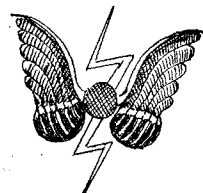
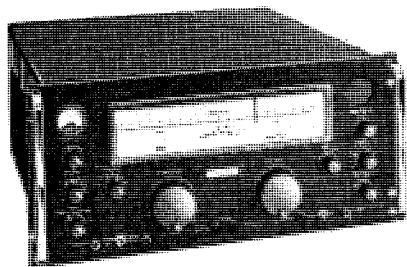


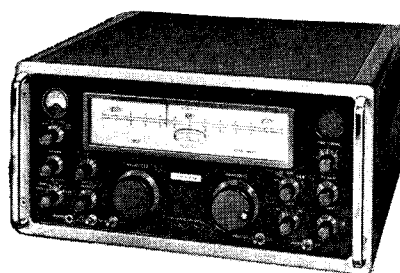


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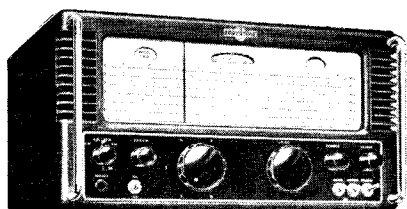




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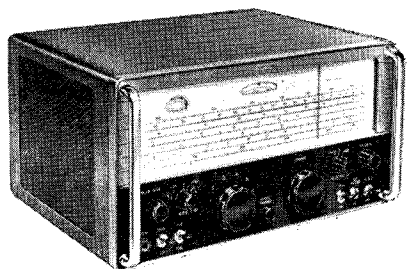
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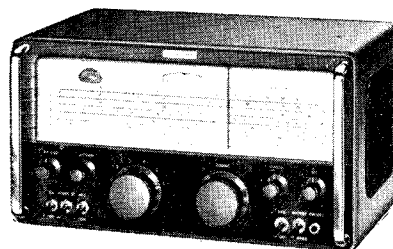
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# THE COMMUNICATOR

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

CHRISTMAS 1962

VOL. 16. No. 3

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Cover Photograph—Amerigo Vespucci AT DARTMOUTH

## EASTER COMPETITIONS

FIVE GUINEAS is available in the Prize Fund for the best article, photograph, or cartoon, etc., submitted for the Easter edition.

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All MSS., photographs and cartoons should be sent to the Editor at H.M.S. "Mercury", as below. These will be returned to the sender only if asked for, and responsibility for them cannot be accepted by the Editor. **CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE EASTER 1963 EDITION MUST BE IN THE EDITOR'S HANDS BY 14th FEBRUARY. BULK ORDERS BY 11th MARCH.**

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## EDITORIAL

It may be said there is precious little about Christmas, in this, our Christmas edition. The editorial axe had to fall on a great volume of greetings to make room for the Branch's big Christmas present of contributions. Communicators are friendly people, and it is hoped they will share in a common message of greeting with goodwill. Communication is a two-way affair, and it has always been one of our major strengths to realise the other fellow is a kindred spirit who wants to 'get the Message'.

This edition is the fifth and last for the present editor. I would like to thank the other members of the editorial staff who have worked with me throughout: Inst. Lt.-Cdr. O'Neill who keeps our English and spelling on the rails and tirelessly checks for slips of pen or typewriter, Lt. Salter who provides professional opinion and relentlessly pursues all sources for talent, contributions and sales, Sub.-Lt. Kemp who deals with the pictorial side, and Mr. Edgar Sercombe, the Master Printer, who keeps us amateurs very necessarily in order and does all the

many things which are too difficult for us. I have much enjoyed the job and hope that Lieutenant M. A. Stockton, who takes over for the next editions, will continue to enjoy the support I have received from the Branch.

## DIRECTOR OF SIGNAL DIVISION'S MESSAGE

By the time this edition of the COMMUNICATOR reaches you the A.F.O. announcing changes in the rating structure of our Branch will have been published.

Many of you may feel that another change so comparatively soon after the last one is hardly justified; but we live in an age of rapid technological advances, and if we are to continue to provide the service the Navy expects of us the skills of our operators must keep abreast of these advances.

Although this change means a break with several long-standing customs I am sure that all ranks and ratings will recognise it as a move with the times and a necessary measure to maintain the very high standards of the Communication Branch.

## EARLS' COURT RADIO SHOW

by RS Brunger

The Royal Naval Stand was third largest in the show. Emphasis was placed upon Anti-Submarine warfare and the whole stand was centred around a 'mock-up' of a typical A/S Frigate Operations Room complete with Radar Plot and TAS ratings. A film was shown at intervals upon a screen above the facade of the Ops Room depicting an A/S operation complete with dunking sonar helicopters and frigates working in close co-operation and culminating in the killing of the submarine. During the showing of the film, the Ops Room crew carried out their plotting and 'pinging' in unison with the film, giving the public some idea of what happens during an Anti-Submarine action.

A large percentage of the stand was devoted to Naval Air equipment including miniature UHF transceivers, radio altimeters and dunking sonar demonstrated in the fuselage of a Westland Wessex helicopter complete with operators.

Messrs. Racal Ltd. provided a type CJK receiver outfit which provided an excellent RATT broadcast receiver. For the uninformed, type CJK is a slightly

modified Racal RA 17 receiver built into a cabinet together with a power pack and a frequency standard, which maintains frequency stability to the order of one part in 100,000,000. This is particularly advantageous when SSB is used; the set having full SSB facilities up to two simultaneous channels as well as normal DSB capabilities.

Another newcomer to Royal Naval transmitter rooms, and also on show, was the Type 640 transmitter which has been produced by Messrs. Marconi Ltd. This equipment is revolutionary in design and in my opinion a great step forward in R.N. communications. It is not intended to give a technical



description here, as sooner or later you will be using it. Sufficient to say that it is capable of emission on CW, MCW, FSK, SSB on two simultaneous channels if required using either suppressed or partial carrier. The output is in the region of 500 watts on all of these services. In future no excuses will be taken for failing to clear ship-shore traffic.

The civilian exhibits concentrated mainly upon 625 line and colour television, whilst transistorised equipment of many and varied designs crowded the stands. The colour television section was particularly interesting and one wonders, after viewing it, how we have managed with the more mundane black and white screen for so long. For those who have not had the opportunity to see colour TV, the nearest approach one can describe is a technicolour film. In fact, the demonstration transmission was the colour film of 'Porgy and Bess'. Viewing 625 line transmission for the first time gives the impression of looking at a good glossy photograph as opposed to the 'newsprint' type of picture seen previously.

It would be impossible to describe all the equipment on show, so let it be enough to say 'If you can name it, the Radio Show had it'.

#### PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

### BLIND BUNTINGS

by CY T. D. Picken

Having spent countless hours closed up in the operations room of a fast Anti-Submarine Frigate, the question "Are we becoming a Branch of Moles?"—seagoing moles though—has often arisen in my mind. One never, or only occasionally on a NATO Exercise, sees an A/S Greyhound dashing around with Flag One nailed to the masthead (with the latest AFO on signal halyards that is the only way we will be able to fly flags) even the life of the Black Pennant—so often the Signal of Doom to the submarine—is threatened, as during our last two exercises the orders have stated "Black Pennant not to be used"; understandable, really, as the submariner only had to look to see if a ship was in contact.

Once the fatal words "Moving Below" have been uttered, the only thing which connects the 'Blind Bunting' to the clean fresh air is an intercom through which he can, if lucky, tell his counterpart to "toss" up the odd Black Pennant or Code Sauce. The old phrase "One Alfa, One Hotel, One Echo One One" is now being replaced by the quiet voice of an RP saying impersonally, "I am Brother, You are Sister, Attacking Ringer Three". To those of us who have spent some time in various "holes" the latter statement makes sense as does quite a bit of the PLOTTAS language, which is common in all Ops Rooms. Such quaint expressions as: In the Brackets, Echo Pitch Mod High Doppler Zero, Windmills in the Dip with a Wet Smoke Puff, Clanking Goblins, Cut Left, Coming Right, Lock On, Self Tac, Vec Tac (all that is missing is Tic Tac), are becoming familiar.

However, we do get the odd spell "up top" for a few manoeuvres, a quick heaving line transfer or

a drink from a seemingly ever-present tanker; these in themselves have become common and uninteresting but provide the only opportunity for a breath of freshers and the odd drop of "Tic Tac" before plunging once again into the gloom. It is surprising how many tit-bits one can pick up in the "hole"—for example, where the Channel Change switch and brightness control knob are situated on the numerous varieties of fifteen-inch "Cyclops" which abound, what the coloured spider tracks on the tables mean, even so far as understanding the asdic repeat instruments.

Whilst below in the depths, I have discovered a most unusual specimen of matelot—The Maintainer—who seems to have (or should have) a very small body, very short legs or none, long multi-jointed arms with built-in screwdrivers, a set of eyes on antennae and last but not least, a large brain to contain all the know-how required to keep the Electronic Monsters which live in the "Hole" in Fighting Trim—especially the new Automatic Radar Plotting Table; this even sounds hard to maintain.

Being in the "hole" has its advantages and disadvantages, one of which (take your choice) is that the mysterious "office" is only one deck and a short pipe away. This inevitably leads to closer working with the 'Deaf Sparkers', the RATTs of the Fleet. They too have some monsters trained to do most of their work. The Ratts fit into the complex Ops Room set-up by plugging its external circuits into the appropriate transmitter and receiver, thus connecting one "hole" to another. How many "holes" to a Net?

The biggest disadvantage to the 'Blind Bunting' is the numerous leads and microphones which hang like spiders' webs from the deckheads and take quite a bit of getting untangled from when returning from a quick sortie to the upper, blinder than ever.

An absolute must for "Yeomoles" is a built-in Information Scanner, needed to pick out essentials from the endless stream of information coming into the hub from the various spokes—ACR, OOW, TCP, GDR, EWO, FLAGDECK, LOOK-OUTS. Another essential is a kind of IFF responder tuned to glow when the Command says quietly YEOMAN!, amongst the cries of "ASPO", "ORO", "In the Bucket", "LOPO" and conning information being passed by the Command to the OOW.

All in all, I think that once one has adjusted oneself to the new surroundings, and for some of the present LTO's and Yeomen who have always been "Up Top" or even ashore it will take some doing, life as a 'Blind Bunting' can be as interesting, if not more so, as one as a "Bunting Tosser", even if it is only to see the actual movements of all ships during a Rum or Coke. The Problem of Adjustment will not arise with the newer generation of TO's who are being brought up in the atmosphere of Operations Rooms and little Visual Signalling.

My first visit to an Ops Room was quite a shock, but I quite enjoy it now. Anyway, my appointment with the Optician is fixed for next week.

# THE ORIGINS OF CRYPTOGRAPHY

by Third Officer R. A. Derwent

Cryptography is a far more ancient art than is usually supposed. The earliest traces of a desire to disguise words and symbols appears amongst the hieroglyphics of the early Egyptians, and in the writings of the Jewish Talmudic scholars. The Books of Jeremiah and Isaiah in the Old Testament, and the Cabala, all contain examples of a primitive form of letter-for-letter substitution.

The ancient Greeks and Lacedemonians used a primitive transposition system of encryption for communications between the military commanders in the field and their superiors at home. A staff, known as a "Scytale" was used, one of exactly equal



proportions being held by both the "sender" and the "receiver". To encrypt a message, a narrow strip of parchment was wound around the staff so that the edges just touched, and the message written over this join. The strip was then unwound and despatched. On receipt it was wound round the matching staff, and the broken letters then became readable.

The earliest known treatise on cryptography was written by Aeneas Tacticus (390-360 B.C.). Not many documents on Roman cryptography survive, which might be due to a high degree of security consciousness! However, it is known that both Caesar and Augustus used a simple letter-for-letter substitution system, usually a given letter being replaced by its successor in the alphabet.

Italy was mainly responsible for the growth and development of modern cryptography, official messages of the Papacy and diplomacy being encrypted as early as 1226. In the 15th Century a manual of Vatican ciphers was compiled by Gabriel de Lavinde of Parma; these; were still mainly simple

letter-for-letter substitution ciphers, but some included nulls and brief lists of words and proper nouns (known as nomenclatures). In 1411 Luigi Parsini described the so-called Venetian cipher, which consisted of symbols for each letter, variants for vowels, and lists of nulls and nomenclatures. This was the first complete cipher, but by the end of the century Italian cryptography had become far more elaborate, and each letter usually had from 3 to 6 different symbols allocated to it.

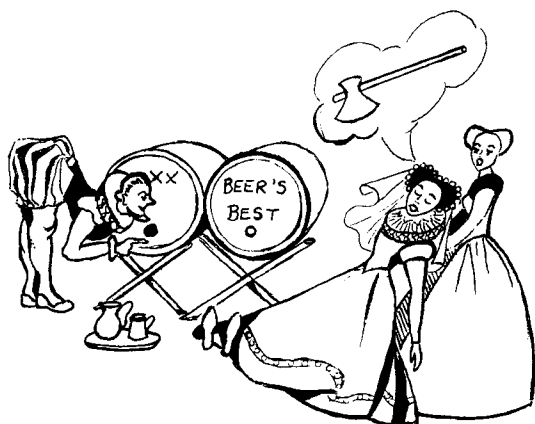
Soon after 1500 a library of reserve vocabularies was compiled by the Papal cryptographers, ready for instant use in case of compromise. Wilful violations were regarded as capital offences.

France under Louis XIII and Louis XIV began to improve the old ciphers, and introduced randomized two-part arrangements, necessitating separate encode and alphabetical decode sections. In 1857 Blaise de Vigenère published his "Traite des Chiffres" and also invented the "Vigenère cipher", which was described (by others, not himself) as "le Chiffre indechiffable"—the indecipherable cipher. It was used by the Confederate army in the American Civil war, but the Federal army was said to have broken every message intercepted. Since this was nearly three hundred years after the invention of the cipher itself it is not surprising. The only odd thing is that the Confederates apparently continued to use it. It was, in fact, a fairly simple system, consisting of a basic alphabetic table used in conjunction with a repeated key word.

England was quick to learn from Italy and France, but Francis Bacon, writing in 1605, was not impressed by the calibre of the English cryptographers . . . 'But in regarde of the rawnesse and unskillfulness of the hands, through which they passe, the greatest Matters, are many times carried in the weakest cyphars'. In 1641 the Bishop of Chester, John Wilkins, published an anonymous treatise on cryptography called "Mercury, or the secret and swift messenger", which the Roundheads found extremely useful in the Civil War. Charles I made extensive use of cryptography, and cryptograms found in his luggage after the battle of Naseby were broken by Dr. John Wallis, Savillian Professor of Mathematics at Oxford. A letter from the King to the Earl of Glamorgan, promising concessions to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, is thought to have been compromised at this time, and this letter was used as part of the evidence supporting the charge of High Treason later brought against the King. He shared the fate of his unfortunate grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, whose cipher keys were discovered hidden in the bung of a beer barrel by agents of Queen Elizabeth I. Napoleon was another who did not pay enough attention to the threat of compromise, for on his disastrous march to Moscow and back the Russians were able to intercept and break his ciphers.

In the American Civil War, cryptography was used extensively. The Federal Army used small codes with word transposition which they called "route





ciphers". The words were written up and down in vertical columns, a completely irrelevant sentence added at a random point in the text, and the columns then read across and thus transmitted. The Confederates, as already stated, used the Vigenère cipher, and furthermore were unable to break intercepted Federal messages, which they used to publish in the Richmond newspapers, requesting people who could break them to come forward.

In 1891, a Frenchman, Bazeries, produced a simple mechanical rotor cipher system, called the Bazeries Cylinder. This consisted of 20 rotors aligned to a rearranged key and assigned 20 letters each. They were mounted on a rod-like core and twirled by hand. The increased use of R/T during and after the First World War stimulated developments in cipher machines, which were mounted in portable cases, twirled by hand and levers, and finally driven by electric motors, keyboards also being introduced at about this time. At this point in the history of cryptography "the security curtain closes down" as the reference books regretfully state! We have come a long way since the Greek Commanders-in-Chief laboriously wound strips of parchment round their scytales, but perhaps things have declined since 1647, when Dr. John Wallis remarked that whereas formerly cryptography was an art known only to the Secretaries of Princes, the Civil War had brought it into such prominence 'that now there is scarce a person of quality but is more or less acquainted with it, and doth, as there is occasion, make use of it'.

## WIRELESS IN AIRSHIPS—1912

Vice-Admiral Sir Raymond Fitzmaurice, K.B.E., D.S.O., entered the *Britannia* as a naval cadet in 1893 and was promoted Lieutenant in 1901. He served as wireless officer in the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets for four years and when the naval wing of the R.F.C. was formed in 1912, he was appointed for wireless duties with aircraft. He was

awarded the D.S.O. when he successfully placed a block ship in the Rufiji river, under heavy fire, thus preventing the escape of the German cruiser *Königsberg*. He was Director of the Signal Division from 1923 to 1925. During the Second World War, he was the doyen of that gallant band of retired flag-officers who went to sea as Commodores of convoys.

The following account was written by him in 1914.

"It was in July 1912 that the Admiralty decided that efforts should be made to use Wireless Telegraphy in Airships, and I was appointed for W/T duties with airships with orders to obtain a transmitting range of 20 miles. My first experiment was in the airship *Gamma*; we had to fit up an assortment of odds and ends consisting of a magneto driven by belt from one of the balloon blowers and some Moschickie jars. I had to use what is called the balanced aerial system. This consisted of a double trailer let down from the bottom of the car on a drum, while the earth was made by wires triced to the bow and stern of the gasbag. Tuning was achieved by letting out or taking in the aerial until the ammeter gave a maximum swing; depending upon the wavelength used, you let out from 100 to 400 feet of aerial wire with a one-pound weight on the end to keep it clear of everything. My chief concern was to prevent sparking in the vicinity of the gasbag, as though hydrogen is only explosive with the proper mixture of air, one could never be sure where or when this most undesirable mixture would take place.

"The first experiment took place using a Naval airship shore receiving station at Witleford. We experimented at short ranges and everything seemed to go well, though I thought that there was a loss of strength in signals whenever the airship entered cloud banks. Our first experiment at night proved to be most interesting. We planned to fly over Cambridge some twenty miles away and starting at 9 p.m. we expected to be back by midnight. On rising to 2,000 feet, we encountered a strong headwind and so instead of taking half an hour to get there as we had expected, we did not arrive until half-past eleven. The return journey was hardly a success. We missed our camp and, in fact, our way altogether. At 1 a.m. the mechanic informed the C.O.—Major Maitland, that only threequarters of an hour's lubricating oil remained. It was evident that we could not land that night, so we switched off both engines to save our oil for landing by daylight and free ballooned.

"I do not think that I shall ever forget the feeling of perfect peace and quiet one experiences when ballooning at night. The *Gamma* gradually sank as the hours went by and we had to throw out all our ballast. As the atmosphere became damper, it became imperative to lighten the ship. Major Maitland declared that the wireless equipment must go, but I protested strongly and declared that one of the crew would be of less consequence, preferably the engineer who had failed to take enough lubricating oil. Just then one of the mechanics found

another sandbag, but in his zeal, instead of opening it and emptying the sand, he threw the whole bag over. There was a sickening crash 2,000 feet below, very much like slate roofs falling in, and as the bag was marked H.M.A. *Gamma*, we expected to come in for a coroner's inquest in the near future, but we never heard of it again and never even knew in which county it happened.

"Towards daylight, we got into thick fog, so could not attempt to land, but this cleared about two hours later. Both engines were set going but the port one immediately broke down. We were making straight for some trees when Major Maitland put the helm hard over and *Gamma* just came around in time to miss them. Eventually, by using our last drop of oil, we landed with the help of some farmhands who, once they were over their surprise, hauled on our lines with a will. In order to lighten the load, I returned to the camp with the transmitter, by train!

"At this period, it was only possible to transmit from airships as the noise level was so high as to make receiving impossible. However, trials started early this year (1914) using receivers".

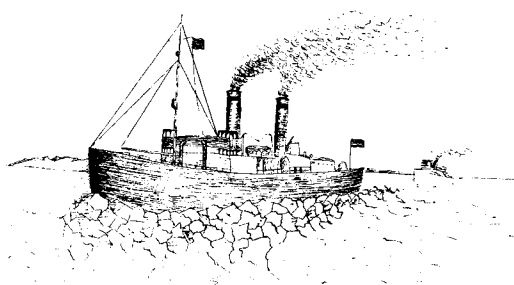
## IN WARTIME RUSSIA

Lieutenant R. A. Cobb, R.N.

In January 1942, I took passage in the cruiser *Trinidad* to North Russia. On the way we had a foretaste of things to come when condensation formed a thick coat of ice on the inside of the hull. At Polyarnoe, the submarine base near Murmansk, a party consisting of 3 Lieutenants, 3 Signalmen and 3 Telegraphists (myself included) was selected to act as liaison staff on Russian icebreakers. The icebreakers were to be employed in breaking out British Merchant ships frozen in at a small place called Molotovsk (I wonder if it still is) in the southern part of the White Sea. To get to the icebreakers the party had to travel from Murmansk to Archangel by train. This meant a journey of some six days in a carriage with wooden seats, the backs of which lifted to become the top bunks: no cooking facilities and only one very primitive lavatory. Fortunately we had the whole carriage to ourselves, or we did until one of the party (a school-teacher in peace-time) who wished to learn Russian, allowed some of the local populace in to help him with his studies. This had some advantages, however, for they showed us how to rush out to make tea at the huge cauldrons of boiling water to be found at every station. They also managed to have our carriage coupled to the end of a goods train for the journey along the line joining the Murmansk-Leningrad route to the Archangel-Moscow one. As this was single track with loop passing places, and all goods trains had absolute priority for the war effort, it might have been a

very slow part of the trip. In the end we managed to arrive in a record three days.

Eventually we boarded the icebreakers, *Lenin*, *Stalin* and *Litke* where the whole party was given wardroom status, as the conditions on the mess-decks would have been difficult. The *Lenin* and *Stalin* were massive, broad-beamed ships with square-tipped propeller blades and reinforced bows. They were used as enormous battering rams and were fitted with a third propeller forward which was used to create a suction under the ice, and so let the bows break through when they rode up at the end of a charge. The *Litke* (the only one of the



three under the National Flag) was a converted yacht with reinforced bows, and termed an Ice Cutter. The usual procedure was for the *Lenin* (as Senior Officer) to break the channel followed by two merchant ships, then *Stalin* with a further two and finally the *Litke* ready to go to the assistance of any that stuck—which they frequently did. While we were under way, the Captain of the *Lenin* would spend a lot of time in the crow's nest, looking for the best route. At night the convoy would simply stop and freeze in, then the whole laborious business of breaking them free would begin again the next morning.

The food on board consisted of watery soup, black bread, a heavy porridge-like substance made from coarse grain and occasionally some very tough meat (which we christened 'Yak'). The communication equipment was rather antiquated. There were two Radio Officers, neither of whom spoke English, so we conversed by signs and the Q Code.

Having completed the trip we returned to Archangel W/T. There we helped to man the Fixed Services to Admiralty and Murmansk and the Port Wave, when required. Our equipment consisted of type 52's and 5G's with B28 receivers. Later we used Army transmitters and even obtained an SWB 8. The latter had to be sited at the Russian transmitting station and wave-changing, etc., became a very difficult process. This was achieved by the passing of certain Russian words over a field telephone to the non-English-speaking Engineer at the Radio station. If he only half completed the job, chaos ensued while we attempted to sort things out in pidgin Russian. It was a major operation for the C.P.O. Tel. to go and carry out routine maintenance.

Power supplies varied considerably according to the time of day or night, and cuts were frequent, in

order to save wood, which was the only fuel available. To stock up supplies for the winter, a party would be sent up river in summer to cut down trees. These would be formed into huge rafts and floated down to Archangel where everyone in town was obliged to spend a week or fortnight hauling them out and stacking them on the beaches. This naturally went on for as long as possible and even when the river was starting to freeze, women would be working up to their waists in the water, dragging the logs ashore.

Food, too, was scarce, especially in the winter of 1941/42. The average daily ration consisted of approximately two inches of black bread and some watery soup. This could be supplemented by donating blood at one of the hospitals where food coupons were given in exchange. These enabled the donor to obtain extra tea or butter when available. We were more fortunate, as naval rations were available to us, or we could go to the 'Interclub' for a meal used by visiting merchant seamen. No matter where one went for the evening one eye had to be kept on the clock, as there was a strict curfew in the town from midnight to 4 a.m., and anyone found on the streets was in for a very uncomfortable night. Police supervision was strict, for during the curfew hours a section of the town would be cordoned off and a house to house search made.

The variation in temperature in the year was enormous—from a warm 70° to 80° in the summer, when one could swim in the river, to a very cold 40° below, when a three-ton lorry could be driven across it. Indeed this was the only way to get to the railway station in winter but the most exciting trips took place when the thaw set in. Then it was a case of going as fast as possible in order to spread the weight, with no thought of being helpful to the poor unfortunate whose lorry was slowly sinking through the ice. Because of the climatic conditions all personnel should have returned to the U.K. after about 9 or 12 months service but the Russians were very reluctant to give visas for reliefs, so most of us stayed about two years. To give us a break, after about one year we would be sent to Moscow as couriers to the British Mission. In Moscow food was more plentiful, as well as many other consumer goods, but the latter were reserved for Party members and members of Diplomatic Missions. I spent my fortnight there admiring the sights, which included the magnificent underground railway with its fine mosaics depicting all aspects of Soviet life, and during the evenings I attended the magnificent performances of ballet and opera at the Annex to the Bolshoi Theatre. The Bolshoi itself was closed, owing to the difficulty of heating it. The Annex was as big as many London theatres and because theatres are State supported, money was no object, and productions were accompanied by an 80-piece orchestra. 'Rose Marie' was being performed at one of the provincial theatres, and was quite well done, though the Mounties looked a little odd in pale blue uniforms in the style of New York cops.

## ALPHONSE



In May, the Long Course arrived and brought with them an unusual addition to Leydene in the form of Alphonse, who took up residence in a pheasant run on the edge of the wood, just beyond Siberia.

Alphonse, a two-year-old skunk, was mascot of *Saintes* in the 1st D.S. on a Home/Med. G.S.C. for his last job. What with a Kuwait crisis and two Royal Cruises the commission became a Home/Med/East of Suez/South Atlantic G.S.C. so that there can be few more widely travelled skunks.

Alphonse had lived for more than half his life on the bridge of the destroyer where he made himself a nest underneath the floorboards. Being nocturnal, he comes out when the sun sets and turns in at sunrise. This meant that his waking life at *Mercury* during the long summer days was a mere six or so hours of darkness.

In late August he deserted and vanished into the jungles of East Meon, but not before somebody in North Camp had found him, picked him up, and released him again thinking he was a badger.

In an effort to recapture the offender, his absence was published in the national and local press and over television. Officers of the Watch were besieged by telephone calls from the national dailies enquiring whether Alphonse had been recaptured. The *DAILY MIRROR* printed a theory that he had gone to make love to a squirrel girl friend.

Great was the rejoicing some three weeks later when the caretaker of the village school at Privett—some seven miles away—opened his brush cupboard for a quick scrub out and found Alphonse inside. He was returned to Leydene, placed on concrete so that he could not dig out again, but somehow still managed to do so several days later.

It is not certain whether it is the call of the wild or the call of the sea that attracts him: if the latter, he is probably heading for Haslemere to see Draftie personally.

## WHO IS ADA? WHAT IS SHE?

Computers, whether mechanical (like early Fire-control Tables) or electronic (like the ones used by large firms to work out their employees' pay) have often been called "Artificial Brains" because, like human brains, they can be used to solve problems. But the name is rather misleading in some ways, because in general, computers are only able to solve one sort of problem at a time. In the case of mechanical computers, they are designed from the beginning to solve a particular problem, and can only do this single job all their lives. For instance, such a Fire-control computer as referred to above is attached to a radar, and the problem it solves is "Where must we point our guns in order to hit *this* aeroplane seen by the radar?" Electronic computers, however are somewhat more flexible, because they can be set up to do different problems at different times in their lives. This setting-up is called "programming". For example the same electronic computer may be programmed to work out the pay for the Metropolitan Police Force one day, and then differently programmed to organise traffic-flow in the city's streets the next. Furthermore, since an electronic computer works by means of components like valves and transistors whose action is very rapid, its calculations can be very fast indeed, and complete complex problems can often be solved in a few microseconds (millionths of a second).

These twin advantages—flexibility through programming and speed of operation—are the reasons why there are so many tasks in science and industry which can profitably be handled by an electronic computer. It is certainly true that they are expensive—the cost of the very largest runs into millions of pounds—but they may often be worth a large outlay through savings in manpower and in time. The Royal Navy, like other large organisations, has not been slow in appreciating the value of Electronic Computers, and one of the ways in which they will be used in ships in the not-very-distant future is in the field of AIO or Action Information Organisation.

Basically, the AIO problem is the compilation of a "picture" of what is going on in a naval action for the use of the command in fighting an action. It is easy to see how important an efficient AIO is: without a good "picture", a force commander is like a blindfold chess player and will probably be unable to deploy his forces to best advantage. Up to now, AIO has been done largely by human beings.

Such an organisation, however, has certain disadvantages in the present era, in which ships, aircraft and submarines can move faster than ever before, and in which the range and capabilities of weapons has increased enormously. The fact is that more and more men and more and more complicated organisations are constantly needed to cope with the growing complexity of the AIO picture, and with the increasing necessity for information to reach the command, and for orders to be conveyed from the command at a very high speed. Now the

rapid sorting-out and display of vast quantities of raw information is the sort of task that is meat-and-drink to an electronic computer, and such a computer, programmed to do this sort of work, together with all its associated displays, communication links and so forth form a completely new AIO System, which has been christened ADA, standing for Action Data Automation.

ADA in her full form, however, will be able to do a great deal more than just sorting and displaying information. She will in addition be programmed with the latest doctrine agreed by tactical experts so as to be able to advise the command on the solution of difficult tactical problems, or even to present a number of alternative solutions for the command to consider. It must be emphasised, though, that there can never be any question of handing over the whole conduct of a naval engagement to a computer. Major decisions must, as always, be taken by human beings; but ADA will make the job easier by taking over the many small and repetitive (but still necessary) tasks, and eventually doing them far more quickly and more reliably than any conventional manual set-up could manage. Thus more attention can be paid to the higher problems by the real, human brains.

An aspect of such a system of special interest to Communicators is, of course, what communications links will be used to convey information to and from ADA. These may need to be quite extensive, since there may, perhaps, be only one ADA computer in force, and information and orders must be carried between the one ADA and all the other ships. Furthermore, if we are to use fully ADA's capabilities for high-speed working, we must give her up-to-date information as rapidly as possible and as frequently as possible—e.g. new information about the track of an enemy aircraft as often as several times a minute. Finally, when humans man an AIO, we can use voice-circuits and talk in English; but human language is not a good way to give information to a computer. So of course, we need what are called data-links so that all the ships can "talk" to the computer and give it the information it needs in its own "language".

Like all new and revolutionary equipment, ADA will probably have teething-troubles and will be regarded with mistrust by reactionary or inflexible people. Doubtless it will take some time to integrate such a far-reaching system into a huge organisation like the Royal Navy. But there is equally no doubt that the special advantages of computer-automation applied to Action Information will very soon add considerably to the fighting potential of our Fleet.

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### OVERHEARD IN GRAND HARBOUR

The tug had just parted the Carrier's nylon hawser.

From Carrier—                      To Tug  
Oh! My Nylons.

## COMMUNICATIONS AT SINGAPORE

It may be of interest both to newcomers to the Branch and also older hands who have yet to sample the delights of the Far East Station, to learn something about the communication set-up at Singapore.

### Main Signal Centre

The Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station (to be re-christened Flag Officer Commanding-in-Chief Far East Fleet, upon the establishment of the Far East Unified Command, 28 Nov 62) normally flies his flag in the Administration Block, H.M. Dockyard, Naval Base, Singapore. In the same building is the Main Signal Centre (MSC) which serves the Commander-in-Chief, Commodore Superintendent Singapore and all other Royal Navy shore authorities in Singapore. T/P circuits are available from the MSC to RAF and Army transfer stations, *Terror*, *Simbang*, K.D. *Malaya* (Royal Malayan Navy Barracks) and to the R.N. major relay station Kranji W/T.

### Singapore Wireless

All traffic for onward routing to R.N. ships and authorities outside Singapore is relayed to Kranji W/T where the Fixed Services terminate and from where all the ship broadcasts (including Area 8 Merchant Ship), Coastal Common and Submarine Exercise nets are controlled and watch is maintained on Commonwealth Ship-Shore. All receivers are sited in Kranji W/T and the transmitters, controlled from Kranji are at Suara W/T. Kranji W/T is situated 10½ miles from the MSC between the Naval Base and Singapore City on the Bukit Timah road, the main Singapore North/South road. Suara W/T is inside the Naval Base.

### Training

Communication training facilities are provided by the Signal Training Centre which is at Kranji. During 1962 five LRO and three LTO courses have been completed and a course for advancement to the Able rate is run each month. In addition, provisional examinations are normally conducted twice yearly. The STC also houses an EW Unit which provides shore training for Fleet EW ratings.

### Accommodation

All single and unaccompanied communication ratings drafted to *Terror* live at Kranji W/T. This applies to ratings drafted for Fleet Pool (when not at sea). Kranji W/T is administered by *Terror* and has a Lt.-Cdr. (C), currently Lt.-Cdr. Bennett, as Officer-in-Charge. Facilities exist at Kranji for the following outdoor sports—soccer, basketball, tennis, badminton and swimming. There is a cinema, billiards and table-tennis rooms, a Chief Petty Officers' and Petty Officers' Mess and, for junior ratings, the Kranji Club. The more elaborate facilities at *Terror* which include a nine-hole golf

course and a full sized swimming pool are also available for Kranji ratings.

### Married Quarters

Except for two Chief Petty Officers' quarters at Kranji all rating's Married Quarters are within the Naval Base and the average wait for one is about eighteen months. There are however, hirings available and most people seem to prefer them because of the enhanced allowances.

### Future Arrangements

Work is now in hand to convert the existing Main Signal Centre into a Comcen. It is hoped that the new layout will be operational in 1963. The Comcen will have the same functions as the present MSC but in addition will relieve Kranji W/T of the control of ship Broadcasts and termination of fixed services. Because of receiver difficulties, the CW nets and Commonwealth Ship-Shore will remain at Kranji at least in the initial stages of the Comcen, but may be moved down at a later date. The overall strength of the Communication staffs will remain the same as at present but the majority of ratings will work in the Comcen.

## F.O.2 F.E.S.

by CY D. R. Jones

Flag Officer Second-in-Command, Far East Station (F.O.2 F.E.S.) for those who have not heard of us, is better explained by the crest in the Staff Mess by TO2 Hutson "Pack kit—Will travel". We have since February travelled around quite a lot, and always finished up with the usual remarks



"Got a match?"

on leaving a ship, "Don't come back"! So far this year we have been busy with various exercises; first "Jet" in *Centaur* and *Belfast*, then *Ark Royal* for "Fantail", "Sea Devil", "Okex", "Checkertail", "Potluck/Rawfish", "Homerun" and "Showboat". We also were present for the biggest exercise of all, "Foxtex", and "Hopalong" which we did in our new flagship, *Tiger*. As readers can see we catch up all of the major fleet exercises in the Far East, but it is not as bad as it looks as we also get the 'perks' (i.e., visits).

So far this year we have visited Hong Kong twice, Manila, Subic, Okinawa (looks like Scapa but, wow!), and Bangkok, summed up by TO2 Lattin as the best run of the lot—also where he left his heart? We are now off on the most envied cruise of the Far East fleet, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, but first of all we have 21 days at sea and Exercises "Springer" and "Tuckerbox" (the staff CY unfortunately could not manage 21 days at sea and flies down to Darwin and Sydney with the flag!). In December we go back to Singapore for a few days to say farewell to Vice Admiral Frewen and welcome our new F.O.2, Rear Admiral Scatchard, and then it is off to Hong Kong for Christmas and the New Year. (As readers can see we get it rough, but we do try to survive!) As a final note if you have little kit, a grip, and you like to travel, be our guest and come on out?

Overheard on 'one' ship: "What are situations 'A', 'B' and 'C'?"

Reply: "Damage control markings".

## H.M.S. CAESAR D8

by LTO A. W. Pomphrey

Friends, Romans and Countrymen lend me your ears, for we complete our 18 months on the Far East Station at the end of September and before we turn over to our reliefs we are determined to have our final cackle. Veni. Vedi. Veci.

After "Jet '62"—a three-month refit, which many took advantage of—in more ways than one. The sparkers thought it was time they got up in the world so they all—well almost all—went on course, from which they emerged successful. Our only eligible bunting, the final one of our original staff, also went on course and was likewise a success.

Three of the buntings managed to get away from it all; they went on Exercise "Sea Devil" in RFA *Fort Charlotte* and were fortunate enough to be kept on for the Japanese cruise, which they thoroughly enjoyed: I know, I was one of them!

The Chief Yeoman and the remainder of his staff manned the M.S.O. housed in *Terror* during the refit. In the afternoons he kept his handicap down and gave lessons on the mini-golf course surrounding *Terror*.

The Chief Sparker, on looking around, realized that he had no staff at all. Those not on course had nabbed 'cushy' numbers in the Admin. Block and Cox'n's Office.

Still, that is all behind us now. At the moment we are in Exercise "Battery" with *Bulwark* and other escorts from the 8th D.S. and the Australian 1st F.S. At the end of the week we are due for a three-day Pirate Patrol off the coast of Borneo, which may be an exciting experience.

We arrive in Hong Kong on 25th August for our final visit of a month. Except for the occasional "Casex" we will have very little to do—we hope! Apart from rabbit runs a final Staff run is being planned. Unfortunately we shall not have the company of the CCY or RS as they are returning to U.K. on completion of "Battery". Still, we had a rather hectic farewell run for them before leaving Singapore. May we take this opportunity to wish them well, wherever C.N.D. deems it necessary to have their services. We arrive in Singapore on 25th September when we are available for a flight. Hail, Caesar!

## H.M.S. LOCH KILLISPORT

by RO2 J. Holmes

*Loch Killisport* commissioned in Rosyth on September 12th 1961. From Rosyth to Portland for our work-up, where we were introduced to a character by the name of "Harry Roughers" who wrought havoc amongst the less seaworthy of the staff and who, it may be added, dogged us up to the time we arrived in Hong Kong in early January.

At the end of the work-up we sailed rejoicing to Portsmouth where leave was much enjoyed by all, especially the half of the staff which entered into the state of Holy Matrimony.

Sunday 19th November at 0700 saw *Loch Killisport* (accompanied by Harry Roughers) slip and proceed on her way to take up her appointed duty as Leader of the 3rd Frigate Squadron on the Far East Station. Those of us who had "come back in time to go again" in U.K. went ashore in Gibraltar to buy and send Christmas presents, with the exception of one crafty LTO who had conveniently positioned his girl friend on the Rock, and who was not seen from our arrival to our departure. Rumour had it that he was virtualled in with the apes, although it was later mentioned that even apes have principles.

Aden saw us as a suntanned throng of ambassadors stocked with rabbits of every conceivable description. On to Colombo which passed without event and then to Singapore on 21st December. Our entry, Procedure 'A', was somewhat dampened by a Singapore type torrential downpour, in the middle of which we received our first signal on the Far East Station by V/S, from *Alert*, "Welcome to the Far East Station". In addition the extremely smart pipe and drum band of the Gurkha's also welcomed us. Unfortunately their thunder was stolen slightly by our own piper, M(E)1 J. Ambrose, who has piped us in and out of harbour most successfully since the beginning of the commission.

We sailed for Hong Kong early on New Year's Day and arrived on the 6th January with a group of very sick looking soldiers from the Royal Artillery who had succumbed to a five-day beating from our old friend Harry Roughers. They made it quite clear that no tears would be shed when they could place both feet on 'terra firma' again. Certain members of the communication department had spent the majority of their watch with their heads wedged firmly in a bucket on this particular trip.

A sixteen day anti-piracy patrol off Borneo proved helpful for the settlement of debts and the saving of many dollars for our next assault on Hong Kong. We did not catch any pirates, but a giggle was provided when some crank on the island of Tungka, claiming he was Christ, gave all the local population an indefinite make and mend, much to the annoyance of the local leaders. Our landing party marched through much jungle and swamp but found no trace of him. They returned on board with LRO Beven and RO2 Davies covered from head to foot in mud and other stuff.

After our jolly to North Borneo we returned to another five weeks of the fleshpots of Hong Kong. It was during this period that the S.C.O. Lieutenant Carter, provided the star turn of the commission. On returning to harbour one morning at 0800, he, being specially privileged to act as Officer of the Guard for Commodore Hong Kong, missed his footing when trying to jump from the ship to the jetty and disappeared over the ship's side, fully booted and spurred, amidst screams of laughter from the ship's company which included some

Communicators who were lucky enough to be on deck at the time. My protective instinct forbids me to say more.

We have taken part in Exercises "Jet" and "Sea Devil", both of which passed without event. Exercise "Sea Devil" took us to the Phillipines where a splendid run ashore was had in Manila and Subic.

Now we are on passage to Singapore from Japan, and those of you who have not been there can take it from me that it is all it is made out to be . . . and more. Hakodate, Ominato and Hitachi are all regretfully behind us now, but still the memories remain of what has been voted the world's No. 1 run ashore. With nine months of the commission behind us we have steamed 32,000 miles, and with eight months of our time out here still to do we will no doubt steam a lot more. Our programme may include Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Islands.

## 7th SUBMARINE DIVISION, SINGAPORE

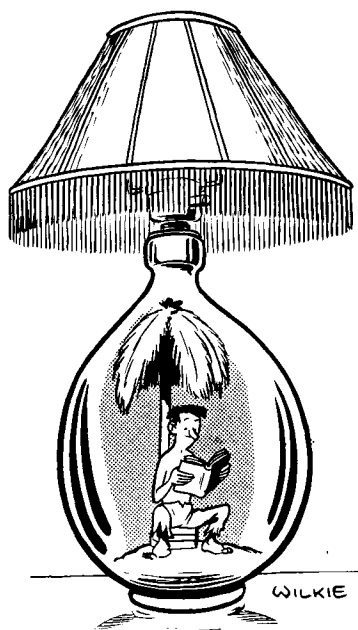
by RS Belton Perkins

This is not another hard luck story about all the sea-time the submarines put in, (even if they do) but of course they do their share, what with the usual annual fleet exercises such as "Jet", "Fotex", "Tucker Box" and "Midlink" not to mention the many others which spring up at a week's notice.

The division consists of four 'A' Class Submarines, *Andrew*, *Ambush*, *Anchorite* and *Amphion*, shortly to be joined by another boat of the same class. The two boats doing all the present running are *Ambush* and *Andrew*, with *Anchorite* just about ready to re-commission after an extensive refit, with a re-commissioning dance to be held at the new Armada Pavilion, which has just been built next to the Armada Club. *Amphion* is still holding up the dockyard wall or floating dock respectively, undergoing refit.

One of the Division's Communicators was asked (not pushed) to help with the local Singapore Sea Cadet summer camp, which was held at the dockyard school in the Naval Base, where a good time was had by everybody, with boat pulling and various other sporting events. The outcome of this is that he instructs the Communication Class every Tuesday evening. These lads are very keen to learn, and in three periods of instruction they have already mastered two-thirds of the 'code' and a very basic knowledge of R.N. procedure. The ages range from 10 to 15 and there has been a full attendance every evening.

Communications are the same on this Station as on any other, but it was nice to note that thanks have been received from the Royal Observatory Hong Kong to *Ambush* and *Andrew* for the weather reports sent in. The small ships can do just as well as the big ones when they try.



**“SHIP ME SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ”**



*By courtesy of the Rank Organisation*

**ROSENDA MONTEROS**



## H.M.S. WOODBRIDGE HAVEN

"Ehh! Whaat! Contribution for the COMMUNICATOR? You must be mad. Shaking me, the dayman, in the afternoon for that. We've been in *Terror* for four months refit, now C. in C's. Inspection is next week and we leave for Hong Kong straight afterwards. When do you think I am going to get time to write? Ah! Well, here goes".  
Counsel for the Prosecution:—

"It would transpire from the evidence before the Court that the Defendant was in places various, devious, and dubious during the past few months. From which evidence the following charges are laid:—

Did, with a view to promoting the relations with Viet Nam, or possibly the reverse, spend four glorious, invigorating and inebriated days in Saigon a few weeks ago. Did while there, wholly approve the local National Dress (The young ladies wear an alluring combination of long Harem-type trousers over brief-type briefs, which are more than disturbing to one's equilibrium).

Did endeavour, with the aid of the Babes (104th MSS, now 6th MSS), to cause havoc and general discontent to the pirates attacking the North Borneo coastal villages.

Was in part successful in the above manoeuvre, but was unanimously the opposite in the sports they played against the local teams, e.g. Rugger, lost 52-1.

Did, in conjunction with the N. Borneo police and RAF Shackletons, arrest some piratical looking craft, including one thirty-five ft. sailing vessel with a crew of thirty-six onboard. (They bore an acute resemblance to sardines.)

Did drive CRS Roper to one stage past distraction, thereby making necessary the Gentlemen of CND bringing CRS Briggs from his seclusion and comfort of Shotley to replace him.

Beside which offences the low percentages obtained in exercises, general layabout nature of the staff, quantity of excess beer consumed per man, and criminal tendencies displayed by all, are put forward for the consideration of the Court.

It is wished also to present the following in order to give the Court an idea of the type of character with whom we are dealing in this case.

A large number of the Defendant's Comm's staff attempted to disguise themselves by the addition of beards (so called) while on the N. Borneo patrol. The attempt was, in the majority of cases, unsuccessful. Or, as the Captain said at the time, "Shave ORF".

The staff would appear to have their better side however, as is shown by the performance of the TO's whaler crew who put up a darn sight better show than the Seamen in the C. in C's. Inspection rehearsal. The RO's keeping up their end by the achievement of burning out and replacing two MWO kettles in less than two days. The latter fact

being unknown to the Supply Officer for some time we thereby lived up to our motto 'Speed with Security'. Is this a record?

R.E.M.

## ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY K.D. MALAYA

Since our last contribution, certain ships of the R.M.N. have been fitted with S.S.B. facilities. The equipment used is the Redifon GR410. Trials held recently have given us ranges of up to 700 nautical miles using a 45-ft. end-fed wire aerial. When we have overcome our initial teething troubles we hope to get much better results.

On the training side we are up to our ears with the task of almost doubling our staff by this time next year. Malaysia has given us our problems too. To train our senior ratings we have enlisted the help of the Pakistan Navy for the radio people and hope early next year to enlist the help of the Indian Navy to train our CY's. Knowing how keen and efficient both these navies are, we are sure that our future RS's and CY's will be well up to the mark.

Quite soon, now, CND, we hope, will be advertising the vacancy of one CRS to relieve CRS Ashcroft, who returns to U.K. early June.

Our training staff, which at the moment consists of CRS Ashcroft, RS Beare, CY Walker, CRS Ridzuan, CY Goh and CY Samuels, will be strengthened with the arrival of CY Stockwell early in November.

## COMMUNICATORS' QUERIES

(C.Q)

*If you have a question you would like to be answered, send it, marked 'C.Q.', to the Editor. In this edition all the queries answered concern:—*

### AGE QUALIFICATIONS FOR SD(C) RANK What are the age limits for selection for the SD list?

The age limits are 25-34 years (i.e. over 25 but not yet 34) the reference point for these limits being the 31st March following the promotion date.

### What is the promotion date in the case of SD(C) candidates?

It is usually June of the year following the start of the course. For example candidates on the 1963 course, which is due to start in September 1963, will be promoted in June 1964.

### So in order to be selected for the 1963 course I must be between the age limits on 31st March, 1965?

That is correct.

### Are there any exceptions to this rule?

Yes. The lower age limit is 23 for former Seaman Upper Yardman candidates not selected for promotion to the General List.

## COMMUNICATORS IN THE HOME AIR COMMAND

What is it like to be communicator on a Naval Air Station? In comparison with our colleagues in the Submarine world, and to a lesser degree our colleagues at sea, one might say this could almost be termed a "quiet number"; but I am quite sure the communications personnel employed in the various functions required in the Air world, would not agree.

Our tasks are many and varied, as are our personnel, who comprise civilians, Wrens and a few male communicators. The Wrens can be subdivided into three categories—Switchboard Operators, Wrens (Communication), and Wrens (Morse). Culdrose undertakes the training of Switch Ops Part II training which lasts for roughly six weeks. The Wrens are then drafted to Naval Telephone Exchanges mainly in the Home Air Command. They man the Switchboard and also render accounts of Private and Service calls every month, dealing with all types of telephone traffic, including overseas and precedence calls. During the later stages of their Part II training time is devoted to the actual manning of Culdrose P.B.X. Now for Wrens (Communication). Their duties can be divided roughly into two—M.S.O. work and manning of voice circuits in the Control Towers. In the former, Wrens spend approximately six months in the M.S.O. typing and distributing signals, teleprinting and cryptographing. For the latter these Wrens, after further instruction, are employed on ground/air voice circuits and it is well worth noting that, with

the present day speed of aircraft, Buccaneers and Scimitars at Lossiemouth and Sea Vixens at Yeovilton, it is vital for voice operators to be very much on their toes. This leaves us with the morse trained Wrens, whose main task is the manning of Ship/NAS, Submarine Safety Net, H/F radio telephone, voice nets and weekly W/T exercises, but they may be called upon to operate ground/air nets from time-to-time.

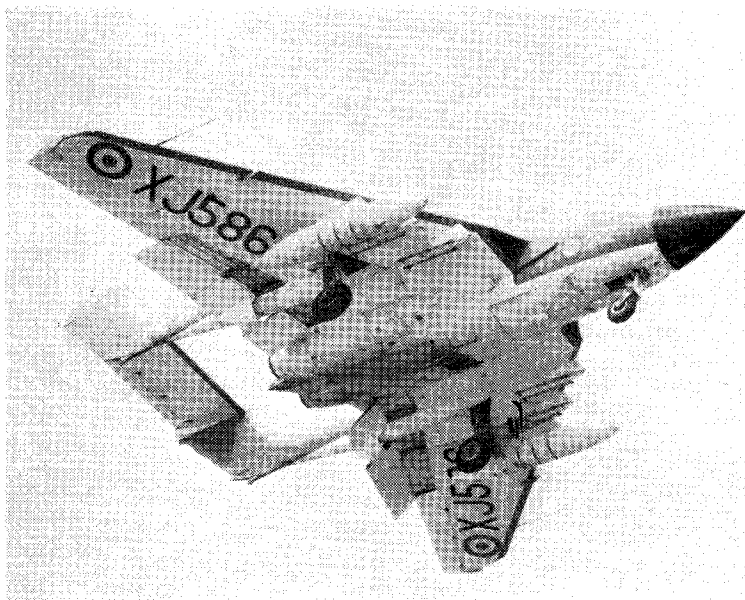
We have talked a lot about the Wren Communicators and it is only fair to mention that their male counterparts, with the exception of the senior rates, carry out precisely the same type of work. There are few male senior rates, and their duties are mainly regulating, day-to-day exercises, and any other general and technical supervision required.

It is worth while mentioning the station tasks of the various Naval Air Stations in general terms. Lossiemouth is the home of the Naval Strike School, the Aerial Photography School and also provides pilot training in Buccaneer and Scimitar aircraft; Arbroath is the home of the Air Apprentices and Abbotsinch, which closes down next year, is an aircraft holding unit. As extensive alterations are taking place at Brawdy, flying is limited. The home of Flag Officer Flying Training, the All Weather Fighter School (Sea Vixen) and Air Direction School are at Yeovilton. Culdrose is the Whirlybird centre and where the Meteorological School and the School of Aircraft Handling are situated. The training of helicopter pilots and conversion of pilots from fixed wing to helicopters, takes place here. We must not forget, of course, our new-born baby which has recently become a Naval Air Station—the

A/S helicopter base at Portland where further helicopter training takes place.

Communication Officers (SD) are the station Communication Officers at all our Naval Air Stations except Arbroath where the fort is held by an Electrical Officer. Our over-all authority is Flag Officer Air Home at Wykeham Hall, Lee-on-Solent. The Command Communication Officer is at present Lt.-Cdr. Wilson, who is to be relieved in January by Cdr. O'Reilly.

Among our activities we have bi-annual Admiral's Inspections, Air days and an annual Escape and Evasion exercise for aircrew, all of which take their toll of the Communications Department, which



Sea Vixen.

is called upon to play its part in some form or other. Air Days are usually a tremendous success as they give everyone, Naval and civilian personnel alike, a chance of seeing at close quarters, modern aircraft such as the Buccaneer, Sea Vixen and Helicopters and also displays such as the RAF aerobatic parachute team, who jump from a height of 12,000 ft. and make a free descent of 10,000 ft.

A two-watch system is usually worked, although it is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rule; it is entirely dependent on the day-to-day requirements of flying practices ordered which, of course, include night flying. When aircraft carriers or ships are operating in the vicinity, extra requirements such as an airfield diversion facility or ship exercises may be requested.

During the summer months in particular, much assistance is rendered by the Naval Search and Rescue Organisation to swimmers, boats in difficulties and cliff climbers, not forgetting of course, our Nation Wide Search and Rescue Organisation which is controlled from Pitreavie and Mountbatten. This sometimes entails full scale watchkeeping for a period of about four days whilst searches are being carried out by Naval aircraft.

At the time of writing we have nearly completed changing over to UHF as our primary means of communication with aircraft. Eventually all aircraft will be equipped with UHF, which will undoubtedly improve communications. A forthcoming project is RATT, in our C.R.R.'s, so our future is looking very bright.

This, I think, is a fair assessment of what happens in the Home Air Command—and it is fair to say that a communicator in the air world carries out a very worthwhile, interesting and varied job; but, before any of you are drafted, make sure you have studied the 'S' order on Air Communications and your voice procedure is good.

The Editor  
thanks all  
Advertisers for  
their support  
during 1962 and  
hopes 1963 will  
be a prosperous  
year for them.

## R.N.A.S. BRAWDY

Brawdy is situated on the Pembrokeshire coast, eleven miles from Haverfordwest and no matter which approach road you use a 1 in 6 hill stands in your way. Motor transport of some sort is a necessity, as the local 'bus service is both expensive and inadequate, and the train journey to Bristol takes about seven hours. I am told that a Moped will cover the distance in five hours, but do not know anyone who has tried it.

Work on the station itself progresses. Navy Works is not so optimistic as the First Lieutenant about the completion date, but both agree that, some day, Brawdy will be the most up-to-date Air Station in the service. At present our main task appears to be keeping our only helicopter flying, although Mr. "Jones the Test" occasionally digs up a serviceable aircraft and takes it up.

If any of you Leydene layabouts would like a breath of sea air without the drudgery of actually going to sea I can recommend Brawdy. We are expecting the Wrens to take over next year. I wonder if they will be given F.D.L. before they arrive.

Our staff is hardly large enough to form a seven-a-side team but despite this we manage to do quite well. LRO Johns in the rugby team; RO2 Piper, hockey and basketball; TO2 Evans, rugby and TO2 Didcote basketball and also station boxing coach. As this represents a third of the staff we feel it is quite an achievement.

For "Fallex" a Reserve Wren arrived at Brawdy to help us out. Unfortunately this was a mistake, as she should have gone to Lossiemouth and



Buccaneers.

therefore found herself the only Wren on the station. Poor Mary had volunteered to go to Malta! What a let down. However, the incident served to jerk us out of our normal monastic existence for a while and her help was very welcome.

## R.N.A.S. ARBROATH

Never reading about Arbroath in the COMMUNICATOR, the "Comms. Contingent" feel rather neglected, and would like other "buntings" to know of their existence.

*Condor* is on the East Coast of Scotland, 18 miles north of Dundee. In the corner of the Station is the P.C.B. with a working staff of 1 P.O. Wren and 6 Wrens. The Electrical Officer, Lt. F. R. Brown, is S.C.O. (Old hands please note, Lt. Brown is an ex-bunting himself, Number One Mess, Collingwood Division, *Ganges* 1935).

As signal traffic is comparatively light, two watches only are needed, "A" watch consisting of L. Wren Murray, Wrens Wright and Edgar, and "B" watch, Wrens Lazenby, Archer and Sewell. P.O. Wren Ellis ensures continuity and works days! Very soon, we will have a few new faces in the M.S.O., our Leading Wren is going off to Yeovilton, while Wrens Sewell and Edgar are destined for overseas.

One of the self-appointed responsibilities taken on by the M.S.O. Wrens led by Wren Wright, has been that of the P.C.B. garden. Earlier this year we obtained a high recommend from the Captain on its neat appearance in the Station Garden Competition.

Out of working hours the keenness to participate in the various Station social activities is ever apparent. To date we have a member of the *Condor* Club Committee, a budding cinema cashier, two librarians and a Tombola committee member. Never let it be said that the *Condor* Comms. Wrens are content to rest on their laurels!

The Station being so ideally situated, offers facilities for many unusual recreations, i.e. canoeing mountaineering, pony trekking, gliding and ski-ing, so, fellow Communicators, if any of the foregoing recreations sound appealing to you—*Condor* is the station.

## R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON

An article? An original article? Something worth saying which will not be said by any of the others? Virtually impossible I'm afraid. "Fallex". Ugh! Paper transmitters—paper emergency generators—the source of all the paper? The paper reinforced M.S.O. watchkeepers!

Whilst on the subject of paper, have you tried to get pink litho paper from K.S.P. for the electric-type Banda? It's easier to get a tot in the U.S.S. *Paul Jones*!

Whilst on the subject of tots, did you hear of the R.A.F. mess temporarily virtualised in a carrier, who, when asked why they had not drawn their grog informed the Issuing Officer that they still had a lot left from their previous day's issue?

If the proverbial apple a day theory is sound, then they should move our Sick Bay up to Lossiemouth. Our Wrens are even feeding the Station Saddle Club horses (a fruitful source of the essential for the CRS's garden!) with Worcester Permaines.

This article is being written whilst awaiting the 'G' heralding Rounds. Why is it that Navy Works decided to send over their 'brickies' to shackle a safe on to the wall, and the G.P.O. send hordes of fitters to fix their frames, on the morning of Rounds? Agreed it is a laid on excuse, but the mess!

There she blows. See you in the spring. G.C.



## R.N.A.S. LOSSIEMOUTH



The Queen's Colour arriving at N.A.S. Lossiemouth prior to the State Visit of King Olaf of Norway.

One of the first questions the SCO asks the newcomer is "Did you volunteer to serve here?" Most ratings look shocked at such a suggestion, a few look sheepish and admit that their drafting preference was for the North, but not this far North. Surprisingly enough the majority of WRNS answer in the affirmative—though one or two have failed to arrive at all, and have apparently decided that this was not what they joined for.

However, the station has its advantages and if you are an outdoor man or woman this is the place for you. The Cairngorms are close at hand, offering tramping, climbing and, in the winter, ski-ing. It is ten minutes' walk to the sea, and riding and rough shooting are laid on in addition to all the traditional sports.

True, we lack bright lights, other than the *Fulmar* Club, a palace of glass and steel opened this year. But the cry, "Monday night is Buckie night", with suitable epithets for the remaining nights of the week, indicates there is some social life somewhere and Scottish licensing hours are still elastic in spite of the new laws.

Work? Yes it does go on, Saturdays included, and when the flying programme is in full swing we have as many movements per day as London Airport.

So if your draft chit says Lossiemouth, take heart, do not forget to pack your winter woollies, and gear yourself for 600 knots plus R/T procedure.

## H.M.S. ARK ROYAL

by A/CY A. D. Cogger

Our last article left us searching for the "Tea House of the August Moon" which we eventually found on Okinawa. On first acquaintance, Okinawa does not appear to be quite the place to send an aircraft carrier after a long spell at sea, with a heavy rainfall and almost deserted coastline, but rumour has it that most of the department very soon discovered all the delights of the Orient were available just over the hill, and the bloodshot eyes indicated that certain of our members were enjoying them to the full.

On sailing we carried out a most successful "Carscomex" with the U.S. Marines who for our benefit had resurrected from their return stores, some 'obsolete' D.S.B. equipment, which gave us the best results in these exercises so far. S.S.B. is the usual form with the U.S. Marines.

This delightful visit was followed by what was known as "Home Run", a title which suggests a swift, calm passage with "Guzz" at the end. Well, if a long spell at sea (flying 0600 to 2359) en route to Singapore deserved such a title, our sense of values must have become a bit twisted. During this voyage we had to divert to the U.S. Base at Subic Bay to land Admiral Frewen, who was suddenly taken ill. We are delighted at his speedy recovery and were privileged to fly his Vice-Admiral's flag on the day of his promotion. The attractions of Alangapo were so near yet so far. We did not even anchor.

After a brief spell in Singapore we sailed for Exercise "Fotex". We understand it is a good thing *Tiger* had visited Japan, where most of their department had purchased transistor radios. These were put to good use to supplement receivers provided by naval sources.

All our efforts and experience gained during the commission proved invaluable on sailing from Singapore, when in company with the 8th D.S., H.M.A. Ships *Parramatta* and *Yarra*, our local M.S. Squadron and R.F.A. *Tidesurge* we carried out Operation "Showboat", a "Shopwindow" type exercise.

In addition to the obvious painting and polishing, the department provided a static display for the visiting V.I.P's. It is amazing how much we all learned about 629 during the process. If any of you are ever involved in such displays, it will be a good thing to remember that an Aldis lamp and battery (in working order) even in this scientific age, interests V.I.P's as much as anything else. After "Showboat" we landed our Admirals, Presidents, M.P.'s etc., and with our faithful friends, *Eastbourne*, *Lincoln*, *Tidesurge*, *Reliant* and *Resurgent* headed for the Southern Cross; undoubtedly the highlight of the commission so far.

The inhabitants of Fremantle and Perth were overwhelming with their hospitality, which the department seized with both hands. Definitely not the cry of "The fleet's in, lock up your daughters",

but "The Fleet's in, turn 'em loose, mothers and grandmothers as well they'll all be needed." The ship was open to visitors for four days officially but any onlooker would have thought we were open 24 hours a day, every day. To give the senior ratings their due, they did not have any lady friends onboard before forenoon stand easy, but just made them wait on the jetty.

TO2 Feek had a never-to-be-forgotten experience here, having an uncle, a doctor in Hobart, Tasmania, where he was the guest of honour at a Navy Memorial House (R.N.O.C.A.) dinner and was presented with the only existing reproduction copy of one of Nelson's letters.

The time to return to Singapore came only too quickly, many members of the ship's company deciding they would not bother anyway. We have now got most of them back. For a few days our telegram logs were rather like the agony column of a ladies' magazine, but before long the musky smell of Singapore was back in our nostrils; the old haunts were visited and our equilibrium restored.

At this moment we are sampling the joys of Hong Kong where we have the distinction of being the first ship fitted with a new VHF radio telephone system into Hong Kong automatic telephone exchange. This equipment, fitted in 30 minutes, gives all the facilities of a normal shore dialling system with absolutely perfect communication.

In a few weeks' time we shall say farewell to the Far East and start the long trek to "Guzz" for Christmas, and the "Home" leg. Verification required of "Home".

## H.M.S. CENTAUR

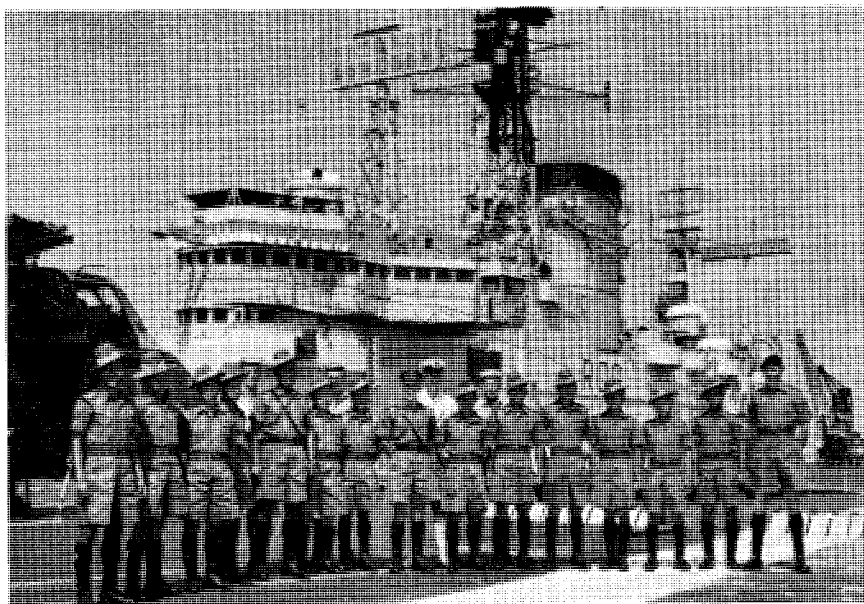
CRS White and LRO Ringrose

After "Fairwind" we proceeded to Hamburg for what, so far, has proved to be the best run ashore this commission. Our reception there from the time we passed "Welcome Point" was almost overwhelming. On the first night there, Lt.-Cdr. Collins with two others appeared on TV in a "Tonight" type of interview. With his fluent German, he obviously made a good impression on the local population who were asked by the interviewer to invite sailors to their homes. The response was almost unbelievable and the ship had a job filling all the requests. Lt.-Cdr. Collins is still acting as translator in some postal love matches!

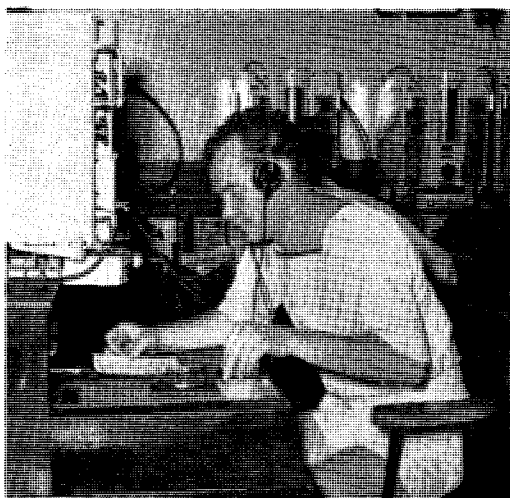
From there back to Portsmouth and "Shop-window", the usual week of demonstrations to Service and civilian guests from various countries. The following week *Centaur* was once more on her way to Gibraltar (almost our home port), taking part in two or three exercises en route, of course. There we had a self-maintenance period and, we felt, a well-earned run ashore. One thing about Gib., it never seems to change too drastically.

Following our S.M.P. in Gib, we sailed in company with F.O.A.C. in *Hermes*, *Corunna*, *Crossbow*, and *Tideflow* to rendezvous with *Berwick* en route for "Riptide 62". The rendezvous the following day with the U.S. Striking Force, which included the "Big E", and later with the French Force was achieved smoothly, Communications settling down with very little delay. After a 'wash-up' in Lisbon, more exercises with *Hermes*, *F.S. Clemenceau*, *U.S.S. Enterprise* and *U.S.S. Forrestal* in the Med. and Gulf of Lyons followed by a visit to Marseilles, then back to Gib. for our annual docking.

Three weeks in dock in Gib. during the late summer, are not exactly pleasant but to offset the discomfort, some of the staff had their wives staying ashore, others had a spell living ashore and working in either the Comcen or



Signallers of the Gurkha Regiment visiting H.M.S. *Ark Royal*.



**RO2 Cheyne transmitting the 1,000th radio telegram of the Commission.**

Windy Hill; in addition, of course, there was the generous hospitality of the shore-side staff, for which we are very grateful.

We were not sorry to leave Gib., however, to get back to sea for a bit of fresh air and how nice to have the air-conditioning back on again. From Gib. to a rendezvous once more with F.O.A.C. in *Hermes* and participation in Exercise "Falltrap", an air-support exercise forming part of "Fallex 62". The standards of operating and procedures have improved considerably in A.S.O.C.'s manned by the Royal Corps of Signals and Royal Artillery operators with previous experience of operating with carriers. The exchange of personnel which has taken place both in Malaya and U.K., has a marked effect on co-operation and the appreciation of the 'other chap's difficulties. The ones who explored the jungles of Malaya prefer the luxury of a carrier!

*Hermes* parted company and headed for U.K. while we proceeded to the North Coast of Africa to use the bombing range at El Adem. *Dunkirk* was our planeguard and a word of praise should be given to any ship who has to chase a carrier for any length of time. Our next run was at Piraeus, a twenty-minutes bus ride from Athens, where we had the distinction of being the first aircraft carrier to go alongside, indeed we had the best berth in the harbour with all the delights of the port within one minute's walk. Bus trips were run to the Acropolis and Parthenon, such cultural runs were in the afternoon so they did not interfere with the rather less cultural pursuits nearer to hand.

After a short week-end in Grand Harbour we are at present flying off Malta before the dash home, Pompey on 26th October.

No new faces have appeared on the messdecks

this time, apart from the new batch of juniors, to one of whom we are indebted for the following gem:

On seeing time of sunrise on Daily Orders—"Gosh! Colours at 0627 in the morning then, Chief!"

*Footnote:*

We are rather proud of the fact that in lifting the King's Cup from *Hermes*, the Ship's team won by 9 goals to 1 Communicators scoring eight of the goals. There were four Communicators in the team; however, they still have some way to go before challenging Real Madrid as we saw when they played the Athens European Cup semi-finalists and lost 3-17. It was a creditable performance to score three and have a great deal of the play to the final whistle, though!

## **H.M.S. ALBION**

Well, the Dockyard finally made it. After 15 months of hitting her with hammers, sawing bits off, glueing lots more bits on, brewing tea, they muttered, "It's no good. She'll have to go". And so, very gently at first our ship started moving again.

She is a bit different now. No catapults. No arrester gear. There is a Combined Ops badge on the funnel. Our hangars—once full of Hawks, Venoms and Skyraiders—are now loaded with Whirlwind and Wessex helicopters, pot-bellied things with a sort of pusser's sky-hook attached. Our flight deck as often as not, is filled at the after-end with bright yellow mogas bowlers, and lots of transport and trailers and even some field guns. Down below, everything is air-conditioned, and there are vast enclosed mess-decks for commandos. Ours are enclosed too, and everyone sleeps in bunks—there is not a hammock on board. The galleys, serveries and dining-halls have all been done up. What with infra-red heaters at the serving counters, ice-cream machines, refrigerated salad-bars, and six choices of hot for dinner—Billy Butlin would not know the difference. The staff are all developing 'Albion Pot'. LRO Alderman has started a diet. Even the CRS has lost that hungry look. Be our guest sometime.

To start our story; the ship was formally commissioned on 1st August, in the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The ceremony and church service were followed by the cutting of a 125-lb. commissioning cake, and a banzai party in the hangar for the families.

Three days later, we were open to the public for Navy Days, after which we dusted ourselves down and sailed for trials, and then on to Portland for our ship work-up. At Portland, they had not given a work-up to anyone quite like us before, but even so, thought of a few things to amuse and divert us. Communications so far, bore an even strain, and were not fully tested until our military work-up.

The military work-up, Exercise "Double Take", took place off Lulworth and consisted of a helicopter-borne assault of the Purbeck Hills by 41 Commando



"Are you receiving me?"

845 (Wessex) and 846 (Whirlwind) squadrons. We had met the Royals before—STW Eastney had kindly fixed this up with a course—and the air squadrons had previously worked from the ship, but this was the first time that *Albion* had taken on a full load. A slow-time rehearsal was carried out two days before the exercise, and, as it turned out, both this and the proper landing itself went very well—particularly as a first shot. We discovered nothing new in the way of snags. We found it hard work maintaining touch on noisy HF frequencies with very weak portable stations ashore. Foreign trawlers with plenty to say blasted us off the air occasionally. The portables at the 'other end', what with being thrown into choppers, thrown out again, hidden behind barns, drowned, covered in mud, dew, and compo rations, tended to get a bit threadbare and reluctant; but this was no worse than we had expected. Although 'Combined' voice procedure had been ordered we heard quite a bit of the old khaki stuff, but it was pretty clear once we got used to it. A sample: 'Hullo Seven. My other box is dis. Closing on net for figures five minutes to change batteries. Callsign Eight bivouacked at my location. Out to you. Eight this is Seven. . . .' You see. Nothing *really* mysterious.

We have done other things too like rescuing yachts—every time the SCO gets on 2182, there is a headline in *THE SKETCH*—but nothing very glamorous yet. The sunshine is to come, probably too much of it. We are on Foreign Service Draft leave at the moment, and by the time this gets to you we shall have sailed away to the mysterious East to relieve the other lot in *Bulwark*. Stay netted in.

## H.M.S. BULWARK

by A/CY Cooper

The end of June saw the crew of *Bulwark* plucked from their luxury quarters in *Terror* and back in the ship which had been in dry dock undergoing a refit. Back to the post-dockyard chaos of tangled wires, wooden breakneck ladders, wet paint and the never-ending dining-hall queues. A few days

cleaning ship at Pulau Tioman and the chaos was sorted out and once again we became our normal, smart, tiddly self, ready to return to Singapore, embark the Queen's Own Royal Highlanders and sail for Exercise "Cover Point", an assault exercise.

The whole department was very busy in August with Exercise "Fotex", our departmental Admiral's inspection in Singapore, and then Exercise "Battery" which was an assault exercise in the New Territories of Hong Kong.

Exercise "Battery" completed, we entered Hong Kong for the last time for a well earned rest, though Hong Kong normally proves to be more exacting than exercises at sea! All good things must come to an end and on 1st September, with our side party setting off fire-crackers around us, we said goodbye to Hong Kong.

The storm warnings had been hoisted before we left Hong Kong for Singapore and as soon as we were clear of the harbour we increased speed in an attempt to evade typhoon Wanda which was rapidly approaching the island. We did in fact miss Wanda but Wanda did not miss Hong Kong, striking some hours after our departure and causing wholesale damage and loss of life.

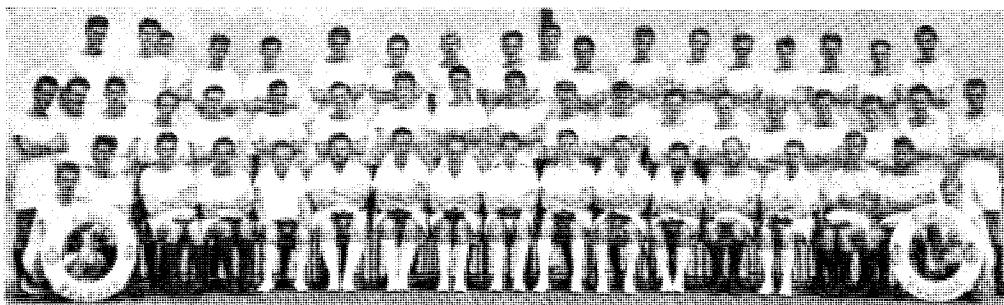
The Great Day arrived at last, 13th September when, with 40 Commando embarked, paying-off pendant flying and deafened by martial music we drew away from the wall and sailed away from the Naval Base, Singapore for the last time. *Carysfort* and *Eastbourne*, also paying off, escorted us across the Indian Ocean, *Eastbourne* detaching at Muscat, and *Carysfort* accompanying us to the Persian Gulf.

Entering the Persian Gulf on September 23rd we were joined by *Loch Ruthven*, *Loch Fyne* and ships of the A.W. Squadron for Exercise "Duffel" which once again was an assault exercise, the Commandos fighting it out in the desert with the Trucial Oman Scouts. In addition to the increased operational



"Are you receiving me?"





traffic we were having to handle such signals as those referring to the Commando's ship-shore ice-cream lift which had its own illustrious title of "Operation Eldorado".

Runs ashore up here are practically non-existent, the only relaxation apart from the normal flight-deck sports being of the banyan type. This may not suit us all but certainly appeals to our landing-party experts; LRO "hit-the-beach" Harbour, who, when not engaged in tiddling up his tin helmet or polishing an old AOBRA parachute clip is normally doing a sub for Buster Crabbe or Lawrence of Arabia. We find, however, that the swimming is great if you keep a good lookout for sea snakes.

As regards training, we do as much as we can, albeit not as much as we would like, and some certainly need it—particularly those of us who still insist on reversing the speed flags, maintaining Emerg Juliet means 'I have an emergency semaphore message for you', or reporting that Flag Zero flying in *Loch Fyne* at anchor means 'I am stopped'. Treatment in addition to training is needed too, particularly for the TO3 who was told to "go up to the MSO and find out who drafted this signal, the SCO, the ASCO or both". He arrived at the M.S.O. with the following message: "When are the SCO and the ASCO going on draft, and will they be going by air or boat?" This, as you may well imagine, caused a little consternation.

Of course, all the laughs do not come only from the V/S department as the RO2 who mans tug net in Singapore will bear witness. He was told, "Ask the pilot which tugs have been allocated to us". After headphone huddle Sparks replies, "Freedom, Weazel and Tweedie-pie". After much eyebrow raising it was established that our tugs were *Freedom*, *Weasel* and *CD5*. Let us not forget the EW branch. Hidden away they ring up the Compass Platform after we have been anchored for twelve hours to ask for a P.C. & S.

We have not much time left now out here, ten weeks before U.K., in fact. Before we leave the Middle East we shall be visiting Mombasa, Seychelles and Aden. In the latter port we turn over to *Albion* and in December we pass through the Suez Canal and after brief calls at Malta and Gibraltar we hope to reach Plymouth in late December.

## H.M.S. VIDAL

After the interruption to surveying caused by our employment at Georgetown, British Guiana, during the disturbances there, we returned to Trinidad on 8th April. We despatched the extra comms. ratings, sent out to help for our British Guiana duties, back to U.K., and sailed for Tobago once more on SOP's, to finish off a boat survey of Man-o'-War Bay. A last run ashore in Scarborough, then the long 17-day trip to Gib. broken by a two-hour stop at Madeira to fly a compassionate case home. The five days at Gib. were a welcome change from calypsos/steel bands to El Twist (Spanish style) and a chance to get the rabbits in prior to U.K. The main job was to get the ship cleaned up for the International Hydrographic Conference 1962 at Monte Carlo where we arrived on 10th May; ex-comms ratings of the '57-59 *Eagle* commission will be pleased to know ex-REL Peternall (now Mr.) is now a substantial representative of Tellurometer U.K. and came to Monte Carlo to fit *Vidal* with some of the firm's new surveying gear to show off to the foreign representatives. The conference at which we were host ship went off with considerable success apart from one small incident when one of our whalers, with LRO West as SCO, left the harbour for a 70 mile trip to Toulon passing the Royal Monagasque Yacht and Mr. Onassis's yacht with a great flourish, then laid about two miles away, becalmed, sunburned, and fed up for six hours. When it started raining they returned with bowed heads. One final visit to Gib. to pick up a rock ape for Ilfracombe Zoo, and then the leg home for three month's refit and leave.

On 17th September we left again for the Islands in the sun where cricket is cricket, and *Vidal* never wins. The trip across was a bit of a change from the last leg going by way of Canaries and Cape Verdes, not stopping of course as we get hard layers, arriving after 18 days at the USN Base Trinidad where by far the best method of getting a message over by voice is for POTS to use Texan drawl procedure and the opposite number to try East Riding dialect. After a few days there, we left for the Grenadines to determine that they are where they are supposed to be, and not where they are not (we think) plus

checking the St. George harbour at Grenada for the wreck of the *Bianca C* which sank last year when *Londonerry* tried very hard to salvage her. So far we have found the Police Radio stations in these islands the most co-operative civilian stations we have ever worked, and at their request are lashing them up to a couple of morse sessions per day for practice. The survey will amount to some interesting island visits—of which we have had St. Vincent (we lost at cricket there too) whilst to come is Carriacou and Grenada during the next fortnight. This takes us up to the end of October.

To end on a light note; while at British Guiana one of our new RO3's requested to take an alligator (7/6 retail price) back to U.K. with him as a garden pet. This caused the DO an extra 'phone bill ringing up BOAC only to find the cost would be £1 per lb. weight of alligator, special box and food. Our enterprising RO3 thought twice about this and decided to try the Marmoset business instead. The ship had applied for Ministry of Ag. & Fisheries (U.K.) permits but unfortunately these did not arrive before we left B.G. This was not so funny as it affected POTS' two parrots (4/2 each cost price). However, a monkey, which does not need a permit, managed to find its way onboard. It immediately seemed to have an obsession about ship's cats. Our feline friend from Chatham disappeared off Tobago some time later when "Jacko" had got his sea legs.

\* \* \*

Could anyone besides the Hydrographic Office give an explanation why Plymouth is where Exeter should be on a well used Comms. org. map?

## S.A.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL

It is a long time since we last submitted an article; not, in fact, since we became foreigners. However, communicationwise little has changed between the R.N. and S.A.N., so perhaps a few words from us will be acceptable.

Red Hill's Signal School continues to flourish under S.A.N. administration and with the assistance of Pusser—in the shape of one CCY, one CY and one RS. How long this will remain a 'Preference Draft' is the 64-dollar question, but it is certain that we shall need R.N. Instructors for a while yet.

For the information of those who have suffered, or otherwise, on the top rung of Jacob's Ladder, we have had quite a face-lift. Each of the old long accommodation huts has been divided into four with built-in wardrobes-cum-lockers and each of the inmates has his own bedside light, rug, stool and table. Dunlopillo easy chairs have been provided in the dorms. The old Junior ratings canteen has become a cinema. The canteen itself and the Senior rating's end have been transformed into a suite for the O. i/c and Reg. Office. The old Main Dorm is now the canteen and Rec. space. The old instructors' dining room now houses a complete branch of the Provincial library—you want a particular book? If we have not got it, we will get it for you. The galley has been completely modernised, and although



No, you sit on this end!

there are some odds and ends still to come, it really is good. We are now on cafeteria messing, by the way. This is just as well, because apart from feeding the hundred-odd blokes up here, we are also the Cookery School. The new wing of the School is now complete and all the noise has been concentrated in it. One can now lecture in No. 5 (the old Reg. office) without having to contend with the Grand March from "Aida" coming from an MTR.

The training programme is now larger than ever. We have now more ratings on course than baboons in the local troop—or is it more baboons on course than ratings trooping to the local? Whatever it is, we've got them. We are still trying to expand madly, we have a Ship's Company over there in the newly commissioned frigate *President Kruger*, and another gang leaves shortly to commission *President Steyn*. Later on, we shall have to collect *President Pretorius*. Let us not forget that we have to take over the Cape Comcen in June, 1964. We have jobs for life! It is a good job that they are raising our retiring age to 60.

\* \* \*

Q. What do you understand by Exercise as first word of the text?

A. This exercise is for exercise and the exercise is to be exercised.

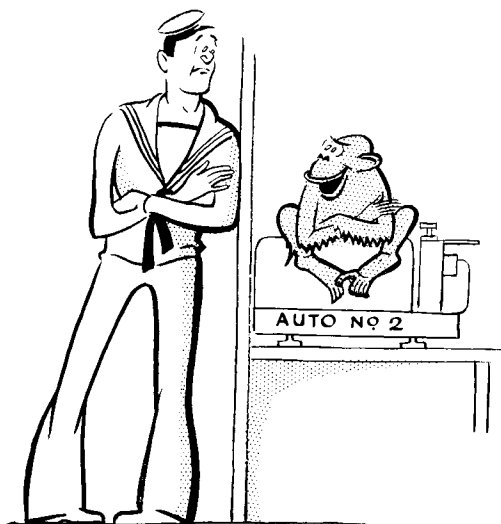
## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

### Cartoons:

Wilkie, pages 139, 141, 152.  
Lt. Miles, page 150.  
LREM Atkinson, pages 153, 169.  
Lt. Phillips, page 158.  
TO2 Day, page 162.  
A/RS Courtman, pages 165, 177.  
LRO Warner, page 175.  
TO2 Rogers, page 187.

## MALTA COMCEN

With "Fallex" behind us, we are settling down to an orderly routine again. However, it is noteworthy that on the first day of "Fallex", Comedsoueast, wearing his national hat of FOF Med., carried out his inspection of D7. The following day D7 carried out his inspection of *Broadsword*. This combined with "Septex" was organised (we think) simply to get the Comcen into top gear for "Fallex". Once again all records for traffic handling and number of transmissions tumbled.



Actually I'm a standard test ape.

Despite a bad start the Comcen were equal seconds in the *Phoenicia* inter-part cricket league, and confounded all the critics and our opponents by winning the inter-part knockout competition. Although this success was due very much to 'team spirit', special mention must be made of CRS Camp's brilliant fielding. The Comcen swimming team did not set the water alight in the *Phoenicia* swimming sports but this was more than offset by the fact that 14 members of the Comcen qualified for bronze medallions for lifesaving. In the world of hockey we will sorely miss the enthusiasm of Lieut. Lennon.

The boat picnics to the more remote beaches of Malta and Gozo have proved very popular during the summer months. It is true that the MFV has been observed carrying out a narrow weave on the return journey. This has not been due to the amount of liquid refreshment taken on the trip but simply that the 'Snags' Wrens like taking a turn at the wheel. Several successful barbecues have been organised, attended and enjoyed by all.

The Wren element has become very ambitious in the field of foreign travel and has done much to

brighten up the Comcen notice board with beautiful coloured postcards from romantic places.

Lieutenant-Commander Cox will be changing one NATO hat for another in the near future. All in Malta Comcen wish him as much success on home ground as he has had here in Malta. The new Governor of Malta Comcen will be Lieutenant-Commander White.

## H.M.S. AUSONIA

*Ausonia* throughout is a veritable hive of industry. From fore'ard—where the Bosun's party are busy splicing new springs, etc.—to aft, where somebody MUST be equally hard at work, *Ausonia* buzzes with motion as all departments tick over. Not to be wondered at considering *Ausonia's* many roles—Fleet Repair Ship, Submarine Depot Ship, Responsibility for Minesweepers, Msida Base, etc.

Tucked away in the centre of this organisation the Communication department ticks as well as any other. For the size of staff the volume of signal traffic is heavy, for though the 'numerical' staff is pretty well adequate, at present we have several Juniors and trainee RO3's, who need a certain amount of post training, after which they become, on the whole, useful members of the department. Having a D.O. who thinks of the day when they become seagoing operators, no opportunities are lost getting them into seagoing ships for experience. Depending on the individual, our 'under training' section members have opportunities for work and leisure on this ship which I doubt they would get elsewhere.

For the rest of the staff, watchkeeping is the main workday occupation, but being the centre of such an important fleet facility, can watchkeeping be anything but interesting? No comments!

We seem to see new faces every week and someone is always due home, so it is on the cards that you—yes, I mean you, mister—may well be joining *Ausonia*. There is no doubt that you will work—and that right well—but think of these things; on R.A., time off! Banyans, barbecues, beach trips, sports, sailing, wine—yes, life is still what you make of it yourself.

It is well worth mentioning the opportunities and encouragement in this ship for the keen, efficient operator who shows the qualities required for higher rating. Many leading hands who leave us have been recommended, qualified and rated during their stay in the department, as also has one Petty Officer rating. Several others are now attempting to qualify provisionally.

Since our last article in the COMMUNICATOR our NATO hat has once more taken charge and sent us up to Submarine Headquarters. This time the watches were really NATO with Greece and Italy represented on our watchbill. Unfortunately the whole caboodle was rather disrupted by the explosion of a stick of atom bombs. The explosion blew all the 'watch on' back home to their beds for an unexpected extra 24 off.

## 7th D.S.

We welcome *Aisne* and *Corunna* to the Mediterranean, boosting our number here somewhat.

Many pleasant visits around the Mediterranean Ports have been made by individual ships and the squadron held a very impressive meeting at Lemnos to compete for the Squadron Trophy which was won by *Trafalgar*, *Broadsword* being a very close second. Our visit to Haifa with C-in-C. Med. was most successful. It included bus tours to Nazareth, Galilee and Jerusalem, also an extremely interesting visit was made to a collective farm.

We are scheduled to participate in a few large-scale exercises before returning to U.K. in March

We wish *Broadsword* the best of luck on her early return to U.K.

## H.M.S. BROADSWORD

Finding ourselves unexpectedly in dockyard hands in Malta, a variety of Medfobas, Expeds, and other recreational activities were organised to give members of the Ship's Company something a little more exciting than can be obtained there. The primary Medfoba was a four day trip to Sicily in an MFV, the object being to climb Mt. Etna. Volunteers were asked for from all departments, and being just after tot time, several Communicators handed in their names.

The party left Malta for Catania on Friday, 3rd August, arriving late that night. The prospective climbers were split into several small groups, each led either by an Officer or a senior rate. Our group consisted of Sub.-Lt. Holland (ASCO) in charge, and two TO's, one LRO, one LME and an REM.

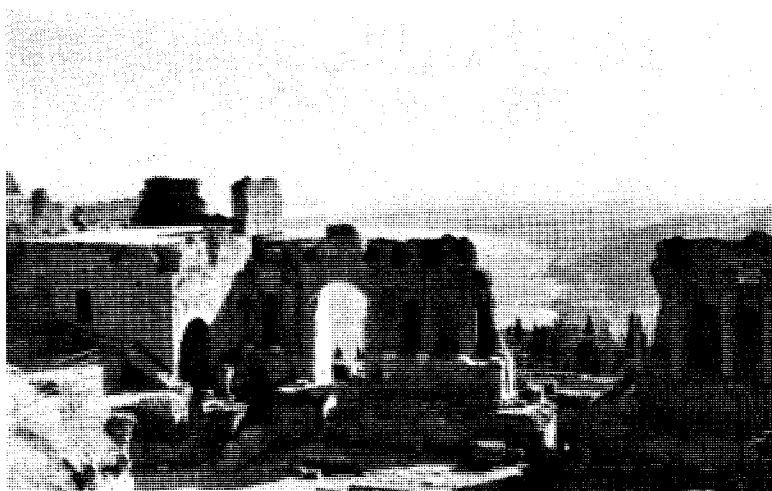
We set out from "base" early on the Saturday morning, taking a hired car through the small towns and villages surrounding the mountain to the actual Volcano base. After suitably refreshing ourselves at enormous expense at a small tourist hotel we set out over the lower slopes which reminded one of huge slag heaps; it was like trying to

walk up the down elevator on Waterloo Station. Every step started a miniature avalanche and the dust was choking. Pretty soon we were covered completely in dust and also hundreds of ladybirds, which existed in their millions between the rocks.

Not being mountaineers our climbs were short and our rests long, but eventually the end was in sight, stretching higher and higher and higher in front of us, or so we thought. After two more hours of sheer murder, when we were literally on our hands and knees, we reached the top to stand there exultant and victorious with only one thing to mar the occasion, "What the hell is that big mountain across to the West of us?" Our suspicions were confirmed when, on close inspection of the landscape we could see several ant-like creatures slowly climbing up this other face. These creatures proved to be one of the other groups. After five hours of sweat and strain we had climbed the wrong one. Our "navigator" was not very popular at that moment, to say the least, but we did have one compensation when later we were told by one of the locals that the face we had climbed was very rarely attempted, as it was too dangerous.

By the time we had descended to the right track and had started to climb again it was totally dark and the temperature had dropped considerably. All this added to the fact that we were already dead on our feet was enough to make the majority of us rue the day we volunteered for this skylark. A sudden flash of brilliance on the part of our leader had us flashing with a torch in what we thought was the right direction, as by this time we could not see more than a few feet. Luckily for us there were "Buntings" among the preceding groups and our calls were

### PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH



Ancient Greek Theatre, Taormina, Sicily.

answered and we were guided to the top of Etna, there to be suitably refreshed with local hooch purchased at a mountain refuge hut.

We had made it at last.

## H.M.S. DUNKIRK

by CY A. H. Brooks

At the time of writing the fate of *Dunkirk* is undecided. When we pay off next March she will be either placed in reserve or broken up.

The year or so we have been in commission has been interesting both professionally and socially. Whilst part of the special squadron showing the Flag around South America, we found ourselves exercising with Navies one rarely, if ever, sees.

Since we have been in the Mediterranean our time has been taken up with some very good visits and various exercises of one kind or another. A particularly interesting thing happened during one of these exercises. We "think" we were the first ship to have been alongside a carrier (*Hermes*), replenishing F.F.O. while aircraft were being landed on. To gaze through an oiling rig and watch a Scimitar come screaming in to land, at that odd angle, is a somewhat unusual and awe inspiring experience.

Although this may well be *Dunkirk's* last commission this final quote rounds it off admirably.

Found written in T.C.P. Log:

From *Centaur* to *Dunkirk*: Am altering to starboard to avoid fishing vessel.

(A short time later).

From *Centaur* to *Dunkirk*: Am resuming CAUSE.

It may have been the J.T.O's bad handwriting, but "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . .?"

## H.M.S. URSA

*Ursa*, before we joined her, spent three years at Malta in the hands of Messrs. Bailey (Malta) Ltd., and boy! did she look sunburnt. The ship was not ready for living in when the steaming crew flew out in July '61 to join her, so we had to live at Hal Far. Commissioning was delayed until 11th November and was followed by our work-up.

Joining up with the 5th F.S. in February, we took part in a NATO exercise, ending at Patras, the capital of Morea in the Greek islands. This visit coincided with the International Carnival week and helped to make our stay 'a good run'.

After a short period of exercises at Malta, Taranto, in the Gulf of Italy, was the next port of call; then rounding the heel on to Piraeus, a few miles south of Athens. One or two of the staff were fortunate enough to visit the Acropolis which they enjoyed. Leaving Piraeus, with *Scarborough*, acting as plane-guard for *Centaur*, we steamed north up the Aegean Sea to Istanbul. There always is a craze for something or other at most places matelots visit. In Istanbul it was pipes. Weird and wonderful assortments

were brought back on board, not to mention the strong scented old rope put in them.

One night shortly before finally leaving Malta, when ready duty ship, we had to go to the assistance of a small Italian coaster. After recalling most of our ship's company from ashore in Sliema by sounding the sirens and illuminating the skies with the two twenty inch projectors, the ship headed into the heavy seas outside. *Battleaxe* (who we shall meet later) being in the vicinity, was also ordered to assist the *Federico Bartoli*. Although she was in great danger of sinking when we reached her the crew refused to abandon her. She was last seen at anchor at Lampedusa, after being escorted to safety. After this incident the ship paid a five day visit to Naples.

Saying goodbye to the many friends we had made, we finally left Malta with the squadron in May. En route to Barcelona, the combined 5th F.S. and 7th D.S. gave C.-in-C. Med. an unforgettable steampast. The four frigates each fired a pattern of six live mortars over the bows of *Surprise*. With the usual farewells, *Blake* and the two squadrons continued, with the inevitable exercise during the journey to Barcelona. Everyone agreed that this was the best run in the Med., if they remembered any of it! We were in Barcelona for six days, after which we headed for Palma in Majorca. Here it was a change to read the local 'rag' printed in English. Most of the lads were more intent on buying rabbits than painting the town red. Having bought the last-minute rabbits in Gib. and bidding farewell to *Lowestoft* (who had volunteered to spend a few months in the West Indies), we left for the final stretch homewards.

Upon arriving in Plymouth the advance leave party lost no time in steaming up the line for twelve days well earned rest. No sooner had the second leave party returned than we were off to Scotland to take part in "Coquex".

It was here that shortly afterwards, with *Sealion* and *Battleaxe* we hit the front page of every national newspaper in U.K. There is no need to go into the story again for you will most certainly have read it. As a result it has been decided to scrap the *Battleaxe*, and we—known as the buckled 'U'—are in dry dock with a new bow in the process of being fitted.

CY Wright represents the ship's hockey team along with RO's Hinks and Bennet. The six comms in the soccer XI are RO's Felgate, Elms, Catherall, Lowry, Gotto and Purnell. These have helped the team to go through the first round of the Navy Cup by beating the reserve fleet. The comms department have also won the inter-part football, deck hockey and volleyball. Archery is another sport, taken up by TO's Burton and Flint. Representing the branch in the rugger team are RO's Elms, Gotto, Felgate and TO Jones. On the cricket pitch we had RO Hinks and Elms and also TO Allum.

If some of you want a West Indies pleasure cruise be sure to put in for this next time. You never know, she might even make it!

## TO MY EMBARRASSMENT

Have you ever hired a motor-car? Or are you one of those baronial matelots who actually owns one? I will always remember the first and indeed, the last, time I ever hired one.

It all started early last summer. I was in a situation quite common to sparkers serving at W/T stations in the U.K. I was 48 off, she was 48 off and we had nowhere to go. It looked like being the usual routine. A Chinese meal in the Lai Yen (Union Street) followed by 'The Alamo' at the Drake and a visit to the Spider's Web. What one would call a "quiet run". Then, two days before "D" day I had a sudden inspiration. Believe me, I do not get many. Anyway, I thought "Patrick, my boy, you've got a driving licence and a bank book (the latter being very important for an adventure like this). Why not hire a car?" So I set to work searching through the ad. column of the evening paper. Anyone familiar with Guzz will know just how big a task I had set myself. To a comparative newcomer like myself, it seemed a case of showing a licence, paying the required amount and driving away. On the contrary, it would probably be easier and cheaper to hire one of Dr. Beeching's railway engines for a day or so.

To start with, Plymouth being a naval port, the insurance companies make it very difficult for a Service man to get behind the wheel of a "hire car". I discovered that the average qualifications were: to have held a driving licence for at least three years, in some cases, five. To be over twenty-five years old and finally, to pay anything from £10 to £25 deposit. Add to all this, the £2-£3 a day hire fee, plus petrol and an extra charge of 3d. a mile for every mile over 100 and you have quite an expensive outing.

However, the idea was there and I was not going to be put off easily, so away I went on foot to all the car hire firms. I spent one whole day walking up and down, in and out and right across Plymouth. It was worth it though because, just as everywhere was closing down and I was about to give up the ghost, I hit it rich. An insignificant little man, wearing a pair of "cruisersopes" and smoking what resembled an old fashioned bubble pipe, offered me a Volkswagen at the amazingly low cost of £2 per day with no mileage limit. As they say on the flag deck, I was Desig India November but IN.

"D" day arrived and I was up with the lark. Anyone who has stayed at Aggie's in Devonport will know the lark in Central Park is a very late riser. The car was to be picked up at 9 o'clock sharp and Monica would be waiting (I hoped) at the Ranch House at 0905. Everything went like clockwork. I backed the car out of the garage without hitting anything or anybody. This was a necessity because the owner was watching me. The biggest surprise was

still to come. Instead of arriving at the Ranch House and having to wait half an hour or so for Monica, she was there waiting for me.

She climbed in without splitting her head upon the roof—quite a feat in a Volkswagen, and away we went. Without any grinding of gears I pulled away from the curb and we were off. A couple of seconds and about two hundred yards later we ran out of petrol. It may sound unbelievable, but nevertheless it is quite true. So you can guess how much juice these hire firms leave in the tank. Being in the middle of Plymouth I was not unduly perturbed although I did say a few uncomplimentary words about the owner's parents. However, that did not put any petrol in the tank so we locked the car and away we went to the nearest garage, which was about five minute's walk. They were very kind and helpful and gave me a gallon can of petrol, with a deposit on the can of course. Everything seems to have a deposit on it nowadays.

At the car we came across the first big snag. Where does one find the filling cap on a Volkswagen? Putting two and two together I deduced that, as in a normal car, the engine is at the front and the cap at the rear, in this case, the engine being at the rear, the cap would be on the bonnet. Guess who was in for quite a surprise? There were no outboard fittings whatsoever. Undaunted, I inspected for signs of a catch to release the bonnet. Of course, it being my lucky day, there was not one. In fact, it looked as if the whole thing was sealed. Then I remembered that on many new cars there is a little handle under the left-hand side of the dashboard.\* Negative, no handle. The only remaining possibility was that the petrol must go direct into the engine at the rear. Opening the rear, which for once turned out to be an easy task, I came face to face with a lovely little engine and there, at the top right, was a screw cap. Let me explain that I am not mechanically minded. The next difficulty to overcome was that the can was too large to get the neck in line with the opening of the tank. The solution was to "borrow" a milk bottle from a nearby doorstep and do it in relays. This took some time; there are eight pints to a gallon.

Joy at last. The petrol was in, the milk bottle returned and the can stowed away on the back seat. Then more gloom and despondency. It still would not work. After much pressing of starters and kicking of feed pipes I gave up and we sat in the car and smoked a cigarette.

Then I realised, I was sitting in a Volkswagen with one gallon of petrol stuck in the oil sump. I guess that was the reason why the petrol can would not fit in. The outcome of all this was that we had to be towed to the same garage where I had bought the petrol. It took the mechanics 1½ hours to clean out the oil sump and refill it. Naturally, when we went back to collect the car, everybody stopped work and stared at me as if they did not believe it possible. Obviously, the story had not taken long to circulate.

I am pleased to say that the rest of the day, in spite of the weather, turned out quite pleasant. We had a beautiful Chinese meal at the Lai Yen and I really enjoyed 'The Alamo'.

\*A hint to any would-be Volkswagon owners. The handle to open the bonnet is under the RIGHT-hand side of the dashboard and the filling cap is just under the bonnet.

## BRITISH WIRELESS DINNER CLUB

The British Wireless Dinner Club was formed after the Great War, 1914-18, to keep alive, by means of an annual dinner, associations and friendships formed during the war.

The Club was founded by Colonel L. F. Blandy, who, as an Officer of the Royal Engineers, had been responsible at G.H.Q., France, for the wireless of the British Expeditionary Force on the Western Front, and had after the war been appointed to the Air Ministry as Controller of Communications.

Colonel Blandy had been approached by many Officers who had served under him, particularly by Captain Round, of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, with the suggestion that such a Club should be formed.

A dinner to discuss the proposition was held in January 1922, attended by fourteen Officers, at which it was resolved that sufficient support would be forthcoming to form a club for the purpose of holding an annual dinner for members whose qualifications should be that "they had served in wireless during the War as Officers or in an equivalent capacity".

A membership of some 300 was quickly obtained, Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., became the first President, while the Vice-Presidency was accepted by Senatore Marconi, G.C.V.O., who, with Jackson, working independently, had made England the birthplace of wireless communication.

The object of the Club was to bring together all those who had held His Majesty's Commission and who had taken an active part in the creation, organisation and maintenance in wireless communication during the Great War throughout the British Empire and wherever the war was waged.

It was always felt that the informal association of wartime comrades and the keeping up-to-date of the list of members and their addresses could not but be of value in any national emergency. This indeed proved the case when in September 1938 the qualifications of members of the Club were brought to the notice of the Government with the suggestion that they might be glad to avail themselves of the specialist experience of the members. This suggestion was welcomed and the necessary steps taken to put it into effect.

The first annual dinner was held on 11th March, 1922, at the Trocadero Restaurant and was attended by 125 members. Annual dinners have been held regularly in the spring ever since, with the exception of 1941 and 1944 when London was in the throes of the Battle of Britain and in preparation for 'D' Day, respectively.

Since World War II changes in the qualifications for membership have been made. In outline, membership is open to those with war service on wireless duties as Officers, including Government Civil Employees such as Scientific Staff of Design Establishments, etc., and serving Officers of the Regular, Auxiliary or Reserve Forces, including Government Civil Employees, employed on wireless duties.

The present membership is limited to 600. The life membership fee is one guinea. Further information can be obtained from Captain F. J. Wylie, R.N., c/o Radio Advisory Service, 12/20 Camomile Street, London, E.C.3.

## PRIZE WINNING CARTOON



"I wasn't very impressed by the guard. I think we'll have an hour's drill then kit musters. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot ——— Merry Christmas.

# AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE SQUADRON

by RS B. W. Ansell

Many regrets for missing the summer issue of the COMMUNICATOR, but each word would have been written in paint and the envelope full of chippings in our just having recommissioned and getting the L.S.H.(S)—(Meon) ready for C. in C.'s Med's inspection and sea trials.

We sailed from Malta on the 28th June arriving Aden 8th July, and thence to the Persian Gulf—that riviera of spa's, no intoxicating liquor and miles and miles of fine gravel they call sand.

Starting out with 1 RS, 1 LRO plus 4 and 1 LTO plus 3 we were assailed once having reached our home port in the P.G.—Bahrain, by 1 CRS, 1 CCY, 6 Leading Hands plus 4—they being the Staff of the Captain A.W.S., and last but not least members of 601 Signal Troop (Ship).



Exercises then followed one after the other at Sir Abu Nu'Air, Yas, Das (affectionately known by us as one of the detergent group), and off the Trucial Oman coast. Any spare time prior or after the exercise was given over to recreational parties.

At first communicationwise, one did not know quite what was going on—Major Landing Craft for taking Majors ashore, NAP not meaning that one can have a snooze when one wants, Brigade Rear and Brigade Forward—the rear not being slow in coming forward, and Amphibious Common: a means whereby fish can talk to one another. However with the Joint Operation Orders on hand all the



time everything is much clearer—and we have already worn out three copies.

The A.W.S. is a Unit unto itself and includes as well as the L.S.H.(S), L.S.T's, L.C.T's, L.C.A's the Naval Beach Unit composed of Naval rates and Royal Marines, an Army Beach Troop Cadre, a Special Boat section, and an L.C.N. fitted with additional radio and navigational equipment for guiding in assault craft.

Members of the Staff have already found that their jobs are not all 'sparking'. Some go ashore with landing parties and one has the job of going away with the L.C.N. each time an exercise is due to start. All-in-all, life, especially on exercise is pretty varied. No matter what one goes ashore for, water bottles, cans of beer, fruit juices are always in evidence just in case of thirst.



Amphibious Warfare Sparker.



The sportsmen are quite numerous and helped give the ship the cup at a swimming gala held in *Jufair*. Also the footballers amongst us seem to make up a strong and invincible Ship's team that has not been beaten in the League Series yet.

\* \* \*

Conversation overheard on the quarterdeck.

Two Q.M.'s listening on their transistor picked up Major Landing Craft net. Conditions at the time were bad, and we were trying to establish communication. Said one Q.M. to the other, "Don't you think I'd better switch off. We might be pinching their waves".

## H.M.S. ANZIO

*Anzio* is an LST(A) attached to the Amphibious Warfare Squadron in the Persian Gulf. The majority of the Comms staff joined the ship at Aden in May of this year. We will not, however, be doing a full foreign. The ship, previously on the staggered drafting system, is changing to the normal method of ships in foreign waters and recommissions at Gibraltar in April 1963.

After a week in Aden, long enough to enjoy to the full the facilities offered by the Mermaid Club, we sailed for Karachi. In five days there much extremely pleasant and friendly co-operation was received from the Pakistani Communicators. On to Bombay. A month's refit here provided us with plenty of time in which to enjoy the night life to the full. Breach Kandy swimming pool proved to be a slice of paradise.

Six day's steaming from Bombay found us 'up the gulf', and down to hard work. We had an idea of what was ahead of us when we saw the happy smiles of relief on the faces of *Striker* as she steamed past us en route to Gib—and paying off. At the end of July we took part in "Awex 8" and the 'gulf' sun showed us what heat really is. It rarely let up for a moment. Heat casualties were many—but the Comms stood firm. After a very short spell back in Bahrain we were off again on another exercise—"Augex". This proved to be a smaller, quieter exercise, and we coped with it fairly well. We spent a thoroughly enjoyable couple of days at Das Island, on completion of "Augex", and the Europeans really did us proud. To say they 'lashed us up' is putting it mildly.

Back again to Bahrain. We stayed just long enough to welcome *Messina* to the Station, then sailed for Mombasa, renewing friendships with all at Aden en route. We are at present living it high in Mombasa, thanks to very welcome help from our three communicator friends here.

In the sporting line we find the two oldest members of the staff, CY 'Tim' Prowse and LRO 'Hamish' Moir, regular members of the ship's soccer team, and, even more important, the darts team. TO2 'Mick' Fisher is another who can throw a steady arrow. RO's Staton, Gillam and Birtwistle have made appearances in the ship's cricket team and TO3 'Squonks' Jacklin is one of the stalwarts in our water polo team.

J.M.

## H.M.S. LOCH FYNE



Communication Staff, Loch Fyne.

Our programme has been rather full since our tearful farewell to a foggy, rainy Portsmouth. We entered the Bay in all its expected fury, finally entering Gib. battered, but with feelings of achievement. We then savoured the delights of a Mediterranean Cruise (nearly prolonged by a breakdown at Malta—but thanks to the engineroom workers we sailed from Malta with hardly any delay).

Transitting the Suez Canal we were greeted at the other end by *Loch Insh* who, with an unseemly display of pleasure, welcomed our arrival.

Aden was reached and some of the staff unwound after all the 'sea-time'. Sailing with a few thick heads we made our way to the Gulf.

During the next four months we exercised, searched, visited and sweated. During one exercise the Ship's Company landing party had to chase our R.M. detachment (seems strange Matelots chasing Marines) around a desert island called Yas in temperatures of 120°F. to 140°F, much to the Bootnecks' delight and our discomfort!

Communications up the Gulf vary according to the time of year. We owe a lot to Bahrain Comcen who are very patient and helpful.

We hope, when this is printed, we will have welcomed *Loch Alvie* to the Station. We will be in Karachi refitting, with beer 7/- a can, and enjoying a rest if the 1st Lt. (ex-Chief Yeo) does not think up any arduous tasks for us to enjoy. (The last word is one of his own). We shall spend Christmas in Abadan, and finally leave the Gulf in February, via the fleshpots of East Africa. We arrive home in May.

To *Nubian* we say "Happy Commission and a trouble-free work-up. You lucky people!"

## ROYAL NAVY AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

The big news from H.Q. this month is that the re-equipping of the station with new gear has virtually been completed with the arrival of a K.W. Viceroy Transmitter complete with the K.W. 500 linear amplifier. This marked improvement in facilities at G3BZU has only been made possible by a generous donation of £226 from the Nuffield Trust for the Forces. A new HF aerial arrangement which is being progressed should enable us to be heard more consistently by our overseas members, and the increase in "Talk" power should also help us greatly in combating the interference found on the 80 metre band during R.N.A.R.S. net sessions.

The R.N.A.R.S. net is still being operated at the times announced in the last COMMUNICATOR. In addition the station has been able to get on the air most days around 1230 daily with an increase in operating personnel. G3BZU will be on 3720 Kc/s using S.S.B. at the same time, but calls on CW and AM will be carefully listened for, and answered for the non S.S.B. members. Please try and make this a regular date—no R.N.A.R.S. have been heard at this time recently. In addition to the midday sessions, operation on the HF bands is carried out regularly from 1830 daily (mainly 14 and 21 Mc/s) During the weekends operation may be carried out during the forenoons and afternoons. Overseas members requiring skeds should inform H.Q. and we will be only too pleased to try and meet you (Service requirements permitting).

In addition to our HF activities the H.Q. Station is also regularly active on 2 metres. Present equipment allows us to run an input of between 10 and 70 watts to a 5 element Yagi. Contacts have been had with stations as far away as St. Nazaire (250 miles) and Nantes (270 miles), the Scilly Isles, the Channel Islands and well up into the Midlands. Skeds on this band are welcomed and can be arranged through the station manager.

During August the Society was represented at the Portsmouth Navy Days by G3BZU/A, a representative amateur station. Equipment on the stand included a K.W. Vanguard Transmitter, Racal RA 17 Receiver and equipment for 2 metres (which was kindly loaned by Bob Sharpe G3AWY). The level of interference in the Dockyard area was so high as to preclude satisfactory HF contacts, but good contacts were had on 144 Mc/s running 5 watts into a "Halo" antenna. Thanks are duly recorded here to all those who helped during this period, including G3AWY, who gave the station many contacts both from his car and his home station, and to G3ORR, G3IMA, G3LOK, G2IJ, G3MBP, G3JZV, and G3BNC.

Details of the Morse proficiency tests have practically been finalised and the first run will have taken place by the time most members read this article. These runs will take place on the first Tuesday of each month during the normal Signal School working period and modified to take into account leave periods. Details of these runs, and any modifi-

cations will appear in the Radio Press from time to time. The frequency chosen will be 3550 Kc/s and the time of commencement of each run is 2000 GMT. The test speeds will be 20, 25, 30 and 35 w.p.m. and 100 per cent copy (3 minutes) at a speed will qualify for the R.N.A.R.S. Proficiency Certificate. Entries must be postmarked not later than two weeks after each run and a certificate to the effect that no mechanical means of recording (i.e. tape recorder) has been used. No claims for higher speeds will be accepted unless the 20 w.p.m. qualifying run has been correctly read. It is hoped that the G.P.O. will have granted permission for use of the callsign GB3RN in conjunction with these runs in time for the first one.

By the time this magazine reaches you we will have held our second A.G.M. at the Seymour Hall (where the International Radio Communications Exhibition is being held) on the 3rd November (last day of the Exhibition). For members, a separate report on the A.G.M. is enclosed with this edition of the COMMUNICATOR. It is hoped that we will be able to arrange for our A.G.M. to be held concurrently with this Exhibition annually, so as to enable members to attend both functions in one visit to London.

The 1963 Committee of the Society was elected in accordance with its constitution.

They are:—

<i>Chairman</i>	Commander (AE) A. J. R. Pegler, R.N., G3ENI.
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	RS M. J. Matthews, G3JFF.
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	Lt. (SD) (C). P. Lennon, R.N.
<i>Committee</i>	Mr. D. A. Pilley, G3HLW.
<i>Members</i>	Mr. R. Sharpe, G3AWY. Mr. C. A. Harnwell, G5NB.
<i>Station Manager</i>	CRS P. Haylett, G3IPV.

Manning of the H.Q. station is always a problem, especially in these days of a highly mobile service. With this problem in mind it is gratifying to have the H.Q. staff swelled by two in the persons of RS "Mike" Matthews (G3JFF) and RO2 "Roy" Stanney (S.W.L.) both of whom have returned from their DX "Cruise" in the Pacific to the more mundane pastures of Leydene. A postscript to their travels appears elsewhere in this section. We also congratulate LRO Elcocks on his passing the R.A.E. and on his new callsign G3RJX. We also hear that LRO Lloyd (VQ8BD) is around here somewhere and look forward to meeting him.

In the Easter Edition of the COMMUNICATOR we featured the Home and Mobile station of G3NXU (Bernard Booth of Bristol). In a recent letter from him we hear that he has worked all continents from his mobile rig (30 watts into a 9 ft. whip on 21 Mc/s. His contacts were with Laos (Asia), U.S.A. (America), Tripoli (Africa), Australia (Oceania) and the U.S.S.R. (Europe). Certainly a very good achievement under mobile conditions.

Whilst negotiations are still going ahead with the G.P.O. on the maritime mobile problem we hear

from Mike Warr in South Africa that two maritime mobiles, the first in the S.A.N. have now been licenced. They are S.A.S. *Good Hope* (ZSIWA) and S.A.S. *Natal* (ZSIWP), the latter is the S.A.N. Survey vessel and should visit some rare DX spots around the South Atlantic on her duties. In his letter Mike says that interest is such that there is a good chance of a S.A.N.A.R.S. being formed in the future. R.N.A.R.S. members who may visit Capetown are asked to contact Mike at the S.A.N. Signal School Klaver.

Once again I would like to ask all members to support this feature in your magazine. Any items of interest will be combined in this article (which is produced over a 3-month period) and should reach the Secretary as soon as possible. Photos and articles on Safaris and visits to other places are always welcomed.

## PERSONALITY PIECE

Mr. C. A. Harnwell, G5NB-ZBINB



Charles started his long connection with radio in 1917 when he studied for his P.M.G. certificate in Edinburgh. After a period in the Merchant Navy he was appointed to the War Office on the staff of W/T H.Q. Northern Command (York) and later as operator i/c W/T Stations Derby area.

Whilst serving with Pye Radio Ltd. and later with the Air Ministry at H.Q. No. 2 Bomber Group, he joined the R.N. (W) A.R. in 1934 and recruited and trained the Cambridge Unit. "Chas" was mobilised with the R.N.V.(W.)R. in 1939 and served in the R.N. Training Service at *Ganges*, *Scotia* and *Collingwood*. In 1942 he was promoted to Warrant Telegraphist and his last appointment before demob was Port W/T Officer Milford Haven and Pembroke Dock.

After trying his hand with the Home Office in the Police and Fire Services, Charles once again returned to serve with the R.N., though this time as a civilian operator in the Admiralty Civilian Shore Wireless Service. At present he is a wireless operator (technical) at the R.N. W/T Station Winchester.

In addition to the above connection with the Senior Service he is also First Lieutenant and

Communications Officer of the Winchester Sea Cadet Corps. As if this wasn't enough work on his plate Charles finds time to serve on the Committee of the R.N.A.R.S. (bringing with him his experience gained with the Barnsley and District Amateur Radio Society and the Pye Short Wave Radio Society).

Several callsigns have been held—G2OY 1923-1930, G5NB 1945-1956, ZBINB 1956-1959.

G5NB is active on 80, 40 and 20 metres with a 50-watt transmitter feeding a long-wire antenna. The receiver is an H.R.O. He is always anxious to work any other old timers who may have served with him during the war years, and is also on the lookout for R.N.A.R.S. members on 3720 Kc/s.

## AMATEUR RADIO IN THE PACIFIC

(Concluded)

by RS M. J. Mathews, G3JFF, VRIM,  
VR2EA, VSIHU, YJIMA. 3M2MA

As *Cook's* commission drew slowly to its close our surveying duties took us back to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands for a further two short visits. For two periods of five days each we were once again able to get VRIM back on the air. During this period over 1,000 QSO's were made in 58 countries.

Soon it was time to return to the more populated parts of the world, but before we left we were once again able to operate from the Fiji Islands during the B.E.R.U. contest. The Station was set up at Wailangalala Island in the Northern Fiji Group and operation was carried out on all bands 80 metres to 15 metres. It was very gratifying to know that we came in for 11th place (out of 109 entries from the Commonwealth) with 2704 points—a position we could have bettered if the ship had not had to sail for surveying duties some 12 hours before the contest ended.

After the farewells had been said in Fiji we sailed for Singapore via Port Moresby and the Torres Strait, during which time we had QSO's from the Maritime Mobile Location with many of the friends we had made during the commission.

During the 15 months of operating, both ashore and afloat, contacts have numbered nearly 6,000 in 134 different countries throughout the world. They have ranged from a Royal Canadian Mounted Police post in the Yukon to an ex-R.N. PO Tel in the South Orkneys (working for the Falkland Islands Dependencies Surveys), and an American missionary on a lonely Pacific Island in the North Pacific, to a scientist working on the X15 project in New Mexico. Maritime Mobile two-way contacts have been had with American cruise liners, Japanese fishing vessels and a Russian cargo ship off Vladivostok—all of which showed great interest in working their first British Maritime Mobile Station.

A most interesting QSO was had with a Chilean naval survey vessel off South America—we were able to compare notes in this field!

The name "Cook" is synonymous with the Pacific and many radio amateurs knew the history of Captain Cook and his explorations. One interesting character we worked lived at a place called Captain Cook in the Hawaiian Islands—he lived not far from the spot where Cook was killed by the natives. This amateur then went on to say that his Great Great Great Grandfather had even helped to eat Cook (they were cannibals) after he had been killed!

Another interesting 'regular' we chatted to was also the Editor of the local paper in the Cook Islands, and after having had so many interesting contacts with us he got some additional information on H.M.S. *Cook* from New Zealand press sources and wrote a column about us. If only we could have visited these Islands I feel all the Ship's Company would have had a really fine time (and we could have operated from another DX 'otic place on the map).

Now the Pacific is behind us and soon we will be back in the 'old country' and operating as just another "G3" and joining the rat race for DX. At least now we have an idea what it sounds like at the DX stations end when a few dozen stations are calling on the same frequency!



"Heard you were snowed under, Chief".

## H.M.S. DUCHESS (D.5)

*Duchess* completed the foreign leg of her current general service commission in April, when with *Diamond*, *Diana*, *Crossbow* and *Battleaxe* in company, we arrived in U.K. waters and dispersed to individual home ports for leave and base maintenance.

No sooner had all leave parties returned than we were together again as a squadron and in early May sailed for Milford Haven via Portland exercise area.

During our stay at Milford a full-scale landing exercise took place, which provided a welcome relief from the usual Casexes and Screening type exercises. This relatively quiet period also enabled CCY O'Brien's relief to shake out the cobwebs of *Mercury* rather gently, before our first fleet exercise.

From Milford it was back to Portland for a 'clean up' before sailing for the Baltic in company with *Bermuda* (FOFH), *Diamond* and *Diana* to visit Stockholm and Helsinki. A somewhat lighter side of our cruise was provided by two Members of Parliament taking passage to Stockholm. Two of the three Darings each embarked one, representing two opposing parties. Although not 'Young Chickens', they proved quite 'Good Sports' and enthusiastically took part in general drills and O.O.W. manoeuvres, etc.

From Helsinki, back to Rosyth for Navy Days and then straight into "Fairwind VII". After all the previous exercises, we took "Fairwind" in our stride even though it meant a continuous two watch system in harbour as well as at sea, plus the fact that FOFH seemed inclined to spend much of his time flying his flag in *Duchess* which added quite considerably to the traffic.

Some consternation was caused when according to A.G.M.'s received prior to our visit to Bergen for the exercise wash-up, we were due to fly both the flag of C-in-C. H.F. and the flag of FOFH at the same time. Although there is nothing 'in the book' to say that it cannot be done, a one-masted ship like *Duchess* would have found it hard to decide whether C-in-C's flag at the main would have looked well alongside FOFH's flag at the fore! Anyway, the Admiralty came to the rescue by issuing a new A.G.M. ordering us to hoist C-in-C's flag only whilst he was aboard.

On leaving Bergen, this time flying the flag of FOFH, it was goodbye to the remaining members of the squadron and back to Portsmouth for leave and refit.

We are shortly away on our final leg of the commission, which includes normal exercises and visits to Dartmouth, Newcastle and that familiar place, Portland. Finally, paying off will be in January, which now means two LTO's are busy in their off-watch periods endeavouring to have the paying-off pendant ready in time. Why on earth cannot some arrangements be made as regards a paying-off pendant?

Either: Admiralty making them official and provide.

Or: Used ones returned, say to the sail loft, so that they may be re-issued, on payment of a small fee, which would go towards a replacement. After all, let us face it. Even though it is 'only a custom', commissions almost invariably end up flying one, and if, as is often the case, the various committees refuse to pay, somebody has to make one.

## H.M.S. MAIDSTONE

On 26th May another chapter of Scottish history was completed. With the assistance of tugs, *Adamant* was finally persuaded to leave Faslane. In her place came "Britain's most up-to-date Depot Ship". We may not be all that the Press makes out we are, but we are hoping to live up to the high standard of communications set for us by *Adamant* and the 3rd S.M.S.

We recommissioned in Portsmouth on 1st May and after our trials, which produced the usual amount of scares and buzzes, we sailed for Faslane. We arrived on 21st May and spent three hectic days transferring stores and Communicators from *Adamant*. On 24th May *Maidstone* took over Capt. S/M3.

The ex-*Adamant* Communicators are a little bewildered by the new offices of *Maidstone*, which are slightly more modern than *Adamant's*, i.e., no 57's or 59's. Someone sat down and used a little foresight in planning the office. For this we would like to say a "thank" you to those concerned.

Our peace was not to last long, for, on 5th June, the staff of FOFH arrived to take over the Comcen and drag us to sea for Exercise "Fairwind VII". Before we had time to get over this body blow, two more were struck in quick succession. C. in C. Eastlant and FOSM decided they would also come along. However, being a graceful Old Lady, *Maidstone* could not join in the contortions of the younger ships and we spent most of our time swinging round a buoy in Invergordon.

Besides administering to our own squadron we always have an additional two or three boats running with us for trials and work-ups. The two latest are *Otter* and *Odin*. Later in the year we are expecting *Dreadnought* up for trials. Outstanding social events for the year are Flag Officer Submarine's inspection in September followed by a trip to Hamburg.

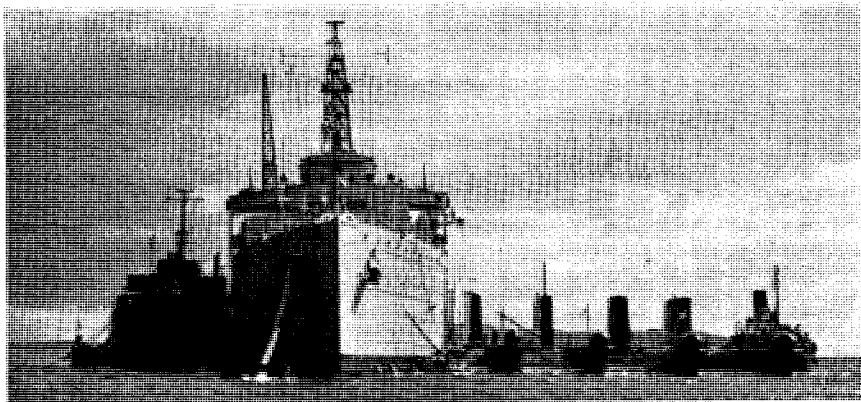
## H.M.S. LOCHINVAR and M.C.M. FLOTILLA

We kicked off in July by making a whaler's crew for the Squadron Regatta and considering the staff is the Yeoman, LTO and two, the difficulties soon become apparent. Of course we lost, so it must have been a fiddle, with the Yeoman failing to inspire confidence by winning three times on the tote.

September frightened the life out of us all by seeing the Flotilla and R.N.R. Boats out in force at Invergordon for "Centex VIII". Never have so many small ships been so top heavy; Chief Yeoman, Yeoman, CRS and RS were all over the shop (on the R.N.R. Boats of course). Twenty-two sweepers take quite a lot of organisation and when the Support Communication Staff consists of about ten hands—well—still we coped. "Sidebash"—the inspection of the Flotilla by F.O. Scotland held amid "Centex VIII" helped to liven up the exercise no end.

On 8th October, Captain MCM (Captain Watkin, A.D.C.) hoisted his well-deserved broad pennant as C.S.C.B.S. Newcastle and departed amid cheers, hooters and sirens to his "Do it Yourself" yacht. It was quite impressive to see him being pulled to the yacht by five Commanders in a whaler, preceded by the Harbour Master in his "traditional" cocked hat whilst an eleven gun salute was fired from two miniature cannons mounted in the bows of a dinghy.

Hot upon the trail of Captain Watkin came our new C.O., Captain B. J. Anderson, C.B.E., just in time to catch up the arrival of His Majesty King Olav of Norway, who, whilst paying a State visit to Scotland, included a semi-review of the Scottish Command Ships. *Brenchley* acted as a press ship whilst *Brinkley* did the honours as Royal Yacht for the brief visits to *Killiecrankie*, *Reclaim* and *Duncan*.



H.M.S. *Maidstone* and Allied submarines at Falmouth.

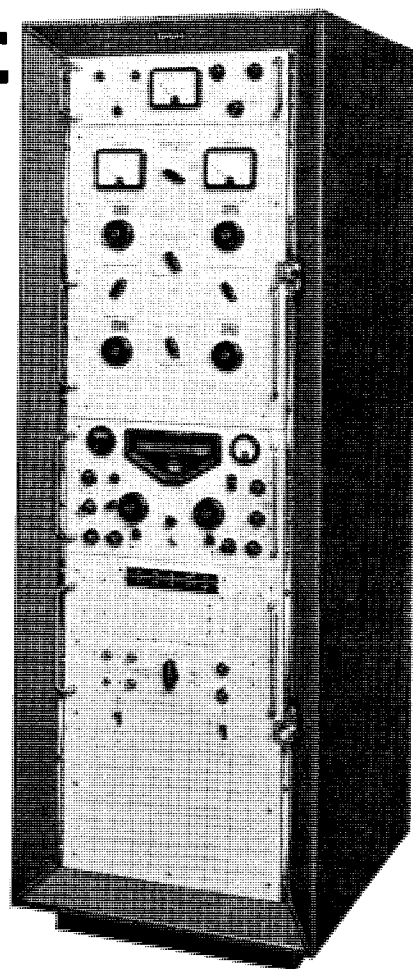
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## H.M.S. LION

The ship recommissioned in July this year. Spirits were a little dampened on the first day by a typical Devonport downpour which lasted throughout the entire commissioning ceremony. As wives and sweethearts had been invited to attend, it was very much a families' occasion.

Since that time the most unusual feature of life in *Lion* has been the quest for metal lions with which to decorate our quarterdeck. Kind offers from people in all parts of Britain were considered before a pair of brass lions from the North Country was accepted. These, indeed, were used with great effect in September for the reunion of members of the crew of the famous First World War battle-cruiser, *Lion*. Among the guests were two very distinguished ex-*Lions*, Admirals of the Fleet Lord Chatfield and Lord Louis Mountbatten. This event stressed the continuity of Service tradition and loyalties and everyone on board felt it a great privilege to meet those who served the previous *Lion* so well.

The Communications Department is beginning to settle down to its task, although we all would welcome a little more time at sea. No doubt, this wish will be realised when we leave Home waters in December for a year's service abroad. Perhaps sea experience is not all that is lacking in our department. Having heard the cry "Send down the bucket", one of our young RO's from the B.W.O. eventually appeared in the Crypto Office with bucket and scrubber. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

## H.M.S. UNDAUNTED

by CRS R. Baker

*Undaunted*, after an extensive refit in northern climes, moved south at the turn of the year for a short period at Londonderry before being appointed Captain (F), Second Frigate Squadron. The new duties and responsibilities found us operating from Portland. We, eventually, came through our own work-up, confident in our role of shepherd, mother, coach and leader. Whereas others joyfully leave the area on completion of work-up—we stayed. Not, I would say, tearfully, but with a certain modicum of reserve in facing our future. The past months have seen us working hard, long hours, serial after serial in company with other ships of the squadron and a succession of work-up fledglings. We gripe at many things but we are satisfied with our purpose and secretly pride ourselves in being able to assist in producing efficiency in others.

There was a short period recently when we were let off the leash. St. Malo interested us a little, but I feel the local Gendarmes were glad to see us go! Amsterdam welcomed us and indeed, we welcomed it. Some weeks after our visit we learned from Official sources that the lads had created a record in consuming the most *free* beer offered at a local brewery! First day 140 ratings quaffed 4,350 glasses, second day 150 ratings quaffed 5,500 glasses. Observation showed—no drunks! Comment—some beer!

Our one other activity which gave us a brief outing was the Tall Ships' race at Salcombe. Unfortunately the weather rather spoiled things. Whilst we were out of station rescuing a small yacht with damsel in distress, they started the race and consequently we missed the primary event. However, it was a welcome break from routine.

## H.M.S. LOWESTOFT

We visited our name port in the first week of September, but unfortunately had to anchor one-and-a-half miles off the harbour entrance. The ship's bell of the cruiser *Lowestoft* (1913-1931) was presented to the ship by the Borough Council during the visit. The shore signal station (622 and one RO) was dismantled very quickly one morning and embarked in an MFV to assist the *Lowestoft* lifeboat in a search for a reported capsized yacht, but nothing was found.

Our next job was A/S work off Londonderry which kept us all busy, ending with a weekend at Bangor (N.I.). This was followed by our sea inspection in the Scilly Isles area, lasting for three days.

Our programme for the immediate future includes Captain of the Fleet week (harbour drills, competitions and sporting events) at Guzz, plus visits to Amsterdam and Liverpool.

## 20th F.S.

The Squadron was formed at the beginning of this year to provide the Joint Anti-Submarine School at Londonderry with a resident team. It consists of *Yarmouth*, *Falmouth*, *Blackwood* and *Hardy* who are all A/S Frigates. Most of our time is spent on exercises off Ireland with Shackletons from Ballykelly and Helicopters from 819 Squadron. The job is very interesting and full of incidents. Except for the leave periods, which are spent at our Home Ports, we are usually involved in one exercise or another and so far a foreign visit has eluded us.



Well it's what we wear in the bathroom onboard lady.



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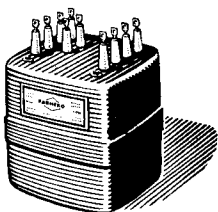
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*Falmouth* managed to get a short visit to Santander after "Riptide" in August.

Londonderry is not a bad run ashore and there are many who eagerly await our return each time so that they can learn more about the art of shirt-making! Draught Guinness flows out of every tap.

We have no tales of far off places and when you are basking in the sun under a palm tree, think of us in that special weather forecast area which is permanently "Gales force 8 imminent, cloudy with some bright periods, temperatures below average".

## LONDONDERRY WIRELESS

How many of you fully read the *COMMUNICATOR*? Too often I have heard such remarks as "What the devil is a Pi Filter?" or "What is a Jury Aerial?" You either explain what these are, or you are informed that the reader does not like that article anyhow, and immediately turns over the page. Because of "too technical" articles such as this it is noticeable that many "younger" readers and particularly Wrens do not read the magazine as thoroughly as they might. Whether or not everyone reading the Christmas edition of *COMMUNICATOR* will read this article remains to be seen. One thing for certain is, it will be void of all technical jargon.

No doubt our Wren readers would like to know about their friends at *Sea Eagle*, especially those who will be leaving us shortly to enter into "wedded bliss". Babs Giles is being married on December 15th to LRO(S) "Fred" Emery. Marie Williams follows close behind with her marriage to RO2 Rodgers on January 12th. Another marriage, that of LRO John Hartley is scheduled for January 2nd. We wish them all the very best. After eighteen months at *Sea Eagle* it appears we shall be losing some of our stalwart operators namely, Jean Knott, Liz Hewitt, Ginie Partridge and L/Wren Ann Bonfield. Whether Burghfield drafting can give them their preference drafts remains to be seen. New arrivals over the past three or four months have been Wrens Williams, Sweeting, Rummery, Low, Jellicoe and Sparks: RO's Carson, Thomas, Clarke, Halligan and LRO Hartley, A/RS McCafferty and CCY Johnstone. Congratulations to Pat Granville and Eileen Riley on passing for PO Wren and Leading Wren respectively.

Admiral Sir Charles Madden paid his farewell visit to us as C-in-C. Plymouth between October 8th and 10th. After being under Plymouth Command for many years we are transferring to the Command of F.O. Scotland on November 5th. This may be the result of Younger's and McEwan's draught beer appearing in the Derry hostels in large whacks vis à vis "the Water of the Liffey".

Yeoman Ralph Waggitt has left us to go to pension. (The Admiralty Constabulary in 'Derry have gained their "takeover bid"). The JASS trainer just is not the same without his "commanding figure" and hearty laughter. We have a constantly changing staff, so who knows you may be next to come to the "Maiden City".

## BURNHAM RADIO

by RS Hooper

The sight of bikinis on the beaches, and the sound of happy holidaymakers from the holiday camps have now disappeared: Burnham is once more becoming "quiet" and assuming the appearance of all resorts in winter.

Not so with Burnham Radio, where the busiest time of the year is fast approaching. Already at times the "Search Points" lists of ships waiting are beginning to look impressive. Full Rates, SLT's, TR's, etc., interspersed with the occasional "Pussers" are coming down the conveyor belts in ever increasing streams.

A fact not generally known, although it has been mentioned in previous numbers, is that Burnham Radio is able, and only too pleased, to accept RATT traffic, so try us occasionally. It can be a great time saver on both sides whenever conditions are suitable.

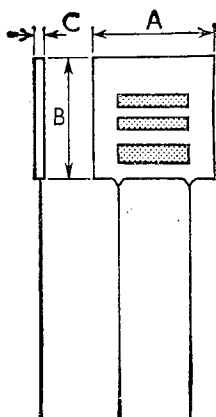
A case in point is that of H.M.C.S. *Bonaventure*, who, while engaged in the "Constellation" SAR operation, cleared the majority of her traffic, including a quantity of Press, by RATT with no trouble at all, and consequently speeded up the flow of information immensely, as well as freeing the Ship-shore working frequencies.

For those of you who have never been to Burnham a brief description may be of interest. Everything is quiet, with no unnecessary movement and appears to be very efficient, whilst a large volume of traffic is constantly flowing in and out of the station. Each point has intercom facilities, full transmitter selection, full selection of directional and non-directional aerials giving each operator a 360-degree coverage. Conveyor belts carry traffic to all clearing points.

Burnham is connected to the Continent via Telex and Line Teleprinters. The bulk of the commercial traffic received at Burnham for commercial and industrial firms and for private individuals is delivered via the Telex. We are a major link in the Commonwealth Long Distance Organisation. Traffic to and from Area Stations throughout the world is passed via Admiralty fixed services. We serve all Merchant Ships in Area 1, this includes ships of any nationality. Area 1 being so vast is divided into area 1A, 1B and 1C for ship broadcast purposes. Burnham is also a Routeing Authority for Merchant shipping on a world-wide basis.

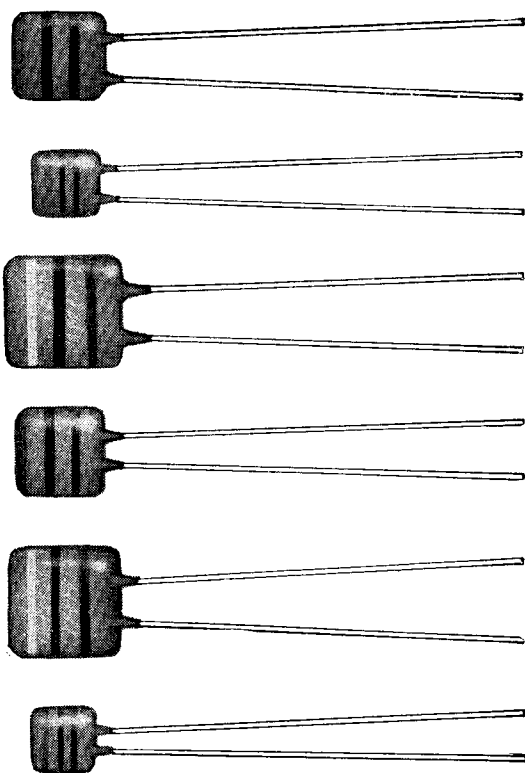
If you have the good fortune to come here you will find it a very interesting and rewarding job. Burnham-on-Sea itself is rather a nice place, proof of which is the number of people who have kept their families here and make it their permanent home.

By the way, if you are calling us, do not be put off if you get "QRY 20" or so. It gets a little busy here at times, but the aim is to take your traffic as soon as possible. The system is very flexible, and by shifting the load between groups of working point operators you will be at the top of the list sooner than you think.



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10,000	10	10	3	X	GSX 710
25,000	10	10	3	Y	GSY 710
50,000	12	12	3	Y	GSY 712
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## A BURNHAM BILLET DOUX

by CRS M. E. Williams

If you can read old-fashioned stuff,  
It's known as morse—you know the guff,  
With symbols long and symbols short,  
As in the Training Schools is taught.

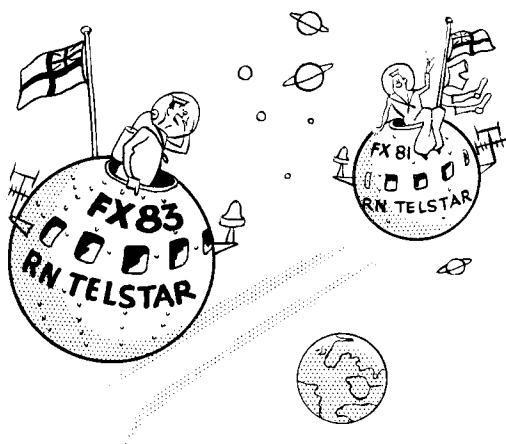
If you can be old-fashioned, square,  
And wrest weak signals from the air,  
Through static, voice, and "with it" ratt  
And other modern stuff as that.

If morse you read at twenty-fives,  
Complete first time—no IMI's,  
With utmost patience—à la Job,  
From any station in the Globe.

If reading signals made by "bug"  
Transmitted by a club-foot mug,  
If reading others just as odd,  
Cause you no headache—you're our bod.

If you can send at twenty plus,  
Without the use of 'E's or fuss  
In rhythmic morse, your special pride  
Then come in friend and join our side.

If you sparkers old and new,  
Would like the job, then join the queue  
And leave behind all modern larks,  
To say with pride, I'm really SPARKS.



"Oy, Syd. Got any spare T.P. rolls? . . . and have you any hand messages for me?"

## H.M.S. GANGES

by CY Theato

### "SHADES OF KEMPENFELT"

Has any present-day Communicator had to tackle the problem of manoeuvring a fleet without any of the accepted means of communication at his disposal? Collingwood Division have twice run successful expeditions to the Norfolk Broads where this problem has been solved.

Last March three large cruisers were hired and manned by JTO's, JRO's and J. Sea. The Commanding Officers were Lt. Comdr. Mills and 2 CY's. Manoeuvres being on the agenda three Type 622's were embarked. The combined efforts of the 2 CY's and numerous willing assistants failed to establish communication and the first lesson was learnt. Equipment is useless without the technical know-how. Semaphore was not yet part of the JTO's limited knowledge and S.O.P.A. directed me to evolve a system of communications with simplicity as the keynote. Using equipment to hand the following code was produced: Boathook = Turn; Mop = Wheel; and Hand Broom = Form Foxtrot. The side displayed and the angle gave the direction and amount. Thus facing forward Boat Hook in position Charlie indicated "Turn Together 45 degrees to Starboard". Mop held vertically head down displayed to Starboard indicated "Alter course by wheeling 180 degrees to Starboard". The Hand Broom was simply displayed to port or starboard to give the direction of the "Formation Foxtrot". The time of execution in all cases being the time of removal from display. This simple code proved most effective and all required manoeuvres were successfully executed. There was a slight element of cheating in as much as subsidiary information was exchanged by means of semaphore between Commanding Officers. This first display of semaphore on service so impressed the juniors that there was an immediate reaction, with all present producing their signal cards and starting to practice semaphore.

The second expedition was more ambitious in scope and no less than five large cruisers were hired for the occasion. As befits such a fleet a Communications Officer was present in the person of the S.C.O. (Lt.-Comdr. Ridley) who, in addition to being S.O.P.A., was O.T.C. for manoeuvres. This time the classes were more advanced in their training and semaphore presented no problems. Voice communication was provided from Type 615's. Here again another snag was revealed; voice and executive method are not taught at *Ganges*. For a time the S.C.O. tried to employ voice but the influence of TV and American comics proved an insurmountable obstacle, and after a period of "Ten Fours" "Roger thank you very much over and out", the idea was abandoned. The signalling system employed on the first expedition was reverted to, with a new signal added, mop over head, head uppermost, signifying Form One.

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These two expeds have proved a valuable training stimulant in addition to giving a pleasant break from routine instruction. Every junior who took part was made to realise that no fleet whatever its composition can act as a co-ordinated whole without the benefit of communications; that correct procedures are essential, and the lack of this basic requirement caused the abandonment of voice; and finally that prompt answering and relay is essential if rapid communications are to be maintained.

## B.R.N.C. DARTMOUTH

Since the last article to the *COMMUNICATOR*, the Murray Scheme of Cadet Training has advanced to the next stage. To summarise the scheme, Cadets spend one year at Dartmouth, of which one term is at sea in the Squadron. They then go to the Fleet as Midshipmen for a year, before returning to Dartmouth for a further two years. Of these two years the first is a largely academic year, and the second consists of professional courses based on Dartmouth, with fairly extensive visits to the various schools at Portsmouth, including, of course, *Mercury*.

The first Sub.-Lieutenants are now at Dartmouth undergoing their third year, and the next year Sub.-Lieutenants will be back at *Mercury* for courses. The Supplementary List Entries and Upper Yardmen are also at the College for their various courses, and total numbers exceed 600.

The highlight of the Summer Term was the visit of H.M. The Queen, who inspected the passing out parade. Unfortunately the weather was unkind and, a light drizzle persisted all day. Despite this Her Majesty inspected the parade, but the Royal progress to Totnes by barge had to be cancelled.

The Royal Visit was followed immediately by the foregathering of the "Tall Ships" in Dartmouth for a week's sporting and social activity before the start of the Tall Ships' Race from Torbay. Six College yachts took part in this five-hundred miles race round the Channel, which was started by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh.

From the Communications Department point of view these two great occasions taxed our resources of flags to the utmost, as all types of National Flags were loaned to places ranging from Totnes Church

to the Dartmouth waterfront. The staff also manned an international M.S.O. and enquiry office for the Tall Ships' Race.

Our staff now consists of CCY Lucas, who has kept his grip on the younger generation by exchanging *Ganges* for Dartmouth, CRS Wood who is about to retire, and be relieved by CRS Hill. Finally LTO Penrose, who by the end of this term will have marked over 21,000 flashing exercises in six months.

## SUMMER CROSSWORD SOLUTION

**Across:** 1 Telephone, 6 Earthy, 10 Unfit, 11 Smarts, 12 Terminus, 15 Prevent, 16 Sop, 18 Daughter, 22 Erupted, 25 Avarice, 28 Tiara, 29 Merit, 30 Destroy, 31 Present, 34 Mercuric, 40 War, 41 Erasing, 42 Pedaller, 43 Temper, 45 Exile, 46 Saturn, 47 Naturists.

**Down:** 1 Trumps, 2 Lifted, 3 Pitted, 4 Overture, 5 Elvish, 7 Arms, 8 Tar, 9 Yesterday, 11 Super, 13 Ena, 14 Note, 17 Altar, 19 Ruts, 20 Over, 21 Iris, 23 Pity, 24 Eros, 25 Amputates, 26 Arena, 27 Item, 30 Derelict, 32 Newer, 33 Trad, 35 Craven, 36 Ire, 37 Career, 38 Limits, 39 Agrees, 42 Peer, 44 Met.



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**ARE YOU SURE:** Have you Insured your life in order to Ensure that your family is assured of a capital payment at your death. For a small additional premium, your wife could have a regular income of £300 per annum in the event of your death before maturity.

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It is not money that worries one, it is the lack of it! With the very good rates of pay paid to young Servicemen to-day and the facilities and opportunities available for saving, a little sacrifice now will pave the way to a sound future.

There are a number of ways of saving, both for the near and distant future, and you can select any one or more of the following methods.

### Post Office Savings Bank

This can be started and paid by regular monthly payments through the Naval Allotment system and/or by deposits over the counter at any Post Office. Deposits can also be made in certain ships and establishments where the Post Office Savings Bank system is operated.

Withdrawals from your account can be made quite easily from Post Offices all over the country and also in certain ships and establishments. Amounts up to £10 can be obtained immediately on production of your bank book, but sums in excess of this amount require written application.

Interest is added to your deposits at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  simple interest per annum, i.e.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per month for each complete £1; this interest is not taxable unless it exceeds £15 in any year and then only the excess over £15 is subject to tax.

### National Savings Certificates

The purchase price of these certificates is 15/- each. They increase value steadily until at the end of seven years they are worth £1. The maximum holding by any one person is 1,200 certificates (£900 worth) and interest gained is not subject to income tax or surtax.

Again, like Post Office Savings Bank deposits, certificates can be purchased by Naval Allotment.

To cash National Savings Certificates written application has to be made to the Director, Post Office Savings Department, on forms obtainable from Post Offices.

### Trustee Saving Banks

This method of saving is almost identical with that for Post Office Savings Bank and interest and income tax conditions are the same as those for Ordinary Deposits Accounts. There is a Special Investment Department in which deposits can be made and which attract higher rates of interest of  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  and  $5\%$  but an account in this section cannot be opened until the holder has at least £100 deposited in the ordinary branch.

Withdrawals up to £50 can be made on demand at your own branch office on production of your pass book and up to £15 at any other office in the country. Withdrawals from a Special Investment Department Account for any amount require at least one month's notice.

### Building Society Investments

Building Societies have Deposit or Subscription Share Accounts in which a person can make deposits by cash, cheque, etc., or by Naval Allotment where

standing amounts are paid monthly. Rates of interest vary from company to company but generally the rate is between  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$  and  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ , compound income tax *having been paid* by the Building Society. A Building Society account will stand you in good stead when a mortgage is required for House Purchase, particularly when money for this purpose is in short supply, for under these conditions an investor would enjoy a certain degree of priority over other applicants.

Withdrawals can be made on application to the Society but usually notice of withdrawal must be given and the period varies with different companies and the type of account held.

### Insurance

Savings by this method must be treated as long term and only a part of one's savings; it should be held in conjunction with any one or more of the types of savings already mentioned.

Unlike other forms of savings, there is no provisions for irregular payments and, except in cases where payments are made weekly at the door (Industrial Branch) payments are made monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly by Banker's Order. In the case of Naval Personnel, payments can be made monthly by Naval Allotment.

Loans can be obtained on a policy but generally not until a policy has been in force over two years and provided that the policyholder is over the age of twenty-one. The amount of loan at any time will, generally, be less than the amount deposited with the Company and will be subject to interest whilst so borrowed. This limit of the amount of loan does not apply to loans for House Purchase in cases where certain companies lend their own money for this purpose.

One great asset of Insurance is that once a policy is started the full sum for which a person is insured will be paid to his beneficiary should he die any time before the policy matures (is due to be paid), even though only one monthly payment may have been made to the Company. There are a few exceptions to this and they vary with the companies concerned.

What are you doing now about saving for the future? If you have not already started, then do so NOW.

### CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS PRIZE WINNERS

Five prizes of a guinea each have been awarded to the following:—

**Features**—Blind Buntings, by CY T. D. PICKEN, *H.M.S. Lowestoft* (Page 133).

To My Embarrassment, by ANON (Author please claim), *H.M.S. Bulwark* (Page 156).

**Cartoons**—TO2 ROGERS, *H.M.S. Afrikander* (Page 181).

Marine D. CROWTHER, *H.M.Y. Britannia* (Page 157).

**Photograph**—LRO A. N. FRANKLYN, *H.M.S. Broadsword* (Page 154).

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## No. 3 WIRELESS DISTRICT R.N.R.

The new R.N.R. Communication Training Centre and the R.N. & R.M. and W.R.N.S. Careers Offices at 275, Broad Street, Birmingham, 1 was officially opened by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham accompanied by Admiral Commanding Reserves and Director of Navy Recruiting on Tuesday, 9th October. This was followed in the evening by an inspection of Officers and Ratings of No. 3 Wireless District, R.N.R. The total strength is 8 Officers and 115 ratings, who do their non-continuous training as far afield as Peterborough, Derby and Dunstable and includes units and centres at Nottingham, Northampton, Leicester and Nuneaton. It says much for their keenness and comradeship that 7 Officers and over 100 ratings attended the Inspection with Birmingham, Nuneaton, Leicester, Nottingham and Derby being either 100% or nearly so. CRS R. Morton and CRS R. Bailey were presented with L.S. & G.C. Medals by Rear Admiral H. C. Martell, C.B.E. Guests were invited to the R.N.R. canteen after the Inspection and personnel and guests clocking on for 200 were crammed into the canteen with reports suggesting that everyone enjoyed themselves.

Our first big Social is due on the 3rd November, when an announcement will be made about future Socials, but as things stand R.N. ratings can be sure of a welcome on the 1st Saturday of every month. This may well develop into more frequent use of the Canteen at week-ends but the Committee is making haste slowly at the moment.

A.G.J.

## R.N.R.—LEICESTER UNIT

The high-light of recent weeks was the trip to Birmingham on 9th October for the annual Admiral's Inspection, which this year coincided with the opening of Birmingham's new Training Centre. An almost 100% muster, complete with wives and sweethearts, made the journey by coach. The ladies were able to visit the Ideal Homes Exhibition during the Inspection, rejoining the party for an enjoyable time in the canteen afterwards. The Leicester lads being determined to make it a real 'ding-dong' occasion, captured the clapper of Birmingham's ship's bell and carried it off to Leicester in fine style. And Brum did not even miss it!

Not to be out-done by Birmingham's shiny new Training Centre, we have just been refitted with a complete set of new furniture. All we need now is a coat of paint and the Training Centre will look second to none. The old furniture had certainly had its day, even the pattern numbers were quite unknown to Naval Stores, having been deleted from the Rate Book after Noah finished his pre-commissioning routine for the Ark.

A visit to Whitehall W/T has been arranged in company with our Nottingham and Derby friends,

and plans are in hand for a Social in December and our Annual Dinner in early 1963.

We do need more members, however, and a warm welcome awaits any sparkers who feel like joining the R.N.R. Communications Branch after he leaves the R.N.

## MERSEY DIVISION R.N.R.

by RO2 J. A. Sutherland

A matelot's dream, two weeks at sea in an H.M. ship and fifty weeks at home with the wife! That is what it amounts to in the Naval Reserve.

We do our sea training in *Mersey*, a ton class Minesweeper based with Mersey Division R.N.R. and entirely manned by reservists, one of a dozen such ships making the 101st M.S.S. These ships can usually muster two ROs and a TO for a fortnight's training, which makes life fairly easy on board.

In June the squadron took part in Exercise "Peter Davey", where one or two (undetected) mistakes were made, but this is what exercises are for (I think). On passage from Liverpool we sailed into Dartmouth, looked around and sailed out again; this apparently caused some concern at Britannia College, as from the watch tower they saw an unexpected C.M.S. steam in, and were wondering what to do when it casually sailed out again. However we returned the following Saturday for one night and all had a good run.

After the exercise, part of the squadron sailed for a visit to a foreign port, three ships (*Kilmorey*, *Venturer* and *Mersey*) went to Lorient, Brittany, where a jolly good time was had by all.

We were given a civic reception in the town hall where the Mayor addressed us in French, the S.N.O. of the squadron replied in French and both were warmly applauded, but we are still wondering what



When I said paperships for Fallex Sub, I did not mean paper ships.

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they said! We understand that the ships were thanked for the children's party we were going to put on, but this was the first time anybody (including officers) knew about this, so it was a quick whip round the lads to finance a scramble for presents, for what turned out to be orphans. Even at such short notice the affair was a great success, and everybody agreed it was worth the couple of bob—sorry, francs—to see the children's faces.

En route home a crew member became ill and we were detached at about 2000 to go into Brest. We signalled our ETA and asked for a pilot and a doctor, and arrived at about 2230. But with no pilot in sight bunts flashed what looked like a large ship, and got a reply from a well hidden signal tower ashore. He passed our requirement again and waited. Within ten minutes THREE tugs wanted to take our 460 ton ship in tow to its berth in Brest, but we eventually (thirty minutes) persuaded them this was unnecessary. Our shipmate was taken to hospital, given an injection and sent back. We then proceeded to Liverpool, where we cleaned ship and returned to our homes for another fifty weeks of slavery.

## SUSSEX DIVISION, R.N.R.

Under the eagle eye of our S.C.O., Lieut.-Cdr. V. W. A. Wells, R.N.R., we number 37 lads and lasses. On the staff side we are ably served by CY Cherriman, who has recently relieved CCY Adams, and CRS Ayers who relieved CRS Jeffery in July. "Jeff" as he was affectionately known to practically every member of the Division, recently retired after twelve years selfless service to the Division; with all due respect to his relief, Jeff's presence will be greatly missed and long remembered in *Sussex*. Doubtless the name of "Fred" Ayers will be familiar to some readers due to his long association with *Mercury* in an instructional capacity, where we are led to believe, his great "forte" was to turn out many successful classes of Wren Communicators. We welcome him to the Division and hope that our association will be long and happy.

Our summer working season in the tender extends generally from Easter until the end of October (practically every weekend and four fourteen-day cruises) when *Curzon* (our C.M.S.) has a well deserved self refit at our own hands or, as in the case this year, she is sailed round to Chatham and delivered into the "gentle" care of the Dockyard.

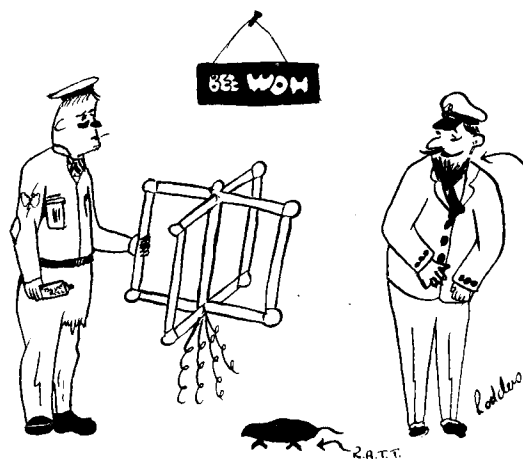
With only a comparatively small number of communication ratings qualified to man the tender at sea, we sometimes encounter slight staffing problems, but we can proudly claim that it is rare for *Sussex* to have to circularise for radio communication volunteers; in fact it is not unknown for communication ratings to sail as seamen.

Being ideally situated on the South Coast, our long weekends at sea are not just "out and back" trips; not with the French Coast on our doorstep, so to speak. In all fairness however, it must be made

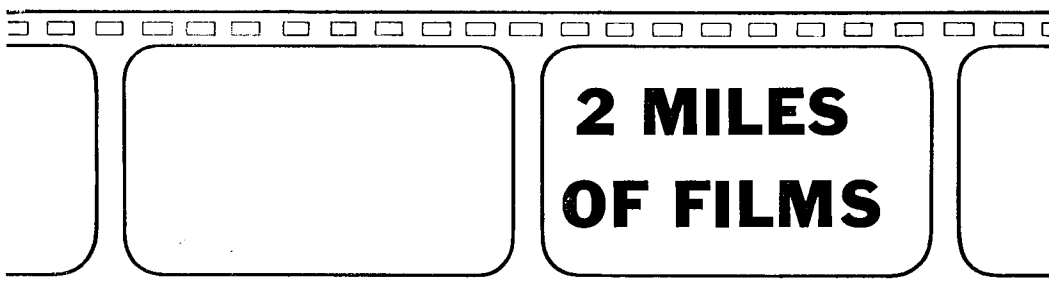
clear that "jolly" is not the right word on these excursions, much hard work is carried out by all departments, not least by the RO who is generally able to carry out an exercise routine with district home transmitters, in addition to his normal watch-keeping duties. Apart from the training point of view, this also serves as a very useful direct radio link between the ship and Sussex Headquarters, enabling both authorities to exchange traffic of a purely local nature without encumbering local "pusser" circuits. We believe we can safely say our standard of operating is at least on a par with our regular R.N. brethren and when the tender (or the R.N.R. Squadron as a whole) is taking part with the R.N. and N.A.T.O. Navies in the various exercises during the year, that we can hold our R.N.R. own with the best of them. On the other hand it would doubtless be interesting to know the reactions of shore station personnel on local nets, when on a Friday night or Saturday morning, the callsign of an R.N.R. sweeper comes crashing through the ether. Perhaps any shore-wallah (or wallah-ess) reading this may care to record their reactions and, one day, persuade our worthy Editor to print them (always providing they are printable).

Although up to now, this article appears to have concentrated on the "working" side of our activities, let not the reader be misled into thinking that we have no social side to the R.N.R. We in the Communication Branch take our full part in social activities both within the Division, and also in many ways with outside organisations.

In conclusion, we would like to extend a sincere invitation to all Communicators to pay us a visit. If you are regular just finishing, or ex regular, you will be doubly welcome. You have only to look us up in the local telephone directory under "Naval Establishments", and once in touch we are confident that we can do the rest.



"It came off in my hand, Chief!"



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## SOLENT DIVISION, R.N.R.

Sometime in the near future there will be a great upheaval in Southampton Docks. This will be the occasion of the transference of the whole of the Division to permanent shore quarters. After eleven years of faithful service *Wessex* is to be abandoned, and we shall be installed in roomy, well-equipped quarters, with M.S.O., W/T office and E.M.R. all conveniently adjacent. Gone will be the need to run up and down ladders, or through hatches to get from A to B; we shall "sit and grow fat".

The new equipment will give us all an opportunity to become acquainted with sets in general, and in particular will benefit those going on advancement course, as they will know the gear they are supposed

to know. The installation of RATT will mean less call on the imagination, with the real thing to see. Even the instructor will realise how inadequate his descriptions have been during lectures!

The W/T section has a good number of senior ratings on the books, but we shall shortly be losing RS Cawdell to the Isle of Wight unit, in the formation of which he has been an enthusiastic mover. We hope this unit, our first "baby", will be operating early in the New Year.

We have managed to crew *Warsash* (our C.M.S.) during the many week-ends, but met with some difficulty on the 14-days cruises. During this season's cruises she has visited places from Bayonne in the south and Copenhagen and Elsinore in the north, so we do manage to get in a little sea time occasionally.

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## GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

### CHIEFS' CHATTER

There has been a number of changes in Mess officials since our last contribution, occasioned by the impending departure of CRS Ryder to a more lucrative (?) vocation. CRS Kelson has taken over the Presidential chair whilst the vacant Vice-Presidency has been filled by CRS Stray.

The Thursday night socials are gaining popularity and we had the pleasure of entertaining the Portsmouth City Traffic Police recently. Could there be any connection between this and the fact that there have been no insurance claims from the mess motorists so far this term?

We had a visit in recent days from ex-PO Tel. Stan Taylor whom many will remember as one of the stars of *Mercury's* pantomimes of yesteryear. He still spins a good yarn (did he ever stop?) and is enjoying himself in the one job he was born to do. He is a sales manager.

We continue to take an active, if not always successful, part in the world of sport. We brought last term to a close with a cricket match against the Wardroom and we would like to think that this will become an annual fixture. It poured down all through a very happy game—and afterwards in the "Bat and Ball".

And to keep you in touch, here are some of the recent changes in the Mess:—

INS: CRS's Roper, Lawes, Mackay, Mansfield, Ambrose, Almond, Stewart, CRS(S) Barclay.

CCY's Izzard, Watson, Vey, Lockett, Noble.

OUTS: CRS's Gray (*Caesar*), Bumpstead (pension), CCY's Wyllie (*Phoenicia*), Watson (*Phoenicia*), Appleton (*Caesar*), Izzard (F.E.S.), Andreson (*Vernon*), Riddle (*Maidstone*), Stannard (pension).

### P.O.s' PATTERN

Since our last article there have been numerous changes in the membership of the Mess. CY Sayers (Tom) has relinquished the job of Vice-President and departed for the West Country, the Vice President's chair being taken over by RS Daniel Boon. CY Wight will shortly be giving up his job as Secretary and the press gangs will be out this week to capture a relief for him in that post. (Any budding financial wizards should apply in person to the Mess President—ASAP). Also since our last article appeared there have been numerous elevations to the Peerage, several of our members now residing next door.

The membership of the Mess is still quite large, approximately 140, with a slight increase in virtualised members. Since the start of the new routine (Instruction commencing at 0830) some of the R.A.s are having to come in somewhat earlier than before.

The Mess held its summer end-of-term Dance in the new *Mercury* Club for the first time and it proved an outstanding success, one of the main advantages being the better bar facilities. Our coach trip to the Royal Tournament was very much enjoyed by all, despite some of us missing the sight of a Chatham crew to cheer in the field gun competition.

This term the festivities are just beginning to get under way. Last week we entertained a coach-load of friends from the "Red Lion" at Porchester.

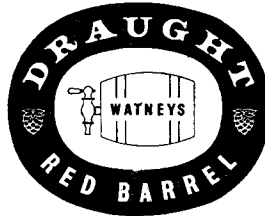
We are looking forward to November 10th when our old friends, the R.N.A. Camberwell, visit us in force for our football match and evening's entertainment with them.

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## ***Draught***

## ***Red Barrel***

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## **VACANCIES IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE**

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<b>TELEPRINTER OPERATORS</b>	

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Experience to:

Personnel Officer, G.C.H.Q. (R.C.O./4)  
OAKLEY, PRIORS ROAD, CHELTENHAM, Glos.

On the sporting front we were pleased to retain the Cricket Knockout Cup, RS Heaton as last year playing a stout game with the bat, and PO Cook Charlesworth and RS Shaw bowling particularly well. The start of the winter sport was somewhat hampered by "Fallex" but the mess soccer and hockey teams are now beginning to take shape and we are again looking forward to a successful season.

## SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

At the time of going to press the ever-present cloud over *Mercury* is thickening, with the winter term approaching and the flat season ending, but we have the jumps to keep the punters happy.

Since our last contribution we have had one upheaval, "Fallex", which very nearly cleared the camp, and consequently those remaining came in for a few extra jobs during the duty watches. Those who went, returned with some tales that put 'Don Juan' in the shade.

For all who will be joining soon, we have had C. in C.'s divisions for which the school received "BZ" of course. There were a few strange faces on divisions, including that of the S.S. Mess president. He received some startled glances and unkind remarks.

From the S.S. Mess to all those near or far, afloat or ashore, flying or loafing, we send our regards, and to those who will be joining soon—keep a bob ready for mess levies.

## MERCURY CLUB

Since last going to press there have been many changes in the committee, the only survivors being the Chairman (CRS King), the Secretary (PO Wren Taylor), and L/Wren Leech. The Vice-Chairman, (CY Sayers) was relieved by RS MacGregor.

The Tuesday night tombola sessions are continuing with increasing success, the interval cabaret acts proving very popular.

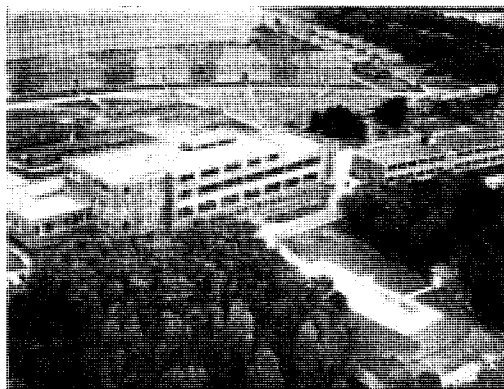
Two or three dances are held each month and quite a selection of bands have played in the Club. 4th October Charlie Galbraith and his All Star Jazz Band made a 'one night stand', and the dance was such a roaring success that he has been re-booked to appear on 29th November.

A snooker tournament was held during the term, the winner being RO3 Winn and the runner-up LTO Butt. Each received an engraved tankard. It is hoped to make this tournament an annual event.

In the near future a concert is being held. If this proves to be successful this type of entertainment will become a regular feature of the Mercury Club's programme.

## SPORT IN MERCURY

Hurry, hurry, hurry back to *Mercury* and your own fully-filtered, chlorinated, unheated swimming-pool; with trees either side and Mountbatten block to the north, its fine sloping southerly aspect gathers what heat and shelter a 600-ft. altitude can provide, whilst dispensing blue bodies and chattering teeth!



Nevertheless, it is a fine pool, set in a grass amphitheatre, providing a 25-metre length and 10-metre width with a springboard and two-metre board at the deep end, which is better than 10 feet.

In the July Swimming Championships, Wren Porritt swam for Portsmouth in the Free-style relay; later, two New Entries, Smith and Metcalfe, represented the R.N. in the inter-Service junior water polo matches. Our Wrens recovered their 4 x 110-yd. relay cup, lost to *Excellent* last season, at the Command Athletics; this the result of much hard practice.

New Entry Class R57 hold the record for the assault course at 4 min. 8.5 sec., and the aim this term is to break the 4 min. barrier.

Drawn against *Ariel* in this season's Navy Cup, our soccer team did well to get two goals off them after the month's disruption caused by "Fallex", but they finally went down to superior football, 8-2.

At rugby our XV outplayed the Royals in their first Shield match to win 14-6, in spite of a considerable weight disadvantage in the scrum.

And as we go to press, we have lost the first round of the Navy Hockey Cup v. *Collingwood*, 3-1.

## PRIZE WINNING CARTOON

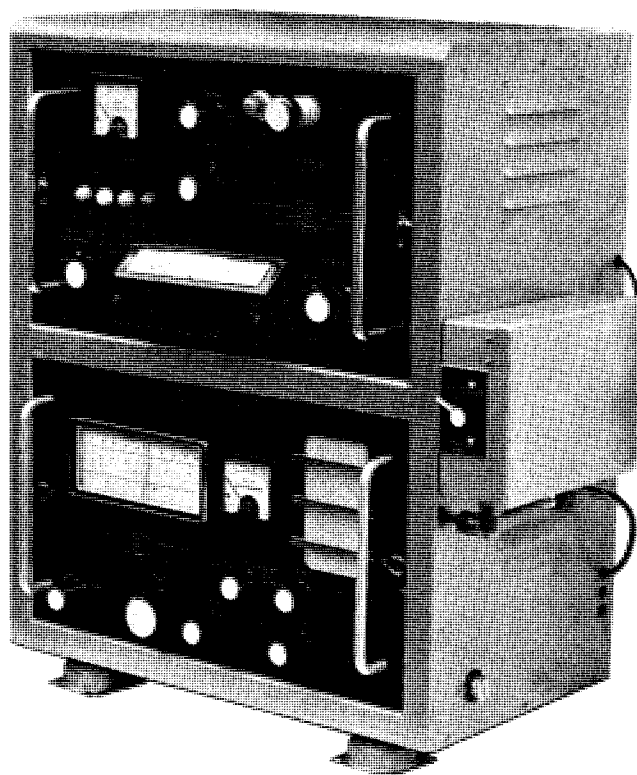


"Try not to look superior".

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\*Adopted by the R.N.L.I. as standard equipment in the Lifeboat Fleet.  
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## MERCURY SAILING

### Meon Maid

*Meon Maid* was launched on 2nd April with the intention of participating in some R.O.R.C. races during the season, hoping to give several skippers and crews experience in this sport without making a flat-out effort to achieve glory. She started in five ocean races and achieved a third in Class III in the Lyme Bay race and a second in Class III and third over-all in the Channel race, also winning the Forsyth Cup as the first yacht to finish in Class III in the latter race.

At Whitsuntide *Meon Maid* retained the Dryad Cup for a P.C.S.A. race from Portsmouth to Dartmouth for the third year running and again, with *Electron*, showed the way home to the Dartmouth Seamanship Training Craft in the subsequent races there.

The Sailing Secretary prefers not to talk about the Export Woodbine Trophy Race, which is a race round the Isle of Wight with a £100 prize, when a navigational error dropped *Meon Maid* from near the head of the fleet to the back. The annual Round-the-Island Race was however, more successful and *Meon Maid* finished fourth in her class. The start in this race becomes more frightening each year and there were some 270 boats on the line this summer.

In the Monarch Bowl series of races *Meon Maid* was runner-up this year. The series was marred by a collision in which *Meon Maid* suffered hull damage which kept her out of action for ten days.

Dogwatch cruising for *Mercury* ratings has again proved popular, although several trips had to be cancelled due to bad weather in the early summer. 370 persons have sailed in *Meon Maid* this summer, 148 of these being ratings from *Mercury*.

At the time of going to press official awards have not yet been made, but *Meon Maid* should receive the St. George Cup and is in the running for the Craven-Phillips and Monsell trophies. These are all R.N.S.A. trophies presented annually for achievements by yachts owned by naval establishments in offshore racing.

Plans are being made for a full programme of R.O.R.C. races next year so, if you are interested and likely to be available, contact the Sailing Secretary in *Mercury*.

### Service Boat Sailing

Service Boat Sailing has become increasingly popular in recent years and this year a very full racing fixture list was arranged by the Portsmouth Command Sailing Association and, in spite of generally unfavourable weather, this programme has been completed. *Mercury* had the use of two whalers and two dinghies during the season.

The whalers had a successful season and, generally skippered by CCY Ryrie and CY McLeod, won the Aurora and Bedford trophies awarded by the P.C.S.A. on the results of twelve races during the season. They also participated in eight races run by local clubs at weekends and won prizes in five of these.



Photo: Beken & Sons, Cowes

### "MEON MAID II"

We have been rather short of experienced dinghy helmsmen this year. Quite a few ratings are now more experienced than they were however, having taken the plunge and 'had a go' in the inter-establishment R.N.S.A. dinghy and Firefly races of which there has been one almost every week.

Next year there will be eight of the new glass-fibre Bosun dinghies at the Sailing Centre and racing should be keener and more exciting in these modern planing dinghies.

The Portsmouth Command Sail Training Yacht *Marabu* continued to take away crews of New Entries and this year fifty-eight New Entry communication ratings sailed in her.

\* \* \*

From a Commander's Temporary Memo, *Mercury*:-

"All ratings are reminded that pipes and bungle calls have been reduced to a minimum".

One wonders how many bungles are an acceptable minimum at *Mercury* today.

### WE CAN DO MOST THINGS BUT . . .

The following signal was handed in for despatch by W/T:

From— To SPDC (UK)

Request early supply of following spares for Coastal Minesweeper's MS winch jockey gear:

- (a) 1 in No. Spooling shaft
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2. Sketch attached with items required in red.



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## VACANCIES IN THE COMPOSITE SIGNALS ORGANISATION

A number of vacancies, offering good career prospects, exist for:

### **RADIO OPERATORS (Male)**

Write, giving details of Education, Qualifications and Experience, to:

Personnel Officer (C.S.O./4)

Government Communications Headquarters  
OAKLEY, PRIORS ROAD, CHELTENHAM, Glos.

## PUSSER'S "ARD"

H.M.S. *Daunt* swung idly to the anchor in Baymouth Bay. She had just completed the final week of her work-up, and her Ship's Company, feeling thankfully weary, were thinking of pints in the Black Dog or the Seven Stars.

T.O.3 Tragg stood on the upper deck and surveyed the shore. He had had a right basinful these past few weeks. Life wasn't what he had thought it would be and he sometimes longed for Leydene with its Holiday Camp atmosphere. No one had told him about "Watch on, stop on", or if they had, he thought it was just a sailor's yarn.

As usual, Tragg was broke; not for him the bright lights. The shore looked very inviting in the gentle glow of the evening sun.

"Blowed if I don't go ashore just to stretch my legs", thought Tragg, and without further ado he went below and cleaned ready for shore.

In the boat heading for shore, Tragg looked back at the ship, HIS ship, and already his thoughts were beginning to mellow towards her. True she did not look very smart after the rigours of her work-up, particularly a nasty brown gash alongside B Gun Deck where the hose had parted whilst fuelling at sea that afternoon. But after a week in which to clean and paint ship she would soon look a really tiddly ship mused Tragg as his thoughts turned to Mediterranean sunshine, and of course girls and wine.

Stepping ashore he headed for the park, where, soothed by the pleasantness of green trees and grass, he sat down on a bench to muse on the events of the day. As he lit a cigarette, his eye fell upon a blonde in the distance. "Cor", thought Tragg, as he observed her course and speed with a zest which would have made his Yeoman proud of him had it been a ship he was watching, "What wouldn't I give to know her".

To his delight, the blonde not only approached, but sat down on the same bench, and seeing her at close quarters showed that Tragg's eyesight was not wanting. She was—well she was just what every sailor dreams of after a cold Middle Watch.

Tragg's delight was further heightened when the blonde, after shyly gazing in his direction, asked him if he could give her a light for her cigarette. Tragg would have given her his month's ration and his tot as well if he had been old enough to draw it. Naturally it was not long before Tragg knew her name was Alice, that she was down on holiday staying with her aunt, that she was 17, and praise be, that she did not have a boy friend; at least not in Baymouth. For his part, Tragg told her all about the *Daunt* which by now looked to him finer than the *Queen Mary* in spite of her appearance, and even the thought of his Yeoman no longer sent a shiver down his spine.

Conversation turned to dancing, cinema and the like. Tragg's heart sank as he thought of his empty pockets, but realising that he was watch ashore the next day, and surely he could get a sub, he asked

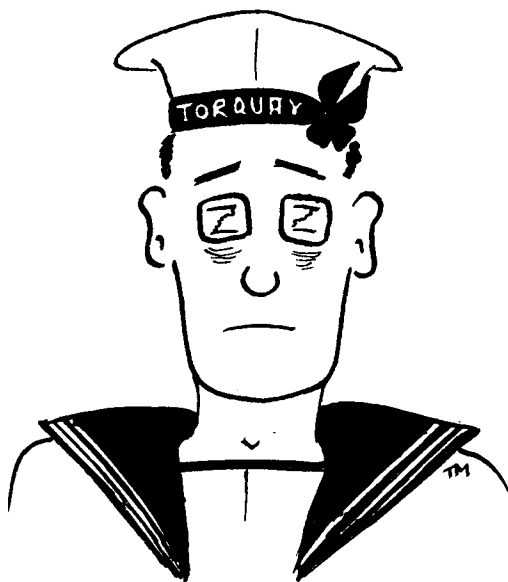
Alice if he could see her tomorrow, and to his delight she agreed. They arranged to meet on the pier at 6.30 the following evening.

All the way back to the ship Tragg was in a haze of delight and was only brought back to earth by the cox of the boat asking if he was intending to get his head down in the boat for the night.

Tragg's first thought on reaching his mess was to make sure he would look really tiddly. There was still time before pipe down to press his suit. The mess-deck was quiet and with infinite care he put the ladders in his trousers and smoothed the wrinkles out of his jumper. He finished just as some of his messmates returned from shore, and hurriedly put his suit on a hanger and suspended it from a nearby pipe. He did not want the mess-deck to know of his good luck; they would not believe him anyway.

The next day could not pass quickly enough. He got a sub from his 'oppo', and at 1600 dashed below to wash and shave, though the latter was quite unnecessary, and changed to catch the 1630 liberty boat.

Everything was clean, socks, underwear, flannel, suit. But where was his suit? It was not to be found. Tragg searched furiously, his messmates could not have known what was on, so they would not have hidden it. Then one of them told him that the Mess-deck P.O. had been round that morning putting gear in the scran bag. Tragg's heart sank. Could he persuade the P.O. to let him have his suit? He rushed to the P.O.'s Mess and tentatively knocked at the door. To his relief the Mess-deck P.O. was sympathetic, though his remarks were scathing. For the requisite amount of soap, he could have his suit.



"I think it is a case of the Ratts, Doc."

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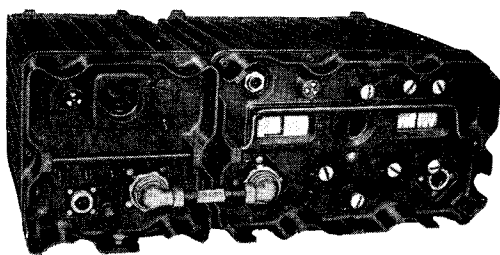
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#### *Wireless Set B.48 (VHF Transmitter-Receiver)*

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Frantically rushing below Tragg searched his locker for soap but without success, nor could his messmates help him out. He rushed to the canteen, but that was closed, and he knew that even if he wanted water for a dying man, the canteen assistant would not open up. This was the end; he just knew that his luck was too good to be true. Animal cunning saved him. A peeled potato cut to shape would do. In the dimness of the passage the P.O. would not be likely to notice that it was not soap. A quick trip to the spud locker soon produced a sizeable potato, and in no time Tragg was presenting himself with 'Soap' at the P.O.'s Mess.

The Mess-deck P.O. said, "Right, dump it in my bucket. There's the scran bag", indicating a bed cover full of gear. Tragg looked for his suit but without success and eventually had to tip all the gear out. His suit was there all right, but what a mess, all the creases had gone and it was just a mass of wrinkles. There was no time to do anything about it. He just had time to shift when libertymen were piped to fall in.

Tragg squeezed himself into the rear rank, hoping he would not be noticed, but the O.O.D. saw him all right, "What sort of state is that to be in?" he remarked, "Petty Officer, put this man on to wash that oil smudge off B. Gun, then he can make himself fit to go ashore".

The world was against him, thought Tragg. Nevertheless, if he really got cracking he could clean off B Gun, press his suit and still make the 1800 liberty boat. He quickly changed into No. 8's and reported to the P.O.'s Mess. "Here you are, bucket, cloth, scrubber, soap", said the Duty P.O., "Report to me when you have finished".

As he made his way up to B Gun Deck, Tragg mentally kicked himself. Why had he been so impatient in rushing to catch the first boat? He surveyed the job to be done, half an hour's hard work he reckoned. But at Sunset, two hours later, a forlorn figure, now nearly reduced to tears, was still scrubbing at a dirty oil mark. If you have ever tried removing oil with nothing but water and a scrubber you will know why. Potato is not much of a substitute for soap.

## MONOTONY

The reasons for buying this Magazine are many and varied, but if one has been subscribing for any length of time the 'sameness of copy' must eventually come through.

One of Shakespeare's characters said: "All the world's a stage, and all the people players." Here the same play is enacted over and over again. The scene may change, the players do so constantly, but the theme is continuous.

It strikes one that wherever he is stationed, or drafted, the routine belies the statement that "Change is as good as a rest". On an Air Force station, in a small body of navy people, or in barracks, ashore or afloat, U.K. or abroad; Monotony prevails. Watches change in their hours of duty, their number and composition, but the job goes on. Bat the key, flash the lamp, drink 'kai', swear at this, that and the other under the breath.

Go North—it is too cold; South—too hot; Home—too close; Away—too far. Change your girl friend, and write the same thing to a different one. Change your address, and find a similar pub, or circle of friends. All round one has the choice between Apathy and Monotony.

"Travel broadens the mind". One wonders if the person who coined the phrase ever travelled? At least in this age of world travel it broadens the seat of one's trousers. But it can broaden one's tolerance and outlook too.

Next time you are in a strange place, whether Bristol or Bangkok, go ashore a couple of hours before the bars open, walk into a coffee shop, or lean on a garden wall and talk to somebody local. Ask them about their town, their ambitions, their customs and beliefs. It is surprising how willing the majority of people are to talk about themselves and their surroundings. And how few resent being approached when they are sure of one's sincerity. You may learn something, even if it is only where to find a better bar than the one on the jetty, and you may even find it an amusing and pleasant way to pass the time. Try it; it kills Monotony. R.E.M.



Here lies the body of SEM. A. PHORE killed by AFO 1383/62 PARA 2



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- or (iii) the R.A.F. as Communications Officers or Technical Signals Officers.

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Write for application form to:

**Personnel Officer, G.C.H.Q., Oakley, Priors Road, Cheltenham, Glos.**

*Closing date 31st January 1963.*

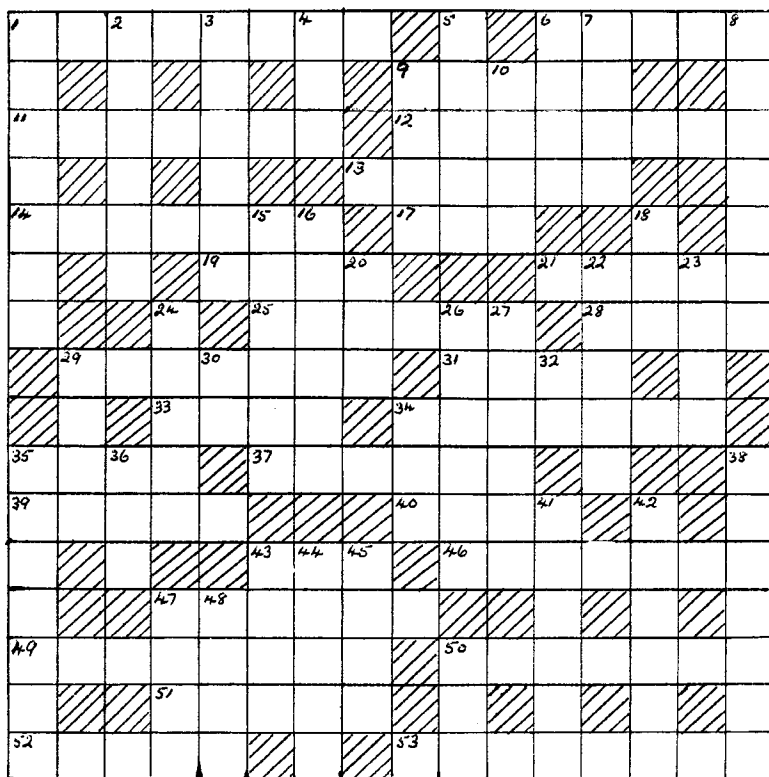
## COMMUNICATOR CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Mechanical or electronic brain. (8)
6. Forward - looking ? This way! (5)
9. Piped with Skylark. (5)
11. "The thousand — shocks that flesh is heir to" (Hamlet). (7)
12. The confused run reign without a mistake. (8)
13. Cut in pieces—as bacon. (6)
14. Raise—as in American lift. (7)
17. Shaggy Asian beast of burden. (3)
19. Snob's final tool? (4)
21. Tap R.A. together—it's split again! (5)
25. Was this kind of print invented in Pisa? (6)
28. Becomes old. (4)
29. Narrow-minded like an islander. (7)
31. Plots Spam! (4)
33. Perceive a pimple? (4)
34. Fairies. (7)
35. Dr ugs ? St u p i d fellow! (4)
37. Cancel a law about bell-ringing. (6)
39. The confused untie—then become one! (5)
40. Drinks in pale saloons. (4)
43. Consumed. (3)
46. A sty or a styre could be so regarded. (7)
47. They sing, in fact, often or seldom. (6)
49. Ram a coin into Italian food. (8)
50. Fizzy drink. (7)
51. Cap in muddle—alarm! (5)
52. Proverbially harmless. (5)
53. Secretary's opinion of boss—the tyrant! (8)

### DOWN

1. Allow—legally after 21! (7)
2. Looks after babies or lepidoptera. (6)
3. Imaginary Spanish football-club? (6)
4. Appreciated in jelly. (3)
5. Madness in Man I assure you. (5)
6. Area of Holy Land stronghold? (4)
7. Collection of beasts in her dairy. (4)
8. Assimilates summaries. (7)
9. As required. (4)
10. With lace is jewellery. (4)
15. "Needle" operator. (6)
16. Property. (6)
18. What the habitual criminal does to pipes? (3)
20. Art confused sailor. (3)
22. Glue artificial jewels. (5)
23. Controls the game, in short. (4)
24. Advantage in class, etc. (5)
26. Stake, eh? Victim admits to lack of colour. (6)
27. Re clay float. (6)
29. Duke's metal. (4)
30. Slap this, its luxurious! (2)
32. Greek pudding? (2)
34. "We were the first  
That ever burst  
Into that silent ——" (Ancient Mariner). (3)
35. The Singer's old man? (7)
36. Frequently dropped in silence. (3)
38. Maker. (7)
41. Choose the best. (6)
42. Mob act—battle! (6)
43. Presently I'll conceal my identity. (4)
44. Not for Baby—though in cot! (5)
45. This boy mixed rice. (4)
47. Kind of peat familiar to Sparkers? (4)
48. Periods. (4)
50. Winter Sport in Minsk, Iceland, etc. (3)



**Going  
Abroad?**



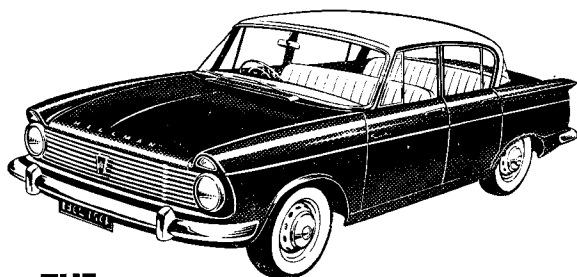
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# COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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
R. M. ALLAN...	Lt.	R.A.N. Exchange	Rhyl
C. K. ANTHONY ...	Lt.-Cdr.	N.P. 1984	President with D.S.D.
J. C. APPELYARD-LIST ...	Lt.	Adv. (C) Course	Kent
J. G. B. ARMSTRONG...	Lt.-Cdr.	Bulwark	President with D.N.I.
D. BEASLEY ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Woodbridge Haven	Adamant
H. S. BENNETT ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.A.C.	Staff of C-in-C, H.F.
G. A. F. BOWER ...	Commander	Walkerton in Comd.	R.N. Tactical School, Woolwich
A. E. P. BRIGGS ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Loch Killisport
W. G. BRIGGS ...	Sub. Lt. (SD) (C)	Forth	Komenda (Ghana Navy) as 1st Lt.
T. T. BROGAN ...	Sub. Lt. (SD) (C)	Brighton	Staff of F.O.S.T.
P. J. BROOKS ...	Lt.-Cdr.	President with D.W.R.	Flag Lt. to C inC, Plymouth
C. F. BRYANT ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Appleton
R. G. CAMPBELL, R.C.N.	Lt.	Caesar	Reverts to R.C.N.
R. CARROLL ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Caesar	Mercury
G. D. CARTER ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Loch Killisport	Mercury
G. CHRISTIE ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ariel	Surprise
G. CLARKE ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Heron	Blake
T. E. CLINTON ...	Actg. Sub. Lt. (SD) (C)	Battleaxe	Albion
H. R. CORNELL ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Diamond	Staff of C-in-C, H.F.
C. H. COX ...	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Staff of CINCAFMED	Staff of C-in-C, Portsmouth
D. D. DAVIES ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	N.P. 1984	Caesar
D. DOBSON ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ganges	Caesar
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.A.C.
I. F. GRANT ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	R.N. Staff Course
L. L. GREY, D.S.C.	Commander	President for J.S.S.C.	President with D.W.R.
R. J. GREEN ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C F.E.S.	Staff of F.O.F. (H)
M. C. GWINNER ...	Lt.	Staff of F.O.M.E.	Woodbridge Haven
J. A. C. HENLEY ...	Captain	Centaur in Command	President for S.O.W.C.
E. M. G. HEWITT ...	Lt.-Cdr.	President with D.S.D.	Victorious
M. I. HOSEGOOD ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.F. (H)	Mercury
D. JACKSON ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Diana	R.M.N. Loan Service
J. M. JESSOP ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Duncan	Alert in Command
M. M. JONES ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Staff of C-in-C Med.
C. J. J. KEMP ...	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	R.N.Z.N. Exchange	Staff of CINCEASTLANT
N. G. KEMP ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Staff of C-in-C F.E.S.
T. M. LAING ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Whitby as 1st Lt.
P. T. LAWMAN ...	Commander	President with D.W.R.	S.H.A.P.E.
P. R. LEES ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Carysfort	Sea Eagle
D. A. LORAM, M.V.O.	Commander	Belfast	President with Personnel Panel
G. W. LOWDEN ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C, H.F.	Lowestoft as 1st Lt.
D. MACINDOE ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Adamant	Mercury
I. C. MACINTYRE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	President with D.W.R.
J. R. MCKAIG ...	Captain	President	Manxman in Command
C. P. MILLS, C.B.E., D.S.C.	Rear Admiral	President	President as D.G.W.
D. A. P. O'REILLY ...	Commander	President for J.S.S.C.	Staff of F.O. Air (Home)
W. L. PAYNE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Sea Eagle	Staff of F.O.2, F.E.S.
A. H. PORTER ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	N.P. 1984
D. A. POYNTER, M.B.E.	Commander	Terror	President for S.O.W.C.
G. REED ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Berwick	Mercury
K. REITH ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Sanderling
H. H. RIDLER ...	Commander	S.H.A.P.E.	B.D.S. Washington

C. RUSBY ... ..	Commander	President	Britannia as Executive Officer
B. D. SALWEY ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Plymouth
I. S. SANDEMAN ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	R.N.Z.N. Exchange
M. SANDS ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Roebuck	Staff of C-in-C F.E.S.
L. A. E. SETFORD ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	R.M.N. Loan Service	Staff of F.O.S.T.
A. A. T. SEYMOUR-HAYDON...	Captain	Drake	Staff of C-in-C H.F. and C.I.C.C. (West)
V. SIBLEY ... ..	2/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth
R. A. STANLEY ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Sanderling	Staff of Capt. S.M.S. Med.
P. J. STEMBRIDGE ... ..	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Lowestoft	Mercury
M. A. STOCKTON ... ..	Lt.	Blake	Mercury
J. W. F. SUNLEY ... ..	3/O W.R.N.S.	Victory	Cochrane
D. P. SWALLOW ... ..	2/O W.R.N.S.	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth	Mercury
D. M. THURSTON ... ..	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	Staff of CINCAFMED
C. G. TONKIN ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Blake	Mercury
P. J. V. TUKE ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Duchess
J. E. S. WALLIS ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Victorious	Mauritius
J. G. WELLING ... ..	2/O W.R.N.S.	Phoenicia	Mercury
W. R. WELLS, D.S.C. ... ..	Actg. Captain	President with D.S.D.	President with M.O.D.
H. R. WILCOX, R.C.N. ... ..	Lt.	Niobe	Sea Eagle
P. A. WILLIAMS ... ..	Lt.	Bermuda	Belfast
J. S. WILSON ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O. Air (Home)	Mercury
A. R. WOOD ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Duchess	Mercury

## PROMOTIONS

### To Rear Admiral

C. P. MILLS, C.B.E., D.S.C.

### To Lieutenant-Commander

I. F. GRANT  
P. P. L. WELLS  
T. J. W. SERGEANT

### To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

A. H. PORTER  
P. A. LENNON  
J. FLETCHER

### To Second Officer, W.R.N.S.

J. G. WELLING

### To Lieutenant-Commander (SD) (C)

E. W. A. COLLINS, B.E.M.

### To Acting Sub-Lieutenant (SD) (C)

D. J. B. FORSEY  
R. O'BRIEN  
(Omitted in error from previous edition).

### To Second Officer W.R.N.R.

J. M. MCGOWAN

### Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

R. E. FODEN (20.5.62)	J. A. THORPE (1.7.62)
A. T. McDONALD (18.6.62)	J. A. REGAN (6.7.62)
H. SHERRIFF (18.6.62)	M. PERRATT (12.7.62)
L. BAVINGTON (18.6.62)	R. A. YOUNG (24.7.62)
W. BURNETT (18.6.62)	P. ANSTEY (28.7.62)
G. W. MAGEE (21.6.62)	R. W. G. LAWES (3.8.62)
T. E. HUGGETT (30.6.62)	B. SNELL (9.8.62)
H. VINCENT-SPALL (1.7.62)	G. J. KESTEVEN (31.8.62)

### Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

D. CROOK (2.6.62)	J. RUST (25.7.62)
B. MILLIGAN (12.6.62)	V. J. HEAD (14.8.62)
D. R. MILLIGAN (12.6.62)	P. JOHNSTONE (22.8.62)
R. A. S. CULL (13.6.62)	R. PURVIS (27.8.62)
S. J. W. SMITH (16.6.62)	R. A. EDGE (2.9.62)
J. R. PILKINGTON (14.7.62)	A. WALKER (3.9.62)
J. G. RIDDLE (18.7.62)	E. A. CROUCH (4.9.62)
P. H. EDWARDS (22.7.62)	R. W. BURTON (12.9.62)

## RETIREMENTS

A. H. C. GORDON-LENNOX, C.B., D.S.O., Rear Admiral

H. A. CHEETHAM, Lt.-Cdr.

C. F. GRAY, Lt. (SD) (C)

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