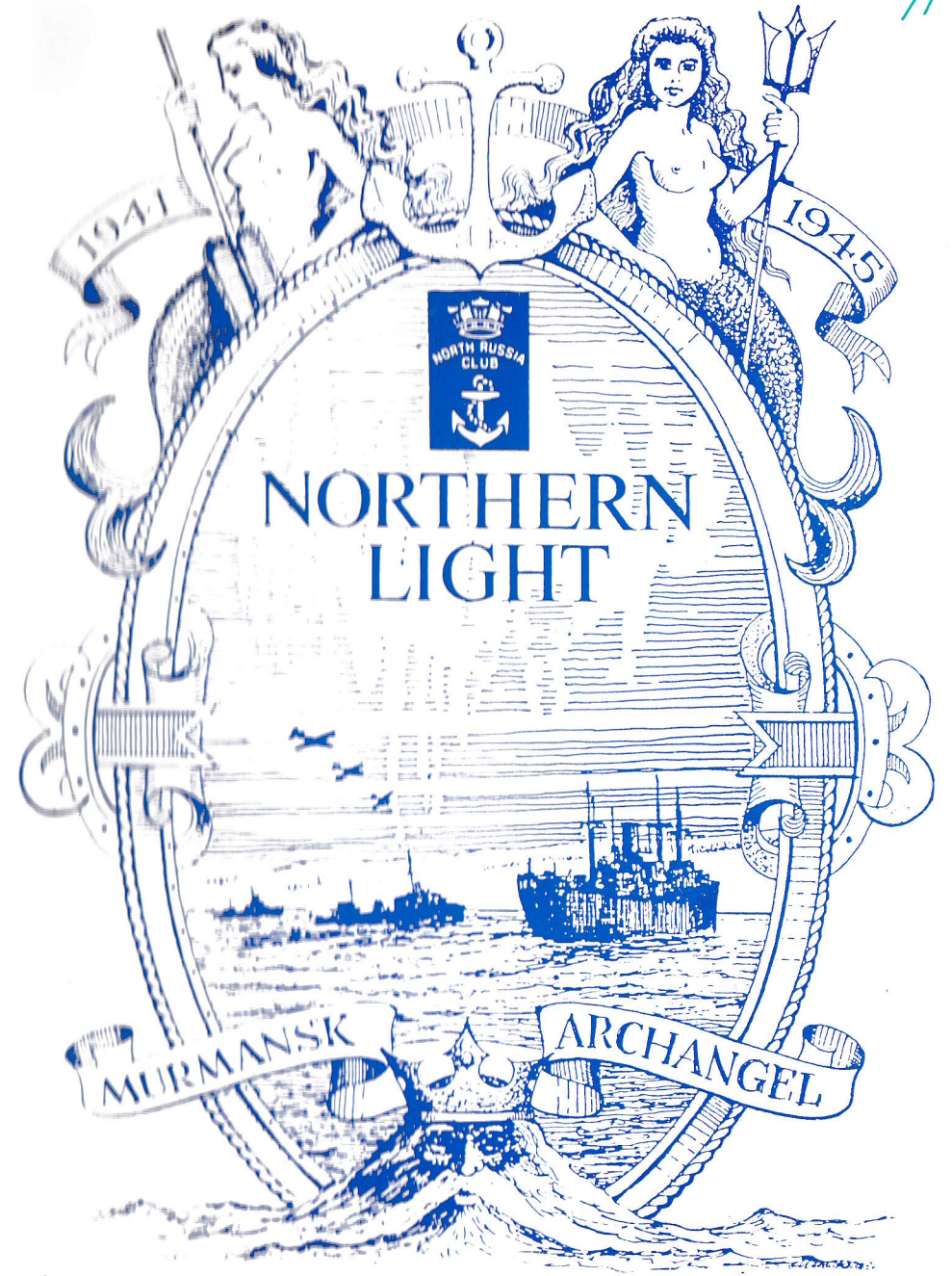


29  
9/92



**PRICE £2** (Free to Members)

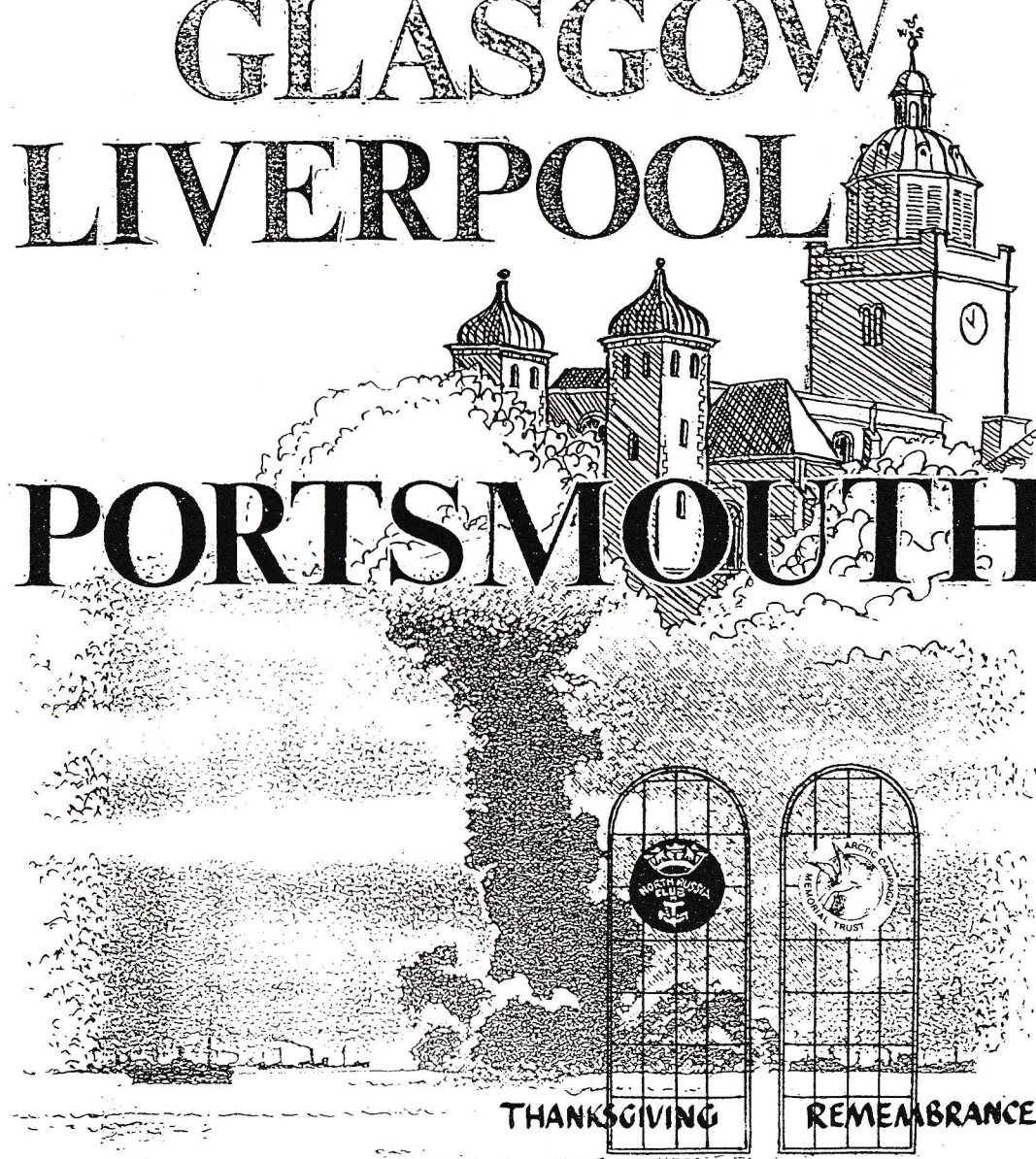
© PUBLISHED BY R. D. SQUIRES, FOR NORTH RUSSIA CLUB  
AND PRINTED BY KAMPRESS AT  
GREEN DRAGON LANE, ST. MARY STREET, BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET, TA6 3EL

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB

9/92

# GLASGOW LIVERPOOL

# PORTSMOUTH



THANKSGIVING

REMEMBRANCE

## INTERNATIONAL REUNION 1992

Artwork by Denis Brooke



OFFICIALS & COMMITTEE 1992-1993

Elected 8th July 1992

**PRESIDENT:** C.B.(Chris) Tye, 5 Begonia Avenue, Gillingham, Kent ME8 6YD  
**DEPUTY PRESIDENT:** J.R.(Bob) Davis, 17 Walton Avenue, Harrow, Middx. HA2 8QU  
**VICE PRESIDENTS:** Captain S.Farquharson Roberts O.B.E.,R.N.  
 Captain F.A.Collins R.N.

.....

**CHAIRMAN & EDITOR:**

R.D.(Dick) Squires, M.B.E.,28 Westbrook Road, Gateacre, Liverpool L25 2PX  
**VICE CHAIRMAN:** D.(Don) Allen, Grove Cottage, The Street, Great Chart, Ashford, Kent.

**HON.SECRETARY:** P.A.(Peter) Skinner, The Anchorage, Burscott, High Clovelly, Bideford, Devon EX39 5RR

**ASST.HON.SECRETARY:** L.A.(Les) Sullivan, 2 Broadlawn, Woolavington, Bridgwater, Somerset TA7 8EP

**HON.TREASURER:** E.(Eric) Rathbone, 21 Orchard Way, Chinnor, Oxford OX9 4UD.

**COMMITTEE (With Special Duties allocated at committee meeting 1st August 1992:**

E.S.R.(Ron) Phelps, (WELFARE OFFICER), 89 Tyle Teg, Garden Suburbs, Burryport, Llanelli, Dyfed SA16 0SR

E.M.(Mervyn) Williams, (SOUTHERN REUNIONS), 87 Olive Road, Coxford, Southampton SO1 6FT

A.(Austin) Byrne, (MINUTE SECRETARY), 28 Southlands Grove, Thornton, Bradford, West Yorkshire.

L.(Les) Jones, (ANNUAL DINNER SECRETARY/NORTHERN REUNIONS) 35 Nearthgates, Charnock Richard, Chorley, Lancs.

R.J.Wren (A.C.M.T.), 13 Sherwood Avenue, Potters Bar, Herts EN6 2LD.

D.(Denis) Brooke, (ART WORK), 5 Gloucester Cottages, Hastings, East Sussex.

S.(Sid) Bateman, (SLOPS/JACK DUSTY) 70 Nickleby House, All Saints Road, Portsmouth, PO1 4EL.

E.(Ernie) Skelton, (1993 AGM WEEK END) 105 Melbourne Ave, Dover, Kent CT16 2JH

W.(Bill) Ford, (NORTHERN SOCIALS), 20 Dee House, Ribble Road, Gateacre, Liverpool L25 5PR.

A.D.(Albert) Horne, 30 Hamble Road, Somting, Lancing, Sussex BN15 0ES.

.....

USEFUL PHONE NUMBERS

PRESIDENT.....0634 232884  
 CHAIRMAN/EDITOR.....051 487 9567  
 HON.SEC. (all general enquiries). 0237 431481  
 ASST.HON.SEC. (Membership/Subs).. 0278 683579  
 WELFARE/BEREAVEMENTS..... 0554 834935  
 SOUTHERN REUNIONS..... 0703 775875  
 ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL TRUST... 0707 55846  
 ANNUAL DINNER/NORTHERN REUNION... 0257 791632  
 JACK DUSTY/SLOPS..... 0705 817775

.....

JUST A THOUGHT!

"From the time an infant tries to get its toes in its mouth life is a struggle to make both ends meet"

CLUB NEWS

**CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE:** As you will see from the opposite page there were a few new appointments made at the Annual General Meeting. I was pleased and honoured to accept the Chairmanship of our unique club and I can assure you that I shall try to attend to my new duties in the interests of you all. I am pleased that I can continue to act as the editor of Northern Light. I know I will get good support from the Vice Chairman and all of the committee. I ask you all to co-operate with the new Secretary, Peter Skinner in the same way that you have done with me during the years that I occupied that position. Peter may have a different approach to some items than those I had, but he is absolutely dedicated to our club - he deserves your support.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS:** It was unanimously approved at the A.G.M. that from next March subscriptions will be increased to £7.00 per year, (Overseas members £10.00, because of the high overseas mailing costs). There is also a new membership rate - Life Membership for £60.00. The committee regretted suggesting any increase in subscription, but it is absolutely necessary. BUT, to those members who are struggling on their meagre State Pension, please dont even think of lapsing your membership. Through donations from very generous shipmates we have built up a nice little contingency fund to help. All you have to do is contact our membership secretary and the matter can be resolved in STRICT CONFIDENCE.

**ANNUAL DINNER DANCE:** There is still time to book for our annual 'do' which takes place at The Swallow Hotel, Eagle Drive, Northampton on Saturday 24th October 1992. Obtain your booking form from Les Jones (address opposite) or save time by phoning for yours - Tel:0257 791632.

**SOME DATES FOR 1993:** WEST COUNTRY REUNION on 24th March at Keyford Arms, Frome, Somerset. Further information and bookings to E (Curly) Morris, 54 Green Lane, Frome, Somerset BA11 4JU.

NORTHERN REUNION on 27th March at Stretton Hotel, Blackpool, further information from Les Jones. Address and phone number opposite.

REUNION IN CHANNEL ISLANDS from 9th to 16th May 1992. A hotel in Jersey has been fully reserved for our members - see STOP PRESS on Page 43 for booking arrangements.

SOUTHERN REUNION on Saturday 22nd May at H.M.S. Nelson, Portsmouth. Further information and bookings to Mervyn Williams (address and phone number on opposite page.

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS at Liverpool from 26th May to 1st June. About 40 warships and submarines from 15 countries will be reviewed in the Mersey. NRC club visits to British and Russian ships being arranged. More information in next Northern Light.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING on Saturday 24th July at Union Jack Club, London. Further details in next edition.

We Regret to announce that the following shipmates have Crossed the Bar.

K. SEARLES.....of Gillingham.....TRINIDAD  
 C.W. CASWELL...of London W12.....N.P.100  
 D.W.E. BAKER...of Chatham.....MUSKETEER  
 W.C. WARREN...of Swanley,Kent.KING GEORGE V  
 R. JEFFRIES....of St Albans.....HARRIER  
 B.BODEN.....of West Bromwich.....PYTCHLEY  
 "REST IN PEACE"



THE INTERNATIONAL REUNION  
PRESIDENT'S REPORT

On publication of this report our International Reunion Tour will be nearly two months behind us but will remain in the memory of those who took part always. It was the most fantastic N.R.C. occasion ever experienced, so enjoyable, somewhat tiring with travel north to south, in company with wonderful people - the members of North Russia Club, their wives and our guests from overseas.

I had the pleasure of joining the tour at the University of Glasgow on 2nd July and leaving it at the Union Jack Club on 13th July. Joining the 'Royal Scot' at Euston in company with our Vice Chairman Don Allen. Lunch onboard made the journey quick and comfortable.

Arriving at the University, I met and welcomed our visitors from America, Canada and Russia. At the Civic Reception arranged by the Lord and Lady Provost, the Deputy Chairman stressed how welcome and important we were and that no less than nine Baillies (Councillors to us Sassenachs!) were in attendance - more than any other similar occasion. Our N.R.C. wall plaque was presented to adorn the walls of the magnificent building in which the reception was held. Our own wreath was laid at the Cenotaph in St. Georges Square, followed by a march headed by the Royal Marine Band, up 'Cardiac Hill' to Glasgow Cathedral for a service, during which the reverend gentleman referred more than once to North Russia Club, Peter Skinner and myself.

Dates are not important but our visit to Faslane and tour aboard a nuclear submarine and a 'crash dive' in the Simulator at the Training School was unique, albeit frightening. Then a visit to a whisky distillery soon settled the nerves!! More exciting however, was the trip out to H.M.S. Birmingham. A conducted tour of the ship, even the top secret Control Room, although few could understand it all. We sailed up, or was it down? the Clyde, whatever, we did not see much of it, as we were guests of the Senior Rates Mess and soon in good voice with Rule Britannia and Yankee Doodle Dandy to the fore.

Our own banquet followed in the evening when I had the extreme pleasure of welcoming the Lord and Lady Provost of Glasgow, Vice Admiral Sir Hugo White RN and Bob Allen of the Russian Convoy Club, and also, of course our overseas visitors. (The Mississippi Mud Pie was delicious). During the proceedings Ken Riley read a message from the Prime Minister of Canada.

Thence to Liverpool by coach, through the Scottish scenery and countryside, impressive to our visitors as well as ourselves. A stop at Blackpool for a hotel lunch practically under the shadow of the famous Tower. In the evening we were guests at Liverpool R.N.A. Club. A wreath laying service in the grounds, conducted by their popular Padre, John Williams. The first time I heard an "All Things Bright and Beautiful" singalong in any R.N.A. club or elsewhere. This was another night to remember, our hosts were extremely hospitable and our visitors impressed with the fun and 'goings on'. The following day we visited both Cathedrals, the Town Hall for a 'cuppa' with the Lord Mayor and the Albert Dock. During the evening another banquet, or to be precise, an 'Olde English Dinner' at Bootle Town Hall, in company with the Mayor and Mayoress of Sefton and Captain H.Mucklow RN, who deputised for the Flag Officer Plymouth, Vice Admiral Sir Alan Grosse, RN.. During the evening I accepted from Bill Ryan, of America's Armed Guard, a framed letter of greeting to N.R.C. from President George Bush. Yes, and during our time at Liverpool we managed to take time off for club business - the Annual General Meeting (reported elsewhere).

The following day we were on our way again, this time en-route for Pompey. A

motorway stop for coffee and panic stations!! I returned to the coach park to find an absence of a coach!! Eventually it reappeared, backing up the slip road - Dick Squires was quick to remind everyone of the need for a Deputy President! Our next stop was Woodstock for lunch in the Social Club, followed by a short stop at Blenheim Palace and then on to Bladon for a simple wreath laying ceremony at the grave of Sir Winston Churchill.

In Portsmouth we were joined by about 130 Southern Members for the climax of the tour. A social get-together started the local activities at the Royal Sailors Home Club, this was followed on following evenings with a similar occasion at Portsmouth R.N.O.C.A. and R.N.A. Club. Then a superb banquet as guests of the City of Portsmouth. Present were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Captain and Mrs W.M.Caswell MVO,RN, (our naval attache in Moscow during last years 'Dervish' event. Also present were the First Lieutenants of H.M.S's. London and Birmingham. During the evening I was able to accompany the Lady Mayoress (by now we were on Christian name terms), around the tables to meet our members and their ladies. Another memorable evening!

The highlight of the reunion for many participants was the march through Pompey, in heavy rain and led by the Royal Marine Cadet Band, with the salute being taken by the First Sea Lord, Sir Julian Oswald, GCB,ADC,RN with the Flag Officer Portsmouth Rear Admiral D.K.Bawtree RN in attendance. We marched into the Cathedral for the Dedication of the ACMT Memorial Window and the NRC Window of Thanksgiving. The scene was magnificent and inspiring, the feelings of us all will be a cherished memory. The wonderful voices of the young choir in unison with the solo trumpeter and organist were heart rendering. The lessons were read by our Vice Presidents, Captain F.A.Collins,RN and Captain S.Farquharson-Roberts OBE,RN. followed by a special message from the First Sea Lord. The impressive and emotional sermon given by our own Reverend Gordon Taylor VRD,MA,RNR (Rtd), from St Giles in the Fields Church in London, brought a lump to our throats and unashamed tears to our eyes. I sat with pride and emotion as our Standard, accompanied by others was paraded past the windows to the altar.

Back at the Royal Sailors Home Club, the First Sea Lord asked me about our life ashore in Russia during the war - it gave me great pleasure to inform him about Naval Parties 100 and 200.

Thence and still onward, to Brookwood Military Cemetery fora wreath laying parade at the Russian Memorial, followed by a buffet lunch at the Sergeant's Mess at Pirbright Guards Depot. Finally, on to the Union Jack Club to say our fond farewells, especially to our overseas visitors and more particularly to those who joined our unique club while here and returned home wearing their NRC ties and badges with pride.

In conclusion my grateful thanks on your behalf for the outstanding work and organisation arranged by Peter Skinner and his team over many months of hard work which gave us such pleasure and enjoyment. On one evening of the Tour I ordered him off to his hammock, exhausted).

To Ron Wren and his committee for their arrangements for the Service of Dedication at the Cathedral - congratulations and thanks for creating this outstanding ceremony.

They both gave us so much pleasure and enjoyment during this amazing 10-day Reunion.

My Gratitude and Sincere Thanks.

Chris B. Tye, President

::::::::::

"A woman is a person that draws up a chair when the telephone rings"



GLASGOW 2ND-6TH JULY

Excerpts from a five page report by Geoff Skelton

The primary objective of the reunion was to remember the 50th anniversary of the order to 'Scatter' PQ17, in what resulted in the biggest disaster in the annals of maritime history. We were also able to join our American shipmates in celebrating Independence Day.....

..... I also had another, more private motive. In 1944 my ship called at Lamlash in the Isle of Arran, there I saw the most beautiful girl you ever did see. Dark haired, beautiful eyes, I was speechless, I was captivated, I was in love. We never went back to Lamlash again, yet in this last 48 years never a day has passed without me thinking of her, and so my coming to Glasgow and the River Clyde would remind me of her as this vision of loveliness will haunt me forever.....

.....On Friday 3rd July the coach took us to Faslane. There were two submarines there - SCEPTRE and SUPERB. Being nuclear submarines they contained equipment and machinery, some of which was British and some American. However our Colonial cousins (excuse me for referring to them as such but apart from them prostituting the English language they are one of us) but I digress. The American government had allowed us to instal their equipment providing no foreigners were allowed to see it. So what happened? Well, the Yanks over here are foreigners so they were prevented from seeing their own gear, while we were having a good nose around. Sorry Guys! I dont think they would have learnt much because it was just a morass of panels, screens, wires, knobs, switches and flashing lights. It was all a complete mystery although I did learn one thing, the hatches are smaller and the ladders harder to climb.

A WRNS writer named Grace led our party. She had a nice pair of legs which somewhat detracted from what she was saying, but she was keen and full of enthusiasm and certainly knew her subject. We then went into a training simulator, a huge box like device which bucked, rolled and dived, we had to hang on for dear life. When Grace left us we sang to her "If you were the only girl in the world" but with a red face and an embarrassed smile she departed pretty quick. I got the feeling she was thinking "Thank goodness I didn't know this lot 50 years ago".

Next we drove to Glengoyne Distillery, suddenly you noticed a profound effect the surroundings were having, a glint in the eye, a spring in the step. Age had marred their appreciation of many things but this was certainly not one of them. We saw fermentation taking place in the large vats and were reminded of the young lad who fell in to one and was drowned. Regrettably his death was prolonged when he kept getting out to go to the toilet.

In the evening a Civic Reception was held on our behalf at Glasgow City Chambers. Somehow this magnificent old building with its beautiful paintings, the chandeliers, the marble and the wide staircases seemed an appropriate setting for a gathering of veterans.

Saturday 4th July - the big day - We boarded a coach at Clyde Hall to take us to Greenock. We were all given bags of food. Apparently we were going aboard BIRMINGHAM and steaming up river to Glasgow, so with the food came instructions that it had to be consumed before we embarked. I think Peter had been having nightmares about old men scattering crisp bags and apple cores with gay abandon on one of Her Majesty's ships. We boarded the fleet tender FOTHERBY and were ferried from the jetty to BIRMINGHAM. We consumed our lunch on FOTHERBY and all went well except for those few who had forgotten the lee side from the windward side.

Arriving on board we were all invited to the Wardroom where tea and coffee was provided. While this was going on the crew were weighing the anchor. Then followed various tours around the ship, though some waived this opportunity for an educational exercise on the basis it was "beyond their ken" so they remained in the Wardroom swinging the lamp with such enthusiasm that they began to frighten themselves let alone the young midshipmen, and my word they were young. We then had difficulty trying to find the heads allocated to the men and had to take emergency measures by using the one allocated to ladies,

We later adjourned to the Senior Rates Mess where a liberal supply of alcoholic beverages were made available.....evidence of the appreciation of such overwhelming hospitality was seen when the veterans with their young shipmates rendered a full throated series of war time songs.....

.....It did not take us long to be aware that BIRMINGHAM is a happy ship. The spirit (not the bottled variety) can be felt wherever you go. It was obvious that this spirit had not been acquired at the expense of efficiency or discipline. From the conversations taking place one could sense the respect that the officers and men had for their superiors and also the respect that the Skipper and his officers had for the crew. A happy ship should never be taken for granted. Long may it continue.....

.....Saturday night - the banquet at Glasgow Royal Concert Hall, the night of regalia, orders and medals.....the veterans of PQ17 sat at the centre table with the top table at right angles to it while the rest fanned out from the middle. The Royal Marines played a collection of sea flavoured tunes such as H.M.S.Pinafore, The Skye Boat Song, and the Trinidad March. This culminated in the Naval Hymn and Sunset with the striking of the White Ensign. The Warrant Officer Bandmaster R.Metcalf ARCM, RM, is to be congratulated on his choice of music and the excellence of the Royal Marine Band.

Mr.C.B.Tye (who I now know as Chris) welcomed the guests of honour. The responses were by the Lord Provost and from his speech I gleaned that we had both served on MAURITIUS after the war. Mr E.R.Allen (who I now know as Bob) spoke for his fellow PQ17 survivors, Mr W.F.Ryan U.S.Armed Guard veteran (who I now know as Bill) spoke on behalf of U.S. veterans.....Bill was a Command Sergeant Major and had the bearing and sound of one. I'm pleased I didn't have to serve under him. Bill produced a letter from President Bush. He also made a presentation to Ted Hennessey BEM, who was decorated following PQ17 for his actions aboard an American cargo ship on which he had sailed as a gunner in the Maritime Royal Artillery. One of our Canadian members read a letter from the Prime Minister of Canada. Vice Admiral Sir Hugo White KCB, CBE, Flag Officer, Scotland and N.Ireland gave a worthy response.

You must be wondering what this business is about "Who I now know as ....." In fact it is a tease about our illustrious leader Chris Tye. Now we know our Chris is a small chap who had to sit between the towering figures of the Lord Provost wearing his magnificent chain of office and the Vice Admiral bedecked with gold braid and orders. Chris did not give the impression of being overawed by these high ranking dignitaries and yet to sit alongside a Vice Admiral and call him Hugo was beyond anything Chris had ever conceived. The wives did not escape as they too were introduced as "Who I now know as ....." This informality broke down any barriers that may have existed even if he did get some of the names wrong!.....

While the evening was a glorious mixture of music, colour and companionship and while we were honoured to have among us the survivor of PQ17, never far from our thoughts were those who gave their lives in a cold, freezing and merciless sea. They suffered the bombs, the torpedoes, the mines, they suffered the strafing of machine guns, the explosion of boilers and seas ablaze with burning oil. Some died quickly, while others trapped in battened down hatches held on for a few minutes not knowing whether lack of oxygen or the cold would be the executioner. We will never know their final thoughts, we will never really know the pain of their loved ones. We their shipmates will never forget them, by the same thinking we must always believe that they did not die in vain, for to believe otherwise is to nullify their sacrifice and betray them. We pray to God that he too will always keep them within his memory.

On Sunday morning the parade assembled in St. George's Square. The Royal Marine Band was in attendance also a party of sailors from BIRMINGHAM and of

See Stop Press



course the convoy veterans. A wreath laying ceremony took place then we prepared to march to Glasgow Cathedral. I had been concerned that whilst the tempo might be alright for young fit servicemen, the band could easily find itself arriving at the Cathedral without 70 old veterans, I therefore had a word with the parade marshal and reminded him of the limitations of the old men following and suggested that something like the Dead March would be appropriate. He assured me that all this had been taken into account and though not fully convinced I left him feeling slightly guilty myself, that I should think he would overlook something like that. In fact we marched at a most dignified pace that allowed us to appreciate the architecture and the beautiful buildings bathed in glorious sunshine.

Shafts of coloured rays penetrated the Cathedral's stained glass windows on to the congregation below, here and there they would reflect on someones medals and a brief flash of light would ensue. The choice of hymns embraced beautiful words that somehow captured solemnity of the occasion as also did the sermon. We had been invited to BIRMINGHAM to join them for a buffet lunch, so after the service we boarded a coach and headed in that direction. Awnings had been erected on the forecastle but they were unnecessary as there was hardly a cloud in the sky. Every available space that could be used as a table was used. Table cloths gleaming white in the sunshine were buried under a mountain of food. The variety and preparation would have done more than justice to a West End Hotel. What a difference to our basic diet so many years ago, cold hard roast potatoes swilling in congealed grease. In between helping ourselves, young sailors and very pretty Wrens dispensed alcoholic drinks.....  
 .....This was the conclusion of our reunion in Glasgow.....

I returned home on Monday evening to the most beautiful girl in the world, yes the lovely young lady from the Isle of Arran. My fellow shipmates were unaware that between convoys I found and courted this young maiden, by Loch Lomond and on the banks of the Clyde, at Kelvin Hall and St.Enoch's station (as it was then) also down at Govan Ferry which no longer exists. Yes, this reunion has achieved many things, some of which our worthy organiser could not have foreseen.

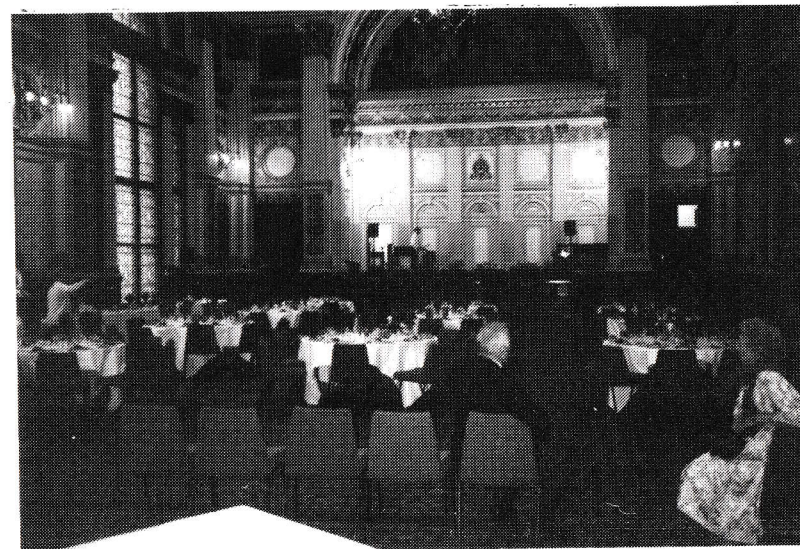
Geoff Shelton.

ooo00000ooo  
 LIVERPOOL and WOODSTOCK

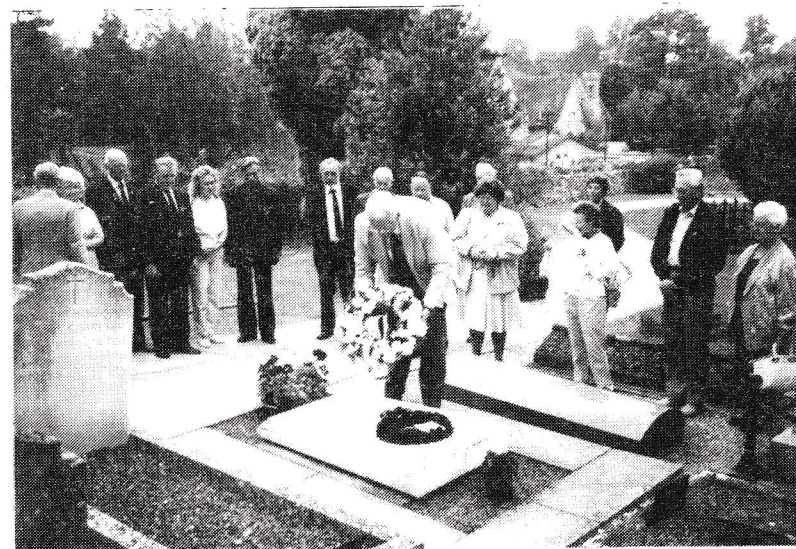
We have received no written reports about the Liverpool leg of the reunion apart from those written on a previous page by El Presidente. The main items from the A.G.M. can also be found on other pages, so to avoid repetition we will move on to the journey from Liverpool to Portsmouth.

Driving in extremes of weather from bright sunshine to torrential rain with restricted visibility, we eventually arrived at Woodstock in Oxfordshire. Here we were flagged down by Bob Smith our local member who directed us to the Woodstock Social Club where a buffet lunch had been prepared for us. It also gave some of our overseas friends a short time to browse through the numerous 'Olde English' antiques shops. Then the short drive to Blenheim Palace where there was time only to walk around the court yard and exterior of the palace, luckily the weather, at this time favoured our many photographers. Then back to the coach for another very short drive to the village of Bladon, where Sir Winston Churchill is buried in close proximity to his family - father, mother and sisters. Everyone was impressed by the simplicity of the site and, quite frankly I feel that our Russian friends were amazed that the great man had not been buried in a similar setting to Lenin's Mausoleum in Red Square. We laid two wreaths, one from N.R.C. and one from the U.S. Navy Armed Guard. By this time the weather had turned on us and we got a minor drenching. Still why worry, we were soon on our way to Pompey and someone produced a bottle Captain Morgan on the coach.

R.D.Squires.



Awaiting the banquet at Glasgow's Royal Concert Hall



At Sir Winston Churchill's grave at Bladon, The U.S. Armed Guard wreath follows our poppies.



PORTSMOUTH 9-10-11th July  
 Submitted by Mrs Jean Harrison

On Thursday I was permitted to join members for the Portsmouth section of the grand reunion. We assembled at the Sailors Home Club during the evening for a Welcoming Buffet Social Evening. We met Americans, Canadians, Russians and many people from all parts of U.K.

In a most friendly and happy gathering people just introduced themselves to each other and started telling their stories. Although there were many tales of heroism and bravery, all were told with much mirth and great modesty. Many of the tale tellers just happened to be in the "wrong place at the right time!" The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress joined us at the buffet supper and the Lord Mayor welcomed us to his city.

On Friday at 0930 sharp we met at the Dockyard Main Gate and for the next seven and half hours we were shewn over the historic ships there. First VICTORY, Nelson's flag ship, then WARRIOR, the navy's first iron clad battleship, then MARY ROSE and her museum, and finally the Royal Navy Museum. The first thing that strikes you about VICTORY is how low the deckheads are, and how basic the living spaces. The Captain's Cabin and Wardroom are not too bad, at least they have a semblance of of civilized living with cutlery, china and glassware. The crew's quarters are really non-existent. They lived and worked round their guns in a very small area indeed. With over 700 men aboard it must have been horrific, especially as most of the crew were press ganged into the service. Surely, no one would volunteer for this type of life! Next, we visited WARRIOR and were immediately struck by its size. Even the tallest man had enough headroom to stand erect. The next impression was that she was much larger than VICTORY. Her crew lived in the same conditions as those a hundred years earlier, so virtually the only improvement was 'headroom. But WARRIOR was in the water and this gave a totally different feel about her. A short walk along Queen Street took us to the Home Club for a buffet lunch before returning to the dockyard to continue the visit to MARY ROSE. I had watched on television when she was raised from the seabed, but nothing prepares you for the size of her! She must have been a totally amazing ship in her time. So much of her is still in good condition and you can see and appreciate the size and shape of her although only about one third of her is there. We were told that the sailors of Portsmouth refer to her as "Our Lump of Driftwood". We toured the Mary Rose Museum, and noticed that the artifacts had not changed all that much since in nearly 500 years. Then to the Royal Navy Museum to see pieces of past history of the Royal Navy. When we returned home my feet were so pleased!!! That evening, we were guests at the Portsmouth Branch R.N.A. Club where another great time was had. During the evening, one of our Russian guests (with the delightful Christian name of Seraphim!), presented N.R.C. with an ensign of the Russian Northern Fleet. Immediately, he was asked to parade it at the march to the cathedral tomorrow.

Saturday morning: The march from the Home Club to Portsmouth Cathedral, behind the band the Royal Marine Cadet Corps, in pouring rain although it certainly didn't dampen the spirits of the marchers, as all the parade sang at the tops of their voices. The March Past and Salute was taken by The First Sea Lord, Sir Julian Oswald. This was followed by the Service of Dedication of the two stained glass windows. (Reported on an earlier page). Then back to the home Club for coffee and 'sippers'.

At this point I must digress to tell a little tale. When it came time to organise the standards for the parade it was discovered that there were two flag poles short. One for the Russian Fleet Ensign, the other for the U.S.Navy "Armed Guard". After fruitless searches for 'spares', necessity became the

mother of invention. A lance, about eight feet long and a long broom handle were acquired and did valiant service I might add. However, after the service there was a problem, you cannot break down a lance! So the Parade Marshall volunteered to walk back to the Home Club, needless to say it was still pouring with rain, so off he set with the flag furled around the lance. He had not gone far when the First Sea Lord's car drew alongside and the Admiral offered him a lift. The Marshall thanked him, but explained that he could not fold up the 'flag pole'. The Admiral's answer was simply that "We will stick it out the car window". So this they duly did!

When they pulled up outside the Home Club, a very young rating was standing on the kerb looking completely bemused at the sight of the flag sticking from the car window, and, to make matters worse, an Admiral emerging from behind it. The rating was asked by the Admiral if he was aware he must always salute a flag, whereupon the poor young and very confused young Rating smartly saluted the flag and the Admiral. He was then commended for his smartness and the quality of his salute! In these days of 'cuts' in the armed forces, this flag pole episode must be a salutary comment on the ingenuity of our servicemen and women to 'make do and mend'.

To return to the official part of the Reunion, that evening we were entertained by the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress and Councillors of the City of Portsmouth - a impressive reception and beautiful banquet which, I am sure was a fitting climax to our three days in Portsmouth.....we had to leave our new friends, with many handshakes and kisses and a few tears also. We had met so many wonderful people who had shared a very special time together and whose numbers, inevitably will grow less each year; but I cannot begin to explain the warmth of their welcome to the "youngsters" in their midst. Also here I must mention Julie from Arizona, who, after the loss of our cameras, kindly took pictures of our group and will send them to us in due time.

A very big thank you, God bless you all....I hope to see you again some day.  
 Mrs Jean Harrison

.....

SUNDAY 12TH JULY

The morning commenced with a lot of farewells with handshakes and kisses, but there were still a coach load who travelled on to London via Brookwood and Pirbright. On the coach we found that we had a 'birthday boy' aboard and it was disclosed that he had reached his 'Sell by Date' of three score years and ten. Somehow a small posy of flowers was produced as well as the birthday bottle!

On arrival at Brookwood Military Cemetery we were joined by several groups of other members who had come along for the short wreath laying ceremony. Due to the enforced absence of the padre our Vice President, Captain Stuart Farqharson Roberts conducted the short wreath laying service at the Russian Memorial, where the names of British and Commonwealth servicemen buried in the old Soviet Union are recorded. Thank you Stuart - it was just like Sunday morning on the quarterdeck of a destroyer.

Thence on to Pirbright Camp where, in the days of high security, we were extremely lucky to be allowed to use the Sergeants Mess for an excellent hot and cold buffet lunch with quite the cheapest bar facilities of the whole reunion.

Then on to the Union Jack Club in London for more departures - except for those who opted for a night (or two) there. But that's another story.

R.D.Squires, Chairman.

.....



## OPERATION "FB"

## Independent Sailings

Operation "Torch", the North African invasion, required the detachment of so many Home Fleet ships that it became impossible to run Convoy PQ19. As a gesture to the Russians, the decision was taken to attempt a series of independent passages both east and westbound, the eastbound series being known as Operation "FB".

It was planned that twelve merchant ships, then lying in Iceland, should be sailed at twelve hour intervals from 29 October to 2 November, alternating British and American ships, to Russia. At the last moment, a further Russian ship was added.

While no escorts were provided, the trawlers CAPE PALLISER, NORTHERN PRIDE, NORTHERN SPRAY and ST ELSTAN were disposed along the route from Iceland, while CAPE ARAGON, CAPE MARIATO and ST KENAN were sailed to Murmansk to cover the eastward end of the passage. It was the presence of NORTHERN SPRAY and her attack on a U-boat, plus unusual reconnaissance by Catalina aircraft along the route that probably alerted the enemy. In the event, of the thirteen ships, three returned, five were sunk and only five completed their voyage. However, twenty-two of the twenty-three ships sailed westward from Russia arrived safely. The merchant ships involved were as follows:

## Eastbound, returned to Iceland

BRIARWOOD	British	4019tons/1930
DALDORCH	British	5571 "" /1930
JOHN H B LATROBE	American	7191 "" /1942

## Eastbound, sunk

CHUMLEIGH	British	5445 "" /1938	Stranded then sunk by U-625
DEKABRIST	Russian	7363 "" /1903	Sunk by aircraft 4 November
EMPIRE GILBERT	British	6640 "" /1941	Sunk by U-586 2 November
EMPIRE SKY	British	7455 "" /1941	Sunk by U-625 6 November
WILLIAM CLARK	American	7176 "" /1942	Sunk by U-354 4 November

## Eastbound, arrived

EMPIRE GALLIARD	British	7170 "" /1942
HUGH WILLIAMSON	American	7177 "" /1942
RICHARD H ALVEY	American	7191 "" /1942
EMPIRE SCOTT	British	6150 "" /1941
JOHN WALKER	American	7191 "" /1942

Between 29 October 1942 and 24 January 1943, the following Russian ships were sailed independently - although not officially titled Operation "FB", the term Operation "FB WEST" was used.

KRASNOE ZNAMYA	2271tons/1901	KOMSOMOLETS ARCTIKI	3450tons/1897
ALDAN	2161 "" /1912	AZERBAIDJAN	6114 "" /1932
CHERNYSHEVSKI	3588 "" /1919	DONBASS*	7935 "" /1935
DVINA	1773 "" /1922	ELNA II**	3221 "" /1903
KARA	2325 "" /1933	KUZBASS	3109 "" /1914
MIRONYCH	2274 "" /1927	MOSSOVET	2981 "" /1935
MSTA	1984 "" /1921	OB	2198 "" /1917
OKHTA	1357 "" /1918	OSMUSSAAR	2229 "" /1909
SAKKO	2363 "" /1929	SHEKSNA	2242 "" /1918
SHILKA	1388 "" /1916	SOROKA	1718 "" /1926
URITSKI	2336 "" /1929	VANZETTI	2363 "" /1928
VELUGA	1717 "" /1918		

\* All ships arrived safely in Iceland, except DONBASS which was sunk by the destroyer Z27 on 7 November.

\*\* ELNA II was previously a British ship and arrived in Murmansk in September 1941 and remained in Russian waters under Russian ownership. Having returned west, as an independent, she proceeded to the west coast of America, and thereafter traded between there and Vladivostok with war material.

All above details supplied by Bert Stanford.

## MISADVENTURES IN THE COLD

On 31st October, 1942, the British CHUMLEIGH (5,445 tons) left Hvalfiord for North Russia, carrying a cargo of government stores. The weather was overcast and heavy snowstorms made it very difficult to fix positions. The Master, Captain D. M. Williams, had made good, though necessarily erratic, progress, when at 2300 on 5th November his ship struck a reef. A snowstorm was raging and visibility was very poor. The CHUMLEIGH stuck firmly amidships on the reef, with her stern almost out of the water; she was so much down by the bows that the foredeck was almost awash and Captain Williams was afraid that the swell then running would break her back. A wireless message was sent out, and after an hour and a half the men were ordered to the boats. Captain Williams remained on board with the Chief Officer and the Second Engineer. The numbing cold so affected the men in the boats that they seemed incapable of action. The Master at length got the engines started, but the ship only settled more down by the head, and finally hogged amidships; Captain Williams then stopped the engines for fear that his ship would break in two. A further wireless message was sent, and by 0400 CHUMLEIGH had been abandoned. The boats seemed to be in a horseshoe-shaped lagoon, with heavy seas running and breakers all around; the boats were kept alongside the ship, as they would otherwise have been crushed on the reef. At the first sign of daylight they moved off towards an opening in the lagoon; almost at once five German aircraft flew over the ship at masthead height and scored two direct hits with their bombs. A column of black smoke rose high into the air, but the CHUMLEIGH did not catch fire. Captain Williams decided to make for the nearest settlement, which he calculated to be about 150 miles distant. The three boats could not easily keep together, and one of them was soon abandoned after its crew were divided between the others. These then proceeded along the coast, which was generally visible during the few hours of twilight which alone relieved the perpetual night. A gale blew up on the 8th, but on the 9th the two boats turned towards the shore and regained contact with each other. Captain Williams's boat had a serviceable motor and it was agreed that he should go on ahead to the settlement to fetch help. It was very cold and a lot of water was shipped; the wind froze the sails and the clothes of the crew became rigid with frost and ice. The night of the 9th/10th was so severe that the steward became delirious and died. On the afternoon of 10th November some huts at the entrance to a fiord were sighted, but as they were making towards them the motor froze up and could not be restarted. During the night Captain Williams became delirious and lost consciousness; Mr. Clark, the Third Officer took command. All the crew were weak and without appetite; there was fortunately still plenty of water, and this was very welcome. Mr. Clark decided that any landfall was preferable to further exposure in the boat; he therefore set course on the 11th to the east, and later to the south. The land, when finally located, was so thickly covered with snow that there could be no question of choosing a favourable place; all appeared equally barren. At about 0200, after several hours among the reefs, they were suddenly washed up on the beach, where a heavy sea broke over the party and the Master regained consciousness at the shock. By good fortune they found several wooden huts within twenty yards; two of the crew had died in the boat and another died on the beach, but the survivors managed to reach the huts, although the young boys had to be carried. They at once fell dead asleep. In the morning the twenty-three men who remained from the original ships company of fifty-eight moved into one of the larger huts. This proved to be quite habitable; it had a small coal stove, and there was enough wood and coal to make a good fire. Although there were no trees in sight there was plenty of driftwood and a great many old boxes. "After we had slept that first night," says Mr. Clark, "We all felt a little better. We collected what was left of the lifeboat's rations and at once made ourselves hot drinks, coffee and Horlicks, melting the snow for water. This revived us considerably and we became terribly hungry. As we also found some tins of corned beef and biscuits in one of the huts, we managed very well. As long as we had food for tomorrow our morale remained good. Captain Williams encouraged us to take about two hours' exercise each day, but after a time most of us suffered so much from frostbitten feet that it was impossible. Feet and hands became gangrenous and I became very ill."



Page 14

After a few days on land Captain Williams recovered enough to take charge. Most of the men had swollen hands and feet and could do very little, but the four Army gunners were hardly affected; one man in particular, who had in peacetime been a Liverpool docker and was only four feet and eleven inches in height, was phenomenally tough; Captain Williams says of the gunners that they "looked after us all, nursing the men who were ill, going out to collect firewood, and generally running things." Mr. Clark and Lance-Sergeant Peyer made two attempts during their first few days on land to reach the settlement, but the intervening country was barren and strewn with rocks; deep ravines and great stretches of snow and ice were further hindrance to the explorers, who had to turn back and arrived completely exhausted. During the first three or four days thirteen more men died from frostbite, gangrene and exposure. "They seemed to give up hope," says Captain Williams, "and then died; but I believed right to the end that we should come through." Expeditions of any kind were never easy; they had only a few hours of twilight in which to work and visibility was often reduced to ten yards. Another sortie, in a north-easterly direction up the fjord, revealed a small hut in which there was a sack of flour and some tins of corned beef and cocoa; this was brought back and the flour, mixed with water and cooked in the form of small cakes, kept the party alive for three or four weeks. There were dozens of boxes of matches in their hut, and with the petrol from the lifeboat's tank they managed to keep two Primus stoves working. They had hot drinks three times a day; and when towards the end the coffee and cocoa ran out they made do with hot water. They also found some tins of whale-blubber preserved in oil; this sustained them for five or six days, and they also drank the boiled oil - "although it was not particularly nice."

A second attempt to reach the settlement was unsuccessful, and towards the end of December the situation was becoming desperate. According to the Master's statement, "Mr. Clark and Able-Seaman Hardy were suffering badly from gangrene, as were several of the others; their feet and hands were discharging and the smell was awful. Another man died on Christmas Eve. I therefore decided to make a final attempt to get help, or die in the effort." When they were half-way to the settlement his two companions broke down and could not go on; so they turned back, and on reaching the hut all three collapsed. On 2nd January one of the gunners went out to collect firewood; almost at once he came rushing back in a state of complete terror. Captain Williams could get nothing out of him, and the nine men who still lived could think only that they were about to be set upon by bears. Happily nothing more fearsome than two hunters who were on a trapping expedition wearing white furs. They took word of the survivor's plight to the settlement, and a rescue party was sent with sleighs. "We were all in a pretty bad condition," says Captain Williams, "as we had ceased to have the energy to exercise ourselves. Our clothes were soaked with pus from gangrenous limbs and gave off a horrible stench." At 2000 on 4th January the survivors reached the settlement, where they stayed until 10th June. After two months in bed they were allowed to get up, and spent most of their time learning to ski. This pastime provides an ironical footnote to the long story of endurance, for Captain Williams adds: "There had been a pair of skis in the hut, and if only we had known how to use them we could probably have got help much sooner."

Even more ironic is the fact that they were within minutes (or yards) of being sighted on the day of the bombing. An excerpt from a letter written by Lieut-Comdr. R. Raikes of H.M.Submarine TUNA explains: ".....but if I remember rightly the snow cleared about midday and it would have been about then that we might have sighted any survivors.....From notes written at the time it seems that I came on CHUMLEIGH at 0710 in heavy snow and poor visibility..... She seemed to be keel up. I very well remember finding myself in the horse-shoe shaped lagoon and gingerly feeling my way out through the only small opening which was clear of breaking water. I was clear by 0800 and it would seem that we might just have stumbled on the boats in the lagoon in this period 0710-0800. I was wholly preoccupied with getting TUNA out of the lagoon. I never saw or heard the aircraft which bombed her, though I can't have been far away at the time. By 1100/1200 when the snow storm cleared there was no sign of CHUMLEIGH at all.

**THE FLEET AIR ARM CONNECTION**  
**THE FIFTH H.M.S. "EDINBURGH"**  
**Excerpts from "The Bell Ceremony"**  
**Submitted by Pat Hughes (Memb. N°1524)**

In early 1941 I was drafted to EDINBURGH, and as an aircraft artificer 4th class, was senior maintenance rating of the Walrus flight. We normally operated with two aircraft, but on Russian convoy only carried one.

.....In the Arctic ocean, 73°31' 33°00'E on 30th April 1942 at 1613 hours, EDINBURGH was struck by two torpedoes fired from the German submarine U456, one blew the stern off, the other exploded amidships on the starboard side. Two days later she was again attacked by three German destroyers and in the ensuing battle she was again torpedoed, this time amidships on the port side. Fifteen torpedoes were fired at her, fortunately only one hit. Edinburgh finally sank at 0550 on 2nd May 1942, in position 71°51'N 35°10E, with the loss of 82 lives.

Survivors were rescued by the minesweepers HARRIER and GOSSAMER. At Murmansk we were split up between the submarine base at Polyarnoe and the air station at Vaenga. I ended up at Vaenga where I spent 3 weary months awaiting passage home, many spent up to nine months. Unfortunately many more lives were lost on the voyage home, especially on TRINIDAD and NIGER. NIGER ran into our own minefield off Iceland taking with her, her captain, 80 officers and crew, and 39 EDINBURGH survivors.

Conditions during our enforced stay were appalling. We lived in wooden huts, inside were two long platforms of slats on which rested mattresses filled with crushed pine needles. We slept head to head in our clothes with one blanket. The nearest eating hut was two miles away and the food was indescribable. I lost 1½ stone during my stay, but conditions were just as bad for the Russians.

The loss of EDINBURGH was one of the heaviest single blows in the long thankless battering taken by the Royal Navy in their escorting of convoys to North Russia. But it was also of extra significance because of its unusual cargo:- 46½ million pounds worth of gold ingots - Russian gold to be used as payment for allied (principally American) war material. I was working on the Walrus with the air mechanic (E) when the barge, heavily armed, came alongside. The aircraft crane lifted in quite a number of wooden boxes, 93 to be exact, and numbering 465 bars. It was understood at the time to be worth 3½ million pounds.

EDINBURGH sank in water 800 feet deep, and in 1957 was declared an official war grave. However, in a spectacular and much publicised operation conducted in an eight week period during the autumn of 1981, the 1400 tonne salvage vessel STEPANITURM chartered by Jessop Marine located her on September 16th, and the first gold bar was found. Bad weather caused abandonment of the salvage after 42 million pounds worth of ingots were recovered. In October 1986 a further 4½ million pounds worth of ingots were recovered. During this salvage operation the divers brought up the ship's bell and two plaques of the ship's crest, so being the final act in the story of the fifth EDINBURGH.

The ship's bell was in remarkable condition after lying 800ft down in the Arctic ocean for over 44 years and it was decided that no reconditioning was necessary. It was thought that the



depth, low temperature and movement of the water off Murmansk preserved it. Indeed the divers were able to unscrew the bell support from the ships structure without any difficulty. The clapper did not survive and can be seen fused to the inside of the bell - the weight of the bell is 25kg.

The bell was presented to the sixth EDINBURGH. We the survivors have a very strong bond of friendship and unity with the ship which commenced with its launch on 14th April 1943, which we attended at the invitation of Cammell Lairds and the first commanding officer Commander Martin Ladd OBE, since promoted to Captain. We have, with our wives, been entertained on board at Torquay and then have been taken to sea for the day. Each successive C.O. has made certain that we are kept up to date with the ship's progress and a quarterly letter is sent to each member of the Survivor's Association. We feel therefore that we are, in a way, part of the new EDINBURGH, and are involved in her present role and her future, and a Liaison Officer has been appointed since her commission to ensure we are involved and kept fully informed of important events and happenings.

After much deliberation by M.O.D., it was decided that the bell should be found a new home where it can be viewed by the general public, to allow its remarkable history to be appreciated by more than a select few that are able to visit the present EDINBURGH. It was therefore agreed that in line with the policy involving Scotland's capital ship with her native country (and permanent home) the site chosen for the display was to be Scottish United Service Museum in Edinburgh Castle. This would remind us also of the City's connection with the Royal Navy and the ship which began on 1st May 1707 with the naming of the first EDINBURGH original called ROYAL WILLIAM, to mark the occasion of the Union of Scotland and England. Since then successive ships bearing the name EDINBURGH have in some way upheld the greatest traditions of the Royal Navy and indeed Scotland.

In the meantime the bell was taking passage with the ship on the Armilla Patrol and plans to present the bell to the city of Edinburgh when she arrived back were progressing.

THE CEREMONY: It was the Commanding Officer's intention to formally hand over the bell during EDINBURGH's visit to Leith, the ceremony to take place during the morning of Saturday 30th January, the presentation team to be led by Vice-Admiral Sir John Parker KBE, CB, DSC, who also survived the sinking of the fifth EDINBURGH together with ten other survivors of which I was one.

The bell was escorted to the Esplanade by police outriders and delivered into the safe custody of the guard and bell escort who, with the band, escorted the bell to the Hospital Square, where invited guests and dignitaries were assembled. Speeches were made by Commander R.M.Williams, a very sincere and moving account of the reasons for the pomp and ceremony worthy of this unique event we were witnessing. Further speeches followed by Admiral Parker and Mr.R.Woods the Museum curator. The bell was then piped into the museum by a Piper of the Royal Scots with whom the ship is closely affiliated. The piper played the tune "H.M.S.EDINBURGH". As Commander R.M.Williams said in his speech "I believe it is entirely appropriate that the Royal Regiment should safeguard this special link with Scotland's naval heritage and with the sailors who made the ultimate sacrifice".

We, the survivors, found the bell ceremony a moving and emotional occasion. To many this bell may appear to be just another inanimate object, a relic from the deep, an artifact, but to us it was a link with the past whose muted voice stirred lost memories both happy and sad, of the ship, of shipmates lost, and saved, of our new shipmates on the new EDINBURGH who made this ceremony possible, and upheld the honoured traditions of a proud service, the Royal

Navy. We also salute those who serve today.

EDINBURGH'S SILVER: The silver shield, large rose bowl and six candelabras were presented to the ship by the City of Edinburgh. Originally intended for the 5th EDINBURGH but not presented before she was sunk, the silver was stored in the city vaults for 45 years before being handed over to the present H.M.S. EDINBURGH.

FOOTNOTE: After all the pomp and ceremony the bell is accommodated in the cells in Edinburgh Castle and is liable to lay there gathering dust until at least 1996. We were allowed to display it at Edinburgh City Chambers at a reception given by the Lord Provost and council on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the sinking of H.M.S. EDINBURGH.

Submitted by PAT HUGHES (Nº 1524)

.....

### GRAND CHRISTMAS DRAW

It has been decided to hold a Grand Christmas Draw as a "one off" venture. It will not become an annual 'begging bowl' event. Bearing in mind the various expenditure which the club is likely to encounter in the future with welfare, printing, wreaths, etc., etc., we intend to build up a "nest egg" for the benefit of us all.

We have received some very generous offers of donated prizes and these, added to the prizes we will supply to comply with the Lotteries and Amusements Act (1976), have made the tickets a very attractive twenty pence worth.

Please do not feel obliged to purchase or sell the enclosed books, but if unsold please return them to the promoter. On the other hand, if you require more just let us know (Tel: 051 487 9567). We thank you in anticipation.

The prize list:

FIRST PRIZE: A 7-DAY HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN JERSEY with Full Board and return air fares from mainland.

SECOND PRIZE: A 7-DAY SELF CATERING HOLIDAY FOR UP TO SIX PERSONS in a Farmhouse on the Mediterranean island of Gozo.

THIRD PRIZE: A SEASCAPE PAINTING featuring a vessel of your choice.

FOURTH PRIZE: A SEASCAPE IN OILS by a Murmansk Artist.

FIFTH PRIZE: A SEASCAPE IN OILS by an Archangel Artist.

SIXTH PRIZE: A CASE OF WINE.

SEVENTH PRIZE: BOX OF PERSONALISED STATIONARY.

EIGHTH PRIZE: TURKEY.

Several other prizes.

Draw will take place at the "President's Evening" at Union Jack Club, London, on Wednesday 25th November 1992. Winners will be notified and full list will be available from Promoter.

HELP US TO HELP YOU

Please sell as many tickets as possible, or return unsold tickets promptly.  
All cheques should be made payable to "NORTH RUSSIA CLUB"

.....

"An understanding parent is one who is elated when words written on the new wall paper are spelt correctly"

.....



#### THE ROLE OF RUSSIAN DESTROYERS IN THE CONVOYS 1941-1943

The article on QP15 by Ted Balaam in the March edition and the editor's query regarding telegraphists serving aboard BAKU and SOKRUSHITELNY in that convoy, has prompted me to give a short history of the part played by these destroyers in the convoys, and the telegraphists who sailed in them.

When I first went to Polyarnoe in mid 1941 to help set up the base there, the flotilla comprised of five destroyers of the STREMITELNY Class and consisted of STREMITELNY, SOKRUSHITELNY, GROMKI, GREMYASCHI and GROZNI at Polyarnoe and two URTIISKI Class in Archangel. All very poor seagoing vessels - fit only for inshore waters.

STREMITELNY was bombed and sunk in July 1941 at the outbreak of the war with Germany, with the loss of virtually the whole ships company, and GREMYASCHI took over as leader.

Up to October 1941 the destroyers mainly stayed in harbour and the lack of initiative and enterprise was most disappointing. In October and November, bombardment of enemy shore positions was undertaken, and in November GREMYASCHI and GROMKI, together with H.M. Ships KENYA, BEDHOVIN and INTREPID carried out searches along the coast against enemy shipping. This was the first occasion in which R.N. personnel went to sea in Russian destroyers and this was then one telegraphist aboard the leader. No others could be sent due to shortage of staff.

On 17 December HAZARD and SPEEDY were engaged by unknown enemy forces and both ships sustained damage and casualties. KENT with SOKRUSHITELNY and GROMKI (again with one R.N. telegraphist) carried out sweeps to intercept this enemy force. An indecisive engagement ensued with no further damage or casualties being inflicted.

In January 1942 GREMYASCHI and SOKRUSHITELNY escorted QP6 for three days after leaving harbour - uneventful both as regards enemy and weather.

In February GROZNI and GROMKI sailed in company with NIGERIA to meet PQ11. Due to their inexperience and lengthy time in harbour, the Soviet Captain (D) decided after eight hours at sea, that the weather was too bad to continue and the two Russian destroyers returned to harbour [the weather could have been described as moderate]. The C.in C. Northern Fleet then ordered both to sea again but after five hours they again returned to the inlet. They were ordered out again and after sheltering under the lee of Kildin Island until morning, eventually sailed and met the convoy some 40 miles from the entrance. Officers and men were reported to be very seasick. It is pleasing to note that the sole R.N. telegraphist on board did not follow their example.

This marked a turning point as regards use of Russian destroyers, as C in C Northern Fleet, after much pressure from higher authorities agreed that Soviet destroyers would be used as additional escorts on all convoys, [although in view of their lack of sea experience and convoy discipline, their value as escorts at that stage was not great].

During the period April, May and June the destroyers KUIBISHEV and one other of the URTIISKI Class arrived at Polyarnoe to strengthen numbers. Of interest was the fact that GROMKI whilst escorting QP8 ran out of fuel and drifted for some time until towed back to base by tug, with NIGER and SPEEDWELL providing anti-submarine cover. GROZNI at this time was being fitted with Asdics [the first] and GROMKI was in such poor condition that she could no longer be used for convoy duties, but SOKRUSHITELNY and GREMYASCHI had been on every convoy as escort all these months. Always one, or sometimes two telegraphists sailed on GREMYASCHI. It was very noticeable that with this increased activity the

efficiency of the destroyers greatly improved and the spirits of the crews soared.

In June a new Soviet Commander (D) was appointed who was keen on escort duty and this was reflected in the work of the destroyers which now were GROZNI, SOKRUSHITELNY, GREMYASCHI and KUIBISHEV. GROZNI which now had its asdic fitted during escort to PQ16, dropped 46 depth charges and stated that two submarines were successfully attacked. Also during escort of the convoy Soviet destroyers put up a very good A.A. barrage of accurate fire, which was praised by British ships in the escort - two aircraft were destroyed. My old pal [our Membership Secretary] Les Sullivan, will remember this, as piles of used cartridge cases outside the W/T Office door was so great it was impossible to open the door until all had been shovelled over the side.

I will not detail further activities except to say that GREMYASCHI helped provide escort for EDINBURGH before she was sunk. SOKRUSHITELNY was out of action due to torpedoing herself in July - the firing charge of a torpedo tube being activated in error, causing the torpedo to leave the tube and penetrate the Upper Deck Galley, killing and injuring several men. Four Northern Fleet destroyers assisted in search after PQ17 was scattered, and escorted merchant ships from Matochkin Strait to Archangel. There were two telegraphists on board the leader for all of these PQ and QP convoys.

Now we come to QP15. The Russian escort consisted of BAKU (Leader) and SOKRUSHITELNY, sent round from Murmansk to Archangel as it was feared that both surface and air attacks could be expected. On board BAKU were two telegraphists and one on SOKRUSHITELNY. On 17 November the convoy left harbour, taking back to U.K. survivors of PQ18 of which there were many. On 20 November the two Russian destroyers having reached their limit of 74°03N and with extreme deterioration of weather with heavy seas, snow storms and icing were ordered to turn back. BAKU did this with great difficulty due to the heavy seas, and sustained severe damage to the upper deck, but the SOKRUSHITELNY was unable to do so, and at the third attempt was pooped, and as Ted Balaam states, was virtually broken in half. Due to the snow showers there was limited visibility, and the two destroyers lost touch with each other. At 1100 BAKU had received a call for help from SOKRUSHITELNY and turned back to close her, but after 25 hours of fruitless search, with severe damage to upper deck and oil running low, had to return to harbour. Other destroyers and tugs meanwhile had gone to the aid of SOKRUSHITELNY and some [very few] of the crew were taken off. Efforts were made to take in tow what was left of her, but due to horrific conditions this failed and she drifted and sank, but further members of the crew were picked up. The one telegraphist on board survived to tell the tale.

I think that the efforts of the Russian destroyers can be summed up as  
"eventually they tried, they did little, and achieved less"

J.R.SMITH (N°1084)

.....

#### H.M.S. "AVENGER"

A Service of Remembrance of the crew of HMS AVENGER lost at sea on 15 November 1942 will be held in London at the Cenotaph on November 22nd 1992. Assemble at Horse Guards Parade at 1330 - 1345.

For more information please contact Mrs M. Townsend on 081 892 3916, who is organising the Service.

North Russia Club members invited to attend.

LES ROGERS,  
Memb.N°183.

.....



MATOKHIN STRAIT



The picture on page 37 of the last edition is not the only one taken in Matochkin Strait by a Westerner. Above is PALOMARES with her group. Below is IRONCLAD aground, the photo taken by Ensign H.E.Carroway onboard TROUBADOR. I also have one of POZARICA and POPPY seen from LA MALOINE. Jack Hayes (490).



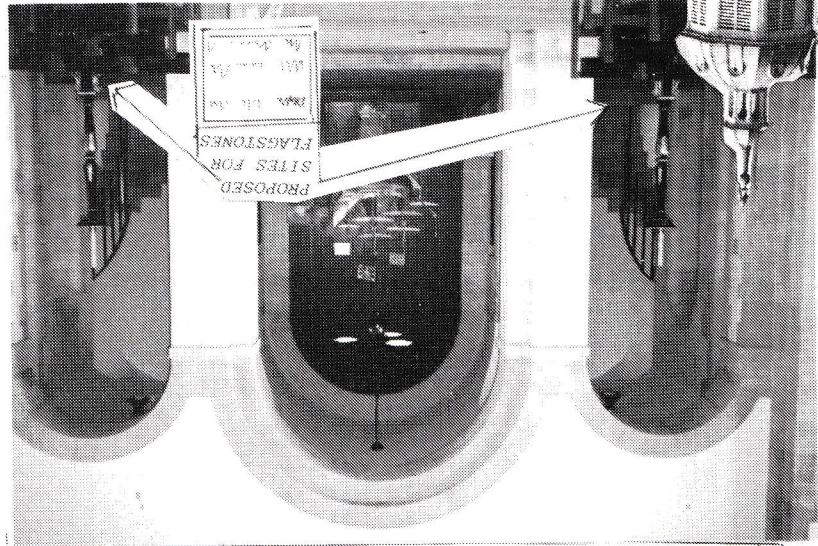
151 WING R.A.F. H.Q. SIGNALS SECTION (Vaenga 2nd November 1941)  
 Back Row:- ?- W.Lowes J.Cobb ?- ?- ?- ?- ?-  
 Front Row:- P.Rigby J.Chandler ?- F/L Fisher ?- Nicholls ?-



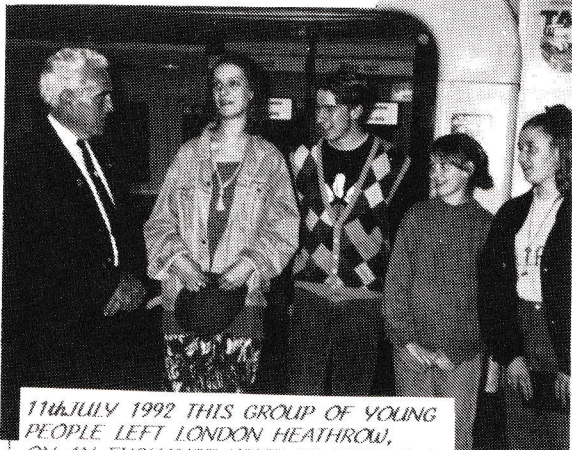
COMBINED SERVICES SIGNALS & CYPHERS SECTION. (Karl Marx Dom, Archangel Feb.42)  
 (126 Army Base Unit: Naval Party 200: R.A.F. 30 Military Mission)  
 Front Row: S.Lowe ?- J.McLeod W.Bond E.Parr B.Dufty ?- ?- A.Pickering  
 2nd Row: Sgt Spackman PO Oliver ?- F/L Dickins F/L Ward ?- W.Lowes  
 3rd Row: Whitelaw Morrison Whybrow Platts Pemberton Higgins Mackey  
 Top Row: ?- Saunders ?- ?- ?- ?- Nelson ?-



OUR FIRST MAJOR MEMORIAL WAS IN MURMANSK, THIS IS OUR SECOND ONE.  
 THE A.C.M.T. WOULD ALSO BE MOST WELCOME.  
 13, SHERWOOD AVENUE, POTTERS BAR, HERTS. EN61D.....CONTRIBUTIONS TO  
**FREE!** PLEASE SEND A S.A.E. 12% TO.....SHIPMATE RON WREN N.R.C. No666  
 COPIES OF THE MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ORDER OF SERVICE ARE AVAILABLE



WE VETERANS, OUR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS, NOW HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE IN WHICH TO PAY OUR RESPECTS TO THOSE LOST IN THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN AND TO GIVE THANKS FOR OUR SAFE RETURN.  
 STANDING IN THE NAVE AND FACING THE MAIN DOOR YOU WILL BE AWARE OF TWO VERY ATTRACTIVE STAIRWAYS, THE LEFT ONE TAKES YOU TO THE WINDOW OF REMEMBRANCE, THE RIGHT STAIRWAY TO THE THANKSGIVING WINDOW.  
 INSTALLATION IS PROMISED FOR LATE OCTOBER. WE ARE NEGOTIATING FOR TWO INSCRIBED FLAGSTONES AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS TO HELP PEOPLE LOCATE OUR MEMORIALS.



11th JULY 1992 THIS GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE LEFT LONDON HEATHROW, ON AN EXCHANGE VISIT TO MURMANSK, AT THE SAME TIME AS OUR SERVICE AND WINDOW DEDICATION IN PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL WAS TAKING PLACE.



WE WILL REMEMBER THEM  
 WE WILL REMEMBER THEM  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**THIS MAKES THE THIRD STUDENT EXCHANGE THIS YEAR. TONI WAUL LEAVES FOR A RUSSIAN GYMNAST TRAINING PROGRAMME IN AUGUST. MAKING THE FOURTH INVOLVEMENT FOR US THIS YEAR. WE ARE NOW PLANNING OTHERS.**

VETERAN'S CERTIFICATES £8.50.....A.C.M.T. TIES £8.50....SCHARNHORST SINKING PLOTS £16.50....JUST NUISANCE BOOKLETS £3.50....MURMANSK MEMORIAL CARDS £1.50 POST AND PACKING FREE. THE SMALL PROFIT FROM THE SALE OF THESE ITEMS HELPS WITH OUR FUNDING AND ALONG WITH DONATIONS IS THE ONLY INCOME WE HAVE TO FINANCE ALL OUR OPERATIONS, PLEASE HELP IF YOU CAN.

**A.C.M.T. UPDATE**  
 AUGUST 1992 REPORT AND PLANS

MANY THANKS TO THOSE OF YOU WHO WROTE AND TELEPHONED, PRAISING THE CATHEDRAL SERVICE AND FOR EXPRESSING DISAPPOINTMENT AT MY NOT RECEIVING A GULIDHALL INVITATION.

THE SERVICE COLLECTION AT PORTSMOUTH RAISED £402.30 WHICH SHOWS HOW KIND AND HELPFUL YOU ALL ARE, THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH. 500 INVITATIONS WERE SENT OUT AND WE COUNTED 427 PEOPLE ATTENDING, A SUCCESS IN ANYBODIES LANGUAGE. THE COST OF THIS OPERATION WILL BE RATHER MORE THAN £500, WE HOPE TO BE ABLE TO MEET OUR BILLS AS THEY COME IN IF YOUR DONATIONS CONTINUE.

**LIVERPOOL .S& NICHOLAS CHURCH**

THIS IS OUR NEXT PROJECT .WE ARE AIMING AT MAY 1993 TO BE AN ADDED ITEM TO THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES AND CELEBRATIONS.

**GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.**

WILL NOT GO AHEAD UNLESS SOME MORE INTEREST IS SHOWN, NO ONE HAS OFFERED TO LIASE FOR ME I CANNOT DO IT ALL MYSELF.

**CHATHAM.**

IS THE NEXT SEA PORT AFTER LIVERPOOL IF SOMEONE WILL OFFER HIS OR HER SUPPORT TO HELP ME TO GET IT UNDERWAY.

APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY IN SENDING OUT VARIOUS ITEMS AND ANSWERING LETTERS, ONE VOLUNTARY WORKER CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH.

ALL DONATORS HAVE RECEIVED A PERSONAL LETTER AND AS MY WORK LOAD HAS BEEN SO GREAT I AM HOPING YOU WILL NOT MIND THERE NOT BEING A DONATORS LIST THIS TIME.

COMMITTEE, TRUSTEES AND MYSELF THANK YOU MOST SINCERELY FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND THAT OF CLUBS AND ORGANISATIONS.  
 Ron Wren



WE WILL REMEMBER THEM  
 WE WILL REMEMBER THEM  
 WE WILL REMEMBER THEM



14 JULY 1992 THIS GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE LEFT LONDON HEATHROW ON AN EXCHANGE VISIT TO MURMANSK. AT THE SAME TIME AS OUR SERVICE AND WINDOW DEDICATION IN PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL WAS TAKING PLACE.



PAGE 22

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.  
 WILL NOT GO AHEAD UNLESS SOME MORE INTEREST IS SHOWN, NO ONE HAS OFFERED TO LIAISE FOR ME I CANNOT DO IT ALL MYSELF.  
 CHATHAM.  
 IS THE NEXT SEA PORT AFTER LIVERPOOL IF SOMEONE WILL OFFER HIS OR HER SUPPORT TO HELP ME TO GET IT UNDERWAY.  
 APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY IN SENDING OUT VARIOUS ITEMS AND ANSWERING LETTERS, ONE VOLUNTARY WORKER CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH.  
 ALL DONATORS HAVE RECEIVED A PERSONAL LETTER AND AS MY WORK LOAD HAS BEEN SO GREAT I AM HOPING YOU WILL NOT MIND THERE NOT BEING A DONATORS LIST THIS TIME.  
 COMMITTEE, TRUSTEES AND MYSELF THANK YOU MOST SINCERELY FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND THAT OF CLUBS AND ORGANISATIONS.  
 Ron Wren

LIVERPOOL, St NICHOLAS CHURCH  
 THIS IS OUR NEXT PROJECT, WE ARE AIMING AT MAY 1993 TO BE AN ADDED ITEM TO THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES AND CELEBRATIONS.  
 THE SERVICE COLLECTION AT PORTSMOUTH RAISED £402.30 WHICH SHOWS HOW KIND AND HELPFUL YOU ALL ARE, THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH. 500 INVITATIONS WERE SENT OUT AND WE COUNTED 427 PEOPLE ATTENDING, A SUCCESS IN ANYBODIES LANGUAGE. THE COST OF THIS OPERATION WILL BE RATHER MORE THAN £500, WE HOPE TO BE ABLE TO MEET OUR BILLS AS THEY COME IN IF YOUR DONATIONS CONTINUE.

VETERAN'S CERTIFICATES £8.50.....A.C.M.T. TIES £8.50.....SCHARNHORST SINKING PLOTS £16.50.....JUST NILISANCE BOOKLETS £3.50.....MURMANSK MEMORIAL CARDS £1.50 POST AND PACKING FREE. THE SMALL PROFIT FROM THE SALE OF THESE ITEMS HELPS WITH OUR FUNDING AND ALONG WITH DONATIONS IS THE ONLY INCOME WE HAVE TO FINANCE ALL OUR OPERATIONS, PLEASE HELP IF YOU CAN. GUILDHALL INVITATION.

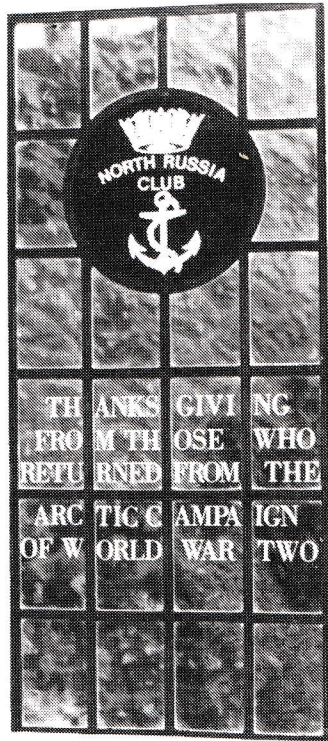
**A.C.M.T. UPDATE**

THIS MAKES THE THIRD STUDENT EXCHANGE THIS YEAR, TONI WALKER LEAVES FOR A RUSSIAN GYMNASIUM TRAINING PROGRAMME IN AUGUST. MAKING THE FOURTH INVOLVEMENT FOR US THIS YEAR. WE ARE NOW PLANNING OTHERS.  
 MANY THANKS TO THOSE OF YOU WHO WROTE AND TELEPHONED, PRAISING THE CATHEDRAL SERVICE AND FOR EXPRESSING A DISAPPOINTMENT AT MY NOT RECEIVING A GUILDHALL INVITATION.

WE VETERANS, OUR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS, NOW HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE IN WHICH TO PAY OUR RESPECTS TO THOSE LOST IN THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN AND TO GIVE THANKS FOR OUR SAFE RETURN.

STANDING IN THE NAVE AND FACING THE MAIN DOOR YOU WILL BE AWARE OF TWO VERY ATTRACTIVE STAIRWAYS, THE LEFT ONE TAKES YOU TO THE WINDOW OF REMEMBRANCE, THE RIGHT STAIRWAY TO THE THANKSGIVING WINDOW.

INSTALLATION IS PROMISED FOR LATE OCTOBER. WE ARE NEGOTIATING FOR TWO INSCRIBED FLAGSTONES AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS TO HELP PEOPLE LOCATE OUR MEMORIALS.



COPIES OF THE MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ORDER OF SERVICE ARE AVAILABLE FREE! PLEASE SEND A S.A.E. 12"x9" TO.....SHIPMATE RON WREN N.R.C. No666 13, SHERWOOD AVENUE, POTTERS BAR, HERTS. EN62LD.....CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE A.C.M.T. WOULD ALSO BE MOST WELCOME.

OUR FIRST MAJOR MEMORIAL WAS IN MURMANSK, THIS IS OUR SECOND ONE.



- - -

ACTION AND RESCUE

H.M. Ships "HARRIER", "NIGER", "GOSSAMER" and "HUSSAR".

Report of Proceedings by Commander E.P. Hinton, D.S.O., M.V.O., R.N., S.O., 6 MSF.  
Dated 5th May 1942.

Submitted to Northern Light by John Eldred (ex-HARRIER)

1st MAY: The minesweepers had just finished fuelling at Rosta and HARRIER was entering Polyarnoe when Rear Admiral Commanding 18th Cruiser Squadron's and Senior British Naval Officer, North Russia's signals reporting the torpedoing of EDINBURGH were received by visual signal. HARRIER proceeded at full speed (about 14 knots), passing Toros Island at 2018. NIGER and GOSSAMER were ordered to proceed in company and HUSSAR to escort a Russian Tug due to leave Polyarnoe in two hours' time. HARRIER set course for position 70°00'N, 35°20'E, thence North to 70°38'N, 35°20'E, thence 339° to cover probable position and course of EDINBURGH. At about 1300 in 72°39'N, 33°20'E, GOSSAMER was sighted and reported NIGER on her port beam. Both ships are 2 knots faster than HARRIER and the fact that they made contact with HARRIER was most fortunate. The three ships were spread to maximum visibility and, the outer ones having RDF, the search was about 14 miles wide. At 1455 a broadcast was received reporting German destroyers about 140 miles West and a signal from OXLI reporting that she was being attacked by light forces. I decided to search about 10 miles North of EDINBURGH's last reported position. In 73°07'N, 32°30'E, ships were turned to East. While proceeding East thick pack ice was encountered and course was altered to South-East. It was thought that with luck EDINBURGH would be met about 0115.

2nd MAY: At 0300, however, HUSSAR who had left harbour at 2130 on 1st, was sighted on the port bow with the tug and reported that she had just made contact with EDINBURGH. EDINBURGH's position was about 72°02'N, 35°48'E. Visibility was about 4 miles, but varied from 5 to 1 miles in snow storms. The destroyers FORESIGHT and FORESTER and the Russian corvette RUBIN were in company with EDINBURGH. When the minesweepers arrived, while the tug tried to get EDINBURGH in tow, NIGER, GOSSAMER and RUBIN circled her at 2000 yards clockwise and FORESIGHT, FORESTER, HARRIER and HUSSAR at 6000 yards anticlockwise. At 0217 NIGER, whose Asdic was out of action was ordered to intercept two Russian destroyers reported to have sailed from Kola Inlet. The tow being unsuccessful GOSSAMER was detailed to be taken in tow by EDINBURGH to help her steering. At 0627 HARRIER sighted a ship bearing 010°, 8000 yards and at the same time HUSSAR reported 3 enemy destroyers, one of which engaged her. The first salvo fell 50 yards over HUSSAR and the second straddled. HUSSAR retired South to clear the range for FORESIGHT and FORESTER who were going in to attack. At about 0635 HARRIER sighted a destroyer which had reappeared out of a snow storm. HARRIER turned towards and opened fire. Shortly after this a four gun salvo fell 500 yards over, another straddled, and a third fell at the correct range but just astern. HARRIER manoeuvred as necessary to clear EDINBURGH's range and to engage the Westernmost of the two destroyers which were visible. The engagement with this and other destroyers continued intermittently, but the Germans remained at 8000 to 10,000 yards range and were being engaged by FORESIGHT and FORESTER. At 0638 HUSSAR turned towards the Germans and opened fire, altering course again five minutes later with the intention of making smoke between EDINBURGH and the enemy. This intention was abandoned when HUSSAR saw EDINBURGH open fire. The Germans kept the range at about 8000 during this phase. They appeared to be steaming up and down on an Easterly - Westerly course. In spite of the visibility the destroyers were clearly recognised as being the heavy type, (armament five 5.1 inch guns), KARL GLASTER or NARVIK flotilla class. Three simultaneous gun flashes were seen aft in the enemy on several occasions. HUSSAR however considers that two were KARL GLASTER class and one a smaller type. GOSSAMER at this time was screening EDINBURGH on the disengaged side and did not sight the enemy. Usually one destroyer was in sight at a time but at 0650 three were visible from HARRIER, the outer two making smoke were steaming towards the centre one which was stopped and on fire amidships. Not

only did the guns' crews have great difficulty in sighting the enemy, but spotting was difficult, the enemy laying smoke screens to assist the haze, and firing was necessarily spasmodic. It would be optimistic to claim that damage was inflicted by the minesweepers; nevertheless I am firmly of the opinion that HARRIER scored a hit as she seemed to be the only ship firing at the left hand target and I saw a glow of a different hue from the gun flashes. HARRIER fired 25 rounds and HUSSAR 24. It is submitted that the minesweepers' single gun salvos may at least have served to confuse the enemy. He had at least two British destroyers firing at him at short range and in the murk he knew that there was a cruiser firing at him and occasional flashes from other bearings. These latter may have come from destroyers, the minesweepers' silhouette being not unimposing at a distance in that visibility. While firing at HARRIER the enemy's spread was good but it is thought that he made a spotting error as he lost the target after the first straddle.

At 0659 intermittent plumes of spray, evidently from torpedoes, were sighted on bearing 110° the course of the torpedoes being estimated at 200°. HARRIER altered course to avoid the tracks. At 0702 one of the torpedoes was seen to strike EDINBURGH creating a mast-high column of water and causing her to list heavily to port. HARRIER who was then about two miles from EDINBURGH, broke off the engagement and increased to full speed to close and go alongside her. GOSSAMER who was nearest to EDINBURGH at the time, went alongside her starboard side and HARRIER her port side at 0720. GOSSAMER embarked 440 men and cast off, being later ordered by Rear-Admiral Commanding 18th Cruiser Squadron to return to Kola Inlet. EDINBURGH was then still firing from A and B Turrets at a destroyer, which was seen to be badly hit abaft the bridge by EDINBURGH's third salvo. About 50 sick and wounded men were embarked on HARRIER and later, when owing to the increasing list, it became necessary to abandon EDINBURGH, she ceased fire, the remaining turrets' crews, the Admiral, Captain and officers, about 350 including sick were embarked, and HARRIER shoved off at 0745. During the embarkation EDINBURGH was continuing to list and the enemy were still in the vicinity. In view of these facts and the arduous and trying time they must have had during the previous two days one would not have been surprised if some members of her company were shewing signs of strain. This is far from the case. We were all impressed by the calm, cheerful bearing of officers and men and the steady way in which they abandoned ship. Throughout the return to Kola Inlet HARRIER was embarrassed by the offers to do any job whatsoever which

To quote merely a few instances, within a few minutes of coming on board their RDF officer was up in the RDF office repairing the set, the commander was offering guns' crews, the Met. officer was volunteering the latest weather report and the communications department were manning our W/T office and 10 inch lamps.

By this time FORESIGHT had been hit and was lying stopped between EDINBURGH and the enemy, still engaging them, as was FORESTER. Contrary to expectations EDINBURGH did not continue to heel over. So the Admiral decided that she must be sunk by gunfire. HARRIER therefore fired 20 rounds of semi-armour piercing shells into her with little obvious effect except that two fires were started. Two patterns of depth charges were then dropped alongside her, but as this method also appeared unsuccessful the Admiral ordered FORESIGHT, who was by then able to steam on one engine, to fire a torpedo. Having been hit by this torpedo, EDINBURGH heeled over rapidly and within two minutes was practically submerged. She sank completely a few minutes later, at 0852. While HARRIER and GOSSAMER were going alongside EDINBURGH, HUSSAR saw, at about 0715, an enemy destroyer on fire forward and the remaining Germans laying a smoke screen between FORESTER and the damaged ship, which was not in sight when

the smoke cleared. At about 0800, while HARRIER was trying to sink EDINBURGH, HUSSAR reported two enemy destroyers approaching, engaged them and laid a smoke screen between them and EDINBURGH. HUSSAR then stood by FORESIGHT, who fortunately did not require assistance. It is not known when the enemy broke off the engagement.

RUBIN and the tug having been sent home and RA 18th CS having ordered the minesweepers to proceed, HARRIER, flying the Rear-Admiral's flag, with HUSSAR in company, set course for Kola Inlet. NIGER, having failed to contact the Russian destroyers because they did not leave harbour for hours after they were expected, joined company at 1020. At 2040 HARRIER, NIGER, GOSSAMER and



HUSSAR entered Kola Inlet. The bearing of officers and men in H.M. Ships HARRIER, GOSSAMER and HUSSAR while under fire was exemplary.

A copy of a letter received from the commanding officer of the Russian corvette RUBIN is attached. This ship had been ordered to come alongside HARRIER and in doing so had caused some slight damage.

Comments on the Operation

Commanding Officer USSR Ship RUBIN

4th day of May 1942

Dear Sir,

"Soviets' seamen was witness of heroic battle English seamen with predominant power of enemy. English did observe their sacred duty before Fatherland. We are proudings of staunchness and courage English seaman's - our allies.

I am very sorry what injured your ship by approach to board, for what I must to beg pardon.

"Commander of Division"

Rear-Admiral Commanding 18th Cruiser Squadron

Rear-Admiral S.S. Bonham-Carter.

".....It was inspiring to see the minesweepers staying on the scene of action and taking every opportunity of firing at the enemy when visibility permitted. The manner in which HARRIER and GOSSAMER were brought alongside the listing EDINBURGH during the action showed a fine feat of seamanship and I fully confirm the Commanding Officer of EDINBURGH's report of the way we were treated on board..... Never have I seen more kindness and attention than was given to myself, Captain, Officers and men by the Captain, Officers and ship's company of HARRIER in which I left.

Commander in Chief Home Fleet

Admiral Sir John Tovey.

H.M. Ships HARRIER and HUSSAR with their armament of one solitary 4inch gun unhesitatingly closed the much more powerfully armed enemy destroyers in order to cover the stricken EDINBURGH. There is no doubt that this most gallant action had a considerable effect in persuading the enemy to break off the engagement."

Admiralty - Staff Duties Division

In addition to HARRIER's and Hussar's engagement with the enemy, the work done by these two ships and GOSSAMER in screening and assisting EDINBURGH undoubtedly saved many lives."

John Eldred - ex-HARRIER

As a young O.D. it left a vivid memory which can be summed up as follows: "When the enemy was sighted and we ran up the Battle Ensign an old three-badge reservist said "The Captains made a mistake, has he forgotten we've only one 4"?, I was at Jutland and thought that was bad, but this is impossible". This was confirmed when we were told to prepare to open fire with Oerlikons, and to the question are they attacking with aircraft as well, the answer came, No, but if those bloody destroyers come any closer, open up!

When, together with GOSSAMER we had taken everyone off EDINBURGH and we watched her finally sinking, an A.B. stood with tears in his eyes - I said, "A terrible sight, a fine ship going down, but we have saved over 800 men". "I suppose so" he said, "but I had two parcels of Nutty on board, going home to my kids".

Finally, Rear-Admiral Bonham-Carter ordered "Splice the Mainbrace". A wise A.B. said, "Dont worry lad, even if you are under age you must have a tot, even if its only lime juice which we havn't got, so you will get your tot!" When I stepped forward the Coxswain promptly

said "Not Entitled". Nervously I stammered, "but I thought I might get some juice". Another withering look and "You have as much chance as a one-legged cat burying its droppings on an ice floe! I took that as a final "No!!"

.....

CONVOY PQ13

I joined EMPIRE RANGER in January 1942 at Glasgow. We didn't know our destination, but when we were issued with special cold-weather gear, we had a good idea; especially when four of us were sent to the Royal Navy at reenock for a machine-gun training course.

You can perhaps imagine how it was; four ordinary merchant seamen, dressed in woolly hats, jumpers and old dungarees, mixing with smartly dressed, well disciplined R.N. men. We felt like the poor relations. Apparently, no provision had been made for us, so we just tagged on to any classes we came across. Nobody wanted to know us.

I can remember frequently hearing someone shouting, "Aim off, aim off, shoot when he's coming at you, not after he's gone for a pint."

We had to undergo a verbal test which they made simple for us. Like, "Which end does the bullet come out?" and, "What is the difference between an incendiary bullet and an ordinary one?" The practical test was firing at a target and, for this, we had to go to the cliffs, overlooking the sea.

We were not allowed near machine-guns or rockets. "We have enough trouble with Germans shooting at us, laddie." Instead, we were issued with shot-guns and told to fire at the clay pigeons which they flung out for us. After trying for a while with never a hit, the instructor told us to shoot all together at the next disc. We did and hit it.

That was the end of the course. They sent us back to our ship as machine-gunners, with proficiency certificates to prove it, and ten-bob for beer. I was allocated twin Merlin guns. Which, readers may remember, were nothing like shot-guns.

EMPIRE RANGER sailed for Iceland where it joined PQ13 from Reykjavik on about 18th March. We didn't get very far. There was a report of German warships in the vicinity, so the convoy turned back to leave again on the 20th March.

After four days, an almighty storm blew up. EMPIRE RANGER was not up to it. The steerage let us down, and the wheel had to be hard over for days, to keep her bows to the sea. I remember the second mate saying, "If this keeps up, we'll end up invading Norway."

On 28th March, the weather cleared and we were able to steer a course. The sea became a flat calm, and dawn revealed that we were on our own. Nowhere was there any sign of an escort vessel or any other ship from the convoy.

That evening, we could hear aircraft. As it was bright moonlight, it didn't take them long to find us. I don't know how many attacked us: maybe only one, but it sounded like the whole Luftwaffe. I just kept banging away at the noise. This "Aim off, aim off" advice was no good to me. I couldn't see the bloody things. Finally, a bomb hit N°1 hold which was full of petrol drums - impossible to put out. The hoses were all frozen anyway. The mate came round then to tell us that, since N°2 hold was full of munitions, we had to abandon ship. We did, in double quick time. She blew up shortly after.

A plane began to circle our boats. We all held our breath and hoped the pilot was a nice bloke. He must have been, because he could have shot us to bits, but he flew away and left us to sort ourselves out. The skipper said the nearest land was Norway. The weather was becoming overcast and the sea was beginning to get a bit rough. We kept together and rowed for a few hours. Then, out of the gloom, came three destroyers. One stopped for us. We rowed alongside and an officer shouted in perfect English, "Get aboard as quickly as you can, there are submarines about."

Now, to us, a submariner meant a German U-boat, so we got aboard as quickly as we had left the burning EMPIRE RANGER. It was only after we had been taken to the forecandle and saw Hitler's picture and two German sailors with sub machine guns, that we realised the war was over for us - or so we thought.

A little while later, the destroyer was going flat out, and the gun



directly over our heads started banging away like mad. I thought at the time that the Germans had come across a British merchant ship and were attacking it. I learned later that we were held prisoner on one of the three German destroyers that HMS TRINIDAD had engaged. It will be remembered that one of them was sunk. TRINIDAD might have done the same for the others, had it not been that one of her torpedoes went mad. It turned in a great circle to damage the ship that had launched it.

We were told later, by some of our crew who had been in the sick bay, that wounded German sailors were brought in during the action, so we probably were hit at some time. I thought so, but I could not be sure because of the noise that the gun over our heads was making.

A couple of nights later, we were put ashore at Kirkenes in Norway. There we spent some time in a Prisoner of War camp for Russians. (You haven't lived unless you have tasted cold whale blubber and swede soup).

Eventually, we were sent on a long journey through Finland by train to Milag und Marlag Prisoner of War camps in Germany. We were released in 1945 by the Guard's Armoured Brigade.

Jack Brain,  
Memb N° 1234.  
EMPIRE RANGER.

.....

#### CONVOY PQ18

We formed 883 Hurricane Fighter Squadron on May 12th 1942 and after intense training were drafted to HMS AVENGER. We found ourselves heading north, bound for Seydisfiord. All was well at first, our aircraft were in the hangar bound down with wire ropes and I was on watch, in charge of a small party of mechanics, then the fun started. As we poked our nose above Scotland a hurricane struck and in very short order the ship was rolling so badly that one by one, the aircraft broke their moorings and were smashing themselves to pieces. I called for the entire squadron to come to the hangar and with the aid of some very stout ropes succeeded in anchoring each aircraft. Whilst this was going on we could hear the sound of some heavy objects crashing to and fro in the aircraft lift well. I went below as I was relieved for a cocoa break, the armourer was a R.A.F. Corporal and he enquired what the noise was above the P.O's. Mess. I told him it was coming from the lift well. He got a bit upset and replied that the 250lb bombs had broken loose - and that they were all fused. We spent the next few hours chasing these damn bombs and trapping them with duffle coats, with lengths of rope secured at the corners.

Our arrival at Seydisfiord found the squadron working feverishly to repair the damaged aircraft, and we achieved this in time for sailing. We headed north by Bear Island, soon after which the attacks started. They came in Ju88s and Hell's with torpedoes and bombs. Our flight deck commander counted seventy in one attack. He also informed us that the German commander was instructing his squadrons to "get the Carrier". All this continued for six days and sometimes nights as well, although the darkness only lasted for two or three hours. Our losses were heavy and at one point it looked as though seven merchantmen were sinking or burning.

We made it to Murmansk and the entire ships company were told "go to bed, we'll let you know when you're wanted". The return journey was uneventful. AVENGER complete with 883 Squadron was sent to Gourock and we had a "buzz" going around that leave was coming! Some leave! We found ourselves stowing lighter-loads of stores etc. and on the last lighter was an old mate A/PO Jock Muir, he waved and said "You lucky bastard, I'm your relief". The Master at Arms gave me about twenty minutes to get packing and said that if I missed the lighter, I was going with them. I made it, even though I left half my kit behind.

You all know what happened to AVENGER - just six survivors - seven if you count me.

EDDIE WARES.  
C.P.O. AM(F)

.....

#### S.S. "TEMPLE ARCH"

#### CONVOY QP10 MURMANSK TO LONDON

The white nights had begun and there was no covering darkness when we left that Arctic port. The Finnish border was about twenty miles away. The fear of a potential air escort probably prevented our convoy from being attacked. As it was a 9-knot convoy we knew that we had no chance of getting outside of the radius of air attack for several days.

At 1300 the next day one of the destroyers ahead fired at a spotter plane which had appeared through the clouds. The air-attack alarm bells rang in our ship. At 1350 the Junkers 88 came over.

We were proceeding in columns of five ships abreast. The Junkers could be heard above us, above the low cloud ceiling. One, flying low, encircled the convoy. Some ambitious gunners fired at it.

Then one dive-bomber came down through the clouds at a sharp 60° angle, diving on a destroyer on our starboard bow. I did not see the bombs fall; I merely saw the waves of water shooting up on both sides of the destroyer. Through this I saw her high-angle guns flashing.

The sky was full of flak. It was spattered as if with blobs of ink. Ahead of these we watched the bomber circle off, then climb at a sharp angle into the clouds again.

Our own machine guns began to rattle on the ship. Heavy "whams" showed that our Second Mate had got the 12-pounder into action. A tanker beside us began to spit fire. Ships behind and ahead of her were also firing. Through this we saw another Junkers 88 do a stiff bank, then pass out towards the edge of the convoy, out of gun range. The convoy ploughed ahead.

We then began to get some grasp of the Junkers' operations. There were about four of them in this first batch that attacked us. Cries came from the gun-pits and from the bridge: "Port Quarter! Starboard Quarter! Port Bow!"

You looked - and there was a Junker. But unless you saw it in direct, thin, head-on silhouette you knew it was not your ship that it was making for. I watched two, making for our ship, that were turned off by other ship's gunfire. There seemed an indomitable patience in the silent perseverance with which the ships maintained their places in line. None swerved.

The third ship in the column to starboard was a freighter which was returning from Russia on her maiden voyage. She was probably loaded with manganese, turpentine, resin, as we were. She was doomed.

I watched a Junker come out of the clouds and fly towards her. I had never watched dive-bombing. Now I watched the plane dip at a sharp 60° angle and dive straight down on the cargo boat. When a short distance above, the Junker released its bombs. We watched them fall. The Junker shot upwards and away. The bombs fell, with heavy water jets, to port of the freighter.

At that moment the destroyer ahead began firing with what seemed everything she had. She was being attacked again. At the same time, although I did not see it, another bomber was diving on the aforementioned cargo boat. The Junker hit it with a full stick of bombs.

I turned and saw the Junker, in flames, just as it hit the sea. I now saw the cargo boat was also on fire, she was completely obliterated by flames, shooting up a hundred, a hundred and fifty feet, on all sides of her. She wavered.....then she fell out of line. Later, after sixty of her complement had got off in boats, one of our escorts sank her by gunfire.

We were dive-bombed. We watched the plane cock-up and then drop on our ship. We saw the bombs coming at us. They almost shaved our port and starboard flanks as one fell on either side of us into the waves. We were lucky; they were duds. Neither exploded.

If either one had, it is improbable that our engines could have withstood the shock. There were no more casualties, and that attack - in which there were eleven raids - ended at 1645 abruptly.

The Russians had promised us an air escort of long distant fighters but this did not, for some reason, materialise.

I am writing this because the B.B.C. had announced some few days previously that "another large convoy had reached Murmansk without mishap". That very convoy, in fact, lost half its complement of 17 ships; five ships were sunk



outside the inlet either by dive-bombers or torpedoes; one was blasted into worthless scrap-iron while unloading in Murmansk docks. A third ship was badly damaged by bombs whilst in port. Another now rests with her stern on the bottom.

And we lost four of our ships in less than three days.

The next day we were given an uncanny respite. For not even a spotter plane came near us until after 1700 high tea. It was a day of high wind, almost a gale, in which the bows of the ships beside us appeared, sticking out of the sea mountains, as if they were to jump from the waves. The wind possibly held the Junkers down on the land, that and the slush snow at this time of the year.

At dinner one of the youngest members of our mess said: "Oh, look - there's an ice-berg!" And there, through one of the forward ports of the dining saloon, we saw the long, low, flat tableland of drifting ice. But how high its cliffs were, how broad its frozen plateau, or how deep it lay in the water, we could not even guess; for in that light it was almost impossible to estimate her distance.

But a few minutes later the significance of its danger came down on us. Ahead of us lay an ice-field. Around us were smaller floes, blinding white, floating in the cold, cobalt-blue water. Just a glance at the high pinnacles was sufficient to tell us that we could never break through it. We must find a lane.

Here was another danger. Delay! Its portent grew as we watched two destroyers ahead, trying to feel their way, find a lane of exit, escape, for the convoy through the ice-field. They were doing all this, of course, in utter silence.

Then out of this silence clanged the alarm bells of our ship, warning us of the presence of enemy aircraft. We clambered into our life belts, siezed our gloves and protective oilskin coats, kicked off our shoes and pulled on heavy sea-boots - for frostbite of the extremities is a probability to be dreaded even more than capture, one or two of the previous wrecked crews reached Murmansk in open boats having to have their toes or feet amputated. Then we waited.

We saw the spotter plane - a Junkers 88. She flew low, encircling us. She was wirelesing back our position to the Petsamo submarines. And I can tell you one thing that it made me think of as we sat there, trying to get through that baffling ice-field; that was a honey bird I had watched in Tanganyika..a honey bird, calling us from tree to tree, to where the honey lay. The plane departed. The submarines came at 0050. They got a Russian ship that was in the next column to port. I did not see it, I merely heard - and felt - the sharp clang as the torpedo exploded. She went down in eight minutes.

There was a streak of red along the starboard horizon. The next ship was the leading ship two columns to starboard. I saw that one get it. I watched her stern go under, saw her list; then I watched her bow come out of the water as she up-ended - going down at almost a right angle.

As the water reached her engines and stokehold, I saw the great burst of grey smoke and ashes that was blown out of her. Then she slid down into the sea. I watched all this against that red sky. She went in three minutes. I shall want no notebook to make me remember that sight.

A destroyer was off somewhere - depth charging.

The next day the air attack began on us shortly after 0600. In all, we think we had more than 30 raids that day. A sea-mist incontestably saved us from some heavy casualties. Yet, confused as it all was - some estimate that there were twenty dive-bombers around us at one time - I shall not need a notebook to recall that day's details.

Outstanding was the fact that our young, capable, guitar-playing Second Mate - shot down a Junkers. Not only that, he did it in front of everybody, turning the plane over in the sky. not two hundred yards from our ship. It had come to destroy us.

I watched it turn over on its back, continuing in what I first thought to be a

crazy low roll, when it dived straight into the sea off the bows of a ship in the next column to starboard beside us. There was a patch of orange flame floating on the water. And into this, as it flickered out, I saw the tail gunner of the bomber slowly descending by parachute.

How he had time to get out of that plane, none of us can imagine. Nor do we know what happened to him.

The next outstanding incident (to me, anyway) was a wedge of tracer bullets, ordinary M.G. bullets - with something big in it - that went within five inches of my nose as I was watching another ship that had just been hit. I did not know that while I was watching one plane another was diving on us, machine gunning us, before he dropped his bombs.

The German shooting was execrable. Thank God. And that led to another incident. This was when we thought they'd got us. They did, in a small way. But three bombs dropped directly beside the ship did explode this time. They knocked all the ice off the side of the ship. They knocked out the lights in the ship. They made something of a shambles, breaking some of the instruments, in the chart room. They made the engines ride on their plates. And they knocked a fire extinguisher off its hook, which went into action on its own, filling the small passage between the dining saloon and the smoke room with dense fumes and smoke.

That is where we were standing. Taking our duffle coats and Russian sheepskins, we made our way out on deck. This time it looked as if we would have to take to the boats.

But we were not holed and we carried on.

This happened five days ago. We have had a few enemy aircraft alerts since. But they were spotters. An incoming convoy (from which six stragglers have turned and joined us) have probably saved us from further molestation. In 10-12-14 days now we hope to be on English soil. Sea mists and heavy winds have also possibly done their part to save us.

We were all tired after those air and submarine attacks. Even the ship herself seemed tired. Nobody talked much. And the men and officers of this ship probably won't say very much when they do get back to England.

But we will all feel rather annoyed if we hear the B.B.C. announcing that "all our promised supplies are reaching Russia without mishap." Yes, we might say something then.

Written by Negley Farson in April 1942.

Submitted to Northern Light by Alan Pow.

Editor's note: QP10 casualties were: STONE STREET damaged and returned to Kola Inlet; EMPIRE COWPER and HARPALION sunk by bombs on 11 April; EL OCCIDENTE and KIEV sunk by U435.

.....

H.M.S.MATABELE

May I add a poignant postscript to John Eldred's letter concerning MATABELE in the March edition.

"The officer's cook aboard SALAMANDER was P.O. Brackenbury, and he had a brother aboard MATABELE, a Seaman P.O., I think. "Bracks" was looking forward to seeing his brother again after a lapse of some years and as we had been detailed as local escort, he thought he would catch an early sight of him. However, as we sailed down Kola Inlet in dense, dense fog we ran aground and damaged our asdic dome. Obviously it was useless our going as escort without asdics so our orders were cancelled. P.O.Brackenbury was not a survivor from MATABELE and his brother took it very hard, particularly as the incoming convoy was only a short distance from safety.

Submitted by R.FOWKES N°1459

.....

One of the pains of inflation is seeing a youngster start his or her first job at a salary you once dreamed of as the culmination of your career.

.....





CLARENCE HOUSE  
S.W.1

4th August 1992

*Dear Mr Squires .*

Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother has bidden me write to thank you and the Veterans of the Russian Convoys and Arctic Campaign of World War 2 for your letter of 19th July which Her Majesty was so pleased to receive on her birthday.

The Queen Mother greatly appreciated your kind thought and I am to tell you how touched Her Majesty was by your kind message of greetings.

*Yours sincerely,  
Marion Gilliar.*

Private Secretary to  
Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother

Richard D. Squires, Esq., MBE,  
Chairman,  
North Russia Club.

Right: Our Birthday Greeting to  
H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother.

Above: Her response.



28 Westbrook Road,  
Gateacre,  
Liverpool L25 2PX.

19th July 1992.

H.M. Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother,  
Clarence House,  
St James's Palace,  
London SW1.

Ma'am,  
Veterans of the Russian Convoys and Arctic  
Campaign of World War 2 send their sincere and  
loyal congratulations on your glorious 92nd  
Birthday.

"Many Happy Returns"

Respectfully yours,

*R. Squires*

Richard D Squires, M.B.E.,  
Chairman,  
North Russia Club.

MEMBER'S LETTERS

THOSE DOG WATCHES.

In a recent edition I confessed to being bowled out by the question "Why Dog Watches?" and asked for ideas. Pat McKenna sent me HMS Ganges Spring Gazette which contained the following:- "Dog Watch is a corruption of dock watch, i.e. a watch that is docked or shortened. See also docking animal's tails, docking pay, etc".

No authority was given for this, but it sounds very reasonable, far more so in fact than the theories in the Oxford Dictionary of Etymology (dog watch refers to the light or fitful sleep of a dog) or the Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea (the suggestion that dog watches are cur-tailed!!)

Thanks Pat, for your dogged determination in finding the answer. I will cease to be a watch-dog for dog-watches.

Stuart Roberts.

.....

THROUGH THE PORTHOLE

.....by the way, I expect you have already been informed, but the picture of Murmansk through the porthole is in fact Polyarnoe, and Navy House is in the background. It was of course also wrong in Godfrey Winn's PQ17 book, which I have had for many years.....

.....I was interested in the account of the lad from the BOLTON CASTLE survivors and if memory serves me, one of their ships boats arrived at Polyarnoe. One morning going on the Morning Watch from the Submarine Base to Navy House, during the 24 hour daylight time, I noticed a ship's boat that was approaching the jetty. I thought it was Russians out for an early morning row. However, as it neared me, a small 19 year old sailor in matelot's rig. I got a call from the boat "You British Mate and where are we?" I replied, "Yes, I'm British R.N., we have a base here, this is Polyarnoe in the Kola Inlet. Who are you then?" I was then told they were survivors from BOLTON CASTLE, and so once they made fast to the jetty, clad in fairly skimpy attire, I took them along to the Russian Sentry Post and managed to get the Red Army lad to phone his H.Q. and get his interpreter on the line. He then in turn contacted our bloke at Navy House and we got the BOLTON CASTLE lads up there. I didn't go straight on watch, but ended up in our galley brewing up char and making corned beef sandwiches for the survivors. After they'd eaten and we'd passed our fags around, we got them bedded down wherever we could, till further arrangements were made for them.

I wonder if any BOLTON CASTLE survivors remember that little Scots sailor on Polyarnoe jetty way back in 1942? I can still picture it in my minds eye after all these years. I can't remember if I was alone, or whether any other of NP100 lads were with me, also going on the Morning Watch in Navy House. Perhaps if so, they'll confirm my story and also indeed that it was BOLTON CASTLE or one of the other PQ17 victims.

Bill Johnston (Whitby)

.....

"P614"

A short reply to the article "PQ17 through the eyes of a submariner" by George Luck: "He was in fact tied up alongside PALOMARES in Seydisfiord, I remember well shouting down to ask if I could come aboard for a look around, me being just a lad and this would be my first look inside a sub. I remember well how

Continued



amazed I was at the cramped conditions and quarters but one thing that has always raised a laugh when I retell it, was when I asked to see the torpedo tubes, he (I don't know who) opened the first one to reveal a side of bacon inside, a second one contained a crate of eggs. Do you remember George? Perhaps it was you who showed me round, who knows!

Jack Hayes N°490.

.....



H.M.S. Warrior's Quartermaster with Jim Fairley (Canada)  
The familiar old Signal Tower in the background.

THE CATHEDRAL & SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

I do not doubt that those present will take a very long time to forget the moving service of Dedication and Remembrance held in Portsmouth Cathedral on Saturday 11th July or indeed the splendid Banquet given in Portsmouth Guildhall that evening by the Lord Mayor and City Councillors in honour of the veterans of the Russian Convoys of W.W.2. who had travelled from the United States, Canada, and even our old wartime ally Russia, to be there. Furthermore none of us could have failed to have felt proud or to have been moved by the many tributes made throughout to us 'young lads of 50 years ago' and to our lost shipmates.

I found my mind being taken back during a lull in the proceedings to the only time I met our great wartime leader Winston Churchill in 1949. Demobbed a mere three years I happened to be the guest of the late Lord Llewellyn at the Carlton Club in St James Street, when Winston came into the dining room. He paused to chat as he passed our table, with his old friend and wartime Cabinet colleague who had been his Minister of Aircraft Production and then his Minister of Food. I was introduced with the additive "- who served in the Navy in Corvettes on those dreadful Russian convoys". The great man looked at me and went quiet for a moment, then taking my hand again and shaking it firmly said with a very wry smile "Ahhhh yes. The convoys to Russia. Well my boy that makes you someone very special. Doesn't it?" I made no reply because actually I agreed with him.

John Beardmore N°235.

.....

MORE LETTERS

From the Office of the Naval Attache ANA/1 , British Embassy, Moscow.

This is an appeal for help in contacting any member of your club who can remember Kapitan-Lieutenant Vasily Vasilievitch Voronin, who was the Soviet Liaison for the Murmansk and Archangel convoys in Glasgow during the war.

Kapitan-Lieutenant Voronin received the sword of Stalingrad from King George VI. Unfortunately, the family have since lost the precious photograph of the presentation and are desperate to obtain a copy or any other papers relating to the occasion.

Please could you help by advertising in Northern Light for any member who has any relevant information, to contact me in Moscow.

Lieutenant Commander A.R. Davies, R.N.

(Direct your replies through the Editor)

.....

From our Hon. Secretary, Peter Skinner.

RETURN TO H.M.S. 'LONDON' On Friday 10th April, I had the privilege of a return visit to H.M.S. London to represent the "London Ten", and to unveil a plaque presented to London by the "Ten" who took passage aboard her from Murmansk to Archangel, during last year's "Dervish Celebrations". The plaque bears the badges of North Russia Club and Russian Convoy Club and has pride of place in the Wardroom Flat.

As Captain Mark Stanhope, O.B.E., R.N. has said in his letter to me "It is a constant reminder to us all on board of the historic and immensely enjoyable period that H.M.S. London spent north of the Arctic Circle as the U.K. flagship for Operation Dervish.

.....

From Tom Bethell, Memb N°1300.

In company with George Nye and Les Tanner, we went to the Reunion of the Bordkameradshaft "Scharnhorst", at Bad Harzburg, Germany, from the 28th to 30th May.

We were entertained very well by the survivors, and were at a presentation by the Burgermeister at the Town Hall, and at a dance in the evening, which had members of their Navy singing to us. We were also taken on a coach ride through the Harz Mountains, and on Sunday we attended a Memorial Service for those who were lost during the battle.

There were also present, four members of SCORPION's ships company and George, Les and myself from SAVAGE.

Tom Bethell.

Editor's Note: Next year 1993 sees the 50th anniversary of the Battle of North Cape in which so many of us participated. Your ideas please for a Thanksgiving and Remembrance event.

.....

"The only reason I have for clinging to life at all is to see just what the hell is going to happen next"

.....



H.M.S. POZARICA

I cannot allow the mistaken references to Captain Lawford and POZARICA made in the article in the June edition of Northern Light to pass without comment. I was the Yeoman of Signals aboard POZARICA and constantly on the bridge with the captain. His prime concern was always the safety of the convoy. When the signal to scatter was received I presented him with the "Scatter Diagram and Instructions" as it appeared in the signal book. He immediately said "We cannot leave these poor devils completely unprotected, signal PALOMARES and ask her to join me in forming an A.A. screen for the two port columns".

PALOMARES replied, "I am proceeding independently as ordered". We then signalled the corvettes to join us, at the same time as we endeavoured to inform the merchant ships of our intentions, by loud hailer and other means. We soon discovered that it would be impossible to get a number of merchant ships, all with different maximum speeds, running scared, to form any kind of formation close enough to obtain any kind of protection from such a force. So we altered course to the eastward and then south and ran with all the others, for protection in Matochkin Stait.

On approaching Novaya Zemlya LOTUS asked permission to proceed to pick up survivors. Captain Lawford replied "Certainly. God Speed". I can state categorically that POPPY made no such signal as Denis Brooke implied in his article. I would like to ask Denis why POZARICA was one of the last ships to arrive in Matochkin Strait, when her maximum speed was as high as PALOMARES, who was, I understand, one of the first?

John Reynolds ex-Yeo of Sigs.

.....

RESCUE SHIP "ZAFARAAN"

In the last issue there was a reference to ZAFARAAN's Captain - Owen Morris.

At the outbreak of war I was serving as 3rd Officer on the Ellerman Hall Line S.S. KIOTO, the Captain also named Owen Morris.

KIOTO formed part of the first convoy from Port Said to London and was commodore ship of the Liverpool section. I was mobilised immediately on arrival in Liverpool and lost track of my former M.N. shipmates. Can anyone say if this was the same Captain? His home address was Hamfryn, Portmadoc.

Peter Redhead. N°603.

.....

H.M.S. MUSKETEER.

Thanks for publishing the Reuter Special Correspondent's entry in the last N.L., it was very interesting to read again after all these years and brought back a few memories. The destroyer he referred to was MUSKETEER and I can well remember the seaman with his cornet playing 'Silent Night' to accompany our dubious rendering of the carol, on the 4inch gun platform. He was a member of the Royal Navy Band at Chatham whenever he could wangle a spell there. I would be interested to know if the Reuters correspondent is still around, does anyone know?

The first lieutenant he referred to was Lieutenant Bayley-Groman (I'm not sure of the spelling), he was an admiral's son and would have made a good Chief Stokers Winger with his velvet collection.

Noel R. Smith (N°271)

.....

HE'S GOTTA LOTTA BOTTLE!

I had eighteen bottles of whisky in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink or else..... I said I would and I proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle down the sink which I drank. I pulled the fourth bottle and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank the sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied I steadied the house. With one hand counted the glasses, corks, bottles and sinks. With the other, which were twenty-nine and as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the house in one bottle which I drank.

I'm not under the aflucence on incohol as some tinkle peep I am. I'm not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish, I don't know who is me and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.

OH ME!

Unearthed from some old souvenirs from my R.N.V.R. days -

- dates back to the 50's or 60's.

BILL JOHNSTON,  
Whitby. NP100.

.....

THE H.O.'s

They came to swell the wartime Fleet,  
From cities large and village street,  
To a strange new world from civvy life,  
Taught maritime arts for a way of life.

Bricklayers, bakers, clerks and porters,  
Barmen, butchers and postal sorters,  
Callow youths not long from school,  
All to be made to obey new rules.

Praise to the regulars who taught them well,  
To face the rigours of a seetime hell,  
Or serve ashore in distant lands,  
At Depot Drafting Office Commands.

So through the wartime years they went,  
Manning ships wherever sent,  
Till Victory at last was won,  
The battle o'er, their job well done.

Look back again H.O.'s with pride,  
You stood the test whate'er betide,  
Now, older, grey, your fame deserved,  
With that wartime Fleet in which you served!

BILL JOHNSTON.  
Whitby. NP100.

P.S. For the benefit of non-R.N. readers, H.O.'s were men who volunteered or were called up, for the duration of 'Hostilities Only', hence the title

H.O.'s.

.....



**REMEMBER ORKNEY?**

Love them or hate them, the Islands of Orkney have probably made an impression on your life! Covering some 375 square miles, only 30 of some 90 islands are inhabited, yet, the Orkney Islands are rich in history, legend and folklore. Indeed, overlooking the Atlantic is the finest Stone Age village to be seen in Europe, older than the Pyramids, built over 5000 years ago!!

There were over 60,000 sailors, soldiers and airmen in the Islands between 1939 and 1945. The hospitality and generosity of the islanders to the men and women of the services, created friendships that have lasted many years.

Now, an opportunity has arisen to give back to the Orcadians a little practical help in an hour of need.

They have a problem in the Isle of Stronsay. As the sea temperatures are so low, the children are never taught to swim, so an hour spent on a play raft, a canoe or a fishing boat, presents danger when an unexpected ducking comes along! The answer, a swimming pool! The nearest training pool is at Kirkwall, two hours away, by ferry. The three hundred and fifty population of Stronsay are prepared to contribute to the cost of a pool, and the local authorities have asked for £42,500 by this month (September!), towards the final cost. If one deducts the senior citizens, the handicapped, babes in arms, children and mums, that leaves the average wage earner to find nearly £1000 a head! Clearly, without help, its not on. Thats where we come in! Could one of your family, or friends, arrange a coffee morning, (a sponsored swim!), have a collection, or seek a donation from the local Royal British Legion, R.N.A., Womens Institute, Lions or Rotary, to help the kids of Stronsay?

Your efforts will not be in vain.

One of our shipmates, Malcolm J.R. Green (ex-BELLONA), of The Point House, 2 Ipswich Road, Norwich NR2 2LP, has produced an oil painting of the Giant Vat of Kirbister at Stronsay, and has produced 500 limited edition prints, one of which will be sent to any group or individual able to raise £100. If you have a Scottish pal who likes to tell of the glories of the north, promise him a wee dram, if he accepts this challenge!

Please send whatever you raise to:- THE SWIMMING POOL APPEAL FUND,  
AIRY HOUSE, STRONSAY, ORKNEY KW17 2AG.

YOU CAN HELP MAKE THE CHILDREN'S DREAM COME TRUE.

.....



A Northern Fleet Battle Ensign presented to N.R.C. by Russian veterans at Portsmouth R.N.A. & R.N.O.C.A. Club

**CHAIN OF COMMAND**

**ADMIRAL:** Leaps Tall Buildings with a single bound; Is more powerful than a locomotive; Is faster than a speeding bullet; Walks on water; Gives policy to GOD:

**CAPTAIN:** Leaps short buildings with a single bound; Is more powerful than a shunting engine; Is just as fast as a speeding bullet; Walks on water if sea is calm; Talks with GOD.

**COMMANDER:** Leaps short buildings with a running start; Is almost as powerful as a shunting engine; Is slower than a speeding bullet; Walks on water in indoor swimming pools; Talks with GOD if special form is provided.

**LIEUT. COMMANDER:** Barely clears little huts; Loses tug-of-war with shunting engine; Can fire a speeding bullet; Swims well; Is occasionally addressed by GOD.

**LIEUTENANT:** Makes high marks when trying to leap tall buildings; Is run over by shunting engines; Can sometimes handle a gun without inflicting self injury; Dog paddles; Talks to animals.

**SUB LIEUTENANT:** Runs into buildings; Recognises shunting engines; Is not issued with ammunition; Can stay afloat, if instructed in Mae West; Talks to walls.

**MIDSHIPMAN:** Falls over doorstep when trying to enter buildings; Says, Look at the Choo-Choo; Not allowed elastic for his catapult; Plays in puddles; Mumbles to himself.

**MASTER AT ARMS:** Lifts buildings and walks under them; Kicks locomotives off the track; Catches speeding bullets in his teeth; Freezes water with a single glance; HE IS GOD.

ooo000000ooo

**MISTAKEN IDENTITY**

I needed a bit of hospitalisation, touch of the old pneumonia, typical Andrew, one minute I was humping my kit bag and 'ammock through the front door, the next it was, "get bathed, hop in that bed and dont put your toe on the deck again".

Then things became a little sinister, a ward maid came into the ward smiling, until she saw me, looked startled and pushed off. I thought that was strange, but when a young nurse did the same I was definitely worried and thought "I must look bad!" The same thing happened when the medicine and food trollies passed me by, "Oh no, I dont want to go this way - alone, please, I want to be with my mates!"

I was like jelly when I saw the Sister making straight for me - a right chirpy darling - she reached up to draw the curtains round the bed. I looked up and said, "O.K. Sister, give it to me straight". She said, You cant have anything until the Doctor sees you, he's on his way now, you are a privileged lad, Godfrey Winn left this ward this morning and he was in this bed!"

So that's all it was - they thought I was a celebrity - I wasn't too sure who who he was, but at the moment he did me a power of good.

Len Perry N°1331

ooo000000ooo

**OVERHEARD AT THE INTERNATIONAL REUNION**

One Yank to another whilst viewing Liverpool's Metropolitan Cathedral, "George, it reminds me of a pub with no beer".

One NRC member to another at the bar in Pirbright Sergeant's Mess, "You cant afford not to get drunk at these prices".

A Yank to yours truly, every morning at breakfast, "Good morning Dick, stay out of the obituary columns".

ooo000000ooo



WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING

REUNIONS OF SHIPS, UNITS AND AREAS

846 SQUADRON FLEET AIR ARM 1943-1945: April of this year saw 846 Squadron holding its Annual reunion at the Apollo Hotel in Birmingham. The present day 846 were due to join us in the celebrations, but like all naval duties sadly they were unable to attend.

The highlight of the reunion was a video made of the Squadron's activities during the war years, finishing with the present day Squadron's involvement in the Gulf War, in which they played a large but silent part.

Memorabilia, such as the Squadron's Battle Flag, models of Avenger and Wildcat aircraft were on show along with a 3ft model of the Escort Carrier TRACKER, the first carrier 846 served on, also photos of the Squadron operating in the Gulf Campaign.

Every year the reunions get better even if membership gets smaller. Next year 1993, sees the Squadron celebrating 50 years since formation on 1st April 1943 - we shall be expecting a full house with big surprises.

Arthur R. Howes,  
Memb. N°655.

.....

H.M.S. 'TRINIDAD': On Sunday 17th May, a large company attended a reunion to mark the 50th anniversary of the sinking of the Devonport built, Devonport commissioned TRINIDAD, in the Arctic on the night of 14th/15th May 1942.

The church service at St Nicholas Church, within the Dockyard Naval Base, H.M.S. Drake, was attended by around 150 and conducted by the Naval Chaplain the Reverend Clive French.

A moving occasion indeed; when the North Russia Club Standard was paraded to the altar, the Lesson and the Roll of Honour read by TRINIDAD survivors and the wreath laid by another.

Following the assembly and group photograph on the parade ground, the company retired to a Buffet Lunch in the W.O's Mess where the documentary film "The Ship that Torpedoed Itself" was shown, preceded by speeches from survivors Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Baird and the organiser Frank Pearce.

Anyone requiring the official photograph of the event or other memorabilia, please contact Frank Pearce, 61 Longmead Road, Paignton, or Tel 0803 520078.

.....

SOUTH WESTERN MEMBERS: On Wednesday 15th April we in the South West celebrated our 8th Annual Dinner. Silent tribute was observed for those who had Crossed the Bar. Our chief guest was our President Chris. Iye. Also present was Les Sullivan (dont forget your subs). Curly Morris welcomed all members and wives, thanking them for their attendance. Although numbers were slightly down on previous years, he appreciated the fact that even though members are getting 'on' it was a good attendance. The first dinner in the area was in 1985 and the total attendance was eight!; Five of the original eight were in attendance tonight, they were Chris Iye, Les Sullivan, Gordon Childs, Frank Brown and Curly Morris. During the evening a raffle was held with profit going to N.R.C. funds. A vote of thanks was recorded for Mike the 'Boss' and his staff for an excellent meal.

'Curly' Morris.  
Memb. N° 73.

.....

BOOK REVIEW

A BAG OF CHIPS.

By N.R.C.Member, J.D.(Ned) Mercer

This 155 page book by Excalibur Press of London, is a witty, down to earth account of a matelot's life from boyhood in a two up, two down terrace home in the industrial borders of Lancashire and Cheshire. Called up and drafted to GLENDOWER as a trainee sick bay tiffy, he requested a transfer and finished up as an Asdic rating. However, this eleven and a half stone seaman finally returned home weighing a mere six stone. This interesting book covers his entire service in the Royal Navy and later a career in the Merchant Service. For details of cost etc., contact shipmate Mercer - his address is on page 35 of your new membership list.

ooo00000ooo

.....the most dangerous place in the world - the flight deck of an aircraft carrier, where it's always Touch And Go. This is the story of N°35 Course of Telegraphist Air Gunners, their training and their war. 128 pages of excellent reading, even to me who has never set foot on an aircraft carrier! Several NRC members are featured in it's pages. For details contact: Bob Fletcher, Lee House, Walsham Road, Ixworth, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP31 2HS.

ooo00000ooo

HER NAME WAS MATCHLESS

By N.R.C.Member (and my old shipmate) Dickie Butler

172 pages about events aboard Matchless, my favourite ship, where I spent some of the hardest, busiest and happiest days of my naval service, on Russian, Atlantic and Malta convoys. This is a limited Edition, printed privately and is well worth reading - I've read it three times, but of course I am biased! Many club members feature in the book which tells of life in the Communications Mess whilst in the Battle of North Cape, hitting a mine whilst entering Grand Harbour and of the 'near mutiny' because of the absence of shore leave during repeated boiler cleaning periods. Contact R.J.Butler, the author, for further information at 33 Vincent Road, Sheffield S71BW, S.Yorkshire

ooo00000ooo

CONVOYS TO RUSSIA 1941-1945

By Bob Ruegg and Arnold Hague

This 105 page gold mine of Russian Convoy facts, reports and pictures is the ideal quick reference to each and every convoy, as well as the numerous solo runs to Murmansk, Archangel and Spitzbergen. Numerous other sorties are included, such as Operations 'Strength', 'Gauntlet', 'Gearbox', 'EU', 'FB', and numerous others. Statistics of merchant ship losses are listed both chronologically and alphabetically with tonnages and other relevant details. There is an easy reference grid inside the front and back covers, to denote the actual position of each ship in every convoy. A report of the actions involving each convoy is accompanied by 50 photographs and maps. This is a World Ship Society publication and is advertised in some lists at £13.95. By special arrangement with W.S.S. the North Russia Club has obtained a stock which we can sell at £10.00 per copy (plus 75p if you require the book to be mailed. Cheques, made payable to "North Russia Club" to R.D.Squires,MBE, 28 Westbrook Road, Gateacre, Liverpool L25 2PX. FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

ooo00000ooo

SLOPS & CHRISTMAS CARDS

OUR NEW "JACK DUSTY" HAS A FULL RANGE OF SLOPS AND IS WAITING TO SERVE YOU. ALL PRICES REMAIN THE SAME AS PUBLISHED ON PAGE 5 OF THE LAST EDITION OF NORTHERN LIGHT. HIS ADDRESS IS, SID BATEMAN, 70 NICKLEBY HOUSE, ALL SAINTS ROAD, PORTSMOUTH PO1 4EL. All cheques made payable to "North Russia Club".

ooo00000ooo



Being a news item broadcast by the B.B.C. in their News Bulletin at 5.00 p.m. on 9th March 1946.

When the records of the war at sea are finally assessed, few units of the Royal Navy will be found to equal that of the "Fighting F" Flotilla of Destroyers.

Wherever there has been a fight in this war, it is odds on there has been an "F" destroyer in it.

They fought in both battles of Narvik, in the battle of the Atlantic, with Force "H" in the Mediterranean, with convoys to Malta and Murmansk, at the invasions of North Africa, Sicily and Italy, in the Aegean, and in the Channel on "D Day".

The Flotilla started the war nine strong - FAULKNER (Leader), FAME, FEARLESS, FIREDRAKE, FORESIGHT, FORESTER, FORTUNE, FOXHOUND and FURY.

They sailed more than a million miles together until losses caused the Flotilla to be broken up.

First to go was the FEARLESS, sunk by an air attack in the Mediterranean in 1941. Then FORESIGHT was lost on a Malta Convoy in 1942, and the FIREDRAKE was torpedoed in the Atlantic in 1943.

The FORTUNE and the FOXHOUND now fight under different names for the Royal Canadian Navy. The FURY was scrapped in 1944.

The FAULKNER, the FAME and the FORESTER are still serving with the Fleet.

PROUD RECORD

The Flotilla exists no longer, but their records still stand:-

First destroyer flotilla to steam one million miles in this war.

First U-boat sinking of the war.

Escorting every east-bound Malta convoy.

Longest continuous service of a flotilla leader of and destroyer afloat

- H.M.S. FAULKNER.

Two hundred and sixty-four thousand miles steamed by October 1943

- H.M.S. FURY.

One further honour fell to the "Fighting F's" after the flotilla had been disbanded - H.M.S. FAULKNER was chosen for the honour of taking Field-Marshal Montgomery to France on "D Day".

Submitted by 'Stormy' Fairweather on behalf of his brother.

\*\*\*\*\*

NORTHERN LIGHT IS PROUD TO REMEMBER THE FOLLOWING FATAL CASUALTIES SUFFERED BY THE "F" BOATS DURING W.W.II. (Unfortunately the FIREDRAKE list is not available at time of going to press).

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE.

H.M.S. FEARLESS - Lost 23 July 1941.			
AFTER T G E	AB	HARDAKER E	AB
BAGGOTT R J	AB	HOLMES S	AB
BERRY G I S	Sto 1	JAMIESON C	Sto 1
BOND S L	AB	McNEILL J	AB
BOYCE H T	Ldg Stwd	MARWOOD K J	Ldg Sea
CLAPP F	AB	MONK W H	Sto 1
FITZGERALD T D	Sto 1	MORGAN R E	SA
GIRLING S.W.	Ldg Sea	PATMORE H W	Ldg Sea
H.M.S. FORESIGHT - Lost 12 August 1942.			
CARTER A E	Gnr (T)	JONES C W	Ldg Sea
EVANS H R	Lieut	MELLOR S	Sto 1
H.M.S. FORTUNE - Damaged 14 June 1942			
BATT C F I	Lt Cdr(E) RNR		

\*\*\*\*\*

HELP! S.O.S.!! MAYDAY!!! Our special theme for December's edition will be the 50th anniversary of "The Battle of the Barents Sea" and Captain Sherbrooke's Victoria Cross. We already have several short reports from members, but we require more. If you took part in the battle in any way, either aboard ship or in the shore W/T stations or hospitals, please submit your stories in early October, as we hope to go to print by mid-November to complete distribution before the Christmas rush.

GRAND CHRISTMAS DRAW. We extend our sincere thanks to all who donated prizes for the draw. Promises and donations are still being received. A full "Thank You" list will be published with the draw results and financial statement. The draw takes place as part of the "Presidents Evening" at the Union Jack Club, London on Wednesday 25 November. Bookings for buffet to President please.

TALKING OF CHRISTMAS. Have you got your N.R.C. Christmas cards yet? I've got mine!

SHIPMATE TED HENNESSEY. BEM: We have just learned of that Ted has 'Crossed The Bar' suddenly. Further to the short mention on Page 7, we can say that Ted, who was one of the few who was decorated as a direct consequence of his actions during PQ17, spent all of his post war working life as a deep sea fisherman in Arctic and Icelandic waters. Although living in remote Banff, he was a great supporter of our club and travelled to Murmansk on three occasions on club tours. We were unable to be represented at the funeral but have made a donation in lieu of a wreath to the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

THE INTERNATIONAL REUNION - THE SUMMING UP: (By Wayne Nielsen, USA.)

From the flight from Culver City in California to London, and the days that were to come brought us 'a lifetime of thought and reflections that we call memories'.

At one time I thought that a 17 year old boy from Minnesota standing at the rail of a Liberty ship on the way to Murmansk was unique, only to find that I was one of many 17 year olds brought together by the world conflict, and yes, that common cause brought out the best in all of us. The British, the Canadians and the Yanks, that some fifty years later would bring many of us to offer our THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE and to lay our wreaths at Glasgow, Liverpool and Portsmouth. For me it was instant bonding with new found friends, what a great group and fitting it was to end it with our visit and wreath laying ceremony at Brookwood Military Cemetery's Russian Memorial, as well as the opportunity to have a visit to the American Memorial.

To me it echoed once more why we were there, yes THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE was our mission and we did it well!

1993 REUNION IN JERSEY: Club member Bob Smale has very kindly invited us to hold another reunion/holiday in Jersey. Bob who has an active interest in running the WESTHILL HOTEL in Jersey has provisionally reserved the entire hotel for us, from 9th to 16th May 1993. A programme of events is being finalised, and will be distributed in due course, together with costs etc. It depends on numbers really. He assures us of their utmost endeavours to make the reunion a memorable one.

So book early by contacting:-

RAY JARRETT, BONNES VACANCES LTD., 9 CHARING CROSS STREET, ST HELLIER, C.I.  
(Tel: 0534 68885)

DONT FORGET - IF YOU HAVE NOT YET PAID YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FOR THIS YEAR - THIS COULD BE YOUR LAST COPY OF "NORTHERN LIGHT" CONTACT LES SULLIVAN NOW!!!



WELCOME ABOARD TO NEW MEMBERS

1537. CHRISTIE George S.S.Empire Fortune  
5 Rowallen Terrace Millerston, Glasgow G33 6JQ.
1538. MERCER George H.M.S.Woodcock  
82 Townfield Road, Westhoughton, Bolton, Lancs BL5 2PA
1539. CARR Thomas W. H.M.S.Vanquisher/Woodcock  
4 Linnet Court, Westfield, Ashington, Northumberland NE63 8LW
1541. NEAL Lawrence H.M.S.Speedwell  
19 Duncan Road, Gillingham, Kent ME7 4LA
1542. ORCHARD Benjamin H.M.S.Starling  
12 Cheltenham Place, Greenbank, Plymouth, Devon.
1543. CARTLIDGE DSM Richard E. H.M.S.Escapade/Lotus  
47 Cranehurst Road, Walton, Liverpool L4 9UJ, Merseyside.
1544. BROWN William J. H.M.S.Kent  
13 Reynard Close, Bickley, Bromley, Kent BR1 2AB
1545. LIDBETTER Ronald J. H.M.S.Argonaut/Diadem  
16 Warner Road, Worthing, Sussex BN14 8DP
1546. BRAZIER Leonard C. H.M.S.Louis  
Rebecca, 13 Rustic Close, Cranham, Upminster, Essex RM14 1JP
1547. FLOYD Charles A.A.E. Naval Party 100  
26 Repton Manor Road, Ashford, Kent TN23 3HN
1548. CARTER Henry P. H.M.S.Goodall  
198 Beaumont Drive, Northfleet, Kent DA11 9NZ.
1549. HUGHES William E. H.M.S.Cumberland  
30 Noel Gate, Aughton, Ormskirk, Lancs L39 5EG
1550. WALTER Horace L. H.M.S.Cumberland  
25 Blundell Avenue, Horley, Surrey RH6 8AU
1551. MACDONALD George C.R. H.M.S.Allington Castle  
21 The Chase, Worlingham, Beccles, Suffolk NR34 7DW
1552. SMITH Brian C. R.A.M.C. Base Vladivostok  
20 Becketts Way, Framfield, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5PE
1553. WEBBER Sid H. H.M.S.Wrestler  
15 Karloo Court, Mooloolaba, Queensland, Australia 4557
1554. SWEENEY John H.M.S.Allington Castle  
13 Campview, Danderhill, Dalkeith, Midlothian EH22 1QD
1555. CHAMBERLAIN George V. S.S.Stevenson Taylor  
3011 Merriweather Road, Sandusky, Ohio, U.S.A.44870
1556. McHUGH James J. H.M.S.Achates/Nairana  
8 Maypole Court, Bootle, Lancs L30 0QD
1557. Floyd John G. H.M.S.Loring  
Ambleside, 16 Noble Gardens, Garlinge, Margate, Kent CT9 5LD
1558. Bennett Jack H.M.S.Glasgow  
Flat 23, Cecil Court, 354 Charminster Road, Bournemouth, Dorset BH8 9RY
1559. CLIFFORD Michael D. H.M.S.Shropshire  
19 Spencer Road, Birchington, Kent CT7 9EZ
1560. EUSTACE Peter E. H.M.S. Starling  
21 Hilltop, Loughton, Essex IG10 IPX
1561. WALKER Robert F. H.M.S..Lord Austin  
Middle Riding, Riding Mill, Northumberland NE44 6HZ
1562. SYRED Albert J.L. H.M.S.Windsor  
41 The Tartars, Sherston, Wilts SN16 ONT

IN MOST INSTANCES, WHERE MEMBERS HAVE QUOTED TWO OR MORE SHIPS  
ON THEIR APPLICATION FORMS, THE FIRST NAMED SHIP ONLY HAS BEEN LISTED.

MORE NEW MEMBERS - WELCOME SHIPMATES

1563. TAYLOR Kenneth J. H.M.S.Denbigh Castle  
2 Mason Road, Beechdale, Walsall, West Midlands WS2 7HJ.
1564. LLOYD Ernest T. H.M.S.Duke of York  
38<sup>a</sup> Lime Grove, New Malden, Surrey KT3 3TP
1565. BELL William H.M.S. King George V  
52 Watchyard Lane, Formby, Merseyside L37 3JU
1566. BRIGHTEN Bert L H.M.S.Sapper  
55 Stafford Avenue, New Costessey, Norwich, Norfolk NR5 0QE
1567. JONES David R. S.S.Will Rogers  
3 Laurel Lake Drive, Hudson, Ohio, U.S.A.
1568. McCORMACK Derek H.M.S.Walker  
61 Church Close, Pool-in-Wharfedale, Otley, Yorks LS21 1LW
1569. GILL Stanley V. H.M.S/M. Taku  
3 Monsal Grove, Buxton, Derbyshire SK17 7TF
1570. Ratcliffe Raymond M.V.San Ambrosio  
141 Beechwood Avenue, Feniscowles, Blackburn, Lancs BB2 5AX
1571. VALLEE M. S.S.Juan De Fuca  
817 East Kearsley Flint, Michigan, U.S.A. 48503
1572. HOPKINS J. S.S.Chagres  
510 Reiffel Street, South Plainfield, New Jersey, U.S.A. 07080
1573. RILEY K. H.M.C.S.Nene  
1930 Juno Avenue, Ottawa K1H 6T1, Canada.
1574. KOST G. S.S.David B. Johnson  
3809 Belle Bonnie Brae Road, Bonita, California, U.S.A. 91902
1575. SCOTT Phillip R. H.M.S.Vindex  
8 Cronton Park Close, Cronton, Widnes, Cheshire WA8 9DR
1576. MARSH G.Reid S.S.Julius Olsen  
P.O.Box 2356, Highpoint, North Carolina, U.S.A. 27261
1577. SLINGER Edward H.M.S.Faulknor  
34 Unwin Avenue, Wembley Downs, W.Australia 6019
1578. PEETERS Albert G. H.M.S.Sheffield/Goodall  
35 Oakwell Drive, Askern, Doncaster DN6 0DA
1579. FARMER Robert R. H.M.S.Intrepid/Dianella  
Garth House, Highbridge, Dalston, Carlisle, Cumbria CA5 7DR
1580. STAFFORD Ronald W.G. H.M.S.Myngs  
37 Chase Farm Close, Waltham Chase, Southampton SO3 2UB
1581. BROWN Sydney H.M.S.Forester  
Flat 9, 37 Sutton Avenue, Peacehaven, E.Sussex BN10 7NZ
1582. CARBIN Frederick H. H.M.S.Wheatland  
19 Ladymeade, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 0EA
1583. LANGLEY T.  
2 Gilmore Drive, Waitwick, Leicester LE67 5PA
1584. FISK Edward P. H.M.S.Anson  
52 St Georges Avenue, Sheerness, Kent ME12 1QU
1585. EVANS George H.  
11 Fletcher Avenue, PO Box 10, Amherst, Nova Scotia B4H 4M4
1586. HUDDART George D. H.M.S.Anson  
7 Hunt Road, Northfleet, Kent ME11 8JT
1587. WARREN William A.G. H.M.S. Woodcock  
61 Salisbury Road, Tilgate, Crawley, Sussex RH10 5LU
1588. LAPWORTH Frederick W. H.H.S.Duckworth  
5 Basford Brook Drive, Longford, Coventry, West Midlands CV6 6JF
1589. NUGENT George W. H.M.S.  
L'enclos, Rue De Samares, St Clement, Jersey JE2 6LS, C.I.
1590. LEE George E. H.M.S.Somali  
60 Bryony Place, Conniburrow, Milton Keynes, Bucks MK14 7EA

UP TO 1ST AUGUST 1992



N O R T H R U S S I A C L U BSTATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FROM 1st APRIL 1991 to 31st MARCH 1992

<u>I N C O M E</u>		<u>E X P E N D I T U R E</u>	
B/Fwd 1990/91	6,620 -13	Auditors Fee	50 - 00
Interest Deposit A/C	54 -47		
Interest Welfare A/C	24 -07		
Renewals 1991/2	4,301 -21		
New Members' Subs 1991/2	1,420 -63		
Renewals 1992/3	4,271 -50		
Renewals 1993/4	18 -00		
Welfare/General Fund	1,383 -95	Payments from Fund	262 - 62
Donations for ACMT	538 -07	Payments to ACMT	538 - 07
<u>SALES ITEMS</u>		<u>SALES ITEMS</u>	
Ties	1,087 -41	Cost of Ties	940 - 45
Blazer Badges	1,010 -05	Cost of Blazer Badges	907 - 68
Xmas Cards	1,130 -15	Cost of Xmas Cards	1,906 - 74
Car Stickers	52 -70	Cost of Car Stickers	142 - 14
Medals Holders	87 -00	Cost of Medal Holders	70 - 00
Wall Banners	50 -00	Cost of Wall Banners	171 - 52
Lapel Badges	166 -10	Cost of Lapel Badges	123 - 69
Blue Nose Certificates	269 -00	Cost Blue Nose Certs	214 - 25
Enamel Badges	505 -00	Cost Enamel Badges	249 - 10
Beret Badges	91 -50	Cost Beret Badges	88 - 12
Commemorative Envelopes	204 -00	Cost Commemorative Envs	75 - 00
Northern Light Sales	111 -40	Cost Printing N/Light	4,717 - 73
Postage received Sales items	173 -51	Convoy Books	32 - 18
<u>F U N C T I O N S</u>		<u>F U N C T I O N S</u>	
11th May 1991 Reunion Portsmouth	278 -00	Cost Reunion Portsmouth	585 - 00
USSR Tour A May 1991	16,065 -00	Cost USSR Tour A	16,825 - 81
Reunion Victory Services Club...	1,163 -00	Cost Victory Services Club	1,037 - 69
Proceeds from Raffle	79 -97		
Royal Tournament	381 -80	Cost of Tickets Royal Tournament	425 - 25
Pirbright/ Brookwood	345 -00	Cost of Buffet -Pirbright	350 - 00
USSR Tour Dervish Aug 1991	82,967 -64	Cost Dervish Tour	85,550 - 60
Annual Dinner 1991	2,029 -50	Costs Annual Dinner	1,765 - 72
Raffle Proceeds	124 -60		
Coach Trip Buffet	126 -00	Coach/Buffer Costs	104 - 00
Raffle Proceeds	50 -50		
Reunion UJC 25-1-92 Incl. Raffle	298 -13	Cost UJC Reunion	211 - 70
Blackpool Festival	85 -00	Standard Bearer's Expenses	15 - 00
Reunion Portsmouth 7-3-92	944 -00	Costs Reunion Portsmouth	896 - 50
Raffle Proceeds	111 -00		
<b>Sub Totals C/Fwd</b>	<b>128,618 -99</b>		<b>118,256 - 56</b>

<u>I N C O M E</u>		<u>E X P E N D I T U R E</u>	
B/Fwd	128,618 - 99		118,256 - 56
Reunion Stretton Hotel Blackpool	667 - 00	Costs Stretton Hotel	636 - 50
Medal Presentation Buffet, Liverpool RNA	142 - 00	Costs for Buffet	110 - 00
Payments for International Reunion JULY 1992	6,108 - 50	Expenses International Reunion Accomodation etc,	1,849 - 51
Sponsorship Royal Mail Received at Murmansk Deposits for videos	1,250 - 00	Payments to J. Clarke Balance to ACMT	70 - 00 30 - 00
Payments received for Postage of medals	84 - 00	Dedication Service	398 - 00
Donations received for Medal Postage	502 - 00	Expenses re Postage	100 - 09
		Committee Members' Expenses Travelling to Meetings.	410 - 50
		<u>HONORARIUMS</u>	
		Secretary	200 - 00
		Treasurer	150 - 00
		Membership Secretary	150 - 00
Postage to Secretary's A/C Transfers from Tour a/ Dervish..	51 - 56	Secretary's Postage A/C	605 - 37
		Membership Secretary's Postage...	871 - 99
		Treasurer's Postage/Stationery	120 - 00
		Membership Secretary's Stationery A/C	239 - 56
		Welfare Officer's Postage	15 - 00
		<u>TELEPHONE ACCOUNTS</u>	
Paid by Secretary	230 - 00	Secretary	1,274 - 21
Transfers from USSR Tours	157 - 45	Membership Secretary	233 - 31
		Chairman	100 - 00
		Vice Chairman	5 - 8
		Insurance for Standard	30 - 00
<b>GRAND TOTALS</b>	<b>137,911 - 50</b>		<b>125,856 - 45</b>



<u>I N C O M E</u>	£137,911 - 50
<u>E X P E N D I T U R E</u>	£125,856 - 45
<u>B A L A N C E</u>	<u>12,055 - 05</u>
<u>C U R R E N T A C C O U N T</u>	£10,088 - 86
<u>D E P O S I T A C C O U N T</u>	1,606 - 10
<u>W E L F A R E A C C O U N T</u>	360 - 09
<u>B A L A N C E</u>	<u>12,055 - 05</u>
<u>C U R R E N T L I A B I L I T I E S</u>	
Dennison Print Ltd XMAS CARDS	£876 - 00
International Tour July 1992	£5,508 - 99
<u>T O T A L</u>	<u>£6,384 - 99</u>

## Notes:

Payments received for Portsmouth Reunion 11-5-91 £572 - 00  
 Payments received for Tour A USSR May 1991 less  
 Payments. £682 - 08  
 These were included in last year's figures.

Signed.



Hon. Treasurer.

## CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT - Accounts ended 31st MARCH 1992.

I have examined the Register, with supporting receipts, invoices and accounts. I have verified the Balances held in the Deposit and Current Accounts and they are true as recorded in the Statement of Accounts. The system applied is excellent and your Treasurer should be congratulated on the method which enables an efficient cross check of all items, and facilitates the work involved which has vastly increased this year.

Signed  
Auditor


(H.R. Elbourn.) 13th May 1992