

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





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THE COMMUNICATOR

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

EASTER 1961

VOL. 15. No. 1

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Cover: 1st AND 7th D.S. SCREENING "BERMUDA"

<i>Editor:</i>	Lieutenant Commander W. F. PATERSON, R.N.
<i>Art Editor</i>	Sub Lieutenant N. G. KEMP, R.N.
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Lieutenant D. W. COGGESHALL, R.N.
<i>Editorial Staff:</i>	Instructor Lt. Commander H. S. O'NEILL B.Sc., R.N.,
<i>Secretary:</i>	Wren M. S. Bearman
<i>Business, Production and Advertisement Manager:</i>	MR. EDGAR SERCOMBE, 2 Station Hill, Farnham, Surrey.

CONTRIBUTIONS

All MSS., photographs and cartoons should be sent to the Editor at H.M.S. "Mercury", as below. These will be returned to the senders only if asked for, and responsibility for them cannot be accepted by the Editor. **CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SUMMER 1961 EDITION MUST BE IN THE EDITOR'S HANDS BY JUNE 30th. BULK ORDERS BY JULY 20th.**

Subscription Rates for 1961 are as follows:

For the whole year 7/6 post free For each issue 2/8 post free

BULK ORDERS from commands, ships or establishments, 2/6 per copy, post free.

The Magazine is published at Easter, Summer and Christmas.

Some back numbers are available and those more than 2 years old can be obtained
for 1/- post free.

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Cheques and/or postal orders should be made payable and sent to:
The Editor, THE COMMUNICATOR, H.M.S. "MERCURY", East Meon, near Petersfield, Hampshire.

PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"

EDITORIAL

Your present Editor in passing on his blue pencil, after three years in the chair, takes this opportunity to thank all those willing workers and pressed men, who have contributed to the Magazine. It is your efforts that count and you can claim, with every justification, that this is the best publication of its type, produced with no outside financial support and by a staff who do most of their work in their spare time.

We still search for ways and means of improving your Magazine and we are very grateful for any constructive suggestions that are put forward.

Most of our lives follow a well ordered routine and little out of the ordinary occurs, but when it does, we just hate to miss it in these pages. Only you can provide this link by acting as our reporter on the spot. Grab your pencil, rouse your chum with his camera and get to work. That is the way you can help to produce a better and brighter Magazine.

We would like to suggest that in every ship and shore base someone takes on the task of our Special Correspondent, not just when our usual reminder notice is received, but watching all the time for that incident that is news and makes interesting reading. If you look through the pages of this issue, you will find a few who have done this and who have gone out and got their story.

You too can be an amateur journalist. Have a go!

RADIO HOBBIES EXHIBITION

The Radio Hobbies Exhibition was held at the Royal Horticultural Society Hall, London, 23rd-26th November, 1960.

This is the Mecca of the radio amateur world and "Hams" make annual pilgrimage to see recent improvements in lines such as SSB, RATT, UHF and Transistors and to meet the chaps they have been nattering to during the year.

Recognition is made easy by lapel badges with call sign visible from ten yards. The greeting itself is worth recording—call the Christian name and call sign, pump the right arm twice, once on meeting and once on drinking.

The show was opened by Brian Rix of Whitehall Theatre fame, combining his 'ham' ability in both worlds. The range of exhibits was wide, the home-built equipment combined technical skill and ability

to a very high degree. Unusually attractive were two mobile transceivers, one for SSB operation while mounted on a motor cycle and another for 14 Mcs working from a push bike. Transistors are obviously gaining in popularity. The professionally built sets were excellent and transistors were used in amateur construction to a greater extent this year. It was very obvious that we appreciate too little the value of the development work done by radio amateurs, and who knows what ideas on exhibition will form the basis of future "Mods".

A type of aerial array which should appeal to the inhabitants of Portsdown Hill was a birdcage designed for high-gain HF directional working. It was made up of two V-dipoles, stacked, with reverse V-reflectors behind—almost like a Churchill salute seen through distorted mirrors. Would look attractive on a Third Office! Also on show was an aerial mast rotatable on nylon bearings, lubrication guaranteed by the English weather. Certainly there was plenty to whet the appetite and sink the bank account.

All the Services were present. The RAF showed a live station of their Amateur Radio Society and a semi-static signals branch layout.

The TA manned the Army stand, teleprinting noisily to a terminal van parked outside the hall.

The Navy stand was an A.C.R. commitment, possibly on the questionable thesis that a Reservist is more likely to be able to talk to amateurs on the same frequency. The exhibits were RATT Bay, a 619/CAT, a 691 and a B28/Copley May conversion.

The RATT Bay had a history, having arrived from the 1960 Earls Court Show via *Collingwood*. The Christmas number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* reported that this Bay did not work and we inherited



the defects which gave our C.R.E. some anxious moments before he succeeded in getting the Bay operational for the opening. The twin impediments of security and copyright make continual copying of RATT at a public exhibition difficult—a problem solved in this instance with the communicator's wry sense of humour. The new model Creed TTY gave us the advantage of two speeds and with this we kept the Bay operational for the whole of the four days. (Has 'C' Section realised the value of this gear lever?). Those of us who were technically rusty on RATT were well up before the week-end.

The 619/CAT was operational with R.N.R. stations in U.K. but its efficiency was limited by its aerial—50 ft. of co-ax to a broken window and 10 ft. of 611 up a wall. The 691 was not rigged and the B28/Copley May was for reception only.

Many friendships were renewed. One needs to meet old stalwarts of the Branch to appreciate how comparatively wet we are behind the ears. The related experience which appealed most was the method of tuning aerials pre-1914:—

“Drop the Main Roof near to the deck; press key and tune until the biggest spark passes between wire and deck; rehoist aerial and transmit.” (603 instructors please note!)

It was good to have on the R.N. stand the Secretary of the newly reconstituted R.N.A.R.S. in the shape of R.S. “Mike” Matthews before he went DX-ing round the south seas. What his part of the stand lacked in equipment he made up by using all the weapons of the radio amateur's social armoury. The R.N.A.R.S. could profitably exhibit here, given some prior planning, and the use of the aerial space on the roof of the hall.

Altogether a very interesting exhibition from the point of view of the R.N.R. Staff (though tiring on their civilian legs) and well worthwhile. The public were shown as much as space allowed—they certainly took an active interest and kept us busy with their questions.

R.N.R. Staff: Lt.-Cdr. G. R. Towle (Nottingham), C.R.S. Wilding (SW Tower), C.R.E. Hinchliffe (Leeds), R.S. Fulton (Swansea), R.S. Scott (London), L.R.O. Hunt (Bath).

ODDITIES

1. A Design Five is a “Conjunction Box”.
2. Operator on Five Tun: “Chief, this C.Q. body seems to get a lot of traffic”.
3. Solebay made ‘K’ to a starshell and proceeded to exchange identities with it.

OPERATION “WEBBED FEET”

On Sunday 4th December 1960, after 48 hours of continuous rain, the river Avon burst its banks and the city of Bath was subjected to the most disastrous flooding since the 1800's.

The speed at which the water rose was fantastic, and by midnight, Bath was completely isolated from the rest of the country, hundreds of homes and business premises were flooded—many to the ceilings of the ground floors: swans were swimming in and out of the Co-op doors and windows. A strange but melancholy sight.

The police, fire, welfare services and civil defence resources were strained to their limits so that when Bath R.N.R. wireless unit volunteered radio communication channels, the offer was gratefully accepted.

At daylight Monday, the heartbreaking task of rescuing marooned families got underway. By this time the flood water was level with the top step of our main entrance and the rescue boats were able to disembark their passengers at our front door. Hot drinks, warm comfortable surroundings and amusement for the children were provided in the training centre until the evacuees were moved to the welfare rest centres.

Luckily the water did not rise any higher and the training centre remained operational.

Telephone communication was, by this time, chaotic, with thousands of lines out of action, including the Hospital. We were asked to provide a radio link between the hospitals and the police H.Q. which we did, using type 622's and 615's until we were relieved by the A.F.S. with their V/H.F.

During the forenoon, the police H.Q. V/H.F. Station went off the air, severely curtailing the number of police mobiles. Type 622's were then mounted onboard brand new Wolseley 6/90 cars provided by our very good friend Eric Hall of Bath Garages Ltd., who despite the severe damage to his own business worked unceasingly to alleviate distress. “Highway Patrol” has nothing on him and we expected every transmission to end with “Ten Four.”

The cars cruised the stricken areas, radioing reports to the training centre, asking for emergency rations, blankets, candles, paraffin, milk, bread, and even a baby's bottle. Our mobiles were asked to investigate reports of stranded citizens, road conditions and to make situation reports. Until our telephone went out of action, we phoned our signals to the police and welfare. A type 615 net coped afterwards.

By the evening of Monday 5th December, the worst was over, the flood water began to subside and we were able to relax.

That our efforts were appreciated is shown in the following extract from a letter sent to Lt.-Cdr. H. Punch, M.B.E., V.R.D., Commanding Officer, No. 2 Wireless District R.N.R.

Dear Sir,

I have to write to thank you for the very valuable assistance which your detachment rendered during the recent flooding in Bath. The willingness and enthusiasm with which your members came forward is a matter upon which you can congratulate yourselves, and the assistance given is something which none can understand unless they have been deprived of all other means of communication in a time of trial and stress.

I would once again congratulate you and thank you and also say we are bearing you in mind for future times of trouble.

Yours faithfully,

G. E. T. NICHOLS,

Chief Constable.

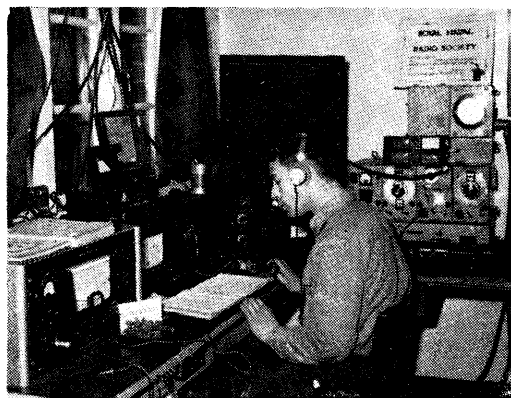
One result of our endeavours is that we are now an integral part of the Bath Flood Emergency Scheme—we have already had two "standbys" since Christmas, but for the sake of the folk who live in the lower levels of the city, we pray that our services will never be required again.

F.F.H.

ROYAL NAVY AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

Probably the most important step forward since our last report has been a successful take-over bid bringing the *Mercury* Amateur Radio Club under the direct administration of the R.N.A.R.S. Briefly, this pooling of resources should prove beneficial to both parties, resulting in a build-up for the R.N.A.R.S. and increased facilities for those serving in *Mercury*, who are in any way interested in amateur radio as a hobby. Monthly club subscriptions have been suspended and the facilities offered are now completely free of charge for *Mercury* members, although we do, of course, hope that many will develop their interest to the extent of wanting to join the R.N.A.R.S. Details of the new arrangement will shortly be given every publicity within the Signal School.

During the last three months the H.Q. station (G3BZU) has been quite active although conditions have proved rather poor. Stations in 30 different countries ranging from Grahamland (Antarctica) to France and Russia have been worked successfully, and we now have our sights on the DX Certificate awarded to stations proving a contact with 100 different countries. This has been achieved using our old faithfuls, the 50 watt K.W. Vanguard and H.R.O. receiver.



What of the future? The committee agrees that the equipment at present fitted in the "shack" is not really worthy of G3BZU in the role of H.Q. station for the R.N.A.R.S. The aim therefore is to replace the Vanguard with a modern 150 watt transmitter, and the H.R.O. with a modern receiver. This, of course, means money, and is largely dependent on a continuation of the wonderful support from members which the Society has received since its inauguration some six months ago. More members are needed and any interested readers are invited to write to the Secretary R.N.A.R.S., H.M.S. *Mercury*, for details. The main requirement for intending members is that they must prove a direct connection with the R.N. or W.R.N.S. as past or serving members. Membership now stands at almost 100. One of our latest recruits is Mr. Berge, unique in that he is the first non-Commonwealth member. Sunk by enemy action off Margate at the time of Dunkirk he served for the remainder of the war with the R.N. and now operates one of the best equipped and most amateur stations in Belgium. We extend to him a special welcome. A picture of Mr. Berge and his equipment appears on the opposite page.

Lieutenant Riggs and R.S. Mathews have recently moved further afield. In their term of office they contributed greatly to the successful launching of the R.N.A.R.S., and left a firm foundation on which to build, as a result of a considerable amount of time and effort. A special word of gratitude, and we wish them every success in their new jobs. The posts of Treasurer and Secretary respectively have now been taken by Lieut. Bradberry and R.S. Moore.

At a recent committee meeting many ideas for a blazer lapel badge were considered. Several excellent designs had been submitted, and the choice was a difficult one. The winning design submitted by Dave Pilley, consists of a naval crown surmounting the letters R.N.A.R.S. We hope that the new badge will shortly be available and that members will find it to their liking.



PERSONALITY PIECE

JOHN PEGLER—G3ENI—VICE-CHAIRMAN

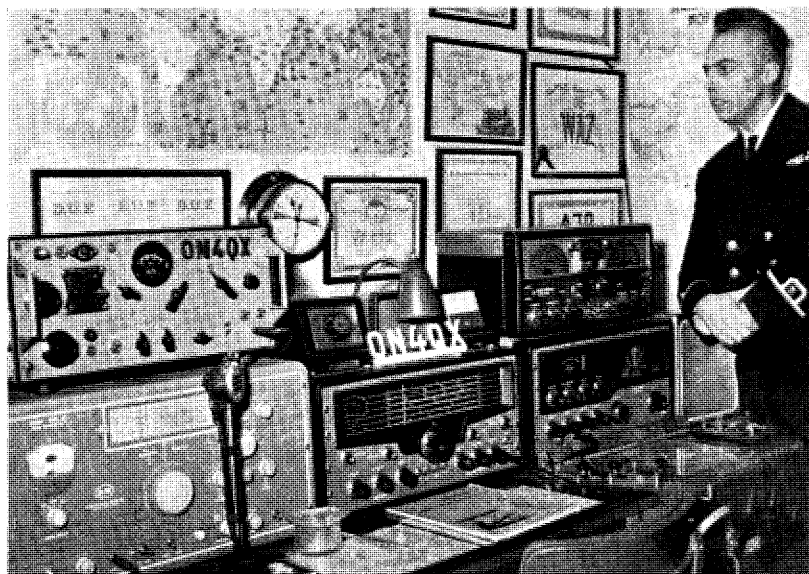
Commander John Pegler first became interested in radio as a hobby at the age of 14, when he built a one-valve receiver. This was followed by more complicated types, and an interest in the transmitting side soon developed.

The War delayed activities and it was not until 1948 that a transmitting licence was obtained. Interest was at first mainly centred on 144 Mc/s V.H.F., and much work was done on low noise receivers, aerial design and modulation systems. Examples were the R.F. stage of the R.S.G.B. two meter converter, which has also been used in many subsequent designs; a compact 16 decibel gain aerial for point-to-point working, with dimensions of only one-third of a cubic wavelength, and the development over circuits whose field strength is of the same order as the noise level.

Since 1952 all practical work has been devoted to Single Sideband equipment, stabilised master oscillators for synthesised frequency generation, and advanced receiver design.

Apart from the standby receiver, a Marconi CR 150 series, all equipment is home built to original design. Far more time is spent on thought, calculations and design work than in operating. John is a firm believer in the "Build British and buy British" view, since far too much reliance is placed on foreign design and equipment in amateur circles. This does provide a worthwhile challenge to British hams.

John, who is a Fleet Air Arm engineer, is at present serving on the Staff of the Flag Officer Air (Home); but has been appointed in May to the research and development side of the Ministry of Aviation at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Bedford.



We take off our hats to...



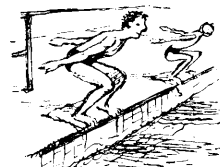
Top left:
Lt. Commander G. B. Claxton.

Top right:
C.R.S. R. K. Jones.

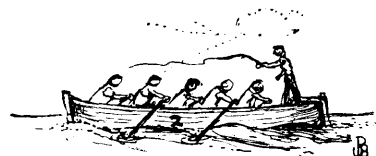
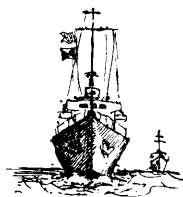
Centre:
C.R.S. A. F. Barndon.

Bottom left:
C.R.S. L. Townsend. Lt. Commander R. W. Walton, B.E.M.

Bottom right:



Superintendent J. Davies, O.B.E., on becoming Director of W.R.N.S.



"I HAVE DONE THE STATE SOME SERVICE"

by L.T.O. O'Mara

Thomas H. Botterill, Signalman, R.F.A., has sailed the sea for over 50 years, for after 25 years under the White Ensign he has now served another 25 years in the R.F.A. Service. His story is that of Great Britain and his long maritime career has taken him about the world to take his part in battles, sieges, fortunes, accidents and disastrous chances. There can be few in the Admiralty Service today who fought at Jutland, Dogger Bank, and Cuxhaven—Tom was there; few who coaled ship by basket—as Tom did the battleship *Swiftsure* in 1912. And Tom who spend most of his time in destroyers, chased gunrunners off Ireland in 1914 and later searched for survivors from the *Hampshire*, in which Lord Kitchener was lost off Scapa Flow.

From Scapa Flow to Russia in 1919, where he was probably one of the first to receive Red propaganda by way of leaflets calling upon the men to overthrow the officers and join the rebels. This was received with the same good grace as for Lord Haw-Haw and Tokyo Rose 25 years later. And it was in Tom's ship that Lieutenant Agar, R.N., at this time sailed to win his V.C. for torpedoing the Red cruiser *Oleg*.

Coal-burning warships were not entirely finished by the end of the Great War and soon Tom was in a coal-burning sloop, *Crocus*, chasing Arab Slave Runners in the Persian Gulf. Later he visited Brazil and Pernambuco in *Amazon*, a 39-knot destroyer, and passed through the Magellan Straits, before being posted to his last seagoing ship in the Royal Navy, appropriately a new cruiser, *London*, the city of his birth.

Having taken his discharge at Malta, he joined R.F.A. *Reliant*, but further adventures were still to come. The following year he was in the hospital ship *Maine* off Spain helping to evacuate the refugees, including the Pretender, from the Spanish Civil War. Later, in the same ship, he was to evacuate British wounded from Crete, and at Alexandria to assist with the heavy casualties of the 8th Army. He remained in the Mediterranean during the whole of the 1939/45 War.

The *Maine* was at Piraeus during the short Greek Civil War and afterwards Tom sailed in the ship to the U.K. when it was paid off. He then joined R.F.A. *Fort Duquesne* in which he has spent the remaining 12 years; these have not be devoid of incidents as Abadan, Suez and Cyprus have featured in his log.

Tom has a gleam in his eye and a fund of stories of the old school. He remembers his friend scrubbing his hammock in lime juice, by mistake, and receiving six cuts of the cane for staining it. There is a story of the rating with the tender stomach, who at last tempted to try the pot mess, the best ever, collapsed

when the deck cloth emerged from the stew-pot with his first helping. He has serious and grim reminiscences too. There was a narrow escape from being cut in two by an Ice Breaker which developed defective steering when being escorted to Russia during the 1917 blizzard. The destroyer was in fact severely damaged and returned to port. On this occasion the only method of communication between the two ships was by illumination of the signal flags by searchlight. Tom was later in two more serious collisions, but each time his ship remained afloat.

Tom is a Signalman and has seen the development of methods of communications from the early days of flags and semaphore. In the first war, candle and oil lamps were used for visual signalling at night (how hot and how dirty they became), but a 10-inch electric projector was introduced from about 1916. The shutter was on the outside and the whole lamp was liable to short and give electric shocks. Today Tom uses the modern 10-inch at rapid speed and prides himself that he never has to ask for a repeat. He is still expert with hand flags and his stalwart figure on the monkey island is well known to all H.M. Ships in the Med. which have taken part in R.A.S. operations with *Fort Duquesne*.

In his long career Tom has had his hardships and disappointments, but he remains a strong, cheerful and friendly figure, reserved, efficient and dependable. He has been awarded nine decorations, and it has been a great pleasure to sail with him on many occasions, this worthy member of the Communications Branch.

Long may he continue to do the State some Service.

EASTER COMPETITIONS PRIZE WINNERS

Feature: R.S. L. Fuller—"Angela"—page 10.

Cartoon: T.O2 Day—page 20

No Photographic Prize awarded.

Extra prizes for Feature articles of special interest awarded to:

R.O2 J. M. Hepburn—"Landing Parties"—page 31.

*"Look Back with Pleasure"—page 12.

*"One for the Refrigerator"—page 19.

*Authors please contact Editor for prize-money.

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

"ANGELA"

by R.S. L. Fuller

Strange as it may seem, some people relaxing in shore billets still hear the cry from the sea, and venture forth to test the stability of their sea legs, but in rather a different manner than in a "Pusser's Grey".

The attraction was to enter the Malta to Ischia (Naples) Yacht Race in the yacht *Angela*, which was most ably organised by the Comitato Altomare—Royal Malta Yacht Club. *Angela* is a 30 square metre 'Windfall' and is commendably looked after by *St. Angelo*.

Commander M. L. Woolcombe (F.C.O.) (Skipper), Midshipman P. Henley, C.C.Y. R. N. Jones and R.S. L. Fuller volunteered to crew *Angela* in what turned out to be a most enjoyable adventure, and needless to say we were proud to have a 75% Communications crew.

The course was from Grand Harbour, passing to the eastward of Sicily and then direct to Ischia, which gave an approximate distance of 326 miles. Altogether there were six entries, *Sunar* (Halfar), *Phoenix* (Flotilla Command), *Saluki* (Dockyard Sailing Club), *Flandern* (Royal Marines), *Rosanna* (Privately Owned) and last but not least *Angela* (*St. Angelo*).

Wednesday 24th July was the big day and at 1130 the crew mustered at Customs House to obtain clearance and to commence the gallant task of storing ship—quite a task as we were all very keen on our food and we had no mean supply thanks to the organising genius of the F.C.O. At 1350, under mainsail and genoa we were hovering around the starting line awaiting the "Off" at 1400. *Saluki* in her keenness overshot the mark and had to go about, but the remainder of the yachts got away first time. No sooner had we cleared the breakwater than the wind fizzled out and left six craft becalmed for two hours. However the wind did spring up later in the evening and gave us all a good run through to Cape Passero (Sicily) at about 6 knots.

The following day at about 0900 the wind fell to just a light air and finally left us altogether. As washing facilities were rather restricted advantage was taken of the calm and over the side went the crew for a refreshing swim, first taking the precaution of streaming a line astern, just in case the yacht should move faster than we could swim. During this period of calm the Skipper studied *Angela's* log for details of the conditions encountered during both the Taomina and Syracuse races held earlier in the year and later pronounced that the wind should come from the south-east at about 1100. This direction proved correct, but the time was one hour later. The return of the wind gave us good sailing for the rest of the day and we pressed on for the next Cape and our endeavour to catch *Suna* whom we could see about five miles ahead.

Friday was a day of battling with the tides in the

Messina Straits and it was not until p.m. that we managed to make much headway. It was known that that evening M.F.V. 72 (Commander Mathews, M.C.) was due to sail from Messina to Marzamemi to escort a Malta-Marzamemi whaler race. A good lookout was kept and at 2100 the Chief Yeoman performing with the Aldis made contact with the M.F.V. and organised a R.A.S. The M.F.V. closed us, and with us making about 5 knots performed the R.A.S. using the abeam method. Our requirements were four gallons of water in rubber containers, one hand message and a tin of "Andrews". Surely this must be seamanship history in the R.A.S. world. Later that evening we found that we were unable to make much headway against the strong tide which streaks through the narrows of the straits, and after an unsuccessful attempt at anchoring, finally found ourselves moored to a buoy at the Messina Yacht Club by 0130, where we waited for four hours for the tide to turn.

Saturday at 0530 saw us making sail and slipping from Messina to battle through the remaining few miles of the Straits. At this stage of the race we were under the impression that we were bringing up the rear as we knew that *Suna* was well ahead. Earlier in the day we had sighted *Phoenix* making good headway on the Calabria side of the Straits and we assumed that she had been successful in transitting the Straits on the tide that defeated us. No other yachts had been sighted and we guessed that the remainder had built up a substantial lead by sailing close in under Mount Etna. However, we had a very pleasant surprise, when clear of the Straits, to see all the other vessels. We were in third place. At this point the decision had to be made whether to take the seaward route (passing close to Stromboli) or whether to hug the coast and rely on the "on shore-off shore" breezes. *Angela* decided on the latter and set about the noble task of trying to catch *Phoenix* who was by this time well clear of the Straits. It was at this point that we were approached by some local fishing boats who wanted to sell us some of their catch. After considerable bartering the F.C.O. managed to purchase two rather weird looking silver fish (we still do not know the actual type) for 1,000 lire and 40 cigarettes—rather expensive food, but nevertheless very tasty.

During the afternoon when we were approaching the Gulf of Sufemia—the cry was heard "Unknown object on the port bow!" This object was quickly identified as a whale (which I believe is not a common sight in the Mediterranean) and after closing to about 30 yards gave us all a first-class exhibition of a "whale-dive". Naturally we all thought this would be the last to be seen of the whale but after 25 minutes, he or she, again surfaced—blowing well—this time at about 30 yards on the port beam and

closing quite rapidly. At this range we could distinctly see the whole length. It was considerably larger than the yacht. When it had closed to about 20 yards we all felt a little uncomfortable thinking of the damage it could do to the yacht if it decided to rub itself along the side. As we carried no armament it was decided that we might be able to scare it off by using a distress flare. Midshipman Henley very ably took over the duties of Gunnery Officer and stood by awaiting his chance, but when the whale had closed to about 10-15 yards it seemed content to "lay off" and leer! More than a relief to us all, but nevertheless quite an experience (not one to be repeated too often).

Sunday was a day of plain sailing except that again there was a shortage of "puff" and the evening brought several of us together (becalmed)—during this period the flag ship (or should I say "Flag Yacht") worked a couple of the other vessels by light, and I must remark on the high standard of operating from the non-communicators. (They must have been buffing up, knowing the F.C.O. would be at sea!).

Monday was yet another pleasant day enjoying the sunshine and light airs. During these calm spells we all made the most of the opportunities by swimming over the side and trying our hand at fishing—all we ever had was one bite!

The average speed of a 'Windfall' yacht in the Mediterranean (taken over several years racing) is four knots, and it was estimated that our period of sea time would be four days. After five days out from Malta we were still a considerable distance from Naples and as relief crews were being flown to Naples to race the yachts back, the F.C.O., being Off Shore Racing Secretary, was obliged to inform the Consul-General of the approximate position of the yachts and to postpone the aircraft. This meant calling at a small village called Pisciotta a little to the north of Cape Palinuro. Here the locals gave us a very warm welcome, and whilst the F.C.O. was attempting to telephone Naples—it took him over two hours even though he hit on the idea of making the call "Urgente"—rapid communications. Mid. and the R.S. took on the task of re-storing ship. Neither could speak a word of Italian and none of the locals seemed to be educated in English, so it will be left to imagination how they made themselves understood! After what was a four hour stop we made sail, weighed anchor and continued the race hoping that we could claim time for our unavailing stop at the fishing village.

By Wednesday morning the wind had increased considerably and was still increasing on our run through to Capri giving us an estimated speed of advance of 6-7 knots. The C.C.Y. had fun and games at this time, trying to organise breakfast over two primus stoves whilst the decks were awash, and the watch on deck thoroughly enjoyed themselves battling with the strong gusts that were being encountered.

The finishing line, which was chosen by the Olympic Sailing Committee, was 35 miles to the North of Capri and to reach it we had to pass Naples Bay and then double back on our tracks. It was at this point that three members of the crew were all against going over the finishing line, but sailing instead direct to Naples. Undaunted, the stubborn member persuaded the remainder to flog on to the last—and grateful we were, especially when we neared the finishing line, and met our rivals in *Rosanna* and *Saluki*. Weather conditions in the Med. seem to be most unpredictable, as approximately one hour after we had passed over the finishing line in what must have been near gale force winds, and were heading for Naples, the wind dropped away to virtually nothing, and left us still on the briny for yet another night. However, in the early hours of Thursday morning a light breeze sprang up and allowed us to make harbour at 0730.

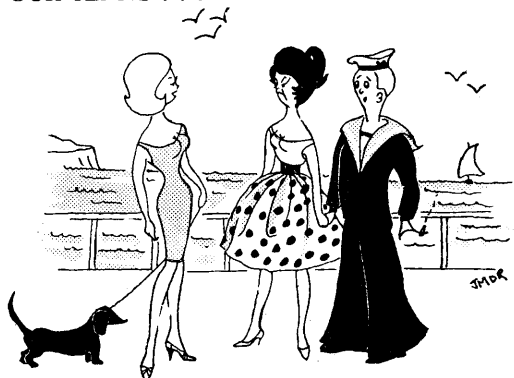
Our berth in Naples was near the Yacht Club and amongst the Olympic Star and 5.5 yachts—what a wonderful sight to see these sleek looking craft, especially when they are under way.

The Naples Yacht Club presented to the winner, *Suna*, a magnificent cup for her fine achievement and hoped that arrangements could be made to make this race an annual affair. The presentation was attended by F.O.F. Med. and other dignitaries in the yachting world.

As was mentioned earlier, relief crews were being flown from Malta to race back and it was with regret that on Friday morning we all proceeded to the airport to embark in our awaiting Sea Devon. One of our reliefs was Lieutenant Sargent (F.C.A.) and here we would like to offer our congratulations for bringing *Angela* home in the leading position.

Even now we are still talking about this enterprise, and hope that other Communicators get the opportunity to venture forth in the yachting world when they go to Malta.

OUR JENNY . . .



"Why, Jack darling, fancy meeting you here, I thought you said you were duty week-end?"



Communications Staff H.M.S. Ark Royal.

LOOK BACK WITH PLEASURE

(Awarded Special Prize—see page 9)

This was the title of the ship's company concert at Christmas and it is a phrase well suited to *Ark Royal's* third commission. It has been a commission with plenty of hard work, which, surprisingly, has been enjoyed, much humour and plenty of good times. For the greater part of the commission we were the flagship of the F.O.A.C.

To many of us the carrier working cycle of twenty days at sea followed by ten days of self-maintenance and, indeed carrier work at all was a new experience. Time passes quickly and when in harbour one generally has the necessary for good runs ashore. A disadvantage of the ten-day spell was that because so much essential maintenance has to be done, and of course communications never close, participation of the department in sports and other social and recreational events was not as high as hoped. In the sporting fields, ship's colours were earned by L.T.O. D. W. Williams for hockey, R.O. (S) R. Osbiston for cricket and T.O. J. McBean for boxing.

The carrier work has been varied and interesting. Never a dull moment, in fact. Our first task was to prove operationally the Squadrons of the new generation of naval aircraft, the Scimitar and the Sea Vixen. This was done in a manner that shows credit to the skill of aircrew, groundcrew and flight deck personnel. At intervals we did two main types of exercise besides many others. The first type were air defence exercises with units of the American 6th Fleet. This called for good HF voice communication to distances of 100 or more miles. At first things were a little difficult with 600 series transmitters and our own mutual interference but new filters helped a great deal.

The second type of exercise was close ground support of the Army. Lots of problems here with the high speed of modern aircraft. After initial difficulties centred round such things as precedences and netting of outlying stations, we did achieve a measure of efficiency which could be described as close support to the Army.

It is still a fact that it is easier to communicate with any NATO naval authority than with units

of our armed forces. "Swordthrust" was our big NATO exercise of the commission and kept us all very busy. Here we would like to say a very big "Thank you", to all Communicators who came and helped us out in September, 1960. If we could all retain the many lessons learnt immediately the exercise was over we would all be very good Communicators indeed.

In between named exercises we diligently kept up our Squadrons flying for hours by day and night. Night flying was limited only by planeguard not being available. We shall all remember for a long time the soothing voice of Commander Air, "Night Flying is completed. Flying stations will be at 0430. That is all". With great expectations we awaited the Navy's new strike aircraft for deck landing trials. Two Buccaneers arrived with a host of attendants. The aircraft certainly did look smoothish as they whooshed around.

Our final task was to prove our aircraft operating under conditions of extreme cold and the selected area was near the ice edge in the Davis Straits, west of Greenland. Special arctic clothing was issued and our nerves were tested with the publication of a notice of the action to be taken on hearing the pipe "Stand by to hit ice". Steam heating between decks kept us warm. The system did tend to over cook us sometimes, but on the whole life was comfortable. The flying trials progressed satisfactorily. A twin-engined Tracker aircraft of the Royal Canadian Navy joined and provided a very efficient courier service. It was not their fault that there was seldom much mail for them to lift off. The HF voice communication with the Tracker aircraft was excellent to extreme ranges. The Flight Deck men kept the aircraft moving under very trying conditions. Communications worked—so why say more?

Finally a report on places visited with emphasis on the pleasures available. Going from west to east, Gibraltar proved a popular visit because it is one of the few places where a walk ashore can be enjoyed. Spain and Tangiers are adjacent assets. Palma in Majorca gets four stars. During the holiday season it is really alive. Do not be surprised if you meet the girl from next door there on her holiday. Toulon was good for a change but could be expensive.

Athens certainly has the "glory that was Greece" but very little else and all very dear. Barcelona provides a good matelot's run. Malta, despite the recent glossy advertisements, is not a place to linger at. Our final call in Europe was at Lisbon. A good time was had by all, but little in the rabbit line. To end our commission and probably to brighten the tour, we had four days at New York. Berthed at Pier 90, the "Queen's" Pier, we were right among the skyscrapers. New York has the lot. It is definitely the place for which to save your money. It is not really expensive but there is so much to see, do, and buy that bank books are bound to take a beating. Something for the Ceremonial Boys. The National Salute was fired at 0630 local time. In addition to being very dark this was at a time when New Yorkers had not long been to bed. The result was, quote from the press: "Thousands of New Yorkers were jerked awake at 6.30 a.m. by the roar of gunfire. Hundreds panicked. Some ran into the streets in pyjamas. Police stations were flooded with calls asking whether war had begun. They were told it was just a happy "Good Morning" of 21 guns from the Royal Navy. Britain's biggest aircraft carrier, the *Ark Royal*, was paying a courtesy visit".

Now it is back to Plymouth and turn over to the lucky people that have been chosen for the next commission. We wish them well and hope that they have as much enjoyment both in work and pleasure as we have had.

H.M.S. UNDAUNTED

Our S.C.O., Sub.-Lieut. P. H. Buckland, on joining this ship, discovered to his horror that we have never made a contribution to our Branch Magazine.

Therefore we resolve that this be the first of a regular series of articles from the Master A/S Ship.

Although we cannot claim to have spent much time in Londonderry, our Home Port, in the last few months, we can boast about plenty of sea time and exercises, but alas, not visits to those exotic foreign ports we read so much about in this magazine. So far this year we have been on one Iceland Patrol and a three-week trials programme, working out of Gibraltar. At the time of writing we are on our way home topped up with "rabbits" from the famous Rock.

We are now looking forward, not too enthusiastically it must be admitted, to our next task, which is Exercise "Dawn Breeze", when we join up with our N.A.T.O. Allies at Brest.

After "Dawn Breeze" we go to Londonderry for Easter leave, and about this time it is anticipated that there will be many new faces in the department. The C.Y. already has his draft to *Broadsword* and two sparkers are headed for Kranji W/T, and one L.T.O. to civvy street.

We would like to extend the "red hand" of welcome to those Communicators who are about to join us.

108th MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

As it now seems abundantly clear that there has been a conspiracy between the volunteers detailed off to enthrall the signal world thrice yearly and the Drafting Authority—each embryo author having left the Squadron within days of the closing date—I have at last realised that if I do not write something, *Mercury* will for ever remain in blissful ignorance of the working ships of the Fleet.

The 108th 'tons are known as *Walker*, *Shaving*, *Max*, *Lever*, *Ash*, *Stubbing* and *Crof*, are vaguely similar in appearance and some of them are painted the same colour. Others feel blue and look it from interminable paint trials ordered by the head office at Bath. The ships live in Msida creek whilst in Malta and are known mainly for their prowess at Christmas illuminations, pantomimes and searching for ditched aircraft, none of which requires elaboration as it has all been given full coverage in the National Press.

From a signals viewpoint we are continually amazed at the problems the Lascaris experts meet whilst operating the Med. Fleet, as we have more ships than the rest of the Fleet put together and seem to cope adequately with one R.O. and one T.O. in each ship, and with an R.S. and an L.T.O. in the leader. In fact the only times we are bothered from over the water is when there are no other ships in Malta.

For those of you who feel that our comfortable wooden ships are the only form of yachting financed by the grateful British taxpayers and that you might like to join us, here is roughly what we do. As full members of the NATO Minesweeping Club we take part in two exercises off France, two off Italy or Sardinia, one off Greece and one off Turkey annually, not to mention our own at Malta and one with the 100th M.S.S. either at Malta or Gib. Combine this with flag-showing visits, escorting yacht races, etc., and you can see that we are kept fairly mobile for about two-thirds of the year; for instance after a two-week exercise at Taranto we have a fortnight at Malta, then sail for the Western Med. early in March, returning in May. Another two weeks at Malta, then off to the Eastern end of the Med. till July when we have our local exercise, then off to Greece. The summer is the inspection period which adds to the fun. Normally we winter in Malta and aim to have a quiet week or two over Christmas and the New Year. This is not quiet for obvious reasons and is also usually interspersed with plane-guarding, trade fairs in North Africa, etc. Every eighteen months we disappear into the hands of Messrs. Baileys Ltd. who rip the ships apart for six or eight weeks and everyone rushes off on well earned station leave, First Lieutenants permitting.

As a job it is hard to beat; glorious weather, good accommodation, good company and what we lack in equipment is amply made up for by the

responsibility which has to be taken by young ratings who are of course the senior/only ratings in the Department. Trying to guard a number of frequencies and keep V/S watch with one set and one operator per ship produces interesting guard signals, but it is astonishing what can be achieved.

Minesweeping, like everything else, becomes more technical daily, but so long as the bunting can read morse and ATP 19 and hoist his black balls correctly, and the sparker sets watch at the correct times and is prepared to learn something about the inside of his sets, life is reasonably straightforward—providing, of course, no objection is taken to having to cook supper for thirty, being made a buoy jumper or coxswain of the ship's motor boat. To compensate for this, everyone takes turn manning the voice net when required in foreign ports and M.(E.)s and E.M.s soon learn the patter. Occasionally, with no repetition, you hear a 'Roger, Out'.

1st D.S. and H.M.S. SOLEBAY



Communications Staff—off Watch.

Just in case some of you terra firma residents have been searching in vain for many of your ex-compatriots, let me hasten to inform you that they have probably been snatched away to join the ranks of the "Fighting First" Destroyer Squadron now operating in foreign waters. If I tell you, for example, that the communications department of *Solebay* includes that old established *Mercury* personality C.R.S. "Speaky" Lowe himself, then it should leave no doubt in your minds that Centralised Drafting really does get to the bottom of even the Navy's Private Drafting Agencies.

However, before I ramble on, first let me apologise on behalf of the Squadron for our non-appearance in the last issue. Without entering into too much detail the truth is, since commissioning in June 1960, we have literally, except for the last month or so, been running completely off our screws. Refits, working up and exercises were the main contributory factors to this end—not forgetting the 7th D.S. which, probably quite unwittingly, increased

the pressure by relaxing into a form of tactical obscurity when Captain D.1's quartet dribbled through the Straits of Gibraltar in the latter half of last year.

We have not done very much operating together as a Squadron and for that reason this article will be rather singular in subject. I offer no excuse for this; the call of duty has kept us apart—showing the flag in strange waters. Even as I write, *Saintes* and *Camperdown* are docked down in 'Gee-Braltair', and *Finisterre* is dashing from Livorno, Italy to relieve *Saintes* who must shortly shake off her fetters and resume her wanderings.

The initial entry of *Solebay* (Captain D.1) into Sliema Creek was an outstanding performance of the remarkable alacrity for which she is now no doubt so well known. *Trafalgar* (Captain D.7) joined us to form a new unified command (Captain D.17) for a hazardous few minutes. The normal Senior Officers' calls were exchanged shortly afterwards. Once again *Trafalgar* was working for the Dockyard (no hard feelings). However, she is all right now and will shortly be leading her Squadron off the station which, together with *Bermuda's* departure, will leave the First D.S. holding the fort. *Bermuda's* departure bodes ill for *Solebay*; F.O.F. Med. will not have a cruiser in which to fly his flag—I wonder where he will go?

You should be able to read in other articles of how the football and rugby matches, etc. were lost or won, so I will not dwell for too long on the sporting life. *Solebay* has reached the semi-final in the Flotilla Command Communications Soccer Knock-out; has a first-class communications whaler's crew (*Finisterre* will confirm), and the S.C.O. is deadly with a tennis racket.

Our future at the moment seems unsettled, but we are standing by to be very flexible. Nothing can disconcert us now, we have had just about everything in the book—and out of it. Everyone in the Squadron is hoping that there will be a scorching hot summer in U.K. this year; we cannot stand cold weather.

H.M.S. SCARBOROUGH

Since last article the Fifth Frigate Squadron completed its stint in the Far East, the ships returning to their respective depots 16th December, 1961. In that period *Scarborough* seemed to do its fair amount of sea time and we will overlook *Torquay's* remarks on the various Christmas cards received. The reaction to our period abroad as individuals may be summed up from the following extracts of a conversation overhead, "I'll sign on if they give me the next five years in *Mercury*" and the reply, "I'll sign on if I get the next five years in Hong Kong".

Some Communicators will remember *Scarborough* was at Etajima, Japan, when last mentioned in this Magazine, and those who have had to edit messages received on FOXTROT ROMEO broadcast will recognise the form the English language is liable to

take . . . or is the author of this article making an excuse for the usual last minute Communicator entry in an abbreviated form?

Then Shimabara—Unzen Park, Hot Springs—bad weather and every other local weather report in Japanese morse. Hong Kong—The Peak—Kowloon Repulse Bay—Junk Bay—New Territory—Army messes—rabbit runs—portable and NGSFX exercises and, of course, the NGS trophy to add to the other *Scarborough* records for replenishment and supply.

Singapore again—*Terror* mess—banyans—and about this time *Scarborough* began to prove herself at sport.

August—Hong Kong again and to avoid repetition see above, leaving 26th August. The trip down was our only real spell of rough weather in the Far East and till then some of our crew must have thought the Navy was all plain sailing. Due to rather irregular propagation conditions this period, a modified pigeon delivery service would have been appreciated. *Belfast* concur?

Our scheduled stay at Penang was terminated rather abruptly with a dash back to Singapore leaving *Hartland Point* to find its own way back. This meant a few more 'rabbit runs' till the ship was literally bursting at the seams and it was decided a de-rabbiting operation was necessary. From bitter experience I have found that posting presents home is the safest and least expensive, that is, if you have to send them and do not overdo it.

Thence Colombo late September, en route giving medical assistance to the Polish ship *Adolf Warski*, having received call for assistance both by light and radio. Thank you again Ceylon West for your hospitality. Then to Male with the Sultan of the Maldives on board. With so many fishing rods it was decided a fishing contest should be arranged. The Maldivian native fishermen seemed to do well, perhaps we had the wrong bait. When in the Maldives do not panic if you see a native fishing boat under full sail and the crew frantically bailing out. They have a very crafty method of keeping their bait lively and fresh in that a constant stream of water is allowed to enter the boat.

A short visit to Gan, Maldives and the R.A.F., a wonderful tropic island, but, alas, without the attractions a romantic film would provide. The stay in Trinco saw us continue the fishing contest, the Chinese members excelling themselves at scooping out young squid by the dozen.

Late October to Karachi and "Midlink". The American Admiral in command of U.S. Ships handed out a bouquet to the Fifth F.S. for its Operational Communications. The hard work and frustrations seem worth while at moments like that. When we sail everyone feels they are really on their way home, the cruise providing a chance to observe the prolific sea life in this area. The *Tideflow* would

have won our fishing contest easily, having caught a whale on her stem which remained there for several days. I wonder who will take over my 'shark and sea-snake' lookout next commission.

Dar-es-Salaam, Mombassa, Aden and the Suez transit saw us through the next few weeks. At Suez we handed over our very efficient Chinese laundry to the relieving ships and somehow or other we managed to get the dhobeying done during the next two weeks.

En route home the squadron took part in "Decex", only *Torquay* being lucky enough to get to Malta to call on old friends. All ships managed to make U.K. on the target date, in spite of the heavy weather, but a few doubters did send telegrams, asking relatives and friends to arrive a day later. Now *Scarborough* is static in dockyard hands and a new crew will take over on 6th June. A new crew to find the best billets, to experience the delights of a Portland holiday, and of a Mediterranean tourist trip. Good luck to them from this Communications staff.

D.J.W.

H.M.S. SEA EAGLE

Since our last article there have been a few changes in the staff, one being Sub.-Lt. Briggs to *Mercury* on being relieved by Lt. Green. We have also lost our budding author of the last article, R. S. Enticknap, who went to *Ganges*.

Recently we have had some excitement here, in the wilds of Ireland, most of it being caused by the very rough Atlantic, as no doubt many of you Communicators will have read in the daily papers. First of all there was the Greek ship *Argo Delos* which ran aground off the coast of Donegal just before Christmas leave. Then about a month ago a tanker broke adrift from its tow causing a little excitement, until the tugs *Warrior*, *Cruiser* and *Campaigner* came to the rescue, and taking the tanker in tow again, proceeded to the Clyde.

Shortly after, a quiet lunch hour was shattered by a "May-day" from one of our own helicopters of 719 squadron out on exercises, which unfortunately had to ditch in the sea. We were happy to learn that the crew of three were safely picked up by the submarine *Amphion*, which surfaced 100 yards away from the scene of the disaster. Quote from one of our watchkeeping Wrens:—"Nothing ever happens here, except during exercises".

In the sporting field, we have certainly not been doing very well, the soccer team being knocked out of the cup and plate competitions; but we are still struggling in the league. Our own washups of these games showed that we should always have won, except of course for those few mistakes made while playing.



(Controversial items and candid comments are invited for inclusion in this feature).

ALL MOD. CON.

Is the W/T branch a forgotten branch? Are we thought of by their Lordships especially at Naval Estimates time?

I often wonder, having seen the equipment some of our Allies have, especially the Dutch and Americans, then comparing it with our latest and up-to-date equipment.

How many times have ships S.C.O.'s been harassed by the (D) officers with cries of, "We can't hear so and so", or "Why so much interference on here", "The pickets can't hear us", etc. The S.C.O. informs the C.R.S. or R.S., but what can he do? Alas, not much. His best piece of equipment is the KH control system which will take some beating in its field for remote control of both reception and transmission equipment, but its whole object is near ruined by the equipment it controls, i.e., the B40 designed in 1946, as a great step in progress. Yes, in '46, but not in '61. This includes the B40 (A) (B) (C) (D) and B41. Has not the attention of the powers that be been drawn to the Hammerlund series and Racal receivers; costly, we know, but surely the cost is repaid in the improved overall efficiency. The 601 series designed in 1943-45, still going strong and doing a good job but why so big and cumbersome and without going into technical details not being used to their full capacity even with the use of 5AB(A). Somewhere, by now, there is a more compact high power transmitter capable of RATT (without going to the other end of the T.R. to set up the U.S. RATT Keyer) remote tuning and even SSB, or is this asking too much? I do not think so.

At least progress has been made in the world of UHF but we took our time to get 692 and 693, meanwhile the gap was filled by the TED7 and URR 35 until we advanced.

What C.R.S. or R.S. has not spent the week prior to a fleet exercise tuning and testing all complan frequencies at both local and remote positions, only to spend the middle and half the morning watch

immediately prior to kick off doing it all over again because somebody is high and another low. The frigates and destroyers have used their transmitters/receivers for some other task and the settings have been cleaned up for rounds. The fitting of a portable wavemeter (Bendix or LMA 17) would save all this and many grey hairs all round. I know from past experience that the LMA 17 is a godsend as, let's face it, the calibrated every 500 kc/s B40 is of no use for spot tuning when the frequency is not a multiple of 500 kc/s. Not only have I used it for tuning transmitters to correct frequency but with 100% efficiency in tuning to that elusive B'cast or Met station one can never find on the B40 (at least not where it should be, even after calibration).

The LMA 17 is easily wired into the CAW system (associate equipment being the big three speed gear change under the receiver) at the test aerial position on the board and remote facilities to all offices via the office intercom where fitted. The above has been tested to 100% efficiency by S.C.O. to F.O.A.C. 1959/60 during trials with *Battleaxe* and a trial over a period of time. So successful that the LMA was retained by the department until the end of the commission. I only hope that the results of this trial are utilised and not just noted and filed away.

Was there a surplus of 618/619 or was it a lack of foresight on somebody's part to fit them in pickets and screen ships to the extent they are? No wonder there are screams of frustration from the Ops room when the pickets are barely audible or often as not just not heard at all on CIP Sec. ASAP Sec. etc., to mention but a few circuits which should have been fitted for low power SSB transmission years ago.

The ship's staff are trying hard, tuning and re-tuning over and over again. In the end communication of a sort will be established, but for good communications their equipment is against them in this age of Atomic disposition.

There are lots of comments and criticisms to be made on this subject and mine barely scratch the

surface, but could not something be done to impress on the people who deal with these things the need for modern and efficient equipment?

Victorious with her 984/CDS and Sea Vixen aircraft was the latest and greatest in British sea power, yet her modern W/T offices were B40, 601 series, 618 and even a GJ (never used). Our communication tasks as a CTF were heavy and had it not been for local mods, we would not have been so successful.

Even so our modified filters for interference suppression could not help the picket calling on his 618.

During "Fallex 60" a visiting VIP (RN) at the Admin HQ remarked, as he glanced into the W/T office, "I thought steam radio had finished". So it has but we have not progressed to Atomic Radio yet, and we should soon. Money (the lack of it) cannot be used as an excuse for ever—or can it?

EX LEADING TEL.

H.M.S. JUFAIR

How would you like a permanent weather forecast of—fine, hot, and sunny for 10 months out of every 12? How about a swimming pool at the bottom of your garden? How about £32 a week (if accompanied)? How about petrol at 1/6d. per gallon? Or cigarettes at a bob for twenty, a bottle of whisky for 10 bob, your own club with all facilities? . . . No, it's not "Britain's new Navy" it's the old one here at *Jufair*, Bahrain.

Here the Communications staff of F.O.A.S.P.G., comprising 12 "sparkers" (under the fatherly C.R.S. Godley) and 6 "buntings" (nursed by C.C.Y. Read), battle with mountains of traffic, "Matt Dillon" type fade outs, and occasionally our friends at Ceylon West . . . (who've never had it so good). The whole caboodle is refereed and kept from each others throats by Lt.-Cmdr. N. Hammond.

Owing to the small ship's company at *Jufair*, the communication staff play a leading part in all the sporting and social activities of the base, in fact, let's not be modest, we run 'em. . . . Apart from the occasionally madly gay dance at the *Jufair* cinema, sport is the main outlet of the base, and for the firm and active, we have the following to offer . . . cricket, soccer, hockey, water-polo and underwater fishing club complete with aqua lungs, tombola, darts and what seems to be becoming very popular . . . bed.

Although Bahrain cannot offer you a "run ashore" the fleet canteen brings back memories of Rosyth, Invergordon, and Gib, when the "opera" sessions start, although our sea-going friends of the 9th F.S. are the true stars in this field.

For the family man, *Jufair* is a dream draft. The money is good, and although the summer months are very hot, the children seem to thrive on it, and are soon "bronzie bronzie" and most of them can swim after about six months. The wife may be a bit unsettled for the first few weeks, but all seem to settle down quite quickly to a life of shorts and swimsuits.

The messes, canteen, and married quarters are all air conditioned, and for the victualled members, a new block of messes is nearing completion, with bedside lamps, etc., but no tot.

For the single or married unaccompanied man, there are many sporting facilities not found else-

where, and the time soon passes for those who get off their beds and "have a go".

According to the Doctor, you sweat an average of ten pints a day during the summer. But you don't lose weight . . . do you chief?

H.M.S. TROUBRIDGE

It is with regret that we came to the end of our commission, after 734 days and some 55,000 miles. On the 28th February we left our "banana boat" in the hands of a new ship's company.

Looking back over the past two years, it has been a very good commission, especially the West Indies leg. November to January was not the best period for us. Four weeks in and around the Londonderry area, in company with Force 9 gales, to be followed by 28 days at sea, over Christmas and the New Year, in the shape of Iceland Patrol. The weather there was not bad all the time. We had the pleasure of a Force 12 on Christmas Eve, could not hang our stockings up straight, but Christmas Day dawned "crisp and even". We all enjoyed the usual "pusser festivities" after a R.A.S. with *Wave Prince*. During this period, the NLR broadcast was extremely slack, with only *Troubridge* and *Whitby* copying for 14 days. We almost got down to using one roll per week. It was nice to be like a carrier, and monopolise NLRs.

Those of the staff, who were old enough, entered for the beard growing contest. None of us won a prize, but all caused a good laugh, especially the white beard.

We returned to Portsmouth in mid January to give leave and found that by some stroke of good fortune, we were not required at Londonderry again. Instead, we were to go and show the flag at Le Havre and Wilhelmshaven, before returning to Portsmouth to pay off. It was unanimously agreed that our final visits were an excellent run, especially Wilhelmshaven.

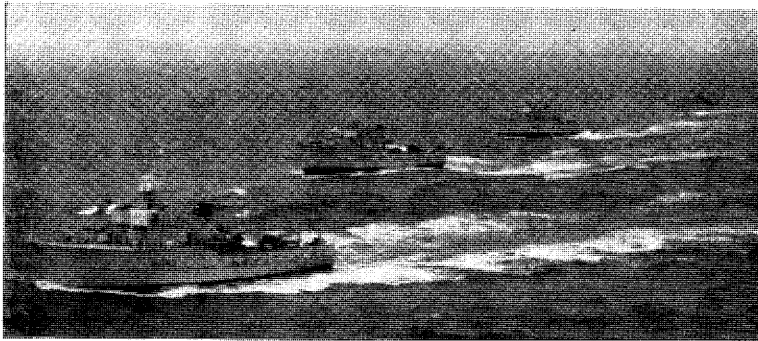
Most of us are being drafted to where we wished or expected to go, except for the C.C.Y. who has been displaced to Whitehall. To conclude (with apologies to the publishers of "Jamaica Farewell"):

We are sad to day we are on our way,

We won't be back for many a day,

Our hearts are down, our heads turning round,

We left a little ship in Portsmouth Town.



Vernon Squadron.

VERNON MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

After attempting to find out when THE COMMUNICATOR last heard from this Squadron, the success of that venture in the negative, we all feel that it is about time we showed up.

The Communications complement of each ship (except S.O.V.M.S., who has Leading Hands), is one R.O.2 and one T.O.2—at least, it should be. As you can well imagine, close harmony is required between both sides of the Branch at all times. It is quite on the cards that one of these days, the T.O. will be manning C.C.N.

The W/T equipment on each ship consists of a "Black Monster" (86M), a 691 and a 619 (the main transmitter). The remote lines to the bridge tend to work overtime, but there is nothing more inspiring for the T.O. and the R.O., than to slap on paint to that dreaded, but well-known song in the crypto world—"Bouncey Bouncey".

Minesweepers are our ships—and minesweeping we most certainly practice. Every week, we are out for three or four days, sweeping, but we also enjoy a day or so a month, working for *Mercury*, when we take SD(C)(Q), Yeoman (Q) and L.T.O.(Q) classes to sea so that they can carry out manoeuvres. We sometimes see the Long (C) Course, too (and specialise in "Full Asterns" when they execute their "Grid Irons").

On other occasions, we slip away—either individually, or as a squadron, to some place across the Channel—France, Holland, the Channel Islands, where many go native and a good time is had by all. . . .

When not on the job, we may be found propping up *Vernon* sea wall at various points. This pleases the R.A. members immensely.

10th FRIGATE SQUADRON

Since our last contribution, the 10th F.S. has increased by one-third with the commissioning of *Transvaal* after a long and somewhat arduous 'facelift'.

During our winter months *Goodhope* as well as being a unit of the 10th F.S. is also fitted out as a Despatch vessel and has made her calls along the coast up as far as Durban, where I am told so many shirts were lost on the July Handicap that 'pusser' is having a hard time replacing same.

Vrystaat left Simonstown in July en route for Lisbon to take part in the celebrations of the Fifth Centenary

of the death of Prince Henry. This was the first time for a few years that a S.A.N. ship made a trip 'over the line' and our ceremony provided plenty of thrills and spills. The highlight was the Exec. having to walk the plank; forcibly of course. No volunteers had to be called for—99.99% were on hand to see the job done in style.

We called in at Freetown northbound, and then Gibraltar, where four very happy days were spent, plus a few thousand pounds. From Gib. we proceeded to the Bay of Lagos in Portugal, where we met up with the ships from 14 nations assembled for the Naval Review. Amongst the R.N. contingent was our somewhat modified 'sister' *Wakeful*. After four days in Lisbon (nuff-said) we sailed in company with *Lynx* for Las Palmas. Having carried out various successful exercises with her between Lisbon, Las Palmas and Freetown we feel a good foundation had been laid for our future meeting in the latter half of the year.

Las Palmas gave up VIP treatment, there being no competition from the regular Mailboat. Having stocked up with rabbits (and birds) we sailed for Snoekie arriving in our old berth on that day of days—PAYDAY. Did I hear someone say "Thank goodness"?

Altogether it was a most pleasant cruise, more of which was welcomed by all concerned.

And so to "CAPEX" with its trials and tribulations. We were fortunate in having two submarines for the latter half of the exercises, *Trespasser* and U.S.S. *Chive*, and they provided good opposition. We met with no major snags in communications and all forces which included R.N., R.A.F., French, U.S., Portuguese and S.A.N. seem to have found an excellent common working ground.

At the end of "CAPEX", we said goodbye to *Puma* who left for her 'home-ground'. We in the 10th F.S. enjoyed working with her and look forward to meeting her relief. Meanwhile we still have *Lynx* to make a 'four' for anything going and anxiously await orders for the first exercise period of the New Year.

"ONE FOR THE REFRIGERATOR"

(Special Prize—see page 9)

Writing about what is referred to as the "Undesired Draft", seems to be rather a dockyard job to me, but I shall, among other things, endeavour to give a picture of what the life of a bunting-tosser is like whilst in Icelandic waters on patrol.

This being the first article from *Palliser*, it may have a few rough edges, but if the "communchies" on board keep on writing for as long a period as this ship has spent up in the Arctic, we shall be "quids in".

Let's mull over the dress first. The rig for patrol is "pirate rig", anything you like, as long as it is "clean and in good repair", as the Jimmy puts it. No comment is passed on the cleanliness part of that statement, but the rigs are varied and even the sparkers turn up on watch in jeans or overalls, sloppy sweaters (usually knitted by Mum or their ever-lovings up the line) and carpet slippers or gym-shoes, and clutching the inevitable paperback and their scribing clobber. Bunts trudges his weary way to the Bridge dressed in similar get-ups, and the officers usually stick to the sub-sweater, except for a few.

The "Haven net" (or treble two six as we refer to it) is constantly maintained by the T.O.s and a narrative is kept. Into this goes all the "guff", you could call it a long Aide-Memoire, Reminder, or read through it for an idea of what's going on, such as names of trawlers calling, when they're hauling, and their positions which they give to us as magnetic bearings. These give the O.O.W. a headache and create chaos in the ops room when the R.P.s are asked to report the bearings in true degrees. We buntings are forever being assailed by blokes who want to know where the trawler is which has our mail (these trawlers are the "Arctic-type Pony-Express") the R.A.s being the majority of the inquirers, although "Swain and Postie" are the most persistent.

While on passage to the patrol area a listening watch is kept on 2226, but on nearing Iceland constant watch is set and over the air come things you'd never hear on an ordinary pusser circuit, the procedure and language, which if used at the School or any S.T.C. would make a voice instructor turn grey. It would make the poor bloke believe all his efforts to impart some knowledge of voice procedure and technique had been in vain, and probably result in the time-honoured performance of "Off cap! Did wopity-wop, etc." Examples like "Double L" -- "S.H." (abbreviated names of trawlers), "Hullos" galore, "If yer gettin' me, go 135, going down", (the last is the choosing of a frequency and swinging down to it), were the calls. "Gone me", "Okey poke" and clicking on the pressel switch are some of the ending signs; you must remember never try to have

the last word with a trawler, you would have more luck trying to see someone else's tot off.

From the time the last strains of "Colonel Bogey" have died away on leaving harbour, till we once more are jubilant at getting back to that "bonnie" country, "Fairley's" and the "Thistle", life takes on a set and very boring pattern, broken by such things as R.A.S.s, mail transfers and, more often, transfers which bring the R.E.A. and the L.S.B.A. to the fore. It's a good job for the latter, otherwise we'd never see him.

Our transfers with trawlers seemed at first to me very hazardous, but we have never gone inboard to get someone over. Here's an idea of what happens during a transfer. First of all we need to know where the trawler is, what time she hauls (brings her net inboard), and what tack she will lay on. We then inform her what side we will go, and approaching sufficiently, the gun line merchant goes into action. Next thing the life-raft is away, being hauled over with the "driver" and requisite person for transfer (R.E.A. or L.S.B.A.) aboard hanging on for dear life. For a while our C.O. keeps jockeying so as not to drift, over the air the tawler asks if we would like any fish, the offer is accepted, and the bods in the life raft have to stand from under as the fishermen tip basket after basket into the raft, a wave from the trawler, and the raft is hauled back. The Captain requests the Skipper on board the trawler to stay in position to give the raft a lee, and when the transfer is finished the C.O. comes back inside the Bridge to give his thanks over the voice net on behalf of the ship's company for the fish. We exchange pleasantries and go our separate ways. Sometimes these transfers necessitate the stay of the person on board the trawler, and often our R.E.A. spends hours (and even days) repairing the radar or radio; or maybe the reason why we can't get him back is the roughness of the 'oggin (and on *that* subject, I pass no comment).

During a summer patrol last year we left one P.O., our Leading Sick Bay tiffy, a killick seaman, an A.B. and a stoker on board the trawler *Northern Duke* (which caught fire off Iceland) and they assisted taking her back to U.K. This took place just prior to the whole Squadron going to Grimsby for the Freedom of the City, and was found to be much to *Pallister's* advantage.

A R.A.S., although meaning work for some people, is an event in our lives on patrol. Everyone has a field day, even the sparkers and the stokers are sighted on the upper deck, and we T.O.s have great fun waving flags to "blow through" and "suck back", and keeping watch on the voice net used for communication with the tanker. When the tanker is *Wave Ruler* (with whom we are great buddies) we really go to town exchanging shortarm semaphore, flags of differing descriptions and other articles (latter remaining nameless) from the signal halliards, and sending over gifts for each other's opposite number on either ship. No R.A.S. would

be complete without taking turns to serenade each other by the use of the S.R.E. gramophone via the loud hailer, no holds barred, and when, on completion, we turn away from each other, we are looking forward to fuelling again.

When (and I emphasise the *when*) the weather permits, we hold a sports day, or go shark hunting, having a rifle-shoot at beer cans on the fo'c'sle or attempt the water speed record with lethal looking contraptions, which the combined teamsmanship of the Engineering officer and the Electrical officer cook up. If on the other hand, the weather is doing the usual, well, what better than to go down below and have a "sesh with McEwans stabilisers".

The M.S.O. organisation is, of course, kept by the buntings: the J.T.O. is dayman with the three "Haven" watchkeepers keeping an eye on things, going down from the Bridge to type and take the Captain his signals, the J.T.O. taking the main distribution and Daily Orders. We turn 2226 over to the R.P.s to perform on while we are in the M.S.O., and resume watch on the Bridge when everything is close up, the sparkers usually get fed up with us by then anyway.

The V/S side of things are not, so we have forgotten we are supposedly the "Eyes of the Fleet", we still identify a trawler by its funnel markings (hidden by years of rust and grime) and her Registration Numbers. During the January-February patrol this year, the Icelandic gunboats *Odinn* and *Albert* were challenged by light. Both were cordial, even if they did take a while answering.

A lot has been written, spoken, discussed and sometimes frowned at, about the efficiency of operating. On board us the sparkers have to be

pusser with their C.W., we buntings, while being pusser in the M.S.O., cannot be so on "Haven", unless all the sparkers on board the trawlers went to *Mercury* to learn voice. This does not impair our efficiency, as last year we rose to the occasion and received "chuck ups" from D.S.D. (Admiralty), Flag Officer Scotland and Captain F.P.S., for "Excellent communications, handling very heavy traffic", during an incident.

While this is the "Undesired Draft", it is also an experience. R.O.'s and T.O.'s (especially those tied up or with a party up the line) feel their spirits and egos dampen and fall, when they are drafted to a fish ship or to a patrol in a Home Fleet ship (foreigners), and while at sea on patrol, may drip and exclaim, "This gives me the screaming ab-dabs," but they appreciate getting back to terra firma once more (and their beloveds or "Fairley's").

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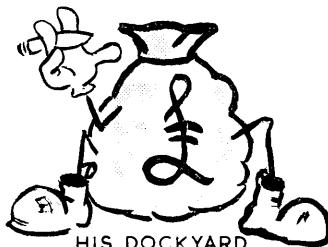
A WEEKEND
REQUESTMAN



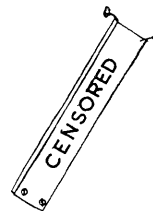
A WREN



HIS TEENAGE
DAUGHTER



HIS DOCKYARD
'OPPO



HIS STAFF

MALTA TO OXFORD IN 23 DAYS

by Ldg. Wren Penny Hamilton

Part 2 (*Continued from Summer, 1960*)

Venice consists of 118 islands and no form of vehicle is allowed on any of them, so we left the scooter in a garage with seven floors of parking space! We were very kindly allowed to leave our anoraks to dry on the radiators in the main office while we got into dry things and sorted out the essentials necessary to have with us on the islands so that we wouldn't have to carry much. We then caught the water bus and headed for the British Consul's Office where Maureen knew the Secretary. There, we were given much helpful advice, also we learnt that contrary to what the Malta Passport Office and Travel Agencies had said, we did need a visa for Yugoslavia, that it would cost money and took time to obtain. This perhaps was lucky for us, because on hearing this news we decided to change our route and go via Switzerland instead of the south of France. The day we should have gone by Nice, there were landslides there; followed by the Frejus disaster.

After this visit, we found our Youth Hostel on the Isola Giudecca, a very nice place, but at this time of the year large, draughty and cold. Other lunatics at this place were two Australian girls, two American men, a Dane, a Norwegian, an Egyptian and three German girls. We were spending two nights here, so as to have a complete day to explore this fascinating, damp place.

Maureen and I split up in the afternoon as she had to get her glasses mended—without them she couldn't read the signposts for me—and the frames had broken the previous day. In the morning we and the Australian girls looked round the Accademia, which is one of the famous Venetian picture galleries. We also saw glass being moulded into beads and were shown round the show rooms containing fabulous collections of glass in every shape and size. The prices were fabulous as well!

We had previously decided that scootering was a rather cold business, so we bought a pair of nylon tights each; also waterproof, fleecy lined boots.

It was really fascinating wandering around and very easy to get lost as the little bridges all looked so similar. Piazza San Marco was most impressive.

The date was now November 20th and so on we went. We headed for Pesciera at the southern end of Lake Garda. The day was cold but dry. Our roads were good and we got up a nice speed. We passed through the historically famous towns of Padua and Verona. We reached Lake Garda in the early part of the afternoon. It was magnificent with snow capped mountains on the eastern shore, so we decided to follow the road and go to the Youth Hostel, at the tiny village of Marnigar. How we wished we could spend at least a week there. It was so peaceful, no "Romeos" even, of whom we were

heartily sick. Marnigar we found half-way up. It was backed by mountains and looked straight over the water to more mountains, the tops of which were pink in the setting sun. Up to the north we could see more ranges.

We were the only occupants of the hostel. We managed to get out primus to work and cooked our supper on it. The fuel ran out and on refuelling it with paraffin, we couldn't get it to work, so we decided that we should have used petrol.

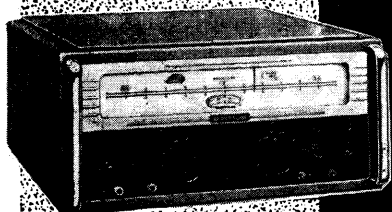
The sun shone brightly next day and we regretfully turned our backs on Marnigar. At one place where we stopped to take photos, there were a couple of lorries full of apples. The driver of one gave us six of his best ones, but to find these he just walked all over them in his hob-nailed boots. The specimens he produced looked as though they had already suffered from the same treatment, but it was a kind thought.

We were now heading for Como. As usual the roads were excellent, but I think that we drove into a cloud as almost all of the rest of our journey was spent in a chilling mist. However, we arrived at Como sooner than we anticipated. The Youth Hostel was well cared for in appearance and a large stove in our dormitory was lit, so that for the first time since leaving Rome we managed to get warm. The town itself did not impress us as it was too like a seaside resort.

We set off early the next morning, November 22nd for Bavena, our last base in Italy, arriving there by mid-day. The Youth Hostel was grim to put it mildly, damp, and smelly, the place having obviously not been aired for weeks.

We spent the afternoon driving round exploring. The mountains seemed to soar upwards to snowy heights, but as we were yet to see, were nothing in comparison with Switzerland.

After an exceedingly cold night, only warmed when the primus went up in flames while we were trying to make it work with petrol, we went to Domodossola there to be Customs cleared and get our remaining petrol coupons changed back into lire. We caused an awful commotion owing to language difficulties, about whether we were going to Brig or Kandersteg. I said Brig and Maureen said Kandersteg. There was some doubt as to whether the Kandersteg roads were clear but we knew that the Brig ones were, so I wanted to make further enquiries at Brig. The matter was eventually dealt with. The train took us through the Simplon tunnel which took twenty minutes to traverse. We went through numerous small tunnels as well. When we weren't going through these, I was struck dumb by the beauty of the country through which we were passing. Although I had seen pictures of



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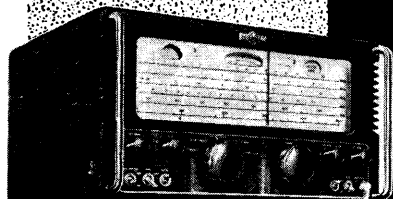
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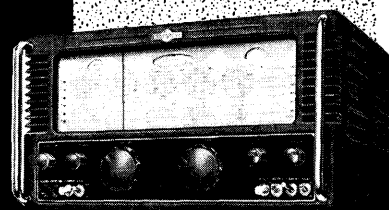
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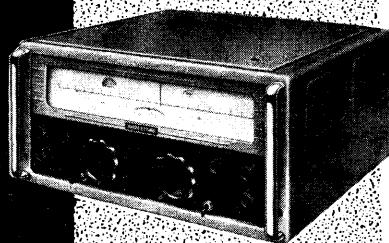
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Switzerland, I had never thought of it being so magnificent in real life.

At Brig, we discovered that the roads were all right at Kandersteg, so we wandered around until the next train arrived. By this time we were wearing practically the entire contents of our kit bags. I had on two pairs of pants, one pair of tights, stockings, two pairs of knee socks, ankle socks, two pairs of slacks, boots, vest jersey, shirt, neck scarf, seaman's pullover, submariner's sweater, woollen balaclava helmet, scarf, anorak and three pairs of gloves. Maureen was similarly clothed except she wore only one pair of slacks, but had knee length woollen "things" supplied to technical categories of the W.R.N.S. and instead of two pairs of knee socks, she had on one pair of very thick woollen ones. This kept us almost warm on the scooter, but the train compartment was well heated, and it wasn't long before we felt like baked potatoes.

Kandersteg was white. There was snow everywhere. It is a small community surrounded by towering mountains. It was rather perilous getting the scooter on the road as we had no chains. Once done, things became a little easier, and we headed for the Youth Hostel. It seemed deserted but eventually an old crone came to the door and looked at us with malice and said, "fermée", shrugged her shoulders at our protests and slammed the door. What a welcome to Switzerland! Luckily we had met a German American on the train who came along at that moment to see how we were faring. He was then most helpful in getting us into a Pensione fairly cheaply, but he warned us that the Swiss were not friendly, particularly the German Swiss. Our rooms were dry but cold, then to our great joy we found that the hot tap produced scalding water with which we were able to make soup and coffee, so before setting out in the morning we filled our thermoses from the tap.

At first the roads were slippery in places where the sun hadn't reached them, but as we got lower, the surface improved, in fact they were even better than those we encountered in Italy. We did have one very bad skid which took us by surprise as the road had been excellent until then, but by some miracle neither of us came off, but it shook us considerably. At one place we overshot a rather good view for photographs so Maureen got off while I turned the scooter round. As I was doing this the scooter overbalanced and fell right over. The petrol started leaking out of the top and I couldn't get it up. Finally, both of us got it upright as a car came speeding towards us.

Just before reaching the Saanmoser Pass, we found a delightful layby with grassy banks backing it rising into trees and finally stretching up to snowy mountains. In fact, all round us were mountains, a truly magnificent sight. So we made our break there.

We eventually arrived at Chateau d'Oex during the day and found the Youth Hostel, but as no one was around we went to have to a look at the town.

On returning to the hostel we found a young girl there who welcomed us, showed us the place and our sleeping quarters, and for approximately one shilling provided us with enough wood to keep a fire going all night. The whole place was like a flat and cosy. Chateau d'Oex was in fact the best Hostel we found during our trip.

The bunks were wooden with fitted hay filled mattresses, but nevertheless, we slept very well and didn't wake up until 10.30!

We finally left this truly delightful spot just after mid-day. It was very cold, but the sun was out and made it bearable. We got to Lausanne two hours later, after passing through many vineyards and going round innumerable Z bends. The traffic was quite terrible but somehow we got through, and from instructions found the Hostel. It was a modern building and looked nice, but it was shut until the evening so we decided to try and make for Pontarlier about twenty miles inside the French border.

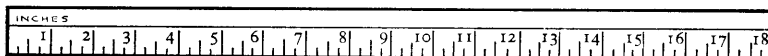
What a contrast the country was in comparison to what we had been through earlier in the day. It was now very similar to southern England with rolling hills and woods with many different species of trees.

Crossing the Swiss-French border was a farce. All that the customs did was to glance at my Carnet. They didn't bother with our passports at all!

We reached Pontarlier as it got dark. Between us we managed to ask odd members of the populace the way—I spoke and Maureen understood—and reached the Hostel without much difficulty. The warden was most apologetic because the place was cold but then that was nothing new to us.



"Admiralty sent a signal for the local Chiefs to issue Carriers for Landing Parties Pots."

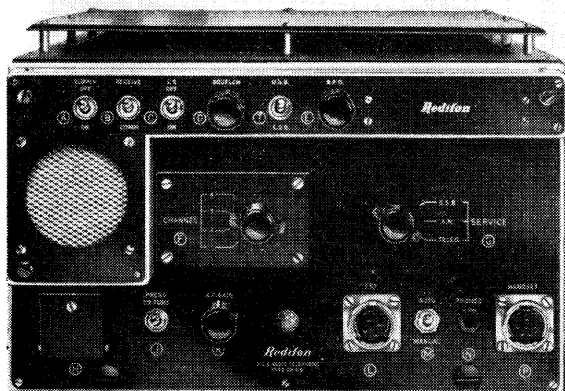


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We again revised our route and decided that we could easily give both Besancon and Dijon a miss and go straight on to Troyes. We had been invited to stay with cousins of mine living at the time at Fontainebleau, so I sent a card to them telling them of our rate of progress and saying that we should be arriving three days earlier than we had originally intended.

We got to our destination by tea time. We found it way off the beaten track, up a narrow tree lined lane, a large barn like door in a grim looking building. On the door was pinned a note to the effect that the key was to be had at a house marked on a map alongside. We found this house about two miles away! We collected the key and blankets. The place was large and obviously well cared for and in summer probably good fun, but in the winter not so desirable. The sanitary arrangements were so disgusting that we found the bushes preferable. Having cooked our supper we were both suffering somewhat from a vivid imagination, but didn't realise that the other was feeling the "atmosphere". Maureen had been getting the water from the pump in the courtyard; (there was none in the taps), then I went to get the map off the scooter and on coming back had to contain myself not to run. I casually said that the place gave me the creeps whereupon Maureen casually said that she would almost prefer paying extra and going to a hotel, or finding a barn. We then discovered both of us were cowards, so tidied up, locked the door, drove out and locked the barn-like door and fled! We handed back the key and blankets with the casual excuse "nous avons peur", the woman there was very jolly and we reckoned that we weren't the only people who had "peur".

We headed towards Fontainebleau, and it began to rain so we stopped at a little village and asked if there was a barn we could sleep in. We weren't very successful but were recommended to go to the hotel. This was the "Cafe et Restaurant". They hadn't got a room ready, but said that we could stay if we didn't mind waiting. The scooter was put in a shelter. Our room had two double beds in it, but to our horror we found that only one was made up. Luckily there were blankets on the other bed so I took my sheet which I had for Youth Hostels and used that. We were given a large bowl of creamy coffee and one of those very long loaves for breakfast and our bill came only to six shillings each. We couldn't believe our ears when we paid up.

We arrived at my cousins Wendy and Aubrey Rawson's home at Samois-sur-Seine near Fontainebleau just before lunch. Wendy had not received our card, but made us very welcome although she was just going out to lunch. We spent three very restful days with them. They took us out to dinner in Paris and to see the cabaret at Moulin Rouge which was tremendous fun. We also took ourselves to see the sights, but as it was cold we only saw Notre Dame and the Louvre.

December 1st saw us on the road again. We were now heading for Le Touquet. We went via Ver-

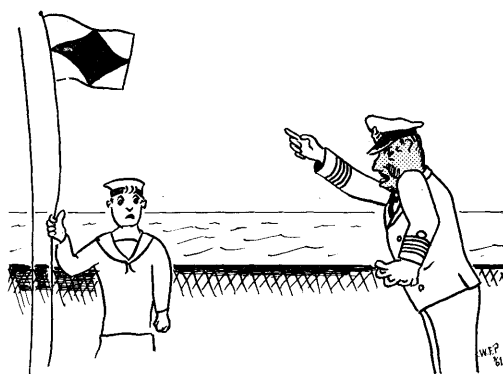
sailles, St. Germaine, Pontois, Beavais and spent the night in a scruffy hotel at Montreuil. As we were two days early we were hoping that we would be able to get aboard an aircraft.

We arose the next morning at 7.30 and to our dismay saw a thick bank of fog outside, which made flying out of the question, nevertheless we decided to go to the airport officer as we should be able to get information regarding boats from him. As we were packing up, I discovered that I had lost my polaroid sun glasses which was a great tragedy as they weren't very dark but had counteracted the glare and this helped me drive those many miles; I was most upset.

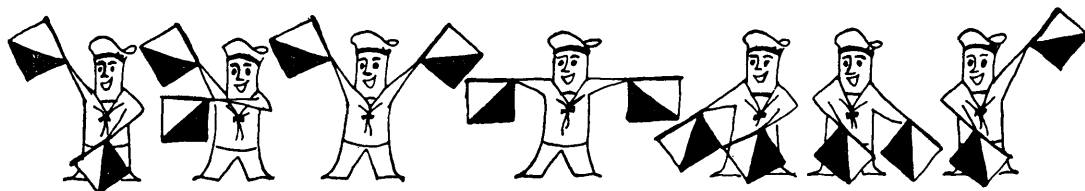
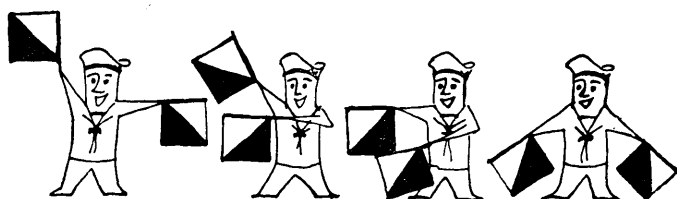
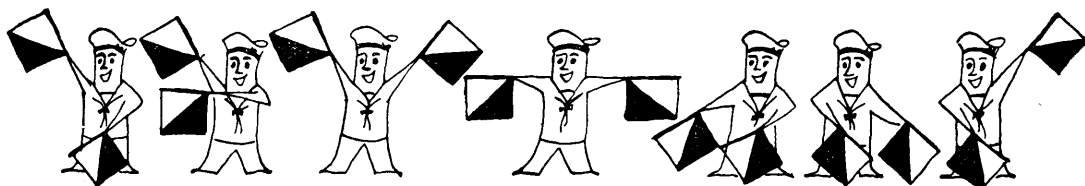
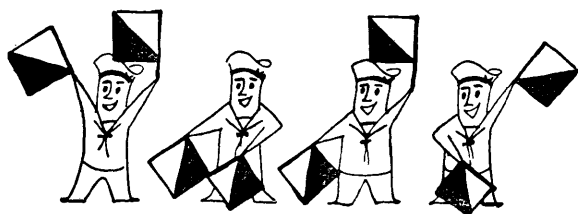
At long last we heard the welcome sounds of the aircraft arriving. After a certain amount of delay due to the fact that the ground staff were on strike and the crews and control staff had to do all the loading, we got airborne. It was December 2nd and we had left Malta on November 9th, not even a month ago and yet it felt like years.

An A.A. official met us at Lydd and, once our personal baggage was cleared by the Customs, took everything in hand and we were soon cleared. A route to Oxford was waiting for me so off we went. How narrow and twisty the roads seemed after the continental ones, but the surfaces were excellent. When dusk fell, it was really wonderful to see "cats' eyes" again, how we needed those in our foggy spells in Switzerland and from Montreuil to Le Touquet. Another thing we welcomed was street lighting in villages and small towns. In France it was non-existent and Italy barely so, also I was glad to see the white headlights, as the amber ones completely reduced my visibility to nil on every occasion. It was rather nice asking for petrol and directions in English and being understood.

As it had begun to rain and was getting dark, our progress was much slower. We decided to cheat with the last part of journey as we were very saddle sore, so at Guildford we caught a train to Reading then on to Oxford—and HOME!



"—But, Chief said you were going to take off any minute!"



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THE H.M.S. APHRODITE CLUB

The reader of our Magazine may well wonder what prompts such an article as this. Briefly it is a story of the building of an excellent Club from virtually nothing, and one feels that it might well prove a spur to an isolated Comcentre to emulate. *Mauritius* take note.

In December 1959 C.C.Y. Tant and C.R.S. Sandon approached the First Lt. with a view to obtaining an old army hut from one of the camps being closed in the Limassol area. The object of the drill being transfer to the Episkopi compound and re-erection as a Naval Club.

January and February of 1960 was devoted to obtaining a suitable site. Three sites were offered but it was found that, even with the use of Ship's Company labour, the cost would be well in excess of £1,000. This was well beyond our means and the scheme was abandoned.

The next stage of the operation saw the Captain and the First Lt. touring the area on a general reconnaissance. Some disused huts were sighted and the First Lt. given the task of obtaining them. After six weeks of negotiations the mission was accomplished.

These huts, formerly in use as heads and bath-rooms, were in a sad state of disrepair and a plan was drawn up by the First Lt. to make them habitable and to have an adjoining patio to cater for the hot days to come.

Initially all work was done out of working hours. Volunteers were called for and the response was overwhelming.

Work started with all hands divided into parties with a rating in charge. Each party had its own task to perform; patio, lounge, bar, etc. The work continued well until the heat of summer caused a halt to the afternoon labours. The First Lt. plus three senior rates now formed a building committee and the Captain's approval was given for a proportion of the Ship's Company to be employed during working hours.

The Club now has a very excellent lounge complete with record player and a large number of records. There is a patio for dancing and open-air drinking, screened for privacy. Surrounding flower beds have been planted and the coloured lights at night add an air of enchantment. The bar, adjoining the patio, is well stocked and excellent service is provided by two volunteer barmen.

The usual amenities of darts, cribbage, etc. are fully catered for. Thanks for this are mainly due to the generosity of the local Breweries. From the skill displayed on the dartboard by the more avid darts fans one feels that the club might well be the nursery for a future *News of the World* champion.

Is the Club a success and the effort justified? The answer is most clearly shown in the punishment

returns. From an almost weekly warrant punishment with associated minor punishments in pre-Club days, since opening day there has been only one warrant read and the minor punishment record is a joy for the Captain to behold. There is a very justifiable pride in the Club. The profits are very good and are being ploughed back in the form of improvements all the time. The latest effort is to devote £160 to carpets, furnishings, etc. The Officers are all associate members and fiercely fought contests between Officers, Chief and Petty Officers versus Junior rates have been highly successful, as have challenge matches with other units in the area. Membership is restricted to R.N. personnel and other Services enter only as guests on personal invitation. The R.M.P.s have not as yet received invitations.

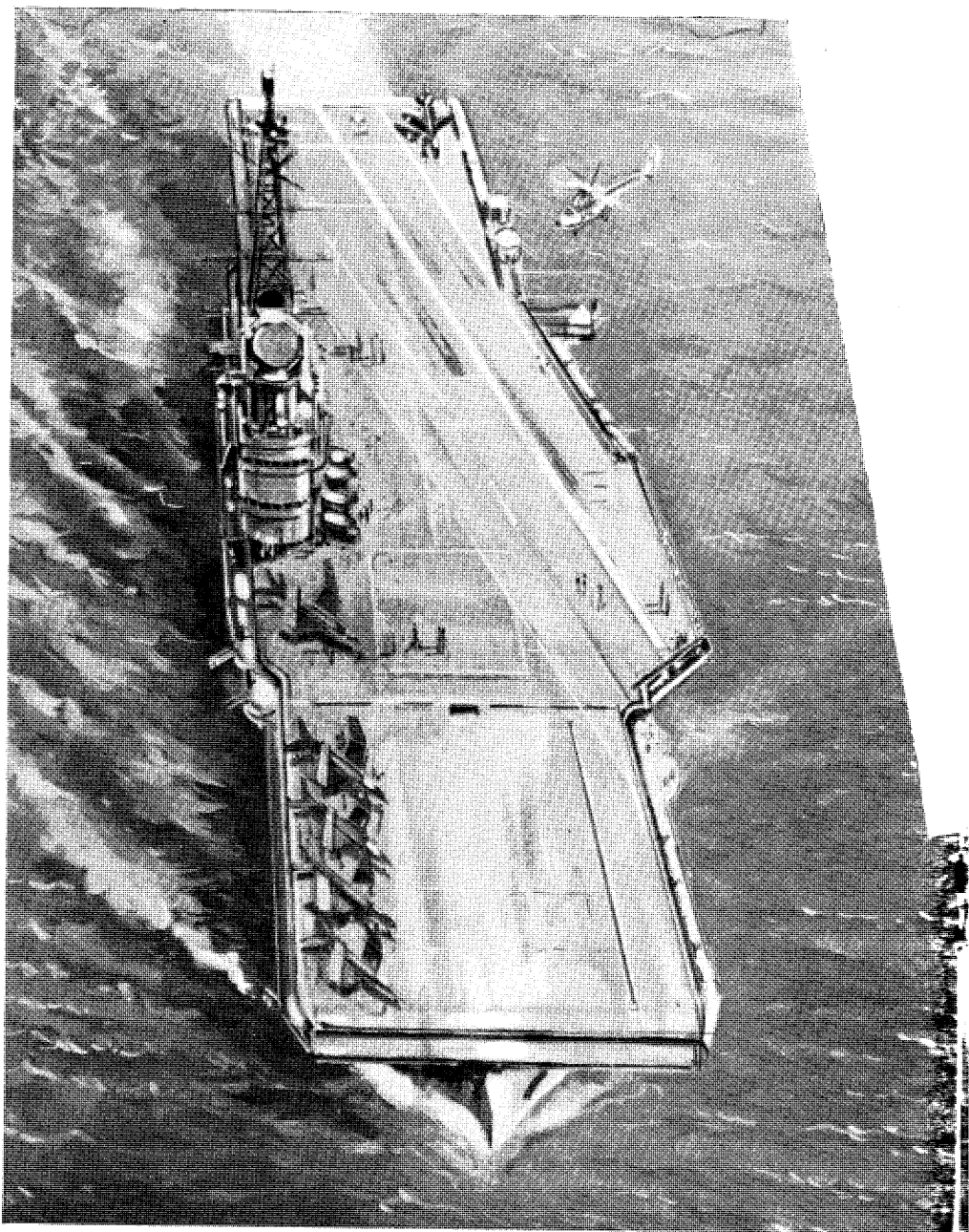
Is the patio enchanting? Ask the Communicators and they will point to two marriages, one engagement and several romantic attachments. The remainder of the ship's company have not proved so progressive but there are very few unaccompanied personnel without their own particular girl friend. It is rumoured that the Club Committee are considering purchasing white ribbon for the Commodore's car.

The Club was opened by Mrs. D. H. R. Bromely, wife of the Commodore, on 21st October 1960. Not such an auspicious occasion as an earlier 21st October, but one that will live long in the memory of all those who contributed to this highly successful venture.

As a postscript to this article a few of the Club's vital statistics follow:—

No. of Officers and Men involved.	40 (many of whom were Communicators.)
No. of man hours ...	5,200.
Rubble laid for patio ...	33 tons.
Cement for patio ...	2 tons.
Sand for patio ...	4 tons.
Shingle for patio ...	8 tons.
Breeze blocks ...	250.
Electric wiring ...	500 feet.
Lead piping ...	150 feet.
Boarding and fencing ...	2,304 square feet.
Timber (2" x 2") ...	600 feet.
Paint ...	60 gallons (sufficient to paint a ship of <i>Daring</i> class).
Bar ...	Built three times.
Partition ...	Built twice.
Duodenal ulcers ...	2.
Cost in hard cash ...	£150 4s. 1½d.
Begged, borrowed or stolen in kind ...	£400 plus.

This was up to and including opening day. With the use of profits to make the necessary purchases of material there has been considerable progress since.

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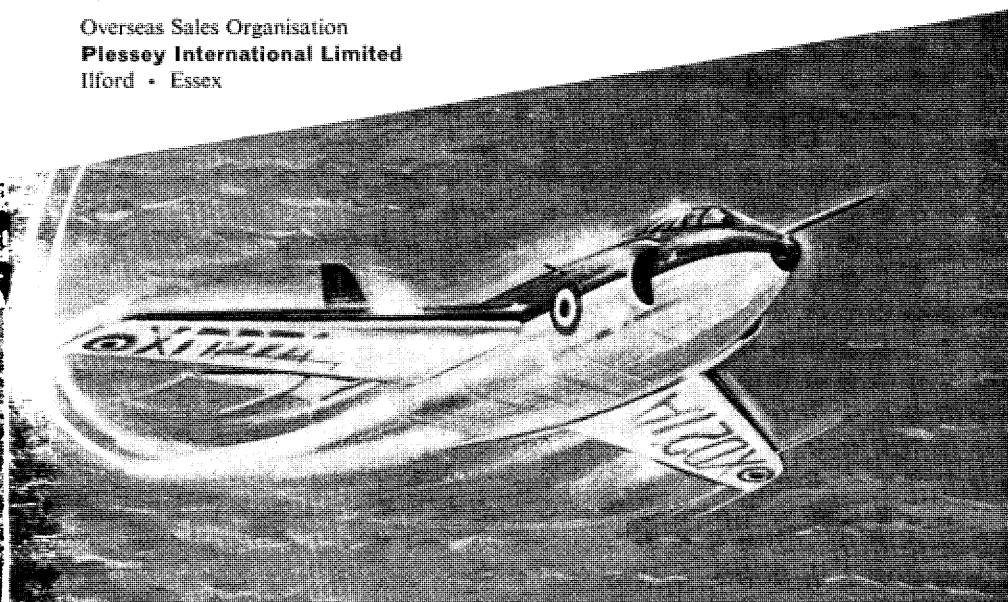
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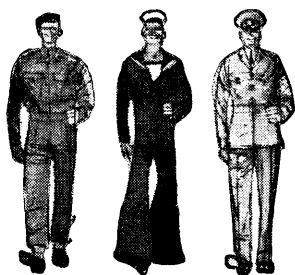




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PRIZEWINNER SPECIAL FEATURE

LANDING PARTIES

by R.O.2 J. M. Hepburn

During every 'Spark's' career, there must, at some-time or another, come a time when he is selected to represent the W/T department in the ship's landing party exercises.

It was my luck to be picked for them while we were being inspected by F.O.S.T. at Portland during the ship's work-up.

The first thing that happens is that you must be rigged in the appropriate gear one wears for these affairs. Normally it is the gunner's yeoman who will throw you a pile of webbing and bags and says, "Get 'em on". Easier said than done. Half an hour afterwards, and after several attempts to strangle myself, I went back to the yeoman and admitted defeat. He made the usual flattering remarks about how useful 'Sparkers' are, but nevertheless rigged me out properly. At last I had the webbing on, and all I needed now was my own equipment, which consisted of a portable radio set, the bags which go with it and the battery. It was simple enough to have them all clipped on me, but there was one snag, I could hardly walk with the weight of it. Fortunately for me the R.S. said that on the day of the exercise itself, I would have the J.R.O. along to help me.

Well I was ready at last, and in all honesty I was looking forward to it, but not just because it meant being off the ship for three days, either.

The programme was arranged that we were to go to *Osprey* for two days' training, and then on the third day to spend the night on the actual operation itself.

The eve of the first training day soon came, so I checked that I had everything ready; boots correct, webbing correct, radio and gear correct, I was ready, so that night I turned in quite satisfied. We had to fall-in at 0730 the next morning, fully booted and spurred, so I made sure that I was up well before 0715, to have some breakfast before we left. At last the J.R.O., Nobby Hall and I were fell in on the quarterdeck. I had checked that I was down for muster of tot, so I was reasonably happy.

As the ship was at anchor we had an M.F.V. to take us to the jetty, which turned out to be the first snag of the day. To get on to the M.F.V. we had to climb over our ship's side and straight on to the side of the M.F.V., which is not too easy when you have a weight on your back, but luckily I was able to fall on to a seaman, and after treading all over the G.I., was able to find a seat to rest my poor back, which was already aching, and that was only after about five minutes.

I was already beginning to get a little downhearted.

When the M.F.V. had reached the jetty, and we

had all disembarked, we fell in and began to march to our rendezvous position with the bus, which was to take us up to the range at *Osprey*. At the best of times I cannot march very well, and with all this equipment on I was hopeless, so the platoon commander decided it would be best if I brought up the rear of the platoon. This was not much better, for very soon I had dropped back, and was leading the platoon behind us; nevertheless I managed to reach the rendezvous position without too much trouble.

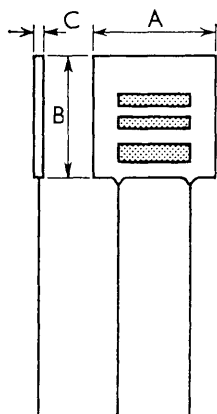
We did not have to wait long for the bus, and soon we were on our way up the big hill which leads to *Osprey*. It is just as well that we had the bus, for I am sure I would not have made it if we had had to march all the way.

The first thing we saw when we reached the range was a three badgeman, who was, I found out later, a sergeant in the Royal Marines. He was to be our instructor for the next couple of days. There was no form of introduction whatsoever. Just: "Get off the bus, take your gear off, and fall in—at the double". By the way in which he said it, it was obvious that he meant it, so we moved pretty quickly.

We all fell in, and then he started making us do P.T.—only for a couple of minutes though, but even that was a couple of minutes too long. He then said, "Right, follow me". Some of us thought that was funny, and we laughed as we ran after him. The Sergeant just looked back with a cynical grin as if to say "You'll be sorry". We were! He ran straight up the bank which shelters the range from the road. The bank was nearly a hundred feet high and consisted of loose stones all the way to the top, which made it very hard to run up, as our feet kept slipping down all the time. I am certain Sir John Hunt and Sherpa Tensing must have had an easier time climbing Everest than Nobby and myself did climbing this bank. One thing that is definite: when they had reached the summit, they at least had time for a rest. Not us; we had to run down straightaway, and not down the bank, but along the road which made it a few hundred yards longer. At the bottom we were allowed a few minutes rest for a smoke, but I did not see anyone smoking.

We did the same thing the following morning, but it was not so bad then, probably because we were a little fitter. In between, we did some shooting, went to lectures, and did some unarmed combat drill, which not many of us enjoyed for the Sergeant used us to show the rest of the class, the holds and throws.

By this time I was fully disheartened, especially after the comments that were made about my



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	A	B	C		
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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
100,000	15	15	3	Y	GSY 715

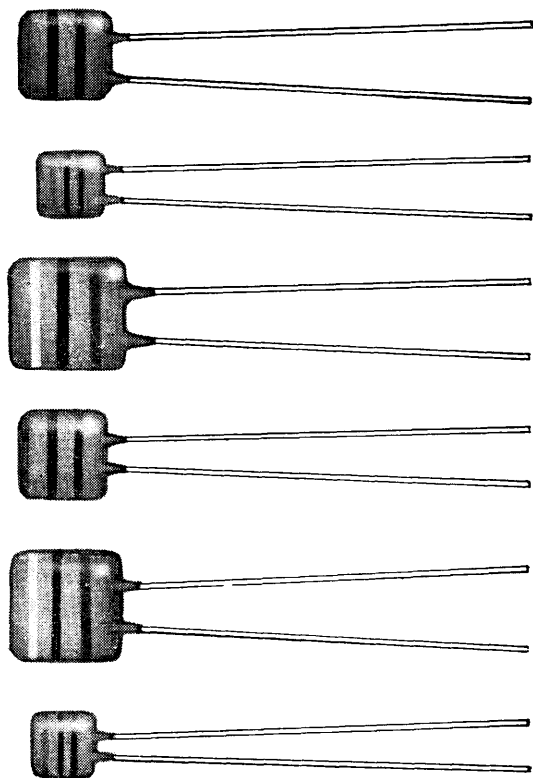
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shooting. They still don't believe me when I say that the stationary target was moving about all the time.

At last the day of the exercise was here.

Our mission was to guard the range, which we were to pretend was the Island of Portobello's arsenal, against the local inhabitants, who had supposedly rebelled against British rule. The Governor, realising that the situation was getting out of control, had called in the Royal Navy for help. We were the Navy.

So at 1600 we were all transported back to the range, and there we were to stay until 0700 the following day. Sleeping in two watches, just like 24-about, although we did not get 24 hours off.

This time, of course, we were all given weapons. My weapon was a pistol, and I felt quite proud with it in the holster on my belt.

The position Nobby and I had was in the H.Q. with the Gunnery Officer, so that we could relay any messages to the ship if required. There was a fire going, and we were quite near the galley, where there was a continuous "kye boat", so we were reasonably happy and comfortable.

The sentries were detailed to all parts of the range, and at 1900 the exercise began. In the H.Q. we just sat and waited for results.

It was not long before they came in. We had a suspect brought into H.Q. for questioning. His story was that he had been down to the beach, which was on the other side of the range, to collect specimens of twigs, which was his hobby. The Gunnery Officer, who was in charge of all the operations, listened to his story but was not altogether satisfied, so had him searched by the G.I., who found on him, in a most uncomfortable place, a bomb. He was placed under arrest and marched away.

It was the same thing all night long, suspects, who were in fact volunteers from *Osprey*, were brought in and searched. There was one suspect of the fair sex brought in. She was searched, though not very well, by the embarrassed Petty Officer. I am quite sure I could have searched her more thoroughly, but it is just as well I did not get the chance, for later it was learnt that she was the Sergeant's wife.

As well as being Radio Operator I also acted as diarist. That meant recording all questions and replies which were made when a suspect was brought in. Now I know what Samuel Pepys must have been like.

At 0200 it was decided to call it a day. We had defeated the Islanders and all were at peace again. As there was no transport until 0700, everybody had to find a berth to sleep in. I chose a warm place—the kitchen table in the galley.

At 0700 we all trudged back to the ship, very tired and hungry, many still complaining, but at heart I think we all enjoyed ourselves. I know I did.

SIGNAL SCHOOL

Once again we started the New Year full of hope and new ideas, both in the training and entertainment world. A go-ahead dance committee started off the Term by setting plans afoot for the mid-Term dance in the Signal School lounge, which was a huge success, about 400 attending. Following this, a step was taken to start a series of 'under 21' dances and by dint of much hard work and practice by the 'Leydeners' (our own skiffers) a dance was organised for the 2nd March which we hope will be the forerunner of a long series.

Regarding training, there is much speculation as to whether the new building adjacent to Mountbatten Block will turn out to be the new classrooms or an administration block. Providing the building can be completed before 'F' 'O' and 'T' sections can muster forces of opposition the probability of it being a classroom block will be ascertained.

It has been observed that the time and motion destruction team is still with us, wreaking havoc on the existing organisation and confusing a normally understandable routine. It has been thought that a team work-studying the time and motion destruction would be hard pressed to apply their own tactics to them.

In the world of sport our interpart rugby 7 aside Knockout Tournay has resulted in Kempenfelt Division (Tactical Operators) getting into the final with the Wardroom as opponents. After a very hard fought contest the Wardroom emerged as winners (doubtful though, through spectators reports!) 8 points to 3 points.



"I don't care where you found it—put it back!"



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RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

The rules of the club are very simple and our aims are to encourage sportsmanship both on the field and off. Membership of the Club is open to all Officers and Ratings of *Mercury* past and present. The initial joining fee is £1, for which we offer in return a Club tie of unique design, membership card, and fixture list. On the social side we have an annual dinner and stag nights held at the "Bat & Ball". So how about all you serving in the far-flung outposts of the Commonwealth, dropping a line and £1 to the Secretary and thereby making sure of a membership?

This season we have had our fair share of injuries which have robbed us of some of our key players but notwithstanding that we have managed to win more games than we have lost and at the time of going to print we have Won 8, Drawn 2, Lost 5.

Unfortunately we were not able to retain the League Div. 2 Shield which we have held for the two previous seasons, finishing second in the table to *Dolphin*.

Unfortunately Inst. Lt.-Cdr. Paltridge is in his last season as Secretary, his stay in *Mercury* has finally come to an end, and despite heart-rendering pleas to Admiralty it is a case of "The time has come. . . ." He himself fears that if he does not move soon he will become a full partner in the "Bat & Ball" instead of a shareholder. But when, and wherever he goes we shall always remember him and will be pleased to see him either on the touch-line or at the annual dinner. On behalf of all *Mercury* rugger enthusiasts past and present we should like to thank him for all he has done to establish the game of rugby in *Mercury*.

CHIEF'S CHATTER

To fall in with what appears to be the modern and popular trend in an affluent society it was decided to have a Combined Chief and Petty Officers' Christmas Ball. In spite of some 'dark clouds' here and there it would appear that the affair was a roaring success and seems to have set the pattern of future end-of-term functions. Allied to this is the ever-growing belief that a Chief and Petty Officers' Social Club (for the want of a better name) would be the answer socially as with each 'fling' that is 'flung' we have now come to a stage where all the Chiefs are invited to P.O.'s socials and vice versa. The £.s.d. of such affairs relates to the inescapable fact that our members grow smaller each month that passes. For instance, of the 55 Communicators in the mess at the moment, 18 have 1961 'pension pains' and no doubt the majority of incomers will be similarly destined.

As this Easter Term is the short one it was unanimously decided to have an end-of-Term social as opposed to a dance and with a little effort here and there we hope we may be able to attract more members and their friends, the emphasis being

concentrated on entertainment. We look forward to the visit of a strong contingent from the R.N.A., Alton at our social, assured that such visits can only breed goodwill.

It has been evident that a large number of the mess take part in the Mercury Automobile Club rallies and in general have a high old time. We get lost now and then but one has only to tail Fangio Goddard or alternatively 'stop engines' and listen for the roar of 'Bomber' Wells to finish at the right check point. Now that the longer days are upon us we look forward to some great fun on the daylight rallies. If you own a car join in, if you do not own a car, join a crew.

We regret to see the passing over the outer wall of George 'Sausages' Dixon and 'Bomber' Wells, two characters indeed. Ear plugs will no longer be standard issue on joining the mess.

Note to the Editor.—It is hoped that all concerned may one day have a complete run-down on why and by whom the Signal Branch motto was changed to 'Celer et Fidelis', and of course its meaning.

Note by the Editor.—The motto, 'Celer et Fidelis', was the one given with the new crest, when Mercury was first commissioned in 1941. The literal meaning is, 'Swift and Faithful'. The old crest in the days of R.N.B. was the 'Equal Speed Charlie London' signal, and carried the motto, 'Per Signa Sapientia'. This is more difficult to translate. 'Through Signals Wisdom' is not really what it intends to convey. One would rather say 'Signals is the source of all Information'.

INS: Wilson CCY, Bill CCY, Ryder CRS, Jones R. N. CCY, Leigh CRS(S), Gordon CRS, Hayward E. CRS, West CRS, Watmore CCY, Gardner T. CRS, Carter, F. CCY, Pratt CRS, Hayward J., CRS, Carter, J., CRS, Kitching CCY, Green CRS, Fisher CRS, Bumstead CRS, Coverdale CCY, Ridgley CRS, Bellamy CRS, Gladdis SHPT, Gray CRS, Shepher CPO.

OUTS: Locke CRS *Phoenicia*, Scardifield CRS *Tiger*, Smith, H. J., CRS *Malta*, Harwood CRS *Devonport*, Deadman CRS *Pension*, Scutt CRS *Pension*, Williams CRS *Burnham*, Derbridge CCY *Pension*, Wells CRS *Pension*, Dixon CRS *Pension*, Hayward, J., CCY, *Pension*, Trott CRS *Penison*, Smith F., CCT *Pension*, Lovejoy SHPT *Belfast*, Snowden CRS *Belfast*, Warden CCY *Belfast*, Bennett CRS *Fort Southwick*, Roper CRS *Woodbridge Haven*, Janes CPO *Pension*.

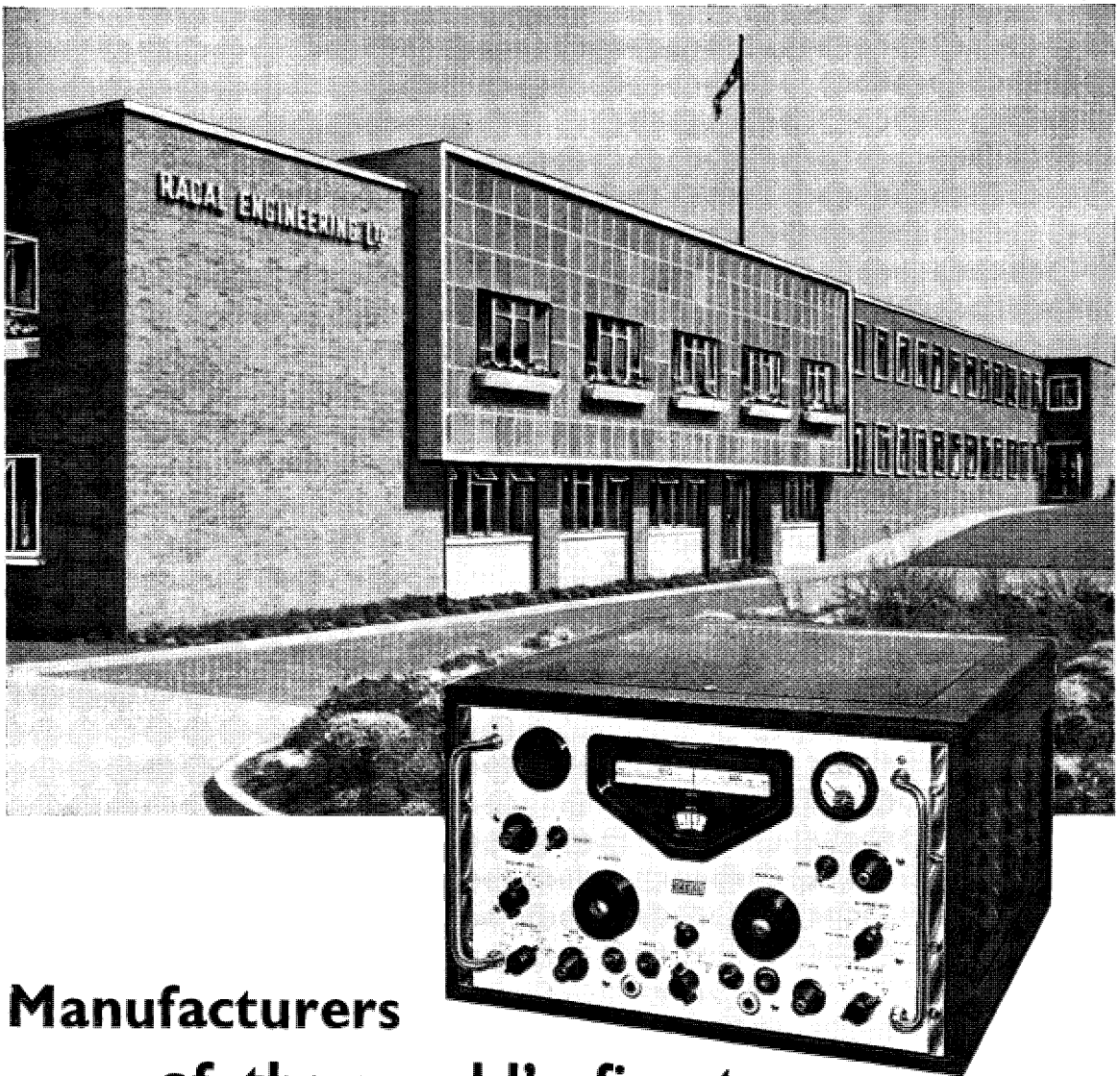
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Photos:

page 37—L.Tel. R. Muller.
page 41—L.R.O. B. N. Lee.

Cartoons:

page 11—Wren J. N. Douglas-Reid.
page 23—R.O.2 Evans, H.M.S. *Centaur*.
page 33—T.O.2 Day, H.M.S. *Dolphin*.



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S.A.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL

About a year ago the Prime Minister for the United Kingdom, in a memorable speech in Cape Town, referred to a 'New Africa' and the "Winds of Change". At the Signal School we are more than used to winds, be they south-east and sunny, or north-west and wet. Yet it is felt that the "Winds of Change" have started to blow even in our little world.

The strongest wind at the moment is that we have been allocated an extraordinarily large sum of money for the year commencing 1st April, 1961 to extend the School and to modernise the accommodation and galleys. These improvements, together with those carried out when the S.A.N. took over in 1957, should make the place a very different kettle of fish from that which existed in R.N. days. We are looking forward to these improvements; at the moment we are happy in our "Modern Frigate" layout in the Technical Wing, but we shall be happier still when we can leave the modern office to sit in the modern mess. One might almost say that the improvements have already started; the north wall of the canteen looked a bit shabby, so one of our dreaded truck drivers smacked it head-on. That improved it no end.

As is common to all Signal Schools, changes in personnel occur with amazing frequency, and our training programme is filling up nicely again after the Christmas lull. Our main aim in life is to treble the size of the Branch within the next few years so that we can assume control of the Cape Comcentre on due date. The biggest stumbling block we have to face is the ease with which, once a sparkler or bunting has been trained, he can purchase his discharge, thus putting his knowledge to more lucrative use elsewhere. This, on the other hand, helps the chap who decides to stay in, as quite often he may return to the School after only eighteen months for an advancement course. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on the way one looks at it, the minimum time in each rank has not been reduced, so we shall not *all* be Chiefs within the next couple of years. If we do have a small short-fall when the time comes to take over the Comcentre, we can always recruit a class from outside the railings. The trouble is that the baboons are not bi-lingual and it is difficult to make them stand to attention for Divisions.

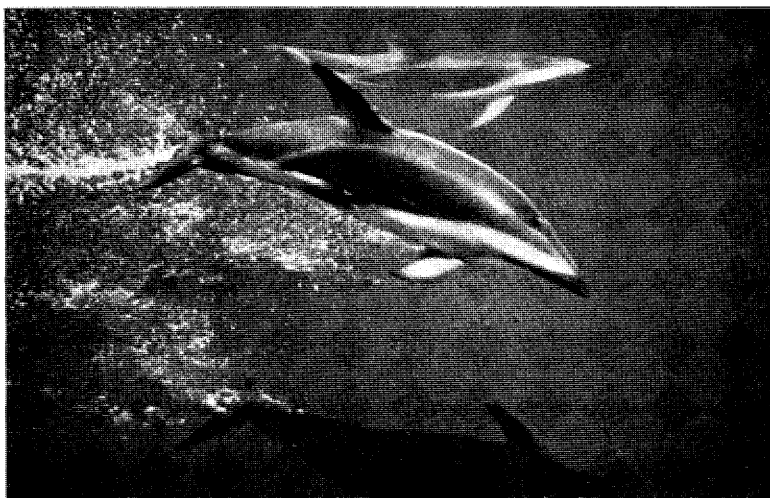
In the arena we have had a modicum of success. Combining with Cape Wireless we have a formidable cricket team, although we have not played as many games together as we wished. At soccer we have combined with Cape South and have won the Knockout Cup for the second season in succession.

We have made it a practice in the past not to mention personalities, but for once we would like to break the habit. No doubt many people, both R.N. and S.A.N., will remember Frankie Wride, and will be interested to know that he is at last hanging up his soccer boots, cricket bat, swimming trunks, hockey stick, pigs and everything else, and is returning to his native Cornwall in early March. Having been a leading light in sporting activities of both Navies since, we believe, 1927, he will not be easily replaced. We wish him and his family the very best of luck in the future.

We also said a fond and very wet farewell to C.C.Y. Stew a couple of months ago. Quite a character that youngster—he did the S.A.N. a power of good and we think he enjoyed us. We do not think the local barber will miss him very much, but my goodness, the store next door will, and so will the operators on Plymouth Primary. Thank you, Chief, and if you want to come back when you take your time, we will be glad to see you.

MALTA CONCERN

Since our last article Lt.-Cdr. Anthony has relinquished his post as O.i.c. but remains until mid-March, as Deputy F.C.O., when he takes off for other climes. Our best wishes go with him and Mrs.



Porpoises—taken from the Bows by L.Tel. R. Muller.

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CFH/1K/2

Anthony—may their punctures be little ones. Lt.-Cdr. Cox becomes O.i/c. in his place. Before another issue appears we will have said goodbye to Lieut. Bristow, a staunch supporter of this Comcen for the past thirty months and we take this opportunity of bidding him and his wife the best of good fortune for the future. We also take this opportunity too of welcoming Lieut. and Mrs. Ash. Other notable changes over the past three months have been C.C.Y. Clare (to Whitehall W/T) relieved by C.C.Y. Smith, C.Y. Howell relieved by C.Y. Baily, C.Y. Cull relieved by C.Y. Rundle, R.S. Davis relieved by R.S. O'Brien.

Life since the Christmas rush of parties (play) and telegrams (work) has been comparatively quiet and peaceful—though we have been plagued with the odd sunspot. We are now taking second breath before the first of the two annual NATO exercises.

Sport is once more beginning to occupy our leisure hours and though, at the time of writing, we have not been able to inveigle any of the Comcen officers into the soccer team we still have hopes of breaking a leg or two before the season is brought to a successful conclusion.

On March 3rd we hold our annual Med. Fleet Communicators' Ball at the Queen's Hall, Sliema. Despite the watered-down version of the Med. Fleet, we guarantee the beer will be just as strong!

We feel that for those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of spending a few months in this sunny Isle, but may be coming our way ere long, a word or two on how to get back home (for leave of course) would not come amiss. Station leave, 14 days per year, may, on request, be taken in the U.K. After provisionally booking your leave in the Reg. Office, you have only to arrange your flights with the airline and, collecting the necessary chits for your D.O.'s approval, return them to the airline office when completed. With firm flight details, your pass and leave routine can now be arranged. Current Services' reduced return fares are, night flight both ways £32, day one way and night the other £35 or both day flights £38. This can be paid in cash or so much each week or by allotment. Flying time either way, including one stop, normally Rome, is approximately six hours. For those who can afford it and live further afield, through flights can be booked from London to other parts of the U.K. In addition to the above, and easier on the pocket, there is Italy or N. Africa which are favourites with Wrens.

CEYLON WEST W/T

by R. S. Day

The appearance in the Christmas edition of an article from Mauritius W/T and the non-appearance of one from Ceylon West W/T, may well have given those not in the "know" the impression that Ceylon West W/T has closed down and Mauritius W/T opened. Also a statement in the English

National Press in February, 1960, to the effect that "There are no Royal Navy Personnel left in Ceylon" may well have clinched the matter.

However, I would like to inform all readers of THE COMMUNICATOR that far from having closed down, Ceylon West W/T is still very much on the map and operating by R.N. personnel, and moreover, not only is Ceylon West W/T continuing as always, but there have been a few important improvements during the last eight months.

First and foremost among these is the shift from ICK to FSK on Svc 18. This long desired change is having the effect anticipated—a vast improvement all round. Secondly there is the introduction of a RATT broadcast for area Victor, but broadcast VR will only be activated on an "as required" basis. In March when no less than three aircraft carriers will be on the ASPG station, and S/M 7 will be based at Ceylon, the non-existent personnel here are expected to be rather busy.

Not only will the traffic flow greatly increase as a result of S/M 7 but this has necessitated the building of temporary offices for the submarine team, and ex-*Highflyer* personnel would not recognise the station now. There will be some RNR types flown out from UK to assist during Jet '61, and no doubt there will be some time for them to enjoy Ceylon during their short stay here. On the other hand, they may not enjoy Ceylon, for those who may remember Colombo as a "good run ashore" would be sadly disappointed if they came here now.

In the sporting field *Highflyer* does not do too badly considering the counter attractions—the canteen for instance. LRO Knight toured India and Pakistan last August, being one of the team chosen to represent the Colombo League. Water polo (at the Otters) and hockey seem to be the most patronised games, but cricket is gaining a hold. One counter attraction at Ceylon West rather unusual! GO-KART racing. At time of writing the Go-Karts are still held by the NAAFI and not yet running amok through the aerial field. Possibly by the time the summer edition appears there will be something concrete to say about Go-Karts.

When shopping in Colombo—once a fortnight usually—London never seems very far away, for the sight of ex-London red double deck buses (they have retained their same colour) brings nostalgic memories of No. 11's charging down Whitehall. Singalese destination boards of course leave one in doubt as to coming or going.

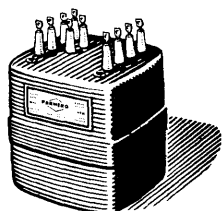
Those of us at Ceylon West W/T who have volunteered to go to Mauritius W/T were rather disappointed with the prospect of another station with so many drawbacks, from the amenities side, as stated in THE COMMUNICATOR Christmas edition. The price of mod. and con. in Ceylon being rather too high for us naval types, however, the cooler climate, if only three months of the year, should help considerably in the battle to remain rational.

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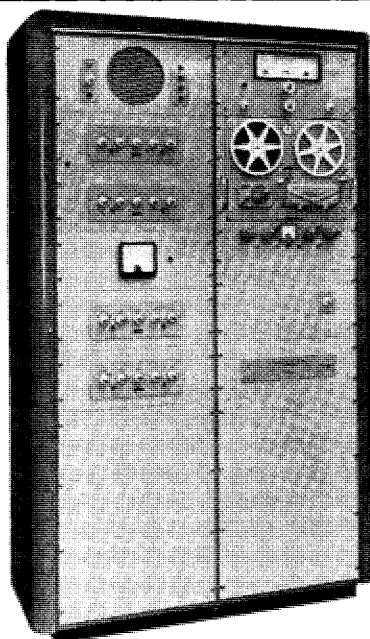
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According to one fellow at Ceylon West the definition of OFF NET is, "Someone who should be on watch, but isn't". An extract from an RTT report Co-operation: Good most of the day, but afternoon operator claims, Quote, He is very catty to me today, Unquote.

BURNHAM RADIO

by L.R.O. R. C. Woods

Our last entry in this Magazine is apparently beyond the recollection of even the station cat, who has a long memory as well as long claws. The writer is drawing heavily upon his literary talents to put this particular radio station right back on the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR. I hope this article will provide some reminiscences for "old boys" and give anyone who is fortunate enough to be drafted here a little idea of what he may expect.

First of all, the notice on the entrance gate to the Station reads "Post Office Radio Station, Highbridge, Somerset", but we are better known as Burnham Radio to the Royal Navy, Portishead Radio to merchant ships, and GKL by the world over. The receiving station is situated at Highbridge, one mile from Burnham-on-Sea, twenty-five miles from Bristol and ten miles from Weston-Super-Mare. Other nearby towns are Bridgewater, Taunton, and Minehead.

The naval staff, twenty-three strong, reside in private lodgings and are employed solely on ship/shore duties, which they share with their colleagues from the General Post Office. Business is brisk and, as radio stations go, this is it! A very high standard of operating is essential from our operators, as public money is involved, by the handling of hundreds of radio telegrams daily. But if the modern communicator is a "natural" on ship/shore, a better place than GKL is yet to be found in the United Kingdom. Any below average operators who do arrive, somehow disappear rather quickly, with draft chits shrouded in mystery! At the time of writing, one can normally expect to remain at Burnham Radio for nine months on the average or twelve months if lucky. To stay over a year, one must be well in with "draftie".

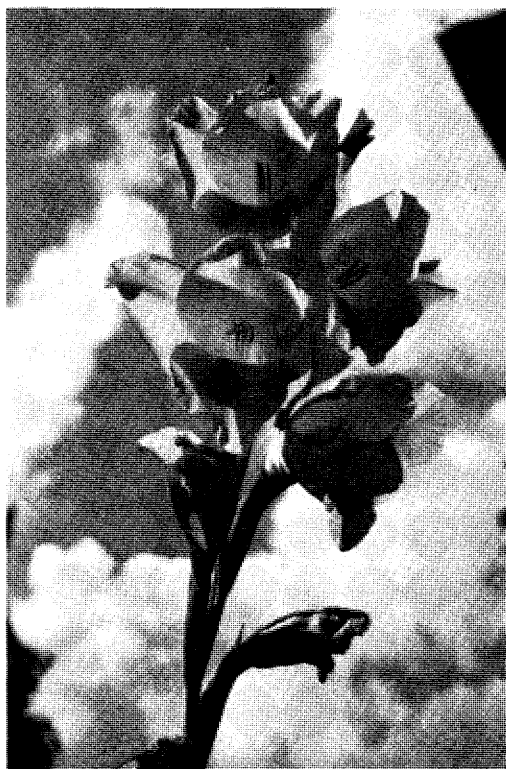
For the city minded, perhaps our social life could be a bit more hectic, as we are handicapped with limited cinema facilities, but the thirsty are more than well catered for, and if you prefer the congenial small town life, this is the place for you. Dances are numerous and the partners are even more numerous as our statistics show. In fact I can safely add that out of our small staff, on an average, a quarter find themselves engaged or married by the time they conclude their tour here. There are a great deal of interesting things to do and see, particularly if you have your own transport, as most rich L.R.A.'s do. There are numerous places to visit, among them the famous Cheddar Gorge and caves, the glorious seaside resort of Weston-Super-Mare, Wells (a

beautiful cathedral city) and even Burnham-on-Sea itself, when the tide is coming in!

We boast a recently formed football team who look resplendent in their red and white rigout (thanks to a splendid grant from Devonport Port Fund) but unfortunately they have been having more of a battle with the elements than with their opponents. No comment on the games we have played, but we are very keen indeed and our first win is on the way.

If you are prepared to work hard, Burnham Radio is definitely one of the best drafts for 1961 and is several months away from the luxury of a sea-going ship; an extremely comfortable life with very friendly west country people amid the hills and vales of beautiful Somerset, where the best cider in the world is made. No one who comes here seems in any hurry to leave.

To conclude we say farewell to Lt. H. F. T. Brown (S.W.S.) and welcome our new Officer-in-Charge, Lt. E. W. McCullough. Wishing good luck to Communicators everywhere throughout the world and hoping that you all will enjoy yourselves in the coming season as much as we will along the golden sands beside the sea.



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95 AMPHIBIOUS OBSERVATION REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY

This contribution will probably go down in history as the first pongo effort in THE COMMUNICATOR. Nevertheless, as we have some fifteen 'sparkers' permanently on our strength we feel that a short article might be of interest to past, and particularly future members of 95 AORRA, as you so affectionately call us.

The Regiment is unique in that it has no guns, aircraft or complicated instruments. It is so trained that it can take part in Amphibious Operations over the beaches, land by parachute, or by helicopter.

The roles of the Regiment are first, co-operation with the Royal Navy and Navies of Allied Nations in bombardment training and observation of naval gunfire support, and secondly, support of amphibious and airborne operations by providing parties which can either land over the beaches or by air and thence control the fire of the ships supporting the operation.

The Regiment is deployed on a world-wide basis in order to carry out its role. Headquarters is at the J.S.A.W.C., Poole, 148 A.O. Battery in Malta and 3 A.O. Troop in Hong Kong. In addition, one NGSFO party is embarked in *Bulwark*, the Commando Carrier, for N.G.S. duties with 42 Commando.

In this year the Regiment has taken part in exercises in Norway, Normandy, North Africa, The Persian Gulf, Kenya, Philippines and Singapore.

Our 'sparkers' are very important members of the team. Each NGSFO party includes one Royal Navy Radio Operator who is the Spotting Officer's right-hand man for maintaining communications with the Support Ship. Each member of the party must be a qualified parachutist, in addition to being able to drive a vehicle and conduct a shoot.

On joining us, a Radio Operator spends four weeks acclimatisation to pongo life. During this time he must break in a pair of pusser's boots and learn to wear a beret at the correct angle. He then leaves Poole and goes to 33 Parachute Light Regiment R.A. at Aldershot for hardening training over a period of two weeks. If successful, and still recognisable, he completes two weeks selective training at the Airborne Forces Depot, Aldershot, and then on to No. 1 Parachute Training School at R.A.F. Abingdon. He spends four weeks at Abingdon, during which time eight parachute descents are made. Having qualified, our 'sparkers' are awarded the parachute badge with wings—and even more important parachuting pay of six bob a day—and is drafted to one of our units in U.K. or abroad.

A.F.O. 1385/58 defines in Service terms the details of volunteers for 95 A.O. Regiment R.A. and states that a high standard of physical fitness is required. Perhaps it is not fully appreciated by potential volunteers that to be a parachutist and a member of a NGSFO party, a man must be tough and prepared to put up with hard conditions in the open. Only those who are fit and enjoy roughing it occasionally should apply.

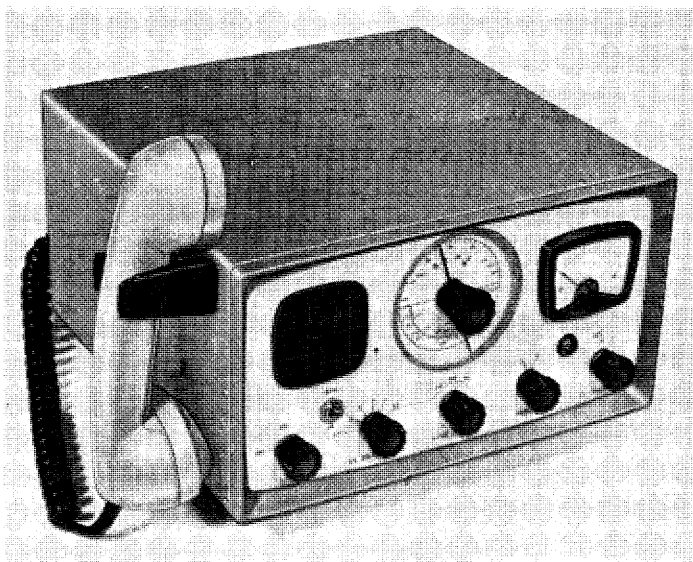


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Perhaps the best conclusion is an actual incident heard by the author of this article. A 'sparker' was speed marching along one of the English lanes with his NGSFO party, clad in pongo kit and lathered with sweat and mud, when a passing youth called derisively, "Why don't you join the Navy?" Our matelot's reply has not been submitted to your editor.

H.M.S. FOREST MOOR

For many years now, about three times a year (unless it so happened I was on leave at the time, or in *Mercury*) various S.C.O.s have addressed the remark to me:—

"Pots, don't forget the article for the COMMUNICATOR."

"Chief, the article for the COMMUNICATOR is due, rough out something."

"Mr. let me have the COMMUNICATOR article by —."

"Sub. Get the COMMUNICATOR article ready as soon as possible."

"Lieut. I really haven't got the time, would you cope with the next article for the COMMUNICATOR for me, please?"

Over the past few years I have tried this approach myself, Pots, Chief, what about some articles for the COMMUNICATOR? No response. Last minute rush again, and here I am: tomorrow is closing date for contributions, all I can now hope for is the postal authorities can contrive to get this to the Alma Mater on time.

Why is it that the younger element, in the main, cannot be persuaded to put pen to paper, or finger to typewriter in the cause of what is, without doubt, the best Branch Magazine there is?

The younger element, the Navy of the future, the up-and-coming young men who no longer remember days when a Communication Officer was an (S) and not a (C), why do they prefer the old men to write for them? Is it perhaps nostalgia, do they perhaps like reading about the old times, the "I remembers"?

I can remember Smithy's famous remark at Glenholt:— "Yer 'uts are yer 'omes. 'Ang yer 'ats on the 'ooks in yer 'uts".

I remember D.S.D. as a young Lieutenant prior to his becoming a Communicator.

I remember Captain David Seely as a Midshipman in *Repulse*.

I remember Nelson as a boy (Tug Nelson, that is).

But surely that is not what the up-and-coming Communicators want to read. Do they not want modern up-to-date news and views? Come on, all you young men and women! Do not leave the scribing to the older generation, get stuck into it yourself. Otherwise, who knows, when the present correspondents gracefully retire to grass, there may not be a Magazine at all.

On scanning through back numbers I am struck by the similarity of many contributions: Travelogues

from Pompey to Singapore or Hong Kong, Regattas described at length, or just mentioned (depending on whether the ship won or lost), tales of valour or prowess on the sports field or in the bar, long lists or short lists (depending on the size of the ship) on comings or goings. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) our contribution can contain none of these things. We are static, stuck in the clay in the middle of the Yorkshire Moors, although there have been times during the past few months when for a brief moment we thought we might gracefully float downhill.

Communicators in this, one of the largest shore wireless stations, are few and far between. It is a completely dominated (L) world—a far cry from the days when such a station would be manned almost exclusively by sparkers. Two communication officers and six sparkers against six electrical officers and about forty-five electricians of all categories. Of course it is difficult if not downright impossible to convince these technicians that they would be lost without us.

There has been considerable improvement during the past six months or so in the general appearance of the Establishment, and titivating continues, both inside and out. We are deeply grateful to *Mercury* for supplying the wherewithal to start our rose gardens at the main entrance and we are hoping that *Collingwood* will also come across with a generous contribution. The neighbouring Army Apprentices' School has some beautiful rose gardens, the results of many years effort, and it is hoped that future generations of Communicators will also be able to see and enjoy the beauty which *Mercury* has made possible.

The playing field is now fit for use, weather permitting, but except for a few seven-a-side knock-about, sports have not been very much to the fore here.

The junior ratings recreation space, complete with bars is now firmly established, and a couple of very enjoyable evenings have been had (by those fortunate to be off watch at the time) in the company of some very splendid young things from the Harrogate General Hospital. It is hoped that these sort of evenings will become a regular feature of *Forest Moor* life.

It would be too expensive to run our own cinema. However, our next door neighbours, the American Army, have very kindly permitted us to use theirs. The films are changed every day or two, and are always very modern, so really we have a cinema service second to none, and very cheap too.

In the main, life is quite pleasant out here in the wilds. The winter has been very mild indeed, scarcely any snow at all, which is apparently quite unheard of locally. We are now looking forward to a pleasant summer, and do not forget if you should just happen to be passing on the main Harrogate-Skipton road to pop in and see us. There is always someone at home.



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PORTLAND COMCEN

This year the Easter Term is a short one but, nevertheless, here at Portland, we have, so far, seen much come to pass. The amount of work, and effort, has been considerable, enough, we think, to justify our wish that all concerned, both on ship and on shore, have a thoroughly good leave.

The new members of the staff who were in the process of taking over when the last issue went to press are now firmly entrenched. C.Y. Clayton relieved C.Y. Gates who is now at Whitehall W.T. R.S. Smith will shortly hand over to R.S. Marsh then join *Ausonia* for a commission in the Med. L.R.O. Grossmith and T.O.2 Mason are both preparing for demobilisation, while T.O.2 Prior, having been relieved by T.O.2 Burton, is to join *Troubridge*. Recently R.O.2 Mayo arrived from *Battleaxe* to relieve R.O.2 Stanney who will be off for an enviable commission in *Cook*. On the E.W. side, C.R.S.(S) Matchett has taken over from C.R.S.(S) Strangeways.

One sad moment this Term was the passing of Mr. Robert Sayers. When a Yeoman of Signals, he was invalided out of the Navy and, before joining the staff in 1951, he served for some time on tugs. He was also at one time landlord of the "Royal Standard" in Portland where some of you may have met him. Despite considerable illness, he gave excellent service both in the M.S.O. and on the M.S.O. telephones, and will be sadly missed by all.

Regardless of influenza and INT SDK's, work continues at a steady high rate. The volume of signal traffic has increased and so also have the consequent headaches, but patience and good teamwork enable us to cope.

By the end of Term another 13 ships will have completed their work-up and we hope by that time, they will all be a lot wiser—at least communication-wise. Signal tower and circuits, typists and distributors have all been put to the test. Incidentally, it is our boast that the efficiency of Portland exercise net is second to none.

The efforts of our soccer team to engage teams from the ships here have been continually thwarted by the weather. We are staunch advocates for summer soccer. To date we have played six games against other departments, of which we have won only one and drawn two. It must be said, however, that we can rarely field our strongest side, due to watchkeeping commitments and a small staff.

It is rumoured that W.R.N.S. communicators may join us here at Portland sometime in the future. Visits have been paid us by high-ranking W.R.N.S. Officers, so perhaps the rumour has some foundation. Our next contribution to this Magazine may well originate on the golden sands of Weymouth Bay—the author having found time off from soaking up the sight of our female partners. In any event, you will hear from us in the summer edition—and any time you call GXW.

S.T.C. DEVONPORT

One gathers from the newspapers that the weather has not been treating us too kindly here in the West Country, and the usual brilliant sunshine was absent for a short time. However it was only for a day or two and the sun is back again, and the W.R.N.S. are playing netball on the parade ground, which must prove something.

We have completed a fairly full training programme this Term, and expect to have even more W.R.N.S. and ratings for training next Term, in fact, there appears to be a general building up in the number of classes, and in the number presenting themselves for courses and examinations. A word of advice here, the highest failure rate is still on the Provisional Examinations and the "I'll have a go, might be lucky", approach is no good, and adequate preparation for these important examinations is essential.

Recent releases to civilian life includes C.R.S. Hughes to Diplomatic Wireless, C.R.S. Wilson to Mount Wise, C.R.S. Tombs to Port Library and C.C.Y. Royce to Landlord of the "Hounds and Groom" at Bittaford. One to remember!

C.R.S. Limon and C.R.S. Cottam have left the Service too, but we understand they have enough saved to rule out the necessity for work of any sort. We wish them all the very best of luck and hope they will be as successful outside as they were in the Service.

R.N.H.S. PORTLAND

This being our first entry in *THE COMMUNICATOR* I wonder how many people know that we exist?

The Helicopter Station has the important task of providing operational air anti-submarine training and in particular the resident squadron is concerned with the training of helicopter crews in all aspects of anti-submarine warfare, with and without the aid of surface units. The number of flying hours each week is of course entirely dependent upon the weather and aircraft serviceability, but nevertheless the total number is always pretty respectable.

We are honoured now and again by the presence of front line squadrons from visiting carriers and late last year we were hosts to a Dutch squadron of S58s from Valkenburg.

Like anyone else we had our teething troubles when we first opened up and by no means the least of these was the fact that half our helicopters were VHF and the rest UHF. However, now that full conversion to UHF with the exception of the two SAR helicopters has been completed our task is much simpler.

The SAR aircraft alone, have justified our existence and the different roles they have performed are far too numerous to mention in full, for besides the every day transfers, they have taken fresh supplies to marooned lighthousemen off the Channel Islands, speedily transported sick and

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injured people to hospitals as far afield as London and Oxford and co-operated with the Weymouth Lifeboat in rescue attempts on more than one occasion. Needless to say the Communicators have played a vital role in all these operations.

Out staff consists of a C.Y. who operates between F.O.S.T.'s M.S.O. and ourselves (ourselves being three L.R.O./L.T.O., three R.O.'s and three T.O.'s) and it is a very fluctuating population. Sport is not our strong subject, but by combining forces with F.O.S.T.'s staff we have kept our heads high in the soccer league although there are more teams above us than below. Other than this the only thing we can say is that we are well represented in the Weymouth and District Darts League.

THE 'NEW LOOK' FOR COMMUNICATORS IN THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

by Lt.-Cdr. J. Rumble

Commencing 1st January 1960, a new structure and training cycle was introduced for all branches of the Royal Canadian Navy. Here is a simple brief on this new system as it affects the Communication personnel. It may serve a useful purpose when you are chin-wagging with Canadian naval men across a glass of 'nut brown' in Portsmouth or a 'rum and coke', perhaps in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

This new scheme was introduced as a result of a comprehensive survey into the requirements of the R.C.N. based on the Canadian military, logistic and social background.

A man joins the R.C.N. in the first instance for three years and his first fifteen weeks are spent undergoing New Entry training at *Cornwallis*. On passing out, the men, except Communicators, join the Fleet for On the Job Training for Ordinary Seamen. New Entries are 'classified' into a 'trade' by the Personnel Selection Officer who employs a series of I.Q. and suitability tests based on a U.S.N. system. The individual's desire is considered but by no means always met.

The Communicator, after New Entry training, joins the Communication Division (all 'schools', Communication School, Gunnery School, etc., have been renamed Divisions as part of the Fleet Schools). It is considered that he can better learn the

basics of his trade (Morse, semaphore and teletype) under good classroom conditions than at sea.

A Radioman (RM) trains for 21 and Signalman (SG) for 14 weeks ashore. The aim this time is to get him up to NATO practical standards, and a number of general communication subjects are touched on to give him a broad outline of what it is all about. After successfully passing his shore phase exam he joins his first ship, consolidates his training, completes his Practical Factors and sits the Fleet Exam. To complete the Practical Factors, the man is required to satisfy his Divisional Officer that he is able to carry out certain basic practical jobs concerned with his trade. The man emerges as an Ordinary Seaman fully fledged as a Signalman (SG1) or Radioman (RM1).

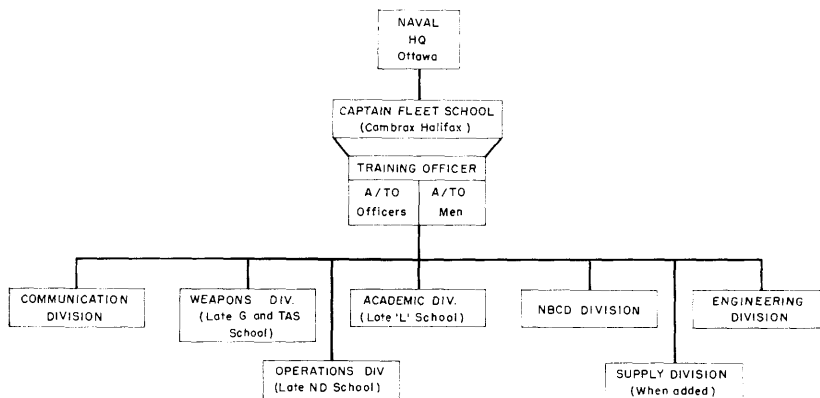
The most important and new aspect of the R.C.N. communicator is that he is being trained as a User/Maintainer in the full sense. Thus when a man starts his courses for the higher rates he will spend a considerable time in the Academic Division (lately Electrical School) learning the electrics, operation and maintenance of all visual and radio equipments.

The standards to be achieved during ratings courses at all levels are laid down in Trade Specifications. These Trade Specs. are based on a standard employed for Navy, Army and Air Force balanced against the civilian equivalent. Any change in them virtually requires tri-Service clearance.

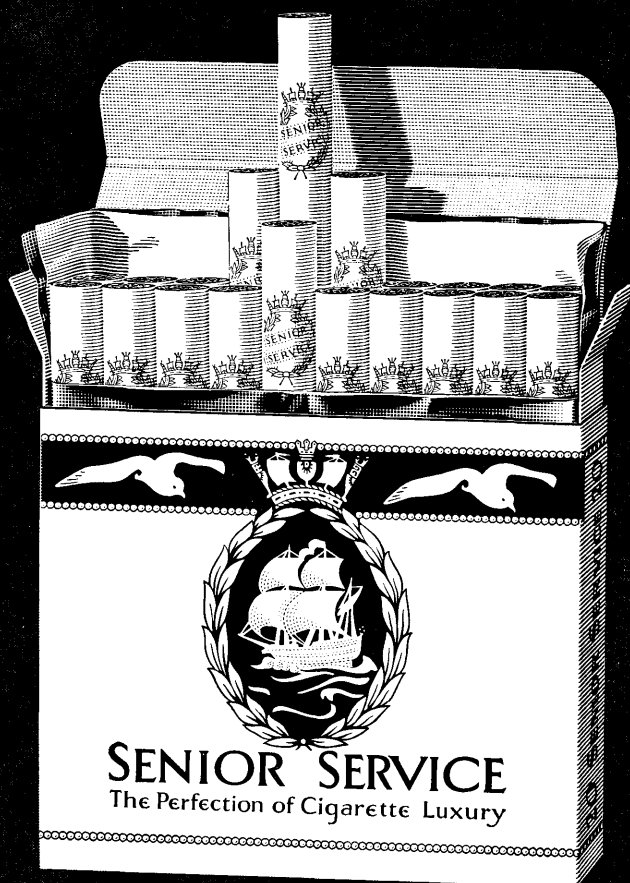
Rank examinations are shortly to be introduced and it will then be necessary to qualify by means of an examination for advancement from AB through to C.P.O. This exam will be identical for all branches.

That is about the gist of it, and I think you will be duly impressed by the competence of the New R.C.N. Signalmen and Radiomen when you meet them.

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MOORLAND MOTORING

Here in *Drake* we cannot boast a motor club with official recognition, but there exists a small nucleus of enthusiasts. Some are members of the Forces' Motoring Club and compete in the latter's events which, regrettably, are only four major rallies a year. Necessity thus being the mother, we invented our own organisation and stage treasure hunts which, while excluding all aspects of timing and speed, give us lots of fun and an outlet for enthusiasm.

From the moment the eager but apprehensive competitor eases off the clutch pedal at the start, his searching mind dwells on The Moor and its atmosphere. The navigator has little time to donate such deeper thoughts of mystery or beauty and his harsh command, "Take the first fork over the lights at Tamerton Foliot station" dismisses all such speculative digressions from the mind of the driver. The headlights bite into the darkness. The orange incandescence of street lights fades, leaving just the map-reading light and staring tenacious eyes to direct the driver on an unseen course along which, like dancing spectres, white cottage gates and obscure signs flash by, as the car speeds down the narrow and twisting lanes.

The brown sturdy ferns make their appearance as the car climbs from the fertile valleys, and soon the fences and hedges give way to mere lines of granite rocks, occasionally painted white, to keep vehicles to the road. Stopped at a lonely cross-roads to search for an SV sign, the driver may find himself considering the faint white mist drifting in the bitterly cold wind. Is that a scaffold with its sinister load? No. It is merely a post and the overhanging branch of a tree.

The SV sign is found, and on they go, higher and higher till not even a tree adorns the sky. A cosy cluster of lights hails the presence of a village, but seldom is a soul abroad as we stop to collect the number of a telephone kiosk. Not even a curtain stirs; but maybe it is Tim Frazer who suppresses

any budding curiosity long before it blossoms into action. In contrast the R.A.F. station at Sharpitor is more hospitable; participating if operational conditions permit. Their lofty and commanding position affords them a view for many miles in all directions, and all around on a clear night the horizon is a mass of shimmering lights, dancing like rows of Hong Kong sampans.

Plunging into valleys, over streams with quaint hump bridges, and climbing up over the far, rough and muddy hill, the car heads for the finish. The rain and mist have given their all, but the competitors have persevered against them. The rhythmical sweep of the wiper blades has long faded before tired eyes sight home, spelt out a sign as "Shaugh".

"Flight", the publican at the White Thorn Inn, is a retired flight sergeant, but this country inn is well decorated with ships' crests. After a rugged drive through lanes and up bottom-gear hills, the log fire in the lounge is friendly and inviting. People say we are mad doing this in the winter, which we admit, but we enjoy the challenge of The Moor. In fact, it is not considered strange if a check point is shared with officers from the prison when someone decides to go hiking.

Afterwards, sitting in the lounge listening to the reports, we have many laughs over the competitors' stories. People do not seem to like cars reversing across their front lawn, or being asked for a boiled egg or a clothes peg, and apparently, it is sometimes an education to visit disused railway stations on a dark night.

Our clientele range from officers to civilians and from naval ratings to army officers. Anyone is invited. There is an equally wide range of cars too—from Ford Zodiac and Singer Gazelle to MGA and Sprite. So if you are in the Plymouth area and are interested, please do not hesitate to contact S.B.C.P.O. John Dongworth of *Orion* or myself. The entrance fee is 4/- or the equivalent in ripe oggies.

R. S. ELWYN JONES,
S.T.C. St. Budeaux.

SUMMER COMPETITIONS

Entries must reach the Editor by June 30th

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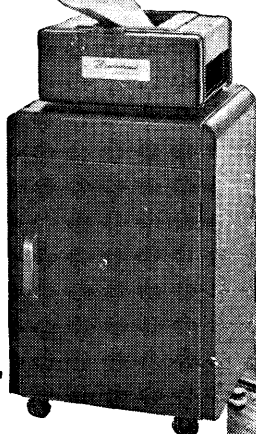
EDITOR'S NOTE—*Although every endeavour is made to ensure that the information in this section is correct, we ask readers not to treat it as authoritative in the strict sense.*

APPOINTMENTS

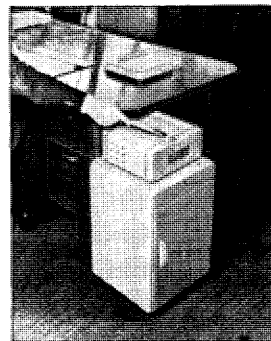
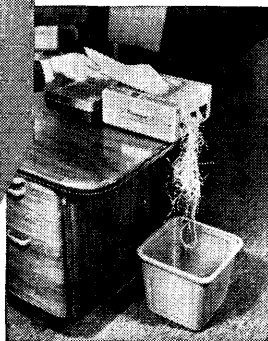
Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. W. ASH	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	AFMED.
C. K. ANTHONY... ..	Lt.Cdr.	D.F.C.O. Med.	Signal Division
E. B. ASHMORE	Captain	D.D. of P.	D. of P.
H. S. BENNETT	Lt.-Cdr.	J.S.A.W.C.	Staff of F.O.A.C.
W. A. B. BLAND	Lt.-Cdr.	E.N.C.A.	J.S.A.W.C.
A. E. P. BRIGGS... ..	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Sea Eagle	Mercury
H. BROWN	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Dainty	Mercury
M. P. H. BRYAN	Lt.	Cardigan Bay	Belfast
R. CARROLL	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Adamant	8th D.S.
R. A. COBB	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	F. O. Scotland
W. M. DAWSON... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Delight	Mercury
P. W. DOLPHIN	Lt.-Cdr.	B.J.C.E.B.	Saker
J. DURNFORD	Commander	Lochinvar	Staff College
J. H. ELLIS	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Terror	Tamar
C. EVANS	2/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	E.N.C.A.
M. FULFORD-DOBSON	Lt.	Saker	Belfast
A. H. C. GORDON-LENNOX, D.S.O.	Rear Admiral	D.C.S.T.	R.N. College Greenwich
G. B. GOODWIN... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Albion	Mercury
E. GOUGH	Lt. (SD) (C)	EASTLANT	Mauritius W/T.
P. W.W. GRAHAM, D.S.C.	Captain	NAVNORTH	Tiger in cmd.
D. W. GREEN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Sea Eagle
J. T. HEADON	Lt. (SD) (C)	A.S.W.E.	Mercury
R. G. HEARN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Rooke	Mercury
C. W. F. HAMMOND	Lt. (SD) (C)	Drake	Signal Division
ST. J. H. HERBERT	Lt.-Cdr.	Tiger	Personnel Panel
E. M. G. HEWITT	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Signal Division
J. B. R. HORNE, D.S.C.	Commander	MEDNOREAST	SHAPE.
M. I. HOSEGOOD	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F.(H).
D. JACKSON	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Osprey	Diana.
K. H. JAY	Lt.	Mercury	F.C.A. Med.
G. R. JOHNSTON, R.A.N.	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Defender	R.A.N.
G. JUBB	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Meon	Ganges
F. A. JUPP	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Whitehall W/T.
N. G. KEMP	Sub.Lt. (SD) (C)	Gambia	Mercury
T. M. LAING	Lt.-Cdr.	Dartmouth	Mercury
J. L. B. LARKINS	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Brighton
P. R. LEES	Lt.-Cdr.	Signal Division	Carysfort
A. G. LEWIS	Lt. (SD) (C)	Sheba	A.S.W.E.
D. R. LEWIS	Lt.-Cdr.	D.N.I.	B.J.C.E.B.
G. M. LLOYD	Lt.-Cdr.	Heron	Drake
R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.V.O., M.B.E.	Captain	President	Capt. (D) 7
D. MACINDOE	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Adamant
L. R. D. MACKINTOSH	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.F. (H)	Mercury
E. W. MCCULLOUGH	Lt. (SD) (C)	Belfast	Burnham W/T
C. P. MILLS, C.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	Capt (D) 2	Staff College
W. H. M. MACKILLIGIN	Lt.-Cdr.	Drake	MEDNOREAST
A. S. MORTON	Commander	Undine in cmd.	Rocket in cmd.
P. A. MYTTON	Sub. Lt. (SD) (C)	Whitehall W/T	Mercury
D. H. B. NEWSON-SMITH	Lt.-Cdr.	2nd D.S.	Mercury
W. T. T. PAKENHAM	Commander	Dryad	Mercury
H. B. PARKER	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Dunkirk
M. C. PARRY	Lt.	Eastbourne	Leverton in cmd.

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I. S. SANDEMAN	Lt.-Cdr.	Albion	Mercury
The Hon. D. P. SEELY ...	Captain	Mercury	D.D.S.D.
A. A. T. SEYMOUR-HAYDON ...	Captain	AFMED	Indian Defence College
I. F. SOMERVILLE	Captain	D.D.S.D.	AFMED.
P. W. SPENCER	Commander	Staff College	F.C.O., F.E.S.
J. H. STEER, R.N.Z.N. ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Whitehall W/T.
M. A. STOCKTON	Lt.	Mercury	Blake
D. L. SYMS	Commander	J.S.S.C.	Mauritius W/T in cmd.
R. A. THOMPSON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Tiger	Mercury
A. F. TILLEY	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Britannia
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Tact. Crse.	Aphrodite
R. J. TRUDGETT	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ark Royal	EASTLANT.
M. E. ST. Q. WALL	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.A.C.	Staff Course
H. W. WATSON, R.A.N. ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Capt. M/C Home	R.A.N.
W. R. WELLS, D.S.C. ...	Commander	B.J.C.E.B.	Signal Division
R. M. WHITE	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Rooke
F. C. WIGG	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ganges	Ark Royal

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D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E.
C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER

To Commander

W. T. T. PAKENHAM

Provisional Selection to Commander

W. H. H. MACKILLIGIN
R. D. FRANKLIN

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

R. J. GARRAND	(1.10.60)	A. T. MESSENGER	(22.1.61)
R. W. F. ROGERS	(30.11.60)	D. F. RIDGLEY	(27.1.61)
J. O. M. CARTER	(19.12.60)	J. C. HAMMETT	(28.1.61)
C. H. WALKLETT	(2.1.61)	H. J. ENTICKNAPP	(30.1.61)

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

R. DIXON	(1.10.60)	J. R. WATSON	(18.1.61)
F. W. MORRIS	(1.11.60)	H. R. STRANKS	(30.1.61)
P. W. KITCHEN	(1.12.60)	R. G. WYLLIE	(1.2.61)

NEW YEAR HONOURS

K.C.B. Vice-Admiral L. G. DURLACHER, O.B.E., D.S.C.
M.B.E. Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) G. B. CLAXTON
Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) R. W. WALTON, B.E.M.
Lt.-Cdr. E. L. KELLAND, R.N.R.
B.E.M. C.R.S. R. K. JONES
C.R.S. L. TOWNSEND
Royal Victorian Medal (Silver)
C.R.S. A. F. BARNDEN

RETIREMENTS

R. S. I. HAWKINS	Lt.-Cdr.
W. J. HEATH	Lt. (SD) (C)
J. LAWN	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)

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A. H. LORIMER	M. G. M. W. ELLIS
D. GUNN	B. H. TODD
J. P. G. BRYANS	B. E. LEMONDE
A. N. A. MACDONALD	M. F. P. ARCEDECKNE-BUTLER
D. WHITEHEAD	M. E. H. EARLAM, R.A.N.
P. J. V. TUKE	W. E. ROTHWELL, R.A.N.



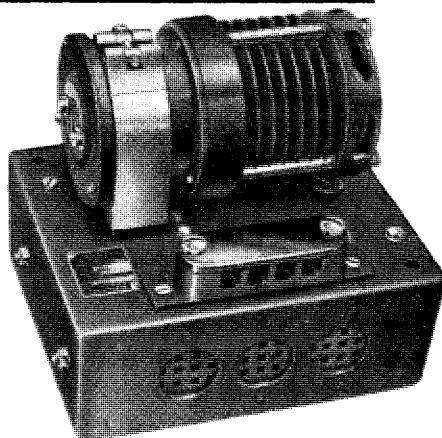
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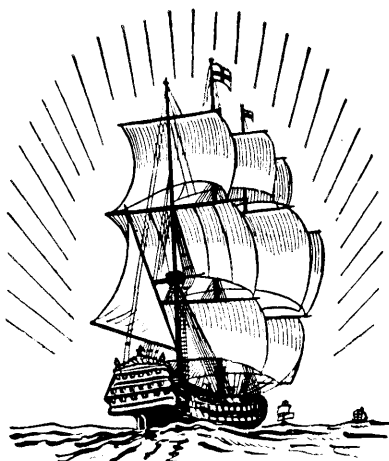
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