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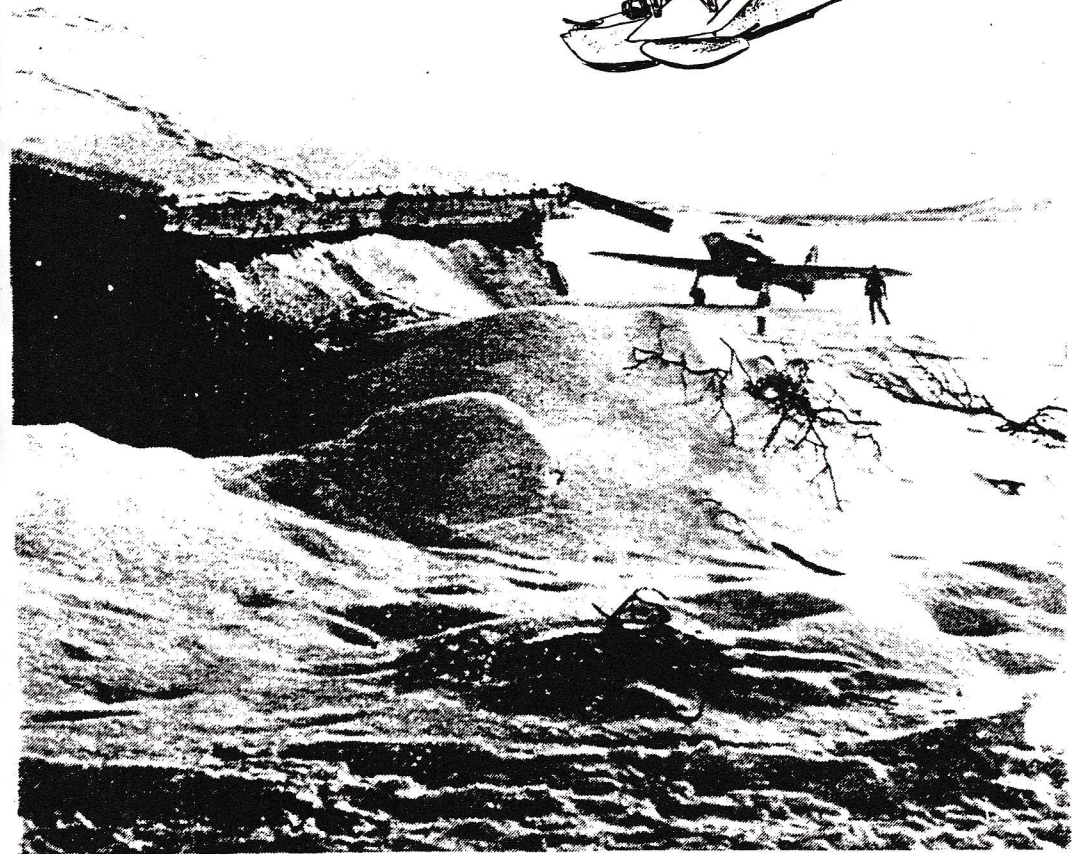
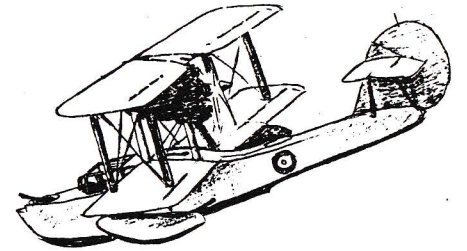
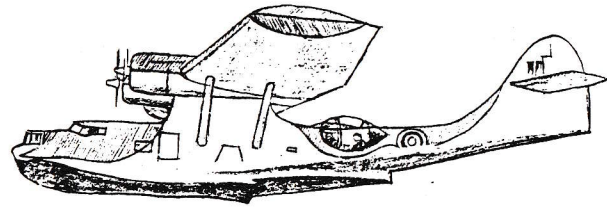
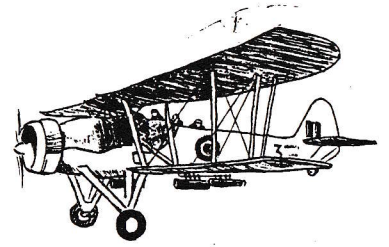
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ADMIRAL A.B. RICHARDSON CB., ROYAL NAVY

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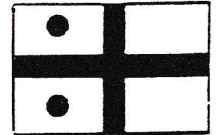
We are pleased to announce that Admiral Richardson has accepted our invitation to become our Patron. In his letter of acceptance, our patron said, "I would be hugely honoured to become your Patron and accept with the very greatest pleasure.

Since our epic visit to Murmansk and Archangel, I have made flag visits to Sevastopol in H.M.S. FEARLESS and to Baltiisk in Kaliningrad onboard H.M.S. BATTLEAXE. Add to this several calls and meetings with the Russian Main Naval Staff and a month or so living in a tiny flat in the centre of Moscow, I am beginning to get quite a good feel for the country. It seems a pity to waste it.

Thank you again for the privilege of being associated with the N.R.C. I very much look forward to keeping in touch with your activities and hope that an opportunity will soon arise when I can meet some of the membership.

Yours sincerely,

ADMIRAL RICHARDSON joined Dartmouth in 1960 as a Naval Scholar and was subsequently awarded the Queens Sword and Telescope. He served in HMS LEOPARD in the South Atlantic Station and then HMS DEVONSHIRE before being appointed in 1969 as Flag Lieutenant to Flag Officer Middle East in Aden. After a period as Executive Officer (XO) of a minehunter in the Far East he specialised in Communications subsequently joining HMS DANAE as Squadron Communications Officer. This appointment was followed by a period ashore in HMS MERCURY as Head of Electronic Warfare Training before returning to sea as XO of HMS MINERVA. In 1974 he joined the Naval Secretary's Department as Junior Seaman Officer's Appointer. Promoted to Commander in 1975 he Commanded HMS AMAZON for two years before returning to HMS MERCURY, this time in charge of Communications and Navigation Training on behalf of the School of Maritime Operations. Towards the end of this appointment he was promoted to Captain and commenced the eighteen month preparatory training for duties as Naval Attache Moscow. On return to the United Kingdom, after thirteen months in the post Captain RICHARDSON was attached temporarily to the Ministry of Defence before joining HMS AVENGER as Captain F4. Subsequently he commanded the NATO Standing Naval Force Atlantic in the rank of Commodore from April 1985 for a year. He then returned to the Ministry of Defence, first as Deputy Director of Naval Warfare and latterly as Director of Naval Staff Duties, an appointment which he relinquished in August 1989. Promoted to Rear Admiral on 6 September 1989, he joined temporarily the Staff of the Royal College of Defence Studies and led the 1989 RCDS tour to the Middle East, before becoming Flag Officer Sea Training in December 1989. He assumed the appointment of Flag Officer in September 1991, and was responsible for the Operational effectiveness of the RN destroyers and frigates. He is currently the CHIEF OF STAFF TO THE FLAG OFFICER SURFACE FLOTILLA, a new organisation that was formed on 5 April 1992 in Portsmouth and which amalgamated the staffs of the previous FOF3, FOF1 and elements of the staff of the Commander-in-Chief.



FROM PETER SKINNER, OUR HON. SECRETARY.

Having read our Patron's letter on the previous page, I am sure that you are delighted with the news, I can assure you that the club's officers are. Admiral Richardson will be known to many of you, when, in his capacity at the time, as Flag Officer Flotilla One, he accompanied us, and was to a large extent, responsible for the success of DERVISH '91. He is shortly to retire from the Navy, and is anxious to maintain his connections with Russia in civilian life. (A future Tour organiser perhaps!!) He is looking forward to meeting the membership at some of our functions, and has already 'pencilled in' one or two in the hope that he will be available.

Turning to our reunions - mini reunions - etc. - etc. you will have seen in the last edition and, also elsewhere in this, the list of events planned for you. If you have transport difficulties, please let me, or the organiser know, there may be someone near you who could help. For those living in Devon and Cornwall, you may by the time you read this have received some definite news of the result of the questionnaires you returned to me. If not, please pencil in Wednesday 17 March, for a lunchtime buffet in the Senior Rates Mess of HMS Drake. At the time of writing (mid Jan), I am just waiting for confirmation of the arrangements. I should soon be in possession of all the information necessary for the Royal Tournament/AGM/Brookwood weekend. In the meantime will you please let me know if you are interested in the Royal Tournament &/or Brookwood so that I will have some idea of numbers.

Finally, those who attended the Glasgow end of last year's "International" will, no doubt, remember Vice Admiral Sir Hugo White. I am sure that you will be pleased to learn that he has been promoted Admiral, and has become Commander-in-Chief, Fleet. On your behalf, I wrote to Admiral White offering our congratulations, and have received a reply asking me to pass on his appreciation to the Membership.

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FROM SID BATEMAN, OUR "JACK DUSTY"SLOPS & MEMORABILIA

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

Soviet 40th Anniversary Medal Miniature	@	£ 8.25	plus	£1.25	p + p.
Book "Convoys to Russia 1941-1945	@	£10.00	""	75	p + p.
N.R.C. leather /cork Coasters (Box 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	""	""	.

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

FROM THE EDITORI'M IN THE RATTLE

You've all heard it or seen it - "Captain's Requestmen and Defaulters muster on the Quarterdeck". Well, we've got the same routine in North Russia Club. It happened to me!

JAUNTY: "Squires, Sir. Editor of Northern Light. Did exceed the budgeted number of pages by twenty, Sir. Nearly 50% excess, Sir!"
 CAPTAIN: "What have you to say for yourself, editor?"
 EDITOR: "Well, Sir, not guilty, Sir. Those R.A.F. and F.A.A. members are to blame, Sir. They submitted so many stories and reports that I just went on typing, Sir!"
 CAPTAIN: "But didn't you consider the Treasurer's position? He's not made of money. Not only will your printing costs go up, but you have most probably exceeded the lower postal limit - that's more money for him to find".
 JAUNTY: "It's not the first offence of this kind, Sir!"
 EDITOR: "But I thought it would be alright, Sir. The subscriptions were raised at the last A.G.M. to help maintain the quality of our magazine. As editor, I feel that quality and quantity must be the same thing in this case"
 CAPTAIN: "I have a good mind to stop it out of your salary, but as that is non-existent, I will dismiss the case. But, dont let it happen again!"
 EDITOR: "No, Sir. Not until the next time!"
 JAUNTY: "On caps. Right turn. Double away".

The moral shipmates, is: Dont let me down, remember the new rates!!!

The next edition is again dedicated to the "Small Ships" - you did us proud a few years ago when we had the same theme. So, let's have plenty of Lamp Swinging and Wet Feet! I'm quite prepared to be in the Rattle again!!!

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

As the walrus is alleged to have said - the time has come to talk of many things, and the most important subject for me is the membership and membership fees.

First, I wish everybody a Healthy and Happy New Year - even if a Wealthy one seems a bit remote, at least for most of us!

I also extend a big thank you to all the members who, throughout each year, are kind enough to add a bit to their subscriptions and slops purchases. These donations are an enormous help with postal costs. and the Welfare Fund through which we are able to help our less fortunate comrades. This reflects the true spirit of comradeship - bless you all.

Since the inauguration of the club in 1984 we have "lost" 321 members. Of these 140 have Crossed the Bar, the rest have either resigned or just dropped out without explanation. Some of this latter group may well have CTB and we have not been notified. The latest membership number is 1654 so the present membership is 1346, including 14 honorary members.

REMINDER! March 1st is the date for renewal of subs (thank you, those who have already paid), and I would like to ask every member to make payment as promptly as possible and so avoid the cost of sending reminders to defaulters. Finally, I would remind you that we do not want to lose a member for the sake of the subscription, so if there is a difficulty please contact me IN STRICT CONFIDENCE,

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE £7. (Overseas £10). Life Membership £60.

Thank you all, Good Luck and a long association with our unique organisation.


 Membership Secretary.



BA93-BA93-BA93

MON.24 MAY to TUE.1 JUNE "BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC" COMMEMORATION CELEBRATIONS at MOLFRE, BIRKENHEAD, BOOTLE AND LIVERPOOL. Details as known at time of going to press:

MON.24TH. NEW "BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC" GALLERY in MERSEYSIDE MARITIME MUSEUM opens to the public at 1030.

TUE.25TH. WARSHIPS AND MERCHANT VESSELS from 16 participating nations assemble at Review Berths in Moelfre Bay, North Wales.

WED.26TH. "ATLANTIC HISTORIC CONFERENCE" to be opened by Admiral Sir Julian Oswald GCB, ADC, Conference details and bookings to Dr. Derek Law, The Librarian, Kings College, University of London, The Strand, London WC2 2LS.

WED.26TH. H.R.H. PRINCE PHILIP REVIEWS FLEET onboard BRITANNIA at 1430. Several vessels have been chartered to see the review. Enquiries to Warship World, Lodge Hill, Liskeard, PL14 4EL. (0579 343663) Chartered vessels sail from Menai Straits not Merseyside.

WED 26TH. PARTICIPATING SUBMARINES AND SMALL CRAFT lock in to Birkenhead Dock

THU.27TH. WARSHIPS AND MERCHANTMEN lock in to various berths in Liverpool, Bootle and Birkenhead. ARK ROYAL (if available) berths at moorings opposite Albert Dock. HMY BRITANNIA berths at Princes Landing Stage.

FRI.28TH. H.M.THE QUEEN visits MERSEYSIDE MARITIME MUSEUM to unveil the Commemorative Plaque at 1030. Then visits LIVERPOOL F.C.'s Anfield Ground on the occasion of the Club's Centenary and to unveil a plaque in remembrance of the Hillsborough Disaster. Followed by a visit to BOOTLE TOWN HALL to meet Captain Walker's Old Boys Association. In the evening Her Majesty hosts a Dinner on Britannia. BANDS OF THE ROYAL MARINES "BEAT THE RETREAT at Pier Head.

2200 Firework Display on River Mersey.

SAT.29TH. 0900 WREATH LAYING CEREMONY at BOOTLE WAR MEMORIAL.

1030 MARCH FROM LIVERPOOL PIER HEAD TO ST. GEORGE'S HALL. with contingents from all visiting ships and veterans. NRC has Applied for tickets for the March.

1330 FLY PAST OF WORLD WAR 2 AND MODERN AIRCRAFT.

1430 VISITING SHIPS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

1930 TATTOO PERFORMANCE BY MASSES BANDS at Goodison Park. N.R.C.

has made a Block Booking and paid for 100 seats in Section sponsored by PUSSERS RUM. Tickets are available from Dick Squires at £4.00 each - First Come, First Served!!

SUN.30TH. A.M. COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE AT LIVERPOOL ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL Attended by H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB HAS BEEN INVITED TO PARADE THEIR STANDARD DURING THE SERVICE. We have requested 100 seats in the Cathedral but do not expect to receive a full allocation. There will be an overflow service with large I.V. screens near the Cathedral. The Prince of Wales will take the Salute of the Massed Standards and Veterans following the Service.

MON.31ST and TUE. 1st JUNE Selected ships open to the public.

PLEASE NOTE: Items on the programme could be possibly changed at a later date by M.O.D. If you are attending please contact Dick Squires or dial the Hot Line 0891 88 1943.

SUN.28 FEB. MERSEYSIDE & NORTH WALES MEMBERS Lunchtime Social Buffet in CPO's Mess, HMS EAGLET, PRINCES DOCK, LIVERPOOL. 1100 to 1500. Contact: Dick Squires 28 Westbrook Road, Liverpool L25 2PX. (051 487 9567)

SAT, 6 MAR. BELLONA REUNION at VICTORY SERVICES CLUB, MARBLE ARCH, LONDON (NRC Members welcome). Contact: Arthur Willis, 83 Briar Road, Shepperton, Middlesex TW17 0JB.

WED.10 MAR. PRESIDENT'S REUNION SUPPER (Members only) at "TRAFALGAR ROOM, VICTORY SERVICES CLUB, MARBLE ARCH, LONDON. 1800 to 2400. Contact: C.B.Tye, President, 5 Begonia Avenue, Gillingham, Kent ME8 6YD. (0634 232884)

THU.11 MAR. SOUTH EAST MEMBERS SOCIAL MEETING at MOUNTBATTEN ROOM, ROYAL BRITISH LEGION, ST JOHNS ROAD, MARGATE, KENT at 1930. Contact: Dick Sharpe, 8 Southwood Road, Ramsgate, Kent CT11 0AA.

WED.17 MAR. DEVON & CORNWALL MEMBERS LUNCHTIME BUFFET SOCIAL at C.P.O's Mess H.M.S.DRAKE, DEVONPORT at noon. Contact: Peter Skinner, The Anchorage, Burscott, Higher Clovelley, Bideford, Devon EX39 5RR. (0237 431481).

WED.24 MAR. SOUTH WEST MEMBERS DINNER at Keyford Elms, Frome, Somerset at 1930 Contact E (Curly) Morris, 54 Green Lane, Frome, Somerset BA11 4JU.

SAT.27 MAR. NORTHERN DINNER DANCE at THE STRETTON HOTEL, NORTH PROMENADE, BLACKPOOL. (Special B & B rates available). Contact: Les Jones, 35 Neargates, Charnock Richard, Chorley, Lancs. (0257 791632).

SAT. 3 APR. OPENING OF THE WESTERN APPROACHES UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS at DERBY HOUSE, LIVERPOOL. Further details to be announced. Contact Dick Squires, or dial the BA93 "Hot Line". (0891 88 1943). (A private visit is being arranged for N.R.C. members)

SUN. 9 TO SUN. 16 MAY. CHANNEL ISLANDS HOLIDAY REUNION at WESTHILL HOTEL, ST. HELIER, JERSEY, C.I. Contact and booking form from: Bonnes Vacances, P.O.Box 324, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I. (0534 68885).

SAT.22 MAY. SOUTHERN REUNION BUFFET/SOCIAL at THE VICTORY CLUB, H.M.S.NELSON QUEEN STREET, PORTSMOUTH. Contact: Mervyn Williams, Olive Road, Coxford, Southampton SO1 6FT.

ANNUAL "LONDON WEEKEND"

FRI.23 JULY. ROYAL TOURNAMENT (THEME "VICTORY AT SEA") At Earls Court, London. We have a block booking for evening performance. Contact Peter Skinner.

SAT.24 JULY. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AT U.J.C. LONDON at 1400. Followed by a REUNION SUPPER DANCE to music of The Minchellas. Book with Chris Tye.

SUN.25 JULY. WREATH LAYING SERVICE AT THE RUSSIAN MEMORIAL, BROOKWOOD followed by Buffet Lunch at MESS, PIRBRIGHT CAMP. Book with Peter Skinner.

SAGA "VETERAN'S CRUISES" YOU WILL ALL (OR HAVE) RECEIVED DETAILS DIRECT FROM SAGA HOLIDAYS. THESE CRUISES ARE A COMMERCIAL EVENT INVOLVING THE CLUB IN NO EXPENSE. BUT, THE PROGRAMME IS BEING ARRANGED BY US IN CONJUNCTION WITH RCC. SAIL UP, FLY BACK - 13 AUGUST TO 24 AUGUST.(Harwich, Bergen, Narvik, Tromso, FLY UP, SAIL BACK - 24 AUGUST TO 3 SEPT. North Cape, Murmansk, Archangel.)

SAT.23 OCTOBER. NATIONAL ANNUAL DINNER DANCE at SWALLOW HOTEL, NORTHAMPTON. Names to Les Jones if you wish to receive booking form in due course.

(NOTE: BOOKINGS FOR ROYAL TOURNAMENT AND BROOKWOOD TO PETER SKINNER WITHOUT DELAY, PLEASE.)

"WINGS OVER THE ARCTIC"

The whole concept of featuring our R.A.F. and F.A.A. friends in this edition of Northern Light, arose from the following communication received from Arthur Platt and it is an ideal way to commence.

Editor.

R.A.F. IN RUSSIA

"IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS DERVISH"

By Arthur E Platt.

Western Military Aid was urgently required by Russia after her entry into WW2, having been overwhelmingly attacked by the German military forces. British fighter aircraft were considered the most imperative to start with.

At very short notice a Wing was designed during the last days of July and early days of August 1941. Similarly, a means of getting the Wing to Russia with it's aircraft and a purpose for it.

The Wing, number 151, comprising it's headquarters and two squadrons Nos 81 and 134, totalling some 550 personnel, assembled at an R.A.F. station in Yorkshire. A number of 12-gun Hurricane IIc aircraft were prepared for transport, other stores and equipment made ready.

To get the Wing to Russia had to be a sea-borne operation. Suitable shipping was arranged from several home ports with a final destination at an airfield near Murmansk, Vaenga, for the Wing with it's aircraft and personnel, stores, etc.

The purpose of the Wing was threefold. Firstly, to serve a short period of operational flying to demonstrate the Hurricane IIc as a fighter aircraft. Secondly, to teach and train a number of Russian pilots how to fly and operate them. Thirdly to teach and train Russian technicians how to assemble, maintain and service them.

A number of Hurricane aircraft were put aboard the aircraft carrier ARGUS with an assembly party of technicians to assemble them during the voyage. Pilots were aboard to fly them off at a predetermined time and point some 100 miles off Murmansk, to the airfield at Vaenga. A Dutch merchant ship had a number of Hurricanes in crates put aboard for assembly at a Russian airfield near Archangel, Keg Ostrov, then air tested and flown by their pilots to Vaenga, there being a refuelling station approximately half way at Afrikanda. Other merchant ships were loaded with other stores, equipment and a small advance party of Wing personnel. The main body of Wing personnel boarded LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE at Liverpool and set sail on August 12, 1941.

A convoy came together; Operation Dervish began, gathering firstly at Scapa and then on to Iceland before the main part of the voyage to Archangel where it arrived on August 31, 1941. A considerable number of R.N. ships, large and small escorted for varying periods, but two destroyers were to play a further part as also was ARGUS her part. Whether it was ever the original plan for the convoy to go to Archangel or direct to Murmansk I do not know. To get the Wing to Vaenga still left a very long way to go and a problem as to how, time was getting shorter and shipping had been spotted by enemy air reconnaissance. Winter weather set in early. Two small parties were flown to Vaenga for communications on 1 and 2 September. The Wing Commander and a party of some 200 personnel went by sea aboard the two destroyers ACTIVE and ELECTRA to Murmansk Sound; a 22 hour voyage arriving on 3 September. These personnel were mainly required at the airfield to meet the aircraft flying in from ARGUS on 7 September and prepare for operations starting on 11 September. Also to 'Set up Camp'. A further party set off by rail, taking several uncomfortable days. Another party crossed to Kandalashka by various Russian ships and then rail to Murmansk. A further assembly party went to Keg Ostrav to assemble the crated Hurricanes who later were flown to Vaenga. Having seen the aircraft they had assembled take off for Vaenga, the Wing was now fully operational and

very much in action at Vaenga. Operations Dervish and Strength completed!!

Whilst not a particularly eventful voyage and journey to the airfield. it was not without it's highlights and events, some good and some not so good and unpleasant.

Perhaps we can learn something of individual and interesting experiences. Maybe too, something about 151 Wing in Russia and a final chapter - how the Wing personnel came back to U.K. with Convoy QP3 in November/December, after completing it's mission at Vaenga.

There were other R.A.F. units that went out to Russia later, maybe we can learn something of these and their experiences from members who were there!

Nº.1006. A.E.Platt
B.Flight 134 Sqdn.
LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE
ACTIVE/KENYA.



ENTRANCE TO VAENGA (GRASNAVAR) CEMETERY

WITH MONUMENT TO "NORTHERN SOLDIERS OF THE SKY"

EXCERPTS FROM

"R.A.F. FLYING REVIEW"

Vol. XVI, No. 7

SQUADRON ASSEMBLED

The original intention was merely to supply the aircraft to Russia, but it was soon realised that a fully-staffed mission must go with the Hurricanes to introduce them into Russian service. Accordingly, No 151 Wing, consisting of two new squadrons, Nos. 81 and 134, was assembled at Leconfield, Yorks, and by the end of July, 1941, had reached its planned strength of 550 men.

Men and machines sailed from Liverpool on August 12th: twenty-four Hurricanes were loaded intact aboard the carrier HMS ARGUS, and the remaining fifteen aircraft were crated and put in the holds of the merchant liner, LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, travelling in convoy. On September 7th, when within flying distance of the Soviet mainland, the 24 Hurricanes were flown off the ARGUS by their pilots and touched down at Vaenga airfield, some 17 miles outside Murmansk. The take-off was not without incident, for two of the Hurricanes hit the ramp at the end of ARGUS's flight-deck and damaged their undercarriages. Although they managed to get airborne, that piloted by Flt. Lt. V.W. Berg made a crash-landing at Vaenga, while Sgt. B.J. Campbell's aircraft collapsed on landing and nose-dived into the ground.

For the merchant convoy, too, it was a story of difficulties. German activity prevented the convoy getting into Murmansk and the ships were rerouted to Archangel, some four hundred miles further east.

Meanwhile the aircraft from ARGUS were already installed at Vaenga and were in operation. On September 11th, five patrols were carried out by Hurricanes of Nos 81 and 134 Squadrons, with "nil combats, nil casualties"

WHEN THE
RAF.
FLEW WITH THE
REDS
*"Good comrades in arms
 —and good friends"*
 By **PETER WILLIAMS**

being reported. But the following day there was a good deal more to say. Although the Hurricanes were as yet fitted with only six of their eight guns, they scored three enemy aircraft destroyed, one probable and one damaged - for the loss of one of our own aircraft destroyed and one pilot killed. The battle had been joined in earnest.

For Pilot Officer James E. Walker, of 81 Squadron, it was the first enemy aircraft he had seen at close range. Flying with Flt. Sgt. C. Haw as his section leader, and with Sgt. Plt. N.I. Smith and Sgt. Plt. Rigby making up the quintet, they sighted five enemy Me109s escorting a Hs126 at about 3,500 feet over the enemy lines to the west of Murmansk. The enemy aircraft were approaching from ahead and slightly to the left, and as Haw and Walker swung into the

attack, the enemy turned slowly to the right. Haw latched on to the leading Messerschmitt and caught him a full 10-second burst from the full beam position as he turned. Walker, who was lower, saw the aircraft burst into flames and head straight for the ground, then he went up aloft in time to catch another 109 on Haw's tail. He headed in and gave the enemy a couple of bursts of a few seconds each; the 109 broke away and fell towards the ground, belching out smoke. Then he burst into flames and crashed.

Burst from Fifty Feet

Meanwhile, Waud had found himself in a favourable position to attack the Henschel. He gave it a short burst from the beam and it turned away steeply westward. Waud followed overtaking rapidly, and fired a burst from fifty feet range. As the Hurricane passed over the top of the enemy, Rigby nearby saw both aircraft enveloped in white smoke. Then he saw the Hurricane come out unscathed, but neither he nor any of the other British pilots saw what happened to the Henschel because they were all now being attacked by 109s and had to take violent evasive action. Smith was engaged in mortal combat with one enemy fighter practically at ground level, and they circled round chasing each other's tails. Waud dived down to the rescue and delivered a rear-quarter attack, followed by an attack from the port quarter. Closing to fifty feet, he gave the enemy a final burst and saw as he roared over the top, the 109 crashing in flames.

But he was too late to save Smith, who had evidently been hit by cannon-fire from the Messerschmitt shortly before. He was the first - and the last - R.A.F. fighter pilot to be killed by the enemy on the Russian front.

At Vaenga

The airfield itself, set on a sandy plateau and ringed round with a plantation of silver birch trees, was large and reasonably satisfactory. In wet weather, however, the surface (of

rolled sand) became rutted with pot-holes was dangerous in the extreme. To minimise the pilot's difficulties in take-off in such conditions, it soon became the accepted practice for two airmen to hang on to the tail of each aircraft while the pilot taxied across the drome. This, on September 27th, resulted in a fatal accident unique in R.A.F. annals.

German aircraft were making a photographic reconnaissance over the airfield, and every available aircraft was ordered to scramble. Flt. Lt. Berg, in the excitement of getting his Hurricane into the air, took off with the two men still hanging on to the tail. The aircraft crashed to the ground from fifty feet, both men were killed instantly and Berg himself was seriously injured.

Attack!

On September 17th, No.81 Squadron was in the thick of the fighting again. Eight Hurricanes, led by the C.O., Squadron Leader A.H. Rook (an imposing figure, some 6 feet 4 inches tall) were ordered up to cover the withdrawal of Russian bombers over Balncha, north-west of Murmansk. As the Squadron flew in, two Me 109Es dived over and passed in front. Rook attacked the leader while Flt. Sgt. C. Haw took on the No.2. Rook delivered a quarter-astern attack at 150 yards and with a two-seconds burst hit the radiators of the 109. Glycol poured out and covered Rook's windscreen, but in spite of this he continued the chase until his ammunition ran out. Then Sgt. P.N. Sims, who had followed in the background, took up the attack from the starboard quarter and after a few short bursts, was able to observe the Messerschmitt burst into flames, roll over on its back and crash to the ground beside a small lake.

Haw was having more difficulty with the second Me 109. He made a

stern attack from about 200 yards range, firing a three-second burst, but without visible effect. Then the 109 turned to the right across Haw's path, and Haw was able to get in another three-second burst from about 150 yards. This time things began to happen. Smoke started pouring from the 109 and then the cockpit roof was jettisoned and the aircraft rolled on to its back and went into a vertical dive. The enemy pilot baled out and was captured by the Russian Observer Corps on the ground.

Meanwhile, Plt. Off. B.M. had spotted six more ME 109s diving from above and behind and he turned sharply to engage the outside aircraft which was nearest to him.

"A dog fight ensued," he reported later, "in which I was able to out-turn the enemy aircraft and deliver a two-second burst from the starboard quarter. Thick black smoke came from the enemy as it dived to earth. I got in another short burst and it burst into flames and crashed into a hill."

In accordance with with pre-arranged plans, Sgt. P. Jansen, leader of Green Section, had climbed above the melee and was holding a watching brief. Then, seeing a 109 harrying a Hurricane some five thousand feet below, he dived into the attack and was able to draw the enemy's fire. Jansen made a port quarter attack, developing to astern, and fired five bursts from about 150 yards. At the end of this, he had the satisfaction of seeing a fire develop under the Messerschmitt's engine and the hood and several pieces of the aircraft flying off. The 109 crashed in flames beside a lake.

Jansen now turned and saw another fight to starboard. He weaved in to the attack, but found himself caught up with four Russian fighters which, had now joined in. Deciding that there was no point in being shot down by well-meaning but erratic Russian pilots, he returned to base. The score was four Me 109s destroyed for no loss of R.A.F. aircraft.

The Weather

The weather now began to be the major factor in all operations. The first snow of the winter fell on September 22nd, and there was a lot of it. General Kuznetsov had planned to make his first flight in a Hurricane that day, but the weather made it impossible for the next week. Even then, flying conditions were so bad that the R.A.F. instructors feared they would never have the opportunity of training the Russians before the spring. But the Russian pilots were more phlegmatic. Reports Sqdn. Ldr. A.G. Miller, C.O. of No 134 Squadron: "They would turn up and demand training in the most appalling weather. I remember one pilot doing his first solo flight in a snow-storm that would have shaken any of us. It took him three shots to get down, and each time that he went round again he disappeared completely from sight. I never expected to see him again, but he made it."



Flight Lieutenant Ross
Trained the Russian pilots

Brilliant Action

Perhaps the most brilliant action on the part of the R.A.F. Wing took place on the afternoon of September 26th. No.81 Squadron escorted Soviet bombers on a raid on the Petsamo district: six Hurricanes to every four bombers. "B" Flight was jumped by six 109Fs and not only managed to evade them but also to shoot down three of the enemy. After an action which lasted over an hour, the Hurricanes landed at Vaenga without a single bullet hole in any machine.

Hendon Pageant Day!

Hurricane pilots were impressed by the performance of the Russian bombers and sometimes reported difficulty in keeping up with them. Three days after the Petsamo raid, Russian and British pilots indulged in some friendly rivalry on the way back from a raid. Reported one of the Hurricane pilots: "We thought that we would show them some of our formation flying. Their bombers were flying back in fairly wide formation, so a couple of our Hurricanes closed in on each of them and began flying absolutely wing-tip to wing-tip with them. The Soviet pilots saw that something was up, so they thought they would show us a bit of their formation flying. So all their bombers closed in on one another and there were the whole lot of 'us tucked in flight together in the sort of wizard formation flying you used to get in the old Hendon pageant days."

Absent without Leave

Not only was bomber-fighter co-operation superb, but at least one R.A.F. "type" actually flew in a Russian bomber on a raid. He was an assistant carpenter who had previously been a gunner on Whitleys. Fed up with being grounded, he drifted off one day to the Russian squadron on the airfield and asked for a ride. The Russians were delighted and promptly detailed him for a raid over the enemy lines, flying as air-gunner. On his return to the Wing, he was hauled before the C.O. for being absent without authority - but no punishment is recorded.

Scramble

After a period of appalling weather, October 6th dawned bright and cold, with high clouds and good visibility. The Germans took good advantage of the break and sent in a force of 14 bombers and six fighters to raid Veanga airfield. The Squadron scrambled as quickly as possible, but not all of them got off before the bombs rained down. "Scotty" Edmiston had the unnerving experience of a bomb bursting in front of his Hurricane as he was in the act of taking off. His engine stopped, and he clambered out on to the wing of his machine, only to be immediately blown off it by the blast of another bomb. He was flat on his face in a mud puddle.

Meanwhile Flt. Lt. Michael Rook (cousin of Squadron Leader Rook) was in the air, flying with what he took to be other machines of his squadron. In point of fact, he was forming idly round the sky with six Me 109s! He was apparently quite happy about this and wagged his wings in friendly greeting - until both he and the Messerschmitts realised the mistake at the same time. The leading 109 at once bore down on him, and Rook gave him a squirt from his twelve guns, blowing the enemy completely to pieces. Then Rook flew for his life. The five remaining 109s were hot on his tail and chased him down to mast-level over a destroyer lying in Murmansk Sound. It was one of the stiffest combats Rook had ever experienced, but he eventually shook them off. Later, his eyes twinkling, and his black up-twirling moustache bristling, Rook said guardedly; "The Germans must have thought me either bloody brave or bloody foolish!"

Take over.

On October 15th, Soviet pilots took over the Hurricanes for the first time and carried out six sorties. By October 22nd, all the Hurricanes had been handed over to the Russians and the activities of the R.A.F. Wing officially ceased. During their five weeks in action they had shot down 16 German air-

craft, probably destroyed four more and damaged seven - all for the loss of one machine.

An embarrassment for the R.A.F. was a cheque for 16,000 roubles (then worth about £200) presented to Isherwood by the Russian Air Force who intimated that Soviet airmen received one thousand roubles for each enemy aircraft they had shot down. Clearly R.A.F. officers could not accept such payment, but equally clearly their hosts would be offended by a refusal. Isherwood decided to hand over the money to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

When No. 151 Wing left Murmansk in a variety of vessels on November 29th, they were given a moving farewell by the Russian Air Force. Two Hurricanes,

flown by Major-General Kuznetsov and Kapitan Safonov, flew low over the fleet and dipped their wings in salute.

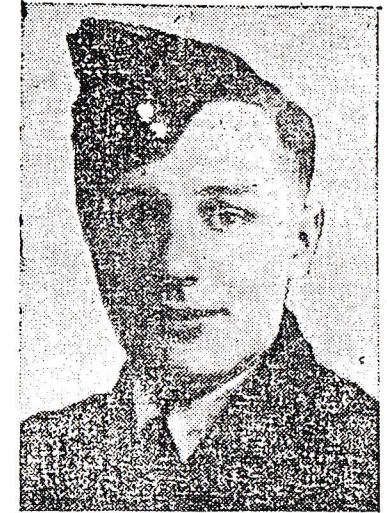
The feelings of admiration and regret at departure was mutual. Said the C.O. of No.134 Squadron: "All in all, the Russians had one great asset: they had guts." And a Russian bomber leader, referring to British fighters, said, "With such an escort, we go straight for our target, as we know we are perfectly safe."

At any rate, it is a proud fact that no Soviet bomber was ever lost while being escorted by the Royal Air Force.



Safonova Air Museum, showing photographs of 151 Wing R.A.F. The glass-topped table was presented to the museum by H. M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

First R.A.F. Casualty in Russia Young Horsforth Pilot



Sgt. Pilot N. Holt Smith

ON inquiry at the Air Ministry yesterday, it was confirmed that Sergeant Norman Holt Smith, of Victoria Walk, Horsforth, was the pilot whose loss was recorded in the first communiqué on R.A.F. operations in Russia.

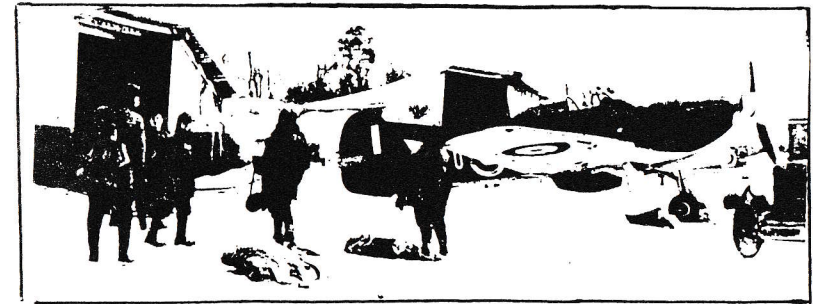
Sergeant Smith was 20, and before joining the R.A.F. in the first week of the war was employed as a clerk in the accountancy department of Leeds University. He won a scholarship for Leeds Boys' Modern School while attending Featherbank Council School, Horsforth.

His father, Mr. Joseph Holt Smith, who is a teacher at Beeston Council School, said last night that he had been notified that his son "lost his life in air operations."

"He always said that he would join the R.A.F. if war was declared," Mr. Smith continued, "and he did so when only just of age. He became a sergeant-pilot about a year ago and had taken part in five sweeps over France, piloting a Hurricane. He was very keen on flying."

Mr. Smith said he last saw his son during August Bank Holiday week, when he was on leave.

Sergeant Smith took a keen interest in sport, and was a member of the Youth Fellowship, and the dramatic society of St. Margaret's, Horsforth. His brother, who is 29, is a wireless operator in the R.A.F., which he joined about 18 months ago, and is stationed in the Middle East.



HURRICANE AT VAENGA 1941

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Reference:-

AIR 8/840

XC 12381

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THIS DAY

PRIME MINISTER'S
10, Downing Street,
PERSONAL ^{Mr. Churchill} MINUTE

SERIAL No. M. 918/1

C.A.S.

I asked a week ago for a report on the sorties made from Murmansk by our two Squadrons. We have ^{hardly} ~~not~~ heard a word of their activities.

hru
22.9.41

CHURCHILL ASKS FOR NEWS!

and opposite

CHIEF OF AIR STAFF'S REPLY

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Reference:-

AIR 8/840

XC 12381

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5526

FILE SECRET.PRIME MINISTER.

Your Minute M. 918/1 dated 22nd September. You directed last week that you were to be provided with daily news of R.A.F. operations at Murmansk and you were accordingly placed on the distribution list of the Daily Operational Summary from 151 Wing, Murmansk with effect from 18th September. This meant that you would receive a Daily Summary for the 17th September and every subsequent day. After that we heard no more until 20th September, when we received Summaries for three consecutive days. Since then they have arrived regularly. The failure was probably due to the electrical disturbances which were widespread last week.

Bad weather has restricted flying recently and analysis of the last five Daily Summaries show 6 patrols flown, 4 H.M. 109's destroyed and none of our aircraft lost.

SGD. G. PONTAN

C.A.S.

22.9.41.

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1942

R.A.F. PILOTS HELPED TO SAVE MURMANSK

WING RETURNS FROM RUSSIA

It was revealed yesterday that the R.A.F. fighter wing which took part in the early fighting on the North Russian front is home again after a successful mission.

The wing, which comprised two squadrons of Hurricanes, had two purposes to fulfil. The first was to assist the Russians to stem the German drive towards Murmansk. The second was to demonstrate their Hurricanes to the Russians so that they could fly this type themselves.

The wing included officers and men from Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The British aerodrome, which was shared by Russian bomber pilots, was many miles inside the Arctic Circle.

An important part of the wing's duties was to escort Russian bombers, which carried out numerous raids under its protection.

One of the British pilots who speaks fluent Russian gave a striking account of the wing's stay in Russia. "It was always intended," he said, "that the British wing should go only on a short expedition to train Soviet pilots and ground crews to fly and maintain Hurricanes."

NOT ONE BOMBER LOST

The British pilots, on their return, were able to say that not one Russian bomber was lost in these raids. They repeated this tribute from Russian bomber crews to their escorts: "When the Hurricanes are above us we need never look up."

"We took out with us the latest type of 12-gun Hurricane."

The General in charge of the Russian Fleet Air Arm in the North was the first to take a Hurricane up.

On the other hand, 15 German planes were shot down by the British pilots for the loss of only one Hurricane.

"Once we had taught a few of the Russian pilots to fly, they in turn became instructors to their countrymen, and in a surprisingly short time they were most efficient."

The wing was commanded by Wing Cmdr. H. N. G. Ramsbottom-Isherwood, a 37-year-old New Zealander. The two squadron leaders were A. H. Rook, 30, of Nottingham, and A. G. Miller, 30, of Calcutta. Each has been awarded the D.F.C. for his services in Russia.

"Meanwhile our ground experts were teaching their opposite numbers about engine maintenance, radio equipment and so on. At least one of the Russian engineers obtained 98 out of 100 marks at an examination on the maintenance of the type of Merlin engine fitted to these Hurricanes."

RUSSIAN HONOURS

In addition, before they left Russia each received the Order of Lenin, a high Soviet decoration, for "exemplary execution of fighting orders and for valour and struggle."

A HAPPY START

"Almost the very day the wing became operational in Russia our pilots destroyed three Huns and probably destroyed another."

These were the first decorations awarded by our Russian allies to members of the British Forces during this war. A fourth Order of Lenin went to Sergt.-Pilot G. Row,

"A few days later—the next day of good flying weather—we had more victories, and when the Russians saw we were there to kill Germans as well as to pass on our knowledge of the Hurricane, nothing was too much for

R.A.F. Form 96A. S.575A. (Naval).

MESSAGE FORM

Office Serial No.

Call IN	[Handwritten: 151 Wing]	No. of Groups	Office Date Stamp
and :-		GR	[Handwritten: 15 to CAS]
Preface OUT			

(Above this line is for Signals use only.)

TO* NO. 151 WING.

FROM* AIR MINISTRY.	Originator's Number	Date	Your/My	Number and Date
(Write horizontally)	188	28/10		
PRIVATE AND PERSONAL FOR WING COMMANDER RAMSBOTTOM-ISHERWOOD				5
FROM C.A.S. BEGINS.				10
I MUCH REGRET THE DELAY THAT HAS OCCURRED IN GIVING A DECISION				15
ABOUT DISPOSAL OF 151 WING. WE FULLY REALISE THE DULLNESS AND				20
DISCOMFORT IN WHICH YOU MUST ALL BE LIVING NOW THAT YOU HAVE				25
COMPLETED HANDING OVER AIRCRAFT TO RUSSIANS AND THE ANXIETY THAT				30
YOU MUST BE FEELING PERSONALLY ABOUT WELFARE OF PERSONNEL UNDER				35
YOUR COMMAND. DELAY IS BEING CAUSED BY NECESSITY FOR AVOIDING				40
ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT BE MISINTERPRETED BY RUSSIANS EITHER LOCALLY				45
OR AT CENTRE OF GOVERNMENT. YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT WE ARE				50
DOING OUR VERY BEST TO OBTAIN A DECISION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.				55
				60

This message must be sent AS WRITTEN and may be sent by W/T. Signature		This message must be sent IN CYPHER and may be sent by W/T. Signature		Originator's Instructions* Degree of Priority*		TIME OF ORIGIN.	
[Handwritten: not sent by W/T]		[Handwritten: not sent by W/T]		[Handwritten: Immediate]		[Handwritten: 1510]	
* Originator to insert "NOT" if message is not to go by W/T over any particular route. (Below this line is for Signals use only.)							
System In	Time In	Reader	Sender	System out	Time out	Reader	Sender

* The Signal Department is responsible that these details are transposed to the appropriate portion of the message form and that all possibility of compromising distinguishing signals, etc., by omitting to remove their significance from the address, etc., is avoided. Before delivery of the message these details are to be re-inserted in P/L. (50294) Wt. 40170/3011 238,000 pairs 1/10 11w. T.9648

them to do for us.

"Our boys sometimes did four bomber escorts in a day. Sept. 26 was a typical day. Two flights of one of our squadrons took off with fast Soviet dive-bombers and a flight of heavy bombers.

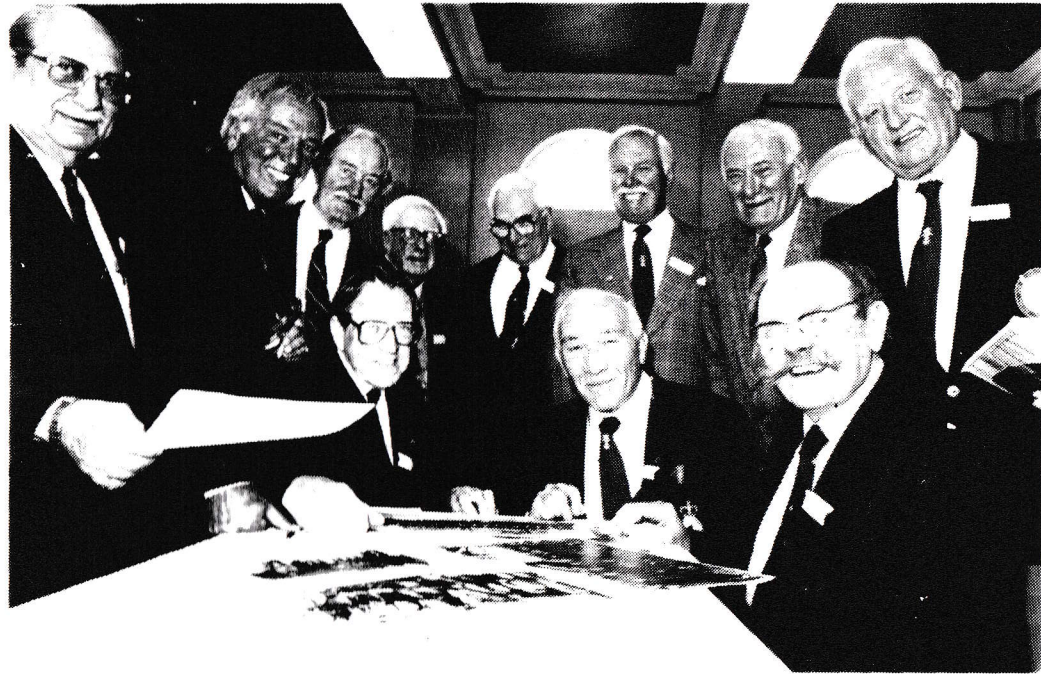
"One flight of our squadron was jumped on by six Me. 109s. The Hurricanes turned on the Huns, and picking out their targets, sent three Messerschmitts into the ground.

"Our aircraft had not even a single bullet-hole in them, and the Soviet bombers were able to do their job unmolested. The Russian General telephoned his thanks."

Before leaving Russia the wing handed over all its planes and equipment to the Red Air Force, which has since received delivery of many more Hurricanes.



Squadron Leader A. H. Rook, D.F.C.



151 WING Old times remembered 10 September 1992

Standing left to right: Jack Grossman, Peter Fearn, Eric Carter, Stan Smith, Reg Osbourne, Owen Leles, Freddie Crewe, Vic Bashford. Seated left to right: Ken Meeson, Steve Leeke and Charlton Wag Haw.

A "HORSEY" STORY!

By John Cobb (ex-RAF Vaenga & Combined Ops.Archangel.)

1942 in Archangel saw the remains of battered convoys finally arriving down the Dvina river to the apparent safety of the harbour.

But they hadn't reckoned with the disappointment of the Luftwaffe at not having finished them off before they got there.

Based at 'dromes over the Finnish border - not too far distant - they decided to put matters right by launching a series of hit and run raids on the port.

Having strafed the ships they decided on a strategy of burning down the town. As Archangel buildings were 90% wood it was comparatively easy. First, they dropped incendiaries, then, when things were really alight, spread the fires by random bombing.

The fire brigade turned out, but more water came from leaks in the hoses than out of the right end. There was no pressure and the elderly crew decided to beat a hasty retreat.

Karl Marx House on the river front where we - R.A.F., R.N. and Army Communications staff lived was targeted with a shower of incendiaries. We kicked them off the roof and put out several small fires. Others sought shelter under piles of logs on the beach, but when these were also set alight there was a hasty evacuation. After the raid and while we were discussing the night's events a loose horse was spotted running in panic up the road. A party of us caught it and found that it had been badly injured by shrapnel.

We decided to put it out of its misery. A service revolver was produced - it was shot through the head and dropped like a stone.

Next morning at breakfast the sound of hooves brought us to the window and there was our horse back on its feet. Our prowess at fire fighting had not been bad, but in the role of executioners we had obviously been found more than wanting.

A phone call to the militia and dobbin was transported away to a swifter end than we had been able to give him.

THE LAST SIGNAL - THE LAST MAN TO LEAVE!

By J.H.Chandler (Nº151 Wing R.A.F.)

In the September issue on Page 21 you ask, "Where are they now"? Well! The second from the left on the front row is writing to you now.

The F/L Fisher, our S.O. was killed in the North Africa landings. The sergeant on the extreme right of the front row was a Jack Stevens, my sergeant, who was H.O. and came from Kirkaldy - I often wonder what happened to him.

My main purpose in penning this is, I was the last airman of 151 Wing to leave Vaenga, as I had to send the closing down signal to A.O.C. before being ferried to the cruiser awaiting me to get under weigh. It was an ordeal I would not wish on anyone. In full marching order and two kit bags climbing up a rope ladder and on the move as the skipper was in a hurry.

Now, I was always under the impression that it was BELFAST, but no where in our admirable little magazine have I seen her mentioned. Many of our members must remember that voyage.....perhaps someone out there remembers the F/Sgt they befriended in the P.O's Flat!

(Editor's note): Books, including "Convoys to Russia 1941-1945" states that the R.A.F. personnel returned in cruisers BERWICK and KENYA and destroyers ONSLOW, OFFA and INTREPID between 1 and 7 December 1941. The earliest mention of BELFAST is circa. February 1943 and Convoy JW53.

A DERVISH PARTY.

The occasion was at one of the "DERVISH '91" Celebrations that year. I spent a little time at this table with four of the bravest men it has been my privilege to meet. Each one of these men is a HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION, They were pilots of Hurricanes originally attached to 151 Wing. Between them they claimed to have destroyed dozens of German aircraft, some of them had been shot down several times themselves.

On the left of the picture is sitting the chap who did the interpreting.



Although Russian, they seemed to have the same attitude as our own R.A.F. lads and unless you knew differently you could easily think they were R.A.F. types. After a very pleasant and happy time with them, I agreed to speak about them to their British colleagues in Britain. I was invited to Hendon R.A.F. Museum a few days later and a meeting took place with R.A.F./N.R.C. members. Many contacts were made and I was able to link the Russian Veteran pilots with their U.K. colleagues of 50 years ago. Wonderful things like this don't just happen. Many hours and months of work and much effort have to be put in to bring together former Shipmates, Allies and Russian Comrades in Arms, which brings about understanding between people of totally different races. Dick Squires M.B.E. must take much credit for this.

OUR MONUMENTS OF GRANITE AND GLASS may last a thousand years. Meetings like these between ordinary people, these 'LIVING MEMORIALS', last forever and I believe can be the only way to lasting peace. A great legacy to leave for our coming generations. A.C.M.T., by operating Schools Exchanges, is in a small way, doing just this on your behalf by using your donations.

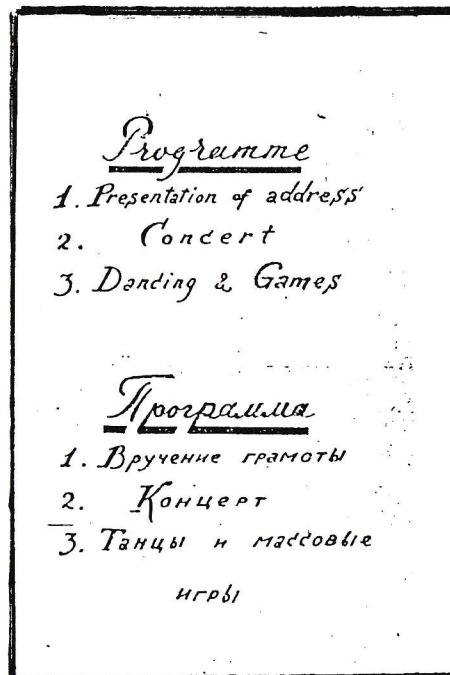
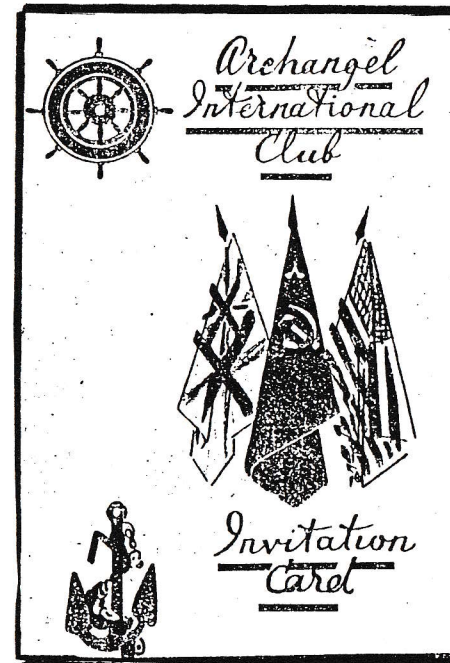
Ronald J. Wren.

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.

NOT "ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"

This copy of an invitation recalls the time that some officers and P.Os of the A.A. ship ULSTER QUEEN came up to our mess at Karl Marx House in Archangel. I think it was their N°1 who gave us a complete rendering of "Eskimo Nell"!!!! What an evening we had.

Bill Lowes, 151 Wing R.A.F.



The Archangel
International Club
requests the pleasure
of your company
at the party
given in honour
of the stay of *H.M. Ship* *Ulster Queen*
commanded by Captain
C. K. Adam
on the *15th* of November at 7 o'clock
Club Board

EDITOR'S APPEAL

Does anyone know all the words of "Eskimo Nell"???

I could manage the words of "Zulu Warrior"!!! But not those of the infamous "Ice Maiden"!!!!

Now, those who stayed behind

A SOJOURN WITH THE R A F IN THE USSR
By W Lowes N°1386

GETTING THERE

151 Wing assembled at Leconfield during the first few days of August 41 and than sent on two days embarkation leave. When we got back we only had about three days to get organised before we were due to leave for places unknown but rumoured.

The Advance Party of which I was one of the two dozen was given an early departure about 5 a.m. by bus to Swansea. Here the party leader F/Lieut. M. Rooke, Sgt. Hill (M.T. Section) and myself Cpl. Lowes (Signals) were called to the Docks Office where we met the Captain and First Officer of the Dutch East Indies freighter ALCHIBA who gave us the stowage particulars of the W/T vehicles and our accommodation. It was then that we found out our probable destination. The officer had been urgently recalled from leave and he was the only one with knowledge of the N.Russian ports and with a cargo of boots, crated Hurricanes and all spare deck space covered in tea chest blocks of rubber, pointed to one destination although this was not confirmed until we were on our way to Scapa. The convoy was formed up with LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE and other ships and the weather was good, the crossing to Reykjavik on a sea like a mill pond and seeing schools of whales was a tourist's dream. At Reykjavik our crew spent most of their spare time fishing from the stern, so we had some nice fresh fish to eat. To keep the lads occupied it was decided to form stand-by gun crews for the two Lewis guns on either end of the bridge, the gun on the stern platform (possibly 4" Edward VII vintage) and the steam driven mortar. The big gun was popular as it had a telescopic sight fitted when out of port and was used by us to look at the convoy and escorts, but mainly at the liner on our port side. After a trip via the Denmark Strait and close to Bear Island we entered the White Sea and stood off the bar of the North Dvina. When the convoy started to move up river LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE grounded for a few minutes until the tide lifted her. We eventually docked at Bakaritzta on 1 September. After seeing the off loading of the W/T vans and, the Welsh stevedores efforts - a pair of false teeth, several old boots and empty rum bottles (1 gallon) we were transferred to the liner for a couple of days while our vans etc. were loaded on to the Kandalaksha ferry. The trip back across the White Sea with a female Army interpreter, calm seas, Russian food through two days was very good. At Kandalaksha we entrained for Vianga - we had now been told our airfield. We - the Advance Party - eventually arrived just after the main party which had come all the way by rail via the new line through Orega.

AT VIANGA

As the W/T mechanic the priority was to get the various vans in position, the 80 ft. mast up and the aeriels connected. Also because of our proximity to the front line and the chance of air raids, an emergency W/T station was erected on a remote hill top using a well known G.P. set up R1082/T1083 using aircraft batteries and a P.E. set for charging the batteries. This was operational by tea time but no contact was made with A.M. or Archangel. After tea, back again listening out and eventually at about 8 p.m. contact was made with Archangel and schedules arranged for the following day using the main set up R1084 and T1087, a good days work. The telephone system then had to be laid down or should I say wired up. This was done using D7 cable and field telephones in

parallel. One ring, 2 rings etc. This gave rise to an amusing situation between the C.O. and the mechanic in the TX van. The C.O. on a tour around the camp went up the hill to the standby W/T post and decided to try the telephone, one ring, and the TX mechanic answered and in short said he had doubts about the caller being the C.O. He was visited by Wing Commander Ramsbottom-Isherwood about half an hour later to clear up any doubts.

We had several other notable incidents, missing stores (whisky etc - there is a poem about it!). How the Russians heated their vehicle fuel over a stove in 81 squadron fitters dugout so they could start up in the cold - a rapid exit of R.A.F. personnel. The local guards who bought Brilliantine from our canteen and drank it - the Russian for oil and butter is the same masla! Behind the barracks the eight doored building over a pit - the little octagonal s...house, this had to be viewed with care. Use the doors on the windward side as the up draught on the other side tended to defeat all efforts to dispose of the paper. No such luxury as a W.C. As the barracks were not completed the only water was a standpipe outside so when the snows came, it was a case of taking a bucket of snow in at night for morning ablutions. There was the unpacking of the Rhodesian cigarettes in sealed zinc cases to preserve them. They came out as dry as dust and the enterprising addicts amongst us got hold of quite a few and packed them in a large tin with slices of raw potatoes from the Cpl. Cook who shared a room with me. One Cpl Wem (not a NRC member) decided a good way to get hot water was by two carbon rods mounted on bakelite and connected to the mains, he used tap water and burnt out the wiring in the Radio workshop. He should have tried distilled water but we were short of that as the Russians kept saying "tomorrow", so that eventually when there was none to top up the aircraft batteries the liaison officer was told "no water - no flying" and within two hours it arrived.

The local electricity wiring was a bit primitive, especially the overhead lines which were usually of aluminium single strand which sagged very low in places but did not seem to ice up - probably because they were overloaded and hence heated and did their own de-icing.

A trip to the local bath house one afternoon was a nice diversion, a big sauna looked after by a babuska who got her amusement by walking through the room and slapping the rear ends of coy airmen. It was better than having a stand up wash with a bucket of lukewarm water.

On 16 November '41 the Sergeant's Mess had a farewell night, all drinks free, so that there were very few sober SNCOs with only gin and rum to drink. The Signals Section personnel who were to join 30 Military Mission left Vianga on 17 November on board GOSSAMER bound for Archangel. We went in with the last convoy of the year travelling up the Dvina on a Russian icebreaker. We stayed there until late '43. We were well fed by the Russians at Vianga and from 28 September had a daily rum ration (Australian - not Jamaican). The sheepskin coats, fur hats and felt boots (volinkis) for which we were very grateful. See page 21 of September '92 Northern Light for picture).

AT ARCHANGEL WITH JOINT SERVICES RADIO STATION

30 Military Mission, Naval Party 200 and Army 126 Base Unit. All three services worked well together, building up the W/T station, doing both maintenance and operating at Karl Marx Dom by the riverside. It was pleasant sitting near a window looking over the Dvina when on watch. Six months later we removed the receiving station up to Norway House as we had put 500 watt transmitters in Karl Marx Dom which tended to interfere, also the R.N. had got their SWB8B by then installed in the Russian compound. We had also got some

modern receivers CR100s (B28s) and HROs by then. About that time CPO Tel Oliver was relieved by a CPO from Admiralty and we had just had a HRO arrive and it was a rough old set with corroded contacts it must have done a fair bit of sea time. It took hours of work to repair it and guess who sent it, the CPO who came out to us - there must be a moral to this.

Life in Archangel although a lot easier than at Vianga was still very restricted. Being on watch over 12 hours was commonplace and one break in January 1943 to Moscow, when we did a working exchange with one of their staff.

The day we had an air raid and incendiary bombs fell close to our RX station and set fire to the store house, We had the best pump in Archangel - a Coventry Climax, the only snag was we didn't have the couplings for the local hydrant. If we had it down by the river it would have been O.K. as the input was fitted with a ball filter.

The R.A.F. personnel manning the Radio Station finally pulled out from Archangel in November 1943. The common factor we found for any of our reliefs, which incidentally took months for the Russians to agree to, was that they or their families all shopped at the Co-op.

ooo000000ooo

Troubled waters

IT is said that a dashing Navy flier and a pretty young Wren officer had been having an affair for three months on board the frigate Brilliant before they were discovered and sent home in disgrace.

I don't complain about that. They knew the rules and broke them. But isn't it a wry thought that, if the proposals of an all-party committee of the

House of Commons becomes law, it would have been quite acceptable if the Navy flier had been having an affair with another man and the Wren had been bunking up with another Wren?

Could the day come in one of HM ships when the biggest danger a sailor ever faces is bending down in the shower to pick up the soap?

31-YEAR-OLD BLONDE, CUDDLEY MOTHERSHIP, with 3 tugs in tow. needs new captain after previous captain was found docking in the wrong port. Photo appreciated. Genuine replies only. Navy News Box 1146.

THE CATALINA FLIGHT

By Tom Speirs. Memb. N°32.

Time has blotted out the exact date of this incident but it was during the months of January/April 1944, that something happened at Vaenga, which has always intrigued me and for which I have no information as to the outcome.

One day at 0300, a Catalina aircraft of the U.S. forces approached the landing strip with nine passengers and crew. It was believed that they were V.I.P's en-route to Moscow.

Without warning the aircraft was fired on by the ex-British battleship ROYAL SOVEREIGN (renamed ARCHANGELSK and manned by Russian navymen), which lay at anchor in Vaenga Bay. Whether it was hit by chance or by accurate shooting is a matter of conjecture, but it was very dark and I suspect the former would be more realistic.

During the abandonment of the aircraft by parachute, one passenger was blown out to sea and was not recovered and a second was killed as the result of a faulty parachute.

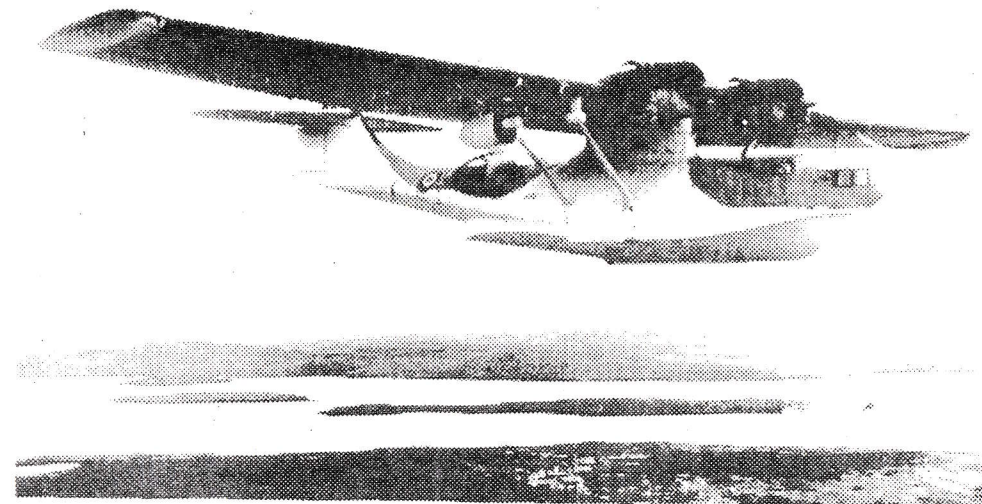
Who were these passengers and what was the purpose of their visit? What repercussions arose from the incident? Was it widely reported in U.K. and U.S.A. press? If not, why was it hushed up?

The survivors were rounded up by a naval rating and taken to the British hospital at Vaenga.

The story is completely factual as recounted, I can even recall that the deceased American was removed from the body-bag to a bath, in order that Soviet officials could examine the corpse. There was no proper mortuary facilities at that time.

If anyone can relate an outcome to this story, it would be interesting!

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CATALINA

THE ATTACK

By R.W.Curwen, Chairman 210 (F.B.) Squadron Association

We were flying near the convoy, and all looked so serene,
 Until the gunner shouted, "I can see a submarine!"
 She was floating on the surface about six miles away,
 We were sure she hadn't seen us, as she stalked her heedless prey.
 The sun was right behind us as we started to attack,
 As diving on our target, we maintained a steady track.

Our Catalina Flying Boat had guns prepared and ready,
 And every lethal depth charge, now primed, 'neath wings, held steady.
 There were flashes from the guns below which meant we'd now been seen,
 But we pressed on quite regardless, as in a haunting dream.
 The front gunner fired in rapid bursts, at the 'deck crew' manning the gun,
 Then a crimson flash, and a sudden lurch, God - we've been hit by the Hun!

Thick black smoke and acrid fumes filtered through from damaged bow,
 With Captain hit and gunner dead, what are our chances now?
 No time to think, we're nearly there, our charges fall away,
 Then the straddled hull just passed below, obscured beneath the spray.
 The mist fell back into the sea, and left a picture clear,
 As the tilted hull slid below the waves, we gave a grateful cheer.

What was the damage we'd sustained? we'll have to check and see,
 Our 'Skipper' badly wounded and the aircraft could better be.
 With radio messages cleared, we headed back to base,
 Returning home to Sullom Voe, a bleak but friendly place.
 How were we going to 'land' this hull which could clearly take no more?
 With decision quick, there was no choice, we'd beach her on the shore.

We alighted on the water and 'taxied' towards the land,
 Then reduced speed very slowly, to nestle on the sand.
 Help was very quick to come, with the Doctor first on the scene,
 What a wonderful sight to see, or was it just a dream?
 Our mission was almost finished, with debriefing accompanied by tea,
 It was just a routine Flying Boat trip, an epic of war at sea!

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With compliments
 An account of an attack made by
 Jack Bruckshank for which he was awarded the V.C. One or
 two facts have been omitted and a slight variation of detail
 has been necessary in order to avoid contravention of copyrights
 covering the action in other historical documents. It is for
 inclusion in my own book which, if I have time to complete,
 may be published here. R.

FLEET AIR ARM846 SQUADRON - A WARTIME MEMORY OR TWO

By N.Kirkman, ex-Radio Mechanic

Submitted by A.R.Howes. Memb N°655 HMS TRACKER

(Abridged)

846 Naval Air Squadron was formed on 1 April 1943 at Quonset, USA as a torpedo-bomber reconnaissance squadron, with 12 Grumman Avengers Mk 1. All embarked in RAVENGER for passage to U.K., carrying out anti submarine patrols en route. The Squadron's working up exercises were continued at Macrihanish and at Maydown, N.I. and a fighter flight of four Grumman Wildcats MkV joined from 'B' flight of 1832 Squadron. Thus enlarged, the Squadron embarked in TRACKER at the end of 1943 for final working up exercises in the Firth of Clyde. It was during this final working up that the Squadron suffered the bitter experience of discovering a design fault in the Avenger. In the course of a dive, one of the aircraft exceeded by a fairish margin the limit of about 230 knots imposed on such manoeuvres. The wings started to break up and the aircraft plunged into the sea, killing the pilot.

Modifications to the wings of the remaining aircraft were quickly executed, though the unhappy circumstances were not helped when it came to light that the crashed Avenger had been a development model, one which one would normally expect to disposed of for scrap rather than transferred to active service. Thence to Tail o' the Bank and, in January 1944 an uneventful, outward convoy to Gibraltar....."big eats" and local "Jungle Juice" on the Rock.....and the loss of the corvette ASPHODEL on the homeward passage.

Then in March 1944, TRACKER and 846 joined the escort of a convoy heading for Murmansk. The weather was not the sort that one would nowadays spend good money to experience, but in the more Northerly latitudes daylight lasted a long time, and for about 10 days in each direction, the Squadron was on call from about two in the morning till ten at night; (how about 0200 to 2200 +/- 10% ?) aircraft being needed on patrol most of that time. The ground crews didn't see much of the light of day either and the combined experience produced a pronounced greyish pallor, quite well developed by the time TRACKER regained the Tail o' the Bank at Greenock and generally known as "Tracker Tan".

The Squadron's aircrews made good use of the ground crews' efforts, setting about both the aircraft shadowing the convoy and the U-boats these aircraft were directing, whenever opportunity offered. The trophies depicted on the Squadron Flag testify to this (see Page 38) It is probably only fair to mention that the fairly hectic flying schedule demanded a certain concentration in trying to land on a matchbox-sized flight deck which rose and fell anything up to 40 feet.

A few days before the escort was due to leave the convoy, TRACKER's skipper (Captain Huntley RN) had a few words. They were to the effect that the convoy had not so far been attacked by U-boats, but that there were reported to be several in the area, so, the following morning TRACKER would leave the convoy and go looking for them! This left his audience in happy contemplation of their surroundings - unlimited quantities of very cold water (survival time generally accepted as four minutes) separated from them by a quarter of an inch of mild steel. In the event, the U-boats either lay doggo or made themselves scarce and TRACKER turned for her anchorage in Kola Bay. In those days, relations with the Russians were not easy. The crews (including Women) of the water boat and other supply vessels were very happy to trade souvenirs for soap, chocolate, cigarettes, razor blades and what nots, though

their counterparts in the shore installations were popularly supposed to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. Certainly they were not friendly enough for shore leave to be forthcoming, but when the sun shone it was warm enough to lie on the flight deck basking in it and catching up arrears of sleep - so, what the hell!

....then another uneventful voyage home, followed by working up exercises for D-Day.

July 1944 signalled the Squadron's embarkation aboard another escort (Woolworth) carrier, TRUMPETER, and much of the next nine months were spent traipsing up and down the Norwegian coast laying mines, dropping bombs on coastal convoys and sometimes a hurried return to the ship to exchange mines for depth charges in order to deal with a U-boat surprised on the surface. The Squadron sorrowed over its losses too. Not many perhaps, viewed against the larger canvas, but they hurt. Morley Wheeler (NRC member) has previously described two minelaying sorties of 10 August which cost the lives of three of his friends and his recent efforts to persuade local people of Alesund to try (successfully as it turned out) to find their Avenger, shot down nearby. (We would like that story for a future edition, Morley. Editor)

Not long after the operation in which NABOB was torpedoed and damaged, there was appointed to TRUMPETER a new Commander (Flying) in the person of a Major of Royal Marines. Up till then, the conventional wisdom had been that a loaded Avenger needed at least 15 knots of wind over the flight deck (plus the ship's forward speed at pretty well full chat) in order to take off successfully. "Come now!" said the Major (or "Spheroids" perhaps, or words to that effect), suggesting that surely that the Avenger was a rather more athletic aeroplane than that and could do better. At any rate, on a day when the wind speed over the flight deck was judged to be five knots, it was decided that one Avenger should have a shot at vindicating the Major's opinion. The ship was duly worked up to full speed and the Avenger up to take-off revs at its position at the after end of the flight deck. Brakes off and off she went, gathering speed to the point where she ran out of flight deck and was accustomed to climbing gently away. Alas for the Major and unhappily for the crew, the Avenger stumbled off the end of the flight deck and began a shallow but inexorable dive into the sea: a considerable splash (caught on film by TRUMPETER's photographer) signalled the ignominious end of the exercise. The crew were out of the aircraft and into their dinghy well before TRUMPETER caught up, and unhurt apart from a few bumps and scrapes. If memory serves, the Major of Marines was not long in evidence after that.

One of the actions off the Norwegian coast which TRUMPETER and 846 took part was reported in rather more detail than the Admiralty seems usually to have allowed itself to release.

The cruiser NORFOLK was something of a regular companion on these forays and on 12/13 January 1945 was senior ship of the force, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Roderick McGrigor. The cruiser BELLONA and escorting destroyers, with TRUMPETER's fellow carrier PREMIER, made up the rest of the force. The coastal convoy which was the object of the action was mainly the subject of the gun-battle, but 846's Wildcats were called into action to fight off an aerial torpedo attack.

If memory serves, TRUMPETER was called to action stations after dark to repel an attack by a force of Junkers 87B (the Stuka), immediately identifiable by the screech of the wind-powered sirens under the wings. The attack did not seem to be pressed home with much determination, possibly as the result of the murderous hail of flak (it looked murderous from downstairs, anyway) put up by the crews of the Oerlikons and Bofors batteries on TRUMPETER and her fellows.

No damage or casualties, from memory.

Bit of fun to end on: In TRUMPETER, on the forward bulkhead of the Chiefs' and POs' mess was the ship's crest, familiar to everyone - the head-on view of an elephant, on a circular ground, his trunk flourished stiffly aloft, in the direction of 11 o'clock.

The ship is anchored in Scapa and the President of the mess, a Chief of considerable service and dignity to match, has returned to the ship mid-evening after spending time ashore taking aboard fairish draughts of liquid refreshment. He stands teetering uncertainly in the doorway of the well attended mess, then stiffens as his eyes light on the ship's crest and bursts into speech.

"Only five to bloody six? I'm going ashore again".

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FROM OUR MAN 'DOWN UNDER'
Peter Crowshaw, (Queensland)

Some of our "Wings over the Arctic" older members may recall this trivial incident which took place onboard GLORIOUS about 1934, my first ship as a bunting tosser.

The Signal Bosun asked for volunteers to fly in the I.A.G. seat of a Swordfish to observe the difficulty they had in reading lamp signals from the ship. Only one, (Nobby Clark) a one-badge signaller came forward....should have known better!!!

They took off O.K. and all went well until the Pilot tried a few manoeuvres including a loop, upon which Nobby panicked and pulled his 'chute cord. They landed on, with a cockpit full of silk...Ah well, it could have been worse, Nobby had an unusual gait walking back across the flight deck, and a very red face!!

On another occasion a Swordfish landing on, crashed over the forward round down and was snapped by the ship's photographer, showing the Pilot leaving his cockpit an instant before his I.A.G. and Observer, which lead to severe repercussions from the Wingco.

All the very best for '93 to all at N.R.C..... Peter C.

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T I R P I T Z M I S S E D
or
A T T A C K T O R P E D O E D
by Commander J.W.Powell.D.S.C.,RN. (Rtd).

In April 1944 it became clear from Intelligence sources that the TIRPITZ was once again ready for sea and the Home Fleet aircraft carriers were given the chance to attack her in Kaa Fjord, close to North Cape in northern Norway. This was the scene of the successful midget submarine attack the previous autumn and where the battleship had been undergoing repairs since.

The first series of attacks was Operation Tungsten, a meticulously planned, briefed and rehearsed operation that, in spite of poor weather affecting many of the strikes, resulted in 14 hits inflicting damage sufficient to prevent her from going to sea for a further three months.

Then followed Operation Mascot in July with fewer aircraft, against an opponent who had learned some lessons from earlier attacks, particularly the value of smoke-making canisters to obscure the target from FAA aircraft which could not carry out their dive bombing attacks blind. The result of this operation was only one near miss.

The third and final Fleet Air Arm operation against TIRPITZ was Goodwood, to mount the heaviest attacks of all and was to include 2 squadrons, each consisting of 12 mine laying Avengers plus their Wildcat fighters, in addition to the Barracudas, Corsairs, Fireflies, Hellcats and Seafires used previously. A total of nearly 200 aircraft was involved operating from 5 carriers,

INDEFATIGABLE, FORMIDABLE, FURIOUS, NABOB and TRUMPETER. This was the largest number of aircraft yet operated together by the British Fleet. The Admiralty considered that this operation should consist of a series of teasing strikes which, over a few days, would wear down the enemy and exhaust his smoke making capacity.

For some days before sailing for the launch point, the five carriers were at sea practising taking off and forming up into a single formation of about 150 aircraft all below 300 feet, then carrying out dummy strikes on Loch Eriboll on the North coast of Scotland, which looked from the air remarkably like Kaa Fjord. We also had splendid scale models of the Fjord and its surrounding terrain and excellent photographic cover of the area. In addition to the normal dive bombing attacks with 500lb and 1600lb bombs and fighters for top cover and strafing, the two Avenger squadrons were to synchronise low level mine-laying alongside TIRPITZ and across the narrow neck of water which formed the entrance to Kaa Fjord. 852 Squadron (NABOB) commanded by Bobby Bradshaw (well known for his exploits in 826 Squadron in the Western Desert) was to drop as close as possible around TIRPITZ with 12 mines fused at varying time delays, including some which would detonate on their way to the bottom. 846 Squadron (TRUMPETER) commanded by Bobbie Head (a veteran of the shipping strike squadrons in Malta - 828 and 830) would fly his team at low level (50ft) accurately in the formation of the minelay, as 846 had done many times before in the Norwegian leads, thus dropping a pattern in the entrance of Kaa Fjord which would be certain to severely damage TIRPITZ should she be persuaded by the 852 squadron mines that the safest course of action was to vacate her berth.



Barracudas of 820 and 826 Squadrons loaded with bombs on the way to attack TIRPITZ

The rehearsals over, on 18 August 1944 the force sailed towards the launch point off North Cape, whilst the aircrew not involved in anti-submarine or patrols spent much of their time pouring over the reconnaissance material and refining attack plans. Although those of us in the Avenger squadrons realised that such a low level attack in daylight would be pretty hazardous, with casualties likely to be very heavy, we thought that it was a very effective plan which should over-come the earlier difficulties in attacking with relatively small bombs such a heavily armoured ship.

Weather conditions were poor on arrival at the launch point, with insufficient ceiling for any such attack. So Admiral Moore withdrew for 48 hours and we

were back in position on 22 August. The weather was still indifferent with considerable low cloud; however the first strike was launched, despite the possibility of aborting. The mine laying Avengers were excluded because, if the strike had to be aborted, their mines would have to be jettisoned, as they could not safely land back on with them and there were not enough spare mines on board to make a second strike.

That evening TRUMPETER and NABOB withdrew westward to refuel their frigates and unfortunately ran into U-354 outbound from Narvik. She torpedoed NABOB and badly damaged her, then torpedoed the frigate BICKERTON which was so badly damaged that she had to be sunk by VIGILANT. The hit on NABOB's stern produced a 50ft hole and precluded her taking any further part in the operation. Many of her crew were transferred to the escorting frigates (5th Escort Group) which with TRUMPETER and ALGONQUIN, were ordered by the C.in C. to escort NABOB back to Scapa Flow.

So, that chance torpedo hit on NABOB put paid to the mining Avenger involvement in Operation Goodwood and left some very frustrated aircrews in both ships as they sailed back to U.K. Admittedly they had a lucky deliverance from what would have been a very hazardous strike, but the really bad luck was missing the opportunity for a well planned and rehearsed attack in which, hopefully, the mining would have given the Fleet Air Arm the chance to sink TIRPITZ by attacking her from below, where she had no armour protection.

Two days later on 24 August, INDEFATIGABLE, FORMIDABLE and FURIOUS carried out the heaviest divebombing/strafing attack of all and achieved two hits through very effective smoke screens. One 1600lb bomb which penetrated eight decks unfortunately failed to explode! There was a final unsuccessful attack by carrier aircraft on 29 August. In all 247 sorties were flown during Goodwood against TIRPITZ.

That was the last Fleet Air Arm attack on TIRPITZ.

Such a static heavily armoured target in a heavily defended anchorage really needed much larger bombs than the small FAA aircraft could deliver. On 15 September 1944, after an agreement by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Lancasters of 9 and 617 Squadrons, flying from a Russian airfield near Archangel, attacked TIRPITZ with 72 mines and 16 x 12,000lb Tallboy bombs. Damage from one hit and two near misses caused the ship to move down to Tromsø for repair, bringing her within range of the bomber attack from U.K. On 12 November 1944 the coup de grace was given by 32 Lancasters of 9 and 616 Squadrons all with 12,000lb bombs. 3 hits and 2 near misses succeeded in capsizing TIRPITZ following a magazine explosion.

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FIVE OF THE BEST

By Harry Beeston ex-CHASER,

I finished my training as a fighter pilot in the Fleet Air Arm on 20 February 1942 and until November 1943 was shore based, first at Wingfield, Capetown, then McKinnon Road, Kenya and finally in the Western Desert as far west as Benghazi.

I was on leave at home in Tiverton, Devon, when I received a telegram ordering me to report to Scapa Flow. It took me 48 hours travelling to find myself sitting on the quay at Kirkwall awaiting a drifter to take me to CHASER. She was an American built escort carrier with 816 Squadron embarked fresh from Atlantic duties. I had not served at sea before but realized it was strange when, arriving alongside CHASER, I was requested to climb a rope ladder dangling aft. No sooner had I arrived on board when "Special Sea Duty-men to your Stations" was piped and we departed - exactly two years to the day I had finished my training at Yeovilton. I enquired as to our destination to be told Murmansk. We met up with JW57 which was the largest convoy ever to be sent to Russia and the first to have had an operational escort carrier to go all the way. We were accompanied by 3 cruisers and 17 destroyers. We arrived in Kola Inlet to a tumultuous welcome. Admiral Glennie, flying his flag in BLACK PRINCE, was delighted. We arrived on 29 February and sailed again on 2 March, arriving back at Scapa on 9 March 1944. It was a most successful operation. Not one merchant ship had been lost but the destroyer MAHRATTA

³⁴ the only casualty with the loss of all crew except 17 members. 816 Squadron consisted of Swordfish and Wildcats. The Swordfish crews were magnificent - they became frozen in the planes' open cockpits and had to be lifted out on landing and could not be interrogated for at least 30 minutes. Sub.Lt. Mason was credited with a U-boat kill in the forenoon and was operated on for appendicitis in the afternoon. Another Swordfish obtained two hits on a U-boat which was finished off by ONSLAUGHT which recovered 27 P.O.Ws. Admiral Glennie paid tribute to the air crews by saying, "They never let me down once".....The Wildcats gave the Swordfish cover and chased the spy planes - usually FW200s or BV138s. Unfortunately the Wildcats' guns frequently jammed due to the intense cold.

On arrival at Scapa CHASER was detailed to escort the next Murmansk convoy with TRACKER, as it was realised that the one carrier was unable to give full fighter and U-boat cover at the same time. CHASER was moored to bouys both fore and aft for her boilers to be cleaned. That night a Force 12 gale blew up and the moorings dragged. CHASER went ashore and was not used operationally again. What a shameful end after such a glorious trip. 816 Squadron was sent to other duties but the Wildcat wing joined 819 Squadron in ACTIVITY, commanded by Captain Willoughby the first pilot to be given command of a carrier.

We sailed on 28 March 1944, arrived Kola on 4 April, left on 7 April and were back in Scapa by 14 April. The advantage of using two carriers soon became evident - six German spy planes destroyed, one U-boat sunk by Swordfish aided by a Wildcat. Two other U-boats were destroyed - the first by STARLING and MAGPIE, the second by KEPPEL.....Lt.G.Sangster and myself engaged a FW200 and about 8000 ft and it burst into flames. We followed it down until it crashed into the sea 26 miles from the convoy. An awesome sight! ACTIVITY still with 819 Squadron went again to Kola on 19 April and returned on 6 May - another convoy successfully escorted!

.....in the autumn I joined 853 Squadron on TRACKER and left for my fourth trip to Kola on 21 October and returned 9 November.

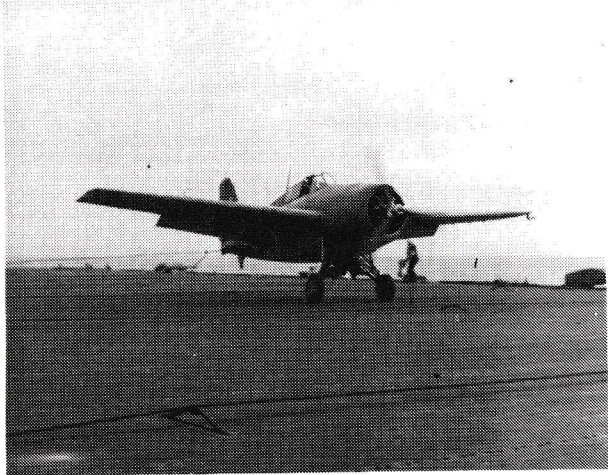
My last trip to Kola was on 14 May 1945 with 853 Squadron in QUEEN to escort the remaining merchant ships safely home in case of attack by rogue U-boats which had not yet returned to their bases. Among the five ships escorted during my five trips was ROYAL SOVEREIGN and USS MILWAUKEE - both were presented to Stalin. Finally can any member verify the story that during a storm ROYAL SOVEREIGN asked for the speed of the convoy to be reduced as she could no longer keep up? and that the Commodore replied "No, you are a Big Boy now"?

Editors note: The contributor continues with a report on Operation Judgement - this will be featured in a future edition, together with several other very good (and long) episodes from Fleet Air Arm members. Thanks everyone.

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NAIRANA's Bell at the Fleet Air Arm Museum at Yeovilton. Admired by a proud member E.T.Batten.



"HAPPY LANDING!"
Wildcat on Fencer.



"NOT SO HAPPY LANDING!!"
Swordfish on Fencer.

A CUTTING FROM A WAR-TIME DAILY EXPRESS
Submitted by W. Grainger ex-PEACOCK

Navy planes got every ship through

3 U boats sunk in Arctic battles

NAVAL aircraft have scored their biggest triumph of the war in shepherding a large and important convoy to Russia and back without any of the merchant ships sustaining either loss or damage.

Of the three U boats sunk, one was destroyed entirely by Navy planes, and they played a major part in the destruction of the other two.

These planes, from the escort carriers Vindex and Striker, also shot down an enemy shadower and probably damaged several other U boats.

Record set up

During the operations they set up a record for this type of action of 1,000 flying hours.

Strong U boat forces made determined attempts to interfere with the convoy. They were prevented and no concentrated attack developed. The only loss was the sloop Kite.

All the battles were fought inside the Arctic Circle.

Vice-Admiral F. H. G. Dalrymple-Hamilton, flying his flag in the escort carrier Vindex (Captain

H. T. T. Bayliss, R.N.), was in command of the operations.

First reports of contact with the enemy were made by aircraft operating from the carriers. The U boats immediately took avoiding action by submerging.

Later, a Swordfish aircraft from Vindex sighted a U boat some miles from the convoy.

Depth charges dropped by the aircraft crippled the enemy, which sank by the bows. Soon wreckage and a large patch of oil came to the surface. One survivor was seen swimming in the water.

Then rocket-firing Hurricanes attacked two more U boats on the surface. One succeeded in submerging, but the second was hit by cannon fire before being forced to dive.

More rocket-firing Hurricanes and Swordfish attacked another U boat as it was submerging.

Dropped marker

Escorts, including the destroyer Keppel, the frigate Loch Dunvegan and the sloops Peacock and Mermaid, carried out depth charge attacks. Oil and much other evidence of destruction was later seen on the surface of the sea. It is considered that this U boat was sunk.

A third U boat was sunk by the concerted action of naval aircraft and H.M. ships.

A Swordfish sighted the enemy as it was submerging and attacked with rockets. The aircraft then dropped a marker on the position. The Keppel, Mermaid and Peacock and the destroyer Whitehall joined in the action and attacked with depth charges. Shortly afterwards a long oil-slick and much wreckage appeared.

The sloop Mermaid is adopted by Stoke Newington; the Keppel by Rugby; the Peacock by Tadcaster; the Whitehall by Cheltenham; and the Kite by Braintree and Bocking.

The Commanding Officer of PEACOCK was the late R.B. Stannard V.C. D.S.O. R.N.V.R. and T.V. personality Richard Baker was a midshipman onboard. I was Leading Officers Cook - W. Grainger.

THE KIRKENES RAID

First published in TAGS, The Journal of the Telegraphist Air Gunners Assoc.
March/April 1992

The raid was planned as a political raid to bolster the morale of the Russians. What the military planners never realised was that their raid was to coincide with German preparations for an attack on Murmansk. Two carriers lay off Norway for the attack, FURIOUS and VICTORIOUS. The Swordfish of 812 Squadron attacked Petsamo but found no enemy ships and little opposition. The only loss was a ditched crew who were never rescued.

The men of 827 and 828 Albacore squadrons were to meet a far worse fate at Kirkenes. TAG Frank Smith said "The first time we knew it was turning nasty was when cannon shells started whizzing around our ears from the ack-ack". As they flew over the last crest into the harbour the sight that greeted them contained no ships, but hundreds of massed fighter bombers. The Germans instead of heading for their Russian target had turned to meet the British attack.

"It was pure hell" said Frank. "As we turned the third flight got shot up. Out of a total of 9 aircrew in three aircraft, only 1 TAG survived. In the second flight 6 more were killed out of 9. We were pounced on by the 110s and our two wing men broke away towards Russia. Both were shot down, one into the sea and one in Russia, this was Cyril Beer's aircraft."

Harry Griffen and Arthur Kemp were fighting their own losing battle elsewhere in the sky. "The sky was full of them" said Arthur. "They had cannons and were so much faster than us. The next thing we knew there was an almighty explosion and our tail was blown off." The pilot managed to crash land and all three were captured. Arthur was to go on to further heroic deeds when he became the forger whose documents allowed 76 men to escape from Stalag Luft 111.

In 1985 part of Arthur and Harry's plane was finally recovered to be re-assembled as an Albacore fuselage in the FAA Museum at Yeovilton.

Acknowledgements to TAGS Association.

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FRAGMENT OF PILOT'S MAP, RECOVERED FROM WRECKAGE OF JUNKERS 88, by Bill Johnston (Naval Party 100) in November 1942.

The Ju-88 was brought down by Russian ack-ack fire outside the NOIC's Office in Stalin Prospect, Murmansk.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.
(Jack Hayes, HMS Trumpeter)

Whilst on TRUMPETER, an escort carrier, we took part in a carrier attack on IIRPITZ in one of the Norwegian fiords. It was a larger force than usual, comprising of several fleet carriers, more escort carriers, cruisers and other escorts.

After a delay caused by unfavourable weather over the target the attack went in on 22 August 1944, Avengers, Barracudas, Wildcats and Swordfish taking part. All made their attacks but it was not the success it was hoped for. One 500 lb bomb hit just for'd of the bridge but failed to explode. It could have caused serious damage. Afterwards, when the planes were back, (some did not return), others ditched and some made bad landings on the flight decks. This was not uncommon after all, our ship was only 450 feet long and the deck seemed very small compared with the fleet carriers.

During the evening after the attack, when TRUMPETER and NABOB (a sister ship but crewed by Canadians), were engaged in refuelling escorts from Convoy JW59 bound for Murmansk, NABOB was torpedoed and although well down by the stern and unable to fly off her aircraft she remained afloat and reached port safely. The U-boat also torpedoed and sank the frigate BICKERTON.

So, all in all, our largest carrier attack on IIRPITZ was not the huge success we had hoped for. But back home they made quite a story of it on B.B.C. and in the national press.

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"NAIRANA BLUES"
To the tune of "Clementine"
By Lieut (A) Burgham - 835 Squadron FAA

In a Swordfish on a convoy,
To a frozen Northern clime,
Same old route and same patrols,
And flying all the bloody time.

Out of Scapa, past the Shetlands,
Heading northwards through the brine,
Past Jan Meyen to the Arctic,
Where its winter all the time.

Past Bear Island, along the ice edge,
Steering east along the line,
In to Kola, now its over,
For a really boozy time!

Kola Inlet is the limit,
Nothing there to do at all,
How I wish I were in barracks,
P----- up against the wall.

Back to Scapa, on to Greenock,
Only four days leave per watch,
Now we're going back to Russia,
Say goodbye to beer and scotch.

(Alternative last verse for persons who have had their time)

Back to Scapa, on to Greenock,
My relief they did not send,
Now we're going back to Russia,
And I'm round the bloody bend.

Submitted by E.T.Batten (N°1003 NAIRANA)

THE FINAL OPERATION
(Jack Hayes, HMS Trumpeter)

TRUMPETER had sailed from Murmansk in Convoy JW65 and were in Scapa by about 22 March, 1945. After about a week refuelling and storing ship, we sailed with CAMPANIA and SEARCHER, Three escort carriers, carrying between us Swordfish T.Bs., Avenger T.Bs., and Wildcat fighters. We were to attack coastal shipping in Norwegian fiords north of the Lofoten Islands.

The weather was very bad all the way, high winds and mountainous seas. On 4 May, I was P.O. of the Day on a copy of Daily Orders which I still possess. We were duty A/S Carrier and SEARCHER was duty Fighter Carrier. Most of the Daily Orders detailed the arming and bombing-up of the Wildcats and Avengers and we were still four days from the target area.

On 8 May, early in the day, the aircraft from the three carriers took off, not all for the same target area. Avenger T.Bs. from 846 Squadron flying from TRUMPETER sank a German submarine depot ship named BLACK WATCH and a U-boat tied up alongside, as well as badly damaging a 'flack' ship, confirmed later from German records.

This as said before was on 8 May and on way back to Scapa the Cease Fire took effect from 0001 on 9 May. So, our operation was the last operation of the Home Fleet in the European theatre of war. That was something to make easily remembered and not forgotten.

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846 SQUADRON BATTLE FLAG

Red Flag, Yellow Hammer, Sickle and Star, White 'Trophies'.

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WE ARE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT!!
from the "Statesman-Examiner" Washington USA

A SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS CHIEF ENGINEER ARGUED ABOUT WHO WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO THE SHIP. AND DECIDED THEY'D SWAP PLACES TO FIND OUT. AFTER A COUPLE OF HOURS, THE CAPTAIN EMERGED FROM THE ENGINE ROOM COMPLETELY COVERED WITH OIL AND SOOT, AND CONFRONTED THE CHIEF ON THE BRIDGE.

"CHIEF!" HE YELLED, WILDLY WAVING A MONKEY WRENCH, "YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN! I CAN'T MAKE 'ER GO!"

"OF COURSE YOU CAN'T," REPLIED THE CHIEF. "SHE'S AGROUND."

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ROYAL AIR FORCE GRAVES
At Grasnava Cemetery, Safonova (Vaenga), Russia.

- SMITH Sgt, Norman Holt. N°936292. R.A.F.(V.R.). 81 Squadron. 12 September 1941
Age 20. Son of Joseph Holt Smith of Horsforth, Yorkshire.
- RIDLEY A.C.1. James. N°1079575. R.A.F.(V.R.). 27 September 1941
Age 19. Son of James and Hannah Ridley of Silksworth, Co. Durham.
- THOMAS A.C.2. Glanville. N°1313168. R.A.F (V.R.). 27 September 1941
Age 21. Son of Philip William and Margaret Ann Thomas of Cymer,
Port Talbot, Glamorgan.
- TABOR Flt.Sgt. Walter Thomas N°R/51583. R.C.A.F. 144 Sqdn. 4 September 1942
Age 25. Son of Wilbert and Anne Tabor of Fort William, Canada.
- HOLMES A.C.2. Robert Ernest. N°1039602. R.A.F.(V.R.) 144 Sqdn. 4 September '42
Age 20. Son of Ernest and Ethel Holmes, of Leeds, Yorkshire.
- HEALY Flt.Lt. Dennis Edward N°60287. D.S.O., Norwegian Cross. R.A.F. 210 Sqdn.
25 September 1942. Age 27. Son of Henry Francis and Maud Healy.
Husband of Hazel Madeline Healy of Stanmore, Middlesex.

+++++ R. I. P. +++++

FLEET AIR ARM GRAVES
At Tromso Cemetery, Northern Norway

- BELL Sub.Lieut (A) Thomas Charles RNVR, HMS Furious. 3 April 1944.
Age 21. Son of Thomas and Rachel Bell of Glasgow.
- BURNS L/Airman George Joseph FX/88966 RN, HMS Furious. 3 April 1944.
Age 20. Son of John Robert and Annie Mary Burns of Darlington,
Co. Durham.
- CANNON Sub.Lieut (A) Andrew George RNVR HMS Victorious 839 Sqdn. 3 April 1944.
Age 21. Son of James Walter and Margaret Dodds Cannon of
Middlesborough, Yorkshire.
- CORNER L/Airman Dennis William FX80946 RN HMS Victorious. 30 July 1941.
Age 19. Son of William Alfred and Minnie Corner of Dawlish, Devon.
- DRENNAN Sub.Lieut (A) Robert Norman RNVR HMS Furious. 3 April 1944.
Age 23. Son of Robert Edward and Alice Isobel Drennan of Aberdeen.
- HILL Ldg/Airman William Henry FX/55056 RN HMS Devonshire. 18 May 1940.
Age 31. Son of Thomas Bickly and Sarah Elizabeth Hill of Shrewsbury,
Shropshire; husband of Grace Lorraine Hill of Shrewsbury, Shrops.
- McKAY Sub.Lieut (A) Donald RNVR HMS Victorious. 828 Sqdn FAA. 30 July 1941.
Age 24. Son of David Anderson McKay and Jane Elizabeth McKay of
Wilmslow, Cheshire.

Continued:

MORTON L/Air,an Donald Conrad FX/77512 HMS Glorious. 9 June 1940.
Age 23. No known relatives recorded.

PATON Sub. Lieut (A) RNVR HMS Victorious. 30 July 1941.
Age 28. Son of John Hunter Park Paton and Mary Paton (nee Boase) of
St. Andrews, Fife; husband of Pamela Rachel Paton (nee Pollock).
BA Hons. (Oxon). Demy of Magdalen College, President of J.C.R.
Magdalen.

RICHARDSON Sub. Lieut (A) Hubert Horace MinD., RNVR HMS Victorious. 3 April
1941. Age 22. Son of Charles James and Mabel Richardson oh
Headington, Oxford.

WOODWARD Sub. Lieut (A) Clive Eustace RNZVR HMS Formidable. 24 August 1944.
Age 23. Son of Arnold Adler and Eileen Vere Woodward of Whakatane,
Auckland, New Zealand.

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COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES - TROMSO, NORWAY
By Lieut.Cmdr. A.M.Ralph Memb N°552.

In midsummer 1951 DEVONSHIRE, the ship which had taken King Haakon of Norway from Tromso to UK in 1940, returned to Tromso to represent the Royal Navy at a poignant ceremony. In the Commonwealth War Graves plot in the cemetery there on 24 June, a Cross of Sacrifice of Cornish granite was unveiled and dedicated and the care of the plot handed over to the War Graves Service of the Norwegian Ministry of Church and Education. Guards of honour were provided by cadets, sailors and Royal Marines of DEVONSHIRE, and the Norwegian armed forces. As one who had served in the Arctic convoys and as Signals Officer of DEVONSHIRE I was privileged to participate in the unveiling ceremony. The plot contains the graves of 37 men, many of whom lost their lives in action on the Arctic convoys. They comprise 16 men of the Royal Navy (mostly of the Fleet Air Arm), 1 sailor of R.N.Z.Navy, 2 soldiers, 2 airmen and 16 men of the Merchant Navy from UK. One British sailor and 2 Merchant Navy seamen are unidentified. Some of the graves were concentrated into this cemetery from Arctic ports near Hammerfest, some from Kirkenes. The majority of the Merchant seaman were from SS CHULMLEIGH, (the tragic story that appeared in the last edition of Northern Light). I have this summer revisited Tromso aboard a Norwegian coastal ferry and went to the cemetery to pay my respects. The plot is beautifully cared for; with a headstone on each grave and summer flowers planted along the rows of stones. The youngest buried there is a M.N. apprentice aged 16 whose headstone bears the simple inscription "He knew only school". I have taken general photographs of the cemetery plot, and individual photographs of many of the headstones. If any relatives or friends of those buried there would care to write to me I shall be glad to send them a general photograph plus one of the individual headstone if I can identify it.

Lieutenant Commander A M Ralph R.N, 19 Meredyth Road, Barnes, London SW13 ODS.

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POPPY CROSSES

During next August's cruise to Norwegian and Russian ports we will be visiting the fore mentioned cemeteries Any member not participating in the cruise but wishing to provide poppies may do so by contacting Dick Squires

DO NOT SEND CASH OR POPPIES AT THIS STAGE



COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES AT TROMSØ, NORWAY



FRIENDLY FIRE
Comment by the Editor.

The media made great play about the tragic 'Friendly Fire' incident during the Gulf War, and surely the Catalina Flight by Tom Speirs must be classified the same, but surely there were others. I can think of the following:

(a.) The Polish submarine JAZSTRAB sunk by SEAGULL and ST ALBANS after giving an incorrect recognition signal.

(b.) The Soviet submarine B51, (ex-SUNFISH) sunk off the Norwegian coast by a British crewed Liberator bomber.

(c.) On 27 August 1944 off Cap d'Antifer in the English Channel, Arctic veteran ships BRITOMART and HUSSAR were sunk and SALAMANDER badly damaged whilst working on a minefield. The 'attackers' were RAF Typhoons. Seventy-eight men died and more than 100 wounded. They had been mistaken as German warships!

(d.) Whilst defending PQ18, AVENGER lost four of her twelve Sea Hurricanes, three of these losses were attributed to 'friendly fire' from the escorts. Happily, only one pilot was lost.

Does anyone know other instances?

THOSE RUSSIAN DESTROYERS
By John Kenny ex-EDINBURGH.

In his recent letter John Eldred is right in saying that the Russian destroyers were not involved in the EDINBURGH gun battle. After EDINBURGH was torpedoed on the Thursday teatime, FORESIGHT, FORESTER and two Russian destroyers left QP11 and joined us at about 1800. EDINBURGH, rudderless, and with only two propellers working was taken in tow by FORESIGHT and FORESTER and the Russian ships screened. Progress was made that night, but apparently short of fuel the Russians left for Murmansk at 0600, necessitating the slipping of the tow by our destroyers in order to take up the screen. Hardly any towing progress was made that day until our minesweepers with the Russian patrol/tug ship arrived at 1800. The Russian destroyers had promised to return after refuelling but did not, and it is believed that their pre-programmed involvement in the Murmansk May Day celebration was the reason. Their absence was crucial the next day (Saturday) when EDINBURGH and our destroyers were attacked by the three heavily armed NARVIK destroyers. At one stage EDINBURGH had received her third torpedo and both FORESIGHT and FORESTER were immobilised. Determined German action then could have sunk the lot, or worse still, the unthinkable could have happened and EDINBURGH could have been captured and towed to nearby Petsamo. Naval historians have since said that this was quite feasible. The sheer bravery of the destroyers, the audacity of the minesweepers and superb gunnery by EDINBURGH's few surviving guns saved the day. It is thought that the critical signals about the Russian absence were passed by Blunt, Philby, etc. to the Russians, resulting in increased non co-operation later in 1942, and the subsequent bias of Admiral Golovko's memoirs. Personally, I don't think the Russian servicemen were to blame but the tight political system which controlled them. No reason was ever given for the non-return of the destroyers.

And, from J.R.(Bob) Badger-Smith, the member who started this series of letters: Bob has written again in response to John Eldred's remarks in the last edition. He confirms that the two Russian destroyers, GREMYASCHI and SOKRUSHITELNY did not take part in the gun battle. Also, that they did ask for and received permission to leave, on the grounds of shortage of oil. Bob also points out that the publications "Last Call for HMS Edinburgh", "Convoys to Russia 1941-1945" and Admiralty Reports from S.B.N.O. North Russia all bear this out. Finally, he suggests that further enlightenment may be forthcoming from our Membership Secretary, Les Sullivan. Les was one of the two Royal Navy Telegraphists aboard SOKRUSHITELNY.

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ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL TRUST JAN'1993

UPDATE.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE A.C.M.T. SINCE NORTHERN LIGHT ISSUE No.28.



PROCTOR D.	SAGA	TRIMMER T.	SAGA
STUDHOLME R.	SAGA	FLOWERS G.F.D.	SAGA
SWAIN K.	SAGA	RAKIN A. (POW)	SAGA
TRAVELLERS REST' HARDY F.H.		Via R.D.SQUIRES	N.R.C.
SPENCE J.	SAGA	LINDSEY W.E.	SAGA
SWEEENY J.	SAGA	WATTS W. Via CHARLIE CHESTER	
WRIGHT .P	SAGA	ABBEY CORRUGATED LTD *****	
COOPER NN.S.	SAGA	GUEST A.N.	SAGA
WILLIAMS P.J.	SAGA	BAILY C.	SAGA
COPSON C.A.	SAGA	ROBINSON A.E.	SAGA
TRACY EDNA	SAGA	PHILLIPS L & A	N.R.C.
TURNER D.	AUSTRALIAN A.C.VETS	BEILEY (MRS) in loving memory	
RIDEOUT A.	VETERAN	ROBERTS F.	SAGA
McDONALD B.T.	Liverpool ECO	ROYAL MAIL	A.C.M.T
SEAMAN R.L.	N.R.C.	CROWSTHORN AUSTRALIAN C.V.A.	
PHILLIPS L.	HMS OPPORTUNE Ass	MORGAN B.	N.R.C.
PHILLIPS L.	NORTHWHICH R.N.A.		

*

DONATIONS IN LIEU OF FLOWERS; LATE SHIPMATE TED WORTHY No44. N.R.C.

CLARKE P.J. CLARK G. WARREN D .STURMAN E. & KAREN. NAYLOR-D.

CLARKE L. WAGSTAFF G. GULLIS R. GREEN EVE GREEN WENDY
 WORTHY C.B. WORTHY J.A. WORTHY C.E. JEFFERY A. WARREN W.J.
 GRUNDY M. SMITH D. GRANT PETER GRANT V MARSHAL E.

Some more kind Arctic Veterans:-

SLATER I. NRC LINDSEY W. TYE C. NRC JONES BARBARA LIVERPOOL R.N.A.
 ROBERTS R.I. In Memory of WYNN JONES. WOLLOFF N. A.C.M.T. RATHBONE E.

*

ADDITIONAL TO THIS LIST OTHER DONATIONS ARE MADE VIA VETERAN'S CERTIFICATES, JUST NUISANCE BOOKS, SCHARNHORST PLOTS, SLOPS ITEMS (A.C.M.T.), ARCTIC VETERANS 1941-45 BADGES. Thank you for these donations

*

UNLIKE THE CLUBS THE A.C.M.T. HAS NO OTHER SOURCE OF INCOME THAN DONATIONS IN VARIOUS FORMS TO DO ALL WE HAVE PROMISED FOR EVERYONE THIS MAKES YOU ALL SO VERY IMPORTANT IN KEEPING THINGS GOING ALONG FOR THE TRUST. WITHOUT YOU NOTHING WOULD HAPPEN. Thank you all so much!

IF YOU'RE NOT FEELING CHARITABLE
 DON'T READ THIS PAGE!!!



THE SAGA of SAGA.

SAGA MAGAZINE INTRODUCED MANY PEOPLE TO OUR CAUSE, MANY OF THEIR READERS MADE DONATIONS. A.C.M.T. INTRODUCED SOME OF THESE READERS TO THE TWO CLUBS AND MANY BECAME MEMBERS AND ARE NOW PART OF OUR SPECIAL GROUP OF VETERANS. A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO SAGA.

FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE?

TED WORTHY'S DONATION WAS MADE TO THE 'TRUST' AFTER HE WAS LAID TO REST. WHAT A WORTHY PERSON HE WAS IN DOING THIS FINAL ACT OF CHARITY!

FLOWERS AT A FUNERAL SMELL LOVELY AND EXPRESS DEEP FEELINGS, BUT THEY FADE SO QUICKLY. TED'S FAMILY, FRIENDS AND EVEN HIS CRICKET CLUB SENT MONEY TO THE 'TRUST' INSTEAD OF FLOWERS TO THE FUNERAL. THIS GESTURE FROM TED WILL REMAIN IN THE ANNALS OF VETERAN'S HISTORY FOR EVER. Thank you Ted.

GOD BLESS THE OFFICERS ????

THE OFFICERS FROM THE CLUB GIVE THE 'TRUST' A LOT OF SUPPORT AND MAKE WHAT WE ARE DOING SEEM VERY WORTHWHILE, SO TO THEM ANOTHER Thank you.

EXCHANGE VISITS.

IN RETURN FOR THE SUPPORT GIVEN TO TONI WALL BY THE RUSSIANS IN HELPING HER WITH HER TRAINING FOR THE 1996 OLYMPICS, WE HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN ARRANGING A VISIT TO BRITAIN BY A YOUNG LADY FROM ST.PETERSBURGH. SHE HAS A HOST AND HOSTESS WHO ARE DOING EVERYTHING TO MAKE HER VERY HAPPY. SVETLANA IS STUDYING OUR CULTURE AND WAY OF LIFE AND TO HELP HER ENGINEERING COURSE, A VISIT OF ABOUT FIVE DAYS TO THE ENGINEERING COLLEGE AT BRITISH RAILWAYS, DERBY, IS BEING ARRANGED.

SVETLANA ARRIVING AT HEATHROW DECEMBER 12th 1992 MEETING HER HOST AND HOSTESS. MANY DIFFICULTIES HAD TO BE OVERCOME WITH THE AUTHORITIES. ACMT WAS ABLE TO ASSIST WITH THESE PROBLEMS.

WE ALREADY HAVE REQUESTS TO HELP SEND CHILDREN FROM ANOTHER LONDON SCHOOL TO RUSSIA AND FROM SCHOOL 51 IN MURMANSK. WE ARE WORKING ON IT FOR 1993. WE NEED DONATIONS TO HELP IN THIS WORK.

Ron Wren.

YOUR 'TRUST' MAKES A SMALL ALLOWANCE TO HELP THESE STUDENTS WHO HAVE VERY LITTLE CURRENCY WHEN THEY ARRIVE.



SOME SAY, "WHO NEEDS MONUMENTS" ?

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SAY THAT WE SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING FOR OUR LADS!



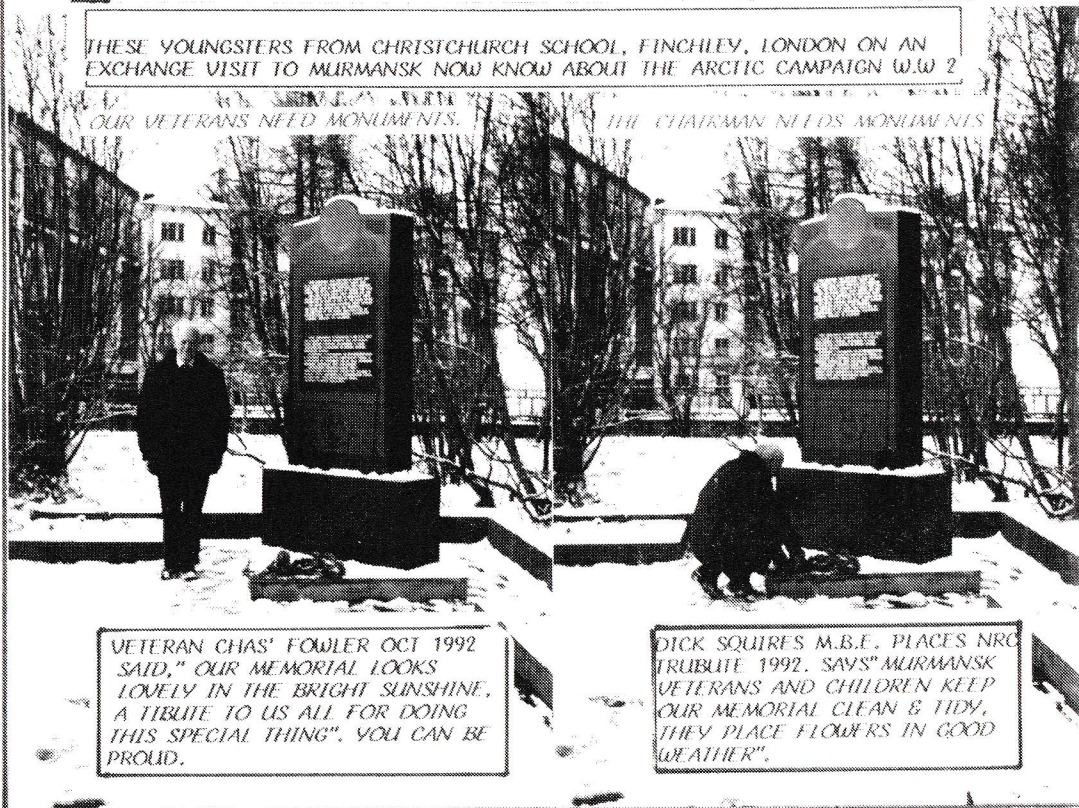
THESE YOUNGSTERS NEED MONUMENTS.



THESE YOUNGSTERS FROM CHRISTCHURCH SCHOOL, FINCHLEY, LONDON ON AN EXCHANGE VISIT TO MURMANSK NOW KNOW ABOUT THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN W.W 2

OUR VETERANS NEED MONUMENTS.

THE CHAIRMAN NEEDS MONUMENTS



VETERAN CHAS' FOWLER OCT 1992 SAID, "OUR MEMORIAL LOOKS LOVELY IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE, A TRIBUTE TO US ALL FOR DOING THIS SPECIAL THING". YOU CAN BE PROUD.

DICK SQUIRE'S M.B.E. PLACES NRO TRIBUTE 1992. SAYS "MURMANSK VETERANS AND CHILDREN KEEP OUR MEMORIAL CLEAN & TIDY, THEY PLACE FLOWERS IN GOOD WEATHER".

IF YOU CAN'T TRUST THE CHURCH WHO CAN YOU?

PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL.

I FELT PERFECTLY SAFE SAYING OUR WINDOWS WOULD BE INSTALLED BY LATE OCTOBER IN PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL. AS THE ADMINISTRATOR TOLD ME. HE NOW SAYS, THAT

SOME TIME IN APRIL IS THE NEW DATE FOR INSTALLATION'. WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING MORE DEFINITE I WILL REPORT TO NORTHERN LIGHT.

LIVERPOOL PARISH CHURCH.

TWO PROJECTS HERE, ONE IS THE FLAG POLE FROM "HMS ROYAL ARTHUR" WHICH THE PARISH CHURCH WILL ACQUIRE FOR THE CHURCH GROUNDS. ACMT WILL HAVE AN INTEREST, POSSIBLY A PLAQUE AT THE BASE IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME FINANCIAL SUPPORT FOR RE-FURBISHMENT. DICK SQUIRES MBE HAS ALREADY OBTAINED A PROMISE OF FINANCIAL AID FOR THIS.

THE A.C.M.T. COLUMN HAS NOT BEEN FULLY NEGOTIATED YET I AM AWAITING A MEETING WITH THE CITY COUNCIL TO WORK OUT DETAILS. FIRST QUOTE SHOWS THE COST IS LIKELY TO BE £12,000. SO FUND RAISING IS NECESSARY.

A.V.BADGE AVAILABLE FOR ALL PROJECT DONATIONS.

ARCTIC VETERAN'S CERTIFICATES.

BEAUTIFUL FRAMES IN MEDIUM FINE GRAINED OAK WITH GOLD TRIM. MADE TO MEASURE FOR US. PRICE £11.50. POST FREE, WE WILL FRAME CERTIFICATE FOR YOU FOR A TOTAL PRICE OF £20.00 POST FREE. I HAVE TO PLACE A BULK ORDER, LET ME HAVE YOUR PLEDGES PLEASE. OVERSEAS PLEASE ADD £6.00. AS WE ARE NOT COMMERCIAL ALL PAYMENTS ARE REGARDED AS DONATIONS.

A FEW COMMENTS FROM CERTIFICATE RECIPIENTS.

'A VERY NICE SCROLL.'

SHIPMATE W. COXHEAD.

' I INTEND TO FRAME IT AND PASS IT ON TO MY GRAND SON IN DUE COURSE. MY THANKS AND APPRECIATION'.

RON MARSHALL.

'THANK YOU FOR THE PRECIOUS CERTIFICATE YOU SENT ME, I WILL PUT IT WITH BILL'S MEDALS TO KEEP IN THE FAMILY'.

ROSALIND PITT-PITTS.

'THE MARVELLOUS ACMT CERTIFICATE ARRIVED SAFELY,IT IS THE 'CHERRY ON TOP OF THE CAKE' . IT MAKE A MARVELLOUS EXHIBIT IN OUR MUSEUM. IN SIMONSTOWN SOUTH AFRICA'.

GERALD MIDDLETON,S.A.R.N.V.R.

'I AM PROUD TO OWN IT, I WILL TREASURE IT AS LONG AS I LIVE' E.PURSER.

'THANK YOU FOR THE ARCTIC VETERANS CERTIFICATE, IT REALLY IS A MAGNIFICENT PIECE OF WORK, WHICH I AM VERY PROUD TO HAVE'.

KENNETH CLARKE CAPTAIN RNVR Rtd

WE HAVE RECEIVED MANY SUCH LETTERS INCLUDING THOSE FROM CHARLIE CHESTER AND OTHER WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

WE HAVE ONE WHO THOUGHT THAT HIS TITLE WAS NOT FULLY EXPRESSED, BUT WE THOUGHT THAT PEOPLE SEEING A FACSIMILIE WOULD KEEP IT SHORT. THE PRICE IS STILL ONLY £8.50. O/SEAS £10.00 post free. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

"ARCTIC VETERANS CERTIFICATES ARE MEMORIALS TO SHIPMATES WHO DIED"

MEMBER'S LETTERS

From Fred Pillar, (FENCER), who provided the FAA photos in this edition:....
I acquired them from my 'oppo' who was ship's photographer and I have looked after them all of these years and this is the first time we have parted company.....I was in the ships company sent to USA to collect FENCER. We sailed in SS BATORY, a Polish ship, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from there we travelled by train to New York, where we remained for six months as FENCER was being converted in San Francisco, but had been sabotaged.

We were kept in barracks in Brooklyn Navy Yard as C & M party. I was made Jaunty's messman - what a snip!! Eventually we went to Frisco and commenced to get the stores on the dock side ready for loading. But FENCER was still not ready and was not handed over to us for several weeks. The stores were placed in security cages and we were billeted on Treasure Island in the middle of the bay. When we were able to load the stores we also had to handle lead and zinc ingots (presumably as ballast), as well as the aircraft. After trials, we headed through the Panama Canal where, we had to build a temporary bridge forward so the pilot could see enough for navigation. After New York we set sail for Liverpool for a refit, as we sustained an 18" split on one side where the welding gave way. We had permanent life-lines rigged as the ship was top heavy - recording a roll of 43° plus!

As a matter of interest, my marriage banns were called at Sunday Divisions in Kola Bay, but the following two Sundays they were announced in Daily Orders as we were at sea - Action Stations in fact!

I hope you find something to interest the readers amongst the photographs.

From Stanley Barrow, (SOMALI):....My brother was Chief ERA on EDINBURGH when she was sunk. When I arrived in Polyarnoe in the following convoy, I found my brother living in a camp for survivors, set up by the Russians, in pretty dire conditions. I went to my Skipper - Captain J.W.M. Eaton, who in turn went to SBNO, North Russia, saying he was short in his engine room complement and could he have this particular Chief ERA. With the result my brother returned to UK with me in SOMALI. Previously, I hadn't seen him for several years - and I never did recover the underwear and shirts, etc., I let him have!!!

From Tom Bethel and George Nye, (both SAVAGE): On 13/14 November last we and our wives visited Cologne to meet "Bordkameradshaft Scharnhorst". We exchanged gifts and spent a very nice day with them.

The 50th Anniversary of the Battle of North Cape is 26 December next, but to avoid the Christmas celebrations the reunion will be held on 1st to 3rd October 1993 at Wilhelmshaven. They are hoping that more British veterans will attend.

All enquiries should be made to the President: Herr Wolfgang Kube,
 Naumburger Strasse 16,
 5400 Koblenz,
 Germany. (Tel: 0261-51658)

SEE LAST PAGE FOR UPDATE

From Bill Short (SS INDUNA): I have been in touch with a shipmate of mine, who was aboard INDUNA with me. He was a 16-year-old Steward's Boy in 1942.

He suffered frost-bite in both hands and lost part of his fingers and had part of one leg amputated.

He emigrated to New Zealand, married and made a life for himself, taking exams etc and finishing up as a Senior Inspector of Factories. Not a bad achievement!

He mentioned that he was going to attend the North Russian Convoy Club of N.Z.'s reunion in the North Island. So I took the liberty of asking him to pass on the best wishes of our club, which he did and they were pleased to accept.

MORE LETTERS

From Wolfgang Kaufmann, Rudolfstr.32, Dresden O-8060, Germany: For a marine historical paper concerning the activities of German U-boat U-79, in co-operation with the U-boat Archives in Cuxhaven, I need to contact survivors of the merchant vessel SS KELLWYN, which was sunk on the night of 26/27 July 41, on the voyage to Gibraltar, in Convoy OG-69.

I know that your magazine concerns the war in the Arctic and convoys to Russia, but it is possible that some survivors of KELLWYN later sailed on the Arctic Convoys. Can anyone help, please?

From Charles A Lloyd, U.S. Armed Guard Veterans (Excerpts):1992 has been a very rewarding year and much progress has been made in establishing the bond of friendship around the world among our people. We all have gained worldwide recognition for our service to our country.....Here in the United States, the Armed Guard and Merchant Seamen of WW2 have almost completed the restoration of the Liberty ships JOHN W BROWN docked at Baltimore, JERIMIAH O'BRIEN docked at San Francisco, and LANE VICTORY at San Pedro, California..... The three ships sail under their own power and each has a museum of both groups, for future generations to come and see and will know that we were there, doing our part.

To 'our' North Russia Club, who hosted the 50th Anniversary of PQ-17, it was an honour to have represented the U.S.N. Armed Guard and U.S. Merchant Seamen, as I, and others from the States, marched side by side in Glasgow and in Portsmouth, with you, the survivors of those dreadful convoys. You were truly the "Unsung Heroes" of your time. You were great hosts and it is my hope that you will be our hosts again in June 1994 on the 50th Anniversary of D-Day, as the ships listed above hopefully make their rendezvous to the ports in many cities that so many of our sailors visited during that period.

From C.C.Plumb, ex-"CASSANDRA" (Chief Bosuns Mate): My vivid memories of being torpedoed, at the time I was closed up in the director during the morning watch. We could hear the asdic repeater on the bridge and within a few minutes there was a terrific explosion from the fore part. It lifted us all out of our seats, luckily I was wearing my tin hat which stopped me cutting my head. There was great activity on the bridge, the First Lieut. was shouting up to the director for me as I was the Buffer. We both went down to the mess deck via the port side of the forecandle break. As we reached the mess deck sailors were coming out getting their clothes on, quite a few of them had head wounds. A young sailor was just getting out of his hammock, he looked dazed as he started to run forward towards the hole. We both shouted to him, but no luck, he fell through the hole. He was the sailor who had taken over the job of ship's barber. Then there was a screeching sound which was probably the remains of the bows tearing itself clear. We lost most of our ships company, 62 I think, being asleep on the mess decks.

After being towed to Kola we were eventually put into dry dock, it was the first chance that we had to get our dead shipmates out. The doctor had to cut some, so that we could sew them in their hammocks for burial at sea, we wrapped them in blankets first, then the canvas. Being the Buffer, I had the palm and needle, I couldn't tell any one to do it, so I did it. It still plays on my mind - at first there was an open blanket, and then a face with eyes frozen open looking at me. These young sailors who I knew personally - something that I can never forget.

Shipmate Plumb's Cassandra Story will continue in the next edition.

POET'S CORNER

Recently, I sat down to write a short poem to recapture - at least to try to recapture - the feelings of our island home on the day that WW2 broke out.

James R B Hinton. ex HMS SCOURGE

- "A CALL TO ARMS" -
SUNDAY 3RD SEPTEMBER 1939

Give up your chores, the bugle sounds;
Till quieter times all else must wait;
A greater challenge now abounds -
The grim aggressor at our gate.

Just as your fathers did before,
Take up your arms the foe to face;
Committed to this second war
So soon to test our island race.

Keep open wide the seven seas,
That all our lifelines stay intact,
And show that by securing these
'Britannia Rules The Waves' in fact.

Stand firm to guard our sceptred isle;
On high alert each tank and gun.
Prepare for that awaited trial -
In France to meet the dreadful Hun.

Let every plane control our skies;
Let no marauder through at will;
Be ever searching with keen eyes,
And ever lurking for the kill.

Whatever may the future hold;
However long and hard our plight;
Let now the enemy be told
That Britain's ready for the fight.

30 November 1992

A WAR TIME "JACK KETTLE" POST CARD

More to follow in future editions, courtesy Mrs. R Hargreaves



"WE ARE STILL ALIVE"
By George Dyson (Grangemouth)

Slowly the jumbled mass of strange sensations stumbled into Joe's mind. Cruel reality built the picture, piece by piece, the fearsome darkness, the nauseating stench of oil fuel, and the crawling pains that slowly burned over his body.

The picture brought a wave of fear that grew to a sickening terror. His cry of "Help" was a naked appeal of dire distress, born of frantic hope.

Clinging to the oar Joe tried to lift his head above the waves of oil fuel, but the effort nearly tore the oar out of his hands. He must hang on. This dominant order came persistently from inside and must be obeyed. Every few seconds Joe could hear his cry of "Help" like a gramophone playing the same groove continually.

Another sensation tore through his body like sharp electric shocks, in quick succession they followed until his stomach felt like jelly. Joe knew the reason even before he heard the explosions, depth charges, and he was feeling the terrific vibrations set up by the explosions. The pain in Joe's stomach was much worse, now almost too much to bear, but the inner force wouldn't let him go, so he hung on and kept up his perpetual cry of "Help".

The explosions brought back a flood of memories, he remembered the "Action Alarm", how he had put on his life belt and stumbled in the dark to his station on top of the engine room. The Engineer had stood beside him and together they had looked around trying to find out what was happening in the darkness. The Alarm had meant submarines. Where? How many? They did not know.

The crew's panic was followed by two terrific explosions, one almost the continuation of the other, a huge enveloping flame and the deck buckling as though a giant had kicked a tin can. The deck opened, Joe couldn't remember whether he fell into the engine room, or whether the engine room came up to him, but he was squatting on a big steam pipe. The scream of escaping steam told Joe that he was being scalded, but he couldn't feel the pain, he crawled amid the maze of twisted pipes, as he sucked in the hot steam, still he kept crawling on. The next Joe remembered was the sea, not the ordinary sea that rose and fell, this was a mad whirlpool of motion, bubbling and gurgling and huge bursts of air breaking the surface. Something struck his head and a black cloud wiped away the nightmare.

Joe met the floating oar and together they drifted away from the wreckage. The depth charge explosions reminded Joe of other ships making their attack on the submarine, perhaps they would be back soon to pick him up.

The remote stars moved slowly across the sky but Joe did not see them, all he knew was the oil, the pain and the terrible darkness, perhaps he had always been there. He didn't know which was real and which was a dream. Perhaps he would wake up and see the woman he knew, he remembered her now, her smile and her body, warm and sympathetic. She made him feel important. Yes, a necessity of life, but how about now, he only felt the horrible fear of being alone. He could see two children who played together, scrambling with noisy exuberance to hug him, their interests free and easy. They didn't know any fear. Now their familiar faces were near his own and after noisily pressing their lips to his cheek they said "Good night Daddy" and scampered away with the woman. A few minutes later the woman returned to sit near him, first he eased off his shoes, then lit a cigarette and gently fondled her hair in contented abstraction. They didn't talk very much, just sat close and enjoyed the peace and quiet of each others company. Here was the one woman he didn't have to pretend with, she knew him so very well, in fact she knew more about him than any other person, but he wasn't worried, rather he felt happy.

The dream was slipping, in spite of his clumsy efforts to hold and enlarge the pictures. The true cruel reality broke through his thoughts, shattering the broken pieces of his dream to oblivion.

The choking oil was there, clogging his hair, burning his eyes and as he

opened his mouth to cry, some of the oil slipped inside, he tried to spit it out again but the effort had meant more oil. As the water chilled his body the pains became less and less, even the demand to hold on wasn't quite so loud.

A sound other than his cry attracted his attention, "Who are you"? Joe lifted his head and opened his eyes to see a dim black shape a few feet away. Suddenly Joe became alive with fear that welled up inside him, perhaps the figure had come to take the oar away from him. It was his oar, right from the beginning he had clung and obeyed the inner force to hold on, hold on. Desperately Joe clutched the oar, but the voice came across the darkness. "Won't be long now, keep going, they will be back soon". Joe didn't answer, strange though that voice was saying similar things to the one inside. Why did they want to know who he was, didn't seem to matter that he was Joe.

The cold water was slowly taking the warmth out of his body, Joe didn't mind because the pain was somehow going also. The dream seemed too far away to try to recall and his cry of "Help" wasn't coming very often.

Joe wondered about the gentle vibrations he could feel gradually they grew stronger, until he willed his head to life, alas he couldn't make the muscles and flesh obey. Two oil fuel covered mad men. Joe didn't feel able to fight for the oar, but he wasn't going to let go, the oar had been his since time began. Except for the voice inside, Joe wouldn't care what happened, but he must obey. He must hold on.

The two figures struggled frantically alongside Joe, why cant they be quiet thought Joe in despair. Now other voices broke in, suddenly Joe felt his cheek touch something hard and his cheek was roughly pushed across the oar. Looking up Joe could see a steep wall with faces peering over the top. The two black faces were passing a rope under his arms, now they were tying the rope in front.

Now many voices could be heard, one very authoritative voice was saying, "Hurry, I will give you two minutes, there are submarines around here".

Voices were shouting, "Let go, we can't pull the bloody oar in as well". Why must he let go, for ages the inner voice had commanded him to hold on, hold on, they didn't understand, they didn't know, and Joe hung on. Frantically the rope jerked under Joe's arms, and the two dark figures were yelling urgently, "For Christ's sake, let go", then Joe felt his fingers torn from the oar. The two black faces were left behind as Joe swung in mid-air, cold air that chilled him to the bone. Clutching hands pulled him over the rails and gently laid him on something soft. "Where is the oar?", the one question tore through his mind, he struggled wildly to find the oar. Suddenly he gripped something too small to be an oar, but this was warm and Joe hung on and lay back.

Joe knew he was still making his cry of "Help", he couldn't stop, somehow the periodical movement of his throat and lips were automatic.

These strange happenings, the explosions, the steam, the oil, the cold water, the darkness, why couldn't he be left alone, perhaps then he could sleep. Two dark faces peered at him and said, "We made it Joe". Another voice cut in, "He wont let go of my arm", "Alright", said another, "You will have to walk alongside the stretcher". Movement and banging followed, then Joe felt something tearing into his eyes - "Light".

Quickly his clothes were removed and a patch of his arm cleaned, then the needle plunged in to give him morphia, Joe slowly relaxed, he didn't remember having his fingers prised away from the arm, he had so grimly held on to.

Cleaned and placed on a small bed with high rails around, Joe was examined by the Doctor, first the extensive burns, the bruised head and the jagged wound in the stomach.

As the Doctor gazed down on his patient, he felt a challenge. This man must live, he deserves to live and with the help of God he shall live. Only give me the chance dear God to keep life in this torn, burnt body.

Then began the fight, injections, cleansing, oxygen, jelly for the burns and medicine to counteract the oil fuel in the stomach. Slowly, carefully, the Doctor worked, bringing to bear his knowledge and training and the jumbled

panorama of medical science.

After seventy four hours the Doctor gazed down at his patient, trying to make a decision from the facts and symptoms he had collected. The man was slowly dying of starvation, the liquid food was not giving the results. There must be a break where the stomach was injured. After methodically weighing the facts in his mind, he reached his decision, to leave the man meant death within twenty four hours, to operate gave a slim chance of life. The doctor turned to his two assistants and gave the order, "Prepare for an abdominal inspection operation".

First the operating table was screwed into position, the instruments boiled, swabs, gauze, needles, catgut, oxygen and chloroform. Every detail was checked and the number counted. While the Doctor scrubbed his hands, his mind was following every move he expected to make, he wanted to feel sure, he wanted to keep this man alive. He must win.

The Chief Assistant gave the anaesthetic, the Doctor checked the instruments, next he held his hands up to probe his fingers into the gloves. Everything depended on those hands, could they obey to a fraction of an inch, the orders from the brain and be guided by his eyes. Slowly the Doctor found the poised position, the necessary point of balance to counteract the roll of the ship. He cut in a straight line about six inches, cutting layer by layer, probing aside the muscles and finally the intestines lay there slightly bulging out of the opening. Instantly, he saw he was right, puss and foreign matter were gathering there, perhaps even now the deadly germs had done their work. With probing fingers the Doctor pulled out a section of intestine, quickly searching along the length. The Doctor found the break, a jagged hole, quickly the instruments flew, guided by his delicate hands.

But, stop! the assistant was saying something, "Breathing has stopped", quickly the assistant changed from chloroform to pure oxygen, while the other man massaged the heart, Breathing again, Sir, Pulse Weak".

On the Doctor worked, he found another break, he was sweating and constantly the assistant had to pass gauze over his brow. Even this was done without apparent notice by the Doctor. The life was in the balance and by now the assistants had caught the spirit of the challenge - "Fight for his life". The younger assistant had never seen an operation before, but he pressed his white lips together and kept on the job.

Twice more the patient stopped breathing and each time oxygen was used, with grim determination the Doctor worked on, first swabbing out the puss with antiseptic gauze and hoping against hope that there were no other breaks in the thirty odd feet of intestines. Quickly he pressed the intestines back, they would find their proper position when food passed through. The one regret the Doctor had was that sulphanilamide had not so far been distributed to ships. The wonderful new drug was able to kill all the germs, just by sprinkling about a tablespoonful inside the cavity before closing.

Layer by layer the Doctor stitched the cut together until the stomach was closed, then he stitched down and up to give the cut strength. The catgut would dissolve in about ten days and obviate the necessity of pulling out the stitches, which might open the wound again. The muscles had been pressed into position and the stitching completed, then the cut was covered with gauze and cotton wool to protect and finally bandaged into position. Then the Doctor stood back to wait and hope.

After the instruments had been checked, the swabs counted, all three sat back and smoked, they didn't talk very much. The Doctor had no regrets about his decision, he had played his last card, he must wait and hope for the result.

The next twenty four hours found the Doctor keeping almost continuous watch, except for a quick meal in the wardroom, and slowly saw his patient improve. But alas, true to all life, circumstances cannot be guided all the time by forethought, there is always some situation you are not prepared against and the results will often change situations beyond recognition. Some people call this freak circumstance, luck or bad luck, perhaps for the want of

a better explanation.

Quietly the patient lay, when suddenly the quiet of the ship was rent by the clash of alarm bells. Action Stations. To Joe that meant one thing, submarines, on lifebelt and away to his station.

Before the Doctor could stop him Joe had sat up and fallen over the side of the cot, crawling along the deck on hands and knees, leaving a trail of bandage and bed clothes. Quickly the Doctor and Assistant jumped to lift him back, but Joe was fighting frantically, with his bandaged hands and arms. He knew what those bells meant - submarines. At last they managed to put him back, the Doctor plunged the hyperdermic needles into Joe's arm and slowly Joe relaxed and closed his eyes.

Too late, the movement had undone the work, the excitement and fear had done even more damage.

Exploding depth charges shook the ship, she twisted and turned to execute intricate manoeuvres. While the Doctor ignoring the noise, did all he possibly could to repair the damage. Very quietly the Doctor cursed his fate, but for the damn bells he would have succeeded.

Much later, when the sound of guns and depth charges had ceased their noisy salutes, the Doctor gave his final check up. Joe was slowly getting worse, slowly slipping back to the state where nothing is really heard or seen.

Twelve hours later Joe opened his eyes, he thought he had felt the arms of the two children hug him and kiss "Good night Daddy", but Joe's eye lids were so hard to open that by the time he had succeeded they had gone away. Perhaps they would come back later, anyway the woman would come in a few minutes and Joe closed his eyes to rest and wait for her. But she never came and Joe never opened his eyes again. Slowly the Doctor pulled the sheet over his face, then sat at the desk making out the report and certificate. Quite a long report, everything he had done was down in black and white. The naval authorities had a habit of cutting down on the report, usually "Died on Active Service" that's all.

The assistants did not move until the Doctor had left, then they prepared for the last irretrievable resting place.

A fellow officer walked into the wardroom and seeing the huddled figure of the Doctor, a glass in his hand, was going to ask the question "How's the patient, Doc?" But he suddenly stopped and turned away to leave quietly, the question was not necessary because he had seen the answer written on the haggard lines of the Doctor's face. The regret was there, in the slowly rolling tears of silent and motionless anguish.

Slowly he drank, looking straight ahead without seeing the glowing fire, no one had the heart to stop him and finally he slumped forward. Quietly, he was carried to his bunk and placed under the sheets, quite drunk.

The next day Joe's body was carried on deck and placed on a plank facing outboard.

A number of men listened to the short service given by an Officer who distinctly avoided the eyes of two of his listeners. They stood together with dry eyes. They had known Joe well and liked him, they were the two black faces who together had struggled to push him alongside the ship. They had worked, fought and drunk beer together.

For our tomorrow Joe gave his today. We, are still alive.

"Joe's story is published as an epitaph to all who did not survive"

Editor.

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DEPARTED SHIPMATES

We regret to announce that the following members have recently "CROSSED THE BAR"

Nº 623.	GALLOWAY T.	of NSW Australia	ANSON
Nº 907.	MIDDLETON C.	of Maidstone	CUMBERLAND
Nº1193.	WATERHOUSE K.	of Old Coulsdon	CAMPANIA
Nº 941.	LEVESQUE A.	of Ottawa	NENE
Nº 77.	WORTHY W.E.	of Scunthorpe	HUSSAR
	WILSON H.	in Israel	OXLIP
Nº1016.	LAWRENCE J.	of Muswell Hill	CAMPANIA
Nº1420.	TIDBY L.J.	of Hornchurch	BELLONA
Nº1199.	WHYTE A.	of Florida USA	ALDERSDALE
Nº1288.	BOOTH B.F.	of Ontario	NENE
Nº1487.	McPHERSON W.	of Rochester	BERWICK
Nº 887.	SMITH G.W.	of Portsmouth	EMPIRE PICKWICK
Nº1580.	STAFFORD W.	of Southampton	MYNGS
Nº 68.	EDWARDS E.	of Derby	LARK
Nº1473.	ASTLES F.G.	of Northwich	OPPORTUNE
Nº 365.	RAMSEY N.	of Merseyside	TRINIDAD
Nº 186.	DOLPHIN F.	of Deeside	EMPIRE MORN
Nº 611.	PARKER R.	of Uckfield	KENT
Nº1496	LOWE J.	of Chatham	SHEFFIELD

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

REST IN PEACE



THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB WISH TO THANK THE FAMILIES, FRIENDS AND SHIPMATES WHO MADE DONATIONS TO N.R.C. WELFARE FUND IN LIEU OF FLORAL TRIBUTES FOLLOWING THE CREMATION OF SHIPMATE JOHN LAWRENCE ON 29TH DECEMBER 1992.

(E.Rathbone, Hon. Treasurer)

We try to send a club representative to as many funerals as possible. This is not always possible due to late notification or requests from the bereaved families. It is however, disappointing when we cannot find a member in the immediate area to attend, often at short notice. If you are prepared to show the club's respects at funerals in your area please let the Hon. Secretary know stating the area you could possibly cover. We would also like to build up a list of Sick Visitors, so that we can contact our ailing and sick shipmates.

WELCOME ABOARD TO NEW MEMBERS

1626. WHITTINGHAM Thomas J.L. MERMAID
Crossway, Maytree Avenue, Findon Valley, Worthing, Sussex BN14 OHJ.
1627. BARROW Henry W. EDINBURGH
11 Heathlands Drive, Thetford, Norfolk IP24 1UT.
1628. ROBERTS Derrick R. ACTIVITY/TRUMPETER
64 Woodfield Avenue, Farlington, Portsmouth PO6 1AR.
1629. GRANT John E. SS EDMUND FANNING
25 Balfour Street, Lexington, Ma.02173-6602. USA.
1630. MAFFUCCI Vincent J. SS EDMUND FANNING
440 Waltham Street, Lexington, Ma.02173, USA.
1631. CURWEN Reginald W. 210 (F.B.) SQUADRON R.A.F.
7 Grange Close, Ratley, Banbury, Oxon. OX15 6DP.
1632. WILLIAMS Frank. SHEFFIELD
14 Lingdale Road North, Claughton, Birkenhead, Merseyside L41 ODS
1633. NUTTING John W. SS TEMPLE ARCH/CALOBRE
Clayton, The Avenals, Angmering, Littlehampton, Sussex BN16 4AN.
1634. FORD George H. SS CHAGRES/SS COLIBRE
Flat 3, 7 Somerset Place, Liverpool Merseyside L6 4BE.
1635. GARNETT Fred. OPPORTUNE/NAIRANA
1 Parsonfield Close, Banstead, Surrey SM7 1JT.
1636. BURT Douglas R. WREN
11 The Drive, Downland Park, Newhaven, Sussex BN9 9DJ.
1637. CHAPMAN Tom. WESTCOTT
40 Wellington Place, Walton-Le-Dale, Preston, Lancs PR5 4TR.
1638. BAMBOROUGH Albert A. GLASGOW
17 Mitchells Close, Romsey, Hants SO51 8DY.
1639. JOHNSTONE Stanley NP 100
28 Stanway Road, Cheltenham, Glos.
1640. KEW Eric A. ANSON
Flat 11, Blackman Gardens, Signal Way, Swindon, Wilts SN3 1RN.
1641. FOYLE Nelson C. ROYALIST
6 Kennel Row, Netheravon, Salisbury, Wilts SP4 9RH.
1642. PRITCHARD Thomas W. CAMBRIAN
58 Kingston Avenue, Garlinge, Margate, Kent CT9 5NH.
1643. BRADLEY Peter STRIKER
39 Clifford Street, Hornsea, W.Yorks HU18 1HZ
1644. DAWKINS Anthony J. ANSON
48 Telford Crescent, Kings Tamerton, Plymouth, Devon PL5 2BN
1645. DODSON Ernest W. BELFAST
26 Ruskin Road East, Worthing, Sussex BN14 8DY
1646. JONES Allen GLEANOR
Flat 14, Ty Ysgol, Ynyshir Road, Ynyshir Porth, Mid.Glam. CF39 0EW
1647. BELSON Sidney A. KENT
309 Barnsole Road, Gillingham, Kent ME7 4JE
1648. JOLLANDS Fredk. W. SS BRIARWOOD
P.O. Box 492, Ramsgate, Natal, South Africa 4285.
1649. HARRIS John H. GLEANER
10 Heol-Llechau, Wattstown, Porth, Rhondda, CF39 0PP
1650. SLATER Ian. SHROPSHIRE/ARGUS
27 Cliff Avenue, Leigh on Sea, Essex, SS9 1HF.
1651. LOGAN Arthur L. SS JOHN F ABEL.
1620 Lema Drive, Titusville, Florida 32780, USA
1652. DAWSON William D. BADSWORTH
Allerfield, Lower Park Road, Braunton, Devon EX33 2HS
1653. FRIZE Merton S. VICTORIOUS
514c Shails Lane, Sennington Road, Meksham, Wilts SN12 6EA.
1654. CREWE Fredk. J. 151 Wing R.A.F.
2a Birchwood Road, Poplar Green, Maidstone, Kent ME16 0BB.

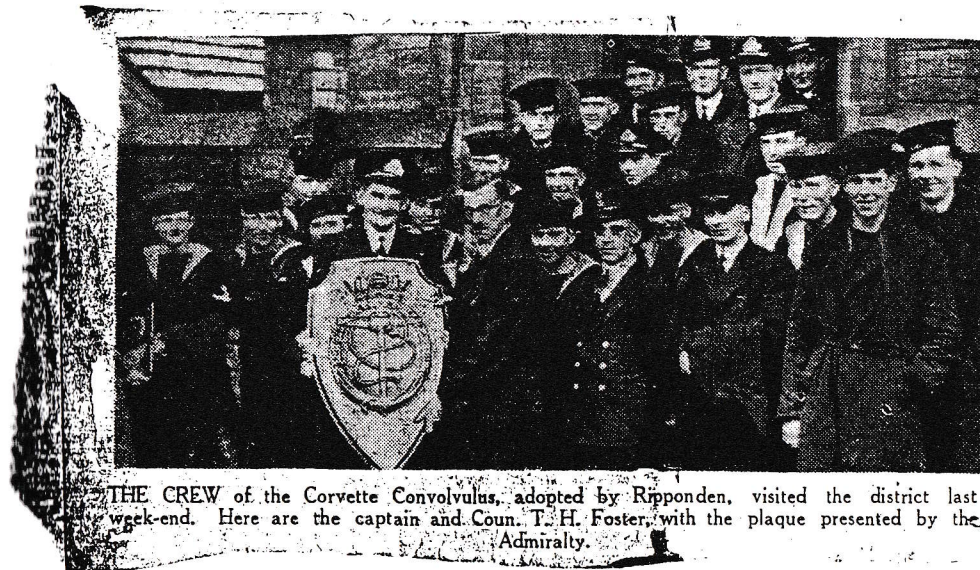
WARSHIP WEEK - ADOPTIONS

By Cyril Elles ex Hyderabad/Convolvulus

Regarding the article in the last edition. During my time in CONVULVULUS we visited our "adoptors" in Ripponden, Yorkshire, for the week end 14/15 April 1945. Because of an air raid our train didn't arrive until very late on the Friday night (it could have been Saturday morning!). The reception committee was still waiting at the station. We were taken in hand by the various people with whom we were to stay. A fellow officer and myself were with the local Schoolmaster and his wife. In spite of the late hour, we were given a handsome meal before turning in.

In the morning there was a guided tour of the local mill, followed, in the afternoon by first class seats at a rugby match and a "meet the people" dance in the evening. Jack ashore was very popular!!

The picture below is from the local paper of the time which no longer exists. Our Captain Lieut. G.Fraser is at the front and I am the officer at the left of the three at the back.



THE CREW of the Corvette Convolvulus, adopted by Ripponden, visited the district last week-end. Here are the captain and Coun. T. H. Foster, with the plaque presented by the Admiralty.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS & ALTERATIONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

- 361.HUMPHREYS John to 24 Orson Meadow, Gains Park, Shrewsbury. Shrops SY3 5DL
- 723 WITTS T.L. to 15 The Thatch Cottage, Bromfield, Ludlow, Shrops. SY8 2JR
- 670 STEPHENS H. to 1 Coronation Road, Verwood, Dorset BH31
- 792 FRANKLIN C.R. to Flat 9, Neptune Court, Stocker Place, Gosport, Hants. PO13 0NA
- 1607 ANDERSON F. add N.P.100 to JAMAICA.
- 1255 YATES K.L. should read Yates K.L.,B.E.M.
- 1378 LEITCH I.A. address is COLWALL (not Colwalk).
- 941 SLAVIN P.M. address is COSTA RICA 2019 not Cota Rica 2010.
- 860 REED James A. not listed: 61 Charlton Street, Maidstone, Kent ME16 8LB
- 98 CONLEY S. add NAIRANA to NIGERIA
- 266 TIFFIN to 2 Falconry Court, 7 Fairfield South, Kingston on Thames, Surrey KT1 2UR



The aftermath!!!
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Eventually the
mess deck dodger
arrived!

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THANK YOU ALL FOR
YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT

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GRAND CHRISTMAS DRAW BALANCE SHEET

INCOME

Sales of Draw Tickets £5044.00
Value of Donated Prizes £ 950.00

Total £5994.00
Less expenditure £1998.00

GRAND TOTAL £3996.00

EXPENDITURE

Lotteries Licence £ 35.00
Printing £ 324.00
Postage & Administration £ 159.00
Cost of Purchased Prizes £ 530.00
Donated Prizes £ 950.00
Total £ 1998.00

J. L. Squires
LOTTERY PROMOTOR

There may a minor adjustment in expenditure concerning the 'Gozo Holiday' prize

THE
GRAND
CHRISTMAS
DRAW

NO RUM THANKS!
By John Eldred, ex-HARRIER.

I'm one of the rare breed who dislikes Rum and in fact cannot bear the smell, whereas I like Whisky and for this I blame the Navy.

My only ship was a small one and 'Up Spirits' meant neaters for most, which meant the young ODs couldn't participate in the daily ritual. It also meant no 'sippers' for birthdays, no haircuts or tailoring didn't have the only acceptable currency.

Even at 'Splice the Mainbrace', I was denied. So you can see why I hated the stuff, whereas the navy got me into the habit of enjoying Whisky and it all started by a kindly 'Doc'.

I was gently awoken at ten to midnight one night, (you all remember the bosun's mate and "excuse me sir" whispered in the ear), and as I tried to swing out of my hammock I felt a terrible pain in my chest. Somehow I managed to reach the upper deck, not wishing the crime of being late to relieve. But after two hours was sent below by the O.O.W. with the instruction "see the Doc in the morning". When I reported to the sick bay the response was "here, take these aspirin and stop malingering, it wont get you out of the motor boat's crew". (I had been bow man for a year!). But I insisted on seeing the Doc, fortunately we carried one, being Flotilla Leader, otherwise the Tiffy would have had the last word.

When I was examined the doctor shook his head "Sorry, you have left it too late, you have Pneumonia and Pleurisy, your left lung is flooded and its pushing your heart out of position".

It was a waste of time telling him that I had visited the sick bay three times in the last week, so when he said, "I'll try something but it will be painful", I was happy to agree. He quickly cut into my back and inserted a rubber tube saying hang on as long as you can, but touch my hand when you cant take any more. He sucked at the tube and the fluid gushing out, and it was painful.

I held on as long as I could before I touched his hand, immediately he pushed a glass into my hand and said "drink this". It was nectar unlike medicine, smooth and malty, yes pure Scotch.

The treatment continued daily but my pain threshold decreased so that I wanted to touch his hand more quickly.

I have only a hazy recollection of Christmas Day 1942 being so ill, but I realised we had reached Polyarnoe the day before, and everyone from the Captain down visited me, before they got merry on an issue of three cans of beer, plus neaters 'saved', and I believe a couple of stokers managed to find some opened cases on the upper deck and argued that the Base Staff wouldn't mind them taking just a couple of bottles.

A Russian concert party visited the ship so it was singing, dancing, laughter and fighting, and next day there was a crowd at the sick bay with injuries that "I just woke up with, no idea what could have caused them!"

A few days later I was transferred to the auxiliary hospital at Vaenga as HARRIER was sailing. My 'oppo' many years later said "we dumped you there to die". The first time I saw the doctor he said "we shall continue the drill", and started to syphon off the fluid.

It was a full day since I had my "medicine" so it wasn't long before I touched his hand. He nearly exploded - "What the devil do you think you are doing man". I meekly replied "I can't take any more pain". "Nonsense man, you are not in pain, shut up and let me get on with it".

I stayed in the hospital for three months and so missed the Battle of the Barents Sea

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Further to George Nye's and Tom Bethel's letter on Page 48 we now have a translation of a letter from Wolfgang Kube which reads: "IT IS KNOWN THAT WE MEET THE COMRADESHIP OF THE 'SCHARNHORST' ON THE OCCASION OF THE 50 YEARS REMEMBRANCE OF HER SINKING AT NORTH CAPE ON 26-12-43, FROM 2 OCTOBER 1993 IN WILHELMSHAVEN. ON 2 OCTOBER THERE WILL BE A REMEMBRANCE SERVICE FOR THE 1,932 SEAMEN THAT LOST THEIR LIVES ON 26-12-43. THE HONOURING OF THE COMMEMORATIVE STONE OF THE SCHARNHORST BEGINS AT 1030 IN THE CHURCH YARD. THEREFORE THE COMRADES OF THE DESTROYER FLOTILLAS, THE CRUISERS AND 'DUKE OF YORK' AND MEMBERS OF NORTH RUSSIA CLUB ARE INVITED TO ATTEND. My friends and I would be very pleased and grateful if we could know of the numbers British Friends and their wives that will be attending so that arrangements can be made re-hotel bookings, and deposits forwarded by 30-6-93 the latest. Please reply soon. Your sincere friend, Wolfgang Kube. (Address on Page 48).

Ex-NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS: Those interested in joining the newly formed Naval Photographers Association, please send a stamped addressed envelope to :- Ian Wrighton, Naval Photographers Association, 3 Green Walk, Fareham PO15 6AZ

FROM POLYARNOE WITH LOVE: A recent letter from Olga Prosyannikova in Polyarnoe mentions that after checking with their library, the photograph 'Through the porthole' on Page 38 of June 92 Northern Light is Polyarnoe not Murmansk. Sorry Olga. We are pleased that you receive your copies okay and that they are read.

BA93 UPDATE:OPENING OF THE WESTERN APPROACHES HEADQUARTERS: The date of the Opening to the Public of the H.Q. remains Sat. 6 April as stated on Page 7, however there will now be an OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONY during BA93. This will be at 1100 on 27 May, by ADMIRAL SIR HUGO WHITE KCB,CBE, Commander-in-Chief Fleet, Allied Commander in Chief Channel & Commander-in-Chief Eastern Atlantic Area, Many of you will recall that Admiral White attended our functions in Glasgow during the International Reunion last year.

THE FLAG POLE FROM HMS ROYAL ARTHUR: (See ACMT Report in Page 47, Para 2) The mast from ROYAL ARTHUR at Corsham is now well under way. At the time of typing this (24 January.), RN Staff from EAGLET have visited ROYAL ARTHUR to ensure that the mast will start its journey from Corsham on time and to ascertain correct measurements of guy spans, height, etc.etc. In about ten days the mast will be loaded on to a canal long boat for a 3-week voyage through the canals to Ellesmere Port in Cheshire. EAGLET's permanent staff hope to have a couple of Sea Cadet passengers on each leg of the journey. As well as being a unique experience for the cadets, they will be raising sponsorship to help cover the costs. North Russia Club will take over at Ellesmere Port, and will be responsible for the mast from then on. Transport from Ellesmere Port to a ship repair yard in Bootle is the first problem. Will a 45 foot mast go through the Mersey Tunnel? or will it come across the Runcorn Bridge? Cross the Mersey by barge? Or will yours truly have to swim across with it? Problems regarding refurbishment and erection are not so difficult, as we have obtained a very generous cash sponsorship from Royal Mail for this, as well as excellent co-operation from Mannings Marine Ltd.

CAN ANYONE HELP? Either with ideas, cash donations, or voluntary assistance. AT THE END OF THE DAY WE WILL HAVE A MAST WITH A PLAQUE IN MEMORY OF ALL OF OUR SHIPMATES WHO DID NOT SURVIVE. Please contact Dick Squires.

WESTERN APPROACHES; almost ready for launch!

Building work now nears completion on recreation of Western Approaches Area Command Headquarters, which co-ordinated and commanded Allied naval and air warfare in the Battle of the Atlantic during WW2.

Western Approaches ACHQ was the world's first combined operations HQ, first international unified command, site of the first anti-submarine warfare school and, for this and other reasons, was the operation which eventually made victory possible.

Western Approaches, under Admiral Sir Percy Noble ('41-'42) and then Admiral Sir Max Horton ('42-'45) commanded Allied sea and air warfare over 12 million square miles of sea.

Built on the orders of Winston Churchill, the HQ became vital to the war effort. The HQ fulfilled numerous vital functions. One major job was combatting the best efforts of the German navy to wage general warfare. Another vital task was co-ordination of air reconnaissance of German naval activity throughout a vast theatre of war.

Yet another operation, and most crucial of all to the war effort, was planning and management of the convoys of merchant ships bringing vital supplies from the United States. Without these, war against Germany and the Axis powers could not have been sustained.

From Western Approaches, Royal Navy and RAF units, working closely with Canadian Air Force units, co-operated closely with British mercantile ships and those of the US and Canada, and their respective navies. Many of the sloops, corvettes and frigates working in convoy-screening operations were not only built in Canada, but were also manned by Canadians, indeed Canadian input was third only to Great Britain and the US.

Without the Allied operation commanded from Western Approaches HQ, the outcome of the war would have been totally different. Without Western Approaches, D-Day would not have been possible.

Centrepiece of the re-created HQ is the main operations room; every room on display will feature at least one original artefact, with taped audio commentary. Visitors will first see a specially-compiled introductory film, with previously-unseen footage of scenes in the HQ and archive footage of events at sea explaining the work of the HQ and its pivotal position in the war effort.

Reflecting the status of Western Approaches as the first Combined Operations HQ, the project now has its 2 service patrons -

1. Vice Admiral Sir Roy Newman KCB
Flag Officer Plymouth
2. Air Marshal Sir John Harris KCB RAF
Air Officer Commanding, 18 Group RAF

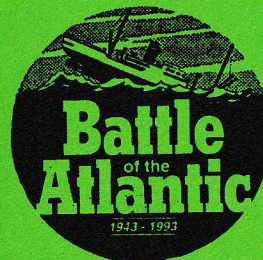
Western Approaches opens its doors on Saturday 3 April. Its formal opening is by Admiral Sir Hugo White, C in C Fleet, at 1100 hours on Thursday 27 May, during numerous planned Battle of the Atlantic Commemoration events in Liverpool.

For more information contact -

R.D.Squires MBE,
26 Westbrook Road,
Gateacre,
Liverpool L25 2PX



**WESTERN
APPROACHES**



NORTHERN LIGHT SUPPLEMENT

"BA93"



Despite the expectations and promises made by M.O.D. and Liverpool City Council that the final arrangements and programme would be announced on 26th January, this has not occurred. At a meeting called on that date in St George's Hall, Liverpool it was disclosed that many items are still only provisionally finalised. Much concern was expressed by representatives of various associations and clubs, including five members of our club. The outcome is, that a joint newsletter will be issued on a regular fortnightly basis to all interested associations. We cannot issue this to all members, many of whom cannot or will not attend events on Merseyside and North Wales. Consequently, if you require these regular up-dates please send appropriate postage stamps to me at 28 Westbrook Road, Gateacre, Liverpool L25 2PX. Several events are certain and these will be commented on, in the ensuing pages. A team of 'reporters' are being enlisted to supply reports for inclusion in the next Northern Light.

R.D.SQUIRES.

Items of special interest to members: "WESTERN APPROACHES HEADQUARTERS" it has been confirmed that a special pre-opening visit to the underground citadel will be available to N.R.C. members. Probably in late March or early April. Further news will be promulgated in a future newsletter.

"RUSSIAN DESTROYER" The Russian representative at the Fleet Review will be the destroyer "GREMYASCHI" and she will be berthed at West Float, Birkenhead, having sailed from Severomorsk (Vaenga). We are endeavouring to arrange a private visit to the ship, as well as entertaining some of them ashore whilst in port.

"H.M.S. BIRMINGHAM" - she was 'our' ship at Glasgow during the International Reunion last year. Again we will try to maintain the links that were made then.

"THE SAILOR'S CHURCH" The flag mast from ROYAL ARTHUR is now definitely being installed in the Church grounds at St.Nicholas and Our Ladys Church, Pier Head, Liverpool. The narrow boat has been supplied and will be crewed by R.N.R. personnel, with two Sea Cadets who will change every couple of days to give more cadets and units the chance to get some 'sea time' in. The 'voyage' starts from Devizes on 15 March and the ETA at Ellesmere Port is 31 March. If you live in the vicinity of our canal system you may be able to drop in and give the youngsters some encouragement. Apparently (not being canal minded myself), the route is roughly Devizes, Hungerford, Newbury, Reading, Wallingford, Abingdon, Oxford, Banbury, Daventry, Birmingham or Stoke, Middlewich, Nantwich, Chester and Ellesmere Port. Most costs have been covered by sponsorship, but the Sea Cadets intended to raise further funds en route. Oh! to be young again!

"ACCOMMODATION" Is very scarce in the Merseyside area during the celebrations, having been snapped up by tour operators and larger concerns. You are advised to try the following Tourist Information Centres for assistance.

LIVERPOOL 051 709 3631:::BIRKENHEAD 051 647 6780:::WIRRAL 051 638 7144

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF ATLANTIC (BA93)
PROPOSED PROGRAMME

23RD MAY	Commemoration Service (Ecumenical 450 seats)	1100	Bootle Town Hall
TUE 25TH MAY	Public Dance (Pay at the Door)	1930	St Georges Hall
WED 26TH MAY	Opening of Historic Conference	A.M.	Maritime Museum
	Fleet Viewing ships assemble	A.M.	Anglesea
	Review of Fleet	1300	Moelfre
	Two submarines berth	1400	Alfred Dock
	"Beaver" and "Birmingham" berth	1500	West Float
	Radio Merseyside "Big Band" Dance	1930	Grafton Rooms
THU 27TH MAY	"Ark Royal"(D.V.) to moorings	AM tide	River Mersey
	Unveiling of Plaque	AM	Mariners Park
	Royal Yacht berths	0900	Pier Head
	"Liverpool" berths	0930	??????
	Opening of Western Approaches H.Q.	1100	Derby House
	Consecration and Commissioning of Mast (NRC/RCC/ACMT.)	1400	St.Nicholas & Our Lady Church
	Admiralty Dinner (not for us!!)	1930	"Ark Royal"
	"Fabulous Forties" Public Dance	1930	Grafton Rooms
	"Derek Jameson" Radio Show	1930	Neptune Theatre
	Veterans Dance	1930	St Georges Hall
	R.M. Bands "Beat the Retreat"	Sunset	Pier Head
FRI 28 MAY	Remaining ships berth (incl.Gremyaschi)"	AM tide	Various Docks
	"Live" Radio Broadcast	0600-0830	"Ark Royal"
	"Live" " " "	1030	Neptune Theatre
	H.M.The Queen opens Battle of Atlantic Balcony and Exhibition.	1100	Maritime Museum
	Captain Walker's Annual Dinner (CWOBA and Guests only)	1900	Bootle Town Hall
	"Battle of Atlantic" Concert	1930	Floral Pavilion
	Scottish Symphony Orchestra (free admission)	1930	Phil'monic Hall
	ENSA Concert (BBC Radio) (" " ")	1930	Neptune Theatre
	Royal Navy v Merseyside Select	1930	Everton Park
	Boxing Tournament		Sports Centre
	Music & Fireworks Display	2200	River Mersey
SAT 29 MAY	Memorial Service at Bootle War Memorial	0900	Kings Park
	Units muster for March.	1030	Chavasse Park
	March. Participating units, R.N.,R.A.F.) Army, representatives of visiting ships,) plus maximum of 1200 'Atlantic Star') Veterans.)	1100	City Centre
	Reception for 1200 "Marching" Veterans only follows		St Georges Hall
	Fly Past of Historic and Modern aircraft.1430 (VIPs and Sponsors view from Ark Royal)		River Mersey
	Brass Band Concert	1530	City Centre
	Charity Performance by Massed Bands (We have ordered 100 tickets in the section sponsored by Pussers Rum)	1900	Goodison Park
	Dinner Dance new Glen Miller Orchestra	1930	Wallesey Town Hall

SUN 30 MAY	Service of Commemoration	1100	Anglican Cathedral
	NRC have applied for 100 seats we will be extremely lucky to get 10!! The service will be relayed outside. NRC Standard will be included in the Service and we have been asked to provide a 'Merchant Navy' Standard Bearer - this has been arranged. Apart from this honour for the club, other arrangements for the Service are very unsatisfactory. Following the Service there will be a Parade of Standards.		
	Quayside viewing of ships	1300 to 1900	All berths
	Onboard viewing of ships	1400 to 1600	All berths
	Band Concerts	1500 to 1600	City Centre
	Open Air Concert	1930	Fort Perch Rock
	Royal Marine Band Concert (In aid of K.G.F.S.)	1800	Anglican Cath'l
MON 31 MAY	BBC Roadshow	1200 to 1400	Ottespool Prom
	Quayside Viewing of ships	1300 to 1900	Various Docks
	Onboard Viewing of ships	1400 to 1600	Various Docks
TUE 1 JUNE	Ships disperse.		

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ROYAL PATRONAGE OF BA93

The proposed programme of royal support for BA93 is as follows:

H.R.H. PRINCE PHILIP will be present to Review the Assembled ships at Moelfre on Wednesday 26. He will also attend the Admiralty Dinner on board ARK ROYAL as well as entertain Captains of overseas vessels on board BRITANNIA on Thursday 27 May.

H.M.THE QUEEN will formally open the Battle of the Atlantic Exhibition in the Merseyside Maritime Museum on Friday 28 May. Following lunch at the Museum, Her Majesty will visit Anfield Football ground to mark the occasion of Liverpool F.C's Centenary Year, and to unveil a memorial to those who died in the Hillsborough Disaster. Then, to Bootle Town Hall to unveil the Battle of Atlantic plaque and to meet the members of Captain Walker's Old Boys Association.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES will attend the Commemoration Service at the Anglican Cathedral on Sunday 30 May. Following the service Prince Charles will take the salute at the March Past of Massed Standards.

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DONT FORGET THE INFORMATION "HOT LINE" - 0891 88 1943