SSW but now freshened to near-gale conditions (please don't check this - just believe me) we called in the help of the Yard.

With a real skipper this time and sails fully reefed, we set off - something we might not have been able to do properly by ourselves - and with much more gentle persuasion than had been applied by the previous captain, *Wood Rose* made it through (coots watching in a mixture of dread and amazement) and into the river. There was barely anyone out there, and what we saw were only motor-yachts. We were the only sail in sight. Once *Wood Rose* was heading back east with the wind behind her, she was absolutely flying. It must have been a great sight - some people cheered her on as we swooped past.

We had already asked to go straight back to the Yard as we knew we were not able to sail in these conditions (though *Wood Rose* obviously was) and did not want to take the risk of damaging the boat. So we were back far earlier than we would otherwise have been and in effect lost a half-day. A tough choice but a good one: with the wind behind her we dropped the sails what seemed about a quarter of a mile out, yet still came in much faster than we would have been able to handle.

Thus we unpacked, cleaned up and left *Wood Rose*. Valuable lessons had been (re-) learned:

A. A little sailing knowledge is a dangerous thing; b. Better to ask for help and be thought a fool than keep quiet and prove it beyond doubt; c. It is good to know that the irreplaceable boat you hired is still in one piece as you got her, and ready to take the next wide-eyed enthusiast on a dream ride.

Hunter Fleet Log Book Competition 2009

Judging was incredibly difficult this year as we had so many comprehensive, lively, amusing entries. Thank goodness I didn't have to shortlist, the hard work was done for me by Neil Hopkinson, but even so, selecting the final winners was quite a chore because of the quality of the entry overall.

First Prize in the Children's Section goes to **Hazel McLellan**, aged 8, who wins a £30.00 book token for her account of her trip on *Lucent* in July. It was well presented, funny, and even included a list of the birds seen on the trip.

Runner-up in this section was **Ruby Bowler**, aged 9, who wrote about her exploits on *Wood Anemone* in May. Her account includes a drawing of herself with a kite, and a poem, so she richly deserves her prize of a £20.00 book token.

The Adult Section shortlist featured eight strong entries, though looking through the books, I can see others that were strong contenders. However, there can only be one winner in this section, and by a short head, the prize of £50.00 goes to **David Simcock, Zander Cary, Ed Down, and Tim Hogg**, for their collective effort, *Rime of the Comparatively Young Mariners*. (After Coleridge). Their account of their time spent on *Wood Sorrel* in September is written in a beautiful cursive hand, and is great fun to read. It made me laugh out loud even on second and third read, and I'm sure the authors had as much fun writing it.

Honourable Mentions must also go to: **Mike and Rosemary Cooper**, (*Hustler*, May) who were just pipped to the post, **Catherine and Martin Jackson**, (*Hustler* 3, July), '**Michael, Aged 34?**' (*Hustler* 3, September), **Emma Rix, Charlotte Hall, and Claud Hart-Harris**, (*Hustler* 4, August) and **Roger and Phillipa Hidden, and George and Helen Lings**, (*Lullaby*, June).

To give you a flavour of the winning entries, here first is a short extract from Hazel's account, which details the trials and tribulations of battling with the mud weight:

We carried on sailing for a bit. Then we got to Horsey Mere. The wind picked up. We decided to put the mud weight down so we could drop the sail. We put it down. We began to move. We dragged the mud weight quite a long way. Then we realised that plan wasn't going to work.

The mate was very strong and she decided to haul up the mud weight. The captain said the mud weight was only 2.5kg so it would be easy. When the mud weight was finally hauled up and the 3kg or so of weed had been cut off with the bread knife (yes, the one you used for the toast this morning) the mud weight was found to be 22kg. The mate used some colourful language to describe the captain's eyesight.

When we were successfully moored, we decided to clean the mud weight, so the captain and mate blithely tossed it overboard...

The Rime of the Comparatively Young Mariners

(After Coleridge)

The Golden autumn of '09
(the winter of their youths)
'Wood Sorrel' hired from Hunter's Yard,
embarked they on their cruise.

From London town they took their train,
to Wroxham and the Broads;
their packs brim full of 'Basics' goods,
in tins to stow aboard.

There stood she, gleaming, by the bank,
in all her wooden splendour;
Ed couldn't wait to get on deck,
but tripped upon a fender.

'Twas David's maiden sailing trip,
he knew not what to think.
He ducked and dived as skipper gybed;
near fell into the drink.

On Horsey Mere they ducked their heads
As towboats bustled by.

They couldn't see the crafty crew:
"A ghost ship!" was the cry.

Through Meadow Dyke, with bows to
wind,

they struggled, strained, & strove;
Though nearly dead, with faces red,
Once more the quant pole drove.

To Ranworth now our heroes came,
for lunch on Wednesday morn.
They spied a spot between two boats,
And knew 'twould soon be gorn.

The wind set fair, the crew unique,
the skipper bold & daring;
they thrust the boom out with their feet,
and backwards soon were haring.

Yea, backwards, backwards, sailed the
crew!

The stern slid into moor.
Relieved, the sailors gave a sigh,
and danced upon the shore.

From Ranworth up to Ludham Bridge,
their tacks made cruisers quake.
They quailed and criss-crossed, quite
confused,
bewildered in their wake.

At eventide the doughty crew,
the taverns would frequent.
For food & ale that ne'er could fail,
to Ludham 'Dog' they went.

Their Odyssey now at an end,
behind them many miles,
our heroes' journey culminates
at Hunter's, wreathed in smiles.

They'd sailed to Horsey, Hickling Broad,
to Hunter's and How Hill;
Past cormorant & crested grebe
Past wherry and windmill.

Through Potter Bridge (the middle arch!)
down Ant and Bure and Thurne:
By all had passed Wood Sorrel's mast;
her bow, her sail, her stern.

So here our epic poem ends;
"Ta muchly" for the boat.
The sailors know they'll ne'er forget
Their wondrous week afloat.

*David Simcock, Xander Cary, Ed Down,
and Tim Hogg*

Honourable Mentions...

Mike and Rosemary Cooper

Tuesday

Decided to hibernate. Walked up to Catfield Common and the seat on Kingfisher Corner, but no more kingfishers. Back to Hustler for coffee then stroll up to village for tin opener - none in stock so drowned our sorrows at The Crown with lovely beer and beautiful lasagne. Back to boat. Still windy so fancied a walk to Hickling. Sad to see Pleasure Boat closed (*now open again!*) ...

Forecast still E on Wed but more moderate. Quanted up dyke having put 3 reefs in. Tried in vain to quant out of dyke. Firstly stuck in mud, secondly got blown back down dyke. Hustler will turn in entrance. Tried once more to no effect so drifted back to Kingfisher Corner to phone Graham for advice. Confirmed no towpath now available so he kindly arranged for a tow. Lovely chap, never did catch his name, borrowed boat from Whispering Reeds and towed us out to White Slea. Very windy - managed to be helpful by losing crutches on windiest bit! Our rescuer seemed quite unfazed. Left us on windiest side of White Slea to gather our wits...

Moored at top of dyke to S Walsham to write this up as it seemed too early to finish our lovely holiday in Hustler. This despite discovering (Mike) had left window open in morning and must have shipped a dollop of water on Barton, right onto my bed!! Oh dear. Another confession to make on our return!

Michael, age 34

Arrive Hunter's yard at 3pm. Weather forecast superb for week. Hurray! Third time we've sailed a Hustler. Meet 'old' friends, as sailing with B.O.R. on their 59th Broads expedition. Load gear. Despite extensive lists we've forgotten a vital piece of equipment - rubber gloves! Forepeak locker is huge - could have brought more stuff if we'd been able to fit it in car. Locker beneath sink in heads is perfect size for melodeon and mandolin. Wellies, paddling pool (useful for strip washes!), barbecue, emergency food, and general spares stowed in forepeak. Supply of books stowed on shelves. Wish we'd packed sandwiches and flask of tea for our arrival...

Heron flies low over dyke. Moon rises. Join crews of eight other Hunter's Yardites in Lion. Singing and real ale. Skipper last out of pub - is this a sign of things to come?...

Fair wind and tide up to Sutton. Lose wind at Irstead but tide carries us through slowly. See cormorant catch fish and swallow it whole. Catch glimpse of dazzling kingfisher at turn-off to Sutton. Nose into reeds across end of Sutton Staithe and moor there for night.

Fabulous sunset. Fish jumping. Hear kingfisher calling.

Head to Sun for drink and singing. Good night despite 'orrible' beer. Skipper introduces new 'China Po' song...



From the Yard Vikki Walker

Hey Guys and Gals... and now for the news from the Yard.



Well, winter, and what a winter it's been. You know we have to talk about the weather first - it's a good ole British tradition you know! At least we've got some nice pictures of the Yard in the snow though.

The guys have been very busy these last few months with just some of the jobs being the replacement of planks on *Lustre*, *Wood Violet*, and *Hustlers 4* and *5*. I think *Luna* has had the most done to her though with her deck covering replaced, new rubbing strakes and rails, plus her front cabin corners repaired and new lifting top material. She'll be looking the business for sure!

Hustler 1 and *4* have also had new lifting top material this year. *Wood Avens* has had her well seat and aft bulkhead repaired and odd bits replaced. *Wood Sorrel* has had her topside plank seams raked out and the sickflex corking replaced as well as a few repairs to her rubbing strakes, as demonstrated by Ashley in the photo!

And they've all had many coats of varnish and of course all that rubbing down too!



You know, I must just share this with y'all. Just a few weeks ago young Tom told me to take a photo of him sign writing on *Hustler 4* because it was probably the last one he would be doing! Well of course I don't believe that for one minute nor could I even imagine it! All the same I got my camera but unfortunately the battery wasn't charged so I couldn't get the shot, so guess he'll have to just stay and do some more now, huh? And anyway, I think he just said that to frighten me! (Kinda worked too, but don't tell him.) I know we'll have to let him retire sometime but when that will be... Well... who knows? Bless him! We all know that Tom and Hunters go together like wind in a sail - always needed. Can't imagine the place without him really. (I can almost hear y'all saying the same thing.) Anyway, just thought I'd share that with ya 'cause it tickled me a bit.

The 'girls' are nearly finished being 'all glammed up' ready for y'all to come and

play for the new season! I think they will be going in the water around the 22nd of March. It seems that with Easter being a bit later this year, folks are not going out until 3rd April so the girls don't need to be in any earlier this year.

Now... guess what. Hunter's has done gone and done it, for the first time I think I may be right in saying. They've had a presence at a show in Birmingham at the NEC! We are members of the Broads Tourism Forum and this year they had a stand at the Caravan & Boat Show which was all about 'Enjoy the Broads'. There were nine companies from the region who shared the stand, of which we were one.

Our stand was manned at all time with the help from some of the Trustees and our chairman too. And believe it or not folks, the guys let us take *Zin Zin* too! Neville and Val Khambatta towed her down to the show and set her up just in time for Rodney Storey and I to finish assembling the stand with its nice new banners and leaflets.



(Photo - Pat Bray)

I think at one point *Zin Zin* almost looked like a book stand with all the info inside her, most of which was given out to people who were genuinely interested in Hunters. But she sure did cause a stir at the show; everyone who walked by just had to touch her, saying how great it was to see a 'real boat' at the show. A number of people commented on her being the best thing at the show. Even the stand organiser, Ian Russell from Wroxham Barns, had to come over at the end to say what a draw *Zin Zin* was and how good it had been to have her there.

We also met up with some of our regular customers, which was very nice for us and a bit of a shock for them when they saw us there! With further help from Bryan Read and Philip Bray (who also towed *Zin Zin* back home on the Sunday evening); we talked to many people and our 'wares', i.e. - 2 hour skippered sails, Friends, the RYA training, along with what the Trust will be doing with *Zin Zin* now she's finished. I know it was very tiring though and even 'the Rev' had a bit of a sit down on the odd occasion, using a borrowed bean bag to rest in as you can see here! *(Photo by Philip Bray)*



But all joking aside, we felt the show was successful for us and the others on the stand, but none of us will really know until the season gets here. So watch this space again, cuz I'll be lettin' ya's know!

At this point all that's left to say is 'bring on the season, the fair winds and some lovely weather please!'

We look forward to seeing y'all here soon!

Vikki



Photo by Philip Bray

Sailing with Hunters - Now, and Then...

Brian Hackett

I hired a Hunter boat this year, 42 years after my previous outing, and found it just as delightful as the first time though a very different experience. Here's what happened first time round...

1967 *Luna*

It was after A-levels. A sailing jaunt for four young lads, Bob, Simon, John and me, seemed like a good idea, so we hired *Luna*. We arrived in early September in a Morris Minor and a motor bike, rather later than expected because the bike had inexplicably broken down on the way. At least, it was inexplicable till someone looked to see if there was any petrol in it. When we did arrive, we were asked who was "im what knows", and my old friend Bob stepped forward. He nodded knowingly at everything said and we set off in a light breeze. Our first attempt to moor up was at Thurne Dyke, and it wasn't our best. Griff Rhys Jones would have been proud of us, as essential bits of kit went over the side, but unlike him we got them all back.

We gained confidence as the week went on, sailing all over the northern Broads, usually in search of pubs. We were generally successful, though we often found ourselves walking for several miles down pitch dark country lanes. As city boys from London, unlit highways were unknown to us, and not a little spooky. On one particularly long dark walk, Bob decided to help out by telling us tales of the Mad Nun of Chattering Parva, causing us to walk just a little quicker, and count the glowing tips of each other's cigarettes. Thanks to the fine

local ales, we often counted five, comforting ourselves only in the thought that a Mad Nun would surely not be a smoker, would she? I recently asked Bob to remind me of the tale, but he denied ever knowing it...

We frequently over-reached ourselves, as young men will. One night we found ourselves sailing in pitch darkness across Barton Broad in a desperate attempt to reach the pub at Neatishead. As we sailed quietly along Lime Kiln Dyke, we could see the lights of glow worms along the bank, the only time I have ever seen such a sight in the UK, and any suggestion that they were evidence of Mad Nuns having a crafty fag in the bushes are certainly not to be countenanced.

We finally reached Neatishead, moored up safely and went to the pub, where we found some more local ales, and we fell in to conversation, as young men will, with four young ladies off a cruiser. They invited us back to their boat after the pub closed, where the evening took a disappointing turn. We found that two of them had husbands, who had recently turned in after an evening's fishing, and were not at all pleased to hear us all clambering about on the cabin roof. Undeterred, we decided that the evening needed something more. John and I persuaded Simon to go back to *Luna* for vital supplies - beer, cider and a guitar. Simon reluctantly agreed, which was a mistake.

There had been a fair bit of rain earlier in the day, and the bank was very slippery.

Simon had dutifully laden himself with a good selection of bottles and musical instruments, just as requested, which is why, when he slipped, he had no hand free to get hold of a branch or a tuft of grass or anything at all, and that's how he came to fall in the dyke. Now Simon was a trooper. Remembering our experiences mooring up at Thurne Dyke, he let go of nothing, and brought it all to the cruiser, very wet and covered in mud.

Thoughtfully, we relieved him of his burden and cut off his torrent of abuse by suggesting that he might like to avail himself of the cruiser's fine bathroom facilities to get in to a fit state to rejoin the ladies.

Sadly, the two husbands took a different view. Having been woken up, they now

found their nice clean boat was being invaded by a mud-monster. Any charitable sentiments that may have remained were rapidly dispelled when I started a spirited rendition of "Blood on the Saddle" up on the cabin roof, and we were required to return to *Luna* by their earnest request.

John suggested that since he was already wet, Simon should carry the goods and chattels to avoid any further duckings but he oddly declined.

Our week was a fine one with many excellent sails, until we found ourselves a Wroxham on the last day with not a breath of wind. A sobering 10 mile quanting exercise was required to get us back to the yard...

Coming next time - 2009 Rebel Reveller

Skipped two day sails - Latest

Both Hustler 3 and Hustler 4 sails are filling up well, but there are still a few places left for some intrepid sailors to test their skills along the beautiful Broads Rivers. If you would like to enjoy the thrill of sailing for two whole days in May on one of the Hunters, please give me a ring to book your place.

Even though this event is a 'Skipped Sail' the skippers (Philip and I) are there to do the hard work so as soon as that part is over, you will be able to 'take the helm' as often or as seldom as you like. We of course will 'take the helm back' at anytime even if it is in mid tack with a cruiser bearing down upon us

I would like to get the whole week's sails fully booked, especially as this is our first event and I am sure many of you would like this to become a permanent fixture in the Friends of The Hunter Fleet's year.

Places still available are:	Saturday 22 - Sunday 23 May	2 places
	Monday 24 - Tuesday 25 May	4 places
	Wednesday 26 - Thursday 27 May	2 places

The sails cost £195.00 per person, which includes B&B at the Swan Inn at Horning.

Email me at: neil@impalaadventures.com or phone me on 07930 910870, or 01455 203167 *Neil*.

Trip to The Classic Boat Show, Enkhuizen

Willy Hoedeman (who recounted his early life in The Netherlands in the last edition of the Newsletter) organised a very successful trip for the Yard staff, trustees and Friends' committee to the International Classic Boat Show in Holland last November. This is a small, friendly gathering of people interested in vintage boats and their restoration, held annually in the small historic town of Enkhuizen on the shores of the IJsselmeer (Zuidersee).

In the end, only seven of us went but it was a great experience and we brought the Hunter Fleet to the attention of many keen sailors of vintage boats.

We travelled by ferry to The Hague and had the interesting experience of being invited onto the bridge of the *Stena Britannica* as we arrived in port. We arrived in Enkhuizen by train and found our accommodation on a converted old Dutch trading barge - cramped but very comfortable and hospitable (there are

plenty of B&Bs in the town for those who want more space).

The show included a number of interesting stands in a large marquee and a great variety of boats of all sizes, over a hundred, in the harbour - many open for viewing and many giving rides although the Sunday turned out to be rather foggy. We also managed a visit to the town's open-air museum and the boat hall of the indoor museum. A great trip and thanks to Willy for his organisation.

The Trust has been invited to attend with a stand next year but I would recommend that anyone who is interested in sailing and looking after old boats should pay a visit. The next show is on 5-7 November 2010 and for full information about this 3-day event (also in English) see:
www.klassieke-schepen.nl.

Philip Bray

(See our cover picture)

Hunter Merchandise:

For a full list of available Hunter Fleet merchandise, including sweatshirts, 'T' shirts, DVDs, 'Hunter's Fleet', the book detailing our history, (written by Richard Johnstone-Bryden), and lots more besides, why not visit our website at:

www.huntersyard.co.uk/merchandise.html

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