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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB

9/93



AWAY FROM KOHA

NORTHERN LIGHT Nº 34

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) Essex SS3 9LN. (Tel:0702 292041)

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FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**WEDNESDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER, 1993:** "THIRD REUNION OF 151 WING AND NRC PERSONNEL:  
At the Officers' Mess, Imperial War Museum, Duxford, nr Cambridge, commencing  
at 1100. Cost £18.85 to include entrance to the Museum where, we understand,  
you will be able to see one of the Hurricanes recovered from North Russia. The  
Buffet Lunch will be held in the Officers Mess. Book now, by letter, but **SEND  
NO MONEY - YET!** to Peter G Fearn, Broquet International Ltd., 54 Regent  
Street, Rugby, Warwickshire CV21 2PS. Wives and friends invited.

**SATURDAY 23 OCTOBER 1993:**  
**ANNUAL DINNER DANCE AT THE SWALLOW HOTEL, EAGLE DRIVE, NORTHAMPTON:** Special  
accommodation rates. Dancing to "Tempo Tyme". Combined booking forms and  
further information from Les Jones, 35 Neargates, Charnock Richard, Chorley,  
Lancs PR7 5EY. **HURRY! HURRY!! HURRY!!!** Get a form by phoning Les (0257 791632)

**SUNDAY 14 NOVEMBER 1993:**  
**CENOTAPH MARCH:** We will again be participating in the march together with the  
Russian Convoy Club on Sunday 14 November. Get your ticket/pass by contacting  
our Hon Secretary, Peter Skinner, The Anchorage, Burscott, Higher Clovelly,  
Bideford, Devon EX39 5RR. Tel:0237 431481.

**SUNDAY 14 NOVEMBER 1993:**  
**COMMEMORATION OF THE 'BATTLE OF NORTH CAPE'** A Church Service to commemorate  
the sinking of KMS SCHARNHORST on Boxing Day 1943 is being planned for  
Remembrance Day to avoid the inconvenience of the Xmas Holiday. The service  
will be held on the Quarterdeck of H.M.S. BELFAST at 1030. Admission will be  
by ticket only and will be in short supply. Admission will be given to those  
members who participated in the Battle of North Cape. Contact our Chairman on  
051 487 9567 to have your name placed on the list.

**WEDNESDAY 24 NOVEMBER 1993:**  
**9TH ANNIVERSARY OF FORMATION OF NORTH RUSSIA CLUB:** "President's Members Only  
Reunion Supper" at Victory Services Club, Marble Arch, London. Details of  
costs and availability of accommodation from our President, Chris. B. Iye,  
5 Begonia Avenue, Gillingham, Kent ME8 6YD. Tel:0634 232884.

**WEDNESDAY 8 DECEMBER 1993:**  
**"CHRISTMAS LUNCH" AT H.M.S. DRAKE.** A new departure in the social programme  
this year is to be a Christmas Lunch or, as described in a previous issue of  
Northern Light - a CHRISTMAS CRACKER. It is to be held in the Warrant Officers  
and Senior Rates Mess, which, as most of you know from past experience, is in  
Devonport, or "Guzz". A traditional Christmas menu has been arranged and it  
will be opportunity for all you D/JX's to see what the old place looks like  
now. It will also give you a chance to meet the Devon and Cornwall members who  
are unable to travel to functions in other parts of the country. You could  
also see the A.C.M.I. Memorial Font in St Nicholas' Church, just a few yards  
from the Mess. Further details of the font appear elsewhere in the Northern  
Light. Our President, Chris Iye, will attend but don't let that put you off.  
The Flag Officer Plymouth, Vice Admiral Sir Roy Newman, KCB and Lady Newman  
will join us for pre lunch drinks (1200 - 1300) but are unfortunately unable  
to stay for lunch. The Captain and First Lieut. of LONDON have also been  
invited but their attendance depends on the ship's whereabouts. The cost will  
be £13.50, we know from past experience that the food is excellent. So why not  
start the festive season off by coming to the South West. Bookings (form on  
last page) must be returned by 29 November for security reasons. To P.A. Skinner  
(Address above and on Page 2)



EDITOR'S NOTES

Firstly, I must apologise to a number of members for the poor quality of print in their copies of the special "BA93" edition of Northern Light. I in turn have complained to the printer and have investigated the reasons for this sudden decline in standards. We now expect the quality to return to it's previous level and to remain that way. Sorry, shipmates.

However, I know that many of you enjoyed reading about the excellent month that many of us participated in, both at BA93 and the other events during May, and your kind remarks and letters are much appreciated. At the Annual General Meeting on 24 July, I informed those present that we are still receiving many useful articles for use in the future. But now, another apology, this time to those contributors whose articles are delayed or not used. It is a happy and encouraging 'headache' for the editor. I also informed the meeting that I am prepared to continue as editor, despite my several other interests. I say again, "To many members the North Russia Club is what drops through their letter box".

This edition contains stories and reports from around the world. You may have been confused when we referred to "Away from Scapa" and "Away from Kola", but you got the articles right. I hope everyone enjoys them!

Our December issue will be dedicated to the "Battle of North Cape". Already, the keel has been laid and it is on the slipway - at least twenty pages are ready, and includes long excerpts from Admiral Bruce Fraser's official communique. There is still room for your personal views and different 'slants' on the action. "What was it like in the Boiler Room or Magazine during the action?" "What did you see from your action station in Director Tower?" "Did you meet any of the German survivors?" Your stories as soon as possible, or sooner, please.

Looking ahead to 1994, we have the following themes:-  
MARCH: "THE FLOWER CLASS CORVETTES". Come on you BRYONY's, BURDOCK's, HEATHER's, CAMELLIA's, HONEYSUCKLE's, LOTUS's (or is it Lotii?), POPPY's, SWEETBRIAR's and others. Not forgetting tragic BLUEBELL. Lets have your stories.

JUNE: "THE LIBERTY SHIPS". To commemorate the 50th Anniversary of D-Day. The three remaining U.S. 'Libertys', LANE VICTORY, JOHN W. BROWN and JEREMIAH O'BRIEN will be visiting Normandy and U.K. ports, with U.S. veterans aboard. So, all you merchant service lads who served on a Liberty (whether it was British, Canadian or American), it's your turn and we await your yarns.

SEPTEMBER: "PRE-WAR SAILORS" (Yes, I'm one of them), lets have some 'Lamp Swinging' from the old salts. About the days when a "commission" meant two and a half years away from home and family - perhaps in the Med, or on the China Station, or for the lucky ones, the West Indies. Back before the term H.O. was created. Not too many runs down the Gut or Sister Street please.

DECEMBER: The long awaited "BIG SHIPS" edition! A certain bootneck Colour Sergeant has been threatening me with Jankers for the last two years, because we do not feature the battleships enough. I've got past the days of two-fingered signs and profanity - so, it's over to you. If we can drag you away from the Uckers Board or the Goffer Machine in the Canteen Flat!!

Should be another good year!

FROM: ADMIRAL SIR BENJAMIN BATHURST GCB ADC



Chief of Naval Staff  
and First Sea Lord

D/CNS/530/08

P A Skinner  
The Anchorage  
Burscott  
Higher Clovelly  
Bideford  
Devon  
EX39 5RR

23 July 1993

*Mr P. Skinner,*

Thank you so much for your letter of 14 July which enclosed a copy of Northern Light. I was very interested to hear news of what is quite clearly an extremely active Association.

The June newsletter contained a wide variety of fascinating articles but with the Battle of Atlantic Commemorations still firmly in our minds I was particularly interested in the Special Edition which I thought was especially well done.

I would be very pleased to receive future editions and I would also be grateful if you could pass on my very best regards to all those of the North Russia Club.

*Your sincerely,  
Ben Bathurst*

A LETTER TO YOU ALL

FROM  
THE FIRST SEA LORD.





" AWAY FROM KOLA "  
 =====

A very good response to our request for stories "Away from Kola". In the following pages we will voyage from the Arctic Ocean, to the Greenland Sea, Norway, Scapa, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Pacific - you certainly get your money's worth!!!!

**Response No 1: By J.R.B. Hinton: "RIGHT TUNE, WRONG WORDS":** We had rescued a German airman in the Arctic Ocean, and our M.O. (a veterinary surgeon before joining the R.N.V.R) put him straight in the Sick Bay berth, fully clothed, with a generous lot of brandy. On our way back, he began to improve in health and - on approaching quieter conditions and seas, near Scapa, and hearing that we would be holding a church service aboard before reaching Scapa he asked if he could attend. He was given permission - the wardroom was set up as a chapel, with the M.O. officiating. All went well until the second hymn - we were well through the second verse of "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken" when to our horror we realised that our German airman was singing "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles", his national anthem, which has the same tune. Needless to say we hurried him back to his sick bay bunk!

**Response No2: By J.R.B. Hinton: "THE BOILER CLEAN":** HMS SCOURGE had done two consecutive boiler cleans at Scapa - not being able to get any leave for the crew. As we returned to home waters, after another Russian Convoy, we were ordered to proceed to Scapa for boiler clean. Realising the frustration of the crew, our skipper, Lieut. Cmdr. Ian Balfour signalled ashore "Woman needs man, and man must have his mate - boiler clean at Scapa causes jealousy and hate" Within half an hour, a new instruction came to us - "Proceed to Rosyth"!

**Response No 3: By Peter Crowshaw our Liaison Officer in Australia: "LUCKY SHIP":** (A story written whilst attending a class at "USA" - the University of the Third Age): This account might not have been written but for the intervention of what, for a better word, I would call "fate".

The cheerless, turbulent waters between Iceland and the bleak Faroe Islands where storms are spawned, are not the ideal location for cruising in either peace or war and I always sympathise with the trawlermen who plied their trade there. However, it was in that stretch of gale battered, horribly churned up sea this story begins aboard HMS NEWCASTLE, a 9 000 ton cruiser with twelve 8" guns, patrolling monotonously, in company with, though thirty miles away, the 1918 vintage cruiser HMS DELHI, but still doing her bit with the aid of much I.L.C. from her engine room department.

Our other flank, sixty miles away, was being covered by the armed merchant cruiser RAWALPINDI, an ex P&O liner of 16,697 tons, armed with 6" guns, one of many similarly transformed liners pressed into service with the Fleet for wartime duty.

This was the "Northern Patrol" and our task was the interception of any vessel attempting to run the blockade of German ports. Grey seas, grey sky, grey ship, the watches passed slowly with the same monotonous regularity in the intense cold. There was no special issue of Arctic clothing in those early days of the war and the open bridge of NEWCASTLE offered little protection from the cutting wind, this was winter - November 23, 1939. Some inventive genius had made boxes filled with straw to put our feet into to off-set the cold. Every little helped on the frigid bridge.

I was fortunate this day, to have rostered for duty in the Signal Distribution Office below the deck, in charge of some very young, very inexperienced Signal ratings. I always marvelled at the way these lads accepted their lot, being pitch forked straight from Civvy Street into the Royal Navy after a short training spell into this unkind environment.

I had been in Signals since Boys Training Ship GANGES in 1931 and had served in various types of ship from aircraft carrier to destroyer in both the Mediterranean and Home Fleets. The Palestine campaign and the Spanish Civil War had been my proving ground. Now, as a Leading Signaller it was my job to pass on that experience to the Green Hands.

Ever since sailors started manning ships they have tended to put them in categories, "Happy Ship", "Tough Ship", "Taut Ship", etc. To NEWCASTLE I would apply the term "LUCKY SHIP"; in light of my experiences aboard her. I first sighted her from the bridge of the destroyer GRIFFEN in the Med. during the Combined Fleet manoeuvres with the Home Fleet, she was one of the City Class of nine modern cruisers. With slightly raked back funnels and racy lines they made a grand sight as they swept past our flotilla.

By a quirk of fate my next ship after a spell of foreign leave from GRIFFEN was NEWCASTLE and it was over her messdeck speakers that I heard Chamberlain's voice announcing the declaration of war against Hitler's Germany.

We were quickly ready for sea, complete with fuel and ammunition and on our way to join the Northern Patrol in those bleak frozen waters where every watch became an ordeal and even below, on the messdecks not much better.

My First Dog Watch in the S.D.O. was progressing normally when the Wireless Office voicepipe shattered the calm with the announcement ..... "Immediate from RAWALPINDI to all ships ..... I am being attacked by battleship DEUTSCHLAND. Timed 1645"

The engines commenced an urgent beat as we heeled to our new course to intercept at our best speed in the pounding waves, and shortly Captain Figgins' voice on the Tannoy announced "We are proceeding at our maximum speed to assist RAWALPINDI who is being attacked by a pocket battleship. Assume First Degree of Readiness".

The old DELHI had broken W/T silence to inform RAWALPINDI that she was coming to her assistance thereby upsetting any chance of surprising the enemy. I could imagine our Captain's emotions at the moment, he was liked by his officers and crew, half of whom were Hostilities Only ratings, he knew, as we all did, that our ship stood little chance against the fire power of a pocket battleship. I personally had encountered these ships during the Spanish Civil War where they had used their guns to support Franco's regime. They had well trained and disciplined crews with efficient gunnery which, with their 8" guns could out distance our 6" main armament.

The atmosphere in the S.D.O. remained tense and time seemed to drag despite the increase of signal traffic, most of which was coded and marked "Immediate". Through the evening seas we ploughed, Arctic night was closing in and sleet squalls lashed the exposed positions. Nothing had been seen of DELHI, she was probably taking a pounding from the wild sea.

"Bridge - S.D.O.", the voice of my mate Yeoman of Signals MacLean on the Bridge, "We have RAWALPINDI in sight, come up and take a look".

Grabbing a duffle coat I scrambled up the ladder from the Flag Deck into the biting cold of the Compass Platform crowded with muffled figures, I recognised Mac's burly figure and accepted his proffered binoculars needing no direction. The glare on the horizon could mean only one thing, RAWALPINDI was a blazing torch against the leaden background. Then, as the gap shortened something else became apparent, silhouetted against the glare of the dying RAWALPINDI was the stark image of a battleship barely moving. Our sighting report was quickly passed down to the W/T Office. .

From the bridge of the battleship a light began to blink ..... UM UM GO GO FOLGEN, Mac read the message as received to the Captain, we stood transfixed, certain that she was signalling us, RAWALPINDI had reported her to be DEUTSCHLAND because that vessel was reported to be at large with her attendant PRINZ EUGEN. Were we mistaken as her?

Unknown to the Admiralty, both ships had been withdrawn back to their home port where DEUTSCHLAND had been renamed LUTZOW as Hitler was fearful that she might be sunk bearing the name of the Fatherland.

At that moment as the battleship commenced to turn, a heavy squall of sleet and rain swept across the scene, the whole area was blanketed and we were blind, there was no radar in those early days of war. NEWCASTLE had been ordered not to engage the enemy but to shadow until heavier units of the Fleet



were in support but, too late, we had lost her and though we searched for hours, even up into the fjords of Iceland, before joining the main Fleet units in the hunt, she had vanished completely together with her consort.

From information obtained from the book "Hitler's Naval War", I only recently realised how lucky NEWCASTLE was on that disastrous night. The battle cruiser GNEISNAU, carrying the flag of Admiral Marschall, operating with her sister ship SCHARNHORST, Germany's heaviest units in commission had sailed from the Norwegian Fiords two days earlier, with orders to destroy the Northern Patrol and create havoc among the Atlantic convoys as the battleship GRAF SPEE was doing in the South Atlantic.

The two ships were operating twenty miles apart searching for victims when SCHARNHORST sighted RAWALPINDI and, taking her as an ordinary merchant vessel attacked with her 11" guns. Within minutes most of the bridge personnel were dead, including Captain Kennedy (father of N.R.C. Honorary Member, Ludovic Kennedy), but not before she had transmitted her sighting report by W/I, and had replied with several rounds from her 6" guns which registered hits on her adversary.

GNEISNAU closed her and joined in the action until RAWALPINDI was blazing from stem to stern, then signalled SCHARNHORST to pick up survivors, but shortly afterwards, having only rescued one boat load, the flagship sighted NEWCASTLE in the failing light and Admiral Marschall decided it was against the plan to be drawn into a fight, not knowing how many Fleet units were present and flashed the signal that Yeoman McLean read, (decoded it read "Follow me").

One broadside from their main batteries would have annihilated us, our guns were no match, though with a bit of Nelson's touch we could have gone down fighting. However, the Captain had his orders from C in C ..... "Shadow the enemy".

Thus commenced the greatest Naval hunt of the war as Fleet units from all points of the compass were called in. The battleships RODNEY and NELSON and the French DUNKERQUE, with the battle cruiser HOOD and eight cruisers and two flotillas of destroyers, combed the northern waters for three days and found nothing, the enemy had vanished.

The crafty Admiral Marschall had headed straight for the Arctic and then doubled back close in to the Norwegian coast until they reached the safety of Wilhelmshaven - the proverbial needle in a haystack!

On their return the Admiral was reprimanded by the German Naval High Command for failing to sink NEWCASTLE. I am glad that he made that decision - I owe him one! along with all NEWCASTLE's ships company on that fatal night. I doubt there would have been any survivors to tell the tale.

I have read much about NEWCASTLE's subsequent actions through various war documentations. She acquitted herself well, but, the question still plagues me, "Why were we spared"?

(Editor please note: the Captain of NEWCASTLE's name was Figgins, not Kennedy as is stated in "Hitler's Naval War". He rose from the lower deck (Boy Seaman) and was a real gentleman and I often wonder what happened to him? Editor's reply: Captain Figgins has another claim to fame! in 1936 he assessed me as "Very Good - Satisfactory" and his signature (autograph?) is on my service document!

**Response No 4: By G.M. Clarke, another from Down Under: "NEWCASTLE AGAIN":** An incident that happened in the South Atlantic nearly 50 years ago when I was in NEWCASTLE. We came upon a supply ship, German of course, and put one across her bows, and she stopped, being scuttled by the crew, who took to the boats. They were ordered back to their ship but tossed their oars as an act of defiance. Our skipper then ordered the port pom pom to open fire over their heads. This had no effect so we fired again with a round going right through the lifeboat, killing five or six of the crew. We got them aboard our ship, including the dead. This is a very short mention of what happened, but I can remember to this day, when I was helping the Sailmaker to sew up the bodies for burial. Handing me the needle and saying, "Put one through the nose Nobby and finish with a clove hitch" They were buried at sea the next day in the customary way. I have never seen mention of this episode in any form before. I still have a few photos of the incident.

**Response No 5: By Bernard Ash: "THE BOMBARDMENT OF STAVANGER AERODROME BY H.M.S. SUFFOLK:** SUFFOLK sailed from Scapa Flow on 16 April 1940, it was to be her last sailing for a long time. That night she made a rendezvous with the submarine SEAL, whose job it was to pin-point the position for her and make ready to start the bombardment at first light.

In preparation she catapulted off, first one, then the other of her Walrus amphibian planes and waited for sight of a flare which a Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command was due to drop over the airfield to mark the target.

Both these air operations went wrong: Radio contact with both Walrus aircraft was "blacked out" as so often happened in those parts, so that they became useless "spotters" for the fall of shot. Whilst the Hudson attracted an extraordinary quantity of flack to itself! Which made the flare quite undistinguishable from the general firework display that was going on.

None the less, SUFFOLK stuck to her schedule and opened fire at the appointed time. In three runs she fired two hundred and two rounds from her 8" guns at a range of 20,000 yards. She did, indeed, inflict heavy casualties upon the German troops, and damage to the airfield, including the setting ablaze of two large petrol dumps - but the damage was nothing like as heavy as had been intended and certainly not heavy enough to put the airfield completely out of action, owing to its size.

A few minutes after 0600 she completed her last run and made off to sea at thirty knots. Having put some distance between herself and the enemy held coast, she reduced speed and turned due north to carry out a sweep that she had been ordered to make on her way home. At this point she expected to make contact with an R.A.F. long range fighter escort, but like all other aerial ventures of this operation, the rendezvous did not materialize. The fighters had expected to find her sailing closer in shore.

At 0825 the first of the German bombers spotted her and from then until after 1500 she was more or less continuously under attack from the air - without a single friendly plane to help her. Appeal after appeal being made for fighter support! (There was obviously no point in her attempting to keep radio silence).

When the action was eventually over she had shipped aboard 2,500 tons of sea water and the steering gear was rendered useless. She steamed the last one hundred and sixty-four miles on her screws alone and just managed to make Scapa Flow with seas breaking over her submerged quarter deck. Operation Duck had ended - lives were lost - and a valuable ship was out of action.

It was obvious from the continuous bombing she sustained that the orders to the German air crews was "Sink the Suffolk". Although efforts to get air support for ourselves failed, and we were under 15 minutes notice to abandon ship, units of the fleet came out from Scapa to escort us the last few miles to base, where we were towed to shallow water where frantic work was carried out to plug the holes in her hull caused by shrapnel from near misses, and to make her seaworthy for towing to the Clyde for repairs. In the meantime there was much ado onboard, getting the wounded to hospital. Divers were required to go down inside the flooded after part of the ship, to recover the dead. Then there was the cleaning up of the bodies for identification and preparing them for burial at Lyness Cemetery.

SUFFOLK's Report of the Action: There were precisely thirty three bombing attacks, and a total of eighty eight bomb splashes from near misses at varying distances from the ship. Twenty one of the attacks were by high level bombers. The remaining twelve were much more deadly, by Stuka dive bombers. Had the Stukas been more practiced than they appeared SUFFOLK would have been lying on the bottom of the sea! As it was they scored just one direct hit, this entered the starboard side of the ship aft, and abreast "X" 8" turret, then down through the boiler room turning through the bulkhead to the cordite handling space, then onwards towards "X" turret where it exploded. Damaging her weapons machinery very seriously and causing explosions, leaving a trail of dead and wounded - other misses caused damage of varying degrees.

**Response No 6: By Fred Hardy: "ABOARD S.S. ANTENOR IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC"** Approximately twelve hours before running into Freetown, Sierra Leone, on a very calm sea and pitch black night I think it was about 0200 when the crew



were brought silently to action stations. The reason was that a light was flashing on and off and was very low in the water and it was difficult to know how strong and at what distance the light was from the ship. So the captain approached with great caution, in case it was a U-boat trying to con us. Everyone was on tenterhooks.

As we got nearer we could see that the light was flashing S.O.S. - S.O.S. - S.O.S. We approached with caution and found it to be an inflatable raft and inside it were seven American airmen. They had to ditch their Flying Fortress because something had gone wrong with the fuel system. They assumed that somehow or other sand had got into the tanks.

While inflating the raft, seven, the other half of the crew were attacked and killed by sharks. They couldn't thank us enough for finding them and told us that the sharks had started to attack the raft - they thought they would be going the same way as their mates.

On leaving Freetown we had a Fleet Auxilliary on our port side and S.S.MYRMIDDON (another Blue Funnel Line vessel like ANTENOR) to starboard. We kept line abreast and had a modern destroyer as escort.

Two days out and steaming towards Capetown, I was climbing the stairway to the starboard side of the bridge. As I stepped on the bridge, I was immediately drawn to a periscope cutting through the water which was like a sheet of glass. I shouted "Periscope". The Second Officer came out of the wheelhouse and asked where. Almost instantly the periscope vanished as if it had seen me watching. By this time the captain was on the bridge and I was quizzed and asked if I was certain it was a periscope and not a sharks fin. I replied that it could only be a periscope because, on such a calm sea a shark does not make white water in its wake, its fin is designed not to do so.

The destroyer was informed instantly and she took immediate action but unfortunately without success. Was I right? Could I have been wrong? I began to doubt myself and I felt very uncomfortable for the rest of the day. I was reading in my bunk when, at midnight, a loud explosion had us all on deck in no time. MYRMIDDON had been torpedoed. All her crew were saved by the destroyer, the U-boat was attacked and sunk with no survivors.

**Response N° 7 : By John Beardmore: "OPERATION GOODWOOD - TIRPITZ":** In August 1944, two years after PQ17, we in POPPY and DIANELLA were given a small satisfaction of striking back at TIRPITZ whose very presence at anchor in Altenfiord two summers previously had sent some 300 of our comrades to a watery grave.

Since D.Day in June, 1944 we had been busily operating between the Thames Estuary and the Normandy beach head. By early August this theatre of operations had quietened down sufficiently for some of the naval vessels to be released and returned to their own Commands, for the U-boat menace was still concentrated relentlessly on the ocean routes to the U.K. So we sailed (rather hurriedly) from Skegness to Scapa to join a support force in a naval air strike against TIRPITZ, which it was learned was again seaworthy following damage in earlier attacks upon her in Altenfiord.

"Operation Goodwood" as it was to be called was to consist of several concentrated strikes by aircraft from the carriers VICTORIOUS and FERIOUS and from smaller escort carriers. It was to be the "biggest thing" yet! The major strikes were led by Lieut. Cmdr. R.H. Richardson, F.A.A., (a brave New Zealander, who was himself killed in the third attack) and who led his squadron of Hellcats in to attack TIRPITZ through a dense smoke screen. Some nineteen smaller ships, tankers, destroyers, supply ships and flak ships and even a U-boat on the surface entering the fiord were severely damaged or sunk. Several aircraft were destroyed on the ground and two or more wireless stations put out of action.

This was the biggest Fleet Air Arm attack of the war and was also to prove the last naval operation of this type in European waters. The results at first sight seemed most satisfactory. Ships and installations were left burning, and black smoke belched out around Tirpitz. We returned to base at Londonderry elated at the first reports of damage. Subsequent reconnaissance however showed that our hopes were short lived. We learned of the 500lb armour piercing bombs that rained on to the TIRPITZ's armour plated superstructure, (those that hit that is!) had bounced off and even a 1600lb armour piercing

bomb that succeeded in penetrating both decks failed to explode. The giant battleship remained virtually undamaged.

The Hellcats and Corsairs and the bombs carried were inadequate weapons for such a heavily armoured and protected target. The Fleet Air Arm had done its utmost! It was now up to Bomber Command.

Copyright John Beardmore.

**Response N° 8 : From Arthur J.Willis: "LOFTY AND I":** (Abridged by editor): I joined London Division R,N,V.R. in the summer of '39 just after my eighteenth birthday. It was just after being mobilised and during training at an East Coast Holiday Camp that I first met "Lofty" (6ft. 6ins.). He too was eighteen and hailed from Bow in East London. Most of the acquaintances made in this period were broken up when groups of us were drafted.

Early in 1940 "Lofty" and I arrived in Singapore and were eventually sent to the same ship. It was an old coal burning merchantman, built in 1914, H.M.S. CHAKDINA. She had been laid up for some time, was rusty and appeared to be peaceful in retirement. She looked suitable enough for peaceful voyages in tropical seas, and that, of course, was all she was ever intended for. However the old ship had been earmarked by the Admiralty as an Armed Boarding Vessel and we were refitted in Bombay. Some old surface and A/A guns were mounted and we were ready for war. For a year we were based at Aden and patrolled the Red Sea, taking part in the East African campaign and in between time had some interesting experiences with Arab sailing dhows off the Arabian shore.

After these leisurely incidents we were sent up to Alexandria to join the Eastern Mediterranean Fleet. The war in this area had reached a critical stage, with the fleet at full stretch. More A/A guns were mounted - it seemed amazing how the old decks could support them - many more ratings joined us to man the additional armament. It was not long before we were taking troops and supplies to besieged Tobruk. By this time "Lofty" and I were considered "Old Hands".

One afternoon after a delivery of very scarce mail "Lofty" sought me out saying that his home in Bow had been bombed but that his family was safe and had moved to Harrow. Knowing that I lived at Ealing, he jokingly remarked that I'd have to go over for tea one Sunday and as an afterthought added "Bring your Mother and Father too." Neither of us believed it - we were loading stores for Tobruk and a dangerous operation lay ahead of us. Our old ship was slow and cumbersome and we had to run the gauntlet.

Days later we steamed slowly out of Alex. harbour bound for Tobruk. After 24 hours of uneventful steaming we were attacked by torpedo bombers and shelled by long range desert guns as we steamed up the channel into the inner harbour. There were about 30 sunken ships there, and we berthed alongside a big wreck nearest the shore. We had arrived safely with troops and supplies unharmed....in harbour...discharging....for 4 days....then we embarked a large number of wounded troops, many of them stretcher cases. We were indeed lucky to have survived so far and we thought that with the wounded soldiers now in our care our luck would just have to hold out for the home-ward run, and yet we thought if .....

The crowded ship sailed just before sunset, set course for Alex. and steamed into the darkening night - everyone on board (including a German General P.O.W. we were carrying) thought we must get there now. Three hours later we were attacked by aircraft, a torpedo hit the after hold and the old ship with the most precious cargo she had ever carried sank in two minutes.

I broke surface feeling very dazed but conscious enough to realise I must find something quickly to hold on to and recover my breath. I could hear many cries and knew that people had jumped from the upper deck in all directions and must be spreading out over a large area. Almost the first thing I saw was a Carley Float. It had one occupant - "Lofty". There he was, sitting high - but not so dry - and looking rather lonely. I managed a few croaks in his direction and in a few seconds he had hauled me in to the float. Within a few minutes between us, we had hauled in about 15 others. A very mixed company we were - a Surgeon Lieutenant, British and Australian army personnel, a Newfoundland seaman, an Indian stoker and an Italian P.O.W. "Lofty" and I as the original occupants handled the two paddles. We were in the sea for about



one hour before being picked up by FARNDALE one of our escorting destroyers. The destroyer, although under attack, picked up about 100 survivors - her mess decks were packed with crew and survivors. More attacks the next day but we made it back to Alexandria, where we were sent to a survivor's camp to await passage home.

Some 3,000 miles away back in London a rather "stranger than Fiction" incident occurred. (The Admiralty announced the sinking several weeks after its loss - I happened to hear it over the ship's radio during passage home). My father went to the Admiralty to enquire if there was any news of me. During his wait with many other anxious people, a rather large, homely gentleman sat alongside him and started a casual conversation. They were both seeking news of their sons. It transpired that the other man's son was on the same ship. This was a period when ships were being sunk almost every day, and there were many ships companies being enquired after. Anyway both men were interviewed and relieved to hear that their sons were not listed amongst the casualties. They waited for each other and they thought it would be a good idea to have a drink together. The other man explained that his son was six feet six inches tall, and how the family had been bombed out at Bow etc., and had moved to Harrow. He suggested that it would be rather nice as the sons were on the same ship and as we lived quite near in Ealing if my father and mother were to go over to tea one Sunday.

I eventually arrived back in England nearly two and a half years after having left. I had never mentioned the sinking of the ship or written of "Lofty" in any letter home. On my way from Liverpool to Chatham I had an hour to spare, and hurriedly called to see my father who at that time was working not far from Victoria Station. After the surprised greeting he said,

"There was a tall chap, named "Lofty" Hunt aboard, wasn't there?"

I said "Yes, as a matter of fact he saved my life, but how do you know of him?" I added that the family would have to go over to Harrow to tea one Sunday. My father replied "We've already been!"

I was really dazed as I puzzled out the coincidence. By that chance meeting when they might only have chatted about the war or the weather, "Lofty's" father had invited my folks "Over to tea on Sunday." His son had made the same suggestion to me in the general confusion of war, three thousand miles away.

The strangest coincidence I've ever been mixed up in, or I expect "Lofty" for that matter.

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POSTSCRIPT: The old ship HMS CHAKDINA (Lt.Cdr.Hickey) ex B.I.Line.  
Sunk 5th December 1941.

The rescue destroyer was HMS FARNDALE.  
"Lofty" - Able Seaman Thomas Hunt - served post-war in the Electrical Branch of the Royal Australian Navy becoming a Chief Petty Officer.

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EXTRA POSTSCRIPT: Mr Thomas Hunt, now 72 and retired, lives in Melbourne.  
He has visited U.K. several times since his R.A.N. days, staying at my home in Shepperton.  
I have been able to visit him on two holidays to Australia. We still correspond.

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### A WARTIME TOW

By John Marsden.

I served as a telegraphist, one of two, on HMS FREEBOOTER, an ocean going rescue tug of some 1000 tons, incidentally, the only one fitted with Asdic and carrying depth charges, joining her early in 1941.

In September, 1942, we were based at Scapa Flow, where apart from being called out to assist damaged R.N. and M.N. vessels, we were used to tow the Battle Practice Target (BPT) on the gunnery ranges, LL, WW, and AA off the North coast of Scotland, operating with most of the Home Fleet as well as American heavy warships.

On 11 September, 1942, we were sent to Loch Ewe, the assembly area for many North Atlantic convoys in the North of Scotland. We learnt that we were to tow a floating dock, large enough to hold destroyers, which was urgently needed in Iceland.

The dock arrived from the Clyde on Monday, 14 September and a sister ship HMS NIMBLE, who was to assist with the tow, arrived three days later.

Severe gales and heavy rain, together with a leaking condenser on FREEBOOTER delayed us during the following week. As we only carried two wireless operators, as did NIMBLE, it was arranged that I should sail on NIMBLE, which would keep continuous W/T watch, while the second operator on FREEBOOTER would act as a second signalman. At this time the two operators on rescue tugs kept a continuous watch when at sea while the signalman was on call.

We sailed at 1010 on Saturday, 26 September, with an escort of three trawlers and a smaller rescue tug, HMS SCHELDE, as a stand by tug. Good progress was made through the Minches and with a following wind some eight knots were made and we were passing the Butt of Lewis by midnight. On Sunday and Monday, meeting the usual heavy Atlantic swell we had to reduce speed, with both tugs rolling heavily and seas breaking on to the dock. Tuesday was a lovely day and by 1800 we had reached 16°W.

The wind freshened soon after midnight on Wednesday and by midday a full gale was blowing. We were all pitching and rolling heavily with seas sweeping through the dock. Progress was slow with only 7 miles covered in 5 hours. At 2000, NIMBLE's towing hawser parted and a short time later, the extra drag caused FREEBOOTER's hawser, a 21 inch manilla, to also part. The jolt of the tow parting sprang her tall after mast, it snapped off and fell across the top of the engine room. The dock was now adrift but a few hours later the wind dropped. There was also a brilliant display of the Northern Lights. Our position was 63°15'N. and 21°55'W.

That night the dock remained adrift in a heavy swell and frequent rainstorms. At daylight FREEBOOTER managed to put another tow on to the dock and recommenced towing - however, it again parted an hour later. All three tugs then struggled to put a hawser back on to the dock but the heavy swell, strong wind and rain squalls made it impossible.

As I watched FREEBOOTER, (on which I served for five years), rise and fall violently while rolling heavily, I realised why life was so uncomfortable in bad weather in the Atlantic, as it was for so many R.N. escort ships.

By now the snow covered mountains of Iceland, toward which the dock was drifting, could be clearly seen and the Vestman islands were even closer. On Friday evening SCHELDE managed to fasten on to the dock and held her in position during the night. Meanwhile, FREEBOOTER had managed to wrap her five inch wire towing gear round one of her screws and could no longer assist. The next day, Saturday, NIMBLE again put a tow on to the dock and it was slowly pulled away from the islands and steady progress was made towards Reykjavik. I heard later that a destroyer which had come out of Hvalfiord to stand by, instructed FREEBOOTER to return to harbour. The Captain, Lieut. Cmdr. Forster, informed him that he was in sole charge of the operation under the orders of C. in C. Western Approaches. The C.O. of the destroyer, a Lieutenant, then withdrew his previous order and apologised.

Sunday, 4 October, saw calm seas and late in the afternoon the dock was handed over to harbour tugs outside Reykjavik harbour.



**"AWAY FROM KOLA"**

Some cuttings from Australian Press in 1946

**RELIEF CARGOS FOR PRISONERS**

More than 60 tons of Red Cross relief cargo will leave Brisbane in a few days for prisoners of war in Japanese hands.

This was announced last night by the Red Cross Queensland Division chairman (Mr. A.E. Sharp.).

The cargo will be sent to Sydney and shipped to the Far East. It included 10,000 shirts, 4,000 cotton undershirts and other clothing amenities.

Food supplies include 60,000 soup cubes, 1,500 bottles of tomato sauce and 4,000 tins of vegetable extract.

Civilian internees will be given food and clothing when the mercy ship arrives at its destination.

**TOBACCO TOO!**

More than 500,000 cigarettes and 60lb of pipe tobacco, supplied by the Queensland Division, were loaded on to VINDEX (a British Naval Escort Carrier) on Thursday.

The carrier will leave Brisbane soon and possibly go straight to Hong Kong.

In the next three weeks 20,000 personal parcels for the men will be despatched to forward bases by the Queensland Division.

In addition the Australian Red Cross has chartered a relief ship, ADMIRAL CHASE, made available by the Commonwealth Government to take 4,500 tons of stores to Singapore and Indo-China.

Stores are valued at £400,000. The ship was loaded at Melbourne and Sydney, and will be leaving soon with a small Red Cross unit aboard.

Other arrangements made for prisoners and civilian internees during the last few months by the Australian Red Cross include the sending of supplies to Shanghai, Formosa and Hong Kong, and of personal and

clothing parcels and bulk stores over an area from Ceylon to Manila.

Red Cross officials are stationed at all possible liberation centres to be of service to the ex-prisoners.

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**AUSTRALIAN WHEAT RUSHED TO EASE FAMINE**

Huge cargoes of Australian wheat and flour are being rushed from Sydney in warships and freighters to relieve famine in India.

Three British Pacific Fleet warships are now en-route to India with wheat, each carrying between 200 and 300 tons.

The carrier VINDEX, now at Woolloomooloo, will be used for the first time to carry bagged wheat.

VINDEX will sail begin loading 300 tons this morning in 180lb bags. They will be stowed in the vessel's ammunition magazines.

"VINDEX will sail on Friday with as much wheat as can be loaded in the time" said a Royal Naval spokesman yesterday. An Australian Wheat Board officer said that 35,000 tons of wheat and flour would be loaded in Sydney within the next month.

"We are loading warships, naval repair vessels, and freighters as fast as we can," he said.

"Six large freighters will carry full cargoes of wheat and flour, ranging from 8,000 to 10,000 tons within the next month.

"The cargoes are being sent to India on behalf of the British Ministry of Food".

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**"MY WAR - AWAY FROM SCAPA AND KOLA"**

By H.F. Dixon, ex-Westcott

I joined WESTCOTT in Hong Kong as a young A.B. Seaman Gunner on 17 April, 1939 and left her as a two-badge P.O. on 22 December 1944, a 'draft chit' that lasted for four years and nine months! Here are a few excerpts from 'my war'.

We were in Singapore when war broke out and for the first few weeks of the war we patrolled off the islands. We left Singapore in January 1940 to come home by stages, calling at Penang and picked up a troop convoy in the Indian Ocean and took them to Alex. From there we went to Malta and stayed there for a week or two and came home in company of GLORIOUS arriving in Plymouth in April. We had a long week end leave whilst the ship was degaussed. We were a Chatham ship and most of us came from Eastern Counties, so we didn't have long at home. In my case it was 24 hours, after 14 months away!

We made our way to Norway where we patrolled off Narvik and saw our first action. The Germans fired on us with guns hidden in the mountains, we returned the fire with interest and they stopped firing. The next day we were dive bombed ... but got away with it. The bombs were so close that the iron deck was washed down. Then we went to Kirkenes, near the Russian Finnish border. We were feeling the cold a lot after the warmth of the China Seas. Duffle coats were in short supply, so when we went on watch you took over the coat from the shipmate you had relieved, and at other times you wore your overcoat with oilskins over the top. From Kirkenes we went south to Andelesnes to pick up marines. We went up the fiord at night and went alongside ARETHUSA, packed as many as we could under cover and steamed out at full power in company with WALKER. Come daylight, we met up with SHEFFIELD who took off the marines. They left behind lots of rifles and Lewis guns which we thought were ours, only to have to give them up later.

We left Norway with a slow convoy and little food, and by the time we got to Plymouth we were on corned beef and ships' biscuits. But, at last, we were given some leave and refitted.

Our next venture was to Brest to pick up any soldiers who had been left behind, we also escorted two French trawlers and on the way back went to pick up survivors from WHIRLWIND whose bows were blown off. Again our mess decks were full with bodies, only this time they were dead. We sank WHIRLWIND with a torpedo and went into Falmouth, from there back to Plymouth before heading for the North Atlantic based at Liverpool and Londonderry. If any of you remember the film 'The Cruel Sea' it gave you a true picture of what the North Atlantic was like. Week after week, convoy after convoy, nothing much happened then all hell would break loose. I remember once we were with a convoy and some of the ships were flying kites, when out of nowhere a German plane came in to attack at low level and one of the kite wires took the wing off and that was the end of him!!!

On another trip we got an echo at the same time as BLUEBELL, our skipper signalled her saying "I'll take it", BLUEBELL ignored the signal and rammed us amidships of the 'iron deck'. It took us four days to crawl back to Londonderry, where they patched us up and sent us to Liverpool where we were properly repaired. During the repair we were fitted with the first spigot mortar, to do this we had to lose "A" gun. We carried out trials on it off Largs and Iroon. From there we were sent on our own to see if there were any subs. around the islands to try the weapon on! All we got was two baskets of fish from a trawler fishing off St. Kilda. But, what a change from our usual diet! Just before Christmas 1941 we were back at Londonderry, expecting to take a fast convoy to Iceland and back before Christmas - wishful thinking!! As, we arrived instead in Gibraltar on Christmas Eve! This was now to be our base.

Our first trip was to the Azores to meet a troopship that had gone in for repairs after being damaged by a U-Boat and had to leave under the "Three-day Rule". We were patrolling outside, waiting for her to come out, it was just getting light and the forenoon watch was taking over when the bells went. There in front of us on the surface and on the same course was a U-Boat! We increased speed and went past her, dropping a pattern of depth charges and, as we turned "X" and "Y" guns got in a few rounds. Our skipper had intended to ram her but made a late change to catch her a glancing blow. The Germans



-16- abandoned ship, they had opened the sea cocks on her. We picked up thirty-six of them, then collected the troopship and escorted her to Gibraltar. We were almost continuously at action stations and were nearly out of depth charges on arrival in harbour. The prisoners were taken over by the army, they were only young lads the same as us, and we had treated them well. So, it was a shock to them when they were surrounded by guns. We had billeted them in the damaged hatch with just two of us guarding the hatch.

A lot of our time was spent on "Club Runs". We would leave Gib. at night usually in company with a cruiser, several other destroyers and the carrier EAGLE. (Sometimes in was USS WASP). They would be loaded with Spitfires, we would steam at speed all that night and the next day, at dawn the next day we would be within flying distance of Malta, the Spitfires would then fly off. At this point we were usually attacked by JU88s. The Italians and Germans always knew we were coming - La Linea, across the bay from Gib. was full of spies.

Next followed Malta convoys and then the Russian varieties - stories that the editor has decided to hold for a later edition. May 1944 found us going out into the Atlantic again, this time to pick up troop convoys for the Second Front. We took them part way up the Channel and back again when operations were delayed. Then back up again when they restarted. Our job was escort for RODNEY and WARSPITE, plodding up and down, firing their 16" and 15" guns at inshore targets. We left there after a few days with boiler room trouble and went to Portsmouth for repair. THEN BACK TO KOLA, AGAIN!!

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I'M A "HERO"  
Geoff Shelton

I'm a hero. I don't feel like a hero, my wife, my family, my friends, they didn't know I was a hero. I didn't know I was a hero, but suddenly after nigh on 50 years the Russians call me a hero and the people of Liverpool call me a hero, so I guess I must be, but why?

I volunteered to join the Royal Navy. Was that heroic?, not really when you understand the motives. I didn't want to go down the mines and as sure as hell I didn't want to be a bloody Pongo, facing an enemy armed with sharp bayonets just a hundred yards away. No, I didn't fancy that, anyway it would get me away from the London blitz, so there was nothing heroic about that.

I then joined the escort carrier VINDEX. As soon as I got aboard the Skipper raised the hook and we left Scapa Flow. It was very kind of him to await my arrival, so I guess I must be important. An hour out to sea and the Skipper comes over the tannoy. "Well lads" he said "This is what you've been waiting for. We are taking a convoy on a nice little cruise to Murmansk, and by the way, will ordinary seaman Geoff Shelton kindly go and see the Master at Arms".

My mess mates were open mouthed in disbelief, not about me going to see the Master but where we were going. One three badge AB said, "Wont be as bad as Malta" but then that's all I ever heard him say. I didn't know much about Russian convoys. Censorship prevented the general public from knowing too much of what was going on, any way I couldn't swim ashore now, but the fact that the Skipper had waited for me and the Master at Arms wanted to converse with me did my ego a power of good, but there was no heroic flavour about it.

Down in the Regulating Office the Master greeted me with a smile, "Geoff old boy" he said or words to that effect, "We are going to elevate you". "Me!" I said, "am I going to be an able seaman?" "No" he replied, "Higher than that". "Surely not a Leading Seaman?" I responded. My mind raced ahead of his answer as I thought, blimey at this rate I'll be a bloody Admiral before this trip is over. The Master broke into my fantasy and said, "I didn't say I was going to promote you, I said I was going to elevate you, you are our new mast-head lookout". I felt my knees go weak and the blood drain from my cheeks. My heart just sank, but these feelings were hardly of a heroic nature.

I didn't sleep that night. I lay on my sheepskin coat on the deck fully clothed. I blew up my life belt to use as a pillow (that was the excuse). The talk on the mess deck frightened the living daylights out of me, so ordinary seaman Geoff Shelton resorted to prayer. "Dear Lord, I don't know

-17- any Germans and I'm sure they don't know me, now if you can fix it that we do not harm them, maybe they wont harm us". This private conversation was rudely interrupted with the sound of gunfire. I sat bolt upright and said, "What's that, what's that?" A fellow in the hammock above me leant over and said "It's alright it's only gun practice". I lay back, my mind in a turmoil and my body devoid of any trace of heroism. Suddenly there was this roaring noise the like of which I had never heard before. "What's that?" I cried. The same fellow leant out of his hammock and said "It's alright, it's the rockets that assist the aircraft to take off". I lay back again, thinking - why are they taking off? - what's going on? - what's happening? I looked at the ship's side and shuddered when I realised that a thin sheet of metal stood between me and a torpedo. I didn't feel very heroic.

Suddenly the ship shook from stem to stern as a result of loud explosions. The lights flickered and the explosions had dislodged dust and flakes making the mess deck look like a sand storm. I sat bolt upright but before I could say anything the fellow above leant over and said, very irritably, "Bleedin' depth charges, now get yer bloody 'ead down and shut up!" I didn't feel very heroic.

It was dark when I went on watch. I had to go through the bridge to get to the ladder. The Skipper didn't acknowledge me and I began to wonder if he had really waited for my arrival. I ascended the ladder and watched the bridge crew getting smaller and smaller. The mast head is a little world all on it's own. You think that up there you could not be injured by mine or torpedo, but then these are not thoughts of a hero when you are leaving your shipmates to those very same dangers below.

Being up the mast was like being on an inverse pendulum. You were rarely straight up and down and which ever way the ship rolled you always finished looking down into the sea. The only protection was a canvas baffle and it was cold, in fact there were times when you looked like an ice model of a seaman. When you came off watch you spent all your time trying to rub the life back into your frozen limbs. There was of course no heating in the mess deck and I only ever had one blanket. The deck head was coated with ice and you could lay in your hammock and snap off the icicles. You don't feel heroic in these conditions. You do feel scared, dare I say it, - shit bloody scared - but, what can you do? you can't go anywhere.

We lost one of our escort that night. Over 200 lads perished, only a handful of survivors were picked up. My passiveness ceased abruptly and in it's place there came the most evil of emotions. I wanted revenge, I wanted to see the bastards that did it caught and destroyed. We found them, we destroyed them, but are these emotions, these feelings, the ingredients of a hero? I don't think so.

There were other convoys and other losses and slowly my youthful fears, though never eliminated. did abate considerably until eventually one almost looked forward to the next run as a means of saving some money for the next run ashore, but again there's nothing heroic about that.

I never ever thought of being a hero, it just did not feature in my vocabulary and then the march in Archangel in 1991 made me think. Why are all these people clapping and cheering, it can't be me, it must be the other veterans! I almost felt like an interloper and then in Liverpool this year, where thousand upon thousand cheered us and hailed us as heroes. Can they all be wrong? All I did was to make the best of a situation I had found myself in, so if that's heroic then I guess I must be a hero.

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"ALL SYSTEMS CISTERS GO!"  
(Daily Mirror 19/7/1993)

"The Hi-Tech superloo on the U.S. space shuttle ENDEAVOUR cost £16 million to build"

(Another little bit of useless information,  
compliments of Editor!)



BRITISH SAILORS' LAMENT  
By James R. B. Hinton ex- H.M.S. Scourge

My grave is on the bed of every ocean;  
My bones are in the depths of every sea;  
My Country, though you found all of my devotion -  
Yet I lost all I had, and loved, for liberty.

I sailed 'neath ensigns, proud, of white and red and blue;  
Young jack - old salt - bright eyed - a jolly British tar;  
Prepared to give my best, perchance to die, it's true -  
Without much thought of if, or how, I'd cross the bar.

Sloop, battleship or 'sweeper - freighter laden low?  
Cruiser or destroyer - in convoy or in fleet?  
Corvette, frigate, carrier - on look out for the foe?  
There at 'Action Stations' - the enemy to meet!

The U-Boat lurking, close abeam, like wolf at bay?  
The demon Stuka, hiding, just above the cloud?  
The mine - the charge - that threatened all my onward way?  
- Each with the power to turn a ship into a shroud!

Did depth charge fall upon that friendly sub' below?  
Torpedoes, bombs, and mines hit merchantmen as well?  
Did my fine warship sink? No time for me to know?  
- But Heaven, surely, saw that death this way was Hell!

My cries were overwhelmed, by gales and mighty seas;  
My sobs and sighs left in the doldrums and the gloam;  
My Britain, you could never know my agonies -  
Or dying prayers, and fears, for cherished ones at home.

The winds - they are the moans of every sailor  
Who gave his precious life at sea, in times of war.  
The rains - they are the tears of every failure  
To reach a port of home, and loving kin, once more.

Unlike the soldier on the battlefield who fell,  
Or airman buried by the scene of his last flight,  
There stands no cross, my name and resting place to tell -  
The all engulfing sea has now consumed me quite.

When at your cenotaph on cold November morns  
You pause, awhile, for those who died to keep you free,  
Think of the world's wide ocean beds where no light dawns -  
And then, my friend, remember me - REMEMBER ME.

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WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT  
THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS HAVE  
"CROSSED THE BAR"

- |              |                     |                   |
|--------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| S.G.FITCH    | of Milford on Sea   | Intrepid          |
| D.BINGHAM    | of Warwick          | Indefatigable     |
| J.C.MILLIKEN | of Renfrew          | Fort Macmurray    |
| R.A.CAMP     | of Cleveland        | Cambrian          |
| R.SYMCOX     | of Wolverhampton    | Beagle            |
| W.PEAKE      | of Stoke on Trent   | Tracker           |
| P.BRADLEY    | of Hornsea, W.Yorks | Striker           |
| C.PARRISH    | of Bridgend         | Hussar            |
| F.A.WOOLLEY  | of Ilkeston         | Tulip             |
| W.FOSTER     | of Stockport        | Tracker           |
| R.F.WHINNEY  | of Lympington       | Wanderer          |
| J.J.PYE      | of Peterhead        | Marne             |
| S.V.GILL     | of Buxton           | Taku              |
| A.E.CHARTERS | of Marlow           | Queen             |
| E.BRADSHAW   | of Keighley         | Belfast           |
| D.WYBURD     | of Ascot            | SBNO North Russia |
| W.A.TOWNLEY  | of Fareham          | Cairo             |
| A.J.JACKSON  | of Reigate          | Oribi             |
| F.L.WHETTON  | of Rochester        | Sheffield         |
| V.B.BOARD    | of Bridgwater       | Tynwald           |
| J.G.STEIN    | of Oregon, USA      | John S William    |

" R E S T I N P E A C E "

Letters of condolence have been sent to relatives of our departed shipmates and, where possible, the club has been represented at funerals.

We extend very sincere thanks to the dependants who made donations to N.R.C. Welfare Funds in lieu of floral tributes.

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### "CAPTAIN" CLASS FRIGATES

Submitted by Stanley Briggs, N°116

The following are excerpts from the log of the Third Escort Group (EG3) submitted as a follow up to the previous articles on "Captain's" as well as the theme "Away from Kola".

The Third Escort Group began in humble fashion in late November 1943, with just three frigates namely:- DUCKWORTH, COOKE and BERRY, the latter being prized reluctantly from EG4. Our early days coincided with the birth of the Gnat, the introduction of "Creep" attacks and the development of Air Support Groups, and none will lightly forget our first strenuous working up practices with PHILANTE.

WE GET OFF THE MARK. Our opening assignment was to join Captain Walker on one of his celebrated sweeps in mid-Atlantic, but this time not even the illustrious EG2 could compete against the appalling weather of early December when we lay hove to in very heavy seas. Detaching on 11 December to meet MKF Convoy off St Vincent, the three musketeers entertained fond hopes of intercepting one of the Japanese blockade runners which were known to be at large, during the moonless period. The ships spread to extreme radar range with this in mind. It was lucky that on the night of 12/13 December, the independently routed BLUEJACKET, somewhat out of her reckoning, fell foul of this hair trigger party, for as a result of some faulty recognition procedure a ding dong night action was precipitated between DUCKWORTH and the U.S. merchantman at point blank range. Their 3" and Oerlikon armaments being evenly matched. Luckily most of the American 3" shells failed to explode, so that casualties on both sides were light. Later COOKE and BERRY joined in and a full hour elapsed before our respective identities were established. Subsequently, BERRY, by virtue of having a medical officer on board escorted BLUEJACKET to U.K., whilst DUCKWORTH and COOKE screened MONARCH OF BERMUDA to Liverpool, where they spent the Christmas layover.

FLEET ESCORT TO THE MEDITERRANEAN From 31 December 1943, EG3 enjoyed the proud distinction of screening five major units bound for the Eastern Fleet, - namely RENOWN (flying the flag of VA1), QUEEN ELIZABETH, VALIANT and the carriers ILLUSTRIOUS (flying the flag of RAA), and UNICORN. The destroyers TERMAGENT, TENACIOUS and KEMPENFELD and the sloop PARRETT, swelled a formidable screen. 3EG was brought to strength by the arrival of BLACKWOOD (ex 4EG), ESSINGTON and DOMMETT. It says much for the versatile nature of Diesel-Electrics as well as for our "blood and tears" in the training period, that throughout a 17 knot passage to Port Said the screen manoeuvred with clockwork precision, this being the first time most of the Commanding Officers had ever worked with a Fleet, let alone with Carriers. After a pleasant break at Port Said the Group escorted a trooper convoy MKF27A, supported by RAMILLIES to U.K., arriving without incident on 27 January 1944 for our first layover at Belfast. Our one and only sojourn in "Bomb Alley" had been disappointingly uneventful.

OUR FIRST U-BOAT HUNT In early February 1944 the Group had its first brush up under PHILANTE, after which ESSINGTON had a serious switchboard fire and returned to base. The remainder swept out to 20°W in pursuit of several talkative U-Boats and at first dark on 12 February, DOMMETT on the wing gained Radar contact just as a U-Boat dived. Decoy balloons and SBT at the outset baffled us in our first night hunt, but reasonably promising attacks in rough weather were made by BLACKWOOD, DUCKWORTH and BERRY, conned by DUCKWORTH in a "creeper". Asdic contact became increasingly hard to hold. By early dawn in a rising gale with the U-Boat deep, but all hopes of a "kill" when she surfaced were frustrated. For early next day the Group were called South with despatch to cover another MKF trooper convoy. These were the days of intense U-Boat traffic across the "Bay", and on the night of 17/18 Feb. three successive U-Boats were contacted by the Radar screen and counter-attacked whilst the troopers with 20,000 on board, including a bevy of 500 Polish nurses, wheeled clear. It was hard luck that the situation allowed only for hand-off tactics, and no Asdic contacts were made, but we had an appreciative spectator in GLASGOW's Captain who until then had been the Director of the Anti-U-Boat Division at Admiralty.

ROUTINE ATLANTIC SUPPORT WORK From 20/28 February we covered SC153 homewards from 20°W., but EG3 although Senior Officer of covering forces selected the wrong place for his own Group, since WASKUSIU on the opposite side made the only kill. After a layover the Group sailed on 14 March, BLACKWOOD standing down for repairs and her place being temporarily taken by a cheerful newcomer ELKINS. Following a thoroughly cold and rough patrol north of the Hebrides, the Group re-fuelled and covered ON229 outwards and HX284 homeward. In the usual vile March weather we had many false alarms, but all U-Boat activity seemed to be well South of our Group this month. Many of us remember fuelling at sea when the weather barely justified men being allowed on the Foc'sle at sea at all.

LOSS OF BLACKWOOD No U-Boat contacts came our way during the Normandy invasion week, but on the evening of 15 June we suffered our first - and as it turned out - only loss when BLACKWOOD was torpedoed off Portland Bill. Her forepart was blown clean off, killing or disabling a large number of the crew, including all her Seaman P.O.s and most of the Wardroom. The subsequent breakdown of Damage Control Organisation resulted in the ship sinking ten hours later, and showed what may go wrong when no Officers or P.O.s are available to take charge. Surgeon Lieutenant Brosnan RNVR (loaned from BERRY) and BLACKWOOD's L.S.B.A. distinguished themselves by rendering First Aid, although injured and suffering from shock. This torpedo attack occurred at an unlucky time for reprisals, since COOKE and BRAITHWAITE were re-fuelling at Portland and DUCKWORTH and DOMMETT were regaining their place in the line. The latter two ships swept each side of BLACKWOOD, whilst ESSINGTON patrolled round the wreck and within a few moments DUCKWORTH gained Asdic contact with what was generally believed at the time, and still considered to be the U-Boat. A deliberate Hedgehog attack, with one hit fifty feet clear of the bottom, but all Asdic contact faded, the water all round was strewn with diesel oil and only bubbles were seen to suggest a possible kill.

CHANNEL EXPERIENCES JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST 1944 Apart for one week in early July when we operated with STRIKER as an air support group of Rocall the mid-summer months were all spent in the Channel. From a store of incidents the following are selected as worth remembering:-

(a). BRAITHWAITE and ESSINGTON on 18 June made a spirited attempt to intercept a U-Boat sighted off the Guernsey coast but at 6 miles range from a shore battery they were straddled with unerring accuracy and broke off the hunt after BRAITHWAITE had had several salvoes through the rigging.

(b). ESSINGTON'S U-BOAT On 30 June after the Group had homed to the scene of a Liberator's night attack on a periscope sighting, ESSINGTON made contact and put the issue beyond doubt with attacks that raised evidence of a U-Boat's identity. There was reason to suppose that prior to her arrival the U-Boat was still alive as 'hammering' was heard, and so ESSINGTON shared honours of a kill with the attacking Liberator.

(c). ABORTIVE ATTACK ON DEAD U-BOAT On 25 July the three Turbo-Frigates homed on an aircraft contact after riding off EG15 in a race to the scene. All three ships made attacks on the target detected by BRAITHWAITE, but despite encouraging evidence of Diesel Oil and an assortment of German relics, the kill was not credited for this U-Boat had already been slain a few days earlier by AFFLECK.

(d). COOKE'S U-BOAT On 26 July in mid-Channel COOKE made contact with a bottomed target and, helped by BERRY raised unmistakable evidence of a kill. This was officially credited, there being no rival claimants to dispute the honours.

(e). RESCUE WORK BY ESSINGTON Patrolling south of Ushant on 12 August and again in 18 August, ESSINGTON rescued the crews of R.A.F. Mosquitoes that, had crashed after raids on the French Coast. The second incident involved a smart piece of homing close to the coastal batteries at night and the R.A.F. Wing marked their appreciation by a very fine gift of a silver model, which was presented to ESSINGTON's Commanding Officer.

(f). ONE UP FOR THE ENEMY A U-Boat encounter occurred on 13 August when DUCKWORTH and COOKE belaboured a 'bottomed' contact in 400 feet of water only to lose contact later. A Radar contact after dark and unmistakable H.E. freshened the scent but unaccountably Asdic contact was never regained.



In September 1944 the Group returned to Western Approaches and then to Scapa, taking part in Convoys JW61, RA61 and RA61A. Continuing with our "Away from Kola" theme, this interesting part of the report will be published in a future edition.

EG3 RETURNS TO PLYMOUTH It was the sign of times to come when the Group left for Plymouth on 15 February 1945, to operate in their previous happy, hunting grounds. After a blank ten days there were signs that the enemy had begun a Channel offensive in earnest, with a torpedoing off Falmouth. Unhappily the Group was divided and a mixed force took up the hunt, but it had the good effect of re-uniting the Group. So that on 24th, when a ship was sunk off the Longships we were away at the double and reached Wolf Rock nicely formed up to cut off any escape to the south. The reward of many months of fruitless sweeps came at 1000 on that day. ROWLEY reported contact with a probable U-Boat. In the ensuing hunt both DUCKWORTH and ROWLEY were repeatedly fooled by an elusive that used SBT in profusion, but the end came at 1300 when the U-Boat which had twice been shown well clear of the bottom by Echo Sounding runs, came finally to rest after repeated depth charge attacks which disgorged adequate evidence of a kill.

OUR LAST ANTI-U-BOAT PATROL On 15 March 1945 the Group sailed Northwards to do some training at PHILANTE, but U-Boat activity in the Minches decided otherwise and we spent the time in an abortive search of the Southern Minches. From 21 March, having oiled, we once again returned to Plymouth for what proved to be our last A/S patrol against the Hun. How fitting it was that it also marked DUCKWORTH's only unaided kill, which occurred at early dawn on 26 March when a small coaster blew up in a convoy off Mounts Bay. DUCKWORTH, ROWLEY and ESSINGTON were trailing 3 miles astern and within 7 minutes DUCKWORTH gained Asdic contact. An Echo Sounding run and the Asdic recorder left little doubt of the target's identity. Within 20 minutes of the torpedoing DUCKWORTH scored one hit in her initial Hedgehog attack. Two bodies surfaced, one of which was recovered astonishingly alive, to disclose the U-Boat's number as U-399. More trophies were raised in a later attack on this target and so the encounter proved to be our Swan Song and we returned to Belfast on 9 April.

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Another "Jack Kettle" post card.



ERIC RATHBONE

Hon. Treasurer 1985 - 1993.

We deeply regret having to inform you of the very sudden death of Eric, at home on Tuesday, 24th August, 1993.

He leaves a widow, Dinah, daughter Valerie, son-in-law Ken, and grandchildren, Sarah and Craig.

The funeral took place at Amersham Crematorium, on Wednesday, 1st. September and was attended by a good representation of officers and members of the club.

Eric's family have requested that donations in lieu of floral tributes should be made to the British Diabetic Society by those interested members who were unable to attend the funeral.

One of the founder group of club members (Nº22), he served in Naval Party 100 on S.B.N.O. North Russia's staff at Polyarnoe for more than eighteen months. He will be sadly missed by the officers and committee, particularly for his wit, and his knack of calming things down when debates have occasionally reached a high pitch.

"REST IN PEACE SHIPMATE"

.....

Members are requested to send all financial correspondence to the Hon. Secretary, Peter Skinner, until a successor has been appointed. Please do not bother Dinah or her family with N.R.C. correspondence. If in doubt, please phone 0237 431481 or 051 487 9567.

.....

See a later page for a further list of members who have recently "Crossed the Bar".

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## THE "SAGA" CRUISE TO NORWAY AND NORTH RUSSIA.

The insertion of this extra centre-fold sheet to report the sad news of the previous page, affords us the opportunity of including this early report of a very successful cruise. Amongst the 155 passengers who set out from Harwich on "Friday the Thirteenth" aboard the Russian m.v. "RUSS" were 65 non - superstitious North Russia Club members and a similar number from the Russian Convoy Club. The diary of events, briefly, was:

- 13 August: Sailed at 1500 for Bergen. An evening of Dance in the Saloon.
- 14 "" : At Sea all Day. A "Convoy Quiz" during the afternoon. Captain's Cocktail Party followed by a Russian Gala Show.
- 15 "" : Docked at 0800. Ashore sightseeing and attending a reception by the City Council at Grand Hotel. Sailed 1400. Evensong conducted by Rev. A.H. Birtles, followed by Cabaret by resident Australian artistes.
- 16 "" : At Sea all day. Afternoon "Russian Tea Party", evening "Saga Cocktail Party" followed by more Australian Cabaret.
- 17 "" : Arrived Narvik at 1000. Tour of city, visit to Battle sites and Wreath Laying at our cemetery. Sailed 1800. "Pub Night" in the Saloon, ending with the NRC and RCC chairmen doing a duet as the Australian artistes did not know the words. You've guessed it - it was "Nellie Dean"!!!!
- 18 "" : Arrived Tromso 0800. City tour followed by Mayor's reception with Norwegian veterans plus visit to War Graves, accompanied by the Mayor in pouring rain. Sailed at 2000 after a great day ashore. "Song and Laughter" entertainment by ship's company.
- 19 "" : Sailed past North Cape at 0550 (only a few sightseers on deck!). Arrived Honningsvag at 0800. Coach visit to North Cape or walk around the most northerly village, bartering with the Lapland reindeer breeders. Sailed at 1600. "International Night" cabaret with Selina, the Philippino singer dancer undoubtedly the star.
- 20 "" : 0700 Wreath Laying ceremony near HMS GOSSAMER at mouth of Kola Inlet. Commentary on approach to Murmansk. City tour including both British cemeteries and Russian memorial. Afternoon with children of School No 51, followed by meeting with veterans and cabaret. Evening Folklore Concert at Kirov Palace.
- 21 "" : Visit to the closed cities of Safonova and Severomorsk including visits to the Submarine and Air Force museums. a very small group allowed to visit the Grasnavaar (Vaenga) cemetery to attend the seven R.A.F. graves - the first time our veterans have been able to enter the cemetery. Musical Evening with Celina followed by midnight departure for Archangel.
- 22 "" **The Barents and White Seas reminded us of the old days - there were there were plenty of empty seats at breakfast and lunch. The anticipated Morning Service was cancelled by the Captain due to the ship's erratic movement, as was the Convoy Quiz and Russian Spectacular Show. Luckily the weather abated during the evening and the restaurant was inhabited again and limited entertainment resumed.**
- 23 "" Arrived Archangel at 0800. A.M. visit to shipyard and meet Russian veterans for reception. Visit to Marly Karalia wooden village. An easy "Party Night" because of tomorrow's programme.
- 24 "" 0400 "Wakey-Wakey"; 0430 "Hands to Breakfast"; 0530 "All ashore Who'se going ashore - board the airport busses" 0640 "Board the plane for St. Petersburg"; 0800 "Up bag and hammock- hump 'em from Internal to International Terminal; 0950 Check In for flight to Stansted; Board the plane (after battling with Russian Customs Officials!; Put your clocks back 3 hours to make the day even longer!! Finally, back to Liverpool Street Station and all points north, south east and west. Whew!!

## THE ADDRESS THAT WAS NEVER GIVEN, BUT IS WORTH RECORDING.

By Rev. A. H. Birtles (ex - RHODODENDRON)

Rough weather in the White Sea prevented Morning Service being held on board M.V. RUSS, much to the regret of many passengers. The intended address is reproduced here so that all can enjoy it.

### REMEMBERING

When Dick Squires asked me to conduct the Service, I came to the conclusion that it must have something to do with remembering.

Then, last month, I met a couple I'd married 25 years ago, which puts them in their early 50's. I told them about the trip. He is now a successful Q.C. He horrified me by saying that he felt that this kind of remembering is bogus and a waste of time. He would have none of it.

We have made a peaceful passage along the Norwegian Coast. We have been to Polyarnoe and Murmansk and are in the White Sea. It has been so different from 50 years ago.

We have all had our individual memories. But we have also shared a common memory in being here at all. And there is no experience in life which binds us together in so close a fellowship as the sharing of common memories.

Captain Dobson read to us a poem by Rudyard Kipling. Each verse ends with the words "Lest we forget - lest we forget".

So what is it that we remember at this time ?

It is not that we are a powerful wealthy nation. It is not our own greatness. It is not that we were victorious in a great conflict, and that our enemies were humbled in the dust.

"Not unto us" is the cry in every line of Kipling's poem.

On the contrary, it offers up the humble and the contrite heart. It prays for deliverance from boasting and from trust in weapons of war. It is so far from vainglory that it prays for the virtue of humility and the grace of mercy.

It abhors force. The adoration of force has never been at home in simple, honest British minds. Our remembering is not an act of homage to the god of war. Only to perverted minds can our remembering be regarded as inappropriate or out of place.

One thing may be said with confidence and pride - that when the sentence of doom was passed by evil men upon millions of human lives in the red autumn of 1939, Britain was true to herself and true to her friends. Our country and our civilization were in mortal danger. We came out of a great tribulation. And so at this sacred time, in this place, together, we remember, and we honour



the memory of our shipmates who died.

That is the simple, yet profound explanation of our remembering.

We should also remember that victory came, not merely to physical fighting power, but to the ideal which, with all our faults, we were defending.

Indeed, the war that we remember must be regarded as a supreme example, both of the physical condition which is to be shunned, and the moral condition which is to be emulated.

For on the one hand was everything that was horrible; on the other side were courage, endurance, self sacrifice, unity and concentration upon a single great purpose.

The horrible side should pass utterly and completely out of the world's life. But the energies of those qualities which is called forth must survive and live on in these days.

These days of peace are contentious, soured, and unchivalrous. The spokesmen of the nations in the United Nations are revealing almost every characteristic except that of being untitled.

Vain and worse than vain is our remembering, and our honours to the dead, without the awakening of a new resolve to rise to a greater peace.

The hopes of those we remember must be very near either to fulfilment or frustration, and the chances seem so evenly balanced that some light weight of public opinion thrown into the scale one way or the other may prove decisive.

That is the challenge of our remembering today.

Have we only remembering tears and flowers to strew?

They are crying to us with the cry of the unfulfilled.

Like the earth aching for Spring when the frosts are late.

Are we the answer? or must they twice be killed?

.....

ENSIGN'S TRAGIC TALE

Wandering along the beach of the French port of Villiers-Sur-Mer, a small boy picked up a large tattered White Ensign that had been washed ashore and kept it as a souvenir.

Over forty years later he handed it to the British Ministry of Defence, and steps were taken to discover its origins, through the letters column of Navy News.

Now it appears that the full tragic story has been finally pieced together and the ensign is from HMS SALAMANDER, a minesweeper operating off the French coast in 1944 and mistakenly attacked and sunk by British aircraft.

Operating with two sister ships, BRITOMART and HUSSAR, SALAMANDER had hoisted two extra ensigns in a vain bid to identify the group's nationality, but the attack claimed 86 lives and a further 124 were wounded, leaving SALAMANDER with her stern blown off, and the other two ships sunk.

The six-foot by three-foot ensign has now found a final resting place in the Hampshire village of Wickham, a village twinned with Villiers-Sur-mer. Presented to the local branch of the Royal British Legion it now occupies a special place in the Community Centre's special twinning display.

A RECENT PRESS CUTTING

Another letter from Maurice Cross: Further to my "Seine Bay Shambles" article in N.L.Nº32. After a belated check with a HUSSAR survivor, Don Rogers, I sent a correction but it missed the printing deadline.

My article firmly laid the blame at FOBAA's door - I was wrong! The omission of just two words from a signal, killed 78 men and injured 149. The signal should have included [R] FOBAA (copy to - it didn't! Consequently FOBAA had no knowledge of the Sweepers' presence in Seine Bay.

This hushed-up affair led the the Courts Martial of three Senior Officers. The Deputy Captain Minesweepers was found guilty of negligence; no doubt one of his junior staff forgot to write those fatal two words on the signal. I wonder how the chap and his senior coped with the knowledge of the result of their slackness?

With haunting understatement, the final paragraph of the Sweeper's S.O., Commander Trevor Crick's secret report to the Admiralty read: "IT IS FELT THAT THE FURY AND FEROCITY OF CONCERTED ATTACKS BY A NUMBER OF ROCKET-FIRING TYPHOONS, IS AN ORDEAL THAT HAS TO BE ENDURED TO BE FULLY APPRECIATED".

From Ioan Henry (Non de Plume): I hope you dont mind me using a non de plume. The reason being, I might get a reply and I don't want that as I would feel honour bound to respond - I suffer from Parkinson's Disease and have problems holding a pen.

Maurice, what you were told in regard to Seine Bay is true. I was aboard GLEANER at the time, but we were out of line of sweep owing to damage sustained to machinery the previous day, when a mine exploded in close proximity to our ship. If my memory serves me correctly, we were waiting to be towed to Tilbury for repairs. I also think we were south of the Seine, as from our anchorage we could see the Mulberry Harbour at Aromanches, and the incident was north of GLEANER.



ROYAL NAVAL PATROL SERVICE  
More Stories

" MEMORIES "  
By Cyril Elles N°125

I was a pre-war Signalman (RNVR London), mobilised in September 1939 and sent to ROYAL ARTHUR, Skegness for a "booster" course. Then, with other Signalmen, to Sparrows Nest, the RNPS at Lowestoft - billeted in a local private house.

We spent our days at Sparrows Nest, together with a crowd of Seamen, mostly fishermen who seemed to come and go on private business whilst the Navy made up it's mind what to do with them.

The theatre at Sparrows Nest was the focal point and hands were frequently piped over the Tannoy to "Mustering on the Stage" in order to make up crews. The P.O. in charge of our party looked after us like a father. He kept us advised of drafts and more or less suggested when we should "volunteer"! With Christmas not far off we tried to keep a low profile in the hope of leave and were heartened when "Signalmen for Christmas leave muster on the stage" was piped. Luckily "father" got to us before we had time to move and told us to sit tight as drafts were being given - not leave! Later that day the pipe was repeated and this time we had the O.K. and we were home for Christmas.

Of course, I was drafted as soon as I returned from leave. I mustered on the stage, fully dressed and with kit bag and hammock: Then went through the procedure, including a 'medical' -

Doctor - "What are you?"  
Me - "Signalman, Sir".  
Doctor - "Do you feel alright?"  
Me - "Yes. Sir".  
Doctor - "Your eyesight must be O.K. or you wouldn't be a Signalman - NEXT!!"

- and that was the medical!

There were thirteen of us (I was the only Signalman) plus our Skipper, en route for Milford Haven to join H.M.S. KATHLEEN and thence to our new base at Swansea.

KATHLEEN turned out to be a Lowestoft Drifter equipped with early Magnetic Minesweeping gear. This was 6 ft long bar magnets, encased in rubber sleeves which were shackled to a wire and towed between two ships. With our "chummy" ship BON ACCORD, we spent many weeks towing the contraption up and down the shipping lanes of the Bristol Channel. Of course, we never did find a magnetic mine!

Later we got the job of patrolling the seaward end of the Channel and checking incoming ships. If a "situation" had arisen I wonder what we would have done, as we didn't have a radio and our main armament was three rifles!

KATHLEEN was a happy ship and I enjoyed my time on her. I left in August 1940 but by then she had made sure that whatever I went to sea in after her, I would never be seasick again!

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S L O P S

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From Jack Dusty,  
70 NICKLEBY HOUSE, ALL SAINTS ROAD, PORTSMOUTH PO1 4EL

" THE LAST LAUGH. "  
By Colin G. Critchley N° 849.

Reading the story in N.L.N°32 regarding the Patrol Service and, in particular the reference to the training of cooks for this service by Grace Musson and her staff of domestic science teachers reminds me of an incident that took place in late November or early December 1941 at Scapa Flow.

At that time, serving as an A.B. in SUFFOLK, I in company with a leading hand was told off to go round to Kirkwall to pick up some R.D.F. spares, a small Asdic trawler came alongside to collect us on a cold, blustery morning, and we set off across the Flow.

Traditionally, a matelot will always find himself a comfortable billet if he can, and with this in mind we soon located the open galley door with a coal fired range glowing warmly and invitingly from within, and decided that this would do for us on this chilly morning.

Immediately on taking up station by the door we noticed a glorious smell of roast beef wafting out to us on the warm air. The young trawler's cook could see our noses twitching at the smell and to add to our misery he opened the oven and drew out a large roasting dish with a magnificent side of beef beautifully browned and surrounded with sizzling roast potatoes. Shoving it back in again and chuckling all the while he said "I bet you blokes don't eat as well as this on your ship, do you?" and, with an eye to keeping our warm spot by his galley door we thought it only diplomatic to agree with him.

I must mention at this point that the layout of the trawler was such that to get to the engine room one had to enter the galley and go down a ladder at the side of the stove, which had a hand rail welded on to it to prevent one rolling against the hot oven while climbing up or down in a seaway.

The cook, although young was a three-badge trained sadist who, with a crooked grin and sidelong glances at us, repeated the process of drawing out the roast, basting it, and shoving it back in the oven far more often than was necessary, just to watch us suffer, I feel sure he could hear our stomachs rumbling above the clatter from the engine room below.

By this time we were outside the shelter of the flow and butting into some heavy seas and as we were not equipped with sea boots, only shoes, and the deck was constantly washing down we decided that a dryer, if somewhat chillier billet was called for, and so, forsaking our warm spot we clambered up a rung ladder and perched on the galley roof, clinging on to eyebolts and rigging to stop ourselves sliding off with each roll.

It was fortunate for us that we had made this move, as, a short while later a huge green sea came aboard nearly setting the little vessel on it's beam ends, it was then that we heard the chilling cry of a lost soul in torment, issuing from the galley below us, fearing the worst and expecting to find the cook lying seriously injured we scrambled hurriedly down on deck and round to the galley door to find him quite safe and sound but wringing his hands and using salty words that a lad of his age should not even have known.

It was then that we had the last laugh, the big green one had washed into the galley, putting out the fire, the oven door was swinging open and the roast had vanished. All the cook could do was point dumbly at the ladder to the engine room, and there down below washing about in a tasty gravy of salt water and coal dust was the succulent side of beef and the roast potatoes.

I wonder if that young cook on the trawler had been one of Grace Musson's trainees and whether as well as culinary knowledge the good lady, on graduation day issued them with a handbook of choice nautical terms to help them through the many trying experiences to come.

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**BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC COMMEMORATION "BA93"**

As promised in the Special Edition we now submit the report by Martin Vallee of the Historical Conference held in the Merseyside Maritime Museum.

During the three-day meeting 30 papers were presented. The papers constituted over 600 pages, and were given by representatives of various nations. Most of the presenters and attendees were historians, with only a few attending who actually participated in the longest battle of World War II.

A wide range of topics was addressed from various perspectives. For example, the Russian paper, "The Soviet View", critically stated that Stalin refused to acknowledge the war in the Atlantic. As a result, little information ever reached the Russian people. Stalin claimed that only 4 per cent of the war materials Russia required were supplied by her allies.

Werner Rahn of Germany presented "From Success to Failure", describing the U-Boat campaign in the North Atlantic. Grand Admiral Erich Raeder and his staff were convinced that Great Britain could be defeated without an invasion if Germany concentrated all of its strength against the British sea approaches. Rear Admiral Karl Donitz believed victory in the war at sea lay in winning the "race" between the sinking and the building of ships. Donitz was forced to discontinue the wolf pack convoy attacks when 41 U-Boats were lost in May 1943. Rahn, in his paper, stated that the U-Boat failure was the result of superior detection and weapons capability of the Allies.

"Military Need and Civil Necessity", a paper presented by P.G. Pugh of Britain, pointed out that the protection afforded ships by travelling in convoy created offsetting difficulties. The delay of ships awaiting convoy from their port of departure, the convoy being restricted to the speed of the slowest ship, and the wait for dock space when the convoy reached its destination reduced the tonnage that could be delivered with available ships. Land transportation was also a problem which created further delays. Materials piled up at dock locations until suitable means could be found to take the cargo to distant staging areas where it could be distributed.

Pugh also stated that from July 1940 to March 1941, 22 merchant ships were lost for every U-Boat sunk. Had this ratio been maintained until the end of June 1943, the 215 U-Boats lost would have resulted in 4,730 merchant vessel sinkings rather than the actual 1,980 sinkings. If this had happened, the Allied merchant fleet would have been wiped out by March 1943.

The priority given available ships was a constant question. Which were considered of most importance reflected the difference of interests between Britain and the United States. The policy which emerged was, in effect, that the first call upon new ships was to fill losses as they occurred but that the growing surplus beyond such replacements was to go to the Pacific theatre to support U.S. military operations there.

Two papers, "A Truly Allied Undertaking" by Dr G.E. Weir on the designing and construction of the Liberty ship, and "The U-Boat Development and Building Programme" by Eberhart Rosler, made possible a comparison between the two efforts. England had the advantage of being able to contract with Canada and the U.S. for the building of additional tonnage, whereas Germany was restricted in U-Boat production by its limited number of shipyards and the demands of its fleet and army for war materials. Germany was unable to reach its goal for U-Boat construction. In contrast, the increase in Allied ship tonnage exceeded the goals set.

Overall, the papers covered almost every aspect of the battle, even the odds of surviving a sinking. In his paper, "The British Merchant Navy", T. Lane of the University of Liverpool reported on the study, "The Hazards to Men in Ships Lost at Sea, 1940-44". Data was obtained by inter-

viewing survivors of 448 sinkings, and the report was compiled by the Medical Research Council.

Lane ended his paper with high praise for the merchant seafarers. "They simultaneously learned and demonstrated that co-operation is the existential precondition for the continuity of all human life", he wrote. "Very few persons ever have the opportunity to live out and reaffirm such deeply fundamental principles. It is instructive as well as salutary to note that they were rediscovered, not by the cadres of strategic decision-makers with seats high up and at the back, but by small groups of ordinary citizens to live at the edge of existence far removed from the experience of 'making history' as it is conventionally understood".

There was not always complete agreement in the papers presented, resulting in some lively Questions and Answers discussions. Therefore, the Battle of the Atlantic is still alive and will be continued by the historians while we who participated can take pride in the knowledge of a job well done.

Submitted by Martin Vallee N°1571.

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EXCERPTS FROM "BA93" THANK YOU LETTERS

"I shall never forget those ranks of proud veterans and the people clapping and standing to show their gratitude".

"..... and the enthusiasm shown by the crowds lining the route. I am sure that those who were able to participate really feel that their wartime service in the Atlantic had been properly commemorated".

"I count myself honoured to have been present at such an historic occasion".

"I was highly impressed with the cordial welcome given to the Russian sailors ....."

"..... we recall this wonderful week commemorating the Battle of the Atlantic ....."

"..... My stay of 5 days will live in my memory for ever, it was so emotional to meet shipmates of 50 years ago".

"The shouting and tumult dies, the captains and the kings depart! and so have thousands of us other Battle of the Atlantic veterans.....I write to say thank you for providing a step back in time for we geriatrics and illustrating to the younger generations what a critical time it was"

"The whole occasion has left me with an enduring memory of a happy few days spent in Liverpool which is now a very different place compared to its state of fifty years ago".

Finally from NRC Hon.Secretary to the Lord Mayor: I write on behalf of the Officers and Committee, to thank you, your Council, and all of the Citizens of Liverpool, for the part you played in making the recent BA93 celebrations so memorable. A lot of hard work goes in to the organising of such an event, and there must be many "unsung heroes" amongst your staff.

The Parade through the City was a most moving experience for me, and the refreshments at the end of it most welcome.

Some of us could not get into the Museums and particularly Derby House, because of the queues, but we will be back.

Thank you Liverpool.  
(Signed) Peter A. Skinner.

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LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

From Geoff Jelbert N°742, N.S.W. Australia: .....I was the only Australian in the crew of GOSSAMER in Feb/March 1942 ..... When she was sunk in June 1942 I was badly wounded and spent two months in Russian Hospitals, firstly at Grassnia, somewhere near Murmansk, then via SALAMANDER, to a military hospital in Archangel.

In Grassnia Hospital, where we were attacked by German bombers practically every day, I was in the same ward as some survivors of INDUNA - GOSSAMER had spent several days looking for them - thirty-two had been in the boat when INDUNA sunk, sixteen were alive when found, fifteen lost limbs, some, both hands and feet, through frost bite. The only one who was not an amputee was a cabin boy, who was fifteen or sixteen years old ..... I believe his name was Alex Munro.

Having made the effort to write to Northern Light I would like to mention another matter..... In articles written by members of NP100 and NP200, there seems to be much criticism of Russian people. While I am not in a position to contradict that criticism, I would like to say that as a hospital patient I had nothing but admiration for the nurses and doctors with whom I came in contact. They had very little equipment but they did what they could with what they had. Bandages that had been used and washed so often that they were threadbare and a dirty grey colour, and who needs anesthetic when there are three or four doctors and nurses to hold one down?

Food was scarce, it was mainly rice, and at one stage forty two meals were rice, then some raw fish. Sometimes we had yak, which was best eaten with eyes closed whilst holding your nose!

I was still a hospital patient on the trip back to U.K. in September on USS TUSCALOOSA. Her crew were complaining about the food - it was the best food I had had for about fourteen months!

I am not a Communist, I hated Russian politics, but I loved the Russian people with whom I came in contact.

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From J.E.Forbes N°37, Manchester. I had Navy News passed to me recently . Sadly, it reported the death of Lieut. Robert Hughes, Gunnery Officer of SCYLLA. He was an RNVR Officer - a schoolmaster in civvy street. On completion of hostilities he lived in Shropshire and became an author and wrote such books as "In Perilous Seas", "Through the Waters", ""Flagship to Murmansk" etc.

An interesting fact (to me) is that I 'stood by' SCYLLA whilst she was being built in Scott's yard, Greenock. As ratings, we arrived in Greenock on New Year's Day 1942 at 0700, in pouring rain. Having to fend for ourselves, three of us 'walked the town' and knocking on one door a buxom lady answered and said, "I've no accommodation lads, but it's Hogmanay so come inside". We hadn't realised that it was indeed New Year's Day, so in we went. A bottle of John Haig appeared on the table and we drank the health of Bonnie Scotland As we took our leave she said "If you don't find anywhere to stay, come back!" We walked to the end of the street, and with one accord retraced our steps to Mrs McKinlock's. We tossed up for the settee whilst t'other two 'slept' on the mat.

To return to Lieut. R. Hughes. Being an officer, accommodation was found for them by reporting to HMS SPARTIATE. The Wren who did the allocating became his wife, her name was Charlotte and seeing that he was 87 when he died, I wonder if he outlived her.

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From Bill Ryan, N°1130 of Flbrida. (Our USA Liaison Bosun). This true story is best entitled "John Wayne in North Russia". Let me set the scene, so you will understand the following incident. Time-December 1942: Location-Pier N°2, Murmansk, Russia: Weather-Cold, snowing, temperature below 0°f.

I had just come off watch in the engine room, and went to the galley for a hot cup of coffee. As soon as I sat down, I heard a loud commotion

coming from the location of the gangway. I went out on to deck to find out what was going on. As I walked up the port side of the ship I saw a member of the US Navy Armed Guard gun crew, practising his "John Wayne Quick Draw". Everytime he drew his 45 cal. pistol from his holster, he would aim it down the gangway.

When I got to the gangway, I looked over the side and saw the Russian soldier who was on duty at the foot of the gangway. He was screaming up to this USN hero, in Russian. All of a sudden, the Russian threw down his rifle and started to take off his clothes. When he got down to his bare skin, he pointed at all of the bullet holes and other scars, on his upper body. As he touched each scar, he would say the name of a Russian city or town.

I can only surmise that this poor shot up Russian soldier was telling us, that he was not afraid of a little ol' pistol, not after what he had been through. (Soldiers who were performing guard duty within the port of Murmansk, had been brought back from the front line units, because of their wounds.

Luckily, before this incident got out of hand, the Third Mate, who had also just come off watch, showed up and told this sailor to go below. To this day, I wonder if that young USN sailor realised how lucky he was? That Russian soldier could have shot him dead. The strange part of the story is, that the Russian authorities had locked up all of our ammunition, including small arms ammo. This young cowboy's gun was empty!

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THE NOBLE ART

The noble art, with other sports has always been encouraged by the R.N., and I was encouraged to enter a novice competition whilst training at GANGES.

My first bout suitably attired in baggy shorts and plimsols, I was surprised when my opponent stepped into the ring - red shorts, boxing boots and gum shield, but I dismissed this as 'flash'.

I carefully carried out the instructions to "shake hands, step back and box", but my opponent seemed to be deaf. I had no chance to use my favourite straight left, he tightly held my hands together, suddenly releasing his right to give me three solid hooks in quick succession, accompanied by a fearsome snort as each punch landed.

As I staggered across the ring, one of the judges jumped up to his feet - "STOP - STOP" he screamed and pointing to my opponent - "you are not a novice and are disqualified". This despite the pained - "I've never had the gloves on before!"

I had won my first bout but didn't feel much like a winner.

My second I won, but felt even less a winner. My opponent was a tough "farmers boy" who never stopped flailing in a type of windmill action, and all I could do was to keep him at a distance with the old straight left.

I withdrew from the competition in the semi-final with a damaged thumb caused by trying to land a killer to the solar plexus, which was blocked by an elbow.

There wasn't any boxing in the Arctic and the next time was about a year later at Scapa. It was a fine evening and we were on our way to Hull for a refit - so, Scapa was looking beautiful. As I took the view from the upper deck, I noticed a little group gathered around a couple boxing.

A Stoker P.O. said to me "try sparring with me lad", and soon he was encouraging me , "that's a lovely straight left, try following up with a right cross". Doing as I was told I ran into a sledge hammer of a right hook which started from his ankles.

When I came round, wiser council advised me not to "kill him", as I threatened. Our Stoker P.O. Freddie, was a pre-war cruiser weight champion of the Med. Fleet, who had perfected this move on many young mugs like myself, much to the amusement of his cronies.

So ended my boxing career, but not my desire for revenge, which came when a



young stoker joined. Bill Bell was a natural heavyweight, but good natured and always smiling and modest, so it was a long time before he told me he was an A.B.A. champion. I told him of the way I was tricked and we plotted "my revenge". In due course, on another fine evening in Scapa on the way up, Freddie was on the forecandle with the gloves. Spotting Bill as a new lad he gave the usual "try a spar", and eventually "that's a good left, try following with a right cross". Bill duly obliged, except the right was a feint and when the champ was wide open, he was hit by an uppercut that lifted him off his feet.

Bill and I became great friends, and I was best man at his wedding. Tragically he was killed in an accident at Barking Power Station just after the war.

Thanks Bill, you will be forever in my memory.  
John Eldred ex HARRIER.

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**BOOK REVIEW**

**"S I G N A L !"**

**A History of Signalling  
in the Royal Navy**

By Captain Barrie Kent, RN.

Ahoy you Bunting Tossers, Flag Wagggers and Sparkers! Here is a smashing new book, fully illustrated, highly readable and informative. It spans the development of signalling from the earliest days of simple flag signals to the introduction of wireless, and on to the world of electronic warfare, satellites and data links.

You will find extracts from many interesting and amusing old documents, letters and memoirs, as well as vivid experiences from both world wars. There are numerous descriptions of life in the first Signal School in HMS VICTORY in 1889, then in RN Barracks, Pompey, and from 1941 in HMS MERCURY at Leydene.

Yes, there is plenty in it for all of you - it's a hard back, with over 300 pages, plus 8 in colour. **Get yourselves an early Christmas present or Birthday gift - just leave Northern Light open at this page, so the missus can read it!!!**

Published by Hyden House Limited, Little Hyden Lane, Clanfield, Hants PO8 0RU.  
Price £19.00 + £1.50 p&p: (Europe p&p £2.50; Worldwide £3.00; airmail; £8.00)

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**WHO WAS THE YOUNGEST PERSONS ON THE CONVOYS?**

We have had an excellent response to our question and have not yet come up with watertight answers. We fully expected that a young M.N. cabin or galley boy would emerge - there's a batch of 'em! But, also, there are young R.N. boy seamen amongst us, not only from the battleships, but from the Tribal and "Z" Class destroyers!

However, one thing is certain. You 'young' seventeen year olds can forget it - it's certainly down to the 15½ year olds in both services. But none of you were 'boys' in those days - YOU WERE ALL MEN!!

Answer (hopefully) in next edition.

**WELCOME ABOARD**

The first three entries were omitted from a previous list - sorry!

- 1655. ALLSOPP Fredk. H. SCYLLA  
31 Mill Dale Road, Kettering, Northants NN15 6QD.
- 1656. DAVIES Wm. S. GLEANER  
3 Stanley Street, Mumbles, Swansea, W.Glam. SA3 4NE.
- 1657. EIDSHAUG Steiner SS SIMON NEWCOMBE  
19 Lincoln Drive, Willingford, CT, 06492, USA.
- 1702. SHELDRIK Sidney ORIBI  
45 Bloomfield Road, Blackpool FY1 6TL
- 1703. CAPON John W. OBEDIENT  
28 Carnoustie Drive, Islington, London N1 0DS.
- 1704. BETTRIDGE Harry HARRIER  
25 Heather Close, Rise Park, Romford, Essex RM1 4PD.
- 1705. REEVES George E. MV FLORISTAN/SS EMPIRE LIFE  
57 Newpool Terrace, Browlees, Biddulph, Stoke on Trent, Staffs ST8 6EP.
- 1706. GARDINER Laurence TARTAR  
55 Wylldway, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 6PP
- 1707. LODGE James G. DIADEM  
24 South Road, Drayton, Portsmouth PO6 1QB.
- 1708. HARVEY Percy N. OBDURATE/INCONSTANT  
Casa Ferrobo, Estrada Lisboa, 8150 Sao Bras De Alportel, Algarve, P'gal.
- 1709. MALLETT Bernard L. NORFOLK  
27 Tilehouse Street, Hitchin, Herts SG5 2DY.
- 1710. HUGHES Clement V. MV NACELLA  
Sarobi, Teddars Leas Road, Etchinghill, Kent CT18 8DA.
- 1711. CAMP Robert J. CAMBRIAN  
53 Marylands Drive, Sidcup, Kent DA14 4SB.
- 1712. HARDING John W. BERWICK  
173 Hampstead Road, Hempstead, Gillingham, Kent ME7 3QG.
- 1713. DOWSETT Percy H. SS EMPIRE TRISTRAM  
86 Hubert Road, Rainham, Essex RM13 8AH.
- 1714. SOUTHBY Desmond J. SERAPIS  
23 Brenchly Road, Orpington, Kent BR5 2TD.
- 1715. SCOTT Donald J. CHARLOCK  
21 Constable View, North Springfield, Chelmsford, Essex CK15ZE.
- 1716. EDMONDS William D. SS THISTLEDALE  
Oldford Cottage, Welshpool, Powys SK21 8RF.
- 1717. MELVILLE J. LONDON  
21 Deanery View, Lanchester, Co. Durham DH7 0NH
- 1718. ATHERTON George. EMPIRE FAITH/EMPIRE VIGOUR  
2 Westminster Road, Wallasey, Merseyside L44 1AP
- 1719. HOCKEY Sidney F.  
2 Cotil Cottage, La Rue De St Mannelier, St Saviour, Jersey, C.I.
- 1720. KING Walter G. VINDEX  
221 Oak Road, Abrohill, Cumbernauld, Scotland G67 3LF.
- 1721. HARRISON John DIADEM  
2 Barton Knowle, Belper, Derbyshire DE56 0DE.
- 1722. BARLOW Eric CAMPANIA/VINDEX  
19 Geneva Terrace, Spotland, Rochdale, Lancs OL11 5BJ.
- 1723. ABBOTT Robert SS GREYLOCK  
133 43rd Street, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266, USA.
- 1724. WHITESIDE Terrance E., MBE ONSLOW  
Wood Leigh, Cedar Close, Stratford upon Avon, Warks CV37 6UP
- 1725. DEVONSHIRE George HMCS WASKESUI  
R.R.4, Picton, Ontario, K0K 2T0 Canada
- 1726. MINKLER H.M. ICARUS  
12-4056 Livingston Ave. N., Victoria B.C. V8N 3A6



1727. SMITH Rex E. OPPORTUNE  
Tumblewood Cottage, Brightley, Okehampton, Devon EX20 1RR
1728. MARTUCCI Anthony SS EMPIRE BAFFIN  
Flat 1, 23 St Hildas Terrace, Whitby, Yorks YO21 3AE
1729. RALPH Gordon J. VINDEX  
Cloud Cottage, Chedworth, Cheltenham, Glos. GL54 4NE
1730. GODWIN Patrick J. FITZROY  
255 Hedgemans Road, Dagenham, Essex RM9 6BX
1731. JOHNSTONE Kenneth R. DIADEM  
27 Bloombury Court, Ancaster, Ontario L9G 4L5 Canada
1732. KEMP Donald H.S. MUSKETEER  
52 Bownsholme, The Alders, Tamworth, Staffs B79 7TY
1733. JONAS Kenneth J. BERMUDA  
3 Gorse Close, Trelloggan, Newquay, Cornwall TR7 2TP
1734. TAYLOR Albert S.J. VINDEX  
4 Cherry Close, Shaw Estate, Newbury, Berks RG13 1LS
1735. IRINDER Lewis S. MAGPIE  
107 North Lane, Aldershot, Hants GU12 4QT
1736. McDONALD Daniel SNOWFLAKE  
10 Main Street, Auchencairn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcud'shire DG7 1YU
1737. KIRTLEY Charles R. SS THOMAS DONALDSON  
818 Birch Street, Ashland, KY 41101, U.S.A.
1738. LATHAM Frank JAMAICA/OFFA  
298 Crewe Road, Gresty, Crewe, Cheshire CW2 5AF
1739. SMITH Albert E. ICARUS  
Brunswick, 1c Windsor Square, Exmouth, Devon EX8 1JU
1740. WILSON Robert B. ANSON  
98 Minerva Way, Cambridge CB4 2UA.
1741. BOGGIS John SHEFFIELD  
37 Northbank Crescent, Ormesby, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS7 9EH
1742. HURD John W. WISTARIA/HELEN SLATER  
Royal Alfred Seafarers Society, 5 - 11 Hartington Place, Eastbourne.
1743. GOULD Thomas W. V.C. TRUCULENT  
6 Howland, Orton Goldhay, Peterborough, Cambs PE2 5QY
1744. SKINNER George D. BRAMBLE  
"Am Fasgadh", Fearnan, Aberfeldy, Perthshire PH15 2PG
1745. GOLDING Bernard SWIFT  
42 Ridge Balk Lane, Woodlands Drive, Doncaster, Yorks DN6 7SX
1746. STOCKLEY Leslie H. RFA LACKLAN  
13 Orchard Close, Colden Common, Winchester, Hants SO21 1ST
1747. PEALLING George W. BERMUDA/SCORPION  
19 La Chaumiere, Rue Piette Castel, Guernsey, C.I.
1748. GODDARD John DENBIGH CASTLE  
192 Barton Lane, Eccles, Manchester M30 0HJ.
1749. BROWN John P. MAGPIE  
17 Central Drive, Bloxwich, Walsall, West Midlands WS3 2QQ.
1750. ENDALE Harry. DUKE OF YORK  
10 Merria Place, Cherry Brook, Sydney, NSW 2126, Australia.
1751. KIRKHAM Charles J. BELFAST  
41 Kinross Crescent, Beechdale, Nottingham NG8 3FT.
1752. COOK Robert W. WANDERER  
5885 E. Sunny Vista Avenue, Agoura, California, USA CA 91301
1753. PARADINE Keneth F. M.V.LUCERNA  
Bethwin Cottage, Marlow Road, Little Marlow, Bucks SL7 3RS
1754. BURRIDGE Norman H. COWDRAY  
21 Berkeley Court, The Esplanade, Bognor Regis, Sussex PO21 1LX.
1755. SAXBY Robert D. MAGPIE  
30 Agar Crescent, Illogan Highway, Redruth, Cornwall TR15 3NG.
1756. EVANS Ieuan JAMACA/NAIRANA  
11 Laphams Court, Longwell Green, Bristol BS15 7DG
1757. FRASER Brian WREN  
Carpenter's Cottage, 24 Riverside, West Kirby, Wirral, Merseyside L48 3JB

1758. GOODING Henry SNOWFLAKE  
3/11 Hooker Place, Papatoe Toe, Auckland, New Zealand.
1759. HOWARD James HUSSAR  
7 Chettel Way, Blandford St Mary, Dorset DT11 9PW.
1760. MACNAMARA Patrick C. METEOR  
Invercharron House, Adgay, Sutherland IV24 3DN.
1761. BADE Leonard AMAZON  
19 Oakroyd Close, Burgess Hill, West Sussex RH15 0QN.
1762. HASKELL-THOMAS Brian MAGPIE  
14 Ridgeway Gardens, Horsell, Woking, Surrey GU21 4RB.
1763. WHITTLE Charles J.R. EDINBURGH  
Easter Laggan, Dulmain Bridge, Grantown on Spey, Moray, Scot. PH26 3NT.
1764. PURTON Charles W. SUFFOLK  
Haven Holidays, Winchelsea Sands Caravan Park, Pett Level Road,  
Winchelsea, East Sussex TN36 4NG.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

956. SHERRARD D.J. To Flat 5, Hedges House, West Lavington, Devizes,  
Wilts SN10 4HS.
126. EVANS A. To Room 39, Meadowbrook Nursing Home, Twympath, Gobowen,  
Oswestry, Shropshire SY10 1AH.
1558. BENNETT Jack To Flat 38, Twynham Court, 20 Dean Park Road,  
Bournemouth, Dorset BH1 1JB.
914. SLAVIN P.M. To Costa Rica 2019, 11500 Montevideo, Uruguay.
1596. KLAUSER W.K. To 26610 Southern Pines Drive, Apt.H1, Bonita Springs,  
Florida 33923, USA.
1440. CAPLAN K. To 1885 Bay Tree Lane, Surfside Beach, SC 29575, USA.
570. CHEDDY A. To 82 Sisley Avenue, Stapleford, Notts NG9 7HU.
1652. DAWSON W.D. To 8 Lily Bridge, Northam, Bideford, Devon EX39 1TL.
1642. PRITCHARD T.W. To 12 George Warren Court, Charlotte Square, Margate,  
Kent CT9 1LD.
1489. BATES D.F. To 45 Guards Close, Tonbridge, Kent TN10 3RT.
569. COLLINS F. To 230 Newnham Road, Kingsthorpe, Northampton NN2 7RE.
935. MCNULTY J. To 7 Laoigan Place, Keills, Port Askaig, Isle of Islay  
PA46 7RG.
645. JOHNSTON P. To 5 Dovecotes, Quadring, Spalding, Lincs PE11 4QT.
1264. JEPP K.L. To 56 Parnassus Gardens, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire AB53 8QD
1523. PARRY Howard. To 2391 Portage Ave. Apt 407, Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
Canada R3J 0N1.
273. HAMILTON R.S. To 8 Chatton Close, Lower Earsley, Reading, RG6 4DY.

## AMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

1403. BIRTLES A.H. Ship should be RHODODENDRON.
1459. FOWKES R. Post Code LE67 2BQ.
1110. HARRIS A. Post Code DE6 3DG.
324. EDDIS G.L. Address is Morestead Grange (not Moreded).
324. EDDIS G.L. Post Code SO21 1LZ. Add ship WATCHMAN.
1483. MINTER E.E. Address is N°1 (not N°7).
623. BURNAND P.R. Ship should be DIADEM (not DIAL).
717. WALLER R. Ship should be SS BOLTON CASTLE (not HMS).
914. SLAVIN P.M. Ship should be MORMACSUL.
1687. FOSTER E.J. Address is N°19 (not N°18) Rivacre Road.
1370. THOMAS Elfyn. Ship should be CAMPANIA "F" Flight, 813 Squadron.
1570. RATCLIFFE R. Address is Beechwood Drive (not Avenue).
1298. STAPLETON H.F. Delete ship SUSSEX.



THE MATELOT'S WEDDING CEREMONY

PARSON Wilt thou, Jack, have this woman as thy lawful wedded wife, to live with so far as the Drafting Commander will allow? Wilt thou love her, honour her, take her to the pictures and come home at weekends?

JACK I will.

PARSON Wilt thou, Mary, take this matelot as thy lawful wedded husband, bearing in mind restricted leave, ship routine, watch keeping, recalls, uncertain mail conditions and various problems of life in the Andrew?

MARY I will.

JACK I, Jack, take thee Mary, as my lawful wedded wife from 1700 to 0700 as far as permitted by Jimmy the One, restricted leave, subject to recall, for better or worse, for earlier or later, and I solemnly promise to write once a week.

MARY I, Mary, take thee Jack, as my lawful wedded husband, subject to recall and the orders of the Officer of the Day, changing address whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold regularly as long as the allotment comes though, and hereby I give the my troth.

PARSON Then let no man put assunder those whom God and the Drafting Commander have put together, by virtue of the authority invested in me by King's Regulations & Admiralty Instructions and the latest Fleet Orders, re Marriage. I now pronounce you Man and Wife, by permission of the Skipper, back dated for six months and may God have mercy on your Souls.

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 LIFE ASHORE IN RUSSIA

To illustrate what life ashore was like in North Russia during the war I give below an extract from a report sent to the Admiralty by the S.B.N.O. North Russia regarding the difficulty in obtaining reliefs from U.K. As you may know, passports are required even in wartime, and these take quite a considerable time to get. Hence, a nine month station often runs in to eighteen months.

QUOTE: Included in the party which recently left here for U.K. by destroyer are three officers (two from H.M.S.....) and three ratings from Polyarnoe. The two officers from H.M.S..... have gone haywire and the other officer from Murmansk is heavily depressed and Ga Ga. A Petty Officer has gone completely mad and might do anything given the opportunity. A Petty Officer from Armament Party is in a complete daze. A Canteen Assistant who passes the time by cutting girls names on his forearm with a safety razor blade. Also going home are eighteen M.N. Seamen suffering from Chronic Stomach troubles or Mad, the later includes one who imagines he is a bear. Yes... we are carrying on successfully, but I hope that you do everything possible to remedy this situation. Our life is no bed of roses but their's in the merchant ships must be ten times worse.

Dated September 1943.

ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL TRUST.

SECRETARY: RON WREN, 13, SHERWOOD AVE POTTERS BAR, HERTS EN6 2LD

PROJECT (No12) St NICHOLAS CHURCH  
H.M..DOCKYARDS PLYMOUTH...HMS DRAKE

STUDENT BARNABY HARRAN, PLYMOUTH ART COLLEGE GRADUATE ACCEPTED OUR PROJECT TO PRODUCE A FONT DEPICTING THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN, WITH ITS HORRORS, THE TERRIBLE WEATHER AND DEPRIVATION. BARNABY KNEW NOTHING OF THE OPERATIONS THAT TOOK PLACE THERE. AFTER STUDYING THE HISTORY HE CONSULTED WITH HIS TUTOR AND THE FONT WAS PRODUCED, IT IS SHOWN IN OUR PICTURE. IT IS MADE OF PIECES OF STEEL WELDED ARTISTICALLY TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF SHIPS IN ARCTIC CONDITIONS ON THE SURFACE AND THE SEA BOTTOM. THIS FINE PIECE OF WORK EARNED OUR SCULPTOR A DISTINCTION UPON HIS GRADUATION. IT WAS DISPLAYED AT THE BRITISH DESIGN CENTRE LONDON, ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION AND PRODUCING OTHER WORK FOR BARNABY.

A FEASIBILITY STUDY HAS ALSO BEEN COMMISSIONED BY ACMT TO PRODUCE A SILVER CHRISTENING BOWL. THE PLYMOUTH ART COLLEGE WILL FIND STUDENTS CAPABLE OF DESIGNING AND MAKING THE BOWL, THEY WILL SUBMIT THEIR PLANS AND DESIGNS FOR MANUFACTURE. THE BOWL WILL HAVE A CREST ON THE INSIDE OF THE BASE AND INSCRIPTIONS AROUND THE INSIDE RIM TO READ "IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN 1941-45".....



THIS IS A LIVING AND FIXED MEMORIAL CONTAINING EDUCATIONAL, WELFARE, AND HUMANITARIAN ELEMENTS. NOTHING HAS EVER BEEN PRODUCED LIKE IT AS A MEMORIAL, IT AFFECTS SO MANY PEOPLE. IN St NICHOLAS CHURCH THERE IS A RUSSIAN ICON, REPUTEDLY BROUGHT TO PLYMOUTH BY BRITISH SAILORS WHO HAD BEEN TORPEDOED WHILST ON A CONVOY FROM RUSSIA. WHEN NOT IN USE THE A.C.M.T. MEMORIAL WILL BE KEPT BENEATH THIS VALUABLE ITEM. AN ILLUMINATED SCROLL WILL BE PRODUCED TO TELL THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN AND THE FONT, THIS WILL ALSO BE PART OF THE MEMORABILIA OF THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN IN St NICHOLAS CHURCH PLYMOUTH AND A SHRINE TO OUR SHIPMATES AND COLLEAGUES. THIS IS A VERY SATISFYING PROJECT WITH MAXIMUM CO-OPERATION FROM ALL CONCERNED, ESPECIALLY PETER SKINNER ACTING AS CONTACT POINT FOR THE ACMT AND THE REVEREND CLIVE FRENCH AND NO ONE EXPECTING TOO MUCH TOO QUICKLY. BLESSING WILL BE.... 1830 Hrs 28.09.93

DEDICATION ON.....  
 further information to follow



**PROJECT No 13. St NICHOLAS CHURCH  
OLD CHURCHYARD, LIVERPOOL**

IN NORTHERN LIGHT No 32 DICK SQUIRES PRINTED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION ABOUT OUR 'FLAG POLE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE' OPERATION, IN THIS VERY SPECIAL SAILORS CHURCH, IN THIS VERY SPECIAL SAILORS TOWN.

THE SITE IS A MEDIEVAL BURIAL GROUND, WHICH MEANS GREAT CARE HAS TO BE TAKEN AND FOUNDATIONS HAVE TO BE VERY DEEP FOR THE 'FLAG POLE' THIS IS THE REASON FOR THE HIGH COST. WE ARE ABOUT EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS OFF OUR TARGET AMOUNT.

VETERANS ON THE BA93 LIVERPOOL SATURDAY MORNING MARCH PUT £350.00 IN THE PLASTIC BUCKETS THAT 'JENNY MY WIFE', SCoured THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL IN THE POURING RAIN TO BUY. THERE WERE ABOUT 1500 SHIPMATES ON THE MARCH, JENNY AND I WERE COUNTING COINS FOR HOURS, THE LIVERPOOL BANKS WERE VERY UNDERSTANDING.

MONEY WAS ALSO COLLECTED AT A DANCE RUN BY THE 'FIRST BEATLES MANAGER' AND SOME MORE AT A CANADIAN NIGHT. DICK & PEGGY SQUIRES, TOMMY ADAMS AND HIS DAUGHTER RAN A RAFFLE AND MADE A FAIR PROFIT. I OFFER MY SINCERE THANKS TO ALL OF THEM AND THIS INCLUDES FRANK HOWARD WHO ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME AT St GEORGES HALL TO HELP WITH THE COLLECTION ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

**WILLIAM (BILL) PEAKE** CROSSED THE BAR RECENTLY, HE WANTED TRIBUTES TO BE IN THE FORM OF DONATIONS TO THE A.C.M.T. BILL'S WIDOW ADVERTISED THIS FACT IN VARIOUS PAPERS AND SET ABOUT THE OPERATION TO GATHER FUNDS IN A MOST EFFICIENT MANNER, IT WOULD HAVE MADE BILL VERY PROUD TO SEE NANCY AT WORK. IT HAS MADE ME FEEL VERY HUMBLE. SIXTY TWO LETTERS OF THANKS HAD TO BE WRITTEN AND POSTED, BUT NANCY PEAKE ADDRESSED AND STAMPED ALL THE ENVELOPES. WE SEEMED TO BE BANKING 'PEAKE CHEQUES' AND WRITING 'PEAKE LETTERS' AND TAKING PEAKE 'PHONE CALLS' AND NOTHING ELSE FOR OVER TWO WEEKS....A TERRIFIC GESTURE FROM BILL AND A TREMENDOUS BACK-UP FROM WONDERFUL NANCY AND THE GENEROUS 'SIXTY TWO'. THANKS TO THEM ALL AND POSTUMOUS THANKS TO SHIPMATE BILL.

**WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THEM.**

**JUST NUISANCE BOOKLETS.** PAULINE LINDSEY REVIEWED THIS PUBLICATION FOR THE MAGAZINE ARP 050. PRINTERS PLATES WERE SENT WITH FURTHER COPY TO THE EDITOR, THE RESULT WAS THAT I HAVE BEEN SENDING OUT COPIES OF JUST NUISANCE BOOKS FOR SEVERAL WEEKS. EACH ONE ON AVERAGE ONLY MAKES A SMALL CONTRIBUTION BUT WE HAVE SENT OUT NEARLY FIFTY COPIES WHICH HAS ADDED CONSIDERABLY TO OUR FUNDS. WE HAVE A LOT OF THESE BOOKLETS TO OFFER, EVERYONE IS VERY PLEASED WITH THEM AND OFTEN ORDER COPIES FOR THEIR 'DOGGY FRIENDS' AS A SURPRISE GIFT.

**NRC S.E.** A GROUP OF OUR MEMBERS IN THE SOUTH EAST HAVE GOT TOGETHER ON A REGULAR BASIS AND HAVE MADE THEIR FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO THE ACMT, I AM TOLD 'THERE WILL BE MORE', SAYS DICK SHARP.

**PLAQUES FOR CLUBS.** IF THE PLAN WORKS OUT, ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL PLAQUES WILL BE AVAILABLE TO CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS AND PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS. THE ENGRAVED COPPER/BRASS PLAQUE WILL CONTAIN THE ARCTIC CAMPAIGN STORY AND BE IN MEMORY OF OUR COLLEAGUES AND SHIPMATES. IT WILL BE 18" X 36" POLISHED METAL WITH FOUR COLOURS IN ENAMEL AND PROBABLY MOUNTED ON OAK. THE FIRST OF THESE WILL BE PRESENTED TO PATRONS OF THE TRUST.

**NRC and ACMT RELATIONSHIP.** A QUESTION FROM THE A.G.M./93

THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB and its MEMBERS ARE THE MAIN PATRONS OF THE A.C.M.T. IT WAS AT A MEETING LATE 1988 WHEN THE IDEA OF MEMORIALS WAS DISCUSSED. R.J.WREN AGREED TO INVESTIGATE THE POSSIBILITIES.

THE A.C.M.T. WAS GRANTED CHARITY STATUS ON JULY 17th 1989 WHICH ALTERED THE RELATIONSHIP. THE LAW DEMANDS THAT A CHARITY CONTROLS ITS OWN AFFAIRS AND MUST NOT BE DIRECTED BY ANY OTHER BODY. TO REDRESS THE BALANCE BROUGHT ABOUT BY THIS, R.J.WREN WAS APPOINTED TO THE NRC COMMITTEE TO GIVE THE OFFICERS DIRECT ACCESS TO INFORMATION AND MAKE THEIR OWN CONTRIBUTION WITH IDEAS, REQUESTS AND SUGGESTIONS. THIS HAS WORKED WELL.

OUR FOUR MOST IMPORTANT PROJECTS ARE FIRMLY LINKED TO NRC OFFICERS. WHO IN EACH CASE GAVE ACMT THE INITIAL INTRODUCTION FOR THE PROJECT

- \*CHATHAM. R.E. GARRISON CHURCH... CHRIS TYE FOUNDER and PRESIDENT
- \*PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL...STUART FARQUHARSON -ROBERTS. VICE PRESIDENT.
- \*LIVERPOOL.. PARISH CHURCH... DICK SQUIRES MBE. EDITOR and CHAIRMAN
- \*PLYMOUTH....St NICHOLAS CHURCH...PETER SKINNER SECRETARY.

IT WILL BE UNDERSTOOD FROM THIS THAT THE NORTH RUSSIA CLUB HAS A VERY IMPORTANT PART TO PLAY IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE A.C.M.T. THE PERCENTAGE OF MONEY DONATED DIRECTLY TO ACMT IS NOT AS HIGH AS SOME MAY THINK, BUT VITAL JUST THE SAME. IT IS NOT THE POLICY TO ANNOUNCE THE SUMS INDIVIDUALLY GIVEN, BUT LISTS OF ALL DONATORS WILL BE AVAILABLE SHORTLY. IT IS HOPED THIS WILL REPLACE THE PUBLISHED LISTS IN N/L. THERE IS NO INTENTION TO PUBLISH A.C.M.T. ACCOUNTS BUT THEY ARE REQUIRED BY THE AUTHORITIES AND TRUSTEES AND ARE AVAILABLE TO THEM. THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE 'TRUST' ARE DISCUSSED OPENLY AT ALL COMMITTEE MEETINGS, THERE IS NOTHING TO HIDE! FROM START -UP TO THE END OF 1992 THE TOTAL AMOUNT DONATED WAS £16,401.27 THE AMOUNT SPENT £7,001.32. carried forward to 1993-4 £9,399.95. WE ARE WORKING ON OUR 12th & 13th PROJECTS. OUR PLANS ARE NOT TO BUILD UP LARGE BANK BALANCES BUT TO PAY OUR WAY BY ONLY COMMITTING THE AMOUNTS WE CAN PAY, THAT IS WHY REGULAR DONATIONS ARE VITAL WE HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO THIS DIFFICULT JOB WITH.

MANY OTHER ORGANIZATIONS CONTRIBUTE TO ACMT SUCH AS THE RUSSIAN CONVOY CLUB, ROYAL NAVY ASSOCIATION, DEMS ASSOCIATION, BRITISH LEGION, PROBUS CLUB, SEVERAL FREEMASON LODGES, 050 CLUB, SAGA MEMBERS, CHOICE CLUB MEMBERS AND OF COURSE, NORTH RUSSIA CLUB AND ITS MEMBERS. LOTS OF INDIVIDUAL DONATIONS ARE RECEIVED AND OTHERS GIVE SERVICE TO THE 'TRUST'. WE CAN NEVER THANK EVERYONE ENOUGH FOR MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO DO WHAT YOU WANT, WHICH IS :-

**TO ALWAYS REMEMBER THEM**  
Ron  
PPACMT.



DEAR SHIPMATES,

AUGUST 1993

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HELP US GATHER FUNDS TO PAY FOR ALL THE THINGS WE HAVE TO DO, MAY I SUGGEST YOU ORDER SOME OF THESE ITEMS SENT TO PATRONS IN RESPONSE TO DONATIONS GIVEN:-

*minimum donation required*

ARCTIC VETERANS CERTIFICATE.	£08.50.
" " " O/SEAS	10.00.
ARCTIC CAMPAIGN 1941-45 TIE, STRIPED	08.50.
" " " " LAPEL BADGE	04.00.
JUST NUISANCE BOOKLET	04.00.
SCHARNHORST SINKING PLOT AUTHENTICATED	16.50.
MURMANSK MEMORIAL HISTORY CARD	01.50.
LETTER OF THANKS	00.00.
PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL ORDER of SERVICE	00.00.

PLEASE FURNISH DETAILS OF ENTITLEMENT FOR GRADE ONE VETERANS CERTIFICATE AND INSCRIPTION REQUIRED. (GRADE ONE FOR ARCTIC VETERANS ONLY)

YOUR HELP IS REQUIRED TO FUND THE LIVERPOOL AND PLYMOUTH PROJECTS IN PARTICULAR.

OUR SINCERE THANKS




pp ARCTIC CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL TRUST  
13, SHERWOOD AVENUE, POTTERS BAR  
HERTS, EN62LD. Tel 0707655846.



NORTH RUSSIA CLUB

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FROM 1st APRIL 1992 to 31st MARCH 1993

<u>I N C O M E</u>		<u>E X P E N D I T U R E</u>	
Balance B/Fwd 1991/92	12,055 - 05	Transfer to Welfare Fund	360 - 09
		Refund Deposit paid	
		Dervish Tour 1991	
		transfer to life member	
		Donald Gibbs....	46 - 99
		Auditor's Fee...	50 - 00
BARCLAYS INTEREST			
Welfare Fund	4 - 48		
Deposit Account	21 - 25		
Business Premium Account	130 - 94	HONORARIUMS	
		R.D. SQUIRES	250 - 00
		L. Sullivan	200 - 00
		E. Rathbone	200 - 00
Membership renewals 91'92	2,426 - 80	Insurance for Standard	50 - 00
New members' subs 91/92	1,451 - 54		
Donations General Fund	651 - 43	Bank Charges, Barclays	41 - 83
Donations Welfare Fund	1,954 - 45	Payment from Welfare Fund	443 - 05
Transfer from AZM Fund	1,000 - 00		
Balance of Raffle,			
Stretton Hotel	67 - 10		
Payments received for ACMT	95 - 75	Payments made to ACMT	92 - 75
<u>S A L E S</u>		<u>C O S T S</u>	
Ties	944 - 84	Ties	611 - 73
Blazer Badges	804 - 00	Blazer Badges	629 - 32
Xmas cards	587 - 50	Final Payment	876 - 00
Car Stickers	58 - 00		
Commemorative envelopes	14 - 00	Commemorative envelopes	30 - 00
Medal Holders	121 - 50	Medal Holders	80 - 00
Wall Banners	112 - 50	Wall Banners	168 - 02
Wall Plaques	31 - 50		
Lapel Badges	289 - 75	Lapel Badges	259 - 89
Blue Nose Certificates	199 - 70	Blue Nose Certificates	87 - 50
Total C/Fwd	23,022 - 08	Total C/Fwd	4,477 - 17



<u>I N C O M E</u>		<u>E X P E N D I T U R E</u>	
B/Fwd	23,022 - 08	B/Fwd	4.477 - 17
<u>S A L E S</u>		<u>C O S T S</u>	
Brooches	558 - 00	Brooches	352 - 50
Beret Badges	106 - 00	Beret Badges	88 - 12
Acrylic Sweater	13 - 00		
Convoy Books	1,863 - 88	Convoy Books	1,612 - 74
Coasters	135 - 75	Coasters	149 - 81
Key Rings	78 - 00	Key Rings	73 - 44
Key Cases	29 - 00	Key Cases	61 - 69
Diaries	76 - 50	Diaries	149 - 81
Miniature Medals plus postage...	1,124 - 00	Miniature Medals	1,179 - 75
Life members	1,740 - 00		
Northern light sales	103 - 69	Northern Light/ Membership Books plus postage	6.218 - 67
Postage received for Sales items..	172 - 71		
Postage received for 40th Anniversary Medal	24 - 00	Postage for 40th Anniversary Medal	113 - 25
1992 Tour to Russia	700 - 00	Refunds 1992 Tour to Russia..	700 - 00
		Refund D.A.Smith Dervish 1991...	50 - 00
Miscellaneous Sales at Functions.....	361 - 00		
Proceeds Raffle, Liverpool	80 - 00	Committee Meetings	924 - 79
		Members' Expenses	
		Editor - Postage/Stationery	580 - 94
		Costs - Editor's Word Processor	500 - 00
		Membership Secretary Postage...	674 - 98
Total C/Fwd	<u>30,187 - 61</u>	Total c/Fwd	<u>17,907 - 66</u>

<u>I N C O M E</u>		<u>E X P E N D I T U R E</u>	
Total B/Fwd	30,187 - 61	Total B/Fwd	17,907 - 66
		Membership Secretary expenses (Transfer of sale items from Bridgewater to Portsmouth....	35 - 00
		Membership Secretary Stationery	660 - 19
		Treasurer Postage/ Stationery..	159 - 00
		Sales Bosun, Stationery/ Postage/Telephone...	261 - 82
		M. Williams, Telephone Expenses..	30 - 00
		President, Postage..	30 - 00
		Received from Editor towards Telephone Account.	277 - 00
		Annual Dinner	3,020 - 40
		Proceeds from Raffle	202 - 00
		Buffet RNA Northampton	240 - 50
		Proceeds from Raffle	88 - 20
		Social HMS Eaglet 21-6-92	114 - 50
		Social HMS Eaglet 13-12-92	57 - 00
		ReUnion Chatham 23-9-92	300 - 00
		Proceeds from Raffle	67 - 00
		ReUnion South Wales 29-8-92	162 - 00
		Proceeds from Raffle..	60 - 00
		ReUnion UJC 25-11-92	513 - 70
		Proceeds from Raffle	70 - 00
		ReUnion VSC 10-3-93	340 - 00
		Proceeds fro Raffle	34 - 47
		ReUnion HMS Drake 17-3-93	113 - 50
		ReUnion Streaton Hotel 127-3	712 - 50
		Proceeds from Raffle	39 - 00
		ReUnion HMS Nelson 22-5-93	724 - 50
Total C/Fwd	<u>37,323 - 88</u>	Total C/Fwd	<u>25,621 - 04</u>



I N C O M E

B/Fwd 37,323 - 88  
 International ReUnion  
 July 92 20,294 - 50  
 Sales Tickets Goodison  
 Park..... 66 - 25  
 Sales for Xmas Draw 5,136 - 00  
 Video Tapes re  
 International ReUnion 162 - 00

Renewal Subscriptions  
 for 1993/94 4,586 - 00

Total 67,568 - 63

I N C O M E 67,568 - 63

E X P E N D I T U R E 52,420 - 97

B A L A N C E 15,147 - 66

Cash in Current Account 8,412 - 70

Cash in Deposit Account 7,300 - 31

Total 15,713 - 01

Cheques not cashed 480 - 35  
 35 - 00  
 25 - 00  
 25 - 00  
 Total 565 - 35

Total 565 - 35

E X P E N D I T U R E

Tickets for Royal  
 Tournament.. 390 - 00  
 International ReUnion  
 July 92.. 23,791 - 56

Tickets for Goodison  
 Park... 400 - 00  
 Expenses for Xmas Draw 1,377 - 90

Cost of Video Tapes 189 - 18

Secretary, Postage/  
 Stationery/Telephone cost 146 - 77

2 Copies Charities Act  
 1992 21 - 20

R.D. Squires Expenses  
 to Moscow, Murmansk,  
 & Archangel.... 483 - 32

Total 52,420 - 97

STOP PRESS

From new member, George Thomas of Western Australia: "I was particularly interested in the article on "Captain Class" frigates in the June edition, the name LAWFORD caught my eye. In May 1944 I found myself in R.N.B. Portsmouth and, thinking I was to proceed to MERCURY (Signal School) to take a course for W/T.3, I found myself at MASTADON on loan to Combined Operations. On the eve of the Normandy landings I joined LAWFORD with other communication ratings as communication staff to Captain Pugsley GJ1. As we climbed aboard, ships company 'sparkers' said, "wait till you see the small escape hatch in the W/T Office we have to use when the ship gets sunk". The landings at Juno beach apparently went according to plan a Captain Pugsley became Captain of Patrols. As such, we left the anchorage at dusk on 6 and 7 June, returning at dawn each time, however, on 8 June our return was interrupted by a Typhoon aircraft which strafed us and put rockets into our port side causing LAWFORD to break her back. The office door jammed and we formed a queue at the escape hatch, which, despite it's size, we were able to negotiate. I also decided not to make a career of channel swimming. So the flotilla that were mauled by Typhoons and LAWFORD have a lot in common. I had no idea what class of ship LAWFORD was until I read the article.

From Derek Swift (N°793) of Truro: "I was delighted to read the article about the work of the Fl et Minsweepers in Edition 32. I served in JASON and have abiding memories of the bleakness and cold in the arctic waters. There was no respite when we were tied up alongside in Polyarnoe due to air raids. BRITOMART was our sister ship at the time. I was unaware that JASON survived the air attack from the Typhoons as I had left the ship by then. I had heard she was with BRITOMART at the time. It would be interesting to hear more about that unfortunate episode. Perhaps Jack Hayes (N°728), who was Leading Signaller and Killick of the Mess, could supply some information.

I have not read the official publication "His Majesty's Minesweepers" and wonder if it mentions the secret operation we undertook in 1943 in support of the mini-sub attack on Tirpitz in the Norwegian Fiords. Memories are blurred at this distance of time, but I remember the feeling of setting out into the unknown when we left Kola Inlet at night - just BRITOMART and JASON. It turned out that we were to patrol and pick up any survivors, but, unfortunately, we drew a blank and returned to Polyarnoe.

Of course other duties apart from convoy escort were sweeping a channel between the Kola and Archangel. I do hope that other members of 1st and 6th Flotillas will contribute their experiences particularly my JASON shipmates.

From John Gilhooley (N°786) from Bonnyrigg, Scotland: I would like to buy photographs or copies of the County Class cruisers KENT, BERWICK, CORNWALL, SUFFOLK, and CUMBERLAND also HMAS AUSTRALIA and CANBERRA. I intend to write the story of KENT's first commission on the China Station 1928 - 31. I am still trying to purchase copies of "HMS VICTORY R.N.B." and "HMS EXCELLENT" (Whale Island) both pre-WW2.

From Arthur Bartle (N°396) from Portslade, East Sussex: Are you in touch with the "D-Day" people? Just in case not, here is the address: THE D-DAY SOCIETY, 9 SOUTH PARADE, SOUTHSEA, HANTS PO5 2JB.

Focus on 1944: 1994 marks the 50th anniversary of D-Day. At Portsmouth the D-Day Museum will be the focal point for the commemoration of Operation Overlord. The Museum is planning major developments, exciting new displays and better facilities, for the 50th anniversary. Some of the money for these is already committed, but more is needed, and a Development Appeal is in progress. If you would like to know more about the museum's plans, please write for further information.

Signed E.N. Rathbone

Hon. Treasurer. 30th June 1993



STOP PRESS CONTINUED

SNIPPETS FROM THE A.G.M.: It was agreed that the Regulation regarding numbers of elected committee be waived - to allow an increase of a further 3 willing workers.

The Hon Treasurer explained that his accounts were presented as 'a Statement of Accounts' not as a 'Balance Sheet'. He answered several questions regarding items where there was a carry-over of cash from the preceeding year or to the current year. His report was accepted with acclaim.

A Membership review was given, and this included some very encouraging points. Since our formation, nine years ago, we have enrolled 1764 Full Members; we have had 173 notifications of "Crossing The Bar" - there are most certainly others of whom we are not aware; the new Life Membership has proved quite popular with 60 enrolments in the first year - even a couple of 80 year olds whose outlook is positive enough to pay the £601; we have 12 Honorary Members, all active and supportive of the club's aims. Most encouraging is the fact that our Membership Secretary's alarm, early this year, regarding the large number of unpaid subscriptions has been resolved. We now have a mere handful of defaulters, and once again, our new entries far exceed the numbers lost from the various causes.

On a recommendation from committee it was agreed "That there will be no increase in the Subscription Rates during the Current 1993-94 Year: It was agreed that a close monitoring of Overseas Rates be carried out due to the higher postal charges.

A vote of thanks was recorded to all members who have made their donations to the club, whether to offset postage, help pay some other shipmate's subs, or to our club welfare fund. THANKS SHIPMATES.

The date and venue of the next Annual General Meeting will be decided by committee and published in the December edition of Northern Light. Copies of Northern Light are retained at the British, German, American and Australian Libraries, as well as at Cambridge, Oxford, Oslo and Murmansk.



CHRISTMAS LUNCH  
AT H.M.S. DRAKE  
ON  
WEDNESDAY 8 DECEMBER 1993

I wish to reserve \_\_\_\_\_ places at the forthcoming Christmas Lunch in the Warrant Officer's and Senior Rate's Mess.

I will attend the pre-lunch drinks 1200-1300 \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose Cheque/Postal Order for £ \_\_\_\_\_ being payment for \_\_\_\_\_ persons at £13.50 each.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Tel No.....

My guest's name is.....

My Car details are:-

Make.....Model.....

Reg. No.....Colour.....

Signed.....

**IMPORTANT** This form (or a photocopy if you do not wish to cut your Northern Light,) **must be used when booking.**