



# IN DEPTH

Official Newsletter of the Submariners Association

Patron: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Boyce KG GCB OBE DL

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## **Editorial**

Hello all

That's halfway through another year already – hopefully yours is going well! It seems to have been a year of Anniversaries so far – no doubt there are still a few more to come! In the last Issue I included an item on the award of the 'Ushakov Medal' to one of our WWII veterans and in this Issue it's the award of the 'French Legion of Honour' to another WWII Veteran – Sussex Branch Member Pat Thomas. It's good to know that Members are still being recognised long after they served and the cover photo this Issue shows the Official Notification of Pat Thomas's award.

There is also a photo of the inside of the Middle Temple Hall – the venue for the post Remembrance 'get together' after the Embankment Parade in November.

This Issue contains a report about HMS TORBAY Crew parading through Torquay, an item about the shortage of Naval Engineers, an article about the new HMS ARTFUL and another about the old HMS ARTFUL and continues the two Serials about Submarine losses of WW1 and the Diary of Henry Kinder.

The shortage of Naval Engineers is concerning – whether it has anything to do

with the end of the Artificer Training Programme and Mechanician training is unclear. The next Issue of 'In Depth' is due in out early October this year and will be Issue No 50 - and the 32<sup>nd</sup> Issue which I have put together – which is eight years of effort!

Several Issues ago I asked for Members to send me copies (not originals) of Submarine 'Commissioning Crew' Lists – this was to help me in attempting to compile chronological listing of Submariners. I have been sent many lists but there are quite a few gaps remaining. Any lists available (for diesel or nuclear boats) will be helpful but I am particularly looking for lists for VANGUARD Class and the new ASTUTE's. Have a look through your paperwork and see what you can find!

My thanks to everyone who has contributed to all those editions and to this Issue – please enjoy the read.

Remember that this is your newsletter and you all have stories and reminiscences to tell that others would like to hear – you might not think so – but please keep the stories coming.

Regards

Barrie Downer

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## **Cover Picture: Official Order for Pat Thomas's Award – Chevalier of the Legion of Honour**

### **CHAIRMAN'S REPORT**

#### **Friends and fellow Submariners,**

It's that time of year again, the time we long for during those long cold winter months - Summer! Or at least our version of Summer! Up here in the West of Scotland we sometimes struggle to differentiate the various seasons but I have to say, this year so far has been warm and dry. Well there has been no rain between showers. Enough of the idle chit-chat, I have some news for you regarding the Embankment Service and Parade this year.

By now you should all be aware of the fact that we will not be using Ship President this year for our post-parade get-together. The reason for this is quite simple. The annual Service and Parade has grown to such an extent that the Ship President is too small to accommodate us safely. The 'President has served us well over the last number of years and we are very grateful for the support given to us by the staff of the vessel but she is now just too small! So we searched for an alternative venue which suited

our needs and bank balance. Several places were looked at and the cost of these was eye watering. It is central London and the prices reflect this and are ridiculously high. However we were very fortunate in that we were put in touch with the operators of Middle Temple Hall and after some serious negotiating were able to hire this venue for our event. Thanks to a successful application for a grant from RNRMC and hard negotiations we secured the Middle Temple Halls for a net cost that is only slightly higher than our usual bill for this prestigious event. This is the most important day in our Association calendar and it was important that we found a suitable venue local to our Memorial. Middle Temple Halls could not be closer. It is immediately across the road from our Embankment Memorial.

As you can see from the photograph below this is a very substantial Hall. All the tables and chairs will be removed when we use it giving us so much more room that Ship President could and with no danger from an ever increasing list!! There will be a bar open from 0900 selling bottled beer, wine and spirits. The Hall will be used for Wet Weather Routine if that is deemed appropriate. So that is the Hall for our event.

You should also be aware that London streets are in the middle of a complete overhaul as the Cycle Super Highway is constructed. This project is causing a great deal of disturbance throughout the entire road systems in the capital and will impact on our event.

I, with John Wood (Vice Chairman) and Iain Mackenzie (National Parade Marshall) attended a meeting with people from the CSH project, Transport for London personnel and the police to discuss our needs and how they could be met. This meeting was constructive and very successful as those attending were in a position to make decisions and make them happen.

We have been assured that the area immediately in front of the Submarine Memorial will be available to us with as big a 'foot print' as we require to enable us to hold our normal Service of Remembrance. Unfortunately they cannot give us the same assurances for the area adjacent to Ship President and the slip road from Blackfriars Bridge. This is the area where we would normally muster and then march to the Memorial. So for this year only, we will not be marching. Full and detailed procedures and instructions are being written and will be distributed to all Branch Secretaries well before the event so that everyone will have a clear picture of what will happen, where to muster etc. I hope this information will help to alleviate the concerns that I

know some of you had regarding the Embankment Service and Parade. If, however, you still have some concerns please do not hesitate to contact me and I will do all that I can to answer your questions.

Whilst on the subject of the Embankment Service - I would like to clear up a point that has been brought to my attention. I know that on Face Book there are some totally untrue and scurrilous comments being made regarding the cost of VIPs attending the event. Let me assure you that all the VIPs (including their wives and family) attend at their own cost. Not one of them is reimbursed for food, accommodation or travel! Every single one attends at their own cost because they wish to be there to pay their respects to our/their colleagues who have gone before us.

It is over a month now since the advert for a new National Secretary was distributed to all branches. The reason for the vacant post is that David Watts has retired from the job for personal and domestic reasons. We are all very grateful to David for the exceptional work he did on our behalf and wish him and his family all the very best for the future.

So the opportunity now exists for one of you to step forward and become an active member of the National Management Committee. This is your chance to make a difference. To have your say on how the Association is run and where it is heading. Are you up to the task? Are you willing to take responsibility? If you are not afraid of some worthwhile and rewarding work and feel that you could contribute in a positive way contact your Branch Secretary and ask him to let you read the Terms of Reference for the role. I look forward to hearing from you.

The next Commemorative Blue Plaque (the fourth) dedicated to Lt. Cdr Edward Courtney Boyle, VC will be unveiled on 5th September 2015 at 1400. The Plaque will be mounted at the Sunningdale Golf Club where Lt. Cdr Boyle VC was a long-standing member. As always all Association members and Branch Standards are invited to attend this event. Further details will be distributed nearer the time.

I think I have said enough for just now but if you do have any questions on any matter please do not hesitate to contact me and I will do my best to answer your queries. One small point - I don't do Face Book so please contact me by e-mail or phone. Or even write a letter! That would be novel.

I hope you all enjoy a very pleasant and warm summer season. I look forward to meeting up with you all again soon.

Keep on keeping on.

**JMcM**



The Middle Temple Hall (viewed from gallery)

**NEW & RE-JOINING MEMBERS – 1<sup>st</sup> April 2015 to 30<sup>th</sup> June 2015**  
 (\*\*\*\* Serving Member) (\*\* WWII Service)

NAME	RANK/RATE	BRANCH	SM SERVICE	SUBMARINES
M W (Mike) Rubery	CPOWEA	BRIDLINGTON & DISTRICT	1980 to 1996	CHURCHILL ( 80-82), COURAGEOUS (82), WARSPITE (82-85), CONQUEROR (86-88) & TRENCHANT (92-95)
C A (Craig) Elliott	WEM (O) 1	NOTTINGHAM	Not given	ODIN (88-91) & OCELOT (92)
C J (Paddy) Batten	CCWEA(SM)	NORTHERN IRELAND	1978 to 1997	RENOWN (S) (79-81) & RENOWN (P) (81-87)
D J (David) Jarvis	Commodore	COLCHESTER	Sep 79 to 1995	REPULSE (80-83), RENOWN (86-89) & VICTORIOUS (90-93)
J W E (James) Harris	ET ME (SM)	SOUTH KENT	2014 to ****	TRENCHANT (2014-**) )
D (Dez) Northover	PO WEM (O)	WEST OF SCOTLAND	Oct 1970 to Sep 1985	OPOSSUM, PORPOISE, SEALION, FINWHALE, (73-78) REPULSE (79-81), SOVEREIGN (82-83) & OBERON (84-85)
A S (Simon) Wray	CPO MEA	BATH	1981 to 1989	CHURCHILL (81-82), VALIANT (82-85), SCEPTRE (86) & SUPERB (86-88)
K A (Kevin) Williams	CPO (WSM)	WEST OF SCOTLAND	1976 to 1997	CONQUEROR (77-79), VALIANT (81-85), RESOLUTION (S) (86-91) & RENOWN (87)
B H (Brian (Barney) Barnard	PO Ck	GOSPORT	Jun 1966 to Dec 1984	OTUS, ARTFUL, REPULSE (P), REPULSE (S), RENOWN & SPLENDID
P G (Peter) Davies	WOWEA (Lt. WESM)	GOSPORT	Feb 1968 to Oct 1995	RESOLUTION (P) (69-73) & RENOWN (P) (74-79)
E J (Edmond) Bartlett	L/Sig	BEDS & HERTS	1953 to 1957	TRESPASSER (53), SUBTLE (53-54), TABARD (55-56) & SLEUTH (56-57)
R O (Roger (Paddy) Ledingham	CPO.MEM (M).	WEST OF SCOTLAND	Not given	CONQUEROR, WARSPITE & COURAGEOUS
M J (Michael)	A/LREM	BRIDLINGTON	1969 to 1973	REPULSE (S) (69-73)

Adams		& DISTRICT		
R A (Dickie) Barrett	ME.1	GOSPORT	Mar 1953 to May 1957	SCYTHIAN (53-55) & ANCHORITE (55-57)
K (Kevin) Noble	MEM (M)	GOSPORT	1987 to 1990	ONSLAUGHT (87-90)
I (Ian) Sutton	LMEM	MANCHESTER	1967 to 1973	ALCIDE (67-69) & OCELOT (71-73)
B W (Brian) Cookson		BEDS & HERTS	1956 to 1957	STURDY, SCORCHER & SUBTLE
D L (David) Blount	CPO MEA (EL)	PLYMOUTH	1974 to 1995	RESOLUTION (74-78), TURBULENT (83-88) & TRAFALGAR (98-94)
G (Gerrard (Mac) Maguire	LWEM (R)	PLYMOUTH	1988 to 1993	TRAFALGAR (1988-1993)
G W (Gerard (Moonman)) Mooney	CPO (WS) SSM	PLYMOUTH	1985 to ****	ODIN (86-86), OBERON (86-87), OCELOT (87-88), OSIRIS (89-91), OPPORTUNE (92-93), TRIUMPH (93-96) & (10-12), TRENCHANT (97-99), VIGILANT (00-02), TORBAY (03-06), TRAFALGAR (08-09) & TURBULENT (09-10)
A R (Alan) Kempzell	CPO (RS) (SM)	NEW ZEALAND	1982 to 2007	REVENGE (84-86), WARSPITE (87-88), ODIN (88-90), REPULSE (91-94) & SOVEREIGN (96-99)
C (Colin) Sanderson	CPO Coxn	GOSPORT	1970 to 1991	ANDREW (70-75), CACHALOT (76-79), OPPORTUNE (81-83) & OTTER (88-91)
E (Edward (Ted) Millar	LS(S)(SM)	MORECAMBE BAY	1979 to 1994	REVENGE (79-80), REPULSE (80-82), RENOWN (84-87), ORACLE (89-92) & UNICORN (92-94)
G W (Glenn) Scott	CPO (WS) SSM	GOSPORT	1985 to ****	CONQUEROR (86-89), SPARTAN (90-93), VANGUARD (94-96), SPLENDID (96-01), SOVEREIGN (02-05) & ASTUTE (12-14)
J (James) Bettell	AB	MEDWAY TOWNS	2003 to 2008	VICTORIOUS (04-06) & TRAFALGAR (06-08)
R S (Raymond) Cormack	MEM 1	DOLPHIN	1976 to 1979	PORPOISE (76-79)

### **NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL NAVY (NMRN) – WHAT’S THAT?**

Some ten years ago the concept of a National Museum of the Royal Navy was first seriously mooted. It was to be achieved by combining the four separate Naval Museums - the Submarine Museum, the Royal Marines Museum, the F.A.A. Museum at Yeovilton and the R.N. Museum Portsmouth - under one Main Board with Directors responsible for functional matters across the sites.

Following on a Working Party under the chairmanship of Admiral Sir Jonathon Band, then latterly First Sea Lord, was convened. Professor Dominic Tweddle was co-opted as the expert on museums and presumably to lead the academic input. There was a natural antipathy from many sources to this way ahead, but it became a fait accompli and the R.N.S.M. was a prime mover in accepting the change.

The biggest problem to be overcome was the integration of the various staffs under one scheme/contract of employment and this exercised a great deal of thought and time. Agreement across the board was reached and no employee was worse off than before. Some employees who may have been expecting wage increases found them frozen initially.

HMS VICTORY is now part of the N.M.R.N. whilst still being the Flagship of the C-in-C. The exposition known as "Explosion" is now under the operational control of Blockhouse and this demonstrates one of the "benefits" of N.M.R.N. in as much as there are less staff on both sites to complete all of the work involved on both sites. At this time the F.A.A. Museum at Yeovilton has not been fully subsumed into the N.M.R.N. but it will in time. On a personal note our Submarine Museum Archivist, George Malcolmson was promoted and now has Archivist responsibility for everything except Aviation. Consequently George is not in attendance full time at Blockhouse as he was formerly.

The ALLIANCE continues to be a very big draw across the various sites but there still remains the problem of the Museum getting a bigger share of ticket sales income. It may well be that persuading visitors to come direct to us is the focus for advertising in the future. Direct entry visitors are able to spend more time fully exploring and enjoying the Museum without the constraint of catching a boat back to the Dockyard. Hopefully they may also spend more money in the Shop as well.

There are still employees across the sites who have been unable to adapt to the new environment and they seek voluntary redundancies. One such unfortunately for us is Mrs. Isabella Stagg, the

Operations Manager at Blockhouse. Isabel has been at Blockhouse for 20 years and will be leaving at the beginning of July, being much missed for her ferocious work ethic and her enthusiasm.

The Advisory Panel, which consists of former Museum Trustees and a representative of the Friends of the Museum, meet every two months or so. It exists to keep alive the Submarine ethos and to ensure the Main Board of N.M.R.N. is aware of items the Panel members consider need attending to for the improvement of the Museum and the added enjoyment of our visitors. We also point out any missed dates for completion of works and items mysteriously dropped from the 'things to do' column.

It may be worth reminding the members that becoming a Friend of the Museum is good way to spend £25-00 per year providing additional and much needed support to our Museum. It isn't just another club for Officers but has Members who ranked from A.B. to Admiral!

Any views, opinions and errors contained above are mine and in no way represent the views of the N.M.C. or the Submariners Association members. If you have any questions/comments please don't hesitate to contact me, Ted Hogben, on 01634 715635 or [mayted@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:mayted@blueyonder.co.uk).

(Incidentally Admiral Band is now the President, and Professor Tweddle, the Chairman of the Main Board of the N.M.R.N).

### **Riviera of Gold as Torbay Submariners parade through Devon Resort**

More than 100 submariners enjoyed the fresh air – and gratitude of the British public – when they marched through the heart of Torquay on 20<sup>th</sup> May 2015. There was a big turn-out from locals to watch the relatively-rare spectacle of the crew of HMS Torbay parading through her namesake borough as they celebrated the historic honour of freedom.



*Pictures: LA(Phot) Ben Shread, FRPU West*

MORE than 100 submariners today enjoyed the fresh air – and gratitude of the British public – when they marched through the heart of Torquay. There was a big turn-out from locals to watch the relatively-rare spectacle of the crew of HMS

TORBAY parading through her namesake borough as they celebrated the historic honour of freedom.

Cdr Dan Knight, commanding officer of the Devonport-based T-boat, received a scroll marking the honorary Freedom of the Borough of Torbay from Mayor Cllr Gordon Oliver at a traditional ceremony outside the town hall, before the deeps pounded the streets of the English Riviera behind the Band of HM Royal Marines.

“Having been in the Royal Navy for 16 years it is a special occasion for me to be able to parade through my home town,” said CPO Jim Tozer who serves in TORBAY and lives in Torquay.

“Events like today are becoming rarer and it will stand out in the memories of everyone involved as an exceptional event.”



Shipmate and fellow Torquay native CPO Neil Abraham added: “I am proud to be representing the Royal Navy in my home town and it is extra special to me that my family can come and watch the parade through the streets.”

Cdr Knight said all who served on his boat appreciated the moral backing they received from the borough throughout the submarine's nearly-30-year career.

“We are immensely grateful for this support. This is a fitting event to acknowledge this support. It is the nature of the Submarine Service that we spend a lot of our time in isolation, carrying out rewarding work we can't readily discuss,” he said.

“This support back home makes the isolation from friends and family more tolerable. I take a lot of personal pride in taking part in this event. This is a great honour for the submarine and reaffirms the strong ties with the people of Torbay.”

Cllr Oliver thanked the hunter-killer's crew for ensuring the people of the borough could sleep soundly at night knowing they were working 24 hours a day to ensure their safety.

“This is a celebration of the work of officers and men of HMS TORBAY and of the Royal Navy. This special day is a rare chance for them to get the recognition they deserve. Because of the nature of their work it does not happen very often. The Borough of Torbay is delighted Commander Knight

and his crew have also found the time to also tour Torbay schools.”



**Torbay's Mayor Cllr Gordon Oliver inspects the boat's Ceremonial Guard**

The ‘Trafalgar-Class’ boat has been patrolling since 1987 and was officially recognised by her ‘twin town’ two years later. She’s also bound with local Sea Cadets and Torbay Yacht Club, her crew raise money for good causes on the Riviera and represent the Senior Service at November ceremonies

### SUBMARINE LOSSES OF WWI

This is the fourth article in a series listing Submarine losses during WWI and covers submariners lost in April, May & June 1915

Two Submarines were lost in **April 1915** - both at the Dardanelles. The first Submarine lost was:

**Submarine E15** which ran aground at Kephez whilst attempting to make a passage through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora on 17th April 1915. After running aground the submarine was shelled by the Turkish Forts in the area. In the shelling the Commanding Officer and five of the crew were killed and a further six were wounded. Of those that survived the shelling (and who were taken Prisoner) another eight died as Prisoners of War in Turkey. Those killed by the shell fire are indicated by \* and those who died as POWs are marked \*\*. The Crew consisted of:

#### **Officers:**

Lieutenant Theodore Stuart Brodie \*  
Lieutenant Edward John Price, Royal Navy\*\*  
Sub Lieutenant Geoffrey J F Fitzgerald, RNR  
Lieutenant Clarence E S Palmer RNVR

#### **Ratings:**

Petty Officer George Williams O/N 184383 (Po) \*\*  
Petty Officer John Shepard O/N 169388 (Po) \*\*  
Petty Officer Sidney J C Kenchington O/N 183194  
Leading Seaman Henry Trimmer O/N 221231  
Able Seaman Patrick Brennan O/N 226804 (Dev) \*\*  
Able Seaman Henry John Barter O/N 230790 \*\*  
Able Seaman Frederick John Cornish O/N J8305 \*  
Able Seaman Frederick John Gingell O/N 239994 \*  
Able Seaman Arthur Housman O/N J6914 \*  
Able Seaman John Biggar Lockerbie O/N J5768

Able Seaman Herbert James Rogers O/N 203222  
Leading Signalman Charles Horn O/N 229604  
Telegraphist Alfred Edward May O/N J9748  
Chief ERA Samuel Bishop Todd O/N 270751  
ERA William Norman O/N 271316  
ERA Albert Henry Ellis O/N M5868  
ERA Ernest Valletta Hindman O/N 272067 \*  
Stoker PO Ernest Henry Mitchell O/N 288459 \*\*  
Leading Stoker James Bond O/N 306132 \*\*  
Leading Stoker Charles Emil Gosling O/N 295949  
Stoker 1 William T G Williams O/N 233214 \*\*  
Stoker 1 John MacDonagh O/N K14409  
Stoker 1 Charles Henry Stratford O/N K4797  
Stoker 1 Thomas O'Neill O/N K22745  
Stoker 1 William Howes O/N K2070  
Stoker 1 James Geens O/N K5847 & SS103898  
Stoker 1 Henry Nash Tapper O/N K/8918\*

The second Submarine lost was:

#### **Submarine AE2**

Having been the first Allied Submarine to make the passage of the Dardanelles on 25th April 1915 and enter the Sea of Marmora Submarine AE2 was scuttled five days later by her Commanding Officer. This was after the Submarine became unmanageable and had surfaced close by a Turkish Gunboat, which then damaged the hull of AE2 by gun fire preventing her from diving to safety. All of the crew were rescued and made Prisoners of War. However four later died whilst in captivity in Turkey. Those who died as POWs are marked \*\*. The crew was:

#### **Officers:**

Lieutenant Commander Henry H G Dacre Stoker  
Lieutenant Geoffrey Arthur Gordon Haggard  
Lieutenant John Pitt Cary

#### **Ratings:**

Chief Petty Officer Harry Abbott O/N 8268  
Chief Petty Officer Charlie Vaughan O/N 8259  
Petty Officer Cecil Arthur Bray O/N 7296  
Petty Officer Stephen John Gilbert O/N 8053 \*\*  
Leading Seaman Charles Holderness O/N 8270  
Leading Seaman George Henry Nash O/N 8056  
Able Seaman William Thomas Cheater O/N 7999  
Able Seaman Lionel Stanley Churcher O/N 7920  
Able Seaman Albert Edward Knaggs O/N 7893 \*\*  
Able Seaman Alexander Charles Nichols O/N 7298  
Able Seaman Benjamin Talbot O/N 8221  
Able Seaman John Harrison Wheat O/N 7861  
Leading Signalman Albert C N Thomson O/N 8221  
Telegraphist William Wolseley Falconer O/N 1936  
CERA Harry Burton Broomhead O/N 8278  
ERA 1st Class Peter Fawns O/N 8285  
ERA 1st Class James Henry Gibson O/N 8273  
ERA 2nd Class Stephen Thomas Bell O/N 8272  
Chief Stoker Charlie Varcoe O/N 8275 \*\*  
Stoker Petty Officer Herbert A Brown O/N 8096  
Stoker Petty Officer Henry J E Kinder O/N 7244  
Leading Stoker John Kerin O/N 7391  
Stoker 1st Class James Cullen O/N 2826  
Stoker 1st Class Horace James Harding O/N 7216  
Stoker 1st Class William Brown Jenkins O/N 2080

Stoker 1st Class Charles George Suckling O/N 2148  
 Stoker 1st Class Thomas Henry Walker O/N 8289  
 Stoker 1st Class Michael Williams O/N 2305 \*\*  
 Stoker 1st Class Thomas Wishart O/N 8277

The Crew of Submarine AE2 are commemorated on the AE1/AE2 Memorial in Ramsden Square in Barrow in Furness, at the Royal Navy Submarine Museum in Gosport and on Memorials in Sydney, NSW.

### May and June 1915

I am pleased to report that no Submarines were lost in May or June 1915. Also no Submariners have been identified as being lost in these two months.

### LEGION D'HONNEUR PRESENTATION TO SUSSEX BRANCH MEMBER

The Annual Drumhead Service was held to honour Britain's Armed Forces at the Redoubt Fortress, Eastbourne, East Sussex on 28<sup>th</sup> June 2015. The event was attended by the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, the Mayor of Eastbourne, the Local MP, and many other local dignitaries.

Rear Admiral A J Whetstone CB, Senior National Vice President and past President of the Submariners Association also attended and was there by very special request of the Sussex Branch of the Association.

The reason for the request was that part of the Service was to be very special. A member of the Sussex Branch, Pat Thomas, was to be presented with the very prestigious French Award that is the Chevalier de l'Ordre National de la Legion Honneur.



Harry Summerton with Pat Thomas

Pat Thomas, who 90 years old, vividly remembers D-Day on the 6th June 1944. At the time he was 19 years old and a Royal Naval Telegraphist serving on LCH (Landing Craft Headquarters) Ship 185. The vessel was responsible for receiving and transmitting signals to and from shore in support of landing forces at "Sword Beach". The beach was to the extreme left of the Allied landings and the forces landing there had the objective of linking up with Airborne Forces to the east of the River Orne. Pat

says "We landed about forty Royal Naval Commandos. The fighting onshore was ferocious and the gunfire and air attacks constant".

LCH185 remained offshore, continuing its duties under the severe battle conditions, and was the ship was the target for shore batteries and also German aircraft and naval forces. The crew were unable to get proper rest in their limited off duty periods. Pat says that, "We saw disaster all around, a destroyer blew up near us and we went to pick up what survivors we could, the carnage seemed endless".

A day he will never forget. "On Sunday 25th June I was so tired; I took a camp bed to a corner on the upper deck and slept. I awoke to find myself with water washing around my legs, the ship was beginning to keel over, I had taken my top off so only had my trousers and heavy lace up boots on at the time. There had been an explosion in the stern as we had run over an acoustic mine. The blast had blown the door off the nearby paint locker so there was grey paint everywhere. I was covered in the stuff and I was also bleeding from a head wound".

"Then the ship listed over and I was in the water without a lifebelt and had to get away as the ship was going to roll on top of me. I was on my back so I kicked and managed to swim clear despite my boots. Fortunately another landing craft came by and threw me a line but I was too weak to pull myself up so I was dragged out of the water".

"We had a crew of about 70 to 80 and I have no idea how many survivors there were but witnesses said the vessel just exploded in a mass of flame so I think we lost the majority of the ship's company".



Pat returned to the UK where, after convalescence, he joined Submarines and was sent to the Far East where he served in the 4th Submarine Flotilla. He did three wartime patrols with his Commanding Officer Alistair Mars on HM S/M THULE and then served in Hong Kong on HMS/M TOTEM.

It was this action which led to yesterday's ceremony at which Pat was awarded the Legion Honneur

presented by Captain Francois Jean, Consul Honoraire de France.

The event was very well attended and there were twelve Standards present. Pat received a tremendous applause for his very moving acceptance speech.

Following the presentation Pat met, and was congratulated by, the attending dignitaries.

Later, his family and branch members were there to accompany him to a local hotel for refreshments.

Report by Harry Summerton, Chairman, Sussex Branch

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### **WELSH BRANCH TRAFALGAR DINNER**

The Welsh Branch is to hold a Trafalgar Night Dinner.

**Date:** 23 October 2015, time 19:00 for 19:30.

**Venue:** Hilton Newport Hotel, Chepstow Road, Langstone, Newport, NP18 2LX

The guest speaker, Commodore Toby Elliott OBE, our Branch President, was Captain of HMS/M Trafalgar for her second commission

If any members/friends of the association together with wives/sweethearts would like to join us for what will be a very interesting and entertaining dinner, please contact branch secretary, John Andrews 01970 358095 or [babsjo2@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:babsjo2@hotmail.co.uk)

Dinner cost is £25 per person for four courses and the hotel is offering a special rate of £59 for a Double room for bed and breakfast.

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### **A SHORTAGE OF NAVAL ENGINEERS?**

By Michael Powell

Defence cuts have left the Royal Navy so desperately short of engineers that commanders are spending millions of pounds trying to persuade sailors they made redundant to come back to the service.

The Navy spent £10 million on redundancy payments for 500 engineers in 2011, but is now urgently attempting to lure some of them back to fill a shortfall of 250 positions on warships and submarines.

Admirals have launched a £2.5 million re-recruitment drive with adverts calling on former engineers to resume their career where they left off, on salaries of up to £50,000.

The Mail on Sunday understands more than 800 Chief Petty Officer engineers have also been awarded £24,000 'golden handcuff' payments to secure three more years of service while defence chiefs try to stem the wave of servicemen being lured away by higher salaries in the private sector.

Naval engineers who have recently retired are also being rehired on one-year rolling contracts. A new advert on the Navy's website says: 'The Royal Navy is actively seeking to re-recruit marine engineers and

weapons engineers... If you miss the camaraderie, variety and challenge of engineering in the Navy then we can offer a tailored re-entry that could allow you to continue your rating career where you left off.'

The Navy cut 5,000 sailors from the fleet in 2010 in a bid to fill a £38 billion black hole created by years of MoD mismanagement. But the fleet has now been left with a desperate skills gap.

Last year, the frigate HMS RICHMOND had to withdraw from a major NATO training exercise in the Mediterranean after just three of its engineers fell ill.

Admirals have announced that ships deployed to the Gulf and South Atlantic will stay away from home for nine months rather than six because of the cuts and crew shortages. Commanders also plan to borrow 36 engineers from the US Coastguard and have launched a recruitment drive in Commonwealth countries to find new engineers. Admiral Lord West, a former head of the Navy, described the situation as 'ludicrous' last night, adding: 'Time and again we have been too fast to discard the services of highly trained people only to be caught short later on. We should be very wary in the future of discarding highly skilled people because inevitably circumstances change and you need them back.'

Sources fear the Navy is in the cusp of a crisis after 630 personnel quit in the past year, including 12 per cent of engineering ratings and eight per cent of engineering officers. One senior source described the exodus as 'unprecedented', saying: 'So many are leaving because there are so few engineers in the UK and the top companies are willing to pay huge salaries.'

A Navy spokesman said the service used 'innovative measures' to address 'nationally acknowledged challenges', adding: 'These measures are already producing results allowing the Navy to continue to deliver maritime capability where it is needed.'

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### **HMS ARTFUL**

#### **Submarine Sets Sail This Summer**

HMS ARTFUL, the third of the Royal Navy's new Astute Class attack submarines will set sail for sea trials this summer.

The Defence Secretary confirmed the news as he visited the home of the UK's submarine manufacturing industry in Cumbria today.

ARTFUL, which will provide the Royal Navy with its most technologically advanced submarine, is currently preparing to leave the construction yard in Barrow-in-Furness for sea trials, before joining the Royal Navy fleet around the end of this year. The seven Astute Class submarines support the jobs of 3,700 workers and 400 supply companies across the UK supply chain.

Mr Fallon was also able to see progress on an eight-year infrastructure upgrade programme at the yard, costing in excess of £300M, which will prepare the site for investment in a new fleet of four Successor Ballistic Missile submarines and the renewal of Britain's nuclear deterrent.

ARTFUL will now join AMBUSH and ASTUTE, helping to keep Britain safe. The next four boats are already under construction, securing thousands of jobs and showing our commitment to increase defence spending each year for the rest of the decade.

Director Submarines at the MOD's Defence Equipment and Support organisation, Rear Admiral Mike Wareham, said:

The Astute Class are amongst the most advanced submarines operating in the world today and provide the Royal Navy with the capability it needs to defend UK interests at home and overseas.

We have learned many lessons from the build of the first two Astute Class submarines and ARTFUL will soon be ready to leave Barrow and to commence operations as the newest Submarine in the Royal Navy.

The 7,400-tonne ARTFUL submarine will shortly leave the BAE Systems shipyard in Barrow-in-Furness in Cumbria, conduct sea trials, before sailing to its new home at Her Majesty's Naval Base Clyde in Scotland.

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By Editor: The news that the new ARTFUL will soon be sailing brings to mind the 'Pooping' incident to the previous ARTFUL in 1949 leading to the loss of the Officer of the Watch and the later return to General Service of the Bridge Lookout. This was mentioned in an article by the late Les Willcox on the Barrow Branch Website. This article was responded to by two of Les's shipmates ERA Peter Weeks and POREL Ian Hopkins who gave their versions of the incident. Abridged versions of all three reports follow:

### **'Pooped' aboard HMS ARTFUL (1)**

(As recalled by Able Seaman Les Willcox)

On the 22nd January 1949 HMS ARTFUL left Dolphin (5th Submarine Flotilla) having provisioned for a lengthy patrol in the Arctic Circle as part of Operation Strongbox.

Chef (we only carried one) had been sent on a three day course at Lyons (the Corner Cafe people) and there to learn how to defreeze the frozen food - known as 'Frood'. This finished up on your plate with practically no taste at all - except for the plum duff which was not too bad.

We transferred to the 3rd Submarine Flotilla based at Rothesay and the Depot Ship HMS MONTCLARE.

Storing the boat continued apace as we took on three months stores and tinned foods (very limited variety in those days). Fortunately we were to have a week or so on fresh chickens. The passageway from the fore-ends to the after bulkhead of the accommodation space was stacked with crates of provisions. So we all realised that individual height was in favour of our shorter members.

The national press came to photograph the crew from the MONTCLARE's gangway as we mustered on the casing in front of the bridge. I have long since lost my copy but managed, over the years to retain a photo of some of the crew aft of the bridge draped all over the 'band stand' and the rest of us on the casing.

We shoved off from MONTCLARE on the 16th February 1949. By 23rd February we were north of Jan Mayen Island. The 'Jimmy', Lt Farquarson had left Sub Lt John Strother (a small ships trainee who had chosen submarines as his chosen field of furthering his career) to complete the watch with AB Fenwick as his lookout.

At about 0255 we were pooped. We should have been hove to and just about keeping station as we would plough into the oncoming sea with waves reaching 50+ feet. If we had been we could have coped with the sea that came over us, all the time, by means of a twill trunking, at the foot of the conning tower ladder that enabled us to scoop out the contents of the shallow bottom of the trunking and pour it down the bilges. The upper and lower hatches had to be open for the diesel engines to operate.

I was fast asleep in the fore-ends; the lower lid was shut by the force of sea as we dived to about 35 feet and rolled at an angle, which must be mentioned somewhere in the archives.

I woke up, as one did in boats, and rushed to the Asdic Office in the Control Room. The boat managed to surface and the lower lid was opened. Here, once again I must explain that Lt Peter Fenton (the CO) had been in his cabin which was situated between the lower hatch of the conning tower and the upper hatch. This placed the cabin outside the pressure hull. He had the ultimate wake-up call - his cabin flooding. He was OK and assisted with gaining access to the bridge. There they found young Fenwick wrapped around the 'standards' and no sign of Sub Lt Strother. Fenwick must have had a rope around his waist. Sub Lt Strother would not have suffered in these waters - practically death within seconds.

Able Seaman Fenwick broke down three days later and had to be sedated. He continued to be active amongst us - there was no room for passengers in those days - but he was reverted to General Service on our return to MONTCLARE.

**'Pooped' aboard HMS ARTFUL (2)**

(As recalled by POREL Ian 'Hoppy' Hopkins)

I was minding my own business while working on various "Boats" in HMS DOLPHIN. About 10:00 am I was called to the drafting office and there told to get my sea going gear together in a hurry and report to ARTFUL still tied up down in the "Trots"

While I was scrambling to get my gear together in the mess fortunately I saw one other mess mate and I had to explain to him what was happening. I had realised that my wife would be expecting me back home after work but in those days we didn't have any phone communication, like today, with everybody with a phone stuck in the ear. I gave him my shore address and requested that he go there and tell my wife what was happening and I would be away at sea not knowing for how long.

It didn't take me long to put together all my sea going gear and reported to ARTFUL. I was the last person on board and the shore lines were cast off even before I got down the hatch.

Needless to say my first question was where are we going in such a hurry and I was informed that we were making surface passage to the depot ship in Rothesay in Scotland prior to heading for 35 days expedition to the Arctic Ocean. It took us a few days to arrive at HMS MONTCLARE - the depot ship.

The next few days were busy storing ship for a three month's supply and because I was the Radar electrician I was asked if I had a wish list for any supplies. I requested (in writing) for six replacement transformers that had a habit of burning out. When the Captain saw my request I was called in to explain the reason. The request was forwarded to the supply branch but the answer was that they didn't have any in stock. At that point I informed the captain that I could not guarantee that the one existing transformer would last for the whole trip.

We were issued with special clothing which was for experimental use up North in the freezing weather. We had what we described as "String Vests." These were what looked like a ball of twine had been knotted together with holes about 3/4 of an inch in diameter. When worn under a normal vest it was supposed to keep the body temperature close to the body. Then there was a padded jump suit with a zipper from the crotch to the neck which made it difficult to operate in the confined quarters of the heads especially when an emergency arose. One poor bloke didn't quite make it and was astonished to find that he had an unusual poultice on the back of his neck when trying to get dressed back to normal.

We had a product on board called "Frood" (now possibly TV dinners) which was on trial from Lyons Corner House Restaurants in London. These were pre-cooked dinners served on aluminium plates and

then frozen. Notice that I still remember how to spell it - it is aluminum here in Canada. They (the dinners) just had to be heated before serving. They were great and very convenient for the poor overworked chef but who ever made them up didn't have any idea just how small the portions were and definitely not sufficient to satisfy sea going appetites. We also took on board long square loaves with crusts baked so hard that they could have been used for torpedoes. This was to try to increase the length of time before they turned green.

The bread wasn't exactly a success but we persisted eating green bread till there was almost a mutiny. Probably the most popular crew member was the chef. (Cookie) He was gainfully employed making bread during the quiet hours and he even had hot rolls for the watch straight out of the oven. One way to get brownie points.

With all this preamble out of the way things got serious only five days out from Rothesay. In hind sight it appears that we were supposed to be doing exercises, station keeping with the surface ships and we received orders to steer on a certain course. That is where we got into trouble because it meant that we had a following sea and we were up on station in the lee of Jan Mayen Island away above the Arctic Circle. We had already recorded, in the log, force eleven plus winds and the seas were showing waves in excess of 70 feet resulting in rolls recorded in the boat's log as 50 degree.

One rogue wave approaching from the stern swept right over the submarine knocking it down to about twenty five feet with the hatch open on the bridge. This is when we heard the lookout reporting "HELP, HELP, MAN OVERBOARD" but the engines were actually sucking the sea water down the hatch into the control room, until fortunately for all, the weight of water actually shut the hatch which was hinged aft. By then about six tons of water had arrived in the control room and it was making a serious nuisance of itself by sloshing from Port to Starboard with each roll until it decided to make contact with the main fuse box. That shorted out the main fuses which were rated at 2,000 amps thus causing an explosion probably better than a shot gun going off inside a 45 gallon metal barrel - and that not too far from my left ear still causing me some discomfort to this day with hearing loss. Things happen in threes. Back in the engine room where there is a gauge which tells the engineers how much vacuum there is inside the submarine and they were supposed to stop the engines when it reached FOUR inches. The engines still running and by now using up all the oxygen inside the boat until with little oxygen left the engines stopped by themselves. In hindsight it was discovered that the gauge was faulty and the back stop was not allowing the needle to go up to the FOUR inch mark.

The hatch was now vacuum sealed and the only way to equalise the pressure was through the 1½ inch voice pipe to the bridge. There was such a force of air coming down that pipe that it was screaming like a whistle but now, still with the voice of the lookout on the bridge shouting for HELP and somehow hanging on for his life all by himself because the officer of the watch - Sub Lt. Strother - had been washed overboard into sea temperatures of 28 degrees not to be seen again in the blackness of the Arctic night.

Item number three to go wrong was that when the main fuses blew we then had no Radio communications with the rest of the Fleet for about three days until we could equalise the pressure in the boat. This was in order to get the hatch open to get fresh air for the engines to give us steerage in the foul weather. Then we needed to pump out the water in the Control Room before it got to the Batteries where it would manufacture chlorine gas, a killer for the crew. Until the high amperage fuses were replaced we were also without food from the galley until power was restored.

While the pressure was being equalised which took about twenty minutes the inside of the boat was like being inside a bottle of pop when the cork is flipped, it was a steam like vapour which restricted vision, even you couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

Now that all this was going on what else do you think could go wrong? Well the transformer in the Radar set decided it had had enough of all this nonsense and the whole boat was filled with the smell of the burned out transformer. NO SPARES to replace it so I now found myself doing seamen's duties by making the boat do zig zag's when I was delegated to take over the helm. When dived it was my pleasure to make the boat porpoise when on the after hydroplanes. It took me nearly two years how to learn to fix the Radar now it was just seconds to learn how to do a seaman's duty.

We had enough of this crazy bobbing up and down with not very much time to do the experiments we were sent there to do so the next thing was to head away off over to the top of NORWAY where we hoped that the weather would be a little kinder to us. What a relief - we now only seemed to roll 25 degrees not 50 but it did allow us to do some controlled dives where we took readings on the bathythermograph noting the temperatures of the water as we dived. It had been found during the war that if it was possible for a submarine to get below a temperature layer it helped escape the pings from the surface vessels ASDICS when they bounced off the layer instead of pinging on the boat and being detected.

It was finally time to head for home and when we received the signal to return to base. We could have

had a great party if the rum ration could have been on a 'SPLICE THE MAIN BRACE' basis. But we still had three days of rough sailing before getting anywhere near some level seas. Actually it was three days out from the north tip of Norway and I got permission to visit the bridge for some fresh air and I was surprised to see a small fishing trawler plying it's trade still in seas that it was only possible to see the mast of the trawler when we were both on the crest of the waves at the same time and we were perhaps two hundred yards apart.

We felt the customary bump when we were alongside the depot ship in Rothesay. We were so debilitated after the constant rough weather that every one of us had great difficulty just trying to climb the gangway to the quarter deck of the MONTCLARE to get our sea going kits inboard.

After sixty years in Canada I am so delighted to still be able to enjoy fresh air and no stale bodies, fuel oil, cooking and a lack of oxygen-all for what??

Ian (Hoppy) Hopkins PO REL.

### **'Pooped' aboard HMS ARTFUL (3)**

(As recalled by Peter Weeks - ERA of the Watch)

(Engine Room 2300 – 0200 on 21st February 1949)

As 'Tiffy' of the Watch it was reasonably comfortable with the stern sea running. For a change we weren't rolling all over the place, and were only concerned with the 'donks' racing a bit and drawing a vacuum in the boat as the sea repeatedly flooded through the conning tower hatches.

This continued through the watch and I felt sorry for the lads in the Control Room continuously pumping out the 'elephant's foot' and slopping about in ice cold water. Mind you there was an icy draught in the Engine Room too!

About 0150 hrs I sent a watch-keeper for'd to shake my relief – it happened then – the big one and we were well and truly 'pooped'. We did not know in the Engine Room that the hatches were shut and our Air Vacuum Gauge was not reading 'danger'. However with engines labouring and water pouring through the ventilation louvres I shut down both Engines.

Sometime afterwards my relief arrived, having paddled through the flooded Control Room, and said 'There's a man overboard, hang on I'll find out' – however he was right.

This happened in a short period of time and I cannot remember if the Engine Room Telegraphs went to 'Stop Engines'. The Vacuum Gauge was later found to be faulty (another 'A & A' for the Admiralty) and what the final reading was I never knew. It must have been considerable because it took a group of HP Air to be released into the boat to break the vacuum, allowing the hatches to be opened and voice pipe contact with the Bridge.

A night to remember– Surface Running, Keeping Station as Ordered, with the Control Room Depth Gauges showing Periscope Depth. ‘The Quick and the Dead.’ With apologies to the fore ends lads whose ears must have felt half way down the gangway.

### **Submarine Museum welcomes 93 year old Second World War submariner**

The National Museum of the Royal Navy’s Gosport-based Royal Navy Submarine Museum welcomed a very special guest on Monday 6th July as Second World War submariner, 93 year old Bill Anderton, made a 300 mile trek from his Teeside home with his son Graham (62) and two other peacetime submariners, Tug Wilson (67) and Ken “Shady” Lane (68).

Bill served in the Royal Navy from March 1942 and volunteered for service in submarines. By his own admission, it was for the wage!

He served on HMS SATYR and HMS ULTIMATUM between 1942 until his discharge in 1946. The visit gave an increasingly rare opportunity to briefly chat with Bill about his service – how it was so cold on board and how the camaraderie with his crew mates got them through.

He is one of a declining number of Second World War submarine veterans and was keen to visit the museum and have a “wet” with fellow submariners. The museum’s showcase exhibit HMS Alliance is the official memorial to the courageous men “still on patrol” and Britain’s only surviving Second World War era ocean-going submarine.

See here for link to the Museum youtube channel which features a short interview with Bill <https://youtu.be/cWu10MpoTA019240>

### **Shrouds of the Somme**

A Message from Jake Moores via Jeff Tall

Dear All,

I am chairing a Steering Group to put on an Art Exhibition consisting of 19,240 12” figures (wrapped in shrouds and laid out on the grass) in remembrance of the 19,240 soldiers who lost their

lives on the first day of the Battle of the Somme in 1916. The Exhibition will be held in Northernhay Gardens, Exeter on 1<sup>st</sup> July 2016 which is the Centenary of the first day of the Battle.

Our aim is to raise £10 for each soul killed on that fateful day and to pass the proceeds to Service Charities including Royal British Legion and the Exeter Foundation which raises money for disadvantaged children in Exeter.

We are being supported by the Exeter Foundation, Exeter Cathedral, Exeter University, Royal Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter City Council, Devon County Council, RokkMedia, Santander, 6th Rifles, Royal British Legion and a host of other organisations in Devon and beyond including a company in France who want to take the Exhibition to France once it has completed its show in Exeter. We are also talking to BBC SW who are considering making a series of short films about the project and covering various events for ‘Spotlight’. In addition, Steve Knightley of ‘Show of Hands’ is supporting the project and will supply musical accompaniment to our fund raising activities and the event itself.

To see more please go to the website at <http://www.thesomme19240.co.uk/> where you can look at what we are planning to do as well as look up the names of those killed in case you have a relative or you have a namesake on the list.

We are planning a big fund raising dinner at Sandy Park on 30<sup>th</sup> October 2015, we have invited Michael Morpurgo to speak and have the Band of the 6th Rifles booked to conduct the “Sunset Ceremony” on the pitch. Tables for 10 are available and If you are interested in joining us or forming your own group, then let me know.

In the meantime if you wish to donate the page is at <http://www.thesomme19240.co.uk/donate> Please give generously for what we hope will become the 2016 equivalent of the ‘Blood Swept Land’ at the Tower of London last year.

Many thanks J K ‘Jake’ Moores OBE DL FRSA

## **LETTERS AND E MAILS TO THE EDITOR & THE WEBSITE**

Date: June 10, 2015  
 Name: Kevin "Taff" Williams  
 Email: [kevin.williams@wrexham.net](mailto:kevin.williams@wrexham.net)  
 Comments: I am looking for copies of the following items: Dedication/Rededication Ceremony Booklets for the following submarines HMS VALIANT, HMS CONQUEROR and HMS RESOLUTION. Any help with this would be gratefully received. Please email to above email address. Many thanks

### **A MESSAGE FROM THE ASSOCIATION WEBMASTER**

The Submariners Association now has a Facebook presence ‘Submariners Association Members Group’ at

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/276260715896782/>  
 This is a closed group for Full Members of the Association. Dits, Banter & chat to your oppos. A Member can add other Members but they cannot post or see posts until approved by Admins. It

makes life easier for the Admins if you state your Membership Number from your Membership Card.

Regards, Keith Bishop  
Webmaster

## BOOKS

### AUSTRALIAN SUBMARINES - A HISTORY (2nd Edition)

By Michael White (ISBN 978-1-876467-24-1)

This book, originally published in Australia in 1992, has been extensively revised and updated. Now in two volumes it is to be published shortly in Australia and covers the Australian Submarine history from the first Australian Government policy debates in 1910 through the many Classes of Submarine and the numerous people who served in them up to 2014.

The twenty three chapters in Volume I mainly refer to the historical developments of the Australian submarines from AE1 and AE2 in 1914 up to the current 'Collins' class.

The thirty three Appendices in Volume II contain detailed material about aspects of these submarines and a series of Appendices on Australian, NZ and British submarine personnel and their lives and careers that has never before been published.

The main author is Michael White, a former submarine seaman officer and currently an Adjunct Professor of Law at the University of Queensland. He has been ably assisted by numerous people but the main contributors are:

Garry Mellon: a former submarine engineer officer and now an offshore oil and gas engineer currently based on the Queensland Sunshine Coast;

Barrie Downer, also a former submarine engineer and now a submarine historian in the UK in Barrow-in-Furness;

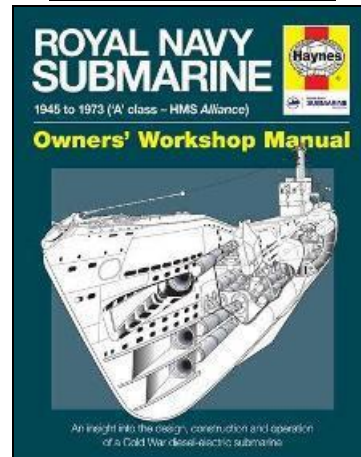
Pat Heffernan, another former submariner and now a submarine researcher in Melbourne with an emphasis on WWII era;

Darren Brown: a submarine historian with an extensive collection of material from the British archives and an important collection of submarine photographs and postcards.

Owing to the size of the book the cost is not yet available but will be advised shortly. It is probable that the printed version will only be available in Australia with an electronic downloadable version

available in UK. Further details will be advised when known.

### HMS ALLIANCE HAYNES MANUAL



Although an ex submariner Tiffany in your Association I have been a researcher and published author for quite a number years most subjects being naval history with a bent towards the more technical aspects and construction. Outside the submarine world I did spend 20 years in the post of Keeper and Curator of HMS Victory.

My recent publication relating to the 'A' class submarine HMS ALLIANCE may be of particular interest and would appreciate it being advertised in your newsletter. Published under the well-known Haynes Manuals title the book is titled:

Royal Navy Submarine 1945 - 1973 'A' Class HMS Alliance Owners' Workshop Manual: - an insight into the design, construction, operation and restoration of a Cold War diesel-electric submarine.'  
RRP. £22.99

For further details from please contact Jonathan Falconer at [jfalconer@haynes.co.uk](mailto:jfalconer@haynes.co.uk),

It may also be of interest that Haynes have also published a similar book on the MK VII c U Boat  
Yours Aye Peter Goodwin

### The Diary of Petty Officer Henry Kinder (RAN) of Submarine AE2

(Continued from Issue No. 48)

#### **CAPTIVITY**

On taking to the water which was nice and warm, I had a look around and saw our second in command who had evidently just lit a cigar before leaving the boat and was doing his best to keep it alight. He

looked rather comical floating around amid clouds of smoke.

The Turkish destroyer kept on steaming first ahead and then astern through the men in the water. A German engineer on board came on deck to see

what the excitement was and when he saw us in the water it took him some time to convince the captain to pick us up.

They were taking no chances as they nearly made us swallow the revolvers they thrust into our faces. Once on board the destroyer we dried what was left of our clothes. Some of the men had practically stripped themselves before taking to the water. During the afternoon, the destroyer took us down to the town of Gallipoli, a town on the Peninsula.

By that time our stomachs had begun to pinch as we had had no dinner and very little breakfast. This hunger was only the beginning of what was going to be a long starvation. One of the stokers on the destroyer kindly offered us some ships biscuits. From the colour and smell he must have kept them in the ship's bilges, so one and all declined his offer with thanks although I knew many a time afterwards I would have been only too glad to have eaten them.

On arriving at Gallipoli we were inspected by General Liman von Sanders, the German general in charge of operations on the Peninsula. For an hour we lay alongside a Turkish hospital ship. By the number of wounded on board there must have been something doing on the Peninsula. There were some terrible sights amongst the troops there. The Turks have no feeling towards their wounded, picking them up and dropping them like sacks of coal. I wondered what our treatment was going to be like at their hands if they treated their own wounded so roughly. One begins to realize the cruelty of warfare when you see hundreds of men lying round in agony.

About six o'clock a soldier belonging to one of the Worcester regiments was brought on board. He had been sent out with a Turkish firing party to be shot but a message was sent out to bring him back when they heard we had been captured. He was lucky enough to miss death once more.

Shortly after, a Frenchman was brought on board but by this time it was nearly dark and we had been all packed down in the fo'c's'le of the destroyer. When the sentry ordered the Frenchman down we gave him a cheer which frightened six months growth out of him. As we were in the dark he must have wondered what sort of a crowd he had to go down amongst. He was inclined to refuse until the sentry gave him a gentle reminder with his bayonet. We hoped no more prisoners would arrive for their own sake as well as ours. The fo'c's'le was getting uncomfortably overcrowded and close.

Half an hour later we were ordered on deck for our first Turkish meal which consisted of some garlic concoction and some greens with oil poured over them. It was far worse than any castor oil which no self-respecting European would touch. The only food we could eat was some sweetened bran.

There was a lot left over but not being used to Turkish methods we allowed them to remove it. This was a great mistake on our part as there was a long interval between meal times. It proved afterwards to be the best meal the Turks ever provided for us.

The sentries herded us back into our cramped quarters again but we were buoyed up with the hope that we would only be prisoners for a few months. It was just as well no-one was able to prick our bubble of hope by telling us that for the next three and a half years we would remain the guests of the Sultan, what we would go through before we regained our freedom and then only some us not passing over the borderline from sanity.

At 10pm after coaling, the destroyer slipped her moorings and headed for Constantinople. We lay in our crowded and cramped positions. The night seemed endless and the smell of the fo'c's'le was anything but pleasant. One could have put up with that but the livestock were something cruel. There was no chance of any sleep while they were on the warpath. It was our first experience of lice and for a beginning they made things very willing.

#### CONSTANTINOPLE

The destroyer arrived at Constantinople just as the sun was rising and it was a great sight entering the Golden Horn with the sun glowing on the city. Nevertheless, we were hardly in the humour for admiring anything as all hands were cold and cramped and ready to snap at one another. We were anxious to get out of that fo'c's'le.

The destroyer berthed alongside the quay near the Golden Horn bridge and a dirty crowd of Turks soon collected as the news spread that prisoners were on board from a submarine. No doubt they wanted to see us land. They had a long wait as we soon found that the Turkish official is a very languid sort of person who never hurries unless someone of higher rank comes along. Then he tries to make up for lost time. Although the destroyer arrived at sunrise it was long past midday before there was any sign of us being moved. Every hour seemed to drag wearily past and the motley crowd on the quay increased.

At last one of our men who had a position of advantage at one of the small portholes announced that a guard was coming. They had brought some naval clothing and even the English and French soldiers (much to their disgust) were turned into sailors. The Frenchy looked a character in his rigout. All hands were ordered on deck and given an overcoat and Turkish fez. We were told to go out onto the quay where a guard, far out of proportion to the number of prisoners, stood lined up. The Turkish officers made the most importance of themselves while they had the chance before the large audience who were waiting to see the desperate

prisoners marched away. When we were lined up we no doubt looked a comical outfit and good enough for any comic paper. Some had little red fezes, like pimples on a pudding. Others heads nearly disappeared inside their fezes. One of the Turks tried to change them round but if anything it made matters worse. The English officers were allowed to retain their caps and looked much more presentable than the crew.

After a lot of pulling, pushing and placing, the Turks got us into the position they wanted and there seemed to be so many in charge we didn't know who to obey. Of course, according to the Turks, we were far too ignorant to know when we were in a straight line. There was no interpreter of the Turkish language and it was quite beyond us. I had a pair of binoculars which the lieutenant had given me to hold just before AE2 sank but while I was changing a German sailor saw them. When I wouldn't give them up he reported me and I had to hand them over.

At last we were to move off, as evidently the guard was given the order to shoulder arms. As they seemed in doubt as to how the order was to be carried out they just stood and looked at one another. At last one put his rifle across his shoulder and the remainder casually followed suit. We couldn't help but laugh at the way the order was carried out which rather annoyed the officer in charge. He got very red and started to yell at us but fortunately, perhaps, we were none the wiser.

Off we went at last, sometimes marching, sometimes running for about 20 minutes and then quite suddenly we were halted. The Turkish officers had a heated argument pointing first in the direction we were going and then the other way. They didn't seem to know which way to go. We thought it would end up in a free fight. At last they cooled down and we about turned and started doubling back the way we had come. This was across the railway yards dodging signal wires and carriages then down the station platform and into the main street. It seemed they wanted to show us off.

It was an extremely warm day and after the hurry, scurry methods used by the Turks, marching was not very pleasant especially with a rough overcoat buttoned up to the neck. The street was paved with rough cobblestones and was narrow and dusty. Several times we unbuttoned our coats but each time they made us do them up again. At the time, we couldn't make it out but in Turkey it appears one is not allowed to have a coat unbuttoned in the presence of a superior. We had not learned Turkish customs then.

At last we arrived at a big building which proved to be the military barracks and prison. There was a lot of fooling around with us being marched into barracks rooms and then out again. They must have

been trying to fit us into a room without any space left over. Finally, after several misfits we landed in the prison proper where a lot of the Armenian prisoners were chained in gangs. There were about six to a gang and as they seemed to be moving about continually. The rattle of chains went on day and night and soon got on our nerves. When you had nothing else to do but listen to chains jangling, it seemed as though we had landed in an extremely cheerless sort of place. We waited to see if this was another of their misfit rooms but it finally proved to be our quarters for the next few days.

It was a half cellar and was lighted through a grating, just on ground level, about six feet up the wall. It was very cold in there. Straw mats covered the floor and at first we thought that that was all the room contained. We soon found out our mistake as the mats were full of occupants. When we lay down they came out in battalions. I didn't think it was possible for so many lice to hide under those mats. The few we had got on the destroyer were tame in comparison to these so we formed up and marched up and down the room all night singing. It was three steps and turn. All the old songs got torn to pieces that night. No wonder the Turks called us the mad Australians. We also realized what the monkeys in the zoo felt like being stared at by a lot of ignorant people. Probably they say the same as we said to the Turks.

As soon as daylight showed enough light through the grating we stripped and the louse hunt began. If every louse had been a Turk the Ottoman nation would have been wiped out. For all of our killing they rolled up in just as big a number that night. Day after day it was collect by night and kill by day. The Turks never kill the lice but just drop them on the ground and give them another chance. If there are no chickens around someone else is given the pleasure of dropping them.

It had been just on dark when we landed in the prison cell and no food had arrived. We repeatedly asked everyone who came in to look at us about getting something to eat but they all thought it a great joke. Eventually, a small loaf of bread was brought in but it was only a mouthful. The sentry stationed at the door told us by signs that at last some food was coming. Our spirits rose at the thought of something to eat and we thought things might not be quite so bad after all. We found out later that hunger was to be our biggest enemy in Turkey.

Three Armenian prisoners entered, each carrying a big copper dish, which they put in a row along the middle of the room. We were lined up on either side and each given a wooden spoon. This was done under the supervision of two Turkish officers. Like a lot of school children at a treat, on the word 'go', we rushed the dishes. All this time we were

wondering what sort of concoctions the dishes contained as the odour rising from them didn't seem very appetizing.

We had been detailed eleven to a dish and told to sit on our haunches. We would only have had to grunt to put our foot into the dish. One sip of the half cold, red, muddy concoction was enough. It is impossible to describe the taste. We left it in disgust. The Turks couldn't work out why we were leaving such good food and kept saying chokee which we found out meant 'very good'. It was no use complaining as we couldn't make ourselves understood.

As the weather was cold at night we tried to get blankets but it was like talking to a wooden post. Although they smiled and tried to look as though they understood, we didn't get any. Perhaps they thought we would keep warm scratching ourselves. Whether it was the new blood or not, the lice seemed to multiply each night. Our sleep was very broken with the cold and the lice. Our overcoats made insufficient covering. However, they proved our salvation later on. I can't imagine how the Turks allowed us to keep them. By our treatment to date, things were going to be lively if we were prisoners for any length of time without any knowledge of the Turkish language. We kept reminding ourselves that the war would all be over in a few months.

My recollections of the first few days as a prisoner were asking for food, swearing at and killing lice. Lice hunting became a pastime like deer stalking. The daily catch was recorded on the wall, honours going to the one with the biggest catch.

Our next meal, at eleven the next day looked very much like what we had had the night before: just warmed up. Needless to say we didn't bother to try it, as we hadn't got rid of the taste from the previous night. We were not yet sufficiently hungry to tackle it. We found out that only two meals a day were served in Turkey.

At midday, a loaf of bread was issued to each of us. Not a nice, big, two pound loaf but one that, after a few mouthfuls, left you wondering what had become of it. Twenty-four hours seemed like forty-eight with your belt tightened to the last hole before the next bread issue.

During the afternoon they marched us out one at a time and clipped our much cherished locks off with proper convict clippers. I didn't like parting with mine but with the livestock around, one was better off. Nevertheless, the cutting was proper torture as whatever hair the clippers didn't cut, they pulled out. When they wanted to shave me I strongly objected as some of the others who had undergone this painful operation came back with cut faces and tears in their eyes. I wasn't having any of that. After everyone had been through the mill the barber came around and demanded payment for the compulsory

haircuts. When we refused, a row started. Off he went and brought in the officer who evidently was going to get a cut out of it as he backed the barber. In any case, we had a little English money when captured. The Turks had sent out and changed it into Turkish money and we were forced to pay up. I had 10 shillings but one Australian florin they wouldn't change. I managed to keep it all the time I was a prisoner and brought it back to Australia with me.

On the third day, Enver Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War, had several of the crew called in trying to get some information from them. He informed the last one that the Australians were not an intelligent crowd. These men were put in another room and during the night some French prisoners were brought in and put in with them. Fortunately, one of the Frenchmen could speak Turkish, English and several other languages.

The next day they brought him in to see if we had any complaints. We told him to tell them that the food was inedible. They said to make out a list of what rations we were allowed in the boat and they would let us have the same. The coxswain made it out but whether the officer who received it died of heart failure or not, that was the last we heard of the ration question. We were still served the same starvation diet. Can you imagine any Australian coming off good rations sitting down to a meal of fusty wheat which had had rancid butter poured over it? One might get near it with a gas mask, but without it, your stomach would heave so much that, hungry as we were, we just couldn't eat it.

We were great objects of interest to the Armenian prisoners and Turkish soldiers when we were allowed out, two at a time, for a wash. They couldn't understand us stripping to the waist to wash although it did seem foolish when our water supply came through a filter tap. The Turk could wash with his fez and coat on and thought that we should be able to do the same. It was agony trying to wash with Turkish soap as it refused to lather. As washing or bathing didn't seem to be a favourite pastime of theirs the type of soap they used didn't matter. During the five days we remained in Constantinople they only allowed us out one hour a day for exercise and then under a strong guard. We had got the French interpreter to ask them for that as otherwise we would not have got any. It was great to go out into the sunshine after being shut up in that cold cellar.

We had a good view of Constantinople but I don't think it would worry me if I never saw it again. It looked to me to be a dirty city falling into ruin. Close by the prison were the ruins where the Young Turks had tried to burn the city down. By the look of it, they made a pretty good attempt at what they did burn. I don't know who quoted, "See

Constantinople and die”, but I’m not surprised at anyone dying after seeing it.

After our hour was up, which seemed all too short, we didn’t like returning to our cold prison again to drag a few more weary hours away. Each afternoon just before sunset the Turkish Military Brass Band used to play close to the grating and how they managed to get such awful music from their instruments, I don’t know. Although we always welcomed anything to break the monotony we were glad when they packed up.

One afternoon all hands were taken out to be photographed and after the war I saw one of the photographs. It was given to me by a fellow prisoner. We looked like a lot of convicts on our way to Siberia and it was hard to find oneself. When the crew of submarine E15 were captured ten days before us, they took a cinematograph of them. They had to walk in a circle around the machine so by the time they finished the Turks appeared to have hundreds of prisoners.

During the first couple of nights they counted us several times but one night my mate and I caused a commotion as they were one short in the count. They used to count us as we lay on the floor and as the two of us were sleeping together using two overcoats for covering, they were one short. There was the devil to pay. They roused us up and the room seemed to be full of officers of all ranks. They lined us up and everyone counted us and found no one had escaped. Two hours later the same thing happened. One was missing so the same performance was gone through. Double sentries were posted at night and if you left the room, you were accompanied by two sentries. They were not taking any chances.

All day long Turkish officers would come and gaze at us. One of them informed us through the interpreter that we were guests of the Sultan and would be well looked after. I often wondered what

our treatment would have been like as prisoners when he treated his guests this way.

When Enver Pasha was interviewing the crew, by some chance the little French soldier was chosen. When Enver started to speak to him in English he told him in French that he didn’t understand English as he was a French soldier. Enver wanted to know how he was captured in an English submarine. I think he thought Froggy was putting one over him when he denied all knowledge of submarines.

Of the sanitary condition of the prison the less said the better. How prisoners escaped catching fever of some sort beats me. Rumour got round that we would soon be off to the country to a nice camp where there were beautiful gardens and we would have nothing to do all day but lie around, smoke and sleep. The Turks have great imaginary powers but this yarn was a bit too colourful, so we didn’t put too much faith in their promises or descriptions of where they were sending us. Nevertheless, we sincerely hoped the conditions would be better than our present ones.

One day we were all lined up for something when our second coxswain got a brainwave that we were to be off there and then. As no interpreter was present, he said, “I’ll soon find out”. Turning to one of the sentries, he stamped his feet as though he was marching and said, “Do we march, march, march?” Then, pumping his arms back and forward like a kid does when playing trains, he said, “Or do we puff, puff, puff?” By the look on the sentry’s face, he was quite sure he was mad. Whenever we shifted camp after that you could hear all along the line: “do we march, march, march or do we puff, puff, puff?” much to our coxswain’s annoyance. He couldn’t see what a darned fool he was.

To be continued in In Depth No. 48 with:

### **THE JOURNEY TO ESKISEHIR**

## **OBITUARIES**

### **FRANK EDWARD DEADMAN**

It is with great sadness that the Sussex Branch of the Submariners Association has to report that Mr Frank Deadman, our President, passed away in June 2015 at the age of 99.

Frank joined the Royal Navy in December 1939. He served in H M Submarines SEALION, SEAWOLF, H43, and the American built submarine P553. When the German U-boat U-190 surrendered to the Canadian Navy in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Frank, who was there waiting to return to the UK, was selected as a crew member to take this “boat” up river to Montreal. It was during this period of his life that his love for the sea and his strong personality developed.

On leaving the Navy Frank settled in Eastbourne and worked for a local company. It is during these years that he developed an amazing talent for coaching and teaching all aspects of swimming and lifesaving. He achieved a list of many awards and shields showing recognition for helping schoolchildren, the aged and infirm to swim. He was asked to assist in the training of the Police and Emergency Services ensuring that they reach their necessary professional standards in swimming and lifesaving and was a Founder Member of the Royal Sussex Life Saving Society, later becoming an Examiner and then Life Governor. In 1951 he was awarded the Affiliated Shield for the highest number of Life Saving Awards for that year and this award

was presented personally in London by HRH Princess Elizabeth. Frank was also a Founder Member of Maritime Eastbourne. His collection of medals and cups is extensive and reflect his courage and the occasional life that he has saved from drowning.

Finally, his love of the Royal Navy was with him always, especially his fondness for submarines. On the 2nd February 2013 Frank was awarded the Submariners Association highest accolade, "The President's Certificate of Appreciation". The presentation was made by Admiral Sir James Perowne, KBE (President of the Submariners

Association). The Admiral told Members and Guests present that Frank had achieved the award by his outstanding work and dedication over many years to the Association. It was so well deserved. He was a Founder Member of the Sussex Branch and was its Chairman and Standard Bearer for many years and was, finally, Branch President.

The Members of the Sussex Branch of the Association will miss Frank as will other shipmates who knew him, a fine man.

Harry Summerton, Chairman, Sussex Branch, Submariners Association.

### A. W. C. 'Tony' Eldridge, DSO

On 27 October 1944, in the waters off the coast of present-day Thailand, Tony 'Lofty' Eldridge donned his diving suit and left the safety of the British submarine HMS TRENCHANT alongside his number two Sydney "Butch" Woolcott. Their mission was to sink a Japanese ship by expertly placing a bomb under its hull.

The Operation was fraught with danger, not least because of the machine they were using to carry it out. Known as a Chariot it was, essentially, a driveable torpedo.

The men did not know it at the time, but they had just embarked upon the final Chariot mission of the Second World War. Only forty six Charioteers (as they were known) were ever sent on Operations and many of them were killed in action or became Prisoners of War. Tony Eldridge (91) was the last surviving Charioteer.

Originally from Tunbridge Wells Tony lived for the last ten years of his life in a quiet cul-de-sac near Watford with his wife, Dorothy in a home provided by Haig Housing to meet the housing needs of ex-servicemen and women and their families.

Tony Eldridge joined the Royal Navy with the aim of becoming an Officer - an ambition he soon accomplished. Eager to see some action, he put his name forward for special training - without knowing that this would lead to being recruited to the elite team of Human Torpedoes, as the press billed them. "On the night we 'Passed Out' from initial training someone came along and said they were looking for people to do something different, which they called 'Special Service'. A few hours later it became Special and Hazardous Service," he joked when recently interviewed.

Tony Eldridge spent months training as a diver, at first in water tanks and quiet harbours but then in the wilder parts of Scotland. In 1944 he was introduced to King George VI whilst wearing his full diving kit aboard the Submarine Depot Ship HMS BONAVENTURE in Scottish waters. A

black-and-white photograph of the moment was hung in the hallway of his house.



**Handling a Chariot**



**Tony Eldridge Meets King George VI**

"It was bloody cold - diving in the UK is not fun," he recalled. "To overcome this they gave us a tube filled with chemicals, just to warm your hands up. But otherwise, your hands were bare. Eventually we got fed up and said: 'What about some operations?' They told us that the Depot Ship HMS WOLFE was going out to the Far East." After arriving in Trincomalee in Ceylon, Tony Eldridge (as No. 1 Crewman) together with 'Butch' Woolcott (his No. 2) was transferred to the Submarine HMS TRENCHANT where he was finally told the aim of

his top-secret mission was to sink a Japanese ship called the SUMATRA. Previous attempts to target the vessels had failed.

“Submarines had tried to sink these ships before but their torpedoes ran into sand and never reached the target,” he recalls. “But we were able to go in shallow water, so they asked us to do it.”

Before they left the safety of the submarine, both men were given an “escape and evasion” kit, which included a loaded 0.38 revolver, money in various currencies, a roll of gold sovereigns, a commando dagger, maps of the local area, a telescope and a needle and thread. The final item was the most sinister - a cyanide suicide capsule.

“There were some pretty horrible stories coming back from RAF people who’d been knocked off in Burma,” Mr Eldridge recalled. “Some of them were murdered, so we had one of these tablets to use if we felt it would be a good idea. Mentally, we decided at the start we weren’t going to be captured – and we weren’t.”

Once the men left the submarine, they were on their own. “Things don’t become visible until you get quite close – you can’t see very far. All you have is a compass, and no communications back to the submarine. You had to wait until you saw the masts of the target and then you’d dive underneath it and stop.”

After negotiating six and a half miles of ocean and attaching the warhead to the bottom of the ship, the men activated the six-hour fuse and returned to the TRENCHANT. As soon as they arrived back, their chariot was sunk in case it was discovered later by a Japanese boat – a piece of history which has lain undiscovered at the bottom of the ocean ever since.

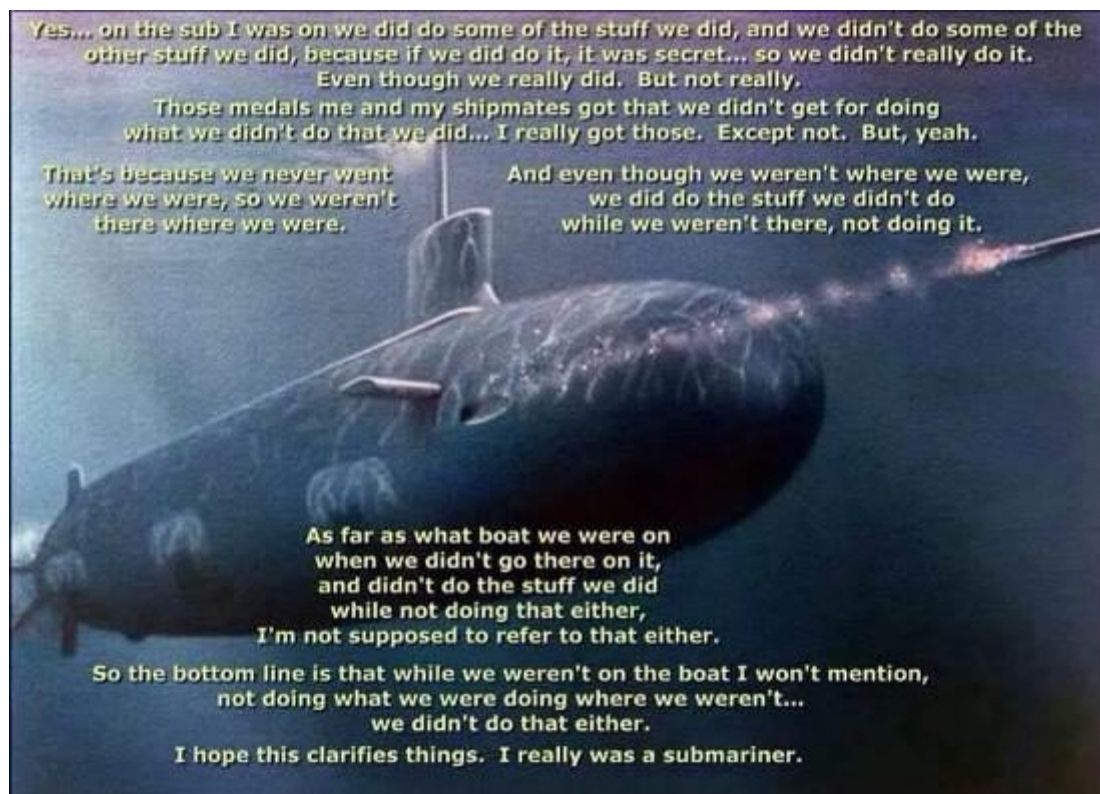
Then followed the anxious wait for the explosion. “I saw bits of this ship up in the air,” Mr Eldridge recalled. “In minutes, it had keeled over and it sank in two pieces. We were just delighted that we’d been successful – that’s what we went for, that was the whole idea.”

When the crew of the TRENCHANT returned to port in Trincomalee after a further three week ‘Operational Patrol’, they were given a hero’s reception by the ships there. “They cleared the lower decks and we were cheered in. That was a good feeling. It was fantastic,” said Mr Eldridge, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his efforts.

Note: A Second Chariot and Crew were embarked in TRENCHANT at the same time with orders to sink a second Japanese ship (VOLPI) in the same harbour as Tony Eldridge’s target. This second crew were also successful and also returned to Ceylon in TRENCHANT.

### DOES THE FOLLOWING SOUND FAMILIAR?

(supplied by Blood Reed – Barrow Branch)



MEMBERS 'CROSSED THE BAR' 1<sup>st</sup> April 2015 to 7<sup>th</sup> July 2015 (\*\* WWII Service)

NAME	DATE/AGE	RANK/RATE	BRANCH	SM SERVICE	SUBMARINES
W (Herbie) Duckett **	90	LME	MERSEYSIDE	1943 to 1957	OTUS, TUDOR, TACTICIAN, U-1407, AENEAS, AFFRAY, SOLENT, TAPIR & ANCHORITE
J (Jack) Fowler	Not Given	Leading Cook	POOLE & DIS	1966 to 1980	ARTFUL (67-68), AMBUSH (68-69), ORPHEUS (69-71), OTUS (73-74) & ONYX (78-79)
A I (Alan) Carter	82	Leading Seaman (UW)	CHELTENHAM & W.MIDS	1953 to 1958	ALLIANCE, SENESCHAL & TABARD
L F (Tex) Golding	March 2015 aged 90	CPO Coxswain	GOSPORT	1947 to 1969	TACTICIAN, AUROCHS, AURIGA, ANCHORITE, SLEUTH, SOLENT, SCORCHER, ARTEMIS, THERMOPYLAE, TOTEM & TAPIR
F (Fred) Bird	April 2015 aged 80	CRS	GOSPORT	1955 to 1967	TACITURN, ARTFUL, ALLIANCE & THERMOPYLAE
D (Derek) Whiting	15 <sup>th</sup> Apr 2015 aged 80	CPOMEA (P)	BASINGSTOKE	May 58 to Feb 71	TACTICIAN, EXCALIBUR, REVENGE & OTTER
A W C (Tony) Eldridge **	Apr 2015 aged 90	Lieutenant, RNVR	DOLPHIN	Jan 43 to Nov 45	CHARIOTS & TRENCHANT
A V (Alf) Jobson **	3rd May 2015 aged 88	Able Seaman (ST)	AUSTRALIA	Jul 43 to Apr 46	TRENCHANT & THOROUGH
D A (Dave) Sullivan	11th May 2015 aged 80	Leading Seaman (UC2)	GOSPORT	1953 to 1960	ARTFUL, ARTEMIS, TURPIN, ALDERNEY, AMBUSH & TIPTOE
J M (Mike) Draper	May 2015 aged 85	Lieutenant (E) (WESM)	GOSPORT	Dec 47 to May 64	AUROCHS, ALLIANCE, ALDERNEY, ALARIC, TRESPASSER, THULE, ODIN & WALRUS
J (James) Taylor	25th May 2015 aged 78	RO2	NOTTINGHAM	Jan 58 to Jun 60	SENTINEL & AURIGA
M W S (Mike) Shepherd	20th May 2015	Leading Seaman (UC2) & Lieutenant (RAN)	AUSTRALIA	1955 to 1960 1976 to 1981	RN (1955-60) UNTIRING, TRESPASSER, THOROUGH & TELEMACHUS RAN (1976-81) OXLEY, OVENS, OTWAY & ONSLOW
D (Derek) Moss	1st Jun 2015 aged 86	Petty Officer Stoker Mechanic	NORTH STAFFS	May 48 to Sep 54	TRENCHANT, TRUCULENT, TRUMP, TELEMACHUS & AURIGA
George Brier	2nd Jun 2015 aged 88	Stoker Mechanic	NOTTINGHAM	Mar 1946 to Jul 1954	AENEAS, TABARD, SERAPH & ACHERON
C J (Ted) Edwards	7th June 2015 aged 86	Commander (ME)	TAUNTON	1950	TOKEN, TEREDO & TABARD
John Bond	23rd Jun 2015	Not reported	SAOC West	Not reported	TRUMP & GRILSE
F E (Frank) Deadman **	June 2015 aged 99	Able Seaman (ST)	SUSSEX	Apr 43 to Dec 45	SEALION, H43, P553, SEAWOLF & U-190

A W S (Dutchy) Holland		Leading Seaman	NORFOLK	1957 to 1962	TIRELESS, Spare Crew (Portland) (S Boats)
J R (Joe) Stockton **	June 2015 aged 95	Leading Seaman (HTD)	LEICESTERSHIRE & RUTLAND	1940 to 1947	THUNDERBOLT, SUNFISH, P41 TIGRIS, UNBENDING, TERRAPIN, TAPIR & TACITURN
D T (Derek) Jones	June 2015 aged 72	Petty Officer (OEL)	EASTERN STATES	1962 to 1970	NARWHAL, TABARD, TACITURN & TIPTOE
E F (Frank) Dyer	June 2015 aged 79	Able Seaman (UC3)	MANCHESTER	Aug 55 to Apr 57	SEASCOUT & TALENT
A J (Tony) Parkinson	June 2015 aged 69	Ordnance Electrical Mech 1	MANCHESTER	Jan 71 to Jan 80	ONYX & RORQUAL
W (William) Carr	June 2015 aged 72	ME1.	AUSTRALIA	1965 to 1971	TALENT, TRUMP, TABARD, ORACLE & OTTER
A (Alan) Stark **	June 2015 aged 88	Stoker 1st Class	HULL & EAST YORKSHIRE	1944 to 1948	TACTICIAN, TRESPASSER, TALENT, AURIGA & SAFARI
P. (Phil) Prew	2nd Jul 2015 aged 81	Stoker Mechanic	GATWICK	Not reported	SENTINEL, TEREDO, ARTEMIS & SCOTSMAN
Terence Patrick Spurling, BEM	9 <sup>th</sup> Jul 2015 aged 82	Chief Control Electrical Mechanician	BARROW IN FURNESS	Nov 1951 to May 1972	THERMOPYLAE (52 to 54), TURPIN (54 to 56), TOTEM (56 to 58), TUDOR (58), SANGUINE (58 to 59), DREADNOUGHT (63 to 71) & SWIFTSURE (71 to 72)

#### OBITUARIES – OTHER SUBMARINERS ‘CROSSED THE BAR’ 1<sup>st</sup> April 2015 to 7<sup>th</sup> July 2015 (\*\* WWII Service)

ASSOCIATION	NAME	DATE /AGE	RANK/RATE	SM SERVICE	SUBMARINES
Submarine Officers Association	F P (Peter) Duppa-Miller	1st May 2015 aged 80	Commander (E) (WESM)	Not reported	OLYMPUS (1st Commission Crew), REVENGE (S) 1st Commission Crew
Submarine Officers Association	Kenneth Ian MacDonald Clark	7th May 2015	Commander	Not reported	ORACLE (1981), REPULSE (83), CHURCHILL (84), ODIN (IL 1988), (ORACLE (CO), COURAGEOUS (IL 1991) & SPLENDID (CO)
Submarine Officers Association	Victor James Shaw	21st May 2015 aged 78	Commander	1958 to 1968	RORQUAL (1962), ALDERNEY (1964) & AMPHION (CO 8th Aug 1967)
Non Member	Trevor Dyche	23rd May 2015 aged 64	Lieutenant (SD) (E) (MESM)	Not reported	CONQUEROR, VALIANT & CHURCHIL
Submarine Officers Association	John Stuart Crosbie Lea	May 2025 aged 95	Vice Admiral	1945 to 1958	TALENT (EO 1948), TIRELESS (EO 1956), AUROCHS (EO), EXPLORER (EO) & FORTH
Non Member	John Shepherd	9 <sup>th</sup> Jun 2015 aged 69	Chief Petty Officer	Not reported	AMBUSH, RENOWN (P) (1st Commission Crew) on 15th Nov 1968, REVENGE (S), COURAGEOUS (79 to 82), SWIFTSURE & DREADNOUGHT
Submarine Officers Association	Ian Patrick Hiley	20th June 2015 aged 85	Commander (L)	Not reported	TACITURN (LO), SM4 (L) & SM1 (DLO)
Non-Member	Bruce Allen	23rd Jun 2015	MEM1	Not reported	DREADNOUGHT
Non Member	R. (Bob) Shipsey	July 2015 aged 74	CPO (OPS) SM	1958 - 1985	THERMOPYLAE, OPPORTUNE, RESOLUTION, CONQUEROR, DOLPHIN & OCELOT