H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, BRIAN SAUNDERS

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Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710

ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

I was interested to see the U.S. Navy's reaction to constant Russian/Chinese boasts of their 'hypersonic missiles' – so called 'carrier busters' – Three futuristic destroyers *Zumwalt* Class, already built and commissioned into the U.S. Navy, were to be armed with E. M. A. L. S., electric rail guns, under intense development. A crash cancellation of that system must have taken many by surprise, all to be ripped out making room for newly developed 'U.S. hypersonic agile missiles'. It must have been heartening for the U.S. to see Russian Super Cruiser *Moskva* become prey to Ukraine's unsophisticated Neptune rocket; defence systems must be easy to fix it, being supposedly fool proof.

During the Falklands war, 40 years ago, *Coventry* was hit by a missile because control system was momentarily distracted by a false aircraft report. Russian cruiser is 40 years old as built, one does not know how many upgrades, 'mods', were made in that time. It is possible another two cruisers of that Moskva Class are also highly vulnerable to unsophisticated rocket attack, not the pillars of modern invention we were led to believe.

I have always been surprised at how many W.W.1 U-boat wrecks surround the U.K. and Northern Ireland. Two, whose exact locations were sought for many years, are now pin-pointed. So near home in Germany simply because development could be considered in its infancy. Boats able to reach western limits of the Atlantic, able to roam with large fuel reserves, were yet to be built; no room for torpedo reloads either.

I learn the long time mystery of a smashed and marine growth encrusted wreck was always a riddle as to its proper identification. We did not twig the thoughtful Kraut inscribed boat name or number clearly on all propeller bosses. It evidently took searchers many years to learn that;

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another example we have all met at sometime where 'the obvious never dawns on you until it one day gives you a good kick in the butt'.

I've never been of the opinion that meritocracy carried a lot of weight in the R.N. That opinion suffered a serious dent on learning the service of Derek 'Jake' Wright R. N. V. R. Commander, D.S.C + 2 bars; one of only 44 officers to be so decorated.

He went into the tea trade straight from school at sixteen years old with Brooke Bond, joining the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve a year later. He completed his training as Adolph marched into Poland, called up from nearby *King Arthur* officer training course, one of the first reservists so called.

He was rushed straight off to Dunkirk with a string of dinghies picking up stragglers when *Operation Dynamo* was running out of steam, an abrupt introduction to modern war when pushed in at the deep end.

He had entered *Pembroke* as an Able Seaman on the outbreak of war, demobbed at war's end; Commander highly decorated. He went back into the tea industry for Brooke Bond in Ceylon and India organising a vast and rapid expansion.

Back in the U.K. he became the firm's Chairman in 1971, an indication of the man's abilities in commerce. At war's start he volunteered for Motor Torpedo Boats at *H.M.S. Beehive*. From spare man he became spare officer then to 1st. Lieutenant then Captain of his own boat to flotilla leader of D-boats, the final model of M.T.B at war's end. These had a 6 pounder gun of the fo'c'sle, (a version of the army's 6 lb. anti- tank gun), twin 20mm mounts each side of the bridge and often a single Bofor 40mm on the engine room roof; a really well armed swift vessel.

A QUICK SKIRT ROUND BROOKE BOND'S MILITARY INTEREST: in 1910 they signed up as suppliers to the largest maritime force in the world – the R. N., later doing same for the British Army.

At the start of W.W.1 the Civil Service stated that tea was an unnecessary import and tea control was imposed. This was soon overruled when tea was declared a 'major national morale booster' and bureaucratic denunciation quashed, regular tea imports being pursued with vigour.

Brooke Bond employed a van boy who later became a Ganges boy 2nd class in *H.M.S Chester* when war was declared. At the Battle of Jutland in 1916 mortally wounded, despite all his gun crew being killed around him, he kept repeating his order, 'gun on site, awaiting orders'. He died of his wounds three days later. On 15th September the London Gazette announced he had been awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross for fearless bravery in the face of his enemy.

That was boy second class John Travers Cornwall. Given back to his family he is buried in the parish cemetery in Chester.

My hand arm now feels fit to drop off, so I will call it a day

Best regards shipmates, keep taking the pills.

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FOR THOSE IN PERIL …

The Men Who Went Down With a Lost World War II Aircraft Carrier

A World War II helmet found by the Petrel, a high-tech research vessel, at the bottom of the Pacific.

Three hours after nightfall on Sept. 15, 1942, the U.S.S. Wasp, a United States Navy aircraft carrier, slipped beneath the waves 350 miles southeast of Guadalcanal. Hit by two or possibly three torpedoes from a Japanese submarine, the crippled ship was abandoned, then torpedoed by an American destroyer to send it to the bottom, approximately 14,000 feet below.

In the early morning hours of Jan. 14, 2019, researchers laid eyes on the Wasp for the first time in 76 years. The news of that discovery and the story of the team who found the wreck was published on March 13 in a feature article by Ed Caesar in The Times Magazine.

Aboard a 250-foot-long research vessel called the Petrel, originally built for servicing oil fields,

a group of explorers, historians, divers and submersible pilots have been combing the South Pacific for the graves of American warships like the Wasp since 2017. Funded by Paul Allen, a co-founder of Microsoft who died in October and who wanted to find these ships as a way to honor his father's military service in World War II, the ship's state-of-the-art technology allows for faster and more efficient searches than were possible even a decade ago.

When The New York Times Magazine published my story about the hunt for the wreck of the U.S.S. Wasp, an aircraft carrier sunk by torpedoes in the Pacific during World War II, I expected a certain amount of correspondence from readers who had a particular connection to the ship. There were 2,248 men on board when it was hit. More than 2,000 of those men survived.

Dozens of people wrote — either to me, or on the comments below the online article — about the experiences of husbands, brothers, fathers, uncles, grandfathers and great-uncles who had served on board the Wasp. One reader described how the explosions after the torpedo strikes knocked his grandfather's shoes "clean off." Another said her father, who swam for 17 hours after the order to abandon ship, spoke of "the water being on fire and the sharks."

Jane Pepper from Media, Penn., told me about her late husband, G. Willing Pepper, who served as an officer, and who often told his family the story of the "awful day" the ship was hit. Willing Pepper spent eight hours in the water, without a life vest, before being rescued by a nearby American warship and treated by doctors. The medics, however, did not know Pepper was allergic to the penicillin with which they treated him, and he slipped into a coma. When he awoke weeks later, the first words he remembered hearing were: "Good heavens, he's going to live." Pepper died in 2001, at the age of 93.

Perhaps the most remarkable exchange I had in the aftermath of the story's publication was with someone who remembered the Wasp as if it was yesterday. Brig. Gen. Reginald Van Stockum was born on July 8, 1916, exactly one week after his father, an English infantryman, was killed on the first day of the Battle of the Somme — the bloodiest day in British military history. His mother remarried an American, and the family settled in Washington State. In 1937, when he was 21, Van Stockum was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. In 1941, he boarded the U.S.S. Wasp and took command of the Marine detachment on the ship.

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NOZZERS GO WEST Part 38

What he had seen of America so far was certainly living up to what he had been led to believe it was like, it was better even than the impression he had formed of the country before he had sampled it for himself. The people that they had come across so far were friendly – and that was not to say the South Americans that they had encountered previously were unfriendly, plus there was the distinct added advantage of speaking the same language. Although it was early days yet and they had only been in the country about a fortnight all-told Ginger loved it; the sights, sounds and smells were all part of the rich tapestry. It was all new to him and the novelty factor had a tight grip on him. He was enjoying every minute.

There was just one fly-in-the-ointment however. In their wisdom, America had decreed that no one could have a beer until they were twenty-one. That law was enforced scrupulously. Even in the smallest of back street bars well off the main town centre and with the friendliest of barmaids, the question was always the same: 'have you got ID?' They all knew that British matelots carried a pay book with a date of birth and they all wanted to see that pay book. They were also on top of the crude attempts to alter the date and put it back a few years. That could be the reason why the invitations to visit 'up home' were so popular with almost everyone. It was the only way the under 21s could get a few beers.

Ginger had never been one for being centre of attention; he had always done his best to avoid being the one in the spotlight. It probably stemmed from his Ganges days when everyone was under the microscope all day every day. Even now aboard a ship, his second ship to be precise, he felt that all-seeing eye was upon him all the time and would remain so until he lost the 'Boy' tag and the stigma that went with it when he could move out of the boy's messdeck for good. He was a man; they all were - called upon to do men's work at any time. They were men in everything except pay and leave.

On Saturday an invitation was received from a club in Oakland, the other side of the bay, for a coach load to visit in the evening. Once again 'Freddie' did them proud by announcing leave until 2330 for any boys attending. Ginger jumped at the chance, knowing that their time in San Francisco was nearing an end. There were several others, mostly chiefs, POs and artificers, a few from the seamen's messdeck and a few boys. They were picked up in cars and whisked across the Oakland Bay Bridge to their destination. The club members were quite pleasant and the booze flowed. No one mentioned the dreaded '21 rule' and naturally the boys kept that to themselves. Maybe being a private club the law didn't apply.

There was plenty to eat and, with the booze and good company, the time flew by until Ginger suddenly realised that the other boys had all left. Apparently there had been a call for those to return early and a car to take them back laid on but Ginger had missed it; the car had already left. There was nothing for it; he would have to walk. Another chap who had started the commission in the boys mess but had graduated to the seaman's messdeck and had been his companion for most of the evening, offered to walk with him. The thought of a taxi never entered either their heads. Nor did it occur to them that they didn't know where the bridge was and that it was miles long!

They eventually found the entrance to the Oakland Bay Bridge and they could see the ship illuminated, over on the other side. So near and yet so far. The next problem was to get to it. That was nowhere near the end to their problems because, although they didn't know it, there was no walking allowed; it was vehicle traffic only and, in any case, the ship was seven miles away. They strode out and started their journey oblivious to the 'no walking law' but had not gone far when a lone driver with a small pick-up truck stopped and offered them a ride over. It was him who enlightened them about not being allowed to walk across; he also told them that they were lucky not to have been mown down as drivers wouldn't expect to see pedestrians on what amounted to a freeway.

Naturally Ginger was late back on board and had to endure a lecture from the Office-of-the-Watch about the Commodore's faith in him. Meanwhile his travelling companion, who wasn't late, had wisely scarpered. Ginger stood patiently and let the duty officer talk himself out. He wasn't about to do another tough guy act and spend the night in cells again, like he had in Montevideo.

Standing still, being polite and saying "yes, sir" like a good boy had no effect and he was told that a charge would follow. Being as it was late on Saturday night he was told to report to the Regulating Officer first thing on Monday morning. Thank goodness that it was a new sub-lieutenant and not that jumped-up thin-ringer from last time. Monday morning would suit him just fine.

His reluctance to accept the hospitality that was offered almost everywhere they had been meant that he had not had to endure the embarrassment of sitting in a strangers house like a newly acquired trophy but that was all to change, courtesy of bloody Chinnery the PTI.

There were that many invitations from people who wanted to entertain 'British sailors' that those not able to personally invite the man of their choice, sent a letter inviting sometimes one or two and sometimes as many as a dozen and even 100 that were given free seats at the Ice Revue. Those letters were pinned on the notice board where anyone interested could take the letter and make their own arrangements.

Many onboard, including the boys where possible and remembering the early back on board ruling, took advantage of those well meaning invitations but Ginger didn't fancy the idea. He had managed to steer clear of all those 'grippo' runs around South America and hadn't regretted it in the least. Then, on Sunday, through no fault of his own he was lumbered.

Simply by being in the wrong place at exactly the right time, his number was up. He made the mistake of walking along the starboard side catwalk while all the hustle and bustle of pairing up ship's people to shore people was happening down below him on the jetty. There were scores of people all trying to find their own 'invitee'. Ginger wasn't aware of what was going on, it was nothing to concern him anyway. Chinnery, in his capacity of social secretary, or whatever he was, was up to his neck in people all of them wanting him to find them someone. It was pretty obvious that he was not having a good time.

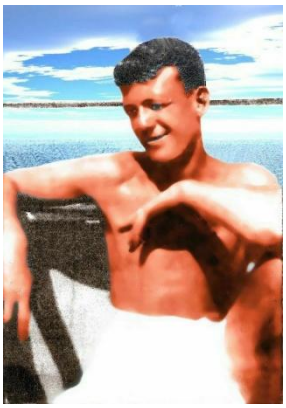
The very moment that Ginger stepped out of the screen door and onto the catwalk was the very same moment Chinnery looked up from the jetty.

'Lambert. Make yourself known to Mrs. Garfield' he shouted up at the same time indicating who Mrs. Garfield with his outstretched hand.

Ginger didn't know who Mrs Garfield was and furthermore he didn't want to know who Mrs Garfield was. But he was lumbered and so was Chadwick, another boys mess inmate, who had the misfortune to come out of the same door directly behind Ginger. Chinnery had spotted him too.

'You too Chadwick'. He shouted up. 'The pair of you chop, chop, down the gangway and introduce yourselves'.

They were lumbered. Chinnery had cleared another outstanding request and Mrs. Garfield had got couple of guests.



Ginger was not good at guessing peoples ages; everyone looked old to someone not yet eighteen. But his first impression was that Mrs. Garfield was possibly in her fifties. She was a petite little woman and looked every inch a typical English lady of the country set with her tweed skirt and knitted cardigan. Then, as soon as she spoke, there was no doubt that she was English. She spoke softly and there was just a trace of English class discernible in her voice. At the same time she was not grand, she was not putting on airs and graces or being patronising. She felt like everybody's favourite auntie.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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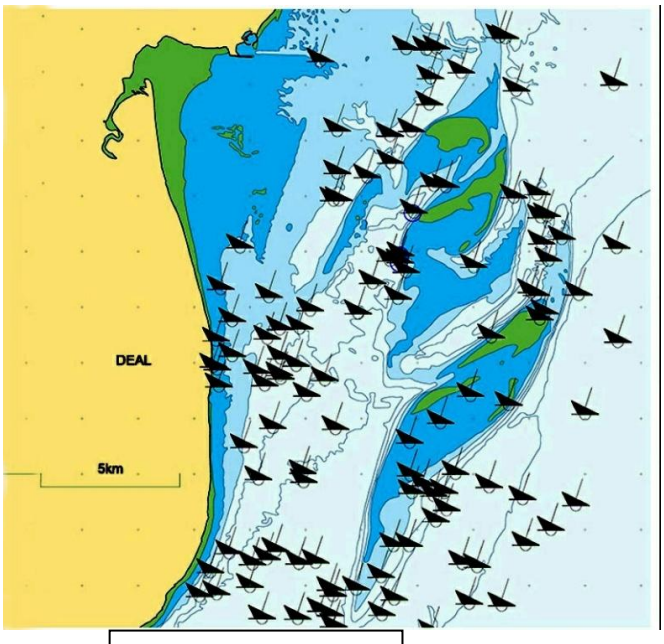
THE PLANNING MEETING

By Malcolm Milham

I should have written this several years ago, it might have helped Fred Kinsey understand a bit more about the closing of his beloved Chatham Dockyard.

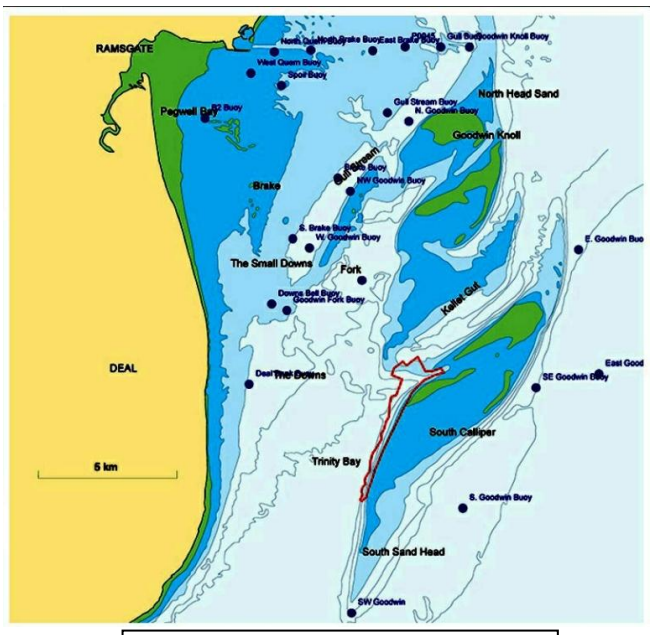
The year 1957, I was the Navigators Yeoman on HMS Chieftain, Captain D, of the 1st Destroyer Sqn. The Captain D of her was a very senior 4 ringer, who was soon to get his Admiral promotion and the Lt Cdr, Navigator was a very top man of his trade.

We were in the dockyard having just returned from a year in the Med and the Suez Landings. Early one January morning I was told to collect together the English Channel charts and the List of Lights plus the Channel Pilotage, we were off to a meeting, my job was to keep quiet and carry the said items. The meeting was held in the old part of the dockyard in a large room with people from the Planning Department from the Admiralty. The question to my officers was concerning the Pilotage situation from Dungeness to Sheerness via the Straits of Dover, a distance of some 90 miles.



The Goodwin Sands

It



The arrows represent wrecks

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would appear that there was a plan being considered to replace some of the Lightships with Buoys and that the Goodwin Sands were in need of a full survey. Reports of several of the sandbanks moving, channels starting to narrow and the fact that ships could not manoeuvre whilst amongst the sandbanks was causing alarm. The fact that the South Goodwin Lightship had been destroyed during a storm a couple of years earlier was also mentioned. It was pointed out there were some 16 sandbanks to be avoided, especially after passing the North Foreland Lighthouse and approaching the Thames, an area heavily mined during WW2.

Nothing was said about closing Chatham Dockyard, but the feeling was there without actually anybody saying it. As we all know now, the lightships, all baring one, were replaced, one of the WW2 forts on the Tongue Sands, collapsed when the bank was washed away, changing the channel and everybody is still very concerned about the wreck of the ' Richard Montgomery' at Sheerness. Not to mention, all of the dockyards now appear to be in civilian hands.

Keeping it in the family !

SOUTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP DISASTER 26/27th November 1954

by Timothy Harrison

At low tide a U.S. Air Force helicopter was able to land on the sand bar and deliver rescue equipment to the Royal Navy frogmen. However, the bodies of the crew had all been swept to sea.

On the night of the 26/27th November 1954, the South Goodwin Lightship's anchor chains failed during a hurricane force 12 storm between midnight and 0100hrs. Ashore the Ramsgate and Deal coastguards were concerned, but visibility was poor. At about 0115hrs the East Goodwin Light Vessel watching in horror, saw its sister ship sweep past six miles north of the station. The crew had been mustered in the galley.

Shortly afterwards lightship hit the Goodwin Sands and collapsed onto her starboard side, trapping the crew beneath the galley door now under water.

Seven lives were lost but one, Ronald Murton who managed to scramble through a skylight, was saved by a USAF SH-19 (S-55) rescue helicopter from the 66th Air Sea Rescue Squadron at Manston. With lifeboats from Dover and Ramsgate unable to get close to the ship, the helicopter crew managed to snatch Murton from the hull on a second sortie at 0900hrs, for which they received bravery awards. The pilot managed to take the helicopter down to 30 feet despite the wreckage and spray.

The extreme weather lasted another day so it wasn't until the 28th November that divers could get onboard but there was no trace found of the remaining crew.

Being a crewman stationed on a lightship was considered the most dangerous duty by nearly every lighthouse organization in the world. This was because, regardless of the weather, a lightship was not allowed to leave its station. It was assigned a particular location because it was with too dangerous or impractical to build a lighthouse at the site.

Lightship disasters were not uncommon. The Nantucket Lightship LV117 was rammed by the RMS Olympic in 1934 and sank with the loss of some of its crew. A hurricane in September of 1944 sank the Vineyard Lightship with the loss of its entire crew near Cuttyhunk, Massachusetts. Although it was not the weather that caused the demise of the Diamond Shoals Lightship in 1918 off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina; instead it was a German U-Boat that was the culprit.

But, generally speaking, it was the weather that was the biggest threat to lightships and their crews. Such was the case on the night of November 26-27, 1954 when tragedy struck Trinity House's South Goodwin Lightship just north of the narrowest point of the Straits of Dover in England.

The entire crew of the South Goodwin Lightship lost their lives that night. Amazingly, the one person who miraculously survived by God's will, was not a member of the crew.

Ronald Murton, a 22 year old employee of the British Ministry of Agriculture, had been assigned to the South Goodwin to study bird migration. Having been living onboard for a month, he had become friends with the crew and was by then acquainted with the dangerous life onboard the vessel. But he could never imagined what would happen in those final fateful moments.

Murton recalled, "I was in my bunk with just my pajamas on, but the gale got so fierce I could not sleep. I put a wool cardigan over my pajamas, slipped on a greatcoat and went up to the bridge."

Murton said it was close to midnight and upon arriving at the bridge he saw the captain and several crew members trying to take bearings to see if the ship was still on its moorings, but they soon concluded that the ship was drifting and rolling aimlessly in the gale. Murton then went down to the crew quarters and shouted to them to get alert, that they were in trouble.

Murton, along with five crewmen and the captain made their way to the ship's galley. The captain shouted that he was going to the radio room to call for help. But as the captain turned to leave through the hatchway, the ship lurched violently, shuttered and without warning turned over on her side.

Murton recalled the events, "The sea burst in through the hatch of the galley which was now upright, and swept me onto the stove. Fortunately, the sea had put out the fire."

"I struggled in the swirling foaming water. Then with the sea filling the galley I took a chance and dived through the hatch. I just managed to grab the outside of it and pull myself through.

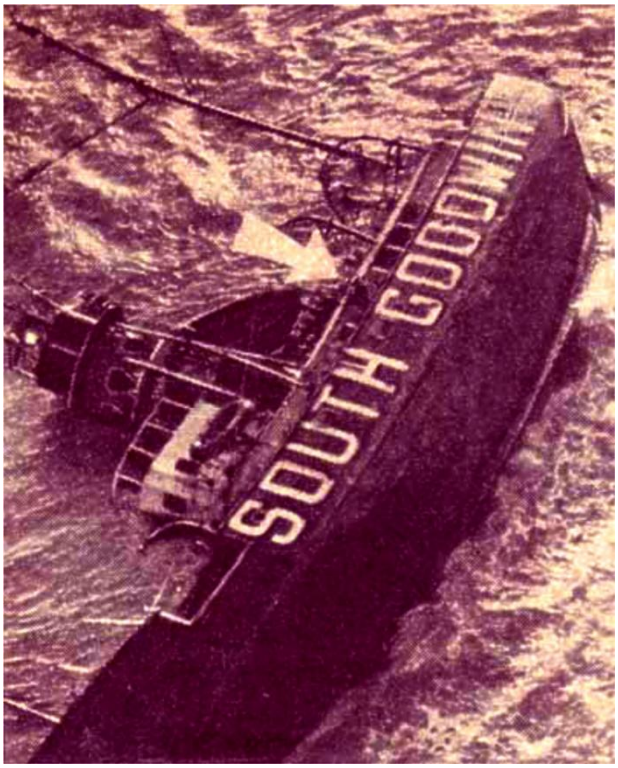
"That must have been around 1:30 am. I climbed to the side of the ship amidships. Seas were coming over me and it was as much as I could to hold on to the rail.

"All through the night with the icy wind howling and the sea bursting over me, I hung on." And for the next eight hours he hung on to the rail, all the time wondering when his body, exposed to the full force of the bitter cold elements, would give out and he would slip away, into death.

In the meantime the crew of the nearby North Goodwin Lightship had seen the light disappear on the South Goodwin Lightship and had placed a radio call for help. The Royal Life Boat Service launched

several life boats but because of high seas they were forced to turn back.

While Murton was clinging to the rail for his life he said that even over the howling wind he could hear a tapping sound coming from within the ship. He assumed that it was members of crew signalling from within an airtight compartment for help.



Wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, the South Goodwin Lightship lays on her side. By this time the waves had subsided, but the air was still filled with an icy howling wind. Look closely and you will see the lone survivor, Ronald Murton, standing on the side of the ship awaiting rescue. Image courtesy of Lighthouse Digest.

Going into his ninth hour of clinging to the ship and just as he felt he could hang on no longer he heard an airplane and saw it circle overhead. Wrapping one arm around the rail, he signalled with the other arm, hoping that they would see him.

A few minutes later a United States Air Force search and rescue helicopter, from Manston Air Force Base, flying in high winds, arrived on the scene. The helicopter hovered overhead and dropped a life-line to Murton. He thrust his body into the noose and was hauled up to safety. He had been saved.

Finally, on November 28, the Trinity House lighthouse tender Patricia was able to reach the scene with frogmen from the RMS Romola. The U.S. Air Force helicopter returned, and at a low tide was able to land on the sand bar and deliver oxy-acetylene burners and other cutting equipment. The frogmen searched the vessel but could not find any survivors or bodies. Apparently the sea had carried them all away. No bodies were ever found.

Ronald Murton had survived the worst storm in two centuries and the crew of the helicopter was awarded medals for bravery. However, proving once again just how dangerous lightship duty was, the seven members of the crew paid with the ultimate sacrifice.

The RNLI awarded a silver medal to Captain Curtis Parkins, the first ever medal awarded to an airman. It was also the first service given by a helicopter when lifeboats, although present were unable to render the necessary help.

U.S.A.F. S-55 AIRCREW who took part in the South Goodwin lightship rescue operations (see paragraph above). Left to right: Capt. Curtis, E. Parkins, Maj. Paul Park, Capt. Willis Kusy and Airman 1st Class Elmer Valam, who all participated in the rescue of Mr. Ronald Murton; and Capt. Harold Welch, who flew on the subsequent search operations.

THE DISAPPEARING LIGHTSHIP

by Joanna Thomson

South Goodwin lightship

On the 21st October 1940, the *South Goodwin* lightship disappeared from her station close to the South Sand Head.

Fortunately the crew had been taken off a few days prior to this occurrence. The previously immune light vessels were now, according to Lord Haw-Haw, a legitimate target for the German military.

The attacks came quickly. Off Harwich, the *Sunk* lightship was badly shot up. Next was the automatic lightfloat, which marked the South Falls. The enemy did not even bother to waste ammunition – it was boarded by the Germans, who systematically smashed everything breakable by hand. Because the *East Goodwin* lightvessel was on the edge of a minefield the crew had already been evacuated, luckily for them as their ship was bombed and sunk.

When the *South Goodwin* disappeared it was speculated that she had been either bombed or torpedoed. There was even a rumour that the Germans had towed the vessel away, back to occupied France. However, what was for sure was that the lightship had definitely vanished. In its place, Trinity House moored *Number One* buoy to mark the position of the dangerous area close to the south end of the Goodwins.

After the war this incident was soon forgotten and the remaining lightships engaged their crews and carried on as normal. Lightships hit the news again when the terrible disaster of the ill fated *South Goodwin* lightship, *LV 90*, went aground on the Goodwins in 1954. Due to a worn

link on her anchor chain she had broke adrift in a severe south west storm. The outcome was tragic, every crew member lost their life and the only survivor was a Ministry of Agriculture employee who was aboard to count and identify migrating birds.

The mystery of the missing *South Goodwin* lightvessel was solved in 1984. Local divers investigating an unknown shipwreck close to the Goodwins discovered a one hundred feet composite hull that was sitting upright on the seabed. As they swam around the wreck, they were puzzled to find that the vessel had very little superstructure. There was a large gaping hole on the portside bow at the height of the waterline. The jagged aperture seemed to have been caused by an upward thrust. It was concluded that this vessel had been sunk by a mine.

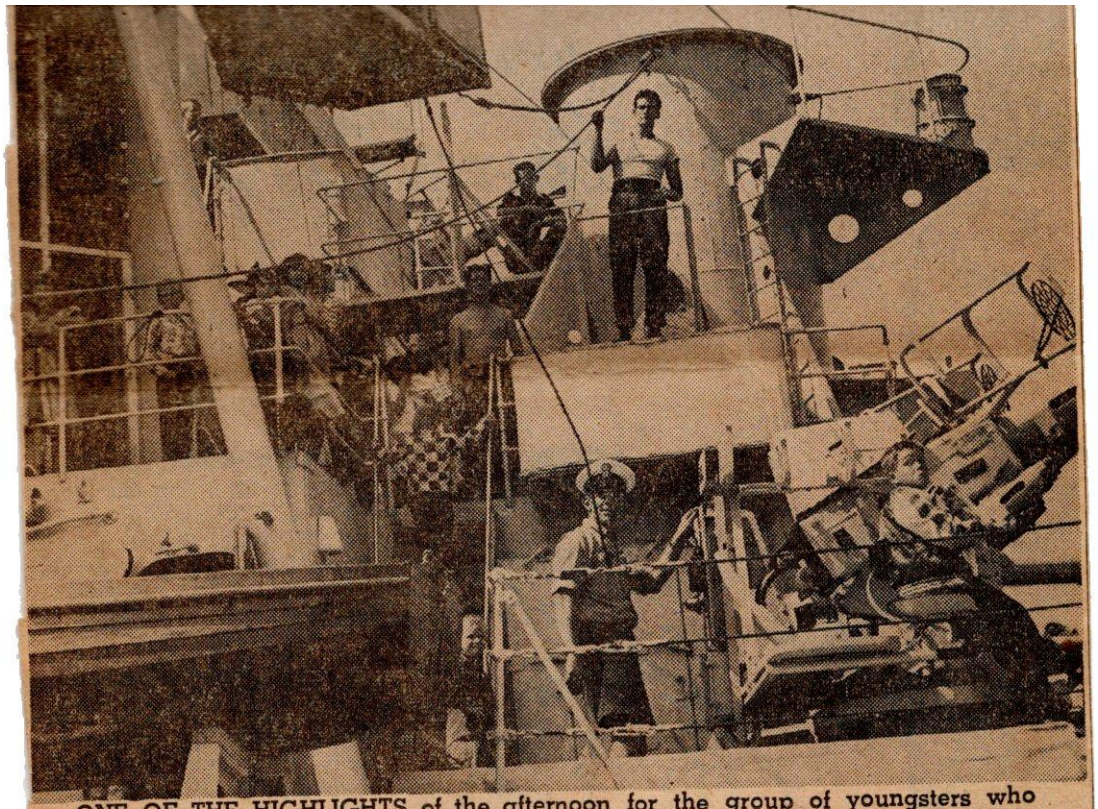
The bell recovered from the lost lightship

On later dives they explored inside the rotting hull and found a large bell, supported by two brass dolphins. When this magnificent trophy was cleaned up, the letters of *LV69* were inscribed upon it. Further research to Trinity House revealed that this was the missing 271 ton lightvessel that was lost in 1940.

Once again, intrepid divers had unravelled another mystery that had been a secret for almost fifty years.

There is only one lightship left guarding the Goodwin Sands and that, the *East Goodwin*, is unmanned. The last *South Goodwin* lightvessel was removed and towed away in July, 2006. Again, as in 1940, her position has been replaced by a buoy.

PHOTO ALBUM



ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS of the afternoon for the group of youngsters who went aboard the British ship Superb Thursday for a "pirate party" was the ride in the breeches buoy.—(Staff Photo)

Small Fry Feted on British Cruiser

BY CHARLES CHEATHAM

British-American relations were firmly cemented for all time for 500 Southland small fry Thursday afternoon when they attended a party aboard Her Majesty's Ship the heavy cruiser Superb.

Smiling officers and men of the ship showed the youngsters the time of their young lives.

Dressed as pirates, crew members took the youngsters on a pirate ship ride around the harbor. Other crew members helped the happy kids aboard a merry-go-round, high sky ride, teeter totter and a score of other rides on the ship.

In addition there were baseball, golf and other games for the visitors.

ENGLISH WAR BRIDES

Among the visitors aboard were English war brides who brought their American born children down for a nostalgic view of an imposing bit of the home country.

Only the war brides partook of the typical English tea and crumpet repast aboard the ship.

Their offsprings ate ice cream, doughnuts, cookies and drank large quantities of Coca Cola.

Probably, for the boys at least, the [illegible] pastime was **of Vice Adm. Sir John Stevens, commander-in-chief of the Royal Navy's American and West Indies Station in Bermuda. Commodore D. H. Connell-Fuller is skipper of the ship.**

The Superb is anchored at Long Beach Pier B and arrived Tuesday on a six-day goodwill tour.

APPEAR IN L. A.

Thursday at 8 p.m. the ship's Royal Marines Guard and Band made an appearance in the forecourt of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel.

Today the men of the ship will visit 20th Century Fox Studios. A cocktail party will be held aboard the ship this evening.

Open house for the public will be held aboard the Superb Saturday from 2 to 5 p.m.

Saturday at 2:15 p.m. the ship's soccer team will play a team from UCLA at Terminal Island.

Sunday at 2:30 p.m. the ship's cricket team will play a match with the Los Angeles Griffith Park Cricket Assn. in Griffith Park.

A farewell party will be held aboard the Superb Sunday evening and it will sail Monday at 9 a.m. for Bermuda.

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CROSSED THE BAR

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

To go there please click **HERE**

Crossed the Bar (Recently Notified)

A.B. Peter Skelton (1952-53 A&WI Cruise)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Brian,

Thank you for this month's magazine, I too did not get a copy of names and addresses. We had a good armed forces day on Plymouth Hoe on Saturday the 25th which happened to be my birthday we set up our stand in the veteran's tent and we dished out 12 litres of rum for a small donation of course. Not too many button boys this year I am waiting for some pictures to come through if there are any that are OK I will send them on. So take care.

Yours aye **Brian Hill**

To HMS Superb Website

I joined H.M.S Superb when she returned to the UK for Spithead review.

I was on the parade ground in Chatham when my name was called out to report to the C.P.O in charge for instructions and immediately sent to join her prior to her sailing to Spithead. I was a R .E .M 1.

What a fantastic trip to North America, Newfoundland, Canada & Bermuda.

The only time we were called to a problem was in British Guiana when Dr Jeddie Jagan tried to take power. I thoroughly enjoyed my national service. **Tom Ridge**

Brian

My Dad Peter Skelton served on HMS Superb in 1951/52. He passed away on 30th May.

Shipmate Peter John Skelton crossed the bar on 30 May 2022 at the age of 88.

He joined the Royal Navy in May 1952 at 17 years of age and served on the following ships.

HMS Superb (25) – 1952/53 America & West Indies Cruise, Able Seaman in F.X. Division arriving in Bermuda the day after his 18th birthday. Returned to the UK for fleet review at Spithead in June 1953 for the Queen's Coronation

HMS Delight (D119) – 1954 home fleet, passed Leading Seaman in 1956

HMS Agincourt (D86) – 1957 home fleet

HMS Adamant (A164) – 1959 Faslane, Scotland 3rd Submarine Squadron

HMS Dartington M1203 – 1961 104th Mine Sweeping Squadron, Far East

HMS Highburton M1130 – 1963 Portland and Scotland

His funeral was held at the South Lincolnshire crematorium on Monday, 11th July at 1100 and afterwards glasses were raised at the Cley Hall Hotel in Spalding.

Sarah Barnett

THE END