

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

MAY, 2018

Nº 18



OUR SWORDS WE BARE
OUR SPIRITS DARE

CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION IS ROBIN SMITH

www.hmssuperb.co.uk and on Facebook

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|--|
| Andy's Musings | Click Here to Go There |
| Navy News | Click Here to Go There |
| Letters to The Editor | Click Here to Go There |
| Jottings of a Very Ordinary Seaman Part 4 | Click Here to Go There |
| Castaway | Click Here to Go There |
| Sildenafil & All That | Click Here to Go There |
| What's on next month | Click Here to Go There |
| National Service Part 2 of 4 | Click Here to Go There |
| October Reunion | Click Here to Go There |
| Photo Album | Click Here to Go There |
| Scran Bag | Click Here to Go There |
| Crossed the Bar | Click Here to Go There |
| People Searching for People | Click Here to Go There |
| List of people who receive the magazine | Click Here to Go There |
| Membership application | Click Here to Go There |
| Archive | Click Here to Go There |



Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710

ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Investing in the raffle Star Prize donated by shipmate Brian Turner I wondered how many homes have a sample of his 'marine art' hanging where those three pottery ducks used to, forever, fly south.

As a strong fan of steam I wish to bring to your notice S.M. Turner's star pupil S.M. Brian Harmer.



A recent letter enclosed a photograph of newly finished oil that delighted the eye. My 'steam nut' young brother, who was visiting, also thought it a superb rendition. I would like to share it with you if our other 'centre of excellence' Brian and Miz Libby could print it in colour.

Notice the signal box Frodsham Junction. Pity is, I do not know actual finished size of picture.

Yes, I know all the foregoing seems to be named 'Brian'. If you have seen Python film 'Life of Brian' they were all born with expectation of showing great talent --- We are not disappointed!

100th anniversary of the R.A.F. has been marked with a couple of T.V. shows of merit. For me, a picture to make one catch breath was in the Daily Mail. A Hawker Hunter flown by pilot Allan Pollock, now 82, marked R.A.F. 50th anniversary by starting at Richmond Park, hedge-hopping over the Thames bridges, reaching Westminster, doing three low, loud circuits just as Big Ben struck noon. He continued bridge-hopping until faced with Tower Bridge. He could have hopped over it but decided to go through.

Reports have a double-decker bus, pedestrians and cyclists on the roadway. Pilot's fate - arrested on return to base and cashiered!

I did set off to comment on R.A.F. drones, their ability to seek out targets, loiter time and clarity of image, then hit the selected item in the belly button.

Operating technology started by U.S. Air Force has now cross-pollinated the



U.S. Navy. They recently launched their first autonomous surface vessel, named *Sea Hunter*. D.A.P.A. (U.S. advanced research agency) picture shows a 'very slim trimaran', 140 tons, capable of 27 knots, can remain at sea for months, crewless.

Mother Russia's frantic sub building programme could be neutered if this technology takes off



Potential autonomous sub hunting surface ship Sea Hunter

like, its air-borne equivalent.

To run an unmanned vessel cheap as chips and produce large numbers, to 'track, locate, trail' a multi-billion rouble sub could break their budget. Technology is what broke U.S.S.R, trying to keep up; possibly it could recur in Russia.

From 'published matter' I understand none of our current

frigates are dedicated A.S. (anti sub) variants - thanks to so called 'peace dividend' of a few years ago. The error is to be corrected, again from 'published matter' in our new class that M.O.D. B.A.E. keep banging on about; their 'Global frigate' for worldwide sale.

Who, at their grossly inflated ship unit cost, on form, eight (8) year build time are their projected customers?

France's Naval Group launched their eighth *Fremm* frigate last month at Lorient, named *Normandie*. It took 12½ months to build, that's 54 weeks, according to my fingers. It will be fitted out, handed over for service May/June 2019. Italy shared design costs of *Femm*, Fincantieri have just launched their eighth out of an order for ten.

These are no economy utility vessels; the Italian navy calls them their 'high and fighting force'. My contention that M.O.D. - B.A.E are not fit for purpose stands. Fincantieri built Cunard's massive show boat, *Q.E.* cruise liner in 3 years, that's 5 years less than B.A.E. M.O.D took to build our Super Carrier. What's up with U.K. shipbuilding? Is it gross mismanagement, labour lethargy? Maybe the knack has been lost and we should spend our cash in another place, saving mega-bucks plus shed loads of time. An example is DAEG's from South Korea, 16 cell A.A missile magazine, A.S. missiles, land attack missile, towed away ASDIC's, hanger for a ten ton helicopter, full electric propulsion said to be exceptionally quiet; just what the A.S. task needs.

France's Naval Group and Italy's Fincantieri are planning to merge, cannot help feeling B.A.E., M.O.D. will get rid of *Global Frigate* if given away with Christmas crackers: that's about Christmas 2025!



A parliamentary question was answered not too long ago about the Libya debacle. The frigate we deployed had only three (3) defence missiles in its silo; sounds like a Python sketch, but true. That operation saw no Fleet Air Arm; it had been sold for scrap value to the

U.S. Marines with zero hour engines. The R.A.F., whose boast of doing what F.A.A. can do, consisted of actually paying rent for space on a southern Italy airport. Their 4 tornado's aerial tanked; U.K. - Italy, then Italy to Libya, to shift some muck, bombing. Reports say the cost would have retained F.A.A. total Harrier inventory. I risk boring with this tale of how plotless maritime U.K. is *****

Back to domestics: Listening to Classic F.M. on the 11th of the month, the D.J. gave usual Saints' day info, then "It's National Submarine Day". That was indeed, a new one to me.

Jump a groove to the February issue of the e-magazine, a bit about Bernard's the Naval Tailor, whose shop had the corner plot bottom of Military Road, Chatham. Enquiries in a couple of bling shops in town drew a blank when seeking a wedding ring for Jo. The relevant finger is lifeless, withered, needing a really tiny circle. Eventually Bernard's emporium supplied it without a

whimper. It was very economical (cheap), thus preventing excess expenditure at such an early stage of liaison. It was forever falling off when baking, washing up etc., requiring a frantic hunt.

Before long it went into the trinket box and has stayed there for many long years. Several folk, on getting to know us, voiced surprise at knowing we were proper wed, as she wears no ring. The very first civvy suit of my life came from Bernard's. At that time one used to be able to hire a locker in the Navy House on Orchard Street; remember the place, dinky little cabin, clean bedding, cheap as chips and a cafe downstairs.



Military Road, Chatham

Within a month the locker was burgled and some other dude was strutting his stuff on my hard won finery. I prayed it be too tight in the crotch and chafe him raw. All this came to mind recently when visiting the Co-Op bank. Their location is the exact spot, just up the road where the other naval tailor Greenburg once stood. Odd both establishments shared the same business ethos, 'Hit and miss service, cavalier attitude with one's shekels'.

I'll away the noo, cast off thy string vest, summer is about to break upon our worthy heads.



NAVY NEWS

FIRST THE PASSPORTS NOW THE SHIPS

Fears grow as new ships to support Royal Navy may be built overseas




The support vessels provide supplies to Royal Navy warships while at sea

Concerns are growing that a new generation of ships to back up the Royal Navy's giant aircraft carriers will be built in foreign shipyards.

A Freedom of Information request has confirmed that more foreign shipyards than British ones attended a Ministry of Defence industry day for those interested in the £1bn contract to construct three new "solid support ships" for the Royal Fleet Auxiliary.

Defence officials confirmed that seven foreign companies from Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Poland, South Korea and Spain were at the event, compared to just five UK-based shipbuilders. The event gave companies the chance to learn about requirements for the contract which will go out for tender within weeks.

 The new 35,000-tonne ships will provide the Navy's Queen Elizabeth-class aircraft

carriers with vital supplies such as ammunition and food while at sea.

However, unions fear contracts to build the ships may go abroad as the MoD looks for savings in its under-pressure budget, with the UK economy losing out as a consequence.

A similar deal to build four Tide-class fuel tankers in 2012 was awarded to South Korean shipyard Daewoo, but the project has suffered delays, pushing back the final fitting out work which is done in the UK. Originally expected to enter the fleet in 2016, the first ship, *RFA Tidespring* only enter service in November.

UK companies present at the event were BAE Systems, Babcock, Cammell Laird, Ferguson Marine and Harland and Wolff. Foreign companies in attendance were Damen from the Netherlands, Daewoo, and Hyundai from South Korea, German Naval Yards, Remontowa from Poland. Also present were Fincantieri from Italy and Navantia from Spain, both of which are either part or wholly state-owned.



New fuel tankers to support the Navy which are being built in South Korea have suffered delays

According to GMB union, 6,700 UK jobs would be safeguarded if contracts for the new support ships are awarded to a British company.

"Ministers are not bound by normal EU rules on competitive tendering when it comes to military ships," said Ross Murdoch, GMB shipbuilding spokesman. "There really can be no excuse for sending our shipbuilding contracts overseas.

"At a time when global tensions are rising, the Government should use this order to 'buy for Britain' and rebuild our defence shipbuilding manufacturing capabilities."

The MoD said all the Navy's warships are built in the UK and work on new Type 26 frigates and plans for a lighter version of the ship means Britain "is witnessing a renaissance in shipbuilding".

A spokesman added that UK shipyards are "strongly encouraged to take part" in the tender, which will be awarded in 2020.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Malcolm Milham re the demise of the magazine

Brian it has been a pleasure especially reading all the memories of times out in the States and West Indies. Love Andy's musings. Well done to all the contributors.

Malcolm

Hi Brian, I'm really sorry to hear you may have to pack up soon and hope you'll be able to perhaps do a quarterly issue. Still, I suppose it had to reach the end of an excellent and well appreciated lifetime, for I guess there can't be too many of us left now. but I'll keep in touch. Once Navy always Navy no matter how many years roll by and I'll never forget my service time from June '53 to January '56 for as long as I live. I've got a mate who works in a travel agency and casually mentioned that I wondered how much our trips on the old Superbee would cost if they had been fostered as a civilian holiday cruise. He reckoned his computer would explode if he tried to calculate that! (and we got paid - not much - for doing it!)

Cheers Phil Grimson



CASTAWAY

By Brian Saunders

It was a Thursday a couple of weeks into January, 1955 and intent on enjoying a few hours liberty ashore in Nassau a group of us took the fairly long ride in the ship's liberty boat into Nassau.

High winds which later were to develop into Hurricane Alice had been lurking in the background since Monday and by Thursday morning the swell was bad - but that did not deter the Paradise Beach bathers - nor the basket work and souvenir hunters bound for the native Straw Market, from going ashore.

But although I suppose a weather-eye was bearing it in mind (to mix metaphors) life had to go on and there we were standing on the dock on a sultry mid morning and threading our way through the usual crowd of locals ready to meet and greet some of the ship's company.

The Captain had decided to anchor at some distance from the port in order to make a quick getaway should the weather turn nasty due to possible impending weather conditions.

For me and a couple of oppos the local bars beckoned as we once again determined to renew our acquaintance with the brew of the moment (for us) Rum and Coca Cola. We'd tried it in Jamaica and liked it, sampled it again in Trinidad and again it went down well and we were looking forward to another few glasses. I was nearly 19 years old, single, away from home for the first

time in my life and receiving £2.10s pay every fortnight, less 5 bob allotment to my mother, and the wages were burning a hole in my pocket; in any case the drinks were no more than the equivalent of a few pence in the type of establishments that we used to frequent.



In the bar we met a couple of aged salts who regaled us with their lifetime of crewing on banana boats, tramp steamers and other rickety vessels and the afternoon went pleasantly enough and we all moved on to the next drinking den.

Later, out of money and thus the beginnings of sobriety starting to take the edge of things we made our way back to the jetty to catch the liberty boat back on board only to find out that the old ship had hi-tailed it out to sea as the incoming winds of hurricane force were threatening to blow it onshore.



Apparently, the situation on board had become untenable, and in the manner of the *Silent Service*, *Superb* weighed anchor, and sailed quietly round to the sheltered side of the island.

A succession of well tailored locals turned up with invitations to stay the night and a couple with whom I went decided to have an all night party. More friends gathered and food and lots of alcohol flowed virtually non-stop until the morning dawned.

Later a small convoy of ship's boats, topped up with fuel, made their longest trip ever (20 miles) round the island. The boat runners undoubtedly had the worst of the occasion, in spite of the coffee and sandwiches with which they were plied throughout the night. However, a coach was at the disposal of we who were marooned and we took a trip through the island's scrub brush and semi-jungle, to meet the ship once more.

A day or two afterwards we received our extra pay for having suffered the deprivations of marooned sailors

On board the "Superb News", which by this time had become established as a daily feature, sympathised with those who were marooned, in Patience Strong's "Quiet Corner"

"If you should ever be marooned in some West Indian town,
And if you can't get back on board; if gales let you down;
Try not to envy lucky folks to whom good fortune sticks
(Who didn't get ashore) tossing safely in their 'micks;
And while you have to rough it in some baronial palace
- Putting back a T-bone steak - try not to bear them malice;
But say a silent little prayer that may not come amiss,
Although they're luckier than I, at least I'm getting paid for this"

Apparently there can be a different ending to this verse which scans more easily.



NATIONAL SERVICE Part 2 of 4

By Peter Wells,

May 1955-May 1957

Continued from last month

I had to be able to attend training evenings one day a week on board *HMS President*, and to be prepared to complete a fortnight at a Navy establishment or on a ship before my enlistment. I would be allowed to wear my uniform to work at the Public Trustee Office during the day before the training evening. My cup ran over on those days. I strutted along the long dark corridors, a piece of paper in my hand as cover, passing backwards and forwards in front of the open door of the typing pool.

Until one day I met Alf.

Alf was a very old man who never-the-less managed to beat all of us youngsters at table tennis whenever he deigned to grace the club. On this occasion he grabbed my arm and stopped me. "Who do you think you are, wearing that uniform?" I gave him my reason, and he said, "Bloody National Service - I've had more water in my sea boots than you'll ever get under your ship!" I crept back to my office, to be told that Alf had served with distinction in the Royal Navy during the war.

From that day I kept my uniform at the office, and changed in the evening before going to the *President*. During that period I was sent to *HMS Adamant* at Rothesay, the submarine depot ship, to fulfil my training obligation, and spent one day aboard a T class submarine. I had led a sheltered existence, and the trip to Glasgow by train with my kitbag, and getting the ferry to Rothesay, was an experience.

Called Up.

Being a Londoner, my 'home' port was Chatham. My unique service number began CJ with a number which to this day is clear in my failing memory. I was sent to Chatham Barracks, but for some reason that has always escaped me, after kitting out, I was sent to do my basic training at *Victoria Barracks*, Southsea. (Perhaps I should explain, at this early point in my narrative, that



I was a dreamy child, never quite aware of what school lesson came next, or even what day of the week it was, to the extent that I hardly ever had the correct books with me, the homework for that day, and so on.

This deficiency has followed me to this day, to the degree that I have turned up at Magistrates' Court clutching the wrong notebook, having to be 'led' through my evidence by the prosecuting Inspector to many a narrow squeak. I have no diary to lead me through this story, and it might go up and down a few cul-de-sacs before reaching a conclusion.

The events did happen. I'm sure, but absolutely when, I am not so sure). During my time in the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve, for a reason which escapes me, I had been sent to Whale Island, at Portsmouth, for some intensive drill training, A large square drill ground surrounded by various brick buildings made up the training area. A wooden shed formed the entrance, and above the exit to the ground was a large board, and painted on it the words, 'AS A TREE IS TRAINED SO IT WILL GROW'. I learned to see this as a threat more than a promise. We had a couple of weeks to grow from rabble to Royal Guard, before we formed the Queen's Guard on Horseguard's Parade.

Learning to march was simple for most of us. Only one poor chap was unable to break the habit of putting his left arm forward at the same time as his left leg, and was sent home. I was the second tallest of the group, but willowy, and as such became 'second right marker', meaning that I spent my time standing next to an enormous Scot on my right hand side.

Apart from the marching, coming to the 'present', 'standing at ease', 'ordering arms' and standing UP STRAIGHT the most arduous thing was to learn to stand rock steady WITHOUT WAVERING for up to six hours. We were taught to fix our eyes on one of the bricks in a wall the other side of the ground, moving them INVISIBLY from brick to brick. This would PREVENT US FAINTING.

Some poor souls did faint, of course, and spent the next fifteen minutes jogging around the perimeter, holding their 303 rifles high above their heads, to improve their circulation.

Classroom lessons included 'how to apply Blanco', and 'how to buff up the toes of your boots with a dessert spoon heated on a candle and dipped in boot polish'. In spite of these travails most of us did manage to end up standing in a straight line at the 'present' as the Queen appeared through the archway on to Horseguard's Parade in a Land Rover, until she dismounted and began to approach my neighbour, the large Scot, to inspect us. In a stage whisper, from the side of his mouth, he suddenly said to me, "Oh, God, I've got a steamer coming on!" A sideways downward glance confirmed what he meant, although I had never heard that expression before.

Anyway, Her Majesty didn't comment, and moved on down the line. She did look very attractive, in her all-blue dress and hat, and high heeled shoes, but I would not have re-acted the way he did while I was concentrating. It has just occurred to me, after all this time, that the reason I did my proper basic training there might be that Portsmouth were so



impressed with me that they wanted me back. That might seem ridiculous, but later events could make it seem likely.

Victoria Barracks - Portsmouth.

Back to the 'proper' (National Service) Royal Navy, I don't remember at all how I got from Kent to Hampshire, but I did. And somehow found myself in a billet in the barracks complete with kit bag and kit. I was issued with a wooden stamp showing my surname and number, and with Blanco I had to name every part of my uniform that was suitable with it. I also received a 'hussive', or 'housewife', a small bag containing items such as scissors, thread, needles and pins, so that I no longer needed a mother to mend things for me. My name and number were painted on my large waterproof kitbag in black paint. Immediately, and often hereafter, there was a kit inspection.

Uniform had to be rolled as tightly as possible, smallest laid out at the top of the bed, largest at the bottom, in a 'tiddly' fashion. Tiddly was a word to describe clothing tarted up to enhance it.

I discovered later, on living with real sailors, that there were two kinds of uniform. The 'tiddly' bits were usually bought from Naval tailors in the UK, (expensive), or speedily, and cheaply, made ashore in ports abroad where tailors abound.

The serge for the 'best suit' would be fine and smooth, and as tight fitting as breathing would allow, the thighs especially tight, and the bell bottoms especially loose. If this particular was overdone the Petty Officer on watch at the gangplank could quite likely refuse you permission to go ashore. Other disqualifications were lanyards too thin (tiddly). Collars too pale, bleached to be tiddly.

White fronts not spotless, and the seven creases down each leg of the trousers not sufficiently sharp, (each crease represents one of the Oceans), but also enables the trousers to be rolled tightly to go in the tiny metal locker which passes for your wardrobe.



Peter on left of photo

Your cap, in those far off days topped with canvas stiffly blanched, had to be pure white on top, with the sides bent down and the back and front turned up to just the right degree. The cap band with ship's name on it was tied at the side with a bow. If the bow was big, it was tiddly, but if it was too big you didn't get ashore. The lanyard, for a bosun's pipe, went around your neck and looped before disappearing into your jumper, (the top half of your suit). If the loop was big it was tiddly,



but there was a risk that it was too big.

If your shoes are brightly polished you might now get ashore. As long as the Petty Officer on the gangplank didn't dislike you. Ordinary working clothes, for on board ship, included a rough serge suit for cold weather, a denim type shirt and trousers, called No. 8's, lightweight shorts for the tropics, boots, sandals and under wear. A canvas type suit, coloured white, was worn in the tropics for entering port, and going ashore.

Items of clothing lost, stolen or damaged could be replaced from 'slops', at a price, a clothing store open on some days. Some particularly tiddly sailors, keen to impress someone

ashore, would iron the horizontal creases down the legs of their trousers between sheets of brown

paper with a very hot iron. There was a risk using this method, that the heat would burn through the material, so that when the trouser was unrolled it would collapse into seven pieces.

The item of clothing worn with most of these outfits was the 'white front', a white cotton short sleeved shirt with a blue band all round the neck. On larger ships a laundry was often provided by usually Chinese people living invisibly in the lowest part of the ship, who would take clothing one day, including hammock sheets, and produce it the next day immaculate, ironed, and starched stiff, for a few pence. As my pay was only four shillings a day I usually did my own laundry. Hammocks were washed by being towed from the after rail of the ship, bleached by the sun.

Next month Peter Continues his story when he is drafted to HMS Barbican in Rosyth



SILDENAFIL AND ALL THAT (or Life after the Andrew)

(by Malcolm Milham)

I left the Andrew in November 1959, married with two young children, not fancying a small ship for the next two years in the far flung east. Coming out wasn't easy either, winter in a seaside resort, Ramsgate, didn't offer too much in the way of work, at least not well paid work that is.

However I ended up in the furniture shop business but soon gave that up, the shop went bust, and then into Electro-Plating for five years.

To stop me dying of boredom I also joined the Territorial Army, where I found an ex Stoker who had served with me on the Super B, his name was Bob, small in stature and very dark headed, sorry I cannot remember his surname.

Then in April 1965 I found myself called up for 6 months service with a special reserve and sent to Aden, where things were getting rather hot with the Insurgency that had broken out there. I even got attached to 45 Commando RM for a month up in the Radfan Mountains during the Aden Emergency, but that is another story. (These adventures will be in the July edition of the magazine).

When I got back in late 1965 things had changed in the plating job, a new chairman had taken over the firm and he and I did not see eye to eye over certain things so I looked for a different job.

In mid July 1966 the one job in the area that paid good wages and had good terms and conditions was looking to take on more staff, this was my chance. Rumour had it that to get in was difficult, so I swatted up on my basic chemistry, just in case. The interview seemed easier than I thought; I was asked for my service record, which I had taken with me, the guy seemed to know what he was looking at which I thought was owing to his knowledge of personnel routines.

I was told I would know within a week, and left. Two days later I got a letter offering me one of the jobs. Once I had started I discovered the Foreman was an ex PO, RN, the production manager was an ex Lt/Cdr and the guy who had interviewed me was the Personnel Director, ex Cdr RN. Nearly all the guys working on production were ex servicemen, with a very high number being ex RM Bandsmen, after all the factory was only five miles from the RM School of Music at Deal. The reason the numbers were so high was due to the fact we had a record that could be checked and in the drug industry that was important.



The firm was Pfizer Ltd, a very large American Pharmaceutical Company, who were heading to become the world's number one drug company.

On my first day I realised just how many of us were ex service, my charge hand was an ex redcap, the five crew were all ex Bootnecks, one with the MM, from Borneo, then when I went for dinner in the large works canteen, I met ex PO, Shorty Empson and ex Gunnery Rating, Jim Grundy, both from the Super B 1952/54 cruise. I had come home to the Service attitude and sense of humour.


For the first 6 months everything was a complete mystery; which pipe went where and what was in all the support tanks, then suddenly it all clicked and each shift became easier than the last. The first products I worked on were Terramycin and Penicillin, well known drugs to those who lived in 'Rose Cottage' The later one had a chemical in it called , it honked and when you showered using carbolic soap all seemed well until you went to bed, the warmth brought the smell out of the spores of your skin, end of any bedtime PT.

Some of the attraction was the additional benefits after your first 2 years service, extra days annual holiday each year, later free health care, social club, family parties, long service dinners, sports days, children's Christmas party and of course non contributory pension scheme, thank god for that. I ended up working there for 34 years and by the time I was in my final years I only worked for 14 days out of every 28 days, one weekend off lasted from Thursday evening until Tuesday night shift.

In my second year there I was asked to change shifts, the Charge hand wanted to switch to day work and I was to take over from him. On my third night shift with that crew we were working a night shift, lovely warm night, all doors and windows open, thank god they were. We were coming to the end of a run of liquid going through a press so I went down to close the valve when the tank ran dry.

There were some 45 gallon drums standing on a pallet with waste material in them waiting to go out into a storage area, as I started to walk past something made me look at them, at that second one of them exploded. I was lifted off my feet and blown out of the building through an open door, the drum took off across the building and was found embedded round one of the roof girders and when levered off was found to be 10" long. I decided there and then to get off the plant and get a job in a slightly less dangerous section.

Very quickly a vacancy came up in the control laboratory and my swatting up on my old school chemistry paid off, I got the job and was to work in that lab for the next 32 years. I watched

 the development of Chromatography from the dropping of a liquid sample onto blotting paper, (remember how it was to flick ink onto the paper and watch the colours separate?) until an auto injector put the sample in to the machine and a computer printed out the results

along with the graph. If you're lost, think how they show drug tests on athletic people, it is that system.

Our company started to concentrate on heart drugs (Statins) and blood pressure so that was how I got involved in Viagra, we used to make and test the trial drugs and follow them through the development stages, right up to Clinical Trials. It can take ten or more years for a drug to be originally found until it can be put on the market, that leaves only five years for a company to recover the cost of discovery and development, before anybody can make it and sell it without having to do all that work.

So why was Viagra so important to our company? It started out as a Blood Pressure treatment and after nine or more years development it went out to Clinical Trials.

Students do a lot of these taking on the risk of an unknown drug, for a very nice payment by the drug company. Half of the group get the drug and the other half a placebo, the student sends back a report and we study these to see the effects. They do not know if they had the drug or not, we do.

When the Sildenafil tests came back it was obvious very quickly we had a side effect that had not been expected, nearly all of those on the drug had experienced having a rampant erection for quite a long period.

Panic stations, we've found a WONDER DRUG!

VIAGRA
Customer Service Center



NO SIR. THE LADY'S MOOD
DOESN'T AFFECT OUR REFUND POLICY

Done all the tests, now to register it under a different name and we can get 15 years of sales before anybody can claim to use it without doing the research. So that's what we did, made its marketing name Viagra and its use for dysfunctional erections instead of a blood pressure tablet.

For my last three years that's all I did test Viagra, not the way you think, but to make sure it always met specification. I retired at Christmas 2000 with a very nice pension and a lump sum without having to cash in any of my basic pension, paid off the mortgage, new car and a very nice holiday.

Yank firms are very good to work for.

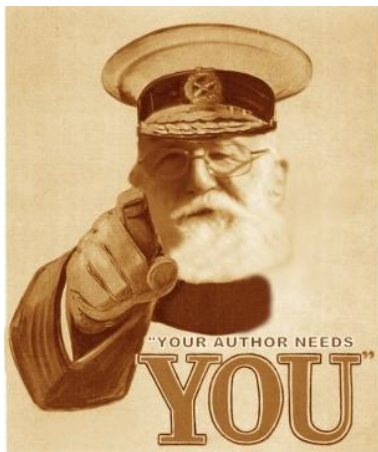


SCRAN BAG (FREE ADVERTISING)

This section contains adverts from members. If you decide to purchase an item from them please note you deal directly with the member selling.

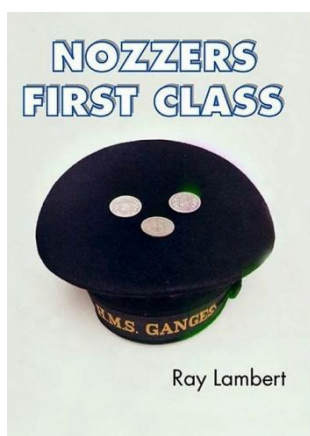
If you have something to say about this section or advertise an article please email Brian at hmssuperb2u@sfr.fr

Journalist & Best Selling Author



OUR IN-HOUSE **BEST SELLING AUTHOR** IS OFFERING THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AT A SPECIAL PRICE FOR MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION. BUY NOW AS HE'S JUST HAD HIS 81ST BIRTHDAY AND NEEDS THE MONEY TO KEEP HIMSELF IN THE LUXURY TO WHICH HE'S BECOME ACCUSTOMED AS A **RETIRED ROYAL NAVY VETERAN** !

Ray Lambert



NOZZERS GO WEST



Ray Lambert

Follow the author when he was a handsome young man in Ganges and as he joins HMS Superb at Chatham. Go with him as he begins the "Luxury Cruise" of 1954-55. Join him from Punta Arenas to Vancouver and much in between. Learn of Guantanamo Bay and the Falklands before they became headline news.

Each book costs £7.99 including UK postage. For more information contact Ray by email

Click [here to contact Ray](#) by email



**YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE HERE FOR FREE
- CONTACT BRIAN BY EMAIL**

SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGSTERS!

DOGBREATH the Dragon



Shipmate Phil Grimson offers his latest book for sale targeted at children from 8 years upward. It is a magical tale of chivalry which should enchant most youngsters and lead them into a make-believe world where there's fierce and fiery combat when a princess is captured by a dragon.

There are bold knights charging to her rescue one of who wins her hand in marriage.

There are bold knights charging to her rescue one of who wins her hand in marriage.

KINDLE DOWNLOAD £5.59

PRINTED VERSION £13.99 + P&P*

Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** IF YOU CONTACT PHIL DIRECTLY YOU CAN BUY THE PAPERBACK BOOK FOR ONLY £12.50 + P&P AND PHIL WILL DONATE £1 TO THE HMS SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION FUNDS**

**YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE HERE FOR FREE
- CONTACT BRIAN BY EMAIL**



JOTTINGS OF A VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN

by Ray Lambert

So there we were, in *Terror* and having an easy time of it, tied up alongside and having what they laughingly called a minor refit, which roughly translated meant chipping off all the paintwork and repainting the whole ship again. It was hot, smelly, dirty work and I was pleased to be singled out to leave that kind of work behind and report to someone. I don't remember who it was but I remember I didn't really care, I was away from all that muck and noise.

As it transpired it wasn't a good move and when I learned what my fate was to be I wasn't best pleased but at least I was a way from the ship and after a shower, while everyone else was working, my mood improved - but not for long.....

I was to wear No8's with boots and gaiters and join some Royal Marines on some sort of training exercise. Someone came and got me and we trudged off to way off where I had never been before. There I was draped with some webbing straps and pouches and handed a rifle and joined a dozen or so pongo-headed sea going waiters, all suitably attired and presumably waiting for me.



Then the fun started. The corporal in charge was a short-housed little loud mouthed bully and he loved his own voice and, I quickly learned he enjoyed sarcasm and ridiculing people for the least little thing and more often than not, for nothing at all.

Naturally standing out like a sore thumb I was soon centre of his attention and whatever I did was wrong. He was straight into his stride and teaching us how to throw an opponent by grabbing the rifle and, with a foot in the midriff, tossing them over his head. Good grief no-one ever did that, except John Wayne and Errol Flynn but the boys tipped me the wink 'let him have it and go with it' and that was what we did, they didn't want to be there any more than I did.

We were going round and round like a conveyor belt; rush in screaming, hand him the rifle, over the top and round to join the queue again. Naturally every time it was my turn I was wrong but from what I could gather I knew more than him so I just did what he told me to do. I screamed in rifle at high port and just as he reached for it I stopped dead and smacked him in the head with the butt end. He had me so wound up that I forgot myself; I could have killed him. I waited for the backlash....but just at the opportune moment -



'Well done Lambert!'

It was the Captain, he had a couple of others with him. They had been sampling the Vimto in the Wardroom. I'm sure he didn't know if I had done well or not but he certainly saved the day. I wasn't asked out with them again.



WHAT'S ON NEXT MONTH



HMS SULTAN Summer SHOW 2018

GOSPORT / LEE ON SOLENT

On Saturday 16th & Sunday 17th June the gates will open for an action packed weekend of fantastic fun for all at the HMS Sultan Summer Show 2018.

Monster Trucks 'Big Pete' and 'The Grim Reaper' will be roaring into life, as part of an action packed Father's Day weekend for all to enjoy, at the HMS Sultan Summer Show 2018.

The Show regularly attracts around 25,000 visitors from across the South for a day packed full of high quality Arena Entertainment, interactive games and displays, craft and steam fairs and an enormous funfair. This year's event also includes a Fun and Games arena packed full of free activities for all the family.

Community is at the heart of the HMS Sultan Summer Show and the event promises to provide every visitor with an affordable day of exceptional entertainment.

What's more as a not for profit event, the Show also ploughs back much needed funds into Service and Local Charities and organisations

Gates will open at 10am both days, with tickets available at £25 family (2 Adults & 2 Children*), Adult £10, OAP/Disabled £6, Child £5(5-14) with under 5s free.

Discounted advance ticket details are to be released shortly.

FREE PARKING and disabled facilities available.

Further Show details will be announced shortly.



REUNION REMINDER



The Hotel goes out of its way to make us comfortable - the cost of 2 nights includes Dinner, Bed & Breakfast on the Friday and Saturday & Breakfast on Sunday morning. There's plenty of good humour and loads of raffle prizes. Why not give it a whirl?



The main event i.e. The Dinner is held on the Saturday but it's also important to attend the AGM (which is informal & of short duration !) on the Friday evening if you can make it

PRICES AND APPLICATION FORMS WILL BE AVAILABLE IN DUE COURSE

PHOTO ALBUM



THE MESSDECK GANG (M.E.s) from HMS Superb 1956-57

BACK ROW:

| | | | | | | |
|---------|----------|--------|--------|-------|----------|-------|
| Tap | Wendy | Subs | Pete | Willy | Charlie | Bob |
| Tapping | Wandless | Irvine | Davies | Young | Gatfield | Tandy |

FRONT ROW:

| | | | | | |
|--------|------|--------|----------|------------|----------|
| Cy | Ging | Tug | Waggie | Dougie | Bob |
| Harmer | Barr | Wilson | Wagstaff | Sutherland | Thornton |

THIS PHOTO WAS SENT IN BY ALLAN HARMER



Have you a photo of the Superb?

We are endeavouring to collect as many photos or newspaper cuttings which relate to members of the crew (that does include YOU) or an image of the ship itself

The reason behind this is to help complete the history of one of the longest serving (by name) British Royal Navy ships

Contact Brian Saunders, if you can help, by email

CROSSED THE BAR



Further details of ex shipmates (but not necessarily members of the Association) who have crossed the bar can be found on the appropriate page our website.

To go there please click [HERE](#)

Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



Shipmate John Brown who crossed the Bar in September last year (Notified in the Chairman's last newsletter)



PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEOPLE

If you can assist with any of these appeals please contact Brian Saunders in the first instance. No details will be passed on to third parties without express permission. These appeals will be left in the magazine for a few

From previous issues

Derek Baldry (Killick Sparker) would like to contact Ginger Dunne from 1956

Stoker Clive Godley would like to get in touch with old shipmates - I have his telephone number and email address so if you'd like it get back to me. (BS)

Larry Boudier who was in the Chatham field gun's crew in 1955 would like to know if anyone e knows of others in that crew

Eleanor Ingalls Fochesato from New Jersey, USA would like to contact John Stevens, from the 1953 cruise to Maine, USA.

Bob Butcher known to many as "Butch" & who served on Superb between Nov 1950 to July 1951 wonders if Curly Watson is still around. He would like to make contact.

Laura Kardo researching her grandfather, Charles Harris, who served around 1951 & 1952. would like to know more about him.

Jeff , the son of Jim Stewart who was on board as a Telegraphist between 1947 & 1951, would be happy to receive any information re his dad. Jim was also on HMS Vidal in 1955



PERSONS WHO RECEIVE THIS MAGAZINE

Andy **Brierley** (1954) - Derek **Baldry** (1956) - Alf **Brown** (1954) - Bob **Butcher** (1951) - Ron **Clay** (1956-57) - Bill **Cook** (1956) - Jim **Copus** (1954) - Nick **Crump** (USN 1954 - USA) - Ted **Davy** (1945 Canada) - John **Eccleston** (1956) - Mark **Field** (Son of Charlie **Field** 1946) - Clive **Godley** (1954) - Maureen Taylor (Daughter of Ron **Gray** 1946) - Phil **Grimson** (1953 & 1954) - Tony **Hacket** (1953) - Terry Hall (son of Bert **Hall** 1946) - Alan **Harmer** (1955 - 56) - Joe **Heaton** (1956) - Brian **Hill** (1954) - Emile [Coder] **Keane** (1954 - 55) - Rita Keeler (Wife of Brian **Keeler** 1954) - Charlie **Kingston** (1956) - Sharon Goodall (Daughter of Fred **Kinsey** Co-Founder 1950-52) - Ray **Lambert** (1955) - Don **Lawrence** (1954) - Peter **MacDonald** (1949-51) - Arthur **Maxted** (1951) - George **Messmer** (USN 1954 - USA) - Malcolm **Milham** (1953) - Wendy **Norman** (Wife of David Norman 1956) - Margaret Norgan (Wife of Jim **Norgan** 1946) - Frank **Nunn** (1954) - Dave **Perrin** (1954) - Debbie Richardson (Daughter of Bill **Potticary** (1952) - Brian **Saunders** (1954 - 55 France) - Will Sherwood (Son of Bill **Sherwood** 1954) - Rob **Smith** (1956) - Jeff Stewart (Son of Jim **Stewart** 1947 Australia) - Pete **Tasker** (1954) - Paul Taylor (Son of Ken **Taylor** 1954) - Brian **Turner** (Associate) - John **Voak** - John **Ward** (1953) - Norman **Webber** (1956) - Jon **Willshir** (1953 Thailand)

[Click here to contact Brian Saunders](#) by email

To send an email from this page

If you are using "GOOGLE CHROME" please right click with your mouse on the link above and select "open link in new tab" otherwise just left click on the link



MEMBERSHIP

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION ?

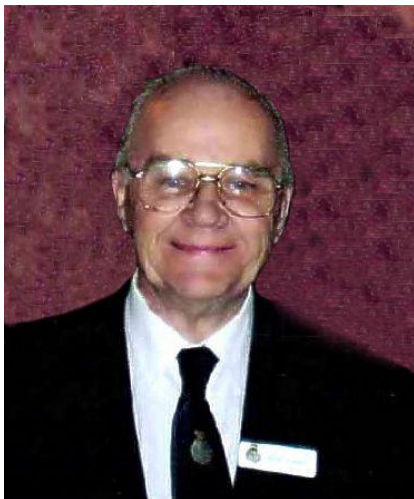
THE ANNUAL FEE IS £10 & YOU WILL RECEIVE 4 NEWSLETTERS PER YEAR &
ELIGABLE TO ATTEND REUNIONS

TELEPHONE ROBIN SMITH AT 01634 362 379

OR EMAIL HIM AT robinsmith173@yahoo.co.uk

An Application Form can be downloaded [HERE](#)

Our Chairman



Fred Kinsey Former Chairman



Rob Smith Present Chairman

ARCHIVED CONTENT

Past Copies of the Magazine can be accessed on-line by clicking on the appropriate month

2017 EDITIONS

[January 2018](#)

[February, 2018](#)

[March, 2018](#)

[April, 2018](#)



THE END

