

# H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

JULY  
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**CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, BRIAN SAUNDERS**

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**Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710**



# ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello to my remaining Shipmates!

Sad day one does not learn something. This info was from a book a shipmate gave me at the reunion last weekend. I used to frequently walk with Len Sturdy of an evening, past Bermuda dockyard buildings on ones right to end of island where ground rose up to a large flat rock, just made for sitting to gaze out over the ocean.

I did not imagine it, at that time, the place with a host of dockyard maties, or a naval barracks, which the fore mentioned book tells me, was called H.M.S. Malabar, what a lovely posting for matey and matlot. I would like to walk up there once more, and which port division provided for the matlots. A nautical theme park occupies some space within the bulk of the place now with a massive marina and related businesses tenants of the rest.

If you knew of Malabar all along forgive my ignorance.



HMS Ambuscade  
tied up alongside  
R.N. Naval Dockyard, Bermuda



I feel downhearted when reading current Russian merchantmen are floating into N.A.T.O. ports with wheat, edible oils, timber etc. - Holland and Belgium; it was to be expected of Turkey under current President Erdagon. It goes overland to Germany



of course and volumes into France are not numbered. The last two want a settlement with Putin, a very soft option in my view.

First time to the test and my much vaunted N.A.T.O. Euro fails miserably. Why do we continue to pay the high membership fee with that sorely needed at home? Scotland proclaims it wants independence plus E.U. membership, plus all nuclear arms cleared from her shores.

Wales' Greens make the same noise. Solidarity is not part of agenda amongst the Euro-N.A.T.O. aspirants. A heavy price will be paid for that eventually.

I did write a bit for previous newsletter following Friday night's deliberations on our future. An easement of my physical state means I can get to sort out five months misuse of my 'glory hole' whilst incapacitated, that leaves me with a real abundance of books in need of a thinning out.

Normally, if in the tail of my pick-up, most could be taken away on a reunion weekend by anyone interested. My plan 'B', whatever that may be, awaits to be launched. Recent purchase by elder brother the ultimate tome on Naval Global Order in WW2 by Paul Kennedy - professor of history and director of international security studies at York University. It is £25 worth of definitive study, not to be read in bed as it weighs a ton.

What really twanged my G-string was fifty five painting in black and white, by Ian Marshall a past president of society of American marine artists, spread throughout the book.

Am in awe of the man's style and output, just love flicking through them. A comment by big brother on margin of page that said *H.M.S. Anson*, shown in Tokyo Bay at surrender being signed by McArthur and allies aboard *U.S.S. Missouri*, was correct. Evidently Anson was at that time in Singapore



getting surrender of occupying Japanese and later witnessing blowing up of Japanese 'war memorial' on local hilltop. British Battleship in Tokyo Bay being *H.M.S. Duke of York*.

Am now giving up will to cooperate, so will desist and pop this in the post. Hoped for a couple of photographs but Jo forgot to visit Boots for me, so next time eh!

Best regards to all y'all

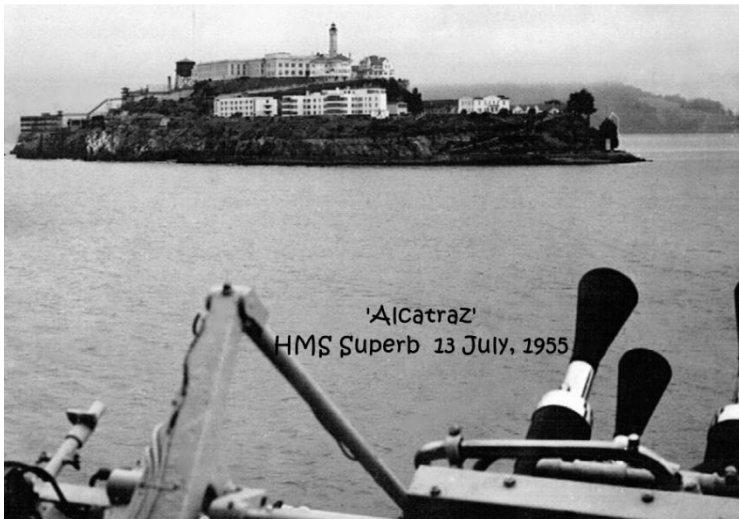




## NOZZERS GO WEST Part 37

*Being almost entirely a naval town, San Diego was a bit impersonal to some degree but everyone had a good time for their weeklong stay. Some formed friendships, some were reluctant to leave and others resolved to return. It was their first taste of America. America was good. South America with all the countries that make up that vast land was an eye opener and Ginger enjoyed every run ashore on that part of the commission but America was something else. He surmised that if the remainder of America could be judged by San Diego then they were in for a real treat as time went on and they progressed further into 'The States'.*

Two days later, they passed under the Golden Gate Bridge and entered San Francisco Bay. It was early in the day; the log officially timed the moment as 0838 when they were under the bridge. The entire area was enveloped in thick fog. So dense was the fog that the spectacle of the massive and very impressive Golden Gate Bridge was completely lost to sight even when they were directly underneath the world famous structure.



They made their way slowly forward, with the town to starboard and the infamous Alcatraz Prison Island coming up to their left, until they were almost under another bridge, which they were soon to learn was the Oakland Bay Bridge that linked Oakland on the other side of the bay to San Francisco. They stopped just short of that second bridge and at 0925 gently came to a stop at Pier 18, with their bows almost touching the large warehouses at the end of the piers. The piers stuck out into the river

at right angles to the town; as their berth was Pier 18, it led Ginger to assume that there were at least 17 other piers close by. They tied up starboard side to and, as far as he could make out, there were no more piers to the left of them. They had their electric lights that were used to illuminate the ship at night, sticking out on poles from the port side, so it was unlikely that any other ships would be coming in there.

San Francisco seemed to be a strange sort of town at first sight. Or at least the part of it they could see from Pier 18, tucked almost under the Oakland Bay Bridge. A road ran parallel to the water's edge and the many roads that led off at right angles went steeply uphill, so steep that they looked to be difficult to walk up. The bulk of the town was at the top of those hilly streets and on far more level ground, they were told.



Ginger recalled that when he went to Rotterdam, on the Implacable, they were given a talk on the town and what to expect before they arrived but there was no such information forthcoming for America.

Depending on the point of view, being that close to the town could be an advantage or, on the other hand, a disadvantage. People would flock to see 'the British ship' and some would stand and stare for ages, maybe looking for suitable candidates to invite to their homes and that was an advantage for those who wanted to be entertained. Almost everywhere they had been, including Bermuda, a few of the ship's company had received invitations to an 'up homers' visit and was usually gratefully accepted or on occasion politely declined, as the case may be. But San Francisco was a new experience altogether. By the time *secure* had sounded at 1600 those spectators had grown into a crowd and it was difficult for those going ashore to push past without being rude. It seemed all San Franciscans wanted a 'British sailor' of their own and many were reluctant to take no for an answer, which made getting ashore alone the equivalent of a human obstacle course. The people were very friendly and they just wanted to express their friendliness but the ship had arrived in a new port and most on board wanted to explore on their own, with their own kind.

Another down side to being so close to the public at large was that every working moment and every little everyday chore came under the scrutiny of pairs of fascinated eyes. Coupled with the Buffer who was an ignorant, arrogant loud bully of a man who hated everyone and boys in particular, it made it embarrassing to work on the upper deck and to be screamed at, in most cases unjustly, just to satisfy his ego. More so particularly if a few words had been exchanged with someone on the pier or a conversation had been established. It was obvious that no one on shore looking in was impressed by his tantrums particularly as it made the recipients of his wrath look like naughty little schoolboys. Trying to show what a big important man he was failed miserably and had the opposite effect. It confirmed to the spectators what they had already begun to suspect and the people on board already knew: he was an obnoxious, loud mouthed, nobody who had authority to throw his weight about with immunity.

As luck would have it Ginger's duty would end at midday the next day. Being on the gangway kept him out of the Buffer's way and gave him time to get the lie of the land and possibly learn from other people the pitfalls before venturing ashore himself. His watch pattern ended at 0800 the next morning and the other watch keepers on his watch were changed and ashore at their earliest opportunity. He was not so lucky. Although he had been up and scrubbing the quarterdeck at 0600 he did not keep night watches and therefore not entitled to watch keepers leave in the strict sense; he would have to wait until 1315 when all boys could go ashore. Although he was pleased to learn that 'Freddie' had decreed that boys leave could start from 1230 for a few days while they were in San Francisco.

The following day would be pay day, therefore on this particular day readies were a bit light on the ground after San Diego and his plan was to wait until payday before venturing ashore. That was until it was announced that the ship would be open to visitors then ashore with very little money suddenly seemed a much better bet to him and several other from the boys mess. They



knew that their mess would be the first place Chinnery the PTI would look for 'volunteers' if they stayed aboard even though they were officially off duty.

USS Midway, an enormous aircraft carrier, entered harbour during the morning and although it completely dwarfed their ship, it didn't entice the visitors away. Superb attracted them in droves as always.

The next day was indeed payday and Ginger had several goals in mind. First thing on the agenda, after scrubbing the quarterdeck with the others as usual, was to not be late getting his pay at the 0730 pay muster. Then it was a case of keeping out of the way until dinner-time and letting it be known that he was going ashore at the earliest opportunity and although he didn't say so, to get ashore and out of the way before the children came aboard for the children's party. All that was left then was to figure out how to actually get ashore without ending up with an invite to someone's house or offending someone's feelings by declining such an invitation.

In the past he had been press-ganged into helping at a couple of children's parties and although he hadn't joined in willingly he secretly conceded that he had enjoyed himself once he had got into the spirit of things. However, this time he was prepared to forgo that enjoyment and take his chances with a run ashore, particularly with money in his pocket.

It appeared that he had missed a real treat and that those left on board had had a first class time with slightly more than five hundred youngsters to entertain. The children, apparently, had come from various orphanages in the area and *The Chronicle*, the local paper, turned up to witness the event and gave them a fair old coverage. When the visitors turned up again the following day, Saturday, several of them brought the Saturday paper with them for the ship's company to read. It carried a report of the good time that had been enjoyed the day before

The headlines on page three of the San Francisco Chronicle for Saturday July 16 1955 read:

***Superb's 'Pirates' Capture 400 bay Kids.***

That newspaper certainly told the story and alerted everyone to Superb being in town. They may have got the numbers wrong but that was a minor discrepancy. Ginger knew that the actual number of kids entertained that day was 513 but he only knew that because it was entered in the log.

The newspaper article which also contained four large photographs of the day's festivities, reported:

*'Probably there was never a time when small children had encountered or for that matter, ever would encounter, friendlier pirates.....somehow Superb had been transformed from a deadly cruiser into a children's paradise with swings, a cable 'space ship', a fishing pond and a see-saw'*

That was not to mention the pirate's cave in the torpedo space, the roundabout on the fo'c'sle capstan, the pirates walking the plank or the pirate boat firing smoke bombs into the air, with a loud bang. All in all it appeared that they had a very good time onboard. Ginger and his



companions also had a very good time ashore. America was the place to be. There was lots to do and lots to see. Street cars, a bit like the old English trams, hauled people up and down those steep side streets and they enjoyed a couple of rides to the top and back down. At the top end of the journey there was a turntable built into the road and anyone left onboard, or waiting for a ride down, would be expected to help push the streetcar round 180 degrees. At certain times of the day those open sided carriages would be choc-a-block, with people hanging on the outside as well. Hanging on the outside even at non-busy times, had the advantage that one could jump off or on at anytime without waiting for the stops. It appeared that the service was free or at least Ginger didn't notice a fare collector. Or maybe it was free to the 'British guests'. Ginger and the others were never asked to pay a fare and he didn't think it wise to look into it too closely.

What he had seen of America so far was certainly living up to what he had been led to believe it was like, it was better even than the impression he had formed of the country before he had sampled it for himself. The people that they had come across so far were friendly - and that was not to say the South Americans that they had encountered previously were unfriendly, plus there was the distinct added advantage of speaking the same language. Although it was early days yet and they had only been in the country about a fortnight all-told Ginger loved it; the sights, sounds and smells were all part of the rich tapestry. It was all new to him and the novelty factor had a tight grip on him. He was enjoying every minute.

## **Dramatic fight between two submarines**





### The Life of a Matelot

There's mis-musters, tot time, slop chits and pay  
There's rising and shining and hitting the hay  
There's neaters and strongers and thickers as well  
There's D. Q's and Chokey and the tiller flat cell  
There's aft and forrard and abeam and abaft  
To a Civvy this chatter must seem awful daft  
But to us in the "Andrew" it doesn't seem strange  
Like a draft chit the "Jossman" can always arrange  
We eat "Bangers," "Red lead" and hard Pussers peas  
We commission and pay off the ships of the seas  
We are sad and sometimes we think it is heaven  
There are times when we cry "Dear lord and roll on our seven"  
We are always complaining and getting "green rubs"  
And chasing for rubbers and looking for subs  
Then rushing ashore like a great heard of cattle  
And getting 'filled in' and put in the rattle  
And when our times finished and we're "out", on the dole  
In Civvy street where we don't know a soul  
We'll say we are solid and wish we were back  
In bells, silks and lanyards, a real Tiddly Jack

# A NAVAL CAREER PART 4 (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*

## NORTHERN WATERS AND DUTIES NEW

**A**fter a most enjoyable leave, partly spent in Northants, I was posted to *HMML 155*. This was one of the boats fitted with an impressive radar tower bearing a PPI 660 radar which had been used to fix position as they led in one of the landing craft columns to Normandy beaches. I joined the boat up the Thames at Isleworth, where high technology gear had been added to help with accurate navigation (QH2, taut wire measuring gear, echo sounder etc.) to enable us to position and supervise German Fleet Minesweepers to be employed clearing up their mine barrage in the Mid-north Sea. Together with *ML 154* (similarly fitted) we were to operate from a base in Cuxhaven but work out of Flekkefjord, Norway. To enable the boat to get up to Isleworth the radar tower had to be removed at Hay's Wharf were it was restored on our return down the Thames.

We enjoyed the trip down river and especially having Tower Bridge raised just for us to pass. After a day or two in Sheerness, we left in quite dense fog and placing faith in the magic of radar to hop from buoy to buoy, passed through much shipping but saw nothing until we successfully picked up the breakwater at IJmuiden, The Netherlands.

What a difference our new toys made to confidence at night or in fog, as compared with hours peering into nothingness through night glasses! Bad weather gave us an opportunity to spend a day or two in Den Helder, where we had a chance to see the desperate shortages that were still being suffered. Another break in the island of Borkum proved interesting because the N.O.I.C. (naval officer in charge) seemed almost to be running a harem of German code-breaking WRNS equivalents. The daily codes that we had religiously used were regularly broken by mid-day but they remained puzzled by the 'RT slang' that we had been so heavily warned against using and "Who is this darling Clementine?" On to Cuxhaven where fishing was just beginning again. This was not too damaged but Hamburg and Heligoland were wrecked.

Through no fault of ours, our mission was a failure because our ability to navigate with sufficient accuracy to direct the German minesweepers in the middle of the North Sea depended entirely on the sophisticated electronic navigational equipment which we had fitted in Isleworth. QH2 had been the distant position indicating system used by the pathfinders for allied bombers to define German targets accurately, (now replaced by the much more convenient GPS, global positioning system). That need no longer existed and as civilian needs had not yet developed. The day we were due to start was the very day when the air forces chose to close down the chain of land stations.



Without these, the German Sweepers could be much more accurate than we could hope to be. Nevertheless, we were able to keep ourselves busy with a variety of quite interesting tasks. Among these was the escort of Soviet Navy ships to Bremen and Wilhelmshaven, carrying crews that would (under our escort) take back their share of the German Navy through the Kiel Canal to the Baltic and what would become 'behind the curtain'. We also did several trips to the island of Heligoland in the Elbe approaches, to take RAF teams who had the job of assessing the damage our bombs had (or had not) done to the U Boat pens. We also had to show the White Ensign among the German sweepers operating from Flekkefiord in Norway. These were interesting episodes, not least because they took us through the Baltic with opportunities to call at Copenhagen and other Danish ports.

The comparison of quality and morale between the victorious Russians and the defeated Germans was most strikingly in favour of the latter. The former were undisciplined scroungers wanting to pinch anything moveable. The latter were efficient, punctilious about maritime courtesies and went about their dangerous work efficiently. Denmark was nothing like so badly damaged or their populations so starved as were the Dutch and perhaps both were better off than the remaining inhabitants of Hamburg. Once into the Kiel Canal at Brunsbuttelkug the land had only suffered isolated bombing rather than land warfare. After the first trip north, we took the precaution of landing most of our ammunition to make room in the magazines for the products of the Carlsberg and Tuborg Breweries. This ensured us a very favoured reception on arrival back home at our base in Cuxhaven.

The pleasure of the Danes at liberation was also shown when we happened to be the first to show the White Ensign in the northernmost port of Jutland (Fredrikshafen by Skaw). At the time of the Occupation, the local ships chandler had buried all his stock of British spirits, vowing that he would not unearth them or open a bottle until liberated. Although a little late, we were deemed to give him that excuse.

The parties for all were long and furious and the local police were needed to return the crew who had shore leave. Of course this needed to be followed by return hospitality for locals and the judiciary. By midday the next day it was high time to sail to calmer conditions in Norway. I liked both the lands and peoples of Denmark and Norway but did not have very long among them because I had to hand *ML155* over to my successor in Flekkefiord and return to UK via Cuxhaven for 'demob'.

As I was lucky enough not to have suffered shipwreck or wounding, I can say that in retrospect I enjoyed my 'sailor's life'. I learnt a great deal from the somewhat harsh school of the 'lower deck' and a good deal more from the experience and privilege of being in command of some of His Majesty's (tiddler) Ships from the age of 23. By the middle of 1946, I was due to be demobilised and to gain entry to university, finally to research on potato diseases. To my surprise and disappointment this apparently prevented me continuing in the then RNVSR, so I ceased to be a sailor (in all but memory)!

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

These stories 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

Jim Hirst died in January, 1998 aged 76.



# HMS WILDFIRE III.

**I**n 1939, the Port of London was the biggest port in the World and the Thames Estuary Sea lanes were the busiest. When war commenced, these sea lanes had to be kept open at any cost.

Even before the war started, the Admiralty was requisitioning vessels suitable to be converted into minesweepers. It quickly became apparent that HMS Wildfire at Sheerness would not be big enough and HMS Wildfire II was established at Queenborough. The name would later change to HMS St Tudno, after the headquarter ship and finally HMS Wildfire III.

Wildfire III was the most significant Minesweeper Base in the UK and therefore probably the World.



Wildfire lost 34 minesweepers during WW2 (Grimsby 25, Harwich 20, Lowestoft 17) The biggest, most complex and the most important minesweeping operation of WW2, sweeping the Scheldt and opening up the port of Antwerp, was commanded by Captain H. G. Hopper, Captain of Minesweeping, Wildfire III, Queenborough. His headquarter ship was HMS St Tudno, previously based at Queenborough as the Wildfire III Base ship.

The Vessels of Wildfire III (Queenborough) and Wildfire (Sheerness) participated in all the major European operations. They were at Dunkirk, rescuing 21,281 troops. They were at Dieppe. My Dad's ship was there, the Sheerness destroyer, HMS Garth. He tells of a shell coming through the side of the ship, but not exploding. He also tells of helping the Canadian wounded and his overalls being so caked in blood, he simply took them off and threw them over the side.

Wildfire III minesweeper lead the invasion fleet to the D-day landing beaches, sweeping each warship into its firing position and continued sweeping right up to the beaches.

Wildfire III minesweeper opened up the Port of Antwerp allowing urgently need war supplies to be landed right on the battle front. They opened up the Dutch ports allowing food to arrive for the Dutch people who were starving to death. (After the Market Garden operation, a "Bridge Too Far", the Germans cut off all food and fuel supplies to much of Holland.)

And even after the war had finished for everyone else, the men of the minesweepers risked their lives daily to sweep the mines from the German mine fields and our own mine barrier.

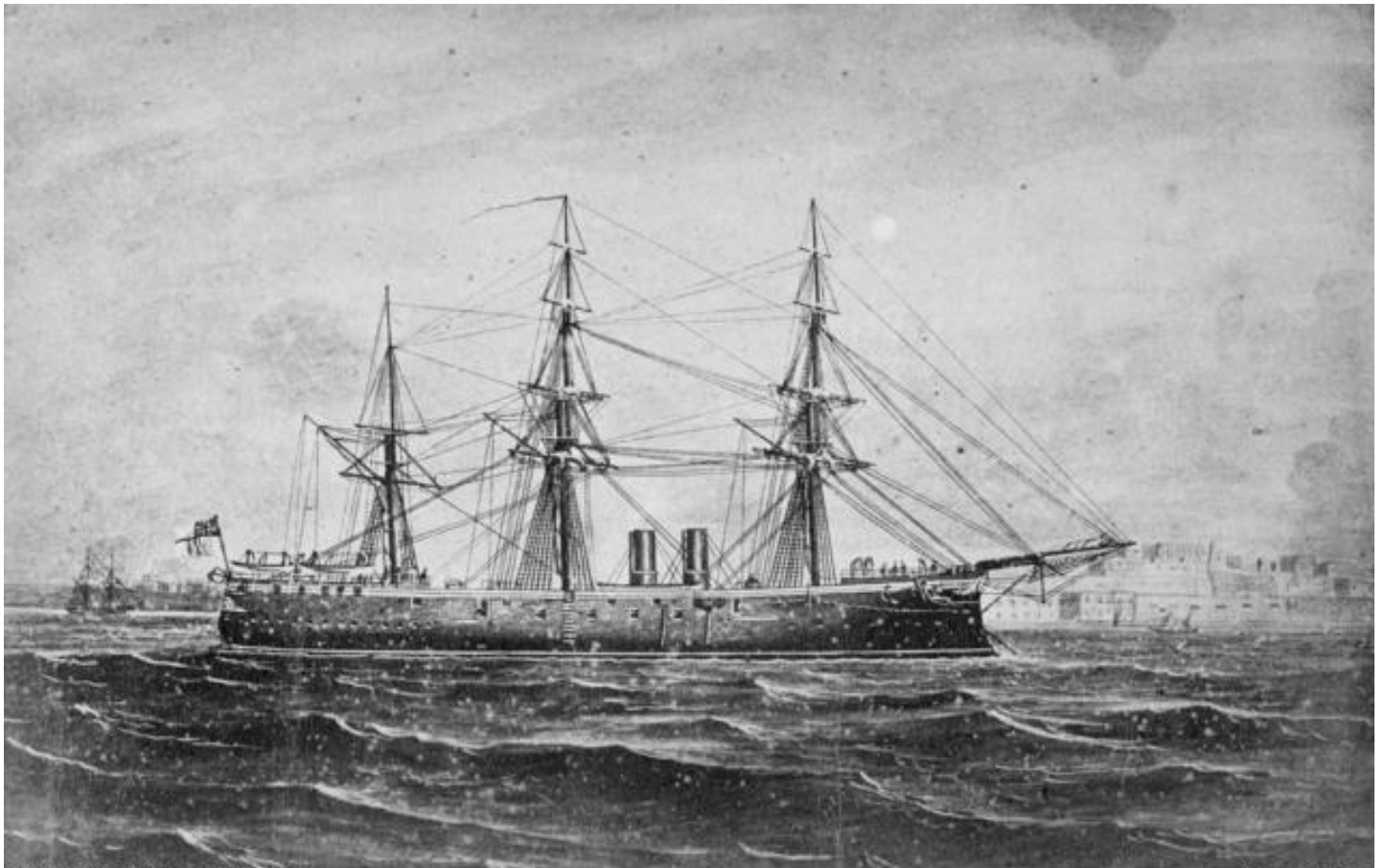
So, now you know why, every year, the Queenborough and District Naval Ensign Association hold the HMS Wildfire III Memorial Parade and Service. Perhaps you might go there next year?

For more information visit the Guildhall Museum in Queenborough, High Street or visit the website Home ([wildfire3.com](http://wildfire3.com))



# HARRY SKINNER

HMS Superb took Royal Marines, including Henry Edward 'Harry' Skinner, from England to war in the Sudan and back again in 1883 - 1884.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

P06184.060

**Side view of HMS Superb at sea.**

While in the Sudan Henry Skinner fought in the battles of El Teb and then Tamaai. He later served in the Australian Army in the First World War in France and his son and three grandsons also served in the Australian Army.

Born in January 1866 near Totnes, Devon, England, Henry Edward 'Harry' Skinner falsified his age, increasing it so he could enlist in the British Royal Marine Light Infantry in April 1882. 2548 Private Skinner initially served with 30 Company Royal Marines and aboard HMS Superb, and later saw service in the Sudan, fighting at El Teb and Tamaai where he was wounded in the neck in March 1884. Skinner later emigrated to Australia and was working as a 'navy' with the New South Wales Gas Company when he again falsified his age - this time decreasing it - to enlist in the AIF in April 1916. 6328 Private Skinner embarked aboard HMAT Euripides at Sydney on 9 September 1916 with the 20th Reinforcements of the 4th Battalion. At fifty years



of age, Private Skinner served in France until he was injured and returned to Australia 1917. Harry Skinner's medals are held by the Memorial at REL37777.001-.004. Harry Skinner's son, Francis Leonard (Len) Skinner and two grandsons, Harold Leonard and Laurence Frederick (Laurie) Skinner all served with the Australian Army during the Second World War. His third grandson, Roy Edwin Skinner served with the Citizen Military Forces (militia) and later the Australian Regular Army and saw extensive service with the United Nations in the Middle East. The Memorial holds additional material relating to the service of the Skinner family.

More information from Australian Government website  
<https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/C1218670>





News

The Royal Navy training facility closed in 1976  
Pictures: SONYA DUNCAN



## 'It is very sad': Final part of HMS Ganges naval mast is taken down

The historic landmark HMS Ganges mast was removed during a special ceremony as former Royal Navy seamen, museum trustees and Royal British Legion representatives looked on.

**DOMINIC BAREHAM**  
Dominic.Bareham@anchant.co.uk

the naval training facility, along with 160,000 other boys, which included 5.30am starts when the sailors learned how to wash and look after their kit and underwear.

They also received educational training in English, maths and history, when they learned about the navy's traditions.

He added: "It is very sad. The mast is the most important part of Ganges. There were 160,000 boys here and most of them went to the top. It is a sad day because it means so much to us that mast."

John Adams, 79, who was in the Royal Naval Reserve, said: "Because it has deteriorated so much, I am glad to see it taken down because I used to hate looking at it as I was driving past, in the state that it was in."

June Lawford-Randall, secretary of HMS Ganges Museum, said: "Wavensmere are taking proper care. They are very

proud of their work with us and there are a lot of people who are looking forward now to the act restoration."

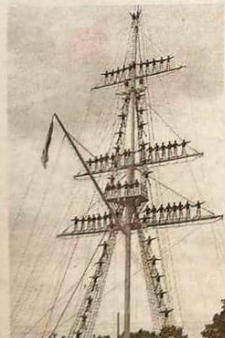
A marching band performed prior to the ceremony, which began with a speech by Wavensmere Homes managing director James Dickens who announced that their aim was have the whole development completed by early 2025, with first residents arriving in July August next year.

He said: "It is 46 years ago today that the Royal Navy training establishment closed here. Over 160,000 boys were trained here. Wavensmere were quite late to party, but what we have really enjoyed is learning about the history of the site and the boys who served here."

Plans for the land, known as Barreilmans Point, have been approved by Babergh District Council and include 285 homes, a 60-bed nursing home, retail sports facilities, a doctor's surgery, office space, a hotel and cafe.



The HMS Ganges mast is prepared for removal



The HMS Ganges mast during its heyday when it was used to train naval recruits

Restoration work will be taking place to return the 142ft high structure on Shotley peninsula to its former glory as part of a Wavensmere Homes development, but yesterday the final section of the mast was dismantled, leaving just the lower steel section and platform. Although many of the onlookers were sad to see a familiar sight being taken away temporarily, there was also optimism that the renovation work would preserve the mast's long-term future, as the metal work had become rusted and dilapidated.

Phil Bridge, 72, from Chelmsford, was a junior seaman in the Royal Navy and trained on the mast, but never went to the top.

He recalled the rigorous and disciplined training he received at



Onlookers applauded as the final section of the mast was removed



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Brian,

I'm going to miss that envelope popping through the letter box every month. How am I going to remember all those items in the past without Andy to remind me?

As for the job you have done! SUPERB! Thanks Brian

Was at the chemo clinic yesterday, with Doreen, when one of the sisters asked what I used to do. Eventually it got to the Andrew, upon which she said her husband is a Submariner, away for months at a time etc.

Then she explained when she first met him, she thought a submariner was a sailor who was a bit thick. I liked that but it was her thoughts- not mine! - regards **Malcolm Milham**

Hello Brian,

Thanks for the latest update on the "everything Superb".

I appreciate you keeping me in the stream of communication regarding the magazine.

I am finding it difficult to comprehend that it was in 1954 that I was on the Superb in Guantanamo Bay Cuba, and that you and I are still talking about the "good old days". Also, I will never forget that I was the "Honorary Rum Bosun" on one of my photo trips to cover your gunnery exercise. I will continue to enjoy a tot of Pusser's rum , Not the 107 proof version. I tried the 107 proof and found I am too old to handle it. I bought a Gill measure to keep with the correct dose which I believe is 1/2 Gill.

Sorry to hear the membership is fading away. All good things must come to an end. As long as I am still around, please stay in touch. I have enjoyed and appreciated your emails, particularly the one about your trip to England for the reunion.

Also thanks for the recent updates and photos. Great pictures of you and Libby.

I am now 91 and am dealing with all the aging baggage that goes with it. I am, according my Doctor, in very good health and well above the curve for my age group.

Thanks again for keeping me in the loop. Cheers, **George Messmer (Ex USN)**



Hi Brian,

I just want to thank you for including me with your members who receive your superb magazine.

This issue, with Ray Lambert's "Nozzers Go West" account, brought back memories of the afternoon I spent on the Superb in San Diego, my home town, 67 years ago. And I was a bit saddened for you all that this year's reunion was your last. Thanks again so much for including me. My very best wishes go to you all. **Nick Crump (Ex USN)**

Dear Brian,

I received the sad news in the post this morning, not unexpected of course but still sad. I am afraid that is the fate of all associations.

I am just so sorry that I could not make it but I did make the first. I would like to thank you for the work you have put in on behalf of us all, and all who contributed especially Andy. I did not get a list of members this morning just had two pages. The painting by Brian is excellent not sure if I want one as I have nowhere to hang it.

Well Brian look forward to a few more magazines I am sure we can all keep in touch take care and love to you both. Regards, aye **Brian Hill**

Brian,

Greetings and thank you for the above. Hope you and yours are well. My old bones get me to the "heads" and back under my own steam.

Keep taking the tablets. keep up the good work.

Yours aye. Roll on tot time. **Derek Baldry.**

Hi Brian,

Thanks for the letter ,I was sorry to hear that there was not many at the re-union ,it's a shame that the get-together of the ships company is probably coming to an end.

We are however getting old and travelling does not suit everyone ,but it was nice to get the updates of what was going on every month from you, only wish I was young again and back on SUPERB,I regret not staying in the navy ,had my chance but turned it down (what a fool).



Thanks for keeping in touch, I hope you and your family keep well and enjoy the rest of your days .Shipmate Alf (Buster) Brown.

## **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