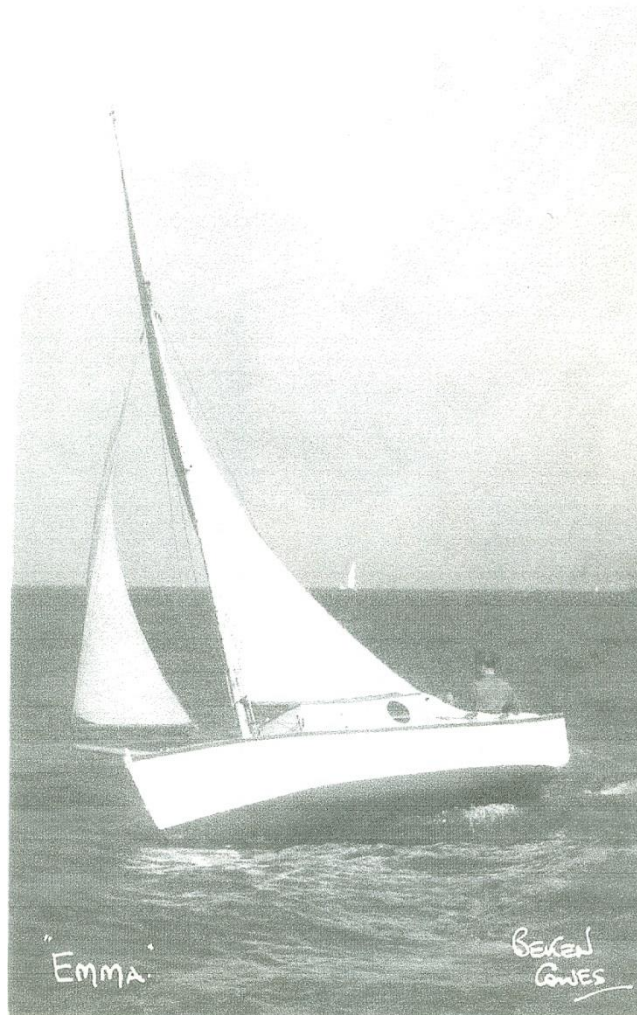


THE NAYLOR NOGGIN

A CELEBRATION OF THE YEARS OF DINGHY CRUISING ACCOUNTS

Paul Constantine



Brian Naylor sailing in the Solent

The Compilation of This Folder

I was fortunate enough to be awarded the Naylor Noggin and held it for my year. I read the names and was curious enough to wonder about the other people listed on it. I had met or seen one or two of them, but in the main I did not know the previous recipients or what cruises they had written about in order to win the trophy. I began to wonder about them and their boats. I also wondered about Brian Naylor the originator of the trophy, what had he sailed?

The next winner after me was Ross Murray, the first overseas recipient who was living in Tasmania. The questions he asked about the trophy reminded me of my own lack of information and prompted me to set myself the goal of finding out more by reading ALL the award winning accounts. This seemed like a simple ambition to begin with but as I progressed I came across a number of issues which made the task more and more complex. It has not been a simple story and it has taken a much longer time than I expected. To simplify this situation for anyone else who should seek to follow in my footsteps I have recorded what I have found in this folder. To clarify the situation I would like to make the following observations:

1. I have attempted to give a thumbnail sketch of the content of each written account, without repeating the whole story. In so doing I have indicated my thoughts and written my own personal opinion. Other people may not agree with what I have written. It is a very subjective exercise. It has never been my intention to be critical. If I have offended anyone, please accept my apologies.
2. This is not a finished work. This is why it is a file that can be added to. If you know relevant information that will enhance the reader's understanding or can fill in some of the blanks then I would be pleased to hear from you. One area that I think could be improved is that of illustration of the winners and their boats if they appear in the bulletins. These are not catalogued and so are not easy to find. My contact details will be in the latest membership list.
3. In places I have digressed from the strict adherence to the Naylor Noggin written account to fill in some background detail which I feel enhances the reader's understanding. I have had to do this with caution for some of the writers have had many other articles published and if I refer to all of them I end up with an exhaustive body of information which may lose the original basic concept of the Noggin accounts by burying them under a mass of other material.
4. I would be most grateful if you could tell me about factual errors that I may have made that you might find. My account is not perfect and I must have made mistakes somewhere. For the sake of those who may read it in the future I would like it to be correct.

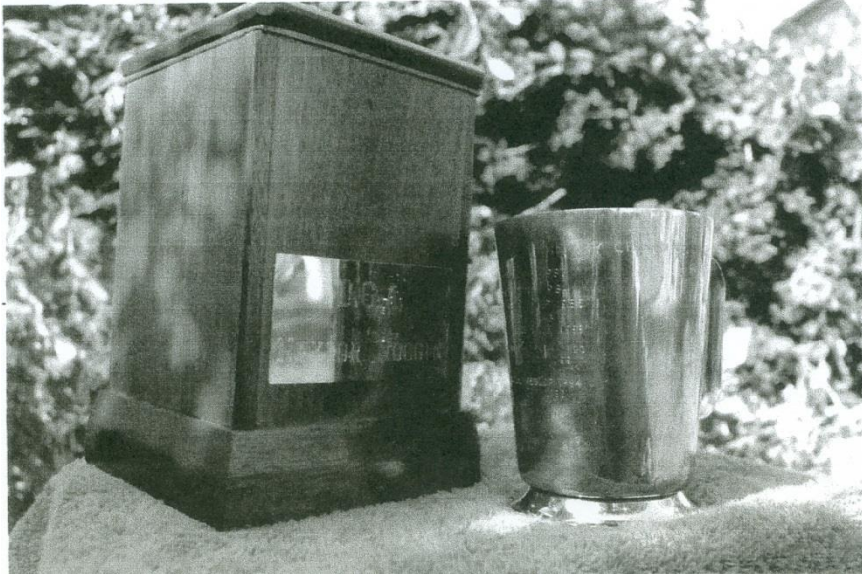
Paul Constantine May 2005

Since writing this introduction, Paul has added thumbnail sketches for the winning cruise accounts up to 2012.

The folder has been scanned, corrected and reformatted in 2020 by Jennifer Heney. Some minor editing has been done to the opening section to make it clearer. When possible additional thumbnail sketches will be added to bring the document fully up to date.

THE NAYLOR NOGGIN

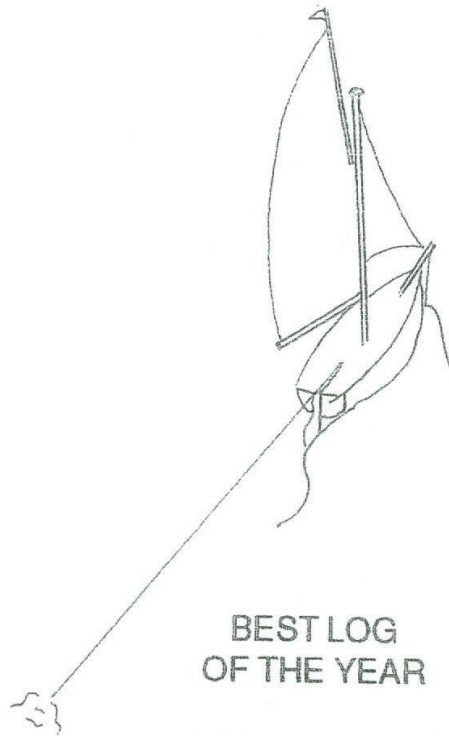
In its 50th year I took the opportunity to look back at one of the longest running institutions of the DCA, namely the award for the best published log of the previous season. For those who may not be aware of it the Noggin is a stainless steel tankard.



The tankard has the following inscriptions:

1. This illustration (shown here at about full size)

DINGHY CRUISING ASSOCIATION



2. The Winners Names

This is an illustration of the way the names are inscribed on the cup:

NAYLOR NOGGIN AWARDED TO.

JOHN DEACON	1960	JOHN GRAY	1983	PAUL CONSTANTINE	2002
ALEC BARGE	1961	JOHN BADEN	1984	ROSS MURRAY	2003
ERIC COLEMAN	1962	RICHARD PETTER	1985	DICK HOUGHTON	2004
JOHN DEACON	1963	PETER BICK	1986	TED JONES	2005
CHARLES STOCK	1965	JIM & RENEE BAILEY	1988		
PETER CLUTTERBUCK	1967				
BRIAN EARL	1968	ELIZABETH BAKER	1990		
		KEITH MUSCOTT	1991		
JOAN ABRAMS	1978	BRIAN MCCLELLAN	1992		
DAVID McCLELLAN	1979	DOUGLAS HESLOP	1994		
ELIZABETH BAKER	1980	DAVE MORTON	1995		
EDWIN DEWHIRST	1981	DAVID JONES	1996		
HUGH CLAY	1982	DAVID SUMNER	1997		
		LEN WINGFIELD	1998		
		ED WINGFIELD	1999		
		ALAN GLANVILLE	2000		
		PETER BAXTER	2001		

There are two complete columns of the names of the previous holders and recent names are now being squeezed onto it where space can be found. Both the illustration and the first seven names are in a distinctive hand engraved style (see remarks later in this folder by Brian Naylor). There is then a small gap, one name deep, before the next name which is machine cut, as are all subsequent names. They vary slightly in size and depth of cut. The first column is aligned on the years whilst the second is aligned on the beginning of the names. There is a gap and no name for 1989. There is no gap and no names for 1987 and 1993. The illustration is in the gap between rows two and three.

Awarding the Naylor Noggin

The process of awarding the cup to the winner goes like this. The previous holder takes the cup to the AGM where the next winner is announced. The cup is filled by its previous holder with the drink of choice of the recipient and handed over with due ceremony. As the winner drinks from the cup they may be aware that they are following in the wake of those named above who have also drunk from the very same cup, including the prime mover of the DCA, Eric Coleman.

The cup is not as old as the Association. It is tricky to identify the precise moment when the Association started, but there is an outline written by Eric himself in Bulletin No 1 published in 1955 and reprinted in Bulletin 136 on page 32. I have included it on the next page for ease of reference.

Bulletin references are usually abbreviated and written like this: 136/32. This code will be used throughout this folder to identify where material may be accessed for those who find something interesting and wish to check it for themselves. Copies may be obtained from the librarian.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

P.B.

The following by the late Eric Coleman, is a summary of events leading up to the formation of the Dinghy Cruising Association - reprinted from Bulletin No. 1 published in 1955.

In the December issue of the Yachting Monthly 1952. I read a letter signed "Clubless" stating that he had been invited to join a local sailing club but, since he was only interested in day cruising in a dinghy he saw no point in so doing, owing to the fact that the dinghy section of the club was solely concerned in racing. He asked if there was any organisation catering for the requirements of sailing enthusiasts like himself.

I replied to this letter (Y.M. Feb 53) under the pen name "Lonehand" saying that I had cruised in the Solent for some years without meeting another cruising enthusiast and consequently I had had to learn the slow way and would therefore welcome some organisation through which I could contact other enthusiasts, so that information could be exchanged on all aspects of dinghy cruising.

In Y.M. Mar.53 a letter from Mr. Mitchell replying to mine suggested a cruising association. I then wrote up (Y.M. Apr.53) in reply to Mr. Mitchell's letter, offering to form a dinghy cruising association. About a dozen replies from people "interested" were received but I was not actually able to meet another active enthusiast. I circulated a notice giving details of four rallies but became rather tired of meeting only myself at them, so the whole idea fell through.

One Friday evening in January this year, I reached home and was told by my people that someone called Michael Lawes from Lymington had rung up saying that he has just read a letter of mine in Yachting Monthly and wished to contact me before sailing to Malta in his dinghy. Feeling slightly dazed, I rang him up next day and he arranged to come over to Bognor Regis on Sunday morning. The next day was a great occasion for, after cruising for four years I was actually meeting an active dinghy cruising enthusiast. I travelled back to Lymington with Mike and had a thorough look over his boat, thereby gaining some immensely useful information. He told me that he had seen my letter when he had picked up a two year old copy of Yachting Monthly in a doctor's waiting room when having his inoculations prior to going abroad! He was convinced that a lot of people would like to take up dinghy cruising but were not sure whether it was practicable in view of adverse opinion on the sport. He urged me to make a further attempt at forming the association and, as a result, my letter in Y.M. Mar.55 and other publications brought a very favourable response.

Although my letters were addressed to south coast enthusiasts, many enquiries were received from the east coast, so two sections were formed. J.D. Reeve and L.Cdr. G.D. Fairley R.N. were instrumental in organising the south coast section and T. Thorp, secretary of the Maldon Y.H.A. Sailing Group, and Miss J. Bentley (*Joan Abrams*) the east coast section.

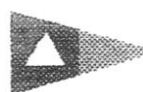


The Inaugural Meeting of the South Coast Section took place on May 30th.

The Inaugural Meeting of the East Coast Section took place on July 24th.



The first Rally took place on August 31st at the Folly Inn, Medina River, Isle of Wight.



The origins of the DCA: 50 years ago the late Eric Coleman wrote his first letters to Yachting Monthly asking if anyone was interested in dinghy cruising. Aha I thought. At last I have a concrete reason for earthing out my dusty copies of the YM which I subscribed to from 1948 to 1959 and which I have been dragging around since that time. Sure enough I found the three letters reproduced below which I thought might be of interest to readers.

YM Feb 1953

Sir, Your correspondent Clubless (Dec. YM, p.330) states that clubs have 'precious little' to offer dinghy cruising enthusiasts. My dinghy is used for week-end cruising in the Solent area, based on Chichester Harbour and my impression is that we are too thinly scattered for any club to cater for us. I think the answer would be, for this area at any rate, a Dinghy Cruising Association which would organize rallies in the same way as the Chichester Harbour Federation.

The safety aspect of this form of sailing would be greatly improved by bringing enthusiasts together, much anguish being saved for those who, through lack of experienced advice, have started out with unsuitable boats and gear.

Lone Hand, Chelmsford, Essex

YM, March 1953 What do clubs offer?

Sir, I have a suggestion to make with regard to the letter of Lone Hand (Feb. YM, p. 101). He is not as he thinks alone with his views and desires in Chichester Harbour. Numerous other boat owners, myself included, are in the same plight. We wish for a club that is interested in cruising, but none of the Federation clubs, absorbed as they are in dinghy racing, are interested in us. Therefore why not a club or association of our own? Do not confine it to dinghies but cater for all enthusiasts. Will not someone with the necessary organizing ability take up this challenge? There will be no lack of support for the Chichester Cruising Club.

A. Mitchell. Chichester

YM, April 1953, p.225

Dinghy Cruising Association: An Offer Sir, In response to Mr. Mitchell's challenge (March YM, p. 160), I would like to make an appeal, through your Correspondence column, to all readers interested in open boat cruising between Keyhaven and Chichester Harbour who wish to join a Dinghy Cruising Association. One of the functions of this Association would be the holding of rallies in this area to enable enthusiasts to meet each other thus fostering the art of dinghy cruising. Will readers please contact me as soon as they can? When I have received a sufficient number of replies, a meeting to form the association will be held in the area containing the most enthusiasts.

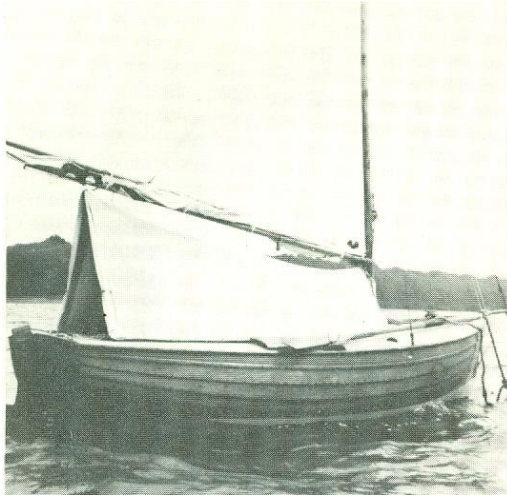
E. G. Coleman, 'Sarum', 50 Marshall Avenue, Bognor Regis, Sussex

I found Lone Hand's letter particularly far-sighted. If the DCA did not exist today, someone could write an almost identical letter today. Also his statement of objectives seems to come very close to the objectives of the DCA today.

Encouraged by my researching success, I delved further back and found a wealth of readers' letters on dinghy cruising in the period between 1950 and 1954, as well as an excellent account of a cruise in the Bristol Channel in a YM 15' Sharpie in 1952. The problems etc. of dinghy cruising people do not seem to have changed very much from then to now. When my scanner is working again, I must see if Mike Williams would be interested in print-outs/files of these for the DCA library.

Yours sincerely, John Mason

Two of Eric Coleman's dinghies – from his book "Dinghies for All Waters"



Aurora II showing the awning arrangement of Fig. 25A with oars stowed outside. Halyards are led to the stem instead of down the mast; otherwise rainwater would run down them and into the boat.



This view of *Roamer* shows how roominess is increased by stowing the oars, as shown in Fig. 46, to join the raised topsides forward and aft.

Note the high freeboard in both dinghies, for optimum seaworthiness.

The Naylor Noggin

Brian Naylor writing in January 2005

My original concept was of the presentation of a cup made sufficiently precious looking to attract competition and bring forth an endeavour to produce a great account of a memorable voyage. Making it a pint tankard and presenting it full of the recipient's favourite brew was an added touch that enabled a toast to the assembled AGM.

After considering several designs I chose an Old Hall tankard, a simple but beautiful design in stainless steel, which whilst it is not intrinsically precious is very scratch resistant but engraves well. The design, and its engraving by electric etching, is mine and I think that I did the first few entries.

Today I am surprised and gratified by the continuing success of the trophy. In its early days its progress was a bit stumbling. Eric Coleman muttered darkly about not becoming a 'society of pot hunters' and there have been times when its award was erratic and one account was lost which made me wonder what its fate would be. However, succeeding presidents, mainly Peter Bick, revived the interest and put it on a more satisfactory basis. Until then I had felt able to judge or comment on other people's judgement, but with Peter's approval I decided that the Committee should choose the recipient to the following rules that are an indication of what I had in mind when the trophy was donated:

1. For passages mainly under sail.
2. Be adventurous without compromising safety.
3. Be influenced by the total distance sailed and the number of places visited.
4. It should be in a readable style with description, not just a dreary list of facts against dates.
5. If it has not already been published in the Bulletin it should be published within an agreed time limit, say, within two years of the award.

A bit more about Brian

When one reads each account one gradually learns a bit more about the skipper concerned, about the boat and about the cruise. Perhaps the best way to meet Brian is to read a couple of his accounts. These are the only full accounts included in this folder (pages 10-19). The man and his boat 'Emma' are illustrated on the front cover and some photographs taken in 2008 can be seen on the next page.



Brian Naylor (top left) presents his trophy, the Naylor Noggin, to Alastair Law (top right), winner in 2007, at the DCA Annual General Meeting, 15 March 2008.

199/31

Photographs: Keith Muscott



Bradwell to Sandwich - En Route to Folly Inn

by B Naylor

As the summer of 1955 wore on my natural sailor's fear of strong winds and gales gradually gave place to a fear of the two curses of that otherwise glorious season - flat calms and sea fogs. It was with no surprise, but not a little foreboding therefore, that I viewed the morning of July 17th, for it was very misty and possessed not a breath of wind. Feeling sure that if I were to wait the rest of the summer, I should probably fare no better, Geoff and I started preparations for departure.

Emma was reluctant to say goodbye to her old haunts - the anchor requiring a plunge for its recovery from one of the heavier obstructions common in that ground. It was nine o'clock by the time we paddled towards the river and one could then just make out Mersea Island but a flat calm still prevailed. Seeing our feeble efforts with the paddles a kind fellow rowed out from a nearby yacht and volunteered to tow us out 'before breakfast'. Asking us where we were bound he was obviously amazed to hear us answer "Ramsgate" but disguised his incredulity by merely saying "that is a very long way".

Near the withies marking the entrance there came a light breeze and, casting us off, our friend wished us 'Bon voyage'. It was nearly high water and we passed over the bank the withies marked on the starboard tack in the light easterly. Our first chart did not quite cover the entrance to the Blackwater so navigation was by experience as far as the Colne buoy and the port tack was taken with hope rather than purpose as the Swin Spitway buoy was invisible in the haze. It turned up however, almost on course but we had to dodge a patch of disturbed brownish water before pointing her bows towards the buoy. A Thames barge was not far behind and did not bother to avoid the patch, thus confounding our judgment.

Once at the buoy *Emma* was at last 'in charted waters' and tore past in glorious style on to the Whittaker which she passed 12 minutes later at 2.32 pm - giving her a speed of 5 knots in that moderate, steady easterly and favourable tide. No other buoys were visible so we followed a compass course to lead us to the eastward of the East Barrow sand which was visible from afar being a high bank with a tall beacon on its NE end, which we just grazed.

At this point the tide was turning and, although not yet quite against us, began to set into the estuary and gave some assistance on the next leg towards the North Edinburgh channel in a failing wind. Ahead lay a horizon which was far from sharp and made us suspect a bank of fog. This seemed all the more likely when ominous murmurings resembling a muffled diaphone were heard in the distance. The flood carried us further into the estuary than we desired and it was apparently the South Edinburgh channel buoys which loomed up on the port bow. As the wind was sufficient only to just give steerage way when the tide set against us through both channels, our strenuous efforts on the paddles towards the nearest buoy to make sure of our position were of no avail as the fog closed around us and the Nore light vessel boomed its single warning blast.

This signal gradually grew louder as we continued in the grip of the tide, pointing the bows hopefully upstream when steerage way was available. The atmosphere became very thick and visibility had dropped to about fifty yards when darkness came. Thus we faced a dangerous night at sea in a main shipping lane with little or no way on - around us ships' sirens sounding but no visible hull materialising, much to our relief. Once or twice we feebly tried to paddle into shallow water but failed to reach bottom with our lead line so that anchoring was out of the question.

In this region of complex currents our Admiralty Pocket Tidal Stream Atlas was a great help giving all the changes in sufficient detail at a glance. With its aid we forecast the change to a favourable stream and sure enough at the appointed hour the Nore diaphone stopped increasing in volume and an apparent breeze from the East sprang up. Judging by the noise we decided that the lightship was very close and put the boat on a corrected course for the entrance to the South Edinburgh channel. I had hoped that the fog would clear soon after nightfall as it had done so often in the Channel but three weeks earlier. However, this was not to be, and *Emma* ploughed on into the pitch dark her crew expecting any moment to hear her plate scrape on a shingle bank or see the ghostly lights of a steamer bearing down on them. Such was not to be our fate, instead a glow suddenly appeared in the fog ahead towards which we steered and had no sooner identified it as the starboard entrance marker than the middle ground (quick flashing) buoy appeared. We passed between them with intense relief and set course to pass through the middle of the channel. This put us close to the feeble wind and occasionally *Emma* would go about in a most infuriating manner and end up hove to because the jib sheet stuck in the block (*Emma* has a lazy jib). This caused some friction between my crew and I until I took over, when it promptly happened to me!

Despite their abundance no further buoys were seen until daylight, the Nore foghorn subsiding once more to a murmur whilst the Tongue lightship (two blasts) became louder and the jangle of a bell was heard nearer at hand. This turned out to be coming from a large steamer at anchor - the first ship seen - but dawn was approaching and with it the fog began to clear. This seemed to be the signal for all the ships in creation to start moving. One small coaster began chasing us and had, in the end, to be flashed. This caused her to change course abruptly, stop her engines, and a voice boomed, "Are you all right?" We answered in the affirmative but could not help wondering whether the question was meant to be a reflection on our sanity.

The noise of the Tongue diaphone subsided gradually and then ceased abruptly with the end of the fog as we glided gently by the buoys on the end of the Margate sand. Ahead, however, a bank of haze still lay and the North Goodwin diaphones still boomed their dismal refrain in the distance. Ahead a tall steel tower appeared and then disappeared again just as promptly in the haze. Then, to eastward, we were privileged to see the last few flashes of the North Foreland - enough to identify and fix a compass course with its aid.

Thence it was largely plain sailing past the Foreland and through the minor overfalls and eddies whilst the sun rose in a cloudless sky until the heat became intense. The light air from the east continued but only just gave steerage way, our quite rapid progress being mainly by the tide's agency. Thus borne along we passed Broadstairs and then made a big mistake by passing Ramsgate too, for somehow Sandwich attracted me. Perhaps it was the attraction of the unknown for there were no details on the chart and the Channel Pilot devoted but one small paragraph to it. However it looked a welcome haven on the map so in we went. Steering from the southernmost Ramsgate fairway buoy by compass and making allowance for the strong tide we soon found ourselves paddling into the estuary in a flat calm. The ingoing tide was hardly noticeable in the outer channel but became increasingly swift at the bend into the river proper where a light easterly would have enabled us to beat all the way to Sandwich itself but I foolishly chose a berth to the South of the Yacht Club moorings and there let go the CQR.

The Richborough yachtsmen were very free with their advice but not one of them could tell us where the hook would find clear ground. We were quickly warned off the first spot chosen because there was said to be a 'grid' beneath. With the anchor I picked up an iron ring weighing close on a hundredweight which Geoff was fortunately able to lift off. Then the boat was moved alongside an old, half sunken barge further up and we were in the middle of washing up after having had a well-earned lunch when another hurried move was made because, according to another passing boat

owner, there were 'stakes' under us. Then followed a time-wasting errand further downstream not attended by any more success. A pleasant looking pool at the northern end of the quay seemed not half so pleasant when a sluice gate was discovered at the other end and was quickly abandoned. When I asked an apparently knowledgeable member of the Yacht Club about a suitable berth I did not get the offer of one on their moorings which I expected (though thinking they looked a bit crowded) but suggested she be moored alongside the nearby quay. Not enough warp was available for that and I had no fenders so we eventually asked two millwrights working on the cranes if she would be alright alongside an old converted M.F.V. and they saw no objection.

When at length we had tidied up however, the owner of the quay appeared looking for trespassers and a row ensued followed by police inquiries when we reached Sandwich. MORAL - if off Pegwell Bay give the Stour river a miss but if by some mischance you should find yourself there avert your eyes as you pass Richborough and carry on to Sandwich proper to which I arranged to have Emma towed.

Continued: 009/12

Sandwich to Newhaven via Dover - En Route to Folly Inn

by B Naylor

(Continued from 006/03)

It was late evening on Thursday, 21st July when I found *Emma*, to my relief, intact and moored against an old converted lifeboat near the Toll Bridge, Sandwich. So overjoyed was I to see her again that, going below, I flung my arms around her centreplate case. Even the extortionate fee for her towage did not abate my enthusiasm.

Getting ready at about 10.00 am the next morning I was puzzled by the fact that the tide was ebbing fiercely under the bridge long past low water at Ramsgate (8.20 am.) Instead of getting the last half of the flood therefore, it had only just started when I was off (11.00) and was fierce half a mile seawards, though there was fortunately no unpleasant encounter with the bridge. At a bend there was a highly accentuated stream on one side and there I stuck for an hour or more in the fluky adverse breeze. Nearby was a creek and over it a little white bridge, also a very convenient form, of which passers-by did not fail to take advantage in order to enjoy the diverting spectacle.

At length, however, the wind stayed steady long enough for me to beat past the offending bend after which it steadily increased and gave me good speed past the wharf at Richborough where I did not have the good fortune to shake my fist at the owner. Thence out from between the banks and along the buoyed channel it was almost a dead beat in the light breeze, which was not far north of east. I gained deep water without further incident and was indeed glad to see the last of Sandwich and its environs.

Emma reached easily down the coast past a large steamer aground in Pegwell Bay with two tugs making valiant, but apparently unsuccessful, efforts to refloat her. To port lay the Goodwin Sands like a graveyard of ships with the headstones of iron, requiring no inscription and dismal even in that bright sunshine. The position of the South Foreland was by then quite clear and the lighthouse too was soon recognisable. I kept a respectable distance away, however, in order to avoid possible overfalls, although they could not have been serious in such weather. Soon after picking out the South Foreland, I recognised the moles of Dover beyond and began to take occasional glances at the 'Channel Pilot'. These caused my steering to 'go haywire' as *Emma* was still on a broad reach. Few ships had been apparent in the vicinity until then, but her appearance on the horizon seemed to be the signal for all the ships in the harbour to leave and all those at sea to enter. The prospect of making that entrance under such conditions was not pleasant.

Fortunately, a lull did occur when there was still a mile to go. It was dusk and the signal lights beckoned from the eastern mole as she glided towards the entrance before a decreasing breeze, and I was afraid that it might fail altogether just when speed was essential to beat the tide sweeping past the entrance. I steered for the middle of the eastern mole at first in order to avoid being swept past the entrance, to be in a relatively sheltered anchorage if the wind did fail, and in the best position to see any ships leaving the inner harbour. Then, the way being clear, I turned and made for the water just off the end of that mole but the cross current carried the boat away, so that she passed through quite near the other side. The eddies just inside were a little troublesome but the wind had freshened slightly and before long I was making circuits of the outer harbour in darkness and a lovely moderate breeze. There were a number of sailing dinghies moored in the NW corner plus a number of vacant moorings, but I thought it was better to drop the hook just to the east of them, the time being about ten.

After having treated myself to a sumptuous repast my position still seemed to be unaltered and the pneumatic drill nearby on the beach mercifully ceased its clamour at midnight, so I hoisted a riding light and retired to my bunk. Next morning the sun was again shining and there was a good moderate breeze, though after breakfast it deteriorated a little. Soon shipping activity started, making me wonder whether I was yet to have a near encounter with one of them. A train ferry very obligingly dropped anchor just inside the mouth about due north of the end of the detached mole, thus nicely obstructing my view of the entrance.

About 11 o'clock, having set the mainsail and the jib alongside it (the jib-boom being set on an outhaul), I heaved short on the warp and she gradually worried the anchor out of the stiff clay. She then lay quietly in the light easterly while I transferred the hook into the cockpit. Then it was a simple matter to pull on the outhaul and set her speeding away in a long board, aiming to pass under the stem of the anchored train ferry. While thus employed I received a hail "Where are you from and where bound?" from a customs launch - also "What is her tonnage?", which received the smiling reply, "About a half", and they appreciated the joke, though *Emma* was surely taking it quite seriously and swelling with pride at being addressed like a big yacht. Then she twice made for the entrance but, like a timid mouse trying to leave its hole, retreated again at full speed. The first time was after she just got beyond the stem of the anchored ferry, heard a hoot from another leaving the inner harbour, and perceived that the former was weighing - so away she shot towards the submarine base in the NE corner of the harbour. The second time she got her nose out but was frightened back again by the appearance of a big boat just about to enter. The 'no exit' signal was not lowered after the vessel had passed but I was determined to get her through and, after making several fruitless boards in the foul tide between the two mole ends, just rounded the tip of the detached one in time to avoid the next steamer.

With the breeze and tide both in her favour, she sped swiftly by both the mole and the blocked western entrance, then past a corvette or similar vessel anchored a mile SE of the harbour. To the SW lay Folkestone harbour, clearly visible in the bright sunny weather but it looked rather exposed and not particularly inviting when I passed about an hour after leaving Dover and then headed for the coast near Hythe seeking slacker water in the adverse tide which would prevail before long. This brought the fresher wind almost dead astern and caused some rolling in the choppy sea. Further south I knew that the Channel Pilot mentioned firing of danger signals so, spilling the wind from the main for a little while, I consulted the tome while she reached along happily under jib. Finding no information of the nature of these signals I continued very close inshore. Thus several ranges were passed before red flags were seen on one of them. Discretion being the better part of valour I immediately adopted a more southerly course which cleared the range adequately. On more of a reach and getting into deeper water the motion eased considerably. Ahead the land narrowed to a thin pencil line along the horizon then apparently disappeared below it, because the tiny vertical line which looked like a beacon well out to sea gave the correct bearing for Dungeness light, so I headed straight for it and ignored the tide. Two hours later a wreck buoy (close starboard) and the Newcombe buoy (well to port) were on the quarter and I watched a fisherman charge his motor boat full tilt up the steep slope of the shingle spit which had materialised between the lighthouse and the land. I passed Dungeness headland very close inshore to avoid disturbed water and encountered little save some eddying just past the point.

The breeze was by this time little more than a light air, but she continued to plough on bravely while I managed to get a makeshift meal. There were many ships about - all of which came quite close to the headland beyond which the tide was in her favour and she glided gently but swiftly past the wreck buoy beyond. In the late afternoon haze I descried a faint smudge ahead which looked rather like a hill but did not dare hope at this stage that it could be the headland near Hastings. A little later, however, the hill became more distinct and a square tower on its summit looked very

conspicuous. Again letting *Emma* sail herself under jib I was able to identify positively the hill as Fairlight Down by studying the Pilot (the only time I have ever been able to see the coast as that venerable tome sees it). To starboard the coast was so low as to be almost invisible and no trace of anything that might be Rye could be seen - in any case the tide would not be favourable for that port for another six hours or so, whereas, by carrying on, I should just arrive off Newhaven about time for the young flood. The idea of going to Rye therefore did not tempt me for very long, and I pushed on across Rye bay into the evening, at the close of which Fairlight Down was quite near and to the east the lights of Hastings were already glimmering.

The tide was again foul but I abandoned an earlier idea of 'shore crawling' just in the obscured sector of Beachy Head light, partly because such a procedure was distinctly dangerous and partly because I had made so good a speed to Hastings that my arrival at Newhaven might be too early for the flood. I therefore made for the Hastings pier with the intention of steering by my unlighted compass towards the Royal Sovereign light, but, fortunately, the said light became visible just before I reached the pier and the compass was not required. Instead of the fog or calm that I had feared, the wind backed slightly (making it dead astern) and freshened to the kind of moderate breeze one expects of an English summer night, but so seldom gets.

Hastings and St. Leonards' piers slid speedily by and their lights changed to a reddish hue as they faded into the haze. Some lights became visible at Eastbourne and then the Beachy Head light came out of its obscurity and was identified. The water was really quite rough and the motion violent considering the fair wind - the gear was taking rather a battering. About half way towards the lightship the mainsail mast lacing carried away allowing the sail to belly unduly and leaving the yard jaws freedom to part company with the mast, but they showed no tendency to do so and the belly did not matter in the fair wind. The jib could not be kept filled so that its boom swung about madly, catching the forestay with the end fitting every time. I longed to take it down but did not fancy the operation on such a dark night, particularly as it would have required hoisting again on rounding the light.

It was not very easy to steer for that light with its 20 second period and an accidental gybe took place once or twice - further out, however, its approximate position was obvious all the time from the lights of ships in endless procession, stem to stern, round the light. I felt safe from shipping interference there until a couple of boats (perhaps bound to and from Rye) passed close enough for me to reveal *Emma's* presence by the old and well-tried torch on the sails. The flash from the lightship was quite mesmerizing, especially when (towards 12.30) I began to feel the effects of my thirteen hours on the helm. Sometimes it appeared to be miles away, sometimes no more than a few hundred yards off, sometimes even up in the sky! However, the fatigue gradually wore off and at 2 o'clock the ship really was close at hand. *Emma* was yawing violently in the phosphorescent seas - sometimes I thought it better to leave the ship to port, sometimes to starboard. Almost suddenly it was to starboard - its glimmer regularly increasing to brilliance as the beam swept across my sails.

When Beachy Head light appeared well past her, I gybed and broad reached towards that lighthouse. At first progress seemed slow, but soon the tide was favourable so that the light speedily became more prominent and its elevation more obvious, Dawn began to break and in that early twilight the shore looked awfully close so I assumed a westerly course until I could have my first look at the chart for six hours. Just before sunrise I saw what appeared to be a jewel sparkling in the water not far away to the NW - rubbing my eyes did not seem to make any difference and I had nearly convinced myself it was a water sprite luring me to destruction when my attention was distracted for a while and, when I looked back, the mirage, optical illusion, or effect of fatigue was resolved - it was in fact the Newhaven breakwater light. The last few flashes before sunrise were sufficient to identify it and get its rough bearing. Then up came the sun and transformed the scene to one of dazzling beauty as

it illuminated the cliffs to a pitch of whiteness which almost hurt my unaccustomed eyes. From majestic Beachy Head the coast swept westwards with the Seven Sisters, tailing down to Cuckmere Haven and rounded off by Seaford Head - all capped with beautiful emerald green - a memorable morn after a long night and it spirited away my weariness. It was indeed one of those moments, one of which is enough to make the worst of travail during a long voyage worthwhile.

The wind freshened slightly so that it seemed possible to make Newhaven against the ebb until I was a mile or so off Seaford when the breeze became light. I therefore hove-to off the town, repaired the sail lashing and had some breakfast while awaiting the flood. She rode very well with the helm lashed only slightly down. By about 8.15 a mist was settling over the hills, the sun could no longer be seen, and the wind had freshened considerably. By then I had drifted some way to leeward of a suitable approach line and had to beat in. The fresh easterly, carrying a fine drizzle, kept the boat's lee gunwale well down on the water. As she passed round the end of the breakwater, however, the wind became less difficult to cope with; within the space between it and the east pier, light and variable, and she was becalmed between the two main piers, except for an occasional fitful gust more useless than none at all - especially as I had yet to learn that a headsail is a liability under such conditions. After much useless beating, I therefore got a tow from a passing motor launch and tied up alongside the old coal wharf at 10 o'clock.

Compiler's note

The following final section of the voyage was not submitted as Brian judged that "nothing of any real note happened". Following discussions at the 50th anniversary rally in Chichester in 2005 he agreed to supply the missing piece of the jigsaw to allow the picture to be completed. Oddly, by doing this, he made himself liable for the first time to be considered as a recipient of his own trophy.

Newhaven - Littlehampton – Gosport and the Folly Inn. I. O. W. by B. Naylor

The first two sections of this voyage were **Bradwell to Sandwich - En route to the Folly Inn 006/03** and **Sandwich - Newhaven via Dover - En route to the Folly Inn 009/12**. The purpose of the total journey from Bradwell on the River Blackwater on the East Coast to the Folly Inn on the River Medina above Cowes was to attend the first DCA Rally. The voyage commenced on July 17 1955 and the boat was left at Sandwich the next day. Sailing (single-handed from this point onwards) began again on July 21 until 23.

At Newhaven Brian says:

I took the opportunity of visiting a friend in Brighton and home for a couple of days.

The journey recommenced on 28 July 1955.

Newhaven - Littlehampton

Newhaven harbour Thursday, 28 July 1955

Breeze fresh N. E. so took 3 reefs in mainsail and hoisted the storm jib. My progress out of the harbour was interrupted by the dredger which decided to cross the harbour from W. to E. just as I approached. I therefore swung the boat into wind but could not make her stay round before her bowsprit grazed the stern of a fishing vessel on the starboard side. However the owner helped by pushing her round and by that time sufficient room was available past the dredger if he dropped his wire. This he did at my request and I passed out of the harbour successfully. When just round the end of the breakwater the slide on the jib clew pulled out due to inadequate tension on the outhaul. After several fruitless attempts to keep her into wind for long enough to do the necessary I steered into the lee of the breakwater, where I was able to do the adjustment in the comparatively quiet conditions prevailing there. It was then a broad reach in a breeze, strong in the gusts, punctuated by quiet periods.

Gradually the light periods began to prevail and I came to a whole fleet of racing dinghies, without a reef between them! I felt a little crestfallen at this but carried on until just past Shoreham harbour entrance when I shook out all the reefs and changed the storm for the working jib. Shoreham looked inviting; I must try that port sometime. From then on conditions got steadily lighter until complete calm prevailed off Lancing. Nearly an hour of this was suffered in the blazing sun. Then, quite suddenly, the wind went round to SW. and became a moderate breeze that, after appropriate sheet adjustments bore her along at what seemed like a terribly slow rate past Worthing pier and the next sewer outfall beacon. I kept close to the shore but could not go too close because of the numerous ugly breakwaters. The port tack gave me a slightly longer board, but it was almost a dead beat. At long last I could see a beacon ahead; presumably it was the end of the approach to Littlehampton. It looked as if I would go to it on the port tack but it was not quite as good as that and I had to go about when I got close to the beach.

Conditions just seemed right for going in. Arrival was just at high water and there was a fair wind for the entry. I was still thinking this is not more than 100 yards from the entrance when the wind forsook me and a flat calm took its place. This was infuriating. The thought of spending a night outside the harbour without my expected restaurant meal was really alarming. For about 20 minutes 'Emma' drifted without steerage way. Then came a light NE. air and I beat slowly into the harbour keeping close to the eastern dickerwork (lattice girder) breakwater because of the tidal stream setting westwards under the western pier. I made quite good progress, considering the fact that the ebb had already started, until I got between the quays when blanketing made progress negligible. A kind man then offered me a tow on the western side if I passed him a line. This I did and was released just inside the harbour proper, but lost much ground in crossing to the other side. I was again towed a bit further into the harbour, until alongside a pontoon against which I tied. The time was about 8.30pm. I entered the harbour at about 8.00pm, having covered 24.5 sea miles.

Littlehampton - Gosport

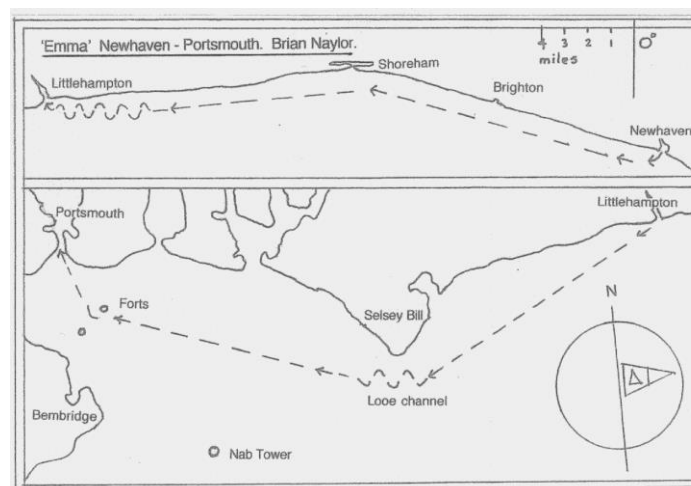
Littlehampton harbour Friday, 29 July 1955

Wind light NE. Full sail area. Wind and tide being together I set both sails and then cast off the stern line and doubled the bow to facilitate easy removal. Getting underway at 8.30am and out of the harbour was easy in that light breeze. First I set course for the Winter Knoll buoy but soon realised that I could turn in the direction of the Shelley Rocks buoy as there was plenty of water over the banks. I faced a difficulty by not having one chart that covered the whole of the present voyage. There was an apparent gap between those that I had. I located the Shelley rocks but was unable to identify with certainty the black unmarked buoy marked on my first chart, especially as the prolonged calm made steering very difficult.

The tide and the light airs propelled the boat slowly past Bognor. Like yesterday, a SW. breeze sprang up. This made it difficult to steer any kind of a decent compass course through the Looe channel as I had planned. However, I was shortly able to spot the Mixon beacon which I must leave to starboard. At this, the tide turned against me but the breeze was now a fresh one and gave excellent progress. Apparently from the chart, this area abounds with obstructions, but there was nothing visible even though the seas became steeper in certain patches. The sun shone benignly on the whole scene, the visibility being very good.

Numerous boards were necessary to clear the Mixon beacon but once past the rocks I made the fairway between the Street and the Pullar buoys in about four tacks. I deliberately kept the boat on the last starboard tack until well over on the Pullar side of the fairway in order to be able to bear away and clear the shoals in fine style against the tide. However no particular drag was experienced and I rejoiced exceedingly when finally through and sang a song to myself called "We're in the Solent". (To the tune of "We're in the Money".) Although geographically this is more than a bit out, it made a good ditty, excusable because it looked as if the voyage would be successful and to schedule too.

I then steered for the Bullock Patch buoy to the NE. of the Nab Tower from which the Portsmouth forts were visible. The wind continued moderate SW, just enough for one sailing alone with all canvas set. From Bullock Patch to the Horse Sand fort was a close reach and 'Emma' became a trifle frisky in her yawing. The seas were, in general, high and confused and never gave the boat or me a moment's respite. As I rounded the Horse Sand fort I saw 'Brittania' with an escorting vessel just emerging from Portsmouth after her refit. Got a fine view of her and actually managed to take a photograph of her whilst sailing 'Emma', this being difficult with her rolling abominably and often near gybing with the sea on her quarter. Entered Portsmouth harbour keeping well to the port side of the fairway, but did not obstruct any ferry, indeed the place seemed quite deserted. Passed the familiar naval vessels on the way to Hardway. Gilled about for a while off there as the presence of numerous bathers off the pontoons worried me and I was uncertain of the welcome I should get from the Club if I landed amongst them. Finally decided to do so and beat to windward a little, hove-to and raised the plate a bit followed by lowering the mainsail. Could not make the pontoon with that sail set so finally dropped anchor well up the creek near the YHA hostel. The tip of the plate had grated just before the anchor was dropped and I found myself over a stony or concrete bed. However the anchor held so I had a rest before setting sail again. This time I made for a bay in which many dinghies were moored opposite the house of the agent from whom I had chartered a boat earlier that year, Mr. Warde. Some children alerted me by their shouts not to venture too far into there so I went about and eventually brought up against the remains of a pier behind Mr. Warde's house and found this made a good berth. I had reached Hardway about 7.00pm. Distance covered 29 sea miles.



Gosport to the Isle of Wight

Hardway, Portsmouth harbour Sunday 31 July 1955

Wind moderate NE. Full sail area, beautiful sunny day. My crew was a boy I had made friends with at Hardway by the name of Shaun MacGuire. Turned the boat around before setting sail and she filled nicely on the port tack, on which we gained the deeper water at about 10.20am. We lowered the plate and went about to gain the harbour entrance. The voyage there was uneventful but we were overtaken by several of the racing dinghies from the Hardway Sailing Club amongst them being a Yachting World GP and an Albacore. Just outside the entrance as we turned over the spit the water was quite rough, the waves being about two feet high and 'Emma' yawed considerably in the quartering seas. Shaun took the helm for a while shortly afterwards and proved fair at it.

Later as we steered straight for Egypt Point the wind progressively lightened and the seas degenerated into mere ripples. As it was the beginning of Cowes week its location was easily picked out by the concentration of sails in that area. The course employed was that leading straight to Cowes but, due to Shaun's misunderstanding she was actually steered on a more southerly course for a while. Picking one's way through the maze of lavishly fitted out yachts, some racing and in Cowes roads was extremely difficult, but we managed to extricate ourselves after taking one or two photographs of 'Britannia' at anchor there. The wind was but a light air and Gurnard Bay looked very inviting in the sunshine so we dropped anchor there about 2.00pm and prepared a sumptuous meal of boiled pork, potatoes and onion sauce, followed by tinned fruit. At about 4.15pm we set sail again on a close reach in a light air back towards Cowes.

We entered the Medina before a fair wind amidst what seemed to be all the yachts in creation, some under engine, some under sail, mostly going back to their moorings. Somehow or other, much to my intense relief most of them secured early and we were left in the company of one or two, also bound up the river. Just on the seaward side of the floating bridge a flat calm was experienced through which we slowly drifted; then the fair wind was replaced by a completely adverse one which was at least constant and reliable, though light. In it we steadily overtook a two and a half tonner.

The jib was being awkward and its boom kept catching on the mast so that I had to station Shaun on the foredeck to make sure it went over. Made fine progress in this style until the Folly Inn was well in sight to port. Shaun had another go at the helm, then I took over and ran her gently aground near the jetty there. She was afterwards towed a few yards and fastened to the jetty by the stem and anchored astern about 5.15pm. I was thus attending the first rally of the Dinghy Cruising Association, which had been the reason for hurrying to the S. coast.

So ended the 178 sea mile voyage from Bradwell, accomplished in 72 hours. 126 of these miles had been sailed single-handed.

Compiler's note

The first entry in the DCA Index, Section 6, Rallies and Meetings says "Bulletin No. 1, Page 5. South Coast rally reports: Folly Inn [IOW] & Bosham". The report can be read on the next page.

The First DCA Rally

The reason that Brian Naylor sailed from Bradwell on the East Coast to the Folly Inn, near Cowes on the Isle of Wight, was to attend the first DCA Rally which had been arranged at an inaugural meeting of the South Coast group on 30 May in the Salterns Hotel, Langstone Harbour. This and a report on the rally are recorded in Bulletin 1, page 5.

About the inaugural meeting (extract):

Dead silence greeted the proposal that a secretary should be elected and, as the fate of the DCA hung in the balance, Lt. Commr. Fairley gallantly volunteered. A treasurer was also required and Mrs Fairley suddenly found herself elected.

Two rallies were planned, one at the Folly Inn on the Medina River, July 31st and one at Bosham, Chichester, August 14. A subscription was fixed at 2/6 (two shillings and sixpence) and Mrs Fairley enthusiastically swung into action.

The rally report makes wonderful reading. This is it in full.

The fine weather helped to make this first rally very successful. The following boats and crew took part: T Thorp, having recently purchased a Fairey Albacore sailed over from Chichester on Saturday the 30th accompanied by Miss Brazier. A.G. Earl, author of 'Dinghy Cruising', sailed over from Chichester in his ten-footer Sunday morning and arrived about noon. He had to get back the same day, so could not wait for the rest of us to arrive, returning on the afternoon east going tide. It was a pity we missed him as he has done more for dinghy cruising than anyone else and is regarded by many as the 'master', being responsible for introducing many to the sport through his book. E. G. Coleman arrived in his cruising dinghy with S.J.W. Bromet in the afternoon and soon afterwards three boats arrived from the Tudor Sailing Club - J. Reeve in his remarkable 14 foot Humber Yawl, J. Smith and R. Dancy in a fearful old 18 foot one-design, and Jack Roberts with a friend in a 14 foot Bermudan dinghy. C.S. Dent and his wife in a Nicholson one-design arrived from Fareham, Hants, this being their first cruise in the Solent.

In the evening Lt. Commr. Fairley turned up in his 18 foot Solent Seagull, having cruised to France and the Channel Islands since the meeting on May 30th. Apparently he sails to France once a season owing to a passion for French oysters! B. Naylor turned up in a 14 foot cabin dinghy which he had sailed single handed round from the east coast. After a highly satisfactory evening at the Inn, the Committee met at about midnight aboard the Seagull. Suddenly a 6 foot pram appeared alongside and her crew of four solemnly announced that they were about to row round the Isle of Wight! They were persuaded however to get back to bed and sleep it off. The following day the rally ended, T. Thorp sailing for the east coast accompanied by E. G. Coleman in his boat as far as Newhaven.

Compiler's note

Following his voyage, Brian based the boat at the Hardway Sailing Club near Gosport and continued to cruise in this south coast area.

About his boat 'Emma', Brian says:

'The hull was by Blanks Boatyard on the Lea. She was a dinghy with a soft chine, that member being a plank rather than a timber of nearly square section. She was based, with considerable modification on a design by John Westell then editor of Yachts and Yachting. She had a dagger plate completely housed which eventually joined the deckhead of the cabin, without which she was sailed for a season. She sailed very well and with her self-tacking jib would beat up the narrowest of channels. Her drawback was in her auxiliary power, or lack of it. Mostly it was just a paddle, although I did experiment with a yuloh. She would have been difficult to row, but I got by with particular attention to the tides, even in Brittany. I was sorry to part with her but I needed something bigger.'

In a letter dated March 2006 Brian gave this further detail:

Boat

Length overall, including bowsprit: 16' 10"

Beam: 5' 0"

Draught: 10" plate up, 3' 6" plate down.

Weight incl. ballast: Approx. 600lbs

She sailed without a cabin during the usual short cruises in the River Blackwater, Crouch and Colchester regions and on an annual longer cruise as far as the Ore and Alde, visiting most of the rivers and inlets between in 1953. After the installation of the cabin at Hedgecock's yard in Maldon, the cruise was to the south coast 1955.

In 1957 she cruised with crew via Cowes to Barfleur, Cherbourg and Ormonville (prolonged stay) and returned in quite rough weather.

In 1958 she went via Cowes to Weymouth, Christchurch and Poole. An abortive attempt at a return resulted in a night at sea (27 hours alone). There was crew in the early part of the voyage.

1960 saw her conveyed as deck cargo on a small coaster by the name of 'Derwentwater' from The Camber, Portsmouth, to St Helier, Jersey. Thence she sailed (after being stormbound for a few days) to Lezadrieux, Port Clos (Ille Brehat) and Pampol, then back to St. Helier (night passage) with one crew throughout. Return was by British Rail to Southampton.

She was sold in 1963 to a Malcolm Hodd and expected to be berthed at Whitstable. Later she was spotted by Eric Coleman and her owner said he planned to fit bilge keels in lieu of the dagger plate and Eric told him not to be such a fool, because of the likely reduction in sailing performance.

The 'Rules' or 'Conditions' for awarding the Naylor Noggin

No sooner had I begun to read the Noggin accounts than I became aware that they had been written to fit within a set of Rules or Conditions. Some of the early writers complained about these restrictions. I set out to find the definitive list of conditions but each time I found a list it was different from the others. I record the different versions here as they have had a great effect on the accounts and even the selection of 'eligible' submissions.

Bulletin 013/02 (1961)

The Annual Trophy

In the preamble to the conditions that encouraged members to submit accounts it said:

“Entries please, of not more than two thousand words, to any officer of the Association on or before 31 December.” The conditions are set out below:-

1. To be awarded for the best log of a cruise which took place during the season preceding the award.
2. Marks to be awarded on the scope of the voyage, the seamanship displayed, and the literary merit.
3. Judgement to be given by the Central Committee in time to give adequate notice to the recipient of presentation at the AGM.
4. The trophy to be held by the recipient for one year.
5. The trophy to be retained by an officer of the Association if not awarded because of lack of entries or ones of inadequate standard.
6. The trophy to be inscribed with each recipient's name and the year of the presentation.
7. The trophy not to be held by the same person for more than three consecutive years.
8. The log to be available for eventual publication in the Bulletin.

It will be seen that the two thousand word limit which caused such problems to some writers was not one of the true conditions as originally set out. Losing this word limit gave the freedom of expression which many writers wanted. As the years passed by, virtually every one of the conditions had to be set aside, as will be seen.

Much Later

In writing about the Trophy 171/02 (2001/02) Peter Bick wrote this:

Brian laid down that it should be for the log of a cruise in a sailing dinghy; i.e. an open sailing boat with a maximum size of some 18 feet. The cruise should be adventurous, but not unsafe or foolhardy, with the main body of the cruise completed under sail. The log should be reasonably well written with continuity, not just a list of places visited, preferably capturing the essence of what dinghy cruising is all about.

The winner should be decided by the committee with the President having the casting vote. It is probably true to say that the length of the log is unimportant ... a long log tends to send the readers to sleep.

Whilst we can see that this states roughly what the 'rules' are we can also see that once again, certain conditions have been added especially relating to the type of boat allowed for the cruise account. The original conditions did NOT specify an open boat or a length limit. Alan Glanville's Ness Yawl is perfectly within the spirit of a dinghy cruising boat and it is over 19 ft in length. Eric Coleman himself had a 'lid' on his boat as did Brian Naylor, Charles Stock and Brian McClellan to select just a few others who had an interest in this trophy. Most telling of all is that Peter Bick, the writer of this explanation, had a 'cabin' on his Roamer when he won it in 1986.

To some extent this situation was corrected at the 2004 AGM when the president (Roger Barnes) spoke about it 183/06.

The president stated that whilst in the past the Naylor Noggin had been excluded to cruises in craft with cabins, it was his view that this could be relaxed slightly in the future.

The latest view about the 'rules' have come from Brian Naylor himself in this compilation and whilst they have already been included they are worth repeating here because they are clear, not overly restrictive and simply give guidance. They might be summed up by saying that any really good interesting story about a dinghy cruise will be in the running for consideration. This guidance (not rules) is still about the best available.

"I decided that the Committee should choose the recipient to the following rules that are an indication of what I had in mind when the trophy was donated.

1. For passages mainly under sail.
2. Be adventurous without compromising safety.
3. Be influenced by the total distance sailed and the number of places visited.
4. It should be in a readable style with description, not just a dreary list of facts against dates.
5. If it has not already been published in the Bulletin it should be published within an agreed time limit, say, within two years of the award."

It might be thought that the last condition is not needed now as the winning cruise is usually selected from those already printed but research has shown that some accounts may not have been fully published when perhaps they might have been. 1998 is an example of this and 1968 also disappeared for rather a long time.

In 2007 Brian Naylor in corresponding about the trophy (see 195/9) suggested that the first condition governing its award should be:

"The Noggin should be awarded FULL for the best account of a dinghy cruise published in the Bulletin."

**Winners of the Naylor Noggin Award
Dinghy Cruising Association Best Log of the Year**

Name	Year	Bulletin Reference
John Deacon	1960	011/06
Alec Barge	1961	014/05
Eric Coleman	1962	016/04
John Deacon	1963	021/06
<i>No award</i>	1964	
Charles Stock	1965	029/06
<i>No award</i>	1966	
Peter Clutterbuck	1967	033/05 & 035/06
Brian Earl	1968	175/36

Ten year gap

Joan Abrams	1978	082/16 & 083/07
David McClellan	1979	082/21
Elizabeth Baker	1980	087/25
Edwin Dewhirst	1981	090/13
Hugh Clay	1982	089/14, 090/19, 094/19, 097/22, 098/19, 102/11 & 103/12
John Gray	1983	101/10, 102/20 & 103/18
John Baden	1984	104/16
Richard Petter	1985	110/16
Peter Bick	1986	110/23
<i>No award</i>	1987	
Jim and Renee Bailey	1988	121/22
<i>No award</i>	1989	
Elizabeth Baker	1990	122/20 & 123/09
Keith Muscott	1991	133/25 & 133/35
Brian McClellan	1992	136/14
<i>No award</i>	1993	
Douglas Heslop	1994	142/24
Dave Morton	1995	149/26 & 150/40
David Jones	1996	151/20
David Sumner	1997	157/32
Len Wingfield	1998	Part 1 161/28 , Part 2 189/32
Ed Wingfield	1999	162/23
Alan Glanville	2000	166/27
Peter Baxter	2001	173/40
Paul Constantine	2002	177/23
Ross Murray	2003	179/36
Dick Houghton	2004	183/30
Ted Jones	2005	187/30
Brian Naylor	2006	Part 1 (1958) 006/03 & 009/12, Part 2 191/42
Alastair Law	2007	196/34
Ted Jones	2008	200/46
David Jones	2009	202/29
John Hughes	2010	209/27
Steve Bradwell	2011	212/43
Charlie Hitchen	2012	214/49

The Noggin Accounts

Winner 1960: John Deacon 011/06

Westward Ho! Westward No!

Boat: *Jady Lane*; 14 ft Clinker Yawl, no engine.

Crew: Not named; referred to only as 'Crew'.

No chart or illustration.

This is an absolutely delightful account of a Solent cruise from the Hamble to Christchurch written in an old fashioned, understated way. John makes clear that he and his crew were newcomers to the sport and cheerfully describes their many adversities experienced and hardships overcome in wrestling with the English 'summer' weather in a small boat.

It was probably a reminiscence of one of his early cruises for by the time that this was published he had become a very experienced dinghy cruiser and one of the main 'pillars' of the early DCA. If this was so then already we can see that Condition 1 of the 1961 'rules' (published in bulletin 013/02, two issues later than the one in which this account appeared) had been dropped in favour of awarding the Noggin to such an excellent narrative. Here are just a few phrases which still speak clearly to us. There are many more.

“The loan of a buoy off the Hamble cost us half-a-crown, financially a disastrous start to any cruise.”

“Water sloshing about inside the boat is, I believe, demoralising.”

“It was now two days since we first left the Hamble and still less than five miles away.”

The boat used is not named but he describes it as a little yawl so it is easy to guess that it was the 14ft *Jady Lane*, continuing to (2004/5) participate in adventurous cruising in the ownership of Aidan de la Mare (See *Jady Lane* in Denmark, with photos, 180/22 & 26 & 181/20). A reprinted article from Bulletin 25 'The Dover Channel' (182/38) has a very interesting picture showing *Jady Lane* close-reaching using a gunter yawl rig, with the main set flying on the mast and apparently sheeted directly to the stern quarter, like an off-wind sail. He said that the convenience of not attaching the sail to the mast was enormous. It came down FAST. He used an extended foredeck cover. In a talk to the DCA AGM, 21 Feb 1998 at Calshot, John said that he bought the boat in Chertsey for £55 and as it had exactly 5ft beam it did not need a Thames license at that time. It had rot so he soaked it in creosote which still gives it a pleasant pine smell. The rot was still there but the boat would last as long as he needed it because it didn't have long to go! It had been called *Lady Jane* but he changed this to register it.

Another article in 007 (reprinted in 083/21 & 146/25) describes in detail John's domestic organisation in the boat which reveals as much about the man as his methods. This article (six issues earlier) is further proof of the depth of his experience and shows that the winning cruise account came from an earlier period. He said that it took him ten years to sail the South Coast. His gentle, humorous narrative style is so relaxing to read, one is left with an aura of nostalgia and the conviction that this is a cruise account of the highest quality.

We will meet John again.

Winner 1961: Alec Barge 014/05

Around Two Islands

Boat: GP14. No crew. No engine.

No chart or illustration.

This title is a complete understatement. The voyage is one which begins in Gravesend, River Thames, circumnavigates the Isle of Sheppey and then the second island of the title is the Isle of Wight. He sails between them, there and back, sailing at weekends, singlehanded, from 8 July until 25 November and also uses his two week holiday in August. The lack of engine produces a different type of sailing as he is often obliged to anchor and wait many hours for the tides to become favourable. There are echoes of R.T. McMullen or even Slocum in the methods employed.

The boat: A self-built GP 14, No 2857 described elsewhere as having Enterprise blue sails with red topsides; the description is extended to include Alec himself as he *'often visits Queenborough, can be found in "The Castle" pub.'* Whilst cruising he tried to sleep ashore in a tent but when this was not possible he slept in the boat without any kind of awning. He removed the seats to allow space to sleep in the boat.

In his introduction there is a surprising detail. Due to a capsize before the cruise both his radio and his clock (echoes of Slocum) were made unserviceable, so to get accuracy, even for just knowing the time, he has to go ashore and ask someone ... and he does. In the 5 months of cruising he appears not to have replaced the clock.

He is very mindful of the limit of two thousand words for Noggin entries saying at the beginning and end that this is too restrictive for this cruise. This rigid adherence to the perceived 'rule' produces some miracles of compression such as his entry for August 23 which reads *'Around the Isle of Wight. Cowes to Cowes twelve and a half hours.'* This alone, for most people, might be sufficient to deserve the Naylor Noggin! On the following day he sails to Lymington, wind SW F5-6, five rolls in the main and no jib, racing (he likes to race) against a small cruiser, *'mainly to relax after yesterday's effort.'*

Reading the details of Alec's cruise one might venture to observe that it is probable that this cruise would not be published in a commercial sailing magazine today. It would cause such an outcry concerning safety and the publisher might be branded as irresponsible for printing it. Some examples:

Sailing at night in strong weather. He leaves Eastbourne to beat into a SW F4 around Beachy Head at 17.00hrs arriving at Newhaven by 24.00. Beaching in surf. When returning to Eastbourne he runs ashore under jib only with the helm lashed amidships and is *'ignominiously pitched out of the boat onto the shingle when a breaking sea made the boat broach to and capsize. As a result of this calamity the cruise was temporarily suspended.'* The account refers to at least three capsizes. His 'real problems' are not quite the same as ours might be. August 7 was one of his worst days. *'This was a day of great privation. I had lost some cigarettes in Bognor so I did not have a smoke from Chichester to Warsash, a great hardship for me.'* Later: *'Went ashore at Worthing to get cigarettes. Heavy swell running so that I had to swim ashore and even that was tricky. On this day two people were drowned at Peacehaven by a large swell sweeping them off the beach.'*

This was sailing in the Corinthian spirit (regarded, I understand, with disapproval by some in the Association at the time). One is left with a feeling of admiration and some personal inadequacy reading Alec's exploits.

Do they make them like that anymore?

Winner 1962: Eric Coleman 016/04

A Varied Cruise

Crew: Maureen Coleman.

Boat: *Aurora* - 13'6" Clinker, Gunter, white hull, varnished cabin (large, designed to make the boat self-righting), short bowsprit, no ballast (enables stores for two people for three weeks to be carried), with outboard.

A small sketch map shows the boat's track in the open North Sea.

The cruise was two weeks and 3 days and the declared intention of the voyage was to sail to the Frisian Islands from Maldon, Essex and return, which would be considered extreme today in a 13"6" boat.

In the event the intended destination of the voyage was not achieved as Eric and Maureen suffered one of those English summers that experienced cruisers know so well. A succession of depressions pinned them inside the East Coast rivers, particularly the River Ore/Alde where they wandered for a week whilst *'surf broke over the peninsular just south of Aldeburgh.'* They realised just how difficult it can be to get out over the bar even when the conditions briefly improved at times.

Finally they escaped and sailed out over halfway (about 70 miles) but at one o'clock in the morning the wind became E 5-6 and they took action to secure the boat for extreme conditions. The longest single description of the whole account is of this process of lashing down the yard and boom, securing a radar reflector, removing the rudder and streaming the sea anchor. It is apparent that this process had been long in the planning and one suspects that truly, it was what Eric was seeking, to test his theories and the boat. They retire below and secure all hatches. Eric discovers that he is not immune to seasickness as he had previously thought. A naval vessel arrives and attempts to give them shelter so Eric signals them in Morse code to confirm they do not need assistance.

Following this they return to England as the conditions remain adverse and they are mindful of the time remaining for their cruise. One also suspects that Eric's hidden agenda of testing his systems for heavy weather survival have been satisfactorily undertaken. At the conclusion Eric notes that *'one offshore cruise does not prove 'Aurora' is a deep sea boat'*, thus revealing that this was an important part of the motivation for the voyage. The size of this boat, the modifications that he made and many of its features show that it was probably the prototype for the Roamer/Rebell craft which he eventually designed and constructed. The qualities of the boat had to be practically tested and this was part of that process.

The remaining sailing in the River Deben and the Walton Backwaters is in more settled weather with very relaxed exploration being the theme. Even so, in the smallest of creeks they meet their moment of greatest danger as the boat is caught broadside by a rushing ebb and *'heeled over at an alarming angle'*. The cruise ends with them returning to the Blackwater and in light weather conditions Eric, the founding figure of the DCA, writes *'to hell with sailing and on with the beautiful engine'*. He may have become a legend, but he was a realist and had a very flexible attitude.

It will be noted (for the purpose of the Noggin) that he was sailing a cabined boat.

Winner 1963: John Deacon 021/06

The South Side of Devon

Boat: *Jady Lane* (See 1960 notes)

Crew?

Seagull outboard

John is the only man whose name appears twice on the trophy. (*No longer the case – there have been 3 others since 2005.*) It is deserved because he was a good descriptive writer who undertook well planned cruises, but he was also fortunate that there appeared to be few competitors his literary equal in the early days. There is a note in the bulletin that explains there were only two entries for the Noggin that year and then justifies the reasons for this choice of winner.

The locations were Teignmouth-Torquay-Brixham-Dartmouth/Dittisham-Salcombe-Dartmouth. It is a cruise without major incident and perhaps it should be rolled together with the following year's account called simply 'Falmouth' (029/10) which follows on almost seamlessly in style and content. This covers Fowey-St.Mawes-Falmouth-Helston and the return. This additional section includes an interesting incident, clearly described. He gives the details of his actions when at two in the morning his anchored boat begins to settle on sharp rocks with a falling tide.

In both cruises he sees his boat from an elevated position, afloat in a quiet pool and the image was important to him and reveals to us something of his emotional attachment to his craft. In the first he says '*we looked down on our tiny ship all buttoned up for the night and quietly waiting the return of her sleepy crew*'. Whilst in the second he expresses it as '*we could clearly see our dinghy, lying quietly in the centre of the pool with her white canvas cabin and her two slender masts pointing almost at us, patiently she awaited the return of her coracle and crew*'.

Both of these extracts are slightly unusual for John, who, whilst he admitted to the presence of a crew, frequently omitted to include him in the narrative, often writing in the first person singular, especially where emotions were concerned, unless it was necessary for the clarity of the story to include his crew. John doesn't name him and invariably refers to him simply as 'Crew'. As he undertook an equal part in the sailing and the discomforts, much of the cooking (which John appreciates) and domestic duties, it is odd that he is not named. He is referred to once as '*a medical man*'. (In an old colour photograph displayed at the DCA 50th anniversary meet in Cobnor 2005, John Deacon is pictured in *Jady Lane* and his crew on this occasion was identified as Ernest Bailey.)

I can speculate here that John was influenced in his thinking by the famous 'small' boat pioneer R.T. McMullen. The introductions written to his 'Down Channel' discuss why he omits to 'include' the crew in much of his writing. Dixon Kemp in the 1893 introduction says McMullen wrote to him of a crewed, cruise account '*in such a boat an expedition of the nature I had been engaged in was safer managed alone. As regards actual work, nothing throughout the day was advanced a minute.*' Having to talk was a distraction, '*one's thoughts being interrupted by conversations and numerous instructions, things almost essential to safety were overlooked as they had not been before*'. McMullen himself wrote in his introduction. '*Mrs. McMullen and other visitors, who never added strength to the crew, though they were occasionally on board in very trying times, are not mentioned in the book*'.

The entry that missed the trophy in this year came from Charles Stock, but his was to be the next name on the trophy.

There was no winner in 1964.

Winner 1965: Charles Stock 029/06

Shoal Water's Summer cruise

Boat: 16'6" Fairey Falcon hot moulded hull - *Shoal Water*

Single-handed; definitely NO engine

Sketch map

This is a well-known story of Thames Estuary cruising to anyone who has been an avid reader of cruising accounts, for it has been published elsewhere. His book 'Sailing Just for Fun' includes fuller versions of the material compressed here for the Noggin word-limit rule. He appears to cram as much sailing activity as is humanly possible into every minute of the 24 hour day. Even sleeping is a brief 'sailing activity' determined by wind and tide and designed to quickly recharge the skipper for the next challenging leg of the marathon.

This cruise can still present an awesome challenge to any fit, young dinghy cruiser to the present day. Could you repeat this cruise? Even though he has three relatively inactive days towards the end he packs an awful lot of sailing into the fortnight and a couple of days. There is a sketch chart on page 029/08 and to fully appreciate the undertaking one can photocopy it and then draw in the track, adding the times he gives. (He has drawn in the West and East Barrow sands but not named them. Leigh is on the north shore of the Thames to the east of Holehaven.) It becomes apparent that not only does he cover the complete East Coast Rivers area but he invariably pushes right up to the practical limit of navigation on each river, beyond where most people would venture. This is particularly true of the rivers Stour in both Essex and Kent.

Charles precedes his cruise account with a description of how he came to build '*Shoal Water*' 029/05 and includes an outline specification of some of the major features of the craft. He evolved a unique way of testing himself and his boat. He liked to sail for 'distance' and kept a detailed record of what he achieved. An example of this is on the 15 June when he is moored at Harwich and intends to go to Leigh. Most people (in a 16'6" boat) with a journey of this length would wait to take the flood tide directly from one place to the other. However, Charles departs at 04.45 and goes up the Orwell first, before returning and then sailing south across the Estuary. It was this kind of sailing that Charles and his boat became famous for. He used the tide in both directions, day and night to accumulate distance.

The conclusion of his *Shoal Water* article gives an indication of his attainments and his meticulous record keeping. "*Shoal Water* cruised 100 miles in a weekend (50 hours)" With only 24 hours in a day, this indicates a real 'workout' for any cruiser. Another record which he was proudly maintaining was that *Shoal Water* had no engine and had never been towed or rowed, yet always got back to her mooring by Sunday evening.

To win the Noggin on this cruise Charles covered 588 miles in 190 hours of sailing.

Charles' final cruise is a unique piece of writing and can be found in 211/61.

Charles died 19 September 2012. An obituary can be found in 218/61. This also includes information about the next owner of *Shoal Water*.

There was no winner for 1966.

Winner 1967: Peter Clutterbuck 033/05

Calypso's 1966 cruise

Crew: George Greenwood

Boat: Wayfarer 265 'Calypso'

No map.

Peter explains that he is basically a Norfolk Broads sailor with a season in the Solent and he felt that he should try to do some open sea sailing. What follows this bland introduction is a leap into some really scary experiences in fairly heavy wind-against-tide situations between Handfast Point and St Alban's Head just off Swanage. It is not for the faint-hearted. The reader has a white-knuckle ride but Peter naively wonders if this is what sea sailing is always like? At one point he describes a condition rarely experienced unless in over gale force winds in the open ocean *'the seas seemed to make a peculiar roaring sound identical to that of a jetliner passing overhead'* so anyone, who has known this phenomena understands that he was at the extreme limits of a Wayfarer with *'seven rolls in the main and small jib which was being thrown bodily sideways in a smother of foam by breaking crests'*.

They actually sail from the Hamble - Keyhaven - Poole and they are trying not to camp too much as this takes precious sailing time. They try to find accommodation ashore, but this appears to take even more time. It has (unintended) slightly comic consequences as they enquire at the police station whether they can stay in the cells overnight. They sleep at George's grandmother's and in an outboard shed; they double book hotels and double book double beds! There are problems with the food supply and bits of boat keep breaking. Whilst it is probably not meant to be funny the reader, so long after the event, cannot help but be amused at some of the entertaining actions and situations described.

Their intention is to sail to Weymouth but it is a relief when they finally decide that perhaps the conditions might be against them and they turn to return to the Solent. The reader's relief is short lived as a bolt in the rudder breaks and the sides of the stock are split apart. They stream a drogue, remove the rudder and with tools including a 'G' cramp, effect a repair. There is seamanship evident here and also in the next incident. A short while later still in heavy conditions, they come across a large keel boat experiencing difficulty with a broken mainsheet block, so they stand by in case they are required, offering to launch distress signals. Eventually all is well and they return to the Hamble to more effectively repair their own rudder.

One might expect the cruise to be over but they still have time available and so they set off again, aiming for Littlehampton or Shoreham. There is still enough wind for the main to have five rolls in it but despite this, somewhere off Ryde, the mainsheet block shatters under the strain. They effect an ingenious repair but in the process of getting underway the rudder is lost as the crew is momentarily knocked unconscious by the boom. They head off for Chichester Harbour steering with the tiller lashed to a paddle. They entered the harbour with the waves big enough to give them some exciting surfing and then sail up to Emsworth where they curtailed their cruise as they were unable to buy a new rudder.

Throughout the trials and tribulations the two accept all that is thrown at them with good humour because they seem to feel that this is 'sea sailing' and they are learning to 'do' it. With hindsight, one wonders if they identified where the discomforts were 'inevitable fate' and where they were probably a product of their own lack of forward planning. They deserved the Noggin simply for surviving, but the story was not over, there was a Part 2.

Winner 1967 (continued): Peter Clutterbuck 035/06

Calyпсо's 1966 Cruise Part 2

Crew: Johnno Stokes

Boat: As Part 1

No map.

Surely anyone who had endured the hardships of Part 1 of this cruise would have retired to a deck chair in the garden with pipe and slippers, but not Peter. His enthusiasm knew no bounds and he was still determined to reach Weymouth, so after modifications and repairs the boat set sail from Keyhaven on 9th of September.

The previous day Peter had made yet another entertaining overnight arrangement sleeping on seat cushions in the yacht club. Both he and his crew (coming from home) slept through their alarms and they departed late.

The weather which had been so violently opposed during their previous attempts was precisely the opposite, being a gentle following wind. He describes the rounding of St Alban's Head as being disappointing, there was so little disturbance. The sea became so smooth that Peter cooked a meal and at times they were becalmed. Eventually a south-westerly breeze took them into Weymouth at midnight.

True to form they spent the night in a concrete shelter on the beach and amusingly, were woken by a policeman and his dog checking the shelter in the morning. About 11 o'clock they departed for the return journey and stopped off in Lulworth Cove for lunch. The wind slowly increased as they planed across Poole Bay and into the Solent. At 11 o'clock that night they ghosted into the Hamble to conclude their 65 mile passage. Peter had finally achieved his ambition to sail to Weymouth and back.

Peter and Tom Moore sailed a Wayfarer to Norway in 1969. 089/14

Peter's adventures now appear in his book, published in 2018:
The Sea Takes No Prisoners: Offshore Voyages in an Open Dinghy

Winner 1968: Brian Earl 175/36

Five Counties by Sea

Crew: Chris

Boat: 15ft Albacore 89. No engine.

Sketch Map by Len Wingfield.

Now here is a mystery which one feels may yet be resolved. Brian won the Noggin for his 1968 cruise account but apparently it wasn't published until 2002. In addition the Naylor Noggin seems not to have been awarded for the next ten years, only reappearing again according to the inscriptions upon it in 1978.

Brian's father Allan Earl was DCA member No 1 and he died in 2001. There is an obituary with a photograph in 173/02 by Len Wingfield. Allan was the author of the book 'Dinghy Cruising'. His son Brian was only 16 when he undertook this sail, one which his father had dreamed of doing for many years. Other adventurous voyages are mentioned with bulletin references in issue 173.

The published account is preceded by a short introduction from Len Wingfield who has provided an outline sketch map of the English south coast to give some idea of the distances covered. The boat was a much modified Albacore which was well known as a large powerful dinghy (famous at one stage for towing a water skier). Allan wrote about the boat in 021/10 and Brian introduces his particular craft at the beginning of the Noggin account. Amongst its equipment was a trapeze.

The cruise covers over 400 miles from Itchenor to the Helford River in Cornwall and the return, so by the 2000 word limit observed in those days, it has to be brief, business-like and to the point. The boat is fast and they use this boat speed to advantage in positioning themselves to exploit favourable runs of tide even against strong winds. They sail to keep to weather of their destination, anticipating possible wind shifts and they monitor the weather situation to stay out of trouble.

Many larger seagoing cruisers have been defeated in their attempts to make this journey by the lengthy crossing of West Bay most often called Lyme Bay. Brian crosses Portland to Salcombe averaging about 6 knots. Word-limit compression means that the days sailing to the Yealm, Cawsand, Gorran Haven and Helford are reduced to about a sentence each. The return is similarly covered by brief comments. In Salcombe again they are joined by Brian's father, Allan and brother, David in a 22ft Kestrel Cruiser for a few days to enjoy what might be called a relaxing holiday. Setting off across West Bay again they cover half the distance at a speed of about 7 knots but then they are becalmed for 6 hours in a swell so bad that they are both seasick. They continue directly to Poole, an offshore journey directly from Dartmouth of 71 miles. A couple more days takes them back to Itchenor where their friends are waiting with their trolley to welcome them ashore. They had completed 438.5 (note the .5!) miles in what Len Wingfield correctly describes as an epic cruise.

There is a general update on the family's boats by Allan Earl in 090/10 (1981)

Winner 1978: Joan Abrams 082/16 & 083/07

From Cheshire Dee to Solway Dee

Boat: 15ft Morag Clinker dinghy. No engine.

Nice big full-page sketch map.

As the Bulletin editor for many years Joan needs no introduction. She begins with a brief description of her 15ft clinker dinghy '*Hronrad*', which carried a hundredweight of ballast but no engine. A detailed description of the craft can be found in 087/16 with an illustration 087/28.

The single-handed voyage is an extended Irish Sea journey from Cheshire up the north west coast of England eventually crossing into Scotland. The length of the journey and the account allowed it to span two issues with the sketch map of the journey being in the second issue. It marked the end of the adherence to a two thousand word limit observed by the earlier entries and it is much the better for it, as the writer is allowed to describe points of interest without feeling limited.

Many of the early navigational/pilotage details have a distinctly industrial feel. She sails in the 'swash' and the 'gutter' and makes for the '*Outer Corporation mark at the end of the sewer revetment.*' She has some unusual experiences. A bait digger tells her of a body washed up; she sees the Fleetwood trawler fleet putting to sea and she comes under artillery fire. One has a strong impression of Joan's good prior planning, personal experience and determination as well as practical competence. When she damages her mizzen mast she simply anchors, gets out her toolbox and saws it down to a smaller but still useful size and re-steps it. After being under way for 16 hours one day she sets-to to make a replacement rubber washer for her primus pump. She sails long days, sometimes lighting her primus at 04.30 for breakfast and dropping anchor again at 20.40 on 'normal' days. For the crossing of the Solway Firth she takes the Shipping Forecast at 00.20 before sleeping then wakes at 03.25 to sail until 20-21.00 in the evening.

There is a sense of discovery as she explores and describes many new sights in what might still be called a 'quiet' cruising area. She mixes walks ashore when possible with her sailing which covers in excess of 100 miles. The journey is broken at Ravenglass in the Lake District where she leaves the boat for two months moored with a couple of anchors, which is another departure from previous accounts. She lives on the boat using it as a base for ten days to do walking trips in the Lake District before sailing again. At the conclusion she once more resides in the boat whilst living in Kirkcudbright before trailing back to Cheshire once more.

Excellent black and white photos of *Hronrad* in 182/26 & 27

Bulletin 205, Winter 2009, sadly reported the death of Joan Abrams on October 13 2009. Pages 3-6 have tributes; pages 21-25 have cruise accounts. There are colour pictures on pages 27-29. It is no exaggeration to say that whilst Joan may have been a physically diminutive figure she was a towering presence in the DCA. Totally dedicated, strong opinions powerfully expressed and greatly loved by all as the 'leader' within the DCA for so many years.

Winner 1979: David McClellan 082/21
"Paddington Afloat" Log of an East Coast Cruise
Crew: Gail Hughes later to become Gail McClellan.
Boat: 11ft Gaff-rigged Embassy dinghy. No engine.
No chart.

David explains that his boat has similarities with Paddington Bear, being '*pretty, affectionate, and somewhat inefficient*'. In only one week they sail half a dozen of the East Coast rivers. Although this is in mainly light conditions it doesn't mean that it is easy. In fact it is a bit of a workout as they have to search for campsites ashore, trailer, launch, row/sail, recover and pitch camp virtually every day, sometimes until quite late. No wonder Gail's hands suffered from constant salt water immersion. Such exertions are probably only possible with the enthusiasm and energy of relative youth. Fortunately for the DCA both David and Gail later channelled their considerable energies into working for the Association and helping it to grow.

For anyone who knows the terrain covered by the cruise as it is today this account is a reminder of a different age. They light a fire ashore where now they might be arrested for such an action. They camp in a spot which is now covered by a marina and they launch at Orford Quay where a fee of £1 entitles them to car parking and launching for a whole year. Some things don't change and a boat that they mention '*Patient Griselda*' still has a mooring close to where they saw her in 1978. A couple of highlights in the week were exchanging greetings with Eric Coleman sailing in '*Rebell*' and being overtaken by a swimming cow. They sailed about 70 miles and David concludes by saying that he thinks they need a bigger boat. The reader would probably agree, as would the cow.

An explanation of the origins of the Embassy dinghy (named after the cigarette brand) is given in 187/39 & 40 with a colour photo of the craft in 187/37 by Bob Chislett who rowed his boat '*Lucky Mallard*' 300 miles across southern France. It is similar to the Mirror 11 but with a pointed bow.

Winner 1980: Elizabeth Baker 087/25

An Autumn Cruise

Boat: 12'9" Mayfly, 'Black Swan' (see 106/16 for details and 173/25 for photo). No engine.

Crew: Two people with rucksacks, for first three days, one a non-swimmer. Subsequent time singlehanded.

No map.

This one week cruise in September has two distinct phases. The first three days in Chichester Harbour with the visitors on board and then what might be termed the 'proper' cruise when Elizabeth explores further, crossing the Solent to Cowes and back.

As an account it is notable in that Elizabeth demonstrates how flexible one needs to be in order to extract the best from the vagaries of tide, weather and location. She is ready to instantly replace her plans when she has to, yet at other times she perseveres to achieve her target. When the weather deteriorates, she turns back. When it blows a gale she substitutes land exploration for sailing. If she finds a place she likes, she stays longer. If the wind turns favourable she will decide to go further.

Reading the account of Elizabeth feeling her way round the Solent is very interesting, because this is clearly an early cruise for her. In the intervening time since writing it she has become so well known, not only for all of her DCA work, but also as one of THE local experts and organisers of meetings in and around the Solent area. Here she is at the very beginning of her association with us a quarter of a century ago and somehow we know that she is going to be special from her introductory sentence which perfectly sets the scene. *'A warm, sunny September afternoon saw my arrival at Itchenor Hard with my motorbike loaded down with equipment for a week's cruising in my Mayfly dinghy.'* That's Elizabeth, who might be called the second lady of the DCA.

The first is, of course, Joan who in her 1978 Noggin winning account arrives even more mundanely *'I arrived at Heswall by train and bus, loaded with gear, and walked out to the mooring at 11.30 ...'*

Winner 1981: Edwin Dewhurst 090/13

Anglesey Dinghy Cruise

Boat: Tarpon 'Jane' with 70lb centreplate and outboard.

Singlehanded but accompanying other boats

Sketch map of whole of North Wales inside back cover 090/27

This begins as a cruise in company around Anglesey. The other two boats were a Mirror 16 and a Mirror 11, two craft whose performance is almost at opposite ends of the scale, particularly in light airs which dominated during this account. With such a mismatch the Mirror 16 is soon separated from the other two who gently potter along at the speed of the slower boat. This boat was sailed by John Gray who we shall meet again as he was a Naylor Noggin winner in 1983.

Edwin is clearly experienced and had done this journey previously (in the opposite direction) so although his boat has a performance nearer to the 16 rather than the 11, he opts to sail independently but to remain in contact with the slow boat. He commences with a detailed description of the pilotage details for Anglesey which has a fairly tricky set of tidal circumstances. One can identify all the major headlands that are to be found on the circuit and begin to appreciate that if all of them are passed as recommended, at slack water, then the voyage is going to take a long time.

They begin at Plas y Deri towards the southern end of the Menai Straits and make gentle progress overnighing in bays and coves. The major problem comes from the lack of wind and the slowness of the Mirror which is without engine. To round each headland once the tide turns foul is a challenge. The major incident in the account comes as they try to round North Stack very close in and John gets into slight difficulties. Edwin under engine offers assistance and although his help is initially declined he perseveres and is instrumental in bringing both boats to safety. The account is unusual in that John also wrote his version independently and an extract appears which contained the following. '*... if the DCA has a medal or a cup awarded for bravery in a cruise .. I'd nominate Edwin.*' From this we can see that Edwin did not seek to dramatise the situation but simply included it as just another incident within the cruise.

Eventually they manage to get all the way round, including going outside Puffin Island, though in the conditions it was a struggle. They did 74 miles of which 50 were to windward and much was against the tide. Maybe they should have gone the other way? This is a story strong on seamanship and the calm, careful and unhurried approach of its deserved winner.

Edwin has done other, much more advanced cruises, at times in challenging locations and conditions.

Winner 1982: Hugh Clay 094/19

To the Naze.. Gothenburg to Mandal and back in a 17' open boat

Boat: 'Eel'. No engine.

Before we go further, an explanation is needed about this exceptional series of cruises. Hugh Clay's journeys in Scandinavia are the nearest thing to the epic sagas from that region that the DCA has seen. In literary terms they equate to the Hobbit/Lord of the Rings story. It is probably not fair to isolate one section and say that the Noggin was awarded for that single part of the journey. Technically it was probably won for the second section named above, because the journey during 1982 was in the process of being published and ran over into the following year during the time when the award was already being presented, but whether it was specifically for this piece of the account seems immaterial. The total undertaking might have won the Noggin three or four times and tested the seventh 'condition' for its awarding, but as it was, Hugh's written and sailing activities in 1982 were chosen as being representational of a truly outstanding clutch of inspirational voyages.

To fully appreciate the full story one must begin at the beginning. This preceded the Noggin winning entry:

800 miles in Sheltered Water 089/14 and 090/20

Part 1 commences, 'I began in 1980 without money, boat or commitments. That left me little choice but to earn money, buy a boat and go off sailing.' He explains that he has nine months free before starting university and he wants to sail in the Baltic. He buys *Eel* which is never illustrated but from descriptions may be classed as being similar to a Shetland model craft - a 17ft long, double ender with a V' shaped cross section and therefore initially tender; she had a blue lug sail with a jib. She rowed well and had no engine but she had a daggerboard which is non-standard on such craft. Despite this her windward performance was only fair.

Hugh slightly modifies the boat for cruising and takes her across to Gothenburg on the ferry. There is a good sketch map of his journey across Sweden through the Dalslands and Gota canals and inland sea/lakes of Vanern and Vattern. He does some of his sailing singlehanded on each voyage but is helped by various crewmembers from England when they are available. On this voyage across Sweden his twin brother Robert joins him (whilst his eldest brother is busy winning a silver medal in Moscow). As with many close relationships they argue and their arguments are an amusing feature of each of the trips.

The interest in this cruise is in the very different geography of places. They row through a rock cut canal where the oars touch both sides; they follow intricate passages through chains of islands or run before a gale where the sea has a fetch of 30 miles on an inland lake. There is interest in the people, the history and in the exposed life they must lead aboard the open boat. Once into the Baltic they go north where Robert leaves and Hugh explores the inner reaches of the archipelago and Lake Malaren before trailing back to Gothenburg and returning home.

This was the cruise during the 1981 season, written up for 1982 publication, the year for which the Naylor Noggin was awarded

Crew: Steve (his first sail), friend from University.

Robert – his twin brother. Singlehanded at times.

There is a sketch map which experiments in the use of a series of numbers to identify places as some Norwegian charts do. The cruise covers the Swedish and Norwegian coast of the Skagerrak and Kattegat including the Oslo fjord. It is not told as a strictly day by day account in the usual manner but more as a sailing story concentrating on the highlights and points of interest. In this way it produces very interesting reading whilst compressing the story into just four and a half pages.

As before, the reader can enjoy the 'secluded anchorages and intricate channels' open only to the shallow draft of the dinghy and 'appreciate' (not enjoy) running in rough seas where '*a wave rolled both gunwhales under*'. Although shorter than the previous cruise this was still a major voyage of 680 miles in 38 days in an open boat in all weathers. Somehow even the Noggin seems inadequate recognition, but as we noted in the beginning this was only one episode in the story.

Close to the turning point in the journey near the Naze (that headland in Norway which projects nearest to us) Hugh's family meet him in a 37ft Cruiser which they have sailed across to bring essential supplies: two pots of jam, a jar of mayonnaise, a novel and his twin to argue with and be crew. Also at this point in the story they meet a man called Kim Berner who is most helpful to them and becomes an invaluable contact in Norway helping them to arrange for the transport and storage of their boat in the following years. The Berner family also travel to England to see Hugh.

Eel to the Arctic Circle 097/22 & 098/19

Crew: Steve and Robert. Singlehanded at times.

Until this point there has been little mention of the Royal Cruising Club but as Hugh heads towards more remote regions he begins to refer to his membership of the Club and to quote his sailing directions from their publications. He is sailing under their burgee (which gets stolen whilst the boat is stored at the conclusion of this season's sailing).

This voyage starts in early July and it reads as if it is much more about traveling distances than the previous ones. There are two sketch maps on the same page 097/24. The scenery becomes more mountainous and the weather more extreme. Longer distances are sailed more frequently and the population becomes a little more sparse. The tide is now a significant factor as they work their way ever northwards through a series of channels and islands, passing headlands and mountains with strange sounding names.

Hugh explains that his initial plan was just to sail the area as before but, with the offer of help from the Berners to arrange overwintering for the boat, he realised that he could go further. Over the phone he extends his insurance cover to 67.5 degrees North. Did the insurance agent realise where that would take him? The cruise account has, of necessity, to be abbreviated, so coverage becomes '*we covered 161.5 miles in the next five days*'.

As the voyage progresses into harsher waters so homage is paid to H.W. Tilman by the appearance of 'duffs' on the menu as a reward for a rugged day's sailing. Eventually they cross the Arctic Circle at 66.5 degrees north, though oddly the Circle is not marked on the sketch map. If you want to add it to your own copy, it should be about 3mm lower than the S and G in the words Svartisen Glacier which is their next visit, along with a Russian cruise ship.

Although the sketch maps are a valiant effort to represent this deeply indented and incredibly fragmented coastline they can only be the most approximate guide. One can follow most cruises on a road map, but Hugh's voyages need an Atlas and looking at one helps. Even so, only the major towns and island groups appear in the Atlas but it does give a much clearer idea of the maze of islands and channels and of the distances travelled.

In this same Bulletin 097 there is another relevant article by Hugh.

Dinghy Cruising in Scandinavia 097/13

Hugh gives fundamental information in the '*hope to persuade you to try it for yourself*' (if only we dared). He describes the miles of sheltered water, secluded anchorages, friendly people and beautiful scenery, adding details of ferry routes to access them. He writes further on the spectacular fjord land scenery that he has just passed through. Possibly most useful of all is a sketch map 097/16 which gives an overview of all the coastlines covered in his cruises showing their relationship to each other.

To have taken a small dinghy to the Arctic Circle would be the limit of most people's ambitions. It is possible, just possible that one might be tempted just a little further by a special prize such as the legendary Lofoten Islands, but that would definitely be the limit. Not for Hugh.

North Cape in a Nutshell 102/11 & 103/12

Crew: Brother Robert and Patrick Maxwell. Short periods singlehanding.
Sketch map 102/13

By numerous references it would appear that this account is written primarily for the Royal Cruising Club but it is none-the-less of great interest to anyone interested in sailing. The final section of Hugh's journey is daring, but it is evident by looking at his past exploits that he is by now fully conversant with the abilities of both himself and his boat. Due to the feelings of his family about the potential dangers, his only declared intention is to explore the dramatic Lofoten Islands lying just off the Norwegian coast, but actually he harbours the ambition to reach the North Cape itself.

They begin in late June and finally round the Cape, which is on the island of Mageroy, a month later on the 24 July. The return journey is contained in the second part. This voyage has more interesting incidents than the previous year and the remote locations are easier to find in the Atlas as they are of sufficient size to be named, whilst the sketch map is more detailed. The 6-700 mile journey ends at Solvaer in the Lofotens with the weather beginning to deteriorate towards winter on 13/14 August. The boat is shipped back to England free by Norwegian friends and businesses who probably recognised that such an enterprising adventurer had more than earned such benevolence.

Looking at the totality of this series of journeys one runs out of superlatives to apply. Perhaps the greatest accolade that we might offer is to say that whilst they are different from, they must surely rate alongside the accounts of, those most famous of all dinghy cruisers, Frank and Margaret Dye.

How can anyone follow that?

Amazingly, the next winning account was no less compelling. It was written by John Gray who had sailed alongside Edwin Dewhurst the 1981 winner and nominated him for a bravery award. John was not without bravery himself in a number of different ways.

Winner 1983: John Gray 101/10 & 102/20 & 103/18

Cruising on the Dole

Boat: Mirror dinghy with centreboard modification. Length 10'10". No engine. '*Little Mischief*' (Probably a reference to H.W. Tilman's most famous boat 'Mischief' and significant in indicating how John might regard his boat).

Singlehanded sailing.

This is an extended and most memorable cruise account. When it starts it does not follow the stereotype 'Cruising log' pattern of day 1, day 2 etc. instead we find John in a '*dull and grey, gloomy wilderness of sea*' being seasick, alone and '*dying to see land again*', not the usual situation one experiences in a Mirror dinghy. The voyage commences in the Dee estuary, goes down through the Menai Strait, around the Llyn peninsula, crosses Cardigan Bay which is followed until just south of New Quay. He then retraces his journey gradually moving into the day-by-day account format. There are no maps or illustrations. He begins on June 22 and concludes on July 15, but he hitch-hikes home for four days at one point and reckons the distance sailed to have been about 300 miles.

The title explains how he can afford to use this length of time to sail, but it also tells more about John's attitude towards the voyage. Despite the small size of his craft John is 'living' in his boat, almost as a 'cruising home' rather than taking a 'day sail' as most of us might do even when we string a few 'day sails' together into a 'cruise'. On the return journey he increasingly uses the word 'we' to describe his own actions, such as when '*sailing alongside a yacht, we chatted with the two men on board*' showing how he and his boat have almost become one.

He is obliged to live on a shoestring budget. At one point he writes, '*I was running short of food and only had 17p in my pocket.*' He spends most of this on a telephone call home which leaves him with 2p; then he makes the mistake of walking through a town where he can smell fish and chips being cooked but has no money to buy them. He uses candles for lighting. On his last day he has no tobacco, only porridge to eat and no Gaz for heating. He HAS to sail the last 31 miles (achieved in just over 7 hours).

All the essential cruising information of tide, weather and terrain required to understand his sailing decisions is incorporated into the text without it ever becoming tedious, or looking like a list. Intermittently he incorporates clear passages explaining different aspects of his preparation and experience, e.g., why it is essential to work the tides especially in the Menai Strait and Bardsey Sound; how he modified the Mirror to allow him to reef the main or sleep aboard and how he handles the anchor warps. As he progresses he gives good descriptions of the geography especially the Sarns (long submerged shallow 'reefs') in Cardigan Bay and how he uses them to check his position on the extended offshore crossings of about 17 miles that he has to make in either direction. In general he experiences reasonable weather but he also has testing or even scary times especially when having to enter or leave harbours with shallow bars.

For John the cruising highlights probably involve meeting a school of porpoise and later an inquisitive seal. The reader might select his description of the meeting with the local policemen sent to investigate him after he is reported by a suspicious local as a possible drug smuggler.

Amongst all the Noggin winners it is inevitable that some accounts stand out and it is beyond question that this is one of those.

John's boat was advertised for sale for £400 in 102/09.

A note of his death is in 175/05.

Winner 1984: John Baden 104/16

Guildford to Dover via Flushing

Boat: Drascombe Lugger with Evinrude and Seagull outboards.

Mainly crewed by son David but with some parts singlehanded.

No chart or illustration of the voyage.

To John, his boat is what most of us might call a cruising yacht rather than a dinghy. Small illustrations of this attitude might be that he tows a dinghy with him throughout the journey and makes references to several other previous cross-Channel cruises. At one point he refers to another boat as 'a much larger yacht' (implying larger than his own). He is very matter-of-fact and does not dramatise his circumstances in any way. At times he skips over what must have been many hours of discomfort with hardly a mention.

He launches at Guildford and follows the River Wey and then the Thames, making the boat ready for sea in St Katherine's dock. Moving down to Queenborough and the Swale he then sails to Ramsgate where he is storm bound for three days. The crossing from Ramsgate towards Dover, then changing to Calais, then changing to Dunkirk takes 12 hours and is covered in less than a paragraph, being described as '*a fairly uneventful journey*'.

In Nieuwpoort he gets stuck due to the Belgian regulation that prevents small boats leaving harbour in winds of more than F3 (offshore) or F4 (inshore) and has to resort to a very early morning start in thick mist to escape. They move up the coast and cross the West Schelde to Flushing then into the canal up to the Veeresmeer and back. John observes that in Flushing '*The harbourmaster's authority is his cap, his only other garment being his swimming trunks.*' From which we may assume that the weather had improved. The sea-lock is opened for John's boat alone at 4.30 in the morning and singlehandedly he sails to Nieuwpoort, then on to Dunkirk where he is re-joined by his son.

The return journey would probably not have been attempted in the conditions they experienced by most of us who read the account. The sea was '*quite rough*'; the crew '*fairly damp and feeling a little bit delicate*'; conditions were '*rather nasty*' and other craft were '*turning for shelter*'. They beat back all the way to Dover under reduced rig and John sums it all up as '*a reasonable journey*'. I think that this section might be described as being seriously under-written, as is the final sentence, '*... on the M25 on the way home an axle bearing on the trailer disintegrated and we spent some hours, with the help of the AA replacing it with a makeshift one on which we crept home.*'

It is worth noting that John wrote other pieces for the Bulletin and arguably the most significant of these, described in his calm analytical way, was of a capsized dinghy off Christchurch which is essential reading for any dinghy cruiser. Issue 097/08: An Unpleasant Experience.

Winner 1985: Richard Petter 110/16

A North-East coast cruise in 1985 - ?

Boat: Shetland skiff 'Fay'. No engine.

The location is in the title. There is no map of the journey but there are humorous sketches on pages 16 and 26.

Gentle humour would seem to be the key to this winning account for the distance of 15 miles there and the same back with a fortnight's break in between, in lightish conditions, is not an epic struggle. The 'struggle' is in a sub-plot ashore involving his poor wife in a car without a working clutch. The humour? Well the most illustrative sentence could be *'Then lunch, wind, calm, beer, wind, calm, smoke, mutiny, tea and Oh Hell - Let's Row!'* The title implies that there might have been more to come?

Winner 1986: Peter Bick 110/23

Peter and the Three Bars

Boat: Roamer 'Snufkin' 4hp outboard.

The wit of this title is an indication of the quality of the account. He gets the reader thinking from his very first sentence as he sets out to entertain and instruct us.

The cruise commences by crossing the bar at the mouth of the River Deben and he sails up to the mouth of the River Ore where he learns, by the direct method, the dangers inherent in crossing river bars. Broached and pinned down in rough water by a fouled mainsheet he is saved from possible drowning by the unique design of Eric Coleman's cruiser, a fact that he gratefully acknowledges at the conclusion. The third bar of the title is in a pub in Snape at the head of navigation on the River Alde. His description of this bar reads *'The pub remained calm, but later the riverside path seemed distinctly unsteady as we rolled home in the pitch dark.'*

The outstanding section of Peter's story is a strong contender for the award of 'Most humorous passage in a Noggin account'. Ashore on the beach, downwind of a pig farm, he shares the night with a rowdy bunch of Hell's Angels who are having an all-night party complete with ghetto-blasters, a big bonfire and plenty of booze. Peter's dry, traditionalist writing style is perfect for expressing a grudging tolerance but an acid disapproval of circumstances that he is powerless to change. Peter could laugh at himself whilst keeping a straight face and he does that perfectly here.

Peter always had a clear instructive narrative and it is fitting that his enormous and tireless contribution to the DCA is now recognised by the awarding of a trophy related to the Noggin, namely, Peter's Pint.

Peter's obituary is in 175/04 with photo at 175/26.

There was no recorded winner for 1987.

Winners 1988: Renee and Jim Bailey 121/22

The Sun does shine in this fair land

Boat: Devon Dayboat 'Gannet' with outboard. The boat is not described as they had already given some details in 'Do Your Own Thing', an East Coast cruise account in 103/14. In that same issue 103/9, in an article about his Devon Dayboat, Olaf Swarbrick gives a detailed description of a similar craft. Basically, it is a Devon yawl with a cuddy.

Renee and Jim had several pieces published around this time telling of their cruises in their different craft. There is an unhurried feeling and they convey their flexible attitude to setting sensible targets according to weather and tidal conditions; their love of nature / wildlife and their appreciation of relaxing and soaking up the atmosphere, particularly at sunset, but most of all, Jim's love of a cup of tea (*best drink in the world*).

This account starts in early July from their mooring off Southend (though it does not make the location clear) and takes them meandering across the Thames to the Medway and the Swale then returns to the northern side of the Thames. In the most part it is a cruise in almost Mediterranean weather (hence the title) with simple food being appreciated, nice people being encountered and a string of interesting sightings and glorious sunsets. Jim paints the picture perfectly and we join them:

- *sitting at the door of their tent 'til dusk; listening to the tennis final on the radio*
- *meeting the Club canteen lady whose name is Dolly*
- *eating pie and chips*
- *taking a picture of the crew in her sun hat and*
- *eating the mackerel we'd caught earlier in the day.*

Finally, in the shallows they both get over the side and tow the boat back to her mooring, then *'it was a case of fish and chips and drive home.'*

This is a lovely, sunny story which might bring a tear of nostalgia to the reader's eye.

Peter Baxter (winner 2001) wrote this in 185/06.

I'm sad to tell you that I attended Jim Bailey's funeral on 26 November 2004. It was extremely well attended and had a maritime theme.

Jim in more active days owned and sailed Gannet, a Devon yawl and had the distinction of being put right by Eric Coleman on a DCA Rally for flying the DCA Burgee upside down! His contribution to the Association took the form of articles for the Bulletin - he won the Naylor Noggin and was the only such winner to include his wife Renee on the inscription - and his support for the DCA when we exhibited. I met him one year at the Cenotaph in November for the Armistice Day Parade with his chest full of medals gained in the Royal Marines starting with Lord Lovat at Pegasus Bridge during the Normandy landings and in subsequent WWII campaigns.

His manner was always clear and straightforward and often funny. He will be missed.

There was no recorded winner for 1989.

Winner 1990: Elizabeth Baker 122/20 & 123/09

Mayfly Round Mull

Crew: John Quantrell

Boat: Mayfly class '*Black Swan*', description in 106/16. LOA 12'9". No engine.

Large clear sketch map in each issue.

Liz is the only lady to have her name on the Naylor Noggin twice. In her earlier winning account 087/25 she was cautiously finding her way around her home waters but here we find an ambitious, mature cruise account which tells us much about the experience that she had gained in the few years from one winning cruise to the next.

She begins by giving some very clear reasoning and mental images to questions about "Why Mull?" and the "Shape of Mull" before she starts the voyage, which took place 4 years earlier. This dispenses with Condition 1 for awarding the Noggin, as probably did John Deacon with the very first award. Throughout she has the knack of simplifying complex issues and making everything clear.

The journey takes up a whole fortnight but the weather determines that they spend periods with little or no passage making and then have to make the most of the brief opportunities they get to make progress. Two of the 'days' involved real endurance. On the 7th July they sail at 08.15 and beat into a F4/5, dropping anchor in a Loch at midnight to catch some sleep in their oilies prior to getting ashore at 5am to pitch a tent. Ten days later, in heavy weather, they depart at 13.00 initially under reefed main (only after waiting for the weather to subside), beating into a F6. Their centreboard snaps and when the jib is hoisted the window blows out, yet they continue beating until 19.00 when they can sail a freer course to enter the Sound of Mull at 23.00 and sail through it until 04.00 when they anchor to sleep out a foul run of the tide. Liz is woken by her own teeth chattering and they sail again. After landing only to wash in a stream they eventually reach their destination at 21.30. Some 'day'!

Yet this is not solely about tough sailing. There are periods of walking and exploring and throughout the account there are interesting meetings with people. Liz ensures that the remote grandeur of the surrounding landscape is always with the reader. The unique highlight of the whole account is their visit to the Island of Staffa and the famous Fingal's Cave which they approach early one morning in very thick mist. Landing proves to be very difficult in the swell and John persuades Liz that he can row in backwards, which they do. They emerge again, to the astonishment of the first tourists of the day who have just arrived in a tripper boat and who give them a hearty cheer. Eventually they drop an anchor and allow the boat to fall back until they can scramble onto the slippery wet rocks to allow them to work their way around and enter the cave again. Liz is so overcome with the atmosphere of the place that she gives a rendering of a couple of verses of 'Eternal Father Strong to Save'.

This is a full and frank account of a sustained cruise in a very small boat (12' 9") in testing conditions, sometimes in relatively remote areas; yet as she packs up Liz says, *"...it was bitterly cold and raining heavily, but what did I care - I had just enjoyed one of the best holidays of my life, with a splendid crew and a plucky little boat."*

This is another account which will stay for a long time with the reader.

Winner 1991: Keith Muscott 133/25 & 133/35

'Footloose' Off the Isle of Skye

Boat: Mirror 16 with engine.

Crew: Martin Turner

There are two accounts of the same cruise in the copy supplied from the DCA library. The second version was added in May 2004. The immediate question to ask is which version to read? The second version is tighter, smoother and a more polished package. A commercial sailing magazine would prefer this more focused version which trims away any woolly edges. It depends upon how you prefer your packages; wrapped in brown paper, tied with hairy string and addressed with a handwritten script, or tightly sealed in vacuum-packed plastic. One suspects that dinghy cruisers would opt for the authenticity of the organic original which has nothing left out. The second has a clearer typeface and pristine maps, but you can follow what's happening almost as well with the first version, which is not trimmed down.

The area of the cruise, inside the northern part of the Isle of Skye (The Inner Sound) is one of the most stunningly beautiful sailing areas in Britain, but the weather they experienced was not particularly helpful. There is a cruise map covering the whole area and two very detailed sketch maps of the two remote anchorages which feature in the account. At the conclusion there is factual information about tides, charts and launch sites for anyone who might be tempted to explore in the wake of 'Footloose'.

The first section of the account covers conventional cruising in a fairly remote corner of the country. They launch at Plockton and make their way across to Portree, which is almost a town by the standards of Skye. The boat is big and powerful with electronic log and plenty of kit aboard. At Portree that evening they learn of the imminent arrival of a gale and although they are in a potentially secure situation in the harbour they opt to leave in rising conditions with darkness coming on, in the hope of finding a 'better' anchorage on an off-lying island. The reader will probably gather that this decision was not the wisest course of action from the adventures which follow, but the pilotage information that strongly influenced it was misleading, to say the least. They are saved from a sticky situation by the generous, helpful inhabitants of the island who assist them to find protection. They spend some time exploring this unique place.

After the passing of the gale they move from Raasay / Fladday to Rona where they enter another inlet with old buildings to investigate. On the following day they discover that their boat has been holed and the buoyancy tank is waterlogged. This probably occurred earlier whilst they were on the beach sheltering from the gale. They are obliged to return to Plockton, enjoying as they do so a meal of sardines, digestive biscuits and whisky. As they depart for home, the sun comes out. It is a good, unusual story, well told, with some adventurous locations and events that tested both boat and sailors.

There is a very detailed five page article by Keith describing this boat and the Mirror 16 in general in 184/41 with photographs and diagrams.

The Association can feel grateful that Keith survived the gale, the leak, the sardines and the whisky for he has gone on to contribute many articles to the Bulletin, often with a 'technical' slant. He was recognised as the second winner of Peter's Pint, an award for technical articles, which uses the same concept as the Naylor Noggin and commemorates the immense contribution to the Association made by Peter Bick. (Peter Bick Technical Award 183/06; illustration of Peter's Pint tankard 184/11.) Keith's article 'Man Overboard' Procedures and the Dinghy Sailor is in 185/34. He is now Sub-Editor of the Bulletin - a huge, time-consuming task to which he has brought his breadth of sailing know-how and experience as well as a number of refreshing, innovative ideas. (*Since 2007, Keith has been sole Editor of the Bulletin, transforming it into a full colour magazine from 2010.*)

Winner 1992: Brian McClellan 136/14

Solway Firth Meet: 22 May - 25 May

Boat: 14ft West Wight Potter '*Water Mouse*', with outboard.

Crew: Steve

Sketch map including track

It is evident from the title that this was not considered to be a standard 'cruise account' by its author. It might be described as a very exciting day sail, but what a day! It is filled with incidents and lessons to be learned and as such was 'promoted' from appearing alongside other rally reports, moved past 'Letters' into the core of the bulletin as a cruise in its own right. At only two pages long it proves that it is quality of content, not length that makes an account worthy of consideration for the Naylor Noggin.

The day began at 03.30 in a Kirkcudbright car park following a hectic previous day which didn't end until midnight. The boat is launched and taken down Kirkcudbright Bay in light conditions, then turned westwards to sail across Wigtown Bay. The north-east wind begins to rise and very soon they decide to return to shelter. This was found not to be possible due to shortcomings in the boat's ability.

There follows descriptions of the engine being swamped and the difficulty in tacking the boat. Fortunately they meet with another boat whose skipper Ralph Yates helps and advises them, then guides them to a safe haven. There are more descriptions of the uncomfortable motion, fear of carrying too much sail and consequent slowness of their boat. Even when they reach harbour the incidents continue, culminating in settling on a rock at low water, which holes the boat. Although they were probably never in danger of their lives Brian admits that his 'mouth was bone dry'.

Following the cruise account is a page which gives more details of the boat which Brian had owned for 14 years prior to this incident. It is evident that the craft had been much modified with bowsprit and mizzen and this mast was stayed with nylon shrouds, one of which failed under stress. The small Seagull outboard could not be lifted clear of the water which caused difficulties at crucial points during the cruise.

Peter Bick as Technical Adviser gently offers some explanations about the performance of the boat and speculates on why it didn't do what boats are supposed to do. Perhaps it was no accident that an interesting article by Keith Muscott 136/18, which immediately follows, has a reprint of a Yachting Monthly article describing the rescue of the W.W.Potter's designer when he tried to deliver one of them by sea in October to Sweden and was driven ashore on the Danish coast.

There was no award for 1993.

Winner 1994: Doug Heslop 142/24

The Cruise of the Calypso (The winning boat in 1967 was also called *Calypso*.)

Crew: Dave 'Jacko' Jackson

Boat: PBK 14 (Percy Blandford designer) wood and canvas canoe with added sailing kit. Extended to 15'6" with a stabilising lee float to produce a sailing proa, canoe, ketch.

Here is another outstanding Naylor Noggin winner, and this one is different. Although it was published in 1994 it recounts a voyage that was made in 1958 so it predates the Noggin itself. The stories in 'retrospective' cruises are often of better quality as they have had time to mature, for the 'unimportant' to fade from memory and the 'essential details' to be identified and become more interestingly described.

This is a story about two lads exploring the Scottish West Coast in their canoe and for various reasons it generates the nostalgic feelings of 'youth' and 'messaging about in boats' that you might find in *Wind in the Willows* or the nautical books of Arthur Ransome. The unusual boat and the journey are both superbly illustrated with quality drawings on pages 23 & 27. It can be seen that the route was ingeniously conceived and was perfectly suited to this particular craft for it includes two overland sections to access an inland lake. The beautiful location is now relatively familiar to sailing people, but one would guess that in those days this was not so.

Basically, they started at Fort William, went down Loch Linnhe and up the Sound of Mull. They crossed northwards to Loch Sunart and halfway up at Salen (not the Mull one) came the clever bit. They put their canoe on pram wheels and pushed it a couple of miles up the road to relaunch it in Loch Shiel which heads north-eastwards for 16 miles. Another portage of 3 miles linked them into the sea loch, Loch Eil, which is a westward extension of the top of Loch Linnhe. In this way they achieved a circular tour by returning to Fort William.

They were blessed with the mainly settled, sunny weather of 'summers remembered'. They meet interesting, genuine people who willingly assist them when they have a problem and they explore in a rugged yet empty landscape, at times taking advantage of abandoned farmhouses for shelter. This is just one small unbroken section from five pages of the account:

"... we saw a school of porpoises, following one another in short curving leaps; they never came closer than about fifty yards, pity. As we came closer to the shore we found ourselves in the middle of a flock of dive bombing gannets, hitting the water with great force, but without catching any fish.

We landed on a deserted beach and set off on foot to explore. We found an abandoned farmhouse by a stream in a small glen close to the sea, with crops in a little field gone to seed. The buildings were in perfect condition - very sad.

We took our time as we paddled south close inshore, passing by some of the most beautiful coast on the trip. Wooded shores with mountains behind. Streams rushing over pebble beaches, cliffs and coves. We landed near Rubha An Ridire where a waterfall bounced through a tiny glen and pitched our tent in a clearing in the pines."

This is an idyllic, unforgettable cruise account written about what Doug calls 'halcyon days'. The reader shares the remoteness, the scenic beauty, the freedom and the achievement, but then is brought back to earth with a bump as their canoe paddles are stolen the very minute they return to 'civilisation'.

Can there be a 'Champion' Naylor Noggin cruise account? This one would surely be one of the short-listed candidates.

Winner 1995: Dave Morton 149/26 & 150/40

Ulster, Isle of Man and Galloway

Boat: 30 year old Wayfarer (404) 'Restless' with outboard.

Crew: Tim Evans

The account is in issue 149 and three black and white photos with sketch map are in issue 150.

To trailer to Scotland, sail to Ireland, circumnavigate the Isle of Man and return to Scotland is, on the face of it, an undertaking of extreme adventure. However, by being patient with the choice of sailing conditions, by luck with the weather, judicious use of the outboard and (probably the first account) to seriously include the essential use of GPS, this turned out to be a journey without severe stress. But they weren't to know this as they waited through two days of heavy weather to depart.

On the crossing to Ireland, fog meant that they did not see landfall until the last 12 minutes. Throughout the journey they made best use of the facilities of each of the sailing clubs they found. The most memorable event of the journey happened in Peel. It was a meeting with a nineteen year old young lady that Dave describes as a real Amazon. His assertion that he's sure that in the next few years she will become famous through her sailing exploits turned out to be true. This was Ellen MacArthur sailing her 21ft Corribee 'Iduna'. After a light weather return to Scotland, Dave hitch hikes back to his trailer in hot weather and retrieves his boat to conclude an eventful week.

Winner 1996: David Jones 151/20

Small Boat to Canna Dinghy cruising amongst the Small Isles

Crew: Jenny Jones

Boat: 16'6" Beaufort 'Speedy' with outboard

Sketch map and seven black and white photographs.

If you have ever wondered how to prepare the most informative cruise article ever then you need look no further than David's account. For a number of years he was the DCA Secretary and the Association benefitted from his methodical, precise approach to things. His attention to detail is evident in the story.

He commences with all the background information that the reader could ever wish for, including the combined weight and AGE of the crew. He lists the books and charts and then all the equipment from anchors right down to a wine box.

The whole article occupies 13 continuous pages and it is worth mentioning that Peter Bick had evolved the Bulletin into a product of the highest quality, within the boundaries that he chose to operate in. There is a big, clearly labelled chart of the area, but best of all there are seven framed and clearly captioned photographs within the text, to illustrate it as it progresses. Each day is separately identified and the location given. It shows how far the Association had come compared with the early productions. Peter was able to really do justice to this excellent cruising story.

The duration of the cruise was a couple of days over a fortnight, sailed in a breathtakingly beautiful area around the Small Isles bounded by the Cuillins on Skye to the north, down to Loch Moidart in the south. This whole area can be seen from ashore by taking the road/railway to Arisaig/Mallaig and it has been called the most beautiful view in Britain. David and Jenny criss-cross it enjoying the quiet anchorages and the exciting encounters with the abundant wildlife. They are sailing over whales within minutes of departing.

They go out to Canna/Sanday then up to Gavin Maxwell country on Skye/Soay. On the return across to the mainland they have their greatest excitement of the journey when the weather blows up and the wind-against-tide situation gives them some nasty waves to ride down. David clearly describes it and is honest enough to sum it up with *"Two hours and six miles of terror - seriously!"*

Once the trauma has been safely weathered, the remaining cruising of finding anchorages, interesting walks and meeting people continues at holiday pace. Every location mentioned is precisely pinpointed using 6 figure Ordnance Survey references. At the end they recover their boat and drive to Loch Creran to join Joan and Tony Abrams for a meal before heading home, a two day journey.

Sometimes in cruise accounts, the crew is rather left out of the story, but not this time. Jenny appears to be the practical one. She makes the oars, makes the tent, goes down to leeward to pump the bilges in the hairiest conditions, takes the long route on all the walking and cooks the grub. Not just pan to can, but aromatic delights aboard the dinghy. As was mentioned at the outset, they leave no detail untold.

What better way to finish a cruise account than to give the reader the cook's recipe for delicious Boat Scones and Boat Bread?

Winner 1997: David Sumner 157/32

Itchenor to Bursledon in a Mirror

Boat: Mirror 11 'Curlew'. No engine.

Good sketch map. Equipment list.

Here is an 'early' cruise, a learning experience. David tells us so by explaining his previous experience and by describing what he has learnt. Most dedicated cruisers can cast their minds back to such a cruise. They may eventually have crossed the Channel or even the Atlantic but in their memory will be one of the basic foundation stones of that experience, the very first time that they sailed away from their river, harbour or estuary and used wind and tide to test themselves and explore beyond their usual geographical limits of familiar places.

This is the perfect description of such a cruise from Chichester Harbour to the Hamble in a Mirror dinghy. A previous Naylor Noggin winner describing an 'early' cruise was Elizabeth Baker in 1980. She was extending herself in just this area, so how fitting it is that she appears in her boat in this story and assists David with a tow when the wind falls light.

There is more than just learning to be found in David's writing as he includes descriptions of his strong emotional response to cruising in his account. *"As night fell, my little candle lantern swung gently from the boom whilst the boat rocked me to sleep and above me my masthead light slowly wandered around amongst the brilliant stars."* Then Liz arrives in the anchorage. *"I looked out into the nearly black creek, just in time to hear a swish of water and the swift passage of a sailing boat, sails black, moving silently through the night. What a beautiful thing is a sailing boat at night!"*

The cruise is only thirty miles but filled with interest and enthusiasm. David includes information on how he has prepared his tiny craft for living aboard and he has added to this at intervals since. Anyone wishing to learn about dinghy cruising in small craft would learn much by reading this and subsequent pieces by David who has also managed to make the transition into commercial sailing magazines.

Winner 1998: Len Wingfield 161/28

Northumbria to Fife Cruise Part 1 - Amble to Eyemouth

Boat: Dockerell 17 (16'9") *Goosander* (See 111/08 for 4 page description by John Pegg.)

4HP Mercury with long shaft.

Single-handed.

Len may not feel easy being described as one of the pillars of the DCA but he clearly is. For a number of years almost every Bulletin has contained articles or items of interest from him, ranging from book reviews, through controversial submissions regarding the front cover design, safety at sea, regional meetings and fully fledged cruise accounts, to name but a few of his interests. His usual cruising area is in the Solent where he uses his own Leader class dinghy, but his son Ed is based on the more exposed Northumbrian coast where shorthanded dinghy cruising demands a more rugged craft with reliable auxiliary power to access the restricted entrances of the infrequent harbours and havens. Len's Naylor Noggin cruise was made in this borrowed boat and in this location.

He mentions almost at the beginning of his story a similar cruise which he calls the '1997' cruise, '*The DCA goes Forth*' 157/35, which is so closely related to this winning account that it is really essential reading, as the two go together so perfectly.

Explanatory Note. Whilst the cruise is called 1997 it was actually sailed in June 1996, but it was published in 1997.

The '1997' cruise has a 'most memorable' incident in it. The journey passes along the southern shore of the Firth of Forth and at one point enters into the shallow estuary of a River Tyne (not the Newcastle one). For various reasons Len ends up in the water, hanging onto the edge of his drifting boat, being dragged towards the sea and has to be rescued by friends. This is a very unusual happening which is important as it demonstrates how even the most experienced and safety conscious of sailors can be caught out by an unusual set of circumstances. Len was 73 when he undertook this cruise and therefore about 75 when he was awarded the Naylor Noggin.

Warning: this next bit is very confusing.

Before going further it should be pointed out that the written accounts of Len's cruises in 1996 (called 1991) and 1998 appear to have been incompletely published. They both commence with 'Part I' and the first cruise ends with 'to be continued', but it wasn't. In the DCA cruising index the '1997' cruise is described as 'Amble to Cramond', but it concludes at Aberlady Bay well short of Cramond.

The 1998 cruise called 'Amble to Eyemouth' in the bulletin actually goes to St Abbs (as described in the Bulletin index). This 'Part I' commences on 19 July and concludes on 21 July (3 days) yet it would appear by referring to son Ed's account 162/23 that Len's cruise continued a further 8 or 9 days, so maybe only about one quarter of the total was published? Confusing as this may be, it should not interfere with the reader's enjoyment of these written accounts, which are good enough to stand alone. One can always hope that a further treat will eventually be in store, when the rest of both these cruises are published.

Note added July 2005: I contacted Len about the missing sections of the cruises and he was unaware of them. We checked the issues above and also 168/44 Amble to Aberdour, 170/40 Edinburgh to Kincardine and 174/19 Granton to Holy Island but without success. As a result a text (abbreviated, as Len did not have a complete copy of the missing section) has now been published, called Amble to Edinburgh - Part 2, Aberlady to Cramond in Bulletin 187/42. It is interesting as it fills in the conclusion to the cruise called '*The DCA goes Forth*' 157/35.

At the time of writing the missing Part 2 section of the 1998 cruise which provides the link between two Naylor Noggin award-winning accounts by Len and his son Ed (and therefore makes sense of the total journey) has not yet been printed.

Part 1: Amble to Eyemouth. An unmistakable hallmark of Len's cruises is his drawings and this account is blessed with half a dozen 'chartlets'. His artistic skills are outstanding and his sketch maps of coasts, harbours and havens are exemplary for their clarity and graphic quality.

Len's cruise begins in Amble as he motors out to sea in a light breeze. He tells of the richness of the wildlife that can be seen in these waters as he sails slowly northwards towards Lindisfarne. By this time the wind has become stronger and the tide low but he gets ashore on St Cuthbert's Isle and explains how the area is being changed by the great increase in tourist traffic.

The next day he retraces his steps southwards to enter and explore the more isolated Bugle Bay, where he stays overnight. Setting sail once more, he has to battle against a F6 westerly wind as he works his way towards the entrance of Firth of Forth but makes little progress and he is forced to use the motor. Later in the morning the wind eases until he is becalmed off Berwick where he breakfasts. At lunchtime he enters Eyemouth, an expanding little harbour; then leaves in the late afternoon for an hour's sail to the quieter haven of St. Abbs.

This day is 21 July 1998 and in the next Bulletin 162/22 Ed takes over the boat from Len on 30 July 1998 in Dunbar.

Part 2: St. Abbs to Fife and back to Dunbar 189/32
Boat: 16'9" Dockerell '*Goosander*' later to be renamed '*Dolly Peel*'.

This account is preceded by a brief explanation of how it came to be 'overlooked' and should have been published as a continuation of the first part printed in 161 some five or six years ago (see a fuller explanation on the previous page). The loss of the original documents has meant that Len has had to recall the events of this section of the cruise, but they are no less interesting for that. It has been commented in this folder (see 1994) that 'recalled' journeys can make better reading as they tend to lose some of their routine factual recording of statistical data in favour of more emotional and descriptive responses to happenings and situations. The strict day-by-day recording method commonly used in cruising accounts is not too evident, although the correct chronology is retained.

Len's account is strong on the background history to be aware of, the views to be enjoyed and the contrast between the rugged grandeur of the sea views and the compact hustle and bustle of the crowded little harbours. Len uses superb harbour sketches, including some that we have seen before, but there are quite a few new ones of the northern shore of the Firth of Forth around Anstruther called the East Neuk.

He begins at St. Abbs haven and sails to Dunbar before crossing the Firth via Bass Rock to the East Neuk havens of Pittenween and Anstruther. He makes an overland journey to a Quaker meeting and lunches with a local DCA member before departing for Elie and then makes the return journey across to Dunbar to hand back the boat to his son Ed who went on to make a Naylor Noggin winning cruise of his own.

The blend of history, sailing, scenery, experience and human interaction is so seamless and interesting that one is hardly conscious of reading a cruise. With the aid of some simple illustrations of a church and some boats Len take you there and shows you what he has seen. Inevitably, he leaves you wanting more. At the conclusion the reader will be disappointed that it has come to an end. This is the highest quality cruising account by an enormously experienced small boat sailor, writer and illustrator.

It WAS worth waiting for. It IS a treat.

Winner 1999: Ed Wingfield 162/23

Goosander's Cruise 1998

Boat: Dockerell 17 as already described for previous winner.

4HP outboard, Single-handed.

No sketch map or chart, but see 161/31; two illustrations of havens.

The northeast coast has become better known to DCA members in recent years through the efforts of Ed and others (especially Bill Jones) who have disseminated information and encouraged others to rise to the challenges of this demanding cruising area. Still, for most dinghy sailors Ed will be sailing in unfamiliar territory for most of the account and enjoyment will be greatly enhanced by opening up a road atlas book and following the route. This is especially true in the Tay and the middle reaches of the Firth of Forth. Only when it is followed on a map can it be appreciated how adventurous it is at times as the little boat visits offshore islands, yet how willing Ed is to explore, by poking into little creeks seeking out historically interesting sites, right to the limits of inland navigation.

Ed often leaves his boat and travels further afield on public transport to make the most of his experiences, but he appears to be most at home when discovering the secrets of the small havens that provide the little shelter available on this coast. The reader gains a sense of the huge potential of this area as Ed refers to past cruises when he has been obliged to miss out on some places, simply because there is so much to see when time, tide and weather impose limits. Any creek-crawling cruiser will also become aware of the wind/weather exposure that goes with sailing a small boat close to this coast and the powerful effect that tide will have on such a craft. It is understandable that a tough, ballasted craft with a reliable engine is a minimum specification for extended dinghy cruising such as Ed undertakes.

Ed receives the boat back from his father in Dunbar to begin his cruise of almost 3 weeks duration. He will find his way into tiny creeks, as well as make extended sea journeys of more than 20 miles. He crosses the Firth of Forth north of Dunbar, goes around Fife Ness and up into the Firth of Tay which he explores right up to Perth. He returns to Fife Ness and then out to the Isle of May where he stays overnight. Like his father, Ed has artistic skills, but this account does not have harbour plans. Instead, there are two simplified, perspective illustrations of the havens at Isle of May and later, that at Cove just to the west of St Abbs Head on the south coast of the Firth of Forth. These are included as substitutes for harbour plans, to clarify the location and to give assistance from a pilotage point of view.

From the Isle of May the journey heads westwards along the northern shore of the Firth of Forth to an area just around the Forth bridges before returning in hops along the southern shore 60 miles or so to Berwick on Tweed, before tackling the last 40 miles returning the boat to Amble.

This is mature dinghy cruising on a big scale, using equipment appropriate to the task. At one point Ed says of the scenery that he is passing '*(this) ... is a stretch of coast as ruggedly beautiful as any I know. Its exposure to the occasionally malevolent North Sea means it is seldom sailed.*' If Ed says it is rugged and beautiful, we can take his word for it. He does not underestimate the North Sea and that is why the Naylor Noggin award recognised Ed's modest account. It is actually a brave and advanced piece of dinghy cruising.

Winner 2000: Alan Glanville 166/27

Cruise on the East Coast 'Escalators'

Boat: 19'2" Ness Yawl, 'Lowly Worm III' (referred to as 'He' not 'She'.) No engine.

Single-handed

Sketch map and illustration; extract from Anglo Saxon poem relating to the Battle of Maldon.

Alan and his distinctive boat are well known within the DCA. His construction of the boat and his various cruises have been regular features of the Bulletin. This Naylor Noggin winning account happens not to have photographs so perhaps it is worth mentioning that a previous cruise 161/34, 'A south coast cruise' has some good, large black and white pictures.

Each time that one reads an account of Alan's cruises, one is struck by his relaxed style and the experience that he clearly possesses. He 'travels' in the broadest sense, for he enjoys meeting people and learning about the places that he visits. He will use bed and breakfasts; will pass time ashore drawing and sketching; will use yacht club facilities and spend happy hours 'jawing' in the bar with people that he meets. When sailing he has the distinctive habit of anchoring his boat off and then leading an access line ashore so that he can go off shopping or exploring and still get to his boat when he returns. Whilst this is not unique to Alan he uses the technique with confidence and it is noticeable how it frees him from always being tied to his craft. He has explained his different techniques for anchoring off in various tidal circumstances with a series of diagrams in 162/30-31.

One of the most telling aspects of sailing experience is the use of and total awareness of, the tide throughout the account. It is not just a case of using it when it is favourable so much as using it to create leisure time in the cruise and having a plan which appears to effortlessly integrate shopping, eating out, exploring and meeting people whilst still enjoying sailing experiences each day. It is this which one is aware of, in Alan's cruises.

The title explains the location of the cruise. Launching at Bradwell marina Alan goes to Maldon, then West Mersea, before setting off on the lengthy sea journey to Harwich. An amusing misprint has him passing Margate pier instead of Clacton, which certainly would have extended his trip. He visits Mistley and Manningtree, then explores the Walton Backwaters before heading for the Deben and the Ramsholt Arms. Alan paints us some memorable pictures. At Mistley, whilst he is alongside the quay, his reading glasses drop overboard. He has to wait for the tide to fall to retrieve them and whilst waiting, there is a violent electrical storm. He's obliged to sit it out in his full oilies under a golfing umbrella watching waterfalls cascade off the quay, luckily not directly into his boat. On another occasion, *'I was up before the alarm and rowed quietly out amongst the silhouettes of moored craft. The silence was broken only by the marsh birds calling as the day approached. The purple and reds of sunrise reflected on the water.'*

Alan has the misfortune to jam his centreboard with a stone after a brief landing on a shingle beach and has to demonstrate tenacity, technical knowledge and some ingenuity to effect a repair in more sheltered locations in the River Orwell. Following this, with deteriorating weather imminent, he recovers his trailer to return home. It is interesting that his cruise begins with tales of Vikings who favoured this area because it was easily linked together by using boats on the water. His journey from Ipswich (derived from Viking names), back to Bradwell involved a bus, two trains (via London) and a taxi and probably took about the same time as a longship in a hurry.

Bulletin 207, Summer 2010 unfortunately carried the sad news of Alan Glanville's death (alongside that of the dinghy sailing legend Frank Dye). An editorial by Keith Muscott page 3 and a tribute from Liz Baker page 12 are followed by two pieces from Alan, pages 40-2 show colour pictures. Anyone who met him would always remember him. He was a charismatic figure and will be sorely missed by the DCA.

Winner 2001: Peter Baxter 173/40

Two Archipelagos - Two OAPs

Crew: John Older (at 66 one year older than Peter)

Boat: 40-year-old wooden lugger '*Jenny*'

Roadmap type chart (tracks are ferry routes not the cruise) does allow the reader to keep a mental track of the complex situation.

3 colour photos pg. 24 (not pg. 20 as in the text). There are 6 illustrations.

This is a major cruise (as a 65 birthday treat) which took seven months in the planning (assisted by Swedish DCA member Nils Ruberg) and then almost a solid month of sailing in very varied weather, through ever changing scenery. Although Peter is crewed by John for about two thirds of the journey he still undertakes lengthy offshore passages (Sweden - Aland 35 miles) and sails single-handed in heavy weather. The most reliable English weather forecast was obtained from his wife at home, by text to his mobile phone. The majority of position fixing was by GPS, illustrating how important modern technology has become to sailors making this type of extended cruise. The solid text of this journey of exploration is well broken with half a dozen charming sketches that, together with the photographs, show the readers the boat and enough of the scenery to make them wish that they were there.

Peter explains quite a bit about Baltic weather that is not quite as docile as might be imagined. There are thunderstorms and heavy seas as well as quite a high risk of fog, which is dependent on sea temperature. This leads the local sailors to suspend a thermometer into the water from their yachts whilst moored up for the night. Nights are sometimes disturbed by locals (enjoying the temporarily extended days) coming to look over their boat to marvel at the Spartan conditions, by naked people rushing from a sauna ashore and plunging into the sea alongside and, of course, by mosquitoes.

The many meetings, discoveries, sights and sounds are too numerous to be listed but the voyage of 376 miles concludes with a 'memorable incident'. Whilst moving the road trailer to retrieve the boat it runs away down a steep ramp and disappears into the water. Peter's instant reaction is to dive in fully clothed but he finds that it is too deep to recover. He takes his boat anchor and grapples the depths until he snags on something. He attaches the warp to his car then drives forwards and out comes the trailer! A nice demonstration of ingenuity overcoming adversity which is an element often seen in Naylor Noggin stories.

He says that it was a fantastic month and he never enjoyed sailing his boat more. The reader has to agree with him.

Winner 2002: Paul Constantine 177/23

The Quaint Boat

Boat: 13ft Torch 'Tyne' Gunter Rig. No engine.

Single handed.

2 faint sketch maps. Colour photo of boat interior Pg. 24

A September weekend sail from Woodbridge on the River Deben to Walton Backwaters and return, in indifferent weather. The journey is not long in distance or in time. Sufficient information is included to follow the relevant sailing decisions that needed to be made.

One of the features of this story is that it is not solely about the journey. It is as much about the evolution of sailing over the past 40 years, which is roughly the age of the boat being sailed. This is a boat that was constructed to the acceptable standards of its day, but now it looks 'quaint'.

The 'concept' of what is safe and acceptable in modern sailing is raised. Marinas, VHF communication, proximity of rescue services, use of engines, efficiency of rigs, the use of modern materials and technology all come under discussion. Many sailors equate these factors with their own safety. Are they correct? Paul asks many questions but does not give answers. He suspects that other sailors are questioning the safety of what he is doing, sailing alone at sea in a craft that is perceived to be a 'museum piece'. He confirms the danger by returning over the Deben bar in quite hazardous conditions, a situation which poses more questions. Maybe the element of danger is part of the attraction? This was once understood, but is it now accepted? Should individuals be allowed to take such risks today?

Whilst this is a cruise account, it is also a thought provoking piece. Readers are left to decide for themselves where they stand on the issues and maybe they might find that there are no absolute answers?

There are photographs of this boat at the Alexandra Palace dinghy exhibition in 163/35.

Winner 2003: Ross Murray 179/36

A Cruise in Port Albert - Corner Inlet

Crew: Sabine Apel

Boat: 14ft ex-naval RN 310. No engine.

Sketch Map and dramatic colour photo Pg. 30.

The reader may have become well acquainted with the Thames Estuary, bits of Scotland and even large chunks of Scandinavia by reading Naylor Noggin winning accounts, so it will be refreshing to read of a summer cruise (in January) from the southern hemisphere. It is fascinating to try to visualise the geography of a new place. It is a large (approx. 15 miles x 8 miles) shallow, sandy estuary dotted with islands and linked by channels to the sea. A bit Poole Harbourish? Morbihan or Walton Backwaters on a huge scale? There are mountains to the south and there are no other craft about. It has a feeling of remoteness akin to that conjured up in parts of 'Riddle of the Sands'. The location is named in the title and it is at the very south-eastern tip of mainland Australia.

This is a cruise away from 'civilisation and shops'. They meet nobody else throughout the week's cruise in the vicinity of Snake Island and they have to be self-sufficient as they camp on deserted shores. The tides and weather are major factors in deciding what targets can be achieved. Sailing has to be morning and evening in order to access the shore and sailing time is therefore limited unless they stay out all day. Staying out would be a gamble due to the rapidly changing weather that can go from light breeze to gale in less than forty minutes.

They do get into difficulties camped on a lee shore when a sudden gale drives waves against their heavy boat that fill it with water. Although the boat comes to no real harm a secondary effect of the swamping is that the centre plate becomes jammed with gravel and cannot be freed. They continue their cruise and find that they can only go to windward with full sail in relatively light conditions. As they approach the end of the cruise the weather strengthens and is directly adverse. Their route home involves crossing an exposed sea entrance followed by an extended beat up a restricted channel, wind-against-tide, in near gale conditions. Without the plate they stand little chance and so they head off across the sand banks, jumping out and running beside the boat in the shallowest areas, aiming for a more accessible port.

Once finally in the safety of the harbour Ross sets off to retrieve his car and trailer but whilst he is away a powerboat driver momentarily loses control of his craft and crunches the dinghy doing a fair bit of damage. So having survived all the natural adversity of remoteness, lee shore, tides and gales it is contact with 'civilisation' that eventually proves to be the most dangerous. An unfortunate end to an interesting cruise in a refreshingly unusual location.

The previous Bulletin 178/37 has a comprehensive description with 2 diagrams of the boat, her gear, the way she was obtained and an outline of potential cruising locations in this part of Australia. There are 2 colour photos on page 27.

Winner 2004: Dick Houghton 183/30

Precious Ore and Harmonious Alde

Boat: Loch Broom Post Boat with outboard.

Crew: part single-handed, part with co-owner Tim Delaney.

Sketch map and five illustrations; colour picture of boat in 183/15.

Dick has taken over as Art Editor of the Bulletin where his artistic eye is having an effect. He still has found time to dinghy cruise and write accounts of his experiences. This visit to the Ore and the Alde is a comprehensive description of the history, geography and sights to be seen in the two rivers.

He launches at Orford Quay and beats up to Aldeburgh in the early evening to overnight on a mooring at Slaughden Quay, having sent himself to sleep reading scary sailing stories by Frank Dye. Next day he negotiates the tortuous channel of the higher reaches of the river under engine, observing the wildlife, until he arrives at Snape Quay. Half an hour later, he departs under motor, afterwards changing to sail to return to Slaughden where he picks up his crew. They have a rough wind-against-tide beat down to Orford then recover the boat onto its trailer.

The special qualities of the account are mainly in the written descriptions of the scenery and the wildlife which are suggestive of water-colour paintings and also the natural humour of the writer that underlies many of his sailing manoeuvres which he describes as being 'cock-ups'.

The Loch Broom Post Boat story is told by Dick in 181/30 with 6 photographs and a diagram.

Winner 2005: Ted Jones 187/30

Another Fine Mess...

Boat: Mirror 11. No engine.

Crew: James (his nephew).

No sketch map/chart.

When the President announced Ted's name at the AGM he said that he was so pleased to be actually declaring him the winner, because he had been so close to having the Noggin on so many previous occasions. Everyone present understood exactly what he meant. Ted has written consistently entertaining articles for many years. It could be said that he sets the benchmark against which other articles might be judged. He always has an 'angle', always has a 'hook' and invariably entertainingly instructs, as well as informs, a standard that was defined by Peter Bick (see 1986). This winning submission was only one strand in a long string of Ted's readable stories that have graced the Bulletin.

Ted has been known in recent years for cruising in his Sunspot 15 'Genie', but this story is different. He is a Mirror 11 sailor of old and did much cruising in this well-known class of small boat.

Here he tells of a gentle cruise in an old boat on the Stour and the Orwell, but he also tells of the relationship between a young boy and his elderly uncle. To properly convey the role of the characters involved, perhaps I might be allowed to say 'granddad' instead of 'uncle', because the two of them do assume different personalities from their own within the story.

It is a sunny, gentle, nostalgic story. It is the nearest that the DCA has come to 'Swallows and Amazons' meets 'Wind in the Willows' in terms of mood and content. They might have called each other 'Mole' and 'Ratty'. It is a memory of the golden moments of friendship as the young lad experiences his first real overnight camping cruise in a boat.

The pair potter about in the shallow edges of the rivers, running aground and getting covered in mud, but in times of stress they revert to the famous phrases of Laurel and Hardy to cement their bond and to say to each other that all this discomfort isn't really of concern to them. If they could see it another way, it could even be slapstick comedy. It's just a laugh really. And this is the way that they see it and understand it.

"Are we in danger?" asks the boy. "Yes, we could **Die!**" replies the granddad (uncle). (*Horrified look from the youngster!*) "... of boredom!" he then adds - with perfect timing. "We won't have water to float off again for hours if we don't get her off now!"

It is a lovely piece; a brief glimpse; a series of snapshots from a box Brownie. A highlight in a man's life from long, long ago, when the sun always shone all summer and he could so appreciate the innocence of his young friend. Isn't this the purpose of life?

It will bring a lump to your throat. It takes Ted Jones to tell such a story.

Ted and his Sunspot 15 'The Genie' are illustrated in 184/52, 209/60

He won the Noggin again in 2008 and was an Honorary Member of the DCA.

He died on Valentine's Day 2011. An obituary by his son Ben can be found in 210/9.

Winner 2006: Brian Naylor 006/03, 009/12 & 191/42

Newhaven to the Folly Inn, IOW (Total cruise Bradwell - Isle of Wight)

Boat: 'Emma' modified one-off 16ft

Mainly single-handed; young friend Shaun MacGuire, Portsmouth - Folly Inn

No engine.

Technically the trophy was awarded for the final part of the cruise published in the Summer 2006 issue of the bulletin, but of course it is impossible not to include the whole of the rest of the account and the circumstances that led to this final piece being published. It was the making of this folder that first led to the various elements of the story being uncovered. The complete account was the story of who Brian Naylor was at the time of the cruise, what kind of boat he sailed and how he came to cruise from Bradwell to the Isle of Wight.

Additionally, what happened at the first DCA rally and who attended it makes up the totality of the award of the trophy and this preceded the final section of Brian's log in 191/41. It has been a fascinating journey that began in 1955 and was finally concluded in 2006. It must surely be a record for a cruise account, for it to last for fifty-one years. It certainly shatters rule No. 1 (1961) 'a cruise which took place during the season preceding the award' and reinforces the fact that the Noggin was not restricted to 'open' boats.

It isn't necessary to outline the tale again as it is fully explained earlier in this folder and it has been decided to leave the explanations as they were prior to Brian being awarded the trophy so that the detail is preserved. It is worth noting that cruise account styles have subtly changed over the years, as have the journeys being undertaken. Brian's writing is calm and understated using what are now distinctive phrases, '*clear the shoals in fine style*'; '*I rejoiced exceedingly when finally through*'; '*Emma became a trifle frisky in her yawing*'; '*took the helm for a while and proved fair at it*'. The final proof that they are cruising in a different age is surely the 'sumptuous meal' of boiled pork with an onion sauce. Who, in recent times, includes an onion sauce on the dinghy cruising menu for a lunchtime stopover? This, together with the rally that he finally attended, is recognisable as genuine sepia-tint sailing that fills the reader with an aura of nostalgia for some kind of a 'golden age' of dinghy cruising.

This is where it began for the Association.

This was the Corinthian spirit that we hope we still possess in some small measure.

Brian Naylor declined to be awarded his own trophy (see 195/09) and in so doing outlined the criteria that he felt should govern its award (see p.8). One of these was 'The Noggin should be awarded FULL for the best account of a dinghy cruise published in the bulletin.' He also repeated his feeling that a time limit of, say, two years from publication, should be observed..

Winner 2007: Alastair Law 196/34

How Scilly can you get?

Boat: Paradox class 'Little Jim' (See 181/36)

No engine. Sail and yuloh (rowing is not a practical option with these craft).

Singlehanded cruise in company with similar craft.

Four black and white photographs; the picture on page 196 looks like a boat approaching a port hand mark but it is not, it needs more careful investigation.

Colour Photographs of Alastair receiving the trophy from Brian Naylor appeared In 199/31 (also see p.9)

The play-on-words of the title relate to the intended destination, but what Alastair may also be alluding to is that a fair percentage of yachtsmen, especially those that go offshore are secretly asking themselves this very question when they first see his boat. It is a challenge to all the accumulated conventional wisdom on sailing. Yet after the initial shock, one is drawn in and one's mind is filled with questions. It is intriguing. It cannot be ignored. As they walk away the open-minded sailor will glance back over their shoulder to wonder once more whether sailing from inside a 'coffin' could actually work? Alastair, and on this occasion Bill, were there to prove that it can.

Alastair's cruise is with Bill Serjeant (*not included in the account*) in the sister Paradox called 'Faith' (Scilly, Paradox, Faith all have 'extra' significance and meaning. For example, the dictionary definition of Paradox says 'Statement contrary to received opinion; statement that, whether true or not, seems absurd at first hearing; person or thing conflicting with preconceived notions of the reasonable or possible.) The summer of 2007 actually came in March/April and almost no cruising sailor achieved their cruising objectives in August which was very poor weather wise.

Launching in July at St Just, intending to go to the Scilly Isles (a VERY ambitious destination), Alastair and Bill had to take the pragmatic view if they wished to go anywhere. Always sailing in not-very-inviting forecast conditions they cruised Fowey, Millbrook, Salcombe, Brixham and then into the Exe to recover their boats. Both skippers were still in the process of discovering the limits of themselves and their tiny craft. Perhaps the most testing time was found when crossing Bigbury Bay in a forecast 5-6 when the swell was getting to 3m high and *'the whole of Bill's sail was lost from view as he descended into a trough.'* Alastair closes his 'lid' and sails from inside his 'conservatory'. On another occasion Alastair captures one of those joyful moments that sustain home-boat builders (both men built their own craft) through the many hours of dark winter toil. *'We were slipping along smoothly, heading gently towards our destination, with nothing to do but watch the land and the sea drift past and I knew that, when I came to write this report, I would never be able to find the words to express my utter contentment'*.

Wherever they go -they are well received and this, in large part, is due to their unique or even controversial craft that open the doors to friendly discussion and explanation upon their arrival. It is interesting to see at the conclusion of their 140.39 mile journey (GPS precision!) some useful statistics. A maximum speed of 8.1 knots (amazing for a heavy, 10ft long craft) but most telling of all the number of paperbacks read 2.8, averaging 54 pages per mile ... Now that's what we call cruising.

(There's a mathematical challenge here concerning miles, pages and books. The answer from my calculator is 2707.52. This seems like a lot of pages per book, so I surmise that a typing error has crept in and it should read 5.4 pages per mile! PC.)

200/38 From 2 May - 4 June 2008 Bill sailed 'Faith' from the River Crouch to the Scilly Isles and back accompanied by Alastair at Plymouth from 12 May - conclusion.

Winner 2008: Ted Jones 200/46

The Plan

Boat: Sunspot 15 *'The Genie'*; 2hp outboard motor

Singlehanded East Coast cruise.

Sketch map of East Coast, Medway - Orwell

There is a good colour picture of Ted sailing *'The Genie'* in 203/24 and a wonderful description of the boat by Ted in 181/40, you've GOT to read his last paragraph!

Ted's deserved winning of the Naylor Noggin has now placed him into the elite company of John Deacon and Liz Baker, the only other members who have previously been awarded the trophy twice each. See 2005 for Ted's previous win.

Ted Jones' accounts now show that he has evolved into possibly the most accomplished 'cruise-yarner' that the DCA has had within its ranks. As you read, you hear him speaking and his words are cosy, his images homely and welcoming. His narrative sounds as if he is going through a series of holiday photographs, illustrating his story. You also see and hear your own thoughts and actions in his, when he experiences similar situations to those with which you are familiar.

The Plan is a straightforward East Coast cruise in mixed weather. There are no exceptional incidents, 'no shipwrecks', as the poem says. Instead we have the inner musings of a man alone for six days, totally at one with his boat and his sailing. Having experimented with a Leisure 17 for a while, Ted has returned, in this cruise, to his beloved, diminutive Sunspot 15 *'The Genie'*. The boat fits him like a glove and he clearly loves his time with her sailing, as the wind and tide dictate, up to 13 hrs a day and covering 150 miles. As you are carried along by his gentle humour and folksy anecdotes, you realise, nearing the end that you have been smiling throughout. That's Ted's magic.

Roger Barnes read short extracts including:

'The Genie' seemed to need a romp in the same way children need to run and jump for sheer joy when let out from the confines of a classroom.'

And *'... the sea was restless and shook the sails, like a dog that's just caught a rat.'*

Prior to announcing the winner, Roger Barnes lists the likely contenders for the award and discusses some of the qualities of each. This has the desirable effect of heightening the suspense and also becoming aware of the strength of the competition. In reviewing the difficulty of making a final choice it was suggested at this AGM that if a 'tie-breaking' decision was required, it might fall to the choice of Brian Naylor himself to select the winner. This suggestion was met with general approval by the meeting.

Winner 2009: David Jones 202/29

Speedy Returns to Canna Dinghy cruising amongst the Small Isles

Boat: Beaufort 16'6" with 3.5hp Johnson outboard.

Crew: David's adult daughter Wendy.

Large clear sketch map of whole area; four B& W photographs

David won the Naylor Noggin in 1996 (151/20) for an account of an almost exactly similar cruise, crewed by his wife Jenny. It was a similar but more comprehensive cruise staying longer (old cruise 14 nights aboard, new 9 nights), sailing further (old 120 miles, new 57 miles) and visiting more places. The Noggin report of that 1995 cruise pointed to David's thorough recording method which continues to be equally informative. Roger Barnes in choosing this account as the winner remarked that it was 'understated' and that is David's engaging style. Although it is a shorter version of the original cruise it somehow complements it, rather like one of those television programmes that revisits people who were the focus of an earlier story, to see how they have fared in the intervening period. We can appreciate how life on Eigg has developed since the residents managed to secure ownership of the island from the previous proprietor and we hear about the upgrading of ferry piers, waste collection and toilet facilities on the islands.

The account opens with several references to Alan Glanville, Noggin winner in 2000 whose death was sadly reported at the 2010 AGM. David had intended to share a cruise with Alan in this season but Alan sailed around Mull earlier in the year.

David and Wendy trail to their intended departure point but find a better location that was described in the first cruise on 4 August 1995 (151/28). There is the nice touch of including Mrs Macmillan's campsite location and telephone number as well as the parking of the trailer 'outside the cattle grid'. The sailing weather is not helpful and the more powerful outboard (the old one was a Seagull 40+) makes the crossing to Eigg possible. They are weather bound for a few days but hire bikes to explore the island and take the ferry to visit Rùm. They cross to Canna harbour with a lunch break in Loch Scresort on Rùm, in about nine and a half hours. After a couple of days they depart to sail back to Morar, their starting point, a journey of just over 5 hours with a good breeze.

This section of the journey includes the crossing of the Sound of Sleat and it has a very special place in David's memory from his previous journey. This earlier sail was undertaken in very, very dangerous seas and it is clear that the experience is indelibly imprinted on David's mind. Once read (151/26, David references it several times) it will not be forgotten, so be warned! A descriptive word he used was 'terror' and he said that he was determined 'to strenuously avoid a repetition since he's never been so frightened. So what was he doing sailing the same piece of water again? There is an impression that a very unpleasant memory had to be exorcised and now, maybe, it has?

Winner 2010: John Hughes 209/27

Worming the Cat Welsh Coast Cruise

Boat: James Wharram Hitia catamaran, '*Star Catcher*'

Crew: Son, Rick aged 13

Sketch map; boat diagram; 3 excellent colour photographs

John says that this is an autumn sail to fulfil a springtime aspiration. Now how many of us can identify with that? He says that local sailing is probably no great challenge, but the more experienced sailors will know that this is not necessarily the case, especially as this sail included a 32 mile non-stop leg each way, that sensibly, needs settled weather to undertake. Most sailors would be very happy to make a 4 knot average on a cruise, so 24-25 miles should be achievable, but to 'hop' much further would include a run of foul tide. John explains the 'Worm' of the title as the mythological serpent or dragon of the high land with the towering cliffs of the Great Orme thrusting its snout into the Irish Sea, which was their target for the western end of their cruise. He sets a threatening mood by mentioning the names on the Orme that tell of wreck and disaster, foundered ships, crews fighting for their lives and tidal races. He hopes to sail close to the serpent's fangs ... and survive!

It is well known that most DCA members are of a 'mature persuasion' so it is refreshing to find that John's son Rick was 13 at the time of the trip. He must be the youngest participant in any Naylor Noggin winning cruise. There is another 'first'; that of the 'Cat' in the title, for no catamarans have previously featured amongst the Noggin winners. All the relevant information on wind, navigational points, tide and timings are included for the readers to locate themselves on the clear sketch of the journey account as it progresses.

They are not superstitious for they depart from Meals on the Wirral on a Friday, '*The light breeze off the shore faintly carried the sounds and smells of the land, but with unusual clarity: a dog barking here, a door closing there, a train coming down the line and a hint of horse manure. We already felt ourselves in a different world, detached from the land and on a voyage.*' One of the benefits of sailing on a catamaran shows itself as they cross the open estuary of the River Dee when they sail 3 nautical miles in 10 minutes which is an 18 knot average; another Noggin first. As we understand that the journey is mainly along '*predominantly broad sandy beaches*' we might expect little of visual interest but we would be wrong. The variations provided by the high cliffs, '*the old lighthouse on its eyrie-like perch*', the towns when seen from the sea, the beaches, the bathers and even an offer to buy their boat at a lunch stop, add up to a constant flow of interest.

In sailing they find varied weather, sometimes light; sometimes '*We hauled in and in a cream of foam we were skimming across the bay...*'; sometimes '*WHAM*' and '*the jib flogged madly as the sheet was whipped off the cleat ... those williwaws again!*' They get very wet at times but the sailing is exhilarating. They eventually make it back when '*... the water was like glass, the evening sky was ablaze in orange and flocks of waders crowded together...*' as Rick hopes that Mum has got something 'yummy' for them to eat when they get home.

Winner 2011: Steve Bradwell 212/43

Breakaway to France Channel crossings and visit to Alderney

Boat: Westerly Nimrod '*Breakaway*'; 3.5 outboard motor, DSC radio, GPS, echo sounder, navigation lights, tiller pilot.

Singlehanded

5 colour photographs.

Most of the winners of the Naylor Noggin have sailed in open boats but Brian Naylor's '*Emma*', Eric Colman's '*Aurora*' and Ted Jones' '*The Genie*' (to extract some examples), were fitted with small cabins. Steve's boat at 18ft is the longest cabin craft to take the prize, but it also was used to undertake lengthy Channel crossings in less than ideal conditions. The equipment mentioned above and listed in the account, illustrates how cruising in small boats has come to include modern aids that are now expected when undertaking adventurous singlehanded journeys. Steve also lists his safety equipment and mentions that he has registered his boat with the CG66 scheme on the internet. At one point he checks the weather forecast on his laptop. The 1955 winner Dave Morton was the first to seriously use GPS to assist his navigation; sixteen years later all the navigation is done using GPS and the majority of the steering is by tiller pilot. It is interesting to observe this evolution, but in no way does the use of this equipment diminish the courage and endurance required to undertake a journey of this nature.

Steve's account is informative in the way that he described his thinking throughout the complete journey. He begins by questioning why he has the boat if he has not explored its potential. He describes the crossing from Chichester Harbour to Cherbourg. In so doing, he learns lessons about tides, anchoring and finding the marina in the dark that he conveys to the reader. He sails for Alderney and with a blend of good fortune and a flexible attitude towards passage planning he finds his way into a sheltered sandy bay where he takes the ground, then explores the island on foot. The return journey to the Isle of Wight is accomplished in quite strong conditions and he is forced to wait out a F7 blow in Bembridge before returning to Chichester Harbour.

Steve's writing is clear and descriptive. He acknowledges any small errors and seeks to learn from them. He is pleased to have succeeded in pushing the boat and himself to the reasonable limit of achievement that he describes as 'challenging, rewarding and memorable'.

A B&W photo of Steve receiving the Noggin is in 215/9.

A B&W photo of Steve sailing '*Breakaway*', and sketch plan of the boat is in 214/15; a colour version of the photo is in 205/30.

A colour photo by Steve was used as the cover shot of Dinghy Cruising issue 210.

Winner 2012: Charlie Hitchen 214/49

Teased out of Time

8 days Easter sailing: Loch Etive, Loch Linnhe, Kerrera & Lismore; daily diary format.

Boat: Wayfarer (ex-sailing school) 'Nora'. 3.5 outboard motor

Crew: Bernie Hitchen

Additional accommodation: 1998 Ford Mondeo estate.

5 B&W photographs; sketch map with numbered places. Not all locations marked.

Departure is at 07.00 from Taynuilt Quay. They sail westwards out of Loch Etive then cross to-the north end of Lismore to make camp. The distance travelled is recorded at the end of each day. There are good descriptive sections '*... we watched the day fade from blue to violet and then to inky blackness flecked with a wonderful sprinkling of milky stars.*' They beat across to the Morvern coast where at Camus Chronaig they enjoy the solitude '*... the west wind had dropped its message of indolence upon us.*' Returning to Lismore they visit Achadun Castle where another thoughtful descriptive piece includes the '*teased out of time*' title of the account.

Bernie takes a major role in the sailing strategies and decision making. Her proverb for this inclement day is '*Never get yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time*' which is sound dinghy cruising advice. Following this lay-day they beat southwards in rough conditions, then they aimed to sail southwards towards the bottom end of Kerrera with a reefed main alone at times. To avoid worsening conditions they use GPS and previously gained knowledge from researching on Google Earth to find an alternative stopping place on Kerrera. There are observations about the restorative properties of hot chocolate spiced with rum. Next day they sail and motor back to Loch Etive with '*... a few rousing sea shanties ...*' warding off the cold. After camping at Taynuilt Quay they sail further into the loch where in improved weather they can enjoy the stunning scenery and reminisce about previous adventures. The next day they return to the Quay to recover their boat. A comprehensive guide to their planning with website details, launching site and anchorage grid references, concludes this enjoyable account.

A follow-up cruise account in colour around Loch Melfort, Luing and Shuna, just to the south of this cruise can be found in 219/45.

Conclusion

This file is incomplete because there is going to be another winner. There may be pictures of boats and people and places to be added and corrections to be made. I hope that you may be able to add to it. I hope that if it is not already there, your name can be added to those on the Naylor Noggin.

I must also add that the DCA has a number of members who have contributed many high quality accounts over the years yet they have never been fortunate enough to have their efforts rewarded by placing their names on the Noggin. Noggin names may not necessarily be the best and everyone who goes in search of cruising accounts in the Bulletins will soon become absorbed by what they read, as I have been.

I was fortunate enough to meet Brian and his wife Margaret at Cobnor in 2005. They were thrilled at the success of the Trophy. Brian felt that he should complete the third part of his cruise account that is included in this file, because he still had the original log he wrote at the time. He had omitted to do so mainly because it all went according to plan and there were no great adventures to report. He had with him two other high quality, Beken A4 photographs to go with the one which is used to introduce the file. He said that he introduced the Noggin partly because as an engineer he had the skills and access to the equipment to etch the design and the first few names onto the stainless steel.

Unfortunately he suffered a mild stroke on the evening of the day that he came to the DCA 50th anniversary meet. It is hoped that he makes a full recovery.

Perhaps it might be appropriate to round off the story so far by going back to the first winning account by John Deacon and extracting a little gem (slightly modified) that seems to sum things up.

“Finding this welcome little creek, we got under the lee of its tiny peninsula and dropped the hook for a mug of tea and a silent thanksgiving. We had survived our toughest battle to date and dinghy cruising became our favourite sport once more.”

Review by Len Wingfield, published in 2007 in 194/46

'The Naylor Noggin' by Paul Constantine, DCA Library
A Celebration of the Best of the Dinghy Cruising Accounts

Paul Constantine's valuable work includes extracts from Brian Naylor's 1955 voyage from Bradwell in Essex to the Isle of Wight and Solent havens, together with precis of the Naylor Noggin cruises from 1960 to 2003. Leading details of each boat is provided together with the crew and motor (if any). Out of the thirty three impressive voyages fifteen were single-handed and two more had crews only part of the time. Twenty were without engine, and one was without oars either! The majority of the voyages were in heavy cruising boats but nearly a third were in what some members regard as lightweight 'death-traps'. The most audacious voyage was by Alec Barge, from Gravesend in north Kent to the Solent, circumnavigating both the Isle of Sheppey and the Isle of Wight. It was in a self-built GP14, single-handed and without engine. (Even I regard the tall-masted and narrow-beamed GP14 as a bit much!) Alec capsized three times on the voyage, but he seems to have taken only one of the capsizes seriously - his cigarettes got wet! Peter Clutterbuck made a south coast cruise in horrific conditions 'to become accustomed to sea sailing'. Misadventures included having his crew knocked unconscious while he was struggling to rig a jury rudder. (He later went on to sail his Wayfarer to Norway.) In Brian Naylor's own voyage he was handicapped by sailing not only without motor or even oars, but having a dagger-board to contend with too! Hugh Clay's epic voyage to Norway's North Cape was not the most exotic, that distinction going to Ross Murray, an Australian member.

Paul Constantine wonders whether we still have skippers as intrepid as some of the early ones. Well perhaps not, but adventurous coastal voyages are still being made, and we are thirty, forty, fifty or more years older than they were! LW

The story will continue....

Here are the winners of the Naylor Noggin since 2012:

Year	Name	Journal Reference
2013	Roger Bamford	221/52
2014	Jeremy Warren & Philip Kirk	225/48, 226/31
2015	Bill Haylock	229/40
2016	Chris Best & Bridget Chadwick	232/66
2017	John Hughes	235/44
2018	Mike Harrington & Chris Lavender	239/67
2019	Charlie Hitchen	244/64

Thumbnail sketches of each cruise account will be added in due course.