

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

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

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**CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH**

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**Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710**



# ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

That's four Secretaries of State for War in less than six months. Their assigned minion must have gotten quite breathless, locating the jobsworth in charge of the key to executive water closet - signing it out - then shortly back in, a frantic return to ensure the next ministerial sitter in not incommoded. Depending on who gets next turn 'His' or 'Her' seats have got to be swapped round. This vital activity in the background discharged by 'on-call gang' in the Ministry of Works, is quite unbeknown to the lay person who thinks H.M. Q's ministers have an easy time. The new appointee obviously had a deep meditative moment whilst perched upon the porcelain, a neuron fired in the stygian blackness of his grey matter, 'Eureka' - we must dispatch another 'Billion Pound' destroyer with dubious maintenance record to 'Straits of Hormuz'.

Visualise her Captain pondering, 'Have we enough juice in the tank to get that far?', opening his secret orders at midnight in a bolted cabin.



The A4 sheet says, - 'Be alert for plastic skiffs, with large outboard and half a ton of plastic explosive in its forepeak'. You may assume this as a weak attempt at humour, be aware it is a 'wail of deep despair' at the powers that be, unable to field an appropriate response that will avoid a host of willing cannon fodder getting their heads blown off, or meekly

putting their hands up in surrender to the 'realms' and 'Royal Navy's' absolutely shameful embarrassment - as occurred a couple of years ago with an 'Officer lead' contingent from a Duke class frigate.

Big question, what did we learn from that? The unmistakable odour of purification pervades all.

When one sees countries like - Columbia - no mistake design and build 'Offshore Patrol Vessels' able to operate in littoral waters or blue water - small, swift, manoeuvrable, really well armed, and armoured in appropriate places to withstand OS fire, or Singapore's late super O.P.V's or, nearer to home, Irish O.P.V's built in Devon, a yard closed last month for want of an order; a skilled core of this island's best builders gone. The Irish offshore patrol vessels take



their turn in the Gulf of Aden, the Indian Ocean on 'pirate patrol', not bad for O.P.V's, cheapish, but with the ability to give you a savage bite in the Arris if provoked; usual opponents, plastic speed boats mounting largest outboards on the transom.

Politicians straight from university to Whitehall or Brussels have no concept of vessel most used, utilised by a global navy to combat common bad manners. Russian subs now loiter at will in Faslane's back yard; we have not one Maritime Patrol aircraft on the nation's inventory, a situation that has prevailed for many years. BUT! We have a SUPER CARRIER, it leaks a lot, cannot operate proper naval aircraft - if we had any - requirement for which determined by politicians not by knowledgeable naval cabinets.

Function seems to be allowing politicians, full of hiss to strut their pride 'showing off' their large erection, every junior school pupil in any language, worldwide, gets his first story 'The Emperor Without any Clothes'; our, non-existent, wardrobe cost six billion pounds.

The need for many small vessels has been an R.N. requirement since Horrid Henry set the service up, traditionally most come from commerce, hundreds of coal burning trawlers, drifters, whalers, holiday paddle steamers and their like in size and use. At onset of WW2 6000 men on 600 boats were called to the colours, it grew to 66,000 men and 6000 vessels. The number may stagger you, be assured it is no wild guess and many of these vessels were in their 'second' war; 500 ships from that fleet were lost in all the oceans of the world with just short of 14,000 crew. The invasion threat following Dunkirk was dismissed by Churchill, who assured the nation that it was secure from surprise attack by 200 of that motley fleet.

Their port division was Lowestoft, their nickname of Harry Tate's Navy came from the music hall comedian whose act included an old motor car that gradually fell apart during his performance; the proper title was **The Royal Navy Patrol Service**. Do not confuse it with Coastal Forces Command, a strictly R.N. division led and directed by the navy proper!! M.T.B's, M.L's etc.

The Patrol Service was crewed by fishermen, R.N. reservists, R.N.V.R members with a bolstering of conscripts. The R.N.P.S is unknown today by even most R.N. personnel, they were part of, but distinctly clear of, the regular R.N. Headquarters in the municipal gardens on the front at Lowestoft called Sparrows Nest was mentioned on the airwaves several times by Lord Haw Haw, remember him?

Communication rates came from the 'white collar' world, not R.N. signal schools. It is a fact only nodding to naval discipline was observed by those fishermen, lightermen, trawlermen. They lost more vessels



than any other R.N. branch, a breathtaking attrition rate. They have a cenotaph at Port Division Lowestoft with 3000 names of those with 'no know grave but the sea'. I tried for a picture but my book of military monuments had gone A.W.O.L.! **[I have found one here - hope it's the correct one (Brian)]**

The unique contribution by the Royal Navy Patrol Service was marked by a tiny silver badge to be worn on the left sleeve, above the cuff. I enclose a picture of that alongside a 20 pence piece.

*Actual badge size alongside  
a 20 pence piece  
How miserable is that !*



I feel, for their service strung across all oceans, 'pinging' and 'rescuing' countless Merchant Marine people, Russian convoys to the U.S. east coast, north Atlantic to southern Ocean on meagre coal bunkers, with the stability of an empty barrel, living in ex-fish holds, wet in any kind of seaway, that badge is the most insignificant bit of metal in the whole world of 'awards'. Notice four holes to sew it on. Represented is a net with mines in opposite quarters and a shark going downwards - mine sweeping and anti sub patrols.

I cannot help thinking about a hot chestnut in our present world, and, be certain politicians of any hue are far from my mind; if we got involved in another debacle like the last sea war, where are our host of small ships? Hull, Grimsby, Yarmouth, Fleetwood, Aberdeen, Peterhead and all ports in between hardly had room for an additional match stick when fishing fleets were in. I think it was Edward Heath who sounded the death knell for all their jobs, the fish landed and exported, plus food for a multitude of home bodies.

Ship breakers waxed fat on a surfeit of, otherwise unsalable, trawlers. Newsreels recorded countless wooden M.F.V's put to the chainsaw to feed huge beachside bonfires. Their British Fishing Grounds, under E.U. directive, became Belgian, French, Spanish quota areas, fished frequently by ex-U.K owned vessels, bought for peanuts.



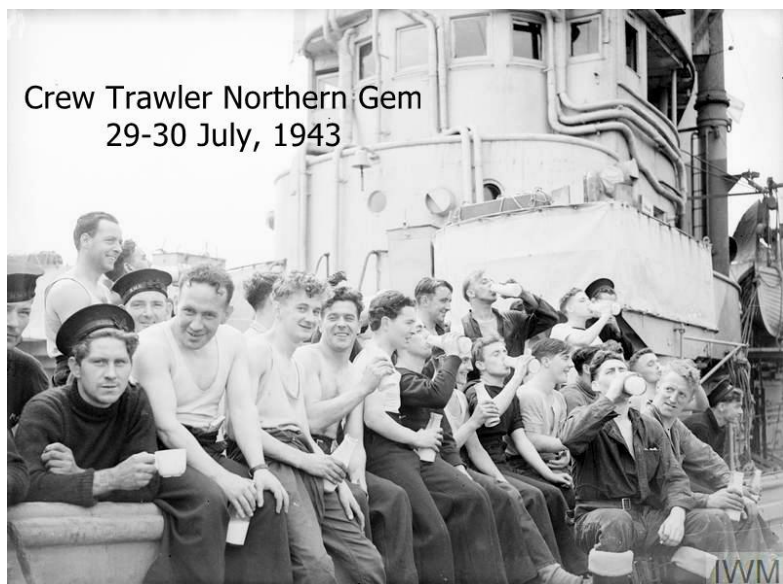
Trawler Northern Gem  
29-30 July, 1943

I see today's news has Nicola Sturgeon - an apt name here - declare she will joining Corbyn to thwart Brexit. To me, that means the treasured Scot's Fishing Grounds are no longer of interest. The jobs with vital knock-on of trawler construction, priceless resources when the balloon goes up.



Trawlers with the prefix Northern used to be as common as sea gulls. Their name has ever seemed special after reading the tale of *Northern Gem*, and the fight with *Hipper* on a Russian

convoy. Destroyer *Achates*, hit frequently, eventually succumbed. One hit on her bridge killed all plus the gathered wounded. *Onshow* also took a pounding from cruiser *Hipper*, her Captain Sherbrooke earned the V.C. at that fight, he also lost an eye, but survived. *Northern Gem* stayed with them throughout, though only as an escort trawler, without a doctor. She rescued countless from *Achtes* crew, then saved a large number of those



hauled from the Barents Sea with hypothermia. All in a raging blizzard gale for the next three days. That only skirts the ghastly tale of the trip to Murmansk.

To move on - three distant water trawlers entered my world for scrapping, one with the magic name of *Northern Sceptre*. At that time I suffered a severe attack of kleptomania, and realised I urgently had to 'take something' for it. Thus I removed *Sceptre's* binnacle to my conservatory at home, plus its beautiful engine telegraph, in several shades of brass and phosphor bronze. It cured the malady - for a short period.

All a bit of a windbag tour, but memories tumble in when one is enjoying the scribble and I am sure you will make a wee bit of sense of it.

As a parting shot, here a true tale of a 'monocled Squadron leader' at Cape Town OPS Centre, who was talking down to a trawler skipper lieutenant who had just returned from a rough trip. He said, in brief, blunt terms to the Brylcream man, 'If you had another monocle up your arse, you may make a decent telescope!'

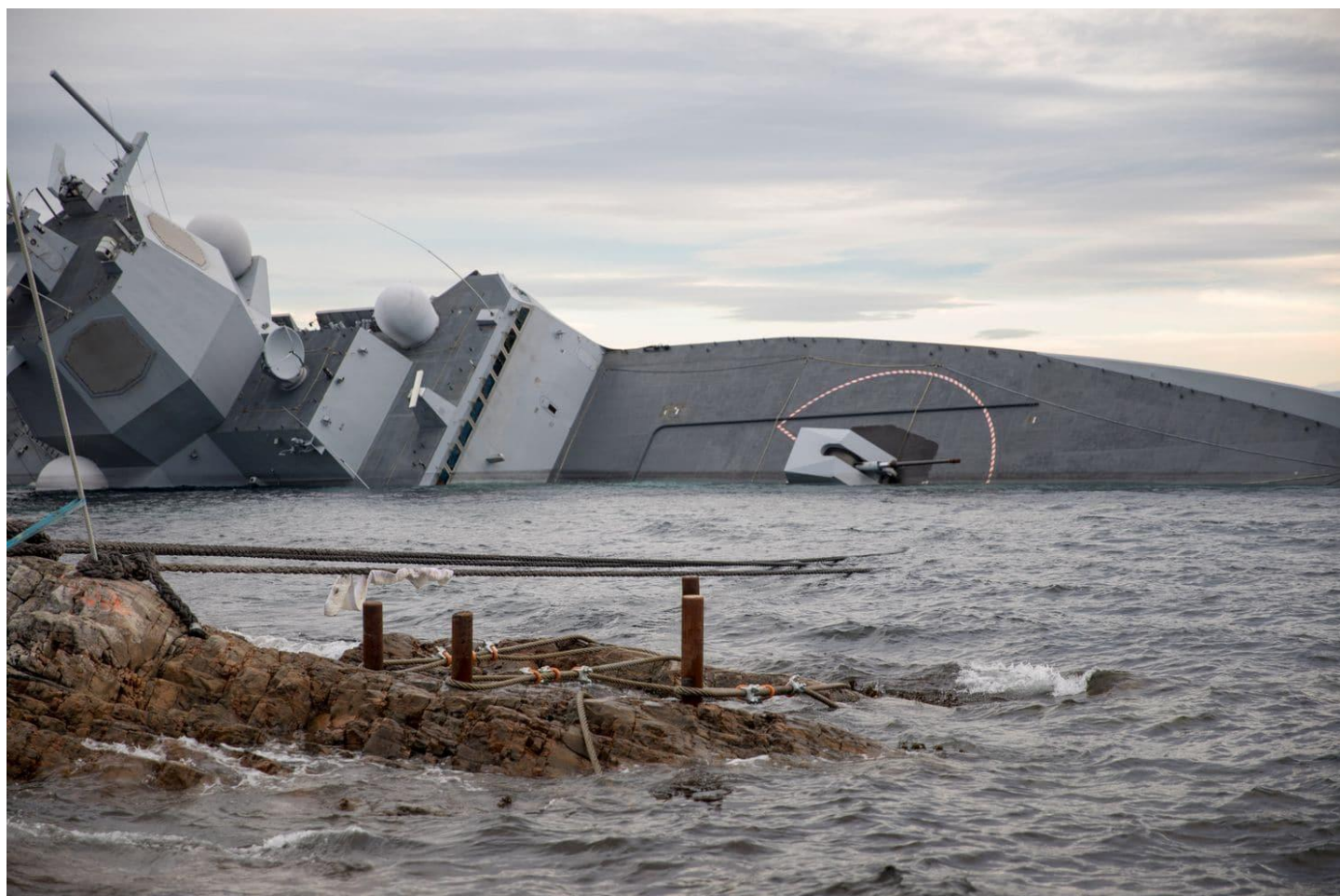
It made this degenerate grin.



# NAVY MATTERS

## U.S. Navy officer could face questions in Norwegian frigate collision

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The U.S. Navy expects one of its officers to be questioned as part of an investigation into the collision of a Norwegian warship and a commercial oil tanker in November, 2018 in one of the Scandinavian nation's fjords.

The American officer, who has not been identified, was onboard the Norwegian navy frigate as part of a military personnel exchange, according to U.S. and Norwegian officials. The sailor's role on the ship remains unclear.

The Nov. 8 incident ultimately sank the 439-foot Norwegian warship and left several people injured.

Norwegian naval officers beached the vessel — the *KNM Helge Ingstad* — in an attempt to save it, but the frigate sank five days later after the cables holding it in place snapped. The tanker it struck, the *Sola TS*, was nearly twice its size at 820 feet. It suffered only minor damage.

"The U.S. Navy has an officer assigned to the Personnel Exchange Program (PEP) with Norway as part of the crew of the *KNM Helge Ingstad*," Cmdr. Kyle Raines, a spokesman for the U.S. Navy's 6th Fleet, said in a statement. "This program exchanges personnel from various military components to foreign countries to enhance interoperability with partner navies and services. The concept was born out of the need for partners and allies to share ideas and build relationships."

Raines declined to identify the American officer by name, citing privacy interests. He said the U.S. Navy is supporting the Norwegian investigation.

Traditionally, investigators interview all officers onboard military ships involved in collisions, so the U.S. Navy expects the American officer to be questioned as well, officials said.

Ann Kristin Salbuviik, an official at the Norwegian Defence Ministry, confirmed that an American officer was onboard the ship but declined to specify the officer's duties.

"The exchange program has been established to share experiences and create a basis for good cooperation between our navies," Salbuviik said. "If incidents should occur or if there are situations that involve personnel on an exchange, there is a duty, according to the valid status agreement, to inform the sending state's military authorities, as well as to ensure that relevant authorities are put in contact with relevant national authorities."

Salbuviik said Norwegian authorities have notified their American counterparts but declined to elaborate.

The *KNM Helge Ingstad* was involved in a massive naval exercise last year — Trident Juncture 2018 — in which the U.S. Navy sent an aircraft carrier, the *USS Harry S. Truman*, north of the Arctic Circle for the first time in decades. The exercise was widely seen as a message to Russia.

The Navy has a tradition of hosting Norwegian military personnel and embarking its own personnel on foreign vessels through exchange programs. Participants typically serve two-year tours as a fully integrated member of the host nation's navy.

U.S. service members who participate in such programs are required to obey all orders from host commanders and remain subject to the American military's rules and regulations.

"Any individual who commits an offense against the host service code of discipline during the exchange assignment may be withdrawn from his or her assignment," according to the March 2018 order outlining the program. "If the offense committed by U.S. Navy exchange personnel against the host service code is also an offense against the [Uniform Code of Military Justice], disciplinary action may be taken against the individual by U.S. Navy authorities."

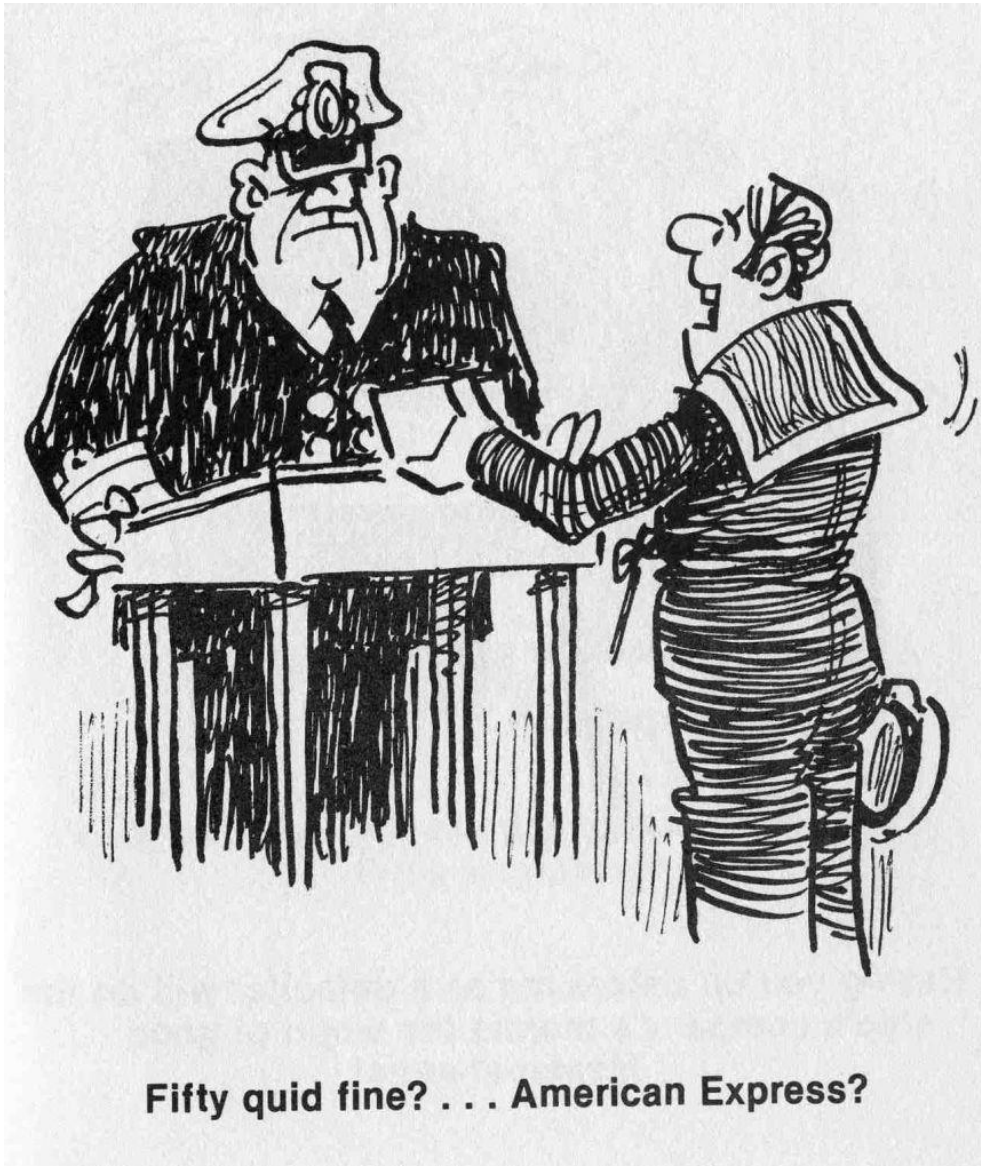
The incident comes at a sensitive time for the U.S. Navy, following two fatal collisions of guided-missile destroyers in the Pacific two years ago that together left 17 sailors dead.

Seven sailors died off the southern coast of Japan in June 2017 when the *USS Fitzgerald* struck a much larger container ship, and 10 sailors died two months later when the *USS John S. McCain* collided with another vessel off the coast of Singapore.



A Navy investigation of those disasters determined they were preventable and caused by "multiple failures" among service members who were standing watch the nights of the accidents. The service has since forced some personnel who were involved into retirement and launched court-martial proceedings against others.

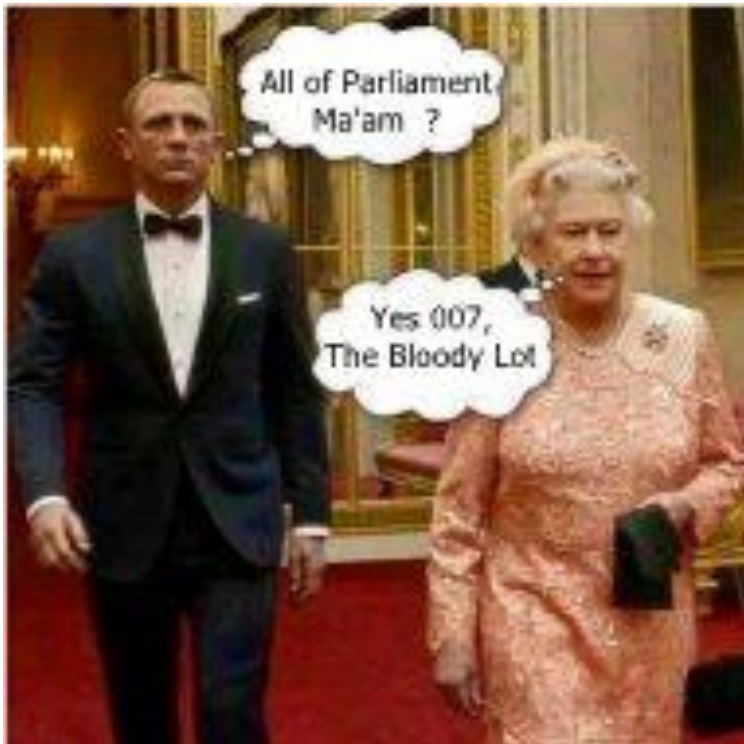
11 months later there is no clear news of the enquiry's outcome.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Brian. I knew Terry Willey (*August Magazine request by son for information*) but not terribly well as he was in a separate part of the mess from me. So sorry to read about Chatham NAAFI I spent my honeymoon there. **Tony Hackett.**

Thanks for the recent newsletter. Really enjoy and look forward to each one. **Derek Baldry**



Just thought this was funny. Hope nobody is offended. **Brian Saunders**





## NOZZERS GO WEST

*"You're supposed to call me Sir, really", their new Instructor had enlightened them in his new authority voice. Then adding almost as a confidence, "But I don't think you need to do that when we're alone", when it dawned on him that they had no intention of doing anything of the kind whether they were alone or not. PO Jury had put them wise on that one and no ferret-faced AB was about to be called sir, whatever his thoughts on the subject might be.*

**L**ater in the day half a dozen of them were sitting in the canteen, which was alongside the parade ground, when a call came over the Tannoy informing him he was wanted at the Main Gate. He got up and left. They never saw him again.


They were the new boys in a new environment and everything was a new experience for them and, naturally, a bit strange. Almost everything, as far as they were concerned at Ganges, revolved around the Parade Ground. Nelson Hall, the drill shed, faced them over on the far side and to their right; the POs Block completed the claustrophobic hemming-in. By and large the covered ways were "Out of sight - out of mind".

Pembroke barracks was different in that it was more open and, to some extent, they were allowed to walk about wherever they liked without someone on their case every few steps.

There was none of the old routine of, "Where are you going?", "Why are you going there?", "Who gave you permission?" or a dozen other unnecessary questions that they had endured in the past.

Unlike Ganges where the Parade Ground was the dominant feature, Pembroke Parade Ground was out of sight. It was over the other side of the road but it was sunken down quite a way and accessible from the accommodation blocks by descending concrete steps from the road. It could be ignored completely if their business didn't require them to be there. Being out of sight also kept that cloud of trepidation at bay; the cloud that had been part of Ganges.

Although they were "Boys" and being constantly reminded of that fact, despite having been to sea and seen foreign lands, they found Chatham barracks far less humiliating than Ganges. It

 certainly wasn't easy, no naval barracks ever was. It was not friendly and they hadn't expected it to be. It was formal rather than hard and maybe impersonal but in no way

did it appear to be threatening or brutal like their earlier home had been.

They had been met at Chatham railway station by a blue RN canvas-covered lorry on their arrival in their home-port town. As they were transported down towards Pembroke Gate they were aware of tall, imposing, red brick walls that seemed to surround and envelope them stretching ahead on both side of the road. Those walls were not a welcoming feature and, with



the road leading down the hill it appeared that they were being herded into the depths of some ungodly prison. It was not a good introduction, and as the lorry drew to a halt and they tumbled out, for their first real look of the place, they wondered what Chatham held in store for them.

However, they soon had more urgent things to occupy their minds. The lorry had taken their kitbags and hammocks up the road to outside Hawke Block where they were piled up on the side of the road to await them. Then with their Joining Routine inflicted upon them almost at once, thoughts of those dismal walls outside the gate were relegated to the back of the mind or, in most cases, forgotten completely.

Those walls, overpowering as they might be, were not typical of Pembroke and gave completely the wrong impression. They did not portray the spirit of the place one little bit.

Pembroke was good. Everyone secured at 1600 each day and there was no special treatment for the singling out of the boys. Their day also ended at the same time and they were left to their own devices after that just like everyone else.

There was a television room in Duncan and they made full use of that. Television was quite a novelty and they spent a lot of their free time in that room, watching. The majority of them

didn't have television at home - not many people did. Although there was a set on the stage in the upper hangar on the *Implacable*, this was the first time they had been allowed



to watch what they wanted and for as long as they wanted. Despite there not being a lot of choice it was good to be able to sit down and watch an entire programme without interruption.

Ginger loved that television set. They didn't have one at home. There were only a couple of people in the entire village that has one when he joined up. In fact in his house there wasn't even a radio. He used to go to friends' houses to listen to *Dick Barton - Special Agent* and that was good, but television was something else. It was never stated who that set had been installed for and there was hardly ever anyone other than a half dozen of the boys in the room of an evening. Who it belonged to never crossed his mind. It was there, it was on and he was quite happy whiling away a couple of hours of an evening. It was bliss. There were red leatherette-covered settees and armchairs to sit on and it didn't matter in the least if he dozed off for a few minutes occasionally. It was their own little haven, almost their own private world. No one came in demanding to know if their kit was up to standard like Acting Petty Officer Leverett would have done. In fact no one in authority came near the place. Their working day was over, they were free to do as they pleased and they made full use of the situation.

But all good things must come to an end and they realised that theirs was heading in that direction when, one day, they were ordered to go to the clothing store and draw tropical kit.

To be continued.....



There were two American tourists driving through Wales. As they approached **LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLLELLANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH** they started arguing about the pronunciation of the town's name. They argued back and forth until they stopped for lunch.

As they waited to be served, one tourist asked the girl behind the counter: "Before we order, could you please settle an argument for us? Would you please pronounce where we are .....and say it very slowly so we can understand?"

The girl leans over the counter and says: "Burrrrrrr-gerrrrrrr Kiiiiing."



# HMS CASSANDRA

By Malcolm Milham

When I worked at the pharmaceutical company, one of the guys I worked with thought I had always been a Pongo and I thought he had been, so we did not talk much about our service time. After I had known him about 15 years, I got the job of Deputy Parade Commander on Remembrance Sunday over at Margate.



As I stood in my allocated position I could see a couple of guys wearing the white Arctic Convoys beret, both with a chest full of medals, standing up at the location of the cross, but because of their age they did not march to the saluting or dismissal location. I asked after them and got told they would be up at the Legion, so I made my way up there. When I walked in, sitting there with his white beret and medals was my workmate, Dennis Whitehead, on our next night shift very little work got done as we sat and

swung the lamp.

Dennis was an 18 year old AB, RC3 Gunnery rating on the *Cassandra*, they were about to sail on the outward convoy **JW62**, to Murmansk and were in Iceland forming up when their skipper was taken ill and rushed to hospital. With no time to get a replacement the Jimmy, a Lieutenant G Leslie RN, took command and they sailed, however no longer a senior ship, but tail-end Charlie. The trip was fairly routine with the usual air attacks and U Boat skirmishes, but they arrived in Kola Inlet safely.



Lt. G.C. Leslie, R.N.

The return journey, **RA62** sailed on 10th December 1944 and cleared the inlet safely. Dennis had the morning watch in the TS, turning up just before 0400, relieved his mate and told him what a lucky B he was going to get in his hammock, not knowing

he would never see him again. The watch went well until at 0603 on 11th December the ship seemed to stagger, there was a sort of thump and all the lights went out.

Dennis is not sure how long after he came to his senses having apparently hit his head on the deckhead, the lights were still out and no emergency lights had come on. He worked his way around the bulkheads until he found the door and managed to get into the port passageway.

Needing to get his lifebelt he started off to the messdeck door, going forward to the mess, when a hand shot out of the dark stopping him and a voice said "Not this way son, go out to the upper deck", that person saved his life as the forward messdeck had gone, through the open door was the sea and several men had already made that mistake. In fact 62 men had perished in the last few minutes.

The men mustered near the funnel but had to be careful as there was a crack in the deck some 4 inches wide and the two sides were moving in opposite directions, a Stoker PO organised a Damage Control party and set off to do what was needed, in Dennis's opinion that man saved the ship during that morning.



Dennis started to get dizzy spells and was helped to the Wardroom which was now serving as a Sick Bay. He was due to be transferred to another ship which came alongside but the sea was too rough to attempt this. Eventually a Canadian Frigate managed to get a line across to them and they were towed, very gingerly, back to Kola Inlet. Christmas at home was now a no-no and they were allowed to send a cable home but only saying they were safe and well, "Merry Christmas", see you soon"; under no circumstance were they to give the ships name, what happened and where they were.



Eventually sometime in the new year a berth was found for him on a ship going back with another convoy, which was very welcome, but when she sailed there was no way he would go to the messdeck, he found a spot near the radar office and slept there until they arrived home.

On arrival they looked like a bunch of Merchant Seamen, with no RN uniform, just a box with bits of clothing in it that he had scrounged. Having got the basics of a uniform issued he was to be given three weeks survivors' leave, but had to appear before the Commander to be granted it.

An officer refused to let him appear before the Commander until he got a haircut, he could have killed him, not pleased he found the Chief for advice who said "Forget it" and passed him on to the next stage.

He finally got the leave and arrived home the next day. When he had finished hugging everybody his mother asked what Murmansk was like.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

"Oh it was stamped on the cable," she replied.

Dennis was a good buddy and told me many stories when we were together on night shifts. Sadly he died last year.

By the time a marine pulled into a little town, every hotel room was taken.

"You've got to have a room somewhere," he pleaded.

"Or just a bed, I don't care where."

"Well, I do have a double room with one occupant, he's a matelot," admitted the manager, "and he might be glad to split the cost. But to tell you the truth, he snores so loudly that people in adjoining rooms have complained in the past. I'm not sure it'd be worth it to you."

"No problem," the tired marine assured him.

"I'll take it."

The next morning the marine came down to breakfast bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

"How'd you sleep?" Asked the manager.

"Never better."

The manager was impressed.

"No problem with the other guy snoring, then?"

"Nope, I shut him up in no time." said the marine.

"How'd you manage that?" asked the manager.

"He was already in bed, snoring away, when I came in the room," the marine explained.

"I went over, gave him a kiss on the cheek, said, 'Goodnight, beautiful,' and he sat up all night watching me."





# SUNKEN SHIP OFF THE SHEPPEY COAST

If a sunken American cargo ship off the Sheppey coast was to blow up, it could cause a devastating tsunami. The words of a film director who has been studying the **SS Richard**



**Montgomery** for ten years and has warned the ship poses a serious danger.

In fact, the ship poses such a real threat it is constantly being monitored by the government.

The **SS Richard Montgomery** sank and split in two off the coast of Sheerness in August 1944 with around 1,400 tonnes of explosives on board.

Masts of the stranded ship can still be seen poking above the water, an eerie reminder of what lies beneath.

After spending the last 74 years almost completely submerged, time has taken its toll on the ageing ship and the government has previously warned the risk of explosions are more likely than ever.

According to a report by the Maritime and Coastguard Agency there are holes in the ship big enough to allow the explosives to escape.

Worryingly, there is a part of the wreck which still houses contains 2,000 cases of 'used and non-fused fragmentation cluster bombs' and 208 tonnes of bombs containing TNT.

If these explosives were to suddenly detonate, a catastrophic explosion could ensure which may endanger lives.

The site of the ship is constantly being monitored by the Maritime and Coastguard Agency and is well sign-posted to ensure no ships inadvertently wander into the path of the sunken danger.

Ken Knowles, a director who has been making a film about the ship for the past ten years, believes that the ship's condition is worsening and if nothing is done, large-scale disaster is inevitable.



He said that should the corroding ship's bombs explode, debris would cause damage to the area within a 20-mile radius.

What's more, he argues, there is a potential that the explosion could cause a tsunami.

"If the *Montgomery* went off it could cause a tsunami that would flood London," he said.

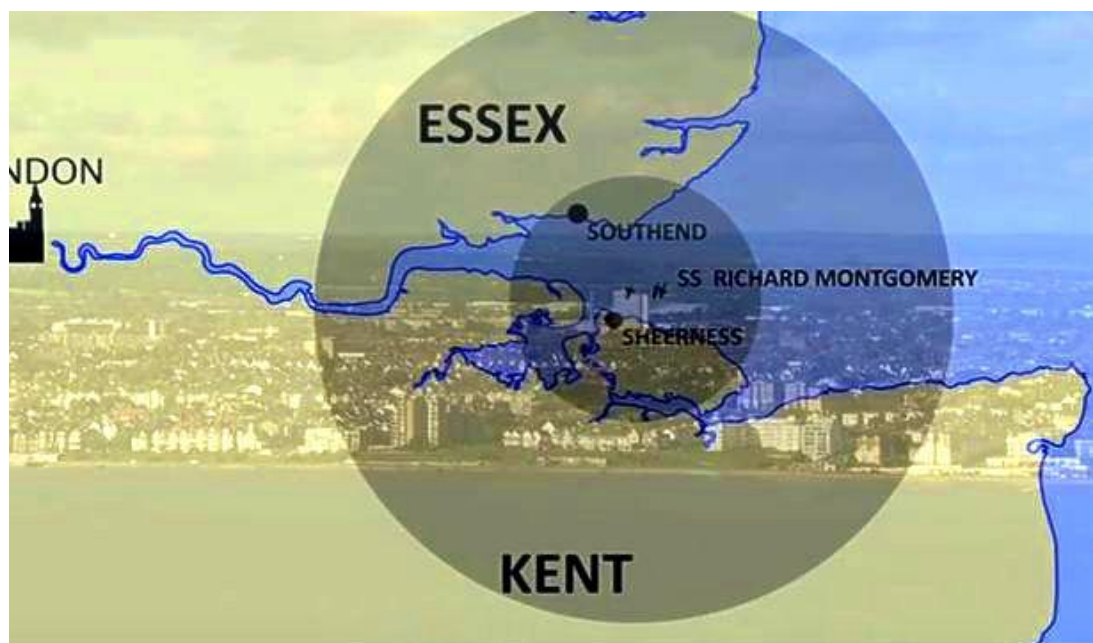
He also points out that despite the protective measures; there have been multiple occasions where calamity was narrowly avoided.

There have been near misses from cargo ships going up the Thames. They have been warned off by the Sheerness docks control tower," he said. Ken believes that most Sheerness residents take the ship for granted and do not feel it poses a threat.

He said: "It is something that most will say 'It has been there for 70 years. What are you worried about?' If you went into a pub and asked people about it, they would say 'Not the *Montgomery* again!'"

Despite this he said that during his studies into the ship, he had heard of one individual who ended up leaving Sheerness out of fear of the *Montgomery* and its bombs.

Should a team of bomb disposal experts attempt to diffuse or remove the *Richard Montgomery's* cargo, it would require evacuating everywhere within a 25-mile radius for months at a time, which Ken argues is realistically an impossibility.



He said: "When there is one bomb found in a high street, the bomb disposal team evacuates all the area within ten miles because that is the size of the area the bomb would affect. On the *Montgomery* there are hundreds of bombs."

Ken feels that the

Ministry of Defence is reluctant to find do anything about the *Montgomery* because currently, there is no clear way to tackle the problem.



"If you speak to any of the officials, they would say there is no solution," he said.

"Something is going to happen and it is quite sad really because nobody in a high position, even bomb disposal experts, have got a solution."

See the video by clicking [HERE](#)

Donald Trump goes on a fact-finding visit to Israel. While he is on a tour of Jerusalem he suffers a heart attack and dies. The undertaker tells the American Diplomats accompanying him, 'You can have him shipped home for \$50,000, or you can bury him here, in the Holy Land, for just \$100.'

The American Diplomats go into a corner and discuss for a few minutes. They come back to the undertaker and tell him they want Donald shipped home

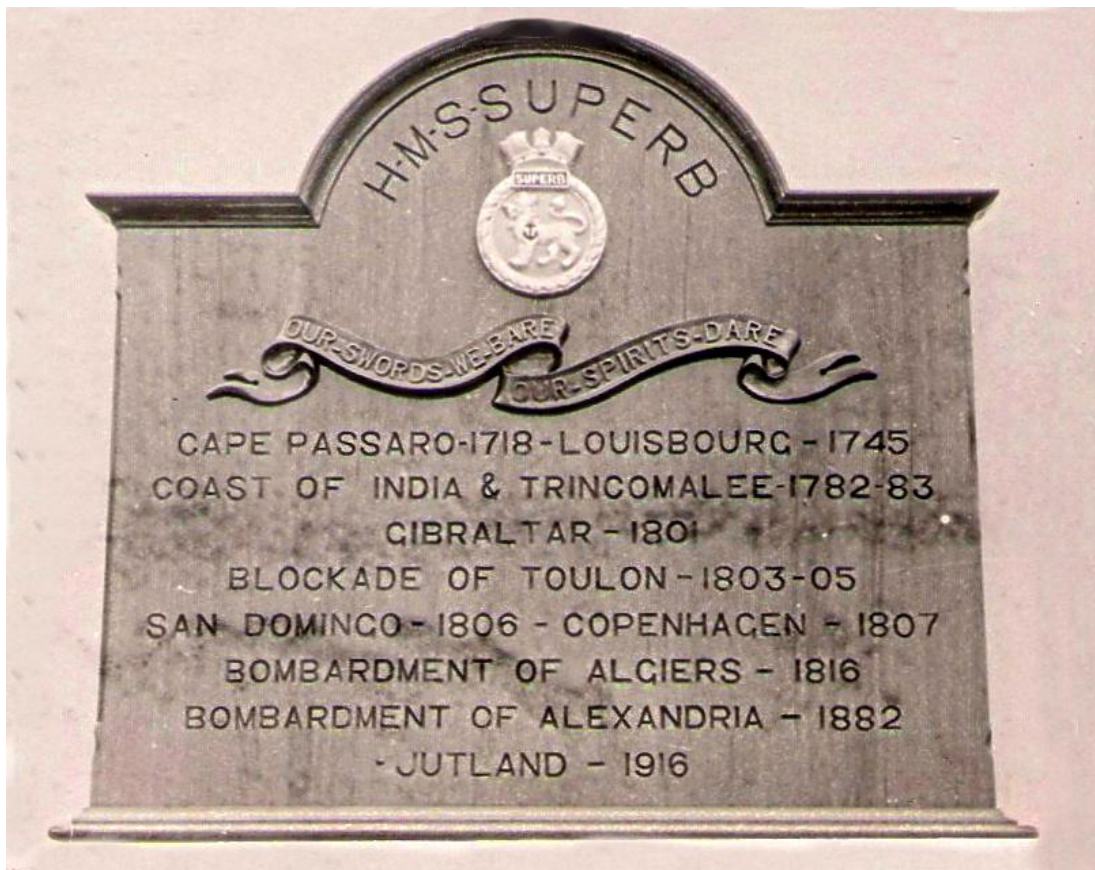
The undertaker is puzzled and asks, 'Why would you spend \$50,000 to ship him home, when it would be wonderful to be buried here and you would spend only \$100?

The American Diplomats replied, 'Long ago a man died here, was buried here, and three days later he rose from the dead. We just can't take the risk.'

Sent in by Tony Hackett

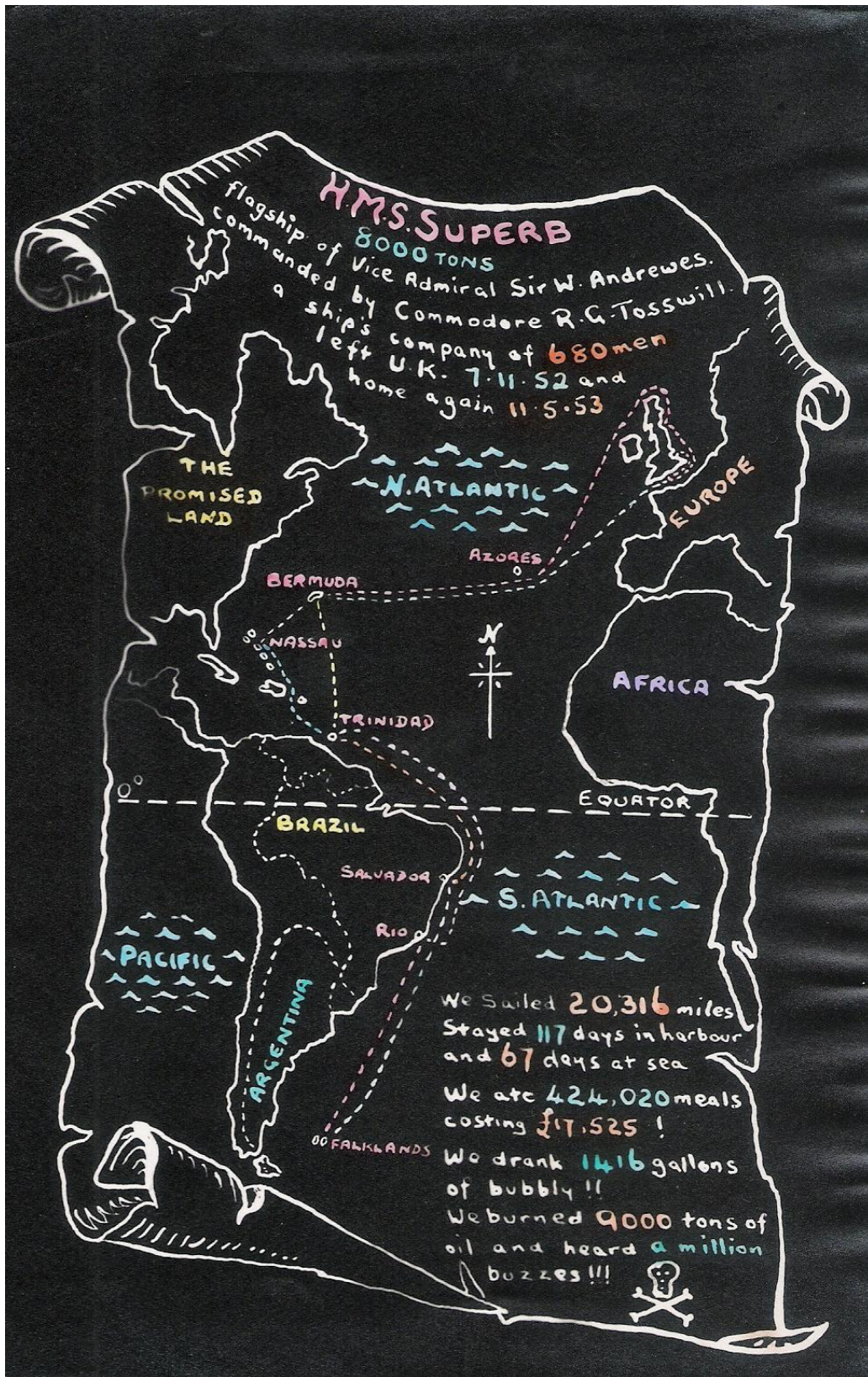


# PHOTO ALBUM



Do you remember where this was displayed ?





# CROSSED THE BAR



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

To go there please click [HERE](#)

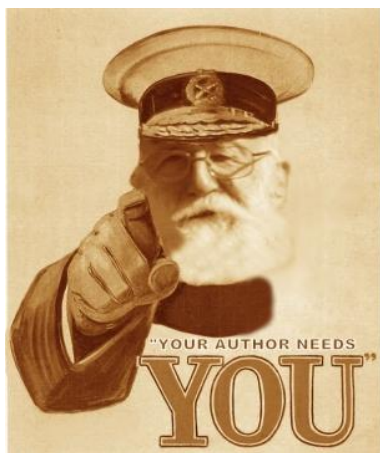


## Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



# SLOPS

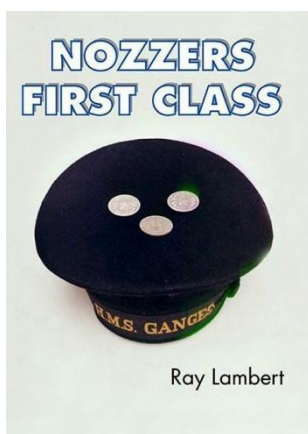
## Journalist & Best Selling Author



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

### Ray Lambert

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



Ray Lambert

### NOZZERS GO WEST



Ray Lambert



## Something for the Youngsters

### Phil Grimson

#### DOGBREATH the Dragon



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

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

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

**KINDLE DOWNLOAD £5.59**

**PRINTED VERSION £13.99 + P&P\***

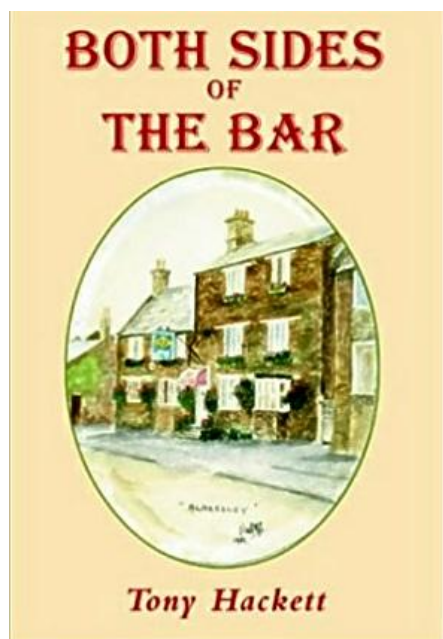
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

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



## Life After the Navy

### Tony Hackett



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

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

Available as a hard back book from Amazon at £12.99





# PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEOPLE

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

## From previous issues

The following message received from Derek Thompson, via Facebook

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

Neil Cooper, the son of Terry Willey, writes

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

## ARCHIVED CONTENT

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