

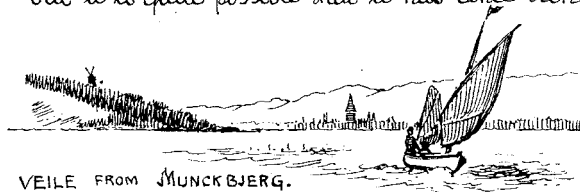
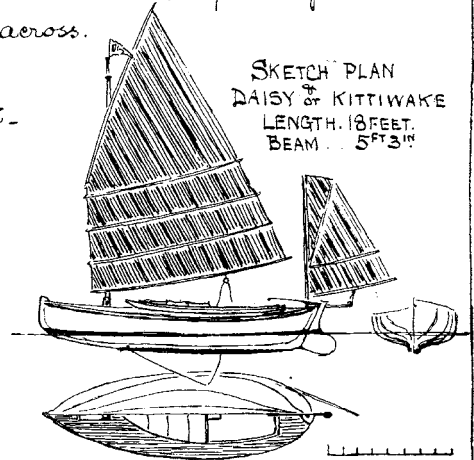
CRUISING IN DENMARK.



any small boat sailor who possesses a suitable craft and is able to afford the time for a holiday there, the Danish waters offer many charms. In recent years my modest holiday has not permitted me to revisit that smiling little country, but perhaps a brief account of a former cruise there may interest, & encourage others with more leisure to try one of the best cruising grounds I have yet come across.

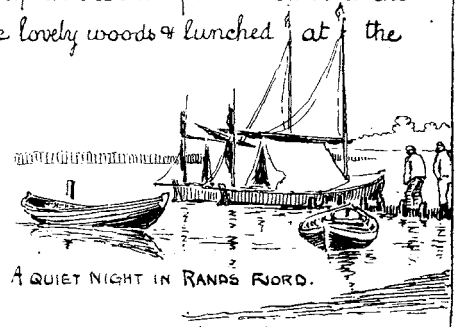
Our boats - centreplate canoe-yawls of about three quarters of a ton displacement - accompanied us by Steamer from Grimsby to Esbjerg on the western side of Jutland & were there loaded into a huge Railway Truck which easily held them both.

Travelling by train across to Veile on the Baltic side, after a night at the Hotel Royal, we found our boats had arrived at the station, and had them carted down to the quayside, where, with the aid of the town's "Stor" crane, they were safely put afloat. My recollection of this crane rather points to "Outside Capacity, one ton", but it is quite possible that it has since been replaced by a better one.

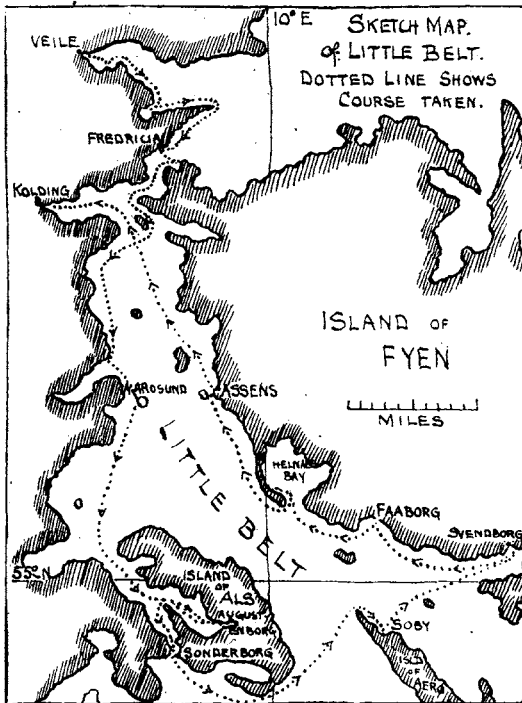


stains of travel from our boats, strolled in the lovely woods & lunched at the Restaurant high up the hill side. The dying evening breeze fanned us along to shallow little Rands Fjord, where we found our way in after some difficulty, moored our boats, erected our tents and slept undisturbed.

Before the "usual Danish strong wind" and with reefed sails we ran across the blue waters of Veile Fjord to Munkbjerg, where we tied up at the little pier & removed the

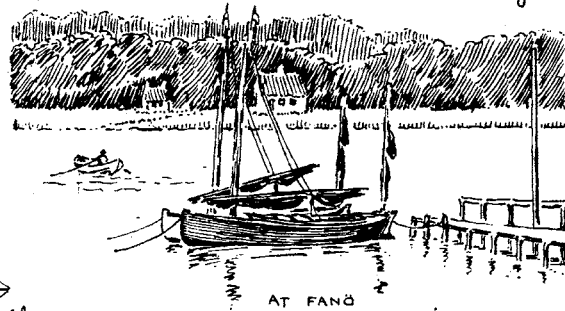


A Danish
Cruise 1894

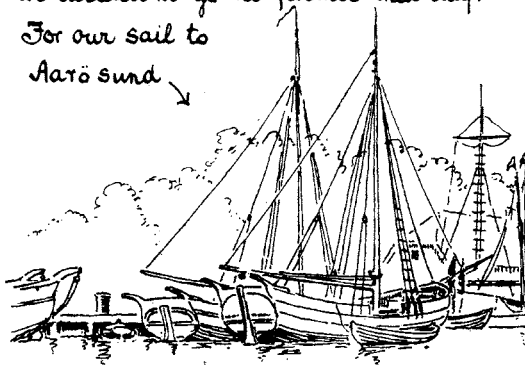


Nine o'clock next morning saw us underway with a moderate off shore wind, which fell away & veered, suiting us very well when we rounded Traelle Ness (close in) & hauled up for the Belt. We reached Fredricia about noon. It looked odd to see the train being conveyed across on a steam vessels deck. On such a day, with a bright sun flashing its reflections from the sparkling blue waters of the Belt, the Narrows are lovely. Middelfart, on the opposite side, with its red church towering over all, looked so inviting that we ran across into its little harbour to allow the expedition's photographer to get some snapshots. We found a nice run of stream with us in the centre with well defined tide lines, outside which the eddy

tide ran in the opposite direction. We only went as far as the eastern side of Fanø, which was so beautiful that we decided to go no further that day. For our sail to Aarø Sund



next afternoon we had a single reef breeze & one hardish squall with rain about half way across. We had as much wind

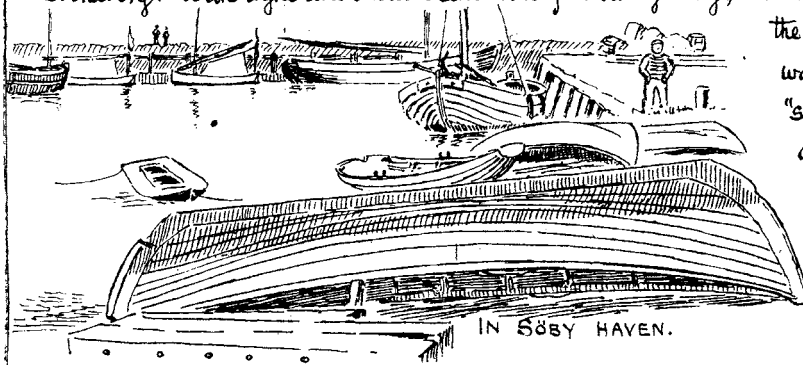
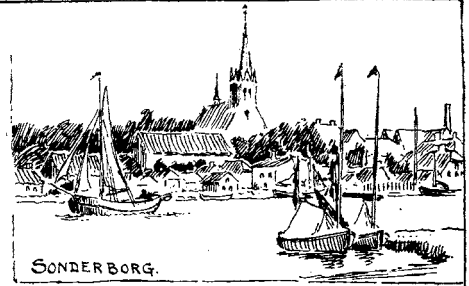


as we wanted for our run to Als Sund and were about six hours in getting to Augustenborg, where, judging by the amount of attention we received, we were looked upon as curiosities.



It took us about four hours to run down the Fjord & turn up Als Sund to Sonderborg where we spent a rainy afternoon in our tents.

After a walk up to Dybbol monument (to the memory of fallen Danes & Prussians) from which we had a fine view of the rolling country for whose possession the struggle had taken place, we passed through the bridge of boats & made a start in the direction of Svendborg.

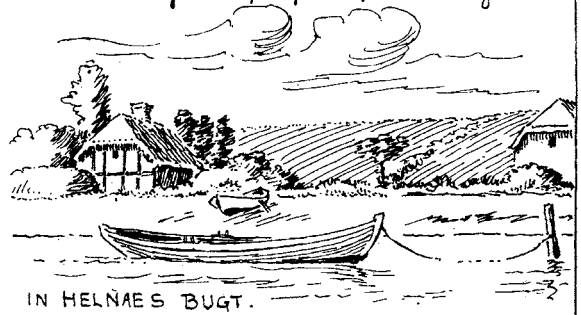


With light airs & warm sun we drifted slowly along, bathing, inspecting the bottom of the sea through the transparent water & having a good "slack" until, late in the afternoon a nice little westerly breeze sprung up and carried us past Skjoldnaes & into the snug little harbour of Søby just

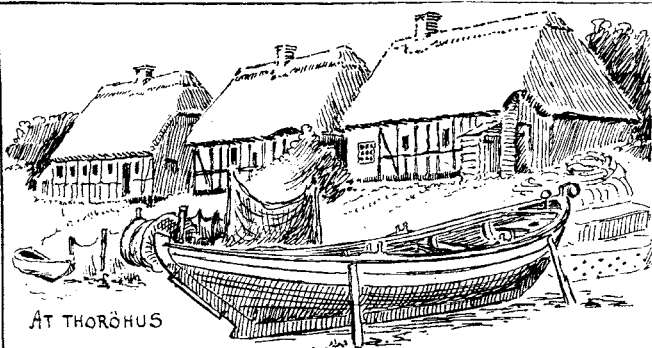
before dark. We left this quaint little place with its half-timbered thatch-roofed cottages next afternoon. A three-hour run, during which we rather presumed upon our light draught by cutting between Drejø & Avernakø, took us into Svendborg which is an extremely pretty Fjord. Here our fourth member left us & for the rest of the cruise "Daisy" was singlehanded.

We were in and about Svendborg for two days, and renewed acquaintance with Mr. Sophus Weber who has a yacht-yard there, a fact which it may be useful for any intending cruiser to note.

Two reefs down, a head wind & a long wet & uncomfortable sail to Faaborg, was followed by a similarly long but much more enjoyable turn to leeward under whole sail to Helnaes Bugt. Here we received our first visit from the Customs & tied up

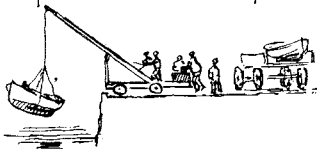


to a mooring post for the night, wading ashore for a stroll in the morning before we left for Assens. At that place we laid comfortably in the fishing boat harbour, & as there was a strong breeze dead ahead & very cold we remained over one day to give the weather a chance to improve, walking over to the picturesque little fishing village of Thorøhus.

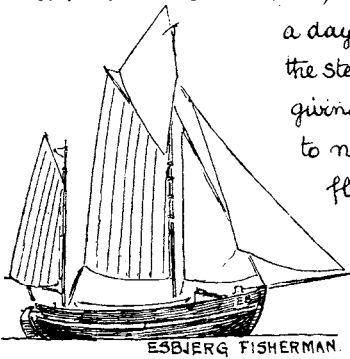


AT THORÖHUS

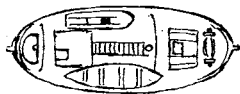
On our last day we sailed down to Christensminde for lunch, then back to Kolding where we hoisted the boats out with a funny old crane which nearly toppled over into the harbour when it got the weight of the Kittiwake upon it. This catastrophe was only prevented by the agility and weight of the harbour master, who threw himself on to the counterpoise just in the nick of time.



From there the train took us & our boats back to the west coast, where we had a day's wait for the steamer's departure giving us opportunity to note the fishing fleet and to run across to the bathing island



ESBJERG FISHERMAN



of Fanö, opposite Esbjerg. We landed back in Grimsby after an absence of 20 days well pleased with our trip. As will be noticed from the foregoing, the winds are frequently rather strong, and the almost fresh water of the tideless Baltic quickly develops a nasty short sea. A seaworthy type of cruiser is therefore desirable. The local craft are very snugly rigged; the masts of one boat (19' x 6') which I measured were only 12 feet (foremast) + 14 feet (main) in extreme length.



OFF SONDERBY.

'Double reefs' was again the order of the day for our last passage. It commenced with a turning wind which fortunately backed enabling us to lay our course. We passed the western side of Fanö - not as pretty as the eastern channel - & turned up the Fjord to Kolding.



CHRISTENS MINDE



AT KOLDING. OUR LAST NIGHT.

George F. Holmes