

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

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

*April, 2017*

**Nº 5**



**OUR SWORDS WE BARE  
OUR SPIRITS DARE**

**CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION IS ROBIN SMITH**

[www.hmssuperb.co.uk](http://www.hmssuperb.co.uk) and on Facebook

# EDITORIAL

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Thanks to a quite a few members articles for this and future editions of the Magazine will ensure that memories can be preserved for future generations wishing to know more about their relatives and friends who served in the Royal Navy and more especially on the cruiser Superb.

Through the pages of this magazine we have now reunited our shipmate ex stoker Joe Heaton with his old oppo John Eccleston with whom he had lost contact some years ago. Remember we would like to expand the list of members to receive this e-magazine so feel free to pass it on and let me know their email addresses so they can be included in the distribution.

Do you have an article for sale that you think may be of interest? Can you contribute something that can be published in the magazine? Perhaps a comment on an article or something new.

It's encouraging that several members are contributing articles and photos - so why not you ? If you have something to say please let us know.

Remember your views and comments ,good & critical, are always welcome.

Brian Saunders

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**Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710**

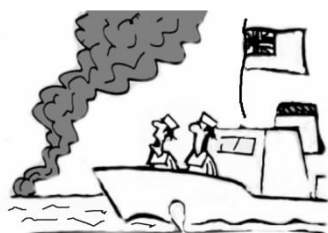
# ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

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Hello Shipmates,

I was pleased indeed to see Sgt. Blackman - Right Royal Marine had his murder charge quashed, which means with 'time already served' he may, before long, join that other battler, - his wife Claire. To think the begging bowl had to be paraded by a daily newspaper is shocking. £8k was required to mount his defence. Shameful lawyers brought the Sgt. to court, plus countless other squaddies hounded by legal aid cash to the tune of £41 million.

One member of parliament a Lib. Dem., whose name I have alas forgotten, stated he had committed the Blackman sin twice when a young army officer in Borneo. Unable to see/hear a man beyond any kind of help dying in extreme agony, he did the humanitarian thing by ending the man's plight. The lone M.P. in question, I think, is the only time server in the Commons, an item as rare as rocking horse dandruff.



IS THAT THE RUSSIAN FLEET MAKING SMOKE  
OR THE GOVERNMENT'S ASSYLUM SEEKERS  
POLICY BEING BURNT ?

Once more in last week's news print, Russian carrier *Kuznetsov* going up the Channel was ridiculed for 'making smoke'..

Her sister ship, named *Varig*, when China bought it, is now named *Liaoning*. She has been on extensive trials in South China Sea. Not one picture of that group fleet shows their carrier issuing any smoke at all when banging along at fleet speed; could one of our stokers tell me, is one vessel on crap low grade fuel, or do the sprays and burners need going over with a wire brush, is it simply a matter of one ship having superior boiler room practice?

I learned the origin of the Chinese vessel's name when in Medway Maritime Hospital. A very industrious nurse of Oriental appearance prompted me to enquire where Mum and Dad lived. They came from the Chinese province of Liaoning.

Spoke on the phone to Honourable Chairperson, prior to his hospital visit, had to confess; No; I had not purchased a 'tablet' yet. The kids think me 'uncool'. My 'uncoolness' is further compounded to criminal proportions because my face is hairless, every other Lothario in Tinsel Town sports stubble; this pigeon holes me as sexy as a slug under a lettuce leaf. Have never owned a pair of trainers - not cool - doesn't have a pair of blue jeans - not cool - no earring or tattoos - heresy, but, I feel smug about the latter.

I do not have to walk about in this chill, damp weather in vest and shorts, it being 'de rigour', allowing maximum exposure to skin graffiti stretching knuckle to armpit in a blackish, purple, sketches and text in Swahili round the neck and behind the ears.

That very pinnacle of womanhood writ large, Mrs. Beckham is an obvious fan with her chap done head to toe, a bit like a wallpaper job. I am bound to 'thro off my mortal coil' in a state of

absolute 'squareness', the squarest of square things, snug fit in any cheap MDF casket. Did you ever read that book years ago titled *Take a Signal* by Capt. Broome or, maybe, Brooke? I know it also had a sequel.



Those officers, with a classical education, excelled in the art of 'signal composition', 'biblical familiarity' being another pre-requisite. Brilliant Admiral Cunningham at *Torch Landing* had one of his fleet *Phoebe* (5.25 cruiser) hit by two torpedoes. With no capacity in the U.K. for vital repairs it was sent to a U.S. yard. Not wishing to make a big production of his loss over the air Cunningham signalled his U. S. counterpart. 'I COMMEND TO YOU PHOEBE, OUR SISTER, FOR SHE HATH BEEN A SUCCOURER OF MANY AND OF ME ALSO'. (Romans 16, 1 - 11). A splendid summation of events with economy of words, I love it.

I think of another maverick Admiral, the U.S. Navy *Rickover*, father of nuclear propulsion, builder of *Nautilus*. A 'doer', who had avoided desk jobs for many years. In his dotage he was assigned to an officer in the massive Pentagon, which he hated. At the end of his first day the navel press awaited his emergence on the front porch, a senior reporter called out 'What do you think of Pentagon Admiral?', not missing a step he replied 'Hebrews 13 - verse 8'. That reads as 'Jesus Christ! - The same yesterday, today and forever'. A gem from a sharp mind.

These rhythmic proses originated from a 16 century cleric and translator, master of five languages named William Tyndale. He translated the Bible from Latin! Greek into English. His stated aim was 'to cause the boy that drives the plough to know more of the Scriptures than the Cleric' Thus 'pulpit power' was taken from the established despots of religion, enabling the plough boy to read his bible to his own family in front of his own fireplace. To Rome this was heresy of the greatest magnitude.

Tyndale had to flee to the continent where he was man hunted for years while publishing his texts to smuggle over the Channel to England. Cardinal Thomas Moore expended vast energies to intercept and burn them. Eventually Tyndale was captured. The Church tried him for heresy - strangled and burned him at the stake in public. The much praised King James Bible is a revision of Tyndale's version, done by a committee, never the less, 84% remains Tyndale's effort.

As a lover, misspeller, mangler of our beautiful language I recognise that man as one of England's greatest heroes; his name never mentioned in school history lessons, a 'martyred heretic' whose book was adopted by the Church 75 years later, to regain some grip on the plough boys!!!

This info. I got from a book I read years ago titled; *If God Spare My Life*. It's not a religious tome, more a tale of unremitting manhunt. Great read, full of examples of W.T's EMPIRE,

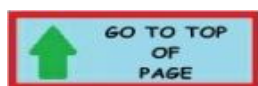
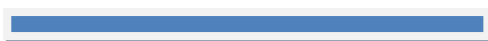
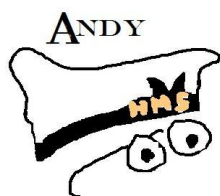
signals logs are awash with William's peerless prose. Of course with a name like Tyndale he must be a Yorkshire man - 'nuff said. Decades of R.N., Commonwealth (dare I say) Empire, signal logs are awash with William's peerless prose.

Inevitably the Brexit word appears. I do not seek to colour opinion, be it pro or con, an elegant sufficiency from adolescent politicians abound already. My concern is for the like of the parents of our (Superb) website. Childish threats of tit for tat are hurled to and fro, raising alarm and despondency for folk like Libby and Brian, law-abiding, respectable contributors to their chosen country of residence, way of life. I would go so far as saying they are an asset to France. I have known a trio of Polish citizens in the UK, certainly vigorous workers, community minded, rabid anglophiles, been here for a long time and most certainly an asset to the UK.

That such folks are used as pawns in serious negotiations is appalling. A measure of the small minded, the talentless average politicians who could not negotiate their way out of a paper bag.

It would be prudent of me to "Put a sock in it" - should you feel the same however, send a paragraph to your M.P. - second class stamp of course. I suggest you print it in capital letters in case joined up writing has him fooled.

Tatty Bye for now



## The Forth is with us – the first of five new patrol ships is named on the Clyde

9 March 2017

The first of five new patrol ships for the RN, *HMS Forth*, was today officially named – the modern equivalent to a traditional slipway launch – on a fine late winter's morning on the Clyde. *Forth* is the first of the second generation *River-class* ships to emerge from BAE's Glasgow yards, bigger, faster, more capable than their predecessors built 15 years ago.

**I**F YOU'RE going to smash a 12-year-old bottle of malt whisky without drinking a drop, christening a new £116m warship is as good a way to do it as any.



In keeping with Clyde tradition, the ship's name, heritage and her future affiliations, patrol ship *HMS Forth* was today formally named – the first of five second-generation *River-class* ships to be built for the Royal Navy.

After two years' work at BAE's Govan and then Scotstoun yards by around 800 men and women – not to mention the input of 130 firms across the UK in the supply chain – the moment had come for the new ship's sponsor, Rachel Johnstone-Burt, to utter the immortal words "I name this ship..." then send the bottle of Deanston malt crashing into the bow of the 90-metre ship –

much to the delight of the crowd, including youngsters from *TS Forth* in Grangemouth - the new vessel's linked Sea Cadet unit.

"It's easy to forget that she started life as a flat plate of steel in the winter of 2014, yet just over two years later she is afloat at Scotstoun, with the latest technologies and combat management systems, ready to depart for sea trials later this year," said Iain Stevenson, Managing Director of BAE Systems Naval Ships. "Today's naming ceremony is an immensely proud occasion for each and every person involved in the design and manufacture of HMS Forth for the Royal Navy."



Also addressing guests was the nation's ranking sailor, First Sea Lord Admiral Sir Philip Jones.

*First Sea Lord Admiral Sir Philip Jones makes some new friends among the Sea Cadets at the naming ceremony*

"With the naming of *HMS Forth*, the Royal Navy looks forward to another impending arrival in our future Fleet," he told them. "In a few short years, these five Offshore Patrol Vessels will be busy protecting the security of UK waters and those of our overseas territories."





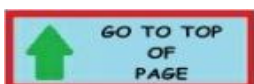
After trials around Scotland, *Forth* will be officially handed over to the RN ready for front-line duties next year, followed by *Medway* and *Trent* in 2019 with *Tamar* and *Spey* completing the quintet - all based in Portsmouth - by 2021.

As with the four first-generation Rivers - which have proved to be far more versatile and useful than originally envisaged 15 years ago - the second batch will be expected to perform a wide range of duties at home and abroad: fishery protection, maritime security, counter-narcotics/people trafficking/terrorism and generally acting as the eyes and ears of the RN around the UK on a daily basis.

Instead of a crew of around 45, *Forth* and her sisters will go to sea with 58 souls aboard (although they can operate with just 36 crew...and have space for 70). All five ships have a flight deck (only *Clyde* on the first generation does), each capable of accommodating a *Wildcat* or *Merlin*.

The new ships are ten metres longer, four knots faster - top speed around 24kts - with the same range of 5,500 miles.

The city of Stirling adopted *Forth's* predecessor, a wartime submarine depot ship - an affiliation which will now be resurrected.





**IF YOU LOVE A  
SAILOR**

**RAISE YOUR GLASS**

**IF NOT**

**RAISE YOUR  
STANDARDS**



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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**From Jon Willshir**

My recollections of the British Guiana incident are at variance with the article in the March magazine. Obviously I can't comment on the consumption of pink gins (bloody awful concoction) in the Wardroom but I do remember that as soon as SUPERB had cleared the Verrazano Narrows on leaving New York the blunt end dug itself in and we worked up to 28 knots, retaining this speed all the way to Ireland Island. Even a buff stoker could work out that something was up, and so it proved. During the afternoon watch the C.O. spoke over the broadcast telling us what was going on. The bad news was that when we reached Bermuda the following afternoon all hands would turn to and bring the ship up to war condition. This meant topping up the FFO, filling all the magazines and ammunition lockers and of course consumable stores. It was well into the First watch before this was completed. We sailed immediately for Montego Bay, and not as quoted, Kingston.

We rendezvoused off Georgetown with two Bay class frigates, BIGBURY BAY and BURGHEAD BAY, who took off the pongos and their stores as they were able to get alongside in Georgetown. The draught of SUPERB meant that we lay offshore and couldn't at any time see land. After hanging around for 2 or 3 days and assured that all was quiet ashore, and we were surplus to requirements, SUPERB retired to Port of Spain.

As for the pongos enjoying the delights of the galley output my recollection is that there were quite a few brown types unable to retain their meals. As they were officially on the ship's books, they were entitled to a midday tot. There were quite a few muzzy sailors during the afternoons. It might be pushing the envelope a tad by inferring that the ship was full of seasick soldiers and half pissed sailors .

A few days later elements of the Home Fleet accompanied by our relief SHEFFIELD pitched up. Why the IMPLACABLE of the Training Squadron was there confounded many. After the transfer of Vice Admiral 'Bill' Andrewes flag to SHEFFIELD, we returned to a state of somnolence and made a leisurely tour of the islands on our way to Bermuda and thence to Chatham.

An absolute howler on page 16. The main character in the photograph is Commodore Reggie Tosswill and not V-M Andrewes. Shame, shame. The young lads are horsing around on the quarterdeck and as far as I know there wasn't even a kedge anchor there. I'll refrain from off colour jokes about pulling their wire but anchors are attached to anchor chains. It is mostly the weight of anchor cables and overcoming the friction of dragging them that keeps the ship where it should be.

**Editor's Reply :** When writing the article I must admit I originally did put in Tosswill re the photo and then noticed that the newspaper cutting mentioned Andrewes so I changed it. It does seem strange that the newspaper managed to get the name incorrect but I guess it

wouldn't be the first time. I wasn't able to properly identify the facial details with either of the photographs of Tosswill or Andrewes so that's my excuse. Looking at the rank insignia on the officer's sleeve in the newspaper cutting, although rather indistinct, it does seem to be that of a Commodore so I stand corrected. And anyway Jon was there and I wasn't. Insofar as the ship's destination is concerned from Bermuda in October 1953 to embark troops I was correct in saying it was Kingston, Jamaica and this is evidenced from a copy of the end of cruise magazine which is reproduced below as well as by the caption of the other newspaper photo & report previously published ! (Brian Saunders)

### NORTH AMERICAN CRUISE

Arrived	Place	Departed	Distance in nautical miles
—	SHEERNESS .. ..	5th June ..	231
6th June ..	PORTLAND .. ..	8th June ..	111
9th June ..	SPITHEAD .. ..	17th June ..	3,098
26th June ..	BERMUDA .. ..	13th July ..	797
16th July ..	BOSTON (Massachusetts)	24th July ..	106
25th July ..	PORTLAND (Maine) ..	2nd August ..	127
3rd August ..	BAR HARBOR (Maine)	7th August ..	251
8th August ..	HALIFAX (Nova Scotia)	16th August ..	545
17th August ..	St. JOHN'S (Newfoundland)	20th August ..	183
21st August ..	ARGENTIA (Newfoundland)	24th August ..	828
27th August ..	QUEBEC (P.Q.) ..	3rd September	388
5th September	GASPE (P.Q.) .. ..	9th September	649
11th September	HALIFAX (Nova Scotia)	13th September	476
15th September	NEWPORT (Rhode Island)	21st September	163
22nd September	NEW YORK .. ..	30th September	723
1st October ..	BERMUDA .. ..	2nd October ..	1,142
4th October	KINGSTON (Jamaica) ..	4th October ..	1,659
8th October ..	GEORGETOWN (British Guiana)	11th October ..	364
12th October ..	TRINIDAD .. ..	21st October ..	1,340
25th October	BERMUDA .. ..	26th October ..	3,250
4th November	SHEERNESS		

\* \* \* \* \*

Total Distance Steamed .. .. 16,431 miles  
 Time spent at Sea .. .. 50 days 9 hours  
 Average Speed under way .. .. 13.6 knots  
 Time Spent in Harbour .. .. 101 days 6 hours

GRAND TOTAL DISTANCE STEAMED .. .. 38,970 nautical miles  
 AVERAGE SPEED UNDER WAY .. .. 13.8 knots



Richard Tosswill



William Andrewes



New York 1953

**NXP941-9/22 - NEW YORK.** Under the white ensign of the Royal Navy aboard H.M.S. Superb, five young passengers from Newport, R.I., handle a hawser under the eyes of Vice Admiral Sir William Andrewes. The youngsters were given a free ride as guests of the ship. L-R: George Morris McDonald, 11, New York City; Joseph Strutt, 12, Newport; John W. Richmond, 10, Newport; John J. Slocum, Jr., 11, New York City; Thomas Achincloss, 14, Newport, and Admiral Andrewes. UNITED PRESS TELEPHOTO. -Teh-

# 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)

## Ray Lambert



Has some of his books for sale which may remind you of how it was when we had wooden ships and iron men (well almost!)



### NOZZERS

The book portrays HMS Ganges' life of the early 1950s as it really was. Follow the author's footsteps through .... His first kit issue .... Their washhouse routine .... The swimming test .... The mast test .... It takes you through the Annexe Life to the full blown rigours of Main Establishment six weeks later - and much more. Meet the people,

good and bad, endure the daily routines - always bad.

### NOZZERS FIRST CLASS

This book continues where Nozzers left off, but this time they are First Class and have adapted to Ganges and all she could throw at them - until they get out of the place for good. Re-live again Their pay rise, The heavy gun battery, Boats and boating, Taking their finals, Their only ever shore leave.

## NOZZERS GOES WEST

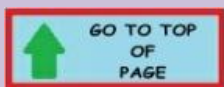
Follow the author as he joins HMS Superb at Chatham. Go with him as he begins the "Luxury Cruise" of 1954-55. Join him from Punta Arenas to Vancouver and much in between. Learn of Guantanamo Bay and the Falklands before they became headline news.

Each book costs £7.95 including UK postage. For more information contact Ray by email

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# SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIRST COMMISSION OF HMS SUPERB 1945 - 1947 - PART 1/4

(by Ted G. Davy, AB - Seaman Torpedoman)

*Beforehand . . .*

I joined the Royal Navy in August, 1944, having volunteered months earlier but had to wait until reaching 18. Prior to this, teenage impetuosity had me serving briefly in the British and Norwegian Merchant Navies. After training (at *Ganges*) and a delay due to a bout of pneumonia, my first RN draft took me only as far as Southend (*HMS Leigh*).

There I was one of a few radio operators (voice only). There were only a few of us, and we would be assigned to small vessels such as tugs and drifters which were used for "buttoning" merchant ships awaiting orders to join North Sea convoys at the mouth of the Thames.

Although victory in Europe was finally achieved in May, soon after which this activity stopped, it was not until August, 1945 that I was drafted back to my home port Chatham (*HMS Pembroke*). Along with tens of thousands of other ratings, we awaited a probable Far East draft. However, the Allied final victory over Japan that month finally brought World War II to a close, nearly six years after it started.

To many in my age group (19) who sought adventure this welcome outcome was tinged with disappointment. It meant that a spell in the Pacific was now hardly likely. Many thought it would mean an indeterminate period of life in Chatham barracks, which meant utter boredom. On the positive side, it allowed those of us who wished, to go "up the smoke" to London on every leave night.

My family was then living in London, and I took full advantage of the opportunity. To afford this three nights in every four luxury required a juggling of cheap railway tickets. It was not always legal but thousands did it—an attitude that was not uncommon then. Actually the barracks were so unbelievably crowded that there was tacit encouragement for as many as possible to sleep ashore to reduce the congestion.

I was wrong to anticipate boredom. To my surprise, within a few days I was drafted to the Torpedo School in Chatham (*HMS Actæon*) for training as a Seaman Torpedoman. This was good news, as I had earlier expressed a preference for this branch which was then responsible not only for a ship's torpedo armament but also basic electrical work.

After completing the course and while awaiting draft, I stayed on at the School working in the office there under a Warrant Torpedo Officer. (Learned a lot from him.) The only justification for this position was that I could type!

## *Early Impressions*

Every day, those in barracks awaiting a draft would go to the drill shed to examine the sheets containing names and postings. (What an inefficient way to communicate!) My name eventually appeared and I could hardly believe my good fortune: a draft to the Navy's latest cruiser: *HMS Superb*.



Her formal commissioning had already taken place in November, 1945; manning was completed with a draft of about twenty ratings, including the writer, who joined her in Chatham Dockyard on December 29. I was then 19. By now an Able Seaman Torpedoman I was designated as the Torpedo Officer's Writer (TLW), presumably "qualified" because of working in the Torpedo School office mentioned above. ("Seamen Writers" had no connection with those in the Writers Branch, who manned the Captain's Office.)

I was naturally excited to wear the *HMS Superb* cap tally and be part of the complement of this new cruiser. Whether they admitted it or not, I think most in this final draft were also pleased considering many of the alternatives. However, my first and immediate impression was how crowded it was. Overcrowded would better describe it. The *Superb* was then carrying a full wartime complement of over 800, and daily existence aboard was difficult.

The only hammock space I found for the first and next few nights was over the passageway by the port torpedo tubes. There it was cold and draughty and sleep was frequently interrupted in the middle watch by various duty personnel or returning libertymen passing through.

Fortunately, after a few days I was permitted to "sling my 'mick" in the Torpedo Office, which was located a deck above in the shelter between the port 4-inch gun turrets. The Torpedo Office, needless to say, was where I worked by day. After a few months when two or three messmates were drafted I was fortunate to grab a space in the Mess, and enjoyed sleeping in comfort for the remainder of the commission.

In addition to a core minority of regular long servicemen, *Superb's* lower deck personnel was made up of "Hostilities Only" ratings, those who had joined for wartime service, and hoped and expected to be discharged quickly once peace arrived. They were disappointed in this. Each was assigned a number prioritising the order of discharge, based for the most part on age and the year when actually joining the service.

Throughout the first commission, we all waited impatiently for our number to come up. A word about those regulars, who of course were not involved in the early discharge quest: in my memory they were the salt of the earth, most of them a credit to their uniform and a model



for us younger fellows. Well trained not only as seamen, but also in their specialty branch, they were the best of messmates, and I learned a lot from them.



The Torpedo Officer, my boss, was Lieutenant Commander Otto H.M. St. John Steiner. (Note the order of his initials!) He was extremely well liked among the officers and indeed, by everyone, and in the following months I felt very fortunate to work for him. The initials of his name probably prompted a lot of teasing when he was a Midshipman in training, but my experience was that absolutely nothing could faze him. A natural leader and a good one, he was very tolerant, as I experienced personally and by observation.

Under him in the Torpedo Division was Lieutenant John Lorimer, DSO, RNVR. He had been a member of a four-man midget submarine crew who attached underwater explosives to the hull of the German Battleship *Tirpitz*, for which feat he was awarded the DSO. A brave man and a modest one. My lasting memory of him is looking at me straight in the eye at Sunday Divisions and telling me to get a haircut while his hair was a good half inch longer than mine!

I regret being unable to remember the name of the Gunner (T), a commissioned officer who really knew his job and was a real gentleman. (In general, much the same could be said of all the Warrant Officers.) We also had an excellent Chief Torpedo Gunner's Mate (CTGM) whose title was later changed to Chief Torpedo Instructor (CTI).

His replacement after a year was also an inspiring leader and was a star fast bowler on the ship's cricket team. On the electrical side was another commissioned officer, another fine individual who oversaw the small number of Electrical Artificers who were largely employed in maintaining the new devices which had been developed by the end of WW2. They lived up to their motto, posted at the entrance of one of their workshops: "*Quietly, Efficiently.*"

As a seaman writer my routine was varied, and included being the Torpedo Officer's messenger at all times. This meant being with him at his Action Station on the Bridge; he also led the Cable Party on the Focslie for entering and leaving harbour. In the office I did whatever typing was necessary; kept all the paper work (there was a lot) sorted and filed; checked Admiralty Fleet Orders (AFOs); ran messages all over the ship.

My duty watch responsibilities were fairly simple: typing and duplicating the Commander's Daily Orders and posting them on various notice boards throughout the ship. This function was shared with the Commander's and Gunnery Officer's (Seamen) Writers. In this way I got to know the Commanders (the first was replaced after about six months) who were second in the *Superb's* hierarchy and were otherwise remote figures to most of the ship's company.

(Next Time: Ted visits the Mediterranean, misses Princess Elizabeth in Belfast and avoids a swim in Venice Lido)

## 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

# JOTTINGS OF A VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN PART 2

---

(By Ray Lambert)

As boy seamen on the Superb, we had to be back from shore leave by 1800, thanks to 'Fearless Freddie', Commodore Fuller. That means that we never saw much of the night life around South America or the West Indies and Caribbean for that matter. We always found ourselves trudging back onboard before the night-life enjoyed by the rest of the crew, not forgetting the officers of course, had even sparked into life.

There was one chink of light in Freddie's miserable ruling however and that was Bermuda. Tied up in Ireland Island, we would catch the motorboat over to Hamilton for the afternoon and return by 1800 but - a little loophole that, presumably, he hadn't noticed (and clamped down on) was that we could then go to the Junior Fleet Club, just outside the dockyard gate and stay there until 2300.

Naturally, money permitting, I and several 'under 19's' made full use of the JFC. There was never any obnoxious senior rates to interfere and the nearest we got to anyone being 'in charge' was RPO Scott. Scotty, as he allowed us to call him, was a gent; more so as he was a three badge RPO. Whether it was something he had taken upon himself or whether it was part of his brief was hard to tell but he looked after the boys well.



Donald Fuller

It was Scotty who introduced us to the Under 19's club. He asked if we would like to redecorate the inside, which was a touch on the tatty side. Free booze and hamburgers soon had a workforce assembled and we spent many a happy night there each time we arrived back in Bermuda.



On our very last night, before sailing for home and having been rated up to ordinary seamen a month or so earlier, several of us decided to give the ships company bar a tryout.. It was way down to the right hand side of the dockyard and upstairs in one of the old accommodation blocks. The place was almost deserted because most had gone for a last run in Hamilton. No-one questioned us - we were entitled anyway - we were men, we were in the men's bar and we were treated like men, even down to me having my wallet nicked.

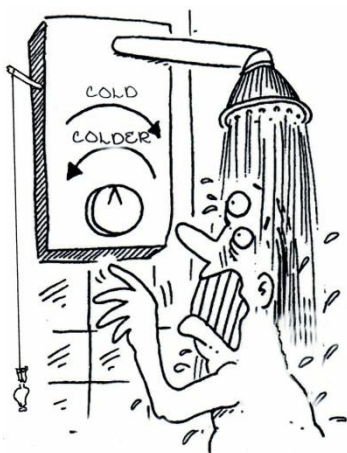
## ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

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(By Phil Grimson)

He was a great Commodore. While we were visiting Acapulco there was an opportunity to visit Mexico City.

We were housed in the Mexican Army Barracks which I believe were next door to the Bullring. Our first encounter with the Mexican Lavabo was the morning after our arrival when we were



introduced to the bathroom facilities which consisted of quite deep troughs which, invited a dive rather than a wash, where we all soaped ourselves overall all and then lined up for the shower for a rinse.

As usual, I marched out first, under the gaze of a gathering crowd of Mexican soldiers who had, as I later realised, come to see the fun, and stood under what can only be described as a gigantic dustbin lid from which dangled a chain reminiscent of the chain used in most British toilets.

Insouciantly I yanked the chain, ignoring the expectant grins from our Mexican hosts....and then for the next couple of minutes became rooted to the ground... under a torrent of ice-cold water that literally froze me on the spot! But I dare not walk or sprint away under the gaze of several

dozen pairs of gleeful eyes who were waiting for just such a reaction. So I clenched my teeth and grinned backed at them and rinsed off thoroughly.

As I walked away to let the next victim take my place he asked me "What's it like Dusty" and I replied "Great". I don't think anybody spoke to me in the following days of our visit except to question my parentage.

From there on we were invited to the British Embassy and the town Tennis Club where the drinks flowed freely and invitations to private homes were offered to one and all. So much so that I missed the coach back to the ship and had to return to the British Embassy for advice.

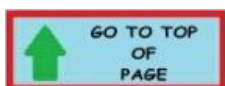
They were superb. Within minutes they had arranged for me to catch a bus back to Acapulco, which I shared with a majority of Mexican citizens who were extremely curious about my presence and invited me to join in their in-bus snacks and drinks - most of which would take the hair off a rhinoceros (if rhinoceroses had hair) so the journey back to what contemplated was at least a loss of my Undetected Crime Stripe and at worst my P.O. rate.



However when I arrived back on board via a boat sent to pick me up I was naturally invited to appear before the Commodore the next day he asked me for my explanation and my plea was that I had become involved with a group of people whose hospitality was overwhelming and bearing in mind the stern directions given to all British Naval personnel visiting foreign ports to behave courteously to the local inhabitants and uphold the dignity and status of Her Majesty's Royal Navy I had found it difficult to escape the embraces of my new found friends and thus has been unable to catch the bus in time.

For a few seconds the Commodore regarded me with his 'Don't take the p\*\*\*' stare and then I saw a twinkle in his eyes. A few days stoppage of leave and pay, which meant that I was fined a few days pay and since we were at sea during my stoppage of leave that passed easily enough.

Some time ago, his daughter or maybe it was his granddaughter emailed me for info regarding his popularity as a Skipper. I wish I had kept her address details but unfortunately owing to several computer breakdowns I lost them.



# HIYA NICK

(by Malcolm Milham)

I joined Super B in May 1953, when she came home for the Coronation Review, I was a Boy 1<sup>st</sup> Class and for my sins I was made Leading Boy of the mess. After the Review we set off for Bermuda and then a Cruise up the Eastern Seaboard of the USA and Canada. Our first port of call was Boston Mass, and on the second day there the ship was open to visitors.

My job on the ship at that time was Commanders Messenger, a nice easy job find people then find the Commander and bring them to him, also stand just round the corner and listen to defaulters making their excuses.

About 1330 I was sitting on the Boat deck waiting for Open Gangway so I could meet up with a couple of American Sailors later that afternoon. A family came up the gangway onto the Boat deck and asked the Marine Sentry if there was somebody to show them round, looking round in panic he fixed his gaze on me and asked me to help him out, so I said OK.

The man was well dressed as was his wife and daughter, who was about my age, the little brother was typical American, jeans and T Shirt. I should have twigged he was something to do with the Forces by the questions he was asking, but it went straight over my head. Somehow, not intentionally. I avoided going onto the Quarterdeck and so we arrived back at the Gangway. They thanked me and offered to get me a couple of hundred cigarettes; I said that was not needed so they then invited me to lunch the next day at their house, ideal.

The next day I was ready straight after noon to go ashore as they had not told me the time, when the pipe went for me to lay aft to the Quarterdeck, I was given the phone by the QM who said it was for me, sure enough it was 'Nick' from the day before, so I said "Hiya", he told me the car would pick me up in ten minutes and that was that.

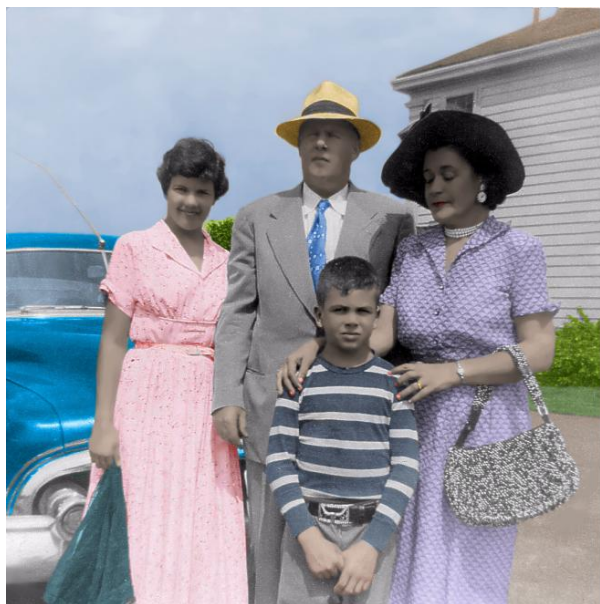
When I put the phone down I got some strange looks from both the QM and the OOW. Sure enough the car arrived driven by the daughter, so I jumped in and off we went, I was a little surprised when it turned into the South Boston Navy Yard next door to our berth and the navy sentry saluted.

We drove up to a large house just inside the gates and parked up, when I got into the house we had to wait for father to come home from work. Soon a car appeared and out got a Commander, my face must have been a picture, as when he came in I realised it was Nick and the whole family burst out laughing.

The next morning Cdr Briggs wanted to know how long I had been calling Senior Officers by their first names, I explained but already he had a slightly amused grin on his face. It would appear they had already got a Snotty waiting on the Quarterdeck to show the family round the

ship and tea ready in the Wardroom, if I had gone near the Quarterdeck that would have been curtains for my very 'friendly' visit to Boston, as it was one up to the Lower Deck.

During our stay in Boston they played host to me, mainly Camilla, the daughter, but each day I went to lunch at various places, the Dining Hall at Harvard university, City Hall, a diner and even the Officers Club where I wore civvies loaned to me by their other son who was a Lieutenant JG, who was at sea and apparently the same size as me.



Commander Nick Nichols with daughter Camilla, wife & younger son

On the final day in Boston we were due to sail at 1500 hence there was no leave. About 0900 I was sat by the Commanders office when his phone rang, I heard snatches of his conversation then he put his head round the corner and asked would I like to go to lunch at 1230 I answered in the affirmative and he told me to be back by 1430 and NO later.

We lunched once again at Harvard. They got me back dead on 1430, there was only one gangway, aft, and everybody was preparing to put to sea. I kissed the ladies goodbye, thanked them for their hospitality and what a fab time I had had whilst in Boston, then it was up the gangway. Some of the comments are unprintable but put my innocence into great doubt according to the Lower Deck.

Milham sends his compliments  
Sir and asks whether you'd  
be free for a burger & fries  
with his guests later



My location on the ship when leaving harbour was up above the bridge in front of the Main Director with the Commander, bugler and QM with his call. As we reached the end of the land we passed a lighthouse, standing there was the Nichols family all waving, the Commander looked at me and said "Well" so I waved back, the chuck up I got from the FX crew was quite loud, even the Skipper had a chuckle, looking back up at my embarrassment.

When the ship arrived in Rhode Island, members of the crew were granted 8 days Station Leave providing they had a traceable address to stay at and could be reached by phone, Officer Commanding, South Boston Navy Yard seemed to fit the bill.

## THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

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(by Alan Harmer)

I can't give an exact location for this; it could well have been Bahrain but the year is 1956. Wherever it was, I think it would be fair to say that most of the ratings enjoyed the film nights in the recreation room; The icing on the cake though on these evenings were always the inevitable Tom and Jerry cartoons, with our shouts of "Good old Fred" as the credits went up.



Away from the screen, there were a couple of happenings at the Recreation room that can still raise a smile or two. On one occasion our projectionist got so engrossed in the feature film he failed to notice that the film was not being reloaded on its take-up spool. His tiny cupboard of a projection room, when the lights came on, showed him to be in what was like a celluloid bubble bath.

Another occasion started off with a sheet of paper posted on the notice board, advertising a visit from an offshore concert party - civilians who had volunteered to come and entertain us.

On the evening of the entertainment the recreation room was soon completely packed out - in fact it was a matter of where the performers would find enough space to assemble. Nevertheless after a lot of pushing and shoving a small area was made available for them.

Passageway was made to allow a group of maybe ten or so men, immaculate in their evening dress, to make their entrance; what confronted them must have made them wonder what they had let themselves in for. Also, from the deadly silence of the ratings it seemed they equally were wondering what they had let themselves in for.

The ice, I remember, was broken by a small stocky chap introducing his group with a mention of the music they would be entertaining us with. I must confess, none of the music he mentioned registered with me and nor I guess to most of my fellow ratings either. Nevertheless a flick of the baton and they were off on the opening song.



The opening words of this song, delivered at full blast, easy to recall were :-

Bali Bali Bali Bundi Bali Bundi Bali Bundi  
Bali Bali Bali Bundi Bali Bundi Bali ??

Now please don't think I am taking the Michael when I tell you the song went down a treat and received rapturous applause from the lads. The evening thereafter was set fair and a good time had by all.

\*\* Fred Quimby - Producer





# THE QUEEN NO LONGER RULES THE WAVES

(Collated by Brian Saunders)

**T**he anniversary of a Coronation was traditionally marked by a Spithead Review - but Her Majesty was denied one in 2012 because the Royal Navy has been sunk by wave upon wave of spending cuts and nothing had changed by the 6th February, this year when she celebrated her 65th year on the throne. But things were different in early years.



## Spithead Review - June, 1897

For mile upon mile they stretched, their flag-bedecked ranks receding into the haze. The ships of the Royal Navy, 165 of them, drawn up at Spithead on June 26 1897 to mark the diamond jubilee of Victoria, for 60 years Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and her dominions beyond the seas, and, since 1876, Empress of India.

There were 21 battleships and 44 cruisers, their names conveying the confidence of a world-spanning Empire: *Victorious, Renown, Powerful, Terrible, Majestic* and *Mars*. A vast, intimidating presence intended to impress on friend and foe alike the continuing potency of the British behemoth. And what was more, the assembly of this great fleet had required the recall of not a single ship from the Mediterranean or the far-flung squadrons guarding the imperial sea lanes.

Jingoistic hyperbole was the order of the day. "If the British taxpayer does not feel more than a thrill of satisfaction at a sight so splendid and so inspiring," gushed one newspaper, "he is no patriot and no true citizen."

The Solent was a mass of small craft jammed with sunburned day-trippers, fussing around the black hulls of battleships riding at anchor. The pleasure boats parted only for the *Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert*. It carried the Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII, taking the salute

from the quarterdeck on behalf of his mother. Victoria, 78, was exhausted by the jubilee celebrations and had opted to observe proceedings by telescope from Osborne House, her retreat on the Isle of Wight.

One hundred and fifteen years later and Britain celebrated only the second diamond jubilee in its history. The occasion called for a naval review, a staple of coronations and other great moments in the life of the nation, but it wasn't to be. The Royal Navy, the country's saviour in two world wars, is a sorry shadow of its former self, so depleted by successive rounds of cuts that it could no longer muster a dozen ships for the occasion. So embarrassed were the ministers and civil servants at the Ministry of Defence who have overseen these disastrous reductions that they quietly drew a veil over the issue, hoping no one noticed the absence of a major role for the Senior Service in the celebrations.

The contrast with yesteryear is stark. Naval reviews have been held since 1415, when Henry V surveyed the fleet gathered for the invasion of France. In this century reviews have marked the coronation of George V in 1912, the mobilisation of the fleet in 1914, the coronation of George VI in 1937, the coronation of the present Queen in 1953, her silver jubilee in 1977 and the bicentenary of Trafalgar in 2005. The Queen's golden jubilee was another casualty of defence cuts, with no review.



"A fleet review is an opportunity for the Queen to see her ships and sailors and for the men of the Royal Navy to pay their respects to the monarch," says Steve Bush, editor of the naval directory *British Warships & Auxiliaries*. "It is an event of great tradition and spectacle.

The Trafalgar review of 2005 saw more than 100 ships mustered but almost half were from overseas navies, the biggest being the French aircraft carrier *Charles de Gaulle*."

Since 2005 the Navy has lost its Harrier force and the ability to protect itself, and strike, from the air. *Illustrious*, its sole-remaining carrier, scrapped in December last year was the only other "flat-top" in the fleet.

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh, a career officer before marriage, must look back ruefully on June 15 1953, when they boarded the frigate *Surprise* to review the armada gathered off Spithead to mark the Coronation. The Navy was anything but short of carriers then, benefiting from the surge in construction during the Second World War. *Eagle*, *Indomitable*, *Illustrious*, *Theseus* and *Perseus*, lined the way, together with Canada's *Magnificent* and Australia's *Sydney*. Other carriers were away on operations, from the Mediterranean to the Far East.

*HMS Superb* and some 300 other ships, cruisers, destroyers, frigates and minesweepers, took part in the review, overflown by some 300 aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm.

The fleet had shrunk dramatically by the silver jubilee of 1977 but was the third biggest behind the navies of the United States and Soviet Union. Two aircraft carriers, including *Ark Royal*, attended, with two cruisers, one assault ship, 17 destroyers, 18 frigates, 14 submarines and a host of minor vessels and auxiliaries. There was no need to flesh out the review with foreign vessels, just 18 attending.



And today? Allowing for inflation, Britain's GDP is four times greater than in 1953 but the country appears incapable of maintaining a viable fleet. Today it comprises two helicopter carriers, 1 active assault ship, six destroyers, 13 frigates, 42 minor vessels and 13 auxiliaries. Take away escorts on operations or in refit and the Navy would struggle to field more than a handful for a review. But one thing our increasingly Ruritanian fleet is not short of is admirals. There are 28 full, vice and rear admirals, one per major combat unit, surely the most over-managed structure in the country.

It is unlikely that we could muster another fleet review . A diamond jubilee review would have been a grand thing.

In contrast, the navies of Brazil, Russia, India and China, are growing. In 2011 the Indian navy staged its presidential fleet review off Mumbai. There were 81 vessels, 10 more than the entire Royal Navy, including the carrier *Viraat* (ex British carrier *Hermes*). She still flies Sea Harriers, giving India a lead over its former naval mentor.

Doing away with the with the carrier *Ark Royal* and the Harrier force, effectively ending the Navy's ability to mount independent expeditionary operations - until the introduction of a *HMS Queen Elizabeth* in 2020.

While the much-trumpeted Queen Elizabeth class aircraft carrier project is good news, much of their combat potential has been lost through political and inter-service interference. It is officially claimed that the decision to convert from a conventional carrier back to a VSTOL carrier 'saved' the project on cost grounds.

There may have been short-term savings but capability and aircraft options were significantly reduced, their value now hinges almost entirely on the success of the F35B aircraft. The over-ambitious development of the F35 has been controversial, colossally expensive and considerably delayed.

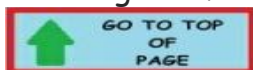
Unfortunately a very single problem encountered (quite normal in complex aircraft development) has been magnified by media and internet hysteria and the F35 may yet prove to be a very good aircraft in many ways.

Unbelievably the Fleet Air Arm is the junior partner in the F35 project with the RAF having the controlling interest in the carriers main armament - a fudge that is sure to be a source of friction and operational problems.

Despite the obvious deficiencies of the carrier project, they have great potential for improvements and upgrades and are very valuable platforms that can provide great service for the nation for decades to come.

SDSR 2015 confirmed the good news it that at least 42 F35Bs will be in service by 2023, with the MoD planning to buy 138 of the F35s eventually ending the constant silly jibes about "*aircraft carriers with no aircraft*".

Doing away with nine new RAF Nimrods as they were about to be introduced into service, denuding the fleet of long-range aerial surveillance and anti-submarine protection.



But governments of both shades are answerable. It can be argued that billions of pounds have been squandered reinforcing failure in Afghanistan, money that could have prevented the hollowing-out of the service, which guards the 95 per cent of British international trade conducted by sea.

There is also the question of procurement: the Navy, like the other services, is very bad at buying affordable and effective equipment. The Type 45 destroyers cost £1 billion each but lack the land-attack capability of their cheaper American counterpart. Only six can be afforded. Ministers have ordered cuts upon cuts in the number of ships and aeroplanes for the Navy but Governments wants our armed forces to be smaller and to do less."

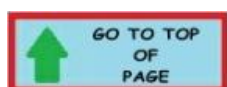
After visiting the 1897 review, Rudyard Kipling was moved to compose the poem *Recessional*. The Empire was at its apogee but there were intimations of decline.

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Britain, a maritime nation dependent on the sea lanes, has allowed its blue-water navy to melt away and (with apologies to Mr Kipling) I put it thus.

With saline winds against their face  
They range the seas from shore to shore  
By their employ their lords disgrace  
Sailors who've heard it all before

The reckoning awaits.



# OCTOBER IN GILLINGHAM

This year our Annual reunion will start off with a short meeting, before the evening meal, of those members wives & friends present on **Friday 6th October**. At some stage during this meeting a short (12 minute) film will be shown of the cruiser Superb in San Francisco, Seattle and return to Chatham in 1955. The film hasn't been publically viewed before so although quite brief members might find it of interest.

**Debbie, the owner, of the King Charles Hotel in Gillingham welcomes us once again for our October reunion and this is a little prompt for you to consider a night or two away.**

For example the cost of a **double** room for Friday & Saturday nights would include the following

**Friday** night - 3 course meal

**Saturday** morning - Full English Breakfast (or several other choices including vegetarian)

**Saturday** night - 4 course Reunion Dinner

**Sunday** morning - - Full English Breakfast as Saturday morning

**The price for 2 nights is £130 per person**

If you can only make it for the Saturday night then the same **double** room would include the 4 course Reunion Dinner and breakfast on Sunday morning for £65 per person

Those of you who live really close might consider just coming for the Reunion Dinner on Saturday night and the cost for that is £27 per person.

Single rooms are also available - have a look at the Reservation Form for more information

If you'd like to discuss any other arrangements with the hotel please speak to Debbie



General Dining & Breakfast Room



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**THERE IS A LIFT TO ALL FLOORS**



# FORTHCOMING EVENTS

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**3 June from 09:00-17:00**

## **HMS Collingwood Open Day & Field Gun Competition**

Sat 9:00 · HMS Collingwood · Fareham, Hampshire



The final heats and finals of the 2017 Royal Navy & Royal Marines Charity Field Gun Competition will be held at HMS Collingwood as part of their 2017 Open Day.

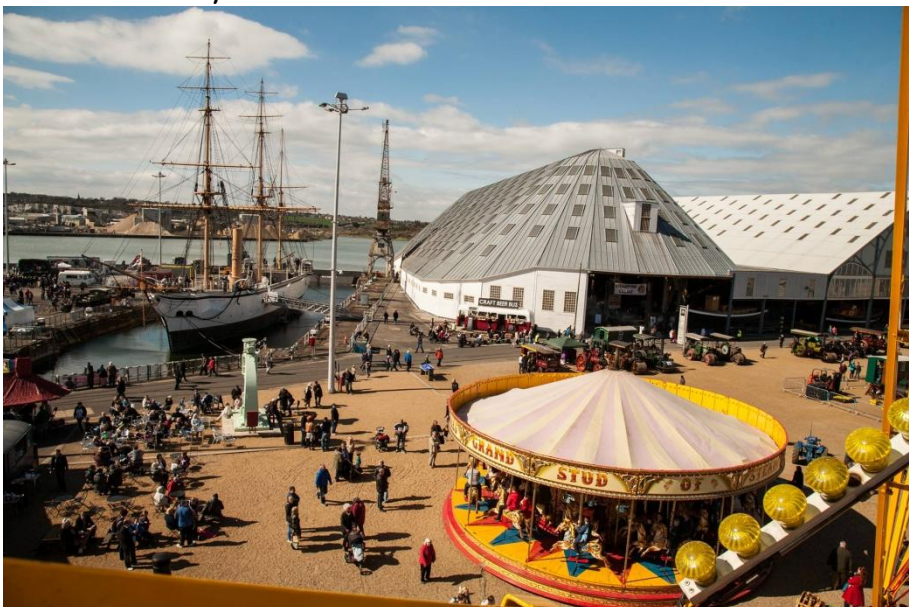
Details/ticket prices TBC.



## **Historic Dockyard Chatham**

Discounted tickets are available for this year's Festival - the perfect Mothers Day treat!

*16th & 17th April 2017*



Click [HERE](#) to go to website  
Alongside Steam displays, traction engines, travelling Locomotives and classic/vintage cars displayed, you will see an array of festival entertainment.

FREE (once you are inside !)  
traditional steam funfair, live music, street acts, Giant Hook - a-Duck, Giant Rope Maze, Call The Midwife Film Location Tours, Steampunk Village, Punch and



Judy, Funfair Stalls, festival traders and Kentish food and drink.

Finally an exclusive opportunity for you, your family and friends to see the 'Parade of Steam'.

All this in addition to **The Historic Dockyard's** usual galleries and attractions, including three historic warships, you will be sure to spend a fun filled Easter with us!

P

You can take advantage of online discount on your tickets to the Festival of Steam and Transport 2017 by booking in advance now:

<i>Ticket Type</i>	<i>Single Day - On the day</i>	<i>Single Day with online discount</i>	<i>Weekend (Sunday &amp; Monday with online discount)</i>
<i>Adult</i>	<i>£19.50</i>	<i>£16.50</i>	<i>£21.00</i>
<i>Concession</i>	<i>£16.50</i>	<i>£14.00</i>	<i>£18.00</i>
<i>Child</i>	<i>£13.50</i>	<i>£12.00</i>	<i>£13.50</i>
<i>Family (2 Adults &amp; 2 Children or 1 Adult &amp; 3 Children)</i>	<i>£54.50</i>	<i>£46.00</i>	<i>£53.50</i>
<i>Family Extra Child</i>	<i>£9.50</i>	<i>£8.00</i>	<i>£11.00</i>

# PHOTO ALBUM

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Jimmy Stewart was a Telegraphist in the "Superb" between 1947 & 1951.

He served in the Royal Navy between 1946 and 1958 and crossed the bar at HMS Pembroke, Chatham in May 1958. He finished his service as a Yeoman Signals.

His son Jeff would love to hear from ex shipmates. This photo was taken in 1955 as a newly married couple in the garden of their house in Stroud, Kent

I imagine we often wonder what happened to old shipmates with whom we have lost touch over the years between and whilst searching on-line for a shipmate I came across this small newspaper article regarding Able Seaman Paul Dyer aged 19 from Canterbury, Kent who missed the ship at Santa Barbara apparently due to a too-close train schedule.

Here he stands on the dock at Long Beach, California on 22nd August, 1955 (which was the next stop after Santa Barbara) watching the HMS Superb being docked for a visit .

He had 10 days leave in Seattle and planned to rejoin the ship at Santa Barbara but arrived there too late.

I guess he had a bit of explaining to do when he appeared on Commander's Rattle the next day.

Can anyone throw any light on what happened afterwards



## Have you a photo of the Superb?

We are endeavouring to collect as many photos or newspaper cuttings which relate to members of the crew (that does include YOU) or an image of the ship itself

The reason behind this is to help complete the history of one of the longest serving (by name) British Royal Navy ships

Contact Brian Saunders, if you can help, by email

## Writing a chapter in naval history

TWO Kent men have become the only two English people to be piped aboard the American navy's USS Newport News Association.

Writer Ray Lambert, 62, of Weedswood Road, Chatham, was made an honorary member along with Ray Lee, a marine scientist from Whitstable.

The two, who joined the Royal Navy on the same day in 1953, were on board HMS Superb in January 1955 when they first crossed paths with Newport News.

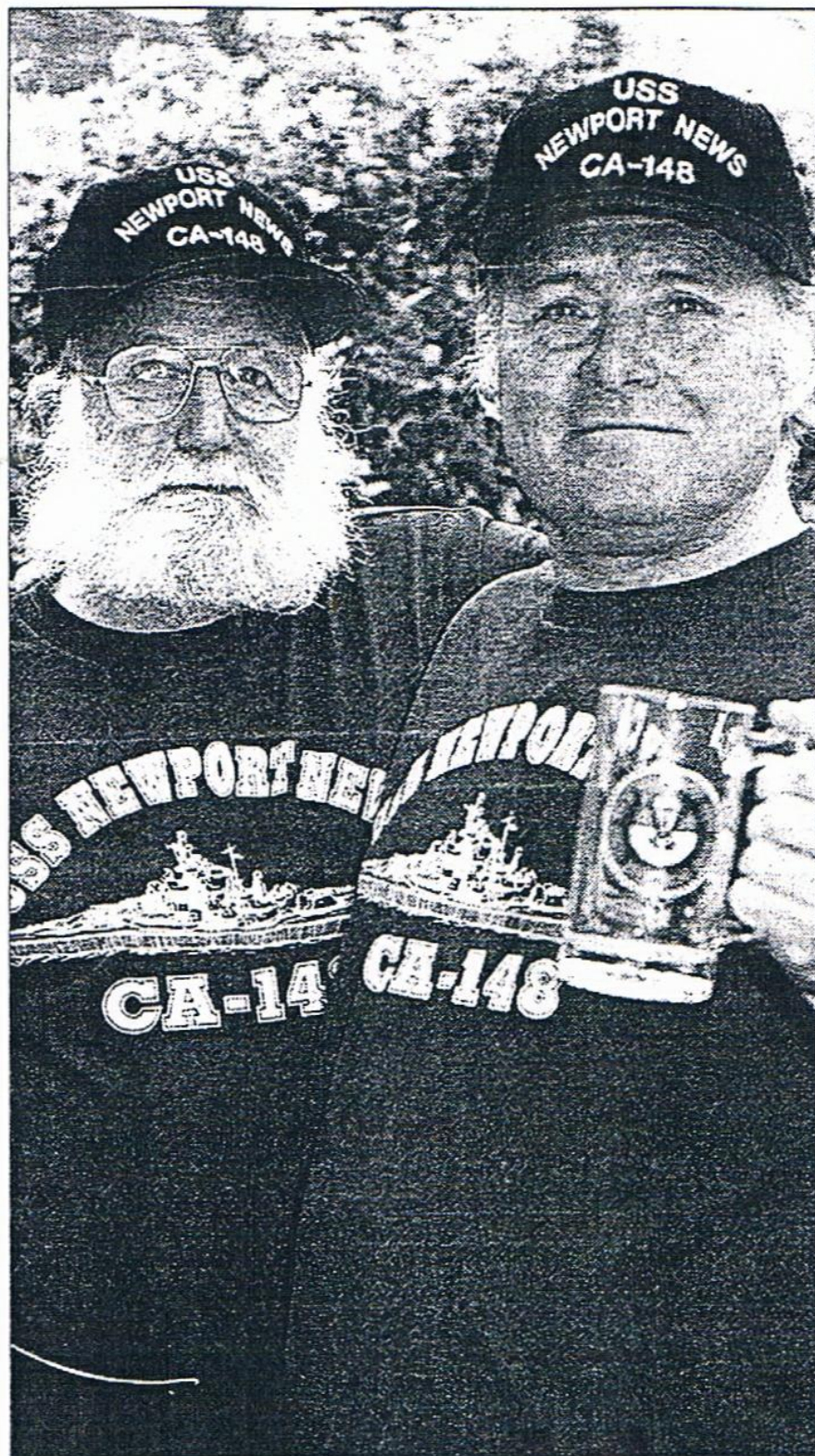
The two ships had operated in Cuban waters and friendships between the two crews were formed.

Contact was re-established recently when Mr Lee found the Newport News Association on the Internet.

Mr Lambert and Mr Lee got back in contact with their old friend Franklin Raglan, of Norfolk, Virginia, who is now the association's chairman, sent the pair association T-shirts and caps.

In return they gave a white ensign and a painting of HMS Victory, for the Newport News museum.

Mr Lambert is a freelance writer for trade papers, who also contributed speedway articles for this newspaper in the 1970s.



PIPED ABOARD: Old shipmates Ray Lambert and Ray Lee



### Crest and photo of the USS Newport News

USS NEWPORT NEWS was the last heavy cruiser built for the US Navy. Commissioned 29 January, 1949, she was one of the DES MOINES CLASS HEAVY CRUISERS and the second ship in the Navy named after the city in Virginia. Decommissioned on June 6, 1975, the NEWPORT NEWS spent the following years laid up at the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard, Philadelphia, Penn. Stricken from the Navy list on July 31, 1978, the heavy cruiser was sold for scrapping on February 25, 1993.



## REG DICKENS 1945



Colin Dickens, the son of Reg, sent the following message & photo.

Dad was so proud of his time in service and loved every minute (even though he never learnt to swim!! cost him his "ciggs" ration and a few tots) My pride for him can never be measured in words he was an inspiration to all his family and I loved his stories of the 'Senior Service' of which he had many to tell.

He did his stoker training at Iron Duke in Malvern he was there in November 1943 until early December before heading to S.T.E. Southampton. He had very fond memories of the Malta run and others, up the Gut he'd say.

Reg joined the Superb on the 30th October, 1945 the day before she was commissioned, and remained on board until March, 1947.

## RON GRAY 1945

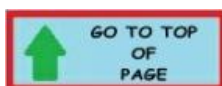


Ron Gray was a Signaller who joined the ship on 30th October, 1945, the day before her commissioning. He was 41 years old when he died & left a wife and 7 children

Coincidentally Ron was drafted at the same time as Stoker Reg Dickens (see above)

This photos show Ron with his shipmates Roche, Murphy, Burgess, (Gray) & Nightingale in Venice 1946

Photo submitted by Maureen Taylor

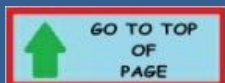


Further details of ex shipmates (but not necessarily members of the Association) who have crossed the bar can be found on the appropriate page our website.

To go there please click [HERE](#).

## Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)

**NO NOTIFICATIONS THIS MONTH**



# PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEOPLE

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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 **Derek Baldry** (Killick Sparker)

I played the ukulele with the harmonica band and the skiffle group called "The Stewballs" which was part of the concert party on the **1956/7 East Indies Cruise**. I used to play guitar with an electrician whose name I can't recall. I wonder does anyone know **Ginger Dunne** or know of his whereabouts. We were based at Trincomalee and visited the east coast of Africa, Mombasa being fondly remembered.

From the daughter of a friend of Tony Facer who was probably on the 1956-57 Cruise. She'd like to trace Tony as he is a long lost friend of her father who was a serving soldier. We have a "B. Facer - Stoker" who is shown on the cruise list and they may be one and the same but no contact details. Any info please to me (Brian)

## From previous issues

◆ 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)

◆ The granddaughter of **John Eccleston** a Stoker is hoping to find some information about John. He was on board in the mid to late 1950s probably around 1955 to 1957. He also served on the *Whitby & Cumberland*. Any info would be gratefully received. John is approaching his 80th birthday and she wonders if anyone knows him as she's planning a surprise party. **One Friend Found thanks to the magazine**



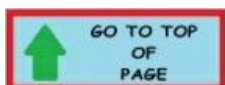
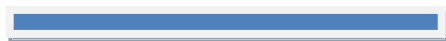
◆ Shipmate **Larry Boudier** who was in the **CHATHAM FIELD GUN'S CREW** in 1955 would like to know if anyone remembers him and wonders if anyone knows of others in that crew. (I believe that Shipmate **Andy Brierley** was in the same crew - Editor)

◆ 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 who is researching her grandfather, **Charles Harris**, who served on HMS Superb 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





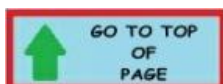
# REUNION REMINDER

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A Note for Your Diary  
The next Reunion  
will be at  
The King Charles Hotel,  
Gillingham, Kent  
Friday, Saturday + Sunday  
6th to 8th October  
Be There or Be Square !

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

The Hotel goes out of its way to make us comfortable - the cost of the 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?

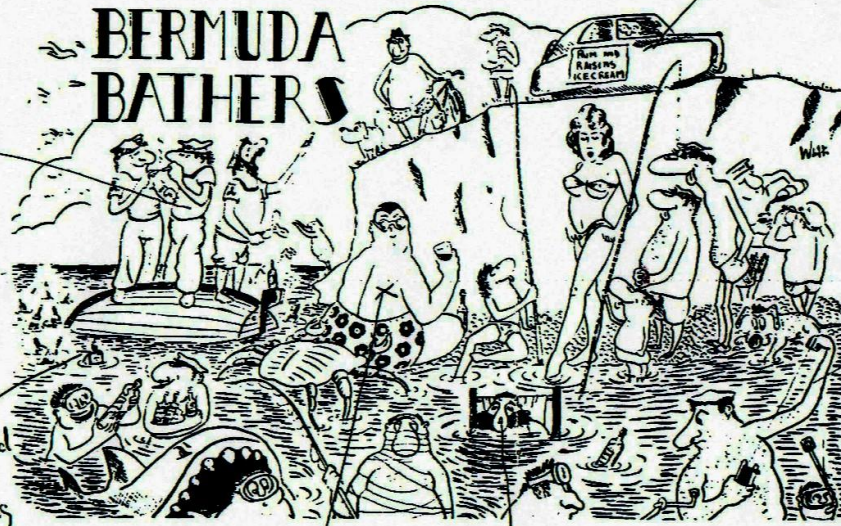


A van selling Rum & Raisins Ice Cream pulled up alongside every evening

The 3 Stokers who managed to Sink the Captains Skimming Dish early on Christmas Morning 1954

Rum at 3/6 a bottle was quite cheap & only required a little Coca-Cola to make a refreshing long drink

Fishing was a good cheap hobby



Bandmaster Royal Marines

Corporal Royal Marines

### MEDWAY TODAY

TUESDAY JUNE 12, 2001 11

Editorial: Telephone 01634 830999

## A superb response for crew members

MORE former crew members of the Chatham-based cruiser HMS Superb have been traced after an appeal in *Medway Today*.

Ray Lambert, Medway contact for the HMS Superb Association, said: "We are delighted to have had an influx of new members following the article."

"But we know there are still many more 'ex-Superbers' out there and we would to get in touch with them."

The association's membership is spread worldwide - including one former crewman now living in Rio de Janeiro - and stands at about 200.

The association holds an annual reunion, usually in September, at Gillingham's King Charles Hotel - formerly the NAAFI Club.

All new "recruits" to the association are supplied with a full list of members.

HMS Superb, a Tiger class cruiser, was brought into service in 1945 and was broken up in 1960.

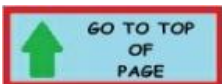
Mr Lambert estimates that during that time something like 7,000 men must have sailed with her.

Membership is open to all lower deckers from all commissions during Superb's 12-year active life.

Contact secretary Fred Kinsey on 01223-871505 or Ray Lambert on 01634-865970 for membership details.

Or you can visit the web site [hmssuperb@btinternet.com](mailto:hmssuperb@btinternet.com)

Cartoon & newspaper cutting supplied by Shipmate Ray Lambert



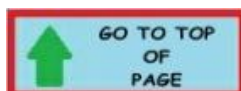
## PERSONS WHO RECEIVE THIS MAGAZINE

Andy **Brierley** (1954) - Derek **Baldry** (1956) - Alf **Brown** (1954) - Bob **Butcher** (1951) - Ron **Clay** (1956-57) - Bill **Cook** (1956) - Jim **Copus** (1954) - 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) - Margaret Norgan (Wife of Jim **Norgan** 1946) - Frank **Nunn** (1956) - 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) - Brian **Turner** (Associate) - John **Voak** - John **Ward** (1953) - Jon **Willshir** (1953 Thailand)

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

To send an email from this page

If you are using "GOOGLE CHROME" please right click with your mouse on the link above and select "open link in new tab" otherwise just left click on the link



# MEMBERSHIP

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION ?**

THE ANNUAL FEE IS £10 & YOU WILL RECEIVE 4 NEWSLETTERS PER YEAR &  
ELIGABLE TO ATTEND REUNIONS

TELEPHONE ROBIN SMITH AT 01634 362 379

OR EMAIL HIM AT [robinsmith173@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:robinsmith173@yahoo.co.uk)

An **Application Form** can be downloaded [HERE](#)

## ARCHIVED CONTENT

Past Copies of the Magazine can be accessed on-line by clicking on the appropriate month

[December, 2016](#)

[January, 2017](#)

[February, 2017](#)

[March, 2017](#)



Our Chairman Rob Smith

**THE END**

