

A 1937 N. E. DALLIMORE DESIGN

Thynella



16
55
76

80 YEARS OF SAILING HISTORY
“HEART & SOUL FOR OWNERS AND CREW”



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Thynella

A 1937 N. E. DALLIMORE DESIGN
“HEART & SOUL FOR OWNERS AND CREW”



A Tribute

The bow of Phynella is cutting a silent sea. Looking at the blue colour of the water it is clear that these waters are adventurous. After so many years it is clear that Phynella is adventurous. She has seen a few well caring owners, after being well designed and well built. She has done tens of thousands of miles around Europe, from the Med to the Arctic Circle. Still she is Phynella. She deserves this tribute.





165576

*'Dear
Phynella
friend'*

IN 1937 TWO BROTHERS, FRANK AND HORACE
PITCHER LOOKED VERY PROUD WHEN THEIR
BRAND NEW YACHT WAS LAUNCHED. IN 2017
THREE JOINT OWNERS ARE LOOKING VERY
PROUD WHEN THEY ARE SAILING
THEIR PHYNELLA.

And what happened in between? Who designed her? Where
was she built? Where was she moored? Where did she go?

How did she survive the Second World War? Why was she
heading to Australia but never arrived? Who were her owners?
Why is she still in such fantastic condition? Those are the most
asked questions concerning Phynella. After 80 years of sailing

Phynella deserves her own book. Her own book to explain
her history, to show her life, to tell her stories. Not only all her
owners, but all people who ever sailed Phynella still love her
beautiful lines, her great sailing skills and her seaworthiness.
There have been several joint owners, four families have lived
on board for some time, many long and very long trips have
been made. By creating this book the former owners, their
families and many others got in touch again. And they all speak
lovingly about Phynella. Very emotional, real people. Thank you
so much.

Enjoy reading this book.

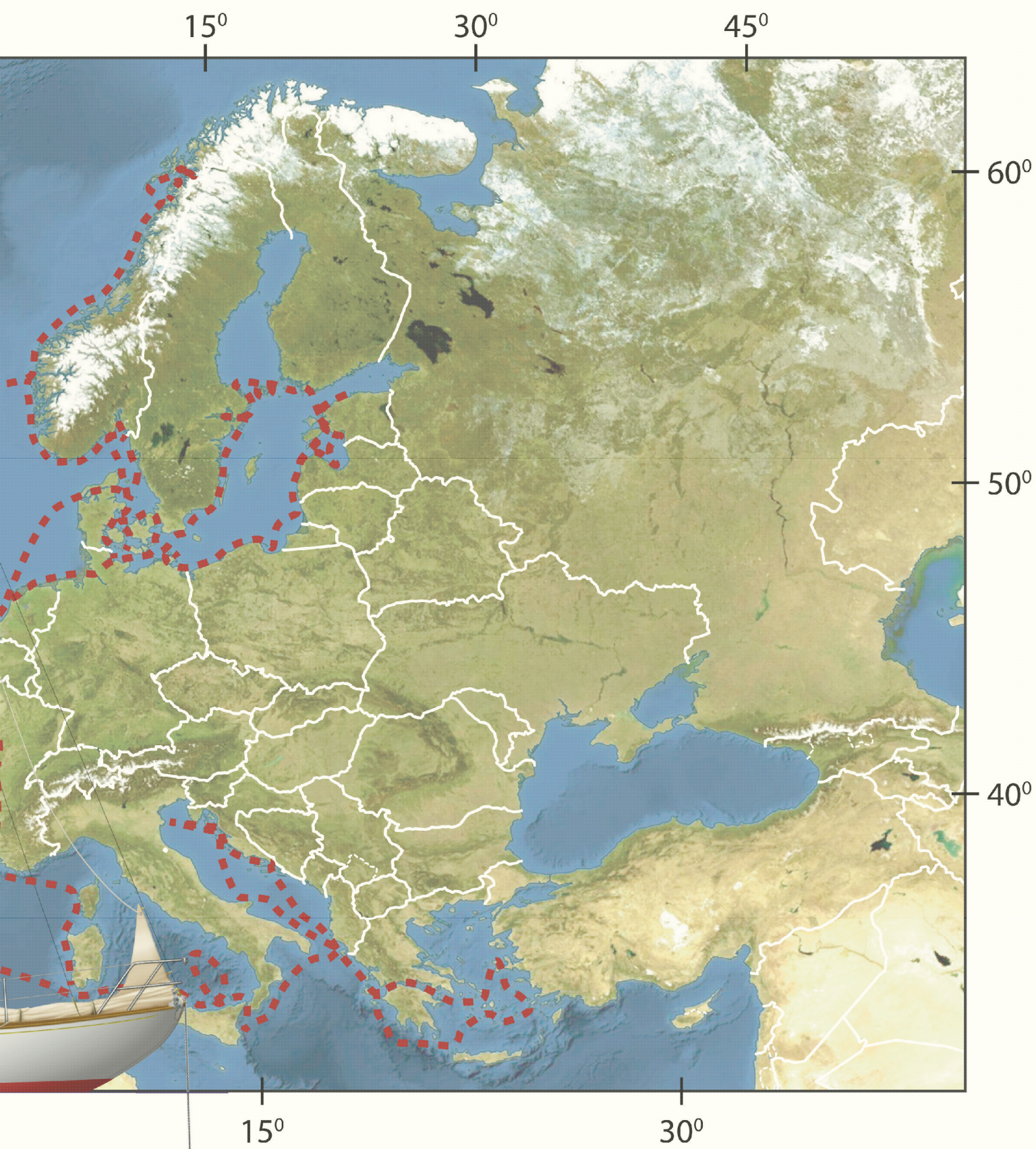
NOTES.—A Certificate of Registry is not a document of Title. It does not necessarily contain notice of all changes of ownership, and in no case does it contain an official record of any changes affecting the ship. In case of any change of ownership it is important for the protection of the interests of all parties that the change should be registered according to law. Should the Vessel be lost, sold to Foreigners, or broken up, notice thereof, together with the Certificate of Registry, if in existence, should immediately be given to the Registrar of Shipping at the Port of Registry under a Penalty of £100 for default.

Sec. $\frac{36781}{1936}$

Adventures at sea

80 YEARS OF SAILING HAVE BROUGHT
PHYNELLA AND HER CREW TO INTERESTING
DESTINATIONS.





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*Front cover picture:
Proud owner Stanley Lewis in the early 1950's.*

*First published 2017 by the joint owners
Design by German Villafane www.villadinamica.com
Research, interviews and text by Diana Bogaards with contributions by the owners
Phynella drawings and map of Europe by Bart van der Wijk
Pictures by many crew members & owners, many thanks!
www.phynella.org
Printed by www.printerpro.nl
Supported by Center Line*



SHE IS AN ELEGANT OLD LADY WITH BEAUTIFUL FEATURES, DESIGNED BY NORMAN EDWARD DALLIMORE FROM BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH. YOU COULD CALL HER THE PEARL OF ESSEX. PHYNELLA IS NOW 80 YEARS OLD AND STILL CHARMING. HER THREE DUTCH OWNERS LOVE HER AND DEDICATE THIS BIOGRAPHY TO THEIR OLD LADY

Phynella, the grand old lady from 1937

In 1937, the Pitcher brothers saw their brand new Bermudian cutter yacht Phynella sliding down the slipways of Dan Webb Shipyard in Maldon. Since then, she has sailed thousands of miles on European seas. She has carried a British, Australian and Dutch flag. She was called Phynella, because they found it a pretty name. Originally, the Pitcher's wanted to call her Phyphynella, but that would have been too long. In order to write down Phynella's history, Diana Bogaards travelled to the east coast of Great Britain in November 2006. She was warmly welcomed by William Dallimore and his mother Betty, widow of Ted Dallimore, the son of Norman Edward Dallimore. They introduced Diana to

Burnham-on-Crouch and interesting people like John Booth (90, widower of Peggy Booth, daughter of Horace Pitcher) and Shirley Bird (87, daughter of Frank Pitcher). In her search for more details, Diana also visited Colin M. Edmond, lockkeeper of Heybridge Basin, who owned Phynella from 1980 until 1986. From there, she went straight to John Yardly, who did the repairs on Phynella after her collision with the lock gate in Heybridge Basin. In the Netherlands, she interviewed Marc Dercksen, who owned Phynella from 1997 until 2000. And last but not least, she talked to Nico van Walree and Michiel van Lunteren, two of the three current owners. All the gathered information resulted in this biography.

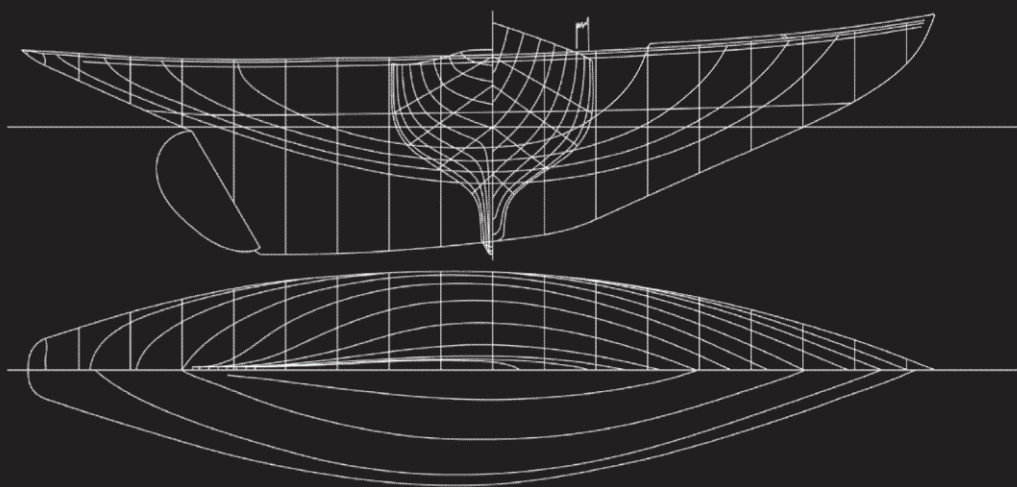
NORMAN EDWARD DALLIMORE designer of Phynella * TED DALLIMORE son of N.E. Dallimore * BETTY DALLIMORE widow of Ted Dallimore * WILLIAM DALLIMORE son of Ted Dallimore * HORACE PITCHER first owner * PEGGY BOOTH Horace Pitcher's daughter * JOHN BOOTH widower of Peggy Booth * FRANK PITCHER first owner and brother of Horace Pitcher * SHIRLEY BIRD Frank Pitcher's daughter * COLIN M. EDMOND lockkeeper Heybridge Basin and former owner * JOHNYARDLY boat builder who worked on Phynella in the eighties * MARC DERCKSEN former owner from the Netherlands * JAN MAARTEN KOOPMAN former owner from the Netherlands

YACHT DESIGNER & SURVEYOR



Norman Edward Dallimore

1883 - 1959



N.E.D., THE SON OF A SOLICITOR, WAS BROUGHT UP IN LONDON, EDUCATED IN DULWICH AND IN HIS EARLY TEENS WAS INTRODUCED TO SAILING BY HIS HALF BROTHER IN THE "SEAMEW", A TWO BERTH CUTTER OF 17'6" LOA, KEPT AT BURNHAM.

IN 1908 HE WAS PART OWNER OF "DOROTHY", A 27 FT. GAFF CUTTER, AND IT WAS IN THAT YEAR THAT HE DREW HIS FIRST DESIGN. SHE WAS AN 8 TON SLOOP AND THE FIRST OF MANY DESIGNS WHICH HE ENTERED IN "YACHTING MONTHLY" COMPETITIONS.

In 1910 he owned "Airlie", a 27 ft. gaff cutter, which he raced in The Crouch Yacht Club Points Cup series in the three years 1911-1913. He won the cup in each of these consecutive years, and therefore, as was customary in those days, retained the Cup permanently. For several years in the early 1900s he was a draftsman with G.U. Laws.

DALLIMORE FAMILY

During the 1914-18 war he served as an R.N.V.R. Lieutenant in Motor Launches. In 1915 Miss H. Ruby White ran away from her home to marry N.E.D. and for 44 years, through thick and thin, she gave him devoted support and encouragement. They lived in Burnham from 1918 onwards. A daughter, Cherry, was born in 1922 and sadly died in 1956. A son, Ted, was born in 1923. Hard work was N.E.D.'s way of life and at all times he insisted on obedience and good discipline from his family. His design office was at home, and as he was very sensitive about noise, the other occupants of the house had to be very quiet, even to the extent of walking about on tiptoe. During the working day he commuted to London where he was a fire insurance surveyor with The Royal Exchange Assurance, and at night he designed boats, and so when he was very busy his family saw very little of him except when sailing together.

BURNHAM WEEK HANDICAPPER

From 1928 to 1955 N.E.D. was the Burnham Week Handicapper. A rating system was not used in those days, and so each boat in every handicap class was given an individual handicap. In 1937 for example, there were 5 classes with a total of 55 boats. On each day he reviewed every figure and if necessary revised them depending on his analysis of the previous results and the weather forecast for that day. He did not have the benefit of a calculator, so it was a very time consuming process. Nevertheless, he was still able to find time to race his own boat. Occa-

sionally there were complaints but N.E.D. politely told them to "try a bit harder next time."www

From 1921 onwards he formed a close but unofficial partnership with William King & Sons of Burnham who built 22 of his designs (36 if one includes all the R.B.O.D.s). In 1938 a unique situation developed. A Mr. Ellis asked N.E.D. to design a boat in accordance with the Metacentric Shelf Formula. N.E.D. saw no need to follow such a theory to ensure a nicely balanced boat, but rather than lose a fee, he agrees to cooperate on condition that it was made known that the design was that of 'B.J. Ellis & NE Dallimore'. The boat was "ÇATANIA", the only N.E.D. design in which the owner participated directly in "drawing the lines".

MOTOR CRUISERS

A few of N.E.D.'s designs were motor cruisers, the better known ones being "Bou Sada", "Snow Bunting" and "Melamine", all of which had one characteristic in common, the hint of a clipper bow. Another one of his motor boats was "Vanguard", an oyster dredger, built by R.J. Prior & Son of Burnham in 1936 for Arnold Smith who gave him the three main dimensions and just one other instruction which was that she was to have a bow like "Joyce" (Harry Covington's fine old yawl). "Snow Bunting", Bou Sada and Vanguard took part in the Dunkirk evacuation in 1940 and returned safely.

184 DALLIMORE DESIGNS

N.E.D. was very busy in 1937. He had eight of his designs built in that year. During his 45-year career as a designer he produced 184 designs of which 58 were built, the remaining being competition design or those which failed to "bear fruit". He had an artistic eye so that most of his boats were pretty, having a curved stem, a counter stern and, in between, a proper sheer. He also drew 191 sail plan conversions and hull modifications, and there was also a steady demand for his expertise as a yacht surveyor.

*
The original bronze build number plate is still in the cockpit.



SOME OF HIS NOTEWORTHY COMMISSIONS FOR LOCAL CLASSES WERE:

- *1925 Bermudan rig for East Coast One Design (E.C.O.D.)
- *1926 Bermudan rig for Crouch One Design Class (C.O.D.)
- *1932 Design for Royal Burnham One Design Class (R.B.O.D.)
- *1934-5 Alterations to the sail plans of several 6 metre yachts
- *1935 Sail plan for Essex One Design (E.O.D.)
- *1936 Alterations to sail plan for ECOD Class

APPOINTMENTS WORTHY OF NOTE:

- *1923-1954 Official Measurer for YRA (now RYA) for 6/12/15 metres and Dragons.
- *1925 Spare helmsman for 12 metre class
- * March 1937 Appointed YRA official handicapper for River Crouch
- * July 1948 Appointed YRA Official Measurer of 6 metre class for British Olympic Organising Committee
- *1948-1949 Race Officer and Handicapper for Kent Yachting Week
- *1948 Race Officer and Handicapper for Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club
- * January 1952 Appointed one of the Marine Surveyors for Navigators & General Insurance Co., Ltd. and for Royal Insurance
- *15-16 July 2000 First rally of "Dallimore Owners Association"

SEVERAL WELL KNOWN LOCAL PERSONALITIES HAVE HAD BOATS DESIGNED BY N.E.D. FOR EXAMPLE:

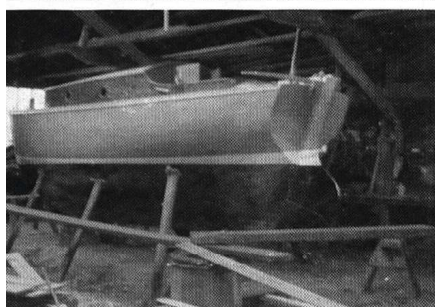
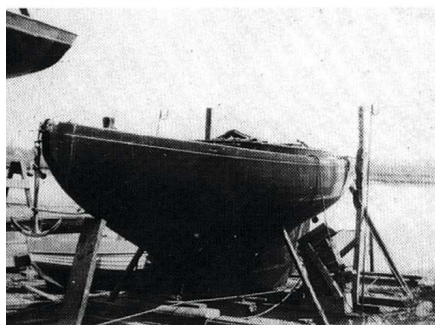
- *1927 "Daffodil" for Percy Sable. She was the first bermudan rigged staysail schooner to be built in the UK.
- *1934 "Leila" for "Pills" Holloway. Later owned by Ben Meaker and renamed "Pamjan".
- *1937 "Phynella" for Frank and Horace Pitcher. She had a moveable bulkhead to suit different requirements down below.
- *1937 "Blue Trout" for Jimmy Smart. The largest sailing boat to have been built in Burnham. Town Cup winner in 1938 with N.E.D. at the helm.
- *1938 "Lilibet" for Major Bill Noot

* Sailing on the English East coast in August 2004 the Schouten family bought an issue of Classic Boat. What a surprise! An extensive article on Dan Webb's was published including a few lines about Phynella.

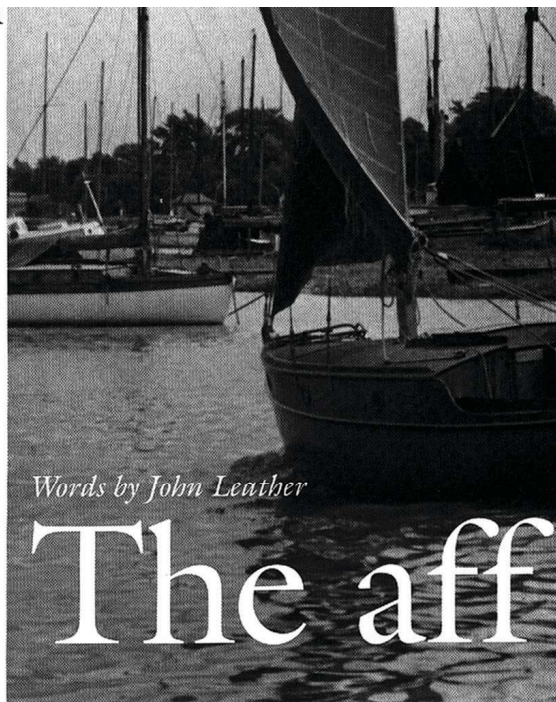
DAN WEBB & THE AFFORDABLE CRUISER



The slips at Maldon; Below: Thistle's hull in build



Undine nearing completion in the shed



Words by John Leather

The aff

The Maldon yard of Dan Webb turned out many a pretty East Coast boat

In the summer of 1945, like so many others, I was looking for a boat. I was aged 16 and apprenticed as a shipwright. I could only afford a small boat, but even that was hard to find. I asked the local boatyards. "Well, we haven't got one last week, but a young airman bought it. Could have sold it three times

over," was a typical response. "Try Dan Webb's at Maldon." The bus from Colchester ground through 18 miles of Essex countryside to the small town of Maldon (then a minor barge port) by the River Blackwater. Two barges lay alongside the town quay unloading gravel. Upstream, by the mills, the *Ethel Ada* and *Ready* were discharging by the sucker.

Sounds of hammering came from the Walter Cook & Sons barge yard where a large auxiliary barge stood on the blocks having her bottom sheathed with elm. Further down four or five little cutter smacks, fully rigged, were picking up moorings under auxiliary power along

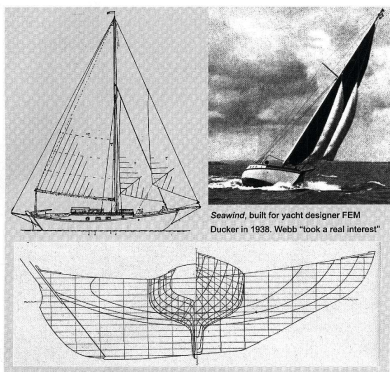
the beach they called The Hythe – Saxon for a landing place. The whole area had an unhurried air of peace.

I asked my way to Dan Webb's yard, passing by the black weatherboard loft of sailmakers AG Taylor & Son. Behind and immediately upstream of the building was the shed of Dan Webb, shipwright, boatbuilder and rigger. Outside, several yachts were laid up and looking the worse for six wartime years of disuse.

Inside the shed I found two shipwrights marking out some oak flitches. The boss, they said, had "gorn to buy some timber at Danbury". My enquiry about dinghies for sale was met with a

Phynella

■ DAN WEBB & THE AFFORDABLE CRUISER



Seawind, built for yacht designer FEM Ducker in 1938. Webb "took a real interest"

superintendence of Mr Clark, the foreman and Webb's right-hand man, with experience equal to his boss.

A year later Norman Dallimore, a Burnham-on-Crouch yacht designer, placed the order for his 39ft 7in (12.1m) design *Phynella*. This fast cruiser, for Frank and Horace Fitcher, had a bermudan-cutter rig and was one of a series of similar Dallimore yachts which cruised and raced from Burnham for many years.

FEM Ducker, another keen amateur yacht designer, had two yachts built by Webb's yard, both named *Seawind*. The 1938 *Seawind* was a 23ft (7m) waterline cruiser, displacing 5.05 tons of which the iron ballast keel weighed 1.85 tons, bermudan rigged with a 5bhp Feltham petrol motor. She was planked in 1in (25mm) pitch pine on oak beam frames at 6in (152mm) spacing. The wood keel was English elm.

Ducker clearly respected Webb. "He has plenty of ideas of his own, and I have always found him very willing to look carefully into any idea which is not absurd. He took a real interest in the *Seawind* and both she and I owe him a lot, as also his foreman, Mr Clark, who is a fine craftsman with an equally wide practical experience. Great care was taken with the selection of timber. The first keel was rejected after some work had been

done on it, and the main portion of the stem had a similar fate – a splendid piece of oak, but a little piece of sap did not get eliminated in the working up as expected." Such was the integrity of Webb, and such were the pitfalls of trying to make a profit building wooden craft.

By 1939 the yard was building two sizes of Blackwater Sloop, the 18ft 5in (5.6m) type costing £188; the 20ft 6in (6.2m) £231, each with a 5hp Stuart Turner, and either gaff or bermudan.

Their popularity was increased by author Francis B Cooke who lived in Essex and sailed the East Coast for more than 60 years. In 1938 he ordered a smaller, gaff-rigged Blackwater (see p44).

Iolanthe became Cooke's pride and joy. When she was owned by my old friend Dr Geoffrey Bolt I sailed in and against her and found her performance equal to my own 19ft (5.8m) sloop which I had designed to be reasonably fast.

The war of 1939-45 put a stop to the usual business of all small British yacht and boat yards, and with men joining the forces and old hands retiring, few were

left to tend the yachts laid up for the duration. With peace came a surge of activity and yards were soon alive with sounds of fitting out, albeit hampered by shortages of every kind, above all, timber. Webb's yard suffered with the rest, applying to the licensing authority for timber – grudgingly permitted for repairs – and trying to find old stock against a background of sharp price increases as a result of wartime wage rises.

Gradually some yachts were fitted out and by the end of 1945 most yards were seeking orders for commercial craft of some sort, for which some timber was allocated. By then Shipways was building the 43ft 6in (13.3m) motor cockler *Theodore EM* for the Meddle brothers, the largest craft designed and built by Webb and the last cockler with an auxiliary rig of trysail (a boomless mainsail) and foresail set to the stemhead, and a 40bhp Lister diesel. In 1948 I spent many happy days on board, cockling on the Maplin Sands, with the rest of the fleet dried out nearby in the sunshine.

After the war Jack Feecey, a relative of Dan's, returned to the business, which was renamed Dan Webb & Feecey, and eventually managed it until its end. He was not a trained shipwright but had a common-sense approach to running the yard and maintaining its reputation.

It continued to repair, refit and lay up yachts, and to build many more Blackwater Sloops into the mid 1960s, and occasionally other craft, including the fishing motor yacht *Susan* for Mr and Mrs John Black, a beautifully practical craft very similar to the *Theodore EM*.

Jack Feecey's shocking death by drowning left the yard without a succession of ownership; the business



Theodore EM, the largest boat built by Webb

was sold to others who continued laying up and repair and expanded its waterside into marina-style berthing. So the Shipways remains home to many wooden craft, while it continues to minister to present yachtsmen's needs.

Dan Webb is remembered mainly for the Blackwater Sloops, many of which survive some 70 or so years on – simple but satisfying small cruising yachts, cherished by their owners.



"During his 45 year career as designer he produced 184 designs of which 58 were built"

N.E.D. never owned a boat of his own design, although from 1921 to 1932 he had a beautiful double ender called "Mimosa III", designed by G.U. Laws and built in 1903. This may have been the time when he was a draftsman with G.U. Laws and therefore may have had some influence over her shape. The next boat he owned was, as one might expect, not only a beauty but also a most efficient sailing boat. She was Emily (ex "Aspasia ex Æsmeranda"), a William Fife 8 metre.

GIFTED HELMSMAN

He was a gifted helmsman who had an instinctive feel for a boat which he could always sail to the best of his and the boat's ability. He particularly enjoyed sailing in heavy weather and, for example, in such conditions he sailed Emily from Burnham to Brightlingsea and back in 4 hours (343 miles at 7 knots). One of the oldest of his designs still in commission is "Kishti", a 27 ft. Bermudan cutter built in 1924 by T. Jackett of Falmouth. The design which is best known locally is the Royal Burnham One Design Class which was started in 1932. The latest addition to the class was built in 1997. He would have been very pleased to find so many of his boats in commission today. He probably would not have been surprised though, because not only was he careful to ensure that his specifications were right, but also because he knew that the workmanship in the yards where the boats were built, and the materials used, were of very high quality.

Phynella

The Encyclopedia of Yacht Designers published in 2005. Also includes N. E. Dallimore.



OSCAR WILHELM DAHLSTRÖM

1876-1951, Finland/Denmark

Practising as both a yacht designer and a building architect, the first yacht Oscar Dahlström drew was the 40-foot *Blue Tint* in 1921. He was born in Ystad, on the east coast of Sweden, and studied at a technical school. At Helsinki University, he studied to be a teacher.

Instead of teaching in Finland, Dahlström moved to Denmark in 1905. By 1907 he had been educated as an architect, and applied for and was granted Danish citizenship. In the 1920s, well-versed in yacht design, he drew eight designs, as well as other boat types, including the large schooner *Ragnar* and the ketch *Ida*.

Norman Dallimore worked at the Burnham Yacht-Building Company under the guidance of designer Harry C. Smith and Gilbert U. Laws before commencing his independent design career in about 1930. Burnham acquired a reputation for 6-Metre racers. Dallimore's contribution in 1930 was a gaff-rigged sloop. Later in his career he was influential in convincing old plans to be redesigned. For example, the 1930s 12-Metre class was redesigned by him. Dallimore also contributed entries to design competitions, and in 1931 won the famous Gladstone prize for a 12-foot 12-Metre gaff-rigged sloop.

During World War II Dallimore served as Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Lieutenant. He moved to back Burnham in 1948 and continued to build yachts in 1948 and 1949.

NORMAN EDWARD DALLIMORE

1883-1951, England

Norman Dallimore spent his working life at Burnham-on-Crouch on the east coast of England, where he produced a range of designs for racing yachts and dayboats. He was born and brought up in London and was introduced to sailing by his half brother on an 18-foot cutter kept in Burnham.

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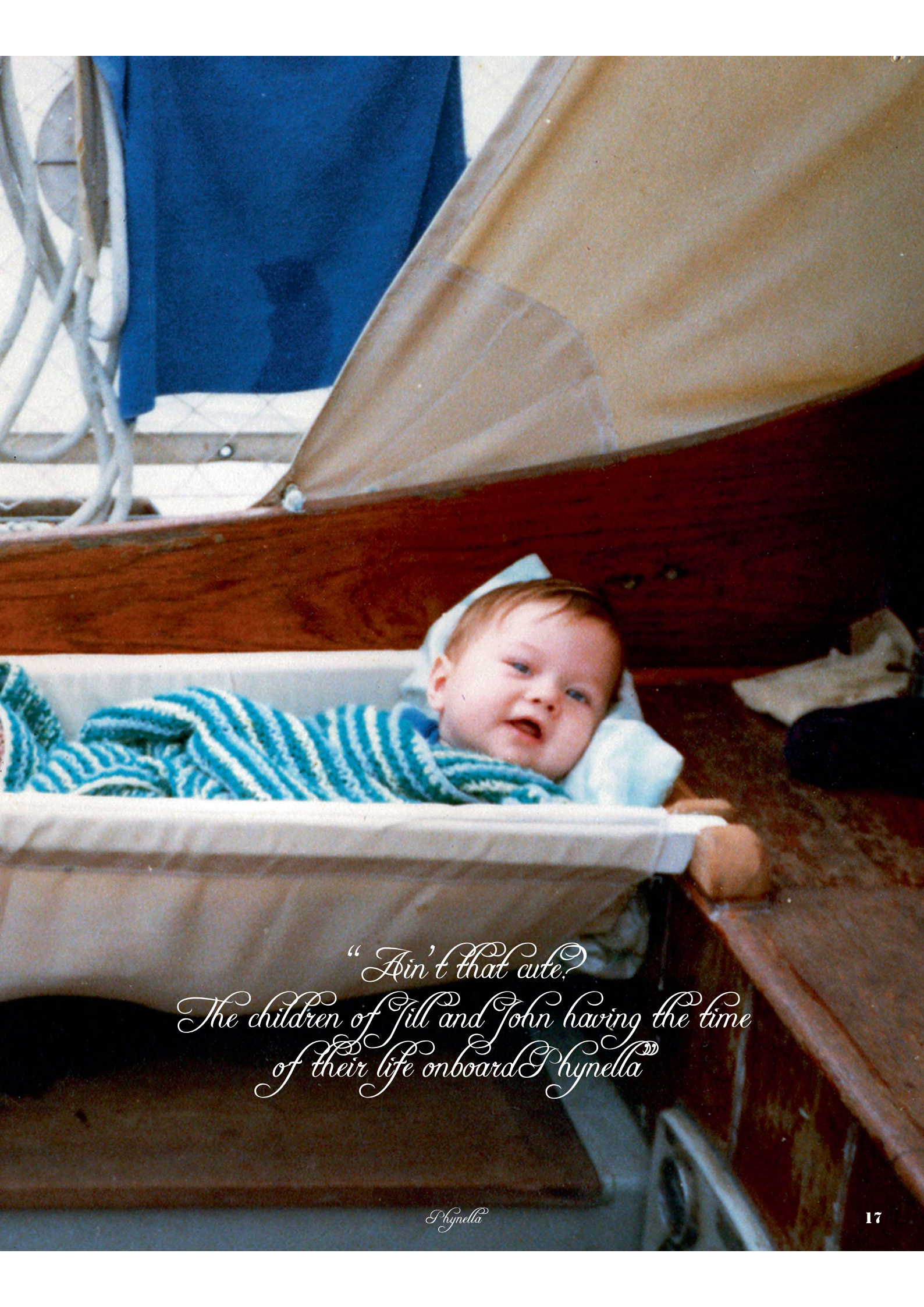
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*"Ain't that cute?
The children of Jill and John having the time
of their life onboard Phynella"*

4

From drawing to beauty

ON BOXING DAY 1936, FRANK AND HORACE PITCHER CONTACTED NORMAN EDWARD DALLIMORE. THE BROTHERS WERE BOTH WELL KNOWN LOCAL PERSONALITIES AND TIMBER MERCHANTS. THEY WANTED A FAMILY YACHT FOR THE HOLIDAYS, WHICH MR. DALLIMORE STARTED.

The father of Horace Pitcher's wife Mary worked as an editor for the local newspaper Dillway and wrote the following article after the christening of Phynella in 1937:

A NEW YACHT

"Eleven tons Bermudian cutter yacht Phynella." Carrying a string of racing colours and the R.B.Y.C. vice-commander's flag, and with a bouquet of flowers on her bow, she slid gracefully down the slipways after she had been christened by Mrs. F.B. Pitchers, mother of the owners. There is a novel mast stepping on the cabin top, so construc-

ted that all weight and thrust of the spar comes on the keel. Accommodation from forward to aft is as follows: Fore peak for light gear, chain, etc.; galley, with pantry sink draining to sea through sea cock, and gas cooker, special construction to carry mast, arched and forming a decorative and useful nest of cupboards and drawers for crockery, glass and cutlery; saloon with 6 ft. ins settee and berth with V springs; then two 6 ft. 3 ins sleeping berths with chart tables overlap, which at night fold up to the ship's side. There is a movable partition between these berths and the saloon, so that for day sailing the whole of the space below is one large cabin.

PHYNELLA'S BIRTH





*
Dan Webb's still has the real
English boatyard looks in
2004

DAN WEBB SHIPYARD

Despite its popularity in those days, it was not W. Kings Yard that built Phynella, but Dan Webb Ship Yard in Maldon, Essex. Possibly the reason was the fact that the Pitcher brothers wanted to supply timber by themselves. Jim Barbrook, John Yardly's stepfather, worked for Dan Webb and was involved in the building process of Phynella. According to John Yardly, six to seven people worked on her. Yardly, who became a boat builder himself: "Jim always complained that we took too long to build a boat with all the machines. But they continued seven days a week and ten hours a day." That was actually not un-



*
Phynella's half model was
presented to the Royal
Thames Yacht Club by Beryl
Ridsdale, daughter of Horace
Pitcher in 1953.

*"Everything is all right Jim!" That is the reason
the deck beam is still doubled nowadays*

eventful. One day Jim Barbrook was busy on deck. He needed to saw the king and side planks to let them sink in. He asked RT Clark, who was inside, whether he was going in the right direction. RT Clark answered: "Everything is all right Jim." Due to this misjudgement, one deck beam was cut. That is the reason why it is still thickened nowadays. At that time, Phynella was the biggest yacht built at Dan Webb. She did not even fit in the shed. In 2004, the ship yard on the Blackwater River got a new

name. In the September 2004 issue of Classic Boats, Phynella was mentioned in an article about Dan Webb Shipp Yard.

CHARACTERISTIC DESIGN FEATURES

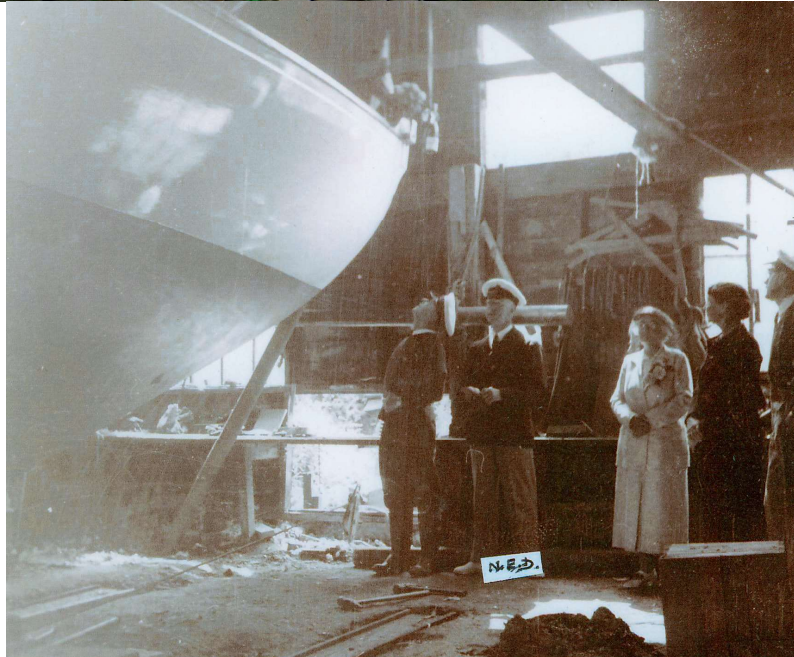
Living space was important for Horace and Frank Pitcher, as they planned to sail with two families. That is why they wanted to have four berths. Mr. Dallimore drew two main ones in the saloon and two quarter berths with feet underneath deck. Ac-

PHYNELLA'S BIRTH



✱
Christening on the 10th of
July 1937.

According to boat builder John Yardly, nobody wanted to sleep in the quarter berths though, because the water was dropping down there. A movable bulkhead enabled the separation of the berths and the saloon at night. In addition, also a deck stepped mast saved lots of space. For those days, such a structure was pretty unusual. According to Colin M. Edmond, Phynella was in 1937 the biggest boat built with a deck based mast. The lockers were another feature, as the suitcases fitted in precisely. One question that burned on the Dutch minds is who's dog it is that decorates the end of the helm. Well, the answer is simple: "Nobody's dog. They just found it a pretty detail."



✱
Phynella model built in 195x
to sail, but not yet finished.

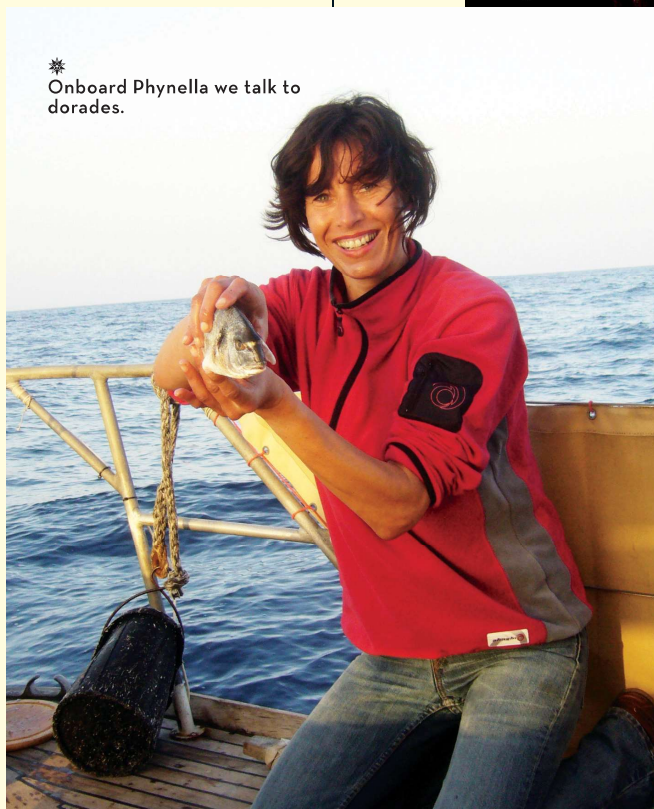


Phynella Fish Food

THE EVER SUCCESSFUL FRESH FISH FROM THE GRILL



✱
Onboard Phynella we talk to
dorades.



- * Haddock (or any other fish you caught while sailing)
- * Potatoes
- * Zucchini
- * Tomatoes
- * Onions
- * Olives if you like
- * Olive oil
- * Thyme, oregano, coriander, turmeric (or other spices you could grab from the shore)
- * Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
- * Some bread
- * White wine (local when you are on right latitude)



THE EVER SUCCESSFUL FRESH FISH FROM THE GRILL

Cut the potatoes, zucchini and tomatoes in small wedges. Precook the potatoes and zucchini as you like. Season the fish. Mix all but the fish in a tray (or foil), cover with the fish; olive oil, salt and pepper on top. Grill the fish for 5 min (or as much as your big fish needs) and turn the fish once to grill for another 4 min. Serve in the cockpit together with the bread and the white wine.

Enjoy the life on board Phynella!



*"Grill the fish for 5
minutes, or as long as
your big fish needs"*





Little Phynnie sailing on Ria de Vigo, Galicia

BRITISH EPISODE 1937-1986

U.K.

Pearl of the east coast

PHYNELLA LIVED MOST OF HER LIFE IN GREAT BRITAIN. IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1986 THAT SHE MOVED TO MAINLAND EUROPE. SHE HAD FOUR BRITISH OWNERS BEFORE SHE WAS TAKEN CARE OF BY A FOREIGNER. SHE SURVIVED WORLD WAR II AND SPENT MOST OF HER TIME IN BURNHAM.



THE PITCHER FAMILY

On a sunny Sunday in November 2006, John Booth and Shirly Bird called memories of Phynella to mind in the Royal Burnham Yacht Club. After her launch in 1937 the two Pitcher families had their first and last holiday onboard Phynella. Shirly Bird was 18 at that time. Her mother got pregnant after their first vacation. This was very unusual in those days, since she was already 43. As a result, she wasn't allowed to do anything and they missed their second holiday and sadly enough World War II started the year after in 1939. During the first year of the War, Horace and Mary Pitcher lived onboard Phynella for a couple of months. She was moored in a little harbour close by Burnham. Afterwards she was taken out of the water in order to protect her against the Germans. According to Shirly, her uncle Horace Pitcher hardly sailed Phynella, as he died about the end of the War. In 1946, his daughter Evelyn Pitcher became the registered sole owner. Shirly's brother Harry Pitcher (Frank Pitcher's son) started to build a model of Phynella. The unfinished replica is still with the Pitcher family.



*
Phynella is strongly built. The Heybridge basin lock door is even stronger built.

STANLEY LEWIS – SECOND OWNER

After the War in 1947, Stanley Lewis from London bought Phynella. He owned her for most of her life until 1978. According to Shirly Bird, Stanley Lewis kept Phynella many years in Fambridge, which is five to six miles up the Crouch river from Burnham. In 1953, Shirly Bird and her husband returned to Burnham and in 1959 they thought of purchasing Phynella, which they did not do in the end. Since Stanley Lewis made sail cloth professionally, he produced many sails for Phynella. By the time Colin M. Edmond had owned her for two years, he received a phone call from Mrs. Lewis. She was about to move to a retirement home and found two brand new mainsails and several jibs in her loft. They were from Egyptian cotton and the stitching was gone, so Colin M. Edmond did not dare using them, but they were a nice relic.

IAN MAPLES – THIRD OWNER

Ian Maples and his wife became the third owners in a row, as they bought Phynella in 1977. Ian Maples worked as a broker



*"The anchor was flattened
and the bow seriously
damaged. Quite a few
planks had to be replaced"*



✱
Inspection and maintenance
before the next long trip can
start.

and Mrs. Maples as a secretary at Boatyard Woodbridge in Suffolk. They lived onboard Phynella and took out the original accommodation. The year after, Phynella was sold to Colin M. Edmond, who felt in love with her immediately.

COLIN M. EDMOND – FOURTH OWNER

The picturesque village of Heybridge Basin became Phynella's new home. This settlement was built at the end of the 18th century at the conjunction of the Chelmer and Blackwater Navigation and the River Blackwater. The Chelmer and Blackwater Navigation is the canalisation of the Rivers Chelmer and Blackwater in Essex. It runs for 22 km from Springfield Basin in Chelmsford to the sea lock Heybridge Basin near Maldon. It has 13 locks in total and it drops 23 metres from Basin to sea. The white coloured Lock House is not only the eye catcher of Heybridge Basin, but also Colin M. Edmond's house, as he is the lock keeper. He sailed her two years before he found out why she was leaking. He lifted her out of the water, which made the problem obvious. The keel was loose, so he took it off and let the hull dry out. The nuts of the boat had soaked in, so he replaced them by stainless steel ones to strengthen it. In addition, he cut the soft wood out and the main floor timbers were replaced. Colin also swapped one keel bolt for a larger one underneath the mast. Colin's father taught navigation and wanted to use Phynella for educational purposes. That is why



they put in a full size chart table, for which they sacrificed part of the only berth of 13 ft. long. Phynella was also in charge as committee boat for the National Schools Sailing Association (cadet racing) in those days.

When Colin bought Phynella, her engine was already 20 years old. He went to the Boat Show to inform himself about what to do with it. They asked him questions as: "Does it smoke or is it difficult to start?" The answer was 'No', so the 4 cylinder 36BHP Perkins '67 showed excellent strength. Colin only put in new heat exchanges, took the oil pipes off and rebuilt the gearbox.

BIG BANG

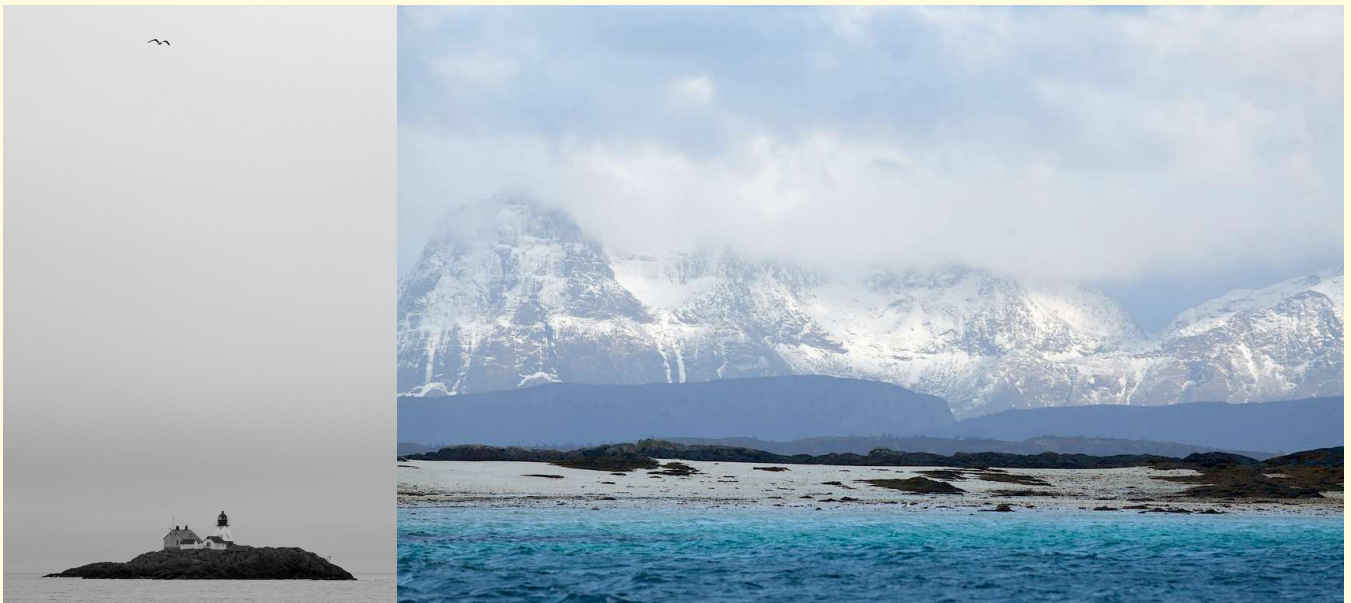
But something went wrong in the process of refitting the engine. According to Colin, they used the wrong bolts. The new ones were not as strong as they are supposed to be. That cau-

sed a major problem when Colin's father tried to manoeuvre in the lock. A bolt had broken and the gearbox control cable was blocked. As a result, the engine stayed ahead and did not slow down and Colin's father hit the gate quite hard. The anchor was flattened and the bow seriously damaged. The king plank and top two or three planks had to be replaced. Fortunately, the mast survived the collision. Peter Wright worked on the first repairs, since he had also been involved in the initial building of Phynella.

OLD AND BELOVED

One day Colin M. Edmond sailed on the Crouch river and picked exactly, without knowing, the mooring that belonged to Phynella for at least 30 years. Colin: "Pitcher's son came on-board. I asked him whether it would be ok to lay there, where-after he said: I cannot believe anybody would ask you to move." Phynella is an old lady, but still beloved.

Within the Arctic Circle: Paul, Michiel and Anneke, May 2012



FINALLY AFTER YEARS OF SAILING TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE PHYNELLA REACHED BØDØ, WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Captain Michiel and crew members Anneke and Paul are the lucky ones to sail in the Lofoten. Starting in Bødø, where first of all we stock the boat with food and beverages, afraid we will only be able to purchase 'stockfish' from now on.

Michiel makes an ultimate though failed attempt to make the heater stove work.

Soon we sail further north, strong torrential rains accompanying us the whole day.

We find out that our usual sailing suits with thermolayer are absolutely insufficient for these weather conditions. We put on extra clothes, hats, ski gloves. Anneke discovers that a warmwaterbottle between the thermolayer and the sailing suit provides warmth for hours, saving us from freezing.

The first overnight stop was in a beautiful sheltered bay, with mini supermarket annex meeting point for the locals.

On our walk around the bay we interrupted a shy and hungry polar fox while investigating a fisherman's cabin.

This is the entrance of Svolvær from the sea, the capital of the Lofoten with approximately 4000 inhabitants. The statue is a lighthouse and called The Fisherman's Wife. Behind it you can see the stockfish waiting to be dry enough to be transported.

This sailing trip was special because we had a talented photo-

grapher on board, Paul.

Paul saw the entire trip through his camera lens. He never missed an opportunity for a beautiful picture. Once he made us repeat a sailing track three times, each time approaching a lighthouse under a different angle. We crawled in between rocks for the best view.

Here you can see rorbuer (the characteristic red fishermen's houses) in Reine.

We arrived late in the harbour and were desperate to have a hot drink in the pub. We never reached the quay because Phynella was too deep, however in the morning we were able to move on and get on shore.

Running in Reine, stockfish everywhere. Who's afraid of the bats with their mouth wide open?

On the isle of Rost, the birds are in charge!

Crossing from Rost back to Bødø, the sea was very cold and very empty. Electric Bobby was at the helm and watchman Michiel was comfy in his warm bed, watching out every 15 minutes ... on the iPad!

This was the most beautiful trip Anneke ever made with Phynella.

ISABEL AND THE HAILSTONES OF NYKOPING.

It seemed an ever lasting summer back in 2000 when we took over Phynella from the Schouten family. Sun tanned and totally relaxed (we speak of the Schoutens here) we met them in the Danish town of Nysted. We took over the Old Lady and were heading for Copenhagen; The Schoutens would go back to Holland by car. "To be honest" Geert said looking at the sky, "that's the first cloud I've seen in three weeks time" That single cloud soon became larger and darker and that very night a severe thunderstorm tested the always

doubtful water tightness of Phynella's deck. Soon a solid southwesterly breeze welcomed us with a mixture of squalls and sun. When your name is van Walree staying in any harbour for a long time is no option at all and with the wind from behind we made good progress on the Guldberg Sund towards Nykoping. After changing course to the harbour entrance the crew was focussed on his/her job: Nico en Jetje would lower the sails, Inez would take the helm and Eva's job was to prepare the fenders. And

Isabel was holding the line of Phynnie that was towed behind us, as her job always was to keep the dingy clear of Phynella. Busy as we were we did not notice that the sky had darkened and before we realised what was happening we found ourselves hiding in the cabin. Outside, hail stones as big as pigeon eggs

were battering Phynella's deck. We were all inside, safe and dry. But we realised soon that Isabel was not with us. Motherly instinct was much stronger than self protection and so Jetje found her youngest laying on the deck still keeping Phynnie clear and covered with bruises and screaming: Au ! Au! Au!

"TO BE HONEST" GEERT SAID LOOKING AT THE SKY, "THAT'S THE FIRST CLOUD I'VE SEEN IN THREE WEEKS TIME"







*Phynella returning from the Med
through the French canals.*

AUSTRALIAN EPISODE 1986-1988

AU

Ocean crossing ends in mediterranean

IN FEBRUARY 1987 JILL & JOHN ROXBURGH FROM AUSTRALIA BOUGHT PHYNELLA FROM COLIN EDMOND AT HEYBRIDGE BASIN. PHYNELLA IS FOUND IN THE BRITISH YACHT REGISTER IN THE NAME OF JILL BURRETT, BECAUSE SHE IS ENGLISH. JILL & JOHN HAD A DREAM TO SAIL PHYNELLA TO THEIR HOME COUNTRY DOWN UNDER.



The family enthusiastically started some renovations. John added a hatch in front of the mast for more ventilation on board. He added an insulated box and cooling compressor. He recaulked the deck, reinforced fittings on the mast and regalvanized many fittings on board. Phynella was moored at Twickenham at Eel Pie Island Yard for much of the work. In November 1987 they took Phynella to Osea Island in the Blackwater River for a family holiday, then back to St Katherine Dock at Tower Bridge in London. In The Royal Thames Yacht Club in Knightsbridge London they found a half model of Phynella.

After restoring the teak decks and adding new diesel tanks John sailed from Tower Bridge in November 1987 towards the Mediterranean. The first attempt to cross Golf of Biscaye with two friends ended in returning to Brest due to heavy weather. On the second attempt he sailed singlehanded from Brest to La Coruna (Spain) in favourable easterly winds. He ripped the mainsail and continued on yankee and staysail, and had some close encounters with French Naval exercises. He made his way solo around Spain and Portugal and Jill came on board in Faro with their two-year-old daughter and four months old son. By that time Jill & John had decided not to continue to Australia, because a import tax of 150% would be due on arrival and because they thought the climate there would not help



Phynella to survive.

They had Christmas in Portimao and went quite a way up the Guadiana river which separates Spain and Portugal. Then they sailed to Sevilla (35 miles up the Guadalquivir river) where they stayed seven weeks during winter. They sailed to Baleares, sailed there for four weeks, sailed to Sardegna, Corsica and Elba, to end at Port St Louis (near Marseilles) where they took the mast down to go through France. They brought Phynella

“In the second attempt he sailed single handed from Brest to La Coruña in favourable easterly winds”

through the French canals via Lyons and Paris to Boulogne. Phynella had too much draft for the canals and there were some groundings, but the good old Perkins diesel took on the flooded Rhone very well leaving many boats behind struggling upstream. They made the passage to Ramsgate, finally ending their voyage in Woodbridge in August 1988.

According to Jan-Maarten Koopman, who bought Phynella from the Australians in November 1988, the Ozzies named the dog's head on the helm after Horace, since it has one eye open and one closed. That would symbolize Horace's watchfulness.





*Phynella on anchor
at the black sand beach
of Stromboli*





Full of ambition



THE OLD LADY IMMIGRATED TO THE NETHERLANDS IN 1988. IN THOSE DAYS SHE WAS INHABITED BY DUTCH DENTIST JAN-MAARTEN KOOPMAN AND HIS WIFE ALICE. THEY SAILED HER ACROSS THE NORTH SEA TOWARDS A NEW FUTURE FULL OF DREAMS, ENTHUSIASM AND CARE. THE SECOND DUTCH OWNERS, MR. VAN RIJN AND MRS. STROBAND, HAD THE AMBITION TO RESTORE PHYNELLA GRADUALLY, IN ORDER TO USE HER FOR CHARTERING. UNFORTUNATELY, MR. VAN RIJN DIED SOON AFTER THE PURCHASE.



✱
Encountering the famous
Dutch sand banks on river
Oosterschelde, a chance to
freely climb the tree.

Phynella was sold to Marc Dercksen, who renovated her profoundly. He involved Michiel van Lunteren as an expert in wooden boat building techniques and Michiel engaged his brother-in-law Nico van Walree. Phynella was berthed everywhere, from Oudeschild on Texel in the north of the country to Woudrichem in the south, Lelystad in the middle and Yerseke in the south-west. All together, she spent about 4.5 years on shore.

KOOPMAN FAMILY – HOME SWEET HOME

When Jan-Maarten Koopman graduated from university in 1986, the unemployment rate amongst dentists was sky high. He decided to try his luck in the UK, where he worked as an associate in several dental practices. He and his wife bought a house, which happily increased in value during the year they possessed it. Jan-Maarten Koopman: "We did not want to continue working as an associate, we considered investing in a practice of our own as too risky, so we decided to sell our house and buy a boat to live on. That would give the flexibility to look for a job both in the Netherlands and the UK, should the Netherlands fail. So we bought Phynella in 1988. We found her in Woodbridge and she would become our home for about



three to four months." In the night of August 13 -14 1988, the Koopman family crossed the North Sea and sailed Phynella via IJmuiden to the IJsselmeer. "Phynella was our home and the IJsselmeer our garden." They spent quite a bit of their time in free Rijkswaterstaat shelter harbours to save money. Mr Koopman found a job as representative of a pharmaceutical company. The problem was the faint but always present diesel smell, penetrating our clothes. This is fine when living free, but not to be combined with a job. So finally, Mr. and Mrs. Koopman settled in the province of Noord-Holland and Phynella was kept



Phynella



A serious transport by truck from the North to the South of the Netherlands.

for pleasure and berthed in Oudeschild on the isle of Texel. A dental practice was bought in the province of Overijssel, so Phynella moved to Lelystad. Soon the practice had to move and with a family extended by two small children, time was short and money welcome. Koopman: "Since she is a beautiful, but expensive and demanding old lady, we sold Phynella to Mr. Van Rijn and Mrs. Stroband. She is too pretty to leave her unattended and we trusted she would be in good hands. That is life."

Koopman undertook many renovations. He modified the fore cabin, in order to make it more comfortable. He installed a diesel stove to keep them warm that autumn on the IJsselmeer. It never worked well though, and added to the diesel smell. Koopman: "We maintained her original condition as much as possible and after a deck repair she did not leak." If there was a job to do in top of the spar, his wife Alice had to go up in the air. Koopman with a smile: "She still complains about that. But I have a slight fear of heights, I am stronger and she weighs less,

IF THERE WAS A JOB TO DO IN TOP OF THE SPAR, HIS WIFE ALICE HAD TO GO UP IN THE AIR.

it's an obvious choice." It is obvious that Koopman experienced many memorable moments in all those years of sailing onboard Phynella. Not everything went well though: "I must admit with a sense of shame that we once got stuck on a sand-bank on the Wadden Sea on a falling tide. The shape of her keel bailed us out: Full throttle would lift her aft a little, reducing her depth by a few inches." Phynella was really lovely to sail and a remarkable appearance too, as there were always interested spectators both on the water and quays, according to Koopman.

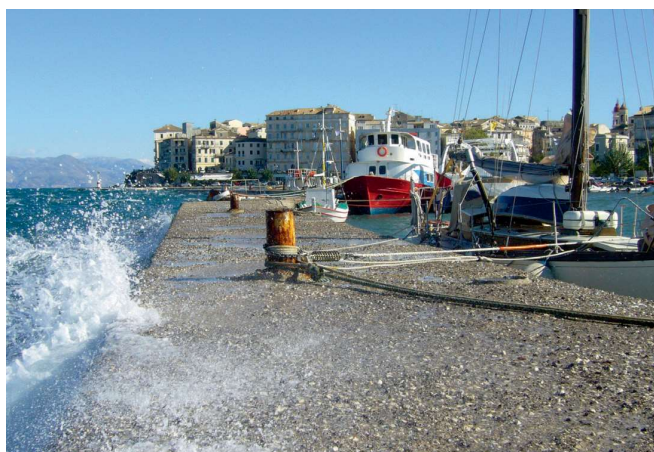
SAILING HOME

Since the UK has an op-out status in the Schengen Agreement, there is no talk of free movement of goods. In order to pay no duties, Koopman had to move his belongings in one go. An impossible situation, but some rules are a bit silly. Although the official removal was postponed, his furniture was already sent home, so Koopman had to pay import duties for Phynella. "We were afraid that it would be very expensive, but we never paid anything", commented Koopman. "How we did it... we can't remember though."



Phynella





* Shelter for a November storm on Corfu.

PAUL VAN RIJN AND HENDRIKA STROBAND DUST IN THE WIND

In 1993, Paul and Hendrika Stroband bought Phynella and brought her to their ship yard in Osingahuizen (Friesland). Their ambition was to restore her in spare hours, afterwards Hendrika Stroband wanted to use the old lady for chartering. There is a diary, in which Paul describes the work done on Phynella from 5 to 16 November 1994. Unfortunately, those plans disappeared as dust in the wind. In 1995, Paul died all of a sudden at a young age. Soon, Phynella was left behind in a shed for about 1,5 years.

MARC DERCKSEN PROFOUND RENOVATION

Boot Düsseldorf of January 1997 marked a new phase in the history of Phynella, as Marc Dercksen saw an advertisement in a broker magazine. Dercksen: "I had a new car, so I decided to go for a ride and went to Osingahuizen. The broker warned me that Phynella had spent the last 1,5 year in a shed. Although this place was associated with the unfortunate death of her husband, Hendrika Stroband joined me." Marc started negoti-

"I HAD A NEW CAR, SO I DECIDED TO GO FOR A RIDE AND WENT TO OSINGAHUIZEN. THE BROKER INFORMED ME THAT PHYNELLA HAD SPENT THE LAST 1,5 YEAR IN A SHED. ALTHOUGH THIS PLACE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH THE UNFORTUNATE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, HENDRIKA STROBAND JOINED ME."

ations and involved experts in the process of purchasing. Their conclusion was clear: Phynella was a great yacht. Dercksen became the third Dutch owner on May 26 1997: "For a long time, I had my doubts about how to renovate her. I had the choice between a classic renovation by caulking the seams or I could wrap up the hull in epoxy. All experts gave opposite advices. In the end, I did a bit of everything."

Marc met a friend of his, who is a timber trader. His company Vision Repair sponsored Marc with a special kind of epoxy that remained flexible. In return, Phynella modelled in an advertisement clip that was broadcasted on local television. One of Marc's other advisors was Michiel van Lunteren. Dercksen: "During a walk with Michiel, we came up with the idea to join forces in the project. Michiel involved Nico van Walree and both of them bought themselves in." The Dutchmen started to sand-blast the hull from the in- and outside. The old seams were milled and they decided to 'splice' them. That means they glued laths with this special epoxy in the seams. Dercksen: "Afterwards, we covered the wood with linseed oil, in order to make it damp-proof. That enabled us to use a traditional one component painting system." The making over of the hull





*
Entry to the Med is
celebrated in style.

was done in a shed in Den Bosch in the southern part of the Netherlands. After 4,5 years on shore, including 3 years of hard work, the old lady finally returned to the water in 1999. She was berthed in Woudrichem, where the owners put the interior back in. Dercksen: "We managed to put almost everything back in the same place, but we also found some fastening points of a former interior. The original one must have had larger benches."

EXCELLENT QUALITY

Not only Marc was surprised by the high quality standard of Phynella, but also the experts. Dercksen explained: "The boat builders used excellent wood. Partly angular, made of trees that had grown in that particular direction for about fifty years. That caused extremely strong connections. Phynella is full of those tricks, which is very unique and it shows the profoundness of building." Another specialty is the fact that the planking is screwed and nailed on the timbers. According to Marc, that was expensive and labour-intensive in those days: "They combined the two strong characteristics of both techniques. Screwing does not cause any tolerance, but the screw is breakable. Nails do not break, but they can produce tolerance after a while. The combination resulted in a strong and tight connection. Nowa-

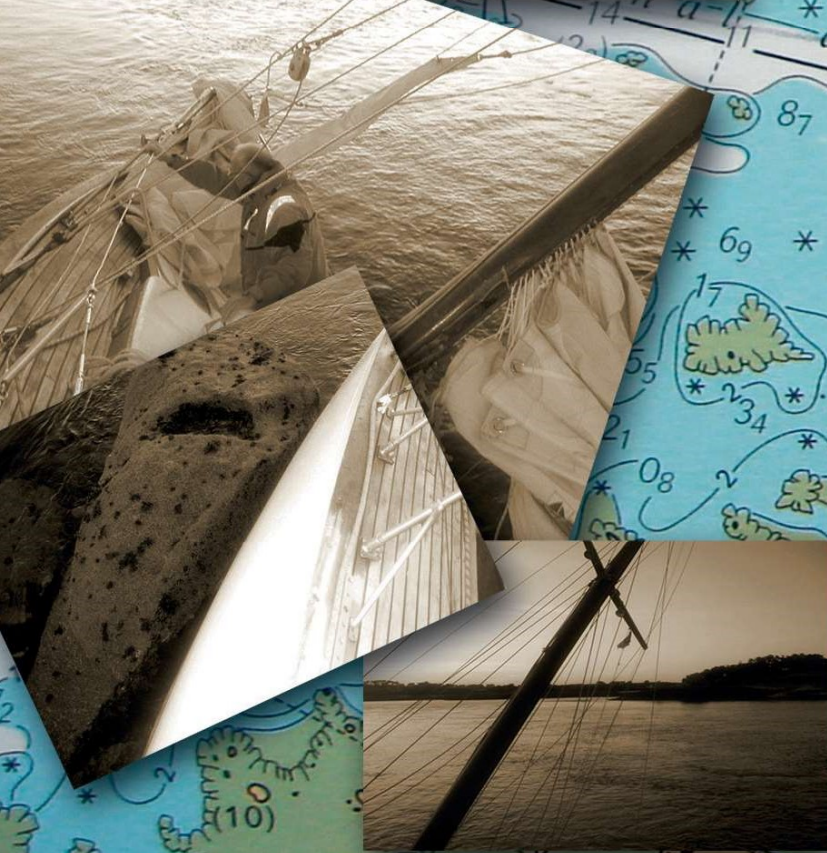
days, to build a yacht like Phynella would cost a fortune."

All the work was rewarded with a pleasant sailing season in the year 2001. That was not uneventful, as Phynella was once again bothered with a failure of the gearbox. The connection between the reverse clutch and the propeller broke, which pulled the axle out of line. Phynella found a new home in the Roompot Marina and finally in Yerseke. After his first sailing season onboard Phynella, Marc decided to step out of the Phynella owner team, as he moved to Amsterdam.



Phynella

"Challenging waters never are an issue. Well, almost never."



Chenal de Batz

LE CHENAL A TERRE DE L'ILE DE BATZ

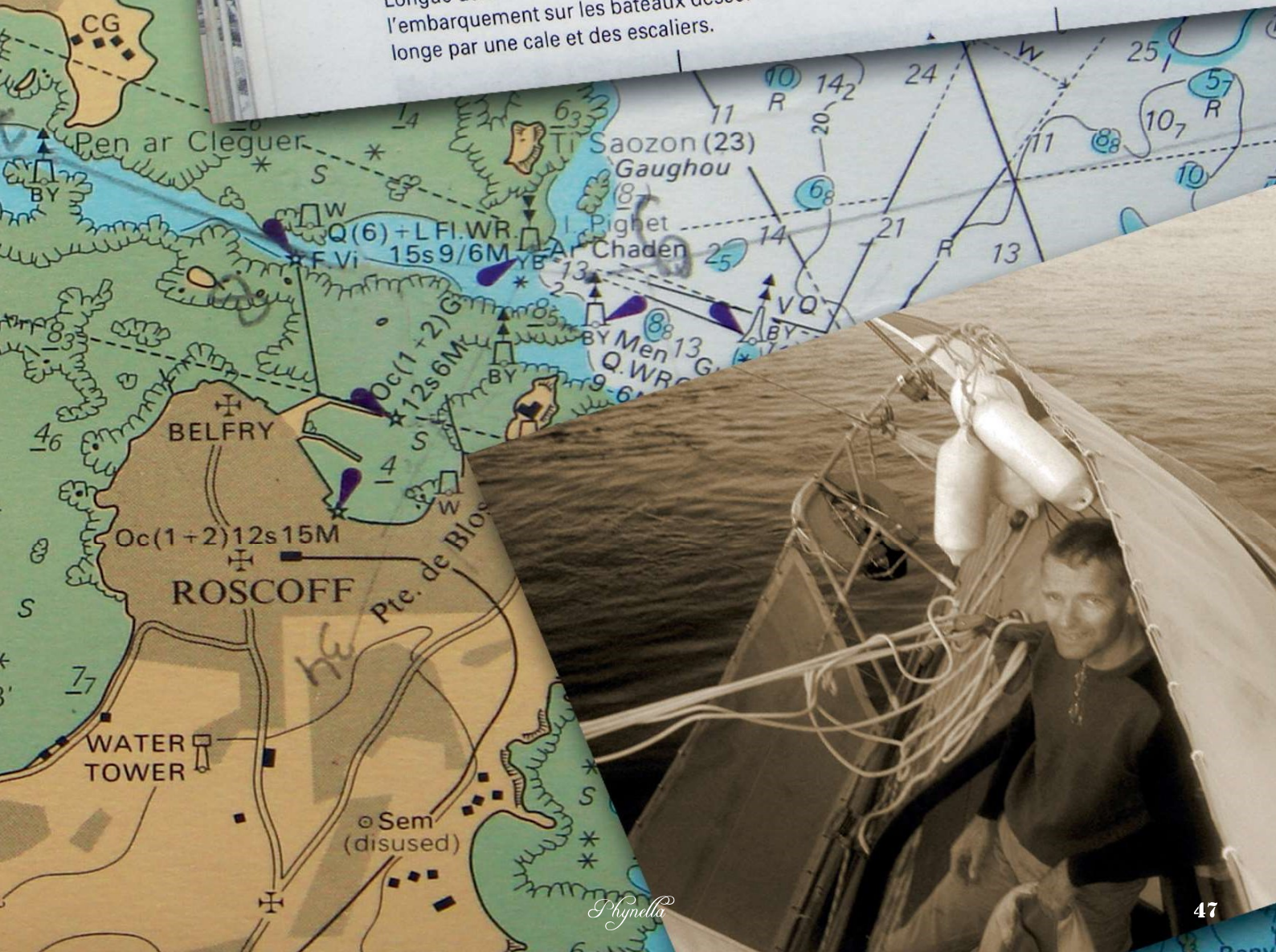
Si, à marée haute, on peut se contenter de couper au plus court d'une tourelle à l'autre, à basse mer, même en marée de coefficient moyen, il est impératif, avec un tirant d'eau de 1,50 m, de suivre exactement le chenal pour ne pas talonner une tête.

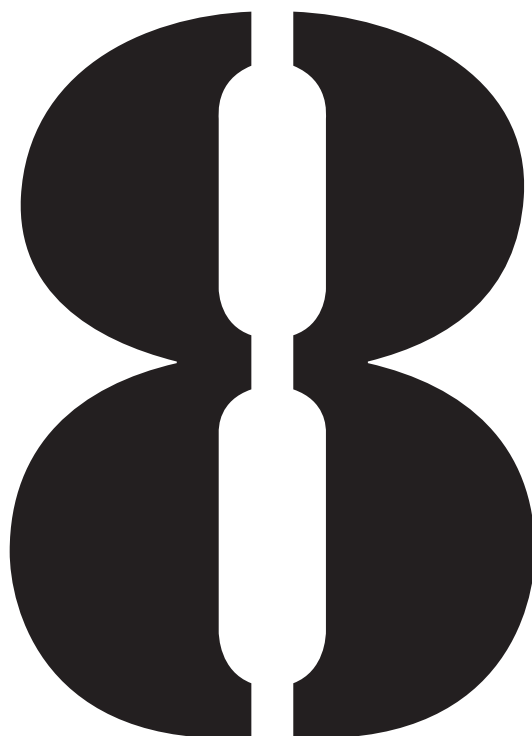
Ce chenal est couvert par une série d'alignements depuis l'entrée Est entre les tourelles de Ar Chaden et de Men Guen Bras.



La basse plate et le pylône de l'estacade à 271°.

277° : la tourelle nord noire et jaune de **la Plate** dans l'entrée ouest du chenal, légèrement à droite du pylône au musoir immergé de l'estacade qui déborde au nord le port de Roscoff, ou plus précisément encore sur la perche nord assez lointaine de **Ar Poloss Tréas**. Longue de 600 m, l'estacade sur des pylônes de béton, qui ne couvre jamais, est utilisée pour l'embarquement sur les bateaux desservant le port de Kernoc'h dans l'île de Batz. Elle se prolonge par une cale et des escaliers.





Phynella Nowadays

WITH HER THREE ENTHUSIASTIC DUTCH OWNERS, 80-YEAR-OLD PHYNELLA EXPERIENCES HER SECOND YOUTH. HER CURRENT HOME PORT IS YERSEKE, A SMALL HISTORICAL FISHING VILLAGE AT THE RIVER OOSTERSCHELDE IN THE SOUTH-WEST OF THE NETHERLANDS. YERSEKE IS WELL-KNOWN FOR ITS MUSSEL AND OYSTER FARMING.



IT TAKES FOUR

Michiel van Lunteren did a boat building training in Cornwall, UK. After finishing a replica of Lady Betty, designed by G.U. Laws in 1914, Michiel crossed the North Sea in this open boat and sailed her home to Woudrichem. Ironically, Norman Ed-

ward Dallimore worked for G.U. Laws at the beginning of the 20th century. That is probably where he learned the first tricks of the trade. After his adventure, Michiel wrote a story about the whole project, which was published in a Dutch magazine



MICHEL SAILED FROM FALMOUTH TO THE NETHERLANDS IN A SELF-BUILT G. U. LAWS DESIGN. IRONICALLY, NORMAN EDWARD DALLIMORE WORKED FOR G. U. LAWS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

for classic yachts. Former owner Marc Dercksen read this and contacted Michiel, who was already busy with a building plan for a new yacht. Marc asked him whether he was interested to have look at the renovation of Phynella. Michiel came and fell in love with the old lady instantly. He involved Nico van Walree in the project as well.

IT TAKES FOUR

After a wonderful sailing season in the year 2001, Mark Dercksen decided to move on and left the owners' trio. That's how Geert Schouten and his wife Liesbeth Dekker joined the club. Geert: "In December 2001 Michiel called me with the question whether we were interested in participating in Phynella. I did not have to think about it." Because of financial matters, his wife Liesbeth became the official third owner. Geert: "The joke is that we now owned our former present as well, which was a classic look clinometer that I gave to Michiel at my first trip with Phynella in 2000." One year later, Liesbeth van Walree, Christiaan's wife, became the fourth owner. Geert: "The prin-

'Oh my dear, what do we have here?' Nico and his family are sailing from Ireland to the UK and get a visit from customs. What starts as a regular check ends in scary moments for the family when customs digs out a large bag with white powder on this yacht under Dutch flag. 'To be honest I have never seen this bag before. You see, we share the yacht with several owners and this bag

must belong to one of them. It certainly isn't mine.' Nico starts carefully but customs isn't convinced yet. All passports are taken and they take the bag ashore for a better investigation. 'Do your fellow owners like milk very much?' Nico is surprised by the question but weeks later he knows the story. Michiel likes porridge so much and he arranged a 5 kg bag with milk powder.



PHYNELLA NOWADAYS

*“I asked him to repair the sails, but he
answered that would be completely impossible.
After 35 years of sailing the cloth was gone.”*



Relaxing at the Aeolian Island
Panarea

ciple of four owners is based on the fact that it enables us to spend a longer time in foreign areas. We have sailed in Denmark for three months and every year we cross the Channel one or two times. Another feature of this principle is that it also influences the decision making process, because we all have our own thoughts and wishes.” Sometimes it causes long discussions.

Buying new sails is a good example. According to Geert, Nico and Christiaan had been fighting for the replacement for quite a long time, but Michiel and Geert were against the idea. Geert: “Until I ripped the mainsail during a trip in November. I went to a sail maker, called Van der Werf in Made, and asked him to do a repair, but he said that would be impossible. We started talking about new ones in traditional style. That is why he finally made our classic look-alike sails in Egyptian cotton colour.” The four Dutchmen initially purchased a new main sail, Yankee and stay sail. Geert: “Nico did not like the stay sail though, because its foot was too high. Historically, it should be just above deck.” In 2004 the owners bought again two sails: one genoa and a new stay sail. “The old one graduated as second Yankee”, said Geert.

WIND-UP CLOCK

When Phynella hit the water again in 2000, she was beautifully restored. That was done with great care and everybody involved was

proud and satisfied. But the Old Lady was not complete yet. She did not have a clock and barometer. Geert: "Michiel did not want to use a clock with batteries, because those aren't environment-friendly and it would be broken most of the time. Fortunately, Nico found a German wind-up clock and a Danish barometer on a flea-market in Denmark. That is how Phynella got her necessary instruments for only 15 euro's."

MEMORABLE TRIPS

In 2003, Phynella lined up for her first participation in the Dallirally in Ipswich. It is a special regatta for Dallimore designs and a kind of reunion for the owners and Dallimore family. The Dallirally was the start of a great trip around and through Denmark. All owners enjoyed the Scandinavian tour, which ended with a rough ride back from Copenhagen. The year after, Phynella went home and spent many nautical miles on the waters of her first youth. She returned to Burnham-on-Crouch and to Heybridge Basin.

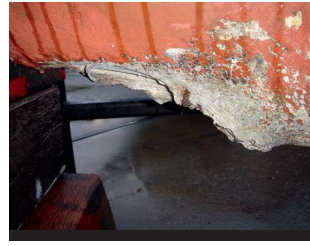


✱ Lower Troublesome and Upper Troublesome, sounds familiar to most skippers.

This trip also included a visit to the French coast of Brittany. In 2005, she rounded England, Wales and Scotland almost completely. Only Scotland was cut in half. Nico accidentally ran aground in Scotland, as he navigated without proper nautical charts. He followed the fishermen, but Phynella obviously did not have the same depth. As a result, the keel got damaged. Later that season, Phynella lazed about the Amsterdam canals during Sail Amsterdam. In early November of the same year, the old lady crossed again the North Sea in order to be present at the annual Dallimore dinner at the Royal Burnham Yacht Club.



✱ Moored at the Royal Burnham Yacht Club after a wet crossing.



✱ Result on the keel lead of navigating in a too intelligent way.

It was a windy and wet crossing, but the seasick owners Michiel van Lunteren and Geert Schouten succeeded due to the perseverance of their two rather inexperienced guest crew members Hans van Lunteren and Bart Molendijk. The Royal Burnham Yacht Club hoisted the Dutch flag for its special guests, but unfortunately the Dutch crew missed it and continued. Geert: "We were looking for Dallimore yachts, but we could not find any. Michiel had told us so." As they hit the British ground, the crew disappeared in the cabin, changed their soaked sailing gear for decent suits and impressed their Dallimore friends. After all those nautical miles and training, Phynella and her crew were ready for the next step: an European Tour. A challenging plan, but it worked out fantastically. The adventure started in Woudrichem and the first legs brought her along the Channel and Atlantic Ocean towards Gibraltar. On the Mediterranean, she continued along the Spanish coast, Mallorca, Sardinia, Sicily, Greece, Croatia and finally to Venice. It was an inspirational journey with different crews. Phynella did it fantastically and survived the Mediterranean conditions very well. Geert and his family spent 6 months onboard Phynella where the other owners spent their summertime weeks cruising around in Greece. Nico leaves the boat for Christiaan and his family in Corfu, next to the famous Old Fortress. As caring as ever Nico assures Christiaan everything has been taking care of with regards to stores. The next day Christiaan sets off, but the engine stops after two minutes. Oh oh... in the calm weather Christiaan writes history as Phynella runs aground on the Old Fortress. But a great skipper he is as by no means he damages anything on either the Fortress or Phynella!



In March 2007 Phynella started her journey from the very beautiful Venice to St Malo in France. Croatia was touched in winter conditions and customs complaining again, this time because one of the crew members only had the passport of his son with him. A windy crossing to the east coast of Italy led to a broken boom. Repairs were a two day job and the Italian craftsmanship worked out very well. After Phynella has been

THE COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL BURNHAM YACHT CLUB HOISTED THE DUTCH FLAG FOR THE SPECIAL GUESTS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE TIRED DUTCH CREW COMPLETELY MISSED IT AND CONTINUED UPSTREAM

hiding from a northerly storm on Corfu, she sets sail to Venice. Running short of time Michiel prefers to disembark somewhere in Croatia so he will be in time for his duties in life. Korcula it will be and Phynella enters the marina. The lady at the reception desk is very helpful and asks whether we have reported to Customs yet. We haven't and she offers us help to do so. A few hours later Geert is arrested as Phynella hasn't reported at the right quay. And the lady at the marina didn't know this? Thirty-two forms later and one session in court at 8pm on Saturday we pay €320.- in cash and then we only have to report to the harbour master. This man is extremely friendly and asks for four passports. However, Michiel has already left with the ferry to Zagreb. Oh oh, this is a big problem and the only solution after quite some discussion is that we leave the country straight away into international waters. And we didn't pay any cash for this help.

The crew was changed and the advice to sail round Stromboli did not work out very well, as it was stormy weather. Stromboli was never seen in the dark rainy night, and the strong wind made it impossible to hear the volcano speak. The trip had



Luis Fernando Quiroga

Spanish connections

In 2011 Geert Schouten was called by his Galician friend Mauro Olmedo. 'Hey Geert, you won't believe this! I was reading a book about the famous Lymington - Bayona yacht race. This book is written by Luis Tourón-Figueroa, the father of one of my good friends. And all of a sudden I see the name Phynella! How is this possible?'

Luis explains himself:

I went to England to study electrical engineering at Loughborough University in 1950. My parents were good friends of Mr Lewis who at that time had a prosperous business importing silk cloth from India. As time went by he became my very much needed second father while I was studying in the country and as I was very fond of sailing our friendship strengthened very much as do good sailors in the turbulent sea with difficulties. From 1950 to 1957 I used to sail qui-

te often, weekends and Easter holidays, on the east coast of England from Fambridge to Burnham on Crouch to Har-rick and other places along the coast. Those were difficult seas to sail on due to the so many sand banks that you encounter in the North sea. Many yachts were stranded in the sand tilted 40 degrees but with typical English flavour the crew would wait patiently, having a cup of tea, for the tide to come up and continue sailing. We had wonderful sailing days and also enjoyed the Burnham week regattas. Phynella used to lay in the mud in the river Crouch at Fambridge resting happily for the winter and anxious to sail again in the next coming summer. Those indeed happy days have gone but the memories of them will remain with love and I will never forget an early morning on the quiet River Crouch when the sun comes up sitting in the cockpit of Phynella having a good English breakfast that Mr Lewis used to cook with special care.

...

Good luck to you and Phynella and keep on sailing. She definitely proved to be a great boat deserving a long time care.

All the best L.F. Quiroga





✱ Growing up at the age of six with such a dinghy in Greek waters. Any more wishes?

many family & friends holidays. In Galicia in Spain Phynella sailed the classic yacht race *Príncipe de Asturias*. It was her first race since a long time and with dozens of mussels on her hull speed was not optimal. A good dive at Cabo de Finisterre increased the speed for a wonderful whale watching crossing of Biscay late September 2007. Staying the winter in St Malo was necessary when wind conditions prevented Phynella from arriving in Holland. None of the owners was complaining as exploring Brittany is certainly not a punishment. So that started again in March 2008 with many short and longer trips, including an 'feel free on the rocks' in Chenal de Batz, which Phynella amazingly survived. Some excuses for the grounding were tried to be found by the skipper, but his own, so much beloved pilot said clearly: "De suivre exactement le chenal ... pour ne pas talonner une tête.". Another historical event was the breakage of the 71 year old helm just north of Morlaix, in a moderate south westerly wind. Emergency repairs were successful and a lovely new helm was made by Benjamin Delahaie from Chantier Naval du Grand Val. Phynella started her way back to Holland early

AS I BEGAN TO BOIL SOME PASTA FOR MY DINNER THE GAS RAN OUT. PEACEFULLY I MADE A FEW COMMENTS ABOUT MY GOOD FORTUNE...! I HAD TO THROW THE PASTA OUT FOR THE SEALS. THEY SEEMED TO LIKE IT'S CHEWY TEXTURE.




✱ Snow and frost, early May at the Lofoten.

September 2008. Then drama struck, when our good friend Rolf Rijke died on the Island of Sark, just 46 year old. He loved sailing Phynella so much, but his sailing trip in life finished too early. Highly emotional we managed to sail Phynella back to her home port Yerseke, where she returned after her three years round trip to the Mediterranean.

While sailing the Netherlands in 2010 a plan was developed to go north. This plan ended in a two year roundtrip through Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Scotland. Late 2011 Phynella was sailed along the west coast of Norway to overwinter in Kristiansund, where the warm ocean water would prevent deep freezing her. It worked out extremely well and in 2012 Phynella soon sailed across the Arctic Circle. She made the frontpage of the local Helgeland newspaper, next to a car which slipped off the road due to heavy snow. The crazy Dutch got interviewed as why they showed up as first foreign visitors, way too early for the season to start. Two months were spend around the Lofoten before Phynella set sail to visit the Shetland Islands.

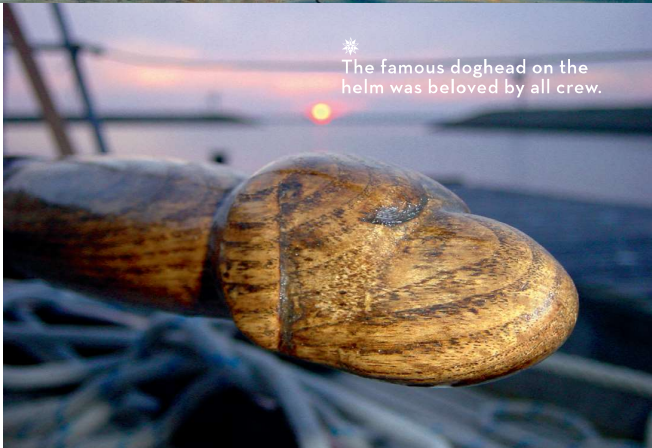
In summer 2012 the Shetlands were sailed with gloves, hats and warm clothing and only one morning of sun in 10 days time. There was a great stopover at Fair Isle and then Phynella sailed further down for an adventure at Holy Island and eventually back to the Netherlands. At Holy Island we met with the Peaceful Warrior.

Although the St Catherine's dock berth during the Olympic games was already reserved by a strategic move by Nico van Walree in 2008, this target was removed from the plan, as restrictions for the berth were harsh and certainly not Phynella style.

A photograph of a sailboat sailing at high speed across the Gulf of Biskay. The boat is viewed from a low angle, showing the wooden hull and the large, white, curved sail. A blue and white checkered rope runs along the side of the boat. The water is dark blue and turbulent, with white foam from the wake visible. The sky is blue with scattered white clouds.

PHYNELLA NOWADAYS

✳
Full speed across the
Gulf of Biskay.



* The famous doghead on the helm was beloved by all crew.



ON HOLY ISLAND. PHYNELLA @LINDISFARNE DAY 47 TO 52 BY PEACEFUL WARRIOR

"They were all very nice people and very trusting I have to say. Not that I shall let them down, but I guess they saw that they could trust me not to sell their yacht on ebay.....I'm Kidding..... (Auction ends tonight...Lol...)

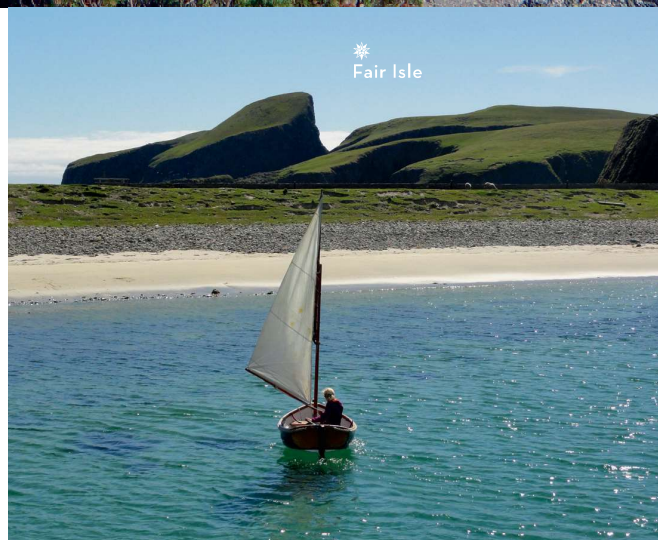
Back on the island I made my way back to my new home for a few days of rest and luxury. The test was getting back onto the dingy and row it on my own back to the yacht without capsizing it. It is a fairly stable boat but you have to remember to go with the flow and use the in or out going tide to your advantage or you could be rowing all night. And I have to remember to keep my weight in the center of the boat when getting on or off, or it could suddenly shoot away from the key side with possibly wet consequences.....!!!!

I managed admirably, which is good as I am now Admiral of my own fleet.... Ay ay captain... The following morning the water had ran out on the boat. So no more tea. I had eaten my little meal and served it with a glass of wine. Not bad for a man walking across the whole of Great Britain, on a small budget eh? I had heard the sound of the anchor chain during the night as it had gotten a bit choppy for a change and the sound of the fishermen setting off had disturbed me too. When I finally opened the hatches to the daylight I nearly fainted. I was now only about ten metres from the dingy of the fishing boat. I found it hard to determine whether they had parked nearer or if I had been dragged by the currents closer to their mooring, and not being a time served seaman I had no idea which was the case, except my feelings were that I had moved. Certain things on the island seemed to have become father away. In the end I decided to wait for the tide to change direction and that way let the flow drag me back to where I had been. Later it was my observation that I was still too close so I started the engine and moved the boat back about 50 metres into the estuary. The thing was that I had two anchors down and working out how to keep control of the boat and lift the anchors on my own took a bit of energy and skill. I hear all you yachtsmen screaming easy peasy.....yeah ok well I am not the owner of this boat and was concerned not to end up on the beach as there are clearly low spots all around me here. Or should I say shallow waters? Anyway all went without a wreckage be-ing washed up and my feelings were that a job well done had been achieved. I am sure Michiel had thought me competent to arrange this kind of affair or he wouldn't have left it up to me. Throughout the rest of the day the sound of chain or anchors moving made me worry that the mooring was not secure, but I didn't seem to have moved from my new horizon and datum points, except for the obvious change in direction of which the boat faced depending upon the tidal flow in or out.

I went ashore and managed to get some supplies and returned to cook myself a meal. The manager of the Crown and Anchor had given me an old 5 litre Daddies sauce bottle full of water for my on board needs. As I began to boil some pasta for my dinner the gas ran out..... Peacefully I made a few comments about my good fortune.....!!!!

I had to throw the pasta out for the seals. They seemed to like its chewy texture.

The following morning I managed to find the compartment



where the gas bottle is kept and found a spare one full and ready to use. Whoopeeee... Tea and bickies here I come.... I heard a piper fire up on the walkway to the castle across the waters and wondered if it were Finn come back. I got the binoculars and had a look but this dude was short haired and wearing the full regalia. And his bag was green not red.

We said our good evenings and I set out for the pub. When I had finished typing and uploading it was dark and I had to row in the light of only the pale moon and cloudy heavens and the odd shore side light from the distance. It was a bit scary but the seals baying on the shore up the estuary was reassuring. It is a strange sound to be sure. The boat hadn't moved which was a definite plus and the boat was quiet and I settled back down thinking of my walk around the island tomorrow. I guess it would be about a 7 mile trek with lots of sight seeing so I took

Norwegian nickels

While sailing along the Norwegian south coast there were strong warnings against leaving Phynella in Norway during wintertime. Not due to the weather, but for VAT reasons! Many telephone calls and emails later a solution is found. Phynella will be at the Risør Trebåtbyggeri where she will undergo some repair work under the waterline, she

will have new toe rails and quite some other smaller jobs. This way VAT complexity can be avoided. However, the work became so expensive, that the feeling was that enough contribution to the financial health of Norway was paid as compensation for avoiding tax payments for Phynella.



A message in 2011 from Michael Lewis, son of owner Stanley Lewis

although we never finished higher than 4th, we were in 1st place on handicap. The handicap committee realised that in heavy winds Phynella was quite fast but we still managed to win a prize.



My name is Robert Lewis, Michael Lewis is my father, Frank Lewis was my grandfather. Although I was quite young (5-10) I remember very well family days out on Phynella at Fambridge and have for 30 years wondered what happened to her, I last saw her (I think) rather the worst for wear at Woodbridge.

My best memory is of the first time my father was persuaded to enter her in the Burnham Regatta Cruiser class. This was in the days when handicaps were decided by a committee of the yacht club at Burnham, and because neither my father nor Phynella had sailed competitively, we were given a very generous rating. As a result,

Although I was quite young I clearly remember my grandfather roaring down to Fambridge in his Jaguar to his boat, when the ropes got tangled at the top of the mast he had no hesitation in his theory that the lightest person was the best one to be winched up to untangle the ropes (That was me but not so light now). In this day and age you would be arrested for sending a minor up the mast!



THE WAY HE DESCRIBES THE MELANGE OF PERSONALITIES AND HOW THEY GOT ALONG ONBOARD THE OLD LADY IS STUNNING. THE OWNERS WERE FLABBERGASTED AND AMUSED...

the binoculars as I was also expecting word from Geert and if he had boarded I would be able to see him on board, and then contact him via sign language... Semafores... I could tell that they had had a hard day so made my way back to the boat to eat my kipper, with a little glass of wine and I set the table to be more romantic with myself. The boat is very cosy and quaint and I felt very loved by all the people and circumstances that had led to me being here now with Bob Marley coming out of the speakers from the C.D. Player."

2013 ONWARDS

In 2013 Phynella had a narrow escape by night from a burning yacht next to Phynella in homeport Yerseke. By pure coincidence Thomas woke up in the night, looked outside and called his mum and dad: the neighbour yacht is on fire! Have you ever had shaking legs? There was no-one onboard the yacht on fire, but it had to be scrapped afterwards. Luckily Phynella survived this rather nasty event.

In 2014 Phynella left for what worked out to be a four year trip into the Baltic Sea. She went around Åland and the Finnish Archipelago with many uncharted areas. A few rocks became



friends with Phynella. Typical for harbours in Finland and Estonia are the sauna's which always make the crew happy. It was a rainy morning on the 13th of May 2016. The school class from Pavilosta was around Phynella which was still on the hard after overwintering in Pavilosta Boatyard. The children had their weekly marine lessons and this time it was about old wooden boats. They had to answer many questions, including the thickness of the wood. All of them starting knocking on the hull and all of a sudden Neptunus came out of hatch on the fore deck! He woke up due to the knocking. Neptunus told he got sick after eating, there was too much plastic in the sea! So he had to take shelter and he found a comfortable place in this old wooden ship. But where was he now?

In the 80th year after she was born Phynella was bound home for a party. She left Pavilosta in Latvia, had stopovers in Lithuania, Poland, Germany and Denmark before arriving in the lovely town Woudrichem. Party time!

PHYNELLA TROPHY

In 2004, the owners introduced a real Phynella Trophy for special contributions or achievements. This trophy was actuated

Customised Customs

Michiel and a happy crew sailed from Norway to Lerwick (Shetlands) and had to leave quickly to pick up a ferry back home. The next day Geert and his family came onboard for a three week holiday on the Shetlands. 'Knock knock' on the boat while they were unpacking down below.

Customs: 'Customs here!'

Geert: 'Hello, what can I do for you?'

Customs: 'Did you arrive yesterday?'

Geert: 'No, we didn't, we just arrived.'

Customs: 'But we saw the yacht moored here last night.'

Geert: 'That is correct, the yacht arrived yesterday.'

Customs: 'Why didn't you report to us last night?'

Geert: 'Because we were not there, we just arrived. But the yacht arrived yesterday.'

Customs: 'I see. But where are the people who arrived with

the yacht then?'

Geert: 'They have left with the ferry to Scotland.'

Customs: 'But they should have reported to us upon their arrival.'

Geert: 'I am sorry they didn't, but it seems a bit difficult for them to do so now, doesn't it?'

Customs: 'That is not a good thing. Could you please report to us that you have arrived with the yacht last night?'

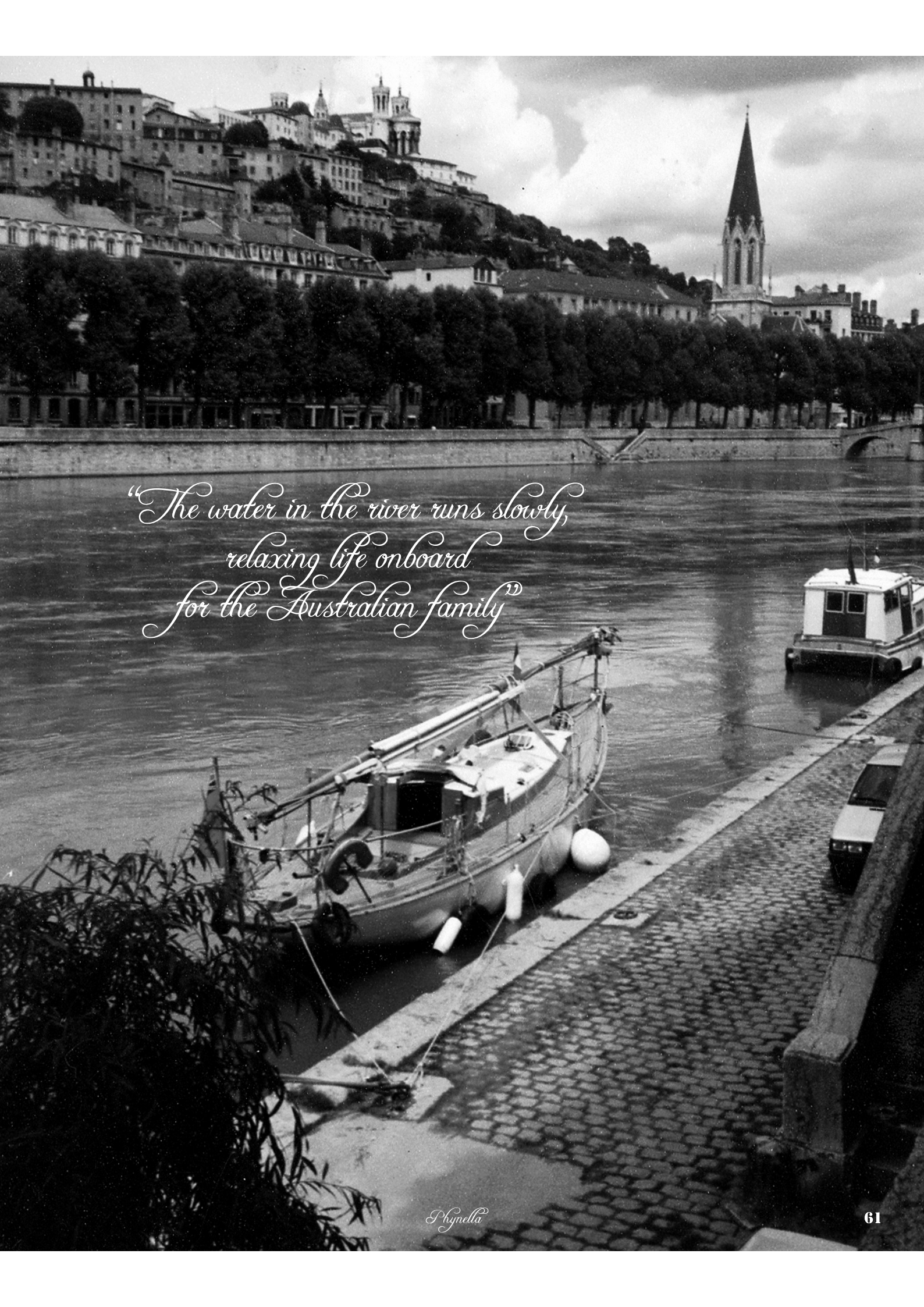
Geert: 'I am terribly sorry, but we didn't arrive with the yacht last night, so how can I report to you?'

From here the discussion gets a bit awkward. Luckily Customs shows her British style and decides for a special procedure so Phynella can spend three wonderful weeks at the Shetlands. And Michiel does not have to spend time in jail like Geert had to in Croatia. Thank you very much HM Customs & Excise!

*
On anchor in Norwegian waters.

by the hilarious, humoristic and sharply written report of Kees Brunia, the neighbour of Nico van Walree. Kees joined Nico, Michiel and Bas during the trip from England back to the Netherlands. The way he describes the melange of personalities and how they get along onboard the Old Lady, is stunning. The owners were flabbergasted and amused, so they decided to award these kind of contributions to the life and use of Phynella. The trophy is materialized by the old two-blade propeller of Phynella, stepped on a nice piece of teak. In 2005, the two brave inexperienced sailors Hans van Lunteren and Bart Molendijk received the Phynella Trophy for their excellent job during another crossing of the Channel. They managed to bring two seasick owners safely to Burnham-on-Crouch. In 2007 the Trophy was won by Herman Steemeijer, the crew member who spend more time on Phynella in 2006 and 2007 than some of the owners. His contribution to deliveries of Phynella to amazing places was much appreciated. In 2008 the Phynella trophy was handed over to the parents of Rolf. Phynella was an important part of Rolf's life since his health issues and now Phynella could show it was the other way around as well.





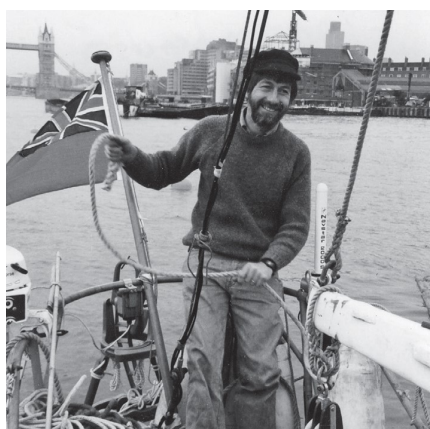
*"The water in the river runs slowly,
relaxing life onboard
for the Australian family"*

Summary of former and current owners



- 1937 HORACE & FRANK PITCHER Maldon UK
1947 STANLEY LEWIS London UK
1977 IAN MAPLES Woodbridge UK
1979 COLIN M. EDMOND Heybridge Basin UK
1986 JILL & JOHN ROXBURGH AU
1988 JAN-MAARTEN KOOPMAN Heeten NL
1993 PAUL VAN RIJN & HENDRIKA STROBAND Ossingahuizen NL
1997 - 2002 MARC DERCKSEN Amsterdam NL
1999 - ... MICHIEL VAN LUNTEREN Woudrichem NL
1999 - ... NICO VAN WALREE Breda NL
2002 - ... LIESBETH DEKKER Roosendaal NL
2002-2012 LIESBETH VAN WALREE Rotterdam NL

FORMER AND CURRENT OWNERS



* Above on the left Will Dallimore, grandson of N. E. Dallimore, welcomes the Dutch owners at the Royal Burnham Yacht Club.

GLORIOUS MUD ON A SUMMER DAY AT PIN MILL

Back at 1999 time had arrived to explore the home waters of Phynella, so we crossed the North Sea straight to the East Coast rivers. A must for real cloggies is to pick up a mooring at the famous Butt and Oyster pub at Pin Mill. This pub is situated on the south bank of the river Orwell.

Captain Nico had some work to do on board, so the ladies - in casu Henriette and our three daughters - already went ahead with Phynnie the dingy. A phrase that holds true for over 20 years of sailing together, is that on

hard: a long strip of concrete protruding in the water and providing some solidness in a muddy river. So little Phynnie was simply rowed to the nearby shore. Columbus never could have been more proud than my ladies landing on an unknown coast. Little Isabel was the first to make the leap on the new shore. Alas, our Benjamin immediately disappeared in the glorious mud of Pin Mill to her thighs; Mother nature was not easily satisfied and the chocolate mousse swallowed even more of our youngest. All alarms went off for the

A PHRASE THAT HOLDS TRUE FOR OVER 20 YEARS OF SAILING TOGETHER, IS THAT ON EVERY SINGLE DAY AT LEAST ONE THING GOES WRONG.

every single day at least one thing goes wrong. And soon it became clear that this even applied to a beautiful summer day with no cloud on the horizon to be seen. My ladies are used to nicely floating pontoons or solid quay sides but they had not realised that going ashore on East Coast rivers means rowing to a

other ladies and with common strength and even more noise and shouting they managed to get little Isabel back into the dingy. Luckily she was unharmed but further inspection revealed that her brand new Teva sandals were lost forever and remained deep in the mud as a permanent monument.

Heavily impressed my female crew returned to Phynella; then it was the captains turn after a lot of pressure of course of both the youngest and the eldest lady to explore the glorious mud in a hopeless search of the lost flip flops.

So, instead of drinking a nice pint in the pub, I spend the rest of this ever so beautiful summer day burying myself in the mud looking for sandals which were of course buried forever.



LOOSING GENNY THE GENOA ON THE GREAT BELT



The weather was so nice this morning in 2010 when Henriette, Phynella and Nico sailed under the bridge connecting Fyn with Sjaelland. Our aim was to proceed to the North as far as possible. The only thing standing between me and utter happiness was the fact that Phynella was not moving due to lack of wind. "Let me hoist genny the genoa" was my not so unlogical reaction. Henriette was on deck, reading and not noticing anything while Bobby the autohelm was doing a fine job steering. The sea was all calm and flat. So I took the big sail out and put it on the foredeck. The sail was nicely zigzagged and ready to use. First the jib had to be lowered; no problemo for this experienced skipper of course. Then I reached for Genny



but..... the sail was gone ?! "Must be a practical joke from the mistress" I thought but she was playing the murdered innocence. I checked the deck time and again, of course without any success. A good time for some crisis management: I phoned our sailmaker back in Made Holland. "Does a sail float?" he repeated my question. "I reckon it will when it's still in the sailbag." Which it was not. Time to make a reconstruction: the top of the zigzagged sail must have slipped under the railing into the water. After that the rest of the sail followed on its way to ultimate freedom. Time to phone Wessel the sailmaker again. "A new genoa?" he said "that will be about 1.500 euro's." But that, I already knew, was not the worst thing. No, the worst thing would be the sneering and laughing of Geert and Michiel...



*“The Grand old Lady
and the sea, they salute you”*

MEMORIAM

1961 ROLF RIJKE 2008



When we met Rolf in 1974 we were sailing together within hours. He was an enthusiastic man with a huge sense of humor and always creating a cosy atmosphere. At the age of 19 we sailed in a 5.5 meter wooden boat to Scotland and back. We went without

IN SEPTEMBER 2008, WHILE SAILING PHYNELLA BACK FROM ST MALO IN FRANCE TO YERSEKE IN HOLLAND, OUR YOUTH FRIEND ROLF RIJKE DIED ON THE ISLAND OF SARK, CHANNEL ISLANDS. ROLF WAS RECOVERING FROM AN EPILEPTIC ATTACK WHICH HAPPENED TWO DAYS BEFORE. HE WAS SUFFERING FROM EPILEPTICS SINCE MANY YEARS AND THINGS BECAME WORSE. DURING A NIGHT IN CREUX HARBOUR ROLF GOT PSYCHOTIC EN WAS FOUND DROWNED LATER.

the outboard engine, as most of the time it wasn't working anyway. This is an typical example how Rolf spent his life. Once, sailing with him on river Oosterschelde, Geert was on the aft deck adjusting the main sheet while Rolf was on the helm. Suddenly all kind of small papers were flying by. They didn't look like being on their place and I managed to grab one. It was a 10 euro note. Like a typical restaurant owner Rolf had his money in his pocket without using a wallet. The day sailing costed him 85 euro out of pocket. Since we owned Phynella he was on board several times. He owned two restaurants and when he sold them in 2005, he was able to sail longer trips again. He was on board Phynella for more than three weeks in 2006, enjoying the atmosphere with his friends and the good long distance performance of Phynella. Rolf leaves a family with two sons and a daughter. We will remember him every time we sail Phynella.



Phynella

THE PERFECT MEASUREMENTS OF AN OLD LADY

YEAR OF BUILT:	1937
DESIGN:	DALLIMORE, NUMBER 215
BOATYARD:	DAN WEBB, PHYNELLA IS YARD NUMBER 166
LENGTH:	12 METRES
BEAM:	2.95 METRES
DRAUGHT:	1.95 METRES
NUMBER OF BERTHS:	5
MAST TOP:	15.5 METRES ABOVE WATERLINE
SAIL AREA MAIN:	40 M ²
SAIL AREA YANKEE:	13 M ²
SAIL AREA STAY SAIL 1:	12 M ²
SAIL AREA STAY SAIL 2:	11 M ² (LOOKS LIKE A YANKEE 2)
SAIL MAKER:	VAN DER WERF IN MADE, NETHERLANDS
WEIGHT:	9.8 TONNES
ENGINE:	3-CYLINDER 38 BHP VOLVO PENTA
HOMEPORT:	YERSEKE, NETHERLANDS
DESIGN DINGHY:	ACORN TENDER (AUK) BY IAN OUGHTRED



Word of thanks

IN THE PROCESS OF RESEARCHING FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT PHYNELLA, WE EXPERIENCED AN ENORMOUS WARMTH AND ENTHUSIASM FROM EVERYBODY INVOLVED. WITHOUT THEIR CO-OPERATION, IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE TO WORK OUT THIS BIOGRAPHY.

Therefore, many thanks to BETTY AND WILLIAM DALLIMORE, JOHN BOOTH, LUIS FERNANDO QUIROGA, MICHAEL LEWIS, JILL & JOHN ROXBURGH, SHIRLY BIRD, COLIN M. EDMOND, JOHN YARDLY, JAN-MAARTEN KOOPMAN and especially MARC DERCKSEN, who had to give his interview twice. And last but not least, a word of thanks to THE THREE PRESENT DUTCH OWNERS, who took the initiative to publish this biography of a wonderful Old Lady.

WILLIAM DALLIMORE

Grandson of N.E. Dallimore

We descendants of Norman E Dallimore are very fortunate in having the opportunity to meet many past and present owners of his beautiful designs. The people in this wonderfully diverse group all have something in common - a love of classic boats and a spirit of adventure. The current owners of PHYNELLA epitomise the contagious enthusiasm that is generated around an elderly but much loved wooden boat.

It is a privilege to be asked to contribute in a small way to this wonderful record of the life of PHYNELLA and we greatly appreciate the time and effort that has been dedicated in producing this book.

One of my favourite recollections of PHYNELLA is when our Dutch friends sailed to Burnham from Holland to join other Dallimore owners for the annual 'Dalli-dinner' and sailed back the next day - all in wet and windy conditions!

My Grandfather would be extremely pleased to see that the yacht he created has given so many people so much pleasure over the past 80 years. We are very grateful to past and present owners for looking after her so well, allowing future generations to enjoy many new adventures in PHYNELLA for at least the next 80 years.

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