



HMS Belfast in London A turret about 1990/95  
HMS Belfast Gibraltar to Australia, Philippines, China and Japan.



R.J. Mundy in Gibraltar some time in 1944

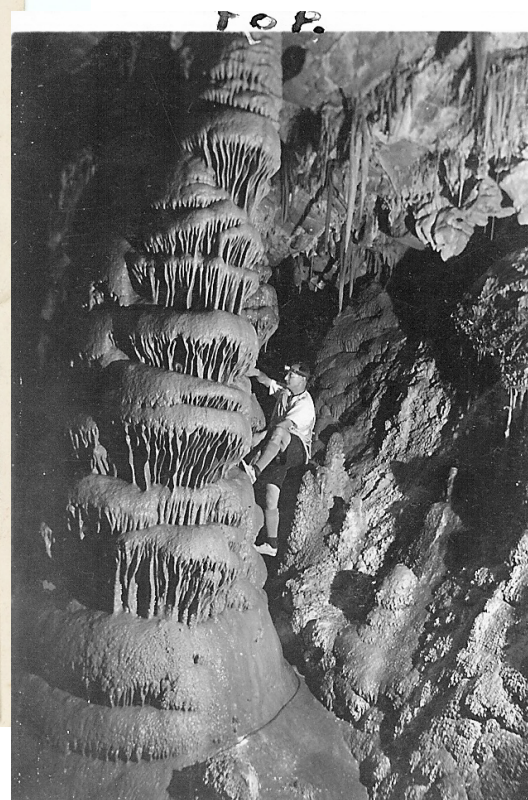
RJM was sitting on the harbour front when his brother tapped him on the shoulder.

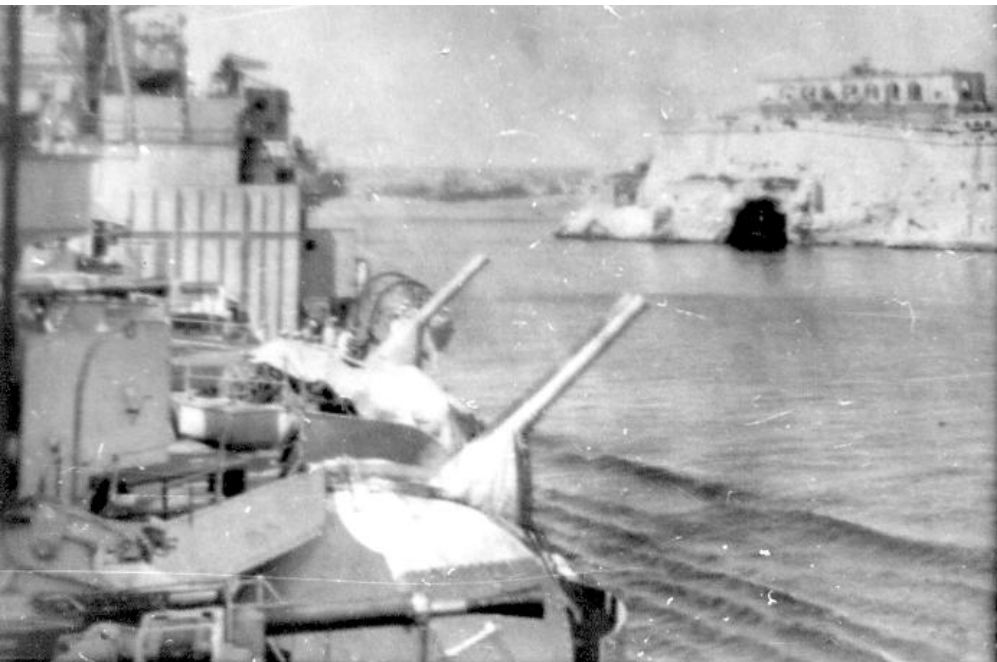
RJM was waiting for a posting on HMS Belfast

And his brother was on a mission as a Queens

Messenger. He had come from Palestine, via Egypt and north Africa. He was looking at Commandeering a plane for London.

### St Michael's Caves Gibraltar





Malta just made it in time after hitting a mine

In Dry dock for a few days



SEAMAN RJ MUNDY  
ORD / ARTIFICER / GUN MOUNTING / ORD / MECH



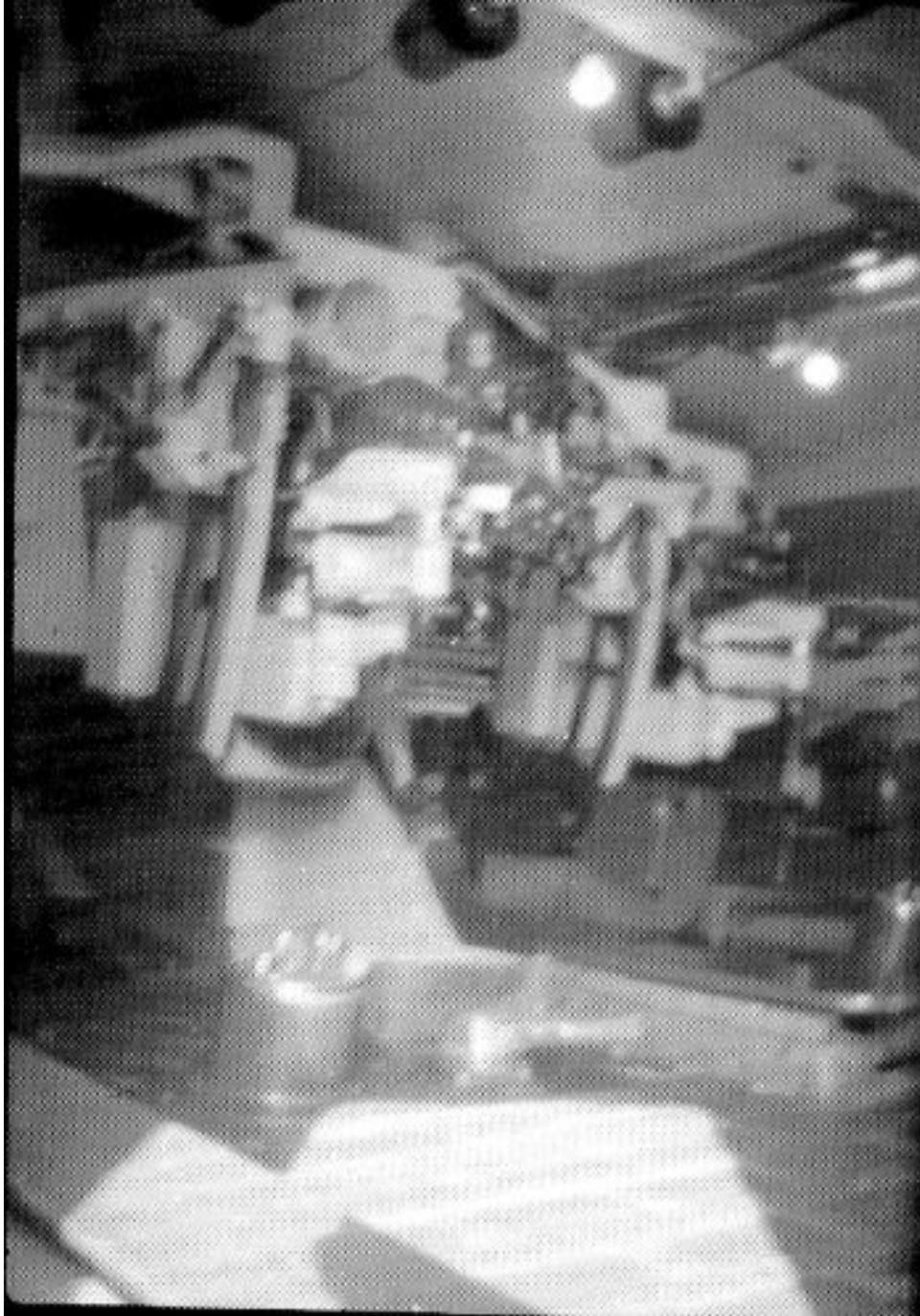
Remember  
this guy on  
the left



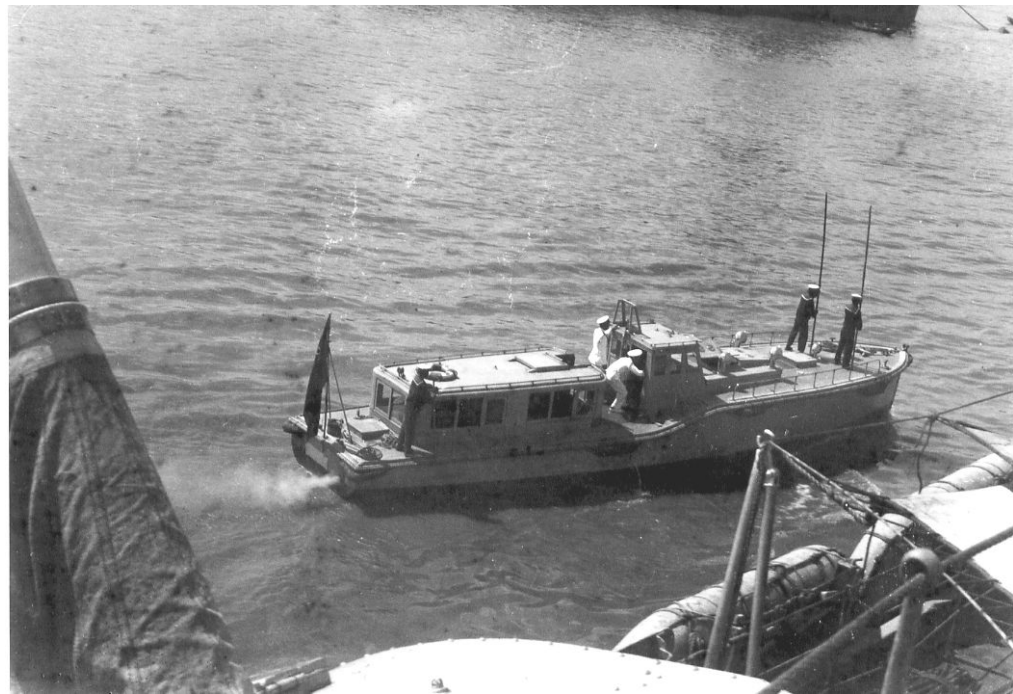
R.J. Mundy his time in the Navy 5



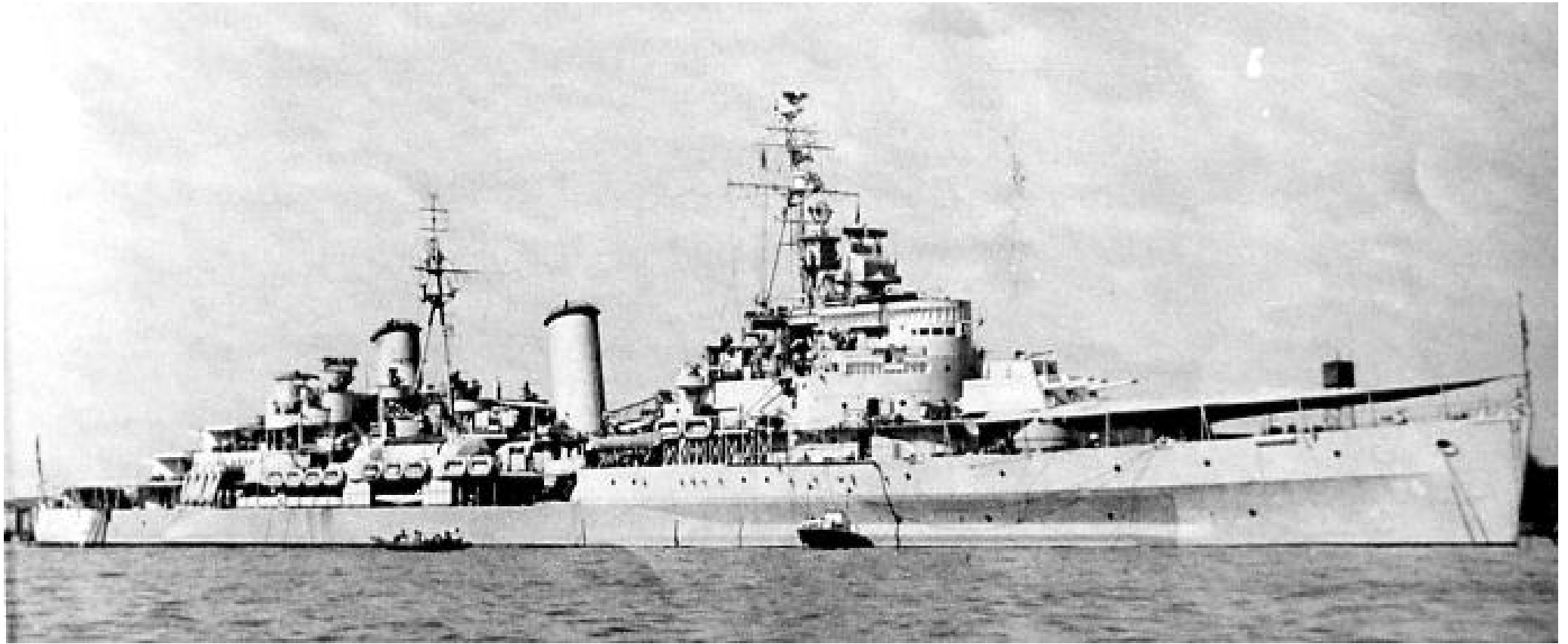
R.J. Mundy his time in the Navy 6



# Inside A turret







Sidney Australia August 1945. RJM gets a 4 day pass to visit his wife's relations in Melbourne by train.

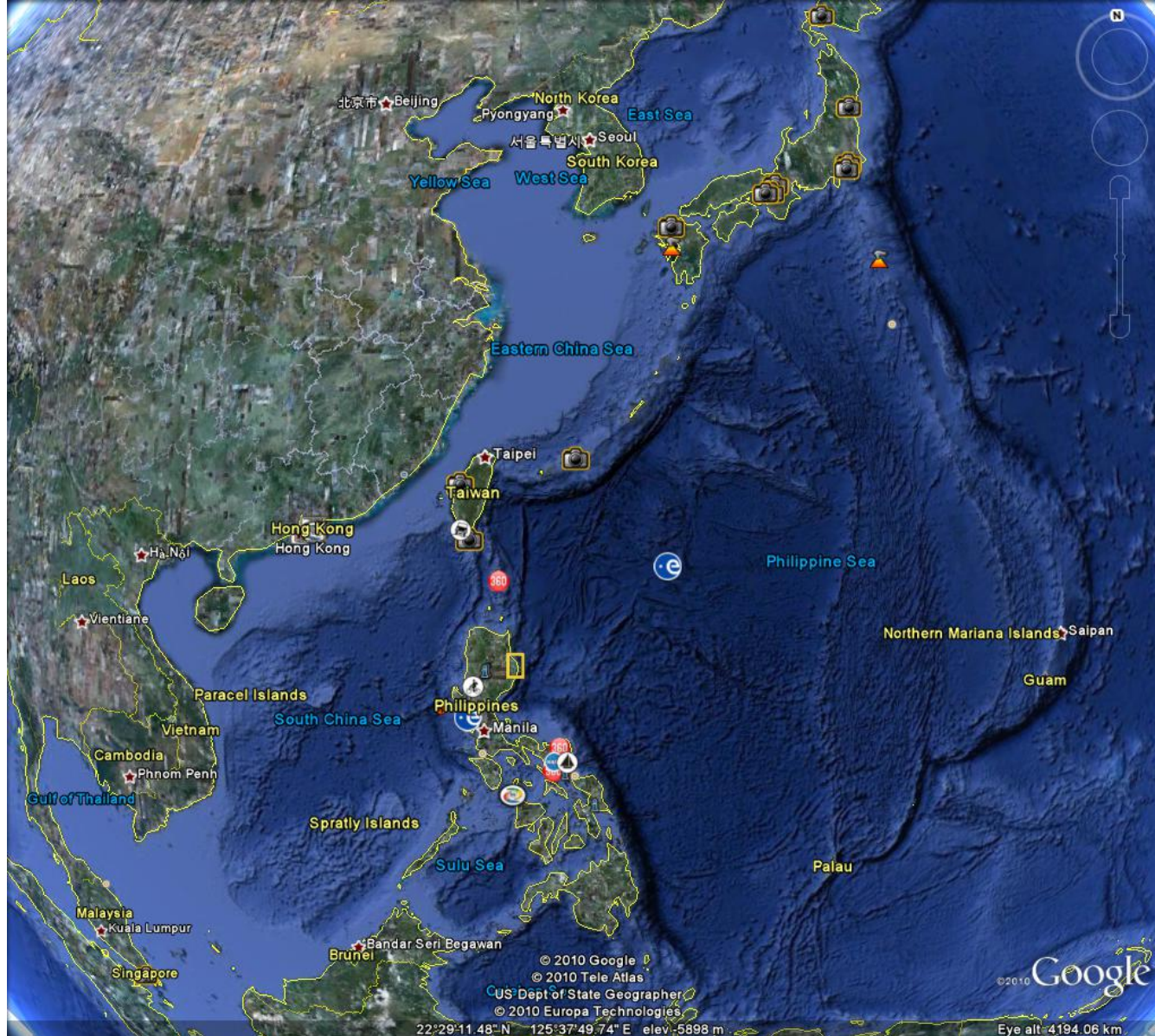
Then on arrival hears that the next day a transport strike starts for a week. Big trouble.

RJM with Uncle Tom in Yarraville  
Melbourne





HMS Belfast leaves Sidney without RJM. RJM arrives to see his ship leaving the port, so he asks a pilot boat to race after her. He makes it on board to find out all his stuff in cases on the dock side. Including all his clothes and money. **But no charge for deserting.**



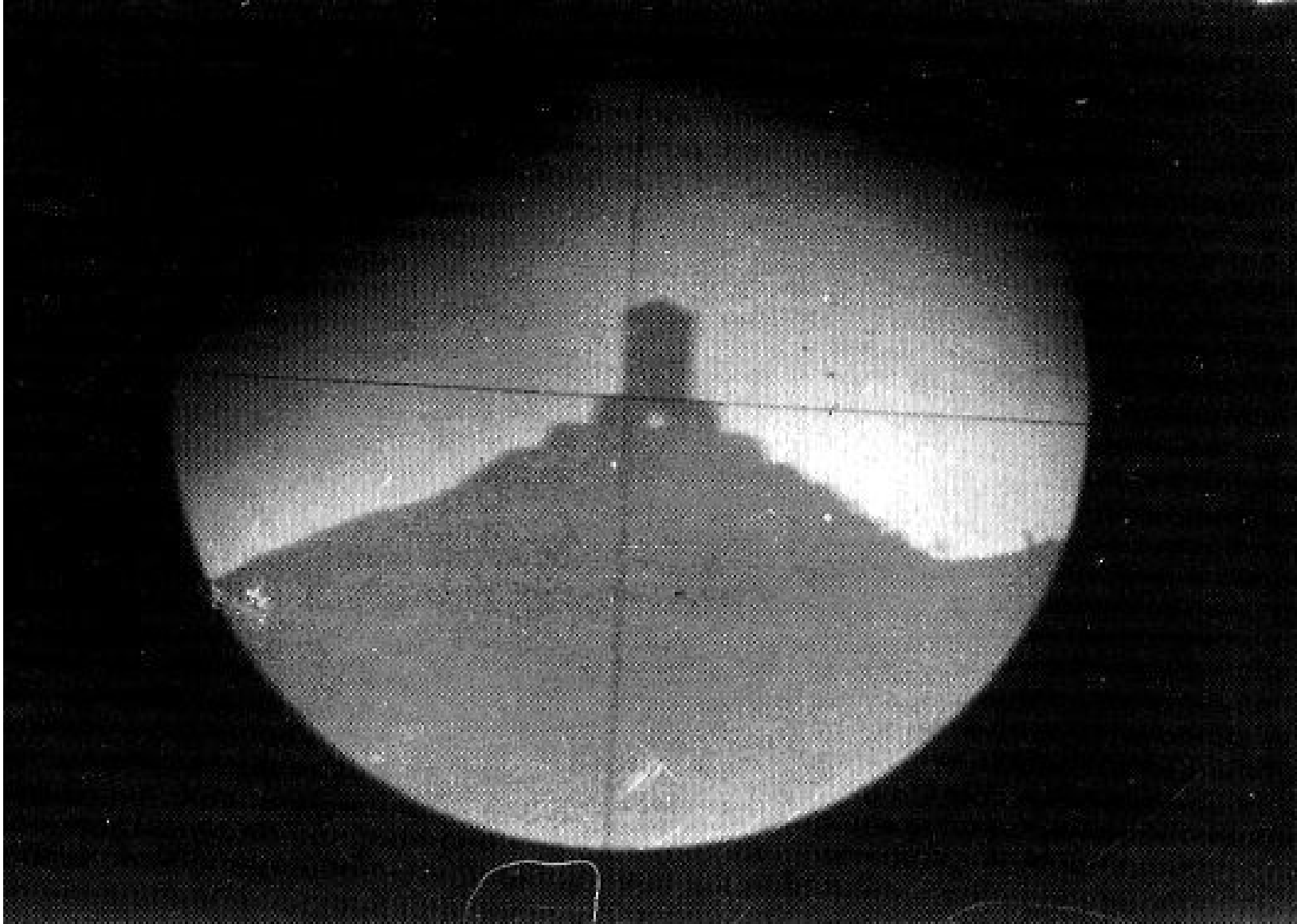
Next stop is secret.(was only made public in the 1990's )  
Manus, Lyete, kirun, Shanghai, Hong Kong for Christmas dinner  
Japan early 1946





HMS King George V port side of  
Belfast at Hong Kong 1945





Shanghai this all RJM could see for a week from his telescope sight from A turret. For a full week HMS Belfast was under constant attack from the Japanese, Communists forces and the nationalist forces. Their aim was to find and bring out POW's and other UK staff.





The fighting was not over in the far east for a long time. These prisoners are in China awaiting to be returned to Japan.







R.J. Mundy his time in the Navy 20



R.J. Mundy his time in the Navy 21

1946 HMS Belfast goes to  
Kure Japan

The crew go to  
Hiroshima

The Telegraph published this  
article in the summer of 1995.

My father said he was  
never there.

But he would not talk about  
his time on HMS Belfast oth-  
er than the time in Shanghai  
and Australia.

But after his death in 1995  
I found some typed up sto-  
ries in his navy computer

As a sailor of 21,  
**Desmond Albrow**  
visited Hiroshima  
in early 1946.  
He remembers  
feeling both  
despair and relief

**T**EARS MAY now belong to Hiroshima as sand belongs to the desert or salt to the sea. Yet, nearly 50 years ago, as I stood amid the wreckage of the bludgeoned city, I could not in honesty weep. Grief I felt, as one grieves for any act of wholesale violence. Sorrow I felt at the gruesome loss of life, although we did not then know about the effects of radiation.

And, of course, I shall not forget, as dusk fell over Hiroshima, that deep sense of gloom and despair that must hang over all battlegrounds, and certainly over stricken cities, when the bombers have done their worst. But the tears that can come from even a small, personal wound or, occasionally, from a great public betrayal, refused to surface.

Throughout that visit to Hiroshima, I could not forget that, had it not been for the bombing of this city and that of Nagasaki, I, and about a million other Allied Servicemen might not have been alive. Our next job, after the defeat of Germany in May, 1945, was the invasion of Japan. That was a prospect that sent a chill through even the stoutest hearts. The joy and relief of VE Day was overcast by the knowledge that the more savage fight to the finish against Japan lay ahead.

I belonged to the war-bruised generation that had grown up with destruction on its doorstep. And, in war, revenge is more morally responsible than in peace.

But when I looked over the wasteland of Hiroshima, I had to forget about Goering and Coventry and thousand-bomber raids, and remember one point: it had taken only one large American bomber and one small bomb to wound a city beyond belief and to stop a hideous war suddenly in its tracks.

My eyes, looking that day on the grotesquely twisted buildings and a strangely



Desmond Albrow (without hat) at Hiroshima in 1946: 'Tears refused to surface'

charred and pathetic tree, were not those of a qualified observer, military strategist or even professional journalist. They were those of a 21-year-old sailor serving in the cruiser Belfast and aching to forget about war and return to Civvy Street.

Belfast had tied up briefly at the port of Kure, and a party of us had taken the opportunity to see what the bomb had done to Hiroshima. Initially, I had wondered whether to make the journey. There was the thought that a group of British naval personnel wandering through Hiroshima as though sight-seeing could almost be interpreted as the White Ensign flying over a yellow corpse.

**I**N THE event, there was no gloating, just as there was no sense of guilt over what some in the West would later consider an allied "atrocious". I cannot speak for the others, but I knew that the West's salvation lay in Hiroshima. If war is evil, how evil can it be to stop a war by methods that can be construed as evil?

What I did know, as I stared at what remained of Hiroshima, was that the vanquished Japanese empire had been cruel and unrelenting to its enemies. Then, we were unaware of the full horrors of Japanese treatment of our prisoners of war.

But what a price poor Hiro-

shima had paid for the sins of the Japanese warlords. In one sense, the destruction of the city was hard to comprehend fully. To understand the ferocity of an air-raid, you need someone to tell you as you survey the wreckage: "Here the children used to play" or "There stood the magnificent opera house."

We did not know anything of Hiroshima. I doubt any of us had heard of it before that awesome day of August 6.

There was a further problem. The real pathos in the aftermath of an air-raid lies not in the buildings that have been destroyed, but in those that have managed to survive: small houses without roofs or windows, blackened churches still retaining a sad dignity. It was not like that in Hiroshima. The city had been flattened. All landmarks had disappeared. Acres and acres of desolation stretched around us as we wandered through a city that by now had buried its dead, been sanitised and tidied up. The dust had settled. All was, in essence, rubble.

It would not be true to write that not a stone remained upon a stone, but that was the impression. A few buildings still stood, grotesque reminders of their past, hideously twisted and malformed. We stared at them like children mesmerised by fear of the bad fairy. Why had they survived when

the rest of Hiroshima had fallen down?

I said goodbye at dusk to the ruined city and did not look back.

Never have I been so glad to leave a place as I was to shake off the dust of Hiroshima, with its fearsome echoes of 20th-century retribution and awful reminders of the perils of nuclear war. There was not much talk as we returned to Belfast, and the silence of sailors is rare and significant. It would take time — in my case nearly 50 years — before they would swing the conversational lamp and begin: "When I was in Hiroshima..." We had seen enough to believe what the atomic theorists of the time were preaching about nuclear bombs.

Belfast soon sailed away to more restful anchorages and views. Peace reigned in the Pacific. There was no danger now from Japanese submarines, or Kamikaze pilots crashing their planes on Belfast's decks. A bomb on Hiroshima had seen to that.

Who could possibly have predicted that, as gaping visitors today tread the decks that I trod as a naval innocent at large, the world would have been spared the hell of total war for 50 years? Hiroshima can claim the largest share of credit for that.

Living with fall-out — Page 14

During the time  
Belfast was in  
Lyete heavy fight-  
ing was still on  
going othe other  
side of the island.



## HMS Belfast 1960's in Melbourne



March 1946 RJM returns home on board HMS Tuscan.





The King Welcomes them home or was he in the far east with Mountbatten on HMS King George V the deck area is the starboard side HMS Belfast but she stayed in the far east till late on 1947



## HMS Belfast is retired

Dad received his first 3 medals in 1950 but struggled to get the Pacific Star. MOD stated that the Belfast was never in the far East till 1947/8. But dad spoke to the Captain of HMS Belfast and found the old log books so the Captain managed to persuade the MOD to issue dads medal around 1990.

My father came back a changed man in the early spring of 1946 approximately. Although the war was over the fighting carried on for some time in remote Inlands and on the Chinese main lane.

When we moved to Australia in 1960 I meet up with some uncles who had not been released by the Japanese until 1947 and they Health was very bad.

