



LOG OF "FAIRWAY."

7 April - 14 April 1938.

Captain. George Russell.

Mate. Raymond Hubbard.

Thursday April 7<sup>th</sup>

Let sail from Wroxham 4:00 for a trial trip with a man from the boat yard. Bumped dinghy once. Returned to land crew and pick a temporary crew. Sailed down river and were the first of the fleet to enter Wroxham Broad. Waited about for A.R. to appear but as he did not we went on but the wind dropped and we moored to fix the flag. Soon Thomas Young came hot-foot to tell us that A.R. had decided on a mooring further back and together we towed the boat back.

When we arrived at the moorings for the night every one had nearly finished stowing sails etc but when all was ready for the night we cooked an excellent supper of pressed beef, tomato soup, bread and paste after instruction in the use of a pinners by

17<sup>th</sup> R. In the middle of our supper A.R. came in to see us while he was waiting for his mates whistle to blow!

He and 17<sup>th</sup> R. were rather late as they had been helping the Arnold Forsters slow. When we had washed up and cleaned out the cabin, we went for a short row towards Homing, came rowed round the fleet and returned to Fairway. Raymond to make out lists of the food and menus, myself to write the log and unswell the flag halyards. We went to bed by 10:0

WIND. N.W. very light and died completely away at 6:45.

1 1/2 miles

Friday April 8<sup>th</sup>.

We woke up at about 5:00 and as we could not go to sleep again read till 6:00 when I went out and made tea on the primus. I hoisted the pennant which I had only just remembered late the night before, feeling very superior to the Arnold-Forslers who had left theirs up all night. He had breakfast of fried eggs and bacon at 7:15 and started beautifying the boat by washing the topsides and decks. A.R. gave me the pulley to run the "Jolly Roger" halyards and our private flag was hoisted for the first time. The whole fleet except the Ramsome took in a reef and we set sail soon after 10:00. All went well until the jibs being so large for the reefed mainsail prevented the boats head coming round. We tanned the bank twice so Raymond got out to use the dinghy in case we went aground but fortunately we did not. Tacking down Horning Reach we experimented and decided

To let the jib fly before coming about. This was most successful. We easily outsailed the Arnold-Forskes who were not using their jib. We moved in front of the Swan at Homing and were greeted by A.R. in "bosun Walker" manner and P<sup>ro</sup>R. with a choc-ban we lowered sails and went and had a ginger pop with the others, later I filled the water cans and sent a card off to John. While rowing after a recalcitrant oar who should see but Pitts. She came and looked over our boat and very much approved. We started off for the rendez-vous at the Ant Mouth at 3:00 and arrived at 4:15 after a killing sail, including a mêlée at the start and a hard wind coming over the marshes.

We beat the Whippet and arrived first & prepared for the night after a tea with the Arnold Forskes. R. read while I went for a quick half-an-hour walk, discovering a very old building which looked as if it had been a Norman chapel and which

was now sewing as a ham. Just as I returned to the boat it began raining and we quickly covered up the well and cooked the supper of pressed beef, tomato soup lettuce and chocolate biscuits. When we had washed up I rowed up to Homing Hall dyke and back to get warm, then wrote the log and retired to bed at 10.00

WIND. N.W. Stronger than day before and did not drop till 8.30. Slight rain 7.45-8.15. One reef.

7 miles.

Saturday April 9<sup>th</sup>.

We passed a very comfortable night, having mastered the art of making the beds and did not wake up till 8.00. Breakfast at 8.30 and we waited about while plans were in the air. In the end we decided that the girls, the Ransomes and us should go to Potter to investigate: the young Youngs should try and get up to Luddham Bridge and the elder Youngs and Arnold-Forslas should spend the day at their moorings.

While helping the girls to get away, I fell in and was helped(?) by Mr Ransome and Raymond see illustration. I changed quickly and set about hoisting the sail when the second tragedy occurred my glasses being knocked o.b. That ditched all hopes of trying Potter Heigham that day so I went to the farm to take my clothes to be dried and hunted about for a piece of netting to make into a drag net. We found a suitable piece and commenced operations.



from the side of the boat but wanting to try  
further out, I hopped into the dinghy but found  
there was only one oar in it so after a  
frantic struggle I borrowed one of the Arnold  
Fosters oars, and chucked out the mud  
weight. This immediately sank right  
in and I was moored with a huge motor  
cruiser roaring up the river straight at  
me. However after much gesticulating they  
missed me by inches. Then after being rescued  
by Raymond I jumped from the dinghy into  
the river! This was too much so we abandon-  
ed operations and had a sketchy lunch  
after which I took my wet clothes off to the  
farm to be dried and went off to Sudham  
to telephone to Pummy and buy some more  
food. I got on to Pummy and arranged a  
meeting place and dashed back to the  
Quay where the Youngs had waited to give me  
a lift back. We had tea and went back  
to the Bridge where Pummy had arrived  
with Roy and Kipper bringing glasses vests

pants and a spare pair of trousers. I went  
back via the farm to see if my clothes were  
dry and we saw a little island and a hawk  
hovering near the boat. Supper and  
bed at 10.15.

WIND. Northerly and fluky Rain  
8.0.

Sunday April 10<sup>th</sup>

We got over breakfast as quickly as possible and hoisted sail for the Thunne. Had collected my trussers etc from the farm so I was able to return the mate's we were the last underweigh except for the Ransomes and we came a terrible bump on the concrete luckily on the steel end to our stem. We had a fine and uneventful sail to Thunne North where we overtook the Arnold-Forskers. Then the fun began as the Horsey floods were pouring out of the Thunne and with the wind dead again us we could not make any headway though much to our chagrin the Ransomes sailed right through us and arrived in the Kings Head's dyke first (Titty and Tacky had gone on towards Potter and the Youngs had gone exploring in South Walsham. The Sholefleet (minims Titty and Tacky) then foregathered at the Lion and spent the ten minutes

before closing time very profitably and played  
on the penny in the slot machines which they  
had there. Then after lunch we set off for  
Potter and had a terrible time packing up  
a very congested and strong flowing river  
we towed some of the way and did a  
little peculiar sailing through the bungalows  
of Potter. When we got to the bridge we  
found that the young boys had gone through  
already so Tacky and I went to investigate  
and decided to go through. We lowered the  
mast and successfully negotiated the  
bridge and tied up the other side. It was  
after eight o'clock so we decided to try  
the pubs but found that they had closed.  
So rather than let the T's also cook supper  
we had a communal one. We washed up  
with their aid and went to bed very tired  
after a long day.

Wind Northerly and fresh, though it died  
after at about 6:00.

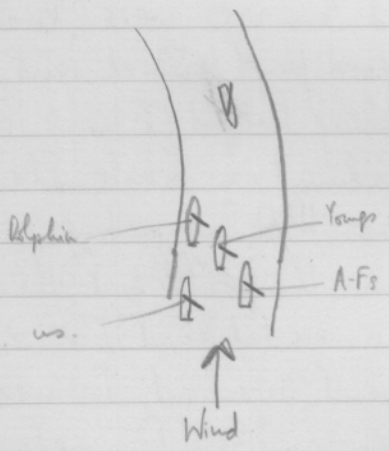
Miles  $5\frac{3}{4}$

Monday April 11<sup>th</sup>

We woke up at 7:30 and immediately set to to try and get under way quickly, we had just finished breakfast and were washing up when the Ransomes came up through the bridge and we remembered our promises of the night before, too late.

M<sup>r</sup> Ransome and Raymond went into Potter to chop while I recruited the aid of James to lower the mast and relieve the pulley which I had very stupidly sent up to the top the night before when I had misted it while fumbling with the ropes in the dark. At about 11:0 The Ransomes set sail closely followed by the Arnold Forsters and us we had a slow tack up past the Potter Heigham bungalows and then had a grand sail to Rendal Dyke running into which we managed to overtake the Arnold-Forsters. Just after the entrance M<sup>rs</sup> A-F was put ashore to go back to Honing to look after Vanda

Wetben tried to tack up through Rendal  
Dyke but the water running out from  
Horsey and the wind which was straight  
ahead of us defeated us and the mate  
once more did his towing stunt. When  
we had actually got out of the dyke we  
started one of the best sails of the week,  
in close company with the elder boys and  
Roger we swept along. However we soon  
left them behind as we were lucky  
enough to get a good puff which sent us  
right out into Hickling Broad while they  
were still becalmed in White Slea.  
We sailed across Hickling in fine style  
then we kept near the posts but thinking  
we would score a mental point if we only  
tacked once we went right out towards the  
shore. The bottom came up to meet us and  
just as we went about again we stuck  
by the filler. However out came the grant  
and we continued our way to the "pleasure  
boat" trying to look as unconcerned as



possible. He were met by Mr Ransome who had been using his arms like Hindmill's to try and stop us on our canoe race pack. By the time we had helped the rest of the fleet to moor it was 2.00 and after a visit to the pub we had a picnic lunch with Halls ices. As soon as we could we set sail again with the fleet "line ahead" right across Hickling with another wonderful sail. As we were leaving the Broad a camouflaged bomber came swooping down over us very close and low. We tore back down Kendal Dyke where we had rather a nasty jam luckily without misfortune. We sailed down to Potter with the old Youngs and negotiated the bridge successfully. After tying up below the bridge I dashed off to buy some wetly-laked and postcards and we sailed down the Thurne just passing Tilly and Tapin about half a mile from the Lion's Dyke where we moored for the night. While we were



preparing supper the order was given to clear  
the fleet and very fine it was. The two small  
visitors had supper with the Yongs. I went  
to the Telephone at 7:45 but could not  
get on to Wrotham post office so I consoled  
myself by sending a long post card to  
John. So ended a perfect day with brilliant  
sunshine a beam wind wherever we  
went and a marvellous sunset. If fog  
hit night and there was a heavy dew.  
The only fly in the ointment was the fact  
that I was rather badly caught by the  
sun. This was also the case with the crew and  
the Larsons.

Wind. Northerly. Brilliant Sunshine  
Fresh.

Miles 13 1/8.

Tuesday April 12<sup>th</sup>.

Our early rising was gradually improving and we got up at 7:30. After breakfast Raymond went off to Telephone Wexham post office to send the letters to Honing. When he returned, it had been decided that the A-Fs should go straight to Honing to see Mrs A-F and Yanda. At 10:45 we set sail and were safely out of the dyke after a tactical battle with a very unintelligent Hullabaloo. We streamed down to Acle where after a few anxious moments we were safely moored alongside the Youngs on the Northern bank. While I was <sup>going</sup> coming down to the bridge I saw some "Perfect Ladies" approaching at a cracking pace, first they lowered mainsail and then mast and jib. Meanwhile we had all been jumping up and down on the bank thinking they had forgotten to account for the current and

were going to smash into the bridge.  
However they all got through safely though  
the foreclay of one of them did get  
caught in the jib. Soon after we saw  
a Whippet shoot the bridge up stream  
and as our hair was already on  
end we could not bear to stay longer  
and set off on a grand take up the  
wide river. We came upon the elder  
Yongs the Ransomes and Titty and Toggi  
having lunch under the lee of a windmill  
we stopped and carried out a deep  
laid plot to photograph the admiral's  
response to the mate's whistle from  
the galley. We hurried on  
because we wanted to get up river  
before returning to the Aunt. We found  
the going harder as the river narrowed  
but once we reached the Thruve  
Nouth <sup>it was easier.</sup> just by St Benet's we were  
passed by a large yacht but  
we had the satisfaction of passing

them in Homing when they were becalmed  
the next day. We sailed on past the  
Aunt and into the fies below  
Homing. As we came up to Ramworth  
Dyke we decided that as <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ was  
<sup>no</sup> wind we would try Ramworth  
and if possible go on to Homing afterward  
to collect the mail. We sailed into  
Ramworth and saw some wonderful  
birds including a pair of grebes and  
a heron which we passed by only  
six yards away. I never realized  
what a lovely colour their heads are.  
All went well till we tried to back  
out of the broad and before we  
you could say "knife" we were aground  
and at first our efforts only pushed  
us further on. Then Raymond got into  
the dinghy and rowed while I quanted  
with all my might. At last we  
succeeded in getting her to the  
dyke and I towed her the 200

yards to the river where we hoisted  
east and sailed down without adventure  
to the Ant. The only excitement was when  
we lost the dinghy and had to go back  
to pick it up. He swooped down <sup>was drifting</sup> on it as it  
onto the bank. We came in rather late  
but stowed and rowed Mrs Ransome up to  
Ludham Bridge where she advised John  
in his shopping after he had slipped up  
over some veal. We filled up with water  
and rowed back only just behind the  
Youngs. When we returned the Whippet  
post had arrived and I received three  
letters each marked by the Whippet  
post mark. We then received an invitation  
to supper with the Ransomes which we  
accepted with alacrity. We stowed  
and retired below to rest till Mrs  
Ransome's whistle blew. We had an  
excellent supper of plum pudding  
cold tongue tomatoes and hot potatoes.  
The Run came out of its retirement

"for medicinal purposes only" and was used to light the pudding. We did not get to bed till eleven o'clock.

WIND. NNW. Fresh and steady till the evening when it slackened. Very Sunny.

Miles 12.

Wednesday April 14<sup>th</sup>.

We arose at our usual time and had rather an amusing but windy time getting away. The Swabics started first but lost their mainsheet o.b. to the accompaniment of yells of laughter from the Young parents. Then Tilly and Tacky went off without mishap. Then Mr Ransome nearly fell into the river in the excitement of getting the Arnold Forsters off. Then the Ransomes got off after a false start and much puffing of the longshore loafers. Then we started and just managed to come round in time missing the bank by a foot. We left the Youngs to put in a reef. We would have been glad of one for the first mile towards Thoring but afterwards we were blanketed by the trees and were very thankful that we were carrying full sail. We sailed past the entrance to Ramoth Dyke looking hard to starboard out of shame for

yesterday's experience. We had the wind nearly dead ahead coming up the Honing fjord where a wherry was loading reeds. We managed to pass a Lulworth becalmed. We sailed on past the black sheep till we caught sight of Tilly and Tazni involved with our large enemy of the day before. Further on we saw another pirate at grips with five large boats so we entered the fjord sneaking up under the big boat's stem when she was in ions and approaching Honing in Tilly and Tazni's wake. We were very nearly rammed by a beastly wherry yacht just below the Swan and we docked successfully once at the Swan in under Barnacle Bill's eagle eye. We made a sortie for shopping and bought another map for Raymond and polecards for Toko. On our return Raymond made friends with the most amazing goose I have even seen while I helped an old man



with a beaver to moor we then settled down  
to a quiet lunch and Euzze never realizing  
that Roger had fallen in with out his jacket  
and had been rescued fully clothed by little  
Famous last words "I couldnt help it but  
where is my choc bar?" The two swimmers  
were closed with the Rums and peace and  
Rogers jacket were restored. A race  
between the Whippets was got up and with  
Mrs Ransome the starter I was appointed  
official photographer. When they had gone  
we started off after a little manoeuvring  
and all went well till we had come  
out of Homing Reach. There we met the  
A-F's becalmed and then started a drifting  
match till with a lucky puff we caught  
up the Whippets and sailed through them  
trying not to interfere with their race. We  
hurried on past our old moorings  
where the Ransomes were already  
escorted, to try and have a look  
at the racing. We inquired from a

into boat about the racing and were told that it was nearly over. So we breezed into Wrocham Broad and followed the boats round the course. It was grand sailing and we were soon joined by Tilly and Tacky and both the young boats soon we were the only boats left and in an effort to hoist all our flags two went o.b. to be relieved by two very nice boys in a sailing dinghy then as we ybed the hook on the gaff jumped off and the whole sail was pulled up against the mast, being held in place only by the signal halyards. We tore out of Wrocham Broad as slowly as possible in a good wind expecting the gaff to fall at any moment. However we moved successfully and with the aid of John righted the pulleys. Howed back to the mooring rather sadly after the wonderful sail we had had on the Broad. We slowed down quickly and

had a huge tea with the Young's. Then to solve the ford problem the Arnold Forsters and we shared a hot pot which looked having chucked in all the provisions we had left and went to bed almost the minute we had washed up at 9.30.

WIND. N.W. generally but from all directions passing by Horning. Squally in afternoon.

We spent the night between some hymn singing girls to starboard and yelling schoolboys to port.

Thursday April 14<sup>th</sup>.

We got up at 5:00 but by the time we had washed and had started cooking breakfast the Ransomes were under weigh when we discovered this we abandoned an elaborate breakfast and set sail munching cake. We were off by 7:15. We were stuck in the entrance to Wroxham Broad but some of school boys very kindly came and pushed us off and we sailed across Wroxham Broad having some difficulty at finding the exit at the Wroxham end. We tacked and locked and granted and granted till we came in sight of Wroxham and in the excitement of crying "Land Land" and smacking our parched lips we were nearly rammed by a convoy of hulls blown down by a motor launch. We docked after a frantic scramble to lower the sails and hauled in without bumping. We then set to to clean up and pack and when I had washed her down for the last time

we turned our eyes landwards and drove home via Norwich where we dropped Raymond, in the Arnold-Foster's car. So ended a marvellous cruise but it was not all, for that night at 11:00 the hardworking but timber-(and pines) shivering mate developed the plague. So the whole expedition was plunged into quarantine.

PRESERVE US FROM THE  
BLACK DEATH.