

LOG OF "FAIRWAY X"

15<sup>th</sup> April - 22<sup>nd</sup> April

Captain George Russell.

1<sup>st</sup> Mate. Josephine Russell.

2<sup>nd</sup> Mate. Christopher Frederick.

Saturday April 15<sup>th</sup>.

We arrived by train at Hiroham at 11:40 and made our way to Jack Lowles aided and abetted by little "Oufur". Having chopped we waited about for about one and a half hours <sup>for the Russians</sup> since we could not get out till they had gone. We set sail at 4:40 under double reefed main and jib all went well until we came opposite Hiroham Bay and then with the wind dead ahead we ran into the bank twice. However after many imprecations by the skipper and hard punching by the 2<sup>nd</sup> Mate we managed to tear ourselves away from Peter Nalms embrace with half a tree cleft to the gaff. We sailed on to our usual mooring and after one attempt loaded. We just leaning back

and saying "here we are" When a stenorian  
toar from the Banacle Bill ordered us  
to lower our jib immediately. This  
done we slowed and were preparing  
supper by 6:45. Supper Tomats Soup  
Chicken, sandwiches, fruit bread and  
jam. Having washed up in a  
lecturly style we went to bed  
at . In epite of the effort  
of a murderous fire opened on us  
by our eswhite allies, the <sup>gallant</sup> skipper  
paced the deck and at 85 the  
minor revolution was in hand.

Hind S. H. strong and very gusty

Flies 1½.

Sunday April 16<sup>th</sup>

We woke at 7:0 and the Skipper made tea for a very bleary eyed crew we were the first to get our breakfast over and after a consultation we were the first to leave for Homing under double reefed main and jib. All went very quickly until coming up to the bank at Homing we came on awful bang, luckily it was a soft one and Christopher in the bows was not thrown off. It immediately started to rain and when we had lowered sail and helped the Reynolds in we went to shop. The mate was left in the boat as she had trodden on her tooth paste and was vainly trying to get the paste back into the tube again. He bought some beer at the pub and papers and went back to the boat for a scrappy

lunch. The Ransomes passed us and did not stop. We were soon on our way again and had an uneventful reach down to Ant Mouth we turned down Fleet Dyke to try to get to South Walsham but in a very narrow bit with the wind dead ahead, a wherry was moored and we could not get passed. I tried to row in the dinghy but there was too much wind and I was nearly cut in two for my pains as Josephine could not see me. We went back through Fleet Dyke and just as we were getting to the mouth we were hit by a bad squall. We would have to jibe to go on down the Bures but I did not dare do it and wore ship. We soon passed James who had stopped to reef again. He jibed twice and wore ship once before coming to the Thimble and the

quits we very hard. He well quite  
offer by the lee and it was a most  
anxious half hour. He raced up  
the Thames lowered jib scandalized  
mainsail and came in quite  
quietly to the mouth of Thame Dyke  
where the Commodore was waiting  
for us. When we had lowered  
sail we warped in to the dyke  
and went back to help the  
Yongs and Reynolds. We repaired  
to the Lion for a cold supper with  
the Reynolds and a talk with a  
man who had run into the bank  
just above us. Inked by 1030  
quite tired.

Wind NWH Fresh hard squalls.

10  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles.

Monday April 17<sup>th</sup>

This day was a complete washout as it was blowing a gale and we stayed at our moorings. The time was passed by a complete clear up a boat race a chipwreck or two, lots of darts and beer, a walk to Potter Heigham another chipwreck more darts more beer, and food and waffles at the Lion bed at 10.30 and a nasty cold, rainy hurricane and thoroughly unpleasant night

Wind N. 90 mile an hour

GALE

Tuesday April 18<sup>th</sup>

The wind from the day before had still not abated so we postponed starting till after lunch. We passed the morning playing darts in the pubs and a general clean up. Set sail 1.0 and sailed down the Thurne just after we got into the Bure we met a whole lot of boats all going the same way and the circus began. James and our boat dealt with five of them so effectively that they were forced to tie up at the side. One of them rammed up and was so forcibly pushed off by the mack that they promptly went into the bank. The <sup>v</sup>oung then passed us when we were exhausted after our efforts and went on to Ant. Mouth. We tied up for tea with the Ransomes and watched the Reynolds shaking out their reefs 2 miles away. Then we all



lowered masts and towed the boats  
up the And. We went through the  
bridge without stopping. We tied up  
above the bridge and thoroughly enjoyed  
fresh water being layed on. The mate  
made an unsuccessful attempt at  
supper and then went and raced  
also unsuccessfully. Thus heartened  
we went to bed in deadly fear of  
rats which were too much of a  
match for even the tough kitten we  
incl.

Wind N. dropping. fine evening.

Miles  $4\frac{1}{4}$

Wednesday, April 19<sup>th</sup>.

This was a day of much toil and very light winds. We were dead set on getting up to Barton; So after having collected the letters and endeavoured to buy white hats we started off in grand style quanting and towing the boat by the dinghy. After about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles we found we could sail and did so only having to use the quant for a very short distance below Instead. We caught up the Reynolds who had stopped for lunch and a battle in Instead shoals. He stopped for a bit of lunch and then went on and were the first to navigate the perilous narrows. The Yongs tied up at the north end and we went on in an endeavour to get to Latham. We failed by half a mile as the wind was dropping and we wanted to get

below the bridge before the night. The wind died and we had to punt back to the broad, where the Ransome kindly provided a bottle of grog to slake our thirst. We had a little difficulty going through the lock but after that we had a running fight with the Yongs. We dropped  $\frac{1}{2}$  at the Mill and she rowed on to Sudham while we packed more easily and shot the bridge without stopping and without Josephine. The crew was by now becoming very efficient. We sailed serenely on to the mouth of the ant where we did a snappy arrival. Having been very abstemious the whole day we had a colossal supper of asparagus soup, Irish stew, plum pudding, fruit and beer. Very merry we went to bed early after watching the eclipse of the sun.

It had been a perfect day - very hot  
only marred by the lack of wind.

Wind. light west N.W.

Miles  $10\frac{1}{2}$

Thursday April 20<sup>th</sup>

We rather overslept but hurried things on as we had quite a long way to go. We had a hearty breakfast and prepared sandwiches and boiled eggs to eat on the way. We set sail at 9:40 and made a snappy get-away, following close on the heels of the Ransomes. The two mates took over while I tidied the foredeck hoisted the jib cleaned teeth and washed the decks down we were running down the Bure and close hauled most of the way up the Thurne. We brought up on H. Woods' side and carried on straight through the bridge. We hoisted sail again and while Christopher and I went to the P.O., J. did the shopping and bought the lozges for white hats. Continuing our way on to Rendal Dyke the last of all

we guaffed ice cream and beer, as it was very hot and we had walked about 1½ miles very fast to the P.O.

We passed the Yongs in Kendal Ryke and renewed our running fight.

Lacking into White Lea we met the Reynolds who had stopped for lunch and to dry Vicky's clothes. We went on into Hickling and overtook some awful Hulleabalors in a Westward and a outboard motor.

They made a thorough nuisance of themselves but we managed to keep up with them right across Hickling. At the Pleasure Boat we found that poor Mrs Ransome had been hit in the eye by a rod and hose. He brought up the stop me and soon set off again for Potter after a pleasant run across Hickling and read down Candle we had to tack down to Potter. We had caught

up the <sup>v</sup>longs and having exchanged  
a broadside passed them and just  
kept ahead till Potter. We got  
through the bridge quite successfully and  
had a colossal tea on shore at 6:10  
kindly provided by the Reynolds. Thus  
fortified we started a long haul but  
not before we had seen Thomas fall in  
amid great celebration. He ghosted  
the boat into under sail only to  
arrive and find the dyke full. We  
anchored outside in a stretch of mud  
and after a very scratch supper  
went to bed.

Hind W. light.

Miles 16.

Friday April 21<sup>st</sup>

He got up at 7:45 and did everything at a colossal speed so that we were ready to sail and moored to the windward bank while the Yongs were still washing up. He set sail successfully and hung about till the Yongs were nearly ready. He then set off at 10:10 with a run down to Thune mouth from there we had a close reach and then a tack and we quickly reached Ant Mouth. From here on the trees blanketed us a bit and progress was slower. We were passed by "Privateer" at Homing Ferry and then turned back to see what was wrong with the Ransomes. When we saw that they only wanted us to stop at Homing we went on and moored opposite the Town Quay: we helped



all the others in and then the Pates went shopping.

The Yongs very nearly rammed us as they went off and we were soon after them, catching them when they ran aground in Honing reach. We passed a Fairway Tree Whippets and the big green boat and were the first of the fleet to enter Wrochan Broad.

The Pates sailed here about the Broad for half an hour and when we were tired of waiting and were making for the Wrochan exit when we saw the Ransomes and Yongs come in at the other end. We sailed to meet them, took photographs and went on up the river and then the bloody battle began we layed alongside soaked the other pirates were soaked ourselves but captured

which was duly hoisted to the mast  
head.

Her mop, Near White both the  
boats had rammed the bank  
but we managed to outstrip  
them by using keel or the  
gunwale. The wind became  
negligible and we went up  
to the yard where we tied up  
next to a very smart boat  
We had a big supper even tea  
and after washing up J. stayed in  
the boat while Christopher and I  
went to play darts with the Ransomes  
However since the pubs were  
full of lozgers we went back  
to our boat and crammed in the  
10 remaining plates for a final  
talk and Black Magic chocolates  
provided by the Ransomes.  
He went to bed at 10:30 having  
done most of our packing and  
cleaned up, having even however  
to leave the boat in handing

over condition.

Wind N.W. moderate to light.

Tides  $11\frac{3}{4}$ .

Saturday April 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Waking at 7:30 we had an early breakfast washed up finished packing and then washed out the cabins, cooking locker, food lockers and cockpit. With a beautiful glow of conscience we called in Rufus and made our way to the station stopping only at Roy's to give back the unused and empties. So ended yet another pleasant week 2 very squally days and 4 perfect ones. We could not possibly grumble, everything went like clockwork. The crew was almost unbelievable efficient when kept up to the mark. They even impressed the Ransomes. The standard of washing was high considering the average of the whole fleet, while as pirates we could take on the

best even. Frowning the battle  
scared Falcon. I am sure  
Araminta and her colleagues will  
long remember the 2<sup>nd</sup> mate's  
Herculean heave while the first  
mate was an admirable  
emulator of the cockpit in spite  
of occasional howls of "which way  
are we going?!"

LONG LIVE THE

NORTHERN RIVERS

PIRATES.

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TOTAL MILEAGE 55. in 4½ sailing  
days.