

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH

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ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

Thus far news of our members' well-being is all positive. For that I will clap!

A non-virus story reportedly about to rob Anglos of their breath, is an exposé, in book form, by The Megan of Tinsel Town and her princeling, Harry Windsor; my admiration, and the nations, for Young Harry, the helicopter soldier - was - boundless.

I first heard the American expression; 'under the brush' when in that place. Elegant it is not, but, to me, I know nothing more descriptive in three words; I feel it is what afflicts our Khaki Prince.

Following the flight from England the media says "Harry feels a growing loss - yearning even - brought on by the abandonment of all those regimental duties, reunions, parades and occasions for gatherings, dressed in several 'beautifully tailored uniforms', at regular intervals.

There will be no welcome to such occasions in the U.S.A. by Uncle Sam's military - but - musing on the lad's plight, I am tempted to suggest a simple solution that will not tread on anyone's toes; a smart dark blue uniform, with red insignia on the lapels and breast, a cap with black shiny peak to top off.

First Megan of Tinsel Town will consult Hollywood edition of Yellow Pages seeking out a worthy Salvation Army platoon in suburbia, phone call offering 'Sandhurst-Trained, Upright Young Christian from a Good Family' should result in a rapid enrolment.

Local damsels will not be able to avert their eyes when he rattles his tin, and as a bonus he will be able to exercise his love of 'show biz' by learning the trumpet and tambourine for those splendid Christmas shows on boulevard corners at Yuletide.

Am I taking the pastry? Not on your Nellie, I am a major admirer of the Sally Ann and a regular supporter of its good works.

I have prepared myself to be considered an absolute philistine over the opinion held about media exhortation to join the herd for 'door step clapping' at certain hours of the evening, it gathers momentum to encompass a diverse range of other things.

Having heard much about 'spin and fake news' this has all the hallmarks. Its purpose to divert thoughtful attention away from those in that megalith responsible for 'proper forward planning' to make provision for emergencies, contingency planning befitting a £4.3 billion government

department, who's standing in the world, as an employer, is sixth (6th), one in front of the entire Indian Armed Forces; this figure printed in The Times six or seven months ago.

Those deserving a clap are up to Matron level; low paid, high working hours, who can ill afford to be absent with mortgage and education costs round their necks.

The 'Grand panjandrums' of 'Public Health England', all six-figure-salaried are simple incompetents, treading water like mad, able to talk up a storm after events.

These bodies, all to a man, from the public sector, who shut down major industries and commerce, civil servants, politicians, titled academics, ministers ---- not one will suffer financial disaster or bankruptcy, salaries assured come what may!

The 'private sector' that provides Britain's cash flow by their workers' tax deductions, will quietly keep their motorcade rolling to another talking shop.

I find it hard to swallow the near $\frac{1}{4}$ (quarter) million pounds paid to one lady administrator mentioned in The Mail.

I've not seen her, or any of her ilk, on TV telling what they planned or executed for such an obscene reward.

I recall a retired captain of industry, named Robinson, on a TV show, asked to aid the turnaround for a failed N.H.S. Trust (some of y'all must have seen it also). His solutions were stalled at every possible chance, side-stepped, avoided to the nth degree. The Chief Executive, a gutless lickspittle focused only on clearing his own back, a placeman 'devoid of an active thought or deed', a man minus shame.

All the clapping is a herd demonstration of self-delusion; the N.H.S. is a holy cow propped up by all parties scared for their political life to initiate radical overhaul, it, and its procurement agency abject failures.

18 months ago Rolls Royce aero engines was a sick company with a massive back order book. Their new C.E. was aware of a possible takeover, culled approximately 2/3rds of its administration. Efficiency rocketed, red tape slashed, customer loyalty returned, rebounded.

A 'jewel in our nation's crown', 'industrial giant kept in our shores, a glittering example of what the N.H.S. requires; 'it' has operated since inception, untroubled by change of times and requirements.

To keep putting in shedloads of cash with no demands in return is a crime against the population of the first order.

It's said, "It will not be your problem Andy, personally I would love to see a 'real manager' take it head on, it could really then be - the envy of the world".



Not one of those 22 strong cabinet, political celebrities we see each evening, has a 'life science' qualification.

Alas the N.H.S. confronted by its largest ever test is being bailed out by the 'tabloid charities' and 'volunteers' making their own masks.

Talk about the Emperor without any clothes. I am sad beyond telling, for our Island nation Dean Acheson said: "We lost an Empire and failed to find a role". That was half a life time ago, we have been on the skids ever since, I feel.

My shrink thinks I ought to get out - go to a reunion, or something.

Greenpeace U.K., so often looked upon as a thorn in our side, have been 'up front and vocal' in defence of U.K. (British) fishermen this past month. 'The virus' has closed so many hotels, restaurants and cramped exports that our fishing boats are laid up for want of customers.

Official figures say the industry to Britain is valued at £989 million per annum, a staggering amount of serious cash, but the office of statistics is viewed as a very reliable department.

What I did not know was, -80% of our fishing vessels are registered N.U.T.F.A. members. It stands for New Under Ten Fisherman's Association. The 'ten' refers to boats up to 10 meters long! Being a grumpy old British Imperialist, why are they not 33 bloody feet long?

Mr. Chris Thorne of Greenpeace U.K. has a remit to monitor locations of so called, 'super-trawlers', also known as 'Factories for Fishing'. His reports say five of these vessels headed out for Scottish waters as soon as the 'U.K. virus lock-down' took place; three Dutch, two French.

In his words, these destructive, super vessels are: "Plundering fish in U.K. waters, ruining our protected, sustainable areas, the future of Britain's fishing industry". An Environment Spokesman—a faceless bureaucrat with no teeth - says that; "At the end of the Brexit Transition we will have the right to decide who fishes in our waters - and on what terms".

It would be vulgar of me to suggest 'faceless' must have his head up his anus, so I revise it to 'head in the sand'.

I was unable to find the location of what used to be called Fishery Protection Fleet, via Navy News phone numbers or my own ancient 'pad. They may be a victim of previous fleet reviews - axed for want of funds to operate.

It's no secret the R.N. is totally cash-strapped.

Whenever the 'joint chiefs', (remember no such thing as the Admiralty exists), need a P.R. photo nothing better than 'our navy', escorting Russian warships through International waters - i.e. that's about off Eastbourne 'til John o'Groats fades from view, or the reverse. I bet we



scared the bejusus out of them. An 'off-shore patrol vessel' (OPV), is favoured; no magazines, cheap low-speed diesels; should a frigate be due a 'sea day' it's pressed into service.

A newly joined Russian cadet will peer through his binos off Hastings, where the water is flat and read said frigate's 'draught marks', reporting - 'half a tank of fuel, not much in the magazines My Kapitan'; intelligence gathering at sea level is not sophisticated.

Just got word from (my) big brother, born in Stockton-on-Tees, who got information from the Telegraph.

Yesterday morning, God was seen walking in Yorkshire. "What are you doing?" He was asked; "Working from home" he replied - No, I don't either!

Enough has been said about the ex-Speaker of the House; odious ship-jumper, with a small mind, plus low loyalty to suit his stature - but - famous internationally for bringing our parliament into ridicule and disrepute.

How apt that 'in Spring' we should welcome a new broom named; Sir Lindsay Hoyle to that important role.

His opening shots bode well; Commons business conducted on a par with his job description. I was amazed last week at his ruling that if we (all are in this together) - quartet of highly-stocked and, highly subsidised, bars that operate thanks to your Tax Contributions, will be closed for the duration of 'lock-down'.

He also ruled an 'attendance fee', near three hundred quid per Diem, is also in 'lock-down'! Big question is, will he be able to make it stick?

The best part of 1800 parliamentarians are in open revolt; the same bunch of greedy illegitimates who just 'voted for themselves' - 'ten grand each' - because they are working from home!

As some cool dude was heard to observe "You get to know who's skinny dipping when the tide goes out".

I hope the old men amongst you are observing precautions, as a sure as the sun coming up, "We'll meet again", looking up to that.....



THE FUNERAL

By A.J.W. Wilson

Air Branch Officers -Shun

Pay Attention this way

STAND AT - - - - EASE

STAND EASEEE

The followin' is the drill for the Funeral Firin' Party.

On the day; the Funeral Firin' Party will be drawn up in two ranks in front of the 'ouse or 'ospital where the corpse is a-laying.

Now, it don't matter whether the corpse comes out of a door or a window, when the corpse appears, the Funeral Firin' Party will present arms.

Funeral Firin' Party - 'Shun'. Slope Arms! Hup-two-three Over-two-three Cut!

Still. Sir, stand still.

Present - Arms! Across-two-three Out-two-- three Down! The right foot be'ind the left. Sir, you're standing like a fairy' Come to think of it, p'raps that's why - Wipe that smile off your face, Sir, this is a funeral.

The corpse will pass between the ranks, closely followed by the Sorrowin' and Bereaved. While the corpse is a-passing closely followed by the Sorrowin' an Bereaved. You will wear a h'aspect cheerful but subdooed - cheerful because it ain't you in the bleedin' box, see, and subdooed - because you've given up your bleedin' make-an-mend.

Once the corpse is passed through the ranks. CLOSELY followed by the Sorrowin' and Bereaved, the Funeral Firin' Party will reverse arms, and be marched off be'ind the funeral cortege.

Funeral Firin' Party Reverse - Arms! Hup-- two-three Over-two-three Down! Take charge of that there rifle, Sir!



Move to the right and left in file, Right and Left - Turn! By the left, Slow March!

On arrival at the cemet'ry gates, the Funeral Firin' Party will 'alt while the funeral cortege

passes into the Chapel. For drill purposes, I am the cemet'ry gates.

Funeral Firin' Party, 'Alt! One, two! Old your bleedin' 'ead up, Sir!

When the corpse, CLOSELY followed by the Sorrowin' and Bereaved, 'as passed into the Chapel, the Funeral Firin' Party will be marched to the graveside, where they will be drawn up in close order in three ranks. For drill purposes, I am the graveside. At the order Dismiss, fall in in three ranks in front of me.

Funeral Firin' Party, Dis-Miss!

Funeral Firin' Party, 'Shun'.

When the funeral cortege appears, the Funeral Firin' Party will present arms after which the order will be given, Rest on your arms - Reversed.

Funeral Firin' Party, Present - Arms!

Rest on your arms - Reversed. 'Old your bleedin' 'ead down, Sir.

When the graveside service is over, and the order 'avin' been given 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust', the Funeral Firin' Party will be brought back to attention.

Funeral Firin' Party - 'Shun'.

You, Sir, what's the next order, Sir? You don't know, Sir? Of course you don't know, Sir, you're only a bleedin' Air Branch officer. You, Sir, what's the next order, Sir? No Sir, it is NOT 'Volleys with blank cartridge, Load'.

'Cause why, Sir? 'Cause if you did, the centre and rear ranks would poke the muzzles of their muskets up the fundamentals of the rank in front. ENTIRELY contrary to Good Order and Naval Discipline!

No, Sir, nor yet the next order ain't 'Open order, March'. 'Cause why, Sir? Because if you did, the front rank would take two smart paces forward, and fall straight into the 'ole, much to the consternation of the Sorrowin' and Bereaved. THEREFORE; the next order' is 'One pace only, Open Order, March', thus bringin' the front rank to the edge of the grave, a place which Air Branch officers are used to. You will then 'ave room to load.

The Funeral' Firin' Party will then fire three volleys over the grave. This will usually bring muffled sobbin' from the Sorrowin' and Bereaved, a shower of slates from the Chapel roof, and a cloud of Death Watch Beetles from the woodwork inside.

On completion, the Funeral Firin' Party will march off to the accompaniment of a merry tune.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Just to let you know that I am very keen on going to reunion in October. Best Wishes, **Brian Turner**

Thanks once again for keeping in touch, I do not think there will be much chance of getting to the re-union this year with the current problem. Keep up the good work look forward to next month's news. **Alf & Shirley Brown**

Thank you for the news letter and I have just spoken to Robin about the reunion and told him that we would not be attending and I am not keen on the New Year slot. I know its 5 months away and travel restrictions will by then be eased. I think it will still be dodgy a long train journey and the underground twice. I don't know how anybody else feels but that's my view. I know we are getting to a stage where we haven't got many more reunions to look forward to. Fingers crossed for a vaccine. **Brian Hill**

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Two metres from the madding crowd
When all at once my name was called
To enter Waitrose hallowed hall.



This was the pensioners' special hour.
I'd gone to get a bag of flour.
But I forgot, when through the door,
What I had gone to Waitrose for.

The Waitrose staff are extra kind.
I told them it had slipped my mind.
They asked what else I had forgot
They clearly thought I'd lost the plot.

I phoned my wife again to ask.
She reminded me of this special task:
"I need some flour to bake a cake
With all that cream you made me take."

"Ah yes I recall" I had to lie.
I dared not ask what flower to buy
But then I saw them next the tills
A bunch of golden daffodils!

Anon.

HOW GB?

HAS OUR WORLD GONE BARMY?

Recently seen in British Newspapers

Silent sailors

SIR – There was a lot of media coverage for our brand new aircraft carriers coming into Portsmouth over the holidays. However, I think they should be returned as unfit for purpose because their sirens don't work.

On the stroke of midnight, every ship in the harbour used to let rip with their horns and hooters, and the noise could be heard all along the coast, to be joined in competition by the merchant fleet in Southampton. There was never any doubt about when the new year started.

On January 1 this year, our navy terrified the world with its silence – even the ship's cat was asleep on the command console. Britain is going to be a sad place to live if even its sailors do not know how to party.

David Allen
Portsmouth, Hampshire

Splash on cash

SIR – You report (Business, March 9) that the Bank of England is to spend up to £200,000 to promote its new £20 note. Why?

Roger Andrews
Tarrant Gunville, Dorset

The Mail on Sunday NOVEMBER 3 • 2019

Now RAF has to offer pilots VEGAN boots

THEY may be ordered to rain death and destruction upon the enemy. But RAF aircrew who are vegan could soon carry out their duties with a clear conscience – knowing their uniforms are free of leather or wool.

Top brass have been ordered to amend military policy on dress after a landmark request from a helicopter technician who objected to leather safety boots.

Following the test case, any RAF personnel who refuse standard service issue clothing will be provided with vegan boots, shoes, berets, trousers, jumpers and socks where possible. The Army and Royal Navy could be forced to follow suit.

Tens of thousands of military personnel currently wear berets made of wool and leather as well as leather boots, while other clothing items worn on parades such as trousers and jumpers are also woollen.

The dispute between the technician at 7 Squadron RAF and

By Mark Nicol
DEFENCE EDITOR

the Ministry of Defence has resulted in dress standards being amended to appease vegans – presently just 1.6 per cent of the UK population.

The new guidelines, which include grilling all applicants for vegan clothing to ensure requests are based on deeply held 'philosophical beliefs', are contained in an internal memo obtained by the MoS.

The request by the technician has divided aircrews at 7 Squadron. The unit, which is based at RAF Odiham, Hampshire, flies Chinook CH-47 transport helicopters around the world – including on covert missions by British Special Forces against Islamic State in Syria and Iraq.

One airman said: 'This is a noble stand but is such a fanatical devotion to veganism compatible with military life? I

suppose it is when we're based in the UK and we can choose what we eat and wear but on operations there must surely be some compromises.

'And I don't think the MoD should be expected to provide vegan-friendly clothing or food if we've been deployed at short notice to a very hot or cold climate where managing body temperature is the priority.'

According to the Vegan Society, the number of UK vegans has doubled since 2016, although the figure is still only 600,000, or 1.6 per cent of the population. But the MoD is also aware of the huge rise in the popularity of veganism among the next generation – up to ten per cent of teenagers are vegans.

Last night the MoD said: 'Vegan dietary options are available for almost all personnel and the Armed Forces have not raised concerns over provision of vegan-compliant clothing for service personnel.'



NOZZERS GO WEST

Part 12

They had witnessed their first tropical storm at close hand but, more to the point, they were trapped. With no way out and no telling how long it would be before the water level subsided, they had no choice but to order more beers and settle back to wait it out. After all, nobody would come looking for them unless they could swim uphill and against the tide.

Kingston was different from what they had seen before. Bermuda dockyard was a novelty and Ginger's first sight of a palm tree, even if it was in someone's front garden just outside the dockyard gate. But there was not very much to see. Then Cuba and Guantanamo Bay where everyone had a first class time ashore in the naval base, but they had been anchored out in the bay and, again there was not much to be seen.

But Kingston was different. They were that close that they almost became part of the town and all the comings and goings of the traders, and stores along the jetty, and sightseers and drunken matelots returning at all hours, with large bunches of more than a hundred bananas on their shoulder, or the sight of coloured shirts over white uniforms trying to creep back aboard unseen, was almost as good as a run ashore. Coming back at 1800 was not too much of a hardship. The town's rich tapestry of life could be enjoyed from the fo'c's'le. Plus they had found that with the mess deck portholes being on a level with then jetty, it was a simple matter for bottle of rum that only cost a few shillings, to find their way aboard.

Then, with time flying at a frantic rate, helped along by the nursing of hangovers or straining at the leash for another run ashore, they bade farewell to Kingston and headed round the island to Montego Bay on the other side.

For Real Enjoyment Come to The

MAPLE LEAF BAR

77 Harbour Street, Kingston.

A First-class Drinking Rendezvous.
We sell the best of Liquors, Rum, Beer, Whisky,
Rum Punches. Wines, Aerated Waters,
Lemonade, Cigars, Cigarettes etc.

All Music and Courteous Service.
Canadian and American Money exchanged at
Bank Rates.
PANAMA HATTIE, Manageress.

Montego Bay wasn't a patch on Kingston and the disappointment was increased by the fact that they had to anchor out. There was very little to see, being anchored out in the bay and although several of the ship's company went ashore Ginger didn't want to bother. They were told by the front runners from the first night ashore, that there was not much out there in any case and the only ones that went for further runs were those that had formed friendships and had 'grippo up-homers' organised. Most of the boys didn't make the journey



across the water in the liberty boat and the few that did reported that it was hardly worth the effort, particularly when their bottles of rum were confiscated on their return.

To Ginger, Jamaica was almost a dream world; he had never seen anything like it before. He was in the tropics and the sun was hot. There were more palm trees than he could count and tropical fruit was plentiful. Everybody that went ashore from their mess seemed to bring back loads of fruit. Not many, if any of them, had ever seen so much fruit before. Pineapples and bananas were the two main fruits and there was more than enough for all of them to tuck into. It crossed his mind to wonder what his mother would have made of it. She certainly would not have approved of them eating fruit whenever the mood took them, particularly when a lot of it had to go out with the rubbish, as it started to go off and turn a bit brown. It all added to the atmosphere and his feeling of wellbeing. They were enjoying the experience. It was wonderful. If only they could make it last.

Then, after a few more days and while the boys were still in a euphoric frame of mind, they weighed anchor and set course back to Bermuda. Although it could have been a relatively smooth passage it was not all plain sailing. It was only a three day trip but those three days were packed with full speed trials and the 'pleasure' of another 'action stations'.

After Guantanamo Bay and particularly the PX store and then the delights of Jamaica, Bermuda, by comparison, was very dreary. It was quite good for their first visit because there had been nothing to compare it with and the boys revelled in their first taste of a tropical isle. But now, after their foray into tropical sunshine, tropical waters, tropical fish and tropical fruit, Bermuda was bland and grey. It was now December and the first noticeable upheaval was the change back into blues.



This newspaper cutting was dated 16 November, 1954 and we had just arrived in Jamaica

TO BE CONTINUED

Tuesday 16th Nov. 54.

Wife pined so Navy flies man home

BECAUSE his young bride pined for him until she became ill, a 24-year-old naval rating was back in his Wandsworth home last night after being flown 6,000 miles by the Admiralty. Electrician's mate Peter Mallett had just arrived in Havana aboard the cruiser Superb when his captain received orders from the Admiralty for him to be flown to his 21-year-old bride of three months, Margaret. Said the girl's mother, Mrs. Emily Sharpe: "Margaret knew Peter would have to leave her after the wedding. "She thought she was prepared for it, but soon after Peter left six weeks ago she began to have nervous trouble and could not eat. She became very ill and her doctor decided Peter must return." Margaret said: "Now Peter is home I feel a lot better. I'm sure I'm going to be all right."



FROM TRASH TO TRIKE

By Andy Brierley

To meet the request for hobby activities, I hope you have not been bored by this tale in the past: A lad arrived for work at my son's place on a trike which he told me was home built. If you have sat with the kids and watched the cartoon movie 'Toad of Toad Hall', seeing how absolutely smitten Toad was on seeing his first motor car, you get some idea of how instant obsession gripped me.

My 65th birthday loomed so I determined it would be my ultimate present to me on that date.

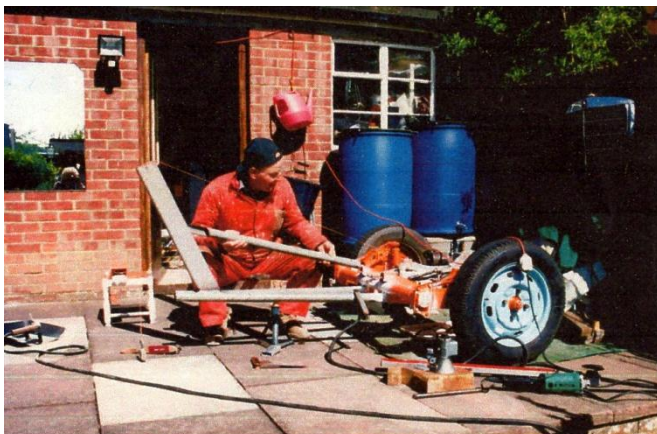


Home work on engine drive options had me plump for simplicity of Beetles, (no, not them!). No radiator with attendant plumbing; gear box, differential drive all in one casing combining engine sump. Half-shafts to rear wheels all part of Doctor Porsche's famous creation. Not a mile or so down the river from King Charles a friend had a recycling yard on Bloors Wharf. The first thing seen on the day I visited was a Beetle wrapped in 'POLICE, DO NOT REMOVE' TAPE'. I was prepared to purchase but was told to take whatever I needed.

I had laid out my idea of finished form on a concrete floor at home, like an exercise in 'Sale Loft'. Chassis to be a scaffold tube, thick walled and seamless, galvanised; welds well. My semi has a shared drive, my neighbour an ex-Chief E.R.A, local Eubanks director at power station. He was keeping a very close eye on my activities, a jaundiced eye I thought; his wife an ex-wren never missed opportunities to tell Josie, her man is an engineer you know!



He all but scoffed at my ideas to get geometry lined up and accurate enough to pass expert muster at the County Hall Registration, if and when.



I purchased a front fork and wheel from a motor cycle wreck - cost £35.00; also I heard of a pranged beach buggy, whose price for a pair of rear alloy Wolfrace wheels - and tyres - for £75.00; was a rare natural steal.

As things progressed the need for far better brakes than the Beetle offered was



obvious; a brand new Servo at £45.00 had a mounting bracket that fitted with a simple weld to the back axle. A length of 10" stainless water pipe from a paper mill scrap skip was made into a fuel tank.

Motor controls on handle bars were rejected as I liked the gear lever tucked into my crutch.

I considered it complete and got an appointment with the County Hall for an exam to check if fit for the highway.

I reported in, filled in the form; engine c.c. 1600, number of wheels 3. What I failed to expect was 'Make and Model' and could only think of my dad's name, plus only one was built, thus, 'Cephas One' is on the registration document.

The youth attending to me looked about 20 years old and asked 'Where is it?' 'Outside in the car park, meet you there'. He took a picture, said 'Ah, in original Beetle colour'. He gave me a piece of paper with six figures on it; 'Get that stamped on the chassis as soon as possible'.



That was me done, no fuss, no hint of any test, even to check the welding.

I rode home, unregistered until the number was stamped, same way as I got to the office feeling like a Cheshire cat.

The joy derived over subsequent years was immense, questioned by many nice folk when parked up, my diminutive Mam raring to go, just loved the back seat.



Thanks to diving school at Bulls Nose, Chatham Dockyard, I learned how to weld half

decently and, more importantly, how to use resultant heat to bend/twist steel fabrications.

My neighbour never did have the charity to say it worked out okay; spare me the experts!

An Essex insurer Adrien Flux needed only a photograph of the machine to happily insure me for the next 25 years 'til 85.

My son's neighbour asked if I would sell it; as knee jerk I said if you have £500; the cash arrived in hours. The blow was softened as I hear it over the boundary hedge; you may even see it on Rainham roads during reunion weekends, tootling about.

I aim to please, hope it worth the read.



At the National Art Gallery in London, a husband and wife were staring at a portrait that had them completely confused. The painting depicted three black men totally naked, sitting on a bench.

Two of the figures had black penises, but the one in the middle had a pink penis. The curator of the gallery realised that they were having trouble interpreting the painting and offered his personal assessment.

He went on for over half an hour explaining how it depicted the sexual emasculation of African Americans in a predominately white patriarchal society. "In fact", he pointed out, "some serious critics believe that the pink penis also reflects the cultural and sociological oppression experienced by gay men in contemporary society".

After the curator left, a Welshman approached the couple and said, "Would you like to know what the painting is really about?"

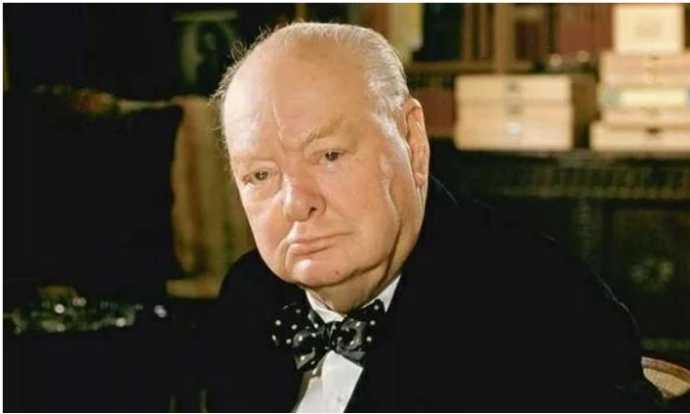
"Now why would you claim to be more of an expert than the curator of the gallery", asked the couple?

"Because I am the artist who painted the picture", he replied, "In fact, there are no African Americans depicted at all.

"They're just three Welsh coal miners from the valleys. The guy in the middle went home for lunch."

DAY WINSTON CHURCHILL ORDERED THE RESISTANCE TO KILL BRITISH RAF HERO

An RAF hero who helped plan D-Day was condemned to death by Winston Churchill - because of fears that he would reveal the invasion to the Nazis. Air Commodore Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman had been shot down over France a month before the invasion.



The PM gave secret orders to the French Resistance that their VIP "guest" should be killed rather than fall into enemy hands. Secret documents have revealed that the highly decorated First World War veteran was tortured by the Gestapo - but persuaded them he was a common airman. Having outwitted the Nazis he saw out the war in a PoW camp.

The Air Commodore had worked for two and half years on Operation Overlord and was one of the few to know the date and target of the invasion.

Just a month before D-Day, Churchill was stunned to learn that he had pulled rank to go on a bombing raid and was missing behind enemy lines. The full story of the most senior RAF officer to be captured by the Nazis has been revealed in long-lost files in the National Archives.

Ivelaw-Chapman, 45, had finished his work setting up D-Day in February 1944 and been appointed Commander of the Elsham Wolds bomber base in North Lincolnshire.

When a daring strike was ordered against Hitler's V1 and V2 rocket programme, the airmen's leader was determined not to be left behind. Sgt Joe Ford, who was aboard the same Lancaster bomber, recalled: "This news was greeted with a roar of disapproval by the members of the crew. Very few aircrew cared to fly with a passenger on board.

"All they knew about the Air Commodore was that he often attended briefings and occasional parades and he was an RAF regular officer with a distinguished career in the First World War. "It was almost unheard of for an officer of his rank to fly on ops but his squadrons



had been badly knocked about during his six months as their CO. "He felt it would be good for the men's morale if he was seen to share the risk with them, if only once."

The bombers destroyed a huge ammo dump outside the village of Aubigné-Racan, near Le Mans, where parts for the enemy rockets were stored. But as the CO's plane turned home it was engaged by an enemy night fighter over the French coast.

Cannon shells riddled the fuselage, narrowly missing the sergeant and Air Commodore, and setting the aircraft ablaze from nose to tail. The two men were the only ones to make it out of the escape hatch, with the Commodore badly dislocating his shoulder as he bailed out.

"The Resistance had successfully contacted London to pass on the information that he was alive," said National Archives researcher Peter Helmore.

"On Churchill's instruction, the order was given to mount a rescue operation, but on no account was he to be allowed to fall into German hands alive in view of his knowledge of the impending D-Day operation.

"He had been posted to the Air Ministry in June 1941 for highly secret work planning for D-Day.

"He held the designation of Director of Plans and then Director of Policy through to February 1944."

According to the archives: "Orders were given to the French Resistance to keep him safe at all costs and get him back to the UK if possible. If there was any chance of him falling into German hands he was to be killed."

The two RAF men were hidden in a farmhouse guarded by a French "minder" but they were betrayed and the minder killed in the shootout.



Although the raid had been a month before D-Day, Ivelaw-Chapman wasn't captured until two days after the historic assault.

The air chief, unaware of the order to silence him, was taken to the local Gestapo HQ, according to the account of his capture in the files. He wrote: "My hands were



manacled behind my back from the time of my capture. "I was interrogated as a suspected Secret Service Agent. I refused to give more than my number, rank and name.

"I was slapped in the face, beaten on the shoulders and buttocks with a rubber whip, and other 'third degree methods' were also used.

"This interrogation lasted continuously from 1800 hours on 8 June until approximately 0600 hours on 9 June. My body still bears faint scars of this beating."

The torture only ceased when he convinced his captors he was an ordinary airman by telling them where he had buried his parachute and flying gear.

The Gestapo decided he knew nothing and threw him in a PoW camp.

He had said of his capture: "I was taken to Gestapo HQ in Tours where I was locked in an unventilated dungeon. "My hands were still manacled behind my back. This caused me extreme pain as my shoulder had by then been dislocated for 32 days. "During the next few hours I succeeded in getting my hands to the front of my body. At 1100 hours I was taken from the dungeon to an office where I was confronted with another Gestapo interrogator."

Sir Ronald, from Surrey, survived and retired from the RAF as vice chief of the Air Staff in 1953, becoming a civil servant. He died in 1978.

Despite attempts to hush up the incident there were always rumours of a "big flap" involving the capture of an officer who knew the invasion plans.

In 1967 the Alistair MacLean-scripted movie *Where Eagles Dare* featured Richard Burton and Clint Eastwood parachuting into the Alps to stop a shot down D-Day planner spilling the details to the Gestapo.

The film is believed to have been inspired by Sir Ronald's plight.



IS THIS THE END OF SUBMARINES?

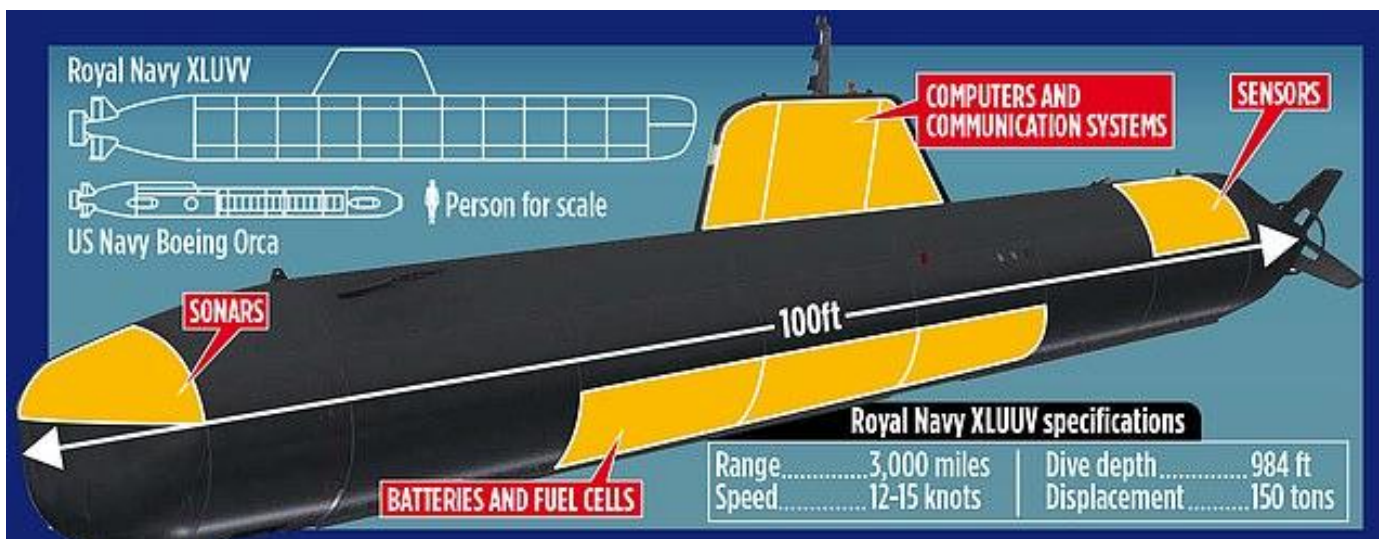
(This article first published in the U.K. Daily Mail)

The Royal Navy is developing a 100ft underwater drone that no enemy can detect

The Royal Navy is developing the world's largest underwater drone - a 100ft submarine which top brass believe will prove undetectable in enemy waters.

The XLUUV - Extra Large Unmanned Underwater Vehicle - is currently being tested by British scientists in a move that could spell the end for crewed submarines which are noisier and therefore easier for enemy vessels to locate using sonar.

A nuclear-powered submarine costs the taxpayer £1.65 billion. Developers are confident that as many as 50 XLUUVs could be produced for the same price.



The revolutionary vessel will be piloted remotely from a manned submarine or surface ship. It can also be programmed to follow a patrol pattern and spend up to three months beneath the waves.

The Royal Navy drone will be almost double the length of the upcoming Boeing Orca XLUUV - four of which were purchased last year by the US Navy. The new vessel will also have a range of about 3,450 miles.

Paddy Dowsett, business development director of Plymouth-based MSubs Limited, which is building the drone, said: 'Unmanned submarines will be an integral part of the future of maritime warfare. Because it is so much quieter, an unmanned sub can probe further into enemy waters without detection, increasing its chances of finding its adversary or collecting intelligence unhindered.'



The XLUUV's stealth capability is based on its use of batteries rather than a nuclear reactor or a heavy diesel engine which make more noise.

Currently, top brass do not intend it to carry weapons. Instead, the drone will identify enemy submarines before transmitting a signal to a manned Royal Navy vessel.

Naval chiefs hope the first XLUUVs could join the Royal Navy's submarine fleet within five years.

Last night, First Sea Lord Admiral Tony Radakin said: 'I am enormously excited about the potential for remotely piloted and autonomous systems to increase our reach and lethality, and reduce the number of people we have to put in harm's way.'



The XLUUV - Extra Large Unmanned Underwater Vehicle - is currently being tested by British scientists in a move that could spell the end for crewed submarines (above) which are noisier and therefore easier for enemy vessels to locate using sonar



BACK IN 1956

DAR-ES-SALAAM

The ship arrived at Dar-es-Salaam at first light, having anchored over night in the Zanzibar Channel, and moored very conveniently a few hundred yards for the Customs house jetty which was used as the landing place. The very early arrival was probably as well in view of the slight difficulty met in spreading the forecastle awning, but by 0800 the ship was fully squared off and ship shape.

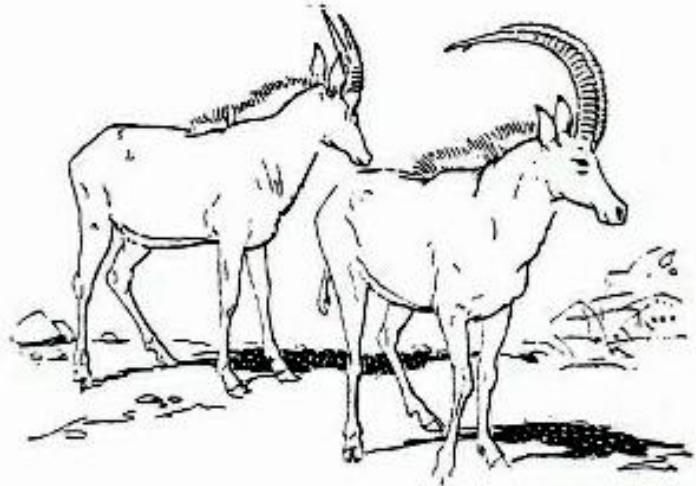
Dar-es-Salaam, being the capital of Tanganyika, meant that the C-in-C and the Captain were in a more than usually long series of official calls. H. E. , the Governor, the Chief Justice, the Lord mayor and the Officer Commanding Troops paid calls in quick succession, which were just as rapidly returned, whilst the harbour reverberated to

the ear-shattering cracks of gun salutes sounding like a methodical bombardment of the town.

I wonder how many of the official visitors appreciated the split timing and organisation concerned with their visit. At precisely the right instant, the bugler sounds off, the ceremonial piping party shrills, the band strikes up, an immaculate guard crashes to the present, the saluting guns boom out their salute. They probably do not even consider it: it is automatically expected of the Queen's Navy.

Whilst the official calls were still going on, a strong team of representatives of the various sports clubs in Dar-es-Salaam came on board to confirm details of the provisional programme already made, and to propose further fixtures and entertainments. With them they brought the beginning of a flood of private invitations which was to engulf everyone on board during the week's stay. The hospitality was unstinted and is an indication of how delighted are these countrymen of ours when one of H. M. S. Ships visits them, and how wholeheartedly they show their welcome.

Sports parties were invited to visit Kilosa, 200 miles away and Morogoro, 150 mile distant, staying up country for the weekend. The Kilosa party, which comprised the ship's 2nd Rigger XV and 4 supporters played the Kilosa team and was narrowly defeated by 1 goal to 0. They were accommodated with families and from all reports had a wonderful time. The Morogoro



party, numbering 22, were required to be more versatile, however, as during their stay, they were called upon to play cricket, hockey, golf, lawn tennis, table tennis and snooker. If they played hard then they were equally well occupied afterwards as almost the entire population of the district helped in their entertainment.

Although everywhere in Dar-es-Salaam was virtually open to the ship four clubs in particular excelled in their arrangements for hospitality. The Gymkhana Sports Club grounds were almost completely monopolised by the ship for the week. It was nothing for games of rugger, hockey, cricket, soccer, tennis and golf all to be held in one afternoon: equally well the ship had full use of the Club house, the bar hours of which were extremely elastic for our benefit, thanks to the blind eyes of the Police Force. The British Legion and Railway Clubs went to enormous trouble to arrange dances, tombola, cinema shows, snooker and darts matches etc. for the ship's company. These were always well attended which showed the hosts how much their efforts were appreciated. Finally, but far from least, the Yacht club was 'At Home' for the entire stay. They were really the first to welcome the Superb in giving the whaler its hospitable reception before the ship arrived. All their boats were made available to the ship and after sailing each day, all drinks were on the Club and any offer of payment adamantly refused.

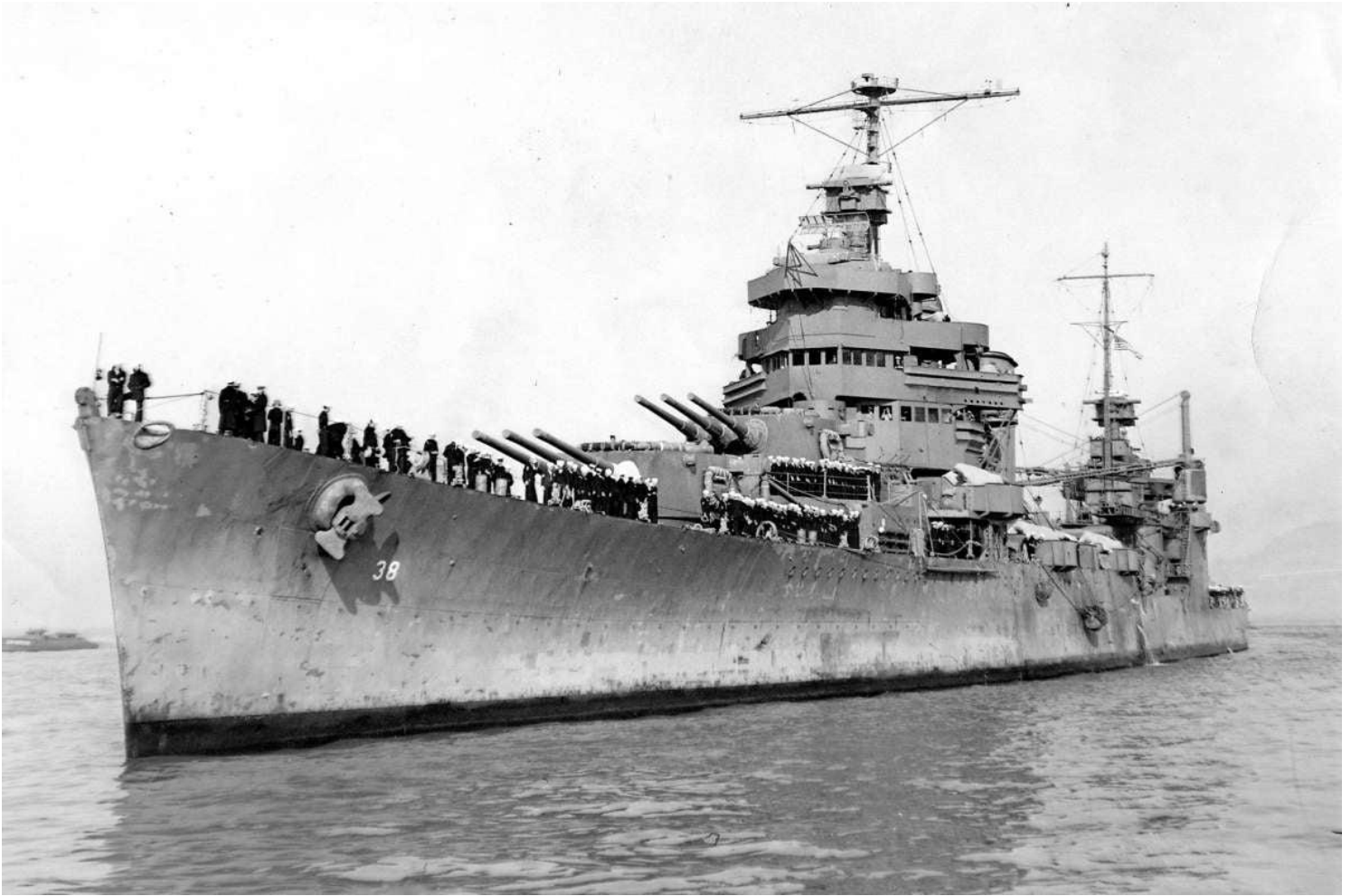
So often, after receiving so much kindness, it is difficult to know how to repay hospitality other than by showing your hosts around the ship and writing the customary 'thank you' letter. As a ship, we hope we give our opponents on the sports field as much enjoyment as we ourselves get and we are sure that the Royal Marines Band's Beating the Retreat is always well received. From the newspaper cuttings, there seems little doubt that the Concert Party is thoroughly appreciated, but in addition, on this occasion, we were able to show our appreciation in a slightly more concrete form. This year it happened that Navy Week coincided with the local Red Cross Week, and the ship was able to assist raising funds by Concert Party performances and in the loan of the Royal Marine dance band for the Red Cross Ball.

Another popular event during the visit was the tour round the 'Tusker' brewery. Three teams of 25 (all beer connoisseurs) represented the ship, and although it was apparently a strenuous, if interesting walk around the brewery, ample supplies of stimulants were available afterwards to revive the contestants! It was rumoured that one or two, who shall be nameless, had to be walked round the brewery again to re-revive them!

And so, all too soon, our time to leave arrived, and after a brief stop for fuel at Mombasa, we turned east once more and set course for the Seychelles.



PHOTO ALBUM



USS San Francisco steaming into San Francisco bay after suffering heavy damage at the battle of Guadalcanal, November 1942. While the Americans lost more ships than did the Japanese, the Japanese admiral called off his planned bombardment of Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, thus handing the Americans a strategic victory. The *San Francisco* lost 100 sailors and seven Marines, whose names are memorialized on a plaque at Land's End in San Francisco. Photo and story from the *San Francisco Chronicle*, June 9, 2018.



See below for some photos sent in by shipmate Brian Hill celebrating the 75th anniversary of Victory in Europe at his home in Plymouth on 8th May.

I wonder whether many answered his pipe or were they taken after the ceremonial emptying of the bottle of rum !



This photo shows our Chairman's luxurious growth carefully nurtured after being told to keep away from sharp objects.



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.

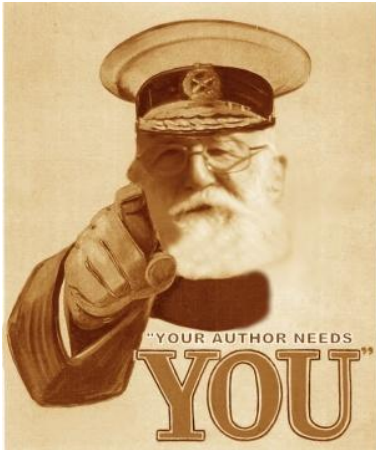
To go there please click [HERE](#)



Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



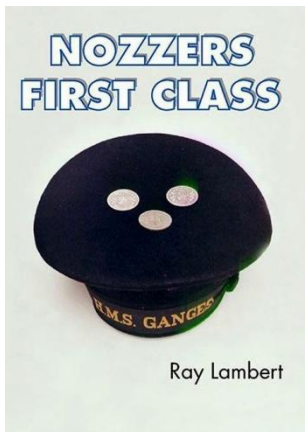
Journalist & Best Selling Author



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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. Click **HERE** for more information & to contact Ray by email



Ray Lambert

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

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.

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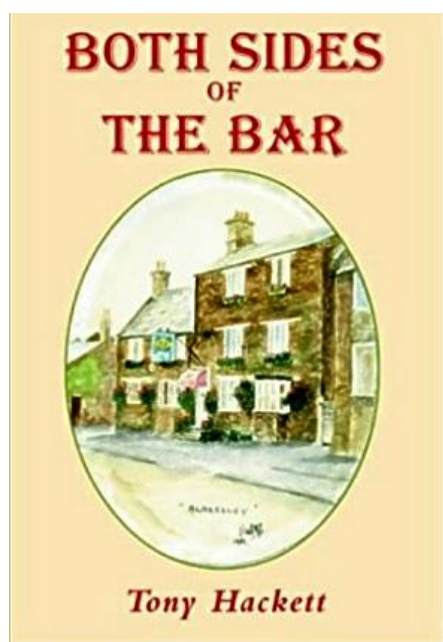
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** 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 SEARCH 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

A request from Guy Robinson as follows:- My Dad, **Christopher Robinson**, turns 90 later this month (April) and served as a midshipman on HMS Superb when he was around 20 years old, around 1949/50. He speaks fondly of HMS Superb. Does anyone by any chance remember him?


The son of **Jim (James) Johnstone** asks if anyone knew his father - a Royal Marine on the 1954-55 cruise

Stoker Stephen (Steve) Maddison (1946-47) and still going strong at 92 asks if anyone remembers him.

Keith (Danny) Lambert was a stoker on board the 1954-55 cruise and is looking for old oppos. Hopefully he will join the Association.

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)

ARCHIVED CONTENT

Past Copies of the Magazine can be accessed on-line by contacting me at brian@hmssuperb.co.uk

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.

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

