

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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ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

The anniversary of V.E. Day came, but the 'virus' curtailed commemoration services planned.

An obscenity of that time was perpetrated by the political class who decreed, 'the massive victory parade in the capital', that accommodated more international contingents than fingers on your hands, would, on no account, have a Polish Contingent.

I have thought, and written, about a few admirals who I did not think were 'the value of the braid on their cuffs'

There is one stalwart whose name, alas, I do not know. He, also, was issued the instruction; "No Polish naval contingent must march in the Plymouth Victory Parade". As a garrison town it was to be a noteworthy affair.

The Admiral's remit of western command encompassed the H.Q. of Polish Naval Service.

His acknowledgement, back to London, stated; NO POLISH NAVAL CONTINGENT - NO ROYAL NAVY CONTINGENT'.

That really sent a frigid wind through the corridors of Whitehall. THE POLES MARCHED.

I wonder if that admirable Admiral ever suffered for 'standing up' for his command.

I once thought it a fanciful tale - but - it surfaced recently in the reader mail letter in the Daily Telegraph and has gone unopposed.



We could remember that one of the most prominent memorials at Monte Casino Monastery is for 11000 Polish killed thereabouts in W.W.2. Hardly an inconsequential number, their contribution to subdue the wily Hun at that place.

Much closer to home, was the dedication of the memorial on the roadside, outside Northolt airfield, to the 'countless Polish aircrew' killed in W.W. 2, I've not had the time to find the number.

I have a vague recollection of style and size from a picture in an aircraft magazine; I've not seen it in person but always intend to search it out; west, just down the road from Heathrow.

Dedication day was boycotted by the party in power at the time, Labour, so as not antagonise the Russians; the self-same reason for the London/Plymouth debacle.

Does one need a better example of Parliament's bankruptcy?

I am aware the Polish immigration was a bone of contention, a few years back, which has been abated, replaced by Mideast/African nations, which continue apace.

My own experience of Poles was hard-working, got to work on time and left mobiles in their bags, concentrating on the governor's business instead of scrolling, a fixed stare on a phone, oblivious to the job in hand.

I think they have a virtue of 'prime importance', to us chickens, simply being Christian, Roman Catholic specifically.

I learned, a couple of days ago, following the World Trade Centre attack, the aircraft that flew into the pentagon, wiped out the entire United States Navy Command Centre.

Remarkable Resilience had the Command operating at an alternative base before daybreak the following day. What a prime example of 'contingency planning' when the death toll of countless figures is factored in it can have no equal.

I was staggered to learn of the number of aircraft in the air over continental U.S.A. (5,600 at that time) given a no option emergency order - "Land at nearest airport, immediately, or be shot down". The majority being multi-engine civilians and cannot help wondering how our 'delicate atmosphere' copes with that usage round the clock.



Another around the clock occurrence, day in day out, that concerns me is the 600 to 700 illegals a day escorted to 'safe waters' off Dover by the French navy, who are only doing their humanitarian duty; lovely picture of their vessel in the Daily Mail today!

Our Border Force boat is most often, seen in that place drifting in circles with R.N.L.I., escorting when needed

those illegals to waiting reception committees ashore.

Meanwhile at Prime Minister's question time, on the floor of the House, one of our Liberal Elite, M.P. Ann Soubry, spends her allotted time castigating the P.M. over the state of his hair cut and dishevelled appearance. That the nation goes to hell in a hand-cart concerns her not at all.

Britain had just been handed the largest fraud opportunity in its history, personal debt climbs to stratospheric levels whilst on the floor our leaders posture as if we were a first world nation, prattling about the inconsequential ...

Current fashion amongst them is a national sovereign fund they will create; amount is £25 billion, after the style of Norway and Saudi - nearly pee'd my drawers at that one - for eighty grand plus per annum - I could tell better jokes than that.

With production per man acknowledged at 30% less than any other first world nation one needs a lobotomy to deem that achievable.



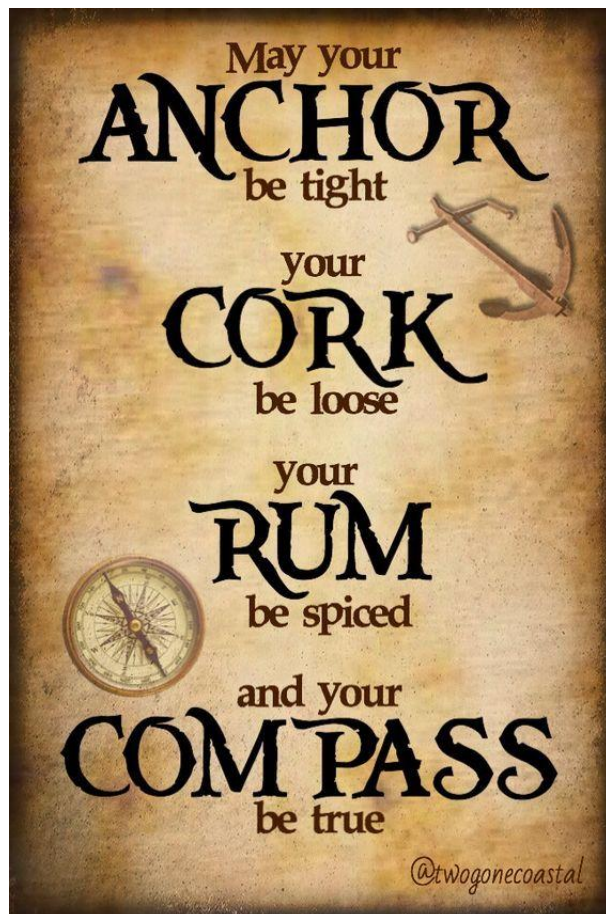
I see that darling of the comic left, Steve Coogan multi-millionaire, has paid off his house staff to qualify for financial aid from the 'tax payer emergency fund'. FRAUD!

You b'aint seen nothing yet !

I'm off to open a vein, now there's something to clap about.

Tatty bye Shipmates; joss sticks are being burnt for your continued welfare, so be sensible eh!

Them sticks ain't cheap !



THE Q SHIPS

By George Woodley

This story was submitted to the People's War site by Bernie Hawkins and has been added to the website on behalf of George Woodley with his permission..



"Muster at the heavy gun battery with your kit bags and hammock, you are on draft to Glasgow, there you will be met by the Rail Transport Officer who will transport you to your destination." So spoke the Drafting Master-at -Arms, Victory Barracks, in October 1940. The draft consisted of six Oerlikon gun crews who had just qualified on a special course for a 20mm anti-aircraft gun that had recently been introduced into the Royal Navy. We spent the journey speculating on our destination and hoped it would be one of the many new destroyers being built on the Clyde shipyards at that time. Imagine our disappointment when the lorry transporting us arrived alongside a cargo ship being fitted out at Dalmuir West, an hour's tram ride from Glasgow.

SS Crispin was a merchant ship of some 5000 tone displacement, with a cargo of ballast and empty oil

drums to give, in theory, buoyancy in times of emergency. The ship was painted brown, with black sides and buff coloured upper works. A most distressing sight compared to **HMS Glengyle**, which was being fitted out in the next dock basin. The Captain was Cmdr Maloney, RNR. The officers were all RNVR with the exception of the Commissioned Gunner, who was a retired officer recalled for the War.

The armament consisted of one 6" BL gun mounted on a platform on the poop deck, manned by Merchant Navy men, and used for protection against submarines. The 4" anti-aircraft gun was also manned by merchant men and RN gun layers. The anti-aircraft guns were distributed around the ship, and on the wings of the bridge were placed .303 Lewis guns.



The refit completed, we proceeded down the Clyde to Greenock where we were drilled and prepared to meet the enemy. The Captain cleared the lower deck and gave a lecture. He

was an Irishman, and it was no secret that he was out for "honour and glory". He explained that the object was to attract the German Focke-Wulf raiders, which were very large, six-engined, transport aircraft converted to bombers. They came in very low over defenceless merchant ships, especially large ones lagging behind the remainder of the convoy, which was our intention. At sea we were to fly the Red Ensign and we were not to wear any item of RN clothing (i.e. caps, collars, etc.) on the upper deck. The Captain warned us that, should we have the misfortune to be taken as a PoW, we could not expect to be treated as such under the Geneva Convention. In other words, *HMS Crispin* was a "Q" Ship. He told us we were to be alert, and to remain closed up at the guns from dawn to dusk.

We left Greenock and proceeded to the practise ranges to try the guns and to sharpen up the drills. The guns were concealed in large metal boxes, camouflaged to look like upper deck cargo. (Mine was disguised as an aircraft crate.)

A convoy was assembled and put to sea, destination — Halifax, Nova Scotia. A destroyer escort came close by and signalled, "What is your cargo?" It was embarrassing to say the least, but the Captain replied with some Irish "blarney". Once out into the Atlantic it was very cold on the northern route, and the seas were very rough. It was extremely unpleasant to be on a cold steel platform with only a duffle coat for warmth. We were expected to be alert at all times, keeping the guns clean and ready for action. We could not read to pass the time, were extremely bored and always thankful when dusk came, although we still had to maintain a minimum night watch. After five or six days we would leave the convoy and rendezvous with another en route to the UK. This next convoy took us to Liverpool.

We sailed down the Mersey and anchored. For the next ten days we gave AA protection to assembling ships for the next convoy. We then put to sea and this was where we were to spend Christmas. We had our Christmas dinner in the evening because we were at "action stations" all day. The voyage passed uneventfully except for a couple of U-Boat alarms that came to nothing. The Atlantic remained true to form with cold winds, rough seas and the constant rolling of the ship. As usual we were trailing astern of the convoy. We returned to the Clyde to wait for another convoy to assemble off Greenock. The escort of corvettes, destroyers and trawlers arrived and we left once again for the North Atlantic.

The first three days were uneventful. We watched the usual escorts of Sunderland flying boats and other long range aircraft of coastal command. The fourth day a submarine was reported on the surface, and at night you could see "Starshell" illuminating the sky over the convoy. It came to nothing, but a lot of sleep was lost through being at "action stations". On the fifth day we left the convoy to rendezvous with another coming from Halifax to the UK. We were



then at our most vulnerable, without escort. We were out of range of the Focke-Wulfs and we were making a steady 10 knots in rough seas with gale force winds imminent. I was watch on the first deck for the first watch (8p.m. — midnight), and sheltering from the storm in the passageway by the steering motor room, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion which lifted me off my feet, followed by the smell of burning explosive. It was 2200 hours. We had been hit by a torpedo which had struck the bulkhead separating the engine room and the for'ard hold beneath the bridge. One "greaser" (stoker) was killed by the explosion and the NAAFI canteen manager had a lucky escape. He was blown out of his bunk and his cabin was wrecked. His young assistant was not so lucky and died as a result of his wounds.

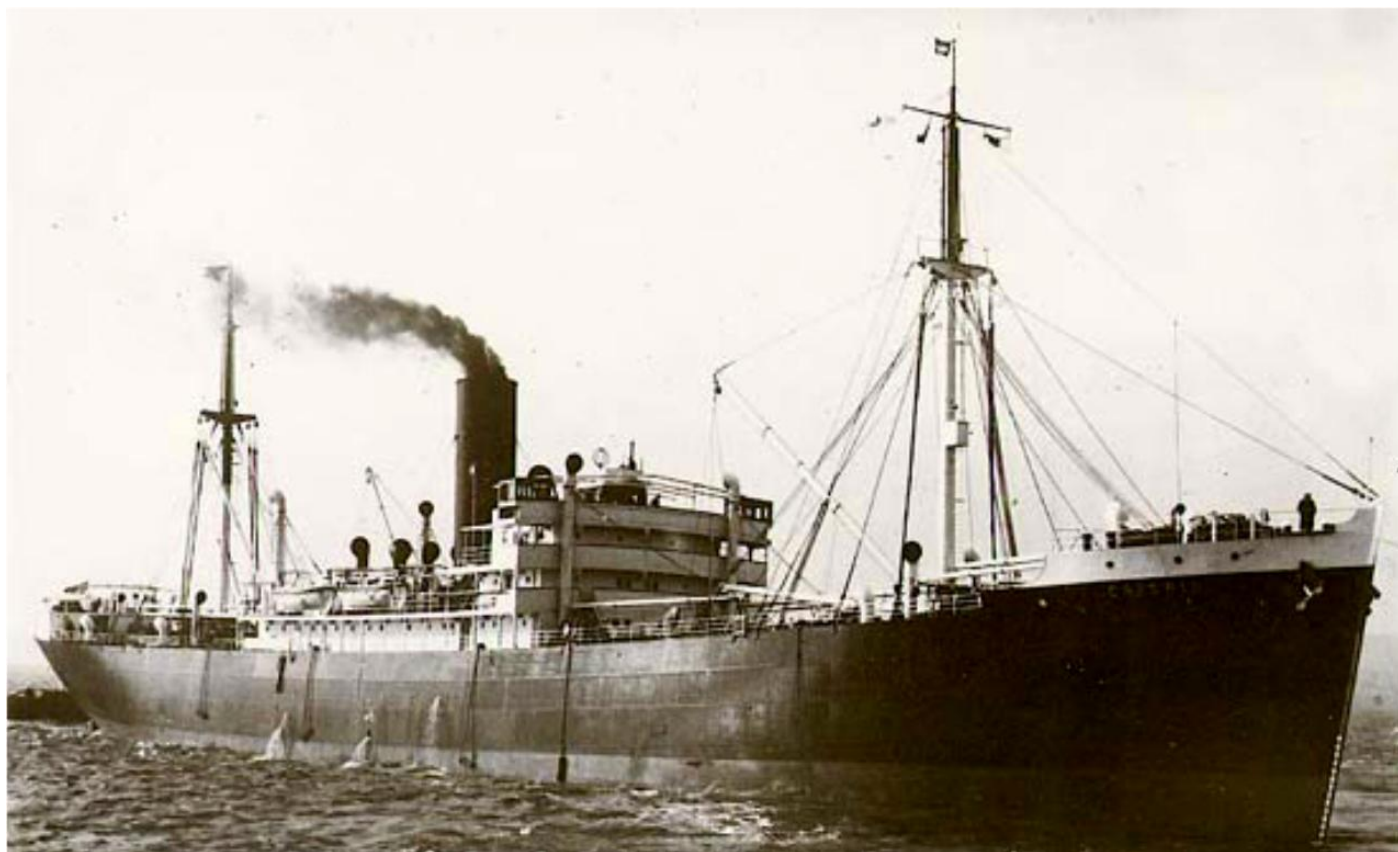
The ship stopped and wallowed helplessly, the light went out, and all was silent except for the wind. The water rushed into the engine room and the hold. The ship took on a list to port, and as she rolled, the empty barrels in the hold sounded like thunder in the distance as they moved around. Instead of keeping the ship afloat, the barrels floated out into the Atlantic, so much for the theory of buoyancy! We mustered in the Wardroom, below the bridge, for roll-call. We then prepared to abandon ship. My station was the starboard lifeboat, a sturdy Royal Navy cutter.

This was a 32' boat with twelve oars which had been disguised with a false stern to look like a Merchant Navy boat. The order to "Abandon Ship" was given. My Divisional Officer came along to say "Goodbye and good luck." I was told later that the raft was launched, the Divisional Officer jumped into the sea to get to the raft, but he disappeared and was never seen again.

Able Seaman "Jumper" Cross and I were experienced with cutters and we lowered the boat, which was overloaded with about 50 men, to just above the crest of the swell, which was not easy in the darkness. We then went down the lifelines and met the boat as it rose. The pins holding the safety catches were removed and the boat launched on a wave with a big splash. We pushed and struggled to get the boat clear of the ship, and when clear we manned the oars, three men to each oar, and pulled for dear life to keep the boat bows to the wind. The waves were breaking and flooding the boat and there was a grave danger of overturning. We had to pull hard on the oars with the Officer Coxswain calling the stroke, and the crew calling out in unison — but they were the cries of desperate men. I was wet, cold, and very frightened. The Officer-in-Charge gave us encouragement when he said, "Every ship in the Atlantic knows that the *Crispin* is in distress and help is imminent", but it was a dark moonless night as the gale continued. One moment we would be on the crest of a wave and the next moment 30' to 50' down in the trough. We were tired, but continued to row, it kept us warm.



We were 700 mile north-west of Ireland. Just before 0600 a destroyer appeared and circled to give us a "lee" and we came alongside. There were many willing hands to help us on board. Our saviour was *HMS Harvester*, a fairly new destroyer that had been built for the Brazilian Navy and commandeered by the Royal Navy. I well remember the relief I felt as I stepped on board. We were welcome to share their crowded mess deck which was to be our home for the next four days. Regrettably, *HMS Harvester* was sunk, with a great loss of life, four months later.



It was the 2nd of February 1941 and *Crispin* had been sunk by *U107*. Altogether there were 119 survivors picked up by a corvette and other escort ships. Eight officers and twelve ratings were lost, among them the Captain and the young Yeoman of Signals, who had remained on the bridge to signal for assistance.

"Q ship" HMS Crispin

George served on the following ships

HMS St Vincent 31/08/39 - 29/07/37 HMS Revenge 30/07/37 - 28/12/37 HMS Nelson 29/12/37 - 30/07/39
HMS Belfast 30/07/39 - 29/12/39 Damaged by magnetic mine 19/11/39 HMS Victory 29/12/39 - 17/01/40
HMS Delight 18/01/40 - 29/07/40 Sunk HMS Victory 30/07/40 - 15/09/40 HMS Excellent 16/09/40 - 23/10/40
HMS Crispin 24/10/40 - 04/02/41 Sunk HMS Victory HMS Excellent 16/05/41 - 25/08/41
HMS Eaglet 26/08/41 - Passage to HMS Nile on board MV Port Wyndham HMS Griffin 26/08/41 - 17/06/42
HMS Coventry 18/06/42 - 14/09/42 Sunk HMS Canopus 14/09/42 - HMS Poole 15/09/42 - 13/10/42
HMS Victory & HMS Excellent 06/03/44 - HMS Mayina 07/03/44 - 13/04/44 HMS Caradoc 14/04/44 - 24/08/44
HMS Gorleston 25/08/45 - 10/03/46 HMS Boscowen 07/05/46 - 29/10/47 HMS Illustrious Passage to
St Angelo - Malta HMS Peacock 21/11/47 - 18/10/48 HMAS Penguin 30/10/48 - 02/03/49 HMAS Cerberus
03/03/49 - 06/02/50 HMAS Lonsdale 06/02/50 - 31/10/50 Passage to Tilbury in SS Stratheden HMS Victory
02/01/51 - 29/01/51 HMS Dryad 30/01/51 - 02/09/53 HMS Hornet (FPB 5212) 03/09/53 - 11/07/54
HMS Bulwark 12/07/54 - 28/10/54 HMS Glasgow 02/01/55 - 23/11/55
HMS Excellent 01/05/56 - 26/09/56 HMS Armada 20/03/57 - 08/09/58 HMS Excellent (Horsea Island W/T Station)
09/09/58 - 10/02/59 HMS Dolphin 11/02/59 - Discharged to pension 02/05/61



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Brian

Reference our 'Andy', I am starting to wonder if he has got me on a GPS fix and knows everywhere that I go or have been, i.e. this last month's German tour.

In my work nearly all my work mates were ex service, many of them WW2 vets. Several had been pilots including a Dive Bomber pilot who served on 'Victorious' my last ship. Amongst them was a very quiet guy who had been an RASC driver, he spent his war following the Tanks of 11th Armoured around driving a truck full of tins of petrol, but hardly ever spoke about it. One night on shift at Tea Break a discussion got going about a programme on Belsen, with one person questioning the truth. Bill jumped up and almost made it across the table to thump the questioner, before we managed to stop him.

He stormed off and I found him sitting in a closed office crying his eyes out, I left him to recover. Later he slowly told me his story; he had been one of the first groups into Belsen, carrying inmates off to get medical help. His truck could load about 15 and by the time he got to the field hospital several of them would have died on the trip.

Many years later, during my time as a Training Officer with the Army Cadets, in 1997, I took a group of 20 to visit our parent unit, 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, in their base at Fallingbostal, Germany, they were aged from 15 to 18 and claimed to have been taught history.

On the mid Saturday we visited 'Celle', a pleasant little German town with its Christmas Market. Just down the road was Bergen-Belsen and a chance for them to see the site. As we arrived one of them said "What happened here", I was stunned they had no idea about the place. Luckily for me there is an exhibition, with a film show taken at the time and even better a coach load of Dutch army troops was arriving at the same time, they took my guys under their wing and explained the lot, including the story of 'Anna Frank', who had died here.

And my guys were studying at school, with no mention of Belsen. Judging by the number of pamphlets they had each taken, I believe their home work was going to be interesting reading.

Malcolm Milham





THE SPORTSMAN

By Andy Brierley

It's no mystery to y'all, submarines were built in Chatham dockyard on a regular basis since 1931-ish; I only think that date to be true, it sticks in my mind as it's my birth year.

They seemed to be specialists on the S Class, eight being built over the years - sleek lookers, without that lump on the fore peak of A and T class fashion.

The R.N. did not name its submarines until 1926; those 'old battleship gunnery Admirals' thought them gangster vessels; indecent weapons for civilised conflict.

Interest in the subject was sparked by a road direction given to me in Lower Rainham - location being about 1½ miles, as the crow flies, from the King Charles - our reunion venue.

I sought a location near the Sportsman Pub - alas my informant said that it is now closed, and a private residence. I'd visited the pub only once, light years ago, expecting to see sub-artefacts, photos of crews and Jolly Rogers perhaps; very disappointing with a single small nondescript water colour in a dark corner.

The landlord was, obviously, a complete philistine as the pub was named for the 1942 built submarine P229, named **Sportsman**; construction took place not 2 miles distant on the river Medway.

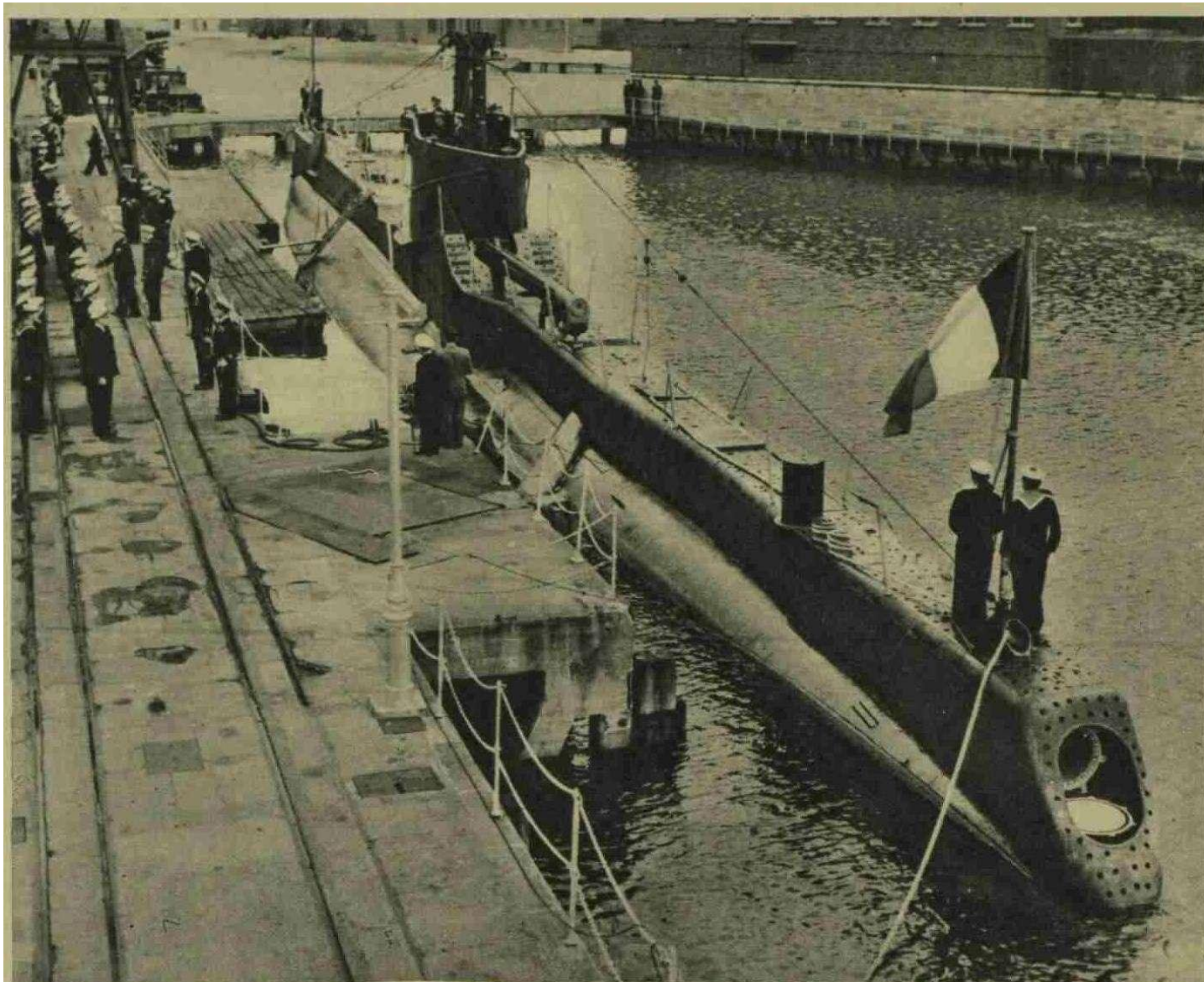


Her operational area was the Med., sinking eleven German and Italian merchant vessels; it was in cover force at the invasion of Sicily in 1943; a very worthy pedigree for any brewery, or landlord, to remember/celebrate. Do join me in feeling both got their just desserts, and went bust!



Another S, named *Sybil* that was scrapped at Troon in 1948 made me wonder, was it by design or just plain coincidence that *Sportsman*, when transferred to the French navy in 1952 was renamed *La Sibylle*.

Following this tale up I was mortified to learn that, only months later, in August of 1952, she (*La Sibylle*) dived off Cannes, never to resurface, all 42 hands perished with her. The loss is still considered a mystery to this day.



LOST DURING FRENCH NAVAL MANŒUVRES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE BRITISH-BUILT SUBMARINE *LA SIBYLLE* SEEN AT THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY LAST JULY.

The French submarine *La Sibylle*, formerly the British submarine *Sportsman*, and on loan to the French Navy, was lost on September 24 during manœuvres in the Mediterranean. Three officers and forty-five men lost their lives in the tragic disaster. An inquiry into the accident is being held.

Another oddity with the S Class name was *Seal*, built in 1938, a much larger boat of Porpoise Class, minelayers I think, was captured by the Germans in 1940, high and dry on a sandbank; they also scuttled it in 1945.

A Chatham experiment in 1923 was *X1*, 2780 tons, a big vessel at the time. Build dragged on



until late 1936 when it was scrapped. The claim to fame would have been 2 x 2 mounts of 5.2" guns.

An inveterate moocher, when in dockyard, I liked to visit basins on the river Medway next to Thunderbolt pier. The "GUPPY" programme was underway. Not wishing to insult your knowledge, it stands for; Greater Underwater Power for Propulsion.

Submarine on basin blocks, conning tower removed, the halves then winched apart, a section of many feet inserted in the gap and welded. The lower half of the new hull section space for the much increased battery capacity; more speed and greater endurance was the result; the upper half had enhanced space for living and living technical equipment.

The 'rolling' of hull sections from 'exotic' steels is considered a rare talent internationally.

Not all those 8000 dockyard maties belonged to 'rabbit' firms.

A suspected Covid-19 male patient is lying in bed in the hospital, wearing an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. A young student female nurse appears and gives him a partial sponge bath.

"Nurse," he mumbles from behind the mask, "are my testicles black?"

Embarrassed, the young nurse replies, "I don't know, Sir. I'm only here to wash your upper body and feet."

He struggles to ask again, "Nurse, please check for me. Are my testicles black?"

Concerned that he might elevate his blood pressure and heart rate from worrying about his testicles, she overcomes her embarrassment and pulls back the covers.

She raises his gown, holds his manhood in one hand and his testicles gently in the other.

She looks very closely and says, "There's nothing wrong with them, Sir. They look fine."

The man slowly pulls off his oxygen mask, smiles at her, and says very slowly, "Thank you very much. That was wonderful. Now listen very, very closely:

"Are - my - test - results - back?"



IRANIAN MYSTERY SUBMARINE

By H I Sutton (Forbes Magazine)

It was only a matter of time before this happened. A new vessel, shown in public for the first time this week, is either a very small submarine or a very large Un-crewed Underwater Vehicle (UUV). It appears to be the latter. If correct, this will add a new dimension to Iran's systematic warfare capability. It will also mean that Iran joins an elite club with only the U.S. Navy and Britain's Royal Navy having such large UUVs.



Iranian Islamic Revolutionary Corps Navy (IRGC-N) un-crewed submarine

The vehicle is loosely comparable to the Boeing BA Orca extra-large un-crewed underwater vehicle (XLUUV), which is being developed for the U.S. Navy, in terms of size category and, crucially, diesel-electric propulsion, if not sophistication. The Iranian model is almost certainly cheaper!

The vessel was displayed at a ceremony to introduce over 100 new boats to the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corp's Navy (IRGC-N). This is the arm of the armed forces which is most frequently associated with Iran's more adventurous operations. These include a series of suspected limpet mine attacks on tankers in the Persian Gulf last year.

The other craft paraded included missile and rocket armed fast attack craft (FACs), speed boats and underwater chariots for commando frogmen. There were even some very small wings-in-ground-effect aircraft. None of the types in the main display were actually new, although

some of the individual vessels might be. But this UUV is, and it is in a different league.

Adding large UUVs could provide new ways for the IRGC-N to project power and prestige in the region. The diesel-electric propulsion will give it very long range. And its large size could make weapons integration more feasible. A large UUV used for mine laying would be relatively achievable, for example.

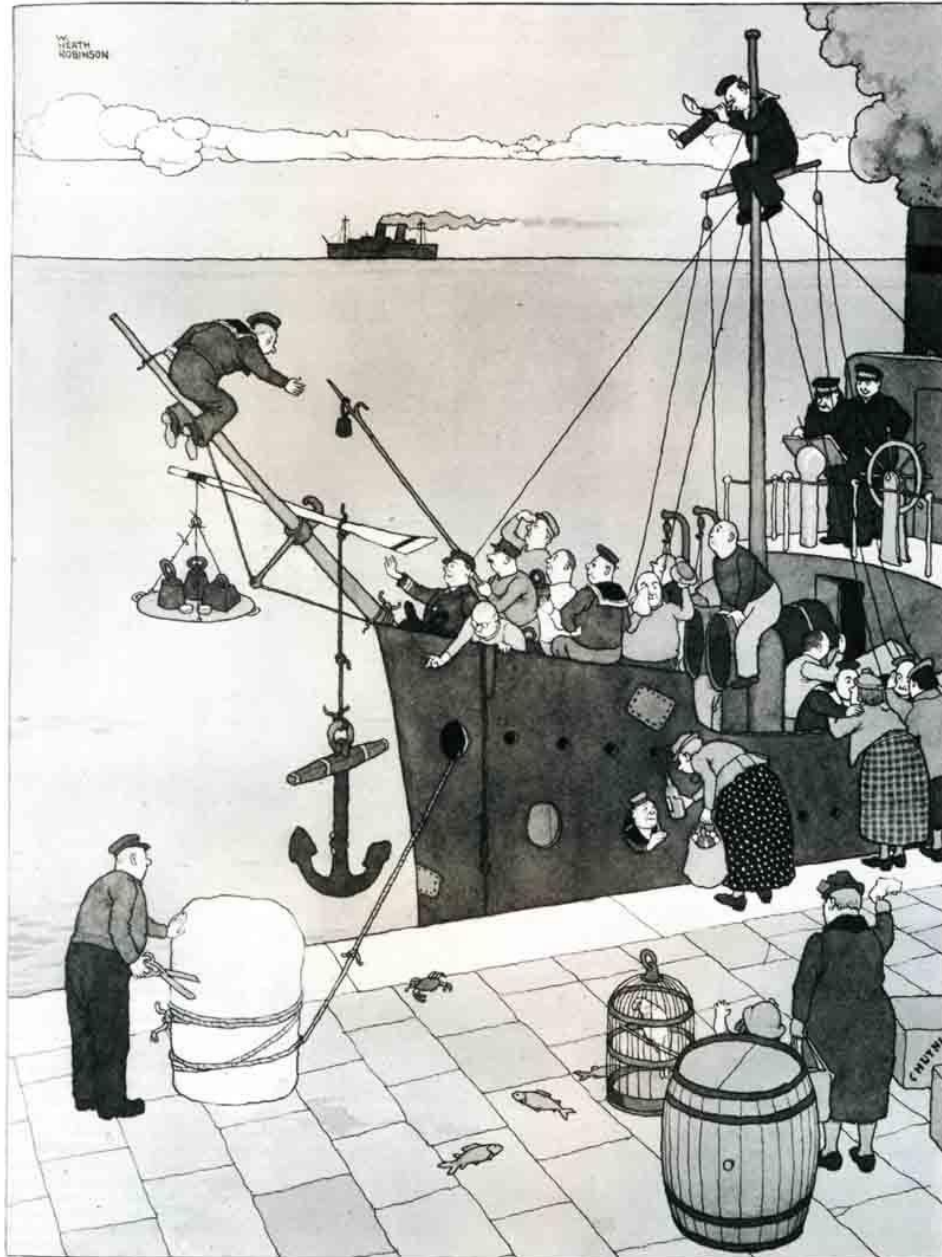
Two people were on the casing during the parade. One was perched on a makeshift chair using a heavy-duty remote controller to steer the vessel. The other appeared to be helping with the connection cable for the controller. This may reflect the early development phase of the vehicle, although we should not place too much weight on this. Parades are often done differently from operations.

The absence of a protective sail where a crew person can stand while it is on the surface indicates that the craft is not intended to be crewed.



Many IRGC-N craft appear garage-built, and this UUV is no different. On the side it proclaims "we can do it" in the Farsi language (توانیم می‌ما). But it does appear to use a cylindrical steel hull which is essentially the same as a submarine. Iran builds many midget submarines so this is well within their industrial capabilities.

What may be more challenging is the control and automation. But Iran has long experience with remotely-controlled explosive boats, such as those used in Yemen. We will see whether it enters production, and whether similar designs show up in Yemen.



How the ship's anchor is weighed
As visualised by Heath Robinson



NOZZERS GO WEST Part 13



The delights of Jamaica, Bermuda, by comparison, was very dreary. It was quite good for their first visit because there had been nothing to compare it with and the boys revelled in their first taste of a tropical isle. But now, after their foray into tropical sunshine, tropical waters, tropical fish and tropical fruit, Bermuda was bland and grey. It was now December and the first noticeable upheaval was the change back into blues.

The change in the weather also meant the trip across to Hamilton in the liberty boat was nowhere near as pleasant.

It certainly wasn't pleasant for the late night revellers coming back to the dockyard the following morning when, just after 0100 it ran aground on Two Rocks Passage.

Midshipman Piggot, the smallest and most nervous of all the midshipmen on board, was in charge of the boat. It just had to be him. Divers and a small working party toiled all morning and successfully re-launched that boat off the rocks just at dinner time and it was brought back to the ship.

MIDSHIPMAN'S NAME IS IMMORTALISED

A Bermuda landmark will immortalise the name of a midshipman of H.M.S. Superb—if Bermudians and the Admiralty Hydrographic Office agree.

Last Christmas Midshipman Charles Piggot, in charge of a Superb liberty boat, ran the vessel on a ledge just off the northernmost rock of Two Rock Passage with the result that the boat — and Midshipman Piggot — spent the night on the rock.

While the Superb was on her cruise a sign was prepared. On Thursday a group from the Superb erected the sign on a rock.

It reads: "Piggot's Point."

That incident made the local papers and a request was sent to the Admiralty for that spot, the northern most point of Two Rocks Passage to be renamed 'Piggot's Point'. Whether that request was ever granted and Midshipman Piggot immortalized forever was never relayed.

The next day was pay day but as the buzz was already out that they were taking the ship over to Hamilton in a few days, Ginger decided to save his money; he had learned his lesson the hard way in the past by watching others heading ashore while he stayed aboard broke.

But he didn't have long to wait because five days later they sailed for Hamilton and tied up right alongside Front Street, the main road and shopping centre. Just like Kingston earlier, he didn't have to go ashore to see the life of the town, it was right there in front of them. The scenery was a lot better than that of the dockyard where very little, except work, seemed to happen although they were soon to learn, if they hadn't already found out from their earlier short stay, that the natives were not among the friendliest of people and many of their establishments were out of bounds - particularly to the boys.

There was not too much time to stand and watch the comings and goings on the road anyway, interesting as they were, because there was the awning to rig and the paintwork to polish for

the next day's cocktail party for the officers on the quarterdeck. The Royal Marines did their Beat Retreat ceremony on the road right alongside the ship - a spectacle that always drew the crowds in any part of the world it was performed. Ginger loved to watch the Beat Retreat ceremony. He had no desire to be included but found himself a perch, high up on board, from where to watch the spectacle. More crowds surged aboard on Saturday when the ship was open to visitors.

Two days after their open to visitor's day they returned to the dockyard and, at the end of the week, it was pay day again; Christmas would soon be upon them.



Christmas was in the air. The ship's photographer was summoned to record the occasion of the Commodore going to the galley for the routine pre-Christmas mixing of the Christmas pudding, abetted by the Paybob Commander adding a, not over generous, measure of rum to the mixture. That event seemed to signal start of the Christmas countdown.

Most of the Christmas run-up celebrations went on without the boys' involvement. It was almost as if they were overlooked where festivities were concerned, and only brought to mind when dirty work or menial tasks were called for. Strangely, it was then that the boys became very important and all and sundry wanted them.

Although the ship's company enjoyed themselves in Hamilton, with many of them buying a pair of trousers and a shirt to help them fit in and gain access to bars and clubs that were not too keen on matelots, there was not much that was open or welcoming for boys.

Apart from the Quarry Bar, an underground bar that was hewn out of the rock, which was just off Front Street, and snooker hall that was up the hill a bit further, there was nothing to attract them back very often. Added to the fact they had to be back on board by 1800 on the other side of the island, which meant leaving early to allow for the boat trip, Hamilton wasn't really worth their effort.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



... in the usual service manner ...

14



BACK IN 1956

SEYCHELLES

We anchored off Port Victoria amid breathtaking scenery-for the island of Mahé is reputed to be the original Garden of Eden.



On arrival H. E., the Governor, came off to call on the C-in-C in his picturesque boat manned by native sailors wearing straw hats reminiscent of those worn by the Royal Navy before the First World War. Their old-world appearance is, perhaps, typical of these delightfully pleasant islands which have somehow been bypassed by the hustle and bustle of the 20th century and where, allegedly, the main occupation is waiting for the coconuts to fall from the trees.

It is difficult to give an adequate description of the town in a few lines, but perhaps the best, and briefest, summary is the Captain's in his official Report of Proceedings:-

"Port Victoria is well known to H.M. Ships on the east Indies Station for the gaiety of its evening life during 'Navy Week', for the length of the jetty along which the retuning liberty men have to run the gauntlet of female charmers and for the potency of the local alcohol with which the visiting mariner is regaled out of bottles labelled whisky or cognac".



The island itself has a beauty of its own with its perfect climate and luxuriant and colourful vegetation lapped by the crystal clear sea. For those seeking a quiet peaceful holiday away from the madding crowd, here is the ideal setting. Beau Vallon, on the other side of the island, is the Englishman's dream of what a tropical beach should be. The hair-raising drives over the island to laze on the white sands and splash or surf ride amongst the breakers, to be followed by tea in the hotel were certainly worth the effort.

One of the most popular haunts for curio seekers was the 'Seychelles Home Industries'. Here one could buy shark-spine walking sticks, floppy straw hats, the unique coco-de-mer or, if one felt inclined, a highly polished giant tortoise.

Sport was an especially prominent feature of our visit and all game played on the main sports field were invariably watched by a large proportion of the island's population. It was also an unusual experience, both for the soccer and rigger teams, to meet opponents whom played on bare feet. This proved no handicap to them, however, as all games were noteworthy for the effort everyone put in and for the splendid spirit in which they were played.

For the whole stay, the ship's Company was welcomed with open arms and the warm hospitality of the European residents equalled that met anywhere during the Cruise. Perhaps one of the reasons why the Seychelles were so popular was the predomination of females in the population. Certainly a record number of hearts were lost and this, together with the attractions of such havens as Sharky's Bar, resulted in the Commander hearing from large number of people the reason why they couldn't bear to come back in the last boat.

There were quite a few broken hearts when the ship sailed and one or two ratings and 'Royals' found great difficulty in tearing themselves away, but after a last minute persuasion Superb sailed on time with the full ship's Company, carrying pleasant and nostalgic memories of this enchanting island and of the populace once more sitting beneath the palms waiting for the coconuts to fall.

Our stay in the Seychelles came as a time fitting climax to a successful six week cruise and it was a contented if somewhat exhausted ship's company which sailed back to Trincomalee.

One week after our return to Trincomalee, we said goodbye to Vice Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Norris, on welcoming Vice Admiral H. W. Biggs, C.B, D.S.O, O.B.E, who was taking over as C-in-C, E.I. Both Admiral and Lady Norris, when they embarked for the cruise, were ill as a result of the long and exacting duties each had been called upon to fulfill during the tenancy of office. Despite this, they were up and amongst the deck sports on the quarterdeck each evening and the Admiral gave some extremely interesting lectures to the Wardroom and Ship's Company on the East Indies Station. During the cruise they played their full part-which



certainly was full-and we hope they have enjoyed their rest at home and offer them our best wishes for the future.

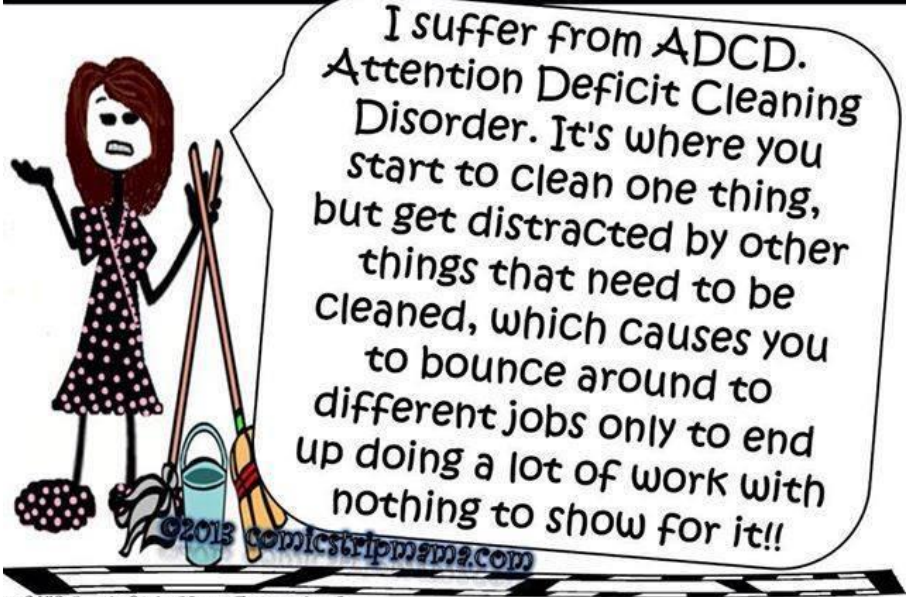
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

DID YOU KNOW?

In 1672 a state payment scheme for retired naval officers was introduced. It is believed to be the first work pension scheme



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COMMANDER'S DAILY ORDERS

| <u>Pipe where underlined</u> | | | <u>WEDNESDAY 14th JULY, 1948</u> | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|--|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Duty Lt. Cdr. | Lt.Cdr. Pooley | | P.O.O.D. | O.A. Cross |
| 1st. O.O.W. | Lt. Campbell | | D.C.P.O. | P.O. Mellow |
| 2nd. O.O.W. | Lt. Lindley | | Duty Watch | Starboard |
| Duty W.O. | Mr. MacPherson | | Duty Part | Second |
| E.O.O.D. | Mr. Salmon | | Duty Watch Stokers | Red |
| Duty S.O. | Lt.Cdr. (S) Riggs | | | |

DAILY HARBOUR ROUTINE

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, my brothers; we'll deserve it"

| | | |
|------|---|-------------------------|
| 0800 | "E" A.M. | Laundry to be handed in |
| 0900 | "E" P.M. | Laundry to be handed in |
| 0930 | <u>Captain's requestmen & defaulters to clean</u> | |
| 1000 | <u>Captain's requestmen & defaulters muster in Captain's cabin flat</u> | |
| 1130 | MB at Commodore's Steps for Sheerness Dockyard officials | |
| 1200 | Make and mend clothes | |

OPERATION "UP-THE-LINE" FINAL REPORT. Though the management's estimate of three days and three nights was obviously over-cautious, it is nevertheless a fine achievement to have done the whole job in 36 hours. Well done A.B. Tireless, Ordinary Seaman Samson, Boy Beef, Marine Muscle and all Transport and General Workers who praised the Lord and passed the ammunition. Powder Monkey Solid, "I'm proud of you".

SO YOU'RE GOING ON LEAVE SECTION. Well, maybe. But only if you turn in that loan clothing and that camp bed by Monday. Otherwise you'll spend the summer holiday in Hotel Superbe.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Ship leaves Sheerness at 0630 Thursday and will be taken up to Chatham by the Starboard Watch (otherwise known as the Men Under Punishment). Port Watch (they ain't-a-goin'-to-grieve) will have ordinary Chatham night leave.

FASHION NOTE. In our absence Sumer has officially come to Chatham, and although the "sweater girl" still attracts attention the "jersey boy" is no longer the admired of all beholders. Instead the discerning Man-about-Chats is wearing an alluring chalk white blouse delicately trimmed with pastel blue tape. In other words, men, until further orders **NEGATIVE JERSEYS**

HOUSEHOLD HINT HOW TO FRY AN AWNING. Take half an acre of canvas, fifty hands and two incurable optimists. Stir well and place on quarterdeck. Await cloudburst. Restow awning. Dream up alibi. Repeat process until awning is worn out. Draw new awning from stores.

"Ah, fill the Cup:- what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn TOMORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TODAY be sweet". (Omar)

MICHAEL LE FANU
COMMANDER



PHOTO ALBUM



*"End of Her Journey"
HMS Superb, 1960*

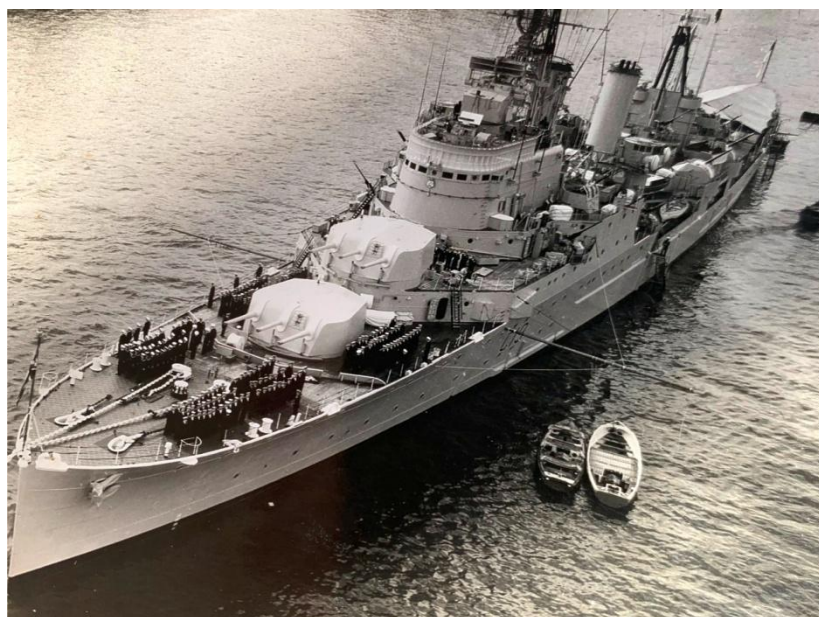
Superb Sailing On South American Cruise Today

Vice - Admiral J. F. Stevens, Commander - in - Chief, America and West Indies Squadron, transfers his flag to H.M.S. Superb at 9 a.m. this morning and sails from Bermuda for the spring cruise in South American waters.

Sailing in company with the flagship for three days exercises will be three frigates of the 7th Frigate Squadron — H.M.S. Bigbury Bay, H.M.S. Morecambe Bay and H.M.S. Burghead Bay. On completion of these exercises, ships will part company and carry out the following programmes:

H.M.S. Superb under command of Commodore D. H. Connell-Fuller, after visits to Nassau and Kingston, will go through the Panama Canal to cruise south on the west coast of South America, returning north by the east coast visiting Trinidad and the Leeward and Windward Islands. She will return to Bermuda in mid-April.

H.M.S. Bigbury Bay, under command of Captain H. C. Martell, will visit ports in the Caribbean and Central America during the next three months. Calls at San Juan, Porto Rico, Leeward and Windward Islands, Trinidad and Curacao are on her pro-



Above: Ship during Spithead Review June, 1953

We sailed on 7th January, 1955



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](#)



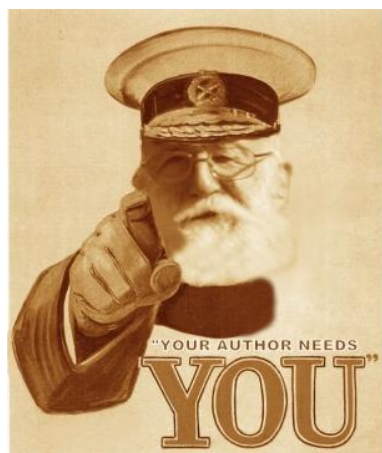
Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)



Martin (Jekyll) Hyde crossed the bar 12 December, 2010



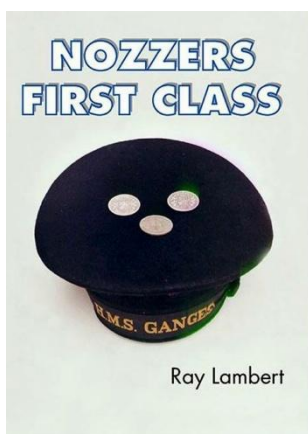
Journalist & Best Selling Author



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*

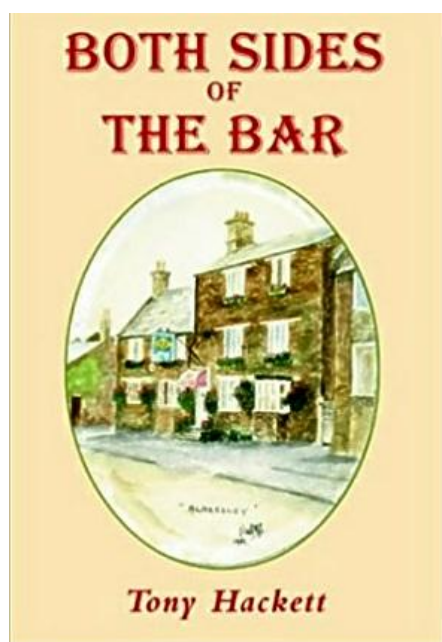
Phil can be contacted by email by clicking on this [LINK](#)

*** 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 SEARCH FOR PEOPLE

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

A friend of Gerald Hickling asks if anyone remember him. Dates are uncertain but Gerry was a diver on board sometime after 1948

From previous issues

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

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

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

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

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The following message received from Derek Thompson, via Facebook

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



ARCHIVED CONTENT

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

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](#)