
IN DEPTH

Official Newsletter of the Submariners Association

Patron: Admiral the Lord Boyce GCB OBE DL

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The Submariner

"Of all the branches of men in the Forces there is none which shows more devotion and faces grimmer perils than the Submariner, great deeds are done in the air and on the land, nevertheless nothing Surpasses your exploits."

Sir Winston Churchill 1943

EDITORIAL

Fellow Submariners

Hello, it's me again. Just as I was putting the final touches to this issue the Submarine Service has excelled itself once again. I refer of course to the rescue of the seven Russian submariners. I have had to shuffle the dits about and remove some so I apologise to anyone who has sent in a dit and it is not printed. Next one hopefully. I have written to RASM congratulating him, the Submarine Service and Cdr Ian Riches for the exemplary way in which they conducted themselves. For those not aware Ian Riches is a member of the Scottish Branch of the Submariners Association, which brings it a little nearer home.

Reunion 2005

The reunion arrangements are coming along fine. Numbers are slightly down on last year, so if you want to go, get your name in quick with Rick Elrick before we have to close the applications. I have included the draft

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programme so that you have an idea of what is happening over the weekend. Note that the photo will be immediately prior to the Reunion Dinner. We also have an exclusive stag bar form those that wish to spin dits without having to watch their Ps & Qs. The large room just up the stairs from the reception will also have a bar all evening, so you do not have to crush into the small bar downstairs.

We have decided on a different policy for the photos this year. Instead of producing a hard copy print of the reunion photo which has been a logistical nightmare the past few years we are going to put every photo taken over the weekend by the photographer onto a CD probably around 40 – 50 photos. You can then view them on a PC or a DVD player. For those who do not have either of these machines simply take them along to your nearest Boots, they will show your photos, and you can select those you want to print. Basically, you will be getting a CD of all the photos taken for not much more than the cost of one reunion photo from previous years. Guys, we are in the 21st century, we have the technology, let's use it.

As decided at the conference the reunion dinner will be in two dining rooms, one stag for Full Members only and the other for

HON VICE PRESIDENT
BILL ELLIOT MBE

There had been a notable absentee from the NMC meetings in London over the last year or so; it was unfortunately Bill Elliott who found travelling in from Sutton more than a bit trying. We decided that a 'Certificate of Appreciation' plus an NMC Crest be presented to Bill for his long and distinguished service to our organization. When this was decided I was asked to make the presentation on the Chairman's behalf. I arranged with the local newspaper for a reporter and photographer to attend, but Bill with typical modesty told me he and Peg would be happier for a private ceremony at home.

Bill joined SOCA in 1946 following service in boats throughout the war years. There was then, he told me, only London and Pompey branches and membership had only lately been extended to include WW2 veterans! He served as Secretary/Treasurer until 1956 when in November of that year SOCA became a National organisation; Pompey withdrew from SOCA as their Secretary, Irving Chapman, had been against the idea from the outset.

Bill served on the General Purposes Committee (GPC) as well as holding office within the London branch. He succeeded Harold Rose as National Chairman and served until 1967 when other commitments forced his resignation and George Day, who had succeeded him wrote in April 1968 that Bill had been elected a Vice-President of SOCA and he attended meetings until 2003. Delightful company always and ever willing to help both established members and newcomers to the management team Bill epitomises the very best values we should all strive to maintain in our dealings with our fellow submariners and the world at large.

Adding a bottle of Scotch for Bill and some flowers for Peg I arrived at their home in Sutton and following the presentation and some picture-taking I spent some happy hours lowering the level in the bottle, enjoying the snacks Peg had made and generally swinging the lamp with a great couple of octogenarians. Far from being a duty it was the greatest pleasure and I look forward to my next visit to collect some archive material from our early days that Bill has donated to us.

Ted Hogben. Vice-Chairman.

our ladies and guests, and of course those who choose to dine with their ladies and guests. I can promise you the dividing wall will not be raised this year neither will the guests side be able to hear the toasts and speeches.

And finally Colin (The Bear) Way has said that he will entertain the members with his pole dancing exploits again this year. Not sure if this will be before or after he manages to fuse the hotel as he did last year.

REUNION 2006

I am sure that you do not need reminding that in 2006 we celebrate 50 years as an

IN DEPTH

association first as the Submarine Old Comrades Association (SOCA) and for the past few years as the Submariners Association.

I tasked the reunion committee to investigate potential venues and come up with something suitable. The two submarine bases cannot take us and Fort Blockhouse is really a dead duck.

At the last NMC meeting we deliberated over a short list and have decided to go for the Britannia International in Canary Wharf in London.

Here is the report to justify our decision.

As directed at the NMC meeting on April 9th 2005 I have checked fifteen venues as possible locations for the 2006 reunion.

Seven were immediately discarded as they could not provide the facilities and special requirements we were looking for.

Those short listed and considered were,

The Norbreck Castle Hotel, Blackpool. Same prices as Liverpool (same group) but I felt that we should not go to the same part of the country every year, and in addition I had reports that their rebuilding programme is not yet completed.

Britannia Hotel Coventry, same deal as Liverpool (same group) however, whilst it was worth considering I felt that there was not the variety of interests in the location for people to visit.

Chelsford Grange Hotel Kenilworth near Warwick. Pricey £150pp for Friday and Saturday, £85 pp for any additional nights.

Stratford Moat House £140 pp extra nights £40 pp. However hire of room for church services £1000, plus other extra costs.

Harrogate Moat House, much the same as above but 'only' £200 per day for room for church and photo shoots.

Warners & Butlins. Not suitable, One can't take us the weekend we want nor sit us all at the same time. The other has already got bookings for 'under 25 nights but can take us in.

Chatham. I thought this might be a good venue that may interest our members. Alas there is only one hotel within 14/15 miles of the area large enough to accommodate us but they were not interested. Ted looked at this one for me, unfortunately not practical.

International Hotel Canary Wharf London. (Britannia Group)

This hotel is offering us a very reasonable deal. £140pp but with one or two 'includes' which we had to pay for at some of the others.

Have considered all the possibilities this was recommended to the NMC. Next year is the 50 anniversary of the SA in its present form, and as the London branch were the forerunners of our association it would be appropriate to return to their area. It will be easily reached by all branches though I appreciate that the travelling time will vary greatly.

VE/ VJ 60th Anniversary Celebrations.

I would like at this point to start off by congratulating Ian Tyson for his work in ensuring that the Submariners Association were well represented and were the pick of the parade in the two major functions of the year. All those who attended both at Southsea and in London can also

give themselves a big pat on the back. The reports I have received all state without contradiction that the Submariners Association platoons did themselves proud.

Ian has been our Parade Marshall stalwart since the 100 year celebrations in Barrow in 2001 and in that time he has not missed a major parade or official undertaking.

Ian has finally decided to hang up his boots and call it a day. He is standing down as from the New Year so we will still be able to enjoy his parade marshalling skills at the Embankment Parade and of course a week later at the Cenotaph Remembrance parade. Thanks for everything you have done for the Association Ian, and I know that we can call on him for advice at any time.

Letter from Colchester

Dear Dave

My members have asked me to write to you about the 'In Depth' Newsletter.

The first thing that they wanted me to say is how much they enjoy reading it and to pass on their thanks for all your hard work producing it every quarter.

They wondered if it would be possible to have a 'Readers Letters section in the same way that most national press and in fact the old SOCA News did. This would give members the chance to comment and enlarge on articles appearing in the Newsletter.

David Griffiths – Hon Sec

Ed – Well there you have it guys, get the quills out and send in your letters for future issues.

Dear Chairman

On Wednesday 30th June, I alongside 18 Standard Bearers represented our branches and more importantly the Submariners Association at the Trafalgar 200 Drumhead service and parade on Southsea common. On Sunday 10th July I was again parading my

branch standard together with 20 other branch Standard Bearers in London for the 60th commemoration of WWII, again making our commitment to the Association. I, and the Portsmouth branch standard bearer being WWII veterans were selected for the group to parade before and be inspected by HM Queen before leading the massed Standards and parade down the Mall and into the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. An honour for us both and dare I suggest for the Association.

On both occasions there were large marquees on both Southsea common and in St James Park where ex-service organisations set up shop to advertise and recruit members i.e. RNA, RBL, RMA, RAFA, Landing Craft Patrol Service, Minesweepers etc. Where were the Submariners? It seemed to us at 60ft with their heads down and felt the NMC were not interested in becoming involved. If our National Parade Marshall could organise 19 Standards for Southsea and 21 for London by liaison with the MoD and RNA then why not the NMC doing something. Two golden opportunities lost. It is commendable that after the bombing in London on the Thursday and the disruption of travel within the capital the effort made by the 21 Standard bearers was remarkable. From Northern Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England we carried our Association branch Standards with pride and dignity but felt let down by the NMC. I shall be raising the matter for discussion at my next branch meeting.

S.D. Hancox

Ed – I have replied to Mr Hancox privately.

A woman meets a Submariner CPO in a bar. They talk; they connect; they end up leaving together.

They go back to his place. As he shows her around his apartment, she is struck by the fact that his

bedroom is completely packed with sweet, cuddly teddy bears. There are literally hundreds of teddy bears on three shelves running the length of the room along one wall.

Small, adorable teddy bears fill the bottom shelf. Cute, cuddly medium-sized ones adorn a shelf a little higher. Huge enormous bears are perched on the top shelf along the wall.

The woman is quite surprised that a Chief would have a collection of

teddy bears, especially one that's so extensive. Although she decides not to question him about it, she actually is quite impressed by this unexpected evidence of his sensitive side!

She turns to him; invitingly.....they kiss softly.....then again.

Soon their passion has overwhelmed them, and she leads him quietly to the huge king-size bed along the far wall.

After spending an intense night of passion with the Chief and they are lying there together in the afterglow, the woman slowly rolls toward him and asks, smiling, "Well, how was it for you?"

The Chief, stifling a slight yawn replies: "Help yourself to any prize from the bottom shelf."

That's all fer noo

Dave

THE INTERNATIONAL RESCUE HERO'S OF THE SEA

Royal Navy rescuers were praised as heroes by the Russians yesterday after they saved seven submariners from certain death 625ft beneath the Pacific.

The British team flew almost half way round the world in a mercy mission to free the Russian crew who had only 10 to 12 hours of oxygen left after three days in the frigid darkness.

In an operational of high drama, they used a remote-controlled Scorpio 45 robot to cut away a tangle of fishing nets and the antennae cables of a top secret Russian undersea listening station which had snared the Soviet-era Priz AS-28 mini-sub. Last night Commander Ian Riches, who led the British rescue team, said the operation had been 'very difficult'.

He added 'If we'd not been able to cut them free they would have died'.

He said the 44ft Russian mini-submarine had been 'well and truly trapped' and the unmanned British craft had to be manoeuvred in a confined area.

Conditions for the Russian sailors were 'pretty awful' as their air ran out and levels of carbon dioxide built up. He said 'Lets put it this way, it must be like being inside a lift trapped between floors but a lot lot deeper, cold and lonely.'

The mini-sub crew were taken to hospital for routine check-ups after the captain Vyacheslav Milashevski was able to pilot the craft to the surface once the British robot had freed it.

Milashevski looked pale and drained but smiled as he reached dry land. 'We all feel fine he said we kept believing that help would come.'

But it had been a close shave. The crew had managed to preserve enough oxygen only by lying flat on their cramped bunks as the temperature dropped to 5c in the submarine, which lay on the seabed off Russia's eastern coast.

Their escape brought relief for their relatives, who had feared the crew would ensure the same fate as the sailors on the submarine Kursk, which went down in the Barents Sea with the loss of all 118 men 5 years ago.

Captain Milashevski's wife Yelena wept as she cuddled their 23 month old twins and said 'They called me from the chief-of-staffs office with the great news'.

'It was such a joy; I cried with happiness, I danced. My husband was examined by the medics and there's nothing wrong with him and his comrades. They are all heading home.'

The only undersea equipment the Russians had capable of freeing

the mini-sub was on a commercial contract diving to the wreck of the Titanic.

So they called for international help, and the race against time began.

The Americans also sent a team, but it was the British who were ready for action first.

The Scorpio is managed and operated from the Royal Navy contractors Rumic Ltd, based in Renfrew Glasgow and is on 24 hour stand-by for emergencies the world over.

Moscow scrapped its usual red tape to allow the 29-strong rescue and support team to fly 9,380 miles direct to the nearest port at Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky in Siberia 45 miles from the stricken submarine.

Commander Riches and 5 civilian technical experts rigged up their computers on a Russian support ship and winched Scorpio down in to the depths on a cable.

Using joysticks, they guided its arm and three cameras by remote control, operating its powerful cutters and slash through antennae cables and nets binding the AS-28.

Underwater television footage showed pieces of net wrapped tightly around the red-and-white striped submarine and the Scorpio pulling them away.

The team manoeuvred for two nail biting hours until the obstructions were removed – and then there was a last moment of anxiety as the submarine remained still.

But after two minutes it broke free and its crew blew a ballast tank, shooting upwards so that within 3 minutes it surfaced.

Russian navy spokesman Igor Dygalo announced ‘The submarine has resurfaced and the 7 submariners are still alive’.

The mission was not without hiccups. At one stage during the early hours of yesterday the Scorpio had to be winched back to the surface for small-scale repairs.

There had also been a danger that it could be winched back to the surface for small-scale repairs.

There had also been a danger that it could be caught in the same net as the mini-sub.

After the successful rescue, Commander Riches said ‘Everyone was absolutely overjoyed’.

The Russians very kindly toasted our success and we did have some drinks with them, but there was work to be done, not least, preparing the kit to return to the UK.

Russian defence minister Sergei Ivanov, placed in charge of the rescue operation by President Vladimir Putin, led the praise for the British rescue team who ‘worked very professionally, quickly and cleverly’.

TV pictures showed him clenching his fists and saying ‘great’ as the mini-sub surfaced.

He said ‘We have seen in deeds, not in words, what the brotherhood of the sea means. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all our sailors and those

who extended us the hand of friendship.

In the first place, of course, this means the English people and Great Britain’s Navy.

Pacific fleet commander admiral Viktor Fyodorov said ‘I thank

Robot that can cut you out of trouble

The Scorpio 45 is one of several submersibles used in the North Sea for helping in rescues or recovering mines, torpedoes and aircraft.

Described as about the size of a smart car, the craft weighs 1.4 tons and can carry an extra 220lb of cargo.

It can reach depths of up to 2,998 feet in seawater and has a top speed of 4 knots.

The Robot is usually operated by a 6 strong team who stay on the surface and give instructions by computer using a joystick to move its gear.

The life-saving equipment it carries includes a robot arm, cameras and a cutting device. Once in position alongside a stricken vessel, it can use its tools to remove debris and obstructions, or give life support to those on board until they can be got out.

Its cutting equipment can scythe through steel cables nearly three inches thick, while it features also include radiation-detection equipment, radar and even an underwater phone system to communicate if necessary with those trapped.

The team in charge of it ready to fly anywhere in the world at a moment’s notice – and in this case were able to get from their Glasgow base to Russia’s Pacific coast faster than the Russian Defence Minister.

everyone including of course the British rescuers. It is worth living for these moments.

He had come under attack from Russian hardliners for allowing Western rescue workers into a zone of the Pacific which was awash with both Russian and American listening devices.

But the admiral said there was no risk to Russian national security and that anyway it was more important to save men’s lives.

In London Defence Secretary John Reid hailed the British rescue skills.

‘I am delighted that we have been able to offer assistance to this rescue operation, which has been fine example of international co-operation in the face of great difficulty he said.’

‘Britain has a world-leading capability in the field of submarine rescue and we have been able to utilise that capability to save lives.’

Tory defence spokesman Julian Lewis said ‘This is a triumph for the versatility, skill and technology of the Royal Navy.’

It also reflects well on the changes in Russia today that her navy chiefs were so much more open about the dilemma they were facing and were prepared to seek international assistance compared with similar situations in the past.

How the dramatic events unfolded

Thursday 04 Aug

A Russian mini submarine with 7 crew became trapped 625ft below the surface of the Pacific Ocean, off the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Friday 05 Aug

06:45 Call to the British submarine rescue team puts them on standby, awaiting an official request for assistance from the Russian authorities.

11:00 Team members arrive at Glasgow’s Prestwick Airport.

14:00 Scorpio 45 remote control rescue submersible arrives at Prestwick.

16:00 An RAC C17 military transport aircraft arrives at the airport ready to transport the team.

17:30 Team leader and submarine rescue expert Royal Navy Commander Ian Riches arrives at RAF Nimrod.

20:00 The team take off for Russia aboard C17 plane.

Sat 06 Aug

6

06:00 British team land in Russia. Their equipment is transferred to the port of Petropavlovsk 6 miles away. There the support equipment for the Scorpio 45 is welded onto the deck of waiting vessel.

16:00 Ship sets sail for the site where the stricken mini submarine is trapped.

Sunday 07 August

00:00 Scorpio 45 starts to work and spends the next 3 hours

cutting the cables which are holding the submarine.

03:00 Minor repairs carried out on Scorpio 45's cutting tool.

04:57 Final cut is made and the submarine blows its tanks. Moments later it resurfaces. The crew are described as safe and well.

10:00 Having been transferred on a navy ship, the sailors arrive on the mainland and undergo checks in hospital. An official

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says their condition is satisfactory.

12:00 Defence minister Sergei Ivanov telephones British Defence Secretary John Reid to express his deepest thanks and appreciation.

14:35 British team leader Commander Ian Riches describes the operation as very difficult.

RUSSIAN SUB CREW DOING WELL FOLLOWING RESCUE

After a terrifying three-day ordeal, the crew aboard a Russian mini-submarine trapped deep below the Pacific Ocean has been rescued.

The sub had been stranded 190 metres below the surface since Thursday after getting caught in deep-sea cables.

On Sunday, a British remote-controlled underwater device called a Scorpio cut the red-and-white-striped sub loose. At 7:17 a.m. Sunday morning local time (11:17 p.m. Saturday ET), the submarine broke the surface and the crew opened the hatch to the fresh air.

"Today was a very happy event," said Admiral Viktor Fyodorov, commander of Russia's Pacific Fleet.

"The crew behaved valiantly over these 76 hours under water, we heard no complaints, all we heard was that they were fine.

"It is worth living for these moments."

The seven submariners emerged looking tired, yet relieved. They were immediately examined in the clinic of a naval ship, and then transferred to a larger vessel to return to the mainland.

Six sailors were brought to a hospital on the mainland and appeared in "satisfactory" condition, naval spokesman Capt. Igor Dygalo said; the seventh was kept aboard a hospital ship for unspecified reasons.

It was a close call for the Russian crew. Their oxygen supply was dwindling and rescuers say there was only enough left to last another 12 hours or so.

The Russian AS-28 submarine had been participating in a combat training exercise Thursday when it became trapped in underwater military antennae used for coastal monitoring.

Officials initially said the sub's propeller was snarled by a fishing net as it participated in military exercises. Then word came the vessel was actually trapped by the antennae. Russian news reports said two concrete anchors weighing 60 tonnes held down the antenna system.

The accident occurred almost exactly five years after the nuclear submarine Kursk sank to the bottom of the Barents Sea after explosions on board. All 118 seamen on board died.

At that time, Russian President Vladimir Putin came under severe criticism for not asking quickly

for international help. This time, he called on help immediately and U.S. and British divers rushed to help.

On Sunday, Russia's foreign ministry Sergei Ivanov thanked Britain, the United States and Japan for their help.

"We have seen in deeds, not in words, what the brotherhood of the sea means," he said.

"I can only thank our English colleagues for their joint work and the help they gave in order to complete this operation within the time we had available," added Rear Admiral Vladimir Pepelyayev, deputy head of the navy's general staff.

The Kremlin said Putin had asked Ivanov to begin investigating the affair. But opposition parties say they will raise the issue in parliament and demand answers from the military about why outside help was needed.

"It is completely incomprehensible why the British have the necessary technology, but we don't. If we can't make effective rescue equipment ourselves, we need to buy it abroad," noted Communist party leader Gennady Zyuganov.

Some of our members were lucky enough to be invited to Buckingham Palace for lunch during the VE/VJ 60th Celebrations. This is the story of one of our members who I have called Albert to protect the innocent.

OLD ALBERT

At Buckingham Palace, in London,
Where the Queen and her Husband Hang Out,
Old Albert the Stoker, went for a do,
There was champagne, oysters, and stout

Now Albert, he was a hero,
And many a brave deed had done,
With his stick, with the horse's head handle
The battle of Falklands he'd won

The ship which bore Albert to glory,
Was Her Majesty's Submarine "Conks",
And under the Ocean he steamed her,
A-Tending and mending the "Donks",

And sometimes the engines would falter,
And turbine would stop with a bump,
But with horses head handle he'd fix it,
And muck up the leave, like a chump

When Maggie got wind of his actions,
Of his untiring efforts below,
She asked that T'Queen as a favour,
A medal on Albert Bestow

When the Duke saw Old Albert at Palace,
To the Queen he turned round and said, Lass,
Yon must be Old Albert what's winning T'war,
Put the lad some champagne in a glass

As the Queen was the medal about bestow
With gesture both noble and great,
Old Albert, with stick held tight in his hand
Said "Thanks Queen meet Murdo me mate"

As mate told T'Queen the full story,
Of how Albert was winning the war,
Young Albert was winking at Lady Ramsbottom,
What he'd met at the Kings Head before

On Albert's chest dangles a medal,
All shiny and gradely and new
Which he wears on his suit with gold badges,
From Bernard's at pounds thirty two

And now when he visits the Kings Head
Where once he'd partake of a stout
He gets Guinness and potted meat wedges
And pasties and trotters for nowt

Book Review

'From both sides of the periscope'

1942 – 2003 An ex-cabin boy's search into events past

By John Mears

'From both sides of the periscope' means just that; John Mears has certainly done his research (and recall) well. His informative recounts of the progress of his Merchant Navy career interspersed with that of various members of the crew of the UD5 is unique.

John's inclusion of the war-time memoirs of various U-Boat crew members are assembled in a very plausible way and makes uncanny reading. Their accounts of patrols and actions tying in with our existing tales. For example the battle of Narvik and Walker RN (the U-Boat Nemesis) seen from a different eye.

A very pertinent point arises, which I have often discussed, is the political situation in Germany at the time. How would each of us have handled it if the National Front had gained power in our country? In Germany there were quality people who did make a stand, but like most, we would keep our heads down and hope that we wouldn't be noticed, and do our job if asked.

Having read various accounts of Merchant Navy life on war-time convoys, this one has no frills and seems very real. In this it gives our 'Targets' something of substance, which I suppose we all prefer (have) to ignore during conflict.

In all a very good and unusual read.

A Snowden. Secretary, Sheffield branch, Submariners Association

REUNION PROGRAMME 2005Thursday 29th September.

PM Arrival of members who have booked an extra night; make your own arrangements in hotel.
You are booked in for dinner B&B.

Friday 30th September.

- 1200 (rooms may not be ready for occupation before 1430, a baggage storage area will be provided)
Main arrival of members and their guests. Check in with hotel staff who will allocate rooms and take bookings for Friday night's dinner (this will be staggered from 1730 onwards, so it is essential to book.)
- 1700 A bar will be open in the area to the left of the main lounge and will remain open all evening for the exclusive use of the Association. Please use it.
1800. A welcoming 'Tot' time will be held in this bar. (last approx.1 hour)

Saturday 1st October

- 0730 - 0900 Breakfast in Jenny's restaurant.
- 1000 Assemble in 'Church' for laying up of Standards.
- 1030 - 1600 Coaches and mini bus available to take guests to Historic Ships at Birkenhead and to the Albert Docks. Other venues will be considered on request.
- 1815 Assemble for group Reunion Photo
On completion, Bar at entrance to the Banqueting rooms will be open for pre-dinner drinks.
This bar will be open throughout the evening after the dinner has finished and will remain open whilst it is being used or until 0200 whichever is earliest.
On completion of dinner a private bar will be open for members only (stag) in the Crosby Room. This bar also will be open throughout the evening after the dinner has finished and will remain open whilst it is being used or until 0200 whichever is earliest.
- 1915 All members and guests to take their seats in the appropriate Dining Room, these will be clearly identified 'Blue' & 'White' as per your tickets.
- 1930 Dinner.

Sunday 2nd October

- 0730 - 0900 Breakfast in Jenny's restaurant.
- 1000 Church service
On completion guests disperse as per their own programme.

Other items.

Car parking, there is a car park available at a charge of £10 for the weekend, make sure you ask for one if required.

Prices in the bars will be the same throughout the weekend (what the hotel call their 'wedding' prices) which are considerably less than normal.

There will be a Happy Hour in the bar downstairs but it is hoped that lady guests will prefer the main lounge bar as it has been booked for our use.

Arrangements have been made for the Museum Shop to use the same facility as last year.

There will be Rum & Sherry for our Friday tot time and also for wine to be on the tables.

SUBMARINERS ASSOCIATION**NATIONAL DRAW 2005 WINNERS**

<u>No.</u>	<u>Ticket No.</u>	<u>Prize</u>	<u>Selling Branch</u>	<u>Name/contact</u>
1	14558	£1,000	Merton	E Mundy
2	5814	£500 Travel Voucher	South Kent	D. Holland
3	9776	£250	Gosport	D Daley
4	6914	£100	N. Ireland	F Marks
5	741	£100	Scottish	T. Killen
6	11396	£50	Scottish	C. Blair
7	2124	£50 PC World Voucher	N. Ireland	C McCullough
8	15515	£50 Garden Ctre Voucher	Taunton	W. Martin
9	9775	£50 B&Q Voucher	Gosport	.Daley
10	6887	Case of Wine	N. Ireland	I. Kennedy
11	5191	Ladies & Gents Watches	Dolphin	R Farnfield
12	13236	Bottle Malt Whisky	N. Ireland	D Mc Grady
13	11090	Bottle Malt Whisky	South Kent	Jan Pearce
14	14936	Bottle Malt Whisky	Plymouth	D Patterson
15	1021	Bottle Malt Whisky	Scottish	A McPherson
16	03451	Bottle Malt Whisky	W. Scotland	R. Wishart
17	7517	Bottle Malt Whisky	Medway	E Hogben
18	11602	Luxury Box Chocs	Barrow	D. Tull
19	7680	New Book 'Submarines'	W. Scotland	M Haworth
20	13380	New Book 'Submarines'	Blyth	H. Kelly
21	8225	6 bottles of Wine	Medway	J Jones
22	1233	Bottle Whisky	Scottish	J. Wilson

ROYAL NAVAL SUBMARINE MUSEUM Update July 2005

The John Fieldhouse Building

This major project was formally handed over by the main contractor on time and is now being readied for fitting out and the installation of our treasured artefacts. I had the privilege of attending a Friends of The Museum AGM in this wonderful building last week and I know it will be a great success. The planned date of August 1st for opening to the general public is still well on track with the official opening during the second week of September now a reality.

For obvious reasons, the official opening will be by invitation only and those fortunate to have such an invitation will be notified in good time.

The Area of Remembrance

This project which is close to our heart is also coming along nicely and when I visited on Sunday 26th June the paved groundwork was virtually complete ready for the principal features to be installed and horticultural trimmings completed. The opening will be announced in due course. It was hoped that

this event would coincide with the official opening of the JFB but this will not now be possible.

HMS Alliance

I visit Alliance regularly, taking friends and family down and at the risk of repeating myself I must say she looks good inside after her internal refit. The guides do a sterling job and it goes without saying that Submarine humour creeps into every tour.

Friends of the Museum

I have been asked to bring to your attention the organisation of The Friends of The Museum and the good works they do for our Museum.

This group of well-intentioned people have put a lot of effort, time and finance into The Museum in general and the Area of Remembrance in particular (Tens of thousands of pounds)

I would like you to consider becoming a friend of the Museum.

For about 30p per week you can become a member and you would thereby qualify to visit the Museum as often as you

liked, free of charge and if you wanted, accompanied by one guest also free of charge.

I urge you all to consider this opportunity to do some good on a personal level for the Museum and may I also reiterate the words of a Senior Submarine Admiral who I met at the AGM, "This organisation is for all Submariners and their families, past and present and not just for Officers"

Rear Admiral Paul Hoddinott CB OBE firmly believes that younger men and women with Submarine background should join this great organisation and thereby help with the future of The Submarine Museum.

I am in a position to link you with the Secretary of The Friends in order to send you the appropriate documentation and information. If you are a UK taxpayer you can also help at no cost to yourself by declaring it. I have had an application form included in this copy of In Depth appearing as an annex.

Roy Dixon
NMC - Trustee RNSM

ANOTHER OLD ONE FROM BELFAST

John Erskine the Northern Ireland branch chairman goes to the Doctor with botty problems...

"Dactor, it's me backsoide. I'd loik ya ta teyhk a look, if ya woot".

So, the doctor gets him to drop his pants and takes a look. "Incredible" he says, "There is a £20 note lodged up here."

Tentatively he eases the twenty out of Johns arse, and then a £10 note appears.

"This is amazing!" exclaims the Doctor. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well fur gadness sake teyhk it out, man!" shrieks John.

The doctor pulls out the tenner and another twenty appears, and another and another and another, etc.... Finally the last note comes out and no more appear.

"Ah Dactor, tank ya koindly, dat's moch batter, how moch is dare den?"

The Doctor counts the pile of cash, "£1,990 exactly."

(Wait for it.....)

"Ah, dat'd be roit. I knew I wasn't feeling two grand."

FITTING TRIBUTE TO THE TRAGIC HEROES OF THE A8

Ford Park Cemetery hosts ceremony to remember lost submariners

More than 120 people flocked to a moving ceremony marking the 100th anniversary of the funeral of 15 submariners. Descendants of those lost joined descendants of survivors and rescuers as well as current service personnel and civic dignitaries at the ceremony at Ford Park Cemetery yesterday (15 June 2005).

The service was held in The Victorian Chapel of the city cemetery, where 11 of the 15 crewmen who died when the A8 submarine went down in Plymouth Sound in 1905, are buried.

Dr Henry Will, chairman of the Ford Park Cemetery Trust described the ceremony as a 'suitable tribute' to those who lost their lives. "The event went really well," he said. "The chapel was full to capacity and people were left to stand outside. We must have welcomed about 120 people which was great. It was very moving at times and people were genuinely moved."

Dr Will said that organisers were especially delighted to welcome special guests to the ceremony which included

Commodore D W Pond Royal Navy - Commanding Officer of HMS Raleigh, Commander Peter McDonnell - who is in charge of submariner training at HMS Raleigh, The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of the City of Plymouth. The event was also attended by a great nephew of Stephen Birch, an Able Seaman on board the submarine. Two grandsons of Captain Richard Johns - who was the skipper of the chanticleer trawler which rescued four members of the submarine's crew who were on the casing as she sank - also attended.

Sailors from HMS Raleigh's Submarine School have been working closely with the Ford Park Cemetery Trust since an appeal was launched earlier this year to raise money to renovate the headstones of the submariners.

The congregation also included four-year-old Jasmine Francis, from Plymouth, who raised £124 for the restoration appeal by organising a lucky dip at her nursery.

During the two-mile funeral procession from the Dockyard

Chapel to Ford Park Cemetery in 1905, it is believed that up to 100,000 people lined the route. It was the largest funeral Plymouth had seen for some 20 years.

An exhibition on the A8 Submarine and its crew was open to the public from 16 June to 20 June between 11am and 4pm. There was no charge for entry to the exhibition, which is being held at The Victorian Chapel at Ford Park Cemetery.

The original A8 bell has been loaned from the Submarine Museum in Gosport to form the centrepiece of the exhibition.

Additional Notes.

The Scripture Reading - Commodore D W Pond Royal Navy CO HMS Raleigh

The Restoration Brief - Dr Henry Will Chair Of Trustees Ford Park Cemetery

A8 History Cdr Peter McDonnell Royal Navy OIC RN Submarine School

Courtesy of Evening Herald

A8 Eulogy

Vic Cavell – Chairman Submariners Association Plymouth Branch

We are gathered here today to pay tribute to these gallant men and fellow submariners, who, 100 years ago gave their lives for, as we now know, the greater good. The 15 Crew members of A8 who perished.

Without these pioneers this great nation would not have had the capacity to inflict the wounds on the foe in both World Wars and more recently the exploits achieved during the Cold War.

As it is, this country is, to this day, in need of the submarine in providing a nuclear deterrent, which for the past 40 plus years has allowed us to go about our business in peace.

It is therefore fitting, that 100 years on, these brave souls are remembered. I say brave in the full meaning of the word, and not as the glib superlative, to often bestowed for everyday tasks, by modern society. And what better way to remember them, than by rededicating their final resting places, which were so vandalised that all the grave markers have had to be replaced.

I am pleased to see here the next generation of submariners from the submarine school in HMS RALEIGH, along with pupils from Plymouth College. I hope that you will all take away from today this lesson;

If we forget our past, how can we hope to have a future, because life is a learning curve and you can only learn from the past.

Let us remember those who crossed the bar and are on their final patrol – the Crew of A8

30 THINGS WRONG WITH THE NAVY

1. I would like to be able to run the risk of getting up on the wrong side of the bed in the morning.
2. I don't like being told what to do in my trade by someone with a Bachelor of Arts degree.
3. My definition of fun is what the Navy calls "Prejudicial Behaviour".
4. I would get more mail drops if I were in Alcatraz Maximum Security Prison.
5. I like to choose who shares my bedroom. i.e. less than 15 other men I have never met.
6. I don't like chasing my meals across the table.
7. I have heard so much about weekends, I would like to try one.
8. At my age I no longer feel there is a need for someone to inspect my bedroom, bathroom, lounge room and dictate to me how many beers I am allowed and when.
9. I like the idea of dialling "999" as an immediate action upon discovering a fire.
10. I feel silly having to wave an empty fire hose at a pretend fire only to be told I am doing it wrong by someone who studied Russian History at university.
11. I can chuck £1 in any machine at Gamezone and get just as many flashing lights and buzzers, and then go home.
12. Paying for a holiday isn't such a sacrifice if, I get there quicker, get to choose the destination and don't have to work when I get there.
13. I like to have my workmates learn my name by introduction rather than by looking at my left breast pocket.
14. I like showering barefoot.
15. It is difficult to feel safe at night in the knowledge that someone with three years studying Czechoslovakian politics behind them is determining the course of 6600 tonnes of metal, 30,000 horse power of donk and an arsenal big enough to wield death to the planet.
16. If I want to chuck a sickie, I don't want to have to come to work to prove it.
17. I like to be able to get at my clothes without having to unlock them.
18. I would like to read today's paper...TODAY.
19. I would prefer the chain of command to be something my girlfriend uses on me in the bedroom.
20. I feel there is no real need to work 1 hour behind Greenwich.
21. I like walking to my lounge room safe in the knowledge that there will be a seat for me.
22. I like my workplace to be driving distance, not up a ladder and down a passageway.
23. I prefer my alarm clock waking me up as opposed to some dickhead blowing on a whistle.
24. I'd like to be able to have a cigarette in my own home even if there is an aircraft within a five mile radius.
25. I would like to fuel my car while it is not moving.
26. I'd prefer to have a fence around my swimming pool rather than a sentry watching it with a headset, a SA80 rifle and a bag of flares.
27. I would prefer to get bad news from a policeman or family member rather than someone younger than me whom I have to address as "Sir".
28. I would like to consult a professional about my health.

50 YEARS ON. **SIDON REMEMBERED**

Those words, I think, began a song we used to sing at school in the 1940's. Little did I know just how significant they would mean in later life?

On Tuesday 14th June, I boarded the train at Windermere and transferred to a Pandalino at Oxenholme to begin a nostalgic journey to Portland - 50 years ago it was the old steam train.

Arriving at the Portland Heights Hotel in the early evening, I became rather apprehensive about meeting my oppos of 50 years ago. Questions raced through mind, most of them negative. However, it was not long before a gentleman approached me. "It is Tansy isn't it" he said. I recognised the voice immediately so was able to reply "Simmo, you old sod" or something to that effect. And so began a most fantastic 3 days of renewing friendships forged over 50 years when we commissioned Sidon at Cammell Laird in Birkenhead. Every single Sidon was easily recognisable by voice and mannerisms, but not physically. During the next few hours, Sidon survivors of 50 years ago kept arriving until there were 20 of us, and it was really amazing because we all acted as if we had never been apart, we were still that close knit community known only to the old diesel/electric boats. What a fantastic atmosphere there was - lamps were swinging and dits were fast and furious. One of the crew, who was small and light weight in stature pleaded with us not to hang him up anywhere - apparently when on Sidon, if he became a bit stropy we used to hang him up on the rear door of the torpedo tube.

On the Wednesday night, all the Sidon crew and relatives of those killed were guests at the yacht club. Beer was good and reasonably priced, and everybody enjoyed moving around getting to know each other. Admiral Sir James Perowne couldn't resist a dig at me when he said "you have done a good job at getting this thing started Tansy, do you think you could organise some good weather for tomorrow." But it was not to be.

Thursday 16th June dawned and it was soon evident that the weather would be a problem. A swirling sea mist surrounded the hotel, and the wind was strong. It was expected that there would be about 400 people attending the Commemoration and Unveiling ceremony, but the Memorial Stone could not be seen for the mist. The stone had been donated by Mr. Shahram Hakimzadeh, Portland General Manager of Hanson PLC, who in the past had been a submariner in the Imperial Iranian Navy. The carving had been done by Paul Brown and the Weymouth College.

Proceedings began at 1030 when the Sidon crew and relatives boarded two coaches to take them down to Portland Port. Everyone gathered at the inner breakwater and at 1100 the Coastguard helicopter passed a wreath to the Weymouth lifeboat. At a selected spot the lifeboat crew lowered a weighted buoy onto the water followed by the wreath attached to a line. This done the helicopter, facing the

crowd on the quayside, bowed three times then flew away to base. You could feel the emotion amongst those attending. At that time I don't think there was a dry eye in the crowd especially among the Sidon crew and when the lifeboat, having completed a large circle around the wreath almost came alongside with the crew standing to attention and saluting us, many on the quayside just cracked up. I have never experienced anything like that before. All the ships in the harbour were flying their ensigns at half mast which was very moving, and when Canadian Padre Gordon McCloud (cousin of the Canadian who was killed) started experiencing difficulty in conducting the service through intense emotion, it was evident that we were witnessing a very special event. All the Sidon were reliving the accident and its aftermath, it was very traumatic. I was shaking so much I could hardly hold my Order of Service steady - the last time I experienced that as on survivors leave on 17th June 1955. When I saw the doctor on that occasion he said, "I can't help you Colin but here", and he produced a half crown, "the best thing you can do is go to the Unicorn and get pissed". And which of course I did.

All the people on the quayside re-boarded the buses and returned to the hotel where the main event was to take place at 1200. Unlike at the harbour where the mist had been light and the wind as light, at the hotel there was still swirling

mist and a strong wind. On 16th June 1955 it had been a beautiful, sunny day with the water like glass. At 1145, the Standards were paraded with all the bearers struggling to hold onto their standards. I was half expecting one of them to be blown over the edge of the cliff. The Rev. Canon David Henley, an ex submariner, conducted a very moving service, and everybody sang the hymns lustily, probably to keep warm. Rear Admiral Paul Lambert unveiled the Memorial Stone, and the daughter of Surg. Lt. Rhodes, who was killed in the accident, laid a wreath on behalf the relatives. Admiral Sir James Perowne presented the White Ensign to Hugh Verry Commanding Officer of the Sidon at the time of the accident and he in turn handed

it over to Commander Rupert Best, President of the Dorset branch of the Submariners Association for safe keeping.

At the end of the ceremony, everybody retired to the hotel for a buffet and drinks. This was the time to relax and move about amongst the guests, which the Sidon crew did. Later on when people started moving away, time came for goodbyes, but this time for the Sidon crew it was slightly different from 50 years earlier. In 1955 we were dispersed amongst the submarine fleet and were able to say "cheerio mate, see you in Singapore, or some other place". This time, and at our time of life there was no certainty we would ever meet again, the only certainly was that our next meeting place would be in a slightly more elevated place.

The Sidon Commemoration and Memorial was expertly organised and carried out, and full credit must be given to the Dorset branch SA especially Brian Hodder and Commander Rupert Best. The cost of the whole event must have been high but I believe it was borne by donations from the Sidon crew and relatives. Apart from the Submariners Association who gave a substantial donation, only one Naval organisation gave a donation and it had no connection to the Submarine Service, and it was expatriate.

Thank you Dorset Branch.

Colin (Tansy) Lee ABRP2
Sidon crew 1955.

Barrow Branch

Bar-B-Q (The Last Real Male Bastion)

- | | |
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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Barbecuing is the only type of cooking a real man will do. When a man declares he will Bar-B-Q, the following chain of events is put into motion: 2. The woman goes to the store and buys meat, bread and beer, taking care not to shake the tins when carrying from shop to car, car to fridge. 3. On return the woman makes the salad, vegetables, and dessert. 4. The woman prepares the meat for cooking, places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils and sauces, and takes it to the man, who is lounging beside the grill, beer in hand. 5. The man places the meat on the grill. 6. The woman goes inside to organize the plates and cutlery. 7. The woman comes out to tell the man that the meat is burning. He thanks her and | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. asks if she will bring another beer while he deals with the situation. 9. The man takes the meat off the grill and hands it to the woman and grabs another beer. 10. The woman prepares the plates and brings them to the table. 11. After eating, the woman clears the table and does the dishes and the man does another beer. 12. Everyone praises man and thanks him for his cooking efforts. 13. The man grabs a beer and asks the woman how she enjoyed her night off. 14. Upon seeing her annoyed reaction, concludes that there's just no pleasing a woman. |
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XE11 SUBMARINERS REMEMBERED 60 YEARS ON

The three Second World War 'midget submariners' who lie buried in Rothesay Cemetery were remembered in a moving service at their unassuming graves on Saturday.

Able Seaman JJ Carroll and Stoker First Class E W Higgins of the Royal Navy, along with Lieutenant A Staples, of the South African Naval Force, drowned on March 6, 1945 when their midget submarine, XE11, collided with a boom defence vessel while carrying out tests in Loch Striven.

Sixty years on, members of the Scottish and West of Scotland branches of the Submariners' Association were joined at Rothesay Cemetery by Bill Morrison, the first lieutenant of XE11 and one of the two men who survived the collision 60 years ago for a simple memorial and wreath laying at the graves of their fallen comrades.

The short visit to Rothesay was incorporated for the first time – at Mr Morrison's request – into an annual memorial trip on the Firth of Clyde to remember the crews of two other navy submarines, HMS Vandal and HMS Untamed which sank off Lochranza and Campbeltown respectively. It is hoped the Rothesay commemoration will become an annual event.

A memorial at Lochranza Pier remembers the crew of the Vandal – whose wreck was discovered in 1994 – while the Untamed's crew are buried in Dunoon Cemetery, where a memorial service was held on Sunday.

Among those present at Saturday's service at Rothesay Cemetery were Captain Jim Boyd, the captain of Faslane submarine flotilla, and the president and vice-president of the Scottish branch of the Submariners' Association.

The roll call of the lost crew members was read by Jim McMaster, secretary of the association's west of Scotland branch, and the prayer and blessing was given by Reverend Pat Lang, former moderator of the Presbytery of Dunoon and an unofficial 'honorary chaplain' to the association.

A lament was played by Dutch piper Rene Oterdoom, invited to play at the cemetery during his weekend-long visit to Bute with the Moto Guzzi Club of Great Britain.

The club's secretary, Serena Powis, is the sister of the first officer on board the RMAS fleet tender Oronsay, which took the party on their Saturday sail from Dunoon to Lochranza and Rothesay before returning to their Cowal base in time for Sunday's service.

Although 39 men of the 12th Submarine Flotilla died in service during WWII only three graves exist.

These are the graves of:

Lt. Staples, Stoker Higgins, and AB Carroll all of XE11

These three of the five man crew from Submarine XE11 are buried side by side in Rothesay Cemetery on the Isle of Bute.

The 12th Submarine Flotilla to which XE11 belonged was in existence for only 3 years yet amassed an incredible list of decorations:

4 VC, 3 CBE, 11 DSO, 1 OBE, 10 MBE, 17 DSC, 6 CGM, 11 DSM, 4 BEM and approximately 100 Mentions in Dispatches.

The following pages are the words of the 1st Lt. of the XE11 Bill Morrison, a member of the West of Scotland Branch. Bill is one of the two who survived that accident and this is the first time in the 60 years since it happened that he has written a detailed account. These are Bill's own words.

BACKGROUND TO XE11 SINKING

By mid 1944 all indications were that the war in Europe was drawing to a successful end and after many successful operations of X-Craft of the X11 Submarine Flotilla, it was

decided to prepare for further operations in the Far East against Japan.

Specially modified craft, ZEs were under construction at Vickers in Barrow and other

engineering works at Chesterfield, Wakefield and Huddersfield under Vickers' supervision. Crews were appointed to each craft i.e. an operational crew of C.O., 1st

Lt., Diver, ERA and two passage crews each consisting of 1 Officer, 1 electrician rating and 1 stoker.

As each craft was approximately 2 weeks before completion, each operational crew stood by their craft at the builders to take over for all sea trials and 'working up' with all crews.

By the end of 1944, all craft were completed and by January '45 a total of 8 XEs were busy 'working up' on all sea trials etc. etc. In February '45 the depot ship 'Bonaventure' left for the Far East to serve under American control. She could only carry 6 craft aboard and it was decided that XE11 and XE12 would be shipped out shortly after on a Liberty ship to join the Flotilla with 'Bonaventure' for operational Flotilla duties wherever 'Bonaventure' was deployed.

The operational crew for XE11 was:

CO. - Lt. Staples SANF,
1st Lt. - Sub Lt. B. Morrison RNVR,
Diver - Sub Lt. G. Newman RNVR,
ERA J. Robson

By the first week of March 1945, XE11 had completed all sea trials and all equipment proved completely satisfactory but on 4th March, we were having serious problems with an important item of equipment called a 'type 151 differential depth gauge', used for indicating the draught of any target ship which we were in the process of attacking. On 5th March '45 the CO 1st Lt. and ERA took to sea on special tests accompanied by two Admiralty boffins who had developed the type 151. After a number of experiments they made certain modifications and adjustments on the equipment and passed it as "A1 - OK"

On 6th March we had to spend the day calibrating the repaired type 151 which entailed submerging to 100ft, catching and maintaining a static trim, then calibrating a screen thereafter rising at 10ft stages, holding a trim and calibrating at each stage. It was decided on that day to give our Diver Newman and ERA Robson a day of rest and to replace them by Spare Crew or Passage Crew members to let them have more experience with the relatively new craft. They were Stoker Higgins, Seaman Torpedo man Carroll and ERA Swatton.

We sailed from Port Bannatyne and proceeded to our exercise area in Loch Striven. We dived and carried out our first trim and calibration at 100ft shortly after 0800.

We carried out all of the calibrations successfully and the type 151 was operating perfectly. By 1100, we had completed all calibrations from 100ft - 30ft during which time the CO and ERA were involved with the type 151 while the 1st Lt. was at the main controls adjusting and maintaining a trim at every stage from 100ft - 20ft. Higgins and Carroll took it in turns to man the steering position and main ballast controls, while making tea and coffee, and everyone still had to move as little and as gently as possible so as not to upset the trim too much.

By 1115 I had been at the main controls since approximately 0700 and was in a 'state'!! where I simply **HAD** to use the 'heads' The CO gave permission for Higgins to take over the control position while I went to the W/D compartment to relieve myself in the 'heads'

On completion, instead of returning to the controls, the CO told me to stay where I

was, as after one more calibration at 10ft he was going to surface to vent the boat and have lunch on the surface around 1200.

At approximately 1120 while coming up to 10ft, there was a considerable bump up forward in the battery compartment indicating that we had collided with or hit something. The craft heeled over to quite an angle before righting itself. The CO asked me to open the battery compartment hatch to ascertain any damage. As I was reporting no apparent damage, there developed a fairly loud grating noise which appeared to be running on our hull from fore to aft. When suddenly the noise of a ship's engine and propeller was obvious and almost simultaneously a major collision rent a huge gash on our pressure hull causing a cascade of sea water about 6" broad shooting into our control room just aft of the main periscope on the port side behind the main control position.

The CO immediately ordered, "Full ahead, Group Up, Hydroplanes, Hard to Rise" and ordering me to open up the hatch as we would all scramble out on breaking the surface. I pulled the hatch clips to the open position but could not open the hatch against the sea pressure and suffered great pain in my neck and shoulders trying to push open the hatch with my head using every ounce of strength I could muster. By this time the craft was flooding furiously and developed an extreme stern down angle. All lighting and power had gone and I realised I was standing not on the deck of the W/D compartment, but on the bulkhead which sectioned off the W/D compartment from the control room. My head was in a pocket of air which was

trapped in a corner of the W/D compartment with most of the area of the escape hatch.

By this time, I was aware that Swatton the ERA was half way in the W/D escape chamber with me, where he had been ordered by the CO to be ready to scramble out while helping me to open the hatch.

As I was having my last thoughts of the life and times of Bill Morrison, the craft suddenly hit bottom, rolled on to an even keel and the air pocket spread evenly over the top of the W/D escape chamber. As I had left the clips of the hatch in the open position, the pressure of the trapped air blew open the hatch shooting the trapped air bubble to the surface with myself and Swatton, who had managed to squeeze himself wholly into the small chamber with me. Alas we both got jammed in the hatchway with the upward thrust of the air bubble. I managed to retract myself into the chamber, at the same time giving him a good push out of the compartment up towards the surface. My lungs were still full of air as compressed at 200ft and I stretched my arms into the control room to feel if I could locate anyone else but to no avail and I immediately pushed myself out of the hatch and propelled myself to the surface. I was unconscious before surfacing and the next thing I remember was lying on my back on the deck of the ship we had collided with, being given artificial respiration, around about noon.

Very shortly, ERA Swatton broke surface and swam around fully conscious, wondering what had happened to his 'Jimmy', who he assumed had escaped with him. His assumption was correct as a few minutes later I broke

surface lying on my back unconscious about ten feet from him. He swam over to me and as he was holding me, I apparently spouted like a whale, convincing him that there was some life left in me! He held on to me!!

All of this was witnessed by the vessel with which we collided and she lowered a boat which picked us up to rush us to Port Bannatyne.

Later it transpired what had happened since 1115 was that in the course of our calibration exercise taking approximately 3 hours, the tide had carried us while in static trim, out of our exercise area into another area where a boom defence vessel had been laying a buoy while lying stationary. Her task was completed at precisely the same time as we decided to come up to 10ft to do our last calibration. This gave us our first impact and then the grating noise was the tide carrying us along her keel. Unaware of our presence, this is when she started her engines. Her ripping our pressure hull gave an awareness of some mishap and she stood by the area as a precaution.

The craft was located and recovered a few days later by helmet divers operating from the vessel we collided with. The craft was in an area marked on charts as varying between 30 – 35 fathoms. The divers that took part in the salvage confirmed their depth indicators showed the depth between 210 – 215ft.

When the three bodies were recovered they each had a DSEA set around their necks and bodies but they were not connected or switched on as they were either killed by being drowned or overcome by

pressure before being able to switch on the oxygen supply.

At the time, I suffered from severe bleeding from nose, ears, and mouth which stopped within the hour but headaches and muscular pain persisted in my head, neck and shoulders for some time, but at the time the diagnosis was that was to be expected after such an experience.

Although occasional headaches and neck pains persisted over many years, they became a condition I got used to and learned to live with.

In the early 1980s I appeared to damage my neck while mounting and fixing a curtain rail in a very awkward and high position.

X-rays, examinations and treatment by specialists diagnosed damage to self-healed fractures on two vertebrae in my neck. After much analysis, it was decided that these two fractures had been caused by the very unusual, extraordinary pressure exerted on my neck by the efforts to force the hatch open with my head and shoulders back in 1945!!!

After considerable research with other Navies throughout the world, in 1974 the Guinness Book of Records listed this escape as the world's deepest escape without breathing or other escape apparatus.

Postscript.

11 days after this tragic event, Bill Morrison celebrated his 21st birthday on St. Patrick's Day, 17th March 1945. The event in the Royal Hotel in Port Bannatyne was well celebrated and remembered by all who attended.

BOBBY AND SUGAR.

continued

Sugar Ochello died in Gibraltar 9th July, 1989 after a long illness: one of the rare facts to surface about him during the research for this article.

Among a number of conflicting stories, Don Burbidge, formerly with the BBC and BFBS also a well-known sports enthusiast, reckons that Sugar was born in Malta, was in the Navy for many years and the United Services Heavyweight boxing champion for two years running. Another says he was born in Gibraltar and was in the Maltese Army.

The picture becomes more clouded as Sugar had a number of brothers, all boxers, including John Ochello, still living in Gibraltar, who was also known as Sugar or 'The White Bomber.

One thing you can be sure of, had you seen Bobby, Minco, Cookie, Peaches and Cream in the bars of Strait Street, Valletta (The Gut) or the Floriana Gut, bars such as The Egyptian Queen, Europa Bar, Rexford, Silver donkey, John Bull bar, Lucky Wheel, White City bar or the Coal Box, Flagship bar, Klondyke Music Hall in Floriana, then in addition to the mentioned Brownhatters, homosexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, Welsh-dressers and undressers you sure as hell would have seen Sugar. Over six foot tall and built like the proverbial brick out-house, Sugar, was an impressive figure and on first sight most matelots would have given him a wide berth.

Into this confused story Ken Mansfield reckons Sugar was a Sick Bay Tiffy on the Minesweeper H.M.S. Plucky. It was said that she was the fittest ship in the Med Fleet -

nobody dared to go sick! Which Ockello was this? Was it OUR Sugar?

Jim Hayes was at R.N.S.S. Glenholt, Plymouth in 1945/1946 when the rumour simply flew around the camp that 'Sugar.' was coming back. Jim was a bit green, having joined in 1944 and not believing all he heard about 'Brown Hatters' but the rumour about 'Sugar from Malta really took over most conversations between June 1945 and December 1945.

One particular night during this period while ratings were fell in for inspection before shore leave, the CPO said to one "Sugar fall out; you are not going ashore with all that make up on. Whoever it was took one step forward; was obviously wiping lipstick off before stepping one step back again.

A story circulating about that time was of a matelot who had supposedly gone up to Sugar in a bar, and called him 'A Brown hatting Bastard' to which Sugar replied 'Brown Hatter - yes, Bastard - no' and hit him oven about three tables with a straight left. Was that OUR Sugar or one of his brothers?

Sugar's prowess with his fists were well-known to most old matelots but as Andy Andrews recalls that didn't apply to nozzers. After Lascaris, Andy was posted to the Boom Defence vessels 'Barspar' and 'Barmill'. An Electrical Mechanic joined from U.K, new to the Island. Going ashore for his first time, his first ride in a Gharry and tasting the local brew, Andy took him to Bobbies bar in Floriana.

Unfortunately he forgot to mention that Bobby and Sugar were queers so when they came out to welcome the two matelot the E.M said "They're. F*****g queers", which upset B&S. Sugar hit him on the jaw and broke it. His first run ashore kept him in Bighi for a month or so. Andy reckons they were, as most regulars knew, both Maltese Army Champion Boxers.

Bill Heath, now living in Edmonton, Canada, remembers Sugar operating in the Egyptian Queen before the war but as his watering hole was the Lucky Wheel the only time he saw Sugar was when he was out walking his dog - in Strada Reale (later Kingsway, and even later Republic Street). Sugar was the epitome of sartorial elegance when out and about, he would always have this very small dog on a very long lead and prance (describing the way he walked) up Strada Reale and nothing could be more comical as you remember he was a very well built man (if legend has it right, the result of being a coal heaver in Gibraltar) wearing an immaculate suit, collar and tie, complete with all the make-up applied that a woman would envy, that's how we would see Sugar during his daily promenades .

One incident worthy of note, maybe, was Sugar complete, with dog on lead. The dog would have dropped into a pint glass, it seems that on this occasion the dog got away and ran off. There was Sugar, walking up and down Strada Reale, crying his eye's out, telling everyone. "I've. lost my doggie." and as funny as it may sound, all the matelots on their way to the watering holes stopped and got together and

eventually found the dog. The punch line was that Sugar was standing there with tears pouring down his face, and his make-up following it, making a right pot mess of his shirt and tie.

Sugar left Malta sometime after Bobby moved to Plymouth and there were reports that he was playing piano in a pub in Chiswick (London) around 1963, but eventually Sugar moved back to Gibraltar and ran a bar called 'The Sugar Bowl'

Mike Noonan remembers Sugar running the Sugar Bowl for many years, very popular with matelots and cruise ship passengers alike. He later ran a tea rooms 'The Honey Pot' with his sister, off Main Street and was often seen mincing down main street with one of those little yappy dogs complete with ribbons and bows.

One dit Mike remembers from the Sugar Bowl is Bobby flying out to visit Sugar and staying in the Holiday Inn, which was very close to the bar. When Bobby departed back to Plymouth he left all his bills for Sugar to deal with, so everybody that used the bar the following weeks received an ear pounding on his opinion of Bobby.

Joan Wintle recalls that Sugar had a nickname in Spanish meaning 'The Sugary One'.

Ted Wallace remembers Sugar taking up residence in Gibraltar and running the Sugar Bowl Bar. Ted saw him trotting up Main Street with a small white poodle, on a lead, complete with bows and ribbons on the poodle. Sugar was built like an all-in heavyweight wrestler and something like a Doberman would have been more appropriate.

Sugar brought Gibraltar to a stand-still when the referendum was held about whether or not Gibraltar should become part of Spain or stay British? Apparently Sugar dressed up as Britannia and marched through Main Street. So many folk turned out to give Sugar a chuck up that it caused traffic chaos and the police had to arrest him for causing an obstruction !

The executive officer of H.M.S. 'Rooke' at that time was also the Provost Marshal between 1965-67 and knew Sugar well in his bar 'The sugar Bowl', and never had any trouble because he always sorted it out.

Dave Thompson was an O.A with a married accompanied

draft in Malta from March 1964 to March 1966. Sugar was there for that period and Bobby for part of it before moving to Plymouth.

In June 1977 Dave received his second married accompanied draft, this time, to Gibraltar. In order to get his family out Dave had to find an uptown flat until a married quarter became available. He found one in Irish Town and soon after the family moved in (around September 1977) Sugar opened up 'The English Tea Rooms' underneath his flat down Irish Town and was still there when the family left for U.K in August 1979. Sugar used to have a moan at Dave's wife, Brenda, as she had to hang the washing out on lines over the well between buildings and, of course, the washing dripped down onto his tables. He did rig a plastic awning over his tables in the end but it was quite funny hearing him admonishing Brenda in his effeminate voice.

So ends the saga of Bobby & Sugar, Legends in their lifetime; maybe not for the best of reasons; but remembered with affection by any one of us who considers themselves "Old Navy".

Coxn's Lament

A Coxn walked into a supermarket unknowingly with his zipper down. A lady cashier walked up to him and said, "*Your barracks door is open*"

Not a phrase that Coxns (like most things) understand and he went on his way looking a bit puzzled.

When he was about done shopping, a man came up and said, "*Your fly is open*"

He zipped up and finished his shopping and at the checkout, he intentionally got in the line where the lady was that told him about his 'barracks door'

Swain decided to have a little fun with her so when he reached the counter he said, "When you saw my barracks door open did you see a soldier standing in there at attention?"

The lady (naturally smarter than the Coxn) thought for a moment and said, "*No! No I didn't. All I saw was a disabled veteran sitting on a couple of old Kit bag.s*"

OBITUARIES

Captain Tony Wilks

Naval Officer who expelled boat people from Brunei and chased illegal fishing vessels out of British waters

Captain Tony Wilks, who has died aged 68, spent two years during a colourful Royal Navy career on loan to the Sultan of Brunei, for whom he supervised the introduction of a new missile firing craft and coped with the arrival of 2,500 illegal Vietnamese immigrants.

Given the temporary rank of lieutenant-colonel, and command of a flotilla of 15 ships and 500 men, he had to use his initiative in setting up the first firing trials of three patrol boats, which he observed from a helicopter. When the Vietnamese appeared on a merchantman in 1979, their numbers represented two per cent of the sultanate's population, and Wilks had to come up with a solution to satisfy both humanitarian and security requirements. He requisitioned an offshore from Shell, which became the base for treating the sick and feeding the hungry.

Then, in a dawn raid, he placed a cable around the anchor chain and towed the vessel out to sea. Not only was nobody killed, 52 women and children thrown overboard were rescued.

Wilks actions earned him the Brunei George Cross and a little knighthood, the Dato Seri Laila Jasa in 1980.

Anthony Hugh Francis Wilks was born on 29 December 1936 and educated at Oundle. For three seasons, he played fly half for Rosslyn Park, until National Service enabled him to escape from training to be an accountant. His enthusiasm and leadership qualities let to

his becoming one of the last national servicemen to be given a permanent commission.

He had an early career in submarines, which included two years as navigator and torpedo officer in boats based in Sydney. But this was brought to an abrupt end in 1965 when the patrol *Alliance* hit the Princessa ledge, off the Isle of Wight; it was cutting a corner to reach Gosport on a Friday night and became stranded by the ebb tide.

Wilks was eating supper, off duty, when the grounding threw him against the bulkhead, so that he was almost almost skewered on his folk. Most of the crew were rescued but Wilks, his captain, and 10 men spent 5 days dangerously poised on the ledge, where they were photographed by the press. When the court martial of the captain and the navigator was held, Wilks had to fly back from the Winter Olympics in Grenoble. But although exonerated he was not selected for the "*perisher*" course for commanders afterwards.

Nevertheless Wilks went on to become a swashbuckling commander of the minesweeper *Belton*, a scourge of illegal fishing around the British Isles. When a Scottish Sheriff acquitted a captain of the Russian factory ship that he had arrested and towed into Lerwick, Wilks considered lodging an appeal until told that the demurrage costs would fall to the court during the legal process.

His activities were reported in the press when, after a carefully planned night ambush in the Straits of Dover, he exercised the right of "hot pursuit" to chase a trawler into French territorial waters; turning a deaf ear to senior naval and diplomatic advice, he towed a notorious rule-breaker into Dover. Wilks had fired blanks across the Frenchman's bows to little effect, but when Petty Officer Stoker Bradley hurled potatoes at the wheelhouse windows, the skipper surrendered. This time the local court made no mistake and Wilks was appointed MBE; he never say the citation, but always claimed that it said "for services enjoyable to him"

He next fitted easily into the colonial lifestyle as an exchange student at an Indian naval staff college at Coonoor. Madras, where he courted his wife over long curry lunches. For two years in the early 1970s, he was chosen as first lieutenant of the Leander class frigate *First Sea Lord* "Jock" Slater. The wardroom officers were youthful and precocious, which tested both Wilk's leadership and his patience; but he won a grudging affection and, after the visit of his nephew and niece, the nickname was "Uncle Toto".

He was on the staff of Dartmouth for two years before becoming aide de camp to the governor of Hong Kong, Sir Murray MacLehose. On returning home from Brunei, he commanded the anti-submarine frigate *Aurora* which was sent to the Gulf where he led an Anglo-New

Zealand and Task Group. As commander of the Royal Navy College at Greenwich, he reconciled many conflicting interests and egos and mastered the art of making speeches in the vast, echoing Painted Hall.

In 1985 Wilks became captain of the Port and Rosyth and Queens Harbourmaster, beginning a period in which he adopted Scotland as his home

and charmed the Scotts into accepting him. When the appointment was civilianised he smoothly became Chief Harbourmaster, Firth and Forth, for the Fourth Ports Authority and served the successor company, Forth Ports Plc, until retirement in 1996. Wilks was then farmed in Kinross and was director or chairman of various charities. No physical or moral challenge ever daunted Wilks, whether it

was polo, the Sydney-Hobart Yacht race the Cresta run – in which he twice won the Prince Phillip Cup at St Moritz – or the disfiguring final illness fought which he fought with dignity and humour.

Tony Wilks died on 23 January. He married in 1971, Susie Chaloner (nee Reed) who survives him with their son and daughter.

Captain Mervyn Wingfield

Naval Officer who used his kapok-lined Burberry to keep afloat after his submarine sank in the icy waters of the North Sea

Captain Mervyn Wingfield, who has died aged 94, survived a collision in the North Sea and later became the first British submariner to sink a Japanese submarine.

On July 19 1941 Wingfield was on the bridge of the newly-built submarine *Umpire* being escorted north as part of convoy EC4 when he signalled his intentions to an escorting destroyer “If attacked at night I intend to remain surfaced” He received back a sarcastic message “So do I”.

Then, at midnight off Cromer, Norfolk, Wingfield found himself run down in the dark by the armed trawler, *Peter Hendriks*. He barely had time to shout “You bloody bastard. You’ve sunk a British submarine!” before being swept into the sea; he was kept afloat by a kapok-lined Burberry given to him by his wife, remaining in the water for 40mins before he was rescued unconscious and frozen out of 31 submariners and dockyard men on board, only nine escaped, including Edward Young, later to become the first RNVR submarine captain and the

author of *One of Our Submarines*.

Wingfield was given command of *Sturgeon*, based at Polyarnoe in northern Russia, where, after nights on the surface in sub-zero temperatures, he had to dive clear the mounds of ice from the foredeck. He carried out two successful patrols into hazardous waters patrolled by the Germans.

On one of them he sank a 2,500-ton merchant ship, on the other he penetrated Trondheim fjord at 100ft depth to avoid the moored mines. Undeterred by the scraping of the mooring wires along the hull, he reached the head of the fjord and sank another merchantman. Wingfield then coolly traversed the minefield again. When he surfaced 22 hours later, he – and the batteries – were exhausted, and the air inside the boat was so foul that a cigarette would not burn. Following an interview with Admiral Sir Max Horton, who inspected his charts, Wingfield was awarded the DSO.

In between these Artic patrols, Wingfield took part in the attack on St Nazaire in 1942,

when precise navigation was needed to guide the destroyer *Campletown* and the boats of the raiding force through the sandbanks and mudflats. He took fixes through he periscope to place *Sturgeon* exactly in position, and surfaced at “Point Z” in full view of German coastal batteries, to shine a green light as a beacon for the raiders. The lock gates of the dock were destroyed, and the Germans were unable to use it for the rest of the war.

Next, Wingfield commissioned the new patrol submarine *Taurus*, in which he so prided himself on his gunnery that his crew nicknamed him “Dillenger”. He was awarded the DSC for three patrols, including several clandestine operations and bombardments in the Mediterranean, but as he admitted he was “getting too big for his boots”.

When he entered a northern Aegean port on the surface and commenced to sink the ships in harbour by gunfire, he was surprised to see a squadron of Bulgarian cavalry wearing breast plates and carrying lances clatter up, then quickly assemble mountain guns to

commence heavy and accurate fire on *Taurus*.

Wingfield ordered full speed into deep water and submerged. It was his custom after a successful operation to take a day's holiday from the war, entering in the log "Continued patrol, nothing sighted". On this occasion, his coxswain brought him a large glass of the rum, saying "Complaints about the rum, sir. You'd better taste this".

Taurus was sent to the Far East where on 13 November 1943, Wingfield was warned of a Japanese submarine 134 and its escort approaching Penang. Between rain squalls Wingfield sighted the enemy before dawn and, using sonar to take bearings of the target, fired a salvo of six torpedoes, hitting the enemy amidships. Surfacing at dusk, he found himself pursued by the Japanese escort as he crept away.

Next morning he found it difficult to catch a trim in the varying layers of water in the Malacca Straits, and *Taurus* bows became stuck in the mud as his pursuer lay down a thunderous barrage of depth charge, damaging *Taurus* severely. The explosions, however, shook her bows free. After bouncing on the bottom, Wingfield ordered "Gun action!" blew all the tanks and, within seconds of surfacing, had opened fire while his engineer officer, Lieutenant Ernest Corlett, crawled into the stern to repair the damage. Before he could sink the submarine-chaser, a Japanese aircraft soared down on him, and Wingfield ordered a crash-dive. When he arrived in the control room, which was

flooded with half a ton of sea water, the first lieutenant remarked "Please don't do that again – its so bad for the electrics"

Wingfield was awarded a Bar to his DSC, and Corlett the DSC.

Mervyn Robert George Wingfield was born in Ireland into a life of genteel, Protestant poverty on January 16 1911, he was the youngest of 6 children and a cousin of the Earls of Powerscourt. His father, who left the Army to take holy orders, was recalled to colours in 1914 and won a DSO at Gallipoli.

Young Wingfield's first experience of the sea was when he saw lifeboats full of ragged survivors from the torpedoes liner *Lusitania* being rowed into Kinsale. He was educated at Rusmoor School, which was described as "brutal" and in 1924 joined Pangbourne from there he scraped into Dartmouth "by the narrowest margins". After a scandal involving dirty postcards eliminated other candidates, he became term captain.

Before the war Wingfield served in the battleships *Benbow*, *Warspite* and *Valiant*. He recalled loading 2,000 tons of coal at a rate of 340 tons per hour. While on courses at Greenwich, he flirted briefly with membership of the British Union of Fascists. While crewing *Westwar* during Cowes week, he heard the owner, TB Davis, tell Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe "Get that bloody sheet (rope), I didn't invite you on board just for the company".

Wingfield joined the "trade" in 1933 and spent most of his first

6 years in *Odin*, based in Hong Kong and then the Mediterranean. Life consisted of intensive exercises afloat and ashore, and visits to ports in the region, with plenty of golf and riding. Wingfield also began to make his gunnery: his submarine could surface, fire 10 rounds on target and dive in 57 seconds.

He returned home from Malta in May 1940 via the train from Marseille to Cherbourg, witnessing, en route, "a sorry mess of defeated soldiers". His reaction to news of the fall of France was one of relief "There was nobody to let us down now".

After the war Wingfield was second-in-command of the cruiser *Euryalus*, the flagship of Admiral Earl Mountbatten. Following a series of staff appointments in Washington, Nato and the Admiralty, as well as shore commands, he became naval attaché in Athens and Tel Aviv during the Suez crisis, before retiring in 1963.

Between time at Liphook Golf Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron, Wingfield was, for nine years, marine manager of United Dominions Trust, arranging mortgages for yacht owners and hosting Beaujolais, beef and stilton lunches at the Earls Court boat show. In the 1970s he obtained his master's certificate and made several voyages as Second Office in the Fyffes banana boat, a small timber ship in the Baltic, and as a yacht deliverer.

Mervyn Wingfield, who died on 15 March, married Sheila Mary Leschallas in 1936, she survives with their daughter and 2 sons.

Lieutenant-Commander Dick Raikes

Submariner who negotiated a fishing fleet and a minefield to launch the Cockleshell heroes' raid

Lieutenant-Commander Dick Raikes, who has died aged 93, took part in the Fleet Review for King George V's Silver Jubilee in 1935, and six years later launched the "Cockleshell heroes" on their raid in canoes against German shipping in the Gironde estuary.

His calm, cool personality, physical stamina and seeming ability to command his boat without speaking made a clear impression on the raid's leader, Major "Blondie" Hasler, when Raikes took his submarine *Tuna* to a remote part of the Argyll coast where Hasler and his fellow canoeists practised to reduce their launch time by half to just over 20 minutes.

Early in December 1942, Raikes threaded his way underwater through a fishing fleet and a minefield laid by the RAF before deciding to run a serious risk by moving the launch point two miles south into the mouth of the Gironde, from which his "magnificent black-faced villains" were to set off. When *Tuna* broke surface in the "bestly calm" water, Raikes was first on the bridge to check that he had a better view than the enemy. One canoe was damaged, and he regretfully ordered its two-man crew not to go on the raid, even though "two brave marines were almost in tears".

As Hasler left *Tuna*, he asked Raikes to book lunch for them both at the Savoy on April 01. "Not bloody likely". Replied Raikes, "but I'll do it for the 02 April". They duly made the lunch, though Hasler and Marine Bill Sparks were the only two to survive the operation.

Richard Prendergast Raikes was born on January 21, 1912, the son of an Indian Army Major. Until his parents came home when he was 10 he was brought up in Wales and London by his grandparents and by three aunts,

who hero-worshipped their seven brothers for having earned eight DSOs and four MCs in the First World War; two of them had died, one became a general, another an admiral. With the burden of family expectation on his shoulders, young Dick entered Dartmouth in 1925 to become Chief Cadet Captain and to be awarded the King's Dirk.

As midshipman, Raikes served in the battleship *Warspite*, based in Malta, where he used to rise at dawn to exercise Lord Louis Mountbatten's ponies; he had to pay 2s 6d an hour to play polo before breakfast.

At Cowes in 1931, Raikes crewed for TB Davies in the J-Class yacht *Westward*, when Davis and King George V became involved in a swearing match as they raced each other. Two years later he joined the submarine trade. As a member of the crew of the newly-built River-class *Clyde* he took part in the 1935 Jubilee fleet review off Spithead. The whole of the British Empire's Navy, except for its China fleet, including British battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, minesweepers, submarines and other ships stretched from Portsmouth for as far as they eye could see.

There were also ships from France, Germany, Japan, Russia and the United States, and the evening fireworks and searchlight display were organised by Raikes's uncle, Rear-Admiral Robert Raikes, Chief of Staff to the C-in-C Portsmouth.

In 1935 *Clyde* was sent to Palestine during the Arab general strike. Raikes spent several weeks fighting fires, evacuating a maternity home by a burning timber yard, an building an armoured train which, after two hours' shunting practice at Hafia station he took over the railway system of north Palestine.

On several nights Raikes took his train to Samakh, near the Sea of Galilee, to keep open the line despite ambushes and derailments – "an enjoyable game of cowboys and Indians", he recalled. One night Raikes joined up with the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force and enjoyed riding on horseback at full gallop across boulder-strewn country by the light of a burning oil pipeline. He admired the Arabs and their love of a fight, and would carry their casualties back to their villages, where he knew he would be safe so long as he was unarmed.

Back on Malta as first lieutenant of the submarine *Severn*, Raikes's last years of peace were filled with dances, parties, moonlit picnics and running a stable of 11 horses for a Maltese friend, Mr Schembri. He also took part in trials to enter an enemy harbour at night while conning his submerged submarine from a tiny platform built around the periscope. In a warm Mediterranean, Raikes wore only a bathing costume, but the experiment was abandoned when, on entering St Paul's Bay, the sight of him apparently walking on water caused several local fishermen to cross themselves and jump into the sea.

Raikes passed his "Perisher" course in 1940, and in September the following year he took command of *Seawolf* and was sent to Polyarnoe in the Arctic, where, despite a complete lack of Soviet co-operation, he remained for a year.

Strict censorship by the Communists prevented him showing any of the submarine's films on shore except for *Snow White* – but he was astonished to find the Soviet base's small library a first and unexpurgated edition of Burton's *Arabian Nights*.

The cold was so intense that once, when he crash-dived, he did not realise that the depth-gauge had frozen until the boat began to creak and groan. The next 10 minutes were the longest in his life; the gauge plunged from 25ft to 250ft and slowed to a stop only 350ft, some 100ft beyond the boat's safe diving depth.

On patrol in March 1942, Raikes sighted the German battleship *Tirpitz*, he was too far away to attack, but his enemy-locating report enabled the carrier *Victorious* to attack with her Albacore torpedo-bombers.

A few days after Raikes heard the propeller noise of the U-boat surfacing and carried out a snap attack with his stern torpedoes; there was an explosion and black smoke, but Raikes found no wreckage. The patrol ended with an amorous whale bumping

Seawolf for an hour. Raikes was awarded the DSO.

From 1943 to 1945 Raikes was a member of the personal staffs of the C-in-C Coastal Command, Air Marshal Jack Slessor and Air Marshall Sholto Douglas, and attended the Trend committee which oversaw the U-boat war. He then commanded the captured U-3514 and a group of similar U-boats during Operation Deadlight – the scuttling by the Royal Navy of surrendered boats.

By 1946, however, Raikes health was broken and he was invalided from the service. He decided to learn the hotel trade from the bottom up, taking a job as a waiter. When it became clear that he could not raise the cash to buy his own hotel, he was membership secretary of the Royal British Legion in Edinburgh, where his talent for writing was spotted by a

guest whom he had once waited, and who recruited him into the publicity department of Marconi, where he worked contently from 1947 to 1972.

Despite the wartime dangers he had faced, Raikes reckoned that he was most scared when invited to dinner by the Anchorites and found that he was expected to speak on behalf of the submarine service to a roomful of diners which including the Board of Admiralty.

Dick Raikes, who died on May 05, married in 1938, Joan Margaret Edgington, who followed him wherever she could, once taking passage in *Tuna* from Holy Loch to Arrochar. She and a daughter predeceased him, and he is survived by their other two daughters.

A Tribute to Admiral Tait

A Great Submariner and a Fine Man

I was a leading seaman on a submarine in the 1950's and was privileged to have as Skipper Lieutenant Commander Tait.

He was a superb submarine Captain who had the rare quality of being able to break down the barrier of standard naval class distinction between Officers and men with the result that his crew did things for him because they wanted to.

When any of his crew were before him for drunk and disorderly conduct ashore he did not punish them with jankers stoppage of leave but made them so ashamed of letting his family down with their unacceptable conduct ashore and whilst he did not actually convert them to teetotallers he steadied the rot. His infectious sense of humour and his capability of doing the unexpected can be described as follows.

The submarine had taken a severe beating in the Bay of Biscay in

the most foulest of weather and returned to HMS Dolphin base late on Sunday night. The skinner cleared the lower deck at 8.00 Monday morning to address his battered weary crew. As we had lost a lot of paint of off the boat, he ordered paint ship.

However he relieved the total dismay of the weary crew by promising that as soon as the work was done half the crew could go on weekend leave and the other half the following weekend. He also added it could turn out to be an extended weekend leave depending on how early in the week we finished paint ship.

After the skipper left to go inboard to Dolphins officers mess the 1st Lieutenant suggested if we all mucked in we might finish by Wednesday night. The midshipman who was naïve and not supposed to speak on such serious matters suggested that we could paint ship in a day and due

to the fact that he had just left school was able to mathematically impart to the crew that would mean being able to go on extended leave from Tuesday in compliance with the skippers promise.

Ignoring the fact that this mad idea had come from a speaker of such tender age the crew came to life and decided to give it a go. Action was immediate what went on was indescribable. It was decided to use three feet wide sweeping brushes to put the black bitumen on the ballast tanks. Men painting the grey of the conning tower were seen with two paint brushes on in each hand.

The midshipman was designated to paint the bitumen on the water line in order to delegate any danger of falling in. However the crew with their three feet sweeping paint brushes on the higher part of the tanks painted him over in the mad rush with black bitumen.

However at 5pm the job was done and a message sent to the inboard Officers mess for the skipper to come onboard to inspect his completely painted boat. At the last minute the boats name-board was to have the brass green emmeried off to hang gleaming on the side of the conning tower. The rope on the gang plank was painted white and still dripping when the skipper arrived everybody trusting to luck that he did not use it when he came over the gangplank.

The crew lined up on the casing their long sweaters covering the paint on them with hats on hiding paint in everybody's hair. The Captain arrived in his best suit

instead of his usual jacket with only one inch braid hanging on the standard torn pockets hanging down. I piped him abroad with an antique silver bosuns pipe my mother gave me to a tune no boson had ever heard before.

The skipper expressed his delight and ordered that extended long weekend should start from 6pm Monday evening. He also joined his crew in splice the main brace double ration and led three cheers to the Queen.

Sadly, the midshipman was unable to be on deck to greet his Captain, as he was naked in the engine room with some hairy stoker wiping him down with

white spirits trying to remove the black bitumen that was adhering to most of his parts.

I think this was the epitome of a fine captain with a proud crew who loved him.

His measure as a submarine Captain was clear in the wash up of NATO exercises when he sank almost everything without being detected. He deservedly went on to be the Admiral Submarines.

He will be sadly missed by submariners and indeed anybody who had the privilege of knowing him.

Deaths of Members Reported from 03/04/2005 to 06/08/2005

H.D. (Daisy) Adamson.	A.B.	HULL	Submarine Service: 07/47-05/58 Tactician Scotsman Alcide Trump Talent Tudor Seadevil.
F. (Frank) Blow.	A.B. ST	BROMLEY	Submarine Service: 1942-1946 Sewern Unsparing Varangian Sportsman.
J.G. (Gordon) Bowditch.	L/Sea.UW2	GATWICK	Submarine Service: 07/56-07/61 Trump Amphion.
D.F. (Dave) Cooke.	F.C.C.E.	BASINGSTOKE	Repulse.
C. (Cliff) Daniell.	?????	NEW ZEALAND	Zwaardvisch Taku Otway Tetrarch Tally-Ho Undine Cachalot
S.F. (Sydney) Dolton.	L/Sig.	DORSET	Submarine Service: 1949-1962 Tireless Tudor Seneschal Alliance.
L. (Les) Draper.	A.B.	BLYTH	Submarine Service: 1944-1947 Otway Torbay Virtue Turpin.
W.A.R. (Willie) Eyre.	A.B. UW2	PORTSMOUTH	Submarine Service: 12/49-07/54 Tudor Turpim Totem Alcide.
H. (Freddie) Fox.	C.R.S.	WELSH	Submarine Service: 09/47-06/69 Ambush Thermopylae Scythian Aeneas Sleuth Subtle Trespasser Porpoise Sentinel Dreadnought.
E.H. (Eric) Gamble.	CPO Coxn.	PORTSMOUTH	Submarine Service: 1947-1954 Tudor Affray Tireless Trenchant Selene Spiteful Satyr Sportsman.
J.D. (John) Higgens.	A.B.ST.	BRISTOL & DOLPHIN	Submarine Service: 07/42-10/44 P53 Ultor Upstart.
T. (Tom) Holland.	L/Sto.	WELSH	Submarine Service: 03/50-06/53 (Truculent Selene Sidon Sirdar Sportsman Seascout Seneschal)(Res Group).
B.L. (Barrie) Jackson.	AB (S)	HULL	Submarine Service: 1991-1995 Torbay Tireless.
J. (Johnny) Johnston.	?????	COLCHESTER	Submarine Service: 1952-1972

Subtle Truncheon Aurochs.

R.G. (Ron) Jones.	L/Sto.	LEICESTERSHIRE	Submarine Service: 1941-1946 H32 Tuna(3 years) Stoic.
A.C.E. (Alf) Moore.	A.B.SD.	GOSPORT	Submarine Service: 11/40-10/45 Unswerving Upholder Ursula.
H. (Harry) Patrick.	L/Sea.	MERSEYSIDE	Truculent
R.W.G. (Roger) Penn.	PO R/Mech	SUSSEX	Submarine Service: 09/44-04/46 Vulpine Scorcher Sirdar Otway
G.F. (Geoff) Prior.	E.R.A.	SOUTHAMPTON	Submarine Service: 09/45-10/49 Vagabond Scorcher Spur Auriga Sirdar.
R. (Richard) Raikes. DSO	Lt.Cdr.	TAUNTON	L22 Clyde H31 Otway Severn Talisman L26 Tribune Seawolf Tuna
E.F. (Ted) Richardson. DSM.	PO. Elec.	LONDON & MERTON	Submarine Service: 02/41-03/49 H32 H43 Unruffled Unison P614 Springer Aeneas.
P. (Pete) Rodgers.	L/Sto.	BEDS & HERTS	Submarine Service: 1948-1953 Seadevil Tactician Astute Affray Scorcher Trenchant Aurochs.
D.N. Sinclair. Dr.	Lt. RNVR	GATWICK	Norwegian S/M.O21. French S/M.Le Glorieux
D. (Shorty) Sourbutts.	A.B.ST.	GOSPORT	Submarine Service: 03/41-12/45 Thrasher Tuna Urtica Springer Storm.
J.D. (John) Stamp.	A.B.SG(C)	MERSEYSIDE	Submarine Service: 11/54-03/61 Alaric Alcide Scythian Scorcher.
B. (Stotty) Stott.	M.E.M.1	MERTON	Otus Ocelot
Adml. Sir.Gordon Tait. KCB DSC	LONDON & NEW ZEALAND		Submarine Service: 1942-1953 Taurus Tally-Ho Tudor Teredo Solent Ambush Aurochs Sanguine.
C.F. (Cyril) Tawney.	E.A.1	EXETER	Submarine Service: 1953-1958 Trespasser Tudor Talent Sturdy.
R.H.J. (Reg) Tickner.	Sto.1	LONDON	Submarine Service: 09/46-09/53 Tabard Tiptoe Templar Teredo Tudor Acheron.
R. (Dickie) Waters.	Cdr.	DOLPHIN	Submarine Service: 01/44-12/67 Selene Taurus Artemis Sea Scout Scythian Seneschal Oberon.
R. (Bob) Worsfold.	PO.RP	NEW ZEALAND	Submarine Service: 1967-1976 Repulse(67-70) Revenge(71-76).

Members who have joined or rejoined the Submariners Association
From 03/04/2005 to 06/08/2005.

R. (Ray) Banks.	A/L/M(E).	AUSTRALIA	S/M Service: 02/59-12/65 Andrew(59-60) Tactician(61) Anchorite(61-63) Ambush(63-65)
G. (Glenn) Barrick.	CPO WEA(WD)	NORTHANTS	S/M Service:????-1977 Walrus Churchill Courageous Warspite Onslaught Trafalgar
D. (David) Bone.	CEA(L)	DOLPHIN	S/M Service:06/65-11/71 Resolution

T.M. (Taff) Care.	CPO.Coxn.	W.SCOTLAND	S/M Service:07/97-Still Serving. Victorious(97-00) Vigilant(01-02)
R.K. (Roy) Cheshire.	CPO.UW1.	W.SCOTLAND	Rejoiner. S/M Service:03/59-???? Trump Tiptoe Artful Auriga Anchorite Dreadnought .
L.F. (Frank) Dutton.	MEA1	DOLPHIN	Rejoiner S/M Service:09/77-06/83 Conqueror (02/78-10/82)
I.V. (Ioan) Evans.	ERA.	WELSH	S/M Service:09/43-11/46 Varangian Vigorous Spiteful
K.A.H. (Karl) Humphries. Walrus(81) Warspite(82-85)	CPO. Torbay(86-88)	BIRMINGHAM	S/M Service:1981-Still Serving. Sceptre(89-92) Tireless(94-96) Trenchant(97-00) Talent(00-03) Sovereign(03-**)
J.R. (John) Jermy.	L.S.M.	W.SCOTLAND	S/M Service: 01/48-11/51 Anchorite(2) Aurochs Alaric Amphion Alcide
W.H. (Hedley) Kett. DSC *	Capt. RNR.	VECTIS	Already COLCHESTER S/M Service:1939-1953 Oberon1 P555 Clyde Ultimatum Taku Otway1 Tactician Springer
J.W. (James) Land.	Lt.	LONDON	S/M Service:09/73-09/76 Otus Oberon
W.J. (Bill) Land.	A/L/Sto.	LONDON	S/M Service:11/44-04/47 Virulent Tireless
D.R. (David) Laver.	CPO.WEM(O).	DOLPHIN	S/M Service:05/77-05/96 Superb Sovereign Vanguard
R.H. (Ron) Luckhurst. DSM PO.Sto.		AUSTRALIA	S/M Service:1940-1946 L27 Taku Tudor
A. (Andrew) Maloney.	MEM1	BRISTOL	Rejoiner. Astute Aeneas Cachalot
G. (Graham) McGuinness.	W.O.MEA	MORECAMBE BAY	Rejoiner. Andrew Warspite Courageous Renown Spartan
J.D. (George) Morton. MBE Courageous(75-77) Renown(P&S)(77-79)	WO1.Coxn.	W.SCOTLAND	S/M Service:12/74-Still Serving. (84-86) Revenge(86-91) Vanguard(91- 94) Victorious(96-99)
B.W. (Brian) Newell.	L/Tel.	CHELTENHAM	S/M Service:07/52-03/55 Sidon Scotsman Tradewind Aurochs(2) Ambush
J.T. (Jim) Owens.	AB.UW2.	WELSH	S/M Service:01/55-09/63 Tapir(55-57) Turpin(57) Acheron(58-61) Sea Devil(62) Totem(62-63) Tireless(63)
A.D. (Andrew) Painting.	CPO.WEA.	PORTSMOUTH	S/M Service:09/86-04/05 Warspite(87-88) Victorious(92-96) Talent(98-00)
T.J. (Tim) Paulus.	CPO MEA.	HULL	S/M Service:05/78-03/98 Sovereign Sceptre Swiftsure Spartan

C.J. (Colin) Richardson.	MEM.	HULL	S/M Service:1977-1983 Finwhale Oberon Renown
F.H. (Frank) Saies-Jones.	AB.HSD.	GOSPORT	S/M Service:10/44-11/48 Vox(45-46) Sportsman(47) Artemis(48)
A.H. (Frank) Spencer.	PO MEM(L)	GOSPORT	Rejoiner S/M Service:10/76-10/98 Osiris Otter Olympus Upholder Triumph Torbay
D.L. (Dave) Spencer.	WO.Coxn.	DOLPHIN	S/M Service:03/70-03/90 Revenge(S) Superb Sceptre Trenchant Talent
W. (Bill) Starkey.	LWEM(R).	GOSPORT	S/M Service:11/76-02/91 Sceptre(77-79) Splendid(80-83) Sovereign(86-87)
D.A. (David) Surridge.	PO.RP.	DOLPHIN	S/M Service:05/59-01/66 Rorqual Taciturn Trump
P. (Paul) Tizard.	S/Lt.RNVR.	DOLPHIN	Rejoiner S/M Service:02/56-02/57 Astute Selene
K. (Kevin) Todd. MBE	Lt Cdr.	DOLPHIN	S/M Service:04/74-04/98 Courageous Odin Onyx Otus Oracle
A.R. (Doe) Vain.	LMA.	VECTIS	S/M Service:08/84-12/90 Churchill Courageous
M. (Michael) Williams.	POMEM(L)	SHEFFIELD	S/M Service:1988-2005 Renown Resolution Vigilant Superb

9TH SUBMARINE SQUADRON

A naval historian in the United States is seeking information concerning the 9th Submarine Flotilla (S9), which operated from Dundee from April 1940 to approximately September 1945. While there were several British submarines assigned to this unit at any one time, most of the submarines came from the "navies-in-exile" of Poland, Norway, Netherlands, and Free France. The multinational character of this unit is the focus of the researcher's interest rather than the operational details of each submarine's patrols. There is very little published in English concerning S9 and the holdings of the National Archives at Kew and the RN Submarine Museum at Gosport have only patrol reports for S9. The researcher would like to hear from anyone with information about the multinational character of S9, particularly men who served in the unit or descendents/relatives of those men. The five officers who served as Captain S9 were (in order of service): James Gregson Roper (1901-1945), Hugh Valentine King (?-1947), Lancelot Milman Shadwell (1901-?), Robert Michael Gore Gambier (1904-?), and Ronald Hill Balfour. Anyone who contributes information used in the published article will be fully credited for their assistance. Please contact the researcher directly using this information:

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