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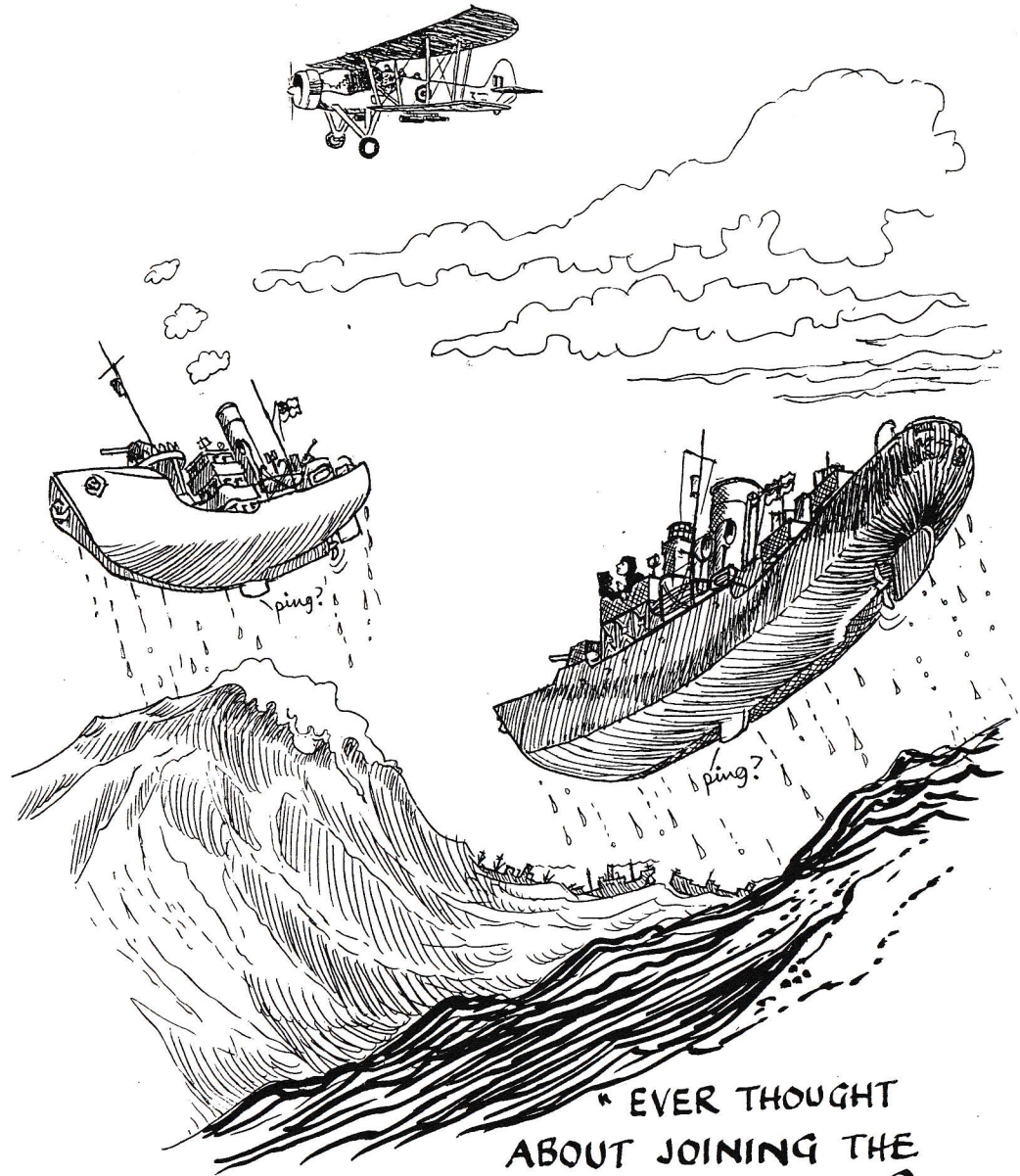
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

L. A. SULLIVAN, 2 Broadlawn, Woolavington, Bridgwater TA7 8EP.

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB

6/93



"EVER THOUGHT
ABOUT JOINING THE
FLEET AIR ARM, NOBBY?"

"SMALL SHIPS AND F. A. A"

EDITORIAL

Our last edition of Northern Light, featuring the R.A.F. and F.A.A. produced a surprising amount of interest and correspondence. Ex-matlot members had their eyes opened, being only vaguely familiar with the exploits of our boys in the sky. Whilst our flying members were pleased with the edition and have provided us with plenty of further copy for use in future editions. A couple of articles are included in the following pages.

Unfortunately, one article entitled "A Wartime Memory or Two" on pages 29 and 30, contained some inaccuracies, probably due to 'memory warp' over the last 50 years. This caused some offence to the person referred to and some embarrassment to his colleagues. We are pleased to report that the situation has been amicably resolved to the satisfaction of the offended parties and the author of the article. We are pleased to publish our unreserved apology to Major A. C. Newson DSO, DSC, RM.

We are going to print with this edition three weeks early and the reports on our Jersey Reunion and the Battle of the Atlantic Remembrance Celebrations will be published in a later edition. The reasons for early printing are that your Chairman/Editor is taking a holiday - away from the word processor and from the 'pressures of retirement'

Just a reminder that the September edition's theme is "Away from Scapa", so you have a free rein - stories of interest from anywhere. Yes, I mean anywhere, it need not be restricted to Scapa, Iceland, Norway, etc. As long as it refers to your wartime service experiences, it will be considered for publication. Copy to be received by the editor not later than 31 July.

By special request from several members we are publishing a list of easy reference telephone numbers - the relevant addresses are easily found in your membership lists.

TELEPHONE Nos.

PRESIDENT.....	(Chris B. Tye).....	0634 232884
CHAIRMAN/EDITOR....	(Dick Squires MBE.)....	051 487 9567
SECRETARY.....	(Peter Skinner).....	0237 431481
TREASURER.....	(Eric Rathbone).....	0844 452765
MEMBERSHIP SEC.....	(Les Sullivan).....	0278 683579
WELFARE OFFICER....	(Ron Phelps).....	0554 834935
A.C.M.T.....	(Ron Wren).....	0707 655846
SLOPS BOSUN.....	(Sid Bateman).....	0705 817775
NATIONAL REUNION...	(Les Jones).....	0257 791632
NORTHERN REUNION...	(Les Jones).....	0257 791632
SOUTHERN REUNION...	(Mervyn Williams).....	0703 775875
ROYAL SAILORS HOME CLUB,	(Portsmouth).....	0705 824231
UNION JACK CLUB, LONDON.....	071 928 6401
UNION JACK CLUB, LONDON	(Reservations)...	071 928 4514
VICTORY SERVICES CLUB, LONDON.....	071 723 4474
H.M.S. BELFAST, LONDON.....	071 407 6434

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S U B S - S U B S - S U B S - S U B S

NOT THE UNDERWATER KIND - THE MEMBERSHIP VARIETY!

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Thank you to members who have paid for 1993/94 (some even for 1994/95!) - and especially, another thank you to those who "added a bit",

Although renewals were arriving in good numbers at the end of February and early March, they have now fallen off. There are approximately 600 still outstanding, so please will you take up the pen and let's hear from you.

I again remind you that if there is a difficulty, please let me know - it's between you, me and the treasurer ONLY!

IMPORTANT

Subscriptions are now £7.00 annually, or £60.00 for Life Membership. All cheques should be made payable to "NORTH RUSSIA CLUB" - not to me!

Les Sullivan
M/SHIP SECRETARY

SLOPS & MEMORABILIA

The following can be ordered from the Slops Bosun, address below:

Soviet 40th Anniversary Miniature Medal	@ £ 8.50	plus £1.25 p & p.
Book "Convoys to Russia 1941 - 1945"	@ £10.50	"" 75 p & p.
N.R.C. leather/cork Coasters (Bof of 3)	@ £ 2.50	"" postage.
Bonded Leather Key Wallets for 6 keys	@ £ 2.00	"" "
Fobbed Key Rings	@ £ 2.00	"" "
Enamelled Lapel Brooch Badge	@ £ 3.00	"" "
Crossed UK/Russian Federation Flag Badge	@ £ 1.50	"" "
N.R.C. Tie (printed motif)	@ £ 6.00	"" "
N.R.C. Blazer Badge	@ £ 8.50	"" "
N.R.C. Beret Badge	@ £ 5.00	"" "

SHOP EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS AT SALE PRICE

N.R.C. CHRISTMAS CARDS - £2.00 PER PACK OF TEN (INCLUDES POSTAGE)

Orders to S. Bateman, 70 Nickleby House, All Saints Road, Portsmouth PO1 4EL.

Cheques made payable to "North Russia Club"

"Jack Dusty"

MERSEYSIDE & NORTH WALES: Sixty-four members and wives ensured that H.M.S. EAGLET's Senior Rates Mess was bulging at the seams, for the Quarterly Sunday Lunchtime Buffet Gathering on 28th February. On this occasion Merseyside & N. Wales area included members from the West Midlands, Stafford and Middlesex!!! Welcome lads - the more, the merrier. Entertainment on the keyboard and piano accordion was again provided by club member George Ford with 'big' brother Bill acting as M.C. Our ladies in the 'Playmates Choir' were also in good voice. A total of thirty-one raffle prizes were donated by generous members. And whilst we were all enjoying ourselves, our M.N. Standard Bearer George Bryson was on the Drill Deck being put through his paces by Len Haydock and Bill Austin, in preparation for the BA93 Cathedral Service. So look out for George on BBC TV on Sunday 30 May - Live!

DEVON & CORNWALL: Thirty members and wives met at the Senior Rates Mess of H.M.S. DRAKE for the first gathering of its kind in that corner of the country. It was also the first reunion that some members had attended, and some of the hardened reunion-goers were pleased to meet some new faces. One new member was signed up - Rex Smith, Secretary of the 17 Destroyer Flotilla Association, who lives near Okehampton and another member of OBDURATE's crew. Welcome Rex!

Apologies had been received from a number of members, one from as far away as New Zealand, another in the throes of an Art Exhibition in Birmingham, and so forth. Others were not able to be there for reasons of ill health and disability, and arrangements were made for the more able bodied to visit some of them.

Arrangements are now in hand to have a Christmas Lunch on Wednesday 8th December, again in the Senior Rates Mess who, incidentally, looked after us very well and at a modest cost. SO - as they say "WATCH THIS SPACE for more news of the CHRISTMAS CRACKER!"

P.A.SKINNER, Hon. Sec.

PRESIDENT'S "MEMBERS ONLY" EVENING: On 10 March at the Victory Services Club, Marble Arch, London, 35 members enjoyed the first Members Only evening of the year. The evening followed a similar pattern to those arranged previously by our president. The Lamps were Swinging throughout the evening, a first class supper was enjoyed as were the jokes of the various comedians in our very own "Sods Opera". Through the support of the attendance and generosity of those present the raffle resulted in £49 for Club and Welfare funds.

CHRIS.B.TYE, President.

FROME: The Ninth Annual Dinner was held on Wednesday 24 March 1993. This was the third to be held at Keyford Elms Hotel and Restaurant, Frome. Amongst those attending was our Founder and President, Chris Tye, and Les Sullivan, our Membership Secretary. Our shipmates who have Crossed the Bar were remembered with the Traditional 'Silence' and the N.R.C. 'Poem of Grace' related by the president.

Many members have written to say that this year's Dinner was 'the best yet!' My reply is, "You the members made the evening by "Turning Out". Thank You, Shipmates.

Next year, the dinner will again be held at the same venue, on March 16, 1994. (Reminders will appear in future Northern Lights). As this will be our 10th Birthday it will be celebrated with a 10" x 10" cake made by Joan Oram, wife of Jim, our Salisbury member.

E.(Curly) Morris N°73.

NORTH WEST REUNION AT BLACKPOOL: Another excellent weekend at the Stretton Hotel on North Promenade - but that is quite usual, as they all are. Indeed, they seem to get better each year. This is due to two things, firstly the fine arrangements and attention to detail made by our reunion secretary and, secondly, the attentive hotel staff. A very good dinner was followed by an evening of merry entertainment conducted by our M.C. Bill Ford. Despite the fact that clocks had to be advanced by one hour, the singing and dancing went on and on. But everyone played their parts - there were no absentees or even late-comers at breakfast. Thanks Les, thanks Bill, thanks Stretton.

A very satisfied member. (Roll on the next one.)



THE "CREW" AT FROME.

Memorial and Dedication Service at Ardrossan: At 1400 on 27 March a Service of Dedication to the Officers and Men lost when H.M.S. Dasher was sunk following an explosion on 27 March 1943. The service was held at Barony St John Parish Church, Ardrossan, and a remembrance stone, facing the sea was dedicated. The N.R.C. wreath was laid by David Craig, Jack Hobbs and Peter Keenan.

DASHER sank at approx 1648 on 27 March, 1943, in position 205° 5 miles from Cumbrae Island. The Commanding Officer and 148 of the Ships Company survived from a crew of 527.

"CROSSED THE BAR"

We regret to announce that the following shipmates have "Crossed the Bar"

PACEY F.W.	of Chertsey, Surrey	ex WESTCOTT.
WILLIAMS W.R.	of Machynlleth	ex STARLING.
HURN H.	of Walthamstow	ex BELLONA.
CHARTERS A.E.	of Marlow, Bucks	ex QUEEN

A SAILOR WARRIOR'S LAMENT

We've ploughed our way through stormy seas,
 While oceans ebbed and flowed,
 At times to pray upon our knees,
 On a sometimes lonely road.
 The time has come to change our course,
 For our places - up on high,
 Cherubs, Seraphims, our guiding force,
 Till one ourselves, with wings to fly,
 No more to hear the seagulls cry,
 Swords are crossed and put to lye,
 It's time to "Cross the Bar".

Frederick H Hardy.



NORTH RUSSIA CLUB.

Dear Richard,
 May I request that you help me in thanking members of the N.R.C and the C.C.I.A for their cards and kind wishes to me and my family on the loss of my grandson TIM PARRY in the IRA bombing of Warrington - it would be appreciated.

Thank you in anticipation

Eric J. Parry.

N.R.C member 239
 C.C.I.A member 2068

E. J. PARRY
 1. BRAEMORE CLOSE
 WINSTANLEY WIGAN
 S. A. 93

For all those thoughtful things you do
 Nothing beats a warm "Thank You!"

YOUR KINDNESS WAS GREATLY APPRECIATED

DIARY OF FORTHCOMING EVENTS
JUNE TO NOVEMBER 1993

FRIDAY 23RD JULY: Royal Tournament "Victory at Sea" at Earls Court, London.

We have a block booking of seats. All are welcome - bring the grandchildren. Make your booking whilst tickets are still available. Use the enclosed booking form.

SATURDAY 24th JULY: Post A.G.M. Dinner Dance at the Gascoigne Rooms, Union Jack Club, Sandell Street, Waterloo, London, 1900 to midnight. Dancing to "The Minchellas". £10.00 per person. Booking Forms with details of accommodation are available from Chris B. Tye, 5 Begonia Avenue, Gillingham, Kent ME8 6YD.

SUNDAY 25th JULY: Annual Wreath Laying Ceremony at the Russian Memorial at Brookwood Cemetery followed by Buffet Lunch in the Staff Sergeants Mess at Pirbright Camp. Buffet £5.00 per person, inclusive of coach transport Brookwood (BR) Station, Cemetery and Camp with return. Smart Dress shipmates - no Tee Shirts, Jeans or Trainers in Sergeant's Mess, please. Use enclosed booking form.

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER: There are still berths available on the two SAGA Cruises to Tromsø, Narvik, North Cape, Murmansk and Archangel. The onboard and ashore programmes are being arranged by NRC and RCC officials and is geared to your requirements and interests.
 13 August / 24 August: Sail out. Fly back.
 24 August / 3 Sept: Fly out. Sail back.
 Booking forms and details from Saga Cruises. Tel 0800 400 300 (Free phone).

1st to 3rd OCTOBER: "Bordkameradshaft Scharnhorst" 50th Anniversary Reunion of Commemoration at Wilhelmshaven. Further details of reunion and hotel accommodation from: Herr Wolfgang Kube, Naumburger Strasse 16, 5400 Koblenz, Germany. (Tel:0261 51658)

SATURDAY 23rd OCTOBER: Annual Dinner Dance at the Swallow Hotel, Northampton. Special accommodation rates. Dancing to "Tempo Tyme" (not last year's group!).
 Booking Forms for Accommodation and Dinner Dance from Les Jones, 35 Neargates, Charnock Richard, Chorley, Lancs PR7 5EY.

WEDNESDAY 24th November: Ninth Anniversary of Formation of North Russia Club. President's 'Members Only' Reunion Supper at Victory Services Club, Marble Arch, London. Details from Chris Tye, address above.

WHY NOT HOLD A LOCAL 'GET-TOGETHER' IN YOUR AREA? ADVICE, HELP, ETC., FROM THE HON SECRETARY.

Any South East member interested in the bi-monthly meetings held in the Margate/Ramsgate area should contact Shipmate Sharpe (Memb. N°268.)

Merseyside and North West members should contact the Chairman/Editor.

South Western members should contact Peter Skinner (Hon.Sec.) for details of the "Christmas Cracker" at H.M.S. Drake on Wednesday 8th December next.



BACKGROUND: At the start of the Second World War the Royal Naval Patrol Service (RNPS) comprised Skippers, Mates and men of the RNR but was expanded as the war went on from 6,000 men and 600 vessels to 66,000 men and 6,000 ships. The RNPS was known as Harry Tate's Navy and the Headquarters was established at "Sparrows Nest", a requisitioned municipal pleasure ground at Lowestoft. Men were billeted with peacetime holiday landladies and reported to Sparrows Nest each day.

Ships of the RNPS fought in every theatre of war and, after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, a force of large trawlers was sent across the Atlantic to inaugurate a convoy system until the US Navy was able to take on this commitment. At the order of Mr Winston Churchill, a special silver badge was issued to each man of the RNPS on completion of 6 months sea time.

MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN 1953: On 7 October, 1953, a memorial consisting of a tall fluted column surmounted by a bronze ship, was erected high above Sparrows Nest with a clear view over the North Sea. It was unveiled by the First Sea Lord (Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roderick McGriger, GCB DSO LLD) and incorporates 17 bronze panels bearing the names 2,385 officers and men whose ages ranged from 16 to the late 60's, who were lost at sea. Those attending the ceremony included Lord Stradbroke, Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, Admiral Sir Philip Vian, KCB DSC, representing the Prime Minister, the Bishop of Norwich who conducted the service and Lord Carrington, then a Junior Minister in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

SUBSEQUENT ACTIVITY: In November 1975, The Royal Naval Patrol Service Association (RNPSA) was formed to unite all surviving members of the RNPS who passed through Sparrows Nest which was commissioned as HMS EUROPA. The Waveney District Council gave a room in Sparrows Nest to serve as a Headquarters and a Europa Room has been established as a "Shrine of Remembrance" to men of the RNPS.

Since 1976 annual reunions have taken place in October of each year and Commander-in-Chief Fleet arranges a ship visit to coincide with the reunion if this is possible operationally. These reunions at Lowestoft are well attended by members, from all over the UK, and their wives. They take the form of a parade, church service and wreath-laying), march past and, in the evening, a well organised dinner-dance.

POSTAL ADDRESS AND HEADQUARTERS: The Secretary, Royal Naval Patrol Service Association, (Naval Museum), Sparrows Nest, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR32 1XG. Telephone 0502 586250.

Information submitted by Bill Ford (ex NORTHERN WAVE)

Originally known as PEMBROKE X, the base was run by retired officers, most of whom lived locally. Sparrows Nest consisted of a thatched manor house, some conservatories, a concert hall, and the surrounding grounds to accommodate thousands of sailors and their training and supply facilities. However, the Navy had to requisition hundreds of boarding houses, and most of the town's schools. With the loss of the holiday trade, the landladies were only too glad to help, staying on through the 20,000 bombs dropped on the town during the war. St John's Road School became a navigation school, Roman Hill school a barracks, St Luke's Hospital an engineering workshop, and the Oval cricket ground a gunnery establishment. Perhaps the most remarkable department was the RNPS cookery school. Almost all peace-time trawler cooks were over-age for active service and young men had to be trained to take their place. This was done at Lowestoft Church Road School. It was the brainchild of Grace Musson, who had been head of Lowestoft Technical College before the war. With her eleven domestic science teachers, she inducted 160 recruits at a time into the mysteries of cooking a hot meal on a coal-fired range during a Force Ten storm, all in five weeks.

HOW MANY OF YOU JOINED UP AFTER READING ONE OF THESE?

R.N. PATROL SERVICE.

This Service offers employment in the Royal Navy for the DURATION OF THE WAR to fishermen and those with similar qualifications between the ages of 18 and 55, with good pay, good food, free kit (a full outfit), and uniform upkeep allowance.

Marriage Allowance of 17/- a week, 6/- for the first child, 4/- for the second, 2/- for the third and 3/- for each additional child.

Hard-Lying Money is paid to ratings when employed in Trawlers and other small vessels engaged in Mine Sweeping and Anti-submarine Service, dependent on the living accommodation in those vessels.

An Allowance for Grog, if not taken up, at the rate of £1.10 per quarter.

Free travel to your home twice a year and subsistence allowance whilst on leave.

The following are typical weekly rates of pay for a married man with two children, serving in a vessel where Hard-Lying money is payable:-

	Pay	Hard Lying	Marriage Allowance	Child Allowance	Total
Second Hands ...	45/6	8/9	17/-	10/-	81/3
Seamen ...	24/6	7/-	17/-	10/-	58/6
Ordinary Seamen	17/6	5/3	17/-	10/-	49/9
Enginemmen ...	51/11	8/9	17/-	10/-	87/8
Stokers ...	23/-	7/-	17/-	10/-	62/-
Stokers 2nd class	21/-	7/-	17/-	10/-	55/-
Cooks ...	26/3	7/-	17/-	10/-	60/3
Cook or Steward (O.S.) ...	17/6	5/3	17/-	10/-	49/9

You are advised to apply at once to fill the vacancies to:-

The Nearest Fishery Office.

Registrar, R.N.R. Mercantile Marine Office or Customs House.

FISHERMEN PLAYED A BIG PART IN WINNING THE LAST WAR—THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO LEND A HAND TO WIN THIS ONE

"CAPTAIN" CLASS FRIGATES

By our Hon. Secretary, Peter Skinner.

When asked "What ship were you on"? and I reply "HMS LAWSON" I invariably get a blank look, followed by the question "what was she"? To my reply "Captain Class Frigate" I get another blank look, or just OH! indicating that the questioner was none the wiser. In fact, the history of this class of Escort vessel is quite a fascinating one.

They were all built in America at the shipbuilding yards in Boston, Mass. to a hull length, speed and range specified by the Admiralty, but otherwise were based on the latest USN design at that time. The first discussions between the RN and USN for ships of this type took place in 1940, and the original order was for 520 of this class to be built. With the American entry into the war, their own requirements increased, and the RN order was subsequently cut to 320. In the event, 78 of this class (Destroyer Escorts, or DEs in USA) were actually transferred to the RN under the terms of the Lease Lend Agreement. The 78 were divided into two sub-types - "Evarts" short-hulled diesel-electric of which we had 32, and "Buckley" long-hulled turbo-electric of which we had 46. The short-hulled were 289½ft long with a beam of 35ft and displacement of 1,085 tons, whilst the Buckley's were 306ft long, 36½ft wide, with a displacement of 1300 tons. The machinery in the Evarts ships was built by General Motors, developed 6,000 BHP, and with twin shafts had a top speed of 21 knots, whilst the Buckley machinery was built by General Electric, developed 12,000 SHP and had a slightly higher top speed of 24 knots. Most other equipment was identical. Main armament was 3 x 3"/50 cal. dual purpose guns, 3, 10 or 12, 20mm Oerlikons, and some fitted with a 2pdr. Pom Pom. Anti-submarine armament consisted of a full Hedgehog fitted just aft of "A" gun, and on the quarter deck, 2 sets of rails, 4 throwers, and a complement of 200 depth-charges. Together with the RN River Class, they carried the highest outfit of depth-charges of any escort class.

Captain Class Frigates carried a very comprehensive array of Radar, D/F and Radio-telephone equipment. All had the American type SL and some also type SA. They all carried types 244 and 253. Most had HF/DF fitted, but not when type SA was included. All had Loran Navigational D/F.

My involvement with LAWSON began one day in late October 1943, when following training at Highgate School to become a Supply Assistant ('Jack Dusty' to some of you!). I had hardly had time to "join" Chatham Barracks, before I had a draft chit to DE518. Round we go again! getting bits of paper stamped at various offices, until at last, being told to muster in the Drill Shed at 0400 the next morning, but there must have been some 500-600, many as "green" as me, others whom I thought were corporals and sergeants, and what about that miserable looking bunch over there, funny place to have gold buttons, round the bottom of their sleeves!!

Soon we were ushered into the Royal Navy's luxury coaches, up to Chatham station - train to Victoria - another coach trip, this time to the station behind the Olympia where another train was waiting. The last time I had been to Olympia was with my mum and dad and young brother to see Bertram Mills' Circus. Mum! where are you now? At least I was able to telephone mum and tell her where I was, but "where are you going?" she asked, "To DE518" was my reply. The train was already half full with matelots, it had started at Guz the previous day, picked up some more at Pompey, and had waited for us for almost an hour. We travelled all of that day and into the night. Some places were recognised, Crewe, Manchester, and Newcastle. In the early hours of the

next morning - 0400 or thereabouts - we stopped at a platform, and could just make out a vast expanse of water on the other side. Out of the train, across the platform and into a lighter, herded like cattle being sent to the abattoir. Soon we were on the move, out into the river, for now we knew we were at Gourcock and the river was the Clyde, until we rounded the stern of a vast great ship. Once on board we discovered that we were on the QUEEN MARY. We sailed during the night, and after an uneventful few days, apart from some rough weather, we arrived in the bright lights of New York. A few days later we arrived at Boston, and on 15 November joined DE518, soon to be commissioned into the Royal Navy as HMS LAWSON (K516). We had been built in just 4 months and 6 days, which by our standards was quick, although the record for building one of this class at that time was 1 month and 23 days (HMS FITZROY). A week or two in and out of Boston on familiarisation trials, and then up to Casco Bay in Portland, Maine, for initial working up trials. From Casco Bay down to Bermuda, where at the RN Base at Ireland Island, we were put through intensive working-up trials which lasted for about a month. Once that was completed - up to Norfolk, Virginia for some minor defects to be put right.

Then started the job for which LAWSON had been built and its crew trained. We headed back to Bermuda and as S.O. of a small group consisting of LAWSON, MOUNSEY and MANNERS, escorted two Liberty ships across the Atlantic, leaving them somewhere off Gibraltar. From Gib. to Belfast which was to be our base for the remainder of hostilities. In all, 6 Escort Groups were based at the Pollock Dock in Belfast, and from there they carried out all of the usual duties of Convoy Escorts. The 15th Escort Group with LOUIS as S.O., spent most of the time in the North Atlantic, sometimes with convoys, and sometimes with Escort Carriers. June '44 found us as part of a vast convoy heading down the Irish Sea and Bristol Channel to the Normandy Beaches, and then patrolling the North Coast of France, and up as far as Lundy in the Bristol Channel. 3 D.E.s (DACRES, KINGSMILL and LAWFORD) had been converted to Assault Group Headquarters Ships for the Normandy invasion, and of the three only LAWFORD was lost. Later in 1944 Oct/Nov we joined Convoy JW61 which was very heavily escorted. In the body of the convoy itself was the cruiser DIDO, and three Escort Carriers VINDEX, TRACKER and NAIRANA. The close escort consisted of the 17th Destroyer Flotilla ("O" boats), three Flower Class Corvettes OXLIP, CAMELLIA and RHODODENDRON, two Sloops LARK and LAPWING and a Destroyer WALKER. The outer screen consisted of the 3rd, 15th and 21st Escort Groups, all Captain Class Frigates. After a five day stay in the Kola Inlet, we returned to U.K. as JW61. As we left Kola, MOUNSEY was hit by a Gnat and returned to Murmansk for repairs.

Apart from service in the North Atlantic, "Captains" also saw duty in the English Channel and in the North Sea. Those used in anti E-boat operations were fitted with a "bowchaser" 2 pounder pom pom.

When the first of the class arrived in this country - HMS BAYTUN - the Admiralty were very pleased with her. She was generally well designed and fitted out, and the quarterdeck very well arranged. Experience with this ship during her trials, in a beam sea and a Force 5 wind, gave a 48° roll in 7 seconds, and in an Atlantic gale in a beam sea at 8 knots, 60° roll in 8 seconds.

The Captain Class Frigates made an effective and impressive contribution to the RN's escort forces, both in forming some of the best of the North Atlantic Groups, and in providing the only Coastal Forces Control Frigates in the English Channel and North Sea. Their good speed, radar and armament put them in the forefront of these battles, and their war losses - 13 - in a relatively short time, speaks for itself. A total of 35 U-boats were sunk by Captain

Class Frigates between October 1943 and April 1945, and GOODALL (K479), was the last British or Allied warship to be lost during Arctic Convoy operations when she was torpedoed by U-968 on 29 April 1945.

The United States Navy had over 1000 D.E.s in service at one time or another, most serving in the Pacific, and now have a strong club known as the Destroyer Escort Sailors Association or D.E.S.A., of which I am a member.

Given that about 24 "Captains" took part in Arctic Convoys, each with a crew of 180, I wonder why there are not more of us in the North Russia Club.

Captain Class Frigates - TRIM AND DEADLY
ooo00000ooo

H.M.S. BYRON
By Alan Hope.

BYRON was a Captain Class frigate built in U.S. in 1943. She sailed on two Russian Convoys. The first was as escort to the carrier CHASER with B1 Escort Group (STRULE, WATCHMAN and WANDERER), as support to JW57. B1 left the convoy two days out from Kola Inlet. This was the convoy during which MAHRATTA was lost with only two survivors.

BYRON became a unit of 21 Escort Group with CONN (SO), FITZROY, REDMILL, DEANE and RUPERT. The Group sailed as part of a powerful escort for JW61 and RA61 with 15 Escort Group consisting of 'Captain Class' LAWSON, INGLIS, LORING, LOUIS, MOUNSEY and NARBOROUGH.

The following copies are of transcriptions of four letters which Coder Clifford Greenwood wrote to his wife describing his impressions on arrival in Kola Inlet and of the conditions at Vaenga Bay. The late Clifford Greenwood was a professional journalist who had worked on the Blackpool 'Evening Gazette' as 'Spectator' covering, amongst other things football and golf. He was in his early 40s when he was called up in 1943 and was at the top of his profession. After his, and his wife's death, his daughter, Susan Seabridge, found all of his letters and donated them to the Imperial War Museum. They represent valuable eye-witness impressions of a 'H.O.' on the lower deck. He wrote every day and these four letters are printed with the permission of Susan Seabridge, (grateful thanks Susan. Editor),

27 OCTOBER 1944 "Oh, the trials and tribulations of a sailor in these raging seas. We were having tea when there was a great lurch. Everything tumbled off the table. Everybody tumbled to the deck. And into the middle of my bunk (see **Note 1**) which I had just left after a couple of hours sleep, tumbled half a cup of tea. It drenched everything except the blanket which was folded back. I ripped the mattress cover off, the pillow case, snatched up my pyjamas which I still wear every night, went straight to the laundry (**Note 2**) with them. My old pal there had not forgotten the tots I've doled out to him. "I'll wash them, dry them, and air them, Loftly" he said. They're in the process now. Meanwhile I'd a clean cover, pyjamas and pillow case. Everything's honky-tonk again. But crikey it would all get you down if you let it - but I don't.

They've baked fresh bread today but it's rationed to two slices a day, one for breakfast and one for tea. But there's still the same issue of butter. So now, I suppose you put the bread on the butter instead of the butter on the bread. It's very tasty, very sweet, but there's too little of it. Still we'll manage.

It won't be long before we are back again and then for eats, then for letters and then for a certain phone call. A grand book out of the library today, another new one too. 'Senlove in Arcady' by William McFee, the story of a retired sea captain. And young Lazonby came down to the mess-deck tonight with Godfrey Winn's 'Home From Sea'.

28 OCTOBER 1944 SATURDAY 7.50 P.M. There are times when you feel good in this little game. This morning at 6 o'clock was one of them. I stood alone on the upper deck and against a red and angry dawn over a new land watched a line of merchant ships steam into sanctuary. Not one had been lost. Heaven knows I'd little to do with it, except that I worked harder and for longer hours than I've ever worked since I came into the Navy and yet when I saw those ships I was proud, yes proud. I was on for about 18 of the last 24, and so dog tired that I was nearly asleep standing up, but when it's all over it seems worth it. I was so tired last night that I crawled into my bunk before they served the hot soup which had been prepared for us. Then, once in, I simply couldn't generate the strength to get out again. But Harry (**Note 3**) came to the rescue, said "I know you'd prefer bread and butter" and off he went to the galley, talked persuasively enough to the cooks and, although we're still rationed to two slices a day, returned with five. And were they good!

Now tonight we've been given the whole night in our bunks and tomorrow we may be allowed ashore. Nobody will understand a word, we know, but if there's anything good to eat which, I'm afraid, is questionable, we'll make them understand that.

29 OCTOBER 1944 SUNDAY You've heard of the back of beyond, I've been beyond it this afternoon (**Note 4**). I can't tell you its name or the country which has apparently forgotten all about it. But its Desolation with a capital D. We landed at two o'clock and except for half an hour in a free cinema where we saw a film which was presumably a comedy, although as none of the inhabitants chuckled at it, it can't have been a particularly good comedy and we didn't understand a word of it anyway. Except for that half hour we walked cobbled streets, past wooden shacks and a few tall gaunt sort of barracks and, having completed the promenade, walked back again. The people knew only two words of English. One was 'choklet' and the other 'cig-rette'. They offered (even tiny toddlers) bundles of worthless notes for them. And everywhere you saw ragged soldiers picking up fag-ends out of the gutters. And all the time from the front of the high buildings loudspeakers were blaring out the latest war news.

For nearly 5 hours we searched for food. There was not a bite in the whole show, not a cup of tea, nothing at all. So we walked and walked. We had to walk for we'd have been frozen in our tracks by the wind which had ice in it and blew clouds of grit in front of it. Gosh, we were hungry and cold and disillusioned. But, at least I've tried foreign soil at last and such a lot of it too, and now, even if there were only a couple of slices of bread and butter for us when we came back, I feel warm and fine and healthily tired and again we're to be in our bunks all night.

30 OCTOBER 1944 MONDAY 8.00 P.M. I'm just as sometimes I prefer to be, up in the office where it's quiet and peaceful, all on my own. Down in our mess-deck, which when its all over will resemble a shambles, they're showing 'Fanny By Gaslight'. I've seen it once, saw it in Belfast and it's quite a film. But I simply couldn't endure watching poor old Fanny suffering all those tribulations and collapsing in Victorian swoons all over the landscape again, particularly as it'll take her between three and four hours to do as we show films.

Down in the wardroom, too, there are high jinks for there they're celebrating the first anniversary of our commissioning. It's preferable up here in

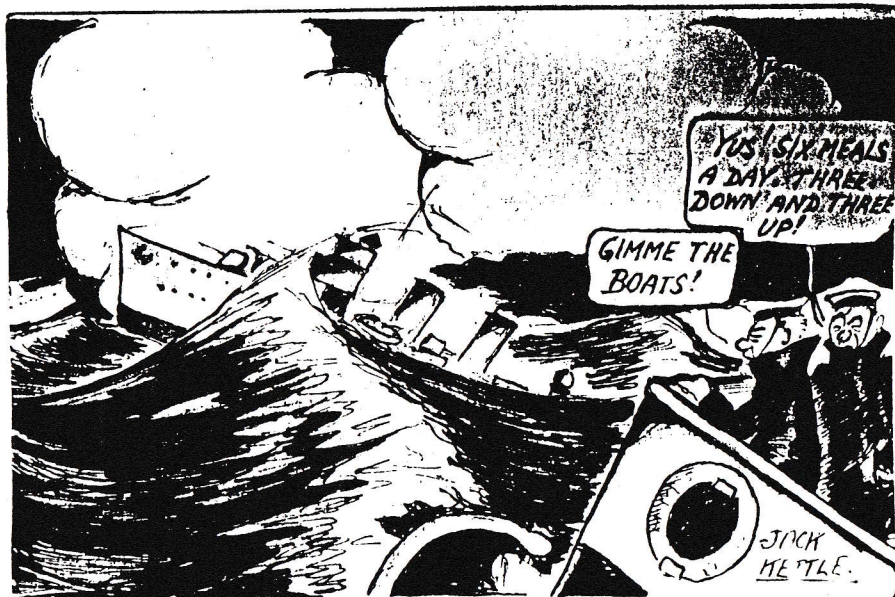
solitude writing to you, my dear, with a wireless set to switch on whenever I feel like it and a book to read - still 'Spenlove in Arcady' which is a dickens of a length but class.

A quiet day today. Nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in. Some of the lads went ashore again and one of them, in return for the loan of my overcoat, has given me two of the country's notes. They'll make little souvenirs. Actually he went for a knife for me, a long-bladed sinister sort of knife the manufacture of which the bandits of these parts specialise. He offered cigarettes, chocolates and as a last resort a pair of service mittens which I unearthed from my kitbag. The market, I'm afraid, has been ruined. It wasn't sufficient. One of the stokers came back later on and when he took his overcoat off he'd only a thin vest and a pair of trousers left. For one of these precious knives he'd bartered his scarf, his jumper, his collar and his jersey. He's darned lucky they left him his trousers!

NOTES

- [1] Captain Class Frigates. All crew had bunks and lockers.
- [2] Captain Class were fitted with a laundry - washer, drier and ironing machines. In BYRON the laundry was run by 2 three-badge A.Bs.
- [3] Signalmen Harry Burnell.
- [4] This was Polyarnoe. Leading Telegraphist Tom Goff remembers going to a Red Army Canteen and having a drink of what they thought was Vodka. His lasting memory is the taste of old engine and fish oil.

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'JACK KETTLE POSTCARD N°2.- another next edition.

BIG SHIPS, LITTLE SHIPS, HARSHIPS
From G.Waspe, N°1434

My first "big" ship was LONDON which I joined as a Boy Tel. in January 1941, after her major refit in Chatham Dockyard. On commissioning we were issued with both Arctic and Tropical clothing and we soon found ourselves wearing the latter on patrol in the South Atlantic. On three occasions during June we intercepted German supply ships sailing under false colours who scuttled themselves when challenged. A few months later we returned to the Home Fleet, made our acquaintance with colder climates and appreciated the issue of Arctic clothing when operating in Northern waters,

Sometime during April/May, 1942, whilst we were in Hvalfiord, two Telegraphists were required for a "loan draft", of which no details were given, and volunteers were called for. There was no shortage of names on the list but eventually myself and another ex-Boy Tel. were selected, and were told to pack a "steaming kit" and stand by. A few days later we were piped to report to the Warrant Tel. (Mr H.T. Brooks) who took us on the upper deck and, pointing to the entrance of the fjord said "That's what you have volunteered for!" Entering harbour was a small, weathered trawler belching black smoke from her funnel, named CAPE PALLISER and she was to be my first "little" ship.

Mr. Brooks told us that consideration was being given to sending individual merchant ships to Russian ports unescorted by routing them due north from Iceland, east along the ice belt until adjacent to Murmansk or Archangel and then speed south to the Russian coast. CAPE PALLISER's task was to plot the position and progress of the ice belt as far east as her endurance would allow and then return to Iceland. As she normally only carried one Telegraphist we had been loaned to enable a continuous W/T watch to be maintained for the duration of the operation.

The following day two very apprehensive Sparkers were transferred to CAPE PALLISTER and, as far as I was concerned, this looked like "hardships!" The fo'c'sle mess was cramped, damp and rather dreary compared with the "luxury of the LONDON but at least there were bunks fitted and they looked more comfortable than the hammocks we were used to. We sailed early the next morning and although I cannot remember what I had for breakfast I can certainly remember that I very soon lost it! To say the least the CAPE PALLISTER could pitch and roll better than most and it was not long before I appreciated the lifelines which were rigged on deck.

After a couple of days out the weather deteriorated, seas were rough, visibility poor and it was very cold. We sighted a lifeboat containing survivors from a sunken merchant ship, those who were still alive were welcomed into our mess, those who were less fortunate were laid out and lashed down on the upper deck. Other than that our trip was uneventful, the foul weather no doubt protecting us from the eyes of the enemy. We plotted the position of the ice belt as far east as possible and then reversed our course for the home leg to Iceland.

Fuel was running very low as we approached the Icelandic coast but we managed to reach an eastern port where we coaled ship before proceeding to Hvalfjord. During our time in northern waters, LONDON had also been at sea and had returned to Scapa. so my colleague and I took passage in SUFFOLK to rejoin our ship, a bit older and considerably wiser concerning the demands and difficulties of life on a small ship.

From time to time over the years, I unsuccessfully tried to recall the
Continued.

THE "HALCYON"s
By John Eldred N°469

The editor requested articles on the Small Ships, Corvettes, Trawlers, etc. Coming between the two, the HALCYONS must qualify under "etc", as, no account of the Russian Convoys would be complete without them.

His Majesty's Minesweepers an official publication states - the larger and faster of these operate with the fleet. Their speed enables them to sweep ahead of the capital ships and their armament suits them for escort duties. As the publication was in 1943 perhaps this was a morale booster for the home front, however, with their maximum speed of 16½ knots and one 4" gun, this was the role they were allocated, and two were with Dervish - the first convoy! The 1st and 6th Flotillas were based at Polyarnoe and mainly did local escort work, one convoy out for a few days, then switching to meet the incoming, and only doing the complete run when returning to U.K. for refit.

I have read of ships claiming record mileage in the Arctic and for the most number of lives saved. Collectively the minesweepers compared with any. When not with a convoy, we were out searching for survivors. We towed and were towed (as a drogue). We (HARRIER and GOSSAMER) saved 800 lives from the EDINBURGH but only two from MATABELE. HARRIER had British, Norwegian, American and Russian survivors aboard at various times, with the distinction of a Russian woman who gave birth the day before, and another woman a few days after we docked.

A relative of a man lost with MATABELE wrote to me, "It seems from my reading, that HARRIER was always on the scene of any trouble and action in the Arctic, and my father was convinced that we and a few others won the war in the Arctic".

Its pleasing now, that we helped to save so many lives even if we killed few of the enemy, but it was at great cost to the Sweepers. The following chart shows that 1942 was a terrible period and that from 24 June to 31 Dec. GOSSAMER, NIGER, LEDA and BRAMBLE were sunk. Three others were sunk elsewhere, and a fourth so badly damaged that she never sailed again. Nine others survived and two, SPHINX and SKIPJACK were sunk in 1940, therefore never joined the "dogsbodies of the Arctic".

I hope that many articles are received from individual ships as really the the story of the Sweepers in the Arctic deserves and warrants much more than this broad outline gives. If not, perhaps a later edition of Northern Light could be dedicated to their story.

1ST & 6TH MINESWEEPING FLOTILLAS OPERATING WITH ARCTIC CONVOYS

SUNK	IN	ARCTIC	DATE
GOSSAMER	24 June 1942	Bombed and sunk in Kola Inlet.	
NIGER	5 July 1942	Mined and sunk N.E. of Iceland. (QP13).	
LEDA	9 Sept 1942	Sunk by U-435 (QP14)	
BRAMBLE	31 Dec 1942	Sunk by Hipper and escorts (JW51B)	
SUNK ELSEWHERE			
HEBE	22 Nov 1943	Mined and sunk entering Brindisi harbour.	
HUSSAR)	Late Aug 1944	Attacked and sunk in error by British	
BRITOMART	" " "	Typhoons (see Friendly Fire reports)	
SALAMANDER	Badly damaged in same attack. Towed to Portsmouth then West Hartlepool. Finally to scrap yard 1947.		
SURVIVED	HALCYON; HARRIER; SPEEDWELL; HAZARD; SHARPSHOOTER; SEAGULL; JASON; SPEEDY and GLEANER.		

USE OF SERVICE HOSPITALS BY EX-SERVICE PERSONNEL

As has been stated before, ex-service personnel may receive treatment, including surgery, in military hospitals with the proviso that serving personnel must be given priority and that there must be a recommendation from the patient's own doctor.

This facility could be a help to ex-service personnel faced with long N.H.S. waiting lists. The official guidance, recently received, may be of interest.

APPENDIX B TO WRAC 5790/2 DATED JANUARY 1989.

1. Given below are the names addresses and telephone numbers of Service Hospitals in the United Kingdom which, subject to the type of case and the availability of accommodation, are able and willing to accept ex-service personnel as patients.
2. These hospitals are absolutely first class and are also free.
3. If your doctor recommends hospital treatment for yourself and you would like to use a service hospital you should ask him/her to contact the Commanding Officer of the Hospital of your choice.
4. Please do make use of these excellent Hospitals and save yourself a great deal of expense and worry. It is also comforting at such times to be back again in a service environment.

SERVICE HOSPITALS - UNITED KINGDOM

ROYAL NAVY

Royal Navy Hospital, Haslar, GOSPORT, Hants.
Tel. Portsmouth (0705) 584255.

Royal Navy Hospital, PLYMOUTH, Devon PL1 3JY.
Tel. Plymouth (0752) 65462.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

R.A.F. Hospital, ELY, Cambridgeshire CB6 1DN.
Tel. Ely (0353) 2371.

Princess Mary's R.A.F. Hospital, Halton, AYLESBURY, Bucks.
Tel. Wendover (0296) 623535.

R.A.F. Hospital, Nocton Hall, NOCTON, Lincs.
Tel. Metheringham (0526) 355.

ARMY

Queen Elizabeth Military Hospital, Stadium Rd, Woolwich LONDON SE18 6XN.
Tel. 081 856 5533.

Cambridge Military Hospital, ALDERSHOT, Hants. GU11 2AN.
Tel. Aldershot (0252) 22521.

Louise Margaret Maternity Hospitals, ALDERSHOT, Hants. GU11 2AN.
Tel. Aldershot (0252) 22521.

Duchess of Kent's Military Hospital, CATTERICK, North Yorkshire DL9 4DF.
Tel. Catterick Camp (074883) 3731.

JOINT SERVICE HOSPITAL ARMY/R.A.F.

Princess Alexandra Hospital, WROUGHTON, Swindon, Wilts.
Tel. Wroughton 812291.

M.N. SEAFARERS (Retired) & DEPENDANTS

St Thomas Hospital, Lambeth Palace Rd, LONDON SE1 7EH.
Tel 071 928 9292 (Mrs D. Lake Dreadnought Administrator)
(You require a referral letter from your G.P. re your complaint, stating reference R.110566)

PLEASE NOTE: IN ALL CASES CONTACT YOUR LOCAL DOCTOR ONLY. DO NOT APPLY IN ANY OTHER WAY.

The fragment of JU88 map which appeared on Page 37 of the last edition caused some comment, so, we asked Bill Johnston to tell us the story - Here it is!

THE MURMANSK MAP-FRAGMENT MEMENTO
By Bill Johnston NP 100

Serving ashore in Naval Party 100, I had come up from Polyarnoe to do a spell of duty at RNHQ in Murmansk, which was situated on the top two stories of a five storey block of flats in Stalin Prospect. It was part of the Communications set up on the Kola Inlet, and I as a Coder had to take my turn on the Duty Roster there. The W/T Station was in Green Street, further away, if I remember correctly. The period in question was 1942/43 and the air raids on Murmansk were pretty frequent. The "Trevoga" (air raid siren) sounded out a frequent alarm. Most of the raids were on the docks and shipping in the port, but the town too, took a fair old hammering, as the wrecked and burnt-out houses testified too well.

On one particular day, whilst working in the Coding Office, in the top storey flat, the familiar screech of the siren sounded off. Sometimes nothing much transpired, but on this occasion, gunfire was already starting up, as the local A/A batteries gave defence to the town. I could hear the other inmates of the flat below scuttle down the four flights of stairs and out across the courtyard behind, to the air raid shelter across the far side of the building,

I was passing a very urgent signal to Polyarnoe over the telephone just then, and to anyone conversant with the Russian phone system then, it could be quite an ordeal. You had to compete against crossed lines, cut-offs, and the local radio broadcasts giving out with wild Slavonic rhapsodies. As I was nearly through getting the signal finished, I stayed on to complete the job.

The Senior Rating in charge of us, was a REME sergeant of the Army Port Control Unit. Handing me a steel helmet, he said "Come on mate, time we were getting to hell out of here". Certainly the sound of gunfire and the crunch of falling bombs were creating a terrible background to the atmosphere. Hurriedly we tore out of the top flat, and literally hurled our way down the five flights of stairs. The sound of the approaching enemy aircraft and the incessant A/A fire had now reached a screaming crescendo. As we neared the bottom of the stairway, the inhuman scream of a descending plane was frightening, to say the least. Just by the swing door which led out into the courtyard, there was a small inset, and into this the Sergeant, slightly behind me, pushed me down onto the floor, and fell on top of me. Next minute there was a horrendous crash, the very building seemed to almost lift into the air, the swing doors flew open, and a gust of fiery hot air blasted its way up the bottom flight of stairway. But for the Sergeant's prompt action I would have walked out into the blast and I doubt I wouldn't be writing this today, all thanks to him I am able to do so.

After the All Clear sounded off, we rose from our sheltered nook, and gingerly going out into the courtyard we encountered the Commander RN who was our boss. He had apparently been in the shelter.

"That was some bomb, Sir" the REME sergeant said, "Luckily the building appears to have escaped serious damage", he added. "It wasn't just a bomb that

fell", the C.O, replied, "the Russian gun battery at the back of us shot down a Junkers with it's bomb load, hence the impact when it crashed over there", and he pointed to where smoking remains of the doomed aircraft were scattered around and about.

The fragment of map you see, is a grim reminder of that memorable day in Murmansk and one I'll never forget. There were two other near misses during my spells of duty in that town, one in the same building, the other down at our other billet at Fish Dock.

But they are another story. Life was certainly never dull in Murmansk in those far off days, and the piece of map is my grisly memento of that period.

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THE SAILOR'S ALPHABET

- "A" is for Anchor you wear on your sleeve
- "B" is for Buzz that you want to believe
- "C" is for Chop Chop which means you go fast
- "D" is for Draft - out of barracks at last
- "E" is for E-Boats the Kregsmarine crewed
- "F" is for Fanny in which night Kye was brewed
- "G" is for Gash which gets ditched in the sea
- "H" is for Heads to serve you and me
- "I" is for Ivan of Severny Flott
- "J" is for Jack whether Jolly or not
- "K" is for Killick or the Leading Hand
- "L" is for Leave - best thing in the land
- "M" is for Make and Mend to get the head down
- "N" is for Neaters a tot of renown
- "O" is for Oppo the best friend in life
- "P" is for Party (not always the wife)
- "Q" is for Quarterdeck the Holiest place
- "R" is for Rum to put smiles on your face
- "S" is for Sippers a reward I believe
- "T" is for Tiddley your best suit for leave
- "U" is for Up Spirits - the name of the game
- "V" is for Victory of Horatio fame
- "W" is for Wings a close friend at the time
- "X" is for Letter I can't find a rhyme!
- "Y" is for Yeoman who signals galore
- "Z" is for Zizz when watchkeepers snore.

With apologies to all good rhymsters!!

Tom Speirs

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RANK DOESN'T ALWAYS RATE

From "Yeo" Pete Crowshaw (Australia)

Yeoman on bridge of ship in a light fog to Captain, "Signal received by lamp sir, alter course 30 degrees to South".
Captain to Yeoman, "Reply, YOU alter 30 degrees to North"
Yeoman, "Message passed sir, further message 'Alter course 30 degrees to South Immediate'".
Captain to Yeoman, "Make, 'I am the Captain of Cruiser, you alter course'".
Yeoman, "Message passed sir,....Reply sir, I am a one-badge ex-Bunting Tosser.this is a Lighthouse".

THE KOLA RUN 51 YEARS ON

If you've been based at Scapa Flow
That health resort as you well know
For Jolly Jacks all said and done
We're destined for the Kola Run

"The Kola Run? What could that be?
Sounds like a cushy run to me!"
Thus quoted a green H.O. sprog
Whose brains were fashioned in a bog

An easy run? Oh no my son
Experiencing the Kola Run
Would alter youthful smiles and joys
By sorting out the men from the boys

For those who ever made this trip
On merchant boats or naval ship
Well known the bitter cold and fear
Of U-boats stalking convoys near

The heavy seas and nights so bleak
And with no troubles yet to seek
The escorts solid as a rock
Like shepherds guarding o'er their flock

Some U-boats pierced the escort screen
And sometimes Junkers joined the scene
Unfortunately some good mates died
But we were lucky - we survived

Let's raise our glasses - Readers All
To men of courage standing tall
To those who perished in Barents Sea
Remember them all - in '93

TOM SPEIRS

Having read both of Tom's poetic masterpieces, we now publish a comment on one of his previous articles in Northern Light. It comes from our Liaison Officer in Australia, Peter Crowshaw. "Re. Tom Speirs' letter on Page 6 of Northern Light No 30, One of our 'Sparkers' in the Communications Mess onboard H.M.S. Griffin in 1938, a very placid lad, intimated that he had aspirations toward becoming a Monk, I just cannot remember his name. I wonder if he kicked the habit?"

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ERROR

On page 21 of the last edition there is a photograph of some 151 Wing members at a recent reunion. Seated L to R should read Bob Turley and not Ken Meeson.

Sorry Bob. Sorry Ken. Those are the names that appeared in my 'In' basket!

Editor

THE "CASSANDRA STORY
By Chief Bosuns Mate C.C.Plumb.
(Continued from Page 39 of the last edition)

..... The next day I had a walk around the dock side to inspect the damaged bows, a Russian came off a coaster and spoke to me, they had struck a mine. His English was not very good, I got my fags out and he couldn't take one quick enough! He made me understand that they got a monthly tobacco issue but no cigarette papers. He asked if I could get him some and I said that I would. The next day he was waiting for me on the dock side and I gave him six packets. It was as if I had given him the crown jewels, so I gave him a packet of fags as well. He asked me if I would like to drink some vodka with him, but I said "No" because I was in charge of a working party. I was on the upper deck the following day, when he called me and gave a drinking sign. It was freezing cold and we wore plenty of clothes. The Russians wore kapok jackets and trousers. I went on to the dock side and he took me on board and to his cabin. In the cabin the stench made me feel sick, which convinced me that I would only stay for one drink. He produced a large bottle of vodka and off came the kapok jacket and I then realised that 'he' was in fact 'she'! The amount of padding had fooled me! The state of the clothes under the jacket were filthy, she had terrible B.O. and I could see the tide mark round her neck. I didn't dare to imagine what the rest of her body was like. I don't know if it was being offered to me or not. I had not been home for many months but I drank up and beat a hasty retreat saying that I had to get back to work. She invited me to return that evening for a proper drink. To this day I still wonder what state she was really in, but no way was I interested in finding out. The coasters crew moved out a few days later and I was able to move around freely again.

The Russians built a short bow on to us, made of sheet metal and old railway lines as support. We eventually got back to U.K. in June and docked at Rosyth, where the dockyard mateys thought we were an ice-breaker because of the unusual shape of the bows.

ANOTHER 'DRINKING' STORY BY THE CHIEF BUFFER!

Another amusing episode of our prolonged stay in Russia. On 18 May whilst my working party were painting the bows, I was informed that the Captain wished to see me in his cabin. I thought this was rather unusual as I was usual under direct orders of the First Lieutenant. On arrival at his cabin the captain invited me in and asked me what I would like to drink. Not being shy I asked for a whisky. It still seemed strange when he offered me a seat and asked how the work was progressing. Being so friendly, I couldn't for the life of me think what it was all about. He said, I have some big news for you Buffer". He had a cable from England stating that my wife and baby were both doing well. I immediately asked him "What sex is the baby"? He stared at me in a very surprised manner, I could see him thinking "I've got the thickest Buffer in the Fleet", because his next remark was "Buffs, we have not touched an English port for the last eighteen months!" and probably expecting me to do my nut because of a delayed action baby! I had to explain to him that I had joined the ship in September '44, to replace the previous Buffer. He must have been happier then, as he offered me another drink to wet the baby's head. And so, a happy ending.

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YOU CAN'T WIN!

I had a good laugh at the telly the other evening - the story about people flying for the first time. I said to my wife, "I didn't want to go to sea, but they kept sending me. I was always seasick!" All she said was, "You got paid for it!" YOU CANNOT WIN!

The 'I'm Tired' article in the last issue also gave me a damn good laugh.
George Bilson.

FRIENDLY FIRE
By Maurice Cross

LOWESTOFT 1942 To our everlasting shame, we in the Coastal Forces and Trawler Bases, in six months shot down a Blenheim bomber limping home from a raid, wounded the Observer in a Lockheed Hudson and shot half the tail off a Hurricane. The trouble was, we were all nery and trigger-happy. German bombers just skimmed in low over the sea from Holland. There was no grey, blue or red warning. Suddenly they were there - with just a two-note cuckoo siren sounding off, practically coinciding with the bombs dropping and the cannon-shells striking.

So any aircraft that suddenly dropped through the clouds, or flew low over the naval base were fair game - RAF or Luftwaffe, a great shower of flack went up to meet them.

The RAF were furious of course, and warned all their aircrews "don't fly over the naval base or you've had it".

HMS SEAGULL 1943 Steaming off Scapa on a most unusual day, the sea being calm, the sun shining through the mist - even the stokers came up to to view this phenomenon

Through the haze I could see an old cruiser some miles away - I think it was JAMAICA. Suddenly there was a roaring, whooshing sound, followed by water spouts all round us.

"Christ! it's that bloody cruiser" quoth Jimmy the One. Urged on by the captain, I leapt to the 10" projector and flashed "SEAGULL", "SEAGULL", "SEAGULL", until an answering flash came from the cruiser. "Sorry old chap" came her signal "thought you were the target!" The captain was furious and stamped round the bridge "Sorry old chap, be damned!" he raved, "there will have to be an enquiry - these big ships think they own the ocean - on the rare occasion that they are sailing on it!!!"

BAY OF SEINE FIASCO 1944 March Northern Light - re the Sweepers attacked by Typhoons. It was not the fault of the pilots, it was a gross error made by some inefficient idiots in FOBAA (Flag Officer British Assault Area). The 1st MSF were quietly sweeping in the western end of Seine Bay, when the Typhoons challenged them. Our ships gave the correct reply. The Squadron Leader reported to FOBAA, where some lethal idiot radioed back "There are no Allied ships in that area".

The Typhoons swung back to the Sweepers, who by this time were flying great Battle Ensigns - also, the recognition period had changed. The Typhoons challenged them again, the Sweepers correctly replied. FOBAA were informed re this second challenge, but once more came the reply "they are not Allied ships".

The rocket-firing Typhoons screamed down on the unsuspecting Sweepers, inflicting death and destruction upon BRITOMART, HUSSAR and SALAMANDER. Luckily, my ship, SEAGULL, was alongside the wall at Lowestoft being repaired

after a near-miss mine explosion.

The fortunate GLEANER, another sister ship, developed mechanical faults on the morning of that day and was alongside the off-shore Battlegwagon RODNEY, (or was it NELSON or WARSPITE?) for repairs.

I was told about this shocking affair in a leafy sunlit Wiltshire lane after an enjoyable midday session in the 'Seven Stars' at Winsley. I rounded a corner and bumped into a matelot - which surprised me! I thought I was the only matelot for miles around. Quite unbelievably he was off GLEANER! He told me about the Seine Bay shambles. Full of Bass and general Bonhomie, I couldn't really take it in at first - until the terrible facts struck home.

I heard later that the Typhoon's Squadron Leader never flew again - shock and guilt had destroyed his nerve.

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"BOMBS AWAY"
By Leslie Harris

On 13 March 1945, TRUMPETER left Scapa to join Convoy JW65, which was in fact, the last Wartime Convoy to Murmansk. On the second day, zig zagging at about ten knots through roughers, we pulled out of the convoy in order to "turn into the wind" to fly off three Avenger Bombers to patrol the convoy.

I was on duty on the bridge at the time - duty as a look-out sweeping my section of the sea for periscopes, mines, etc; and overlooking the Catapult. The first Avenger took off safely and the second one took up his position and linked to the Catapult ready for take off. The Avenger's engines roared into action, the Flight Deck Officer was crouching down ready with his flags to signal the "Off". Just as the engine reached it's full power it's 500lb bomb fell on to the deck.

I shouted to the Officer of the Watch, "He's dropped his bloody bomb, SIR". "Christ Almighty" was his immediate reply and immediately phoned the Captain (Lieut. Cmdr. Kenneth Colquhoun). A brave member of the Armourer's crew threw himself on to the bomb to stop it rolling across the deck and others joined in to help.

My memory is a little hazy now as to what happened next? I believe that the armourers tried to get the bomb back into position but I am not sure of what eventually happened. Did the plane take off with the bomb replaced? Perhaps some members of the Armourer's crew and members of 846 Squadron, will remember this extraordinary incident, and confirm the story with a more accurate description. I do remember that some of them were lined up on deck for some days as part of their punishment.

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WHO WAS THE YOUNGEST PERSON ON ARCTIC CONVOYS?????
WHO IS THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF NORTH RUSSIA CLUB?????

Bob Marriott was only eighteen when he did the first of his three Kola Runs in November 1944. Were you younger? We have a fairly strong suspicion that a few young M.N. cabin or galley boys will be the eventual winners.

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MEMBER'S LETTERS

From Doris M. Hartley (Mrs) of Coburg, Ontario. On reading Northern Light N°31 to my husband Les, I find it very interesting and a great idea for someone to visit the sick., I find it very cheerful to visit a 'shut-in' although, I'm afraid no one ever does visit my husband who is confined to a wheelchair.

So I hope that you find members who will make an effort to visit the sick in their areas, as they will find that person extremely grateful.

Our Regards to all members - keep up the good work. I must close now, to get Les out of bed.

Editor's Note. We are building up a good list of sick visitors - is there anyone in reach of Coburg, Ontario, willing to help. Les's address is now, 111 Hibernia Street, 204, Coburg, Ontario. (Memb.N°1123)

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From Eric White of Reading. Friendly Fire! I note that on page 43 of the last edition you ask for further instances of Forces being fired on by their own side.

I recall that during the Korean War the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were, on the 23rd September 1950, the victims of this type of tragedy.

They had attacked an enemy position (Hill 282) and subsequently captured it, but there was still some confused fighting in the area. Also, the enemy were infiltrating the flanks and increasing their shelling and mortaring. At the same time our casualties were mounting and ammunition was running low and therefore an air-strike was arranged and air recognition panels were displayed on the ground.

The American air-strike eventually arrived but unfortunately the aircraft attacked the Companies' positions instead of the enemy held territory. Our troops came under fire-bomb and machine-gun attacks from the aircraft causing more casualties and the situation would have been even worse had the enemy taken immediate advantage of the situation.

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From Jim Spencer of Ascot: As a pilot who spent a number of hours flying round Russian convoys in Avengers I found your special "Wings over the Arctic" issue fascinating. I fear, however, that a few inaccuracies crept in to Jack Hayes' contribution "The Final Operation", not to be wondered at since it all took place so long ago.

The carriers which took part in "Operation Judgement" in which BLACK WATCH was sunk, were TRUMPETER, SEARCHER and QUEEN, not CAMPANIA, and the operation took place on 4th, not 8th of May, 1945. CAMPANIA was around because my log book shows I landed on her on 7th somewhere east of Orkney. (My 'passenger' on that flight was Harry Beeston who also contributed to the last issue). The 44 aircraft taking part in the attack were from three squadrons, 846 (Avengers and Wildcats), 853 (Avengers and Wildcats) and 882 (Wildcats). Between them they sank BLACK WATCH, KARL VON HERRING and U-771.

On 8th May TRUMPETER, SEARCHER and QUEEN were actually in the Skaggerak with their aircraft providing cover for the 50th Minesweeping Flotilla clearing a channel for BIRMINGHAM, DIDO, ZEPHYR, ZEALOUS and OBEDIENT to enter Copenhagen harbour to accept the surrender of German naval forces there.

Harry Beeston has let you have a report on "Operation Judgement" for future publication in Northern Light. But anyone who cannot wait can always buy a copy of my book "ORDINARY NAVAL AIRMEN" which gives the full story with maps and photographs. The book also tells the story of two convoys to Russia and back.

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From Leslie Harris of Storrington.

Further to Jack Hayes' "The Final Operation", I have the original copy of "Daily Orders" referred to, which I rescued from a gash bin with other papers as souvenirs. If any TRUMPETER's would like a copy I will post them one. I suggest a small donation to A.C.M.T. I shall donate the original to the F.A.A. Museum at Yeovil....See opposite.

COMMANDER'S OFFICE, H.M.S. TRUMPETER.

DAILY ORDERS FOR FRIDAY, 4th. MAY, 1945.

Duty Disciplinary P.O., P.O. Holliday.
P.O. of the Day, P.O. Hayes.

Daily Sea Routine		
WATCHES	CRUISING	DEFENCE
Middle:	White.	Port.
Morning:	Blue.	Stbd.
Forenoon:	Red.	Port.
Afternoon:	White.	Stbd.

0855. Out Pipes.

0900. Action Stations. Ship will go to Defence Stations after securing Action Stations.

NOTE; Payment will take place next week before ship arrives in harbour.

(Sd) E.W. Monckton.
Commander.

AIR DEPARTMENT DAILY ORDERS

Air Department Duty Officer.....Lt(A) Gahan.
Squadron Duty Officer.....S/Lt(A) Orr.
Air Department Duty P.O.....P.O. Rees.
Duty Crash P.O.....P.O. Rees.
Squadron Duty P.O.....P.O.Murray

Flying Programme:-

0400 - 0800 2 Fighter Sections at stand by.
0700 Range 4 Wildcats & 2 Avengers armed with D.Cs.
From 0800 We are duty A/S and duty fighter carrier:- 1 section at readiness : 1 section at stand-by : 2 Avenger crews at stand-by.
(H Hour will be promulgated when known: probably not before 1500)
H - 3 Arm 4 Avengers with four 500 lb. bombs.
Arm 4 Wildcats with Air-to-Ground ammunition.
H - 2½ 4 Wildcats stand by C.A.P.
H - 2½ Commence ranging 8 Avengers and 8 Wildcats in such a manner as to mask the deck as little as possible for the fighters - 4 strike ahead of 2 C.A.P.
H.Hour Off 8 Avengers and 4 Wildcats (strike), & 2 Wildcats (C.A.P.).
H + 1½ On 2 Wildcats ex C.A.P.
H + 1½ (about) On 8 Avengers & 4 Wildcats ex strike. Strike down Avengers. Re-range, fuel & arm ex-strike Wildcats as soon as possible. Range 4 Wildcats as soon as possible.
H + 2¾ Off 4 Wildcats - C.A.P.
H + 4¼ On Wildcats ex C.A.P.
H + 4½ Range 2 Avengers armed with 4 D.Cs. All Wildcats available on deck.
From then - We are duty A/S carrier, 'Searcher' duty fighter carrier.

C.M.T. Hallewell.
Lieutenant-Commander Flying.

MORE LETTERS

From R. Thurley of Oxford: I am enclosing a short story of a very true situation, maybe a little humourous, but that's how it was.

RUSSIA! My Farewell!

One early December afternoon in 1941, we were told to parade outside our billets as we were proceeding back to the U.K. Now there was a penalty to pay, there was to be a split in the party, the Adjutant had his own idea as to who went on the advance party and who in the rear party. We had all filled our water bottles inside the billets, he then proceeded to shake each bottle and those that swilled were put on the rear party.

The weather was pretty grim with the temperature 30° below zero, so it was not long before the water bottles became solid, however I was chuffed, I was on the advance party. What was to follow was a nightmare.

We left Vaenga, about thirty of us, the plan was that two lorries would proceed to Murmansk with our kit bags etc., and then return empty to pick us up. The Officer in Charge said "rather than hang about we could move off on foot". Now let me explain our position, we had no experience of route marching, I had about three weeks square-bashing, it was now snowing, we were wearing gum boots, great coats, balaclava and carrying a double pack, rolled blanket, respirator, steel helmet, rifle, a hundred rounds of ammo and a jar of Brylcream, which I'm sure also set like cement. We started out as a very compact unit, but as the miles slipped by we became a load of stragglers, walking like apes with our double packs nearly on our necks trying to ease the ache in our backs. The news got back to us that the two lorries which were to pick us up had lost their way from Murmansk, when they did arrive there was only room for about five of us, but they did take our packs etc. We still had a fair march ahead of us.

When we did arrive in Murmansk it was quite late and we were welcomed by two of the crewmen of the minesweeper HUSSAR, they were great to us, making cups of hot chocolate, I still say I have never tasted better. We were tired, most of us slept on locker tops, the others anywhere they could find. How they got all the extra in such a confined space was a feat in itself.

Next day, we started to move out of Murmansk and back to U.K. That's what we were told, but we soon learned otherwise when the paravanes were put to use. We were sweeping for mines and told we were making for Archangel, to join the Russian ice-breaker SIBERIAN (?). We boarded her and she proceeded to smash her way through very thick ice, it was a sight I shall never forget, After many hours aboard we at last came to the ship that was to take us back to U.K., EMPIRE BAFFIN, and she was a sight for sore eyes. Before we boarded her, let me tell you of an amusing incident on the ice-breaker. The Russian crew gave us permission to use their showers and a squadron pal of ours went down a very narrow gangway to this luxury. But, coming towards him was a very large Russian crewman with a towel round his neck and completely naked. Jock spotted him and did a very smartish turn, muttering "No way, no way", I dont think he ever had that shower.

Now back to EMPIRE BAFFIN, first of all she was stuck in very thick and solid ice, and the breaker took quite a while to break up the ice to free her. When we did board her you had to see it to believe it, everything on top deck had doubled its size by many inches of ice, and a narrow footway had been cleared of ice to enable us to reach a small door that led down a very long stairway to the hold which had been lined with wood and a few bunks for sleeping. Some men used hammocks which I dont think they ever mastered. Now the trip home started well, with a good escort of the cruiser KENYA and destroyers, We did not know at this time that many of our squadron pals were aboard KENYA.

Two or three days later the weather set in, now remember EMPIRE BAFFIN was just under seven thousand tons and just a plaything for King Neptune, the sea was so mountainous, she pitched and rolled, the wind was at full throttle, and the screw was out of the water many times. I swear we went backward at times. The captain had already told us we would not last three minutes in this sea if we fell in, due to the intense cold. I thought what a charming man, but we all knew he was right. Now, we were two or three days from Iceland when we

heard a deafening megaphone or whatever from what turned out to be KENYA, and

the message was "goodbye and good luck". She then went like hells bells across our bows and shortly disappeared. We learned later that the captain had been taken very ill and they had proceeded to Iceland. That was the night when we were all down in the quarters having a quiz competition when the ship trembled and rumbled, everyone made for the stairway and I dont think the record has ever been broken for how so many men could reach the upper deck at the same time, up such a narrow stairway. We were all stood by the lifeboats for a very long time. Depth charges were being dropped by an escort destroyer, our concentration was at its best, so when someone gave a short blast on the siren, twelve airmen went into orbit.

We had been told earlier that EMPIRE BAFFIN was on her maiden trip and was still carrying a lot of ballast, rock, slag, etc. When we arrived in Iceland the RAF were handed shovels and pickaxes and told to pitch it over the side. None of us needed laxatives after the last forty eight hours. Now, this little ship, and she was little, had performed tricks unheard of before, rolling, dipping, lunging, you name it, she did it, she even attempted a loop the loop, there were no full stomachs that day. I raise my glass to her.

The irony of this story is that the rear party arrived in U.K. a few days before us, the advance party. From then on my bottle has never been quite full and my motto is "I never assume".

Robert F Turley, 134 Sqdrn RAF.

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Dear Shipmates,

In answer to the request for 'Small Ship Stories' (the time was Feb.1945)..... This being February at time of writing, always at this time of the year my memory goes back to when our ship BAMBOROUGH CASTLE was 'burial ship' for a number of lads who had been killed or died of their injuries. The saying "We Will Remember Them" is only too right. I shall always remember them, how the Chaplain from one of the larger ships came on board to accompany us out for the burials. At that time he said that we were representing the families of those lads. Also, if my memory serves me correct, it was on the trip home from Polyarnoe that LARK was torpedoed and had her stern blown off, and we went alongside and brought home the survivors. To any of those lads who read this, best wishes to you all.

Charles 'Midnight' Taylor.

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I C O N

St. Nicholas Church - H.M.S. Drake - Devonport

Does anyone in the North Russia Club, know the origin of an Icon - in this case a picture - hanging in the church in Devonport's H.M. Naval Base.

It is thought to be of St. Nicholas, to whom the church is Dedicated, and to have been brought back from Russia on one of the convoys during the war, either from Murmansk or Archangel. The Icon is about 18" x 24", and has some writing on it that could be Russian.

If anyone has any information about it please let our Secretary know on 0237 431481.

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DO YOU KNOW A CLUB MEMBER WHO MAY BE IN NEED OF OUR WELFARE SERVICE?

COULD YOU ACT AS A SICK VISITOR IN YOUR AREA?

COULD YOU ATTEND LOCAL FUNERALS OR VISIT THE BEREAVED?

IF SO, PLEASE CONTACT PETER SKINNER (Tel: 0237 431481).

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TRIBUTE BY PARLIAMENT TO THE MERCHANT NAVY.

The Minister of War Transport has been informed by the Lord Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons of the terms of the Resolutions in identical terms passed by both Houses of Parliament without dissent on the 30th October last, of which he has been requested to communicate the following portion to Masters, Officers and Men of the Merchant Navy:—

“That the thanks of this House be accorded to the Officers and Men of the Merchant Navy for the steadfastness with which they maintained our stocks of food and materials; for their services in transporting men and munitions to all the battles over all the seas; and for the gallantry with which, though a civilian service, they met and fought the constant attacks of the enemy.

“That this House doth acknowledge with humble gratitude the sacrifice of all those who, on land or sea or in the air, have given their lives that others to-day may live as free men, and its heartfelt sympathy with their relatives in their proud sorrow.”

1945

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO!

WAY TO THE NORTH

F.G.M.Storey (Flash)

THOUGHTS OF AN EX T.A.G.

This punitive article is dedicated to Fleet Air Arm 824 Squadron, aircrew and a magnificent Groundcrew and H.M.S. Striker Escort Carrier Supreme, *God bless her!* and the much worked ship's Company, the most overworked, least publicised, never refit, never breakdown ship in the once mighty fleet of Great Britain.

Atlantic convoys, Gibraltar convoys, Atlantic sweeps (anti U-Boat) Norway sweeps, Norway exercises, Tirpitz operations, Channel sweeps, Russian convoys and other operations, she who was never in harbour. Covered in barnacles, paint-less, sponsons ripped off, flight deck ripped up, but still carried on.

As for the Squadron the Admiral once sent a signal after one operations thus:-
“Congratulations 824 Squadron, your efficiency and precision showed the Fleet Air Arm at its best”

We came home once with 80% of aircraft unserviceable but by the efforts of the Groundcrew we carried on.

The ship was like landing on a bucking bronco in bad weather all 400 foot of her, we prayed for a refit but....nay.

We loved her because she always brought us back

We were languishing in Scapa Flow, well it could not exactly be called 'stand easy' as we had just had a little operational sweep off Norway, and if the memory serves correctly a bit of a sortie after a vessel called Tirpitz, not to put too fine a point on it. Two or more trips to Hatston and Grimsetter to do a few practice dive bombings and torpedo runs just to keep our hand in. When much to our surprise or should the expression be 'WE TOLD YOU SO' we were off again up North to shepherd another flock. No refit, no leave, we could not sink we had too many barnacles. The C.O. briefed us, so off we bowled once more in the unknown.

The first day after the assembly (what convoy number or denomination don't ask me as I cannot tell you) we started our patrols, two hours duration from nine or ten aircraft. Very tiring as we that are still here remember it.

On flying over the ships the complement was diagnosed thus: Battleships, Cruisers, Destroyer Flotilla's Escort Groups, i.e. Frigates, Corvettes. The numbers exactly I know not, and not forgetting the purpose of the exercise, nearly forty or so merchant ships.

SURPRISE SURPRISE!!
ANOTHER FLEET AIR ARM STORY!!

By further scrutiny we discovered that in the middle of the convoy sailed four American Lease-Lend, four funnelled Destroyers. First World War vintage bound for the Red Northern Fleet, rather a shock to find Warships convoyed amidst merchant vessels. We rather resented the protection as we thought Warships were meant to protect other lesser mortals. They gave us a cheer as we flew above them; great consolation.

At this time of the year the days were longer although the temperature seemed pretty thin. Flying in open Swordfish cockpits we needed a large amount of warm clothing so even the Aircrew of the smallest stature had to be thrust aboard by a few not so gentle hands and crammed into the small apertures we called cockpits. Once in, movement was very limited.

We forged on amidst sea and sky wondering and marvelling at the beauty of such an armada below us. Convinced we should never see the like again or our offspring would not. Then the grim reality would return and back to the stupid business of war.

On one patrol a report was heard "*Large object on surface*" but before we could investigate a tally-ho was received "*Am attacking U-Boat on surface*" Then a Swordfish screamed down all rockets firing. Whether a hit was recorded we do not know but on sighting the large object was seen to be blowing waterspouts high into the air A WHALE! Well done that Crew. We do admit the object was the size of a U-Boat. The leg pulling will last that Crew for the rest of their lives. We did write a poem about it. Quite famous. They shall remain anonymous! It became a strong 'BUZZ' that the Striker had been in great demand by the Whaling Industry .

On we steamed at a steady nine knots; more patrols, more hours in the day. Bit wearying with our limited aircraft at two hours per patrol. Just up, then down, a bit of grub and back up again. Two aircraft at a time.

Alerts became an occurrence daily. The Squadron Groundcrew were magnificent. To keep our aircraft flying in such hazardous conditions was tremendous. We loved you all and the Striker Ship's Company were terrific. (Hope you had a good life in Civvy Street).

Then one day whilst scanning the broad expanse of water as usual we saw them - A WOLF PACK of U-Boats on the surface. We radioed back for support. The reply came back '*we are sending fighter support*'. We replied '*do not come too fast or we shall lose them*'. Alas! the fighters came screaming past us and by the time we arrived on the scene the U-Boats were diving.

We attacked with a 1600 pound mine, others with depth charges. We will never forget the sight of our mine landing on the deck of the U-Boat. Awash with dirt green water and conning tower disappearing to safety. The mine should 'home' on to the

U-Boat and explode. It did not explode. We were desolated. Ah well, on reflection we did have the consolation in later moments that we did not kill anyone. The important thing was saving the lives of our ships and shipmates by operating far in advance of the convoy. It would have been a different ball game if our ships had been torpedoed with loss of life. The fact remaining that many lives would have been saved by employing aircraft on earlier convoys than sticking to the old belief that surface ships escorting were sufficient.

Going back to the action, there was a bit of a scramble in our limited cockpits to photograph the action, but by the time we had manhandled our large awkward camera all we visualised became a large expanse of water. U-Boats away - No photos.

Suddenly the Squadron Aircrew (patrols excepted) were called in the 'Ready Room' for urgent briefing. The C.O. said that the powers that be were contemplating bombing Bear Island wireless installations. We looked at each other with silent thoughts. The activity then started - courses - armament deployment - very galvanized and hasty preparation - remaining aircraft made ready - crews sorted out - instruments checked and those participating at the ready. We waited pensively.

The order came, operation cancelled. Reason we discovered was the station on Bear Island provided us with good weather reports as well as the German occupants. Speaking truthfully we were very relieved as our workload was overload at the time. Protecting the convoy stretched our resources to the limit at the time without losing any more aircraft on a mission which to our mind was not necessary. We think the C.O. agreed inwardly. We were very relieved. Repeat!

Steadily steaming and numerous patrols later, not to exclude hours of tiring search and alerts, our mighty convoy reached land. The ships dispersed to their destinations. The Striker berthed in Kola Inlet with much relief, very tired but triumphant in the realization that our losses were minimal, routed a U-Boat or two and retained our sanity. Notwithstanding our first glimpse of the Tundra called Russia was not very prepossessing. Though the thought came through our tired senses. We have to go back!

On the first morning in harbour a strange incident occurred. Working on the Flight Deck we heard the roar of an aircraft overhead. What's he up to? He was beating up the ships in the harbour. Friendly of course, with Russian markings. He did this for three mornings. Alas on the third he struck the mast of a ship and ended in the drink. Very dangerous process even as a friend.

The epistle of incidents could continue but must stop sometime. There were other convoys and other incidents. Like the time we travelled up North in black fog. Every ship in line homed onto the other for nine solid days and nights. Good for safety and comfort, bad for U-Boats but that's another story. You will notice I always mention 'we' that is because we were A TEAM.

MORE ABOUT THE "CHURCHILL MEMO"
(Pages 16/17, March Edition)
By Jack Chandler ex-W.O. R.A.F.

I think I may be able to throw a ray of light, which may explain a ray of light, in part, the reason behind the lack of news from Murmansk.

Firstly though let me set the scene. I trust that those who read this and are not technically minded, will bear with me, because a description of the disposition and composition of the ground equipment involved has a bearing on the above mentioned event.

The signals equipment was housed in the H.Q. building on the edge of the airfield and consisted of the V.H.F. aircraft communication Transmitters/Receivers, feeding aeriels set on gantries and fed by 1"dia. co-axial cables covered with a plastic material. The main communications W/T transmitter was a 500 watt, master oscillator type, with an aerial array beamed on England. Normally the supply was from the Soviet mains that was not always all it should have been and our back up supply was a power trailer with a generator coupled to an 8 H.P. Meadows engine.

It took just under three days to become operational, and then we lived in a trouble free period until September 20th/23rd.

Prior to this the weather had been like early spring here, but cold at night. One day the Soviets began placing shovels and brooms in the hall of the H.Q. so we all knew what to expect. We woke one morning to be greeted by an exceedingly heavy fall of overnight snow, with a temperature drop to about -30°C.

The first alarm bell rang with the news that the V.H.F. radio equipment was u/s. The intense cold had fractured the casing on the co-axial aerial cables rendering them useless.

Fortunately for us, some far seeing bod. at the Air Ministry had provisioned a spare set of cables in our inventory. It was no problem to lower the masts and to replace the cables, but what to protect them with? A word with my opposite number in the Soviet H.Q. resulted in an evil smelling concoction to be smeared over the connectors and thereafter they remained trouble free.

If I may digress for a moment, something happened then which was quite amazing. The landing ground was u/s because of the snow, when suddenly from all directions, men and women all dressed in the same drab quilted coats, felt boots, and conical hats formed up in line abreast across the field and began stamping the snow hard with their feet moving slowly forward, these were followed by another formation doing the same thing, and yet another. They crossed and recrossed the field until it was quite level.

In no time the Soviet pilots were flying, soon to be followed by our own aircraft.

These conditions were the beginning of our communications difficulties, compounded by an increase in static interference, which no doubt contributed to Winnie's memo.

Up to that time we had been relying on Soviet mains supply to power the main W/T transmitter link with the Air Ministry, which at all times could have been more consistent and steady.

Up to this time two way traffic with the U.K. had been perfect, but now the A.M. complained that only clicks were being received. A cross check with the Naval Base at Polyrnoe informed us that our signal strength was good. It was then decided to locate a stand-by low power pack set up in the hills surrounding us to contact U.K. This proved to be feasible although the exchange audibility was minimal.

From the outset of the cold weather we had begun to use our Meadows petrol driven generator to supply the transmitter, and it was now the only item we had not checked and double checked.

It was housed in a trailer adjacent to the building housing the transmitter and was exposed to the elements. We began to notice that it had a tendency to spit back through the carburettor causing the motor to falter. As we did not know the answer to this we sought the advice of the Wing Engineer Officer, who after gravely studying the patient, went away. He returned a little later with a coil of copper tubing containing a 'tee' piece with a short connection into the lid of a sealed 1lb jam jar - a water trap. He then inserted the coil into the fuel line to the carburettor, and positioned the assembly near the exhaust manifold. He also modified the air filter to minimise the effect of the cold air in the Carb. The end result was the engine purred away quite steadily, and after a few adjustments to the transmitter, Air Ministry returned a signal strength of R9, and I caught up with some sleep.

All of these incidents occurred at the time of the Memo and can all be blamed on the cold weather coupled with a terrific increase in atmospheric disturbances, if indeed it was the basic cause. Sorry Winnie, but we were all despatched in haste and very few of us expected to have to cope with such extreme conditions with the equipment provided which had been designed for temperate zones.

As a footnote to the operations of 151 Wing at Vaenga, many of our Naval friends may wonder why, at short notice, they were "invited" to act as hosts to transport the R.A.F. back to the U.K.

The facts are that the Air Ministry had asked the Soviets to arrange passage for the entire wing to be transferred to the Middle East, no doubt for Monty's big push. Presumably it must have been entirely a political ploy, but who will ever know? In the event, at that time the Germans were investing Moscow (who vetoed any moves to transfer the Wing to the M.E.) and had in any case removed the seat of government beyond the Urals. The end result was that Jolly Jack came to the rescue and returned us to the U.K. in time for Xmas 1941, and my especial thanks to the P.O's of BERWICK.

Another interesting footnote concerns our departure. We were ordered to leave every item of equipment with the Soviets, including all our technical manuals. These of course had to be translated into Russian, and so interpreters from Moscow University sat with my sergeant and I and our Soviet counterparts to convert all our Servicing Instructions into their language. Soon we were in big trouble. When they came to an unfamiliar function, like the Master Oscillator for instance, we had to revert to basic principles to explain the function. In short, they had been taught that all basic laws had been Soviet inventions and they had never heard of Volt, Amp, Watt or Ohm. So to get home quick, we adopted their laws as well. I often wonder if they have seen the light, or how they made sense of the AvoMeter dials!

ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL TRUST

SECRETARY. R.J.WREN, 13, SHERWOOD AVENUE, POTTERS BAR, HERTS. EN62LD 0707 655846. PLEASE NOTE NEW TEL NUMBER

UPDATE. APRIL 1993. NEWS & INFORMATION OF THE 'TRUST'

THE CATHEDRAL ADMINISTRATOR INFORMED ME THAT THE TWO A.C.M.T. WINDOWS HAVE AT LAST BEEN INSTALLED IN THE TWO WEST TOWERS AND THE A.C.M.T. REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL PROJECT HAS INSPECTED THEM AND CONFIRMS THAT EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER. SHIPMATE SID BATEMAN POINTS OUT THAT A ROPE ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF EACH STAIRWAY HAS TO BE UN-HOOKED TO GIVE ACCESS TO THE WINDOWS. WE WILL BE PRODUCING A PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL INFORMATION CARD, SIMILAR TO THE MURMANSK MEMORIAL CARD WHICH WILL CONTAIN COMPLETE DETAILS.

IT TAKES PATIENCE. THIS PROJECT WAS STARTED TWO YEARS AGO AT A RATHER STORMY MEETING. WE HAD VERY LITTLE MONEY BUT A LOT OF AMBITION. SHIPMATE STUART FARQUHARSON-ROBERTS TOLD THE A.C.M.T. COMMITTEE THAT THE CATHEDRAL PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO RAISE FUNDS, WHICH GAVE US OUR ENTRY.

BY CAREFUL AND OFTEN HEATED NEGOTIATIONS IT WAS POSSIBLE TO PERSUADE THE AUTHORITIES TO ALLOW THE 'TRUST' TO PAY IN INSTALMENTS, AS WE GATHERED THE CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MANY PEOPLE AND PLACES. IT IS ONLY THROUGH YOUR SUPPORT THAT THESE PROJECTS CAN BE SUCCESSFUL. WE WILL HAVE PAID ABOUT £5,000 FOR THE TWO WINDOWS IN SEVEN INSTALMENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS. IT HAS TAKEN SIXTY-ONE PHONE CALLS, SEVEN PERSONAL VISITS AND IF THE PERSONAL INVITATIONS ARE COUNTED IN, SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY LETTERS SENT OUT AND ABOUT THREE HUNDRED RECEIVED. THE PROJECT WAS DISCUSSED IN NINE MEETINGS AND PRESENTATIONS MADE TO FIVE OTHER GROUPS. THE STORY WAS CARRIED IN SEVERAL PAPERS AND TWO LOCAL RADIO STATIONS. 934 'ORDERS OF SERVICE' SHEETS WERE DISTRIBUTED. FIVE HUNDRED ATTENDED THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION INCLUDING OVER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY VETERANS OF THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN.

NOW THEY WILL BE REMEMBERED. AT LEAST FOR AS LONG AS PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL STANDS, THIS COULD BE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. IF IT DOES, THIS PROJECT WORKS OUT AT A COST OF 09p A WEEK. GOOD VALUE, DONT YOU THINK?

LIVERPOOL PARISH CHURCH: WILL BE QUITE FRANK ABOUT THIS PROJECT, WE ARE HAVING A STRUGGLE. REMINDS ME OF BEING TORPEDOED, MANY OF YOU HAVE HAD THE EXPERIENCE. YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL, WHEN SUDDENLY THE SHORING GIVES WAY OR THE BOAT OR RAFT STARTS SHIPPING WATER AND THAT NASTY FEELING COMES OVER YOU THAT YOU ARE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT AFTER ALL YOUR EFFORTS, BUT YOU DO!!

.....
SEE STOP PRESS

DICK SQUIRES AND TOMMY ADAMS ARE, AS YOU WOULD EXPECT IN THE THICK OF IT. GETTING THE FLAG-POLE UP FROM CORSHAM BY CANAL HAS GIVEN THEM ONE HELL OF A PROBLEM, BUT IT HAS BEEN DONE. OUR PLANS HAVE BEEN CHANGED FROM A SIMPLE OBELISK TO A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE. THE CASH NOW REQUIRED FOR THIS PROJECT IS ABOUT £15,000, THE "TRUST" CAN ALLOCATE ONLY £4,000 AT THE MOMENT WITH A FURTHER £500 FOR CONTINGENCIES. NO ONE IS WILLING TO COMMIT THEMSELVES TO SIGNING "WORK CONTRACTS" UNTIL THE MONEY IS THERE. YOU CAN SEE THE PROBLEM, IF WE CANNOT RAISE MORE MONEY LIVERPOOL WILL NOT GET THE MEMORIAL PLANNED. I NEED YOUR HELP LIKE NEVER BEFORE, SO PLEASE RACK YOUR BRAINS TO FIND WAYS TO "SHORE UP THE BULKHEADS".

.....
SEE STOP PRESS

CAMPAIGN BADGES.

I WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH THE FIRST DESIGN WHEN IT WAS MADE SO SO I REFUSED TO ACCEPT THEM. IT WAS THOUGHT THAT MY PLAN WAS TO GIVE THEM AWAY, ANYTHING WOULD DO. I EXPLAINED THAT OUR ARCTIC VETERANS ARE SPECIAL AND ONLY THE BEST WILL DO. THE NEW BADGE IS TO BE A BEAUTY. IF YOU WANT ONE PLEASE ASK WHEN YOU SEND YOUR DONATION. THOSE PATRONS WHO HAVE ALREADY REQUESTED A BADGE WILL RECEIVE THEIRS SOON.

CONTRIBUTORS TO A.C.M.T. SINCE NORTHERN LIGHT N°31.

COMMANDER LOFTUS LEYTON JONES CVO, DSO, DSC, MBE, RN Rtd.			
N.WOLLOFF	L.DYER	W.E.LINDSEY	D.BROWN
J.FREEMAN	C.FOWLER	W.BENTON	I.ROBERTS
DUKE THOMPSON	F.MORLEY	W.SAVAGE	P.PHILLIPS
R.SQUIRES MBE	J.WEISS	ST.MARY'S LODGE	M.P.COCKER
C.TYE	M.GAMMON	H.P.ROGERS	S.WILLIAMS
J.CLARKE	J.ROBERTS	R.HALLAM	E.RATHBONE
D.BROOKE	G.E.D.GOLDE	E.BEAUDOIN	G.BAMBOROUGH
CHAS FOWLER	TOLFOX LTD	B.M.EVANS	B.L.MALLETT
P.PHILLIPS	C.CANE	S.D.CONELLY	M.P.FRASER
I.ROBERTS	ROBINSON LODGE		J.MADDEN
R.BELLWOOD	F.C.SMITH	J.ROWE	T.JAMES
J.MANGAN	J.H.CLARKE	H.DEARLOVE	D.HARDCASTLE
S.ROGERS	N.R.C.OFFICERS		YOUR WIVES
B.LITTLE	E.WALTERSON		J.ROBERTS

THANK YOU ALL SO VERY MUCH FOR YOUR GENEROSITY AND HELPFULNESS
NOTE:- APOLOGIES TO CHAS FOWLER FOR MIS-READING THE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM PLACING FLOWERS ON MURMANSK MEMORIAL. THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND AND GENEROUS GESTURE, CHAS.
APOLOGIES FOR MISSING J.HINTON ON THE LAST LIST.

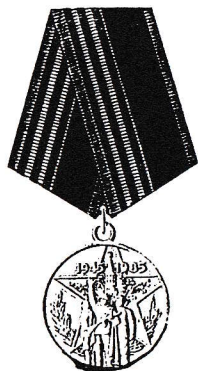
EXCHANGE VISITS: I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET SOME INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE IN MURMANSK TO SPONSOR SOME CHILDREN FROM SCHOOL 51 TO HEATHROW TO JOIN AN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL IN LONDON IN JUNE. I HAVE SPENT CONSIDERABLE TIME AND MONEY ON THIS BUT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE. IF YOU CAN HELP PLEASE GET IN TOUCH.

THANK YOU SHIPMATES AND FRIENDS FOR YOUR SUPPORT OF OUR CHARITY. IF YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO JOIN THE A.C.M.T.TEAM, ESPECIALLY SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF VETERANS, PLEASE CONTACT ME.

Ron Wren
366

MEDALS GALORE

SOVIET 40TH ANNIVERSARY MEDAL.



We have been informed by the Ministry of Defence, that the Embassy of the Russian Federation in London have asked them to provide a list of our club members who have NOT been awarded the medal featured opposite.

We have submitted a list of more than 300 names. If you have not yet been awarded the Commemorative medal, please contact either Dick Squires (051 487 9567), Peter Skinner (0237 431481) or Les Sullivan (0278 683579). Now!

WE REQUIRE JUST YOUR NAME AND NORTH RUSSIA CLUB MEMBERSHIP NUMBER.

A "D-DAY" NORMANDY ANNIVERSARY MEDAL.

Bill Ryan, our Liaison Officer in U.S.A. has written to give us the following information: (Quote) "Just in case you have not heard about the latest medal fiasco that is about to engulf us, here is the information. The medal is to be awarded to all who participated in the Normandy Campaign. France itself is not striking the medal It is the Province of Normandy. I have no idea how they are going to award it. There are over 1,842,000 Americans alone who qualify. That number does not include the crews of the merchant ships that were anchored off the beaches, waiting to be unloaded. My friend Lee Murray (NRC N°1326), arrived off Omaha Beach, on the morning of 7 June. He was finally released just before Christmas. Granted his cargo was on the bottom of the priority list, but somebody "goofed". Nevertheless, his ship sat right off the beach and was constantly under attack. If anyone deserves this medal, the crews of those ships do.

I will keep you informed as I receive additional information. (Unquote).

P.S. Having "suffered" the distribution problems with the Soviet 'gong' for the past six years, I intend to hibernate if this one arrives. Dick Squires.

A MEDAL 47 YEARS LATE:

One of our members, Dick Burbine of California has been awarded the Mariner's Medal by the U.S. Maritime Administration. The Mariner's Medal is similar to the Army/Navy Purple Heart. Dick was aboard the HENRY BACON when she was sunk by German aircraft on Convoy RA64. An act of bravery by Dick in rescuing a young Armed Guard crew man from the freezing water has been recognised at long last by the Maritime Administration after rechecking their records. Dick with two other crew members were picked up by ZAMBESI. Congratulations Dick. Better late than never!

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Directoraat-Generaal Scheepvaart en Maritieme Zaken

Aan

Mr.G.H.Evans
11 Fletcher Dr.Box 10
Amherst, NS
B4H 4M4
Canada

Contactpersoon

H.Meurs

Datum

February 9, 1993

Ons kenmerk

S/M-10.087/93

Onderwerp

War Remembrance Cross

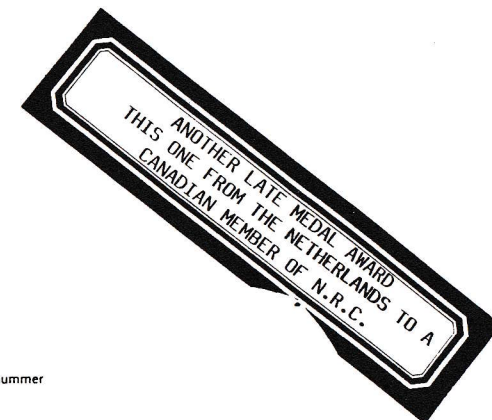
Doorkiesnummer

509

Bijlage(n)

Uw kenmerk

Your letter of December 18, 1992



Dear Mr Evans,

With reference to your letter addressed to Her Majesty The Queen of the Netherlands which was forwarded to me to deal with, I inform you as follows.

As stated in my earlier letters, as of December 31, 1967 it is formally no longer possible to award you the War Remembrance Cross.

However, due to the fact that you have rendered you services to the Netherlands Merchant Navy in the Second World War in an excellent way, to the fact that you could have been awarded the Cross if you had requested the award in due time and to the fact that you very much appreciate receiving the War Remembrance Cross, I have decided to make an exception in your case. I therefore have now requested the Chancellery of Netherlands Orders to send you the War Remembrance Cross as soon as possible. I hope you will understand the absence of a document wherein the War Remembrance Cross is formally awarded to you.

Yours truly,

The Head of the Department of
Social and Educational Affairs,
on his behalf,

Mr. R.J. de Bruijn

Postadres postbus 5817, 2280 HV Rijswijk
Bezoekadres Bordewijkstraat 4

Telefoon 070-3955555

Telefax 070-3996274

Telex 31040 dgsm nl

FURTHER INFORMATION REFERRING TO THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 41

"Award of Medals to all Veterans of the Normandy Campaign"

The following is a transcript of a "Beachhead VIP Interview" with the President of Normandy, Rene Garrec.

"Quote"
"What special events or ceremonies are being arranged in Normandy especially to honour the veterans of this great battle?"

"I must tell you that, above all, we are holding this 50th Anniversary Celebration on such a grand scale for them. We know what we owe to them: we remember well the thousands of young servicemen who came to die on our beaches in order to give freedom back to Europe. We want to show them our gratitude and our friendship.

That is why we have decided to create a medal for them which is to be presented to them by elected individuals during regularly scheduled ceremonies which we hope will be both well-balanced and moving. This is a symbolic gesture which we hope that they understand and accept. It is the least we can do for them".

The President went on to say "That the people of Normandy are preparing to honour those veterans during the 50th Anniversary Commemoration in 1994 The Regional Council of Normandy has arranged to have medals made to be awarded to veterans and their families in special ceremonies held throughout the period of commemoration".

oooooooooooo

THE "GUNN" PSALM

The Chief Engineer is my shepherd;
I shall always want.
He leadeth me beside the old engine;
He restoreth my urge to jump overboard.
He anointeth my head with red lead;
Till my temper boileth over.
His rod and his staff discomfort me.
Yea, though I walk through the alley of the shaft,
I shall oil no bearings,
For I have no oil with me.
Surely his wrath and his curses shall follow me
All the days of the voyage.
For he is the power and the wind and the noise forever. Amen.

(From the crew of the SS. J. GUNN,)

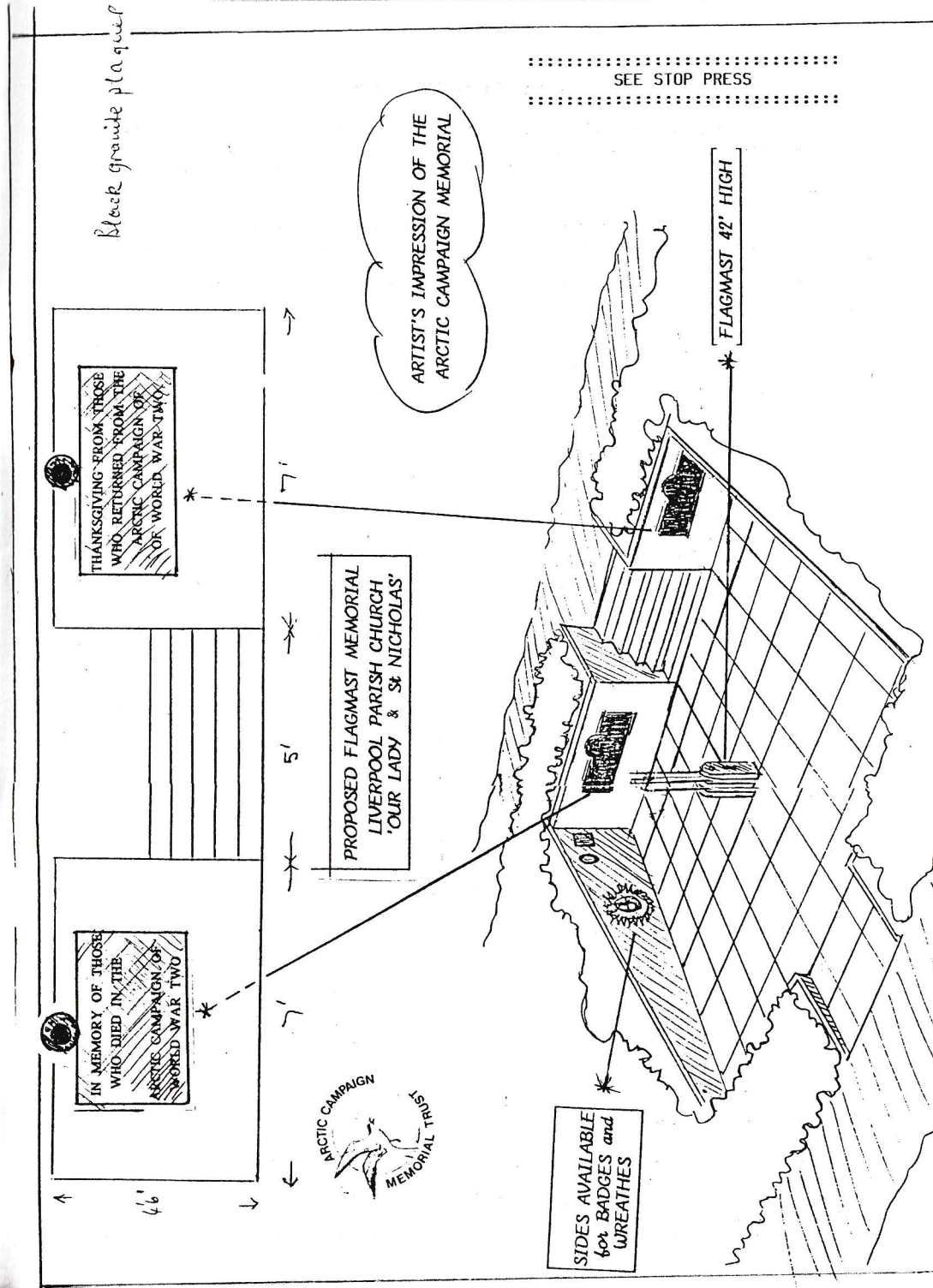
oooooooooooo

GOD PUT ME ON THIS EARTH TO ACCOMPLISH CERTAIN THINGS.

RIGHT NOW I AM SO FAR BEHIND, I WILL NEVER DIE.

oooooooooooo

EDITOR.



THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT - 1993

Those who organise and run the Royal Tournament are determined that, in spite of the challenge to their financial viability caused by the reduction in its' run from 18 to 12 days, the standards set in previous years will be maintained.

However, there is concern that the reduced income will make it hard to maintain the contribution made to Service Charities just at a time when the calls on those Charities are greater than ever. This is due to the help now needed by many of the Veterans of World War II who are today in their eighties and nineties.

In order to maintain, or indeed increase, this support, a CHARITY CHALLENGE DRAW is to be held.

The first prize will be £5,000.00, 10 prizes of £100.00 and 20 prizes of £50.00. Tickets are available from Peter Skinner (Hon.Sec.) at £1.00 each.

Those ordering tickets for the Royal Tournament (see page 7) can include their £1 in the same cheque, made payable to NORTH RUSSIA CLUB by 30 June. Draw will take place on Monday 19 July.

The winner will be offered the opportunity to accept the first prize from H.R.H. The Duke of York at the Royal Tournament on Friday 30 July.

P.A. SKINNER, THE ANCHORAGE, BURSCOTT, CLOVELLEY, BIDEFORD, DEVON EX39 5RR.

A NEW VIDEO DOCUMENTARY
(Featuring many North Russia Club Members)

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

To mark the fiftieth anniversary - a fitting tribute to those who fought the battle.

The best account of the U-boat war ever produced for the screen.

* The pictures of the war's toughest campaign - remarkable archive film, much of it never shown on television.

* The stories of those who fought the battle - dramatic accounts of Royal Navy, Merchant Navy and U-boat veterans.

* A special section on the Russian Convoys - the great battles of PQ17 and PQ18, the sinking of H.M.S. Trinidad, the fight to save survivors from the icy seas. Dramatic film and gripping stories by those who were there.

* The top U-boat ace - Otto Kretschmer describes the days of the U-boats' triumph and disaster.

* The great commanders - the men who served with Walker, Gretton, MacIntyre and others tell the stories of their epic convoy battles.

PRICE: £13.99.

POSTAGE & PACKING: £1.75.

EUROPE: £2.75.

REST OF THE WORLD: £3.75.

(Please specify if you require US/Canadian TV standard)

RUNNING TIME 90 MINUTES.

Available from: Luther Pendragon, 21 Whitefriars Street, London EC4Y 8JJ.

Cheques and Postal Orders made to "Pendragon Productions".

LIFE MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE

*This is to
certify that*

is a

Life Member

of the

North Russia Club

Membership No:.....

*having served
on Russian Convoys
during
World War II*

Membership Secretary

Patron NRC



ARE YOU A LIFE MEMBER ?

The certificate measures 8 1/4" x 5 1/2"
The logo and medal are printed in full colour.

WELCOME ABOARD

- 1658. MATHER John C. CAMELLIA
9 Torbreck Street, Bellahouston, Glasgow G52 1DR
- 1659. WILKINSON Richard W. COTTON
27 Conway Crescent, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset TA8 2SL
- 1660. DOWN William J.R. SNOWFLAKE
Donnsway, 274b Fancett Road, Southsea, Hants PO4 0LG.
- 1661. GRIFFIN William R.J. SALAMANDER
96 Upper Tennyson Road, Newport, Gwent NP9 8HR.
- 1662. SHUTE Richard E. SS WILLIAM WINDOM
1107 Egret Court, Forked River, New Jersey, USA 08731-5521.
- 1663. MORAN Jerome K. SS HOLYWOOD
3493 N.Country Club, Vista Circle, Tuscon, Arizona 85715 USA.
- 1664. WILSON Roy PREMIER
14 Stewards Rise, Arundel, Sussex BN18 9ER.
- 1665. GILROY George J. SAVAGE
6 Barnaby Terrace, Rochester, Kent ME1 2LL.
- 1666. WOOD Ronald P. AMAZON
22 Pennyfields, Felpham, Bognor Regis, Sussex PO22 6BH.
- 1667. RIGBY Philip Owen RAF 151 Wing Vaenga.
21 Linden Drive, Prenton, Birkenhead, Merseyside L43 3AY.
- 1668. BUSH Basil M. RAF NORTH RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN
4 Spring Court, Chapel Lane, Dunston, Lincs LN4 2EG.
- 1669. ROMANO D. SS PENELOPE BARKER
64 Martin Drive, Lincroft, New Jersey, USA 07738.
- 1670. OAKLEY David R KENT
Sunnyside, Dunstall Lane, Woodmill Yoxall, Burton-on-Trent,
Staffs. DE13 8PG.
- 1671. BEECH Donald SS FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
100 Cerasi Dr. A507, West Miflin, PA15122 USA
- 1672. BROWN Harold F. ESKIMO
65 Orchard Way, Bognor Regis, Sussex PO22 9HH.
- 1673. ANDERSON Iain B. MV BRITISH RESPECT
41 Oxcgangs Farm Drive, Edinburgh EH13 9PT.
- 1674. SALT Robert W. RENOWN
10 Eastwood Ave, Urmston, Manchester M31 1XG.
- 1675. HOWARD Edward E. SS MARYLYN
43 Albert Schweitzer Ave., Netherton, Merseyside L30 5SF.
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33 Springfield Crescent, West Bromwich, West Midlands B70 6LL.
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- 1678. BUTLER Richard G. MATCHLESS
6 John Eaton's Almshouses, Bunting Nook, Norton, Sheffield S8 8JU.
- 1679. OAKES Stanley E. HMCS PORT COLBOURNE
877-54th Avenue, Lachine, Quebec, Canada H8T 3A7.
- 1680. HOLNESS Ernest G. LIVERPOOL
117 Clements Road, Ramsgate, Kent CT12 6UE.
- 1681. WAMPLER Donald SS WEST NILUS
1363 N.Scenic Heights Road, Oak Harbor, Washington, USA 98277.
- 1682. FINLAYSON Alexander INCONSTANT/COTTON
10 Thompson Crescenr RR3, Orilla, Ontario, Canada L3V 6H3.

- 1683. MELTON Herman E. SS CORNELIUS HARNETT
Route 5, Box 5B, Chatham, Virginia 24531, USA.
- 1684. STEPHENS Hugh M. SS JOHN IRELAND
103 Huntington Road, Port Washington, N.Y.11050, USA.
- 1685. HUGHES Bertram A. BRITOMART
88 Winslade Road, Sidmouth, Devon EX10 9EZ.
- 1686. TAPPENDEN John W. MILNE
50 Melbourne Avenue, Ramsgate, Kent CT12 6LW.
- 1687. FOSTER E.J. RODNEY
18 Rivacre Road, Ellesmere Port, Wirral L66 1LG.
- 1688. WILLIAMS Nelson M. SS JOHN E WALKER
9 Haviland Road, Bloomfield, CT 06002 USA.
- 1689. THOMPSON William STARWORT
1 Minch Road, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 3QY.
- 1690. BAILEY Bernard H. ANSON
92 South Eastern Road, Ramsgate, Kent CT11 9QW.
- 1691. GREEN Richard T. SS DALDORCH
31 Blithbury Road, Dagenham, Essex RM9 4PX.
- 1692. EDWARDS John NABOB/FENCER
16 Agar House, Denmark Road, Kingston on Thames, Surrey KT1 2RZ.
- 1693. JONES Henry. COOKE
34 Highview Walk, Blackley, Manchester M9 2LS.
- 1694. SLADDEN Gilbert J. SUFFOLK
10 Hollington Crescent, New Malden, Surrey KT3 6RP.
- 1695. DRAYTON Keith. ANGUILLA
45 Ferrers Avenue, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7AB.
- 1696. CLARIDGE Thomas A. KENT
53a Granada Road, Southsea, Hants PO4 0QR.
- 1697. FORBES Roland. STARWORT
66 Broomfield, Guildford, Surrey GU2 6LJ.
- 1698. GENT Bernard S. ASHANTI
8 Salisbury Road, New Brighton, Wallesey, L45 9JJ.
- 1699. HEAD Harold E. R.A.F.
38 Cumberland Road, South Wigston, Leicester LE18 4XL.
- 1700. MUNROE John. NIGERIA
Flat 16, 2 Barnton Avenue West, Edinburgh EH4 6EB.
- 1701. JEWITT Dermot J.B. METEOR
Penton Lodge, Penton Lane, Crediton, Devon EX17 1ED.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- ELLIS A.W. 48 St Clements Court, Highfield Rd, Kettering, Northants NN15 6HW.
- PRITCHARD T.W. 12 George Warren Court, Charlotte Square, Margate, Kent CT9 1LD
- DAWSON W.D. 8 Lily Bridge, Northam, Bideford, Devon EX39 1TL.
- OWEN Leslie. 15 Fieldclose, Westbury, Wilts BA13 3AG.
- FOGG J.H. N/3079 Macaulay Road, RR#1, Black Creek, B.C., Canada.
- ROSE F.C. 4 Mitchell Close, Ryehill, Duston, Northampton, NN5 7RP.
- BEBBINGTON S. 11 William Murray Court, 2 Winder Drive, Manchester M4 6HU.
- UPTON T. 15 Whittle Drive, Malpas, Newport, Gwent NP9 6DX.

AMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

- Nº1370. Elfyn "F" Flight 813 Sqdn. CAMPANIA.
- Nº1570. RATCLIFFE R. Beechwood Drive (not Avenue)
- Nº1298. STAPLETON H.F. Delete H.M.S.SUSSEX.
- Nº1583. LANGLEY T. Add CAMPANIA and VINDEK.
- Nº 860. REED James A. 61 Charlton Street, Maidstone, Kent ME16 8LB.
- Nº 507. BENTON W.J.F. Address is Ridlands Lane not Ridleys Lane.
- Nº1478. SMITH Henry P. SS SCYTHIA not HMS Scythia.
- Nº1174. CAIRNS Alex. OCEAN PRIDE not RAPANGA.
- Nº166 GARRETT L; Nº660 ROUSEIL J; Nº1382 MOLES S. Felpham not Feltham.

Further to the apology and reference in the editorial we have received further correspondence on the complaint regarding the Avenger aircraft. We publish the concluding paragraph from this letter. (Quote): So far as the article is concerned I feel that all that is necessary is to point out that the RM Major who was alleged to be only temporary and who left under a cloud was in fact the appointed Cdr.,(F) who commissioned the ship and who did not leave until Jan 1945. Also that the flight of the Avenger was not made at the whim of this officer but was the last aircraft of the squadron to disembark, all the others having taken off successfully to comply with an operational order sent to the ship. Flights from aircraft carriers are not made of course at the whim of the Cdr.,(F) but on the orders of higher authority. As a rating, Mr Kirkland would not of course know anything about the procedures involved. (Unquote)

Alan Marsh.

Excerpt from a letter from "Down Under": I arrived at Bakharitza, the Port of Archangel, from PQ2 on 30 October 1941 and arrived back at Scapa on 8 Feb '44. This was certainly the longest Army posting in N. Russia. Do you know of any Army types in N.R.C. who were in Archangel or Bakharitza between 1941 and 1944?

Charles S. Mosley, 408/31 Sturt Street, Telopea, N.S.W. 2117.

.....
Omitted from Slop List: PLASTIC MEDAL HOLDERS @ £1.50 each.

.....
S.S."QUEEN OF BERMUDA" sailed from U.K. to the Far East around August/September 1945. Does anyone still have copies of the Newsletters that were printed daily onboard the ship en-voyage? If so, will they please contact:-
James Hinton, 7 Miz Maze, Leigh, Sherborne, Dorset DT9 6JJ.(Tel:0935 873346)

.....
LIVERPOOL PARISH CHURCH "ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL": DUE TO SEVERAL FACTORS BEYOND OUR CONTROL THE SCHEDULE HAS BEEN ALTERED. THE SITE WILL BE DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, DAVID SHEPHERD AND ARCHBISHOP WORLOCK, WITH OTHER CHURCH LEADERS, AT A SERVICE ON THURSDAY 27 MAY FOLLOWING THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION OF THE NEW MARITIME CHAPEL WITHIN THE CHURCH. THE MAST AND GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE WILL THEN BE COMMISSIONED AND CONSECRATED ON TRAFALGAR DAY, (THURSDAY 21 OCTOBER 1993).

THE MAST IS AT PRESENT BEING REFURBISHED AT A MERSEYSIDE SHIP REPAIR FIRM THROUGH THE SPONSORSHIP OF POST OFFICE COUNTERS PUBLIC RELATIONS (NORTH). FULL INFORMATION WILL BE PUBLISHED IN SEPTEMBER'S NORTHERN LIGHT.

.....
Anyone interested in a reunion in Southampton, please phone Mervyn Williams, his phone number is listed on page 2.

WESTERN APPROACHES HEADQUARTERS* More than 80 (eighty), North Russia Club members were treated to a pre-opening guided tour of the Underground Citadel, on Saturday and Sunday 1st & 2nd May by courtesy of the developers Walton Properties Ltd. Our thanks and appreciation are extended to them, with special thanks to Fred O'Brien and Jim Fox, who laid on this treat. The Citadel now has more than 80 unpaid, but very willing P.R. reps!!

.....
Both our President, Chris. B. Iye, and Chairman, Dick Squires, have been invited to presentations to meet Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip, during the Battle of the Atlantic Commemorations.

.....