



# PERISCOPE VIEW

The Newsletter of the Barrow-in Furness Branch  
of the  
Submariners Association

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

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## BRANCH OFFICIALS

### **Hon President:**

John V Hart  
01229 821831  
[jvhart34@gmail.com](mailto:jvhart34@gmail.com)

## BARROW BRANCH COMMITTEE

### **Chairman:**

Dave Barlow 01229 831196  
[dave@davebarlow.plus.com](mailto:dave@davebarlow.plus.com)

### **Vice Chairman:**

Ken Collins 01229 823454  
[kc46@btinternet.com](mailto:kc46@btinternet.com)

### **Secretary:**

Ron Hiseman 01229 828664  
[ronhiseman@btinternet.com](mailto:ronhiseman@btinternet.com)

### **Social Secretary:**

Alex Webb 01229 839551  
[alexjan1516@hotmail.com](mailto:alexjan1516@hotmail.com)

### **Lay Chaplain & Welfare:**

Alan Jones 01229 462150  
[alricia.jones@googlemail.com](mailto:alricia.jones@googlemail.com)

### **Treasurer & Membership**

#### **Secretary:**

Mick Mailey 01229 821290  
[Michael.mailey@btinternet.com](mailto:Michael.mailey@btinternet.com)

#### **Newsletter Editor:**

Barrie Downer 01229 820963  
[barrie@downer55.freemove.co.uk](mailto:barrie@downer55.freemove.co.uk)

#### **Website Manager:**

Ron Hiseman 01229 828664  
[ronhiseman@btinternet.com](mailto:ronhiseman@btinternet.com)

#### **Committee Members**

Mick Dack 01229 823202  
Mark Butchart (serving member)  
[m.butchart@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:m.butchart@hotmail.co.uk)

### **Welfare Team:**

Jeff Thomas & Brenda Thomas  
01229 464943  
[jeffbrendathomas@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:jeffbrendathomas@tiscali.co.uk)  
Alan & Pat Jones  
01229 462150  
[alricia.jones@googlemail.com](mailto:alricia.jones@googlemail.com)

### **Standard Bearers:**

Ginge Cundall 01229 586315  
[Ginge.c@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:Ginge.c@tiscali.co.uk)  
Gordon Walker 01229 472613  
[gordonwalker77@talktalk.net](mailto:gordonwalker77@talktalk.net)

### **Slops**

Malcolm Hogg 07768 170325  
[malcolmhogg@fsmail.net](mailto:malcolmhogg@fsmail.net)

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**Cover Picture:**      **Branch BBQ Competitors in the Best Shirt Contest**

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### EDITORIAL

Hello Everybody

Did you notice that we had two full moons in July? Apparently this occurs occasionally and the second full moon is referred to as a 'Blue Moon' and led to the saying 'once in a blue moon' to cover something occurring unexpectedly – every now and again. I didn't see any difference between the first one and the second one but maybe I missed something!

On Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> August the Branch has been requested by the Barrow Council to attend the unveiling of a plaque commemorating Barrow's First World War VC – Lieutenant Foreshaw. This plaque, sponsored by the Government, is sited in Victoria Park alongside the pathway leading up to the Cenotaph. We will be there with the Branch Standard alongside our Tri Service Association colleagues. If you haven't told Ron Hiseman yet that you are attending please do so as soon as possible.

July seems to have been a month of sad news for the Branch – firstly with the loss of Branch stalwart Terry Spurling who helped to support and organise so many projects and events for the Branch. Amongst other things Terry was the driving force behind the (sadly unsuccessful) efforts to set up the Submarine Heritage Centre with a Submarine as the centrepiece. However his successes included the SHC Paintings Collection, the 'Dive, Dive, Dive' book, sales of the Limited Edition prints, the SHC Website and helping to establish the

AE1/AE2 Memorial in Ramsden Square. He will be a hard act to follow. I'm finding it a bit difficult to realise that there won't be any more phone call along the lines of 'I know you're busy but – if you have a bit of time of spare – there's a little job you might help me with!'

Then more sad news with Branch member Peter Lorking 'Crossing the Bar' on Monday 27<sup>th</sup> July. Peter's funeral is at Thorncliffe on Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> August at 1430 – please attend if you can to give him a Submariner's send off on his final Patrol.

Then even more sad news in the last few days when a good friend of the Branch – Norman Newsome - passed away on Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> July. Although not a Member Norman regularly supported Branch Functions with his wife Fiona. His funeral is on Friday 7<sup>th</sup> August at 1030 at Thorncliffe. Those who knew Norman might like to attend to support Fiona.

Another date for your diaries – Branch Member Tony Griffiths is arranging a special party for his good lady Beverley at the RBL on Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> November starting at 2000 onwards. You are all invited along but please let Tony know as soon as possible if you are planning to attend so he can cater for the numbers – see you all there.

Please enjoy your August Branch Newsletter. If you have any stories of dits for me to use in future issues please send them in to me as soon as possible. Please continue to support the all the Branch activities arranged

for your benefit and - don't forget the Branch Meeting on Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> August! See you all there!

Regards to all,

**Barrie Downer**

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### **CHAIRMAN'S REPORT**

Summer is whizzing past and with the recent rain I thought winter was already on us.

Fortunately the weather has been good, unlike last year, for our recent social events. The Race Day at Cartmel was, as usual, excellently organised by Alex. The weather stayed fine and I, for the first time, came home with more than I went with, not that I ever lost much anyway because I am not really a gambler. A pound each way does me, don't win much but then again don't lose much either and with the company, the picnic and the occasional drink a really good day ensued.

The BBQ at Crofters was another good day, which again is thanks to Alex and his wife Jan for the hard work the pair of them put in. A big wholehearted BZ to you both. My family and I really enjoyed ourselves even though the wait for our grub was extraordinary long. I am sure lessons will be learned on that aspect but it didn't detract from a really good day.

The saddest part of the month was learning of the passing of a dear member Terry Spurling. After all he had gone through in the past two or three months we all thought he was on the road to recovery so it came as a big shock to me and, I suspect, to many of you. The turnout for his funeral was tremendous and says a lot for the esteem in which we held him. I was honoured to be asked to be the Master of Ceremonies for the funeral, which was to be non-religious with Kenny Collins being one of the pallbearers and Ginge Cundell parading our Standard. The Guard of Honour was more than we have at some branch meetings so thanks to everybody who turned out and to Barrie Downer who organised the guard. I will bring along the 'Book of Memories' to the

August meeting to allow those who haven't already done so to sign and include a memory of their own if they so wish. On a lighter note Les Carr with his wheel chair made a great door stop at the Crematorium entrance.

I have also just learned that Peter Lorking our last founder member has also passed away. Ron will advise the funeral arrangements when known.

We have invited the crew of Artful to join us at our August meeting to wish them a fond farewell from Barrow as they embark on their sea trials. The latest rumour I have is that she will leave Barrow on the 14th August but that could change at short notice. As I write this dit they are on their fast cruise, - who remembers those - so we don't know how many will turn up. The idea is that we keep the meeting to a minimum (max 30 minutes) and then get stuck into the rum and have a good chin wag.

By the way 31st July is the 45th Anniversary of the demise of the tot. It was my intention to celebrate in the usual manner but unfortunately Fiona is going out with her pals and I am the designated taxi driver. She planned that well - not.

Ted Budgen is now the proud owner of a mobility scooter so if you are ever around Roose or near the Tesco Metro watch your step on the pavements, as he is pretty lethal. He is easy to see though as he has a Submariners Association Hi Viz jacket. It has given him a new lease of life and he is looking that much better for it.

Well, that's all for now, see you all on Tuesday.

See you all on Tuesday. **Dave**

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### **SECRETARY'S DIT**

#### **Hi All**

Not a good month for the Branch, with the loss of two stalwarts of the Branch. First Terry Spurling who crossed the bar after a gallant fight having undergone open heart surgery. Terry was a great supporter of the Branch and the driving force behind many of the great achievements of the Branch.

We also lost Peter Lorking after a long battle against Parkinson's disease. Peter's funeral takes place on the day of the August meeting, so I hope we had a good turnout.

The other Saturday the Branch held its annual BBQ at Crofters. My guests and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and it was great to see the level of turn out. It must have been so rewarding to Alex and Jan for all their hard work to see such a good turnout, well done Alex and Jan.

At the August meeting we will be celebrating the loss of the tot as usual but will hopefully be joined by members of HMS ARTFUL's crew who are due to leave Barrow

shortly. The crew are currently undergoing fast cruise so could do with a good social. In the next few days you should receive a mail shot from the Branch which includes the National rules, Branch rules and a Standing Order form for the new subscriptions to Branch and National. There is also a letter that requests you let me know your intentions due to the 100% increase in National subscriptions. Please do not ignore this as it will decide the way the Committee steer the Branch. This is your way to have a say in the future running of the Branch. If the Committee do not know how you feel then there is no way we can reflect your views in the running of the Branch. Please let a member of the Committee or I know by e-mail, phone or return of the standing order. Please make your views known as soon as possible so the Committee can address them.

For a small number of members the letter will be slightly delayed as I source some more National Rules from National.

Enjoy the sun that's here at the moment it may not last.  
Regards

**Ron**

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## **SOCIAL SECRETARY REPORT**



**Hi Shipmates,**

July saw the Cartmel trip where 35 of us departed on the trip that is a glorified beano with some smelly beasts going around in circles – enough about Dickie Cambridge. Good day had by all with the chairman declaring a slight profit for the day.

Also, we had the annual BBQ at Crofters on the 25th which had 93 of us sitting, drinking, eating and having a laugh in the sun. Was a good day for me I didn't have to cook for a change! Unfortunately the BBQ gave our chef some hassle and the food was slow in coming, but everyone did get fed and job was a good one. For those who fear the same might happen next year, please let me assure you that we have a Plan B and normal service will resume in 2016.

### **Diary Check:**

Saturday 29th August is the corporate football day at the Bluebirds, we are playing against Southport. If you haven't been on one of these before it is a great day out with lots of food, drink, socialising and VIP treatment, and if you like football even better. The lowdown is we muster in the bar about 12:30 then get called into the hospitality suite where the free drinks start flowing, we have lunch (normally a choice of curry or hotpot) and continue drinking. About 2:30 the manager comes in with free programmes and gives us a dit on the plan of attack. Then we drink more until we need to go to the match. We take our seats in the corporate section of the stand and watch the first half. Half time we all pile back indoors for crisps and more drink, the out for the second half. Final whistle we are back indoors for sandwiches and more drink and they move us out at 6pm where we can take our drink into the main bar. Really great day out, the price is now £40 per person but the social fund will subsidise anyone attending by £10 so you only pay £30. This is limited to 20 places so please don't hang around, book your place and give me payment at the August meeting.

Saturday 12th September is our race night at the Legion. This is the only one this year and is going to be a joint effort with the Furness Lions. Free entry, food will be available and it will be a great evening; if we can get the support it deserves. If you can't make it on the night then maybe you would like to become an owner (£2 for a return of £10 if your horse wins) or a jockey (£1 with a return of £5 if your horse wins). Please come along and support this and all profits will be ploughed back into the Christmas party.

At the August meeting we have the Members Draw - not won in July so we have £40 in the pot – very serious money now; can you afford not to be there???? Also we have the Birthday Boy Beer for our Members who were hatched in August over the years.

Please support me at these functions, because without you they are pretty boring!!

**Alex Webb**

**Social Secretary**

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### **AUGUST BRANCH CALENDAR**

Branch Meeting	Tuesday 4th August
Lt Forshaw VC Memorial Parade	Sunday 9th August
Corporate Footie	Saturday 29th August
Committee Meeting	As Required

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### **BRANCH BIRTHDAYS AUG 2015**

W. (William) McLaughlin	03/08/1946
J.A. (Buck) Rogers	05/08/1959
A. (Alan) West	09/08/1931
R.H. (Robert) Hagen	10/08/1944
G. (Whisky) Walker	11/08/1948
A. (Arthur) Lyness	14/08/1968
E.W (Ted) Budgen	18/08/1934
M.J. (Paddy) McCormick	18/08/1955
D.J. (Dave) Parsons	18/08/1946
D.B. (Dave) Harwood	21/08/1951
D. (Dave) Sales	29/08/1953

**Happy Birthday to you all!**

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### **SUBMARINE HERITAGE PAINTINGS COLLECTION**

Prints of all the paintings from the Submarine Heritage Collection and included in the book 'Dive, Dive, Dive! Barrow Built Submarines – the Best' are now available for purchase on line. The site is:-  
[etsy.com/uk/shop/submarineheritage](http://etsy.com/uk/shop/submarineheritage)

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### **SUBMARINE LOSSES OF WWI**

This is a series listing Submarine losses month by month during WWI, Crew Members lost and other Submariners who died. Three Submarines were lost in August 1915 and these were:

**Submarine C33**

On 4th August 1915 Submarine C33 was operating in the North Sea in conjunction with the trawler MALTA in an operation against the U-Boats. In the early evening the two vessels parted company. After a wireless message later the same evening nothing more was heard from C33. It is believed that the Submarine strayed into a minefield, hit a mine and was lost with all hands. The crew of C33 consisted of the following:

#### **Officers**

Lieutenant Gerald Ernest Berkeley Carter, Royal Navy  
Sub Lt Colin James Buchanan, Royal Naval Reserve  
Gunner (I) Arthur Godfrey Bishop

#### **Ratings:**

Petty Officer Alfred Alexander O/N 208184  
Leading Seaman Henry Percival Black O/N 218260  
Leading Seaman Godfrey William Hocking O/N 224194  
AB William Clarke O/N 225354  
AB Leonard Green O/N 235395  
AB Albert William Hill O/N 223692  
AB Clarence John Wharton O/N J5326  
Sig Ernest Granville Bennett O/N J7122  
ERA2 William Charles Duncan O/N 272147  
ERA3 Alfred Hunt O/N M411  
Stoker PO George Heath O/N 297419  
L/Stoker William David Windebank O/N 311130  
L/Stoker William Thomas Lashbrook O/N 309014  
Stoker Edward Saunders O/N K7114

#### **Submarine E13**

On 19th August 1915 Submarine E13 was attempting to make the passage through the Skagge Rack and the Kattegat and into the Baltic Sea to join other British Submarines operating with the Russian Navy. The Submarine experienced a gyro compass failure and ran aground on the Danish Island of Saltholm. Despite the presence of Danish Warships in the area Submarine E13 was shelled into a wreck by German warships, which opened fire without warning. Fifteen of the crew were killed in the attack and the remainder swam to safety but were then interned by the Danes. Lieutenant Eddis was already in ashore in Denmark at the time of the attack attempting to gain assistance for Submarine E13 at Copenhagen. The crew members were:

#### **Officers:**

Lieutenant Commander Geoffrey Layton, RN  
Lieutenant Paul Leathley Eddis, RN  
Sub Lieutenant William Garriock, RNR

#### **Ratings:**

Petty Officer William George Warren O/N 238632  
Petty Officer Charles Bowden O/N 205884  
Petty Officer Alfred Frederick French O/N 214229  
Leading Seaman Herbert Lincoln O/N 223571  
Leading Seaman Henry Thomas Pedder O/N 227585\*  
Able Seaman Harold Joyner O/N 214616\*  
AB Alfred John Payne O/N J4317\*  
AB Robert Thomas Smart O/N 235782\*  
AB Walter Edwin Brewer O/N 202903  
AB Charles Frederick Rendolson Hunt O/N 234445

AB Benjamin Nix Watson O/N 225969  
Ord Sig Herbert Goulden O/N J26716\*  
Ord Tel Ernest Stuart Charles Holt O/N J26522\*  
ERA4 Walter Augustus Varcoe O/N M1581  
ERA Albert Thomas Henry Abrams O/N 271339  
ERA4 Edgar Tennison Lukey O/N M4442  
ERA3 Herbert Staples O/N M1464\*  
Chief Stoker Benjamin Pink O/N 281214  
L/Stoker William Whatley O/N 311495  
Stoker William Hayes Thomas O/N 307910\*  
Stoker Thomas Charles Greenwood O/N K5440\*  
Stoker Arthur Long O/N 312113\*  
Stoker Walter Thomas Wilcox O/N K7191\*  
Stoker Fred Wilson O/N K1405\*  
Stoker Walter Albert Yearsley O/N K3223\*  
Stoker Frederick William Smith O/N K14110  
Stoker Francis George Stubbington O/N 304560

#### **Submarine C29**

On 29th August 1915 Submarine C29 (Lieutenant Commander William R Schofield) ran into an unknown mine field off of the Humber and the submarine was lost with all hands. C29 was working with the trawler ARIADNE in an operation against U-Boats. At the time, C29 was being towed whilst dived and was in contact with the ARIADNE when the mine exploded. With C29 were lost:

#### **Officers:**

Lieutenant William Richard Schofield, RN  
Sub Lieutenant Tim Evelyn Evans, RN

#### **Ratings:**

Petty Officer Louis George Norris O/N 212080  
Leading Seaman Arthur Henry Smith O/N 227702  
AB Seaman Andrew Ahern O/N 208176  
AB Seaman Edward James Darby O/N J9319  
AB Seaman Charles Ernest Hobbs O/N J6420  
AB Seaman George Ernest Lane O/N J9657  
AB Thomas Reginald Mullins O/N 216637  
Boy Tel Harold Frederick Watson O/N J31341  
ERA2 Robert Christopher Gibson O/N 271389  
ERA2 Archibald McVicar Sinclair O/N 271726  
ERA4 Frederick George Moore O/N M11984  
Stoker P) Frederick Walter Bignell O/N 308618  
L/Stoker Frederick Gordon Chambers O/N 363343  
L/Stoker William Henry Faux O/N 291558  
Stoker John Johnston O/N K16414

Four other Submariners were reported to have died in August 1915 and they were:

#### **1. AB Stanley Jefferies Vickers Norris O/N 183574 (RAN 8282)**

Stanley Norris served in Submarines from 5th July 1907 and was serving in the Submarine Depot Ship HMS FORTH on 27th June 1912 '*as Spare Crew 'B' – and for General Ship Duties*'. He joined HMS DOLPHIN on 3rd May 1913 and was '*Lent to R.A.N for three years from 1.12.13 for service with Submarine Spare Crew*'. He is understood to have joined Submarine AE2 for the passage to Australia. He was drafted to the RAN



London Depot *'for Submarines'* on 1st January 1915 and then joined the Submarine Depot Ship HMS ADAMANT as *'Spare Crew'*. Thirty five year old Stanley Norris is reported to have died from dysentery on Monday 2nd August 1915

**2. Ord Signalman Frank Albert Levey O/N J27223**

Frank Levey was born at South Hackney, London on 11th Feb 1897 and he was the eighteen year old son of Mr F H and Annie Levey of 5, New Street, Braintree in Essex. He joined Submarines as a Boy Signalman on 17th November 1914 and served in Submarine E6 from 9th Feb 1915 to 9th Jun 1915 and then joined Submarine E7 and completed that submarines first patrol in the Sea of Marmara. He was taken ill and died in RNH Malta on 12th Aug 1915 between Submarine E7's patrols in the Dardanelles. He is buried in the Pieta Military Cemetery in Malta (near Valletta) in B.V. 6.

**3. ERA2 George Kirman O/N 272055**

On 16th Aug 1915 Submarine B6 (together with Submarine B11) was anchored about 700 yards off shore from Cape Lukka near Alexandria in Egypt. The Submarines were fired on (with small arms fire) by a party of Arabs and Europeans ashore. The Commanding Officer of B11 (Lieutenant Norman Holbrook, VC) was hit in the face by a ricochet and wounded. One Engine Room Artificer was hit in the back and badly wounded, the Coxswain was hit and slightly wounded and Engine Room Artificer George Kirman in Submarine B6 was killed and lost overboard, another. George Kirman was born in Sunderland, County Durham on 5th Aug 1883 and was the thirty two year old son of George and Sarah Kirman of 134, Victoria Road, Chatham, Kent. He served in Submarines from 24th Feb 1912 to 16th Aug 1915 and in HMS VULCAN on 28th Jun 1912, THAMES in 1912 *'for all copper work in shop'* & HMS CORMORANT *'for Submarine B6'* from 4th Sep 1913. George Kirman is commemorated on the Chatham Naval War Memorial on Panel No 11.

**4. Signalman Walter Leonard Wilson O/N 238724**

A member of the crew of Submarine B7 Walter Leonard Wilson is reported to have died in Malta on 19th Aug 1915 after being taken ill. Walter Wilson was born in St. Pancras in London on 4th April 1891. He served in Submarines from 17th Jun 1913 and in Submarine B7 in the Gibraltar Flotilla from 4th Sep 1913. No Next of Kin or other family information is currently available.

This Series will be continued in the September Issue of Periscope View

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**BBQ PICTURES**

As Alex reports in his Social Dit above the Annual Branch Barbecue took place at the Crofters on Saturday 24th July starting at 1400 and continuing to 1900. We were very lucky as we had a nice sunny afternoon although there was a bit of a breeze.

You will see a photo of the Best BBQ Shirt Competitors on the front page but here is a selection of other photos which were supplied by Dave Barlow and Alex Webb. A big thank you to Alex and Jan for all their hard work in the organisation of this event.







## Sweden investigates if wreck in its waters is Russian Submarine

The Swedish military is studying a video taken by shipwreck hunters who say it shows a wrecked submarine just off the eastern coast of Sweden which appears to be Russian, a spokesman said on Monday.

The discovery comes less than a year after Swedish troops and ships unsuccessfully hunted for a Russian submarine reportedly cited near Stockholm, in the country's biggest military mobilization since the Cold War.

Swedish Armed Forces spokesman Anders Kallin did not say whether the military also believed it was a Russian submarine.

"We choose not to comment on it before we have seen more material. We will continue the analysis together with the company in the coming days," Kallin said.

Ocean X Team, the company behind the discovery, said on its website: "It is unclear how old the submarine is and for how long it has been at the bottom of the sea, but the Cyrillic letters on the hull indicate that it is Russian."

One of the men who discovered the submarine, Dennis Asberg, told the Expressen newspaper it looked modern. But one expert quoted by the paper said he believed it was a Russian submarine that sank in 1916.

Concerns about possible incursions by Russian submarines have increased as relations between Moscow and the West have worsened due to events in Ukraine.

During the Cold War, the navy repeatedly chased suspected Soviet submarines along its coast with depth charges.

In 1981, in an incident known as "Whiskey on the Rocks," a Soviet nuclear Whiskey-class submarine was stranded near a naval base deep inside Swedish waters after it ran aground, causing a diplomatic standoff.

There have been many false alarms. In 1995, then-Prime Minister Ingvar Carlsson said the military on several occasions thought it had detected submarines only to find many of the underwater sounds were made by minks.

In April, the Finnish military used handheld underwater depth charges as a warning against what it suspected was a submarine in waters off Helsinki

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## **NEWSLETTER CONTACT INFORMATION**

Do you have a story to tell or have information you feel should appear in the Newsletter then ring Barrie Downer on 01229 820963 or if you wish to send me an article my postal address is listed above under Committee Members. You may also send your contribution by e-mail to me [barrie@downer55.freemove.co.uk](mailto:barrie@downer55.freemove.co.uk). Come on – every Submariner has a story to tell – some more than one! Let's see yours in print!

Constructive suggestions about the newsletter are also very welcome. The newsletter will be published in the last week of each month i.e. the last week in July for the August 2015 issue. Please ensure you have any information with me by the 15th of each month to ensure its inclusion in the next issue. Thank you to everyone who contributed to this edition – keep them stories coming!

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## **HMS VALIANT 50<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY**

HM Submarine VALIANT was first 'Commissioned' in 1966.

This is an advance notice of VALIANT's 50th Birthday Celebration and Reunion to be held in Devonport Dockyard and HMS DRAKE next year on Saturday 13th August 2016 at mid-day. It is hoped that Ship's Companies from all of VALIANT's Commissions will be represented. Further details will be posted on the VALIANT Association Website in 2016.

Many Thanks

John Jacobsen.

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## **YOUR HELP NEEDED**

### **HMS DREADNOUGHT – The First Five Years**

Back in 1968 Terry Spurling wrote a book entitled 'H.M.S. DREADNOUGHT – the First Five Years'. Unfortunately this book is now out of print but I am hopeful of being able to serialise it in 'Periscope View' in the near future - if I can source a copy and get permission from Terry's family.

If any Branch Member has a copy – or knows the whereabouts of a copy - please let me know.

However Ben Britten found an item written by Terry in the early days of the Barrow Branch News Letter which tells of HMS DREADNOUGHT which I reproduce below:

### **Nuclear Submarines**

#### **A New Era**

HMS DREADNOUGHT - Specially designed to hunt and destroy enemy underwater craft.

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Dreadnought was laid down on 12th June 1959 and launched on 21st October 1960. DREADNOUGHT's preliminary trials, which began early in 1962, progressed very satisfactorily and she made her first dive in Ramsden Dock on 10th January 1963. At the time of her completion on 17th April 1963 she was one of the most formidable attack submarines in the world.

DREADNOUGHT was handled by means of Telemotor controls using a type of joystick and an elaborate instrument panel similar to those in the cockpit of a modern aircraft. At the high underwater speed she also behaved and handled like an aircraft and could be set on course and depth by an automatic pilot. She was also capable of performing aquabatics.

Comprehensive air conditioning and purification equipment maintained safe and comfortable atmosphere control and enabled DREADNOUGHT to operate for more than two months without recourse to air from the surface – a pint of distilled water passed through electrolyzers providing enough oxygen for the one hundred man crew.

Food supplies were the only factor which limited the submerged endurance.

In the after end of DREADNOUGHT, which was of almost totally American design and was known as the American Sector electricity was produced for less than 1p a kilowatt hour when water produced on the same basis cost about 7 ½ p a gallon.

Accommodation was of an unprecedented standard with the crew appreciating shower baths, laundry and washing facilities - amenities that weren't installed in earlier submarines.

Separate mess spaces were provided for Senior and Junior Rates, arranged on either side of a large galley, equipped for serving meals on the cafeteria system. Particular attention was paid to the decoration and furnishing of living quarters and recreational spaces, which included cinema equipment, an extensive library and tape recordings - features which helped to offset the monotony associated with prolonged underwater voyages.

During her career Dreadnought went on many and various patrols. On 24th June 1967 she was ordered to sink the wrecked and drifting German ship ESSBERGER CHEMIST. Three torpedoes hit along the length of the target and the gunners of HMS SALISBURY finished the job by piercing the tanks which were just keeping the ESSBERGER CHEMIST afloat.

In the mid 1960's DREADNOUGHT's visits included trips to Norfolk, Virginia, Bermuda, Rotterdam, and Kiel. She was at Gibraltar in 1965, 1966 and 1967 and on 19th September 1967 she left for Singapore on a sustained high speed run. The round trip finished as 4,640 miles surfaced and 26,545 miles submerged.

Apart from a minor hull cracking problem DREADNOUGHT proved to be a reliable vessel, popular with her crews. In 1970 she completed major refit at Rosyth Dockyard in the course of which her



nuclear core was refuelled and her ballast tank valves were changed to reduce noise.

She re-commissioned on the 10th September 1970 and had a commemorative postal cover to prove it. On the 3rd March 1971 she became the first British Nuclear submarine to surface at the North Pole.

Placed on the Disposals List in 1983, having exceeded her designed fifteen years hull life by a further eight years, DREADNOUGHT was laid up indefinitely at Rosyth Naval Dockyard upon decommissioning while her radioactive contamination decayed. Her nuclear fuel was removed and she was stripped of useful equipment. During DREADNOUGHT's build, Rolls Royce and Associates, in a collaboration with the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, were developing a completely new nuclear propulsion system. On the 31st August 1960 Britain's second nuclear powered submarine was ordered from Vickers and fitted with Rolls Royce's steam raising plant.

HMS VALIANT was the first 'all British' Nuclear Submarine.

### THE VE DAY SOCIAL PHOTOS

I know it seems quite a time since we attended the Tri-Service VE Day Social in the Concert Room at the RBL, Holker Street but Bob Palmer has sent in some pictures that were taken by Mick Dack which are shown below. There was another very good photo of the ceiling tiles in the Concert Room but I left it out to avoid any embarrassment!



### CROSSED THE BAR JULY 2015

Branch	Date	Name	Rank/Rating	O/N	Age	Submarine Service
Gatwick Branch	2 <sup>nd</sup> Jul 2015	P (Phil) Prew	Stoker Mechanic	C/KX 907011	81	Submarine Service in SENTINEL, TEREDO, ARTEMIS & SCOTSMAN
Dolphin Branch (ex London & Merton)	6 <sup>th</sup> Jul 2015	Terence (Buster) Brown	Radio Supervisor	D086746	65	Submarine Service May 1971 to Sep 1979 in VALIANT & SCEPTRE
Barrow Branch	9 <sup>th</sup> Jul 2015	Terence Patrick Spurling, BEM	Chief Control Electrical Mechanician	C/MX 895562	82	Submarine Service from Nov 1951 to May 1972 in 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)
Dolphin Branch	11 <sup>th</sup> Jul 2015	Gerald T (Gerry) Warne	Stoker Mechanic	TBA	84	Submarine Service from 1951 to 1952 in TRESPASSER & THULE

Portsmouth Branch	23 <sup>rd</sup> Jul 2015	Robert George Phillips	Chief Petty Officer (MT) (HP)	P/M 981148	68	Submarine Service from Apr 1963 to May 1970 in RORQUAL (1963), DREADNOUGHT (8 <sup>th</sup> Sep 1964 to 1966), RESOLUTION (P) (16 <sup>th</sup> Aug 1966 to 1967), RESOLUTION (S) (15 <sup>th</sup> May 1967 to 1968) & REVENGE (S) (2 <sup>nd</sup> Dec 1968 to May 1970)
Barrow Branch	28th Jul 2015	William Peter Lorking	Stoker Petty Officer	C/KX 917507	81	Submarine Service from 16th July 1953 to 31st Jul 1957 in STURDY, ASTUTE, ALCIDE, ARTEMIS, TALENT & EXPLORER
Hull Branch	July 2015	M. (Mike) Allison	Leading Radio Operator	TBA	73	Submarine Service in EXCALIBUR, OCELOT, OSIRIS & ORPHEUS
Non Member	July 2015	R (Bob) Shipsey.	CPO (OPS) SM	TBA	74	Submarine Service from 1958 to 1985 in THERMOPYLAE, OPPORTUNE, RESOLUTION, CONQUEROR, DOLPHIN & OCELOT
Hull Branch	July 2015	G (Gary) Winterbottom	CCMEA	TBA	58	Submarine Service from 1975 to 1997 in SPARTAN, TURBULENT & TORBAY

### **K26 – THE STEAM SUBMARINE (Part Two)**

By Jack Phillip (Nick) Nichols O/N J98553

#### **SOME SORT OF DESCRIPTION OF SUBMARINE K.26. IN 1929 THE ONLY STEAM SUB IN THE WORLD, AND ON THE SURFACE THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD, AND, INCIDENTALLY, MY STEAM SWEETHEART**

I have described myself joining K.26 in 1929, at the age of twenty four, but what about the vessel? When out of the water sitting primly on chocks in a dry or floating dock she could be seen to be long and shapely. Standing right back, her lines were much like a garfish and if you have not seen a garfish lately you can look one up in the encyclopedia and imagine a straight superstructure amidships and a conning tower together with three separate nicely faired-in four inch guns, two short funnels and a bit of a cat's cradle of wire aerials. Two fine brass periscopes stood on top of the conning tower, or slid down into their controls. Between the periscopes and under periscope standards was a three foot square wooden box its narrow side running fore and aft. This was the box which contained coils of cab tyre cable on which simple aerial the Morse signals from Rugby could be heard on long wave wireless. Even when submerged these very low frequency signals could be read by the telegraphists in the nine by eight silent cabinets in the Control Room.

Already K.26's wireless gear was achieving museum value. Broadcasting was well advanced. Moving pictures were getting sound through new valve amplifier techniques, aircraft carriers had short wave type transmitters. In K.26 the gear was old, and tried, and tested, and it tried and tested the skill of the POTEI and his men. Petty Officer Tel. Sabin, Leading Tel. Liddiatt and Telegraphist Lemaire were well versed in flying kite aerials, transmitting on the 1910 style Poulsen Arc Transmitter, and listening on the quaint old bright emitter valve receiving gear. As the Leading Tel. said, "Your man killed by bow and arrow is just as dead as the one hit by a fifteen inch shell." I saw his point. Economy was being preached. I saw no new gadgets in K.26's wireless office.

Well let's start from for'd, the bows, the pointed end. The bow was vertical and the 'free flood space' somewhat bulbous. Each side of the bow there were three torpedo tubes shaped into the pressure hull with streamlined shutters very sharp and clean she clove the water well. Round the tubes there were tanks and air vessels and the gear for loading and firing torpedoes, the tube space or 'fore ends' could be shut off by two high oval watertight doors, then came the spare torpedo stowage, racks, chains, hanging bogies with chain purchases that rattled metallicly if loose, another watertight bulkhead and then a passage lined with Officer's bunks, carefully curtained and with drawers beneath. In the same passage two electric cooking ranges, an ice-box, two air operated WCs and a lot of controls for pumping and flooding. Each side of the boat a Fessenden oscillator for making Morse to submerged submarines, generally its use was confined to occasions when submarines were missing. In this passage the Officer's Steward and a Seaman sometime cooked for the Ward Room, the cooking smells were wafted through a fan system which either distributed it around the boat when dived, or up through a discharge outlet when on the surface. Another bulkhead and the boat appeared to broaden out below.

The Ward Room was fitted with a round table, a sideboard and some quaint Victorian-like armchairs. In a brave attempt to appear neat but not gaudy, the Ward Room corticene was painted a nice shade of light green with the edges held down by polished brass strips. A strip of carpet ran fore-and-aft in the Ward Room from the for'd W/T door to the after W/T ditto. This was a good policy, when the boat was at sea with hatches closed down, or dived, all traffic for the Torpedo

Room had to go through the Ward Room.

Shale oil in the Torpedo Room soaked into boots and shoes and plimsolls and some of it found its way into the Ward Room carpet which now and then got a hefty wash and was dried in the sun. Through the Ward Room after door and you were in the switchboard. A small brightly lit compartment through which the greater mass of electricity never passed, the intercourse between motors and batteries taking place without the intervention of the so-called switchboard. Still going aft the Control Room, an example of what might well be done without, except that you had to have it on the surface, steering wheels, hydroplane wheels, deep well to take the periscopes, panels of air controls, dials, pressure gauges, a tiny log that lied consistently and could not be made to tell the truth. It was an old type called Forbe's Log, out it was always called Forbe's Liar. It theoretically told you how fast you were travelling, and how far you had gone, but it lied, how it lied. As voice pipes on long runs impress their own tune on words you have some standard messages that are unmistakable. Navigating from the bridge the Officer of the Watch of K.26 would call down "Feed the dog" at this the helms-man or messenger on watch would read the two dials and report the result. It was up to the Officer of the Watch to interpret Forbe's liar. When dived, hydraulic power brought up the periscopes smoothly and silently and the training was by hand and two grips like cycle handlebars. The gyro compass tick a ticked in a space on the port side of the Control Room. At the after end of the Control Room the wireless office with a door like a butcher's refrigerator stood, its interior lined with sheet lead and with bright copper wires running here and there on stand-off insulators of porcelain. Stuck on the outside of the door was an ominous notice about the Official Secrets Act applying to Wireless Offices. It was a bit of unconscious humour really, there was a need to keep quiet what was in the WT Office. It was almost pre-Marconi but no doubt it was policy to let the world think that here lurked many secret and mysterious devices. A few 10-year old schoolboys of 1929 might have given poor old K.26 a lesson in DX hunting. The best gear however was the little detailed pieces like the operator's phones. These were made by a firm called S.G. Brown, and were then the best in the world. Called Brown's 'A' they made a good job of the Morse signals of the time, and even now are looked up to by specialists. One very special gadget hung in the Wireless Office it was called an Aerial Tuning Helix Mark something or other. Polished Copper, it looked like a piece of early movie prop. An occasional tearing blue spark crackled across it breaking the long monotony of longs and shorts that formed themselves into requests for oil fuel on arrival, or meat and potatoes before departure.

The Wireless Staff all three and later four were compatible. In harbor, with a cushion middled across the rather sharp door sill of the W/T Office, Petty Officer Sabin would sometimes play his violin - the acoustics of the Control Room being slightly better than the lead lined silent cabinet. The bulkhead aft of the Control Room, this led to a passage down the side of the two Boiler Rooms. A small escape hatch not designed for a really fat man led out of the after Boiler Room into the passage. Out of the after passage door and you were in the Turbine Room and to get to the Boiler Rooms you walked across to port and then for'd to enter the air-lock. This entering of Boiler Rooms is something that was clearly not for me, when lit up anyway. The pressure, the moving air flapping your overalls and seemingly designed to blow you through a small aperture into a blazing mass of oil, had no charms for me, when my duties took me there I worked hard and got out fast, my ears going in and out with the varying pressure. The Stokers on watch, normal in their cases seemed like devils in hell tending the boilers. I used to shudder at the thought of all that hot water, steam, flame. The Turbine Room hummed, the E.R.A.s controlled the steam the Stokers made; some curious looking clock gadgets ticked away, I felt glad they were non-electric, a carefully guarded small valve worked only, as far as I could see, by the Chief E.R.A himself, delivered hot distilled water from the Boiler or the Vaps. If we wanted hot water we had to work a hand pump, cold drinking water, up to a bucket which we balanced on an electric radiator until warm. I will speak of submarine hygiene later.

The next bulkhead was pierced with one watertight door leading into the Motor Room. The Turbine Room, due to escaping steam, oily atmosphere, condensation, heat, was a bit dank and depressing. Entering the Motor Room from the Turbine Room was like going from East Side Noo York to Broadway. The lighting was better, the brass and copper shone, the paintwork was dazzling white, red voltmeters stood on the switch panels the copper bars, the bright brass fuse ends all spoke of a lived in space, yes, about 18 of us packed like herring in a barrel. No reminders of home, not a calendar or a pin up, or even an official notice, just utility in a shiny solid setting.

Under the brass rimmed corticened shaped wooden boards there was the underground. Beneath our feet a compressor, and a large D.C. dynamo, both huge components, and the compressor noisy with it, fortunately it was only used to top up the air bottles to about two thousand pounds a square inch at intervals. The more diving the more compressing. Unfortunately this compressor was temperamental. ERA Webb worked under our feet with his Stoker mate Joe Lough in a sweat of apology, he didn't like to intrude he said. The motive power for the generator and compressor was an eight cylinder diesel engine of 850 horse power, said to have been one of the main engines of submarine E.4 many years before and taken out and rebuilt when that vessel had sunk and been raised. I think this story authentic because, our Captain had been in E4 himself and might have discounted it if untrue.

When this diesel and generator and compressor were started up the Motor Room vibrated and with the rounded hull the echoes were enormous. The idea of the diesel generator was to be able to charge the batteries when submarine had no steam, we had to be moving in order to charge from the Main Motors geared to the turbines. But we could run the diesels to charge the battery, clutch up the motors to the screws, lower the funnels and move slowly about as diesel-electric, very useful too when seas came down the funnels and the fires went out. As the diesel was in the centre line there was a fair amount of room at the after end and two little steel cabinets stood on the port side, one for Chiefs and P.O.s, one for



'Other Ratings'. Air driven W.C.s always referred to in crude submarine jokes that I will not repeat. They sent their charge out into the sea with a bottle of compressed air behind it; if you threw your head right back when you pressed the steel ball to operate it, you were safe, and dry. Not used in harbour their duties were taken over by a W/C in the upper casing on the top of the Conning Tower and a picturesque urinal device called a Pig's Ear on top of the conning tower. It was possible, so it was said, for the Officer of the Watch to make water into the Pig's Ear just below the coaming of the top of the Conning Tower, whilst standing at the salute when passing the Fleet Flagship, thus combining courtesy with bodily comfort.

Another bulkhead, a centre waterline door in it and the Stokers Mess deck popularly called the Dope Den. Bunks both sides & long Mess table down the centre and as the diameter of the pressure hull was now decreasing everybody had to walk with a slight stoop. For convenience some Stokers sat up in bed to breakfast and others sat on the lockers. Beyond the Dope Den another bulkhead, the Coxn's stores including rum; and the steering mechanism electro-hydraulic one set and a tremendous hand wheel for use if all power failed. This steering gear occupied the thicker part of the piece called for its shape the duck's arse. Up top this piece was always awash on the surface whatever the trim. Painted black with boot topping it was always a bright green with short weed, slippery to the touch. Below, sticking out a little under fin-like guards the big twin screws, and framing, them the rudder and the after hydroplanes. In the clear Mediterranean water the twin three bladed screws of phosphor bronze could be seen easily. Starting again from up on the duck's arse and going for'd a slim piece of free flood along the centre line ran to hip height. In this generously perforated casing were stowed fenders, ropes, und securing, wires and two hatches led down through it, one to the Stokers' mess and one further for'd to the Motor Room. Open in harbour except when very rough, and sometimes by special permission at sea, at the pipe "hands to bathe". Stokers and seamen could come out of both hatches run along the rounded hull und dive into the sea. A few feet before the Motor Room hatch the upper casing, also 'free flood', began. It was some nine feet tall and had steel doors in it only on the starboard side. The top of this casing had a slightly flanged finish, the idea being that a wave would hit, run up and be deflected back, it sometimes worked, but big waves would go down the funnels from time to time. The after end of the upper casing had a recess to take a 12 foot dinghy and steel doors to cover the space, when the dinghy had been hoisted on a small stump derrick out of water it was lowered into its nest and the doors were shut. First, however there were six big brass screw plugs to be taken out of the bottom of the boat, so that on diving the water could flow freely in and out of the boat and have no effect on the trim of the submarine.

Next thing still going forward the after 4 inch quick firing gun which, when in its normal position, pointed for'd and remained level

A streamlined shield eased it through the water when submerged. Next the after funnel which protruded from a deep well in which it was pivoted, and worked by oil pressure from vertical to horizontal. At the funnel base on top of the pressure hull a big domed door was also pivoted as the funnel tilted over this big circular plug moved into place sealing the boiler flue off from the sea. The for'd funnel came next with its attendant machinery. One to Starboard one to port stood the steam sirens, the same type used in destroyers. A diesel submarine had an air whistle with a different note, in fog you could distinguish any submarine, except K.26, whose siren was the same as a steam man o' war. Next the midship gun was the galley funnel of a queer 'H' shape the top trained at sea to present its edge to the sea, fore and aft, and trained in harbour by the cook to catch the best breeze available. A note about the galley in the free flood, it had a standard coal range with a coal bunker, a hand pump for fresh water, a table and behind the range a back copper for hot water. It was used in harbor, and in very good weather, at sea. If it was at all rough you could not get in or out as its door in two halves opened only to the starboard tank tops. To dive the cook, a specially selected seaman with 6d a day bonus for the duty, opened the back copper tap, pulled out the fire and threw it overboard, closed the coal bunker, tied the pots and pans down, and bolted the half doors, after withdrawing the portable electric light lead. Thus the galley was ready for diving. As the boat dived the sea boiled up through the holes in the casing, the soot washed through the chimney the pots clanged together the coal got a wash in its bunker. When diving was finished cookie, went to the bridge at the top of the conning tower and saluted the O.O.W. "permission to light the galley, Sir? All being well the O.O.W. would order "Light the galley, Gee, please" and Gee the Cook would go below. The back copper would have been drained of its salt water, and with the electric portable lead cookie would inspect the back copper to see if any fish had got in. Then he would start to pump up the fresh water before making the fire. He would bring up from below, out of his locker a big wad of dirty waste soaked in oil fuel, some chopped up store boxes and an old newspaper or two.

The culinary coal as it was called was good stuff it lit easily and burned well. Cookie leisurely pumped more water into the back copper, not too much because it was tiring work, and because anybody who came later to get hot water for tea or any other purpose, was bound by custom of the boat to pump back as least as much cold water into the back copper as he took out. The system worked with a few hints from time to time to the nationality and background of the man asking for 'hotters': which was submarine slang for hot water. For cold water the term 'colders' was used, and the cook would say, "I exchange you de 'hotters' for de 'colders'".

Once the coal had burned up, almost everything was forthcoming from that tiny galley boiled, fried, baked, stewed and roasted. The Wardroom Cook, another who did his best in harbour beside the Boat Cook. The one with the apron called Nelson, was the Ward Room Chef. In a tiny recess next door to the galley reposed the butcher's block tied down to stop it floating to the top of the compartment when the boat dived. Standen, a Seaman Gunner, held the offices of "Jack Dusty" and Butcher. He officiated in the issue of rum and meat and spuds. It was once unfortunate that the issue of meat from

the "Beef Screw" was later than the issue of rum from the after rum store. A badly directed swipe of the cleaver at a forequarter of meat hit a hydraulic pipe severing it and causing the foremost wireless mast to sink slowly down into its place of rest during the transmission of a signal. Consternation below when the transmitter was suspected. Eventually an oil-soaked bystander who was waiting for No. Two Mess's meat went down to the wireless office and shouted out "Sparks' your for'd mast has sunk'. As by this time the various parts of the arc transmitter were being spread around the table, the Leading Tel was duly grateful. A snug place the galley though painted with red oxide all the way round, the Q.M. used to keep the fire going at night, and his rounds started and finished at the galley door, the log being tucked behind a convenient pipe, and the sea thermometer hung up outside on the hand rail. Immediately abaft the galley was a full length door in the upper casing and beneath it, in the pressure hull, a large oval watertight door. Kept open on fine days in harbour it was only a few inches above the level of the water. The long part of the oval went athwart ships because this was the entry for the 'Beamery' torpedoes. At this time a 'Beamery' was fashionable in most submarines, a compartment right across the boat with torpedo tubes in. 'L' boats had two tubes, but K 26 had four, and the manoeuvres to get the torpedoes in were long and laborious. To get them out, provided you were afloat, was simple, you just fired them out in a positive buoyancy state without starting their engines, and they surfaced and were lifted out of water by crane or towed by a boat to the torpedo depot. Later the four beam tubes were removed, as they were my pidgin I was glad. This hatch also led to the Chief and Petty Officers Mess, and to the ERAs Mess, two very crowded places above the Beamery. In none of these spaces could you stand up straight - you walked with a stoop or cracked your head. A bulkhead divided the Beamery from the for'd stoke hole. Another tall steel door in the upper casing opened to a space where a hatch went down into the Turbine Room, a big heavy watertight door that dropped into place with a sound as of a not-too-distant gun. Near it were strung up the petrol cans, full of either petrol or salt sea. Those full of sea had a piece of rag tied on the handle as a marker, but this code was not to be relied on. On the starboard side of this compartment there was a Heath-Robinson or perhaps an early Emmet W.C. with a long waste pipe running down through a pipe which took a route through one of the external main ballast tanks to the open sea. The 'throne' as it was called, was an exact steel plate cone with an exactly circular wooden seat. There was no flap valve as would be expected in a device open to the sea one end. It was as crude as a Durer woodcut of a wheelbarrow, and its action even cruder. On a day of flat calm it was faultless, you removed your belt undid your four buttons etc., and perched on the throne. When finished a can on a piece of tarred rope was slung down the rounded side of the boat and poured carefully into the upturned cone. It did not do to wet the seat if another customer waited. But on a day of swell, it was different, you listened to the magnified gurglings in this long pipe with its megaphone-like end, you saw little splashes appear. You chanced it standing up on the little platform if you heard a larger gurgle than usual. If you were lucky you got away with it by means of quick jumps to your feet. Occasionally you got caught and, as constipation was an occupational disease in submarines, your time on the throne - always called correctly "your reign" - was too long for the waiting heir presumptive. The sea is often cold, but the compressed air w.c.s inboard were for use only at sea.

In the same compartment you bathed, taking in a bucket of "hotters", a flannel and soap and towel and hanging your clothes on a piece of spun yarn. A draughty bathroom, but like the steam room of a Turkish bath a place of stimulating conversation sometimes between two bathers one prospective bather and a man presiding on the throne. After dark the wide ocean was our urinal, but in daylight we crept in and used the inverted cone and on rough days stood carefully where our shoes would not get flooded. The decoration of this compartment too was red-lead. The floor to this magnificent free flood compartment was the pressure-hull rounded and thick. This w. c. was never known to clog, be the toilet paper ever so thick. Occasionally, economy was urged in the use of 'paper sanitary' as toilet paper was designated and it became scarce. It was a mistaken economy for sailors then adapted signal pads of nice printed paper to the toilet to use at about eight times the cost to the taxpayer. A better quality paper, but certainly more expensive. Of course the Times of Malta, old newspaper sent out from England etc. helped out, and on a very calm day, it was a good place to read your letter from home during working hours. A pity when they broke the boat up at Sliema they didn't think it worth shipping the throne back to England for exhibition in the Tower Museum alongside the rack and thumb screws.

In the smooth very end of the free flood the overtaking light at which any C.O. on a following L boat must have gazed with mixed feelings as he smelled our smoke and watched our wake in its glow. Ahead of the conning tower, the third gun, laid by the Senior Gun Layer. Identical with the two others fixed ammunition that is cartridge and shell joined together like a rifle cartridge. No electric firing circuits and, "What happens to the gun when you dive?" a question asked by a pretty girl visitor, and answered by "Honey" Standen, "Why it gets wet". The breech is opened the water runs through all the mechanism, which is well -greased and well cleaned later. The conning tower, which would have looked ideal much later in the new Coventry Cathedral. Tall, stately, of brass painted grey, with brass rimmed portholes round it in a single line two tiers with a helmsman in the lower tier with telegraphs, compass, etc., a wooden rim or fairing round the top edge looking as if all it needed was an Archbishop of the Anglican Church resting on arm on it and blessing the crew with the other. Before it a highly polished bell with H.M.S/M K.26 engraved or cast in it, seeming to wait for book and candle and Priest. Around the base of the brass conning- tower a piece of solid brass deck kept shiny by pints of bluebell, and a mysterious concoction of Petty Officer Sowden's (Second Cox'n) called 'Scourers'. A rumour having it that a basic ingredient was a rather plentiful sauce known as "Ally Sloper's." Stoker Faulks who was by way of analysing most things; being an amateur chemist, said the sediment was mostly bath brick and the fluid shale oil. This, the Second Cox'n denied, which was natural because all shale oil was the property of the fore end torpedomen under Petty Officer Joe Blake,

and who would have propounded an awkward question. Just for'd of the conning tower was a vertical post for mounting the torpedo derrick to take torpedoes inboard and lower them down the fore torpedo hatch. On normal days a white drill cover fluttered like a Sultan's tent on a steel frame- over this the main hatch of entry, down which many a pretty pair of size threes have proceeded as Junior Officers showed their ladies round the boat. The quartermaster headed the procession through the boat discretely moving one compartment ahead of the visitors to see that no one was undressed or using language unsuited to Hansard or the Times. We knew the Captain's wife and the Engineer's wife by sight, and they knew the names and duties of the people they saw busy about the Wardroom Mess. Mrs. Garnons-Williams was reputed to have said, "Nelson and Avery, what a splendid pair of names, just like Fortnums and Mason, and practically in the same trade." Nelson was the A.B. Wardroom Cook and Avery was the Officer's Steward's Assistant, another A.B. from Nottingham, with such a husky voice he might have smoked half the cigarette output of that famous city. If you had asked the crew where Nelson came from you would undoubtedly be told he was a Turk", "A Turk?" "Yes, a Turk, from ruddy Gosport". It seems that in the early 19th Century a Turkish ship foundered and the bodies floated ashore at Gosport, where the kind population buried them. So well and expensively, that relations between the 'Sublime Porte' and England were rendered most cordial. So it became Turk Town, and, from that a man of Gosport is a Turk. Well the Officer's Steward was not a Turk, he was an Irishman, Mike Regan. With a napkin on his arm and his doeskin suit he could look the part of a Hilton wine-waiter. Still going for'd again up in the fresh air just before the bell on its little gallows there were in the pressure hull four little pieces of round brass that were the actual tops of the main vents.

To dive, these and others like them, opened and the air rushed out to be replaced by salt sea water. Normally shut, by the way no vent in a submarine is allowed to be called closed, only open or shut, because of the confusion in long voice pipes of the similar sounds of "open" and "close". Well the vents for'd were almost the same thing as the quarterdeck of a battleship. Here the defaulters were seen, the liberty men inspected, the big noises piped aboard, the bumboat men shooed away from. Here Able Seaman Jeffreys explained how the lady he had stopped with misdirected him in the morning, when he was one hour and seven minutes absent over leave. Here the Church service, here the goodbyes when anyone left for home or hospital. Boats came alongside a ridiculous little ladder with no more than three rungs. All this was encompassed by the word "Vents". "Fall in on the Vents", "The mail is now being distributed on the Vents". "Liberty men fall in". "Where?" "On the Vents - new boy". Four brass discs, the holy of holies, and, steady now. On warm nights in Malta the Captain, oh great personage, would say to the Chief Q.M. "Didwell, have my bed made up on the Vents." A scurry round and at ten o'clock a camp bed made, covers turned back, meticulously placed fore and aft above the Vents. As Tims, the funny Q.M., said once with his finger tip touching his lower lip, "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world." We were creeping out of a late Dghaisa and up the saddle tank inboard, and the Captains snores told us Tims was right. The saddle tanks ring a bit - being full of air - so we tiptoed aft and down the Motor Room hatch where our mess mates were snoring in a different key. Hammocks on high, hammocks on lockers, and two bunks over the motors occupied, a hammock or two further aft secured on solid points on the solid centre line diesel that had been dead, drowned, deep under the ocean but had been miraculously raised and ran noisily to prove it. I wonder if, in 1931, that engine was again reprieved.

**To Be Continued in September with:**

### **Chapter 3**

### **BATTERIES**

(I feel there ought to be a subtitle to this: - The Submarine LTO's Cross)

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