

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

APRIL
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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,

My taste for Flower Class corvettes came about from being the first R.N. owned vessel seen at close quarters. Joining Ganges in late '46, long trots awaiting a turn at breakers had several 'Flowers', some actually on the mud at low water off 'bloody point'. You may imagine those wartime school boys were more like primates than Homo sapiens, a scramble up moorings to gain access seemed natural activity to the curious, embarking on what seemed like the rest of their lives.

Flowers were the 'first war emergency construction vessels' built in the U.K. Based on a pre-war 'whale catcher' any small yard at that time who could build a decent trawler was capable; initially with a short fo'csl.

As a 4" was added, then an 'Asdic shack' hanging off front of bridge, then a radar at the back of bridge, a close-range 'bin over engine room', 2" depth charge racks at stern, then 2'D.C .

throwers either side of the galley, living conditions became dire. To remedy that the fo'csl was extended from its original break before the bridge to aft funnel, mast also moved from front to back of bridge; notorious wet ships, said to roll on wet grass. A look at the hull profile shows to good effect the lack of the fore foot design, little to lift the bow in a sea way. A staggering 171 were built in the U.K., plus 105 in Canada.



HMS Jonquil (K68)
British Flower Class corvette
circa 1943-1944



H.M.C.C. Sackville

Multiple escorts on all convoys; Commodores in charge referred to them as their 'herbaceous border'. Certainly never meant to operate in North Atlantic gales or Russian convoys. Anyone who crewed these, H.O's and R.N.V.R. officers, certainly earned their meagre stipend. Population at large could not imagine what a hard grind in miserable conditions they endured.

A life-time later was able to board the R.C.N's preserved flower H.M.C.C. Sackville, berthed in

Halifax, Nova Scotia; it still steams on rare occasions and no restrictions anywhere for visitors.

Alongside on promenade is their little museum, fronted by a magnificent monumental bronze, twice life-size of the sort of Cannuk (slang for Canadian) who crewed her; as a lover of monumental sculpture I judge it finest of the subject anywhere in the world.

Was fortunate being able to take the sea route to Murmansk during the thaw in relations. Had read that the wreck of Bluebell was visible on the east side of Kola Inlet; I got as high as possible and looked long and hard with my binos, alas did not get a glimpse.

Last Flower I saw was at a long distance aground on southern end of Cherbourg harbour; was I mistaken, is it still there, what was its name?



Was prompted to write this when Brian Saunders thought he would like to do a piece on members' hobbies after seeing my attempt to paint a Flower. Preamble to that is in a personal letter to Libby and 'he'.

Allan Harmer and I are regular correspondents; I see his efforts by photograph and am sure you would love his railway pictures. I have a special rendition of a locally built barge he did.

Allen and Brian Turner used to be close-ish neighbours; Allan says he profits greatly from Mr. T's advice and critiques; alas Mr. T moved up to Whitehaven. I feel they miss each other's contact - it was purely platonic - honest!

The hobbyist for star prize, I feel, goes to Mr. Turner; his museum-quality model of a flower corvette is a miniature master-class in modelling.

So, Shipmates, how about a photo of your hobby for inclusion? It could be knitted night shirts or rattle snake rearing; am certain your prize marrows are worth a photo.

Tatty bye,

Some more views of HMCC Sackville



HOW THE ROYAL NAVY TRICKED THE NAZIS

into sinking their own battleship during WWII

by Michael Peck

Just before he put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger, the German officer penned a final note.

"For a captain with a sense of honour, it goes without saying that his personal fate cannot be separated from that of his ship," wrote Hans Langsdorff on 19 December, 1939, in a hotel room in Buenos Aires. Langsdorff finished his letter to the Nazi ambassador to Argentina, lay down on a German battle flag, and shot himself.

Langsdorff had been the commander of the *Admiral Graf Spee*, which had been prowling the South Atlantic the week before, and now was resting on the bottom of the harbour at Montevideo, Uruguay. Many a captain has chosen to atone for the loss of his ship by going down with it. Langsdorff had suicide with a pistol two days after he had ordered his ship to be scuttled.

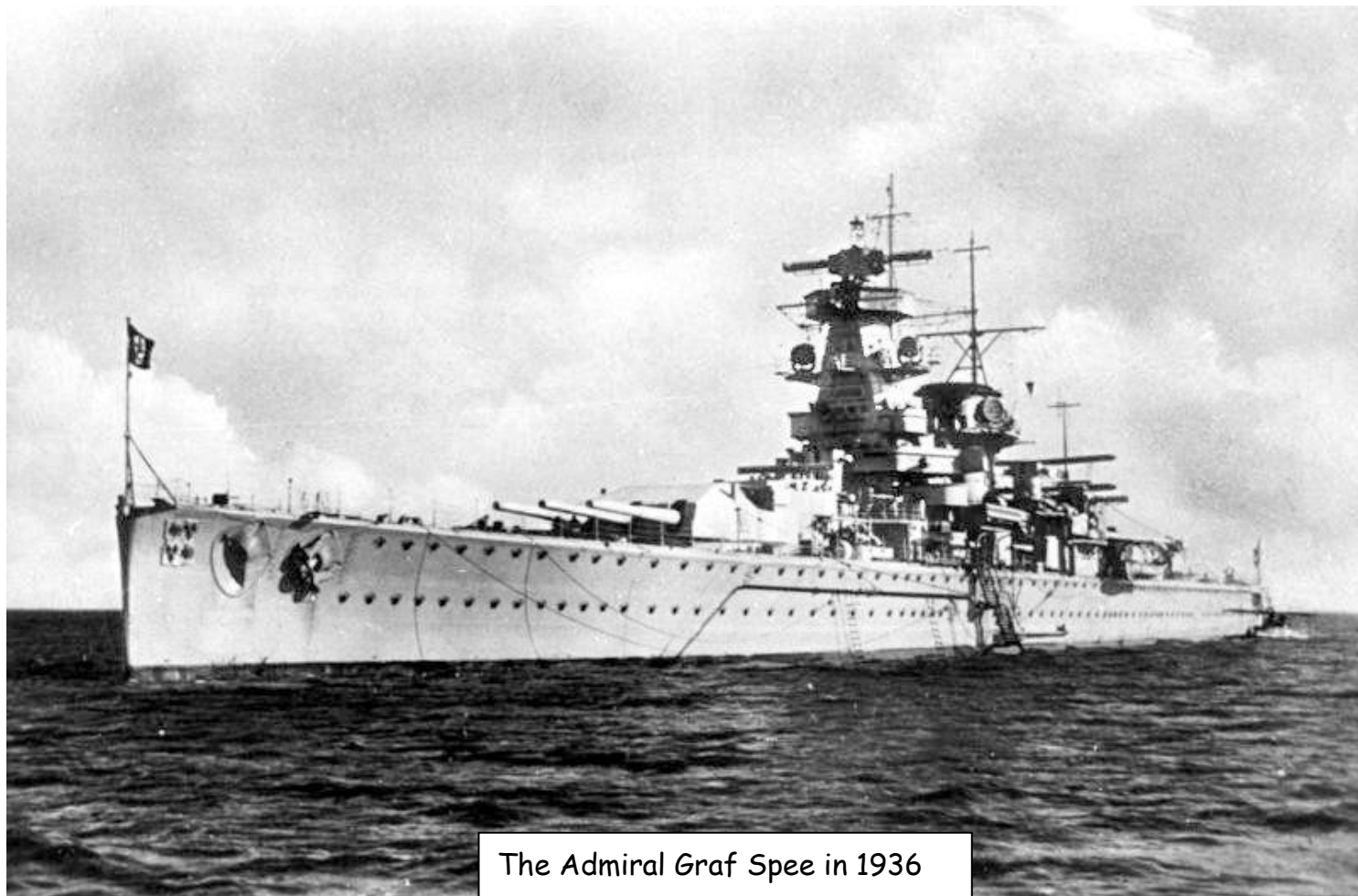
"I can now only prove by my death that the fighting services of the Third Reich are ready to die for the honour of the flag," he wrote.

But what had led Langsdorff to kill himself? Why meet death in a hotel room instead of at sea? Therein lays one of the most remarkable sea battles of all time: how the Royal Navy bluffed a German battleship into sinking itself.

Of course, the *Graf Spee* had been born into deception. It was built in the early 1930s, when Hitler pretended to honour the Treaty of Versailles, which limited Germany to warships less than 10,000 tons. With the *Graf Spee* weighing in at 16,000 tons, the Germans initially gave it the innocuous name of "panzerschiff" (armoured ship).

The British had a more ominous—and more accurate—name for the *Graf Spee* and her sisters *Deutschland* and *Admiral Scheer*: "pocket battleships." Though a third the size of a true battlewagon like the *Bismarck*, the *Deutschland*-class ships packed battleship-class eleven-inch guns, rather than the eight-inch guns of a heavy cruiser. The first all-diesel warships, their combination of speed, long range and heavy armament made them ideal raiders to hunt merchant vessels.

When war broke in September 1939, the *Graf Spee* was dispatched south in search of easy prey in the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean, a vast area made for the long-legged pocket battleship. The *Graf Spee*'s career was short but productive, accounting for nine ships totalling 50,000 tons.



The Admiral Graf Spee in 1936

Yet the noose was closing as Allied task forces scoured the oceans for the elusive German raider, whose location was marked by the distress calls transmitted by its victims. One of those task forces consisted of the British heavy cruiser *Exeter* and the light cruisers *Achilles* and *Ajax*, all under the command of Commodore Henry Harwood.

Based on a message from the *Graf Spee*'s last victim, the merchant ship *Doric Star* which was sunk off South Africa, Harwood shrewdly guessed the raider would sail west toward the River Plate estuary between Argentina and Uruguay. At 06:10 on December 13, 1939, Harwood's force sighted smoke on the horizon, which turned out to be the *Graf Spee*. Langsdorff had also spotted the British cruisers, but judged them to be destroyers guarding a convoy. Here there would be easy pickings for a battleship, he thought until it was too late.



The Battle of the River Plate was a battle that should never have happened. The British cruisers with their eight- and six-inch guns steamed at full speed toward a battleship

whose eleven-inch guns outranged them, like a boxer with longer arms than his opponent. Yet the *Graf Spee* also had a glass jaw. With no Axis ports in the South Atlantic, there was no place to seek refuge or repair: if the ship was damaged, it would have to sail 8,000 miles, past the Allied naval blockade of Germany, to reach a German port. In fact, the *Graf Spee* had been instructed not to engage heavy enemy warships.

Nonetheless, in the best naval tradition, Langsdorff ordered full speed and sailed toward the British. Perhaps he had no choice. With his ship and its engines badly in need of maintenance after months at sea, he couldn't count on escaping the cruisers, which would shadow him while they called in reinforcements.

It was three sharks versus a killer whale in a maelstrom of shell splashes, gun smoke and twisting ships. As with hunting packs, the British ships attacked from different directions to force the *Graf Spee* to split its fire. When the *Graf Spee* concentrated on the *Exeter*, the *Achilles* and *Ajax* would close and unleash a salvo to draw the battleship off their sister (both the German and British ships launched torpedoes, none of which hit).

Within the first thirty minutes of the fight, the British were losing. The *Exeter* had been badly damaged, the heavy cruiser losing two eight-inch gun turrets and with its bridge smashed. The *Achilles* and *Ajax* were also hit. With its bigger guns and a speed almost as fast as the cruisers, the German battleship might have finished off its opponents and continued its voyage. But as so often in battle, the enemy sees a less rosy picture. The battleship had taken a hit from an eight-inch shell that damaged its fuel system so badly that it only had sixteen hours of endurance. Making it back to Germany was impossible, and Langsdorff well knew that more Allied warships were on their way. With no Axis ports in the South Atlantic, the only refuge lie in a neutral harbour. The *Graf Spee* limped toward Montevideo, Uruguay, shadowed by the battered but still feisty British task force.

Yet when the German battleship sailed into the estuary of the River Plate at Montevideo, Langsdorff realized that instead of refuge, he had boxed himself into a trap. Under the Hague Convention, a belligerent's warships were only allowed to remain in a port belonging to a neutral nation for twenty-four hours. And he could see the British warships waiting outside the harbour.

And now came subterfuges worthy of a spy novel. International law also stipulated that before a belligerent's warship could leave a neutral port, it had to wait at least twenty-four hours after an enemy merchant ship had left that port (thus giving the prospective victim time to get clear). So, Britain and France arranged for their merchant ships to leave Montevideo at

intervals to keep the *Graf Spee* from sailing, while Harwood's ships made smoke outside the three-mile limit of Uruguayan waters to give the impression of a larger force.

With a skill in deception that they would frequently display during World War II, the British spread rumours that an aircraft carrier and battlecruiser were waiting outside the port. In truth, those ships would take several days to arrive from Gibraltar: the only reinforcements the British actually received was the dilapidated old heavy cruiser *Cumberland*. Even now, with Harwood's force low on ammunition, the *Graf Spee* might have been able to escape to neutral but Nazi-sympathizing Argentina.

Yet Langsdorff was crushed by contradictory pressures that would have strained any captain. The pro-British Uruguayan government had ordered him to leave or be interned. Berlin ordered that the battleship should not be interned. Seeing no point in sacrificing his crew in what he believed would be a suicidal battle against a superior British force, on December 17, 1939, Langsdorff ordered the *Graf Spee* to be scuttled. Uruguayan authorities allowed the captain and crew to proceed to Buenos Aires, where they discovered the Argentinean press had labeled them cowards and the government intended to intern rather than repatriate them to Germany. Two days later, Langsdorff shot himself.

The loss of the *Graf Spee* was a blow to the prestige of Hitler's small but expensive navy, for which even the loss of a single heavy warship was significant. Within six months, the *Bismarck* would join the *Graf Spee* on the Atlantic sea bed. Within eight months, *HMS Exeter* would be sunk by the Japanese at the Battle of the Java Sea.

In the Battle of the River Plate, psychology counted as much—and perhaps more—than firepower. The British cruisers had taken a beating, but the Royal Navy's proud tradition of aggressiveness in the face of daunting odds had paid off yet again. Regardless of who had the bigger guns, in the end, the Germans thought themselves beaten—and the British did not.

And the *Graf Spee*? She still rests at the bottom of Montevideo harbour. Last year, the Uruguayan government announced it would auction off an artefact recovered from the vessel: a bronze eagle gripping a swastika in its claws. It will be a tawdry ending for an epic battle and a tragic fate.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Brian - I claim the prize for spotting the deliberate mistake. You have the date as March 2019 on this month's mag. (March 2020) I expect I am too late. All the best. **Brian Hill**

Editor's reply: No Brian you were the only one who told me they noticed. I expect the others put it down to my age! Actually I make these deliberate mistakes to encourage members to write in but I promise to try and do better in future.

Many thanks for all of the info. Yours Aye. **Dave Perrin**

Thanks' for the email copy of March's magazine. The question about the engine rooms telegraphs - certainly were manufactured by Chadburn's and installed in both engine rooms.
Regards **Bill Cook**





NOZZERS GO WEST

Part 10

Then, ten days later and after much more chipping, painting, holystoning and swimming, it was time to show their face and meet the public. Like Sheffield before them, they maneuvered out through the breakwater and into the blue sea, but unlike Sheffield, their destination was to take them in the opposite direction and to the unknown waters of Cuba.

It took three days to reach Cuba, including the weekend. But weekends didn't seem to mean much to a new captain, who was now a commodore. It was the tropics and the weather was absolutely wonderful; it almost made working a pleasure. The part-of-ship chiefs and petty officers, acting on orders from on high, were always on hand to ensure there was plenty of *pleasure* to go around!

The only respite from the continual work on the journey, work that Ginger considered to be in their free time anyway, was when they stopped the ship for an hour on Sunday afternoon and allowed anyone that wanted to, to go over the side for a swim in the warm Caribbean water.



Ginger decided not to partake. He figured that 'hostilities' were over for the day and that the water in the showers was a little warmer and far more enjoyable. The vast majority of people were so busy either getting over the side and into the water or watching, that his shower was completely uninterrupted and no one even missed him.

Cuba was a hostile country. They were in cahoots with Russia, or so they were told.

However, the southern tip of the island belonged to America. It was Guantanamo Bay naval base and that was where they spent the next couple of weeks in and around that bay and, more to the point, where they became acquainted with *USS Newport News*.

Superb arrived on November 1st and was directed to anchor at *Berth E*. How anyone knew where that was remained a mystery to Ginger. As far as he could make out *Berth E* could have been anywhere in a vast open expanse of water but the navigator must have found the correct spot because *Newport News* entered harbour and anchored close by later that same day. She was majestic as she towered above *Superb* and she brought with her a new talking point as they stared at her in awe.



A couple of days after their first meeting they were both at sea, in company with other ships, for a surface and air target exercise which took up all day, until they anchored back in the bay at about 1700. Then, the next day they were at it again for sleeve firing by the four-inch mountings, again returning to anchor by 1700.

The boys were having a wonderful time with armament firings. They had been assigned the second mounting on the starboard side as their own, and it was manned entirely by sixteen boys from the boys mess. POGI Jury's patient training with the wooden and brass dummy shells at Ganges had stood them in good stead. So much so that, when the Americans brought a small drone aeroplane aboard and said it was to lend a bit of realism to the shoot - the boys mounting blew it out of the sky.

Those American technicians had spent all one day setting up a metal ramp to launch their latest invention only to have it blasted to pieces almost immediately. They had been asked if the shoot was to be an 'aim-off' - in other words just to shoot close but not hit it - and their smug answer was: 'Give it your best. It's not possible to hit these things - it travels at around 350 miles per hour'.

There followed a bit of silence as both mountings stopped firing because there was nothing left to shoot at. It was an embarrassing silence because everyone knew that those drones were very expensive. The powers-that-be from both navies had not expected their new invention to be destroyed in a matter of minutes.

They were not offered another drone but the next sixteen days were filled with frantic activity as they continued to be involved in exercises at sea off the Cuban coast with the Americans and all the coming and going that went with it but luckily, they managed to secure by about 1700 each day. Whether this had anything to do with the Americans not wanting to be too long at sea, there was no way of telling.

But it was all to the good for the boys because they had an open invitation to visit the big ship any evening to watch their cinema show and, naturally, they made full use of the situation. The Yanks would send their boat over to ferry the boys, and anyone else who wanted to make the trip across the water that separated the two ships as they lay at anchor.

The American navy seemed to have a much more relaxed attitude for its off duty hours or, at least, the *Newport News* had. The cinema was an impromptu affair set up on the quarterdeck and their routine was simple. If the Captain wanted to attend, an easy chair would be placed for him in the front of the screen and then everyone else just piled in behind him, irrespective of rank.

Ginger and the boys in particular, enjoyed the informality. All aboard the *Newport News* were glad to see them, nothing was too much trouble and facts about the ship were trotted out at every opportunity.

She was not quite as old as Superb, having been laid down in 1945 and



commissioned in 1949, where *Superb* was laid down three years earlier and completed in 1945. Other than that *Newport News* stood head and shoulders over them. She was almost twice as heavy for a start at 17,225 tons as opposed to *Superb*'s 8,885 tons and her length at 717 feet exceeded theirs of 538 by an extra 179 feet. With all that extra space naturally, they carried more personnel - something in the region of 1240, which was over 400 more than *Superb*. But despite her massive drive of 120,000hp, they were secretly pleased to learn that they were almost on par with them when it came to speed and she could outrun them by a couple of knots.

They were given tours of the ship, sometimes whether they wanted a tour or not. People would appear at odd moments and from odd places with a cheery: 'Let me show you round our ship'. Those tours would inevitably include three triple eight-inch turrets and engine room departments and up on the bridge. They always remembered to thank the tour guide even if they'd had the same tour conducted by someone else on a previous visit. Just the same, they loved every minute of it.

Having just moved into his new office, a new *Commander* was sitting at his desk when a 'Greenie' (electrician) knocked on the door. Conscious of his new position, the *Commander* quickly picked up the phone, told the 'Greenie' to enter, and then said into the phone, 'Yes, Admiral, I'll be seeing him this afternoon and I'll pass along your message. In the meantime, thank you for your good wishes, sir.' Feeling as though he had sufficiently impressed the young *Rating*, he asked, 'What do you want?'

'Nothing important, sir,' the 'Greenie' replied, 'I'm just here to connect your telephone.'

From *Stuart Omer*



BACK IN 1956 Part 4

THE EAST AFRICAN CRUISE

Around 8 a.m. on 15th June found *Superb* steaming into the narrow entrance to Kilindini harbour- past the hazardous breakers whipping the sea into formidable white foam on the port side- and then one could see the whole shore lined with crowds of people and cars, all waving a welcome to the visiting cruiser. From the large number of people who had got



HMS Superb steaming into Kilindini Harbour
Mombassa, 15th June 1956

up early to see us come in, it was obvious they were pleased to see us and it made a splendid start to ten days in Mombasa.

The most welcome visitor waiting on the jetty as the ship came along side, however, was Lady Cairns who was happily able to stay at each East African port as the ship visited it, before returning home as we left Dar-es-Salaam. In the short time the ship's Company had known Lady Cairns, her cheerfulness and friendliness

have become a byword. Hardly had all the official callers departed than a strong team of volunteer members of hospitality committees came on board to settle details of ceremonies, concerts, dinners, dances, entertainment, sports, sundowners and safaris which had been organised. Life now became a frantic social whirl: invitations to private parties were literally overwhelming as there were, at times, insufficient ratings- and officers- to accept all the invitations pouring in.

"Join the Navy and see the world" one hears, but how much of the world does the average sailor really see? Certainly he may return home with a long list of foreign countries visited, but so often the 'visit' is a walk down the main street of the port, or a game on the town soccer pitch. Seldom does he have the chance to get inland and explore the country. This visit however was different as the ship's Company spread out to all parts of the Colony. The Navy moved up to occupy Nairobi; scared the wild life in Amboseli and Tsavo game reserves (or vice versa); climbed the slopes of Kilimanjaro; bathed in the surf at Nyali and Malindi. All returned with a much deeper appreciation of life in the Colony and a gratitude for the warm welcome they had received.

For most on board, this was their first visit to Africa, but even the old salts had that eager look in their eyes as they stepped ashore. The old Arab quarter dominated by Fort Jesus is still very much as it was a century ago although dhows, no longer trading in humanity, now carry carpets and curios from Arabia!



All too soon, the stay at Mombasa came to its close and groups of officers and ratings gravitated back to the ship from the various parts of the Colony. There must have been many sad hearts as the ship weighed anchor after the ten eventful days in Mombasa. For a change, instead of sailing at some ghastly hour of the night or morning, the ship left at 17.30 so that our friends ashore could give us a good send off. They poured out of their homes, offices and shops to every vantage point along the shore and cliffs as the ship slipped sedately through the harbour entrance, one could see through misty eyes, a colourful sea of people waiving handkerchiefs against the green background. As the band played 'All the nice girls love a sailor' and 'The old *Superb*', the ship, gathering speed, moved off into the twilight.

ZANZIBAR

After an overnight passage, the ship anchored off the ancient citadel of Zanzibar, opposite the old Arab Fort. Here, the hospitality was more limited than in Mombasa as there are far less Europeans living there, but our stay provided a chance for all of us to become tourists, to browse through the narrow picturesque streets, take our photographs, and smell the fragrance of cloves, which grow in great quantity on the island. We floodlit the ship and gave a firework display, and some intrepid sailors set out to break the all-comers record for the trip between Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam during the S. W. Monsoon. This exciting exploit is reported in full elsewhere in this magazine. (continued soon).....

KILIMANJARO, 1956

A small party of enthusiasts had decided to attempt Kilimanjaro some time before the start of the East African Cruise, but at that stage the prospects were not encouraging. We had recently paid our second short visit to the Gulf and the situation there was such that first permission to climb the mountain was refused as the ship was to be at short notice to move.

Suddenly, whilst on passage to Mombasa, we were told that a party could go; the planners sat down, scratched their heads and did a little thinking. The problem was this; Mount Kilimanjaro is about 19,400 feet above sea level and, in spite of the fact it is near the Equator, it is bitterly cold and the top is perpetually covered with snow and ice. In order to climb the mountain and return about five days quite hard walking is required, though it can be done in less in an emergency. Secondly, the Mountain lies about 200 miles inland from Mombasa, and finally, the party we hoped to take was a little short of cash. The shortage of money may seem a little superficial but really, on this last point our chances of success largely depended. People living at sea level cannot hope to climb to 19,000 feet carrying a load of any sort as the air gets very thin. We had to have clothing, food and cooking material and to succeed the party had to carry as little as possible. Porters and a guide were to be hired, but they were expensive, and we were prepared to carry all they couldn't manage.



The party consisted of Lieutenant Hardy, R. M. Surgeon-Lieutenant Dobson, Midshipmen Saunt and Harding, Corporals Lewis and Carlyon, and Marines. Clark, Fraser, Pittard and Munday.

On the day after our arrival in Mombasa we piled ourselves and our gear on the jetty and waited to see what would happen. All went well and we duly arrived at the Bus Station where we were introduced to our bus, which looked as though it would have difficulty reaching the outskirts of Mombasa, let alone cross 200 miles of rough country. We gently edged the locals out of our reserved seats and set off in some apprehension. The bus's looks belied its efficiency and after only one slight delay, in which we had to use a tree trunk as a jack, we arrived at Himo. A stiff climb in a model T Ford, which boiled over 5 times, and we were at the Kibo hotel. Mrs. Brauer, who runs the hotel, sorted out our guides and porters, keeping law and order with a steel shod alpenstock, and at last all was ready. The path up the lower slopes of the mountain runs among banana plantations, and there we met the friendliest people it is possible to meet. We were greeted by a broad smile and the universal 'Jambo' wherever we went. From the plantation to the Rain forest which is a belt of dense undergrowth and trees then out into the sun once again amongst the heavy grass and shrub. Each day walking started early so that the maximum time



could be spent at each hut getting acclimatised, and so we could eat our meal in daylight. Our evenings were long and after we'd eaten our stew-it was always stew-anything else was too complicated even in the experienced hands of Fraser and Clark-we threw our home-made dice for the doubtful privilege of stoking the fire-a blinding and suffocating pastime!!

As altitude increased so the desert began and at about 14.000 feet vegetation ceased entirely. In the Kibo hut at 15.340 feet most of us spent the most

miserable night we ever hope to endure. It was virtually impossible to sleep because of the height and cold and we all suffered from severe headaches. At two o'clock the following morning, when morale, at the best of times is low, we were chased out of the hut by the guide for the final climb. The last 4.000 feet are very steep and up 'scree', a surface which almost defies description. The doctor's definition came nearest the mark- 'It's like walking up a mound of marbles, three feet up, slide back two'. The last morning's work is the real test and we came to grief. It was very cold, we felt ill and couldn't see where we were going, but, above all, we went too fast, and only one of us reached the top accompanied



by the guide, a spirited youngster of 65!

We all tried to rest for two hours in the Kibo hut and then set off again across the waste that lies between the peaks of Kibo and Mawenzi. On this lower peak lies the wreckage of an airliner and 20 bodies, all irrecoverable.



With the decrease in altitude and in the warmth of the sun our spirits rose and we spent that evening climbing low cliffs near our hut and arranging small avalanches to destroy the Giant Groundsel, which looked like spacemen.

On down through the forest and the plantations to a final party at the Kibo Hotel. We had walked 80 miles or so and climbed 15,000 feet and we were only sorry that the great success did not crown our efforts.

Photos kindly supplied from stock and Bill Cook

A woman, exasperated, annoyed and frustrated because her husband was late coming home once again, decided to leave him a note saying, "I've had enough and I've left you. Don't bother coming after me."

Then she hid under the bed to see his reaction.

After a short while, the husband came home and she heard him in the kitchen before he came into the bedroom. She then saw him walk towards the dresser and pick up the note.

Looking at it for a few minutes he wrote something on the paper before picking up the phone and calling someone. "At last, she's finally gone!" he said, "Yeah I know, about bloody time, hey! I'm coming to pick you up so put on the sexy French underwear. Yes, I love you too."

He hung up the phone, grabbed his keys and left.

The woman heard the car drive off as she came out from under the bed, and seething with rage and tears, grabbed the note to see what he had written.

The husband had written, "I can see your feet. Stop being a bloody idiot! We're outta bread. Throw the kettle on. Back in 5 minutes. Love Jim"

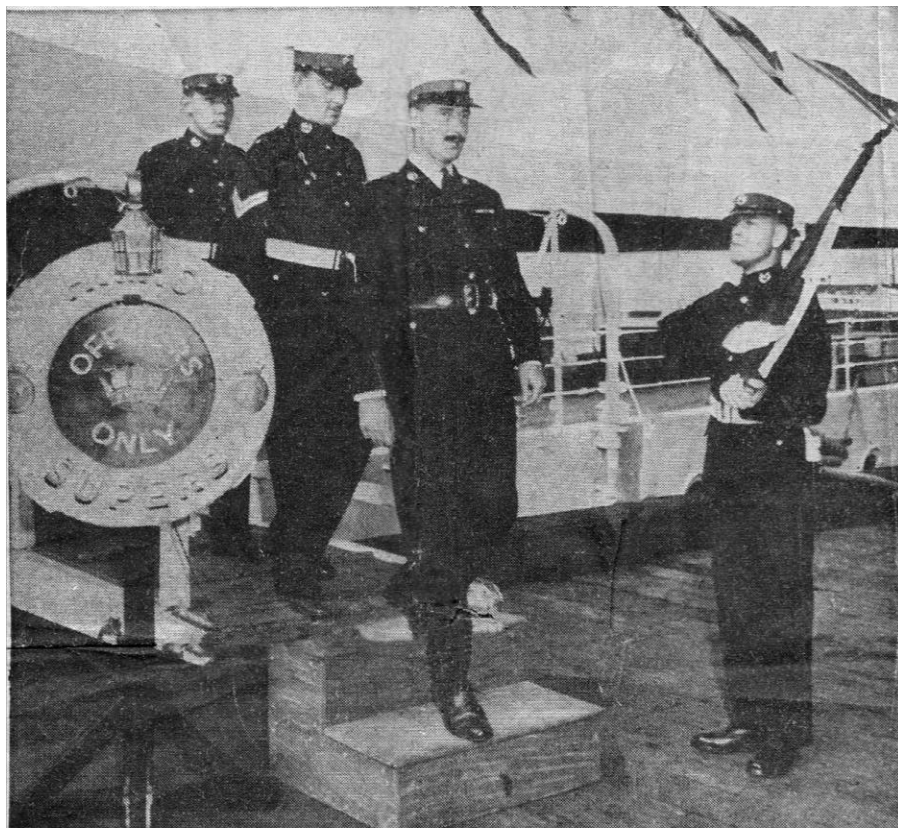


PHOTO ALBUM



Photo of Pete Townsend supplied by Marine James Johnstone - taken during the 1954/55 AWI Cruise. I have sent Pete's son (Gary) a copy of this photo.

These photos were sent in by the son of Jim Johnston



Marines' Captain Goes Ashore

Captain Robert Wall, commander of Royal Marines on the Royal Navy cruiser Superb, goes ashore past the naval guard, on the cruiser's arrival in Vancouver Thursday. Capt. Wall is followed by

Corporal William Haslam, from Doncaster, and Marine James Johnstone, from Gretna Green. All the Marines aboard the Superb have taken commando training.

who was a Royal Marine on the 1954/55 AWI Cruise. Jim crossed the bar in 2001



James Johnstone squatting front row right.

Do you recognise anyone in the photo?



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.

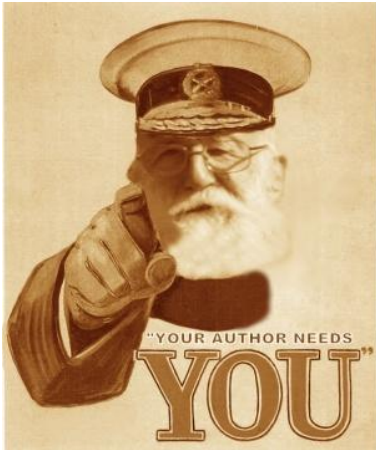
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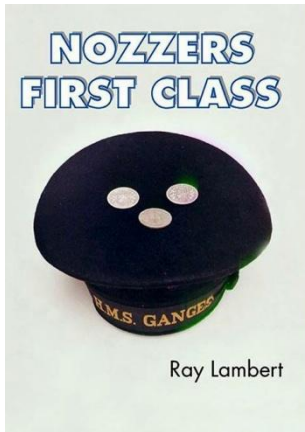
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Ray Lambert

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Ray Lambert

NOZZERS GO WEST



Ray Lambert



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Phil Grimson

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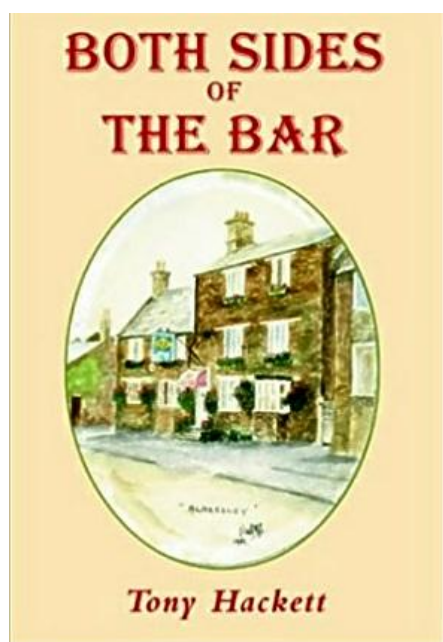
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** 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 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.

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

