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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, BRIAN SAUNDERS

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ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates - in frigid May

An odd coincidence has a pair of shipmates pursuing the same aim, i.e. to get a hip connected correctly to the thigh bone. I had not met Shipmate Ron Clay, or known him prior to a phone call out of the blue a couple of months ago..

He, like me, had an early January, 2021 operation to correct things - cancelled! I mirrored that exactly six days later. He heard of my problem via this magazine (see, it works), hence the phone call.

After swapping tactics on how to get back onto their rosters (two different hospitals) Ron is up for surgery on Friday 6th May. On that day I go for a third lung scan as my question still seeks an answer to, 'Will I take an anaesthetic?'. Ron tells me it's a three hour job with the full tool kit. Asbestos plus a wee growth of sorts prevents my box being ticked.

I will ring to wish Ron 'bon voyage' before he leaves home. I realise the warning - if you wish to kill a conversation, 'talk about your ailment'.

I cannot say I am in love with, or even satisfied with, the police service as currently constituted by the 'liberal elites' of the last ten to fifteen years, or thereabouts. The role - authority - respect due - as taught at home, in school perhaps or just absorbed as the British way of doing things, is now alien compared with the police force of my pimply youth. The Sunday papers all front paged a picture of a policeman slashed across the cheek bone, from just under his eye, caused by a broken bottle hurled by a football fan, at point-blank range. Luckily he still has the eyeThis, during an illegal break into a football stadium.

Copper and comrades sent there to 'maintain good order'. In essence you and I sent him, we elected his authority, we pay his wages. What's become of 'Old England' when we tolerate it being devoured by knots of misfits who set themselves up as self appointed 'moral guardians', or so-called arbiters of 'good taste' to the quiet majority?

Do we sit back indifferent, or kick that newly elected strata of civil servant - a non-uniformed police commissioner, on six figures I'll suppose - up the arse with instructions to give us back a police force with some teeth, to deal with thugs, arsonists, shop window smashers, looters etc.?

Reports of one million burglaries in the last five years, uninvestigated, thus unsolved. London reports 90% of burglars are aware they will just get away with it. What happened to 'Due Process' and 'Justice seen to be done'? Do you live in one of those increasing communities,



neighbourhoods that collect cash to pay for private night-time patrols, even keeping mobs of noisy youths in order with a simple lecture on their 'responsibilities' in a place they live? Are we going up the route to local vigilantes? I expect to be considered a cockroach for voicing the opinion; lawlessness seems to creep up with the dilution of our island's residents, allowed by the Border Force, of gangs from Eastern Europe, North Africa and Asia fleeing retribution in their own homelands. Our view of what's 'acceptable conduct' or 'religiously tolerable' being chalk and cheese.

When on the road in North America and Canada I was ever captivated by the number of high quality murals on bare flanks of buildings, homes, shops, factories, not to be confused with graffiti in any way, shape or form. They covered all and any subject; history and local events seemed the favourites.

After all this time I can exactly place many in my memories. Entering San Francisco from the south the whole side of one building, full face as you drive into town is a B17 Flying Fortress banking, it being life-size or bigger maybe, executed by a master artist. I cannot think of anywhere in the U. K. where such art exists; I would expect local authorities to forbid it as driver distraction; one is, after all, expected to submit your shop sign for size and colour. Even flying the Union Flag was subject to permission from some wonk.

Then, about four miles from home a month ago, I was bowled over to see an example, in a narrow alley on the flank of an old shop.



It is ultra topical, beautifully executed as the young lady curls her finger to flick away a Covid virus. I have tried to find out who painted it; was it commissioned? ... passing that way most days I don't recall seeing a scaffold, or trestle to work from. You may feel, little things please little minds and I heartedly concur, I am shameless!

A part of that tale triggered a memory for me of several notable friends and acquaintances whose ashes, following cremation, were poured into 'the Nore' (Medway river estuary) and the channel beyond, a form of 'burial at sea'. I

initially saw the Port of London Authority Director's cruiser alongside their facility on the Thames at Gravesend. When sold into private ownership its new home was the classy marina next to the old Admiralty pier at Gillingham. A beautiful boat, 65-70 foot long, all timber of the finest quality, varnished and buffed; a builder's showcase. These many years later I hear a large slice of running costs are aided by 'Ash-Scattering' trips out to the Nore, and beyond. Our own Fred Kinsey will be out there, poured into the start of the ebb from Thunderbolt Pier in Chatham dockyard; he will be in good company with a pair of my own special friends, a father and son.

It's just dawned on me that y'all will have seen the boat in question - it carried W.S. Churchill down river on his way to burial ashore.

Of the well-known whose wish was the Channel is one Paul Tibbets. He came to the U.K. with the



first U.S. 8th Air force, B17 crews and piloted a Flying Fortress named *Butchers Shop* on their first outing to Europe on 17th August 1942. He flew from Grafton Underwood, very near my boyhood home, survived until his tour expired. He returned to the U.S., retrained on a new Super Fortress B29; the U.S. most fraught and expensive programme of World War 2. He became a 'Major U. S. A. F.' and piloted the *Enola Gay* to Hiroshima to drop the world's first atomic bomb. He died at home following a long and peaceful retirement, always shunning invites to publicity. His time in the U.K. and the loss of so many young friends in a crippled B17 into the Channel left him with a wish to join them. His will stipulated his remains to be brought back to England and dropped into the Channel, without fuss or ado. The U. S., Air force saw to that!

Hope that interested the aircraft fans.

Last week's Press Banner Headline: 'Boris sends gunboat to sort French blockade in Channel Islands fishing dispute'. The following day the same paper headline: 'France follows tradition, surrendered'. How embarrassing can the media be? What calibre of journalist are universities turning out? Their mantra of 'don't let the truth spoil a good story' is strange value for education given at 12k per degree.

Picture on the front page of Formidable, a naval vessel, leaving Plymouth was an O. P. V, as that type is known the world over - Offshore Patrol Vessel. A new official M. O. D. Category refers

to ours now as Ocean Patrol Vessel; delusion reigns supreme; its formidable armament, one 30mm machine gun, un-shielded on the foc'sle.

Fleet Air Arm Harriers had a four pack of these in some variants in their nose.

I recall the comment made by U. S. M. C. Officer heading purchase commission when Harriers were being considered - 'Our current Gatling Phalanx can strip leaves from trees, Harriers blow the trees down!' The French frigate lurking in the misty background was, no doubt, itching for retribution over Merselkabier, that piece of naval history taught in France. Naval history reported scrubbed from curriculum at Dartmouth.

We were in luck when the fishermen went home at tea time for a crêpe and a jar of red ordinary; had they had the jar at lunch time our 'ocean' patroller could have experienced problems and may have come to grief.

As things are in the Royal Navy 2021 'JERSEY' will be painted on a battle honours board for screwing onto the quarterdeck. During lock-down when there is no one to talk to but oneself, this is the sort of stuff I have to listen to

Was it Churchill who suggested 'Jaw, jaw is better than war, war'? Where were all those fraud-steeped political types we employ who allowed events to get so tense? We import wine, cheese, fruit, meat and motor cars by the shedloads, all bargaining chips surely to aid a quid pro quo with a N. A. T. O. ally; a partner in several high tech. covert research programmes.

What gets done during these interminable political five-course lunches that protocol demands, usually held in locations like the Maldives, with secretaries present as things must be taken down, and a foul shame on him who immediately thinks only of knickers. The cartoonist's lot cannot be an easy one, to be humourous or acid to get a punch line across in one simple drawing, time after time. An example that twanged my g-string about the un-sackable class a couple of Sundays ago; pin-stripe suited civil servants depicted as cash bar codes beneath a street sign saying Whitehall. That leaves nothing to chance about who these folk are, lobbyists for sale to the highest bidder - friend or enemy.



Last week the 'pretend industry' got into a mighty twist over the dole out of awards; black and white divide causing the friction. There was I thinking baubles were issued by popular acclaim on acting merit. Not that I follow the industry but one cannot avoid it writ large on all front pages, and on the 'box' as it's considered prime time news of national importance. Trouble for

the likes of me who fail to sort out his GRAMMY from his OSCAR and EMMY or, maybe, OLIVIER.

A very small piece of show biz news that caught my cynical, watery eye was a new rule that Morris Men from mining districts are no longer allowed to follow the tradition, from medieval times, of blacking their faces. It's been thus from about the 15th century, it's now 'blue or nothing'. I feel it a safe bet neither dancers nor audience had seen a genuine black man at that time. How would I feel if black performers had a desire to 'whiten up'? I had never given it a conscious thought until now, but feel no malice would be intended. Michael Jackson comes to mind as a young black kid famous for his dancing and singing who just failed to see who he was, renowned over the western world even before puberty. I have read he spent millions of dollars to whiten his skin, altering features. Just a sad young man who imploded and I have never recalled he had any opinions about colour.

Every evening you and I see adverts begging for cash to provide swathes of Africa with clean domestic-use water in lieu of that collected from filthy dykes shared by cattle bathing and peeing in it. Another always on screen wants cash to make kids with Trachoma see again, that's a real heart-tugger. I cannot equate these campaigns with a continent rich in gas and oil. When working for B. P., Nigeria was the new bonanza location, massive reserves and western money to prime the pumps, a country corrupt beyond belief, the epicentre of blatant scams even here in East Kent. Congo, beloved by that national bandit of Zimbabwe for their diamonds, Mugabe, he had them in his Chinese bank by the wagon load; millions dug by bare hands of impoverished youths for a pittance. Similar youths dig in similar fashion for very rare earth minerals to make electronic chips and such in China; they seem to have that industry sewn up. Gold in the central belt, hydro power needing development. Africa has sufficient wealth to purchase G. B. Plc. with change to spare. Recalling school history - maybe geography - the U. S. A. was instrumental in creating an African country fit for freed return slaves. 1822 saw Liberia constituted for that sole purpose, its flag was, maybe still is, easily confused with 'old glory' at a distance.

Scribbling about it had me wondering what became of that endeavour, how many chose to return to Africa, what was their G.D.P. based on?

I've just had my schoolboy atlas out to see their capital is Monrovia, it sits on the Gulf of Guinea - massive oil basin there.

The clement channel weather aired on Southern TV news, I was washing dinner things so not able to turn over with wet hands, I listened, the previous day 200 illegals had rowed over from France. BORDER FARCE collected them for medical checks, transported to army barracks near Folkestone for hot meal, social security check-in, issue of clean bedding - with sheets - (wonder who does their laundry), then some cigarette money, before sitting about to decide the best way to incinerate the barracks, a tried and trusted method of getting relocated to a proper



hotel in the south east. They seem to like Croydon, picture of them embussing showed only black men about fifteen to thirty years old. I feel if black lives do matter why are you not kicking corrupt despots out of Africa, then share its bounties and encourage democracy to flourish; it's not an old man's task. The continent's richest asset is those youngsters going blind for want of cheap medicine, or drinking filthy water for want of a cheap old technology drill rig. Benefits for the masses instead of Mercs and Exec jets, villas in Marbella and Thailand for the despots. I do care - about those rowers not caring about Africa, free loaders here to stay un-deportable. What a jumble that all is Shipmates, may be jungle is a more appropriate word,

Ta'ra well

It's tatty bye the noo as you prepare for Flaming June!

See you in October - eh! !



Note for anyone thinking of going on a quiz show !
The *Enola Gay* was named after Paul Tibbet's mother

Jack walked into a sports bar around 9:58 pm. He sat down next to this blonde at the bar and stared up at the TV as the 10:00 news came on. The news crew was covering a story of a man on a ledge of a large building preparing to jump.

The blonde looked at Jack and said, "Do you think he'll jump?"

Jack says, "You know what, I bet he will." The blonde replied, "Well, I bet he won't." Jack placed £30 on the bar and said, "You're on!"

Just as the blonde placed her money on the bar, the guy did a swan dive off the building, falling to his death. The blonde was very upset and handed her £30 to Jack, saying, "Fair's fair... Here's your money."

Jack replied, "I can't take your money, I saw this earlier on the 5 o'clock news and knew he would jump."

The blonde replies, "I did too; but I didn't think he'd do it again."

Contributed by Shipmate Tony Hackett

A HERO OF OUR TIME

TERRY SETTLE

Warrant Officer Diver Terry Settle, who has died aged 76, was one of Britain's most highly decorated postwar clearance divers.



In September 1984 Settle led a team of divers, part of an international effort known as Operation Harling, to investigate after a score of ships were mysteriously damaged by mines thought to have been laid by the Libyan ruler Muammar Gaddafi in the Gulf of Suez.

There, the minehunter *Gavinton* found a strange object in 23 fathoms at the exit of the Suez Canal. Despite poor underwater visibility, Settle carefully photographed and measured the mine-like object, which was clean but half-buried, nose-down in mud.

Using airbags Settle, aware that any fuse might contain a hydrostat, towed the mine into shallower water. Surmising that this was a new type of Soviet mine, and after borrowing the



correct-sized Soviet spanner from the Egyptian navy, Settle succeeded in disassembling the detonator and primer and steaming out 600 kg of explosive.

For his remarkable courage, dedication and professionalism shown over several days, Settle was awarded the Queen's Medal for Gallantry.

The following year, in February in the Persian Gulf, the supertanker *Fellowship L* was hit by an Iraqi air-launched, French-supplied, Exocet missile, which failed to explode. Asked if he could be ready in three weeks to investigate, Settle answered, "Twelve hours max", and he and his team flew by commercial airliner to Dubai.

The missile had hit six feet above the waterline in the forward tank, which contained 25,000 tons of crude oil. The manufacturers declined to share the render-safe procedure, so, after the oil had been pumped out, Settle deduced from first principles how best to deal with the missile, which lay, with its warhead and some of its fuel still intact, 100 feet down at the bottom of the tank.

In the heat and fumes, he had the Exocet lifted on to the deck and put his know-how to work: asked by an assistant: "What happens if it blows up?" he replied: "Don't worry, you and I won't know about it". Eventually the remains of the Exocet were taken out into deep water and dumped.

That same year, Settle's Fleet Clearance Diving Team was sent to Malta to clear Grand Harbour of wartime ordnance. British forces had been banished from the island by the prime minister Dom Mintoff but, working incognito, Settle and his divers removed tons of small arms, munitions and bombs, and cut up wrecks on the seabed despite thick mud, zero visibility, numerous seabed obstructions and the constant danger of unexploded ordnance.

During an operation to remove four live torpedoes, Settle closed the harbour, something that not even the Germans had managed in wartime. Mintoff became a regular visitor to view Settle's progress.

Settle was appointed MBE.

Terence Settle was born on February 2 1945 in Epping, Essex, where his mother had been evacuated from

Tottenham: his father was a naval diver who had helped clear the Suez Canal in 1942/43 and was subsequently cox'n of Landing Ship Tank 421 at Sicily, Salerno, Anzio and Normandy. Young Settle was educated at Chase Lane primary and Sidney Burnell secondary modern but "was only



ever going to join the Navy”.

He joined as a Boy Seaman in 1960. A car accident in Hong Kong threatened to end his career, but he recovered and took part in the *Konfrontasi* in the frigate *Berwick*, and in the withdrawal from Aden in the frigate *Ajax*.

In a 25-year career as diver, besides his awards for major explosive ordnance disposal, Settle was three times awarded the Commander-in-Chief's commendations for his bravery and expertise, and in 1980 the BEM.

Before retiring from the Navy in 1995, Settle was an instructor at the Defence Explosive Ordnance Disposal School, and served six months on loan service with the Qatari Defence Forces. He founded Settle For Safety, a health and safety consultancy, and supported the Vernon Monument, recently installed at Gunwharf Quays, Portsmouth, honouring those involved in mine warfare, diving, and bomb and mine disposal.



He is remembered equally for his cool head as for his inspirational leadership.

In 1973 Settle married Margaret "Mags" Ainslie Clark, who survives him with their two sons.

Terry Settle, born February 2 1945, died March 2 2021

NEWS FLASH

West Mercia police announced today that they wish to interview a man wearing high heels and frilly knickers, but the Chief Constable said they must wear their normal uniforms.

Ever wondered about those people who say they are giving more than 100%?
We have all been to those meetings where someone wants over 100%..

How about achieving over 130%? Here's a little mathematics that might prove helpful.

IF THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE REPRESENTED AS PERCENTAGE NUMBERS

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THEN,

H	A	R	D	W	O	R	K		
8	1	18	4	23	15	18	11	=	98%

K	N	O	W	L	E	D	G	E		
11	14	15	23	12	5	4	7	5	=	96%

AND WORSE THAN THAT

E	D	U	C	A	T	I	O	N		
5	4	21	3	1	20	9	15	14	=	92%

BUT,

A	T	T	I	T	U	D	E		
1	20	20	9	20	21	4	5	=	100%

AND

B	U	L	L	S	H	I	T		
2	21	12	12	19	8	9	20	=	103%

SO, IT STANDS TO REASON THAT HARD WORK & KNOWLEDGE WILL GET YOU
CLOSE,
ATTITUDE WILL GET YOU THERE, BUT BULLSHIT WILL PUT YOU OVER THE TOP.
AND LOOK HOW FAR THE FOLLOWING WILL TAKE YOU.

A	R	S	E	K	I	S	S	I	N	G		
1	18	19	5	11	9	19	19	9	14	7	=	131%

That just goes to show you that no matter how much knowledge you have, or hard work you put towards your education.... There will always be that bull shitting, arse kissing bastard with an attitude who will succeed over you.





NOZZERS GO WEST Part 25

By Ray Lambert

The river trip took them into a fourth day on the way up but only one day to get away from there when they left and they entered Rio-de-Janeiro bright and early at 0800 the very next morning, announcing themselves with a twenty-one gun salute as they did so. Midday the same day would signal his freedom from his punishment routine and all restrictions removed. The delights of Rio awaited him - and him with the added bonus of an almost untouched pay packet burning a hole in his pocket.

Rio caught the attention and captured the imagination all at the same time. Two mountains dominated the landscape and stuck way up toward the sky. One was tall and pointed, in the style of a pyramid but much taller and the other one was wider, longer and far squatter in appearance. Those mountains could be seen from some distance as they were coming



in and as they drew closer more details could be seen.

What had appeared to be a crucifix cross at the top of the taller of the two could be clearly seen to be a statue of Jesus. Even from a distance and at sea level it was impressive; close up it must have been colossal. The knowledgeable had already done their job and the word was out that the taller one with the statue was Corcovado and the other one was called Sugar Loaf Mountain. Ginger vowed to take a close look at his earliest opportunity but for the time being, he had other pressing matters to attend to first.

Entering harbour stations had been called for and that occupied his mind for a while as he rushed to his position for entering harbour; he didn't want to catch anyone's attention or incur their wrath over something as silly as being a second or two late which would have him ending up back on another punishment routine like the one he was just completing. He made it in time despite the last minute dash and then had plenty of time to stand and watch in awe, as Superb slid past Rio's two prominent features and headed for her allocated berth.

He was gangway staff for the forenoon watch but the navy, in its usual efficient way, still insisted that he muster for entering harbour with the rest of the boys mess before addressing



his normal day to day duties. As they were entering harbour at exactly 0800 that put him in a bit of a quandary and not even the efficiency of the navy could expect him to be in two places at the same time - at his entering harbour position and standing by to man the gangway as soon as they tied up alongside.

After breakfast the entire boys mess deck had begun to change into whites, all of them for entering harbour except Ginger. He thought, obviously, that he would be waiting to man the gangway with the rest of the forenoon watchkeepers. Then, about ten minutes before the appointed hour, their other boy's instructor put in an appearance. He was an acting petty officer just like Leverett of Ganges fame had been but there the similarity ended. This one was called Bates. He was shorter than Leverett and his veins didn't stick out but he had that almost inevitable 'I'm a boys instructor' air about him and he liked to give orders and he liked to be obeyed.

'Right then', - they all said that - 'it's time we had you up to your stations, let's go, come on then'.

Ginger hung back as they all trooped out and, naturally, Bates was on his case. Bates was not in whites; he had not changed and it was obvious that he was not going out onto the upper deck. His face betrayed a certain smugness at being able to use his authority to order them out whilst at the same time safe in the knowledge that he was not intending to go.

'You too, Lambert, not waiting for a personal invitation are yer?'

'Er, petty officer, I'm ...'

The rest of what he was about to say trailed off as he thought, *sod it, what's the point*, he was following orders after all. He was dressed and ready any way; he tagged on the back of the last man leaving and ascended the ladder. Bates had got it wrong. Bates could put it right. He knew he was sailing close to the wind but they could hardly charge him for following orders.

It wasn't long before the starboard four-inch mounting open up with a twenty-one gun salute; the resulting explosions and smoke filling the air lingered for quite a while. They always used the same mounting, the one manned by people from the forward seaman mess. The boys could have done it just as well from their mounting, after all it was them who shot down the drone 'plane a month or so earlier.

Then, as the noise and smoke died away, they came gently to a stop and lines snaked out to secure them alongside. This was quickly followed by the Tannoy announcing: '*Hands fall out from entering harbour stations*'. That was Ginger's cue. The boys all filed in the screen door and headed down below to get changed out of their whites and into working rig and he followed them. He was not about to change; he was already in the rig that was required to see him

through the rest of the forenoon but he was not in a great hurry to take up his position on the gangway. He had his 'ace-in-the-hole' card, thanks to Bates and the next order of business was to see if there was a pot of tea on the go. There was no fresh tea but he was in no hurry to race off and he loitered for a while, chatting to his messmates who were busy getting changed. There was plenty of time to make himself known on the gangway. There was no way he could be accused of being late, his 'ace' card stated that he couldn't be in two places at the same time and they could check with Bates if they thought otherwise.

Just then Bates reappeared on the messdeck and Ginger made what he thought was a dignified exit. Bates could be his saviour if it was deemed necessary but there was no point in pushing his luck and tempting fate.

As usual, his gangway was on the quarterdeck and when he arrived the remainder of staff of the watch was already there. He ran the last few paces as he came into their view, as if to offer unspoken apologies for being tied up somewhere else and being able to be at his post on time but no-one paid him any undue attention so, pushing his way past to make sure he had been seen, he drifted to the rear and out of sight.

He now found he had time to look around and for the first time he noticed where they were berthed. They were right on the edge of town almost as close as they were at Christmas when they had tied up alongside Front Street, Hamilton in Bermuda. From his vantage point on the gangway and with very little else to do, Ginger was able to take in the sights of Brazil and watch the comings and goings of the population of Rio de Janeiro at his leisure.

It was early days yet and not enough time to form an opinion really but nevertheless he couldn't help but forming some sort of image of the place, or as much of it as he could see and his first impression led him to the desire to be getting ashore and finding out more for himself.

Without having yet set a foot on to Brazilian soil, or concrete as was the case where they would be stepping ashore. Ginger came to the conclusion that life was lived at a fast pace in Brazil, if Rio was any kind of a guide to the rest of the country. The people seemed to be in a hurry all the time even when going nowhere in particular and the traffic was something else entirely. Cars, lorries, taxis and even busses raced along at breakneck speed immaterial of traffic or road conditions, or for that matter even pedestrians. Santos, the place they had just left, was Brazil and he remembered that fact but the town of Santos had been a lot further away from the ship, so he couldn't judge the traffic situation there. It couldn't have been anything like he was seeing at Rio and there had been no talk of traffic using the streets of Santos like a race track from people coming back onboard. Therefore he deduced Rio was not typical of Brazil. Rio was Rio. The place had a mind of its own, it had a life of its own and it appeared to almost be a law unto itself, particularly as far as traffic was concerned.



Midday would soon be upon them and that was the magic hour when his punishment shackles would fall from his body, it would also signal the end of his spell of duty and he would be free. Free to be among the first ashore right after dinner, if he so desired.



The twenty-one gun salute as they passed Sugar Loaf Mountain earlier in the day had alerted everyone to their presence. There could have been no one for several miles that was left in any doubt that *Superb* was in town. Several people had rushed ashore at their earliest opportunity; the Paybob to the bank, the Postie to collect the mail and the off duty watchkeepers who could stay out as long as they wanted to, until the following morning in most cases. There also the official visits in both directions: courtesy calls to the ambassadors, attachés, mayors and the like ashore and reciprocal visits back onboard. Bearing in mind it was Monday and most people would have to work until four o'clock. Ginger decided he wouldn't rush ashore after all. There would no point in going on his own

and at four-thirty, when others would be free to go with him, it would be too late, they had to be back by 1800. Common sense prevailed. The money in his pocket would live to see another day.

A SURVEY on the decline of morals in Britain reveals that in Liverpool alone last week an average of 26 women a day had casual sex with a married man who wasn't their husband. The man is recovering in hospital.

IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT

By Frank Nunn

During one of the 'Show the Flag' cruises the Superb undertook during the 1954/55 commission the incident mentioned below happened during the Middle Watch as we were sailing to our next destination. I cannot remember where we were going but I do remember it was really hot even at night!!!

Anyhow the story.

While most of the ship's company were tucked up and dreaming pleasant dreams, swinging gently in their hammocks, I was on the starboard throttle in the Forward Engine Room. We were steaming with both the for'ard and aft units shut down and trailing the inboard shafts. For the non-stoker readers amongst us these two are accessed by climbing to the upper deck walking aft or for'ard and descending to the destination unit - a stroll of perhaps 5 minutes each way. As I was the junior ERA of the watch I was given the task of monitoring the temperature readings of all the rotating machinery associated with the propulsion unit.

Because I wasn't allowed to leave the throttle I was allocated a Stoker Mechanic to take the readings including those of the main shaft in the outside shaft spaces. For the first part of the watch he came and went at regular intervals and returning each time to enter them in my combined log book. This exercise went on for the most part of the watch quite normally without any problems or mishaps and a brief grunt of acknowledgement whenever he returned to my space.

As I have already mentioned the outside temperature was hot and this combined with the normal stifling heat of the engine room made our working area was particularly unbearable and thus any time spent in the open on the upper deck was really welcomed! To get to the shaft spaces the Stoker was required to leave the fwd engine room and make his way aft via the upper deck.

Engrossed as I was with my duties of 'throttle watching' I was suddenly aware that I hadn't seen my shipmate for some time and being concerned for his safety I reported this to the Chief of the Watch and suggested we arrange for another Stoker from the boiler room to go looking for him bearing in mind he could have had an accident or been taken ill.

The Chief agreed and another Stoker was sent to look for him. After a short time this Stoker returned and said he couldn't be found. The Chief then arranged for some more Stokers to join the search but the missing man still couldn't be found. The decision was then made to inform the ship's Officer of the Watch. A more robust search was instigated for it was feared he may



have gone overboard somehow. I was told later that the ship also went about as a precaution. Everyone was now getting concerned! Eventually, with such a large search party, it wasn't long before the culprit was found!

There he was fast asleep under the Torpedo Tubes! His excuse was he just laid down to cool off and must have fallen asleep!!

I never did find out what happened to him but after this whenever the Stoker left to get the readings his time of leaving was recorded.

In retrospect one couldn't help being amused. It would be interesting to know if any of our members can recall this serious but laughable incident.



During a tour on HMS Victory, a French tourist asked 'So, were these the actual cannonballs fired at Trafalgar?'

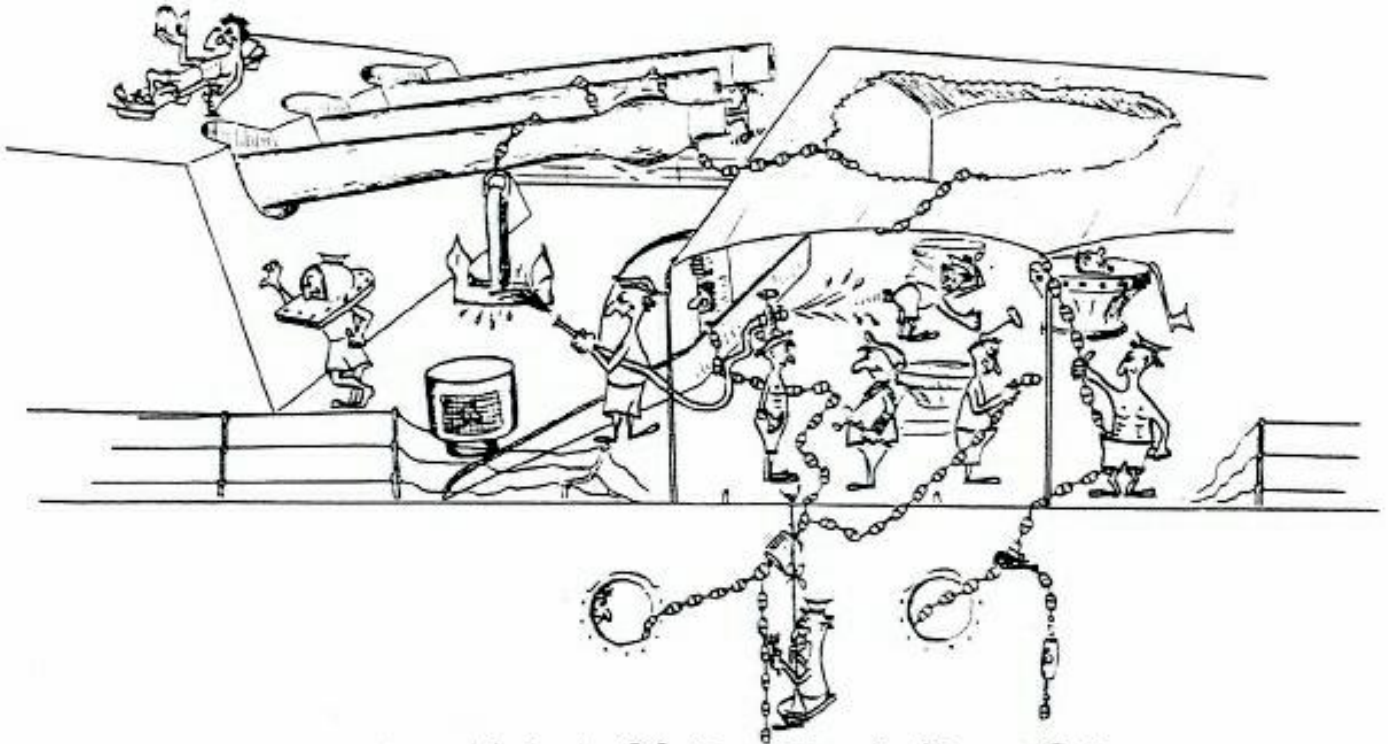
The tour guide replied, 'No, Madame, your Navy still has those....'



BACK IN 56 Part 18

By Lt. Cdr. E. H. Chittleburgh

THE FO'C'SLE DIVISION



. . . . so you think the Welfare Fund will pay, P.O. . . .

At the very start, it was obvious we were going to achieve something during the Commission, but what? In the sporting line possibly! The way young 'Hooky' kicked that cap over the side on the very first day made a great impression, although he didn't make two points for the converted try! Efficiency perhaps! The number who wanted to leave the ship with the cable as it ran out was really incredible! Cleanliness? Ha! Ha! If you see a pot of paint then kick it over, jump into it with both feet and then wonder why the Captain of the Fxle (Bless him) uses a strong word or two and co-signs you to the devil and the Persian Gulf. (Someone forgot to tell him).

Sorting out the men from the boys proved quite a task. The junior seamen looked old enough to be A.B.'s; the A.B.'s young enough to be junior seamen! Our gallant National Servicemen could well have



SAY PLEASE !

been either and were, of course, all O.D.'s.

But finally we left Chatham, in a blinding snow storm, for our gentle shake-down cruise, and work-up in Malta. Something went awry of course, and at 26 knots we flashed out to the Persian Gulf, stopping at Malta and Aden for a few hours only. No painting was possible and the "Cherry Garden" looked like a ploughed potato field. The Turrets 'wept' for lack of chipping hammer and a drop of paint, and when they finally got it 'wept' again because both turrets fired and the paint fell off again! The mess deck, at long last, was looking presentable and then the guns fired once more - sending a strong blast of wind down through the hatch aft-through the mess deck-leaving behind desolation and chaos!

But all misfortunes must come to an end and after basking in the sun at Trincomalee for some little while after our second run up to the Persian Gulf, off we went to enjoy our splendid East African Cruise. So splendid, in fact, that one or two of our number decided they'd like to settle or re-colonise place like Nairobi, Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam and, last but by no means least, that Isle of Paradise, the Seychelles. But a life On the Ocean Wave drew them back to the ship, some later than others! It was obvious they were glad to be back by the way some of them-all pressed volunteers-were only too pleased to paint and chip parts of the fxle during the Dogs, and get up a little bit earlier every morning!

Old King Neptune and his Court joined us on the fxle for a few hours during the cruise, and his bears and policemen quickly sorted out some of our uninitiated 'old sea dogs' in time honoured fashion. Queen Aphrodite had a gay old time flirting with all and sundry.

Sand. Oil. Fish and soldiers proved to be our delectable diet for the next three months, although chicken was generously added to the menu just before Christmas and thereafter. Our soldiers, with nothing better to do, soundly chipped the fxle deck forr'd of the breakwater; we provided the chipping hammers and they used their boots!

But the day dawned when we had to say 'Farewell' to the Gulf and all its 'Excitements' and actually sail for the U.K. Thanks to Uncle Nasser, we paid calls on Mombasa once again, and called in at Simonstown, Freetown and Dakar. The long gentle stretches at sea enabled the painting programme to continue undisturbed and, at long last, the decks and superstructure began to look as they should. And so, with England, Home and beauty AND Leave at last in sight, the cry is "Roll on Chats. F.O.F.H and another Flag.

SIR WILLIAM ANDREWES



From October 1951 until the end of 1953 Andrewes served as commander-in-chief of the America and West Indies squadron, and additionally from 1952, as NATO deputy supreme allied commander, Atlantic. During this command, he was closely involved with a number of incidents which occurred during a period of Argentine territorial expansion in the Antarctic- and in particular, in January 1953, with the removal of an illegal Argentine base on Deception Island, in the South Shetland Islands. Andrewes' flagship was the cruiser *Superb*, and in 1953 she was deployed to the South Atlantic to carry out courtesy visits to several South American countries. She arrived at the Falkland Islands on 11 February 1953 for a planned four-day visit. In the event, *Superb*

stayed for six weeks at Stanley - from 11 February until 25 March. Planned visits to Montevideo and Buenos Aires were cancelled.

On arrival in the Falkland Islands a meeting 'to discuss Antarctic matters' was immediately convened on board *Superb* between Vice Admiral Andrewes, the Colonial Secretary Colin CAMPBELL, the Captain of *HMS Snipe*, (acting as the Falkland Islands guard ship) and two other senior Government officials, to discuss action to be taken in the light of Argentina's illegal occupation of Deception Island. Andrewes already had considerable experience of Argentine expansion in the Antarctic. In March 1952 he had sent secret instructions to the captain of the then Falkland Islands guard ship *HMS Veryan Bay*, saying:

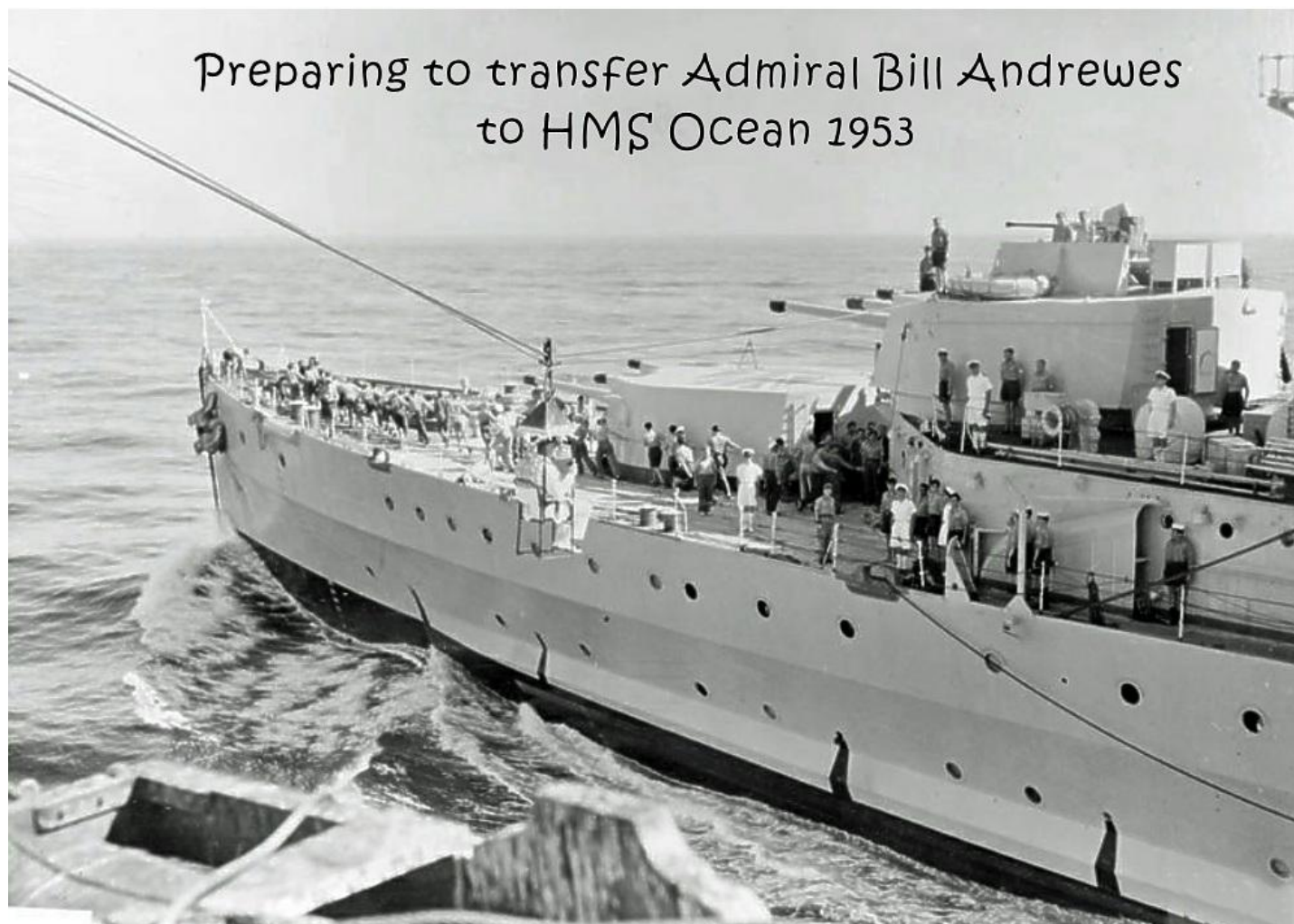
We cannot exclude the possibility that the Argentines might attempt some minor action, possibly against an uninhabited island, of a sort that they think would not lead to war.

The situation on Deception Island was considered so serious it was discussed on 31 January 1953 at a meeting of the British Cabinet, and consideration was even given to a possible threat to the Falkland Islands. Andrewes received orders from the Admiralty on 9 February 1953 to remove the illegal personnel and bases on Deception Island. A detachment of Royal Marines from *Superb* was sent to Deception Island in *HMS Snipe* and on 15 February the two Argentine personnel present were removed and the huts dismantled. The Argentines were taken to South Georgia and put on a whaling ship/tanker bound for Argentina.

In April 1953 Andrewes wrote a report of proceedings to the Admiralty about the events between 21 February and 20 April 1953:

HMS Superb remained at Port Stanley throughout this period, reputed to have been the longest a cruiser has ever stayed there ... In spite of all the kindness and hospitality of the people of Port Stanley I, and all aboard *HMS Superb*, found that our prolonged stay there was becoming tedious and it was with feelings of thankfulness and relief that on 25 March we left for Rio de Janeiro.

Andrewes concludes his report thus:

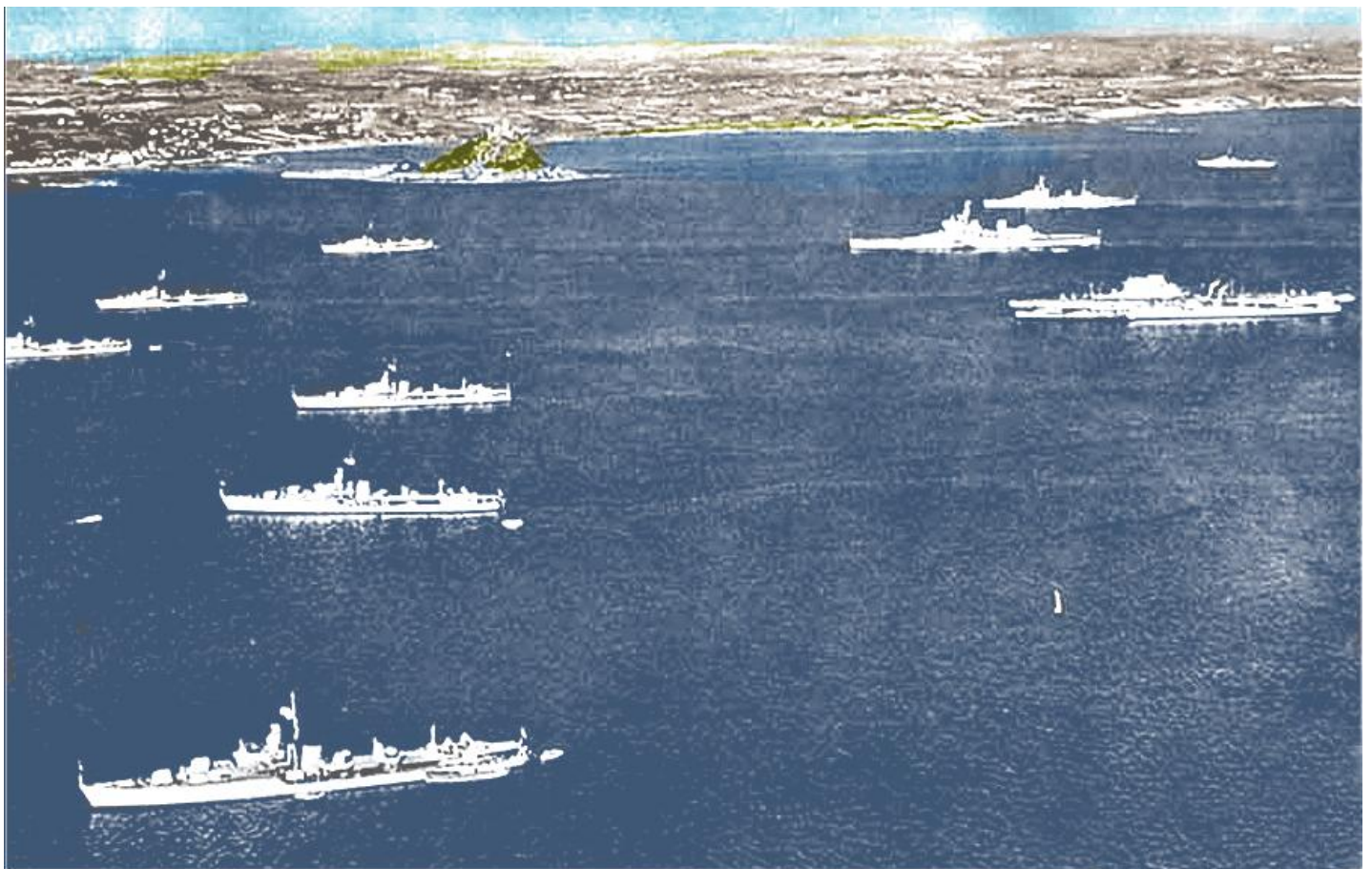


So ended a cruise which started out to radiate goodwill round South America and ended with a certain amount of disappointment in Brazil and Uruguay and considerable displeasure in Argentina, caused entirely by the erection of two small huts on an unused airstrip in the Antarctic wastes.

Andrewes had carried out his instructions with firmness and discretion: the expulsion of the Argentine presence on Deception Island went largely unnoticed at the time and has only recently become public knowledge.

Andrewes was promoted Admiral on 24 November 1954, and he served as president of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, until 1956. In May 1956 he became a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Admiral Andrewes retired from the Royal Navy on 10 January 1957 after 45 years' service, and he became a director of the shipbuilders Thornycroft & Company.

More information go to https://www.falklandsbiographies.org/biographies/andrewes_william



The Western Union Fleet sailed into Mount's Bay on June 30 1949. It comprised 109 ships from Britain, France, Belgium and the Netherlands. Altogether there were 22,000 seamen. The fleet was formed shortly after the Western Union Pact was introduced, and was part of a huge peace-keeping exercise carried out in the Bay of Biscay. En route, the ships gathered in Mount's Bay, where they stayed for four days before heading out past the Isles of Scilly to engage in submarine detection and aircraft bombardment exercises.

PHOTO ALBUM

(TAKE NOTE SHARKY WARD & RAY LAMBERT !)



1890 Those were the days my friends - Six days shalt thou labour and do all thou art able, and on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the rusty cable



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](#)

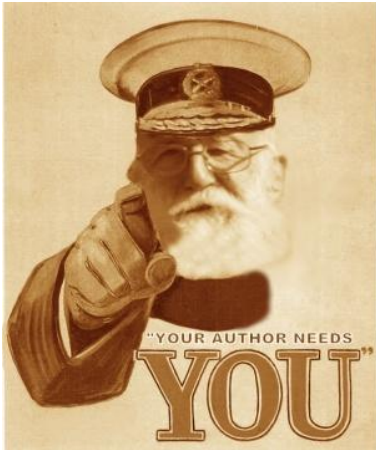


Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)

No notifications this month.



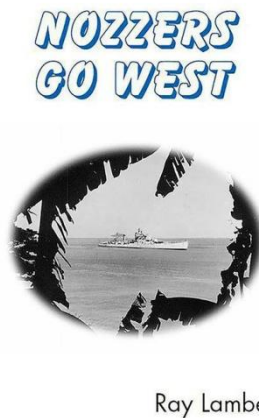
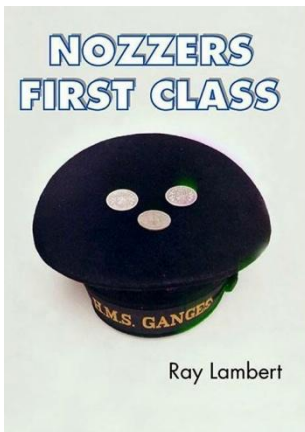
Journalist & Best Selling Author



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

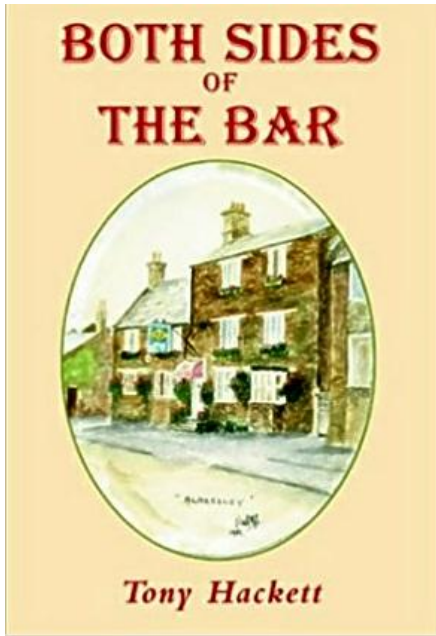
Ray Lambert

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



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

Shipmate Malcolm Roberts asks if anyone remembers a seaman on the 1954 Luxury Cruise also going by the surname of Roberts (the same as Malcolm's). The two became good friends following his mate's period of incarceration in the for'ard cells. Malcolm, as a marine, was duty guard and took a chance in allowing his prisoner to go up on deck from some fresh air. All was in order and he was returned to the cell without anyone knowing. Malcolm would love to know if there is any news.

From previous issues

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

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

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

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

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The following message received from Derek Thompson, via Facebook

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

Neil Cooper, the son of Terry Willey, writes

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Jeff , the son of Jim Stewart who was on board as a Telegraphist between 1947 & 1951, would be happy to receive any information re his dad. Jim was also on HMS Vidal in 1955



THE END