

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH



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Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710



ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

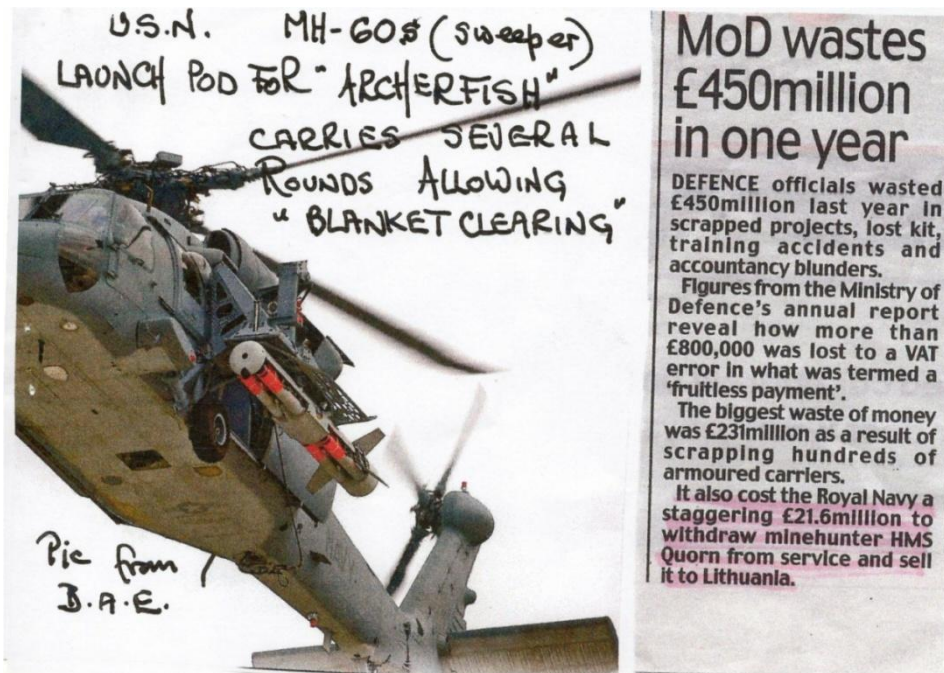


Hello Shipmates,

A couple of months ago in a ramble about 'ground mine hunting', I had opined that things are very often different today. Archerfish - one shot to kill a mine - has been in R.N. Service and constant development for about twenty years; B.A. Stevenage, I understand, was its birthplace. This remotely operated device has a laudable property of needing no one in the water. It can be launched at speed from helicopters or ships. High resolution, low light video is received via fibre optic data link. A quick and easy analysis of the target thus makes its elimination virtually instant. The up-side does not stop there, the U.S. Navy had been an Archerfish operator nearly as long as the R.N.; absolute satisfaction reinforced by a new £87 million order to take operational use to 2027. They claim it capable of resisting all anti-mining methods currently known.

I was prompted to write this by a TV news clip of a MH 60 helicopter launching torpedoes from high above 300 ft. A 'shock-resistance programme' plus re-design of the tail section means a torpedo plane no longer has to fly that ghastly suicide profile of 40 odd feet, straight and level.. The film clip was distant but items dropped looked like Archerfish rounds to me - hurrah

for the geeks at Stevenage.



Meanwhile, back at M.O.D., another foul up by their bean counters (clipping attached). At any stretch of the imagination how does one lose £21.6 million selling a redundant mine hunter to Lithuania? Funny how all nation's finest projects are all 'private ventures'; Sea Harriers a favourite of mine!

At long last a new law is to be passed stopping Russia and China preying on our high tech firms; buyouts by devious means! We could not go far wrong if the French way was studied, their intellectual property stays in France by government decree.



A picture of the two Japanese helicopter carriers (whose design twangs my G-string) called by J.S.D.F. 'Helicopter destroyers'. How was that title arrived at? Must be reading the same M.O.D. book our peers were looking at when our next to last pair of carriers was called 'Through deck cruisers'. I once read it was to fool treasury officials about their true purpose. What calibre of official are they for Christ's sake? A junior at ballet school would have wised them up to it 'flat top', no invention to call them 'just flat'. Back to Japan anxious to convert both for operation of F35's; I conclude they are in cahoots with South Korea currently embarked on a similar exercise with their helicopter landing ship.

Meanwhile, down a bit in Australia, their pair of helicopter landing ships, recently bought from Spain, are earmarked for similar treatment.

Suddenly there is going to be a real number of fifth generation Jump Jets in the twitchy southern seas. More of the smaller nations could follow suit being bullied by China. However its sliced Lockheed will revel in a sales boom. Then bear in mind the U.K. is their 1st tier partner. Fallout from that should be substantial for us.

A fleeting earful while swapping TV channels, the London Blitz was evidently the subject and I had missed what was considered one of the war's best photographs; I've no idea what it was but certainly thought provoking in the grand manner.

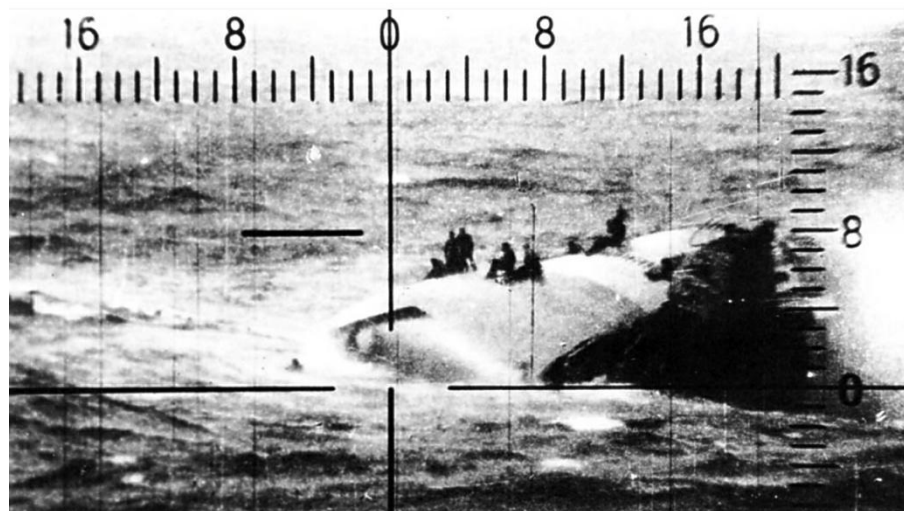
I am a 'picture person' not a 'photographer' since my young brother sold me his camera, terms of 1/- per week, I have rarely been without one close at hand, a snapper of all and everything that tickles my fancy.

On Superb I had a memorable one of a Canadian destroyer on basin 2 Bermuda dockyard ramming the wall of the basin 1" at near 90°, stern on to us, tied up on the opposite wall. A spurt of black smoke shot out of the funnel, stokers below must have had a 'What the hell was that' moment.

The memory makes me wonder if he was allowed to take it back to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and what happened to his career; bow crumpled back to A-gun, it must have cleared those fell in to 'leave harbour' in Olympic time; what was his name? In his old age does the memory ever give him a chuckle thinking 'Gee! I got that wrong'.



Memorable and moving to me is not a single picture but a series of six or eight taken through a gun sight on Kriegsmarine cruiser *Hipper*. *H.M.S. Glowworm* H92, built in 1935, was on its own



when they met in northern North Sea. To try and avoid a battering, Captain Lieutenant Commander Roope made smoke to set up a torpedo attack. No match for the cruiser's guns he rammed *Hipper* causing severe damage, no match for the cruiser's guns she rolled away with the deck about 45°, one can make out the torpedo mount

crew still attempting to get one away. One picture has *Glowworm* up-side-down spewing furnace oil, about a dozen bodies clinging on.

Another, a Carley float in an absolute sea of that furnace oil full of the stuff with about eight occupants.

Captain Roope had most certainly been a Middie at Dartmouth when it taught Naval History (no longer does I believe). He adhered to Nelson's advice - 'Engage the enemy more closely'. One officer and thirty-seven men rescued. Captain Roope, being hauled to safety covered in heavy furnace oil, slipped back exhausted and drowned.



I feel the young Canadian Captain may have been in a like mould; it would be nice to know his élan - and spirit - to show Admiral South Atlantic some slick ship handling was not entirely nipped in the bud, we all get off with two monumental gaffes before maturity.

Fare thee all well, be sensible.



NAVY MATTERS - 77 YEARS AGO

ABOVE US THE WAVES

Commander John Lorimer, submariner who helped to put the mighty German battleship 'Tirpitz' out of action war hero who was the last survivor of a courageous attack against the German battleship *Tirpitz*, died in December last year aged 97 following a short illness



In a midget submarine he helped to put a mighty German battleship out of action; his war was 18 months of training, two weeks of operations and two years as a prisoner of war, including six months of solitary confinement.

His two weeks' operations were in X-6, a midget submarine commanded by Lieutenant Donald Cameron and crewed by Lorimer, Sub-Lieutenant Dick Kendall and Engine Room Artificer Edmund Goddard, who set out on a suicidal mission to sink the pride of the Germany navy.

Operation Source, as it was known, began on September 11 1943, when six large submarines, each with an X-craft in tow, crept out of Loch Cairnbawn and headed for

Kaafjord in Arctic Norway: their target was the German battleship *Tirpitz*, which was threatening the convoys to Russia....

Using midget submarines and armed with explosives he took on the fearsome ship in September 1943. The great-grandfather of six, from Kirkmichael, Ayrshire was awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

Mr Lorimer was just 19-years-old when he volunteered for the 'special and hazardous' X-craft project after seeing a notice that said: 'Must be able to swim.'

Years after his heroic exploits, Mr Lorimer still didn't know what made him step forward for such a seemingly impossible mission, 'Perhaps we were all mad,' he said.



The daring young man found himself on **X-craft** submarine training programme in Loch Cairnbawn in the Highlands. The 50ft long subs were small enough to penetrate the fjord defences yet large enough to carry a four tonne charge and operate unsupported for several days. The mission he was training for was codenamed Operation Source, and the target was the heavily-armed and fearsome German battleship **Tirpitz**.

On September 21, 1943, after being towed over 1,000 miles, the subs embarked on a dangerous 50 mile journey to Kaafjord, north Norway, where the **Tirpitz** was located.

The X-6 vessel, on which Mr Lorimer was second-in-command, got within 80 yards of it when it broke the surface and was spotted. While the German sailors rushed to battle stations, the X6 dived beneath the last line of defence, a 50ft anti torpedo net, and positioned herself under **Tirpitz's** port bow before unleashing four depth charges.

With a damaged periscope there was little possibility of reaching the open sea, so the X6 was scuttled and her crew gave themselves up.

X7 also managed to deliver its depth charges before being sunk, with two out of the four man crew managing to get out in the nick of time.

The X5 was blown out of the water while approaching the **Tirpitz**, killing the whole crew.

Mr Lorimer and his fellow survivors were taken on board the **Tirpitz** to be interrogated, not knowing whether or not they would be executed under Adolf Hitler's controversial 'Commando

Order'. They were on the 43,000-tonne ship when it was lifted out of the water by the huge explosion they caused.

The group were transported to Marlag-Milag Nord POW camp, near Bremen, on November 28.

Mr Lorimer spent 18 months imprisoned before being allowed to return to Scotland in 1945.



The mighty German war ship was out of action, until the summer of 1944, before it was sunk by RAF bombers in the same year.

Mr Lorimer and his brave comrades exploits were re-created in the film 'Above Us the Waves' released in 1955. His son, Patrick, 73, said: 'He died with grace and dignity. He had a really nice life; he was an incredibly good father and died peacefully at the age of 97 with his mind intact.'

Commander Lorimer once said: 'The **Tirpitz** raid may have influenced the war, won me a medal and provoked a film starring Sir John Mills but I met my wife, Judith, while I was training for the mission. That was the best thing to come out of it.' The German battleship **Tirpitz** posed a serious threat to Allied ships during the Second World War. It was so dangerous to Allied forces that Winston Churchill made its destruction a priority.

In January 1942, he said: 'The destruction or even crippling of this ship is the greatest event at sea at the present time. No other target is comparable to it.' *Operation Goodwood* was a series of air raid against the **Tirpitz** conducted by Fleet Air Arm aircraft under the command of the Royal Navy.

The attacks took place in late August 1944 and attacked the ship at its anchorage in Kaafjord, Norway. The first attack took place on the morning of August 22, however, the attack failed and a smaller evening raid also did little damage. This continued on August 24 and 29 with the **Tirpitz** surviving both attacks - despite being hit by two bombs on August 24. During the course of the operation, Britain lost 17 aircraft, a frigate sunk by a submarine and an escort carrier was also badly damaged.

AT Buckingham Palace recently the King decorated with the V.C. two naval officers, LIEUT. G. B. PLACE, R.N., and LIEUT. D. CAMERON, R.N.R., commanding officers of the two British midget submarines which made the successful attack on the German battleship "Tirpitz" in Alten Fjord on September 22, 1943. In this brilliant feat the others in the picture also won their decorations.



SIX CREWMEN of midget submarines, for landing a heavy load of decorations. L. to r. : SUB-LT. RICHARD KENDALL, D.S.O., Engine-room Artificer EDMUND GODDARD, Conspicuous Gallantry Medal ; LT. JOHN LORIMER, D.S.O., LT. DONALD CAMERON, V.C., SUB-LT. ROBERT AITKEN, D.S.O., LT. BASIL PLACE, V.C.
© Dix Noonan Webb/BNPS

German forces, on the other hand, suffered the loss of 12 aircraft and damage to seven ships.

The failure of the operation was seen as a significant blow to the Fleet Air Arm of the Navy and following *Operation Goodwood*, the responsibility for attacking *Tirpitz* was transferred to the Royal Air Force. In three heavy bomber raids conducted during September and October 1944, the battleship was first crippled and then sunk.

Historians believe the failure and shortcomings of the Fleet Air Arm can be blamed on its aircraft and their poor armament.



Joint Operations HMS Queen Elizabeth and her supporting warships assembled for the first time as part of the Navy's new Carrier Strike Group. The largest European-led maritime force in almost 20 years will act as "a powerful deterrent" as nine ships, 15 fighter jets, 11 helicopters and 3,000 personnel from the UK, US and the Netherlands carry out exercises in the North Sea.

NAVY MATTERS - THIS YEAR

FRENCH FRIGATE UNDER BRITISH COMMAND



French frigate FS Jean Bart came under command of HMS Albion and her Littoral Response Group task group for combined exercises off Cyprus, say the Royal Navy.

The Toulon-based frigate linked up with the British task group - HMS Albion, HMS Dragon and amphibious support ship RFA Lyme Bay - for EXERCISES in the eastern Mediterranean including air defence, joint manoeuvres and practice Replenishment at Sea.

The Royal Navy say that the only stores transferred by the line linking Albion with Jean Bart was a ceremonial plaque from the UK flagship and a bottle of champagne in return.

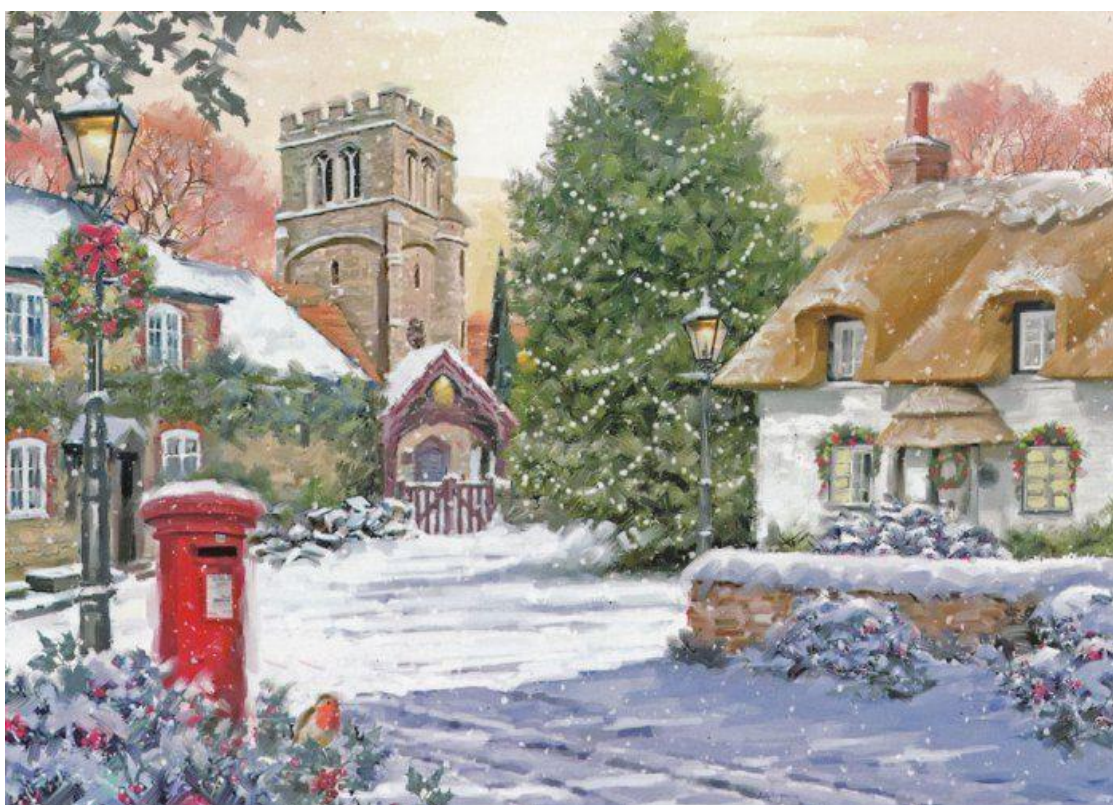
"It is a real pleasure to work with our French allies during this phase of the deployment," said Lieutenant Commander David Knowles, the task group navigator.

"It is vital that we maintain and build on our strong ties with other nations during these challenging times, and working alongside FS Jean Bart only strengthens our presence."

Commander Deschamps, Captain of FS Jean Bart, said: "The Littoral Response Group deployment once again demonstrates the entire interoperability between the French and the Royal Navy in all kinds of operational environments. As British destroyers usually escort French aircraft carrier *Charles de Gaulle*, the Jean Bart can join a multi-combat amphibious task-force sent to one of the most strategic areas of the world and take part in the development of new British capabilities."

The Royal Navy add that the LRG(X) deployment focuses on supporting NATO allies and regional partners in the Mediterranean, North Africa and Black Sea region, "as well as testing Future Navy and Future Commando Force equipment, tactics and concepts".

HAPPY DAYS





NOZZERS GO WEST

Part 18

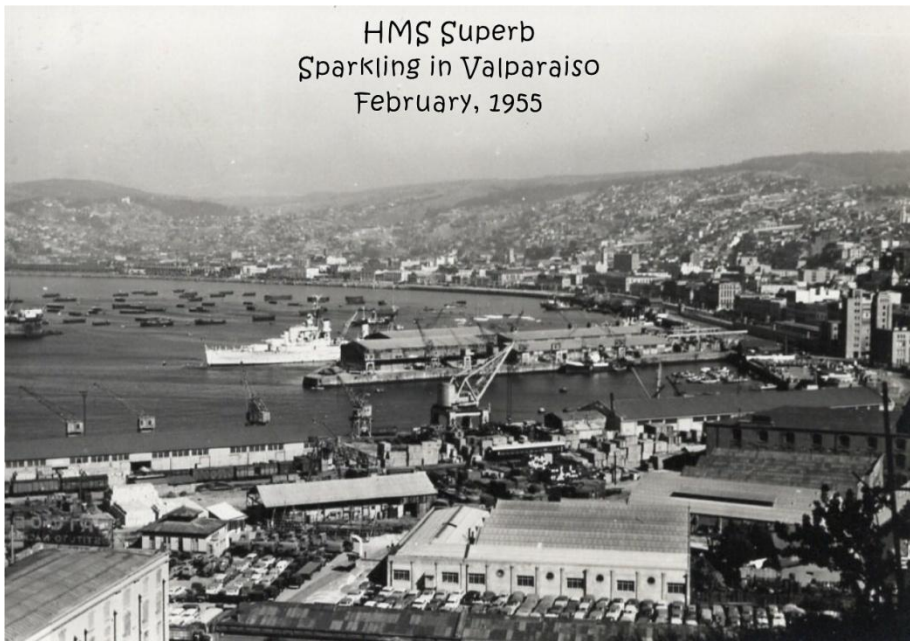


Later, as he climbed into his hammock, thoughts of his early morning birthday greetings came back to him. "Yes, happy bloody birthday" he mumbled. "I've had a wonderful day, thank you; I've been playing with guns. I've been allowed to show my artistic talents with a paint brush and I've been sightseeing on the bridge with officers. Thank you for making my birthday so full of variety".

Less than a minute later he was poleaxed and didn't move until 0545 the next morning, when it started all over again.

There seemed to be a definite agenda to spend as many weekends at sea as possible and, as was already becoming a custom, the following weekend continued that same familiar routine. Unfortunately, weekends at sea didn't mean time to relax and spend a little free time to themselves between hectic action station drills, exercises, berthing and contending with hundreds of visitors. No, indeed, it meant the contrary. Weekends at sea meant work, work and even more work scrubbing everything and painting most things. On the bright side it did mean that, when entering Valparaiso just prior to 0800 on Monday, they looked sparkling clean and brand new.

HMS Superb
Sparkling in Valparaiso
February, 1955



The place was more or less on two levels. The harbour and extensive dockyard area were at sea level, with the town higher up and reached from the lower level by funicular railway. The rack-and-pinion type railway ran up the side of a tree covered cliff face that was festooned with houses that appeared to be clinging on precariously and about to fall off any moment. There must have been a way down by road somewhere because there were several cars and lorries coming

and going into what was a busy dock area.

Although reports from those that had been ashore were that Valparaiso was a nice modern looking town and there was never any doubt that the local population were friendly, Ginger never ventured any further than the immediate dock area. Maybe the thought of that



clattering, clanking, not too safe looking, almost vertical railway helped him make up his mind to remain onboard. He'd had all the heights and associated shaking that he ever wanted a year or so earlier, courtesy of the *Ganges* mast. He could see no reason to chance reliving any of that again when there was no need to do so.

The swell in Valparaiso harbour was enormous, to such an extent that the gangways had to be supported by the dockside cranes to keep them in place. But after a couple of days they had to admit defeat and anchor just off the harbour wall, to save the moorings from being snapped. However, that didn't stop the locals from visiting in droves. They made the hordes that swarmed aboard at Callao look ordinary by comparison. The Chileans outdid the Peruvian visitors by an extra 2,000 on Saturday and 1,000 more than the Peruvians on Sunday.

Over the two days almost seven and a half thousand came to visit.

The first order of the day after leaving Valparaiso was the change into blues. They were steaming south and all the time the temperature was dropping - and dropping rapidly. Their route was alongside the bottom half of South America and headed for the Magellan Straits, almost at the very tip of the country and the small settlement of Punta Arenas, which, they were told, revelled in the fact that they the most southerly town in the world.

The entire four day passage was made in very rough weather, so rough that all watertight doors had to be secured at all times and even then water was everywhere inside and a continual mopping-up operation was called for. So, depressing as it was, they were glad when they sailed into the relative calm, if freezing cold waters of the Magellan Straits.

Punta Arenas was bleak. It had all the appearance of an old western town of a hundred years earlier. Not many people lived there and not many of the ship's company bothered to go ashore. Nevertheless the officers still had to throw a cocktail party. No-one was looking forward to



getting the forward deck up to cocktail party standard after having spent the past four days being battered all over the place by heavy seas, but as it was so cold the cocktail party was held in the wardroom. After all they couldn't have officers and their guests out in the cold, enclosed by awnings and side panels to keep off the wind and with nothing but plenty of booze to help them keep warm.

They only stayed overnight at Punta Arenas, in the cold, austere, glacier-clad Straits and were glad to move on to the comparatively warmer, and hopefully, more welcoming



waters of the Falkland Islands, just a day or so away.

Port Stanley was the destination and they steamed out of the Straits and then north-east through the uninviting, grey, cold and miserable waters of the South Atlantic. At those latitudes, they learned, there was not much to choose between the grey cold and uninviting waters of the South Pacific or the South Atlantic. Both were rough, both were cold and both looked decidedly uninviting and neither had anything remotely romantic about them, unlike the tropics that they had left behind.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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WHITE CHRISTMAS

By Donald .L. Bragg D.S.M. R.N.

"OBEDIENT

It is 48 years on 31st December, 1990¹, since the Battle of the Barents Sea. If one wishes to read the details of the action, there are books, '73 North' by Dudley Pope, 'The Arctic Convoys' by Vice Admiral B.B. Schofield, 'Ordeal below Zero' by G.G. Connell and no doubt more.



The experience which I wish to portray is what happened to me during the action. I was the Ordinance Artificer on *Obedient* which had commissioned at the end of October, 1942. Convoy JW 51B was our first operation.

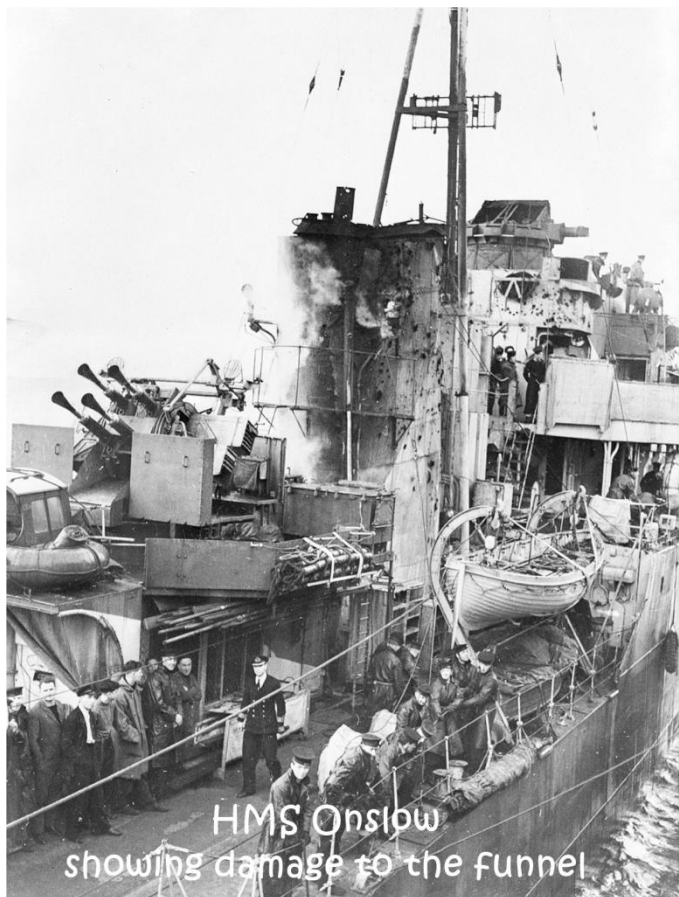
When the alarm bells rang on the morning of 31st December, 1942, I went to my action stations outside

the TS just below the Bridge on the starboard side. It was still dark, at that time of the year there was only four hours daylight or twilight. After a while some flashes were seen to starboard, followed by the sound, like that of an express train, and the ocean exploding all around us. Shortly after we opened fire and then withdrew to put a smoke screen round the convoy.

I was then informed that 'A' gun was out of action, on reaching the gun I found that a shell had jammed the breach which was removed after a struggle. It was found that the chamber of the gun was full of ice. As we were closing with the enemy, later known to be *Hipper*, I was repeatedly asked how long it would be to put the gun in action. The only way to remove the ice was to scrape with a screwdriver and finger nails, the ice burns were something else. Then with the help of the gun crew, the push rods and bazaba brush, the chamber and barrel were cleared of the loose ice. Seconds later we opened fire. The same thing happened to the other three guns in turn after a delay in firing.

¹ This letter was written by Mr Bragg in 1990 so it's now 78 years since the battle

While working on 'A' gun I saw the port side of *Onslow* with flames pouring out of 'B' gun deck. Shortly after that we were peppered with shrapnel, losing our aerials and putting the director partly out of action. Three of the crew were wounded, two in the director and one on the upper deck.



Our guns kept firing and I remember the plight of the loaders slipping, sliding and falling on the icy decks, some crying out in sheer frustration.

'Y' gun had no gun shield and because they were limited from firing due to the safety gear when closing with the enemy, they fired by lanyard. A very dangerous practice, but because they had no shield they could see more clearly where they were bearing. It did wonders for the moral of the crew.

Our skipper, Commander Kinloch, was awarded the D.S.O. which he more than deserved, all of the crew would agree that they owed their lives to him. The most requested record before the action was "White Christmas". From that day on it was never played again.

This tale was copied from a typed letter passed to me by Andy Brierley

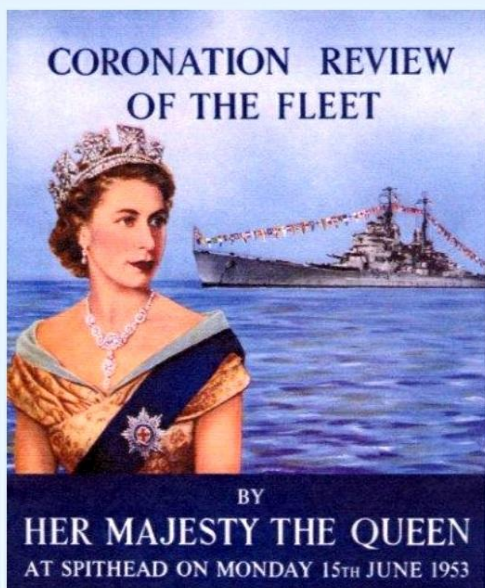
Footnote

At 08:20 on 31 December, *Obdurate*, stationed south of the convoy, spotted three German destroyers to the rear (west) of the convoy. Then, *Onslow* spotted Admiral Hipper, also to the rear of the convoy, and steered to intercept with *Orwell*, *Obedient* and *Obdurate*, while *Achates* was ordered to stay with the convoy and make smoke. After some firing, the British ships turned, apparently to make a torpedo attack. Heavily outgunned, Sherbrooke knew that his torpedoes were his most formidable weapons; the attack was feigned as once the torpedoes had been launched their threat would be gone. The ruse worked: Admiral Hipper temporarily retired, since Kummets had been ordered not to risk his ships. Admiral Hipper returned to make a second attack, hitting *Onslow* causing heavy damage and many casualties including 17 killed. Although *Onslow* ultimately survived the action, Sherbrooke had been badly injured by a large steel splinter and command passed to *Obedient*.

BACK IN 1956

VISIT OF H.M. THE QUEEN TO THE HOME FLEET

For the first time during her reign, H.R.H. the Queen, accompanied by H.R.H the Duke of Edinburgh, reviewed the Home Fleet in Cromarty Firth on 27th and 28th May.



For many on board, this was to be their first glimpse of their Queen, and who can deny a mounting feeling of excitement as the great day drew near?

For a week we had rehearsed the meeting with 'Britannia' out on the Moray Firth, manning and cheering ship, marching past etc., determined that Superb should be the smartest ship in the Fleet and worthy of the honour of being leading ship in the steam past of the Royal Yacht.

At last the 27th arrived and Superb, flying the flag of Rear Admiral J. D. Luce, C.B., D.S.O, O.B.E., Flag Officer Flotillas, sailed from Cromarty with the rest of the Fleet to meet Her Majesty.

The ships formed into two columns, the port column, headed by Superb, consisted of Agincourt, Alamein and Barossa, and the starboard column, headed by H.M.S. Ark Royal, of Albion, Ocean and Gambia. The C-in-C Home Fleet, flying his flag in Apollo was in the centre. Some consternation was caused by a bank of sea fog, which seemed to be rolling across the steam-past position, but, by altering course 45 ° to starboard, we avoided it, and at 11.30, dead on



schedule, we sighted Britannia, with her escorts H.M. Ships Duchess, Diamond and Corunna, returning from the Royal visit to Denmark. When our range had closed to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, all ships fired a 21-gun salute and increased to 21 knots, the two columns wheeling outwards, then forming into line ahead, and steaming past the Royal Yacht at about 100 yards. Her Majesty and H.R.H were clearly visible on the bridge, and how proudly and lustily we answered the Commanders call for 'three cheers for Her Majesty'.

After the mile-long column had passed the Yacht, another manoeuvre put us in our station for escorting Britannia back to Cromarty Firth.

During the afternoon we watched the steam-past of H.M. Submarines Artful, Trump, subtle and Springer, and admired the formation flying of the pilots from the carriers as they flew over making the Royal Cypher 'E 11 R' in the sky.

In the warm sunshine of a Scottish evening we glided past Cromarty, its beach and quay thick with cars and cheering people (even better than Mombasa!) and dropped anchor at 17.00.

Next morning the weather was not so kind, but who cared! Today our Queen was going to walk on OUR quarterdeck.



Promptly at 10.00 the Royal Barge came along-side and Her Majesty was piped aboard, where, after the playing of the National Anthem, she was greeted by Rear Admiral Luce and Captain Earl Cairns.



First, Her Royal Majesty inspected the Royal Marine Guards, then met heads of Department before taking up her position aft, from which she took the salute at the march-past of the Ship's Company.

When this was completed, the following ratings were presented to Her Majesty: C.P.O. J. W. French, Colour Sergeant B. W. A. White, Royal Marines, Chief Mech. N. Downs, Chief Elec. F. J. W. Wylie, P.O. Ck. (S) C. A. Hearne, L. M. (E) W. B. Cook, A. B.

L. S. Crampton and E. M. (I) R. G. Wright-lucky people!

So ended a memorable experience, but for some, yet another was to come, as 17 ratings were due to take part in the Fleet Concert on board Albion that evening. Chief Stoker Evans was in top form, and his efforts at rifle drill in Superb's sketch were one of the best things in the show!

On the morning of 29th we once more gave vent to our loyalty in three more cheers for Her Majesty, this time called for by the Captain on the quarterdeck as the Royal Barge sailed around the Fleet-we gave a good old 'tiger' for good measure too!

We think we're so much smarter these days, but
50 years ago the owners manual told you how
to adjust the valves.



Today it tells you not to drink the contents of the battery.



12 YEARS ON (AND UNDER) THE WAVES



– Part 5

by Wiggy Bennett

The Baby obliged by arriving on the 18th, the wife's doctor passed her fit to travel so on Boxing Day we caught the sleeper train to Glasgow and returned to our flat. After about a month the effort of getting a pram up and down 4 flights of steps from the flat took its toll on my wife and the local doctor told her that she must take it easy and have plenty of bed rest! I applied for compassionate leave but was told that due to the boats programme this could not be granted. We decided that the best thing would be for wife and baby to return to her parents in Chatham and look for somewhere to live in that locality.

I left *Sealion* in May '63; 10 days later I was en route to *HMS Royal Arthur* (another stone frigate) close to Bristol. The duration was for just over a month doing what was known as a leadership course. Part of the course involved giving lectures, usually on a subject about which you probably knew nothing! I think we did 4 days on this aspect, at the beginning you were given a subject which you had to research and give a talk lasting approximately 30 minutes at the end of the week. My subject was '*Operation Sealion*' - I immediately thought that meant the boat I had just left about which I could not talk for the next 30 years! I spoke to the Instructor Lieutenant about my dilemma; he put me right by explaining it was the planned invasion of Britain by the Germans!

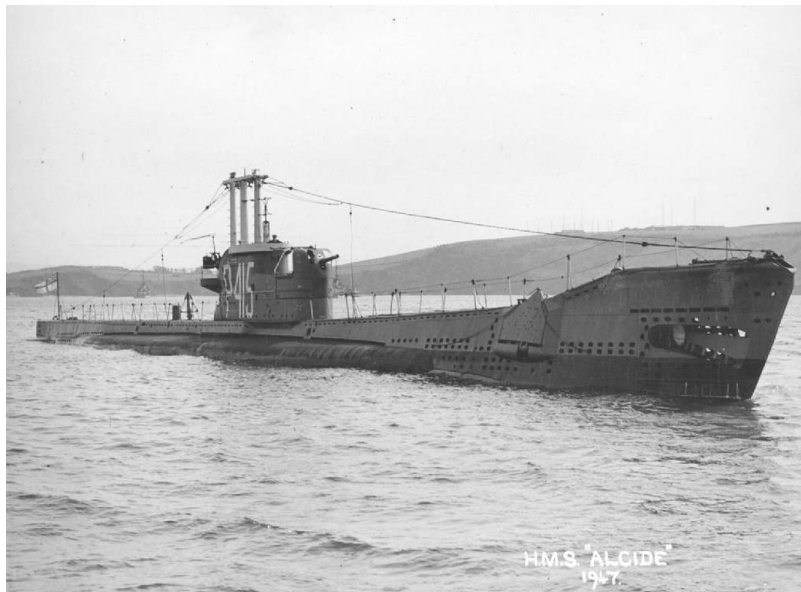
The highlight of this course was spent in the Black Mountains in Wales. In the week before the end of the course we would leave *Royal Arthur* on the Monday morning and travel to the base camp. Tuesday was spent brushing up on map reading, Wednesday morning saw you issued with survival rations, a whistle, map and compass. On the map were 30 points, marked 1 to 30. You had to navigate to these points and note down what was at that point. It could be a pole marked with different colours, a rock painted a colour or maybe a bucket marked "Property of the Royal Navy"! You had until early afternoon on the Thursday to complete this task which meant staying on the mountain overnight.

Luckily the farmers in the area were used to sailors asking if they could spend the night in one of their barns which enabled you to get some sleep in the dry. When all of the class had



returned to base camp it was down the local pub to let your hair down and relax. Friday you returned to Royal Arthur and the final week of the course.

The end of June '63 saw me back in the *Gareloch*, this time the depot ship was **Maidstone** and I stayed on her until the middle of July then I joined **Alcide** in Rosyth Dockyard where she was



completing a refit prior to going to Halifax, Nova Scotia to provide a submarine target for the Canadian navy. It was now that the neat rum provided to the senior rates came into its own. If, say, you wanted a padded seat for the wireless office with space to stow confidential books you would go and see the Foreman of the right department and make your request, his reply would be "What's it worth". The reply to that would be "Half a tot" which was usually

followed by the question "When do you want it? Job done!

We left the dockyard in October '63 and sailed down the North Sea to Dolphin where we spent the next 2 months "working up", in other words making sure that everything worked and the crew were completely familiar with the boat.

Alcide was scheduled to spend 2 and a half years in Canada, any married member of the boat's crew could take their family with them but had to stay for the full time, if you left your family at home then you need do only 18 months. As we had recently brought our first home it was decided that I would go alone, leaving my wife to cope with our 1 year old daughter.

On the 5th January 64 we left Dolphin to begin the long trek across the Atlantic, battling winter gales all the way, most uncomfortable! As we neared the middle of the ocean a signal was received stating that we were to meet up with a squadron of American anti-submarine warships and act as a target for them so that they could get practice at hunting submarines in bad weather! To say that we were pleased to be able to get to the comfort of under the ocean would be an understatement. It was arranged that we would be dived for about 12 hours but do a random zigzag along our original course.



When it came time to dive the winds were at storm force and the waves were extremely high. As we started to submerge there was an almighty loud bang from the stern of the boat and the Planesmen found it impossible to keep the depth and trim ordered by the First Lieutenant, we just kept going down and down! Normally you would stop at 50 feet and make sure that just about the right amount of water was in the internal tanks to maintain a level trim then go to whatever depth was required for the exercise. We just kept going down, water being blown from the internal trim tanks to no avail, air was put into the forward ballast tanks, still no stopping us plummeting deeper and deeper. We passed the 500 foot mark on the deep diving gauge and as we approached the 600 foot mark the hull cock to this gauge was shut off. It was at this point that the Captain ordered 'FIRE RED GRENADE'. This indicates to the surface ships that you are in trouble and intend to surface, the ships should, on seeing this flare, turn away from the flare and beat a hasty retreat.

The Captain now ordered more air into the ballast tanks and the main motors to go full astern on maximum power. After what seemed an age our downward plunge gradually ceased and the boat slowly, at first, then, gathering momentum, started to rise to the surface. That was the end of play as far as we were concerned and we slowly resumed our course to Canada. The loud banging noise still continued from the stern of the boat, it was not until we arrived in Nova Scotia that it was discovered that the pin connecting the after hydroplane to the operating ram had sheared, thereby allowing it to just hang in the full dive position. It was never known what depth we actually got to; rumours had it at about 1000 feet, who knows.

The Canadians did not have any dry-docking facilities, a cradle was manufactured for the hull shape and you sailed into it at high tide and were then hauled up the beach until you were above the high water mark, simple but effective. The repairs took 4 weeks during which time we were painted a bright yellow, this was special anti-fouling paint to cope with the warm waters we would encounter in the Caribbean. (The Beatles song 'Yellow Submarine' was currently in the charts at this time, the local newspaper made quite a story of our appearance.) Before we re-entered the water it was covered with our normal black paint.

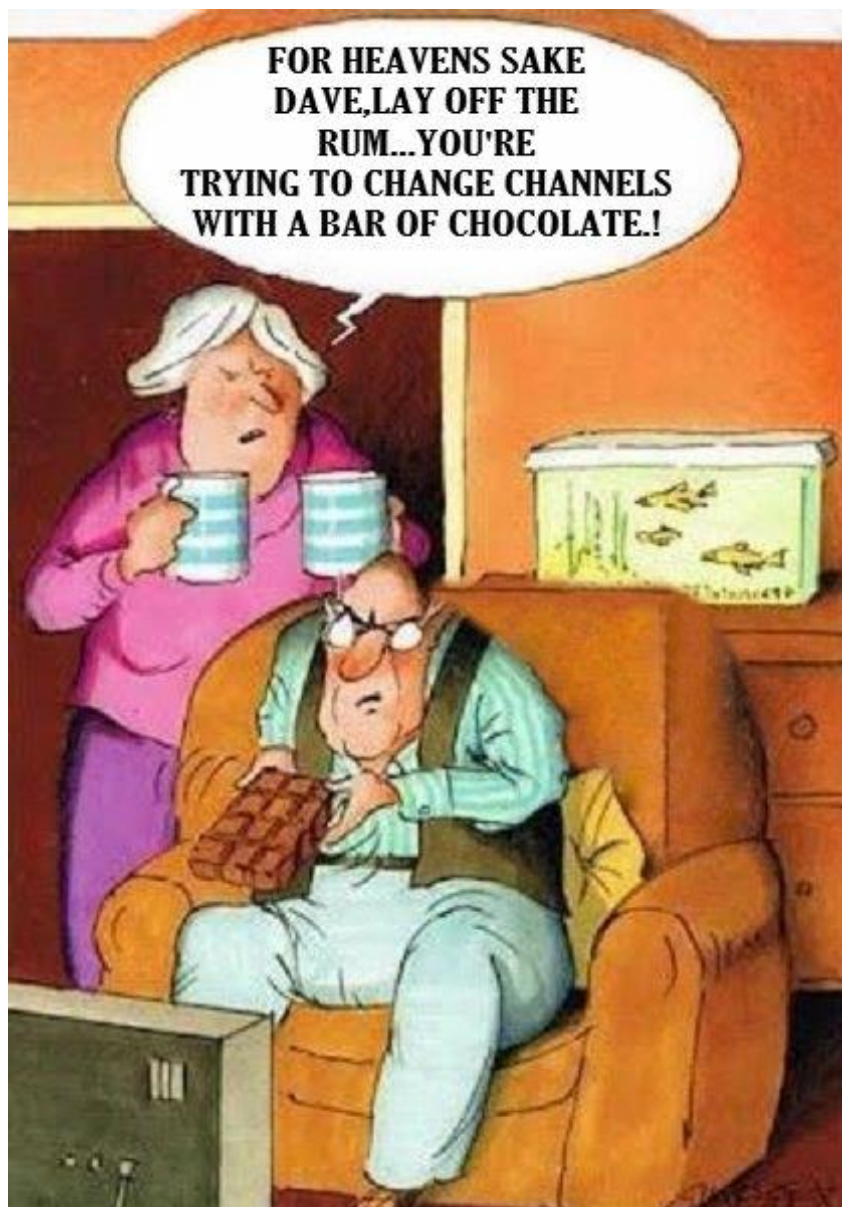
The Canadians liked to operate in warm water; consequently we spent quite a lot of time in the Caribbean, paying visits to Bermuda, Barbados, St. Croix and Puerto Rico. Fort Lauderdale, New York and Boston were also visited. A highlight of the time spent in Canadian waters was being fitted with an upward looking TV camera so that we could venture under the ice, the camera being used to locate holes in the ice field above us. These holes were not as numerous as had been predicted which caused some nail-biting on more than one occasion.



It was while I was in Canada that I learnt to drive. It was not planned but when I learnt that in exchange for a British motorcycling license you got a full Canadian one I thought great, learn to drive but not have to take a test! You can imagine the surprise when I approached a Driving School, asked them to teach me to drive but did not need to take a test as I already had a license. Whilst in Halifax I teamed up with a Canadian Petty Officer and he would lend me his Sunbeam Talbot sports car whenever I wanted to borrow it. I got to know quite a bit about Nova Scotia during our times in harbour.

My eighteen months on the Canadian squadron came round and it was time to go home. We flew first to Montreal, then overnight to somewhere in France. Sometime before we left Halifax the timetable given to us said we would spend 2 nights in France before crossing the channel to Gatwick, this of course I communicated to my wife to enable her to be prepared for my homecoming.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH





KEEP 'EM PEELED !

Scam - Bogus Police

I am reproducing virtually word for word the Police scam one of my friend's neighbours so nearly fell for. It is psychologically clever.

An unusual story to pique the curiosity. How the caller insists on the householder does not give any personal information over the phone.

The worry is the scammers may have got hold of a list of vulnerable people. They seem to know we are old enough to possibly need a carer.

An Inspector Calls

[Landline Telephone rings]

Bogus Police Officer Good morning. - Mrs. Doe?

Mrs. Doe Yes, Mrs. Doe speaking.

BPO This is Detective Inspector Reynolds - Police.

Mrs. D Is this a scam? We get so many calls. Another one just yesterday.

BPO No, this is not a scam, Mrs. Doe. We just need you to confirm the identity of someone we are holding at the police station.

Mrs. D Just a minute. I'll call my husband. John! Can you take the upstairs phone?

Mr Doe Hello.

BPO Good morning, Mr Doe. Detective Inspector Reynolds.

Mr D Is something wrong?

BPO Just a routine call. We need to check whether you have a Julia Doe living in your house?

Mr D Julia Doe? No, not at all. What's this all about?

BPO We are holding someone called Julia Doe. She was driving a stolen Ford Fiesta and gave your address as her home address. 178 Roxby Crescent.

Mr D That's our address but it's not our car. We don't have a car. Never had one. We have bicycles.

BPO She says she is your niece. Looks after you. Is your carer.

Mr D That's ridiculous. We don't need a carer. And we don't have a niece. Who is this Julia? How old is she?

BPO She's in her thirties. Gave your name and address.



Mrs. D That's some cheek. Nobody else lives here.
BPO People don't just steal cars these days, ma'am. They steal identities. You can't be too careful.

Mr D So what are we supposed to do to help?
BPO In the car there was a whole wallet full of credit cards and almost £6000 in cash. Are you missing any money?

Mr D No, we have been in lockdown for two months and don't have any money in the house.
BPO Good. What about credit cards? Are you sure you have your cards with you? Are they all right?

Mrs. D I'll just check. John, will you check your card?
Mrs. D No, our cards are all here.
BPO That's good. The only problem is they could have been cloned at some point. Do you know what cloned cards are?

Mrs. D Cloned cards? No.
BPO Well, if you have used your card in public sometime in the past, someone may have found a way of making a copy. It's very difficult to tell it's a fake. Could you look at your cards again, please?

Mrs. D Yes, we've got them.
BPO Could you tell me who you bank with?
Mrs. D We are not going to tell you anything about our cards. I don't want to sound rude but there are so many scams. We had a scam call only yesterday.
BPO That's all right, ma'am. I quite understand. You should never give the details on your card to anyone on the phone. Not to me or anyone. I am certainly not going to ask you for them.

Mr D We can tell him the name of the bank, Molly. No harm in that. It's the Nationwide. So, what do you want us to do, Inspector?
BPO There's only one thing you need to do. You will see there is a number to call on the back of your card. At the top. Got it? Yes?

Mrs. D Yes.
BPO When this call is over, call that number at once and check with your bank there hasn't been an unauthorised withdrawal recently.

Mrs. D Right. I know of that number. We'll do that.
BPO Well, please let me know if anything's wrong. I'll give you my details. Have you got a pen or pencil?

Mrs. D Just a moment. I'll get one.



BPO You know my name: Detective Inspector Reynolds. My badge number is 9742. Watford Police Station. If you need to call me back, ring the police number 161 - that's 161 - and give the operator those details. They will put you through to me.

Mrs. D Thank you very much, Inspector.

Mr. D Thank you, Inspector.

BPO Thank you. I am sorry to have troubled you. Well, goodbye then, Mrs.. Doe. If you want a secure line to the bank, I can provide you with that. Don't hang up. Just key in the Nationwide number. There we are. It's all ready for you. Goodbye.

Mrs. D Shall I put my phone down, John?

Fortunately, the Does did put down their phones. On the so-called secure line they would have given all their bank details to a phony - and no doubt very credible - 'Nationwide department'.

The Does did immediately pick up their phone again; check there was a dialling tone and called the Nationwide number.

In fact this could have been a scam dialling tone. The best thing to do is to call some other number, friends, family or business, to check they had their own dialling tone back or use a different phone line or wait at least ten minutes to ensure they were not reconnecting with the scammers or if available use their mobile phone.

The rain was pouring down outside O'Connor's Irish Pub.

There, standing in front of a big puddle outside the pub, was an old Irishman, drenched, holding a stick with a piece of string dangling in the water.

A passer-by stopped and asked him, "What are you doing?"

"Fishing," replied the old man.

Feeling sorry for the old man, the gent says,

"Come in out of the rain and have a drink with me."

In the warm ambiance of the pub, as they sip their whiskies, the gentleman, being a bit of a superior smart ass, cannot resist asking, "So how many have you caught today?"

"You're the 8th," replied the old man.

(Sent in by Bill Cook)





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

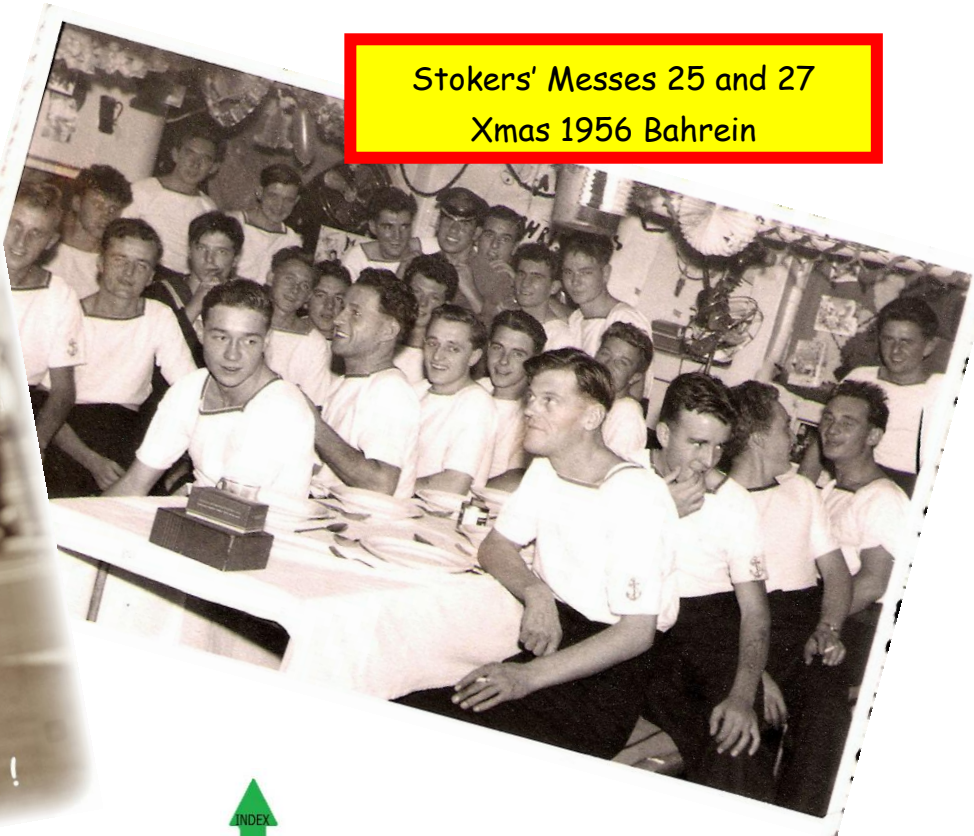
Nothing this month



PHOTO ALBUM



Welcome Home !



Stokers' Messes 25 and 27
Xmas 1956 Bahrein



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](#)

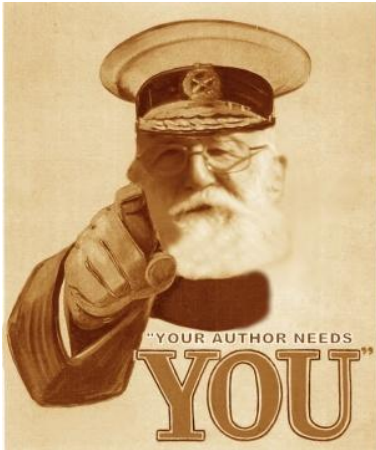


Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



SLOPS

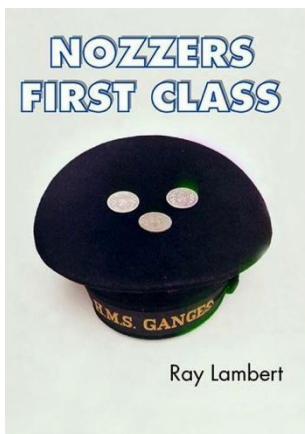
Journalist & Best Selling Author



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

Ray Lambert

Follow the author when he was a handsome young man in *Ganges* and as he joins HMS Superb at Chatham. Go with him as he begins the "Luxury Cruise" of 1954-55. Join him from Punta Arenas to Vancouver and much in between. Learn of Guantanamo Bay and the Falklands before they became headline news. Each book costs £7.99 including UK postage. Click **HERE** for more information & to contact Ray by email



NOZZERS GO WEST



Ray Lambert



Something for the Youngsters

Phil Grimson

DOGBREATH the Dragon



Shipmate Phil Grimson offers his latest book for sale targeted at children from 8 years upward. It is a magical tale of chivalry which should enchant most youngsters and lead them into a make-believe world where

there's fierce and fiery combat when a princess is captured by a dragon.

There are bold knights charging to her rescue one of who wins her hand in marriage.

KINDLE DOWNLOAD £5.59

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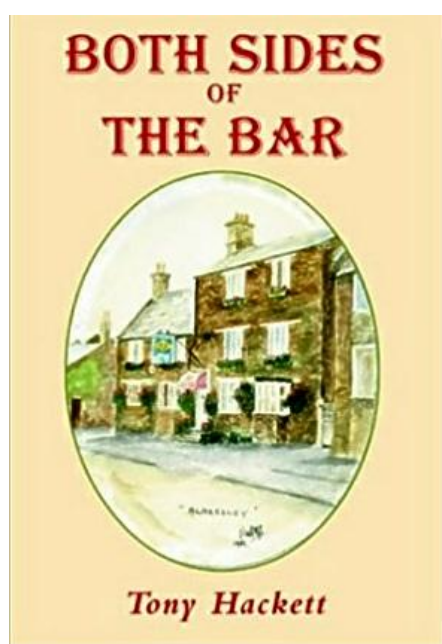
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

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



Life After the Navy

Tony Hackett



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

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

Available as a hard back book from Amazon at £12.99

PEOPLE 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

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

