

# “ONE ALL ROUND”

A collection of ‘dit’s, stories,

Memories and down right lies appertaining to the RN  
Submarine Service collected from other sources!

Published, if and when possible – March 2009

Here we go again gentlemen for another month. I had the pleasure of attending the K13 Memorial at Carlingford, NSW on the first of the month with my wife and had an excellent day, well run and organized by the Starboard Watch! I had the privilege of placing a wreath on behalf of the Association and also being appointed Rum Bosun. I last issued rum on the Repulse in March 1969 but hadn't lost my touch assuring members that I had washed my hands before inserting my index finger in every tot I poured out!

(It must be a sign of the times but there was plenty of “Queen’s” over and I had to request those attending to “go round the buoy!”)

I was pleased to receive several complements on my issue of OAR and four more e-mail addresses to add to the distribution list. One wife of an ex submariner told me that she enjoyed it so much she takes to her local Ladies Bowling Club and shares it with them, mainly I think for the rather dubious jokes contained therein?.

## Operational history of the I-400 described in the February Issue. A Japanese submarine before its time.

Several surviving Japanese submariners have described the hope that accompanied the completion of the top secret boats in 1944. As they became available the four giant submarines were assigned to a newly created SubRonOne, a ten bomber strike force.

For there mission V.Adml Jisaburo Ozawa, Vice Chief of the Navy General Staff, selected operation PX, a top secret plan to use SubRonOne's ten aircraft to unleash bacteriological warfare on populous areas of the American West Coast and Pacific Islands. Infected rats and insects would be dispersed to spread bubonic plague, dengue fever, typhus and other plagues. The General Ishii's infamous medical laboratory at Habin, Manchuria,

Re-issued January 2015



**I asked the Doc for something to make me sleep, he handed me a copy of the Seamanship manual.**

had developed the virulent agents and confirmed their lethality by infecting helpless Chinese and Caucasian prisoners.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> March 1945, this sinister mission was cancelled by General Yoshijiro Umezu, Chief of the Army General Staff, who declared that “germ warfare against the United States would escalate the war against all humanity.” As an alternative the staff considered bombing San Francisco, Panama, Washington or New York, and decided to launch a surprise air strike on the Panama Canal's Gatun Locks. Destroying these Locks would empty

Gatum Lake and block the passage of shipping for months.

The 17,000 mile round trip to Panama each submarine needed 1600-tons of diesel fuel, which was unavailable in June. I-401 was therefore despatched to Dairen, Manchuria to bring back the needed fuel. On the 12 April she grazed a B-29 laid mine off Hime Shima Lighthouse in the Inland Sea and had to return for repairs. In her place I-400 successfully carried out this underwater tanker mission.

By early June all four boats were fuelled, armed, equipped with new snorkels, and disguised with false funnels. They sailed north through Tushima Strait and the Sea of Japan to Nano Bay on the west coast of Honshu near Takaoka. Training there was hampered by B-29 laid mines. American submarines penetrating their training areas and shortage of aviation fuel, material and aircraft, but SubRonOne managed to launch a number of simulated air strikes on a full scale model of the Gatum Lock erected in Tayama Bay.

While the submersible carriers were perfecting their tactics to cripple Panama Canal, The position of the Japanese Navy was steadily deteriorating. Before the submarines could set sail for Panama more than 3,000 Allied warships and transports had reached the Pacific. Operation Olympic, the forthcoming invasion of Japan. The growing threat forced Tokyo strategists to reconsider the attack on distant Panama, which now appeared to be a questionable diversion. The 'I' subs were ordered to abandon their carefully rehearsed canal attack and instead attack American Naval forces at Uhithi Atoll.

In response to the new orders I-13 proceeded on 4<sup>th</sup> July to the Ominato Naval base on the southern end of Honshu. There she loaded two crated C6N2 Ayagumo (Coloured Cloud) long range reconnaissance aircraft, then sailed into the pacific through the Tsygau Strait bound for Japans island stronghold of Truk.

After repairing a hot propeller, bearing I-14 followed on the 14<sup>th</sup> July. On the 23<sup>rd</sup>, I-400 and I-401 departed Ominato on separate tracks far to

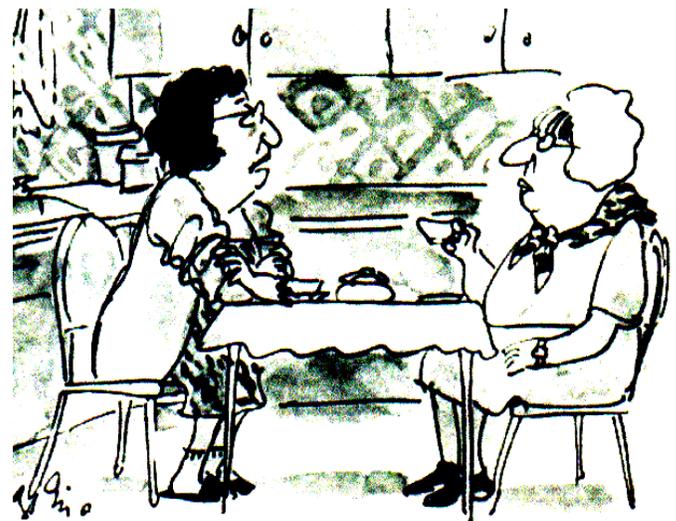
the east for a rendezvous at sea southeast of Ulithi in three days.

Suddenly, on 15 August, Emperor Hirohito broadcast direct from the Imperial Palace this dramatic decree ending hostilities. The I-boat crews were thunderstruck, their combat career ended just as they reached the attack rendezvous. After a council of war meeting, the shattered ComSubOne reluctantly carried out Tokyo's orders to cease hostilities, hoist a black flag and return on the surface to their home port. The Captains of the I-Boats were ordered to jettison all documents and munitions, fire all torpedoes. And catapult all aircraft into the sea.

When I-401 surrendered to an American Destroyer, the U.S. crew were amazed at its size. The commander of the submarine fleet, Captain Ariizumi, apparently decided on suicide rather than surrender to the Americans. He requested that his body be wrapped the Japanese flag and buried at sea and shot himself. His body was never presented as proof of his death.

The US Navy boarded and recovered 24 submarines including the four I-400 subs taking them to Sasebo Bay to study them

(Contd next page)



*"Lately, I've been feeling lethargic, listless and apathetic, and if I stand up too suddenly, I get dizzy. My daughter says she has to smoke two joints to feel like that."*

While there, they received a message from the Soviets saying that they were sending an inspection team to examine the submarine. To keep the technology out of the hands of the Soviets, Operation Road's End was instituted. Most of the submarines were taken to a position designated as Point Deep Six, about 40 miles from Nagasaki and off the island of Gotto-Retto, were packed with charges of C-2 explosive and destroyed. They are today at a depth of 200 meters.

Four remaining submarines (I-400, I-401, I-201, and I-203 which achieved speeds double those of the American submarines), were sailed to Hawaii by U.S. Navy technicians for further inspection. Upon completion of inspection the submariners were scuttled in the water off Lalaeloa near Oahu in Hawaii by torpedoes from American Submarine USS Cabezon on May 31, 1946. The reason for the scuttling is apparently that Russian Scientists were again demanding access to the submarines. The wreckage of I-401 was re-discovered by the Pisces submersible of the Hawaii Undersea Research Laboratories in March 2005 at a depth of 820 meters.

### **Subject: Graveside Ceremony**

As a young piper in Newfoundland, I was asked by a funeral director to play at a grave-side service for a homeless man, with no family or friends.

The funeral was to be held at a cemetery way back in the country, and this man would be the first to be laid to rest there.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods area, I became lost; and being a typical man did not stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late. I saw the backhoe and the crew, who were eating lunch, but the hearse was nowhere in sight.

I apologized to the workers for my tardiness, and stepped to the side of the open grave, where I saw the vault lid already in place.

I assured the workers I would not hold them up for long, but this was the proper thing to do. The workers gathered around, still eating their lunch. I played out my heart and soul.

As I played the workers began to weep. I played, and I played, like I'd never played before: From My Home & The Lord is my Shepherd to Flowers of the Forest. I closed the lengthy session with amazing Grace and walked to my car.

As I was opening the door and taking off my coat, I overheard one of the workers saying to another, 'Lard Jeezuz b'y, I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years.'

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### **The preservation of submariners**

The Horse and Mule live thirty years  
And nothing know of wines and beers  
The Goat and Sheep at twenty die  
With never a taste of Scotch or Rye  
The Cow drinks water by the ton  
And at eighteen is mostly done

The Dog at sixteen cashes in  
without the aid of Rum or Gin



The Cat in Milk and Water soaks  
and then at twelve short years it croaks  
The Modest Bone Dry Hen  
Lays Eggs for Nogs then Dies at Ten

All Animals are strictly DRY  
Sinless Lives and Quickly Die  
But Sinful Gin-full Rum Soaked (Sea)Men  
Survive for Three Score Years and Ten  
And some of Us, the Mighty Few  
Stay Pickled till we're Ninety Two

Extracted From Tartan Topics - 1993

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### Submarine Times

By Mike Jones – Merseyside Branch - 1993

This is a submarine Broadsheet and as such should carry tales of service in Submarines not tales of daring do but escapades that happened to jolly Jack ashore and afloat' I had just passed out for HSD in Dolphin and was awaiting draft .I was given a job in the Asdic Office under the eagle eye of Commissioned Warrant Officer Jack Frost. The job involves a bit of typing, answering the phone and running messages. On top of this I was given the job of supplying the music for Divisions and special Occasions

So armed with a record player and one record of her Majesty's Royal Marines Band I would make my way to the stone steps to the wall where the memorial Chapel is and set up my gear up before Divisions assembled; but first the decision! Which side should I play? Would it be "On the Quarterdeck", or would it be "HM Jollies"? Meanwhile the Divisions were assembling, Seamen, Stokers, Stewards, Cooks and assorted odds and sods and the cute little WRNS.

Commander S/m stood on the platform on the grass in front of Clyde Block and when each division was ready, The Divisional Officer would go up and report. When all Divisions were ready Commander S/M would report to Captain S/m who would then mount the rostrum. Commander S/M would give the order "Parade will march off

and that was my big moment. With a flourish I would put the stylus head on the record and the sound of Her Majesties Bootnecks would echo across Rosario Parade Ground. Off they marched, seamen – Straight backed and heads high; stokers - shuffling along like Brown cows; assorted odds and sods mincing and prancing and the wrens skipping.

When the last person entered the Church of St. Ambrose I would turn the player off, dash down the steps and leg it like hell across to the church where I would enter a little door that lead to the back of the organ and seat myself on a bench beside a wooden handle. When the organist required air for the organ she illuminated a light above my head, whereupon I would wank this bloody handle until the light was extinguished again. There are some long hymns in the English Church Hymnal, as I found out. To keep myself awake I would join the singing of popular hymns, 'Onwards Christian Soldier's' (not to fast in front!) or 'Jesus loves me, yes I know!' (So does Ragtime Cowboy Joe!).

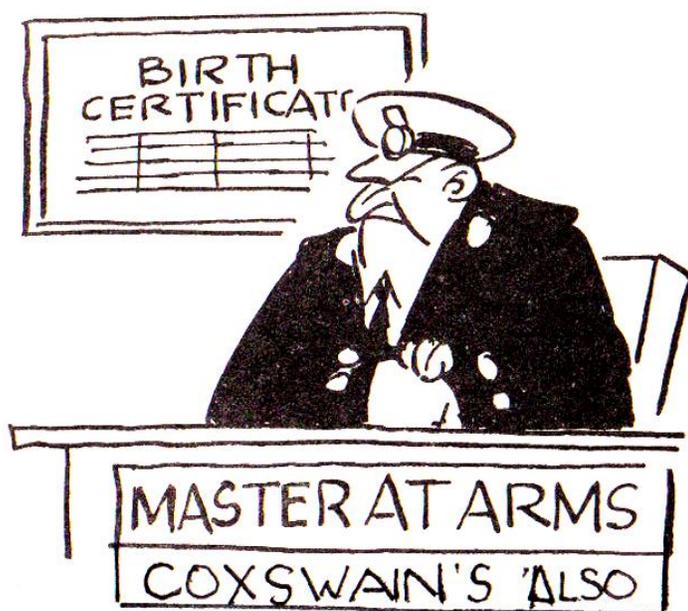
On Monday morning I reported to the Asdic Office. I said to WO Frost, "Sir as you know I have been supplying the music for Divisions and Divine Service, so in effect I am Director of Music for HMS Dolphin, so do you think it is possible that I could have the non-substantive rate of Musician and be paid accordingly?" **His answer is not for publication!**



" It says here that you'd prefer someone with regular bowel movements..Does it matter if they're involuntary ? "

My very first memory of Divisions on a Friday Afternoon in Blockhouse in 1945 was of a Radiogram being strategically placed on the Wardroom Lawn (which was practically devoid of grass at the time having been used as a Barrage Balloon Mooring) This machine was manned by two WRNS ratings Several years later the 'Blockhouse Volunteer Band' was formulated with the Civilian Head Gardener (deaf as a post, who wore a hearing aid) as the Bandmaster.

Further to the last story it appeared to me that whenever I was Duty Watch on a Sunday in 1945, I invariable got the job of pumping that dammed organ during Divine Service (this was in the days when, if you were onboard you HAD to go to Church!) I am sure in the Barrack's Office there was a mark alongside my name as being super efficient at this Job. I fell asleep during the sermon once and the Padre woke me up with a cuff around the 'earole (must have been a rip roaring sermon!)



### **WHEN TRUCULENT WAS SUNK**

**By Raymond (Cookham) Fry, DSM\*, BEM\*, MID (Deceased)**

It was the evening of 12<sup>th</sup> January 1950. The submarine Truculent was on trials in the Thames estuary. Onboard were 79 men – her crew and civilian workers from the naval dockyard, Chatham. Supper had just finished when it

happened – the bow of the Truculent were sliced open in a collision with the **Davina**, a little Swedish ship with a hull specially strengthened for navigation in Arctic waters. Only 15 of the men on the submarine survived.

I was one of them; a PO Cook. We had gone to sea for engine and snorkel trials, accompanied by a destroyer. It had been a successful day and at five in the afternoon a signal was sent to the destroyer saying everything had gone well. The destroyed returned to base, leaving us to get back on our own.

Because of the extra numbers onboard, I was asked to arrange the supper earlier than usual. After everybody had been fed I took my own meal along to the mess. My supper companion was Frank Myatt. We were just about to begin when there was a heavy jolt on the Starboard side, for'rard. We didn't take much notice, the next thing the lights were out and the water was up to our ankles. The sub gave a list to port and went into a bow down angle.

The First Lieutenant was giving the orders; "Collision Stations, all hands in the Control Room!" Shut bulkhead doors!

With several others I got into the Control Room and tried to shut the bulkhead door between us and the Wardroom. We couldn't. Water was coming in so we withdrew to the Engine Room and managed to shut the door. The Submarine Escape sets were passed around, but there weren't enough.

Then five more escape sets were found behind the engines. One young stoker, Kendall, couldn't swim and my chum Coxswain George Edridge, just calmly took off his set and passed it to the lad. "There you are, Son," he said 'I can manage without'. Kendall survived; Edridge was drowned.

We then started to flood the compartment so that the water would flood us up to the escape level. As we stood there we heard a ship passing over us. You can imagine how it bucked up our spirits. We all thought it was a case of getting out and getting picked up, before we had time to get wet.

I went up the Twill trunk used the escape procedure, took off three clips and loosened the fourth., back down and wait. By this time the water was up to our middles, with the surface covered in oil from the bilges

The next move was for me to go up and open the valve to release the air trapped in the trunking. For this I needed an escape set. Telegraphist Almond took his off and gave it to me, asking me to look after him when we got to the surface - he survived.

I went up, opened the valve, and then returned to the engine room. While we waited for the air in the trunk to clear. I instructed the junior rating in how to use an escape set.

Then I went up again, giving my bag a good fill of oxygen, got my head in the hatch and gave a good push up. The hatch opened fairly easily. The next thing I new I was travelling up through the water. It didn't seem long before I broke surface and I was floating. The other followed.

On the surface it was dark and very cold. After about an hour. Which seemed like a year, I began to lose feeling in my legs and kept trying to keep my feet out of the water? They were warmer out of the water than in. My thoughts were, "All through the war without getting my feet wet and now this!'

The next half hour went by and I was praying to Christ to save me. After that I just gave up hope. It was so cold and dark. I was beginning to lose my senses and thinking 'Lets get it over with quick" when a light appeared, I was thrown a lifebelt and helped into a boat. It was one of the boats from the Swedish steamer, the **Davina**. There were three or four others in the boat. In the Davina we were placed in the galley, and given hot coffee. We were unable to talk. After about an hour they took us below and laid us in bunks.

About 11pm The Margate Lifeboat came alongside and took us off to HMS Cowdry where the wardroom had been cleared, beds and blankets put out. Hot rum, coffee or cocoa for everybody, cigarettes and food. A hot bath with

a Sub-Lieutenant cleaning up after everyone. The Surgeon Commander came and checked that everyone was okay. Sleep seemed impossible. At 4.30 am I was still awake, so I was asked to go and identify four bodies that had been picked up. The first was Frank Myatt, who I'd had supper with ten hours before. All that forenoon ships and aircraft were searching for survivors. - Several were picked up by other ships. After lunch we sailed for Chatham, were we had another tot of rum and a battery of reporters to face.

We were given 10 days survivors leave, but were recalled for the inquests. During my leave, I attended three dances that had been arranged for the Dependants Fund. On our return, we were asked if we wanted to leave submarines. Only one did so

From SOCA News Issue 39 - March 1993



How do you expect me to read it, it's not even written in English!

## Ain't it the Truth

It seems when the great Creator was making the world he called man aside and bestowed on him 20 years of normal sex life. Man was horrified! 'Only 20 years?' He asked. The Creator didn't budge. That is all he would give him.

Then he called the monkey and gave him 20 years. 'But I don't need 20 years'. The monkey protested. 'Ten years is plenty'. Man spoke up and said 'May I have the other 10 years?' The monkey graciously agreed.

Then the Lion was called and given 20 years. The Lion too, only needed 10 years. Again the man asked, 'May I have the other 10 years?' The Lion roared 'Of Course!'

Then came the Donkey, he was given 20 years, but like the others, 10 years was enough. So the man asked for the spare 10 years and got them.

This explains why man has 20 years of normal sex life, 10 years of monkeying around, 10 years of lion about it and ten years of making an ass of himself!

From Tartan Topics – 1993

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## Spin

Judy Wallman, a professional genealogical researcher, discovered that Hillary Clinton's great-great uncle, Remus Rodham, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Montana in 1889.

The only known photograph of Remus shows him standing on the gallows. On the back of the picture is this inscription: 'Remus Rodham; horse thief, sent to Montana Territorial Prison 1885, escaped 1887, robbed the Montana Flyer six times. Caught by Pinkerton detectives, convicted and hanged in 1889.'

Judy e-mailed Hillary Clinton for information about her great-great uncle. Hillary's staff sent back the following biographical sketch:

*'Remus Rodham was a famous cowboy in the Montana Territory. His business empire grew to include acquisition of valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Montana railroad. Beginning in 1883, he devoted several years of his life to government service, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad. In 1887, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the renowned Pinkerton Detective Agency.'*

*'In 1889, Remus passed away during an important civic function held in his honor when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed.'*

Now THAT is what you call SPIN and how it is done folks!



I took a Viagra once, and it stuck in my throat and all I got was a stiff neck!

## Did you know the facts? Submarine Dolphins

From SOCA News Issue 40 –June 1993

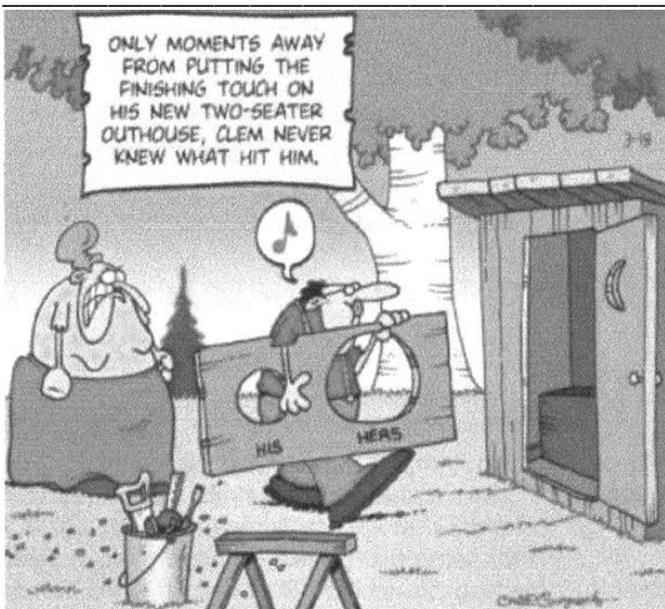
On 5<sup>th</sup> April 1958, the Royal navy issued its first Submarine Branch Badge, which was to be worn on the left sleeve above the wrist. Due to its ugly design it was soon known as “a sausage on a stick”. As the wearing of the badge was optional, many submariners chose not to do so.

At sometime in 1964/65 an RAN Submarine project team forwarded a properly designed submarine badge to the Australian Naval Board, via Rear Admiral VAT Smith, RAN, who convinced the Naval Board that the proposal should proceed subject to a suitable design being developed.

Subsequently the Naval Board accepted the design and on the 25<sup>th</sup> July, 1966 issued Navy Order No. 411, covering the issue of the badge

In 1968 the crew of HMS/M Trump, the last submarine in the 4<sup>th</sup> Submarine Flotilla based in Sydney, were given Australian submarine dolphins to wear for the year. At the end of the year the sailors were asked to fill out a survey. Ninety nine per cent of them were in favour of wearing the badge, and the design.

It was not until 1972 that the Royal Navy issued its own submarine dolphins, based on a variation of the Australian design.



## Extracts From a Training Class Notebook How to Blow the Heads

The next most important thing to learn is how to blow the Heads. After your first experience of diving you will probably need too. You would think it would be quite easy to design a heads that worked without trouble but that is not the point. The ingenuity thought and determination called forth by one's efforts to master the submarine heads is excellent training. Once you do you can tackle anything.

The first thing to get firmly fixed in your mind is – Don't pay any attention to the instructions. The man who wrote them has never been in a submarine. When you are ready (presuming the Cox'n's victualling has produced the desired result) you stand up, knocking your head on some sharp projection overhead. Face the enemy. At left you will see the lever, (the boats I was on it was always on the right!) Waggle this backwards and forwards several times. Nothing will happen. Your predecessor has left the pan full. You have also forgotten to put on the air and open a few valves. Which are the right valves I have never been able to discover – however open one or two that happen to be handy and you can always claimed that you opened something. Now waggle the lever again. Imagine you are driving a ten ton lorry to Guzz. Go on wagging and something is bound to happen. Alas your predecessor has also left a pressure in the pan. Or perhaps it was you the last time you used it? In that case you will immediately see a vivid illustration of the process known as “getting one's own back!”. This always caused much amusement and was the origin of our motto “Storm strikes full in the face!”

H M SUBMARINE STORM – Anon - August  
1944

That's enough frivolity for this month, see you all later. Good Health and Happiness to all my readers, especially, submariners!

Derek Lilliman 08 9451 8050

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## THE HEART ATTACK

A blonde gets home from work early & hears strange noises coming from the bedroom.  
She rushes upstairs only to find her husband naked lying on the bed, sweating and panting.

'What's up?' she asks.

'I think I'm having a heart attack,' - cries the husband..

The blonde rushes downstairs to grab the phone, but just as she's dialing, her four-year-old son comes up And says, "Mummy, Mummy, Auntie Shirley is hiding in the wardrobe, and she has no clothes on"

The blonde slams the phone down and storms back upstairs into the bedroom right past her husband.. Rips open the wardrobe door and sure enough, there is her sister, totally naked and cowering on the floor.  
'You rotten Bitch', she screams.  
'My husband's having a heart attack, and you're running around naked, playing hide and seek with the kids!!'

How do you tell the difference between an English Police Officer, a Canadian Police Officer, an American Police Officer and a Scottish police officer?

QUESTION: You're on duty by yourself (don't ask why, you just are, and your Sergeant hates you) walking on a deserted street late at night.

Suddenly, an armed man with a huge knife comes around the corner, locks eyes with you, screams obscenities, raises the knife and lunges at you. You are carrying your truncheon and are an expert in using it. However, you have only a split second to react before he reaches you. What do you do ?

ANSWER:

British Police Officer:

Firstly, the Officer must consider the man's human rights.

- 1) Does the man look poor or oppressed ?
- 2) Is he newly arrived in this country and does not yet understand the law ?
- 3) Is this really a knife or a ceremonial dagger ?
- 4) Have I ever done anything to him that would inspire

him to attack ?

5) Am I dressed provocatively ?

6) Could I run away ?

7) Could I possibly swing my truncheon and knock the knife out of his hand ?

8) Should I try and negotiate with him to discuss his wrong-doings ?

9) Why am I carrying a truncheon anyway and what kind of message does this send to society

10) Does he definitely want to kill me or would he be content just to wound me ?

11) If I were to grab his knees and hold on, would he still want to stab and kill me ?

12) If I raise my truncheon and he turns and runs away, do I get blamed if he falls over, knocks his head and kills himself ?

13) If I hurt him and lose the subsequent court case, does he have the opportunity to sue me, cost me my job, my credibility and the loss of my family home ?

Canadian Police Officer:

BANG !

American Police Officer:

BANG ! BANG !

'Click'...Reload...

BANG ! BANG !

Glasgow Police Officer:

"Haw, Jimmie.. Drop the knife, noo, unless you want it stuck up yer arse!"

Cultural Differences

On average, an English man will

have sex two to three times a week, where as a

Japanese will have sex only once or two times a year.

This is upsetting news to me, as I had no idea I was

Japanese!

I hope you all notice the date of the original issue of this OAR and from now on there will one or two real ancient ones to follow! - Derek

