

2012

*The Jollenflottille moves to
Usedom*



*Mirror dinghy "Puffin" and friends spend three days on the
"Achterwasser"*

Introduction

At the end of 2009 Daniel Blake, a contributor to the German internet "Segeln-Forum" (www.segeln-forum.de), suggested that dinghy sailors who were interested in exploring new surroundings could arrange to meet at a mutually agreed location and sail together for a few days. His efforts and a lively on-line discussion led to the small Port of Barth (on the "Bodden" a series of lagoons on Germany's Baltic coast) being chosen early in 2010 as a first meeting place for the event which was held between the 30th of June and the 4th of July and attended by boats from many parts of the country.

We had a lot of fun and our reports on the Internet kept the discussion alive so we decided to meet again in 2011. Although the forumites suggested some new venues, Barth had been such a success that we decided to meet there again on the 22nd of June 2011 for a three-day "messabout". A different mix of boats attended, but one could feel that a "core group" was developing. The weather tested our boats and skills, it was by no means as kind as in 2010, but I believe we all enjoyed it.

After the 2011 meet, one of the participating crews in "Suse" our "mother ship" spent some time sailing on the "Achterwasser" further East, between the island of Usedom and the mainland. The area delighted F.-J. and Conny and they suggested it as a venue for 2012. In the course of the run-up discussion, the village of Netzelkow was chosen as our base.

I have published reports on the first two meets in German, but time restrictions have prevented me compiling English versions. To make up for this, I am writing up the 2012 report in English – I hope it gives some idea about our ever-changing event and encourages some readers to enjoy small-boat sailing.

Once again, we took hundreds of pictures, some of which are shown in this publication. Which brings me to an important topic:

Copyright

Pictures

All pictures were taken by people who took part in the event and the copyright remains the possession of the respective photographer. Copying and/or other utilization or publication is only permitted with prior written permission of the copyright holder. If you are interested in using the pictures, I can provide contact details to the respective person upon request.

Text

Text by Gernot Hirsinger, Berlin, you may copy and use the text or excerpts, but only if you also state the source and the author's name.

Web links and other publications

I have already put up excerpts on this topic on forums in the WWW, but am finally getting down to making a PDF version – here it is !

I also hope to resurrect the slide show function on the Mirror Dinghy Discussion Forum, but that is a future project.

Our Youtube short film

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lgzu0nXQRxI> was a great success, so that a YouTube channel was founded:

„ <http://www.youtube.com/user/JollenFlottille>“.

There are now also videos on the 2011 event :

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ITt8cvMxXEY>

as well as on the 2012 meet that is the topic of this report:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xa2zNOLOpqY>

Gernot Hirsinger, Berlin, 2013

Prologue

As opposed to last year's preparatory touching-up work which was carried out at Puffin's normal residence, "Auf der Hallig", about 4 km from my home, this year I had decided to park the dinghy in our driveway for the task at hand.

Ever since we bought Puffin, there had been a slight leak somewhere in the region where the centreboard case joins the hull. The bottom in front of the case had developed some delamination which I'd sort of fixed by injecting epoxy resin with fat hypodermic needles (my pharmacist must think I'm a drug addict) and placing weights on it, but the leak persisted. This meant mopping with a sponge every ten minutes or else having wet pants when I have to sit on the cockpit bottom. Last Autumn I had to row back home a few kilometres after the wind had died and the motion of the thwart as I shifted my weight must have opened the cracks a bit more and I had a litre of water in the boat by the time I arrived at the dock. On January the 14th, I took the opportunity of a brilliant windy winter's day to sail around the islands on the Tegel Lake in quite a stiff breeze. In the course of this outing I noticed she was taking in more water, especially when I hiked out with my foot jammed under the thwart (Puffin does not have hiking straps).

All this led me to two conclusions: the centreboard case has to come out and be re-installed firmly and the thwart has to be stiffened somehow so that not so much force is transmitted through the centreboard case to the case/hull joint.

May 17 – First investigations

I finally found time to investigate the leaky centreboard case / hull joint that has bugged me for over 20 years now. I should have done that earlier.

Under all the tape and goop in the slot in the hull, the original connection had a very poor fit. I know Puffin was built rather sloppily (I bought her complete) but never believed that this important detail could have been so badly finished.

But another issue was to be dealt with: the centreboard slot goes a long way through the thwart, leaving only about 2-3 inches to help support the weight of anyone sitting on the thwart. This means that a lot of the forces must be transmitted through the centreboard case to the hull joint. When one rows, the force is not static, but dynamic and is thus predestined to damage the case to hull connection.

Of course it had held over a quarter of a century in Puffin, but now I was going to reinforce the thwart by a putting a vertical board underneath it. I was also going to put in a "keelson" type reinforcement as the hull plywood on one side of the slot was already pretty bad under the taping and just broke up when I prised the case off. Not going to be racing anyway, so if it breaks class rules, just too bad.

Next step was to visit a local yachting supply store to get some suitable left-over marine ply pieces, epoxy resin, a tin of "Le Tonkinois" to touch up the spars and revarnish the brightwork of the hull and a tin of black bottom paint.

May 20 – Work starts

I managed to post some initial photos – setting up a “Repairs” album in the Mirror Dinghy Discussion Forum. The objective is to provide a place to which others can contribute, as this may encourage owners to conserve their boats rather than scrapping them (thinking of “Amazon” and other boats on the obituary section of the Mirror Dinghy Roll Call¹). Unfortunately the host service provider closed down the forum service at the end of the year and although we have resurrected the forum at a proprietary internet domain (www.mirrordiscussforum.org), I have not been able to recreate the slide show there.



Centreboard case repairs start

1. http://www.hirsinger-translations.de/gast/boating/mirror_rollcall.pdf

On the following days, I shaped and fitted the keelson into the hull and worked a slot to tight-fit the centreboard case into it. I also cut the board that will go under the thwart to shape and then pinned everything together to make sure it fits.

May 23 – 30 in the shade

The thermometer outside my office window hit 30 C. I glued the keelson in place at noon-time. The epoxy had time to set until the next day. I spent the rest of the day worrying that nothing had shifted when I clamped it in place! Somehow I always end up making more mess than intended and I dislike epoxy goo.



Finished interior



The boat shows its name again

The work continued, with interruptions, in the following days. The heat wave was followed by some rainy days and this had the advantage of forcing me to tidy up my garage to the extent that Puffin fitted in there for painting and varnishing. I even found time to paint Puffin's name back on the hull.

June 6 – Northward ho!

In the last few days I'd collected the odds and ends I needed and that had to be fetched from our lakeside hut, Pam had organized our accommodation in Lütow, about 3 kms from the yacht marina in Netzelkow. The other participants who were not camping or sleeping aboard had booked into the "Pfarrscheune" in Netzelkow, but dogs were not permitted there and this year Pam and our Flora, our collie, were coming along and so we were going to rent a holiday flat right on the "Achterwasser".

I put the roof rack on the car and loaded Puffin up while Pam packed provisions etc. for the outing. I wheeled the boat on the cradle and placed it next to the car, rolled it over so that it lay bottom up. Then I lifted the bow, shoved a trestle under it and repeated the procedure for the stern. This allowed me to get under the boat and then lift it to roof level. After all, our Renault Scénic is a bit higher than your average saloon car. My method is not elegant, but it works.

When we set off in the early afternoon, the weather was kind of indifferent and made me wonder whether we'd have some rough sailing in the next three days. The drive to the coast and the island of Usedom took us on the autobahn A10, A11 and A20, then on the B111 road through the port of Wolgast, where one crosses the bridge to the island. It was an easy drive as there was little traffic and the weather was mild. As we drove through the village of Neuendorf, we met another participant's car with "Juanita 2" in tow on a trailer, turning off to Netzelkow. But our initial destination was the neighbouring village, Lütow, where we arrived around 5 p.m.. After locating our lodgings, we unloaded our baggage and provisions, then drove across to Netzelkow.

Quite a few people had arrived at the marina before us, some had already spent a few days sailing on the "Achterwasser" there. The owners of the Whararam Tiki catamaran "Dörle" that had been part of last year's Flotilla had come without a boat this time and were going to crew on other boats.

Where the boat ramp had been at the time our "location scout" had found the venue, the marina operator had built a large dock for the barges serving the oil drilling companies (Usedom is one of the few areas in Germany that still has some exploitable oil deposits). When Pam and I arrived there, a barge was just waiting for some trucks with heavy equipment. I could see no obvious way of launching a small dinghy. As it turned out, all boats had to be lowered into the water in slings from a diesel-powered travel lift. This seemed silly for a Mirror dinghy to me, so I decided to experiment with slipping Puffin off the softish mud embankment to the right of the dock.

With many helping hands, Puffin was back on her cradle in a jiffy and attracted quite a bit of comment and discussion from all those who'd never seen a Mirror before.



Crane work



Unloading

It was not easy to wheel the cradle down near the water as the embankment consisted of mud that had been dredged from in front of the dock some months ago. The wheels sunk into soft spots several times on the way down.

While some of the other boats were being lowered into their element I rigged up Puffin, then tipped her off the cradle and put her on her side so that rain water (it was still over-

cast) would not collect in the cockpit. It was getting dark and we all gathered in the marina restaurant (on a barge which also houses the marina showers, changing rooms etc.) for a beer or two or three. The staff had knocked off but the marina proprietor, a friendly elderly gent, served us and even managed to rustle up meals for those who were hungry. Thanks to him, we were able to get to know the “first-timers” of this year and swap tales with the “regulars”. The result was that we did not get to bed until around midnight.

Thursday, June 7 – Wafted to Stagnieß and back

The morning brought a hazy sunshine and my walk with Flora before breakfast convinced me that it would be a mild, dry day. Our little apartment in a cottage that probably housed a fisherman’s or farmhand’s family in former days opened out on a little terrace overlooking a pasture on which a few sheep grazed. Beyond this was a belt of reeds and beyond that gleamed the waters of the “Achterwasser” on which we were going to be sailing (Google maps mistakenly labels this lagoon between Usedom and the mainland as the “Baltic Sea”). The idyllic breakfast setting led me to dawdle over breakfast and so it was nearly 9 a.m. by the time I set off in the car, although the “skippers’ meeting” was due to start at 9 sharp. Pam was going to walk with Flora along the dyke to Netzelkow later in the morning to pick up the car and then go sight-seeing in the surroundings.

At the “Pfarrscheune”, I was able to bum a cup of coffee before joining the others poring over the nautical charts. Franz-Josef and Connie, the “Suse” crew, had suggested the venue after having sailed here after last year’s Flotilla meeting, so they were able to give the decisive information which led us to unanimously decide to make for Stagnieß², about 6 nautical miles due East, straight across the Achterwasser. This was a realistic destination in view of the very light airs we were expecting.



Skippers’ meeting – where shall we sail today?

2. Spelled “Stagnieß” on German maps.

The decision having been felled, we drifted down to the marina to get ready and set off. It took a while to launch the two 470s being sailed by the crews who were now attending their second JollenFlottille messabout. Launching Puffin was easier than I'd expected (or feared) and I was happy to be among the first underway – the bigger boats are all faster and would overtake me at some point anyway. As it turned out, Jürgen in the "O-Jolle" dinghy (this dinghy class was designed as the single-handed dinghy for the 1936 Olympics and is still quite popular in Western Europe) named "Gaudi" came out to join me as I rounded the tip of the jetty and the derelict excursion steamer "Atlantis II" moored there. Together we ghosted along on a mirror-surfaced sea. I had at intended to sail South first to see whether I could find a gap in the reeds in front of our place in Lütow so that I could leave Puffin there overnight, saving me having to commute to Netzelkow. However I gave up the attempt as more of our fleet appeared in sight and so Jürgen and I started heading East, trying to utilize every scrap of breeze that came along. Puffin virtually steered herself and I was able to experiment with our small digital camera – trying to get more video clips than last year.



Puffin and Gaudi set out

After a long slow sail we were about half-way to our destination, Stagnies, when, around 1 p.m., "Suse" and "Juanita 2" were just catching up with us. Suse's crew had raised their huge spinnaker, but the wind was so weak that even this red balloon frequently collapsed. Seeing that we'd been underway since around 10:30, our effective speed (on an "as the crow flies" basis) must have been about 2 knots!

I cannot say that I was disappointed or bored, though. Trying to keep the boat moving by making use of every cat's paw on the water is as much of a challenge as staying upright in squally weather and I was simply enjoying the sensation of being out on an open stretch of water for a change. As opposed to the previous "JollenFlottille" meetings, we had no shallows and sandbanks to worry about this time, either.

To further liven up our day, a Dutch flat-bottomed old-timer with a topsail-schooner rig came on the opposite course, going upwind as close as she could. The ship, now called the “Weisse Düne”, which now takes tours in Europe’s coastal waters, was built as the “Klara Katharina”, a coastal auxiliary sailing vessel, in 1909. She was in service as a coaster under power until the turn of the century and luckily escaped the wrecker’s yard. I’m not sure whether the rig she carries now is really true to style for a flat-bottomed ship with leeboards (the size of which has to be seen to be believed). As it was, she dwarfed our dinghies and gave all photographers in our crews ample subject matter³.



The “Weisse Düne” dwarfs even “Suse”, our biggest boat

About three-quarters of an hour later we could see the double row of steel pilings that protects the entrance to the little harbour, but for that the wind died completely, so we ended up with some rowing or paddling and others being towed in by those boats which had engines.



On the dykes formed behind the pilings of the entrance channel, a welcoming committee of cormorans, grey herons and

Welcoming committee at Stagniess

3. The operators have a web site with the ship’s history :
<http://www.weisse-duene.com/index.php/geschichte.html> (unfortunately in German only at the time)

gulls watched us idly. They are obviously used to sailing boats coming in and out as they made no attempt to fly off as our little fleet entered the channel.

After I'd rowed in between the pilings that formed the long entrance channel to the marina and tied up "Puffin" at the side opposite to where the café was, I discovered to my dismay that I'd forgotten to take along my canvas shoes. Now I don't mind walking barefoot, but there was a lot of construction work going on – a set of new holiday cottages were going up in this "Naturhafen" (natural harbour), which was far from quiet at the time. The roadway around the marina was paved with sharp-edged gravel and I had to bear with a yogi experience. An excavator was busy most of the time we were there, emitting noise and diesel fumes and spoiling our lunch break a bit. There was only a single chap operating the café and he was clearly unprepared for 20+ people descending on him at once, so it took quite a while until we all had our food and drinks – I was really happy when my beer crossed the counter.



Stagness moorings

In spite of the confined space, we had all managed to find a place to tie up. The 470s had not arrived yet, however. Their crews had decided to opt for longer courses on the assumption that these boats were faster anyway and then ended up having to paddle too after the wind had died, arriving well after the rest of us had gathered for lunch.

At around half-past three we set off for Netzelkow, seeing that we might take two to three hours to make it back under these conditions. As we returned to our boats, the hammering sound of an unsilenced single-cylinder diesel reminded me that this was originally a little working harbour for a few local fishermen. A fisherman in a wooden "Netzeboot" was going out to tend the nets set out along the edges of the Achterwasser. Admittedly there are not many commercial fishermen left here, but for that I hope that the reduced fishing activities ensure a sustainable catch for generations to come.

The wind had turned more easterly, very light but adequate to get us out of the port and underway. Oddly enough, the water surface was like molten lead or mercury – providing mirror images for the photographers in our fleet. It was a lazy run back to Netzelkow and it was almost 7 p.m. by the time I had Puffin back on the mud-lot.

Once Puffin had been turned on her side (in case it rained in the night), I phoned Pam to announce my arrival, shouldered the waterproof bag with my belongings and set off on a walk to Lütow. The footpath leads through fields

and woods and past a stone-age burial site – evidence that this part of the world has been inhabited by humans for thousands of years – it must always have been a good place to live. It was pleasant to walk in the evening light after having sat in the boat for hours.



In Lütow, I showered and changed. Pam was feeling a bit offside and not social- ble and chose to stay

Sailing on a mercurial sea – a real “Mirror image”

“home”. As my walk had whetted my appetite, I drove to the neighbouring village of Neuendorf to join some of the other participants in the local pub for dinner and a few beers. Since there were newcomers in our group and the others only meet once a year, we had lots to talk about and in the end the restaurant proprietor had to turn us out so that he and the staff could knock off for the night.



Stone-age evidence of human habitation thousands of years ago

I took Flora for a last walk up to the edge of the nature reserve under a starry sky before turning in for the night. In contrast to the last two “Jollenflottille” events during which I slept in a tent and in my car, respectively, it was a luxury to be able to sleep in a bed under a fixed roof.

Friday, 8th June – A totally different day

When I arrived at the “Pfarrscheune” the crews had already voted to sail to Lassan (4.4 nautical miles due South as the crow flies) to have lunch, a table having been reserved at a restaurant there. The weather report forecast increasing wind forces and possibly rain showers for the afternoon. Nevertheless, as we were not out on the open ocean, we decided to go anyway.

At the marina, a barge had tied up to load equipment for the oil company and I was happy that it sheltered my "slipway" from the south wind, making it easier for me to launch Puffin and get the sails up without too much hassle.

After I had rounded the end of the barge, however, it became clear that the 4.4 miles were going mean many more miles tacking upwind. The wind seemed to come straight from our destination. Being an optimist, I'd set off in a light long-sleeved sweat shirt and 20 minutes later it started drizzling and the wind was still freshening, so I luffed up, let Puffin drift and pulled on my raincoat. Little whitecaps were forming on the short waves and I had the feeling that we were really making speed, only to find the trimaran, just like last year, was coming up fast behind me with only a fraction of her sail set. Some of the other boats were already far ahead. Ingo on the tri managed to get a video clip of me just before one of the first strong gusts hit us, then overtook me as I luffed up a bit to ride out the windburst. The situation gradually worsened, the wind freshening up from 4 to 5/6 with stronger gusts in between, blowing straight from the South. I had visions of arriving in Lassin after hours of riding a bucking dinghy and developing a sore backside like last year (damn it... I should have bought some dinghy-sailor shorts after all).

It wasn't long before I'd lost sight of the others and a shower of rain swept across the bay while the chop grew more and more uncomfortable. On an eastward tack, I discovered two hulks near the shore and could see a bit of sand beach behind them. This reminded me that I'd seen these marked on the charts and that there had been some sort of a landing there. There was a little beach just south of where the hulks lay and behind the beach I could make out a few "Korbstühle" (hooded wicker reclining chairs found all around Germany's beaches), so it looked a good place to shelter.



Fighting upwind

When I turned Puffin off the wind to head into where I suspected the landing to be, we had the waves on our beam and went screaming along on a beam reach with me praying that there would be some sort of a dock or landing entrance hidden behind the hulks. If not, it would take some tight maneuvering to avoid ending up in the reeds or stuck in the mud. Luckily my memory had not betrayed me and as I went surfing into the smooth water between the hulks and the shore I found the entrance into a little harbour where a few boats were tied up and several "Netzeboote" (net boats) were pulled up ashore. A short sharp upwind tack brought me level with the entrance and

then I was able to shoot in, pull the centreboard up smartly and beach Puffin in a foul-smelling mess of rotting seaweed.

After I'd taken the the sails down I went to the shed to look for a harbour-master or whoever was in charge, only to find an uncommunicative youth sitting in there watching television. When I explained my plight and asked what the landing fees were, I received no intelligible answer, so I went to the beach to look out for the rest of the fleet. I could just make out Katrina's brown sails and another sail that I think belonged to the trimaran, but no sign

*The landing at
Warthe – Puffin
sheltering*



of the others. As I assumed they would still be underway, I sat on a bench, ate my sandwiches and enjoyed the view of the wind tossing the reeds about and whipping up white horses on the Achterwasser. Then I called the fleet on my walky-talkie (they're called portable mobile radiotelephones or PMRs now) to report I was safe but was waiting to see whether the wind would drop before deciding whether to continue or to return "home". As it turned out, they were already in Lassan.

To pass some time, I had a look around the premises and found a notice at the gate to the road entrance explaining that it was the fishermen's private property but that they were prepared to let the general public, at their own risk, enjoy this natural beauty spot and use the benches etc. but that voluntary contributions to the maintenance of the site were welcome. Below the sign there was a collection box, so I stuck a five Euro note in the slot to express my gratitude for being saved from an unpleasant situation.

I don't think the wind had dropped much but from shore things didn't look too bad, so I moved the boat's mast forward and took the jib down, then called the fleet on the PMR to say I was going to try and make it to Lassan and set off, having expected the water to get calmer as I approached Lassan since the wind would be blowing offshore there.

Going upwind in a cat rig configuration was no problem at all. In fact I could sit in the boat and just lean out for periods instead of having to hike out on the gunwale all the time – this was only needed in the stronger gusts.



Late arrival in Lassar

that I was only able to take a brief rest.

Reaching and running downwind to Krummin in cat-rig configuration was more comfortable but Puffin does have quite a weather helm with this rig and I found this disquieting when the boat planed down a wave front at an angle, as I suppose that this is how you could end up out of control. We met a big cruiser with reefed-down mainsails going the other way, heading eastward, and I suspect that the skipper must have thought us a bit nuts for being out in dinghies in this weather.

The sun came out as we ran down past the "Weisser Berg" (white hill) which is not white but a compacted sand and stone precipice topped by forest. It was even possible to pull out the camera and take a short video clip (I later discovered that my fumbling single-handed with

It was more comfortable sailing that way, considering I was still beating close-hauled in a chop with a wavelength of around the boat's length, a real bucking-bronco ride.

When I finally made Lassar, I learned that lunch had been taken at the restaurant, all were in good spirits except for one skipper who had developed an intense headache and opted to stay there while two others sailed his boat back to Netzelkow, then pick him up by car. The trimaran crew had decided not to punish themselves and had turned back to Netzelkow, I learned from the others. The rest of fleet was more or less ready to leave, having voted to sail North into the next bay, the "Krumminer Wiek" to the Krummin marina (~ 6 nautical miles). Unfortunately that meant



Puffin cat-rigged (later that afternoon when arriving at Krummin)

the camera had messed up the colour settings so I'm afraid that these shots will be a bit weird in the JF movie I plan to make). We reached Krummin in good time to be welcomed by a very friendly harbourmaster there and after I'd changed into dry shorts, we ambled up through the village to the excellent "Naschkatze" café to celebrate that German afternoon custom: "Kaffee und Kuchen" (coffee and cakes), sitting out in their garden. The place was packed with many holidaymakers, a sure sign that its products are popular. The coffee was strong and hot, just as I like it, and the cakes were delicious.

After coffee, as we were walking back to the marina, black clouds started appearing on the south-western quarter, indicating an approaching front. On our way back South down the Krumminer Wiek, the wind started swinging and some rain squalls were rapidly approaching. Once again, being in the smallest craft, I was soon left behind but was determined not to cut corners and round the port (red) channel marker number 74 before heading North to Netzelkow (Krummin-Netzelkow = 6.4 nautical miles). Later on, I learned from Pam that she had been up on the cliff at the time and, with some alarm, seen me in the bay below with the rain gradually creeping up on me.



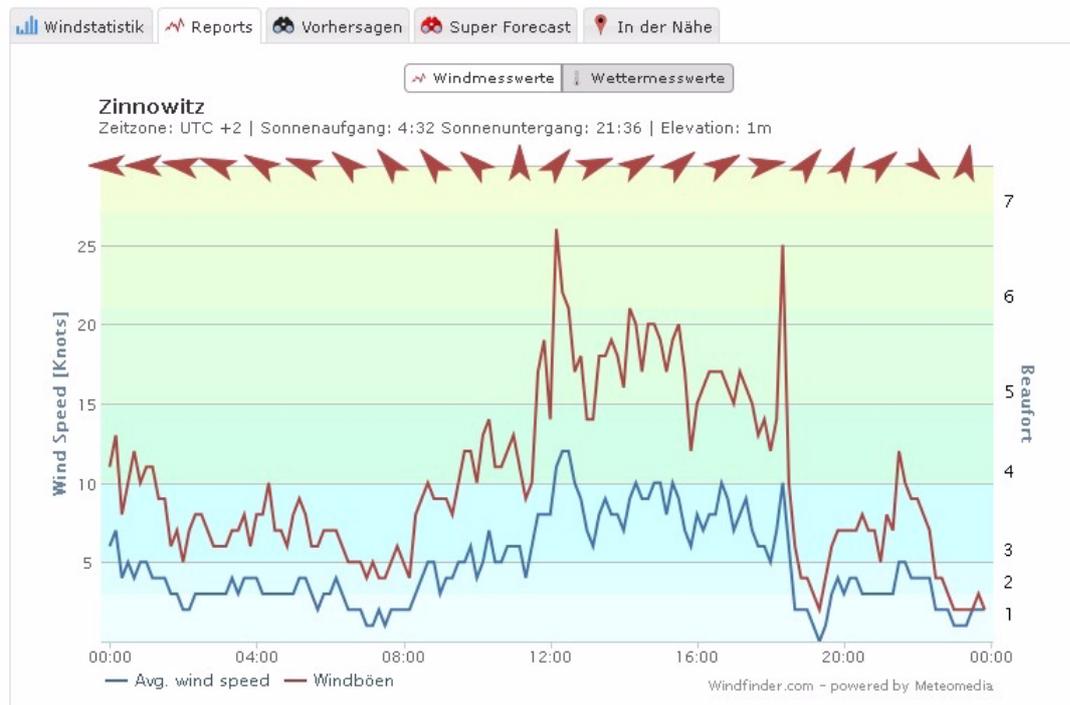
Left behind on the Krumminer Wiek with impending doom

I'd just rounded the buoy when all hell broke loose. Remembering my unintentional gybes in a similar situation last year, I took the centreboard up and went flying downwind in the rain squall (reported to be around force 7 by another fleet member – one can just see Puffin being hit by the squall at about 0:52 in the video www.youtube.com/watch?v=68xqAmDMR1c). This did not last long but got me a good deal nearer home very quickly. I saw Pam and Flora on the beach as I flew by and waved to them but, being too busy keeping on course, could not make out whether she returned the greeting. Unfortunately there was a row of fishing nets dead ahead and I decided that as the wind had dropped (a bit, anyway) I'd gybe to be able to pass them.

That went terribly wrong and as soon as I pulled the mainsheet over, the boat was simply flipped over and I went for a swim.

Righting the boat was no major problem. Getting aboard was somewhat trickier as I was wearing rain gear. There was not much water in the cockpit, although I have not enlarged the transom drain holes yet (may do that in future) and I soon had that remnant (about 5 litres or so) bailed out. The only item that got lost was my inflatable seat cushion (actually my son's) that sailed away unnoticed as I was righting the boat. Although Puffin was again flying along after being back on an even keel, the wind subsided rapidly and in the end I even had to row the last few hundred metres.

Windfinder - Wind- & Wettermesswerte in Echtzeit Zinnowitz 2012-06-08



Wind conditions of the day, measured at Zinnowitz, a little further North (online graphics courtesy of Windfinder.com GmbH & Co.KG – www.windfinder.com)

Analysis of the situation:

My initial assumption had been that a following wave had pooped me as the boat gybed, but looking at the video, I can see that the wind had even flattened the waves at the time, as it was blowing obliquely offshore there. The most probable explanation is that since I'd got the Cunningham tight (keep the sail flat reaching/running) and the centreboard fully up in the case. If one is not careful, the Cunningham catches on the board and prevents the boom going over when you gybe. I've observed this before in light weather but had totally forgotten about it, worrying that I might not make it home in one piece at all.

Once Puffin was safely ashore and the sails and gear stowed, it was a relief to get into dry clothes and to be able to inspect the damage.

After "coffee and cakes", I'd left my wallet in my back pocket. When we got back to our lodgings, I had to hang up the wallet and its contents to dry. The PMR in my pocket was a write-off, I'm afraid. Back in Berlin, I took it apart and



Wet, becalmed, but glad to be back in port in one piece!

Neuendorf for dinner and beers: a certain consolation after a very varied _sailing day.

Saturday 9 June:

On my before-breakfast walk with Flora I went out to the little beach where I had seen Pam yesterday. It was a beautiful sunny morning and the wind was blowing offshore here at the "Möwenort", a fairly stiff breeze already, promising good sailing conditions.

However, the weather report had forecast high winds and as no-one was keen on fighting the elements again, the discussion at the skippers' meeting centred on whether to sail at all as the wind was already strong from SW/SSW and the report said it would peak in the early afternoon. A course that would keep us along a weather shore and involve no long close-hauled upwind legs was just the thing we needed, so we decided to go



Beach at Möwenort

around the island of Görmitz and sail North to Zinnowitz where we could wait until the wind dropped and return in the evening. In the worst-case situation, the boats would have to remain there until the next day and we'd have to arrange a car shuttle service.

Once we'd rounded the southern end of Görmitz and got a bit off the shore, it was an exhilarating sail, close reaching or on a beam reach that had Puffin planing at times. In my eagerness to get underway, I had not bothered to consult the maps and assumed that the marina entrance would be easy to spot, but as I approached Zinnowitz I could only see a high concrete wall and some

washed it out in distilled water, dried it thoroughly and reassembled it. The transmitter works again but neither the earphone nor the loudspeaker gives a squeak or any other sound. I really should buy a submersible one (do they exist?).

The weather had improved considerably by the time I'd showered and changed, it was a mild evening, allowing the fleet crews to meet in the garden of the village pub in

masts protruding above it. Luckily some boats of our fleet were already in there and a call on the PMR solved the puzzle: follow the channel markers into the little bay and turn sharp starboard into the entrance which is between two high concrete piers that look as if they are designed for mooring the "Queen Mary II". Under the wind conditions at the time, that meant charging dead



On the way to Zinnowitz

down wind into the marina – kind of risky. However, last year I'd learned that the boat handles equally well or even better under sail than under oars when the wind is strong, so I chanced shooting into the port and luffing up immediately inside, the high concrete piers providing some shelter from the wind. This succeeded well enough to allow me to throw a rope up to a helping hand on the dock. The floating dock for dinghy moorings was occu-

piated already so I had to tie up in one of the boxes designed for big yachts. Getting up on the pier from Puffin was quite an acrobatic feat.

Standing on the pier, we were able to watch the remainder of the fleet arrive one by one. It was really blowing now and even under reefed sails, the trimaran needed some smart handling to enter the marina. The Folke Juniorboot that Gabi had chartered made a beautiful picture as she approached. To accommodate his girlfriend, Jürgen had left his dinghy "Gaudi" in Netzelkow and had come in a red Dyas which he'd rented from the proprietor of the marina there, so we had turned into a mixed dinghy/small cruiser/keelboat fleet. Last to arrive were the 470s, of course not because they were the slowest but because they had been having a marvellous time racing each other around the Achterwasser.

The boats arrive in Zinnowitz – in really gusty conditions:

470 "Hornet" taking sails down



Folke Junior "Beat" (J 274)





The second 470

Windrider taken by surprise



Lis and Juanita II



Moored safely behind the breakwater dock

We all trooped into the marina restaurant and had lunch. The place serves a reasonable dish of fish and chips, I discovered. Here too, the waitress was visibly surprised to have 20-odd people descending on her at once but I think our trade must have improved their day's takings considerably.

When we left the restaurant, the flags were not flapping in the wind, they were flat, vertical, humming sheets of fabric. The wind must have been around 6 Bft blowing straight into the marina entrance. Although there were no waves since the inlet in front of the entrance is quite narrow, even motoring out against that wind would have been problematic and sailing home would have

Waiting for the wind to subside



The veterans on shore leave – sightseeing

been another adventure under those conditions, so we split into groups and set out on "shore leave" to explore Zinnowitz. The party I joined walked through the outskirts of the town, up through the woods on the hills and down to the Baltic beachfront.

On our way back from the beach we walked along the promenade to the strains of a shanty choir singing "rolling home". All the hotels and boarding houses have been refurbished completely in the past 20 years – the town has regained the look of a noble seaside resort, including the bandstand where a shanty choir was entertaining the tourists with "Rolling home".

Unfortunately we lost our bearings in the suburban maze and it was 4 p.m. by the time we got back to the marina. It was still blowing quite strongly, but we decided that it was time to leave.



Reefed main, evening arrival

squally puffs. The boat handles better with reefed main and full jib than as a cat-rig with main only. Even tacking upwind into Netzelkow after rounding the south end of Görmitz was unproblematic, in spite of the theoretical shift in centre of effort. Puffin was safely back on her trolley by 18:30.

In spite of misgivings, even the 470 dinghy crews paddled out of the harbour and set off home. All other boats had tied in a reef or two, so I decided to try that as well by rolling the main around the boom three times and tying up the jib with a slip-knot arrangement. In this configuration I was able to beat up out of the harbour entrance with just the mainsail up, albeit scraping by one of the steel pilings with just 2 inches to spare.

Once out, I freed the jib and bowled off southwards on a reach. Funnily, the wind soon dropped a bit, but I could not undo my "reef" as I do not have a swivel shackle on the main-sheet block. However, going around the southern end of Grömitz, I was glad to be able to sit inboard in spite of having to tack into a few little



Mud flat storage

While we were messing around in boats and sightseeing in Zinnowitz, Pam and the rest of the "shore party" had been busy shopping for the evening barbecue. We were soon assembled in the garden of the "Pfarrscheune" and got the charcoal glowing. One of the 470 skippers had created a first-class salad dressing that won universal acclaim and there was no shortage of expert barbecue grill-masters. Around 10:30 p.m. the temperatures had dropped and as the dusk gathered, we had to move indoors. It was an enjoyable evening and lots of stories were exchanged.

Barbecue scenes

Not for you, Flora!



Food for the crews

Bon appetit!



Sunday 10 June.

After I had taken Flora on a last walk out to the nature reserve, we had breakfast, packed our things into the car and bade Lütow farewell.

Since most participants were already at the marina packing up, I had ample help getting Puffin back on the car roof. We said our goodbyes all around and expressed our wishes that we should meet again in 2013, then set off.

On the way out of Zinnowitz we stopped to visit a flea market, which meant that it was lunchtime when we were back in the car. We were driving through Ückeritz anyway, so we sidestepped to the beachfront restaurant "Utkiek" ("Lookout") – our favourite place on the coast, for a leisurely lunch.



Seafood for the sailor at the "Utkiek" on the Baltic coast

Unfortunately the drive back to Berlin took longer than expected. We had bought concert tickets for a choir performance ("Carmina Burana") in which a friend of ours was singing and if we had stopped to unload Puffin, we would not have made it on time. So we showered and changed into our best bib and tucker and drove into town with the boat on the car roof. I wonder what the police guards thought when I parked the car just a few hundred yards from the embassy buildings near the concert hall.

Monday 11 June

Around noon, Puffin was finally back on the grounds of "Auf der Hallig", between the conjunction of Tegel Lake, the Havel river and the Hohenzollernkanal in Berlin. Hopefully, she will be participating in next year's "Jollenflottille".

Pictures of the boats participating in 2012

Not all the boats participating have appeared on the previous pages, so I'll show them here. In addition, I'm listing the others with a reference to an appropriate page.

Cape cutter 106 "Katrina"

Information at

www.capecutter19.com/

Katrina's personal page:

www.frank-dierkes.de/privat/segeln/indexcc.html



Fam "Godewind"

Information at www.fam-kv.de



Minicruiser "Mien Tiet"

Although she did not sail on the three days (her skipper crewed on the trimaran), her skipper came to Netzelkow from Greifswald on this boat.

I'm not quite sure what the class is.



15 m² Jollenkreuzer (Greif) "Suse" – page 9

"Jollenkreuzer" are formula design boats. "Greifs" were originally built in East Germany to these class rules to provide an affordable GRP design suitable for cruising.

Information at: www.p-boot.de/

470 Dinghy – pages 19 and 20

An Olympic dinghy class, two of these boats participated. They belong to the sports club of an international aerospace engine company.

Information at: www.sailing.org/classesandequipment/1470.php

Dyas – no picture available

On Saturday, "Gaudi's" skipper was joined by his girlfriend who was not so experienced a sailor, so they decided to rent the marina's Dyas, a keel boat, for the trip to Zinnowitz.

Information at: <http://www.dyas.org/>

Folke Junior 15 m² Juniorboot "Beat" – page 19

This is a charter boat and was sailed to the meeting by two ladies from Berlin. A real wooden classic.

Information at: www.kdyjunior.de/ and schoene-boote.de/slide_details/flotte_beat.html

Lis – page 19

A German dinghy class, also built in a cruiser version as sailed at this meet.

Information at: www.lis-klasse.de/

Mirror Dinghy 62816 "Puffin"

The author's dinghy, in the family for 27 years now.

Information at: www.sailing.org/classesandequipment/MIR.php

O-Jolle (1936 Olympic one-design Dinghy) "Gaudi" – page 8

Still a fast one-man boat. Beautifully maintained.

Information at: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O-Jolle>

Windrider trimaran – page 20

This new-fangled boat is used by her owner to cruise around the Baltic coast of Germany and has now participated in all three "JollenFlottillen".

Information at: <http://www.windrider.com/>

Zugvogel "Juanita 2" – pages 20 and 21 (moored in foreground)

The Zugvogel class was designed for dinghy cruising and comes in a keel version and a centreboard version. "Juanita 2" is a centreboard boat.

Information at: <http://www.schwertzugvogel.org/>

Famous last words:

*There is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth
doing as simply messing about in boats.*

Rat, in *The Wind in the Willows*, ch. 1 (1908),
by Kenneth Grahame (1859–1932),
British essayist, writer of children's books.

