

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

JANUARY
2020



CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH

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**HAPPY
NEW
YEAR!**



Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710



ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates and a Happy New Year,

I recently read with interest that the Royal Marines are testing new team structures and ways of operating - to act as 'true commandos' wreaking havoc behind enemy lines; these words were written following the 40 Commando trip to the jungle terrain of Australia. The report said they are embracing a 'command first' initiative with new technology, new tactics to outwit the enemy. These gentlemen, suitably imbued with malicious intent, sound just the fellows needed in a dozen 'go fast skiffs' to replace one D class destroyer, plus two Duke class frigates in the Straits of Hormuz.

Thanks only due to their officer corps, the Royals have fended off the higher echelons of the army, who bent over backwards in two defence reviews, to have them disbanded or amalgamated. Fortunately their major protracted effort can go down as a 'battle lost'. My respect for Tommy Atkins is boundless - but - a clutch of their 'Whitehall Warriors' badly need a spell in the jungle with 40 Commando.

Egg on my face again with the recent moan about matelots never being seen in 'uniform proper' in public. The Navy News carried a full page and a half on L.G.B.T. and adherents 'properly booted and spurred' in their parade through the metropolis, greeted by tumultuous applause



when, conducting the Gay Pride March. What (L.G.) spells out I understand but the (B.T. +) has me fooled at present; sounds like the broadband advertisement put in your face at every TV interlude.

The march was organised to celebrate their freedom, and given official sanction by the presence of Rear Admiral Jim Higham; that cache of spare Admirals does come in handy.

The allied subject of gender equality in the military was given prominence on the award of an M.B.E. to the R.E.M.E. Captain who transitioned from male to female. 'She' was cited as a trailblazer role model' to increasing numbers, so deserving of the gong.

The complexity of life in uniform figured in reasons females could not crew submarines, because macerators on loo pedestals could not cope with sanitary towels, TRUE; a back up



in the bog, with a month's patrol yet to elapse, would really have the crew up the fabled creek. My, improper thought that it was to prevent an outbreak of hanky-panky behind the wardroom curtain; if only life were so simple.

I have close experience of only one 'gay' person whilst in the mob; the one and only Steward on *H.M.S Gorregan*. His broad preferences were generally known, with detailed peccadilloes not known, neither of which were paraded or flaunted. He was as smart as a new pin, small in stature, excellent company in our small band of shipmates, and handsome to boot. Ashore in those pokey little places where we sat on the bottom at low tide he was an asset; local ladies, in our age status orbit, found him a magnet.

Fair to say, in basic, I must have been similar, preference for young ladies most apparent; any odd peccadilloes kept secret. Being self conscious, to a degree, ego helped by standing amongst the worldly.

Thoughts on sexual matters are now of a 'purely academic nature'. RELIEF, when pushing on towards ninety years, comes from having the urge to PROCREATE like a demented chimp, 'Get to hell off your back!' Oh! the freedom - if someone organises a march I may put my name down, sigh of blessed relief leaving one's mind free to contemplate fried tomatoes on a couple of crisp hot hash browns.

I wonder if the royal Navy will follow show biz. example with a section, commonly named, The Pink Mafia in news print. One is led to conclude their influence is significant, certainly not ignored. Be aware these random rambles vilify no one or their preferences.

I would be a turnip head not to recognize them and give thought to them, in a profession I once chose as an adolescent.

Mentioned a 'new short missile' a couple of letters ago named Martlet; suitable for use in small boats etc. Official reports now wax lyrical about its trial.



The actual trials; a vessel entering and leaving harbour with its various trial mounts uncovered, flaunted even, was one suggestion, it proving such a light, handy, cheapish, lethal and fault-free tool; issue to ship can be immediate for the kind of asymmetrical warfare gaining preference today.





See the picture of it fixed to our common 30 mm cannon mounting; range is as much again as the 30 mm; missiles near instant pace of one and a half times the speed of sound, sensors tracking targets at 5 kilometer range.

The M.O.D. could earn a Gold Star with make and mend as a sweetener for a 'close in-weapon system' that really does what it says on the tin.

If that sounds hawkish - I ask, are you exasperated being constantly crapped upon by seagulls?

Thought that got a bit out of hand half way through.

Have you an opinion on the subject?



NAVY MATTERS

Fiegel, the real-life Popeye the Sailor Man.

151 years ago, on Monday, January 27, 1868, an obscure Polish-American bartender & general labourer by the name of Frank "Rocky" Fiegel (1868-1947) was born in Poland. Late in his life, Rocky Fiegel became somewhat famous as the real-life inspiration for E. C. Segar's ever-popular cartoon character Popeye the Sailor.



Local folklore in Chester, Illinois, Segar's hometown, claims that Frank "Rocky" Fiegel was the real-life inspiration for the character Popeye. He had a prominent chin, sinewy physique, characteristic pipe, and a propensity & agile skill for fist-fighting.

Fiegel died on March 24, 1947 never having married. His gravestone has the image of Popeye engraved on it. The town of Chester erected a statue of Popeye in Fiegel's honour, which still stands today.

The undated photograph depicts the visage of Rocky



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Three sailors were sitting together bragging about how they had given their new wives duties

The first man had married a woman from the West Country, and bragged that he had told his wife she was going to do all the dishes and house cleaning that needed to be done at their house. He said that it took a couple days but on the third day he came home to a clean house and the dishes were all washed and put away.

The second man had married a lady from the Midlands. He also boasted that he had given his wife orders that she was to do all the cleaning, dishes, and the cooking. He told them that the first day he didn't see any results, but the next day it was better. By the third day, his house was clean, the dishes were done, and he had a huge dinner on the table.

The third man had married a Chatham girl. He explained that he told her that her duties were to keep the house cleaned, dishes washed, lawn mowed, laundry washed and hot meals on the table for every meal. He said the first day he didn't see anything, the second day he didn't see anything, but by the third day most of the swelling had gone down and he could see a little out of his left eye.



NOZZERS GO WEST

Part 7

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.

However, the next morning was a different story. Having become acclimatised to the sights, sounds and smells of their new environment and with a night's sleep behind them, they were ready to face the coming day.

The entire ship smelled of a combination of rust and burning and was overrun by dozens of dockyard mateys; wherever they went the smell lingered. It was fairly obvious where the rust smell came from; there were people, like ants, all over the upper deck chipping away at the rust with chipping hammers and even pneumatic power driven hammers that sounded like a smaller version of road drills and had acquired the name of *windy chippers*. Where the burning was coming from was soon made clear too, when they ventured further afield. It was caused by welders who were engaged in attaching extra ring bolts to the decks, extra hammock mountings in every available space and nonslip treads all over the deck, both up top and down below. The whole ship was an obstacle course with wires, pipes, cables and tubes everywhere - up and down ladders and all over the decks.



It was impossible to walk any length of time without a shout of: 'Mind yer head' - 'Mind yer feet' or mind some other part of the anatomy: either that or being engulfed in a shower of sparks from a, hitherto unseen, welder or grinder. But it was good. It was a ship. It was their ship and any day now, they would be on their way. A little discomfort was something they could

put up with for a few more days, not that there was any choice but to put up with it anyway.



It appeared that the boys were superfluous to requirements; no one knew quite what to do with them. It was never put into words but it seemed that Pembroke had sent them to the ship a few days too soon. It very quickly became apparent that some unwritten edict decreed that boys were boys and were to be treated with contempt by everyone that came into contact with them. They were not young seamen, they were not even young men, they were simply boys and even the word *boy* had to be said with venom whilst looking down the nose at them. With his limited experience of navy life to date, Ginger deduced that every ship must have its own idea of how boys were to be treated. There didn't appear to be any laid down guidelines on the subject, or if there were each commanding officer could interpret them as he saw fit.

For their first few days they were employed on all manner of menial tasks - although they were in great demand whenever stores of various kinds had to be humped inboard. Then, true to form and without lifting a finger, Ginger landed a quiet number. He and Daisy, their badge-boy from Ganges days, were given the task of cleaning out the flour store. They had no idea what a flour store was, although the very name gave a big clue, or where it was or, for that matter, what cleaning out entailed.

It was a cook that sought them out and showed them the way to the flour store; it was way down aft. Ginger trooped along behind that cook through passages they had never seen before, with Daisy in tow until, finally, like Aladdin's cave, the flour store door was in front of them. It was a big room, probably as big as the boys mess deck, and empty apart from wooden uprights and slats that formed racks for putting sacks of flour on - and plenty of loose flour all over the place. It soon became clear that all the loose flour was their assignment, to be swept up, bagged up and disposed of and whole place made clean and ready for a new shipment to be delivered.

Ginger stepped in a bit warily, trying not to kick up too much dust and cover them both with flour.

'Best we start at the door and work our way in,' suggested Daisy and that seemed the sensible thing to do.

It looked a formidable task but after gaining a foothold it was easy. There were brushes and shovels and bags to put the loose flour in. Instead of sweeping furiously, thereby creating clouds of dust, they shovelled carefully packing up what they could and then swept up what little residue that was left behind. It looked like an Everest expedition to start with but within a couple of easy days the job was almost done. It could have been finished by the end of the second day but Daisy suggested leaving a little more to do, in case someone came to check up on them.

No one came. They were left entirely alone and after a couple more days, the place was so clean that they took down their overcoats to wrap up in and snooze the time away. The dark coats showed no sign of white on them. As time progressed, their bravado knew no bounds and they

even smuggled in a dartboard to while the time away.

That flour store was an early Christmas present and like no other present they had ever received before. No one ever came down there and no one asked how they were getting on or, indeed, what they were doing. Each day they went down after the morning muster and emerged at dinner-time to disappear again after dinner until secure was sounded at 1600. Luckily Daisy had a watch because they couldn't hear the Tannoy calls, tucked away in their own private domain.

By the time they finally emerged, the ship was ready for sea and the majority of the dockyard mateys had gone. Then, only a couple of days later they were hauled over to 'Farewell Jetty' and shoved out into the river to make their way down to Sheerness to ammunition ship before heading out into the wide blue yonder and their destiny on the other side of the Atlantic, via Portland where they arrived on October the first.

This was the second time Ginger had been to Portland and that made him feel like an old hand. There was no point him telling anyone he had been there before though because most of the others on the boys mess deck had also been there before - on the Implacable with him, no less.

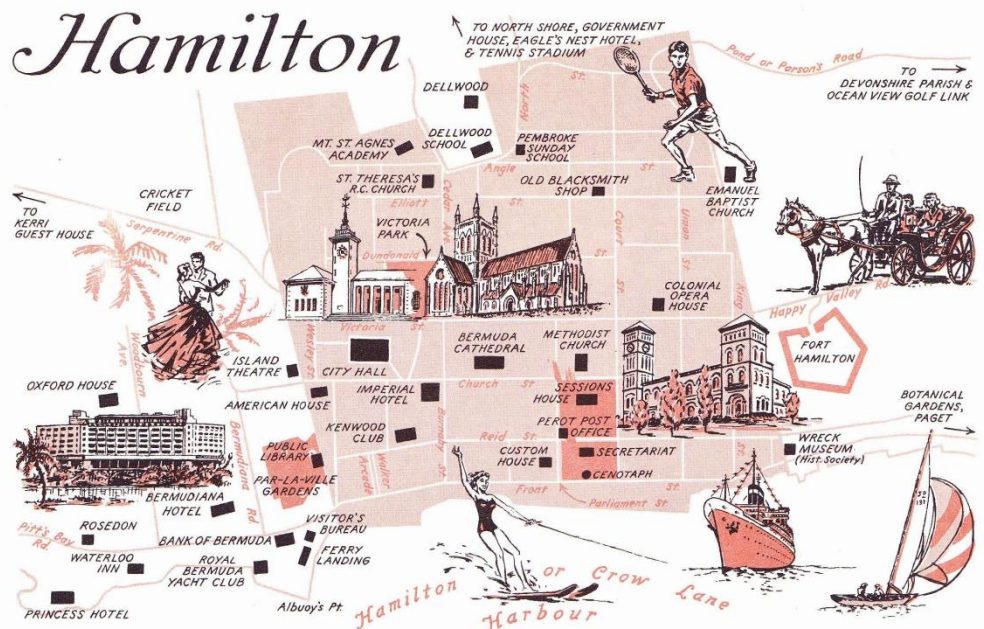
For some unknown reason he liked Portland. Maybe, subconsciously, it felt like home-from-home for him. He had no such feeling about Ganges, which had been his home for a lot longer but, somehow, Portland Bay gave him a warm, comfortable feeling. He was happy with the big white chalk horse cut into the green hillside to the right, the Chesil Beach in front and the steep banks to the left that was home to the small arms firing ranges.

The entire vista was something akin to a stage set, albeit on a very large scale, and the whole place gave him a feeling of being secure.

There was nothing that he could point to to emphasise or confirm those feelings. In fact on occasions that bay would be an absolute hive of activity and nothing comfortable about it at all.

Eight days later they upped anchor and pointed the ship's bows in the direction of the West Indies.

TO BE CONTINUED



CRASH DIVE

By Fred Harder

Another story found on the internet which might interest

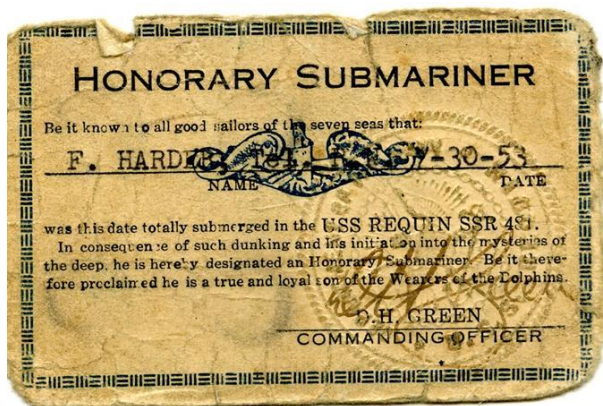
In 1951 while the *Mermaid* was in refit at Gibraltar there was a massive earthquake in Greece. Malta COMCEN wanted as many sparkers as possible to man all the additional circuits, I was detailed off, but there were no ships sailing to Malta from Gib. the only transport was the American Submarine *USS Requin*



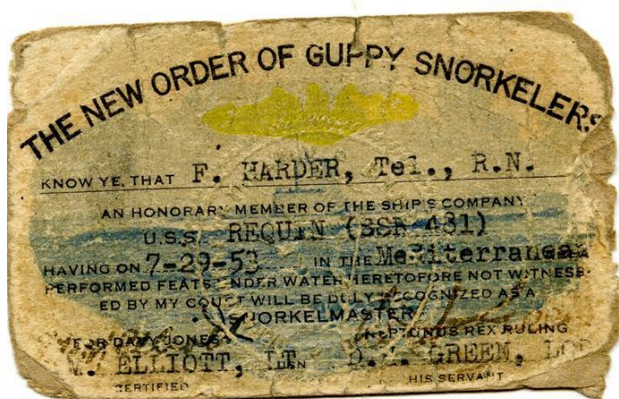
They were asked if they would take me, they would, but I had to sign a chit saying that if I got killed the Navy could not be sued, any way.

Compared to a British Frigate, the American sailors lived like kings and could eat any time of the day.

The first day out I asked permission to go up onto the conning tower and when up there sunning



myself I sat next to a ordinary chap not dressed too well, he asked if I was the "Limey" taking passage to Malta (I bet he already knew) and when I said that I was, he asked if I had ever been on a sub before. I replied in the negative and he said "Then you have never dived have you". He grabbed my arm saying "Come with me" and we went below where he called out "Crash dive!"



He turned out to be the skipper. When we had been down for a little while, we surfaced and he presented me with a "Honorary Submariner of the U.S Navy" certificate, He then said "If you have never dived, you haven't snorkelled have you".

So down we went yet again. After a time of snorkelling he took me up top



and presented me with an "Honorary Snorkeler" certificate.

As a sparker I was allowed into their Radio Room and I did a bit of typing on one of their machines and they thought that I was the bee's knees. There was a marine on guard by the door, and would not believe that, me as, an O/Tel was allowed to set up the drums on a TYPE 'X' and decipher etc.

When we arrived back to re-join the *Mermaid*, by now in Malta, they all said goodbye and gave me a few fags. Many, many years later (after 65+ years) I was messing around on my computer and I put *USS Requin* into *Google*, just to see if there was anything on about her and discovered that she was the only remaining Sub of her class and was in a Museum in America.



Fred Harder

Editor's Note

According to my enquiries there wasn't an earthquake in that region in 1951 but there was a massive one (6.8) in August 1953. I haven't challenged this with the author but the story is interesting and I imagine time may have clouded his memory - as it does to most of us. **Brian**



Mermaid in Grand Harbour Malta. 1952



BACK IN '56 (Part 1)

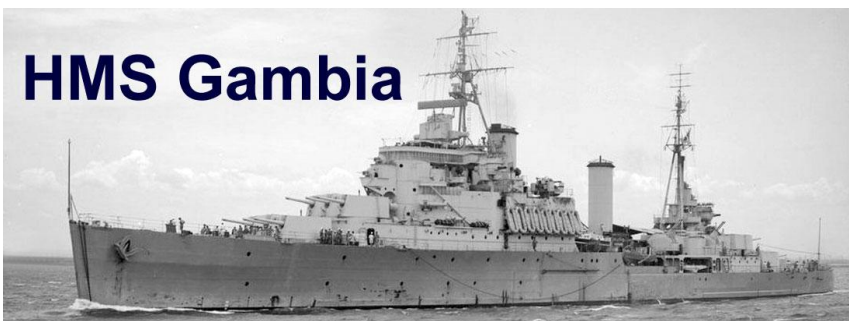
THE STORY OF THE COMMISSION

H. M.S Superb returned from the America and West Indies Station in October 1955, and had been undergoing dockyard refit since. At last, at the beginning of February, the refit was nearly finished and the dockyard wanted the ship to go to sea for trials.

Thus, with a strong team of dockyard 'maties' on board, the ship passed through the lock, sailed down the Medway and put to sea in some of the worst weather met in the entire commission. Despite this, trials were successfully completed, but as we prepared to return to Sheerness, two S. O. S's were received. *Superb* turned about and prepared to render assistance. In the event no help was required, but the tide to get up to Chatham was missed, and as this prevented us from returning before the weekend *Superb* stayed in Sheerness until the following Monday.

At long last Commission day arrived and, following tradition, the Ship's Company ceremonially marched from R. N. Barracks led by the Barracks' Band. As the long column of men wheeled right in the dockyard all eyes sought the towering superstructure of the Ship which was to be their home for the next year. Certain key officers and ratings had joined prior to 14th February, including the Captain who had joined two months earlier, but here at last, was the main body of the Ship's Company. When everyone was settled in, lower decks were cleared and the Captain gave a talk to the assembly on what the future held and what kind of Ship he wanted. From that time on *Superb* started to come to life after being in dockyard routine so long. Fresh paint gleamed in place of lead, bright-work sparkled and on "leap year's day" the ship slid out of the basin to Folly Point buoys ready to ammunition.

The first three days of March had been allowed for this, but using several new devices, all was completed at the end of the second day. On 3rd March, passengers and freight for Malta were embarked, and at 1600 on Sunday March 4th, having been delayed for a few hours by a defective C.O2. machine, the ship slipped and proceeded down river on passage to Malta and, for many if not most, their first "foreign".



At first light the following day, the ship arrived off Portland and having embarked noise-ranging and degaussing officers from shore started trials. Whilst these were going on, surface action stations were



exercised for the first time. By evening, everyone had had their fling and the ship sailed for Plymouth anchoring in the Sound early on Tuesday forenoon.

Having shattered the morning's peace with a salute to the C-in-C., *Superb* quickly gathered an oiler, fresh-water boat and lighters around her, and shortly after *Gambia* steamed out and anchored nearby to take a look at her relief.

No sooner had she stopped than boat-loads of sun-burned officers came across to pass on the 'gen' and shoot fabulous lines about their activities on the Station. While this was going on, the English Cooks (O) and Stewards went ashore to return to Chatham and *Gambia's* Asian complement was transferred in their place. The 'turn over' then being complete *Superb* weighed anchor for the last time in U. K. and sailed for Malta.

The passage to Gibraltar was uneventful except for the exercising of day and night action stations and 6-inch and 4-inch gun-firing. The ship passed close to Gibraltar to give the ship's company a near view of the rock. The following evening, a cry as from a man overboard was heard in the darkness aft and the ship turned to search the area where the cry was heard. A muster was quickly held and found to be correct, and to the great relief of everyone the ship resumed normal course and speed.

During the dog-watches on 12th March, the ship suddenly increased speed to 25 knots without any explanation. Nobody could be found suffering from appendicitis so it was generally assumed that we were on our way to help solve the Cyprus problem. On arrival in Grand Harbour the ship immediately topped up with fuel and fresh water and, having disembarked all passengers, sailed the same evening. Whilst in harbour, the dghaisa men confirmed the Cyprus buzz; and if they said we were going to Cyprus, then we were going to Cyprus.

Whilst on passage, the Captain broadcast to the Ship's Company that the ship would be passing through the Canal and preparations for giving aid to Civil Power would be started immediately. This was a body blow to the old "Malta hands" whose faith that the dghaisa men was, till then, absolute. There still remained a few who implicitly believed that the dghaisa men never were wrong until their glazed eyes watched De Lesseps statue at Port Said glide by.

On passage to Port Said, a westerly gale was blowing force seven, and although the swell was coming from astern, it was impossible to venture on the quarterdeck or waists and frequently the forecastle was shipping the sea "green" back to "A" turret. During the passage, a compartment adjacent to the starboard outer "A" bracket was found to be flooded due to defective riveting, which subsequently resulted in the ship being docked at Colombo.



Having traversed the Suez Canal without incident, the ship worked up to 23 knots to continue the passage which, by now, was widely considered to be Bahreïn. The weather now became noticeably warmer. Deck sports on the quarterdeck were very popular and players and spectators were able to cool themselves afterwards (in an effort to save fresh water) either in the swimming pool or the 'salt water showers' caused by the spray from the bows being blown across the forecastle.

The ship arrived at Aden on Sunday afternoon and whilst the Somali Division and oil fuel were being embarked, the port watch was able to go ashore for their first leave since leaving Chatham. In the few hours they were ashore, the vendors, taxi-men and Aden 'pubs' did a roaring trade and by 2300, the last blissful liberty man had returned. One hour later the ship sailed for

THE PERSIAN GULF



The Captain now revealed that top secret instructions had been received from Admiralty cancelling the ship's planned work-up in Malta and instructing her to proceed with all convenient despatch to Bahrain. Riots had broken out in Manama, the capital, in which several people had been killed and it was felt the presence of a cruiser would do much to restore a settled atmosphere.

The day after leaving Aden a report was received from the Liberian registered tanker *Olympic Rainbow* that one of the ship's hands was sick, and a doctor was needed. Course was altered to intercept the tanker and one hour later, Surgeon Lieutenant Dobson crossed over to the *Olympic Rainbow* by whaler. The patient was suffering from stomach trouble, but there was no need for urgent treatment, so after giving advice he returned and once more the ship resumed

course.

At last, after the 6,500-mile dash from Chatham, the ship arrived at Bahreïn where everything was disappointingly calm and under control. After all the feverish activity and preparations on board, this came as a great anti-climax although the authorities still felt *Superb*'s presence in the



vicinity to be beneficial. It had originally been planned to paint ship at Malta, but the change of plan had, of course, stopped this. The long passage, most of it at high speed, had left its mark on the ship which was looking somewhat disreputable, so the next few days were spent smartening up and effecting essential repairs.

To help make our presence felt, the Royal Marines and Seamen put on an impressively smart drill display at Awali, the oil town, and a number of the more influential Arabs were invited to look round the ship and have tea on the quarterdeck afterwards.

Bahreïn itself has not a great deal of recreational facilities to offer liberty men. To get anywhere involves a boat trip (frequently wet) and a long ride in a decrepit bone-rattling bus. The shopping facilities at Manama, the capital, are reasonable however, and most of the ship's Company took advantage of the opportunity to buy cameras cheaply. Alternatively, if you want a swim and a pint of wallop afterwards, you could either go to *H. M. S. Jufair*, near Manama, or else go across the island to Awali as the guests of the Bahreïn Petroleum Company (better known as B.A.P.C.O.).

The stop at Bahreïn, our first of over 12 hours since leaving Chatham, did give the sport team a chance for a run out and a bit of practice ready for the heavy list of fixtures which lay ahead.

(More of this in the next issue)

Photographs kindly supplied by Bill Cook

A GANGES True Story

A D.O. one morning was angry to find
His messenger had not done his duty,
His office was cleaned but the rug at the door
Was covered with flecks and was sooty.

He snatched up a pencil and wrote a short note,
Which he pinned to the rug with a snort;
The instructions thereon were just to the point
Simply, "Shake this mat and report".

On entering the office after breakfast that day,
At the rug he happened to look.
And there on the rug a little note lay,
With only one word on it: "SHOOK".

(By Gilroy)



PHOTO ALBUM



ABOVE

Another cool day on an arctic convoy



LEFT

Coming home - some things are more urgent than others - A seaman meets his baby for the first time after fourteen months at sea, 1940s

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 on our website

To go there please click [HERE](#)



Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



SLOPS

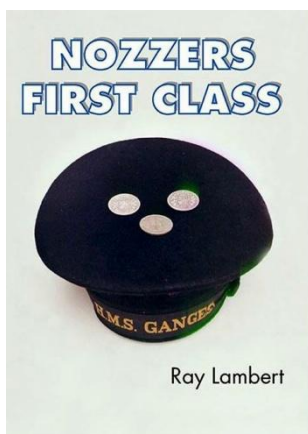
Journalist & Best Selling Author



OUR IN-HOUSE **BEST SELLING AUTHOR** IS OFFERING THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AT A SPECIAL PRICE FOR MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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.

KINDLE DOWNLOAD £5.59

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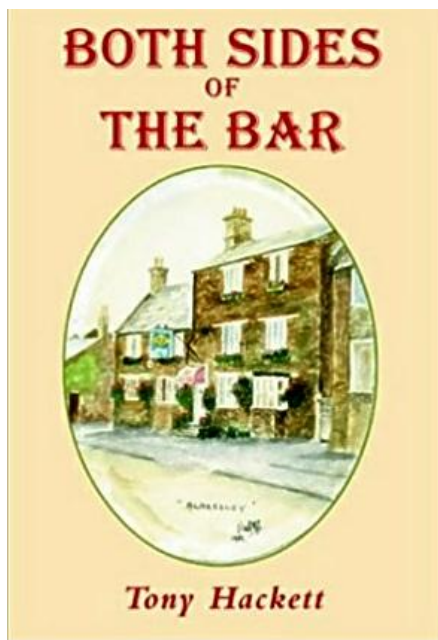
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** 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.

ARCHIVED CONTENT

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

Email me if you'd like links to previous years copies of the magazine

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

