



HMS Ulster

Rum Tub

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An Aphorism is a statement of truth or opinion expressed in a concise and witty manner.

I read that 4,153,237 people got married last year. Not to cause any trouble.... but shouldn't that be an even number?

I find it ironic that the colours red, white and blue stand for freedom, until they are flashing behind you!

When wearing a bikini, women reveal 90% of their body. Men are so polite they only look at the covered parts!

Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y?

America is a country which produces citizens who will cross the ocean to fight for democracy, but won't cross the street to vote.

You know that tingly little feeling you get when you love someone? That's common sense leaving your body!

My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll bloody well see about that!

I think my neighbour is stalking me as she's been Googling my name on her computer. I saw it through my telescope last night.

Money talks ... but all mine ever says is good-bye.

You're not fat; you're just easier to see.

If you think nobody cares whether you're alive, try missing a couple of payments.

I always wondered what the job application is like at Hooters. Do they just give you a bra and say, "Here, fill this out?"

Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

Hi! Shipmates,

As this will be the last newsletter of the year, may I begin by wishing all shipmates, their wives & families **Peace, Happiness and Joy for Christmas and a Prosperous New Year**

Secondly may I apologise for long gap in newsletters, but in mitigation I was under the weather and rushed to A & E five times after blacking out suddenly on each occasion.

The original diagnosis was that one of the arteries into my heart was either blocked or narrowed right down. I had my driving licence temporarily suspended during the tests to confirm diagnosis. Thankfully the original diagnosis was incorrect, the old ticker sound as a drum. It is extremely low blood pressure causing my blackouts and which has been caused by my GP overdosing me on high blood pressure pills. The cardiologist has stopped four of the five I have been taking and I have not even had a dizzy spell since.

The other bit of good news is that my son was discharged from hospital on November 1st after 18 weeks this time around in two different hospitals. To sum up he has spent 98% of past 13 months in hospital!

Well the weather has certainly been changeable to say the least. One day nice and sunny and not too chilly, the next bucketing down and almost like the monsoons we used to experience in the Far East.

As I type this, I am sitting in my coat, scarf and hat as all my windows are being replaced. Although my flat normally quite warm I feel like the proverbial 'Brass Monkey' at the moment

Well another wet and rainy day, but I guess we cannot complain too much, we have had some brilliant weather this year and the bottom line is we are still the right side of the grass with our wooden overcoats in the layapart store.

The way I see it anyway!

PC, aka, Political Correctness, is a doctrine, fostered by a delusional, illogical minority and promoted by the mainstream media, which holds forth the proposition that it is possible to pick up faeces by the clean end.

WISHING YOU AND YOUR FAMILIES A HEALTHY AND HAPPY 2020

Al-Gebra arrest

A public school teacher was arrested today at John F. Kennedy International airport as he attempted to board a flight while in possession of a ruler, a protractor, a compass, a slide-rule and a calculator.

At a morning press conference, Attorney General Jeff Sessions said he believes the man is a member of the notorious Al-Gebra movement.

He did not identify the man, who has been charged by the FBI with carrying weapons of math instruction.

Al-Gebra is a problem for us', the Attorney General said. 'They derive solutions by means and extremes, and sometimes go off on tangents in search of absolute values.' They use secret code names like "X" and "Y" and refer to themselves as "unknowns" but we have determined that they belong to a common denominator of the axis of medieval with coordinates in every country.

As the Greek philosopher Isosceles used to say, "There are 3 sides to every triangle."

When asked to comment on the arrest, President Trump said, "If God had wanted us to have better weapons of math instruction, he would have given us more fingers and toes."

White House aides told reporters they could not recall a more intelligent or profound statement by the President.

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**Norrie's Natter**

I know I am scraping the barrel again but I have to once again mention communications. It is supposed to be a two way medium when it works. Sadly for majority of shipmates on the Ulster database they cannot/will not respond to messages and requests. My crystal ball broke down years ago and I find it very difficult if not impossible to organise reunions unless I get answers to my emails, Recently I sent out to 80 on database this question "Are you

attending the 2020 reunion YES, NO or MAYBE". Sadly I only received five answers!

Another very important point, which I have also mentioned in past issues, is the importance of keeping me in the loop regarding change of address, telephone number and emails. In last 12 months I have lost contact with four shipmates whose email now bounces, telephone number no longer in service. I have out of my own pocket sent letters and even registered letters to last known address and never received one single reply. Therefore it is important that you tell you next of kin/family/friends when you are under the weather or worse.

Recently I found out about Colin 'Farmer' Plowright "Crossing the Bar" in April. Although I sent him newsletters via his daughter and have done up to the last issue, she chose not to tell me her father had passed away. Now maybe she did not realise it was important to me, maybe she could not be bothered and just maybe Colin forgot to tell her that should anything untoward happened to him to let me know.

They say a matelot is never happy unless he is 'dripping' well I guess I must be ecstatic at the moment. Enough said, bitching complete.

If you really want to be removed from Ulster database and my distributions lists, do let me know.

**YOUNG AT HEART**  
Slightly older  
in other places.

## Mensa Winners

The Washington Post's Mensa Invitational once again invited readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition.

Here are the winners:

1. **Cashtration** (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.
2. **Ignoramus**: A person who's both stupid and an asshole.
3. **Intaxication**: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.
4. **Reintarnation**: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.
5. **Bozone** (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.
7. **Giraffiti**: Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.
8. **Sarchasm**: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it
9. **Inoculatte**: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.
10. **Osteopornosis**: A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)
11. **Karmageddon**: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.
12. **Decafhalon** (n): The grueling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.
13. **Glibido**: All talk and no action.
14. **Dopeler Effect**: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.
15. **Arachnoleptic Fit** (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web

16. **Beelzebug** (n.): Satan in the form of a mosquito, that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.

17. **Caterpallor** (n.): The colour you turn when you discover half a worm in the fruit you're eating.

*The Washington Post has also published the winning submissions to its yearly contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternate meanings for common words.*

### And the winners are:

1. **Coffee**, n. The person upon whom one coughs.
2. **Flabbergasted**, adj. Appalled by discovering how much weight one has gained.
3. **Abdicate**, v. To give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. **Esplanade**, v. To attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. **Willy-nilly**, adj. Impotent.
6. **Negligent**, adj. Absent mindedly answering the door when wearing only a nightgown.
7. **Lymph**, v. To walk with a lisp.
8. **Gargoyle**, n. Olive-flavoured mouthwash.
9. **Flatulence**, n. Emergency vehicle that picks up someone who has been run over by a steamroller.
10. **Balderdash**, n. A rapidly receding hairline.
11. **Testicle**, n. A humorous question on an exam.
12. **Rectitude**, n. The formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.
13. **Pokemon**, n. A Rastafarian proctologist.
14. **Oyster**, n. A person who sprinkles his conversation with Yiddishisms.
15. **Frisbeetarianism**, n. The belief that, after death, the soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck there.
16. **Circumvent** n. An opening in the front of boxer shorts worn by Jewish men.



## HMS Kelly –Eye Witness Reports – Part II

Submitted by Shipmate John Soanes

The secondary lighting had come on but it was very dim and I had to be careful as to where I trod as there were a number of hazards to negotiate. After a minute or two I came across the Commander E and gave him the Captain's message, and then followed him up to the bridge, where he informed the Captain of the damage. Things appeared to be pretty bad, but there was a good chance of remaining afloat although the Captain had also to consider "Abandoning Ship".

We began to make way with the *BULLDOG* towing us and we were doing reasonably well when the towline broke.

Another tow was rigged and again we begun to make way. There was another interruption, the sound of E-boat engines. Whether she misjudged our position or because of the fog patches did not see us at all, I don't know, but she seemed to be going flat out down the side of the *BULLDOG* and then crashed down our starboard side, I thought I heard machine gun fire as I ducked down below the lee of the bridge, there was a lot of noise, some shouting and our starboard whaler was ripped off its davits and carried away. In the book 'Kelly' it was reported that the E-boat sank, but I have no knowledge of that, for all I know it might have got away. Maddeningly again the tow rope broke and again had to be renewed. We made slow and painful progress throughout the Middle and Morning watches with the sea appearing to be increasing slightly and the list to starboard much more pronounced. I heard the Captain say that a signal had been made, probably by the *BULLDOG*, for a sea going tug to come to our assistance. The Leading Signaller of the watch and myself were about to take a break when the tow was working well. We could not get to the mess decks but got some flags out of the flag lockers and laid them down in the wheelhouse and tried to get some rest, not too successfully as we were well canted over. At first light I went up to the Compass platform. The Captain was up there with the Navigating Officer and the Chief Yeoman. The Captain said "Look out for enemy aircraft". Sure enough one was soon in sight and well out of gun range, evidently reporting our position to the bombers who subsequently

attacked us. Then something unusual happened, I don't think this has ever happened before. Flashes came from the shadowing aircraft. I got an Aldis lamp and flashed back and the saucy sod made "Good morning" The Captain was not amused. We had no food, no drink and I had a breakfast of liquorice allsorts, the navigating officer, Lieutenant Dempster, said "Anyone on the bridge could 'dig into' his box of cigarettes on the chart table. I didn't smoke!"



Louis Mountbatten  
Captain on the bridge of HMS Kelly

Then the bombers arrived and the Captain called out "Tell the *BULLDOG* to slip the tow" The signal was made and duly executed and the *BULLDOG* sailed off to port and, with us opening fire against the attackers. Much of our ammunition had been ditched to lighten the ship and later on in the action we were firing blanks to scare the bombers off. The Captain then, (this was mid morning), gave the order to 'Abandon ship', all but for himself, a few officers and ratings and the Chief Yeoman to take the tow when the tug arrived.

I have never mentioned this to anyone before but I was a bit naughty, if the ship was lost, all my belongings would go too, so I managed to get along to the P.O's mess and there I packed my suitcase with my best blue suit and some personal items. When I got to the upper deck most of the ship's company had been taken off by the *BULLDOG*'s boats. I found myself standing on the port side of the upper deck with 'Jack Dusty' the Stores Petty Officer and it was then that one of the bombers made the most determined attack. it came over from starboard to port and dropped a stick of bombs. I watched, almost fascinated as they weaved down towards us, a perfect straddle.

This was going to be the end. Jack and I both dived for shelter under the tubes, not that this would have been very effective but it was instinctive. The deck was showered with sea water as the bombs fell alongside us but not one of them exploded. I have always blessed the Czech woman (for some reason or another I always think of the person as a woman)



who in the armaments factory sabotaged these bombs for filling them with sawdust instead of explosives. A very lucky escape! We waited quite a while before the *BULLDOG*'s boats returned. They filled up with what few men remained and I suddenly found myself alone: however a whaler came back, someone caught my case and I went over the listing ship's side into the boat. In the British Legion Club in Hebburn there is a photograph of someone sitting in a whaler being rowed across the north sea, I'm pretty certain it is me.. On the *BULLDOG* I found myself in the Sick Bay Flat, evidently put there to help should there be any casualties, and I had several chats with the Surgeon Lieutenant: In the mean time we were continually attacked by enemy aircraft and the ship's guns were continually in action. Eventually we sighted the sea going tug and it was not long before a tow wire was rigged and the *KELLY* was being towed towards the Tyne. The powerful tug with it's more sophisticated equipment was soon making headway through the choppy sea. We (*BULLDOG*) laid off to give her more protection but there were no more further attacks and eventually we followed the tug and *KELLY* into the Tyne where she was eventually dry docked for repairs, once again by the same men who built her. When I walked past the ship in dock I was amazed at how she had remained afloat with the great gash the torpedo had torn into her side. She must have been superbly built. So it transpired I had no need to go back to the mess to pick up my best suit and other odds and ends, they had been returned safely to Hebburn courtesy of one ocean going tug.

On board the *KELLY* the other Yeoman and myself found that a number of items of signalling equipment had gone missing, these included Captain Mountbatten's own personal telescope which he had generously loaned to the signalling staff to augment our own 'lookout' gear. Where these items went is anyone's guess. They were certainly there when we abandoned ship.

The Captain had the crew assembled on the dockside and informed us that we were all to be granted 14 days survivors leave and that we would be returned to Chatham Barracks, with the exception of a small holding party whilst repairs to the ship were carried out. I had my leave, living in Leicester at the time, returned to barracks and shortly



afterwards was drafted to HMS *LONDON* which was having modifications made in Chatham Dockyard.

A second eye witness report covering the incidents leading up to and covering the same incident on 9th May 1940 from Petty Officer Gunnery Instructor Albert Gorman as told to John Soanes.

I went to Tyneside in August 1939 to collect HMS *KELLY* from the builders in Hebburn and brought her down to Chatham. We commissioned the same month. We painted her a dull grey from the lovely blue she had originally been painted. We were going to take the King and Queen to Belgium and then spend two years in the Mediterranean but the war put a stop to that.

We left Chatham and arrived at Portland on the 3rd September 1939. This ship was fitted with all the mod cons, unknown in any other destroyer, showers, drying rooms, gear for showing films. Each man had his own toilet locker and lots of other things, Inside the ship all messdecks were painted a different colour. It looked great, it was obvious Mountbatten had a hand in all this.

We stayed at Portland a week working up and it was during this when working with a submarine we 'pinged' a hostile.. This we depth charged and was given a possible kill.

(Never confirmed)

We sailed and circumnavigated the UK twice, Got knows what for! Eventually we started to patrol the area between Iceland and the Faroes. In one of these storms prevalent in that area we nearly capsized, rolling over to starboard so much that the roll indicator went off the board. One of the Seaman Petty Officers whose name I cannot remember was washed over the side from the break of the forecastle and the next wave washed him back on board near the after screen. He was badly bruised but alive. The ship suffered damage and we were sent back to Hebburn for our first lot of leave. We were due to leave Hebburn on Friday 13th December. We were loaded up with turkeys for Xmas kindly provided by the skipper's wife (Lady Mountbatten)

Mountbatten decided we would leave the following day, so at one minute past midnight we sailed.

It was in the mouth of the Tyne that we met this mine, it hit the ship roughly under the bridge and rolled down the ship's side until it was hit by our screws and exploded. So it was back to Hebburn and more leave. There was only one casualty in this

incident the Gunner 'T' who suffered multiple bruises.

Repairs were made and we were off again, this time escorting a convoy. There was no radar at this time and the escorts would charge around the convoy like mad.

It was during one of these mad rushes that we collided with the Tribal class destroyer *GURKHA*. So it was back to the repair yard again, this time it was down to the London docks.

Whilst there we had a visit from the King and Queen. A Cinema was rigged up with mirrors so that the crew who were aboard could see what was going on. The film shown was the first battle of Narvik in Norway.

Repairs completed we were off again, down the Thames and on to Sheerness where we were ammunitioned, then up the channel into the North Sea. we joined a striking force of a cruiser and several destroyers. Our job was to locate and destroy several minelayers that were known to be operating off the Dutch coast.

It was early evening when we got a 'ping' on our Asdic. We tried to locate this sub and dropped several depth charges. It was dark when we left the scene and by this time we had picked up the destroyer *BULLDOG* who had stopped to pick up a man who had fallen overboard. Together we increased speed to catch up with the main striking force. On the way we were attacked by a solitary E-boat. She fired two fish, the first missed and the second struck the *KELLY* under the funnel, straight into the boiler room. Fortunately we were closed up at action stations otherwise the casualty rate would have been much higher. We lost 27 ratings killed and many more injured.

I was the trainer of 'Y' gun and the first thing we knew of what happened was that the ship leaped into the air and the gun shield was filled with water and oil. The ship went over on her starboard side and stayed there. After it became obvious that she was not going to sink straight away, we were ordered to throw everything movable over the side in order to take some weight off the upper deck. One telegraphist was lowered into the radio room and gave morphine to a badly injured telegraphist, who sadly died later.



The *BULLDOG* took us in tow but the tow line kept breaking. This was kept up for three days using all sorts of line but it was not much good. Twice we abandoned ship and after the second time the skipper ordered us all into the boats that the *BULLDOG* had sent, ours had been smashed to pieces. There was about twelve of us left waiting to get into the remaining boat, when Mountbatten said "That's enough" and that was how I became one of the twelve that stayed on the ship and took her into Hebburn, helped of course by the two tugs that came out to tow us in.

So, that was that, the only thing I have forgotten to mention was our run into Namsos in Norway to rescue the French Alpine troops. Our soldiers were fighting a rear guard action. The *KELLY* was torpedoed on 9th May 1940 and the E-boat was E40. She did not survive as she collided first with the *BULLDOG* and then hit us and ran down our starboard side through all the debris blown out by the explosion. I was on the after part when she came along and right opposite me her bows shot up into the air and she sank in seconds. (John Hutchinson obviously missed this)

We all went into hotels for the night, but before this Mountbatten said goodbye to us and gave each of us £1.00. He said it would be stopped out of our pay, but it never was. I remember we bought a bottle of Whiskey and had a great night.

The following morning we were interviewed by a Commander and then entrained for Chatham and survivors leave.

Eye witness report given to me by Leading Stoker Bill Wratten who was serving in HMS *KELLY* at the time of her sinking on 23rd May 1941.

" Soon after dawn on that fateful morning there had been several high level bombing attacks before the dive bombing Stukas J-87's arrived, about 24 I was told.

My Damage Control station was forward from the break of the fo'c's'le to the stem.

The main compartments were the TS station and the seaman's mess decks and were a continuation of the upper deck. These were connected by passageways port and starboard and there was a bulkhead and cross passage at the break of the fo'c's'le and a cross passage about 12 yards long at each of the bulkheads with doors.



During the attacks the 0.5 inch machine guns ran out of ready use ammunition, so my opposite number Leading Stoker Todd and I had some sent up from the magazine below and were handing them up to the gun's crew through a small hatch off the seaman's mess deck. When the ship was hit about 0800, she was at full starboard helm doing 30 knots-it didn't seem to be all that heavy, the ship just shuddered and the lights dimmed. I turned to Toddy and said "Crikey, a near miss" but he'd disappeared. Just previously a call had come up from the Stoker's mess deck "Tea up" so I guessed he had gone down below. I never saw him again. Those down there wouldn't have stood a chance because as I turned to shout to the gun's crew for information a huge wall of water swept through the port passage and flung me against the ship's side. I struggled to my feet and made for the first bulkhead door, as I got through the cross passage flooded and I found myself crawling along the deck head completely immersed under water. I couldn't believe that the ship was practically upside down. I reached the cross passage at the break of the fo'c's'le and saw through the water a number of the crew clinging on desperately to anything to avoid being swept further into the ship. There was nothing I could do, my lungs were just about bursting and I knew if I hung on much longer I would be a goner. There was a gap of about six feet across the passage to the break of the fo'c's'le and the bulk head door, and outside I could see a whaler secured on it's davits, an iron ladder leading to the bridge deck and several funnel guy stays. I made my dive against the inrush of water and remembered nothing more until I broke surface, the ship a few yards away was completely upside down and still moving through the water, the props were revolving madly. sounding like a dozen trains going through a tunnel, allied to the roar of the dive bombers, it was frightening indeed. I couldn't see any other survivors either.

I started to swim away from the ship in case she sank and found it very heavy going, so I stopped to kick off my stokehold boots, as I did, it started to hail. I didn't realise until some time after that it was machine gun bullets that only just missed me.

As I swam clear of the ship I saw others and heard the orders, all those able assist the injured and non swimmers to the raft, the only one that was got away. There were people hanging all round the edge and others hanging on to them, We were still being

machine gunned, a number were hit and killed, all we could do was to let them slide away. After a session of 'naval language', somebody said "Come on you lot" I think it was the Captain, "Let's have a song", so we sang Roll out the barrel and We're poor little sheep who have lost our way. We, who were hanging on to the raft kept getting mouthfuls of oil fuel, so we just hummed.

After what seemed hours a shout went up - "Here comes the *KIPLING*" it was a long and difficult job picking up survivors, the *KIPLING* had to choose between lulls to pick up groups of us.

The number of bombs dropped on *KIPLING* during the day was estimated to be around 98. Eventually *KIPLING* was able to return to Alexandria, and a roll call was taken. We of the Engine room branch were struck dumb when we realised that out of a total of 50 or more, there were only fourteen survivors.

My own reckoning on the length of time taken during the action was up to ten to twelve hours, with space of about three hours between high level and the dive bombing."

Able Seaman Rocky Wilkins also gave me in his own words his recollection of the demise of HMS *KELLY* on 23rd May 1941.

During the Battle of Crete, the Mediterranean Fleet's task was to prevent any German attempt at a seaborne invasion from the north.

In the early hours of the morning of 23rd May HM Ships *KELLY* and *KASHMIR* sighted a ship loaded with German troops steering towards Crete. Both ships opened fire and sank the ship. We could see the troops jumping into the sea in full marching order. Later both *KELLY* and *KASHMIR* went on to bombard Maleme airstrip. It was after this another German troop laden ship was sighted and sank.

At dawn both ships were attacked by high level bombers and then by JU 87 Dive bombers. Time after time these attacks were beaten off, then *KASHMIR* was hit and sank.

HMS *KELLY* was now alone, astern we could see the survivors of *KASHMIR* in the sea. *KELLY* could not leave, she had to try and save as many as possible, but as she was turning at full speed a dive bomber came in much lower than the others and hit the *KELLY* with a 1000lb bomb on the after gun deck, killing all the gun's crew; and these were the shipmates that I had volunteered to serve with on HMS *KELLY*.



The ship was still moving at full speed and listing heavily to port, we were still firing our guns when the sea hit us. *KELLY* had turned completely over. I was trapped under my own gun and could feel the ship was still moving. As I pulled myself clear and came to the surface, I could see that the ship was upside down with the propellers still turning. Nearby our Captain was only a few yards from the propellers and calling to the men to swim clear.

Down below the Engineer Commander was trapped with his men. Their only way out was the small hatch leading to the upper deck. The commander talking calmly to his men, ordered each in turn to jump down through the hatch, to swim out and away from the ship.

The dive bombers were now machine gunning the survivors in the sea; many men were killed in these attacks, our Captain, helping a young wounded seaman, started to sing Roll out the barrel and we all joined in. As *KELLY* started to go down he called to us to "Give her a good cheer". We did not leave *KELLY*, it was *KELLY* who finally left us. Our sister ship *HMS KIPLING* which had left us earlier with steering trouble, now returned under heavy attack to try and rescue survivors of both ships. Each time she came in to pick up the men so the bombers returned. Our Captain still holding the wounded seaman called to us to "Swim for the *KIPLING*" and when it was his own turn to be rescued, the young seaman he had held on to for so long was found to be dead.

For hours under machine gun attacks, our Captain kept up our spirits with his singing and cheerful jokes. *KIPLING* had to leave some of us behind when the attacks started again. I did not expect to see *KIPLING* again but she returned again and again, until those of us who could be saved were saved. I was told later that our Captain refused to leave until every man was saved.

*HMS KIPLING* rescued a total of 90 out of a ships company of 261 of *KELLY* and most of *KASHMIR*'s crew.

Later in Alexandria our Captain (Lord Louis Mountbatten) came to say goodbye to the few of us who were left. He told us to "Never forget the *KELLY*" and we have never forgotten her.

Nine Officers and 121 other crew members of *HMS KELLY* were lost during this action



## USS Grayback: Missing WW2 submarine found after 75 years

*From the Internet 11 November 2919*

An American submarine that went missing in World War Two has been rediscovered at the bottom of the East China sea.

The USS Grayback and its 80 crew members disappeared in

1944 when it was attacked by a Japanese aircraft.



Image © TIM TAYLOR-LOST 52 PROJECT  
Image caption A plaque on the front of the wreckage identifies the submarine as the USS Grayback

An underwater exploration project found the submarine off the coast of Okinawa, Japan, after finding military documents with the correct coordinates to locate it.

The original coordinates had been



mistranslated and were missing a digit.

The families of the 80 crew members who were onboard the submarine have been told about its discovery.

For Kathy Taylor, whose uncle John Patrick King was on the vessel, the discovery brings closure.

"I committed from the very beginning, when I was a little girl, that I was going to find him or follow him or keep his memory alive," she told ABC News.

### How was the submarine discovered?

The Lost 52 Project - whose aim is to locate lost US submarines from World War Two - led the mission to find the USS Grayback off the coast of Okinawa.

They realised that the original Japanese mission logs of where the USS Grayback had sunk had been mistranslated, leaving out a digit, and were wrong by at least 100 miles (160km).

Along with the use of new drone technology, the

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## Aircraft Carrier Watch: 5 New Carriers Being Built Right Now You Need to Check Out

By Kyle Mizokami

One hundred years since the construction of the world's first aircraft carrier, HMS Hermes, aircraft carriers are still going strong. From Newport News to Shanghai, several of the world's major naval powers have carriers currently under construction. The ability to adapt and absorb new aviation technologies, such as stealth, standoff weapons and unmanned aerial vehicles to the carrier platform helps keep them relevant and timely platforms for a variety of missions, from disaster relief to sea control. Here are five aircraft carriers currently under construction worldwide.

United States of America: USS John F. Kennedy and USS Enterprise. The second of the new *Gerald R. Ford* class, USS John F. Kennedy will be the second aircraft carrier to bear the name of the thirty-fifth president of the United States. Kennedy, currently under construction, will be 1,092 feet long with a flight deck width of 256 feet. The ship will displace one hundred thousand long tons fully loaded and has a total crew, including ship's crew, air wing and embarked Marines, of 4,450 personnel. Once complete, Kennedy will be capable of carrying more than seventy-five fixed wing manned aircraft, unmanned aerial vehicles, and helicopters.

USS Kennedy was laid down in August 2015 and is currently fifty percent complete. The ship is expected to be christened in 2019 and commissioned into service sometime around 2020. A third *Ford*-class ship, USS Enterprise, will enter service in 2027, and the navy is expected to ultimately order twelve *Ford*-class carriers over the next thirty years.

Issues with USS *Ford*'s electromagnetic aircraft launch system, or EMALS, drove navy officials to briefly consider bringing back time-tested

steam catapults for Kennedy and Enterprise. The idea was ultimately abandoned, and both ships will sport EMALS for launching aircraft.

United Kingdom: HMS Prince of Wales. HMS Prince of Wales is the second of the *Queen Elizabeth*-class carriers for the UK Royal Navy. Prince of Wales will be identical to Queen Elizabeth, with both ships 920 feet long with a flight deck width of 240 feet.

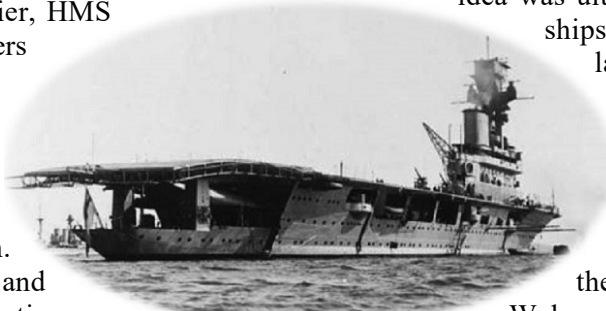
The UK's carriers will both displace sixty-four thousand long tons and operate with a much smaller crew than American carriers, with just 1,600 personnel operating and maintaining both the ship and embarked aircraft.

Prince of Wales will typically carry twelve to twenty-four F-35B fighters, plus fourteen Merlin anti-submarine and utility helicopters. In wartime, the number of fighters each can carry could rise up to thirty-six. Under an agreement reached between Washington and London, U.S. Marine Corps F-35B squadrons could fly from Queen Elizabeth and Prince of Wales until the UK's own F-35B fleet is up to full strength.

Construction of Prince of Wales began in 2011 at Rosyth Dockyard, Scotland. The ship was officially named by Queen Elizabeth in 2017 and is currently in the fitting out process. The carrier is expected to enter sea trials in 2019 and be commissioned into service in 2020.

China: *Type 003*. China's first carrier, *Liaoning*, entered service with the People's Liberation

Army Navy in September 2012. A second unnamed carrier, based on *Liaoning*, is currently under sea trials. Reports out of China indicate two more carriers are currently under construction. The two carriers are allegedly part of a new class known as *Type 003*.



HMS Hermes  
Commissioned 11th September 1919



USS Gerald R. Ford

India: INS Vikrant. India, a country with a long naval aviation tradition, also has a tradition of operating ex-UK Royal Navy carriers. This tradition is set to end for good with the construction of INS Vikrant, India's first indigenously constructed aircraft carrier. Construction of Vikrant is part of India's dream of two fully modernized carriers, with a goal of three carriers down the road.

**Vikrant**, also known as Indigenous Aircraft Carrier One (IAC-1) began construction in 2008 at the



Cochin Shipyard.

Chinese Type 003 - PLA Liaoning

Vikrant is a bit on the smaller side for conventional carriers, set to displace just forty-five thousand tons once complete, but it's worth keeping in mind this will likely be the largest ship ever constructed in India. Vikrant will be 860 feet long with a flight deck width of 203 feet. Like India's flagship INS Vikramaditya, Vikrant will sport a ski ramp for assisted takeoffs and arrestor cables for landing aircraft. The arresting gear and other



INS Vikrant were procured from Russia. equipment from

Vikrant is expected to operate thirty aircraft, including twenty MiG-29k multi-role fighter jets and ten helicopters. Vikrant was expected to enter service in 2018 but production and licensing issues forced a delay of entry to October 2020. A second carrier, IAC-2 AKA INS Vishal, is in the design stages. Vishal is expected to tip the scales

at sixty-five thousand tons, making her a third larger than Vikrant, and may incorporate U.S. carrier technology, particularly EMALS.

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Continued from page 8

Along with the use of new drone technology, the recovered military documents meant the team could correctly locate the submarine, which was 1,400ft (430m) down.

"The confirmation of the site as a US Navy sunken military craft ensures it is protected from disturbance, safeguarding the final resting place of our sailors," said Tim Taylor, who set up the project.

Credited with sinking at least 14 ships during the war, the USS Grayback was one of 52 submarines that was lost in action.

It received two Navy Unit Commendations and eight battle stars.

Image © TIM TAYLOR-LOST 52 PROJECT Image caption The USS Grayback first launched in 1941 and travelled to Australia as well as Japan



Carlos Hathcock – US Marine Ace Sniper

From the Internet

Carlos Norman Hathcock II (May 20, 1942 – February 22, 1999) was a United States Marine Corps (USMC) sniper with a service record of 93 confirmed kills. Hathcock's record and the extraordinary details of the missions he undertook made him a legend in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was honoured by having a rifle named after him: a variant of the M21 dubbed the Springfield Armoury M25 White Feather, for the nickname "White Feather" given to Hathcock by the North Vietnamese People's Army of Vietnam (PAVN).

Nickname....."White Feather"

BornMay 20, 1942, Little Rock, Arkansas, U.S.A

DiedFebruary 23, 1999(aged 56)Virginia Beach, Virginia, U.S.

BuriedWoodlawn Memorial Gardens

AllegianceUnited States of America

Service/branch.....United States Marine Corps

Years of service.....1959–1979



RankGunnery sergeant

Unit1st Marine Division

Battles.....Vietnam War

Spouse(s) Josephine (Jo) (nee Broughton) Winstead

Relations Carlos Norman Hathcock III (son)

Early life and education

Hathcock was born in Little Rock, Arkansas on May 20, 1942. He grew up in Wynne, Arkansas, living with his grandmother after his parents separated for the first 12 years of his life. While visiting relatives in Mississippi, he took to shooting and hunting at an early age, partly out of necessity to help feed his poor family. He would go into the woods with his dog and pretend to be a soldier and hunt imaginary Japanese with the old Mauser his father brought back from World War II. He hunted at that early age with a .22-caliber J. C. Higgins single-shot rifle. Hathcock dreamed of being a Marine throughout his childhood, and so on May 20, 1959, at the age of 17, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps.^[2] Hathcock married Jo (nee Broughton) Winstead on the date of the Marine Corps birthday, November 10, 1962. Jo gave birth to a son, whom they named Carlos Norman Hathcock III.



Career

Before deploying to South Vietnam, Hathcock had won shooting championships, including matches at Camp Perry and the Wimbledon Cup. In 1966, Hathcock started his deployment in the Vietnam War as a military policeman and later became a sniper after Captain Edward James Land pushed the Marines into raising snipers in every platoon. Land later recruited Marines who had set their own records in sharpshooting; he quickly found Hathcock, who had won the Wimbledon Cup, the most prestigious prize for long-range shooting, at Camp Perry in 1965.

Confirmed kills

During the Vietnam War, Hathcock had 93 confirmed kills of PAVN and Viet Cong personnel. In the Vietnam War, kills had to be confirmed by an acting third party, who had to be an officer, besides the sniper's spotter. Snipers often did not have an acting third party present, making confirmation difficult, especially if the target was behind enemy lines, as was usually the case.

Hathcock estimated that he had killed between 300 and 400 enemy personnel during his time in the Vietnam War.

Confrontations with North Viet snipers

The PAVN placed a bounty of US\$30,000 on Hathcock's life for killing so many of their men. Rewards put on U.S. snipers by the PAVN typically ranged from \$8 to \$2,000. Hathcock held the record for highest bounty and killed every known Vietnamese marksman who sought him to collect it.

The Viet Cong and PAVN called Hathcock *Long Tr'ang*, translated as "White Feather Sniper", because of the white feather he kept in a band on his bush hat. After a platoon of Vietnamese snipers was sent to hunt down "White Feather", many Marines in the same area donned white feathers to deceive the enemy. These Marines were aware of the impact Hathcock's death would have and took it upon themselves to make themselves targets in order to confuse the counter-snipers.

One of Hathcock's most famous accomplishments was shooting an enemy sniper through the enemy's own rifle scope, hitting him in the eye and killing him Hathcock and John Roland Burke, his spotter, were stalking the enemy sniper in the jungle near Hill 55, the firebase from which Hathcock was operating, southwest of Da Nang. The sniper,

known only as the "Cobra," had already killed several Marines and was believed to have been sent specifically to kill Hathcock. When Hathcock saw a glint (light reflecting off the enemy sniper's scope) in the bushes, he fired at it, shooting through the scope and killing the sniper. Hathcock took possession of the dead sniper's rifle, hoping to bring it home as a "trophy", but after he turned it in and tagged it, it was stolen from the Armoury.

A female Viet Cong platoon leader called "the Apache woman," with a reputation for torturing captive U.S. Marines, was killed by Hathcock around the firebase at Hill 55.

Hathcock only once removed the white feather from his bush hat while deployed in Vietnam. During a volunteer mission days before the end of his first deployment, he crawled over 1,500 yards of field to shoot a PAVN General. He was not informed of the details of the mission until he accepted it. This effort took four days and three nights, without sleep, of constant inch-by-inch crawling. Hathcock said he was almost stepped on as he lay camouflaged with grass and vegetation in a meadow shortly after sunset. At one point he was nearly bitten by a bamboo viper, but had the presence of mind to avoid moving and giving up his position. As the General exited his encampment, Hathcock fired a single shot that struck the General in the chest, killing him.

After the arduous mission of killing the PAVN General, Hathcock returned to the United States in 1967. He missed the Marine Corps, however, and returned to Vietnam in 1969, where he took command of a platoon of snipers.

Medical evacuation

On September 16, 1969, Hathcock's career as a sniper came to a sudden end along Highway 1, north of LZ Baldy, when the LVT-5 he was riding on struck an anti-tank mine. Hathcock pulled seven Marines from the flame-engulfed vehicle, suffering severe burns (some third-degree) to his face, arms and legs, before someone pulled him away and got him in water because he did not realize he was burnt that badly. While recovering, Hathcock received the Purple Heart. Nearly 30 years later, he received a Silver Star for this action. Hathcock and the seven marines he pulled from the vehicle were evacuated by helicopter to hospital ship USS *Repose*, then to a naval hospital in Tokyo, and ultimately to the burn center at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas.

After the Vietnam War

After returning to active duty, Hathcock helped establish the Marine Corps Scout Sniper School at the Marine base in Quantico, Virginia. Due to his

extreme injuries suffered in Vietnam, he was in nearly constant pain, but he continued to dedicate himself to teaching snipers. In 1975, Hathcock's health began to deteriorate, and he was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. He stayed in the Marine Corps, but his health continued to decline. And, just 55 days short of the 20 years that would have made him eligible for regular retirement pay; he received a permanent disability separation. Being medically discharged, he received 100 percent disability pay. He would have received only 50 percent of his final pay grade had he retired after 20 years. He fell into a state of depression when he was forced out of the Marines because he felt as if the service had kicked him out. During this depression, his wife Jo nearly left him but decided to stay. Hathcock eventually picked up the hobby of shark fishing, which helped him overcome his depression.

Hathcock provided sniper instruction to police departments and select military units, such as SEAL Team Six.

Later life and death

Hathcock once said that he survived in his work because of an ability to "get in the bubble", to put himself into a state of "utter, complete, absolute concentration", first with his equipment, then his environment, in which every breeze and every leaf meant something, and finally on his quarry. After the war, a friend showed Hathcock a passage written by Ernest Hemingway: *"Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of man, and those who have hunted armed men long enough and like it, never really care for anything else thereafter."* He copied Hemingway's words on a piece of paper. "He got that right," Hathcock said. "It was the hunt, not the killing." Hathcock said in a book written about his career as a sniper: "I like shooting, and I love hunting. But I never did enjoy killing anybody. It's my job. If I don't get those bastards, then they're gonna kill a lot of these kids dressed up like Marines. That's the way I look at it."

Hathcock's son, Carlos Hathcock III, later enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps; he retired from the Marine Corps as a Gunnery Sergeant after following in his father's footsteps as a shooter and became a member of the Board of Governors of the Marine Corps Distinguished Shooters Association.

Hathcock died on February 22, 1999, in Virginia Beach, Virginia, from complications resulting from multiple sclerosis. He is buried at Woodlawn Memorial Gardens in Norfolk, Virginia.

Awards and decorations

	Silver Star
	Purple Heart
	Navy Commendation Medal
	Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medal
	Good Conduct Medal
	National Defense Service Medal
	Vietnam Service Medal
	Gallantry Cross
	Vietnam Campaign Medal

Legacy

Hathcock remains a legend in the U.S. Marine Corps. The Gunnery Sergeant Carlos Hathcock Award is presented annually by National Defence Industrial Association the "to recognize an individual who ... has made significant contributions in operational employment and tactics of small arms weapons systems which have impacted the readiness and capabilities of the U.S. military or law enforcement." The Marine Corps League (MCL) sponsors an annual program with 12 award categories, which includes the Gunnery Sergeant Carlos N. Hathcock II Award presented "to an enlisted Marine who has made an outstanding contribution to the improvement of marksmanship training." A sniper range named for Hathcock is at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

In 1967, Hathcock set the record for the longest sniper kill. He used an M2 50 Cal Browning machine gun mounted with a telescopic sight at a range of 2,500yd (2,286m), killing a Vietcong guerrilla. In 2002, this record was broken by Canadian snipers (Rob Furlong and Arron Perry) from the third battalion of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry during the War in Afghanistan. Hathcock was one of several individuals to utilize the M2 Browning machine gun in the sniping role. This success led to the adoption of the .50 BMG cartridge as a viable sniper round. Sniper rifles have since been designed around and chambered in this caliber since the 1970s.

Springfield Armoury designed a highly accurized* version of their M1A Supermatch rifle with a McMillan Stock and match grade barrel and dubbed it the "M-25 White Feather". The rifle had a likeness of Hathcock's signature and his "white feather logo" marked on the receiver.

Turner Saddlery similarly honoured Hathcock by producing a line of leather rifle slings based on his design. The slings are embossed with Hathcock's signature.

On March 9, 2007, the rifle and pistol complex at Marine Corps Air Station Miramar was officially renamed the Carlos Hathcock Range Complex

- **Editors Notes:** **Accurizing** is the process of improving the accuracy and precision of a gun (firearm or airgun). For firearms, accuracy is the ability to hit exactly what one is aiming at, and precision is the ability to hit the same place over and over again in a repeatable fashion.



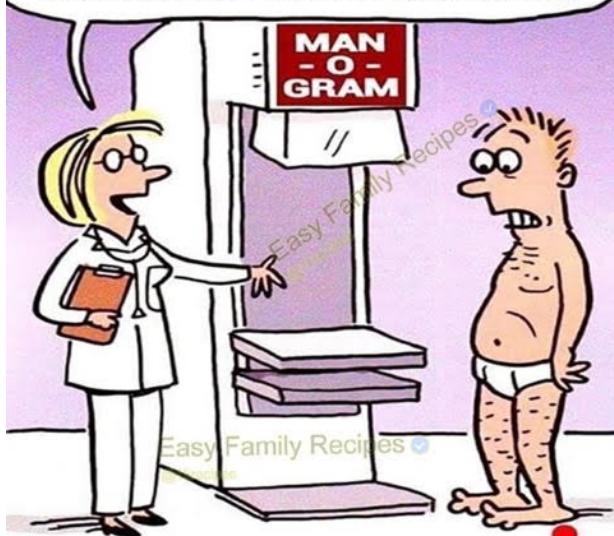
"He' a Chihuahua/Great Dane mix.
We call him Shorty!"



MOM,
When I Grow up
I want to be a
sailor.

Well son
you have to decide,
you can't do both

**IF YOU COULD JUST POP YOUR
WILLY IN BETWEEN THESE TWO
HYDRAULIC PLATES MR. SMITH**



IF WOMEN RULED THE WORLD

