



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
ROYAL NAVY'S
COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH
AND THE ROYAL NAVAL
AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY





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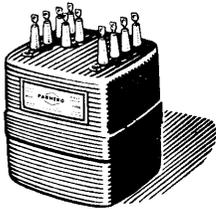
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy
and the Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society

CHRISTMAS 1961

VOL. 15. No. 3

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PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"



**CAPTAIN D. E.
BROMLEY-MARTIN,
ROYAL NAVY**

- 1939 Qualified in Signals (Jackson Everett Prize).
- 1939 Squadron Wireless Assistant, Battle Cruiser Squadron.
- 1940 Port Signal Officer, Harwich.
- 1940 S.C.O. to D.16 (Harwich).
- 1941 *Mercury* as W2.
- 1941 Admiralty War Room.
- 1943 Staff of C. in C. Mediterranean.
- 1945 A.S.E.
- 1947 Flag Lieutenant and S.C.O. to C.S.5.
- 1949 Promoted to Commander.
- 1950 *Mercury*, as Training Commander.
- 1952 *Glory*.
- 1953 Staff of C.-in-C. EASTLANT.
- 1954 Promoted to Captain.
- 1955 Chairman of B.J.C.E.B.
- 1958 *Meon*, as Captain A.W. Mediterranean.
- 1959 Directing Staff of J.S.S.C.
- 1961 *Mercury* in Command.

C.S.S. VALEDICTORY LETTER

I am very sad to have to leave H.M. Signal School after only sixteen months in Command. However, I am particularly fortunate in my next appointment to *Devonshire*, and shall look forward to renewing many friendships in the course of my journeyings in her.

This has been my first period of service in a large shore establishment, and I have learned a lot and also much enjoyed my time.

We are lucky in the Communication Branch in that the quality of our young ratings is as high as ever it was.

As the science of Naval Warfare progresses—and it is progressing very rapidly in the electronic field—it is quite vital that the training and proper employment of all Communicators be amended and re-shaped to meet the future needs of the Fleet.

I have found no stagnation of thought in *Mercury*. Both Officers and Senior ratings appear to be fully aware that some changes will be necessary to meet the future requirements of the Communication Branch, and I am quite confident that we have the right material with which to continue the high traditions of expertise and integrity which have been bequeathed to us by those who have gone before.

PETER HOWES.

EDITORIAL

At Christmas time in 1943, Flag Officer Eastern Fleet made the following general: "Everybody wishes everybody else a very happy Christmas and New Year. No further signals are to be made. Think of the Signalmen and the paper shortage".

The Editor has followed this lead, and removed nearly all greetings, paragraphs from contributions to save space. Greetings are none the less warm however, particularly as the flow of material has been so encouraging for this edition.

To include as many items as possible some further cuts have been made, and I hope authors will accept these. Remember, for the well being of the Magazine, the more material sent in the better.

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

R.A.T.T. SHIP-SHORE

By R.S. D. R. Hanson, Burnham W/T Station

On 1st August, 1961 one more step was taken to bring the Royal Navy's communication system into line with modern requirements, by the introduction of R.A.T.T. Ship-Shore facilities at Burnham W/T Station.

R.A.T.T. Ship-Shore by direct duplex fixed service methods has been in force for many years and has often provided the vital link between the C.T.F. afloat and ashore. A recent variation has been the introduction of limited facilities between certain U.K. M.H.Q.s and ships operating locally. The Burnham installation is the first to operate fully in the International Ship-Shore Bands, using the principle of calling and working, and available to all ships as required.

For some time now, the R.N. has been converting its tape relay system into an automatic one: land-wise it has almost been achieved. (Remember when it was common to wait for an hour, or even more on the D.T.N. BEFORE getting hold of the station you wanted?) However, there was a stumbling block. Ships could not be brought into the Tape Relay network until they had been fitted with F.S.K. transmitting facilities. As D.S.D. explained in the summer edition of THE COMMUNICATOR fitting new equipment in ships takes a long time, but work has been going ahead, and it will not be long before all ships have these facilities.

There are always a few teething troubles with new equipment, and R.A.T.T. is no exception, but apart from the technical side, which should be sorted out without too much difficulty, the immediate problem is the time factor. The advantages and disadvantages are:

(a) *Speed.* The most important aspect. Actual transmitting speed employing R.A.T.T. is over three times that when using C.W.

(b) *Routeing.* Is simplified, not necessarily from

the ship side, but certainly from the shore side, as no further processing is required once the shore station has cut the initial tape on reception, except to insert the various 'pilots', etc., in line one.

The worst disadvantage is time delay in the ship, that is, from the time the message is received in the wireless office, until the time when a receipt for the message is given by the shore station. The present communication policy in any ship is to clear a message by the quickest means available, but, if an operator has to tape a message, establish communication on ship-shore, run a test tape and then get half-way through his message only to find that interference has crept in on the working frequency making R.A.T.T. unacceptable at the receiving end, he is going to be very annoyed to be told that he must revert to C.W., when by this time he could have had his message cleared by C.W. in the first place. This, I think, is the number one problem and it must be overcome quickly if the senior rates in ships are to be convinced that R.A.T.T. ship-shore is a more efficient communication system than the conventional method. One suggestion I have for reducing this time delay, would be to ignore the taping of the message and transmit it manually. After all, the required typing speed of operators is 30/40 w.p.m.—depending on the rate held—and experience has shown that the average transmitting speed by C.W. on ship-shore circuits rarely exceeds 15 w.p.m. So, assuming the operator makes his R.A.T.T. transmissions by hand, it will be much faster than transmitting the actual message by C.W. Another point, under the present method, is that if R.A.T.T. is unacceptable at the receiving station, the ship operator must change frequency when reverting to C.W. and when he does this, there is every possibility that there might well be another ship transmitting a message on that frequency, in which case the ship that has been failed on R.A.T.T. will experience a further delay before he can pass his message. This also means that three different frequencies have to be used to clear possibly one short message. One possible solution to this extravagant waste of valuable operating time would be to permit the use of F1/A1 on the present Series "A" frequencies: however, this is a problem for the frequency planning experts, who, I am sure, will give it their close attention.

Next, there is the procedure. The policy was to keep the procedure as simple as possible, and to try and conform with tape relay procedure, and, from the actual message point of view, that has been done as closely as possible. The big problem is the procedure for establishing communication and up to the commencement of the transmission of the message. As every Communicator knows, with a good and sound procedure with everyone sticking to it (and not adopting their own), communications will run quite smoothly, but in the case of R.A.T.T. ship-shore, a suitable procedure has not been previously introduced, so one had to be drawn up,

and tried. It is very easy to sit down and outline a procedure, and say, "That's it, we will use this one", but until it has been put to the test it cannot be said to be acceptable. The existing procedure after being given a few months' operational use has shown it is not quite what is required. With the various suggestions which have been received from ships coupled with a few ideas of our own, we have forwarded what we hope will be the basis for a good sound procedure.

It is interesting to note, that, during the trial period, we asked a ship to transmit a message by C.W. and then close down and come up again and send exactly the same message by R.A.T.T. We put the stop-watch on from the time the initial call was heard, in both cases, until the time a receipt had been given. Result: 5 minutes by C.W., and 3½ minutes by R.A.T.T. These times included the time taken to shift to the various working frequencies.

In conclusion I would like to point out, that R.A.T.T. ship-shore is suffering from similar growing pains to those of the R.A.T.T. area broadcast when it was first introduced, when there were all sorts

of complications and reasons why ships did not like it. But after the minor problems had been sorted out, we would not be without it. Without the co-operation of ships it will take even longer to sort out the present problems, and the more you use of these modern facilities the better. Any suggestions or ideas on improving the present system will be welcomed and given every consideration.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The trial of R.A.T.T. Ship-Shore facilities which is in progress at Burnham has provided valuable information and experience, which it is hoped will be increased after procedural amendments now being produced have been tried out. An amendment to B.R. 1978 is being produced establishing mobile routing indicators. Whether the Burnham facilities will remain available after the end of the trial period has yet to be decided.

The argument against manual transmission is twofold. Firstly, although faster than C.W. it does not cut down the time on the air as much as tape does. Secondly, the essential thing about messages which may have to be handled by T.A.R.E. is that they must be error-free, including the use of the functional keys, and the transmission must therefore be in the form of a checked tape.

Transmission in the F1/A1 mode on Series "A" frequencies is not allowed by international regulations.



CAPTAIN

J. R. G. TRECHMAN

ROYAL NAVY

- 1942 Qualified in Signals (Jackson Everett Prize).
- 1942 Fleet Wireless Assistant, Home Fleet.
- 1943 *Condor* for Air Signal School.
- 1944 A.S.E.
- 1945 Flag Lieutenant and S.C.O. to C.S.4.
- 1946 Signal Division.
- 1948 S.C.O. to F.O. (Air) Med.
- 1949 Promoted to Commander.
- 1950 S.C.O. on Staff of B.J.S.M. Washington.
- 1953 *Aisne* in Command.
- 1955 Admiralty, Plans Division.
- 1955 Promoted to Captain.
- 1956 A.C.O.S. (C) to C in CAFMED.
- 1959 *Zest* in Command, as T.S.3.
- 1959 *Eastbourne* in Command, as F.4.
- 1961 Director of the Signal Division.

COMMUNICATORS' QUERIES

(C.Q.)

If you have a question you would like to be answered, send it, marked "C.Q." to the Editor.

* * *

How does the selection for RCI/TCI course get done?

The selection of candidates for course for the "Instructor" rate is made by the Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*. This selection is based on a roster in order of merit points gained. These merit points (which are quite separate from advancement merit points) are obtained in the following ways:

A. EXAM. RESULTS FOR RS(Q)/CY(Q)

<i>For TCI</i>			<i>For RCI</i>			<i>For R(S)I</i>		
Fleetwork	...	15	Radio Technical	...	10	E.W. Technical	...	10
Miscellaneous	...	10	Radio Theory	...	15	E.W. Radio Theory	...	15
Procedure	...	5	Procedure & Org.	...	5	E.W. Proc. & Org.	...	5
Cryptography	...	5	Cryptography	...	5	Cryptography	...	5

To calculate the points gained for a subject this formula is used:

$$\frac{\text{Marks obtained above passing percentage}}{\text{Marks obtainable above passing percentage}} \times \text{Merit points allowed for each subject.}$$

Thus, if a CY obtained 87 per cent. for Fleetwork, the passing marks for which were 80 per cent., he would obtain merit points worked out as follows:

$$\frac{7}{20} \times 15 = 5\frac{1}{2} \text{ merit points obtained.}$$

(If the mathematics of this are too difficult the Instructor's rate is not for you.)

B. EFFICIENCY—Six points are awarded for each "Superior" assessment over the last five years up to a total of 30 points.

C. TIME TO SERVE—One point is awarded for every year's service to be completed from the day the course starts up to a maximum of 10 points.

D. EDUCATION—10 points are awarded if passed H.E.T.

E. "H" RECOMMEND—15 points are awarded to each candidate who is "Highly" recommended.

Chief Petty Officers, Petty Officers, and Leading rates of over 4 year's seniority and fully qualified for Petty Officer, are eligible for the course. All these must have the following minimum periods to serve depending on type of engagement.

LS1, LS2, CS1 and SS	...	2 years to serve
LS3 and CS2	...	3 years to serve
LS4	...	4 years to serve

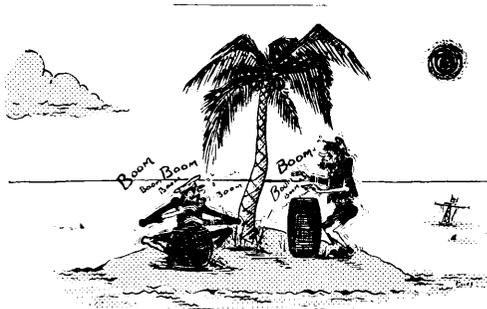
The Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*, informs the Commodore Naval Drafting, approximately six months before a course is scheduled to start, the names of candidates selected, so that necessary drafting arrangements can be made. Before this is done, to ensure that the roster is up-to-date with the latest details of all candidates, a letter is sent to all ships and authorities in which the candidates are serving, requesting that these details be forwarded. This is particularly important where

a candidate has since re-engaged and has, consequently, more years to serve; also where originally a candidate received a normal recommend, and his new Commanding Officer considers him worthy of an "H" recommend; or if the candidate has qualified in H.E.T. since his recommendation was first rendered.

On receipt of these details the roster is, where necessary, amended, and candidates placed in their correct order, so that the selection for a forthcoming course may be made.

On successfully passing the course the award of "Instructor" will be made by the Naval Drafting

Authority from the roster of qualified candidates. This roster is based on the basic date of passing the course.



"Do we really have to keep up these weekly exercises, Flags?"

I hear that certain reductions have been made in some shore courses. What, and why, please?

In order to man the maximum number of ships their Lordships have decided to reduce the overall amount of shore training generally. Basic training is being severely pruned, though this is not so in the Communication Branch, while higher training is cut much less.

For the Communication Branch, advancement course lengths are as follows:

TCI	15 weeks (16)	RCI & R(S)I	24 weeks (26)
CY	12 weeks (12)	RS & RS(S)	20 weeks (20)
LTO	10 weeks (11)	LRO & LRO(S)	12 weeks (13)

Figures in brackets are the old lengths.

New Entry training courses are being altered at

present. JTO's (U) and JRO's (U) will in future spend a year only at *Ganges*, the same length of time as a seaman. They will then come to *Mercury* to complete their Communication course, JTO's for 12 weeks, JRO's for 17 weeks. This compares with 9 weeks at present for both. Adding actual communication time spent at both *Ganges* and *Mercury*, this will mean a reduction of five weeks for a JTO, but no reduction at all for a JRO.

The Adult and Junior (O) entry courses at *Mercury* will be reduced by three weeks in both branches, giving 'T' courses 21 weeks and 'R' 29 weeks. The actual amount of communication instruction they receive will be the same as a *Ganges* entered rating.

All new Entries on completion of course at *Mercury* are drafted to sea 'additional for training'. They are left in these billets about six months. During this time it is essential that they be given practical experience and proper continuation training. Much of *Mercury* training will have been wasted if this is not done. AFO 1654/60 expressly calls attention to the responsibilities of officers and senior ratings in implementing this.

THE RADIO SHOW

Radio and Television receivers are so commonplace today that selling them is becoming harder and harder. It was typical of the state of the industry that the only new idea available in T.V. sets at present on the market was the facility to work on either 625 or 405 lines: a remarkably useless facility, since a mechanic is required to effect the conversion. For the rest, the business resembles the world of women's fashions: one year the line is slim, the next year slimmer still.

Few of the many sound radio sets, television sets, tape recorders, gramophone players, or variants (including the whole lot in one cabinet) evoked interest. However, the B.B.C.'s demonstration of colour T.V. did: the technical difficulties have been largely overcome but there was no firm indication of when we can expect to tell the green corner from the red. Colour television in this country is still a controversial issue and its future must be related to the question of whether we are to go to 625 lines or not. Some continental systems use 625 lines. Conversion of the British system to the same would mean a complete re-assignment of the commercial radio bands, to allow for the increased bandwidth required. In addition, the G.P.O.'s line transmission system would have to be radically modified.

Easily the most interesting exhibits at the show were, as usual, those of the various users of radio,

such as the Services, the Police, and the G.P.O. The latter's stand included an explanation of the Subscriber Trunk Dialling system which is being introduced to cope with the expected increase in the present total of about 5,000,000 calls daily: in addition, the use of micro-wave links in trunk services was presented as one of the G.P.O.'s future developments. The Police, in demonstrating the equipment in use both at Scotland Yard and in squad cars, did not fail to point out the fact that television, by nature of its power to rivet the attention and reduce the minds of its devotees to absorbent jelly, is the sneak-thief's priceless ally.

The R.N. stand this year attempted a rather more ambitious project than before. The central theme, which, owing to the designs of the Iraqis in the Sheikdom of Kuwait, achieved a quite unexpected but nevertheless valuable degree of topicality, was communications with a disembarked Commando. Around a sea of plastic wood, shielded by thick plate glass and supporting models of various types of ship from *Bulwark* to frigates, several mock-ups were constructed to illustrate the passing of a message from Whitehall to a beach-head "East of Suez". The "Shore Comcen" was supposed to have been manned by Wrens in tropical dress: unfortunately the Wrens did not materialise. From here to the "B.W.O." of *Bulwark* a line circuit carried the "area broadcast" using taped messages to the teleprinters at the RATT bay—an effort to avoid the difficulties of extracting a reluctant live signal from the overburdened Earls Court ether, an unprofitable exercise at times. The "B.W.O." contained a certain amount of equipment which was artistically blended in to an enormous photographed backcloth of a real carrier "B.W.O." Next door was the "Ops Room", using again a photographed backcloth and displaying the equipment used in *Bulwark* for communicating to the disembarked troops. Lastly there came the beach-head itself, showing a jeep with portable equipment resting on a realistic bed of fine sand. Adjoining it the Royal Marines, clearly conscious of the global nature of their mission, but with a magnificent disregard for geography, had laid a similar bed of ersatz snow. On it was laid out a wide range of alpenstocks, skiing equipment, snow shelters and the like, flanked by a grinning tailor's dummy, standing stiffly to attention, and monstrously clad in kapok.

The passing of a message was illustrated by flashing lights on the floor display, and explained by an endlessly repeated tape recording which was played into a line of headphones, manned by intense children with their noses glued to the plate glass. This, together with the cinema, steer-a-ship display and tape-recordings of communications during a carrier landing, kept the large numbers which visited the stand comparatively quiet, though hundreds of small boys, veterans of many shows, must have been disappointed to find no sound-powered telephones this year.

H.M.S. VICTORIOUS

One of the hazards of life in an operational carrier, is the rapidity with which programmes change. The predictions of jollies to come in the *Victorious* article published in the Summer edition bear no relation to what has actually happened!

On the 15th June the ship left Singapore, for ten days flying and a visit to Pulau Tioman in an endeavour to shake off the heavy hangover from "Tiger tops" consistent with a five week refit. Then F.O.2.F.E.S., Rear Admiral Frewen, and his staff embarked for what was more or less a "rabbit run" to Hong Kong, followed by a few days cross operating with the U.S.N. in the Subic area and then Australia. Alas, just three days on our way to that paradise of the Orient, and the ship was diverted with all despatch to the Persian Gulf.

Arriving off Kuwait, the ship spent the next few weeks making a groove up and down and round and round the Gulf. The invasion, as everyone knows, never happened. However, from the communications angle it was a very hectic period. F.O.2 became C.T.F. 317, C.T.G. 317.1 and every other sort of title. With the "hats" came the work, thick and fast. All the additional circuits to be manned and signals to be handled gave the S.C.O. his long awaited opportunity to try out a new two watch system for an extended period. Apart from a few minor snags (meal times, etc.), the system proved very successful and more popular with the staff than the four hours on and four hours off routine. The main advantage was that everyone had an "all night in" every other night. Without a doubt, it is the pattern for the future of communication watchkeeping in carriers during major exercises or operations. However, eventually all breathed a sigh of relief when *Centaur* and her task group hove into sight, ready to take the weight off our shoulders.

F.O.2 transferred to *Centaur*, having given the Branch a much appreciated signal bouquet on our performance, and we steamed out of the Gulf for the cooler climate of East Africa.

Meanwhile, the "buzz net" was getting rapidly snowed under and everyone was worrying how *Centaur*, our relief on the station, could get back to U.K. and out to the F.E.S. again, in time for *Vic* to arrive at Portsmouth at the end of October. Buzzes became reality when our return to U.K. was delayed until 19th December. What with the extra six weeks

on the station and the visit to Australia cancelled, there were many long faces.

By the time the ship arrived at Mombasa, the faces had lifted slightly. The thought of a run ashore after so many days at sea and six weeks pay in our pockets, was enough to brighten up even the most dejected person. Mombasa proved to be an even better "run" than had been anticipated, the change of scenery and colour doing everyone good. Many of the staff became budding white hunters on Safari to the game reserves and a considerable number managed to "strangle" the local white population. After 12 glorious days the ship sailed to get some more flying hours in, hoping to return. However, this was not to be. The ship received orders to "Stand down from the Kuwait Operation" and rejoin the Far East Fleet.

Eventually much the worse for wear and in need of a lengthy maintenance period we arrived back at Singapore on 15th September after 78 days at sea, out of 92. We are now enjoying the luxury of being snugly alongside the wall and able to go ashore. Shades of Bugis Street, fried prawns and "Nasi Goering", etc.

H.M.S. BULWARK

Unlike the conventional carrier, flying training in the Commando Carrier is a regular practice, both in harbour and at sea. Once, when the customary deck park of Royal Marine transport was removed, we did operate Auster and Pioneer aircraft, but our own complement was 848 squadron of Whirlwind helicopters. The highly successful Westland Wessex, embarked during "Roulade" (a Brigade landing exercise in conjunction with the Amphibious Warfare Squadron off Aden last March), will eventually



H.M.S. *Victorious* at Kuwait—"Flight Deck Fryer".

come into service, making a vastly increased lift available.

The professional training commitment in the ship was large, with the Commando Signal Troop, the N.G.S.F.O. party, the A.C.T., a few keen officers and ourselves to cope with. The lack of space down below, and flying stations making 'biffers' a write-off, presented the instructors with a difficult task but perseverance with Juniors and Thirds won the day, and ten of our number qualified for Leading Hand at Kranji. We were very pleased that R.S.(S.) Duffin and C.Y. James got their buttons before the first commission ended. By the way, the C.P.O.'s are accommodated on 2 deck aft, in cabins with blue zip-type bunks nowadays.

On the V/S side, we found that tracks for the ensign and jackstuffs were a great success, but feel that it is about time the pusser provided the runners. Dressing ship by tractor we have tried and deplore.

Until the *Albion* comes along the ship is unique in possessing a 4-million B.T.U. air-conditioning plant which helps us to play it cool. The cry of "Haven't you heard it's all been changed" ('per mare per terram' for short) makes one very hot! Cooling and dehumidifying all living spaces and offices is a tremendous asset which one tends to take for granted until a load of Labuan jellyfish scupper the system, as they once did. Fortunately the system survived Kuwait.

During that operation we were flat out at first, and could not have got by without some first-class juniors from the Far East pool. *Meon* was fully extended too, and between us we kept the Army and the R.A.F. on their feet! We were communication headquarters ship for about ten days until *Victorious* arrived with FO2 FES embarked, and we then transferred CTF and the OK broadcast to her. It was not until 21st July when, having re-embarked 42 Commando R.M. at Mina, we sailed for Singapore for refit and recommissioning.

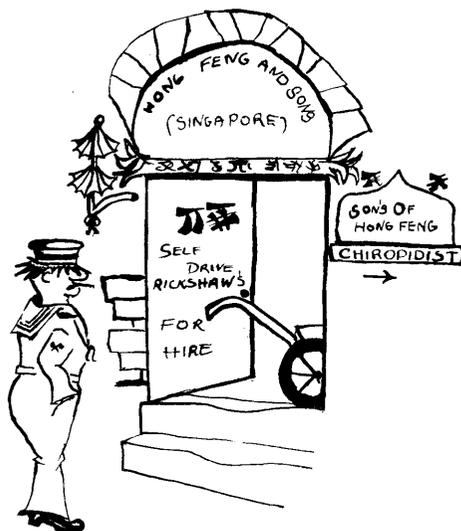
During this, our period of enlightenment in a new and interesting rôle, we visited such places of great attraction as Aden, Sattahib (90 miles from Bangkok), Cap St. Jacques (equally far from Saigon) and Muscat (miles from anywhere), also numerous spots in Borneo (we actually got ashore in Labuan). Our hopes of visits to Aussie, New Zealand and Japan have come to nought. On the brighter side our two visits to Mombasa were quite memorable, and those to Hong Kong of course must remain as the highlight of the commission.

THE RESERVATION

By R.S. 'Nocka', *Bulwark*

We believe that on board this vessel we have the only truly mobile Commanche reservation in existence. The idea of a "Mobile Reservation" seems to have grown from the days of the "bootneck" detachment aboard cruisers and frigates, coupled with a need for protection of European interests in certain not-so-healthy areas of the world.

The idea finally became reality on 14th March 1960 in Devonport Dockyard, when the present 42nd Element of the Commanche nation trooped aboard. Any ideas that the naval section aboard had of this being their ship were gradually eaten away, to such an extent that our arrival off the coast of North Africa was to commence the REAL work-up (the ship had done hers in the Channel with the 7th D.S.). The flight deck was now occupied by veritable madmen, who seemed determined to prove to the peace-loving ship's company that this was to be a ship on which fitness counted above all else. Now we all know that Jack does not usually take easily to violent exercise, or for that matter, exertion of any kind and we could not see why several score of the khaki clad warriors should attempt to do Charles Atlas out of a job. We witnessed such abnormal functions as two normal Commanches—by outward appearances at least—attempting to do each other a permanent physical injury. A site was chosen in the lee of the island of the reservation. Grass being rather hard to come by, the braves substitute matting. One brave stood on the mat, while the other retreated to a distance of three or four yards, turned and charged at his opponent who seemed quite unconcerned that 180 lb. of blood brother was approaching him rapidly, until the running brave attempted to discomfort this nonchalant warrior with his boot. Then in the flicker of an eyelid, the running brave becomes the flying brave, minus aircraft. The point of this is beyond the normal man's comprehension, but it seems that all Commanche braves have to go through this sort of initiation in their early years. It must be in their early years, because we have not seen any of the elder brethren taking vicious kicks at each other.



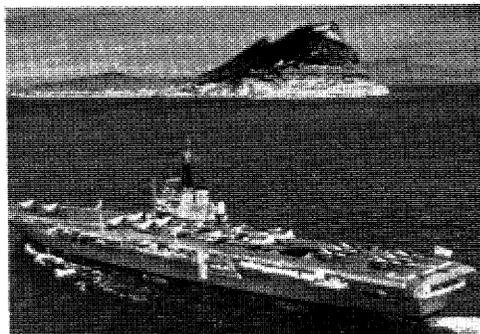
There are a number of other ways in which this tribe keep themselves up to the point of recognised fitness. One of these goes under the innocent title of "Circuit Training" . . . No, it has nothing to do with the Technical Section. Innocent the title may be, but the execution is absolute purgatory. The demon of this torture is the fellow who blows the whistle, and sends the victims to tasks such as these: One lies down with a medium weight on his chest and attempts to sit up as many times as he can until the whistle blows. Another will do press-ups, and lower weights above his head and so on. The whistle is the signal to drop the task and move on to the next. Short circuits are not allowed.

We saw the Commanches take the move from horses to helicopters as a matter of course. A number of us were impressed by the easy way in which the braves took to these monsters. Apparently they had been introduced to the infernal machines at Bickleigh before joining the reservation.

The original Commanche reservation was fixed in one place, but with this one, the Big White Chief decided that the reservation would profit from a trip across the Indian Ocean, so away we went, leaving the squaws and papooses—or should it be papeese—in what the Commanche calls 'Home Camp'. Everyone else calls it Sembawang. Still, we had to humour these warriors, so we agreed with them that, everything would be hunky dory, if only they stayed at Sembawang and we took their reservation on a Commancheless trip. You would be surprised how quiet and peaceful the woods and glades of this country become when those whooping, screaming, stamping, cabbage-headed braves are away. So, if you are a nature lover, this is the draft for you. We can promise you the Commanches always welcome new scalps on the deck-hockey pitch. In ending, suffice to say, we have the only fully air-conditioned reservation known to man, and it would be nice and peaceful if it was not for these blasted Commanches!

H.M.S. CENTAUR

All dreams of having our expected runs ashore in the United States and Canada were shattered when we heard, while at Gibraltar at the end of June, that we were required for the Kuwait crisis. On sailing, therefore, it was a case of left hand down a bit, and back through the Mediterranean once more. After a few hours' stop at Malta to pick up stores we headed eastward through the Suez Canal to Aden. Ten days later we sailed for the Persian Gulf to relieve *Victorious*. It took us a few days to get used to the August sun in the Gulf, which assisted us to fry an egg on the flight deck. Each afternoon the ship took on the appearance of a holiday camp with steaming sailors in bathing trunks and funny hats lying under sprinklers, or soaking in the swimming baths in a desperate effort to keep cool. It was suggested that this scene would have made a splendid recruiting poster. You know



H.M.S. "Centaur" approaching Gibraltar

the sort, "He's only 17 and he's already up the creek." (Oh! Sorry, Gulf.)

On our arrival, we stopped in company with *Victorious* to transfer F.O.2 F.E.S. and his staff. We would like to say "well done" to *Victorious* Communication Department. We think we can claim to be the first carrier on its Home leg of a G.S.C. to fly the flag of F.O.2, F.E.S. Poor propagation conditions made the sparkers' job particularly difficult at this time, and Ceylon West deserves a special "thank you" for their patience and efforts on our behalf. We had brought *Finisterre*, *Saintes* and *Camperdown* with us from the Med. and frequent transfers and plane-guard duties helped to build up a happy liaison with them.

Our leisure hours were well looked after. Time off watch not spent in sleep was filled with potted sports, shooting and games of volley-ball and deck hockey. It is reported that the S.C.O. took two months to recover from the bruises received in unsuccessful attempts to circle the horizontal bar during the potted sports. An excellent searchlight tattoo, with a *Centaur* version of the Field Gun Competition, and a highly original military band from an as yet undiscovered Middle East nation as highlights, was also held.

By this time we were getting anxious about our return to U.K. Eventually we received orders to sail for Devonport for docking and leave. (Devonport, blimey! . . . and us a Pompey ship!!.)

A fast passage home saw us arriving at Plymouth on 1st September, and the first leave party off like a flash; many of them to keep belated appointments with their brides.

We sailed again on 20th October, and after a week's exercises in foul weather to get us back into the swing of things we are at present bound for the Mediterranean and then on to the Far East. We hope to be spending Christmas in Hong Kong.

H.M.S. HERMES

After a short stay in Home Waters for 'Shop-window', following our return from the Far East, we should have sailed West for exercises and visits to the U.S.A. However, we turned left, headed

South, and ended up at Gibraltar as standby reinforcements for Kuwait. After three weeks off Gibraltar we once again headed towards England in company with our task group, consisting of *Chichester*, *Rhyl*, *Broadsword*, *Battleaxe* and *Tideflow*.

The final visit of the commission was four days at Oslo where we were blessed with an Indian summer.

With the Farnborough Air show over and the squadrons detached to their parent Air Stations, there is now a pleasant quiet, except for windy hammers and the like. The Navy's newest Aircraft Carrier is now having a face-lift and will be even newer after her first major refit.

H.M.S. ARK ROYAL

After almost eight months refitting at Devonport, *Ark Royal* is now doing her best to shake off the clutches of the dockyard. No mention of our refit would be complete without a word of thanks to Mr. Kirbell (ex C.P.O. Tel.) of the dockyard Radio Department and Mr. Mason of A.S.W.E., for their help and patience.

Our new department has been joining this ship one by one for the last three months, relieving the old commission, the balance arriving on the 12th September, commissioning day. Our C.R.S. is that well-known Cornishman C.R.S. Foster. Also we have L.R.O. Eric Pepper who is taken to throwing P.T.I.'s around the dining hall in his spare time, officially of course, during Judo Classes.

We approached our sea trials rather apprehensively. Very little worked, and one could hardly trust what did. A lot of hard work by all concerned very quickly sorted the "Gremlins" out and cries of "Channel—Off"; "Can't hear me on Duplex"; "Haven't got a transmitter"; "Start the emergency diesel", gradually became less and less.

F.O.A.C. and staff have now embarked for a shopping trip to Malta, and we wish them well during their brief stay with us. When the Mediterranean work-up is complete *Ark Royal* will proceed East of Suez for the first time, and already the old hands are spinning yarns to the juniors about the fleshpots of the East.

F.O.A.C.

At the moment we, the Staff of Flag Officer Aircraft carriers, are on board *Hermes*, where we have been since our transfer from *Victorious* last March, but very soon we shall be on our way to *Ark Royal* and from her to *Victorious*—all inside two months.

Since July last year we have been involved in numerous N.A.T.O. and National Exercises, including "Fallex"—our contribution was to "Sword-thrust" in the Arctic, on board *Hermes*, "Decex" in the Med., "Shop Window" off Cape Town and "Sea Sheik" off Aden on board *Victorious* thence back to the North Sea for "Fairwind VI", plus a visit to Oslo. We do get around.

The year commenced with a visit to South Africa where Cape Town gave us a never-to-be-forgotten run ashore. Thence to Aden and our transfer to *Hermes*, this was accomplished by helicopter—no mean feat considering the amount of equipment and men to be lifted. Back through Suez to Naples and on to Gibraltar to complete a round trip of Africa.

We should have gone to the U.S.A. after leave, but Kuwait put paid to that. Instead we cruised around off Gibraltar, as a standby force, for a month or so, working up a carrier task group. Now we are off to the Med. again.

F.O.A.C. is the Administrative Authority for all carriers, and therefore any carrier in which he is embarked has to cope with a large increase in traffic, with all the work and organisation which this involves. In most of these carriers the facilities for message handling are woefully lacking, due to tiny M.S.O.s and badly arranged offices. This is not a criticism of the ships themselves, but of the original planning. The future generation of ships must have better planned offices and facilities, if we are to deal effectively with the ever increasing volume of traffic.

Comment by "X" Section, "Mercury"

"The criticism of existing message handling systems is agreed. One of "X" Section's jobs is to plan message handling arrangements, and it is hoped that in future ships will be much better in this respect. However, ship-building and ship-fitting is a long process and some years are unfortunately bound to elapse before improvements become widespread."

PREPARED FOR TROUBLE?

H.M.C.O. Amendment:

Add new paragraph 5 as follows:—

"5. The Ceremony of Colours and Sunset will be controlled by H.M.S. *Falcon*, the preparatory being twisted on the mast referred to in paragraph 2."

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**R.N.B. Devonport M.S.O. Staff
Tape Relay Procedure Experts.
(See page 141)**



**J.R.O. Bee,
R.N.
Kayak Assn.,
2nd Div.
Champion**



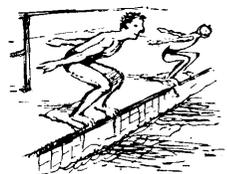
**J.R.O.
Edwards,
R.N. Junior
220 yds.
Free Style
Champion**



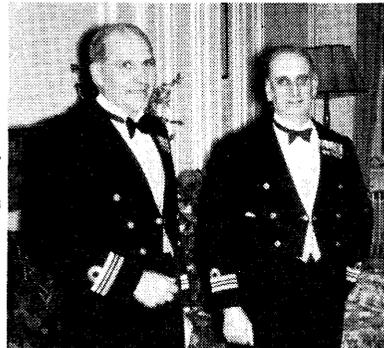
**Mr. Cuthbert
on
Retirement
after 15 years
as Wardroom
Hall Porter**



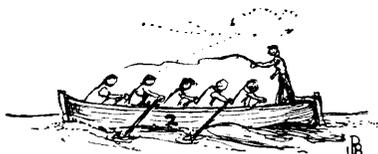
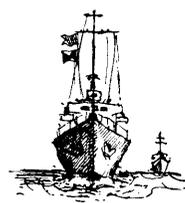
ON RETIREMENT



**Lt.-Cdr.
A. C. I.
Burnham**



**Lt.-Cdr.
G.B.Claxton,
M.B.E.**



H.M.S. LION

By R.S. E. Jones

The Admiral's Inspection is a necessary ordeal which requires no amplification since the work input easily deserves the relaxation output. With this astern last July, we went on a flying visit to Tripoli (Libya) where the fatted-calf hospitality and enthusiastic welcome given by the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the R.E.M.E. was almost overwhelming. The local American airbase threw open their gates too. A curious form of charity raising was used by them, not unlike pop-song programmes on Luxembourg in principle. The donor chose a record for playing on the local radio, and this was played the number of times his donation was divisible by 25 cents. A merchant ship gave about thirteen dollars and for two days almost non-stop we had Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1 in D by Sir Edward Elgar (Land of Hope and Glory). The only way of stopping it was to exceed the sponsoring donation. We think that the merchantmen wanted to strike a blow for the Empire and keep the jungle music off the air for a while. (Author's note:—We wish to take a neutral stand when squares meet cats in bouts of scathing criticism).

The Eastern Mediterranean cruise during September was attractive and grippos were well supported, especially in Beirut. In the popularity poll held on board, Trieste (Italy) in the previous cruise was top with Beirut (Lebanon) second and, oddly enough, Gibraltar third. It is thought that many comfortable feet were under abundantly-laid tables owing to the refit there; circumstances understandably tending to prejudice the voter. The British Army and the R.A.F. entertained us well in Limassol too, and gave the Chiefs a chance to wear their bow ties at a big ball in Episkopi. The staff of F.O.F. Med. enjoyed the cruise, and in appreciation threw a party in *Phoenicia* for us after the cruise.

In the regatta against *Tiger* at Leros (Island in Aegean Sea) we "lashed up" their Communicators in all the swimming events. It was staged on an inter-departmental basis and we won almost every event, even the posties' race. On pusser's "red devils" fitted with floats and a team of eager swimmers each, the full-dressed postmen provided us with a thrilling and amusing race to conclude a very enjoyable and energetic day. Also in Leros, the staff went on a banyan ashore involving cliff-climbing, diving for odds and ends including ancient pottery and generally exploring.

On the 'shop' side, *Lion* has been Flagship throughout these cruises and we

have had our fair share of exercises. (We have 'rassed' so many escorts, we call our selves the *Esso Lion*).

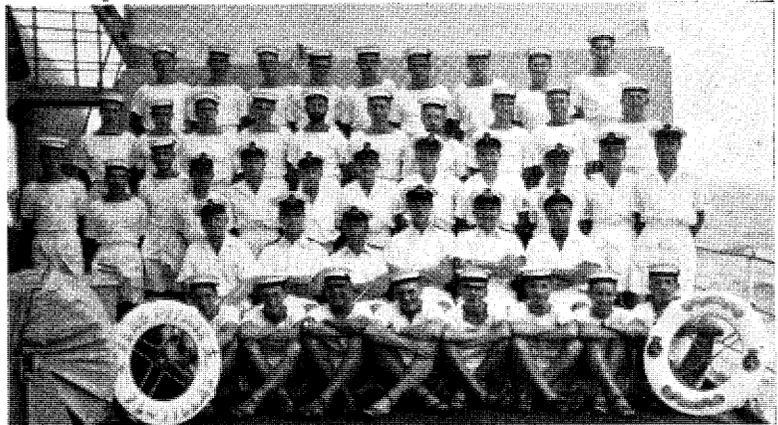
At the time of writing *Lion* is making her way to U.K. for seven days' leave each watch. We sail for the South American cruise next month returning after Christmas. So when you raise your glass on Christmas Day remember the *Lion's* raising theirs down Argentina way.

H.M.S. TIGER

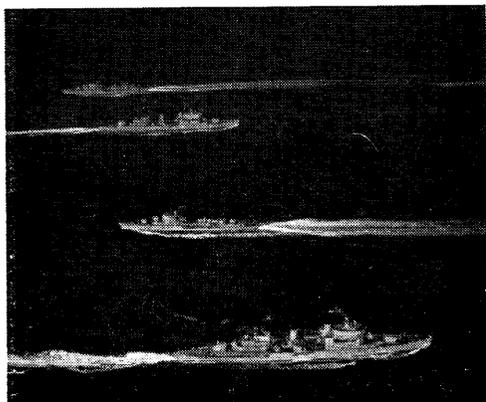
On Monday, 14th August, *Tiger* slipped from her berth in Devonport Dockyard and proceeded out of harbour to commence the Med. part of her Home Service leg. Arriving in Malta we anchored in Marsaxlokk on Sunday 20th. With the first gleam of sunlight next morning the work-up began, and for the next four weeks life was hectic. We were continually on our toes, but the score of "BZ's" mounting up as each practice was completed made the effort worth while. (Afterwards we found that some should have had NEGAT superior.)

Leaving Malta for Leros on 28th September, *Tiger* rendezvoused with F.O.F. Med. in *Lion*. During our two-day stay a swimming regatta was organised between the two ships (Comms acquitted themselves very well, although we were amalgamated with the S. & S.) and then moved on to Salonika, the second largest city in Greece. A very pleasant five days for all, but marred by lack of sporting facilities because of local elections.

In company with *Lion* once again, day and night encounter exercises and evolutions with the 5th D.S. were the order of the day. Did I say evolutions? A firework display was more like it. The Master Gunner was ever despairing over the number of rockets fired, and his stocks ran low. On 8th October



Communication Staffs: F.O.F. Med. and H.M.S. "Lion"



XZE—H.M.S. "Diana", H.M.S. "Tiger",
H.M.S. "Diamond" and H.M.S. "Lion"

F.O.F. Med. transferred to us for our dreaded sea inspection, commencing with action stations at the unearthly hour of 0200 on Monday and carried on until we anchored in MX at 1500 that day. Two days in harbour as flagship, and off to Palermo on 12th October.

The department's football team, under the able management of the C.C.Y., P. Holdsworth (T.C.I.), is making itself felt, and we have several players worthy of a place in the Ship's team. Now that our work-up is finished we hope to show our paces in other sports, and to show that brawn is not everything. *Tiger* Comms are doing very well in the inter-mess quiz.

Our congratulations to the S.C.O. (Sub. Lt. Jarvis), L.R.O. Young, and R.O.2 Walsh on entering the matrimonial stakes; R.O.2 Smith (before we leave Malta?) and L.T.O. Dunn (on arrival back in U.K.) will be joining them.

H.M.S. CROSSBOW

By T.O.2 Trumper

Our first period of the commission started at Chatham with the commissioning ceremony on the 27th January. It was then the hard work really started, mainly at Portland, where we did seven weeks hard work-up. On the whole our stay there went very smoothly indeed. We had something to our credit, for we were one of the few ships to dodge the final inspection of F.O.S.T. This, I might add, we owe to England's bug-bear, "fog". On the same day, 16th March, we steamed for Portsmouth (the fog had conveniently lifted by this time) arriving on the 17th for a well deserved leave.

Wednesday, 5th May, saw us sailing for the Home Fleet's delight, namely Iceland. We had a few incidents with trawlers and the "Grey Ghosts" (Icelandic Gunboats) nevertheless all went well and we arrived at Rosyth far better sailors on the 2nd May.

On to Norway next, arriving 12th May. This gave us our second visit to a foreign port (Scotland being

the first). Trondjheim was a pleasant and welcome surprise and the ship was open to visitors during the stay (5 days). The ship's football team was given a lesson on how to play the game, being defeated 2-1 and 6-0. We finally left with heavy hearts and many a tear was shed by the local girls, so once again the Navy had lived up to its reputation!

Arriving back at Rosyth we had the dreaded onslaught of Navy Days. A long week-end was in the offing, so most of the Communicators jumped at this opportunity to get away from the rush to see *Crossbow* (we got 7,000 visitors the second day). We left bonny Scotland and arrived back at Chatham on the 24th May for maintenance and leave.

On the 27th June we once again set sail, calling at Portsmouth for three days, and then in company with the *Hermes*, *Battleaxe*, *Chichester*, *Rhyl* and *Tideflow* we set off for America and our second leg of the commission. After only a few hours out we were diverted to Gibraltar, owing to the Kuwait crisis, much to the delight of one of the staff who was getting married there on August 5th. Our arrival time back to our native land should be around late March or early April, 1962.

H.M.S. BATTLEAXE

A brief resumé of the early months of the commission commences with Portland; the less said the better—everyone was much happier when we returned to Portsmouth to spend a few weeks alongside the dockyard wall.

Then off we went to Iceland, spending a week at Faslane en route, where we depleted *Adamant's* stock of stationery and McEwans; and sallied forth into Glasgow, where several misguided civilians thought we belonged to the *Proteus*.

After a rapid circuit of Iceland we returned to Rosyth. We left Rosyth, gleaming with fresh paint, and steamed up the coast to Aberdeen. This was by far the most successful and enjoyable visit to date, in all respects, and indication of this was the number of Aberdonians who came to see us off when we sailed.

June 30th saw us leaving Portsmouth bound for Washington D.C.—this turned out to be a lump of Rock off the southern coast of Spain. Due to the Kuwait crisis we entered the Mediterranean and exchanged our dollars in Gib.

A short work-up with the Med. Flotilla (ourselves and *Crossbow*) and then off to Trieste with *Lion* and *Tiptoe* where an expensive run was had by all. From there we proceeded on our own to Split, Yugoslavia; it was there, on the occasion of our children's party, that we raised comments in the local press with reference to our 'Skull and Crossbones' emblem which was on display. This was regarded by the press as a "relic of bourgeois imperialism"—we refrained to comment on the large illuminated Hammer and Sickle erected on the end of the jetty.

At present we are residing in the glamorous surroundings of Bailey's dockyard, recovering from

Eastern Mediterranean beverages, especially of the Greek variety at 3d. a time. Our visits included Haifa, where most of the staff expressed their wishes to transfer to the Israeli Women's Army.

H.M.S. APHRODITE

Although it is not our practice to give a list of staff changes we feel that the departure of R.S. Robinson needs comment. He took the adventurous step of travelling by sea to Venice and thence overland, the first *Aphrodite* rating to tackle this journey.

Recent weeks have once again seen the White Ensign afloat in Cyprus waters. In spite of the extra work involved may we take this opportunity of thanking our seagoing contemporaries for their excellent co-operation and hospitality. Our earnest wish is perhaps best portrayed in the words of the song: "Will ye no Come Back Again?"

With the coming of Autumn, athletic pursuits are getting under way and if Draftie ever reads this article may he note that there is a very urgent requirement for a football centre-forward and hockey players in any position. Notwithstanding the results, we all continue to gain considerable pleasure from the excellent sporting facilities available. To those who remember dusty land-rover trips let it be known that players and spectators alike now enjoy the comfort of R.N. buses.

Our numbers continue to dwindle, but to those who may be fortunate enough to be drafted to *Aphrodite* may we assure you of a very warm welcome to the land of the grape and fast cars.

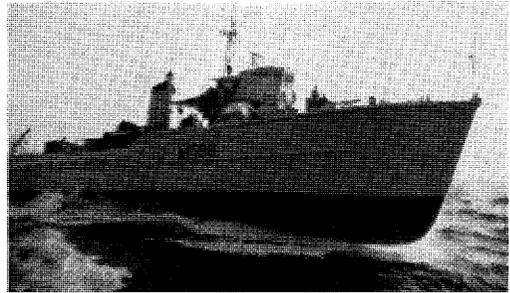
108th MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

At the end of June, just as the majority of the squadron had returned from the Eastern Mediterranean and everyone was settling down to the ordered calm of R.A. life in Malta, the peace was shattered by the news of the Kuwait crisis. Within 72 hours, six of the nine sweepers of the squadron were on their way East again, in the interval having grabbed as many stores as the rather bewildered pusser would allow. ("We *must* have at least 20 extra fans—this is war, you know".)

Some nineteen days, and five thousand miles later, we reached Bahrein at the start of the really sticky Gulf weather, and there we settled literally to sweat it out. How enviously we eyed the Loch class frigates with their air-conditioning, but we quickly found the solution was to imitate the Arab, and soon the upper decks of all the sweepers resembled Nomad encampments.

It was not long before we found ourselves back in the accustomed role of Maids-of-all-work, and the next three weeks were spent running dhow patrols, transferring stores and personnel from Bahrein and Kuwait to the carriers, visiting lonely oil-drilling rigs, and even on occasion exercising some sweeping.

Finally, the most welcome signal was received,



H.M.S. Asherton

ordering us to return to Aden, and we plunged our way back through the South-west monsoon, which gave everyone's stomach an unaccustomed shake-up—the change of temperature was also most marked, and winter clothing was dress of the day in the low 80's. A brief spell in Aden, where the accumulated pay was quickly turned into cine-cameras, watches, and other rabbits, and the Squadron set off back to Malta, leaving two of the team behind in case of further alarms.

With the limited communication staffs and equipment carried, some unusual situations arose. Once during a sweepex, the O.T.C. found himself unable to communicate with his task unit on any radio circuit. The ships were ordered to close to loud-hailer range for instructions, which they did, but as the O.T.C. raised his microphone to speak, the loud hailer on the mast disappeared in a cloud of sparks and smoke. We all waited hopefully for the Ultimate in Communications—The Trained Animal.

Life is now back to normal, though ships are still scrubbing large portions of the Arabian desert out of every nook and cranny, and forging through an absolute mountain of accumulated P.M.S. cards. That the influence of the mystic east is still very much alive is obvious from the number of fezzes which still abound on the Sweepdeck at Sweeping Stations.

1st D.S.

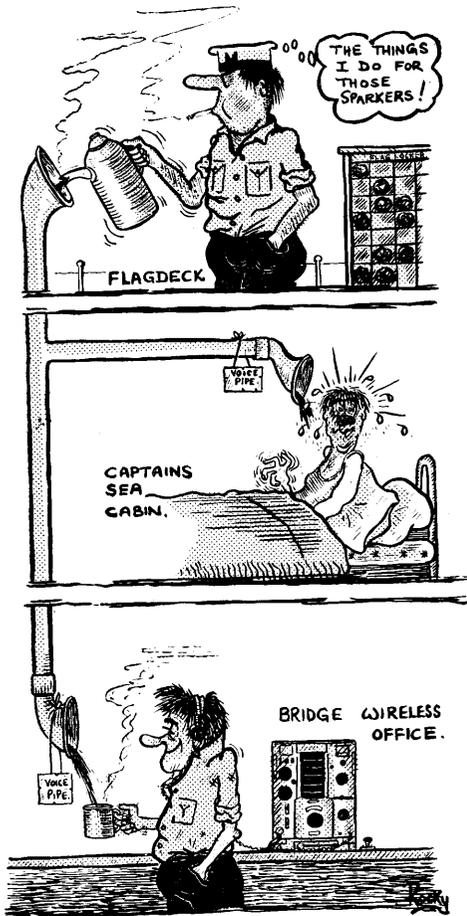
Our last contribution left us preparing for self maintenance in Malta, with the attendant delights of M.F.V. trips to Sicily and other exped. activities. Alas this dream did not come true, except for our leader, *Solebay*, who was firmly fixed to *Ausonia* when the Kuwait crisis blew up. The rest of us did not have time to remove any vital parts of the machinery and had to go.

Everyone knows that the Persian Gulf is not the most comfortable place to be in midsummer in a ship with little air conditioning, and we were all very glad to return to our proper station after an absence of eight weeks. We would like to mention the comparatively small staff at Aden who coped manfully with our demands for back generals and also found time to entertain us socially during our stay there.

Solebay, we hear, had a very difficult time swanning around as the entire Med. Fleet during our absence, visiting Italian, Yugoslavian and Greek ports. However, F.O.F. Med. ensured that they did not become too blasé by carrying out his annual inspection of the ship, which caused a certain amount of confusion. *Saintes* and *Camperdown* had already been inspected before proceeding to the Gulf, but we hear that *Finisterre* is very disappointed at missing this great event. It's an ill wind . . .

Kuwait to Scapa in nine weeks. Quite a change and not entirely pleasant. Exercise 'Sharpsquall' must qualify as the windiest exercise ever, and the gales which blew almost continuously made submarine chasing and bombardments very unpleasant pastimes. We hope our N.A.T.O. friends did not get the wrong impression—the weather is not always like that. Sometimes it is even worse.

PRIZE WINNING CARTOON



YEOMAN OF SIGNALS

If, as I hope, you bought your *COMMUNICATOR* last summer, you will remember an article on Communications in the Royal Air Force. With a title like the above, you might doubt that this is the corresponding article on the Army. Read on, and have your general knowledge enlarged.

In the Army, Communication personnel are called "Signallers"; a term used to embrace all operators of radio equipment, whether they be Royal Corps of Signals personnel or Infantrymen whose shoulders seem broad enough to carry a walkie talkie.

The Royal Corps are the specialists, and they train three types of Signaller: the Telegraph Operator, the Radio Operator and the Signal Centre Operator. The Telegraph Operator is the nearest equivalent to an RO3, the Radio Operator being primarily concerned with voice circuits, and the S.C.O. a message handler, router and clerk.

The Telegraph Operator is taught, in about 30 weeks, to send/receive morse at 20 w.p.m., receive on a typewriter at 20 w.p.m., tune and operate two transmitters and teleprint at 25 w.p.m. In addition, he is taught elementary theory, map reading, voice procedure and the use of three weapons (Bren, Sterling and Rifle).

Having passed his course, as an A3 Telegraph Operator, the "Soldier Sparker" is sent out into the field as a supernumerary for six months, in order to consolidate his skill. Subsequently, he can be returned to the Regimental Training School (recently moved from Lincoln to Catterick) for up-grading courses, A2 and A1. On the latter, apart from experience and a greater knowledge of the more "bookish" subjects, the operator is required to achieve 25 w.p.m. manual and typewriter morse at 99% accuracy and 40 w.p.m. teleprinting. (Because of different methods of marking from those used in the R.N. any proficient RO2 should have no difficulty in coping with the A1 skills).

It is fair to say that one or the other of the skills attributed to the soldier (either morse or teleprinting) tends to rust away with time, as there are no weekly practical exercises and he seems to be generally employed in situations where practice in only one skill is possible.

The training school's A.T. layouts are impressive. Much emphasis is placed on teaching routeing, switching and practical A.T. ability.

The telegraph operator can progress, through promotion, to become a "Foreman Signaller" by which time he would be a W.O.1 or 2. However, the War Office have recently decided that an additional grade of signal supervisor is required and, on this grade, they have bestowed the old naval title of "Yeoman of Signals". So next time a heavily booted Yeoman marches by, complete with bren and wireless set, you will know what it is all about.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor,

My admiration for the wizards who delve into the innards of transmitters and receivers, prodding about with screwdrivers and AVO leads, is immense. I—who would not know an amp from a hole in the ground—imagine them to be stern men of fixed ideas; men who mutter in their sleep of joules and coulombs and sporadic E; men whose eyes have looked on strange things and sights best left untold—a race apart!

My greatest admiration, however, is for those graceful craftsmen who wave little hand flags on the windy bridges of warships. The red and yellow triangles merge into orange as the flags describe rapid arcs and circles around the bunting's head.

Although I know not a single letter of the semaphore alphabet, I never miss an opportunity of watching a Signaller at work. I am as fascinated by the bewildering display of movement as ever was a rabbit by the stare of an adder.

Surely, the semaphore originated in the ballet?

After the final AR I half expect bunts to add a footnote:

“Choreography by—.”

One day, in a fit of sublime optimism, I decided to master the art and craft of semaphore. I would emulate my heroes of the flag-deck. Everything had to be right, of course; local colour, and all that! I bought a sailor suit from a pawnshop in Fratton, a couple of handflags from an unfrocked Yeoman down on his luck, and climbed on the roof of my garden shed which masqueraded as the windy bridge aforementioned. Alas! that was my sole attempt to Semaphore. Never again! It would take too long to describe the agonies I went through and the various brands of linament it took to put me right. The Chinese have a proverb:

“One picture is worth a thousand words”.

Here then is the equivalent of 6,000 words.

I hope you like them.

Regards to all Communicators.

JACK EATON.

19, Cunningham Place, Kings Worthy, Winchester.



Dear Sir,

Every time one is engaged on a large scale N.A.T.O. Exercise, or on a prolonged cruise, the question arises “What about the R.F.A.’s?”

One studies their watchbill, to discover only one Radio Officer, sometimes two, on board. You, the planner, want them available for twenty-four hours,

or, at least, you would like them to be available to answer the more urgent calls. How often have they been put on S.O.P.’s in a foreign port, because of their small watchbill, when a gale has sprung up, and the whole flagdeck staff then spent the next hour burning the 20’s to pieces trying to attract their attention?

There are three remedies to this most undesirable state of affairs. One is to ignore it. The trouble is, like most snags that are ignored, it will not go away. Another is to augment the R.F.A. watchbill with R.N. Communicators. A splendid idea—if you can find any spare Communicators. Who can, especially on the eve of an exercise?

The third solution lies within our own Branch. Has anyone ever thought of putting Wrens (Communicators) on board? R.F.A.'s are fitted to carry women, and often do, so no problems should arise from that angle. The Wrens make excellent voice, RATT and crypto operators, and would, I think, quickly learn the rudiments of flag hoisting and ship-shore procedures.

To my simple mind, this seems a suitable solution to a fairly ancient problem, with but one snag. The recruiters would have to put up barricades to avoid being killed in the rush.

Yours sincerely,

H.X.P.

(Name and address supplied.—Ed.)

NOTES ON MARRIED QUARTERS

Married quarter accommodation is provided in the U.K. for all officers over 25 years of age and ratings 21 years of age, who are in receipt of marriage allowance, provided they have an expectation of at least six months further service in the ship or establishment where they are borne. (National Service officers and ratings and pensioners entered N.C.S. engagements are not eligible.)

This accommodation consists of Admiralty owned houses or flats, and those hired of a similar nature known as "hirings". Both the "owned" and "hired" are governed by the same regulations for allocation, and are covered by the term "married quarters".

It is essential to register with a Married Quarter Officer, as soon as you are married and *desire* to be accommodated. The date allotted to you will then be your basic date, and remain in force until a married quarter has been allocated. If, through no fault of your own, you have to leave the quarter before occupying it for three months, you retain your basic date for use at your next appointment. The fact that you may only be awaiting draft or in for a short course does not prevent you registering.

If you should not be offered a married quarter in your present Command or Establishment, it is your responsibility to ask the Married Quarters Officer for your basic date, so you can take it to your next ship. In the majority of areas there is a long waiting list and every day of your basic date will place you nearer to being housed.

The roster consists of:—

(i) *List A* (a priority list). Those who have served abroad unaccompanied for at least 15 months. *List A* gives absolute priority over all others.

(ii) *Ante-dating List B*. Those who have served abroad unaccompanied for over nine months and less than fifteen months, or on conclusion of a general service commission.

Ante-dating List B gives you 6 months priority over ordinary *List B*.

(iii) *List B*. Those not covered by (i) and (ii) and Newly Weds. (Note (i) and (ii) only apply if the family has NOT occupied a married quarter while you have been away.)

It is most important to register with your next ship or establishment one month before you are due to arrive. If you fail to do so, you may lose your *List A* priority or *ante-dating List B*. Should you return from foreign service or from a general service commission, and you are sent on a course of less than one year, you have the option of exercising this priority at the establishment or retaining it until the next ship where you can qualify for a married quarter.

Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Portland and Rosyth have their own area central roster. At Air Stations and other establishments with their own Married Quarters Officers a separate roster is maintained. *Mercury* has its own roster and is NOT part of the Portsmouth Command for accommodation.

The regulations for length of stay in quarters are very similar except that, in the Commands, if you are drafted *overseas* or on a general service commission, your family may remain for three years, whereas in establishments outside the Commands, on leaving, your family has to vacate the quarters.

The Signal School's permanent quarters are as follows:—

Officers: 5 Hyden Wood, 15 Petersfield.

Ratings: 46 at Lovedean, eight miles from Portsmouth, but near to other shopping areas, and schools. It is hoped that permission will be given to build a further 16 quarters at Lovedean.

Your family may remain in a quarter one month after you have left the ship or establishment in which you are borne. Should your next draft be accompanied abroad your family, on obtaining permission, may remain until flight instructions are received. In all cases report your expected movements to the Married Quarters Officer.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cartoons

Page 119 ...	L.R.O. D. RYCROFT
„ 122 ...	R.O.(S) WEIGH
„ 132 ...	PHILLIPS
„ 143 ...	LIEUT. M. ELLIS
„ 167 ...	LT.-CDR. W. F. PATERSON
„ 171 ...	LT.-CDR. P. M. STAMFORD

Photographs

Cover ...	LIEUT. W. R. DANIELS
Page 133 ...	“CAPE TIMES”



... Gib. introduced our high percentage of "first-timers" to such brews as "Malaga", "Media Media", etc., etc. ...

H.M.S. LEOPARD

By R.O.2 G. Burke

With the work-up just a memory, and our destination the South Atlantic and South American Station, we sailed for Gibraltar on 4th April. Of Gib., let it suffice to say that its contribution to our experiences was to introduce our high percentage of "first-timers" (self included) to such brews as "Malaga", "Media Media", etc. Good training for the beverages down the west coast of Africa.

Next came Bathurst. Several of our number went on a crocodile shoot during our stay. They did not find any crocodiles, so everything which moved in, on, or around the River Gambia went in peril of life and limb.

We left Bathurst and rendezvoused with *Bermuda* and *Lynx* (who we were relieving on the station) off Freetown. After some jackstay transfers, during which we swapped our copy of H.M.C.O.'s with *Lynx* for a copy of S.A.N.C.O.'s, we made our grand entry into Freetown. During our stay we saw the end of Freetown as a British Colony and the birth of an Independent State within the Commonwealth.

We embarked the C.-in-C. and his wife at Abidjan and proceeded to Tema and Lagos. Our next call of interest was Luanda. This Portuguese Colony was having troubles. The visit went smoothly in spite

of the tension and large numbers of armed patrols in the town. When we reached the Cape and our sea mail caught up with us we read with interest the British newspapers and cuttings which described our visit. There was a practically unanimous decision that if we had known it was as bad as the newspaper reports said we would never have gone ashore!

Coinciding with our arrival at Simonstown, South Africa was due to become a Republic on May 31st, and there were threats of national strikes and large-scale demonstrations. The S.A.N. and the Army were being brought up to strength very rapidly and deployed to counteract any acts of "civil disobedience", but as all of this had no effect on the all-time best price of one shilling per very large tot of brandy (threepence at our friendly station on the hill, ZSJ) we were not particularly disturbed. Independence came and went and still brandy is one shilling per tot.

Our next trip was to St. Helena, to bring back to Capetown a body of legal gentlemen who had been deciding the fate of some perhaps not-so-legal



"... our normally quiet life was shattered"

gentlemen, who though natives of Bahrein, had been taking a little holiday at the British taxpayers' expense on that delightful ex-prison island of St. Helena. During our stay our Supply Officer was seriously injured in a car accident and we had to return to Capetown without him.

It was at this point that our normally quiet life—communicationswise—was shattered. It was no longer an occasion for rejoicing when we received or sent a signal. No longer were the sparkers disturbed from their reverie (or their Hank Jansons) by the occasional weather report. Now we were swamped with signals. Sitreps came from St. Helena. The information was passed in regular telegrams to the S.O.'s wife, our C.-in-C. and Admiralty. Lengthy discussions passed between our Captain and our base.

The result of this deluge of dits was that in little over a day after returning to Simonstown we were again heading for St. Helena with a Neuro-Surgeon and a nurse. On the way the surgeon aboard and the doctor ashore were able to discuss the S.O.'s condition and symptoms, using the 603 on R/T. We were QRK 5 with St. Helena at over 1,200 miles.

All ended well and the S.O. has since returned to England almost completely recovered.

Following the St. Helena incidents, came our East Coast cruise. A point worthy of mention was the extremely efficient conduct of a Navcomex by the French Navy at Diego Suarez. At Mauritius the hospitality of the Vacoas Station personnel was very welcome. We were given the impression that this was a married accompanied or "bring your pocket solitaire" draft. They have one or two very fine coral beaches and hope to have a swimming pool in the near future. The recreation was centred around the Families' Club with social evenings, dances and darts matches.

Finally, a word about sport on the Station. There is no TV., and few cinemas in South Africa, so people spend their time on more active hobbies. The national sports are rugby, followed by hockey, with soccer trailing in third place. The South Africans are very enthusiastic and have excellent facilities, they also have an incredibly mild winter. However, they are not "with it", in that they think the fixture ends with the final whistle. Great efforts are being made to spread the gospel and introduce them to the main event of 19th hole "sloshers".

CAPE COMCEN

By L.R.O. Nugent



Cape Comcen Ship-Shore Bays

Many changes have occurred on the S.A.S.A. Station during the last year. The primary one was the transfer on 25th July of the Wireless Station from Slangkop to the new Cape Communications Centre situated in the C-in-C's Headquarters at *Afrikander*, Youngsfield. Lieut.(S.D.)(C.) A. W. Garton has been relieved as Officer-in-Charge Cape Comcentre and F.C.A. by Lieut.(S.D.)(C.) D. C. Mitchell.

The Comcen, amongst other normal equipment, is fitted with five HR 72 remote control units which control five HR 71 receivers situated at Milnerton G.P.O. station some ten miles away. The complete outfits are type CHA's, made by Marconi and costing approximately £3,000 each. Their tuning is apt to mystify one at first, and requires 25 manipulations

before the receiver is initially tuned. However, the technical teething troubles are now over and with the operating staff now fully familiarised, the equipment is proving itself on Commonwealth Ship-Shore.

Amongst other changes concerning the communications personnel is a "48 about" watchkeeping system replacing the "24 about" system worked at Slangkop, which has been gratefully received by all concerned. The new system has been made possible by the fact that in Youngsfield there is no requirement for a stand-by watch to be on board for dealing with bush fires, as was the case at Slangkop.

Recently C.R.S. Bailey has been keeping himself busy producing new commercial traffic handling orders which have proved to be almost foolproof. The rest of the staff are being kept occupied by Exercise 'Capex'—now in its middle phases. No sooner will 'Capex' be over than we find ourselves in the throes of the Christmas telegram rush, so the next few weeks should keep us well occupied.

"Sandy", our mongrel mascot, is still faring well and has settled down in his new home, but probably misses his rampages in the bush.

THE FIRST SEAWARD DEFENCE SQUADRON

By A/L.R.O. B. N. Fletton

Although known as the 1SDS officially, we are also known by such names as "Wells Fargo" and "The mail boats". We are based in Londonderry and consist of three seaward defence vessels: *Camberford* (Leader), *Aberford* and *Shalford*.

Our main purpose in life is to exercise with submarines and aircraft under the control of Londonderry JASS. We do this mainly by day running, but every now and again take part in a three-day inshorex in the Clyde or Londonderry areas, with other ships of the Home Fleet. Otherwise we spend our time doing mail and passenger trips to the ships anchored at Magilligan.

Recently *Aberford* and *Shalford* took part in a Southern Irish cruise. Reports suggest a good time was had by all. We then reunited with the *Camberford* for Exercise 'Peter Gurney' before starting an extensive tour of the River Rhine. We visited many places of interest and they were all good beer runs. In fact, most of the ship's company were glad of a duty to escape compulsory drinking. Places visited included Rotterdam, Dusseldorf, Mainz and Cologne. At Oberwinter, the port of the Federal capital, Bonn, we joined up with the *Brave Borderer* and *Bold Pathfinder* for the duration of the visit. We are now back in Derry, after a short recreational visit to Fleetwood.

Anybody who wants a good R.A. draft is welcome among the small select communication fraternity. We have 1 L.T.O., 2 L.R.O.'s and 4 R.O.2's amongst the three boats, so there is plenty of chance for everybody.

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MURPHY RADIO (ELECTRONICS DIVISION), WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

H.M.S. UNDAUNTED

Have you ever seen the 'Green Hills of Killarney'? No? Well do not bother to go that far—just come to Londonderry, we have some really nice hills, all green (but do not be fooled) it is *not* grass, but 'watercress'. If it is not, it should be, with the amount of rain we get here. Londonderry must be the Northern Ireland equivalent of Manchester.

In late September, however, we had a change. No rain, but winds up to 120 knots. Of course they may have been fiercer, but our wind indicator stuck hard over at that figure. Damage to Londonderry itself was quite heavy, and the sheds in the dockyard were quite 'contemporary' with their 'sunshine roofs', though I doubt if this was appreciated by the dockyard mates the next day. It rained.

The 'Foyle Club' in the dockyard has undergone a complete interior 'face lift' and is almost unrecognizable as the old club. This will no doubt prove a great boon to the 'Derry Squadron' as Sunday in 'Derry' is apt to be rather dead, to say the least.

Shortly *Undaunted* leaves for the start of a refit (big cheers), and quite a few old faces will find themselves in new surroundings—whether for the better or not we are not saying. Some of the staff, however, are remaining to join the new Squadron only, of course, to show the newcomers the best dances and where to "tweak a bottle or two of 'Veeps'" (V.P. Wine).

We welcome the formation of the new 'Derry Squadron' which will include *Rothsary* (leader), *Falmouth*, *Blackwood* and, of course, ourselves. It will gladden the heart of many an Irishman to see the "Red Hand of Ulster" on the funnels of more than one ship.

It has been interesting to note that since the last issue *THE COMMUNICATOR* seems to have become quite popular with persons other than Communicators. One non-Communicator has suggested paying for a year's supply of the magazine as a Christmas present in Denmark for a "Ham" pal. This practice surely could well be borne in mind by other Communicators.

H.M.S. BERMUDA

Following the new Editor's appeal to send material in early, and having a brief moment to spare while seated in the bottom of number fourteen dock, Portsmouth, I thought it would be a good idea to get this off before the cruise starts, and then sit back. The autumn cruise looks like being a fairly busy one with various exercises, the highlights will undoubtedly be the official visits to Antwerp and Amsterdam.

I joined *Bermuda* towards the end of the summer cruise, thinking "A quiet time to get to know the ship and the staff", the ship having recommissioned some six weeks before. Everybody was still in the process of settling down after a fairly severe shake-down cruise. Very rude awakening however:



H.M.S. "Bermuda"—Portable (?) 618

F.O.F.H., whose Flagship this is, took us to Loch Torridon. It *is* on the map! There we had a period of independent exercises—second day in—general drill. In double quick time, the time the drills took, I learned the names and ranks of the emergency crypto team, and how good they were, the shortest way from the L.R.R. to the bridge, the name of the Chief Yeoman's first ship (the *Iron Duke*, not the "Ark"), the greatest number of articles which can be bought in the canteen for two bob, and a lot of other things. Do you know how easy it is to get the light programme in the G.D.R. and in "X" Turret? How easy it is to catch a fish and fry it?

After the hub-hub of general drill had died down came another exercise and this one was a real corker. It turned out to be an evolution in itself. All departments were involved in various tasks. A base camp had to be built, with accommodation. You would be very surprised to see what a splendid "big top" the forecandle awning turned out to be and how pleasantly warm it was inside. There were shore galleys, radio station, lookout post, signal station, machine gun post, complete with searchlight, telephones, water mains, the lot.

Prior to this little affair my main feat in the world of climbing was to the top of Portsdown Hill in a bus, but to get to the top of the hill where the signal station was to be established was a real climb empty handed, but when loaded up with a mast, a set of flags, 622's, 615's Aldis, intermediate batteries, tent, oilskins, etc., etc.—well!

The Signal Station and Command Posts were soon set up and working efficiently, but the Radio Station was a different problem. The only thing we could take was a 618 which was quickly assembled, but the power supply gave the electrical department a headache. None-the-less, the engineers and electricians worked wonders to supply us with amps and our only regret after all this work was that we failed to raise Portishead. (I can only think they could not have been listening because we were going out.)

By the way, have you ever seen a twenty inch S.P. going up the side of a cliff? Ours did, and became a searchlight at the machine gun post.

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At the end of the day when all had been dismantled and ferried back to the ship a very tired bunch of bodies returned, but all agreed it had been a most enjoyable day, and it proved, most conclusively, that the almost impossible can be done if one tries.

Should something really worth while reporting take place during the next six weeks or so I will try to get some keen young man to drop you a stop press note. Here in the meantime, at the end of August and before summer leave has finished, Merry Christmas.

Stop Press

'Sharpsquall' is upon us, and in the words of the Admiral, never was an exercise more aptly named. For the first time in my career I have to climb up a ladder to get to the deck below—well almost, anyway. Communicationswise, we have been guard for practical'y the whole of the Home Fleet, and half of N.A.T.O. too, during the exercises. Our biggest bugbear was the broadcast, which everyone seemed to lose when the shroud of darkness covered the earth and then the INT ZDK's came a rollin' in like the Wagon Train.

H.M.S. BLAKE

Blake commissioned in March at Glasgow for general service, Home and Med. So far, our programme has been taken up by trials, except for an occasional visit to places of interest, including Rotterdam, Guernsey, Barrow-in-Furness and Newcastle.

Although a Devonport ship, *Blake* until quite recently has been found gracing the wall of Portsmouth Dockyard for extensive periods, proceeding to sea only for brief stretches in the most favourable weather conditions, and now as we are about to embark upon our Mediterranean leg, or 'go to sea in earnest', the wind is blowing heartily and all loose equipment has become mobile.

Our object now, of course, is to rise from obscurity and make a name for ourselves (good or bad remains to be seen). When *Blake* is mentioned in future, perhaps comprehension will shine in the eyes of strangers instead of a puzzled look.

H.M.S. BERWICK F5

At long last we have finished our work-up and all initial trials. The work-up, though testing, was we hope, satisfactorily dealt with by both the V/S and W/T sides of the house. At the time of writing we are looking forward to Exercise 'Sharpsquall'. By looking "forward" I really mean "ahead". The thought of spending any length of time in Scapa Flow at the end of October makes me shudder.

The radio (Special) branch came into their own during the work-up period when we were sent out from Portland to look for a yacht reported in distress south-west of Portland Bill. In fact it was south of Anvil point, well to the eastward, and initial warning of this was given by an HF/DF bearing of the yacht's transmissions just before its batteries failed.

We finally found the yacht down the HF bearing, where it had been taken in tow by a merchant ship, and once again HF/DF was used very successfully to home the Weymouth lifeboat to the scene to complete the rescue.

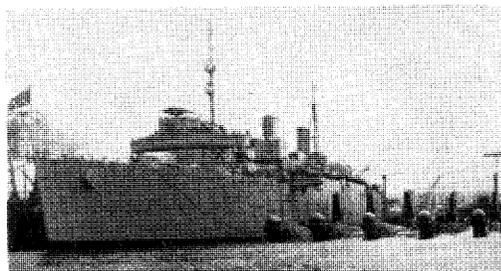
The families came to sea for an afternoon in the Solent, and had a thoroughly pleasant time and a calm passage. A note in Daily Orders for that day read as follows: "Families are to proceed to messes. They are to be neatly stowed".

We are gradually forming ourselves into a Squadron now that *Lowestoft* has commissioned and only await *Ursa* before we are complete.

* * *

T.O.3 passes a short message to the tug, *Restive*.
"This is tug *Restive*, say again, over"

T.O.3 to C.C.Y.: "What did I say Chief?"
The Chief Yeoman's reply was not recorded.



H.M.S. "Forth" and some of her flock

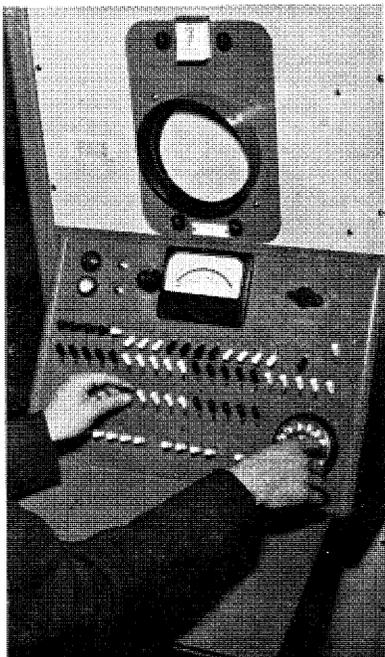
H.M.S. FORTH AND 2nd S.M.

Forth and the 2nd Submarine Squadron commissioned on 1st November, 1960. The Squadron's flock has been the submarines *Alliance*, *Alcide*, *Alaric*, *Artful*, *Amphion*, *Taciturn* and *Truncheon*, a pretty formidable team which we see less often than we would like, as their operating programme is very full indeed.

May saw *Forth* leave harbour again, this time as flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, for a visit to Liverpool. A most enjoyable change from the wall at Devonport. Closely following this trip came the Flag Officer Submarines' inspection of *Forth* and the Squadron.

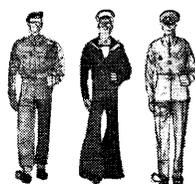
Hamburg was our next port of call during June. This magnificent port and its facilities requires no description. A very good time was had by one and all. The Freedom of the Borough of Gosport was received by the Submarine Command in July, and *Forth* was invited to berth at *Dolphin* pier to participate in this ceremony. This was the first time that a capital ship had berthed at *Dolphin*, so it was quite an occasion. The visit to the "Home of all Submarines" was very much enjoyed by all.

Finally to Exercise 'Fishplay' in September. Six British submarines—*Oberon*, *Finwhale*, *Narwhal*, *Alliance*, *Alaric* and *Alcide* braved the Atlantic, dodging numerous hurricanes to participate in areas off the United States eastern coast. *Forth* sailed for



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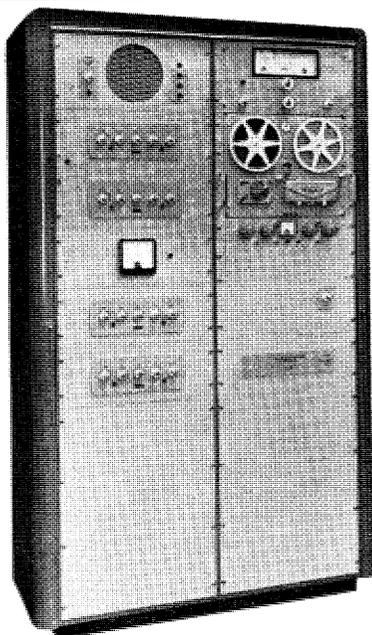
Linked with punched tape machines and a battery of teleprinters, the computer produces indents, invoices and stock figures; solves arithmetical problems in thousandths of a second; cuts out tedious clerical work and provides valuable information at the time it is most needed.

Another type of computer has become Naafi's "Paymaster General" and will progressively take on more routine duties dealing with warehouse stocks and issues in the United Kingdom.

One more example of Naafi's aim to keep in step with the Rocket-age Services.

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Norfolk, Virginia, to act as tender for these submarines. She departed from Plymouth looking very much like a Grey Funnel Line cargo vessel. It was quite a long haul for "Mum" who is rather slow when it comes to sea-time. We used to look forward to the "Queens" (with 28-30 knots) passing us. One of the monsters passed us coming from New York; overtook us on her way back again; and before we arrived in Norfolk, had already left New York for home again. At least the Navigator knew he was going the right way.

The trip home was uneventful except for the transfer of an appendix case from one of our submarines to *Forth* whilst under way. It is surprising that the patient did not have shock as well, for it was not a very easy operation. (The transfer, I mean.)

Our families, relatives and friends had a short period of sea time, too, for they were allowed to come aboard in the Sound, have lunch, and enjoy the trip from the Sound to our berth by the coal, in the afternoon. "Mum's Day" was quite a success and gave our guests a chance to see how we all work!

S.T.C. DEVONPORT

The future of the Signal Training Centre is still not certain. Therefore we refrain from spreading buzzes. All of us in the West feel we may soon lose the delightful view from St. Budeaux in exchange for the mudflats from *Drake*. Already the boat trips between St. Budeaux and the "Barracks" pier are a thing of the past, in fact the Royal Naval Barracks is a thing of the past as it is now known as H.M.S. *Drake*. If you wish to get to the S.T.C. from *Drake* you can get a pusser's bus, a number 7 green bus or a red devil, if you can find one. The number of matelots going to "work" on buses is certainly on the up and up.

The Tamar Bridge is now in use. For those who are away from the West Country and do not get the *EVENING HERALD*, this bridge links Devon and Cornwall over the River Tamar, just above the Old Saltash Ferry and on the upside of Brunel's Railway Bridge. The total length spanned is 1,848 ft. the main span in suspension is 1,100 ft. The three-lane carriageway is 33 ft. wide with two 6-ft. footways. The toll charges for a private car are 3/- or 4/6d. for a day return.

Early in the New Year Lieut.-Commander (S.D.) (C.) J. A. J. Johnson, M.B.E., R.N., who has been hiding in *Drake* for too long, leaves us to take up an appointment in Bahrein. We wish him every success in his new air-conditioned life.

WHITEHALL WIRELESS

We are affected, in varying degrees, by practically any exercise which takes place. To single out any particular exercise for comment is therefore difficult. The exercise period which caused the most disruption from the personnel point of view, was the autumn N.A.T.O. series, when the staff broke into

three watches. Three watches would not have been necessary if all leave had been cancelled, but the reduction of the watches was considered to be the lesser of two evils. It might do no harm to mention here the system of long leave used in Whitehall Wireless Station. As the station cannot close or reduce for seasonal leave periods, leave is worked on a continuing fortnightly basis. Each of the four watches is allowed to have up to seven ratings (R.N. and W.R.N.S.) on leave at any time. During the pre-Christmas period when the tempo of the station increases to cope with the influx of greetings telegrams, all leave is stopped. Normally a rating joining the station is not allowed leave until he has served two months in the job. This rule becomes difficult to apply when a rating joins with arrears of seasonal leave, so any future joiners are urged to try and get their leave up to date before they get here.

An extremely successful Social and Dance was held at a local hostelry early in October. This was the first of what we hope will become regular monthly functions. R.S. Coombes having been responsible for most of the groundwork, C.Y. Hunter was well to the fore as M.C. and the general opinion seems to have been that it was a most enjoyable affair.

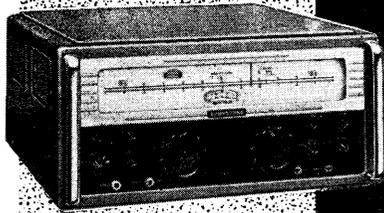
For the first time since its inception in 1928 the Admiralty Soccer Challenge Cup was won last season by *President* in competition with nine other departmental teams. We hope to defend the trophy successfully this season, with 75 per cent of our team once again from Whitehall Wireless Station staff.

A swimming team comprising Wren Cousins, L.R.O. Beare, L.T.O. Wood and R.O.2 Flack took most of the honours at a recent Admiralty Swimming Club Gala. The cup for the Inter-departmental Relay Race is back in its familiar glass case in the Officer-in-Charge's office.

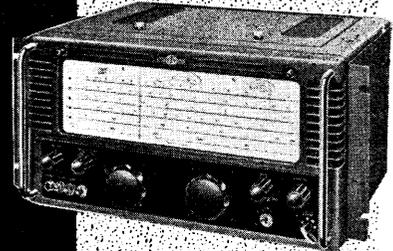
Space permits mentioning a few only of the many staff changes. Lieut. Stockdale has returned down under, and Lt.-Cdr. Whiffin is now Staff Officer until he becomes Officer-in-Charge in March 1962. Sub. Lieut. Shackell has relinquished his Duty Officer's chair to Sub. Lieut. Richards and is now



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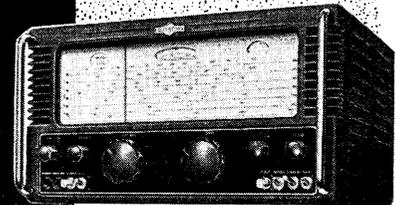


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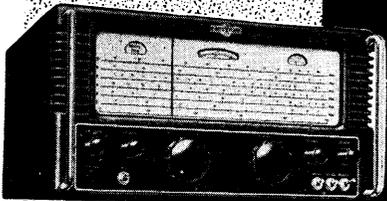


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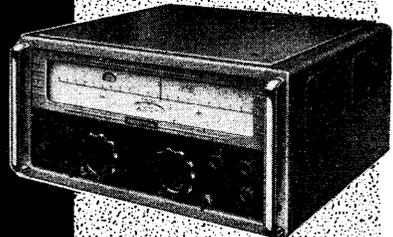
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10 K/cs
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at S.T.C. Malta. C.R.S. Stewart has left for some much needed sea time, but, to his regret, not in Scandinavian waters. C.C.Y. Tant has gone to pension and it looks as if he will be grazing in Australian pastures.

* * *

Voice on 'phone: "Do you have an R.O.2 . . . there?"

Reg. C.P.O.: "Yes".

Voice: "Then will you please ask him to refrain from having his mail addressed to Admiralty House, as his football pools are getting mixed up with the Prime Minister's mail."

* * *

A very junior R.O.3 recently achieved notoriety by getting himself placed in the Officer-in-Charge's report on the following charge:—

"Did cause a disturbance in the Taping Room by skylarking with a live mouse among Wrens at 2125/10 October 1961."

TAPE RELAY PROCEDURE CHECKING

By Lieutenant W. D. Newman

General

Whether due to wide circulation of the summer edition of THE COMMUNICATOR (with our initial article), or whether to the increasing unpopularity of the Admiralty Procedure Checking Team will never be known, but the fact remains that a very great improvement has been made in Tape Relay Procedure in the last few months, especially by the Home Station.

Figures, which beauty contest winners assure us cannot lie, show that the rate of Correct Messages taped rose from 12 per cent. in February to nearly 67 per cent. in August and that the Average Error per Message has fallen from four to two in the same period.

Whilst saying 'Well done Everybody', we would respectfully point out there is still plenty of room for improvement, particularly among the Overseas Stations whose Error rate is still over five per message.

Specific faults still cropping up continuously include the fact that *Ltrs* at the start of each line seem to have a fatal attraction for many stations . . . Cut 'em out . . . far from serving a useful purpose they tend in certain circumstances to foul automatic gear. More attention also needs to be paid to correct serial numbers and filing times.

At the foot of this article is the summary of results for comparison between February and August. The "Ton Award Table" leaders have their photograph displayed without comment—six consecutive 100 per cent. speak for themselves! (See page 125.)

S.T.R.A.D.

The Royal Navy's member of the TARE (Telegraphic Automatic Relay Equipment) still ticks over in the cellar and continues to win friends, if not to influence people to use perfect procedure. Many and varied are the deputations who come to investigate its possibilities and there is no doubt that this pilot model has done much to sway other Services opinion towards this facet of automation. The normal teething troubles of such a new system have been nobly borne by the STRAD supervisors and the personnel of W.W., who will have to be content with the fact that their trials and tribulations, together with the other stations connected to the monster, will go down in history when bigger and better TARE's spring up all over the world.

Ratt Ship-Shore

Again, a thorny problem which is causing deep thought, not only in the R.N. but in the Navies of all its Allies. Whilst everyone has obvious solutions, nearly all of them demand CASH, and since unlimited supplies of this commodity are not readily forthcoming it would seem the only answer is trial and error with present equipment—and a great degree of patience. The system works really well, however, when a RATT Ship-Shore/Fixed Service compromise is used.

Conclusion

Final thought for this article, after nearly a year in operation, is that no longer is it possible to deal with any procedure matters on a purely Royal Navy basis as in the days of yore. Other Navies and other Services are vitally concerned. Whilst this is irksome in the time taken to get somebody's brilliant idea put into effect, it does mean eventually a wider use of said idea, and, in due course, the compatibility required if closer integration is to become anything but a dream for the future.

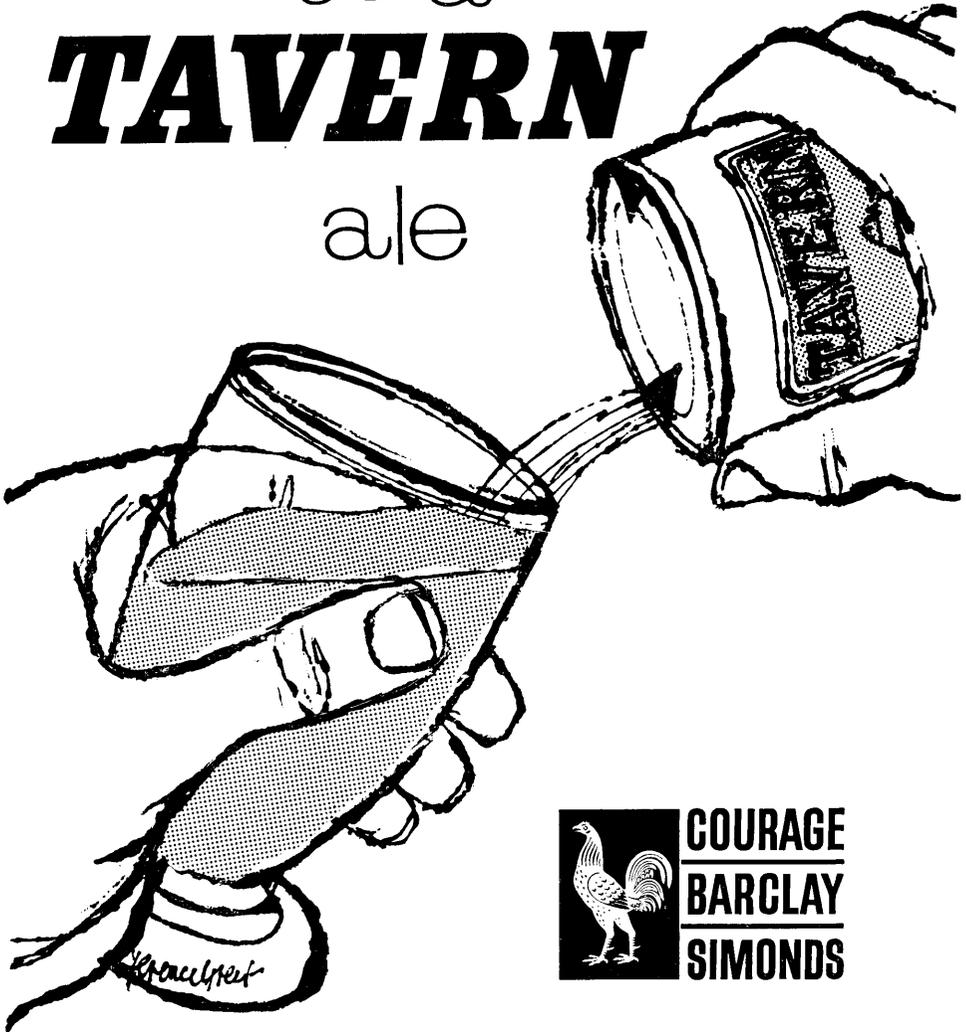
"TON" AWARD TABLE

RNB Devonport	6	Portsmouth + Tribs.	1
CND Haslemere	3	Chatham	1
FOS/M	3	Gibraltar	1
Plymouth + Tribs.	2	SOS/M Clyde	1
		Portland	1

COMPARISON FIGURES

Overall	Home	Overseas
<i>Correct Message Average</i>	<i>Correct Message Average</i>	<i>Correct Message Average</i>
February 12.2%	February 10%	February 18%
August 66.3%	August 76%	August 38%
Overall	Home	Overseas
<i>Average Errors per Message</i>	<i>Average Errors per Message</i>	<i>Average Errors per Message</i>
February 3.5	February 3.2	February 4.7
August 2.1	August 0.75	August 5.8

Treat
yourself
to a
TAVERN
ale



COURAGE
BARCLAY
SIMONDS

THE RUN

By T.O.2. E. G. Lord

The CCY and V/S Staff
Ashore one day did sail
Formation 1 through Levan's Gate
And to the Avondale.

They stayed a moment in this pub
And had a wet or two
Then out they went in Format 3
Turning Whiskey 2.

The Chief was flying Golf close up
And number nine was Ern
And while they did a speed increase
The Chief hauled up 9 Turn.

On completion of this move
He made a general alteration
Then hoisted Mike, pulled up his socks
And made an Alfa Station.

His socks they kept on falling down
Just like Sir Walter Raleigh
He put his Golf down at the dip
And made Lima 1 Charlie.

The Squadron they were happy
And feeling far from blue
The Yeoman then pulled out his fags
And Chief made Juliet Zulu.

In Format 2 down Union Street
The natives watched the sport
Chief thought he would impress them
With a Formation Foxtrot Port.

Up to the Ranch-House, on they sped
It really was a joke
Chief thought that he would fool them all
And re-oriented by Coke.

The beer, meanwhile, was going down
And the Staff began to twitter
Chief then made Alfa Alfa Tack
I'm Desig drinking bitter.

CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS PRIZEWINNERS

Feature ... R.S. D. R. HANSON—
R.A.T.T. Ship-Shore—
Page 117

Cartoon ... L.R.O. RYCROFT Page 129

Editorial Note No Photographic Prize
was Awarded.

See Page 176 for Easter Competitions.

Chief thought that they were doing well
And none had yet been caught
But when he hoisted Corpen 9
Several turned to Port.

They landed up upon the Hoe
This scaly, motley shower
And acted independently
To get round Smeaton Tower.

Sierra speed is twenty
The Chief, he then made known
And hoisted Victor Uniform
As he was on his own.

He badly needed all his lads
His Staff so gay and frisky
He thought that he would find them
Kilo Victor 19 Whiskey.

They laid him down in Stonehouse
For the Doc's examination
And all the time he wondered why
He'd left his proper Station.

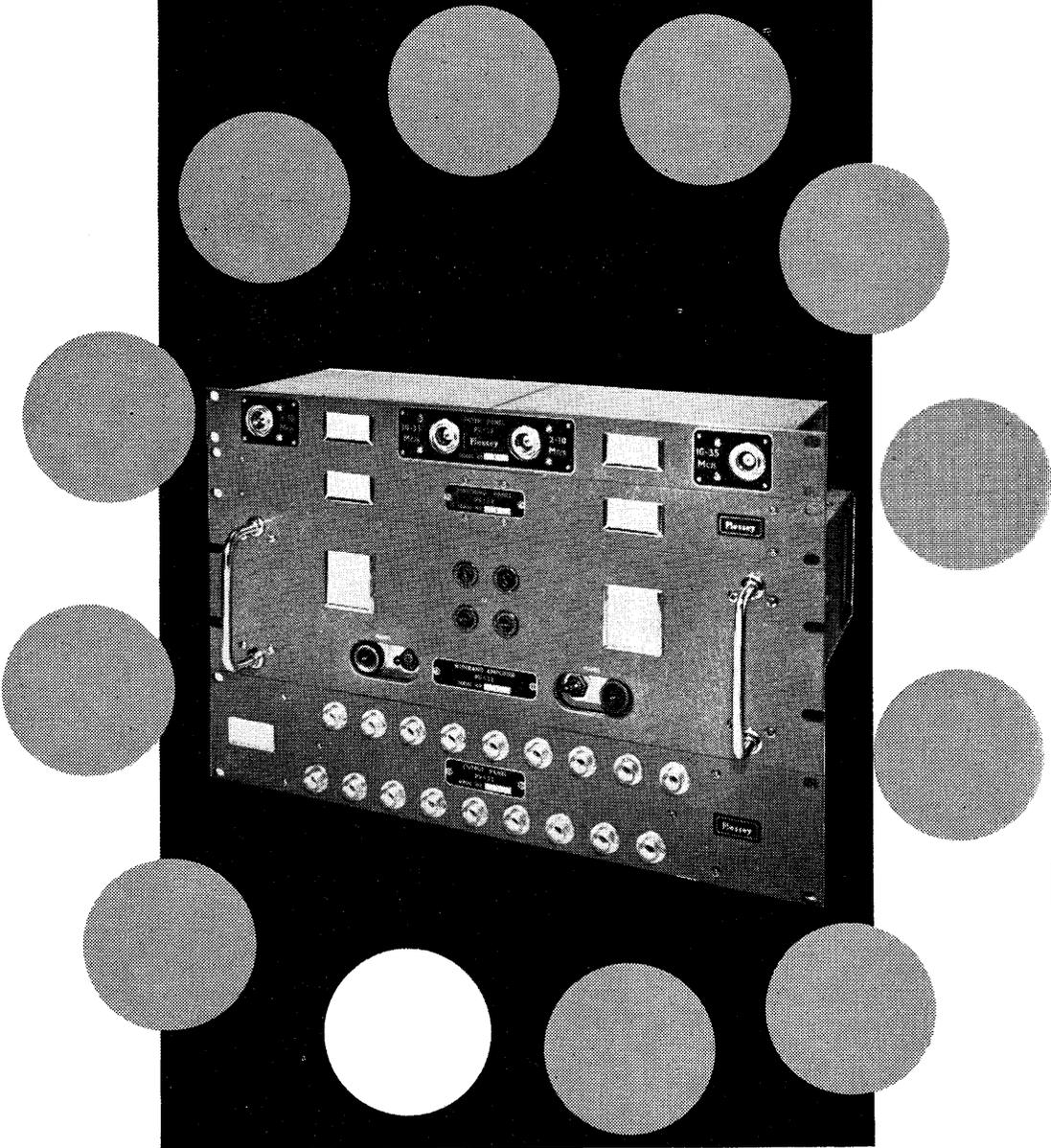
They certified the Chief Yeo mad
And out he had to go
He was cursing loud and long
The Staff he used to know.

That's the finish of my story
They all enjoyed the trip
We'll say Bravo November
And leave Formation at the dip.



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H.M.S. GANGES

By R.S. Snow



This Term we have seen vast changes take shape. Though there are still twelve divisions in *Ganges*, we have now been divided into three Squadrons, namely Seaman, Technical and Communications. The advantages of this are numerous, because not only are we all grouped together as one big family, but the Squadron Commander is none other than the S.C.O. himself. Any problems which arise, either domestically or technically, can be ironed out in a matter of minutes.

Each squadron is allocated a number of Seamen and Gunnery Instructors, so now everyone can say he is really teaching his own subject. So, for the old *Ganges* instructors of the past, we have now put away our best G.I. voices and the anxious moments of Parade Instruction and leave it entirely to our Squadron G.I.'s.

The new system (one of the main reasons for which is to give the junior some spare time and a chance to learn how to use it before he goes to sea), is still on trial, but speaking for most of the Communicators it is a great improvement, both instructionally and from the personal point of view, and we hope it is here to stay.

Before we went on summer leave we had had one of the busiest Terms on record, mainly because, apart from the average daily programme, we were to be visited by Her Majesty The Queen on 21st July. It is fair to say everyone from a J.R.O. to the S.C.O. was in some way involved in preparing to make the day a success. Hours of practice were put into training for the Parade which took place on the sports fields, where, as many will know, it is not at all easy to march correctly on grass.

The day the Queen arrived (having disembarked from *Britannia*) was glorious. After inspecting the Royal guard and taking the march past she went on a tour of the Establishment, which included a visit to the Signal School to see classes under instruction. Her visit was rounded off by the spectacular Mast Manning Display and her route out of *Ganges* was lined by all the Juniors in *Ganges*, cheering her on her way.

R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

By Ldg. Wren & A. Chestnovich

Does anyone want a cushy draft? If rain and gales are to your liking, then Abbotsinch is the place for you; situated one mile from Paisley and ten miles from Glasgow.

There may be some of you who have heard of us, but think we are out of circulation—believe us—we are still here.

Our communications staff consists of one L.R.O., just back from protecting those penguins, one bombed-out P.O. Wren, one hostile killick and six pretty Wrens, who, as well as running an efficient M.S.O. with a novel distribution system, also keep in touch with the station test pilots on ground/air circuits and our friends at sea on Ship/N.A.S.

The main centre of activity is not the M.S.O. as you may think, but the Sanderling Club, where you can drink to the heart's content or jive until the duty P.O. (one of the many gash F.A.A. bodies we have here) throws you out.

We have regular fancy dress dances, Beatnik and Tramps balls—our star attraction being our own guitar-strumming "Voodoos", of whom we are extremely proud. So if any of our seagoing compatriots find themselves at a loose end in Scotland—don't hesitate to look us up. Some say "Good old Abbots"—while others tell the truth.

A ring on the blower from our switch-op neighbours tells us the kettle is boiling, so it's "Awa' the noo" from the haggis-eating inhabitants of Abbotsinch.

THE MEDWAY COMMAND

How can one get used to seeing all the various aspects of modern communications being performed by ex-Service personnel out of uniform (many of them ex-Communicators) as in this Command? Apart from an S.C.O. and an Assistant S.C.O. (C.R.S.) the only communication personnel who can be located are employed in the business of nursing back to operational state the many types of warships.

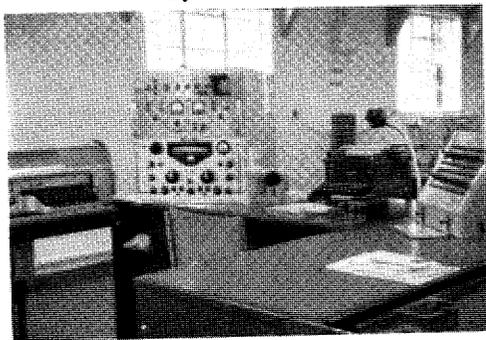
However, there is much communication activity here. The Medway Command is very much a going concern with communications playing their part in maintaining the comings and goings of the ships in the Medway, in ensuring that the dockyard organisation functions in the most effective manner and in channelling information and directives to and from Flag Officer Medway and A.S. Chatham. Here, at Chatham, the essence of good communications is achieved by the reduction of signals which would normally be sent by one of the various methods available and making maximum use of the new and highly successful command-wide courier service for almost all traffic. Where this courier service does not suffice, other methods are used. It is a rare occasion, indeed, to use a telephone for signal traffic; that particular medium is used only for the personal touch. Afloat, all communications are by Voice Nets

as the personnel manning the nets ashore in the Central Signal Office are not versed in the Morse Code. Our "eyes" are no longer Garrison Point S.S. at Sheerness but are now the Medway Conservancy Port Operations Centre, Sheerness, which works very closely with us. The hub of communications is at the Central Signal Office within the Admiral's Offices in H.M. Dockyard.

This is our first article from the new command, and as can be visualised, most of our time is spent in establishing ourselves. In closing we would like to mention that in a few days time we hope to exhibit, and floodlight after sunset, Lord Nelson's famous signal. It may remind people that this is the actual port where H.M.S. *Victory* was launched in 1765.

BURNHAM RADIO

By R.S. Harries



Burnham W/T — R.A.T.T. Ship Shore Bay

The length of time spent here tends to vary considerably. However long one remains the experience gained is invaluable. It enables one to assess the operating ability of the ships of the Fleet and at the same time to improve oneself in both R.N. and commercial work. For those who like W/T operating, and in particular communicating with foreign Merchantmen, this is the ideal place.

Although the naval staff have to maintain a standard on par with the experienced civilian operators who have spent many years at this station (usually about 12 years tour of duty), naval operators have proved their worth admirably. The friendship and liaison between ourselves and the civilians is very good indeed.

Communicators who expect, or hope, to be drafted here can greatly assist themselves if they write to the Officer-in-Charge as early as possible before arrival, letting him know whether single or married, and if married, whether it is intended to bring a family here. On receipt of this information every endeavour will be made to find suitable accommodation, though please beware, as accommodation is generally difficult to find.

New arrivals will find "off watch" life at Burnham pleasant, if not wildly exciting. Burnham is a small seaside resort situated in very agreeable surroundings and the inhabitants are extremely amiable, especially

the ladies. There is an excellent evening school which offers a wide variety of academic and technical courses attended by many of our staff. Skittling is extremely popular. Amateur dramatics enjoy a healthy following in Burnham, as do the various sporting activities. The flat countryside around is ideal for cyclists, so tune up your machine and physique before arrival.

At present the soccer team (supported by civilians and sailors) is still going strong. Despite the handicap of not having our own ground we manage to get a game each week. Although we sometimes experience difficulty in raising a team, owing to watchkeeping commitments, the interest is so strong these hazards are soon overcome.

The R.A.T.T. series "A" working is now firmly established and part of our way of life. It does appear, however, that fitted ships are still having teething troubles and for reasons unknown are rather wary of the system. I would emphasise that we would like ships to take advantage of R.A.T.T. ship-shore as much as possible so that it can become a smoothly run facility both from the ship and shore aspect. This system definitely increases the speed of communications at Burnham and at the Tape Relay Centre, providing message layout is processed correctly!

Some readers may be interested in the RACAL receiver which has been installed here. It has been in the Service for some time now and it is considered to be one of the most efficient ship/shore receivers. The set makes use of a the harmonic spectrum of a single crystal to cover a range 500 Kcs. to 30 Mcs (without any gaps), also without any waveband switching. The received signal, when amplified, is mixed with a variable oscillator covering 40.5 Mcs. to 69.5 Mcs. in a single range to produce an input to the first I.F.A. of 40 Mcs. This I.F.A. has a bandwidth of 1.3 Mcs. The Megacycle scale is adjusted to the required Mcs. by a separate control, then the Kilocycle horizontal scale (which gives, over the whole range, an effective scale length of 145 feet) is set up, providing an accuracy of 200 cycles. Any frequency drift is cancelled out in the third mixer, therefore the tuning scale is not critical. By using an unusually high 1st I.F. and a low pass filter passing 0 to 30 Mcs. in the R.F. amplifier, conventional tuned R.F. circuits have been dispensed with. The set can be calibrated by a 100 Kc. crystal. Ideal for tuning out unwanted stations, 100 Kcs. spreads across 7 inches of the tuning scale. This receiver is admirably suited for R.A.T.T. reception.

On that technical note I say "Farewell", and hope those QTCs, ZBOs and QJB4s keep rolling in.

* * *

Shore 'phone rings in main exchange:

Operator (R.O.3): "*Victorious*, Good morning."

Voice: "This is the Chief of Staff to C.-in-C. here, I wish to speak to the Captain."

Operator: "You'll have to 'ang on a bit Chief, the Captain's busy."

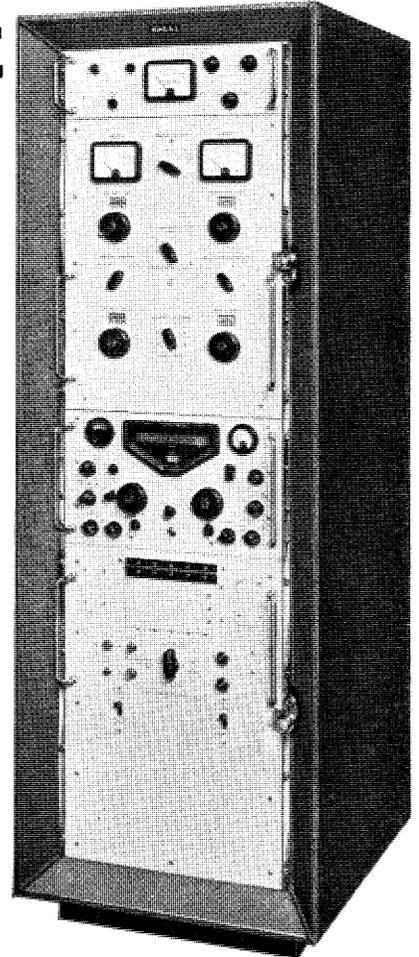
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RE/71/A20

H.M.S. NORTHWOOD

H.Q. Reserve Unit of CINCEASTLANT

Since our last bulletin we have survived the rigours of three watches during Exercise 'Jackpot' and A.C.R.'s Inspection. Both were brought to a successful conclusion and now we have settled down to our normal evening training.

Social activities have progressed with a barbecue and the opening of the "Gorgon's Head", our *OWN* new bar. The name is derived from a grotesque mask which was presented to the Unit, and now holding pride of place behind the bar. We think the last owners were pleased to dispose of it, as its effect on even the most hardened "bar proppers" has something in common with the original.

We are still below numbers in the Communication department, so if any of you are leaving the Service to reside in Middlesex, or know of any civilians who are interested, we would be pleased to hear from you.

R.A.F.C.

RATT MET. BROADCASTS FOR CIVIL AIRCRAFT

The ever increasing load of radio traffic on the world's air lanes has led to an urgent requirement for some relief, particularly on the congested North Atlantic routes. Examination of the traffic carried on the various existing channels suggested that transferring meteorological messages to a separate communications link could mean considerable improvement in the situation. However, such a link, if it were not to increase unduly the task of aircrew, would have to be, if possible, automatic and at the same time be able to cover adequately the whole area overflown by transatlantic aircraft.

Met. information lends itself readily to this sort of link, since it is already exchanged on teleprinter networks between all civil airfields of importance on both sides of the Atlantic. Preliminary tests on ground-air teleprinter links were carried out by Trans-Canada airlines as far back as 1952. Since then extensive trials have been carried out, notably by BOAC on the North Atlantic routes using various designs of receiver and teleprinter.

At present the system consists of two broadcasting stations, one at Galdenoch, near Prestwick in Scotland, operated by the Ministry of Aviation, and the other at Chatham, New Brunswick, in Canada. These stations use F.S.K. transmissions at 45.5 bauds using frequency shifts of 40-60 c/s. Both transmitters are of 10 Kw. nominal rating but as the system is still doing trials, they are operating at 1.5 Kw. (Galdenoch) and 2 Kw. (Chatham) only.

Between them they provide a complete 24-hour coverage of the North Atlantic routes, Galdenoch radiating on 121.6 Kc/s and Chatham on 118.8 Kc/s. The broadcast content is at present "Met" information and periodic test messages. Galdenoch transmits Aeros (current weather) and Tafs (forecasts

valid for 9 hours) for fifteen major European airports and the speed of operation enables the information on all these to be transmitted in 10-minute cycles. Thus revised information can be placed on the broadcast almost as soon as it becomes available over the inland teleprinter network. Messages from Galdenoch are passed in a (fairly) self-evident code, whilst the Canadian Station uses an American symbolic code. At present the links are not heavily loaded and numerous proposals have been made concerning other information suitable for placing on them. This might include, for example, predicted optimum HF frequencies over the routes used.

The equipment in the aircraft consists of a Marconi 4-channel crystal controlled receiver weighing 9 lb. and fully transistorised. The teleprinter, a Creed model 75, weight 35 lb., has required only very slight modification for fitting in aircraft.

The advantages of the system have been quickly appreciated by aircrew, who reckon that as much as an hour's work on the journey from London to New York is saved by not having to write down Met. messages. This can be equated to a 65% reduction in 'time on the air' on HF or VHF for this journey. In addition, up-to-date Met. information, instantly available for a number of airfields, makes decisions concerning diversion airfields much easier. This is of course vitally important with high-speed turbo-jet aircraft.

The Galdenoch broadcast has been monitored on a standard RATT bay in *Mercury* and received ZBZ 5. The airfields covered by the Galdenoch Aeros and Tafs are shown below. This information might on occasion be useful for carriers in the vicinity of the coastal airfields—and who knows? You might fit in a week-end in Paris, if the weather at Le Bourget or Orly permits.

* * * *

Cologne/Bonn, Gatwick, Geneva, Hurn, Keflavik, Le Bourget, Lisbon, London, Lyons, Manchester, Marseilles, Orly, Prestwick, Shannon, Zurich.

INSTRUCTORS' HEARTBREAK CORNER

Q. What is a Rent Report?

A. A Rent is a three cornered tear in a piece of bunting.

H.M.S. *Trafalgar*.

* * *

Q. What is the meaning of "Air Raid Warning Red"?

A. Aircraft coming in on the port side.

H.M.S. *Centaur*.

* * *

A certain R.O. 99 was told to take a type 615 to the bridge. He arrived there complete with P.O.T.S.'s gasmask.

H.M.S. *Bermuda*.



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ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

By the time that this article appears in print the first Annual General Meeting of the R.N.A.R.S. will have been held, and we shall be well into our second year.

The great majority of those due to renew their subscriptions have already done so, and this assurance of continued support is particularly gratifying and encouraging to committee members and all those concerned with the running of the Society. We look forward to steady progress in 1962, with a continued increase in membership.

Once again, however, we would appeal for further support in the form of newsy and interesting items for inclusion in this section of the Magazine. Little material has reached the committee so far, and we urgently need a great deal more. Please send in your contributions, at any time, either to the Editor or the R.N.A.R.S. Secretary. The earlier the better, and Christmas is not too soon for the Easter edition.

Mr. G. H. Tagg (G8IX), our first Chairman and a founder member, has now voluntarily and reluctantly surrendered his place on the committee. We owe him a great deal for his loyal leadership in the difficult first year. A very special "thank you" to George for his fine example. How many of us would regularly travel 150 miles to attend meetings? Our thanks also to R.S. F. Moore for his work as Secretary, and a welcome to C.R.S. K. Taylor who has taken on the job of managing the "shack".

PERSONALITY PIECE

C.R.S. K. Taylor, Station Manager—G3BZU



Kenneth E. Taylor of Waterlooville, Hants, owner of callsign G3LME, first became interested at the age of 13 when his father bought a new radio which covered the "ham" bands.

From that day on another S.W.L. was born. Schooldays were devoted to experimenting and construction of anything that required a few wires

and valves. The last job completed before joining the R.N. in 1939 was the design and construction of an electric hawaiian guitar for a local dance band (sorry to disappoint the young moderns who think it is a new gimmick).

War held up amateur activities but interest returned, working with Australian amateurs, while serving in Japan after the war.

Ken Taylor was one of the three operators using G3AAT/OX, a call in great demand, while with the British North Greenland Expedition (1952-54).

In 1957 on returning to *Mercury* and greatly assisted by R.S.(S.) Stoot a start was made on reopening G3BZU on a permanent basis. Twelve months later the present site of the R.N.A.R.S. headquarter station was on the air, using Ken Taylor's own equipment.

At present work at G3LME consists of modernising the Rx and building a 25-watt Tx. Main interests over the last ten years have been in propagation and aerials on which a lot of research was carried out in Greenland.

HOW TO BECOME A RADIO AMATEUR

At G3BZU we have recently had several enquiries from would-be amateurs asking how they should set about obtaining a sound licence. In this item I hope to outline clearly the required procedure.

Successful applicants must be British subjects, over the age of 14 years, who have passed the Radio Amateur Examination and the Post Office Morse Test.

The G.P.O. advise that it is better to take the Radio Amateur Examination before the morse test, otherwise, even if you are initially successful in the morse test but do not manage to pass the amateur exam. within 12 months, you will be required to take the morse test again. Regardless of time interval, however, a pass in the amateur exam. holds good.

The Radio Amateur Examination is conducted in the spring and autumn of each year (usually in May and November) by the City and Guilds of London Institute, 76 Portland Place, London, W.1, from which full details and specimen question papers may be obtained at a cost of 3/- post free. This is a three-hour paper covering elementary radio theory, knowledge of transmitting techniques, and knowledge of operating procedures appropriate to an amateur.

The Post Office Morse Tests are held in London, and at various G.P.O. centres throughout the country, as close as possible to dates requested by the applicant. No exemption (in respect of Service qualifications, etc.) is allowed and the standard is, broadly speaking, the ability to send and receive accurately 12 w.p.m. for P/L and 7 groups per minute for figures.

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Further details may be obtained free on application to:—

Radio Services Department,
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London, E.C.1.

AMATEUR RADIO STATION G3IPV/MA/MM

An Amateur Radio Station maritime mobile licence was obtained early in 1960 by R.S. Haylett to carry out a private practical study of radio propagation at 28 Mcs.

The first contact was made on 28th May 1960, with G3NOH in Gosport and the final contact of the commission was made with LU5IF in the Argentine on 9th September 1961.

During the first contact it was found that transmissions on 28 Mcs. were causing interference to radar equipment, but after resiting the aerial to the Port Quarter this trouble was overcome.

The new site was not ideal, as it restricted directions in which stations could be contacted, but it did result in improved reception by complete freedom from radar interference, and much less break-through from ships' transmitters. The transmitter was normally operated at 150 watts into a quarter wave ground plane aerial. C.W. and N.B.F.M. was mostly used for contacts and occasionally A.M.

In all, 320 Amateur Radio Stations were contacted in 73 different countries, and up to date 227 QSL cards have been received.

On a visit to the Far East personal visits were made to the QTH's of ZB21 Gibraltar, VS9APH Aden, VS6EC Hong Kong and in Singapore Mike Mathews, G3JFF, *Cook*, took G3IPV on a visit to many of his ham friends on the island.

G3IPV has now been promoted to C.R.S. and moved to G3BZU, so no longer will "CQ TEN" be heard by the owners of transistor portables in *Hermes*.

R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

The past year has seen the usual turn round of staff, the most notable being the departures of Lt. Wooley to Staff Course and C.R.S. Catlow to Civvy Street. In their places we welcome two *Mercury* stanchions—Lt.-Cdr. Coomber and C.R.S. Locke.

The year out here has passed quietly, thanks to Their Lordships finding other seas deep enough to accommodate aircraft carriers. However, the Indian Navy, on discovering the Mediterranean Sea empty, promptly filled it with I.N.S. *Vikrant*. We would like to say how high a communication standard *Vikrant* set, and it has been a pleasure to work with her.

We have been hearing growls from the Fleet because, having converted to U.H.F., they have arrived to work up in the Med. and found the F.R.U. aircraft still V.H.F. We are happy to announce that from January 1962 Hal Far and its squadrons will provide the Fleet with U.H.F. services. This will no doubt bring many sighs of relief, as well as some crossed fingers.

This month sees the end of the Observers' School as a separate communications commitment. It is now looked after by the station communicators, increased by two L.R.O.s. This has cost us C.R.S. Edge and R.S. Gemmel, to whom we send felicitations.

In the recreational field the limelight has been stolen by Wren J. Brown, who has excelled in swimming and lifesaving competitions throughout the summer.



"Young Pots with Old Pots"

R.S. Collinson was a member of the Medfoba Diving team, which made an important discovery of a Roman ship off the island of Gozo. This turned out to be one of the most exciting archaeological discoveries of recent years in Malta, and excited many antiquarians throughout the Mediterranean. (Our S.C.O. is not among them!)

An unusual, but useful, job being done by a Communicator at Hal Far is running the ship's band, by Lt. Reubens, the S.C.A. He is doing a fine job of building up one of the better bands on the island.

Many complaints have been received recently from our Wrens concerning the narrowness of the chairs in the M.S.O. The answer to this is that a Saddle Club has been formed at Hal Far and the hobby of horse riding is SPREADING.

It seems that at last the Fleet have discovered the joys of *Falcon* and Birzebuggia night life. Is this due to the discovery of Wrens living nearby at Kalafrana? *Lion* and *Tiger* have set the example by spending several weekends in MX with us. This has led to Hal Far being a busy signal station over the weekend instead of enjoying the usual weekend break. If you plan to anchor at MX, watch out for flashing from our 10° S.P. on the

IN MALTA WHEN THE CALL IS
'DOWN THE HATCH'

CALL FOR
FARSONS

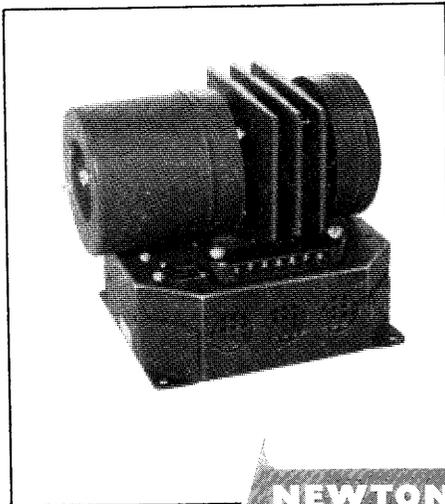


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Control Tower. Visitors are always welcome and we were recently particularly pleased to see here the Captain (designate) of *Devonshire*, who brought a welcome breath of fresh Hampshire air to us.

MALTA COMCEN

By R.S. R. W. Lawes

The comings and goings of Comcen Staff these last few months have been far too numerous to name everyone, however one must, of course, name a worthy few. To Lieut. and Mrs. Sergeant (ex F.C.A. —ex A./P.C.O.—in descending order) our belated congratulations. To Commander (ex F.C.O.) and Mrs. Woolcombe our best wishes for the future. To Commander (F.C.O.) and Mrs. Shattock, welcome and congratulations. To Lieut. (F.C.A. and Flags to F.O.M.) Salwey and Third Officer Menzies (A./P.C.O.) welcome. To Third Officer Horsey (ex W.R.N.S. D.O.) our best wishes for the future—and dare we predict wedding bells for mid-January? To Lieut. (ex P.C.O.) and Mrs. Shutt best wishes for the future—may the Medway prove more peaceful than Malta. To Lieut. and Mrs. Enders, who have had a mess change—Lieut. Enders now acting in the dual capacity of P.C.O. and Male Ratings Divisional Officer—welcome.

Other reliefs have been C.R.S. Camp for C.R.S. Trotter (C.R.S. Reg.), C.C.Y. Soden for C.Y. Cherriman, C.Y. Hayles for C.Y. (Skirs) Ramson, R.S. James for R.S. Tomms, R.S. Cauty for R.S. Nicholson, R.S. Emmett for R.S. Ireland, R.S. Overson for R.S. Wilmshurst, R.S. Herrod for R.S. Williamson, R.S. Greenaway (since rated C.R.S.) for R.S. Watkins, R.S. Bridger for R.S. Melton. R.S.s Smith and McDonald went without relief. There have been several local drafts, from C.-in-C's afloat staff to Comcen, namely C.Y. Vey (since rated C.C.Y.) for C.C.Y. Satterly, C.Y. Pearce and C.Y. Burton.

As for work, 'Medflex Invicta,' our N.A.T.O. Spring exercise, was very disappointing, or otherwise, depending on one's outlook; the anticipated traffic not materialising. For the more recent 'Fallex 61', a series of N.A.T.O.-wide exercises, we were supplemented by a number of R.N.R. officers and ratings from U.K., together with a number of other ratings filched from local sources. To those R.N.R.s who read these notes may we thank you for your keenness and forbearance, for your help and tolerance, and may we hope (the Exchequer willing) that we may see you again in future exercises.

From the sporting world: the cricket season was quite successful. Of 16 games played, we won 10 and lost 6. To "Taff" Watkins goes our sympathy. Owing to a scorer's error the Comcen declared, believing he had his "ton up" only to find on checking it was only 99 N.O. Sorry "Taff".

"WRENS"

by Chief Wren Conway

Comes the Cry—We need Wrens
On occasions such as this
Mines of info—of wot's gone on
Marriages you could not miss!
Useless to argue Cupid calls
Now Wrens Lochrie, Bunce and Leafe
Instead a trio of Lady Wives
Coping but not with the Chief.
A number too have U.K. wise gone
There's L. Wrens Beeson, Grundy Lisle
Indeed the four who own way made (Wrens
Harrison, Washington, Bigmore, Bourne)
Overland in style (Italy, Germany, France,
Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, etc., etc.)
Now it's P.O. Wren Garrod's day
Saying "Farewell and it's been FUN!!

Love to all I leave behind
And may I take the Sun?"
Departure sad for those who stay
I'm glad to end this rhyme
"Exercises we're giving UP"
(Still it helps to pass the time.)

CEYLON WEST W/T

By R.S. Day

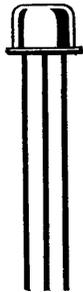
This article is the last from Ceylon West W/T. A resumé of events on the station for the last 18 years would require much more space than the Editor could spare. The number of commercial telegrams handled by this station must run into millions, and naval traffic untold thousands.

The major change in organisation, which took place in 1958, was, of course, the closure of Trincomalee. All British Service personnel were withdrawn from Ceylon, apart from 150 Communicators, left at Ceylon West W/T in splendid isolation.

On reflection, it is perhaps fitting that in the last stages of its life, Ceylon West W/T should have been involved in an upheaval, remembering that it came into being during a major one. As it happened, at about the time Kuwait blew up, the V.R. broadcast had been ordered for a few days' trial and twelve Mauritian operators had arrived for training purposes. The trouble in the Gulf resulted in V.R. being activated operationally for a period of ten weeks and the Mauritians were kept busy. They acquitted themselves well, and were a life-saver as far as operators were concerned. Eventually, as the crisis eased, so the number of ships on Ceylon West's routing board became less,

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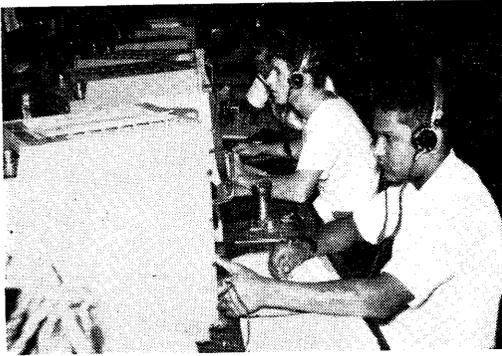


'Transistors', a new colour film produced by Mullard, deals with the principles, development and production of these electronic devices. Running 25 mins., this 16 mm. film is one of a series on electronics produced by Mullard and available on free loan.



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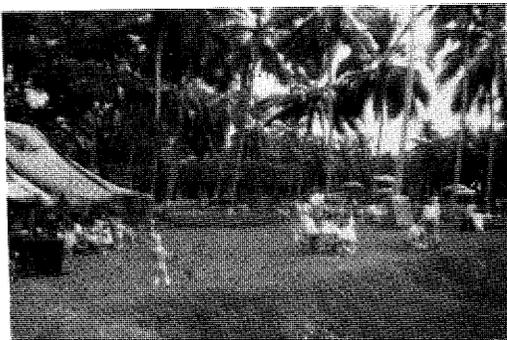
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**Ship-Shore Room—R.L. Rawatlea
from Mauritius learning the trade**

from most of the seagoing fleet, down to a mere half dozen or so. On 8th September the name *Victorious*, who had done a magnificent job as main communications link under very trying conditions, was rubbed off, and those on watch had a little ceremony to mark the occasion. And so, with the passing of *Victorious* to F.R.s, V.R.s closed down, and Ceylon reverted to normal, and thoughts turned to the Christmas rush, when Ceylon will have its final fling.

Meanwhile, life outside the station proceeded as planned. August Bank Holiday Monday provided a welcome break from duty, for the first of the long awaited Go-Kart race meetings was held. A marquee tent was borrowed from the R.Cy.A.F. at Katunayake and the forenoon was spent erecting the beast. Anyone who has had anything to do with erecting marquee tents will know it is not just a matter of "heave together lads" and up she goes. The track was carefully marked to warn drivers of the course over the football pitch, and also of the worst parts of the track. Although much work had gone into the drainage problem, there still was one bend which was exceptionally soggy. As it turned out, however, sand drift gave more trouble than rain. After each race, drivers hurriedly gave their team mates the latest information on the best way of missing the



Sports Day

bad patches. In places the drifts completely defeated the small wheels of the Karts.

In similar vein, *Highflyer* Sports Day was held on Saturday, 14th October. A first-class turnout, very well supported, and, as with the Go-Kart meeting, nicely rounded off with a dance in the canteen. Continuing on the sporting line, this year the soccer players at Ceylon West were determined to bring home the Inter Services Cup and not to be just runners-up as in previous years. To this end the assistance of the Combined Services coach, who coached India in the 1956 Olympics, was requested. This resulted in the soccer team diligently turning out each morning at 6 a.m. for physical training, but in spite of this Ceylon West were runners-up again. Five of the team were picked for "The Rest" to play the Ceylon Army, the cup winners. The game versus the Ceylon Air Force in this series is particularly worthy of mention. The result, a win 2-1, was described by the local press next day as David v. Goliath. L.R.O. Lucas and R.O.2 Ward did well, Ward continuing to play after injury.

In Ceylon, the journey from home to duty is sometimes delayed by the most unusual things. More than once the R.A.'s all night watch coach has had to creep by, or stop altogether, to let a religious procession go by and the "members" thereby watched, at times, some amazing spectacles. The best to date being eight flaming torches whirled and twirled to the frenzied beating of drums. For five minutes or so the performer gave a first-class exhibition of skilful timing and masterful control.

On another occasion the procession had a small lad who, however, only had two torches to "play" with. There was some compensation, however, in the elephants, fire dancers and statues of Buddha which accompanied him. All this, mark you, on the main Colombo-Negombo road. Life in Ceylon has its unexpected and colourful side.

In conclusion, a word about Mauritius and the transfer. The first move should take place soon after Christmas, and personnel transferring are looking forward to it. In passing, it is a thought that there will be many who will miss GZP in the air, not least, some hundreds of Radio Officers on the many Merchantmen who pass this way.

A Happy New Year and welcome to the air, GZC. We wish you as many successful years as GZP has enjoyed.

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FORT SOUTHWICK PORTSMOUTH W/T STATION AND TAPE RELAY

Fort Southwick is one of a line of forts built to protect Portsmouth from attack by the French. It is believed that the construction of the forts started in 1824, using French prisoners of war to build them. The British thought that Portsmouth was impregnable from attack by sea, but feared a landing on the flank and subsequent attack from landward. The forts therefore face North towards the land. The completion date was around 1860 on orders from Palmerston, and so the forts were known as Palmerston's Follies.

In 1942 the underground Headquarters was excavated by Welsh miners of the Pioneer Corps, who were quartered at Fort Southwick. The Headquarters was then used by the Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth and not, as is sometimes thought, by the Allied Naval Commander, Expeditionary Force, who had his Headquarters in Southwick House, in *Dryad*. After the war, the Upper Fort was used by the Signal School and the underground Headquarters fell into a state of neglect. In 1949, the centre part was reclaimed, and during the Suez crisis money was found to make the whole place operational. It is now the wartime Area Headquarters of the Allied Commander-in-Chief Channel and C.-in-C. Home Station (Desig.), and is administered by *Dryad*.

Since June 1960 the Comcen in the Headquarters has been in everyday use. Portsmouth Minor Tape Relay Centre, the D.T.N. switchboard and Portsmouth W/T are situated in the Headquarters, while the signal distribution, general message office and other communication functions are in the Channel Offices in Portsmouth Dockyard. Signal connection between the Channel Offices and Fort Southwick is by direct teleprinter line. The normal communications staff at Fort Southwick consists of Wrens(M.) lady civilian T/P operators and R.N. personnel, all working together in great harmony. The watch-keeping system for uniformed personnel is a variation of "48 about", a "48 on" consisting of an eight-hour afternoon, a four-hour forenoon and a twelve-hour night watch, followed by fifty-two hours off. As can be imagined, this system is very popular, especially with the natives. R.N. ratings are accommodated in *Dryad* and Wrens in the Duchess of Kent barracks.

During major exercises Fort Southwick is commissioned, and the permanent communication staff is augmented by personnel from active service resources, R.N.R. and the Headquarters Reserve. All requiring accommodation are afforded this facility in the Upper Fort. Although the Headquarters layout is probably admirable in a Welsh coal mine, it is not the best design for a Comcen, as all signals have to be walked from office to office within the Comcen. A watertight system of office numbers is

therefore considered essential to prevent loss of signals. However, distribution outside the Comcen to the main Operational offices and plots is very modern, being carried out by teleprinter broadcast, known as "Teledis". This is the greatest advance in signal distribution since the Ormig machine took over from the jelly pad, especially in a Tape relay, where a tape is automatically manufactured as the signal is received.

In conclusion, may we extend a welcome to all Communication officers and ratings who may wish to visit the Headquarters. Ring Portsmouth Dockyard 5697 and make a date, for it is impossible to get in without a pass.

RESERVE WRENS MAKE HISTORY

By Second Officer H. J. McCormack, W.R.N.R.

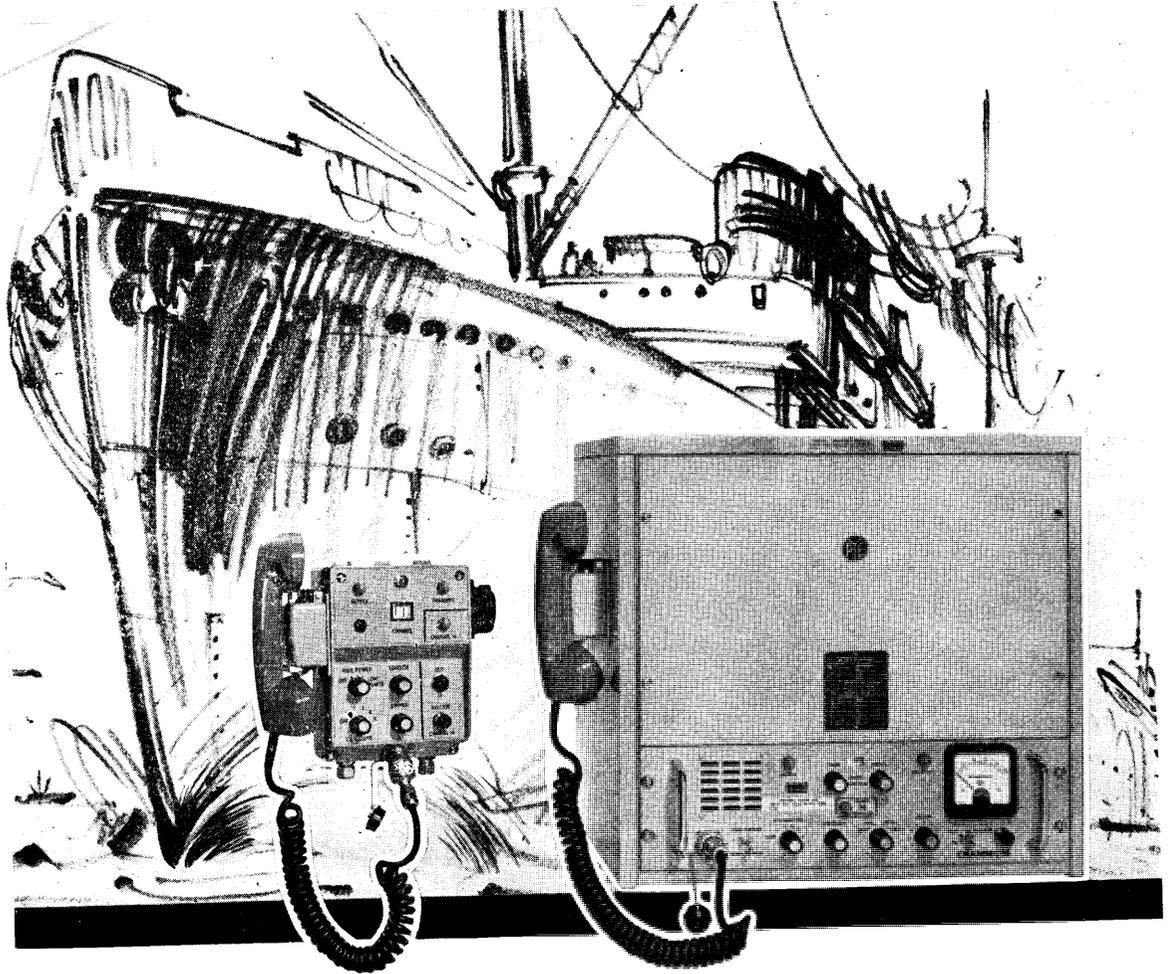
Friday, the 26th May, dawned bright and sunny, much to the relief of six W.R.N.R. Officers and fourteen Wrens from Headquarters Reserve, Portsmouth, and Solent Division, R.N.R., for we were about to make history by embarking in the R.N.R. Minesweeper *Warsash*, for a trip across the Channel to Cherbourg.

As soon as we found our "sea-legs" we were given watch-keeping duties—carried out with varying degrees of skill. (I should hate to repeat the Captain's comment when he looked astern and noticed some remarkable deviations from our course)—but there was no lack of enthusiasm. During the last part of the journey *Warsash* wallowed about in a most ungainly fashion and when we made the Port it was wet and windy. However, it would take more than the weather to damp Reservists' spirits and we cheerfully disembarked and clambered aboard a naval bus, waiting to take us to our shore accommodation.

Early next morning we were taken to see the Musée de la Liberation. The Port of Cherbourg is dominated by a craggy rock pinnacle, La Montagne du Roule, and on top perches a bastion in which French sailors stoutly held out against the Germans in the War, until June 19th, 1940. Almost four years afterwards the Americans recaptured the town, whose centre, docks and harbour were damaged beyond recognition. Today, Fort du Roule houses the Musée de la Liberation. Here we saw details of the invasion, the naval part of which was directed from Fort Southwick, Portsmouth, the very place in which we train each week.

After lunch a very brave party bumped sixty miles along the Voie de la Liberté in a spartan-like naval bus with hard wooden seats and no springs. The sun was glorious and the rolling wooden countryside strongly reminiscent of many of our Cornish villages—even the nettles had the same sting!

Signposts indicated assault beaches like Omaha and Utah, and every kilometre is marked by a



28 CHANNEL F. M.

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stone memorial to the men who had to fight every step of the way. The whole party felt their pilgrimage was well worth while as they entered the now sleepy little seaside resort of Arromanches, its beach still sheltered from the Channel gales by the semi-circles of Mulberry Harbours.

In the evening most of the Wrens and ratings gaily "tripped the light fantastic" . . . the French Navy had organised not one, but several dances in their honour!

Sunday arrived all too soon and the bus speedily transported us to the quayside, where we said au revoir to our charming French Liaison Officer and Interpreter, who had both done so much to encourage international good fellowship and make our visit so memorable and interesting.

HONG KONG

By C.C.Y. C. P. Lampard

The main topic of interest to R.N. personnel is the progress of the new *Tamar* which it is hoped to occupy early in 1962. Somewhat like the Phoenix of legend it is rising, if not exactly from the ashes, then certainly from the rubble of the old Dockyard, and the number of memos, chits, minutes, etc., etc., regarding the transfer from the old to the new *Tamar* grows with it. They should all come in handy for a large celebration bonfire on the banks of the new swimming pool at the appropriate time. Our own particular niche will be on the ground floor with a very nice view of the garage wall next door. The main wonder at the moment is whether or not we shall have long enough halyards to reach from outside the M.S.O. window to the Mast five stories up, wherewith to hoist and lower the ensign.

The last few months have been somewhat repetitive, with the ladies of the typhoon force giving us some worrying moments when they have made forays in our direction (worrying of course only from the fact that the ferries may stop running and leave us on the "wrong" side of the harbour). By and large the damage done was negligible and the reservoirs were filled, so no one was seriously put out.

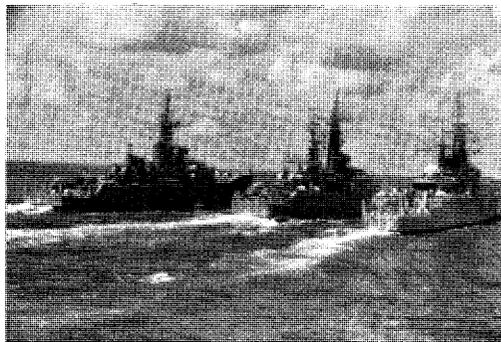
The cholera outbreak in August caused all the doctors to work overtime and everyone could have been inoculated within a few days. Actually about two of the three million locals took advantage of the service and there were only 129 confirmed cases with 15 deaths. None of these were Europeans. The colony now has been officially declared free of the disease. All the precautions taken seem to have paid big dividends, and the people concerned had real reason to be pleased with their efforts. One of the "Don'ts" during the outbreak was "Don't swim", and so when the swimming pool in the new *Tamar* was opened a few weeks ago it was a popular and most appreciated spot, complete with high and low boards, a N.A.A.F.I. shop, tables, chairs and large

and clean changing rooms. It really is a pleasant spot. There is a separate pool to cater for the youngsters.

For the edification of C.C.Y. Hilton, a few months ago there appeared in the local press, Hong Kong Marine Dept. Notice 26/61 which said that copies of Hydropacs, W.P.s, etc., etc., were available to all masters from the Marine Dept. Building. We in the M.S.O. felt a little aggrieved that it did not continue "By kind permission of Navy Signals". That certain C.C.Y. did not know what he was starting when he complained once that, "He'd had no Hydropacs lately"—back in 1960.

6th F.S.

At the time of writing the Sixth Frigate Squadron (*Yarmouth*, *Rocket*, *Blackpool*, *Llandaff*) is returning from the foreign leg of their Home/East of Suez General Service Commission. This has been an unusual commission (or has this sort of thing become normal?) because no two ships in the squadron are of the same class, though *Yarmouth* and *Blackpool* are close cousins. Also we have spent only three days in the whole two years with all ships of the squadron together at sea—and this is not for any lack of sea-time! The photograph was taken from *Yarmouth* on one of those days, approaching for a jackstay relay-race between ships. Note outfit L.L.F.F. atop *Llandaff's* foremast (a model of Llandaff Cathedral Spire).



The Far East Fleet nowadays seems to be permanently on exercises, though nobody had any complaints about a cruise to Japan, and Hong Kong is still as popular as ever. The mad rush to Kuwait provided a change of scene—and temperature—as well as an excuse later to visit Mombasa, though it deprived us of our run to Australia. *Llandaff* was so popular in the Middle East, though, that they decided to keep her there. However it was *Blackpool* who topped the list for visits. Ten days in Capetown, as they accompanied *Victorious* round the Cape, were apparently enough, even for them.

The Squadron is now going into refit, and shortly afterwards will re-commission for another G.S.C. East of Suez. By then we shall have been joined by

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1	B5030KZ	5910-99-011-9836	CPM4-K
2	B5040KZ	5910-99-011-9839	CPM4-N
250 volts D.C. Working			
0.05	B5050KZ	5910-99-011-9825	CPM4-G
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0.5	B5080KZ	5910-99-011-9834	CPM4-K
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H.M.S. COOK

Our first entry in the COMMUNICATOR started like this: "To the entire Communication staff, life aboard one of H.M. Survey Ships was a mystery." This is still applicable. Work study saw to that. No comms allowed to leave the ship for camp parties.

Our first port of call out of Singapore was Port Moresby (New Guinea). A good time was had by all. The Australian saying, "You can die faster on Foster's" still holds good. The L.T.O. celebrated the arrival of his B13, and the ship's company just celebrated.

The next stop was at Vila (New Hebrides). This is a Condominium jointly run by France and Britain. The ship made history, of sorts, here. It saw the birth of the Vila rugby team, and played against them. We lost by the narrow margin of 20 points to nil. We also played them at soccer, losing 9 goals to nil, and cricket, losing by 9 wickets. We enjoyed the games, anyway.

The Europeans in Vila put on a barbecue for the ship on the day of the rugby match. Here, at last, the ship was able to excel. Approximately 60 attended and were able to dispose of 3 bullocks, 5 pigs, numerous chickens, and 98 dozen cans of beer (Foster's at that).

On Tuesday, 11th July, we arrived at Suva. This is our Base Port, and also the only really good run ashore on the station, as far as we were concerned. We visit Suva for two days out of every twenty-three . . . who wanted to swap? We left Suva to start work on 17th July. Most of our surveying jobs are on, or around, Vanua Levu, which is the northernmost of the two larger islands of the Fijian group. On arrival at Naduri, we were met by Chieftains of Mathuata Province who welcomed us in the traditional style, presenting the ship with two Whale's Teeth. This is the sign of Eternal Friendship, and normally only extended to Royalty. The party which accompanied the Captain ashore took part in the ceremonial drinking of Kava (Fiji Grog), or Yaqona, as the Fijians call it, and were entertained by a "Meke" (native dancing and singing).

Tarawa, in the Gilbert Islands, is famous, or infamous, as one of the bloodiest Marine landings of the Pacific War. There are still quite a few wrecked American landing craft on the beaches at Batio, and the guns taken from Singapore by the Japanese are still in their emplacements, albeit somewhat worse for wear.

The islanders put on a "Bater" (The Gilbert and Ellice idea of a Meke) for the ship, which was very well received. The best dancing, to our minds, was that of the Ellice Islanders, as the Gilbertese dancers very seldom move any other part of their bodies except arms and heads. This is very artistic, but hard to understand. Ellice dancing is much like a



Ellice Island dancers at Bairiki.

"Hula" with a great deal of movement of all parts of the body. Much more amusing to watch and easier to understand. Although it is true fact that the women only wear grass skirts, it is also fact that whenever Europeans are present they wear conventional dresses underneath their skirts and Lai's . . . disappointed?

After arriving back at Suva for two days to fuel and replenish, we sailed for Levuka, the ancient Fijian capital, to take part in the Cession Day celebrations. This is the anniversary of the day the Fijian Chiefs under Yhakombau, ceded the right of government of Fiji to the British (9th October, 1847), a purely voluntary process. We landed a Guard, and dressed ship (hard work). T.O.2 Stretton scored a hat trick against Levuka soccer team, the hardest work he has done for months.

The R.S. continues to "Ham" his way into up-homers in the most unusual places, and he manages to convert R.O.2 Stanney into an avid follower of the cult. They even set up a station at Tarawa and operated as often as possible from "A rare DX QTH" whatever that may mean.

D.J.W.E.

H.M.S. LINCOLN

Lincoln is the latest in that very formidable line-up of A/D Frigates which includes such stirring names as *Llandaff*, *Chichester* and *Salisbury*. We commissioned the ship at Fairfield's yard in Glasgow on 7th July 1960. After being told on leaving Glasgow that we were to sail for the F.E.S. in December '60, we arrived at 'Guzz' in October, where we spent six pleasant months in dry dock for a main engine refit. On completion of the refit, we sailed to Pompey for our last weekend in U.K. We finally left for the F.E.S. on 25th April 1961. After calling at Gib., Malta, Aden and Colombo—where the baron-stranglers were very busy—we arrived in Singapore on 5th June.

We then spent a bit of time off Singapore with *Victorious*, who lost a Sea Vixen during a night

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flying exercise. Unfortunately, even after an extensive search lasting about fourteen hours, we were still unable to find any trace of the pilot or his navigator.

A notable success, whilst leaning against the jetty in Singapore after a minor engine failure, was the winning of the 3rd F.S. Hockey Cup at the first attempt.

On the 1st July we left Singapore, supposedly to sample the delights of Hong Kong. Imagine our concern when we found out the next day that we were en route to the sun-drenched paradise of Kuwait, to which end we battled the raging seas of the S.W. monsoon for ten days.

During our stay in Kuwait, which lasted eighteen days, we had on board some members of the Tank Regiment stationed there. At the same time, several of the ship's company VOLUNTEERED to spend a few days in the desert with the Tanks. Also whilst there we really felt the need for air-conditioning, a fault which, I am glad to say, is to be rectified in the not too distant future.

It was with few regrets that we took our leave of the Gulf and journeyed to the fair port of Mombasa. It was during this trip that a buzz began to circulate round the messdecks to the effect that, due to the impending independence of East Africa, their National Anthem is in future to be—"We have no B'wanas today"—whether or not this will prove to be the case, remains to be seen.

One notable occasion during our stay in Mombasa was the defeat of the ship's soccer team at the hands of a local team by the narrow margin of ten goals to one. Also noticed there, were two new pipes over the Main Broadcast, namely, "Anyone for Tennis?", and the cry of "Coming sailing chaps?"

Since leaving Mombasa, several members of the Comms. Branch have been wandering the upper decks with rather hairy faces, and it now remains to be seen if they will be foolish enough to venture on to the fo'c's'le where, according to quite reliable reports, the wind is rather fresh. One of these budding hairy-faced gentlemen should just about manage a moustache by the time we return to U.K. in October (1962).

"DIP THE ENSIGN"

In May 1554, the Spanish Fleet of 160 sail, escorting their King on his way to England for his marriage with Queen Mary, fell in with the British Fleet in the approaches to the Channel. The first incident was that the Spanish Flagship received a round of shot from Lord Howard's flagship. The King of Spain had neglected to pay the customary marks of respects to the British Flag.

The regulations of the period stated that H.M. Ships of War required all merchant ships and foreign warships encountered in Home Waters to salute by striking their topsails and taking in their colours. However, these regulations have long since lapsed,

and today the custom of dipping the ensign survives purely as an act of courtesy and recognition.

The interest taken by the public in this ancient custom of the sea is never more evident than during Cowes Week, as was shown by the many reports and letters in both local and national press this year. The cause of comment was the alleged failure of the United States liner *America* to dip to the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, under such headings as, "Did liner snub *Britannia*?" Captain Taprell Dorling, R.N. (Retd.), better known as author and broadcaster 'Taffrail', wrote to the TIMES, saying she had failed to dip to both *Britannia* and *Tiger*. Another writer refuted this, but a third agreed with 'Taffrail'. The Captain of *Tiger*, Captain P. W. Graham, had the last word in his letter to the TIMES in which he stated that the *America* definitely dipped to *Britannia* but "She had only just rehoisted by the time she was passing *Tiger*, and did not dip to us (presumably because she felt it was too late)".

You may still find yourself the centre of a storm in the press, so look lively—DIP THE ENSIGN.

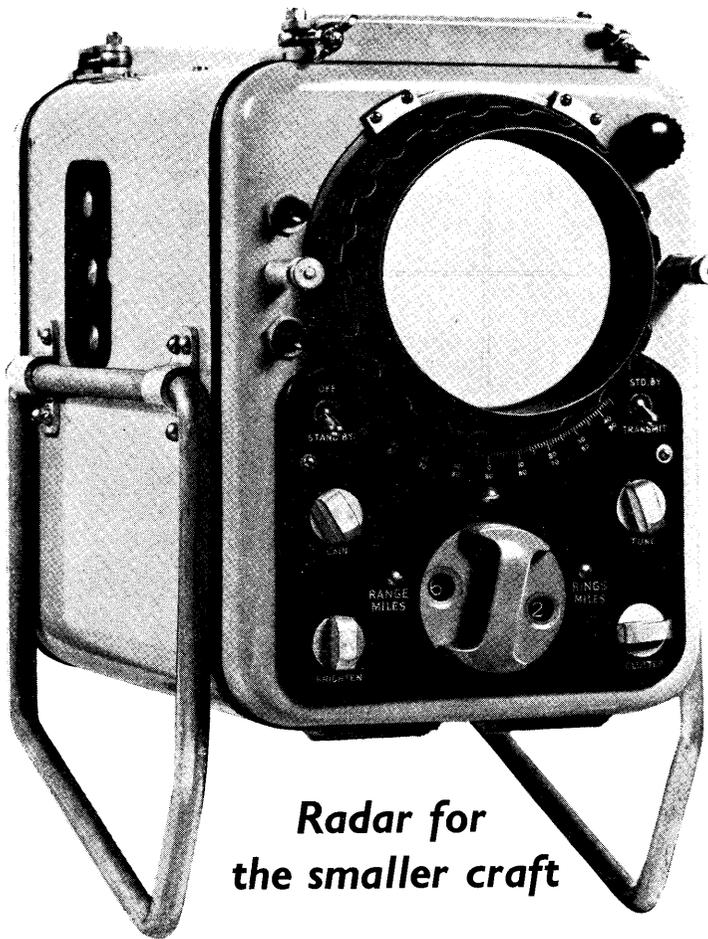
A DECK OF CARDS

By T.O.2 E. G. Lord

The ship had had a long period at sea, and the next day being Saturday, the Captain decided he would do rounds. All preparations were made and the Captain commenced to walk round the messdecks. Upon reaching the forward messdeck he saw a signalman playing cards and he said: "Signalman, put away those cards." The signalman did so and was hauled before the Jossman, who said: "Sailor, I am going to punish you more than any man was ever punished".

The offender was duly hauled before the Captain, who asked why the man was playing cards. The man replied: "You see, sir, when I see the ACE I think that there is but one Chief Yeoman, and when I see TWO I think of the two good books, A.C.P. 175 and A.T.P. 1, and when I see THREE I think of restrictions on wheeling, and when I see FOUR I think of the four Yeomen, Aubury, Purvis, Betts and Burt, and when I see the FIVE I think of the breakdown signal, and when I see the SIX I think of the six governing groups, and when I see the SEVEN I think of the seven standard dress ship days, and when I see the EIGHT I think of the eight automatic changes of the guide, and when I see the NINE I think of nine o'clock when I must turn to, and when I see the TEN I think of ten-inch signalling projectors, and when I see the JACK I think of my days as an O.D. when I had to hoist it, and when I see the QUEEN I think of the rum tub, God Bless Her, and when I see the KING I think of you Captain, sir! So you see, sir, it serves as my signal notes and keeps me on the ball!"

The Captain replied: "Case dismissed".



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GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

CHIEFS' CHATTER

This term has seen the change of the Mess President which is quite an occurrence. C.C.Y. (Fred) Rainsbury, having held the chair for 2½ years, has decided to relinquish his Presidency in view of his impending retirement early in the New Year. The mess is losing a "champion" who has done much both for Chief Petty Officers and the mess, and I am sure that all Communicators will wish him success in his new role as a "civvy".

The new President, the old "Vice", is C.R.S. (Bert) Rider, who is well conversant with the job and now has the reins. We all wish him success in the office. The vacant position of "Vice" was filled by C.C.Y. (Rattler) Morgan, the selection being on an "experience" basis. It was unanimously agreed that he admirably fills the chair on those grounds.

Mercury appeared on B.B.C. TV. with C.C.Y. (Nick) Carter fully filling the screen for the majority of the time. It needs little imagination to guess comments passed by mess members: "Big Head", "42-inch Screen Head", and the more popular unprintable ones. It is a consolation to know that he has kindly consented to carrying on with instructions whilst awaiting further contracts from the B.B.C.

Sports have improved tremendously, the mess now being represented in all sports: hockey, soccer, squash and seven-a-side rugger. At the present moment, the mess lies fourth in both soccer and hockey.

A quite successful indoor Sports programme has also been achieved with darts, table tennis, billiards and snooker.

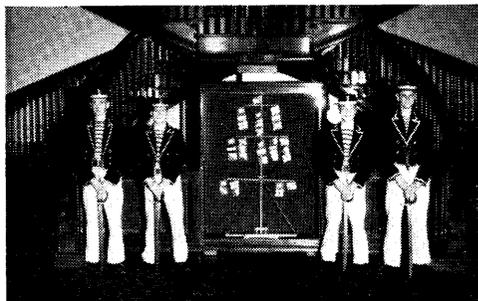
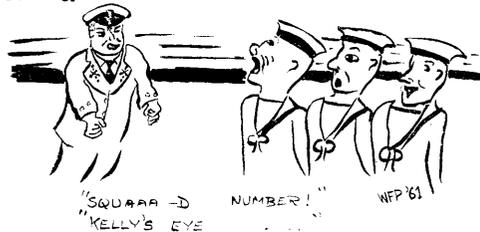
INS

Hewer, C.C.Y., R. Taylor, C.R.S., Monckton, C.C.Y., Fleming, C.R.S., Shuker, C.R.S., Duffin, C.R.S.(S.), Benfield, C.C.Y., Sims, C.C.Y., Matchett, C.R.S., Lockett, C.C.Y., Long, C.R.S., Haylett, C.R.S., Cocking, C.C.Y.

OUTS

Avery, C.C.Y., Johnson, C.R.S., Wilson, C.C.Y., Catchpool, C.R.S., Farnell, C.C.Y., O'Brien, C.C.Y., Benfield, C.C.Y., Drayton (S.A.N.), C.Y.S., Cockings, C.C.Y.

BINGO



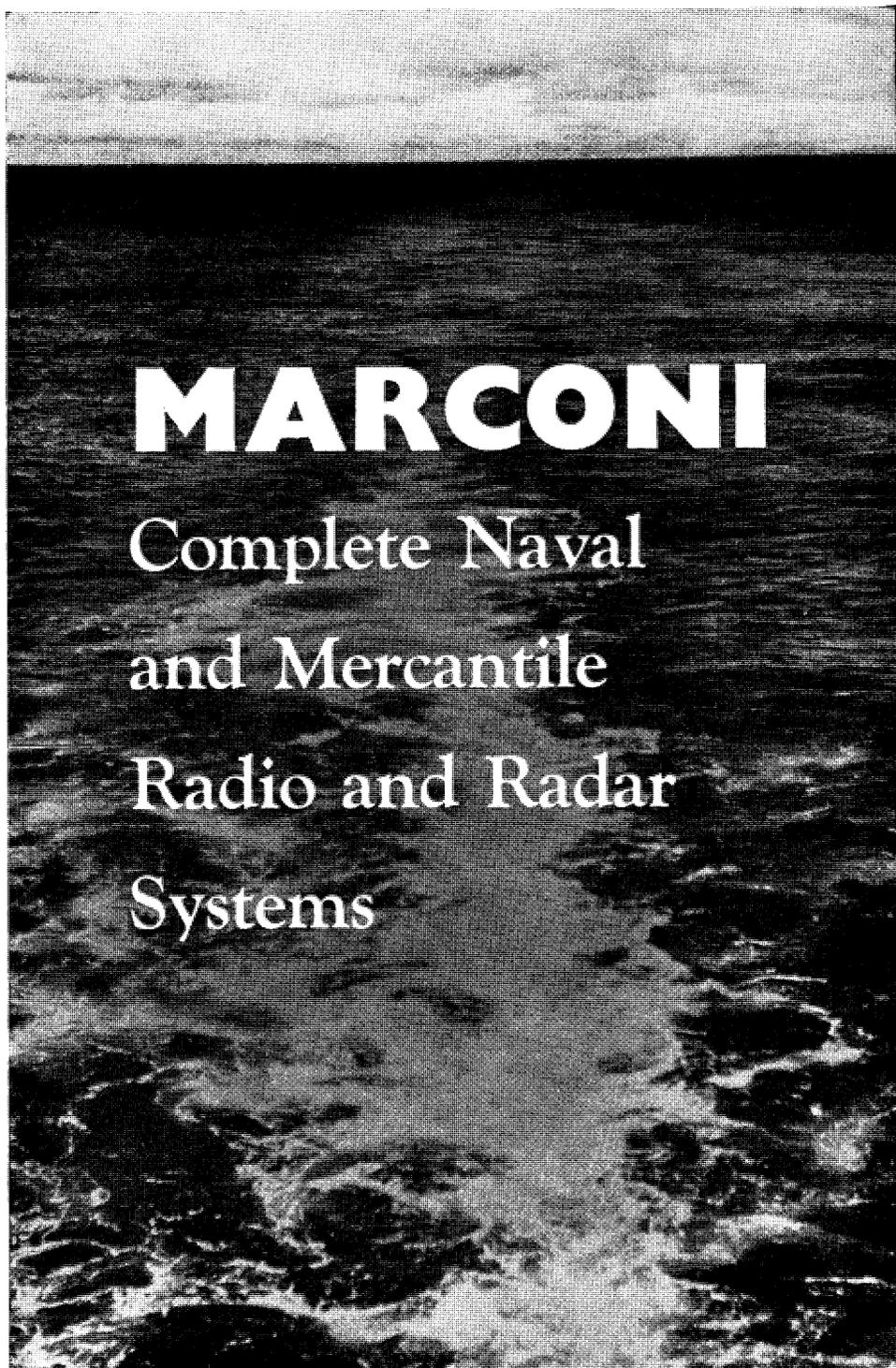
"England expects"
Trafalgar Night—H.M.S. "Mercury"

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

You probably didn't buy a copy last time, it's more than likely you "bummed" your oppo's but no matter how you came by it you will have read about the interesting scheme we were talking about. Namely, the Signal School Mess garages. We are pleased to report that the latter are now complete and well patronised—if this damp weather keeps up we have visions of a waiting list—it might be a good idea for future Mess members owning cars to bear this one in mind. The charge made isn't great, let's say for two pints of ale you are able to give your vehicle the protection it needs, two pints a week that is! The rumour that the first one was for the Chief Bosun's Mate's new Jaguar was not true. We have found out that if he wants to travel 'e 'oofs it!

The new Divisional Dance system is in full swing and going very well. It was thought that with doing it this way the weight would be lifted from the Mess Pres's shoulders—this we can assure you is not so! Kempenfelt committee were the first to take the floor on 19th September followed by Blake on 10th October, both dances were successful but as always females seemed to be in short supply, this is perhaps why *Mercury* is classed as being amongst the stations in the "far flung". Jackson is due to perform on 31st October—ask any Jackson committeeman and he will convince you that this is going to be "IT", even better than any End of Term "do". It's a pity we can't give you the result before going to press. However, we don't think females will be in short demand this time, if anything and from what we can gather, we shall be needing extra coaches.

We mentioned the Mountbatten Laundrette in the last issue, and we feel that it should be mentioned once again. Especially the two "laundry operatives" namely, R.O.1 Kirby and T.O.1 Allison who devote almost all their spare time to the art of "getting *Mercury's* clothes cleanest". Once again we ask future Mess members to bear this service in mind 'cos even when you join we shall still be offering the



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It is quite impossible for us to mention the "INS" and "OUTS" by name, but you can rest assured that if you are due IN you will be welcome and if you are on your way OUT we know that our billet here is safe for a little longer. However, on behalf of the Mess we would like to say "farewell" to Lt.-Cdr. Claxton, due to retire January '62. We sincerely hope he finds "civvy street" to his liking, and we hope he doesn't miss the complaints and drips that we have been thrusting at him over the past couple of years, too much.

We should mention now that the R.A.s have had a mess change. They no longer live in Knowles but have been moved to more palatial quarters in Mountbatten Cloakroom. Something had to happen—buntings falling in for divisions with sparker's badges up wasn't good enough. They not only have stacks of room for changing now but cigarette, hot drink, and nutty machines in their mess.

Winter draws on and the Broadwalk is slowly but surely being given up as a bad job, so we are looking forward to the indoor sports instead. The P.T.S.O. has gathered together a committee of two members from each mess to organise team's leagues, knock-outs, etc., for the finer sports of the inside.

MERCURY W.R.N.S.



Director W.R.N.S. visits *Mercury*.

It was with much regret that we said "goodbye" to First Officer Elizabeth Hill, W.R.N.S., on her retirement. She had been with us for eighteen months, and we wish her all success and happiness in the future. In her place we welcome First Officer Rachel Pallant who has joined us from *Seahawk*.

It is also with great regret that we say "goodbye" to Chief Wren Grace Brown, B.E.M., who is leaving *Mercury* after four years' meritorious service to the W.R.N.S. Unit as Chief Wren Regulating. She is retiring after twenty-two years' service, which she

began in 1939 at Mount Wise in Plymouth as one of the twelve original Signal Wrens, so it seems appropriate that her last draft should have been to the Signal School.

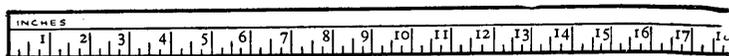
The Director W.R.N.S., Commandant Jean Davies, O.B.E., Hon. A.D.C., visited *Mercury* in October. She was a guest of honour at the Trafalgar Night dinner on Wednesday, 18th October, and carried out an inspection of the W.R.N.S. Unit and training the following morning. Commandant Davies, a Ce Officer, accompanied Sir Winston Churchill as a member of his staff at the Yalta and other conferences. In 1945/46 she served in *Mercury* as the Commander's Assistant and later as the W.R.N.S. Unit Officer.

DINGHY AND WHALER SAILING

This was the first full season for *Mercury* of sailing Whalers, Dinghies and Fireflies, in addition to *Meon Maid II*. There have been a great many headaches, caused principally by the weather and by getting crews away on time to take part in the many races. Precious little can be done about the former, but crewing could possibly be made a little easier. As 95 per cent of the racing was in the Dog watches the keenness of the crews have been well demonstrated. C.C.Y. Ryrie and C.Y. Milligan were both selected, along with a third crew from *Vernon*, to sail for the Command, in the Inter-Command Whaler Championships, held this year for the first time at Portsmouth. The first day of the Championships was sailed under average conditions, but a wind force 5 to 6 blew on the second day, making it a case of keeping your boat afloat to get a place. Portsmouth won the Holt Trophy for the Championships and *Mercury's* two crews between them, out of four races, had three firsts and a second by C.Y. Milligan, and three seconds and a third by C.C.Y. Ryrie.

The Aurora/Bedford series of 12 whaler races went on throughout this time. At the start of the season *Mercury* had no whalers and we missed four races. R.N.B. then lent us two. This meant we had a lot of lee way to make up, but C.Y. Milligan (who has now gone to *Ganges* as Sailing Instructor) went on to win the Bedford Cup, as the helm to score the highest number of points in seven races. His breakdown was 5 firsts, 1 second and 1 third. *Mercury* missed the Aurora Cup by 26 points in 200 or more, a small margin which pays credit to the persistence and stamina of the whaler crews. One wonders what would have happened if we had taken part in all the races.

Meanwhile the Dinghies were battling it out in the Yarmouth Series and in the Crallan Cup, and here again crews were a problem. However, they did quite well and feel sure that the 1962 season will prove more fruitful.

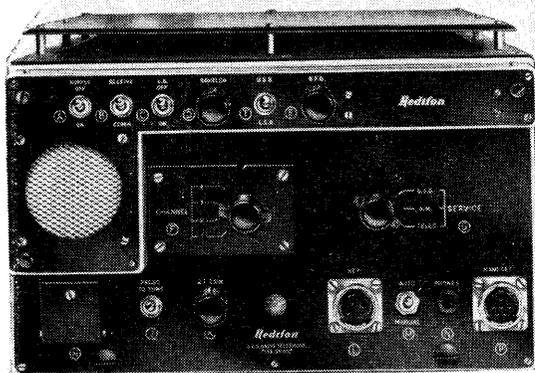


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Mercury has also supported the Portsmouth Command Sailing Club throughout the summer by having instructors attend the Club night each Thursday. Membership was by no means confined to the Service—in fact some of the new pupils were extremely pretty!

This has been a successful season for *Mercury*, thanks to the very great enthusiasm of all concerned, but there are a few cups we ought to have in the trophy case next season, when we hope even more sailors will be out racing.

Crews from *Mercury* representing Portsmouth Command :—

Whalers: C.C.Y. Ryrie, R.O.3 Streames, J.R.O. Sanderson, J.R.O. Hodgson; C.Y. Milligan, L.R.O. Moderate, T.O.2 Challis, R.O.2 Melville.

Dinghies: Lt. Phillips, L.T.O. Smith, R.O.3 Streames.

MEON MAID II

As has already been reported in the Easter edition of this magazine, *Meon Maid* has been kept out of Ocean Racing this season and has spent more time cruising with a wider variety of people.

Racing has not entirely been neglected however, and *Meon Maid* has retained the Portsmouth Command Sailing Association's Dryad Cup for a passage race to Dartmouth. During Cowes week *Meon Maid* came second in her class in the race for the Queen's Cup, being beaten by only two seconds on corrected time. Later in the week she was again placed in her class.

It was decided to enter the R.O.R.C. Cowes-Dinard race to defend the Haylock Cup won in 1960. The race started in a Force 7 wind, which later increased to Force 8. *Meon Maid* made a good start

and led a large fleet down Spithead. Unfortunately she had to retire when about 20 miles south of the Nab tower, due to the failure of a fore halliard block, with no sign of any moderation of the weather. In fact only about a quarter of the yachts which started completed the course.

In the local series of races for the Monarch Bowl, *Meon Maid* achieved two firsts, but only managed to finish fourth in the final results. Less than one point separated the second and fourth places.

Dog watch sailing has continued to prove popular, and well over 100 ratings have been sailing in *Meon Maid*, and each had a cooked meal on board.

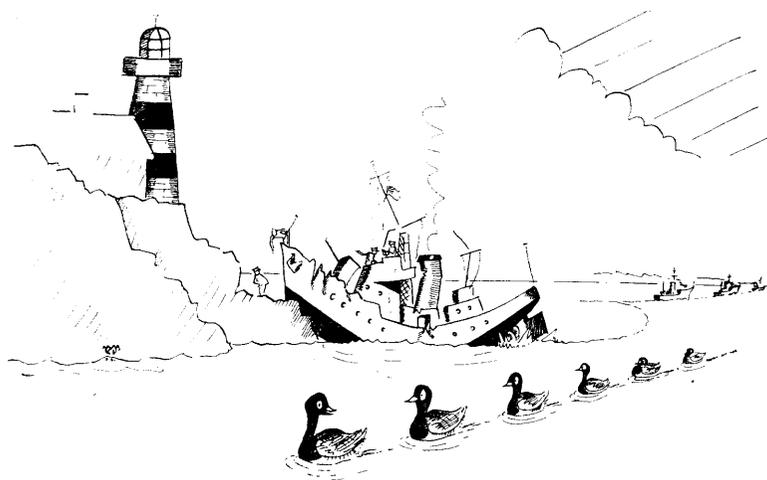
I hope that all those Communicators who live within reach of Portsmouth and who are interested in sailing in this lovely yacht, either cruising or racing, will contact the Sailing Secretary at *Mercury* in good time for the start of the next sailing season.

A BOOK NO SPARKER SHOULD MISS

("GUIDE TO BROADCASTING STATIONS". Compiled by 'Wireless World'. Thirteenth Edition. Published for 'Wireless World' by Iliffe Books Ltd. Price 3/6 net (by post 4/-).

This splendid little book will fit inside any sailor's cap and is just the thing for passing away an idle hour in a wireless office. It is also particularly suitable for S.R.E. operators, containing, as it does, all European long and medium wave broadcasting stations and over 2,000 short wave stations of the world, listed both geographically and in order of frequency.

It is also useful in providing a handy reference to some of the more not-so-easily remembered sections of the much used Admiralty List of Radio Signals, for it includes national call sign allocation, frequency allocations, wavelength to frequency conversion tables and a map of the broadcasting zones. For those unable to master the wavelength frequency conversion table, each broadcasting station is shown in metres and Kc/s, which makes it useful when using a B40. Any Radio Operator will find this well worth the small price.



"Pity manoeuvring in column doesn't come naturally to them!"

THE LORD'S TAVERNERS AT BROADHALFPENNY DOWN

Sunday, September 10th dawned fine for the second visit of the Lord's Taverners to the Cradle of Cricket. The Lord's Taverners Club was founded in 1950 by a company of artistes who used the Tavern at Lords while watching cricket, and by cricketers interested in the arts. The object of the club was to give back to the game of cricket some of the pleasure they had found in watching and playing cricket, by raising a fund for the National Playing Field's Association.

This year the appearance of Raman Subba-Row, Harry Secombe and Ray Lindwall amongst a star-studded side brought thousands of spectators to Broadha'penny Down, helped no doubt, by the match being televised for the first hour.

As a result a cheque for £530 will be handed to the N.P.F.A. by the Lord's Taverners.

The Brigands won after the Taverners' No. 11 had gone in with six runs required, but an excellent catch in the slips closed their innings with three runs short. 611 runs were scored in about 4½ hours! More cricket of this nature and all the pessimists will be buried beneath the ridge at Lords.

SCORE CARD

BROADHALFPENNY BRIGANDS

Ainsworth, stumped Fenner, bowled Silk.....	53
Rothwell, stumped Fenner, bowled Subba Row.....	65
Durden-Smith, hit wicket.....	21
Ransom, caught Subba Row, bowled Waites.....	31
Tuke, l.b.w., bowled Waites.....	20
Weston, caught Seale, bowled Waites.....	27
Beel, bowled Smith.....	79
Gunn, l.b.w., bowled Smith.....	9
Bryans, not out.....	1
Wren, did not bat.....	—
Paltridge, did not bat.....	—
Extras.....	1
TOTAL (for 8 wkts.).....	307

LORD'S TAVERNERS

Subba Row, caught Weston, bowled Wren.....	54
Bennett, bowled Wren.....	60
Silk, bowled Rothwell.....	43
Secombe, bowled Wren.....	1
Fenner, l.b.w., bowled Durden-Smith.....	1
Lindwall, bowled Beel.....	68
McD. Hobley, caught Bryans, bowled Ainsworth.....	0
Chater, caught Durden-Smith, bowled Ainsworth.....	8
Seale, bowled Wren.....	55
Waites, not out.....	4
Smith, caught Ransom, bowled Wren.....	2
Extras.....	8
TOTAL.....	304

FANCY A LOAN DRAFT?

by R.S. Elwyn Jones

The S.C.O. leaned back in his chair sipping the luke warm coffee from a none-too-clean M.S.O. cup. It was a normal morning with the usual pile of signals to answer and another day nearer the date of sailing from Malta. Reluctantly he opened the log and began to read the R.P.C.'s and uninteresting stuff about radio electrical spares; but he suddenly took an interest. Here was an unusual one. The flag ship was always lending bodies to various ships on the station, but this was different—a N.A.T.O. ship wanted to borrow a radio operator for a week. The signal was from the Algeroccan tug H.E.M.M.S. *Behlzicruz* which was towing some targets to a small reef for the forthcoming N.A.T.O. exercise. (The S.C.O. was not quite sure, but he thought the abbreviation stood for "His Excellency's most magnificent ship *Behlzicruz*".)

The coffee was cold by now and he pushed it away in disgust. His mind flashed over all the faces on the staff and when it stopped on Fairweather's he smiled. Fairweather was a reasonable sparker and could do his job on the bay, but he was unfortunate in that everything he touched went wrong. He was a national serviceman and fervently denied any relationship to the well-known lieutenant who had taken another ship to Algerocco recently. This was the man for the job but the S.C.O. shuddered at the thought of the long series of incidents which could result in the Algeroccan withdrawal from N.A.T.O. Reassuring himself that it could not possibly be that bad he replied to the signal, and the die was cast.

With the usual steaming kit in a green case, Fairweather went to Bugiezogo in a pusser's land-rover and was left there. The place was deserted. It was a warm night so he removed his hat and walked towards a small jetty where dghaisa men were sitting talking in their boats. It was dark and quiet, apart from the soft buzz of conversation from the boats, and out in the bay he saw several black silhouettes against the skyline, including some old boom defence vessels which had probably been lying there since the war. He was just about to call for a dghaisa when a voice hissed, "Ppsstt! Are you zee Eenglishmen, yes?" He spun round, and from the darkness appeared a scruffy individual in a khaki uniform, who ushered him to a boat before he could really say anything but a stammered "Yes". He tried to break the ice with the usual English clichés such as, "Nice night, isn't it?" but his host merely stared as if hypnotised.

The ship was in darkness, apart from one light on the mast. It looked like a tug, and Fairweather was sure that the Algeroccan admiral had not done rounds in this ship for some time. His cabin smelt of stale beer. He wondered what had happened to the permanent sparker. It had been a long day so he turned in right away. He awoke in the night and the ship was rolling like a cork in a storm. Thinking that no time had been lost, he did not

worry and fell asleep again, which was perhaps a good thing. In the morning he awoke with a jerk and the sight of an enormous man with a large turban and long beard did not help any. He thought to himself, "That's a strange rig for the duty R.P.O.!" but realising where he was, he took the coffee which was being handed to him.

It was chilly in the cabin and he had a slight headache from the hard pillow, so he sat up in bed to drink the coffee and collect his thoughts. Suddenly he noticed that his green case had gone. He began to mutter under his breath about "Woggs" pinching his kit, and, as if he were a genie from a lamp, the bearded gent appeared again and said that the captain wished to see him.

Meanwhile, back in the flagship, the S.C.O. was in the midst of a nightmare because on his desk was a signal from COMTWONAVTOWSQUADEAST-MEDFLT-AFLOAT asking what had happened to the radio operator for the tug. She had sailed without him and had no means of communication with the shore. The S.C.O. decided it was time to consult a lawyer whilst the N.P.M. combed the island for Fairweather.

By the time Fairweather had reached the bridge, he was definitely aware that something was amiss because a worse bunch of cut-throats he had never before seen, not even on the films. The captain, a greasy looking individual with a large stomach and filthy, baggy trousers, was sitting in a chair in the wheelhouse, smoking a foul smelling cigar. After looking Fairweather up and down he grinned. "You are very clever Mr. Schutz to use zee uniform as a disguise, but where is zee money? No money—no guns." Fairweather wanted the ground to open and swallow him or something equally effective, but he realised that these clandestine businessmen would murder him and put his body over the side without blinking an eye. The seconds went by and after what seemed an age he blurted out the first idea which came into his head.

"I am no fool, you know Captain. I would not bring such a large amount with me. Within radio contact is a hired boat with the money on board, and if all is well I will signal him."

"Ha! ha! Mr. Schutz, zee boss said zat you are a viley old fox and so it seems."

"Alak. Show Mr. Schutz to the radio room so that we can conclude this deal. I dislike the thoroughness of British security."

Fairweather would have laughed if he had not been so scared, but in his mind was a desperate plan. He hoped that this bearded gentleman did not understand radio because it was his only salvation. He had never seen such strange equipment but it looked like a grandfather to a 60EQR. It had grid and anode dials and even under such stress he remembered the chief in training teaching him to dip the anodes and max the grids. Somehow he tuned the transmitter to Malta coastal common net and gave old Alak a grin because he looked as though

he wanted to cut Fairweather's throat anyway—just for the hell of it. After a few anxious minutes he was answered by Lascaris and he transmitted a conventional distress message twice, duly receiving a reply, with another grin for Alak's benefit. All he could do now was hope. Alak left the office rather quickly, leaving Fairweather alone with his thoughts, and it was only then that he realised the gravity of his position and he felt really scared.

Oddly enough though, he had often tried to imagine himself in such situations when he had been to the cinema and had always thought that he would be the one who was shot or stabbed in the back. Rejecting such thoughts before they amounted to panic, he left the office and, with a sudden thought, returned to screw down the morse key to enable anyone with a suitable receiver to take a bearing. Then he went for a stroll on the upper deck.

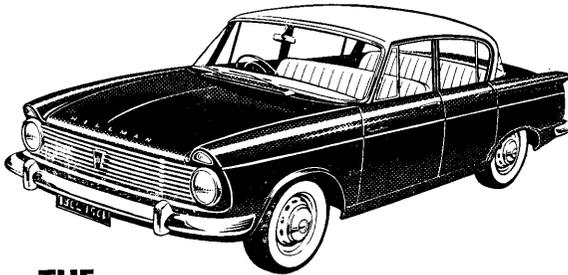
Time dragged terribly slowly and after an hour the horizon was still clear in all directions. These people would soon be growing impatient. Soon afterwards however, an aircraft flew over, and it looked like an R.A.F. plane from a distance. When it circled and passed overhead again with its R.A.F. markings plainly visible, finally disappearing again over the horizon in a matter of minutes, Fairweather saw a ray of hope. As expected, Alak came down saying that the captain wanted to know about the aircraft, so on the way to the wheelhouse he thought quickly. Then the obvious occurred to him. Strolling into the wheelhouse quite nonchalantly, he soothed the nervous skipper with a story about an international S.A.R. exercise in the area. The lull was to be short lived however, because a moment or so later a half-naked character burst into the wheelhouse gibbering in some foreign language. This caused the captain and Alak to simultaneously pull guns on Fairweather. In a matter of seconds he was bound like a chicken, on the deck with an oily rag in his mouth. Something had obviously given him away but it did not matter now, and it was only a matter of time before he was put over the side, or so he thought. Such was not the case however, because the next instant there was a terrible explosion which seemed to rip the ship in half and she lurched heavily to port. Fairweather rolled against the bulkhead, hit his head and lost consciousness.

One shot from a bofor was obviously sufficient for these characters and we do not have to tell you that they were all captured by a boarding party from one of Her Majesty's patrol boats. The next thing that Fairweather knew was waking in a clean bed with a Maltese policeman and a naval surgeon lieutenant leaning over him. Realising he was safe he drifted back to oblivion again.

There was no mention in the papers about a naval rating being involved but there was something on another page about one of the officers from the flagship having a nervous breakdown.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Although every endeavour is made to ensure that the information in this section is correct, we ask readers not to treat it as authoritative in the strict sense.

APPOINTMENTS

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
P. ATKINSON	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Meon for A.W.S.
R. BENNETT	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	Kranji W/T
H. P. BOYS-STONES	Lt.-Cdr.	Cavendish	A.S.W.E.
T. T. BROGAN	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Brighton
R. H. W. BUNTING	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Llandaff	Victory
B. A. N. BUCKLEY	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Hermes
R. T. CLARKE	Lt.-Cdr.	Leverton	Mercury
T. E. CLINTON	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Battleaxe
D. W. COGGESHALL	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Fulmar
H. R. CORNELL	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.S.M.	Diamond as 1st Lt.
P. J. COTTLE	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of A.C.R.	Mercury
D. H. CREMER	Lt.-Cdr.	Sea Eagle	Staff of F.O.F. Med.
W. G. DARTNELL	Lt. (SD) (C)	Goldcrest	Sheba
A. V. M. DIAMOND	Commander	President with B.J.C.E.B.	Signal Division
E. D. DOLPHIN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Hermes	Whitehall W/T
J. R. EDWARDS	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Victory	Terror
J. M. S. EKINS	Lt.	Yarmouth	Mercury
I. FERGIE-WOODS	Lt.	Dartmouth	Britannia
R. D. FRANKLIN	Commander	Staff Course	Lewiston as C.O. of 100 M/S Squadron
A. W. GARTON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Afrikander	Staff of A.C.R.
G. B. GOODWIN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Dolphin
C. F. GRAY	Lt. (SD) (C)	S.T.C. Kranji	Signal Division
St. J. H. HERBERT	Lt.-Cdr.	Personnel Panel	Rothesay as 1st Lt.
Miss A. T. HORSEY	3/O. W.R.N.S.	Phoenicia	Mercury
J. A. J. JOHNSON, M.B.E.	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Drake	Jufair for Bahrein Comcen
D. A. JONES	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Fulmar	Mercury
P. KEITH-WELSH	Captain	CINCEASTLANT	President as A.D.N.I.
A. J. S. KNOCKER	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.2 F.E.S.
D. LARKINS	Lt. (SD) (C)	S.T.C. Malta	Hermes
N. G. LODDER	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Llandaff
C. A. LAURENCE	Lt.-Cdr.	R.A.N. Exchange	Mercury
G. C. LLOYD	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.F. Med.	Blackpool in Command
A. J. MARDLIN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Terror	Seahawk
Miss A. P. MATHIAS	3/O. W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Staff of F.O. Scotland
T. MAWSON	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Corunna
J. B. D. MILLER	Commander	Rothesay	President for D.T.W.P.
W. D. NEWMAN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Sig. Division	Tamar
W. NIPPIERD	Lt.-Cdr.	Hermes	Staff of F.O.S.M.
W. J. PARKER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	President	Dartmouth in Command
W. L. PAYNE	Lt.-Cdr.	Bulwark	Sea Eagle
A. H. PORTER	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Bulwark	Mercury
W. J. PRICKETT	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Duncan for F.P.S.
M. A. H. RICHARDS	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Highflyer	Whitehall W/T
M. J. RIVETT-CARNAC	Lt.	Narvik	Dartmouth
J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.	Commander	Saker	President with B.J.C.E.B.
J. SHACKELL	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	President	S.T.C. Malta
D. E. SHUTT	Lt. (SD) (C)	Phoenicia	Staff of F.O. Medway
P. M. STANFORD	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Grafton in Command
P. J. STEMBRIDGE	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Lowestoft
D. T. TAYLOR	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Courses	Aisne
J. R. G. TRECHMAN	Captain	President ty.	D.S.D.
P. TROUBRIDGE	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Exmouth in Command

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. F. VAN DEN AREND Lt.-Cdr.	Flag Lt. to CINC Med.	Wiston in Command
M.E. ST. Q. WALL Lt.-Cdr.	Staff Course	Mercury
P. P. L. WELLS Lt.	Keppel as 1st Lt.	R.A.N. Exchange
C. J. WHIFFIN Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Pembroke	Whitehall W/T
R. J. E. WOOLEY Lt.-Cdr.	Falcon	Staff Course

PROMOTIONS

To Lieutenant Commander

A. R. WOOD R. T. CLARKE R. J. E. WOOLEY C. A. LAURENCE

To Lieutenant Commander (SD)(C)

C. J. WHIFFIN G. FROUD, D.S.M.

To Lieutenant (SD)(C)

P. A. MYTTON E. D. DOLPHIN D. LARKINS W. E. HAWKES

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

K. A. SMITH	(3.5.61)	H. N. CARSLAKE	(8.7.61)
A. D. DUFFIN	(22.5.61)	T. L. SHOTBOLT	(17.7.61)
P. J. EVANS	(28.5.61)	K. G. GREENAWAY	(25.7.61)
R. A. STRANGWAY	(7.6.61)	R. C. CUMMINS	(31.7.61)
R. D. LONG	(10.6.61)	R. C. HILL	(1.8.61)
E. T. MORRIS	(21.6.61)	P. W. HAYLETT	(20.8.61)
A. D. SHUKER	(25.6.61)	T. E. HOUGHTON	(25.8.61)
P. J. FIGG	(1.7.61)	A. G.E. BAILLIE	(26.8.61)
J. S. HINDSON	(1.7.61)	D. A. J. PYE	(31.8.61)
E. HENDERSON	(1.7.61)	C. D. SIMPSON	(1.9.61)
E. J. CORY	(1.7.61)	J. G. W. MALLABURN	(14.9.61)

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

C.McB. FARNELL	(23.5.61)	D. A. NEWELL	(11.8.61)
R. E. SAUNDERS	(26.5.61)	R. M. LOCKETT	(21.8.61)
A. D. O'BRIEN	(8.6.61)	T. W. TOWNSEND	(1.9.61)
R. E. JUPP	(10.6.61)	D. E. J. BUFFERY	(4.9.61)
R. A. JAMES	(1.7.61)	R. JAHME	(11.9.61)
D. A. VEY	(18.7.61)	P. R. PERRING	(22.9.61)

RETIREMENTS

THE EARL CAIRNS, C.B.	Rear Admiral	A. C. M. MACKLOW-SMITH	Lt.-Cdr.
L. J. SMITH Commander	A. C. I. BURNHAM...	... Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)
W. F. PATERSON Lt.-Cdr.	L. REYNOLDS Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)
G. H. P. HUNT Lt.-Cdr.	D. G. SEARS Lt.
		MISS A. HOLGATE 3/O. W.R.N.S.

Easter Competitions

Entries must reach the Editor by February 28th

SPECIAL FEATURE	Prize of 3 Guineas
PHOTOGRAPH	Prize of 1 Guinea
CARTOON	Prize of 1 Guinea

THE EASTER EDITION

All Contributions must reach the Editor by **February 28th**, but material is doubly welcome as early as possible—**BULK ORDERS** by **March 26th**.

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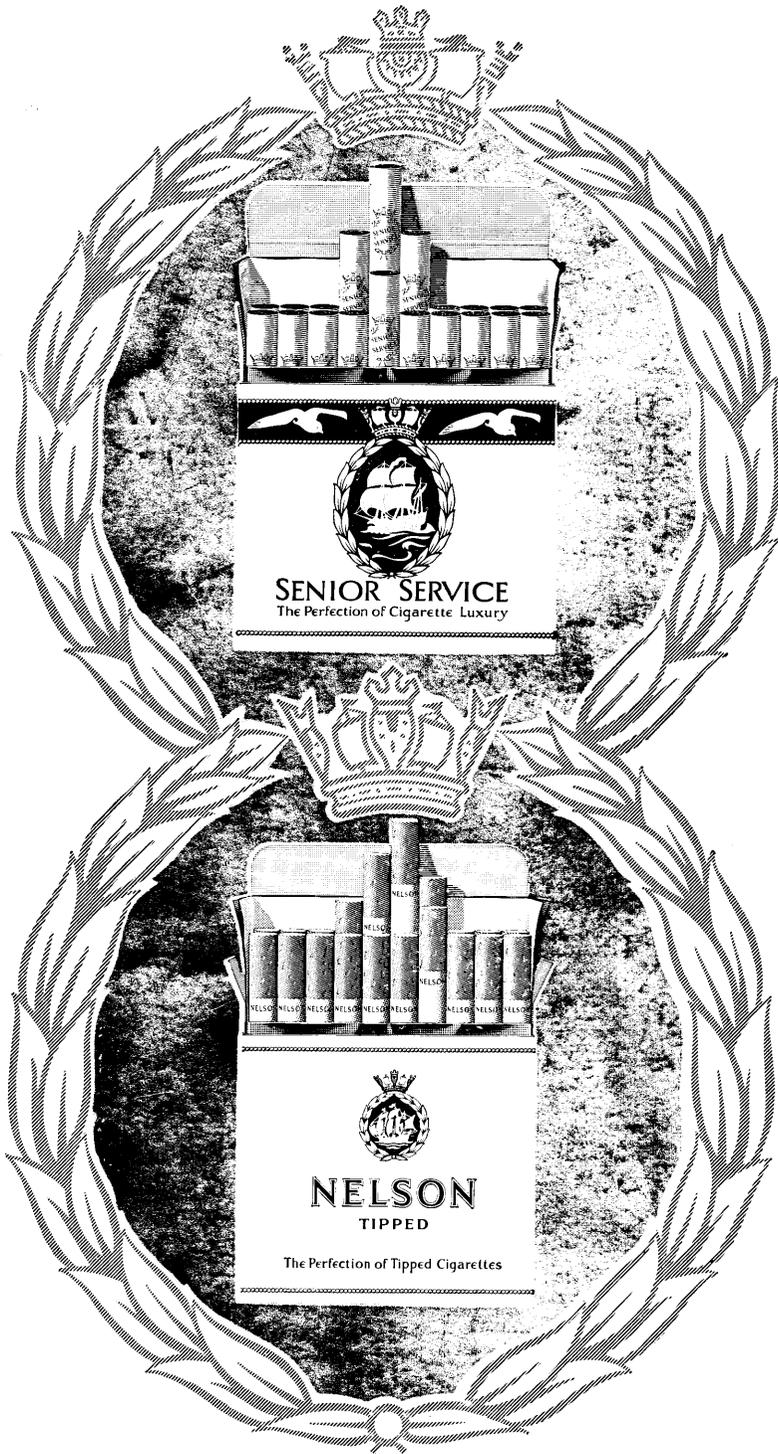
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