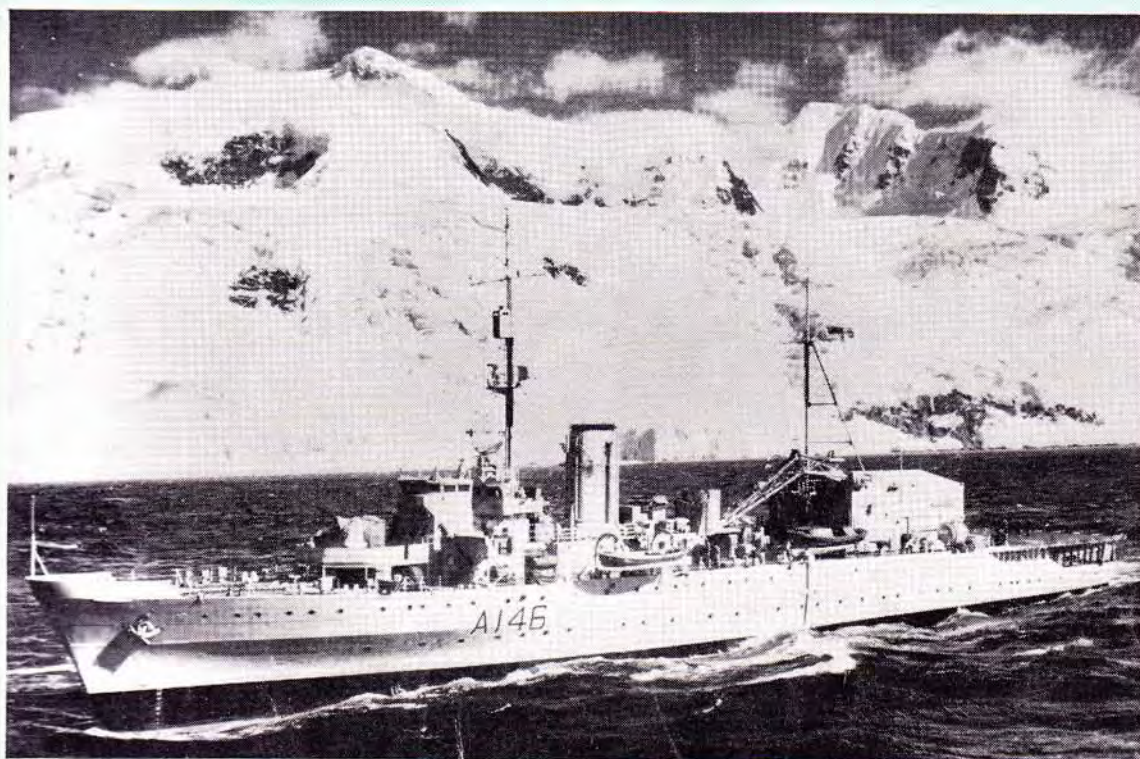


THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 16
No. 2

SUMMER
1962



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

SUMMER 1962

VOL. 16. No. 2

CONTENTS

| | page | | page |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------|------|
| EDITORIAL | 68 | HOME STATION | 86 |
| DRAFTING | 68 | MEDITERRANEAN STATION | 92 |
| THE SUBMARINE SERVICE | 68 | SINGLE SIDEBAND AT SEA | 96 |
| WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO | 70 | MIDDLE EAST STATION | 98 |
| COMMUNICATORS' QUERIES | 71 | KNOT GUILTY | 100 |
| SATELLITE AND ORBITAL SCATTER COMMUNICATIONS | 72 | FAR EAST STATION | 102 |
| V.L.F. ANTHORN... .. | 73 | ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY | 107 |
| CARRIERS | 74 | R.N.R. | 113 |
| AIR STATIONS | 76 | GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY" ... | 117 |
| WIRELESS STATIONS | 79 | THE FLYING FISH | 123 |
| S.A. AND S.A. STATION | 83 | COMMUNICATOR CROSSWORD | 125 |
| WEST INDIES STATION | 83 | COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE | 127 |

Cover Photograph—H.M.S. PROTECTOR OFF SMITH ISLAND, WEST BRANSFIELD ANTARCTICA

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|----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
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EDITORIAL

Contributions of text for this issue were again encouraging in both quantity and quality. In fact we received much more than space will allow us to print and so we have had to make substantial cuts in many articles in order to get in the maximum number of different articles. We hope the authors will accept these and that all will agree the policy of printing a little from a lot rather than vice versa.

Illustrative material is not quite so prolific and more would be welcome in future. Sketches, pictures and cartoons to illustrate articles are always most acceptable.

A final plea—articles should be typed double line spacing and NOT in capitals. Thank goodness, editorially speaking, communication typewriters are on their way out!

DRAFTING

FURTHER THOUGHTS

It is gratifying to learn that the article on drafting in the Easter edition of the COMMUNICATOR has been welcomed and that it has aroused discussion within the Branch. It is hoped that these supplementary remarks will help to clear up some of the queries which have come to light.

Divisional Officers' remarks

It was not intended to give the impression that we disregard the Divisional Officer's comment when considering a man's draft. Our remarks were intended to convey that Commodore Naval Drafting seeks to be impartial within the rules made by Admiralty and the needs of the Fleet, that a man is drafted when he is due for a particular type of service, and that this is not influenced by the intervention of individual officers.

This in no way detracts from the value of the Divisional Officer's remarks on the Drafting Preference Card. Such remarks are invaluable when assessing a man's capabilities and his fitness for a particular job. It is, to quote one example, only with the help of these remarks that the drafting officer can decide whether a man is fitted for a job where he will be the sole operator or whether he must be placed in a billet where he will be supervised by a more senior rating. It has been suggested that a Divisional Officer's remarks should be of greater import than a man's position on the roster. The roster is however the basis of the drafting system and, as will be seen in B.R. 14, a strict observance of this procedure is obligatory for the drafting officer. There might well be occasions when some departure from the normal rules is desirable, either for the good of the Service or the man himself, but such cases require an official submission from the man's Commanding Officer through the proper channels, and may not even then receive approval.

Finally, on the subject of the Drafting Preference Card, while it is helpful to remark on a man's suitability for advancement, a strict adherence to the

procedure contained in Article 224 of B.R. 1792 is essential if a recommendation is to be properly recorded and a man is to take his proper place on the course roster.

Seatime

It is unfortunately true that there are men who have had less than their fair share and, in many cases less than they themselves would wish. There are occasions when some emergency or a shortage or preponderance of certain types of billets in a foreign bill make it necessary to draft a man ashore when a seagoing billet would be preferable. This we try to avoid especially when a man's advancement might be prejudiced. Deficiencies in seatime are rectified at the first opportunity.

The Drafting Cycle

Expectation of time in U.K. based service varies from month to month according to the size of each foreign bill. What is true today would not necessarily apply to a man drafted overseas a few months ago. The figures shown in the Easter edition of the COMMUNICATOR were averages of H.S.S. and P.S. Since men in H.S.S. receive a half-time roster adjustment they gain an advantage over men in Port Service which results in a longer time at home between overseas drafts.

Let us assume that two men arrive home on 1st June, 1962. "A" has completed 27 months accompanied L.F.S. in Malta and "B" has completed 18 months F.S. in a ship of the Far East Fleet. Both men will receive the maximum roster adjustment of 18 months and they will both join the roster with a date of 1st December, 1963. "A" now goes to a ship in H.S.S. while "B" goes to Whitehall Wireless. Assuming that "A" remains at sea for 12 months, and this is the normal spell for a Communicator, he will receive an additional adjustment making his date 1st June, 1964. On present trends, and assuming that each is a TO2, "B" would reach the top of the roster again and go overseas some 4 months ahead of "A". Taking the average figure of 12 months shown in the article concerned "B" can expect 10 months at home and "A" 14 months at home. Had they been LRO's U.K. based service would have been in the order of 17 months and 23 months.

Service in Submarines

All Tactical Operators are being replaced in Submarines by Radio Operators—we are urgently in need of RO volunteers.

THE SUBMARINE SERVICE

There seem to be many Communicators today who know little about the submarine service (or, as the General Service Chief Yeoman i/c *Dolphin* Comcen refers to us—"The Great Unwashed"). This article may help those who are contemplating volunteering for submarines, and be of general interest to other Communicators.

Full details of how to volunteer for submarines may be found in A.F.O. 694/62. Briefly, you may



volunteer for the "Unwashed" whilst still under New Entry Training or at any time thereafter if you are of "V.G." character, have not less than three years to do and are medically fit.

You will, in time (C.N.D. permitting) find yourself drafted to *Dolphin* at Fort Blockhouse, Gosport, home of the submarine service. Your training will commence with a two-day course in submarine escape. This involves making ascents in the 100-foot tank varying from depths of 15 feet to 100 feet. This may seem frightening, and when you sight the tank for the first time appear to be terrifying. However, most people find that they enjoy it. (There is no truth in the rumour that submariners re-qualifying first receive instruction in the use of a towel.)

Having successfully completed escape training, you will then be given a six week course in general submarine principles including a couple of trips to sea. At the end of the course you will be examined in the intricate workings of a modern submarine. On passing this examination you will be awarded submarine pay—6s. per day for an able rate, rising to 10s. per day for a CPO.

Your training over, you will be drafted to one of the submarine squadrons; these are at present based in Gosport, Devonport, Faslane, Sydney, Malta, Halifax and Singapore. For those who have their head in the noose or who maybe contemplating it, i.e., marriage, it is of interest that with the possible exception of Halifax, all submarine drafts are 'accompanied'. I hasten to add that this does not mean that you will be in the 'Native Rush' each evening. The 'boats' from Sydney will often carry out a three-month trip to New Zealand to assist in working up ships of the R.N.Z.N. A further example of separation was the first commission of *Cachalot*, who though based in Faslane, carried out operational visits to ports as far apart

as Stavanger and Singapore. In a two-year commission she spent nine months abroad.

Submarine drafting and leave is somewhat different from General Service and works in cycles. You will still get the same amount of leave as your General Service 'oppo', though not in the 'seasons' necessarily, but depending on your 'boat's' maintenance schedules. Drafting varies, but you will probably do more sea time than in General Service. When you receive a 'continuity' draft to a submarine, you will stay in that 'boat' for two years or longer.

The normal advancement rules apply to submariners, though, it is only fair to point

out that generally speaking, submariners wait longer for advancement courses than is usual in Gens. It is up to you to keep up to date and though 'Submariner Sparkers' generally adopt a vacant look at the mention of RATT or AT the standard of operating is high. Instruction in the more modern equipment can normally be had in the Depot Ship or Base to which you are attached, but much depends on the individual.

Once on a submarine you will find that your duties include much more than manning W/T circuits. You may be 'Captain of the Heads', Control Room Sweeper, or Stores Party. Invariably sparkers are also employed in the attack team and in the role of typist to the Coxswain and Correspondence Officer.

At sea life can be arduous and boring, much depending on the ability of the individual. In tropical climates, conditions, to say the least, are uncomfortable when dived for lengthy periods with the normal shortage of water, hence the "unwashed" nickname. The rig is generally relaxed and one sees all manner of piratical dress. Life is never without the humorous side as in the case of one submarine in Australian waters whose C.O. was of 'uncertain temper' to say the least. On surfacing a salt water shower was rigged on the casing. The C.O. walked underneath, calling to the Engineer Officer "Switch on". Seconds passed when suddenly he was deluged with oil. From then on the E.O. was the first under the shower.

Finally some of you may be worrying about the risks involved. They are, I feel, very few, and if you compare the number of casualties suffered in submarines in peacetime with those on the road or from air accidents, I am sure that you will agree. (Anyhow, life in a gale is much more comfortable at two or three hundred feet than on the surface.)

We take off our hats to...

BIRTHDAY HONOURS



Top left:
Vice-Admiral J. M. Villiers,
C.B., O.B.E.

Top right:
Cmdr. (SP) F. H. Humphris,
V.R.D., R.N.R.

Bottom left:
Lt.-Cdr. J. H. Ford, R.N.

Bottom right:
C.R.S. G. Stray.



ON RETIREMENT



**The final departure from the Royal Yacht of
Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Dawnay, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.C.**



COMMUNICATORS' QUERIES

(C.Q.)

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

COMMUTATION OF RATINGS' PENSIONS

The answers are based on A.F.O.'s 2059/61 and 636/62, and the Appendix to the Navy List (1961) which should be referred to by those who require more detailed information.

What does commutation mean?

'Commutation' means the realisation of a lump sum in lieu of regular payments of pension, either weekly or quarterly. The sum paid to the pensioner by the Admiralty represents the amount that would have been received by the pensioner over a number of years based on the average expectation of life, and incorporates an element in respect of interest. As one gets older, it follows that his life expectation will be less, and so the capital sum paid will be smaller.

Can anyone commute his pension?

Any long-service Naval Pensioner may apply to commute part of his pension but he must retain not less than 14/- per week. It is emphasized that commutation is a privilege—not a right, and it will only be allowed when it is likely to be to a pensioner's advantage.

If I decide to commute part of my pension, can I change my mind later and repay the capital sum?

No. Commutation is for life, and once pension has been commuted it cannot be restored.

How much could I get?

The capital sum that a pensioner would receive would depend on the total amount of his pension and the proportion that he wished to commute, subject always to the retention of the 14/- a week referred to above, but a pensioner applying within six months of going to pension may be allowed to commute, subject to medical fitness, up to £600 for any one, or combination of, the following projects:—

- House Purchase—Deposit; Legal Fees; or Reduction of Mortgage.
- Purchase of furniture and household necessities.
- Purchase of a motor vehicle if this is required in connection with the pensioner's business.

The pensioner will be required to pass a satisfactory medical examination before commutation will be considered, and he will have to pay his own fare to and from the Medical Examination Centre.

How much pension would I lose to raise the £600 referred to above?

This would, of course, depend on the age at which the individual went to pension. If he were between 40 and 41 he would lose approximately 17/- a week;

if between 45 and 46, 18/-; and if between 50 and 51, 19/6 week.

Where would I find the full commutation rates showing exactly what I would lose at my particular age?

In A.F.O. 636/62. The following rates have been extracted as they are the rates likely to affect most pensioners when they are considering commutation. They relate to "Pensions payable weekly in advance"; the "quarterly rates" are fractionally higher.

| Age Between | Commutation for each £1 of Pension |
|----------------|------------------------------------------|
| 40 and 41 | 13.622 |
| 45 and 46 | 12.781 |
| 50 and 51 | 11.837 |

To use this table to find the amount that a pensioner would lose weekly to receive £600, he must divide £600 by the commutation rate shown for his age, divide the result by 52 to bring it to a weekly figure and then multiply it by 20 to bring the result to shillings.

Example: A pensioner, aged between 45 and 46, would ascertain the amount of pension lost, as follows:—

$$\frac{£600}{12.781} \times \frac{1}{52} \times \frac{20}{1} = 18/0\frac{1}{2}d.$$

If a smaller sum were required, say £400, by a pensioner aged between 40 and 41, who had elected to receive his pension weekly, he would divide £400 by 13.622 and similarly bring the result down to shillings a week, as follows:—

$$\frac{£400}{13.622} \times \frac{1}{52} \times \frac{20}{1} = 11/3\frac{1}{2}d.$$

How do I apply?

Application to commute pension may be made at any time so long as the pension is still payable. They should be sent to the Secretary of the Admiralty (Naval Pay Branch) and are usually only accepted from PENSIONERS. For convenience, however, applications will be accepted from serving men during the month preceding their date of final discharge, but no decision will be given until they have actually been discharged. Great care must be taken by prospective applicants not to incur any liability until their application has actually been approved.

Is it in my best interest to commute?

Only the individual concerned can decide this in the light of his own private financial circumstances. It is very much a gamble, because if he lives to be 90 he will obviously lose, but if he should die before he reaches the age of about 55 he would gain, or at least his widow and dependants would, PROVIDED the capital sum received had been used wisely (e.g. for the purchase of an annuity to supplement his widow's pension, or to pay off the mortgage on a house, etc.).

Would it be wise to commute my pension to help purchase a house?

The financial experts say "No"!

They argue that it is in the pensioner's best interest to take out an Endowment Policy with a reputable Insurance Company. By so doing, and for a slight extra cost over the amount of pension lost per week, they could preserve their pension for life, to enjoy after the insurance policy had matured, and at a time when their income is likely to be least and their earning potential lowest.

Such a policy must, of course, be taken out on the pensioner's life so that the widow and children would be safeguarded if the pensioner should die before the policy matured, and also to attract income tax relief on the premiums paid.

Mr. H. W. FERRIS, M.B.E.



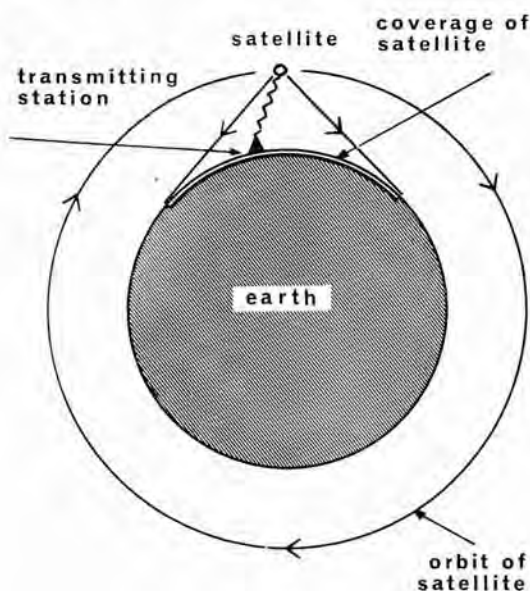
He began his naval career as a Signal Boy in *Minotaur* in 1917 and ended as Chief Yeoman of Camarata Barracks 1944-45. He was President of the Signal School Mess 1932-33 after 10 years in submarines, and was mentioned in despatches in 1942.

As a civilian he joined the clerical staff at R.N.A.Y. Fleetlands in 1945. He was promoted Executive Officer in December 1954 and appointed to M.H.Q. Rosyth as Head of M.S.O. He is now on the staff of Flag Officer Air (Home) in the same capacity. We congratulate him on the award of his M.B.E.

SATELLITE AND ORBITAL SCATTER COMMUNICATIONS

by Inst. Lieut. P. S. Toulmin-Rothie, B.A.

As is well known, the reason why HF radio-circuits are so useful and so widely-used is that waves in this band are reflected by the ionosphere. They become 'trapped', as it were, between the ionosphere and the surface of the earth, and by back-and-forth reflections they reach places that are well beyond the 'radio horizon'. The range of HF circuits can therefore be very great. But HF has limitations when the amount of information to be carried is very great: this is because the more information you want to put into a circuit the greater is the bandwidth necessary and this is only available at the high frequency end of the spectrum. This is why, for instance, TV is broadcast in the VHF band: detailed information about a complex picture has to be transmitted many times a second, and to do this properly, a carrier frequency greater than any in the HF band is necessary. Similarly, if many telephone conversations are to be transmitted simultaneously over one circuit, the amount of information is large, and once again, we must use VHF or even UHF. But these higher frequencies have the disadvantage that they are not reflected by the ionosphere, and so their range is limited by the 'radio horizon'. (This of course is occasionally modified a little by the shape of the land; sometimes VHF waves may be 'piped' down a valley, say, a little beyond the 'radio horizon', but this effect is never a very great one). This is why you cannot receive the London TV much more than 30 miles from the transmitter aerials. If VHF had the range



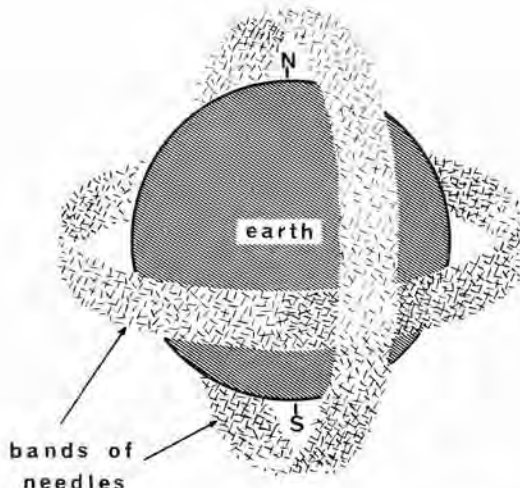
of HF, of course we could receive TV from New York; as it is, we cannot even view the Paris TV without using a Eurovision Link, in the form of a complicated and expensive cable, and then re-radiating from London.

Communication Satellites are one way of getting round this problem and they can be used in one of two ways. A satellite in orbit can be used as a simple reflector—when it is above the horizon you can aim a beam of VHF or UHF waves at it, and if it is metallic, it will reflect them back again towards the earth. Or, by equipping a satellite with receive-retransmit equipment, you can make it a relay station with a vastly greater coverage than any station on the surface of the Earth. These are called passive and active communication satellites respectively. Of course an orbiting satellite is above the horizon at a particular place only part of the time; but by having two, three or more satellites, perhaps in different orbits, it is possible to have at least one within sight of (and therefore able to receive VHF or UHF) from the main transmitter all of the time.

Another way is the 'Orbital Scatter' method, recently attempted unsuccessfully by the Americans. Here a special satellite is launched, which, when once safely in orbit, squirts out behind it a very large number of short and very thin wires, which, of course, continue in the satellite's orbit, and gradually spread out into a belt, surrounding the Earth. Each wire, in shape like a needle, is only very thin, but it is long enough to act as a reflector for short waves (of length, say between $\frac{1}{2}$ cm. and 2 cm.) falling on it. Once again, you can direct radio waves at the belt of 'needles' and it will behave as an artificial 'ionosphere'; reflected emissions from it can be received from a very large part of the earth's surface. It has been calculated that two such belts of needles, one round the equator, and the other over the Poles, would be sufficient to cover most of the Earth's surface; and of course only a very few transmitting stations would be required to 'illuminate' the two belts with short wave transmission.

The 'belt of needles' has also a rather special and interesting military use. If the transmitting station uses a very narrow-beam-width transmitting aerial, only a small section of the belt need be illuminated, and only someone who knew exactly where to look on the belt (also using a narrow-beam-width aerial) would be able to receive the message transmitted. This method could be used to give some degree of security to radio-links. You could even dodge about the belt in some agreed way, to confuse anyone still further, who was trying to intercept the message. The belt is so large that to find the small reflecting portion would be very difficult indeed.

Satellites and 'needles' have, of course, drawbacks; the main ones are the enormous expense (do not forget they have to be launched by immense rockets) and the fact that they will not stay up in their orbits for ever. Eventually they fall towards the Earth,



and are burned up due to their high speed on re-entry into the atmosphere. So such devices would have to be replaced every few years. But for world coverage with short waves, this would still be much cheaper than relay stations every 30 miles!

So the day may not be far off when we can tune into 'Juke Box Jury' in the middle of the Atlantic! There can be no doubt that both the methods of short wave communications described above will be in wide use in the not-so-very-distant future; and that they will greatly extend, to Man's advantage, the uses that can be made of the electromagnetic spectrum.

V.L.F.—ANTHORN

A £3½ million VLF Transmitter Station is being built for NATO at the old Naval Air Station at Anthorn, near Carlisle on the Solway Firth. The site chosen is a flat 700 acre area, nearly all of which will be occupied by the aerial system. The transmitter building will be built at the centre of the site, and will be surrounded by six radial Rhombics suspended from thirteen masts 800 feet high. This system enables each section to be lowered to the ground independently for maintenance. The conductor will be one inch Cadmium-copper wires designed to withstand the working voltage of 120 Kv. Should ice loading increase beyond the designed maximum, halyard-tensioning-limiting gear will cause the winches to lower the aerial automatically. Twenty miles of conductor, weighing some 100 tons are to be fitted. Compression insulators will ensure that failure will not result in collapse.

The two 400 Kw. transmitters will consist of 50 m. watt drivers and five amplification stages, with a peak power of 500 Kw. at the working frequency of 19 Kcs. They can be operated individually or in parallel. Standby power plant will be provided.

The station should be completed by the end of 1964.

H.M.S. ARK ROYAL

Since we last wrote, the Royal Navy's largest floating airfield has steamed eastwards for the first time in its life. We transitted the Suez Canal with a foot of water between us and a permanent draft to Egypt. On emerging from the southward end we made the signal 'Pop' to all and sundry. As we shot past Port Tewfik it certainly sounded like it too. Earlier we had cemented Anglo/US relations with appropriate biblical quotations made to the U.S.S. *Noa* when she picked up Colonel Glenn. We felt that both ships had something in common, even if the animals still do not come in two by two. A few hours at Aden followed, in company with *Centaur*, from whom we gathered all the hot tips for the Orient. The *Ark* then headed for Singapore and those pink and white skins quickly changed into nut brown or a dirty white.

Our first exercise of the commission soon followed, and we flew the flag of F.O.2. Far East station in the SEATO Exercise "Sea Devil" organised by the R.A.N. With up to 34 ships in company on occasions, the department had their hands full, but we were rewarded with runs ashore at Manila and the U.S. Base at Subic in the Philippines. To further cement relations we started off a cross operating exercise, "Crossbow". No sooner had the R.N. and U.S.N. ships formed up than the U.S.S. carrier *Hancock* and her escorts pushed up puffs of smoke, wheels went over and they were off like lightning—as we discovered later, to stand by at Laos. The *Ark* journeyed north, flying daily (and nightly) to arrive for our first visit at one of the



The 20,000th signal, CCY S. Wilcox attending on.

favourite shopping centres of the world, Hong Kong. Somebody will have to learn to make some of these harbours deeper or ships shallower. Although a four mile boat trip helps to build up a good thirst it is a waste of good run ashore time.

Our present P.C. and S. puts us off Okinawa searching for signs of 'The Tea House of the August Moon'. Here once again our well founded Army co-operation will be put to the test with the U.S. Marine Corps and sometimes the sparkers wonder if they have joined the navy blue or khaki firm. We have unanimously elected our C.B.G.L.O. (Major Watkins, Royal Welsh Fusiliers) as an honorary member of the communications department. Where we go, he goes too. The converse holds good, and several of us have spent nights encamped alongside a camel in the desert (RO1 Smy is good at this) or bivouacked in a tent without a sleeping bag and the temperature below 35°.

It's anybody's guess where our lucky star takes us next, and eventually it will be to Guzz. All the best from the Communicators of the *Ark* (yes, about 80 of us with F.O.2's staff as well).

H.M.S. BULWARK

February found *Bulwark* in the Aden area preparing for a Brigade assault exercise with our own embarked Commando, 42, and with 45, who are stationed at Little Aden. Tanks from locally stationed troops and jet fighters from R.A.F. Khormaksar took part, and this exercise, labelled "Horse Marine", turned out to be the best that we had done so far, especially in the communications field.

After "Horse Marine", *Bulwark* went up the Gulf to Bahrain, where the Bahrain Petroleum Company (BAPCO) took the entertainment of the ship well and truly in hand. We had expected it to be crushingly hot, but there was a Shamal blowing most of the time, and the nights were quite cold.

The ship arrived in Singapore on the 22nd March for three week's self maintenance. This gave our prospective Leading Hands time for some valuable pre-course training and seven of them are now on course at Kranji S.T.C.

Then came the work-up for Exercise "Sea Devil", a large scale SEATO exercise in the Philippines-South China Sea area. *Bulwark's* task was to work up the Thai, Pakistan, New Zealand and R.N. Escorts preparatory to the main exercise, in which we did not participate. After a shaky start mainly owing to the various accents on the voice nets, all ran smoothly and the escorts manoeuvred and worked as one.

We sailed for Hongkong on 19th April having said 'au revoir' to our good friends in 42 Commando, and taken on units from 40 Commando and 27 Battery of the Royal Artillery. We had managed to establish very friendly, fruitful and close-knit relations with the signallers of 42, and we were very sorry indeed to see them go. At Hongkong we disembarked the military units and a ship's com-

munication team to Sek Kong in the New Territories and settled down to a few days enjoying Hongkong. The winds of change had succeeded in wafting up several skyscrapers since our last visit in December. The new American hotel, for instance, which had been a hole in the ground last year, was up to 15 storeys and still growing. The new Hongkong Comcen was working at full blast, and four of our sparkers got a little shore station time with a fortnight's loan draft to the CRR.

We visited British North Borneo, one of the most out-of-the-way and under populated, yet most interesting of Britain's overseas commitments. Covered in dense jungle, whose steaming mist permits North Borneo only about four hours of sunlight a day, Borneo is rich in hardwood timber and copra. It is very likely that this land has vast mineral resources. The small coastal settlements, reminiscent of Chinese-type frontier villages, belong to the world of Somerset Maugham, but there is nevertheless a feeling of expansion and development. The potential of this virtually unprotected land is becoming a byword in South East Asia, and raiders and pirates, albeit on a small scale, have been active in the area.

We arrived in the Sulu Sea on 10th May where we joined forces off Sandakan with the 104th M.S.S. and *Gold Ranger*. The force was split into two units, whose respective roles were visiting, and encouraging out-of-the-way trading stations on the North coast, and seeking out pirate boats in the Celebes Sea. Both these tasks were in the course of successful accomplishment (several pirates bit the dust) when the ship, we suspect as a result of tension on the Far East Station, was recalled to Singapore, where we are now undergoing our annual docking period.

H.M.S. CENTAUR

by LTO Ringrose

Our last contribution took us to the end of February with *Centaur* on her way to Trincomalee to take part in Exercise "Jet". On arrival we embarked the flag of Rear Admiral Frewen and his staff from *Belfast* and they stayed until the exercise finished. Trinco was a fine sight with all the Commonwealth warships gathered for the exercise.

We found "Jet" a most interesting exercise. It was our first occasion of working with another carrier and we all enjoyed working with the new Indian carrier *Vikrant* with FOCIF embarked. It was good to find that, with R.N., R.A.N., R.C.N., R.N.Z.N. and I.N. taking part, the standard of voice procedure was as good as any we had met. Towards the end of the exercise we embarked some V.I.P.'s from *Vikrant* to witness our flying operations. The air boys laid on a spectacular display for them by ditching a Scimitar very neatly off our port bow and whipping the pilot, fortunately none the worse for his experience, back on board within a matter of seconds. After a day at Langkawi to

disembark F.O.2 and his staff, we set off westward for our fifth visit to Aden.

From Aden we returned to the Med. again and on to a week's visit to Istanbul. Besides supplying a 'volunteer' contribution to the Guard of Honour at a wreath-laying ceremony at the Attaturk memorial the department also manned a shore radio station at a police post on the jetty. This post proved very useful when the Turkish police visited us, being used like the Sheriff's Office in the best Westerns for holding hardware whilst the owners visited the ship.

The middle of April saw our arrival at Malta for a self-maintenance period and the disembarkation of 807 Squadron, our Scimitars, which returned to the United Kingdom for disbanding. We left Malta in early May to take part in "Medcentex" and then via a two-day visit to Gib. we proceeded up harbour at Portsmouth on 16th May—the first time back in our home port since last April. In the meanwhile we have steamed some 82,000 miles or an average of about 200 miles a day.

In addition to leave and self-maintenance periods in Pompey, we have said good-bye and hello to a number of the department. Among the leavers is Captain Henley, to whom we all wish the best of good fortune in the future. We are now just about to sail to take part in Exercise "Fair Wind" and a visit before returning to Pompey for a few days and then on to the Med. I just hope that Hamburg has not changed since my last visit.



H.M.S. VICTORIOUS

Two years ago when drafts were being handed out for *Victorious* it was with the good wishes of those staying ashore in safe billets that we looked forward to joining her, and to prospects of a wonderful world cruise in store—"Just like the one *Albion* had", "Cor! Wish I was going, too". Needless to say, buzzes were rife, imaginary visits to wonderful places we had only read about were discussed. This looked like being the matelot's dream cruise. Just where all that started no one knows, but it was obvious from the outset that the most important item had been ignored, namely, the operational requirement for a strike carrier 'East of Suez'. Sure enough, after musing over the glossy cover, the very first chapter presented a more realistic indication of what was to come.

It is reasonable when nearing the end of a commission to look back on the achievements, as well as the adversities which are only too well remembered. We will not dwell on such unwelcome tasks as the sojourn at Kuwait with its Midsummer's Day in perpetuity, nor sigh over the pleasantries of the Orient. Our Christmas homecoming was almost jeopardised when 'H.M.S. Diversion' was ordered to Mombasa to lend assistance in flood relief. However, a national disaster (as far as we were concerned) was averted, and the mums, wives and sweethearts were not disappointed. With three weeks' well-earned leave behind us, it was back to sea again for our eight weeks' Home leg of the commission, taking in Brest, Gibraltar and Vigo, and of course "Dawn Breeze VII".

It is in terms of communications we must consider what progress has been achieved in one short commission. The first commission put *Victorious* on the map, we have done our best to further and consolidate some of its members' ideas and, of course, to introduce some improvements of our own. Our main theme has been automation in both sub departments. On the Radio side we tried to use RATT on all possible occasions, and with the co-operation of the Naval Shore Wireless Stations from London to Hong Kong we had considerable success. We have appreciated the work which has been done to produce the guide to procedure in S.14, well illustrated by Shore Station examples as it is. Nonetheless, in the light of our experience we feel there is a need for some additional thought, aimed towards a single standardised procedure for use both ashore and afloat. Automation from the M.S.O. point of view has been reflected in the permanent use of an automatic duplicator, ormig masters for originators, signal forms pre-printed with the security classifications, and the use of Roneo cabinets for filing signals. We firmly believe that these innovations will be of benefit to Communicators as a whole.

We think too that we have made many new friends in the other Services through carrying out Close Air Support exercises, and strange new words like CARSCOMEX, CBGLO's, ASOC's and NTAR/NTAC's have become regular additions to our vocabulary. On occasions, communications have not been perfect, but instead of putting the blame on 'the bloke at the other end' we have tried to remember his 50 watts under canvas versus our Type 603, and to appreciate the conditions to which the poor old 'Pongo' may be subjected, be it in a mosquito-ridden swamp, or in a desert with his billy-can full of sand! These things are apt to go unheeded by the naval sparker sitting in his relatively comfortable air-conditioned Operations Room, even if he is in two watches.

Nearly 120,000 miles of ocean have slipped past the ship and even Senior Rates will be among the first to admit that a commission in a carrier, is, to say the least, enlightening. There are only a few weeks left before the dockyard workmen again

appear in order to perform some drastic surgery for prolonging the life of an old lady whose features have already been restored. We shall certainly look back and recount the work done and remember *Victorious* because of it. We trust she will appear again at the end of her well-earned rest and provide for our successors as much interest and satisfaction as she gave us. G.S.

SPARROW AMONG THE EAGLES

So you want a job at a Naval Air Station—one of those quiet numbers that everybody else seems to get, and you never? So did I—and, what is more, I got it. Mind you, I did not volunteer—I was "selected". You know the sort of thing. The Commander of *Mercury* has decided that you will relieve "Bloggs" at "blank" sometime in early May "Please let me know if this suits you".

A beautiful Saturday forenoon found me driving along the country roads looking for "my" Air Station. I was not due to join until the Tuesday but I had decided to spy out the land by paying a social call. I could see the station all right, but finding the entrance was another matter. After driving around most of the county I found it—right on the main road! Finding the P.C.B. presented no problem (I could see the aërials), and having entered without being challenged (made a mental note to alter that) introduced myself to a beautiful P.O. Wren and asked for my predecessor. She looked at me as if I was a bit queer in the head and remarked that it was Saturday, and Divisions Saturday at that! Lieutenant "Bloggs" rarely came in on Saturdays, and certainly not on Divisions Saturdays. From then on I knew I was going to like this place!

Tuesday came, I joined, was introduced to several "birdmen", both big and small, and we proceeded with the turnover. This went smoothly despite the unique experience of having, one forenoon, to muster crystals in a cornfield a few miles from the station. I also discovered to my horror that in order to get around my "empire" it was necessary for me to ride a bicycle. I, who had not ridden anything that was not power driven, for some 25 years! However, I drew a bicycle, mounted, and after a shakey start, managed well enough until I was saluted by a gaggle of my Wrens. On letting go the handlebars to return the salute I fell off, needless to say, to the accompaniment of howls of mirth.

However, I settled into this strange new world, and gradually I began to understand their "language" and their problems, finding the "birdmen" to be generally a fine, co-operative bunch of chaps. Pitfalls for the unwary, like myself, however, there were in plenty.

On the question of work itself, "telephones" loomed large, in fact, for the first few weeks they were never out of my waking thoughts or my dreams. I had been in the chair but three days when a phone call from a Senior Officer informed me that his Plan 7 did not work and would I do something about it

"but quick". Being a dutiful Communicator I replied, "Certainly, sir", hung up, and then realised that I had never heard of a Plan 7. Fortunately, we were blessed with a G.P.O. Technical Officer who had been on the station for 16 years. For this gentleman's never failing help and advice I shall be eternally grateful. A little consultation, and I discovered that the Plan 7 was merely an extension telephone (this, and other Plans were shown in a 1952 A.F.O. only—by that time some six years old!). The Senior Officer got his service restored (it transpired that he did not know how to operate the switch) and all was well.

Then, of course, everyone in the Fleet Air Arm thinks that either he or she should (a) have a personal phone and (b) have it shifted from one place to another as often as wanted. This, all un mindful of the fact that various Admiralty and Command Orders state that the Navy's telephone bill must be drastically cut. The following typical incident could, and did, happen. The Staff Officer "999 Squadron" (grandiloquent title that usually hid an Act. Sub Lieutenant (SL) wanted his 'phone shifted because the morning sun shining through his window dazzled him so much that he had to shift his desk. The afternoon sun, of course, did not bother him! Naturally I refused and there followed this sequence of events:

- (a) a courteous, but firm, plea from the Squadron C.O.;
- (b) a threat from Commander (Air) that he "was going to take this further"; and
- (c) a summons to the presence of the "Master" who demanded to know who gave me authority to ground some £3,000,000 worth of aircraft! The 'phone got shifted.

Telephone bills were another "bugbear" and, while I did not actually make them out I was always blamed if they were incorrect. At the end of each month I found it expedient to stay away from the mess, because no one has ever made half the calls he is charged for! One incident which remains remarkably clear in my mind was when I was sent for by a V.I.P. who stated that he always carefully checked his telephone account and he made a total of 17/-. As he had been charged 17/4d. what did I intend to do about it? Believe it or not, my offer to give him 4d. and forget the whole thing was not at all well received!

If you have read so far you might think that life was one long coal ship but it wasn't—there were many compensations. The congenial squadron parties, the excellent local pubs, the skittles matches, a beautiful countryside, an (eventual) splendid married quarter and an unlimited supply of baby-sitters all helped to make life pleasant.

So chaps, you do not really want a job at an Air Station, do you? You see, if you do not, there is a better chance of me going back and I cannot get back soon enough to a job I joined with gloom and left with deep regret.

C.G.T.



WILKIE

"Looks like rain".

R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

Communicators generally may be wondering where they have heard the name before, but we are still fully operational—despite the arrival of five RO2's, sent, no doubt, in good faith, to assist their female opposite numbers. Quote from the night of their arrival:

"Where's the Sparkers' Mess, mate?"

"The what Mess?"

"Sparkers."

"There isn't one. We haven't got any."

Last term saw the departure of Lieut. Best, and the arrival of Lieut. Reubens as S.C.O. Up to the time of writing, despite rumours to the contrary, and with no thanks to the Staff, he is still enjoying the best of health.

This provides a chance to give a bit of well earned publicity—and praise—to L/Wren Julien Holland and L/Wren Colleen Benfield (the latter recently departed from the station) who both gave splendid performances in the Culdrose production of 'Pygmalion'. Colleen played a particularly good Eliza.

The other institution in the CRR, Miriam, after a long stay at Culdrose has been drafted to Gibraltar Comcen, resplendent with the title of PO Wren Cole. She, and her cigarettes will be missed for sometime to come. CRS Hammet departed from the Service to assume the role of civilian instructor to 706 Squadron. His relief is CRS Potter, whilst PO Wren Smith is El Supremo of the CRR. The MSO still functions smoothly under the capable supervision of PO Wren Sampson.

Seen in the LHOW's turn-over log:

"Quiet, apart from Miriam."

A.P.Y.

R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON

Short terms—overworked—harrassed staffs, how these articles creep up on one! Most events of note are taking place in the immediate future. We are being honoured by being granted the Freedom of Yeovil on 16th June. Air Day is on 30th June. Our aircraft are taking part in every Air Day. Navy days, Air shows, Dairy shows (sonic booms enervate the milk) being held in the U.K. This means Airfield opening hours, apart from 0500 to 0300 daily, extend over the weekends too! Hardships, you sailors do not know what hardships are!

The general consensus of opinion here was that the last issue of the magazine was the best yet. BZ to the Editorial Staff—our order for this issue is already greater than ever.

As a 1936 trained Signaller, reading A.F.O. 1026/62 para. 6 (speed of semaphore to be reduced to 8 w.p.m.) was akin to reading my obituary! I only hope Lieut. Cdr. (Daisy) Manners of KK Block, *Victory*, exponent of Shortarm, never gets around to seeing it.

A quick look round this particular bit of England indicates a bumper apple harvest. That cool long glass of farmhouse cider is already more than a dream. Apart from the incessant roar of jets, confusion of callsigns (aircraft variety), complexity of short titles and abbreviations (ECU's, ANAD's, NAMO), the single-mindedness of all concerned with Naval Aviation (this is not meant detrimentally!) what I shall miss most when I roar down 09—up 'cart, flags, and dinner for the last time, is a cool, long glass of Somerset farmhouse cider.

R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

July 7th is 'Abbotsinch Air Day' and Open Day to visitors; with a few added attractions such as parachute jumps, we hope to beat our gate of 15,000 last year, which produced nearly £1,000 for charities.

The coming and goings of Communications Staff have been numerous, with outgoing drafts of Wrens to Malta and Gibraltar, CY Barrie to *Blackpool*, and our PO Wren departs for Oslo next month. Two newcomers at Abbots are Wrens Watson and Ferris.

Signal traffic remains at much the same level. An interesting analysis shows 60% of messages deal with Air Stores, 30% Air Engineering, 6% Administrative and 4% Air Movements. Wandering through the M.S.O. the other day, shortly after a recent correction to the books, I heard the girls muttering to themselves "Ar-en-dee-pee-ell-pee"; I hope the G.P.O. fit new answer backs soon before it affects their sleep. Personally I scuttled back to my Sub/Safety and Ship/Nas before it got me too.

At last, Summer has come to Abbotsinch, and the welcome sunshine, after a hard Winter and cold, wet Spring, is filling our telephone exchange and M.S.O. with suntanned Amazons. If you do not believe me and you are visiting the Clyde area, drop in and see for yourself.

R.N.A.S. BRAWDY

Having been saved in the nick of time, *Goldcrest* is in the process of being reborn and refurbished into becoming the biggest and best of Naval Air Stations. Visitors are amazed at the tremendous activity on the airfield, not of screaming jets, but of earthbound beings attacking the soil with all manner of indescribable machines. Apart from the airfield reconstruction, new buildings and facilities are being produced to ease the burden of the users. Communicationswise we will be the tops in equipment; it is no good looking in the 222 for the gen, ours is too up to date to be in it!

Geographically, we are a long way from anywhere, a situation which, in a way, helps to make us more self reliant, and also keeps away unwelcome visitors except during the finest of our very dodgy weather. Talking of weather, and who does not in U.K., this is the place where the saying 'It's lovely in the Summer' must have originated, because if you can survive the rains/mist/gale laden winter, then the summer amply repays.

Being a lonely place, station social and sporting activities are really important and we cater for all tastes. Exped. is growing in popularity, from mountaineering to hunting, shooting, and fishing. Higher things are not neglected either; we won the Command Drama Festival to prove the point. Socials on board are popular, being well attended by the local talent, which I am told is very friendly. Those who can, of course, are R.A., living in married quarters in Haverfordwest.

HOUSE HUNTER'S GLOSSARY

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Location | |
| Popular residential area. | Identical houses for miles around. |
| Secluded | Sherpas necessary in Winter. |
| Near station. | Railway cuttings at end of garden. |
| Easy access to shops. | Bus-stop $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. |
| Types | |
| Detached. | Semi-detached with 24 in. cavity walls. |
| Period. | No damp-course. |
| Appearances | |
| Mature. | Victorian with Oriental attachments. |
| Modernised. | Worst of both worlds. |
| Contemporary. | Boxy, glassy and gaudy. |
| Architect-designed. | Oak front door with black fittings. |
| Unusual. | Absolutely impossible. |
| Rooms | |
| Well-proportioned. | Rectangular, not square. |
| Comfortable | Small and dark. |
| Compact. | Dark and small. |
| Cosy. | "I think I can just squeeze by." |
| Useful. | Even defeats the Agent. |
| Working Kitchen. | Ideal for railway chef. |
| Kitchenette. | Ideal for miniature railway chef. |

WHITEHALL WIRELESS

The main item of news in our Easter article was that we had bidden farewell to the Shore Wireless boys and that the Station was now completely in the hands of R.N. personnel. We are pleased to be able to report that the New Boys are settled in, and have the station well in hand. There have been numerous staff changes and no doubt they will continue for some time yet. The most notable and popular change in Whitehall Wireless itself is the changeover to the '48 about' system of watchkeeping. Strictly speaking, it is on a three months' trial, but all being well it will stay. It certainly gives those living longer distances from the station a chance of going 'up the line' more frequently.

In recent months each watch has held a social and dance. Despite travelling difficulties these have all been well attended and generally successful. The success might well be judged by the number of aspirins and codines issued by the Duty Officer 'the morning after the night before'.

The quarters at R.A.F. Stanmore are becoming more and more popular. We have 40 ratings living there at the moment and the majority say they are quite comfortable and the food is jolly good. As one of them recently commented "It's much more substantial than a pint of Red Barrel and a couple of fags at the Silver Cross". No doubt the W.R.A.F. are a special attraction too. Talking of the female side—life is proving a little difficult in the divisional office. Several marriages between Whitehall Wireless ratings and Wrens have recently taken place and there are more in the offing. A couple of the lads also have W.R.A.F. brides already—no wonder they like Stanmore! The Divisional Officer and Third Officer, W.R.N.S., are seriously considering opening up a marriage guidance bureau!

The soccer season ended fairly successfully. We were beaten in the semi-final of the Admiralty Cup but only just pipped for second place in the London Midweek League. We hope to turn out a team in the first week of July (yes, July!) to entertain the visiting Polish Squadron. We take off our hats to LTO C. E. Shaw on becoming Light Welterweight Boxing Champion of the Royal Navy.

A dit from Karachi after England had won the first Test read:

"Pse Mr. Operator, no signals to-day. Cricket make me too sad, pse".

BURNHAM W/T STATION

Life at Burnham in summertime is very enjoyable and invigorating, as our operators enjoy the luxury of working near wide open windows with sun and sea breezes after a pleasant journey through the wooded country lanes on their way to work. The social whirl of beer, skittles and tombola has given way to cavorting or reclining on the sands, exploring the beauty of North Somerset on two or four wheels and, for the more energetic, indulging in such sports as tennis and golf. Some of the staff are self-employed on mushroom farms, strawberry picking and other market garden activities.

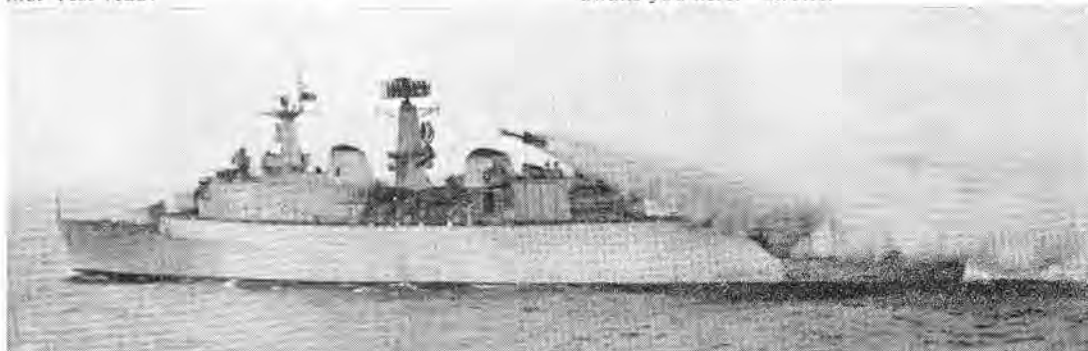
The numerous caravan sites and holiday camps surrounding the town are already full to capacity. Holiday fashions for young and old, male and especially female have become more 'off-beat' than ever before, and the many states of dress—or undress—make a dip in the ocean a necessity, rather than an inclination, which rapidly eases the blood pressure.

A recent highlight at the station has been the visit of ITV authorities, filming and interviewing Burnham Radio at work. Well groomed hair and carefully shaved profiles appeared to be the order of the day.

We have been plotting, with interest, the progress of Francis Chichester in his yacht *Gipsy Moth III* on his lone journey across the Atlantic, endeavouring to beat his own record time. He establishes communication with this station twice daily on voice and although he is more than half way across his signal is still strong and clear.

Unfortunately staff changes are still frequent and appear to occur just whenever an operator has settled down and fully mastered the many intricacies of commercial working. RS Matthews, ex *Lion*, now appears to be safely enconced, and we say farewell to RS Haines who will be shortly joining *Falmouth*.

Before signing off I remind all operators who can read morse well, sent by operators of any nationality, and who can send good morse and handle all types of commercial traffic, that a first class billet awaits you here.—R.T.H.



H.M.S. Devonshire firing Sea Slug.

H.M.S. MAURITIUS

by RS R. C. Day

The island of Mauritius is about the size of Surrey, and peopled by mixed races, none indigenous. The climate is sub-tropical. It has been a British Colony since the Napoleonic wars, and French is still spoken, although English is the official language. Today it is the home of our most modern Shore Wireless Station, H.M.S. *Mauritius*. As many Communicators may expect to find themselves drafted here, the following notes may be of some interest.

Arrival

Planes from Nairobi land at Plaisance Airport. All inoculations must be up to date; the health authorities insist upon an immediate jab if they are not. If you bring in a radio receiver, the customs require you to obtain a licence. This is arranged by the Master-at-Arms and costs you 14 rupees annually; one rupee being 1/6.



Ratings Married Quarters.

Accommodation (Unaccompanied)

Accommodation is very good. CPO's and PO's have individual cabins, each with running hot and cold water. Junior rates are in dormitories of six or less. Both senior and junior rates have mess boys who clean cabins, make beds and bring morning tea. The service costs senior rates 20 rupees monthly, and juniors pay 12. Wardrobes are fitted with heaters to protect clothing from moulds and fungus.

Married Quarters

With certain reservations, married quarters are of a high standard. Floors are Marley tiled, and the all-electric kitchens include refrigerators. Most wives do their own cooking, and a maid does the cleaning. The maid's wages are deducted from pay, whether or not you have one. Each block has four flats, two up and two down, some with two bedrooms and some with three. The fitted wardrobes are heated. The rooms are rather small, and families with small children may find an upstairs flat a bit difficult. The rent is 30/- a week for all rates. Officers live in bungalows on another site.

The roster for married quarters is based on the

date of leaving U.K. and the number of children in the family. If these are equal, length of service is the deciding factor. Senior and Junior rates have separate rosters, but in both cases waiting time in the next two years is likely to be long, and to offset this, private hirings are allowed. These are expensive, and must be vetted by the Medical Officer before being approved. Sanitation and resistance to cyclonic winds are important. For both unaccompanied and R.A. members, the Comcen is only five minute's walk.

The Comcen

The Comcen is a long rectangular building joined at one end by a short passage to the Admin. block. A passage runs almost the entire length. On one side is 'Strad Hall' and EDC, and on the other the Fixed Service room, System Control and the Ship Room. There are new No. 12 teleprinters, CHA receivers, lamp indicated circuit state panels, and also a conveyor belt system to and from the routing bays to transmit (B/C) and receive (S/S) bays. It has daylight from small fixed windows high in the wall, and air conditioning, and is generally a clean and pleasant place in which to work.

T.A.R.E.

In the Fixed Service room there is a control console. A press of a switch gives visual indication of traffic state. It will be eventually operated by the RS of the Watch. 'Strad Hall' contains most of the wiring for this equipment. Any deviation from procedure laid down in S14/62 results in the RSOW having a busy time. Errors made before the prosign *de* slow traffic flow immediately, as they are not accepted, even if corrected in the final instructions.

Duties

There is a MAA, Leading Patrolman and a Leading Seaman, so Communicators are employed only within the Comcen, on communication duties.



A Ship-Shore Bay.



Fixed Service Bays.

mainly watchkeeping. Since 28th February 1962 *Mauritius* has taken over the functions of Ceylon West. Strad should commence operating in July, when the functions of the station will be divided into three, viz:—

- (a) Automatic Primary Tape Relay Station within the Strategic Network.
- (b) A Shore Wireless Station within the Commonwealth Network, and Broadcast Control Station serving areas Victor and Three.
- (c) Terminal Station for Fixed Services not connected to Strad (contact Fixed Services).

Junior rates can expect to find themselves employed on normal duties, except ship-shore, which is manned by Mauritian operators, and senior rates will man Strad.

Recreation

Both senior and junior rates have excellent messes with open air porticos. Each mess has its own bar. Dances and other social functions are held in Trafalgar Hall, which is very spacious, and though fully fitted as a cinema has no fixed seating, which makes it adaptable. Two films are shown twice a week, leaving Saturdays and Sundays free. Whist drives and tombola are regular weekly features. There is also an Admiralty Social Club, run by civilians. Officers, CPO's and PO's are honorary members, the courtesy being reciprocal. Anyone may join, however, if R.A. or invited by an Admiralty member. There is also a leave centre at Le Chaland. Everyone contributes to its upkeep, since at present it does not pay for itself. Its attractions are limited to swimming and freedom from routine.

Sport

There are many recreations available, including soccer, cricket, rugby and hockey, with good opponents in the local clubs. There is a golf course

comparable to a class 'B' course in England. The tennis court is nearly completed, but the swimming pool will not be ready for some time. Badminton is also played. Go-karting is being organised, and for anyone who wants to break his neck, there is an assault course. A leading seaman acts as PTI, and runs a general keep fit campaign (not compulsory). Swimming is popular at a number of excellent beaches. Though there is some coral, on the whole they are good sandy beaches, ideal for children. There is also some sailing.

Shore Entertainments

Apart from swimming, there is next to nothing. Cinemas are poor, and films are in French or Indian. Curepipe, a cool and pleasant little town, offers the best shopping run with Chinese owned shops which provide a variety of 'rabbits'. The capital, Port Louis, is hot and not very attractive.

Transport

Pusser provides RN buses for shopping and swimming trips. Local buses are regular, reliable and cheap, and though I use them I would not take the family in them. There are no passenger trains. The best answer is to own a car. New car prices compare with U.K., between 5,000 to 15,000 rupees. Secondhand cars up to five years old are between 2,000 and 4,000 rupees, and those about ten years old 1,000 rupees (£75). Many people have their own cars, and junior rates seem to prefer the vintage type, an excellent way of combating boredom, though it must be admitted that their car park looks like a knacker's yard.

Mail

Mail in and out is three times weekly, carried regularly by BOAC and Air France. A letter posted here on Tuesday reaches U.K. on Saturday, and one posted in U.K. on Tuesday arrives on Sunday. The postal address is H.M.S. *Mauritius*, c/o G.P.O., London.

Weather and Cyclones

Wet, drizzly, cloudy days are common. In 1961 it rained on 284 days out of the 365. Day temperature is warm, but at night it becomes chilly. April was pleasant, rather like a U.K. summer, but the first week of May has been a little colder. June and July are nippy. The cyclone season is from September to May, when the weather is variable, rain one day and sunshine the next. When a cyclone is in the vicinity it is cloudy, wet and depressing. The danger from cyclones lies in the gusts of high wind, which may reach more than 100 miles an hour. Everyone should read the Standing Orders on Cyclone Routine, which contain, amongst other things, sensible precautions for families.

'L' Branch

As Mauritius W/T is an electrician's nightmare, or paradise, depending on the point of view, they may be given mention in a Communicator's magazine. The total 'L' Branch per watch is 20, whilst the Communicators muster 15 (U.K. only). There are four Lieutenants (L) as watchkeeping

officers in the Comcen, known as Duty Service Engineers (D.S.E.). They operate from the System Control Room. There are no watchkeeping Communication officers, the liaison being between the D.S.E. and the RSOW.

Summary

Mauritius is still in the development stage. Inside and outside the Comcen there is much to be done, which will take a long time. Strad, EDC, SSB and the activation of the Malta and Canberra circuits will bring benefits which will be felt throughout the Commonwealth World Wide Strategic Network.

CAPE WIRELESS

by CRS W. E. Bailey

By the end of July Cape Wireless will have been in Youngsfield for one year. No one can deny that the move from Slangkop was a wise one, as the facts and figures show that there has been a steady increase in the volume of traffic handled and an increase in the efficiency with which this traffic has been dealt. One notable factor is the increase in RATT availability, both in and out, on FX 11.

In the commercial field, earnest endeavours have been made by all concerned to provide our colleagues in the Merchant Marine with an efficient and co-operative service. These efforts are gradually proving their worth, judging by the number of merchant ships which now avail themselves of our services. Even the elusive and proud Union-Castle ships are beginning to find that there is a naval station in South Africa and are starting to work ZSJ more frequently, as opposed to rigidly sticking to ZSC when South of the equator.

The experience gained in commercial message handling during the many years that Cape Wireless was working side-by-side with South African Post Office operators and supervisory staff at Slangkop proved to be invaluable when Cape Wireless became an entirely separate organisation upon moving to Youngsfield, and was instrumental in enabling a smooth change over from part civilian, part naval to full naval control of the Merchant Ships' long distance organisation for Area 2 and 2A.

With comparatively few naval ships in our area, it is natural that the majority of traffic handled by Cape Wireless should be commercial. However, this station is always keen to extend a helping hand to warships in areas other than our own by ZOE's and QSP's. We do notice that there are still the 'snobs' of the Communications fraternity (carriers please note) who decline our offers of assistance and prefer to continue calling the station originally chosen. This defeats the whole object of the Commonwealth Ship-Shore Organisation. Passing via Cape Wireless is, surely, preferable to spending an hour or two trying to get in the queue for the more popular stations.

The manpower of Cape Wireless is at present undergoing a gradual transition from R.N. to S.A.N. For a number of years our friends in the S.A.N. have been represented in the staff of Cape

Wireless, but of late R.N. ratings have been returning to U.K. without relief and the number of S.A.N. ratings has been, and is being, correspondingly increased. At the moment, Cape Wireless is still under R.N. control and will remain so until around mid-1964 when control will be handed over to the S.A.N. It is anticipated that there will still be a small staff of R.N. Communicators after mid-1964 to look after the communications of C-in-C S.A.S.A., so all you Communicators hoping for an *Afrikaner* draft need not give up hope entirely, although your chances will be somewhat reduced.

By the time this article is in print the present S.A.S.A. station F.C.O., Lieut. Cdr. Dykes, will have left us for U.K. and will be donning a 'bowler hat'. All at Cape Wireless wish him a happy and successful future.



UNDER FOUR FLAGS

Signalman S. Price, J32588, recalls a time in December, 1918, when *Hercules*, flagship of the Fourth Battle Squadron, wore four Admiral's flags at once. This was when she took an Allied Commission headed by a British, American, French and Italian Admirals to Germany to supervise the carrying out of the terms of the armistice after World War I. (Can you recall any unusual event during your career? Ed.)

SUMMER COMPETITION PRIZE WINNERS

Three prizes have been awarded as follows:—
Two guineas to RS M. J. Mathews, H.M.S. Cook, for 'Amateur Radio in the Pacific'—Page 109.
Two guineas to RS R. C. Day, H.M.S. Mauritius for 'H.M.S. Mauritius'—Page 80.
One guinea to CRS C. H. Holding, H.M.S. Dolphin, for 'The Submarine Service'—Page 68.
Editorial Note.—No cartoon or photographic prizes awarded in this edition. See page 128 for Christmas competitions.

H.M.S. JAGUAR

by CY B. A. Davies

Our introduction to the South Atlantic station came by way of five weeks Exercise 'Capex', but this proved rather tame after the rigours of a recently completed work-up at Portland. Enough has already been written about our first West African cruise when we were honoured to form part of the Royal Escort for H.M. the Queen's visit. On our second journey in that direction, we visited some of the ex-French Colonies—seven bob for a small beer and four-and-six for a 'coke'! Purely as a 'black cat' to *Leopard* we would like to mention that on our way back from the latter cruise we carried out a highly successful (five by five) radio telephone call between the ship and a subscriber in Capetown via Capetown Radio, a distance of 3,100 miles, using our 603.

In March we carried C-in-C S.A.S.A. to Mauritius for the commissioning ceremony of the W/T Station. This proved to be quite a memorable visit, despite the very determined efforts of a lady called Lucy (hurricane type!), and the hospitality of our shoregoing counterparts was much appreciated. After a quick 'run round' on the intricacies of STRAD we began to wonder if we were not better off at sea after all!

One of the most interesting aspects of our commission so far was the small, but vital, part we played at the launch of the first British satellite, U.K.1 or 'Ariel' as it has since been called. After *Protector* had made a fruitless trip to the tracking zone (the

Thor Delta rocket carrying the satellite developed a fault just prior to the first attempted launch), we had all her special tracking and recording equipment transferred to us at Simonstown. With two scientists embarked we sailed to take up a position to the West of Tristan da Cunha, directly beneath the expected trajectory of the satellite. The barrels of 'X' gun served a most useful purpose in supporting the special VHF aerial for the tracking equipment, which, when rigged, looked like a super TV aerial; in fact one rather unenlightened dockyard matey thought we were going to try to pick up the cup final on B.B.C.!

Our main task was to track the satellite and record certain variables during the period immediately after it parted from the Thor Delta launch rocket; these variables give vital information as to the functioning, correct or otherwise, of the satellite. For up-to-date information on the launching process we were in voice communication with the U.S. Atlantic Missile Range station on the island of Ascension which relayed instructions and eventually the count-down from Cape Canaveral. The first count-down ended in anti-climax as the rocket failed to 'lift off' (which clot forgot to light the blue paper?), but an hour later, after the tension of another count-down, the launch was successful. The satellite was first acquired 24 minutes after 'lift off' and was tracked for approximately 12 minutes initially, and then again as its subsequent orbits brought it overhead whilst we were returning to the Cape of Good Hope.

H.M.S. BERMUDA

by Lieutenant P. A. Williams

Under the title 'Names make News' the HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH wrote, "Hamilton and Bermuda for Hamilton and Bermuda". This referred to the forthcoming official visit of Vice-Admiral J. G. Hamilton, in his flagship *Bermuda* to Hamilton, the capital of the colony of Bermuda.

After a short spell at the dockyard at Ireland Island to clean up and to get to know our Canadian counterparts, we sallied forth to take part in exercise "Wintex", our role being that of a raider. Having a reporter on board from the 'Mid-Ocean newsagency' we really were not very surprised to read in the MID-OCEAN NEWS that, "Creaky old *Bermuda* had outwitted and sunk the entire Canadian Fleet".

Back to Ireland Island after this for a couple of days final spit and polish, and then on to Hamilton to return the Silver Bell and Silver Bugles which the colony had presented to the ship (together with many other expensive items) some years ago, and to present the colony with a memento of its name ship.

A short but impressive ceremony held on the quarterdeck culminated in the Captain, Captain M. G. R. Lumby, D.S.O., D.S.C., asking the Speaker of the Bermuda Parliament, Sir John Cox, to accept, for safe keeping, the Bell and Bugles until another *Bermuda* has the opportunity to have them, and also to accept on behalf of the Colony the Ship's



Satellite Tracking Aerial.

wheel, which bore a suitable inscription. Of course it was not the wheel we were using at the time, much to the disappointment of the Ship's Company. Sir John made a suitable reply and was warmly applauded by the many notable Bermudians who were present.

Parties, tours, fishing trips, dances—all were lavished on the entire Ship's Company. Hospitality was on a scale never before experienced by most of the Ship's Company, and the time too short for all to be crammed in. First, Middle and part of the Morning, every night and not a single drip... a most marvellous and memorable experience.

The entire visit was an outstanding success and one long to be remembered, but for me, the most poignant memory is of the people, wishing us Bon Voyage, the Army Boys with their band and their cheering, the flag salutes of all those private citizens as we steamed out, and the final gun salute; for these things were not done because they had to be, they were done because the people liked us. It filled me with pride in my Service, my ship and my shipmates, an experience to be remembered when many others are forgotten.

H.M.S. LONDONDERRY

We were a brand new ship when we commissioned at Cowes, July, 1960, and as soon as they could, Their Lords Commissioners sent us to sea. After we had been sorted out at Portland, we proceeded on a series of trials with *Verulam*, and H.M. S/M's *Artemis* and *Grampus*, visiting the Canaries, Azores and certain Med. ports.

After a spot of leave, there was a visit to our adopted town, Londonderry, to get introduced, so to speak, into the art of drinking Guinness, and to visit shirt factories full of pretty Irish colleens. From 'Derry we proceeded northwards in company with *Ark Royal* for cold weather trials up the Davis Straits, before taking a trip to New York, where we proceeded up an 'ice flow strewn' Hudson River to take in the delights of this lofty city.

That completed our home leg (yes, home leg) and then, before we knew where we were, we were in Bermuda flying the flag of S.N.O.W.I. The next month was spent down the Islands. Usual stuff,



The *Bianca C.*



Londonderry Banyan Party

Jamaica, Trinidad, the St.s., and Barbados (which was judged by many to be the best run). Lots of rum, and fun, before returning to Ireland Island, Bermuda, and a dicky refit (self type) before starting out on our States side trip.

We were lucky on this occasion we were doing the West Coast run visiting Panama (U.S.N.B. Rodman), Acapulco, Salina Cruz, San Diego, Esquimalt (R.C.N. Base at Victoria), Vancouver, Monterey (stand in for *Puma*), Long Beach (which includes Los Angeles, Hollywood, Disneyland, film stars, and lots of grippos), San Diego again, Salina Cruz (to be fair this was only a refuelling stop) and Puerto Corinto. Thence proceeding again through the Panama stopping to meet by now our 'old oppos' at Rodman. Well how about that for a cruise? To continue: next to follow was Curacao, Trinidad, British Guiana, Martinique, and then on to the last port of call of that cruise, Puerto Rico, where a bit of unexpected excitement awaited us in the form of the sinking Italian liner *Bianca 'C'*, which had had a fire on board off the Grenadines. Actually she was sinking smack bang in the entrance of the busy little port of St. Georges, Grenada. We got tow lines across, but to no avail. We even tried beaching her, but tragically before our very eyes all that salvage money sank gracefully and quietly just a couple of miles off our port bow.

Bermuda again for a short rest, then off to assist in the mopping-up of hurricane 'Hattie' with our sister ship of the Squadron, *Troubridge*, at Belize, British Honduras and Stann Creek. *Vidal* was also about somewhere, but unfortunately we never had the pleasure of meeting her, although we did loan her some of our RO's who, by all reports, were very pleased with the air conditioning, and dining hall type facilities with which she is equipped.

Next on the list was the Special Squadron run down South America, a most enjoyable run it was too. The two ports which come to mind as being the 'mostest' are Buenos Aires and Valparaíso (nuffed if you have ever had the pleasure of visiting it).

All too soon though (who is kidding who?) we parted company with that excellent collection of

ships and went our own way back to the Islands, banyans, Mount Gay, jump-ups and Lt.-Cdr. Straker's signals.

Well, May 1962 did come round and it was off to Merrie Olde Englands, where we are now residing in No. 14 dock, getting all duffed up and looking forward to all those quiet shoreside numbers the Navigating Officer promised us.

H.M.S. TROUBRIDGE

After a pleasant stay in Bermuda, 22nd January found us under way heading for Nassau, our first island stop on this first cruise of 1962.

We had hardly cleared the harbour when a signal was received indicating that Guatemala was invading British Honduras. We increased speed and headed for Key West to fuel. After a very busy night trying to gather more information, the news was finally confirmed that the invading hordes were fully a dozen strong, and that the local police force had dealt with them very effectively. We heaved a sigh of relief and turned sharp left into Nassau, where we spent a very relaxing few days.

The next port of call was Jamaica, and here at last we were able to liaise directly with the H.Q. of the Army in the Caribbean, and straighten out many of our communication problems. On leaving Jamaica we continued south, and rendezvoused with *Lion*, *Londonderry* and *Dunkirk* off Catagena for exercises en route to Puerto Rico. A week later, alone once more, we found our way to Tortola and from there continued our way south to Montserrat. It was here that the first rumbles of trouble in British Guiana reached us.

By 15th February the rumble became a roar, and we sailed with all despatch for British Guiana.

Meanwhile, the Dartmouth Squadron was enjoying a training cruise in the southern Caribbean area, *Wizard* was ordered to sail from Barbados to rendezvous with *Troubridge* 20 miles offshore from Georgetown. The situation ashore deteriorated rapidly, and the decision was made for the two ships to enter harbour. Evidence that all was not well became increasingly apparent as we drew nearer; large fires were observed and several large explosions heard. Once alongside, our landing parties joined with local forces in an effort to establish order and stop looting, arson and violence.

Communicationswise we took guard for all shore authorities on arrival, but the flow of traffic was soon far too great for our resources and after a hurried inter-staff conference, it was agreed that *Troubridge* should be the receiving ship and *Wizard* the transmitting ship. On the following day the pressure all round was relieved by the arrival of *Urchin* (F.17) and *Vigilant*.

With all this additional help, the situation ashore began to come under control, the threatened strikes of water and electricity supplies were averted, the fires put out, this at great risk to the firemen, as they were being fired upon occasionally and their hoses sabotaged. The looting and violence virtually

ceased once the streets had armed patrols, and a very tense calm settled over the town. It was maintained while the political haggling went on for some days, but finally the situation eased to such an extent as to allow the Dartmouth Squadron to continue their cruise. The inter-ship teamwork on the communications front kept the very heavy traffic flowing. Incidentally, in those nine hectic days, we saved the Foreign Office a cool £2,480 6s. in telegrams by passing Government traffic over our naval system.

During our second cruise *Londonderry* twisted her way homeward. With blaring music and straw hats she went off into the dusk, and we lost a very amiable companion. *Rocket* soon appeared on the scene to fill in the time until *Ulster* was ready to take station.

The islands were quiet, the politicians slept; surely this would be a quiet cruise. . . . The Danish tanker *Anglo Maersk* caught fire north of Barbados. *Troubridge* being rather low on fuel had to proceed to Trinidad, but *Rocket* was despatched to do the job. How she got on with the fire I leave her to tell, and resume from when we arrived on the scene next day. The tanker master flatly refused to be taken in tow by either ship and insisted on waiting for a Dutch tug; the fire was barely out and she was lying deep in the water with engine room and several other compartments flooded. Several times the master was asked to reconsider his decision, the danger of the tanker's position being obvious. Finally accepting his refusal, *Troubridge* continued on her way and *Rocket* was left to keep an eye on things. The tug finally arrived and *Rocket* proceeded to join us at Antigua. It could not have been two days later when we got the news that the tanker had sunk, luckily with no loss of life.

We are now alongside in Bermuda, enjoying farewell dances and socials before proceeding on our last cruise 'down the islands'. We hope to be in Portsmouth in July. The year has been eventful, sometimes too eventful, but there is a certain amount of satisfaction in doing the job.

R.C.



F.O.S.T. COMCEN— PORTLAND W/T

H.M.S. *Basilisk*'s figure-head at the Main Gate of Portland Naval Base has as its motto 'Noli Irritare'. A local savant assures us it means 'Do not irritate me'. Communicators who have known the rigours of work up here may, we think, have found themselves echoing those sentiments at some stage of their seven weeks with us. We dare to hope they bear us no malice and trust they have found our ministrations and criticisms of some little benefit, subsequently, in their commissions.

Our naval staff changes are frequent, but C.N.D. invariably provides reliefs timed to the day to fit in F.S.L., P.C.T.'s and turnovers, etc., for our draftees. Portland evidently rates rather higher on drafting preference cards than one might expect.

Younger Communicators who have left *Ganges* during the past two years will meet again their former S.C.O., Lieutenant Commander Dickens, (now S.C.O. to F.O.S.T.), if they work-up here during the next 18 months. We welcome him, along with other newcomers, CCY Carter, CRS Ridgley, CY Plumb and LTO Browne.

H.M.S. ASHANTI

by LRO G. W. Bray

They call the *Ashanti* a frigate of the Tribal Class. At the moment, we *are* the Tribal Class. As far as conditions go on board we are a frigate in name only. It is a little difficult to explain really what it is like on here, but if you can stretch your imagination and visualise a two funnelled frigate with a dining hall, stabilizers and a flight deck then you are getting warm. There is a strong buzz going around that she started off as a liner. We have so many little refinements lavished on us that the list would take the whole page. However, one really worth mentioning is the A.T.M.M. (automatic tea making machine). This amazing gadget is situated in the dining hall and whenever you feel like a 'cuppa' all you have to do is grab the nearest cup and plunge it under the spout and presto! . . . out comes tea!

In the communications department once again

the designers have had a field day. The actual layout of the M.W.O/M.S.O. is excellent; there is plenty of room, and it is about the only ship I have been in so far where the R.I.C. can see all that is going on without having to get up. He does not even have to turn his head! We have the usual equipment peculiar to most frigates with one unfortunate exception. The office is so well laid out that they decided there was room for the Telephone Exchange (note for future ships of this class), so instead of the sparkers having their usual loaf in harbour we have to work, just like the buntings always have! The bridge is a signalman's delight, or so I am told by the habitués. It is covered in, of course, and with a good view aft.

Where are we now? This can be dispensed with in two seconds and three words! Oggie! Oggie! Oggie! Say no more. Now where we have been takes a little longer. The story begins in the distant foggy reaches of the Clyde, when a lone grey ship crept slowly out of harbour on her acceptance trials. That same morning a momentous pipe was heard. "This is the Captain speaking. I have now accepted the ship". After a few days of successful trials we broke down, and a lone grey ship was seen creeping back into harbour again! But as I said before all new ships have these teething troubles and now I am glad to say they have all been ironed out and we are almost a fighting unit. To get back to the beginning again. After a few weeks up in Scotland we began our travels. A week's holiday was enjoyed by all in Gibraltar and the younger members of the staff had their first taste of Malaga.

That brings you up to date on our activities. We are now looking forward to commissioning for G.S.C. in July, a visit to London and our tropical trials in the West Indies.

H.M.S. AISNE

The ship completed an extensive conversion programme early this year and commissioned on 2nd March. We are now engaged on the Home portion of a 24 month G.S.C., having been prevented from joining *Corunna* at the head of the 7th D.S. in our role as Radar picket.



H.M.S. *Ashanti*.



H.M.S. Asine.

To date we have been nowhere and done nothing of note operationally, our main preoccupation being the inevitable trials that accompany a major refit. We were, however, fortunate enough to witness the firing of our own Seacat missile, a fearsome spectacle that did much to boost our faith in the Western defence system.

One incident drew everyone from their beds, and inspired us all with thoughts of salvage money, occurred at the beginning of June. Imagine the placid seascape, the lapping water and the gentle moan of the punkah-louvres—a vision that was shattered by the appearance of three red flares soaring into the night sky; a vessel in distress. Dead-ahead we spotted a small French trawler emblazoned with lights proceeding on a dubious zig-zag course at a speed of about seven knots. As we approached her, a boat was lowered and an interpreter was sent across to investigate. We sat with bated breath, fully expecting to see the boat return with a dozen or more exhausted fishermen, cold, hungry and panic-stricken, yet smiling their gratitude for such a timely deliverance.

The minutes ticked by, and eventually the sea-boat emerged from the darkness. We saw no fishermen, no cases of acute appendicitis, no drunken maniac, only the same seaboat's crew, the same interpreter, the same sick-bay 'tiffy', the same bunting hugging his 615, and . . . yes—a French crab!

How were we to know that the trawler was trying to contact her companion which had drifted away into the night? And with distress flares to boot. We told them not to do it again and the skipper gave a crab for the Captain's dinner as a token of apology.

It is hoped that you will drop round and see us sometime; you will be impressed with our layout, for we are blessed with the most modern facilities—bunks, infra-red heaters in the galley and so forth (at least that is what the *Portsmouth Evening News* said), and the bedstead aerial on the foremost is a boon to the hapless soul who finds himself lost in the dockyard.

H.M.S. BRIGHTON

The staff consists of an RS, LRO + 4 RO's, CY, LTO + 4 TO's and 3 RO (S) plus any additional juniors C.N.D. may care to send us for training. Surprisingly enough, even with all this staff, we have sometimes been hard pressed to carry out all required of us.

Brighton was built by Yarrows in Glasgow and commissioned on 28th September, 1961. On January 6th we arrived at Portland for the 'work up'. To a ship, newly commissioned, the term 'work up' produced gloom and despondency, but we found at the end, despite some awful weather, that things had not been as bad as expected. We left Portland very much wiser and feeling much happier in our ability to get things done. Many thanks to the staff at Portland.

We paid a five-day visit to Cherbourg on completion of our work up, where a good time was had. Immediately on completion of this visit, and flying the flag of C-in-C Plymouth, we paid an official visit to Den Helder.

Since Easter leave, taken early, we have had plenty of sea time, with operational calls at Santa Cruz, Tenerife and a self maintenance period in Gibraltar. We are now engaged in exercising in the Clyde.

Our future programme entails an official visit to Brighton, Summer leave and the foreign part of our G.S.C. Who knows? We may even meet up with the rest of our squadron.

H.M.S. BRINKLEY

by TO2 Harrison and RO2 Brown

Some say that *Brinkley* (a strange craft to far-flung Communicators) is an elite draft. *Brinkley* is, in fact, an Inshore Minesweeper Type 3, but do not let the word 'inshore' confuse you. The bloke who named the class had a good sense of humour, as the contortions of these vessels in rough weather remind you of 'Ena' the corkscrew. If you fancy the idea of wearing foul weather gear in the Wireless Office this is the draft for you—doubly so, if you are not in the habit of washing.

Seriously though, the Inshores are a good number if you are blessed with guts of steel. So all you merry men in shore stations, get the pen out and fill in your drafting preference cards now.

The programme for the future, including participation in various exercises, will take in the Isle of Man, Northern Ireland and the Western Isles of Scotland, so do not delay, join now, my lucky lads.

We took part in Exercise 'Lincoln Poacher', Grimsby being our 'running' base. Communication-wise it was rather hectic for sparks. I do not think he had seen so much crypto in his naval career. N.O.I.C. Humber seemed to be under the impression we carried about 40,000 sparkers. Apart from the hard work put in, Grimsby was enjoyed by all. The name may not be glamorous, but the fleshpots are numerous.

We will be nipping down to Portland in June

for Exercise "Peter Davey", so no doubt the flesh-pots of Weymouth will be echoing to the shout, "What ships, mate?" "Hard ships, boy, hard ships!"

Final note: anybody calling *Brinkley* on C.C.N in roughers do not worry if unable to contact. We will be reading Submarine Broadcast.

100th M.S.S.

Consisting of *Lewiston* (MS 100), *Yarnton*, *Upton*, *Wiston* and *Wolverton*, this busy Squadron of little ships operates out of Port Edgar. Its prime duty is operational minesweeping, but it also puts in some trials time, trying out new ideas for sweep arrangements, gear, etc.

Though the Firth of Forth is our normal stamping ground, our runs ashore are not entirely haunted by odd legged haggis. At time of writing, the Squadron is making ready to depart for a North Scottish visit, thence to Weymouth Bay for exercise "Peter Davey". Later this term, a trip to Norway and Germany is expected, whilst we occasionally 'drop in' to a number of small coastal towns in this country for a day or two here and there.

Communications are not too rugged, though watchkeeping on the V/S side can get a bit hectic. On the W/T side, many hearts have been broken on ship-shore when no answer is forthcoming. Curious things happen to the broadcast too when it rains, as the whip bases are apt to earth themselves at the first sign of a shower!

Still, we struggle through, because these problems are small compared with the Squadron's major bugbear which comes under the general heading of Comms. i.e. The Telly! Reception of the one-eyed monster has never been really good in Port Edgar, but now they have started building this new road bridge in earnest very nearly across our berths, things have got a little out of hand. All the self-styled boffins on Ae's have pitted their wits at this problem but to no avail. The most impressive Yagis have sprung up. Things like dan buoy radar reflectors, 10-inch signalling lanterns, bofors barrels and even a straight connection to the guard rails have been tied in turn. They all worked for a time too! The best all-round results have come from a lash up with the 86M Ae, which is in any case excellent at sea.

R.S.

H.M.S. CORUNNA

At the time of writing we are in the final throes of our Portland work-up, keeping our fingers crossed, and hoping that we know the right answers at the right time. Though we have had a fair amount of work to do on the work-up (watch on, stop on more often than not, relaxing to two watches occasionally and even four watches for a few short periods) we have learned a lot. Although we have cursed occasionally, no doubt we shall acknowledge that it was worth it.

One really heartfelt vote of thanks goes from the staff to the radio refit team at Rosyth dockyard. Our headaches have been few and slight.

Our future programme is rather fluid, but we do know that we are guard ship for Clyde week and that we will be joining up with our squadron (7th D.S.) in the late Summer.

Imagine the submarine sparker's amazement at hearing the following on Tac. Pri.:

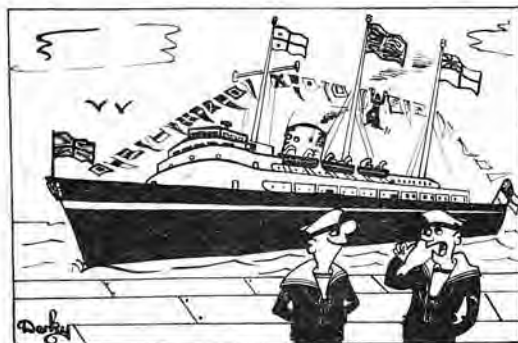
From *Corunna*: "Dive to periscope depth" (then break-in by unidentified Dartmouth Squadroneer). "Formation one!"

Demanded from Jack Dusty—one three-inch screwdriver. Arrived—one thirteen-inch screwdriver. Moral—write your demands out in one-syllable words.

H.M.Y. BRITANNIA

As *Britannia's* movements are always well publicised it is not intended to go into detail of her comings and goings. The general outline was that during the latter months of 1961, H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited West Africa, including Ghana, Sierra Leone, the Gambia, Liberia and Senegal. As always, on a cruise of this nature, *Britannia* frequently wore numerous arrays of standards and flags. Two outstanding events were on 20th November she wore the "Personal Flag of H.M. The Queen", and at Freetown on 25th November the "Personal Standard of H.M. the Queen to Sierra Leone", both for the first time in *Britannia*. It had been announced in December, 1960, that H.M. the Queen had decided to adopt a new personal standard of distinctive design for use on special occasions only.

On Saturday, 2nd December, 1961, whilst *Britannia* was at sea en route for Bathurst (the Gambia), Flag Officer Royal Yachts, Vice-Admiral Peter Dawnay, was knighted by H.M. the Queen and received the K.C.V.O. Communicators will no doubt remember Vice Admiral Sir Peter Dawnay when he was Captain of *Mercury*. The visit to West Africa was the last cruise with Vice-Admiral Dawnay in command and on Thursday, 25th January, his flag was struck in *Britannia*. We all join in wishing him a pleasant retirement. The new F.O.R.Y., Rear-Admiral J. C. C. Henley, hoisted his flag in *Nurton* at colours on 25th January and transferred it to *Britannia* at colours on the following day.



"It looks as if the yacht has a new bunting on board".

February and March for *Britannia* with the Princess Royal, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Corps of Signals, on a tour of the Mediterranean visiting military bases. During our stay at Tobruk the opportunity was afforded to visit the War Graves and it was gratifying to observe how well these are being preserved. Propagation conditions in the Mediterranean were not at their best during this cruise, and this led to several frustrating periods. Due to rough weather delayed and premature sailings were quite a regular occurrence.

After the 'bumpy' Mediterranean cruise, *Britannia* sailed from Portsmouth for Plymouth on Wednesday, 25th April to embark H.M. the Queen Mother to visit the Scillies. Here may be worth mentioning that *Britannia* had a VHF telephone link with the Scillies through Land's End, communications 'commercial' throughout.

Britannia at the moment is resting on the bottom of 13 dock, having a face lift. The next item on the agenda is a visit to Plymouth and Dartmouth with H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh followed by the annual visit to Cowes, this year being the centenary, and a cruise to the Western Isles.

CINCNORTH—AFNORTH— AFNE OSLO

CINCNORTH. Who the h...l is he anyway?

'He' is a British General (Sir Harold Pyman) and 'He' is the Commander-in-Chief, Northern Europe Command, short title CINCNORTH. 'His' Headquarters is Allied Forces North short title AFNORTH. (The title Allied Forces Northern Europe is not now used.)

To help him 'He' has a posse of Generals, a couple of Air Generals, an Admiral, and a staff of over 100 officers of various Services and nations. 'He' commands all the NATO forces north of Hamburg.

The communications for this staff are provided by a Signals Support Unit commanded by a Major in the Royal Corps of Signals, second in Command is a Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C). There are about 200 in the unit, 1/3rd U.S., 1/3rd U.K. and 1/3rd Danish / Norwegians. These are split again into Navy, Army and Air Force men and women! So that you may find the ComCentre manned by: A British CY in charge, a Norwegian WRAC sergeant, 2nd I.C., a RAF

corporal, a Danish sailor, and a U.S. Air Force man. The language used is English (not Esperanto).

The Royal Navy contribution to the Signal Support consists of: 1 Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C), 1 CCY, 2 CY's, 1 LTO, 1 CRS, 2 LRO's, 1 CRE, 1 LREM, 1 PO Wren.

The Communication Centre is in an underground bunker and maintains communication by land lines, microwave links and Forward Scatter links to all Headquarters in the Command and to SHAPE at Paris.

The Signal Division of CINCNORTH's Staff is headed by a Royal Navy Captain and twenty officers are mixed up in the same way as the Signals Support Unit. There is one Lt. Cdr. (C), a 2/0 WRNS (Ce), 2 USN, 2 USAF, 2 USA, 1 NOA, 2 DAA, etc., etc.

This strange mixture of nationalities and Services all work together very well and happily so that the standard of communication is good—and if you like the outdoor life (ski-ing, boating, fishing, etc.) then AFNORTH—Oslo is the place to be.

H.M.S. SEA EAGLE

Now that the First Seaward Defence Squadron has departed for Barrow to pay off into reserves Londonderry is not quite the same place. Although we have had a week or two of glorious Summer, the weather is now back to normal! This was an advantage when the lounge of the NAAFI canteen was burned to the ground on Whit weekend.

The 20th Frigate Squadron has at last put in an appearance and we have had visits from H.M.C.S. *Crescent* and some minesweepers, but over the leave period—which we had to give in three whack, because we are so underborne in Wrens—we just had our favourites, the submarines. We never



The Comcen Ski Meeting.

closed. It was *Oberon's* who won the hearts of the Wren Tels.

The Summer term is gearing up now and we look forward to seeing the new leader *Yarmouth*. The male contingent in the W/T office increases steadily until we are now knee deep in Irishmen. Some people get their preferential areas! But in spite of this we have never been up to complement in Wrens for more than a year and the situation grows more desperate with every leave, as the Wrens come back engaged, and two more have recently left us on marriage. We wish Leading Wren Hewitt and Wren Down the very best for the future.

A welcome visitor was the Director of the W.R.N.S., Commandant Jean Davies, who is, of course, a Signal Officer. Fortunately the watch-keeping roster did not have to be changed as she came when it was a lady watch anyway—bar a few light blue chaps bashing away to Shackletons and pinnaces.

Exports of Guinness from Dublin to Scotland are certain to increase soon as we wave farewell to CRS Greene who is bound for Lossiemouth. We welcome CRS Simpson who is coming in from the *Protector*. Indeed we welcome anyone.

HAIL TO PROGRESS

A to K of yester year to nine seven eight and Buccaneer
Flags galore but flags no more,
And not a whirl of semaphore.

"Lickers and Tubbers" to rise and dip

Main roof spread to slender whip.

Aux Wave slick to dead pan RATT,

LF skeds to Broadcast pat.

The old 4T to SSB

B40 not the old 2C.

O.D. Sparks to RO3,

CRS not CPO 'T'.

AS plus and not a 'Q',

R's first time are much too few.

But all be said it is quite true—

We still can get the message through. B.C.O.2

COMMODORE NAVAL DRAFTING

Contrary to popular belief, this billet is not a 'cushy number' staffed by hand-picked Communicators. Our complement consists of a CCY, a CY, 4 LTO's and 8 TO2's and ratings in those categories can volunteer to come here, or in fact, need not even volunteer; they can be, and are, drafted here in the normal course of their Port Service. It is an ideal opportunity for LTO's and TO2's to gain practical experience in A/T and to brush up on their Basic Keyboard operation. The M.S.O. is in operation 24 hours a day, 365 days a year and handles a considerable amount of traffic.

Because the Office of the Commodore, Naval Drafting is an office and not a Naval Establishment in the strict sense, there is no accommodation in the building, except for the Duty Watch, and consequently everyone has to live in digs, at home (if

close enough), or, if married, in hirings as they become available. Also, as the staff of C.N.D. includes a number of Civil Servants, there is no strictly-run Naval routine, which means, of course, there is little supervision and consequently, the staff are very much on their honour to behave and keep out of the 'rattle'. In the unfortunate case of someone becoming a 'naughty boy' the first thing which happens is a quick draft chit, as there are no facilities for punishment routine. So, for the benefit of those who may be thinking of volunteering, remember that to remain when once you have been selected, you must 'keep your nose clean'.

It might be a good idea at this point to stress that the M.S.O. is in no way connected with any of the Drafting Sections, other than to handle their signal traffic, and consequently any queries such as, "Where do I stand for Foreign?" etc., will bear no fruit. (We on the staff do not even know where we stand, believe it or not!) So please go through the proper channels if you want any information on drafting and save us the unnecessary trouble of explaining this on the telephone.



"If I let him reduce to 8 words per minute I'd be broke, Guv".

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Illustrations:

RO1 Warner, page 107.

Lt. M. Ellis, pages 90, 93.

L. Wilkins, Esq., pages 77, 82, 98, 123.

J.T.O. B. Smith, page 99.

Photograph:

Leicester Mercury, C.S.R. Humphris,
page 70.

Short Story:

Jack Eaton, page 100.

THE GIRL WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE JOIN THE NAVY



(Associated British Film Corporation)

Denise Warren who makes her film debut in "We Joined The Navy".

MALTA COMCEN

In answer to that now all-too-familiar-cry from the Editor "More articles *please*", we once more write to you from deep in the heart of Malta. From the 'moles' our greetings; to those about to join us—do not forget your dark glasses, the sunlight is strong out there.

Since our last article we have been knocked about a bit, and if you do not believe that you can get a quart into a pint pot come and visit us. We will prove it. We struggle along despite the hammering and banging, and to show that we do progress, in the last three months we have blossomed forth into a full (24 hours—no Class C nonsense!) RATT Ship-Shore station—though from the number of calls we get, the Fleet are not completely convinced yet.

The Communicators' Ball, held in the Phoenicia Hotel this year, was an unqualified success; a most notable feature of the decorations was a floral replica of the Signal School crest.

In the field of sport, the Comcen were runners-up in *Phoenicia's* inter-part athletics, but from our position in the inter-part cricket league, at the time of writing, I doubt if we shall reach such an exalted position in that sport.

To end on a funny note—two exchanges which passed through our hands:

From F.O.M. To H.M.S. . . .

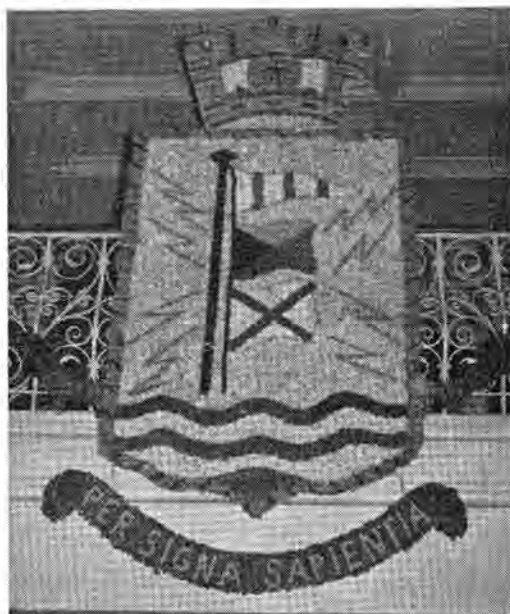
What type of transport is required?

From H.M.S. . . . To F.O.M.

Your . . . One unicorn.

And from a very exacting carrier:

Control this is Hotel. You are weak and unreadable. Strength one point five.



Floral Crest.

H.M.S. AUSONIA

It seems but a few months ago that we reported in these columns the transfer of the Mediterranean submarine and minesweeper command from *Forth* to *Narvik*. *Narvik* became quite a familiar landmark in Msida creek, surrounded by her brood. However, whilst a small empire was being built up in Msida, the long arm of economy began to reach out towards the mighty ex-Cunarder, *Ausonia*, berthed just around the corner in Lazaretto. By merging the two facilities under one command, and dispensing with *Narvik*, a saving of the complement of one destroyer has been made. A merger not without some sadness on both sides though; the *Ausonia* team were ticking with Fleet repair efficiency, whilst we in *Narvik* believe we had the operational running of the smaller fleet units well under control.

What better, then to marry the two, giving the operational team more space and the repair and maintenance people more scope to practice their skills on our 'sweeper and submarines'? So, after many months of parry and thrust, buzz and counter buzz, *Narvik* came alongside *Ausonia* on 28th May, and commenced to discharge just about everything and everyone into her.

Communications, we are sure, have benefited greatly by this deal. We have a brand new Comcen in *Ausonia*, worked on by her more extensive Radio Electrical facilities, and incorporating many of the whims and wants learned by experience from *Narvik*. Needless to say, with our Captain's S.M.S. and COMSUBMED hats, we have managed to deluge the ship with pink signals. So far our captain has not yet adopted the style of Captain. Submarines, Minesweepers, and Fleet Repair, Mediterranean (CAPSUBMINFLEREPMED?), but doubtless this *could* occur!

H.M.S. APHRODITE

The end of a commission is always a sad moment. Paying off a ship into reserve or for scrapping is even sadder. It is in this frame of mind your contributor writes of the passing of the 'Stone Frigate' *Aphrodite*.

What has been achieved by this small outpost of the Navy? The author can only cover the past 21 months by personal contact and much must be left unsaid. With the Suez crisis, Cyprus patrol and the many minor Near East crises, Communicators had filled a vital role but now the pressure is off. Slowly, remorselessly the numbers were whittled down until only 15 remained. Forgive us if that which follows sounds a trifle boastful, but this small contingent still produced results that were the envy of the other Services. Our availability figures were far higher than our other Service contemporaries and each and every day our assistance was sought in clearing their traffic.

In the sporting line the picture is not so rosy. At cricket we managed to occupy a permanent position at the foot of the table. Our consolation was this accolade which appeared in the final report, "It was always a pleasure to play *Aphrodite*, who although



beaten week after week, always turned out and played in the true sporting spirit". Our hockey team finished 4th from bottom. TO2 Griggs has had a crew cut to hide the grey hairs resulting from trying to find eleven players each week. This poses the problem of what is wrong with the modern youngster as four of the almost ever-present (one the S.C.A.) totalled 160 years between them. The second season of football provided our most rewarding sporting activity, and only the strong N.E.A.F. team finished above us. Here a word of praise for RS Clayton whose timely arrival to star at centre-half rejuvenated the side. Praise too for RO2 Lealman, a most promising goalkeeper.

The 'Aphrodite Club' has been written of in earlier editions of our magazine but some mention must be made in this, our final contribution. Always a success, entirely as a result of voluntary effort, the club finally disbanded after 22 months of operating.

The closing of *Aphrodite* also marks the last full commission of CCY Noble. *Mercury Chiefs'* Mess please note his consumption has not diminished with the years so look to the 'Scrumpy' stocks. Farewell 'Young Bunts'. Good hunting in civvy street.

To future ships visiting Cyprus we say "Mourn not the passing of GQW for our RAF and Army friends remain to assure you of a warm welcome".

Our last signal prior to final closure is worthy of note for Captain Broome's memoirs. It was for Duty Officer, Malta, from Duty Officer, Cyprus, and read "Commodore's broad pendant struck. *Aphrodite* sinking fast—GLUG, GLUG".



Staff photograph routine.

7th D.S.

After a rather hectic home leg of our G.S.C. we arrived on the Mediterranean station on 31st March, soon after Exercise "Dawn Breeze". On our way to Malta we made a restful visit to Malaga. Some of the more adventurous Communicators sped north through the Sierras to Granada and sampled the old Moorish architecture of Alhambra. In Malaga we were lucky to have with us embarked from Gibraltar the band of the Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry who played magnificently in the town centre, and alongside the floodlit ships, whilst we carried out an impressive ceremonial sunset. From Malaga we sailed for Malta and arrived as reliefs for the 5th D.S. Later we visited Corfu for cricket week. Our visit was extremely enjoyable and many Communicators took the opportunity to carry out some outward bound activities around the coastal areas as well as across the island, and through the beautiful, hilly terrain. We were sorry to leave such a lovely and friendly island. We returned to the Malta exercise areas until we sailed with units of the Mediterranean Fleet to our present port of call—Barcelona.

H.M.S. LOWESTOFT

Since leaving the U.K. in March we have had a number of 'showing the flag' visits including Taranto, Athens, Civitavecchia (Rome), Barcelona and Palma, not forgetting Malta (What has happened to the Gut?), and Gibraltar. To help make it look as if we did do something in the Med. we took part in "MEDASWEX 48" and "CENTEX".

While on our short 'cruise' of the Med. the 'grippos' came to the fore. The CY has been awarded a black sash with two knots for his success at this art, closely followed by the RS and LTO who still have to gain their second knot. No doubt this will be accomplished in the very near future.

By the time this is in print we will be in the land of the calypso and steel band, waiting for our return to Chatham for a quick spot of leave before plough-

ing the ocean once again. One of our hoped-for visits in the late summer is our name port.

OPERATION VENUS (DE MILOS)

by CY Picken

In April we found ourselves on an Economy Cruise of the Aegean, by courtesy of the 'Grey Funnel Line'.

While at one of those desolate Greek islands a signal was received from Captain 'F' informing us that an Exercise "Earthquake" had 'quaked' in Milos and we were to proceed with despatch and render every assistance possible. That was not too difficult as we were in Milos Bay anyway, but the assistance proved to be a more difficult task. As a result of the signal we picked up our pick and dropped it again about two miles away.

It fell to my lot to establish a King-sized Milos Comcen on top of the local Ben Nevis. Our day ashore, two Tactical and two Radio type pack mules and myself, started with the pipe at 0630 'Signal Station Party muster on the Quarterdeck'. We were the second wave ashore, preceded only by the Beachmaster and his crew. By the time we, and half the ship's radio and visual equipment were in the whaler only six inches of freeboard remained, and we had a damp trip to our assigned beach.

On arrival at the 'jetty' . . . ? Ha! rocks! So we did a Royal Marines, 'Up the cliffs, GO'. In half an hour all our gear was ashore, and loaded like Sherpas, we were on our way up Ben Nevis. The first job on arrival at the summit was to establish communications with the ship on our major W/T set (622). Leaving one Radio Sherpa 2nd Class to do this the remainder of us descended to gather the remaining equipment.

Our next task was to erect a Greek edition of the Shotley Mast and hoist an appropriate (but unprintable) signal to let all ships know our position. Later we tried to raise the ship by heliograph (using mess tins) but had to resort to an Aldis in the end. Field telephones were rigged by the ship's landing party and an electric light appeared on the end of a long lead. To switch it off, we had to go to the main camp, 200 feet below, and plunge the whole area into darkness.

The main part of the banyan took place at night, and we settled down shivering around our mast to await the infiltrating insurgents who were trying to blow it and us to kingdom come with their home made pea bombs.

We were then allowed to kip for the rest of the night, and being experts at living off the land we commandeered an old building but unbeknown to us our companions for the night were some mules. I wondered why we were shunned in the morning at breakfast. Something was said about a *distinctive* odour and B.O.P.O.

Although we only spent 28 hours ashore it seemed like weeks, and for my part, very enjoyable weeks at that.



Wrens exped. to Gozo.

H.M. S/M TIPTOE

by LRO D. Whitton

Tiptoe commissioned on 15th December, 1960 in Devonport, for service with the 5th Submarine Division, in Malta, and shortly we should become the sole remaining member! *Talent* and *Sea Devil* are due to return to the U.K. this year, leaving *Totem* (in refit) and *Tiptoe* (doing all the running again!). Fortunately, *Thermopylae* is due out in mid '62.

Since commissioning, we have had a fairly easy, if busy, life in the communications world. From Devonport to Faslane for our running-up period, and trials, thence to Portsmouth for leave, and finally to Malta, via Gibraltar. During our three-day stay in Gib. we found F.O. Gib's staff as helpful and attractive (female) as ever. Notwithstanding the fact that Submariners tend to be looked upon as 'uncouth', we were even allowed in the Comcen on a few occasions. On then, to Malta, to be greeted by *Narvik* and large heaps of hand messages, which were thrown aside into a corner until the 'Missus and Kids' arrived. Once we settled in, however, we were up to our eyes in work, and exercises.

We have now visited Trieste, Ancona, Leghorn, Aranci Bay, Haifa, Rhodes, Cyprus, and at present are working with the Greek Navy in Suda Bay, Crete and have earned a week-end in Athens, on completion. The Greeks are amongst the friendliest Navies in the world. Even on the air, we find ourselves refusing (or accepting!) invitations to a run ashore for a 'beer drink'. One thing is very sure. They speak English much better than we speak Greek. This end of the Med. of course has its related Ship/Shore problems, which can be frustrating when trying to clear a surfacing signal, but so far all's well.

Before wrapping up this our first and, most likely, last letter to THE COMMUNICATOR, we would like to say a big "Thanks, matey" to the staffs of *Lion*, *Ausonia* and *Blake* who in turn have acted as our hosts and Depot Ships. We just have not the amount of equipment you think we have, so please try not to ask too much of us, though mind you, the labour

problem is O.K. as we reckon any submariner is worth at least a dozen G.S. or eighteen F.A.A. ratings! Also, many thanks to *Narvik*, our much revered, but little seen, Depot Ship. We reckon she is the only Depot Ship in the R.N. to realise that she is there for our convenience and not vice versa!

Anyone with not enough to do? Well, I suggest you come and join us for a while. No doubt, besides being a sparker, you will be passage sweeper, signalman, postman, attack log artist, and a few other things. Then, in your WORKING hours, you can . . . Ah, well! Enough is enough.

MEDFOBA AT CORFU



Let it be known from the start, this form of entertainment had never appealed to us before, as we were always under the impression that only the fittest would survive. We were proved totally wrong.

We set off from *Broadsword* in the harbour of Corfu at about nine o'clock on Tuesday, 8th June. Our primary aim was to get away from the routine of the ship for a couple of days and, we did just that. Fortunately, we had no potential 'Barbara Moores' in our party which consisted of LTO Harris, LRO (S) Bevan, LME Daly, L/Ck. Pointon and RO2 Lister who, incidentally, was taken along purely as a 'pack-mule'. Our pace would have done justice to any self-respecting snail, and we were quite happy to rest when we felt tired, and ramble when we felt energetic. Our aim was to cross the island by the shortest route, and find a suitable camp on the other side. Alas, our Navigator proved to be hopeless, and what should have taken us a couple of hours, took practically all day. If nothing else it gave us an excellent chance to meet the local inhabitants (who, incidentally, proved to be very friendly), and to sample the various wines. A strange thing about the wine . . . the further we got away from the actual town of Corfu, the cheaper it became. When we started off it was priced at 45 drachmae a bottle; at our destination, it had gone down to the ridiculous price of 6 drachmae. Primarily, that is why we picked our final site at Benitses. Benitses is a very small fishing village, and afforded excellent surrounding for a camp, plus first class facilities for outdoor activities. We spent two

glorious days there. The only complaint from the party was that we did not have long enough.

Of course, like all well organised camps, we had a set routine to comply with, which included 1100 breakfast; 1200 muster on the beach to swim; 1205 Duty hand muster at the wine shop for fuel; 1400 muster at the camping site (crash), etc.

The end of our two day visit started very early, as our bus back to Corfu left at 7 a.m. but we made it, with whole seconds to spare! After such a wonderful time, we have definitely been converted to 'Medfoba Maniacs', and I shall take every opportunity to go on any further excursions. We advise you to do the same.

R.F.A. FORT ROSALIE

by LTO J. Jackson

If all the personnel in the Royal Navy Communication Branch were to be put down as blobs on a chart, the *Fort Rosalie* staff would be the minute speck of dust you see in the bottom right-hand corner—all two of us (or three, if you count the R.F.A. sparker who sometimes lends a hand).

However, far from being short-handed, LRO (Benny) Lee, Radio Officer McSweeney and myself have quite an easy time of it, apart from periods of hectic activity and much pulling out of hair (what little we have left), when the Med. Fleet descends on us in one big heap, demanding ammunition.

Then, of course, we have to stow away our dart-board, deck-chairs and Dennis Wheatley's, pay off the deck-chair attendant (the Chief Officer) and start working, and I mean work. For instance, it is not every bunting who has to grow adept at pulling down Flag Romeo with one hand and hoist black balls with the other, while he is trying to read, write down and receipt for a light signal from a ship on the other side of the fleet! This is the bunting's side. LRO Lee sometimes has a job convincing the Radio Officer that Royal Naval procedure is all the rage in the wireless world these days, but we are both convinced that, come the end of the commission, he will have been persuaded to resign only to sample real rum for a change. However, I am wandering from the beaten track. These infrequent days of work do not mar the enjoyment of the cruises to various parts of the Med., of which we in the Med. Fleet Pool have had our fair share, including Naples, Gib., Valencia, Ajaccio, Leghorn, Athens and the present jaunt across to Barcelona and Palma, and Majorca.

The three of us work DOP's on 'MR' broadcast, which pans out very nicely with plenty of 'all nights in' for all. We do not have an official M.S.O. on board but the Pusser's Wireless Office suits the purpose admirably.

Going back to family life, we mess in with three armament bods, with a Chinese messman, Lo Sam, in attendance. Lo Sam also shakes us in the late forenoon with cups of tea, and cuts our hair every four months or so, free of charge, so he is, of course, a great friend of ours.

We have had our share of funny experiences, of course, but one conversation on a voice net sticks in my twisted mind:—

R.F.A.: "Sierra Oscar, this is Whiskey Quebec, how do you hear me? Over."

Senior Officer: "This is Sierra Oscar, loud and clear. Service. Am still waiting for you to collect two-day-old hand messages. Over."

R.F.A.: "This is Whiskey Quebec. And I am still waiting to arrive at Naples. Out."

SINGLE SIDEBAND AT SEA

This article is taken from a pamphlet entitled "S.S.B. at Sea" produced by Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company Ltd.

Until comparatively recently, the use of single sidebands has to a great extent been confined to the major point-to-point services, but frequency congestion and the undoubted advantages of S.S.B. operation have led to an increasing demand for its wider use. S.S.B. operations are now being introduced into maritime communications with apparatus of advanced design for shipborne use.

Major Innovations

Two major innovations of outstanding value, broadband amplification and frequency synthesis, have been incorporated in this apparatus. The introduction of these features provides a degree of flexibility of installation and operation together with simple, rapid and frequency selection never before enjoyed by shipborne HF and MF equipments.

Advantages of S.S.B.

Single sideband operation offers considerable

advantages over conventional D.S.B. working and it may be well to reiterate them here.

MORE EFFECTIVE TRANSMISSION. By suppressing the carrier and one sideband an effective power gain of about four times over a conventional transmitter is achieved.

CLOSER CHANNEL SPACING. Single sideband effects a 50% saving in bandwidth and therefore more services can be operated as compared with conventional D.S.B.

LESS INTERFERENCE. Owing to the narrower bandwidth used, S.S.B. working means less chance of interference and fading.

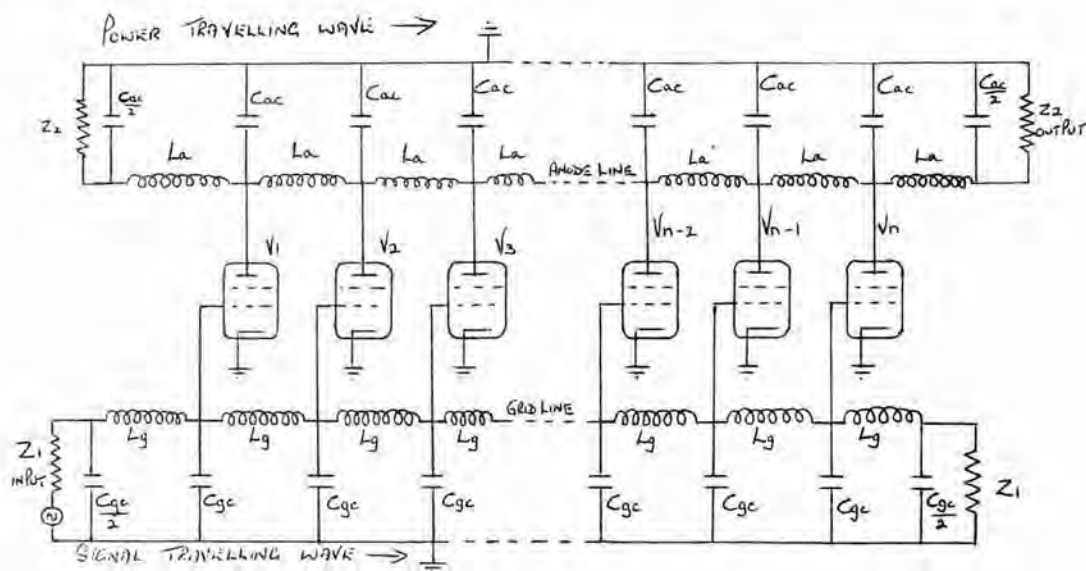
CLEARER SPEECH. S.S.B. working provides greatly improved circuit performances from the point of view of intelligibility of speech.

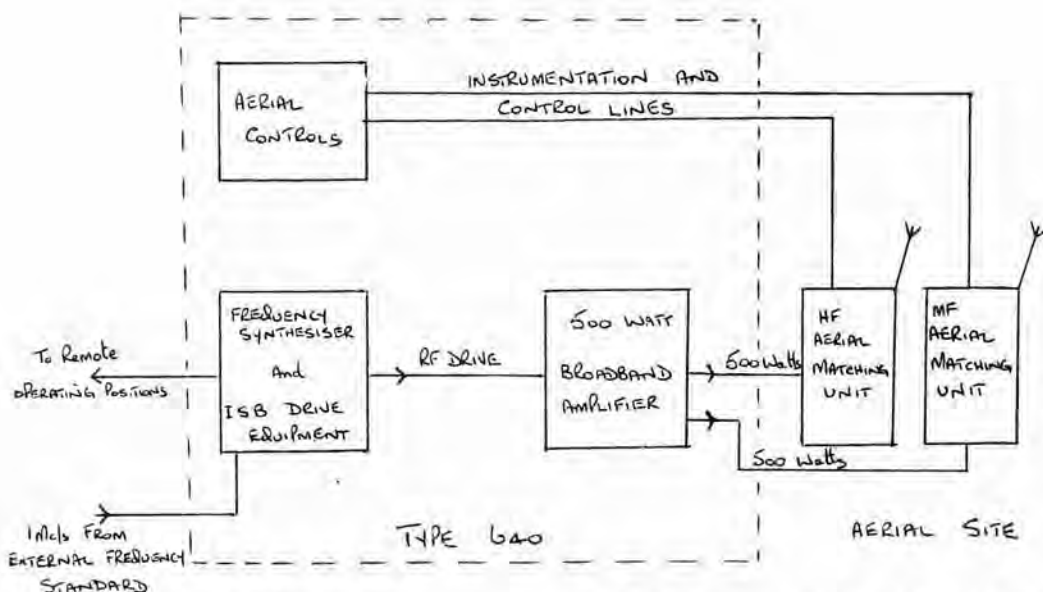
Broadband Amplification

Broadband amplification, especially over a wide range (1.5–24 Mc/s for example) is extremely difficult using conventional circuits, particularly when powers of the order of 1 Kw are required.

A new concept in the form of the distributed amplifier provides the solution. In its simplest form the distributed amplifier consists of two artificial transmission lines of identical characteristics, with a number of amplifying valves arranged between them as shown in the diagram. This form would not, however, give ideal results, but by making the early stages of the amplifier a uniform transmission line followed by a tapered line, the characteristic impedance being such that a constant voltage swing is maintained on each valve of the tapered line, good results are obtained.

Such an amplifier gives some outstanding advantages over conventional types.





- (1) No tuning when changing frequency.
- (2) The complete absence of moving parts makes mechanical failure virtually impossible.
- (3) Extremely high electrical reliability due to multivalve stages used. The failure of any valve (other than through internal short circuit) only results in a small reduction of output.

Frequency Synthesis

To gain the maximum advantages from S.S.B. operation and to provide a service giving the greatest operational versatility, the drive equipment needs to be designed to give an extremely high quality performance.

In Naval applications particularly, it is vital that communications should be as free as possible from all interference. Ordinary S.S.B. operation using reduced pilot carrier goes a long way to achieving this, but any loss of the carrier due to poor propagation conditions can mean that the automatic frequency control of the receiver will not operate, causing a loss of signal.

Equipment has been developed in which the accuracy of setting and the stability of the frequency is such that the pilot carrier can be dispensed with entirely, and full advantage taken of S.S.B. working. By frequency synthesis of an extremely accurate 1 Mc/s drive obtained from a 5 Mc/s crystal oscillator source the whole band from 100 Kc/s to 28 Mc/s can be covered in 100 c/s steps, giving freedom of choice of operating frequency in all circumstances.

Broadband Transmission Systems

Efficient communications require that certain conditions should be fulfilled.

1. Reliable communications under difficult propagation conditions or interference.
2. Complete freedom of choice of operating frequency.
3. Precise frequency setting.
4. Versatile choice of types of signalling employed.
5. The equipment should be capable of remote control.
6. Reliable service and ease of maintenance.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company Ltd. are manufacturing a range of equipment which effectively achieves the above requirements. These equipments are based on the principals of S.S.B. transmission and broadband amplification and they are used to provide a transmission system which is a considerable step forward in Naval communications. The diagram shows the system as applied to the type 640 transmitter. This comprises a fully systemized I.S.B. telegraph and telephony RF drive, a frequency synthesiser, a 500-watt broadband linear amplifier using distributed amplifier techniques and all the controls necessary for comprehensive control of associated aerial matching units, which may be remotely controlled.

The frequency range covers the MF and HF bands from 240 Kc/s to 24 Mc/s in 237,600 steps of 100 c/s. The output may be c.w. or m.c.w. telegraphy (keyed at 30 bauds), D.S.B. telephony or I.S.B. (telephony or voice frequency telegraphy). Provision is made for local control of the transmitter or for remote operation through the normal exchange. Using the I.S.B. facility two remote positions may be operated simultaneously, one on each sideband. One channel only will be used by the R.N.

The whole transmitter is contained in a steel cabinet 5 ft. 4 in. high intended for mounting on shock mounts.

H.M.S. JUFAIR BAHRAIN W/T.

The whole idea of this station now, and in the future, when a partially integrated joint Comcen will be operational, is to provide a forward base for F.O.M.E. (now at Aden). The present staff consists of 1 CRS, 1 CY, 4 LRO's, 10 RO's and 4 TO's, to be supplemented a little when the new Comcen opens, and keeping a watchful eye on all is Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C) J. A. J. Johnson, R.N.

Approximately half the staff are accompanied and three occupy M.Q.'s within the base.

At the present we are a little pushed for staff, with 5 circuits to man and only 1 LRO, 2 RO's and 1 TO in each watch (of course I could always employ Mike Raynham—all he does is wait on the Captain twice a day). Anyhow we manage.

Jufair has been built up and the ship's company has increased twofold during the last 15 months, and there are signs of further increases in the near future. Let us hope that the accommodation will keep in step with the numbers borne.

For those of you who may be drafted here just a few words of 'wisdom'. It is far better to come out without the family and search around for your accommodation. The housing situation is becoming very dicey. Anyone arriving with his family will find that living in the 'Speedbird Hotel' is not an economic proposition.

The climate here takes a little while to 'sink in', but most Europeans thrive on the heat and constant fine weather; personally I would love to see that misty drizzle that we get at times in Devon.

Newcomers are always surprised to see the greenery on the island; in fact there is quite a lot. Date palm plantations abound, and in *Jufair* there is a large vegetable garden which produces a plentiful supply of cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, spring onions, celery, sprouts, etc., from January until March. It is sold at rock bottom prices.

Harking back to accommodation—in *Jufair* all living quarters and offices are air conditioned and working conditions are extremely good. The junior rates have a year old block and are very satisfied with their lot. The senior rates are hoping for better accommodation soon, although the present quarters are not bad, they are not large enough, even with only three permanent *Jufair* senior rates living in. The mess is boosted by transit members and an L.C.T. crew. The three living-in members are the CY (Mike Raynham), a Navy Works storehouseman and yours truly, the CRS (Jan Collier). If there are any intending volunteers, the accompanied commission is two years now; the 'male lonely hearts club' commission remains at 18 months. C.J.C.

H.M.S. LOCH LOMOND

The badge on the funnel seemed out of place on the day we left Pompey . . . a dhow on blue seas. However, on arrival at Aden we had a foretaste of things to come when the temperature and beer consumption soared, and most people got sore in the sun.

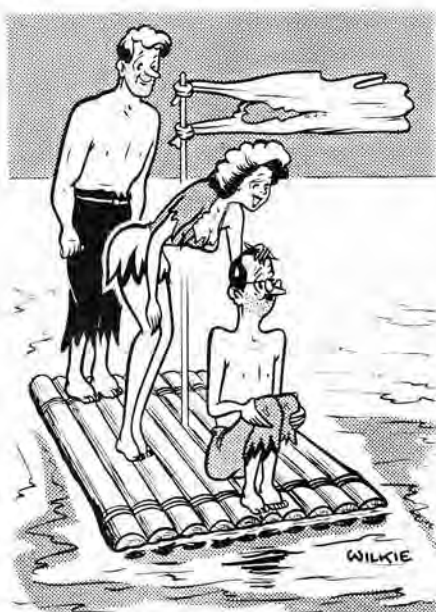
Before we reached Aden we had met *Loch Fyne* towing an I.M.S.—the price of a passage home? We did a transfer with her, after which we were 'lashed up' to a couple of hundredweight of spuds, advice, sympathy and a recital on a bugle until one of our marksmen managed to get a spud up it.

After an exercise with the A.W. Squadron, we spent Christmas at Mena, followed by two more exercises. One of these was spent off Muscat in a small bay, while the R.M.'s trudged along the Muscat coast. A small Naval party went with them including the Yeo., who returned with feet two sizes bigger than when he left the ship.

After Muscat we visited three ports on the Indian coast—Bombay being voted the best run. Several acquaintanceships were struck up there with the local Communicators, who were very helpful during our three week docking period. The majority of the staff spent their free time Riviera style—on their backs in the sun.

After two month's absence from the Gulf we went straight into the usual round of exercises, and patrols which led up to our inspection by S.N.O.P.G. An exercise with the Iranian Navy followed during which the buntings found out that there were flags in the lockers, and they were used extensively and proved that you can still manoeuvre ten ships with them. During a screening exercise one Iranian F.P.B. was evidently experiencing receiver trouble as he made to his Div. Leader "I hear you loud and clear on my transistor radio".

This is the ship's last commission on this station. We leave on 27th July for a cruise before paying off in Singapore early in October.



"It's Saturday evening, aren't you going down for a pint?"

H.M.S. LOCH RUTHVEN

by RO2 Harrison, RO2 Clarke, Cpl. Reay, R.M.

We are sorry we missed the last edition but there is not very much amusing or exciting about a work-up at Portland in Winter. Life on the Middle East Station is the same as ever and Bahrain is hotter than the 'Pinkie' on a Saturday night. Our first visit on this Station was to Mogadishu, capital of Somalia. This was indeed a visit to remember, first of all the whole of the Communication branch was invited to big eats and stacks of drinks, the benevolent person being an ex-R.N. Coder. Alas, we were only there four days but even that short time enabled just about everyone on board to get in at least three banyans. After Mogadishu we had a trip back to Aden for Aden Forces Week which proved very successful. Thence on to the beautiful, enchanting, sun-kissed island of Bahrain, surrounded by gigantic oil tanks looking like something from outer space. After a short stay, off we went to take part in "AWEX6" (amphibious warfare exercise) then back to Bahrain in time to take part in the annual Donkey Derby. Our candidate was Pots, alias the Lone Ranger, who surprised us all by only falling off three times, once with the saddle firmly attached to his rear end. The race was won by RS (Taff) Jones from *Loch Lomond*, who was awarded a cup to mark the occasion. RS Keane did not quite manage to stay the course and was last seen heading in the direction of the PO's canteen.

Then came a fortnight of short but memorable visits to various small coastal towns which included Khor-Kuwai, where we painted the ship's name alongside other names on the cliff face. Next came Charbahar, Lingeh, and Bandar Abbas where the ship's eleven beat the local football champions 4-2. And so back to the Malcolm club where the ship's companies attempted to beat the Middle East all comers' drinking record. If any of you have been to Bahrain in the last five or six years, you would have remembered the new jetty which was in progress of being built. Called Mina Sulman Jetty, it was officially opened by the Sheik of Bahrain on 31st May. We hear an RO3 from *Jufair* was confused by seeing M.S.J. in a signal!

R.N.O. EAST AFRICA

by RS J. Eilbeck

Since the last article a lot of water has passed under and over the bridges round here; namely, the Kenya flood disaster which gave the RS, CY and LRO plenty of work—and I mean plenty. During the period 15th November to 31st December, the three of us handled 3,000 signals. Floods being water, and ships sailing on the same, brought a spate of H.M. Ships to Mombasa. Over Christmas the harbour had more Pusser's than Merchant Ships, eleven in all including *Centaur*, *Plymouth*, *Loch Alvie*, *Owen*, *Striker*, three R.F.A.'s, U.S.S. *Haynsworth* and P.N.S. *Tughrill*.

The departure of the ships saw a drop in the traffic

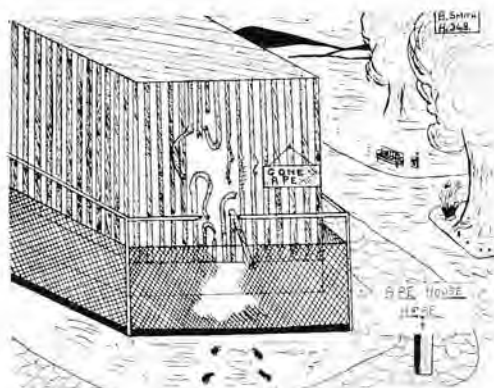
and some rest for the staff. We shall really be on our own after 30th June, 1962, as the Royal East African Navy finishes then. At the moment they are running down and getting rid of all the stores by auction. To see a Navy being auctioned is quite an experience. In fact the RS was looking down the list of lots and saw a valve tester going, and on checking found it was on his permanent loan list from the R.N. side. It was redeemed, but quick.

During the Easter week-end the RS and CY were on duty as control point officers (official title, and we got a certificate to prove it) at Lunga Lunga check point during the 10th East African safari rally. The first rally took place to celebrate the Coronation and since then it has grown and now become the third major rally in the world, and certainly the toughest. The rally is over 3,000 miles of which only 120 are tarmac, the rest very poor farm tracks of murrum (soil) littered with washaways, rocks and dongas (dongas are said to be puddles but one we saw covered the track completely, was five feet wide and three-and-a-half feet deep).

To get to Lunga Lunga at all, 75 miles from Mombasa, a Landrover with a bulldozer is the only vehicle that can be guaranteed to get through. We managed to borrow one from the Army complete with full safari kit (spare everything, tow rope, pick and spade, sacks of brushwood for tyre grips, etc.).

Having set up the check point we went to tour our 27-mile section of pure car hell. The track was pitted and ridged throughout, a few dongas per mile, and the last 15 miles mud, not U.K. mud but thick black and up to 3 ft. deep. To complete our 27-mile section in the 31 minutes allowed, the cars had to average 56 m.p.h. "Easy", say the car enthusiasts. "What B.F. thought this lot up?" said one famed E.A. driver. Out of 106 cars leaving Nairobi, 55 never made it, 6 falling out on our stretch.

Pat Moss in a Saab was the first at our control, with a failing spotlight and a smashed grill. She finished third overall and first in her class. She



would have been first overall but a buck jumped on the bonnet, causing radiator and fan trouble, breaking a hose (which she repaired with a plastic rain hood) and smashing her spotlights which cost her many points. Hazards encountered by other drivers included elephants knocking trees down, or just standing in the track, rhinos jay-walking and even zebras crossing! As a driver said, "To finish is just as great an achievement as winning a European rally".

* * *

Overheard: "John Sana has got to do backward flashing exercises this week, Sir".

Comms. Officer (nameless ex-B.I. & S.N. Co.) "Yeo., what good will reading it backwards do, if he can't read it the normal way?"

Also heard in darkest Africa:

"Pots, get to that Brazilian ship on one of your NATO megawatt things".

H.M.S. DALRYMPLE

We commissioned at Devonport on 19th July, 1961, and were informed that we would be surveying in the Persian Gulf and later be off Cyprus.

Most of us were intent on getting a tan before the winter in the Gulf and were soon to have ample opportunity, as we sailed for our survey ground off the Trucial Coast, at a place called Abu Dhabi. Here we landed a camp party with two survey boats to survey around the town and also chart the coast line. The radio equipment landed consisted of a Type 622 for the camp, and one Type 622 for each boat. LRO Birtwistle was landed to operate the camp, and he built up quite an impressive array. Two bamboo poles were erected 180 feet apart and connected by a single wire joined in the centre by a small glass insulator, effectively making a half wave beam dipole. The 622 was powered by the usual batteries at first, but a petrol generator was induced to provide the power later. This was not without trouble and after cannibalising a second generator, things improved. The results from the set were very good, and ranges of some 350 miles were obtained. It was at this area the S.C.O. was left all night on an island, and failing in his endeavour to contact the ship by morse on a tellurometer, said that no one was listening. He might have been right!

A second party was put ashore with a TCS to watch a tide pole on one of the small islands off the coast and the Yeoman, LTO Anderson, since rated, was left in charge. This left to the RS the unaccustomed task of doing anchors and cables. Who says that opposite subject is unnecessary?

Christmas was spent in Kuwait and made a pleasant change. We left a survey boat there, but no Communicator, the coxswain working the wireless set as required. We then returned to the survey ground. At the end of February, after a brief call at Abu Dhabi to collect the main party, we returned to Kuwait for the boat team, and left the Gulf, having completed 400 square miles of the survey. We arrived at Aden for a ten day paint and clean period

prior to Commodore's inspection in Cyprus. After seeing nothing but sand and only an occasional camel in Bahrein, Aden was like a paradise, and we all made the most of it.

We left Aden on 5th March and steamed up the Red Sea in a small gale and transitted the Canal, arriving at Limassol on the 14th. The Commodore's inspection over, we sailed for the Cyprus survey area, off Cape Andreas. This survey entailed only boat work and ship sounding and no camp party.

As a change from surveying, we paid a short visit to Haifa at the beginning of May and visited places, including Jerusalem and Nazareth and had our first alongside berth of the commission apart from Kuwait.

On our journey home to Devonport for leave and a small refit, we met *Owen* off Malta and carried out a flaghoisting and simple manoeuvring exercise before entering harbour. The 7th D.S. and *Tiptoe* have not yet recovered from seeing two white frigates with yellow funnels steaming through their area in Form One doing Corpens and Turns during the height of an A.S. Attack.



by Jack Eaton.

"Times", said the stranger who was sharing my table in the bar-parlour of the Golden Rivet, "have changed".

I nodded briefly, my mind occupied with other things.

"It's not like it used to be", persisted the stranger, "Everything's changed now. Everything's going to the dogs. The country, the beer, and the Navy. Especially the Navy".

"You sound very indignant", I said. "Why is everything going to the dogs?"

"The Navy is going to the dogs".

"You DID say everything", I reminded him. "Never mind, we'll concentrate on the Navy. How is it going to the dogs?"

"How? I'll tell you how! Did you see that young Sparker in here a minute ago? What do you think he ordered? A grapejuice and tonic water, that's what. Stroll on".

I clicked my tongue sympathetically.

"These new clear submarines and things are all very well", said the stranger, "but it's beer that keeps a Navy going. Once the Navy stops drinking beer it becomes like one of them South American

Navies where there's more Admirals than O.D's. I knew a feller once, Dusty Rhodes—Able Seaman, no badges—who could drink himself stupid and then sober again all in an hour. Poor old Dusty! Whenever there was trouble, he'd be in it. He was a crow".

My face must have betrayed my ignorance of naval parlance.

"Crow", repeated the stranger. "Crow, fowl, pelican. It's all the same. A crow is a Sailor who attracts trouble like a dog attracts fleas. Dusty was never out of it. He was a character all right, but NOT a bad character. There wasn't another man on the old *Insufferable* who knew more about seamanship than he did, and when it came to Muster Bags, Dusty had the neatest layout in the ship. Let him get ashore, though, and he was a different man. He belonged to the Senior Service and was ready and willing to prove it to any passing Pongo or Brylcream Boy".

"Well", continued the stranger, "the time I'm telling you about, the *Insufferable* was in Malta, and we were due for Admiral's Inspection the next day. The whole ship had been in a panic for a week getting scrubbed and polished. One of the most hated things about Admiral's Inspection was the old routine of his nibs picking out a bod here and there, and saying 'Hammock' or 'Bag'. That meant that the unlucky characters selected had to muster their Bags or Hammocks on the upper deck, and Gawd help those who had anything missing. Our Skipper, who knew the Old Boy very well, used to take the precaution of sending all Liverpool ratings on leave on these occasions.

"On the night before Inspection me and Dusty decided on a quiet run to the old Klondyke in Floriana. I've been out of the Navy a few years now and I don't know if the Klondyke is still there, but in my day it was the number one place for sorrow-drowning. It was a sort of super pub with a band and lots of foreign judies dancing and singing.

"When we got to the Klondyke there was a big German blonde singing 'Tiptoe through ze Tulleeps mit me'. Dusty nudged me as we sat down.

"I'd feel sorry for any tulips SHE tiptoed through", he said, waving a greeting to Wacker Payne and Slinger Woods, who were seated at the next table. "Hey, waiter: two crushed tulips".

"Sair?" queried the humorless Maltese barman.

"Two Youngers, chop-chop", said Dusty.

"Even a German blonde has to finish singing some time, and in accordance with the custom of the house she looked around for victims. She selected me and Dusty.

"You like my song, sailor?" she asked, easing her fat beam into a vacant chair.

"Smashing!" said Dusty. "Sing it again".

The Fraulein preened.

"For you alone I vill de song sing again", she said. "But first, can I der drink have?"

"Sure you can have a drink. Have anything you

like. Have the best in the place".

"The waiter brought her a glass of something pale green and then hung around the table.

"All right, Joe, beat it", said Dusty. "We'll call you if we want anything".

"But the waiter was rooted."

"The lady's drink, sair?" he said.

"What about it?" asked Dusty.

"Two shillings, please. You said the lady could have a drink".

"So she can. She can drink the place dry if she wants to. But I didn't say I'd pay for it".

"The blonde couldn't believe her ears, but when she realised what was happening she upped with her handbag and fetched Dusty a clout that set his teeth rattling. The waiter seconded the motion by clobbering me with his tray. Slinger and Wacker at the next table didn't know what was going on, but they DID know that the honour of the Andrew was at stake and that a couple of shipmates were being assaulted, so they sailed into a couple of Marines who happened to be passing.

"In those days—before the Navy went to the dogs—news of a fight spread rapid, and before you could say 'Up Spirits', every Matelot in the area had reached the Klondyke. Before that fight ended, Mister, I counted the First Battle Squadron, the Third Cruiser Squadron, and the Fourth Destroyer Flotilla all on our side. On the other side were half the Marines of the Med. Fleet, a platoon of the Black Watch, and Blondie.

"Things were really warming up when some kill-joy sent for the Patrol".

"Come on, Dusty", I said. "The Patrol's coming".

"Where's me cap?" groaned Dusty.

"Never mind your perishing cap. D'you want to spend the rest of the night in the jug? Let's get out of here".

"We dragged him, still grumbling about his cap, into a gharri and drove to Charlie Zammit's—Clean Beds—where we battened down for the night."

"Charlie woke us at six with a cup of tea. I leaned over and tapped Dusty on one of his bruises. Wakey, wakey. Lash up and stow", I said. "Smack it about, Dusty, we've got to be onboard by seven".

"He dragged himself to the mirror and surveyed his head. It had more lumps than a plate of Pusser's burgoon."

"Where's me cap?" he said.

"The last time I saw your cap the blonde singer was clobbering a Scottish corporal with it", said Wacker. "I don't suppose there's anything left of it now".

"Dusty groaned".

"I've got to find me cap", he said. "It's Admiral's Inspection to-day. Where's me cap?"

An idea formed in my mind.

"Take it easy, Dusty", I said. "I've got a spare *Insufferable* cap-ribbon in my ditty-box. I'll see you through".

"Cap-ribbon? I can't go to Divisions with a cap-ribbon tied round me head. I've got to have a cap".

"But I was already halfway into the next room where a bunch of seven-bell leave men from the *Ramillies* were snoring their heads off. I took a cap from a chair by one of the beds, and gave it to Dusty.

We got aboard all right, Dusty holding his head down so that the Officer-of-the-Watch wouldn't notice his ribbonless cap. We were cleaning ready for Divisions when the Divisional Officer came to the messdeck".

"Last minute instructions, men", he said. "Pay attention. All divisions except the Foretop will take off their caps at Inspection. Foretop will keep their caps on. Make sure your chinstays are in order".

"Dusty glanced inside his looted cap".

"Just my luck", he groaned. "No chinstay. How the..."

At that moment the bugle sounded.

"Quick, Dusty", I said. "Take the tape from your No. 3 jumper and tie it on top of your head".

"He grabbed the tape, centred it under his chin and tied the ends between the bumps on his head. He then put his cap on and looked as smart a Seaman Gunner as ever paraded for Inspection".

"Everything would have been all right but the Divisional Officer let us down. He got into a flap when the Admiral reached us, and forgot his orders".

"Foretop Division, Shun!" he yelled. "OFF CAPS".

"Poor old Dusty tried hard to grab the tape as he took off his cap, but he missed. There he was, first man of the front rank, bareheaded except for a length of blue tape that circled his chin and ended in a knot on top of his head".

"The Admiral gazed unbelievably at the strange spectacle. For a moment he was speechless, then came the explosion".

"Captain!" he yelled. "Commander! Look at this. Look at it, I say. I've been forty years in the Navy and I've never seen the like before. Look at it all of you. A perfect example of the Blackwall Hitch. Splice the mainbrace. Make and Mend for the whole Ship's Company".



H.M.S. TAMAR



View from the Office Block.

At long last we moved into the new *Tamar*. The evolution of moving was mainly carried out by twenty lorry loads of Gurkhas. We were allowed a month to settle down before the new *Tamar* was officially opened by the Fourth Sea Lord, Vice Admiral Villiers.

The C.R.R. is still far away from us up the hill in H.Q.B.F. with the Army. There have been transport difficulties, but the 'tilly' still manages to make it up Garden Road.

The new married quarters should be ready by the end of the year. They are sited on the Hongkong side overlooking the Racecourse and tenants on the upper floors should be able to run a book from the balcony.



The Office Block and Wardroom.

H.M.S. TIGER

After docking in Devonport, we sailed for Singapore in late March, stopping at Gibraltar to paint ship in fine weather, and at Aden. Opportunity was taken on passage to gain experience in the running of a FSK Fixed Service. Contact was maintained with Mauritius from 200 miles west of Malta until entering the Malacca Straits. A 'thank you' to Mauritius W/T for three weeks without broadcast and ship/shore worries. Not to be outdone, the buntings topped the 'ton' in communicating with merchant ships on passage.

From Singapore we sailed for Hongkong and a brand new *Tamar*. On to Korea and Japan, visiting such places as Tokyo, Nagoya and Sasebo.

At the beginning of July, F.O.2. F.E.S. will transfer his flag from *Ark Royal* to *Tiger* and we wait for that day with bated breath. Are we really going to have a staff at last? So far we have been a flagship with a cruiser's staff on so many occasions.

H.M.S. DAMPIER

After two excellent articles by *Vidal* and *Cook* in the last COMMUNICATOR we have decided that we ourselves are lagging behind and that it is time a contribution was received from us. Perhaps it is thoughts of reliefs approaching that is at the back of our minds, and a fond hope that this article will substitute for a turn-over.

First a few words about survey ships in general. There are five survey ships manned by the R.N. employed in various parts of the world and five smaller vessels working around U.K. A survey vessel is easily recognised by her white hull with a black line, white superstructure and buff funnel. These are the international colours for survey ships of all nations. At first sight the ship appears to be loaded down with boats of various types. We carry three 29 foot survey boats, each fitted with echo sounders and type 622 portables, one motor cutter which can be fitted out for surveying, a 16 foot motor boat for odd jobs and in addition two surf boats, two dories and two dinghies. If you are keen on going away in boats there are usually plenty of opportunities at weekends.

The communication staff is laid down as 1 RS, 1 LRO, 2 RO's, 1 LTO and 1 TO. At the time of writing the W/T staff is 1 CRS, 1 LRO, and 2 RO's so it looks as if we shall soon be arguing as to which LRO will scrub out. Communications kept are normally SOP's on the broadcast and constant watch on boat wave, which is manned all the time the boats are away from the ship. This is normally 12 hours a day so the SOP's are not the loaf they appear to be. The office is usually manned 18 hours a day.

When the ship recommissioned last July her first job was at Darval Bay on the East coast of North Borneo. Here the new crew had their first taste of the Navy that is said to be different. Before surveying started 45 marks had to be erected for ship and boat fixing, using sextants. The comms. staff soon found



Getting damp from *Dampier*.

themselves climbing hills through virgin jungle with a 615 on one shoulder and a felling axe or six foot crosscut on the other. Before the mark was erected and made visible from sea level a large area of jungle had to be cleared, some trees being three feet thick through the trunk and over a hundred feet high. LRO Hulley climbed Mount Tinnabalu (2,035 ft.) in company with TO Burton, and RO Flynn climbed Mount Gaia (1,540 ft.). They carried 615's and the inevitable axe or saw. The TO's party who should have had a 16 hour trip, got benighted on the way down, having lost their way in dense bamboo, and spent the night sitting on a rock in the middle of a mountain stream. They said they were not really scared, but there are some weird noises in the jungle at night. It was remarked that the breakfast they had on their return was the best ever. Perhaps it was coincidence, but the Supply Officer made the trip as well.

Once the marks were up, surveying started in earnest, with three boats away each day doing the inshore work and coastlining, while the ship did the remainder. Surveying was carried out Monday to Friday during daylight hours, but sunset does not mean the end of a working day for a lot of people in survey ships. The boats have to be hoisted on their return and there is inevitably some maintenance work to be done to get them ready for the next day. After supper the Chartroom becomes a hive of activity, with the Hydrographic Officers and

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Survey Recorders busy transferring the day's sounding on the main chart. On completion, this chart is checked and all data transferred to a fair chart which is sent to the Hydrographic Office at Admiralty. From a layman's point of view a fair chart is a work of art, and anyone who has a chance to see one should not miss the opportunity.

After Darval Bay the ship returned to Singapore for three weeks when we had our C-in-C's inspection. On 6th December we sailed for Penang to survey the N.W. approaches. This survey was the most pleasant so far, as the ship was able to go into Penang every weekend and a most enjoyable ten days was had by all over Christmas and New Year.

On completion of the Penang survey we returned to Singapore for a three month refit; the ship's company lived in *Terror* and enjoyed a spell of tropical routine. To-morrow we arrive at Hong Kong, where we are staying for approximately two months, to start a survey which is going to be spread periodically over the next four or five years. The advance party join us in Singapore early October and can look forward to more work in Darval Bay. The ship recommissions in December.

H.M.S. COOK

by RS M. J. Matthews

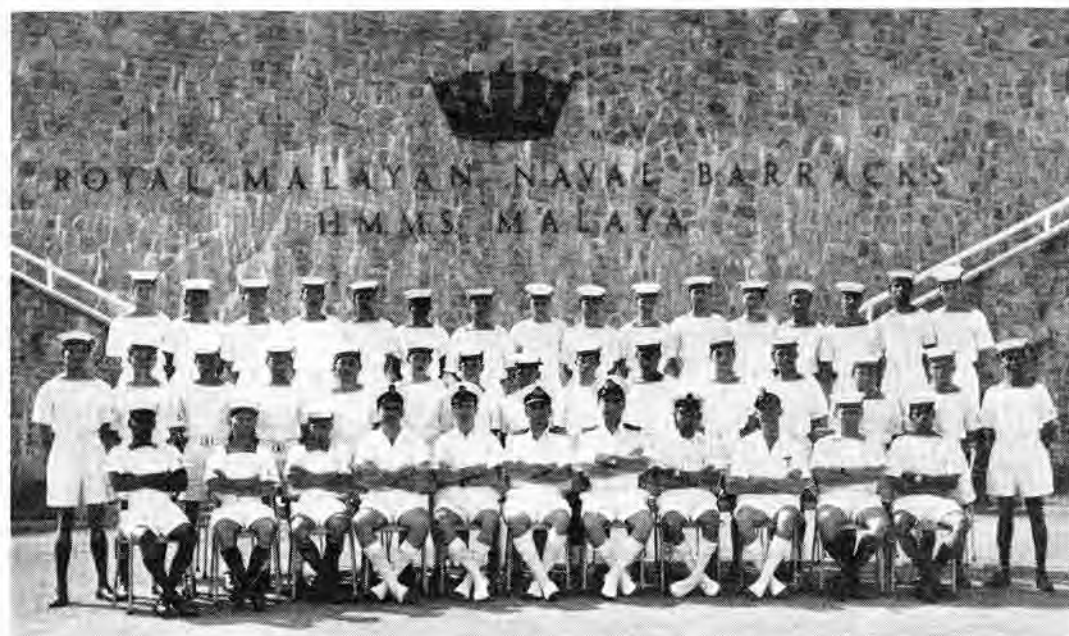
Like all good things, the present commission of H.M. Survey Ship *Cook* is drawing to a close. Very shortly the sound of new voices and the business of checking permanent loan lists and equipment will be echoing through the ship—the newcomers intent on taking over their new domain and the previous

inhabitants interested in getting it all finished and then on to the first plane home. We arrive at Singapore 10th July ready to welcome RS Sutcliffe and his band of Communicators.

Visits to the Pacific are few and far between for H.M. Ships, and prolonged visits to these areas, such as *Cook* has been making since 1957, are rarer. Most of our time has been spent operating within the Fiji group. Here we have come to know the peoples of the various areas very well, and our visits to Vila (New Hebrides) and various islands in the Gilbert group have done much to educate us in their ways. We hope that we, in our way, have also given an insight into the ways of the 'matelot'.

It is hard to sum up a commission with so many new and colourful experiences. Some would say that the barbecue given in our honour at Vila was the highlight. Others would go into raptures over the batere held for us in Tarawa and Tamana (Gilbert Islands) and some would vote that the highlight was six weeks in Auckland. A Gilbertese batere has to be seen to be believed, and the RS and LRO Gamble came back onboard full of the event, wearing grass skirts and garlands, and singing the praises of the local 'toddy'. Everyone will be ready to admit that hard though we have worked, we have also played well.

The final scene of our Pacific surveys is in the Gilberts. RO2 O'Rourke is the communications representative at a survey party now producing a new chart for Abaiang Atoll. We understand his knowledge of practical communications is not so much in demand as is his culinary art.



Communication Branch Royal Malayan Navy.

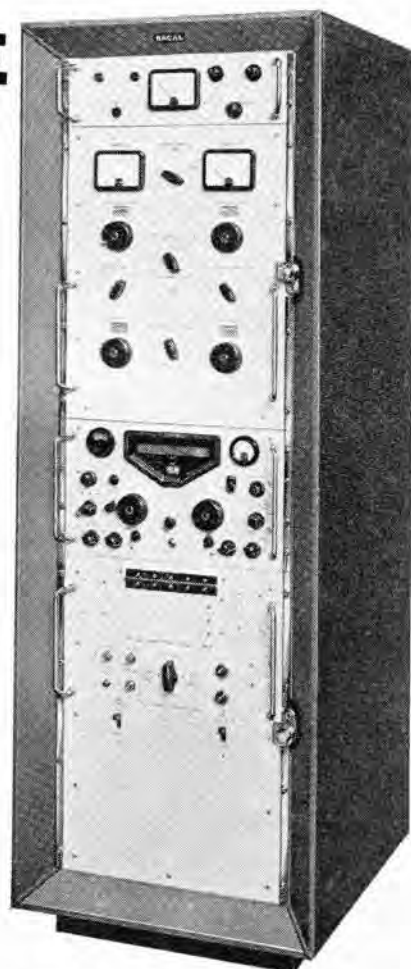
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ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

To start with, we list the Committee for those who may not be aware of its members:—

Chairman: Commander A. J. R. Pegler, R.N. G3ENI.

Hon. Treasurer: Lieut.-Cdr. T. M. Laing, R.N. G30QG.

Hon. Secretary: CRS K. E. Taylor, G3LME.

Committee Members: Mr. R. Sharpe, G3AWY, Mr. C. A. Harnwell, G5NB, Mr. D. A. Pilley, G3HLW.

Station Manager: CRS P. W. Haylett, G3IPV.

R.N.A.R.S. Net

It was agreed to form a society net so that members may contact one another, primarily on every Sunday at 1100 local time on or near 3700 Kc/s, and for those who cannot make it on Sunday the alternative is Wednesday of each week at 2000 local time on 3700 Kc/s or 3550 Kc/s. G3BZU will try to be on at these times whenever possible; and he also works on all other bands including two metres most evenings. Anyone wishing to contact the H.Q. station on any band at a special time should contact Pete Haylett G3IPV and arrange skeds.

Navy Days, August 4th, 5th and 6th, 1962

The R.N.A.R.S. will share a stand with the R.N. Communications in Portsmouth Dockyard during Navy Days this year. G3BZU/A will be operating and members who wish to get together should take this opportunity of meeting old friends and fellow members as well as seeing the rest of the Navy on show.

Radio Hobbies Exhibition, 31st October to 3rd November

The R.N.A.R.S. will once more arrange to be represented at the Amateur Radio Exhibition to be held this year in the Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, near Marble Arch, London, W.1. Please make a note of the new venue.

New Equipment for the H.Q. Station

A great deal of work has gone into re-equipping G3BZU to make it more efficient and worthy of being called the H.Q. Station. This effort is still going on. Progress so far is as follows:—

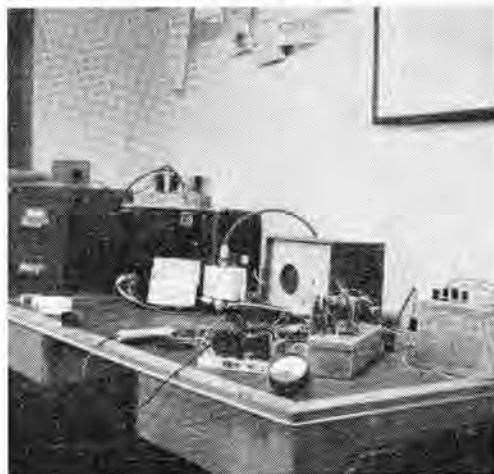
Aerials: A new tubular mast has been purchased and erected. The Station now has half wave dipoles on 80, 40, 20 and 15 metres. Bob Sharpe has provided dural tubing for the construction of a cubical quad which is under construction.

Rx.: The Committee has obtained the long loan of a Racal RA17 Rx. from the manufacturers, which has put the reception capabilities of the H.Q. Station into a completely new sphere.

Tx.: Work is still going on to fit the station with a new Tx. More of this later when we have definite news to report.

Contributions for this magazine are on the increase. We cannot have too many, so keep up the good work and keep on sending in those photographs and interesting news of your activities and stations.

ACTIVITIES AT G3BZU



Steady progress has been made during the summer term. Power output of the VHF 144 Mc/s transmitter has now been raised to 80 watts on cw. The P.A. valve for this was kindly given by G8DL, Syd, of Southampton; after a few teething troubles it now works quite well. The second contact made with the QRO transmitter was with GB21C, located in the Scilly Isles, who gave us a report of 5/8/9.

With the new Racal RA 17 receiver contacts on the HF amateur bands have been steadily increasing. These include R.N.A.R.S. members G3BQR, Chas, G3MSK, Vernon and G3AWY, Bob, GM3OQY. Stewart, has been very active at the R.N.A.R.S. H.Q. Station, also Brian Elcocks, who hopes to get his licence shortly. George Peachey, another staunch S.W.L. member, has now left for Yeovilton.

All members of R.N.A.R.S. are welcome at the H.Q. Station and should contact CRS Taylor or CRS Haylett at *Mercury* at any time.



"'Ere Pots, he says you're interfering with his TV."



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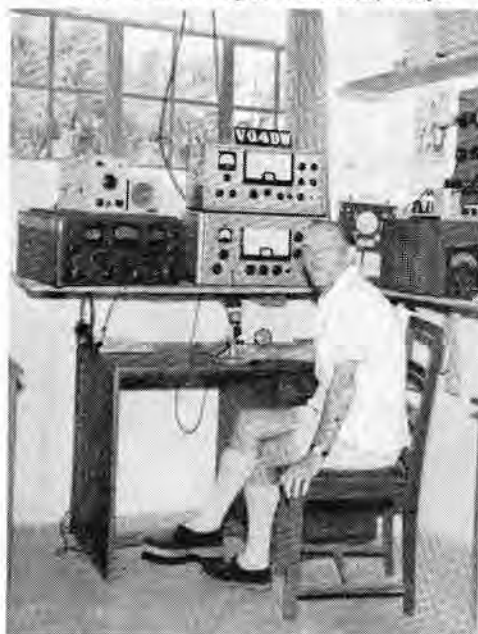
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Here are beers to
suit every taste
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beers brewed as you
really enjoy them.

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and see for yourself!

PERSONALITY PIECE

"Jock" Parrett VQ4DW Nakuru, Kenya



The shack runs a KW Vanguard Tx., and the Rx. is a SZ28. Antennas: cubical quad for 15 and 20 metres and G5RV. Operation is mainly on c.w.

Jock informs us that he has just returned from a safari, climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro (19,340 feet) A.S.L. and found it a most interesting experience and he managed to take a lot of colour films both cine and still.

Nakuru in Kenya boasts five radio amateurs VQ4DT, VQ4DW, VQ4FK, VQ4GK and VQ4RF, out of a European population of 1,500.

We are proud to note that with the world-wide membership of the R.N.A.R.S. one of our members is to be found amongst these five stations.

AMATEUR RADIO IN THE PACIFIC

By RS M. J. Matthews, G3JFF, VR1M, VR2EA, YJ1MA, VSIHU, 9M2MA

When drafted to a survey ship in the Pacific, operating at the Gilbert and Ellice Isles, the New Hebrides and Fiji, I was asked by Ham friends to put these exotic and rare DX places on the air. Licence details and relevant information was obtained from the Colonial Office, Vila and Suva. With a UK licence and other overseas licences already, I added three more callsigns to my list. I had had long contact with my counterpart in the R.A.F. Amateur Radio Society, and asked him to get my equipment to Singapore quickly and cheaply. Within a few days it was at Changi free of charge. At Singapore I studied the A.F.O. on the operation of Amateur Radio in H.M. Ships, and put in my

request, which was approved promptly by C-in-C. The completed application form for a Maritime Mobile Licence, together with a copy of the C-in-C's letter and fee of £2 was posted to the G.P.O., London, and I was soon the holder of the third such licence held by R.N. Amateurs: previous ones had gone to REA Davies in *Puma* and RS Haylett in *Hermes*.

Cook was just finishing a refit, and with a few unofficial modifications to the W/T Office my equipment from Changi was accommodated. The main items were the transmitter, a modified Panda Cub with 60 watts output, and a Geloso front end converter, used with a B40 as I.F. and A.F. stages. The Moseley triband had not arrived when we left Singapore, and a 15 metre vertical wire antenna was made. During the shakedown I tried a CQ from Pulau Tioman (East Malaya) with callsign 9M2MA and during the week-end made 86 contacts in 30 countries. The first was G2CIX Waterlooville, and G3GFG Cowplain and G3BZU (with RS Moore on the key) soon followed.

The passage from Singapore to Fiji was slow, as soundings for the new Commonwealth Cable were made, and many contacts were made, ranging from the W. coast of the U.S.A. to Australia and New Zealand. Conditions on the 10 metre band were poor, and I was glad to be allowed to use the other amateur band and thus join the local Sunday 'Natter Net', and to enjoy a few QSO's with the home country. En route to Fiji RO2 Stanney became interested in Ham radio, and took an active part in the local natter. At Suva the Postmaster General's Office gave me the callsign VR2EA, for the licence fee. Within six days I was concentrating on slick 'contest style' QSO's at Nanduri in Northern Vanua Levu. With the help of the local Fijians, and Stanney keeping the log, we made 136 contacts in 14 countries on Saturday afternoon, starting at 1430. By August we sailed for the Gilbert and Ellice Isles, and had made 446 contacts in 50 countries, using callsign VR2EA.

In September 1961 we steamed north to Tarawa atoll in the Gilbert Islands, and had already been given permission to use the callsign VR1M from the Government wireless station. The operators and engineers assisted us in every way, and the gear was landed. We were loaned an Eddystone 750 receiver and a 360-ft. long antenna on two 70-ft. towers. The first CQ from VR1M was put out at 1330 local time, 21st September, and pandemonium broke out on the 20 metre band. Our 60 watts struggled under a pile of W6 Kilowatts, and in spite of component failures due to tropical conditions, and the short operating hours of 1700-2330 daily, 397 contacts from 37 countries were made in 28 operating hours.

The last operation of VR2EA from Levuka was made on return to the Fijis, and the week-end resulted in 93 contacts in 28 countries. We then sailed for New Zealand, via the Condominium of the New Hebrides.

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The author in H.M.S. Cook.

The Condominium, or pandemonium, as it is jocularly known locally, is run jointly by Britain and France, with two sets of laws, currencies and the lot. The newly-arrived Government Communications Officer from U.K. made me welcome, and gave me the callsign YJ1MA. With no active hams in the new Hebrides, YJ1AA proved a useful source of information, and on the second day of our five-day visit we put out our first and only CQ of the day, and waded straight into a battle with the 'Californian Kilowatts'. With restricted operating hours, we made 310 contacts in 46 countries.

On leaving Vila, an ME went down with acute appendicitis, and had to be taken to the hospital at Santo 120 miles north. Whilst making local contact I found YJ1DL was located there, and obtained permission to go ashore with the patient, to make a personal QSO with Dave. He said he had no intention of going back on the air in the immediate future, as he had been frightened off by the awful QRM and bad manners of certain hams who wanted a QSO with the New Hebrides.

En route to Auckland we made regular contact with N.Z. hams, many of whom had never worked a "G" before, let alone on 80 metres. Within a few minutes of berthing in the Naval Dockyard at Devonport I had a call from the local branch Secretary of N.Z.A.R.T. (NZ's RSGB). We met the following night, which started a run of visits throughout the six weeks call. I gave a talk to 60 members of the local amateur radio club, who were interested also in our survey work. Visits to many shacks were made, and Stanney had two week's leave with ZL1ASJ at Kawhia. N.Z. hospitality can certainly be recommended.

Back to Vila to finish the harbour survey, our UJ1MA contacts rose to 655 in 57 countries, and then at the end of January to Fiji again. For current surveys the 'Lambda' system of the Decca Navigator Co. was used. This entailed setting up two 'slave' stations about 80 miles apart, and from the site of one slave VR2EA was again operated, during an ARRL DX contest, when all U.S.A. try to work as much of the world as possible in a week-end. We had to work as many stations in the States as

possible. When Monday dawned we had 389 contacts in 42 States. Three weeks later from the same location we took part in the British Empire Radio Union contest (Commonwealth stations working as many Commonwealth stations as possible) and made 230 contacts, ranging from Yukon to South Georgia, and Hongkong to British Guiana—many of them working their first Fijian Station.

EDITOR'S POSTBAG

The following light-hearted snippets are a sample of the response to our appeals for orders and/or contributions.

H.M.S. Parapet,
16th March, 1962.

Dear Sir,

In reply to yours of 9th inst., we, the Sparker and I, sincerely apologise for the absence of contributions, due to the lack of local activities. If your readers would find interest in 'Sunny Trips to Manama', 'An Evening in the Jufair Canteen' and other exciting diversions, we would be delighted to send the same forthwith.

Due to the lack of financial support on so small a ship as an LCT, we find we cannot order in bulk as yet, but maybe their Lordships' phenomenal pay rise may correct this situation.

However, we are delighted that you have remembered us, which is more than the Drafting Authorities seem to have done.

We remain yours, unfortunately.

J. R. GRANT, RO2 X ANSB MORRIS, TO2

Seventh Submarine Division,
H.M.S. Medway,
Singapore.
15th March, 1962.

Well, Bless my soul!
We've failed in our role
To group up our Narrator,
To hoist his flags
And flash by lamp
A yarn for COMMUNICATOR.

Alas, we feel
Our problem's real,
You see we're out of favour,
'Cause ne'er D.O.A.,
Nor Mercury
Will send us a Flag waver.

But we'll try to construe
A word or two
To reach you by mid-June;
And as for orders,
We'll put out tenders
And hope that you'll get some soon.

TIGER
Of the Fighting Seventh.



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EX R.A.F. RADIO OPERATOR JOINS THE R.N.R.

(or "WINGS TO WATER")

by RO2 Geoff Bleasdale, R.N.R. Exeter Unit

I am a sailor! Away with the bottle of hair cream! No more shall I cause a deathly silence on the mess deck by my utterances of such blasphemies as 'chimney', 'downstairs', 'blunt-end', 'sharp-end'—to name a few. I shudder at the thought.

Ah! The folly of my ways. How wrong I was, and how right I now am. When I think of those worthless days before enlightenment, I tremble at the thought of the bottomless depths of worthlessness into which I could have sunk prior to being saved.

Never, in my wildest dreams, did I realise the art, the skill, the tact that was necessary to hold one's deathly white face over a ship's bucket while some benevolent old salt was offering, no insisting upon me partaking of 'sippers', and gently waving this glass full of wild, exotic liquid under my distended nostrils, when personal thoughts were solely and exclusively pre-occupied with methods of ending it all quickly. Neither do I think that the same benevolent older—salt realised the danger in which he was placing his glass of 'sippers'!

This recent cruise of H.M. Minesweeper *Warsash* was my first experience as a member of the crew of a ship—albeit, let me add in all modesty—that I have 'roughed it' on the high seas before. Ah, yes! Unfortunately, the fish were not biting and I had to row back to Bridlington with an empty basket and a belly full of light ale.

But joking apart, the purpose of this article is not to relate stories of my hectic, and sometimes terrifying adventures. You would not be interested. I don't suppose . . . maybe . . . simply contact my agent and he will supply you with a copy of my tremendous new book 'Wings Sagging at Twenty Fathoms', fully autographed, priced fourpence. Your blood will curdle. Goose pimples will sprout. It will . . . but enough of this Errol Flynn talk. I deviate from the theme.

The theme is thanks. My thanks to all the members of the crew of *Warsash* for the patient and friendly hands that were readily extended to help an ex-land lubber through the intricacies of nautical habits and terminology.

My thanks to CY Pine of Solent Division and the R.N. Sparker Derere of *Mercury*, both of whom gently guided me from the land of bewilderment.

My thanks to the land-wise R.N.R. sparkers, MFO32, MFA58, MFA59 and others whose call-signs I cannot recall, for the help and (probably not aware of it) the encouragement that I received when contact was possible.

Do not worry, England, I am a sailor. At least, my grandson thinks so!

CLYDE DIVISION R.N.R. High-Jacks



Why did I join the R.N.R.? In particular, why did I become a Communicator in the R.N.R.? Mistakenly, I thought that all budding naval Marconis inhabited 'offices'—dark, safe places whose only peril was empty kai mugs and the odd live wire. My education in this respect was swiftly and rudely completed when, in a fit of forgetfulness, I volunteered, with the aid of our portable sets, to help control a ski race in the mountains of Glencoe.

Sir, here I pause for breath as I did some 100 times during the ascent of these same mountains. True, a chair lift took our party up 1,000 feet but by simple arithmetic since the total height was around 3,500, you can see our Type 88's were eventually soaked in sweat and the juice of the black bogs thereabouts.

Eventually we arrived, and with one operator at the top of the race course and another at the bottom we achieved immediate success—"Top Station—this is bottom station, etc".

The spectators, the race organisers, competitors and us—all were delighted, except the group with the spare set who fully expected to have to relay messages from one mountain top to another.

The sun shone, the skiers slalomed swiftly and the day passed happily, twilight finding us sunburnt and maybe not quite so mystified as to why we joined.

Our story appeared in the local papers and our main object of spreading the fact of our existence coupled with exercising our portable communication set-up was successfully accomplished.

The R.N.R. is still going up in the world.

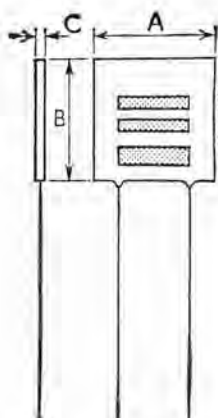
"TRUE VOLUNTEER".

H.M.S. SOUTHWICK

by Lieut. Cdr. R. S. Young, R.N.R.

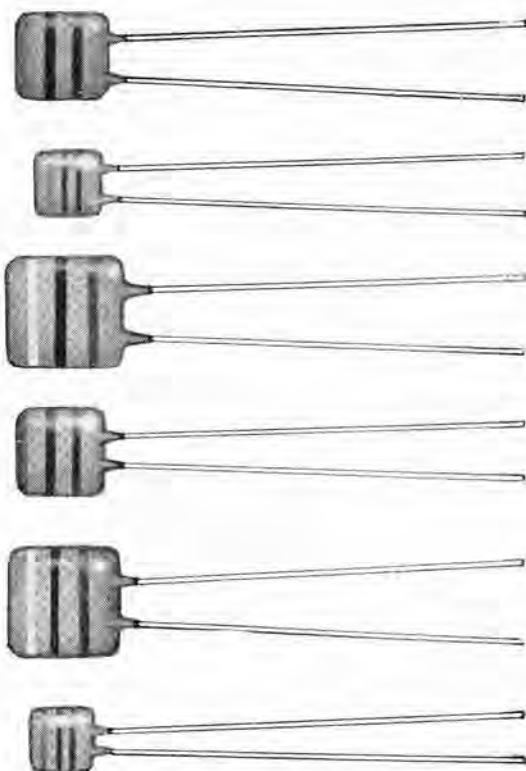
Southwick is the Headquarters Reserve Unit at Fort Southwick. The Unit consists of more than 200 officers and ratings of the R.N.R., who are ready to man the Headquarters of CINCHAN, and the Commander-in-Chief, Home, in time of emergency.

The major part of this commitment is, of course, communications, and any retired members of the branch who would like to keep their hand in will be



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 CAPACITANCE TOLERANCE at 25°C $+80\% -20\%$

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| + 20°C | — Peak Capacitance |
| + 70°C | — 40% of 20°C Value |
| - 10°C | — 55% of 20°C Value |

'Y' Types

| | |
|--------|---------------------|
| + 20°C | — Peak Capacitance |
| + 70°C | — 50% of 20°C Value |
| - 10°C | — 45% of 20°C Value |

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| 4,700 | 6 | 6 | 3 | X | GSX 706 |
| 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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most welcome at Fort Southwick on any Wednesday evening. Postal enquiries may be addressed to the Commanding Officer, H.M.S. *Southwick*, Fort Southwick, Nr. Fareham, Hants.

Congratulations to N. A. Hartley (ex-CPO Tel. R.N.), and A. C. Moore (ex-Yeoman R.N.) who have both recently been promoted Sub Lieut. R.N.R., and now serve in *Southwick*.

Recent visits have been made to ships in the fleet including its latest addition *Ashanti*, the Headquarters at Northwood, and a weekend visit to Cherbourg.

The Unit is greatly indebted to the assistance given them by the R.N. Communicators stationed at Fort Southwick. Particular mention must be made of Lieut. Cdr. John Ford, M.B.E., R.N., who before his recent retirement, contributed enormously to the training of this section.

No. 3 WIRELESS DISTRICT, R.N.R.

Elsewhere in this magazine will be found 'Hats Off' to Commander F. H. Humphris, O.B.E., V.R.D., R.N.R. on his award of the O.B.E. but we in No. 3 Wireless District feel a particular pride at this honour and would call for a 'Tiger' to further emphasise our congratulatory cheers. Well done, Sir!

Our high jinks are tempered by a note of regret on the retirement of Lieut. Cdr. P. R. Chapman, V.R.D., R.N.R. who, after 28 years Reserve service, was retired on June 3rd, 1962. In a final farewell at the Leicester R.N.R. Wireless Centre he was presented with a silver salver by Commander Humphris on behalf of the Officers of No. 3 Wireless District and with a silver tankard by RO2 F. Pearce, R.N.R., on behalf of the 'lads' of Leicester Training Centre. Lieut. Cdr. E. L. Kelland, M.B.E., R.N.R., has taken over as Section Officer, Leicester T.C.

The Hub, the dot in the middle, around which 8 R.N.R. Wireless Training Centres and units are stationed and form No. 3 Wireless District R.N.R. is soon to branch out to new and spacious premises whose appearance and amenities will show an immense improvement over the dark, dank, depressing and utterly devoid-of-amenities premises which form the present Training Centre. Some 40 officers and ratings carry out their non-continuous training obligations in the most trying conditions, and all look forward to the move to 275 Broad Street, Birmingham, 1, during September where the Centre will boast a large *wet* canteen and an officers' ante-room. Both will be carpeted, furnished and curtained in the most modern *Mercury* style and all rooms will have modern furniture and light fittings.

The new centre is very near the centre of the City of Birmingham so we hope that we can act as hosts to all Communicators on leave and we shall be contacting messes to inform them when to expect us to be 'open to visitors'. The grand idea is to become known to all Communicators, ex and serving, and to have the most thriving R.N.R. Communication Centre in the country.—A.G.J.

MALAYAN R.N.V.R., SINGAPORE DIVISION

By CRS S. Hill



H.M.S. *Laburnum*

Yes, even out here in the Far East the good work of volunteer training still goes on. *Laburnum*, the HQ ship, is secured in Telok Ayer Basin, which is situated just south of Clifford Pier and to the East of Collyer Quay. *Laburnum* is an ex-Japanese mine-layer and even though her engines and boilers remain, she no longer goes to sea under her own power. We also have an assortment of miscellaneous craft. They include *Panji*, an old torpedo recovery vessel which is being replaced this year; *Canna*, which was a M.R.C. but is now the Chief and Petty Officers' Mess; a 21-knot skimmer; a H.L.D.; a small harbour launch; several whalers and dinghies; and last of all, *Panglima*, a 120-ft. sea training vessel which was locally built and is the pride of the M.R.N.V.R. She is beautifully designed and fitted out and has all the equipment to make her 'tick'.

The division is commanded by Captain R. G. Banks, V.R.D., with Commander J. S. McIntyre as the staff officer. The complement of the M.R.N.V.R. is 105 officers and 650 men and women. The ladies are called the Singapore Women's Auxiliary Naval Service (SWANS instead of Wrens), and are also trained in *Laburnum* using alternative training evenings from the men. In the communications world we have Lt.-Cdr. L. W. Norman, V.R.D. as Divisional and Communications Officer, with Sub. Lt. H. G. Farmer as the Officer Instructor (Communications).

From the R.N. side of the training we have CCY Fred Johnson looking after the senior tactical ratings and CY 'Ava' Atkinson looking after the juniors. CRS Hill is with the senior radio ratings and RS(S) Sparks with the junior. CRS Hill is U.K. bound in late July and CRS(S) Denton is gradually taking over from him. CRS(S) Denton and CCY Johnston also train the Communicators of the SWANS division.

In *Laburnum* there is a BWO with a 619 complete and one 691, with full remoting facilities to the main classroom below (CRR) consisting of 15 bays fully equipped for CW and RT working. For purely internal use a buzzer outfit and amplifier circuit has been fitted, using a 2-watt amplifier, and is fully operational. Although our only receiver is the CAT,



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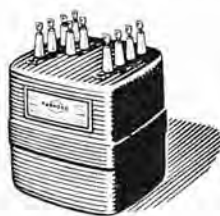
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full use of the remote facilities has now made the LRO's and RO2's a proficient team of experts (much of the credit for the ground work training must go to CRS(S) Ken Thompson who left us some months ago). Every Friday evening from 1730 to 1930 on the Singapore Exercise Frequency may be heard the callsign ESB/LMXG, so if you wish to train your RO3's why not join in for a couple of hours when you are in the area?

In addition to the sea training carried out in the vessels of the division many of the Communicators spend varying periods at sea attached to H.M. Ships, gaining valuable experience from professional Communicators, apart from the very enjoyable liaison and runs ashore to be had at other Far East ports of call. The M.R.N.V.R. take part annually in the "Seaward Defence of Singapore" exercise which takes place in October, so the one aim of the Instructors is to train up the necessary operators. Last year a recommendation was forthcoming from C-in-C F.E.S. who, apparently, was much impressed.

No doubt all eyes are now on Malaysia and what may happen in the future. Let us hope that the M.R.N.V.R. may continue to keep up its good work.

GOING THE ROUNDS IN 'MERCURY' CHIEFS' CHATTER

This has been another quiet term in which the highlights were two Thursday social evenings. Both were successful with fortunes changing hands at tombola and horse-racing.

The Mercury Club was the venue for the latter occasion and we see in this a number of advantages over the mess. Its shape alone lends itself to better organisation and control over the evening's entertainment. We hope that the popularity of these socials will increase, despite the latest craze of car-rolling! At one period no less than three claims

were raised in as many weeks, yet an attempt to do the thing as an organised venture met with almost total disregard. Only two names were volunteered for a mess car rally!

We entered into the Sport's Day activities on 20th June with our usual gay abandon. Both CRS Forth and Garrad volunteered their services. Perhaps the writer is feeling his age, but it does seem that on the average age of the mess goes down so also do the activities of the individuals.

By the way, those who owe allegiance to the Oggy will find ex-CCY Royce an excellent host at the 'Horse and Groom' on the A38 at Bittaford.

Recent changes in the mess include:

INS. CCY's Wyllie, Motteram, Chandler, Hewer, Townsend, Hilton, Noble, Coyle and Duncan.

CRS's Goulding, C. D. Brown, Strong, C. H. Brown, Gray, Stray, Evans, Burke and Simpson. CRS (S) Cook.

OUTS. CCY's Henderson (pension), Townsend (Drake), Surridge (Hampshire), Hewer (Undaunted), Motterham (pension).

CRS's Baker (Undaunted), Funnel (Whitehall), Waters (RNR Norwich), Evans (Tangmere), Goddard (RNR Stockton).

P.O.'s PATTERN

After a frenzied search for the mess typewriter we take pleasure in reporting that the mess is now under new management, CY Pollard having taken over from CY Head as President, and CY Wight assumed the duties of Mess Secretary giving RS Baker more time to instruct New Entries, play golf and struggle to finish this article in time to meet the deadline.

The Easter End of Term Dance went with a real swing, being well supported by members past and present with their wives and girl friends. The biggest event in the Social Calendar so far this term was the return visit of the R.N.A. Camberwell on Saturday, 26th May, when the mess entertained them to cricket, followed by a social evening. Hyden Wood seems to be a lucky ground for our friends from



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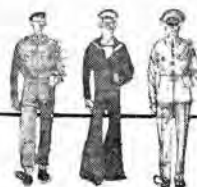
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Another example of Naafi's Service to the Services.

Camberwell as the mess team sustained its first defeat for more than a season. We are all looking forward to going to Camberwell on 21st July to avenge this.

For the rest of this term we hope to continue to hold a social at least once a month, all ex-members being most welcome. We also intend to run a coach trip to Earls Court for the Royal Tournament in late July.

On the sporting front we are happy to report that the mess were beaten only once in winning the Inter-divisional Soccer League and we also won the Knockout Cup after a thrilling final at St. James's Park. Not a little of our success on the soccer field was due to the hard work of RS Metcalfe, who was playing for Combined Services and the R.N., and to the splendid vocal criticisms of our supporters led by RS 'Nobby' Hall.

When the Establishment sports were held on Wednesday, 20th June, the mess combined with the Chief Petty Officers and between us gave the New Entries a good run for their money only losing by 2 points overall (not bad for 'old men'), but still coming away with two thirds of the total 'hardware', i.e. the Sprint Relay Cup and the Tug 'o War Trophy.

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

Since the publication of the last issue, the Signal School Mess has undergone a drastic reduction in its activities. With the advent of the new Mercury Club there have been no Signal School Mess dances, the club now handling the social activities, but this, it is hoped, will be remedied.

New faces, LTO W. S. Foord, Mess President, and LTO D. G. Douglas, Vice-President, will in all probability bring in fresh ideas to provide a much needed stimulant.

Life in the training world is really moving along, and it seems with all the Leading Hands and Petty Officers qualifying, the old adage of 'more chiefs than flippin' Indians' will apply. With all these ratings now drawing scale 'A' pay, the pay office is considering drawing the fortnightly payment in the 3-tonner.

A move has recently been made to revive the old 'Sailors' Operatic and Dramatic Society' runs to the various ale houses in the surrounding countryside. Someone suggested a trip with female company, adding that you bring your own Wrens. (It appears that slave traffic is not confined to the Persian Gulf.)

Finally, our thanks to LTO Dacombe who served very ably as Vice-President of the Mess for a considerable period and has now left us for the rather hectic life aboard a Survey Vessel. It must be added that we never really believed that the healthy state of the Signal School Mess funds was due to his knowing way with horses (the winner of the 1,000 guineas). At least, the bookies are glad that he has gone.

THE ASSAULT COURSE



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SPORT IN MERCURY

Mercury ended the winter season rather proud of her sporting achievements, being winners of the Rugby B league, semi-finalists in the Navy Hockey Cup and runners-up in the Challenge Cup, also finishing high in both U.S. leagues.

With this strong all round achievement, we began the summer season without a great deal of athletic talent but plenty of enthusiasm. This has been fostered throughout the term with inter-part matches which have proved very successful and will supply the foundation for (we hope) a well balanced representative side in the Command Championships early in July. The establishment Sports Day took place on 20th June in a '*Mercury* mist' and visibility was so poor that runners could not be seen on the far side of the track.

Water polo is always a problem, but new blood will be found with the opening of the swimming pool in mid July. Meanwhile, we have only lost but one match and look set to win the rest.

Cricket is a purely friendly affair this year, and so it should be. The only animosity so far recorded is from the pitch which still proves unreliable at times, but this is overshadowed by the new pavilion and scoreboard, and batsmen, mellowed by refreshments and these improved facilities are happier and more fluent (fluid) strokemakers.

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MERCURY CLUB

At last Clubland has come to *Mercury*. We opened the doors on 30th April, but the official opening took place on 3rd May, in the form of a dance.

Membership is open to all ratings (except New Entries) and W.R.N.S. serving in *Mercury*. Honorary Membership is granted to members' wives, and all serving members of the Communications Branch not holding full membership.

The Club is organised and run by a Committee, consisting of a CPO as Chairman (CRS C. King), a PO as Vice-Chairman (CY T. Sayers), a PO Wren as Secretary (PO Wren M. Taylor), two leading rates, two RO2/TO2s, a Wren to represent Ship's Company Wrens and a trainee Wren. A duty Committee Member is on duty each night to deal with complaints and generally run the Club.

The following facilities are available: a restaurant, an Espresso bar complete with juke box and pin tables, a cocktail lounge which we have called the Dutch Bar, a social activities room, which is used each night for dancing to the juke box. There is also



a men-only section consisting of a Tavern Bar, billiards room and television room.

Organised entertainment is limited to two nights per week, tombola on Tuesday with a cabaret act during the interval, and a dance on Wednesday or Thursday. Later on it is hoped to have some top-class entertainers and bands.

As our rebate from the restaurant and bars is only $\frac{2}{3}$ of 6%, the remainder being apportioned in other directions, it can be seen that we have to look elsewhere for funds. A good source of income is our juke boxes, which bring in almost as much as our rebate. We also have our usual 10% from tombola, and we are trying to raise money from raffles. We did at first run all our dances on a free basis, but owing to the cost of transport, we are, in future, going to levy a small charge.

So far, the Club is proving extremely popular, and is used every night by a good number of members of both sexes. Our Tuesday night tombola, since the addition of an interval cabaret, is becoming increasingly popular, and our dances always attract a capacity crowd.



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S.T.C. ST. BUDEAUX

An elegant carriageway now sweeps through what was once the R.N.S.S. Devonport: some of the Chiefs may have remembered 'Vic. Road' on 26th April when they participated in the official opening of the new Tamar Bridge by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. In the city centre CY Rivett and LTO Middleton broke the Royal Standard, while out on the bridge itself CCY's Hay and Fallon performed a similar duty. Royal Standards at both ends of the bridge, with aircraft flying over in formation and ships in line below, all must have been a very impressive sight. On the radio side, CRS Clark with the aid of his 'hot-red' radio van containing a TCS, with CRS Jones on telephones, helped to co-ordinate the whole operation with the police and the R.A.F. Although we do not wish to blow our trumpet too hard, we must add that even the B.B.C. had to rely to a certain extent on our team for information and assistance.

It is appropriate to mention some history of this small establishment (wherein we earn our shillings) which was built originally as a detention quarters and called *Impregnable*. The R.N. Signal School came here in 1953 from Vicarage Road and changed to an S.T.C. on 1st January, 1959. Before the Second World War, the Signal School was in the naval barracks on the site of the new Cunningham-Fraser block, so now, after many flits from place to place, it is returning to its original home. Plans have been drawn of the new S.T.C. which is moving into the East Battery of the old gunnery school at Upper Battery Road in Barracks.

Lieut. (SD) (C) Daniels, R.N., has been relieved by Sub Lieut. Buckland and is soon to take up his new appointment with AFMED in Malta. One of two other notable departures have been CCY Hay to the Civil Service and CRS Hamilton to be a television maintainer. CY Rivett has left us to become a Customs Officer, but he warns us not to expect any leniency.

To date we have been busy with our usual flow of reservists down for their fortnight's training per year. We have had one or two giggles from the fairer sex over examination results from such answers as "SOP—sleeping out pass".

THE FLYING FISH

I expect many of you have spent some quiet moments, sitting on the end of a flight deck or on a wash deck locker in the waist of a destroyer whilst cruising in the Red Sea or Indian Ocean and watched with wonder and fascination the grace of the Flying Fish. How often have you asked yourself—How do they fly?—if indeed they really fly at all.

Flying Fish can be found in most warm water seas of the world, especially in the Red Sea. Some of the larger species, which are over 12 inches in length, are caught by anglers for use as live bait when trawling for swordfish on the United States West Coast. Occasionally they are seen around our own shores.

In order to take off, this fish vibrates its tail

rapidly until airborne, when the tail acts as a rudder by spreading fanwise, which enables the direction of flight and the altitude to be changed very quickly. Whenever the fish loses height, the longer under portion of the tail flicks wildly to catapult it into the air again. This take-off and landing procedure may be repeated up to a dozen times in succession.

The main fins contain no muscles that enable the fish to flap its wings like a bird, but these fins vibrate slightly on take-off. The flying fish acquires the basic principles of flying by combining a series of leaps and glides. In the troughs between the waves its tilting tail and agile body movements show that the maximum use is made of air currents that are present.

It is uncertain why these fish 'fly', maybe it is for pleasure or for catching flying insects, but more probably to escape their enemies such as the tunny or to avoid some water disturbance such as a passing ship. They are often seen flying during the day, but mostly their aerobatics are performed in large shoals during the night.

Whilst swimming under water both pair of wings are folded back against the body and the fish loses the use of these 'wings' as fins for swimming (this is the reversal of the use of the penguin's flippers). The main power for swimming is gained by the movement of its vigorous tail. Flying fish lay their eggs in floating seaweed and have similar habits to the flying fish found in British waters which is known as the gannard.—R.T.H.



"Yes, nurse, those two front ones will have to come out".

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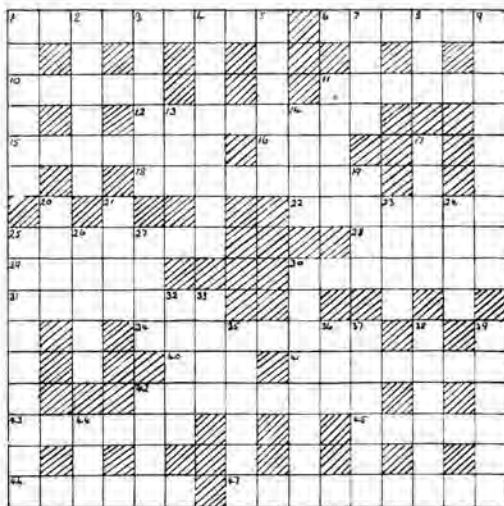
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Down: 1 Minimus, 2 Seasonal, 3 Exam, 4 Ashes, 5 Annuitant, 6 Sparks, 7 Belated, 13 Title, 14 Idiot, 16 Name plate, 17 The clear, 18 Agitate, 20 Spoused, 22 Europe, 24 Rates, 27 Halo.

COMMUNICATOR CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Tee no help? Ring up. (9)
6. Covered with soil, like a fox's lair. (6)
10. Ill? From a run fit for a king? (5)
11. Stings. (6)
12. It's the absolute end. (8)
15. Stop before the air-hole. (7)
16. For only one Sparker? (3)
18. Child not the son of the parents. (8)
22. Volcano came out in spots? (7)
25. Mean quality. (7)
28. Coronet. (5)
29. It follows the French Sea. Good! (5)
30. Break red toys. (7)
31. Gift correct? (7)
34. Belonging to Leydene? (8)
40. Coupled with peace by novel Russian. (3)
41. Rubbing out—but not in the Chicago sense! (7)
42. Cyclist sounds like a salesman. (8)
43. Ill-nature of steel? (6)
45. He has been thrown out of his own country. (5)
46. Planetary deity—enthroned on a vase? (6)
47. Sun artist—with no clothes! (9)

DOWN

1. Come up this and you'll win a trick, maybe! (6)
2. Raised by an elevator. (6)
3. Scarred? Mine, Edward! (6)
4. Band's beginning. (8)
5. Gnome-like. (6)
7. Shaw put them with the Man. (4)
8. Black sailor? (3)
9. Eyed stray—gone for every. (9)
11. Prue's marvellous! (5)
13. In the pen again, Sharples? (3)
14. Eton backed—by paper money! (4)
17. Does the priest want to change it? (5)
19. Wheel-marks. (4)
20. Six balls finished? (4)
21. Eye-flower. (4)
23. Kindly quality? What a shame! (4)
24. Sore change for Venus' boy! (4)
25. Cuts off—not a man's retreat, but his means of retreat! (9)
26. A near confusion in the bull-ring. (5)
27. Change the time for the next thing on the agenda, please. (4)
30. Abandoned. (8)
32. Less old. (5)
33. Handed down, did you say, Son? (4)
35. Cowardly. (6)
36. Rage. (3)
37. Mixed ere in vehicle—life work? (6)
38. Slim it for a change—we've reached the boundaries. (6)
39. Consents to grease. (6)
42. Stare at a Baron? (4)
44. Encountered the weather-man? (3)

OTHER NATIONS HAVE THEIR PROBLEMS TOO



"Yes, I know . . . You don't know the date, the originator or even the subject; you aren't even sure it was a message . . . but, the Admiral wants it immediately".

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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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APPOINTMENTS

| Name | Rank | Whence | Whither |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| H. BROWN ... | Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C) | Mercury | Staff of CINCAFMED |
| G. CHRISTIE ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | Staff of F.O. Air Home | Surprise |
| P. A. CLARKE ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | S.T.C. Malta | Staff of F.O. Air Home |
| W. H. DAVIS ... | Act. Sub-Lt. (SD) (C) | Mercury | Blackpool |
| R. DERWENT ... | 3/O W.R.N.S. | Mercury for Ce Crse. | Staff of CINCEASTLANT |
| M. G. M. W. ELLIS ... | Lt. | Mercury for Long Crse. | Staff of C-in-C Med. |
| F. W. C. ENDERS ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | Phoenicia | Cavendish |
| C. M. EVANS ... | 2/O W.R.N.S. | Staff of CINCEASTLANT | President with D.S.D. |
| D. W. FRYER ... | Lt. | Mercury for Long Crse. | Staff of F.O.M.E. |
| M. FULFORD-DOBSON ... | Lt.-Cdr. | Belfast | President with D.S.D. |
| W. L. R. E. GILCHRIST ... | Lt. | Staff of F.O.A.C. | Staff of F.O.F.T. |
| H. GORMLEY, D.S.M. ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | Mercury | Rooke |
| P. G. M. GREIG ... | Lt.-Cdr. | Staff of C-in-C F.E.S. | President with D.S.D. |
| N. W. HAGGAR ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | Mercury | S.T.C. Kranji |
| N. E. C. HAMMOND, M.B.E. ... | Lt.-Cdr. | Staff of F.O.M.E. | Mercury |
| B. HANCOCK ... | Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) | Kranji W/T | Heron |
| W. E. HAWKES ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | Aphrodite | Ganges |
| R. H. HENSMAN ... | Lt. (SD) (C) | Mercury | Falcon |
| D. T. HUNT, R.A.N. ... | Lt. | Mercury | Cerebus II on reversion to R.A.N. |
| S. JACKSON ... | Sub-Lt. (SD) (C) | Saintes | Mercury |
| J. A. J. JOHNSON, M.B.E. ... | Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) | Drake | Staff of S.N.O.P.G. |
| E. H. LEE ... | Captain | S.O.W.C. | President with D. of P. |
| P. A. LENNON ... | Sub-Lt. (SD) (C) | Staff of CINCAFMED | Mercury |
| A. H. LORIMER ... | Lt. | Mercury for Long Crse. | Staff of C-in-C F.E.S. |
| A. G. MCCRUM ... | Captain | S.O.W.C. | Admiralty Interview Board |
| I. C. MACINTYRE ... | Lt.-Cdr. | Staff of CINCNORTH | Mercury |
| L. W. ORCHARD ... | Sub-Lt. (SD) (C) | Belfast | Mercury |
| R. J. P. W. PERRYMAN ... | Lt.-Cdr. | R.N. Staff Crse. | Loch Lomond as 1st Lt. |
| E. M. M. PETERHAM ... | 2/O W.R.N.S. | Staff of CINCAFNE | Staff of CINCEASTLANT |
| J. E. POPE ... | Captain | Staff of CINCNORTH | Decoy in Command |
| M. A. H. RICHARDS ... | Sub-Lt. (SD) (C) | Whitehall W/T | Mercury |
| A. SMITH ... | Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) | Staff of CINCEASTLANT | Staff of CINCNORTH |
| J. M. F. SUNLEY ... | 3/O W.R.N.S. | Mercury for Ce Crse. | Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth |
| B. H. TODD ... | Lt. | Mercury for Long Crse. | R.A.N. Exchange |
| K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN ... | Lt.-Cdr. | Aphrodite | Staff of C-in-C H.F. |
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| R. M. WHITE ... | Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) | Rooke | Staff of CINCAFMED |

PROMOTIONS

Provisional Selection to Captain

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

To Lieutenant-Commander

R. W. KEOGH

To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

E. EDWARDS
K. WOLLAN

To Commander

L. L. GREY, D.S.C.
D. A. P. O'REILLY
B. J. STRAKER

Provisional Selection to Commander

J. M. JESSOP
P. M. STANFORD

To Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)

R. M. WHITE

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

V. SIBLEY

To Acting Sub-Lieutenant (SD) (C)

E. S. BEAVIS, R.A.N.
W. J. BURLING
C. D. CARTER
W. J. CHRISTIE
C. S. COLLINS
L. G. FOOT
J. M. GAWLEY

A. M. GORDON
M. T. HUMPHREYS
J. H. McDERMOTT
K. MILLER
M. D. Y. PHILLIPS
G. C. PIDGEON
C. H. SANDERS

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

R. GEORGE (12.1.62)
R. S. HOGAN (1.2.62)
A. G. DUNCAN (1.2.62)
R. K. PURNELL (3.2.62)
A. LOCK (22.2.62)
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Five Guineas is available in the Prize Fund for the best article, photograph, or cartoon, etc., submitted for the Christmas edition. See Page 82 for summer prize winners.

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