

# THE COMMUNICATOR

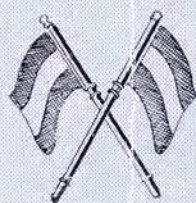
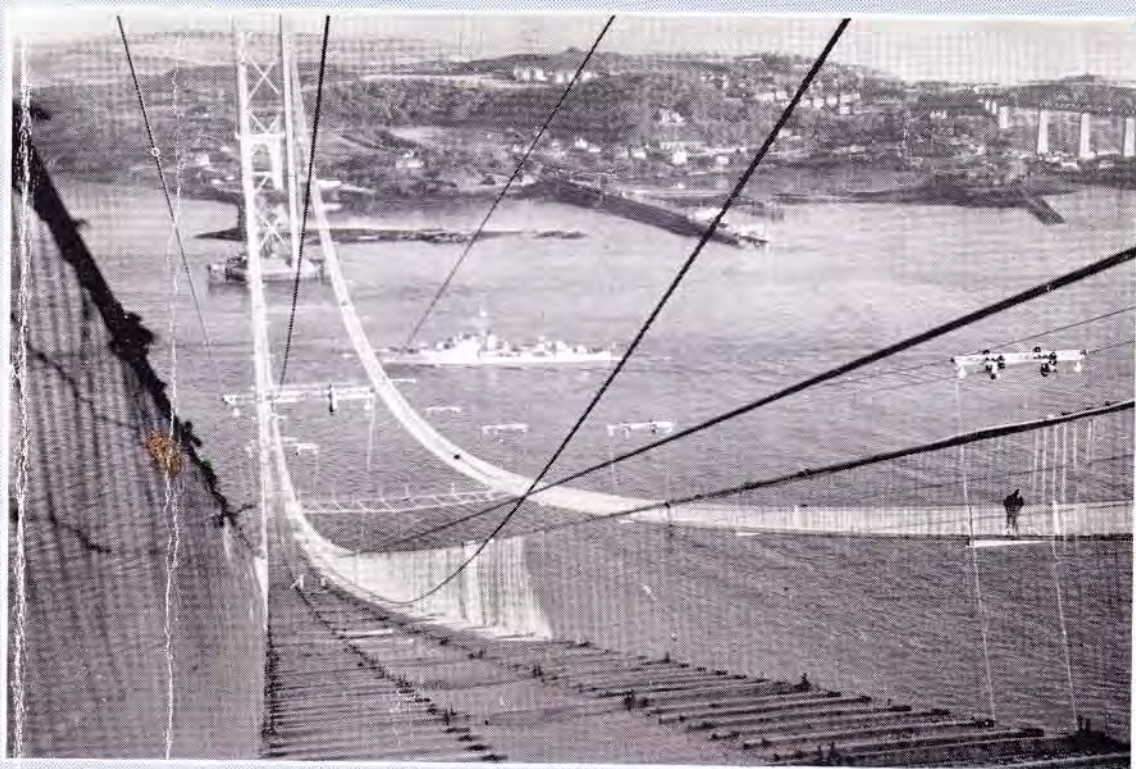


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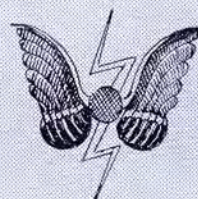
No. 4

EASTER

1963



THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
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COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH  
AND THE ROYAL NAVAL  
AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY







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# THE COMMUNICATOR

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

EASTER 1963

VOL. 16. No. 4

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Cover Photograph—THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION  
(by courtesy of *The Scotsman*)

## SUMMER COMPETITIONS

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

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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 1963 EDITION MUST BE IN THE  
EDITOR'S HANDS BY 22nd JUNE. BULK ORDERS BY 17th JULY.**

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

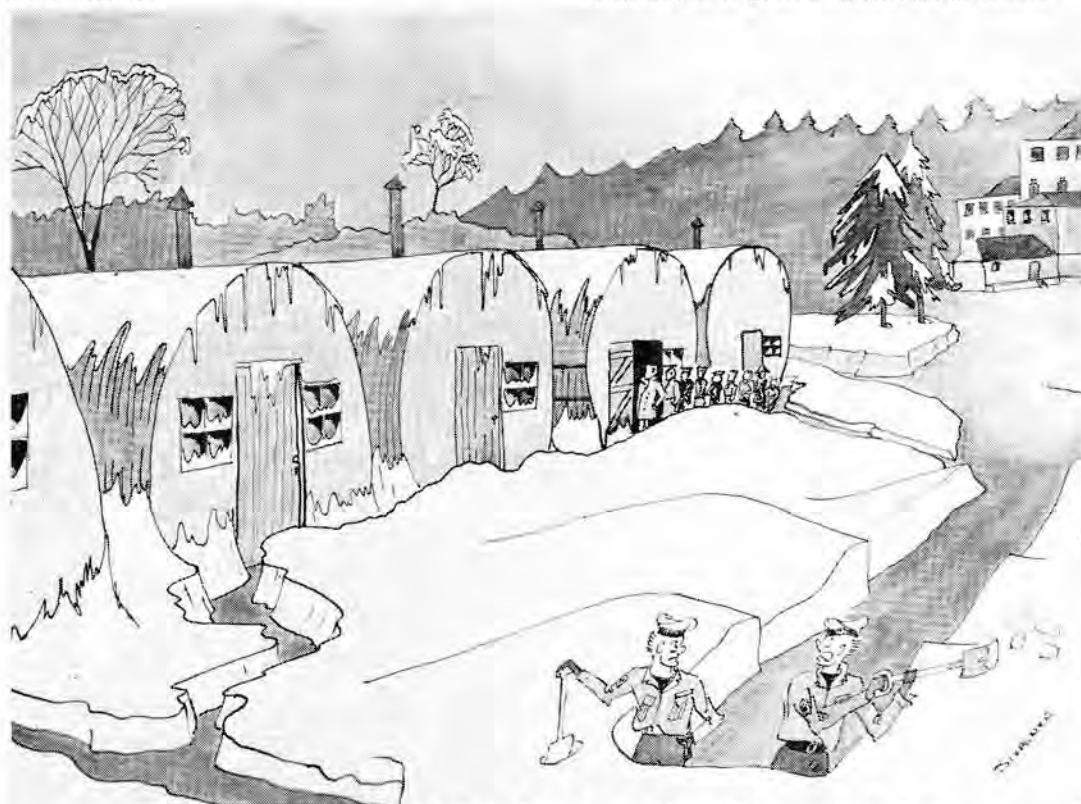
Having previously criticised *THE COMMUNICATOR* for its inadequacy and offered little in support, I now find myself the Editor! I have long felt the need for more articles of greater general interest and fewer summaries of ships' activities with accounts of runs ashore. Contributions from ships are the backbone of the magazine nevertheless, so please keep them up, endeavouring in the future to recount some particular activity of interest to the majority of readers. Anything out of the ordinary run of everyday life; useful hints that only experience can discover; photographs; cartoons—sling everything you've got at us. But don't lose heart if your contribution suffers a blow from the Editorial axe or doesn't appear at all, keep trying. You have no idea what goes on this end—we do our best to give you value for money but please remember that we are entirely dependent on you for contributions, and I mean *you*, for this magazine is yours, not *Mercury's*; not *DSD's*; not mine; but every man-jack in the Branch.

The Editorial Staff is entirely new and none of us has had previous experience, so any revolutionary ideas for improvement and better sales will be most welcome.

## THE NEW BRANCH STRUCTURE

For the benefit of those of our readers who do not have access to AFOs, the family tree for the new structure of the Communication Branch is shown below. The new structure was introduced by AFO 2255/62 and came into force on 1st January 1963. The broad outline of the new structure is a single Communication Branch with common training for all operators up to the able rate; thereafter sub-specialisation in (T) for Tactical, (G) for General Radio, or (W) for Electronic Warfare will be undertaken, increasing with substantive rate so that the duties and standards of knowledge of Petty Officers and Chief Petty Officers will be little changed from the present. The new titles were assumed on 1st January, and on the same day ratings of all specialisations shipped the appropriate badge hitherto worn by the Radio Communication Branch except that, men already holding the rate of CY or CCY on that day, continue to wear their present badges until completion of their service.

All serving ratings by now should be fully familiar with the new structure. However, various queries have been received from time to time regarding some of the finer points and a selection of these, which may be of general interest, are as follows.



"Tell you what mate, if we don't find a fag-end soon, 'Jimmy'll have us for loafing!"

*When will the first of the new sub-specialisation courses start?*

The first course is planned to begin in January 1964. *Mercury* will run both sub-specialisation and Leading Rate Qualifying courses during 1964. The number of the former will gradually increase, and the latter decrease as the back-log of men with S.1303a outstanding for Leading Rate's Course is worked off; it is hoped to clear this back-log by about 1st January 1965.

*Why could not Leading Rates Qualifying Courses be continued so that all ratings entered under the old scheme be allowed to take one?*

This point was considered most carefully. Unfortunately it would have meant an overlap of several years during which it would have been necessary to run both Sub-specialisation and Leading Rate Qualifying Courses concurrently. This would have been beyond the training capabilities of *Mercury* and the S.T.C.s and also C.N.D. could not spare all that number of ratings from fleet and shore complement billets over the same period.

*Will there be any cross-training course for old-style junior rates to the new-style qualifications?*

There will be no formal course for cross-training for the same reasons given in the last answer. However all concerned should take every opportunity of learning opposite subject skills on the job. Ratings who can be spared should also be sent on opposite subject JR/JT courses, and, in *Mercury*, junior rates awaiting draft are being given refresher type courses which include instruction and practical exercises in subjects and skills they were not taught in basic training.

*With the new higher rate of pay allowed to new style ratings on completion of sub-specialisation course but not allowed to old style ratings, the situation will arise whereby two men holding the same rate (e.g., RO2(T)) may be serving in the same ship with the senior one drawing a lower rate of pay than the junior one.*

This is true, but it must be remembered that the new style rating having successfully completed a sub-specialisation course will be more highly trained than his old style opposite number and will possess certain additional skills (e.g., in this case CW morse at 18 wpm). It should also be remembered that the difference in pay disappears as soon as ratings

qualify professionally for Leading Rate. Any rating concerned about this should make a point of passing the Fleet Board Examination for Leading Rate at an early date.

*Does the new structure affect the employment of Communication Ratings on communal or part-of-ship duties?*

The new structure in itself does not affect employment in either respect. However, the new generation of E.W. equipment now being fitted in ships requires more personnel to man it than existing types. This means that the communication department as a whole will form a bigger percentage of the ships company and this in turn means that it will have to accept more part-of-ship and cleaning duties, particularly in harbour. Implementation of the new branch structure does, however, mean that harbour communication watchkeeping can be shared equitably by all members of the communication department regardless of sub-specialisation, and hence that non-communication duties should be more simply and fairly organised.

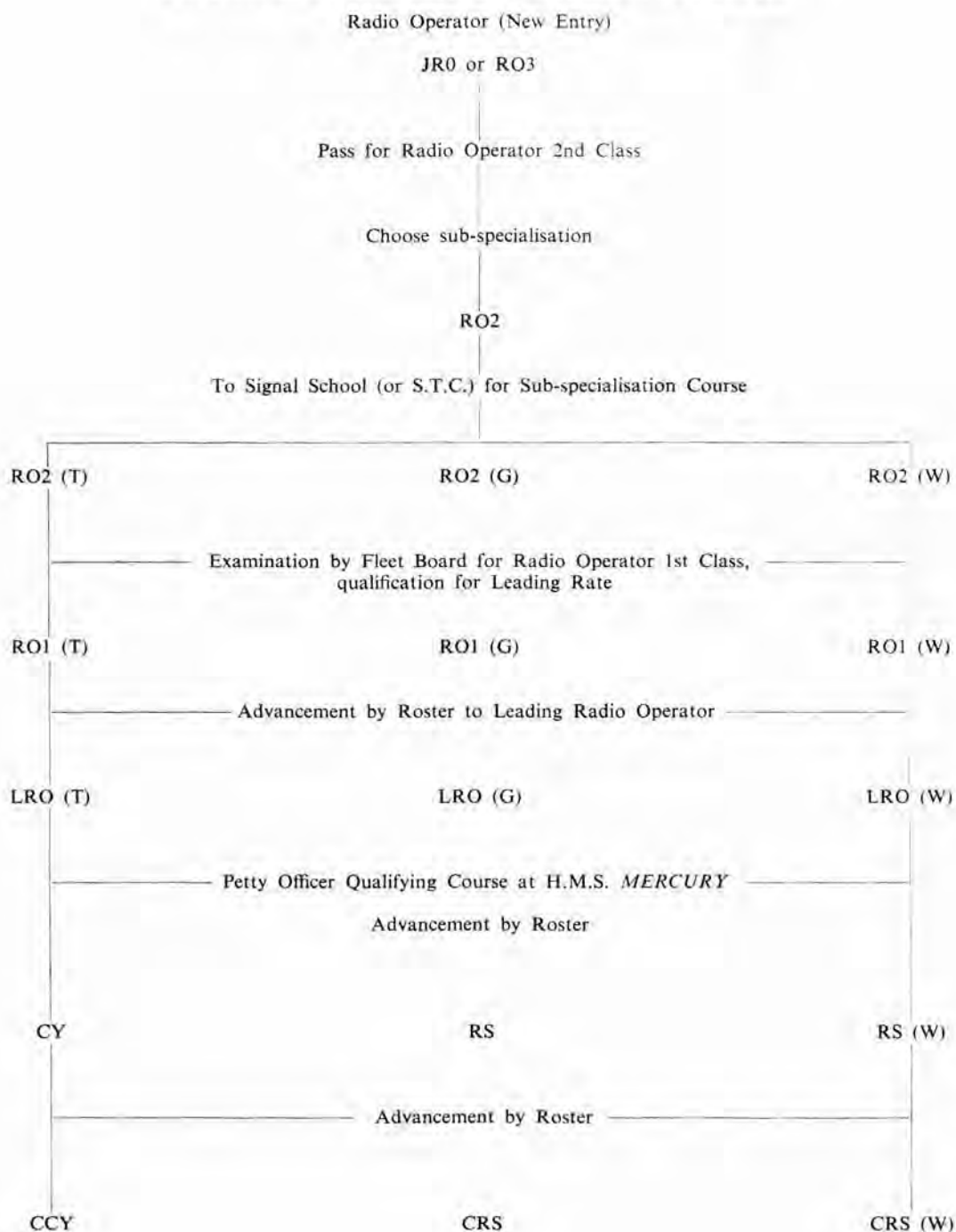
*Most frigates and destroyers are currently allowed 4 operators below leading rate in each of the Tactical and Radio departments. What will be the equivalent complement under the new structure?*

Generally speaking 50% of rates below Leading Hand in each department will be sub-specialists. This means that the complement in the case quoted would be 2 RO2(T), 2 RO2(G) and 4 RO3/JRO.



"I reckon it don't make any odds WHAT badge you wear!"

## COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH—CAREER STRUCTURE





*How will the new structure improve conditions for the E.W. operator?*

The principal problems of the old (S) Branch were firstly in finding gainful employment for ratings during shore service and in ships when not operating their E.W. equipment, and secondly in getting sufficient volunteers into the Branch to give it a balanced career "pyramid" and meet all complement commitments. Both these problems were being aggravated by the need to increase the numbers in the Branch in order to man new generation equipment afloat. The first problem is overcome by making the E.W. Operator primarily a Communicator to be employed as any other member of the Communication Department when not operating E.W. equipment; they will thus be eligible to fill almost any billet ashore, this will also be particularly advantageous to the Department as a whole during the busy periods before and after major exercises. The second is dealt with by C.N.D. selecting ratings at the able rate for the new (W) sub-branch instead of relying on volunteers at the new entry stage as under the old scheme.

A shortage in any Branch means unfilled complement billets and these in turn lead to an overworked watchkeeping organisation and rapid change-overs in drafting. Once numbers have been built up under the terms of AFO 2256 62 and the selection scheme of the new structure, the (W) sub-specialisation will be on a par with the (T) and (G) for watchkeepers and a proper balance of senior rates. It is hoped they will have their own separate advancement roster about the beginning of next year.

## C.S.S. LETTER

### FUTURE OF H.M.S. MERCURY

Many readers will know that for some time past there has been a "freeze" on all new buildings at Leydene.

I am glad to be able to say that this has now been lifted and I hope we may look forward to a period of steady development and modernisation.

The first effect will be that contracts will now be let—I hope in the very near future—for the two missing accommodation blocks between Inglefield and Pascoe and that we may expect to see the start in 1963/64 of more new classroom accommodation.

Longer term plans include:—

- More accommodation for junior ratings. The aim is to reduce the number of men in each room from about 14 to 8 and to provide new accommodation for all Wrens including those at present living at Soberton.
- Extension of the CPOs block to provide proper accommodation to all POs.
- Additions to the New Instructional Block to enable us to dispense with all classrooms at present in the garage or in Nissen huts. North Camp will remain.

- Construction of office blocks on the present garage site and in the area of the Officer-of-the-Watch's hut. There will be officers' accommodation on top of the latter which will enable us to demolish Siberia.
- Construction of a new Sick Bay and a new Victualling Store near Mountbatten Block.
- Construction of a Church roughly on the site of the present Pay Office.
- Construction of a Gymnasium roughly on the site of the present one.
- The Cinema will remain as it is but the last Nissen hut will be demolished on completion of (f) above.

## ARE COMMUNICATORS HIDING THEIR LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL?

by A/RS M. L. Lloyd

Under the present system of marking BKX, TTX and MMX it would appear that either the word percentage is being misused or communicators are typing and reading morse with far greater accuracy than is at first apparent.

In accordance with C.T.M., the following equation is used to determine accuracy in the case of all the above mentioned exercises:—

$$100 - \left( \frac{X \times 100}{Y} \right) = Z$$

X = Number of errors (1 per depression or character mistyped or misread).

Y = Number of unit words in exercise.

Z = Percentage obtained.

In the case of an MMX the maximum number of errors that can be deducted is 100 (40 p/l, 20 foreign, 20 groups and 20 coded messages).

It will be evident therefore, that the maximum number of errors permitted in an average exercise of 200 unit words (1,200 depressions or characters) to obtain a passing mark of 96% is 8. It will be equally obvious that an MMX with the maximum number of errors, i.e. 100, is marked as 50%, so theoretically a blank sheet of paper with a name and exercise number on the top is also worth 50%!

In point of fact, using the term percentage correctly, 96% of 1,200 depressions is 1,152. The number of errors that would be permitted to obtain a true percentage of 96 would therefore be 48. However, the maximum number of permitted errors is 8 under the present system, and it is a matter of simple mathematics to conclude that 8 is 0.6% of 1,200.

It would therefore appear that all communicators who pass with a TTX of 40/96% and an MMX of 96% are in fact typing and reading morse at 99.3% accuracy!

Excuse me while I grapple furiously with my boggling mind!

"BUFFER'S WORKING PARTY"



*By courtesy of Rank Film Distributors Ltd.*

EVE EDEN

## DO YOU DO JUDO?

by Leading Wren R.O.(M) P. A. Sucksmith

Last July, three other Wrens and myself visited the Club of the local Inter-Service's Judokwai, which has been flourishing on the Rock under the guidance of SBPO Brown. We decided that this nonchalant rolling and tumbling and throwing around the mat was to our liking, so we joined. After a couple of weeks of learning how to fall correctly—during which time we lost one of our number through injury—we progressed to throws and techniques, which provide a real challenge and require hours of practice.

Six months later our Club contacted another Judokwai in Seville (our Gibraltarian members acted as interpreters, as we English have scarcely more than "Two cups of white coffee, please" in our Spanish vocabularies) and it was arranged that we should visit them during January for a friendly contest, and a grading session from their Black Belt, Sr. Bonanos.

The chosen week-end dawned and, in drenching rain, we stood, miserably, waiting for our bus. It eventually chugged around the corner and we surged forward—he who is last gets wettest! With magazines, nutty, and far too many cigarettes, we settled down for our 160-mile journey, which passed without incident, apart from intense searches for decent toilets at stops. (These adventures entailed buying numerous cups of unwanted coffee in the 'better' restaurants, just so that we could have the use of, . . .).

On arrival at the Kodekan in Seville, we roused ourselves from our state of travel-induced apathy and prepared to meet our judge, the Black Belt, who was waiting with his club members to greet us. We soon settled in at the club, and managed to communicate with our hosts in our best school-French, whilst having warming-up exercises, before going to our hotel. At the hotel, we girls were left with confused misdirections on where the cheapest restaurants were to be found—needless to say, we did not find any of them, and ended up by eating an omelette whilst propped against a bar. On rejoining the main body, who had known where to go and looked disgustingly well-fed, we refused to discuss the matter.

The climax of our trip, our Grading Session, was approaching. On returning to the Kodokan, we found that the lights had fused; was this a reprieve? Only momentarily, then it was all change, on white suits and standby. After a friendly Contest, the Dan gave a demonstration of the finer points of Judo as an art. With sign language, Japanese terminology and hasty translations from our Spanish-speaking members, we managed to get the general picture, and then we were on. . . .

After lining us up (reminiscent of Divisions) the Dan bowed formally, and we bowed formally in

reply. Ladies first (except on Divisions), so away we went, demonstrating what little we had absorbed. Still feeling incongruous in our baggy twill suits and bare feet, it was soon over for us and then it was the men's turn. The proceedings finished at 1 a.m. and then we waited apprehensively for the results. The Dan was good to us (personally I felt too good) and we were very well rewarded for our seemingly scant knowledge.

Next day after a few hours sleep and a typical continental breakfast, we sailed forth to explore the streets of Seville, lined with orange trees, in drizzling rain. The beautiful Alcazares (Moorish Castle) claimed two hours of our morning whilst the rest of the time was spent panting our way up the Giralda, a lookout tower giving a commanding view of the city and surrounding countryside.

With stomachs protesting at the mean breakfast, we finally descended and entered a nearby restaurant which offered a four-course meal for the equivalent of eight shillings. With this securely inside us we were ready for the return journey and boarded our bus still clutching the inevitable magazines, nutty and cigarettes.

Apart from a minor mechanical failure and spotting a real train puffing across the landscape (one tends to get out of touch here), we reached the Rock that night without mishap and without our voices—rendered hoarse with boisterous singing. Whispering 'Goodnight' to the remainder, we eventually staggered in through Rooke gates, with minds hypnotically fixed on hot baths and bed. And so to sleep. . . .

## PRE-DESTINATION

I was standing on a platform at Euston station, waiting for the train to take me to Crewe where I was to spend the week-end with an old chum. The Merseyside express arrived at the opposite platform and there, at the head of the train, was a glistening great locomotive named MERCURY! "Oh! No!" I thought, "I must get away from the place," and so I wandered over to the station bookstall, where I casually examined a book on British Locomotives. The book fascinated me and so I bought it, hoping it would relieve the boredom of my trip up north. Mercury, I discovered, was an engine of the Britannia class, and my thoughts wandered to the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, which, at the time, was in the Pacific, and this locomotive is a "Pacific" type; and, to add to the coincidence, I had just left Leydene!

"Perhaps British Railways and the Royal Navy are not all that different," I thought. The only similarity between the two Services which had previously occurred to me was that I was a signman (and very proud of my old title) and signmen operated semaphore signals on the railway. As a signman, I had joined my first ship *Formidable*, in 1943 at Belfast. My thoughts of the old days were interrupted by the arrival of my train, and, before





boarding it, I wandered to the front and saw that the locomotive was named "ULSTER"! This run of coincidences began to frighten me, but I did not realise then to what extent it would continue.

My book informed me that British Railways were installing "STRAD" equipment at Crewe, and the training centre for this equipment was at Hendon. I had visited this training school and had been amazed to find that both the equipment and the procedure used by British Railways were similar to those used in the Royal Navy. After arriving at Crewe, my friend and I were proceeding to the station buffet for a drink and walked past a train destined for Plymouth. (Yes, I was going to Guzz for an A.B.C.D. course after leave). I couldn't resist the urge to have a closer look at the diesel locomotive and when I did, you could have knocked me down with a feather! There, on the name plate, was "FORMIDABLE" and, in smaller letters, underneath, appeared "Warship Class". This sequence of names appeared to me as part of my past life and, nervously, I tried to find some meaning for it. Was it just coincidence? I could find no rational explanation and walked along the platform to see the locomotives being changed on the Plymouth train. Off came "FORMIDABLE" and she ran forward, presumably to refuel, and another diesel of the same class backed slowly off a siding to be hitched to the Plymouth train. I could see that it was a Warship Class engine, but I guessed what its name might be. As the engine came closer, my suspicions came hair raisingly true—there, for all to see, on the name plate was "ARK ROYAL"—the name of the ship I was to join on completion of my A.B.C.D. course in Plymouth! My nerves were really on edge now, and I certainly needed a drink to steady myself.

In the station bar, I related this amazing sequence of events to my friend, who was not impressed and dismissed it as "just coincidence". To me, however, there was some hidden meaning, which, try as I might, I could not ascertain.

As my stay in Crewe came to a close, I began to feel apprehensive about my journey down to Plymouth, but, despite all my efforts, I could not put my mind at ease. I arrived at Crewe station with half-an-hour to spare and decided to watch the trains go by. Standing in a bay, waiting for the train to come in from Manchester, was the locomotive

to take it on to Plymouth. It was another Warship Class diesel named "VICTORIOUS"! I had served on an Admiral's staff in *Victorious*, and I realised that the series of "coincidences" was to start again. I walked across the platform to another express which had just pulled in from the West Country. It was pulled by another Warship Class diesel named "THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE 1859-1959". "Funny," I thought, "but that's just the draft chit I want when I leave *Ark Royal*." Somehow, I realised then that my future in the Navy was going to be just as I wanted: a good, interesting commission in a big ship, followed by a gentle "run down" period before going to pension.

At that moment, a steam engine, hauling a long procession of wagons, came into view from the Shrewsbury direction. I looked to see whether it had a name, knowing that only one of the "9F" class had a name. This, in fact, was the one and was the last steam engine to be built by British Railways and had been named, appropriately I thought, "EVENING STAR". I felt at peace with the world and realised that life had been good to me; I had travelled all over the world, had seen all I wanted to see and now, as my career was drawing to a close (22 is enough for me) I had received "the message" from the names of railway engines. As I wandered back over the years, I thought of all the ships in which I had served and then my train arrived. I climbed into it and occupied a corner seat in an empty compartment and was soon asleep.

Four hours later, I awoke and found that the train was approaching Bristol. My mind flashed back to the last time I was on that station. I had been to the "Brainwashing School" in Wiltshire, where I felt that people were trying to draw my allegiance from the world of Communications and attempting to force me down to a level of mediocrity.

The train stopped, and, with a 30 minute break, I stretched my legs on the platform. I watched more trains coming and going; each of them bore the name of a famous warship and recalled many great battles from naval history.

I was about to board the train again when I heard a disturbance up front, and went to see what was happening. Another engine was being coupled to the train, and for the journey to Plymouth, the train was pulled by "WESTERN ENTERPRISE"—a brand new engine, recently built at Swindon. "How very appropriate," I thought, "just what our country, Service and industry need to keep us in the forefront of the world."

I felt assured then, and I do now, that I was being told a story with a moral, and also my future. In 1965 I will let you know whether or not the forecast of my future proves correct, but I am convinced that it will, and I was told on that journey to Crewe last summer.

D802 of 82A.

*Author's Note:* The above really did happen to me; all names and places are true.

*Editor's Note:* We look forward to hearing more from D802 of 82A, but hasten to add that CND does not consult British Railways when arranging drafts.

## R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

The work here remains very much as it has in the past, the Main Signal Office dealing mostly with signals about air stores, the girls in the Control Tower manning Channel Bravo, our Hello girls on the Switchboard quite happily plugging away and the Wireless Office busily sending Airmove signals for the aircraft exercising with ships on both sides of Scotland. When we were overborne in the switchboard (happy days) two of the Sw/Ops were trained up and employed in the Control Tower and they made a good job of it too. Admittedly the pilots were a trifle puzzled to begin with when they called up and were asked "Number please", or were told "Trying to connect you", but they soon got accustomed to that.

During this year Operation "Closure" will proceed apace as we transfer our tasks and responsibilities elsewhere, until finally, on 31st October, *Sanderling* pays off and becomes the property of the Ministry of Aviation. This will not mean the end of Abbotsinch as an airport for this station will eventually become Renfrew Airport and, what is now Renfrew Airport, will become an industrial site.

It may be surprising to those people who know the juxtaposition of these two airfields, as to why the Ministry of Aviation have decided to take over Abbotsinch. We are so near to each other, we can hear the dulcet tones of the young lady on the Tannoy requesting passengers to join their flights for the Sunny(?) South, loud and clear. The reason is quite simple. Renfrew Airport is virtually an island entirely surrounded by built up areas and there is just no land available to extend the runways to the length required for large passenger airliners. Abbotsinch, on the other hand, has plenty of land around it which can be used for this purpose, hence the takeover. Apart from any other reason, the closing of Abbotsinch will, of course, mean that another shore billet for Communicators has been lost, but even more so, it means that one more, of the all too few billets remaining for people who live in this part of the world, will no longer exist.

The inclement weather has rather curtailed our sporting activities except for ski-ing parties; most of

the well-known ski grounds are within easy reach. Even the S.C.O. was seen performing on the nursery slopes, although it was noted that he did not venture too far away from the local hostelry in case he could not get back in time. Austria proved a more attractive prospect for ski-ing than Scotland for PO Wren Lilley who spent her Christmas leave there; ski-ing is not the only sport she follows having been selected to shoot in the inter-Service Women's Rifle Championships and as reserve in the Home Air Command Squash Championships. Wren Trelease, too, has done well in the sporting field having been accepted for the Home Air Command Netball team and is reserve for the inter-Services team.

'Tis true.

Question and answer on Test paper.

Q. What is the meaning of Flag Bravo?

A. Eyes front after you pass the saluting base.

## R.N.A.S. BRAWDY

by A RS A. Courtman

The staff put on a very commendable show by battling through the Siberian conditions to get back on time. No-one was adrift although there was an RS who drove from North Wales in a rather battered car without incident, only to finally come to rest in a drift outside the NAAFI shop.

We were promised completion of our new W T Office by January and now, on February 5th, progress is at last being made. The C.R.R., while making better progress, is nowhere near completion yet.



"The R.S. who put C.N.D. in the picture".

The story from the rest of the station is more hopeful. All the runways and peri-tracks have been completed and all we need is a squadron or two to use them. The Wrens accommodation shows signs of being completed ahead of time so we may have female company sooner than first thought. In anticipation of this, the NAAFI block is being extended and converted into a "Goldcrest Club" on the lines of the "Mercury Club".

Christmas was still in our minds  
We hadn't long been back.  
With snow still on the runways,  
The colour state was black.

When on my desk appeared a note  
In the first month of the year.  
'Twas from the Editor, who wrote  
"Easter is almost here!"

This cheered me up no end, I'm sure  
As I trudged through ice and snow  
But still, I thought, he does his best  
So perhaps I'll have a go.

So here it is, an article  
For the Comms Branch Magazine  
To give you all the latest buzz  
From on the Brawdy scene.

## BURNHAM RADIO

by CRS R. Harries

The Prime Minister's visit to Bermuda in December kept us on our toes, but unforeseen propagation difficulties prevented the usual fixed services from functioning normally; however, excellent co-operation with *Whirlwind*, who acted as radio link, and with *Britannia* and *Vidal*, when conditions were really bad, enabled traffic between London and Bermuda, via Burnham, to flow smoothly. *Vidal* has also taken full advantage of our Ratt Ship/Shore facilities. We are always pleased to handle traffic from ships by this method. The overall handling is so much quicker than CW traffic. Full facilities are available if you wish to test your Ratt equipment. We would like to hear QJB4 much more often than we do at present as it is good exercise for our own staff as well as ship staffs.

For those of you who frequently clear traffic to this station I would like to give an insight into the methods we adopt to handle the maximum number of ships in the minimum time.

The operators are divided into two main groups.

- (i) Search point operators, who cover the calling bands, searching for calls from NATO warships and Merchant vessels.
- (ii) Working point operators who take the traffic. As calls are received they are noted on a work sheet, allocated a turn number, if necessary, and then distributed among the working point operators.

There may be up to five working-point operators under one search point on each band, depending on the propagation forecast, time of day, etc. Therefore, if ten ships call on 8 mcs. and are allocated to five working-point operators, all their traffic is cleared in a few minutes, allowing for an average message length of about 15 words.

Every search and working-point operator has transmitters at his fingertips for all answering frequencies. This means he can shift himself and ships to any band. The Portishead Direct Working frequencies listed in S7 seem to confuse some people: they are really alternative answering frequencies (and used for other commercial duties). These frequencies can be used to relieve the load on the normal answering frequencies if a particular ship has a large volume of traffic.

Preliminary calls should be kept to a minimum. Calling continuously, as many ships do, only congests the air space. Remember—thousands of ships from almost every nation in the world contact Burnham. If your transmitter is accurately tuned, we will hear you, regardless of the shortness of your calls. At Burnham, your traffic may be taken by a R.N. operator or a civilian G.P.O. operator. These G.P.O. chaps are top-grade operators, many of them have served at sea as Radio Officers and most of them hold a P.M.G. first class certificate. So you are in excellent hands as soon as you press your key.

A word about our aerial system which is rather unique.

The aerial selection unit at each operator's position makes available the following aerals:

- (a) Six omnidirectional, one for each of the six frequency bands, combined to a common output.
- (b) Twenty horizontal directional, covering all working frequencies, each aerial covering an arc of approximately 18 degrees. This gives complete coverage of 360 degrees. (Only ten aerals actually exist, each of which is bi-directional, giving the same effect as twenty. These aerals are particularly sensitive to signals of normal downcoming angles).
- (c) Ten vertical directional aerals covering all working frequencies and each covering an arc of 36 degrees, this again provides all-round coverage. These aerals are especially sensitive to signals of low downcoming angles.

The signals from the group of omnidirectional aerals in (a) are combined, amplified, and led down the aerial selection unit in one cable. The directional aerals (b) and (c) have individual amplifiers and are separately connected to the aerial selection unit.

Every operator has full use of all aerals by means of a rotary switch and a "horizontal" and "vertical" key. In practice a search is made among the horizontal aerals for the best signal, followed by a quick check amongst the adjacent vertical aerals



for possible improvement of signal. No interaction or signal strength loss is incurred when a number of operators use the same aerial. A further key on the rotary switch, when depressed, connects the receiver (CR 100 for CW and Racal H.F. receivers for RATT) to a set of six crystal controlled oscillators, these crystal frequencies being the mid-band frequencies of each of the six calling bands.

## R.N.A.S. PORTLAND

by LRO(T) N. J. Castle

As mentioned in our last issue, R.N.A.S. Portland is the "baby" of the Air Stations. Well, babies make a noise, so we feel that it is high time for us to be heard by Communicators far and near.

Many do not realise that *Osprey* is manned by a different staff than that in the M.S.O. and C.R.R. to F.O.S.T. Our staff live in *Osprey* but man the Air Station, there being enough work to keep the Yeoman plus four, and seven sparkers fairly busy. The M.S.O. is manned continuously whereas the C.R.R. is only manned until 1630 with the occasional night flying programme. As the weather improves we will be doing much more night flying and this will take the C.R.R. watches well into the night. The M.S.O. is also responsible for *Osprey* and this combination makes the signal traffic substantial.

Regarding sport, we do not have many enthusiasts, due probably to the number of R.A. members on the staff. We did however, have a sudden burst of energy from RO(T) Richardson who requested to be considered for the Devonport Field Gun crew (just after tot time), he did the trial but could not be spared as a permanent member: this was unfortunate as I am certain that he would have pulled his not inconsiderable weight.

The staff changeover seems to be quite rapid. This seems to be due to the fact that Portland is the stepping stone to the Far East and other far-flung places.

This Joint's as  
JOINT as ever!

## LONDONDERRY W/T

Having exhausted the topics of "What goes on in MGK", "Wren Sparkers", "Joint Squadron Courses and J.A.S.S.", and our "Marriage Bureau", 1963 finds us—just contemplating. The "Big Freeze" here, so far, has added up to a one-day blizzard and a couple of days laconic snowing, so our hearts go out to our brothers (and sisters) facing the rigours of the frozen mainland. Just in case a draft to *Sea Eagle* may put anyone off, here are three "Fors". (i) It's never really cold. (ii) There are seven unmarried, marriageable females to every male. (iii) There is one pub for every couple of dozen inhabitants—well, is there anything else?

"SLAN LEAT"—IRISH GAELIC for "Desig Cheers".

## WHITEHALL WIRELESS STATION

Communicators having a draft to this station for the first time must surely wonder what lies in store for them. It is to those fortunate few that we feel we owe some words of encouragement and/or enlightenment. Maybe the odd one or two have a feeling of coming to 'a quiet number' and a chance to sample London's attractive night life. Those of you who have that idea would do well to put the thought entirely away. You may sample a little of London and the lights but, on the other hand, this is an operational station and there is never a dull moment.

Watchkeeping is the prime occupation, though a selected few find themselves 'day staff' after a few



months. The '48 about' system of watchkeeping is now in full swing and is considered preferable in every way to the old system. To the uninitiated our '48 about' consists of a long afternoon (1300-2000) followed by forenoon and all night on (2000-0800) the next day, then 48 off. A long weekend is included in the routine.

Whilst on watch, duties can vary considerably over a large range of tasks but the main 'mode' of operation is Tape Relay with added complications of fully automated relay systems. Junior ratings are therefore strongly advised to brush up as much as possible on Keyboard techniques, A T, Tape Relay and Fixed Services before joining. Time allowed for training of new arrivals is limited.



"ERE STRAYE // DO YUH FINK THIS  
CLOW T CLOW WATCHKEEPIIN LARK'S  
SOME'FIN TO IN WITH LUNG 'ERE"

The traffic flow during the twenty-four hours is not constant, peaks being reached normally during the late afternoon and early evening. Ex-Whitehall WT personnel will remember that Christmas in this Comcen is not exactly a time of peace on earth and goodwill to all men. This is explained by the fact that the public at large and, in particular, the seagoing fraternity, are prolific senders of Seasonal Greetings—by telegram, of course. This leads to no little re-organisation within the station and up to 30 extra personnel are drafted, temporarily, to assist. For the statistically minded, Christmas Telegram totals for 1962 were 41,580 though previous years have soared to 47,000 and above. Add to this the normal load of traffic and you will realise we are not kidding when we say we are hard-pressed. The hint of 'never a dull moment', stems from the fact that everything communication-wise, seems to touch Whitehall. Be it operational, exercises, trials, Royal visits and so on; you can rest assured at some stage this station is affected.

On the equipment side we are not being left behind. New gear is being fitted, and more is on the way to facilitate the safe, swifter transfer of traffic throughout the world-wide network. The new automatic relay equipment has its problems however, so if you are cutting the original tape, please try to do it correctly as re-cutting of tapes is a time waster. Correct cutting in the first place, will, of course, speed your signal on its way. Working with Mauritius and Whitehall Tare has

proved an eye-opener for all concerned. Whilst we have not yet quite reached the 'Push Button' stage, progress in the fully automatic transmission/reception field is advancing satisfactorily.

Finally, our late Staff Officer, Lieutenant (Bill) Stockdale summed up the situation very neatly when he re-wrote certain sections of the Station Orders. To the Duty Officers on joining, he wrote: "I give you six months in which to become efficient. If you know it all before then—you're a jolly good kid".

## A VERY GOOD COMMUNICATION OFFICER

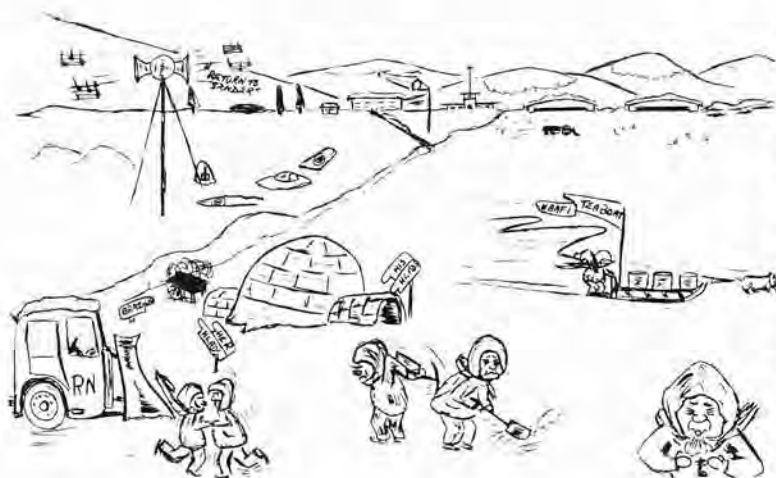
by "Longline"

Once upon a time, there was a very good Communication Officer, who read A.F.O. 'S' from cover to cover. This publication told originators how to communicate with each other without using signals. The very good Communication Officer was appointed to a new job, and he soon discovered that the originators of signals in the new place had never read A.F.O. 'S'—(not even the cover). The very good Communications Officer decided that 'something must be done' to educate the originators who had not read A.F.O. 'S' (not even the cover), and so, each time one of them sent a signal, the very good Communication Officer either sent them a little note, or telephoned them, to remind them that they must read A.F.O. 'S'—from cover to cover, and learn how to communicate with one another without using signals. The very good Communication Officer was most persistent in his effort to educate the originators who had never even read the cover of A.F.O. 'S', and gradually all the originators at the place where the very good Communication Officer worked, communicated with each other by letter; all except a very important person called the 'Damiral'. The Damiral was the only person who had not yet read A.F.O. 'S' from cover to cover (he had not even heard about the thing), so one day the very good Communication Officer slipped into the Damiral's office and placed an artistically bound copy of A.F.O. 'S' on the Damiral's desk. The Damiral, when he returned to his office, saw the artistically bound copy of A.F.O. 'S'—lying on his desk, and was so intrigued by the artistically bound copy that he read A.F.O. 'S' from cover to cover. When he had done this, he said, "What a very good communication document. Henceforth I'll communicate to all other originators of signals by letter". This now meant that at the place where the very good Communication Officer worked, no signals were sent or received, because by now everyone had read A.F.O. 'S'—from cover to cover, and because the 'Damiral' thought it was a very good communication document, all the other officers thought so too. The very good Communication Officer does not really feel at home in the Mail Office.

## R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON

The dominating feature of the landscape and our lives at Yeovilton this term has been SNOW and packed ICE in unbelievable quantities. We would not mention this mundane matter were it not for the unusual methods which were taken to obtain a serviceable airfield out of the appalling conditions which prevailed on the runways. By the time we returned from Christmas leave, the snow had packed down beautifully, making the operation of our Sea Vixen jets an impossibility. The rough salt we had in stock was used to clear as much of the main runway as possible but this was insufficient to permit flying. A demand for more salt was made but this precious commodity was rather slow in forthcoming, and it was decided to clear the main runway by using manpower in very large quantities, backed up with as much mechanical aid as could be mustered. Lower-deck was cleared daily, and some 600 officers and men (armed with 14 lb. sledge hammers, entrenching tools, picks, spades, shovels, pneumatic drills, hot air blowers, Palouste starters, flame belching monsters normally used for road making operations, jet engines mounted on trolleys, mechanical grabs, mechanical graders, snowploughs, etc.) were turned loose on the runway. The N.A.A.F.I. "mobile" provided hot soup, tea, coffee and the usual edibles, and "hot" music was piped to the area in "Music While You Work" style, throughout the operation.

It was a novel sight—600 bodies, braving the blizzard in true Siberian chain-gang fashion, hacking and chipping at a seemingly interminable mass of ice. Work continued until midnight and, after dark searchlights were used; in this artificial twilight the scene took on an eerie character and it seemed that some obscure Arctic tribe was carrying out its nocturnal rites to the tune of the bellowing music.



However, all things come to an end, and eventually the main runway was cleared and so we were back to our customary scrubbing out of the C.R.R., Channel 2, Guard, Ship/NAS and Duplex. It is amazing how suddenly the B.B.C. Weather Forecasts have risen in the TV popularity bracket—we're all so keen to get out on that runway again!

We now look forward to our Summer pursuits of riding, angling, golf, swimming, cycling, tennis, gliding and sailing which this delightful Somerset haven has to offer, if only we can wedge our way through the traffic on the A303 which bisects the Establishment. If only our notable Minister of Transport could evolve a way to clear *that* runway in the warmer months!

## NO NAMES—NO PACK DRILL?

A certain Fleet Communications Officer was selected to represent the Royal Navy in an inter-Service cricket match. During the game he had the misfortune to drop three catches off the opposing team's star batsman; all were high catches at long-on. The following morning, a sheet of duplicating paper, with the word "Butterfingers" typed on it, appeared in F.C.O.'s log. There was considerable speculation as to the identity of the typist and, eventually, the tactical staff concluded that the previous day's twelfth man, a certain RO2(T), who, while acting as a runner for an injured player ran out our last batsman, was the culprit.

The next day, the following memo appeared:

From: The Fleet Communications Officer to the Commander-in-Chief.

To: The Communication rating (probably of the Tactical Sub-specialisation) who sent an anonymous message to FCO on the night 28/29 November, 1962.

Date: 29th November, 1962.

He is to type out ten times, with no mistakes and without using duplicator or carbons, the following: "I must not write to say 'Butterfingers' to Sir, because I realise that under similar circumstances, I might have dropped those catches myself. I realise also, that, as twelfth man, I am in no position to criticise and that I am not much good as a 'runner' either."

To be presented with my signals on Monday, 3rd December. The typist may remain anonymous!"



## PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS

by RO1(T) A. P. Nalson

The magazine clicked into position on the Bren gun; I cocked the gun, switched to automatic, and then lowered it, gingerly, to its resting position. Around me, the alarm bell still ringing in their ears, men were running to their action boarding stations. As Tactical Operator in *Chawton*, my action boarding station included manning the Bren gun on the bridge. Steel helmeted ratings were loading magazines on both the Bofors gun forward and the twin Oerlikon aft; other ratings, armed with Lanchesters and rifles, were moving into their positions.

I scanned the horizon. A solitary boat was visible and we were closing it at full speed, and it was soon within range of our loud hailer. Sullen looking men, gazing in our direction, could be seen on the boat but it didn't reduce its steady five knots through the water. Our loud hailer bellowed gibberish; it was the local North Borneo policeman telling them that we were British, wished to search the boat and that they were to come alongside us. We stopped, and all our guns were trained on the boat which manoeuvred clumsily alongside our port side and was secured.

Accompanied by the policeman, the Boarding Officer jumped into the boat. The crew were herded into the bows and a detailed search of the boat was carried out. A sudden shout from the policeman attracted everyone's attention; the copra, which the boat was carrying, had been identified as that stolen earlier from another boat. The atmosphere of almost apologetic friendliness vanished, and the boat's crew, with hands on head, was ordered into



the ship's waist. When the boat was cleared, the crew was escorted to the fo'c'sle where they squatted on their haunches. A heaving line was secured to the guardrails, to mark the boundary of the temporary prison in the eyes of the ship, and two ratings, each armed with loaded weapons, stood guard over the crew.

Meanwhile, a "prize" crew, from the Ship's Company, had boarded the "kumpit", as this type of boat is called; charts, a compass and provisions were embarked in the boat, and the Boarding Officer received final instructions from the Captain before they took the kumpit back to harbour, and then the ship returned to harbour at top speed to hand over the prisoners to the local authorities. As the ship turned in a tight circle, the prisoners cast some anxious glances at their kumpit, manned by a naval crew, as it rapidly fell astern.

And so, *Chawton* carried out one of the many duties imposed on the Royal Navy—to rid the high seas of piracy—and six suspected pirates were on their way to the local "jug" and, possibly, long prison sentences.

The centre of anti-piracy operations in North Borneo is Tawau, and up to the end of October 1961, 98 cases of piracy had been reported. Most of the traders come from the Celebes Islands, and carry cargoes of nutmeg and other spices, copra, dried prawns and gold bullion. They take back goods in high demand such as watches, clothing, soap, bicycles and cigarettes. It is thought that the pirates operate from the Tawi Tawi Islands in the Sulu Archipelago of the Philippines. These islands are about halfway along the trade route to Tawau and the traders have to pass fairly close to them; detours are out of the question because of the limited amount of fuel and water which the kumpits carry. The pirate boats are slightly faster than the kumpits and carry machine guns, rifles, grenades and home made bombs.

The cargo is carried to Tawau, a thriving town which depends to a large extent on the barter trade carried out by the kumpits for its living, although timber estates provide an extra source of revenue. It is cut off from the rest of North Borneo, except by air and sea, for, behind it, roads fade into trackless jungle. The earthen airstrip is visited daily by one aircraft and ships call in, occasionally, from Singapore and Hong Kong. The town has a population of about 35,000 and boasts at least one millionaire and local businessmen are only too pleased to finance a boat; the new kumpit owner would be able to repay his loan after three trips! The traders' lot, however, is made more difficult by the Indonesian Government which claims that the goods are being smuggled out of the Celebes without payment of export duty, and dark rumours are rife concerning the fate of traders who are caught by units of the Indonesian Navy.

This is the situation that confronts units of the Far East Fleet who carry out the antipiracy patrols, and *Chawton* carried out three patrols while I was on board.

Because of the Indonesian Naval patrols, kumpit skippers, on seeing a warship bearing down on them, will throw their papers over the side so that no link with Indonesia will remain if the Indonesians search the kumpit. It is therefore important that legitimate

traders should know our nationality and so we provided extra identification; we flew an ensign on our jackstaff and, at a rendezvous, *Maryton*, one of our sister ships in the 6th Minesweeping Squadron, was wearing three ensigns on her mast!

On completion of one of our night-time boardings, we noticed that the kumpit was taking in water; two members of her crew were nonchalantly baling out with empty kerosene cans! When coming alongside, she had been holed in the bow section. Not wishing to see an innocent trader sink, we offered our services, and three hours later, after much pumping and baling, the leak was stopped with some of our damage control equipment and she was sent on her way.

During one of our patrols, we received reports of bandits who had been raiding villages, robbing shops and generally creating havoc on many of the small islands. The workers on the timber estates had fled in fear, and the loss of revenue was threatening the country's economy. So, the ships on patrol were required to send landing parties to the islands. Although the bandits were not expected to show themselves, it was thought that the sight of a party of smart, disciplined Naval personnel would restore the morale of the inhabitants. I was the communication element in the landing party, and it is difficult to decide whether or not we achieved our objective, as the majority of villages were almost completely deserted—the head man being the only person to greet us. We fired small arms ammunition into the sea (tracer shot from a Bren gun is very impressive at dusk) and generally made a lot of noise, hoping that any villagers hidden in the jungle would realise that we had not forgotten them and that help was available.

On another occasion we received a "flash" call of a bandit raid actually taking place near to our own position. When we arrived on the scene we found a kumpit lurking just offshore with a few men sitting around, waiting; women and children were sitting in their canoes, offshore. The occupants of the kumpit were arrested and the kumpit was taken in tow by a police launch which, by this time, had joined us. Our landing party was put ashore but beforehand the ship fired a few Bofors shells into the jungle to show the bandits we meant business. On arrival in the village there was no sign of the bandits but our timely arrival had prevented much damage and loss of life.

Communications on patrol are heavy and we were glad of the assistance of a radio operator, from Kranji, who worked watch and watch about with our resident sparker. They maintained communications with other ships on patrol, the local North Borneo police and an R.A.F. Shackleton which was assisting in the search for pirates.

On completion of a patrol it is customary to hoist the ship's "Jolly Roger" as the ship approaches Singapore. The "Jolly Roger" flag is decorated with symbols to show the number of kumpits arrested,

the number of times we opened fire and other information. During our last patrol, we boarded 13 kumpits, of which three were bandits, took 34 prisoners, and steamed over 4,200 miles; some of this information was displayed on our "Jolly Roger" at the end of the patrol.

I felt that we were doing a worthwhile job, and the co-operation between the Royal Navy, the North Borneo Police and the Royal Air Force was doing much to reduce the danger from pirates in this area.

## VERBOSITY

from H.M.S. Tiger

It has been emphasised frequently in Allied exercises that plain language is used on tactical circuits on a great many occasions when groups from the Signal Book would have been appropriate. This malpractice causes delay and difficulty. The following procedure is therefore to apply during exercise. . . .

- (a) Nickname VERBOSITY has signification, consider signal (copy attached) (appropriate identity) originated by \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ on circuit \_\_\_\_\_ transmitted in plain language could have been signalled in the following groups \_\_\_\_\_



"Physical Security".

- (b) Any ship may issue a verbosity challenge in respect of transmission by any originating ship if considered that the conditions described apply.
- (c) Challenges will be assessed, points being awarded to the challenger if the challenge is substantiated, and deducted from the originating ship. If more than one ship issues a challenge for an identical message all challengers will gain points, if substantiated, but only one deduction will be made from originating ship.
- (d) Challenges are to be passed by hand message only and are to be addressed to . The first word of the text is to be VERBOSITY.
- (e) Number of points gained for a challenge will be varied upwards depending upon the complexity of groups required. The reverse will apply for points deducted. All ships start with zero points and the final scores will be promulgated.
- (f) Clearly in difficult situation a short sharp signal in plain language may be far more appropriate than cumbersome groups. Notwithstanding the above, the general aim of Verbosity is to stimulate interest to solve a perpetual problem of significance to the efficiency of Allied tactical communications.

The VERBOSITY game has been superimposed on several passage exercise programmes with *Tiger* as the O.T.C., during the last year in the Far East.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN MESSAGE HANDLING—PROGRESS

### Message Handling Investigations

Many Communication Organisations have now been Work-Studied. The subsequent analyses have provided valuable material for investigation into the production of comprehensive and standard instructions in Message Handling.

### Duplicating Paper

Improved paper for use with spirit duplicators is expected to be available very shortly. The delay has been caused by the problem of disposing of existing stocks. The new paper will be of litho-quality, in existing colours. White paper will be unstamped and pink will be marked "Classified Message". Green, yellow and blue paper will be available as at present. When stocks of existing paper are exhausted the improved paper will be supplied for use with all types of spirit duplicators.

### Thermofax

It is hoped that trials of a new Thermofax machine will begin shortly. This machine does not require special sensitized paper and will produce copies on any paper.

Meanwhile, reports from users indicate that there is a need for more care in the use of Thermofax. Insufficient use is being made of the "Trouble-Shooting Guide" in the handbook.

### Multi-Ply Duplication-N.C.R. Paper

N.C.R. (no carbon required) teleprinter rolls have been used successfully, but are expensive items. The requirement for this type of paper is limited and, in view of the expense involved in producing other items, it has been decided that its introduction into the Fleet will be delayed for the time being.

### Teleprinter Hecto Master Rolls

General issue of these Teleprinter Rolls has been delayed firstly by the extensive trials to find a clean and reliable carbon, and secondly by financial problems. An AFO is expected shortly which will detail the allowances and use of this paper.

The recommended item is a Black Carboned Hecto Roll with an additional "drop copy", but, for the present, the additional copy will not be available. Meanwhile, the rolls can be obtained by Local Purchase, however, as they have not yet been authorised for general issue they may fall short of the required standards.

### Originators Hecto Master Forms

These should be available for general issue shortly.

### Files and Filing Methods

Suspension filing is being included in all new constructions and conversions. Proposals to provide this equipment to all other ships, and shore stations, are still under discussion. Meanwhile, some ships have demanded and obtained cabinets and pockets. The advantages are space saving, and economy in man-power and effort.

### Teledis

Distribution by teleprinter is now an accepted principle in shore stations and has achieved notable success in MHQs.

### 'Expanda' Files

These are concertina-type folders, divided into a number of pockets. Duplicated copies of messages are posted into the appropriate numbered pockets, and the messenger takes the whole file with him on his rounds. This item will be available shortly. Some ships have Home-made "Expandas" using old charts.

### Electric Duplicators

The establishment given in AFO 969/62 is being extended, but implementation is a slow process.

### Shredders

The establishment of Shredders is given in AFO 969/62. The initial list was interim and intended



only to meet the urgent needs of ships with inefficient, or no incineration facilities. Proposals have been made to expand this list.

#### Tape Stowages

The existing methods of storing message tapes are:-

- (i) The Washboard Principle. A series of slots grouped to permit discrimination between traffic of various precedences, for different circuits and sequence of transmission.
- (ii) Spiral "Spring" Principle.
- (iii) Spiked Wheels.
- (iv) Hooks.

Current policy is to provide washboards where tape only is handled, e.g., Tape Relay Centres, Broadcast Controls, etc. Washboards take up space, and need both sides clear, therefore, where space is limited other methods have to be adopted.

## A WARMER PLACE

by Lieut. (SD)(C) E. Bristow, R.N.

I hope I am not one of the 'Fings ain't wot they used to be' brigade, but from the Arctic wastes of the Yorkshire Moors (Forest Moor, to be exact) I can't help thinking of warmer places. And the warmest place I can think of, with my grey matter working at 25 per cent efficiency, is China.

As I had just completed a commission in the *Med. in Arethusa*—at that time the newest cruiser afloat—I was not amused to be drafted immediately to the far flung Far East. But, sharing a cabin with three thousand other assorted matelots and pongoes aboard a troopship called *Dilwara*, I eventually arrived at Hong Kong early in 1938 to commission *Seamew*.

Compared with the World War I "Insect Class," *Seamew* was a reasonably modern river gunboat—a sort of houseboat with a three inch gun at each end. The "ground floor" consisted of engines, bathrooms, senior ratings' messes, etc. The "first floor" was our messdeck, "Jack Dusty's" office, and the wireless office. The ship was back to front as well, because the officers (both of them) lived forward, and what *should* have been the "quarterdeck" was occupied by the galley, crates of chickens, and—what masterly planning—the ships company heads, which worked purely on the law of gravity.

Despite the fact that *Seamew* was not so very old in those days, I am sure her radio gear was a cheap lot bought from some of Marconi's earliest experiments. The main transmitter was an arc set called Type 15. This set did not have a circuit diagram—it had a plumber's blueprint! We usually transmitted on 143 kc/s. Providing the carbon pole was good, the meths dripped correctly, the expansion chamber didn't explode and the cooling water didn't boil, a reasonably good C.W. note could be obtained! Indeed, we often worked ranges of a thousand miles! F.S.K. had been used on this set, but we were very proud of a heap of oil filled capacitors, called a "back shunt circuit", which took the oscillation when it was not going up the "spout". As the same

aerial was used for both transmitter and receiver, we could not, of course, listen through, and used to bash away with a cheerful disregard for what the other end was trying to say. However, "IMI the lot" was a very uncommon request in those days—and I haven't forgotten my opening sentence.

The L.F. receiver which went with this remarkable collection of pots and pans was a model C. Each of the massive components of this strange device was mounted separately on the bulkhead and they were connected together by highly polished thick copper wire. It worked though, and we used to read Rugby Press without a great deal of difficulty. By beating the oscillators together and then earthing the grid of the oscillator valve with a wet finger two ships in company could use the model C as an intercom; it was noticed that spit gave better keying than sweat!

As emergency transmitter, we had a Type 4 Spark. We tried it out once and set fire to the office, so it was never touched again.

On the H.F. side we had a Type 5C—with real valves! However, as the anodes of the valves (two in parallel) were fed direct from a 500 c/s machine, the note emitted was vulgar—to say the least—and we had very little use for this "new-fangled" H.F. anyway. The H.F. receiver was, I think, a B6; each tuned circuit had its own tuning dial so that, provided one had six hands and the ship wasn't vibrating too much, it was simple to tune.

In normal times, we cruised for three months on the Si Kiang (West River), and then returned to Hong Kong to enjoy the bright lights—and the lights were just as bright in those days as they are now. (Yangtse gunboat men will tell you they never had it so good—but they had Shanghai). On the river, the ship was always anchored before sunset, and at 2300 everybody packed up except the Q.M. and sparker. (I think all the stokers must have been natives of Wuchow). The Q.M. read his horror comic by candlelight—and so did the sparker, with one ear cocked on the world outside.

Apart from sparking, life was full of fascinating activities, such as "striking the topmast" to pass under telegraph wires and taking soundings with a bamboo pole (what, only two feet!) On the wheel, the "course to steer" was given as "keep in the middle", while boats and davits were hoisted to get through the narrow bits! Tilting ship was carried out by the simple process of hauling on a rope secured to a tree ashore and run through a block at the masthead—very dodgy, but very effective if you stop hauling in time.

After *Seamew* I joined *Cleopatra*, another new cruiser. So that between commissions in two of the most modern ships afloat at that time, I had a long stint of basic plumbing—and enjoyed every minute of it. Or do I only remember the good things, and conveniently forget the mosquitoes, the smells, the filth, and the impossibility of having a bath in half a bucket of tepid brown liquid? I don't know—but I do know it was a damn sight warmer than it is here right now.

## NAVAL COMMUNICATORS IN BORNEO

*Cavalier* was the first major war vessel to become involved in the armed uprising in Borneo. She had visited Fremantle, for the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, and was at sea when orders were received to proceed with despatch to Singapore. Having arrived alongside at 1700 on 9th December, she sailed from Singapore four hours later, with 190 troops, six Land Rovers and trailers, and 24 tons of extra stores on board, and headed for Labuan at 30 knots, arriving there at midnight on 10th December. The troops, vehicles, stores, and a team of Communicators, equipped with 622's, were landed within an hour and *Cavalier* acted as "Communications Headquarters" ship for the initial stages of the operation. Portable stations were set up at Labuan airport, Miri, Seria and Brunei and, although conditions were difficult, contact was maintained with units in the field and with Brigade Headquarters in Brunei Town. *Cavalier* also took guard for authorities in Borneo on the broadcast and cleared traffic back to Singapore on ship/shore. The ship's communicators remained in two watches until *Woodbridge Haven* relieved *Cavalier*. During this period, the Army and the RAF had set up their own links back to Singapore, and a 612, which had been landed from *Tiger*, was sent to 99 Brigade Headquarters at Brunei to improve communications on this very important link.

Two weeks after the uprising, it was decided to form a Combined Services "COMCEN" at Brunei to handle the traffic in the newly-formed headquarters of Major General Walker, COMBRITBOR. The Navy was represented by Sub.-Lieutenant (SD) (C) D. Davies and eight communicators, and equipment was provided to maintain a link between COMBRITBOR and ships in Borneo waters. A TCS was used on this circuit and it provided good service. Aerials presented a problem as there was

a large amount of radio equipment in the headquarters and to site the various aerials without mutual interference was difficult.

The TCS was sited about 70 yards from the radio room and remote keying was achieved by using a length of telephone cable.

The headquarters of COMBRITBOR was in a girls' school, and the radio room was in the "needlework" classroom. The "domestic science" room became the COMCEN whilst the science laboratory was transformed into the Crypto office and had a genuine skeleton in the cupboard.

In addition to the above, Naval Communicators were employed in many different capacities in Borneo; some helped to man tugs, LCA's and small boats for river operations while others worked from naval camps set up along the coast and the operation showed yet again that Communicators must be ready at all times to meet any emergencies.

## BAHRAIN W/T

by RS F. J. Mitchell

As this article is being written (latter end of January) we here on Bahrain Island would like to send our deepest sympathy to all Communicators in the Northern Hemispheres on such a bitter winter, and recommend this as your preference draft should you not wish to go through another Arctic winter—I passed two RO's sunbathing this forenoon and, along with two other members of the staff, had my first dip in the sea only yesterday. However, by the time this is in print I feel sure you will have thawed out and may find a little sympathy for us who will be sweating it out.

Since you last heard from us, many transformations have taken place; the Flag of F.O.M.E. is now firmly rooted in Aden and that of S.N.O.P.G. has taken residence here on the island. In the chair as B.C.O. we have Lt.-Cdr. J. A. J. Johnson (the Comcen builder). On his right hand is CRS Sullivan (ex-Whitehall), our tape relay expert. Heading our very small tactical side of four is CY Raynham who we believe, was drafted here to boost morale with his collection of Naval History, our latest lessons being read from "At 12 Mr Byng Was Shot"!

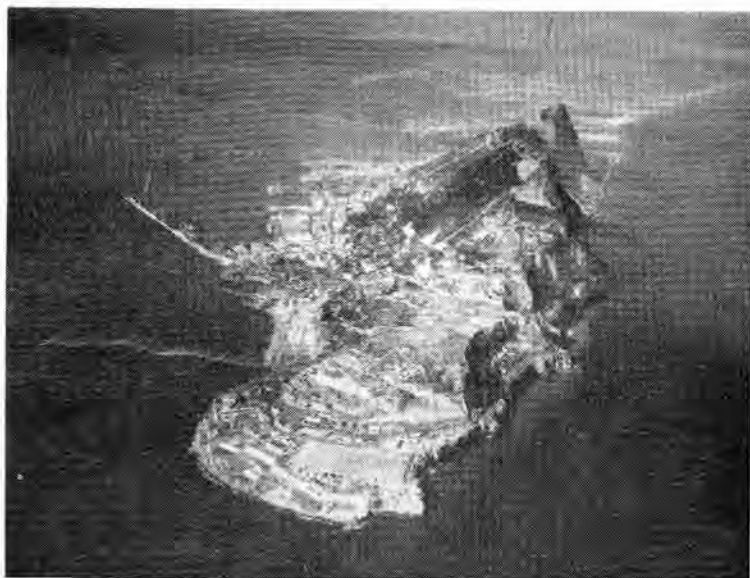
Many of you may have heard that a Joint Comcen is being built here and that it is due to open shortly.

It is expected that we shall have teething troubles, but I am sure these will not take long to iron out and eventually everything will work fine.

During the past few months most of the staff have taken advantage of the cooler weather to get fit in the world of sport. *Jufair* is doing well in the Inter-Services League, and as the close of the season draws near, and we fight for second place, at least, it is regretted that we have had to say goodbye to LRO "Ginge" Dickinson our top goal scorer.



RS. (W) Lowthe



## GIBRALTAR COMCEN

By RS Coombes

The crunch of wheels on overheated tarmac, quick flashes of palm trees skirting the runway, a slow turn (presenting a magnificent view of blue sea with a background of green hills) a blur of suntanned faces, eager hands grabbing luggage, gentlemen in white shorts pressing liquid refreshments upon me: I had arrived!

Doubtless some of you have had this experience of arriving in Gibraltar, like myself, to join the Comcen Staff of F.O. Gibraltar. Newcomers will have something to look forward to, especially in summer time. The arrival of a chartered plane from U.K. provides an excuse for a social outing; the socialites in my case being CCY Paul Kitchen and RS Humphreys, the latter now recalled to sea in *Vigilant*. Settling down was no problem because, all victualled members, including Wrens, are accommodated in *Rooke*, where joining routine is virtually carried out in the Administration block.

Once settled, my next thought was, "What does Gibraltar have to offer a bloke?"—a lot! These were some of my findings: Sport—ranging from ski-ing in Granada and fighting Iberian bulls in winter, to sailing and skin-diving in the summer. Courses are available at the Command Educational Centre for the more studious covering Spanish language, woodwork, car mechanics, dressmaking and conventional scholastic subjects.

I found four cinemas (English-speaking-type), a NAAFI Club, Fleet canteen, Officers' Pavilion and Dockyard Club, to mention just a few popular

haunts. A museum, tourist attractions such as the Moorish Castle, St. Michael's Cave, and the world-famous Apes Den. There are several bays for swimming, the most prominent being Catalan, a few modern restaurants, plus a road into Spain, where, for as little as 1½d., you can catch a bus into the border town of La Linea.

Comcenwise, the organisation comprises Lt. Gormley, as coxswain, with CRS Jack Mills and CCY Kitchen providing necessary support together with CCY Bill Hastings at Windy Hill Signal Station.

## KRANJI W/T

by LRO(G) Monger

In the last edition of this magazine you were able to read about the Communication set up in Singapore. Here is some information on the lives of those who assist in working the organisation.

All shore-based Communication ratings in Singapore are accommodated at R.N. W/T Station Kranji, except for some 40% on R.A. Singapore is considered by many as an RA's paradise, accommodation is not difficult to find and in general, most people get what they require. The allowances are good and, although most people live some distance from the station, nearly all manage to acquire some form of transport. For those who are unaccompanied, Kranji provides spacious and comfortable accommodation. The station is situated on a hill and is thus considerably cooler than most parts of the island.

The watchkeeping system is run on a comfortable 48-hour routine, with an all night on from 1930 to 0800.

Kranji is the Communication Centre and Receiving Station serving the Flag Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Far East Fleet (FOCINCDEF). We have a comparatively modern C.R.R. under Lt.-Commander G. Froud with CRS Potts as his assistant.

The Signal Training Centre, whilst boasting a small staff of instructors has managed to examine a large number of ratings for higher rate. The S.T.C. is led by the Training Officer, Lieutenant Haggard. Our 'Schoolie', Lt.-Commander V. Gibson, also President of the Kranji Club, is the other very important cog in the S.T.C.





S.T.C. Staff, Kranji

Generally speaking, we are a very sports-minded establishment. There is one football pitch, which is in daily use—rain or shine (both by footballers and Training Officer's dogs), and consequently takes quite a hammering. In addition there are two tennis courts, a badminton court and the Static Water Tank—Swimming Pool—but no P.T.I.! A great deal of hockey and rugby is played on the playing fields in *Terror*, some nine miles away. Whenever RAF Seletar has a boxing tournament, Kranji is always well represented with four or five boxers. We had a real success in the *Terror* Inter Part Cross Country race, winning the trophy with a margin of 30 points over our nearest rivals. For the first time ever, we held a Sports Day of our own during 1962, this is now to be an annual event.

We have an average of about three dances a year, each one at a different venue, usually hotels in and around Singapore. Darts matches are arranged quite often against the ships in harbour. Barbecues and Social Evenings are never much of a success when held at Kranji because the majority of the RA members live up to 17 miles away, around Serangoon and Seletar. Occasionally the Officer-in-Charge, Lt.-Commander R. Bennett obtains an MFV, and banyans are held on one of the small islands off the coast.

Any 'old-members' of Kranji would notice a few changes if they returned. The cinema has been improved (we even have hardboard walls now, and a 'Nutty-shop') and there is seldom more than one breakdown per film! Some far sighted people are even having faint hopes of a filtration plant in the swimming pool during 1963.

## MAIN SIGNAL CENTRE, SINGAPORE

Many Communicators throughout the world who read or heard of the Royal Navy's participation in the N. Borneo operations may have sucked their teeth and thought, 'that will send the signal traffic levels skywards'. Traffic did, inevitably increase, but, due in no small measure to a campaign to educate

drafting/releasing officers in the correct use of precedence, pursued for the last year by the F.C.O. plus Exercise "Bottlescrew" (see separate article) there was no drastic increase in the number of high precedence naval messages and the MSC staff, although hard pressed at times, were able to cope. Although traffic just about doubled in volume, during December, our 'out' deferred traffic still comprised 41% of the total, and routine signals were 38%.

## THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT

The end-of-year blizzards were at their height as a lonely figure stumbled through the deep snow-drifts that were building up on the Clanfield-Leydene road. The drifts at Clanfield had proved too much for his versatile Land Rover, and the homeward-bound resident of East Meon had to walk, if he was to reach the comfort of his home that night. The conditions were sufficient to tax the strength and endurance of any man and resulted in the traveller arriving at the main gate of *Mercury* in an exhausted condition. The main gate sentry used his initiative and sent him to the OOW's office where the Quartermaster (LRO(T) Withers) promptly provided the traveller with tea, restored the circulation in his frozen limbs and dried his clothes. A cabin was then placed at the disposal of our guest who spent a comfortable night before continuing his journey next day.

The Captain of *Mercury* subsequently received a letter from the traveller, in which he expressed his gratitude to all concerned for the help and comfort received and enclosed a cheque in aid of a deserving naval charity. The cheque has since been forwarded to the RNBT.



## EXERCISE "BOTTLESCREW"

During November and December, Exercise Bottlescrew" was conducted in the Far East. The aim of the exercise was to focus the attention of originators of signals on their responsibilities as laid down in AFO S9/61.

2. Briefly, any unit participating was allowed to raise a challenge in respect of any signal which was considered to constitute a breach of the rules contained in the AFO. Challenges were made by use of one or more of the following nicknames.

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Signification</i>
Address	Anjou	Consider that the message indicated has unnecessary number of addressees.
Classification	Claret	Consider that the <i>Classification</i> of the message indicated is unnecessarily high.
Precedence	Port	Consider that the <i>precedence</i> of the message indicated is unnecessarily high.
Text	Tokay	Consider that insufficient use of <i>telegraphese</i> has been made in the message indicated.
Mail	Madeira	Consider that the message indicated could have been sent by <i>mail</i> (note either letter or airgram).
Multiple	Champagne	See below.
General	Gin	Consider the signal was <i>quite</i> unnecessary.

Note 1. The prefix Vintage could be used in the challenge prior to the nickname, where the alleged departure from desirable practice appeared extreme.

3. Challenges were forwarded by hand or mail to FOCINCFEF where they were assessed by a committee of Scrutineers presided over by the Fleet Communication Officer. Points were allocated and an order of merit was issued.

4. The exercise continued throughout November and December until 27th December when it was placed in abeyance because of the administration difficulty of keeping it going during the N. Borneo operations.

5. Exercise "Bottlescrew" was a great success and its effects are still to be seen in the much improved signal drafting which now prevails on the Far East Station.

6. Fuller details of the exercise rules may be obtained on application to the Fleet Communication Officer, Far East Fleet.

Note 2. Challenges could deal with more than one subject simultaneously, any one challenge containing three or more nicknames was to be indicated by the addition of the word Champagne.

## BIRMINGHAM R.N.R. COMMUNICATION TRAINING CENTRE

Active steps are being taken to form a WRNR unit at Birmingham. At present we are most fortunate in having Second Officer M. K. Fletcher, the WRNS Staff Careers Officer in Birmingham, acting as unit officer, but, this is additional to her normal duties and we are most anxious to enrol an ex-WRNS or WRNR officer as our WRNR Unit Officer. Enquiries should be addressed to Second Officer M. K. Fletcher, WRNS Staff Careers Officer, 274/5, Broad Street, Birmingham, 1.

Commander H. J. Lorton, V.R.D., RNR promoted on 31st December, 1962 was appointed C.O. No. 3 Wireless Dist. on 1st January, 1963 and was succeeded as Section Officer, Birmingham by Lieut (L) S. Harvey, RNR. Commander Lorton had been Section Officer Birmingham since 1951 and Lieut. Harvey joined Birmingham as a REM2 in March 1953.

We have settled into our new Training Centre very nicely and our strength is gradually increasing. With the formation of the WRNR, it appears as though our numbers will increase to between 60 and 70 during the year. The sort of numbers envisaged by the Staff of Admiral Commanding Reserves was between 70 and 80, so we may well make it.

To make our canteen more like a place frequented by men of the sea, a number of letters were sent off to Commanding Officers of ships and establishments (in which our members have served) asking them if they could help us with mementos such as ships' crests, photographs, etc. The response has been marvellous. We started with *Pembroke* and *Chichester*; these were followed by *Wizard*, *Urchin*, *Northumbria*, *Rhyl*, *Roebuck*, *Vernon*, *Collingwood*, *Drake*, *Rooke*, *Royal Arthur* and *Venturer*, also a framed photograph of *Victorious*. Additionally we have been promised crests from *Tiger*, *Rothsay*, *Phoenicia*, *Thames*, *Warsash*, *Ganges* and, naturally, *Mercury*.

A.G.J.

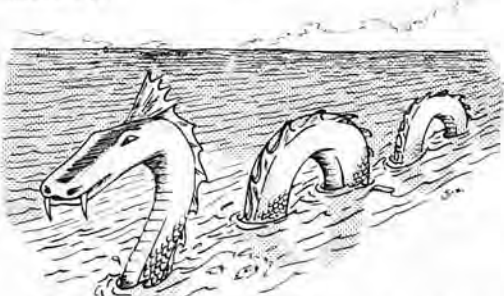
## ODD HAPPENINGS AND HM SHIPS

by RS R. C. Cowley

On 6th August, 1848, *Daedalus* was cruising on the South Atlantic station. Her position was 25 degrees South and 09 degrees some minutes East. It was the first dogwatch, the end of another routine day in one of HM Frigates. The crew were stretched out below, the watch-on-deck were idling their time away at odd tasks designed for employment rather than useful purpose. The O.O.W., Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, was pacing the poop-deck, every now and then surveying the cloudy sky and the trim of the sails.

The 2nd O.O.W., Mr. Midshipman Satoris, had his elbows propped on the poop-rail, and was gazing sea-ward. It was a very clear day, and he was amusing himself trying to follow a swell until it seemingly disappeared in the distance. While engaged in this pastime his eyes jerked to an impossible apparition rising steadily from the sea. It was only a few hundred yards from the ship. His blood froze in his veins, and the cry in his throat was heard only as a strangled croak by Lieutenant Drummond who half turned towards the midshipman and then stopped, rooted to the spot in amazement, as his eyes met a nightmare swimming on the surface.

For a minute he was transfixed. He recovered his wits and sent one of the watch on deck with a brief message to the Captain, which, when blurted out in the Captain's presence, had all the hallmarks of a deranged mind. However, Captain M'quhae hurried to the poop. What he saw made him seize a glass to view the impossible creature more closely. For full five minutes he watched, spellbound. The actual description is to this day on record at the Admiralty . . . "An enormous serpent with head and shoulders four feet above the water . . . there were sixty feet of the animal above water . . . its diameter was from fifteen to sixteen inches, its head without a doubt was that of a snake . . . it held on at a pace of about fifteen knots . . . passed so close under our lee quarter that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should easily have recognised his features with the naked eye."



Such is the tale of the *Daedalus* in the Admiralty files. It caused a storm which raged for nearly a

hundred years after the event. That the ship's company actually saw this creature there can be no reasonable doubt, yet the problem remains today, what did they really see? In the unexplored depths of the sea, creatures may exist which have no place in our world. Various theories have been put forward since the event, and the one given the most hearing in official circles is that it was some form of survivor of the prehistoric dinosaur species.

The strange case of *Fly* serving in the Gulf of California about the year 1881, is far less detailed, but still deserves a mention.

Captain Hope, of *Fly* stated: "The sea being very calm, I saw at the bottom, a large marine animal, with the head and general figure of an alligator, except that the neck was much longer, and that instead of having legs, the creature had large flappers. The creature was distinctly visible and its movements could be observed with ease."

Study of a natural history book will show that the above description is remarkably akin to the prehistoric monster named plesiosaurus. Whether or not Captain Hope had ever seen or heard of a plesiosaurus we can never be certain; the record says not. We can be sure however, that Captains of HM Ships invariably steer well clear of any sensationalism which may bring ridicule or disgrace upon them, and this, in itself, would seem to prove that there was something very strange on the sea-bed that day.

In the search for the peculiar things that have happened to HM Ships at sea, one invariably comes across a ghost ship; such was the case of *Inconstant*.

On 11th July, 1881, three of HM Ships of the line were sailing in line abreast en route from Melbourne to Sydney. They were *Torvaline*, *Cleopatra* and *Inconstant*. The latter was senior officer and had on board the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince Albert. At the change of the middle and morning watches, an eerie glow was sighted on the port bow of *Inconstant*. As the range closed to approximately two hundred yards, the masts, spars and sails of a full rigged brig stood out in awesome relief in the midst of the glow. The port lookout reported her, and the O.O.W. saw her. The quarterdeck midshipman was sent for'ard to the fo'c'sle to confirm the strange sight, but, although he had previously seen her from aft, when he arrived on the fo'c'sle, there was absolutely nothing to be seen, all trace of the spectre had vanished . . .

In all, thirteen persons are reported to have seen her, and while the ships in company did not report seeing the actual spectre, they did report the eerie glow over to port.

Here again, the seemingly impossible had happened with reliable witnesses. Their testimony cannot be brushed aside as mere fiction, or a figment of a vivid imagination. The fact that action was taken to confirm the happening, indicates that the people immediately concerned had their wits about them. So what explanation can there be? One can think of various theories, but none really fit the facts if we accept them as recorded.



Finally, and to present a more modern phenomenon, there was the extraordinary case of *Caroline* and *Leander*.

On 4th February, 1893, *Caroline* was carrying out her duties in the Far East Fleet, transitting the China Sea between Shanghai and Japan. At 2200, Captain Norcock of *Caroline* was asked to attend his bridge, as some most "unusual lights" had been sighted. They were globular, of a reddish tinge, and appeared to be emitting a hazy smoke from the stern. All this was observed by Captain Norcock with his telescope. The objects would first seem to act in a controlled body, then break into a formation and carry out a series of manoeuvres, their speed being approximately that of *Caroline*. The height must have varied between four thousand feet and fairly near the sea. We can gather this from Captain Norcock's statement that the lights could be seen against the coastline, which, is about five to six thousand feet high in that area, and no doubt made an excellent backcloth for this weird display. On one occasion the objects disappeared behind a small island, and were also seen to reflect their light upon the surface of the sea.

After being visible for two hours, the lights were lost to sight, travelling in a northerly direction. The following night exactly the same thing happened again. This time the lights were observed for seven hours.

Captain Norcock stated that on comparing notes later with Captain Castle of *Leander*, who was in the same area at the same time, though not in company, Captain Castle had also seen the lights and had altered course towards them. At first they appeared to avoid the ship, and finally made off.

It would seem that there are a hundred theories that could explain this occurrence, but they all fail to fit the facts as reported, in at least one respect or another. Will o' the wisps do not manoeuvre five thousand feet above the sea, balloons are governed by wind direction, aircraft had yet to take to the air, and normal astronomical phenomena must be discounted because by all accounts these objects flew.

There we have four mysteries, reported by our own ships in our own logs. Prehistoric monsters? Ghost ship? Space craft? The absolute truth of all reported cannot be readily explained. The sea is still a place where things can happen on a vast and mysterious scale. Next time you keep the middle watch or are just idling on the upper deck keep your eyes peeled. *Editor's note.* Confirmation has been obtained from the Admiralty Library of all these incidents except the last, but only in the form of newspaper extracts/officers' journals, and unofficial books.



## "HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR . . ."

by LRO(G) R. W. Thomas

"Excuse me mate! But what does that badge with wings mean, and how can I get into it?" This question is asked many times when one chances to come across a man wearing the badge and it would appear appropriate to offer a detailed article to enlighten the curious.

This particular qualification might well be considered the successor to the now disbanded RO2 (Flying) for it does, indeed, offer a very remunerative reward to the tune of 6/- per day upon qualifying.

What is the cycle of events which leads us to the finished product known officially as the Royal Naval Paratrooper?

Any RO2(G), LRO(G), RS is eligible provided he can boast a physical fitness of minimum standard P2 (P1 if you're Tarzans). Volunteers should request through the normal channels 'To volunteer for Parachute Training per C.T.M. Article 117'.

Assuming one meets the above requirements the next stage of events will be a draft to 95 Regiment, R.A. which is situated at the Joint Services Amphibious Warfare Centre, Poole, Dorset; here one is brought to a high standard of fitness prior to departure to the Airborne Forces Depot, Aldershot where pre-parachute training is carried out. This entails assault courses, final fitness training, etc. Upon successful completion, the survivors pass on to the final phase of the course which takes place at the RAF Station Abingdon, Berkshire. It is here that the



"HOW'S ABOUT ANUYVA GO  
JACK? - THAT'S NUMBER ONE OVER"



actual business of producing the qualified "Skyman" is undertaken, this part of the course takes roughly six weeks, mainly because the eight parachute drops one undertakes are subject to good weather conditions.

Before the first drop is undertaken one is given rigorous ground training in the arts of handling a parachute; methods of packing; correct positions for landing, etc. From these few remarks it will be obvious to the uninitiated that absolutely nothing is left to chance.

On emerging as a fully fledged parachutist one then becomes available for draft to any of the Naval Gunfire Control Spotting units of which there are four, Hong Kong, Malta, Bovingdon and Poole. Here members are fully kitted out with army uniform and live for the most part in army barracks enjoying a unique and pleasant inter-Service relationship.

The basic day to day work of these army units is to keep the gunnery ships of the fleet up to a high degree of accuracy when carrying out shore bombardments. This is achieved by acting as a shore spotter, signalling bearings, corrections and all relevant data provided by the spotting officer, who is normally an army officer. These Fire Observation parties are highly mobile and well trained to such an extent that each member of the party (1 Officer, 1 NCO, 3 Rates) is capable of performing each others duty to a competent degree.

With the introduction of the Parachutist it will be seen that the F.O. party has become very mobile and enables the OTC of any major landing force to have at his disposal a F.O. party under any conditions.

Should this article spark off any interest in your somewhat quiet and humdrum billets then "SLAP IN NOW" and join the club.

## 20 BATTERY ROYAL ARTILLERY

by RS P. E. Kersey

20 Battery, for those who are not acquainted with the Far East, is a small unit of some 25 officers and men who work in close liaison with the Royal Navy for the purpose of Naval Gunfire Support.

For the benefit of those who know nothing of this organisation, and for any sparkers that may be enthralled by the idea of leaping out of aircraft, we will endeavour to explain a little of what each man has to know, and do, in this unit.

There are four units. Two in the U.K., one of which is our Headquarters; one in Malta and the other in Hong Kong. The primary purpose of each unit is to be on immediate standby to proceed to any trouble-spot that requires the presence of an Observer Party to promote Naval Gunfire Support.

The Gunners are qualified as 'Driver/Operators' and, as such, are expected to maintain their own vehicles; have a thorough knowledge of Army voice procedure, Artillery Fire Orders, ACP's 124(B) and 125(B); various types of HF and VHF portable transceivers and be able to transmit and receive morse at 15 wpm. We have a few 'wizards' mind you, and these can do 22's fairly easily. They are also parachutists, and must complete two jumps in a year to qualify for the six shillings a day.

The RN contingent of 20 Battery numbers five and besides the RS they are: LRO Bryant, RO2's Armstrong, Rigley, Booth and Marshall. Apart from the latter they all have their wings and Marshall should be qualifying for his early this year.

In conclusion and, as a follow-up on the previous article, we have this to say to any potential Radio Operator Parachutists:

Having qualified as a parachutist, and attached to a unit, one then comes under Army discipline: participating in everything that the unit does, this includes wearing Army uniform on occasions that require it. It is not a permanent occupation and after one commission you may be drafted back to General Service. Promotion is not affected, however, as one tour with the Army is on a par with a ship commission.

### EASTER COMPETITIONS PRIZEWINNERS

Features: "Do You Do Judo?" by Leading Wren R.O.(M). P. A. Sucksmith—page 201.

"Piracy on the High Seas", by RO1 A. P. Nalson — page 208.

Photograph: Fort Jesus, Mombasa (will the photographer please claim) — page 230.

Cartoons: RO1 (T.) Tanner—pages 196-197, LRO (G1) R. W. Thomas—pages 217-218, originator of Cartoon on page 239.

### Acknowledgements

Cartoons: M. Folland—page 203; Wilkie—pages 209-247.

Photographs: Lieut. P. Ellis—pages 214-237; RS K. Randall—pages 231-233.

## H.M.S. ALBION

At last the day arrived for us to sail away from "Brickwood" territory and settle down to our commission. After a bumpy ride we arrived at Gibraltar; this was the first foreign run ashore for many of the staff, who were duly impressed by the castanets, Fundador, and scenery. The older members merely sighed and talked of the Rock in bygone days; they still went ashore, though, to check on things.

After two days at Gib. we pressed on into the Med. to carry out Exercise "Sandfly" at Homs in North Africa. Stacks of sand, but no flies on the Staff!

Our Canal passage was slowed up by fog and grounded ships, and took us 48 hours, but it gave the staff their last opportunity of a dip in sharkless waters (the Bitter Lakes). After leaving Suez the wick was turned up so that we could get to Aden and relieve our impatient sister—the *Bulwark*—on time. As we entered Aden harbour, the rival lot voluntarily cleared lower deck to goof at the new boys. A hectic 6-day turnover followed, during which we swapped 41 Commando for 40, went shopping ashore, and scrounging in *Bulwark*. The next two items on the menu were a landing exercise on the Malindi coast, followed by an all-too-brief stay in Mombasa which was enjoyed very much.

Sadly, we left Mombasa for Singapore, and when near to Gan, we had to proceed at full speed. An aerial RAS was carried out by our choppers with *Fort Dunvegan*, while we maintained operational course and speed. A quick stop in Singapore to embark yet more soldiers and stores, and then on to Borneo.

This is where we came into our own as a Commando ship. For the next month we were kept fully employed landing and supporting our Commando units ashore. The helicopter is magic to a soldier in the jungle; in 20 minutes, it can lift him two or three days march away and put him into almost any small clearing. It also brings him comforts such as beer, mail, anti-flea powder. All it wants is some friendly chap to talk to it; and the lads ashore soon realised that the better their communications were with us and the choppers, the better the service they got. As a result, we stayed in touch with their portables at unexpected ranges!

With reduced watches and the experience gained from exercises, we were able to manage the increased signal traffic without great difficulty, and the jobs had plenty of variety. RO1 Rollings and RO2 Cowan were landed and learnt how to manage on compo (not bad). Christmas went by almost unnoticed except for the big eats. Hot Christmas dinners were sent 30 miles into the jungle for the Commandos, and also "haggises" at Hogmanay. We also tried felling a few trees with a "pusser's chopper". Trees remained standing. No rotation. Aircraft broke. Sadness. Many signals. No good at all.

Having completed 36 days at sea, we returned on 10th January to Singapore for a 3-week maintenance period. During our stay, the staff used all sporting facilities so generously provided, and we are now represented in all the ships teams.

A second excursion to Borneo then followed. This time we were a trooper. A thousand soldiers out, a thousand back. Just call us Empire Albion and you won't be far wrong.

## H.M.S. ARK ROYAL

by LRO(W) J. R. E. Bird



We commenced our homeward journey earlier than planned, thanks to the Army, who produced an urgent requirement to move guns, lorries and troops to Aden, by courtesy of the "Grey Funnel Line". We sailed from Singapore with the flight deck looking like Salisbury Plain, much to the disgust of the air world. The Army gave us plenty of entertainment by allowing us to listen in to their "netting drill", and although we had so many soldiers on board, we did not become involved in a CARS-COMEX; quite an achievement for us.

Our voyage to Aden was very pleasant; no fixed wing flying could be carried out and the Ship's Company made the most of the sunny weather to complete their tans for Christmas. Our only excitement came when distress calls were picked up from the French ship *Donai*, who reported being on fire in our vicinity. By the time we reached her the fire was under control, but experience was gained in flying fire parties and equipment over to her by helicopter.

After a brief spell in Aden, we proceeded to Mombasa via Exercise "Longshot". Mombasa was a delightful change from the Far East and numerous banyans and visits to Kenya's National Park were arranged. All good things must end and we were soon on our way to the Suez Canal, fully loaded with Bongo drums, wooden elephants, rhinos and such-like monsters.

The trip to Suez was uneventful but pregnant with anxiety: "Would *Hermes* get through?" was uppermost in most people's minds. All doubts were



removed and spirits soared when, on December 4th she appeared. Only a few hours were needed to transfer the flag of F.O.A.C. and Staff to us, and then we were on our way to Gib. and Plymouth.

Plymouth Dockyard appeared to be just as we left it: plenty of rain, ice and snow.

During the past week, *Ark Royal* has made history and for the first time, a vertical take-off and landing aircraft, the famous Hawker P1127, has been operating from an Aircraft Carrier.

In the midst of trials with new aircraft we went to the assistance of the Norwegian ship *Johan Collett*, but found the situation under control: S.A.S. *President Kruger* and the St. Peter Port lifeboat had arrived before us. Our assistance was not required and, unfortunately, the vessel later sank when under tow.

## H.M.S. BERWICK

Since the last issue we have been on a most interesting visit to the United States in company with *Lowestoft*. Our ports of call were Norfolk, Newport, Philadelphia, Bridgeport and Bermuda.

Extensive A/S exercises were carried out with units of the U.S.N. off St. Georges' Bank and before returning to U.K. we will have co-operated with the R.C.N. off Bermuda.

While in Philadelphia we were visited by the Mayor of Berwick, Pennsylvania and a party reciprocated the call.

The hospitality in the States was wonderful. There were occasions when it was almost impossible to fill all commitments. Everyone had an excellent time.

The Squadron has slowly dwindled to two ships, *Ursa* having transferred to the 17th F.S. and *Scarborough* reclining in Portsmouth dockyard undergoing refit and modernisation.

This will be the last contribution from the present staff as we re-commission at Portsmouth on 9th April, when the ship becomes leader of the newly formed 21st Escort Squadron.

## H.M.S. BLACKPOOL

by CY Ellis

This is the first effort by *Blackpool* from that dubious Pearl of the East—Singapore.

The first half of the commission, during which Portland sorted the wheat from the chaff, is over and LTO Lines emerged with no outward appearance of ulcers, but RS Cockett appeared with only the suggestion of a thickening waistline.

The second and foreign half of the commission started off in a blaze of glory with a trip to Fremantle and, for many, the unprecedented opportunity of attending the Commonwealth Games. This visit, in spite of the many Dinkum exercises packed either side, was well worth while.

On return to Singapore which included a fast Black to Borneo, our hopes of a Hong Kong

Christmas were soon shattered when the Navigating Officer was heard scrambling through charts and muttering "Where the hell's Male?" Two weeks later we knew, and ten happy days were spent in the lagoon and its tropical surroundings. Much to the chagrin of several would-be fishermen the waters still abound with a wide variety of multi-coloured fish, most of which must be hopefully anticipating the next performance of the Captain on his skis.

Our communications staff hope to be available in *Mercury* during the latter half of the year to answer questions on A/S warfare, but not on Hong Kong unless our luck changes.

## H.M.S. BRIGHTON

by RO2(G) Nolan

When our last report was submitted we were trying to find Gan; I can now report that we succeeded. We stayed there a few hours to refuel and then proceeded to Mahé in the Seychelles. On passage we conducted our "Crossing the Line" ceremony in which everyone was either an initiate or a defaulter! Incidentally, to those who have visited Mahé, "Sharkies" is still going strong. From Mahé to Mombasa where some of us were able to make use of the Silversands Rest Camp—absolute bliss after watch-keeping, and thence to Zanzibar. Returning to Aden, we collected *Albion* and carried out several exercises and arrived in Singapore for Christmas. Captain F's inspection arrived earlier than expected but after a mad rush, we survived it and were soon on our way to Borneo. The LRO was landed at Tawau, our base, and enjoyed the biggest loaf of his life. Two landing parties also went ashore and we used this event to test the new portables, 634's, and we had good communication up to 12 miles range. Now we are on our way to Hong Kong and hope to enjoy ourselves (is it possible not to like Honkers?) Cheerio!



## H.M.S. CAVALIER

This is the first article from *Cavalier* this commission and unfortunately it will be the last for some time as we are now on our way home to put her into extended refit. We started off the commission with a very quiet six months in Singapore, apart from the usual work up and "Jet 62".

After the Spring cruise to Hong Kong and Japan we had a three month rest, living it up in *Terror* while the ship had her annual refit. Most of the staff took advantage of this rest to take a fortnight's station leave in Singapore which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. RO2(G) Wadey and RO2(T) Chinery found time during this period to have their hair permed which resulted in a mass of curls for both of them, and a good laugh for the rest of the staff.

The day before we were due to enter Fremantle, Australia, for our Empire Games visit, we were rushed 1,200 miles away into the Indian Ocean to rescue one of the crew of an American research vessel, *MV Horizon*, who was suffering from bad internal bleeding. It was quite a rough trip as we had to do high speed in heavy weather, but I'm sorry to say the man died shortly after we got him back to hospital.

On our return to Singapore, we just had time to store ship, refuel, and top up with Army personnel and were then on our way to Brunei at 30 knots; here we established ourselves as Communications Ship. This was quite a task with so many nets to man and so few operators to man them. We were relieved at Brunei after only four days by the "WOO HA", (*Woodbridge Haven*), but still did not find time to relax as D8's inspection followed a fortnight later at Hong Kong. On leaving Hong Kong we joined the fleet and took part in Exercise "Clipper" during which we rescued the crew of one of *Hermes* helicopters that ditched.

Now, with all the rushing around behind us we are 'independent command' and on our way out into the Pacific to do SAR duties for the Royal flight.

H.M.S. Centaur

## H.M.S. CENTAUR

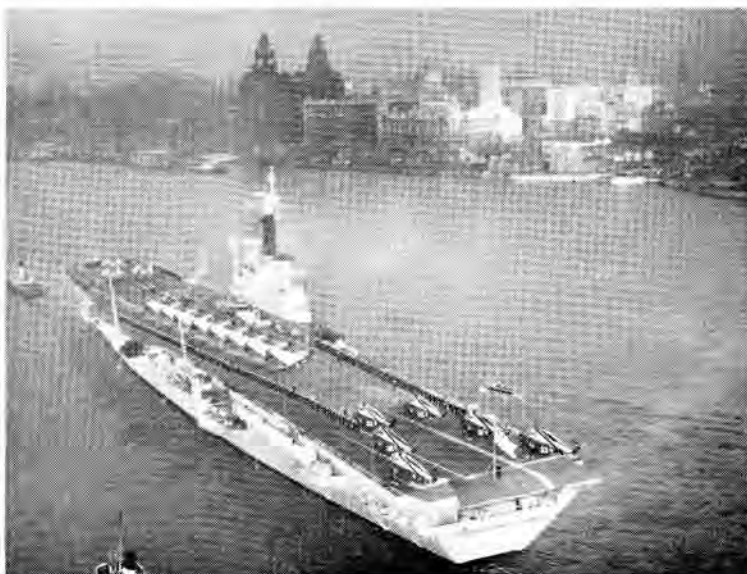
When we wrote this article, on the 12th February, we thought it would be our last contribution before paying off in May. Then came the 13th, and once again we found ourselves under starter's orders for the Suez Canal Stakes. However, we think it is a good opportunity to look back over the two-and-a-half years most of us have spent in the ship.

*Centaur* was commissioned under the command of Captain J. A. C. Henley, D.S.C., R.N. (previously Captain of the Signal School) on 3rd March, and the commissioning ceremony was attended by H.R.H. Princess Marina, who launched the ship originally.

Then followed an intensive trials period, culminating with a work-up from April to June, 1961 in the Malta area.

The hands shook themselves down and foundations were laid for an organisation that has kept the two S.C.O.'s and the Chief's polishing their chairs ever since. This period ended with our Operational Readiness Inspection, during which the whole basket of eggs was well and truly stirred with a big stick; however, one must admit at least F.O.A.C.'s staff came out of it still smiling. A visit to Barcelona was a great success at this point.

June 30th, 1961, towards the end of the Home Leg, with the ship at Gibraltar about to sail for Exercise "Riptide", Norfolk, Philadelphia and Quebec; Kassem's quarrel with Kuwait diverted *Centaur* east to the Persian Gulf. Our great claim to fame was the achievement of 11,000 miles in one



month East of Suez, flying the flag of F.O.2.F.E.S. whilst on our Home Leg.

October found us sailing for our turn in the East. The planned year east of Suez, with prospects of runs in Japan, Australia and New Zealand became, in fact, a seven-month race around the Med., Middle and Far East with only eight days relaxation at Hong Kong. We spent most of December, including Christmas, at Mombasa whilst our choppers aided the flood victims.

We returned home in May for leave and then out to the Mediterranean again. This three-month period with visits to Lisbon, Toulon, Marseilles and Piraeus, coupled with the fact that the ship managed to keep, more or less, to programme, was the most enjoyable part of the commission. It was preceded by, probably, the best run so far—the four-day visit to Hamburg, voted by all a winner.

Since October 1962, our time has been spent on the Home Station and we have just completed "Smallex", off the coast of Wales.

In the employment of the Communications Staff, the main aim has been to rotate everybody's duties to produce a reasonable all-round efficiency, this included a measure of cross-training from the time of commissioning, e.g., Tactical ratings manning RATT, all ratings doing Crypto, etc. The temptation to leave, say, an excellent typist in the M.S.O., was resisted and jobs and watches were changed round every three months.

During self-maintenance periods, every opportunity was taken to give the staff a break by manning Gib. Comcen and Windmill Hill and courses at Kranji for higher rating. Certain unexpected benefits resulted, such as one of our wilder members being seen at Bible Study with a Wren in Gib.

In the training field, the well-established custom of instructions every forenoon was followed by all ratings below leading hand with most encouraging results.

One of the problems of a carrier, dashing everywhere at short notice, is the arrangement of provisional boards (as will be for the future Fleet Boards) at an opportune time when all ratings, with a chance of passing, have reached the required standard. We were indeed indebted to Devonport Signal School, Gibraltar Comcen and Kranji S.T.C. for laying on examinations at short notice; in spite of this and in order not to penalise ratings who had worked hard to prepare themselves, examinations were held in the ship. The results have been well worth the effort as the following figures show:

For Rating:	No. Passed	No. Failed
RS	4	0
CY	2	0
LRO(G)	6	4
LRO(T)	3	1

In addition, there has only been one failure in qualifying for second class rate. Four ratings have passed both 2nd Class and Leading Rate's examinations since joining the ship.

## H.M.S. DALRYMPLE

Since our last contribution to the COMMUNICATOR in the summer of 1962, we completed the departmental inspections in Malta and then, suffering from the effects of the "Blues" and "Hopleafs" (or is it "Hopleaves"?), we sailed for Gibraltar and Devonport. After refitting and leave, we were soon on our way to the Persian Gulf, paying brief visits to Gibraltar, Malta and Aden. From Aden, we began a survey of the Murray Ridge, a submarine range of "mountains" in the Indian Ocean. This involved steaming up and down for a week, taking soundings and towing an instrument, called a magnetometer, which measured the strength of the earth's magnetic field.

In the Persian Gulf, we landed a tide-watching party equipped with a new transportable Mullard. This set has a frequency range of 1.5 to 15 Mc/s. and is crystal controlled on eight frequencies; although bulky, it is a reliable set with an output of 40 watts and is a great asset to us in survey work. Whilst in Bahrein we said goodbye to A/R S Birtwistle and welcomed his relief, LRO Hahn, who, it is rumoured, only got the draft because he didn't like the look of the weather in Britain. We continued our work in the Gulf but arrived in Karachi just before Christmas. Despite the high cost of booze, it was a thoroughly enjoyable Christmas. From the communications point of view the stay was quiet, but we acted as crypto guard ship for the Naval Adviser. On 28th December we left Karachi and carried out more work on the Murray Ridge and then continued into the Gulf again.

In February we hope to spend a month surveying the approaches to Kuwait and then we anticipate a return to Cyprus to complete a survey started some time ago. We are really looking forward to the return to Cyprus, which will be more civilised than our present neighbourhood, and the prospect of week-ends spent in Famagusta is very exciting.





## H.M.S. DUNKIRK

by LRO(G) R. W. Strout



At the time this article goes to press in 'Our Mag' one of the finest Old Ladies that ever put to sea will have gone to her final resting place.

I say "Old Lady" because we are one of the last of the old non-converted ships, i.e. we have not been broken up and re-born into some new drastic role as many of the "Battles" have, apart from the fact that we have done a RATT conversion, we are still our old selves, and proud of it.

Radio staff of previous commissions will know what it is like to embark on fleet exercises with modern ships having twice as much equipment; we always seem to be overlooked during the frequency planning stages, and literally have our hands full juggling with the UHF requirements. They say this is the modern navy, cafeteria messing, air-conditioning and many other strange unheard of things. Maybe it will be so next draft, but let me say this, and I'm sure I speak from staffs, past and present, 'I've been proud to serve two years in this ship', it brings you up the hard way and teaches you much that is lacking elsewhere.

## H.M.S. LLANDAFF

by RO3 (T) Walker

Although we have been in commission since May '62 nothing worthy of an article for THE COMMUNICATOR chanced to come our way until December, whilst at Aden.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, 8th December, a merchantman, the s.s. *Cornish City*, berthed just forward of us, burst into flames. Immediately fire-fighting teams were despatched from *Llandaff*. Shortly after these teams had begun fire-fighting they were joined by teams from the 9th MS. *Hermes* and *Sheba*.

Despite all efforts by the teams, by 1830 the whole of the superstructure just aft of the bridge was totally engulfed in flames. A great pall of black smoke spiralled some 200 feet into the evening sky. The ship was then moved to the outer harbour and the fire eventually brought under control with

the assistance of two firefighting tugs from Little Aden oil refinery. Early the following morning our fire-fighting teams left the stricken merchantman as we were due to sail for Singapore at 0800.

In January this year we were one of a number of ships on SAR duties in the Pacific Ocean, covering the Queen's flight from Honolulu to Fiji. Afterwards we spent a few days in Fiji; this was much enjoyed by the ship's company.

## H.M.S. LONDONDERRY

by RS Bailey

At the moment of writing we have just arrived back from a short visit to our adopted "Maiden City" Londonderry, where the female population we are told, outnumber their counterparts 8 to 1. A city of burning desires, but I can assure you it was not a communicator that was responsible for the Embassy dance hall being burnt to the ground the day prior to our departure. Unfortunately the ensuing exercises in which we participated during our stay at Londonderry were marred by the weather. I am not complaining that it was rough, but it was difficult to decide whether to man A.R.N. or Submarine broadcast (are whips supposed to be horizontal?)

By the time the Easter edition goes to print, we will have started the foreign leg of our general service commission on the West Indies station, and once more the "Derry" will be flying the broad pennant of S.N.O.W.I. soon after arrival. This will be the third Senior Officers' flag we have flown during our brief spell in commission, the other two being those of F.O.S.T. and F.O.F.H.

A passing thought before closing: If a woman with briefs is a barrister, is a woman without briefs a solicitor?



Staff of F.O.2 F.E.F.

From a certain RO(G) on an exercise net in Portland: "Immediate execute negat. standby, standby, execute, OVER. . . . Oh! what have I done!"

FM C in C Portsmouth  
TO General

At present exceptionally high rate of off-take of coal, dockyard stocks are *swindling* rapidly, etc. . . .

# THE NEW TRADE OF "YEOMAN OF SIGNALS" IN THE ARMY

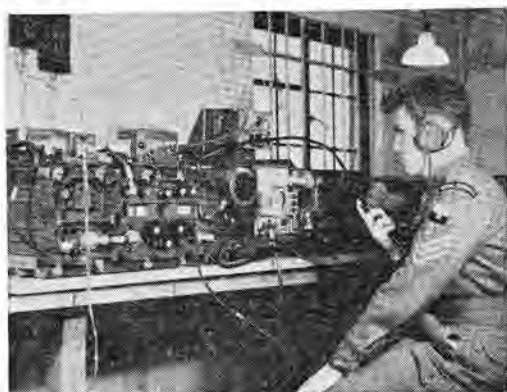
by Major F. T. Harris, C.D.

Communicators in the Royal Navy will be interested to learn that the expression 'Yeoman', which has had an honoured place in the Communications Branch for so long, has recently been introduced into the Royal Corps of Signals. The 'Yeoman of Signals', as he will be called, is to be the expert operator (as opposed to technician) in the Corps, and his rank will be that of either Staff Sergeant or Warrant Officer.

It is difficult to compare the Naval Yeoman and his Army name-sake, as the organisation and commitments of the two Services differ so greatly, but a rough breakdown would be as follows:—

Royal Signals	R.N.
(a) Operators:	
Telegraph	} Communications Branch
Radio	
Cipher, etc.	
(b) Technicians	— Electrical Branch
(c) Field general duty men	— Seamen Branch
(d) Administration	— Supply Branch

The table above is oversimplified, but it shows that the Operators Branch of the Royal Signals is the counterpart of the Communications Branch of the Royal Navy; all other branches of the Corps have their parallels in other branches of the Navy. This is because the Corps has to administer itself in the field, whereas in the Navy, there is a branch to perform each function needed on board. The Royal Signals Yeoman of Signals will be equivalent in many ways to the (Chief) Yeoman of Signals and to the (Chief) Radio Supervisor in the Communication Branch.



The qualified Yeoman of Signals will be required to:—

- train and supervise all operating tradesmen.
- control and supervise signal centres, including switchboards and cipher offices at all levels.

- set up and operate radio networks and operate line and radio relay facilities.
- have a thorough knowledge of all operating techniques, procedures and communications security.

Candidates for Yeoman of Signals are selected NCOs and WOs from the Regimental Duty and Operating promotion rosters and qualified Signal Centre Supervisors. (The Signal Centre Supervisor is a qualified NCO or Warrant Officer, who takes charge of a signal centre in a headquarters, whether in the field or a static HQ. This 'rate' is now going out of use and the work will gradually be taken over by the new Yeoman of Signals). The candidates must pass an entrance examination which consists of tests in operating skills and signal centre and traffic procedures. Minimum pass-in operating speeds are: Morse—12 wpm, Teleprinter—25 wpm, with course pass-out speeds of either 18 wpm Morse and 40 wpm Teleprinter or 25 wpm Morse and 35 wpm Teleprinter, which brings the Yeoman within reach of the Senior Service.

The course is conducted at the School of Signals, Catterick Camp, in Yorkshire. Approximately one third of the Instruction is conducted in Engineering Wing (which is mainly responsible for training Senior Technicians and Officers in Communications Engineering) and is designed to give the Yeoman a working knowledge of the technical aspects of his equipment, so that he has a better appreciation of both the limitations of his equipments and the problems of the technicians. Gone are the days when the technician could come in and baffle the operator with technical jargon.

A general survey of the first course as seen by a successful student is as follows:—

The course assembled at the School of Signals with 12 weeks interesting and hard work ahead of it. After passing the acceptance tests, three weeks were spent with Signal Employments Group and Traffic Groups, with a written examination at the end of the Tactics phase.

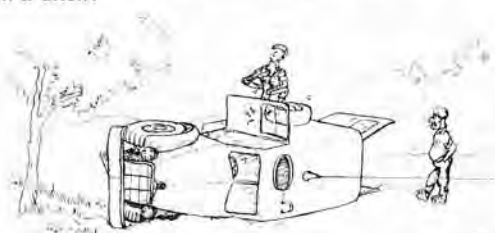
In the 4th week, the phase with the line section of Communication Systems Group was started. Instruction in telegraphy, cables, and a brief outline and demonstration of facsimile equipments was given, followed by written and practical tests.

The scope and importance of E.W. was then explained to us and afterwards our attention was devoted to the operation and supervision of switchboards.

During these phases, periods were allocated for keyboard and morse practice, so that students could reach the required speeds by the final week.

The halfway stage was reached while we were with Radio Group. An introduction to the new range of equipment, particularly the D11 left little time for boredom. (The D11 is an HF medium-power transmitter (normally carried in a 1 ton truck), for use in the field. With the associated R230 receiver, this set can provide SSB voice, or RATT links between HQs). After several days of

practice on the various sets, an exercise was held in Arctic-like conditions on the Yorkshire Moors. After driving on some very treacherous roads, lunch at the 'Boar's Head' boosted morale considerably, and during the afternoon, a very heated argument (concerning the advantages of horizontal polarization over vertical polarization) was overheard coming from inside a vehicle lying on its side in a ditch!



This was followed by a visit to a large primary tape relay centre at Boddington, situated between Gloucester and Cheltenham. Here a comprehensive training programme covering all duties in the tape relay centre, both from the traffic handling and the engineering point of view, was given to the course.

The large number of precis already held by the course was increased considerably during the visit to the Multi-Channel Section of Communication Systems Group. Much new information was acquired by the students, and a most successful exercise was held using C41 and ACT 1 + 4. (The C41 is a vehicle-borne 'radio relay' transmitter, which is used with the associated R222 receiver. It

employs wideband VHF FM for multi-channel transmissions along selected radio beams, which are directed by Yagi aerials. It is used on radio relay links between formation headquarters in the field. The ACT 1 + 4 Carrier Telephony Apparatus has one audio and four carrier channels, and is used with the C41, which is often carried in the same vehicle).

The tenth week arrived and, in the Automatic Data Processing Systems Group the course was introduced to a new language—an auto code and 'machine language' used with a computer. After preparing programmes (with mixed success), the phase ended with a visit to the Computer Section of I.C.I. at Wilton Works, Middlesbrough, where, we received full V.I.P. treatment.

The tempo of the course was kept up and, on reaching the final stages of the training, we found ourselves inundated with exercises and traffic handling problems from the supervisory angle.

The newly qualified Yeoman of Signals is now going out into signal units both in the field and in static locations, to apply some of his new knowledge. Preliminary reports indicate that the Yeoman of Signals is proving a worthy right hand man of the Signal Officer in dealing with the training, supervision and direction of soldiers in the operating trades.

## SOLENT DIVISION R.N.R.

By RS T. N. Ensor

Shortly after this issue of THE COMMUNICATOR appears we hope to be installed in our new quarters, as mentioned in the last issue. The work is well in hand and the various offices are taking shape.

A varied programme of instruction will be available for all Rates, and it is hoped that attendance at the different classes (Procedure, Voice, RATT, etc.) will be on a higher level than hitherto, especially now that the better weather will be coming along (?) together with the lighter evenings.

We have lost the services of RS Cawdell, who is efficiently 'nursing' our first baby—the Isle of White Unit. Enrolment figures are not yet available but we wish him every success.

In a different sphere our congratulations go to LTO (Pincher) Martin and his fiancée on their recent wedding, as one person was heard to remark—"It's one way of getting recruits!"

Our good wishes go also to LRO Crosbie and RO2 Hampton who will be shortly taking parts 'A' and 'B' of their Advancement Courses.

A good many exercises have been carried out (and enjoyed) with our affiliated ship *Undaunted*, and we look forward to more Thursday evenings on the air with her.

The latest nomenclature has kept us guessing on some occasions but no doubt we shall memorise them all in time. We find Christian names and nicknames come to hand (or mouth) much more easily.





## THE SIGNALMEN'S LAMENT

by RO2(T) O'Sullivan-Sharrig

On Saturday, 29 December, 1962, the Tactical Operators of the Mediterranean Fleet met in the Granada Bar, Gzira, for a wake to mourn the departure of the well-known and much loved badge of crossed flags, which, for many years, had been proudly worn by all signalmen. The farewell to the badge began as a private run ashore organised by RO2(T) O'Sullivan-Sharrig of Malta Comcen, but, as the word spread on the flagvine, the run snowballed into a full Fleet evolution. The mourners included Rear Admiral Viscount Kelburn, the Flag Officer Malta, Captain R. R. B. Mackenzie, Captain D. Commander B.K. Shattock, F.C.O. and the staff of Malta Comcen. Signalmen from *Lion*, *Trafalgar*, *Dunkirk*, *Scorpion*, *Corunna*, *Aisne*, *Surprise*, Royal Fleet Auxiliaries, submarines, minesweepers and shore establishments were also present. The "Jimmy" of *Lion*, though not a signalman, came to convey his sympathies and a few heavily disguised sparkers gatecrashed the gathering but were given a welcome.

The Bar had been decorated with flags and messages, typical of which was "Hand Flags will travel", and a grave, complete with memorial headstone, had been built on the stage. At 2130, local time, the whole assembly knelt whilst a signalman's badge, in gold, was cremated in a chalice of flaming "ormig juice". As the flames died, the words of "The Day of the Last Signalman" were read out. Three rousing cheers followed, and the proceedings continued with much singing and thirst quenching.



Later, a large version of the badge was slowly lowered whilst the "Ceremonial Sunset" was played. This solemn moment over, "Up Spirits" was piped and the order promptly executed.

At midnight the whole assembly was taken completely by surprise. A band of Signal WRNS, dressed in deep mourning and led by Chief Wren Yeoman Eileen Conway, entered and, with heads bowed, they slowly carried a coffin to the graveside, chanting "Wren Buntings are dying too" as they performed their slow march. Their departure was as reverent as their arrival.

## THE AMERICA'S CUP

by Cdr. R. C. Morgan, R.N.

Over the years, much has been written about the races for the famous "America's Cup", and it would be presumptuous of me to attempt to say any more about them, but having been privileged to watch the first of the 1962 races from a U.S. destroyer, I thought my impressions of the general scene and the methods used by the U.S. authorities to control the enormous fleet of spectator boats may be of interest to some readers.

I embarked in the U.S.S. *Hugh Purvis* on the morning of September 15th at Newport, Rhode Island, and together with five other destroyers we sailed at 1000. Each ship carried a large number of spectators: the *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.* had the President of the United States and his guests, including the British Ambassador, on board, and the remaining destroyers had embarked the Australian Ambassador and other high ranking officials from both the diplomatic world and the Armed Forces of the United States. Captain Dockum U.S.N., in *Hugh Purvis*, was in tactical command of the destroyer force, which was joined later by three Coast Guard cutters, in one of which was the U.S. Coast Guard Captain in command of the whole operation, and a number of Coast Guard launches (some of them hired for the occasion) which were to act as sheepdogs.

The weather was perfect and the sight of about 2,000 boats of all descriptions, a large majority under sail, bearing down on the starting area was quite unforgettable. The P.P.I. on board the *Hugh Purvis* appeared to have a severe attack of measles and if ever there was an occasion when destroyers had to be conned from the bridge, this was it—the navigational hazards were appalling! Even so, there were no collisions; we certainly had to stop engines or go hard over on several occasions, but all this was done in an atmosphere of surprising calm and politeness—muttered oaths there may have been, but no bawling through a loud hailer, as might have been expected.

Keeping the starting area clear was a difficult task and the start was delayed by a little over an hour; a very large number of boats had migrated to the U.S.S. *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.*, and, from the *Purvis*, five cables distant, it was almost impossible to see any water around the ship at one stage.

Eventually, the race started without interference and we all weighed and proceeded. The ships were manoeuvred to maintain formation astern of *Weatherly* and *Gretel*, as they tacked towards the weather mark, a U.S. Navy tug anchored six miles away. The tidiness of the whole formation could not be maintained as a large number of spectator boats could not match the speed of the 12 metres and, very soon, they were strung out over the whole course; unfortunately, it was impossible for the Coast Guard launches to cover such a large area. The destroyers kept abreast of the yachts but tended to get further away from the racing area. Despite

this, we were able to follow the race quite easily, the excellent commentary provided by two young Lieutenants (J.G.) being of great assistance, but some power boats did interfere with the contestants, affecting *Gretel* more than *Weatherly* but, this, in my opinion, did not influence the result of the race.

During the race, communications worked perfectly. Captain Dockum had two UHF lines—one for Tactical Primary and one for personal bridge to bridge use—and an H.F. S.S.B. line as Coast Guard Common. Flag signalling as well as voice, was used for manoeuvring; the U.S. Coast Guard use Allied Publications and Naval procedure, so that there was no problem.

The hospitality and kindness of my hosts were everything that one could have wished. Although spectators were generally confined to three areas of the ship, I was allowed to go where I pleased and was able to spend a large part of the time on the bridge. Altogether it was a fascinating and memorable experience for me.

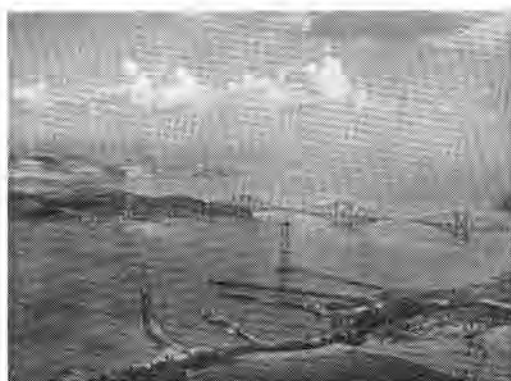
*Footnote:* As some people in the R.N. worry about the inexperience of ships' communications complements, I will add, that on commissioning, the U.S.S. *Hugh Purvis* had 10 radiomen on board; of these, only the Chief had previously been to sea!

## COMMUNICATIONS ACROSS THE FORTH

by Lieut. John Fletcher, R.N.

Those who understand the mysteries of communications through the ether do not always appreciate the difficulties to be overcome by the Zulu with cleft stick, who, during his mercurial journey, encounters a stretch of water, about a mile wide, which can be very rough in winter. Those who have commuted between the north and south banks of the river Forth will appreciate this point and will also appreciate the completion of the road bridge now under construction! Port Edgar, now *Lochinvar*, has for many centuries witnessed the weary traveller wending his way across the river.

Prior to the iron-horse, the Edinburgh-South Queensferry road carried the stage coach traffic whose timetable was determined by the times of high water. The run was timed for an average of 10 m.p.h., including stops, and the Mail Coach would take Princes Street at a good gallop. Blackhall, which is now a suburb of Edinburgh, was described by a contemporary writer as 'an unseemly roadside village'. The Edinburgh-Glasgow railway was opened in 1842, but the most convenient way of crossing the river was to walk to the ferry from Winchburgh, a distance of five miles. Later, Port Edgar was built as the southern terminus of the railway ferry, and it is believed that the single track, which now serves the base, was originally laid by the North British Railway, who obtained a title to Port Edgar, in 1869, for this purpose.



By courtesy of the "Scotsman".

In 1870, the idea of building a railway bridge was conceived and the Forth Bridge Corporation was formed in 1873. The first plan was to build a suspension bridge of three spans, with 150 foot headroom, using towers, 500 feet high, but, after the Tay Bridge disaster of 1879, this plan was not actioned. In 1882, Messrs. Fowler and Bakers' design for a railway bridge was accepted, and the contract was placed with Messrs. Tancred, Arnil & Co.. Work started the next year and both Port Edgar and South Queensferry were extremely busy, as most of the material was brought by sea. On 4th March, 1890 the bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales, who inserted the last rivet, which is still in the centre of the northern span.

The massive structures of the railway bridge contrast remarkably with the slimline design of the new road bridge, but this does not imply any loss in durability of the modern structure.

The road bridge, costing £12 million more than the railway bridge, is being built by the A.C.D. Bridge Co. and will be the largest suspension bridge outside the United States and the fourth largest in the world. The centre span is 3,300 feet long and each of the two side spans is, 1,340 feet, which, together with viaduct approach spans on both shores, makes a total length of over 1½ miles. The towers, 512 feet high, are constructed of welded high tensile steel, and provide the main supports for the cables, each of which consists of 12,000 wires.

An extensive network of approach roads is being constructed on both shores, and it is expected that most of the work will be completed by the end of this year. The problem of crossing the Forth will then be much easier, if one has enough cash for the toll.

*Postscript.* The first man to cross the road bridge was a "matelot", who, after a good run in Edinburgh, had missed the last ferry from Port Edgar to Rosyth and returned to his ship via the catwalk. This was a remarkable feat but he was fined £10; many admirers sent donations to him and it is believed that he made a substantial profit!

---

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## H.M.S. MAURITIUS

Whilst Reuter press was churning out streams of reports of sub-zero temperatures all over the "old country", we in Mauritius were experiencing hot, humid weather. As we lay on a coral beach, enjoying the sun, it was difficult to think of red noses and shovelling snow, but complaints of the coldness of the air-conditioned rooms (65°F) were frequently heard!

If you have ideas of avoiding another arctic winter by volunteering to come here, or perhaps you have been detailed already, I hope the following notes on accommodation, movements and allowances will be of some use: the waiting period for a married quarter is about 15 months, but private accommodation can be obtained, though it is expensive. Married personnel must arrive here unaccompanied, but can apply for a family passage when suitable accommodation has been acquired; at present, there is a delay of about two months between a man finding a home and his family's arrival. Agreements for accommodation must be signed personally and it is impossible for the person you are relieving to arrange accommodation on your behalf. Now that the "M.Q. Roster" is ticking over, new arrivals can take over the private homes vacated by those moving into married quarters, which has simplified the accommodation problem.

When the "availability" date is known, the Director of Movements books seats in the first available charter flight from U.K. to Nairobi. B.O.A.C. Comets leave Nairobi for Mauritius each Monday so there may well be a period of waiting in Nairobi; ratings are accommodated without charge in the Army Transit Camp but families must stay in hotels and are advised to have at least £20, in cash, with them to settle hotel bills before leaving Nairobi; any excess cash should be converted to local currency through the Base Supply Officer on arrival in Mauritius. The rupee is worth about 1s. 6d. and rents for private accommodation are between Rs. 300 and Rs. 400 per month but rent compensation of Rs. 345 per month is paid until the family arrives on the station. The current rates of Local Overseas Allowance, Ration Allowance, Overseas Family Allowance and Cost of Living addition can be obtained from current AFO's.

And now some Communications news: the much dreaded Christmas rush built itself up and passed without any dislocations; having previously experienced a Christmas rush in a non-automatic station, I had visions of the bench being buried in tape and operators going round with "QSL" twitch and reporting sick with the dreaded "Sked" disease! However, the machine coped with the traffic, (T.A.R.E. made 45,750 transmissions) and we had only an occasional alarm. I feel confident that more progress will have been made towards full automation by next Christmas and, then, our only problem will be to ensure that "T.A.R.E." has sufficient tape in its overflow!



## H.M.S. MEON

### The Coxswain's Dilemma

Not long ago, it was a snip  
To 'Check' the Comms Branch in a ship  
There were no problems any way  
All were 'G' or 'T' or plain 'UA'.

Alas, alack, those days have gone  
Some wizard put his bonnet on  
And changed the titles yet again,  
I'm sure, to cause a Cox'n pain.

Imagine, if you can, the scene  
As the lads who left Leydene  
Repair onboard a tiny craft  
About to drive the poor 'Swain daft.

"Now lad, come on then, what are you?"  
"An RO(G), 'Swain, and I'm due  
For rum next week, and yet you see  
I'm thinking of becoming 'T'.

At this the 'Swain is bound to falter,  
It means his book he'll have to alter  
When this lad has his birthday  
And swops to 'G' from plain 'UA'.

But wait, how can he this achieve,  
Has he got something up his sleeve?  
'UA' now, yet he said (G)  
A picture of so-bri-e-tee.

The 'Swain will stop and maybe think  
That he's had too much to drink,  
"Migosh", he'll say "Where is the fun,  
In victualling these chaps in for rum?"

One final thing to stow away,  
That some unhappy drafting day,  
You, 'Swain will get, designed to trouble you,  
An RO 'T', but yet a (W).



## THE NINTH MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

This is to introduce to you a new unit of the Middle East Fleet, the Ninth Minesweeping Squadron, consisting of four fully operational Coastal Minesweepers: *Appleton*, *Kemerton*, *Flockton* and *Chilcompton*, and four others in operational reserve at Aden.

They operate between Aden and the Persian Gulf at present, but eventually will not move far from the Gulf. This may sound dull, but time is spent on minesweeping exercises in support of the Amphibious Warfare Squadron, and keeping ourselves in constant readiness, should there be any threat to possessions belonging to local rulers and Governments. Anti-smuggling patrols add a little variety to life.

There are no bright lights, except those provided by the oil companies, so relaxation must be self-made, by lots of sport, and competitions within the Squadron. A departure from normal entertainment was shown when *Appleton's* junior ratings gave a party on the fo'c'sle, making all the preparations themselves and, except for a shortage of girls, the party was a success. A similar party was later given by the Squadron Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers.

For those of you who know little about a Coastal Minesweeper, here are a few facts:

Complement: 4 to 6 Officers, 28 ratings (1 RO(G) and 1 RO(T).

Length: 150 feet.

Tonnage: 400 tons.

Power: Two Mirrlees Diesels giving 15 knots.

The messes are pleasantly roomy, and the living accommodation is air-conditioned throughout. There are however, few of the normal facilities, and a senior rating usually runs a canteen of sorts. Fresh provisions are limited, so one acquires a taste for corned beef and Ryvita. To offset this, there is the hard layer allowance of 1s. 6d. per day.

The RO(G) and (T) are key men in a C.M.S., so anyone thinking about volunteering must be well-up and, at the same time, prepared to do any sort of job from helmsman to cook.

## H.M.S. PLOVER

Yes, believe it or not, we are still afloat. We have just celebrated the 25th birthday of the ship and she is still managing to stagger along. After running a couple of ferry trips to the Channel Islands for the army we spent a 10-day courtesy visit in Grimsby, and arrived back in time to sail for Le Havre, on Exercise "Cherdragon". On arrival in Le Havre we met up with an old friend of past exercises, *Reclaim*, with the 2nd M/S Squadron. On completion of the exercise we sailed for Pompey and refit. We have now finished refit and are to sail for Gibraltar and a short exercise with the French Navy. So all keen sparkers be sure to listen out on "five ton"—you never know your luck with our old lady.

Prize  
Winning  
Photograph



Fort Jesus, Mombasa.

## N.L.O. MOMBASA

We have had a big change recently and the 'up the creek' days of the Royal East African Navy are over since moving to the Armament Depot in June, with new equipment and a new air-conditioned office. Our fellow workers are all clerical officers and it took us a couple of weeks to convince them we were not ex-R.E.A.N. on gratuity, and given a job by Admiralty. On reverting to full R.N. we now have Lieutenant-Commander Day, D.S.C., R.N. as the N.L.O. and life is back to Pusser's ways instead of semi-Merchant Service-cum-R.E.A.N. training school.

We have had most of the Middle East ships in, plus carriers en route to the Far East. This gives plenty of opportunities to meet old friends and remind us what hangovers are like. As the N.L.O. said, "I will be glad when these ships are away and I get some semblance of sanity back to the staff".

For those in *Mercury* the weather here is hot, dry and sunny; there are no reliefs required at the moment so you can carry on with your snow clearing.

FM: Ark Royal

TO: NLO Mombasa

Grateful investigate possibilities entertainments for ship's company on board Aden/Mombasa provided by local artists or those visiting area. Animal acts quite acceptable subject to boat transport.

FM: NLO Mombasa

TO: Ark Royal

Your DTG. No live acts available. This time Ark must go to the animals as animals are unable to come to the Ark.

2. Game park visits arranged.

## H.M.S. PROTECTOR

by RS K. Randall

*Protector* re-commissioned at Southampton in mid-September though the actual commissioning service was performed in Portsmouth Dockyard by the Bishop of Guildford. Three days later we were off for another season in Antarctic waters.

The staff had settled down and were beginning to look like a good team led by RS Ken Randall, assisted by LRO(G) 'Tug' Wilson, RO2 'Smudge' Smith, J. V. Ravenscroft, 'Tom' Cook, 'Henry' Inglis, Campbell McColl and two JRO's known affectionately (?) as 'Wrong again' and 'Calamity'. On the Tactical side we have LRO(T) Mick Casey, RO1(T) 'Lou' Armstrong (Bugler, too!) and RO2(T) George Oliver. We also have a Royal Marine signaller on the watchbill, Harry Harmer, who, on more than one occasion has shown the juniors how to read morse! Our first port of call on the passage South was Bathurst, Gambia.

Here we met our 'boss', C-in-C S.A.S.A., Vice-Admiral N. A. Copeman, who was flying his flag in *Puma*. What a delightful change it was to go on board *Puma* and sit in their air-conditioned BWO.



#### What, a run ashore!

Remember, we are insulated to keep the heat in, and the cold out! Not the best type of ship for tropical waters. We had quite an interesting trip up the Gambia River with the Commander-in-Chief onboard, and, after paying a visit to James Island (centre of the black slave industry years ago), carried on further up the river to a distance of 45 miles from Bathurst. Here three motor-boats went away, each with a 625 portable plus RO's to go up Selekini Creek to give the Admiral an opportunity of shooting crocodiles; unfortunately someone had passed the buzz on to the crocs, for none was seen.

We were pleased to leave the heat of West Africa for the slightly cooler climate of Sao Salvador, in Brazil, where a thoroughly enjoyable four days was spent, as witness the many thick heads and empty pockets!

Next stop—the fabulous city of Rio de Janeiro—known as one of the world's most beautiful cities. It certainly lived up to its name although it was rather expensive for the usual type of run ashore. Trips were organised up Sugar Loaf Mountain, where the nerve shattering experience of having airliners going above and below the swaying cable car was enough to make anyone sign the pledge. Of course, a visit to Rio would not be complete without a trip up the Corcovada (8,000 ft.) where the huge statue of Christ looks out over the city. From there could be seen the fabulous Il Monde stadium glowing blue in the sun.

After the delights of Rio, anything would have been an anti climax; however, several hours south of Rio, a stowaway was discovered on board. He had to be hurriedly landed at Rio do Sul near the Brazil/Uruguay border.

Our first task of the season was the study of the ocean bed between the South Orkneys and the South Shetland Islands, using a procedure pioneered by *Protector* during the previous season, known as 'Seismic survey'. Christmas was spent in Port Stanley where a good time was had by most.

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"Who's the V.I.P. in the fur coat, Beatrice?"

though some of us had to search for a couple of hikers who were adrift from the Falklands Walk. Helicopters were airborne all day; fortunately the footsore adventurers were found the following morning, none the worse for wear.

On New Year's day we sailed on our first trip south, and soon we could see scores of huge icebergs and miles of pack ice. We managed to skirt round and get into the British Antarctic Survey base at Adelaide Island, well inside the Antarctic circle.

The beauty of the Antarctic scenery is practically indescribable and has to be seen to be believed. Brilliant sunshine at midnight glistening on the ski slopes; the many beautiful and varied shapes of the icebergs with cheeky penguins hopping out of the water and carrying out an inspection of every 'ship' they boarded; the majestic mountains standing high above the ice and snow, prodding the brilliant blue skies. If the British Tourist Agencies ever organise holiday trips to Antarctica, then you'd better get your name down early.

## H.M.S. ROTHESAY

After a bit of kit humping from ship to barracks and vice versa we eventually commissioned at Devonport in late April.

The highlights of the commission, so far, happened in one week. The first was while we were planeguard for *Ark Royal*. One of her aircraft crashed and we picked up the observer. He was delighted to see us and, being none the worse for his escapade, he got married during his next leave. He has since written expressing his thanks for making this possible.

The next was our help in the salvage of the Greek ship *Captantonis*. Two LRO's and an RO with a 622 and 615, were put on board. Their seamanship was improved but handling 6-inch wires tended to roughen hands, although typing speeds did not suffer. Checking the depth of water all round the ship by lead line (hammer and bolt for the 'lead')

became an off-watch job. The equipment in the Radio Office was made by Redifon, and if "Pusser's" equipment was similar, a sparker's life would be sheer luxury—no wanking of mixer dials or PA's on Redifon, just a straight flick. This equipment was made available when the Company's Marine Advisor arrived on board. Commercial procedure on naval circuits became an everyday affair until the S.C.O. decided that the Service was still paying us. A few cases of telling the Captain to wait were noticed, but accepted in the spirit of the operation. While connecting a wire from the Danish tug *Svitzer* to our bow, a Russian tug came to offer assistance. This was declined but the tug continued to wait in the area. After several attempts to get her clear, she hoisted "PRI" in international code. This caused a smile and we are still wondering whether it was intended as colloquial English to tell *US* to go! We managed to get the ship off with the help of the Danish tug *Svitzer*. Now of course we must wait for the money, if any.

With over half the commission gone we are gradually ticking the days off. There isn't much to look forward to during the next few months in the way of runs, except Bangkok and Hong Kong again!

## H.M.S. WHIRLWIND

by LRO(G) R. H. Gordon

Firstly a brief recap as this must be the first article submitted by *Whirlwind* for quite some time.

We commissioned at Chatham on April 17th, '62, and after working up at Portland sailed for the land of the sun, cricket, and more brands of rum than ZFG's required on "L" broadcast; well, almost anyway! We were present at Jamaica's and Trinidad's Independence Celebrations, and no doubt Jamaica, in particular, will always be remembered because of the wonderful hospitality lavished upon us by the residents of Morant Bay.

We were also present in Nassau during the conference between the Prime Minister and the President. Here we provided the security guard for the Prime Minister and communications guard for the Minister of Defence.

During visits to the smaller islands there has been no shortage of Expeds, with the communication dept, invariably to the fore. One to be remembered was at Bequia where the Navigation Officer (the Comms D.O.), adorned with Eton boater and brandishing a Wanchai umbie, led our merry band on a 24 hr. survey party. Provisions were replenished on shore with sufficient quantities of Mount Gay rum, and stalwarts such as Yeo, Mawdsley even went as far as sacrificing compo. rations to make room.

In conclusion, a note on recent developments within the Branch. Is it true a Trainee Radio Operator with aspirations to specializing 'General' is known as a TROG and what's this about ROT setting into an old branch?

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## H.M.S. WHITBY

by CRS Anstey

*Whitby* is the first Type 12 to join the South Atlantic Squadron. As you will have read in the last edition, the S.A.N. have ordered three of these A/S Frigates, and the first, *President Kruger*, is due in the Cape in March this year.

Lieut-Commander (C) T. M. Laing (late 'F' and 'T' sections, *Mercury*) joined on the day of our final inspection, as First Lieutenant. He was soon immersed in his new sphere of activity and is still hard at it. After sailing from Chatham our first stop was Las Palmas, where we spent three days alongside forgetting the cold weather we had left behind.

Later, at Freetown, we joined up with *Puma* (F7) and proceeded in company to Simonstown doing the usual evolutions, plus communications exercises en route. This was the longest leg of the voyage out, and a full programme of deck and messdeck competitions helped to break the monotony. The evenings were spent working a duplex radio link with *Puma*, thus providing quiz contests and an exchange of recorded music.

Arriving in the Cape at Christmas brought the usual flood of "Up Homers", and most of us took advantage of four days leave. After a month of this "living in the lap of luxury", it seemed far too good to last, and sure enough, in mid-January we were 'lent' to the Far East Fleet for patrol duties in the Maldives. Having steamed the 4,000 miles we are now on patrol off the little island of Dunidu (Malé Lagoon) having taken over from *Caprice* as guardship, this includes communication guard for the UKREP.

## PUZZLE PICTURE

"But what's it supposed to be?" said the disconsolate bunting, sewing a new badge on his suit on New Year's Eve. "I mean to say, it's not something you can recognise like a pair of hand-flags. More like this abstract art stuff you hear so much about."

"Well, son," said the grizzled old Chief Yeoman, "I'll tell you the story. My grandfather told me this when I was a lad, and it's as true as I'm here today. You see, my grandfather was the Chief Yeoman of the *Defiance* when Admiral Jackson was in command, only he was a Captain then. Now, Captain Jackson was a very clever man, even though he was a torpedoman, and at the time, he was inventing wireless."

"Wireless?" said the young bunting, "but I thought—"

"Never mind what you've heard about Marconi," said the Chief. "It was the R.N. who invented wireless. That other story's just an advertising yarn."


The Chief continued: "Well, you see, when he'd invented this apparatus and found it worked, they had to have a new Branch for the lads who operated it. They called them 'Telegraphists', because that was the name of the blokes ashore, in the Post Office and such, who worked the wire telegraphs. But they couldn't think of a suitable badge, 'specially since Captain Jackson insisted that it must be something new to represent a signal being transmitted without wires. Well, one day, Captain Jackson was experimenting a bit more in a lonely field near Gosport, when, what did he see but that rare visitor to England—the Oozalum bird."

"An Oozalum bird!" exclaimed the bunting. "Not the one that flies round and round in ever decreasing circles until it disappears up—"

"Quite right," interrupted the Chief. "And, true to form, it did its world famous trick before his very eyes, and disappeared in the approved manner in a blinding flash of light. Captain Jackson was amazed and the picture of the bird at the moment it disappeared was indelibly printed on his mind—probably the same effect as a flashbulb, you know."

"Well," concluded the Chief, "that was it. He knew then what the telegraphists' badge should be—a simple representation of an electrical impulse being carried through space without wires—in fact, the Oozalum bird at the instant of disappearing."



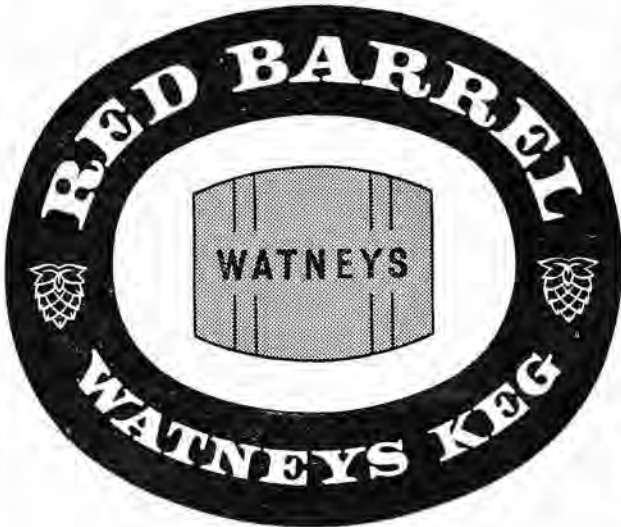


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## GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY



"Two-way communications—

### SNOWPLOUGH PRIMARY

The recent foul weather reduced the Leydene-Clanfield road to one-way traffic only. To ensure a smooth flow during peak traffic periods, portable radio sets were manned in the vicinity of the "Rising Sun" and the O.O.W.'s office. The following cartoons illustrate typical scenes of "Communicators at work!"



—established, Shrr."



### SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

On behalf of the Signal School Mess, I want to extend our many thanks to the communicators both ashore and afloat who sent Christmas cards to us, they were very welcome, and much appreciated by all.

No doubt you have all either read, heard, or experienced the weather in U.K. which has held us all in a giant-sized refrigerator for several weeks; well, it looks as though it is finally going, the thaw has won through, and the snow is receding, slowly. The sporting element of the mess are straining eagerly at the bit to get stuck in to the long back log of fixtures, etc. The R.A.s will also be pleased as it will save the little trots up the hill from Clanfield to the School, which have been frequent in the past few weeks.

The Christmas Dance went off very well (700 attended) and from the snatches of conversation heard the following day, it was thoroughly enjoyed by all and fully worthwhile the £50 overspent—who said hands off the mess funds!

### SPORT IN MERCURY

The arctic conditions prevailing during the first two months of this year have played havoc with outdoor sports fixtures, and the countryside has been much more suited to ski-ing and tobogganing, but unfortunately, the "Sports Store" could not provide the necessary equipment to enjoy these pastimes. During the winter term the Inter-Squadron competitions attracted plenty of support and enthusiasm but there is little hope of completing all fixtures this term.

The soccer teams were knocked out of the Navy Cup and the Challenge Cup competitions in the first round, but reached the third round in the Junior Challenge Cup before meeting a similar fate. We are hoping to win the Charity Cup competition if the backlog of league fixtures can be played off in time. In the league, the 1st XI slumped badly after the opening fixtures and then showed considerable improvement: the 2nd XI have played well throughout the season and are near the top of the table.



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The Rugby club is having a good season, having defeated the Royal Marines 14-9, and so avenged last season's defeat. This success was followed by victories over *St. Vincent* (23-0), Reserve Fleet (33-0) and RAF Tangmere (15-10).

The Hockey team is suffering from lack of match practice, but up to Christmas had won the majority of the games played. The team is now busy preparing for the Command "6-a-side" competition to be held in March.

LRO Hampton won both the spring and winter cross-country races, with JRO Hunt a close second.

The New Entry Boxing Championships took place in January and the spirited contests provided good entertainment. The bouts were keenly contested, the competitors neither giving nor asking for respite in their enthusiasm. A team is now in strict training in preparation for the RN Junior Championships at Ganges on 17th March.

## CHIEF'S CHATTER

The Spring Term has, so far, been quiet and uneventful due to the weather, however, the 20th February should produce very distinct signs of life when the Portsmouth Traffic Police revisit us for a social evening.

CCY Ryrie's return to the active list will be good news to his many friends, among whom we cannot include the local gentleman who parked his car in Tom's off side wing.

We hope that plans for the redecoration of the Lounge and Bar will be implemented shortly. These include papering the walls (does this establish a precedent?) and replacing the existing furniture. The accommodation has been given a face-lift and we are now in a position to offer members a choice of either blue or pink decor.

Despite a mild protest, a pin-table has been installed in the bar and is proving very successful, contrary to earlier fears. The entertainment value is enhanced by the prospect of a gallon of free beer each week for the highest score. Since the Mess funds reap 50 per cent of the harvest, some of us see the possibility of the mess paying the members a levy shortly.

Recent arrivals and departures include:

- INS: CRS's Manns, Hooper, Kesteven, Parlett, CRE Tucker.  
CCY's Slaterry, Soden, Saunders, Buffrey, Burton, McArthur.
- OUTS: CRS's Roper (*Plymouth*), Forth (*Terror*), Gardner (*Kranji*), Laws, G. (*Kent*), West (*Malta Comcen*), May (*Admiralty*), Henderson (*Dryad*), Foote (*Victorious*), Strong (*London*), King (*Pension*), Lane (*Pension*), Taylor, K. (*Pension*), Ambrose (*Pension*).  
CCY's Jones, R. (*Loch Killisport*), Sanders (*Kent*), Monckton (*Plymouth*), Noble (*Pension*).  
MAA Bentley (*St. Angelo*).

Actually, I'm an  
ex-communicator!



## P.O.'s PATER

As the snow lays round about, and the R.A. members dig out their bus and push it furiously in the direction of Clanfield, it is rumoured that the President is considering building igloos on the Broadwalk to accommodate the resultant large numbers of victualled members. The trouble is that while it is difficult to get into the establishment it is even more difficult to get out again.

One member who did manage to sneak away to warmer climes was Seaman PO Conway who we feel sure, will be an asset to the communicators of *Bastion* due to the knowledge he gained by sitting at the same table as the S.D.(Q)'s for lunch.

Luckily the inclement weather held off until after the Christmas festivities were completed and the End of Term Dance went off with a swing, as did the children's party at which "Santa" Ledsham played an excellent part in dishing out presents to the kiddies.

CY Jock Wight has gone on draft and RS Harry Julian has taken over his job as Secretary of the mess.

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Owing to the fact that no one has seen any grass in the vicinity of Leydene for six weeks, the mess's sporting activities have been almost completely curtailed except for spirited displays on the new 'Pinball' machine which has just been installed in the lounge. This is worth a gallon of ale a week to the member getting the highest score as well as swelling the mess funds considerably.

## THE MERCURY CLUB

Most of the functions organised for January were cancelled because of the weather; CRS King retired from the chairmanship at the beginning of February to try his luck in civilian life, and CRS Almond (Nutty) is the new Chairman of the Club.

The Committee would like to thank CRS King for his extremely hard work, during the past year, in building the club up to its present success.

Our Tombola, with Cabaret interval, each Tuesday night, is still very popular, under the auspicious management of CY Royal and Sons; the Cabaret entertainment is provided by Miss Sally Neae.

Since the club opened a year ago all our debts have been paid and our finances are now sound. We are hoping to get better bands for our dances, which are on alternate Thursdays.

A new addition to the club functions is the Mercury Club Dart team, manager and trainer CY Patterson; the first game was away to "Olive Leaf", Hayling Island, and resulted in a draw; a return match has been arranged for February 27th, and an all-out effort will be made for a win.

## "R.A.'s"

I 'ates 'em, I 'ates 'em, I 'ates 'em.  
I begrudge 'em the least little perks.  
I 'ates 'em ashore, in the evening,  
And I 'ates 'em by day, when I works.  
I'm sick of the sight of their "sarnies",  
And that 'orrible little brown case;  
And the way they wave " 'Alf of a workman's"  
In front of the Watchkeeper's face.

I'm chuffed when I 'ear of a train strike,  
Or that snow 'as been falling in Kent,  
Or that one of 'em fell off his scooter  
And the front wheel got 'orribly bent.  
I laugh when they look at the watchbill  
And find that they're "Duty Week-end",  
And they can't get a "sub" out of no one—  
Oh! It drives 'em right round the bend!

It grieves me, each day, at "Stand-Easy",  
When they empty the tea from the pot  
And then carry on doing their crosswords,  
'Aving seen off the 'ole bleedin' lot.  
But the scene that plays 'ell with my ulcers,  
And, for me, is the start of the rot,  
Is the way that they 'ang round the table  
When the "Victualled" are 'aving their tot!

I laugh when we're "Duty Destroyer",  
And gales are blowing at sea,  
And Jack Dusty issues some bedding  
To the R.A.'s, who've caught E.M.D.  
I 'ates 'em, I 'ates 'em, I 'ates 'em,  
Just as Irishmen 'ate "Black and Tans";  
"If you can't fight 'em then join 'em" 's the saying,  
So, my vicar is calling the banns.

R.A. ATER



THAT'S RIGHT SIR, R.A. PLUS 1 YAK ENTERED!!"

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## ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

With the new equipment that has been in operation at H.Q. since last November (and was reported on in the last COMMUNICATOR), G3BZU has been having regular contacts with all the Continents in the world. The "CQ" World-wide contest in November was entered and, over the week-end period, 189 contacts were made with 52 countries in all continents. Contacts with African countries were most prolific with Asia coming a close second. The best "DX" contact was with UA1KAE at the U.S.S.R. Antarctic base of MIRNY. With the DX bands closing down fairly early in the evenings, seasonal variation, G3BZU has been concentrating mainly on 3.5 Mc/s and it has been most gratifying to contact so many R.N.A.R.S. members (using both S.S.B. and C.W.).

Three Code Proficiency transmissions have been made since the scheme was inaugurated in December and, once the teething troubles were over, progress has been satisfactory. The high level of activity on 3550 Kc/s makes the copying of these transmissions quite hard at times. However, it does offer a challenge to the contestant, which is not found when reading "biffers" in the classroom, or on a local exercise wave. As the year progresses we should see a lessening of interference on this channel which will make things a little easier. Still, how much more satisfying it would be to get the 35 wpm sticker under conditions of high interference than in "classroom" conditions. Have a go!

Operation on 2 metres has been suspended during the last two months due to a reorganisation of that part of G3BZU by Pete (G3IPV). It is hoped that the VHF rig will soon be active again on 144 Mc/s.

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Seymour Hall concurrently with the R.S.G.B. radio exhibition. Items voted on by members are now being actioned by the committee and arrangements are going ahead for the next exhibition when we hope to have our own stand for the first time.

During the A.G.M. members were informed that plans for a new design of QSL card (to augment the TIGER design) would soon be available. In fact, there are two more new designs available, depicting *Victorious* and *Devonshire* for our members. Arrangements have been made with the printer to allow members to have either an order of one design or an order of assorted designs to their own specifications. Prices remain as before.

Also at the A.G.M. it was decided that the committee would investigate a suggestion, by G3HZL, to produce an award for stations working a number of R.N.A.R.S. members, along the lines of the "WAFOC" and "WDT" awards. The award will be known as the "Mercury Award" and details will be announced in this column as soon as they have been completed.

The Headquarters station operators "watch bill"

## CODE PROFICIENCY TRANSMISSIONS

The ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY transmit Morse Code proficiency transmissions for anyone who wishes to increase their speed of morse reception.

Transmissions are made from their Headquarters station (G3BZU) at H.M.S. *Mercury*.

Transmission are made on the first Tuesday of each month on a frequency of 3550 Kc/s at 2000 GMT.

Speed of transmission will range from 20 to 35 WPM with three minutes of text at speeds of 20, 25, 30 and 35 WPM.

A certificate is issued to successful applicants who have read the 20 WPM with endorsements for those who claim higher speeds.

United Kingdom listeners should enclose five 3d. stamps with application (to cover cost of certificate and postage). Overseas listeners should enclose 4 I.R.C.'s.

Applicants should send entries to: ROYAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY, QRQ TEST, H.M.S. *Mercury*, LEYDENE, PETERSFIELD, HANTS.

has been enlarged by the addition of RO2(W) Ian Howieson (Ex op of VSIHU) and RO2(W) Jeff Harrowven—both of whom are keeping the log book well filled with DX. Amongst the present complement of the current R.C.I.'s course we are glad to see Pete Breedt ZSIXM.

Two more of our members are now operating Maritime Mobile in two widely spaced parts of the globe. Onboard *Whirlwind*, somewhere in the West Indies station, is RS Gordon Perry who operates under the call VP2SZ/MM. On the other side of the world we have ZL2BAH/MM on board *Taranaki*, which is roaming around the Far East station. CRS "Nick" Hewson is responsible for this set up, and we hope to have some news of his movements (with some pictures) in the near future. Another Maritime Mobile is G3RFH on board *Protector* in the Antarctic; so far, nothing has been heard of him, but he was reported to be operating on 28 Mc/s recently, so he may turn up eventually.

Another of our New Zealand members, Rex Glew (ZL2ASM), is preparing to reside in Australia for three years. Rex tells us that he is off the air doing a rebuild to get rid of his TVI bugs. This isn't such a problem in New Zealand yet, but with TV at such an advanced state in Australia it is proving a bit of a headache. We here in U.K. have had this problem for a good many years so know what he is up against.

This edition sees the first "Foreign" personality



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CHU/18/2

piece-hailing from Labrador. We have members in seven other countries abroad and would like to have some details of them, together with photographs of themselves and their stations, so that we can include them in future "Personality Piece".

Have you ever wondered how efficient (or inefficient) a dummy load can be on your transmitter? Not so long ago a radio amateur in the Eastern U.S.A. tried an experiment and found that he could work other amateurs within a radius of ten miles on 28 Mc/s whilst loading his transmitter into an ordinary 60-watt electric light bulb. Makes one wonder how far the 603 in 55 classroom will radiate on dummy load!

With the summer coming along fairly rapidly (though looking out across the Broadwalk at present one wouldn't think so) we hope that members who are in the Hampshire area will come up and visit us. We always get people turning up and manage to look after them very well—recently four car loads came up from Portsmouth and Southampton. A postcard would be appreciated to herald your ETA, or a QSO with G3BZU on 3550 Kc/s (CW) or 3720 Kc/s (SSB). We would also welcome any articles or items of news and, of course photographs, to include in future issues. 73's es DX.

## PERSONALITY PIECE

Jack Willis, VO2NA



We feature this time one of our overseas members—VO2NA of Goose Bay, Labrador.

Jack joined the R.C.N. in 1926 as a boy and served in the Wireless branch until he retired as a Telegraphist in 1932.

He received his first amateur call of VEIOQ in January 1939 but had to shelve amateur radio activities shortly afterwards, due to "un-amateur-like" activities that were going on across the Atlantic.

During the last war, Jack decided to keep his

feet on dry land and joined the Royal Canadian Signal Corps as a radio operator. Later he transferred to the Royal Canadian First Army Tank Regiment and came to Europe in 1941. The next four years were spent taking part in most of the major campaigns of the war in Europe. Working his way from Sicily, up through Italy and on to Belgium and France, Jack was in Holland when V.E. day arrived.

During the Italian campaign he was awarded the British Empire Medal and whilst on his way back to Canada, where he was due to join the battle in the Pacific, he made a brief stopover in London. Here he attended an investiture at Buckingham Palace and received his B.E.M. from King George VI.

Shortly after his return to his homeland, the war in the Pacific ended and Jack settled down to serving in Canada. He was stationed at Aklavik, North West Territories, which is about 125 miles north of the Arctic circle. Here Jack recommenced his amateur radio activities, signing VE8NG. In addition to normal Service duties, he also found time to act as programme manager and announcer of the local radio station. This was manned on a voluntary basis and announced itself as "CHAK, the friendly voice of the Arctic". Jack tells us that there were no commercials and therefore no pay. In 1950 he left the Army, having been awarded the Canadian Decoration.

On leaving the Army, he joined the Civil Service with the Department of Transport as a Radio Operator. Most of his time has been spent at Goose Bay airport as a Radio Technician, with occasional visits to remote sites in Northern Canada on relief or repair work.

Since settling down in Goose Bay, Jack has operated his station—180-watt "home brew" transmitter (813 modulated by a pair of 811's), Hammarlund HQ 129X receiver, with a 14 Mc/s Ground plane, or all-wave doublet as an antenna, under the call VO6N. In 1949 the callsigns for Labrador and Newfoundland were changed, when both territories became integrated with Canada, and he was issued with his present call.

Jack is always on lookout for R.N.A.R.S. members who require a contact with Zone 2 or VO2, and promises to be on the society DX frequency (14050 Kc/s) as often as possible. He is unable to get on before 0400 GMT at week-ends.

## 75 W.P.M.

by G3HLW

Searching through back numbers of magazines, looking for suitable material for the Morse Proficiency Runs, I came across an article on Ted McElroy, the world champion Morse reader. Having had my time cut out copying the 35 wpm, you may like to read how Ted did it back in 1939.

The following was correlated by the R.S.G.B. in 1942.

From *Radio and Television* dated December 1939,

## VACANCIES IN THE COMPOSITE SIGNALS ORGANISATION

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

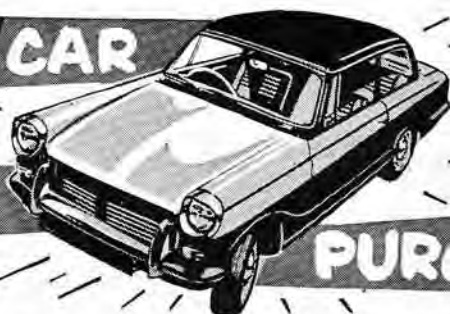
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we learn on the authority of L. R. McDonald, W8CW (who was runner-up with a speed of 75 wpm.), that "we used a Creed type transmitter and upon testing it out with a test tape found the relay out of adjustment. It was finally adjusted to our specification but caused a certain amount of trouble during the contest".

*Radio News* dated November 1939, carried an eye-witness story from J. W. Harrison, W4FSE, who wrote: "The Code Machine had been adjusted to deal out high speed, the judges made sure that the tapes were intact as received from the F.C.C. office in Boston".

As far as we have been able to discover no reference has appeared in print to the nature of the material transmitted, the duration of the test, or the duration of Ted McElroy's personal effort in copying 75.2 wpm, but it is highly probable that a photographic reproduction of the champion's copy appeared in Amateur publications.

However we understand from Mrs. Walter Candler, that the material used for the contest was selected, prepared and sealed by an official board. International Morse characters were used, and the calculation of speed was by the customary method of five characters per word.

The record was established at the Second Annual "Hamfest" of the Ashville Amateur Radio Club held in Ashville, North Carolina, U.S.A. on 2 July, 1939.

Both McElroy and McDonald were students of the late Walter Candler whose system is well-known to many members. At the time of the contest the Candler System Co. was located at Ashville and later moved to Denver, Colorado. Their London office is now in Abingdon Road, W.8.

Just think of Ted next time you are having a go at that 35 wpm.

#### Overheard on Rounds

1st Lt. (sighting 'HAM' QSL cards): "Is the RS the only Radio Amateur on board?"

"Yes, sir, the rest are professionals."

#### Overheard in the office

RO3 to RS: Pots, does this signal addressed GENERAL AT BAHRAIN have to go to Army Sigs?"

## WHAT IS A SAILOR?

By LRO C. W. Ralph

Of all the world's denizens, a Sailor is perhaps the most widely discussed and the least understood character of them all. He is of uniform appearance, yet possessing an individual opinion of his own.

A sailor can be of any colour or creed, and yet observe the same attitude of being in turn, a cynical pessimist, a buzz-spreading optimist, or a victim of countless green rubs.

He can be found in, out of, around, beneath, on top and swarming over ships of every shape and size. He has an amazing capacity for consuming liquids and a cast-iron digestion for consuming oggies and pusser's bangers.

A Sailor will always drip every minute of the day and twice as badly after "Tot time". He talks of some strange dozen that is the bane of his life; meanwhile venting his wrath on the buffer, the P.O. of the messdeck or the killick, whichever happens to be furthest away at the time.

Ashore, a Sailor is a paragon of virtue and good manners, genial and sociable. He sings dubious ditties at the top of his voice, reeling like a storm-tossed tug, yet the appearance of a white-belted patrol seems to have the magical effect of subduing



"That's a girl, see? No buttons down the front!"



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his voice and steadying his legs. He makes mental notes of the pints he has consumed, the old ladies who drink scrumpy and of his best darts score to relate during breakfast, much to the awe of his listeners.

A Sailor dislikes pusser's boots, hats and lanyards, dhobying overalls and blankets, efficiency tests, pay books and station cards, wakey-wakey, kit musters and returning from leave. He likes, very much: rum, uckers, quarterly settlements, lurid books, Reserve Fleet drafts, long leave, mail, his hammock, make-and-mends, tickler and the girl he dreams of up the line.

A Sailor is civility with a shabby cap; industry in the bilges; studiousness with a deck cloth; truth with fourteen days' stoppage of leave; initiative with a chipping hammer, and humour with a N.A.A.F.I. pie. There is none so true and loyal as he is to his girl friend or his wife, for whom he will save and behave; but should this better influence leave him, he becomes a man of little faith in human nature, a hard-hearted being whose activities are confined to catching the first boat ashore to meet more of these unfaithful females.

He is an accomplished sewer-mender, dishwasher, cook and server. He is a connoisseur of wines, beer and spirits from Scapa Flow to Freetown, from Hong Kong to Grenada. He knows the name of every barmaid in every pub in every port, while his recollection of the exact location of these houses is truly bewildering. His locker consists of beer labels, pusser's yarn, marlin spikes, photos (some attired), bars of soap, tickler tins and old letters. He relies on good comradeship in borrowing collars, silks, shoes and lanyards to go ashore, but never seems to remember from whom they were borrowed. He is a subtle combination of applied indifference and patriotic concern.

You see, a Sailor, despite his faults, would be the first to lay down his life for those who love him and those who dislike him. Next time you see a Sailor ashore, buy him a pint, tell a joke, and remember - Mine's a Bitter.

## CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

### SOLUTION

**Across:** 1 Computer, 6 Ahead, 9 Dance, 11 Natural, 12 Unerring, 13 Sliced, 14 Elevate, 17 Yak, 19 Last, 21 Apart, 25 Italic, 28 Ages, 29 Insular, 31 Maps, 33 Spot, 34 Sprites, 35 Dope, 37 Repeal, 39 Unite, 40 Ales, 43 Ate, 46 Eyesore, 47 Tenors, 49 Macaroni, 50 Sherbet, 51 Panic, 42 Names, 53 Dictator.

**Down:** 1 Consent, 2 Mother, 3 Unreal, 4 Eel, 5 Mania, 6 Acre, 7 Herd, 8 Digests, 9 Duly, 10 Neck, 15 Tailor, 16 Estate, 18 Lag, 20 Tar, 22 Paste, 23 Refs, 24 Asset, 26 Impale, 27 Carley, 29 Iron, 30 Up, 32 Pi, 34 Sea, 35 Dustman, 36 Pin, 38 Erector, 41 Select, 42 Combat, 43 Anon, 44 Tonic, 45 Eric, 47 Tape, 48 Eras, 50 Ski.

## I STOOD ALONE

by LTO M. L. Hutton

The slow walk was not too bad, in fact quite bearable. Many times I have wondered how they feel when they make this short journey; now I was beginning to find out.

"Take deep breaths", they all said, "It helps the nerves". My hands were sticky with perspiration and the straps on my legs began to hurt.

I reduced my walking pace as I approached my arranged position. I then felt sick, my knees began to shake, and the eyes, all those eyes watching intently and probing my body for a weakness. My legs, they will surely give me away!

"It's a nightmare", I kept saying to myself. The gloves they gave me were still in my left hand. "Put them on", I kept saying. "I must get those gloves on. It's the rule". I braced myself in front of the woodwork. Those eyes were now faces and crept closer. Perspiration was now running freely down my face and arms. I looked around for a gap which would be of great advantage. I was surrounded—no gaps—I was being allowed no quarter. I stood alone.

"My weapon, yes my weapon. Where is it?" I thought. "Under my arm". I reached for it; it felt good.

Things began to move, and then a man in a doctor's white coat approached from a distance. Old and white-haired, he gestured to me and raised his index finger. I acknowledged feebly and took hold of the only thing I had with which to defend myself.

Then it began to happen. So fast in fact, that I could not grasp the idea that they wanted to be rid of me. "Why do people want to get rid of you so quickly?" I said to myself. "I'm quite a likeable chap". "Don't lie to yourself, man!" my conscience kept saying.

I looked out ahead from my selected position and turned my back on the arrangement of woodwork. To let them see I was keen to get it over would make my time shorter. Time was important to me now. I had to make my stay longer. But alas, in the distance I saw my enemy, slowly walking. Then he started to run! My nerves began to torment me again. "Put your chin up". I said to myself, "Face the man and show him you have courage". No, it was no good; my hands were shaking—I felt numb with fear. Nearer and nearer he approached, grim determination all over his face. His arms came flying through the air and then he let go of the missile which was meant for me. I struck out with blind fury with my weapon. It missed me, and I heard it strike the woodwork behind me. . . . Out for a duck. "Still, it's only cricket, old man", they said.

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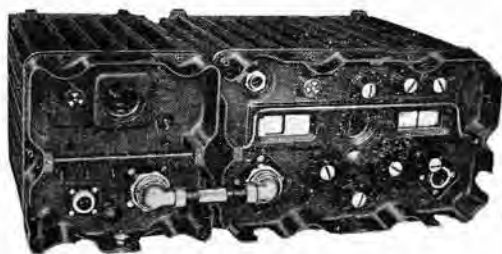
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## S.T.C. MALTA

### ARCHAEOLOGY

It will, no doubt, surprise our readers to learn that we have an active archaeological society within the walls of the S.T.C. Interest was first aroused several years ago when a number of skeletons chained to the wall of a chamber deep within the bowels of Fort Manoel were found to be accompanied by the withered fragments of pages of what appeared to be the 1464 edition of Visual Procedure. Reference to ancient manuscripts in the Royal Library at Valetta elicited the information that these were probably members of a class of LTO re-scrubs.

All this however pales into insignificance besides our recent discovery which comes hot to the press. It was made by LRO Taylor (Deputy Keeper of Caverns) and an intrepid companion in the early IV dynasty tomb accidentally discovered by Wren Titmouse while doing a T.T.X. in classroom eleven. To screams of "Save me Chief", Wren Titmouse slowly began her descent to the nether regions while her appalled companions looked on. CRS Warrington (eminently respectable) immediately sprang to her rescue, just in time to save Miss Titmouse from the gaping void which appeared beneath her and from which the foetid air of past milleniums slowly spread.

Professor Hiccup-Baksheesh, the eminent Egyptologist, overwhelmed with excitement, states that this is the first discovery of its kind in Malta and throws new light on the use of Manoel Island fore-shore for primitive communications. The mummified figure transpired to be that of a staff CCY (deduced from the rather lordly mummified grin) and it is interesting to note that as in pre-war years the body was pickled in methylated spirits before being rolled in a variety of bunting. The walls of the tomb were particularly remarkable, being carved in high relief and showing the various minions of the staff: the Ormig Grinder, the Backward Biffer, the Tea Wetter, the Mess Deck Dodger, the Hair Cut You, the Welfare Pack, the Wot me Chief, the Comcen Messenger and other interesting personalities of this aspect of a great civilisation. The funereal accoutrements are no less worthy of mention and the first discoverers were intrigued to find how little the centuries have changed: half a million pink signal pads, five hundred dozen pencils, eighty rubber stamp pads, ten million packets of Velos staples, and so on, giving us every indication of a CCY of great resource, influence and power.

Research continues, and those of you in Malta interested in digging up the past should not hesitate to contact our O.I./C. who, particularly if you want a haircut, will be only too pleased to place the tomb at your disposal.

## NAVAL CUSTOMS AND EXPRESSIONS

by RS. R. Harries

### Whistling

Whistling in a warship has always been discouraged, and as late as 1910 was a punishable offence.

In the old days all orders were passed by a Boatswain's call and whistling might have led to confusion, but there were superstitious beliefs that whistling brought wind. Even to this day when becalmed in a sailing boat, a sailor will stick his knife in the mast and whistle for the wind. There is supposed to be one occasion when whistling is allowed: custom has it that a cook of the mess shall whistle when stoning raisins or plums to show he is not eating them.

### Knots—as a measurement of a ship's speed

It is derived from the knots marking the log line, the speed being calculated from the number of knots which ran out during the time measured by the sand hour-glass.

### Show a leg

When women were allowed to sleep on board they were always allowed to lie-in and the call "Show a leg" was made to see that it really was a woman who was still slumbering.

### Mess Fanny and sweet Fanny Adams

In 1870 a young woman named Fanny Adams was murdered at Alton, Hants. Parts of her body were found in the Victualling Yard at Deptford. Tinned mutton was being issued to the Navy at this time, so the inference is obvious. The tins this mutton was supplied in made handy utensils and became known as Fannies.

### Grog

Admiral Vernon introduced the watering of rum in 1740. He always wore coats made of a material known as Grogram, so he became known as Old Grog.

### Derrick

A hangman named Derrick in the time of Queen Elizabeth the First used to hang his victims by means of a spar with a purchase and topping lift.





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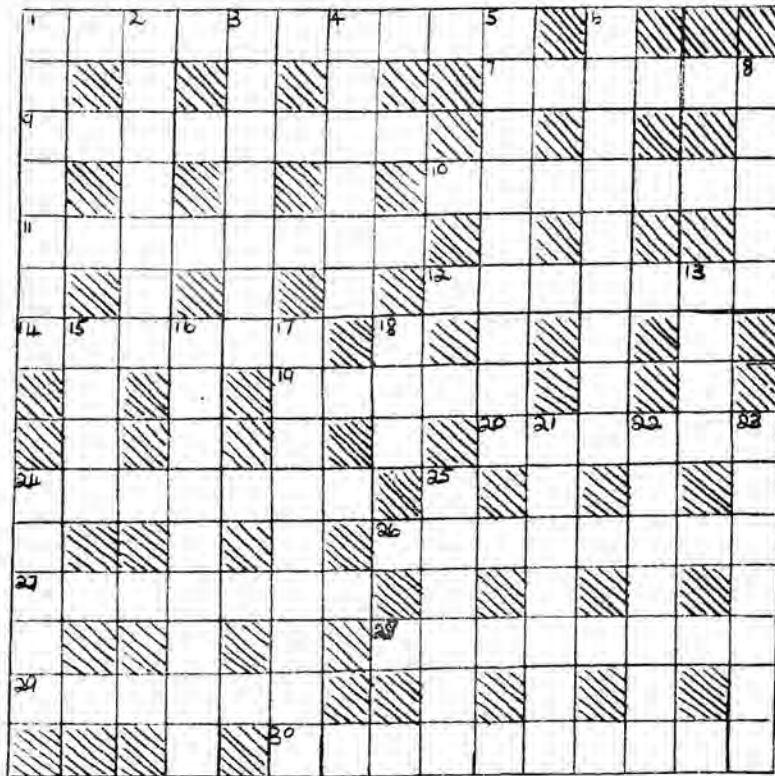
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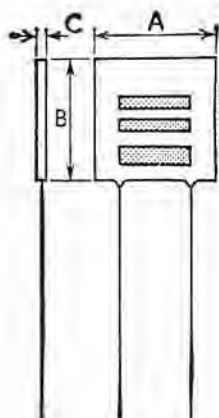
### CLUES

#### ACROSS

1. Dockets on the left-hand side of the Minister's office. (10)
7. Decorates. (6)
9. Raid song for instructions to drivers. (8)
10. Ban a nod—or we shall have to leave in a hurry! (7)
11. Begin. (8)
12. Half a pair of glasses. (7)
14. One dying for a "Tickler". (6)
19. She's in hell, entirely, as far as I can see. (5)
20. Builds upright. (6)
24. Spliced by a rev? (7)
26. Dramatic looker-in! (8)
27. Fears. (7)
28. Pairs in a French capitalist. (8)
29. Now era confused her. (6)
30. Glints from the fruit-juice? (10)

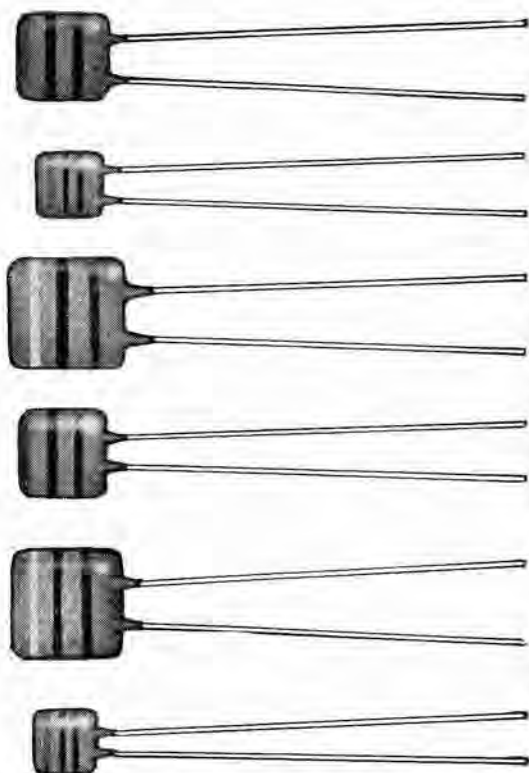
#### DOWN

1. 24. Mark green pit—the longer you stay, the dearer it is! (Two words) (7, 5)
2. Prepares dire sea. (7)
3. In the briefest I've got—ready for a party! (7)
4. In this is how an actress sees her name. (6)
5. The discoverer of the value of a good belt? (Two words) (3, 6)
6. Urban rodent. (Two words) (4, 5)
8. Always useful even when common. (5)
13. Hark! Ships leaning! (4)
15. Banner—supporter. (4)
16. By the twelfth day of Xmas, their branches must be *loaded* with partridges! (Two words) (4, 5)
17. Listen to Sarah again—and practise your play! (9)
18. May be mingled with mild. (3)
21. Barber—composer. (7)
22. Pay when you land one? (7)
23. Gunners retire in melodies—a la Dorothy Lamour? (7)
24. See 1 down.
25. Merciful. (6)



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 INSULATION RESISTANCE----- $\geq 5,000M\Omega$   
 CAPACITANCE TOLERANCE at 25°C  $+80\% -20\%$

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 + 70°C — 40% of 20°C Value  
 - 10°C — 55% of 20°C Value  
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 + 70°C — 50% of 20°C Value  
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10,000	10	10	3	X	GSX 710
25,000	10	10	3	Y	GSY 710
50,000	12	12	3	Y	GSY 712
100,000	15	15	3	Y	GSY 715

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# COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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

## APPOINTMENTS

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
H. M. BALFOUR	Lt.	Yarmouth	Mercury
R. M. BANKS	Lt., R.A.N.	Long 'C' Course	Berwick
J. M. BEATTIE	Lt.	Berwick	Leverton in Command
R. BRADBERRY	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Victorious
J. P. G. BRYANS	Lt.	Staff of F.O.A.C.	Mercury
W. J. BURLING	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Brocklesby
R. CARROL	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	R.N. Unit, Tangmere
C. D. CARTER	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Decoy
W. J. CHRISTIE	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Torquay
C. S. COLLINS	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Virago
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE- HAMILTON, M.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	Bellerophon as S.O.R.S., Portsmouth	Tenby in Command and as Captain 'F', 17th Frigate Squadron
D. D. DAVIES	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Caesar	Terror
J. K. DEMPSEY	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.S.T.	Ganges
J. C. DREYER	Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Maidstone
R. DURNFORD	Commander	Mercury addl.	J.S.S.C., Latimer
P. ELLIS, D.S.M.	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Osprey
J. FLETCHER	Lt. (SD) (C)	Lochinvar	Tiger
L. G. FOOT	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Nubian
D. J. B. FORSEY	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Tenby
J. M. GAWLEY	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Ark Royal
A. M. GORDON	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Plover
D. A. GUNN	Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Staff of F.O.F.H.
G. R. HOLLAND	Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Staff of F.O.F.H.
R. HOLLAND	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Broadsword	Mercury
A. E. HOWELL	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mauritius	Mercury
M. T. HUMPHREYS	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Venus
K. H. JAY	Lt.	Adv. 'C' Course	Mercury
D. A. JONIS	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Jufair
G. JUBB	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Ganges	Mercury
R. B. KNIGHT	Commander	Staff of F.O.S.M.	Victory
A. J. S. KNOCKER	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of FO2, FEF	Staff of CINCHAN
N. G. LODDER	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Llandaff	Mercury
G. H. MANN	Commander	Crossbow in Comd.	Staff of COMNAV BALTAP
P. MARTINEAU	Commander	R.N. Tactical School, Woolwich	Venus in Command
J. H. McDERMOTT	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Diana
J. R. MCKAIG	Captain	Manxman in Comd.	President
K. MILLER	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Leander
P. A. MYTTON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Ark Royal
E. G. L. NASH	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Whitehall W/T	Bulwark
D. H. B. NEWSON-SMITH	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of CINCHAN	Bulwark
H. B. PARKER	Lt.-Cdr.	Dunkirk as 1st Lt.	Mercury
M. F. PARRY	Lt.-Cdr.	Leverton in Comd.	R.C.N. exchange
M. D. Y. PHILLIPS	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Alert
G. C. PIDGEON	A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Urchin
D. A. POYNTER, M.B.E.	Captain	Mercury addl.	Staff of C-in-C, F.E.
P. C. PRINCE	Commander	President for D.S.D.	F.C.O. to F.O.C-in-C., F.E.F.
T. E. REEDER	Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Tiger
C. A. REID	Lt., R.A.N.	Long 'C' Course	Yarmouth
F. D. RIVERS	Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	5th D.S.	Whitehall W/T



## APPOINTMENTS—*continued*

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
E. L. ROBERTS	... Lt., R.N.Z.N.	Long 'C' Course	Undaunted
I. ROTHWELL	... Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Ausonia	Wizard
W. E. ROTHWELL	... Lt., R.A.N.	Undaunted	Mercury
G. E. SAMPSON	... Commander	Mercury	Ganges
C. H. SANDERS	... A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Diamond
C. M. M. SAUNDERS	... Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Staff of F.O.A.C.
M. D. M. SELLAR	... Lt.	Plymouth	Rooke
P. M. STANFORD	... Commander	Grafton in Comd.	President for D.S.D.
D. L. SYMS	... Commander	Mauritius in Comd.	Staff of CINCHAN
D. T. TAYLOR	... A Sub-Lt. (SD) (C)	Aisne	Lochinvar
C. G. TRAILL	... Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Meon
G. M. TULLIS	... Lt.	Long 'C' Course	Staff of F.O.F., Med.
J. F. VAN DEN AREND	... Lt.-Cdr.	Wiston in Comd.	Mercury
A. A. WAUGH	... Lt.	Trafalgar	Dartington in Command
R. M. WHITE	... Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Rooke	Staff of CINCAFMED
D. WHITEHEAD	... Lt.	Staff of F.O.F.H.	Mercury addl.

## PROMOTIONS

### To Captain

D. D. KNIGHT, D.S.C.  
D. A. POYNTER, M.B.E.

**To Commander**  
J. M. JESSOP  
P. M. STANFORD

**To Lieutenant-Commander**  
J. M. FINDLAY

### Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

S. A. HARMAN	(1.10.62)	A. STEWART	(2.11.62)
J. N. HILDER	(1.10.62)	A. WHITE	(2.12.62)
G. R. ANDERSON	(13.10.62)	F. P. BRIDGES	(10.12.62)
G. E. J. HOOPER	(20.10.62)	J. K. R. MARSTON	(30.12.62)
J. R. WOOLLEY	(23.10.62)	J. WALL	(21.1.63)

### Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

R. A. DELLENEY	(12.10.62)	M. JONES	(5.12.62)
R. DAVIES	(5.11.62)	D. J. ARCHER	(5.12.62)
A. D. H. GOREHAM	(30.11.62)	L. A. MACLEOD	(15.12.62)
H. G. HAYLES	(30.11.62)	J. LISLE	(25.12.62)
L. C. POLLARD	(6.1.63)	G. A. BUTLER	(24.1.63)
P. DODSWORTH	(27.1.63)		

## RETIREMENTS

K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN, Lt.-Cdr.  
L. C. WEDDLE, 3/0, W.R.N.S.

The following officers have been selected for the next Long 'C' Course:

Lt. G. M. TIMPSON  
Lt. C. J. FINCH  
Lt. H. P. H. O'BRIEN  
Lt. A. BANHAM  
Lt. D. C. ALLEN  
Lt. C. W. WILLIAMS  
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