

H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION ROBIN SMITH

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ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

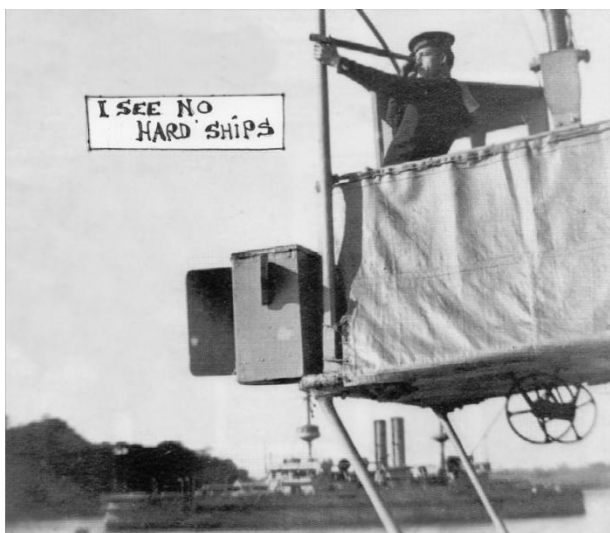
I have endeavoured to comply with the command issued at the last A.G.M., via Libby Saunders, in the official record of proceedings, now housed in the national archives at Kew. 'Onest strewth!

Gospel of St. John - 'In the beginning was the word'.

To spread that word, in an attempt to harvest new blood, I wrote all relevant information, brief and clear to Navy News. They require three months advance notice and issue no guarantees. Being seven months in advance we 'bonnie lads' should clew up on top of the heap by October.

An old adage advises, 'Tis better to travel hopefully than to arrive'; written, obviously, by a person minus British Rail experience.

Contact with British Legion magazine holds better hope. Their nationwide publication is really



well produced, glossy, instructional and interesting, about A4 size, with a large circulation, same lead time, they seem eager to help.

My third string defied the plucking; that is Kent radio. To any of an experimental nature I'd liken it to standing in the bull ring at warp factor six, trying to piddle into the wind - the only certainty is you will get your own back. But 'I see no hard ships', as instructed by that Noble Lord - will engage the enemy more closely - shortly!

You all know of Commander (Sharky) Ward; Fleet Air Arm pilot of renown, who led 801 N.A.S., demonstrated his prowess as a Harrier pilot in 1982 Falklands debacle, a most bitter and vocal opponent of the 'security review' that cancelled, forbid any further use of our Harrier Carriers or their aircraft.

I learned from reading an obituary that his son was an aircraft devotee. To pursue that calling his father (Sharky) advised best chance to become a fighter pilot was with the R.A.F. Following basic training his entire class was arbitrarily diverted to helicopters. That made him seek transfer to F.A. Arm via becoming a naval officer.

He joined 801 N.A.S. in 2001, eventually became senior pilot of the Strike Wing in 2009. He completed four tours in Afghanistan.



Not well known is that the R.N. contributed one third of Great Britain's effort there; Marines, helicopters, medical services, ordinance disposal, a splendid effort on slim pickings.

It is on record that Lieutenant Commander Kristian Ward (F.A.A. call sign 'Mental') was in H.Q. Northwood when P.M. Cameron visited following that 'security review'. Ward asked him 'How am I supposed to feel about that please Sir? I am a Harrier pilot, flew 160 missions in Afghanistan, am now unemployed!' Reports have Cameron's reply as 'ill informed'. Lieutenant Commander Ward resigned in 2012, rapidly became a senior Captain on Boeing 737's for Jet 2 airline. Accolades from flying instructors have him as one of the three most natural aviators to have passed through their hands.

He died suddenly, aged a mere 45, another of the Fleet Air Arm elite. For father and son to excel in the same type of aircraft for 'Queen and Country' must be a record.

Aircraft made redundant by that 'defence review;' were sold at scrap value to the U.S. Marine Corps, an organisation 'not known for making mistakes'. 18 airframes refurbished, modified just prior to sale, all had zero timed spare engines. That was nine-ish years ago and just prior to the ham-fisted cock up Cameron made in Libya, for want of a small carrier with installed 'strike wing' ---- Oh well, dream on.

Last week's report of successful conclusion in the Mediterranean of a major N.A.T.O. exercise had a nice picture of vessels that took part. Front and centre was a landing platform, not sure if an L.P.D. or L.P.H. - *U.S.S.Kearsage*.

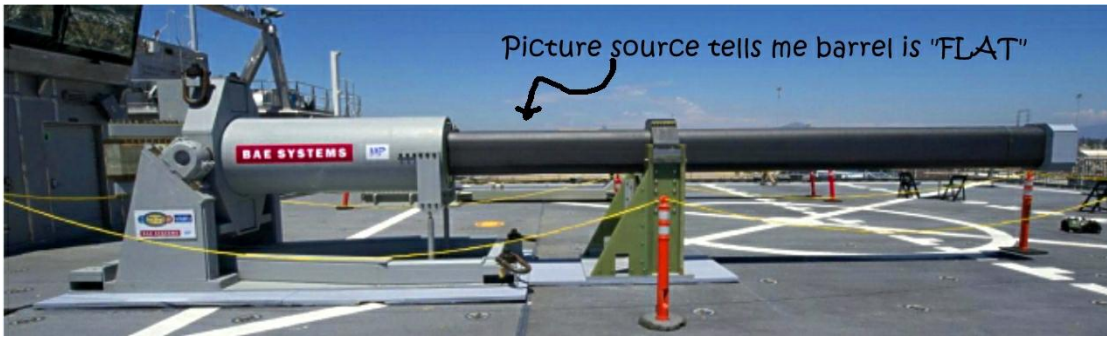
To twang ones *G*-string, lined up on deck was a U.S. Marine Strike Squadron - of HARRIERS, their weapon of choice. I would wager my finest Harrods String Vest at least one of those aircraft had chassis or engine number issued to *Ark Royal*, at least ten years ago.

All this is the result of inter-service rivalry by the R.A.F., who convinced our Joint Services political masters 'they only' should hereafter be sole operators of all 'fixed wing assets'.

The much used term 'joint' seems apt of late, not much time elapses before another tranche of service men or women test positive for cannabis, Joint Smoking. The benign old weed of years back, now genetically modified to a mind-warping time bomb; "Jointery" is alive and well in our military.

The e-mail newsletter article on use of E.M.A.L.S. (electric material approved list) in new carriers for 'lifts and ammo hoists' interested me. Was first aware of E.M.A.L.S from a Professor Laithwaite on evening BBC T.V. years ago. His proposed application was mass transit rail systems, a small example is built in Germany, now a modern rendition pays its way between Beijing and its airport, wheelless, noiseless, emission free and lightening quick. Today only known 'research and development' being conducted with vigour by 'national navies'. Catapult launch of aircraft, and the super efficient 'rail gun'. The U.K. was well up in this endeavour when decision to make our two new carriers 'castrated white elephants', minus catapults.





The entire U.K. programme was handed to the U.S. Navy to assist best possible system be fitted to Ford/Bush class of carrier with four

catapults each. Weight saved with no need for steam generation, space and complexity was, to builders, like a lottery win each hour of operation. To confirm our technical effort crossed the pond I offer a picture of a 'rail gun' aboard new class of 'U.S. littoral combat vessel' for trials, demonstration with maker's name clearly visible. Most recent reports say U.S. E.M.A.L.S. stalled! What that means is a guess.

On the other hand 'China Naval University of engineering openly claims a 'breakthrough in electromagnetic technology' with a working model gun at sea, on trials. From what one reads 'cyber espionage' is their shortcut to success; that seems a safe bet!

With second carrier 'fitting out' and a third well into modular construction, their need for 'electric catapults' is as pressing as Uncle Sam's. We will have to wait and see what extent miss-information plays in this game. Chinese model gun reported similar to U.S. test item, one of which the aforementioned B.A.Systems reportedly fires a projectile of 10 kgs. at mach 7 to 150 kms, propelled by .32 mega joule -what they are mystifies this country boy. A spec. like that is on par with small missiles/rockets.

Hope some of that makes sense shipmates, and life is being gentle with you all.



NAVY NEWS

The day the German navy surrendered in the Forth



The German fleet was escorted into the Firth of Forth

Ten days after the Armistice ended the fighting in World War One, the British navy celebrated a decisive victory without a shot being fired when the entire German fleet surrendered in the Firth of Forth.



It was the greatest gathering of warships the world had ever witnessed.

Nine German battleships, five battlecruisers, seven light cruisers and 49 destroyers - the most modern ships of the German High Seas Fleet - were handed over to the Allied forces off the east of Scotland.

The 70 German ships were escorted into the sheltered estuary north of Edinburgh by hundreds of Allied ships and aircraft.



"It must have been some sight in the Firth of Forth that day," says Ian Brown from the National Museums of Scotland.

"It was a sight that had never been seen before and will never be seen again," he says.



Surrender of the German Fleet observed from the decks of USS New York

Operation ZZ saw the mightiest gathering of warships in one place on one day in naval history.

The man in charge was the Royal Navy's commander-in-chief Admiral Sir David Beatty.

Under his command, in the early hours of

21 November 1918, the Grand Fleet began to raise steam and ease out of its moorings.

More than 40 battleships and battlecruisers set a course due east through the fog for the open water of the North Sea, about 50 miles beyond the Isle of May.

They were joined by more than 150 cruisers and destroyers heading for a final rendezvous with its mortal enemy - the German High Seas Fleet.

Arrangements had been made

in advance for the surrender but the British navy was still ready for action and on a war footing.

The Royal Navy was keen not to give the German fleet - the second biggest in the world - the chance to change its mind.

The Germans had been instructed beforehand their guns were not to be loaded and everyone but the engine crew were to be on deck.



Admiral Sir David Beatty watching the German High Seas Fleet heading for the Firth of Forth



In contrast, Admiral Beatty gave orders that his ships were to be ready for action with guns ready to be loaded at a moment's notice.

About 90,000 men of the British, American and French navies were aboard the ships.

As the Royal Navy's Grand Fleet sailed into the North Sea, it formed two massive columns six miles apart.

Just before 10:00 it met the Germans and their hulking crafts were led to their surrender by the British light cruiser HMS Cardiff.

"It was like a tiny little dog escorting in all these young bulls," says Mr Brown of the National Museums Scotland, which has a collection of photographs from the day.

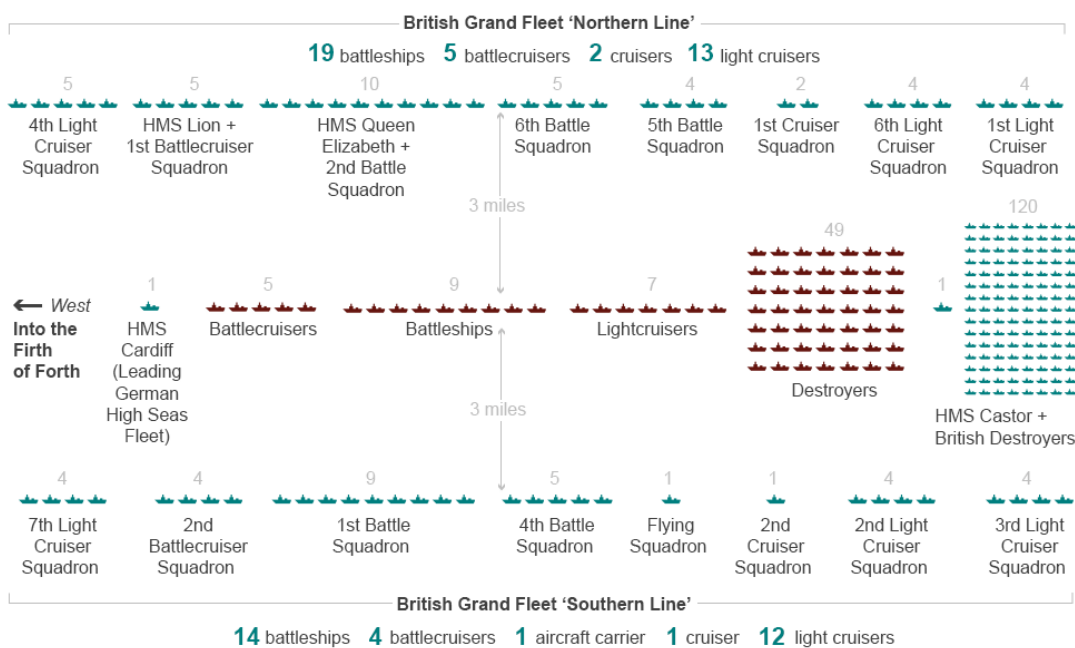
After sailing out beyond the Isle of May, the two Allied columns swung around 180 degrees and formed an overwhelming escort on either side of the Germans as they led them back into the Firth of Forth.

"It was a wonderfully choreographed manoeuvre," says Andrew Kerr, an Edinburgh lawyer and local historian who has studied the handover.

By early afternoon, the German ships were anchored under guard east of Inchkeith.

The rest of the British and allied fleet returned to its anchorage above and below the Forth Bridge, says Mr Kerr.

He says recently-rediscovered anchorage plans for the surrender show the German ships boxed in by British battleships and cruisers, with the destroyer lines extending eastwards into Aberlady Bay.



According to Mr Kerr, Rosyth in the Firth of Forth was the base for the Royal Navy's Grand Fleet.

The fleet had been based at Scapa Flow in Orkney from the beginning of the war until the Forth was made safe enough to defend in early 1918.



"It had taken all that time to make the estuary here safe enough for the ships," he says.

In a mark of the final surrender of the former enemy, Admiral Beatty issued the order for the German ensign to be taken down at sunset and not hoisted again without permission.

"That was it," says Mr Brown.

"'You have surrendered. You are now our prisoners'."

Mr Brown says the two largest naval fleets in the world had been incredibly important in WW1.

As an island nation which was dependent on imports to feed itself, Britain had to rule the waves.

Defeat at sea by Germany could have led to blockade, possible starvation and surrender.

The superpower fleets had met at the Battle of Jutland in 1916 and it was "debateable who won", Mr Brown says.

Did anyone win the Battle of Jutland?

"The Germans say they won because they sank more British ships but the British say we won because the German navy never ventured out of port again," he says.

The Royal Navy's superiority in numbers was designed to make defeat in battle impossible and bottle up the Germans on the other side of the North Sea.

According to Mr Kerr: "Without the navy, the blockade of Germany would not have been possible.

"It was the blockade that led finally to the collapse of the German nation and the seeking of Armistice terms."

The blockade of Germany meant that by 1918 it was the Germans who were hungry, not the British.

'Ultimate humiliation'

Mr Brown says: "Just before the Armistice, the German navy had been planning to come out but there was a mass mutiny, basically the sailors refused to leave port.

"Then you have the Armistice and 10 days later you have the humiliation of having to come to one of the home ports of the Royal Navy."

"It is the ultimate humiliation for the German High Seas fleet."

Within a week the German fleet were escorted to Scapa Flow where they were interned until June 1919.

Having learned of the possible terms of the Treaty of Versailles, which would have shared the ships among the Allies, the caretaker German crew on board the ships scuttled them by opening flood valves and watertight doors and smashing water pipes.

A senior German officer declared at the time that this act had wiped away the "stain of surrender" from the German fleet.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Great Brian! I turned my iPad 45 degrees and got the full scrip on portrait position. So don't need you to send as an attachment. **Robin Smith**

A first class effort with the current Newsletter Brian and thanks for the plug for NOZZERS GO WEST, not forgetting the two flyers. **Ray Lambert**

Thank you so much for all your hard work putting this magazine together. You do a great job and it is much appreciated. Really enjoy it..Kind regards **Derek Baldry**





A Matelot's Lament

(In the Slangage of Pusser)

Discovered & submitted by Norman Webber

There were mis-musters, slop chits, tot time and pay.
There was rising and shining and hitting the hay.
There were thickers and strongers and neaters as well.
There were DQs and chokey and the tiller flat cell.

There was aft and for'ard, abeam and abaft.
To civvies this cackle seemed very daft.
But to us in the Andrew it didn't seem strange.
Like the draft chits the Jossman could always arrange.

We were always being seen off and getting green rubs
And chasing up rubbers and looking for subs.
We ate yellow peril and Pussers red lead.
And then nine o'clockers before time for bed.

There was going ashore like a great herd of cattle.
And getting filled in and put in the rattle.
There were buzzes that came from the old galley range.
And the Jimmy whose antics could seem very strange.

There were runs up to Singers, we ate Bugis Street grub
And trips out to Honkers and the China Fleet Club.
There were limers and kye we'd drink down below
And at "Up Spirits", two and one, gave us a glow.

There were times that we'd feel everything's fine
And times when we'd say, "Oh roll on my nine".
And when nine finally came and we were out on the dole
In old Civvy Street where we knew not a soul.

We remember the nutty and stale sticky buns
And dread we'll be missing all the best runs.
We'll think of the Andrew and wish we were back
In bells, silk and lanyard, a real tiddy Jack.





JOTTINGS OF A VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN

by Ray Lambert

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Wassermatter? I'm make and mend.'

Away he went but almost at once he was back. 'Why do you have a make and mend?' 'I was shore patrol, now kindly go away'. Bloody hell, just as I started to look for Betty again, he was back. 'Who gave you a make and mend?' 'The GI was duty PO. Go and ask him.' Good grief he was straight back again. This time I lost my usual over-politeness but he was too fast for me and (lucky for me) he was at the top of the ladder in record time. 'You're on charge Lambert' he shouted down, 'report to the OOW'.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two women were playing golf. One teed off and watched in horror as her ball headed directly toward a foursome of men playing the next hole.

The ball hit one of the men. He immediately clasped his hands together at his groin, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in agony.

The woman rushed down to the man, and immediately began to apologise. 'Please allow me to help. I'm a Physiotherapist and I know I could relieve your pain if you'd allow me, she told him..

'Oh, no, I'll be all right. I'll be fine in a few minutes,' the man replied. He was in obvious agony, lying in the foetal position, still clasping his hands there at his groin.

At her persistence, however, he finally allowed her to help. She gently took his hands away and laid them to the side, loosened his pants and put her hands inside.

She administered tender and artful massage for several long moments and asked, 'Howdoes that feel?'

He replied: It feels great, butI still think my thumb's broken





JOLLY JACK'S INITIATION

(By Sharky Ward)

After my year at that wonderful Boy's Academy that was world renowned for its kindness to young boys I was eagerly awaiting a new beginning, goodbye to *HMS Ganges*. After all I had passed all of my seamanship courses with flying colours with the fatherly assistance of the Gunnery instructors. They were men with kind voices who were always there to help us by transferring their knowledge gained over many years by administering a hefty clout to various parts of your skull with an eleven inch long piece of one inch Manila with a knot at the end.

It's surprising how quickly you can learn all of your knots & splices with a three badge Petty Officer G I in close proximity who by his very trade, a Gunnery man, didn't miss his mark very often with what he called his "Stonarky".

Talk about Global Warming! After you'd copped it on the same lughole 3 times they glowed bright red.

I fell foul of the Master of Arms through various misdemeanours and twice he had two petty officers strap me down over a chair and administered a large thick cane that left me with a backside with all the grooves of an Anderson Shelter plus the colours of the rainbow. Six strokes you would think would make you keep your head down for a while. But not me I just had to get stupid and get another lot later on.

He was a big bloke and he put all his weight behind it, I can't understand it when you read in some of those sex magazines that people actually pay to have that done to them.

Ganges taught me how to head-butt or work out when it was coming in. I know knew loads about female anatomy, a subject that was openly discussed 24 hours a day and my knowledge of foul language was impressive to the extent of learning some Maltese expletives from a lad from Gozo.

So what with endless square bashing and a bit of Navigation thrown in I felt that at the ripe old age of 15 years I was gradually earning the right to wear the uniform.



For our sail training out of Harwich we were under the tender care of a Chief PO by the apt name of Merryweather, that nutter used to take us out in what we thought were gale force winds, he had us cowering on the bottom boards with water coming over the

gunwales. There's him up there at an angle of 45 degrees with water streaming down his oilskins bawling at me to shin up the mast and "Dip the Stick" when going on a different tack.

But we had "been there and done that" so now we were off to our first ship, we had to travel down to Devonport and we arrived at 00.30 on a Saturday morning. The cooks did us proud with a welcome meal of ham & bacon that had been in the heater all day and had now turned into leather.

If they thought that a little thing like lousy grub was going to put us off they hadn't reckoned with boys who had been kept constantly hungry for a year; to the cooks disbelief, we scoffed the lot.

When someone said that we were going on the *Indefatigable* I didn't know then just what an *Indefatigable* was - I don't even think that I was all that bothered. When we got to the bottom of the gangway all I could see was a bloody great steel wall of light grey with loads of portholes and noisy fans sucking air in and some sucking air out. Verifying to me that with all the rest of the racket going on I would be denied sleep for the rest of my life.

There was one aircraft aboard covered up with tarpaulin and below, the hangers had been divided up into mess decks for hundreds of lads from various naval establishments. Many wearing a white ribbon under their hat tally denoting that they were under officer training.

All the officers were referred to as "Pigs" probably due to the fact that that was the way they treated us. They treated their own kind even worse. The old class system was still up and running strong. Just about all those lads doing the officer training had changed their names from something like Charlie Andrews to Charles Smyth Andrews or anything that hinted of a Coat of Arms. It made you to cringe listening to some lad with a strong Lancashire ascent trying to sound like some prat from Eton.

We sailed for Casablanca and it turned up rough. An aircraft carrier isn't just happy pitching and rolling it gets a kind of screwing action - it made you feel sorry for the poor sod on the wheel trying to correct all the while. If things were not quite uncomfortable enough a couple of the cooks had a brainwave. Probably the same two who had done our ham & bacon.

As usual when Rounds were finished at night we took the mess deck "Fanny" down to the Galley for our ration of "Kye" - it's something akin to Cocoa that you can stand your spoon up in - and also a packet of ships biscuits.

The way I heard it was that they put some stuff in the Kye that they test for the salt content of the ships condensers. Some said it was silver nitrate but that word was probably picked as it sounded good. But whatever it was they were found out and received 21 days in D Qs when we got to Gibraltar.



You sling your hammock pretty high on these ships and there ain't no way of getting out using just one hand. My stomach started doing U turns about 2.30 in the morning then all hell broke loose. I tried to squeeze the cheeks of my backside together but to no avail. When I did get out I joined the throng of all the other poor stinking sods trying to shuffle down to the heads.

There were queues of up to 10 writhing about waiting at each of the cubicles but of course the ones that had gotten on couldn't get off, some had to go in the showers and even in the spit kids. I joined the bunch hanging their behinds over the guardrails on the cable deck, what with the wind howling through the cable deck it's anyone's guess where half of it ended up! A couple of the officers had also partaken of the Cocoa, hence the 21 days awarded to the cooks.

Four days later the Captain decided that he would go into the entertainment business and put on a show for the hundreds aboard with a demonstration by the *Ganges* lads on how to launch a whaler in rough weather - with me as Bowman. As the Bay of Biscay isn't renowned for its calmness the stage was set for a typical RN cock-up.

The Robinson's Disengaging Gear is designed for a quick release of the boat and is usually a failsafe device i.e. a small steel pin which is "moused" (wrapped) in a bit of wire. So with the davits being wound out we were lowered to a point where we waited for the next large wave.

At the start, the orders the officer should have given were "Lower Away" then shout down to the boat's Coxswain, "Already in the Boat?" Upon which the Coxswain shouts out "Out Pins" - whereupon I unwrap the wire take out the pin and hold my arm up. The man in the stern sheets does the same to his end of the gear.

When the Coxswain has checked everything he gives the answering shout back up to the officer, "All ready in the Boat, Sir". Watching the next large wave the officer's next order should be "Slip" and the boat's Coxswain would slip from where he stood in the boat.

No doubt wanting to make a good impression on his senior officers, the Officer in Charge of the lowering decided to do it his way and dispense with all that silly crap from the Coxswain telling him about the boat being ready.

He was ready so he just shouted "Slip".

Down we shot. With my arm still raised denoting that I had removed my pin I quickly worked out that I was going to be the first one who was going to get his underwear wet, because we were by now, just hanging at an angle from the after falls and the scramble to stay dry was beginning to enter the minds of the rest of the crew.



I took an almighty leap and managed to reach the end of a rope. On reflection, I suppose now at my advanced years, and after reading endless tales of Royal Navy courage I should have stayed at my post in the bows, saluting as I submerged. However, once I had gotten hold

of that rope, "Old Nick" himself wasn't going to get me off and I pulled and hauled in spite of the large waves dragging on me.

Don't ask me how I did it but I did it; hand over hand I hauled myself all the way up that bloody great Carrier until I was level with the Boat Deck. Down below me the boys were being washed out of the now fragmenting boat by every wave, some frantically clinging to pieces of boat debris.

Indefatigable, still having way on her was helping to distribute the lads to different parts of the Ocean so, with those lovely "'Whoop, Whoop" noises that Destroyers make, other ships were dashing about trying to collect all those who had left the "*Indefat*" without permission!

Luckily no one was lost but it put the wind up all the officers from the Captain down - I think they were a bit afraid of the lurid headlines that would be shortly appearing in the *Daily Mirror*!

With good intention heaving lines were thrown down to some of the lads bobbing up and down in the water below but once they had the ropes wrapped around their arms the departing waves left them dangling a long way above the Boot Topping.

It wouldn't have been very pretty if one had gotten tangled around someone's neck. Three of them, who hanging on to some oars and bottom boards, were picked up quite a way from the ship by one of the accompanying Destroyers.

This gave us a laugh later as one of those rescued lads was blessed with very large ears. Later, below in the mess, the two who were with him were constantly being moaned at and asked why the hell had they clung to the same wreckage as him!

Over howls of laughter they were told that with his lugs they would have been off the Azores by the morning.

The last to be manhandled aboard was a lad from southern Ireland pretty well exhausted. I suppose at one time he had kissed the Blarney Stone as he laid there with the water running off him out poured the immortal words "Don't save me - save the lads". The poor sod was to spend the rest of his navy days living to regret ever coming out with that one. The P..s -takers saw to that.

I, having climbed as far up as I could, was dangling there pretty well wet and knackered. With the throng of officers on the boat deck urging me to reach out to be pulled aboard I received the distinct honour of the Commander with two others hanging on to his legs heaving me inboard by my family jewels.



An officer, it might have been the one responsible for the whole cock-up, decided that the boat could and should be recovered and went swimming away only to receive a broken arm.

Oh happy days!

EVER WONDERED ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES?

By Brian Saunders

Back in the 18th and 19th centuries whenever the French fleet was in port, the call to arms or indeed the recall to ship when the navy was due to put to sea, was not always easy. Most of the sailors were lying around in their homes or lying drunk in some tavern or some woman's arms, and alarm clocks as we know them hadn't been invented

It was necessary therefore to send out runners on foot to rouse the crews and order them back on board.

The runners would race down the local streets calling for the matelots to get back on board shouting "**À L'EAU - C'EST L'HEURE**" (literally GET TO THE WATER - IT'S TIME TO GO) indicating the sailors should make their way to the quay as quickly as possible as it was time for the ship to depart.

One wonders - well I do ! -was that the origin of the humorous camp English language greeting, popular some years ago, and often said in a lisping voice - 'Allo sailor.

Food for thought?





MALCOLM MILHAM'S SHIPS

Malcolm was in the Navy for 9 years, followed by 9 years as a TA soldier. In 1965 he was sent to Aden as a Section Commander attached to 45 Commando.



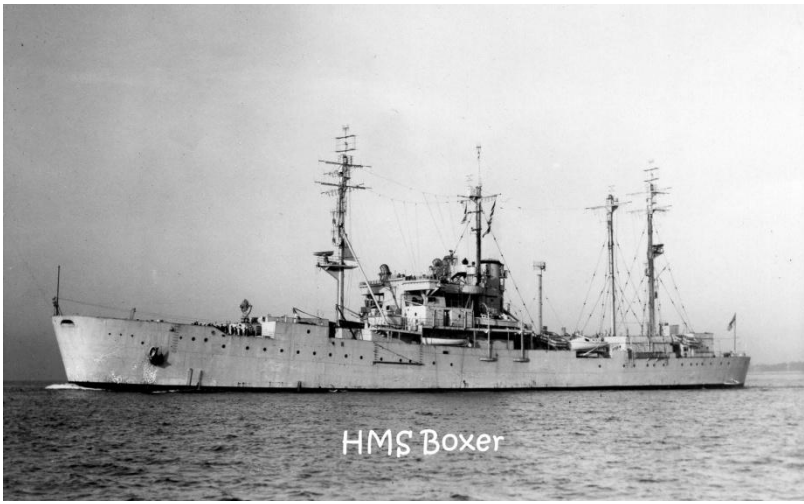
This is my first sea going ship, **HMS Widemouth Bay**, it's pronounced Wid-E-Mouth. A little WW2 Frigate. I was on her finishing my training from Oct 1952 until March 1953 up in Rosyth.



HMS Superb, a 6" gunned Cruiser. Joined her in May 1953, Coronation Fleet Review and then foreign. First stop Bermuda, then all the ports in New England USA, starting in Boston Mass, Portland Maine, Bar Harbour, Halifax, Nova Scotia, St Johns, Newfoundland, Quebec, Newport, Rhode Island, New York. We left NY early owing to an emergency down in British Guiana,

riots had broken out after elections. We landed troops and went into Trinidad, which is close by. Then another cruiser relieved us and we came home via Bermuda again.



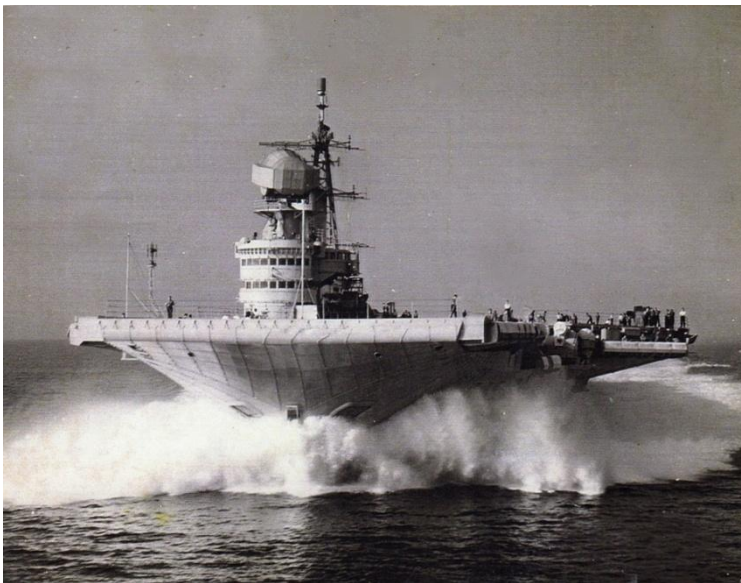


end of WW2.

3rd ship, **HMS Boxer**, ex tank Landing Ship WW2, landed at Anzio and Sicily, then involved in D-Day. I was now qualified as a Navigators Yeoman and went on her for 6 months, training RNR reservists on their radar. We went in and out of Portsmouth each day, in every weekend unless we were away, such as Bremerhaven, Germany and Jersey for the 10th anniversary of the



HMS Chieftain, Nov 1955 to May 1957, Navigators Yeoman, Mediterranean Fleet. She is the same as HMS Cavalier now in Chatham Museum. Cyprus patrols for EOKA gun runners, then the attack on Port Said for the Suez Crisis. April 1957 escorted Royal Yacht with the Queen onboard for state visit to Lisbon Portugal.



My last ship, **HMS Victorious** in a hurry.



Malcolm (right) with oppo





HMS Victorious was possibly my favourite ship, I was seasick on all the others but not her. I was now qualified as an RP2, working in the Air Defence Room, a really interesting job, I was an Intercept Officers Assistant, that meant helping guiding our aircraft around the skies, intercepting incoming aircraft, directing them onto targets, also for bombing or strafing runs. I passed for Leading Seaman in 1959 and all was going well. By the end of the

year I had to take my release from the service and head off into Civvy life.

VISIT THE COPPER RIVET DISTILLERY



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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)

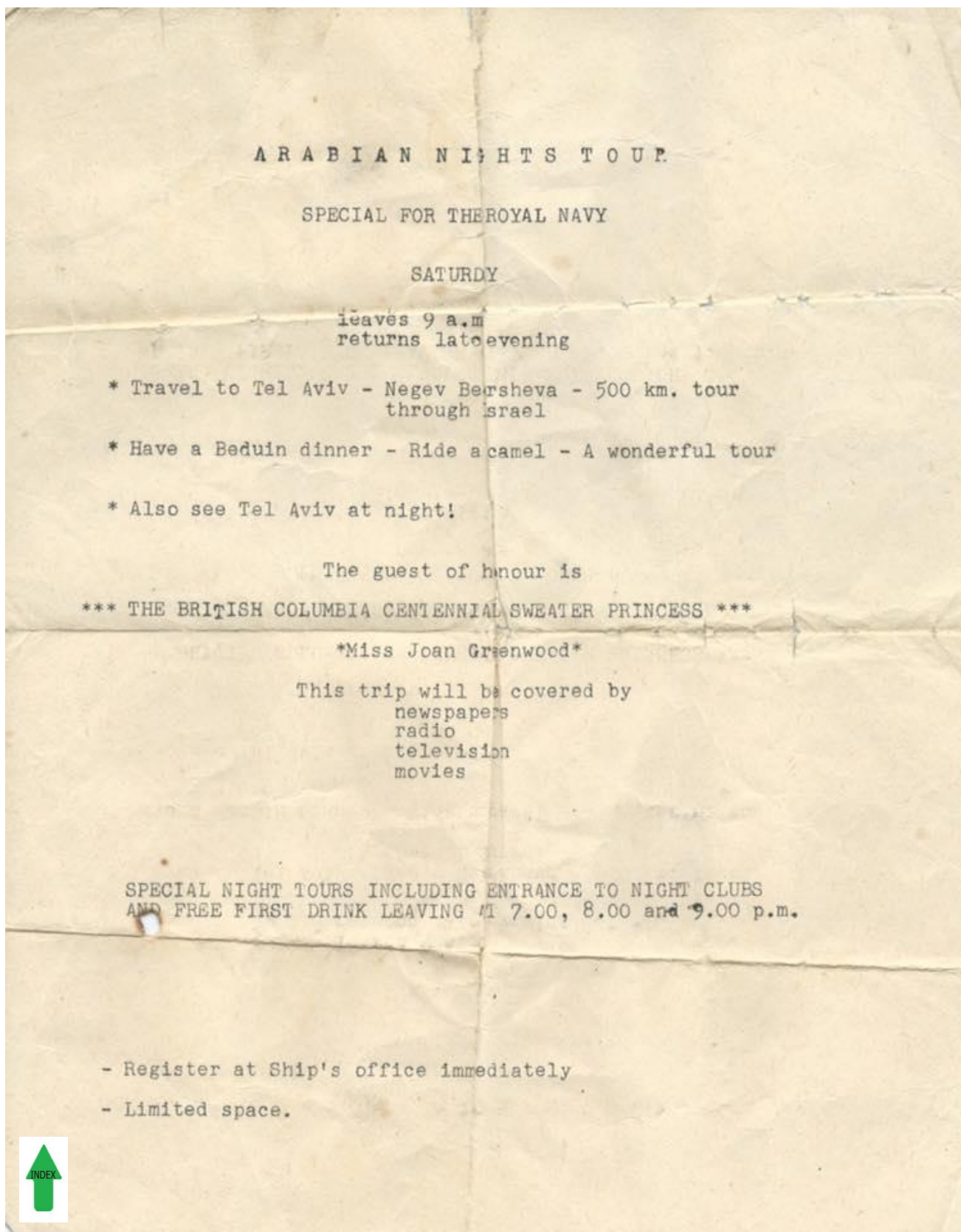
**Les Vanstone, Royal Marine served on Superb on 1954/55 A&WI.
Await further details from daughter**



PHOTOS

This was taken from the notice board HMS Dunkirk 1958.

I bet they don't do runs ashore like this anymore.



REUNION REMINDER

THIS YEAR'S REUNION WILL BE HELD OVER THE WEEKEND OF FRIDAY 4TH AND SUNDAY 6TH OCTOBER

Robin will be sending out the Booking Forms later in the year but you can download one here if you would like to book early

To download and print a booking form now click on the badge



**SAME
PRICES AS
LAST YEAR**

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

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?

**IF YOU CANNOT MAKE THE WHOLE WEEKEND AND LIVE LOCALLY -
COME FOR THE SATURDAY DINNER ONLY**

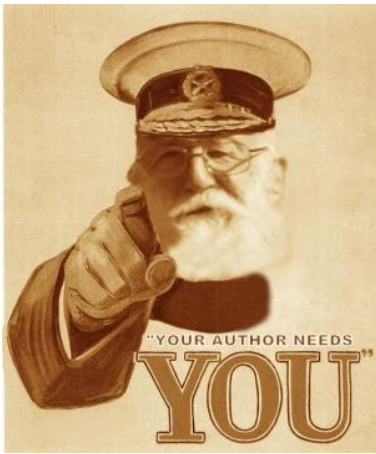


SLOPS

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 Saunders at brian@hmssuperb.co.uk

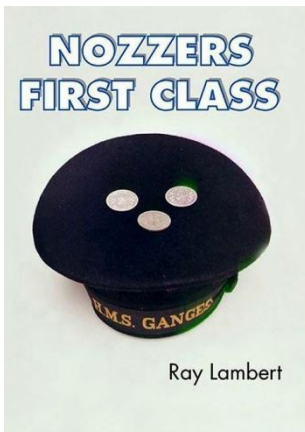
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Ray Lambert

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Ray Lambert

NOZZERS GO WEST



Ray Lambert



Something for the Youngsters

Phil Grimson

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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.

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

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



Life After the Navy

Tony Hackett

BOTH SIDES OF THE BAR



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

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



MEMBERS RECEIVING THE MAGAZINE

Andy **Brierley** (1954) - Derek **Baldry** (1956) - Alf **Brown** (1954) - Derek **Baldry** (1956) - Bob **Butcher** (1951) - Ron **Clay** (1956-57) - Bill **Cook** (1956) - Jim **Copus** (1954) - Nick **Crump** (USN 1954 - USA) - Phil **Grimson** (1953 & 1954) - Tony **Hacket** (1953) - Alan **Harmer** (1955 - 56) - Joe **Heaton** (1956) - Brian **Hill** (1954) - Charlie **Kingston** (1956) - Ray **Lambert** (1955) - Peter **MacDonald** (1949-51) - George **Messmer** (USN 1954 - USA) - Malcolm **Milham** (1953) - Frank **Nunn** (1954) - Dave **Perrin** (1954) - Brian **Saunders** (1954 - 55 France) - Rob **Smith** (1956) - Brian **Turner** (Associate) - John **Ward** (1953) - Norman **Webber** (1956)

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

ARCHIVED CONTENT

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

[December, 2018](#)

[January, 2019](#)

[March, 2019](#)

