

26  
12/91

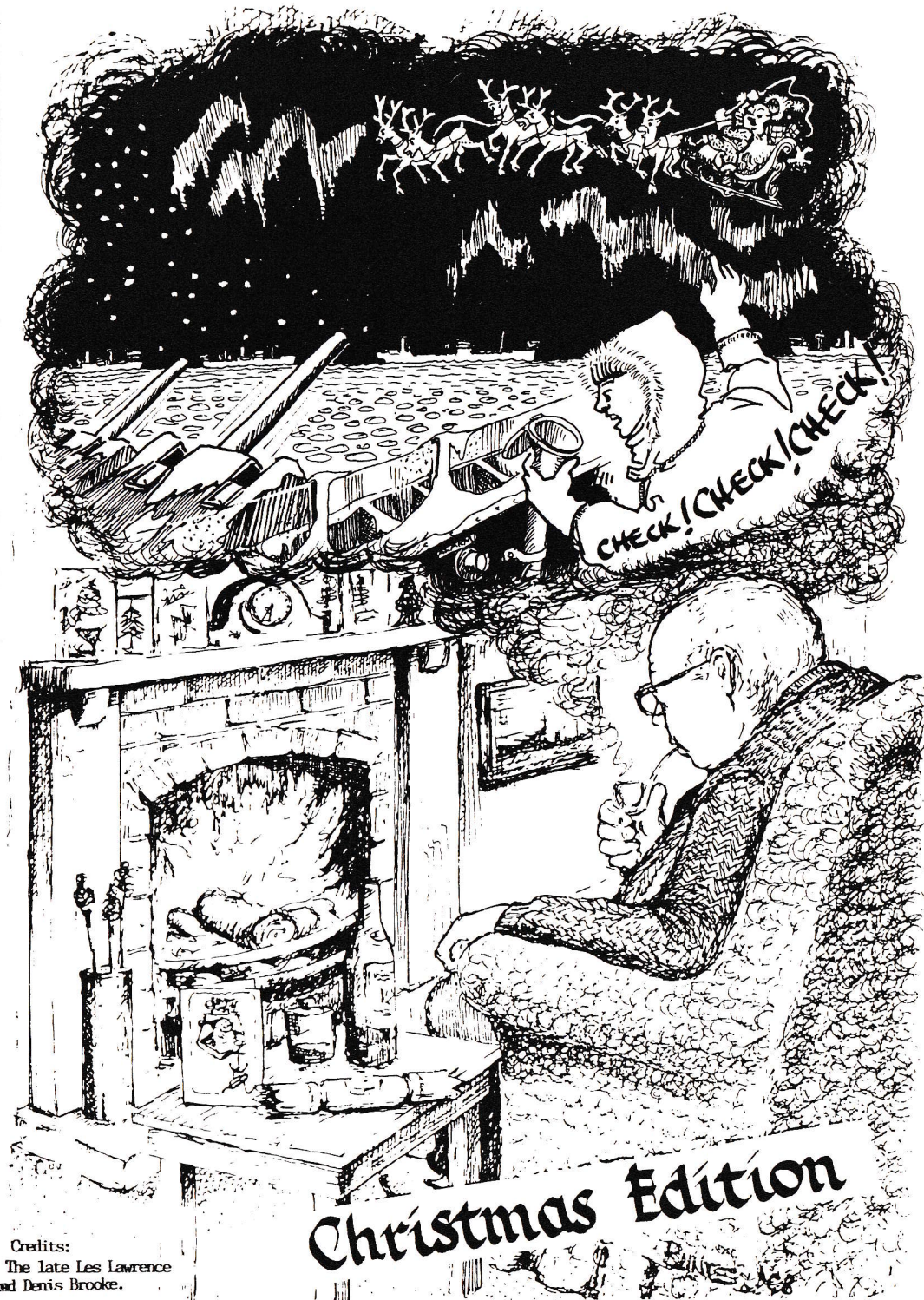


**PRICE £2** (Free to Members)

PUBLISHED BY R. D. SQUIRES, FOR NORTH RUSSIA CLUB  
AND PRINTED BY KAMPRESS AT  
GREEN DRAGON LANE, ST. MARY STREET, BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET, TA6 3LL

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB

12/91



Credits:  
The late Les Lawrence  
and Denis Brooke.

Christmas Edition

THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

A WAY TO PEACE

Grant all things being good,  
 To be tolerated and understood,  
 See others as your friends,  
 Make peaceful reality your ends.  
 Time will tell if one's sincere,  
 Hold out your hands, have no fear.  
 Be generous, thoughtful, and kind,  
 Then a loving aptitude you will find.  
 Activate oneself to peace,  
 And joyous pleasures will increase.  
 Harvest these things, do not hide,  
 Cast all forebodings, put them aside.  
 Cherish these words, hold them dear,  
 Especially at Christmas, and the New Year.

Fred Hardy  
 Ellesmere Port

.....

FROM THE PRESIDENT

A MESSAGE FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

Once again it is my pleasure to wish you all the very best for Christmas and all you wish yourselves for 1992 - Good Health, Wealth and Happiness in our "Twilight of Life"

What a year 1991 has been. More has happened in the history of our unique Club than in any other year since its formation in 1984. You may say "Why?" or "How Come?" Let me tell you.

With an efficient, hard working committee for club matters and a social committee for functions. With a rocketing membership so efficiently dealt with by the Membership Secretary, having now reached 1155 'Full' members. This includes many from overseas, especially Canada and U.S.A. Also the new contacts of ex R.A.F. members which we seek from the Hurricane Squadrons of North Russia. "Whacko, Chocks Away, and all that" Welcome aboard!

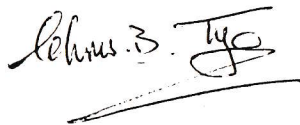
We have held reunions and 'lamp swinging' sessions at Portsmouth, London, Frome, Hastings, Gillingham, Blackpool and Liverpool. And of course the reunions in Jersey, Canada, and Soviet Union twice. During one week, in May, we had groups in Jersey, Canada and Murmansk, and you have been able to share these events through the medium of the Northern Light. By the time you read this we will also have gathered at Harrogate, Westminster Abbey, the Cenotaph and Blackpool Opera House.

Our 'workaholic' and 'insomniac' Secretary Dick Squires is to be congratulated in arranging the "Dervish '91" celebration after four previous planning visits to the frozen north. Culminating in LONDON, GROMKY and SVIR arriving in Archangel 50 years to the minute after the arrival of that first convoy in 1941. Whilst it will be very difficult to surpass the 1991 achievements we will make every effort to do this with the "International Reunion" in Glasgow, Liverpool and Portsmouth next July, when we will welcome veterans from overseas to our "Little Ol' Island".

Kindest regards, my love to our ladies, and best wishes until we meet in friendship and comradeship in 1992.

With pride and pleasure,

Sincerely



FROM THE CHAIRMAN

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GREETINGS

How fast time passes, it only seems like yesterday I was putting pen to paper for last year's message. What a year it's been! Our membership is still increasing, we had two trips to Russia in May and June with a third in August for the "Dervish" Celebrations which was the climax of months of preparation. Let us hope that next year is even better.

Audrey and I would like to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a Healthy and Prosperous New Year 1992.

Norman Batchelor  
 Chairman.

.....

EDITORIAL

Your edition of "Northern Light", hopefully delivered to you ahead of the Christmas mail rush, brings you sincere Seasonal Greetings coupled with thanks to all who have contributed articles for publication during 1991.

Our magazine has gained fame in the Soviet Union, the Soviet Journalist's Union in recognising that the contents are an accurate history of the Great Patriotic War, have conferred an Honorary Membership on your Editor! This affords a number advantages to me within the Soviet Union, which I shall probably be unable to take advantage of, nevertheless, it is a unique honour.

This edition is largely dedicated to the stories relating to the recent Dervish Celebrations in Murmansk and Archangel and I am sure that you will find many interesting stories, some are quite historic. The Members' Letters section continues to be well supported and will continue to be used in future editions.

1992 will be a year of many 50th anniversaries for us, as 1942 was a momentous year on the Arctic Convoys. During the year there were 13 convoys to Russia and 12 return convoys. There was the infamous PQ17 amongst them, as well as the loss of MATABELE, SHEBA, TRINIDAD, EDINBURGH, PUNJABI, ACHATES, BRAMBLE, LEDA, SOMALI, NIGER and GREY RANGER. Not to mention at least 75 merchant ships that were sunk in various ways. It is entirely up to you all to relate your experiences or recall your memories no matter how vague. Please drop me a line with your recollections, no matter how sketchy or vague - we must record as much as we can about that terrible year at sea in the Arctic.

We will of course keep you fully informed of other present day happenings. Again you can help with your stories and views. It is your magazine.

Publication dates in 1992 are March, June, September and December. Contributions for inclusion should be received by the editor at least six weeks before those dates. A reminder of the address: 28 Westbrook Road, Gateacre, Liverpool L25 2PX (Tel: 051 487 9567)

Dick Squires  
 Editor

.....

WELFARE

Have you a problem? Would you like help or advice in strict confidence. It does not matter how small, or how big the problem may seem, our Welfare Officer is willing and waiting to lend a sympathetic ear. Contact him NOW.

His address: E.S.R. Phelps, 89 Tyle Teg, Garden Suburbs, Burry Port, Llanelli, Dyfed SA16 OSR. (Tel: 0554 64935)

.....

# DERVISH '91.

## '50 YEARS ON!

It happened back in '41  
 The start of the Russian Convoy Run,  
 October the date, Dervish the name,  
 Beginning a tale of maritime fame.

We all have our memories of those distant days,  
 Each of us, yes, in so many ways,  
 Personal events and incidents too,  
 Back in those times, on those seas that we knew.

Books have been written, yarns have been told,  
 And we the survivors are now grown old,  
 But 50 years on we remember, beside,  
 Our part in this epic, and look back in pride.

Then too we remember our mates that we lost,  
 The ships that went down and the terrible cost,  
 A half century on, we salute them anew,  
 With a prayer of remembrance, sincere and so true!

Bill Johnston (Whitby)  
 Ex N.P.100/HMS TRACKER

A LETTER FROM THE PRIME MINISTER TO THE "DERVISH" ORGANISERS.



10 DOWNING STREET  
 LONDON SW1A 2AA

Fifty years ago, Britain and the Soviet Union stood side by side against daunting odds. These were dark times; but they showed how much our two countries can do, when we work together, towards the same goals. We owe a great deal to those brave men, who took part in the Arctic Convoys. Many of them selflessly gave their lives in the hope that we would be free. "We will remember them." Some of their more fortunate comrades will be present at the events in Murmansk and Archangel. We wish them well, as we stand on the threshold of a new era of co-operation between Britain and the Soviet Union.

*John Major*

## "DERVISH '91" A DAY BY DAY ACCOUNT

By Vi and the late Eddie Beard.

24-8-91: We left Heathrow Terminal 2 aboard an Aeroflot flight to Leningrad at 2.30 p.m. We had the usual plastic meal which all airlines serve but we were lucky to receive a complimentary glass of wine which was very nice. 3½ hours later we arrived at our destination. We changed planes for our flight onward to Murmansk. It was after midnight when we arrived. As we came down the aircraft steps we were greeted by a barrage of T.V. and Press cameras. We were welcomed by the mayor and official dignitaries. When we got into the terminal buildings there were school children with armsful of flowers which they handed to us all. We had speeches of welcome, I think there was a band but I was so tired and confused by the heroes welcome that I couldn't take it all in. We eventually identified our luggage and then boarded coaches for our journey to the Arktika Hotel. Some of our party went to stay with families. We had 120 people in our party. When we arrived at the hotel we were greeted by a lovely young lady dressed in traditional Russian costume - a beautiful jewelled head-dress and gown. She was carrying a tray with a freshly baked loaf which was round and beautifully patterned. In the centre was a small bowl of salt, the custom to welcome visitors is to breakoff a piece of bread and dip it in the salt then eat it - it was delicious. We were given our room key and we thankfully made our way to bed. It was 3 a.m. before we eventually got into it!

25-8-91: Now, this was a day to remember for ever - like all the other days we had to come! We had to be at breakfast at 8 a.m. but I am afraid Eddie and I were a little late - we managed to get a cup of tea tho'. We boarded a coach for a two-hour drive in convoy with a police escort to the "Valley of Glory". This was where a huge battle between the Russian and German armies took place during the Second World War. They say the river ran red with blood for a week. It was raining before we left but by the time we arrived it was clearing up to a lovely day. There was a huge memorial there in memory of all the Russians who lost their lives in the great battle. We had speeches and a service, then soldiers fired a volley of shots into the air. We were all given flowers to place on the graves and on the memorial. Then we were ushered to a clearing where the army were camped. We were together with hundreds of Russian men and women who were veterans of the convoys. Many were also staying at the Arktika Hotel with us. We entered large army tents where there were rows of tables and benches, each table held six people. British and Russian veterans mingled together. Eddie and I shared a table with four Russian men. They couldn't speak English - we couldn't speak Russian, but in spite of the language barrier we managed to have a good rapport with them. Eddie was in fine form, making them laugh and between them they got through quite a bit of vodka. They were so nice. Their chests were covered with medals as were all the Russian ladies who were there. I thought perhaps they were their husband's or father's medals. But when I asked through an interpreter they told us they were their own. They took part in the war the same as their menfolk. More so than our ladies, as they were at the front line fighting the Germans next to their men. After our lunch we were taken outside the tents and the forms were put out for us to sit on. The Army band was playing Russian dance music. The Russian veterans loved all the English ladies and we were danced off our feet. We were all sitting around singing and clapping hands and talking with the Russian veterans. We had lots of interpreters, so there were no problems. The young soldiers joined us and Eddie was pulling their legs and making everyone laugh with his endless supply of jokes. It was a fantastic happening and hard to believe that we could have such a friendship with these people who are just the same as us, in spite of what we have heard over the years. It was a lovely sunny afternoon and all too soon we had to say goodbye to the young soldiers, who looked really sad to see us go. When we arrived back at the hotel we were really tired. So, it was supper followed by an early night. Some of our party had a stroll round the town, but they were the tough ones. We had had a wonderful day.

26-8-91: Breakfast was at 8 a.m. Then we were taken on a coach tour of the city. Back to the hotel for lunch, then down to the jetty where we boarded a

launch for a voyage down the Kola Inlet - this took all afternoon. It was very interesting to see the scenery and imagine all the British ships being there 50 years ago, with the danger of being bombed or torpedoed. We got back at supper time. After supper we got changed and went to a concert put on by the local people. There was folk-singing accompanied by accordions. It was a lovely evening and rounded off a splendid day. By this time the British Naval Attache had arrived and joined us. Captain Mike Caswell R.N. with C.P.O. David Evans were to spend many hours with us during the next week. I got to know David very well, he told me that he was from Southampton and that his wife was in Moscow with him. We rounded off the day with a night-cap in Biddie and Ernie Skelton's room.

27-8-91: After our usual early start we boarded the coaches for a visit to a cemetery of British servicemen who died during the 'Interventionist Period of 1918-1919. It had been derelict and vandalised from that date until it was re-discovered in a pig-farm by one of our members in 1988. It has now been restored by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and Murmansk City Executive Committee. We held a short service there (the first since 1919?) and laid flowers on each grave. We returned to the hotel with an hour to spare before lunch, so it was a quick dash around the shops. It was so sad to see all the empty shelves and what little that was on sale was of very poor quality. How do these people survive? They are such lovely people, so welcoming and kind. After lunch, eight lucky men went to Polyarnoe Submarine Base by launch. Eddie was so thrilled to be one of them, particularly as he was on subs himself for a couple of years after the war. Our men were the first British group to go there for about 50 years. They had such a welcome. The Commander of the Base and all his Admirals met them and entertained them in the Commander's quarters. They ate, sang, told stories (I bet Eddie's were the funniest), they toasted everyone they could think of and drank lots of vodka. They had lots of photos taken, were given gifts - sailor's jumpers, collars, hats, badges, medals, loaded with goodies, even tins of fish - 7lb ones!! He came back at 1.30 a.m. loaded with all his goodies and as drunk as a lord. I could hear him coming along the corridor laughing and talking to another guy, he must have woken everybody up in the vicinity of our room. I apologised for him next day. He sat on the bed until 3 a.m. talking about it, then just lay down and fell asleep. What a day he had had. He never forgot it.

Meanwhile, whilst he had gone to Polyarnoe, the rest of us had gone by coach, on a tour of the military establishments. David from the Embassy sat with me on the coach and he was amazed where we were being taken. We went to the dockyard, he said that up to a few days ago he would not have been permitted to look through the gates. As we approached the gates were opened wide and we drove through like Royalty. We were met by the Commander and were shown over a submarine and warships. We were told that we could take any photographs that we wished and go anywhere. We were all clicking away and David said that they wouldn't believe him when he got back to Moscow. I was annoyed as I ran out of film and had not brought spare with me. We also went to Safonova to the aeronautical museum. They had a huge hangar with many wartime aircraft of the wartime era. We got back to the Arktika in time for supper and then we adjourned to the Skelton's room with our duty free bottles and had a 'hen party'. A message was passed to me that Eddie would be late back from Polyarnoe. He was!!! I went to bed early!!

28-8-91: After breakfast we boarded coaches to visit School N°51 (all their schools are numbered). The children were still on holiday but some had come in especially to welcome us. They were all dressed in their best clothes and smiling at us. We were shown around the school. They then put on a concert for us. They sang in English and Russian and they danced and played musical instruments. We were then invited to their canteen for refreshments. They had made cakes and goodies for us and served tea and coffee. They gave us little gifts and we gave them lots of things we had brought for them. It was so touching, the welcome and friendship was sincere. Back to Arktika for lunch and we had a couple of hours free time. Almost everyone made a bee-line for the shops. Try as we may we hardly spent any money as there was not a lot to buy. We returned to the hotel to get dressed as we were informed that there was to be a concert that evening. We went to meet LONDON and the Russian ships GROMKY and SVIR. We watched them come in, but we got very wet. (It was the only real

rainy period we had). The Royal Marine Band was playing on deck - it was very moving. There were speeches of welcome from all the officials. We then boarded coaches and were taken to the Kirov Palace of Culture. Again there were speeches of welcome where Dick Squires presented the Mayor of Murmansk with gifts and he responded with gifts also. Then a fantastic stage show was put on for us. It finished about 10 p.m. but the evening was not over as we were ushered upstairs to the dance hall for supper. The tables were groaning with the weights of the bottles of vodka and other spirits and wines. We sat on one side of the tables and the Russian veterans on the other side, whilst down the centre was the Royal Navy officers and men. The Royal Marine Band were playing on stage. After a lovely meal with smoked salmon and caviare the dancing started. As the bottles were emptied they were replaced by full ones. The Russian men came over to the British ladies and what a time we had! I was wizzed around the place until I didn't know whether I was coming or going. They danced us off our feet again. By this time Eddie had made a bee-line to all the officers, both British and Russian. He was in their midst telling them all the old navy stories with the help of an interpreter. He had a ball, I can tell you. The roars of laughter from that quarter were good to hear. In the meantime the boys from LONDON had joined us on the dance floor and we were doing "Knees up Mother Brown" etc., etc. We were singing with our arms around each others necks, including the Russian veterans. I don't think they had seen anything like it - we had a laugh. When it was time to depart Eddie was last as usual, and all of our group had gone back to the hotel. So, the R.N. officers said, "Dont worry, we will give you a lift back to the hotel". As we got into the coach we saw one of our lads who was as drunk as a Lord. He had lost his teeth, his glasses and his wallet. He was helped away by a couple of young locals. Then a LONDON lad said "Look Vi, there is that old chap's wallet". It was on the ground, open and full of money. I gave it to Eddie and we boarded the coach with the LONDON boys. They were all singing and shouting. When we approached the Arktika we shouted "Stop, stop, we are at our hotel". But the driver kept going as he had a police escort and was in convoy with three other coaches. We ended up on the quayside at 2 a.m. All the boys got off the coach and with a last "Goodnight Vi, goodnight Eddie", went back aboard. The coach driver was a young Russian sailor and despite our "Arktika, Arktika" pleas, just got off and left us sitting in the coach. We were eventually saved by a Russian veteran who was returning to SVIR, who found an officer with a jeep to return us. He escorted us into the foyer where we found two young sailors who were very drunk and just wanted to get their heads down. Eddie said "Come on lads, behave yourselves and this officer will get you back to LONDON". Off they went, very quietly, but sensibly. They did not realise how powerful the vodka was. Russians had told us that after every tot of vodka you should wash it down with lemonade or mineral water. Yes, another day not to be forgotten - bed time arrived at 3 a.m.!

29-8-91: At breakfast we found the veteran who had been very drunk last night. He had found his glasses and teeth in his pocket, but was bemoaning the fact that his wallet and camera had gone. But he was much better when we produced his wallet and contents. Our morning visits took us to the huge memorial overlooking the Kola Inlet. R.N. and R.M. detachments were on parade. I.T.N. was there to record the scene. We had a service, the band played, the men marched, it was a fantastic sight. We visited two other memorials before attending the unveiling of the new A.C.M.T. memorial to honour the casualties of our convoys. There were long speeches. After lunch we had intended to go to LONDON which was open to visitors, but teachers from School N° 100 came and asked us to go there. The children were waiting for us, they had returned from their holidays specially. We were so pleased that we went, they put on a wonderful stage show and gave us a tea party. We felt so mean that we had no gifts for them, we had given them all away at School 51, not realising that this extra visit would come. It was a lovely afternoon. We were then taken to the quayside to see the departure of LONDON and SVIR to Archangel. I was so pleased as I had not seen that before. What a sight watching a ship depart, the men were lining the decks and waving their hats at us. We returned to the hotel for 9 p.m. supper and then packed our bags for the flight to Archangel the next day.

30-8-91: We left the Arktika amid fond farewells to our many new friends. We flew to Archangel by charter flight and were taken to the Optimus Hotel at 4 p.m.

This was a posh hotel and we had a lovely seaview room. We only had time to put down our baggage and then we were off to the opera. It was a wonderful performance by local artistes, put on specially for us. We had steak and chips supper when we returned to the hotel. Another lovely day.

31-8-91 "DERVISH DAY": What a day this turned out to be! The streets and sea-front were full of people - it was a public holiday. LONDON, GROMKY and SVIR had arrived. We made our way down to the jetty. There was a display of Russian tanks, wrecked WW2 aircraft including a Hurricane, and other vehicles. They were all along the water-front. People were all along the grass banks and up in the trees. Our men were hugged and kissed and thanked for their help during the war. The men were also given flowers as were the wives. It was a very moving and emotional experience. The Royal Marines came ashore and lined up on the jetty, the Royal Navy came next, then the British veterans, then the ladies, Russian veterans followed, then the crowd. We marched down the jetty to a special dais where the band played and speeches were made. This was all covered by T.V. and Press. The parade reformed to march along the seafront to the War Memorial, (this was led by a troop carrier bearing remains of a WW2 "Unknown Soldier" to be interred beneath the memorial. Editor). We marched along the front and there were special cheers for us as we passed the crowds of people. We assembled in front of the Eternal Flame where a rather long and drawn out service was conducted by Russian Orthodox priests. We all put flowers on the memorial. Some of us then sneaked off to the hotel to freshen up, whilst most of the men marched back again with the band. Following lunch we had a restful afternoon, as we had been told that "Tonight is the big night". We got dressed for the evening and were taken to a large building, the Palace of Sports. All British veterans and wives were shown to the best tables near the front where everything was going on. The Russian veterans and others occupied the perimeter and back seats and tables. There was a superb meal of smoked salmon, caviar and lots of other good things. The vodka and wine flowed. While we were eating, the Royal Marines played music, we had a few speeches and toasts and there was an excellent stage show of singers and dancers. After the meal we all danced and had a good party. There was a young midshipman sitting next to Eddie, trying to keep up with him. I told him that he had no chance. There were fireworks at 10 p.m. over the river - we missed that as we were having such a good time at the party. There were lots of boxes of chocolates left on the tables as their chocolate is not like ours. I collected up a couple and when we got back to the hotel I gave them to a small family. The parents could speak English and they had been to see the fireworks and were just going home. The little girl asked her mother "Is that lady the English Queen?" because I had given them the chocolates. By this time it was nearly midnight, so we went up to the hospitality room for tea and coffee. A short talk to some of our group, the off to bed. What a day we had had!

1-9-91: After breakfast we were off to the cemetery and memorial. The Navy detachment and R.M. band awaited us. We all placed flowers on the graves. After a wonderful service where all the local people watched in wonder. They had not seen Royal Marines before, and the older people had not seen Britons for nearly 50 years. We then visited a Soviet Navy Barracks. It was a very old building erected in 1820. It must be freezing there in winter. We were shown around their quarters and classrooms. Above the doors were notices "Welcome British Heroes". We went into a class room and an officer asked our men to tell them of their young days. Eddie got up and with the help of an interpreter told them his life story in the R.N., starting at the age of 13 on Training ship ARETHUSA. He told them a bit about the Navy of today. They were very interested. He threw in a few funny stories and had them all laughing. I felt so sorry for those young lads, it seemed such a hard life. They presented us all with a seaman's jumper. We were then taken to their canteen where all the tables were laid out for lunch. The Commander of the Base and his officers were there too. The Commander had a most wonderful voice and stood up and sang to us. He was accompanied by a person playing a small accordion. We got up and danced. The tables were full of bottles of vodka - but you've heard those stories before. I think they wanted us to stay for the day. But at 2 p.m. someone informed them that there was a museum to visit. A few of us asked if we could return to the Optimum Hotel, as we required a rest before attending a Cocktail Party on

LONDON during the evening. As we left the barracks the sailors and officers crowded round us and cheered us whilst waving their caps. We took a rest then got ready to go on the ship. A coach took us to the jetty where we boarded a Soviet liberty boat. Onboard we were first taken to the P.Os Mess where we were made a fuss of. After a drink or two we were taken up to the cocktail party. All the officers from the Naval Barracks were there. They were full of admiration of the Royal Marine Band and their uniforms. I noticed too that they enjoyed all of the cocktail food that was handed round. We had a lovely time at the reception and we were sorry when it was time to get back on the liberty boat to go back to the hotel. Supper was waiting for us and then we went to bed. Another long day.

2-9-91: Our last full day - we went to see LONDON depart for Plymouth. The band was playing on deck, the Soviet band was playing on the jetty. We all waved and cheered (Oggie, Oggie, Oggie) as LONDON weighed anchor and sailed away still playing music. We had a lazy morning. We walked around the shops trying to spend our roubles without any luck. There was nothing to buy, the shelves were empty. We had lunch and then went to the large City Hall, into the Press Centre, which is like a cinema with tiered seating. We looked down on the stage. Yuri Guskov, the Mayor of Archangel Region presented 30 of our group with the Soviet Commemorative Medal. A final look around the empty shops, supper, then we packed ready to go home. We had a final get-together in the hospitality room, where we finished off our duty-free bottles that we had bought at Heathrow.

3-9-91: We came down for breakfast. In the foyer were oil paintings for sale. I bought a convoy scene for Eddie, he was so pleased. We came out of the hotel to catch the coaches to the airport. The Russian Navy band was there playing to us. We were given bottles of wine and flowers. The crowds of local people were kissing and hugging us. We all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne". What a send off. I had tears in my eyes. The room maids were leaning out of the windows waving. We drove to the airport and people were waving to us as we drove along. We flew to Moscow, then to Heathrow. Eddie and I arrived home at 11 p.m. tired out, but full of wonder at the fantastic time we had had.

Summary: The Soviet authorities had put on such a wonderful show for us, but we know that it was all down to our leader Dick Squires. He had worked so hard planning this holiday or should I say tour? Eddie and I both said that it must be the very best holiday of our life. We talked of it all the time until the day he died. I am so pleased he was spared to be there. It is a memory that will be with me for ever.

Mrs. Vi. Beard.

.....

"DERVISH '91" A DAY BY DAY ACCOUNT

We have received a very detailed account of the tour from Geoff Sheldon, it is 13 pages of closely typed A4 paper and is obviously too long to publish in it's entirety. Should any member wish to have photocopies of this account they can be obtained from the editor in return for any small donation to the club's Welfare Fund. However, here are a few excerpts to whet your appetites:

Going to the valley of Glory: .....It was on this lovely sunny morning that we passed through the scene of battle, it was however peaceful and we noticed how families spent their week-end break by collecting berries and mushrooms while others gathered up wood with which to make a fire and cook some lunch.....  
.....One could not help but feel an eerie silence above the noise

of the buses and then I realised what was missing for I could not see any birds.....At journeys end we came to the war memorials.....

At the International Cemetery: .....It was so terribly sad as memories came flooding back and one fought an inner turmoil to hold back the tears. Beneath our feet lay the mangled bodies of young men the results of a bloody war.....It seemed so unfair that 46 years after the end of the war we, their shipmates, suffering the aches and pains of old age, should now stand before them remembering their lost lives, with an ache in our hearts, a prayer on our lips, and the unrestrained tears coursing down our cheeks. The young sailors present reminded us that as they are today, so these young men were. Pray to God.....

At the "Palace of Sport" party: .....one of our 76 year old veterans took the floor in his straw hat and danced on his own. But when Jack got down to his vest our leader kindly escorted him from the floor.....the Russians have a very nice custom of taking flowers to the artists even in the middle of their performance. So, one can imagine that there was soon a queue waiting to get on stage. It was truly a glorious evening.....

At the Naval Academy: On arrival at the Veteran's Home I enquired from the interpreter as to how many veterans resided there. "You mean virgins" she said. "No, how many veterans?" "Virgins?" No dear, how many old sailors?" "Oh" she said "No old sailors, these are squadies".....This was typical of the misinformation we had been given, but it made no difference, The Naval Academy for training made us most welcome.....

On board LONDON:.....the orchestra played while sailors took round trays of delicacies.....anthems of the Soviet Union and Britain were played after which they had Hearts of Oak" and "Land of Hope and Glory".....I always find that striking of the colours is a very moving ceremony. There are some who say you are only taking down a printed piece of linen, but there is more to it than that. The White Ensign embodies our history, our faith, our hope, our tenacity. There are so many facets represented in that piece of linen..... Anatoly asked me to send him the words of "Hearts Of Oak" as well as "Goodbye Piccadilly".....

Summarising:.....They deserve something better and we should all be prepared to extend the hand of brotherly love and guide them into the light.

Geoff Sheldon.  
Memb.N° 1294.

.....

HOW OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS SAW "DERVISH"

A letter from Captain Chamberlain and his wife Margaret:

Sandusky, Ohio.

Now that we are back home and settled down to our normal retired life, we thought of you all several times so we must write and thank you for including us in on the Russian tour.

You and yours sure put together a wonderful celebration. We have made a lot of trips in the ten years of retirement but this, as my wife said "The best of them all".

I thought many times how I would like to go back to Murmansk. As years went by I never thought I would make it. But, thanks to you British I realised my dream.

Everyday in Russia with your group was most enjoyable and very interesting. The schools, museums and everyday events were really great.

It was gratifying to have people come up to us on the street and say, "Thank you for saving Russia" a lot better than hearing "Go home Yanks" Every place we were greeted by Russian people with great friendship and enthusiasm. Which is also a tribute to your rapport and relationship with people of Murmansk and Archangel.

I was sure amazed at the sight of Murmansk compared with what I saw in my two trips there during WWII.

We were sure glad we chose to stay in private homes. The people we stayed with were very gracious, they were lovely people. We have written to them.

God Bless You and Thank You.

*Victor + Margaret Chamberlain*

.....

I was privileged and extremely thankful for the opportunity to go on the trip to Murmansk and Archangel to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first convoy to Russia in 1941. We left Heathrow on 24 August and flew to Leningrad, but due to the political situation did not stay overnight but continued to Murmansk, arriving around 1a.m. on the 25th.

I was fortunate to be chosen, with 10 others to go on the sea trip to North Cape, which was the highlight of the tour. On Monday Aug. 26 we went by bus to the naval port of Severodmorsk (Vaenga), which is the base of the Soviet Northern Fleet. There we saw battleships, cruisers, destroyers and an aircraft carrier tied up. We boarded the Russian hospital ship "SVIR" and sailed at 1600 in company of 2 minesweepers and 4 destroyers - all Russian. We had a great send off by the ships left in port, with bands playing and sailors lined up along the ships and jetty. It was a beautiful night and we sailed peacefully down the Kola Inlet and in to the Barents Sea before turning west heading for North Cape. Darkness fell at about 2130 but the sky to the north was a brilliant red but quite black to the south.

August 27th was a warm calm day and very peaceful until the exercise of the Soviet ships began. Our first alert was when the 2 destroyers on our starboard side opened fire with blank rounds and we soon knew why! Two heavy bombers passed over SVIR having pressed home an attack on the convoy, which by now included 6 merchant ships, tankers and cargo. I presume these were in the area and had been roped in to make a convoy. This was followed by torpedo attacks from Russian torpedo bombers flying some 200 feet above us. This really took us back some 50 years. More planes came over and dropped bomb-flares. These were canisters dropped in 'eights' on a parallel course to us in line. They exploded with quite a bang and then produced a brilliant flare which lasted about 20 minutes. We were warned of a submarine attack during the night. As darkness approached once again the red sky appeared to the north and then we saw the shape of H.M.S."LONDON" closing with R.F.A."TIDESPRING" and this brought a lump in the throat and a great deal of pride to think that here was one of our own ships coming all this way, as we liked to think, to honour some battle hardened old veterans who weren't ashamed to shed a tear. Our escort, a Soviet destroyer broke convoy to meet LONDON and the Admirals exchanged greetings - not by signal but by telephone - I'm told this was the first time it had been done. The destroyer "RASTROPONY" then escorted LONDON past SVIR and exchanged greetings in the gathering dusk, before LONDON veered and took up position astern of SVIR to escort us back to Murmansk.

August 28th. More bombing attacks and a submarine surfaced on our starboard quarter having just successfully attacked SVIR. It was nice to think we were still afloat! During the day SVIR's helicopter was flying around the fleet and my shipmate Jim Wood was fortunate to be near her when she was about to take off and was taken for a flip, which he was overjoyed about. Around noon LONDON's helicopter landed on SVIR (another first for a British helicopter to land on a Soviet naval ship) and unloaded the Press boys. On board SVIR was a Russian Admiral of the Fleet (Rtd), Vladimir Mikhailin and he invited the British eleven to his cabin for drinks and eats. He was a great guy. He could not speak English but we soon had him talking naval talk - after a few vodkas! He presented us all with a special medal to celebrate the occasion and was overwhelmed when we sang "For he's a jolly good fellow", with his interpreter explaining it was sung only to honour a very respected character.

We sailed slowly back to Murmansk and tied up alongside LONDON in the pouring rain. This is the story of the sea voyage, but following this we had the most wonderful reception and entertainment by the people of Murmansk and Archangel who are so generous although they have so very little for themselves. Their thanks were shown when we marched behind LONDON's Royal Marine Band and sailors with fixed bayonets along the waterfront at Archangel. We were showered with flowers and cheered all the way with the children walking with us.

During the trip there were many times when we thought back to the winter convoys - of the German heavy and torpedo bombers, of the U-boat packs and TIRPITZ lurking in Alten Fiord waiting to pounce, and, of course, the ice and snow

on the superstructure which had to be axed off whilst fighting the enemy, but most of all, of our shipmates who perished in the cruel seas of the Arctic.

I felt this trip was most successful as an aid to British/Soviet relations which is required at this present time.

Finally my thanks to all who helped in organising this tremendously complicated trip.

W. (Bill) Smith, D.S.M.

.....

ABOARD H.M.S. "LONDON"

We have received several reports regarding the unexpected voyage by ten of our members on the Murmansk - Archangel leg. We publish them all as we are sure that the total content is more important than the repetition. Editor.

A PIER HEAD JUMP

By T.W. Adams, B.E.M.

Talk about a 'Pier Head Jump' - "You, you, you and you" said Cox'n Squires, "Pack your bags to join the hospital ship SVIR for passage to Archangel". Only to learn on arriving at the jetty that there were only billets for half of us. "What now" we said. "How about the LONDON lads?" Why not?

Having got the nod from the Asst. Naval Attache who yelled "The first ten up the gangway can take passage to Archangel".

Imagine the scene, the flag ship H.M.S. LONDON, dressed overall for a ceremonial leaving harbour. The ship singled up and ready to slip on time, with crane in attendance to whip off the brow. There on the flight deck, resplendent in his N°ls, telescope under his arm, stands the admiral, his Royal Marine Band playing "Will ye no come back again". When out of the blue, his flagship is boarded by no less than ten geriatric veterans, fat ones, thin ones, tall ones, short ones, even one good, walking-wounded 'Flip to the Front' was on crutches.

Well, the look of dismayed horror on the admiral's face had to be seen to be believed; "Get those men out of sight, into the hangar" someone screamed. Luckily for us our bags followed us on board just in time. All was soon forgiven when "Veterans fall in Starboard side of Bridge Deck for leaving harbour" came over the ship's tannoy. We were now part of LONDON's ships company.

On falling out, we were escorted to the Chief's Mess to meet the Master at Arms, who promptly lashed us up to a pint apiece and detailed us off for our messes. I, along with 'Big Bob' Davis, Ron Young and Hughie Noble were allocated to the Communicators Mess. A good choice - more beer, blue movie, bowl of 'Pea-whack' pusser's style with fresh crispy white cobs, plus a bunk apiece.

A sight for sore eyes was the performance of Big Bob maneuvering his fat frame in and out and trying to turn over on the other tack in his 2' x 6' bunk space. "Give me a hammock, any day" cried the lads. Early morning call, hot shower and shave, tons of hot water and not a dhoby-bucket in sight. What Bliss! A leisurely stroll to the 'cafeteria' for a full English breakfast, this I might add, was the first of many choice meals we had onboard. Next the canteen was raided for souvenirs and rabbits. Stand Easy was followed by "Veterans fall in on the forecastle abaft the breakwater". Here we found the admiral, padre, R.M. buglers etc. all ready for the Remembrance Service plus the casting of our wreaths on the waters. As we hove to in company with the Russian flag-ship GROMKY and hospital ship SVIR, our Church Penant was run up to the yard-arm and with other members of LONDON's ships company took part in a very moving and emotional service for our departed shipmates.

On falling out, it was 'Tot Time' (thirst after church) then "Hands to Dinner". Afterwards, there came a most comprehensive conducted tour of the ship, I cannot praise our volunteer guides enough for their patience, good humour and generosity, that too goes for the whole of LONDON's ships company. After supper it was our duty to do a tour of all the messes - oh, what liquid joy!! Here a White Ensign was produced containing the signatures of the admiral, captain, officers and ship's company of H.M.S. LONDON. The veterans too, were invited to add their signatures. This memento was then presented to us as a souvenir of our trip on board, yet another 'first'. Needless to say we finished

up in the Chief's Mess, quaffing pints of 'liquid amber', whilst being entertained to a S.O.D.S. Opera.

Early next morning found us on the upper deck enjoying the scenery of the landscape and traffic of the Dvina River on the run upstream to Archangel. The pipe "Hands fall in for ceremonial entering harbour, cable party muster on the foc'sle, saluting guns crew close up", that was us: We had been given pride of place on the gun deck and dished out with ear plugs (on temporary loan I might add). So we witnessed LONDON firing her 21 gun salute to Mother Russia, who in return gave the courtesy reply. A souvenir cartridge case was given to each veteran.

All too soon we had anchored, the Russian Naval Officer of the Guard came onboard, found that we were friendly and so let us leave LONDON to join in with the rest of the geriatric boys and girls for the march through the town.

What an experience. once in a lifetime. Thank you Dick for pulling my name out of the hat!

THE "LONDON" TEN

By Hughie Noble.

On Thursday afternoon we left the Hotel Arktika to sail on the SVIR. Twenty of us arrived at the gangway. Our Asst. Naval Attache greeted us with the news that they could only take ten. We got together and decided it would be 20 or none. We asked if we could sail on LONDON, the A.N.A. made our request to the captain who gave permission for ten to sail on LONDON. We boarded and were put in the hands of L.R.O. Fothergall (Fossey), and allocated bunks. Bob Davis had to roll out of his bunk and roll back in again if he wished to turn over.

On Friday we fell in along with Admiral Richardson. Padre Bob Pyne gave the service at 1100, while wreaths were dropped from all ships. Two R.M. Buglers sounded Last Post. We were paid the greatest respect by all on board including Lady Braithwaite, wife of our Ambassador, Sir Cedric Braithwaite. There then followed a tour of the ship and a dummy run on the 30mm Multiple Oerlikons.

That night we were taken to every mess by L.S. Shaw, ('Nelson' to us, because of his black eye-patch, gained in a slight disagreement with a big Russian, ashore). He 'loaned' us to the Chief & P.Os. Mess for 30 minutes only. While we were in the Chief's Mess they did a video for us, appreciating what we as young men had done. It was very moving.

On Saturday we witnessed the 21 gun salutes from both ships - a little piece of history. This was my tour-highlight. Thanks "Matchless" Dick.

LAMP-SWINGING ON "LONDON"

By Ron Young

I was one of the lucky ones who had an extra bonus by being invited to travel from Murmansk to Archangel aboard LONDON, along with nine other NRC/RCC members. The trip was out of this world - we were spoilt rotten!!

We boarded on Thursday evening just before she sailed. After being showed our respective messes we enjoyed a couple of beers, then a meal and back to the mess for more beers and much "Lamp-swinging".

After breakfast on Friday, up to the foc'sle to meet the Admiral and the 'Sin-bosun' for a church service and wreath laying followed by more "Lamp-swinging". Then we were ushered down to the Leading Hands mess for a drink before an early lunch (Watch-keepers!). After this we were invited to the P.Os Mess for drinks and more "Lamp-swinging". I presented a plaque from my local R.N.A. to the Mess President who returned the compliment.

Then a tour of the ship including the Operations Room - very, interesting indeed. No need to sit on the open bridge on look-out wrapped up in a duffle coat. (I think we were in the wrong navy!) After rounds and a few more drinks we then toured all eight messes for "liquid Lamp-swinging". Then to the C.P.Os mess for more! I was unfortunate to be allocated a top bunk. Ever tried climbing into a top bunk at 3 a.m. with a skin full and trying not to awaken the watch-keepers?

On Saturday, after breakfast we assembled on the foc'sle and were able to



take in the whole spectacle of the wonderful welcome the people of Archangel showered on us.

A wonderful trip, thoroughly enjoyed.

**BRING BACK THE HAMMOCK**

**By J.R.(Big Bob) DAVIS**

A new chapter in naval history was added during the visit of Veterans and their wives to U.S.S.R.

We all know of the press gangs and the large number of lads who joined to improve their standard of living, if only to get three meals a day. Later there were conscripts, H.Os. and those who joined the modern navy for the technical knowledge that was offered. These had nothing to do with that evening on 29th August, when Asst. Naval Attache Robin Davies said, "Alright, the first ten aboard can go to Archangel in H.M.S. LONDON". If you happened to get in the way it could have been fatal, there was a rush straight down the jetty and over the gangway. Shipmate Noble won being first over, S/Ms Adams and Young still say that they were both second, but the best performance was put in by Shipmate Dave Cottrell who came fourth. You may know that Dave relies on two crutches to keep mobile. I regret that I came seventh but qualified, which was really all I needed.

Once aboard, everything was done to make us feel at home, willing hands carried our luggage - just like the old days!!! A supper was provided especially for us because of our late arrival. As British T.V. does not extend to that part of the world a video was shown, in some ways it reminded me of Deanna Durbin in "100 men and a Girl", which I saw on the quarter deck in Leyte Gulf - but this lass really had her work cut out, and had no time to sing!

Nothing in this world is perfect which came home to me when it was time to turn in. I was shown to a bunk about 5'9" long and 18" high. Having squeezed my ample proportions into this ridiculous confined area, I found it quite impossible to move in any direction. However, I did sleep for a couple of hours, but at 0300 I decided that I had to get out, which I did by rolling onto the deck. I then found that I could not stand up in such a narrow space between the bunks. I therefore backed out on all fours, after about half an hour I returned to my bunk, but was up, showered and sitting in the mess reading, when they called the hands.

When one sees the great strides the Royal Navy has taken since World War Two, I consider they took a backward step when they did away with the hammock, but I really must admit I was a great deal slimmer in those far off days.

It is quite inadequate to say we had a pleasant voyage, it was fantastic, the sort of thing you never dreamed could happen, and certainly money could not buy. The pleasure and attention we received in every mess fore and aft, even the stokers allowed us into their holy of holies, and supplied the beer - what more could a common seaman ask for? As it was the Chief G.I.'s 40th birthday we were invited to the party, and the next morning they gave us a 21 Gun Salute before we left the ship - talk about "Being on the Old Man's Yacht," I never thought I'd see the day. And to cap it all, the Admiral put his arm around our own tame G.I., Tommy Adams and still nobody pinched me to wake me up.

If nothing else had happened, my trip on LONDON was worth going to the USSR for. A vote of thanks must go to Dick Squires for not only the organisation but also for the way he kept his cool in spite of all the problems he encountered.

Finally, I would like to say Thank You to our Embassy staff who made you proud to be British.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

**POLYARNOE REVISITED (49 years on)**

On 27th August a party of 8 were invited to visit Polyarnoe Submarine Base. This for me was a nostalgic return to my home for 15 months during 1942-43. No Westerners had been there since 1945 and we were the chosen few.

We assembled at the jetty and whilst waiting for the launch I overheard a conversation in Russian between Captain Caswell, our Naval Attache and two Russian ladies. Polyarnoe was mentioned and after talking with Captain Caswell it was discovered that the two ladies were at Polyarnoe during my stay, one a telegraphist, the other a nurse. One wonders if we had met forty-nine years ago.

At 1330 we were met by Colonel (Captain of First Rank) Vladimir Alexandrovitch Averkter who escorted us to the Rear Admiral's launch, after introductions by Vladimir Dedishchere our interpreter, we proceeded down the inlet, eventually arriving at our destination at 1600. Waiting on the jetty to greet our party was Rear Admiral Malyarchuk and his staff, plus the Mayor of Polyarnoe and his staff. Speeches of welcome were made plus handshakes and a few kisses!!! As we boarded the coach I saw the football pitch where I had played in 1943, it was an amazing sight as it looked no different after 48 years. We drove up the hill with police escort front and rear and to my astonishment on the left was the former Navy Headquarters known as Navy House, which accomodated the RN Admiral, his officers, ratings and the Wireless Office. It was in a derelict condition but recognisable, it is due to be pulled down next year.

We stopped at the mayor's office and what was noticable was the police escort who stopped and blocked the road in front and rear of our coach, Russian people stopped and looked at us, curious perhaps at who we were.

Into the building seeing quite a number of female staff, into a room where we had tea, excellent gateaux which I cannot eat, tea, vodka etc. Many speeches were made and eventually we left and joined our coach. Next stop was the hospital, then a visit to the museum and shown primitive surgical equipment used 50 years ago. Then on to the Submarine Training Base, we met the Admiral in Charge and after a photograph session we were shown the submarine museum. Then it was to the dining room which was laden with food and drink. I sat between two admirals but was able to converse with them through our interpreter Vladimir.

There were several speeches and toasts and we all ate well, later we were invited into the Rear Admiral's private quarters for a hot meal. But after a quick discussion between the eight of us we came to a decision. Through an interpreter our chairman Norman Batchelor made a classic reply which I will always remember, quote 'Thank you for the kind offer but we are now old men and have eaten sufficiently' and this was accepted by our host.

Eventually we left Polyarnoe at 2215 and arrived at Murmansk at 0030 next morning. It was a marvellous experience to return and to see where I had spent fifteen months especially during the arctic winter. Also, it was an honour to be amongst the first foreigners to visit. We were given gifts by our hosts including a submarine jersey.

So ended a perfect day full of memories.

**Eric Rathbone,  
Ex-Naval Party 100.**

.....

**REQUEST TO ALL MEMBERS WHO VISITED MURMANSK AND ARCHANGEL**

Our American friend Bill Ryan, has written and asked if anybody has a photograph of him during the trip. He has none of himself and I could not help as I left my camera in Polyarnoe.

If anyone can help, Bill would be very grateful. His address is:-

CSM.W.F. Ryan Ret, 445 Grove Ln, Melbourne, FL 32901, U.S.A.

**Eric Rathbone.**

.....

A UNIQUE MEMORY

Each member of the Arctic Veterans who took part in the "Dervish" trip will have a special memory which will stand out. I would like to think that mine is unique.

As a member of NP 100, as a signalman we had several functions - time spent at the main base at Polyarnoe - some spent at sea on Russian ships escorting the White Sea section of convoys from Kola to Archangel and Molotovsk. Also time at a small village named Michekova. On this station there were only two Englishmen, we lived with the Red Navy.

During this time we befriended a couple of Russian children, one aged 13. His name was Vladimar, he always had a lot to say for himself, so we nicknamed him "Skate". The other, the same age who had black teeth. We said he looked like a horse, so we called him Lorshidd (Russian for horse). I last saw "Skate" in 1944.

On Monday 26 August '91, whilst waiting outside the Arktika Hotel, Murmansk a man asked Norman Batchelor if he knew "Ornee Skelton" - Norman pointed me out. Yes, it was "Skate" he was 13, he is now nearing 61. I can tell you the reunion after all those years was tearful.

On Wednesday 28 August '91 we took a boat back to Michikova, the village had not altered all that much. Where the signal station stood is now a light-house. Still the same houses with communal toilet outside, only now there is a 'His' and 'Hers', but they still smell the same. But now they have a school. We were invited into a family house where they gave us a meal of potato soup and fish. The young grandson asked for some soup, only to be told there is not enough. Imagine how we felt.

We then took a tour of the village and missed the last boat back to Murmansk. We hitched a lift in a van, about a 25 minute ride. If you thought the roads in Archangel were rough, you havn't seen anything!

We said our farewells to "Skate" but met him once more in our room. (Gave him the three tins of fish we obtained from Polyarnoe). That meeting made the whole trip worthwhile. My greatest desire now is to get him over to England. I do not yet know how, but will do it somehow.

Have we any millionaires in the club"?

Ernie Skelton  
Vice Chairman

TO K.G.B. OR NOT TO K.G.B.

During the "Dervish '91" visit, in fact on our second day in Murmansk, I was down in the foyer of the "Hotel Arktika" awaiting our departure by coach to board the Russian Hospital Ship "SVIR". The scheduled time to leave was 0900hrs. but as we were to learn later, not only times but our programme was likely to be changed at short notice by the Authorities. (Our commiserations to "Our Richard" who bore these changes with fortitude and grace far beyond the call of duty).

However, to return to the Hotel foyer. I was chatting to my room-mate Morris, when an Interpreter came up and asked if I would have my photograph taken with a Russian Sailor.

Having agreed, I left my coat with Morris and we set off out of the Hotel into the sunshine. At the top of a flight of steps, leading down to the roadway, I paused to speak to the Interpreter, but he was no longer there. As I hesitated the Russian Matelot took one arm, the photographer took the other and hustled me down the steps and into the rear seat of a police car. The driver was in police uniform, his passenger wore a leather coat (black of course).

Despite my protestations and pointing to my watch saying "SVIR 9 o'clock" the police car sped away, beacon lights flashing. Apart from a considerable degree of apprehension (what an understatement, it was sheer fright), through my mind ran the thought - 'you read in the Newspapers about people disappearing in circumstances like these'.

These thoughts brought about more vigorous protestations "SVIR 9 o'clock" I said emphatically. The reactions from my fellow passengers were just "Da, Da" etc.

Eventually the police car screeched to a halt outside a very imposing

building. I felt sure that any minute I would be escorted through the large doors I could see and above would be engraved "K.G.B. Headquarters". But no, I was being urged to leave the police car by the opposite door.

Having left the car, my escorts were guiding me down a small avenue of trees - could this be a secret entrance to H.Q.? As we turned the corner, into full view came a "War Memorial"!

The photographer indicated exactly where the Russian sailor and I should stand. There was no need for the usual "Smile Please" as I was smiling broadly - A smile of considerable relief.

Ray H. Ball,  
Pudsey, Yorks.

DERVISH '91

We went back to the Arctic, for Dervish '91 -  
The fiftieth anniversary of that first "Russian Run".  
A hundred Western veterans recalling how, when young,  
We fought the foe and weather - a song that's rarely sung.

Just eleven berths were found for us, to sail the Barents Sea -  
My luck was extraordinary, a berth was found for me.  
Out from the Kola Inlet - led by the Russian Fleet -  
Once more out to the bare North Cape, a convoy there to meet.

Then the 'London' and the 'Tidespring' came out from the sun,  
And we all made route for Murmansk, as the first convoy had done  
The 'U-boats' and the 'Junkers', re-enacted by our hosts,  
Revived the flames, and lost ships' names, and resurrected ghosts.

Every veteran has his memories, of shipmates long since dead -  
No tombstones to recall them, just an icy ocean bed.  
They sleep where we had left them, a half a century past,  
Whilst all those years we've lived in full, and yet live out the last.

A tear drop in the ocean, a rose thrown on the sea,  
Dear Shipmate for devotion we bring just these for thee.  
A monument in Murmansk, we'll unveil it when we land,  
With the 'Last Post' and 'Reveille', by a pucker R.M. band.

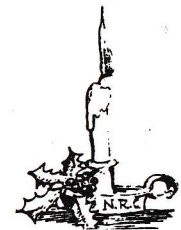
Our ships slid into Murmansk, upon the evening tide -  
From worship of its citizens there was no place to hide.  
T'was the same thing in Archangel, with banquets, praise and cheer -  
But when we came as sailor lads, there was no welcome here.

I'll get me back to England, and I'll not return again -  
Re-living all those yesteryears is never worth the pain.  
The Russians after 'Glasnost', have great praise for what we did  
But back there, in old England, all our stories are well hid.

'The World's Worst Journey' Churchill called it, be that as it may -  
We did not get a campaign star, not even to this day.  
The Atlantic Star, they told us, should be our pride and joy  
And yet we know such could be 'won' for swinging round a bouy.

James R.B. Hinton,  
ex-HMS Scourge.

.....

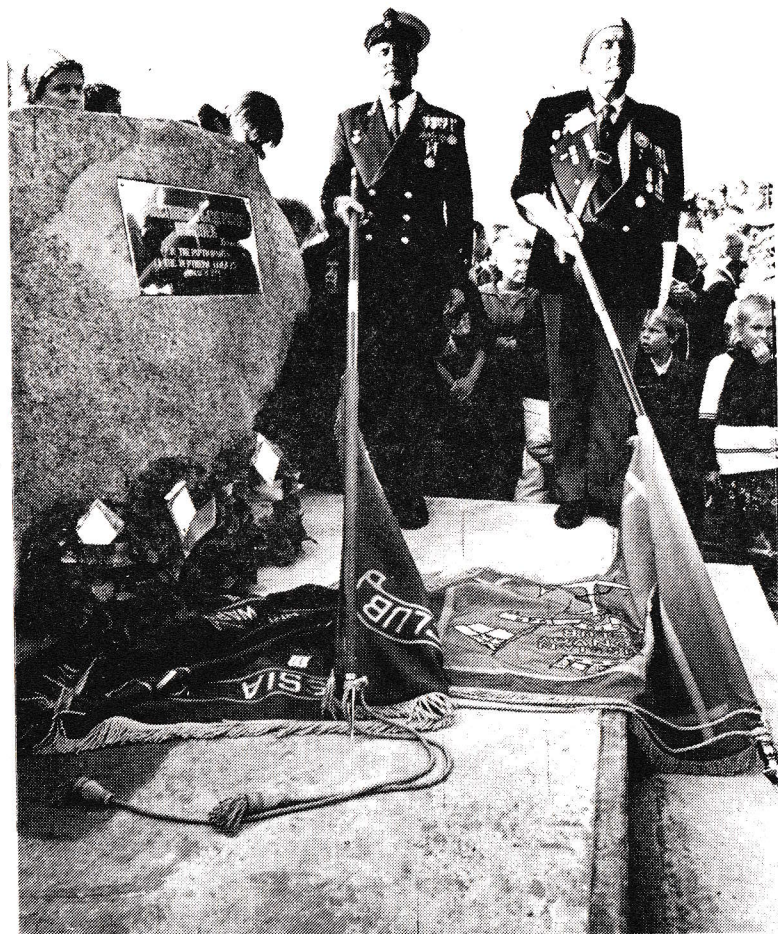


A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR WRITERS



"DERVISH"  
OUR HISTORY - THEIR FUTURE

Photo by Northern Pravda



SALUTE TO THE FALLEN  
Our Standards are 'Dipped in Salute' at Solombula, Archangel.  
Standard Bearers are Bill Austin (NRC) in uniform of C.P.O.Instructor, Sea  
Cadets and W.G. (Tug) Wilson (RCC)

H.M.S. "LONDON"

COCKTAILS AND DINNER

On Sunday 1st September, three members of our party were invited by the Flag Officer, Captain and Officers for Cocktails followed by Dinner in the Wardroom. The three were, myself Eric Rathbone, Jim Bremner from Australia and Bill Ryan from the United States.

Our first stop when we boarded the ship was the Senior Rates Mess where we were made most welcome and I enjoyed a pint of bitter - it was nectar!!!

Later, we proceeded to the hangar for cocktails and every officer came and spoke to us. One had just been made Sub Lieutenant from the Lower Deck. We then witnessed 'Ceremonial Sunset' with the Royal Marine Band and Corps of Drums. It was a very emotional ceremony, enjoyed by everybody, including the Russian guests.

Soon, we three were called to the bridge to meet Rear Admiral Richardson and Captain Mark Stanhope. After more drinks we adjourned to the Wardroom for dinner, my companion at the table was the Gunnery Officer Lieut Cmdr James Kirkwood. We had a very enjoyable conversation about the formation of the North Russia Club and about our activities. We talked about our families and I learned that the newly appointed, young Sub Lieutenant, was James's Brother-in-law.

Dinner was superb - starters with white wine followed by steak and various trimmings with red wine. The young steward attending my table continually kept my glasses filled. I could not manage the dessert but finished with coffee, port and brandy.

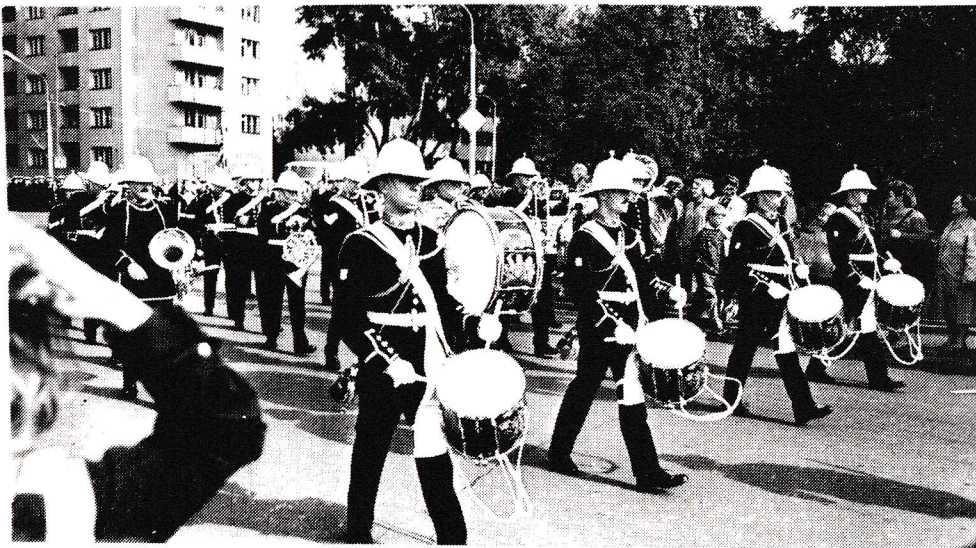
There were a number of speeches and toasts, especially from the Russians who were also guests. When we left the ship there were handshakes from all of the officers and some of the crew.

We left LONDON by the Soviet 'trot-boat' and strolled back to the Optimum Hotel along 'Red Embankment', arriving at 0030 next morning.

This was a wonderful experience that I shall never forget, especially the hospitality.

Eric Rathbone.

.....



THE BAND OF THE ROYAL MARINES LEAD OUR MARCH PAST IN ARCHANGEL

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A TOUR LEADER

By Yours Truly

All tours produce problems, sometimes from unexpected quarters. The Dervish Tour was no exception, but the number of big problems were less than I had anticipated. An Archangel journalist, in a private letter to me said "I saw that you were very busy and we could not speak for long - a hundred veterans bring a thousand problems!" I have replied to say that "You were not quite that bad".

Being the first group of Western Veterans to return to Archangel since WW2, I suppose I should not have been surprised that a number of queries and unanswerable questions came from Soviet people in our own age group. A letter on page 30 is a typical example. The widow of a Soviet merchant skipper would be very grateful for information on her husband's last days - maybe someone can help. At the Valley of Glory I met the widow of a Soviet airman who was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. She had a photo of the decoration which is now in the War Museum in Moscow, but she has never received the citation to the award. It would be great if we can help her.

Does anyone remember the lady opposite? Do you?? Own up. She is an Archangel lady named Valentina Nevleva. During 1941-1945 she 'worked' as a singer-dancer at the Interclub and Karl Marx House. She would like to renew acquaintances with some of the seamen who spent several months in the port. Be careful lads, as Valentina can remember your names. There was Doctor Williams, Mick Brown, Don Fox, Brian Cooke, Harry Holly (or Hollies), Anton Rees, "Captain Tony", Cadet Billy Rycroft and William Collis. Her favourite ship was the U.S. ship THOMAS HARTLEY. Valentina is now a charming lady of 65.

But the real problems came in the form of two ladies who were hoping to meet the fathers of their eldest children!! It made me wonder - What the hell was going on in Archangel whilst we were 'ploughing the 'oggin'?? I must admit, I didn't investigate too deeply as I had visions of two beefy 45 year old Russians knocking on my room door muttering "Gdye papa?" (Where's Daddy?).

What songs did Valentina sing lads? I forgot to ask her!

.....



LOOK OUT - THEY'RE AFTER YOU!

From a Scottish Newspaper.

TOM BROWN, Allander House, Drymen, got back from the Soviet Union last week.

He was with the Russian Convoy Club in the northern port of Archangel, celebrating the 50th anniversary of the first supply convoy to reach the USSR during World War 2.

The convoys helped the Soviet economy and military survive the dark days of the German naval blockade.

Despite the present turmoil, the visitors were welcomed by Soviet officials and former Russian seamen.

As the party left their hotel in Archangel, a grey-haired Russian woman in her late 60s approached them.

In excellent English she asked if there was anyone from Glasgow in the group.

AS TOM stays only 25 miles from the city, he stepped forward.

She produced a book from her bag and handed it to him. With tears in her eyes she asked if he would read the inscription and pass the book on.

It said, "To Jock from Ruth, for the memory of Archangel, All my life I loved only you. Yours, Ruth and your son Yury."

The woman gave him the last ad-

# Message from Russia for Jock

dress she had for Jock in Glasgow and thanked Tom for his help.

On Tuesday he returned to Scotland full of excitement and immediately set about tracing Jock.

He checked the voters' roll and the phone book. No luck. He even tried to find the street but there are no houses there now.

He may never know the full story of the separated couple, but his heart was filled with sadness.

For the Russian woman there's no happy ending. She'll never meet the sweetheart from thousands of miles away she fell in love with under the storm clouds of war.

Unless, of course, Jock reads this or someone out there can put us in touch with him.



THE ADVERT & PRICE LIST IS ON PAGE 27 - HURRY, HURRY, HURRY.



H.M.S. "LONDON"

The ship and crew that made us proud to be British.



OUR "8" WITH THEIR HOSTS IN POLYARNOE

(Story on page 15. It's not like the Polyarnoe I remember)

S.S. "STEEL WORKER"

The photograph below shows the Mayor of Murmansk, Nicholai Ivanovitch Berezhnoi presenting Dick Squires with the Engine Telegraph of "STEEL WORKER" which had recently been recovered from the wreck in the Kola Bay, where it had been for more than 49 years. The brass plate at the base carries the following text in English and Russian:

ON BEHALF OF MURMANSK CITY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE  
TO VETERANS OF ALLIED CONVOYS FROM BRITAIN, USA,  
CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.

ENGINE TELEGRAPH FROM AMERICAN TRANSPORT VESSEL  
"STEEL WORKER" SUNK IN KOLA BAY - 3RD JUNE 1942.  
LIFTED BY "EXPEDITION PQ/QP CONVOYS" AUGUST 1991

August 28 1991

Murmansk

HISTORY

STEEL WORKER (Callsign KDRJ); Owners Isthmian S.S. Company; Builders Federal Shipbuilding Co. New Jersey; Gross Tonnage 5687; One of 14 ships carrying the name prefix 'STEEL'. Had completed passage from Philadelphia to Murmansk as part of PQ16, carrying general military equipment and stores. Sunk in Murmansk Roads off Michikovo probably by magnetic mine on 3rd June 1942 dropped by German aircraft.

EXPEDITION PQ/QP CONVOYS; is a St.Petersburg Charity Organisation who are raising deck artifacts from convoy wrecks for the State Defence Museum. The telegraph was raised on 10th August 1991 by a team of divers including 19 year old Maria Iljina. Other items raised are a Kittihawk aircraft fusilage (deck cargo) and the ship's wheel, barometer, clock and compass.

We are now searching for a Museum Home for our Telegraph

THE FIRST RETURN TO SEVERODVINSK

By "Tug" Wilson.

We left Archangel after breakfast, and our coaches then formed up in convoy preceded by a police car with the familiar blue flashing light. The most impressive thing was that the traffic coming towards us not only slowed down, but pulled into the side of the road to stop. This really did make us into V.I.Ps.

Our first stop was at a memorial on the right hand side of the road depicting three figures, the first was the architect, then the fisherman and lastly the woman with a spade. These represent those who laid the foundations for Molotovsk and I think the date was 1936. We then went on to another memorial, this time on the left hand side of the road, through some very striking woods and when we got to the clearing we found a most impressive monument, for all the world it was like a massive tuning fork with a bell at the top and a figure representing Peace between the base of the pillars. A service was conducted here and then wreaths were laid. I had the privilege with one of the ladies of the party to lay a wreath which read "TO THE MEMORY OF PERISHED HEROES. FROM THE ARCTIC CONVOY VETERANS".

At the end of the ceremony we were invited to a table where there were aluminium mugs forming an encouragement to 'whet your whistle' after partaking of the brown bread and salt. Yes, the liquid was vodka. The aluminium mugs were then given to the veterans as a keepsake, they are reputedly 50 years old and were used by men who were stationed along these shores; looking along the banks of the River Dvina where this monument stands, one can imagine what these men had to endure, and the graves round the memorial does give a jolt as to why it has been placed there.

From here we continued to see the environs of Severodvinsk and our next stop was KPATKNN (Kratkii) Museum. The curator, who led the guided tour of the rooms, was marvellous. The museum portrayed what life was like during the building of the town and what the inhabitants had to endure during those years. There was also a section devoted to the war years. A most interesting building indeed. At the conclusion of our visit the curator presented a framed oil painting of a ship on the high seas to a member of the party who duly thanked the curator and gave a well deserved vote of thanks.

It was then that we took lunch and a very warm welcome was awaiting us in the "Bread of Friendship" as we went up the steps into the restaurant. Well, after a splendid meal we again boarded the coaches and were taken to the main theatre which is set in a very impressive position on the banks of the river, and also a very modern building, well laid out too; we first assembled on the steps leading to the entrance where photographs were taken. We then made our way to the main entrance, and yes, a band was playing and some of the locals who had lined up, applauded us as we walked along. On entering the building there was a buffet in the foyer with a table that was literally groaning with food. I noticed that the delicacies were all priced, but when I produced my roubles to pay - oh NO!! This was on the house for the veterans, only the locals had to pay. What a great welcome in every way.

Well, eventually we made our way into the auditorium and we were entertained with a splendid show. Also some local dignitaries on stage invited some members of our group to join them, they were greeted with a barrage of flowers and bouquets. Speeches followed and at the conclusion yet another painting was presented to the party. A member (David Craig, I think) gave a suitable vote of thanks for everything. On returning to the foyer another exchange of greetings with badges and this carried on even as we boarded our coach to return us to the restaurant for dinner. Still more entertainment was lavished on us in every way. We received books on Severodvinsk, these we duly took to our hosts to be autographed. Then, after another splendid dinner, before we left every member plus wives presented with a glass flower to show the bonds of friendship that had been forged on this memorable day in Severodvinsk.

Continued.

We then boarded the coaches for the return journey to Archangel, but this was not the end. A little girl of about six got on the coach with her father with a very small wooden doll about 1 1/2 inches high to give to one of the veterans. I was the fortunate recipient of that doll and the little doll means so much to me, from such a young member of the community of Severodvinsk.

"What a day to be remembered", "What a welcome", "What a farewell". The Russians say they owe us a lot for services rendered during the war; well, may I say that the next generation are certainly making sure that we are rewarded in 1991 for all we did for their country; and in conclusion may I say that the people of Severodvinsk made sure that they showed their appreciation in more ways than one. "Thank You, Severodvinsk" from all the Arctic Veterans, and may we have more reunions that involve the ordinary peoples of Russia. So "Goodbye, Severodvinsk" and "Thanks again and Best of Luck to you all - our Friends"

Well, the coaches finally did reach Archangel and the Optimum Hotel - about one and a quarter hours adrift, but complete with our very patient boys in blue with their flashing blue light.

W.G. "Tug" Wilson

MORE "DERVISH" STORIES WILL BE PUBLISHED IN FUTURE EDITIONS

GUARDIAN ANGEL, FATE, LUCK, or.....?

By Les Sullivan

Eric Whyte's piece in N.L. N°24 prompted a train of thought resulting in these few lines.

I commissioned TYNE at Tail o' the Bank in February 1941 and, like Eric, I automatically became a member of spare crew for destroyers. The reason for this contribution starts here: "I was loaned to the Dutch destroyer ISAAC SWEERS, as a telegraphist, for six weeks. Some time after I had returned to TYNE the destroyer was torpedoed and sunk.

One year after joining TYNE I was packed off to North Russia to join Naval Party 100. GOSSAMER was the ship in which I took passage to Polyarnoe....and she too, was soon sunk off the Kola Inlet.

When my stint with NP 100 was completed I was drafted back to UK, taking passage this time in MAHRATTA, which suffered the same fate as ISAAC SWEERS and GOSSAMER after I was safely installed in another ship.

??????????

On the wrong side of the red

THIS IS a sorry Sunday for the departing Soviet ambassador, Leonid Zamyatin. He slips away this morning to Moscow and to shameful oblivion.

It will be recalled that the grey-haired diplomat "jumped the wrong way" on August 19, the first day of the recent Russian revolution.

He backed the grim men who attempted to return

their country to the terrible days of Cold War history.

The revolutionaries failed, of course. And Mr Zamyatin found himself without a chum in the world. Indeed, it is not generally known that during those amazing three days the younger members of the Soviet Embassy in London, all backers of either Yeltsin and/or Gorbachev, practically staged an insurrection. Most of them tore

up their party cards.

Zamyatin was recalled to Moscow but discreetly returned here, some days later, in the hope of finding a home in the West.

Nobody wants him. And nobody wants him back home either.

At least he won't rot in a gulag. He can be thankful, perhaps, for the changes that he so rashly resisted.

From the "SUNDAY EXPRESS"

Due to increased production costs and postal charges - not to say an extra 2 1/2% on V.A.T. - it has become necessary to amend prices of our slops. We have kept the increases as low as possible - and do remember that our club's funds benefit from the small mark up.

It helps with the administration if members make sure that they show full names and addresses and also membership number.

When ordering Blue Nose Certificates be sure to show exactly what names you want shown, otherwise we can only state initials.

Thank you to all members who "add a bit" when paying subs. and slops. These donations are a great help to the finances of the Club.

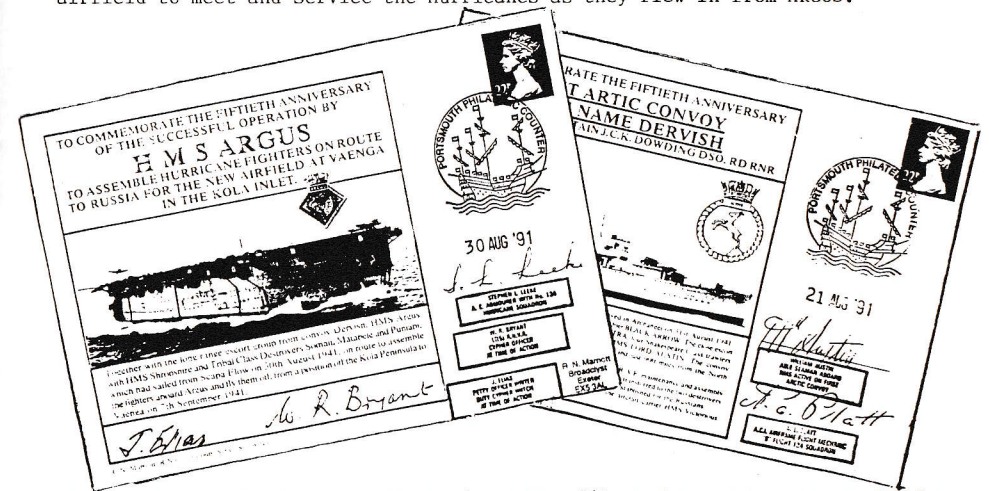
ALL CHEQUES SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO "NORTH RUSSIA CLUB"

- Christmas Cards (Rum Bottle) 12 for £3 + p & p.
" " (Club Standard) 12 for £3 + p & p.
Car Windscreen Stickers 3 for £1.50
Blazer Badge £8.50
Tie (Printed motif) £6.00
UK/USSR lapel badge £1.35
NRC Enamelled brooch badge £3.00
Medal Holder (plastic) £1.50
Silk Wall Banner £3.50
Blue Nose Certificate £6.00
Beret Badge £5.00

All orders to:-
L.A.Sullivan,
2 Broadlawn,
Woolavington,
Bridgwater,
Somerset TA7 8EP.

"DERVISH" COMMEMORATIVE ENVELOPES

We have commissioned two "Dervish" celebration envelopes to mark the 50th anniversary of the first convoy and the first operation of the Soviet/British war effort. The envelopes are 6 1/2" x 4 1/2" and are postmarked on the date that celebrates the 50th Anniversary of the days the vessels set sail. These are limited editions and each envelope is numbered. They are also signed by North Russia Club members who participated. Indeed two of the signatories took part in both actions, having taken passage in convoy to Archangel, they transferred immediately to one of the escorts and sailed for Vaenga. There they were at the airfield to meet and service the Hurricanes as they flew in from ARGUS.



The envelopes will become collector's items. All profit will go to our Welfare Fund. Price £3.00 each from:- Hon.Sec., 28 Westbrook Road, Liverpool L25 2PX.

From Mrs Rosemary McIntosh, 84 Fort Road, Newhaven, Sussex BN9 9EJ.

I have recently seen a newspaper cutting in the Portsmouth Evening News which gave news of the intended Memorial to the lives lost on the Arctic Convoys. My home town is Portsmouth, my Godmother sent the paper cutting to me.

My father was Lieut. Peter Cowdery Webb R.N. aboard HMS MATABELE which sunk around January 20th 1942, a month before I was born. I have made repeated attempts to trace any of my father's family - we had two brothers and a sister Frances - but to no avail. When my mother died ten years ago she left me a silver box, which was a wedding present, which is inscribed with the names of many of the other officers from the ship.

I would very much like to make a donation towards the window and attend the service. Also if there was any friend or relative of my father's who has contacted you - it would be wonderful to get in touch.

I look forward to hearing from you.  
Yours sincerely, Mrs Rosemary McIntosh.

From R. Jeffries, 7 West Avenue, St Albans, Herts AL2 3HA.

I was a member of the ship's company of HMS HARRIER from Nov. '41 to July '44 and during this time spent a lot of time in North Russia. One of the incidents we were involved in was looking for two boatloads of survivors from the SS EFFINGHAM, and we found one boat and the other managed to sail into the Kola Inlet.

A Mr Alan Blyth, who is researching convoys, having been given my name by the club, wrote to me. He mentioned that he was in contact with a survivor of the EFFINGHAM in America, so I asked him to give him my regards.

Much to my surprise, a letter from him arrived the other day, and I am enclosing a copy of it, maybe you could use it in Northern Light.

I have a diary. Here are the four days concerning EFFINGHAM.

**Sunday March 29 1942:** At sea. Going further north than usual. TRINIDAD torpedoed and ECLIPSE shelled. Escorting TRINIDAD to harbour. Fine snow squalls.

**Monday March 30:** At sea. Arrived at harbour entrance with TRINIDAD. Proceeded to sea to find convoy. Picked up cargo ship out of oil, towing her to harbour. Cold, snowing, sea rough.

**Tuesday March 31:** At sea. Arrived in with ship, left again to locate convoy. Picked up 17 survivors from SS EFFINGHAM at 1815. Proceeded to look for rest of crew. Milder.

**Wednesday April 1:** At sea. Unable to locate boat. Returned to harbour, arrived 1400. Proceeded upriver to Murmansk. Mail arrived 1600. Fine and Mild. Missing boat sailed into harbour on it's own.

R. Jeffries. Memb. N° 470.

The letter from the survivor in America:

I recently received a letter from Alan Blyth telling me that he had been in contact with you, stating that you were a member of HMS HARRIER on convoy duty in the North Atlantic(?). I was one of the navy gunners on SS EFFINGHAM that you picked up. I don't believe I have seen a more beautiful sight than your ship coming into sight that day.

During my time in the Navy I always wanted to see your ship and thank all of the crew personally but it just didn't happen, so if you are in touch with any of your old shipmates please tell them that I send my best regards.

After we were picked up, I remember they gave us a shot of rum each, but I think I got some other ration and went to sleep. I was told later as the ship was approaching the Murmansk coast it was attacked by German patrol boats. Do you remember that?

After the Russia run I made two more trips on merchant ships without any serious trouble and then was transferred to the Pacific.....

.....Hell, this is an unusually long letter for me but I just had to write and say "thanks" and God Bless you and the crew of HARRIER.

Respectfully,  
John Guthrie,  
4516 6th Ave,  
Birmingham,  
Alabama 35224

From Harry G Harker, 178 Eldorado, 2505 E. Bay, Largo, Florida 34641:

.....I am now 83, sound in mind, but a little weak in body.....My ship was HMS SEAGULL and I was Anti/Sub officer to the 1st M.S.F. We were taken off Atlantic Convoys and I sailed from Glasgow to meet up with the first Russian Convoy. No action, no losses, and I think it was 7 or 8 ships made it through with 6 escorts.....HMS SEAGULL was then based in North Russia and was involved in convoys up to PQ19 including the famous PQ17.

I would appreciate it, if you could inform me of any other SEAGULL crew....

Yours truly,  
Harry G. Harker.

From Mrs Elizabeth Bolton, Marine Engine Centre, West Quay Road, Poole, Dorset:

In our local paper I read a letter from Leo Spring of Poole regarding the Russian Campaign and the North Russia Club. I went to see Mr. Spring, as my father was killed on Convoy QP13 in July 1942. Mr Spring suggested that I write to you, with those details that I have of my father.

Father's name was Alfred Leopald Lewis, serving as Chief Petty Officer on HMS NIGER (a mine-sweeper, I believe) at the time of his death. From what I can glean from library books etc, NIGER was escorting QP13 from Russia when there was a mistake in navigation and she ran into a British minefield off the North Cape, followed by other ships of the convoy. I believe NIGER's Commander was a Captain Cubison who was also lost along with most of the crew, in spite of valiant life-saving efforts in terrible conditions by two armed trawlers and possibly two French corvettes.

Mother, who died three years ago, rarely talked of father, and I don't believe she knew the full details. I was their only child, and was only eighteen months old when Father was lost. I knew little of his history, other than that he ran away from school to join HMS GANGES, and at some time served on HMS SHROPSHIRE, and also on HMS KEPPEL in the South China Seas between 1931-34, because I found a diary that he had kept (very very interesting) in Mother's belongings after she died.

With many thanks and I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,  
Elizabeth Bolton (Mrs)

From Antony Zasukin, Moscow.

I got to know about your club at the Embassy of Great Britain in Moscow.

During World War II I took part in reconnaissance/diversion raids against German submarine bases in Norway. We were landed by sea and we returned by land. I had a friend Stepan Kondratiev, a warrant officer. During one operation I was among watch below and it was his turn to go for a task. He and six more sailors didn't return that time. In memory of this I send my greetings to you all.

I live alone in a three-roomed flat in Moscow, I'll be very glad to play host to somebody of your club's members or maybe you'll invite me as a guest. We have a lot to remember and talk over.

My cordial regards to all British sailor-veterans.

With respects,  
Captain-Lieutenant  
Antony Zasukin.



From Rob Drewitt, 750 Sqdrn. RNAS Culdrose, Helston, Cornwall. (Rob was one of the official R.N. interpreters who was with us on "Dervish '91").

Further to our telephone conversation here are the pertinent details I'd like published in your magazine in order to help a Mrs Elena Sakarov find out more about her father. Her father was Anatoly Sakarov, captain of the Soviet merchant vessel STALINGRAD which was sunk on 13 September 1942 being in Convoy PQ18. He was the last to abandon ship, doing so at the last moment and he was picked up by an American or British ship but unfortunately died within a week. Elena was very emotional when telling me the story and she would very much like to hear from anyone who was in a ship which picked up survivors from the STALINGRAD, not only to thank them but find out as much as possible about her father's last days. The details which I have found out by reading the preliminary narrative written by the Naval Historical Branch at the time are as follows.

"STALINGRAD was sunk along with seven other ships by a wave of 60 - 65 German torpedo-aircraft. The convoy was protected by two groups of 8 destroyers led by Rear Admiral Burnett in SCYLLA. There was also a permanent escort of 2 destroyers, 2 A/A ships, 4 corvettes, 3 mine-sweepers, 4 trawlers and 2 submarines. The cruiser force consisted of NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, LONDON, CUMBERLAND and SHEFFIELD.

Elena's address is: (In Russian and English)

C.C.C.P.	U.S.S.R.
2. АРХАНГЕЛЬСК 163045	ARCHANGEL 163045
КОМСОМОЛЬСКАЯ ул. А11 кб70	КОМСОМОЛЬСКАЯ STREET
САХАРОВА ЕЛЕНА АНАТОЛЕВНА	BLOCK 11 FLAT 70
	ELENA ANATOLEVNA SAKAROV

If anyone decides to write in English I'm sure Elena could get it translated. Thanks for circulating these details.

Yours Aye  
Rob Drewitt.

\*\*\*\*\*

From Colin G. Critchley, 32 Bosworth Road, Eastwood, Essex.

Re the item "Why Dog Watches" in the last edition of Northern Light. I remember, as a member of the Southend on Sea Cadets in 1937-38, being asked the same question by a lady member of the Navy League, who, in those far off days were responsible for the Sea Cadet Corps.

I in turn consulted my father, who joined the Andrew in 1898 and served for twenty-three years, he told me that as a lad he had been informed by an old Chief P.O. that "Dog" was corrupted by long usage from the word "Dodge". The original term being "Dodge Watch" in so much as you dodged two hours of a normal watch.

Our old Warrant Instructor who was of the same vintage as my father confirmed that he had been told the same thing as a young boy entrant, so for what it's worth, I pass it on to you.

Colin G. Critchley,  
Memb. N° 849.

\*\*\*\*\*

From Ted Worthy, 44 Plymouth Road, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Re "The Origin of Dog Watches". As you are aware Dog Watches are of two hour duration as opposed to the normal watch of four hours. I was given to understand that this is due to the fact, that a guard-dog sleeps with one eye open, which reduces his line of vision by half.

As the Dog Watches are half the normal time, this is explained by one eye instead of two.

Ted Worthy,  
Memb. N° 77.

\*\*\*\*\*

A FORGOTTEN PORTRAIT



Vaenga, North Russia.  
O.S. D. MILLS.

Arising from an article in a recent edition of "Northern Light" submitted by D.J.Mills regarding the torpedo attack on HMS CASSANDRA.

Having served on CASSANDRA I remembered the name Dudley Mills and the person quite clearly.

Following an exchange of letters I was surprised to receive one day, a portrait of Dudley, which had been painted by me in Vaenga Hospital on 31st January 1945.

I was surprised because I cannot remember having painted Dudley and he cannot remember the event.

However, here is proof of a few quiet moments spent in the hospital. We cannot reproduce a coloured version but we can manage a reduced black and white print.

Recently, I met Dudley at a reunion of the 6th Destroyer Flotilla and we were able to recognise one another quite easily.

Perhaps the portrait helped!

Morris Birkett  
Birkenhead.

\*\*\*\*\*

INTERNATIONAL REUNION 1992

A message from the Reunion Secretary

Thank you, to all who have responded to my circular issued with the last edition of Northern Light. I have already received about 200 replies showing an interest in various sections of the re-union - several of you declaring an interest in the whole event.

I am rather surprised that to date, the response from Scottish members is very small. This is a pity as an excellent programme has been arranged for Glasgow and a number of overseas veterans have declared an interest in this part of the Reunion. A visit has been arranged to Faslane, a Civic Dinner will take place in the City Hall on 3rd July and on the following day there will be a Banquet in the Royal Glasgow Concert Hall. There is a strong possibility that there will be the Band of the Royal Marines and that the Flag Officer, Scotland & Northern Ireland (FOFSNI) will attend.

Brochures and Booking Forms will be mailed to applicants early in January 1992. Meanwhile, there is still time for you to return your questionnaires to P.A.Skinner, The Anchorage, Burscott Clovelly, Bideford, Devon EX29 5RR. (Tel: 0237 431481)

\*\*\*\*\*

"CROSSED THE BAR"

We regret to announce that the following members have been added to the Roll Call of Departed Shipmates. Letters of condolence have been sent and the club and representatives have attended funerals wherever possible.

R. I. P.		
HORACE DAVIES	of Middlewich	ex-AURORA
EDWIN BEARD	of Farnham	ex-HOWE
FRANCIS COUSINS	of Grimsby	ex-SS ATLANTIC
LIONAL GREEN	of Welshpool	ex-IMPLACABLE
E. HITCHEN	of Coventry	ex-BULLDOG
JAMES WHITE	of Penarth	ex-PARTRIDGE
R.G. MORTIMORE	of Liphook	ex-SOMALI
ARTHER J PREECE	of Birmingham	ex-ALNWICK CASTLE

.....

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER DANCE

The annual reunion which was held at the Granby Hotel, Harrogate, was again well supported by members and ladies. It was regretted that both the chairman and vice-chairman with their ladies, were unable to attend because of health reasons. During the Evening the following "Telemesssage" was read from Her Majesty The Queen.

NORTH RUSSIA CLUB	2ND OCTOBER 1991
I AM COMMANDED BY THE QUEEN TO ASK YOU TO CONVEY HER WARM THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT, OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB FOR THEIR KIND MESSAGE OF LOYAL GREETINGS, SENT ON THE OCCASION OF THE 7TH ANNUAL REUNION OF ARCTIC VETERANS. HER MAJESTY RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE WITH PLEASURE AND SENDS HER BEST WISHES TO ALL CONCERNED FOR AN ENJOYABLE AND SUCCESSFUL OCCASION.	
PRIVATE SECRETARY BUCKINGHAM PALACE LONDON SW1A 1AA	

The date and venue for next October's reunion, probably in the Midlands will be announced in the next Northern Light.

.....

AN APPEALS IDEA.

From James R.B. Hinton ex-"SCOURGE"

James recently wrote to Bexhill-on-Sea's Mayor suggesting that as the town had adopted SCOURGE during the war, they may like to support the Arctic Campaign Memorial Trust's Appeal Fund. A donation of £250 was forthcoming and has been gratefully received and acknowledged. **Why not write to the city or town which adopted your ship(s).**

.....

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- 889. HIGNETT Harold to 25 Ivan Mackay Road, Granville South, N.S.W. Aust. 2142.
- 1028. IVison T. to 270 Main Street, Stayner, Ontario, Canada LOM ISO.
- 1027. CHARLES G.V. to 41 Waitehouse Crescent, Sutton Coldfield, W.Mids. B75 6ER.
- Hon. SHORT William P. to 102 Thistle Street, Dunfirmline, Fife KY12 OJA.

.....

WELCOME ABOARD

New members enrolled during period 1 August - 31 October 1991

- 1326. MURRAY L.E. SS EUGENE FIELD/DAVID B.JOHNSON  
100 Atlantic Ave., Boothbay Harbour, Maine USA 04538
- 1327. SMITH George PUNJABI  
38 Alan Avenue, Failsworth, Lancs M35 OPS
- 1328. PAYNE Noel K. NP100/VARIOUS MERCHANT SHIPS  
1 New Lodge Drive, Limpsfield, Oxted, Surrey RH8 OAS
- 1329. DUGGAN John R. RIPLEY/MERMAID  
15 Egmont Road, New Malden, Surrey KT3 4AS.
- 1330. McLAUGHLIN W.E. EMPIRE SHAW  
Park View, Bell Road, Warnham, Sussex RH12 3QJ
- 1331. PERRY Len BEAGLE  
Leawynne, Pant Lane, Gresford, Clwydd LL12 8SG
- 1332. CHANDLER J.H. RAF 151 WING/MURMAN SK  
4 Wroxall Grange, Grafton Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 1VL
- 1333. NICHOLAS Jim JAMAICA  
27 Pen-y-Bryn, Tonna, Neath, W.Glam. SA11 3JR
- 1334. SCATCHARD K.W.T. NIGERIA  
13 Copenhagen Way, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 1NX
- 1335. WILLIAMS James T. BRITISH MILITARY MISSION  
164 Ringwood Road, Walkford, Christchurch, Dorset BH23 5RQ
- 1336. GIFFORD James J. SUFFOLK  
23 Wingate House, Burma Court, Aden Terrace, London N16 9EA
- 1337. WALMSLEY Eric N. ICARUS/SAUMAREZ/MATCHLESS  
The Cottage, Beaufort Road, Winchester SO23 9ST
- 1338. PEARCE Thomas E. BELFAST  
14 East Bank Ride, Forsbrook, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs ST11 9DS
- 1339. CRAIG John J. ESKIMO  
77 Earls Hall Ave., Southend on Sea, Essex SS2 6NT.
- 1340. MERCER James D. TORTOLA  
26 Finney Grove, Haydock, St Helens, Merseyside WA11 ONR
- 1341. DYSON Frank KING GEORGE V  
137 Moor Lane, Kersal, Salford M7 OGH
- 1342. PEGG Raymond F. CLEOPATRA  
18 Sandpiper Close, Charnwood Estate, Leicester LE5 3FT
- 1343. COBB John R.D. 151 WING VAENGA/ARCHANGEL: COMB.OPS RN & ARMY SIGNALS  
Wryesdale Lodge, St Michaels on Wyre, Preston PR3 OUA
- 1344. HARSLEY William G. NORTHERN PRIDE  
21 Larchwood Road, New Eltham, London SE9 3SE
- 1345. FRY James LONDON  
81 Salvesen Crescent, Alness, Ross-shire IV17 0UH
- 1346. BURKE Allen NORTHERN SPRAY  
194 Turnpike Link, Park Hill Village, E.Croydon, Surrey CRO 5NZ
- 1347. HARNDEN Richard F. LONDON/KENT/USS RODMAN  
2340 Britannia Road, RR3 Campbellville, Ontario, Canada LOP IBO
- 1348. WARD Reginald L. SHOPSHIRE  
48 Littledale, Pickering, North Yorkshire YO18 8PS

MORE NEW MEMBERS

1349. FITCH Stephen G. INTREPID  
18 The Orchard, Milford on Sea, Lyminster, Hants SO41 OSR
1350. WILSON William G. COTTON  
91 Cecil Avenue, Ardleigh Green, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 2ND
1351. MITCHELL Morris SCYLLA  
73 The Drive, Church Coombe, Uckfield, Sussex TN22 1DB
1352. DAVY Godfrey N. BELLONA  
P O Box 162, Greylingstad, R.S.A. 01506 80222.
1353. BRADSHAW Ernest BELFAST  
2 Heath Grove, East Morton, Keighley, N.Yorks BD20 5TA
1354. JONES Kenneth R. BERMUDA/RODNEY  
39 Hillside Road, Redcliffe Bay, Portishead, BS20 8EU
1355. HODGKINS Bert ZEBRA  
29 Rosedale Road, Fallowfield, Manchester M14 7BX
1356. CARTER Ronald A. CAMPANIA/VINDEX  
47 Spierbridge Road, Storrington, W.Sussex RH20 4PG
1357. McNIELL William E. WESTCOTT  
42 Gladys Ave., South Coast Rd., Peacehaven, Sussex. BN10 8RN
1358. GREENWOOD Edgar PENELOPE  
13 Shepway Court, Winton, Eccles, Manchester M30 8QH
1359. TURLEY Robert R.A.F. 151 WING.  
26 Ferry Road, New Marston, Oxford OX3 OET
1360. EWART Alexander INDEFATIGABLE/SEARCHER/FURIOUS  
55 Aarons Hill, Godalming, Surrey GU7 LH
1361. AUSTIN Richard H. KENT  
152 Borden Lane, Borden, Sittingbourne, Kent ME9 8HR
1362. HARBER James J. LONDON/EURALYUS  
87b Brighton Road, Lancing, Sussex BN15 8RB.
1363. EELES Owen A. R.A.F. 134 WING  
34 Woodland Gardens, Isleworth Middx TW7 6LL
1364. CAMP Richard A. WALPOLE/SHEFFIELD/BELLONA  
16 Chesterton Road, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 4LQ
1365. SMITH Charles S. CAMBRIAN  
476 Sutton Road, Southend on Sea, Essex SS2 5PN
1366. CANNELL Douglas EMPIRE TIDE  
17 Baldrine Park, Baldrine, Douglas, Isle of Man
1367. BASHFORD Fredk. V. ACTIVE/KENYA  
86 Hollow Lane, Ramsey, Huntingdon, Cambs PE17 1DQ
1368. GOLD Edward D. R.A.F. VAENGA  
8 Northaw Road East, Cuffley, Herts EN6 4LT
1369. WARREN William C. WINDSOR/KGV  
142 Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent BR8 7LH
1370. THOMAS Elfyn CAMPANIA/VINDEX  
Sunmead, Glanfraed Lane, Llandre, Bow Street,  
Aberystwyth, Dyfed SY24 5BY
1371. FINCH John F. ANSON  
5 Downs View Road, Bembridge, Isle of Wight PO35 5QS
1372. JACKSON Sir Ralph R.A.F. 151 WING  
KBE CB FRCP FRCPE  
Cherry Trees, 15 Ball Road, Pewsey, Wilts SN9 5BL

Continued

MORE NEW MEMBERS.

1373. RICKS Charles M. LANCASTER CASTLE  
66 Central Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, Essex SS2 5HS
1374. BJØRNSSON Nils RNN ACANTHUS  
Jaderveien 20, 4300 Sandnes, Norway.
1375. MEESON Kenneth RAF 151 WING  
32 Hepworth Close, Mirfield, Yorkshire WF14 OPP
1376. STEWART John F. COTTON  
71 Pilgrims Way West, Otford, Sevenoaks, Kent TN14 5JH
1377. CHURCH Fredk. W. RAF VAENGA  
3 Robert Avenue, St Albans, Herts AL1 2QQ
1378. LEITCH Ian A. CYGNET/LAPWING  
Treetops, Mathon Road, Colwall, Malvern, Worcs WR13 6ER
1379. COURAGE Montague TARTAR  
172 Limpsfield Road, Sanderstead, Surrey CR2 9EF
1380. PEARSON Jack NAVAL PARTY 100  
5 Kiln Bank, Whitworth, Rochdale, Lancs OL12 8BJ
1381. JARVIS Vincent CAMPANIA/VINDEX  
71 Lant Avenue, Lladidrodd Wells, Powys LD1 5EH
1382. MOLES Samuel W.L. DUCKWORTH  
10 Binstead Avenue, Bognor Regis, West Sussex PO22 8HY
1383. IRVIN Harold NORTHERN WAVE  
73 Langridge Crescent, Berwick Hills, Middlesborough,  
Cleveland TS3 7LJ
1384. WRIGHT Ronald G. ALDERSDALE  
32 Woodhall House, Fitzhugh Grove, Trinity Road,  
Wandsworth, London SW18 3SA
1385. MORGAN Barry C. CAMBRIAN  
5 Drift Road, Nyetimber, Bognor Regis, Sussex PO21 3NX
1386. LOWES William RAF 151 WING  
31 Main Road, Shutlanger, Towcester, Northants NN12 7RU
1387. WEBB Stanley ANSON  
178 Francis Road, Harrow, Middx HA1 2RB
1388. STOKOE Stephen C. KGV  
Unit 6, O'Connor Court, 158 Holland Street, W. Aust 6160.
1389. BUTCHER Richard MACBETH  
35 Romney Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria LA14 5DG
1390. SEAMAN Richard L. BLACK RANGER/VINDEX  
38 Radstock Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middx HA3 8PE
1391. SAWYERS James H. WESTCOTT  
56 Colepits Wood Road, Eltham, London SE9 2QF
1392. OWEN Maurice ASHANTI  
14 Chorley Wood Road, Leicester LE5 6LE
1393. FORD William A.T. MARNE  
33 Southey Road, Somerford, Chrischurch, Dorset BH23 3EH
1394. SHARP Virgil G. PAUL LUCKENHURST  
334 Parkhill Place, Grants Pass, Oregon 97527, U.S.A.
1395. COPE Reginald MANCHESTER  
55 Pennytown Court, Somercotes, Derby DE55 4TB
1396. SEYMOUR Gerald A. ILLUSTRIOUS  
118 Amethyst Road, Christchurch, Dorset BH23 3EF

NEW MEMBERS

1397. GILLIES Richard J. MYNGS  
64 Cedar Close, Thurlow Park Road, London SE21 8JF
1398. COVENEY Jack W. ORIBI  
109 Westfield, Harlow, Essex CM18 6AQ
1399. SILVA Enoch C. HENRY WILLARD  
905 West 19th Street, Tempe, Arizona 85281, U.S.A.  
.....

CLUB NEWS & STOP PRESS

WEDNESDAY 11 DECEMBER 1991. Woking R.N.A. are holding their Annual Christmas Social at Woking Ex-Services Club. Local N.R.C. members are welcome. Contact Shipmate Kitcatt immediately for catering purposes (Tel 0932 344457), The scran is free but there is a raffle. 1930 to 2330.

SUNDAY 15 DECEMBER 1991. Luncheon "Lamp-Swinging Session" aboard HMS Eaglet at Princes Dock, Liverpool. Courtesy of President Senior Rates Mess. Contact Dick Squires for catering purposes. (Tel 051 487 9567). 1130 to 1445.

SATURDAY 7 MARCH 1992. Buffet Social Evening at Royal Sailors Home Club, Queen Street, Portsmouth. 1830 for 1900. Booking Forms will be available early in January 1992 from Mervyn Williams, 87 Olive Road, Coxford, Southampton SO1 6FT. (Tel:0703 775875)

SATURDAY 28 MARCH 1992. Dinner Dance at Stretton Hotel, North Promenade, Blackpool. 1900 for 1930. Booking Forms will be available from Les Jones, 35 Neargates, Charnock Richard, Chorley, Lancs. (Tel: 0257 791632)

WEDNESDAY 15 APRIL 1992. Member's Dinner Evening at Keyford Arms Restaurant & Hotel, Frome, Somerset. 1930 for 2000. Booking Forms will be available in January from E. Morris, 54 Green Lane, Frome, Somerset BA11 4JU. (Tel: 0373 64723)

.....  
INTERNATIONAL REUNION - AN APPEAL

Overseas interest in the 1992 reunion is most encouraging with interest being shown worldwide. A few Soviet war veterans from Murmansk and Leningrad would like to attend, but they are severely restricted with their new stringent currency curbs. Our committee are looking at various ways of funding these veterans and it has been suggested that perhaps our more affluent members may be prepared to help with sponsorship. Could you sponsor a veteran for the reunion? Or, for part of the event? A day? An event? Please contact the Reunion Secretary in confidence ? P.A.SKINNER, THE ANCHORAGE, BURSCOTT, CLOVELLY, BIDEFORD, DEVON EX39 5RR. (Tel 0237 431481)



MERRY CHRISTMAS & HAPPY NEW YEAR  
COCKS.

"Bunts" artwork courtesy of Edith, widow of the late Les Lawrence.  
Page 1 adaptation by Denis Brooke.