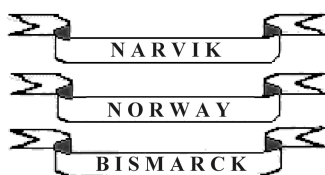
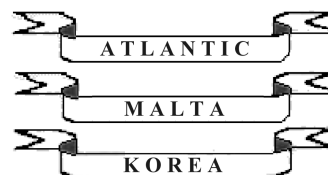


# H.M.S. COSSACK ASSOCIATION

1938



1959

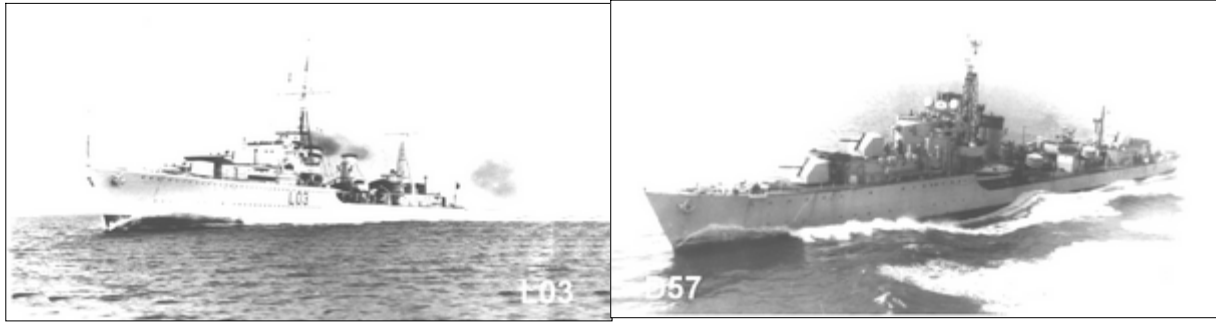


## THE COSSACK CHRONICLE (NEWSLETTER 3/2017 - August)

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## **OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION**

<b>President</b>	The Hon. Rupert Digby
<b>Joint Vice President</b>	Mr. A. Edinborough
<b>Joint Vice President</b>	Shipmate E.P. Harrison
<b>Chairman</b>	Shipmate K. Satterthwaite
<b>Vice-Chairman</b>	Lt.Cdr. K. Batchelor (SCC) RNR
<b>Hon. Secretary &amp; Treasurer</b>	Miss. D. Taylor
<b>Newsletter Editor</b>	Shipmate E.P. Harrison
<b>Membership Secretary &amp; PR Officer</b>	Shipmate D. Parkinson
<b>Slops Organiser</b>	Mrs J. Taylor
<b>Archivist</b>	Lt.Cdr. K. Batchelor (SCC) RNR
<b>Bosun</b>	Shipmate P. Gaffney
<b>Standard Bearer</b>	Shipmate M. Loughlin
<b>Committee Member</b>	Shipmate P. Hampstead

No “Chatter” from the Chairman this time I’m afraid. Having had what he described as “a cathartic operation on his right eye” he has not been able to do any typing—hence the silence. I’m sure that, like me, you all wish him back to full health as soon as possible..

As it happens it has been a very quiet time since the last newsletter, at least as far as Association business is concerned. However, I would appreciate any contributions from you, our members. I’m sure that you have interesting stories to tell.

*Peter Harrison*  
Editor

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## **MEMBERSHIP MATTERS**

### **Report by the Membership Secretary .**

#### **Membership Report 14th August 2017**

August each year is when we take stock of Membership receipts since the renewal date of 1<sup>st</sup> May. Sad to say last week I wrote or e-mailed, a gentle reminder, to sixteen Members whose subscriptions were outstanding. So far I have had eight replies as follows

- 1 Full Member had Passed over the Bar in May (see Obituary)
- 5 Members apologised and subs since received.
- 2 Members indicated they will not be retaining membership due to ill health.

Current Membership therefore stands at:-

Ship Members	58	(includes 5 outstanding subs)
Assoc Members	33	(includes 3 outstanding subs)
Life Members	10	
Hon Members	5	
Total	106	

If we have not heard by end of August we will follow the usual practice of removing those outstanding from the Current Membership – they are always welcomed back.

That's it for this time.

*Doug Parkinson*

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## **OBITUARIES**

### **Shipmate Stanley Hannaford**

Stan Hannaford served in Cossack (D57) from 1949 to 1951 as an Acting C.R.E.A. and joined our Association in 2000. From then on he was a regular at our reunions .

Stan passed over the bar in May this year but it wasn't until the beginning of this month that his daughter informed us. So sad really as I'm sure that some would have liked to have paid their respects.

**May our departed find a safe harbour for ever more**

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## **The Archivist**

What does our Hon. Archivist, Keith Batchelor, do in his spare time? The answer would appear to be that he doesn't have any! Unlike most of us he is still holds down a day job, then he is very much involved with his local Sea Cadet unit. Add to that maintenance of the Cossack Association archives, looking after his wife Carol and I expect putting up the odd shelf or some other DIY jobs. So where would he get the spare time to do anything else?

Well, somehow he does! In the past year he has been compiling a

history of the 2nd HMS Cossack. It is now over 300 pages !! The 2nd Cossack was the one which took the Governor General of Australia to some of the more remote parts of that continent and had a town named after it following its visit.

No rest for the wicked though. Having received a request from a relative of someone who served in the 3rd Cossack he is off researching more about that one now!

We're lucky to have him.

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## Two Years of My Life- by Ken Satterthwaite

### Part 2

*When we left Ken's story (in the June newsletter) the ship's company had spent some weeks ashore in HMS Terror awaiting completion of Cossack's refit and modernisation in Singapore dockyard. Now read on*

Life moved on and we took over 'Cossack' set sail and worked up, I cannot remember if I was PO's mess man still, then but eventually I was side party and my action station moved up to tray worker/communication No on 'B' Mounting, I was going up the career ladder fast. I also had a mess deck of sorts, as I was messed with the TAS Dept. down aft, though I still did not get a bunk and no hammocks were on board, so it was kit locker come seats for mess table, as my sleeping arrangements, I bet the sailors of today would not tolerate **such** arrangements? I remember us spending some time on the Island of Paulo Tioman off the east coast of Malaysia, whether that was in Comus or Cossack I cannot recall. Anyway we would be out of routine and it was swimming parties and banyans for the weekend. At that time there were only a few locals inhabitants on the Island, therefore we would have the idyllic sandy bay to ourselves. Ironically I saw a travel programme a couple of years ago which

shows that the Island now has a luxury Hotel on the site where there was nothing but palm trees and sand.



**Paulo Tioman**

**The Goons at the  
banyan on  
Tioman**

**L-R Bish,Fid,  
Stan & Gaf in the  
Centre**



We left Singapore for Hong Kong, then up to Korea and Japan for a month, what an eye opener that was for a young sailor, to visit such places as Pusan in Korea where we had a trip into Seoul, courtesy of the army in a jeep. Then onto Japan and exotic places such as Sasebo, Kobe, Nagoya and Yokosuka, this of course for the china dinner services etc., as our rabbits to take home. I cannot remember much about Japan and our ports of call, what I can remember are not worth printing, except Yokosuka. This where there is a large notice at the entrance to the harbour that reads **‘Through Here Passes the Finest Fleet in the World’** underneath somebody had written **‘Plus the Yanks’**. Anyway, two events I remember at this place is the ‘Esther Williams Trophy’ and the ‘Mount Fuji Expedition’.

I will take the latter first. An expedition was organised for volunteers to ascend ‘Mount Fuji’, if you are thinking this was going to be a cliff hanger climb you would be wrong, it was a climb up a steep path to the summit which is some 12500 ft., to see the dawn, which was supposed to be spectacular.

Anyway we en-bussed onto American service busses and off we sallied to the base of the mountain. The trip was along roads which were not much more that tracks as we steadily rose up the side of the mountain, on this long arduous trip, when suddenly we came face to face with a pink open top Cadillac coming down, adorned with Japanese lovelies and being driven by the stereo type a fat American.



**Mount Fujiyama**

The road was too narrow to pass each other and we were in convoy with other busses going up, yet the Yank would not back up to a point where we could pass. So after negotiations failed we all debussed and jumped his car off the road to the side, where it was right on the edge, his face was a picture, at this stage he capitulated and backed up, we then carried on our journey. We arrived at our base camp late afternoon/early evening. I teamed up with the GI and some others and off we went with a swagger in our step. It slowly got dark and on we climbed though our enthusiasm was waning by the minute, onwards and upwards we climbed through the night. You the reader may be wondering how we could find our way, well the path was lit with small lamps and also every thousand feet there was a Japanese watering hole, these stations provided basic accommodation



### **Dawn over Mount Fuji**

(sleep on a mat), food and beverages (alcoholic). Eventually in the early hours of the morning the mountain beat us and we had to use one of these havens; the mat seemed like a feather mattress at the time as we were so tired. We awoke as the dawn was breaking which



was quite spectacular, though we had not reached the summit; we were above the cloud line. The next job was to get down which I can assure was easier than coming up in the dark.



**Me on Mount Fuji**

The other event as I said was the ‘Esther Williams Trophy’, as you may remember she was an icon of the 1950’s, an American Olympic gold medallist turned film star and beautiful to boot.

The Trophy, if my memory serves me correctly, consisted of a yellow flag with a black figure embossed on it in the diving position, this being flown at the mast head, hung in the wardroom was a picture of the very lady. I am lead to believe this trophy was won by stealth and brute force amongst the American and British Fleets at the time, how we had it at the time I do not know.

Apparently the Americans decided they wanted it back, so sent an Ensign onto Cossack with the pretence of being invited on board, they would have a boat off the bow into which the American Officer would throw to them the picture once he had got into the wardroom.

He got past the QM without being challenged, got to the wardroom and nobody was there, he was just about to grab it when Bertie came in chased him to the bow, then unceremoniously threw him over the side, best suit and all, without the trophy. Thus was thwarted the Americans game play.

We left Japan heading back to Hong Kong with some happy memories and some with other souvenirs. After a short stay in Hong Kong we headed for Christmas Island via Manus Island for a fuelling stop and Fiji. The purpose of the visit to Christmas Island was guard ship for an air dropped 'H' Bomb test. The trip there was pretty uneventful, with exception of my introduction to the Fiji drink 'Kava' and Gin, not together I might add. The former I remember made your legs drunk but not your brain, and the latter made me ill at the time, both drinks I never touched again, only gin in later life when I could appreciate it.

The GI Thomo, informed me that I would have a shore patrol on arrival at Christmas Island along with a killick and another rating. Well what a farce that was! We went ashore in half blues gaiters etc., an army lorry picked us up and we were whisked to the only drinking place on the Island which was a corrugated NAAFI hut. This was a mixed bar for all three service on the island, also senior rates. The GI was amongst the revellers and he was feeding us beers, it was the best shore patrol I ever had and we had no trouble, which was great. We just piled everybody on the truck back to the jetty and then back to the ship.

The stay in Christmas Island was pretty boring as it was out on patrol to keep other shipping away. We were there for some time before the actual test, though I remember the day of the test as we were mustered on the upper deck to witness the explosion. I remember we were just in shorts and sandals and before the actual explosion went off we were told to sit down and cover our eyes with our hands, radiation protection was in its infancy then.



## **The Explosion**

After the ‘Mushroom’ we were then ordered down below and closed down to NBCD State 1, for those not familiar with this it means that everyone was in a recycled air container which was the ship’s hull, only the Officer of the Watch was on the open bridge and the pre-wetting party was on the upper deck, all suitably attired. These ships were of WW2 vintage, so there was no air-conditioning, I can assure you it was stifling. Our objective was another Island in the group, Fanning Island, to pick up sample of vegetation etc., for analysing by the boffins.

We left Christmas Island and headed for Brisbane in Australia, where I had been granted leave to visit my Uncle and his family in Sydney, he had emigrated after WW2, married and had produced a family which none of the family back home had seen, so it was a first. My uncle paid for my airfare, as being an AB I could not afford such luxuries, anyway it was a fantastic week and I met my new cousins, who were a lot younger than me. I returned to the ship and we subsequently sailed for Hong Kong for Christmas and a maintenance period.



### **Me and my Younger Cousins in Sydney**

Something does come to mind, whether it was this time in Hong Kong or the last time, but we were cold alongside, half the ships company were ashore and we had a Typhoon Warning the ship had to be moved to head and stern buoys in the middle of the harbour, secured ahead us in the same manner was the survey vessel HMS Dalrymple, which was in refit with no crew? We were closed up in sea watches although we were stationary, I having the middle on the bridge as messenger. Before the storm struck there was not much happening, anyway the OOW who was Berty Howson the Gunner sent me to make the Ki, which I duly did. When I got back he asked me if I had given the Navigating Officer his, as he was in the chart room. I had not, so he, Berty said give me his mug full which I duly did, he then opened the voice pipe to the chart room called and when he received an answer pored the mug full down, incidentally the

navigator and Bertie were oppo's. There was a spluttering from down below and Bertie was chuckling, then there was a sound of feet ascending the ladder to the bridge an outstretched arm revealed three rings on the person's arm covered in Ki, it was the skipper, I left the bridge in a hurry, as I did not want to get any of this fallout. I do not know what the outcome of this unfortunate situation was, but I can recall seeing Bertie being OOW more numerous than other officers, especially in harbour.

The storm struck in the early hours; during it, the survey vessel broke adrift and was bearing down on us out of control, luckily she did not hit us and was secured again by tugs. Back to the maintenance period, we the junior rates were billeted in the Fleet Accommodation Barracks (FAB) in the dockyard, whilst the Officers & Senior Rates were in Tamar. It was dormitory style accommodation on about three floors. There was an entrance at the front which was controlled by a QM and a fire escape at the rear with no control, guess which gangway we used to go and return from shore leave? It was Christmas and New Year time in Hong Kong, what more could a young sailor ask for, plus the fact that we were allowed to wear civilian clothes ashore, in those days only officers could do that whilst on-board. So without delay I had my midnight blue suit made within 24 hours and with my blue suede shoes and blue tie, I was smoothest thing in Hong Kong. Life was very sweet and I remember we used start of at the NAFFI Club just outside the Dockyard Gate which the Pongo's used as the Barracks (St George I think was its name), then move to the China Fleet Club for big eats, as you could get a 'T' bone steak and all the trimmings very cheap, after that it was down Wanchi for the night clubs etc., then finally a rickshaw back to FAB, which we sometimes pulled the driver in and then paid him, what mugs we were. I remember New Year's Eve as if it was only yesterday; we started in the NAFFI, where everybody was changing uniforms, this is the only time I remember us being in uniform ashore HK, also Chinese crackers were being let of everywhere much to the annoyance of the Pongo's, as they often landed in beer glasses being used. I also remember Jock Duthie a Leading Seaman at the time (who reached GI and then WO, but has

sadly since crossed the bar) riding the 'Fast Red' (Posties Bike) all round the bar and on tables, where he got it from I don't know.



### **In the NAAFI Club Hong Kong New Year's Eve 1957-58**

We left there and continued our night's revelry into the early hours when we decided to return to our billet. On passing the Army Barracks Sugar Tate and I decided we would wish the army 'Happy New Year', we asked the sentries behind the locked gates if they could get the RSM in order that we could do this, much too a persistent drunken request, they declined to wake him, I don't think they were in the same festive spirit as we were. Even with all this revelry we had work to do on the ship to get her ready for sea again and during this time I decide to challenge the board for my hook (take tests and exams for Leading Seaman), which I was pleased to say I passed, it would be another two and half years before I picked it up, as that was the waiting time then. We eventually left Hong Kong for Singapore to join up with the squadron again, the 8th DS of which we were canteen boat, to carry out a fleet exercise. We arrived in Singapore Dockyard were the fleet was gathered. To be together as a fleet, or even a squadron was fairly infrequent, also the Australians and New Zealanders were taking part, so it was quite a

gathering. The Dockyard Canteen was not the place to be, when all three navies' were drinking in there, the surrounding villages such as Sembawang were awash with sailors during this time. The fleet eventually sailed on a Sunday to rendezvous off Paulo Tiomen, though we were left behind to act as mail ship, therefore as we were not scheduled to sail till the afternoon, the skipper decided to give canteen leave, which turned out to be a big mistake. I did not go for one reason or another, but I do remember those who did as I was in the waist by the gangway when some returned 'P' out of their minds, it was a hard job for the PO's to get a enough sailors to get us out of harbour, the Skipper never did it again. The following morning I went down with 'Asian Flu' this ravaged the ship during the fleet exercise and when you recovered after a few days you had to convalesce for a further week so it was no duties, this did not go down well as the ship was exercising at action stations etc., and those who had the flu were just lounging around, though when you had fully recovered back to duty it was as the others went down with it. My memory is a bit sparse on what we did or did not do on exercise, but I do remember I took over as 'A' Gun Sweeper, which became permanent after the flu ran its course through the ship. After the fleet exercise we sailed for Australia's West Coast and it was touch and go whether we would be able to dock as we had to have had the last case of flu cleared 10 days before we could enter harbour. Luckily we were clear and our first visit was to Albany which was a small town on the south west coast where we were well entertained by the locals and were taken up to sheep farms etc. After that we sailed for Fremantle and Perth where again we were well entertained. This was to be our last visit as we then sailed for Singapore where we carried out a number of exercises which kept us at sea for some time. This was the time when we had to think about our future, this was achieved by being issued with Preference Draft Forms, which we were required to complete and return to our Divisional Officer and then it was sent to the Drafting Office in Gosport with ones hopes and inspirations. We eventually arrived in Singapore and paid off to the new ships company and in civilian clothes flew back to the UK on Hermes Aircraft compliments of Dan Air. Our destination was Stanstead which was still in the early stages of becoming an international

airport, as the arrival lounge was a Nissan hut. Our flight home took us for an overnight stop in India, refuelling stops at Ankara & Brindisi, on arrival at Stanstead we were bussed to Northolt Airfield where we were sent off on leave and to await our next war canoe.

Thus ended two years of my life between mid-1956 to mid-1958.

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## **ON THE LIGHTER SIDE**

*With thanks to Chairman Ken*

They're Back! Those wonderful Church Bulletins! Thank God for the church ladies with typewriters. These sentences actually appeared In church bulletins or were announced at church services:

1-The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.

2-Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.

3-The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'

4-Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.

5-Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.

6-Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

7-For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.



8-Next Thursday there will be try-outs for the choir. They need all the help they can get.

9-Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days

10-A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.

11-At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be 'What Is Hell?' Come early and listen to our choir practice.

12-Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.

13-Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.

14-The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hospitality.

15-Pot-luck supper Sunday at 5:00 PM - prayer and medication to follow.

16-The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

17-This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

18-The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.

19-Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please use the back door.

20-The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

21-Weight Watchers will meet at 7 PM at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use large double door at the side entrance.

And this one just about sums them all up

22-The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new campaign slogan last Sunday:

“ I Upped My Pledge - Up Yours.”

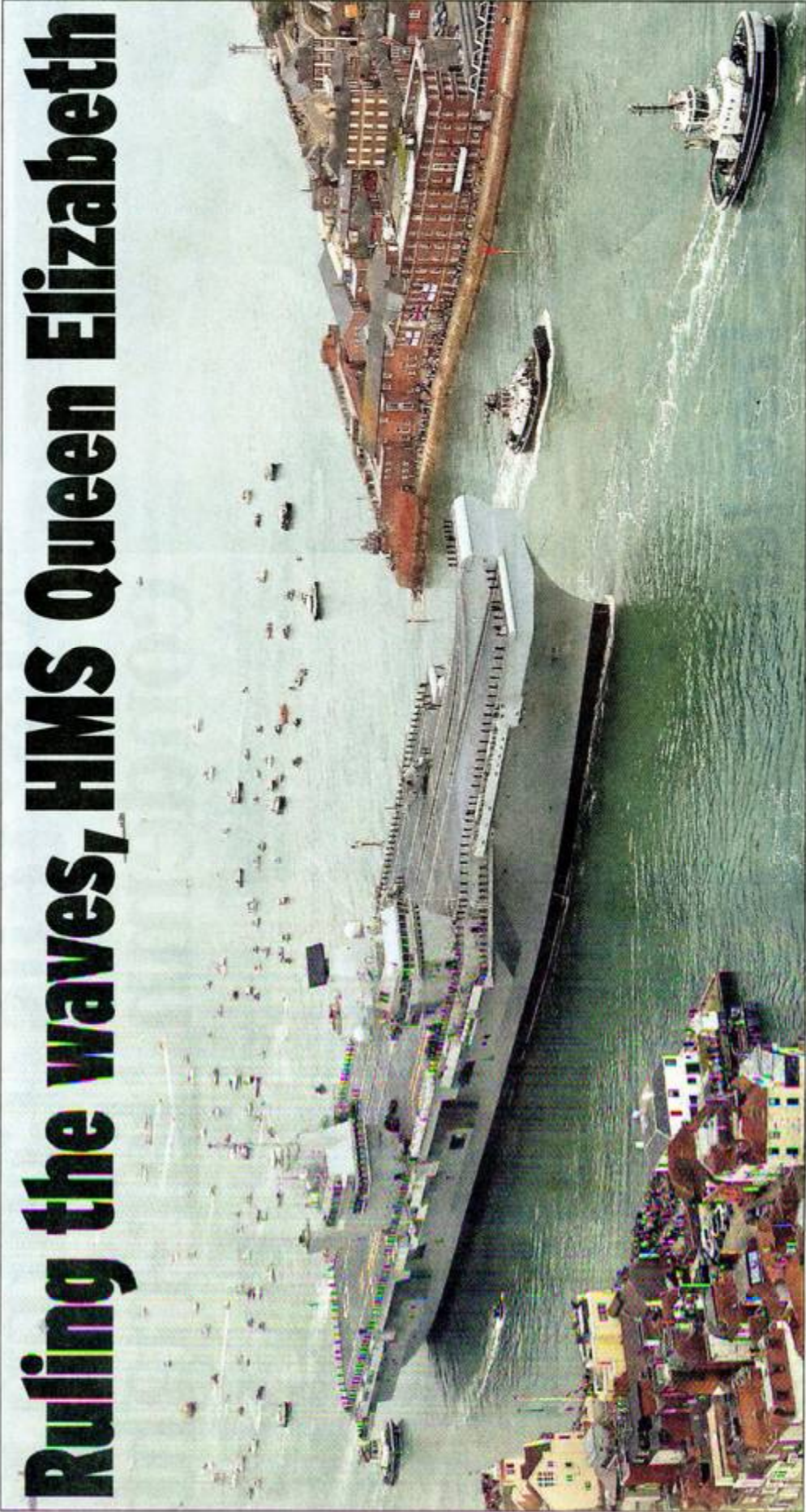
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During my 27 years in the RN I never served aboard an aircraft carrier, nor wanted to. HMS Tiger, a cruiser was quite big enough for me. However, I well remember that as Tiger went in and out of Portsmouth Harbour, I used to think how narrow that entrance was.

I had of course been on carriers, as a visitor. In fact a few years back, not all that long before she finally paid off, my grandson Tom was serving as a junior Navigating Officer in HMS Illustrious and invited Margaret and I onboard for a tour of the ship. It seemed very modern below decks compared with those I'd been on previously.

This week though saw the arrival there of our newest carrier, HMS Queen Elizabeth.

I watched it on TV but would have loved to have been there in Old Portsmouth to have seen it in real life. I know it's nothing to do with Cossack but I hope you won't mind the picture on the next page!



# Ruling the waves, HMS Queen Elizabeth

