H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, ROBIN SMITH

CONTENTS

Andy's Musings	Click Here to Go There
Navy Matters	Click Here to Go There
France & Flanders Campaign	Click Here to Go There
Letters to the Editor	Click Here to Go There
Jottings of a Very Ordinary Seaman	Click Here to Go There
A Naval Career	Click Here to Go There
38 Minute Without Air	Click here to Go There
Photo Album	Click Here to Go There
Slops	Click Here to Go There
Reunion Reminder	Click Here to Go There
Speech by Princess Elizabeth in 1947	Click Here to Go There
Crossed the Bar	Click Here to Go There
People Searching for People	Click Here to Go There
This Could Save Your Life	Click Here to Go There

ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Andy's blog this month has already been circulated in Robin's newsletter

Greetings Shipmates,

In the last newsletter's ramble about *Ganges*, Felixstowe's transition from R.A.F. facility to major container port was mentioned. After posting, it dawned a relic of that time is a short mile away in elder brother's gateway. The story is this: King George's Fund for Sailors, used old moored mines, painted red, as collection boxes sited around coastal resorts, y'all must be familiar with.

The one from Felixstowe appeared at a yard in Ipswich, a part of my working orbit, rescue and transport to Kent was immediate. Unloaded in centre of bro's drive he was a bit nonplussed arriving home from work but, being an old sailor type, was delighted with the gift, and suspected who giveth.

A rub down and a coat of gloss soon had it as a house name plate. It's been there for years now and I expect to inherit it in his will. At 92 years old he was on *Anson* in the British Pacific Fleet. A picture of him in Victory parade Tokyo 1945 as a member of their Blue Jacket Guard. I was able to compare it to the Naval Guard drawn up last month to receive the Admiral of Indian Navy accompanied by Second Sea Lord. I judge 'current crop' at five out of ten, pale copy of those other 'ancient mariners'. A look down their rank shows individual characters, hats all the same but different, own stamp gently applied. A look at current crop indicates proper uniform seldom worn, not allowed beyond barrack gates. The working rig festooned with name tags, union flags etc., style taken from other navies. Is it to remind them what their name is and who they are working for? I am interested in the chap at 'action stations'; how long does it take him to dress when the klaxon sounds, will his 'elf and safety' kit take him down like a brick if knocked over side?

M.O.D. Minister (Private Pike Williamson) is fired! It now looks like the initial reason offered is a fabrication by 'senior civil servant' Sidwell, who is allowed to conduct vendettas because of his

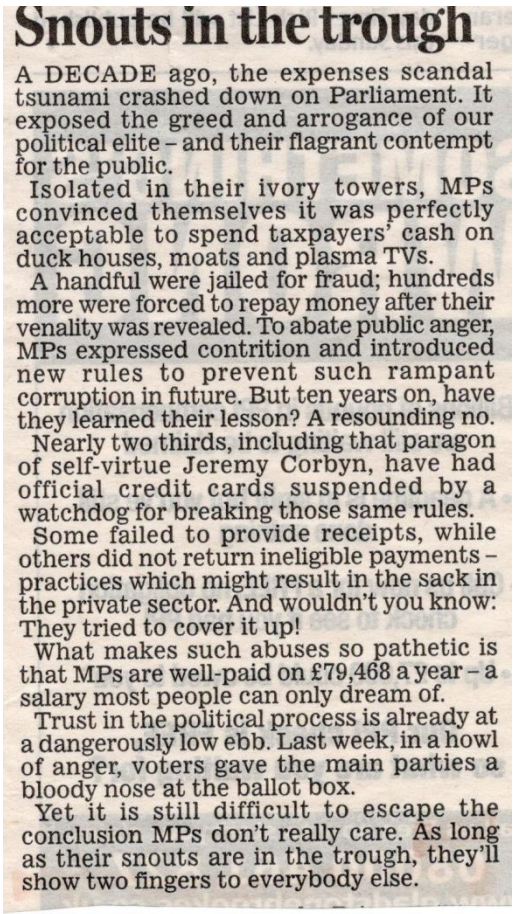
friendship with Prime Minister May, is a major force. If you thought only dictators gather power to wield unquestioned axe, know Sidwell is Cabinet Secretary – Head of the Civil Service and National Security Advisor.

Three posts are a record in history for any U.K. Parliament – how did that come about? I have queried Williamson's pedigree and ability, but give credit for fighting treasury, and getting, an extra £1.8 billion into the defence budget. A very big plus is the rapport he struck up with Aussie defence minister (a lady) lobbying to get B.A.E. Frigate design chosen for R.A.N; benefit to the U.K. a reported £20 billion.

Williamson also refused to send M.O.D. officials with Sidwell's delegation of 15 Senior Officials to Beijing following the HUAWEI Telecomm. Security debacle. Who authorises the unelected to lead such delegations on our behalf? Surely it can only be the Prime Minister? Today's report that 377 M.P.'s have their (official) credit cards suspended by the expenses watchdog. Since last scrutiny an increase of 20% in the perk has cost the tax payer (us) £120 million. Example cited has Sir Anthony Steen, M.P. for Totnes, getting £8,800.00 over the last four years for upkeep of his 'estate and trees'.

Here I quote his reply on being asked to justify that: 'The public are complaining out of jealousy'!

Blasphemy is not enough I tell myself, you are, also, not a revolutionary, it must be a lie. If Sir Whatshisname was due a tumbrill ride to a guillotine at Tyburn I would allow myself the luxury of a Southern Rail extortionist ticket, to sit alongside the ladies knitting and holler 'OLE' as the blade came down.



Snouts in the trough

A DECADE ago, the expenses scandal tsunami crashed down on Parliament. It exposed the greed and arrogance of our political elite – and their flagrant contempt for the public.

Isolated in their ivory towers, MPs convinced themselves it was perfectly acceptable to spend taxpayers' cash on duck houses, moats and plasma TVs.

A handful were jailed for fraud; hundreds more were forced to repay money after their venality was revealed. To abate public anger, MPs expressed contrition and introduced new rules to prevent such rampant corruption in future. But ten years on, have they learned their lesson? A resounding no.

Nearly two thirds, including that paragon of self-virtue Jeremy Corbyn, have had official credit cards suspended by a watchdog for breaking those same rules.

Some failed to provide receipts, while others did not return ineligible payments – practices which might result in the sack in the private sector. And wouldn't you know: They tried to cover it up!

What makes such abuses so pathetic is that MPs are well-paid on £79,468 a year – a salary most people can only dream of.

Trust in the political process is already at a dangerously low ebb. Last week, in a howl of anger, voters gave the main parties a bloody nose at the ballot box.

Yet it is still difficult to escape the conclusion MPs don't really care. As long as their snouts are in the trough, they'll show two fingers to everybody else.

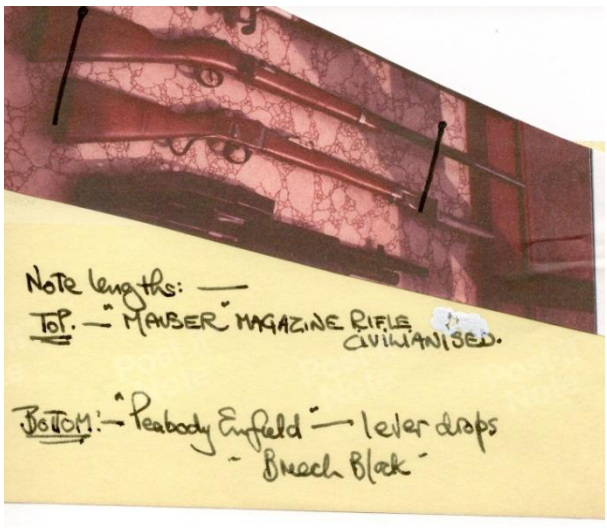
Good Governance in the U.K. is a myth; it should be the pivot of all things. Knife murder rampant, punishment to fit crimes non-existant. Small wonder the National Moral Compass points up shit creek.

Lord Baker, on a £4 million bonus from his Russian Oligarch paymaster, refused to reveal the actual salary from E.N. to the M.I.6 enquiry team. He is one of a clutch lobbying for 'sanction easement' on behalf of Russian interests. What price the Nation's secrets? Why bother if the navy has no ships or Tommy Atkins boots? That place had run its course, to blow it up would do a grave injustice to Augustus Pugin, but the clientele could be hosed off the terrace as fish food in Old Father Thames, going out with a surge of

turds from Richmond and beyond. I am embarrassed the House Speaker can, on a personal whim, ban an 'allied head of State' from speaking in the commons. Is that our much trumpeted democracy in operation; is it what the Magna Carta had in mind? Baker, the noble lord, is one of several blacklisted by the U.S.A. treasury for criminality, linked to murder, extortion and organised crime. Pressure from China has Taiwan excluded from the Lord Mayor's London Parade. They have provided an attractive float for many years. Could Sidwell have a dirty digit in that pie? The nation is for sale via Westminster. Enough of that!

The Times on Sunday had a half page picture of the *U.S.S. George Bush*, proper super carrier. Deck loaded with aircraft, nice bow wave indicating a fair rate of knots, on its way towards Iran by order of President Trump. A law by, late President Regan (I think), requires the U.S. to maintain twelve such carriers in their arsenal. That law seems about to quietly alter with number twelve on the back burner, so to speak. I wonder if China's boast of 'hyper sonic' rockets, proactively referred to as 'carrier busters' is bearing fruit. Russia boasts of a quantum leap in autonomous nuclear armed submersibles of phenomenal range, carriers being their 'prey of choice' followed by the 'boomer fleet'. Meantime Boeing and Lockheed have maturing carrier aircraft projects, free of that expensive pernicious contrary, a pilot costing millions to train and maintain; keep current.

A question that always seems to crop up is; is the new conflict to be fought using the same strategy, tactics and hardware that gained victory last time? What a conundrum to be faced for the person responsible to make the choice; then, half way through the event a simple new idea surfaces to disrupt all the best assumptions. Tanks broke trench warfare in WW1. From final couple of years at school I had a deep interest in fire arms. One that seemed to me to follow the format was the Peabody Enfield, single shot •303, falling block breach – Carbine. Not 'til mid WW2 had our army another short rifle. In South African war, Boers had our army by the tail, all mounted, armed with excellent Mauser noted for rapid movement, wrong footing the P.B.I. (poor bloody infantry) every time.



The P.B.I. walked everywhere in that vast region, packs and all. Horses were for officers only. A bright junior saw the simple answer to a simple question; i.e. mounted infantry with manageable short rifles (carbine) for use on horseback, or afoot. When formed, fortunes had a dramatic change, hot pursuit and classic flanking manoeuvres.

I have an illustration of ladies, in long dresses, manning trench lines at Mafeking armed with the lethal short Peabody Enfield (ultimately relieved by

naval field gun crews).

Could have been no delicate maidens with that •303 short barrel kicking back. That •303 was visually just the same as the ones for the rifles on Superb, differing only in that theirs were filled with 'black powder', ours would be 'nitro cellulose', trade name Cordite. I owned two Peabodys in days of yore, 'black powder' round not available, but had access to decent length of aircraft belt from crash site that furthered one's education. Tracer was expected but belt held De Wilde in its place – new to me – its value was it only registered 'strikes' with a flash when hitting, unlike tracer that burned all down its flight path, thus giving away a following aircraft if he was missing " Ken what I mean Jimmy?"

Got off my point there which is; come WW1 Cavalry Generals hated the thought of Privates getting their hands on horses, no plumed head gear, gold leaf breasted jackets, plus –shock horror- no lances!! Not pretty. That winning formula in Africa was chopped by aged blimps.

Tommy Atkins was back, walking into barbed wire 100 yards deep, towards more of Maxims autos than the entire combined armies possessed. Cavalry born to 'exploit breakouts' do not charge 'deep wire', so trench warfare got even more entrenched, flanking with modern weapons reverted to Atkins with a touch of 'trench foot' walking a moonscape towards Armageddon. I feel WW2 has a Watson Watts radio waves, radar, what measure of affrition did that save us, on all fronts.

Feel you have had a belly full of all that; here's a tale read somewhere recently, dates and names make me feel genuine Admiral Sir John Kelly, former Commander of the Fleet, being buried at sea off Portsmouth 1936. The coffin was not weighted so popped right back up, floated a treat. 20 other Admirals were in attendance and contemplated options; tow it back ashore. Or sink it by gun fire from *H.M.S. Curacao's* 3" gun? Chosen option 2 took half an hour to reduce box to match wood.

Literally going with a bang, that *Curacao* must be the one halved in collision with the *Queen Mary* a couple of years later.

God bless y'all and thanks for tuning in.

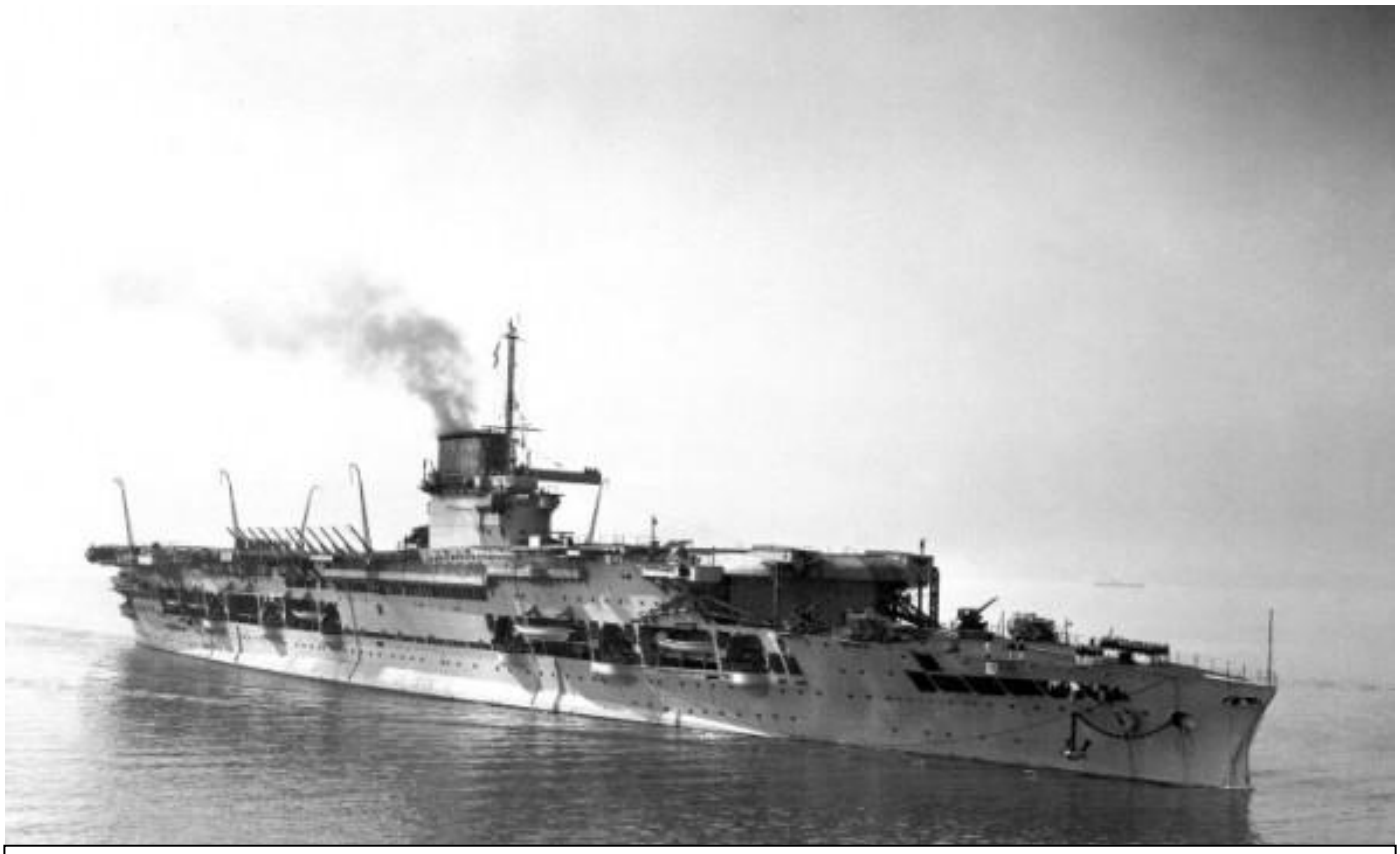
INDEX

NAVY MATTERS

THE ULTIMATE NAVAL SHOWDOWN:

In 1940, a Battleship Actually Destroyed an Aircraft Carrier

Navy and Air Force personnel died, many freezing to death awaiting rescue.



HMS Glorious, seen pre-war. A carrier converted from a cruiser

At 4 p.m. on June 8, 1940, the aircraft carrier *HMS Glorious* was cruising west across the Norwegian Sea towards the British naval base of Scapa Flow when her lookout spotted two grey blips over a dozen miles away on the horizon.

The *Glorious* and her two escorting destroyers did not yet have radar, so Capt. D'Oyly-Hughes ordered the destroyer *Ardent* to turn about and visually investigate the sighting, while nonchalantly maintaining his westward course at cruising speed.

INDEX

In a matter of minutes, the British sailors would discover to their horror that the innocuous little dots constituted the worst threat conceivable—the German battle cruisers *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst*. Only a few dozen would survive one of the most controversial naval battles of World War II—perhaps the only time battleships single handedly took out an aircraft carrier.

The prevailing narrative of naval warfare in World War II concerns how the carrier decisively unseated the battleship as the dominant naval weapon system. Yes, battleships mounted over a dozen guns that could pot huge shells at other vessels from over a dozen miles away. But a carrier could deploy over a hundred airplanes that could strike targets hundreds of miles away with torpedoes and bombs.

Just as importantly, in an era where radar technology was in its infancy, airplanes were the most effective tool for scouting out vast swathes of the ocean to locate enemy fleets.

These advantages meant that battleships and battle cruisers were repeatedly sunk by carrier-based aircraft, from Pearl Harbour to Taranto to the Battle of the Philippines Sea. In return, battleships almost never succeeded in closing into gun-range of carriers.

The *Glorious* was one of the first flat-top aircraft carriers ever built, converted from a speedy Courageous-class battle cruiser in 1924. Her pointed bow still poked from below a raised flight deck. Her class's lead ship, the Courageous, had launched the first carrier-launched naval air strike in history near the end of World War I.

The 224-meter long vessel still could only carry a smaller air group of forty-eight aircraft compared to larger U.S. fleet carriers. In 1940, these included Fairey Swordfish torpedo bombers, Gloster Sea Gladiator fighters, as well monoplane Blackburn Skua monoplane bomber/fighters.

The *Glorious* first saw action in World War II providing air cover for the Allied expeditionary force seeking to support Norway's resistance to Nazi invasion in April 1940, her Sea Gladiators shooting down several German bombers. Her captain, Guy D'Oyly Hughes, a decorated submariner in World War I, also ordered her Swordfishes to launch raids on land targets, but air group leader J.B. Heath refused, arguing they lacked clear targets and that the pokey biplanes would be shot to pieces by flak. D'Oyly kicked Heath off the ship and departed on missions to ferry Royal Air Force Gladiators and Hurricanes to Norway.

However, in May 24, the Allies began evacuating forces in Norway due to Germany's successful offensives into the Low Countries and France. The *Glorious* then was assigned to pick up the fighters she had just dropped off. The RAF Hurricanes of No.46 squadron were relatively fast and lacked arrestor hooks—but by tying on sandbags, the pilots managed to weigh their tails down and pull off short carrier landings. This feat accomplished, the *Glorious* was to sail back to the UK with fellow carrier *Ark Royal* for mutual protection.

INDEX

However, on June 8 D'Oyly-Hughes received permission to depart independently for Scapa Flow escorted by just two destroyers. Officially, the Royal Navy maintains this was to save fuel. However, crew members have alleged D'Oyly-Hughes was in a hurry to attend Heath's court martial.

In any event, none of the *Glorious*' aircraft were airborne performing a Combat Air Patrol, nor were any readied on the flight deck—perhaps due to concerns of pilot fatigue. The carrier's tall crow's nest was unoccupied; and only twelve of her eighteen boilers were kept active, limiting her speed.

These decisions proved fatal, as that same day, the German Kriegsmarine dispatched surface forces including the battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* on Operation Juno, a sortie redirected to interdict Allied evacuation ships.

Earlier that day the battle cruisers sank an oil tanker and a trawler. At 3:45 p.m., crew on the German capital ships spotted the funnel smoke of the British warships and surged forward to close the distance. While the British sighted the ships fifteen minutes later, Captain D'Oyly didn't call action stations and begin having Swordfish bombers lifted to the flight deck until 4:20 p.m.

Crucially, the German battle cruisers were fast—but *Glorious* could nearly match their speed at thirty knots, once her boilers built up enough steam.

Just seven minutes later, the *Scharnhorst* opened fire on the investigating *Ardent*, busting open a boiler. The much smaller vessel immediately laid a smoke screen which it used as cover to launch hit-and-run torpedo attacks. The destroyers' 4.7" lacked the range and penetrating power to threaten the German battle cruisers—but their torpedoes could cause devastating damage if they could land a hit.

While her smaller 15-centimeter cannons exchanged shots with the *Ardent*, *Scharnhorst's* big 11" turrets blazed away at the distant flat-top. Five minutes later, in one of the longest-range hits in naval history, the *Scharnhorst's* third volley screamed over fifteen miles to slam straight into the *Glorious's* flight deck, blasting open a huge hole that rendered it unusable and knocking two Swordfish bombers into the water. Splinters also pierced one of the carrier's boilers, slowing her down.

By then *Glorious* had transmitted a distress message which was picked up by the heavy cruiser *HMS Devonshire* thirty to fifty miles away. Though the Royal Navy claimed the transmission was too garbled to be understood, her crew later testified to the contrary. In fact, the Northampton was secretly evacuating the Norwegian royal family to the UK, and commanding Vice Admiral John Cunningham had strict orders to maintain radio silence, and thus neither intervened nor relayed the message.

INDEX

At 5 PM a shell slammed into the *Glorious's* bridge, killing D'Oyly and most of the command crew. *Ardent* was finally caught darting out for another torpedo run and set ablaze by repeated hits. She managed to complete a seventh and final torpedo run before capsizing twenty-five

minutes later. By then the crippled *Glorious* was listing and turning in circles while being relentlessly pounded by German guns.

Rather than disengage from the hopeless fight, the *Acasta* peeled off from the *Glorious* and valiantly charged the *Gneisenau*. The 1,300-ton ship sustained a multiple hits from the two 40,000-ton battle cruisers—but on her second run, one of her torpedoes slammed into the *Scharnhorst*, ripping a 12-meter wide hole into her hull that let in over two thousand tons of water, knocked her aft "Caesar" turret out of action, killed forty-eight crew, and disabled her starboard propeller shaft.

But the battle cruisers' retaliatory fire was devastating, and the *Acasta's* blazing wrecked dipped stern-first into the water after 6 p.m. By then, the starboard-listing Glorious had also sunk. A camera crew onboard the *Scharnhorst* filmed the engagement, and the *Glorious's* sinking, which you can see **HERE**.

HMS ACASTA

The German battle cruisers then hastily left the scene without picking up survivors. *Scharnhorst* limped home, listing at five degrees, and would spend the next six months in Trondheim, Norway undergoing repairs. **The Royal Navy apparently remained unaware of the battle and made no rescue effort, only learning what happened after Germany announced the victory.**

Only one crew member from the *Ardent*, two from the *Acasta*, and thirty-six from the *Glorious* survived to be picked up by Norwegian and German forces.

1,596 Royal Navy and Air Force personnel died, many freezing to death awaiting rescue.

Only extraordinary circumstances—particularly the lack of Combat Air Patrol—made the ambush of the *Glorious* possible by two large capital ships on a clear day. For decades, the Royal Navy offered a vaguely exculpatory account of the disaster, but in the 1980s historian Stephen Roskill published an article holding poor command culture by Captain D'Oylyy responsible for the tragedy. The unusual disaster continues to evoke controversy, and even questioning in Parliament, decades later.

Battleships accompanied by other surface warships did directly engage carriers one more time in World War II during the Battle of Samar, though this time the U.S. carriers' air wings participated in the fight leading to a very different, though no less dramatic outcome.

A man walking along a California beach was deep in prayer. All of a sudden he said out loud, "Lord, grant me one wish."

Suddenly the sky clouded above his head and in a booming voice the Lord said, "Because you have TRIED to be faithful to me always, I will grant you one wish."

The man said, "Build a bridge to Hawaii, so I can drive over anytime I want to."

The Lord said, "Your request is very materialistic. Think of the logistics of that kind of undertaking. The supports required to reach the bottom of the Pacific! Think of all the concrete and steel it would take! I can do it... but it is hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little more time and think of another wish... a wish you think would honour and glorify ME."

The man thought about it for a long time. Finally he said, "Lord, I wish that I could understand your beautiful creation - women. I want to know how they feel inside, what they are thinking when they give me the silent treatment, why they cry, what they mean when they say nothing, and how I can make a woman truly happy."

After a few minutes God said "You want two lanes or four on that bridge?"

INDEX

38 MINUTES WITHOUT AIR

(Reported in the Daily Mail 10th May, 2019)

On a stormy night in the North Sea in September 2012, Chris Lemons was staring death in the face.

Stranded on an underwater platform positioned over an oil well in the freezing, pitch-black deep below the surface, he had just minutes of air left in the emergency tanks strapped to his bright yellow diving suit.

He thought mostly of Morag, his schoolteacher fiancée, waiting in Scotland for his latest shift as a deep sea diver in the oil industry to end so they could get on with building their first home together. They'd planned to wed in April.

Each breath was becoming harder and harder . . . and eventually he blacked out.

Chris, then 33, had always described his work as like 'going into space, but underwater'. That night, he had been cut loose from the mother ship and connecting lifeline on which he was dependent, and left drifting away into no-man's land.

His hellish North Sea nightmare is now the subject of a gripping BBC documentary, Last Breath, which tells his miraculous tale that still puzzles experts. Most people can barely last, on average, three minutes without oxygen. Astonishingly, Chris survived for a full 38 minutes. So how did he do it?

September 18 had started as just another day, at sea 127 miles east of Aberdeen, for Lemons, and Dave Youasa and Duncan Allcock, two more experienced 'saturation' divers — specialists who work at great depths for long periods.

Their task was to descend 300 ft from the diving support vessel, *Bibby Topaz*, to the seabed to repair a damaged pipe.

Routine for them — members of a small band of highly paid fearless experts in the 'Premier League' of diving — but terrifying in anybody else's terms.

INDEX

They would be working, as ever, in extreme conditions, where the pressure on their

bodies was such that they had to prepare for a dive by spending days on board the ship in a special decompression 'saturation unit' — akin to a mini-submarine — before climbing into an even more cramped diving bell, attached to the *Bibby Topaz*, that took them towards the bottom.

While Youasa and Lemons donned their diving suits and helmets before descending, Allcock stayed in the diving bell, feeding out the 'umbilical cords' — lifelines that provided the two divers with air, warmth, light and a way of communicating for what was planned as a six-hour job.

All was going well until an alarm came down from the *Bibby Topaz* to Youasa and Lemons. They were to return to the bell at once, to be hauled back up to the ship. Its computer-operated navigation system, which was locking the vessel in place over the oil well, despite an 18ft swell and 40mph winds, had failed. Now the *Bibby Topaz* was drifting away from the oil well with the crew unable to control it.

The bell was attached to the ship, and as it drifted, so did the bell. But for Youasa and Lemons, all that connected them to safety were their umbilical cords, now vulnerable to the pull of a drifting vessel.

As they frantically scrambled up, following the cords back to the bell, Chris Lemons's got snagged on the well's structure.

With the ship dragging the bell in the opposite direction, the cord was pulled tight. Youasa tried to help, but knew it was hopeless. As Lemons desperately tugged to free it, it snapped with a bang.

Inside his diving suit, everything went silent. No light, no air, no communication with his colleagues — and no more hot water circulating to keep his suit warm. He was flung back to the seabed.

Youasa was ordered back to the bell. There was not enough play in his cord to look for Lemons, and the crew on the *Bibby Topaz* didn't want to lose both divers. Inside the bell, Allcock tried to imagine how he was going to explain what had happened to Chris's fiancée Morag.

On the surface, the crew was battling to repair the ship's navigation system. They knew every minute counted if they were to return to their original position and launch a search for Lemons. At best, they calculated, he might have eight minutes of air in his emergency tanks.

As the clock ticked, and the technicians tried everything to regain control, the decision was taken to send down an unmanned probe with a camera to look for the missing diver, starting in the immediate vicinity of the well.

INDEX

Alone on the seabed, Lemons knew his chances of survival were diminishing by the second. His best option, he judged, was to use what little air he had to find the well structure and climb up to where he knew there was a shelf.

But disorientated by the intense darkness, he had no idea which way to head. If he went the wrong way, he would be lost forever.

For the first time that fateful day his luck was in. After a few stumbling steps with his arms held out in front of him in the black waters, he touched the metal structure. It was a minor miracle, but he had no time to waste reflecting. Soon he reached the shelf, but could see nothing in the hundreds of feet of water above that suggested a rescue was under way. And as he lay there, hope ebbed, and he felt the life steadily draining out of him. But he refused to panic and he made his peace with death.

By the time the underwater probe reached the well structure and spotted Lemons' body, the crew above glued to the monitors showing camera footage could see he was still twitching.

But by the time the navigation system was rebooted, 25 minutes after it crashed, the images being relayed to the *Bibby Topaz* showed Lemons was still.

The crew concluded with regret that it was now a question of recovering a dead body.

It took them several more minutes to get the Topaz back to its original position above the well. From the bell, attached to its underside, Youasa was instructed to dive down to the platform and bring back Lemons' body.

It was a deadweight, as if confirming all their worst fears, but Youasa hauled it into the bell where Allcock tore off Lemons' helmet and, more in hope than expectation, started to give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

After just two breaths, Lemons shuddered into life. Yet, still, Allcock knew the chances of Lemons being left severely brain-damaged by lack of oxygen were overwhelming. But within minutes Lemons started talking coherently. He really had cheated death.

How he survived alone with almost no air for 38 minutes in one of the most inhospitable places on the planet still puzzles experts.

The best explanation they can offer is that the extreme cold caused his body to 'shutdown', allowing its vital organs to function in twilight mode on the tiny bit of oxygen left in his system.

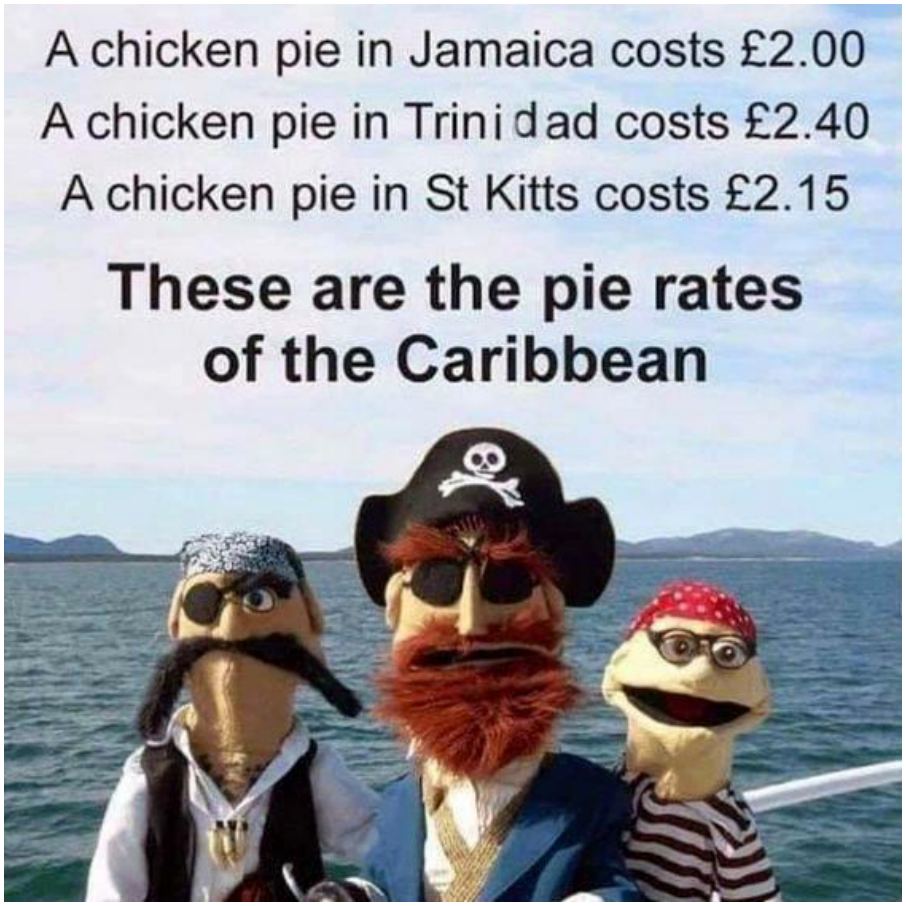
'I don't think I will ever know,' Chris Lemons, now 40, says with a smile at the end of Last Breath. His life with Morag, which he thought had been so cruelly snatched from him, was fulfilled and they married as planned.

INDEX

And, remarkably, after all he went through that night when the North Sea did its best to claim him as its own, he continues to work there as a saturation diver.

Just three weeks after his near-death experience, he, Youasa and Allcock were back on the sea bed.

Last Breath is on BBC iPlayer, and you can see the film by clicking on this **LINK**



INDEX

THE FRANCE & FLANDERS CAMPAIGN

Recollections of Coxwain Thomas King, HMS Sharpshooter.

We had been minesweeping near Scapa Flow when we were ordered to Dover. It wasn't until we left there during the hours of darkness, that we learnt that we were going to take an isolated bunch of soldiers from the beaches alongside Dunkirk. We were totally in the dark about the defeats which were occurring, because the radio wasn't always

available. In 1940 there wasn't a lot of media coverage and we were very much in the dark.

On our first crossing the weather wasn't very pleasant-it was what we call 'crinkly' in the navy. We could do 15 knots, so it took us two and half to three hours to get from Dover to La

Panne. We went as a fighting ship, which we always were, and we just didn't know what to expect. We didn't know if we were going to anchor off or just steam around. Eventually we did anchor, but I shall always remember that, on the way in to the beaches, our captain hailed a ship that was coming out with troops and said, 'How many are there?' The reply he got back was, 'There's bloody thousands of them!'

There was no order on the first occasion-it was a free for all. Soldiers didn't know the life-saving capacity of boats and we could only take ten to twelve in a 22 foot whaler. We kept our distance from the water's edge because it was no good going right up to the beaches; we needed to get seaborne again.

On the second night we went in and there was order. There was an officer at the head and he called out, 'Coxswain, how many do you want?' And I would tell him, and he would count them off. Any wounded they would pass over their heads, and you'd take the wounded first.

On the third trip over, we heard a shout and we stopped. We were a couple of miles out, and we saw a chappie in the sea without a stitch on. I went and picked him up. He might have come off the beach or maybe he's come off another ship that had been sunk. We covered him up and he wasn't too bad for his ordeal. He was lucky.

Kathy brings Smith & Wesson with her when she goes to the ATM. She has NEVER had any problems. Smith is on the left, Wesson on the right.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cheers Brian, another great mag! Did you know the other 4 in the photo with me, re Fred's story, have all crossed the bar? Hope it's not an omen!!! **Norman Webber**

When Nelson died he was five feet tall.
His statue in London is fifteen feet tall.
That's Horatio of 3:1.
(From Ray Lambert's
Laughter is the best Medicine)

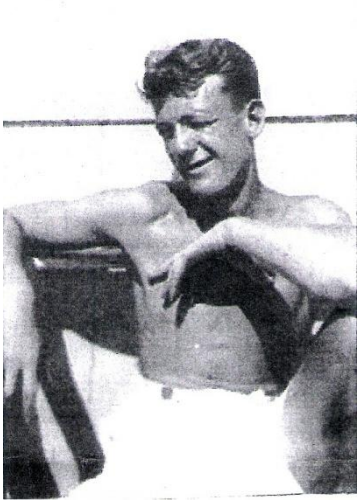
JOTTINGS OF A VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN

There we were. A new commish, out the Far Flung and enjoying the sunshine on our first day.

We had flown out and so far no-one had been assigned duties. How they figured out a duty watch for that first afternoon I didn't know. Someone must have known; the cooks turned to and our first meal on board appeared as if by magic. I don't recall eight o'clock rounds on that first night, maybe there wasn't any. We had a comfortable night but things sprung into gear quickly enough early the next morning when all hands mustered on the back end for the detailing off of jobs.

The GI took the muster and, with his clipboard at the ready, soon started to reel off specific assignments. It wasn't long before it became my turn… 'Lambert - vegetable party.'
I had no idea what that entailed, I had never heard the term before. My oppo who was standing next to me put me wise. 'Spud basher, I'm not a flaming spud basher' I said rather too loudly. It was only a crack but bearing in mind that we were all newcomers, no-one would know that.

The GI who was standing-in for the Buffer who was already proving his worth by not being there, looked decidedly crestfallen. Oppo saved the situation by explaining that it was an ill timed joke and saved the day and so I took up my duties as 'Spud Basher Supreme.'



I soon learned that my job all day long was to top up a large tub with water and then fill it with peeled potatoes from my own little domain just outside the galley door.

It seemed straight forward and simple enough and I toiled away happily until the end of the week when, of course, I still had to be at my post Saturday and Sunday as well which entitled me to a blue card.

Although being a bit on the stroppy side anyway, I was less than pleased at that 'green-rub' and let rip at all and sundry who were foolhardy enough to pass by within range of my verbal onslaught. This went on for another week or two; even the captain on his upper deck rounds had to listen reluctantly as I had him boxed in somewhat - but to no avail…..having peeled away until six o'clock or so, I still

INDEX

had to turn-to for the night watches, from eight o'clock, usually standing by the sea boat, still complaining bitterly. Everybody had to have some and most, if not all, agreed with me. The Jimmy, who had failed a submarine captain's course and therefore had been returned to general service, was 'the-power-behind-the-throne.

I first met him face to face on the day we were scheduled to go to sea. I was sitting on a little slatted seat just by the fo'csle breakwater when he came and sat alongside me. He seemed quite pleasant, possibly not adapted to life outside of submarines yet.

He told me that we were doing a transfer at sea and taking on oil as an exercise that same afternoon and his job was to take charge of the operation. He said he had been boning-up in his cabin in a bit of a sweat, hoping to get it right.

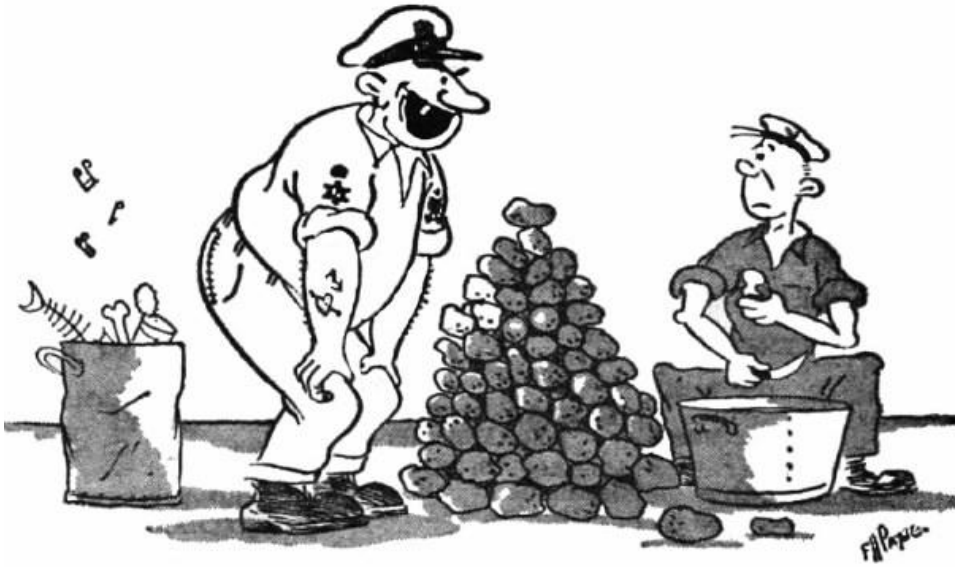
A completely different man from when we met again several weeks later….. There I was still peeling the spuds when Oppo (talk about twisting the knife!) said he had been sent to relieve me because Jimmy wanted to see me in his cabin. No mention of why.

Up I went to see Jimmy but I didn't have the chance to speak. 'Ah, there you are Lambert. I've taken you off that potato job because you were no good. I want you as cleaner in this flat right outside my door where I can keep my eye on you!' he bellowed angrily.

Keep his eye on me, the arrogant so-and-so. I was so het up with anger, I couldn't speak and ever since that day I have wished I had attacked him and I still would to this day.

What a change in a man. From an amiable, friendly man to someone on a par with Hitler.
…..and the icing on the cake - he gave Oppo a blue card !

INDEX



"Spud peeling machines? Yes, you're the latest model."

A NAVAL CAREER PART 1 (OF 4)

By Jim Hirst

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This story were found on the BBC World War II website and Contributed by fireblade-sue subject John Malcolm ("Jim") Hirst and Contributed on: 01 January 2006

JOINING-UP

Soon the time came to `register', which I did with a preference for the Royal Navy. Unusual though this was from middle England I think I was still influenced by future hopes of marine biology, my experience with the Norfolk fishermen and because neither had my father nor brother fared well in the Royal Artillery or RAF. I was told to report to *HMS Glendower* at Pwllheli, N. Wales, this `ship' turned out to be a newly built Butlin's Holiday Camp. Accommodation was in chalets, each holding eight ratings. My eight had widely different backgrounds; few of us had ever been to sea but managed not to disclose that. I was unique in being the only one who had never 'done time'. It did not seem to be the occasion to flout my experience in the `Fuzz' as a Police auxiliary, although that had taught me much of the accompanying language that would otherwise have been a mystery.

Having been kitted, marched up and down, fired a few shots with a rifle, learnt to tie the regulation knots (some behind the back to ensure they could be done in the dark), even pulled an oar in a clumsy old cutter and expressed a preference to gain the extra three (old) pence per day pay for not accepting `grog' (the rum ration), as Ordinary Seaman Hirst P/JX 291295 T (T for temperance), I was deemed fit for sea about two months after my arrival. A week or so was spent in Chatham and Portsmouth dockyards while the crew for a new Hunt Class destroyer, *HMS Lauderdale*, was accumulated before commissioning at Vosper-Thorneycroft's yard in Southampton under the command of Lt George Pound RN, son of Admiral Sir Dudley Pound.

As a very raw and unskilled ordinary seaman my duties were simple, mostly deck duties in harbour, lookout duties at sea (practice with my brother had in fact made me really expert at aircraft recognition) or watch-keeping on a variety of guns. My action station was as a `loading number' on "A "Gun, the twin 4in. high angle/low angle mounting on the forecastle. In any sea this was a wet spot and, at high angles, fuzeing and loading the shells was exhausting to say nothing of trying to ensure that you were clear of the recoil as the guns fired. Close to the limit of my physical strength.

The messdeck was a quick way of meeting life in the raw but not a very comfortable home. There was no problem sleeping in harbour when hammocks were permitted but at sea in wartime these could not be slung as they would interfere with the flow of ammunition from the magazines below. The messdeck was often awash with water shipped over the bow that then gushed down through the open ammunition hoists. So when not on watch one had to grab sleep on a side locker, a bench or table; failing to brace against roll and pitch meant a wet roll on the deck. Although rough, the life, food, company and behaviour in the fo'csle

INDEX

were experiences that enormously broadened later understanding.

HMS Lauderdale

Once commissioned, we departed (midst a westerly gale and air-attack off Land's End) to `work-up' from Scapa Flow, spending much of the time acting also as escort for the, later ill-fated, battleship *Duke of York* which was similarly engaged. Becoming operational coincided with the appearance of U Boats in quantity in the western Atlantic, so we were rushed across to St. John's, Newfoundland (to be met with the unaccustomed pipe, "The ship will not be darkened" and a snowball fight).

We soon settled down to our routine convoy escort duties. Our fuel capacity limited us to shuttling between Halifax, Nova Scotia, mid-Atlantic and St John's. Inevitably during winter we had our share of fogs and pack-ice on the Grand Banks mixed with gales. At first I admit to doubts whether the ship would break as it shuddered in the head seas or would ever manage to surmount the walls of water that seemed likely to submerge us from astern, as we dawdled with a slow convoy. Likewise, when down-below, confidence in the ship grew as the ship's thin plating withstood the flexing caused by pounding into seas or shoving ice floes aside. The conversion from Ordinary to Able Seaman had started!

We were lucky, although we did a few depth charge attacks and towed back a half-tanker or two and had our look-out duties much sharpened by reports of the pocket battleships *Gniesenau* or *Scharnhorst* in the Denmark Strait (the prospects were not good, although we were the best-armed ship to meet them!). Probably the U Boat commanders found no shortage of fatter and less hazardous targets than a new escort destroyer. *Lauderdale* was among the first to be equipped with gyroscopically controlled stabilizers to reduce rolling and give a more stable `gun-platform'.

Usually being outside the range of the Focke-Wulf Condors it was seldom used, because we shipped much more water when it was in use. However, when passing through merchant ships assembling for convoy in the glassy calm waters of the Bedford Basin at Halifax, we caused amazement on board each as we roared past them blaring our signature tune `A hunting we will go' and rolling wildly as the stabilizers were oscillated in hand control. The Admiralty must soon have decided that a new Hunt class ship should be in waters more likely to require the use of its considerable armament, so when due for a boiler clean we returned to Londonderry and a brief leave, (accompanied by the amazed stares of Birmingham residents as I struggled home with a kit-bag full of little but sugar, butter, tinned meats and a couple of hands of bananas slung across my shoulders). Indeed `Jack' was, briefly, home from sea.

INDEX

Our next assignment was to escort East Coast Convoys, (Rosyth to Sheerness), the southern part of this was the so-called `E Boat Alley' but had other delights like the new acoustic mines which the diesel colliers for London power stations seemed to have a special facility for detonating, often well before they reached the mine themselves. For me, this phase did not last long either, because having been Canada-based; *Lauderdale* had not shed any quota of "CW (commissioned warrant) candidates". I was lucky enough to be among the half dozen posted to *HMS King Alfred* in Hove for officer training.

Once in Edinburgh, on our way south, we considered the circumstances and having some hours to spare before catching the night train south, we decided to seek a meal indicative of the style that we hoped was to be ours. Nobody else having any suggestion, I said that I remembered my mother saying that she had once been taken for a fine dinner at the Caledonian Hotel. Clearly the hotel staff regarded us as an incongruous group among all the gold braid and staff officers. However, appearing sober, well behaved and doing nothing illegal, we gave them no reason to eject us.

By comparison with messdeck food the menu was excellent but the real joy came when we asked for the bill and none less than the Head Waiter came to our table to announce that a resident couple (who wished to remain anonymous) were intrigued by our presence, had offered to pay our bill and "would we like liqueurs and cigars?" Of course we gladly accepted, wrote them a note of thanks and explanation and departed, collecting our seamans' caps from among the gold braid and red bands in an aroma of liqueurs and fine tobacco. We all slept well in the train compartment that night.

OFFICER TRAINING AT *HMS KING ALFRED* AND ELSEWHERE

The first part of the King Alfred course was somewhat incongruously spent within Lancing College from which the boys had long since been evacuated. What I remember most of that spell was doing night sentry duty among a herd of cows which made it difficult to detect the approach of patrols I was supposed to challenge. I don't think that we would have been much use against paratroops! Lancing College was a mile or two inland, but King Alfred was right on the beach.

Strangely, life at *HMS King Alfred* itself (the partially built municipal swimming baths in Hove) seemed somewhat nearer to the war than much of what had gone before. This may have been connected with the barbed wire which covered almost everything except the short length of beach from which the Navy insisted that it retain the right to swim. We were kept quite busy, but the only `sea time' was brief spells of ship handling training within Shoreham Harbour (where we got strafed by a fighter bomber one day).

My only problem was passing the test at reading Morse code by light. The test was passed with the help of a *Lauderdale* shipmate (who aspired after the war to be an Egyptologist) and the exercise of what we regarded as an exercise of "the Nelson touch" (I much regret that I never had the chance to thank Peter Kirwan for his help in what, I do believe, has been the only exercise of real cheating in my life). Eventually, having been more resplendently

INDEX

uniformed by Gieves, we had two very pleasant final weeks at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where the newly commissioned officers (or `temporary acting gentlemen') were given the opportunity to learn how to behave in a naval wardroom (besides being instructed in other officers' duties). The basement skittle alley provided amusement and some air-raid protection.

The College and the famous "Painted Hall" provided inspiration, splendour and good food which were in stark contrast with much of bomb-damaged East London outside. We were then given our next postings; mine was, as requested, to *HMS St. Christopher* for training for Coastal Forces. Later I learnt that up to the previous week many had been posted to `mines-rendering-safe' duties, of whom many, like the army's BDS officers, had something like a ten weeks life expectancy! Having missed it, in retrospect, it is safe to say that (if surviving successfully!) I would probably have quite liked that assignment because I do enjoy trying to unravel a mechanism.

In preparation for meeting Fairmile "B" Class MLs at *HMS St. Christopher*, I had to do short courses, one in gunnery at *HMS Excellent*, Whale Island, Portsmouth. The gunners' love of drill is well known but was not equally appreciated by the "Light Craft Officers Course" who did not easily comply. Perhaps for this reason we were accommodated in seclusion (and considerable comfort) among the somewhat faded glories aboard the former *Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert*. I am afraid that I found the instruction in our light armament to be simple and painfully repetitive. It was in stark contrast to the second course among the more clever mechanisms, procedures and fiendish trickery associated with mines and torpedoes which were the responsibility of *HMS Vernon*.

Although we lived in a rather sleazy hotel on the Brighton seafront, we took our lectures on mines and torpedoes along the coast at the vacated Roedean Ladies College, an interlude that has often come in handy in after dinner conversation. At *HMS St Christopher* in Fort William I got a first taste of firing a practice torpedo, hopefully to pass beneath a target ship; how to set and release depth charges and first contact with the mysteries of underwater detection with asdic. We also had an all too brief taste of handling an ML and coastal navigation, before I was released for a day or two of leave before proceeding south to be First Lieutenant of a new 112 ft Fairmile "B" Class ML, then nearing completion at East Looe in Cornwall.

YOU COULD HEAR A PIN DROP!

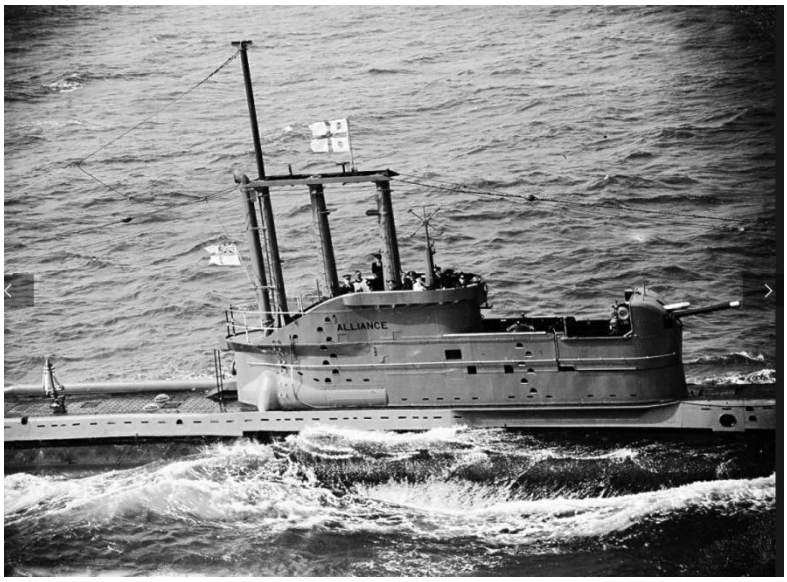
Walking through a supermarket in Chatham a matelot notices a very attractive woman waving at him. She says, 'Hello.'
He's rather taken aback because he can't place her. So he asks, 'Do you know me?'
To which she replies, 'I think you're the father of one of my kids.'
Now his mind travels back to the only time he has ever been unfaithful to his wife.
So he asks, 'Are you the stripper from the Army & Navy Pub that I made love to on the billiard table, with all my mates watching.
She looks into his eyes and says calmly, 'No, I'm your son's teacher.'

INDEX

PHOTO ALBUM

I think this is somewhere in either New Zealand or Australia. But I don't know.

Any ideas?



In the worst British submarine accident since World War II, In April, 1951 HMS Affray went missing off the south coast of England, with a 75 strong crew onboard. The vessel was never recovered because of the depth at which it had sunk, and the distance from the coast made a full salvage operation impossible.

INDEX

16 April 1953: Queen launches Royal Yacht Britannia at Clydeside

A SPEECH BY THE QUEEN

Published 21 April 1947

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

On her twenty-first birthday, 21 April 1947, Princess Elizabeth was with her parents and younger sister on a tour of South Africa. In a speech broadcast on the radio from Cape Town, the Princess dedicated her life to the service of the Commonwealth.

On my twenty-first birthday I welcome the opportunity to speak to all the peoples of the British Commonwealth and Empire, wherever they live, whatever race they come from, and whatever language they speak.

Let me begin by saying 'thank you' to all the thousands of kind people who have sent me messages of good will. This is a happy day for me; but it is also one that brings serious thoughts, thoughts of life looming ahead with all its challenges and with all its opportunity.

At such a time it is a great help to know that there are multitudes of friends all round the world who are thinking of me and who wish me well. I am grateful and I am deeply moved.

As I speak to you today from Cape Town I am six thousand miles from the country where I was born. But I am certainly not six thousand miles from home. Everywhere I have travelled in these lovely lands of South Africa and Rhodesia my parents, my sister and I have been taken to the heart of their people and made to feel that we are just as much at home here as if we had lived among them all our lives.

That is the great privilege belonging to our place in the world-wide commonwealth - that there are homes ready to welcome us in every continent of the earth. Before I am much older I hope I shall come to know many of them.

Although there is none of my father's subjects from the oldest to the youngest whom I do not wish to greet, I am thinking especially today of all the young men and women who were born about the same time as myself and have grown up like me in terrible and glorious years of the second world war.

Will you, the youth of the British family of nations, let me speak on my birthday as your representative? Now that we are coming to manhood and womanhood it is surely a great joy to us all to think that we shall be able to take some of the burden off the shoulders of our elders who have fought and worked and suffered to protect our childhood.

INDEX

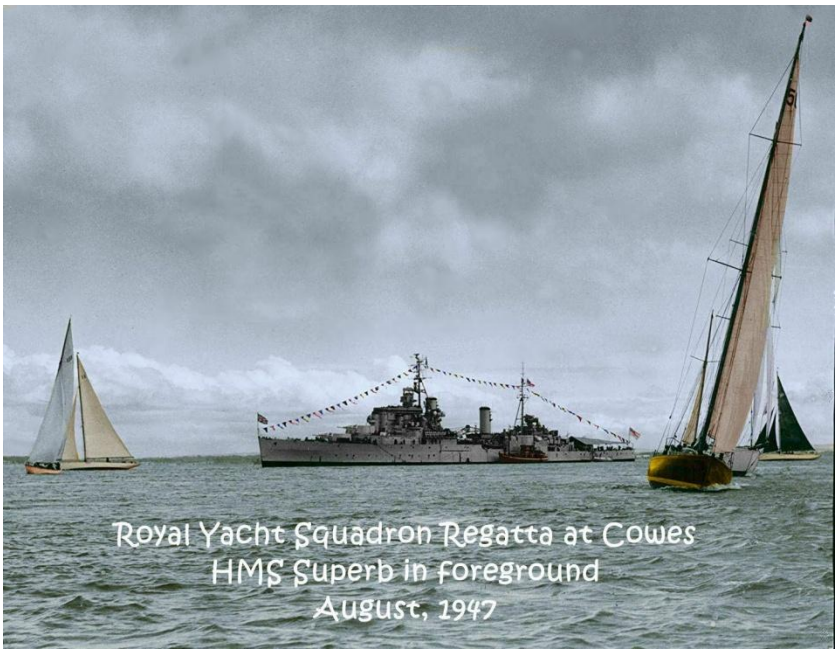
We must not be daunted by the anxieties and hardships that the war has left behind for every nation of our commonwealth. We know that these things are the price we cheerfully undertook to pay for the high honour of standing alone, seven years ago, in defence of the liberty of the world. Let us say with Rupert Brooke: "Now God be thanked who has matched us with this hour".

I am sure that you will see our difficulties, in the light that I see them, as the great opportunity for you and me. Most of you have read in the history books the proud saying of William Pitt that England had saved herself by her exertions and would save Europe by her example. But in our time we may say that the British Empire has saved the world first, and has now to save itself after the battle is won.

I think that is an even finer thing than was done in the days of Pitt; and it is for us, who have grown up in these years of danger and glory, to see that it is accomplished in the long years of peace that we all hope stretch ahead.

If we all go forward together with an unwavering faith, a high courage, and a quiet heart, we shall be able to make of this ancient commonwealth, which we all love so dearly, an even grander thing - more free, more prosperous, more happy and a more powerful influence for good in the world - than it has been in the greatest days of our forefathers.

To accomplish that we must give nothing less than the whole of ourselves. There is a motto which has been borne by many of my ancestors - a noble motto, "I serve". Those words were an inspiration to many bygone heirs to the Throne when they made their knightly dedication as they came to manhood. I cannot do quite as they did.



Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes
HMS Superb in foreground
August, 1947

But through the inventions of science I can do what was not possible for any of them. I can make my solemn act of dedication with a whole Empire listening. I should like to make that dedication now. It is very simple.

I declare before you all that my whole life whether it be long or short shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great imperial family to which we all belong.

But I shall not have strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do: I know that your support will be unfailingly given. God help me to make good my vow, and God bless all of you who are willing to share in it.

INDEX

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)

INDEX

SLOPS

Download Order Form Here

AVAILABLE BY POST & AT THE REUNION IN OCTOBER

LONG SLEEVED SWEATER EMBLAZONED WITH THE HMS SUPERB LOGO
PRICE £16.80

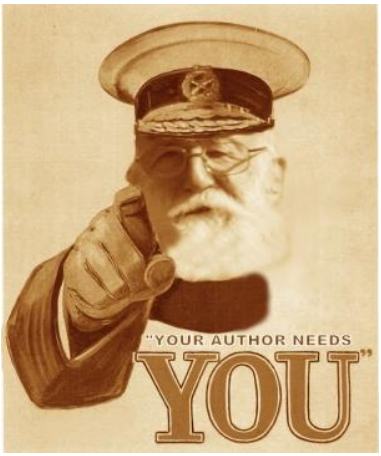
BASEBALL-TYPE CAP WITH HMS SUPERB CREST
PRICE £11.20

ALL ITEMS CAN BE MADE AVAILABLE AT THE REUNION IN OCTOBER
IF POSTING IS REQUIRED PLEASE ADD EXTRA £3-00 P. & P. FOR SWEATSHIRT AND CAP.
FOR CAP ONLY ADD £1-00 FOR POST & PACKAGING

ORDERS WITH CHEQUES PLEASE TO ROBIN SMITH

INDEX

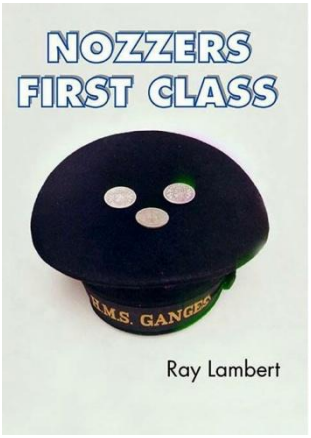
Journalist & Best Selling Author

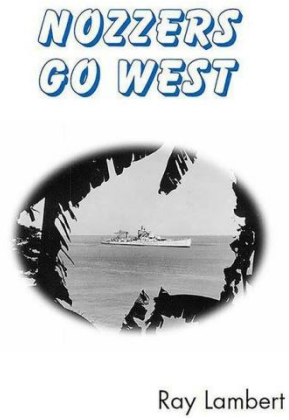


OUR IN-HOUSE **BEST SELLING AUTHOR** IS OFFERING THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AT A SPECIAL PRICE FOR MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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

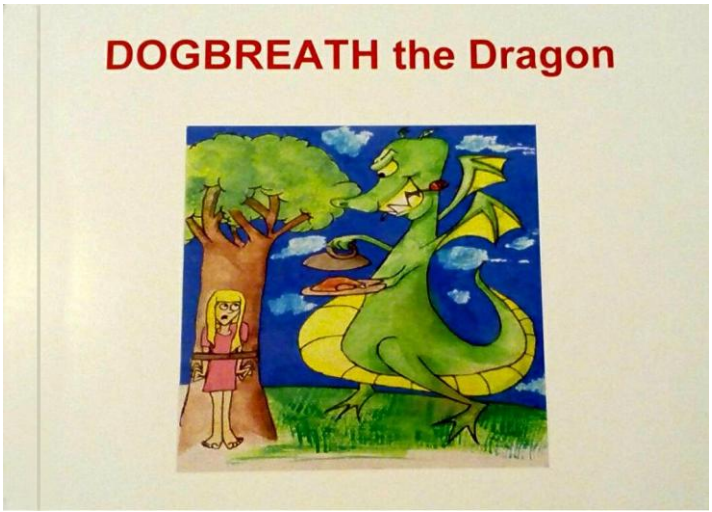




INDEX

Something for the Youngsters

Phil Grimson



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.

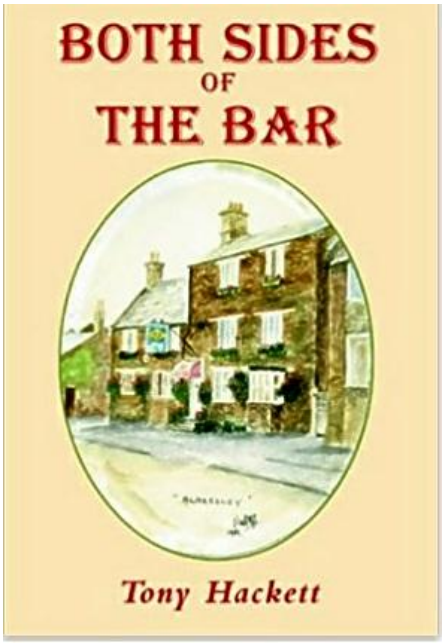
KINDLE DOWNLOAD £5.59 **PRINTED VERSION £13.99 + P&P***

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 Hacket



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

INDEX

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

INDEX

THIS COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE

Download this app it is free and very accurate dividing the world into 3 metre squares and giving each square 3 different words.

Type "**WHAT 3 WORDS MAP**" into your internet browser and you will find every address and location is now coded as three words; type in any address and you will see how accurate it is.

So if you get lost, injured or have an accident phone 999 (in the UK) and with this app on your phone you can tell exactly where you are.

SO YOU SIMPLY OPEN THE APP AND YOUR PHONE WILL SHOW YOUR LOCATION - THIS CAN BE A SATELITE MAP OR A ROAD MAP AND WILL DISPLAY 3 WORDS SUCH AS

///music.band.concert

This means the Rescue services can see your location within 10 meters.

TRY IT ! - if you stand at your front door you will get 3 words and if you move to your back door you will get 3 different words. Read about it on the site by clicking this **LINK**

USB ALERT

Be careful if you find a USB stick in your post (or left on your doorstep). IT MIGHT COME TO THE UK

Residents in France are being alerted to a data scam involving USB computer drives or "USB sticks" put into letter boxes, the Gendarmerie in the Nord (Hauts-de-France) department has confirmed.

Scammers have been placing USB sticks in household's letter boxes, counting on the curiosity of recipients to plug them into their computers in a bid to find out the contents.

Once the USB stick is plugged in, it installs a virus on the users' computer, through which the scammers can then access personal, confidential details, including financial and ID information.

This "USB stick scam" was last picked up in France in 2017, but now the Gendarmerie in the Nord department has warned of new reports of the same scheme.

INDEX

They have warned that the scam can affect anyone across the country.

They advise anyone who receives any kind of drive, USB stick or otherwise - or who finds

one in a public place - never to plug it in or use it on any computer, or try to figure out what it contains.

Recipients are instead advised to destroy the stick, or otherwise dispose of it safely.

I'M TIRED

Yes I'm tired, for several years I've been blaming it on middle age, poor blood, lack of vitamins, air pollution, saccharin, obesity, dieting, under arm odour, yellow wax build-up and another dozen maladies that make you wonder if life is really worth living.

BUT I FOUND OUT IT AIN'T THAT

I'm tired because I'm overworked

The population of England is 55 million

25 million are retired – that leaves 30 million to do the work

There are 19 million in school – that leaves 11 million to do the work

2 million are unemployed and 4 million are employed by the Government – that leaves 5 million to do the work

1 million are in the armed forces – that leaves 4 million to do the work

3 million are employed by County and District Councils – that leaves 1 million to do the work

There are 620,000 people in hospital and 379,998 in prisons that leaves 2 people to do the work

You and me

And you are sitting on your arse reading this.

No bloody wonder I'm tired is it?

(Sent in by Andy Brierley – article originated in "Medway Submariners" magazine)

INDEX

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 on 10.4.2019
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.

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

INDEX

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

ARCHIVED CONTENT

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PLEASE EMAIL ME IF YOU'D LIKE ACCESS TO PREVIOUS YEARS

December, 2018

January, 2019

March, 2019

April, 2019

May, 2019