

BRIXHAM HARBOUR OFFICE



*"The sea
gave them
a living.
It also took
fathers,
sons and
brothers."*

THE FISHING FLEET

THE MEN BEHIND THE RED SAILS

c.1850-1910

Long before engines transformed the fishing industry, Brixham's sailing trawlermen ventured far beyond Tor Bay in search of their catch. They sailed in all seasons, often for days at a time, facing rough seas, bitter weather and relentless hard work.

Every net was hauled by hand. Every sail was worked by muscle and every fish landed in the harbour represented hours of effort and endurance.

The risks were ever present. Storms could strike without warning, vessels could be damaged and men could be lost. Yet generation after generation continued to sail, because their families depended on them and because Brixham depended on the fleet.

These men built more than a fishing industry. Their courage, sacrifice and hard work shaped the harbour, the community and the character of Brixham itself. The red sails may have disappeared, but their legacy remains.

Snow Squalls

*Nets Frozen
Solid*

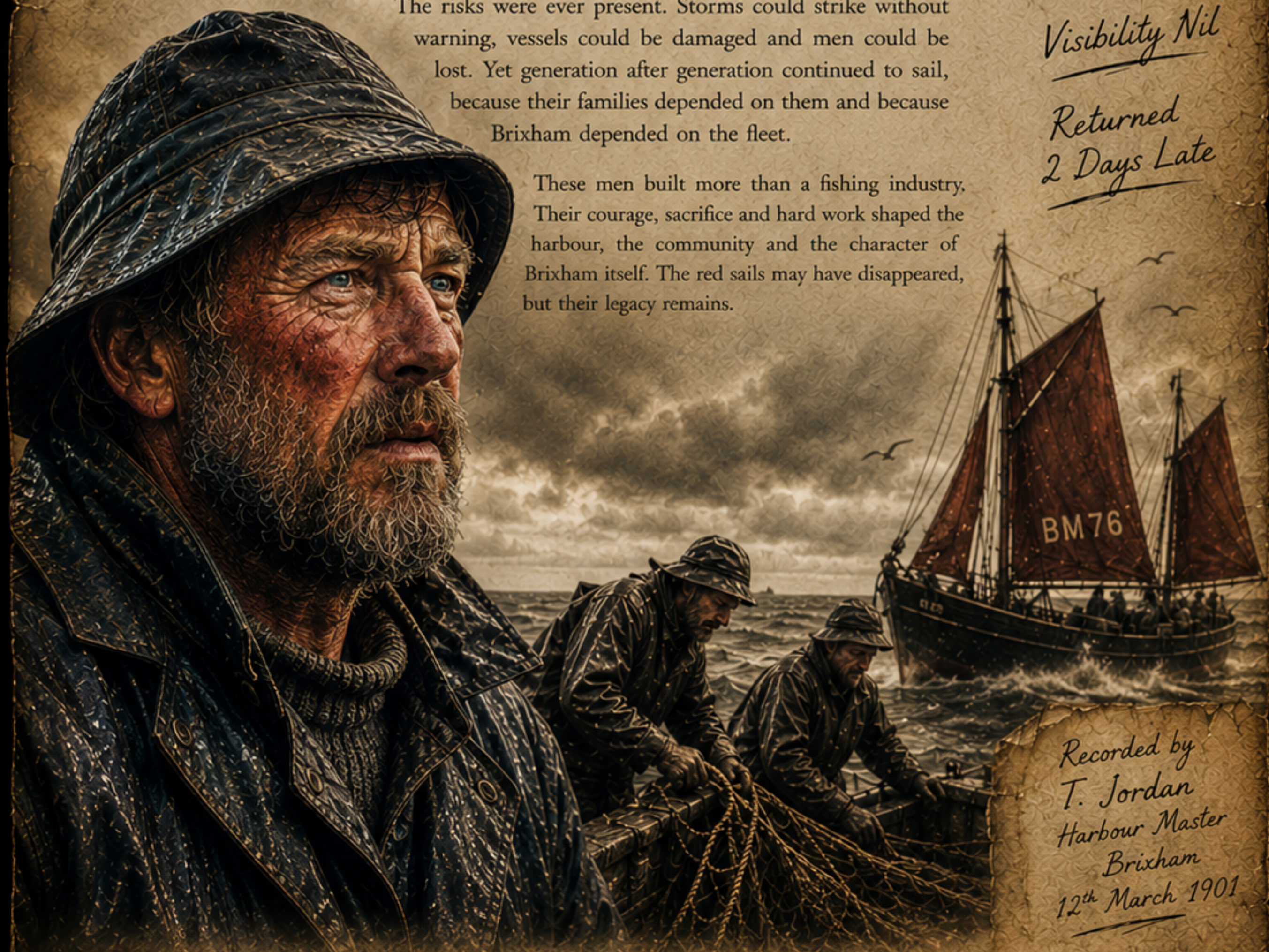
*Rudder
Damaged*

*36 Hours
Adrift*

Visibility Nil

*Returned
2 Days Late*

*Not every
sail returned.*



*Recorded by
T. Jordan
Harbour Master
Brixham
12th March 1901*

To the Men of Brixham - The Sea Tested You, The Town Remembers. © Trawler Lights