



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

Issue No: 196

www.submarinersassociation.co.uk

October 2016



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Cover Picture: **Presentation of Heritage Centre Models to Barrow Sea Cadets**

EDITORIAL

Hello Everybody.

I thought that September was going to be a quiet month but, as usual, I was mistaken! On Friday 2nd September Bob Pointer, myself and Margaret attended the Merchant Navy Day Service in the Town Hall. The Service was introduced by the Mayor and was conducted by Canon Gary Cregeen. It was a very nice service which included poems read by Members of the Barrow Sea Cadet Unit. After the Service Margaret and I were walking down Duke Street when we were stopped and asked what the badge was on my blazer. It turned out it was the former President of the Australia Branch on a short visit to Barrow and about to go off to France to visit his daughter. You may all remember that he visited the Branch last year and knew Dave Barlow from Dave's visits to Western Australia and the Australia Branch.

The Branch Meeting on Tuesday 6th went well and nearly all Members remembered to turn up for a half past seven start. Just for a change I found out when I arrived that I was needed as Secretary again which probably accounts for my not being as well prepared as normal. The meeting was surprisingly well attended with thirty six Members present plus one visitor, one new Member – welcome to 'Wiggy' Bennett and several of the AUDACIOUS crew arriving a bit later.

Many of you will recall that the late Terry Spurling collected many papers, photos, books and artefacts for the planned Submarine Heritage Centre. These items were scattered around various locations whilst awaiting a permanent home. Some of these were in the 'Drop Zone' in Cornwallis Street where Terry had an Office. As the 'Drop Zone' is required to move premises in the near future I was asked by Mike Cumming to check what was there and to find alternative homes. Paperwork to do with the Heritage Paintings Collection is now with me

for review. A number of copies of Alec Dancer's 'We Made It' book and the 'A Century of Submarines' book have been donated to the Dock Museum for their shop. Various marine related models have been donated to the Sea Cadets (see front page picture). A selection of SHC lapel pins and tie clips will be passed over to 'Slops'. Homes are now needed for a large set of 'O' Class Submarine Drawings and for a number of Submarine Escape Suits. Any takers for the drawings or the Escape Suits please give me a call.

So what else happened in September? Alex will cover the Canal Trip in his Report but on the same day Branch Members attended the HMS RESOLUTION Association Service at the Barrow Cenotaph. Gordon Walker 'Paraded' our Standard and Bob Pointer, Alan Pillifent, Dave Wilson, John Hart and myself attended.

On Sunday 18th the RAF Battle of Britain Parade took place. Bob Pointer 'Paraded' our Standard, Alex Webb and myself were his Escort and we were joined at the Cenotaph by Bob and Phyllis Palmer, John Hart and Micky Dack. I laid a Wreath on behalf of the Branch after which we all repaired to the RBL for refreshments. Dickie Cambridge, Peter Hearn and myself visited Dundee Street on 20th September to formally hand over the SHC Models to Jason Zaccarini for the Sea Cadets Training Programme.

I took the previously mentioned books to the Dock Museum on 22nd September and, at the same time delivered twenty copies of our 'Dive, Dive, Dive' book which the Dock Museum bought to replenish their Shop stocks. The sale price of £240 will soon be coming to Branch Funds.

However I still have ten copies of the 'Dive, Dive, Dive' book (the last ten!). These would make ideal Christmas

Presents at £15.00 so if you want to buy one give me a call as soon as possible!

Bob Faragher has been busy again – he and Dudley recently sailed over to Fleetwood for one of their regular visits. Also Bob and Micky Dack recently went to Dundee for the Annul Submariners Memorial Service. As usual Bob has written ‘dits’ about these adventures which are included in this issue.

Don't forget the Race Night organised by Alex at the Legion on 1st October (this week!) and the Branch Meeting on 4th October at 1930. There is also still time to book your place at the Sea Cadets Trafalgar Ball on 21st October. Don't forget the Branch Ladies Night Dinner Dance on 11th November and the Branch Christmas Party on 17th December - see the Flyers on Pages 13 & 14.

Barrie Downer

CHAIRMAN'S DIT

Hi All

Hello again. As reported in the last Newsletter we have started a trial of starting the meetings at 19.30. This appeared to be well received and successful. It meant that members could socialise for a while after the meeting and still get home at a reasonable time. We will continue this until the AGM in April and we will then take a vote on whether to continue at the new time, revert to the old time or indeed select a different time altogether.

September saw us get some sea time in (or at least inland waterways time in) when we went on the canal cruise. Once again Alex did a terrific job of arranging the trip, the bus was nearly full and everybody seemed to have a great time. Before embarking the boat Alex treated us all to pre-cruise drinks which was an added extra and again well received. This time we went the opposite way towards Preston, stopping at a canal side chippy to pick up the Fish and Chips. I felt this was an improvement on previous years as well all got fed together instead of the dribs and drabs as previously.

Dickie Cambridge and Mick Dack were going up to Carlisle to top up with the Navy Rum. I decided to accompany them and it was a great day out. The place

we get the rum is a small pub in a very small village and what a lovely little homely pub it is too. As they don't do food at lunchtime we called at another pub on the way back to get some sustenance and arriving back in Barrow just in time for tea.

We had been asked to remove the artefacts originally destined for the Submarine Heritage Centre from the rooms where they were stored. It was decided that some of the models etc. would be better with the Sea Cadets which they gratefully accepted. These were formally presented to the Cadets at one of their meetings. Unfortunately, I was otherwise engaged but we did have a good representation.

Sadly, I have to report the passing of one of our members, Robin Emmerson. Although he couldn't get to meetings as he lived across in Durham he was a regular attender at the National Reunions. Kipper Heron represented the branch at his funeral.

Please accept my apologies for the October meeting as I have a family gathering in Wales.

That's all for now, see you in November.

Regards

Dave

SOCIAL SECRETARY REPORT

Hi Shipmates

September saw the canal trip and what a great evening it was. I have supplied a couple photos, but the sun shone, the 'wild sex' was fantastic and the afternoon/evening was a great success; my thanks, as always, goes to those of you who take the time and effort to support the socials and joined me for this trip. As a footnote 'wild sex' is a rum based cocktail.

Diary Check

11th November is our annual dinner dance; falling as it does on 11/11 it is a remembrance themed evening. The cost (£40 per person) includes a 3 course meal with coffee, a reception drink, half bottle of wine, a port toast, great entertainment from the area's leading artist; Becki Fishwick in all her second world war two finery rounded off with a disco and of course the chance to get dressed up and then let your hair down. The list is open, the menu available so please get your name down and payment no later than the November meeting. Dress code for this is evening/dark lounge suit with bow ties and miniature medals, for the ladies; ball gown, cocktail dress or trouser suit.

Saturday 17th December we round another year off with the Christmas parties (both kiddies and adults on the same day – but not at the same time). The children's party (12-3) will be limited to 50 and will close at the November meeting – Father Christmas needs enough time to get the presents made (or delivered from north London).

The adult party (7:30 – late) will be great entertainment from Denis Horan, bring a plate and the £100 ticket giveaway – at £5 a ticket it is not to be missed, tickets for this go on Sale in October.

Members draw is a roll-over and will stand at £30 in October and don't forget to get your birthday boy beer at the meeting which starts at the new time of 7:30pm.

I am attending the annual conference in March 2017 and am contemplating travelling by coach or hiring a self-drive and stopping off at the Arboretum prior to going to Leicester on the Friday. If anyone is interested in having a hassle free, chauffeur driven trip to and from the conference which will include the chance to visit the Arboretum then please get in

touch. I need at least 12 to make this happen and the cost per person will be dependent on the numbers but should be no more than £20 per person for the travel.

Finally, I am working on the 2017 social programme so if you have any suggestions (printable ones only please) then send them my way and I see if I can get something sorted.

Let's finish off the year with a fantastic, well attended, dinner dance and the Christmas parties – thanks for your continued support. Alex Webb, Social Secretary

OCTOBER BRANCH CALENDAR

Race Night	Saturday 1 st Oct
Branch Meeting	Tuesday 4 th Oct
Sea Cadets Trafalgar Ball	Friday 21 st Oct
Committee Meeting	As Required

NOVEMBER BRANCH CALENDAR

Branch Meeting	Tuesday 4 th Nov
Ladies Night Dinner Dance	Friday 11 th Nov
Remembrance Parade	Sunday 13 th Nov
Committee Meeting	As Required

DECEMBER BRANCH CALENDAR

Branch Meeting	Tuesday 6 th Dec
Children's Christmas Party	Saturday 17 th Dec
Members Christmas Party	Saturday 17 th Dec
Committee Meeting	As Required

BRANCH BIRTHDAYS OCTOBER

M.C. (Mick) Mailey	02/10/1942
W.R. (Bill) Russan	03/10/1947
J.W. (John) Rogers	10/10/1949
Norman Hart	12/10/1936
D. (Dave) Young	14/10/1949
Eddie Munro	14/10/1971
M Hancox	16/10/1967
C. (Colin) Taylor	17/10/1956
G Gardner	18/10/1971
I. (Ian) Aiston	18/10/1954
E Herron	20/10/1942
L. (Lawrence) Carr	25/10/1937
R E. (Red) Skelton	30/10/1930

Happy Birthday to you all!

SUBMARINE LOSSES OF WWI

No Submarines were lost in October 1916 however five Submariners were reported to have died – one Officer, one Petty Officer, one Able Seaman, one Chief Stoker and one Leading Stoker. Two died in accidents and (similarly to last month's report) the other three, who had been captured from Submarines at the Dardanelles, died of illness whilst Prisoners of War in Turkey. They were:

Petty Officer Stephen John Gilbert O/N 182727 RAN O/N 8053.

A member of the crew of HMS S/M AE2 Stephen Gilbert is reported to have died from typhoid fever on 9th October 1916 whilst a Prisoner of War in Turkey. He is buried in the Baghdad North Gate War Cemetery (Plot 21 Row O, Grave No 5)

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Lieutenant Charles Philip Voltelin van der Byl, Royal Navy

The Nominal List of Officer (dated 1st September 1916) records Charles van der Byl as having been appointed to

HMS TITANIA (the Depot Ship of the Eleventh Submarine Flotilla) 'for Submarine G1 as First Lieutenant'. Charles van der Byl is understood to have died on 9th October 1916 when he was accidentally lost overboard.

-----ooo-----

Leading Stoker Percy John Maxted O/N K5685

Percy Maxted was a member of the crew of the Submarine Depot Ship HMS ARROGANT and he is reported to have died in an accident on Saturday 14th October 1916. Percy Maxted was the twenty three year old son of Mr and the late Mrs Maxted of Dover and the husband of Lilian Fulbrook (formerly Maxted) of 14, Pauls Place, Charlton, Dover. He is buried in the Dover (Charlton) Cemetery, Kent in Grave No Z.N.5.

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Chief Stoker Edward Charles Taylor, DSM O/N 283225

Charles Taylor was a crew member in Submarine E7. He is reported to have died on 16th October 1916 whilst a Prisoner of War in Turkey. He was thirty eight years and the husband of Elizabeth Taylor of 151, Twyford Avenue, Portsmouth. He is buried in the Baghdad North Gate Cemetery Plot 21, Row 'O' Grave No 4

-----ooo-----

Able Seaman Albert Edward Knaggs O/N 191654 RAN O/N 7893

Albert Knaggs was a member of the crew of HMA S/M AE2. He is reported to have died in hospital at the Belemelik Camp on 22nd October 1916 whilst a Prisoner of War in Turkey. He and various other Junior Rating Prisoners had been harshly treated. He was buried at the Christian Armenian Cemetery but his grave was later relocated to the Baghdad North Gate Cemetery. He was the son of Henry and Louisa Knaggs of 11, Canton Street, Newfoundland Road, St Pauls, Bristol.

NOTE: Whilst a POW Albert Knaggs kept a diary. The entries ended on 18th July 1916. His diary was returned to Australia after the War by his fellow Prisoners.

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THE CANAL TRIP PICTURES



On the Way



Before Boarding



The Party Underway!



Guess Who?



The Journey Home

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. 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 June for the July 2016 issue. Please ensure you have any information with me by the 15th of the month to ensure its inclusion in the next issue. Thank you to everyone who contributed to this edition – keep them stories coming!

THE DUNDEE SUBMARINE MEMORIAL VISIT

(By our roving reporter – Bob Faragher)

Mickey Dack and I set off for Dundee on Friday 9th Sept. Mickey and his son collected me from outside the Ferry Hotel at 0800 on Friday morning. Mick was i/c travel arrangement, and had taken responsibility for actually getting us there. It must be said, he did a great job as we eventually got there. We had time for a coffee in Barrow before we boarded the train, and as usual, because we wanted to go north, the bloody train went south to Lancaster. The train stopped at every station between barrow and Lancaster. However, we didn't have to wait long. I just had time for a Fag before our tram arrived.

On boarding the train with our reserved tickets, it became obvious that there is no point in reserving seats. People just get on and sit down irrespective of reserved seats, so we did the same. We enjoyed the journey up to Haymarket where we had a short wait for our connection to Dundee. This again was a novelty, travelling over the Forth Rail Bridge and again over the Tay Bridge to Dundee. On arrival at Dundee the weather was excellent. The taxi driver was also very helpful. Unlike taxi drivers in Barrow he actually got out of his taxi and helped us. I needed it because I had been elected (again) to carry the

standard. It hasn't got any lighter since I last carried it. We noticed on our way to the hotel a car park full of 'Oor Wullies' sat on buckets. Apparently they are to be auctioned off for charity. We decided not to bid for any. On arrival at the Apex hotel we were looked after very well. The girls behind the reception desk looked after our standard so I didn't have to cart it up to our room. The room was not to our immediate liking as the twin beds Mick had ordered were pushed together as a double bed. No way was I going to share a double with Mick. As Mick was in charge, he had to return to reception and get it put right. Once this was done, we did what all self-respecting submariners do - we repaired to the bar.

Since we hadn't eaten since breakfast we decided to take bunkers. This we did at an eating house across the road where we had eaten on previous visits. It was cheap and cheerful. We had a quick look round and noticed the Barr Light ship was in a very poor state and decided to write to Dundee council and complain about this because, if they refurbished it, the possibilities as a tourist attraction would be an asset to the dock. In its present state its appearance lets the dock area down. Having noted this it was time to revert to liquid refreshment. We came across Jim McMaster and his group and he kindly bought us a pint and briefed us on the procedure for the following morning. We parked ourselves opposite an unusual group of four ladies. It turned out they were all related. The mother was a Maori from NZ, her daughter was from Mumbai. Of the two other ladies, one was from Windsor, and the other was from Aberdeen. Amazingly, they were all related, and very entertaining. Eventually we decided we had supped enough and retired to bed.

On Saturday morning we dressed in our finery and collected and the standard from reception. Had a pint for breakfast and a nice gentleman gave us a lift to the Memorial. As always the turnout was very good with representatives of the other navies in attendance. The ceremony followed the same procedure as other years. I carried our Standard and Micky did the Wreath Laying. On completion we were to proceed to the town hall where we were expecting a dram or two. In the event, it was not to be. They were only providing tea and sticky buns. Mick and I declined this offer and wandered off into the streets. There was something of a carnival atmosphere in the square, and we encountered dancers, and someone dressed as a dragon. It was very entertaining. However, we were by now in need of refreshment and found a guy in a yellow jacket and enquired after a pub. He gave us directions and followed us to make sure we didn't get lost. When we got to the pub it was full of Scots watching a football match between Celtic and Rangers. We decided one pint was enough and bailed out before they all kicked off.

We wandered around a bit enjoying the carnival atmosphere, eventually wandering back to the hotel bar. Mick had a call from his daughter, Fiona, who eventually joined us. She is a very nice young lady, and unlike her Father, very attractive. Nothing ever goes smoothly however. Apparently Fiona's car had had some sort of accident, and she could not remember what her hire car looked like. She was pretty desperate as she was about to travel to Budapest - not in the car! Eventually with our help we found the car and Fiona was able to leave. We had noticed a large green elephant in the corner. When I enquired about it, the

young lady in reception told me it was the elephant in the room! There was of course no answer to that.



Micky Dack & an Unidentified Scottish Friend

After a short stand easy, we returned to the bar and continued socialising. We encountered a group of American golfers, who evidently thought we were national heroes. One guy asked us if we had been in Dundee submarines so we had to spend time explaining why we were there. The result was, they wouldn't let us buy any drink. This had happened on several occasions during our visit - even one of the bar maids treated us to a pint.



Bob Faragher & the Elephant in the Room!

There was also; a 21st birthday party going on, so it was all quite lively, as I was coming in having been outside for a Fag, one of the young ladies lost her shoe. I gallantly rushed to her assistance and helped to put her shoe on for her. It was then that it became obvious that she wasn't wearing any knickers. Mick found this highly amusing to my embarrassment - a likely story. The evening ran into night until common sense took over and we repaired to our cabin.

For once, the following morning we made breakfast. This was just as well as we had neglected to take bunkers most of the weekend. Our favourite barmaid organised a taxi for us, and we duly made our train.

The journey home was fairly uneventful, except that, from Edinburgh to Lancaster, the lady in charge of the train allowed us to use First Class, which I thought was very good of her. Having visited every station between Lancaster to Barrow we were in time to finish up at the Ferry Hotel before closing time.

It was, as always a fantastic weekend. It's just a shame we were not more fully represented as a branch.

THE VALIANT REUNION – THE TRIP SOUTH (By Bob Hagen)

I was the designated driver for the trip south for the recent HMS VALIANT Reunion and due to troubles with my own car I was given a Range Rover Evoke courtesy car by the garage. The gang, Bob Hagen (driver), Mary Hagen (navigator) with Dickie Cambridge in the back alongside George Hughes, made a successful start along the M6.

Taking advantage of the car's gadgets, I switched on cruise control and set it to a reasonable speed but almost immediately an alarm sounded. The Crew from the back end shouted "helpful" suggestions which involved me driving faster or slower depending on the frequency of the alarm. The alarm continued to sound so George had the bright idea of ringing his daughter in Scotland, an Evoke owner with recognised expertise. Unfortunately she was stumped. The alarm finally stopped but not before Dickie suggested trying lots of different buttons. If there had been an ejector button I would have pushed it to shut him up. The cruise control was firmly switched off to prevent further incident.

Unperturbed by the initial lack of success with the gadgets I switched on the Sat Nav. This time no sound

at all! Back on the phone to our support in Scotland and we were told which buttons to press so that the sound would come back. Success! Then the dreaded alarm started up again this time with a musical accompaniment. My nerves were fraying so we went for a Toilet stop - everybody out!

Out of the car I could still hear the alarm plus music. I began to imagine it was coming from the Car's key fob until Mary shouted "it's coming from Dick's back pocket". Although he initially denied it he eventually admitted that it was alarm on his phone but he'd never heard before. I thought for the second, but not the final, time how useful it would be to have an ejector button in the car. Rang our Scotland support to confirm the problem was "fixed" and carried on with our journey. Hoping that the remainder of our journey to Plymouth would be quiet I had not taken in to account the two rear passengers entering in to competition with the Sat Nav. "It doesn't matter - the Sat Nav will re-calculate" says Dickie. Encouraged by this George decides he knows where we are and strongly recommends taking the next, sharp left. Sadly this takes us the wrong way up a one way street. From this point forward I chose to ignore the advice from the back and I finally dropped them at the Holiday Inn, Plymouth. Mary and I then went for a well-deserved Alcoholic drink. Looking forward to the trip back - it should be quieter!

DUDLEY GOES TO SEA

(Another Bob Faragher Dit)

August 26th. Collected Dudley from his jungle and proceeded to Ferry Beach at Barrow Sailing Club ready to board for 1100 sailing. The wind was a little fresh, but managed to get Dudley into the dinghy without him falling in. Off we went out to the boat, that's when I realised I should have brought my boarding ladder. Duds found getting aboard a high sided yacht somewhat difficult. For a moment I thought he was going for a swim. However, we managed, and off we went.

Ahead of us was Geoffrey Hall and his girlfriend - Jo. This was useful since they were bound to get there ahead of us and they could help us berth. All went well until we got to the end of Walney and into the Bay. The wind had become very strong indeed, estimated Force 5 to 6. Under these conditions in the bay on a flood tide, it is somewhat nasty. However Duds is a good sailor and doesn't get sea sick fortunately. We only had one incident - we were side swiped on our starboard side and Duds shot up into the air and was fortunate enough not to go over the port side into the 'oggin'. He actually came to rest on the sole of the cockpit - none the worse for his experience. We continued as if nothing had happened.

About 1430 we sailed into the river Wyre and all was calm since we were now in the lee of the weather. We sorted ourselves out and proceeded into the Marina. As expected, Geoffrey Hall and his lady were waiting to berth us. We asked Jo if she had enjoyed the crossing and she said she thought she was dying. There was another Barrow boat in skippered by 'Leaky' Sears (he's a plumber) and he and his crew helped us berth as well. The lesson is – it's sometimes easier if you don't arrive first. As always, after a brew and an ablute, thoughts turn to runs ashore. We ordered a taxi to take us to our watering hole.

As it was late in the afternoon, things were pretty quiet ashore, so after a few scoops we had a bite to eat and went back aboard for a stand easy before the evening's festivities.

We eventually went ashore about 2030 – it's pointless going ashore in Fleetwood too early as the pubs have elastic opening hours and try to keep you prisoner. We started off in the KORBR club on account of the cheap beer. Met some old buddies in there and had a good crack. We then proceeded to the Steamer who always have entertainment on at the weekend. We met our friends off the other two boats, and the entertainment was brilliant. Geoffrey's girlfriend Jo gave Dudley a big cuddle! I don't think he ever got over it! At the end of the evening - or should I say 0100 we decided we had better get back to the boat. Since we had no booze on board for supper, we bought a couple of bottles of Newcastle brown ale. On our going on board I explained to Duds that since the invention of canned ale I didn't have a bottle opener on board. Duds said not to worry as he had one of those fancy knife things with lots of tools attached. This created another problem - our Chief of all Chief Stokers was unable to open it. We had to revert to the old fashion way of brute force. After our liquid supper we turned in.



The following morning arrived very late. After breakfast and an ablute we prepared to go ashore, first we had to empty our 'P' bucket over the side without spilling any, not easy, it was full. Eventually we proceeded ashore to repeat the previous day's routine. This time we had the sense to go to the chippy and have a civilised meal. Then back on board for a stand easy.

That evening, we went ashore as usual. When we went into the KORBR club, it was heaving with people, all as drunk as skunks. There was a disco come Karaoke going on and lots of drunk women were dancing about. We both maintained a low profile and watched with amazement. Duds went off for a fag and was gone for ages. I was getting worried about him and suddenly he appeared. He had been outside in the smoking booth and said he was being entertained by some crazy women pole dancing in the booth. We enquired about what was going on and it appears all these people had been to the Cartmel races and had arrived back stoned. We then decided it was time to get down to the Steamer and into some near civilisation. The entertainment was not as good as the night before. However we were adopted by a young Geordie lass who for some reason was fascinated by us. We were also joined by Leaky and his crew. The Geordie lass misheard some of my conversation and thought Dudley was a Chief Stalker. I had to put her right. Anyway when she left she gave us all a hug. Since we were sailing the following day we went aboard a little earlier and turned in sensibly.

The following morning was uneventful - thankfully. We sailed about midday and, as there was little or no wind, so it was a gentle run home. We went through the procedure of 'Getting Duds into the Dinghy' without dropping him in the channel. This was successful. I eventually dropped Duds off at the Welly in Dalton - he was going in for his Sunday dinner. So ended another Fleetwood experience.

DAVE PARSONS & THE TOUR DE FURNESS

Dave Parsons would like to inform Branch Members that he successfully completed the Tour de Furness Cycle Ride and wishes to sincerely thank the Branch and all those Members that sponsored him for their generosity.

He managed to raise the sum of £255 for the Hospice and local Charities. He says thanks again - your support is really appreciated.

Yours Aye, Dave Parsons



Dave's Proof of Completion of the Tour

CROSSED THE BAR SEPTEMBER 2016

Branch	Date	Name	Rank/Rating	O/N	Age	Submarine Service
Barrow in Furness Branch		Robin H E Emmerson	M(E)1	P059421	73	Submarine Service from 1965 to March 1970 in PORPOISE (1965 to 1968)
Scottish Branch	12th August 2016	Norman C Kerr	Telegraphist (TO)	D/JX 344755		Submarine Service from 1943 to 1946 in H44 (44) & TRUMP (44-46)
Submarine Officers Association	19th August 2016	Peter Llewellyn Roach	Lieutenant Commander	N/A	83	Submarine Service from 1957 to 197* in TUDOR, ARTFUL, SEASCOUT, TOKEN (CO) & ONYX (CO from 4th January 1969)
Former member Colchester Branch	2nd September 2016	W Harold Bowers	Petty Officer	C/JX 158919	95	Submarine Service from 1941 to 1945 in UMBRA, OBERON, THRASHER & SEANYMPH
Australia Branch	6th September 2016	Richard (Rick) T Tallowin	Leading Stoker	P/KX 144808	92	Submarine Service from October 1942 to August 1946 in H34, SIRDAR & SIBYL
Submarine Officers Association	8th September 2016	Michael John Waterhouse, OBE	Commander (SD) (MESM)	N/A	TBA	Submarine Service in TRESPASSER, AENEAS, OSIRIS, RENOWN (P) (AMEO 1st Commission on 15th November 1968), REVENGE (DMEO) & SPARTAN (MEO 1st Commission on 22nd September 1979)
Submarine Officers Association	14th September 2016	John Halsey Wiles	Lieutenant Commander	N/A	92	Submarine Service from 11th September 1944 in UNBENDING (January 1945), UNSWERVING (October 1945), SPUR (July 1946), TANTIVY (3rd Hand October 1948), AENEAS (May 1951), MAIDSTONE (1953), TUDOR (CO), PRESIDENT (1956), TIRELESS (CO January 57), SEA DEVIL (CO 18th May 57), FORTH (1958), GRAMPUS (CO August 1959), NARVIK (1962). Possibly also served in SOLENT

K26 – THE STEAM SUBMARINE (Part 14)

(By O/N J98553)

BUD FISHER IS RAISED FROM THE DEAD!

(or PUBLIC RELATIONS IS A MATTER FOR EVERYONE – SOME BIG, WELL FED BORE)

I was at the top of the Motor Room hatch talking to Chico, the dghaisa boy, who was in his boat and gently pushing, that's what I said, his oars to keep the boat nuzzling the saddle tank. This is a habit with dghaisa men, inherited by dghaisa boys. The urge to be moving the oars is strongly engrained, because in many places dghaisa trade is highly competitive. The man who puts a rope round a stanchion or a buoy, may be just those five seconds late in letting go if someone yell 'Dyso!' and the dghaisa man who is so to speak treading water will be up and away and the four pence his. I looked across the water and there they were, just coming round the corner of the Molo Pieta on the outside. Fourteen small boys all dressed as novice priests, neat soutanes, sandals, shovel hats, walking sedately in the fashion dictated long ago by Noah - two by two. At the rear and chatting with the last file a young priest. Even at that distance I could say young priest, because I could see he was slim, and any old priest in Malta is no longer slim, but fat. There is a saying about it, "in Malta you will not find a thin priest or a fat cat".

The crocodile for that's what it was took the bend and straightened up, along the stone jetty the fifteen walked, as near as they dared to the water. Fifteen pairs of eyes looked at K.26, they scanned her from the Class One buoy for'd to the 3 ½ inch wires and the Class Two buoy at the stern. They chattered, a small hand or two fluttered pointing out this or that, never more than waist high, the fingers kept together. A demure procession, they passed. It was half past three. The Priest had glanced at Paulo and smiled, even raised his left hand almost shoulder high. I said, "You know the Priest?" He smiled! "Oh yes, Nick, everybody knows Father Spiteri, he is good man, he is a teacher priest at the school for novices." I went on, "They looked interested in the boat, Chico. I mean K.26." "Oh yes, boys all want to go to sea, some of them what you say env ?". "Envy?" I asked. "Yes Nick envy me, they know that I went to Gibraltar in K.26, Father Spiteri was much pleased and he ask my mother how deep we dived; she don't know, but she say "Very far down Father," and he say "Miraculous".

The next day I came up the hatch with a bucket of water I had been using to wash paint. Paulo was in much the same position just idling with the oars. He laid them in and reached for the bucket, I could have ditched the water myself but when Chico volunteered to empty it I let him. "Swish" went the water into the creek, out came a cloth from the boat locker, he was wiping it out cleaning the bottom of the bucket, the handle. I gazed around, I had him working for me. As I did so, there was the crocodile, coming round the corner of the jetty. Paulo wiped the bucket dry and passed it up to me. "Thanks." I nodded up to the Jetty. "Father Spiteri and his soldiers." The fifteen passed slowly by the Priest waved slightly. His hand rising to shoulder level, a slim clean hand, left hand too, he had his Breviary in his right. The effect of fifteen pairs of eyes solemnly staring as they went by, had some effect on me. I said as they passed out of sight, I could remember back ten years all right, and how I felt. Do you think Chico they would like to come on board K.26 to look round? He wrung his cloth out solemnly. He said nothing. "Well Chico?" He looked at me closely, "Iss impossible, Captain Garnons-William too strict man, he not allow it but would be nice." He resumed pushing at the oars. I stuck my neck out, he was a good boy. I would not like to disappoint him. I said carefully, "When you see Father Spiteri ask him to stop the novices alongside the boat the next time, and point out the parts of the submarine, you must be here handy with the dghaisa." "Oh Nick you get in the rattle, iss trouble". I brushed the objection aside.

The next time the First Lieutenant came into the Motor Room and looked round, poking his finger into the vent save-alls to see if they had been recently emptied I said hesitantly, "Sir, I wonder if I could ask a favour?" "Go on". "Well Sir, it's like this, a little crocodile of fourteen novice priests comes by here almost every afternoon with a young priest in charge, these boys are all about fourteen, soon they will go to Rome for training I am told. The Priest in charge is a Father Spiteri. Chico, I mean Paulo, vouches for him." I think Jimmy put the volt meter to battery voltage and then back to off. "Come to the point Carter, what is it you want, a demonstration dive and us to fire a torpedo and a couple of rounds of four inch?" "Oh no Sir," I replied, "I thought with the dghaisa already there, it would be an easy matter, sort of getting on with the Maltese population Sir, show the flag." "Aren't you Church of England, Carter?" "Well no Sir, I am Methodist." Jimmy laughed. "I thought you were about to go over to Rome, what with you and Regan, and Miller aboard, we might have the Pope aboard to tea". He turned towards the port motor switchboard its shining brass reflecting light back like the altar decorations of St. Peters.

"Bring on your Roman hordes, Carter, whenever you like, have mass in the Control Room, but don't light any candles near the main battery, and if I am not there give Father Spiteri my compliments." I liked Jimmy, a straightforward chap, he coughed at the door of the Motor Room always, in case we might be up to something like playing cards for money, which we never did. His back was towards me the neat seam of his drill jacket was agleam with starch. You can't go slapping Officers on the back in the Navy. I said, "Thank you very much indeed Sir, Paulo will be pleased."

"Fourteen you said?" "Yes Sir". "Right, tell Regan to get sixteen bars of chocolate for them, you say the Priest, is young?" I answered "Yes Sir, I'd say 24." Jimmy smiled, "Let's have no favouritism - a bar of chocolate each for Priest and acolytes, and a bar for the dghaisa boy." "As you say Sir, and thank you again". "Not at all." Jimmy left the Motor Room humming, Father O'Flynn ye've a wonderful way wid yer."

It was Saturday afternoon, the boat fairly empty, the crocodile early. They stopped, grouped at the jetty chains, I dropped into the dghaisa. Didwell, the Q.M. on watch gaped a bit as the first load came aboard. Father Spiteri, two novices, me. We slowly assembled as the boat went back and forth. Didwell looked at me, "Hadn't you better see somebody?" "That's all right Dids. I've got Jimmy's permission." I shook hands with Father Spiteri, he had a good command of rather stilted English. I said, "Will you all follow me" and dived down the r fore torpedo hatch. I showed them the fore ends and the spare torpedoes. I explained the details to -Father Spiteri, he quickly interpreted my remarks to the boys. They chattered, the wardroom was empty I showed them the bare furnishings, the pistol cupboard with its six Webleys chained and padlocked, 14 pairs of eyes open wide. Father Spiteri remarked the large round table and said, "Like England's King Arthur". I laughed, he had to interpret a short tale of the knights. Into the Switchboard four at a time and then the Control Room. The periscopes were up, their handles spread. One at a time; these novice Popish priests peered through the perpendicular periscope. I'm afraid Tims made this up later, when describing the visit of what he called "Nick's novices from Notabile". I don't think they did come from Notabile but it made Tims happy to get his bit of alliteration in. He acted this later, playing all parts, me included. They trained the periscopes round, and made clicking sounds and said "Boom boom!" like any other fourteen-year olds, but gently, quietly. They touched the steering wheel, touched the fore and after plane wheels, they came streaming through the echoing starboard passage into the Turbine Room. An ERA was having a wash there, the Chief being safely ashore. The ERA said "Good afternoon", the boys - all manners - shook the ERA's wet hand, fourteen handshakes later it was dry. They entered my domain. On a cushioned locker Bud Fisher lay asleep with his little round cap over his face. Standen was sitting on another locker darning a sock, he rose and shook hands with Father Spiteri. I started on my explanation of diving, and how the current from the batteries drove the motors under water. The boys whispered, laughed a little and gazed round in admiration. Father, Spiteri hung on my every word, he translated, he even made motions with both hands, his Breviary inside a pocket. Bud lay on his back, no sign of life.

Honey Standen was in the middle of the flock. Suddenly, all was quiet, I had stopped speaking, Father Spiteri had no more to interpret until I found something else to say. For several seconds no sound. Only a slight drip, drip of a leaky rivet going into the motor bilges. I looked round, Father Spiteri looked round, all the boys looked solemn, only Standen seemed to be suppressing a smile. I wondered what was wrong". Time passed. Father Spiteri looked puzzled. I glanced

down at Bud. He was still rigid his hat right over nostrils and mouth. Then slowly he awoke, his hat slipped of his face, he turned on the cushioned locker to see, 15 soutaned figures, fifteen shovel hats. "Wow!" said Bud. Afterwards I wondered what I should have said. The fourteen boys of fourteen laughed heartily, they screamed with laughter. Father Spiteri was puzzled. He asked a boy. Gradually his serious face relaxed into a smile, then he was unable to control himself, he joined in the laughing chorus. I didn't get it. Bud didn't get it, he said, Nick I don't want to be rude but what's so funny about Bud Fisher L.T.O. Royal Navy of no fixed abode." I don't know Bud." Father Spiteri was still laughing. The boys looked at him glad to see him so happy. At length he wiped his eyes with a large red handkerchief. He said, as the laughing slowly died. "Honey here whispered to the boys "Morto" which is Maltese for dead, as he pointed to the man on the couch, the boys do not understand English jokes so they think actually this poor man is dead, and they are sad, and they are silent and they are very sorry of course." "That was the silence, but your friend he has get up, it is only that he is asleep." Bud and I had our laugh then.

We streamed aft past the diesel which I explained as far as my lack of knowledge permitted. They were all allowed to peep into the Stokers Mess, where three Stokers were still asleep on their 'make and mend'. A boy pointed and said "Morto?" They laughed, and climbed up the hatch into the afternoon sunlight. As they assembled on the dry part of the duck's arse Didwell came from for'd bearing sixteen bar: of milk chocolate. From the excitement I gathered that chocolate did not often figure on the menu at the novice's school. Father Spiteri nibbled at his in the restrained fashion he was used to. There now, I have ended a sentence with a preposition, I didn't mean to. I did it again.

Paulo brought the dghaisa alongside the tail and got his chocolate and thanked me. I said "From First Lieutenant with compliments. Father Spiteri pointed to the duck's arse, he said "What do you call this part of the submarine?" I smiled, "Roughly translated it is the rear end of the duck." He said, "Ah, yes! I see a resemblance. I on had dinner with an English Cardinal he tell me the pointed back end of the chicken is the Priest's nose." "Yes" I said, "The Parson's nose that's right." The boys gravely shook hands and went to shore in the dghaisa. Finally, only Father Spiteri was left, the crocodile formed up on the jetty chocolate in hand. "Goodbye Mr. Carter", he shook my hand, he was I judged twenty four, my age. Simply he said, "We shall pray for you." He stepped into the boat, made the sign of the cross and was ferried back to his fourteen novices. They moved off. Fifteen left hands waved no higher than the shoulder, a sense of goodwill seemed to stretch across the harbour. In four minutes they had turned the corner.

I always think of everything too late. Much later I thought how nice it would have been for Father Spiteri to have led them in a short piece of singing, the Motor Room in K.26 had a splendid cathedral-like echo. When I think in arithmetic, those boys would now be about fifty-eight. Father Spiteri would have been an old man like me, that is, if he had not lost his life in the siege trying to rescue a parishioner.

To be continued in November 2016

Worst Royal Naval Reserve Disaster Remembered

HMS FITTLETON's collision remains the worst ever peacetime accident involving the Royal Naval Reserves. Forty years on from the sinking, the village of Fittleton remembered the twelve Royal Naval personnel who died.

The British minesweeper sank after attempting to come alongside the much larger frigate, HMS MERMAID, whilst en route to Hamburg for Teamwork operations.

HMS FITTLETON capsized in under a minute. Thirty two survivors were picked from the sea. The wreck of HMS FITTLETON was raised after the accident and was later sent for scrap



Every year, since the accident on the 20th of September 1976, a Memorial Service has taken place in the ship's namesake village of Fittleton in Wiltshire. This year around eighty people attended the service, including fourteen of the survivors. For everyone who attended the service remembering those who lost their lives is paramount.



Some of the Survivors pictured after the Service

By Editor

Ben Britten has reminded me that Barrow Branch Member Brigham Young who 'Standing By' HMS SUPERB in Barrow was on loan to HMS FITTLETON at the time at the time of the accident. Brigham was awarded a bravery medal for saving one of his Shipmates.

Unfortunately Brigham's HMS SUPERB shipmate Cook 'Paddy' Donoghue (who was also on loan to FITTLETON) died in the incident.



Barrow Submariners Association Annual Dinner Dance

Friday 11th November 2016

Fairways Hotel
At 1900 for 1930 Hrs

Remembrance Day Themed

3 Course Meal (inc Coffee)

(Reception Drink, 1/2 Bottle Wine & Port Toast)

Live Music - Becki Fishwick

Disco

£40 per person

Dress Code: Dinner /Dark Lounge Suit & Bow Tie for Men
Cocktail Dress/Ball Gown or Trouser Suit for Ladies

Tickets from Alex Webb 01229 839551



Barrow Submariners Association

Annual Christmas Party

Saturday 17th Dec 2016

Royal British Legion (7:30pm 'til Late)

Cost £5 per person

(Ticket Only Entry)

Live Music – Denis Horan

Disco

(Food is 'Bring a Plate')

Special Christmas Raffle

£100 Ticket Draw

Tickets on sale from:

Alex Webb (839551)

(or Behind the Bar)

Adults Only

