

— · THE · —
— · "BACH" · —
— · ON · —
— · THE · —
— · BROADS · —

~ · 1913 · ~
· 1914 ·

Ed.

Preface

Several months ago my aunt was cleaning out a desk which she had inherited in 1978 from her father – my grandfather. At the back of a drawer she discovered a small notebook. Upon examination this turned out to be a log of a holiday on the Norfolk Broads in 1913. The log includes photographs of that holiday and of a subsequent holiday in 1914.

In 2012 I found and transcribed a similar log of my grandfather's [honeymoon on the Broads in 1918](#) so my aunt has given me the newly rediscovered notebook. In the 1918 log and in his unpublished autobiography my grandfather made references to spending two weeks every year on the Norfolk Broads to blow off steam after the annual university exams. This 1913-1914 notebook documents two such trips, one in 1913 for which there is a full log with photographs and one in 1914 for which we only have the photographs and a few notes.

It is evident from the log that the young men were indeed blowing off steam and sometimes the holiday looks more like an extended stag weekend. However to put their behavior into context, student pranks of that era could be quite wild. This holiday is only three years after the [dreadnought hoax](#), and the student rags of the time tended to be rather extreme.

In 1913 they hired two yachts: "Holiday" and "Snowdrop" from Ernest Collins in Wroxham.

In 1914 they hired two different yachts: "Smuggler" and "Joan". These were probably also hired from Ernest Collins since we know he hired yachts from them again in 1918.

The majority of the group were the same on both occasions, in 1914 there were two new people and one person from the 1913 group did not come.

Most of them were students at Armstrong College¹, Newcastle which was then part of Durham University. They had just finished their academic year and, judging by the frequency of their visits to the Potter Heigham Post Office, are tensely awaiting letters informing them of their results.

They took a gramophone with them and although there is no mention in the text of what music they favoured, the title of the log: "The 'Bach' on the Broads 1913" does provide a clue.

I have done some research on the Internet to identify the members of the party, some details are on the next page and some in the afterword at the end of the document.

¹ Armstrong College was founded in 1871 as the College of Physical Sciences and renamed Armstrong College in 1904. It was mainly an engineering college in keeping with the needs of the surrounding district of Tyneside.

Who's who:

	Initials	1913	1914	Name	Remarks
Champness brothers	ELC	✓	✓	Leslie Champness	My grandfather, Student of Naval Architecture and Apprentice at Swan Hunters, Wallsend
	ETC	✓	✓	Eric Champness	ELC's elder brother, a graduate in Marine Engineering working for the Wallsend Slipway Engineering Co.
	NCC		✓	Norman Champness	ELC's younger brother
Bunster brothers ²	OHB	✓	✓	Oscar Bunster	Student of Naval Architecture
	FHB	✓	✓	Fredo Bunster	OHB's younger brother
	ARB	✓	✓	Alvaro Bunster	OHB's elder brother, clerk in the Chilean Consulate ³
	OH	✓	✓	Oliver Holmes	Student, referred to in the text as "Twist"
	HJJ	✓	✓	H.J. Jenkins	Student
	FWD	✓		Frank Dugdale	Student
	GFD		✓	G.F.Dimmock	Student

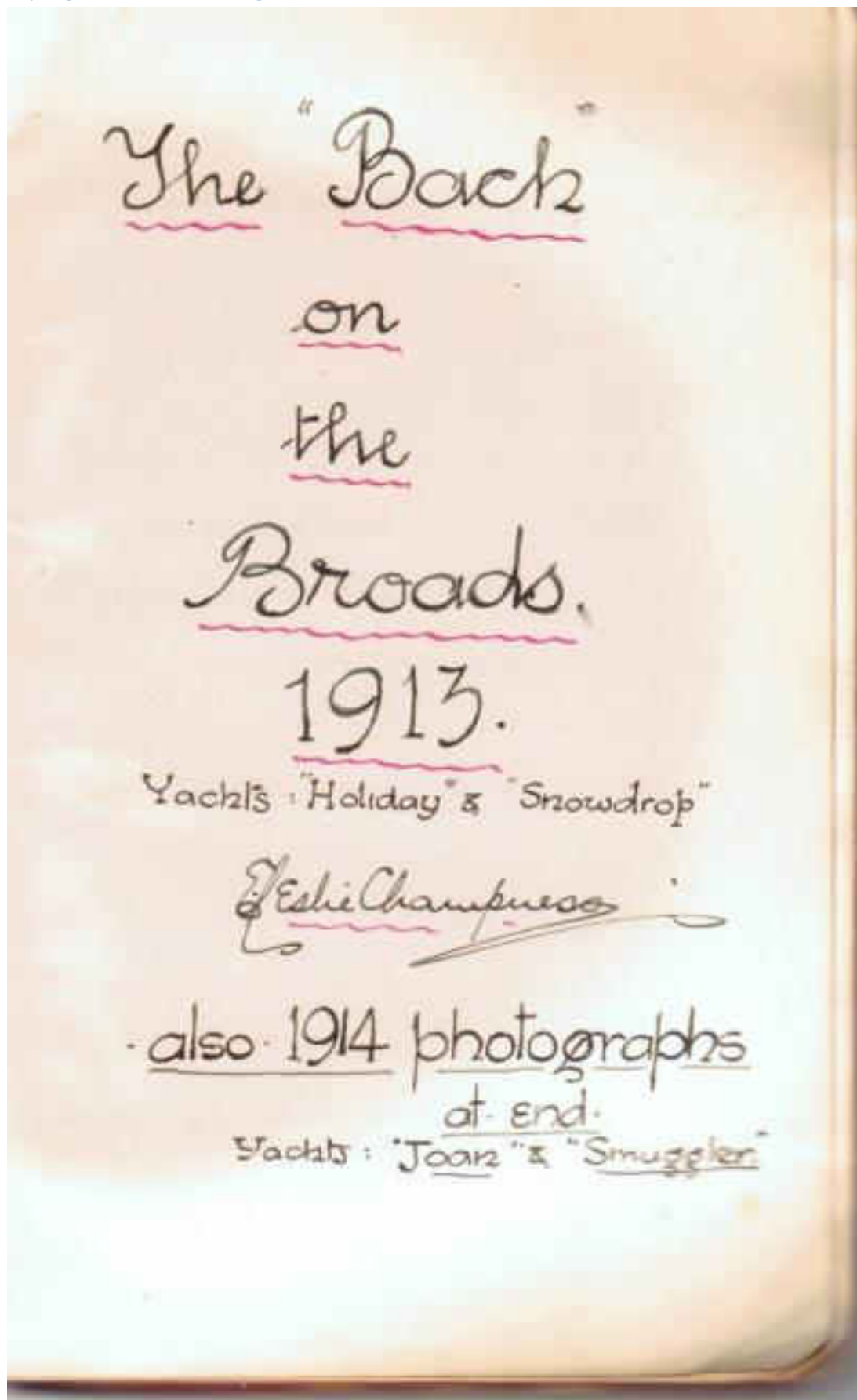
I have again added some footnotes to try to provide some context to the log. In some footnotes, I have also added some up-to-date photographs showing the locations mentioned in the text. After some experimentation, I found that applying a gray scale transformation to the scanned images of the 1913/1914 photographs made it easier to see the details. All these photos therefore have been gray scaled except for one which had been written on with red ink.

Bruce Robb, July 2016

² The Bunster brothers were from Chile but had lived in England for some time. Their father: José Onofre Bunster Villagra was the president of the Chilean consular corps in Britain between 1903 and 1916.

³ According to the 1911 UK census records Alvaro was working there in 1911.

Title page from the log



The yachts and crews in 1913



The crew of the "Holiday"

Captain: O.V.B. - Oscar V. Bunster

Crew: E.T.C. - Eric T. Champness
F.W.B. - Fredo W Bunster
E.L.C. - Leslie Champness
O.H. - Oliver Holmes

The "Snowdrop" Crew

Captains: { H.J.J. - H.J. Jenkins
{ A.R.B. - A.R. Bunster
{ F.W.D. - Frank W. Dugdale

The 1913 log entries

Friday 27th June 1913

We assembled in Newcastle Central at 9.0 am (all except E.T.C.) and left by the 9.18 train. Had an unfortunate start as we collared a first all to ourselves and were heaved out by the ticket collector 2 mins. before the start, and had to separate.

Reached York at 11.50 and lunched at the Station, each getting outside of a huge steak. We left there at one o'clock all in the same compartment decidedly lively (? those aperitifs)

Had an interesting companion⁴ 'Old Ned' by name from Grantham to Lincoln who started discussions on "Jews" with H.J.J. and the Barrister⁵

Had tea brought in at Spalding – pot of tea & diminutive bun for 9^d - 9^d seems to be a magical sum since the Insurance Act⁶.

Had to change at March & Norwich and arrived at Wroxham at 7.30 amidst the cheers of the assembled throng – 2 porters and a dog.

Found E.T.C. had already arrived having motored down from Buxton and he reported all well.

Went straight down to the boatyard⁷ and found we could have the larger yacht "Holiday" that evening and didn't have to wait till morning as we expected. Our gear arrived down in charge of small boys with barrows & we put them on board with the heavy derrick. After receiving stores from Roys and checking same, we got water on board and quanted down the river from Wroxham about ½ mile and moored for the night – changing into shorts and blazers afterwards.

It had been a gorgeously fine day but cooled off somewhat later.

We grubbed on board and after a suitable rest for digestion purposes we set the gramophone going and went out in the dinghies for a smoke.

We drew for bunks and I got the foc'sle⁸ and having arranged the fore hatch conveniently settled down to sleep fairly well and found there was hardly enough room for my length but was so well wrapped up in blankets and somewhat sleepy, so humped it – literally – that night, having made a mental note to lay my matrass diagonally in the future.

⁴ Just goes to show that the "[nutter on the bus](#)" phenomenon is nothing new, it must have been even worse in train carriages when they had separate compartments with no corridors. Once the train pulled out of the station you were stuck with whoever else was in your compartment.

⁵ Not sure which member of the party is "the barrister", the name is not used again.

⁶ He probably means the [National Insurance Act 1911](#) which was one of the foundations of modern social welfare in the U.K. Presumably people blamed it for any price rises.

⁷ They arrived at the station at 7:30 pm yet the boatyard was still open and happy to do a hand over!

⁸ The fo'c'sle is the storage area immediately behind the bow and in front of the mast. This would be accessed through the fore hatch and not through the cabin. Nowadays we would just store the sails and the mud weight in there.



Saturday 28th June 1913

Raining hard when we awoke but none entered my haven of rest in the f'cle. E.T.C. and O.V.B. bathed but no one else as it was most uninviting. Went into Wroxham in the dinghy just before brekker and bought some milk etc whilst E.T.C. housed his mobike and O.H. and I had a walk round. Being in Blazers and shorts our brawny legs caused much excitement amongst a cargo of c.⁹ from Yarmouth evidently some daytrip.

We then quanted up the river to Wroxham Broad (this part of the river is very sheltered by trees and sailing impossible exception a high wind¹⁰) and we sailed about on the broad in a very slight breeze having occasional showers. Leaving the Broad we sailed slowly with a little quanting now and then down to Horning town where Bunster and I went ashore for bread whilst tea was being prepared. I climbed the Snowdrop's mast to rescue their flag halliards which had come loose.

After washing up we sailed up a mile or so to Horning Ferry and moored for the night opposite the Inn.



Some exciting work in towing the Snowdrop up to our stern, F.W.D. and O.H. trying some submarine dinghy work and getting wet, a neighboring yachtsman – one Stanley Howard likewise suffered baptism in giving us a hand.

⁹ I cannot find any interpretation of "c." in slang dictionaries, from the context he must mean tourists, possibly female.

¹⁰ Just like it is today...

He was a cheery soul and we met him later in the inn with the vice-commodore G.Y.Y.C¹¹ – one Bliss.

We has a few songs there and sampled the cider and then came back. O.H. and I paid a visit to Howard & he gave us some selections on his Pathéphone¹² & we left at 12.30 and turned in.



¹¹ This must be the Great Yarmouth Yacht Club which was founded in 1883.

¹² A French version of a phonograph. The [Pathéphone](#) is not strictly a gramophone as it only plays discs which, like cylinders, have modulations cut vertically, or 'hill and dale'. The groove on the Pathé records ran from the centre outwards, playing at 90rpm. It seems that technical format wars such as the ones between Betamax & VHS or Blue-ray & HD DVD are nothing new. As we now know, the gramophone triumphed and the pathéphone disappeared.

Sunday 29th June 1913

Brekkered at about 9 o'clock – Howard being our guest & got underway soon after and with a fine fresh breeze we got along at a spanking pace altho' we took in 3 reefs of the sheet.



We touched ground when tacking up against the wind opposite Horning Hall and had to lower sail and pole over to the far side of the river where we had some limejuice and biscuits and a smoke before getting away again. Crockery fairly crashed about as we heeled over & came along at a fine pace past St. Benets Abbey on the Bure and thence into the Thurne past the village and had to tack all the way up to Potter Heigham where we anchored for tea on the near side of the bridge. We prepared tea and Snowdrop came along ¾ hour later having stuck in the bank in the Thurne. We went up to the village later in the dinghies & anchored at the Bridge Inn¹³ where there seemed to be a fishing competition in hand. We had a walk up to the village and back again to the Inn where we had some cider

¹³ Alas the Bridge Inn is no more, it burned down in 1990, see the story at <https://pintsandpubs.wordpress.com/2013/08/01/pubs-of-potter-heigham/> (scroll down to "Closed Pubs"). Today the site has been levelled and is used as a private car park, however the floor of the pub is still visible:



and then returned to the yachts and lowered the masts. We quanted thro' the bridges at P.H. and moored for the night 200 yds past the railway bridge. Bun. and I rowed to the Inn for water (2^d a gallon!) and on arriving back at the yachts found some 'cousins'¹⁴ had arrived for a visit. As the Snowdrop crew were holding a reception that evening only O.H. and E.T.C. went back with them to Martham returning in their dinghy very late.



¹⁴ Back in 1913, the term 'cousin' tended to be applied to anybody vaguely related to a family no matter how remote or conceptual that relationship might be.

Meanwhile we had a sing song and gramophone recital in the Snowdrop Saloon – decorated for the occasion with 2 Chinese Lanterns. A few bottles laid in by the crew served to brighten the evening considerably. At 11.30 O.V.B and H.J.J. took the hurricane lantern in the dinghy and went towards Martham to look for the two missing members of the Holiday crew but returned at 12 o'clock without having seen anything of them – However they returned an hour later in the gig belonging to the said cousins, having rowed them home to Winterton¹⁵.



After giving the Snowdrop crew a final toast we turned in for the night having first arranged my awning to keep off the elements.

¹⁵ I did not recognise Winterton as somewhere you can row to from Potter Heigham so I checked the maps. There is a Winterton-on-Sea due east of West Somerton and Winterton Dunes National Nature Reserve just north of that. Today, navigation up the Thurne ends at West Somerton, maybe back in 1913 you could row a bit further towards Winterton. (It would be a long way to row in the dark, small wonder they were back so late!)

Monday 30th June 1913

Epidemic of sleeping sickness – first man up at 11.15 – had some rain in the early morning. Still a bit cold but not raining. We had a brunch and then put the mast up and got away down the river and anchored at the end of Candle Dike – the dike leading to Heigham Sound.



After a rest we got the dinghies ready and sailed in them, E.T.C and O.H. in the gig, up to Ferrygate Lane by way of a small creek alongside.¹⁶

We landed and walked up to Martham where we went into the church and had a look around.

There is a tombstone under the alter bearing the following inscription "My mother was my sister, my mistress and my wife" – this being the tragic history of a local sportsman who was the illegitimate son of his father by his elder sister & after his birth was sent away nameless to a foundling hospital. In later years he became steward to the lands of his sister – mother – his identity being unknown to her. She became his mistress and afterwards his wife when she discovered his identity by means of a birthmark¹⁷. The local padre had told them the yarn the previous year when the Bunsters had visited the church.

¹⁶ This is where Martham Ferry (floating bridge) is today, the small creek is now used by Martham Boat Yard.

¹⁷ The inscription is still there, a more complete version of the story can be found [entry 16 in the book "Norfolk Folk Tales" by Hugh Lupton](#)

We found the sexton and went up the tower from which we had a grand view of the surrounding country and the sea. The spiral staircase was sadly in need of a refit and we had to tread gingerly as we didn't want any sprained ankles.



We embarked again and sailed very slowly up to Martham Broad which is preserved and barred – still as a mill pond and very wild and lonely. Had to recourse to the oars at last altho' we didn't drop sails.



Snowdrop dinghy was well ahead and we met them later just after an exciting fight with 2 swans and 4 stylos¹⁸ whose anger was aroused by seeing the face of F.W.D (NB this is a rumour only & not confirmed)

¹⁸ I am unable to work out what he means by "stylo". It is not a type of bird as far as I can tell and the only reference I can find is to a French pen manufacturer which did have a model called a "swan". So I do not know if I am missing something here or whether it is a piece of obscure or humorous slang.

We took E.T.C aboard from the S. dinghy and rowed back till we caught the wind again & spanked back to Candle Dike – very much ready for tea at 7.0 o'clock. Made a huge meal of tongue and all remained in our berths for some time to recover from the effects.

We had a few tools¹⁹ in the dinghies afterwards and O.V.B and I remained on board whilst the others went up to the mill for bread but couldn't get any.

After a supper of bread and cheese and a short concerto on the 'groan'²⁰ we returned to sleep the sleep of the weary.



¹⁹ As in "tooling around" I am guessing.

²⁰ 'groan' as in gramophone

Tuesday 1st July 1913

Brekker about 9 – still decidedly rotten weather and no sun on the go. No one bathed except O.H. who had to as he fell in.

We started at about 10 o'clock in the dinghies and tacked up against the wind into Heigham Sound and afterwards had to out oars to get into Hickling Broad – the largest broad but very shallow and not navigable for large yachts except in the channel which is marked by posts mostly in absentia. Being in the dinghies we tacked about (occasionally raising the centerboard to avoid the reeds) and landed at the far end where we landed in the creek and were glad to stretch ourselves for it was very cold. We retired to the Inn and put ½ loaf each inside ourselves and had some cider – which seems to be an especially good brew in Norfolk or is it our thirsts?



F.W.D. encountered 3 friends from Yorkshire who proceeded to sing for us. We escaped after buying 4 loaves, we travelled fast before the wind and got to the yachts at 2.30 and had lunch.

After a suitable rest we set the sails and sailed up and down between Martham Mill²¹ and Potter Railway Bridge finally returning to our old moorings at P.H. where we made snug for the night E.T.C. going into the village with O.H. for letters – one from home and one from M.O. for me.

²¹ Martham Mill is probably the [Martham Ferry drainage mill](#).

Wednesday 2nd July 1913

Very wet: Brekker at 9.0 – my day as galley slave. Very slack morning so read novels in the cabin and did a bit of dinghy racing in the interval between the showers. Some of the others went into Potter for the letters – one for me from H.R.C²² telling me of Olivia's²³ engagement & his impending retirement from the Admiralty. Wrote a few p.cs and letters.

In the afternoon we organized dinghy races in which we drew for heats and boats, which resulted as follows – the Snowdrop dinghy winning each heat.

<u>Round 1</u>		<u>Round 2</u>	<u>Final</u>
O.V.B (S) }	O.V.B		
E.T.C (H) }			
O.H. (S) }	O.H.	O.V.B (H) }	F.W.D
E.L.C. (H) }		F.W.D. (S) }	
			F.W.D. (H) }
			H.J.J (S) }
A.R.B. (H) }	H.J.J.		
H.J.J. (S) }			
		O.H. (H) }	H.J.J
F.W.D (S) }	F.W.D	H.J.J. (S) }	
F.H.B. (H) }			

Jenks being the winner of the 'Silver' cup.

This took place in fine weather and in a strong wind & the dinghies shipped water over the gunwales in zipping along. Towards the end of our regatta the rain came down again & we had to adjourn to the lower deck for a time. Later in the evening we went up to the Inn and regaled ourselves and had a concert with Jenks at the piano in his usual form.

10 o'clock closing time in these villages so we had to make the perilous journey back to the yachts – no easy business as the Snowdrop crew were 'all out' and bent on leaving keepsakes at the motor house.

After support we all turned in – still raining.

²² H.R.C was E.L.C's uncle. Henry Robert Champness MVO (1852-1923) was Assistant Director of Naval Construction and had been Chief Constructor at Malta and Devonport Dockyards.

²³ Olivia was H.R.C's daughter and hence E.L.C's cousin.



Thursday 3rd July

Letters from S.H.W & another from M.O.

Left our moorings at Potter Heigham about 11.15 after shipping stores and came down the River Thurne and into the Bure sailing fairly fast before the wind reaching Acle about 12.30 after having sailed up again to meet the Snowdrop which was later in getting away from P.H. We moored at Acle on the Inn side & on the near side of the bridge. The Snowdrop at first moored on the opposite side but later quanted across and moored alongside. In the afternoon after lunch and a visit to the Provision Boat²⁴ for rations we walked into the village about 1½ miles from the river – it was market day. We went up to the station for some papers and weighed ourselves on the platform machine.

	Stone	Pounds
E.L.C	10	0
E.T.C	10	2
O.H	10	3
O.O.B	10	12
F.H.B	11	3



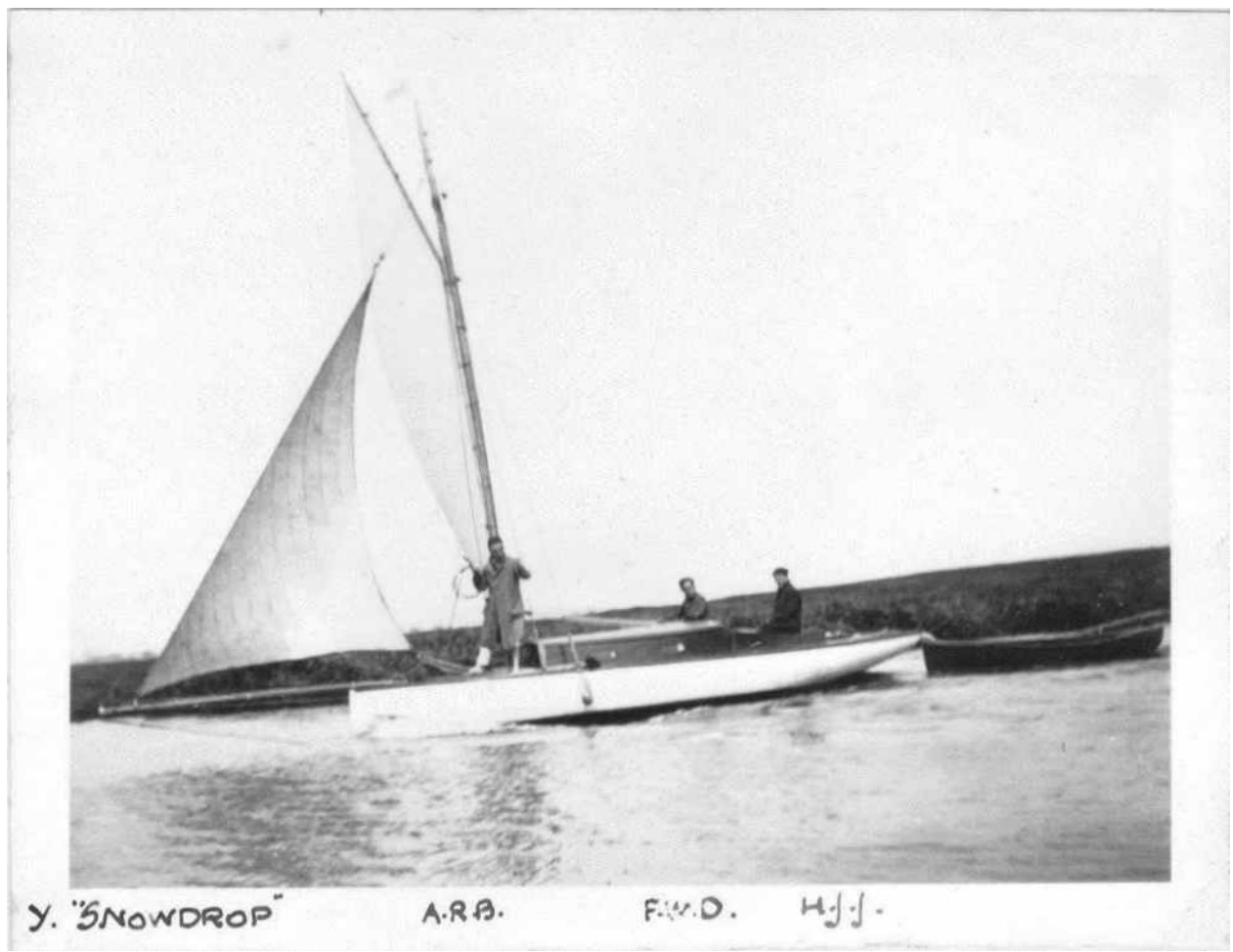
²⁴ The earliest "Provision Boat" currently known to [Broadland Memories](#) appeared in 1921, operated by Curtis Stores at Acle Bridge. Evidently there was at least one Provision Boat operating at Acle back in 1913.

We then went back to the village where we met the Snowdrops and paid a visit for the 'Queens'²⁵. A.R.B buttered the ceiling²⁶ and fell violently in love with the local Hebe²⁷ 4 feet round – local heavyweights who overheard several reposts.

We decided not to attend the Rectory Garden Party owing to the scanty attire of the crews.

Returned to the yachts for tea & wrote several letters afterwards – MQ and others.

About eight o'clock we walked to the Bridge Inn and had our usual concert and things got very hot about closing time. With the aid of a green Chinese lantern we made very slow progress back to the yachts – one member of the crew in a debagged state – evidently felt the heat. On arriving on board a reaction set in and 3 sportsmen returned to raise the level of the river somewhat. After about an hour recovery became rapid and we got to bed. My days of galley slaving were over & I take our mate's job for the next few days.



28

²⁵ [The Queens Head Hotel](#) which was closed down in 1975. A [photo is on the Broadland Memories site](#), scroll down to the second last picture.

²⁶ The slang dictionaries of the Internet suggest that this means "Got very drunk"

²⁷ Hebe is the ancient Greek goddess of youth.

²⁸ Wow, look at the size of the bowsprit, you don't see a weapon like that on a hire boat today!

Friday 4th July

Left Acle about 11.15 and tacked up the Bure and turned into the Thurne up to Potter again where we moored well outside. O.O.B, E.T.C. & I rowed up to the bridge and went up for provisions and letters – two or 3 for me mostly congrats²⁹. Lunch was ready when we got back and we did it full justice.



30

In the late afternoon we returned down the river but had very little wind with only one or two "crockery" heels in occasional gusts. We had a lot of rain & sailed in Burbs³¹ most of the

²⁹ Since the letters giving the exam results have not actually arrived yet the "congrats" are obviously assuming that E.L.C.'s results will be positive (these were his final exams.).

³⁰ The ["Dutch Touch" helter skelter house](#) in the background of the photo is still there today, see this photo we took when we moored in almost the same place in 2016:



³¹ Burberry gabardine raincoats.

way – not very pleasant going but we managed to make the passage in good time and arrived at Horning Ferry and chose a new landing on the Inn side at 7.30. The Snowdrop came along just as tea was ready (rely on them for so much wisdom) having been stuck in a mudshoal in midstream which we with our greater draught had missed by great good luck.

We left our jibs up to dry before folding them as they were soaked.

Some of the crew went up to the Inn for a yarn with the Crowes³² & we settled in quite early.



³² The landlords of the Ferry Inn.

Saturday 5th July 1913

We brekkered about 9.0 after which I rowed E.T.C. up to the Swan at Horning town & bade him goodbye³³ when I sailed slowly back to the yachts in time for a shave before leaving. Very slight breeze and light rain and we didn't get along very fast. Weather very much warmer and we arrived at Potter about 2 o'clock having sailed alongside of the "Snowdrop" most of the way. Had a very large lunch after which (with a respectable interval) Bun and I walked up to the village both hoping for letters from Newcastle but were sadly disappointed – not a word. However I did get a large parcel of "delicatessen" from home at which there was quite considerable joy in the camp.

We lounged and read the papers until tea time after which we went for a short paddle in the dinghy and then returned aboard.

-A gorgeous evening so we rigged up our Chinese Lanterns on deck and spread rugs – having a gramophone concert till 10.30 when we came inside and turned in after supper.

³³ E.T.C had already graduated as a Marine Engineer and working at the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering co, presumably he had fewer days holiday than others in the party who were still students.

Sunday 6th July

We got up awfully late and had another bruncheon at 12 o'clock, everyone bathed except myself who was very comfortable in bed – my first night in Eric's vacated bunk after a week in the fore peak. After lunch we lounged on deck as it was gloriously hot – the first decent day we have had & we lay with our backs on the deck till 3.30 after which O.V.B. and I went for a short tool in the dinghy but the wind was hardly a wind at all.

Had tea outside in the well at 4.30 and several photographs were taken.



We slacked about again until about 8 o'clock and then went for a gentle walk up to the Ruined Tower³⁴ which we found very unexciting so came back to the bridge again. Potter was ever so much gayer this weekend as the banks were lined with yachts for a long distance up the banks on both sides.

We saw the Somerton "cousins" again and had a yarn with them & then paid a visit to the "Idler" hoping to surprise F.W.D and H.J.J. but found nobody aboard so left a sweet message for them. Query did they have to buy a new washbasin?³⁵

We then returned to the Holiday and had a biscuit supper & retired for the night about 11 o'clock.

³⁴ This is probably the [ruined tower of St' Peters church, Bastwick](#) which is located on the appropriately named Tower Road just about ¾ mile south-east of the old bridge.

³⁵ Looks like another unsavoury student prank, not sure I want to guess the details.

Monday July 7th 1913

Aroused from oblivion about 9 o'clock by the arrival of Frank – weather not so good as yesterday so far no one bathed – wind very fresh. Just after brekker we had a little excitement as a wherryman from the "Cambria"³⁶ upset his sailing dinghy. Expert aid and salvage was rendered by F.W.D and H.J. in our dinghy.

We then went up to Potter Post Office for letters – has a p.c.³⁷ from E.T.C from Clinton Avenue, Newark on his way north – still no letters from Newcastle – grief in the tents of the Bach.



³⁶ Carol of Broadland Memories looked up "Cambria" and provided these details: Roy Clarks "Black Sailed Traders" does indeed list a wherry by the name of Cambria. I have no details of where and when she was built, but her last owner as a sailing wherry were Cubitt & Walker at Ebridge Mill on the North Walsham & Dilham canal and she would almost certainly have been under their ownership in 1913. When her sailing days were over, she was one of those which were bought up by William Hobrough at Thorpe, stripped of all their gear to be run as a motor barges. When no longer of use, she was one of those which ended her days being sunk at his wherry graveyard (The Slaughters) in Rockland Broad.

³⁷p.c. = Postcard in case you were wondering

Bought 2oz. of 3 Nuns and 2oz. Craven³⁸ to while away our lazy hours – wonderful amount of baccy consumed on this trip. Came aboard about 11.30 and took two reefs in the main and waited for provisions from Watts³⁹ and cargo for the Snowdrop. Sailed about 12.30 and spanked down to Acle before the wind arriving at 1.30⁴⁰ overtaking the Snowdrop which left before us. We anchored on the same side as before but further away and had a lunch de luxe – only the Holiday crew and A.R.B. – the others having a partie carrée⁴¹ on the Snowdrop.

We lounged on deck afterward to digest the aforesaid l-de-l and then went along to the Bridge Hotel to see the Georges, afterwards “assisting” to save a houseboat which had partially capsized due to her mooring being made too tight at high tide and as the water went down her side rested on the bank and listed her over. The wash from a passing steamer started the water aboard and she rapidly got under.

By passing a hawser round her and taking a haul on to a tackle and anchor on land she was brought upright at the second attempt – the first rope snapping and landing the helper in a heap on the bank.

Even when she was hauled upright the gunwales were below water & bailing useless, so she was left with the tackle on to await a wherry and crane – the unfortunate owners – a weekend padre and his wife were away. The Snowdrop with H.J and F.W.D with cargo left about 5.30 to get their freight⁴² into P.H. early whilst we left at 6.45 against the wind and stream and made very slow progress. We had to abandon the passage in the end as the wind dropped suddenly and the stream was so strong that we were actually losing ground. We still had Alvaro on board our craft.

We had tea at 9.0 and were quite ready for it by then so combined it with supper & fared royally after which we had the gramophone going and then to bed.

I went back to the forepeak again to give A.R.B a bunk.

³⁸ According to this [Internet page](#), Craven Mixture was a blend of pipe tobacco which was endorsed by J.M.Barrie (he of Peter Pan fame) and features in the Sherlock Holmes stories as Dr. Watson’s favourite pipe tobacco.

³⁹ There is a post card of the store on the [broadland memories web site](#). Watts were drapers and grocers at the corner of Station Road and Bridge Road/Ludham Road. It is now the village post office.

⁴⁰ Modern cruising time and distance tables for motor cruisers suggest that the 5.9 miles from Potter Heigham to Acle Bridge should take 1 hour 34 minutes, they sailed it in one hour.

⁴¹ Although this phrase is used to refer to any party of four people it is more commonly used when there are two men and two women. This suggests that the “cousins” we met earlier are actually female. It also explains why ARB has been exiled from the *Snowdrop* and spends the night on the *Holiday*.

⁴² Presumably the “cousins”.

Tuesday 8th July 1913

Got up at 7.30 – most unearthly hour of the day – I really think that one sleeps the soundest about this time.

We quanted into midstream & tacked up the Bure and Thurne – Bun and Twist in pyjamas and Burbs⁴³.

We got a few stretches of plain sailing with a half wind up the Thurne but had to tack at all the corners.

We moored outside Potter Heigham before 9 o'clock espying the Snowdrop further down. We prepared brekker, after which we sent along to the Snowdrop and wakened them & brought them along to grub. We successfully persuaded them that we had arrived at 1.30 and after a perilous passage had been at Potter all night! - They wouldn't have had any brekker if we hadn't got to P.H. for them – it was a cold sail up and we didn't want much more sailing for a few hours & as it was beginning to pour, that settled it and we adjourned to the parlour of the Bridge Inn after washing up – I was on duty as galley slave again.

We had cider there and a smoke which kept us going together with the piano for some tunes. We then went up to get the letters, one from home and one from V.V. again. We stayed there until 2.0 still raining when we went back to lunch on board and fed right royally again. I wrote E.T.C. a four page epistle giving the details of our cruise since he has left us. After tea we went up to the P.O. again and I got a parcel from Grays and a p.c. from E.T.C. – it had then faired up. O.V. B. and I went for a short tool in the dinghy. On landing I gave the dinghy a hefty pull in to land and promptly capsized O.V.B. into the river – he having stood on the stern thwart to unship the rudder – unknown to me. Rather a humorous incident (not from his point of view) except that he lost his eye glasses and had no spare pair here. His blazer from Grays came in handy as a relay and the rest of his gear we sent down to the pub to be dried. After tea we went for a walk and returned to the yacht for a gram. recital – having slung our Chinese Lanterns from the boom stay. We had it inside as there was a heavy dew under way. F.W.D. and H.J.J. were still "en fillie" & we hadn't the pleasure of their company – we don't seem to have seen much of them lately⁴⁴. Wrote V.V. a p.c. for her birthday tomorrow.

Turned in at 10.30.

⁴³ Burberry rain coat, see [this advertising archive](#).

⁴⁴ Evidently still consorting with the "cousins".

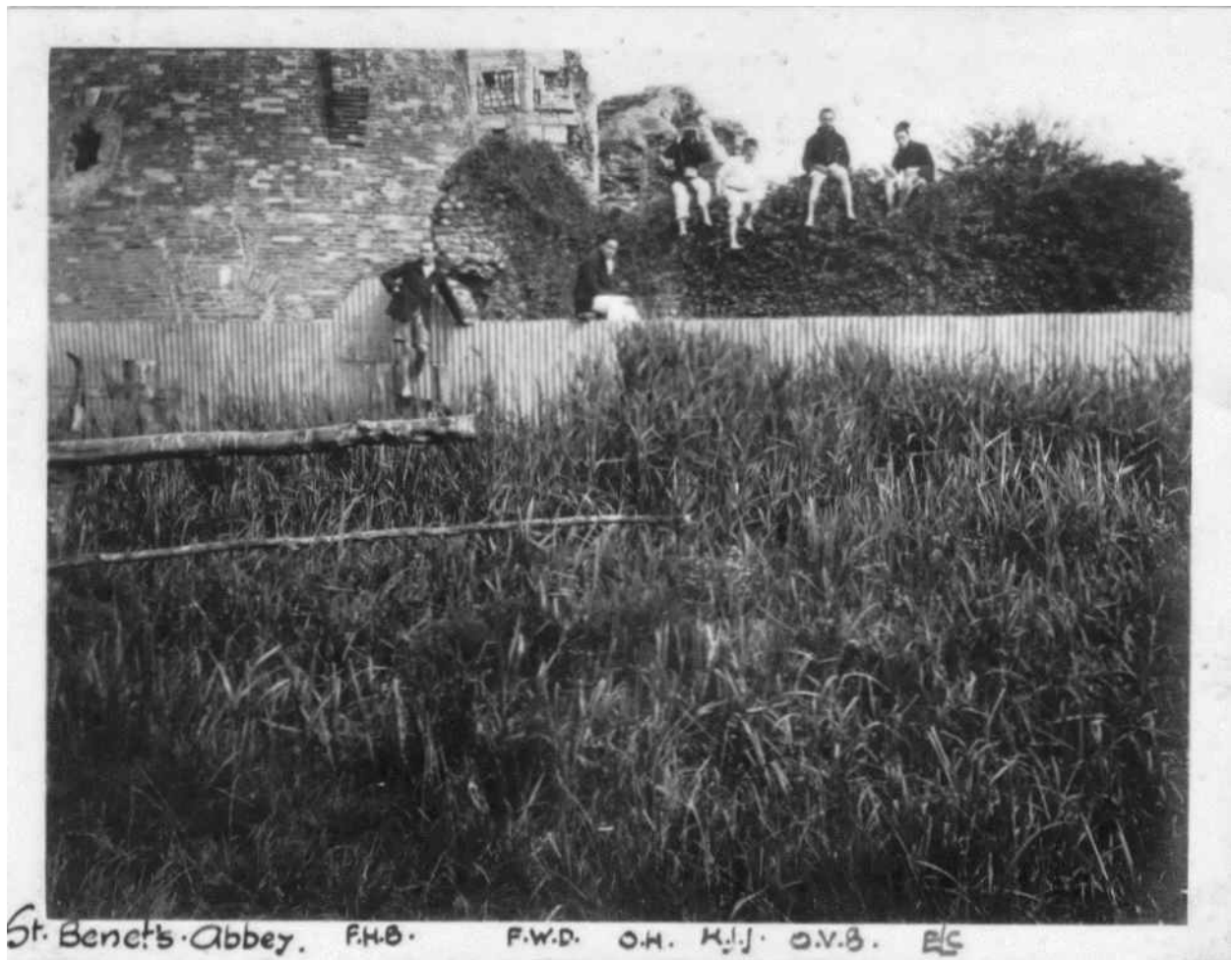
Wednesday July 9th 1913

It was gorgeously fine when we got up at 9.0 & all of us except F.W.D. bathed – a bit nippy though.



However it soon clouded over & we went up to the village for letters and drew a blank all round so we left our Newcastle addresses for forwarding purposes as we didn't intend visiting P.H. again this jaunt. We hoisted sail around 12 and got a following breeze most of the way along and anchored for lunch near the entrance to South Walsham Broad.

After lunch we went over and explored St. Benedict's Abbey⁴⁵ but little of which is left & a mill has been built on the buttresses of the only remaining portion which consists of few retaining walls and a 15th century gateway having 2 lions rampant in the tympanum⁴⁶.



Several photographs were taken and we then returned to the yachts & got raincoats into the dinghy and started to sail up to South Walsham Broad – however the entrance was so narrow and shielded from the wind that we had to row most of the way up to the Broad – a very twisting bit of river. The broad itself was quite the prettiest we had visited and is divided into 2 portions by a narrow channel called the Weirs. – most delightfully calm &

⁴⁵ St Benet's Abbey was of the Order of Saint Benedict.

⁴⁶ According to [Wikipedia, a tympanum](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tympanum) is a semi-circular or triangular wall surface over an entrance, bounded by a lintel or an arch. In 2016, we looked on the gateway for the 2 lions rampant but from the inside only one was visible on the right of the arch and on the outside there was only a shield with three lions.



gorgeous with waterlilies. The second portion of the broad is even prettier than the first part and has an island with a fine wild rose bush – the whole being surrounded by white & yellow waterlilies. There was a very slight breeze and we sailed back to the yacht in good time and got the sails up straight away and proceeded to make for Horning Ferry which we reached at 8.30 having quanted down from opposite Upper Street Church with sails down & snug. Supper-tea was prepared en route and we fed just after we had made fast at our old moorings on the Inn side. We turned in about 11.30.

Thursday 10th July 1913

Started away from Horning after a late brekker at 11.30 & having some groups taken by Violet Crowe at the Ferry Inn.







We sailed before the wind down to the entrance of Wroxham Broad where we grounded in the mud in turning into the wind to stop. We had the help of the Snowdrop crew to shift her & then moored on the opposite bank and hove up. We then changed into whites (it was a pricelessly hot day and the decks scorching) and rowed in the dinghies to Wroxham Broad lolling about on cushions.

It was Wroxham Regatta Day and we watched the dinghy races for about an hour being made fast against the reeds. The Broad was very gay and full of yachts & houseboats bedecked with flags – so different in every respect from our last visit there. We came back about 4 o'clock and grubbed and sailed slowly down to Wroxham quanting the last 200 yards down to our old mooring place whilst we lowered sail & covered up. We then rowed up in the dinghies for some $\frac{3}{4}$ mile thro' Wroxham Bridge and saw our friends of the Restless & another C. of C.⁴⁷ whom we pursued for some time – nothing doing and came back to the yachts later and prepared a meal during which some of our crew endeavoured (Heaven alone knows why) to smash the windows of the bungalow opposite with potatoes⁴⁸. The attempt was quite abortive but the result was a most unholy mess with

⁴⁷ Not sure what he means here but the context implies that their chat up lines failed.

⁴⁸ It looks like some of them were so wound up about the lack of letters giving their exam results that they have finally cracked up. They have definitely crossed the line into unacceptable hullabalooism here.

squashed potatoes stuck all over the bungalow & the lawn in front. The inevitable denouement came as we were having supper in the arrival of the owner (having been told by his fair daughter) to demand an explanation for our conduct – which explanation was satisfactorily (?) given by O.V.B. who told the sportsman that "some of the younger members of the party had been throwing potatoes at the water & expressed surprise that any of the potatoes should or could possibly have reached his bungalow. Suppression of shrieks of laughter from the cabin as we thought of the bungalow plastered all over with squashed potatoes. However he went away at last muttering threats about police & sundry other unpleasanties.

Rossi and old school fellow of O.V.B and A.R.B. grubbed on board with us and we yarned on until 10.0.

Some of the crew went into the village later for half an hour and a final gargle before turning in.



Friday 11th July 1913

Rose early at 8.0 for brekker – Twist going into Wroxham for grub. No further development of the Potatoe Incident – except that the debris was removed by their motor launch fitter who glared at Snowdrop as the culprit.

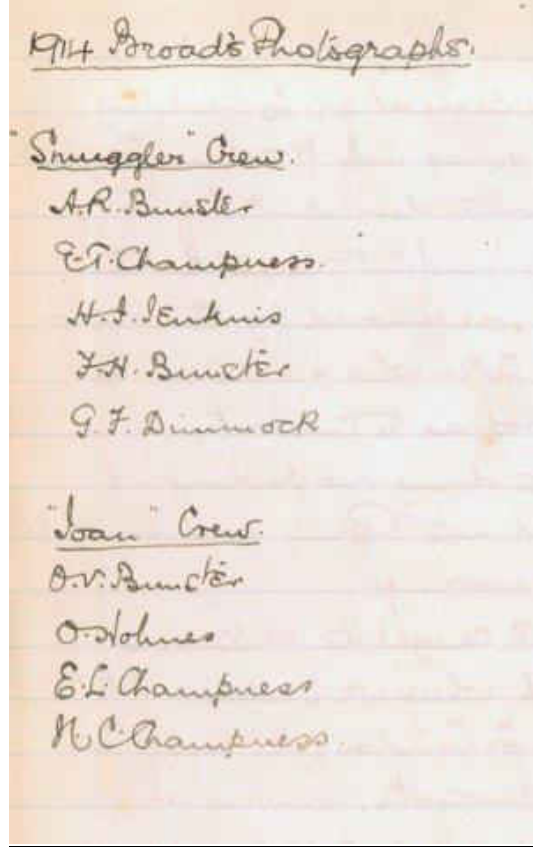


After doing our packing we quanted into Collins' yard past the Bimp's moorings.

We caught the 10.32 into Norwich where we dropped A.R.B. and H.J.J. for London & the rest of us left for Newcastle arriving at 7.0 having a perfectly priceless time and enjoying ourselves immensely.

⁴⁹ My research shows that they all ended up with a degree so it looks like they did all pass their exams. We do know that E.L.C. passed his finals and went on to do a further year's post-graduate study.

1914 Broads Photographs⁵⁰

 <p><u>1914 Broads Photographs.</u></p> <p><u>"Smuggler" Crew.</u> A.R. Bunster E.T. Champness. H.J. Jenkins F.H. Bunster G.F. Dimmock</p> <p><u>"Joan" Crew.</u> O.V. Bunster O. Holmes E.L. Champness N.C. Champness.</p>	<p><u>1914 Broads Photographs</u></p> <p><u>"Smuggler" Crew</u> A.R.B. – A. R. Bunster E.T.C. – E. T. Champness H.J.J. - H. J. Jenkins F.H.B. - F. H. Bunster G.F.D. – G. F. Dimmock</p> <p><u>"Joan" Crew</u> O.V.B. – O. V. Bunster O.H. – O. Holmes E.L.C. – E. L. Champness N.C.C. – N. C. Champness</p>
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⁵⁰ The quality of these 1914 photographs is not generally as good as the 1913 ones in the log. Possibly they were originally stored loose and were added to the notebook later. I have reproduced the captions exactly as they were in the notebook.

Smuggler



G.F.D.

F.H.B

H.J.J

E.T.C.

Smuggler



H.J.J.

E.T.C.

G.F.D

A.R.B.

Joan

Sunday, Returning from the Mill⁵¹



O.V.B "Salmon"

O.H.

"Gouda"

N.C.C

⁵¹ Without any accompanying log we have no way of being certain who these ladies are. Possibly they are the "cousins" we met in the 1913 log. If anybody recognises them then let us know. "The Mill" is possibly Martham Ferry drainage mill referred to in the 1913 log.

The Crews

After lunch, Horsey Mere



N.C.C

O.H

E.L.C.

O.V.B.

H.J.J.

E.T.C.

G.F.B

A.R.B.

Joan grubbing



O.V.B. O.H.

N.C.C. E.L.C.

Joan



E.L.C.

O.V.B.

Smuggler

Potter Heigham



A.R.B.

E.T.C.

H.J.J.

G.F.D.

F.H.B.

Joan

From the top of the mast



The Smuggler

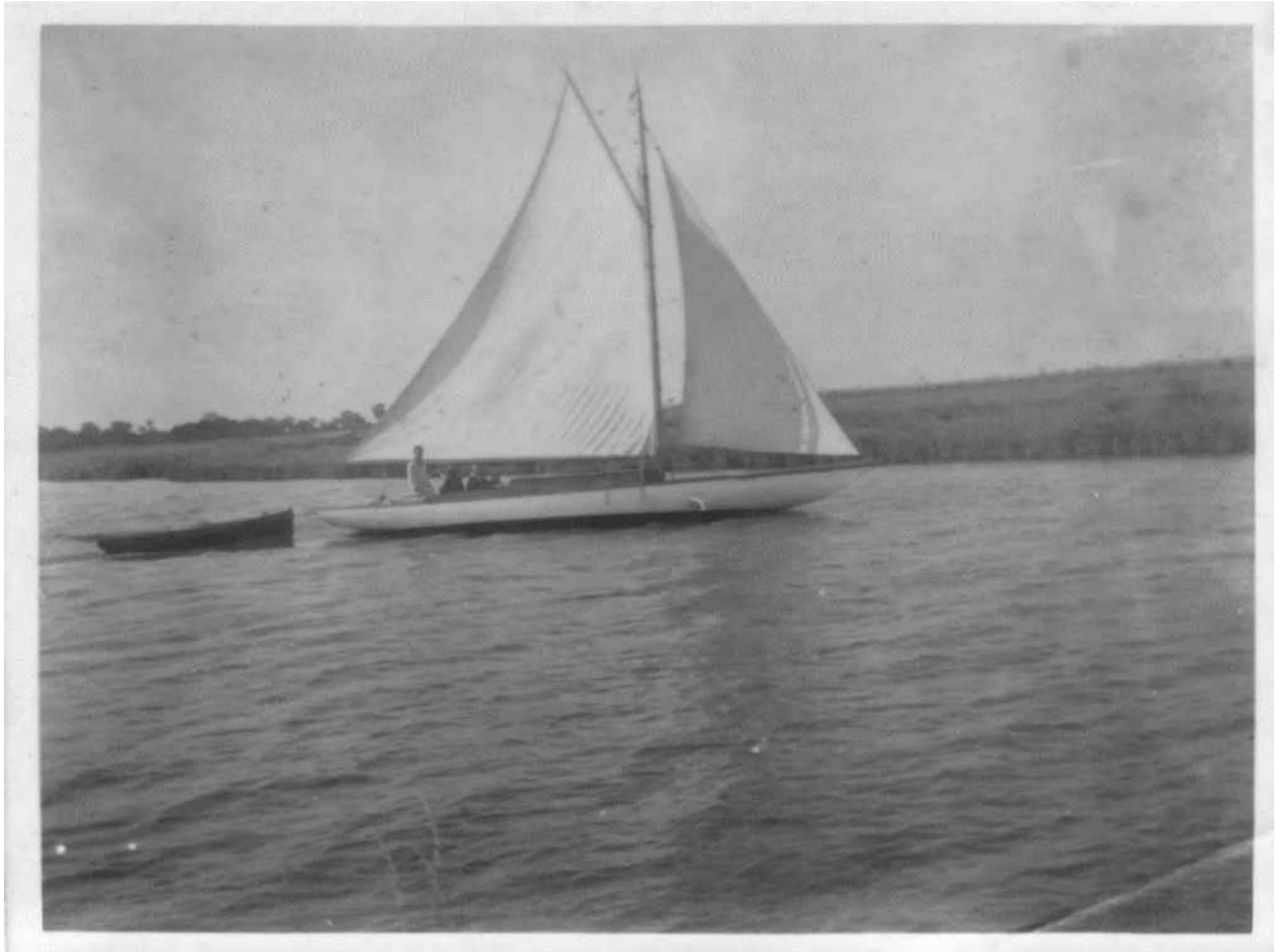


That Sunday !!!



Joan

Tacking up from Acle



Horsey Mere



F.H.B.

H.J.J.

N.C.C.

O.H.

E.T.C.

E.L.C.

O.V.B.

Sir Clifford⁵²



⁵² N.C.C.

Smuggler



H.J.J

F.H.B.

G.F.B.

E.T.C.

Returning from Acle



G.F.D. F.H.B.

A.R.B.

Acle

Joan and Smuggler

Feeding Time



Feeding time



N.C.C

O.V.B.

O.H.

E.T.C. G.F.D.

F.H.B.

H.J.J.

Smuggler



G.F.D.

F.H.B.

E.T.C.

H.J.J.

Smuggler



E.T.C.

H.J.J.

G.F.D.

F.H.B.

Potter Heigham



53

G.F.D.: his bus

Twist

E.T.C.

∞

⁵³When in his eighties, E.L.C. wrote the following about the motorbikes of the era:

“It was not until 1909 that I became the proud owner of a motor-cycle. It had a single cylinder 4 H.P. engine which drove the back wheel by a rubber belt – a menace in wet weather which caused belt slip. It had an acetylene head lamp, high handle bars and of course no self-starter. One ran along pushing it until the engine fired and then leapt aboard. Fixed gear of course, but if you got stuck, as one frequently did in the Lake District – [Honister Pass](#) was then a rough track – you could dismount, put the bike up on its stand and adjust the diameter of the engine pulley whilst pulling out the back wheel to take up the consequent slack in the belt. This of course gave a lower gear ratio and you completed the climb, and then went through the same process again if you wanted to return to a higher gear ratio.”

Afterword

The 1914 holiday coincides with the events leading up to the start of WW1.

Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated on the 28th of June. During July things went from bad to worse. Despite efforts to get an international peace conference started, by the beginning of August the inexorable logic of inter-locking treaties, mass mobilization and railway timetables had pushed the nations into war.

From family records and diligent searching of the Internet I have tried to discover what happened to the members of the parties (apologies if any of this is incorrect):

E.L.C. signed up with the Royal Artillery but as a qualified naval architect he was immediately drafted into the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors as an Assistant Constructor. He went on to have a [distinguished career in ship building](#).

E.T.C. joined the Navy as an Engineer Sub Lieutenant and was [killed in action in the Battle of Jutland when the Queen Mary was sunk](#).

N.C.C. joined the Dorsets as a captain. In 1916, he was badly wounded in Mesopotamia (modern day Iraq) by friendly fire when the artillery did not lift their barrage in time and shelled their own advancing troops. He was paralysed from the waist down for a year and only gradually regained the ability to walk thanks mainly to the intervention of a French doctor.

O.H. served as Engineer on HMS Sagitta. This was a Camper & Nicholson built yacht of 750 tons, belonging to a French duke, and hired to the Royal Navy. She was described as "a fine seaboat, fast for a yacht, 15 knots, and was most luxuriously fitted. She carried a wireless installation and her armament consisted of two 12 pdr. Guns". HMS Sagitta was on duty in the White Sea during the Russian Revolution and [a flyer for this was found amongst its documents](#). We can speculate therefore that O.H. was an eye witness to part of the Russian Revolution.

H.J.J. served as a Staff Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers

F.W.D. served as a Captain in the Durham Royal Garrison Artillery

G.F.D. served as a Lieutenant in the Royal Garrison Artillery, 12th Northumberland Fusiliers and was wounded in France in 1915

The Bunster brothers were Chilean nationals and so were not directly involved in WW1.

O.V.B. went on to a naval career in the Chile and was a [signee of an International Load Lines Conference convention in 1930 as a representative of the government of Chile: Lieut.-Commander Constructor Oscar Bunster, Member of the Chilean Naval Commission in London](#).

I can find no significant data for **A.R.B.** or **F.H.B.** after 1914.

Bruce Robb, July 2016