

3 Generations in a Shrimper to Denmark

Over the weekend of the 13th June 2009, 34 Cornish Shrimpers descended on the little town of Faaborg on the southern shore of the island of Fyn in Denmark. This was to be the launching site for the 2009 International Shrimper Week. With three generations on board we joined this happy throng having trailed our boat 'Spray' across on the Harwich to Esbjerg overnight ferry crossing.

Spray's crew consisted of myself, my 9 (soon to be 10) year old son Fyn and his grandad, Bill.

If you are wondering? yes, my son is called Fyn after the island much to some locals amusement and approval.



After our arrival on the Saturday afternoon we all rigged our boats in the marina car park and then all adjourned to Magasingaarden, a 19th Warehouse where a 3 course meal had been arranged for us by the Harbourmaster. This gave us the opportunity to meet our fellow Shrimpers who had travelled from all over Europe.

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Sunday morning saw an early start for us as we were eager to launch and be off. By lunchtime we were anchored off Avernako enjoying a leisurely lunch. That afternoon we made our way past Skaro and up the Svendborg Sund which is often nicknamed ‘the Danish Riviera’. It winds between tree-clad slopes with scattered villas. We made our way under the bridge continuing along the sund to the commercial harbour in Svendborg. A large sprawling town with numerous old buildings including a 13th century church of Skn Nicolai.

The following morning we woke to bright sunshine and a fresh breeze. This provided us with a comfortable reach down through the Lunke Bugt between the islands of Thuro and Taasinge under the Langeland bridge to the fishing harbour of Rudkobing for lunch. This was one of Rudkobing’s four harbours. Here we were joined by 18 other Shrimpers.



That afternoon brought 2 reefs and a lively sail down to Marstal on the south eastern tip of Aero. Here we harboured overnight. Marstal – which actually means

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horse stable, something that seems odd for a town that has always been populated by seamen and fishermen – is the largest town on Aero. It had the feel of a sleepy village. Before we departed next day we spent a very enjoyable and informative visit to the Maritime Sofarhtsmuseum. Something I would recommend to anyone visiting the area. Of note were the fantastic model ships of some 500 in number.

On departing Marstal after lunch we made our way up the coast to Denmark's best preserved 18th century town, Aeroskobing. It received its royal charter as early as 1522. Its street plan goes back to the medieval period and is subject to many conservation laws, as are very many of the town's lovely listed houses.

To Fyn's delight all the harbours in Denmark seem to be equipped with adventure playgrounds and Aeroskobing was no exception. That evening we all got together for an impromptu barbeque and watched the sun go down over the western strand with its quirky beach huts each of individual design, and unlike UK beach huts not one was boarded up for security.



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The following morning we explored delightful Aeroskobing and stocked up with souvenirs and victuals for that evenings barbecue. We sailed and drifted that sunny afternoon north through the islands of Drejo and Avernako to Fjallebroen. That evening we celebrated Fyn's 10th birthday with obligatory chocolate cake and a well received chorus of 'Happy Birthday' and 'For he's a jolly good fellow' from our International gathering.



The next day brought about strong winds and 'Race Day'. This consisted of a quick race around the cans and a pursuit race to our final destination of Lyo some 10 miles to the West. This had planned to be a good reach but the wind soon came round to the West and presented us with an afternoon of rigorous beating.

Lyo has a very small harbour so we anchored in the lee of the Harbour wall intending to leave for Faaborg early the next morning. We had to leave a day early as Fyn had to return to school. Some other lucky Shrimpers even stayed for a second week. Our farewell dinner that evening was held in a lovely Pub/restaurant up on hill next to an old Windmill providing breathtaking views

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across the water to Als in the west and Fyn to the north. Transport to the mill was provided in the form of an old Massey tractor and trailer. After a superb dinner and the presentation of prizes and speeches, we bade our farewells and decided to leave for Faaborg that evening. Approaching Faaborg under a starlit sky made the end to our week most magical. The camaraderie we experienced and friendships we made during this week are impossible to put into words. A truly fantastic week.

Steve Mitchell