

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP



CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, BRIAN SAUNDERS

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Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710



ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates

Sorry to report that Andy hasn't been on top form recently and is taking a short sabbatical this month.

Hopefully he'll be in better form soon and we look forward to his musings then.





HARSH TREATMENT AT HMS GANGES

By Frederick "Ben" Rodgers

This is a brief account of the trials and suffering of a young shipmate who joined the Navy in Belfast with me on 14th March 1955. If you look at the photo he is at the front second on the right. You can clearly see his elbows are out of both sleeves on his work shirt, just one of the no-no's at HMS Ganges. I pick up this story in the autumn of 1955, we had been in the navy six months.

While I was doing reasonably well, the same could not be said for my shipmate Trevor Weir. He was constantly in trouble; he found learning the many drills and seamanship routines very difficult.

By far his biggest problem was his dress and deportment. He always seemed to arrive on parade in uniform that was badly in need of ironing or a visit from a needle and thread. His



unsightly appearance was guaranteed to send our Instructors into a fit of rage. This made things bad for the whole class because we were often punished as well because of his sloppy turn out. Trevor quickly found himself very unpopular with his messmates.

We also had a full kit inspection on a regular basis, and these were usually a disaster for Trevor. His whites had taken on a greyish hue, and, like his deportment, fell far below the expected standard.

One day, returning from my second leave in August, I was waiting at the Belfast quay when his mother approached me. She asked me to help her son and naturally I agreed. But she didn't fully understand what she was asking of me. Just keeping myself at the correct standard required was difficult enough. To help Trevor as well was all but impossible. Of course we were encouraged to work as a team and help each other where we could, but that didn't mean washing



his kit, doing his ironing, dressing him or supervising his drill. Every boy was expected to become proficient in these areas by himself. Besides, if you were caught helping someone lay out his kit for inspection you could well find yourself under punishment.

When Trevor returned from leave his whites were the envy of the whole mess. His mother had washed them until they looked as clean and pure as virgin snow. Alas, they didn't remain like that for long. All too soon they returned to their usual dull grey, and so did his troubles.

Trevor's career remained on a downward spiral; he was always in trouble, suffering one punishment after another. Petty Officer Russell, our Gunnery Instructor, became so frustrated with his constant grubby appearance that he ordered him to be washed out on the parade square.

Of all the unusual things I saw at *Ganges*, this stands out as the cruellest and most soul destroying, of them all. A washtub was placed on the parade ground and filled with cold water. Both classes were made to participate in what followed. Trevor was ordered to strip naked and get into the tub, and we had to scrub him down with stiff scrub-brushes and 'pusser hard' soap. No one could avoid participating in this dreadful punishment. To try and dodge it meant we'd be next in the tub.

When it was all over Trevor's skin was red raw, and tears streamed down his face. The pain and torture he suffered that day was surely better suited to an older Navy of cannon and canvas. I really felt Trevor's awful agony, yet there was nothing I could do to console him.

I can't remember the exact date, but some weeks later he disappeared from *Ganges*. He had been discharged as an unsuitable candidate for the Navy. It was dreadful news and I felt I'd failed my shipmate. I questioned if I could have done more. Had I tried harder, might things have turned out differently? But in retrospect, there was really nothing I could have done for him. Trevor just wasn't cut out for a life in the Navy.

While no one could argue that this was not a cruel and demeaning punishment of a 15 year old boy, it was just the way *Ganges* functioned. The *Ganges* motto "Turning Boys into Men" and believe me it worked. My training has stood me in good stead my whole life and to this day I remain a proud *Ganges* Boy.



NOZZERS GO WEST Part 35

Being on the gangway, Ginger had very little to do with the entire inspection episode particularly the harbour segment, apart from a couple of times when he had been pressed-ganged into helping during what should have been his free time. For the sea trials part of the exercise he had been expected to muck in but had done very little training or preparation, he was not really accepted as part of the 'team' and although no one actually said as much, he was not wanted. Therefore his contribution to events was on the insignificant side, so he was not really interested in rousing speeches. What did grab his attention was when the Admiral declared a three-day make-and-mend for the following weekend.

As soon as the Admiral and his hangers-on had left the ship, the Commodore addressed the ship's company. He was glowing with pride and almost beside himself with praise but as all he had to say was more or less what had already been said, he was preaching to the converted. The C-in-C had declared a three day make-and-mend and anything else could wait and so could 'Freddie' for that matter.

Make-and-mends for Saturday, Sunday and Monday - that was what they had been waiting to hear. That was music to his ears. Something tangible for the people who had done all the hard work, instead of the officers congratulating themselves - then he realized that as gangway staff, it wouldn't apply to him anyway. Payday was fast approaching and he would be off duty for a couple of days and that was the only thing that was of any interest to him.

A pocket weighted down with money and days off, what could be better? He had not wanted to return to Malabar dockyard, when they first came back in April and he certainly didn't want to stay there for the long period that lay before them. All those weeks in the same place was a depressing thought and it was not as if Bermuda held any great attraction for him. He had seen the sights of South America, the splendour of the tropics and exotic locations: he had been to places he'd never even heard of and he was eager for more of the same of that, not the prospect of being tied up to a wall for weeks on end with a dreary dilapidated dockyard as his only scenery. He hadn't wanted to return to the dockyard but when a return was inevitable he had no control over the situation and there was nothing he could do about it.

But a long stay in the same place, any place, tends to bring on complacency and now after their extended stay had come to an end he had got into feeling comfortable with his surroundings and in a complete turnaround was experiencing pangs of regret at their imminent departure.



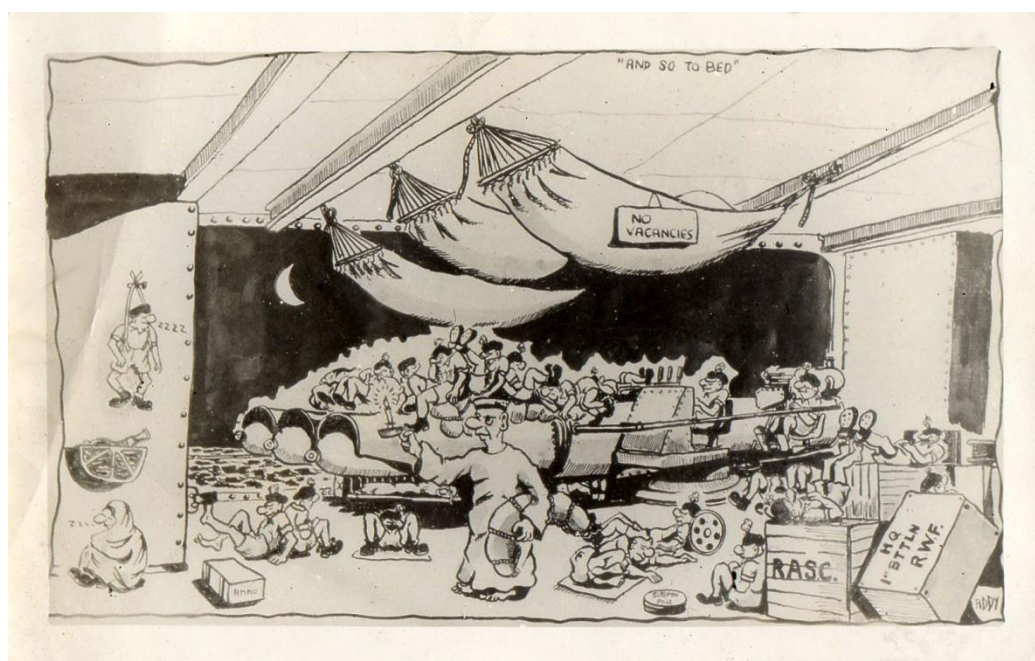
There was not a whole lot to do or see in Ireland Island and there was not that much in Hamilton either really, at least not for him anyway. That feeling of gloom and despondency that had had a tight grip of him was back again, this time at the thought of leaving what had become comfortable surroundings.

Friday was payday and that suited him fine. It was also the start of a couple of days off for him, a couple of days off and money to go with it.

True to his word, or at least the Admiral's orders, 'Freddie' declared a make-and-mend so straight after dinner Ginger had someone to go ashore with. Being gangway staff was good as it gave him lots of time off but the down side to that was that when he had days off everyone else was working and most days he had no one to go ashore with. That in turn meant he didn't bother going because it was no fun walking round Hamilton on his own. The other members of his watch had all night leave and usually disappeared swiftly doing their own thing which didn't include him anyway.

But this time the others had a make-and-mend and they all had money to go with it, so a last look around Hamilton seemed to be a good idea, followed by a good session in the Under 19 Club upon their return. After all he had all of Saturday to recover. So, by the time they were ready to go that persistent black cloud had been forgotten and the dubious delights of Hamilton and the familiar surroundings of the Quarry Bar and rum and coke beckoned.

Sunday morning came round and there was no mention of Divisions, 'Freddie' must have been feeling kindly towards them. The church service was still on for 0930 however and although Ginger was still technically off duty, he was obliged to help with the usual collection of chairs to be transported to the quarterdeck. He may have been gangway staff and everybody knew that but he was still a boy in the boy's messdeck - and boys were fair game for any menial tasks that arose; they were excused nothing. The duty petty officers, whoever they might be, all appeared to have one thing in common: they all loved to turf boys out for work at the least excuse.



He didn't have the afternoon watch, his first duty started at 1600 for the dog watches so it looked like he would miss the cinema show on the quarterdeck at 1700. But fate, or good fortune, lent a hand as he was already on the quarterdeck for his duty spell and had not only avoided putting all the chairs out again ready for the cinema but as it was

Sunday and not much activity on the gangway, he got to watch the film show any way.

Early next morning twenty-one Pongos from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry came aboard for a free ride to Jamaica, the first port of call. Then followed frantic activity in getting ready for sea with the hoisting of all boats and the Admiral's barge. As Ginger walked across the boat deck he was surprised to find they had acquired a Land Rover as well. It had been hoisted in with the boats and secured to ring bolts in the iron deck, ready for sea. He had heard no mention of a Land Rover and had no idea to whom it belonged. The most obvious explanation would appear that that it was with the army but he was not really interested enough to find out, it was nothing to do with him any way.

With their 'guests' safely billeted down below, they let go the last lines at 1050 but turning in the Great Sound, the bay between Malabar and Hamilton, before heading out to sea they had the misfortune to touch an underwater reef. That reef had been there for hundreds of years and in the recent past, during the war particularly, hundreds of ships had turned there without hitting it. Panic stations ensued and the ship came to a stop almost before it had got started and divers were summoned to go down and see what damage had been done.

It didn't take long for them to discover that there was slight damage to one of the propellers and impellor grating had been broken with a broken bit being shoved up into the internal workings and jamming the impellor. Ginger didn't know what an impellor was or where it was although it must have been close to the ship's bottom to suffer damage from the outside. He asked a stoker that he was acquainted with what an impellor was but the explanation left him none the wiser and, as it was nothing to do with him he didn't bother to enquire further.

It didn't affect him and to the immediate situation, it didn't appear to affect the ship very much either. Apparently they could continue with only one engine room and boiler room operational.

Being on the gangway, he heard lots of little bits of information, sometimes from people coming back on board, sometimes from the officer-on-the-watch when he was in a talkative mood and sometimes from the entries in the ship's log that he would have a quick shifty at during quiet periods. He learnt that signals had been sent to the U.S. navy requesting the use of a dry dock facility and San Diego had been offered as the most convenient, as they were heading that way in any case. Other signals were sent to the U.K. asking for spare replacement parts to be sent by air to San Diego naval base to await their arrival, where that dry dock had been requested and where they could have the necessary repairs carried out.

Once the damage had been assessed by the divers and the Engineer Officer had reported that it was in order to go ahead using just one engine they continued on their journey with no noticeable difference as far as Ginger could tell.



LOST ROYAL NAVY VESSELS

All 5,100 Vessels Lost By the Royal Navy Can Now be Found in One Place



HMS Ardent after a series of airstrikes by Argentine forces, May 21, 1982

The Royal Navy has been in business since the 16th century, and over the years, it has lost its fair share of warships to accidents and enemy fire. Working with the Maritime Archaeology Sea Trust, it has compiled a full list of the thousands of vessels it has lost over the centuries, and it has released the database to the public for use in further research.

The new Royal Navy Loss List covers about 5,100 warships and fleet auxiliaries lost in Britain's naval service since 1512. It is limited to the Royal Navy's own vessels - not Royal Air Force, Army, Coastguard and merchant vessels which may have had Royal Navy crewmembers. It excludes ships captured by the enemy, lost in the service of other navies or converted to merchant vessels after their naval service.

Created by the Trust in 2011, the list was originally intended to help legal and conservation experts protect Royal Navy wrecks around the globe. Its authors gradually realized that it would be of great interest to the general public and to other historians, and they have now made it accessible to all.

The database is searchable by a ship's name, class, and tonnage. More specific queries - like vessels lost in French waters over the past 500 years (760) or the number of ships lost on D-Day (416) - are also possible.

The database draws on official records, reference works, memoirs and eyewitness accounts. Archaeological reports and diver accounts were used to verify information on the survival of vessel remains.

Even then, said Giles Richardson, the Trust's senior archaeologist, the causes of many losses remains a mystery. More than half the ships lost in World War 2 are classified 'unknown - lost in action' due to lack of information. Many of these are landing craft and other small vessels lost in major operations, including Dunkirk, Operation Torch and Operation Overlord: official loss reports were only organized months after the fact, and any eyewitnesses had long since moved on to other wartime duties.

"Delving into contemporary accounts reveals craft officially recorded as simply as 'lost' on the Normandy beaches suffered a wide variety of fates, including storm damage, mechanical breakdown and collision," said Richardson.

The statistics reveal the effects of changing naval technology. Until the turn of the 20th Century, accidental shipwrecks - not battles - were responsible for the vast majority of losses. That reversed sharply after 1900: conflict accounts for three quarters of all Royal Navy ships sunk since 1900.

Mines destroyed one in every four Royal Navy ships sunk in both of the World Wars, a sign of the effectiveness of simple mine warfare. The impact of air power can be seen in the difference in losses between WWI and WWII: while just three percent of the Royal Navy ships lost in the First World War fell victim to enemy aircraft, air power accounted for nearly one third of all the service's losses in the Second World War.

"The RN Loss List is a vital tool to begin to understand, research and manage these 5,100 wreck sites before they are lost forever," said the head of the National Museum of the Royal Navy, Professor Dominic Tweddle. "The United Kingdom has a huge, rich and astoundingly diverse underwater heritage from Bronze Age boats to World War 2 wrecks - and it is a heritage which is spread around the globe . . . It is vital that these myriad wrecks are treated as seriously as archaeological sites on land and this fantastic loss list compiled by MAST represents a huge step forward."

The **LOSS LIST** may be visited and searched at: <https://thisismast.org/research/royal-navy-loss-list-search.html>

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A NAVAL CAREER PART 2 (OF 4)

By Jim Hirst

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This story were found on the BBC World War II website and Contributed by fireblade-sue subject John Malcolm ("Jim") Hirst and Contributed on: 01 January 2006

HMS ML557

My first real officer responsibility was to collect the crew from Devonport and get them to Looe (the coxswain was helpful) to await the arrival of the CO (Ty. Lt. J. Waugh RNVR) to commission the boat. The copper-sheathed, 112 ft. hull of ML557, built by Curtis at Looe, Cornwall showed that we were bound for warmer waters. When we were



Pictured HMS MV1334 (no available photo of

equipped with charts, a cancelled chart of Dar es Salaam, now Tanzania was supplied as wrapper, being intentionally 'careless' started a lovely messdeck 'buzz'.

I cannot remember whether we completed trials from Looe or from Fowey where I remember we spent a day or two before departing for Costal Forces Base Brixham. However, foul weather caused us to be detached from a convoy and directed to enter

Dartmouth. The CO asked for course and speed for Dart Buoy (my first bit of navigation that mattered), the night was pitch black and blowing hard but within a minute of stopping at my expected arrival at the buoy (to await the brief lighting of the boom gate) there was a gentle thud under the bow but nothing seen until next morning, when telltale red and white paint scuffing from the buoy was seen forrard. Beginners luck and a degree of accuracy I have never equalled.

On Christmas morning, our most clueless rating put a short burst from one of the bridge Vickers K guns somewhere into Kingswear. We anxiously awaited the complaints. There being none, we left as soon as possible for Brixham, where trials were completed successfully, apart from a rather stropky Gunnery Officer (who would brook no interference) and sent the barrel of an Oerlikon sailing overboard because he had not checked that it had been rotated to lock it! In Plymouth, awaiting the assembly of the 31st ML Flotilla, we were kept busy patrolling the anti-submarine 'loop defences'.

The SO of the 31 MLF was Lt Cdr. J Ivester ('Farmer') Lloyd, in civilian life a country sports writer and hunting enthusiast. His first task was to make sure that we arrived in Tobermory for



anti-sub work-up training in a fit state to withstand the energy and zeal of the famous Commodore G.O. ("Gas-operated") Stephenson. We survived (having as an 'evolution', festooned Macbraynes Pier for demolition with depth charges) and departed south a bit more shipshape and competent to fit five deck tanks at Milford Haven in preparation for our departure for Gibraltar.

Extract quoting comments from SO 31 MLF and taken from Flag 4: The battle of Coastal Forces in the Mediterranean. By Dudley Pope, (1954) William Kimber, London. p98.

Almost every month small convoys of Coastal Forces craft were leaving the UK, rounding Ushant and crossing the Bay of Biscay on their way to the Mediterranean. Usually they had trawlers acting as navigators and although they mostly managed to get through without any severe brushes with the enemy, the weather was often far from friendly.

A typical convoy left Milford Haven in March.... included boats of the 31st ML Flotilla.... The convoy made its way westward to get clear of the coast of France which was liberally spattered with German air bases.... Crews went into sea routine and cooked meals arrived regularly.... After the convoy turned south it came on to blow, and the bad weather continued for many bitterly cold, sleepless hours. Then an aircraft diving down on the convoy sent the crews to action stations but it proved to be a Sunderland flying boat.... the next afternoon a Focke-Wulf Condor appeared, circled (out of range) and flew off... the next afternoon it appeared at the same time, did its prescribed orbit and departed. ... on the third afternoon.... the Condor came in and dropped four bombs... (but missed).

Otherwise our passage to Gibraltar was uneventful apart from one boat being missing one morning, as a result of having to 'extinguish everything' through a serious petrol leak - she finished the trip cold, bored and hungry at the end of the accompanying trawler's sweep wire!

NORTH AFRICA

After shedding the deck tanks at Gib. and restoring the full complement of "Y" gun and depth charges, we left for Mers el Kebir, the French naval port close to Oran and recently occupied after the landings in Algeria, **Operation Torch**. Our main duty was to conduct 3 day, anti-submarine "fruit patrols" often ahead of convoys (or perhaps to delude the enemy that a convoy might pass that way). Probably all that was expected of us was that our constant asdic sweep might reduce the mobility of U Boats by keeping them submerged. I cannot recall any one having a firm 'contact' but we all got very brown and much enjoyed the antics of the flying fish and the dolphins (especially the latter by night once we had learnt that their phosphorescent wakes coming straight at us (torpedo-like) turned forward within yards of the ship's side to play about the bow.)



There were some lighter moments. The following is a quote from Farmer Lloyd on a visit to the port of Mostaghanum made by MLs 555 and 557, extracted from Flag 4: The battle of Coastal Forces in the Mediterranean. By Dudley Pope, (1954) William Kimber, London. p102. " ...where we helped the Americans, who were in charge of the port, out of a difficulty. They had salvaged cargo from a torpedoed British ship, and part of this was a mountain of unmarked cases. The officer in charge complained that this was 'the durndest stuff' and that his sentries 'got real crazy guarding it'. He wished that someone 'would take the goddam stuff away'. After one glance at those cases we agreed to take it all off ... for each case contained two two-gallon jars of army rum (which made us very popular and went under the code name of U235, from the powerful isotope of uranium)." They bartered well for bread and potatoes and provided us with a party or two.

We shared Mers el Kebir with **Force H** (*HMS Nelson, Rodney and? Renown*) who were little loved by the locals, as they had been responsible for sinking much of Darlan's Vichy French navy by firing their heavy guns (howitzer-like, with reduced propellant charges) over the mountain to the west of the harbour. To make sure that we did not get too much sleep even when in harbour, we had to spend many nights exploding innumerable 1.5lb blocks of TNT to give any prowling limpeteers a tummy ache. For much of this time, 557's RT call sign was 'Masterman' while *HMS Nelson* had to suffer being 'Little Queen', but was not always amused by the tones of voice that we used. If they really got worried about midget subs, then we were told to drop a 300lb depth charge close by, only to be accused next day of having moved the ashtrays on the Ward-room Table !

MALTA AND SICILY

We matched the army advance eastward through Algeria and into Tunisia, with sundry diversions, eventually reaching Malta in the latter days of the siege. The remaining air raids were among the brightest Ack-Ack 'fireworks displays' that I have seen. We took the opportunity of a bit of much needed overhaul. However our main purpose was then to help assemble, protect and lead landing craft onto the beaches of the "Bark South" Sector of the Sicily landings at Cape Passaro.

To contact the landing craft, once radio silence was broken, we had about fifteen army signallers and their sets crowded around the bridge, wheelhouse and funnel. Once their units were ashore, they left us for the beach. The bombardment was awesome, with the capital ships firing over us at targets well inshore, while we were close alongside the fearsome launches of ripples of rockets from the LCR (Landing Craft Rocket). Daylight brought us the interesting task of acting as 'Trot Boat' to the Admiral and senior soldiers, but by night, we joined the offshore defensive screen inshore of the destroyers (one night was trying because the recognition signals we had were three hours out of phase).

Progress was fast up the east coast of Sicily and (on D+4) we were about the first craft into Augusta and Syracuse. Sometime later we escorted strings of unruly and unseaworthy military 'ducks' (DKWS), swimming across the Straits of Messina to reinforce the landings there on



the Toe of Italy. Back in continental Europe at last! There was some consternation when four fleet destroyers bore down on them at speed from the north, enquiring of us "What ship?". Fortunately they slowed down through the gap we made in the chain, sank none with their wash and departed with the signal "To ML 557 from D4, (Captain of 4th Destroyer Flotilla)... Quack, Quack."

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

The 31st MLF had a special duty associated with the Salerno landing. This is again described in a lengthy quotation from Farmer Lloyd (in Flag 4: The battle of Coastal Forces in the Mediterranean. By Dudley Pope, (1954) William Kimber, London. p132.

As the campaign in Sicily neared completion the 31st MLF was withdrawn to Malta and then Bizerte where we came under US Navy orders (delivered by Lt. Douglas Fairbanks Jnr.) "We start with Ventotene ...due west of Naples. As you probably know there is to be a big landing in the Gulf of Salerno. Four hours before that comes off we are to stage this little operation of our own. The object is to land a force of (US) Rangers, sixty strong who are to establish a fighter control station on the island. Another thing may interest you - Mussolini is thought to be hiding there!"

Other forces were to act as decoys to suggest that a landing was to be made north of Naples. Information about Ventotene was meagre and (in the dark) the harbour proved to be minute, the Rangers were landed and accomplished their first task. However, it is probably a blessing that the Germans had removed Benito Mussolini some time earlier, so the local Italian garrison was more willing to surrender than resist. Our opportunity to be famous passed but our tasks were far from complete.

We were soon intended to be based in Naples but, (as air raids were still occurring there) the NOIC (naval officer in charge) told us he did not want our petrol tanker in his harbour - wise man. We went in search of a suitable little harbour and found Porto d'Ischia, on the lovely (then) unspoilt island twin to Capri, but at the extremity of the northern arm of the Gulf of Naples. We were delighted to leave Naples, then in the throes of a typhus epidemic and a mist of DDT applied to everybody and everything. Ischia was heaven in comparison; the harbour fitted Coastal Forces perfectly. It was a circular volcano crater with an entrance to seaward but easily defended and well protected from weather. We were soon beginning to build CF Base Ischia and arrange repair slips. Our own rest and recreation facilities were soon available, with very memorable and very Neapolitan touches being given to music, food and drink.

We had to make several trips back to Messina to assist the build-up in Italy. Almost all were uneventful and navigation was easy even at night, as then active eruptions were causing fiery lava streaks down the cones of Vesuvius and Stromboli. These often provided running fixes over about 200 miles. Whether there was any connection with volcanic ash I know not, but I have never seen such vivid electrostatic displays of St Elmo's Fire and the electrostatic charges making the hair stand on end, as on those placid night sailings. One night when we were not in

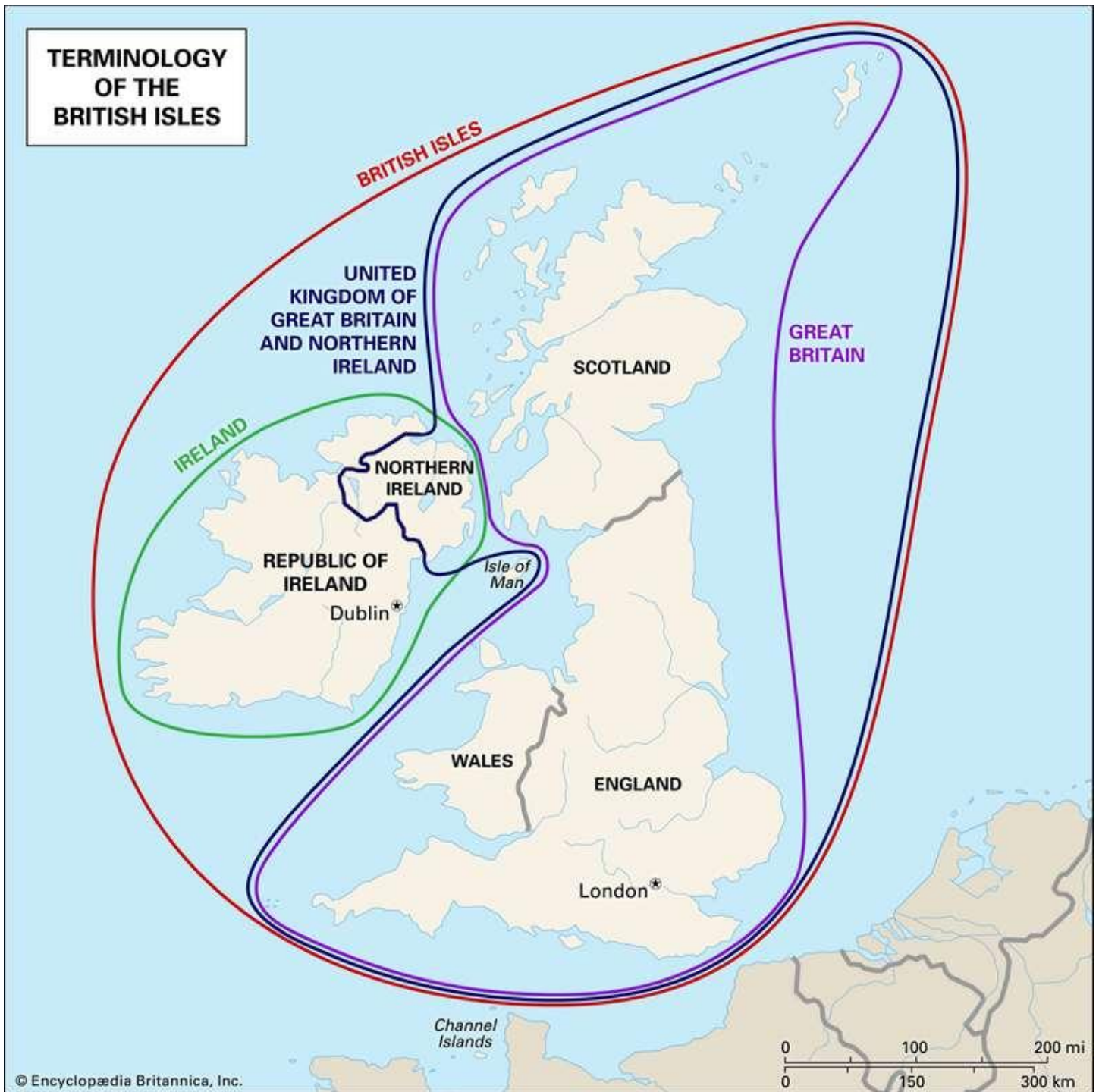


company, the hair stood on end for a different reason. All of a sudden we were exposed to a brilliant light charging at us and rising. At first collision seemed inevitable. Only just in time did we realize that it was an airborne searchlight, mounted in one of Coastal Command's 'Leigh Light Wellingtons', which clearly suspected that we were a U Boat in need of bombs or depth charges. Fortunately the two-star Very Cartridge recognition signal got away just in time.

Advance on the land was slowed by the enemy's determined defence of Monte Cassino, so we were often called on to make smoke inshore of *HMS Penelope* if enemy fire got anywhere near her, as she bombarded shore targets. About this time we led the landing craft into the Anzio beachhead and later every other night escorted the two LST (Landing Ship Tank) which daily braved the artillery to land loaded lorries to dash up the beach. Until they emptied, we could lie-off out of artillery range until the night time return to Ischia. The water was shallow enough for us to set off one or two acoustic mines when we put the engines astern but we did not even get splashed!



PHOTO ALBUM



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)





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Brian,

I have the wife back home now after her stroke, not very active however and using a Zimmer frame. House being altered to accommodate her requirements, Stair lift, handrails and bathroom to be altered with walk in shower.

As for my two refugees, my son and daughter-in-law, they missed the dog which they had left with a neighbour out in Kharkov. When the raids got more frequent they spent more time finding out how she was. Then contacted an animal charity who were offering to bring animals out of the war zone, but only as far as the Polish border.

So last week they travelled back out to Poland then on to Lviv to collect the mutt. Took advantage of the trip to deliver a quantity of Field Dressings and Tourniquets, we had managed to lay our hands on, as you do. It helps to have a few friends in the right places. That helped them through the border a little quicker than normal

So now I've got a my place on the roster as a dog walker, only after Tot time I can assure you, life is a little more upside down, but I'm sure I can get the Watch Bill sorted soon. Regards
Malcolm Milham

Shipmate Brian Hill receiving his 'Good Conduct' certificate reflecting 70 years of being a *Ganges Association* member



One bit of sad news Ken Spicer crossed the Bar I think last February. He was a member but



stopped coming a few years ago. I, Sharky and Ken were in the same class at Ganges. His name was read out at the AGM. **Brian Hill**

ARCHIVED CONTENT

Links to past copies of the Magazine can be obtained from Brian by sending an email message

[CLICK HERE](#)
to send message

THE END

