

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

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

APRIL, 2018

Nº 17



OUR SWORDS WE BARE  
OUR SPIRITS DARE

CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION IS ROBIN SMITH

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**Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710**

# ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Shipmates,

My fellow travellers of the 54 pleasure cruise will recall how nice was a run ashore at Montego Bay (Jamaica). Small, clean and matelot friendly.

Can anyone put the facts to a story in a dark corner of my grey matter? The 'hotel bar' in that place was declared 'off limits' to the 'lower deck'. If true it must have come from the ship. This, on becoming known to the hotel, suffered immediate rebuttal: one would hope, as a result the 'bar taking graph' enjoyed a healthy spike. Do you know if this tale is fact or myth?

Montego Bay came to mind on seeing a report of it hard hit by 'gang violence'. In 2017 a staggering 335 murders took place in the area. How sad that 60 years of progress, since our visit, has such a result.

I was captivated, at the time, by the sight of large dumb barges loaded with banana branches in plastic sheaths, propelled by a couple of chaps on long sweeps, out to a waiting 'reefer'. I assume they were GEEST boats.

Interesting news, to me, this month, Geest are leaving their normal off-load berth at Portsmouth, shifting the business down here to Dover docks. Middle-size vessel, normally white with self-loading cranes fore and aft of the holds, to do cheap loading at anchor round the islands.

Dover docks are in the throes of major change, many millions of pounds being spent on large new marina, housing, filling in area of old Hovercraft dock. Filling granite lined docks seems madness to me: the mega dredging from Goodwin Sands has locals up in arms. The Goodwin's are seen as a very large cemetery of countless vessels and their crews; hundreds over history, plus, of course, countless WW2 aircraft and crews.

Another stamping ground - Bermuda, figured in an article about extinct species. How pleasant it was in the 'shut down' dockyard all to ourselves; now a massive marina and accommodation area, plus museum. The species hunted to extinction for food, a bird called a Cahow. Their fate sealed when early ship-wrecked crews found them prime tucker. Alas, it sealed their fate, being the only breeding ground. Should you decide to return to that idyllic place to build a straw hut, it is reported a scrubby awkward acre will cost \$1 million.

Another docks that had my attention for a while was Liverpool, not in its heyday; the overhead tramway was scrapped, removed. Dereliction for miles, end to end, it extended at least two streets back. Only boat visiting was the ferry from Birkenhead each half hour at the rear of Liver Building. A large, engraved sandstone block inserted into the wall of a nearby office recorded its use as 'Naval HQ Atlantic' in WW2.

The splendid bronze of Captain Walker was not yet cast, so I did not get to see it. From pictures, it is a bit over life-size, on a plinth, dressed in sweater and warmer, binos on chest, hatless as he was on standing above Starling's Bridge, conducting a hunt.



Captain Walker

Money is now being collected for a 'Battle of Atlantic' sculpture to be located at pier head. At a reported 91 foot long, weighing  $12\frac{1}{2}$  tons, Captain Walker's statue is to be incorporated into it. Will I see it one day when completed? My taste for 'monumental art' salivates at the prospect.

It is possible no one will be disappointed; the sculptor Paul Day has a glowing pedigree. If you have seen the Battle of Britain casting on Thames embankment his work will be familiar to you.

Just when another cold snap is forecast Comrade Putin threatens to 'cut off our gas'. Oh! The thought of going without a cuppa! I am certain we will muddle by somehow. And, if that be the case, it's our own fault for allowing green fanatics to impede fracking in our own back yard.

Technology and technique carried out at U.S. drillers' expense had taken care of perceived drawbacks. Localities, up north, sit on countless jobs and cash bonanzas. As a youngster in Yorkshire I am familiar with the saying 'Strong in the arm weak in the head, Yorkshire born, Yorkshire bred'.

Are we to stay in thrall to foreign murderers who come here at will to 'launder' their billions and poison any dissenting voice? And how sad to see our N.A.T.O ally Mr Macron of France failing to understand the position taken by our Mrs. May.

Another truism I have heard all my life is, 'If you want a despot to prosper good women/men just need to keep their mouth shut'. The capitalist opinion of, 'Don't buy the despot's goods' is our ace in the hole (a drilled hole for U.S gas).

Those despots crave cash, it fuels all aggressive moves and threats, builds his Kalashnikovs. If we ain't buying Comrade Putin is plucked, I refer to his tail feathers. The largest oil deposits in the world are as dross if you cannot sell it; look at the squirming of OPEC and Saudi at this time.

The Institute of Petroleum says end of next year the U.S. will be energy self-sufficient, and, a net exporter. To shut the valve at this end of Russia's pipeline would be sweet indeed.

It is astounding to read in West Texas - Permian Basin, 'smart' bits linked to computers, multi-pad sites and longer lateral bores can drill and recover at a viable \$25 a barrel. To OPEC and Russia that is a nightmare. Take heart Shipmates, capitalist markets will do what politician, of some hue, are scared to do - 'in your interest'.

So! No! I do not hold shares or stocks in the oil industry, though I confess to once working for B.P. for about nine years. I enjoyed the education, the job and the salary, but, best of all, as I have a bit of paper left, I can tell you it helped get my school-leaver son into their Instrumental Technical Apprentice School.

If I might sing his praises, his last job was commissioning drill ships at OKPO South Korea - not many short miles from the pristine cemetery for the 29th Brigade dead (British) from that late war. Korean school children are its greatest guardians, enough to melt the most stony hearted! They seem to feel a real debt of gratitude to 'Tommy Atkins', pushing up their national flowers.

I will cease, with the hope no one has abandoned us, and your dues for 2018 are in the post.

I love you all, especially my 'editorial staff', honest! We are bit like a bar of Cadbury's - may contain nuts!!



Last month Andy referred to the finding of an unexploded WW2 bomb found in the heart of London and I thought you may be interested in see this website to realise just how many dropped in the Capital between October 1940 and June 1941 Please click on this [LINK](#) to view the website

# NAVY NEWS

## Wreckage from the USS Lexington aircraft carrier which sank during World War II, and has been found in the Coral Sea



Wreckage from the USS Lexington, a US aircraft carrier which sank during World War II, has been discovered in the Coral Sea, a search team led by Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen announced Monday.

The wreckage was found Sunday by the team's research vessel, the R/V Petrel, some 3,000 meters (two miles) below the surface more than 500 miles (800 kilometers) off the eastern coast of Australia.

The search team released pictures and video of the Lexington, one of the first ever US aircraft carriers, and some of the planes which went down with the ship.



Remarkably preserved aircraft could be seen on the seabed bearing the five-pointed star insignia of the US Army Air Forces on their wings and



fuselage.

On one aircraft, an emblem of the cartoon character Felix the Cat can be seen along with four miniature Japanese flags presumably depicting "kills."

The search team also released pictures and video of parts of the ship, including a name-plate, and anti-aircraft guns covered in decades of slime.

The USS Lexington and another US aircraft carrier, the USS Yorktown, fought against three



Japanese aircraft carriers from May 4-8, 1942 in the Battle of the Coral Sea, the first ever between carriers.

The badly damaged Lexington, nicknamed "Lady Lex," was deliberately sunk by another US warship at the conclusion of the battle.

More than 200 members of the crew died in the battle but most were rescued by

other US vessels before the Lexington sank.

Admiral Harry Harris, who heads up the US military's Pacific Command (PACOM) -- and whose father was one of the sailors evacuated -- paid tribute to the successful research effort.

"As the son of a survivor of the USS Lexington, I offer my congratulations to Paul Allen and the expedition crew of Research Vessel (R/V) Petrel for locating the 'Lady Lex,' sunk nearly 76 years ago at the Battle of Coral Sea," Harris said in a statement.

"We honor the valor and sacrifice of the 'Lady Lex's' Sailors -- and all those Americans who



fought in World War II -- by continuing to secure the freedoms they won for all of us," he said.

The USS Lexington was carrying 35 aircraft when it went down.

The search team said that 11 planes had

been found including Douglas TBD-1 Devastators, Douglas SBD-3 Dauntlesses and Grumman F4F-3 Wildcats.

"Lexington was on our priority list because she was one of the capital ships that was lost during WWII," said Robert Kraft, director of subsea operations for Allen.

"Based on geography, time of year and other factors, I work with Paul Allen to determine what missions to pursue. We've been planning to locate the Lexington for about six months and it came together nicely," Kraft said in a statement.

Search teams led by Allen have discovered the wreckage of a number of historic warships including the USS Indianapolis, a US heavy cruiser which sank in the Philippine Sea in July 1945 after being torpedoed by a Japanese submarine.





# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**From Tony Hackett**

Brian - Many thanks once again for another informative newsletter. Re Barnard's (March Magazine) I bought my wife's engagement and wedding rings on instalments from them. Must be good they're still going strong in the purpose they were made for ! **Yours Tony Hackett**

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**From Malcolm Milham**

Brian, Sorry to hear the end is nigh, having just recently lost the Widemouth Bay Association. I have not written much for you but as after leaving the Andrew I ended up a Pongo, (only a pretend one, TA), but then of all things I got called up on a special reserve, to spend 6 months of my life as just that, A Pongo. I was a Corporal at the time so found myself in the 1st Bn Royal Sussex out in ADEN just as things got interesting. Not only that but as a Corporal I became a Section Commander with a section of 4 TA and 6 Regulars. Then even more odd within a week of arriving in Aden my Platoon was seconded to 45 Commando RM, then they found out I was an ex Matelot and let loose with a rifle. The comments were classic. **Regards Malcolm**

**Note: a résumé of Malcolm's life after the Andrew will appear in the July edition**

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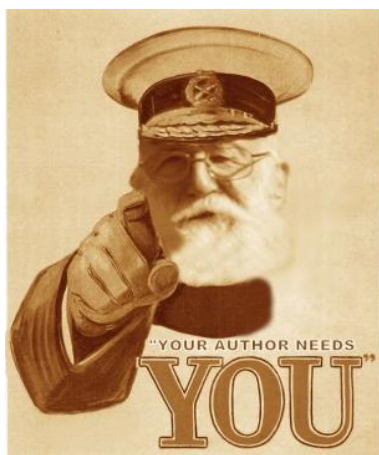


# SCRAN BAG (FREE ADVERTISING)

This section contains adverts from members. If you decide to purchase an item from them please note you deal directly with the member selling.

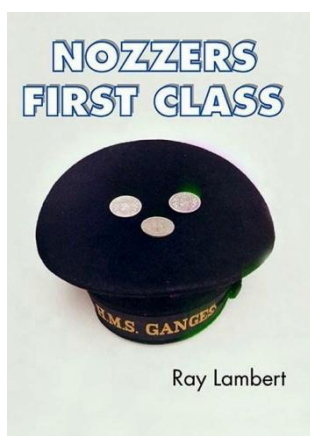
If you have something to say about this section or advertise an article please email Brian at [hmssuperb2u@sfr.fr](mailto:hmssuperb2u@sfr.fr)

## Journalist & Best Selling Author



OUR IN-HOUSE **BEST SELLING AUTHOR** IS OFFERING THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AT A SPECIAL PRICE FOR MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION. BUY NOW AS HE'S JUST HAD HIS 81ST BIRTHDAY AND NEEDS THE MONEY TO KEEP HIMSELF IN THE LUXURY TO WHICH HE'S BECOME ACCUSTOMED AS A **RETIRED ROYAL NAVY VETERAN** !

### Ray Lambert



### NOZZERS GO WEST



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. For more information contact Ray by email

Click [here to contact Ray](#) by email

**YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE HERE FOR FREE  
- CONTACT BRIAN BY EMAIL**

# SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGSTERS!

## **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 £3.95**

**PRINTED VERSION £9.95**

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

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### **HAVE YOU A STORY TO TELL ?**

We'd love to print your story so why not put pen to paper

It doesn't need to be a novel -  
just some of your memories  
which will eventually be lost  
forever unless told now

Several members  
have sent in their own  
& they are available to read  
on our website

# Alas Poor Stokes

The following notice appeared in the **NAVY NEWS IN APRIL 1955** and the poem in the May edition (the cartoon did not appear !)

<b>New Titles</b>		
Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to approve new titles for ratings in the Engineering and Electrical Branches of the Royal Navy. The titles are as follows:		
ENGINEERING MECHANIC BRANCH		
<i>Old Titles</i>	<i>New Titles</i>	<i>New Short Titles</i>
Junior Stoker	Junior Engineering Mechanic	J.M.(E)
Stoker	Engineering Mechanic, 2nd Class	M.(E)II
Stoker Mechanic	Engineering Mechanic, 1st Class	M.(E)I
Leading Stoker Mechanic	Leading Engineering Mechanic	L.M.(E)
Petty Officer Stoker Mechanic	Petty Officer Engineering Mechanic	P.O.M.(E)
Chief Petty Officer Stoker Mechanic	Chief Engineering Mechanic	Ch.M.(E)

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## Alas Pour Stokes

No more we'll see his sooty face.  
 No more his greasy hands;  
 For poor old Stokes has passed away.  
 The stoke-hole empty stands,  
 Perhaps he's somewhere up above,  
 All purged from dirt and sin;  
 In life he shunned the upper deck.  
 Why should he now begin ?  
 Or has he found the other place  
 And Satan's dark attire ?  
 For as in life a Stoker - he  
 Is used to feeding fire.  
 But who comes now upon the scene ?  
 Stop all this fuss and panic !  
 A rose by any other name =  
 An Engineer Mechanic.



IF WE EVER RUN OUT OF FUEL WE CAN ALWAYS WRING OUT YOUR OVERALLS !



# JOTTINGS OF A VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN

by Ray Lambert

There we were just coming in and, being navy, it was exactly four o'clock. The Tannoy sprang into life with those immortal words: 'Hands secure', followed by just what we expected: 'Stand fast duty part - rig awnings'. There was no way out of it so we got stuck in and that awning shot up in record time, well it was our own time after all and the quicker the better.

As we were finishing off a voice rang out. 'Lambert'. I looked around but no-one appeared to be interested in "Lambert", so I carried on with what I was doing.

'Lambert!' This time a little more insistent I looked round again, still nothing. 'Lambert, up here'. It was the GI. Instead of coming down the ladder, which with hindsight would have been quicker, he was laying on the awning with his head through the opening by the ladder. 'Up here' he repeated. He was duty PO. Then I saw him 'Yes, what?'

'Shore Patrol tonight, be on the gangway at 1830 OK'

'Yeah,' I replied, 'make and mend tomorrow then. Just the job.'

'Yes' he agreed and with that he was gone. Maybe his tea was getting cold, just like ours.

Dinner time the following day and everyone in the mess knew Lambert was on a make and mend and extra sippers and the odd half a tot was soon forthcoming. After dinner the land of nod beckoned and I was sawing up logs even before the remainder had turned-to.

'Lambert, Lambert, Lambert...' Betty Grable disappeared just as it was getting interesting, this noise had driven her away and still it kept on: 'Lambert, come on Lambert. Everyone has turned-to, come on'. I had made the mistake of welcoming oblivion right under the hatchway from the passage above and, although I was legal, I was in full view.



'Wassermatter? I'm make and mend.'

Away he went but almost at once he was back. 'Why do you have a make and mend?' 'I was shore patrol, now *kindly go away*'. Bloody hell, just as I started to look for Betty again, he was back. 'Who gave you a make and mend?' 'The GI was duty PO. Go and ask him.' Good grief he was straight back again. This time I lost my usual over-politeness but he was too fast for me and (lucky

for me) he was at the top of the ladder in record time. 'You're on charge Lambert' he shouted down, 'report to the OOW'.



I think I had a touch of a cold coming on because my legs were wobbly and my head was

quite fuzzy so I decided to have a bath before my ordeal at the Captains table. It had become routine that any little misdemeanour I was straight to Captains table. The OOW and Jimmy's table were just stepping-stones. Half an hour or so later I was relaying my tale of woe to the captain. It all hinged on whether the GI had said "yes" the night before.

The Captain looked really pleased; he had that GOTCHA look.

'Call for the GI!' he thundered. The GI turned up a few minutes later, not knowing what was going on. 'Now tell him what you just told me,' the Captain smirked.

'Sorry about this mate,' I said as he approached. 'You've done nothing wrong it's me they're after...' 'Never mind all,' that bellowed the Captain. So we went through the previous night. 'Head through the awning' - 'Yes'; 'Shore patrol' - 'Yes'; 'Make and mend' - 'Yes'. At that stage the captain interrupted: 'Well, did you say he could have a make and mend or not?'

It suddenly dawned on me for the first time that I had put the GI in a terrible spot. On the one hand he had to back his fellow PO, so as not to lose face in the PO's mess on the other hand he was a genuine man and wouldn't do me wrong, although I wouldn't have held it against him if he had lied.

The GI was in a tight spot, then inspired he said: 'I don't recall if I actually said yes, sir. I think I shrugged my shoulders!'

Nice one; sighs of relief all round - or at least from me. How he managed to convince the gathered multitude that he shrugged his shoulders while hanging upside down with his head through the awning beat me but I got away with it and he saved face.



# NATIONAL SERVICE Part 1 of 4

By Peter Wells,

May 1955-May 1957

## Choices

**B**ecause I had been good at English at Grammar School my mother and father decided that 'the Print' would be a good trade for me. I was prepared to follow whatever way the wind blew me. My father took me to a printing works underneath a railway arch near Wood Green, and introduced me to the two old men working there, up to their arms in ink and grease.

I soon decided that my English might be of no use there whatsoever, and declined the offer of a job. I found a small advert in the Evening News advertising a job as a clerical officer in the Public Trustee office, in Kingsway, at Holborn. It seemed a soft option to me, and I was soon accepted, and began work in the legal department under Mr. Ross-Taylor, and his secretary Miss Nunn. My job was to scan huge ledgers of accounts of the estates of legatees that for one reason or another had come to the Public Trustee.

One particular estate was a huge land holding in Cornwall, with many houses and cottages, most of them leaseholds, with very small peppercorn rents. I spent most days with my face close to the large pages of the ledger, adding up the rents. The other staff members in that large brown room were Miss Nunn and two fairly young men recently discharged from the RAF after war service, with a great sense of humour. They were the first people in my life who took it upon themselves to attempt to discover what it was that I intended to do with the rest of my life. At first the questions seemed quite unnecessary. The canteen at the top of the building was good enough. John Olliffe and Jack Taylor from accounts and I spent happy hours watching the girls in Lincoln's Inn fields nearby playing netball, with their skirts tucked into their knickers, and I was beginning to form a friendship with Margaret, one of the best table tennis players, when we met after work in the lower ground floor.



ACTUALLY IT WAS THE GIRL IN EVERY PORT THAT SWUNG IT

Life seemed pretty good and then I was reminded that my National Service would soon be upon me. Had I thought what would happen if I just waited to be called up?

If I did nothing I'd be in the Army before I knew it, to spend two years at Catterick on the Yorkshire moors, digging trenches and marching up and down for two years. What I should do to avoid this happening was to go down

to the Embankment at lunchtime, find the RAF recruiting office, and become a cadet for six months, and get into the RAF, I did see the sense of this, and on the next fine lunchtime walked the short distance to the Embankment, and couldn't find the recruiting office, I did find the RNVR training ship, the large white ship tied up alongside the bank.

I went aboard, spoke to the Petty Officer behind the desk, and was almost instantly recruited. I was fitted out for a uniform, given some string to practice some knots, and a Seaman's Pocket Book, published in 1930, so that I could learn to differentiate stem from stern, and starboard from port. It seemed very important to be able to distinguish Petty Officer from Admiral, but even more important to be able to tell ordinary seaman from Petty Officer.

I had to be able to attend training evenings one day a week on board *HMS President*, and to be prepared to complete a fortnight at a Navy establishment or on a ship before my enlistment. I would be allowed to wear my uniform to work at the Public Trustee Office during the day before the training evening. My cup ran over on those days. I strutted along the long dark corridors, a piece of paper in my hand as cover, passing backwards and forwards in front of the open door of the typing pool.

Until one day I met Alf.

**Next month Peter continues his story of induction at Portsmouth**





# CONSCRIPTION INTRODUCED

## 2nd World War

- **Date started:** 27 April 1939
- Date finished: 1963
- **Location:** Britain
- **Outcome:** The British armed forces increased in number by more than 1.5 million by the end of the year conscription was introduced.

The Emergency Powers (Defence Act) of August 1938 had empowered the British government to take certain measures in defence of the nation and to maintain public order.

The Defence Act contained around 100 measures aimed at calling up military reservists and Air Raid Precautions (ARP) volunteers for mobilisation. It's estimated that about half a million people also volunteered to join the ARP, the Territorial Army (TA) and the RAF Volunteer Reserve.

But volunteers were not enough.

The Military Training Act of 27 April 1939 responded to Hitler's threat of aggression in Europe. All British men aged 20 and 21 who were fit and able were required to take six months' military training.

Even so, when war broke out the British Army could muster only 897,000 men, compared to France's five million.

Another act of parliament was necessary to increase the numbers. The National Service (Armed Forces) Act made all able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 41 liable for conscription; as part of the legislation it was decided that single men would be called to war before married men.

Men aged 20 to 23 were required to register on 21 October 1939 - the start of a long and drawn-out process of registration by age group, which only saw 40-year-olds registering in June 1941.

By the end of 1939 more than 1.5 million men had been conscripted to join the British armed forces. Of those, just over 1.1 million went to the British Army and the rest were split between the Royal Navy and the RAF.

In fact very few men did their National Service in the Royal Navy as it was quickly realised that, because of the technology involved and the training required, they needed more long term service men and it was phased out sooner than the other services

For thousands of young men conscripted into the three services it was their first time away from home, they all coped with it in their own way.

Post war, at 18 years of age young men had to register for service and you had a choice, if you were doing an apprenticeship or any sort of training for a career you could opt to defer your service until you were 21.

The period of basic duty was extended to two years in 1950 as a response to the Korean War.

From 1957 it was decided that those born after 1st October, 1939 would not be required but conscription continued for those born before that date.

By 1960 the Royal Navy had 500 National Servicemen out of a total strength of 98,000.

Although it formally ended on 31st December, 1960, the last National Serviceman was not discharged until May, 1963.



# REUNION REMINDER

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The Hotel goes out of its way to make us comfortable - the cost of 2 nights includes Dinner, Bed & Breakfast on the Friday and Saturday & Breakfast on Sunday morning. There's plenty of good humour and loads of raffle prizes. Why not give it a whirl?



The main event i.e. The Dinner is held on the Saturday but it's also important to attend the AGM (which is informal & of short duration !) on the Friday evening if you can make it

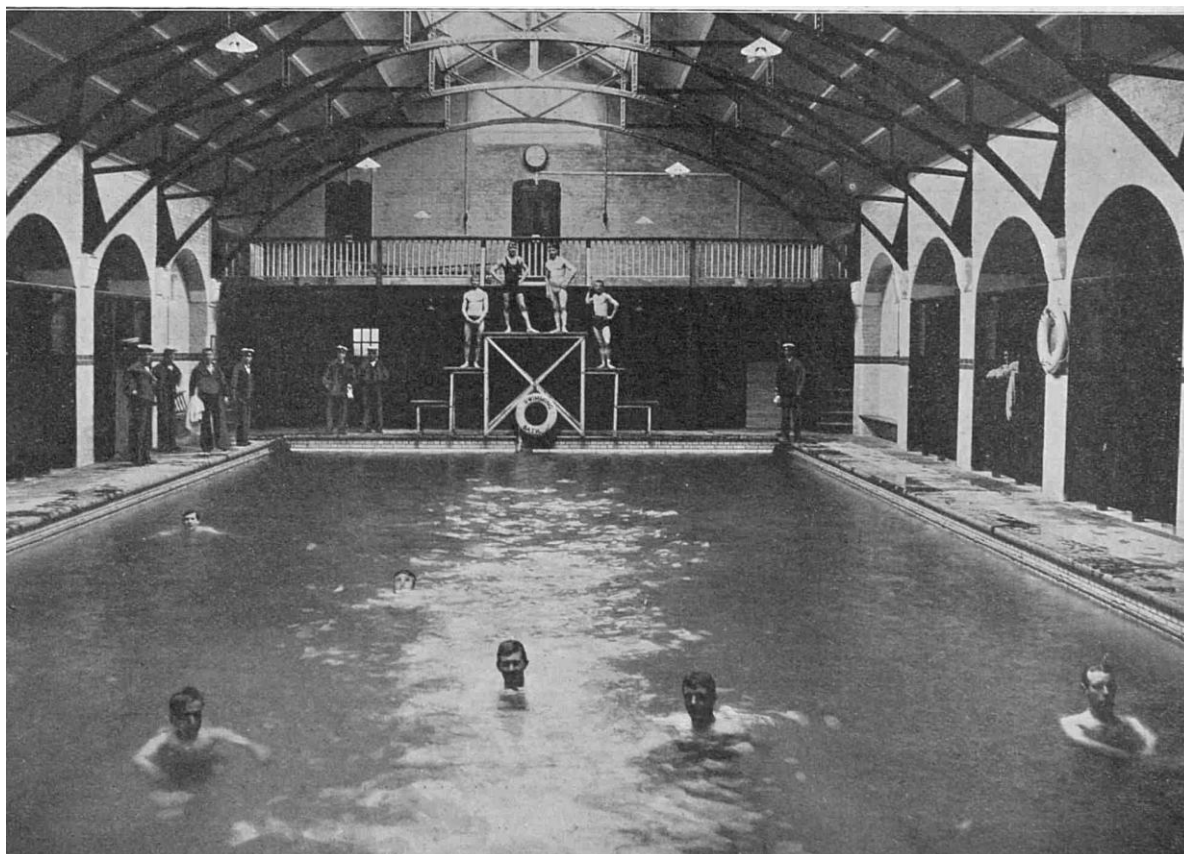
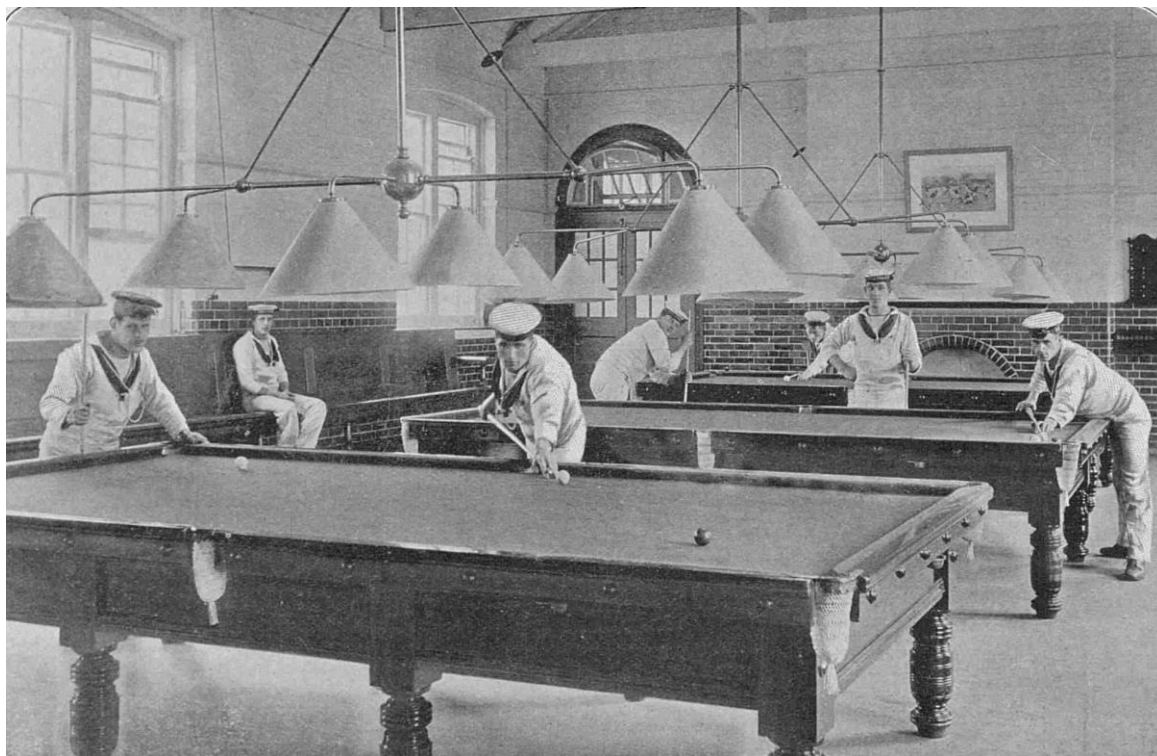
**PRICES AND APPLICATION FORMS WILL BE AVAILABLE IN DUE COURSE**

# PHOTO ALBUM

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Sailors enjoying the Billiards room and Swimming baths at the new Naval Barracks in Chatham Dockyard. Designed to replace the Hulks the Barracks had room for 5,000 men. The only drawback is the wet Canteen held no Spirits.

From "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News 1903".



# 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)

Tom Richardson who was on the 1954-55 Cruise crossed the bar in December, 2017 - notified by Tom's daughter Paula. Click [HERE](#) to visit the website and see Tom's photos then look for Tom Richardson button



# PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEOPLE

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

## From previous issues

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 e 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



# PERSONS WHO RECEIVE THIS MAGAZINE

Andy **Brierley** (1954) - Derek **Baldry** (1956) - Alf **Brown** (1954) - Bob **Butcher** (1951) - Ron **Clay** (1956-57) - Bill **Cook** (1956) - Jim **Copus** (1954) - Nick **Crump** (USN 1954 - USA) - Ted **Davy** (1945 Canada) - John **Eccleston** (1956) - Mark **Field** (Son of Charlie **Field** 1946) - Clive **Godley** (1954) - Maureen Taylor (Daughter of Ron **Gray** 1946) - Phil **Grimson** (1953 & 1954) - Tony **Hacket** (1953) - Terry Hall (son of Bert **Hall** 1946) - Alan **Harmer** (1955 - 56) - Joe **Heaton** (1956) - Brian **Hill** (1954) - Emile [Coder] **Keane** (1954 - 55) - Rita Keeler (Wife of Brian **Keeler** 1954) - Charlie **Kingston** (1956) - Sharon Goodall (Daughter of Fred **Kinsey** Co-Founder 1950-52) - Ray **Lambert** (1955) - Don **Lawrence** (1954) - Peter **MacDonald** (1949-51) - Arthur **Maxted** (1951) - George **Messmer** (USN 1954 - USA) - Malcolm **Milham** (1953) - Wendy **Norman** (Wife of David Norman 1956) - Margaret Norgan (Wife of Jim **Norgan** 1946) - Frank **Nunn** (1954) - Dave **Perrin** (1954) - Debbie Richardson (Daughter of Bill **Potticary** (1952) - Brian **Saunders** (1954 - 55 France) - Will Sherwood (Son of Bill **Sherwood** 1954) - Rob **Smith** (1956) - Jeff Stewart (Son of Jim **Stewart** 1947 Australia) - Pete **Tasker** (1954) - Paul Taylor (Son of Ken **Taylor** 1954) - Brian **Turner** (Associate) - John **Voak** - John **Ward** (1953) - Norman **Webber** (1956) - Jon **Willshir** (1953 Thailand)

[Click here to contact Brian Saunders](#) by email

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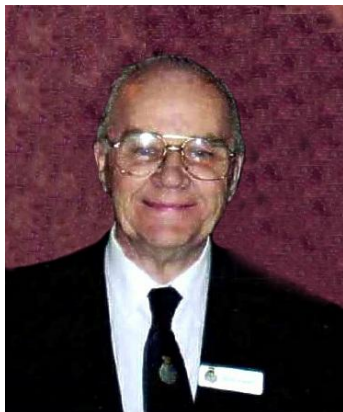
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**Fred Kinsey**  
Past Chairman



**Rob Smith**  
Chairman





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