

Supplement to



AMBROSIA

A Scrapbook of the
Sixth Submarine
Squadron/Division
at work and at play
and in love

1955-1966
From material gathered, edited and
arranged between 2002 and 2004 by
Stephen Jenner and Peter Haydon



New



of material omitted in the original version

SUPPLEMENT TO *AMBROSIA*

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SUPPLEMENT TO *AMBROSIA*

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SUPPLEMENT to *AMBROSIA*

An Explanation

A Normal book doesn't need a Supplement because any normal Editor collects **all** his facts together before starting to write.

However, almost as soon as the first edition of *Ambrosia* reached the public, I got this sort of e mail from one faithful contributor.....

"I am sorry that I misunderstood the proposed contents, for I had quite a lot of material including the commissioning and adventures of the "Alderney" 1958/60 (Photo's of the Wardroom including Hubbard and Broadbent)"..... "

Furthermore, it is a very "in" document, and, thus, while I needed a lot of help with the computing aspects, those daughters in law and C@p site supervisors who were good enough to help me get it together for printing, hadn't the slightest idea about what most of it meant, and this resulted in a few aberrations!

I also lost some stuff in the regular mail, and quite a lot got hidden, and thus forgotten, in my own computer, and, because it all happened a long time ago, I forgot - or never even knew - about some things!

I did, however, take some 8 mm movies in 1955 which recorded some of what went on in the Division in those days, and these have been made into a VHS tape, with voice/over and music where appropriate.

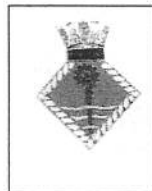
Copies of this tape have been deposited with the Archivist for the Submariners Association (Canada East) for North American TV, and with the Director of the RN Submarine Museum at Gosport, suitable for UK TV, and these sources can, almost certainly, produce copies, so that any one who wants to can see what it all looked like at the time and "in motion".

This Supplement volume contains some of the details that came to light after the first paperback edition got into circulation

Where there is an indication that a feature should face a particular page, the reference is to a page in the original edition of *Ambrosia*, which the reader of the Supplement should keep handy, so that there will be some appropriate text available close by.

I have also heard that some readers are puzzled by the Title.

"Ambrosia", while being the Trade name of an easily digested tinned rice pudding, in the UK, refers, in this instance, to all matters concerning "Ambrose", and St. Ambrose is not only the patron Saint of submarines - viz. Chapel of St. Ambrose at Fort Blockhouse, Gosport - But HMS Ambrose was the Stone Frigate Base of the 6th Submarine Squadron/Division in Halifax, Nova Scotia from 1955-1966 - the badge of which was, perhaps unfortunately, a Crook!



How we got to Halifax in the fifties - if not by Submarine)



By RCAF Northstar from UK to Montreal

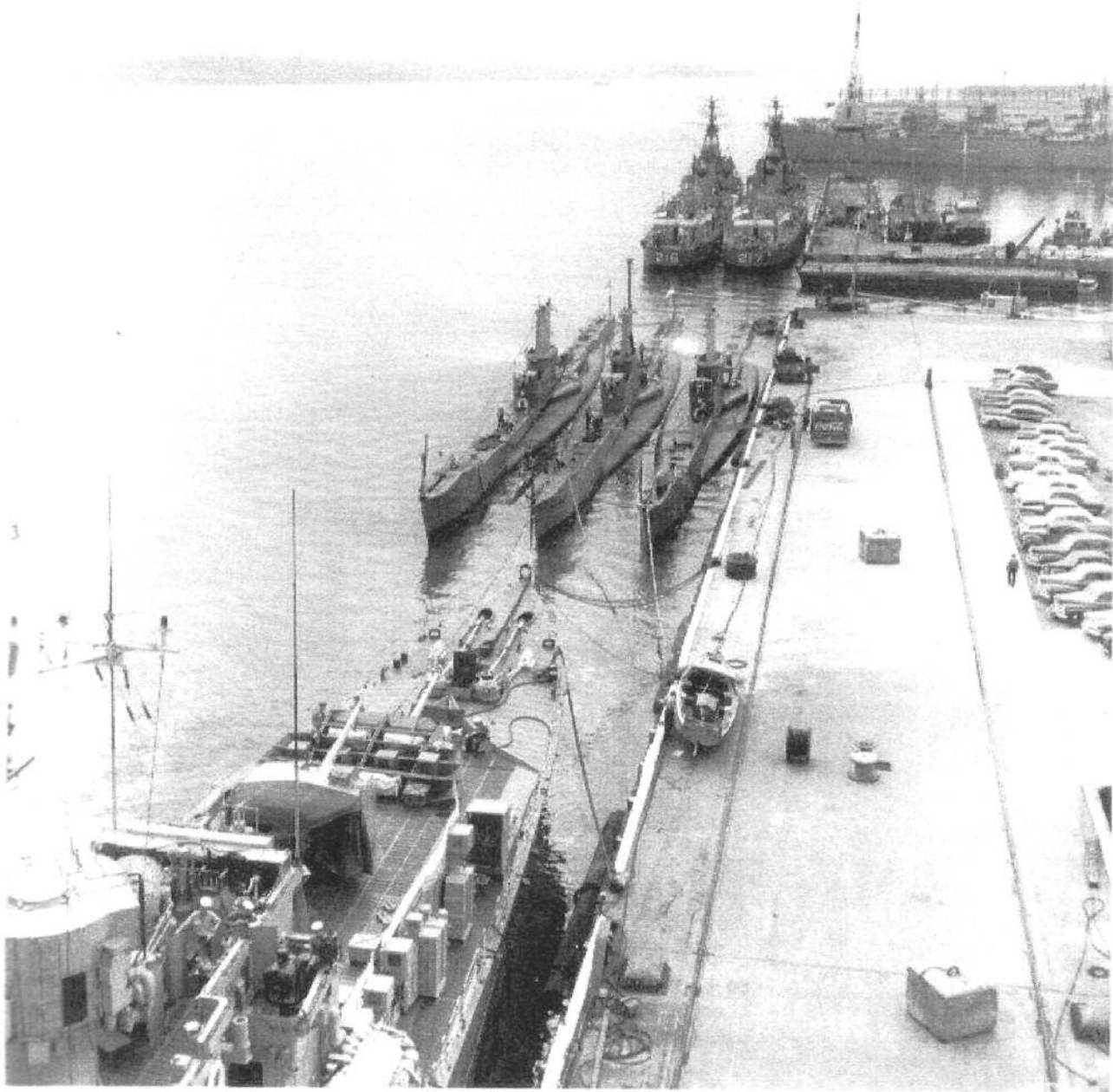
Maritime Express leaving Halifax c 1955



and by Maritime Express from Montreal to Halifax

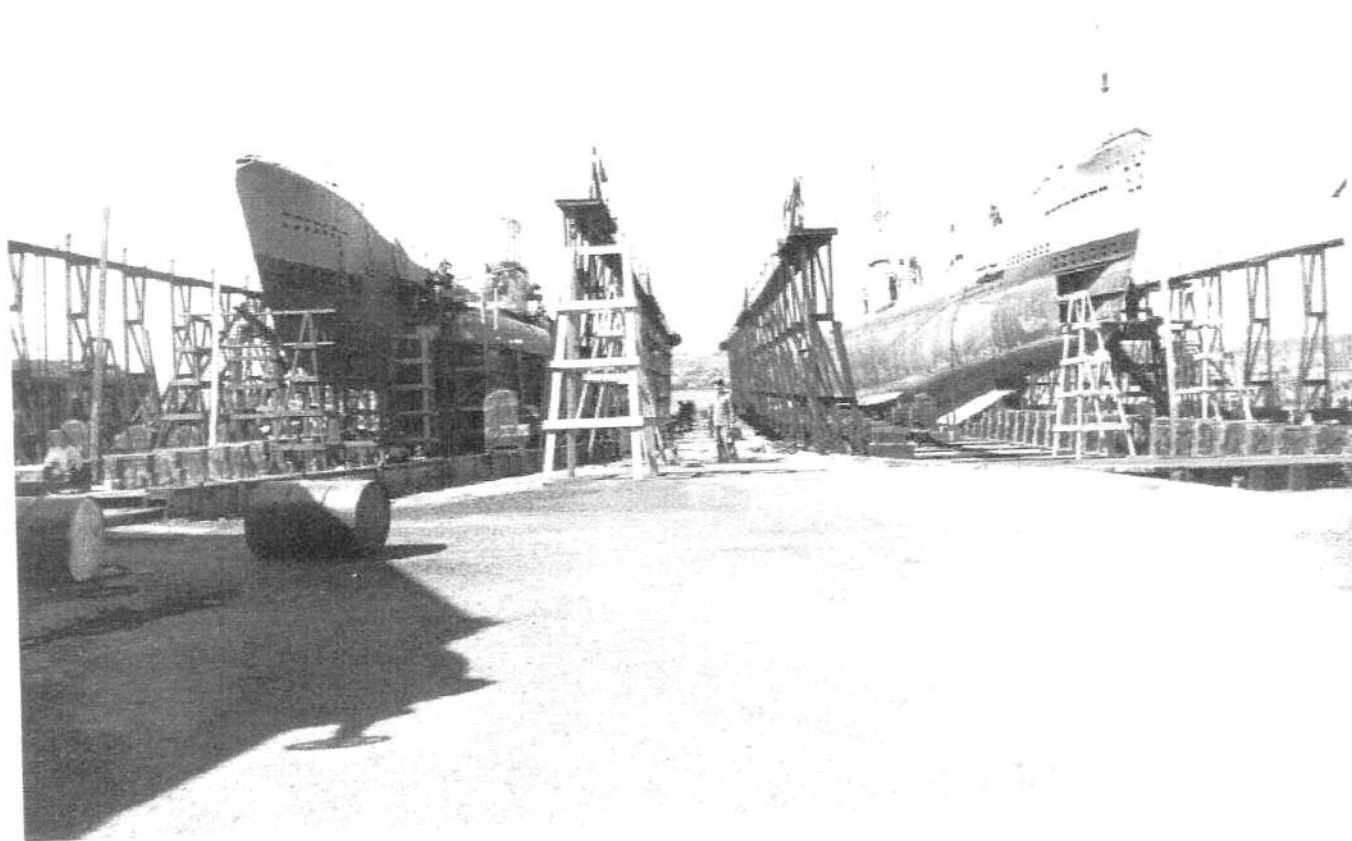
(Facing page 23)

Three A Boats alongside in Halifax



(Facing page 47)

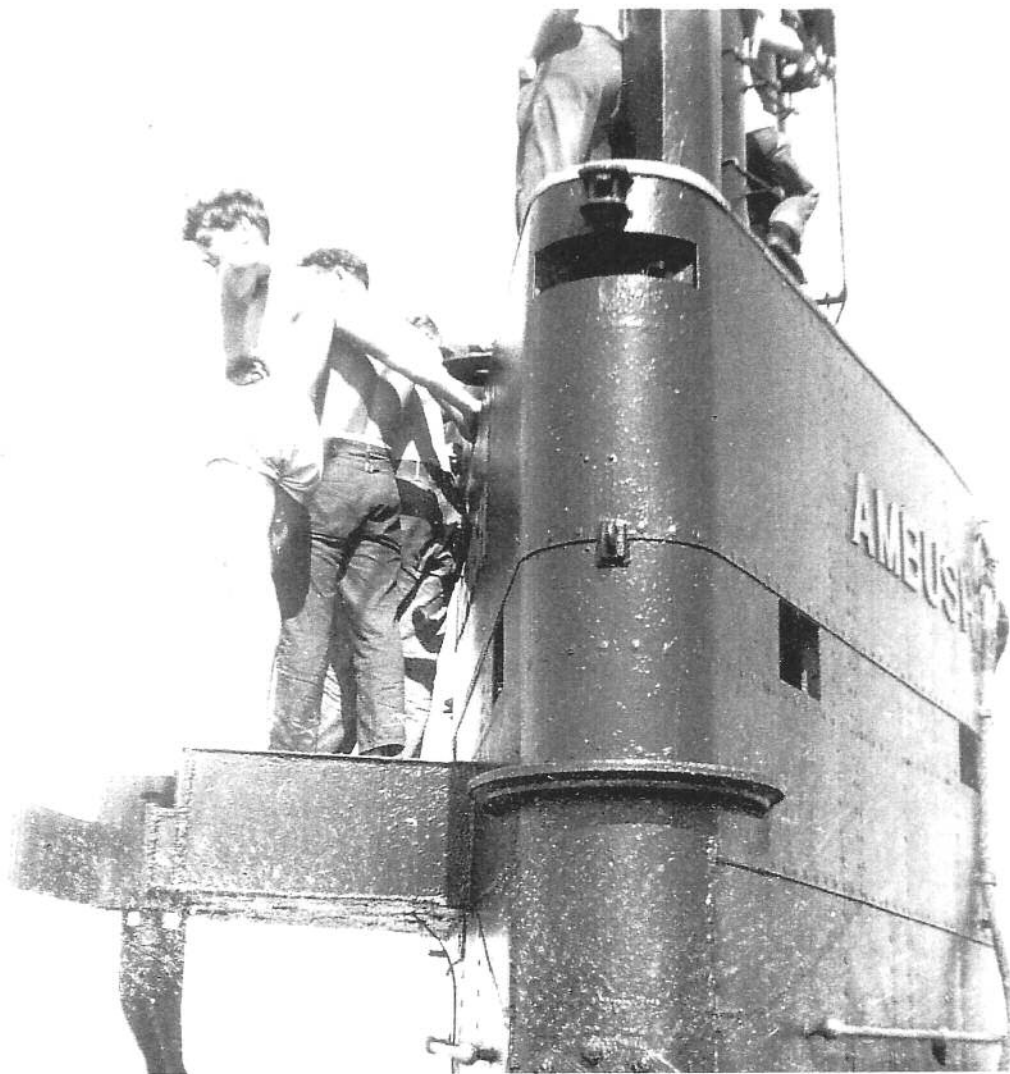
Technical Officer at work



Jim Percy at the Dartmouth Slip

(Facing page 24)

AMBUSH - HANDS TO BATHE

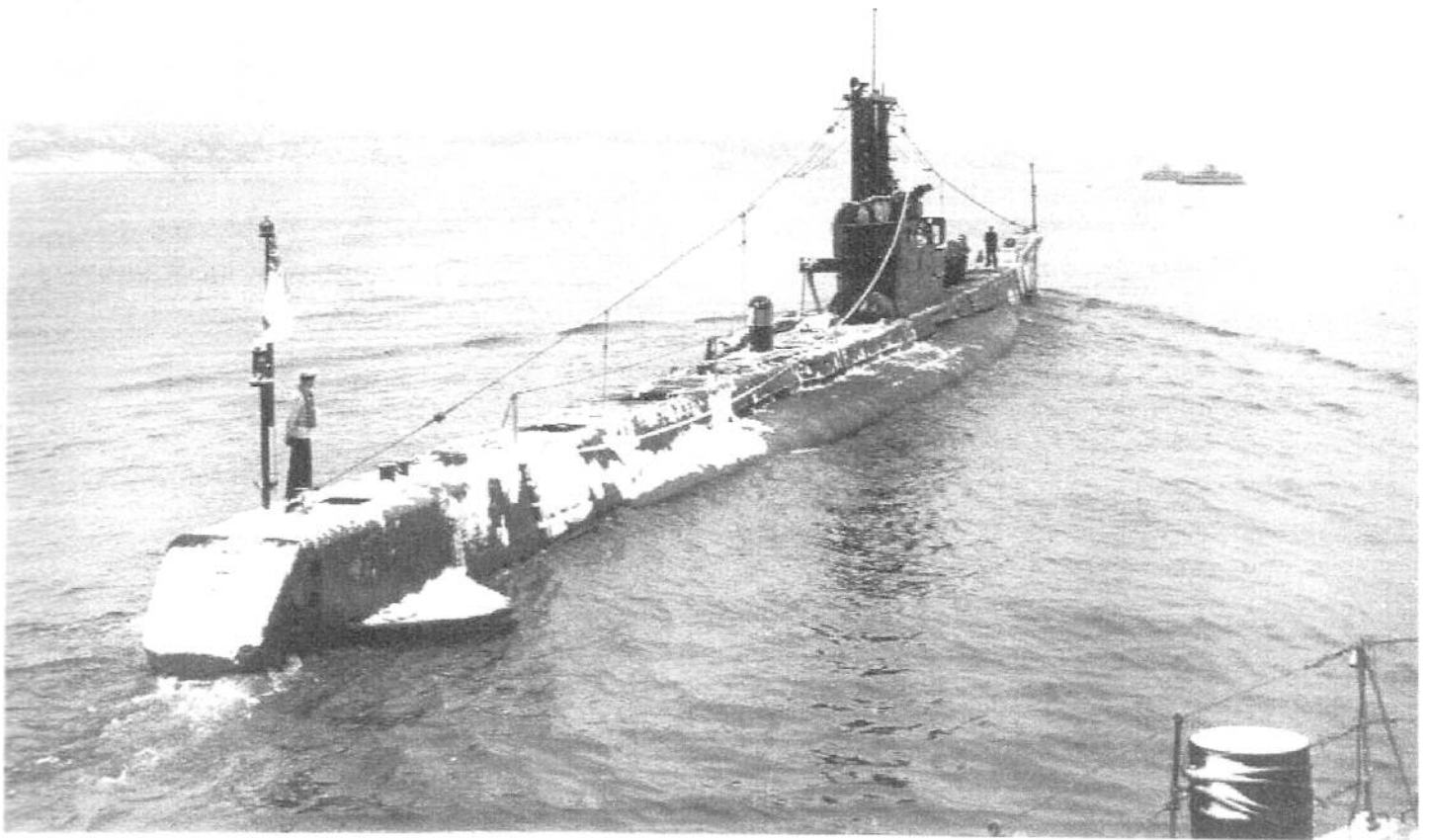


Ambush's Rifle Team - December 1955



They finished second in a Bren gun competition, held where they are seen here, on Ireland Island, Bermuda

Going Home!



Another view of Astute on December 9th, 1956

(Facing page 70)

(circa 1957)



Harry and Minna Hughes ready for a Fancy Dress Party in Amphion

(Facing page 77)

AN AMBUSH SOCCER TEAM



Written on the back is: "**55 AMBUSH TEAM IN NEW YORK**"

The Instamatic date on the front is NOV 56

Two people have identified back row 5 as Leading Steward Fenton, who was certainly in Ambush's second Commission Ship's Company, which didn't re-commission until February, 1958.

(Facing page 95)

HMS Alderney's second Halifax Commission

ORDER OF SERVICE

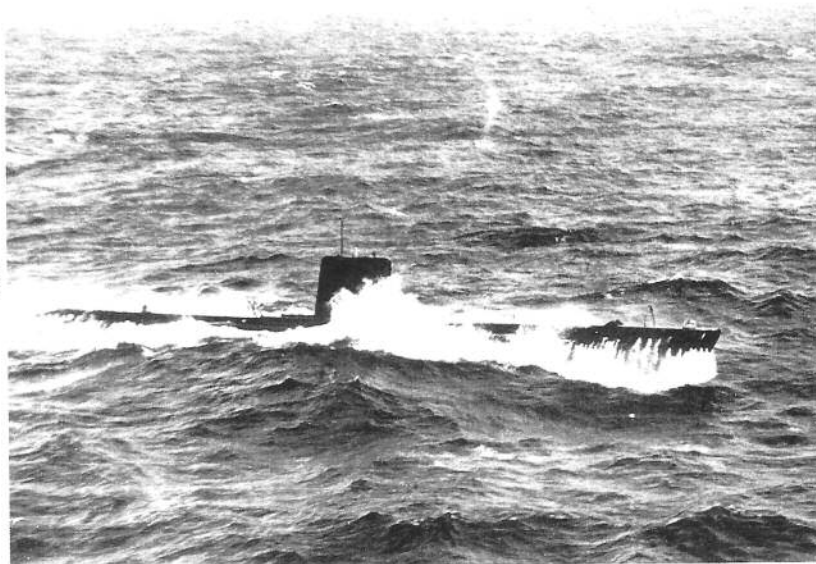
for

Seeking the Blessing of Almighty God

upon the Commissioning of

HER MAJESTY'S SUBMARINE

"ALDERNEY"



H.M.S. ALDERNEY.

SHIP'S COMPANY ON COMMISSIONING.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER R. A. HEDGCOCK, ROYAL NAVY.
 LIEUTENANT J. R. B. BOUTHER, ROYAL NAVY.
 LIEUTENANT D. R. YOUNG, ROYAL NAVY.
 LIEUTENANT P. R. BROADBENT, ROYAL NAVY.
 LIEUTENANT M. A. BROOMFIELD, ROYAL NAVY.
 MR. G. D. MASSY, MIDSHIPMAN, R.N.V.R.

Portsmouth.

Wednesday, 12th March, 1957.

S. NEW,	C.P.O.	J. PAULSEN,	C.E.R.A.
T. BLACK, R.R.M.,	C.P.O.	D. DAVIES,	Mech.
T. DRAPER,	EL.Mech.I.	D. KERR,	E.R.A.
T. GIBSON,	CR.Elect.	F. LEAR,	P.T.E.R.4.
T. OLIVER,	C.M.E.	F. SODMONTS,	E.R.A.
P. WILFRED,	C.P.O.	H. WALEBY,	E.R.A.

A. BRADSHAW,	P.O.M(T).
D. FOOTH,	P.O.TOL.
D. RUSSELL,	P.A.
W. WILLIAMS,	P.O.R.R.

J. BERRILL,	L.M(E).
R. BERTON,	L.Sig.
M. BUTLER,	L.Tel.
J. FROEMAN,	L.M(E).
R. GROVES,	L.Sol.
A. MILL,	L.E.M.
R. RIMMER,	L.Swd.
A. STAFFORD,	L.M(E).
D. SULLIVAN,	L.Sol.
D. WOODWARD,	L.M(E).

J. ALEXANDER,	A.B.
D. BARBER,	A.B.
A. BRETTAN,	A.B.
C. BROWN,	A.B.
B. BULL,	A.B.
V. BUTTERWORTH,	A.B.
A. COWIE,	M(T).
E. DEPOSE,	Tel.
A. DITCHIN,	A.B.
J. DUNN,	A.B.
J. GYNSANE,	M(T).
J. HARVEY,	M(T).
H. HARVEY,	M(T).
P. HUGHES,	M(T).
J. HUSBAND,	E.M.I.
W. JENKINS,	M(T).

R. KENDALL,	M(T).
J. KINSEY,	A.B.
G. LUCKY,	A.B.
D. LINDOY,	M(T).
J. MACCREADIE,	M(T).
F. MAGINNIS,	M(T).
F. MULLIN,	M(T).
H. NABER,	Tel.
R. NICHOL,	A.B.
B. PEARCE,	A.B.
R. SCARLE,	A.B.
H. SKIPTON,	E.M.I.
J. ULEY,	M(T).
J. WILLIAMS,	M(T).
R. WILSON,	Cook's.



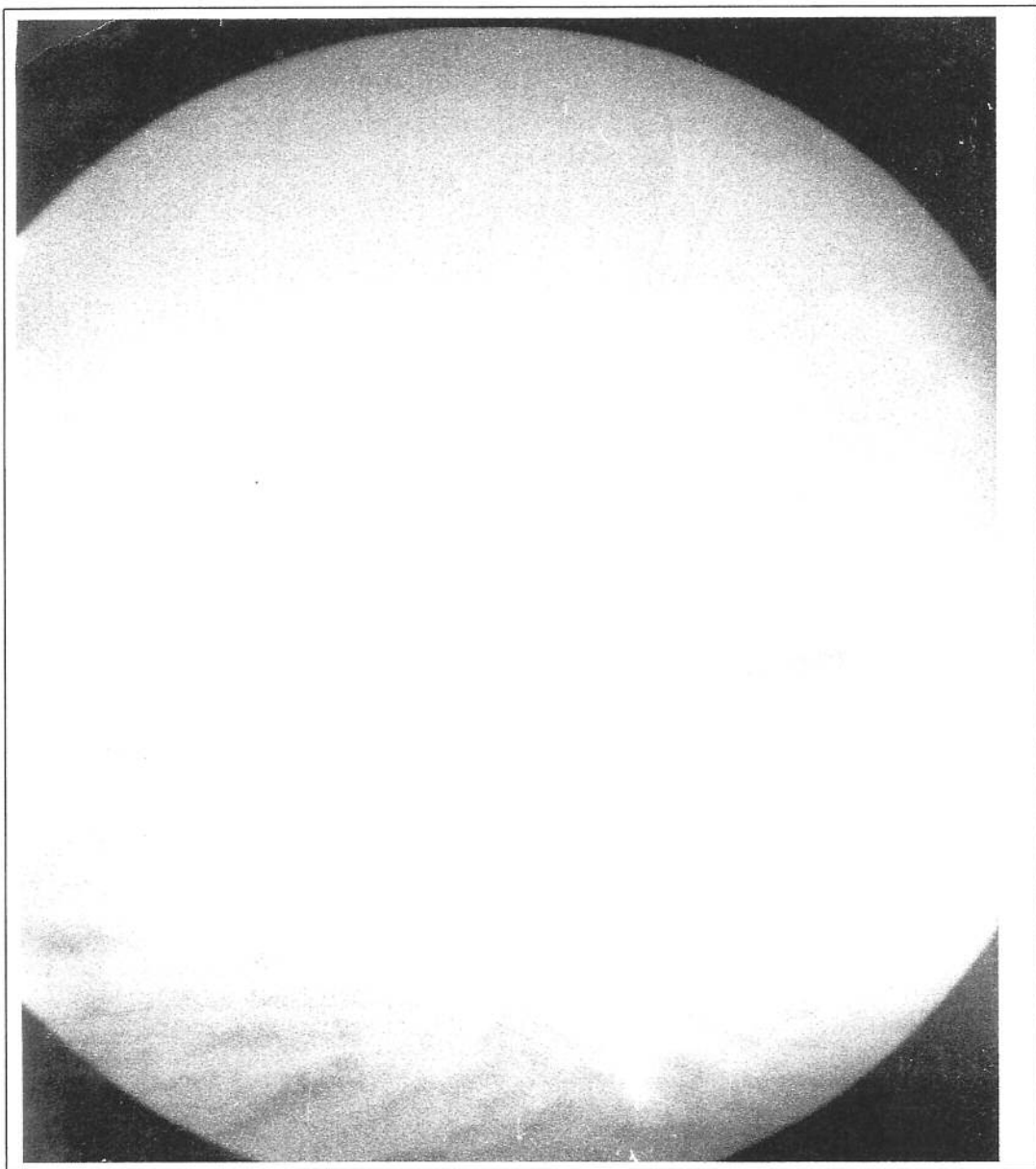
Alderney Wardroom - February 1960

Back row L>R Richard Woods Ken Hubbard Mike Broomfield

Front row L>R Joe Young Ray Hedgcock Peter Broadbent

(Facing page 100)

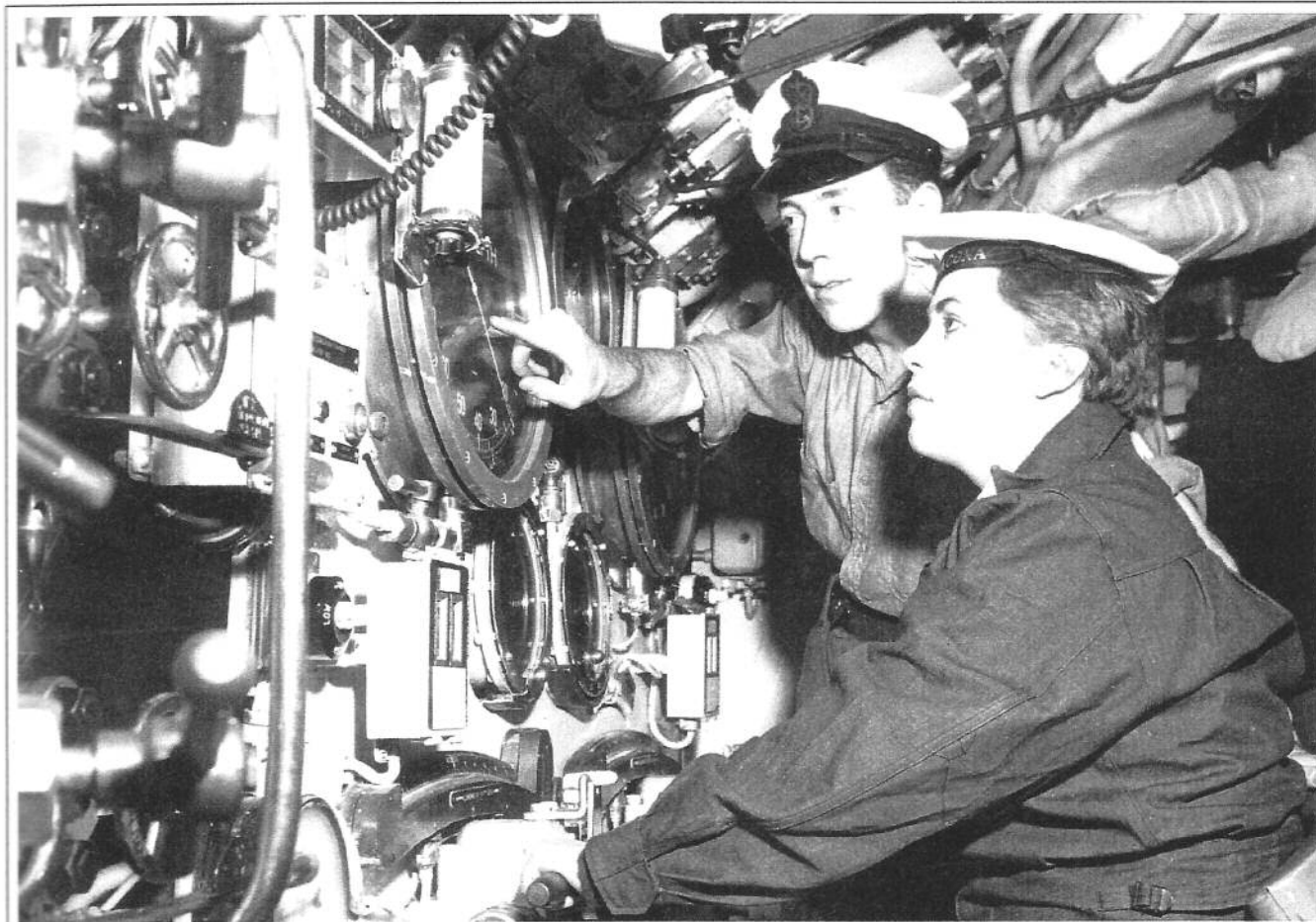
A BYGONE AGE



RMS Queen Mary seen through Alderney's periscope (circa 1959)

(Facing page 117)

LONG BEFORE WOMEN.....



Wren Patricia Higdon of Quesnel BC gets instruction on the planes from Leading Steward Ronald Rimmer in HMS Alderney

This National Defence Photo was originally published under the Caption "Taking a dive"

(Facing page 117)

ALDERNEY LEAVES AND ADMIRAL PULLEN SAYS FAREWELL



Alderney leaves after a second Commission in Halifax

Soccer in 1959



Bruce Oland presents the Maritime Challenge Cup to Petty Officer Woolley

(Facing page 121)

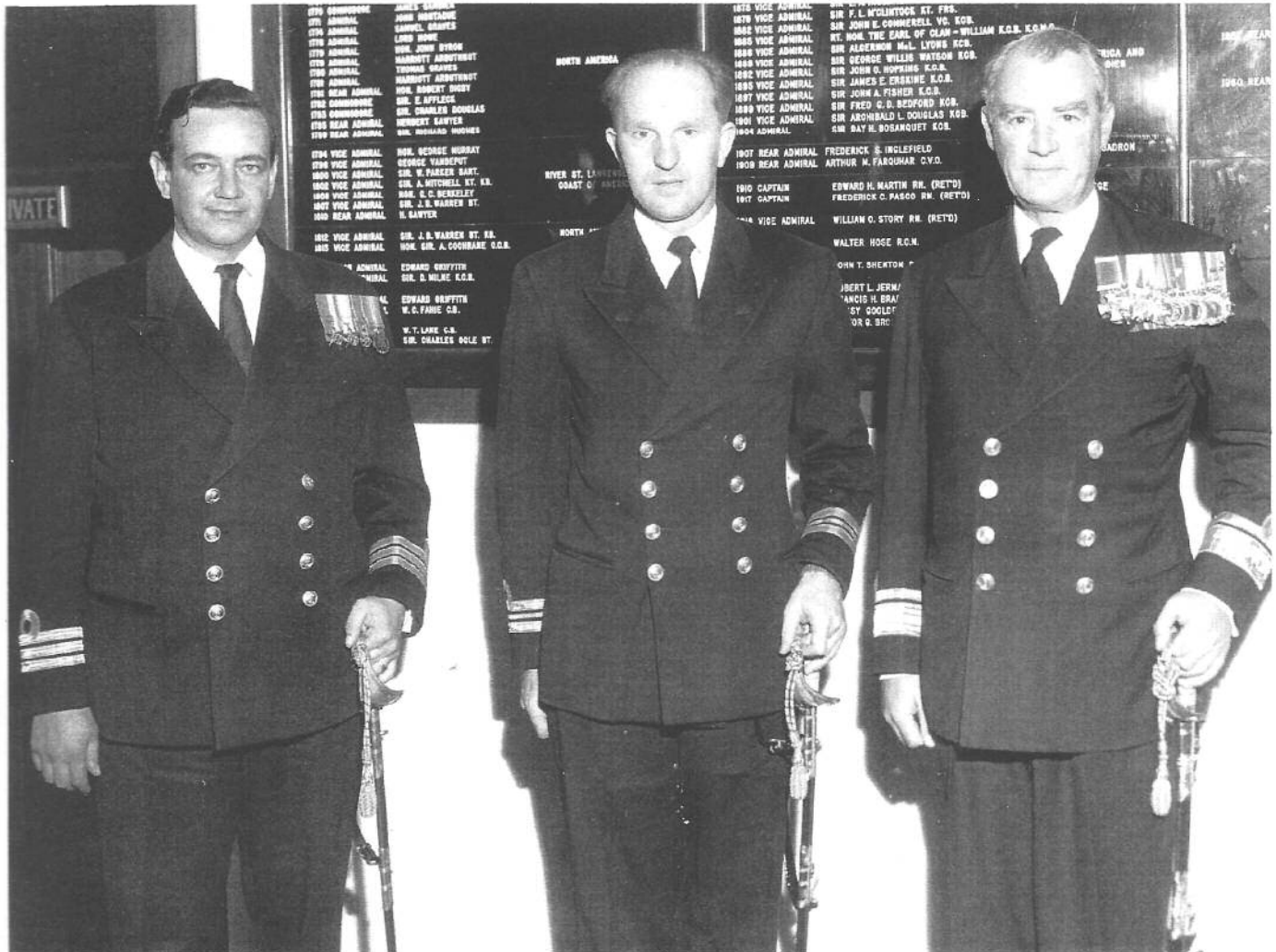
Another Soccer Trophy !



L/Sig. Davies (SoccerCaptain) receiving a trophy from Captain Frewer at HMCS Cornwallis

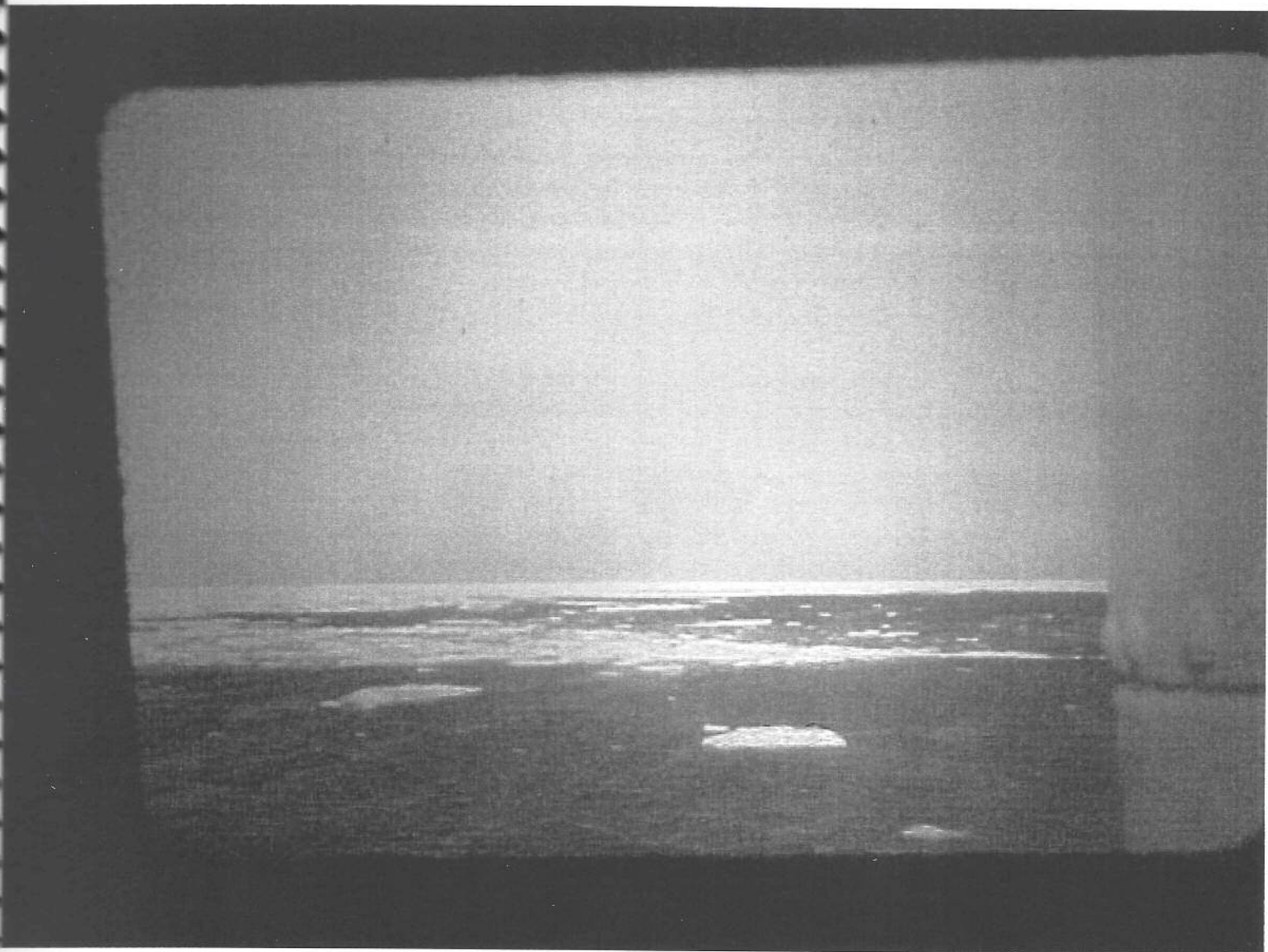
(Facing page 122)

Decision makers (Halifax 1964)



L>R Ken Vause (SM6) Ken Bromback (Auriga) Jeffrey Brock (FOCCF)

(Facing page 163)



Mike Collis photographed an icefield from USS Becuna

(Facing page 137)

AFTER LUNCH AT YE-ALL-COME



After lunch on a Sunny day at Ye-All-Come

L > R Geoff Webb AN Other Anne Webb AN Other Steve Jenner

Foreground Anon

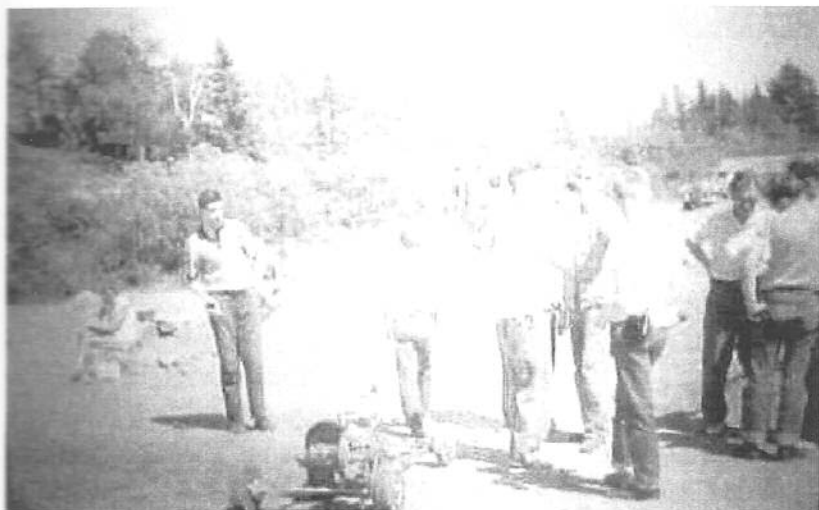
(Facing page 19



With the
Collis
family at
"Ye all
Come"



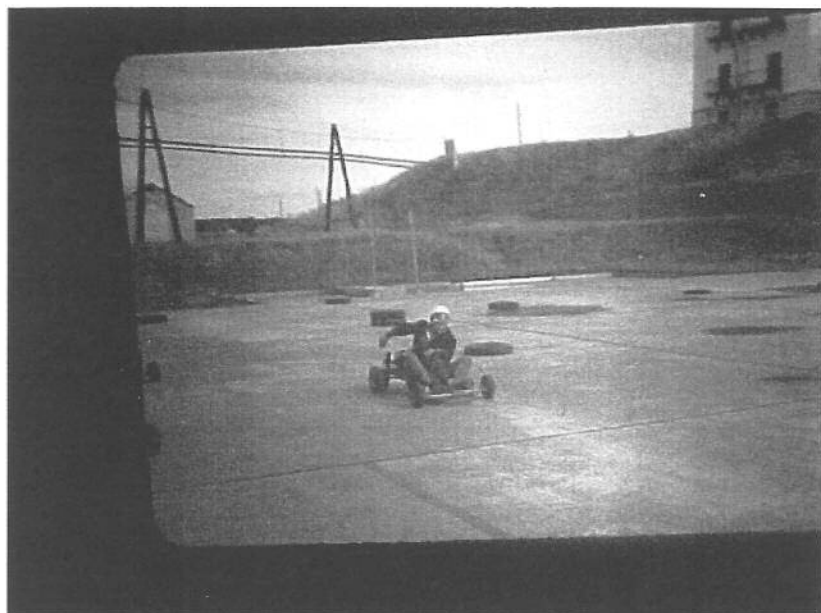
(Facing page 197)



Division Kart with Mike Casserly



Opening Day at Moncton



Karting at Shearwater

(Facing page 206)

SOME AUROCHS MEMORIES OF BOB ISAAC

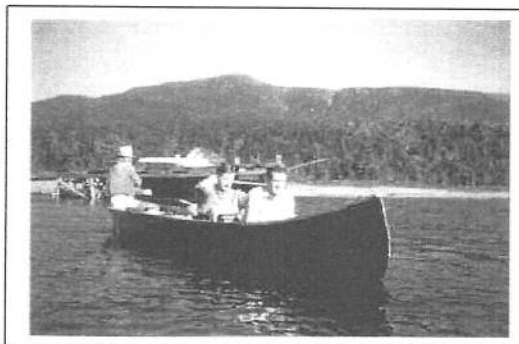
Bob was the Engineer Officer of Aurochs for just less than a year in Halifax, circa 19961/62, but even so, describes it as a unique experience!

He describes Halifax in 1961 as being "still under semi-prohibition".and asserts that:

"after exercises with the RCN, RCAF, and the USN, Aurochs entered Bermuda and embarked "Christmas Drinks" for the Ship's Company. These crates were stored in a torpedo tube, but a diligent member of the TI's team, during tube maintenance, fired an air shot and deposited a costly volume of spirits on the bed of the Atlantic somewhere between Bermuda and Halifax". His recollections that Aurochs worked for the Navy from Monday to Friday, and for the Air Force Argus aircraft from p.m. Friday to p.m. Sunday - but that the Argus, according to Bob, rarely flew at weekends - signals indicating that either the airfield was "clamped" or the aircraft unserviceable, which left the submarine with many uncomfortable weekends, wallowing on the surface.

He fondly recalls Sunday lunches with the Family at "Ye all Come" and the trip to Bowater's Lodge, where visitors were looked after by the resident Chef and staff, who provided Canoes for fishing (Pictures facing page 205)

Members of Aurochs' Ship's Company, probably including Bob Isaac, in a Bowater canoe on the River at Bowater Lodge



Bob feels that Mike Collis, the Base and Division Mechanical Engineer, deserves special mention, since he earned a reputation not only for his ingenious repairs and inventions - Mike developed a hovercraft. And was seen testing, but not, unfortunately, photographing it, in Halifax Harbour, as early as 1961; but also he was known, occasionally to dress in an unconventional manner. Bob remembers seeing him meet Aurochs, on one occasion, with a uniform shoe on one foot, and a brown one on the other!

Of the Ship's company, the Canadian chef and the Coxswain stood out to Bob. The chef because he was a First Nation Indian with a fiery temperament who was always berating the Coxswain, in no uncertain terms for supplying him with insufficient victuals, in language full of expletives unknown previously to Bob.

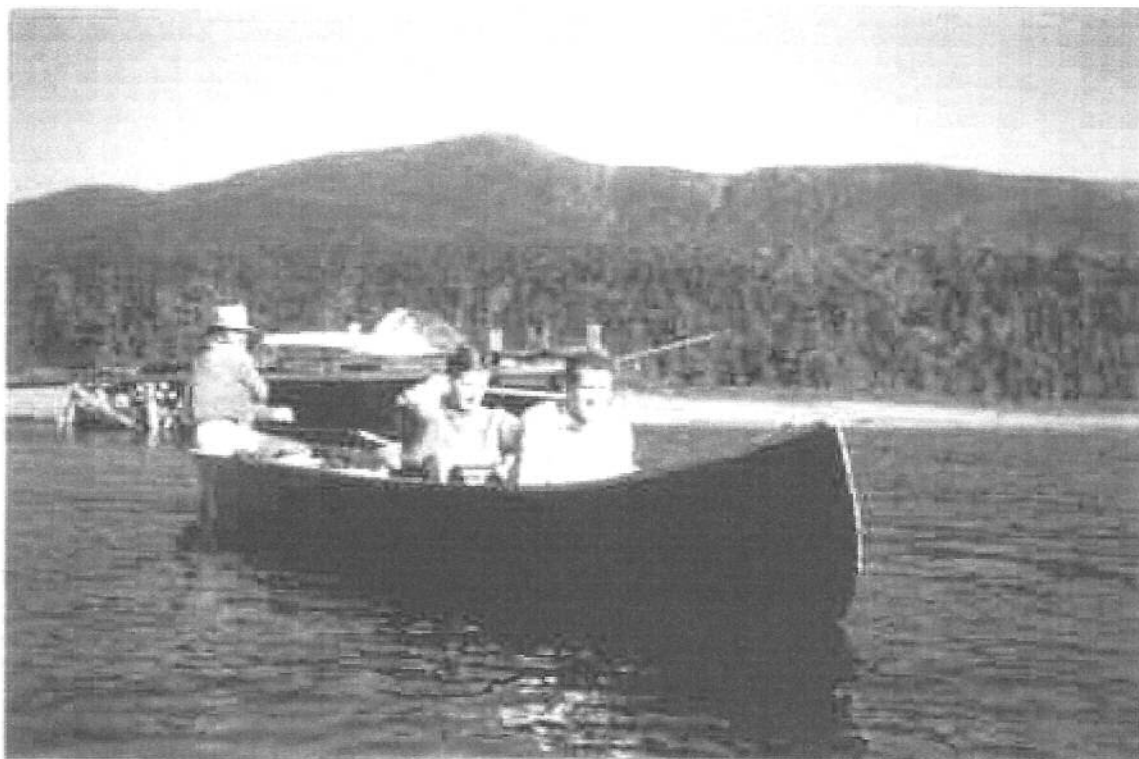
But his impression was that the Canadians fitted in pretty well into an otherwise RN Ship's Company.

(Facing page 205)

Aurochs visits Bowater Lodge



and does some canoeing



(Facing page 205)

Soccer in the Sixties



Steve Jenner presents the Cup for the Tri Service Club Championship to Dave Russell after a match in which Stadacona beat the Submariners 4-1.

Dave Russel writes:

It was the Tri Service Club Championship between the 6th Squadron and Stadacona. Stad. won 4-1. I was on a course in Stad. at the time and shortly after rejoined the 6th who was under the Command of Cdr. Steven Jenner R.N.. From there it was back to the U.K. and the "Artemis" (Lt/Cdr Lund). Another trip over to Halifax and a Sub-miss scare. A red grenade was reported fired instead of a green grenade in an attack on a Canadian destroyer.

(Facing page 140)

This e mail, written in 2001, was hidden in my own computer, and reflects on the conviviality of the 6th SubDiv Officers

I read your request for information about the Sixth Submarine Squadron (RN) in the Nov issue of "Soundings". I was in various ships from the early 50's to mid 60's that would have exercised with these submarines.

I don't have any specific recollections about them other than "weepers" at the Stads wardroom were always much more lively when the submarines were in harbour.

(Facing page 199)

Jackie Fox's Stag Party



At Ye all Come

(Facing page 216)

Christchurch Windsor NS



Collis - Strong



26th May, 1956

(Facing page 217)



L > R Unknown, Curleigh, Coward , Unknown

I thought, originally, that Coward was the only submariner in the picture, and that Curleigh was the Team's Pilot, to and from practices, but Nigel Frawley writes: " I have looked at the photo, and can confirm that the two guys in the middle are Colin Curleigh (the bald one) and John Coward. I am tempted to say that the person on the right is me and Rob Forsyth is on the left

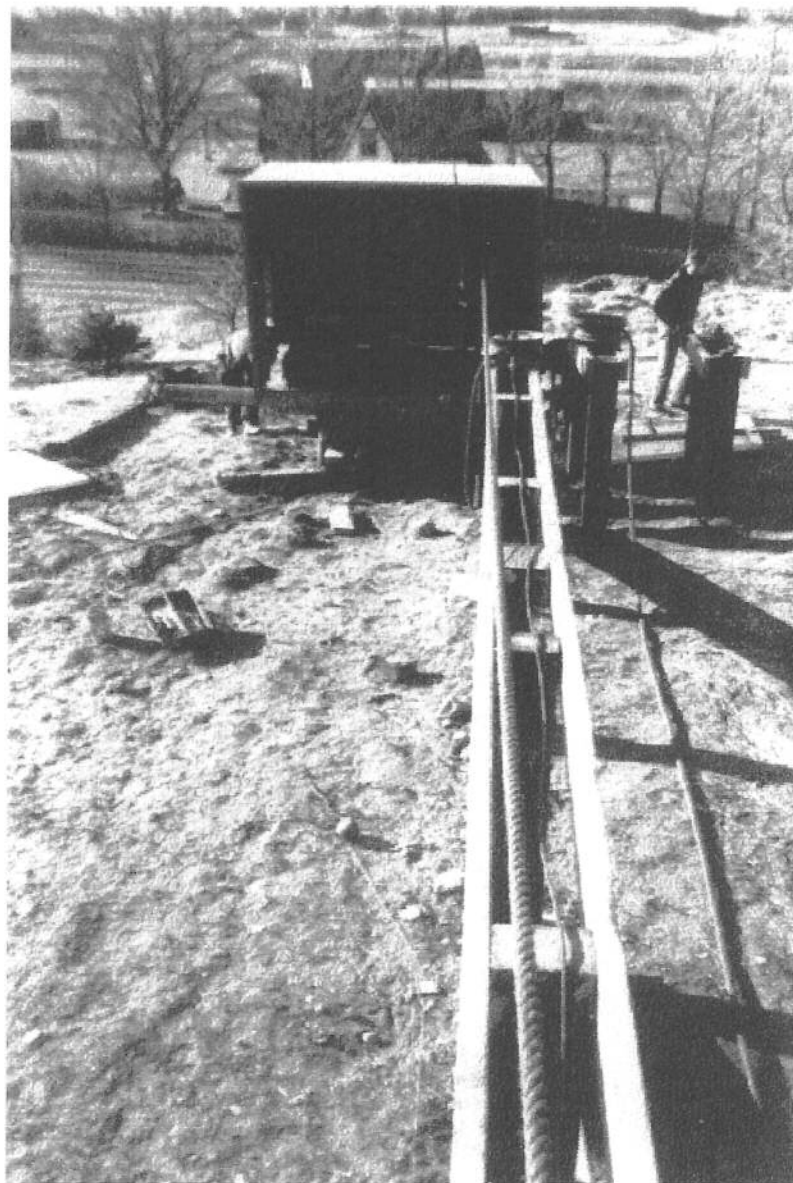
(Facing page 225)

SKIERS AND THE STEAM TRAIN AT WENTWORTH



Skiers travelled to and fro between Wentworth and Halifax by Steam Train

THE ORIGINAL ROPE TOW - CIRCA 1956



The original Tow was made of rope and needed splicing most weekends.
Naval Skiers came in useful

BEAVER ROPE TOW - CIRCA 1957



Skiers with a rather more sophisticated Tow

August 29th, 1959



MacCall - Joseph Wedding

(Facing page 227)

August 29th, 1959



Some members of the Joseph Family (names unknown) at the MacCall - Joseph Wedding

(Facing page227)

Baptismal Certificate for Gwyneth Hughes

Year 1907

Baptisms

Administered in the Parish or Mission of H.M. ALLIANCE in the Province of Nova Scotia

ESTABLISHED
HUGHES

Gwyneth Jacqueline daughter of Arthur Harry Hughes
of Halifax in the Province of N.S.
and Minna (Townsend)
was born at Halifax N.S. on the 5th
of May in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and
Fifty-seven and was

Baptized

on the 22nd day of December in the year of our Lord
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-seven in the Church of H.M. Alliance

In the
presence of

Mr. J. D. Percy
of Mrs. J. A. Percy
and Mrs. C. A. Hamer
of _____
of _____
of _____

Sponsors

By me

B. A. Bayler
Chap. (P) R.C.M.

* Son or daughter

AB Wiseman and another sailor presenting a cheque from the Squadron in support of the Red Feather campaign



(Facing page 237)

Cuban missile crisis

From Vice-Admiral Sir Toby Frere

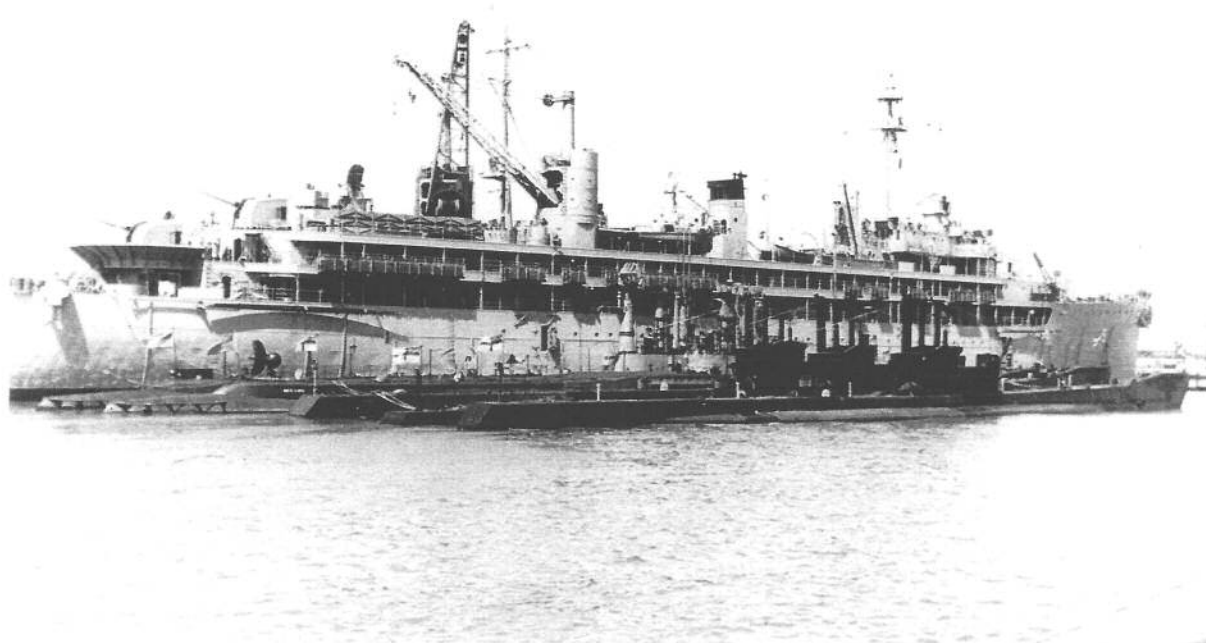
Sir, As the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962 is remembered, I have heard it repeated that British forces were not involved in the blockade of the island. This comes as some surprise to the ships' companies of the RN submarines that were based at Halifax in Nova Scotia who, having "stored for war", were ordered to set up a barrier patrol with American air support off Newfoundland. The submarines' task was to monitor Soviet submarines that had sailed from their Northern Fleet bases and were proceeding by the quickest route to Cuba.

In *HMS Astute* we heard on the BBC World Service that no British forces were taking part, but as the whereabouts of submarines are often misreported, we were not surprised. However, is it not time to acknowledge the role of the Royal Navy's submarine service in the Cold War in this and subsequent events? We often had close contact with our Soviet opponents, although on this occasion we thankfully did not.

Yours sincerely,
TOBY FRERE,
c/o The Naval Club,
38 Hill Street, W1J 5NS.
October 20.

A Letter from Toby Frere to THE TIMES

A BOATS ALONGSIDE AT NEW LONDON



A Boats alongside at New London

Ambush also went to St. Johns

David Sandra Baird

From: Duncan Mathieson [dmathieson@saltspring.com]
Sent: Thursday, August 02, 2001 8:04 PM
To: General Dist
Cc: steve.jenner@ns.sympatico.ca
Subject: Sixth Submarine Squadron (RN) in Halifax 1955/67

Peter Haydon and I are anxious to collect all and any Canadian reminiscences operational and social of this hard working, hard playing and sometimes irreverent unit in its roughly 12 year existence. No detail is too small as we wish to record its history while people who were actually there are still alive, and as a contribution to the Centenary of the Royal Navy Submarine Service, not to mention contributing to the Naval and Social History of An East Coast Port.

Stephen Jenner
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B0J 2L0
<steve.jenner@ns.sympatico.ca>

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Canada 410 148

Telephone
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Residence (902) 722-1800
Fax (902) 722-1800

Executive Director NOAC
Duncan Mathieson
324 Sunset Drive
Salt Spring Island BC V8K 1G2
Phone: (250)537-0791
Fax: (250)537-8792
<http://www.naval.ca>

Bureau affair of
H-20 Ambush (Chick Carnegie Rn)
1956 - Visited St. Johns remembrance home
offered a trip to Hfx with Swann in Reg R & H
26 May Didn't take off
I spent a good deal of time with them
on and off Ambush at Cibat + elsewhere
Ht Cibat we found an old cannon in
the woodwork (with heavy balls + shot holes
in wall bits on us - taken out + framed
by CO. Cdr H. Garrett who was surprised
and gave us a swank repaid
I am retired in St. Johns + work in pay office
you may know person Nelson in Hfx (at Reg R & H)
If you help you further call me or e-mail
me + I can call you am a member of NOAC 40000000

More Cabot Strait 1964



HMS
Auriga in
the ice

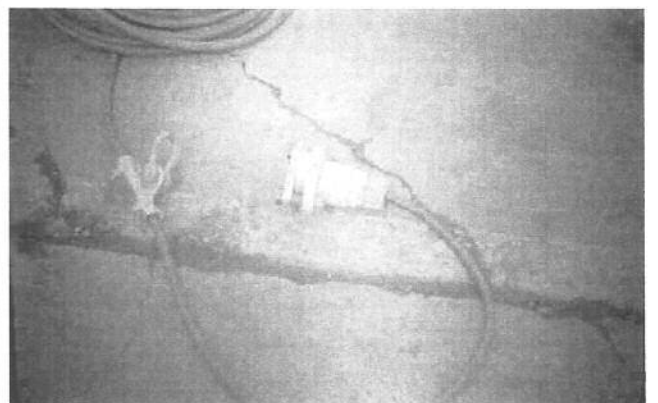
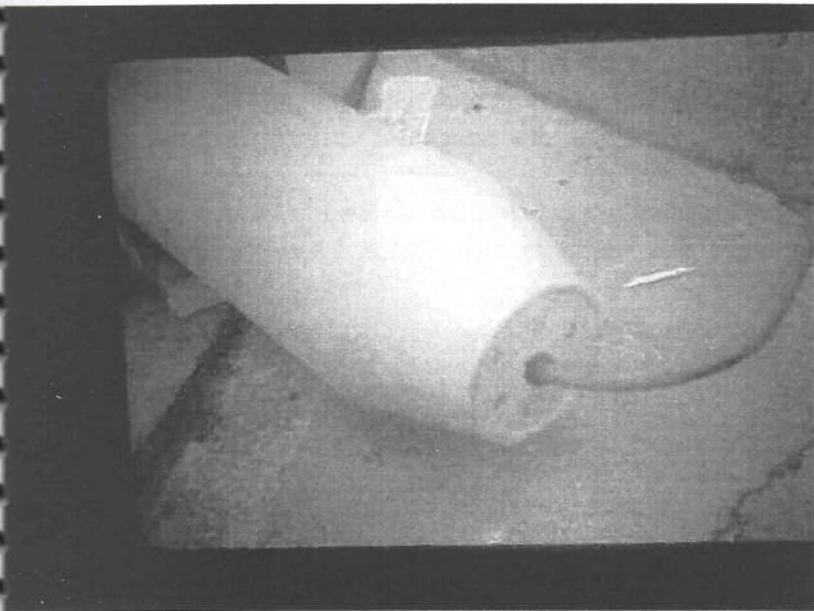


(Facing page 285)



Some Other Technical Developments

Mike Collis' Subair buoy



(Facing page 328)

TERRY WYSS' MEMORIES FROM SPARE CREW

We in the Chuffs and Puffs mess use to have a rota as to who went to Mrs. Camille's for the fish and chips, scallops, etc

.Our main source of entertainment was the mess itself. We would put a Dollar on the table and get eight 'pints', and this would be our entry into the company.

After an hour or so, the mess tables would be swamped with beer. The main nights were when one of our boats returned to Halifax, or Friday nights' weepers sessions.

Because we were part of a NATO commitment we were allowed 6 bottles of "likker" a month. We'd go to the liquor store to load up and then on to a party out at Albrow Lake or some other married quarter. At the time I was there, the big Indian mural was being painted on the wall in the bar.

Most of the time the bloke doing it was pie eyed, much to the annoyance of Chuck Smiley who was the Mess President at that time. Whilst I was there, an American submarine (Thresher, I think) dived and lost trim and all onboard perished (This was 10th April 1963). We had a collection at SM6 and sent the money to the relatives fund. In return, we received a fantastic plaque thanking us for our donation and extolling the virtue of the brotherhood of submariners all over the world. The plaque must have cost much more than we sent. It was framed and kept on the wall at SM6 headquarters in Canflangant's building. It would be very interesting to find out what happened to it.

*[I've tried to find the plaque, but it appears to have got lost when a new office was built for the Admiral; and it **didn't** get transferred to The Maritime Command Museum, because I checked there too - Editor]*

JOHN SPELLER'S EARLY MEMORIES

I was Third Hand of "Aurochs" during the period January 60 to July 61. Olly Sharp was CO, Doyne Nicholson First Lieutenant, Peter Cretney Fourth Hand, Nigel Stevenson Fifth Hand and Bill Drew Engineer; it was a very happy team.

"Aurochs" was an unconverted A boat, with low bridge and 4" gun. The low bridge was of particular significance when operating on the surface in winter in the very cold waters of the Canadian North Atlantic; the Officer of the Watch and the lookout - despite the benefits of the (loaned) Canadian foul weather gear - would invariably end up with icy water (or even ice) down their necks by the end of their watch. It was not much better when you eventually got below, either, because despite the "elephant's trunk" at the bottom of the conning tower and regular pumping by the Petty Officer of the Watch, sea water tended to run around the Control Room deck and often into the lower levels of drawers in the wardroom. Nevertheless, the sun did sometimes shine and our operating "hole" in the Atlantic, where we spent long days and nights, usually as a "clockwork mouse" for the RCN and RCAF, was 40N 60W, on the edge of the Gulf Stream. I can remember starting one watch in full foul weather gear in a blizzard, as we steamed south to our rendezvous point, and ending it two hours later in no more than a pair of shorts, in brilliant sunshine.

Weather played a large part in our lives - professional and social. The cold winters of Halifax persuaded the RCN and therefore us that it would be operationally sensible to move to Bermuda for the Spring term; we took little persuading.

However, first find Bermuda..... I was the navigator for most of my time on board and had at my disposal the usual limited facilities of the day, although these had been enhanced by the addition of a loaned LORAN set, which with its flickering green cathode ray tube sat in a corner of the wardroom, taking up valuable drinking space. After a couple of weeks of operating in our 40N 60W hole, the moment came for us to surface and make passage for our first visit to Bermuda. Confidently I suggested a course to my captain, although I knew that I was not exactly certain of our current starting point, having been without a sight for several weeks, with the Gulf Stream currents pushing us in different and confusing directions daily, and with little or no assistance from the flickering green tube in the wardroom. Uncharacteristically, for the passage, I was still not able to get a sight, nor any sensible readings from Loran, so my DR "pool of errors" was by now beginning to cover most of the North Atlantic. It was at this stage that I came up with two bright ideas: first, to suggest to my captain that we should try a broad leg zigzag of 90 miles length in the hope of finding Bermuda - which he greeted with some surprise and, it seemed to me, disappointment in my ability as a navigator - and second, to take my newly acquired state-of-the-then-art "tranny" up to the bridge. Immediate success! Even as we started our first leg, Radio Bermuda came up faintly, and from then on we fine tuned the signal and "steered by tranny" until we made a successful landfall.

Bermuda was something of a paradise and we were entertained with enormous enthusiasm and kindness by everyone we came across. We started in St George's Island for our first visit, but soon negotiated ourselves an alongside berth at Hamilton, where we were at the centre of happenings - albeit at the expense of the "Star of Bermuda", the ferry between mainland USA and

JOHN SPELLER'S EARLY MEMORIES

Bermuda, whose berth we had been allocated and who had to moor elsewhere. Vivid memories of Peter Cretney, who gave a very memorable interview to the local radio station, which achieved much local recognition and gave us huge local exposure, though it was not clear for some days how much Peter remembered of it. Also, there was the occasion when I invited President Truman on board for a Horse's Neck; he had recently retired as president and was staying in Bermuda with his daughter. It seemed a good idea at the time to ask him down the boat, so in those long-distant pre-terrorism days, when security seemed not to be an issue, I simply asked the local exchange for the President's number and picked up the phone. His daughter answered, as her father was at the time out for a walk, so I quickly explained that she, too, would be welcome to come for a glass. It could, of course, have been that her father was there simply for a rest and was not undertaking any public engagements, as she charmingly put it, or, was it perhaps that it slipped out in conversation that my captain had bet me a bottle of champagne on getting the President on board, that my invitation was politely declined? It was close, though.

Visits to the Eastern seaboard of the United States were relatively few but richly prized. Norfolk, Boston and New York all featured memorably, however, and were invariably loyally supported by squadron staff, who managed to tear themselves away from other duties in Halifax at not inconsiderable inconvenience. Who will ever forget the squadron electrical officer (Earl McConochie)'s contribution to Lionel Hampton's band at Breezy Point? Earl (I assume mistaken by Lionel Hampton to be some distant relation of "Duke" Ellington or "Count" Basie) offered - nay, insisted - that he would take over the piano at some late stage of the evening, to our huge embarrassment, as we had no idea as to whether he had even played a piano before, let alone whether he could see the keyboard by then. However, big surprise! Right up until his last conscious moment, he played magnificently and was carried triumphantly from the scene by the proud Aurochs wardroom, to the rapturous applause of all, including Lionel Hampton's own piano player.

New York was inevitably a high point. Our visit, in August, was to be with "Auriga" and we planned an ambitious social programme, which included a two-boat cocktail party for 180 guests on arrival, which we thought would set the scene for an enjoyable and successful week. Sadly, however, two days before arrival, "Auriga" had a defect and returned to Halifax. We had all, of course, appreciated that our initial cocktail party plan was somewhat ambitious, even for two boats, but now the enormity of the situation began to strike home. New York in the summer, with no air conditioning, only a couple of ice trays and 180 guests, was not going to be a doddle. Nothing daunted, however, we prepared ourselves as best we could, had a good scrub out, polished the gun and arrived at the Cunard pier in downtown Manhattan at 0800. Our salvation arrived on board almost as soon as the plank was over, in the form of the local - indeed national - Schweppes representative, "Commander" Peter Whitehead, who at the time was featuring in a series of very successful advertisements for the product in many of the big magazines of the day - "Life", "Look" etc. Sizing up the scale of the problem, he quickly made us an offer: he would provide unlimited ice, ginger ale, tonic, young ladies, and so on, all for free.....provided he could have just one photograph of him delivering his "Schweppes" case to one of Her Majesty's Submarines in New York harbour. It was at this stage that warning bells began to ring. A search of the Correspondence Officer's drawer was made so that we could consult Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions on the matter. It was immediately clear that any such advertising

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initiative involving one of Her Majesty's submarines was quite out of the question; by its very nature, it would attract attention and we would be In Trouble. Nevertheless, there was this cocktail party looming in what was by now only five hours and the tray of ice was melting even in the refrigerator..... What to do? The moment of decision had arrived. Without another moment of hesitation, the go-ahead was given to Peter Whitehead. Within the hour, ice had arrived in huge quantities, Schweppes was everywhere, photographs were taken on the casing of the delivery (and were used for advertising for many years) and we never heard a word from anyone on the subject. Oh, and yes, he did provide New York's finest and most elegant young ladies.....

Halifax in the early 60's was not a particularly attractive city. HMCS Stadacona, our shore quarters, was at the wrong end of town, and there wasn't much going when you got to the right end either - or so it seemed on first acquaintance! Wardroom life as we had known it in HMS DOLPHIN, where most young officers were bachelors who "lived in" (there was no other option on offer) and where one would often have the companionship of up to two or three dozen of one's contemporaries at dinner, did not exist in STAD and although the standard of our accommodation was in many ways far superior to that in the UK, there was no sense of tradition, nor of it being "home", except that this was where we met our friends from the other boats when we were in harbour. In retrospect, Stadacona was actually a foretaste of mess life to come in UK about ten years later, but we were not to know that at the time. Thus, the submariners would invariably sit down for dinner in Stadacona at the very latest possible moment - which was not very late - accompanied by a number of bottles of wine, to be served by waitresses rather than stewards (another foretaste) who invariably took our late arrival with cheerful good grace and never once looked at their watches. I think they thought we were slightly mad, usually drunk, but on the whole well meaning; and they were very kind to us.

"Stadacona" was for us essentially only a passing phase, however, because on our return from Bermuda at the end of the Spring term, we - the four bachelors (only Bill Drew, the Engineer, was married) - decided that the time had come to rent a cottage for the summer. This was undoubtedly the best move we had made up to that time. We found a very modest wooden "grot" on the side of White's Lake, which provided us with our own private base for entertaining the world, assisted by a NATO duty-free allowance of spirits of such gargantuan generosity that even we were unable to consume all of it, except in truly exceptional months. Suddenly, we saw Canada from a new perspective and our own attitude to life broadened, as we became less introspectively British and instead to some extent went "native".

It was, in retrospect at least, a summer when the sun shone every day, when the lobsters ten minutes down the road (transported live in the trunk of my Chevrolet - subsequent passengers often remarked on the funny smell) were cheap, excellent and unlimited and when the parties never seemed to stop. I think it would be true to say that our cottage became well known in the local area, perhaps even a little notorious. Pre-lunch drinks would be accompanied by scallops, or perhaps eel caught in the lake, and would move on to lobster from down the road or perhaps meats from Astrof's, which at that time was the only delicatessen in Halifax (how things have changed since then!) Our guests comprised a surprisingly wide spectrum of nationalities, ages and occupations; we were very lucky. Amongst our friends were Professor and Mrs Bennett, whose daughters Caroline and Jane had both married Brit submariners; it was the Bennetts who

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had earlier whetted our appetites for Canadian country cottage life, lending us their own place in Tantallon before we had managed to get ourselves organised. Their kindness to all of us was quite exceptional. I, in fact, owe them a particular debt of gratitude, for it was through them, indirectly, that I met my future wife, Marilla Merritt. It came about like this..... Marilla was dancing with Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in Montreal and appearing on CBC Television that summer, when she broke a bone in her foot and decided to return to Halifax to convalesce at home with her parents, Dr and Mrs John Merritt. At this time, a party was being planned at our cottage (it usually was) and one of the guests was a friend of Marilla's who thought it would be nice if she could bring along this budding ballerina with the broken bone and cheer her up. Alas, on the Halifax grapevine, Marilla's parents had heard of our cottage and had decided it was not a suitable place for their little girl to visit unchaperoned (those were the days!) However, at the last moment, they discovered that we had invited the Bennetts to this party. The Bennetts and Merritts knew each other well and the professor had taught Marilla English at Dalhousie, so who better to keep an eye on things? Well, as far as I was concerned, when I met Marilla, that was that. By amazing luck, because my tour in Canada was running out, I discovered that Marilla had just been awarded a scholarship by the Canadian government to continue ballet in either London, New York or Paris - and had chosen London. On 17 November 1962, after a hot pursuit, we were married in London at James's Church, Spanish Place.

Despite the impression that may have been given by the foregoing paragraphs, we did actually go to sea for quite long times and did actually work pretty hard. Although much of our time was spent as a clockwork mouse, we did make one of the early trips to the ice edge during our tour. Little was known about operating in or near the ice in those largely pre-nuclear-power days and I suppose our venture did not really add much to the data base. Nevertheless, we approached it with enthusiasm and a little apprehension. I remember one day as we were having lunch in the wardroom, the Officer of the Watch came to the doorway and reported to the captain that there was a large iceberg at considerable distance, but that it posed no threat and that he intended to continue snorting and maintain the same course. About three minutes later, the OOW arrived back at the door to update the captain along the lines of "the iceberg may be slightly smaller, but closer" but he intended to continue etc. All of thirty seconds later, the OOW arrived back at the doorway, announcing that the iceberg was indeed quite a lot closer and that..... However, we never learned what his next intention was to have been, because at that stage his fellow OOW in the Control Room was ordering "Stop snorting, flood Q, down all masts" etc. Alas, too late, as evidenced by a rending crunch as the radar mast struck the underside of the iceflow as we went deep. Not too much damage done, but we had progressed up the learning curve!

SPELLER - MERRITT WEDDING



John Speller married Marilla Merritt at St. James, Spanish Place on 17th November, 1962

DICK HARVEY'S MEMORIES

The Unpopular Squadron

I received my Appointment to H.M.S. Ambrose as Squadron Engineer Officer, Sixth Submarine Squadron, while at Cammel Laird Birkenhead as Admiralty Engineer Overseer. Halifax was FOSM's answer to General Service appointments to the Persian Gulf, or the Falkland Islands. Two Year appointments, no family passages, no local overseas allowance for officers or any of the normal benefits for appointments of that duration. In fact there was nothing attractive going for it. When I indicated that I was taking my family, I was told that survival would be impossible. My reply was that, if that proved to be the case, I felt sure that my wife would probably write to a few London Sunday papers.

"She wouldn't do that would she?" was "Appointments" reply. My only comment was "Would you believe?".

Life with a wife and one child, and one on the way, was financially difficult, the Canadian dollar was hard currency compared with the Pound sterling. Apartments were expensive, all unfurnished and difficult to find. Fortunately the RCN Flag Officer in Halifax was very sympathetic to our cause, so with his blessing our Pusser, (I'm fairly sure it wasn't Bill North) was sent on a mission to Ottawa to plead our case with the RCN hierarchy, as all approaches to FOSM over a number of years had failed. After a day or two's discussions, the RCN appeared to have been unaware of the circumstances, so, after a number of fairly forthright signals to and from FOSM, the RCN, willingly agreed to pay Local Overseas Allowance, backdated to family arrivals, with FOSM reluctantly agreeing to paying passages, **not** backdated. We all thought we had struck gold and, for our emissary on his return from Ottawa, it was drinks all round.

Touching the Bottom

Paddy Gowan, Harry Hughes and I stood on the jetty on a sub zero night with the best part of a gale blowing as Alliance(Howard Clutterbuck), with Jim Pargiter as 1st. Lieutenant came alongside after exercising in the local areas.

As was the custom we were invited down to the wardroom for a drink. After brief discussions about the Exercise, Howard casually remarked that he had touched the bottom a few days before. At the time I thought little of it as it was a not infrequent occurrence. However, the next day, just to be on the safe side, I arranged for divers to carry out an underwater inspection.

This inspection revealed that it had been quite a "touch", as the keel was quite badly damaged. As Alliance was programmed for a major exercise in about two weeks, arrangements were made with the Halifax Shipyard at Dartmouth, to slip her on the marine railway the following morning, in order fully to assess the extent of the damage.

Repairs required welding work on the pressure hull as well as the keel and, as it was important to get her operational quickly, it was agreed to get on with this straight away. FOSM was advised of our intentions.

When the work was almost complete, a signal was received that we should not weld on the hull or keel without approval from Bath, and anyway Halifax Shipyard did not have approva

to do this sort of work. Also, that a Constructor would be flown out, to carry out hull deflection tests. A few days later, Geoff Fuller, whom I knew well, arrived. As weather conditions in the Atlantic off Halifax were most unsuitable, we carried out the test dive in the Bedford Basin, and this time our occasional bottoming was softened by the empty beer cans resting there. Geoff, somewhat reluctantly, agreed that the repairs were all in accordance with Admiralty requirements, and booked his return flight to Bath.

Boards of Enquiry followed, which revealed that Alliance had run aground in bad weather while on the surface. If I ever knew the final outcome I have forgotten, but "due process" into the cause of the incident was transferred to the UK, and witnesses were flown home to give evidence.

Showing the Flag

As Commander SM6, Paddy Gowan had operational control of all RN submarines in the Northwestern Atlantic and was requested by COMSUBLANT, at New London, to allow Thorough (Dick Mason) who was on passage from Sydney to Fort Blockhouse to pay off prior to going to the Breaker's Yard, to call in at Key West, where some Turkish crews were being trained to operate Guppies, as part of a US aid package. It was thought that an RN Submarine exercising with them might provide an encouraging example.

SM6 asked, in a signal to Thorough, who had just passed through the Panama Canal, whether she was willing and able to make herself available. The reply was "yes".

A week or so later, a signal from COMSUBLANT to SM6 asked in most forthright terms why he had allowed Thorough in such a condition to enter Key West, and that he, the Admiral, would appreciate a personal explanation.

Between the request and the complaint, Paddy Gowan's piles started playing up, and he was admitted to hospital for surgery and was likely to be out of action for some time.. As the next senior officer available, I was, therefore, to go to New London to explain the error of our ways to the Admiral.

Bill North who was looking for a change of scenery got the OK to accompany me and arrangements were made for the RCN to fly us down to New London. The next day we set off in a Beechcraft Bonanza, first stop Quonset RI to refuel and get clearance to proceed. On getting clearance our pilot enquired about air traffic control at New London. He was told that the procedure was to fly once around the control tower and, if you see any one through the window, call them up and get landing instructions. If you couldn't see anyone, just land.

Quonset to New London was only a short hop and, after sighting the tower, we flew once around, and noticed someone inside, so we tried to establish radio contact. After several attempts, and at least ten circuits of the field, we gave up and landed safely, taxiing up to the tower to see why no contact was possible. We made our way to the upper level of the tower, only to discover a man in white overalls busy painting all the wood work. There had been no controllers there all day.

Soon after arriving at the base, I made contact with the Admiral's office, and was told that he would see me at 1545 or in about half an hours time. I fronted up five minutes early and was ushered in immediatly, to be told that Thorough should have known better that to arrive in Key West in such a state, looking not unlike a chinese junk. What SM6 didn't know was that Thorough had had approval to have a two week maintenance period in Tahiti, but, inevitably, this had been taken more as a holiday on a tropical island than for maintenance. When she entered Key West, the black paint was peeling, and the old Brunswick green was extensively evident. She also had the bridge and other makeshift awnings rigged. However, Comsublant said he was prepared to put it all down to a misunderstanding, and that anyway Paddy Gowan was a nice chap, and not responsible. That done with, he offered me a dry martini which I gladly accepted.

We were well entertained in the Club that evening, after having been taken on a tour of the facilities at the base. The following day we caught a train to Stamford and were met by my sister, with whom Bill and I were staying, while arranging the final details for Alderney's arrival at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on a "good will" visit a few days later.

The three day visit was the usual stream of parties, and a good time was had by all. Bill North and I had time to recover, while taking passage back to Halifax as guests of Alderney.

Shiver My Timbers

Whether it was the Captain of the Halifax Naval Base, the Chief Constructor or Shipwright, I can't recall, but his married quarters were in the Dockyard, facing the jetty where the submarines berthed. It was a substantial timber framed dwelling probably fifty or more years old, and it's fabric, particularly the windows and their frames, had shrunk to the point where they were a "rattling good fit".

Due to the very busy exercise schedule, it was often necessary for boats to charge after returning from day runs, and while alongside, The low frequency throb of the engines, particularly during the last phase of a charge, had the unavoidable effect of rattling his windows, which resulted in his request, via the Admiral, that submarine charging while alongside should be prohibited. He seemed to think that it was being done from some personal choice rather than to meet operational commitments .

The Admiral was unsympathetic but sent copies if the signals to SM6 for info. After several of these exchanges, we made up a box full of soft wood wedges, which were delivered in the hope that their proper use might alleviate the problem. The gesture was not taken in the spirit that was intended, but the flow of signals ceased.

His other vivid memory was of a Bos'n Greig *bon mot*:

"Bos'n Greig was going through a red light on Quinpool Road in the dead of night and, when told of his misdemeanour, commented: "That proves that we are still on the road"

ARTEMIS IN HALIFAX



ARTEMIS' Ship's Company

Dave Russel is on the right, partially hidden behind a smiling Chief ERA, and he writes:

"I recall the 'Submiss' we had off Halifax. The RCN Destroyer reported sighting a red grenade instead of an expected green grenade..... I was on the 'Artemis' from August 1961 until August 1964 and can assure you regarding the 'Submiss'. My wife recall's it well - she was interviewed by the British Press. It was quite an embarrassing story. The CO thought that when he heard the grenades telling us to surface that it was a hoax - they were just trying to ascertain our location, so we stayed down until the end of the exercise time. On surfacing we found out about the world wide concern.

This photo is undated, and Russel is the only person in it that I have been able, at first, to identify, but information written on the back ascribes it to a time when Lieutenant Commander Lund was in command, and later, Russel wrote: "I have searched, without success, for all the names on 'Artemis'. The CO [Lund] is in the centre, the XO is on the far right, hand on hip. Mike Touhy is almost hidden behind the CO. Cox'n Griffiths is standing behind Steward Faulkner. ERA Rich is the shiny head in front of the Steward. L/Sea Naish WU with badges showing is in front. ABWU Prior in on the Starboard Tank with the lifejacket on. The Officer centre rear was a training Indian Navy Officer

