

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH

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ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

A Times columnist, Jeremy Clarkson, will be known to motor pundits for his very popular TV show; he now writes on agricultural matters. Sacked by the B.B.C. he became a farmer in the Cotswolds.

Farming, as reported by J.C. is crystal clear, educational, informative and frequently very funny; I raise my hand to becoming a 'farming follower'.

That bit of blether gets me to an out of character column, Sunday 28th June, on our Royal Navy. (See magazine index "Hold the Wrecking Ball" or click [HERE](#) to read - Ed)

To me it stands as a TV documentary masterpiece, not a word too many or any silly hype to insult ones intelligence.

I would have it screened for all the 6th formers during geography lessons, an age when gravity of events and their tribulation would best be absorbed. I would recommend the R.N. dispense with its P.R. department as 'unfit for purpose', hand it over to J.C., then witness the nation's current 'sea blindness' get a deserved shake up. Mr. Clarkson had an earlier TV show when telling the moving story of Convoy P.Q.17 and, specifically, an armed trawler of its escort.

When last in an operating Chatham dockyard I don't think you envisioned the day 'minarets' would be visible from Gillingham Gate; even more remote would be the loudspeaker call to prayer from these towers. Press reports permission for 'the call' is now sanctioned by local councils. It is pretty certain a decibel limit will be placed like other noise-makers, car exhaust for example.

Soon it may be part of 'Old England's' background sounds. I do wonder how that is squared with the 'townie influx' to villages, who then petition for Norman era church bells to be silenced; perhaps the influx is not C of E and its tradition for religious factions to fall out.

A discordant jangle is not uncommon in my village; I've never heard a complaint as most know it's the youngsters learning to hang on to ropes in correct sequence. Adults who give free time and their skills are our silver lining.

I do smile at the latest pronouncement by Welby, Archbishop of Canterbury, a calamity for nearly ninety years of belief, talk about mounting a band wagon, he postulates Jesus was maybe a black man; wow, that's a rewrite of the King James as a starter, altered on a whim minus



evidence, indicates possible lack of homework, but he does sit on the front bench in the House of Lords, with seven others in their Sunday best; ankle length embroidered frocks.

Not had a religious section in the news letter before, but a highlight is shipmate Frank Nunn off ashore in Bermuda, cornet under arm, to play with local Salvation Army band, pity they could not have come aboard for an hour.

A late brother was talking of arrival with Ulster Rifles at Pusan, South Korea in the 50's; the troop ship journey out was long and dire, rough in the extreme, a darkening evening in heavy rain a fitting, depressing conclusion as they stumbled down too steep a gangway with sixty pounds of kit. On entering an adjacent warehouse they were met by a couple of Salvation Army caravans, ladies ready with their legendary hot, strong tea and ubiquitous current bun. Fairy godmothers they all agreed, with their power to change mood and outlook at a stroke. Sally Ann ever seems to be like that; religion at ground level.



Is my memory sound in saying an oil drum steel band was on board in Jamaica; could have been a wardroom function, lovely sound!

I relish a little more freedom promised for the 4th July, auspicious date for some. Public loos must stay closed, that should generate anti-social behaviour, freedom with distancing to be observed.

Puts one in mind of an observation by President Regan who said, "Nine most

horrifying words in the English language were; 'I am from the government, and here to help' ".

Under the 'Corona virus business interruption loan scheme' 25% are already acknowledged to be fraudulent... Blind Pugh could have told the chancellor - that's a minimum - sure sign Pugh never went to Eton.

AN INTERNATIONAL LAUGHING STOCK ?

I am unsure how many, if any, agree that our navy has devolved into an international laughing stock. 'Navy Blue' contingent of the joint chiefs, led by First Sea Lord Tony Radakin, Grand Poobah of things naval have, following deep deliberations, thinking outside the box and getting focused, stumble upon a panacea for the service. Shortage of ships, shortage of crews, shortage of fleet auxiliaries, shortage of aircraft and all that boring stuff cured by issue of K.R & AI last month.

The titles Seaman, Able Seaman, Manpower and Unmanned will be abolished so females do not feel excluded - what now - Sea Person or Mariner perhaps.

I heave a sigh of relief and gratitude as tensions eased, sleep patterns returned to normal - I feared they'd declared war on the Isle of Man.

Aircraft carriers

SIR - The Royal Navy's aircraft carriers (report, July 13) are defence assets of great importance to Britain.

It was reported that the Prime Minister's chief aide Dominic Cummings claimed the carriers "cannot be sent to a serious war against a serious enemy".

This may or may not be his view, but I have no doubt that, as he addresses the issue of defence more closely, he will realise their importance. They are already capable of humanitarian operations. When they have their full air group and task force (which can already be formed), they will be, along with our deterrent and nuclear attack submarines, the only British defence capabilities that can, in fact, take part in a serious war against a serious enemy.

This capability makes it less likely that we will have a war, but also means that, in a confrontation with Russian, Chinese or another nation's naval power, the result would be, to quote *Blackadder*, "victory and home in time for tea and medals".

Admiral Lord West of Spithead
London SW1

Admiral Lord West of Spithead assured the House that naval defence assets are of great importance - for what I wonder has the delusional admiral got in mind. So called Super Carriers are helicopter carriers at best, suitable for humanitarian missions. Designated, but not embarked fixed wing aircraft are the least capable model of 5th generation F35, short range! Proper strike squadrons are out, no arrestor gear, no catapults, no airborne early warning and, crucially, no air to air tanking. Should you be one of those sea persons we saw on TV assembled for the Captain's opening utterance "You guys"! I would avoid being considered a sissy by wearing my life belt out of sight under the new (being designed) uniform shirt at all times. Every Chinese submarine captain (at last count 74, yup, seventy four) will vie for one of those so named super carriers on his C.V.

How many submarines president Putin possesses is a grey area, but I wager enough to block exits from the U.K. Should the balloon ascend we will have no carrier battle group to

provide adequate protection, trained in that skill. If you assumed we had the measure of submarines when the Battle of Atlantic counter measures bore such fruit up to late 1944 to early 1945, you must think again.

A learned technical tome, tiresome in the extreme, called the Snorkel Evolution and Asdic Sonar 'counter measures', must be a severe jolt to the anti-submarine fraternity, along with radical change of tactics; we can be thankful the struggle ceased when it did. Donitz U-boats with a coating they called Alberich started the revolution, know today as Anechoic Tiles.

Massive investments by the Soviets, along with captured German scientists from Kiel, pushed technology in the sphere at breakneck pace.

A Naval Proceeding's article in 1988 forecast the Soviets would overtake the U.S.A. in advanced design by 2000.



I once wrote to the late Fred Kinsey about Soviet submarine *Kursk*, I actually got to see a section of the conning tower in Murmansk. You may recall Oscar 2 nuclear engine missile carrier - massive creation of tonnage? It also carried hydrogen peroxide fuelled torpedoes.



One exploded whilst out on exercises (a fuel abandoned by the U.S. and the U.K. as too volatile) three bow compartments collapsed and she sank in 380 feet. Recovery aid by Norway and British experts offered and rejected as not required! Eventually unrest in Russia pressured them to accept. Given 'exact coordinates' by the Soviets they began sweeps with state of the art R.O.V.; R.O.V. crew could not find it, cutting edge sonar received absolutely no echoes back and was not in the location stated, according to the crew, vanished, confusion reigned on the 'mother' ship.

Numerous search passes were made over the site until a faint ping returned. The massive seven-bladed twin propellers of bronze, standing high from the sea floor were the only components to indicate the *Kursk's* location. The R.O.V. crew was amazed on realisation, acoustic tiles inside and out of the hull were so effective they 'absorbed' active sonar signals at virtually zero range. A long blurb only of interest to \$'s rates I suspect.

If your interest is with our super carriers, deployment looks dubious for lack of a fleet train. Three are lying idle, R.F.A. tanker Wave Runner in Mersey for several years, R.F.A. Fort Rosalie and R.F.A. Fort Austin, both more than 40 years mothballed in Birkenhead; the R.F.A. cannot recruit crews for them. Who will the nation be scrounging the odd tank of diesel from to keep carrier lights on?

As an example to avoid the above, one only needs to look over the channel to Chantiers shipyard at St. Nazaire, France. Forward thinking on replacement of their current nuclear engine carrier *Charles de Gaulle*, they first initiated the build programme of four next generation Fleet Axillaries - they started to build last month - all double-hulled. One awaits the new carrier design with great interest.

I read that France is already talking to General Atomics U.S.A. about E.M.A.L.'s launch on catapults, and recovery on landing, Embarked aircraft to be proper strike models of new advanced design in France; French built of course to be flown by 'Maritime National pilots (sailors), not airforce. Pictures one sees, occasionally, of carrier *Charles de Gaulle* doing its thing around the world are a source of massive pride to France.

Signal example of how to equip and run a navy, also, crucially, how to forward plan it.

Another Atlantic coast yard at Brest is earmarked to build the new carrier. The French navy has a nuclear bombing contingent of, at least, one squadron of Rapales at present which can be flown onboard at short notice, thus France relies not only on its S.S.B.N.'s. Bombs in their DYAD have yields of 300 kilotons that dropped on Hiroshima by *Enola Gay* had a yield of 20 kilotons.

Enough of that eh, and I have not had my grog yet.

Keep your muzzle on Shipmates and save on lipstick.

Notes:

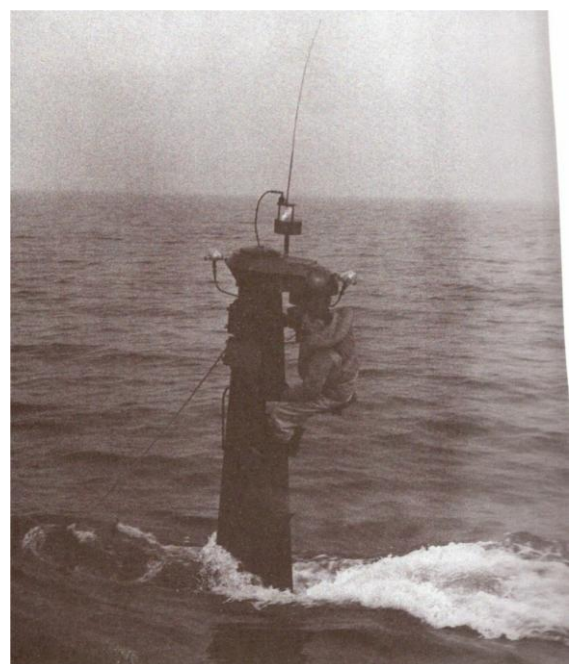
1 *The first stealth submarine, was equipped with a special rubber coating (codenamed Alberich, after the German mythological character who had the ability to become invisible), that made it difficult to detect with British ASDIC (sonar).*

2 *Anechoic tiles are rubber or synthetic polymer tiles containing thousands of tiny voids, applied to the outer hulls of military ships and submarines, as well as anechoic chambers. Their function is twofold: (1) To absorb the sound waves of active sonar, reducing and distorting the return signal, thereby reducing its effective range and (2) To attenuate the sounds emitted from the vessel, typically its engines, to reduce the range at which it can be detected by passive sonar.*

Best regards to all y'all,



Andy sent me this photo
- can anyone explain the
circumstances?



COMMANDER'S DAILY ORDERS

<u>Pipe where underlined</u>				
Duty	Lt. Cdr.	Lt. Cdr. IMPEY	P.O.O.D.	P.O. MELLOW
1st.	O.O.W.	Mr. NEALE	D.C.P.O.	E.A. STEPHENS
2nd.	O.O.W.	2/Lt. STEER	Duty Watch	STARBOARD
E.O.O.D.		Lt. HALLIFAX	Duty Part	SECOND
P.O.O.W.		P.O. PAYNE	Duty Watch Stokers	WHITE

WEDNESDAY 18 MAY, 1949 - DAILY HARBOUR ROUTINE TILL 0900, THEN DAILY SEA
 "Waggon-wheels, wagon-wheels, keep on turning waggon-wheels ..."

0615 Cable party and focslemen of both watches will be required in 5 minutes

0620 Cable party and focslemen of both watches fall in on focsle.

(They will be sent to breakfast in penny numbers during unmooring)

0730 (about) Special sea dutymen. Close scuttles. Assume DC State 4

0800 (about) Proceed for exercises. All "C" laundry to be handed in by this time; (all focsle chains to be sprung out).

AM & PM Continue manoeuvring trials.

Dogs Fleet exercises and manoeuvres- gunnery control parties and plotting teams will be required details by pipe.

Evening Second Cruiser Squadron anchor or moor somewhere.

THE SAILORS TEN COMMANDMENTS. To fill space we print this old naval favourite which may be unknown to the younger members of the ship's company.

1. Thou shalt not scrounge, neither shall thou swing the lead, lest thy resting place be the oggin where the fishes and whales quench their thirst.

2. Thou shalt not take the name of the BUFFER in vain, or thou shalt have thy name inscribed on a S.241 and undergo a course of JANKERS.

3. Honour thy PAY-BOB and R.P.O. all the days of thy service, that thy credits may be numbered even as the sands of Egypt.

4 Thou shalt not fill thyself with BEER or by Royal Warrant thou shalt lose much pay, and the JAUNTY shall number thee among his transgressors. For it is written "HE THAT DRINKETH SHALL NOT PULL THE ROLLER"

5 Six days shall thou labour but on the seventh thou shalt do twice as much.

6 (Omitted)

7 Thou shalt not covet nor take unto thyself thy neighbour's kit, nor his blankets, neither shalt thou borrow anything of the owner thereof if he be not present, or thou shalt have thy sins visited upon thee by the hand that blacketh the eye.

8. Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods in pursuit of BANKER, NAP or PONTOON lest the voice of the Duty Officer be heard in the land saying "Render unto me thy name, and let the shekels remain where they lie"

9. Thou shalt not kill if thy cook grieveth thee. Thou shalt not smite him on the hip or the thigh, neither shalt thou draw him off one. Rather shalt thou go to the CABOOSH of the HEADMAN and crave audience of him, with much wailing and gnashing of teeth. And he will open his mouth and words of wisdom shall flow forth and next time it will be twice as bad.

10. And when it comes to pass that thou art time expired, thou shalt embark upon the waters and journey thereon many days until thou reachest the promised land known as BLIGHTY, and there thou shalt take unto thyself strangers raiment, and be known from that day forth as a CIVVY. Thou shalt there in the land of Blighty, study a certain DOLE, and the drawing thereof, and Lo for many moons shall thou desist from thy labours and rest thy weary bones.

M. LE FANU
 COMMANDER

Thanks to Ray Lambert for sending in this copy



HOLD THE WRECKING BALL, ADMIRAL –

that rusty old destroyer would make a smashing superyacht

By Jeremy Clarkson (Sunday Times, June 28)

(If you jumped to this point from Andy's blog click [HERE](#) to go back to the point you left)

I am very excited by the Royal Navy's new Type 31 frigates. Due to enter service in 2027, they are sleek, fast and agile darts that, at £250m a pop, are surprisingly good value for money. In recent years the navy has been experimenting with Toyota Prius-style hybrid technology, but these new frigates are getting proper old-fashioned grunt in the shape of four 20-cylinder, 11,000-horsepower diesels. And then, to make the on-board electricity, four 16-cylinder generators. If the planet ever stopped spinning, you'd be able to use one of these things to get it going again.

What troubles me is what will happen to the ships they'll replace: the beautiful Type 23 frigates. I went on one once, *HMS Westminster*. It was off Norway, and it remains the only example in human history of a well-run government-funded thing. I loved it, and I loved how the hairs on the back of my neck rose with pride as we slithered into Bergen, powered by nothing but calmness and a few whispered instructions from the captain.

In the past such a ship would eventually be sold to some Third World backwater, where it would be renamed after the date of a revolution and then driven at full speed by some coked-up captain into some rocks he'd forgotten about. That would make me sad.

Remember *HMS Ocean*, which was moored on the Thames during the London Olympics? Well, that was flogged unceremoniously to the Brazilians for a reported £84.6m, just a few years after a £65m refit.

Our Upholder-class submarines went to Canada, where one is now called the Corner Brook. Many of our Type 22 frigates went to South America. One, *HMS Brazen*, became the *Bosisio* and was then used for target practice and sunk. The same thing happened to *HMS Boxer*, even though it was only nine years out of a total refit when it was decommissioned.

Things were even worse for the mighty *Ark Royal*. That was sent off to Turkey, where it was turned into kettles, exhaust pipes, fridge doors and fence posts to keep the Syrians at bay. And do you know how much we, the British taxpayer, trousered from that deal? Nope, you're wrong. It was £2.9m. That's £2.9m for a fully fledged aircraft carrier that was able to sail to a wrecker's yard on the Aegean under its own steam.



And that gives me an idea. We learnt recently that the super-rich are no longer interested in superyachts that potter about in the Caribbean in winter and the Mediterranean in summer. They want ships that can tackle summers in the southern oceans and winters in Svalbard. They are no longer content with a couple of jet skis and one of those water slides off the top deck. They want on-board submarines that can be launched to track the migration patterns of coral spawn, and hulls that can smash through ice.

The new breed of eco-minded billionaires who made their fortune in tech doesn't want to show off. They want to bugger off, and explore strange new worlds and new civilisations. The late Paul Allen, a founder of Microsoft, once used his superyacht, the Octopus, to locate a Japanese battleship that was sunk off the coast of the Philippines. Remoteness is the new Monaco. The Mariana Trench is the new marina.

No one wants to lie around on their boat waiting for the private jet to deposit some party guests and half a hundredweight of caviar. Well, some people do. A lot of people, in fact. But many would rather head into the Northwest Passage in search of a new type of squid.

And, surely to God, the endlessly downsizing Royal Navy is in a perfect position to capitalise on this new spirit of adventure. Put simply: it can stop flogging its older hardware to Bangladesh and Turkish scrap dealers for next to nothing. And start selling it to Elon Musk for eleventy million.

Because, come on, what would you rather have? One of those Saudi monstrosities that block the view from your villa in Corfu, or a former Royal Navy destroyer? You pull up off a beach in one of those and even Sir Green would doff his mullet as a mark of respect.

And instead of coasting back that night to Antibes, you could go to South Georgia to study penguins. It really is lunch at Club 55 — and breakfast the next day at 55 degrees south.

The fact is that, right now, in Birkenhead docks, there's a Type 45 destroyer called HMS Dauntless that's been broken for the past four years. It's the latest generation of warship, so it's an eco-friendly hybrid. The only trouble is that the intercoolers on its turbines don't work very well in the sort of warm waters you find off Iran, Yemen and Somalia, which means that unless we have more Cod Wars with Iceland, it's always going to be fairly useless.

No one is saying how much it will cost to cut a hole in its side and install three new diesel generators, which could solve the problem, but most seem to agree it'll be well north of £120m. So, what if you went along and offered that amount to take the damn thing off the navy's hands? It'd have to agree. It'd have to.

You'd then end up with the bargain of the century, because £120m is less than half what you'd pay for an ordinary superyacht. There's more too. A Type 45 destroyer, at 500ft, is longer

than all but a handful of the biggest superyachts. You could have more guests too, as it can hold 285 people, and it's fast. Allen's boat can do only 20 knots. You could do more than 30.

Plus, if you were bored after a boozy lunch, you could push one button and atomise every single other boat in the entire bay in half a second flat. Not even Roman Abramovich could do that.

This, I think, is the future for the Royal Navy. Selling ships that have passed their use-by dates to wealthy individuals. And then, who knows, the air force could jump on the bandwagon. I quite fancy one of those Tornados.

(If you jumped to this point from Andy's blog click [HERE](#) to go back to the point you left)

CAPTAIN SMITHERS

In the greatest days of the British Empire, a new Commanding Officer was sent to an African jungle outpost to relieve the retiring Colonel. After welcoming his replacement and showing the courtesies (gin and tonic, cucumber sandwiches) that protocol decrees, the retiring Colonel said,

"You must meet Captain Smithers, my right-hand man, God, he's really the strength of this office. His talent is simply boundless."

Smithers was summoned and introduced to the new CO who was surprised to meet a crooked, toothless, scabbed and pockmarked specimen of humanity, with three strands of hair on his head - a particularly unattractive man of less than three foot tall.

"Smithers, old man, tell your new CO about yourself."

"Well, sir, I graduated with honour's from Sandhurst, joined the regiment and won the Military Cross and Bar and three DSO's after 12 months of expeditions behind enemy lines. I've represented Great Britain in equestrian events and won Gold Medals in the middleweight division boxing, archery gold, wrestling and 2 gold's in the Olympic Games. I have researched the history of....."

Here the Colonel interrupted, "Yes, yes, never mind that Smithers, the CO can find all that in your file. Tell him about the day you told the witch doctor to "Get knotted."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Brian: Re June's Magazine -If Gerald Hickling is the same as the one who dived in Port Stanley Falklands Harbour, and I was on the pumps in the diving pinnace, then yes I do remember him. Perhaps he knew Leading Diver Sibley some years later... **Ray Lee** (Ray - I have been in touch with Gerald's neighbours, who are his only contact, and await their reply. Brian)

Brian: Re the Reunion. I have cancelled the event this year along with our entertainer. No support for it this year especially with some coming by train and underground to get here. I will be informing members in August Newsletter. Some new ideas for raffles etc details of which I will send to you later. I have an idea in hand to carry out a video link function (Association money raffle) as normal in October. This highly technical function will be conducted by Denise and hopefully with the team present. As I say more details in this month's newsletter. **Robin Smith**

A graduate with a science degree asks
Why does it work?
A graduate with an engineering degree asks
How does it work?
A graduate with an accounting degree asks
How much will it cost?
A graduate with an arts degree asks
Do you want fries with that?



NOZZERS GO WEST Part 14



By Ray Lambert

Although the ship's company enjoyed themselves in Hamilton, with many of them buying a pair of trousers and a shirt to help them fit in and gain access to bars and clubs that were not too keen on matelots, there was not much that was open or welcoming for boys. Apart from the Quarry Bar, an underground bar that was hewn out of the rock, which was just off Front Street, and a snooker hall that was up the hill a bit further, there was nothing to attract them back very often. Added to the fact they had to be back on board by 1800 on the other side of the island, which meant leaving early to allow for the boat trip, Hamilton wasn't really worth their effort.

However, a solution was at hand. There was an old building in the dockyard that, it was decided, would be turned into a cinema. It was weatherproof although dilapidated and downright filthy and, not too surprising; a squad of boys was detailed to clean it out. Ginger was detailed to work in there and, under the command of a leading hand, he and a few others got to wire brush off all the old flaking paint and whitewash from the rafters and eaves above their heads. It was a dirty job although comparatively easy work apart from the height and precarious nature of the woodwork they had to walk on up there. In any case, it was better than part-of-ship work and Buffer's tantrums.

Electricians, carpenters and a few seamen joined them a few days later after the bulk of the dirt had been brushed off and cleared away, to add the technical bits while the boys, now back on *terra firma*, swept the place thoroughly and scrubbed the deck in readiness, for the first film showing.



The cinema refurbishment was carried out during the day, during normal working hours, but another enterprise some of the boys undertook, this time of an evening and in their own time, was a similar operation to the cinema but in a house that stood on a bank just outside the dockyard gate. This place, they were to find out, was almost as dingy as the cinema had been, although its scruffy appearance was purely cosmetic and only required a coat of paint - and if there was anything the boys had become efficient in, it was giving anything a coat of paint.

The regulating petty officer on board was an elderly man called Scott. Although he was an RPO, he was a friendly man and he allowed the boys to get away with calling him 'Scotty'. It was 'Scotty' that asked for volunteers to paint the interior of that house. At first natural reluctance to volunteer for anything

Not the Author!



made them hang back but when it was mentioned they could stay there late into the night it made it a much better prospect, especially when free food would be forthcoming during the course of the evening was mentioned. That place, after redecoration, became the Under 19 Club and it provided a much better place for them than the long trek to Hamilton.

Also the good news was although they had to return from shore leave at 1800, they were then free to go the cinema or the Under 19 Club or anywhere else in the dockyard and stay as long as they liked. The Under 19 Club served them beer and there was never any question of underage boys drinking.

Ginger recalled that when he had been home on leave that same question had never been a problem then either. 'If you're old enough to fight for your country, then you're old enough to have a beer if you want one' was the only concession to subject ever mentioned. He was not too sure about the fighting but he was more than happy to help them out with the booze.

After the painting was completed, the Under 19 Club became a kind of sanctuary for the boys. There was nowhere else for them to go and as the Christmas revelry intensified, they found they were being left out of things onboard. Everyone remembered boys when there was work to be done but now that Christmas festivities were under way boys were brushed aside and, in many cases, completely overlooked.

Even their two so-called instructors had decided that it was much more fun in the POs mess and hadn't been seen since early morning.

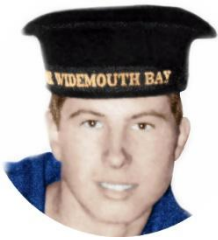


Ready for Christmas ! HMS Superb, December, 1954

After such a build up Christmas was a bit of a damp squib as far as the boys were concerned. They were aware of festivities taking place in all the other messes and a certain amount of booze induced happiness would spill out into the passages occasionally, but their mess, down below and in a little world of its own, remained sober while they tried to make the best of what they had.

Probably their spirits were lifted a little when they learned that early on Christmas morning three stokers had taken the Captain's skiff away for a trip round the harbour and had managed to turn across their own wake at speed, causing it to sink. It was good to see that, as part of their punishment, they had to spend all day scrubbing the silt out from inside that skimming dish once it had been refloated and returned to its chocks on the boat deck. For once the boys had nothing to do with it and had no part of the scrubbing.





MY EARLY LIFE

By Malcolm Milham

GROWING UP DURING WORLD WAR TWO

I was born on the 4th March 1936, in a tiny Hamlet called Ebbsfleet, it consisted of two farms, one large where my father worked and another smaller one, belonging to another family other than my father's employer. My father was the tenth child of Herbert and Elizabeth Milham, in all he had eleven siblings, seven boys and five girls. The family organisation was simple, if you were a boy you worked on the farm, if you were a girl, whoever you married, worked on the farm. My mother was Phyllis Muriel, her maiden name was Marshall, she had been born in Cardiff, South Wales and like my father had many brothers and sisters, how many I don't know, I never met them all. She had worked as a House Maid prior to marrying my father; during her service she had actually met William Joyce, later known as Lord Haw Haw who broadcast for the Nazi's.

Ebbsfleet was very small at that time, besides the two farms there were thirteen cottages, nearly all of them were farm cottages and tied to the farms. The only non tied cottage was a small bungalow, which was used as a shop and owned by a Mrs Tubb, very tiny it stood on a corner where the Ramsgate/Sandwich Road had a junction leading to the village of Minster, it was known to everybody as, Tubbs Corner. Ebbsfleet had it's place in history, traditionally being one of the landing places of the Romans in 54 BC, The Jutes and Saxon Raiders of Hengist and Horsa in 449AD and St Augusting with his Monks in 597AD.

We lived firstly in a Hostler's Cottage at the back of Ebbsfleet House, which had been a coach house many years before; the farmer rented it for his workers. I have two very early memories, but have no idea which IS the earliest. One is when my young brother was born on 19th December 1939 and the other is when we moved from Ebbsfleet house to a cottage in an old Coast Guard Station about four hundred yards away towards Ramsgate, this was near the start of WW2 when other people had left the area.

Assuming the move came first, I remember riding down the road on a horse and cart sitting on top of my parents furniture, it would have been a Sunday morning as that was almost a non working morning once the cows had been milked, all 150 them by hand. Our house had four rooms, two up and two down, nothing else, the kitchen was large so we lived in there, the front room was kept for special days. We only had one door, the back door, no gas, no electricity, no bathroom, no indoor toilet, one cold water tap which was outside, shared with next door and



froze up in the winter, that's when our water came from the farm in a churn. Our lights were oil lamps and candles to go to bed, mother cooked on a black kitchen range or a primus stove, the kettle was always on the range and flat irons just above the oven. Our bath was a tin bath which hung outside by the door, hot water came from a copper, fired over a wood burner fire out in our shed, we had a bath once a week in front of the fire in the kitchen. The toilet was a bucket in a shed by the bottom of the garden, my father had to bury this in a section of the garden, as boys we made sure we knew where this was when we were playing chase. One of the problems was that in the winter our garden used to flood, as there was a dyke at the bottom of the garden and the water level was only about eighteen inches below the earth. There was also a problem with rats, they also loved to use the toilet for shelter, so you took a torch and a large stick with you when you went down there at night, oh and of course the Daily Mirror, not to read though.

When my brother Ray was born I was sent to live with a family in Sholden, Deal, for a short time, the lady had worked with my mother during her time in Service, doing the same job. Their name was Coller and they lived in a large house along the Mongeham Road, just above the Leather Bottle Pub. They ran a Market Garden business, with two very large fields on the ridge before you dropped down into Mongeham. One field grew cereals and is now a large school, the other field had the house in it with pig sty's and a stable for the pony. The pony pulled a small cart round the streets of Deal selling off the produce from the Smallholding, they grew almost everything you could want and I loved running around in that field as well as feeding the animals. We used to visit them quite often as they were good fun and loved playing cards in the evenings. One day when delivering vegetables to a house in a chalk pit a man was digging his garden, I asked what he was doing and he told me he was digging for Fairies, I couldn't see them but it stuck with me for years and I could never find that house again. Then one day when I was about 50 I was coming out of Deal and had to wait in a traffic queue on the Sandwich road, I gazed around and there right in front of me was the house down in the Chalk pit.

The start of 1940 was not a good time for our family, that January my Paternal Grandfather died, aged 65; I only have two memories of him. When we visited him he would always give me the farthings out of his pay packet, I have no idea why me as he had many other grandchildren, I had twenty six cousins. I remember him shaving sometimes when we were at his house, he used a cutthroat razor, which he stropped on a leather belt next to the kitchen sink, as he drew the razor down his face his whiskers gave a loud rasping noise they were that course.

Living with us when he was home was my Maternal Grandfather, he was a Merchant Seaman, on the Coastal Trade, he would appear every now and again but we were never sure quite when that would be. Another of my early memories was the Dunkirk Evacuation, my father would go upstairs to look out of the back bedroom window, I would go with him to see the smoke which was always there. What I did not know is that my Uncle Vic was a soldier in the 2nd Battalion



THE BUFFS and they were trapped in the Lille Pocket, he never came home and is buried in Balliel in France.

There were six cottages in the little group, only two of them were occupied at that time and



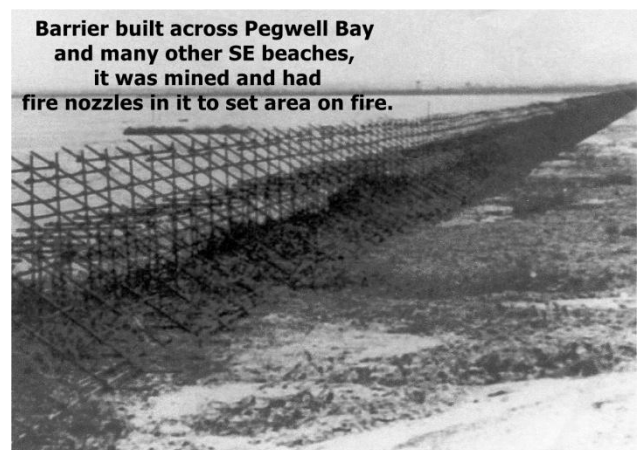
Our house,
up on the seawall,
note the sheep on the lower land

very quickly the Army moved into the other four, they were the Defence Company manning the machine guns about 200 yards to the rear of our house and overlooking the mouth of the river Stour as well as Pegwell Bay. Other soldiers, Royal Engineers, came and put up Barbed Wire all over the grassland that was between our house and the sea. The barbed wire came right down to the dyke at the bottom of our garden and actually went round our Anderson shelter,

leaving a small path to get into it. Then another group of soldiers came to lay Landmines between the rows of wire, the landmines were stacked on their sides in a little meadow just next to our house, there were hundreds of them. There was a special path through the wire and the mines secretly marked, although we knew where it was we were forbidden to walk along it, although later in the war, when new units came and the plans got lost, we showed the new soldiers where to go, they checked in front of us with mine detectors.

Then the LDV was formed, with the fear of invasion. My father and his older brothers all joined, they had an armband and a rifle, the rifles came from some collected by an officer called Major Witts, he went to Margate Harbour and collected them off of the men coming back from Dunkirk, I'm not sure they had any ammo for them, but the rifle went under the stairs with dad's shotgun. Dad went on duty about two nights a week, at the church in Minster village, keeping lookout from the church tower for Paratroopers, later guard duty was carried out on the approach roads to Manston Airfield, these roads had been closed and some were used as Taxiways by the aircraft, another duty would be aircraft crashes to stop anything being removed.

Quite early in the Dunkirk evacuation my mother's father appeared home quite unexpectedly, he had no clothing with him, just what he was wearing, his ship had been sunk. He was serving on *HMT Queen of the Channel*, she had been sent to see if the breakwater near Dunkirk Harbour could stand the weight of a ship alongside with a 5 knot tide running, they were able to do this and took onboard over 900 soldiers. Luck was with them and they headed for Dover, but then their luck ran out, a single

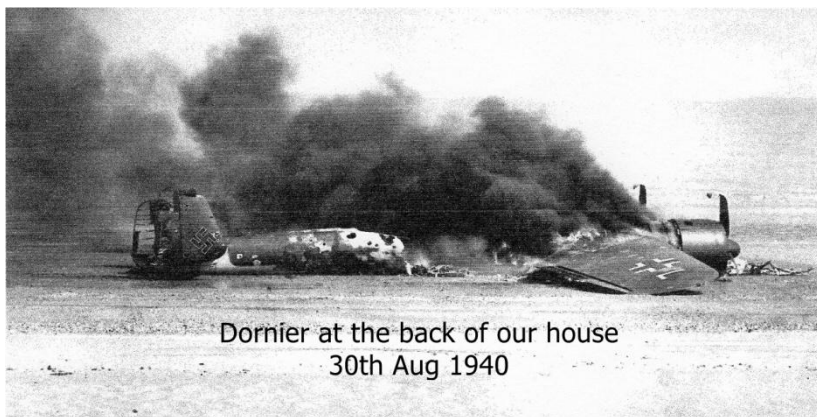


Barrier built across Pegwell Bay
and many other SE beaches,
it was mined and had
fire nozzles in it to set area on fire.

German bomber found them in mid channel, it did a bombing run and although the bombs missed the ship, they exploded near enough to smash her propeller shaft and break her back. Another transport vessel, coming from Dover, seeing her sinking, came alongside and took off all the soldiers and the crew, nobody was lost. By proving the breakwater could stand the strain, the loading of troops was speeded up and was a major factor in the number of troops rescued in the following days.

When the LDV uniforms arrived, all had just Milham, written on the box, dad tried his on, it swallowed him up, he being about 5ft 4ins, other brothers were about 6ft. So the five of them all met up at uncle Reg's house and swapped around until almost all was right. Of course they all went off to the Photographer with the family to have their photos taken.

Mother decided she would have a photo of Ray and me taken at the same time, so she could send them off to her family. We were not allowed cameras living in the restricted coastal zone. We took the bus into Ramsgate, when we got near there was lots of noise and smoke around, arriving at the bus station in Queen Street, we were rushed off the bus and down into the underground shelters, after about half an hour it was back on the bus and leave town as fast as possible, it was the day Ramsgate had been heavily bombed. We came back some time later for the photos.



Dornier at the back of our house
30th Aug 1940

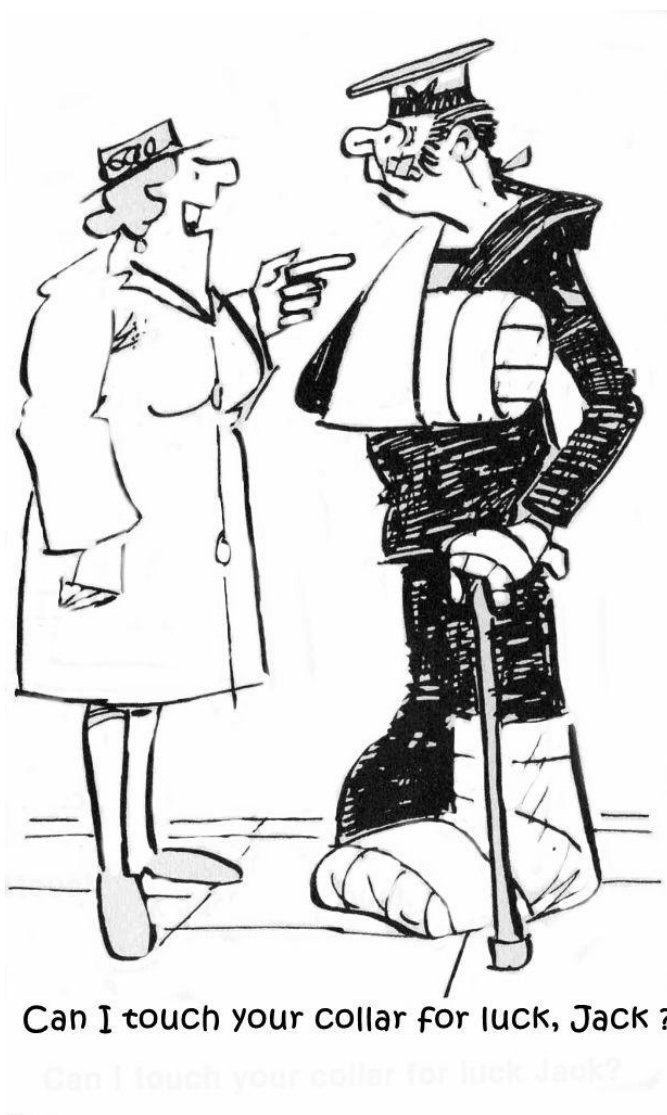
A few days later, 30th August 1940 as I now know, I was sat on top of our shelter watching another bombing raid, this time on Manston, although the Dogfight was going on over Ramsgate area, when I saw an aircraft leave the area, drop down low and come towards me. It was on fire with black smoke pouring out of it, everybody was

shooting towards it as it flew across Pegwell Bay, following the line of the scaffolding barrier in the bay, towards the mouth of the River Stour; it was about 400ft up. When it got near me it turned towards the sea and then dropped down into the beach area of Sandwich Bay where it crashed, the crew of four, some wounded, were captured, it was a Dornier 17 German bomber.

During the Battle of Britain there were many crashed aircraft in our local area, the nearest to our house was an Me 109 which crash landed about 100yds from us on top of the barbed wire next to the dyke, the pilot seemed quite nice, chatting to me whilst we waited for the soldiers to arrive, having to pick their way through the wire, I got told off for getting there first. In front of the house a Spitfire crashed into a bank and turned over onto its back and into another dyke. The Canadian soldiers, who were now based in the cottages, raced over to the

wreck and cut out the side of the plane to drag the pilot out; I still have the tip of one of the propeller blades to this day.

Aircraft crashes were quite a regular happening, as well as the two I have mentioned, in the winter of 1944/45 I saw an American B17 flying over Ramsgate, I was in the school playground on afternoon break, it's starboard (Right) engine outer engine was leaving a large smoke trail behind it, suddenly fire burst out of it, the wing folded and broke off and the plane heeled over to the left and dived for the ground. Four or five parachutes came out of the belly and then the plane crashed, it actually came down into a farmyard on the Haine Road near the Haine Hospital and exploded. During 1944 I was going to Sandwich on a bus with two of my older cousins, it was late afternoon/early evening, when we were about 150 yards from the Toll Bridge at Sandwich we spotted two FW 190 German planes low down flying up the River Stour. The bus stopped and everybody got on the floor, being nosey I had to watch, the bomb flew off one of the planes, just missed the bridge and blew up in the riverside bank, there was mud everywhere.



BACK IN 1956 Part 8

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Ships, and their Ship's Companies, of the Royal Navy, are seldom forgotten after leaving any port of call and what is, generally, remembered by the young about any warship's visit is the party it will, almost certainly, have given them. Long before we visited East Africa we had been told of the importance of children's parties and how eagerly there looked forward to; being a Chatham ship we were determined to give as good, if not better, parties than our predecessors from Pompey. Long before our first venture, all props necessary for the party were sighted and laced in position, then their repair was given to the 'chippies' with a top priority. Came the day of our first party at Mombasa the weather was fine, and all concerned 'Pirates' and helpers alike were fired with enthusiasm and by early afternoon all were prepared to go.



The first intimation that the children had that a party was under way was the approach of as the 'Pirate Boat', heading straight for the jetty, apparently not manned. Shortly before reaching the jetty the boat veered sharply and Pirates suddenly appeared above the gunwale, and fired a most realistic broadside with thunder flashes from empty four-inch shell cases. This certainly captured the imagination of the children and set the pace for the remainder of what turned out to be quite a hectic afternoon.

Pirates proceeded in all available boats to escort the children to the ship and along there was a true representation of 'Casey's Court' on board with children everywhere, of all races, colours and creeds. After rather a tentative start, swing, slides, round-a-bouts, aerial railway, crane rides and the pirates cave (complete with certificates and blood) were soon in great demand, whilst the less adventurous busied themselves with electric games, coconut shies and the Aunt Sally. It is true that one child, after repeatedly missing an obliging sailor's face with repeated throws of a tennis ball, in desperation threw a coconut at him-the child still missed!

The cinema shows (all cartoons) proved extremely popular, and I leave it to the imagination about the popularity of the ice cream stall, sufficient to say that 500 were served and demolished in record times. The tea break was welcomed, if not by the children, very much so by the pirates who were beginning to feel the strain to look after and entertain about 250 energetic youngsters. The tea was served on the quarterdeck and comprised of assorted cakes (and what a sight they made) iced 'goffas', sandwiches, trifles and jellies-it was here that we

learned the first of many lessons, the trifles and jellies were not at all popular-the reason we were told was the climate.



As soon as they had finished their tea, the children were obviously set for more fun and were soon disappearing from the quarterdeck. So as not to disappoint them they were given a little extension beyond the agreed time to go and all was left for each child to delve into the 'Lucky Dip', say his or her thanks and proceed into the boats. It was a touching moment and more than rewarding

to all concerned to hear each boatload of children cheer the ship on their departure from what, we were later told, had been a very thrilling afternoon and one they would long remember.

It is now in order to record an official word of thanks to all who assisted at this, and subsequent children's parties. Well done all!

Photos donated by Bill Cook

A Chief Petty Officer and an Admiral were sitting in the barbershop. They were both just getting finished with their shaves, when the barbers reached for some aftershave to slap on their faces. The admiral shouted, "Hey, don't put that stuff on me! My wife will think I've been in a brothel!" The chief turned to his barber and said, "Go ahead and put it on. My wife doesn't know what the inside of a brothel smells like."



12 YEARS ON (AND UNDER)

THE WAVES - Part 1

by Wiggy Bennett

My story starts on the 17th March 1953. I still had 2 months to go to my 16th birthday and found myself on a cold railway station platform in the early hours of the morning, waiting to catch a train from Gillingham to Charing Cross. I was about to begin an adventure I had dreamed of since I was about 8 or 9 when I first met my Uncle Pat who was a Telegraphist in the Royal Navy. His ship, the *Cleopatra*, had returned to her home port, Chatham, after the war had ended.

Chatham and Gillingham are so close it's impossible to see where the join is! I lived within 10 minutes' walk of the Dockyard gate so ships and sailors were part of my everyday scene. When I became old enough to join the Sea Cadets I did so and enjoyed sailing, rifle shooting, and the annual camp at another cadet headquarters. The Medway Towns unit had a Bagpipe, drum and Bugle band in which I played both drums and bugle. An event I remember well was a week at *HMS Excellent* at Portsmouth doing a Gunnery course. We learnt how to fire small arms, .22 and .303 rifles, pistols, Sten gun and hardest of all, load and train a 4 inch naval gun. Quite something for a 13 year old!

My most abiding memory of that week though was the sight of classes of Naval Officers being drilled by Chief Petty Officers in squad drill who could almost reduce the class to a quivering mass by the language they were using, they got away with it because at the end of the tirade they always ended it with the word SIR!

Anyway, back to 1953 and that March morning. My destination was the Navy Recruiting Office in Charing Cross Road. Here I had, amongst several dozen other like-minded souls, a medical and signed the official papers committing me to 12 years' service from the age of 18. Then it was by lorry to Liverpool Street station and train to Ipswich. Another lorry and there it was - *HMS Ganges!*

Ganges, known as a Stone Frigate, lies on a promontory with the rivers Orwell and Stour on either side; when the weather turns nasty in the North Sea the coast at Felixstowe offers little protection. It opened in 1905, replacing wooden hulks that had been used until then. Its most noticeable feature was the 145 foot high mast which all boys had to climb at some time



during their training. The accommodation had not moved on very much since it opened, wooden huts with central heating, a pot-bellied stove in the centre! For the new boys accommodation was in what was known as the Annexe (didn't want us mixing with the old timers who had been there more than 6 weeks). The six weeks spent by the new boys in the Annexe was devoted to learning to polish boots so as to see your face in the shine, ironing your kit, learning to march, for those of us who had not learnt it in a previous life and sewing! Most of your spare time was spent sewing your name into every item of kit; I think the only items exempt from this procedure were your hat, boots and toothbrush! If you were lucky to have a short name, say, A. Day, then your sewing was over within a couple of weeks, if it was A. B. C. Featherstone-Smith then you were probably still at it when you went to the main barracks at the end of 6 weeks!

If you remember I mentioned earlier that I had been in the Sea Cadet's band, well, when we moved over to the main site almost the first thing that happened was a visit from the Royal Marine bandmaster looking for recruits for the ship's drum and bugle band. Although I wanted to be a drummer the bandmaster was short of buglers so that's what I became but it turned out to be more beneficial to me because when I could play 'Reveille', 'Sunset' and the 'Last Post' to the bandmasters satisfaction I could become a Duty Bugler which paid an extra shilling (5 pence) a week thereby increasing my weekly pay to 4 shillings and 6 pence (22.5 pence). The duties were not too arduous, every eight days you were on duty which meant you had to move your bedding to a hut near the office that contained the Tannoy system, being woken at 5.30 am ready to sound Reveille at 6 am. You were next required to sound Sunset and Last Post at the appropriate time in the evening followed by accompanying the Duty Officer on the rounds of the accommodation blocks, and so to bed!

It was at Ganges that you learnt to sail, row, rifle shooting, various athletic activities and games in addition to your specialist subject, in my case, radio communications. This involved reading and sending Morse code by buzzer and flashing light, the rudiments of radio theory, tuning radio receivers and transmitters, and cryptography. You also learnt to touch type up to 30 words per minute, this enabled you to copy Morse at 25 w.p.m. and make it legible. After 18 months training, provided you had passed all your exams you became a Boy Telegraphist and were ready for your first ship. That event occurred on 29th July 1954 when I was drafted to *HMS Superb*.

HMS Superb (known as the Super B) was in Chatham Dockyard completing a refit. She was an 8800 ton cruiser that had been completed at the end of the war and so had never seen any action. As I lived just outside of the dockyard gates, after about two or three days I was allowed to go home every night. Of course everything was new to me and the other Boy Tel who joined at the same time, going to sea for post refit sea trials was quite an experience. It was



when we were returning from some trials on an almost flat English Channel that I experienced my first bout of seasickness! Not very pleasant! Anyway, sea trials over, we set sail in October 1954 for the West Indies. What a start to a life in the Royal Navy.

Bermuda was our base during this commission, the real reason for us being there was mainly to show the flag in the area and boy did we do that!

Seven to fourteen days in places such as Jamaica (Kingston and Montego Bay), Barbados, Antigua, Trinidad, St. Croix, even Guantanamo Bay where the Americans had a very big naval base which was quite an eye opener. We passed through the Panama Canal on three occasions, the first time we were on our way to circumnavigate South America, calling at Lima in Peru, Valparaiso and Punta Arenas in Chile, the Falklands, Montevideo in Uruguay, San Paulo and Rio de Janeiro in Brazil and several of the islands in the Caribbean we had visited earlier.

The second time was to visit the west coast of America, stopping at Acapulco (Mexico), San Diego, San Francisco, Portland (Oregon), Vancouver and Victoria. I thought to myself, if this is what life in the Royal Navy is all about I'll do 22 years!

It was while we were in Vancouver that I had a surprise. Unbeknown to me I had a cousin who had joined the Canadian Army and he lived in the township of Chilliwack, 75 miles outside of Vancouver. One morning I was summoned to the Regulating Office (naval police station) to be told that he had been in touch with the ship and had asked if I could be granted leave for a weekend. To my surprise this was agreed! So I found myself being whisked off to the outback for a few days.

Our stays in American ports were quite hectic. We were always greeted on arrival by bands (military or civilian), cheerleaders and local dignitaries. The locals all seemed to want to take sailors (either in small groups or larger parties) out to show them the sights or for barbecues, often there were not enough sailors to go round!

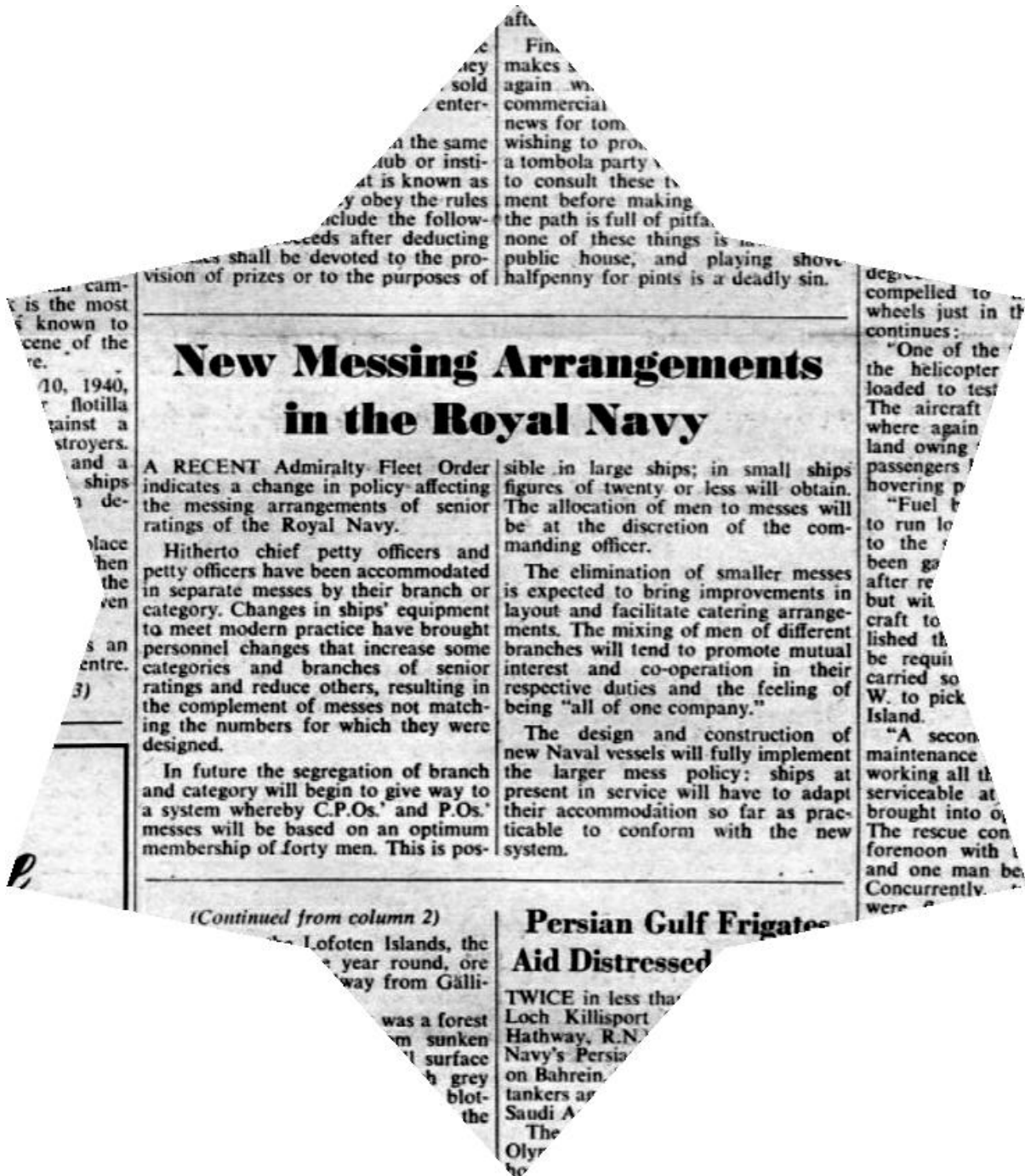
The third time we transited the Canal we were on our way back to Bermuda in preparation for our return to the UK.

During the time I was on the "Super B" I moved from being a Boy Telegraphist to Ordinary Telegraphist to Telegraphist. In our mess there were quite a few old timers, all ready to give us young "sprogs" the benefit of their wisdom as to what we youngsters should do when the ship came to the end of this commission. Whilst returning to Chatham in October 1955 I had to fill in a form giving a preference for my next posting. Because of the information I had



gleaned from the old timers I requested to be sent to Coastal Forces (motor torpedo or motor gunboats) as these only had one radio operator on them (you would therefore be king of the castle!).

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



New Messing Arrangements in the Royal Navy

A RECENT Admiralty Fleet Order indicates a change in policy affecting the messing arrangements of senior ratings of the Royal Navy.

Hitherto chief petty officers and petty officers have been accommodated in separate messes by their branch or category. Changes in ships' equipment to meet modern practice have brought personnel changes that increase some categories and branches of senior ratings and reduce others, resulting in the complement of messes not matching the numbers for which they were designed.

In future the segregation of branch and category will begin to give way to a system whereby C.P.Os. and P.Os. messes will be based on an optimum membership of forty men. This is pos-

sible in large ships; in small ships figures of twenty or less will obtain. The allocation of men to messes will be at the discretion of the commanding officer.

The elimination of smaller messes is expected to bring improvements in layout and facilitate catering arrangements. The mixing of men of different branches will tend to promote mutual interest and co-operation in their respective duties and the feeling of being "all of one company."

The design and construction of new Naval vessels will fully implement the larger mess policy; ships at present in service will have to adapt their accommodation so far as practicable to conform with the new system.

(Continued from column 2)

Persian Gulf Frigates Aid Distressed

TWICE in less than a year, the Royal Navy's Persian Gulf frigates have been sent to the aid of distressed vessels in the Persian Gulf. The Olyra...



New Messing Arrangements announced January, 1957

HOBBIES

Two of Andy Brierley's achievements

The painting depicts
The submarine
H.M.S. Sportsman
During an attack on
enemy shipping



Entitled "Le Chateau"

Andy painted this
after the
"Impressionist" fashion
of Claude Monet



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.

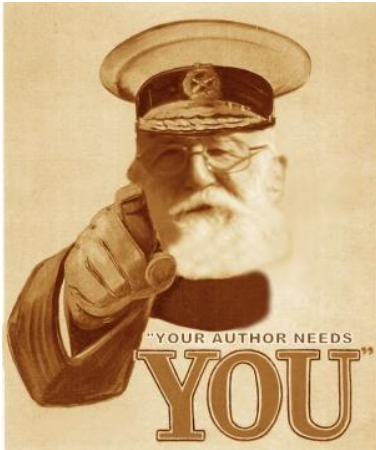
To go there please click [HERE](#)



Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



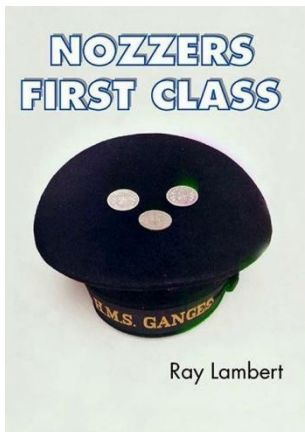
Journalist & Best Selling Author



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

PRINTED VERSION £13.99 + P&P*

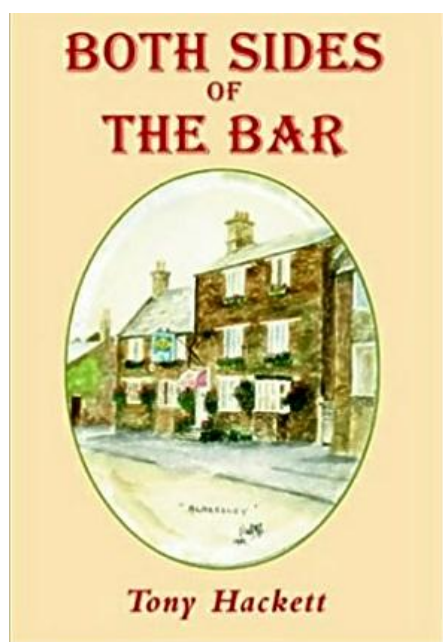
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** IF YOU CONTACT PHIL DIRECTLY YOU CAN BUY THE PAPERBACK BOOK FOR ONLY £12.50 + P&P AND PHIL WILL DONATE £1 TO THE HMS SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION FUNDS**



Life After the Navy

Tony Hackett



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

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

Available as a hard back book from Amazon at £12.99

PEOPLE SEARCH FOR PEOPLE

If you can assist with any of these appeals please contact Brian Saunders in the first instance. No details will be passed on to third parties without express permission. These appeals will be left in the magazine for a few months

From previous issues

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

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

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

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

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The following message received from Derek Thompson, via Facebook

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

Neil Cooper, the son of Terry Willey, writes

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

Derek Baldry (Killick Sparker) would like to contact Ginger Dunne from 1956

Stoker Clive Godley would like to get in touch with old shipmates - I have his telephone number and email address so if you'd like it get back to me. (BS)

Larry Boudier who was in the Chatham field gun's crew in 1955 would like to know if anyone knows of others in that crew

Eleanor Ingalls Fochesato from New Jersey, USA would like to contact John Stevens, from the 1953 cruise to Maine, USA.

Bob Butcher known to many as "Butch" & who served on Superb between Nov 1950 to July 1951 wonders if Curly Watson is still around. He would like to make contact.

Laura Kardo researching her grandfather, Charles Harris, who served around 1951 & 1952. would like to know more about him.

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

