



THE JOLLY ROGER

RYE HARBOUR SAILING CLUB QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER



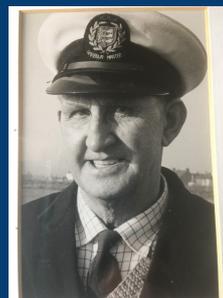
John Royle (1933-2019)



Tales of a Seasonaire by
Tim Saunders



The Jack Doust Trophy



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Welcome to the Winter 2020 edition of the Jolly Roger. After the note from our Commodore, Eric Zon, we have our usual report on the Dinghy fleet by John Powell OBE followed by an account of the life of a former Commodore of the Club, Lt. Cdr. John Royle RD. RNR.

We continue the highly amusing extracts from Richard Cooper's book. "Sailing– My Life Afloat". I understand copies of Richard's book will be available in the Clubhouse when it re-opens. Although there will not be a charge for these, Richard has suggested that those who take a copy could make a donation direct to the RNLI.

We also have an entertaining piece from Tim Saunders followed by an article on Jack Doust, A former Harbour Master at Rye Harbour. Gary Palmer continues his account of his voyage from Ireland to Rye. My promised account of a voyage around the Medway has been postponed to a later edition.

With the extensive lockdowns and periods of confinement, some of us have stopped asking "what is the date" and now ask "which day of the week is it" as each day seems oddly similar to the preceding one. We look forward to better sailing days ahead after the long winter evenings but as one old Salt once told me "the best sailing is often done by the fireside". I thank all those who have contributed to this edition and wish all our readers the compliments of the season.



Message from our Commodore, Eric Zon

Lots of excitement in the sailing world. The Vendee Globe has unfortunately seen both Sam Davies and Alex Thomson having to give up due to damage although they managed to get their boats to South Africa. Much worse of course for Kevin Escoffier who had his boat breaking in half and had 4 minutes to get into his liferaft. In the best sailing tradition he was than 'picked up' by fellow competitor Jean Le Cam and, after a couple of days, picked up by a French Frigate and taken back to land. Last Brit going strong is Pip Hare who will hopefully make it around in once piece (I once hired the same Open 40 racing boat as Pip but neither of us finished our races in that one alas).

The ARC rally/race to the Caribbean did manage to leave in November although only with a third of the normal fleet. At Rye Harbour Sailing Club in the meantime the cruiser racing came to an end late October with unfortunately a cancellation of the last two races dues to bad weather. The dinghies managed to start the winter series December 5. We had 6 boats out and it was challenging with more than 20 knots of wind. I did manage to give myself a good sea bath but finished and felt better for having sailed. Next race is on January 3 and there are of course club dinghies available for those that want to race and don't have their own dinghy.... Alas we cannot open the clubhouse but spectators can follow the race off the river bank.

The AGM all went fine and Jeremy Short volunteered during the meeting as our new Treasurer which is much appreciated. We also have two new Members of the committee in Guy Hagan and Martin Newman which is great. All we need now is a club secretary so please let me know if you want to volunteer but need some more information. Richard Hopper, retiring treasurer, has been appointed honorary life member of RHSC, a very well deserved accolade and I very much hope we will see Richard back on the water (or in the clubhouse) next summer.

Our new website is taking shape and will hopefully make it easier for potential members to get information and join us. John Powell was confirmed as the new membership secretary (rhscmembership@gmail.com) and he already signed up several new members. Please get the message to anyone you know that would even be vaguely interested to join RHSC to contact John.

A very warm welcome to returning member Liz Royle and to new members Richard Williams and Stuart Revie. Liz will join as a social member and I very much hope that social events can return by next summer. Stuart is bringing over a cruiser to Rye and is hoping to do dinghy sailing as well. Richard has a (beautiful) boat in warmer climes but has also been crewing for Hugh Redman on Helena Anne in the last couple of races of the season

I hope you will all have a very healthy and happy 2021 and I am looking forward to seeing many of you out on the water and eventually back at our clubhouse

Fair winds and following seas

Eric Zon

Regular readers will remember that, despite the first Summer Series set of Dinghy races being cancelled, club members had managed to keep some sailing going when Government COVID regulations allowed. Summer Series 2 started with high hopes at the end of July where a total of eight races out of the ten planned were sailed. Unusually, this year, the last races were not held because of COVID, but of bad weather.

The latest lockdown meant that the Winter Series 2020/21 for those brave or foolhardy (take your pick) enough to venture out to sea at this time of year did not start on time. With the latest announcements it looks as if outdoor sport will be allowed in time for the next scheduled race on 5 December. As ever, in all things COVID, the Club will be taking its guidance from the Royal Yachting Association.



Despite the obstacles placed in front of us this year, we have managed to award trophies for sailing activity. Where races series could not be run, the Club will inscribe the winner as 'COVID 19' as an historical record of events.

Dingy trophies awarded in 2020 are:

- Admiral Anstruther Cup (Summer Series 1 winner) – COVID 19
- Camber Cup (Summer Series 1 runner-up) – COVID 19
- Reg Blattman Trophy – (Summer Series 2 winners) – Andrew & Mary Hewitt
- Forge Trophy (Summer Series 2 runners-up) – John & Claire Powell

- Heavy Weather Bowl (River Rother races winners) – John & Claire Powell
- Trever Parks Trophy (River Rother races runners-up) – Andrew & Mary Hewitt
- Treasurer’s Tankard (Summer Series junior winner) – COVID 19
- Postling Cup (Winter Series 19/20 winner) – Mark Whiteman
- Sharon Marsh Shield (for providing the most fun) – Anna Knight

Whilst the effect of COVID on sport is probably one of the least important effects on life when compared against the life changing effects virus has had on so many in this country, it is to be hoped that 2021 will see the beginning of some sort of return to normality. The next major event on the Club Calendar is the annual Rum Race which will be held on Sunday 3 January where it is planned to award the above trophies (in normal circumstances these are awarded at an annual prize giving dinner).



Lt. Cdr. John Royle RD RNR

John Royle, who passed away in October 2019 aged 86, had been a long-standing member of the Club.

John's widow, Liz, has kindly supplied information about some notable events in John's life. John was born in Coulsden, Surrey in 1933. After leaving school he embarked upon a career as a surveyor following studies with London University.

John was called up for his national service in about 1956/7 and joined the Hydrography section of the Royal Navy as an able seaman. The Hydrographer of the Navy from 1960 to 1966, Admiral Sir Edmund Irving KBE CB FRGS, had been John's Captain at the time of his service in the Hydrography section.

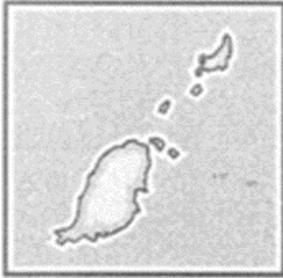


Whilst serving on HMS Vidal, the Captain granted John permission to take his firefly dinghy on board! It was on this ship in 1958 that John became involved in a rescue when a group of fisherman in a canoe were swept off-shore along the coast of Grenada. John's ship picked up a distress signal and John was put in charge of one of the motorboats sent to attempt the rescue of the fishermen. One of the ratings in the launch forgot to put a working radio in the launch which made the captain rather cross but, despite this, John eventually found three survivors amongst the fishermen— at least one other had been washed away. John and his wife, Liz, visited Grenada some years after the rescue and found references to the rescue and John's role in the local newspaper archive.

John eventually spent 35 years in the Royal Naval Reserve. Whilst with the Royal Naval Reserve John underwent training and attended talks and other events on HMS President. John qualified as a surveyor and later became a partner in the architects and surveyors' practice of Lefevre, Wood and Royle, based in Rye.

A report on John's adventure in Granada is set on the following pages:

A RETURN TO THE PAST



When Liz and I decided last autumn to book a holiday to Grenada in the Grenadines island group of the Caribbean,

for me, it was a return to an exciting event in my dim and distant past.

50 years ago on 2nd July 1958 I was doing my National Service, and as a junior Sub-Lieutenant RNR, was serving aboard HMS Vidal, a hydrographic survey vessel when we dropped anchor off St. Georges, the island's capital. Within 48 hours we made the front page headline in the local paper "The West Indian" which read "Dramatic Rescue of three City Fishermen by men of HMS Vidal".

This is what happened. On the afternoon of 3rd July a violent tropical storm passed over the island continuing eastwards out to sea during the night. At first light that morning 4 Grenadian fishermen had put to sea in a dugout sailing canoe and had not returned by daylight the next day. Another fishing party who had managed to get ashore near Point Salines reported to the Police that they had last seen the dugout disappearing in a squall with their mast and sail in the water. The Governor's launch and two private yachts carried out a search but returned to port at midday having seen nothing. The sea was then still rough.

Our ship was radioed for assistance with the search by the Governor's

Office about midday and the First Lieutenant was sent ashore to obtain details and number of people missing. At 1330 our Dragonfly helicopter was scrambled, eventually locating the 'casualty' and dropping a life raft. Some of the fishermen tried to swim to the raft but found it was drifting away faster than they could swim, so returned to their capsized hull.

Meanwhile I was put in charge of one of our 27 ft survey motorboats with a crew of five. We were lowered in the davits into the water 'at the rush' and cast off from the ship. I had been given no proper instructions apart from "Off you go Sub, find 'em." When I tried to establish communications on the working channel I found that the radio was completely dead. The duty sparks had forgotten to put in the crystals, so we could neither transmit nor receive. Nevertheless I ordered the helmsman to steer out to sea dead downwind and 10 miles out came straight up to the three survivors. We managed to haul them inboard with some difficulty. They had been in the water for 22 hours and were in a pretty exhausted state. Also they had no clothes on and were extremely slippery! I put them down below next to the engine under the cuddy to get them warm. We didn't even have a blanket on board. They soon showed more signs of life and looked less frightened. I had righted their canoe and took what remained of it in tow. The wind and sea by then had calmed right down.

The next distraction was that our helicopter had arrived back on the

scene having refuelled, hovering deafeningly above us with my Captain leaning out of the side door trying to shout something at me. I think he was trying to tell me to use the radio. Anyway I was rather pleased to be able to haul up our three black survivors to show him. There should have been four of them, but the fishermen told me one of them had slipped away during the night and was never seen again. Within what seemed quite a short time we were back at St. Georges where a crowd had gathered on the quay and two ambulances were waiting. I remember feeling rather embarrassed to be offering up three naked men to the assembled company, but fortunately a senior nurse in uniform stepped aboard realising my predicament and summoned blankets.

Next day reporters from the local paper came aboard the ship and interviewed us. That is how the story appeared on the front page of the paper on Sunday 6th July. During our trip last year I thought I would try to find if any records had been kept and was directed to the official archives in the Public Library. There, despite the island having suffered a devastating hurricane in 2004 and an American invasion some years before that, we were directed by the lady librarian towards shelves containing bundles of dusty brown paper containing every copy of "The West Indian" from 1950 until it ceased printing. I found the bundle for 1958 and there was the article, which I was able to photocopy and bring home. Whatever happened to the three



John with the brown paper bag containing every copy of "The West Indian" from 1950 until it ceased printing.



I found the bundle for 1958 and there was the article, which I was able to photocopy and bring home.

fishermen or whether they are even still alive I shall probably never know.

John Royle—Windrose

John and Liz owned various boats. John started off sailing dinghies which included a lark. John also built a Stag 28 from a kit in his garage! Liz recalls one eventful trip in the Stag 28 when the rudder broke during the return passage from Cherbourg to Lymington. John erected a jury rig which included tying two oars to what remained of the rudder. This memorable event was reported in the local press :

Lt. Cdr. John Royle RD RNR

Another memorable event in John's life in sailing was a Transatlantic crossing in about 1975. John and Liz set off from Rye on board a boat which was owned by a friend who worked for the United Nations in New York. Liz stayed with John until the boat reached Ponta Delgada in the Azores when John continued to Bermuda and then onto New York. John's arrival in New York was quite momentous because the harbour fireman trained their hoses from their boats onto the arriving yacht. John also took part in a Fastnet race in the 1980's on the yacht April Magic. He also won the Shepherd's cup, awarded by the RICS, for winning the handicap section of the Round the Island race in 1977, 1978 and 1979.



John receiving a trophy with Pam MacMillan

John and Liz later acquired their last boat, Windrose, a Carter 35, and frequently took part in Club races in Rye Bay and further afield including the Club's cross-channel races.

John was also an active member of Rye Sea Cadets which he joined in about 1967. He also served as committee member, chairman and president.

Mark Whiteman, who has been involved with Rye Sea Cadets for many years, recalls his recollections of John:

"From what I can remember, John joined the Rye Sea Cadet committee in the early 70's, when I was still a cadet. I started sailing with John in a firefly dinghy and then, later, in a lark dinghy. John eventually went onto cruiser racing. John soon became the chairman of the Cadets' main committee and helped support the Cadets in many ways right up to his death. Apart from being on the committee at the Club, he later became commodore. John also produced the plans for a marina in front of the sailing club but after many years this fell through. He was to support the Club for well over 40 to 50 years and will be sadly missed."

Southend

An early sail to Southend did not go quite as planned.

After an uneventful sail, we reached Southend and anchored on the sand. When the tide receded, we had an easy walk to the shoreline. After risking our lives at the Kursall Amusement Park and getting soaked, which was rather a stupid thing to do as we had already done that on our way over, we headed for the town. We had a meal and a glass or two of beer and then thought that it was time to return to Ranger. We started walking out to her and found, by about halfway, that the sea was up to our knees and we were becoming quite wet. So, we beat a retreat and retired to the shelter of a partially enclosed bus stop.

My trousers were soaked, so I took them off and I then removed one of the two sweaters that I had been wearing. This garment had been knitted by my girlfriend, who was uncertain of how tall I was and to play safe, had made it rather long. It was a polar neck blue jumper.

I put this on upside down, so the cowl of the jumper hung below my more intimate parts. It was warm though!

But after a while in the shelter I felt cold and walked into the centre of the town to restore some degree of heat. The wind howled along the street, so I dived into a small arcade for shelter. Whilst casually looking into a jeweller's window, a policeman appeared.

“What are you doing lad”, he said,

“Waiting for the tide to recede”, I replied.

He looked at me, probably deciding that I was not a criminal and left!

Later on that morning, we went into a workman's cafe for a slap-up breakfast and nobody turned a hair at my attire! We re-joined Ranger and sailed for home.

Note – Years later, Julia wore my sweater, the right way round of course, to a party, as a mini-dress.

The next trip to Southend was not a success. As you will see!

The famous pier at Southend



Disaster at the bridge.

Claud and I set sail to explore the Essex rivers. It was blowing a brisk wind, about F5 and we were halfway or so to Essex, when there was a loud cracking sound. The mast now had a large vertical split visible! Not sure of what to do, we decided to moor off Southend and phone the yard for advice. This we did and the yard thought that the split might not be too serious. There was no chance that we could make an insurance claim: we would need to break the mast to claim, we were told.

Uncertain of our ability, with the mast cracked, to venture further up the coast, we decided instead to return to Queenborough and take an inner passage, perhaps to Harty Ferry.



A recent view of Queenborough

The wind had by this time almost disappeared and our (un!) trusty engine should be started. After various false starts, it eventually came to life.

We had to pass under Kingsferry lifting bridge, we had the strong tide in our favour and, as we approached, the engine stalled, but with the tide and a clear passage, we steered for the opening. However, as we closed to the opening, a tug at speed rushed through. To avoid a collision, I had to abort. However, the tide swept us to the left of the opening and under the arch of the bridge. There might have been room for us if we hadn't had a mast. We had though! The mast top stuck under the bridge girders and, with increasing tide height, we were firmly wedged. Ranger started to heel and water began to pour over the cockpit sides. Ignoring the shouted comments by the bridge keeper, that we would lose our mast, we were more concerned about losing the boat!

As far as we could see, the only answer was to saw down the mast, as the wood, despite the crack, had no intention of parting.

The only saw to hand was one barely capable of the task. I sawed and sawed until my muscles were becoming ineffective. Claud accepted the mantle and sawed and sawed. until with an enormous crack, the mast freed itself and plunged a large hole

through the foredeck.

Fortunately, it was only the foredeck, not Claud's head. Ranger shot upright!

Somebody towed us to the shore, where I was able to phone the yard.

“I was not being serious when I said that the only way to make an insurance claim was to break the mast”, said the yard”.

Thus, later the next day, a friend, who owned and operated a tug, Tony Laphorn duly arrived and towed us back to the yard. Sometime later a new mast was fitted under insurance.

Lesson learnt – Barge spars do not break easily!! Life is one long experience!



Lost in Fog

One November, whilst at Technical college, my school, army and later college friend was found to be studying at the college.

Dick came from an illustrious medical family but had decided to take up farming instead. He went to Wye College, where he met his future wife, but as motor bikes and other activities curtailed the time spent studying he was sent down, but his future wife remained and duly qualified.

Dick, in his National Service in the RASC, was posted to Egypt to the Camel Corps, where, apparently, his main duty was to accompany the Colonel's wife on her horse. Dick had learnt to ride when he was young. At college his main interest was shooting wildfowl and to this end, had acquired a flat-bottomed dinghy, in which he had cut a hole in the bottom and fitted an engine, probably from a motorbike.

In this, he spent many nights on the Medway marshes, armed with a muzzle loading rifle and similar pistol. One night, he even managed to put the rifle shot into the pistol and fired, to the detriment of his face. We had laid up Ranger for the winter and removed all valuables, including the compass.

Dick suggested that we, in Ranger and he, in his dinghy, should meet at Queenborough for lunch and this we did. A gentle breeze and a sunny autumn day took us to Queenborough and we met, as arranged.

After lunch we set for home, Dick following in the dinghy. Then the fog came down in earnest and then we ran out of petrol. So we anchored on the northern shore, opposite a petrol refinery, vaguely just visible.

Dick announced that he would take one of our crew, who had a car parked in Rochester, near the bridge. They would then locate a petrol station and fill up our large can. Julia's sister was with us and she needed to get to school the following day, so off the three went, but in a rather cold night on Ranger, never arrived back.



By <http://maps.bpl.org> - To the Right Honourable the Master, Wardens, & Elder Bretham of the Trinity

They, in the dinghy, motored towards Rochester but, for some strange reason, the seas had built up and water began slopping into the dinghy. They bailed and bailed! Then they ran out of petrol. Dick, who was very strong, started to row. He rowed and rowed, the lights of Rochester were visible, but they were unable to make in that direction, because of the strong tide and largish seas.

Eventually, after some time, they were swept to the shore and weary and wet, they clambered ashore.

In fact, more than lucky as what they thought to be Rochester was actually Southend! They, in the fog, had become completely disorientated and had pushed off from Ranger in the exact wrong direction. When they came ashore, it was at Warden's Point, on the east part of Sheppey! Fortunately, there was a small RN station there and Susan was able to phone her father, a Surgeon Commander at the naval hospital in Chatham, who arranged for their rescue.

I was not the most popular person with my future father-in-law for some time! Disaster had not been very far away and three lives might have been lost.

We, amazingly, managed to buy enough fuel at the refinery, to motor home.

However, the college was not happy by its students, once again, failing to appear for Monday morning and six of us were expelled! Ranger's engine was largely to blame!

Dick became a successful farmer, despite no qualifications but, later, the thrill of fishing became paramount and he emigrated to New Zealand. There, he purchased a trawler and went 'proper' fishing!

After a while, he took the trawler to the Chatham Islands, where he took part in the crayfish boom and made a fair amount of money, at the expense of one or two front teeth, as it was a fairly violent environment, where you needed to look out for yourself. I understand that at least one murder happened whilst Dick was there!

We later visited Dick in his lovely house at Nelson.

Claud had left Merton College on completing his degree and was bound for business. I had gone to a 'crammer' in Victoria, near to Victoria rail station, to finally obtain my qualifications to enter Guy's Dental School, where eventually I qualified and entered my father's practice in Maidstone. We had a season or so mainly day sailing, but eventually we sold Ranger to a theatre critic, who moored Ranger near Rochester Bridge. Curtains were put up over the portholes and the new owner was left enjoying the company of a friend at weekends! Ranger must have missed her previously exciting times!

After the mast debacle, we had obtained a new mast and equipment, through our insurance. We ditched the engine and purchased a used marine engine instead. This, in truth, was not a great deal more reliable.

We had had a few seasons, mainly day sailing, before we sold and I bought a Solent Seagull half decker, which was fairly unique in having a curved mast, runners and a reverse clinker hull. The metal track for the location of the runners was the most uncomfortable place to sit out the boat on that I had ever experienced. We were frequently told " *Your mast is bent, mate, do you know?*"?. Yes we did!

Richard Mockett

Richard Mockett, who died on 18th November 2020 aged 94, was a longstanding member and former Commodore of the Club. He raced a 470 dinghy in the 1970 and cruisers in later days, and on retirement moved to Hastings.

Richard Cooper states: "*I actually knew him as he was at the Royal Dental, whilst I was at Guys, but my friend was at the Royal and we used to meet in a grotty cafe in Leicester Square for a cup of tea and Richard was there. I didn't meet him again until I came to Rye and he had the next door berth.*"



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Wanted– articles for the Jolly Roger!

If you would like to share any sailing experiences or your expertise with our readership or simply make a comment, your articles or letters to the editor will be gratefully received and considered for inclusion in a subsequent edition of the Jolly Roger, We aim to maintain a balance between material relating to dinghy sailing and cruisers and also between articles which are informative, educational or downright comical and so please do not be offended if an article you contribute does not appear immediately. Articles or letters should be submitted to the editor (apowell@lawdisputes.co.uk) no later than 14 days before the publication date (**i.e. by 16th November for the Winter edition, 14th February for the Spring edition, 17th May for the Summer edition and 17th August for the Autumn edition**).



Message from Rear Commodore House, Mick Kirby:

In the New Year all buoyancy aids and life jackets that are presently left in the old ladies changing room will be moved into the adjoining room in readiness for conversion works to commence into the club's new lounge area.

So how do you go from being upside down in a ditch on Romney Marsh to teaching a chimpanzee to windsurf?

Many moons ago my set of wheels was an old Series II Landrover. Horrific handling and brakes that were woefully inadequate. There was a late Spring frost glistening over the Romney Marsh as I drove to my crummy job that morning. The ditches were many, the corners were sharp and as I have previously stated, the brakes were woeful. The Landrover, desperate to get off-road, left the slick tarmac and ended up in the freezing cold dyke. It was at this moment, with frigid water soaking up my trouser leg that I said to myself "I need to get out of this place".

The damage was considerable and a local farmer friend had offered me a fair price for what was now a wreck of a vehicle. I was residing in a house that was so cold that the previous morning I had had to defrost the clothes from the inside of the washing machine drum with a hairdryer having forgotten to take them out after the spin cycle the night before. It was frigid and I dreamed of warmer climes.

I decided to take the farmer pals cash for my motor and answered an advertisement in Boards windsurfing magazine, setting up an interview for two days time in Kensington Church Street, the head office of the holiday company Mark Warner.

The job description was for a 'beach floater' which, as it happened, was basically a waterfront handyman undertaking tasks like fuelling water-ski boats, patching up windsurfing boards, moving a sailing dinghy here and there. "Rubbish pay but great fun" was the interviewers cajoling encouragement. I explained that I was a level 5 windsurfing instructor and that was where my passion was. He looked up and nailed it with "it's 35°, sunny and the beer is 10p a bottle. The plane leaves Friday".

So I was off to a little resort attractively named Palm Beach in Turkey. It was beautiful and everything you would expect from Mark Warner. Bustling with singletons from west London who just wanted to party hard every night and nurse a hangover the next day bobbing about in a Pico. The interviewers comment was right. It was great fun.... and the pay was rubbish...but the beer was 10p a bottle.

It was a classic Eastern Mediterranean resort. No wind in the morning. Steady breeze by lunchtime and a stiff force 5 by late afternoon. Much fun was had and after a few months my talents as a windsurfing instructor were appreciated as I stepped in for resort instructor who had gone down with a stomach bug, something the staff attributed to the fact that they sprayed the 'treated' sewage through the sprinkler system onto the manicured lawns each evening. It wasn't long before the sickly instructor and I had swapped roles and he was patching hulls and I was out in a rubber duck herding hungover trainee accountants and PA's back upwind.

Our resort hotel manager was called André. A South African fella who was rarely seen before midday and would delegate the position of duty manager to literally anybody he could muster so he could go sample the intoxicating delights of Bodrum town just up the coast. He was always looking for a way to make some extra Turkish Lire and he had scams and hooks everywhere. A member of staff came down to the waterfront and told me that 'A' wanted to see me and would I meet him at the Pool Bar at lunchtime. I was concerned. I had been disciplined on previous occasions, generally for burning the candle at both ends, but that was always in his office. I met him at the bar and he bought me a beer. Now I was really worried. Andre never bought anybody a beer (I think I already explained he was South African?). "So fella" he said, throwing Cashew nuts into his mouth, " how do you fancy teaching a chimpanzee to windsurf ?"

Charlie the Chimpanzee was one of the biggest hits on Turkish TV apparently. Broadcast five days a week in the late afternoon entertainment slot, the show was massive. Basically it's a bit like Lassie but with a chimpanzee instead of the dog.

"Sure" I said as 'A' bought me another beer and left me at the bar after telling me that the production company would donate a large sum to our staff fund for my troubles. The staff fund was a sort of slush fund that Andre dipped into now and again to finance his scams. It was officially there for staff tips and was traditionally used for a grand end of season, alcohol fuelled Turkish gulet boat trip that lasted a week, to thank all those that could be bothered to stay and pack up the resort. (I found out over many subsequent summer seasons these were epic fun and not to be missed). "Oh.... one other thing" Andre said, "apparently Charlie is aquaphobic". I gulped at my beer as I contemplated this thought.



Palm Beach Hotel with the writer third from right

Later that week a huge Winnebago rolled up outside the hotel. Film crew scurried about with cables and equipment and I finally met with Charlie and his American trainer. Charlie really was a star and he knew it. We had set up the dry land windsurfing simulator on the lawn, as far away from the sea as possible so as not to spook Charlie but close enough so that the cameras could shoot film so that it looked like he was windsurfing on the sea. I stood out of shot and was told by the trainer that Charlie would mimic my movements on the simulator.... and he did...perfectly. "If only you lot were the same" I chuckled to what seemed to be the entire resort of trainee accountants and PA's watching on out of shot. Soon it was all over and the successful shoot was celebrated with many Efes beers at the Beach Bar. I got a lot of kudos from my peers for boosting the staff fund and a wink from Andre which was praise indeed.

So at the end of a long, hot, windy season in the blissful surroundings of Palm Beach on the Bodrum peninsula, thirty sun-bleached girls and boys climbed aboard a traditional Turkish gulet loaded down with crates of beer so the plimsoll line was barely visible, all wearing T shirts with the phrase "If you pay peanuts you get monkeys" emblazoned over the front. Happy days!

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Many of you will have heard of the Jack Doust Trophy which is awarded for the most interesting cruise of the year.

I always wondered who Jack Doust was and you can imagine my surprise when, out of the blue, I received an email from his granddaughter, Naomi Appleby (her father was Michael Doust). She wrote:

"...when Grandad retired from being Harbour master in 1970, grandma and grandad moved to Peasmarsh before finally moving to Camber. Then when Grandma Doust passed away, Grandad moved up to Finchingfield to live with his daughter in his final years, with his death in Nov 1985.

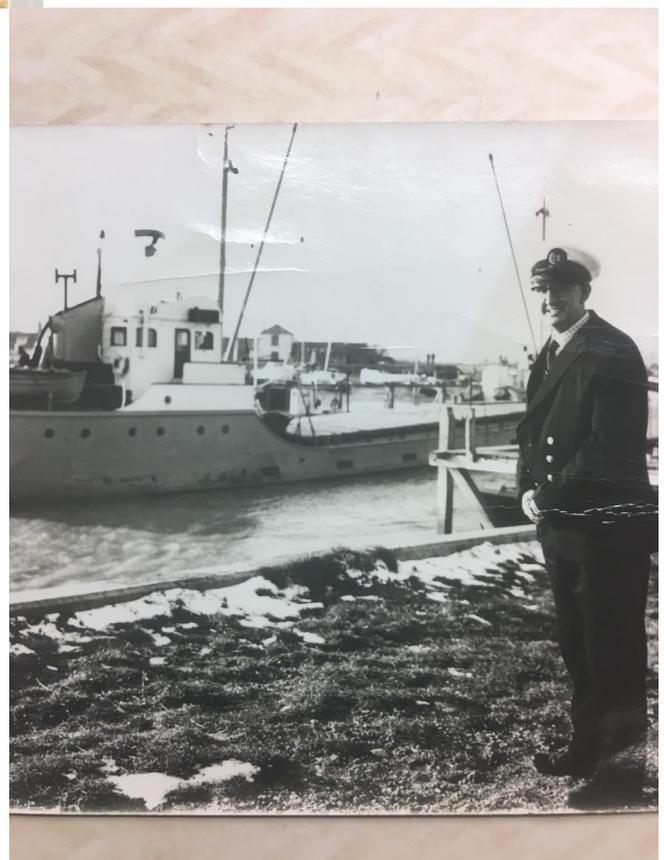
My father and I spent many Sunday's visiting his parents either at Peasmarsh or Camber. And we were both there for him in his final hours. They were both loving grandparents and very much missed by myself and my father.

Last year I donated towards the new RNLI Invergordon boat up here, where one can have names placed on her hull. So now I have a bit of Grandad and my father nearby.

Out of the whole family, I was the one who wouldn't get in a sailing boat on the water, unless it was a power boat!

Plus there was the time, dad took me out on a boat by the Harbour master office and I freaked out when the tide turned, so dad had to get me on shore quickly!!! But I think it all comes down to hearing about my g grandfather James A Doust who drowned just off Rye when fishing in 1912."

Naomi forwarded to me an article about her late grandfather written by Nan King which I reproduce on the following pages with the permission of Rye's Own Magazine.



DOWN RYE WAY

by Nan King



JACK DOUST

Few people in Rye today can claim a longer association with Rye Harbour and the sea than Jack Doust, for he has been Harbour Master here for more than 35 years. Born in 1905 at the Harbour, he was one of six children of Mr. and Mrs. James Doust, but it was in 1917, when Jack was barely seven, that a sad disaster struck his family. The fishing smack, "Naomi and Lizzie", of which James Doust was skipper, was trawling off Dungeness in broad daylight,

when it was run down and sunk by a 2,000-ton sailing barque, the "Lawhill". James Doust and another member of his crew were tragically drowned. However, the sea had always called young Jack and at the age of 13, he left Rye Harbour Village school and after a short spell as blacksmith's boy at the old Chemical Works at the Harbour, he joined the old sprit-sail barge "Alde" trading between Rye and the Continent, at the age of 14.

Jack's first trip to sea was from Seaham to Co. Durham, where they collected a cargo of coal to be unloaded at Margate. After 18 months, he left the "Alde" to go trawling, and was under the keen supervision of the late Mr. Bert Head for some four years. I learnt from the former seaman, just how tough life aboard a trawler was in the 1920s. They were mainly sailing vessels with an average length of 60ft., and a draught of some 8ft. 6in. At any time, there was only one man on watch and it would be his job to do any tacking, sail changes, etc., single-handed. With an indulgent grin, I was told that at the end of a trawling run to Dungeness, Jack was ordered to take the vessel back to Hastings, keeping her tight reefed against the strong south-westerly which was blowing, making sure she got into no less than four fathoms of water. All this in the dark, to be undertaken single-handed by a lad of 16!, but, of course, "Albert" duly arrived safely at her destination. Trips in those days would last for

6



up to four weeks at sea, whereas present-day fishing vessels from the Harbour are, on the whole, out for up to 24 hours! And the wages at the end of Jack's last trawling trip? After five weeks at sea, he returned with approximately £6!

In 1932 Jack married Miss Margaret Lee from Teddington and they have two sons, Michael and Brian, and three daughters, Anthea, Jacky and Theresa. His family have scattered afar: Michael is in the Fleet Air Arm, and is at the moment in the States, attached to the American Navy, where he is involved in collecting the new Phantom aircraft; Brian is working for the Port of London Authority; his eldest daughter Anthea has just returned from Australia where her husband had been stationed with the R.A.F.; Jacqueline is living with her husband in Canada; and Theresa is working at the Nuclear Power Station at Dungeness.

After trawling, seaman Jack returned to coastal trading, where he remained until 1933.

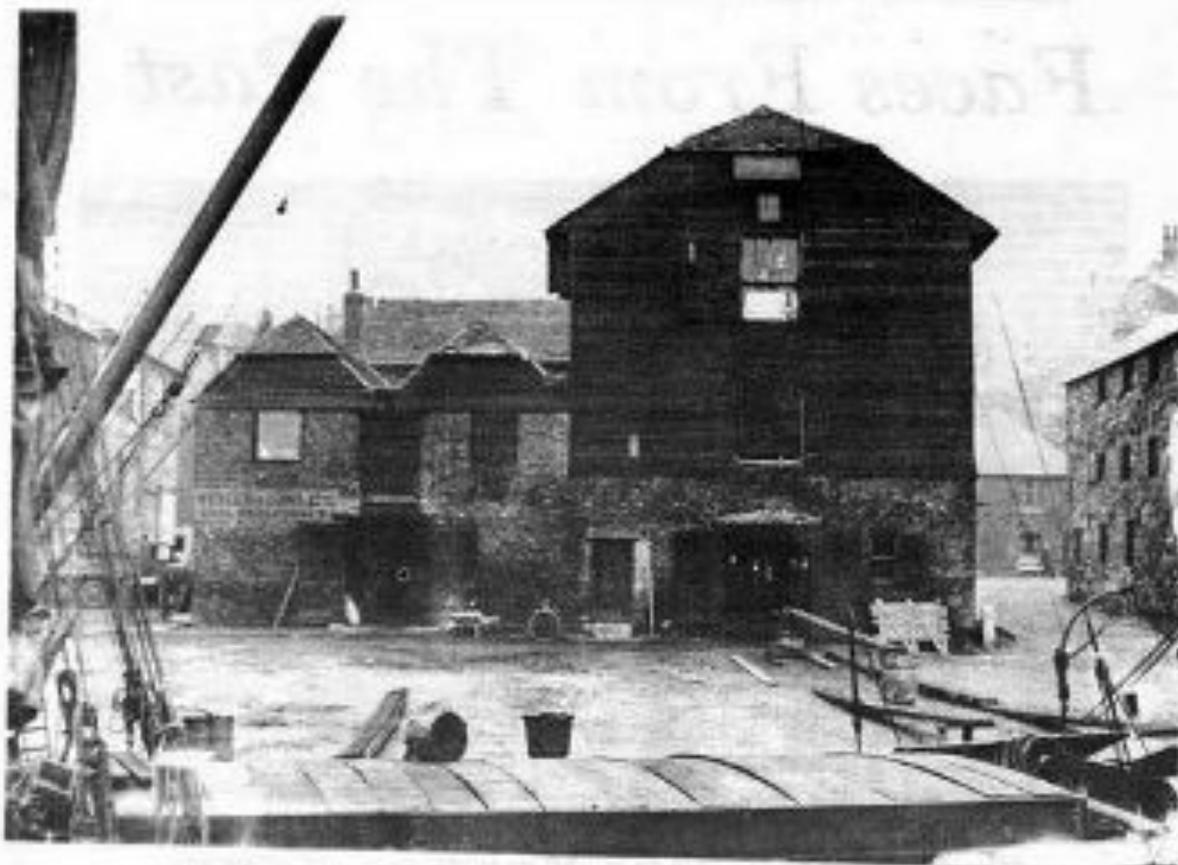
when he was appointed Harbour Master at Rye. He told me of the fantastic changes that he had seen in the Harbour. In the 1930s, the fishing fleet consisted of some two steam and one sailing trawler, with around 90 cargoes coming in to Strand Quay or Simpsons, Rye Harbour. Now with a fishing fleet of some 20 trawlers, and increased facilities for cargo boats, due in part to the new wharf recently built at J. Alford's, not to mention a full quota of pleasure sailing boats, Rye Harbour is certainly used to its capacity.

It was during the war that Jack told me of some of his most fascinating tales, and it was at this time that he met many wonderful and interesting characters. Whilst the Canadian regiment were stationed at Rye, the Colonel one day came and asked the Harbour Master if he would ferry him and some young officers across the harbour, as they wanted to take a look at the defences. It was not until Jack had obliged that he was told he had just ferried the young Duke of Gloucester! He maintains that it was the Services who raised much of the excitement at the harbour during the weary war years. During the Typhoon raids on the V.I. bases, Jack would sit having his tea when all of a sudden, he would see one of the light planes come bobbing over the banks—from a

small airfield near Brookland—and right down the river, flying so low that Jack smilingly, recalls how easy it was to look straight into the cockpits.

When the Germans invaded the Channel Ports in 1940, the Harbour Master was informed by the military on the Tuesday prior to Dunkirk that Boulogne had fallen and that he was to be prepared for almost anything. This information was not released to the public until the Friday following, but in liaison with the Army, Jack helped to prepare a 100ft. yacht

for demolition, which was to be sunk in the Harbour entrance. The subsequent Saturday evening, a telephone message was received from the Coastguards at Dungeness, informing him that two landing barges had rounded the Ness and were proceeding to Rye. He was instructed to challenge them if they entered the Harbour, which in Jack's own words "rather made me shake at the knees!" However, when the craft entered the Harbour, following his instructions, he called out to the leading boat, and the answer came that they were part of a flotilla of eight, which had taken to Dunkirk with the task of transferring troops from the shore to other ships for evacuation. The mother ship had been sunk within half an hour of



Cool being unloaded for Vidler's at Strand Quay

arrival at Dunkirk, and that they and their craft were all that remained of the eight boats and crews that had set out. Having established their identification, the survivors immediately motored their vessels onto the beach opposite the William the Conqueror pub, and just managed to get inside before closing time! On this night, formalities and security procedures having been completed, Jack eventually found the way to his bed at 5.30 a.m.

Life for the Harbour Master after the war became comparatively less exciting but none the less demanding, and Jack settled down to the task of controlling and berthing any vessel using the harbour, liaising with the Coastguards should any alarms be raised, and to quote him "playing 'father and mother' to the ever-increasing number of amateur sailors!"

The Sailing Club had been formed in the late 1920s with a collection of six or so odd dinghies, under the presidency of the late Mr. Blackman of Hastings, but since the war, Rye has rapidly become increasingly popular as a sailing centre. Rye sailors say that it is almost unique as a harbour with its ancient historical associations, and the fact that as far as sailing centres go, Rye is quiet and virtually uncommercialised; they also hasten to mention the

extraordinary friendliness of the local inhabitants.

The Harbour has seen many improvements since Jack was first Harbour Master in 1933. In 1935-6 Strand Quay was rebuilt and the Landing Stages at Rye Harbour renewed by the Rother & Jury's Gut Catchment Board. During the war, the Admiralty renewed the Admiralty Jetty, and the Slipway and Fish Market were also built around this time. Since then, many other improvements have been carried out by the Kent River Board and Kent River Authority.

Recently, J. Alsford Ltd. have improved the facilities for cargo boats by building a new wharf. This initially presented several problems relating to the sailing activities carried on in the Harbour, but so far, very few untoward incidents have occurred and the Harbour Master feels on the whole, that people are co-operating and taking things in good part. Jack hopes that for the prosperity of Rye, trade to the new wharf and harbour in general will increase, as cargo vessels usually enter or leave the Harbour at high water time, and with good management and co-operation, such trade should not interfere with other harbour activities.



The Jack Doust Trophy

Not already a member of the Club but would like to join? - follow the simple instructions below:

1. Download an application form from our website: <http://www.rhsc.org.uk/Membership>
2. Refer to the notes on page 3 of the form and decide which category of membership is appropriate for you or your family and complete the form accordingly
3. Calculate the fee payable based on the notes on page 3 (including any berthing fee)
4. Either:

Send a scanned copy of the completed form by email to the Membership secretary, John Powell OBE (RHSCMembership@gmail.com). Fees are only paid once membership is confirmed. Bank transfer is preferred; details are:

Sort code: 30-90-28 Account No. 00752410 (Rye Harbour Sailing Club) quoting your surname as the reference.
5. Alternatively you may send a paper copy of the form to:

John Powell OBE
Membership Secretary
Rye Harbour Sailing Club
The Point
Rye Harbour
East Sussex
TN31 7TU

(Please note that sending a paper copy is not the fastest method of processing membership applications).

If you have any questions during the process then please contact John Powell at: RHSCMembership@gmail.com

6. Once your application has been processed John Powell (and, if relevant, the Berthing Master, Jeremy Short) will contact you.

Tales of a Cornish Trader Part 8: The Continued Story of “How not to buy a boat” By Gary Palmer

Weymouth to Cowes

More Fog ! And a reminder of the risks at sea.

As ever, to get the best of the tides, another early start was required so we were out of Weymouth at dawn on a promisingly fine morning, bound for Cowes, or Poole if time or weather or fatigue went against us. But there was little prospect of wind in the forecast, and so it proved, and we motored yet again, heading for St. Aldhelm's Head, regretfully bypassing the many interesting stops along this lovely stretch of coast, the names of Durdle Dor, Lulworth and Kimmeridge rekindling childhood holiday memories and which would have been interesting visits for my geologist crew. But we were on a time target, both Ken and Ian were due back in Scotland in a few days, and Rye – and its tide-defined entry limitations - still seemed a long way off. So I made do with giving them my copy of Peter Bruce's 'Inshore along the Dorset Coast' (an excellent adjunct for cruising this coastline) and let them do some self-study of the history and places of interest as we passed by.

Initially we made slow progress, and pushing into the last few hours of the ebb we made only 2 or 3 kts over the ground. But we passed St. Aldhelm's more or less at slack and close inshore, and apart from a short bumpy section were through this at times fearsome place without a hitch, the flat sea and sunshine giving no hint of what it could be like with a gale of wind over a Spring tide.

It wasn't long before the flood got going and turned our 2 or 3 kts to 7 and 8kts and we fairly raced along (8kts is definitely racing along for Nomad...). Approaching Anvil Point was decision time; keep going for Cowes or head into Poole?



Progress and the weather were both good and the team meeting was short. Ian and Ken, as before, were keen for us to get the miles done and sacrifice the options of some runs inshore, and an early afternoon at Poole, so we set course for the Needles.

As was becoming only too familiar, as the Needles began to become more clearly visible, and the prospect of a close view of this famed landmark awakened the geologists from their slumbers in the sunshine on the aft deck, fog again started to obscure the view ahead. And soon we were navigating by instruments and after rounding the Bridge buoy and watching our course and the AIS now very carefully in the now quite busy passage, we buoy-hopped up the Needles Channel. The tension of this was however relatively short in duration as once Yarmouth was abeam the fog dispersed and the sunshine returned.

Tales of a Cornish Trader Part 8: The Continued Story of “How not to buy a boat” By Gary Palmer

As we continued motoring up the Solent I became aware of a small open fishing boat making several turns about half a mile dead ahead. Keeping an eye on him and trying to anticipate where his next gyration would be, I then saw the fisherman in the boat making a pointing gesture over the stern of his boat. I didn't quite know what this meant but surmised that he might have some gear over the stern, so I altered course to give him a wide berth and now kept a close watch for anything that looked like fishing gear or pot buoys.

We then entered a large area of tide-gathered flotsam and jetsam, with rafts of seaweed and all sorts of floating rubbish, with plastic bottles, polystyrene, carrier bags, a lost hat etc. I steered around anything that looked like it might be associated with the fishing boat, but nothing immediately looked like it was fishing gear.

As I scanned alternately to port and starboard, I caught sight of a piece of some sort of coloured plastic about a foot square some yards away abeam, but immediately ignored it as it didn't fit with my preoccupation with fishing gear and the potential for a rope-around-the prop situation.



A few seconds, and twenty yards, later, it occurred to me that the piece of plastic was about the size and shape of the back of a lifejacket and I hesitated, should I turn back and check? However, as readers of my previous article on (mis) identification of floating debris will remember, I have a slightly embarrassing history of seeing things in the water that are actually not there, and being immediately preoccupied with steering a course through the most dodgy-looking floating items, and not wishing to return into the bulk of the floating rubbish and possible fishing gear, I dismissed the thought as another flight of imagination and carried on.

Soon after we cleared the patch of tide wrack and I relaxed, handed over the helm to Ian and put in a confirmatory call to the UKSA in Cowes where I had arranged to berth.

Tales of a Cornish Trader Part 8: The Continued Story of “How not to buy a boat” By Gary Palmer

About 15 minutes later we heard an ‘All stations’ call on the radio giving a report of a body in the water in exactly the area that we had just passed through.

Although there was nothing that we could have done to have helped the poor soul, as I found out later it was the back of a lifejacket that I saw, but unseen underneath was the body of a solo night-time canoeist.

So, as so often at sea, another lesson learned, and I won’t bypass anything unusual or suspicious again.



A Haiku—On avoiding the changing room

by Anna Knight

To keep Covid - free

Wear shorts over all the gear

Home happy but wet.

Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North West Passage By William Edward Parry

Sir William Edward Parry FRS (1790-1855) was a naval officer, eventually becoming Hydrographer of the Royal Navy but was also renowned as a leading explorer of the Arctic. He made three voyages to the Arctic: firstly between 1819 and 1820 when he discovered that a passage through Lancaster Sound, secondly between 1821 and 1823 in his quest to find the North-West Passage when he sailed through the Hudson Strait into Foxe Basin but was unable to find a way through in Repulse Bay and, thirdly, between 1824 and 1825 in the same ships, the *Hecla* and *Fury*, in the hope of finding a way through Prince Regent inlet but ice severely disrupted his progress. Below are extracts from his journal of the third voyage. (Ed.)



William Edward Parry

“The equipment of the *Hecla* and *Fury*, and the loading of the *William Harris* transport, being completed, we began to move down the river from Deptford on the 8th of May, 1824, and on the 10th, by the assistance of the steamboat, the three ships had reached Northfleet, where they received their powder and their ordnance stores. Two days were here employed in fixing, under the superintendence of Mr. Barlow and Lieutenant Foster, the plate, invented by the former gentleman, for correcting the deviation of the compass produced by the attraction of the ship’s iron; and the continuance of strong easterly winds prevented our getting to the Nore till the 16th. During our stay at Northfleet the ships were visited by Viscount Melville, and the other Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who were pleased to approve of our general equipment and arrangements.....

I now determined, as the quickest and most secure mode of clearing the transport, to anchor at the Whale-fish Islands, rather than incur the risk of hampering and damaging her among the ice. Fresh gales and thick weather, however, prevented our doing so till the 26th, when we anchored at eight A.M., in seventeen fathoms, mooring the ships by hawsers to the rocks, and then immediately commenced our work. In the meantime the observatory and instruments were landed on a small island, called by the Danes Boat Island, where Lieutenant Foster and myself carried on the magnetic and other observations during the stay of the Expedition at this anchorage, of which a survey was also made.

Early on the morning of the 3rd of July, the whole of our stores being removed, and Lieutenant Pritchard having received his orders, together with our despatches and letters for England, the *William Harris* weighed with a light wind from the northward, and was towed out to sea by our boats.

Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North West Passage By William Edward Parry

The day proving calm, we employed it in swinging the Hecla, in order to obtain the amount of the deviation of the magnetic needle, and to fix afresh the iron plate for correcting it. On the following morning, the wind being southerly, the pilots came on board, and the Hecla weighed to run through the north passage; in doing which she grounded on a rock lying directly in the channel, and having only thirteen feet upon it at low water, which our sounding boats had missed, and of which the pilot was ignorant. The tide being that of ebb we were unable to heave the ship off immediately, and at low water she had sewed three feet forward. It was not till half-past one P.M., that she floated, when it became necessary to drop her down between the rock and the shore with hawsers; after which we made sail, and being soon after joined by the *Fury*, which came out by the other channel, we stood round the islands to the northwards.....



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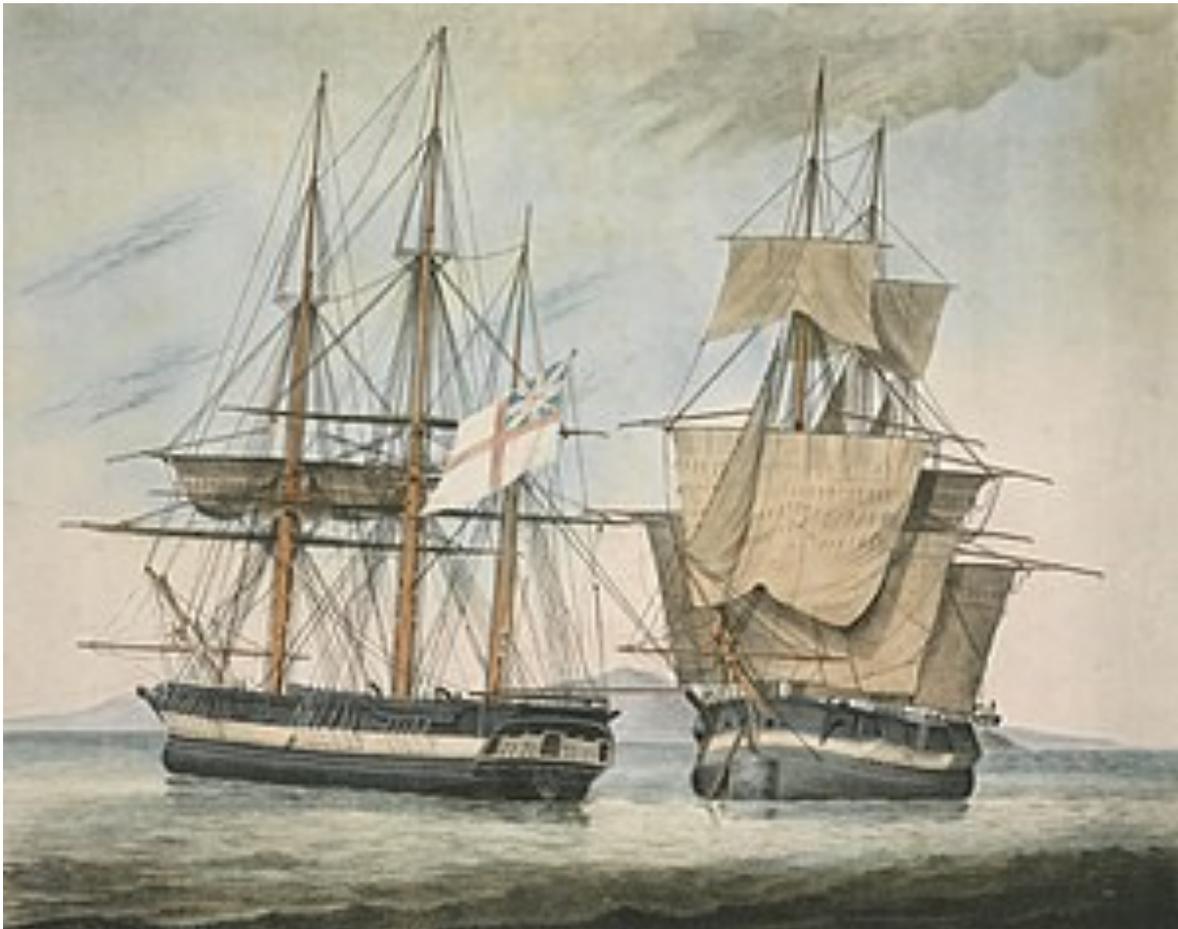
.....Light northerly winds, together with the dull sailing of our now deeply laden ships, prevented our making much progress for several days, and kept us in the neighbourhood of numerous icebergs, which it is dangerous to approach when there is any swell. We counted from the deck, at one time, no less than one hundred and three of these immense bodies, some of them from one to two hundred feet in height above the sea and it was necessary, in one or two instances, to tow the ships clear of them with the boats. We had occasion, about this time, to remark the more than usual frequency of fogs with a

northerly wind, a circumstance from which the whalers are accustomed to augur a considerable extent of open water in that direction.

The ice soon beginning to close around us, our progress became so slow that, on the 17th, we saw a ship at the margin of the "pack," and two more on the following day. We supposed these to be whalers, which, after trying to cross the ice to the northward, had returned to make the attempt in the present latitude; a supposition which our subsequent difficulties served to strengthen. From this time, indeed, the obstructions from the quantity, magnitude, and closeness of the ice, were such as to keep our people almost constantly employed in heaving, warping, or sawing through it; and yet with so little success that, at the close of the month of July, we had only penetrated seventy miles to the westward, or to the longitude of about $62^{\circ} 10'$. Here, while closely beset, on the 1st of August, we encountered a hard gale from the south-east, which pressing the ice together in every direction, by mass overlaying mass for hours together, the Hecla received several very awkward "nips," and was once fairly laid on her broadside by a strain which must inevitably have crushed a vessel of ordinary strength. In such cases, the ice is forced under a ship's bottom on one side, and on the other up her side, both powers thus acting in such a manner as to bring her on her "beam-ends." This is, in fact, the most favourable manner in which a ship can receive the pressure, and would perhaps only occur with ice comparatively not very heavy, though sufficiently so, it is said, to have run completely over a ship in some extreme and fatal cases.....

Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North West Passage By William Edward Parry

All our past obstacles were in a moment forgotten when we once more saw an open sea before us; but it must be confessed that it was not so easy to forget that the middle of September was already near at hand, without having brought us even to the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound. That not a moment might be lost, however, in pushing to the westward, a press of canvas was crowded, and being happily favoured with an easterly breeze, on the morning of the 10th of September we caught a glimpse of the high bold land on the north side of the magnificent inlet up which our course was once more to be directed. From the time of our leaving the main body of ice we met with none of any kind, and the entrance to the Sound was, as usual, entirely free from it, except here and there a berg, floating about in that solitary grandeur of which these enormous masses, when occurring in the midst of an extensive sea, are calculated to convey so sublime an idea.



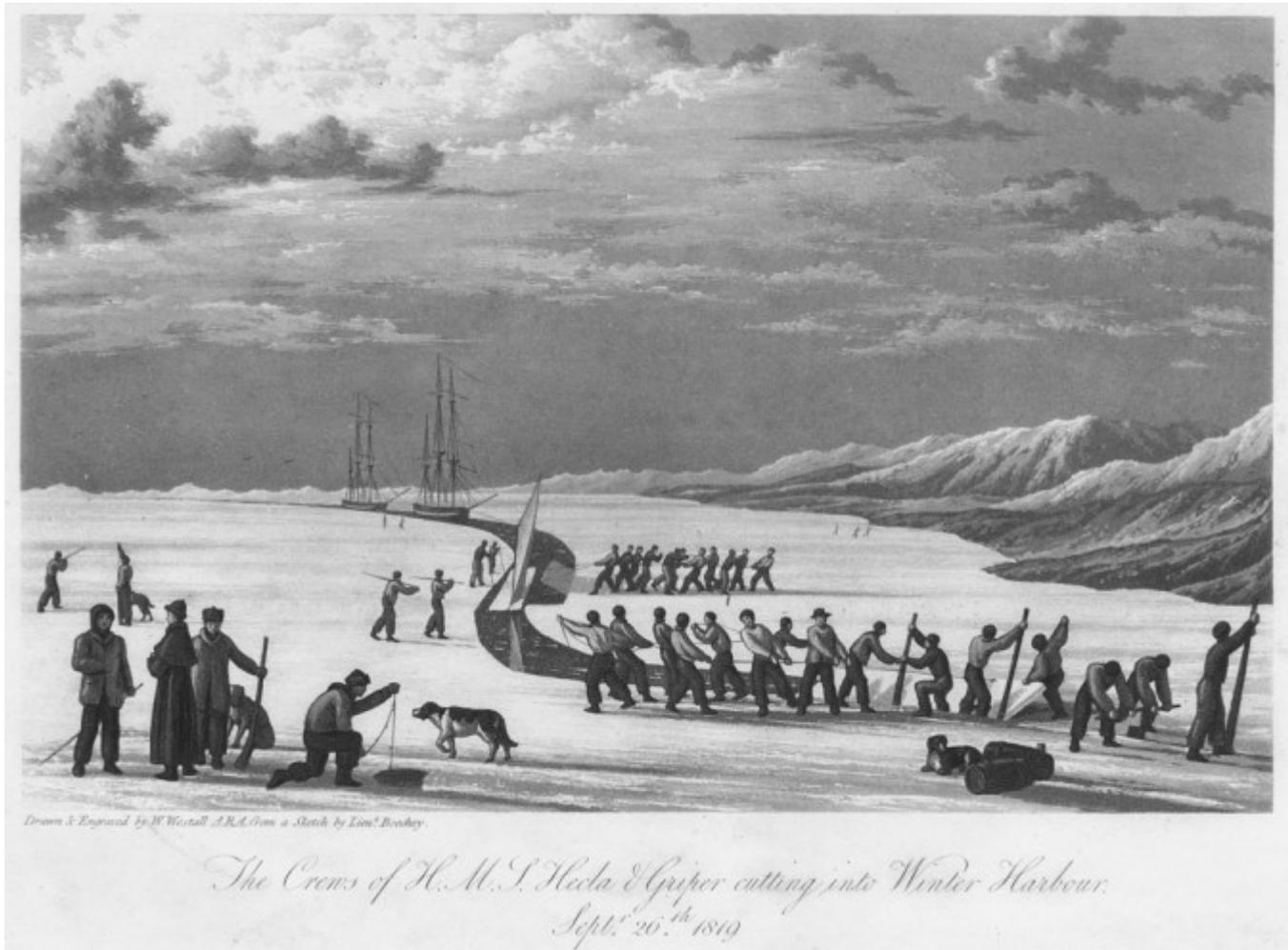
HMS Hecla and HMS Fury

On the morning of the 11th, the ships being taken a-back with a fresh westerly breeze when near Cape Warrender, I landed in a small bay close to the westward of it, accompanied by several of the officers, in order to examine the country, and to make the necessary observations.

On the morning of the 12th we were once more favoured with a breeze from the eastward, but so light and unsteady that our progress was vexatiously slow; and on the 13th, when within seven leagues of Cape York, we had the mortification to perceive the sea ahead of us covered with young ice, the thermometer having for two days past ranged only from 18° to 20°. On reaching it we had, as usual, recourse to "sallying," breaking it with boats ahead, and various other expedients, all alike ineffectual without a fresh and free breeze furnishing a constant impetus; so that, after seven or eight hours of unsuccessful labour in this way, we were obliged to remain as we were, fairly and immovably beset.

Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North West Passage By William Edward Parry

It now appeared high time to determine as to the propriety of still continuing our efforts to push to the westward or of returning to England, according to my instructions on that head under particular circumstances. As the crossing of the ice in Baffin's Bay had of itself unexpectedly occupied nearly the whole of one season, it could not, of course, be considered that the attempt to penetrate to the westward in the manner directed by



"The Crews of H.M.S. Hecla & Griper Cutting Into Winter Harbour, Sept. 26th, 1819". An engraving from the journal published in 1821.

their lordships had as yet been made, nor could it, indeed, be made during the present year. I could not, therefore, have a moment's hesitation as to the propriety of pushing on as far as the present season would permit, and then giving a fair trial during the whole of the next summer to the route I was directed by my instructions to pursue. In order, however, to confirm my own opinion on this subject, I requested to be furnished with that of Captain Hoppner; and finding that his views entirely agreed with my own, I resolved still to pursue our object by all the means in our power.

The next breeze sprang up from the westward, drawing also from the southward at times, out of Prince Regent's Inlet, and for three days we were struggling with the young ice to little or no purpose, now and then gaining half a mile of ground to windward in a little "hole" of open water, then losing as much by the necessity of bearing up or wearing (for the ice was too strong to allow us to tack), sallying from morning to night with all hands, and with the watch at night, two boats constantly under the bows; and, after all, rather losing ground than otherwise, while the young ice was every hour increasing in thickness.

Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North West Passage By William Edward Parry



Durand-Brager, Winter Island

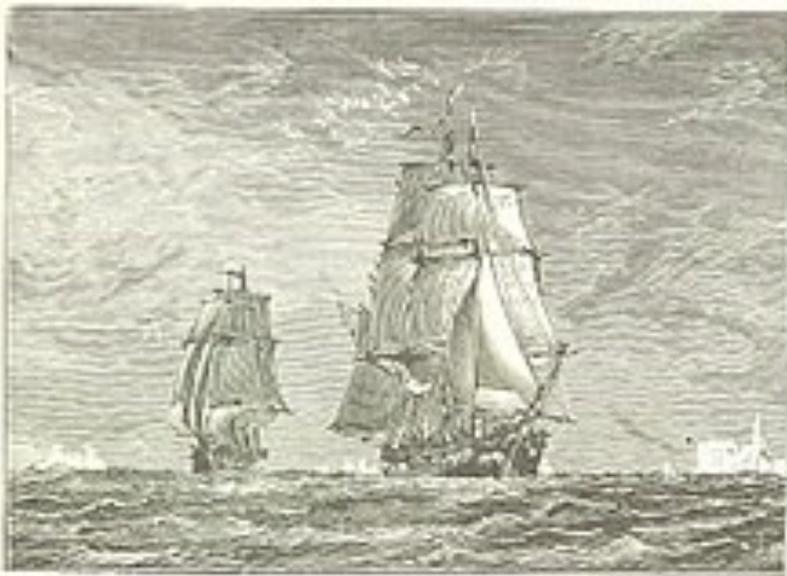
On the 17th, when we had driven back rather to the eastward of Admiralty Inlet, an easterly breeze again enabled us to make some progress. The sea was now for the most part covered with young ice, which had become so thick as to look white throughout its whole extent.

The holes of water could now, therefore, be more distinctly seen, and by taking advantage of these we succeeded in making a few miles of westing, the "leads" taking us more in-shore, towards Admiralty Inlet, than before.....

The sails being furled, and the top-gallant yards got down, we now considered ourselves fortunate in our situation; for had we been only a quarter of a mile farther out we should have been within the influence of a current that was there sweeping the whole body of ice to the eastward, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. Indeed, at times this current was disposed to approach us still nearer, carrying away pieces of ice close to our quarter; but by means of long hawsers, secured to the heaviest and most compact of the small floes in-shore of us, we contrived to hold on. Under such circumstances, it evidently became expedient to endeavour, by sawing, to get the ships as close in-shore as possible, so as to secure them either to grounded ice or by anchoring within the shelter of a bay at no great distance inside of us; for it now seemed not unlikely that winter was about to put a premature stop to all further operations at sea for this season. At all events it was necessary to consult the immediate safety of the ships, and to keep them from being drifted back to the eastward. I therefore gave orders for endeavouring to get the ships in towards the bay by cutting through what level floes still remained. At the same time an officer was despatched to examine the shore, which was found safe, with regular soundings in every part. So strong had been the pressure while the ice was forcing in upon us, that on the 20th, after liberating the Hecla on one side, she was as firmly cemented to it on the other as after a winter's formation, and we could only clear her by heavy and repeated "sallying." After cutting in two or three hundred yards, while the people were at dinner on the 21st, our canal closed, by the external pressure coming upon the parts which we had weakened, and in a few minutes the whole was once more in motion, or, as the seamen not inaptly expressed it, "alive," mass doubling under mass, and raising those which were uppermost to a considerable height. The ice thus pressed together was now about ten feet in thickness in some places, and on an average not less than four or five, so that while thus forced in upon a ship, although soft in itself, it caused her to tremble exceedingly; a sensation, indeed, commonly experienced in forcing through young ice of considerable thickness. We were now once more obliged to be quiet spectators of what was going on around us, having with extreme difficulty succeeded in saving most of our tools that were lying on the ice when the squeezing suddenly began. Towards evening we made fast to a stationary floe, at the distance of one mile from the beach, in eighteen fathoms, where we remained tolerably quiet for the night, the ice outside of us, and as far as we could see, setting constantly at a great rate to the eastward.....

Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North West Passage By William Edward Parry

...A sudden motion of the ice on the morning of the 22nd, occasioned by a change of wind to the S.E., threatened to carry us directly off the land. It was now more than ever desirable to hold on, as this breeze was likely to clear the shore, and at the same time to give us a run to the westward. Hawsers were therefore run out to the land-ice, composed of some heavy masses, almost on the beach. With the *Hecla* this succeeded, but the *Fury*, being much farther from the shore, soon began to move out with the whole body of ice, which, carrying her close to the large berg off the point, swept her round the latter, where, after great exertion, Captain Hoppner succeeded in getting clear, and then made sail to beat back to us. In the meantime the strain put upon the *Hecla's* hawsers being too great for them, they snapped one after another, and a bower-anchor was let go as a last resource. It was one of Hawkins's, with the double fluke, and immediately brought up, not merely the ship, but a large floe of young ice, which had just broken our stream-cable.



THE "HECLA" AND THE "FURY" ENTERING BAFFIN'S BAY.

HMS Hecla and HMS Fury enter Baffin's Bay during the 1824 expedition

All hands were sent upon the floe to cut it up ahead, and the whole operation was a novel and, at times, a fearful one; for the ice, being weakened by the cutting, would suddenly gather fresh way astern, carrying men and tools with it, while the chain-cable continued to plough through it in a manner which gave one the idea of something alive, and continually renewing its attacks. The anchor held surprisingly, and after this tremendous strain had been put upon it for above an hour, we had fairly cut the floe in two, and the ship was riding in clear water about half a mile from the shore.

I was now in hopes we should have made some progress, for a large channel of clear water was left open inshore; a breeze blew off the land, and the temperature of the atmosphere had again risen considerably. We had not sailed five miles, however, when a westerly wind took us aback, and a most dangerous swell set directly upon the shore, obliging me immediately to stand off the land; and the *Fury* being still to the eastward of the point, I ran round it, in order to re-join her before sunset. The current was here setting very fast to the eastward, not less, I think, in some places, than two miles an hour, so that, even in a clear sea, we had little chance of stemming it, much less beset as we were in young ice during an unusually dark night of nine or ten hours' duration, with a heavy fall of snow. The consequence was, that when we made the land on the morning of the 23rd, we had been drifted the incredible distance of eight or nine leagues during the night, finding ourselves off the Wollaston Islands at the entrance of Navy Board Inlet.



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The Royal Yachting Association (RYA) is the national governing body for dinghy, yacht and motor cruising, all forms of sail racing, RIBs and sports boats, windsurfing and personal watercraft.

The RYA is the leading representative for those involved in boating and helps protect and advance the interests of sailors at both national and local levels. With more than 1500 affiliated clubs the RYA sets and maintains recognised standards for training for both leisure and commercial boating through a network of more than 2,400 RYA Recognised Training Centres across 58 countries. The RYA is also responsible for one of the UK's most successful Olympic medal winning sports and its coaching and development schemes actively support 800 of our country's top sailors, from talented juniors to Olympic and World champions.

Although Rye Harbour Sailing Club is an RYA affiliated club this does not mean that you are automatically a member of the RYA! The benefits of being an RYA member include access to:

specialist cruising, legal and technical boating advice from RYA in-house experts;

exclusive offers and discounts from over 80 member reward partners, from clothing, personal and boat equipment, to the latest technology, holidays and travel, insurance, magazine subscriptions and boat show tickets, helping you keep down the cost of your boating;

all the latest news and information via the RYA Magazine, website or direct to your inbox with a host of eNewsletters.

Our club is now a joining point for the RYA. If you join through us the Club will receive a financial benefit by way of commission. You can join through the Club by one of the following methods:

By completing an RYA Application form which will shortly be available at the Clubhouse and returning it to the RYA;

By Phone – by calling the RYA's Member Services team on 023 8060 4159 who will happily talk through the benefits of becoming an RYA Member. Don't forget you will need to quote the Club's Joining Point number (008101027) to ensure the Club benefits from your application.

Online at www.rya.org.uk/go/join by selecting your reason for joining as 'Joining Point' and you will then be prompted to enter the Club's joining point number.