H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

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CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION IS ROBIN SMITH

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Superb - Defending Britain Since 1710

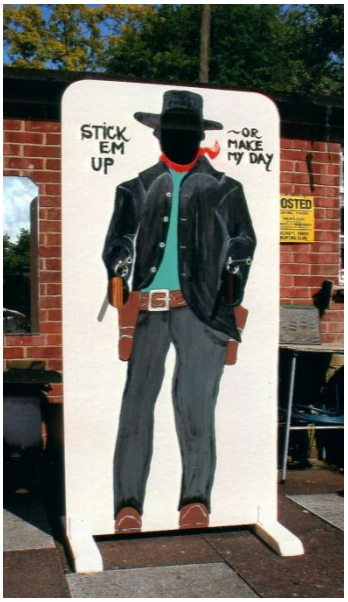
ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Greetings Shipmates,

Occasional voluntary jobs for the grand kids' junior school did, one year, get me in a situation that no amount of squirming would get me out of. Cornered at very short notice I acted as Santa Claus; suit and grotto were provided. I am no thespian, being self-conscious in situations like that. My saving grace was the children, quite blind to false beards and stick-on eyebrows. Young minds fill in gaps with consummate ease.

I had bodged up a spiel about the date and its significance, like whose birthday was it ?, where did they live?, did they own a donkey? etc.. Ethnic diversity in that small school was an eye opener – but every one of them knew the Anglo Saxon take on that celebration, and enjoyed it.

I find it saddening how prejudice is a thing taught by parents – perhaps adults is a better word. Anyway, back to Santa, who thought his performance an Oscar winner. A reality check soon makes one aware.



The Goody Bag was the magic ingredient, not Santa ! I had made an Aunt Sally that went on each year, much liked as it allows juniors to throw soaked sponges at their betters. I enclose a picture, more Clint Eastwood than Sally. It is against a black door so you can't make out the cut-a-ways for hands and face.

He has a brace of pistols with chambers sticking out. With hindsight I thought him a bit aggressive, but the kids thought him an absolute hoot. If he made little impact on the Christmas Story he did a great deal for the Wild West.

What wearies one this time of year is the constant reminders that have to be left about – is the car taxed? – was the gas bill paid? – am I M.O.Td ? – what date did you say we were wed dear? At the risk of a deluge of death threats did you remember to get your letter off to Santa Claus?' I know, I know; the world is full of 'nay sayers', so who does write all those letters that allow Norwegian Airways to embrace a boom time about the 25th – scanned by news cameras, most addresses seem to be in adult hands.

Ah, that young pre kids period of pouting passion, when anxious to please and curry favour one leapt into the breech - post tucker –with the cry, 'You relax dear, I'll do the washing up. It will give me the opportunity to try out your lovely present, the shiny bright silver pot scourer from Woolworth, that still has the sale tag affixed, and, no dear, the tears in my eyes are tears of gratitude'.

What a lucky old set of aches we are this Yuletide, with generous contribution of free cash to pay the gas bill, T.V. licence of £140 paid for, you can watch those interminable repeats for NOWT!

A plastic pass allowing free rides on the bus to collect your turkey, an old age pension, if not generous, does take sharp corners off existence. Our blessings are countable. Today they will not enjoy the privilege of retirement at max. 65, we will be objects of envy – but we may be in our boxes, so remember to expire with a smile on your face.

My doctor, he's Nigerian, has shaken the bones and assures me, we old Superbeans are in for a relaxed, contented 2018.

Life is about memories and we have plenty, sit back and enjoy, be you Baptist or Buddhist, Jesuit or Jewish, Christian or Coptic, we are the chosen ones...

Happy New Year and Tatty Bye Shipmates.

Crucial advice – Keep breathing...

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Men accused of stealing relics from a sunken Royal Navy ship

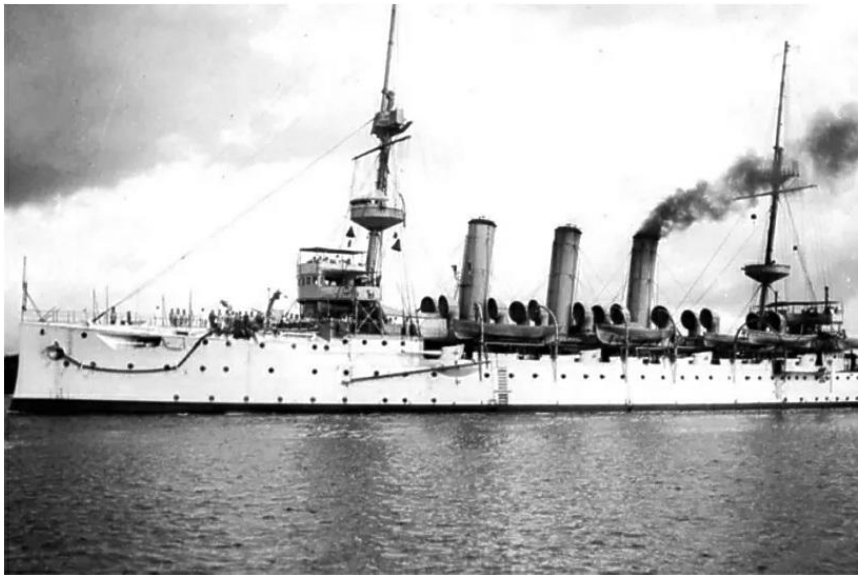
by Brian Saunders

I was a recreational (amateur) scuba diving instructor with the BSAC, PADI and the French Diving Federation and have met people who were keen scavengers both of sunken artefacts and who felt delight in plundering the sea of fish and crustaceans simply because they could.

Such folk I have often felt needlessly relieved the oceans of both life and habitat for life and although I and my wife have investigated some wrecks we have never ripped portholes, compasses and other fixed objects from sunken ships let alone entered a war grave.

It was therefore frustrating to read that, earlier last year, two men have been charged in connection with the alleged removal of items from a sunken Royal Navy warship in the English Channel.

John Blight and Nigel Ingram were accused of failing to declare items to the Receiver of Wreck from *HMS Hermes*, a protected cruiser built in the late 19th century and converted into an aircraft ferry and depot ship ready for the outbreak of the First World War.



It was sunk by a German submarine in the Dover Strait in October 1914 with the loss of 44 lives.

A Kent Police spokesman said: "Officers from Kent Police's rural task force launched an investigation in August 2015 after being informed that a number of historical artefacts had been reported missing from the wreck."

Blight, 57, of Old River Way in Winchelsea, East Sussex, was charged with three counts of dishonestly failing to disclose items of wreck to the Receiver of Wreck with intent to make a gain.

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Ingram, 56, of London Road, Teynham, Kent, was charged with the same three counts in addition to being in possession of £16,000 worth of criminal property. Both men appeared at Margate Magistrates' Court in March and were committed for trial to Canterbury Crown Court.

The investigation into the alleged offences was carried out in partnership with the Maritime and Coastguard Agency, the Marine Management Organisation, the Receiver of Wreck, Sussex Police, Historic England and the French authorities.

It would be interesting to know what punishment was handed out to them if they were found guilty.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The next batch of readers letters (if there are any) will be published in next month's edition

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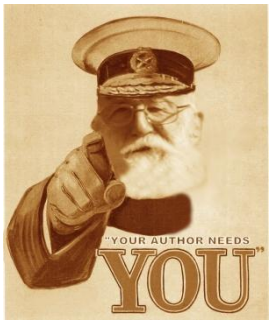
SCRAN BAG (FREE ADVERTISING)

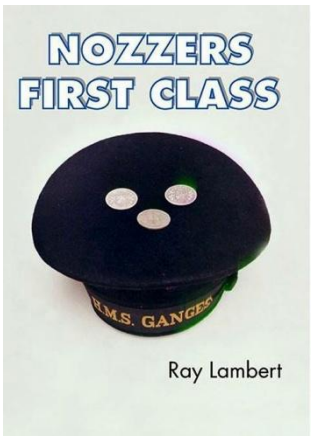
This section contains adverts from members. If you decide to purchase an item from them please note you deal directly with the member selling.

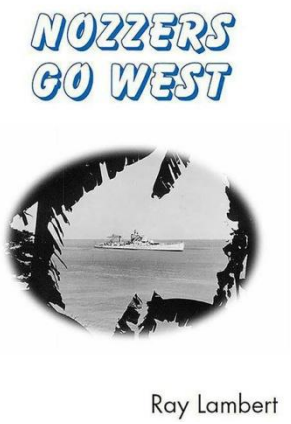
If you have something to say about this section or advertise an article please email Brian at hmssuperb2u@sfr.fr

Ray Lambert



Has some of his books for sale which may remind you of how it was when we had wooden ships and iron men (well almost!)





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 £7.95 including UK postage. For more information contact Ray by email

Click here to **contact Ray** **by email**

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YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE HERE FOR FREE - CONTACT BRIAN BY EMAIL

GETTING A BIT TIDDLEY

By Clive Godley

When I left school in Doncaster at 14, I started working with my dad (never work for your dad). He was into property repairing and I couldn't wait to try something more exciting.

In the late 40s, just post war, there were many servicemen around town and somehow the navy uniform fascinated me. Every day I used to get up, get dressed and walk around the centre waving and saluting them and they used to smile, probably laughed after I passed. I did think their kit looked a bit different!

So that, even more, nourished the seeds of discontent with my job and when I went into the Navy Recruiting Office in an effort to join, the man there told me to first get a letter of authority giving me permission to join from my dad.

Dad's reaction was "Pass me a pen, quick,"

"Funny "I thought and returned with the signed papers to the recruiting office.

"OK" the Recruiting Officer said, "What branch would like to join?" "Guns", I said, "So I can shoot at anything and everything". "Sorry, nothing in that line, only places we have left are in the engine room. How about being a Stoker?" he said.

Well at least it will be warm, I thought (he didn't, know it but it was the one of the best things he did) and looking back the thought that I might have been a Dabtoe* fills me with horror.

The Engine Room branch kept to itself, gave you light, gave you warmth and, Hey! If you want to take the ship somewhere just let us know - a bit of warning so we can get "flashed up"

Anyway, in July 1950 off I went to *H.M.S. Raleigh*, did the joining bit, watched the V.D. Films, got ill with the smallpox jab, was issued with my serge uniform, that nearly fitted, and after about 3 weeks they sent me on 14 days Summer leave.

When I finished my training I had 2 weeks on the battleship *HMS Howe* and then off I went to Chatham, a terrible place. I was put in the party that took coal round to all the boiler houses.

It was winter and I was always cold, dirty and wet. The living conditions were awful. The accommodation had originally been stables and on either side of the corridor, each stable had approx 8 beds, each bed with its own locker.

There was also a stove in each stable for which we got 1 bag of coal every other day. We used to collect it from the coal stable and lug it back to our own stable when we needed it. The

ablutions were a delight! The showers were mostly cold and there was a solitary sink with some Pusser's Hard.

I couldn't stick it and the Block PO told me to go to the drafting office, I went and told them I wanted to go somewhere warm - anywhere warm! They said I was earmarked for *HMS Swiftsure* to go to Helsinki for the Olympic Games, God I said not Finland, so he said *HMS Cygnet*, for a 2½ year Mediterranean Cruise and you can join now at Pompey because she's getting ready.

Just as a matter of interest at Pompey, being ready for sea we went out, in June, 1951, with other ships to search for the lost submarine *HMS Affray* and found it just off the Alderney coast. The ship still lies on the seabed in over 80 metres.

We had a bit of time in Pompey and an old hand, Stoker Charlie Avis, looked me up and down and decided "We'll have to get you looking tiddley, like a matelot not like a sack of shit". He explained that I would have to set up an allotment with Greenburg's (we've all been there, haven't we) and their rep will come on board to sort you out.

Well, the Rep came on board and the conversation went something like this, "We'll start from the bottom," he said.

"Oh, by the way this is only to wear going ashore - shoes, buckles I think, very nice, now, your bell bottoms, 22 or24?

22 I think till you get a bit bigger, 2 nice thief proof pockets, thief proof? Yes, if you feel someone's hand in your pocket it's either a thief or you're in luck!

A small pocket for your Safety Equipment! If you fancy the lead shot ask your mates. Now the jumper, nicely fit not too tight then you won't get involved in the "scrum down" with your mates when you come back pissed. Gold badges and a pocket for your pay, book. Collar, Pusser's nearly black with the 3 lines printed on a tape?

Still Tiddley as a Leading Stoker

No, yours will be Mediterranean blue with the white lines sown on individually, and the silk we just fold differently. Ah, the hat, not an oval plasticky thing but a round one that makes a bow wave when you wear, it has gold lettering with your ships name. The bow, no tying, beautifully made just sew on. Sometime later, when your allotment has built up we will have a look at a Burberry and a must have is a nice white silk scarf".

Right it's off to sea now heading for Gib. Was sick as a pig in the beautiful Bay of Biscay, but at least I wasn't wearing my tiddley

suit – it was lovingly stowed in my locker waiting to be introduced to the fascinating southern ladies.

And to think I could have been a property restorer!

That's life!

Black & white photo kindly donated by Clive Godley- re-coloured by Brian

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HAVE YOU A STORY TO TELL ?

We'd love to print your story so why not put pen to paper

It doesn't need to be a novel - just some of your memories which will eventually be lost forever unless told now

Several members have sent in their own & they are available to read on our website

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NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Back in the dark days of the first World War I read of a sailor who served on board during 1916 and he recounts the story of a shipmate and he discussing events and reminiscing (as sailors do) about shipmates they knew from their past. The story teller remembers it thus:

"He showed me some of the letters he had written to his Mother towards the end of his China days and on the way to home and the Battle of Jutland.

Censorship as to the ship's programme was mandatory so to let Mum know where he was he wrote as follows:

"Dear Mother, I am happy to say that I am fit and well and full of life, but unfortunately as you know, I am unable to tell you where I am but you will be interested to know that I went hunting and shot, a tiger yesterday".

Several weeks later he sent this letter:

"Dear Mother, I am happy to say that I am fit and well and thoroughly enjoying myself, I am still unable to tell you where I am but you may be interested to know that I danced with a belly dancer".

Yet another letter, just two weeks later:

"Dear Mother, "This time I can tell you that I am in hospital in Chatham and the Doctor told me that it would have been better for me to have danced with the tiger and shot the belly dancer".

THE MATELOT'S PRAYER

Words & Music by Tom Lewis sung by Johnny Collins

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing,
But I'll not stay another day; I'd sooner go out whaling,

(Chorus:)
Oh lord above, send down a dove
With beak as sharp as razors,
To cut the throats of them there blokes
What sells bad beer to sailors!

Paid off m' 'score' and then ashore, m' money soon was flying,
With Judy Lee upon on my knee and in my ear a lying.
(Chorus:)

With m' new-found friends, m' money spends, just as fast as winking,
But when I make to clear the slate the landlord says: "Keep drinking!"

(Chorus:)

With m' payoff gone, and clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving,
Six months' of pay's gone in three days but Judy isn't grieving.
(Chorus:)

When the crimp comes round I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be shaking,
Tomorrow morn' sail for The Horn just as the dawn is breaking.
(Chorus:)

Yes it's one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing,
I'll settle down in my home town, no more I'll go seafaring.
(Chorus:)

Oh lord above, send down a dove
With beak as sharp as razors,
To cut the throats of them there blokes
What sells bad beer to sailors!

Click **HERE** to listen to the song

MEMORIES FROM 1956 (PART 2/4)

(as dictated by Ted Hill) - **CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH**

The navy by then had finished with two year commissions on the trot. Like when I was on the Belfast, we went away for 2 years. The navy had started these Foreign Home Service Commissions where you're still on the ship for 2 years but a year of it is abroad and a year of it is in home waters and in the middle of a foreign commission you got a week's leave.

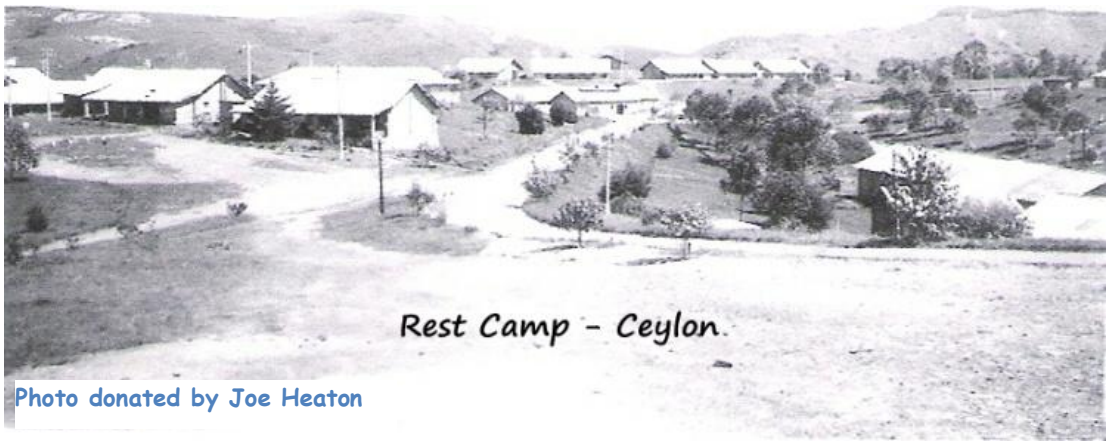

Photo donated by Joe Heaton

Well we went up to this rest camp and it was great apart from the fact that the place was riddled with snakes. They were cobras with the big hooded heads and they were absolutely everywhere. If you ventured out at night you had to have a torch and to get over to the canteen which was only about two or three hundred yards away you had to keep a sharp lookout.

We came back to our billet one night, to the Engineer Petty Officer's hut. There were about 10 of us and it had a small bathroom, a little veranda it was a smashing place.

Well we got back one night from the canteen and old Smithy said he wanted to go to the toilet. Off he went and there was a shout and he came flying out and he said, "There's a bloody great snake in there", So we carefully shone our torches in there and was large about 4 feet long with its head up. So we sent off to the guardroom for someone and they came back with a Ceylonese bloke who went in and killed it.

Photo donated by Phil Grimson

We were in the camp purely to rest and there was other activities

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such as a snooker room and a golf course so we all started playing golf and if you imagine a golf course in the mountains when you played one hole there would be another one about 200 feet higher up. There was one particular hole on the top of a little hill with the next one on the top of a further little hill about 300 yards away and it was virtually impossible for us to hit a ball from one to the other.

The two hills were separated by marshy ground which was infested with leaches and we came back the first day and discovered that our feet, when we took our socks off, were covered with leaches. We managed to get them off by touching them with cigarette ends. Blinking leaches they were horrible things. During the war apparently the blokes had dug the turf out and made their army badges in the white chalk underneath the turf and there were dozens of them on this hillside. We didn't do one but there were lots there and it was a very pleasant week and it was even more pleasant when we started off they told us not to race the buses because there was half the ship' company there about three or four hundred blokes.

There were a lot of coaches and they said don't get them to race, because in the war there had been instances in the mountains, with say 500 feet drops off the edges of the mountain roads where coaches had gone over full of service men.

So they implored us not to get the drivers to race. One day we stopped halfway to the mountains at the old religious capital called Kandy at a big hotel and we went in there for a drink. Inside were all of the film crew and some of the stars of the "Bridge on the River Kwai" which they were filming locally. They had actually built a bridge over a river and had bought an engine and a few carriages from the Ceylonese railway to blow up on the bridge.

I met one of the actors in there called William Holden and a couple of British actors and we had a very pleasant couple of hours at the bar with them talking about the film. When we were in Colombo we'd been to Mount Lavinia which was featured in that film as the clandestine headquarters where Jack Hawkins was.

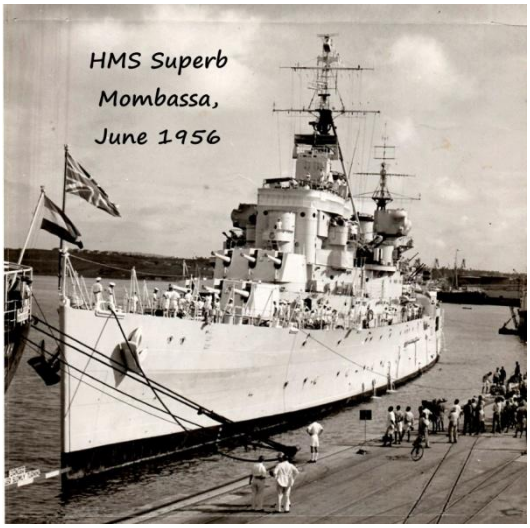

Photo donated by Joe Heaton

After that weeks was over we went back to the ship and the other half of the crew went on their break and we worked Tropical Routine (apart from the watchkeepers) which meant we started work early in the morning say about 7 o'clock and finish at midday and then you could go ashore in the afternoon. We were at anchor and that meant we kept a boiler going and I was watchkeeping so I could get ashore every other day. There were sports events, football matches and cricket matches which we all had a go at and there were restaurants. There was a big Chinese Restaurant near the

jetty where we landed. This restaurant had been there from the days when there was a fleet in Trincomalee. Trincomalee was a massive harbour with over the other side from where we landed were the oil storage tanks which had served the large fleets of years gone by.

While we were there the Eastern Fleet consisted of a cruiser and two frigates who were never there all together. Then when the other half of the ship's company returned from their weeks in the mountains we went on the East African cruise showing the flag. We went over to Mombasa for a week where we were royally entertained by the British ex-pats who were working there running the East African railways,

The main club in Mombasa was the Gymkhana Club which was a bit posh but they invited us in and we used to have meals there and weren't allowed to buy any drinks. So we had a pleasant time there. Mombasa harbour was famous for feeding the sharks; there was a corner of the harbour where every days somewhere around 4 o'clock in the afternoon they dumped all the offal in the water and it was alive with sharks thrashing around easting the stuff.

So the harbour was very well infested with sharks and I do remember while we were there. We were at anchor in the middle of the harbour that a couple of the stokers came back rather drunk and the Master at Arms was on the Quarterdeck and he put them on a charge, off caps to the Officer of the Watch and they got Commander's Report for the next day.

They weren't drunk, I mean they'd been drinking but I think it was more high spirits, and it really turned these blokes on being charged and they came back to the stoker's mess deck which was down below. Well, above the stoker's mess deck was the Master at Arms office which was on the side of the ship with its own porthole.

Inside this office was a rack with all the station cards of the blokes who were ashore because when you go ashore you have to hand in your station card and it's put in the rack so they know who's ashore and also if somebody hasn't come back on board. That's part of the routine because as you come back on board you go and collect your station card.

Well they went in the Master of Arms office sometime in the early evening when it was dark and all the paperwork they could find, including all the station cards of people ashore, they tipped out of the porthole into the harbour never to be recovered.

And then, and I still find this hard to believe, they went up top, slipped over the side and swam ashore which was a couple of hundred yards which was a fair old swim in a harbour which was alive with sharks and not a shark went near them ! They had a good old time ashore and when they came back they went on the rattle but, although they knew that they were responsible for chucking all the stuff overboard it could never be proved. But they nobbled them for breaking out of ship which was an offence, even if you fall over the side, I mean accidentally, you can be charged with leaving the ship without permission.

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Breaking Ship they call it.

From there we went down to Tanganyika, Dar el Salam and they'd told us at the Gymkhana Club that the best club in Dar el Salam was the Railway Club. It was full of British ex-pats who were running the railway network in Kenya. That was a great place with a dance hall and again the drinks were so cheap - when you could buy one! - because everybody wanted to buy you a drink , we were invited to parties, oh! it was a great time showing the flag.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

DRINK WITH A BITE TO IT

(by Phil Grimson)

On arrival at Santos in Brazil in 1955 we were offered the opportunity to visit the Snake/Reptile/ Farm at Butantan just outside São Paulo. I jumped at the chance of seeing such an exotic location and so joined the coach trip.

At the farm we witnessed some gruesome sights as the snakes and giant toads were fed (with live prey).While all this was going on one of the attendants made the rounds of the pit we were ringing, offering a rattlesnake (held by the tail) to anyone who wanted to hold it.

Figuring that if it were a dangerous move to hold the snake by its tail, the attendant would never have offered it up with such a grin, so I took it by the end of its tail and lo, even though it wriggled and twisted it seemed not to be able to raise its head up far enough to sink it's fangs into my hand (as I had noted before reaching out for it).

The attendant gave an even wider grin when he sussed what I had realised , and when he took back the writhing bundle of joy, he said in broken English, " Maybe you like to hold the other end Ingles?", which, of course I politely declined, amid a chorus of chuckles from his compatriots.

At the end of our visit we were able to purchase various souvenirs - snakes, and other members of the reptile community preserved in alcohol(?), and some beautiful colourful butterfly presentations mounted in circular plates.

That evening the main PO's mess invited our members over to watch a film and so we accepted, and during a break in the performance, (not unusual with our maritime film shows), a certain Petty Officer, whose nickname was 'Bunny' whose surname I erroneously thought would be 'Warren', sidled up to me and in the half dark of the messdeck, offered me a drink.

I took the flask he offered and knocked back a decent slug, which was even hairier that the Pusser's rum we were issued with - and then - someone switched on the lights and I was left holding a flask which contained a preserved snake regarding me with a baleful stare while the rest of the audience cracked up!

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I can't recall 'Bunny's' surname and he would be about 87-ish by now, but not as far as I know, a member of the Association.

If he is still the right side of the 'Bar' I hope he reads this and responds.
Editors Note: Bunny was possibly Bunny Coleman

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JOTTINGS OF A VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN

by Ray Lambert

I had been 'surveyed' in *Terror*, I had been to Singapore Military Hospital, I'd had a couple of weeks on a troopship, I'd been to *RNH Haslar* and now I had arrived in *RNH Chatham*. As it was fairly late at night and the doctors had left for the day, I sweet talked myself into going home for the night (I only lived across the road). Returning the next morning I was expecting the paperwork on my medical discharge to be top priority but no such luck. 'You're being transferred to RNB, to complete your joining routine,' so, a taxi ride in a Pussers blue lorry saw me at *Pembroke* Main Gate.

OK, so I did their joining routine giggling away to myself at their complete waste of time and telling anyone who would listen that I was on my way out almost at any moment. Then through a bit of ranting and a bit more sweet talking, I managed myself a couple of weeks leave. So I chucked my kit, case and hammock on a spare bed in Anson – well I wouldn't be needing it anymore; by the time I returned my discharge papers would be waiting. Wrong again.

After my leave I returned with a spring in my step, as happy as a pig in the proverbial only for that same proverbial to hit the fan big time with those never to be forgotten words: 'Barrack Guard for you right away!' No-one knew anything about discharge papers or imminent discharge.

It was an arduous task moving three blocks along and somehow it took all day. First I had to find a handcart and then push my kit up to Hawke Block, the guard HQ. The following morning suitably attired, I presented myself in the office for duties.

My main job was to be on the secrets complex at night, during the day I was spare: what they laughingly called 'dress patrol'. My ears were not that bad and I heard enough to know what that meant – keep out of the way and go where I liked. Barrack Guard wasn't so bad after all.

My brief was to relieve the RM keyboard sentry at 1900 and then wait until the duty officer was ready to leave; lock the keyboard and give him the key, lock the outside door and give him the key, then patrol up and down until I was relieved at 0100. But - I had already been briefed: as soon as the turkey was out of sight, get the dispatch riders messroom key and run down, unlock their door and quickly return the key. That worked well until I was on the late watch at the end of a 72. I had something in my boot and I went down to take my boot off, which

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I did only to fall asleep in the easy chair.

By now I was well into my three months stay and I had never had anyone check upon me before but this dark night a flaming chief GI found me. He was an officious type but, he told me, he was time served discharge the following day so he wouldn't be taking this any further; the penalty was that I had to have a lecture on roses for over an hour around the perimeter!

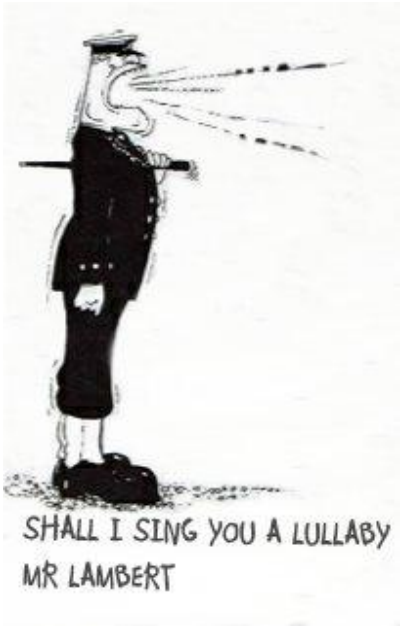

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PHOTO ALBUM

Top Left: Bill House

Top Right: Joe Heaton

Bottom Left: Joe (left) Colin Payne & 1 other

Bottom Right: Scouse O'Hara, Unknown, Mobey, Jock Durie, Jock Struthers

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Photos kindly donated by shipmate Je Heaton 1956 - 57 Cruise

Have you a photo of the Superb?

We are endeavouring to collect as many photos or newspaper cuttings which relate to members of the crew (that does include YOU) or an image of the ship itself

The reason behind this is to help complete the history of one of the longest serving (by name) British Royal Navy ships

Contact Brian Saunders, if you can help, by email

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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)

NO NOTIFICATIONS THIS MONTH

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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 ..

From previous issues

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

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

Larry Boudier who was in the Chatham field gun's crew in 1955 would like to know if anyone e 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

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PERSONS WHO RECEIVE THIS MAGAZINE

Andy **Brierley** (1954) - Derek **Baldry** (1956) - Alf **Brown** (1954) - Bob **Butcher** (1951) - Ron **Clay** (1956-57) - Bill **Cook** (1956) - Jim **Copus** (1954) - Ted **Davy** (1945 Canada) - John **Eccleston** (1956) - Mark Field (Son of Charlie **Field** 1946) - Clive **Godley** (1954) - Maureen Taylor (Daughter of Ron **Gray** 1946) - Phil **Grimson** (1953 & 1954) - Tony **Hacket** (1953) - Terry Hall (son of Bert **Hall** 1946) - Alan **Harmer** (1955 - 56) - Joe **Heaton** (1956) - Brian **Hill** (1954) - Emile [Coder] **Keane** (1954 - 55) - Rita Keeler (Wife of Brian **Keeler** 1954) - Charlie **Kingston** (1956) - Sharon Goodall (Daughter of Fred **Kinsey** Co-Founder 1950-52) - Ray **Lambert** (1955) - Don **Lawrence** (1954) - Peter **MacDonald** (1949-51) - Arthur **Maxted** (1951) - George **Messmer** (USN 1954 - USA) - Malcolm **Milham** (1953) - Wendy **Norman** (Wife of David Norman 1956) - Margaret Norgan (Wife of Jim **Norgan** 1946) - Frank **Nunn** (1954) - Dave **Perrin** (1954) - Debbie Richardson (Daughter of Bill **Potticary** (1952) - Brian **Saunders** (1954 - 55 France) - Will Sherwood (Son of Bill **Sherwood** 1954) - Rob **Smith** (1956) - Jeff Stewart (Son of Jim **Stewart** 1947 Australia) - Pete **Tasker** (1954) - Paul Taylor (Son of Ken **Taylor** 1954) - Brian **Turner** (Associate) - John **Voak** - John **Ward** (1953) -Norman **Webber** (1956) - Jon **Willshir** (1953 Thailand)

Click here to contact Brian Saunders by email

To send an email from this page
If you are using "GOOGLE CHROME" please right click with your mouse on the link above and select "open link in new tab" otherwise just left click on the link

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MEMBERSHIP

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION ?

THE ANNUAL FEE IS £10 & YOU WILL RECEIVE 4 NEWSLETTERS PER YEAR & ELIGABLE TO ATTEND REUNIONS

TELEPHONE ROBIN SMITH AT 01634 362 379

OR EMAIL HIM AT robinsmith173@yahoo.co.uk

An **Application Form** can be downloaded HERE

Our Chairman

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ARCHIVED CONTENT

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

2017 EDITIONS

THE END

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