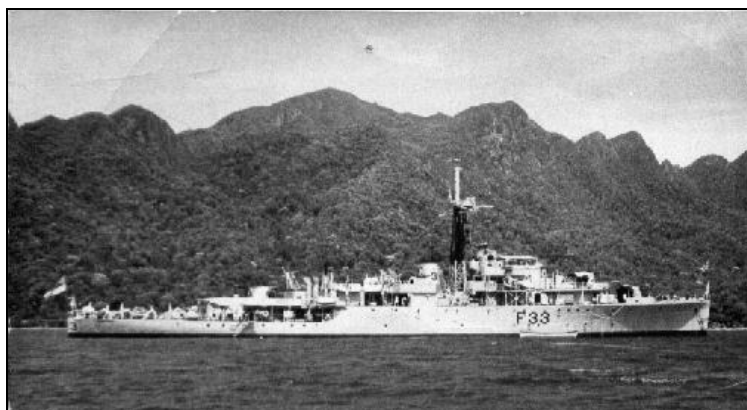


H.M.S.OPOSSUM ASSOCIATION



Spring Newsletter 2010

1945 – 1958

Welcome to our Spring Newsletter. Thankfully in a few weeks we should see the back of this long cold winter, comparisons with 1947 and 1963. Warmer days should soon be with us and our next reunion 14th - 17th May is not long off.

So far no communication has been received concerning the issue of subscription payment raised in the Christmas Newsletter, so I don't spend weeks even months chasing-up lapsed subs and that our Treasurer can have his accounts up to date by 31st May. As previously mentioned, for years every member knows that subscriptions are paid in May, quite a few even pay before. To give advanced notice any member who has not paid his £10 subscription by the end of May and still wishes to be an active member of HMS Opossum Association entitled to all the privileges of membership should be charged double in other words not the usual £10 but £20. Your committee don't feel this is an unreasonable request as advanced notice (six months) has been given through the Christmas and now Spring Newsletters.

In this issue are Chairman's comments, statement of our financial affairs and Roll of Honour. Collision of Admirals (a tragic misunderstanding), Bill Thomas - My meetings with Royalty, Children writing about the sea, A stunning senior moment, Jones the Intrepid, Just a thought, John Owen's, John Wayne - go for you gun, Age may not weary them and other jokes, Shipmates Humour and Modified Black Swan class frigates.

An up dated Membership List is enclosed, any omissions please get in touch

As usual Newsletter material is always wanted especially personal stories either during service days or of occupations in civilian life so our Newsletter is of interest for all our membership. With best wishes, Ed.

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CHAIRMAN'S COMMENTS

Our Secretary rang me to jog my memory (not much of it left) for my comments to add to this newsletter. I agree with him as to a deadline when member's subscriptions need to be paid. Our reunion is always in May most pay either before or during this month. A minority feel they can pay whenever they like, this doesn't suit the Association nor our Treasurer who wants our accounts sorted ASAP. All the membership have had advanced warning both in the Christmas Newsletter and now in this Newsletter that all subscriptions must be paid before the end of May. To be honest the £10 subs is the cheapest I know of.

I would like to thank Standard bearer Sam Edgar, Charles Parker and Eddie Summerfold for making the long haul to John Blair's funeral in Girvan and also recently to Litchfield for the funeral of Roy Cope - well done lads.

Shipmates don't forget lets have a good turnout for our reunion at Weston-super-Mare, especially those members from the West Country.

Lastly my thanks to all who kindly sent Christmas cards (and those who didn't.)

Best Wishes to one and all.

Stan

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

Income	£1,892.11
Expenditure	£ 519.45
Balance	£1,381.66

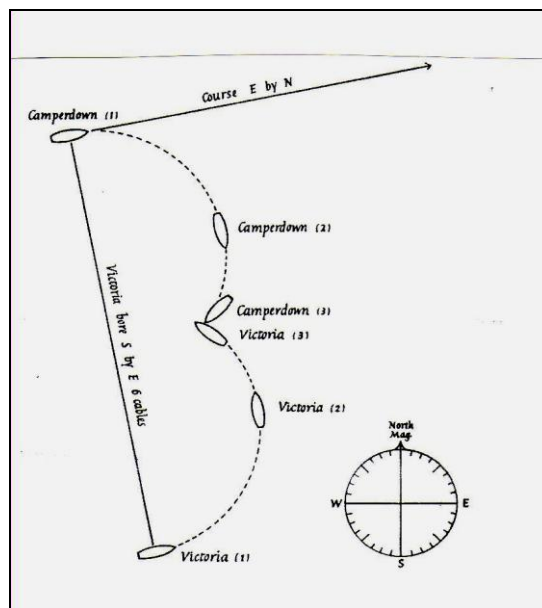
ROLL OF HONOUR

John C Cartwright	John Eardly Wilmot	Ronald Bradley
Albert Corless	Les Wood	Harry (Scouse) Barlow
Bob Gray	David Jarvis	Ken Harris
John Williams	George Scott	Harry Roach
Reg Parker	Pat Norman	Fred Thorton
Gordon Fletcher	Ivan C Haskell	Fred (Mick) Bodel
George H Richards	Fred King	John Davison
George Curry	Sid Pemberton	Stephen Hart
George Brown	Cliff Harthill	Jack Marshall
Arthur Pope	Stewart A Porter	Dick (Ginger) Bird
Jackie Scholes	Les Dimmock	John Bray
Cornelius (Scouse) Canon	Jim Tribe	Doug Banks
Harry Wollams	Pete Maddox	John Fraser
Doug Goulding	John Hardman	Cyril Mason
Bill Bolton	Mike Swayne	Ken Philips
Harry Catterson	Bill Bovey	Bill Price
Jack(Yorkie)Richards	George(Jan)Lobb	William(Bill)Winder
Ron Hare	Ken Slater	Martin George
Stewart Coltherd	Peter Lockwood	Bert Rimmer
John Blair	Roy Cope	Edward (Ted) Longstaff
Joe Gornall		

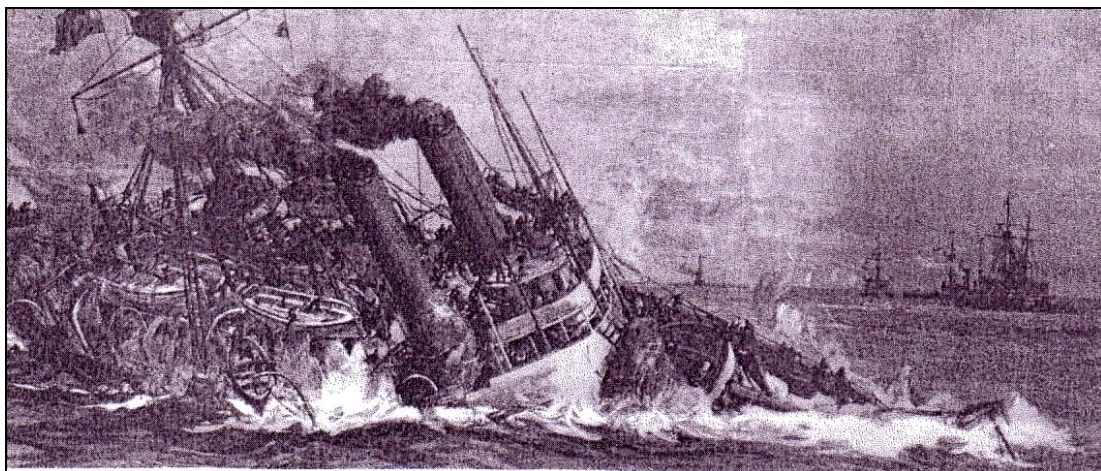
COLLISION of ADMIRALS

A TRAGIC MISUNDERSTANDING

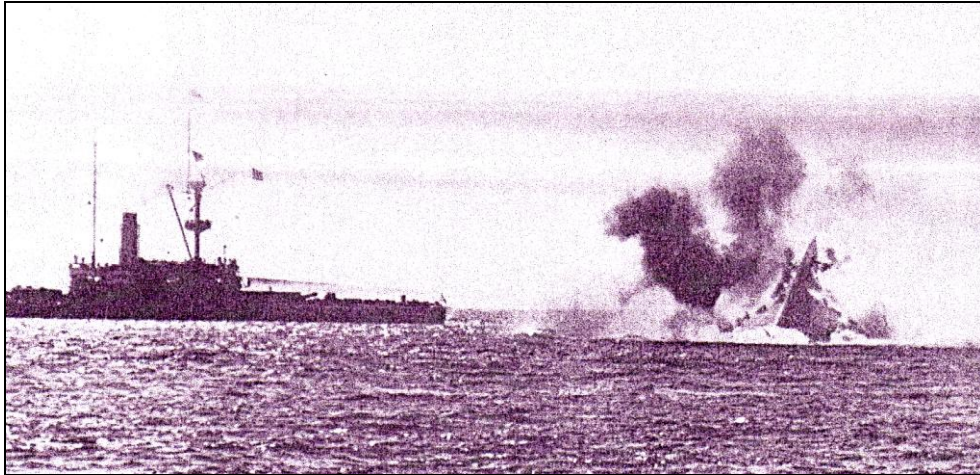
Off the coast of Tripoli on the 22nd June 1893 a hot sun beamed down on a calm sea. In two columns the Mediterranean Fleet approached their night anchorage. The Commander-in-Chief Admiral George Tyron in his flagship HMS Victoria headed one column, on his port beam 1,200 yard away sailed his second in command Admiral Albert Markham in HMS Camperdown. A grand sight sailing along at a sedately eight knots, two and a half miles from the shore, flags came down and the head of both columns turned inwards together other ships behind were about to follow this manoeuvre. What happened next belongs to such tragedies as the riddle of the Marie Celeste and sinking of the Titanic. Perhaps the worst accident in the annals of the Royal Navy when the ram bow of HMS Camperdown struck HMS Victoria. The sea gushed into the hull of Victoria, within minutes she had sunk taking with her Admiral Tyron and 358 officers and men.



Plan of the collision



Sinking of HMS Victoria



Her sister ship HMS Nile stands by to pick-up survivors.

The Court Marshal had mainly one question to ask why did two columns of warships only 6 cables (1 cable equals 200 yards) apart instead of 8 or more cables, try to turn 180 degrees towards each other and hope not to collide? All ships in both columns acknowledged the flag signal; Admiral Markham hesitated knowing the proposed manoeuvre to be dangerous. The Flagship further signalled "What are you waiting for? Had the C-in-C some manoeuvring trick he was about to demonstrate as he had in the past? Markham acknowledged and the execute signal to turn came from the Flagship. Three and a half minutes later a collision occurred, and if all the following ships kept to the letter of the original signal, preserving the order of the Fleet, they too would have collided with their opposite numbers! Manoeuvring warships in close formation is at the best of times a dangerous practice unless every commanding officer and his subordinates know what is required and there is no doubt of ambiguity. This is far from the case that fateful day only the C-in-C knew, or thought he did. After ten days the court concluded that an order given by the C-in-C caused the collision between Camperdown and Victoria. Secondly that everything possible was done on Victoria to save lives. Thirdly no blame is attributed to Victoria's Flag Captain for the loss of his ship. Fourthly while it regrets Admiral Markham did not question his superiors intentions he was not to blame in carrying out the orders of his C-in-C. Distinguished Admirals gave these comments. "The overpowering personality of the C-in-C induced Admiral Markham to carry out an order he knew to be unsafe." "The C-in-C's brain must have failed him." "The C-in-C thought he had greater control of the fleet than was possible." "The C-in-C was not agreeable to being quizzed or questioned." "If I was Admiral Markham I could never hold up my head again." "Admiral Markham was crucified for another mans blunder."

No one will ever know the C-in-C's intentions when he gave the order resulted in the sinking of HMS Victoria and the huge loss of life. However, he was heard by two surviving officers of undoubted integrity and can be accepted as the truth to say as his ship was on the point of sinking, "It was my entire fault."

A General and an Admiral were boasting about their past conquests." When I was in the Army I had hundreds of girls wherever I was stationed – we soldiers were real men." "Rubbish" replied the Admiral "I bet I slept with far more women than you – girls like sailors." Okay-okay when did you last sleep with a woman?" demanded the General. "About 1958" replied the Admiral. "You see you call that being a ladies man?" The Admiral looked at his watch and said scornfully "Well it's only 22.10 now!"

MY MEETINGS WITH ROYALTY

By Bill Thomas

Like thousands of others I spent my first days in the Navy at HMS Royal Arthur. I was told that among the ships company was one Lt. Philip Mountbatten. We never met but I'm told he married well. A year later in Hong Kong "Splice the Mainbrace" was piped to celebrate his wedding, the point of relating this, whenever HM The Queen asks, "When was I crowned?" the answer is, two days after Bill Thomas were ordained in Newcastle Cathedral. What a weekend that was. On Friday they conquered Everest, Tuesday they crowned the Queen and in between they ordained me. May 31st was Trinity Sunday, the traditional Feast Day for ordinations, but in 1953 there was a dress rehearsal for the Coronation in Westminster Abbey and all the diocesan Bishops were required to attend. Bishop Noel Hudson of Newcastle went AWOL. He had served in the trenches and said that "his men" were every bit as important as his Queen. That made us a unique group of clergy.

Over the last 56 years I have met Mr & Mrs Mountbatten a number of times. They always wave to me (and the thousands of others lining the streets as they pass by in the Royal Car) They invited me to tea a couple of times (together with hundreds of other guests at Royal Garden Parties.) But my real Royal occasion was in 1990 when they came to distribute Royal Maundy money at Newcastle Cathedral. It happened that there was a vacancy - one Dean had gone and the new one had not arrived, as senior Canon I was the chairman of the group planning the event. That was a fascinating experience. I had to deal with Royal Courtiers, the Police, MI5, Lord Lieutenants and the like. For some weeks I was the most popular man North of the Tyne. People who would normally walk by me in the street greeted me like a long lost friend as they tried to get in the list of recipients for the Maundy Money. The meaning commemorates Christ washing the feet of the disciples. At one time the Monarch washed the feet of beggars - the Maundy Money is the gift of the Queen. The one certain thing is those who take part demonstrate their want of humility. Shortly before the event I had a telephone call from the Secretary to the Lord Mayor. The Civic party will be attending the service in the cathedral and need to get back to the civic centre in time for a "wet and a drag" before greeting the Royal Party at the Civic Banquet - will you please take the Queen off our hands for about 45 minutes? Who could refuse such a request? So we invited Her Majesty Elizabeth, Queen of England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, head of the Commonwealth - for a drink. We also invited the head of each Cathedral department concerned with the service that's the choir boys, organist, bell ringer, vergers, acolytes, cleaners etc about 24 in all. It was a delightful informal occasion and a few days later I received a letter from the Equerry to say that Her Majesty had been very grateful for a short time of relaxation in the middle of a busy programme.

Since retiring I have neither seen nor heard from Mr & Mrs Mountbatten. Our relationship has cooled; perhaps like me they are becoming forgetful of names. Never one to give up I always look forward to the next Honours List. Tongue in cheek recollections makes a point I have taken an oath of Loyalty which binds me for life. I would rather that than swear allegiance to a flag of state. It's difficult to be loyal to a concept. Give me a Monarch every time.

Wise men say it wasn't the apple that caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden- it was the pair on the ground.

"Hello I'm a little stiff from rugby" She replied "No problem it doesn't matter where you are from

Whets the difference between a cockerel and a nymphomaniac? The cockerel says "Cock-a-doodle-do" while the nymphomaniac calls "Any cock'll do!"

Old proverb. Girls who look for trouble often get a belly full!

CHILDREN WRITING ABOUT THE SEA

1. This is a picture of an octopus; it has eight testicles (Kelly age 6)
2. Oysters balls are called pearls (James age 6)
3. If you are surrounded by sea you are an island, If you don't have sea all round you are incontinent. (Wayne age 7)
4. Sharks are ugly and mean and have big teeth just like Emily Richardson, she's not my friend any more (Kylie age 6)
5. My dad goes out in his boat and comes back with crabs (Helen age 6)
6. A dolphin breathes through an areshole on top of its head (Billy age 8)
7. When the ships had sails they used the trade winds to cross the ocean. sometimes the wind didn't blow and the sailors would whistle to make the wind come. My brother said they would have been better off eating beans (William age 9)
8. Some fish are dangerous. Jelly fish can sting; electric eels can give you a shock They live in caves under the sea where I think they plug themselves into chargers. (Christopher age 8)
9. Divers have to be safe when they go under the sea. Two divers can't go down alone, so they have to go down on each other (Becky age 8)
10. On holiday my mum went water skiing. She fell off when she was going very fast. she says she won't do it again because water shot up her fanny. (Julie age 8)
11. I'm not going to write about the sea. My baby brother is always screaming and being sick, my dad keeps shouting at my mum and my sister has just got pregnant, so I can't think what to write (Amy age 8)

A STUNNING SENIOR MOMENT

A self important college graduate walking along a beach took it upon himself to explain to a senior citizen resting on the steps why it was impossible for the older generation to understand his generation. "You grew up in a different world actually an almost primitive one," the student said in a loud enough voice for others to hear. "Young people today grew up with television, jet planes, space travel, and men walking on the moon. We have nuclear energy, ships and cell phones, computers with light speed and many more." After a brief silence the senior citizen responded as follows

"You are right son. We didn't have those things when we were young so we invented them. Now you arrogant little shit what are you doing for the next generation?"

The applause was amazing.

JONES the INTREPID

In our Christmas Newsletter (2009) is a small paragraph at the foot of page 21, "Adventurer Tristan Jones." He was a widely acclaimed seaman, written many books on his adventures mostly about small boats and journeying around the oceans of the world. Recently John Owen drew my attention to this seaman-author and that he was not all he appeared. His books are more fiction than fact.)

To begin with he claimed to have been born to Welsh parents at sea on his father's ship off the island of Tristan de Cuna and named after the island but in reality was born to a Blackburn unmarried mother in Walton hospital Liverpool and named Arthur Jones. In his book "Hearts of Oak" (about his experiences in the Royal Navy) He says he was a Ganges Boy, during the war sunk three times before the age of eighteen, witnessed the sinking of the Hood and the destruction of the Scharnhorst; all untrue. He did enlist in the Royal Navy - as a Stoker National Serviceman aged seventeen and a half, in November 1946. Furthermore he did serve a total of fourteen years; never rising above the rank of Stoker saw few sea-going ships mostly spent his time in shore establishments.

However, after naval service Jones bought a small boat and taught himself to sail, did do some smuggling from Britain to France, and set himself up as a small boat company on the island of Ibiza. But at the age of forty, before he drunk himself to death, he wanted to be as famous as Francis Chichester and Alec Rose circumnavigating the world and so decided not only to re-invent himself but become a writer. He took to reading the classics, Shakespeare and books on how to write. He spent most evenings in bars getting drunk and telling stories, at both he was most successful. With a typewriter and lots of persuasion to magazines and publishing houses he became a best selling author, especially in the United States. All told over a period of about twenty years he wrote many books on the sea, and articles on small boat sailing and developed a dedicated following. In short he achieved everything he desired, albeit his writing contained many untruths, now he had to live the lie. His heavy drinking brought on diabetes and eventually he lost both legs. He moved to Thailand where cheques still came from publishers, he died in June 1995 aged 66. However, he was an excellent writer, and his books are very readable - but must be taken with a pinch of salt. (Source: - Wayward Sailor by Anthony Dalton 2003 McGraw Hill)

JUST A THOUGHT

Consciousness, the annoying time between naps.
The sooner you fall behind the more time you have to catch up.
Karaoke is Japanese for Tone Deaf.
Give me ambiguity or give me something else.
I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous.
My friends dream in colour - it's just a pigment of their imagination.
Bigamy - one wife too many - monogamy same thing.
Change is inevitable - except from a vending machine.
A seminar in time travel will be held two weeks ago.
I don't have the solution but I do admire the problem.

Per mile-what's the most expensive vehicle to operate? A shopping trolley.
My wife has been missing for a week- I'm not sure if she's left me or gone shopping!
Veni, Verdi, Visa – I came, I aw, I hopped.
A man went into a pet shop. He said "Can I buy a goldfish?" The gut said "Do you want an Aquarian?" He said "I don't care what star sign it is!"

JOHN WAYNE - GO FOR YOUR GUN

by John Owen

After six weeks of low catches, we were getting desperate. Now at long last we'd hit the jackpot with a bulging fish room of full queen shell fish and heading back home to Holyhead. The reason for our jubilation was the falling glass that for days had forecasted foul weather so no other boats were out in the Irish Sea south of the Isle of Man. Happy is the fishing crew with a full catch and the prospect of a good wage and only a few hours away from port. I contacted the agents and told them the size of our catch and that we would be ready to discharge at 0700 the following morning. The crew were below resting and I was alone in the wheelhouse, having plotted a course for home, checked the radar screen, and then switched on the autopilot. To pass the time put on the television to watch a John Wayne film. Then the forecasted winds turn nasty and we were heavily laden.

Two days before I'd taken a chance, at home I was up very early and went outside to look at the sky, hardly any movement in cloud formations, the forecast didn't seem to sure what was going to happen. We'd had hardly any wages for weeks, on an impulse I went indoors and picked up the phone called all the crew told them we would sail at 0600. My son was mate and we met up at the grocery store attached to the filling station loaded up with frozen meats and groceries and headed for the dock. Soon we had these stores on board and with everyone present while I got the engine, going, the mate had all the wheelhouse electronics functioning and the crew singled-up the lines, we were ready for sea. Soon we were underway heading for the Isle of Man fishing grounds. Called up the Coastguard and gave them a passage plan and an area code for the grounds we would work. They came back with an updated weather forecast and expressed the concern that we should be aware of the incoming weather system. I was determined we were not going to turn back until the weather became too bad for fishing. The grounds we headed for had shown poor yields so I shot the gear eight miles short and hauled the gear after an hour, to our pleasant surprise up came a good catch of queen shellfish enough to fill twenty bags. Turned around and went over the first tow and again shot away the gear. Another eight-ten tows like the first one and we not only have good wages but pay off all the vessels outstanding debts for the past month or so. The second tow was just as good. After our evening meal made a link call to other skippers to find out if anyone else was coming out to join us, the others were not going to make a move until morning. By this time the wind had increased to about force 4/5 and only a slight increase in the swell, perfect fishing weather. With these conditions we would fish all night and I organised the watches accordingly. Tired after a long night, by morning we had an enormous pile of shell fish on deck, after stowing this below, cook made a big breakfast for us all. After a rest we began again and finished by early evening. I took over the watch.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, the John Wayne film was in full swing, so was the boat in the gathering winds. Notorious Cole Rock was in the vicinity and I needed to give the place a wide berth, so plotted another course, but gradually this meant losing the television signal. The film was getting exciting and Cole Rock getting closer. John Wayne went for his gun, there was a loud crack and the vessel heeled hard over to starboard, the bow disappeared under the force of the tidal overflow. As for the TV this jumped from its bracket and disappeared down into the mess room where the thing broke into a thousand pieces! I eased the throttle and the vessel came upright and the autopilot once more took over. With a thumping heart I rushed below to check for damage after an extensive search by all the crew all seemed fine. Increasing engine revs and plotted a further course for Holyhead. The crew weren't really interested in "What the hell was that" just the outcome of the film which of course I couldn't tell them, never did find out if John Wayne got his man

Happy Days.

AGE MAY WEARY THEM

Ageing is when:-

Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.

The gleam in your eye is from the sun hitting your bifocals.

You feel as if it's the morning after the night before but you haven't been anywhere.

Your little black book contains only names prefixed by Doctor.

Your children begin to look middle aged.

You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.

You know all the answers, but no one asks the questions.

You look forward to a quiet evening at home; sitting in your rocking chair, but you can't get the thing going.

You're seventeen around the neck, forty-two around the waist and ninety-six around the golf course.

After painting the town red you have to take a long rest before applying a second coat.

Your knees buckle, but your belt won't.

Two maggots playing football
After a while one said to his mate, "I'm bored."
The other replied, "It's better than going fishing."

A blonde got really excited when she completed a jig-saw in 6 months, when the box said 2 - 4 years.

Another blonde lost the breast stroke competition - learned later that other swimmers had cheated - they used their arms.

"Listen carefully" said the eccentric millionaire to the architect designing his new home.
"Whatever you don't disturb that tree over there – it brings back very fond memories."
"Why is that?" asked the architect. "That's where I had my first sex session – And don't touch that old tree over there either- that's where her mother stood watching us while I had my first sex session." "What" said the architect "You were having it off with the daughter and her mother stood there watching- what did she say?"
"Baaaaaa"

An upper class man was walking through the park when a sudden strong wind blew up the skirt of a passing woman.

"Oh I say, it's airy isn't it?" he remarked.
The woman replied "What did you expect feathers?"

SHIPMATES HUMOUR

In the school playground three boys were bragging about their fathers. The first boy said, "My dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls a poem, and they give him £500." "That's nothing, my dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a song, and they give him £1,000." "Beat this, says the third, my dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes eight people to collect all the money."

"Doctor, doctor I'm so worried, said the anxious man, both my wife and I have black hair but our son has just been born with red hair, do you think something funny has been going on?"

"Not necessarily, replied the doctor, how many times do you and your wife make love?" "About five times a year."

"Well there's your answer, you're just a little rusty."

A very popular film was being shown at the local cinema and the place was packed. Suddenly a woman stood up screamed and rushed out into the foyer searching for the manager. "I'll never come back here again; I've just been interfered with!" A short while later another woman looking equally distressed complained of the same thing. "I'm not having this, said the manager and went off to track down the pervert. Shining his torch along the rows he eventually caught a man under the seats. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" "It's my toupee, replied the man, I've lost it, had my hand on it twice but it got away."

The traffic police flagged down a car for driving erratically and asked the young lady driver to take a breathalyser test. As they look at the results the policeman looks at the woman and says, "You've had a few stiff ones tonight miss."

"Oh my goodness, she explains blushing, I didn't know it told you that as well."

"Oh darling, whispered the passionate man, am I the first man you've made love to?"

"Yes, yes, she replied looking bored, why do men always ask the same silly question?"

The DVLA recently divulged that for the past five years they had covertly funded a car maker's project. The makers installed black box voice recorders in an effort to determine the circumstances of fatal accidents during the last five seconds before the crash. Surprised to find in most areas the recorded last words from drivers in eighty percent of cases were, "Oh no!" Only in Devon & Cornwall were different, ninety-five per cent of their final words were, "Hold my cider, I'm going to try something."

A woman drove her people carrier filled with a dozen screaming kids through a supermarket car park, looking for a space. Obviously frazzled, she coasted passed a stop sign.

"Hey lady have you forgotten how to stop," yelled an irate man.

She rolled down the window and said,

"What makes you think all these are mine?"

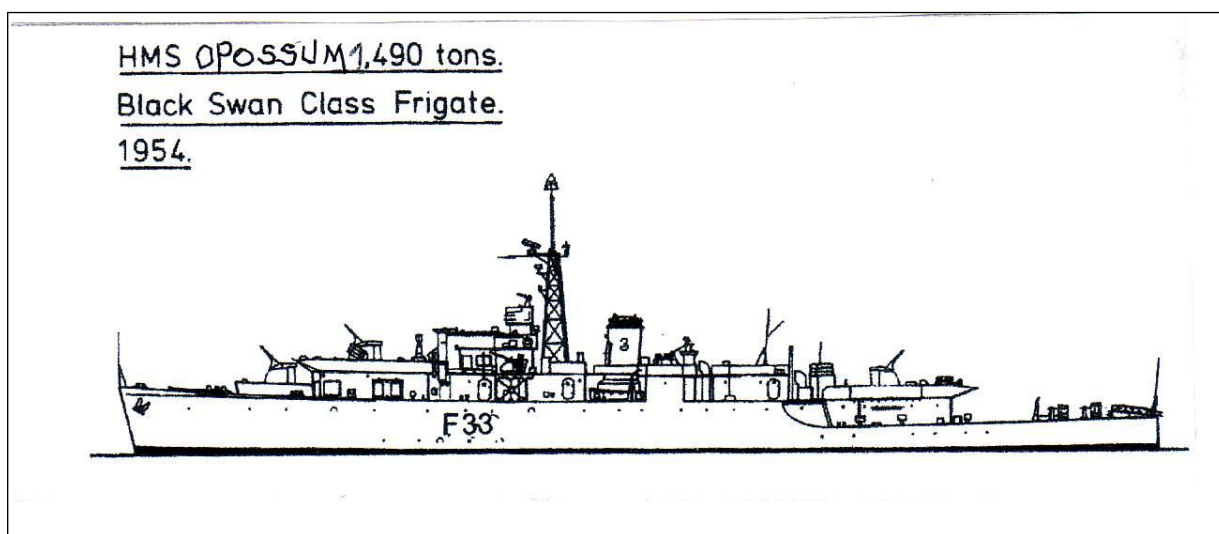
"Oh my darling, drink makes you so sexy." "But I haven't been drinking." "No, but I have!"

Two neighbours are chatting over the garden wall. "When my husband comes home from work tonight he'll probably bring me a huge bunch of flowers." "Oh isn't that nice, you are lucky."

"Not really, he'll expect me to take all my clothes off and be on the floor with my legs in the air."

"Oh dear, haven't you got any vases?"

MODIFIED BLACK SWAN class frigates

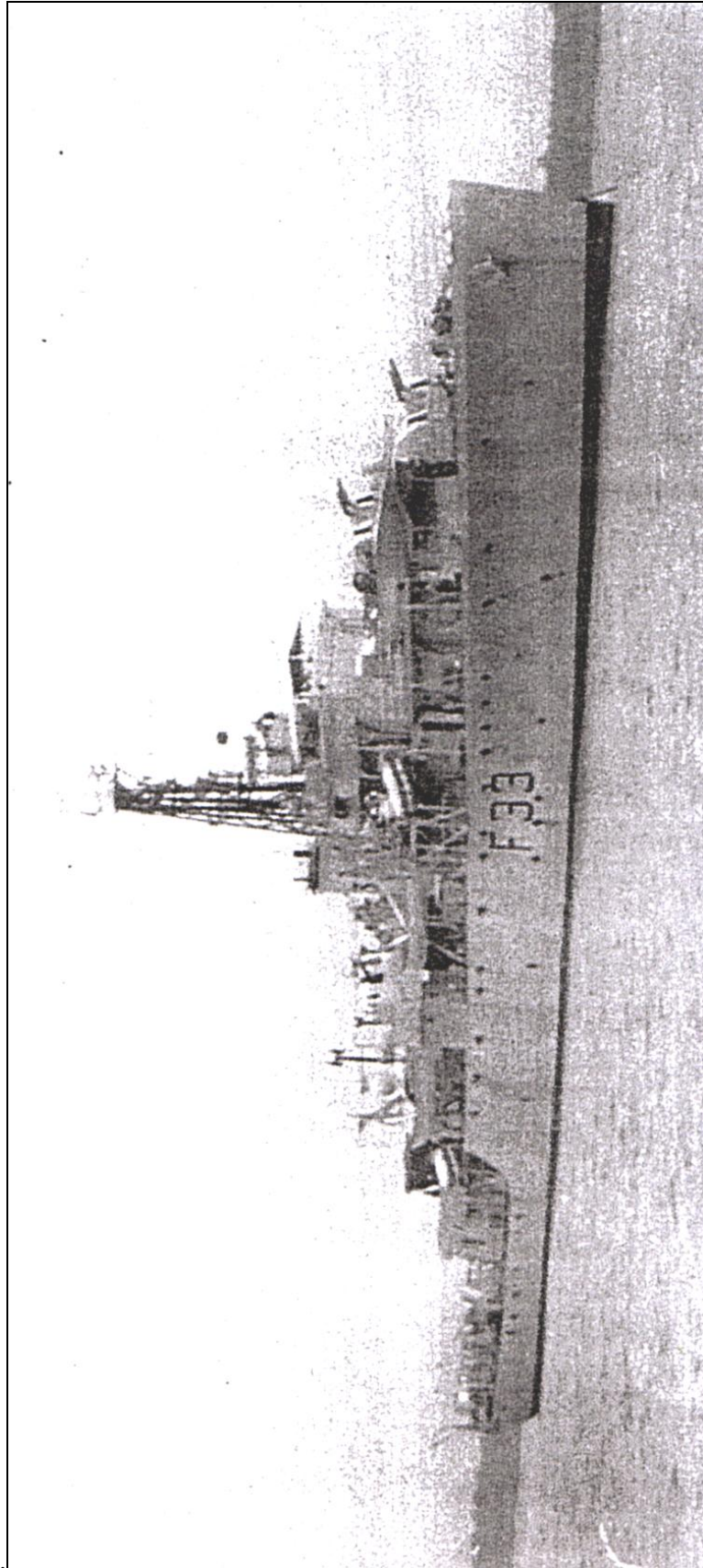


Builders	William Denny & Bros	Length	209 ft o.a
Laid Down	28 th July 1943	Beam	38 ft
Launched	30 th November 1944	Draught	11 ft
Completed	11 th June 1945	Max Speed	22 Knots
Displacement	1,490 tons – 1,925 tons full load	S.H.P.	4,300
Complement	192	Oil Fuel	415 tons

The whole Black Swan class came into being from an Admiralty Staff Requirement of 1935 for an ocean-going escort having good anti-aircraft and anti-submarine capability. The basis of the design would be on early 1930's ships such as the Deptford, Leith, Falmouth and Shorham class of ship of about 990 tons - length 266ft - max speed 16kts and a complement of a 100, but having a limited armament and A/S equipment.

As with the previous vessels the new ships would be classed as Sloops with the designated call-sign of "U," in the late 1940's this was changed to "F."

The first nineteen Black Swans built between 1936 and 1942 would carry a heavy armament of six four inch guns in twin mountings, several light A/A guns and have a considerable depth charge storage with improved asdic and have a complement of at least 190. In order of building these ships would be named Stork, Pelican, Flamigo, Black Swan, Erne Whimbrel, Wild Goose, Wren, and Woodcock. Originally Pelican and Stork were survey ships but on the outbreak of war were fully armed so much so they carried an extra twin-four inch on the quarter deck, making a total of eight four inch guns. Four built for the India Navy, six lost during the war Kite, Lapwing, Woodpecker, Bittern, Egret and Auckland. Between 1942 and 1946 a further nineteen Black Swan's followed (known as Modified):- Lark, Cygnet, Starling, Crane, Pheasant, Chanticleer, Hind, Magpie, Amethyst, Redpole, Hart, Mermaid, Peacock, Opossum, Modeste, Nereide, Snipe, Sparrow, Alacrity and Acteaon. Apart from the last few all saw war service. The modified ships had more equipment, lattice masts to extra weight of gunnery, navigational and air warning radars, stabilizers to provide a better gun platform, Hedgehog ahead throwing A/S weapons, room to carry a better A/A armament, improved shaft horse power to give at least twenty knots fully laden at 1,500 tons. Builders were: - Cammell Laird, Denny (who built Opossum) Stephen, Thornycroft & Yarrow. Sadly the majority of ships took two years to build from laying down to completion, a few took much longer. Other similar ships the Bay - Lock and Castle classes could be built in much shorter time, the latter in around six months. After the war all Black Swans continued to give good service many with the Far East Fleet. The last to go to the breakers yard was Starling and Flamingo in 1965 but Whimbrel is still afloat in reserve serving with the Egyptian



navy.

HMS Opossum 1955 – somewhere in the Far East