

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH

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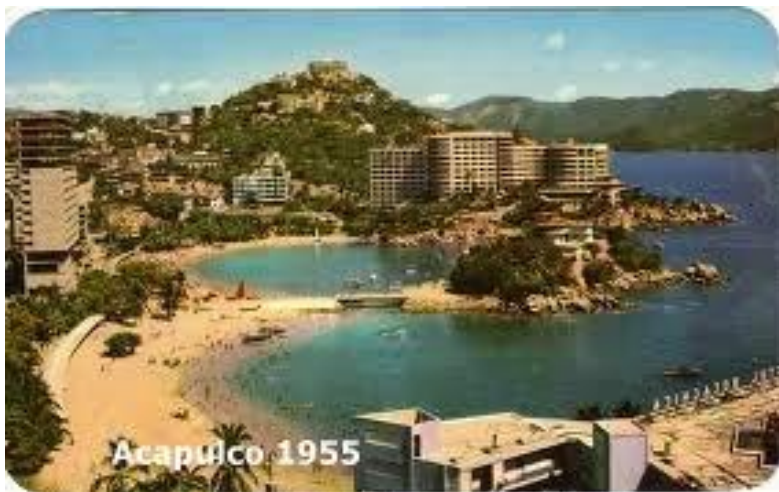
Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710



ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

I read with some sadness the fall of Acapulco as a safe playground for the average Mexican and American visitor. Excellent Pacific beaches, tasty food for a few pesos, and ultra friendly to *Superb* shore-goers. Cannot recall any reports of unseemly or anti social behaviour; a source of satisfaction! The main Grand Hotel was, virtually, purchased by the famous names of Tinsel Town, for relaxed weekends away from the hard daily grind of film making in Hollywood; a hallowed halls not frequented by our lower tier.



Those who bussed up to Mexico City for the military parade were all praise for Mexican troops, who hosted them in their barracks. A common tale was their near poverty level, such that your 'duck suit' would be hand washed, ironed dry, then half an hour's sun for bleaching, back wearable in an hour and a half for ship's cigarettes; considered peak of luxury and enjoyment after a diet of Mexican 'lung busters'.

Years later, following a depot in the 'drug's wars' a Times report stated that Acapulco's death toll was 23,000 from rivalry between factions, murders and disappearances; second only in number to the real war under way in Syria.



Another lovely area we visited was Montego Bay; I recall the main hotel was declared 'out of bounds' to all but 'wardroom'. That only lasted until the manager of the place got to hear; all changed P.D.Q. How on earth could such a stupidity come about?

Shipmates John and Janet Ward holidayed there about six months ago. Prior to leaving I read Montego Bay was now the shooting capital of Jamaica; all young bucks carry a concealed weapon resulting in frequent and sudden mayhem on the streets. This I related to John and Janet, with caution

to follow the old saying and 'Keep one hand on your 'ha'penny'. I did say the full meaning of that is lost in the mists of time, but it sounds dire*. On their return nothing was said, so can only assume 'ha'pennies' remain inviolate in any way.

That preamble reinforces my view that the world was 'a far nicer place'; we travelled to and visited lovely places and people thanks to 'Grey Funnel 'cruises.

Now degenerated into tourist traps, unhealthy, injurious to one's welfare, crowded in the extreme when two or three cruise ships arrive with two or three thousand bodies it's time to cancel your own run ashore; Venice is sinking - from the weight of people I expect.

I do not need much persuasion when our Josie says, 'Let's get naked and dance on our roof'; any time spent polishing my military two-step is never considered a waste.

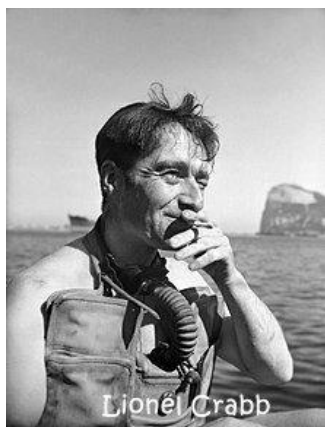
Following a couple of cancellations my scheduled visit to prostate clinic at Medway Maritime (old naval hospital) came good. From my village to Chatham at 09.15 is a progress from junction deadlock to junction deadlock, on edge in case you fail to make it in time. Found a parking space, booked in at the main entrance as commanded, there advised which section of the rabbit warren to try and find -booked in there, yet again - right - 'Go over there and take a seat'. I always carry a book so settled, in a state of blessed relief, to await my consultant.

20 minutes elapsed when a nurse called out a mangled version of my name, informs, 'Sadly the consultant is taking some unplanned leave'. Discarded right at source.

'Would the jobsworth in cubicle behind glass cancel my £2.00 parking fee for a visit aborted by you?'; of course not, written request, names named, times, type of vehicle, colour, cross ply or radials. A desperate urge to open a vein and become a real patient reveals itself in a purple mist.

Did you see the recent report on the world's biggest employers? As expected, the Chinese P.L.A. well up there, number seven (7) on the list is Great Britain's N.H.S. at 1.7 million- if that does not indicate a monument to inefficiency nothing will. Reading on, at number 8 the combined Indian Armed Forces - be aware, this is no spoof.

Was in Medway hospital with Jo one day, a year ago, for her scan. Sitting on a bench in the passageway was interested in uniformed and badged staff, those with files under arm, porters etc. Like kids on the motorway counting Stobart trucks, we counted staff; some passed and re-passed. 71 bodies passed in 15½ minutes. Recall the place is a rabbit warren, what total was wandering around the rest of the labyrinth is a 'very high' guess.



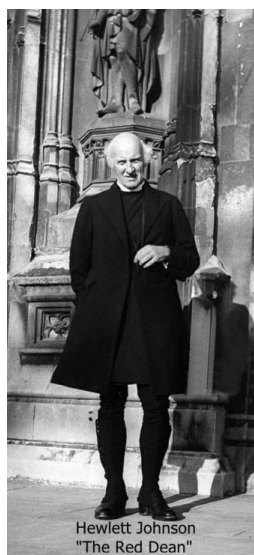
Lionel Crabb

Return to tobacco and military friendship made a memory pop up where 'cigs' should have been the catalyst for contact, scrounged in the universal sign language for such things. At the time I was not a user.



The Fleet Review 51, or was it 2? Vernon pier serviced all those vessels, foreign and home for mail collection, bodies coming aboard and going and such like. I was on *Gorrigan* at the time, anchored with all the odd bods eastern end of line in Spithead - pier was busy, busy beyond belief. Two new Russian cruisers *Sverdlov* and *Ordzhonikidze* attending ignored 'gun salute orders' and fired theirs on main armament. Dressing with lights overall at night, orders also ignored.

Senior of the pair had suspended between her masts an enormous lit up Red Star. We pulled into *Vernon* awaiting postie's return, behind us a very slick Russian ship boat squeezed in. 'Have you any smokes?' tic-tac started immediately by their dour, unsmiling crew. Hindsight tells you they were watched, monitored closely by those crew in the stern. You may recall this was the time Buster Crabb went missing, allegedly whilst measuring *Sverdlov's* inlets, etc.



Soon reason for their trip was heralded by a small flurry on the jetty. The notorious Red Dean over 6 foot tall, thin as a pike staff, dressed in Dickensian bishop's rig, tight leggings buttoned up to the knees, black dress coat, waist coat and hat - like a character from a comedy sketch. His lady wife had similar stature, in black, on his coattails, with her two daughters in train, six-foot-ish, thin enough to get air borne on broomsticks, with faces like hatchets. All assisted into the Rusky, then pushed off - without a wave, smile or nod of recognition to any of the mob of Her Majesty's hearts of oak, not a smile, not a wave - two fingers would have done! A true Christian spreading joy and bonhomie towards the U.K flock.

Recall he was very vocal at the time, leading the faction that accused the United Nation's contingent of germ warfare in Korea. Very pro-Russian, a Stalinist I suppose.

Any of our present company at that review?

So, cheerio for a wee while, hope Santa smiled on y'all.



- For those of us who didn't know (but probably guessed) the ha'penny refers to a certain part of the female anatomy that mums of old would tell their daughters to keep safe when going out with boys. It came from an old music-hall song and has been sung by Max Miller, The Wurzells and Jake Thackray to mention a few. To see the lyrics click [HERE](#)'.

KEEP YOUR HAND ON YOUR HA'PENNY

When Molly began to go courting
Her mother was anxious to tell
How certain young fellas would want her
To stray down the pathway to 'ell
So Molly's old ma used to say:

Chorus

*Keep your hand on your ha'penny
Cover it well with your palm
Keep your hand on your ha'penny
And Molly will come to no harm*

They'll hug you and kiss you so sweetly
They'll make you feel ever so nice,
But handle the fellas discretely
And follow this simple advice:

Chorus

*Keep your hand on your ha'penny
Cover it well with your palm
Keep your hand on your ha'penny
And Molly will come to no harm*

When Molly and I went out courting
I told her she'd nothing to fear
But down in the meadow last Sunday
I whispered these words in her ear

*Take your hand off your ha'penny
Look into my bonny blue eyes
Take your hand of your ha'penny
And I'll give you --- a lovely surprise!*

Q. What did Adam say on the day before Christmas ?

Ans. It's Christmas, Eve !



NAVY MATTERS



Have A
Merry Christmas
My Friends

THE MOST POWERFUL NAVIES

The Indian Navy will be the second (or third, if you count Russia) Asian navy on this list. India has recently begun pouring enormous resources into its naval service, and as a result by 2030 could have one of the top five navies on the planet.

The most powerful navies in 2030 will be a reflection of the broader state of the world. Some countries are invested in preserving the current international order, and see naval power as a



means to maintain it. Other emerging countries are building navies commensurate with their newfound sense of status, often with an eye towards challenging that order.

The eastward shift in naval power will continue in 2030, a product of both declining defence

budgets in Europe and growing economies in Asia. While the most powerful navies of the Cold War were concentrated largely in Europe, by 2030 both China and India will be on the list, with Japan and South Korea as runners-up also fielding large, modern naval forces.

Ship-wise, there are two classes that will define the most powerful navies: aircraft carriers and ballistic missile submarines. Aircraft carriers reflect the need to maintain a global, or even regional, power-projection capability. Ballistic-missile submarines reflect a maturation and diversification of a country's nuclear arsenal, with an eye toward maintaining a second-strike capability in case of surprise attack. More than any other type, those two will define naval power in the early-to-mid twenty-first century.

The United States

The United States, the dominant naval power worldwide in 1945, will continue to dominate the seas eighty-five years later. By 2030 the Navy will be halfway through its thirty-year shipbuilding plan and have built three *Gerald R. Ford*-class aircraft carriers to begin replacing



existing *Nimitz*-class carriers. Amphibious ship numbers should be slightly higher than current numbers, and the first ship in class to replace the *Ohio* ballistic missile submarines should enter service in 2031.

In surface combatants, all three Zumwalt-class cruisers will be in service—assuming the program remains fully funded—and the Navy will have built thirty-three more Arleigh Burke-class destroyers. A next-generation version of the Littoral Combat Ship will enter production in 2030.

Under current plans the U.S. Navy should reach its three-hundred-ship goal between 2019 and 2034, but after that period the number of surface combatants begins to drop. These plans also assume a higher than average shipbuilding budget, while at the same time the service must compete with the budget demands of other services—particularly the Air Force—and domestic programs. While U.S. naval superiority isn't ending any time soon, the period after 2030 will be a critical one.

The United Kingdom


The Royal Navy of 2030 will be paradoxically the smallest and yet most powerful in the history of the United Kingdom. A combination of two new aircraft carriers, restoring fixed-wing flight to navy after a forty-year hiatus, and a fleet of ballistic-missile submarines will keep a numerically inferior Royal Navy in the top five.

The Royal Navy's surface fleet, currently at nineteen destroyers and frigates, will shrink even further to six Type 45 guided-missile destroyers and eight Global Combat Ship frigates. The number of nuclear-powered attack submarines will remain constant at seven.

The Royal Navy is responsible for the UK's nuclear deterrent and currently operates four Vanguard-class nuclear-powered ballistic-missile submarines, each equipped with sixteen launch tubes for Trident D-5 missiles. The Vanguard class is expected to be replaced with the Successor class starting in 2028.

The UK's sea-based power projection capability will be in the form of the Queen Elizabeth - class of aircraft carriers. The two conventionally powered ships, *Queen Elizabeth* and *Prince of Wales*, will each displace sixty-five thousand tons fully loaded and capable of carrying up to fifty aircraft. Aircraft will include the F-35B Lightning II fighter and Merlin, Wildcat, Chinook and Apache helicopters. The two carriers will optionally double as amphibious transports capable of carrying up to nine hundred Royal Marines or troops of the Army's Sixteenth Air Assault Brigade.

China

 The People's Liberation Army Navy (PLAN) of 2030 will continue to build on the ground broken by the PLAN of 2016. Currently, China has four major ship hulls it seems to be content with: the Type 052D guided-missile destroyer, Type 054A frigate, Type 056 corvette and Type 071 amphibious transport. All four are mature designs in large-scale production that will form the bulk of the fleet in 2030.

By one prediction, by 2030 the PLAN will have ninety-nine submarines, four aircraft carriers, 102 destroyers and frigates, twenty-six corvettes, seventy-three amphibious ships and 111 missile craft, a whopping 415 ships in total, to approximately 309 in the U.S. Navy of 2030. This would put China in a solid position as the world's largest navy by number of ships—though not by total ship tonnage.

Could China really reach 415 ships? Such a total would probably require twice as many submarines to be produced annually, a boost in destroyer production to achieve a net gain as older designs age out, and a huge increase in amphibious ships. It would also require two more carriers than are currently in service or under construction. Reaching such a goal would require a substantial increase in the PLAN's budget—at a time when the Chinese Communist Party is finally applying the brakes to defence-budget increases.

Other ships under construction will form China's fleet in 2030 are the Type 055 destroyer and Type 001A aircraft carrier. A new ballistic-missile submarine to supplement and eventually replace the Type 094 Jin class is also likely. The 094 class is notoriously noisy underwater and not a particularly good place to put a fraction of China's three hundred or so nuclear warheads.

India

The Indian Navy will be the second (or third, if you count Russia) Asian navy on this list. India has recently begun pouring enormous resources into its naval service, and as a result by 2030 could have one of the top five navies on the planet.

Barring unforeseen naval developments in other countries, by 2030 India will have the second largest carrier fleet in the world, with three flattops. If all goes according to plan, India should have three aircraft carriers: *Vikramaditya*, *Vikrant* and *Vishal*, together fielding a total of about 110-120 aircraft.

India will also have at least nine destroyers, including two guided missiles of the Kolkata class, three of the Delhi class, and four of the in-construction Visakhapatnam class. This is one less than what India has at present, and the number of hulls will have to increase if India is serious about protecting three aircraft carriers. Roughly two-thirds of the Indian Navy's frigate fleet is modern enough to make it to 2030, particularly the [Shivalik](#) and [Talwar](#) classes, but India will have to increase the number of frigates overall—especially if Pakistan is serious about putting nuclear weapons on submarines.



India is in the process of standing up a sea-based leg of its nuclear triad, with the first ballistic missile submarine, *Arihant*, expected to be operational soon. Three *Arihant* subs are planned and an overall "boomer" fleet of six submarines is expected.

Russia

The combination of a downturn oil prices and Western sanctions from its annexation of the Crimea will put a crimp in Russia's economic stride for the near future. After economic growth of up to six percent annually, the bear is in recession with no immediate end in sight. A plan to replace 90 percent of Russian military equipment, including ships and naval equipment has stalled.



NO MADAM, I DON'T FLOG SAILORS,
YOU CAN HAVE ONE FOR NOTHING



PEARL HARBOUR 7 DECEMBER, 1941

Some of the real-life heroes you've never heard of from the Pearl Harbour attack 78 years ago

The attack on Pearl Harbour, which catapulted the US into World War II, happened 77 years ago. The Japanese attack on the US naval base at Pearl Harbour in Hawaii killed more than 2,400 American sailors and civilians and wounded 1,000 more. Japanese fighter planes also destroyed or damaged almost 20 naval ships during the attack. But the US sailors and civilians didn't standby without putting up a fight.



LT. PHIL RASMUSSEN was one of four American pilots able to get in the air and engage Japanese fighters during the attack on Pearl Harbour.

When the attack was launched, Rasmussen was still in his pyjamas when he ran out to the flight line and jumped in an old Curtiss P-36A Hawk fighter plane - the only US planes the Japanese hadn't yet taken out.

Once in the air, Rasmussen shot down one Japanese Mitsubishi A6M2 Zero fighter plane, and damaged another before he was targeted by two more.

The two Japanese fighters shot up his plane, and took out his radio, hydraulic lines and rudder cables, but he was able to fly away and hide in the clouds before landing without brakes, a rudder or tail wheel. Rasmussen received the Silver Star for his actions, and retired from the Air Force in 1965.



COOK THIRD CLASS DORIS MILLER was stationed on *the USS West Virginia* battleship when the Japanese attacked. Awake at 6 a.m., Miller was collecting laundry when the attack was launched. He went to his battle station, which was an anti-aircraft battery magazine in the middle of the ship, only to find it had been taken out by a torpedo. Miller then went to the deck, where he was assigned to carry away wounded sailors before he was ordered to the bridge to help the mortally wounded Mervyn Sharp Bennion (who later received the



Medal of Honour). After helping deliver ammunition to two .50 calibre Browning anti-aircraft machine gun crews, and without any weapons training, he manned one of the guns himself and fired until the ammunition was spent.

"It wasn't hard," Miller later said. "I just pulled the trigger and she worked fine. I had watched the others with these guns. I guess I fired her for about fifteen minutes. I think I got one of those Jap planes. They were diving pretty close to us."

He received the Navy Cross for his actions, the first ever given to an African American. Miller was killed in 1943 while serving on the escort carrier *USS Liscome Bay*, which was sunk by a Japanese torpedo.



FIRST LIEUTENANT ANNIE G. FOX was the head nurse at the hospital at Hickham field, which was Hawaii's main army airfield and bomber base, when the attack on Pearl Harbour was launched.

Fox "administered anaesthesia to patients during the heaviest part of the bombardment, assisted in dressing the wounded, taught civilian volunteer nurses to make dressings, and worked ceaselessly with coolness and efficiency, and her fine example of calmness, courage and leadership was of great benefit to the morale of all with whom she came in contact," according to her

Purple Heart medal citation.

Fox was the first US service woman to receive the Purple Heart, which she received for her actions during the attack. At the time, the US military awarded Purple Hearts for "singularly meritorious act of extraordinary fidelity or essential service." When the requirement of being



wounded was added, her Purple Heart was replaced with the Bronze Star, since she had not been wounded. Fox was promoted to the rank of major before retiring from the service in 1945.

ENSIGN HERBERT C. JONES was stationed aboard the *USS California* battleship during the attack on Pearl Harbour.

Jones had just taken over for the junior officer of the deck when the attack was launched. After a



torpedo damaged the mechanical hoist that loaded the ship's anti-aircraft guns, Jones led a group of sailors to deliver the ammunition by hand. Jones was in a compartment on the third deck passing ammo up a ladder to the gun battery when a bomb struck the second deck, injuring him critically.

The *California* was taking on water, and threatened with catching fire from burning oil in the water, when an abandoned ship order was given. Two sailors carried Jones up from the compartment, which had caught fire, but at one point, got stuck.

Jones cried out, "Leave me alone! I'm done for. Get out of here before the magazines go off," Marine Corps Pvt. Howard Haynes, who had been confined when the attack was launched, later credited Jones with saving his life. "God, give me a chance to prove I'm worth it," Haynes said. Jones was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honour.



USS Pennsylvania still in dry dock after the Pearl Harbour attack.

GEORGE WALTERS was a civilian who operated a huge crane next to the *USS Pennsylvania* battleship at Pearl Harbour.

He was 50 feet up in the crane when the attack was launched, and was one of the first Americans to see the Japanese planes coming, and alerted the sailors aboard the *Pennsylvania*. Walters then repeatedly swung the crane back and forth to shield the ship from Japanese fighter planes as US sailors aboard the *Pennsylvania* attempted to return fire.

But the sailors manning the guns on the battleship had trouble seeing the Japanese planes because they were in dry dock.

"The water had been pumped out, dropping their decks to a point where the high sides of the dry-dock blocked most of the view," author Walter Lord wrote in his book "Day of Infamy."

So Walters used the crane's boom to point out incoming Japanese planes. "After a 500-pound bomb exploded nearby, damaging the crane and stunning him, he nearly fell from the crane. But luckily he had moved the crane just in time to avoid a direct hit from the bomb, which left a 17-foot crater," according to the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Walters has since been credited by many with helping save the ship. He operated cranes until 1950, and retired in 1966.

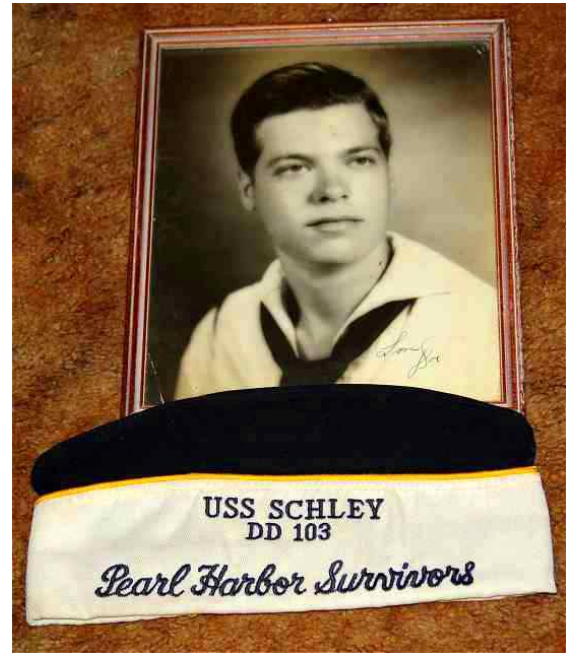


USS SCHLEY SURVIVOR JOE WHITE

By: Mark Loproto

The 1930s were difficult for the United States. The Great Depression gripped the nation, causing economic worry from coast to coast. Families did what they could to survive. Even children chipped in, selling newspapers or working on farms and picking up whatever odd jobs they could find. Such was the youth of Joseph Merrel White, Jr, a young boy growing up in Depression-era St. Louis.

White's household of six—his parents, two sisters, and a brother—worked together to make ends meet. It was all anyone could do at the time, try to find the best way to get from week to the next. It was one reason why, as boys like Joe White grew into teenagers, they were so enamored at the thought of joining the military. When he was 17 years old, and still attending Ben Blewett High School, White saw an ad in the St. Louis Star Times. "Join the Naval Reserves and See the Great Lakes!" the ad promised.



Portrait of Joe White as a young sailor together with his Pearl Harbor Survivor cap

That was 1940. The war in Europe had already broken out and America's relations with Japan were rapidly deteriorating. As White, now 95 years old, recalled in a 2011 interview, "I wasn't concerned with the world." What the Navy recruiting station didn't mention was that, even for a 17-year-old, 1940 was the perfect time to start concerning oneself with foreign relations.

Joe White Goes to Hawaii

On December 7, 1940, exactly a year before White would get his first taste of combat, the young sailor and 249 other servicemen were summoned for active duty. Within 10 days, they were to report to Union Station in St. Louis, leaving behind their families for what they hoped would be a better, more productive life.

White saw much of the United States in that first year of service before sailing aboard the mighty aircraft carrier USS Lexington to the tropical islands of Hawaii, where many teenagers, tired of the cold winds of the Midwest, were excited to serve.



White didn't receive his official assignment until he reached Hawaii; when he arrived he was ordered to report to USS Schley (DD-103), a World War I-era destroyer that had just been recommissioned into service. Since war hadn't yet come to the United States, Schley was on patrol duty along the south coast of Oahu.



When not patrolling the waters around Oahu, White was enjoying his time in the island paradise. He swam and enjoyed the beach when he could, spent time in town with his fellow crewmen, and when not at sea, slept at the local YMCA. In fact, he was at the YMCA when he first heard signs of the attack unfolding at Pearl Harbor.

White's First Combat

Like so many sailors and Marines, December 7, 1941 was the first taste of combat for the 18-year-old sailor. He had heard what sounded like bombs going off in the distance, but he assumed it was an unusually early drill. Just as he was about to enter a church for morning mass, a bus picked him up and returned him to Pearl Harbor.

The closer he got to the naval base, the more the chaos was evident. Civilians were in the streets, panicked and fleeing. When the bus arrived at Pearl Harbor, White saw firsthand the source of their panic. A Japanese fighter, one of the first from the second wave of attackers, strafed the bus. White could see the pilot's face, and the Rising Sun emblem on the craft made it clear who was behind the assault. The war had come to the United States and USS Schley, undergoing a refit, was unarmed.



There was a widespread instinct among the men stationed at Pearl Harbor that kept fear from controlling their decision-making. Those who could fight back did everything in their power to do so. White joined a gunner's mate, who had broken into a locked storage shed to retrieve a .50-caliber machine gun. White was one of the lucky ones that morning. By the end of the attack, he had sustained no injuries.



Later that night, as fires still burned in the harbor and men were being retrieved from the oil-slicked waters, White was ordered to patrol a wharf on his own. Equipped with a

rifle, he stood guard on the pitch black wharf and remained on the lookout for Japanese saboteurs.

A Dedicated Patriot

As the nation geared up for war, Joe White had the opportunity to return home. Still only 18 years old, he was young enough to avoid the draft, but he had no intention of doing that. The brave sailor returned to service on USS Schley, working to get her ready to join the fight. His service aboard the destroyer lasted until mid-1942, when he was assigned to the cargo ship USS Taurus (AF-25). Taurus transported refrigerated food supplies; White and his fellow crewmen were responsible for delivering food to islands throughout the South Pacific.

Joe White, Post War

Joe White's service in the Navy ended on November 20, 1945, memories of his time at sea captured in his many scrapbooks. Before it dissolved, White was an active member of the Missouri Chapter of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association. He still recounts his experiences at Pearl Harbor and in the War in the Pacific to younger generations eager to learn about this chapter of history.

Joseph Merrel White, Jr. is a true patriot, but the St. Louis Star Times may owe him an apology. White didn't see the Great Lakes until 20 years after he enlisted, long after his service with the Navy ended.



A sailor walks into a restaurant to eat lunch.

The Manager says, "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't let you dine here today. This establishment has a necktie policy, and you are not wearing one."

"Of course I don't have a tie on," replied the sailor, "I'm in the navy!"

"Well, go and put one on," said the Manager.

"I don't HAVE one!" shouted the sailor.

The Manager, not wanting to turn away a customer, said: "Well, why don't you just find something that approximates a tie? That should be OK."

After some time, the sailor comes back wearing a pair of jumper cables. "This is all I could find to put around my neck," he said.

Sighing, the Manager said: "OK, I'll let you in with those, but just don't start anything."



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Q. WHAT DO SNOWMEN WEAR ON THEIR HEADS?
ANS. ICE CAPS!



NOZZERS GO WEST

Part 6

Inside the superstructure door they trooped and down a ladder to a lower level almost immediately. That level opened into a big open space with the sickbay on the starboard side. It was a bit of a struggle to negotiate ladders with a kitbag in tow and, with those pressing forward from behind, it didn't leave much time to take in their surroundings as they shuffled along. Then, a little further forward, and before they reached the NAAFI canteen flat, their guide stopped and, indicating a hatch to their left, enlightened them: 'There ye go. That's it. Down there!'

They were not sure what lay below them and there was a bit of hesitancy so, once again, their guide did their thinking for them.

'On second thoughts, a couple of you should go down below and the rest of you pass your bags down. Then I suggest you go back and collect your hammocks, now that you know the way'.

He wasn't the most friendly of people nor was he instantly likeable, but his advice was good advice, whether he intended it to be or not. With an orderly chain passing kitbags down through the hatch it saved a lot of getting in each other's way and pretty soon all bags and hammocks were safely aboard.

Ginger hadn't been down into their new mess, he had busied himself passing the bags and then the hammocks through the hatch, but now hustle and bustle had died down he descended into the depths for the first time. There were a few already sitting at the table when he arrived; bullyboy Dereham was the prominent one. Dereham always wanted to be noticed and now, the first few minutes on their new ship, he was kneeling on the seat in order to make himself a little taller than those seated and trying his utmost to ingratiate himself by catching the eye of the PO that was there to meet them.

Ginger was so absorbed by Dereham's blatant attempt at grovelling that he didn't notice the petty officer right away. He was aware that someone was performing some necessary evolution with the obligatory clipboard, assigning lockers probably, but it was a second or two later, and after he had got his bearings, that he realised it was one on the PTIs from Ganges. The man's name was Chinnery. He was a three-badge petty officer. He was one of the kinder ones there. He had not been their PT instructor but they had had several sessions with him and they all liked him. Ginger recalled that once, on a particularly hot sunny day, Chinnery had them carry a vaulting horse outside and they spent the entire period out in the open air.



It was a pleasure to see him again.

'Hello PTI', Ginger greeted him. 'So you're aboard here then?' he added, hoping that Chinnery would remember him.

'Yes, I'm aboard here, Lambert' the PTI replied, 'and not so much of your PTI, it's Sir to you!'

In that instant, Ginger realised that if he had said 'PO' or 'Petty Officer' it would probably have gone unnoticed. 'PTI' was the first thing to come to mind: it wasn't very well thought through. He was pleased to see the man again and he had hoped that the petty officer would have been pleased to see him. Maybe Chinnery was happy to see them, but he was an old hand and had undoubtedly seen lots of people that he knew from somewhere before. It was nothing new to him. For Ginger and the boys he was only the second person, after Cyril Jury, that they had met for the second time. It meant something to them although, apparently, not to him.

They learned that Petty Officer Chinnery and another man, an acting petty officer called Bates, would be their permanent instructors and they would live in a little caboose behind the wheelhouse, which also took up space in their not over generous living quarters.

Why it was deemed necessary to have permanent instructors was anybody's guess, after all they hadn't had permanent instructors on the *Implacable* and they had had no instructors, to talk of, at all in Pembroke barracks. That extra experience they had gained at sea, and not forgetting they had been abroad, apparently counted for nothing. Even surviving barracks unaided cut no ice. They were confined in a segregated mess with no thoroughfare, and two live-in nannies. No one said life would be easy but at least it could be consistent.

The ladder, leading down to their mess, was in the corner surrounded by a breakwater. It made a little private domain and Ginger resolved to make it his own. There was only one hammock space in the enclosure and, although it wasn't private, once he had claimed it, there would be no problem with being allowed to sling his hammock too early, especially when they got to sea. He would be out of everyone's way, although not out of sight and not cut off from the remainder.

The hammock netting was over the other side of the mess. Lockers took up most of that side. The line of lockers, that had been stacked three high, were broken up by the hammock netting that had been constructed toward the far end of the row. It wasn't a 'netting' in the strict sense of the word, it was more of a cage, made of metal and with an open top. Their hammocks had all been bundled in there earlier, probably by Dereham; he was the first to rush into the mess when the suggestion for a couple to go down was made. Ginger quickly spotted his hammock, without drawing attention to himself and he resolved to be the first to grab it out of the storage when the occasion arose, to ensure he secured the hanging space that he hoped to make his own.



They had been issued with their new station cards and, just like on the *Implacable*, he had not been lumbered with cook-of-the-mess for the first meals. That dubious pleasure fell to some poor unfortunate. But, unlike the *Implacable*, they had not been allowed to about to explore the ship. Chinnery wanted to keep them all together for reasons best known to himself. They had been told where the boys' bathroom was. Although the ship's company bathroom was

almost next-door, theirs was quite a way aft. They sought it out although they were not allowed to use it. While they remained tied up to the wall everybody was obliged to use the bathroom and toilet block on the basin edge ashore and across the road.

They also learned where the galley was. They should have known really because they had passed it on their way in. The galley was opposite the sick bay and on the other side of the fairly big open space flat. Forward of that flat was the NAAFI canteen shop with the ship's company bathroom below and forward of that, through B gun deck, was the seamen's' mess deck. That was the extent of Ginger's exploring for the remainder of their first day on board, he thought it wise not to travel too far for fear of getting lost, plus Chinnery had made it clear they were to stay put.

TO BE CONTINUED

A doctor that had been seeing an 80-year-old woman for most of her life finally retired. At her next checkup, the new doctor told her to bring a list of all the medicines that had been prescribed for her. As the doctor was looking through these his eyes grew wide as he realized Grandma had a prescription for birth control pills."Mrs. Smith, do you realize these are birth control pills?"

"Yes, they help me sleep at night."

"Mrs. Smith, I assure you there is absolutely nothing in these that could possibly help you sleep!"

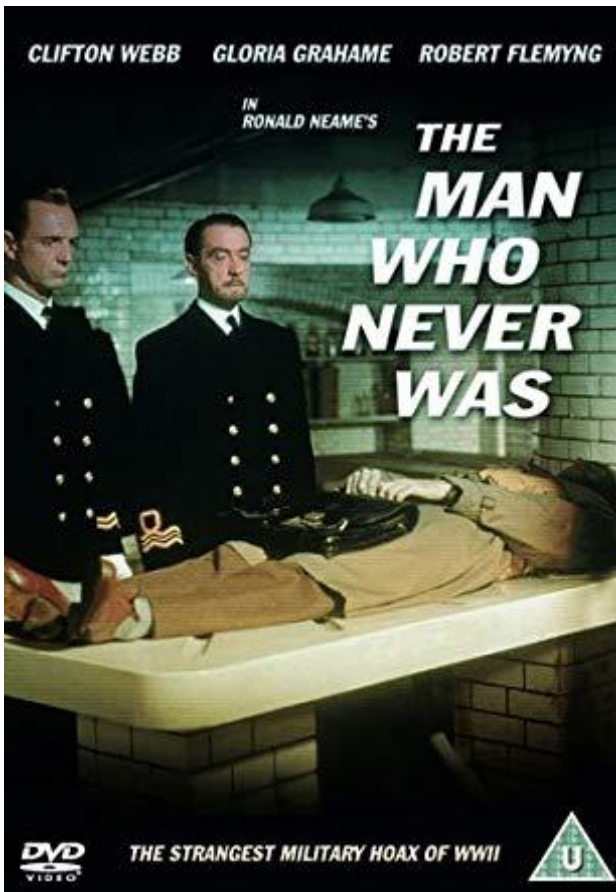
She reached out and patted the young doctor's knee and said, "Yes, dear, I know that. But every morning, I grind one up and mix it in the glass of orange juice that my 16-year-old Granddaughter drinks. And believe me it definitely helps me sleep at night".



OPERATION MINCEMEAT

There can be very few people who have not heard about the WW II deception story which has become known by the haunting phrase: "The Man Who Never Was"

Many of you have seen the film of that name, and many of you have read some of the books written by those who were intimately involved with what has been described as: "the most successful strategic deception in the history of warfare"



The following contain an assortment of odd details, snippets of information, and revelations from some previously classified "TOP SECRET" documents, regarding the closely kept secret of the true identity of the body used by British Naval Intelligence and MI5 in 1943 to dupe the Nazis into believing that the planned Allied landings in Southern Europe would take place in Greece and Sardinia, instead of the intended island of Sicily.

In a now celebrated strategic deception ploy code-named "**Operation Mincemeat**", and which within a mere 10 years had become known as "**The Man Who Never Was**", the body of a dead man was kept on ice in a London mortuary for an uncertain period of time, and then dressed in the uniform of a Royal Marines Major and given a false identity.

It was then taken from London in the dead of night by the top Naval Intelligence officer in charge of "Operation Mincemeat", Ewen Montagu, accompanied by Charles Cholmondeley of MI5, and was then delivered to the submarine, **HMS Seraph**, in Holy Loch, Scotland.

From there the submarine headed for the southern coast of Spain, where the body was placed into the sea just a short distance from the shore near the town of Huelva in the early hours of April 30th 1943. Attached to the body by the type of lock and chain device used by bank couriers at the time, was a briefcase containing several forged documents which the Allies hoped would quickly fall into the hands of a Nazi agent known by British Intelligence to have been working in the Huelva area at that time.



A map of the Punta Umbria beach area where the body of Glyndwr Michael is believed to have been found

This agent was believed to have been on good terms with the local police and armed forces of the then fascist regime of Dictator General Francisco Franco, and the great gamble of "Operation Mincemeat" was the hoped-for probability that both the briefcase and its contents (or at least copies of them) would fall quickly into his hands.

As anticipated, the body was soon discovered, and while some versions of events claim it was washed ashore, other versions maintain that it was picked up by a fishing boat before it had actually beached. Either way, the outcome was that both the body and the attached briefcase containing the misleading documents were taken into the custody of the local Spanish authorities - as would be normal practice.

Then began the long wait for the British Intelligence officers who had thought up the plan, and a good synopsis of the sequence of events was published in the magazine "After The Battle", one of whose writers, Roger Morgan, had conducted investigations into the true identity of "The Man Who Never Was" which has lasted almost 20 years from about 1986.

Entitled "The Story So Far ... ", it gave:-

1942:

Flight Lieutenant Charles Cholmondeley, and Lieutenant Commander Ewan Montagu propose a strategic deception to 'plant' a corpse carrying false papers to mislead the Germans as to Allied plans in the Mediterranean. Code-name "Trojan Horse" later changed to "Mincemeat".

1943

28th January: A suicide in London by a 34-year-old provides a suitable corpse.

4th February: Inquest confirms death by phosphorous poisoning. Body expropriated by Coroner Bentley Purchase for use by MI5. The same day the XX Committee was informed that a suitable corpse had been obtained. Plan approved for implementation with the false identity of 'Major Martin'.

17th April: Body placed in special container packed with dry ice and driven from



Hackney Mortuary to Holy Loch, Scotland.

28th April: Container loaded aboard submarine "*HMS Seraph*" which departs for Spain.

30th April: Body carrying misleading documents released into sea and washes up on Spanish coast near Huelva.

1st May: 'Major Martin' buried in the local cemetery.

10th July: Success of Allied landing in Sicily partly attributed to deception plans.

In 1953 came the publication of the book by Lt. Commander Ewen E. S. Montagu, "The Man Who Never Was", described by Roger Morgan in issue #54 of "After the Battle" as the first semi-official revelation about "Operation Mincemeat".

Since that time a wide variety of people have made it their business to investigate the true identity of 'Major Martin', and for an equally wide variety of reasons. And a new website, which has been set up by a member of the immediate family of Glyndwr Michael, has begun a thorough review over of as much as can be found that has been written and broadcast since 1943 (including many recently declassified documents) about the fictitious 'Major William Martin'.

It also confirms the identity of the body used by British Naval Intelligence, in conjunction with MI5, as that of Mr. Glyndwr Michael, who was born in Aberbargoed, South Wales, on January 4th, 1909, the son of Thomas Michael and Sarah Ann Chadwick (later Michael), and who died in London on or about January 28, 1943, in circumstances which have yet to be honestly explained by those who later used it.

Recent claims that the decomposing body of Glyndwr Michael had been substituted at the last minute for that of a 'fresher' corpse of a sailor killed in the tragic explosion aboard the aircraft carrier, "*HMS Dasher*" - which occurred on 27th March, 1943, just a month before the OK was given for "**Operation Mincemeat**" to begin - beg some very sinister questions:

If this proves to be the case, then what did Ewen Montagu of British Naval Intelligence and Charles Cholmondeley of MI5 do with the body of Glyndwr Michael?

And could this be the real reason why Ewen Montagu had refused to name Glyndwr Michael throughout his lifetime?



One thing is most certain. Thomas John Michael, the father of Glyndwr Michael, had been dead and buried long before 1943, and we can only suppose that, as Montagu had a cameo

role in the 1956 film of his book, "The Man Who Never Was", the British Intelligence community had a major influence on the final script.

Regardless of the identity of Major Martin, Nigel Balchin's script stayed as close to the truth as was convenient, yet the film does fall back on some dramatisation. For example, the episode of the Irish spy, O'Reilly, is a complete fabrication. The British Secret Service controlled the German spy network in the UK with its Double-Cross System, though this fact was still secret at the time the film was made.

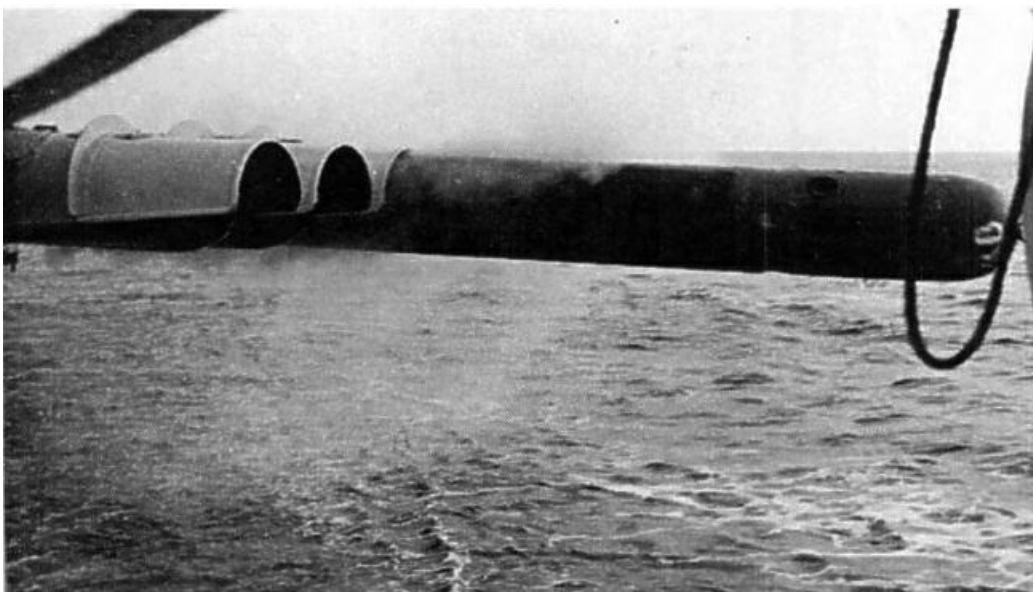
The scene where the father of the corpse gives his permission for its 'Top Secret' usage, on the very strict condition his name never be revealed, is shown to be nothing more than Pure Hollywood.

Ewen Montagu declared that he was happy with the fictitious incidents which, although they did not happen, might have happened. During filming, Montagu has a cameo role, that of a Royal Air Force air vice-marshal who has doubts about the feasibility of the proposed plan. It was described by Ben Macintyre in **Operation Mincemeat** as a "surreal" moment when the real Montagu addressed his fictional persona, played by Clifton Webb.



PHOTO ALBUM

HMS Superb Admiral's Inspection December, 1954



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.

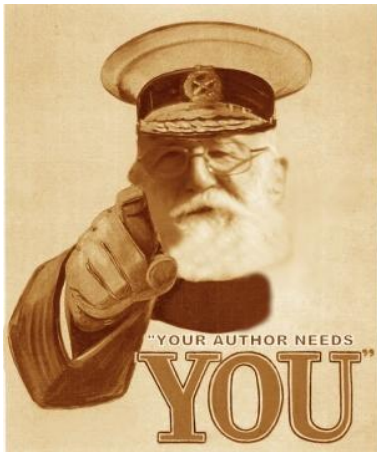
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Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



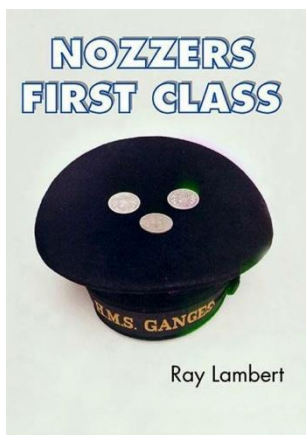
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NOZZERS GO WEST



Ray Lambert



Something for the Youngsters

Phil Grimson

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

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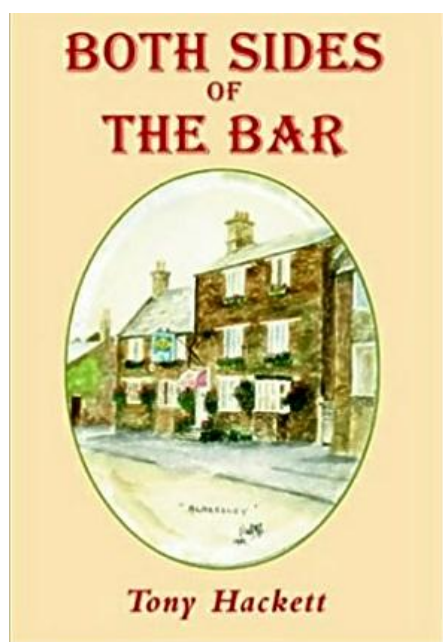
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** 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**



Life After the Navy

Tony Hackett



Tony, the son of a police officer, joined the Royal Navy aged 15 and spent the next 10 years travelling the world. He entered Civvy street in 1959 and went into the pub trade. This book relates Tony's endeavours in balancing his life between his love of rugby, managing often run-down pubs and his love of the sea and finally his successful ownership of his own free-house.

An interesting insight into the trials and tribulations of being self employed.

Available as a hard back book from Amazon at £12.99

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 months

From previous issues

The following message received from Derek Thompson, via Facebook

Just wondered if any of you gents knew my father **Derrick Thompson (Tommo)** he was a stoker mechanic (E) 1st class on board HMS Superb in 1955/56. He passed away in 2003 aged 72. I myself was in the Andrew and served for 23 yrs. I would be grateful if anyone knew him

Neil Cooper, the son of Terry Willey, writes

"My late father appears to be mentioned in the booklet from the 52-53 tour of West Indies. He's stated as leading electricians mate. His full name was **Terry Keith Willey**. Be great to hear from anyone who knew him"

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 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.

ARCHIVED CONTENT

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

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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



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



Q. Why does Santa have 3 gardens?
Ans. So he can ho-ho-ho