H.M.S. SUPERB (CRUISER) ASSOCIATION

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MEMBERSHIP

SEPTEMBER

2022

CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION, BRIAN SAUNDERS

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ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Greetings Shipmates,

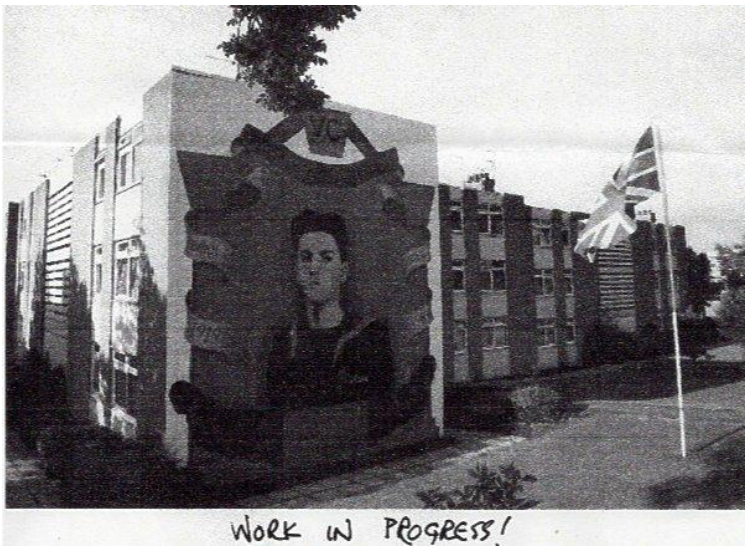
From the last newsletter I was still wondering about Boy Cornwall V.C. I do recall seeing, a very long time ago, what must have been a newspaper photograph showing an ordinary dark slab headstone in, not very well kept, surroundings. I must have expected a standard war grave's commission 'white cross'.

By now I hope a local R.N.A. has valued its significance keeping its surroundings ship shape; of course it may have been a family plot with several occupants, perhaps extremely unlikely the medal itself still to be in possession of a family member.

That train of thought led me onto Leading Seaman Magennis, a diver on a midget submarine that entered an occupied dockyard to lay its mine under a Japanese cruiser. On a falling tide it proved to be a very fraught exercise with the leading seaman getting back out to assist a difficult release and escape.

I recall when first a memorial was mentioned for his Belfast home the sectarian troubles were still at their height and sober heads cautioned against it lest it became another spiteful flashpoint for destruction.

My grandson was here at home and seems able to extract any obscure fact about anything on his mobile phone, high-lighting just where he is commemorated, how and where in that city; it must have a very strong R.N. background.



To jump back a few more newsletters, I had a ramble about murals painted on blank flanks of buildings; low and behold several of my subjects came up. The one depicted, alas, on a modern block. I thought most impressive were those old gable ends, chimney and all.

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With the Russian cruiser, its end via a relatively old missile, just supersonic and eminently visible on old hat radar warning systems, the world's navies must be doing a check on how efficient they think their missile systems are.

For the U.K. analysis of French missile strikes during the Falklands seems to indicate 'the strike' was not boggman in our mustard-keen 'damage control' navy, but remains of high calorific propellant meant to drive a missile at 1•5 mach say, for twice the distance.

No man on a hosepipe will beat that which melts decks and ignites aluminium bulkheads. How to build a vessel that lets the rocket strike 'go right through' could be giving the Corps of naval constructors a real head scratcher right now. Next generation vessels may have may have a whole series of 'cat flaps' down the flanks marked 'in' and 'out' – patents pending – ha!

Here is an event not heard before; in 1991 off Kuwait, a silkworm missile (ex. China) was fired at U.S. naval battleship Missouri. Knowing debris may penetrate the hull and so create an inferno an escort *H.M.S. Gloucester* fired two 'sea dart sams'. Her rapid reaction, the article simply says, 'eliminated the threat successfully'. I am surprised by the simple dismissive conclusion of the article; is it prime example of understatement of a lesson learnt and practised?

While providing gunfire support to harass the Iraqi troops in Kuwait in preparation for a possible amphibious landing, USS *Missouri* (BB-63) was fired upon by an Iraqi silkworm anti-ship missile. By the use of infrared flares and chaff, the missile's guidance was confused. It crossed close astern of the *Missouri* and was engaged and shot down by HMS *Gloucester*

The Captain of the *Gloucester*, I imagine, was cock-a-hoop at his trained juniors being so quick off the mark to observe, evaluate and execute a response to a situation not encountered before in his career.

The corridors of power at the Pentagon, no doubt, burnt some midnight oil discussing the whys and wherefores.

Too darn hot, will cease.

Regards to y'all

THOUGHTS FROM AN OLD SAILOR

By Geoffrey Dann

It's 0400, I can't sleep, memory after memory comes racing through my head in no particular order.

My childhood, not particularly happy and mainly memories of WW2. The day I joined the Navy in 1948, when my life began.

The training hard and brutal. Up at 0600 ,coco and ships biscuits and then a double down to the pier into the Cutter trying to scrape the frost off the thwarts and oars before a brisk half a mile pull, hoisting the boat and back to the mess for breakfast with wet arse and purple hands.

Then breakfast and scrub out before daily divisions. Many other better memories as well.

The first sea draft, cold, wet, miserable, hungry and sea sick in the North Atlantic. Going below for breakfast, canteen messing so it was a cup of tea and a Woodbine 6d a packet. Help to get dinner ready to take to the Galley then scrub out and turn to.

Growing up, things getting better and easier.

Warmer times and places, ah the places , Norway Sweden ,Holland, Germany ,Spain, France, North Africa, Gibraltar, Malta, lived in West Africa, Italy Greece, Wan chi, Singapore, Japan, Las Vegas, San Francisco and many more I'm too tired to remember.

The feasts and fights, hangovers, gambling and race tracks, UK, Singapore, Happy valley in Hong Kong, the trots in Sydney where I pulled off a 100 to one winner, in the members at Adelaide and standing on an oil drum at the races in Darwin.

The friends and enemies I made.

The ships, some good some not so good, just one very good.

The Dogs, I loved every one of them and losing each of them was a heartbreak.

Now the pain in the chest, a leaky heart valve, is this to be the day?

The dawn is breaking through the window, to quote a Persian poet" Lo the mighty hunter from the East has put the night to flight". The master lives in the East.

What shall I do today I wonder, breakfast certainly, but not a fag and a poor cup of tea, more like scrambled eggs on sourdough toast with good coffee.

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I don't know if I should go to see my wife today, we have been together for 71 years and she has shared in 36 of my almost 40 years in naval service, all through the good and bad times. I have to be careful with this virus around so just going to see her needs thinking about. She is in care now and at times she is in her own little world.

Sometimes when I'm waiting for the dawn, I wish I were in that space with her.

NOZZERS GO WEST Part 39

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 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 discernable 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.

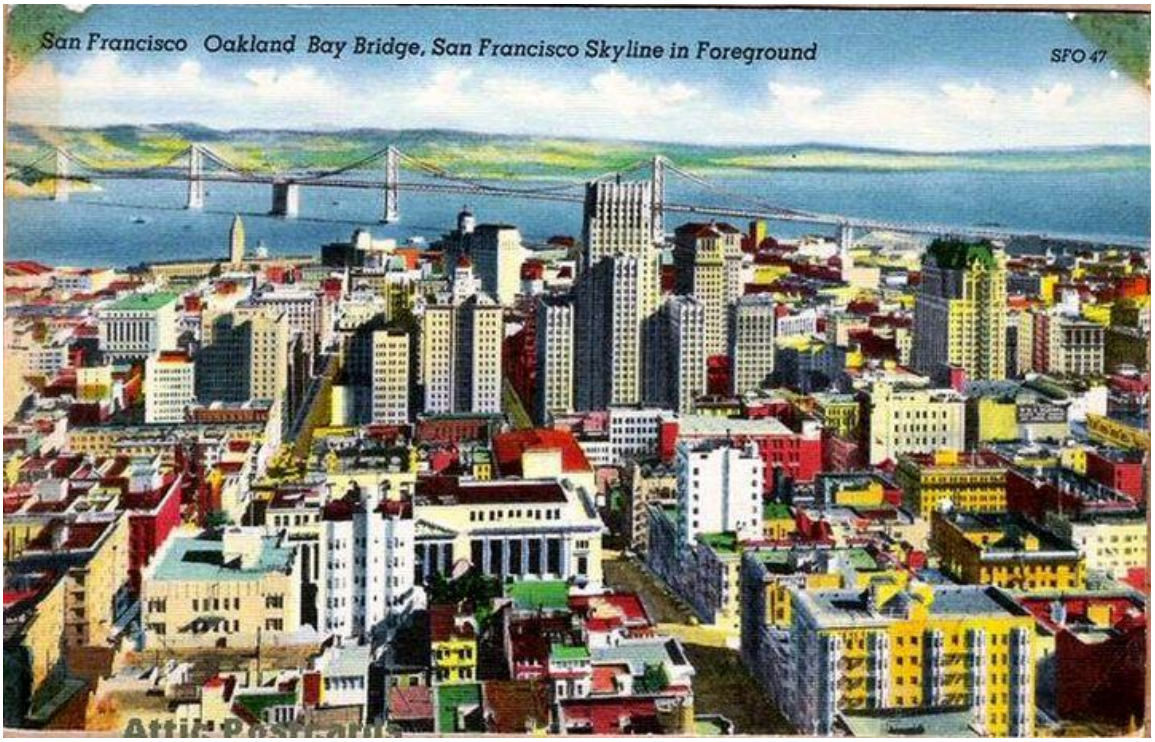
They had already been ashore anyway, earlier in the day to attend morning service in the big cathedral-like building just up one of the side streets. So it was just a matter of handing in their station cards, to denote they had left the ship and then it was back down to join Mrs. Garfield. As they walked off the pier they were led in the direction of a waiting car and Mrs. Garfield introduced them to the driver, who was waiting in the car.

'This is my friend something-or-other', she told them. Ginger didn't catch the name, and thought it more polite to let them think he had, it was bound to be mentioned again soon.

The friend was taller, dark haired and, Ginger guessed, about fifteen years younger. She was an American; there was no mistaking the accent. She put them at ease right away.

'Hello boys', she said as she shook hands with each of them in turn. 'If you would like to jump into the car, we thought we would give you a tour of the town.'

Ginger and Chadwick obediently got in the back seat without a word. It was one of the things they were highly trained in – complying with commands without question. Then they were off on their tour. They didn't want to appear ungrateful but it was boring. There was no point in whizzing past places without stopping to have a look at them particularly as they didn't know what those places were. The commentary as they travelled along was all but non-existent so they learned very little. The two ladies and in particular Mrs. Garfield where more interested in who they were and where they had come from in England. They appeared to be genuinely interested and fired question non-stop throughout the sightseeing journey.



Then it was up to their house for tea and cake and more questions about *the old country.* Chadwick came from Chatham; Ginger was surprised to hear him say that because he had no idea. It had been two years since they had joined up and had seen each other almost every day but he had no idea where Chadwick lived. Chadwick had let Mrs. Garfield's refined way of speaking get to him in such a degree that when she asked him where he lived in England, Ginger all but laughed aloud when he replied 'Chithem'. A phoney coughing fit helped Ginger to conceal the laughter that he was trying hard to suppress.

The two women, who it transpired where school teachers, treated their two guests like royalty but there was only so much cake and tea a person could take. There was no booze but nevertheless it had been a pleasant day out, it really had been like a visit to see their favourite aunties. But before they drove the two boys back to the ship they insisted that more cake was taken with them and Mrs. Garfield wanted their home addresses so that she could write and tell their mothers what nice polite boys they had.

Prior to that afternoon visit with Mrs. Garfield, the ship's company were invited to attend the morning service in a big church just off the main road and up one of the steep side streets. Naturally 'invitation' was not the word used as far as boys were concerned and they all found themselves seated inside whether they had accepted the 'invitation' or not. It was an impressive building and had a large choir on a balcony. It was impressive although they were not there of their own free will. Later that afternoon 140 blind people were given a tour of the ship

and quite what they learned was not recorded. The same afternoon a little over 800 visitors came aboard which was a letdown after almost 3,000 had made the excursion the day before.

Ginger reported to the Regulating Officer as ordered at 0800 on Monday morning and a little later at the Commander's table, went into a lengthy explanation as to why he was late back on Saturday night. It was everybody's fault except his own; the explanation went on and on but to no avail. He asked for all manner of witnesses, people who didn't even know why they were there and the Commander listened very patiently to everything that was said. Too much was said; Ginger still hadn't mastered the art of leaving well enough alone. The Commander was sympathetic to his plight but still gave him ten day stoppage of leave.

What are you after, Lambert - Compassionate Leave or an Oscar ?

He was back on the gangway for the remainder of the forenoon. He should have started the day before, Sunday afternoon, but Chinnery stuck his oar into that one. Maybe he should have said something when the PTI detailed him off to meet Mrs. Garfield but he thought that if Chinnery was being clever in just ordering anyone at random then he could be clever in not saying anything. If he was questioned he was ready to say that Chinnery ordered him to go. The subject was never brought up and, apparently no one missed him. His following watch on duty passed without comment and he thought it wise not to bring it up himself. He'd had an extra run ashore when he should have been confined to the ship. He thanked his lucky stars that new subby didn't know how to start a charging procedure over a weekend, bless him.

After that on Tuesday, an officers' cocktail party was held on the quarterdeck followed by a ceremonial sunset by the royal Marines and Wednesday morning they left harbour at 0900.

The Golden Gate Bridge at the entrance to San Francisco Bay or, in their case, the exit to the open sea, was clearly visible as they left harbour and not obscured by mist like it was when they came in. It 0900 and the mist had burnt off early, maybe to allow them to see the majestic structure it all its glory and close to, before they left it behind for good. They were able to see it more or less all the time during their seven days stay after the mists that seemed to be waiting for them almost every morning had dissipated. It was not that far away. The two bridges, Golden Gate and Oakland Bay were only about a mile or so apart and from where they had been berthed, almost at the foot of Oakland Bay Bridge, they had a panoramic view of the entire bay with the Golden Gate Bridge as a backdrop.

Oakland Bay Bridge, the one that Ginger and his companion had proposed walking across, was a single road, in effect a seven mile freeway and the Golden Gate Bridge differed in that it was a double-decker, with one road on top of the other, presumably one road for traffic in each

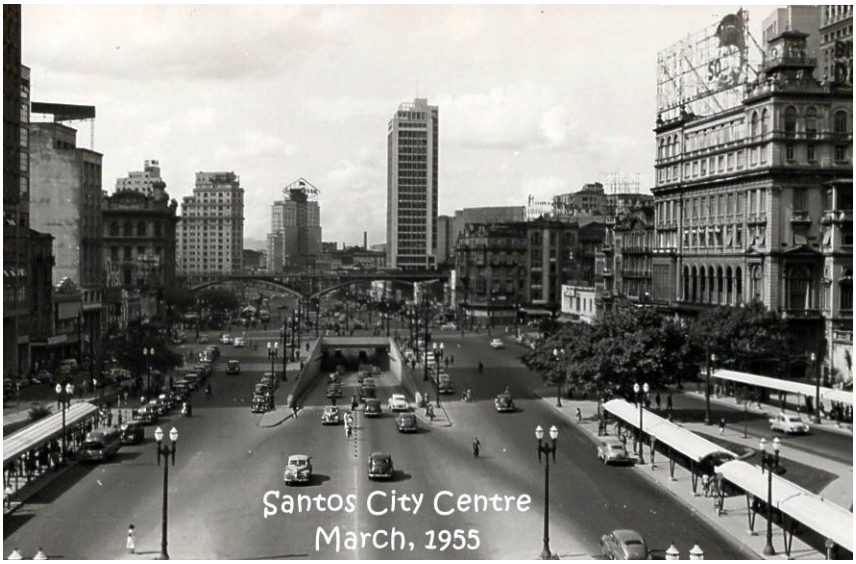
direction although Ginger could not be sure if that was the case. They could see the traffic moving across the bridge from where they had been but whether there was two-way traffic on both sections or, as Ginger suspected, one section for each way there was no way of telling.

However, it was too late to concern himself with such details. They were on their way out and such information was of no use to him. They were off to pastures new; new sights to see and new people to have to contend with at the open to visitor's afternoons. But before he got to see very many new sights, Ginger had the bulk of his stoppage of leave left to complete and that seriously curtail his sightseeing excursions. It was a pity that his stoppage of leave couldn't have come earlier when they had fifteen days at sea.

A RUN ASHORE IN SANTOS

By Fred Grundy

H.M.S. Superb had arrived in Santos in Brazil and I and my oppo *Rinty* Monaghan were among the first ashore. Since I was a kid I had dreamed about going to Rio de Janeiro and that was the next port of call after Santos. We visited a few bars and it was still early in the afternoon, so we went for a stroll down the main thoroughfare.



We came across a street vendor selling some kind of sweet bread and bought some. Walking down the street devouring this and at peace with the world I was shocked to see Rinty throw the last portion of his in the gutter. I remonstrated with him, telling him people were starving in many places in the world and here he was wasting food. Needless to say he did not take kindly to this and in true naval fashion we quickly came to blows.

We were happily trading punches and verbal abuse with each other when we were pulled apart by no less than half a dozen Brazilian matelots all wearing white naval uniforms. They were jabbering away in Portuguese and suddenly, for no apparent reason, turned on us and started punching and kicking. Now, also in true Royal Naval fashion, we were united in adversity and attempted to protect each other.

There were at least six of them and although strangely enough they were all short in stature, we had been drinking and things were starting to get worrying. We both managed to get our backs against a wall and tried to defend ourselves against their punches and kicks, but they just kept up an endless attack. Suddenly our guardian angel appeared in the guise of a white suited, smartly dressed elderly gentleman who jumped between us, and in Portuguese loudly berated them. They stopped the attack and one by one approached us and turned the corners of their naval collars up. Relieved but puzzled we asked the elderly gentleman what was going on. He said in perfect English that he had told them they should be ashamed of themselves. We were guests in their country and should be treated better. When asked why they turned their collars

up he said that they wished to surrender to us. With great relief we accepted their surrender and then followed much shaking of hands and backslapping before we went our separate ways.

We carried with our run ashore and after many adventures found our way back to the ship the following morning. Now things started to go disastrously wrong. I had a seven beller watchkeepers leave and didn't need to hurry but *Rinty's* leave was up at eight o'clock and he was my mate so we both hurried through the dockyard and approached the ship at almost eight o'clock. There was a lot of noise from dockyard mateys and chipping hammers etc. and as we neared the ship's bow we heard colours being played. We stood to attention and saluted and on its completion carried on up the brow where we were put in front of a furious looking Officer of the Watch, who immediately put us both on Commanders report for failing to show a mark of respect to the Brazilian national anthem. We were quickly made aware that Commodore D.H.C. FULLER, our esteemed Captain, had been on the quarterdeck himself, along with all his officers, taking the salute at colours, and had a bird's eye view of us both approaching the ship as the royal marine band played the aforementioned anthem.

We saw the Commander the following day when he refused to listen to any of our excuses and put us both on Captain's report. Being on Captain's report means you are not allowed shore and the Captain will see you when it suits him of course. That meant a long wait and no more runs ashore in Santos, plus the worry about our impending fate. There was a strong buzz around the ship that our Captain did not care much for Stokers. Several months previously, at Christmas spent at Ireland Island, Bermuda, three Stokers returned from a drunken night ashore and stole the Skimmer, the Captains personal motorboat, and while trying a particularly fast manoeuvre, managed to sink it. The Skimmer was recovered from the ocean floor the following day but the Captain was not amused.

Captain's defaulters was held on the one day at sea between Santos and our next port of call, Rio de Janeiro, and I and *Rinty* joined the long queue of our fellow beings who had fallen by the wayside, a good percentage of them being as fate would have it, of the engineering branch. This only added to my feeling of impending doom and my legs felt like lead when my name was called and I doubled up to the captain's table and whipped off my cap.

The look of distaste became more and more apparent on the Captain face as the charge was read out, he, COMMODORE D.H.C. FULLER, was not amused. His words to me on that fateful day in 1955 remain with me still. "There was I at the salute, all my officers at the salute, our Royal Marine band playing, and you two come along like something from another world. You are a disgrace to your uniform and the ship in which you serve! What have you got to say for yourself?

My excuse that I did not realise they were playing a national anthem was dismissed out of hand. He shouted that the anthem had been played on several occasions over the S.R.E. before arriving in Brazil. My even more feeble excuse that I might have been on watch in the engine or boiler room during those times and therefore could not have heard it was also ignored. My rum fuelled boasts to my mess mates that I would say I didn't know if it was a waltz or a foxtrot did not transpire. The words stuck in my throat, our Captain in full majestic flow was an awesome sight!

I was awarded fourteen days number tens. *Rinty* who was more of a skate than me was also given fourteen days number tens, but was taken off the privileged leave list. That meant he couldn't go ashore again until the Captain saw fit. Now, as anyone who has strayed from the path of righteousness well knows, as well as all the extra work, stoppage of rum, doubling round the gun turret or the jetty with a •303 rifle over ones head, there is no shore leave either. That ruled out Rio for me! All those childhood dreams shattered - come to naught. I had to content myself with watching others go ashore and lying in my hammock listening to them return.

Almost seven years later I went to South America again on *H.M.S. Lion*. I had learnt to play the navy's game. I was no longer a skate, having two hooks on my sleeve and married with a young family. Nobody in our P.Os mess apart from me had been to Rio before so before we arrived I was deluged with questions about it. Shamefacedly I had to tell them I never got ashore there!

Some years later, in retirement, my wife, Arline, and I went on a bowls tour to Brazil. One of the clubs we played at was in Rio. It was part of a huge sporting complex and some years before may have been an officer's club, because on the wall of the restaurant were the ship's plaques of both the *Superb* and the *Lion*. We had a fantastic time there with our Brazilian hosts but I thought it best not to mention a particular lack of respect many years before.

WARSHIPS OF THE PAST:

Tiger class cruisers of the Royal Navy
Written by D-Mitch

HMS Blake as a helicopter cruiser

Laid down in 1941-42, the three cruisers of the Tiger class were originally to have been sister ships to Superb, an improved variant of the Swiftsure class cruisers (also known as the Minotaur class), a modified version of the Crown Colony class cruisers, but their construction was slowed down. Finally, the ships were launched in 1944-45 and they were left incomplete until their future had been decided. It was not until 1951 that a plan was agreed under which the three ships would be completed as advanced gun-cruisers due in large part to the perceived threat of the new powerful Soviet Sverdlov class 210-meter cruisers. Their completion took significant amount of time and they joined the fleet between 1959 and 1961, nearly two decades after they have been laid down. The Tiger class cruisers were the last class of all gun cruisers completed for the British Royal Navy. With the three "new" cruisers entering the fleet, the Royal Navy decommissioned their half-sister, Swiftsure and Superb, and both were scrapped by 1962.

possibly the ultimate anti-aircraft gun of the time, the Vickers 3"/70 Mk.6 in twin mounts. The former was the first British 6" (15.2 cm) design to use cartridges instead of bagged powder charges in over sixty years and it could spit out 20 rounds per minute through its water-cooled barrels in a range approximately to 23km. These weapons were controlled by the Gun Direction System (GDS1) using the Type 992 radar. This system enabled the ships to engage multiple

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targets within a few seconds of each other and was technically very advanced for its time. It is believed that HMS Tiger had all hydraulic control; HMS Blake had all electric control while HMS Lion had one of each. The 3in gun could deliver 120 rounds per minutes per barrel (although it was limited to 90 rounds per minutes in service due to excessive barrel wear problems) in a maximum range of close to 18km. They were water-cooled, fully automated and with a very high rate of fire but in practice they were very unreliable and incapable of firing more than a few rounds without a stoppage. The 3in mounting was prone to ammunition feed

Forecastle of HMS Blake during a visit of five Royal Navy warships to San Francisco in 1978

breakdowns and required much maintenance to keep in service. This type of gun mounting armed also Canadian destroyer escorts (Restigouche and Mackenzie classes) apart from these three British cruisers.

HMS Cumberland in the '50s with the 6in turret in B position

HMS Cumberland in 1955 with the 3in turret in X position

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It is worth of mention that HMS Cumberland, an old County-class heavy cruiser that had been commissioned in 1928, was then refitted at Devonport between 1949–1951 for further service as a gunnery trials ship especially for the guns that were about to be mounted on Tigers. She lost all of her 8-inch turrets, and for a few years had a prototype dual 6-inch automatic turret (testing the concept for later installation in the then building Tiger-class cruisers) in 'B' position, and a prototype automatic dual 3-inch turret (also slated for the Tigers) in 'X' position. She was the last of the three-funneled heavy cruisers to remain in service.

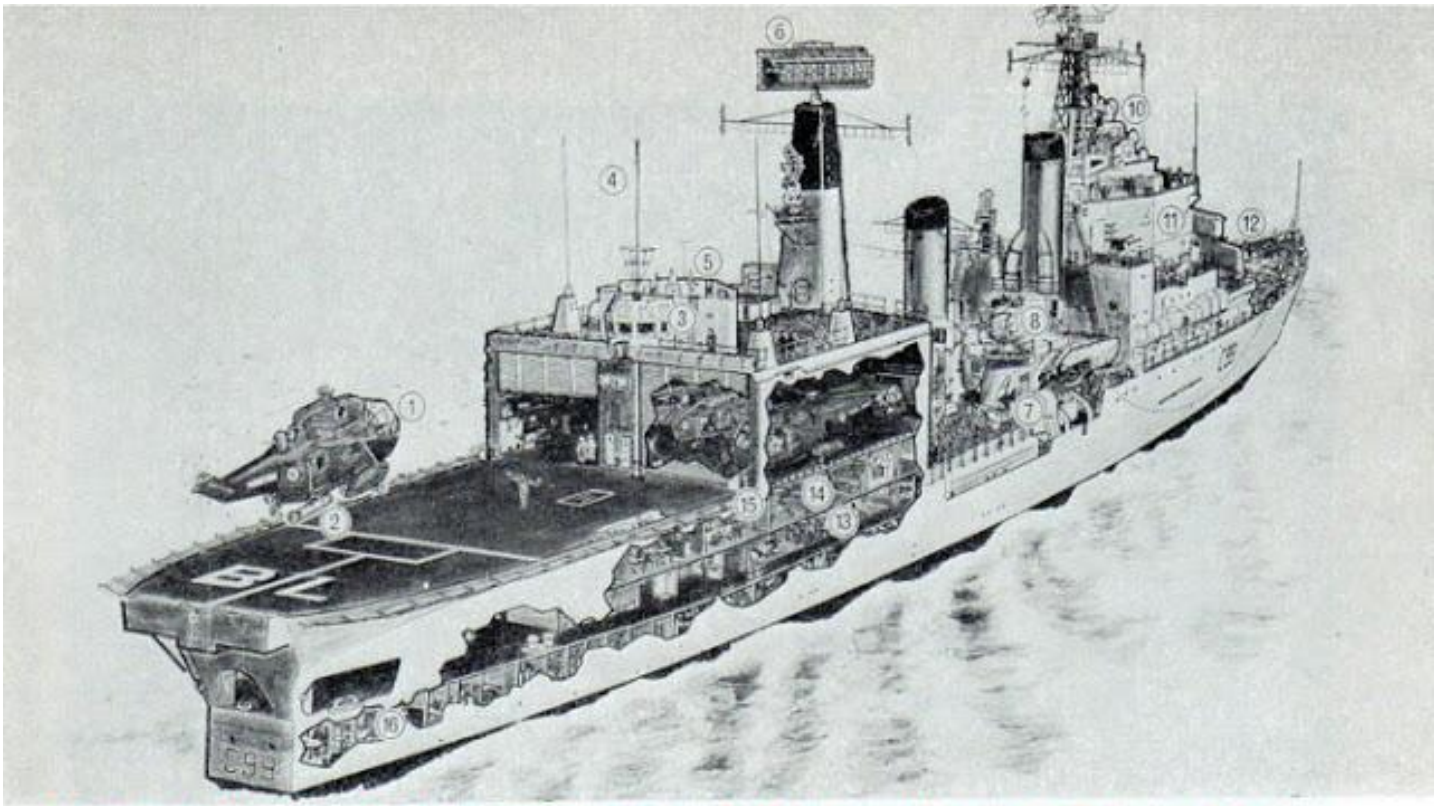
HMS Tiger in her original configuration

The differences among the sisters were few. Lion and Blake had a raised circular platform at the end of the highest deckhouse on the after superstructure for the magnetic compass; thy also had larger bridge wings to the admiral's (lower) bridge, extensions to the forecastle, and trunks on either side of the stacks leading from vent fans atop the boiler space casings.

HMS Lion in Malta

By 1964 the Conservative Government saw the Tigers as no longer affordable or credible in the surface combat or fleet air defence role and approved their conversion into helicopter carriers. The refit was very expensive; during the conversion a major fire broke out aboard HMS Blake causing considerable damage and raising the costs still further. Due to the high cost of the program only two of the ships followed the conversion while HMS Lion was cannibalized for spares and then scrapped in 1975, after eight years in reserve. As a gun cruiser, Tiger served 8

years, Lion 5 years, and Blake 2 years. The original plan retained the full three twin 3 inch mounts however, during the conversion of Blake the plan was changed to allow the cruisers to operate, four (4) of the more capable Westland Sea King carriers, although only three (3) Sea Kings could actually, ever be accommodated and serviced in the longer hangar which extended further into the main structure of the ship, and greater cost and forcing the replacement of the side 3-inch gun mounts (which fire arcs were now too restricted) with much less effective Seacat GWS22. Seacat was a British short-range surface-to-air missile system intended to replace the ubiquitous Bofors 40 mm gun aboard warships of all sizes for use against fast jet aircraft that were proving to be too difficult for the latter to successfully intercept. It was the world's first operational shipboard point-defence missile system and was designed so that the Bofors guns could be replaced with minimum modification to the recipient vessel and (originally) using existing fire-control systems about 6km max range.



1. Sea King helicopter. 2. Anti-submarine torpedo. 3. Flying control position with hangar below.
4. Broad band HF aerial. 5. Emergency conning position. 6. Air warning radar. 7. Seacat launcher.
8. Seacat director. 9. Combined warning radar. 10. Gunnery director. 11. Enclosed bridge. 12. 6-inch twin turret.
13. Wardroom. 14. Ship and aircraft workshops. 15. Petty Officers' Mess. 16. Admiral's quarters.

In 1965, work began on Blake to convert her to a helicopter cruiser while Tiger began her conversion in 1968. The conversions left Tiger and Blake some 380 tons heavier with a full displacement of 12,080 tons and their crew complements increased by 169 to 885.

HMS Blake in her final configuration

The helicopter conversion involved removing the aft 6in and its aft tracker (Type 903 fire control system) as well two of the three 3in gun turrets that were located midships at each side of the aft funnel (in their place were installed Seacat quad SAM launchers) and constructing a huge hangar and flight deck which enabled them to accommodate four Westland Wessex helicopters (later Sea King) that had the ASW role with their sonars and Mk44 torpedoes. It should be mentioned that only three helicopters could be stowed in the hangar, two fore and aft and one athwartships in the forward part of the hangar (nose to port). Above the hanger was a flying control position while below the first were the facilities to support the helicopter squadron such as briefing rooms, workshops, accommodation rooms and stowage for the helicopters' torpedoes.

The ships were fitted with five sets of stabilizers, similar to those of County class destroyers, in order to provide a stable platform for operating the helicopters in adverse weather conditions. A full new suite of sensors were added during this refit as well such as a new long range air search radar, new height finder, ESM etc. Blake retained her original funnel height, but on Tiger both funnels were raised. There were also numerous small differences in detail between the two especially with regard to communications antennas and ventilation duct arrangements.

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With the new equipment, and their existing command and control facilities, they made excellent task group flagships. The fact that they could steam at an economical 16-knots (the going rate for convoys) for 8,000 nautical miles on a single fill up made it clear they were intended for distant travels.

The converted Tigers were a halfway step towards a fully air-capable cruiser. The Invisibles light aircraft carriers that followed later were direct descendants of the escort cruiser with an emphasis on command and control, their original heavy air defence armament and with the air wing consisting of ASW helicopters and Sea Harriers instead of guns. In 1969 a Royal Air Force (RAF) Harrier jet landed on Blake as part of trials. Watch here a short video of a Harrier taking off from the helicopter deck of the cruiser HMS Blake.

However, such large ships with obsolete armament, without long range anti-aircraft missiles (in contrast to WWII US ships that were converted to missile cruisers), that required a large crew in order to operate, did not stay in active service for long time and before the end of the decade both ships were stricken and scrapped shortly afterwards. It was an unsuccessful and expensive conversion that drained much needed resources better used elsewhere. The HMS Tiger was decommissioned first in 1978 (sold for scrap in 1986) while HMS Blake was decommissioned in 1979 (sold for scrap in 1982), being the last cruiser of the Royal Navy till today. HMS Blake was the last cruiser in commission in the Royal Navy.

In December 1979, a few days before she was decommissioned, she enjoyed the distinction of firing the Royal Navy's last 6" (15.2 cm) gun salvo in the English Channel.

PHOTO ALBUM

Two collided bullets from the Battle of Gallipoli, 1915-1916.

From Shipmate Malcolm Milham

3 Mess, 1953, the only one I can remember is Bill Marshall, standing at the back; he went to HMS Dampier when he left Superb

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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)

Peter Pyne 22 January 1993

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Brian

My father was Peter Pyne and served on the HMS Superb during 1955 1956 1957 - he may well have been on it earlier but at the moment I have only letters he sent to my mother dating from Dec 1955. He was born in April 1935 so may well have started his National Service in 1953. His letter to my mother gives his address as M(E)I PETER PYNE, C/SKX921023, 24 MESS, HMS SUPERB.

I found the spring cruise 1955 on your website and discovered that HMS Superb was docked in Valparaiso from 7th to 14th February 1955 and that was the time my parents met. My mother is Chilean. They wrote to one another for 2 years then she came over to England on the Reina del Mar in February 1957. They married in August 1957 and I am the 2nd oldest of the 7 children they had.

I recently retired and have been researching our family tree and have discovered the letters that have brought me to your website. Sadly my father passed away in January 1993 at the age of 58, he would have loved seeing all the information and photos you have on there. I hope this information helps with your quest to complete a list of all the men serving on the HMS Superb.

I found my father on your website in a photo posted by Len Baker - he is sat directly behind Len Baker! I can't thank you enough for the website I have had a wonderful afternoon looking through all the photos and the Pathe news on You Tube showing the Queen and Prince Phillip visiting the home fleet in May 1957, I know my father was onboard as he wrote to my mother saying they were doing exercises and rehearsals for the visit.

My father told me a few stories of his time onboard but I wondered if it is possible for me to get access to his navy records so that I can get specific dates and find out what he did. My brother thinks he was a stoker, my sister says he was an able seaman (weren't they all!!) and my father told me a story once about a diving exercise where he came face to face with a conger eel!

If you do have any reunions in the future would it be possible for me and family to attend even though my father has 'crossed the bar'? I understand if this is not possible.

Thank you again. **Angela Rutter** (nee Pyne)

Hi Brian

Hope you are keeping well? Thanks for all your messages. I really enjoy reading them.
I am not very good at doing emails so my daughter is helping me.

I'll have a good think of some stories to send to you relating to my time in the navy and send them to you.
Fred Grundy

[Thanks Fred your latest is included in this month's mag – Brian]

THE END