

THE COMMUNICATOR



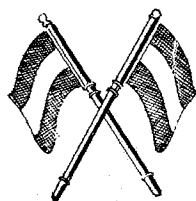
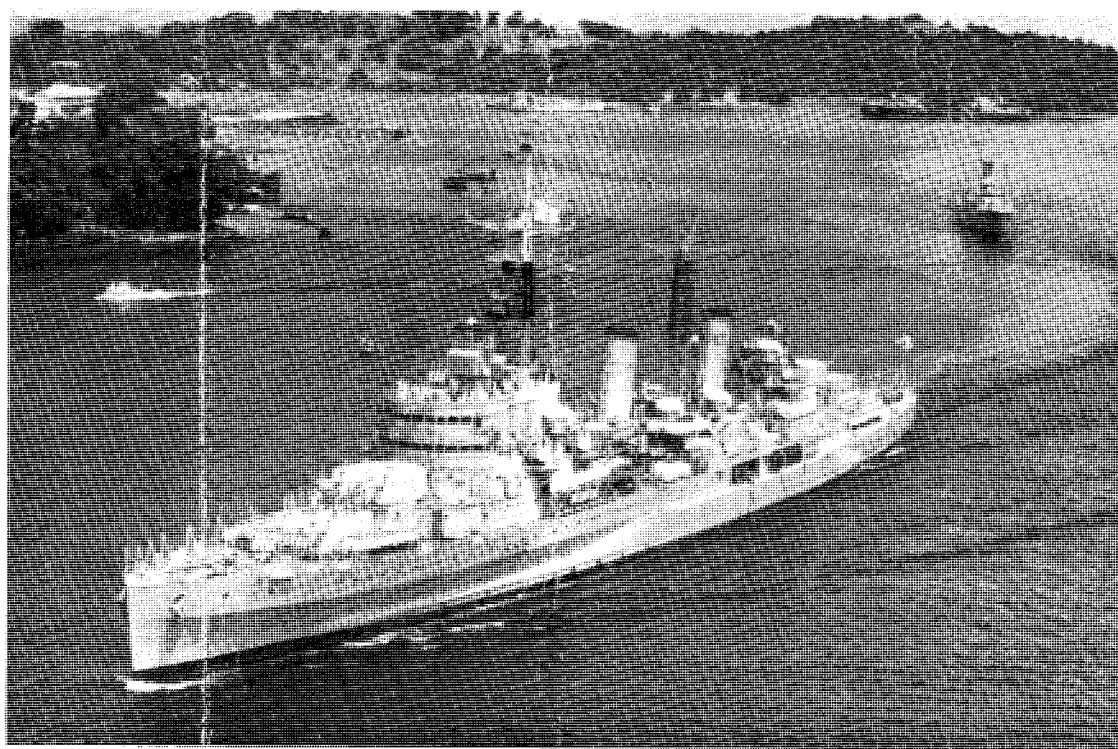
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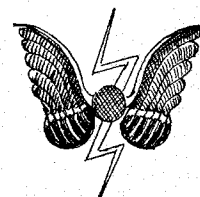


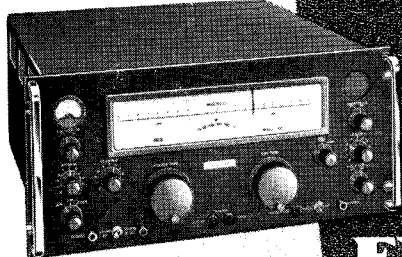
EASTER

1962



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

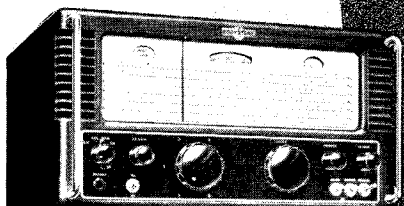




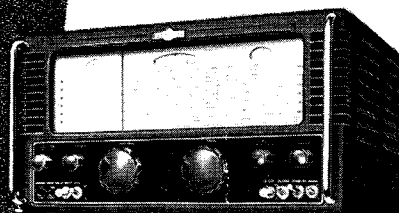
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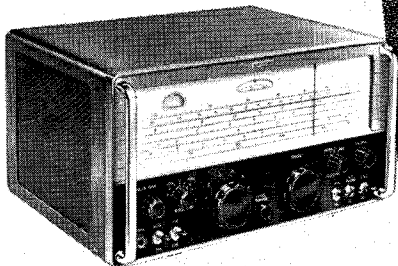
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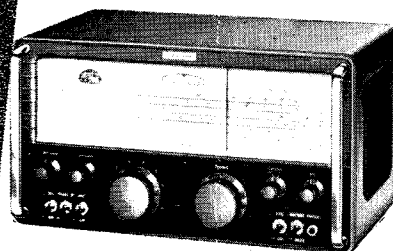
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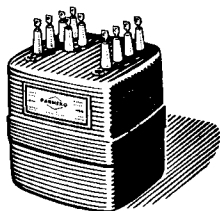
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THE COMMUNICATOR

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

EASTER 1962

VOL. 16. No. 1

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<i>Editor:</i>	Lieutenant-Commander L. R. D. MACKINTOSH, R.N.
<i>Art Editor:</i>	Sub-Lieutenant N. G. KEMP, R.N.
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Sub-Lieutenant A. H. PORTER, R.N.
<i>Editorial Staff:</i>	Instructor Lieut.-Commander H. S. O'NEILL, B.SC., R.N., Lieutenant A. V. SALTER, R.N.
<i>Secretary:</i>	Third Officer R. P. HANCOCKS, W.R.N.S.
<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 sender only if asked for, and responsibility for them cannot be accepted by the Editor. **CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SUMMER 1962 EDITION MUST BE IN THE EDITOR'S HANDS BY 16th JUNE. BULK ORDERS BY 16th JULY.**

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EDITORIAL

This is your magazine, and it is right that you should know something about its mechanics, and its needs. First, it is run on a commercial basis without any official subsidy (except for the services of the contributors and, sadly, editorial staff which are given free!) The income is about 60% selling price and 40% advertising revenue. We should always be grateful to our advertisers for their support and any introduction to potential advertisers which readers can give is most welcome.

Circulation went down to 2,100 last Easter, rose to 2,500 in the summer, 2,900 at Christmas and should top 3,000 with this edition. This enabled an increase of eight pages at Christmas, so let us keep sales rising.

There has been a heartening increase in the quantity and quality of contributions. For writers, a useful guide to length is that 40 typed lines on foolscap equal a printed column, i.e., half a page. Accounts of ships' activities which are the backbone of the magazine, frequently come under fire of both editorial staff and readers. Repeated references to "Tiger Tops", San Mig, "rabbits" at Gib, and too much detail of minor sporting activities can be boring. It is usually more rewarding to write up one incident, such as "Doctor Crippen Again" (page 45) or events like *Leopard* at Tristan da Cunha or *Troubridge* at stricken Belize rather than try to catalogue a commission. However, there are no formulas for success or failure and it entirely depends how the writer does it. Seemingly everyday events can be scintillating if interestingly set down. Always mention personalities. Many people will be glad to read of their doings.

Articles are particularly welcome well before the deadline. Production is a considerable effort when a mass of material comes in on the deadline and results in editorial indigestion. Ships articles, of course, tend to come in to deadline because of topicality. However, general articles could well come in before.

In this issue we print a particularly long article. Many people have asked for information on drafting and I think it is well worth the space to have a really full account. I hope you will agree. We try now to put in some articles of Service information each issue. To get what interests you, make use of the C.Q. feature. Any "drips" about our magazine, but preferably suggestions, are always most welcome, so let us know.

C.S.S. LETTER

It gives me great pleasure to greet the readers of THE COMMUNICATOR in this the first issue since I assumed command at Leydene. I am particularly glad to be back with the Branch after a virtual absence of seven years. As with much of the rest

of the Navy there are, I find, many interesting developments afoot and I had hoped that I could perhaps enliven this message with some reference to one or more of them. However, as is so often the case, the necessary decisions are still outstanding and I have no worthwhile pronouncement to make.

For the benefit of those who have not visited Leydene recently, I would report that the appearance and amenities of the establishment show an immense improvement since last I served here. It is true that we still have an ugly rash of Nissen huts, but with the completion in April of Phase I of the Instructional Block—which is going up immediately to the west of the garage—there will be a sharp drop in the amount of instruction that goes on in those deplorable buildings. This year we shall, I hope, be able to demolish the Nissen huts opposite No. 1 mast, beyond Siberia and perhaps some of those beyond the Officer of the Watch's position that are opposite the garage. There seems also a hope that this year will see the construction of a large swimming pool in the area between the Mountbatten Block and the Broadwalk.

D. E. BROMLEY-MARTIN.

COMMUNICATORS' QUERIES (C.Q.)

If you have a question you would like to be answered, send it, marked "C.Q." to the Editor. Here is this edition's selection:

What will the Service do to find me employment when my engagement ends?

It depends almost entirely on you. Job finding, job getting and job keeping need initiative, skill and integrity, which are not qualities associated with assistance. A wise man begins to prepare for the future about two years before his time expires, by taking H.E.T. Maths. and English to G.C.E. "O" Level. He then has a free ticket of admission to much of Industry, issued by Cambridge University and looked after by both local dog watch instruction and S.I.O. (C.C.) of R.N.B. Portsmouth, whose H.E.T. correspondence courses are free. Within six months of target date (not later from ships and overseas—see A.F.O. 849/61) Form E.D. 828 should be on its way—usually for the Port Resettlement Officer, R.N.B. Portsmouth, for Communicators. P.R.I.O. will arrange for a half-hour interview with a Resettlement Board in the last three months of service. His time-table is always booked up four weeks in advance, and late arrivals may be unlucky. The result of the interview is sent to your local Ministry of Labour Office, and also to the Regular Forces Employment Association. Men who have completed twelve or more years' service may have an E.V.T. course. Many find that about twelve to sixteen weeks before release, negotiations can be opened with a private firm of their own finding, and use the E.V.T. period to get a foothold in the

business. There is a mass of information in A.F.O.s, Services Resettlement Bulletins and local Port Orders. Once you are in U.K. it is wise to contact your local Ministry of Labour Office and Regular Employment Association Jobfinder, especially if you are going to take F.S.L. before your last few weeks in the Service. You will soon find assistance is like a springboard; you do not get on so well without it, but the action depends on yourself.

How is the Selection for Sub. Lieutenant (SD) (C) Course Made?

Contrary to popular belief, the selection of candidates for the Sub. Lieut. (SD) (C) course is not done by arbitrarily allocating so many places to the Radio and so many to the Tactical branches.

What happens is that all ratings who are fully qualified (Q.R. & A.I., articles 0156 (1) and (3)) are considered by a Selection Board, actually convened by The Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*. This Board places all fully qualified candidates in order of merit, taking into account their professional and educational qualifications, S198 reports, age, length of service and the length of time since qualifying. All qualified candidates are considered on every occasion until they are promoted or cease to be eligible.

According to the number of vacancies available candidates are nominated from the top of the order of merit to undergo the pre-qualifying course (Q.R. & A.I. 0536). Candidates are not put on course unless they are medically fit for promotion and will be within the prescribed age limits for the promotion date.

For those with an enquiring mind, the order of merit mentioned above cannot be determined from the A.F.O. which lists the selected candidates. This A.F.O. is printed in alphabetical order.

SELECTION FOR RCI/TCI COURSE

Since the article in the Christmas COMMUNICATOR was written there have been minor changes in merit points allowed. It has been decided that it is unfair to give merit points for "Time to Serve" and so these have been scrubbed, and minor re-allocation made to absorb the 10 points that could previously have been earned under this heading.

EASTER COMPETITIONS PRIZE WINNERS

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

RS R. C. COWLEY—H.M.S. Troubridge—page 38.

LRO GAMBLE—"Exped. in N.Z."—page 51.

LRO P. SMITH—"I was There"—page 17.

RO2 G. BURKE—H.M.S. Leopard—page 25.

Editorial Note.—No photographic or cartoon prizes awarded but two extra prizes awarded in the feature section. See page 27 for Summer competitions.

DRAFTING

To the best of our knowledge nothing has ever been written in the COMMUNICATOR about Drafting and all its ramifications, and for the benefit of those who have never attended the lecture on Drafting given on conclusion of advancement courses in *Mercury*, we think it might be a subject of some interest, particularly as it touches every Communicator in the Service.

Prior to 1853 men signed for a commission only and the business of their recruitment, pay and victualling was the responsibility of the individual Commanding Officer. In 1853 a ten-year continuous service engagement was introduced with time between commissions spent in hulks in the Home Ports. The Port Division system, whereby each Port Division was self-contained in so far as drafting and advancement were concerned, was introduced in 1893. This system entailed the division of men into separate watertight compartments both for drafting and for advancement. It follows that the conditions of service varied between the Divisions and that there were many anomalies. Ships and Stations were manned individually by Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham Divisions and the types of service open to a rating and his opportunities for advancement were dictated by the particular Division to which he belonged. The roster, and an element of equal shares for all was not introduced until 1903. Finally, in 1957, the Home Port system was abolished and the drafting and advancement of all General Service ratings was placed under the control of the Commodore Naval Drafting, whose headquarters is at Lythe Hill House, Haslemere, in Surrey.

Ratings of the Fleet Air Arm are drafted by the Flag Officer Air (Home), those of the Submarine Service by Flag Officer Submarines and W.R.N.S. ratings by the Superintendent W.R.N.S. Training and Drafting. The drafting of a General Service rating into the Submarine Service is of course the responsibility of Commodore Naval Drafting.

Commodore Naval Drafting has a Chief Staff Officer who acts as co-ordinator, and four specialist Drafting Commanders and one Lieutenant-Commander (C) who are responsible for the drafting of ratings in their own main sections as follows:—

Section 1—Seamen.

Section 2—Engineering.

Section 3—Electrical.

Section 4—Supply and Secretariat.

Section 5—Communications and Sick Berth.

Each section has its own problems as may be imagined, but they all work to the rules laid down in B.R. 14, The Drafting Regulations, amplified by a set of Drafting Policy Decisions made by the Commodore.

The introduction of the present system of drafting removed the anomalies inherent in the Port Divisions; it provided a considerable economy in

manpower and ensured equality in conditions of service and advancement within individual Branches of the Service. Nowadays it is possible to give a rating up to four months' notice of foreign draft and six to nine weeks' notice of a home-based draft. The crash draft and pierhead jump are rare and are only resorted to when some emergency makes them unavoidable. A system of preference drafting has been introduced whereby a man may state his first, second and third choice of area in which he would like to serve in the United Kingdom, and opportunities are given to volunteer for a draft to a specific ship, establishment, Station or type of service at Home or Overseas.

This preference system is of course, the whole basis of modern drafting, particularly for drafts to Port Service and Home Sea Service. Whenever possible, ratings are drafted to their preference areas—if a billet exists for them in that area at the particular time they are available for draft. A number of Communicators often complain that they have never had a draft to their preference areas—this may well be so, because in some of the areas nominated on a Drafting Preference Card, there are no billets for Communication ratings.

Bear in mind too, that there is no such thing as a home depot. Men are entitled to nominate Portsmouth or Devonport as their Welfare Authority but, since ships are no longer based or commissioned on a basis of home depot, this has no drafting significance. It is the preference area which is taken into account.

Everyone probably knows by now the different types of Service Commissions there are, i.e., Foreign Service, Local Foreign Service, General Service, Home Sea Service and Port Service. The aim of the Drafting Officer is to spread these types of service evenly amongst all ratings of the branch, trying to alternate jobs on the basis: sea-going shore, sea-going, shore, etc. An example of an ideal drafting cycle to cover a period of 10–12 years' service is:—

General Service Commission (Sea-going U.K./Foreign);
Port Service (Shore U.K.);
Home Sea Service (Sea-going U.K.);
Local Foreign Service (Shore Foreign Accompanied/Unaccompanied);
Home Sea Service (Sea-going U.K.);
Port Service (Shore U.K.);
Foreign Service (Sea-going Foreign);
Port Service (Shore U.K.);
General Service Commission (Sea-going U.K./Foreign), et seq.

Needless to say, there are many, many reasons why we cannot strictly maintain service on the above lines, but we do try to follow the sequence as much as possible.

The first consideration is to fill the billets required overseas, i.e., G.S.C., F.S. and L.F.S.—those billets required at home, i.e. P.S. and H.S.S. are then completed by the balance of manpower. Now, to

get men into these overseas billets in their correct order, all ratings serving in the U.K. go on the Overseas Service Roster according to their particular rate, each with a specific Roster Date. This date doesn't mean anything to the individual, it is merely a convenient and a fair way of compiling the roster. When a man becomes top of the roster, he is due to go overseas and the only thing that will stop him going will be a very strong welfare recommendation, sickness, being on an advancement course at the time, or expiration of his time on such a date as would make it uneconomical to send him overseas.

Every month, a "Drafting Bill" is compiled consisting of all the billets that have to be filled overseas four months hence. The cards of all the ratings who are at the top of their respective rosters are then taken out, their previous service studied to see what sort of service they *should* have to conform to the cycle mentioned above, taking into account any special factors there may be for the billet to be filled and, finally, make the draft.

It often happens of course, that in any given month, there are no L.F.S. billets available but there may well be a number of G.S.C. or F.S. ship billets to be filled. It is in such a case that a rating may well get two G.S.C.'s or two F.S.C.'s running instead of the L.F.S. which he wants. It cannot be helped because the rules are inflexible that whenever a man comes to the top of the roster he must go on draft—he cannot be passed over until the following month to await a L.F.S. billet.

The same situation could well arise of course that in any given month, there are no ship billets to be filled, those available all being L.F.S. but this happens only very rarely as there are far fewer L.F.S. billets anyway.



"You and your let's volunteer for Whitehall..."

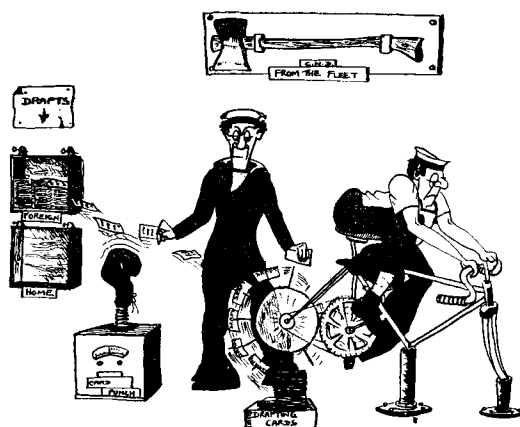
As will be seen by these examples, a rating can count himself lucky—or unlucky if he prefers to be at sea—if he achieves one L.F.S. billet in 10–12 years service. There are always numerous volunteers for L.F.S. billets, but they must always be taken in strict roster order—bearing in mind also, that not only married ratings like to serve ashore abroad; so do unmarried ones. In any case, we draft the rating and not the wife.

Having completed his time in the overseas billet, i.e., 18 months or two years G.S.C. (depending on the type of ship), 18 months F.S., or 18 months unaccompanied and between 24–30 months accompanied Local Foreign Service, the rating returns to the U.K. for his leave and becomes available for draft to either Port Service or Home Sea Service. It is at this stage that he is given his new Roster date to enable him to go on the Overseas Roster again. The date is decided as follows:—

The date he actually arrives back in the U.K. is post-dated by one month for every month spent overseas up to a maximum of 18 months plus, in the case of a G.S.C., half a month for every month spent on the Home Station. If, on return to the U.K., a rating is drafted to Home Sea Service, the Home Exercise Pool, as an Instructor for New Entries or for service in Germany or France, he will also get a further roster adjustment of half a month for every month spent in that service. For this reason, Home Sea Service for Communicators is normally limited to a total of 12 months because otherwise, if a man stayed in H.S.S. indefinitely, he would go on getting roster adjustments and thereby worsen the drafting cycle of men in Port Service. It is for this reason that when a man is permitted to extend his time in a H.S.S. billet at his own request, time after 12 months is counted as Port Service; moreover, we need these sea-going billets to enable other ratings to get their sea-time.

The length of time spent in the U.K. based service between overseas jobs is termed the "Drafting Cycle" and this time varies considerably, according to rate. Not only does the drafting cycle vary with a man's rate, it varies between branches. It follows that since home and overseas commitments and sea and shore billets vary considerably between branches there must also be wide variations in their individual drafting cycles. The drafting cycle is directly related to the number of men available in the Branch and the number and whereabouts of the complement billets which they are required to fill. In other words, for a given number of men, the more foreign jobs and the fewer home jobs the shorter must be the drafting cycle. Although there is certain minor remedial action which C.N.D. can take within the drafting rules it is obvious that the drafting cycle is governed by the overall operational requirements of the Navy which dictate the disposition of men overseas and which, in turn, is dictated by the Admiralty.

And this means, in case you haven't yet got the



The drafting cycle

message, that your drafting cycle is dictated by the size of the Navy and its task. At the moment, the average drafting cycles for Communicators are:—

CRS ...	22 months	RS ...	19 months
LRO ...	20 months	RO ...	11–12 months
CCY ...	16 months	CY ...	20 months
LTO ...	19 months	TO ...	12 months
CRS (S) ...	2½–3 years	RS (S) ...	24 months
LRO (S) ...	17 months	RO (S) ...	11 months

These are average figures based on Port Service and Home Sea Service, and it is obvious that they will vary from month to month, according to the Commissioning Cycle and the size of the overseas commitment. A rating who served only in Port Service would "turn round" more quickly than one who did a spell in H.S.S.

There was a very large recruitment of men in 1939 and 1940 and these men, now Petty Officers and Chief Petty Officers have reached, or are reaching the end of their pensionable engagements. This large run-out of senior ratings has caused a worsening of drafting cycles, which will continue until the run-out tails off at the end of 1962. A short while ago, the drafting cycle of RO's and TO's was down to only six months, but this has been improved lately utilising JRO's and JTO's in certain overseas billets, thus enabling the RO2's and TO2's to stay at home a little longer.

A great deal could be written about drafting but this article must be limited by considerations of space. To conclude, a few points of interest:—

Service Documents. There are only three occasions when a man's Service Documents are sent to Commodore Naval Drafting for scrutiny, namely, if he has left the Service and wishes to re-enter, if he volunteers for service in the Royal Yacht or if he wishes to re-engage for a fifth five. Drafting is therefore done without reference to these documents and on the basis of rate and liability for a particular type of service.

Exchange of Drafts. These can only be considered if they are between exactly the same rates who have

done a similar amount of time on exactly the same types of service. They must be suitable to each Commanding Officer after exchange of Service Certificates and, in any case, Commodore Naval Drafting has the last word.

Volunteers are always welcome although there can be no guarantee that because you volunteer you will get what you ask for. Volunteers are taken in their order on the roster and are not normally detailed out of turn or a draft delayed to wait for a specific ship to be commissioned. An exception to this rule is that in the event of a fall-over through sickness or welfare, and where time does not permit reasonable notice of draft, a volunteer is often given the opportunity to take the billet at the reduced notice.

It must be appreciated that it is not always possible to take volunteers, otherwise some men would always stay in the U.K. and others always be overseas because they enjoy the "fleshpots" of the East. The Drafting Officer has to strike a happy medium on this.

Volunteers for Parachute training and for Submarines are taken to fill vacancies as they occur and when a volunteer becomes available.

Volunteers to re-commission ships on F.S.C. must sign an agreement to complete the whole commission (if accepted).

Volunteers to exceed 2½ years L.F.S. are not accepted except in extreme compassionate circumstances; to relax this rule would penalise the many volunteers for the very restricted number of billets. The normal period of L.F.S. now is between 24-30 months, averaging about 27 months, depending on the drafting situation at the time.

Welfare. The number of welfare cases compared to the number of men in our branch is small. Genuine welfare cases receive sympathetic consideration but it must be remembered that when a man receives special consideration or a special draft it is usually at the expense of others. Should you suffer disturbance as a result of the special treatment accorded to welfare cases be assured that married or single you will receive similar consideration should your circumstances warrant it in the future.

The Commodore Naval Drafting is not a welfare authority. He has a Family Welfare Liaison Officer whose duty it is to liaise between the Commodore and the Welfare Authorities. Any special drafting action is taken only after an investigation has been carried out by one of the Welfare Authorities and after a specific recommendation has been made.

Finally, since the mechanics of drafting are not seen by its victims, it is inevitable that many misconceptions must still persist. There are doubtless many who believe that men are selected for draft by some electronic brain like the winners of the Premium Bonds, and others that if they volunteer for Scotland we deliberately send them to Wales. There will be

others who think that we might be influenced by Commanding Officers, Signal Officers or angry wives.

So tune in now and get this loud and clear. Every single draft is decided by a drafting officer, and only after careful scrutiny of the man's record of service; the needs of the Service and the job are weighed against what the man has asked for and what, in fairness to the rest of the Branch, he ought to get.

If you don't get what you asked for it could be that another man is more deserving than you, or that a billet in that ship or area doesn't exist or, if it does, that it is already occupied. Meantime, although much courted but little loved, we keep trying.

BOOK REVIEWS

"**RADIO AND ELECTRONIC LABORATORY HANDBOOK**" by M. G. SCROGGIE B.Sc., M.I.E.E., Seventh Edition, 1961. Published by Iliffe Books Ltd. Price 55 -.

If I say that this is a typical Scroggie production then you will know that, by this very fact, it is well written, well illustrated and thoroughly up-to-date.

Unfortunately the modern training syllabuses for Radio Operators in the Royal Navy do not call for true Laboratory work but only Demonstration but, even so, this is an excellent Handbook for the Demonstrator to have ready to hand. In particular do I commend the collated comprehensive Reference Section, which contains those odd points for which one normally searches in miscellaneous text-books.

It is ideal for anyone who enjoys experimental work in a well-equipped Laboratory, and would whet the appetite for more sophisticated gear for those with access to very limited facilities.

"**INTRODUCTION TO LAPLACE TRANSFORMS**" by W. D. DAY, GRAD.I.E.E., A.M.BRIT. I.R.E. Published by Iliffe Books Ltd. Price 32/6.

This clearly written text book is designed to give a working knowledge of the Laplace Transform, rather than a series of rigid mathematical proofs. The first half of the book is an excellent bridge between a G.C.E. 'A' level of pure mathematics and this particular field. The second half is much more compressed, and this has led to a less unified construction of the text, which ranges over a considerable field. Green's theorem might have been included, particularly as potential problems now extend to heat sinks.

A further work, in the same lucid style, on the application of the principles discussed to specific cases (for example, the application of Bessel functions to filter problems as an alternative to the methods of Starr and Van Der Pol) would be most welcome. There is a short, but useful, bibliography.

FACT AND FICTION



Comms Messdeck H.M.S. Victorious



Messdeck H.M.S. Dependable

(Charlie Drake in "Petticoat Pirates")

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C-in-C H.F. & CINCEASTLANT

First, our accommodation news. In the not too distant future (a good non-committal phrase that) our own accommodation block will arise on a nearby plot. Meanwhile our tents are pitched with the R.A.F. at Stanmore.

Comings and going have been regular with no one guilty of overstaying his welcome. Average stretch is twelve months. It is noted that the Police Force has been a favourite choice of the men who have completed their first engagement. None of our "coppers" have been Dock Green types, they are all Z Car men.

In the field of sport the R.N. Unit soccer team continues to give a good account. Played 16, won 11, drawn 1 and lost 4 with 122 goals for and 33 against is the achievement.

Before our autumn exercise "Heave", we hope to improve our message handling by a re-arrangement of existing space. We are fortunate that a decision to remove a wall or make an access to another room does not mean bashing the brickwork and suffering choking dust. The walls are made up of panels that can be easily removed, something like Meccano. In case some tarry sailors are grimacing at the use of the word wall instead of bulkhead let me remind you that living with the R.A.F., we are under constant pressure to "come ashore". In any case we must have ceilings and walls to get the job done by the Works Department.

Talking shop, the Admiralty Tape Checking Team have certainly caused an improvement in tape cutting. We have at last joined the illustrious company in the "ton" award table. We are pleased about this as our tapists are not specialists, all have a turn including the "erk" and the man from the inshore minesweeper. Just to remind you—the tape you make cuts our ormig master. Your handiwork is what the Commander in Chief reads. Although we are all very good at the beginning and the end of the message, there is still a lot of improvement needed in accuracy and layout of the text.

To end here is one for the "hide your head in shame file". The TO who looked in the call sign book for HQBC.

H.M.S. ADAMANT

At the moment the Matron of the Third Submarine Squadron is undergoing a short refit prior to being relieved by *Maidstone*, but the Headmaster still wields the cane over the Third Form from Faslane.

We hope that *Maidstone* will have more up-to-date equipment than our antiquated gear; spares for Type 57's are in rather short supply. Also, although we have four ten-inch SP's you can only use two at any one time. We are rather fortunate that our berth at Faslane is adjacent to a ship-breaker's yard, where certain persons in the department have rabbited sufficient items to enable a Comcen to be

built within the Faslane compound, without a permanent loan list.

We have recently been work-studied regarding message handling, which has resulted in speedier traffic handling. If any reader is interested in this report it may be seen in "X" Section, *Mercury*. Very briefly, what they have done is to reduce the processing and handling of traffic by the use of ormig teleprinter rolls Banda Type "C" pattern number 163304, thereby avoiding the re-typing of messages, i.e., incoming traffic on DTN, TTR, telephone or c.w. is distributed as received, using as a layout the standard T.P. format. This may cause raised eyebrows in "O" Section, but it really does work. For example, half-yearly promotions are ready for distribution within twenty minutes of reception. With outgoing traffic the transmission copy is used in the same way. A line is ruled across under line four and thirteen, so that addressees only have to be read between the lines, which leaves the eight line feeds portion for references and distribution.

This system occasionally falls over when operators cannot read steam morse and telephone operators cannot spell. This means of course re-typing, with its consequent delay in traffic handling.

Finally a word of warning to communications personnel who may be deported to *Adamant*. Your right arm rates mean that some of you are qualified to read steam morse (c.w.) and the others flashing and semaphore; other skills are common. For example, an LRO can be Leading Hand of the Watch distributing signals, cross referencing logs, likewise TO's operating a RATT broadcast. So pay particular attention to what you may regard as opposite subject! It will stop you looking like a goldfish when you arrive.

Note by "X" Section, *Mercury*

The *Adamant* Work Study Report was produced in consultation with "X" Section, as are the large majority of Communications Work Study Reports. The introduction "navywide" of the improvements described in these documents is regrettably and unavoidably a slow process, but senior ratings passing through *Mercury* are most welcome to visit "X" Section for a brief on latest developments.

WHITEHALL WIRELESS

The Shore Wireless boys are finally leaving us. There is no doubt about it, their vast experience and wealth of knowledge on every aspect of running the station will be sadly missed. We must very reluctantly say farewell to Lt.-Cdr. Dolbear (S.W.S.), CRS "Tom" King (S.W.S.), CRS "Ted" Mansfield and RS "Topsy" Turner. The station practically grew around these few, and the value of their experience to future new arrivals will, I fear, never be fully appreciated. They represent the last of the Shore Wireless Service. We have thoroughly enjoyed working with them and wish them everything

of the best and a very happy retirement. The two CRS's are not exactly retiring. Tom King is now with the Frequency Division of the Joint Communications Electronic Staff and Ted Mansfield has moved along to the War Registry as a Temporary Clerical Assistant. It is truly the end of an era at Whitehall W/T. We "new boys" have much to learn and no doubt we shall have our teething troubles (who does not?), but with Lt.-Cdr. Whiffin at the helm and Lt. Morris in the Staff Officer's chair, we feel we are really ready to "go it alone". We trust you will bear with us for a while whilst we settle in.

It seems to be the season for bringing eras to an end in this part of the Communicators' world, as a start has been made on the provision of proper Service accommodation for ratings employed in Whitehall. A number of ratings are now resident at R.A.F. Stanmore and finding it very comfortable. The particular problems of watchkeepers are understood, and catered for, by the powers that be in Stanmore, and the general consensus of opinion seems to be that it was a good move. Future plans in this connection, whilst not yet completed, indicate that eventually all ratings will be accommodated in one barracks, instead of the present "split" set-up, i.e., Furse House, Kensington, and Stanmore. Ratings with homes in the London area continue to live out at present, with usual allowances.



In the world of sport, we are quite proud of the football team who are doing very well in their mid-week league. RS "Taft" Penhale does all the hard work and worrying connected with the running of the team, having taken over from RS Jim Sutcliffe who has now left for foreign climes.

BURNHAM BREEZES

by RS R. Harries

A bumper Christmas in telegrams increased traffic to ten times the normal monthly average. In addition, the Queen's visit to West Africa and the Prime Minister's visit to Bermuda kept us all on our toes, and more recently the British Guiana

incident provided several additional headaches for the RSOW and the search point operators.

One of the first signs of the approaching summer is that the Fish and Chip Shop in the High Street has now re-opened and that the holidaymakers have already started to trickle in. In a few weeks Burnham will be teeming with visitors from the Midlands and the North, occupying caravans, tent parks, and boarding houses. Life in this town will undoubtedly be a little gayer for "Jolly Jack".

Many of the staff are beginning to seek an off watch pastime of financial reward. One member has considered Donkey Rides on the sands. Another job which has been applied for is that of Special Constable, and on seeking approval from the Commander-in-Chief and the Admiralty, this appears to have caused some puckering of brows. Other jobs being sought are waiter, barman, beach life guard, deck chair attendant and soft drink vendor.

Burnham W/T can be seen quite clearly from any passing train on the main Bristol-Plymouth line. From the distance the Radio Station seems to be a relatively small building erected in the middle of a field, on the outskirts of Burnham-on-Sea, and the passer-by would hardly guess it is responsible for a huge portion of the world's shipping business, providing that all-important link with ships of all nationalities, their owners and business associates—the giants of industry and commerce.

Whilst waiting in a local shop last week to be served with my pork sausages and frozen peas, a middle-aged lady remarked to a friend, "Yes, I've just moved into a house opposite the Wireless Station. It is lovely to see all those smart young sailors going to and fro. How I wish I were 20 years younger. My daughter thinks they are smashing, so much nicer than the teddy boys she usually knocks around with. I hear the sailors are morse coders or something, and they help to work the radio sets as well as doing their own sailors' jobs". Since I was incongnito I didn't make any comment but it made me realise how misinformed the great British public can be.

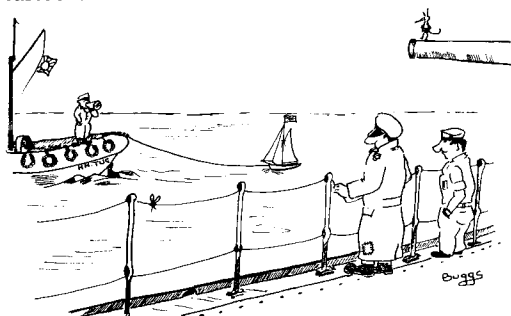
Recently one of our new operators operating on his own for the first time received a telegram from a merchant ship, not getting the ship's name, made "QRA IMI" and the ship replied: "OKOMERE-AGENSALISBURY". After some time and despite several attempts at pronunciation, the inexperienced operator realised the ship meant: "OK OM ERE AGEN—SALISBURY". I should hasten to add that this was in fact a merchant ship. Another incident occurred when a Russian ship, after clearing a couple of messages, ended with "Ban the bomb IMI".

By the way, if you hear "R TKS OM" you can be certain it is Mr. Civilian who has received your message, but the naval staff do try to work RN ships whenever possible and it is our wish to provide a swift and efficient service at all times.

H.M.S. BERMUDA

I know the deadline is still some three weeks away, but we arrive in Bermuda on Friday, and will not be leaving until a day or two before the deadline. I have a feeling that if fingers are not put to thumping typewriter soon, the article is not going to get done at all.

To shake the Christmas cobwebs out of the system and to get rid of the gremlins, we had a week's weapon training in the Portland area after Christmas leave. This week was due to culminate in the attack on, and the sinking of, a lighter. H.M. Tug *Warden* struggled valiantly to get the "Thing" (named Leo) to the correct place by the correct time. When almost within striking distance and having made it through some very adverse weather, Mother Nature took a hand. The storm ceased, the sea grew flat and calm, the sun shone and Leo, with a little gurgle of delight, and a possible grunt of satisfaction (we think), gently sank beneath the waves of its own free will and accord, perhaps it knew the Weapons Boys couldn't hit it anyway. This episode prompted the ship's cartoonist "Buggs", a Mechanical Engineer by profession, to produce the following cartoon.



"Skipper says, sorry the proper target sank, will this one do?"

A busy week in Pompey followed getting ready for 'The Cruise of the Commission'. Ten days at sea cleaning up the grime and dirt one always gets after a spell in dockyard hands and shortly now we are due at Ireland Island (Bermuda) to put the final tiddley touches on.

Exercise "Wintex" is next on the programme and in this we shall be working with the Canadians, then it's back to Hamilton, Bermuda for the official visit. From the look of the programme, it would not appear possible to fit everything into the time available, however, we are all going to try mighty hard.

From Bermuda it's Gibraltar and "Dawn Breeze". The dawn breezes will, no doubt, be very necessary to clear away the mist which invariably hovers around after a few quiet runs to La Linea.

After "Dawn Breeze", back to Pompey for Easter, a very pleasant cruise and a splendid way

to spend the long winter months—in the sunshine—anybody got a better idea? Wouldn't you like to join us? Don't bother to volunteer, you probably will be soon in any event. In the eight months of the commission to date, the entire Senior Rate section of the Tactical Department and 50 per cent of the Senior Rates radiowise have gone to pastures new. Of the Junior Rates, well over 30 per cent have changed, which is a pity.

H.M.S/M. TEREDO

Teredo arrived in Portsmouth on 12th February, 1962, after an absence from the United Kingdom of over three years, to pay off and refit.

Teredo was a Founder-Member of the Tenth Submarine Squadron (later to be known as the Seventh Submarine Division—"The Magnificent Seven") based at Singapore, joining from the Malta Squadron in January, 1960.

During the commission our work with the Far East Fleet and S.E.A.T.O. Forces has taken us to places as far apart as Japan, Cochin (India) and Sydney, and we have completed more engine hours than any other submarine since the war. On arrival in Portsmouth, a grand total of over 75,000 miles had been steamed. The Communications Staff have not been idle during this time, having spent long hours nursing reception on Broadcasts H, FF, BL, V, VA, SA, MM, N, and HS (including some very successful routines at 90 w.p.m. on FF), and they have worked every Commonwealth Ship/Shore station except Vancouver. The signalman, not to be outdone, claims to have spoken to practically every Merchant ship East of Suez.

We sailed from Singapore on 11th December, 1961, calling first at Mauritius, where we spent Christmas. Cyclone "Beryl" rather damped our spirits, but the staff of the W/T Station did their utmost to make up for the deficiencies of the weather by making us at home at Vacoas. Durban was our next port of call, and here we had a terrific welcome and even bigger send off by the local population. Simonstown and Freetown, both short stops of only two days each, followed Durban—and it might be of interest to ex-Ganges 343 Class (1951) that RO2 Les Elvin is now firmly established in civilian life competently holding down the job of Cypher Clerk with the High Commissioner in Freetown. Las Palmas was our last "run ashore" before arrival in U.K., a final rush to purchase "rabbits" and enjoy the sun before meeting some of the coldest weather we have had for a long time.

After some very welcome foreign service leave the staff will be separating: RS Darby is leaving the Submarine Service, LRO Granger remains in the boat for the refit, LRO Holmes will do some time in *Dolphin*, RO2 Massey hopes to have a change of uniform—he plans to become a London Policeman, and TO2 Batten joins H.M.S/M. *Otter* on her first commission.

R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

by LRO Harrison



Since our return from Christmas leave, life has been one continuous battle against the elements. With our inspection by F.O. Air in the offing, we are busy repairing the ravages of the Scottish winter.

The station's main task is to maintain, test, and keep up to scratch aircraft needed to keep the Fleet Air Arm up to its required strength, which involves certain sections shift-working day and night. This is no mean job when one considers the many little "bits" that go to make up a modern aircraft; "bits" mean stores, stores mean signals and signals mean work. We are also called upon to provide aircraft for Radio and Radar Trials of ships and submarines, occasionally for photography of newly built ships; these require Ship/Nas and Submarine Safety Waves, a very welcome addition to the daily routine.

Sporting facilities are very good, and the timely arrival of A/CY Barrie certainly helped out the Station Basketball team. The girls, too, are keen hockey players, the only snag being finding a pitch fit for play. Luckily, Wrens Moore and Marsh, playing indoors, meet with no such problem whilst helping to win games with the Station Netball team.

Social life too is quite good, the Sanderling Club providing most of the amenities that help to make life more enjoyable. The "Voodoos" are now disbanded, but the gap has been filled by a very talented group of young guitar-strummers known as the Kinning Park Ramblers. They are well worth listening to, and there is a strong buzz of a TV.

appearance soon.

I will leave you with this tit-bit overhead at a basketball game:

Jazz fan: "I see Louis Armstrong and his All Stars are playing at Hampden Park on May 10th. I think I'll go."

Basketball fan: "I shouldn't bother if I were you. I saw Harlem Globetrotters play on grass, and they were rubbish."

R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON

This is the first contribution from us for a very long time and considering we celebrated our twenty-first birthday last summer, this statement can hardly be made with pride! A few quick "in the picture" notes for background:—

Situation. Approximately seven miles east of Yeovil, A303 cuts us in half (hardy annual excuse for absent from place of duty: "I couldn't get across the road for traffic, Sir!")

Main Tasks. Pre-carrier training for pupil pilots and observers. Refresher training for disembarked Carrier Squadrons. Snag ironing-outing for new aircraft and airborne equipment.

Staff. Mainly Wrens (about forty) and small male Radio staff—I quickly add in number for the benefit of CRS Godley!—Ship/NAS operating.

The Flag Officer Flying Training flies his Flag at Yeovilton. I will not bother you with a list of the Communication Staff, if you have not heard of your chum for a year or two he/she may be in the heart of Somerset, topped-up on cider with a straw behind the ear, having forgotten about, or been forgotten by, the magic circle at C.N.D.

Air Days come round with alarming regularity; V.I.P.'s visit or avail themselves of our facilities. *Mercury* courses come and go. If you are in the area you will be welcomed, especially if your ship is liable to do any working-up and use our F.R.U. There is nothing like having a look at "the other end" and sort out your frequency/callsigns/Airmove signals problems *before* sailing. Do not forget we cannot send you an aircraft before we are in good two-way communication, which is primarily why we insist on the setting of watch ONE HOUR before commencement of serial. It boils down simply to "NO SHIP/NAS COMMUNICATION, NO AIRCRAFT".

One more general point. Experience here shows that the prosign "SVC" is being used too loosely. A.C.P. 131 supplies almost every requirement for a c.w. net, yet we get countless SVC's asking/giving circuit conditions in plain language when a perfectly simple opsig would do. SVC's are also being used for non-communication type messages, e.g., asking whether aircraft are being sent, etc. In this humble Communicator's mind—all wrong, and I tell 'em so! (By opsig!)

H.M.S. SEA EAGLE

Having "missed the boat" on the Christmas edition, due, of course, to the "exhaustion" of an

GUESS WHO



HATES WREN'S

autumn term which included a NATO Joint Squadron Course, Exercise "Lime Jug Two", and effects of a one and a half-day hurricane which provided all of Derry with an alternative fuel to peat and robbed the courting couples of parking places or "lean-two's" in all the parks—the edict has gone forth from the new master (being an ex-Editor) that MGK must make the mag. (The new master is Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Payne of high ideals—he insists on seeing Ireland from six hands high (or more depending on height of seat from the datum position of four horseshoes).

So putting aside the newly-gained knowledge that S2F's are aeroplanes which fly from carriers other than our own, "How do you read" on Tac. Prim. and other VOX POP circuits is the done thing for "How do you hear"—that something that sounds like "Jar hell ski dee" is Norwegian for "I love you"—last quote from (M)'s—we will put in our bid with a delightful "billet doo" from the predominant factor of MGK, to wit, twelve Wrens, and that is no lark.

Male Sparkers? We have heard them all, from the amorous to the sarcastic.

Which of you, I wonder, to brighten some poor Wren's life, sent dah dit dit dah's of affection, which were gratefully received by the LRO? Or perhaps you might have been the one who gave an excellent imitation of an inebriated Chinese left on board by mistake, to run the office. Then of course, there was the one who had no need to consult ACP 131A, and stunned his control station by sending QTO. We were full of admiration for the Captain of the submarine concerned!

Please do not take this too much to heart, lads. We are only saying it for your own good. Try a

little patience now and then, it works wonders. If you find yourself running out of it, apply to the Wrens at MGK, we have an endless supply. Of course, if patience does not work, try using the other foot.

R.N. ELEMENT—H.Q.A.N.F.C.E.

by LRO B. A. Cotton

I do not think much has been heard of this small branch of *President* since a couple of years ago. So in order to get on the map, I shall endeavour to enlighten you about this outpost, the headquarters of the Allied Naval Forces Central Europe.

There are in the complement six officers, one CCY, one CY, three LTO's, one LRO and one RO2, plus an assortment of one cox'n and several members of the writer branch.

In the next few weeks there will be some changes in the staff: CCY Carter vice CCY Chandler, CY Rust vice CY Whitehead and RO2 Henley without relief.

Most of the staff are married and living locally. The only snag is accommodation. Most is so far from work it means providing your own transport. Duty free cars can be obtained and there is usually a good range of second-hand cars available to those who do not wish for, or cannot afford a new car. There are also the usual duty free cigarettes (600 per fortnight—we are all prospects for the cancer research people) and drink (whisky, gin and rum only available to P.O.s and above) ranging from local wines to vodka and cognac in our S.H.A.P.E. shop.

Our workmates are made up of the American, German and French Navies, though there are also Belgians, Dutch and Canadians in various other jobs around the camp. This camp itself is in the midst of Fontainebleau Forest.

Paris is only an hour and a half away by train or car, and provides various entertainments according to taste, from Rue St. Denis (the nefarious quarter—all same as Straight Street, Malta) to the Lido, where the famed Bluebell Girls perform (entrance fee nil, but you must buy either wine or champagne at 3 mille (45/-) per half bottle).

GUESS WHO



F.O.A.C.

Our last letter was from *Hermes* and mentioned that we were going to the Mediterranean. For once the carrier programme was not changed, and off we went in November riding *Ark Royal* who was just starting her work-up. They soon became fed up with us and off we went again, this time by helicopter to *Centaur* to give her an Operational Readiness Inspection before she left for the Far East. We soon managed to fill her BWO with tapes and smoke bombs everywhere, and they seemed quite keen to see us go too—though they had to put up with us through the Canal. In pitch darkness in Suez Bay we transferred to *Victorious* by sea-boat and helicopter and for once were greeted by happy smiling faces. However, apparently these were not produced by our arrival, but rather by the fact that at last she really was being relieved after a year abroad.

We went back up the Canal that night and this must be some sort of record—two transits in less than 48 hours. One more trip and we would have taken 10% off the Gully-Gully men for not giving away their tricks.

Close Air Support exercises are a Communicator's meat and drink in a carrier these days, and we soon had *Victorious* operating in support of the Commandos and the Parachute Brigade in Libya. Then we actually found ourselves taking Tactical Command during a big Air Defence exercise with the 6th Fleet. We dodged round Sardinia in a gale of mammoth proportions with CRS(S) Blackwell having a field day in the ops. room, as we were E.W. control ship, and the rest of us cursing the Flag Lieutenant's latest gimmick—FSK Simplex. He makes everyone join the net, and even the storm-tossed 6th Fleet flagship was not excused.

Back to Pompey for Christmas, leave and a change of command, Rear Admiral Hopkins taking over from Rear Admiral Smeeton. Now we are back at it out in the Atlantic until April with the odd visit to Brest, Gibraltar and Vigo. Must keep flying you know. Must get those hours in.

Since the new generation of aircraft was introduced into the Fleet, the signal traffic load in our strike carriers has rocketed. It doubles when we arrive onboard, so we have had to take this message handling business seriously. We have quite a few tricks which surprisingly do not seem to be all that well known outside the carrier squadron.

For instance, do you still file all your signals in the old-fashioned bulky mass of different logs, or do you do what we do—put all secrets and below into slim suspended files in drawers—one for each day? Do all your "Out" signals have to be re-typed in the MSO, or do you use the new pre-printed Ormig Master message forms and leave the originators to write or type their own masters? Do you use your Thermofax for Ops Rush Distribution of encrypted In-signals, and do you use home-made N.C.R. (No Carbon Required) machines for

originating Out operational signals? Have you wangled an electric Banda out of X-section, or have you still got the standard hand driven Ormig machine? Do you curse every time you have to retune your transmitter from ship-shore calling frequency to the answering frequency, or have you fitted your main transmitter with the *Victorious* automatic switch?

We too, were just another old fashioned and over-worked signal staff until we tried writing a new letter every week to X-section.

Note by "X" Section, *Mercury*

The carriers have done a great job in originating new message handling ideas and in acting as trials ships for new equipment coming from "X" section. It is sometimes possible for "X" Section to short circuit provisioning procedures in order to get new systems tried out in particular ships as early as possible, and this has happened with some of the ideas referred to above. Then the long provisioning procedure for navy-wide introduction of these new ideas into the Fleet begins. Taking points separately:—

(a) Originators' Hecto Masters. General promulgation of this system is awaiting patternisation of the Forms—almost complete.

(b) Suspension Filing. General introduction of system necessitates big hardware bill in terms of new drawers, etc. and supersession of large supplies of existing files, etc. System being incorporated into new designs, but will not disappear immediately in running ships.

(c) Thermofax and Electric Duplicators. A.F.O. 631/61 reserves present allocation to carriers. It is hoped to extend this.

(d) *Victorious* Automatic Switch. It is believed that an Admiralty decision authorising the modification throughout the Fleet will be given very soon.

Weekly letters from the Fleet about new ideas are very helpful. Letters demanding stores/equipment for systems which have already been tried, but for which provisioning procedure has not yet been completed, tend to gum up the works.

H.M.S. CENTAUR

by LRO Knight

Malta in November saw us frantically preparing for our coming Operational Readiness Inspection (ORI), in which FOAC's staff subjected us to practically every known breakdown and emergency. The SCO's "keep smiling" policy paid off very well but even now the occasional hysterical laugh can be heard coming from the BWO annex.

During our time at Mombasa, numerous friendships were formed. Invitations to spend Christmas ashore with families as far away as Nairobi poured into the ship. Unfortunately none of the communications staff were able to go, owing to our watchkeeping commitments. Trips were laid on to some of the game reserves, and to some of the

wonderful beaches along the coast. It was generally agreed that although Hong Kong would perhaps have been better, Mombasa had a lot to offer in the way of compensation.

We arrived off Aden on New Year's Eve and managed to get a quick run ashore to celebrate. January 19th saw us arriving in Hong Kong. This was what everyone had been waiting for. We sailed from Hong Kong for Singapore with sore heads and many diverse memories of good times. While on our way to Singapore, we received an SOS from the *Stanvac Sumatra*, a Greek owned tanker flying a South American flag, which had broken in two in heavy seas. Although we were over four hundred miles away and the RFA *Tidesurge* was standing by, it was decided to go to her assistance. The heavy seas might have made it impossible to take off survivors by boat, therefore our helicopters would have been invaluable. Only one of the crew could not be found by the time the search had been called off, so we turned about once again to Singapore.

The self maintenance period at Singapore gave several members of our staff the opportunity to take provisional RS, LRO and LTO examinations with a good proportion of passes. Also during our stay, RS Carrington and myself were loaned to the Army for a week to take part in one of the Army's many jungle exercises.

We left Singapore to rendezvous with INS *Vikrant* in order to carry out a pre-"Jet" work-up, on completion of which we proceed to Trincomalee for a fleet concentration, prior to starting "Jet". During the exercise, in which Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, Pakistan, Indian and Royal Naval ships will be taking part, we will be flying the flag of FO2 FES. By all accounts it is going to be a very busy time.



Knit one, purl two, delta three, knit . . .

H.M.S. ARK ROYAL

We expect that other ships in the Carrier Squadron are beginning to think that our G.S.C. will be done in "Guzz". By the time this is in print we hope to

confound everyone by actually being on Station. Since the last edition our travels have been limited to the Dockyard gates and up the line. Leaving Malta early in January we had our final work-up off North Africa, a very short stay in Gibraltar and back to you know where. Our stay has been extended by a rather unfortunate accident on entering harbour.

Opportunity has been taken for exchange visit to the Third Signal Regiment at their H.Q. on Salisbury Plain. The experience was a change and the information gained by the party from *Ark* was helpful in respect of meeting the other end of the line in our support role. In mentioning this we must make reference to the excellent co-operation received from U.S.A.F. Wheelus during our work-up periods in the Mediterranean.

Soon the *Ark* will, for the first time, be East of Suez. We look forward to it in more ways than one. Restricted in the harbours and places to visit in the Med. and the Continent, there will be a chance now to "be alongside" in more interesting ports.

H.M.S. BULWARK

Bulwark's second commission as a Commando Carrier got off to a flying start. Never before in the history of Commissioning Ceremonies has the entire ship's company of an Aircraft Carrier been flown to take up residence. *Bulwark* still had six weeks in the dockyard, during which CRS Allen and CCY McGillivray got things organised, and we went to sea in October spick-and-span, ready for anything. Whilst in *Terror*, the lads worked the smog out of their lungs and put on a Hollywood tan on the playing fields of Singapore. The ship's water polo team consisted almost entirely of Communicators.

The commission really got going with a ship work-up without the Commando—the highlight was a fortnight anchored off the lush tropical isle of Pulau Tioman, off the east coast of Malaya. Painting the whip aerials here was for the strong nerved, as sharks circulated expectantly, waiting for a meal of RO.

In this period we communicated with the Royal Marines of 42 Commando, in the jungles of Malaya, and at the beginning of November, we rendezvoused with them in Singapore and set off to Hong Kong for the ship/commando part of our work-up, and the first two exercises of the commission, "Common Assault I" and "II". By the end of the exercises, we could all speak "bootneck language". (Bt nk lge is vy dft, bt its a grt hlp if u c't spl!)

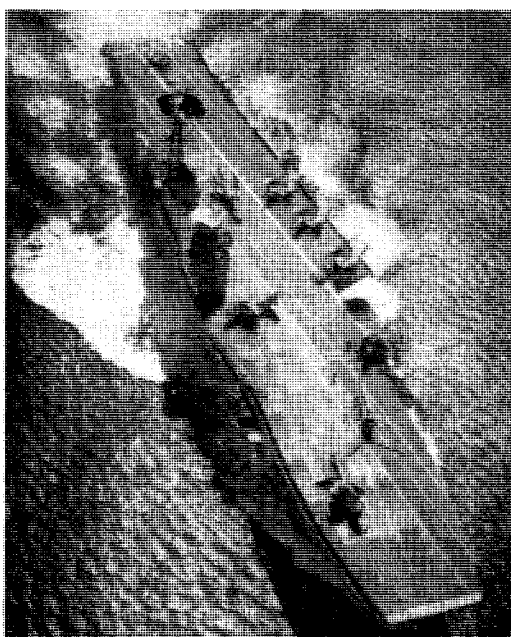
Between exercises we were either alongside, or briefly, at a buoy, in Hong Kong harbour. This magnificently picturesque port with its hundreds of ships and junks has changed enormously in the last few years. New buildings have sprouted on Victoria Peak. Kowloon boasts new skyscrapers built by coolie labour. A superb new City Hall and Dockyard Admin. building are going up on the site of the old

Dockyard. The sense of bustle and achievement can be felt everywhere, even down in Wanchai where the only retrograde step has been an increase in the price of "San Mig".

Christmas never seems the same in a hot climate, and Singapore, where we spent the festive season, had no snow again this year. In times of tension, however small, *Bulwark* in particular has programme troubles. We were relieved when we tied up alongside in the Port of Fremantle for what was a most enjoyable ten-day visit.

We are now exercising in the Aden area and sharpening our Commando knives in preparation for yet another assault against an enemy provided by troops stationed locally.

H.M.S. HERMES



In mythology, Hermes and Mercury are one and the same. Winged messenger, Prince of Thieves, darling of the gods, inventor of the guitar (a mixed blessing this); the name is the same, but any other similarity to her Majesty's Ships who bear these proud names, is purely accidental.

To be thrust from the warm cosseted surrounds of *Mercury*, to the bewildering, ear-shattering bustling (sic) atmosphere of a carrier in dry dock, is an experience from which most of us have still not yet recovered. We commissioned on 30th January, but we have not moved from Portsmouth. We have an extremely full programme ahead of us, including a work-up in the Mediterranean, and those

knowing ones, with experience of working-up a carrier, sum this item up in one word—graft. Back home after this, and then our foreign leg of the GSC in the Far East.

I WAS THERE

by LRO P. Smith

Now that the sports pages of newspapers and periodicals herald the new mile champion, Peter Snell, I think it timely to remind ourselves of another historic mile race.

July 19th, 1957, just after 8.15 p.m. one man achieved a victory against superb athletes and the ever-moving clock, and ran the mile in three minutes fifty-seven and two-tenths seconds. It was the glorious world record breaking triumph of Derek Ibbotson.

Millions of people watched it, either from the terraces of the White City, or through the miracle of television.

One by one, the world's greatest middle-distance runners accepted invitations to compete, and the tension mounted.

Green-vested Ron Delany, the Olympic champion, favourite to win because of his blow-torch finish, in lane one. The Czech, Stanislav Jungwirth, in the next lane, dedicated as all Iron Curtain athletes. Ken Wood is there, spectacled and seemingly alone, the man who strikes from behind. Stefan Lewandowski of Poland, the unpredictable. Ibbotson, grinning as usual, and Mike Blagrove. Blagrove has a significant part to play.

Straight from the gun, Blagrove streaked into the lead at suicidal pace. I found myself on my feet—it was too fast!

The first quarter was run in the terrific time of 55.3s. Blagrove realised this, and slowed down for a half-mile time of 1m. 55.8s.

The rest of the field flashed past him for a third lap of 64.2s. The time for the three-quarters of a mile was three minutes dead. Now we knew the magic four-minute mile was "on". And Landy's world record was in danger.

Jungwirth was leading, cool as ice. Ibbotson was a yard behind, and menacing Delany fifth.

Suddenly the Yorkshireman strode out and drew up to Jungwirth's shoulder. The Czech goes with him and holds him, holds him. But Ibbotson is in front and going away. Faster, faster, faster!

With one eye on the blue vest numbered 71, and the other on the great sweeping hand of the stadium clock, I stood up to add one more voice to the wave of emotion that carried Ibbotson through the tape to victory, glory, triumph, and a place in history.

It was not until it was all over that I realised that Delany, Jungwirth and Ken Wood, had all finished inside four minutes. Truly a wonderful mile!

We take off our hats to...

NEW YEAR HONOURS



Top: Cdr.
M. L. Woolcombe
R.N.

Rear Admiral
A. H. C.
Gordon-Lennox,
D.S.O.

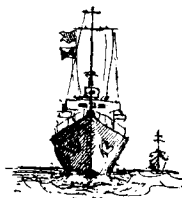
Top: Lt.-Cdr.
N. E. C. Hammond
R.N.

Below: C.R.S.
J. W. Kelson

Below: C.R.S.
C. Adlam



C.R.S. J. Hignett (No. 4 District R.N.R.) receiving the
Earl of Lathom Trophy for rifle shooting.



COLIN INGLEBY-MACKENZIE

With the approach of the 1962 cricket season, it is of interest to recall the following telegram which was sent to the County Cricket Ground at Bournemouth on Friday, 1st September, 1961.

"H.M.S. *Mercury* sends heartiest congratulations on winning the championship".

The telegram was addressed to the Hampshire captain, Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, who had led the county to its first Championship victory after sixty-six years in the competition. It was meant to convey *Mercury's* pride that Hampshire's great feat had been achieved under the leadership of a former Communicator. For Midshipman A. C. D. Ingleby-Mackenzie was a member of the R.N.V.R. (Ce) Course in autumn 1953.

The name of Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, born in Devon on 15th September, 1933, first appeared in the pages of Wisden, in 1950 when comments on the 1949 Eton XI included the following: "The batting, often pleasingly aggressive, lacked steadiness until A. C. D. Ingleby-Mackenzie, a young left-hander, ran into form". A fellow member of the Eton XI was Lt. M. D. M. Sellar of the 1960 Long Course.

In 1951, his last year at Eton, he was largely responsible for the first-ever victory of the Public Schools against the Combined Services at Lord's, when in an exciting race against time he scored 58 in 19 minutes. In this season he also made his debut for Hampshire, regrettably without the same success, as is indicated by the county's averages which show "Also batted: A. C. D. Ingleby-Mackenzie 0".

In 1952/3 Colin's time was taken up with the serious business of National Service in the Royal Navy and he made only six appearances for Hampshire in 1952 and none in 1953. However, in these two years he played for the Royal Navy and for the Combined Services, for which side he made 66 against the Australians.

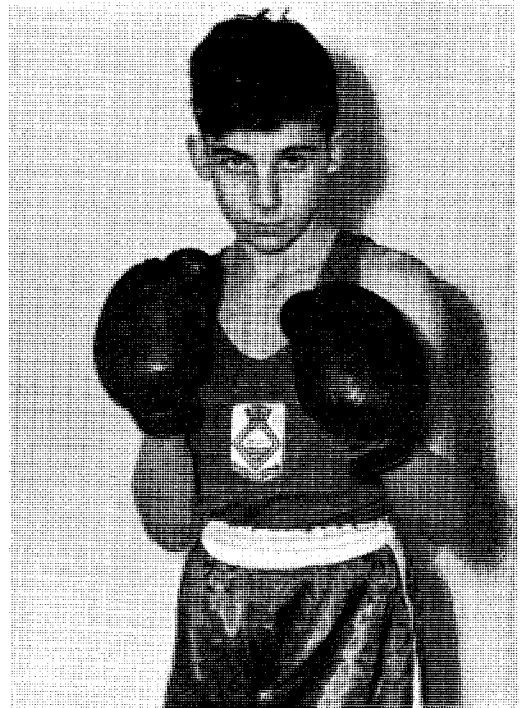
1954 saw his release from the Navy and his first full season of county cricket, alas with only moderate success. In 1955 and 1956 he played very few matches, presumably because he had to devote himself to the mundane task of earning a living, but in 1957 he returned to the Hampshire side and played so well that he was awarded a County Cap. For the 1958 season he was appointed Captain and it is significant that in this year Hampshire were runners-up to Surrey, their best-ever County Championship performance up to that time. The season also brought him a measure of personal success in the form of selection for the Gentlemen against the Players, the award for the fastest century of the season (scored in 61 minutes) and nomination as the Best Young Cricketer of 1958 by the Cricket Writer's Club.

Since that year, without perhaps reaching the highest grade as a cricketer, he has made his mark on the game—on cricket grounds at home and abroad, on television and in the national press. He

has continued to serve Hampshire well as a batsman, scoring over a thousand runs each season except in 1960 when he fell short by two.

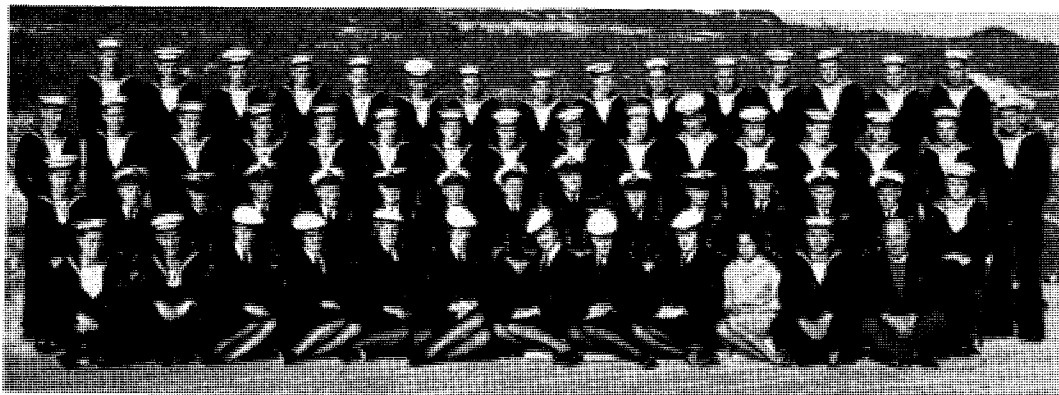
But it is as a captain that he has made most appeal to the cricket-loving public. One newspaper writer headlined him as the "Gay Cavalier" and then proceeded to say that "his leadership has always been from the bridge with an acute understanding of the man on the lower deck". His leadership of Hampshire has been based on the concept that to win, you often have to run the risk of losing, a risk which too few captains are prepared to take. Splendidly supported by the members of his side, he has made a great contribution to the survival of first-class cricket by treating it as what it is—a game. We must not take too seriously his reply to a television interviewer who asked the secret of his team's success—"I insist that they are all in bed before breakfast"—but such an attitude does indicate a more carefree approach to the game which is surely what is required to stimulate the interest of the public.

H.M.S. GANGES



A midgetweight contribution to the future fleet is JTO E. Taylor, who recently won the R.N. Boxing championship at his weight; we extend to him our congratulations. (Pity he is not a sparker, he might have been a technical knock-out!)

SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE, MALTA



Our little empire in Malta is thriving, though the O.I./C's geraniums are not, due to the heavy salt content of the soil, and this unfortunately makes him bitter and twisted—stops our make-and-mends (hush—who said we were over-staffed) and increases the clots on course by 100%. Apart from geraniums though—we grow, and to the despair of the First Lieutenant in the Fort (*Phoenicia*) our numbers come and go with gay abandon. Sometimes we do not even let the Fort know they are coming. Do not get me wrong though—we all get on very well together, are work-studied to the n'th degree and for light relief build golf courses in the dog watches for the D.O.I./C., so that he will pass us in Technical.

“Living out of a Suitcase”

There are eleven of us, and we have it on good authority that as we are such a contented mob we are to be increased to eighteen. We are known as the “Med. Fleet Pool” and consider ourselves very lucky to have got such good drafts, and in fact feel sorry for you chaps who live the dull old routine life in the same old ship all the time.

I am LRO Peereadjump and I think the boss likes me, because as soon as I come back to *Phoenicia* he takes one look at me and sends me off to sea again, as he knows I like the exciting life of never knowing where I am going to next. However, I am not the only one, so listen to what my chums have to say:

TO2 Twidgit speaking: “This is the life. You only need one suit and can have a haircut once every six months, for just as the boss is about to grind you down you have to join the *Pink Ranger* for three months”. LTO Bunkerplate says: “This is it—I’ve got four credit payments, two easy terms and three Hire Purchase agreements plus two wives (I think) and no one ever catches me up, because I’m always on the move. I think the boss likes me too.” RO1 Crummy is dead keen on the life: “I have been promised the largest number of draft chits this year, and my girl friend in the “Gyppo Queen” reckons

I stand a good chance of winning the Bulawayo Cup (I don’t know why). It’s fun making dressing lines and being a postman. Sometimes they put me on watch and the boss sends me rude phone calls about not having read any MMX for six months, but I don’t think he realises that I don’t touch the stuff”.

So there you are lads. The Service offers you a fine life in the Fleet Pool, duty frees, ticklers, bangers and bull-fights. All you want is a green suitcase and a pair of postman’s boots.

Au revoir. Off to the *Tide Splurge* for a month.

F.E.W.U. MEDITERRANEAN

It is not without regret that we took down our Sandeman sign, lowered the lattice mast of the old *Saumarez* of Corfu channel fame and hiked ourselves off to the more urban surroundings of the Fleet Training Centre to come under the wing of the S.T.C. So far we have, if nothing else, given employment to the Vella’s, Farrugia’s and Zammitt’s of this world who with great zest alternately make and break windows, fill holes and make holes and generally appear to enjoy themselves hugely at our expense.

Our old home, which all old Mediterranean “S” men will have stooped into at one time or another, undoubtedly had a certain old world charm of its own with its quaint Nissen Huts so often knee deep in water in winter and the air fogged with dust in summer. Not that its attractions went unnoticed for our friends in A.O.B.R.A. with their Army background were only too eager to snap up a bargain in which to live happily and uncomfortably ever after with all the rigours of the African Desert and northern Europe combined.

However, such charming memories are in the past and, providing we keep beating the Dockyard over the head, we shall soon be able to open up shop and carry on business where we left off last November, complete with contemporary sur-

roundings, easy on the eye (and nerve) decorations, view of the sea (ugh!) from the top floor and all mod-con.

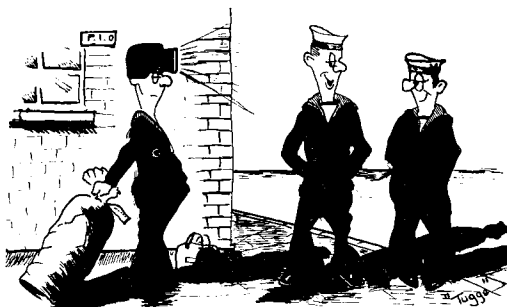
MALTA COMCEN

The past quarter has been very quiet, with no major exercises and we have made use of this period to convert the Island T.P. network to Tape Relay procedure. We have consolidated our scanty knowledge on the workings of STRAD, and signal distribution to the Central Staff has been reviewed.

As from March 1st, PLY, LAS, CRY and all the other old familiar self-evident callsigns formerly used on the Island T.P. died and in their place appeared routing indicators. The system, at the time of writing, has only been used internally but we have let the occasional signal slip through and there have been no repercussions. The new look will reduce much of the work which went on in the Comcen, reprocessing traffic originated by the Island out-stations. If some of the readers of this magazine are due to visit Malta and secure to a buoy with a teleprinter tail, we will gladly supply you with a routing indicator and let you loose in the world-wide tape relay system.

STRAD proved to be a blessing, provided circuit conditions are good. It has made operators look at tapes to see if they have been correctly prepared, and it has cut down much unofficial operator's chatter which used to go on before. Our tapists—all Maltese—have done extremely well with two 100% and one 96% in the last three months. At quiet moments we have played silly games with STRAD, a letter shift here, a gash line feed there, and the machine really does not like it.

Signal distribution to the Central Staff was reviewed early this year and the present distribution system has resulted in a saving of about 40% over the old distribution. One surprising thing which came out of the new distribution was that Staff Officers would ring up and *ask* to be deleted from the distribution of various signals. There is still the odd signal which does not show the correct "Action Officer", but it is a rare event.



"I see Nobby's got a draft to Malta Comcen."

As C.N.D. drafted all the soccer players to *Hermes*, we have not done very well in Interpart soccer this year, but look like winning the Hockey league and, for the first time, the Interpart Cross Country Trophy came to the Comcen.

The Communicators' Ball will be held on 21st March and it is hoped it will be a resounding success. Third Officer Menzies will be married ten days afterwards, and we all wish her well. We recently lost CCY Hannant, gone back to UK to join his family—he is missed in the Comcen.

H.M.S. TIGER

After a short while in company with *Lion*, we waved goodbye to her as she departed Grand Harbour for U.K. And so we became the undisputed Number One cruiser in the Med.—perhaps we should admit we were the only one. To mark the occasion the CCY (TCI) announced that Mrs. Holdsworth had given birth to a son.

Admiral Bush (FOF Med.) transferred his flag to us and happily we cruised our new-found territory from our lair in Malta. Palermo, Taranto and Naples all passed too quickly and we returned to find *Blake* sitting in our berth in Grand Harbour. Two hours after arrival from Naples the ships had completed the transfer of the flag and we sailed for Palma, Gibraltar and Plymouth.

One can fly from U.K. to Palma (Majorca) for fourteen days holiday from 45 gns.—we had four days holiday and we were paid to go there. The night life was in full swing and everyone voted this the best so far.

The joys of leave behind us we moved into a strange phase of the commission—the home leg of the G.S.C. Visits were the order of the day and the list was viewed with misgivings: Portland (a shake down week); Plymouth (an F.A. Cup match); Portsmouth (a long week-end); Bremen (more later); Liverpool (W.R.N.S. Reserve on board) and finally Devonport. Bremen proved to be the highlight, the local population turned out to welcome the ship on arrival, and from then on we never looked back. "All night in" became a thing of the past and middle watches were spent in the many night clubs. Visits and tours were laid on to pass the daytime hours and from a Brewery run to a city sightseeing tour all were a huge success. Needless to say that following such a visit the wind was force 9 on leaving, and by the evening we were standing by the Dutch coaster *Walcheren* in distress. This event concluded quite happily when the German tug *Atlas* arrived to take the disabled ship in tow. Liverpool was equally memorable and the R.N.R., W.R.N.R. and R.N. exchange of hospitality proceeded apace throughout the visit.

Home now in Devonport and waiting for intermediate docking before sailing for the Far East.

H.M.S. BLAKE

At the end of October, *Blake's* gunnery equipment was finally accepted, and she sailed for the "sunny" Mediterranean. After a calm passage of the bay "A good omen" we thought, we arrived at Gibraltar, and down came the rain. It was a 24-hour cloud-burst, and those of us who ventured ashore waded through fifteen inches of water to go through Ragged Staff gates.

We ran into a force 11 gale on leaving Gib. (so much for the sunny Med.) and on passage were diverted to assist in looking for survivors from *Clan Keith*; one body was recovered and buried at sea. When there was no further hope, we continued to Malta. During the bad weather a very high catering standard was maintained.

On arrival in Malta we had two days to lick our storm wounds, and then went into "work-up" routine. We relieved *Tiger* as F.O.F.'s flagship on 11th December and on 21st completed our work-up inspection. After Christmas in Malta we sailed for the January cruise, wearing the flag of F.O.F. Med. and visited Toulon, Leghorn and Aranci Bay. We were given a "bum steer" at Toulon, where it was advertised that the cable car up the mountain was free. We found, to our dismay, that forces in uniform had a reduced rate of 3/-. Nevertheless, it was generally agreed to be the best three bob's worth in Toulon.

At Aranci Bay (Scapa Flow in technicolour) the weather was against us and the majority of the exercises scheduled could not take place, for which F.O.F.'s staff Communicators were truly thankful, as they were to be landed and take part in an escape and evasion exercise. Whilst at Aranci we were broadcast and ship/shore guard for fifteen ships. We took the opportunity of trying out the extended three watch system with plenty of work going on, i.e., Afternoon 1230-1800, First 1800-2359, Middle 2359-0700 and Forenoon 0700-1230. It was unanimously agreed that it was much better than the normal three watch system. The gannets in the staff really lapped it up because they were given a meal at midnight when they had either the First or Middle. Additionally it was better to have two "all nights in" out of three.

At the time of writing we are in dock in Bailey's, having our bottom scraped, but by the time of this issue we hope to be enjoying ourselves in Athens.

H.M.S. BERWICK

The main engagements for *Berwick* between October and Christmas were exercises "Sharp Squall" and "Limejug". The former was well named and was brought to a premature end by wild weather off the north of Scotland. The latter was played out in full in the Rockall area, being run by Londonderry. It was our first experience this commission of working with the Americans and we felt we came out of it fairly creditably—as did all the

British ships. The idea of having a work-up phase before the tactical phase of the exercise revealed many differences in doctrine and execution and saved a lot of time and misunderstanding during the exercise. We finished "Limejug" at our birth-place in Harland and Wolff's yard in Belfast in company with F.O.F.H. in *Bermuda*. The Belfast visit was, as always, much enjoyed, but with Christmas approaching, we were glad to get back to Portsmouth for the leave periods.

January 12th marked our departure with *Scarborough* for the Mediterranean leg of our G.S.C. We spent nearly a week in Gibraltar painting ship in near perfect weather, and sailed, refreshed, into the Med. on 22nd January.

The next staging point on the trip to Malta was La Spezia in N.W. Italy, an Italian naval base and N.A.T.O. research centre. This visit exceeded our hopes and most of us had a very good run indeed. Although no Communicators went from *Berwick*, ski-ing parties spent some very enjoyable days with the Italian Alpini Corps at Aosta, and privately at Abetone. Any expert or would-be skier knowing he is going to La Spezia is advised to make early arrangements to take advantage of the excellent opportunities offered.

Another major feature of our visit were the trips to Pisa and Florence, in coaches by courtesy of the Italian Navy. Everyone who went on these trips (half the combined ships' companies of *Berwick* and *Scarborough*) had a thoroughly good day out. There were some pale faces at the top of the leaning tower,



"Well here goes me V.G. soop."

but they may have been the result of what their owners did the night before.

Our departure from La Spezia was closely followed by our first meeting with the Mediterranean Fleet. With *Blake* (F.O.F. Med.) were *Duchess*, *Diamond*, *Crossbow* and the 108th M.S.S. Many manoeuvres, screens and R.A.S.'s later we all arrived at Aranci Bay to find it looking remarkably like Scapa Flow in October. General drills, sailing and motor-boat racing was cancelled and so was a day-long "Escape and Evasion" exercise. Hiking and climbing parties were landed, however, and hundreds of "mad English" were seen early in the morning striding off through rain towards the mist-shrouded mountains nearby. In fact the weather cleared later and those who made the effort were rewarded by a very fine day in the open air.

H.M.S. LOWESTOFT

Lowestoft commissioned in October, 1961 at Alexander Stephen, Glasgow, for her first General Service Commission. This is the eighth ship to bear the name *Lowestoft* since 1697. All the previous ships fired their guns in anger, except one which never completed building.

After many trials and tribulations we were ready for the recommended "rest cure" at Portland during January and February. On completion of the work-up, a well earned week's leave, then off to the Mediterranean to join up with the rest of the Squadron led by *Berwick*.

* * *

Heard on Tactical Primary: "Immediate Execute Turn Ninety".

O.O.W.: "What does that mean?"

TO2: "Go into orbit on starboard side, sir".

* * *

During the "shake down" week, the following report to the Bridge from the forecabin by a member of the "L" Branch: "Both engines ready for letting go, sir".

H.M.S. SCARBOROUGH

by RS J. T. Hudson

The commission started on the 6th June, 1961 at Portsmouth. After a few teething troubles in the Kettle Shop we arrived at sun drenched Portland for our work-up.

We then had the distinction of being the last non-fishery protection ship to do an Iceland Patrol, during which we gave assistance to a couple of fishing vessels. We called at Bergen on the way back for five days, and then to Devonport for some maintenance. From there we went to Falmouth, working at night with the Wessex choppers. This was a first for all concerned.

We said "goodbye" to U.K. on 12th January and arrived in Malta via Gibraltar and La Spezia (the RS was away at Aosta ski-ing during a few days well-earned rest). We joined with the Mediterranean

Fleet in the Gulf of Genoa and came via Aranci Bay to Malta.

We are now preparing to escort the Royal Yacht with the Princess Royal embarked, which gives us a trip to Cyprus (Famagusta and Limassol), and then to Tripoli for the International Trade Fair. We shall be returning to the U.K. sometime in June for duties with the Home Fleet.

THE 108th M.S.

The Squadron has been mostly confined to winter quarters in Malta since the last time of writing, where, particularly over the Christmas season, activities, though no less liquid, were more shoreside than aquatic. However, the sweepers continue to live up to their reputation as the "sea-goers" of the Med. Fleet, and in addition to their normal mine-sweeping practices, fulfil a large variety of different tasks—too difficult for the less sturdy and versatile ships!

A sortie was made to Naples in November, where a ten-day Sweepex was carried out with the Italian, French and U.S. Navies. It also proved a useful rabbits run, just in time for Christmas, and most of the W/T offices looked more like toy-shops on the return trip. In early January, an enjoyable visit was paid to Marseilles, before the first major exercise of the year at Toulon. In the South of France, many of us discovered that "The Twist" was something more than an expression of the card table, though like the game, it usually preceded a "bust".

With the summer coming, thoughts are now turning further afield, and we look forward to cruises in Italy, the Adriatic and the Eastern Mediterranean.

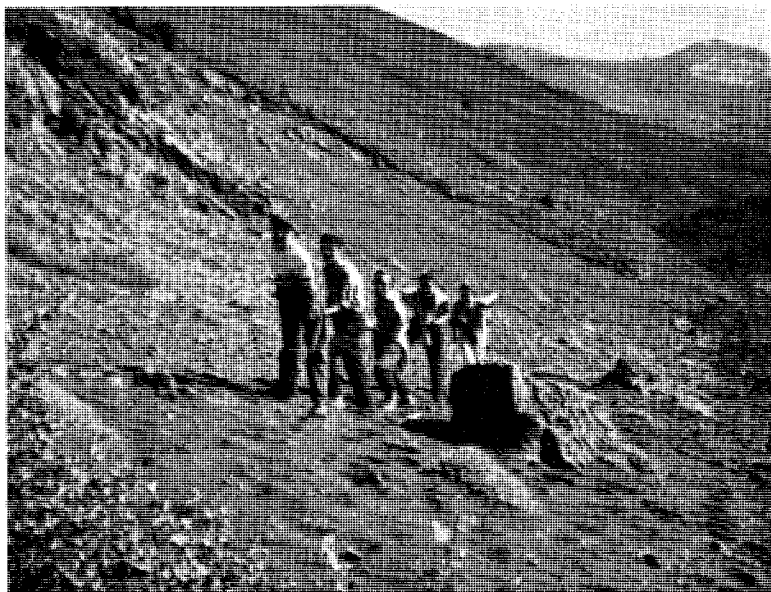
MFV 72 WILL SLIP & PROCEED

At 1300A on 28th September MFV 72, under the Opcon of Capt. S.M.S. Med., slipped from her berth at *Narvik II*, Msida, Malta, and proceeded, in execution of previous orders, for Catania.

MFV 72 was manned on this occasion by the bulk of the communications division of *Narvik*, taking a deep breather of clean air between major NATO exercises, when the air has the rather doubtful freshness of Submarine Headquarters in Lascaris tunnel.

By 1400 Malta was astern; splendid weather and sea, brilliant sunshine and perfect visibility, ideal conditions for the commencement of a MEDFOBA with the object of climbing Mount Etna.

A wild communicating session took place through out the passage; fitted with Type TCS on an AWH MFV 72 is quite a useful craft. RS Wall, Captain of the quarterdeck on the watchbill, could not be convinced that he was anything other than a sparker, and spent long hours raising Rome, Portishead, and what have you—giving our JRO's a lot of worthwhile experience.



On securing alongside at Catania, pipe down, up spirits, hands to dinner, leave and all the rest of it were religiously piped by the Coxswain. CY Spratling really took this job to heart—a thwarted ambition perhaps?

Saturday 30th—bright and early, fed by LTO Davies and TO2 Parrish on an enormous gorge (timed as “BRUNCH” by the Americans?), thirteen stalwarts, embussed for Mount Etna.

The bus trip to the Rifugio Sapienza, at about 5,000 feet, is a remarkable journey. Evidence that a volcano is being climbed becomes more pronounced as the stone of the buildings becomes darker, until finally comes the realisation that it is made of lava, since scorched by further eruptions of the great volcano. At about 4,000 feet the air becomes tainted with the dust rising from cinders: a taste reminiscent of cleaning ashes from a cold fireplace pervades the atmosphere. The road becomes more narrow and twisted until it is finally no longer a road but a cul-de-sac, the limit of the bus journey, and the Rifugio Sapienza.

Amazing, or perhaps not so, the Rifugio has a first class restaurant, cocktail bar—horrors—complete with juke box. At sight of the latter our junior members, whose climbing rig DID look somewhat Palais de Danse come to think of it, had to be revived in their desire to climb Mount Etna.

The mountain was tackled at last. The Communicators pressed on, and reached a point on the last peaks below THE peak. The time worked out for the most distant point was reached at this stage, so back to the bus stage. The climb was in some ways disappointing; ash and rubble are not the easiest materials on which to climb. Actual climbing was

restricted to a couple of low rock faces. As a consolation, the view of the surrounding countryside from the point reached was magnificent.

Back to Catania, an early night, and Sunday—sailing day. MFV 72 departed Catania at the arranged hour, and emerged into a rough sea, overcast sky, strong wind, etc., in fact a thoroughly unpleasant and uncomfortable beginning to the passage to Malta.

H.M.S. LION

By TO2 Robertson

It was decided early in 1961 that a major cruise should take place during the following winter to most of the South American capital cities to “show the flag” in a part of the world seldom visited by British ships and to renew long-standing ties and exercise with the South American Navies. Incidentally, many of the latter were founded by Royal Naval officers. *Lion* was selected as Flagship of this Special Squadron, known for signal purposes as Task Force 325, which consisted of *Dunkirk*, *Leopard*, *Londonderry* and *Wave Prince*.

After six months in the Mediterranean and a month at Portsmouth, *Lion* sailed for Freetown where C-in-C South Atlantic and South America hoisted his flag. *Lion*, *Dunkirk* and *Leopard* rendezvoused before entering Rio de Janeiro on 13th December—*Londonderry* was delayed by hurricane relief work in British Honduras and missed all the fun in Rio. By this time all ships were reading steam morse broadcast which shook some of the RO's initially, but after a week all was well. (*Dunkirk* craftily kept on HNR's till Rio!)

The hospitality offered at Rio set a pattern for the rest of the cruise. The British and American communities at all ports gave wonderful entertainment by means of tours, dances, barbecues and invitations to private homes. At Rio, a free coffee bar was set up on the fo'c'sle of the *Lion* for twelve hours a day, where one could retire and reminisce of the previous night's activity and restore one's energy for the next event.

On leaving Rio we carried out comprehensive exercises with the Brazilian Navy which were similar

to subsequent exercises with the Chilean, Peruvian and Colombian Navies. Communications were very good throughout these and enabled their success, including manoeuvres in close company.

After Rio, came Buenos Aires, where we spent Christmas Day and invitations were so numerous that the duty part had to meet some of the commitments. The unusual part of Christmas Day was having a hot Christmas dinner in the middle of summer. We left B.A. on the 27th December and before being able to catch up on sleep, arrived at Montevideo, less than 24 hours later, and the whirl started again. New Year's Day came in, in the traditional fashion, and some Uruguayan sailors joined in "Auld Lang Syne" on the fo'c'sle of *Lion*.

After Monte, *Lion* visited Puerto Madryn, situated half way down the coast of Argentine in Patagonia. In this particular patch of scrub desert there is a green fertile valley called Chubut about 40 miles long, populated by the descendants of some Welsh settlers about 100 years ago. The people are bilingual, speaking Welsh as well as Spanish, and are surprised to meet Englishmen who live so near their Motherland and yet are unable to speak Welsh. *Lion* was the first cruiser there since *Delhi* some thirty years previously, and the reception given by this small and pleasant community of people was heart-warming.

After Madryn, we passed through the Magellan Strait and turned north for Valparaiso, which we entered after exercises with the Chilean Navy. Entertainment followed in Valparaiso and Santiago, the capital and all were sorry to leave. In an effort to repay hospitality at all these ports, ships were open to visitors, and children's parties were given. In addition, at Valparaiso, a volunteer party from *Lion* repainted and repaired the Polio Ward of the local children's hospital and left it spick-and-span and full of gifts of nutty.

From Valparaiso, on to Callao, the port for Lima, Peru, where we were fêted again before leaving for Cartagena via the Panama Canal. At

Cartagena, *Wave Prince* detached and the flag was transferred to *Leopard* and the Admiral said farewell to *Lion*, and we rescued our binoculars from the Flag Lieutenant! *Leopard* detached leaving the rest of the Squadron to exercise with the Colombian Navy on leaving Cartagena and *Londonderry* left us after exercises with the U.S. Navy off San Juan.

Dunkirk, our faithful follower who had been with us since Gibraltar on the outward journey, came as far as the Azores with us and then went on ahead, leaving *Lion* to carry out a visit to Ponta Delgada.

For the Communications department it was hard graft, but we generally managed to work hard and play hard, and we enjoyed it. At times the B.W.O. compared quite well with a Western Union message handling centre. Incidentally if you ever go to Brazil, "T-BNA" is not understood and "Re-transmitir para adido Naval Britanico" is the O.K. phrase for transmission instructions. Also, do not say you have not got a bean; you will end up with a locker full of coffee!

After arrival at Devonport on February 21st it is leave, and for two-thirds of the department, draft to their home port service preference, thanks to the "C" drafting section in C.N.D., who have done the *Lion* particularly well. The paying-off pennant has been tried out leaving Punta Delgada and many of us will be sorry to leave after such a full commission.

H.M.S. LEOPARD

by RO2 G. Burke

In October 1961, *Leopard* had just cleared harbour at Simonstown on her way to take part in another phase of "Capex" when she received an Op. immediate signal to return to harbour. There was volcanic activity on Tristan da Cunha. The crew worked into the early hours of the morning loading all the usual gear peculiar to emergency relief operations, and we sailed at 4 a.m.

During our passage the situation changed radically. The islanders had been taken off Tristan by two small fishing vessels. They had been transferred to a Dutch liner, *Tjisadane*, diverted from South America. We met her in the growing dusk when she was 24 hours out from Tristan. The signal lamps flashed, the siren blew and oilskinned matelots raised a cheer from our rail. Then she disappeared in the murky dusk, carrying her bewildered refugees to Capetown.

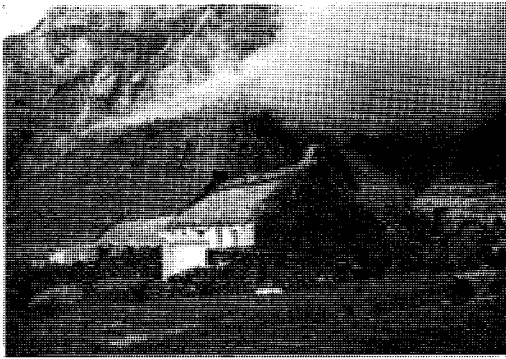
Leopard's mission was now changed. She was now to salvage valuable equipment on the island and destroy documents and equipment which could not be moved.

During the whole of the voyage to Tristan communications were made very difficult by two factors. *Tristania*, one of the two fishing boats, had battery and crystal trouble. The Dutch liner, *Tjisadane*, was very preoccupied answering requests from newspapers for lengthy reports on the situation.

When we arrived at the island, plans swung smoothly into operation for embarking personal



"R.A. Transport—Peruvian Style."



Tristan erupting

belongings, and valuable stores. Houses were systematically and carefully stripped, and the salvaged articles transferred to the ship. Then came heavier gear such as generators and met. equipment, which became our deck cargo.

There were two very sad tasks to perform. One was the destruction of all the alcohol on the island to prevent it being a source of trouble. The other was the destruction of the dogs on the island. The cattle and sheep could be left, as they could fend for themselves, but the dogs would either starve slowly or turn wild, savage the other livestock and be a danger to any subsequent attempts to land on the island.

Two dogs escaped. A brindle bitch and a black-and-white dog, both very young pups, were brought on board. They were christened Tristan and Cunha and have since become firm favourites—except with the Buffer who claims they are too fond of walking on the freshly painted decks and performing their natural functions in the wrong places, and with the owners of numerous miscellaneous articles, i.e., shoes, caps, photographs, etc., with which Cunha is very fond of supplementing his diet.

The volcano itself was an amazing sight. Even while we were there it was growing steadily. It was a single mound of hot ash and rocks about 300 to 400 feet high. At irregular but frequent intervals great clouds of sulphurous gases and smoke burst into the air. At night it was most spectacular. Red hot ash and boulders rolled and bounced down its sides, leaving glowing scars which could be seen twenty miles away.

The thirty-six hours we spent off the island was in the middle of five days of fine weather—most unusual for that time of year. Had it not been fine and calm we would not have been able to land at all—there are no quays or jetties, all landing being, perforce, over rock and pebble beach.

During the passage back to Capetown the ship was more like a Mississippi gambling river-boat than anything else. There was a mammoth raffle, tombola, entrance fees to cinema shows of films salvaged from the island, and finally a grand

auction of things ranging from a radio to a long week-end. The aim was to start a relief fund for the islanders. On our arrival at Capetown, in a simple ceremony the Captain presented the Chief Islander, Mr. Willie Repetto, with the sum of £235, together with a *Leopard* crest and tattered Union Jack which had flown on the island to the end.

On 4th December there was a great wailing, gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair in the city of Capetown. *Leopard* sailed to join the Special Squadron for a goodwill tour of South America. We left behind many good friends. Of the South American Cruise I will say that it more than achieved its objects.

After passage through the Panama Canal and a visit to Cartagena the Special Squadron was disbanded and *Leopard* proceeded independently to Trinidad and thence to Dakar. Our next stop is a "rabbit run" in Gib., followed by a dabble at "Dawn Breeze". We should raise Nab Tower on 30th March and with any luck we shall be able to buy our COMMUNICATOR "hot from the press" instead of two months late!

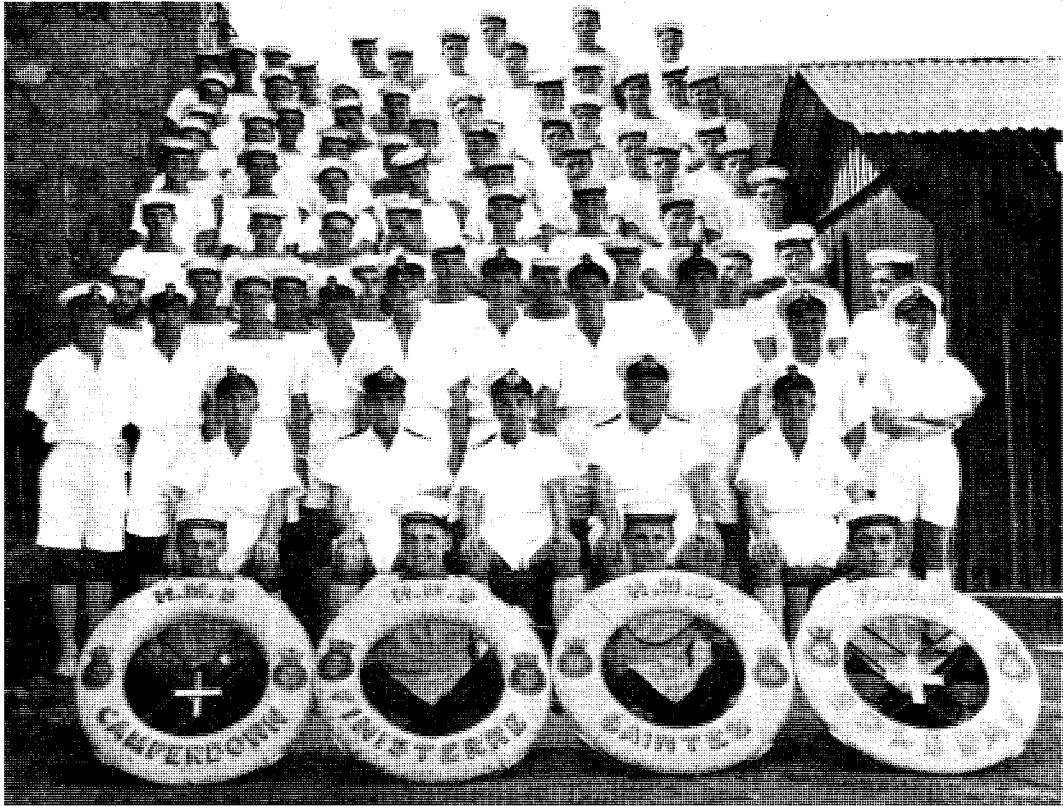


"The Buffer claims they carry out their normal functions in the wrong place"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are grateful for cartoons from Mr. E. Wilkins of Hambledon on pages 41, 45, 53; Mr. Jack Eaton page 47; LRO Rycroft page 6; and other cartoonists whose names were not supplied.

1st DESTROYER SQUADRON



Communication Staffs, 1st Destroyer Squadron

The time comes in every correspondent's life when he can say "This is our Swan Song" to this magazine. This is now my opportunity, as by the time you read this the 1st D.S. of *Solebay*, *Finisterre*, *Saintes* and *Camperdown* will be no more.

Past Communicators of these ships may greet this news with mixed feelings; but all will agree that "Battles"—the last of the "good lookers"—certainly look like warships. When *Solebay* and *Saintes* were escort to Her Majesty the Queen on her West African tour the locals were suitably impressed. Even more so were the Ghanian Navy who were overjoyed at raising someone at a distance of more than thirty miles.

The Royal Tour took *Solebay* and *Saintes* to Las Palmas (to chamfer up), Takoradi, Freetown, Bathurst, Dakar and finally Gibraltar, enabling us to top up with Christmas rabbits before going on leave. Meanwhile *Finisterre* and *Camperdown* were more unfortunate suffering in the cooler climate of Derry and the Irish Sea, and being unable to enjoy the result of Her Majesty's signal "Bravo X-Ray".

However, Christmas leave over, we were all

together again and able to enjoy a week-end in Le Havre and break the monotony of local exercises. We are now looking forward to visits to Bordeaux and Bilbao before returning to pay off on Budget Day, April 9th. Is this what the Chancellor has been waiting for, we wonder.

Draftwise, we have already lost CRS Lowe to *Mercury* and RS Stafford is even now polishing his brief case for the rigours of the next RCI's course. Our SCO, Lt.-Cdr. Harland, is to take up the appointment of FCO to C-in-C SASA while our A/SCO, S/Lt. Jackson is going to join the Electronic Warriors in the School. For the rest of us, we can only hope that we get the opportunity of occupying a billet somewhere ashore. By the way—who was the Communicator who sent CND a Valentine?

.. SUMMER COMPETITIONS ..

FIVE GUINEAS

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

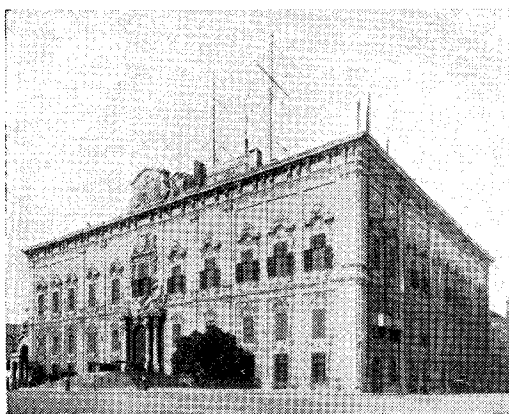
I REMEMBER

My daughter gave me the bun. It was round, soft, fruit-dotted and sticky. I thanked her, wondering how I could avoid eating it and so keep the peace with my dormant ulcer. I had that feeling of "this has all happened before" but where and when? Got it. Back through the years to the time of the training establishment and the stand-easy bun. The bun I now held was the same as the many I had enjoyed so long ago.

I could see myself at stand-easy in the drill shed. Jaws munching as I studied a framed drawing showing the tree of advancement for Signal Boys. Where was I now? Had all those years really passed? How things had changed. So went my thoughts. Having gone back so far it was natural to travel slowly through the years and savour again the moments of fun and despair of a communicator's life.

The training establishment, new signals books and we were the first pupils. Our instructor, a Jutland man, did not approve of any change and frequently reverted to "compass nine". The phonetic alphabet was so homely then with 'Apples', 'Beer' and 'Duff'.

To sea in the flagship of the First Cruiser Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet. The immaculate flag deck and, in the words of a current naval author, "lynx-eyed signalmen padding to and fro". The strict training, eyes outboard, never look at the Yeoman when he talks to you—keep your eyes outboard! The long dayman's day of dawn to dusk and occasional M.S.O. Messenger up to 2200 for good measure. Spanish patrol during the Civil War. The shock of the effectiveness of the dive bomber.



Castile Signal Station

Rated Signalman and a draft to Castile Signal Station. Here was the acme of harbour visual signalling. "Hoist General E—show forty-six", would snap the Yeoman as he glanced at the deck watch. "Commence", was the order a minute later and the huge mechanical semaphore arms swung through the signal. "Numerals", came the cry from

the signalman at the semaphore arms and the halliards were taken in hand. "Ai-ahhr" was the cry and the General E was swiftly hauled down. The Yeoman telescoped the harbour, "Bend on seventy-eight dangles", but seventy-eight would remove the offending answer flag in time.

Penelope, Third Cruiser Squadron. Memories of a tall masthead that took a spreading or screening signal with ease. Mediterranean cruises. End of the commission and homecoming. Messdeck filled with caged canaries (pre-budgie era). The coming up the Channel and noticing the grey of the sea and the green of the land. Spithead and then Pompey Harbour, our paying-off pendant flying clear without the aid of met. balloons. The Mums, Dads and Sweethearts, the Southern Railway Jetty. The excitement as they surged on board; after all, two and a half years was a long time.

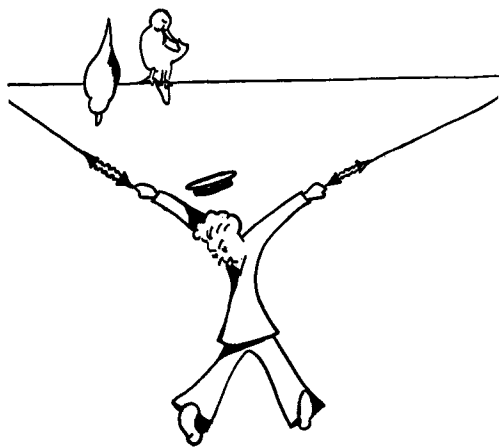
A sun-drenched foreign service leave followed by a surprise re-commission. Summer 1939, *Penelope* was quickly steamed back to the Mediterranean. Contraband Control where "bunts", armed to the teeth with Very pistols and handflags, risked amputation of the lower limbs as he scrambled out of a pitching whaler on to the Jacob's ladder of a neutral merchantman. The arrival of the "Reservists" and dilution of the ship's companies. Voyage home by a commandeered South American cruise liner. A draft to a brand new "K" Class destroyer in Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten's Fifth Flotilla. Scapa Flow in winter. Shepherding neutral merchantmen into some semblance of a convoy. All this without a signal book or a loud hailer. The adaptability of our "Stripey Killick" when faced with the problem of passing alter course instructions to ships that did not have any signalling lanterns. I was sent below for a bucket of spuds, the clear printed orders were buried in a spud, then the Captain took the ship hair-raisingly close and Yeo. lobbed a couple of spuds on board. Cricket you know. The interception of an enemy merchant ship, boarding party, prize! The communications' unofficial share of the loot was International Code, Volume I, English and German on each page. It was a much better book than our own copy. Norway campaign, Narvik, the awesome sight of a torpedo hit. Dive bombing and the first of so many evacuations and then sudden sailing to Plymouth.

Messdeck buzz—48 hours leave then the Med. Mass inoculation on the way out. Straight through the Med. to the Canal and the Red Sea to Aden. Evacuation again, British Somaliland convoys up and down the Red Sea. Submarines in the Persian Gulf. Action against Italian destroyer. Back to the Mediterranean. Evacuation in quick succession, Greece and Crete. The Tobruk "run" and the Fleet Club in Alex. The ship had exceeded the allotted span of a destroyer in the Med. and sure enough we copped it on a Tobruk run. Stern blown off, the ship wallowed helplessly while our chummy ship

dropped depth charges. Slow tow to Alex. surviving another U-boat attack. "Sealing-up" repairs followed by a long tow through the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. Home by trooper empty except for "matelot survivors".

Home to wartime Britain. A new place called *Mercury*, V.S.2. course, paratroop patrol, Jim Crow, blackout and nutty ration. Concentrated course; pass one day, rated the next and draft chit before all the badges sewn on. Captain (D), "R" Class. Scapa again for work-up. Lots of fuel in the "R"s, talk of Eastern Fleet. Down to the Cape on convoy work and then Kilindini where the Eastern Fleet was building up. The signalmen came back now. Night Intentions signalled by flags. The curse of Zig Zag and funnel smoke. First benefits of radio-location—battle wagons opening up with everything against rain clouds at night! Meeting the Aussies and the Yanks. Retriever halliards and new V.S. Procedure. Long sea trips to the Jap area. Carrier strikes and bombardments. Then a whisper from the ship's office, *Mercury* had asked for my papers—what had I done wrong? Selection for a Signal Boatswain Course. Pride diminished on realising that I had moved up in the queue because so many senior good signalmen were not now available. Short course, promotion and first appointment, to a landing ship, cancelled by the A-bomb.

Signal Officer of a Local Flotilla. The unsettled years as the Navy contracted in size. First Admiral's Inspection came and advice sought from my P.O. Tel. on what I should look for as Inspecting Officer. "Easy Sir, check the batteries, muster the following crystals, etc." I thanked Pots and with a load off my mind decided on a run ashore. As the liberty boat chugged shorewards, I noticed a signalman balanced on the corner of the ship's bridge. So different now, no cap and the suspicion



of a cigarette between his lips. By instinct I read his message "Check your batteries and the following crystals, etc." I turned away, I suppose I deserved it.

Then followed years of change and introduction of scientific wonders. Masts were truncated until finally the signalmen had difficulty in hoisting a tackline. Down below in the Wireless Office the machines were taking over. A sparker could do a watch without shipping a pair of earphones.

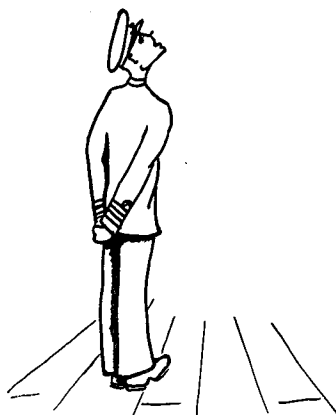
Here I am, nearly had my run. Will have to start going to night school soon I suppose. Would I go through it all again? Of course I would.

By the way, I did eat that bun. You see I was a "fit and hungry" Boy First Class again.—R.J.T.

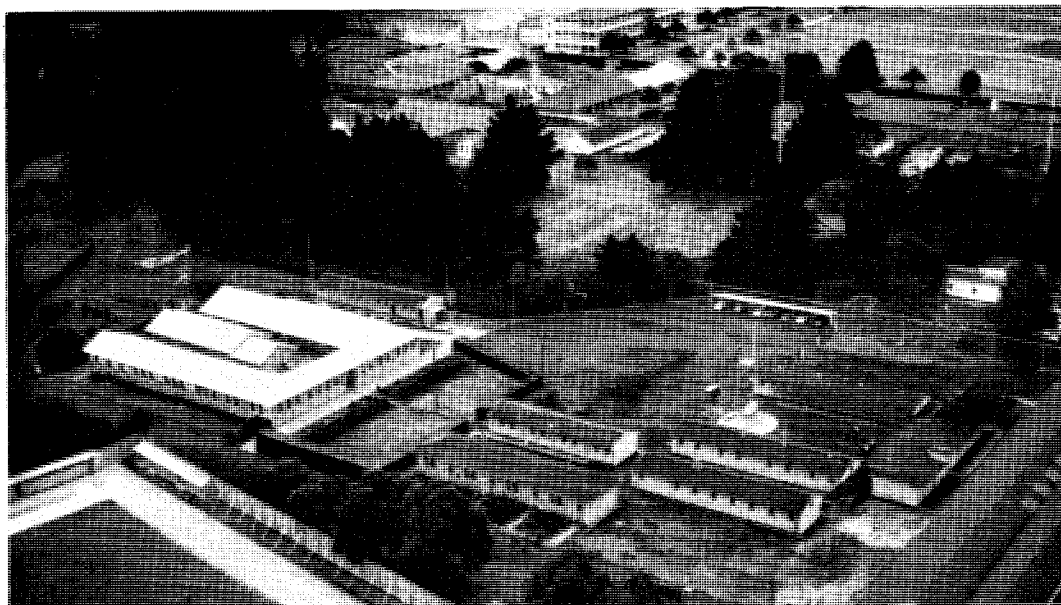
THE R.A.N. AFTER 50 YEARS

The first Australian Fleet arrived in Sydney in 1913. It was a powerful one consisting of the battle cruiser *Australia*, the cruisers *Sydney* and *Melbourne*, and the destroyers *Warrego*, *Parramatta* and *Yarra*. Since then its strength has varied; for instance, a submarine force has been commissioned, and later paid off. But the R.A.N. has generally adopted the ships, aircraft and weapons in use in the R.N.

Most of us have served with the ships attached to the Far East Fleet, but we may not have a very clear idea of the composition of the Australian Navy as a whole. The light fleet carrier *Melbourne* represents its air component and is permanent flagship when FOCAF is embarked. She was modernised and commissioned in 1955 with an interim angled deck, and has at present one squadron of Sea Venoms and one of Gannets. The air groups ashore, and all air training, are centred in R.A.N.A.S. *Nowra*, a modern air station about 80 miles from Sydney. Plans to replace the carrier and her aircraft were difficult to formulate as new aircraft of other navies were not considered suitable for local conditions.



"Stop playing about up there and get those insulators joined up"



Flinders Naval Depot, Communications Training Section

After considering various schemes the Government announced in the early part of last year that a replacement was not to be built. The Fleet Air Arm of the Navy was to be abolished. Hardly had the run-down started, however, when a reprieve came through, and *Melbourne* is now to commission as an A/S Helicopter Carrier in 1963. She will carry 16 Westland Wessex helicopters, 27 of which are being ordered from Britain.

Most of the operational escorts have been built in the two naval building yards at Sydney and Melbourne steadily over the last eleven years. The building programme is now completed and has provided the fleet with seven escorts both better equipped and more modern than their R.N. counterparts, which were built so much earlier. They are the three Darings—*Vendetta*, *Voyager* and *Vampire*, and the four new Type 12's—*Yarra*, *Parramatta*, *Stuart* and *Derwent*. It is these ships which will provide the Strategic Reserve component for the next few years. They will represent Australia in SEATO exercises and visit ports from Karachi to Kobe.

There will be plenty of naval activity which will not be so obvious. The two improved "Battles", *Anzac* and *Tobruk*, may be modernised with surface-to-air guided missiles and the three Type 15 "Q"s, *Quickmatch*, *Quiberon* and *Queenborough* are still operational, though they will be increasingly in reserve or used for training. This year six coastal minesweepers are being bought in Britain, two equipped as minehunters, and will be used both by the active fleet and for Reserve Training. The Fleet oiler *Tide Austral*, which has been on charter to the

R.N., returns home this year. She will be commissioned with a White Ensign crew, and will enter Fleet operations. The second R.A.N. carrier, *Sydney* is now an emergency troop transport, but is normally only partly manned. She is brought up to full strength with Reserves for operations and exercises.

Surveying has always been a major task in Australia. Unlike the bloody skirmishes and tortuous intrigues which characterise the early history of most countries, the story of Australia's growth is one of patient surveying, laboriously carried out by ships of the R.N. A tremendous hydrographic effort will be necessary before the immensely long coastline of Australia with its adjacent reefs and islands, is properly charted. New ports are being opened up, especially in the North West, and four survey vessels are continuously at work, with another two, the frigates *Diamantina* and *Gascoyne*, engaged on oceanographic work in close collaboration with the United States. A seventh vessel, the *Kimbla*, works on scientific investigations with the Navy's experimental staff. A new Survey ship of 2,300 tons has been ordered.

A new centralised training structure has been introduced similar to the Canadian scheme outlined in the Easter 1961 issue of the COMMUNICATOR, but the organisation ashore generally follows the Commonwealth pattern. The Naval College is on the sandy shores of the fleet anchorage at Jervis Bay, and the New Entry training establishment is at Perth, in the west where a replacement for the Singapore base may one day be built. Communication training is at Flinders Naval Depot, a large

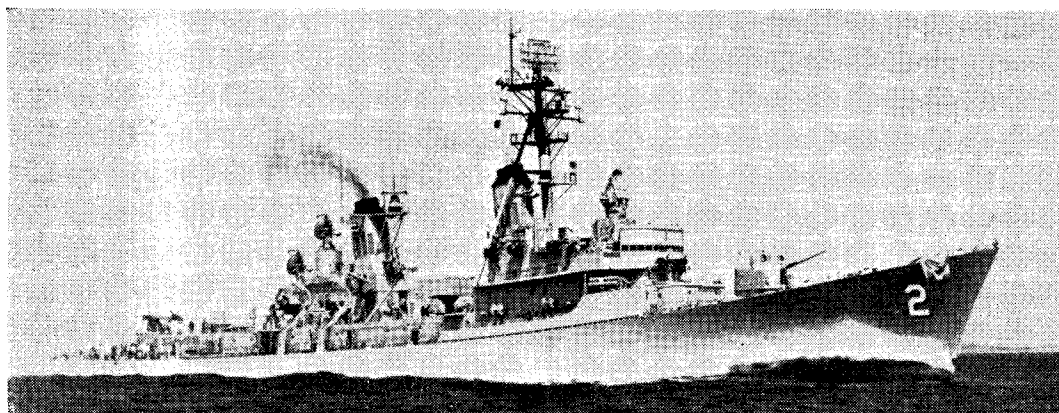
training establishment in the south of Victoria about fifty miles from Melbourne. Communication courses are similar to those in the R.N., except that Leading Rates are required to pass a Fleet Board without a course—and to the same standards. The work has to be done entirely in their own time unless they can be spared by ships for a month's refresher course at an S.T.C. This system certainly puts the burden of making the effort for advancement squarely on the shoulders of the candidates. After a slow start when the system was first introduced in 1959 enough Leading Rates are now qualifying.

Canberra Naval Radio Station—H.M.A.S. *Harman*, some four miles from the Federal capital, was for many years the most modern station in the strategic network. Tape Relay, for instance, has been in use in Australia for some 12 years. The few R.N.

Communicators who manage to get exchange service there can be sure of a stimulating time. A secondary Naval Radio Station, and a minor Tape Relay Centre exists at Darwin, in the far north. Integration of communications between the three Services is progressing, and Melbourne authorities, for instance, are served by a R.A.A.F. T.R.C.

What may prove to have been the most significant landmark of 1961, however, was the decision to buy the next generation of ships from the United States. County class D.L.G's were not considered suitable for Australian conditions, and two 4,500-ton Tartar-equipped guided-weapon destroyers of the *Charles F. Adams* class are to be bought.

It will be of great interest to see what differences, if any, the use of American ships and equipment rather than British, will make to Australian Naval methods.



U.S.S. Charles F. Adams

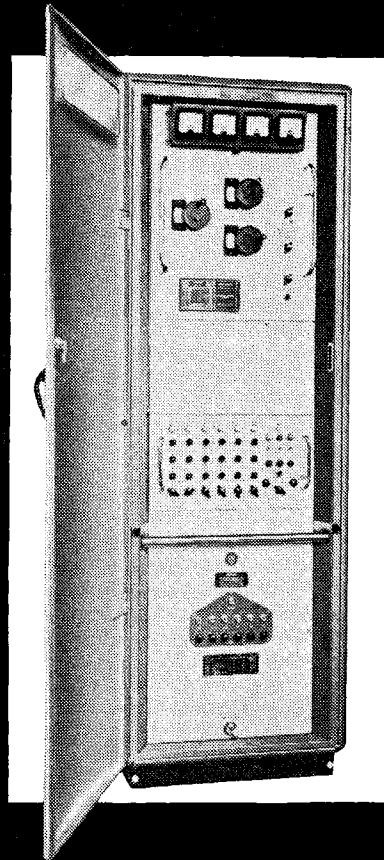
TAY DIVISION, R.N.R.

by CCY B. Y. Hilton

Attention may well be directed toward our end of the country by events leading to the commencement of the Tay Road Bridge which will mean that the present site of *Unicorn* and associated buildings will disappear. However, we shall grow again a little farther down the river in what would seem to be a quite pleasant, albeit somewhat streamlined, alternative. At the time of writing, the fate of *Unicorn* (*Cressy*) is still in doubt, though these wooden walls are quaking and the termites are singing the "Boll Weevil" song. (Anyone want to buy a commodious house-boat, with somewhat limited deckhead space?)

Now to domestic affairs. The radio department, nurtured by CRS Hawks, assisted by RS Shaw, Flin and Reid, maintains a reasonable status quo

and we are fortunate in having, for the present at least, one of the best equipped radio rooms in the Reserve, from where we try to join in with whatever is going on, and if the *Mercury* Reservex results do not appear to reflect our obvious efficiency, this can be remedied by ironing out the country in between so that your note is stronger and sweeter. Then of course, there is always QRK. The "Tactical" situation is a bit critical and the few remaining strands on the CCY's dome are imperilled by a harassing search for talent of this category (ex nihilo nihil fit). A large W.R.N.R. family is headed by Second Officer "Georgie" Moffat, ably assisted by the "prefects", Leading Wren Margaret McKay and Leading Wren Connie McBean. All efforts are at present centred on courses opted for during the year, with an eye ever toward a Malta or Gibraltar vacation which may be concomitant with success at the Signal Schools.



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No. 5 WIRELESS DISTRICT R.N.R.—LEEDS UNIT

by Second Officer Jean Clark, W.R.N.R.



Chief Officer D. M. Blundell, W.R.N.S., watching Wren reservists

The first three Wrens to wear Royal Naval Reserve cap ribbons joined Leeds Wireless Training Centre at the end of 1961. They are the first of the W.R.N.R. units being formed at R.N.R. inland Wireless Training Centres. Contact with the W.R.N.S. has been made through Wren Bernadette Hall who joins classes in Leeds when she is on leave. In February, the section entertained members of the West Riding Branch of the Wren Association, Sea Rangers and Air Rangers to a show of films about the R.N. and the W.R.N.S.

No. 2 WIRELESS DISTRICT, R.N.R.—EXETER UNIT

by RS A. G. Gwinnell, R.N.R.

It was with the greatest pleasure that we, the Exeter Wireless Training Unit of the Royal Naval Reserve, accepted the kind invitation to contribute an article to *THE COMMUNICATOR*—well knowing that cries of "Who the hell are they?" will most probably greet the appearance of the article.

Fair enough. We, for our part, have had more than a nodding acquaintance with Leydene, R.N.B.'s and wireless offices in ships of all shapes and sizes. So we know quite a lot about the "pussers" communication branch—until now we have remained out of sight, out of mind. Therefore let us proceed with an introduction. . . .

Our QTH is in North Street, Exeter. Even the locals are, for the most part, unaware of the very existence of such a retreat. This is due not to the requirements of national security, but to the fact that we share the building with a well-known type-writer firm and with the local R.N. and R.M. recruiting staff. By the time these two worthy establishments had affixed their propaganda to the outside of the building no room remained to advertise our presence.

In consequence we pursue our activities with a naturally ingrained sense of stealth, creeping in and out after dark and giving rise, on more than one occasion, to size twelve approaches from a limb of the law who generally maintains his watch on the opposite corner.

Such furtive comings and goings, aided and abetted by muffled morse from business premises, must have given many a young, aspiring constable wonderful dreams of capturing a nest of spies red-handed. Alas, such dreams have never materialised.

Equipmentwise, we can never hope to cause QRM much beyond the boundaries of Devon. Old timers will probably sigh with nostalgia at the mention of B.28 and B.29 receivers and our TCS is an antique dealer's pipe-dream. And staff? Well, much the same as sparkers anywhere, except that, with the passing of years, there are those amongst us who cannot hide those surplus inches. If G.I.'s have nightmares surely one would be the dream of attempting to form Exeter R.N.R. into two straight ranks. When our chins are lined up the rest of us "staggers the line"—line other parts of serge-clad anatomies up and we are no longer in two ranks. All very bewildering.

The majority of the Unit are ex-R.N. sparkers, but included in our number is an ex-seaman, a former airman, an ex-Royal Marine and (Flag-deck personnel please note) a one-time bunting tosser who, like the remainder, is now a fully qualified sparker.

All rates complete fourteen days training each year, either at *Mercury* or other shore establishments, or in Reserve minesweepers of the "Ton" class—particularly our own parent Severn Division *Venturer*.

In conclusion, a cordial Devon welcome awaits any sparker passing through Exeter who cares to risk introducing himself to us—we perform on Wednesday and Friday evenings commencing 7.30 p.m. (somewhere around 1930 if our memories serve us correctly).

CALLING ALL SPARKERS

Especially those about to complete their engagement in the R.N.

The Admiralty Civilian Shore Wireless Service offers you an interesting career with excellent pay and conditions. As a Civilian Radio Operator you can earn over £1,000 a year and prospects of promotion are good.

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JOIN THE A.C.S.W.S.

THE MIDDLE EAST STATION

When I was told that my next job would be at Bahrain, I rather wondered what sort of Hell was awaiting me. Hell, I felt sure, it must be. Hot and sticky with desert everywhere. A second Englishman's graveyard. With some misgiving, therefore, I set off on my way to the Persian Gulf, leaving behind me the softness of an English spring and standing by for the worst.

That was 18 months ago and for most of you who may follow me, let me quickly reassure you, it is really quite pleasant, although those serving afloat during the hot summer months might not agree. Furthermore, Bahrain is not all desert and the Persian Gulf is not the whole of the Middle East Station. There are in fact opportunities for changes in scenery, and these, combined with a pretty hectic pace, save the day.

When I first arrived, people still spoke of the East Indies Station perhaps with a slight twinge of nostalgia. After all it was only closed down less than two years previously. In the Wardroom garden, a tree planted by the last C-in-C E.I. grew proudly, as a reminder perhaps, of former glories. We were known as the Arabian Seas and Persian Gulf Station in those days, a slightly romantic title which aptly described the seas we controlled. In command we had a Commodore.

Like the tree, though, we have grown and now we have become the Middle East Station, a somewhat more imposing name. We have more ships too, and a Rear Admiral commands as the Flag Officer Middle East.

I was told too, that the Navy formed part of a unified command, and that at Aden a mysterious entity known as the HQBFAP (now H.Q. MIDEAST) served a RAF Commander-in-Chief. We were at a slight disadvantage by being so far away from Aden, but we could not move until our communications at *Sheba* had been improved. Since then we have all tried very hard to be unified; it has not been too easy though, with 1,500 miles separating us from our C-in-C.

There have, of course, been many crises in this part of the world and no doubt there will be many more. In the future, perhaps by the end of 1962, we hope to have greatly improved communication facilities to deal with them as the new projects at Mauritius, Aden and Bahrain become operational.

F.O.M.E. and his staff move down to Aden in mid-1962 to join the unified headquarters. At Bahrain we shall leave a Captain in charge of the Persian Gulf (S.N.O.G.P.), and then we will be virtually back to the old East Indies situation.

We shall, I think, miss the Persian Gulf, but on the other hand Aden will have more to offer in terms of city life. We shall also see even more of the fleet than now, and that will be all for the good.

N.E.C.H.

H.M.S. LOCH INSH

by TO2 Henry

Loch Insh sailed from Plymouth on 23rd June, 1961 for her year in the Persian Gulf. While at Malta we learned of the Kuwait crisis and steamed hard to Bahrain, refuelled and continued up the Gulf for Kuwait.

When all had quietened down, we carried out several routine dhow patrols, and spent a few days at Muscat, where to his horror, RO2 Baxter found himself trudging up and down mountains carrying a 622 for the Royal Marines.

Late in October, *Loch Insh* sailed back to Aden to collect *Shavington*, *Stubbington* and *Lanton* and escort them down to Karachi. There we took part in "Midlink IV", the Pakistani annual exercise. With us were *Loch Alvie*, *Tactician* and *Wave Sovereign*.

On completion of "Midlink" we sailed to Bombay with *Lanton* for a three-day visit, and on return to Karachi went into dry dock for a well earned refit. After a month in Karachi, everyone was glad to head back to Bahrain, but as soon as we arrived we were in the throes of our second "Fomex", with *Loch Lomond*. The exercise went pretty well as exercises go, with the added stimulant that at last here was a Loch boat with more time to do than us.

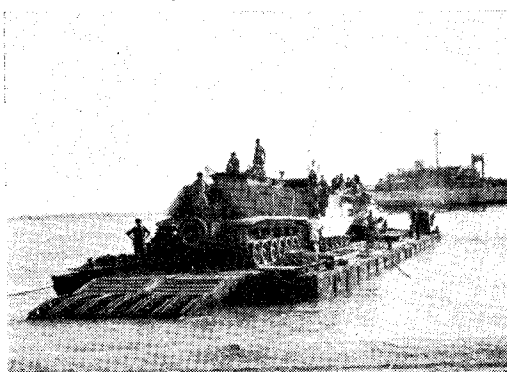
On completion of "Fomex", *Loch Lomond* left us to go down to Muscat, and we cleaned and painted ship ready to take FOME down to Bombay.

H.M.S. MEON

by RS R. C. Pyke

It all started when a crowd of us arrived at Bahrain on a close, warm morning at 0430 to pass through customs, immigration, etc., and board rickety buses for Khor Kaliya, where we took a boat (Pussers variety) to the squat—old type—ship *Meon*, dropping a few off at the LCT's of the A.W. Squadron, *Redoubt*, *Eastion*, *Parapet* and the LST *Striker*.

The *Meon* was still on the "Running Commission" and half the chaps we relieved were still on board,



A Rhino ferry at work

the RS and three having gone to the airport on the buses we had arrived in. CRS "Charlie" Marsh was i/c, aided and abetted by LRO's Dunne, Brown and Redpath, who soon put us in the picture about this squadron. Shortly after joining, we were off to sea again—reading a c.w. broadcast—Ratt still being in abeyance in the Gulf. These LCT's only have one bunting and one sparker so of course they only keep routines, therefore *Meon* takes guard for them on broadcast. Having Captain A. W. on board (Captain A. G. McCrum) traffic is quite steady for us.

We had been on board only a month when we were ordered to Kuwait. This meant going into three watches, during the five weeks of the emergency. Somehow or other, sometimes breaking into two watches, nine sparkers managed to keep six nets constantly dealing with approximately two thousand signals, which earned the Communicators of *Meon* a "Bravo Zulu" from the First Sea Lord by signal and from DSD in person. But do not let us forget the buntings in this hard-working period—the four LTO's, Bates, Winter, Tinkler and Phipson were employed in Joint HQ as Jack of all Trades, assisting SOO in the duties of Harbour Master and dealing with the Kuwait operational traffic.

After five weeks at Kuwait, we sailed for Mombasa for a refit, calling at Bahrain en route to land Captain A.W. and his staff. While the ship was on the Africa Marine General Engineering Co. slipway, the ship's company lived at the Palace Hotel, an office being used as a Regulating Office with a watchkeeper day and night. The manager of the hotel left bottles of hooch there, in case any sailor returning off shore wanted a wet before he turned in, also money to pay for taxi fares (returnable).

Long week-ends were given from Mombasa from noon Friday to 1000 Tuesday. Some went to Nairobi, visiting the Nairobi National Game Park, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Those not wishing to go on a week-end to Nairobi went to the Services leave camp "Silver Sands" at Nyali. Three LRO's snapped this up and had a smashing time—evidently they made all the RA's sad by winning three houses of Tombola and so paid for their week-end. Terms are very reasonable and it is recommended to anyone who is looking for a quiet week-end. Dhoby collected daily and brought back same evening, bars open long hours, lovely beach and excellent food, too. There were also coach trips arranged by the ship to other game parks, the most notable being at Tsavo.

After Mombasa, we went to Aden for a couple of days then back to Bahrain. Then followed a succession of exercises at the "never-before-heard-of" type of places which have sand, sand, and more sand, ideal conditions for Amphibious Warfare Beach Landing Exercises. After these, we visited two islands in the Gulf, Kharg and Das, where oil companies are hard at work. Then back to Bahrain once again for about three weeks of self maintaining,

where we said farewell to CRS Thompson who went home to UK to go into Haslar.

With *Redoubt* in company, we sailed for Abadan for the Christmas period. Hardly any work was done here as everyone was either ashore touring the oil refinery or on some other grippo. If anyone has never been to Abadan before, then it is certainly worth a visit. Various clubs were opened up to Jolly Jack and a full social whirl began, with plenty of invitations for "Up Homers" for Christmas dinner, which made the First Lieutenant worry in case no one stayed on board for a Pusser's meal. It was one of the best Christmases in the Royal Navy one could wish for.

We left Abadan on 27th December for Bahrain to disembark Captain A.W.'s staff before sailing for Malta, and on the 14th January, made a ceremonial entrance into Grand Harbour. So at last, after looking forward for all these months to coming here, here we were, to go into Bailey's yard where the ship will stay until July.

This article would not be complete without mention of "601 Signal Troop(ship)" which is normally borne in *Meon* as part of the complement. Headed by Captain Hunt, Royal Signals, with Sergeant Jim Poole (relieved by Sergeant Harrison), and others, they did a fine job, especially at Kuwait where they set up the Signal Centre ashore, living out of tins (and bottles) in a tent stuck out in the desert—occasionally coming to *Meon* for a shower and change of socks. Always cheerful and carefree, they were dead keen to paint our mast, also learn our procedures, which I must say they found to be better than theirs. The co-operation between "Jack" and "Pongo" is excellent.

R.N.O. EAST AFRICA

by RS J. Eilbeck

This must be the first article from Mombasa and from what I have seen in the short time I have been here I could do a sub. for Richard Gordon and start a series of books, i.e., "RS at Mombasa W/T", "RS at RNO", "RS at Sea" and if RNO reads this, yea, even a "Captain's Table".

The W/T station is situated in H.M.E.A.S. *Mvita* at Mombasa. The equipment is rather ancient, to say the least. The main transmitter is a 617S, another is a T1154, of which there are four in existence, one in Kew museum, one in *Collingwood* museum and two here—one of which works and only on c.w.

The R.N. staff is an RS who does the usual duties (advisor to the C.B. Officer and R.E.A.N. Communications-wise plus spare driver); a CY who runs the M.S.O. and looks after the mail; and the LRO who is the worker. The latter keeps dripping because there is no Welfare Committee and no union for the workers, especially as the RS is claiming fees for both as well as making him work. Last, but not least, is the PO Writer who is secretary, pay bob, and legal adviser. Also there is CYS Phillips, R.E.A.N., R.N. (Rtd.), who looks after the R.E.A.N.

signalmen. CPO Tel Ford has just left for UK after ten years in the R.E.A.N.

The work is not extra heavy, just enough to keep us going all day and duty one in three. Our biggest snag is the Doo Doo (insects, various) who like the gum on the tape, Pussers' pads, all cable insulation, in fact everything.

The RS and LRO are virtualled and live at the Rex Hotel at Admiralty expense. Reveille at 0630 is by the floor boy who brings tea and takes the shoes away for cleaning. Dhobying was a snag until we rigged a dressing line in the room and now as it dries the boy takes it down and irons it. Whether it is hotel routine, or because we are Navy, we have not figured out yet, but at 1900 in comes the boy with a flit gun and gives the room a D2. There is plenty to say, but that can wait until next issue which may even be "RS at Sea", shades of *Rosalind* and cement mixers.

That is all for this issue. The CY wants our one and only Doo Doo eaten typewriter, and the LRO wants a Welfare Meeting.

REUTERS OF LONDON

The small word "Reuter" appearing below the account given in your daily newspaper of so many of the world's great events holds in itself a story as rich as the history of modern journalism itself.

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Reuters spans the world. From a central newsroom in Fleet Street its lines of communication run out to the furthestmost corners of the globe, linking all the capitals of Europe, reaching down through Africa, across the great expanses of Asia to India and China and spanning the Atlantic to North and South America.

In an important capital city Reuters will have a large bureau with many reporters and editors producing a continuous report of local news for distribution to the rest of the world. In Paris, for example, Reuters' staff totals seventy. In a small town, watch will be kept by one man, or perhaps a part-time correspondent sending very little news until suddenly a major event breaks in his territory.

From all these men around the world a daily flood of news messages arrives in Reuters' central



Editorial Floor

newsroom in Fleet Street, over wires, cables and radio circuits.

The newsroom staff sift it, select it and organise it ready to be sent back over more communications networks to subscribing newspapers and radio stations around the world.

The newsroom is divided into about a dozen departments, or regional services, each one responsible for preparing the news service to a given geographical area. The news prepared on each desk is transmitted by line or radio to all subscribers. These wires, cables and transmitters are leased from the postal authorities concerned.

Much of the incoming file of news from correspondents is transmitted on R.T.T. channels beamed from distant points on Reuters' central receiving station in Hertfordshire. There Reuters has assembled an impressive array of terminal equipment housed in a once gracious country home and surrounded by some 150 acres of aerials.

The Hertfordshire station serves a double role as a monitoring base. An editorial staff of multi-lingual journalists keep a regular watch over various East European, Middle Eastern and other State radio emissions.

This complex system works with incredible speed and efficiency. It takes only a matter of seconds for a major news flash—a serious revolution, the resignation of a Prime Minister, a hurricane disaster—to flash around the world through Reuters' news system and into newspaper offices everywhere.

But as important as speed is, accuracy is even more important. Get it first but first get it right—that was the golden rule of journalism for the man who founded Reuters more than 100 years ago, and it remains so to-day.

The agency was begun in London in 1851 by Paul Julius Reuter, a young man newly emigrated from Germany. From a small office with one messenger boy he built up a huge organisation through a lifetime of dedicated hard work. When he died his son succeeded him. Changes were taking place in the newspaper world which led eventually

to a reorganisation of Reuters. It ceased to be a private company many years ago, and was established on a non-profit making basis under the ownership of the newspapers themselves. To-day Reuters is owned jointly by the newspapers of Britain, Australia and New Zealand.

Although its ownership is centred in the British Commonwealth, Reuters is emphatically international in its scope and outlook. Because it can be believed as straight fact without cant or national bias, Reuter news can be found in newspapers of every political hue in virtually every country of the world—something which in itself offers eloquent testimony to Reuters' reputation, standing as a guarantee of trustworthiness, which explains the small word "Reuter" under so many news reports in your daily newspaper.

* * * *

We have heard from Reuters Ltd., that a number of ex-R.N. Radio Operators have applied for employment and have been rejected because their operating was not up to the required standard. Reuters regard this as a great pity, as ex-R.N. Radio Operators would be welcomed, but as they have no training facilities there is little they can do to help. It is therefore suggested that those interested in joining Reuters work up the necessary degree of skill before leaving the Service.

The standard Reuter test is to prepare a tape on a standard Creed three bank perforator at sixty words per minute for five minutes with accuracy, and to read Murray five-unit code with reasonable ease. The starting wage is £13 14s. 6d. a week with good overtime and pension scheme. The Trade Union of Press Telegraphists is represented at these tests to ensure that these standards are maintained.

H.M.S. TROUBRIDGE

We sailed from U.K. on 21st July, 1961 and arrived at Bermuda ten days later, via St. Johns, Newfoundland. After a week for some self maintenance and much perspiration, we sailed for Puerto Rico, via Turks Island, to take over hurricane guard ship from *Rothsay*. *Rothsay* gave us much useful information from a W/T point of view, regarding this rather unusual station, with particular reference to amateur stations, cable and wireless, United States Coast Guard and a fair smattering of British Army, and 500 teleprinter rolls which at first were a problem to know where to stow.

The weeks following were very much akin to a Caribbean liner cruise. We visited Anguilla, Antigua, Dominica, Guadaloupe, Trinidad, Punta Cardon (Venezuala) and had one brief exercise with the Dutch Navy at Curacao.

Periodically our ETA's and ETD's were upset by hurricane movements in the area, but in each case,

as we prepared for a relief operation, the hurricanes turned North or petered out. Then "Hattie" came. As the name implies "Hattie" was number eight this season, and from the start it became obvious she was going to be a serious problem.

We were on passage from Bermuda to Key West in Florida, when it became apparent that "Hattie" would menace the Cayman islands. We increased speed, fuelled at Key West early, and hurriedly steamed around the North coast of Cuba down through the Windward Passage, bound for Jamaica to pick up relief supplies and some extra help in the way of a company of Royal Hampshires. However, while we were engaged in this task, "Hattie" altered course, and headed for British Honduras, where she struck on the morning of the 31st October with 150 m.p.h. winds.

For a few hours there was no news at all, then reports of heavy damage began to filter out from Guatamala, and "Ham" stations broadcasting for help. These were local transmissions and not received by any official agency, therefore they were treated as unconfirmed, but they did convey to the relief forces that something quite disastrous had occurred.

We left Jamaica without delay, and there followed a period of swinging up and down the frequency band of the Army, Police and "Ham" stations in an attempt to gain information as to what had occurred. Only the Army were picked up by *London-derry* at Bermuda, and these reports just reported the local situation at the airfield as all roads were impassable through debris and flooding.

Troubridge arrived at Belize on the morning of 2nd of November. This (R) was the capital city of British Honduras and the nearest place of any real size to where the hurricane struck. The low-lying country made the entry into harbour extremely hazardous. The channel, narrow and twisting at the best of times, was now unmarked by any buoys; the water normally clear as crystal was now muck, mud and debris. To add to the general difficulties the hurricane had also moved the sea-bed in some places. We crept carefully up what we hoped would



Hurricane damage at Belize

be the channel using every trick of the trade to find water, and finally anchored a mile and a half offshore. The terrible smell of the offshore breeze conveyed that this was going to be a very nasty job.

I will not attempt to describe the scene of carnage which met the eyes of those first survey parties. Our type 622 and 615's worked overtime relaying information back to the ship, and slowly the true picture was built up. Some three hundred dead and still undealt with, 28,000 homeless, mud covering the whole area to a depth of feet, food and water supplies contaminated, looting, no roads, no transport of any kind, and a general apathetic feeling that nothing could be done. The hopelessly inadequate local civil services were attempting to restore some kind of order to the chaos, but with very little success.

Communications with the outside world were vital. A tremendous amount of supplies was urgently required, not to mention whole field hospitals to deal with the casualties and a threatened epidemic. How all these problems were overcome belongs to another story; this article concerns communications to aid the relief.

As the only long distance radio station available, we had the job of manning two shore stations to relay requirements from those on the spot to the ship. From the ship we had an intership net with *Londonderry* alongside at Bermuda, over which the major portion of relief signals was passed in the initial stages, as she had a TP link with U.K. via America. To co-ordinate work with the army and the hurricane relief centre at Jamaica, we had another c.w. net. When possible, we handled press traffic via ship shore and finally we provided a rough form of air-traffic control for the local airfield. This latter net was manned continually by one RO2, with apologies to all civil and RAF/USAF pilots addressed as 'mate'.

This hectic way of life kept up for the next fortnight which completed the first aid phase of relief while long term rehabilitation programmes were being devised. The survey ship *Vidal* arrived to survey the channel, and we thankfully turned over the odds and ends of relief work still to be done. *Londonderry* sailed from Bermuda to join the relief forces. She gave great assistance a little further down the coast.

We then had a very welcome self maintenance period in Bermuda, and sailed for Washington for a courtesy visit on completion. Needless to say this was the best "run" of the commission so far, the ship's company being entertained by both American and British residents. Tours were laid on, dances were arranged by the "Waves" and various social organisations, and many occasions arose when offers made by the local inhabitants to take out members of the ship's company had to be refused as there were not enough sailors to go round. After a wonderful week, we sailed once more for Bermuda and Christmas.— R.C.

H.M.S. VIDAL



The Prime Minister coming on board to view the communication set-up and address the Ship's Company

Vidal, the flagship (with no extra flag staff) of the Survey Navy commissioned on 12th September at Chatham with five seagoing communication personnel who had previously volunteered for LFS billets. There followed a couple of weeks storing ship, in which one had to talk like an insurance agent to get small things like phones, mikes and Morse keys.

We finally sailed on October 9th. Collecting one helicopter from south of Southsea completed our mail facilities (or so we thought at the time). Leaving Portland on the 24th bound for the sunny Caribbean we ran into four days of force nine gales; it appears the weather was doing a work-up in that area. Fourteen days later we arrived, and dropped stores at Antigua but could not stay, having been previously diverted to British Honduras to help in relief work after hurricane "Hattie" had struck. Proceeding swiftly, twelve knots, to Jamaica we loaded stores, army personnel and medical essentials, then on to Belize where we relieved two fully fledged frigates, *Londonderry* and *Troubridge*.

The next four weeks were spent on hurricane relief work and taking the retiring Governor from Honduras to Kingston, Jamaica. Our next diversion from survey work was to Bermuda for the conference between Prime Minister Macmillan and President Kennedy. *Vidal* acted as FX 14 for conference traffic with a welcome extra sixteen faces flown out from UK—although four in the office at once is too many—however, all went well, even with the limited space available. With leads and plugs all over the place it was christened RATT 3.

New Year's Day saw us at sea bound for Barbados and back on SOP's once more, after the hectic Bermuda "do". During January and February several surveys have been carried out from boat



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parties and the ship itself, and four Decca camps have been set up—Barbados, St. Lucia, Tobago and Trinidad. Some noted facts from the communications angle are:—

- (i) 622's with cut wire aerial on 2 Mcs are just the job for voice up to 100 miles.
- (ii) LRO and RO's are sent on Decca camps for a "holiday" and given approximately \$100 each per week for their efforts.
- (iii) When (i) is effective the RS has to stay on board and read SOP's.
- (iv) The communications staff were lashed up to the Herbert Lott prize on board.

After the present survey off Trinidad is completed we proceed to Grenada to check on the wreck of the *Bianca C* which sank while being towed by *London-derry* last October. The staff will be doing a survey of the Meon Valley around June.

17th F.S.

Perhaps we are more familiarly known as the Dartmouth Training Squadron but the advent of a change of operational command, and the additional responsibilities of new entry training, now sees us with a Squadron Number and the "D.T.S." only used in communications with foreign civilian authorities concerned with our many and varied visits abroad.

The Squadron currently consists of six type 15 frigates—*Urchin* (Captain F.17), *Wizard*, *Vigilant* and *Roebuck* making up the first division, *Virago* and *Venus* the second.

The First Division is engaged in the training of young officers. This includes Midshipmen, Cadets, Royal Marines and in the case of Midshipmen and Cadets, may include members of the old and new Commonwealth countries. Recently, there have also been a number of Iranian Cadets borne for training.

The Second Division have a somewhat different role. Their job is the local sea training of young ratings from the various schools in the U.K.

At the time of writing, the First Division is comfortably berthed at Bridgetown, Barbados, the first port to be visited on this year's West Indies cruise. There is something very pleasant about lying on a beach in the hot sunshine—rum punch in hand, reading of icy gales around the U.K. (provided you are sure of going home again in the spring!).

Next cruise—the summer term, takes us to places perhaps better known to the R.N., mostly in the Baltic.

Just in case anyone feels our lives are all play and no work, it should be known that this squadron spends a very great proportion of its time at sea, and nearly all that time in company and exercising.

To end, one from the log:



From *Urchin*
To C in C H.F.
My P.C.S. . . .

2. *Wizard Vigilant* and *Roebuck* in loose company.

Reply:
From C in C H.F.
To *Urchin*

Your . . . para 2. Hope this won't be detrimental to the morals of the young officers.

Stop Press

Saturday, 17th February.

Since writing the foregoing, the Division was ordered to proceed with despatch to Georgetown, British Guiana to assist the Internal Security Forces there.

Under the Command of S.N.O.W.I. we are now berthed alongside in Georgetown, where fires are still burning and looting and disorder are unchecked. Communications-wise, at this moment we are the only link between British Guiana and the outside world. We are achieving this by using the facilities of *Troubridge*, *Wizard* and *Urchin*, with the staff of the fourth, *Vigilant*, loaned out to back up the others. The organisation works well—even though it is a 500-yard walk between the local net bay and the fixed service bay.

Our hope is that this situation will not prevail too long. Our training programme is being impaired—and not to mention the fact that we are due at the lovely spice island in the sun, Grenada, soon.

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ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

Since our last article went to print Pete Haylett G3IPV has taken over as Station Manager of the HQ Station.

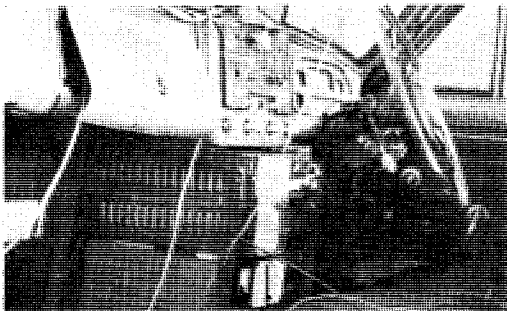
A great deal of constructional work has been taking place, not least the building of equipment for 2 metres. The 2 metre converter feeding into a Collins TCS Tx was the first, followed by a small Tx. So far only c.w. has been worked, as no modulator has yet been constructed, but good reports have been received from G3NAE Bournemouth, G8DL Christchurch and G3FAN Ryde. We have the advantage of height and the aerial, a five element Yagi, is on a mast 30 feet above the ground.

It is also intended to further improve the station by erecting a long wire for 160 and 80 metres plus another 3 band cubical quad for 20, 15 and 10, in place of the old one which suffered so much from the weather. This time it is intended to make a more robust job, using metal tubing: the final design will depend on the materials obtainable.

Membership renewals are still most encouraging, with new members coming along steadily, if not rapidly. We often get enquiries, whilst chatting during QSO's, re the R.N.A.R.S., which proves that in spite of the publicity given in the various magazines there are still a lot of eligible amateurs who have not yet heard of us. We can all help in this matter when operating, and it is to everyone's advantage. The more members we have, the more powerful we can become, which in turn enables us to accomplish more and improve our service to all members.

Due to equipment and manning problems at the HQ Station the committee has decided to take no further action with "morse Proficiency Transmissions", unless members indicate that a definite requirement exists.

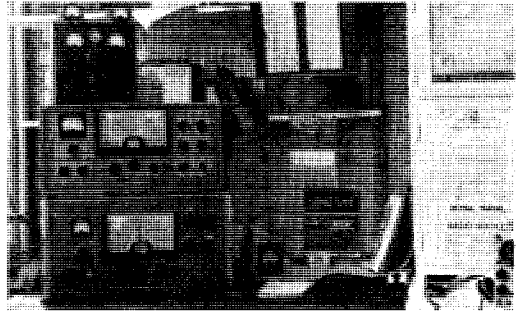
Our thanks to G3NXU for details of his station which is included with this edition and the usual request to members for support in this matter. We are interested in all your "Ham" activities and experiences, so why not put them down on paper? Some of our overseas members must have interesting or unusual experiences to relate.



G3NXU/M

PERSONALITY PIECE

Mr. B. Booth, G3NXU



Bernard Booth of Keynsham, Bristol, is a member of the R.N.A.R.S. employed by the Director General of Weapons (Surface Division, Bath). He was first licensed in December, 1959 and started with an ex-Army 19 set. Bernard now runs a KW Vanguard Tx, Panda ATU, a Geloso G209 Rx, Eddystone 840 Rx, and a 2 metre converter.

The aerials at G3NXU are:

1. Multi band doublet.
2. 20-metre vertical dipole.
3. 2-metre 5-element Yagi (about 10 feet above ground).

Auxiliary equipment includes a wavemeter, Jason xtal calibrator, Heathkit oscilloscope, Grid dip oscillator and an R/C bridge.

Bernard Booth works on all bands—160 to 10 metres, but his main interest is on 15-metre mobile operation and he has worked into the U.S.A. whilst mobile. Work is in progress on a 10-watt 2-metre Tx and it is hoped it will be in operation this year. Mobile gear is a FW76 Rx, Valiant Tx and two loaded whips.

Bernard is to be congratulated on a very fine station.

AMATEUR RADIO IN MALTA

by RO2 (S) Frances

An Amateur Radio Club was formed here in Malta last October, since which time progress has been somewhat slow due to lack of funds, but it is hoped to obtain a grant from the Nuffield Trust to remedy this.

Club membership stands at twelve, with seven members already licensed. We have our club-room in the Vernon Club, Valetta, where we hold meetings about once a month on a date most suitable to most members, taking into account such commitments as duty watches, etc.

At the New Year we held a Dinner for members and their wives, and as this event turned out to be a success, we intend to hold one annually.

S.W.L.s are welcome, and every night a slow morse exercise is transmitted on 21100 kcs. for their

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1	B5030KZ	5910-99-011-9836	CPM4-K
2	B5040KZ	5910-99-011-9839	CPM4-N
250 volts D.C. Working			
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0.1	B5060KZ	5910-99-011-9828	CPM4-H
0.25	B5070KZ	5910-99-011-9831	CPM4-J
0.5	B5080KZ	5910-99-011-9834	CPM4-K
1	B5090KZ	5910-99-011-9837	CPM4-L
2	B5100KZ	5910-99-011-9840	CPM4-P
400 volts D.C. Working			
0.05	B5110KZ	5910-99-011-9826	CPM4-H
0.1	B5120KZ	5910-99-011-9829	CPM4-J
0.25	B5130KZ	5910-99-011-9832	CPM4-K
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benefit and to get their morse up to a reasonable standard.

Among the outings arranged, or in the process of being arranged, for the coming summer are day tours to historical places and various social gatherings for members and their wives, and a "field day" for the men, plus other local contests.

The licensed members are ZB1 A, RM, OKV, NZE, RF a "G" c/s and myself ZB1JF. All stations are usually active on 21 Mc/s. and we welcome QSO's with serving and ex-serving Amateurs.

My "shack" consists of K.W. Vanguard, H.R.O. with RF 24 converter, single band Quad (21 Mc/s.) and dipole for 7 Mc/s. Countries worked in past seven months: 96, and for WBC 48 countries (single band).

Please contact me if you wish to join our Club as we shall be pleased to see you there.

On behalf of the Naval Radio Club, Malta, I wish you 73's best DX. ZB1JF.

DOCTOR CRIPPEN AGAIN

Arresting "Wanted" persons by wireless is no innovation; but a modern variation on the old theme ended happily all round last month.

A frigate visiting Point a Pierre, the oil town of Trinidad, was anchored off the refinery for a two-day visit when libertymen returned from an enjoyable afternoon ashore at the Texaco sports club.

Only one rating failed to come back on time from leave granted under sailing orders—we were due to leave for the U.K. before sunset—and that one seaman had been seen heading, in an alcoholic haze, for the fleshpots of San Fernando, a small town seven miles away.

Thinking the absentee might change his mind, or be found and brought back by one of the many friendly Refinery staff, who had made our stay an excellent one, the Captain delayed weighing and a patrol was landed.

Meanwhile the Radio Supervisor stirred from his siesta and decided on his own course of action. One of the chief activities for ships in the West Indies is helping and co-operating with the "Ham" network in the islands; a very useful link in times of hurricanes and other emergencies. Perhaps they could now help us.

It was just time for the evening schedule on "Ham Primary", and Pots was soon in the BWO with the 602 flashed up.

A local Ham, Mr. T. E. Temprow, had just arrived home in San Fernando and was enjoying a cup of tea while he netted in. To our delight and amazement, Mr. Temprow reported having just passed a nearby club and seen a naval rating go into it. No other warship nearer than Bermuda—he must be ours! We quickly accepted our Ham's offer to go mobile in his Ford Consul, which was fitted to take

his transceiver and, remoting the net to the bridge, we all settled down to listen to a vivid running commentary as he enrolled police support and set off on the search.

"We're entering the club now . . . we've got him" came through twenty minutes after setting watch, and half an hour later the wanderer was back on board. Despite the loss of a hook, the victim of this radio arrest realised how lucky he had been not to miss the ship (we showed him the recent A.F.O. on ship-missers paying the first £50 of the fare back) and agreed with everyone else on board that FARECOM (The Federal Amateur Radio Emergency Communication Network), was a splendid organisation.



"What did you say your name was?"

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

By Jack Eaton

Among the treasured memories of many naval officers are the weird and wonderful excuses offered by resourceful matelots in mitigation of their delinquencies. Adrift from shore leave, no sailor worthy of his salt would dream of blaming a defaulting alarum clock or tardy bus. Such lack of imagination would invite the inevitable 'Scale' plus the possibility of a little exercise in the way of chipping paintwork. Forgetting to wind the alarum clock is 'conduct to the prejudice of good order and Naval Discipline'. Being last man on the queue for an already overflowing bus is a flagrant breach of the Articles of War. The only way out is to lie, lie, lie. If you are going to tell a lie the resultant damage

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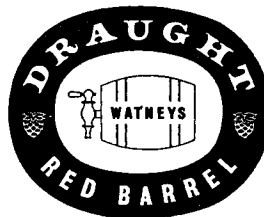
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to your soul is as great for a thumping whopper as it is for a teeny weeny fib. Shellbacks choose the former.

Spunyard Carruthers was, besides being an habitual leave-breaker, blood brother to Ananias, and his frequent appearances at Defaulters were looked forward to with relish by the Commander. Spunyard enjoyed them as well for he looked on them as a challenge to his artistry. He was a true artist. No prepared speeches for Spunyard! He never knew what he would say until he stood before the Beak.

One sunny morning at the Grand Harbour in Malta, two lines of sailors stood at ease under the Quarterdeck awnings of H.M.S. *Intolerable*. Request-men formed one line, Defaulters the other. Spunyard was in the latter. Eventually the Commander appeared from a hatchway and the Court was in session.

Spunyard heard the faint murmurings of 'Granted', 'Not granted', 'Stood over', until at last the list of requests had been dealt with. Now it was the turn of the underworld. The Jossman produced his little black book.

"Able Seaman Carruthers."

With an air of confidence Spunyard stepped forward.

"Off caps!" yapped the Jaunty. "Able Seaman Carruthers, Sir. Broke leave on Friday, 23rd April, in that he came aboard three hours adrift, viz. and namely 1100 hours instead of 0800."

The Commander picked up a sheaf of papers.

"Carruthers," he said, "I have been looking at your Conduct Sheet, and it reads like something from the Newgate Calendar. On four previous occasions this commission you have been adrift, and you have aggravated the offences with the most dreadful lies."

Spunyard looked pained.

"Lies, Sir? I wouldn't tell lies, Sir. Not to you I wouldn't, Sir. Strike me pink if I—"

"Never mind the piety, Carruthers. Now, this little matter of overstaying your leave by three hours requires an explanation. If you've anything to say it had better be good."

Spunyard took a deep breath.

"I've always been a stickler for Naval tradition, Sir. I've got a book called the 'Life of Nelson' in my ditty box, and my favourite reading in the Seaman-ship Manual is them parts that deal with traditional ceremonies and all that kind of bull. People can say what they like about the Grenadiers and the Coldstream Guards, Sir, but when it comes to tradition the Navy has—."

"Carruthers, I'm waiting."

"Yes, Sir. It was like this, Sir. I left the Marina in a dghaisa at 0745. Well, we were just a couple of fathoms off the gangway when the 'Still' sounded for 'Colours'. Being keen on tradition, Sir, I says to Jose, 'Way enough' I says, 'Rest on your oars.' The dghaisa man—I think he was a bit of a Bolshey, Sir wouldn't rest on his oars."

"What you want I should stop pulling?" he says

"Rest on your oars while Colours is hoisted," I says. 'You got to show respect for the traditions of the Service.'

"Well, Sir, he wouldn't stop rowing no matter what I said, him being a Bolshey and not interested in the Navy except for fares off the troops. My temper was fair up, Sir, so I grabbed the oars off him, and I didn't give them back to him until the 'Carry On' sounded. That's why I was adrift, Sir. Nobody should move about during the ceremony of 'Hoisting the Colours'. That's the tradition of the Navy."

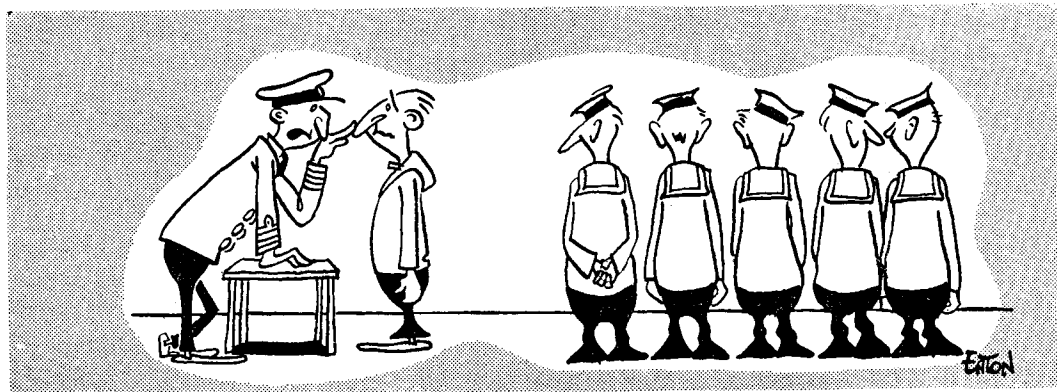
The Commander stroked his chin.

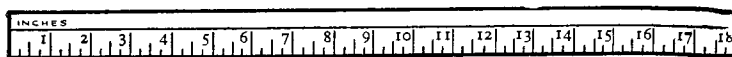
"Your devotion to duty does you credit, Carruthers," he said. "However, there is one little thing you seem to have forgotten."

"Sir?"

"You were only a few yards from the gangway when the 'Still' sounded. Why, then, did it take three hours to reach the ship after the 'Carry On'?"

"Oh, that, Sir? Well, I don't like people who won't obey orders, so I decided to teach Jose a lesson. I made him pull all around the Grand Harbour for punishment, Sir."



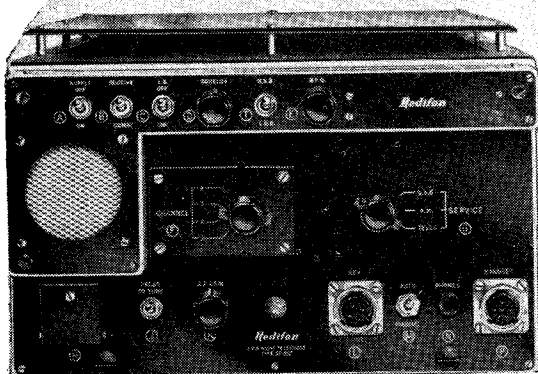


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H.M.S. BELFAST

Gone are the days when a draft to the Far East Station was synonymous with leisure. How much easier was ante and post Korean War, to be a lone wolf patrolling the straits and the east coast of Malaya. How much those days have changed! Far from being lonely, *Belfast*'s service has been crowded: hardly had the ship's new company arrived on board, when they were whisked away to take part in "Jet 1961", and "Pony Express" followed just a few inhalations later.

On completion of this initial activity *Belfast* arrived in the Mecca of the Far East Station, Hong Kong, which was the starting point for the Japanese cruise. This took the ship to Nagasaki, then through the picturesque Shimonoseki Straits to Kure and on to Tokyo. There everyone had a good time. The maintenance period began in Singapore and the whole ship's company moved from the ship into *Terror* for six weeks, and nearly everyone on board had a short spell of leave.

On completion of maintenance, *Belfast*, accompanied by units of the Eighth Destroyer Squadron and the Third Frigate Squadron, sailed for exercise "Tuckerbox" in the Coral Sea. This was followed by visits to Melbourne and Sydney. These two visits were the highlight of the commission, and in both cities everyone enjoyed the wonderful hospitality for which the Australians are so justly famous. In Sydney the ship's company dance was held in the largest ballroom in the city. Several hundred most attractive young ladies appeared and many friendships began, which did much to make the remainder of the visit memorable. The dance was arranged and given by the Captain and Mrs. Morgan Giles to whom the ship's company presented a silver coffee service as a mark of their appreciation for what must have been one of the best ship's company dances ever attended.

Then north again. A short spell was spent in Singapore, before exercise "Fotex" which gave the communication department one of the busiest times so far in the commission. However, this was soon made up for in a visit to Hong Kong, where *Belfast* was present during the visit of H.R.H. The Princess Alexandra. This was the first of the Royal occasions of the commission, and was soon after followed by the second at Dar es Salaam where the ship was present during the Tanganyika Independence celebrations, witnessed by Prince Philip. Prince Philip honoured the ship by attending a dinner party given on board by Rear Admiral A. A. Fitzroy Talbot, the Flag Officer Middle East, whose flag was flown during the whole of the East African visit (which included two stops in Mombasa).

After Christmas in Singapore, *Belfast* sailed to Subic Bay in the Philippines, to exercise with the U.S. Navy. A week-end in Subic Bay Naval Base followed which the ship's company found an excellent run ashore.

Belfast is now preparing again for Exercise "Jet". It will be interesting to see whether this year we will beat the record of six Signal Officers and ninety-five communications ratings who were on board at one time during "Jet" 1961. (Should the drafting authorities read this, I hasten to add that all these people did not belong to *Belfast*, and that as soon as the exercise was completed they all faded away as mysteriously as they had arrived).

Belfast's commission now begins to head towards its close in the nicest possible way, by bringing her home. It has been enjoyable, but not all milk and honey. The hard work has been pleasantly interspersed with visits to many interesting places, and the trip home will include Guam, Honolulu, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, the Panama Canal and Trinidad.

H.M.S. COOK

After our return from the Gilbert and Ellice Island, as reported in the last edition, we carried on surveying in the Fiji area. Our first survey was of the island of Tavenui, the third largest island of the group. This island lies on the 180th meridian, and the number of times we crossed from the 179 degrees East to 179 degrees West, is innumerable. It was during this survey that the ship was presented with a bullock by one of the local farmers. The offer of fresh meat was greatly appreciated by the ship's company and the butcher was duly despatched ashore to kill it and prepare the carcase.

Towards the end of the year and the start of the hurricane season it was time for us to think of other things. To some this meant leave in New Zealand (the land of milk and honey—especially the honey!) and to the more serious minded, i.e., the surveying bods, it meant a period when they could bury themselves in the chartroom and draw up the fair charts for the season's work. The ship would get her bottom scraped and painted and all the major defects made good (!) in Auckland dockyard.

En route for Auckland we called in at Vila (New Hebrides) to commence a survey of the harbour there. While the surveying teams were out at work in the harbour, those left onboard were preparing for Commodore's inspection. With forebodings of this we set sail south for New Zealand.

After a couple of days of rough weather, nothing unusual for this ship (who said anything about the calm blue Pacific?) we noticed that there was a rather familiar "bite" in the air—almost like being in U.K. in fact. On the 28th November we anchored in the Bay of Islands to make ourselves a little more ship-shape before entering harbour the next morning. What a pleasant sight it was too, to see willow trees and civilised vegetation instead of palm trees and coral reefs!

On arrival at Devonport dockyard we berthed under the shadow of the new Auckland Harbour Bridge, a miniature version of the more famous one in Australia. The first day was spent in making

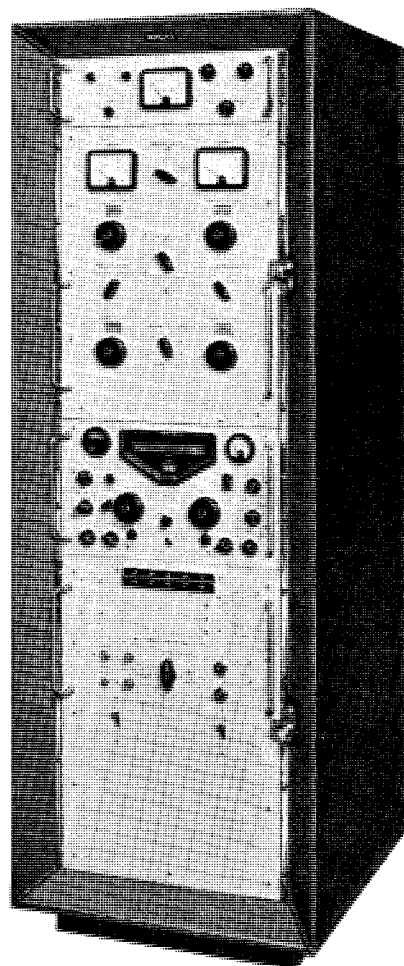
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the final arrangements for the Commodore's inspection. The next two days were taken up with departmental inspections and Commodore's divisions and evolutions. However, it was soon all over and we settled down to more important things.

The RS immediately got stuck into meeting many of his "Ham" radio friends personally, having "met" them many times before over the air. Certainly a new slant on Baron Strangling! The Yeoman made for the Fleet Mess and became a permanent member until the ship sailed six weeks later.

Leave was spent in a variety of fashions. RS Matthews, believe it or not, spent two thoroughly enjoyable weeks on the New Zealand version of a farm (how very different from a U.K. one it was), LRO Gamble disappeared over the horizon with a rucksack and a tent, RO2 Stanney spent two weeks with a radio ham, something he thoroughly enjoyed, RO2 O'Rourke remained in Auckland and TO2 Stretton spent his two weeks with relations.

Alas, like all good things, our visit to New Zealand had come to an end. On the 15th January amidst tears, calls of farewell and Maori music being played over the upper deck speaker system we slowly drew away from *Royalist* (looking like the Brooklyn ferry on 4th July) and turned to the Pacific once again.

A brief stay was made in Vila once more to complete the harbour survey and soon we were on our way to Fijian waters. We are now completing the second half of the large survey started last year, and if all goes well, should have it finished in about five weeks.

EXPED. IN NEW ZEALAND

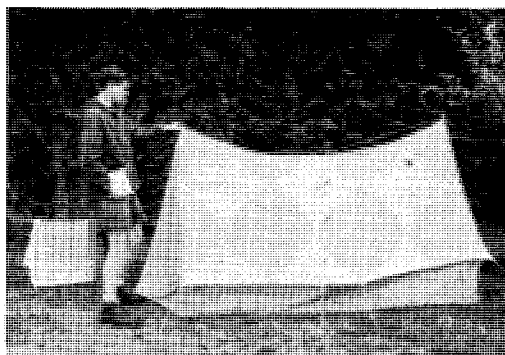
by LRO Gamble

Being a keen hiker I decided to spend my two weeks leave in New Zealand seeing the country, the cheap, and maybe harder way than normal. Having found a companion on board who felt the same urge to tramp the highways and byways, and get away from it all, we duly set off from Auckland on 29th December and were lucky in getting lifts to Taupo which was to be our starting point.

Taupo lies on the north eastern edge of Lake Taupo, the largest lake in New Zealand and renowned for its fine trout fishing and beautiful scenery. It is also popular for water skiers. The New Year was seen in here, complete with two Scots pipers from the local pipe band to add to the Hogmanay atmosphere.

After two days in Taupo we decided to travel north up to Rotorua, which lies on the banks of Lake Rotorua. En route we passed through the Wairakei geothermal region and marvelled at the geysers, pools of boiling mud and steam bores. Here steam and heat are piped from beneath the earth's surface and used to produce electric power for a large area of the North Island.

Rotorua is itself the scene of many geysers and pools of boiling mud. The pungent fumes can make



"I wonder if it will stay up for the night?"

life rather trying if the wind is in the wrong direction. Besides its natural wonders Rotorua houses the centre of Maori culture in New Zealand at the village of Whakarewarewa. This village, built in the middle of the thermal area is an exact replica of others which used to dot the countryside. The Maoris use the natural steam for heating their houses, washing, and also for cooking. The water is really boiling, as we soon found out. No need for gas or electricity bills here. The Maori Pa, or meeting house, was much admired and photographed.

On leaving Rotorua we managed to get a lift in a large shooting brake. We later found out that the driver was a funeral director and that the shooting brake was to be converted into a hearse—apparently we were its first passengers.

After a brief stay at Napier we continued to hike, and hitch-hike our way towards New Plymouth. On the way to Foxton we passed Himatangi Radio station, the commercial equivalent of Waiouru or Portishead Radio. After Foxton we went westwards to the Taranaki bight. We were lucky in getting lifts and soon we were camping under the shadow of New Zealand's answer to Fujiyama, Mount Egmont. Gazing at this beautiful sight from our tent was too much, and after a couple of days resting and bathing in the nearby Tasman Sea we decided to "have a go". On a beautiful summer's day, we climbed as far as "snowline" at 6,500 feet. The climb was well worth while for the view afforded of the Taranaki Plain and the surrounding area.

Our leave was now rapidly coming to an end, and we reluctantly turned North and hiked back towards Auckland. The last 100 miles were covered on the New Zealand Road transport system, using free busser's warrants. So two weary, but extremely satisfied ratings returned.

H.M.S. CAESAR

by TO1 A. W. Pomphrey

"Veni, Vedi, Veci"—We came, We saw, We conquered! is our motto. *Caesar* arrived on the Far East Station on 18th May, 1961, to the strains

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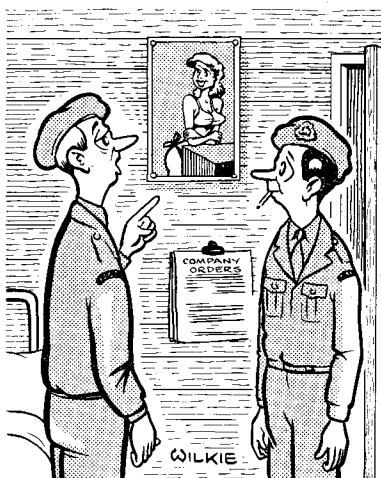
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of the Royal Marine Band and the cheers of *Cavendish's* ship's company whom we were to relieve as Captain "D" 8th Destroyer Squadron, the next day.

The V/S side is under the supervision of CCY Anderson and has done well for promotions. CY Wilmshurst has been confirmed in the rate, LTO Woodham has been rated A/CY. TO2's Exley and Goss went for LTO's course first and passed, and have since been rated. RO2's Pomphrey and Castle followed and are patiently awaiting their hooks. Finally TO2 Dicker is off on the next course and we are confident of him passing, thus making *Caesar* unique in that on paying-off, C.N.D. permitting, our staff will consist of: 1 CCY, 2 CY's and 8 LTO's. Who said too many chiefs and not enough Indians? What with this expected pay rise forthcoming we'll be able to hire some seamen to clean our part of ship. Sportswise, the V/S department has a most experienced and much travelled golfer in the Chief Yeoman. CY Wilmshurst is a member of the ship's water-polo team. LTO Goss plays in goal for the ship's hockey team and CY Woodham plays basketball for the ship. We also have TO1 Castle who threw the javelin for the Navy in the Inter-Service sports and LTO Exley who is an excellent soccer referee.

The sparkers are under the eye of CRS Harding. They do very well in the ship's sports, having no less than five members in the ship's soccer 1st XI and a 1st XI hockey player. Two of them are members of the ship's guitar group. This group, besides having performed in a few bars, has had a half-hour spot on Australian Television, during a peak hour.

The E.W. branch consists of the roving RS, the permanent LRO and his three RO2's, and it has built up a most favourable reputation for itself.



Her heart belongs to me, but the rest of her goes out with sailors!

The ship visited Japan last year, spending three days in Hong Kong en route. We found Japan to our liking, visiting the picturesque and very hospitable village of Tokuyama and the more industrious and busy city of Kobe, which is one of Japan's main shipping ports.

On our way back to Singapore, after a few exercises with *Belfast* and *Cassandra*, we rendezvoused with the remainder of the 8th D.S. off the small island of Pulau Tioman and anchored in one of its many bays. There we had a massed banyan which was much enjoyed by all.

We arrived in Geelong on the 28th August. A very nice place too; we all had a most enjoyable time: invitations were numerous and life was gay. Visitors once again were plentiful and we enjoyed showing them around as much as they obviously enjoyed seeing the ship. The Lord Mayor of Geelong presented *Caesar* with a "Tucker Box" (food hamper) as we had taken part in an exercise of the same name on the trip down.

We went next to Hobart, Tasmania, where we all had a splendid time. Even the rain did not deter the visitors; they still came in their hundreds, young and old alike. Hoping one day we would return, we left for Sydney to rendezvous with *Belfast* and *Carysfort*.

Sydney, commonly known in "Aussie" as "The Bright Lights", had plenty to offer and full advantage was taken. Throughout this cruise some managed to visit, and even spent station leave with their relations or close friends. Many of the remainder made friends they will never forget, in all three ports.

We sailed for Singapore on September 14th, where we stayed until October 30th, when after taking part in "Fotex" the ship sailed for Hong Kong where she spent a very hectic Christmas, being recalled to Singapore for New Year, twenty days earlier than anticipated, due to the Far East situation.

Having just completed F.O.2's inspection, we are on the way to India and Pakistan to visit Port Blair and Chittagong, before Exercise "Jet 62".

ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY

We have not made a contribution for a while now but the Royal Malayan Navy is developing well. We take in a New Entry Training class of RO's and one of TO's every 12 months and work modified *Mercury* New Entry syllabus and the results obtained are very satisfactory. We also run our own Senior courses up to Leading rate.

At the moment the Branch consists of a total of 23 Radio and 17 Tactical operators with CRS Ashcroft, RS Beare and CY Walker as loan instructors and CRS Ridzuan, CY Goh and CY Samuels, the Senior Royal Malayan Navy ratings, ably led by our SCO, Lieutenant Setford.

Since our last contribution we have taken part

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in a number of exercises with the Royal Navy and, judging from the "bouquets" received from a number of Senior Officers, we can hold our own for efficiency.

In the field of recreation we have a number of participants in various sports both with, and in opposition to the Royal Navy. Our most outstanding record must go to LRO Lingham who, as a boxer, has won 86 out of the 91 bouts he has fought.

During the early part of next year we are expecting delivery of the first of our new fast patrol boats being built by Vosper in England, which will add some valuable new "teeth" to the Royal Malayan Navy. It is hoped that the Comms. Trials Party who go to U.K. to take delivery of these vessels will be able to visit *Mercury*.

* * *

TYPED (East of Suez) VERSION

The LF component of broadcast Mr. WILL not be radiated until further notice.

GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

THE CLUB CONCEPT

During the past year efforts have been made to decide whether it would be possible to establish within *Mercury* what is known as the Club Concept. Negotiations with N.A.A.F.I. were completed at the end of the year, and plans are being drawn up to do the necessary work in the Signal School during the forthcoming Easter leave period.

What is the Club Concept?

The Club Concept really means a social centre within an establishment, run for ratings, by ratings. This social centre is located in suitable premises which are fitted out, redecorated and furnished by N.A.A.F.I. in as luxurious a way as possible so as to establish an atmosphere of social relaxation and activity. Although such a social centre being within a naval establishment inescapably must be subject to the rules of the Naval Discipline Act, as far as possible it is considered to be ashore, providing of course that nothing disreputable takes place therein.

Why the Club Concept in "Mercury"?

There is no doubt that there is at present rather a lack of evening facilities and out-of-working hours activities in the Signal School. Everyone knows the difficulties, transport and otherwise of getting to Portsmouth or Petersfield and back, and it would therefore appear that if good shore-going facilities could be provided in the establishment this would

make life much easier and more pleasant for all concerned. Club Concepts have already been established at various Naval Air Stations and at *Collingwood*, and particularly at the latter place it has proved to be a great success and makes a tremendous difference to the social activity there. Other establishments such as *Excellent* are now also going for this Club Concept and there is no doubt that if *Mercury* does not go for it, in a few years time we may be the only place without such a social centre.

Where will the Club Concept be established?

After considering many alternative schemes and with the agreement of the Welfare Committee and the Signal School Mess Committee, it has been decided to move the Signal School Mess to occupy the Tavern and the existing billiards room and B.B.C. TV. Room, using the library for I.T.V.; and to give over the whole of the remaining area of the existing Signal School Mess to the Club Concept. In it will be a cocktail bar and lounge, a space for dancing, band dais, sound room and cloakroom, restaurant, and in addition the existing Chief and Petty Officers' N.A.A.F.I. restaurant will be decorated as an Espresso Coffee Bar for which purpose it will be used after 6 p.m. daily. All this area will be redecorated and refurnished on the lines of the *Collingwood* Club.

What will it cost?

The total cost will be £2,000 of which N.A.A.F.I. gives us £1,000 and of which we have to repay the other £1,000 on an interest free loan over two years.

Who will be members?

ALL RATINGS except New Entries will automatically be members of the club. A committee representative of all ratings in the Establishment other than New Entries is being formed to run the club and the committee will of course have the right to refuse entry to the club of any member who does not conform to club rules. It is hoped shortly to obtain permission for club members entitled to wear plain clothes ashore to wear plain clothes whilst in the club.

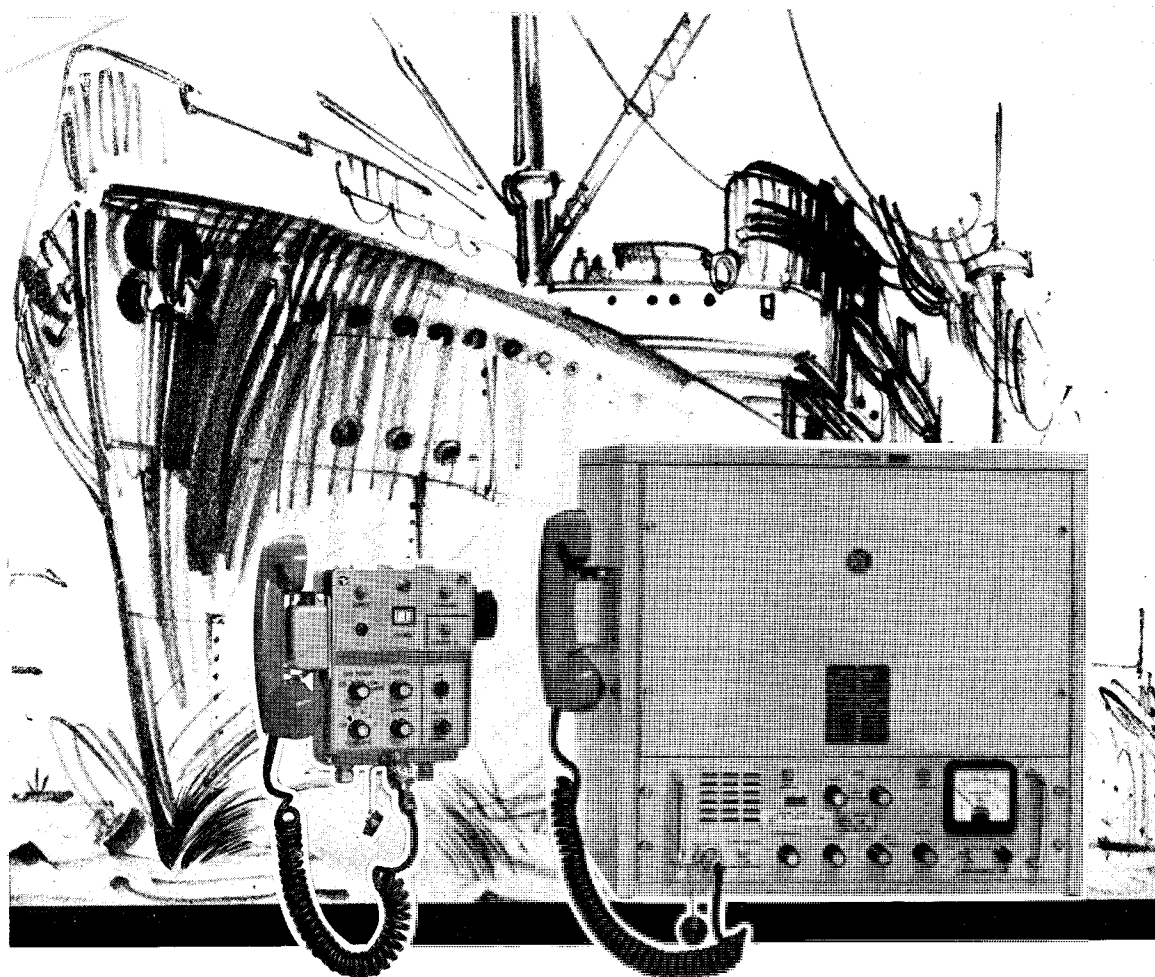
What will go on in the club?

It is envisaged that there will be dances, tombola, jive sessions, concerts, record request nights, juke box dancing, etc., organised by the committee, although of course there need not necessarily be an organised activity every night.

Other things of interest

The cinema in *Mercury* has now been modernised with funds received from the Nuffield Trust, the stage has been enlarged and it all now looks much more like a shore-side cinema.

A booklet is now issued to all ratings joining *Mercury* giving them details of all out-of-working hours activities available in the Signal School.



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- 20 watts output.
- Simple to operate.

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CHIEFS' CHATTER

This has not been a very hectic term as regards social activities, unless one includes the Christmas Ball which was voted as one of the best for some time. I think it can be included as I gather that some of the "hangovers" lasted until mid-January.

Our "Fred" is at last on his way as he leaves us in March. We wished him the "best of luck" with a cigarette holder inscribed with the group "Bravo Zulu"—well done, Fred.

Jack Kelson came in from Malta and relieved "Rattler" Morgan as Vice President—"Rattler" being on draft to *Yarmouth*.

We are still battling against the younger and fitter divisions of the School at soccer and hockey. The hockey team are doing quite well at the moment, though I am afraid our soccer team has still to win a match—but it is all good fun.

INS...

CCY's Hales, Hunt, Stew, Glendenning, Crowe, Collins, Morriss, Lockett.

CRS's Wharton, Lowe, J., Parker, Walklett, Kelson, Kennedy, King, Haylett, Long, CRS(S) Thompson, Shpt. Le Santo, SBCPO Taylor.

OUTS...

CCY's Rainsbury, Anders, Ryrie, Bill, Carter, Morgan, Harvey, Collins, Morriss, Hunt, Hales, Lockett.

CRS's Lewsington, Lewendon, Green, E.J., Messenger, Rogers, Baker, Fry, Long, Shuker, Ridgely, Kingston, CRS(S) Leigh, CPO Manton, CPO (CK) Knight, Shpt. 1 Rees, SBCPO Suker.

P.O.s' PATTERN

Our sincere apologies to past and present mess members who may have been disappointed by this article not appearing in the last edition of THE COMMUNICATOR as we were 24 hours late for the "deadline".

As I type this article, Leydene is covered in about three inches of snow, but members are still having difficulty in persuading the President that it is not a good thing to consider accommodating them in tents on the Broadwalk, owing to the large numbers at present in the mess, approximately 113 R.A. members and between 40 and 50 virtualled! The general feeling at the moment seems to be that once you're in, you're in.

One of the advantages of large numbers is that our social activities are well supported and have gone with a lively "swing". The Christmas Ball particularly was enjoyed by a large number of members, wives and girl friends, and it was good to see many past members also. The Children's Christmas party was another splendid affair, RS "Aubrey" Brabon excelling himself as Santa in dishing out presents. Splendid support for this party was also received from Ship's Company Wrens and N.A.A.F.I.



Christmas Party

The highlight of the present term, so far, has been the visit last Saturday to the R.N.A. Camberwell Branch by a coach load of members and their wives. They arrived at the Camberwell headquarters (which happened to be the first floor of a public house, "The Stirling Castle") conveniently just after opening time. Several pints later the mess football team managed to defeat the Camberwell team by seven goals to four. After the match we were entertained to an excellent meal and social. Needless to say everyone is looking forward to the R.N.A.'s return visit for a "cricket match" next July, here at Leydene.

On the sporting front at *Mercury* the mess has continued to figure prominently, topping the Hockey League last term, and running-up in the soccer competition.

About the time of going to press, the mess will be under new management, as the President, Vic Head, departs for warmer climes shortly after Easter leave. Our Vice-President, RS "Dutch" Mulholland has already left to reside next door in the "House of Lords". We offer him our warmest congratulations and thank him for a job well done. It has not yet been decided who is to take over these posts, so anyone fancying the job is advised to hop up quickly!

THE SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

There have been three Mess Dances so far this term and they became progressively better. The End-of-Term dance of last term was, and I quote, "The best-ever dance to be held in *Mercury*", with the girls actually outnumbering the men by quite large numbers.

We must, I am afraid, say "Goodbye" to Sid (LRO Parsons) and say "Welcome again" to Taff (LTO Davis) who now becomes *Mercury's* first Colonially disposed Mess President. He is at present in British Guiana; we wish him all the best and a speedy return to the Club.

The *Mercury* Automobile Club has been fairly active during this term, with four Rallies to date, which seem to be meeting with an increasing amount of interest.

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The Karting section of the club has been hibernating during the winter months, but now as the weather improves, we expect the interest to mount again to even better than the fever pitch it reached during the last season. With the opening of this sport in the Forces, we have opportunities for a great deal of activity, and if the last season is any guide, we should be travelling over quite a large section of the south for races, etc.

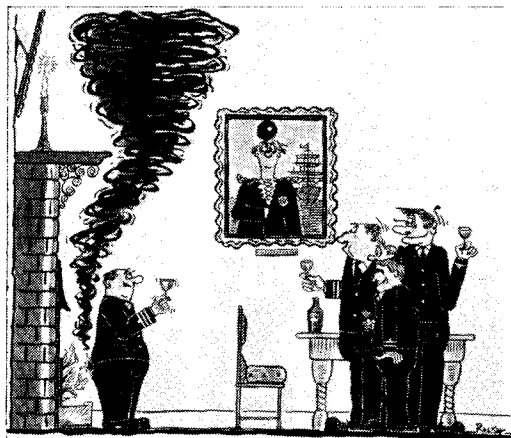
The mess Tombola is another of the up-and-coming activities, as the houses, on pay-days and during the following week, are now usually somewhere round the £10 mark, with a £5 snowball for some lucky person. It all makes for quite a lot of sweating and all-round enjoyment.

For information of any of our members, who may be coming into the school soon and who hold a current driving licence, there is a good job going, as Fire Engine Driver, which has a brown card, and one in six duties tacked to it. Any enterprising member or future member may like to make his mark in the job.

MERCURY W.R.N.S.

It was with great pleasure we learned that the Second Officer Ruth Kingsnorth had been promoted to First Officer W.R.N.S., though this meant she would be leaving us. On 12th February she took up her appointment as Officer-in-Charge, W.R.N.S. Royal Naval Air Station, Lossiemouth. We wish her all happiness and every success in her new job. In her place we welcome Second Officer Elizabeth Davey from *Drake*.

In the sporting sphere Leading Wren Christy and Wrens Icton and Edwards represented *Mercury* in the W.R.N.S. Inter Command Hockey Championships. Leading Wren Christy and Wren Icton were selected for the R.N. Women's Hockey team to compete in the Inter Service Hockey Championships which took place in Portsmouth from 7th to 9th March, 1962.



And now Gentlemen, a toast!

Congratulations to Leading Wren P. Campbell M/T Driver and Wren Miller, Communications, who were promoted to Third Officer, W.R.N.S. in November, 1961.

SPORT IN MERCURY

The hockey team entered the Navy Cup hopefully after their first round defeat at the hands of the Royal Marines last season. Optimism seemed to be justified, as they went through *Dolphin* and *Vernon* in the first rounds. *Ariel* was beaten 2-1 in the quarter finals, in spite of three Navy players in *Ariel's* team, the issue was never in doubt once the game began. A month later on the same ground, Seafeld Park, the Air Command were avenged as Lossiemouth, playing with immense pressure, won the semi-final match 2-0.

A B-class (16-17) boxing team was sent down to the championships at *Fisgard* in February and gave a good account of themselves achieving one finalist, JTO Leahy, and three semi-finalists. Considering facilities at *Mercury*, and New Entry numbers available, this was a creditable result. *Ganges* and R.M. Deal dominated the championships.

The P.T. Staff have continued their building programme, initiated, you remember, with the permanent cricket sight-screen on Hyden Wood. The left-hand leg of the Broadwalk, originally designed as an archery range in 1960, is now the site of a 200 yard long Assault Course whose rigours will soon be tested by the New Entries and by any Divisional teams who feel they can beat them. The many problems besetting this project have been ably mastered by our three Construction Engineers, PO Howley PTI, RS Harder, fresh from similar success in Ceylon and LTO Hoey. The new pavilion has at last made an appearance on Hyden Wood and will provide a pleasant, if modern, focal point for next season's cricket.

The soccer season has been a lively one. "We were robbed" in the first round of the Navy Cup by *Collingwood*, 1-0, on St. James's Park. Later, satisfaction was in some measure achieved with the 6-2 defeat of *Vernon*, the Cup finalists. Our fortunes began to be retrieved by the return of RS Metcalfe, and the acquisition of SBA Crockett from Haslar. At the moment, our 1st XI are Senior Challenge Cup finalists who will play either *Collingwood* or Portland on 5th April. Over all, the consistently good standard of play in both divisions may be attributed to the enthusiasm of RS Metcalfe and CY Pollard, soccer's old Father Time himself!

Mercury Rugby Football Club

The Club has just finished its first complete season of Rugby. With a full fixture list and many good players, we have had quite a successful season, though due to the drafting situation we have rarely been able to field the same team for two weeks running. Good players have come and gone. We have been fortunate in having Lt. W. Rothwell,



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- or (ii) the Army as officers (a) of the Royal Corps of Signals or R.E.M.E., or (b) of any other Arm, provided that they either have a technical degree or have passed the Technical Staff Course. Technical radio or radar experience is essential;
- or (iii) the R.A.F. as Communications Officers or Technical Signals Officers.

Knowledge of, or interest in, the communications or trajectories of earth satellites is desirable for at least one post. Salary on national scale £1,295—£1,638 or £1,638—£2,054 according to qualifications and experience; starting salary on lower scale may be above minimum. Promotion prospects.

Write for application form to:

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

Closing date 30th April 1962.

R.A.N., who gained Royal Navy and Hampshire caps, to turn out occasionally for us and several more of our team play regularly for civilian clubs on Saturdays. Although we were eliminated from the Portsmouth Command Knock-out Cup, the fate of the League Shield is in the balance and it could well find its way to *Mercury* once more.

We held our Annual Club Dinner in December and it was well attended by players and supporters alike. Other social evenings have been planned, and anyone who is interested in Rugby in general, and Rugby at *Mercury* in particular is invited to join the Club. Details can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, *Mercury* Rugby Football Club.

MEON MAID II

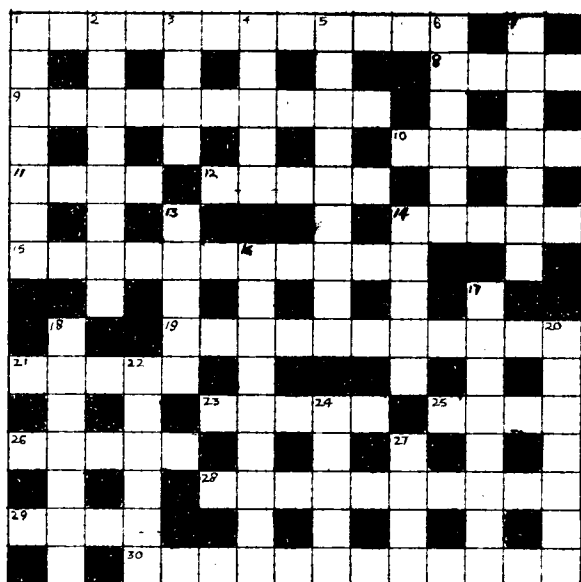
Meon Maid II has been refitted during the winter at Whale Island. The intention is to launch her at the end of March.

It is hoped to enter some of the Royal Ocean Racing Club races this coming season as well as the usual local races. She will also be available for charter to qualified skippers, when not required for racing.

This well-found ocean racing yacht has been provided for use by all Communicators, not only those at *Mercury*, so it is hoped that all those who live within reach of *Mercury* and are interested in sailing will contact the Sailing Secretary, *Mercury*, who frequently has a spare billet to fill.

Communicator Crossword

Compiled by RO2 M. Leech



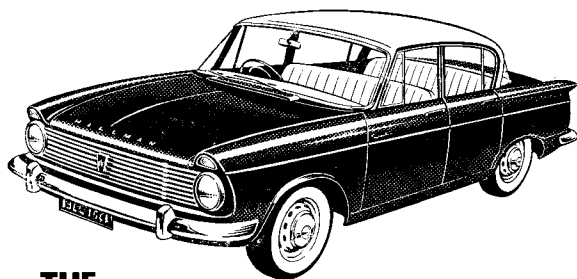
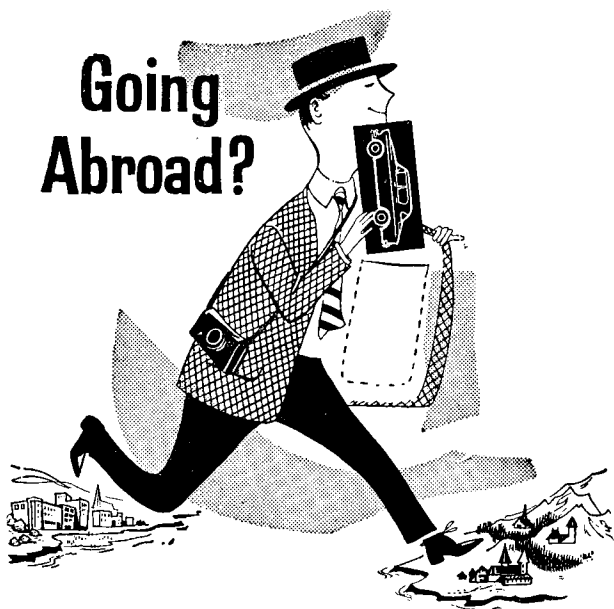
ACROSS

1. A boffin with guns (6, 2, 4).
8. Colours minus 5 (abb.) (4).
9. Close by (4, 2, 4).
10. R.A. in bed wins it (5).
11. Put me on the ship (4).
12. Allied group has dictation equipment (5).
14. British! Western! (5).
15. Tune to a frequency for this musical gathering (7, 4).
19. Adjacent parts (11).
21. Eager to consent (5).
23. Separate (5).
25. Repeat back, usually of its own accord (4).
26. Severe part of ship (5).
28. Rears great buntings (3, 7).
29. The spot to cut the engines (4).
30. For fishing at long range (9, 3).

DOWN

1. Youngest Roman in the family (7).
2. Leave the weather alone ass! (8).
3. Small test (4).
4. Remains of the fire the Aussies have (5).
5. He has the right to a yearly grant (9).
6. Bright fellows these RO's (6).
7. Make up a tale in bed why you were adrift (7).
13. Word of nobility (5).
14. Fool (5).
16. Show who you are on a dish (4, 5).
17. If you are in this, you are out of trouble (3, 5).
18. Worry? (7).
20. Are PO's used to getting married? (Poetic licence) (7).
22. Continent (6).
24. Pay 'em or wear 'em (5).
27. What the angel would answer the 'phone with, almost (4).

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APPOINTMENTS

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.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
M. F. B. ARCEDEKNE-BUTLER ...	Lt.	Mercury	17th Frigate Squadron
R. I. ATKINSON ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Victorious	Staff of F.O. Scotland
M. R. BAIRD ...	Lt.	Whirlwind	Reverts to R.A.N.
S. F. BERTHON ...	Cdr.	Mercury	President with D. of P.
R. BRADBERRY ...	Lt.(SD)(C)	Mercury	Albion
P. J. BROOKS ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O. Gib.	Admiralty with D.W.R.
K. P. B. BRUCE-GARDYNE ...	Lt.	Mercury	Yarmouth with Capt. F.5
J. P. G. BRYANS ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.A.C.
P. H. BUCKLAND ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Undaunted	S.T.C. Devonport
R. H. W. BUNTING ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Llandaff	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth
T. W. CLOWES ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Whirlwind as 1st Lt.
T. F. R. CROZIER ...	Lt.	Meon	Mercury
J. A. N. CUMING ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Parapet in Cmd.	A.S.W.E.
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, C.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	Courses	Bellerophon in Command
W. R. DANIELS ...	Lt.(SD)(C)	S.T.C. Devonport	Staff of C-in-C Med.
J. W. DAUBNEY ...	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	B.D.C.C. Singapore
D. D. DAVIES ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Courses	Mercury
W. H. DAVIS ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Courses	Mercury
F. G. DENSTEN ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Courses	Adamant with Capt. S.M.3
A. H. DICKENS ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Ganges	Staff of F.O.S.T.
M. E. H. EARLAM, R.A.N.	Lt.	Mercury	Forth
E. EDWARDS ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Mercury	S.T.C. Malta
J. R. EDWARDS ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth	Terror
J. H. ELLIS ...	Lt.-Cdr.(SD)(C)	Tamar	Mercury
L. ELLISON ...	Lt.(SD)(C)	RAN Loan Service	Lion
G. EVATT ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Meon	Whitehall W/T
M. C. EVELEGH ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.2 F.E.S.	Staff of F.O. Gib.
H. D. Y. FAULKNER ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of S.N.O.W.I.
J. M. FINDLAY ...	Lt.	Staff of Allied Forces Central Europe	Puncheston in Command
W. FITZHERBERT ...	Cdr.	President with D.S.D.	Salisbury in Command
Miss J. A. FULTON ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Whitehall W/T
J. GOLDSMITH ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Victorious	Mercury as 1st Lt.
D. GUNN ...	Lt.	Mercury	Lion
P. A. C. HARLAND ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of Capt. 1st D.S.	Staff of C-in-C S.A.S.A.
Miss D. H. HEAPE ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Drake	Rooke
R. HOLLAND ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Mercury	Broadsword
S. JACKSON ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Saintes	Mercury
R. W. KEOGH ...	Lt.	Forth	Mauritius
N. I. C. KETTLEWELL ...	Lt.	Lion	Mercury
D. D. KNIGHT ...	Cdr.	Bermuda	Staff of AFNORTH
A. J. S. KNOCKER ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.2 F.E.S.
B. E. LEMONDE ...	Lt.	Mercury	Meon
G. C. LLOYD ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of FOF Med.	Blackpool in Command
J. T. LORD ...	Lt.	Advanced (C) Course	Hampshire
A. N. A. MACDONALD ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F. Med.
V. E. McDOWELL ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Ganges	Mercury
T. B. McLEAN ...	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Battleaxe	Mercury
A. S. MORTON ...	Cdr.	Rocket in Cmd.	Mercury as Commander
K. MORTON, D.S.M.	Lt.(SD)(C)	Sheba	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth
A. H. MARDLIN ...	Lt.(SD)(C)	Terror	Goldcrest
J. PEARCE ...	Lt (SD)(C)	Whitehall W/T	Terror

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. PENNY	Lt.	Adv. (C) Course	Mercury
K. REITH	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Staff of F.P.S.	Mercury
E. G. H. REUBENS	Lt.(SD)(C)	Falcon	Seahawk
C. D. M. RIDLEY	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.S.T.	Ganges
W. E. ROTHWELL, R.A.N.	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of Capt. F.2
J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.	Commander	Saker with B.J.S.M.	B.J.C.E.B.
K. SCHOFIELD	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Lion	R.N. Unit Tangemere
T. J. W. SERGEANT	Lt.	Drake	Staff of Capt F.2
E. S. SPENCER	Lt.-Cdr.	Cochrane	Sheba Staff of F.O.M.E.
J. H. STEER, R.N.Z.N.	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Whitehall W/T	Reverts to R.N.Z.N.
W. G. STOCKDALE, R.A.N.	Lt.(SD)(C)	Whitehall W/T	Reverts to R.A.N.
A. F. TILLEY	Lt.-Cdr.	Britannia	Loch Fada as 1st Lt.
Miss O. V. THOMAS	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	Staff of CINCAFNE
F. R. THORPE	Lt.(SD)(C)	Terror	Mercury
Miss D. M. THURSTON	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	Admiralty with D.S.D.
P. WAILES	Sub.-Lt.(SD)(C)	Highflyer	Ganges
C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER	Captain	President	N.A. Paris
P. J. WARRINGTON	Lt.-Cdr.	O.I/C Kranji W/T	Mercury
D. WHITEHEAD	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F.H.
W. B. WILLETT, D.S.C.	Lt.-Cdr.	President with D.S.D.	Staff of CINCAFNE
D. A. WILSON	Lt.(SD)(C)	17th Frigate Sqdn.	Mercury
R. J. E. WOOLEY	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff Course	Albion
A. WRIGHT, M.B.E.	Lt.(SD)(C)	R.A.N. Loan Svc.	R.N.B. Devonport

PROMOTIONS

To Captain

P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C.

To Commander

J. D. MACPHERSON

B. E. SHATTOCK

G. C. LLOYD

Provisional Selection to Commander

L. L. GREY, D.S.C.

D. A. P. O'REILLY

B. J. STRAKER

To Lieutenant-Commander

I. FERGIE-WOODS

M. P. H. BRYAN

R. L. COPP

M. F. PARRY

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

F. S. BARCLAY

J. GILL

J. D. HARDEN

(26.9.61)

(4.10.61)

(26.10.61)

V. SMITH

H. O. FOX

D. J. MULHOLLAND

(2.11.61)

(11.11.61)

(1.1.61)

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

A. J. KEARNS

A. M. COLLINS

B. F. DAVIES

T. J. RUNDLE

L. STANNARD

(27.7.61)

(19.9.61)

(7.10.61)

(2.11.61)

(11.11.61)

A. F. BAKER

R. S. FINCH

W. KIRKHAM

O. J. PIDGLEY

A. B. E. STATHAM

(22.11.61)

(6.12.61)

(23.12.61)

(9.1.62)

(30.1.62)

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O.B.E.

M.B.E.

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Commander M. L. WOOLLCOMBE

Lieutenant-Commander N. E. C. HAMMOND

CRS C. E. W. ADLAM, D.S.M., CCY R. HUBBARD

CRS J. W. E. KELSON

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Sir PETER REID, G.C.B., C.V.O., Admiral

Sir LAURENCE DURLACHER, K.C.B., O.B.E., D.S.C., Admiral

Sir PETER DAWNEY, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.C., Vice-Admiral

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A. A. BROWNE, Lt.-Cdr.

C. B. CLAXTON, M.B.E., Lt.-Cdr.(SD)(C)

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