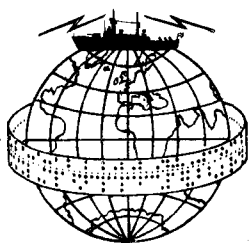


THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL 19 - No. 5



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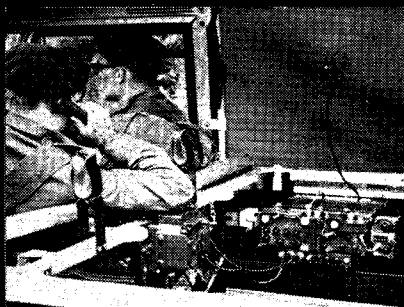
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THE COMMUNICATOR

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

SUMMER 1969

VOL. 19, No. 5

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Secretary and Typist: LRO M. J. ADAMS

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Advertisement Manager: Mr. EDGAR SERCOMBE, 44 Abbots Ride, Farnham, Surrey.

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PUBLISHED AT HMS "MERCURY"



**CAPTAIN D. A. POYNTER, CVO, MBE, ROYAL NAVY
DIRECTOR OF NAVAL SIGNALS**

1946–1947 Qualified in Signals.

1947–1948 Signal Officer, HMS *London*.

1948–1950 Flag Lieutenant and SCA to FO2 i/c FES

1950 Radio Adviser, RAE.

1950–1952 SCO to F6, HMS *Loch Insh*.

1952–1954 SCO to FOMA.

1954–1955 O i/c COMCEN, Malta.

1955 Promoted Commander.

1955–1957 Commander (C), ASWE.

1957–1959 SCO to CINCEASTLANT.

1960 JSSC.

1960–1962 Executive Officer, HMS *Terror*.

1962 Promoted Captain.

1962–1963 Chief Signal Officer to C-in-C FE.

1963–1966 Deputy Director of Naval Signals.

1966 SOWC.

1966–1969 Defence, Naval, Military and Air Attaché
Santiago (Chile) and Quito (Ecuador).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COMCEN,
GIBRALTAR.

Dear Sir,

The Communicators job these days like all other branches is becoming increasingly more complex and although more automated still requires competent and skilled operators to cope with the various aspects of the job. One would have thought that as the job increased in scope, training likewise would have been broadened and increased to keep pace with the changes, and the operators of today should be even better trained and equipped to do the job than the old type of Communicator ever was. This, however, doesn't seem to be the case, and although I am for change when necessary, I think we have reached the dangerous stage now where we expect operators to be self-taught practically up to the RS rate. The departmental results of the training policy over the last few years is even now being felt by most staffs and what I feel is even worse is that eventually when the modern communicator becomes eligible for senior rates course we will again have to lower the general standard of knowledge because we haven't, through adequate training, prepared him for what is a very stiff course. Are we really being fair to these people and indeed to ourselves who expect even more from them today?

The years between JRO and LRO are of course the vital ones for training purposes and determine the type of senior rates we will end up with eventually, but all we offer the operator is a 10-week course during this period. After initial training onwards (except for specialisation course) the operator has to train himself and one is constantly reading in CTMs that 'there is not enough time to cover a subject properly at the signal schools', and here I think lies one of the basic faults with the system. We should understand that:

- (a) instructing is an art and, like teaching in schools, requires qualified people. We wrongly assume that all Petty Officers can teach their subjects so the young operators knowledge suffers as a result;
- (b) self-study to the extent necessary today is very hard and coupled with (a) above, imposes unnecessary restrictions on the operators chances of advancement, and if despite this he is advanced, his standard of knowledge is not compatible with his responsibilities;
- (c) this is probably more important under the present policy—staffs don't have the time to adequately train these people;

we do after all offer them a career in communications so they expect the necessary courses. One solution is to hold fleet board type specialist examinations, re-introduce the LRO course and lengthen the RS course. The answer to this may well be that is not enough time to fit the course in. But why not? There are even less ships-establishments these days and staff complements on average get smaller all the time.

Having said all that one cannot help noticing today how even the basic operating skills are disappearing. Operators unable to operate a morse circuit at workable speeds, unable to teletype again at workable speeds, Wrens unable to do straight forward crypto. These are the very fundamental skills of a good operator but the standards are getting dangerously low.

Have a look at the present passing percentages required in these subjects and remember these are usually the maximum the operator can obtain and this only for a short duration to pass the examination. Put them on a circuit and watch speed/accuracy drop considerably. Watch the average typist's speed today compared with the speed of his/her examination results and you will see what I mean. These basic skills are not obsolete yet as a very large staffed ship this comcen worked recently found out, when she could not put a good morse operator on the circuit, a thing unheard of a couple of years ago. (This mode being her only means of transmission at the time.) To overcome this we have to accept that regardless of whatever speed we teach to, in practice the operator will revert to his/her own 'comfortable level' which will always be less than the maximum they have been taught to. At present the speed is 30 wpm typing but in practice it's probably nearer 15-20 wpm, so, if the training was to 50 wpm would not the operator's level be 30 wpm? The same for morse, train them to 25 wpm and the working level should increase and what is more important today, they should retain the skills. These are just a few examples, of course, but the principles apply to the many other subjects taught.

On the subject of Wrens training, anyone working with them lately will be aware of a definite lowering of standards of knowledge and abilities due to the present policy, and in some cases subjects have been dropped completely from the course, but still they are drafted to staffs where they are expected to work at these subjects. They are increasingly replacing their male counterparts but are not being trained to do so and the whole system suffers. A Wren is equal at the job ashore as a male if she is trained and my remarks above are relevant to both sexes in their respective fields. To sum up, I would suggest:

- (a) give the candidates for advancement the benefit of courses.
- (b) teach to a higher level of knowledge than at present, by qualified instructors.
- (c) stop cramming subjects into too short a time, after all, we set the pace.

Yours faithfully,

RS(G) P. DAY.

* * * * *

FORT BLOCKHOUSE.

Dear Editor,

HMS *Ambush* has still, at the time of writing, a 4-inch gun. The Flag Officer Submarines is, of course, Vice-Admiral M. P. Pollock, CB, MVO, DSC.

Certain Celestial Ratings were recently the victims of Papal Reversion, having failed to maintain communication continuously over the centuries; amongst them St Barbara. The following signals resulted:

From SM1 to FOSM info *Ambush Excellent*

Unclas. 1. PAPAL DECREES ARE BROADCAST
WITH EASE
IN THE DAYS OF WIRELESS AND
TELLY
ST BARBARA'S DEMISE WE VIEW
WITH UNEASE
BUT AMBUSH HAS FIRE IN HER
BELLY

2. STEADY THE GUARD

From FOSM to SM1 *Ambush Excellent*

Unclas. 1. ST BARBARA'S DEMISE
NOT A PLEASANT SURPRISE
NOW MAKES HER A GUNNERY
'LOCAL'
SO AMBUSH'S BELLY
NEED NOT TURN TO JELLY
FOR BARBARA'S DEATH IS NOT
TOTAL

2. PAPAL DEFINITION OF 'LOCAL': QUOTE
TO BE VENERATED ONLY IN SELECTED
AREAS UNQUOTE

From HMS *Excellent* to SM1 info FOSM *Ambush*

Unclas. 1. THERE ARE THOSE I KNOW
IN THE WORLD DOWN BELOW
WHO REGARD THE MARK S2 AS
QUAINT
BUT MANY WILL WISH
THEY HAD MORE THAN JUST FISH
WHEN YOUR GUNLAYERS FOLLOW
OUR SAINT

2. THE WORSHIP OF SAINT BARBARA IS OF
COURSE ONLY OPTIONAL OUTSIDE
WHALE ISLAND

Yours sincerely,

R. L. COPP

Flotilla Communication Officer

* * * * *

GCHQ,

OAKLEY, CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTER.

Dear Sir,

COMMUNAL DEPARTMENT RATING

1. Having recently completed a commission aboard *Eagle* where I was the Communications Department Regulator, I am firmly convinced that a need for a Communal Department Rating exists. The present system is unpopular amongst both senior and junior ratings for the following reasons:

- a At present juniors are not allowed to do communal duties, and the employment of Ordinary rates is very much frowned upon. This leads to the situation whereby a rating having been fully trained, and therefore of use to his particular department, has to go off and scrub or hump for a three month period. Ratings in the Communal Party can, and

often are spared to, read practical exercises, but from experience I have gained, not without frequent chasing from the rating in charge of the department, and sometimes a little nausea. Very honest is the senior rating who sends everyone in the department in strict rotation, and how many ratings miss their turn because they are 'my brightest rating'? Indeed, is it fair to send a first class rate when juniors do not go? Unpleasantness can and sometimes does occur within departments through some ratings being held back whilst others go round the buoy.

- b It is possible under the present system, apart from the point raised in a above, for many ratings to complete their naval engagement without doing a communal party stint, when a permutation is made from age, advancement, draft to shore, foreign shore etc.
 - c Every department at present attempts to shirk its communal party responsibilities. Cries of 'down on complement' are heard all too often from officers and senior ratings. Those who believe in such phrases as 'do him good' or 'send so-and-so again' should remember that a rating's career is being played with.
 - d Reliefs are sometimes required for Communal Party ratings proceeding on leave. This normally occurs when ship husbandry in a department is proceeding at a fast pace in a DED.
 - e How many man-hours are wasted at all levels deciding which department does what, where, and when during a ship's commission?
2. All the above points are relevant to every department within a ship, and not just to the Communication Department alone. I propose that the following would please most people:
- a General

- (1) At present many ratings are being refused entrance to the Royal Navy because they do not possess the necessary academic qualifications, and these are the people (with others so desiring) who could be recruited as General Purpose ratings. Shouts from the liberals of 'slave labour' will have to be heard, so engagements of say three or five years could be offered.
- (2) The Navy would lose little if they do not re-engage as they would require little training. Shorter engagements could be used in an argument about less pay due to lower standard etc., if so desired by MOD.

b Advancement Structure

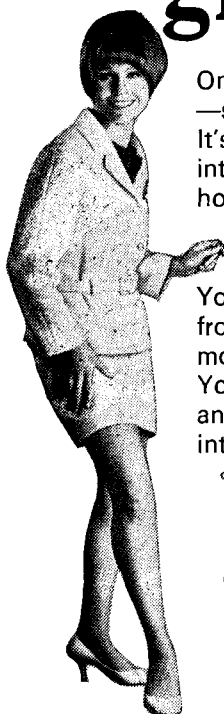
- (1) Basic training. NB CD, Ship Husbandry (to include paint application, gifting and gleeming etc), First Aid (as these ratings could be used as First Aid Parties at Action Stations), and basic maintenance of domestic machinery used onboard.

- (2) Advancement to Able Rate would be purely on a time in Ordinary Rate basis.
 - (3) Leading Hands examination apart from a higher standard in the subjects taken in training, could consist of questions set by Supply Department, eg, storage of provisions, naval stores, etc.
 - (4) Petty Officer and Chief Petty Officer in the branch could be by further examinations, time basis, or recommendation, and they would become C/PO of Messdecks/ Dining Halls.
 - (5) Should a rating prove to be worthy of (SD) opportunity, this rating on promotion apart from becoming 1st Lt assistant (Messdecks), could also take over many extraneous duties at present undertaken by Specialist Officers, eg, laundry officer, mail officer, sports officer, SRE officer, etc.
 - (6) Opportunities should also be offered for these ratings to qualify as butchers, typists and nonsub rates open to other branches such as Shallow Water Diver. Also perhaps, there may be a requirement to train men as professional laundry ratings if Chinese laundry crews are withdrawn in the future.
3. To conclude. I realise that there may be flaws in my proposals which are slightly far reaching, but resentment of the present system is felt in virtually every ship, and something should be done to leave the trained rating free to do the job he is borne for and continue an uninterrupted career. Finally, I would have been loathe to do communal duties if they had been in operation when I was a Telegraphist.

Yours faithfully,

A. D. BOWEN,
(CRS(W))

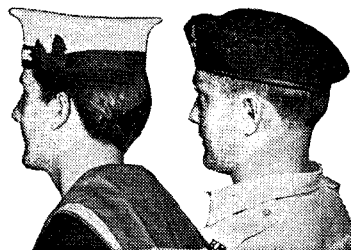
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OUR MAN IN THE MOD

by CRS(W) Lowthe

D.N.S. The initial letters which conjure up varying pictures, depending on how long you've been in the Service. I must admit that whenever I've heard that an officer had been appointed on the Staff of the Director Naval Signals, I used to think to myself, that B——'s on a good loaf. The 'Bowler 'at' brigade. Mit brief case and broolly. Somewhat similar to Macbeth's witches, all round a cauldron of bubbling communicators.

Double double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,
Ears of a sparker ache,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Lights of a bunting, and semaphore flags,
Hide of Chief, and confidential bags,
Symbols of morse, and instructions for ode,
We of DNS can double the load.
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell broth boil and bubble.

One doesn't mind being rudely awakened, but, when one's cherished dreams are completely shattered, that's the limit. The main building of the Ministry of Defence is in Whitehall. It has two entrances, one in Richmond Terrace, the other in Horse Guards Avenue. Giving no more than a casual glance at the two giant misshapen nude statues above the entrances, one is more likely to believe they are entering the Ministry of Pornography, as opposed to the hallowed halls containing the Gnomes of Defence. Once inside, the whole place seems to be a maze of passages, there being no abundance of pubs and naval tailors from which to take my bearings, I still find it difficult to navigate round Britain's answer to the Pentagon. The present director, Captain Pope (now a Rear Admiral) has his staff and offices on the first floor. Seventeen officers in all, each one with a special responsibility, and they are backed by up a clerical staff of twelve. This seems a lot but, believe me, they are certainly kept busy.

In my first two weeks on the staff, I began to see that there is a lot more to running a Navy than I'd ever realised, especially now that the Services are working in close liaison with each other under the same roof. For instance, if the Navy wish to make changes to a particular RN/WT station, the Army and RAF have to get in on the act. They can either make it easy or difficult. The Headquarters Defence Communication Network have to be consulted then, in some cases, NATO. As most communication between offices is done on paper, you can start to imagine the work entailed, or can you? I couldn't at first. Next, the Director General of Dockyards and Maintenance has to give his approval. The people who do the costing, want in, then the man who holds the purse string. Meeting after meeting, more paper work, dockets and files begin to mount up. It still baffles me how anyone can tie a great mountain of paper together and say with conviction that the project in question has been carried through to a successful completion. Every-

body who is anybody puts their remarks and signature on the circulating dockets and files. Although I'm still waiting for the commissionaire to throw his tuppence halfpenny worth in, I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Because of this paper work, and penny-pinching civil servants, whose fingers control the purse strings, is it any wonder that from the time an idea to purchase new equipment goes on paper the time delay can be anything from two to five years? Hence, by the time you have your lovely new equipment fitted—It's obsolete—Great!!!

When we hear the Navy estimates, we immediately think of a pay rise. These estimates are of course the major factor dictating yea or nay to naval requirements. Depending on what priority a project has, will determine which particular year's estimate will account for it. Signals IN is the cryptic title of my boss, Commander Jessop. (Depending on when this goes to print—Captain Jessop.) His particular responsibility is point-to-point communications. This probably doesn't sound much, but, sit and think about it. Should this station be modernised, is it required post 71, 72, 73, ad infinitum. Can we close that station? What happens when we withdraw from east of Suez? Will Mauritius be able to cope, when Singapore closes? What shall we do with the equipment in Singapore? What is required when satellite communications get into full swing? What permanent shore facilities will be required for satellite working?

Run down Hongkong, what shall we do about Malta? Build up Hongkong, modernise Malta? What is the government policy abroad?

'Chief'.

'Yes sir'.

'Fetch my crystal ball from the safe, and would you just sort out the telegraph landline schedule'.

'Yes sir, can I leave the telegraph lines until tomorrow. It's half past five'.

'What do you want, a make-n-mend?'

Although my dreams have been shattered, I console myself with the thought that really nothing has changed. Them B——'s are still on a quiet number, I'm still doing all the work. The only difference is, I nick the boss's broolly, and practise swinging it round and round. To date I'm still a novice. Brief case, well, that's easy. The Bowler 'at is the snag. Maybe it's because I've worn ear phones for too long. Outside of stretching my arkers, or devising a special gadget, I just can't seem to manage one. I always end up in the dark. Still! a bowlegged cricket is worse off than me. I volunteered for the job.

BELT AND BRACES

Extract from a Resettlement Bulletin seeking staff for the MOD Defence Communication Centre. 'Whilst this system is fully automatic, it cannot operate entirely on its own . . .'

RIGHT OUT OF JOINT

by 'Racoon'

The Major cleared his throat, stroked his luxuriant moustache and spoke.

'Good morning, gentlemen. As Chairman it is my pleasure to welcome you two representatives from the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force to this joint planning conference for Operation SOAK AWAY. My name is Major Largeboot and perhaps I may be permitted to say at this point that, although a Brown Job, I did attend the Royal Air Force Staff College, so I have a keen inter-Service outlook.'

'Well, that is rather strange, in fact,' said the Lieutenant-Commander. 'My name is Anchorage, but I too have external connections, so to speak, since I did in fact attend the Staff College at Camberley.'

'Shiver my timbers!' exclaimed the Squadron Leader, shifting a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other. 'Strange indeed. My name is Wingspan and though, of course, you have no way of guessing it, I attended the Staff Course at Greenwich.'

'Bang on!' said Largeboot. 'I'm sure it will make the world of difference to our joint work here today. Now to business. Operation SOAK AWAY.'

'I think it might save a lot of time, in fact,' said Anchorage, briskly, 'if I tell you chaps now that I have in fact already worked out the problem. It's quite simple, actually. Two up, bags of smoke, regulation pause of two three and hit them for six right in the FDLs. Then neutralise, harass and destroy them with the 105s and finish up by dominating no man's land.'

'Belay there!' said Squadron Leader Wingspan. 'Don't you feel that is perhaps a bit excessive? I rather favoured a landing party from HMS *Dock-worthy*. Nothing quite like twenty pairs of bell-bottoms to quieten the place down. Pick-helves, of course, and then if that doesn't work, a platoon of Royals with a string band, followed by a football match against the locals in the afternoon.'

'Wizard, old chap!' said Major Largeboot. 'But both of you have forgotten the ground support. Now I was thinking in terms of a squadron of Hunters Mark 6, 12 U.E., with Decant Nav-Attack Head-Up Displays to do the trick. With a bit of top cover and flak suppression thrown in, I reckon that, using SNEB from 1,200 feet, there's a 17% probability of causing 50% casualties to a platoon of infantry dug in with 0% overhead cover.'

Wingspan looked interested. 'Really?' he said. 'Never knew that.'

'Let's cut out the frills and get down to detail,' said Anchorage impatiently. 'First of all, morale must be high and admin. good. There's no point in our discussing high-flown mathematics if Private Snooks on his flat feet hasn't got his blankets and overcoats. How are they going to be brought up?'

'LPD, of course,' said Squadron Leader Wingspan. 'It so happens that I've got the charts here with me—we can get to within 5 miles of the coast when the monsoon is from the Nor-Nor-West and chopper them in.'

'Just not cost-effective enough, old boy,' exclaimed Major Largeboot. 'You can get 931,723 greatcoats in a C5A, Land on a football field. Twenty-eight landing wheels, you know.'

'Look,' said Lieutenant-Commander Anchorage sharply. 'I'm not interested in your technicalities when my soldiers are cold and hungry. You Blue Jobs are all the same. No doubt the first thing you'll want to do when you land is crawl into your bunks and rest for 19 hours.'

'You're adopting a very single-Service viewpoint on this, old boy,' said Major Largeboot. 'Typical of the Army. All gummed up with tradition and gaiters. I suppose you'll be wanting the Mess Silver flown in next. You're a disgrace to the colour of your uniform.'

Lieutenant-Commander Anchorage flushed, picked up his papers and moved towards the door.

'I shall deem it my duty to report your non-co-operative attitude to my General—Rear-Admiral Gannett,' he said, and walked out of the room.

There was a moment's silence. 'Well, there's a thing!' said the Squadron Leader. 'Terrible how blinkered some chaps can get. Suppose we'd better adjourn, Largeboot. How about a rum below decks?'

REORGANISATION OF 'O' SECTION

Years ago radio-organisation/GCI and crypto were taught as separate subjects in two sections, headed by officers known as W1 and C1. C1 was swallowed up in the rush to move into Dreadnought Block some four years ago, and an enormous 'O' section emerged. Since then the processes of evolution, especially with the advances in automatic message routing, and on-line cryptography, have proved that 'O' section is the better for defining more clearly its responsibilities for Radio Organisation, AT (meaning all forms of AT, whether by covered or uncovered radio or landline circuits) and Crypto.

From June 30, O1 will be responsible for the teaching of all RN, NATO and Joint Communication Radio Organisation, and their practical application (eg, Joint Communication Exercises), whilst O2 assumes the title of AT1 with responsibility for the teaching of all RN, NATO and joint procedures, whether on-line or off-line, and for on-line keying systems and off-line cryptosystems. (The technical instruction of on-line equipments remains the responsibility of T section.)

In summary this reorganisation places into a separate section subjects which are required to be known by all three sub specialisations. The two halves of 'O' Section are as follows, with the old titles shown in brackets:

O1	}	RN, NATO and Joint
O2 (O5)		Communications Radio
O3 (O6)		Organisations.
AT1 (O2)	}	RN, NATO and Joint AT
AT2 (O4)		Procedures, On-line keying
AT3 (O3)		systems and off-line cryptosystems.

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LINKED COMPRESSOR AND EXPANDOR (LINCOMPLEX)

by CRS Fuller

Commercial HF radio telephone is used extensively by merchant ships, but not, on the whole, by HM ships. An exception to this is the Royal Yacht, which is often called upon to provide instant telephone connection from anywhere to anywhere, but most frequently from sea to the United Kingdom. In planning the recent royal tour to South America considerable care was devoted to this subject for several reasons. Firstly, there is no local radio telephone service in Brazil; secondly, the internal telephone system of Brazil leaves much to be desired, and calls outside Brazil (i.e. to UK) are often unsatisfactory. Thirdly, the east coast of South America is well known as a difficult area for radio communications.

It was decided, in the event correctly, that the most reliable method of achieving telephone calls to the UK would be by the normal HF SSB service direct from *Britannia* to the GPO HF Radio Telephone Terminal at Baldock, in Hertfordshire, using the Cable and Wireless station at Barbados as an alternative. However, it was considered doubtful that this would, under varying propagation conditions, always provide the quality and reliability required, and so the GPO loaned *Britannia* a device they have developed called LINCOMPLEX.

Recent developments in long distance communication such as satellites, have overshadowed the requirement for HF. However, the GPO regard HF competitive with cable and satellite services. Very broadly, the requirement is to improve the quality of the HF circuit by reducing the effects of noise and fading to the point where the subscriber does not know if he is connected by line or radio. LINCOMPLEX goes far towards achieving this objective.

LINCOMPLEX operates as follows. The speech is compressed to a sensibly-constant amplitude, the compressors acting at almost the syllabic rate of speech. The compressor control current modulates a separate control signal, which is combined with the compressed speech and transmitted over a nominal 3 kHz bandwidth channel. At the receiver, the control signal is separated from the speech signal and both are amplified to a constant level. The control signal is then used to set the expander gain, thus restoring the original variations of speech signal amplitude. Because the speech output level at the receiver depends solely on the frequency of the control signal, which is directly related to the input level at the transmitter, the overall system loss or gain can be maintained at a constant value. The effect to the subscriber is of a circuit almost unnaturally free of interference and fading, and at worst a slight artificiality of the speech, though not enough to prevent voices being easily recognised.

As long as the control signal is free of interference LINCOMPLEX will make a 'commercial' circuit out of what would, without it, be a very poor and noisy

circuit with considerable fading. The GPO have found that rather than the improved circuit conditions with LINCOMPLEX enabling business to be concluded more quickly, the subscribers have found speech so easy and have become so relaxed that the average length of calls has increased. In *Britannia*, it is true to say that several successful calls were made using LINCOMPLEX over circuits which otherwise would have made coherent conversation impossible.

The LINCOMPLEX, which is all transistorised and requires virtually no adjustment after initial setting up, was used with a Marconi NT 201 transmitter, the commercial forerunner of the Type 640, which was eminently satisfactory. The snags come on the receive side, where a very high degree of frequency accuracy and stability is required, since only two cycles off tune causes a signal reduction of 1 dB. *Britannia* used a CJK with a RA 121 sideband adaptor in lieu of the RA 218 adaptor, since the RA 121 incorporates an automatic frequency control. However, the stability of the CJK was insufficient to maintain a weak variable signal within the limits of the A.F.C. and some difficulty was experienced.

LINCOMPLEX is already used on several point to point GPO circuits, and has been fitted in several merchant ships, including the *QE2* and it is reported that the South African Navy may be fitting it in their ships. It is unlikely to be fitted in the RN as it is incompatible with the speech secrecy equipment, and is too expensive to install for commercial telephone calls only, but try it on your next trip in the *QE2*!!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A RADIO SUPERVISOR

Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of HMS Eagle's underground journal 'Weigh Out'

What a beautiful day—the sun is dancing on the wavelets, cascading into a million diamond droplets; the sea so blue it could also be Mediterranean. Is that Lottie yonder nestling under snow capped mountains? Ah, the freshness, the quiet simple beauty of it all. 'Git out the bleedin' way—we want to wash down'. So much for my post-breakfast drop of freshers. But another day awaits and there is work to do.

Down to the office below—dramatic entrance. Ditch the watchkeeper's copy of THE TIMES, touch up a few Receivers that may or may not have been off tune. Make a switch or two on the control desk that experience has taught me will not disrupt communications. Pick the office up for a scrub out, organise a mini Operation Thimblehunt to find the greenie whose screwdriver I nicked last week. (Transpires that he hasn't missed it yet, so hide it away again.) Give him stick for being a greenie and go down the mess to pull a packet of fags prior to going up top. Salute Chiefy baby, give him half a dozen fags, give the RSOW stick then see if I can con. the Chief Yeoman out of his tot. Having wasted fifteen minutes thus, and having picked up the

buntings for being thick, remember that I have forgotten to knuckle the OD. Sparkers who would think that something was seriously amiss if over-looked. Remedied. Go up to see Sir, whimpering and snivelling appropriately. When asked why such and such is not speaking, issue forthwith a very long sentence including as many expressions like; Freqsep, Radhaz, double knock, offset, propagation, incompatibility, push-pull, filter curve, greenies fault, etc., and ending with 'Well Sir, what can you expect with ARMY/RAF/WAAFOOS/RFAs/ANOTHER SHIP at the other end!!'

Extinguish the flames that I have been shot down in, and go out onto the funnel deck. Make sure that the Morning watchmen have washed down thoroughly, thus ensuring a good earth. Feed the goofers rice for getting sterile under or next to the aerials. (It's not that I really mind them sterilising themselves at our expense, but I do take exception when the transmitted power from the aerial dissipates into their idle bodies instead of into the Ionosphere.) Give the Golly shop a miss as it's coming up for longweekenders and they just might lose my ticket if I sharpen them up. Standeasy already? Down to the mess: No cups left again. Kick the greenies to death for putting the snatch on the cups and for still being greenies. Drip all over the Fairies because there is no mail again today. Ignore their plaintive pleas for clemency because they belong to a fixed wing squadron. Shake the Yeoman, tell the seaman that there is a RAS scheduled for 0100 tomorrow morning, tell everyone else that the ship will now return to Guzz and not Pompey as planned. Wait till the bubbly comes up, then lash the messmen up to the Pres's tot. See it off Wings. Ask Florrie what the GL on his badge stands for, then dash down to the dining hall to see if you can get an early lunch. As the doorway is jammed solid with gash daymen and NAAFI staff, forget it. Ask them tough if I can see their cruise tickets and enquire whether they have the afternoon watch or not. This is guaranteed to produce an instant reaction. Lunchtime eventually, I remove the cotton wool from my ears—making sure that I sit next to a GI so that I can enjoy a stimulating discussion on surrealist art forms whilst I eat.

If the author survives this will be continued . . .

BRICKWOOD FIELD-GUN COMPETITION 1969

This year is the 70th anniversary of the siege of Ladysmith. What on earth has this to do with the Brickwood Field-gun competition, held annually at HMS *Excellent*, Whale Island? It is a long and interesting story, that you may like to hear.

During the South African war in the latter part of the 19th century, the British fell back on the towns whilst the Boer Commandos ruled the countryside, invested the towns, and brought some big guns to bear to the discomfort of the besieged. The Captain of HMS *Powerful* in Simonstown conceived the idea

of getting his secondary armament of 4.7 inch guns ashore. The dockyard turned out gun carriages to his design in a fortnight, shipped them to Durban, unloaded two 4.7 inch guns and a batch of quick-firing medium range 12 pounders and boarded the train which reached Ladysmith at noon. A 4.7 inch gun was unloaded and brought to bear with effect in one hour, the third round knocked out the long range Boer gun menacing the town. The siege lasted 119 days and by skilfully conserving ammunition, enough remained for a fusillade of shots to pepper the departing Boers as they withdrew before General Buller's relieving force.

After the relief, and two telegrams to Generals White and Buller, Queen Victoria singled out the Naval Brigade for a special congratulatory telegram. The naval brigade of 750 ratings and Royal Marines fought with distinction in several parts of the country with 4.7 inch guns from HM Ships *Powerful*, *Terrible* and others. On return the crew of *Powerful* ran a 4.7 inch gun through the arena at the Agricultural Hall at Islington in the 1900 Royal Tournament and was greeted with wild enthusiasm by the public. They ran the gun through the streets of London to Waterloo Station on their way back to Portsmouth. In 1907 the Captain of HMS *Excellent* instituted the Brickwoods Field Gun Competition and the Brickwood Brewery donated the splendid trophy.

The 1969 competition found the *Mercury* teams in a very good position and they trained with high spirits. On Monday June 30, the two teams, formed from new entry and ships' company volunteers, ably trained by RS Sleight and CPO(GI) Broadhurst, and accompanied by some 120 supporters arrived at HMS *Excellent*. The new entry team, or 'B' crew as it had become known, ran first. Although they didn't win their heat, they returned a satisfactory time of one minute forty-six seconds, third to HMS *Collingwood's* one minute thirty-nine seconds. *Mercury* 'A' team were drawn to run in the third heat, and they ran second to *Collingwood's* first team, with a time of one minute forty point two seconds. This was a commendable time and fast enough to qualify them for the final as one of the five fastest times returned in the heats. The opposition was formidable. Both *Collingwood* 'A' and 'B' teams had qualified, as also had *Daedalus* 2nd team. The fourth team was *Dryad* who with *Mercury* were the outsiders. The final was started by the Royal Marine bugler sounding the advance and the firing of a thunderflash. All five teams raced away, and slowly but surely the *Mercury* team pulled away from the others. The team were well ahead in the final action, and only fifty yards from home, when once again, for the second year running, misfortune overtook them. A cartridge was mishandled causing a delay of some seconds, and allowing *Collingwood's* number one team to romp home in the fastest time of the evening.

Once again *Mercury* has let the elusive Brickwood Trophy slip through their fingers. It wasn't the fault of bad training. A big vote of thanks must be given

to RS Sleight for all the effort and spare time that he so freely gave to the training of the teams, and to CPO Broadhurst for his valuable assistance to both the teams, and so our thoughts must turn to the perfection of each crewman's actions. However, if the enthusiasm of the members of HMS *Mercury* continues to produce such staunch teams, then it can only be a matter of time before we can expect to see that magnificent trophy being carried into the establishment on the shoulders of a successful team.

THE OBESE MEN

by Sub-Lieut J. T. Hudson

Not since the grand days of the Roman orgies has there been so much food eaten by the privileged few. If we could exchange all our excess lbs for currency pounds then we would certainly have no balance of payments crisis. It is estimated (by the writer) that over 60 percent of the Royal Navy is overweight. (This decision was arrived at by taking a good look at a cross section of the people around him, and then a quick estimate of their weight against what their correct weight should be.) It is agreed that this method is not foolproof, but then what methods are? A quick look at your own figure and weight against height should be evidence that I do not speak with a forked tongue. Once it was fashionable to be fat, in certain parts of the world fatness is a sign of beauty, but our witch-doctors now inform us that we shorten our lives if we carry too much surplus. This if course must be true, a man would be a fool if he carried a sack of bricks around with him day and night, but is this not the case of the overweight person?

How can we justify this carrying of all these surplus lbs, what answer can we give the poor old heart when it asks 'How much longer are you going to make me work like this?' The answer is simple—'As from the time I read this article I intend to reduce your work load'. The heart will then reply, 'Good I will allow you to live another ten years'. Having decided that fatness is not fitness, what is the best way of losing those extra lbs? There is only one sure method of losing weight and that is to cut down on the amount of high calorie food which you eat. Exercise is no help. The high calorie foods are beer, potatoes, nutty, biscuits, bread, etc. It's easy, all you have to do is to stop eating and drinking these items, that's not difficult is it?

Aim to lose about two lbs per week, and only weigh yourself once a week. I am certain if you endeavour to lose weight and succeed you will not only feel fitter, but will almost certainly look better, and furthermore think of all that extra pension you will collect by living that extra ten years.

APOLOGY

To Lieut J. M. Gawley for once again holding his article on 'Hockey Umpiring' over because of pressure on space.



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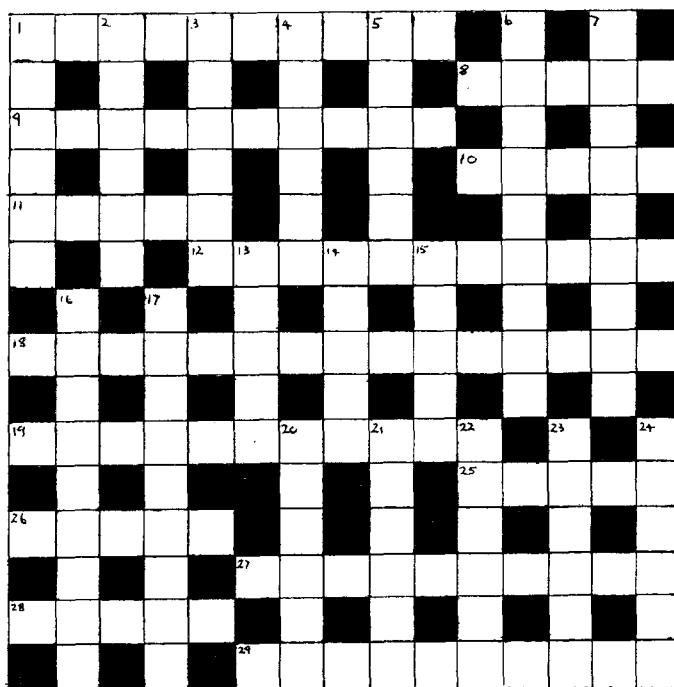
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SUMMER CROSSWORD

All entries should be addressed to The Editor, to arrive not later than November 1. A prize of ONE GUINEA will be awarded for the first correct solution found.



by ANN JEWEL

Down:

1. Flight to swop 200 for 90 in 20 dn. (6)
2. Sheep show no such elan at being shorn! (6)
3. Ern, traipsing along, loses 20 dn. and makes full speed. (6)
4. I'm apt to lose a letter at all the best places. (6)
5. Love with half repeated to unravel a clue. (6)
6. Tastes cow there. (4, 5)
7. Re-adjust towards the east for the elder. (5, 4)
13. Saved at ten from 18 ac. only to leave a failure to react. (5)
14. A samovar, and tea in it, shows a creature in hiding. (5)
15. The little slate must be the smallest. (5)
16. 22 dn. — o! me! o! my! what a muddle at this stage. (9)
17. To nurse us back to health may be 21 dn. (9)
20. Regain working order. (2, 4)
21. The cave it lives in makes it 17 dn. (6)
22. Presumably you did. (6)
23. It sounds as if you select it, and receive a stake. (6)
24. Suitable inscription for a foot? (6)

Across:

1. 'Or sad beside lakes where — are reflected
Making fires of leaves, your high hopes fallen.'
(C. D. Lewis) (4-6)
8. The foreign king will point out an example to us. (5)
9. Note 20 dn. is twisted for the production. (10)
10. Try as I may I get lost when I 12 ac. (5)
11. Play baccarat and poker at school and get the cane! (5)
12. 'Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to — — so far!'
(As You Like It). (6, 5)
18. Steer it round the dog and 14 dn. (7, 8)
19. Re-repeating 12 ac.? (11)
25. Melt this for 16 dn. (5)
26. Fat is the best outer covering. (5)
27. The fairy we link with the creeping plant. (10)
28. But then, nuisance value disguises boredom. (5)
29. Go east at Edinburgh and get into position. (10)

SHIP-SHORE NEWS

HMS ANDROMEDA

by RO2(T) M. K. Williams

Once more the Gods have decreed it is time for me to write an article for THE COMMUNICATOR, so here I am putting pen to paper with my brain ticking over at a steady old plod. Since our last article we have had some changes to the staff, JRO Connor and JRO Taylor leaving us for *Glamorgan* and gaining JRO Sandford. Work-up started at the beginning of April with a harbour week. The first high-light of this soul destroying six week period was RO2 Ferry Mason's stag run which took in most of Weymouth. This run tended to sort out the men from the animals. I would like to take this opportunity in congratulating Mrs. Mason on gaining a new pet. It took most of the staff the rest of the harbour week to recover. The harbour week completed, it was time for the work-up to get into full swing with most of the department in two watches. There was a sigh of relief from all on reaching our second harbour week for an A.M.P. Runs ashore (what are they) and all-nights-in. One night during this period, when setting up a shore signal station, RO2 Fowler, who was in the seaboat, experienced great difficulty in establishing communications with the ship on his 635. It should be noted by those of you who have your glorious rest period at Portland still to come, that portables work much better if, before using them, you ensure that they are fitted with batteries.

Heard on the bridge between serials: Signalman exchange identities with *Resource*. It was a great surprise to the signalman concerned when he received the reply—*de Resource*—(we must keep the men on their toes). One of our juniors gained everlasting fame being mentioned in FOSTs post-inspection speech. During the inspection it was necessary for the bridge to receive a direct hit and all bridge personnel to be killed (brief respite for bridge personnel). When the serial was completed, the Portland staff brought them back to life, all that is except JRO Kinnear who to all intents and purposes was still dead. It was then realised that dead men don't snore, and time to witness a real Portland miracle. Re-incarnation with a size 10 boot.

The work-up completed it was now time to return to Pompey to give extended weekends to each watch and to give CCY Clayton chance to show appreciation of a switched on, tip top, VS department by treating them to a run ashore. That about brings us up to the present time. We are at the moment on our way to a fortnight in the Baltic, calling first at Gothenburg and then Copenhagen, returning to UK via the Kiel Canal. On our return we are due to lose yet another of our staff, RO2(W) Melvin who is being sent to the greener pastures of *Mercury*. We sail for the Far East in August calling at Gibraltar for 10 days, where CRS

Grass will be taking the department for a run ashore. From Gibraltar we go to Simonstown to celebrate LRO Tomlinson's birthday on September 23 (absent friends please note) before starting our Beira Patrol. Once this is completed . . . who knows?

HMS ARK ROYAL

by LRO(T) Davidson and RO1(T) Pierre

Yes friends the buzz is—the dockies have started to make things hum around here, and 10 Dock has never been such a hive of activity (or since it was emptied last year and the dockies had a 'FISH-IN'). At the moment the MSO is situated in the Operations Office, having failed to make a takeover bid for the Commander's Office and Map Store. You see we have a space problem owing to completion of compartments and security requirements. But when more share holders arrive, no doubt we will move to those mystic places high above called Flagdeck, Bridge, MCO etc, etc.

Although a good commission is lined up for the *Ark* no one is missing anything by not being onboard at the moment, except perhaps for some of you who, like us, have never had a carrier before and didn't know so many windy hammers, drills and buffers could be operated in unison around one. At present the comms staff consists of only us two, LRO(T) George Davidson (SBHMC and MP) (Daily Express Crossy January 14, 1969) and RO1(T) Louis Pierre (Daily Mirror Crossy) (FAILED)—(THE UN-CRACKABLES), but we would like to extend a warm welcome to Lt-Cdr Timpson, Lt Clinton, CCY Kennedy, CRS Clark and every one whom CND (in its vast wisdom) has decided to draft to the *Ark*.

If any of you who are joining have ever been on the *Ark* before, then the coming commission should be even better than all the ones before, as all the accommodation has been improved and of course we can boast of having Phantoms and Sea King choppers, the like of which has never been beheld before. We're sure in the next 'ISH' we'll have something more interesting to write about, so we'll try to 'Keep a Grip' and see you then.

HMS BACCHANTE

By RS J. Rogers

Staff: CY Egan, RS(G) Rogers, LRO(G) Crowe, RO1(W) Burman, RO2(T) MacDiarmid, and RO2(G) McCready (with the buzz that Sub-Lieut Snow will join as the SCO).

In an effort to save Their Lordships the trouble of having to rename the ship the HMS WHO?? (for the purpose of telephone conversations at least) we thought an appearance in THE COMMUNICATOR might go a long way towards enlightening those with whom

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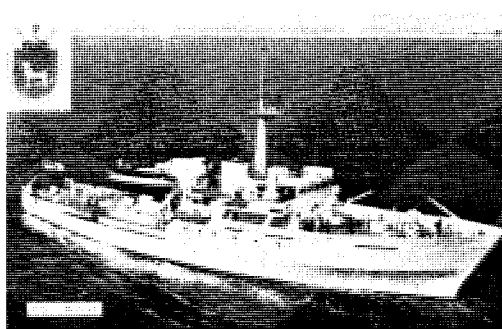
we desire to communicate in the near future. First, the name—correct pronunciation—BACK ANTI. Absolutely incorrect—BAG SHANTY (plus variants!).

HMS *Bacchante* is the 22nd Leander class frigate and is at present building at Vickers, Newcastle. She was launched on February 29, 1968 by Lady Twiss, wife of the 2nd Sea Lord. For those not conversant with Greek mythology, the Bacchantes were 'vicious when roused', female followers of Bacchus, god of wine and fertility. With this in mind we intend to live up to the reputation gained by our illustrious namesakes. The name *Bacchante* first graced the annals of the Royal Navy in 1803 when a 28-gun French frigate so named was captured and thereafter used as a British ship, as was the custom of the day. (So *that's* why we didn't get into the Common Market!). Since then the name has been used a further five times: two frigates, a corvette and a cruiser have borne it with dignity. The most recent *Bacchante* was in fact the Station Hotel in Aberdeen which was requisitioned in 1939 and kept in commission as a local naval HQ for the duration of World War II.

Exhaustive research has been carried out into all available records and documents relating to previous *Bacchantes* but no trace can be found of a ship's motto. We would welcome information and ideas from any would-be historians on this subject. (See editorial note at the end of this article.) At the time of writing we are enjoying a brief sojourn in dry dock to effect some minor repairs. This has proved fortuitous to the ship's company because our dry dock affords a first class view of the ESSO *Northumbria*, the first 250,000-ton ship to be built in the UK, and which will be launched whilst we are still in dry dock. On successful completion of contractors' sea trials we will spend about four months having the final touches put to the ship and then, after a fond farewell to the flesh-pots of Whitley Bay and Newcastle, we steam south to Pompey for testing and tuning to about mid-October.

The ship is due to commission in November for a Home/West Indies GSC. There is a buzz that we are earmarked to uphold the traditions of the RN as the British representative in STANAVFORLANT prior to our stint amongst the waving palm trees of the Caribbean. Those of a faint-hearted disposition on the staff at Portland are hereby warned that we expect to be down there early in the New Year, so you have plenty of time to organise your getaway. The stalwarts who remain will have the dubious pleasure of putting F69 through her paces, a prospect we view with emotions approaching controlled panic!! The department extend a *Bacchante* greeting to our SCO Sub-Lieut Snow and assure him that all is well and look forward to him joining in August.

(Editor's Note: *The Back Anti has not yet got a ship's motto but it is understood that her Captain is looking into this matter. There are still a few ships without mottos. Am sure readers will be interested to know what is finally decided for HMS 'Bacchante'.*)



HMS BEAGLE

by LRO(G) M. J. Mellon

I often sit in the office wondering that the hell I'm doing here. But then I realise that God put me on this earth to do a job of some description. In His note book in His back pocket He had me earmarked to join *Beagle* and run the communications. Mind you, our communications are always Reduced SOPs on broadcast or CCNs so who can grumble. *Beagle* is a sort of go between a luxurious yacht, with every modcon including a fully automatic launderette . . . and a warship. A WARSHIP!!!! Who ever heard of a warship being white and with no armament unless you class Sterlings, pistols, and a line-throwing rifle, as armament? I always dreamed of a dashing grey ghost firing ear shattering rounds from a 15-inch gun directed at a far distant enemy. But here I am and here I stay, I hope, to help in my own little way (Tide Readings), to survey areas in the North Sea.

Once out at sea the cry arises 'Standby for lining up "HIFIX"'. 'HIFIX'? Am I dreaming? Whose is it?, mine?, Chief's?, the Chief's?, no, it belongs to the surveyors. But what is it? Only a surveying sparker can tell. But if I owned it I would make a mint by selling it to MECCA for a Fandangled Bingo Machine! That is all it is. A machine that reels off figures after figures after figures. But at least I can steer the ship. But what's that I hear? 'Set to automatic 294'. Oh, no, is there nothing I can do here? Wait! there is, where's my morse key, signal pad and transmitter? Ah! seclusion, 'Hague this is *Beagle*, have you got a HIFIX or Automatic Pilot?' . . . So come all ye budding surveying sparkers get your request forms in, remember there are four of us, *Beagle*, *Bulldog*, *Fox* and *Fawn*. If CND's crystal ball is your way you may be lucky if not . . . there is always the Big 'E'.

HMS BLAKE — THE UGLY DUCKLING

By RS Warner

Belated greetings, fellow Communicators, from HMS *Blake*. Which, we are delighted to tell you, is at last free of dockyard personnel and rarin' to go. After a quiet commissioning ceremony we put to sea in our new guise, for our final trials, and are at present at Portland undergoing our 'shakedown'. We are indeed most grateful to the FOST communications

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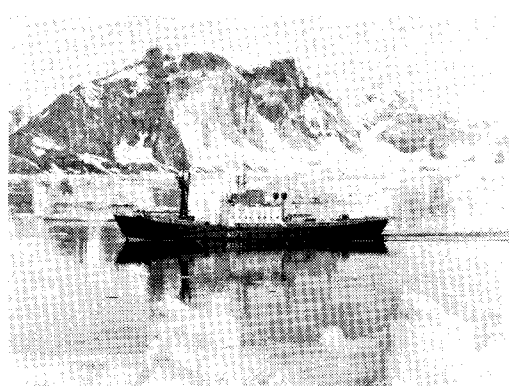
staff, who have kept us fairly busy with a variety of exercises; thereby giving us a premonition of what to expect later this year, when we return for our 'Work-up'. *Blake* has been in the news quite a lot in the past few weeks and most of you will have become used to her being called a variety of names. But, appearances are very deceptive and we can assure you that although she is the first of her kind, and although we have a variety of communications equipment on board (some of which is nondescript), everything is progressing smoothly and no major snags communications-wise have as yet occurred.

Sometime in summer we hope to continue trials in the Mediterranean, this will give our juniors (all 16 of them) their first look of what's to follow in future years. Being somewhat presumptuous, we are inclined to think that many such jollies will be coming our way during this commission. These, we are sure will help to minimise and nullify the exercises, etc., in which we shall be taking part. We are looking forward to the Far Eastern leg of the commission, not only because it is a marvellous run ashore; but, by then, we should be fully on-line in and out, completely worked up in communications and at last fully integrated within the Fleet; with a set programme, which we are sure we will be able to comply with without undue worry. Our Staff seems quite adept at games, cricket being the 'in' game at the moment, so if any ship cares for a game of anything, kindly let us know. This, our first communication, may be quite boring to some of you. We hope to liven our articles as the commission progresses, thereby appealing to the variety of readers which *THE COMMUNICATOR* has. So, from *Blake*, to all Communicators, smooth sailing.

HMS ENDURANCE

Returning to Portsmouth on April 24 after her first, and very successful Antarctic patrol, *HMS Endurance* stayed only long enough to give 10 days' leave to each watch before sailing on May 20 for the Arctic—her mission to penetrate the Polar ice and recover the British Trans-Arctic Expedition (BTAE). At a rendezvous off Bergen with *FPB Laks*, Commander Jespersen our Norwegian Liaison officer was embarked. He brought with him a Swan 350 SSB Transceiver and spent many hours on the air spreading the name of *Endurance* and news of the expedition to all corners of the world, using callsign LA5ID/G Maritime Mobile while onboard.

Endurance penetrated the hostile Arctic ice to 80 degrees north, possibly the farthest north any HM surface ship has been in recent memory, but was finally halted by thick pressure ice and forced to wait for the expedition. The BTAE, four British explorers attempting to make the first ever surface crossing of the Arctic Ocean, had set out from Point Barrow, Alaska, on February 21, 1968. The four men: W. W. (Wally) Herbert—Leader, Radio operator, Photographer and Navigator, Dr. R. M. (Fritz) Koerner—Glaciologist and Meteorologist, Allan Gill—Geo-



physicist and Cameraman, and Major Ken Hedges—Doctor (Physiology and Psychology), took with them 40 huskies and four loaded sledges when they set out on their 3,500 mile walk across the top of the world. Pinning their faith in 2 Redifon GR345 battery operated portables with a rated output of 15 watts PEP, plus hand generator, they kept daily skeds with Squadron Leader F. W. (Freddie) Church who was stationed on the drifting American ice base T3. Reaching the North Pole on April 5, 1969, the party continued their long polar trek making their landfall on the island of Vesle Tavleoya, one of the Seven Islands off the north coast of Spitzbergen at 1900 GMT on May 29, 1969. The historic message of this landfall after 464 days' travelling was relayed via *Endurance* who had taken over a communication link ship for the expedition. Having achieved their aim, they started on possibly the most frustrating part of their journey: to close the 100 mile gap between them and the ship. The going was tough, ice conditions difficult, and time slowly running out. They pushed on, and with helicopter reccees helping them find a way, marched for 12 hours a day until on the 13th day, 477 days and 3,720 route miles out from Point Barrow, they sighted the brick red, stout hearted cockleshell called *Endurance*, a sighting that meant a hot shower, good food, a warm bed, and transportation back home to a heroes' reception in Portsmouth.

Finally, after handling Lord Chalfont, his party and press; the Twin Otter rescue; the BTAE, press and BBC; and being afforded the status of high capacity ship by the GPO radiotelephone service, we—CRS, LRO and 2 RO2(G)—wonder if maybe some ships are a little over complemented!! We welcome RS Bramley, LRO Waterhouse and RO2 Pounds and leave you with the comforting thought that RO2 Graham knows all the answers.

HMS FEARLESS

by the SCO

Mr. Wilson. Gibraltar. Mr. Wilson. Lagos. Communications. Headlines in the *DAILY TELEGRAPH*: 'The message to Colonel Ojukwu was passed through the communications facilities of the commando carrier

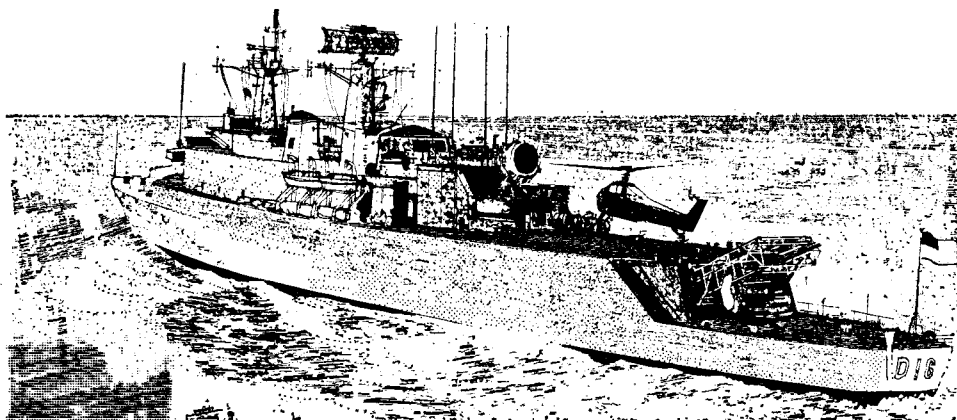
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Our new Chief Yeoman takes a message.

(extreme right, Lieut. Comdr. Gallagher, now SORT, HMS MERCURY)

Fearless, bounced off an unidentified satellite, joked the Prime Minister'. So now we both know how we did it. No mention, however, in the DAILY TELEGRAPH of our other important circuits, such as Biafran Secondary, Jungle Drum Primary (which can be jammed), or Cleft Stick Secondary (which cannot be jammed, although sometimes the carrier may get suppressed en route.) Slight difficulty was experienced in tuning the drums for Jungle Drum Primary, particularly when used with the Triple Drive technique. Perhaps ASWE can advise on this?

In between visits from the Prime Minister (we now know why our pennants are No. 10) we acted as the Royal Navy's increased contribution to NATO in the Mediterranean. With trained killers from 45 Commando, helicopters from 845 Squadron, and scout cars manned by Lifeguards we entered the Mediterranean in January. (Much to our surprise, the Russians did not immediately evacuate Czechoslovakia.) 'Flaming Matelot', said one of our embarked force before sailing, 'I give him ten bob for this tobacco coupon, and when I hand it in at the canteen, the NAAFI man hands it back saying it's a 5d stamp! 'Wait till I catch the -----.'

Later in the month, the padre left us by chopper. 'Where's he going?' one sailor asked another as the helicopter rose. 'Off to see his D.O.', came the reply. Meanwhile, the Royal Marines were busy assaulting Sardinia. Towards the end of the exercise, the following conversation was recorded:

Royal Marine Officer: 'Colour Sergeant. Give the men some tea'.

Colour Sergeant: 'Yessir. But we have no water sir'.

Royal Marine Officer: 'Oh very well. Then give them some limers.'

Back onboard again, the Royal Marines were practising for guard duties:

Colour Sergeant: 'Royal Marines. Royal Marines. Number.'

Guard: 'One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight.'

Colour Sergeant: 'Buck up Number Eight. You were last.'

From the Mediterranean we sailed for Lagos, and from Lagos we sailed home. Contrary to popular belief, we did not scatter signed photographs of the Prime Minister overboard 'to see if he can walk on water'.

(By the Editor—The photograph shows Mr. Wilson signing a copy of a song sung over the SRE.

THE SONG!

Well I'm sad to say
Fearless is sailing away
and won't be back for many a day
Instead of Northwood bound
we are roaming around
and going to meet Harold Wilson in the Lagos town.

Chorus

Singing—Oggie, oggie, oggie we'll never get home
Oggie, oggie, oggie on the seas we will roam
The Government says we should never drip
but please Haslemere get me off this ship.

Oh Harold Wilson has been heard to say
is putting in for separation pay
Been 22 days on a ship of the Line
so now he's shouting roll on my time.

Chorus:

Oh Splicers for G. members, Limers for UAs
That's all we get for the Wilson stays
They are using this ship like a Wilson den
and even on the side is painted Number 10

Chorus:

From the dghaisa man where we learnt the buzz
that he knew we weren't sailing back to Guzz
Confirmed by the BBC Radio man
that we are being used for the Conference again.

Chorus:

HMS FOREST MOOR

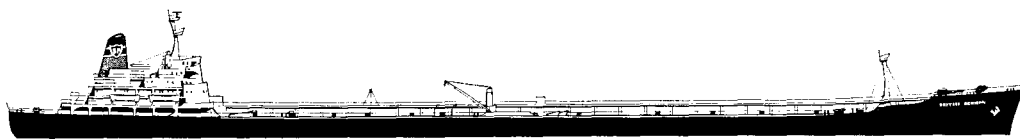
by LRO(G) C. Lister

Staff

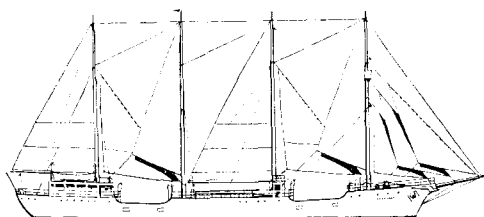
Complement.—RS Linskill, RO1(G) Platt, RO2(G)s Landells, Clarkson, Easthope, Gorman, Cooper, Midwood, Peters, Cartledge, Butters.

Supernumerary.—LRO(G) Lister, LRO(T) Woodwark, RO2(G) Cooling, RO2(T) Gleadow

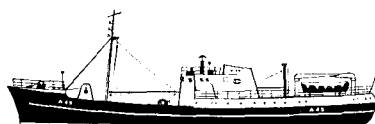
If you ever want a foreign (less odd currencies,



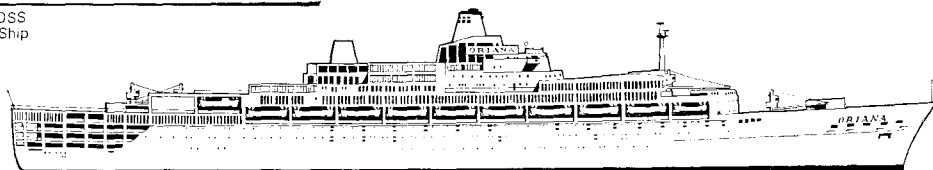
BRITISH ADMIRAL



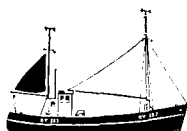
ALBATROSS
Training Ship



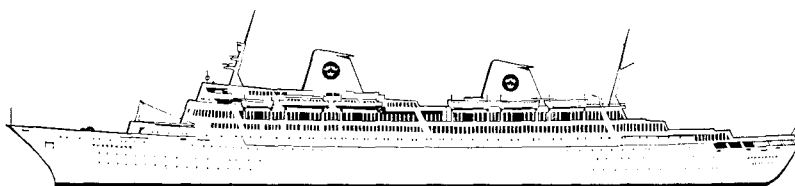
SIR WILLIAM HARDY
Fishery Research



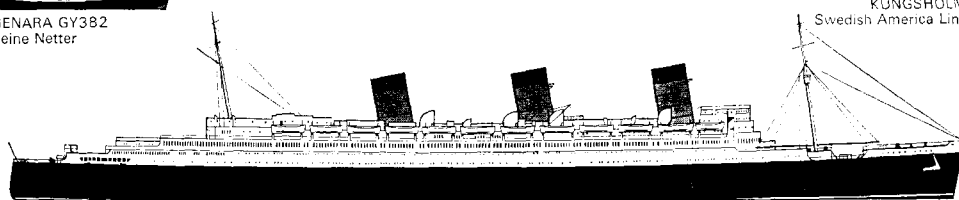
ORIANA



GENARA GY382
Seine Netter



KUNGSHOLM
Swedish America Line



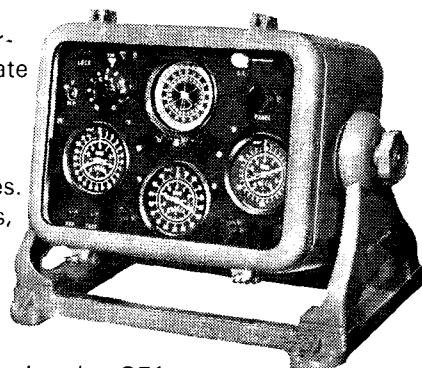
QUEEN MARY

LAURENCE JENN

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lingos, etc.), then RN W/T Station Forest Moor is the place for you, although your chances would be pretty slim with only 10 sparkers borne. Blue Nose certificates were definitely the order of the day during February and March due to the mile trudge to the Commcen from the accommodation site for the watch-keepers (Barracks stanchions take note), through Force 10s, blizzards, ice, you mention it we had it, leaving us 15 aerals or so down and in a sorry state.

The Commcen is run on a five-watch system, with a sprinkling of daymen. Each watch consists of a CRE, LREM plus REM and 2 RO2(G)s, the ROs being employed thus: one manning the engineering liaison TPs to out-stations and dealing with all signal traffic, the other monitors the UK RATT ship-shore checking all transmissions for distortion, Baud speed and any other discrepancies, and drafting the odd control report. All other services are manned by the radio electrical branch.

Our main job on RATT ship-shore is to get traffic through to Whitehall. We do our best using CHG receivers remotored to Whitehall. Incidentally, Whitehall have remote control of the aerals for these receivers. We make sure they are on the right frequency and the TTVFs are on the right shift. Could ships please try to make sure they have their TTVFs and transmitters on the correct frequency and shift? We also monitor all frequencies in use on RACALs plus the FAB on all frequencies.

Plenty of social activities are at hand. Junior rates run their own bar, with such things as cheese and wine parties and other socials, our great (departed) organiser being Lofty Oldham (ex RO2(G)) and on draft to *Excellent* in his new capacity as Patrolman (Beware), must be mentioned in despatches. Rig runs to Blackpool and other hot spots of the North are now in the making, so if you see any matelots wandering aimlessly around the Golden Mile you must know where they belong.

If ever you are up in our part of the world why not drop in and we will show you around, especially if you are going to a similar draft. Don't forget we are a receiving station only and have only one T/P for traffic and that goes through Pitreavie.

HMS GALATEA

Mainstays of the staff:

CRS Buchanan, CCY Bartlett and RS(W) Rose

Surprise! Surprise! A letter from *Galatea*. Not surprising really as we have only been in commission since the end of January. We took over from the old commission as Capt(D) LDS, and once the lads had settled in we started out one day trials off Pompey. Suddenly 'KAPOWEE' (unfortunately with warning) PORTLAND. First we shifted the load of Capt(D) to *Phoebe* (laughing like a Chief Stoker, her work-up was nearly over). Then we were in the hands of FOST and his Disciples (Bets were 7-2 against us). The lads settled down well and soon got used to the different exercise and setting up shore HQs in the middle of the night. Everyone learnt something, one RO who forgot to identify his boat during Operation Awkward had

thunder flashes lobbed in to his boat from the flag deck (a mistake they cried), another lesson learned.

At the half-way stage of the work-up each watch was given a week's leave, good from our point of view, but it tends to lose continuity from the Disciples. Slightly refreshed from our Pompey visit (GUZZ natives unrestful), back to the arena for one week of harbour exercises, the Captain being very lucky in getting a personal bodyguard in the shape of the CCY. Then after a hectic sea week we were off on a three day exercise off the Lizard (Guzz natives again restless) with HMNLS *Friesland*, *Andromeda*, *Black Ranger* and *Resource* and joined later by the Italian training ships *Andrea Dorea* and *Alpino*.

Back for fun and games, namely our final inspection, the CRS keeping all the required circuits GO, GO, the CCY was just GO, GO, and all the lads like Mercury with a new set of wings, we got through!!! It's over now, a lot was learnt (THANKS to the Disciples, a worth while work-up). Well this guinea pig ship is back at Pompey *again* (Guzz natives are now savage) starting a DAMP before we sail for our home port (SINGAPORE) to take over duties as Capt(D) 1st Div. So we will be around for a while yet. We may break and do a follow up of this letter next term.

PS All Old *FRIENDS* drop in some time ? ? ? ? ?

HMS GANGES

by Lieut D. Jackson

Summer Term. The hectic days when the 'Juniors' outside display teams are busy appearing at county and local shows all over East Anglia, 'Mast Manning' day and 'Parents' day, the great *Ganges* occasions of the year creep closer and closer. The signal school staff are kept busy constructing static displays, providing public address facilities, training the ceremonial sunset party etc. LRO(T) 'Smudge' Smith has become adept in the construction of plastic models for the display which demonstrates the circuits kept by a Task Force at sea, and LRO(T) Donaghue is awaiting his award of the 'Draughtsman's Silver Bongo' for his excellent aerial drawing of HMS *Ganges* for the SHOTLEY MAGAZINE. The SCO's office appears more like a city desk and is the meeting place of the Editor, Assistant Editor, Sub-Editor and a host of other sub officials connected with the magazine. However, despite all these distractions we do manage to fulfil our primary job and occasionally send off a batch of budding communicators to *Mercury*.

Recently LRO's (T) Stanbury and Lemar took a trip into the past with the Army at the Aldershot Tat-too. They were disguised as early 19th century gunners and LRO Lemar had the distinction of being the only 'hairy faced soldier' on parade. HMS *Flintham* and HMS *Dittisham* our inshore mine-sweepers have not been much in evidence here of late. What with a trip up the Rhine to Switzerland and 'Round Britain' cruises certain members of the staff have been heard to mutter 'It's alright for some!' There has been a reorganisation of the signal school

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staff and the posts of regulating chief and chief instructor have been merged into one, with the grand sounding title Chief of the Signal School, a post now filled by CCY Howard. Two CYs (Howe and Carson) and six LROs make up the remainder of the staff. Various positions of great power outside the signal school are held by Communicators. The chair in the training office is polished by CCY 'Jan' Pearce; the school office is being taken over by CCY Highton, and the New Entry Annexe is in the process of being renamed *Mercury III*. At last Sunday's new entry divisions the duty instructors were CCY O'Brien, CRS(G) Love and CRS(W) Tuffs. These three can often be seen stomping round the NE parade ground giving excellent impressions of GIs. In addition there are 6 CYs (Barry, Bruce, Ivor, Sangar, Williams and Wells) and 8 RSs (Adams, Gair, Greensides, Craig, Hodgson, McConnochie, Goodman and Sanderson) as domestic instructors, so the Communication Branch is well represented.

Anyone who receives a draft to this tip of Suffolk will be warmly welcomed by the staff, if not by the weather, and a billet found somewhere. Don't forget to bring your football boots, cricket bat, boating hat, etc, and with luck you will leave fitter than when you arrived—physically if not mentally.

HMS HAMPSHIRE

by ROI(G) Horlick

Many months have passed since we last managed to break out of two watches and find time to make a contribution to this magazine, but everything comes to he who waits, as at last the flag has departed for three whole weeks, consequently signal traffic reduced giving us a gentle cruise back to UK after a very expensive but very enlightening 'showing the flag' trip around South America. Enlightening in both runs ashore and communications.

Grippio's (obviously) were the 'in thing', which very soon led to an encounter with Pisco Sour (a locally home-made sort of something), the national drink of the west coast of South America, which, naturally enough, led to other sorts of encounters, but, as a token of respect for the Spanish-speaking maidens, the details shall remain unsaid to protect the not-so-innocent. Perhaps the greatest achievement was that of RO2(T) 'Smiley' Wiley in 'escorting' MISS CHILE 1968 around the ship and ashore. Not so much an achievement, but more of a coincidence was the arrival in Buenos Aires of a posh looking taxi at the officers gangway, where the admiral was waiting to welcome C-in-C Argentine Navy. Our very alert 'Bootsie' leapt to attention, chopped one off, and swung back the door to reveal one nameless, dishevelled, flaked-out Communicator sprawled across the back seat. No more need be said.

For the benefit of the boffins at HMS *Cambridge* our 10 days SMP at Buenos Aires proved conclusively that the average Communicator can survive on 12 hours' sleep per man per week, providing the right refreshment is available at all times. With regard to



An unusual picture of Flag Officer Flotillas Western Fleet, Vice Admiral A. M. Lewis, CB, taken when he was requested to raise the Union Flag at a wreath laying ceremony which he attended in Rio de Janeiro on April 8, 1969.

Communications, the 'T' world struck one or two snags during exercises with the South American Navies on the voice ccts, eg, a test transmission consisting of One, Two, Three, Quarto, Cinco, etc., followed very shortly by 'Standback, Standback, Execute, Over'. The 'G' world read (or rather tried to read) HNR for the whole trip, but the RS after a week of 'Morning Pots, only 150 down', opted for steam broadcast whilst transiting Cape Horn. Incidentally, do they still teach morse at *Mercury*? Judging from the very limited capabilities of our own ODs, scepticism is creeping in. Nevertheless, our grateful thanks to Forest Moor, Whitehall and Inskip for their efforts on our behalf.

Outgoing, once again steam came into its own, over 1,000 messages in 2 months is pretty good, even for those of us who can remember the pre-RATT ship-shore era. Halifax took the pounding this time, and at one stage 12,528 virtually became a C.W. fixed-service for 48 hours. Accordingly, all of you who have the misfortune to be ship-borne, are advised that if you ever get QRY2 and we are No. 1, try elsewhere. We only call with batches of 20. All in all for a DLG with a complement of 3 leading rates and 3 (even the latest TMS says we should have 4+8 qualified Gs) we have not done too badly, though our DO on discovering there was to be a Fleet Board, immediately

booked two places for 2 RO2(G)s, only to discover on the fateful day he only had one onboard. At one stage we were so short staffed we had to call on the Admiral for colour party, and I think he appreciated the fact we didn't give him our favourite ensign. (See the photograph above.)

We are still managing to work our way through an ever increasing amount of leaders. Lt-Cdr Watson (J. J. to his friends) is our present and 3rd SCO since commissioning, CRS Sandy Sanders the 2nd CRS(W), CRS Danny Boon the 2nd CRS(G), the 2nd CCY being Pete Royal who has already conceded defeat and leaves us in May. Once again our commission has been extended, and for a 6-year-old ship that has never had a major refit we are beginning to think we will never get one. If we do we'll probably never come out anyway, so we'll just plod on until the whole lot cracks up.

Extract from CCN log:

GHFX de MTN ZBO K

GHFX de MTN ZBI K

MTN de GHFX K

LHOW—Why didn't you answer him the first time?

OD on cct—Because I didn't hear him.

LHOW—Well, how do you know he called you twice?

OD—Because I heard him the second time.

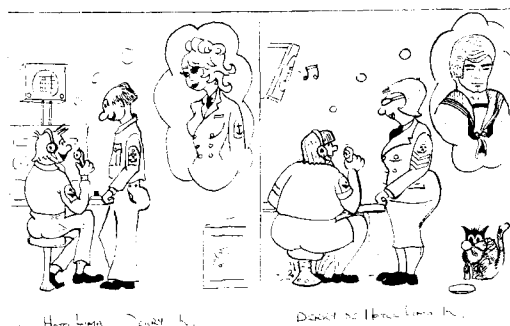
HMS HECLA

Staff: RS 'Randy' Sanderson, LRO(G) 'Dumpy' Cannings, LRO(T) 'Scotty' Fergusson, RO1(G) 'Rosy' Penrose, RO2(G) 'Binky' Langstaff and RO2 'Paddy' Croft.

Although we have steamed something like 50,000 miles since our last report, we are still in the same place give or take a few miles. However, there have been some impressive additions to our list of runs and the saga starts in Stavanger, Norway, in September, 1968. Being a Guzz ship we were in no way put out by the incessant rain which plagued our week's visit and the local 'ornithology' was to be clearly seen in between showers and thunderstorms. It was also the first time we had been let off the lead this commish, in a foreign port that is, so nobody decided to go native, even though they were friendly.

After Stavanger, it was back in the groove and weekends in Stornoway punctuated the survey time spent to the north of the Butt of Lewis (of Harris tweed fame), and there was also a final fling in Greenock before settling on to the chocks in Guzz for the winter lie up. This year we have been working out for 'the best run West of Suez'—Derry, and so far haven't been sorted out by water cannon or baton charges. The highlight to date has been Rockall, and we found the beer in the Fleet Canteen a bit flat and fishy, otherwise it was good news. (Hmmm). Our summer visit is to be Bordeaux, which gives every sign of knocking Rockall for six, and talking of six, more than six people will be able to go ashore at once which is more than can be said for Rockall.

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The staff have been hard at it and have even been actively employed in surveys. Last summer RS Sanderson spent a 'quiet fortnight' in Port Ellen, Islay tide watching (amongst other things) and this year LRO Fergusson hopes to spend a month tide watching (amongst other things) on Tiree in the Western Isles. RO Croft has also streamed a bathythermograph completely unsupervised, and unattached, but that's another story. So don't look now, there is room for YOU in the Survey Navy. What a switched on team, what??!! The draft chits have not started to appear yet but the happy team finally disperses by the end of the year, and the LRO(G) 'Dumpy' Cannings will step out of his salt encrusted eighties in March, 1970, and climb into his new pin striped suit . . . and the best of British. Best wishes to THE COMMUNICATOR and all Communicators.

HMS JUFair

by One Mess

Jufair Chief! Bahrain! No, not me, must have got the wrong bloke. Can't send me out there, I've just got tied up and fancy a married accompanied with the Mrs. Oh! only senior rates. Alas a few months later, you will take a long last look at Brize Norton before taking a seat in the VC10, and so to paradise. On arrival in *Jufair* a smiling face will greet you and proclaim 'You are my relief' and so the Ace of Clubs is the next stop. A few wets and handshakes later he will announce 'Must go, I've got a Vickyten to catch, see you in 395 days' time.' Six to a mess, tot great for inducing sleep—if you are UA you will sleep well anyway. We are all watchkeepers of course, the buntings do a normal 48 hours about in the Joint Message Centre with a great bunch of lads known as the Royal Signals. They do a 14-hour night shift but it's worth it to them, they can then have three nights to recover. The sparkers they are different, they keep a 48 hours about system which only the RAF could have invented in Commcen Bahrain, Forenoon and First, then Afternoon and all night on. Still it keeps them out of the Ace for two nights out of four. Of course they say it's a joint Commcen but the RAF claim otherwise, we let them get on with it.

Social life! you must be joking, apart from the NAAFI canteens and three hotels this is a dry island. Trapping! no chance Jack, course there is

always chiefie's daughter. What do we do then! Well there's the Ace of Clubs (*Jufair* and guests only) and the fleet canteen across the road for after tot time and at nights for non-club members. Then there is sunbathing, swimming and nearly all the usual sports. We've got a great clubswinger, you may know him from *Mercury*, the only thing he can't do is produce grass pitches. Everything is played on sand except for hockey and volleyball which is on tarmac. What else! we play all the usual mess deck games and have got a 'Tele' in the mess. Afraid we haven't got BBC 2, only Dahrn Saudi Arabia, two movie houses in the garrison, 1s 9d a night so we have got no drips. Tombola on Thursdays and Fridays. Leave! Oh yes you'll get that don't worry. Three weeks in UK with a free flight home and back between your third and tenth months out here. We all go, no messing about, it's eagerly awaited. Did you bring a DAILY MIRROR or PLAYBOY, oh well never mind, gotta get me head down forenoon in the morning.

PS. Heard in the Commcen 'Standby for a time check'. For Army personnel it is 08.00 hours, for Navy personnel it is eight bells and for the RAF personnel the big hand is on 12 and the little hand on 8.

PPS. In case you haven't guessed, we in the shape of RO 2's Dave Dubell, Pete Mock, Tiger Rushman, Dave Swinford and last but not least RO 2 (T) Mick Arnold are all due for repat later this year (Dave Swinford a bit later than the rest) and we are all hoping that you are our reliefs. . . days to go.

HMS LONDON — 3rd Commission

by RO2(G) J. D. Hamnett

Staff

Gs.—CRS Ashcroft, RS Moonlight, LROs Timmington, Smee, Higson, Gilbert; RO2s Hamnett, Parkinson, Brown, Strike; RO3s Ashby, Wicks, Fowler, Lyseight, Featherstone, Piesse.

Ts.—CCY Standing, LROs Clarke, Smith, Axton; RO1s James, Simmons; RO2s Anthony, Bremner, Nourse, Botten, Gadsdon, Hatchard; RO3s Coffin, Walker.

Ws.—CRS Robinson, LRO Ford, RO2s Anderson, Beach, Hammond, Power, Castle; RO2U Faulkner; RO3s Newman, Lloyd, Loveday, Shepherd.

We left Portsmouth for Gibraltar on April 14 and were privileged to have Admiral of the Fleet Sir Varyl Begg and Lady Begg who were on their way to Gibraltar for Sir Varyl to take up his new and arduous task of Governor of the Rock. After a couple of days at Gibraltar we sailed for Freetown (Sierra Leone). By now we had some nice weather and Buntings Smith, Anthony and Co. were putting in their longest stint on the flag deck this commission.

We arrived at Freetown but had only sport leave in which I am pleased to say the Comms. team thrashed the senior rates by a convincing 3-0 win. Sailing in the evening for Simonstown we reached our destination on Thursday, May 1. From what we had heard of

Simonstown it promised to be a good run, with plenty of 'grippos' all round. In fact, for the lads anyway, they were very few and far between, but the majority seemed to enjoy themselves. Quite a few went up to Capetown and visited places such as the 'Navigator's Den', 'Spurs' and the 'Mini Club'. These clubs, if you could class them as such, were open until Jack had either no money or no drink left, whichever came first. Despite the attraction of these 'places' in the evening, a few of us managed to get up Table Mountain, and obtain the wondrous view it displayed.

Just to sum up our run ashore in Simonstown, I must confess it wasn't too bad at all and seeing Jack returning onboard the next morning caused quite a laugh to the chaps who were not ashore the previous evening, *ie*, coming back minus a cap, and in remote cases . . . a suit. Even our ex-RA members (some anyway) cracked up and went. We are due to arrive on the Far East Station on May 24, where we will be staying until the end of the year, and we hope to get some visits in such as Australia, New Zealand, Japan and even a run in the Philippines is on the cards.

Until the next issue of your favourite magazine, you chaps at *Mercury* and all the other cushy shore billets keep the seats warm for us, for it's our turn next and then we can all laugh at you when you write up. (Our first phase will want reliefs soon . . .?) Finally for you Sparkers, Bunting Tossers and even the Gollies, if you've lost one of your best pals over the years have a glance at our staff and see if he's among the list.

COMMCCEN MAURITIUS

Much has been already mentioned about Mauritius in previous editions of THE COMMUNICATOR, but despite being just a drop in the Indian Ocean, the Island of Rainbows still provides a variety of subjects on which one could write if one possessed the necessary literary ability. The Commcen continues to run on a steady average of 7,000 signals per day, majority of which are relayed through TARE to their destinations, thus boredom is predominant at various times of the day, according to the number of 'contact' services running schedules at the time. Also mid-July should see Mauritius covered Ratt Ship Shore in operation.

With the withdrawal of Australia from the Area Scheme on October 1 an increased Commercial load is anticipated. To this end the CW broadcast bay has been redesigned to allow for smoother change over of schedules and off the air monitor of transmissions. Changes are not only confined to new equipment, each Monday's flight from London brings new faces. To name a future few, Lieut D. Sayce is to relieve Lieut Burling in August, thus allowing our Acting DOIC/Movements Officer, Lieut Pike, to book his own flight home. In September, Lieut-Cdr Copp arrives to relieve Lieut-Cdr Boys-Stones as SCO and CRS Julian to relieve CRS Cokes.

Recent visitors to Mauritius include the Cardiff City football team, who, though staying in the south of

the Island at Le Morne, managed to find their way up to HMS nearly every night, much to everyone's delight. The high-light of the week came when they played a practice match with the HMS team. During their stay goalkeeper Fred Davies' wife presented him with a child—this event was celebrated in the naval fashion. The second visit of the year by an RN ship was made by HMS *Diamond*. This proved to be rather an eventful three-day visit, and is still discussed with fervour.

We now look forward to the visit of HMS *Albion*, at the beginning of July. Doubts exist as to whether Mauritius is large enough to hold the expected number coming ashore each night. Forty-eight off activities continue a-pace, and a trip to climb one of the mountains is now being carefully planned, and should go ahead despite the risk of the heavy showers that are usual at this time of the year. Mauritius contains many interesting sights in its 727 square miles, many of which are still to be discovered, so the search continues for the rare shell, or the rare bird that might just make one of us famous.

HMS RAPID

by LRO(G) Davies and LRO(T) Hunt

Staff

LRO(T) Hunt, RO2(T)s Meldrum and Thornhill
LRO(G) Davies, RO2(G)s Holland and Booth

Yes we are still in commission!! Having noticed that there hasn't been an article from Rosyth's Sea Going stone frigate for the last few editions (possibly since we were built in AD 1942) we think now is the time to remedy this. *Rapid* is an ERA Apprentice's training ship where they can play to their heart's content, *eg*, Flash up. Flash down. Flash back, before being turned loose on the fleet. The draft is 'Port

Service' (which to quote the NAVY NEWS is: (all UK shore billets plus the *Rapid* and *Manxman*') so this way one can have one's sea time classed as shoretime. This is literally true as we spend our time day-running in and out of Rosyth, slipping at 0830 and returning at 1630 daily. It's an ideal draft for RAs as the furthest we travel is the occasional trip to such romantic sounding places as Scapa Flow or Invergordon—on Monday to Thursday per term—and we have one jolly per term, our next one being to Newcastle in July as this is less than 300 miles from Rosyth (our limit), and doesn't take us out of sight of land (such awful rules!!!). Consequently all foreign runs are out! Personally, we always thought that Scotland was an LFS draft anyway; especially the Pompey and Guzz ratings amongst us.

We are claiming the records for exercising the most Man Overboards and Steering Gear breakdowns in the Western Fleet. Our signal traffic averages about 3 in and 1 out per day, not including weekends, NGMs WZs or NAVEAMs. Basically *Rapid* is a quiet number for ratings who have 12 months or less to complete their time, ours being LRO(T) Hunt and RO2(G) Holland. It's not a very good draft for ratings with a lot of time remaining as training facilities are mostly self-study, unless we can get the time to go over to MHQ Pitreavie. So we leave you here till next time???, in the middle of leave and AMP and hope you think of us shoretime ratings at sea.

RN COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE, SINGAPORE

by RO1 R. B. Mick

There have been few changes in this neck of the woods except, perhaps, in the way of personalities. With a staff of over 140 they are, of course, continually



changing. Young men and women, easily recognisable as being fresh from the United Kingdom by the colour of their skin, arrive almost daily to replace the bronzed and healthy specimens who are due to return to mums, dads, girlfriends and boyfriends at home. Departures this summer have been a little more notable than usual. Lieut Collins, the Traffic Officer, has left us unexpectedly. We wish him a speedy recovery to full health. The Commcen CCY, 'Taff' Davies, and our well-known Regulating CRS, David Foote, have also returned home: the former to chase Midshipmen up and down the hills of Dartmouth, the latter to seek a new career on completing his pensionable service. Success to them both. Having lost our 'key' men, we are on the point of losing our 'key' women, Third Officer Roddis, the Radio Officer, and Norah Spencer, the Chief Wren RS. It is hoped that Signal Officers and CRS's from the fleet will be just as keen to come and discuss their radio problems with Miss Roddis's male relief. We promise that the coffee will taste the same. The last change to mention is that of our doorman. Commissions of Communicators will be sorry to learn that Hussein bin Dolmat died very suddenly in May. His pleasant personality will be sadly missed.

On the social front banyans and expeds do not seem to have lost their popularity in spite of the recent troubles. Perhaps the most popular exped, or should it be called Sexped, occurred when FOZFEF's communications staff disappeared in an MFV for four whole days with an equal number of OUR Wrens. 'We just cruised around the island,' they said. We look forward to hearing from you on Ratt Ship-Shore. Please use us. And when you get alongside, do come and see us.

HMS SIRIUS STAR OF THE FLEET

by RO1(G) Hardcastle and LRO(T) Hunt

We joined the ship in Pompey on January 9, this year. A right old shower of shorebase stalwarts and barrack stanchions, plus the select few, who survived the last commission. We are a ship very young in the communication world led by our 'boss' Sub-Lieut I. Jarrold, the SCO. Head of the 'G' department is RS Jim Cook (my fags don't like the light). For the buntings, they have all the delights of CY 'Mack' (alright) McKay. Up in the 'Golly Shop', RS Tony Cooper (you never see my fags) looks after the lads, as well as his duties of divisional PO. There is also a buzz that he has made a takeover bid for the duties of MAA. The remainder of the Branch consists of: LRO(G) Barney. RO1 Hardcastle, RO2's Mack, Matthews, RO3's Baker, Bulmer, Evans and Woodall. LRO(T) Hunt, RO1 Richford, RO2 Berkeley and RO3 White. LRO(W)'s Hill and Legg, RO1 Nicolle. RO2's Fisher, Milne, Watson, King, Stephens, Withyman, RO3's Rideout and Barrow.

Having joined, and settled in at Pompey, we were faced with the heartwarming prospect of six glorious weeks by the Dorset coast. Portland to be exact. No one seemed overkeen about the visit to the seaside, but we took all six weeks in our stride, a break in between for a short leave. The comms in particular had a very successful time both at sea and in the Victoria bars. Even during and since workup, we have still managed to do a great number of successful RNR exercises, with the Brighton and Southampton divisions. Having completed Portland, we paid our respects to Avonmouth and Bristol, where we were warmly received, and did our best to maintain all the



HMS 'Sirius' Comms Staff, 1969

'Andrews' best customs. A visit to a Courage Brewery was organised (well it was when we left the ship), and once again the department had a first, showing their interests in wild life (take that whichever way you want to) and paid a visit to Bristol Zoo. Here one of our mess members had a minor disagreement with a camel, about a hat, which he later retrieved himself from the middle of the camel compound. Later, on the same day, he was apprehended ashore by the MAA, and asked why he was wearing a crabby hat. Upon telling the truth, he was promptly requested to report to the MAA the next day for 'trying to be funny'.

At the moment that this article is being processed, we have just left Reykjavik, after the first two weeks of a six weeks' tour of the fishing ports of Iceland. Most of the department is of the opinion that a few elementary lessons on voice procedure would not be out of place amongst the trawler men, particularly the portion which refers to 'indecent or profane language'. Except for a couple of games of late night (early morning) soccer and water polo, the run ashore is virtually non-existent. Only the ship's group (of which RO1 Hardcastle is a member) has tasted success, making a great big hit at the American Nato base, where in one night, they made almost as much as an SCO would in a week. On completion of this luxurious, 'all in' package tour, all on board will be ready for the short visit planned for Southend-on-Sea. After the Royal Fleet Review, and a visit to Bournemouth, the ship will have her first refit in Portsmouth, then we go foreign. The West Indies and the United States of America being our main targets for destruction.

The department has, during the commission, been presented with its own 'trained killer' in the person of Marine Signalman Corbridge. However, the 'booties' got their own back and trapped two of the comms department for detachment sparkers, for their landings; an invaluable experience in all respects, especially the art of karate on the cockies on the dining hall bulkheads. Sports wise the department only represents the ship at soccer and uckers. The first eleven, beaten for the first time in ten games in Reykjavik, are well represented in the person of RO1 Nicolle, RO1 Hardcastle, LRO Hunt and RO2 Milne (known affectionally as Hands Harry to all referees). Here due to lack of ideas, we must sign off, but our sympathies and wishes of 'Bon Chance' for all communicators who have Portland to come. See you in Miami.

HMS WAKEFUL — LAST COMMISSION

by A. R. Jones

What can be determined as the last commission, we can't be too sure of, is about the last 15 to 18 months, as most of the ship's company have been onboard for approximately 18 months and have seen two commissions, the last one having begun in June last year.

We have seen quite a few trips around Europe with satellite and different communication equipment trials and have had some good runs including places like Rotterdam, Gothenburg, Brussels, Malmo, Caen, Madeira, Gibraltar, Copenhagen, Bergen and a few other places that weren't so good.

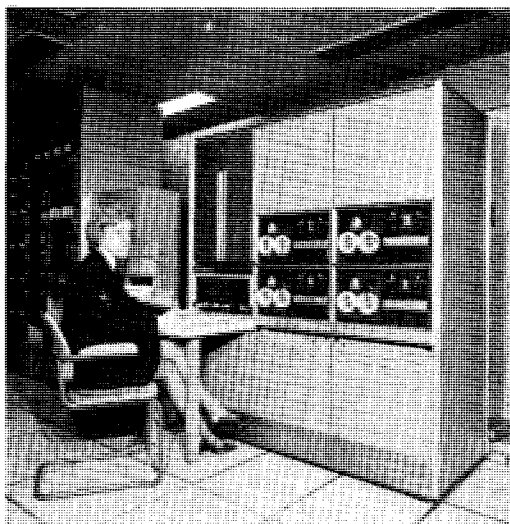
During the last 12 to 15 months of the commission we have seen a few changes in the communications division itself, the staff ending up as it is now, who will all remain onboard until the ship finally pays off, the staff being (hard working and keen as they are): RS M. Puttick (now CRS), A/LRO(G) P. Wilkinson (now confirmed), RO2(G) A. R. Jones, RO2(G) A. Girvan, LRO(T) J. Casemore, RO2(T) C. Rossi, RO2(U) D. Gilmore and RO2(U) D. Lavery, all of whom have survived the 'hardships of mostly day running'.

As our last important role in the Royal Navy we go up to the Clyde areas for exercises with the 'down unders' (subs), returning for scrap on 14 July.

COMM-CEN WHITEHALL MESSAGE FILE AND RETRIEVAL SYSTEM — MFRS

by Lieut(SD)(C) J. M. Gawley

The MFRS is a small-sized, random-access computer which is connected to all the outgoing lines of TARE to record all outgoing messages. It is built by the Standard Telephones and Cable Company, and has recently been accepted into service by the Royal Navy at Commcen Whitehall, where it has been on proving trials for several months. Messages in the MFRS are stored on wide magnetic tape at the normal TARE operating speed of 50 kilobauds; four tapes are operated at any one time on the computer, and sufficient tape is kept for approximately 48 hours' use. Stations requiring reruns of traffic from Commcen Whitehall are therefore warned against asking for reruns more than 48 hours old. It is significant that MFRS recording is absolutely faithful; if a message is garbled on entry into TARE, but is clean enough to be routed correctly, the TARE will route the garbled version, and this will be recorded by the MFRS. This is an important point, and underlines the point made in RNSO S36/67 para. 3d, that requests for mutilated or incomplete messages must be directed to the calling station; the MFRS can only provide for ZFX action. Operation of the MFRS is fairly simple, and is achieved in Whitehall by petty officer wrens who form part of the TARE team. The computer is set up and programmed from its own special teleprinter mounted alongside, but all normal signal transactions take place on teleprinter equipment of the normal type sited at the TARE console. The actions required of an operator are few: starting the computer, setting up tapes as others are filled, allocating tapes, logging the contents of tapes, requesting repetitions of messages from the MFRS and finally arranging for transmission of the tape produced from the request.



The computer is maintained by the same civilian technicians who maintain the TARE; its start programme, however, is carried out by the operator. Starting involves the operator setting up a special tape, and then, by means of digital control keys, selecting the information contained on the tape to condition the ferrite cores which form the permanent 'memory' of the computer and allow the operator to check the settings. Once the computer is correctly programmed, its tape decks are loaded with four tapes, and the first one to be used is allocated by the operator from the local teleprinter; all further tape allocations are made from the machine in TARE. When a tape is nearly full, the MFRS will request a further allocation and at this point, the operator then allocates a new tape. When it is full, MFRS will print out a report showing the contents of the tape by message serial numbers. When the MFRS is set up, the operator tells the computer which numbered day of the week it is, since the instrument is designed to work over a 7-day period. The day number is printed in parentheses alongside the message serial numbers which appear in the tape report to differentiate between similar numbers of different days. To recover a message of which a rerun has been requested, the operator literally asks the computer for it, by typing the message serial number (and day number) followed by a question mark. If the message is not on one of the tapes actually set on, the computer will indicate that it is 'not within range' and the operator then puts on the right tape, having consulted her log to find out on which tape the message is recorded. She then asks again, in the same form, for the message. When the message is contained in a tape which is on the computer, the instrument looks for the message position on the tape which it finds in an index at the end of the tape; having found the position, the computer tells the operator 'OK', positions the tape, and extracts the message at 75 bauds directly on to a re-

perforator and page copy. The maximum waiting time for a message is 90 seconds, unless the operator has to change tapes, when it may extend to about five minutes. It is worth reiteration that the MFRS can only print what is fed into it from TARE, be it a garbled message or an incomplete one which has been terminated in TARE for some reason, eg, a delay of 40 or more seconds occurring during transmission of a message into TARE, or the TARE itself having terminated a message to allow transmission of a Flash message on the outgoing line.

After some teething troubles, the MFRS has become a very reliable instrument. It does halt from time to time, however, usually due to faulty tapes or to the operator's having missed a request for a tape change. Restarting takes only a matter of minutes, but the computer is unable to record whilst it is off, of course. The photograph shows PO Wren Pauline Rummery using the programme keys to re-start the computer after one such halt.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR, PLEASE

Portsmouth Radio is very well known to the Navy (in fact, the station should be more properly known as Burnham Radio for that is where the receivers and staff are, whilst the transmitters are at Portsmouth, some 20 miles away). It has a total staff of 119 and handles about 44,000 messages per month, rising to 77,000 in December.

Recently, it has come to notice that some Navy Communicators have been expressing dissatisfaction with the service they have been getting. Complaints of 'cloth ears' for HM ships but 'loud and clear' if you have commercial traffic. However, despite RN Signal Order S2/69, such complaints only reach the head office by word of mouth. Perhaps the following points will assist you to realise that difficulties do exist (what *is* perfect in this world) but the operators at Burnham are as keen as ever to maintain their traditionally excellent service—whoever calls them:

- (a) The RN calling band is always at the end of the band.
- (b) There is only one working frequency in each band, as against two or three for each merchant ship. This will cause delays if there is already a ship working on that particular band.
- (c) Delays are often caused by ships tuning to the wrong frequency band. This should be overcome if proper use of S7 is made, or by copying the Optimum Frequency Guide which is world-wide. (See details below).
- (d) A frequent source of non-contact after a ship has called and has been given a QRY number, is that the ship waits until it is ready to be worked before changing to the working frequency. Once an operator at Burnham has been given a ship to work he expects the ship to come up on the working frequency, and if nothing is heard, he will immediately revert back to his normal duty. It is felt that if only

ships will pay regard to this point, much delay will be saved.

- (e) Do not be put off by the QRY number you receive. There may be six or more operators at the shore end busy whittling down that list.

An interesting sidelight on all this is that since the reduction of naval operators at Burnham from 26 to 5, and despite the increasing use of RATT ship-shore the naval traffic so far handled in 1969 is twice that handled in 1968.

And finally, to dispel a big bogey. There is no extra pay awarded to the operators for the amount of commercial traffic handled. They get standard pay whatever the type of message received, they are there to give service to all.

Tailpiece:

For those wishing to take advantage of the optimum frequency reports, here are the details:

They are broadcast each Sunday prior to the 0100, 1500 and 0900 GMT traffic-lists, and a typical example is as follows:

Following OTF guide for March for ships working Fortishead-Radio direct stop OTF is given in Mcs for 0000 0400 0800 1200 1600 2000 GMT stop Ships are reminded possibility of next higher band being suitable particularly 22 for 16 in period 0800/1000

1200/1400 and 1600/1800 stop Letter X indicates OTF not available.

Montreal New York 6 6 6 12 12 12 BT Bermuda 6 6 6 16 16 12 BT Accra Dakar South and East Africa 8 8 16 22 16 12 BT Barbados Panama 8 6 8 16 16 12 BT VAL RIO BA 8 8 12 16 16 12 BT Aden Bahrain Suez 8 8 16 16 16 8 BT Bombay Colombo Singapore 8 8 16 16 12 8 BT Manila Hong Kong 8 X 16 16 8 6 BT Japan X X 16 12 8 X BT Perth X X 16 16 12 8 BT Sydney X 6 16 12 12 6 AR.

Legend:

OTF Optimum traffic frequency

VAL Valparaiso

RIO Rio de Janeiro

BA Buenos Aires

SPRING CROSSWORD

The winner of the Spring crossword competition was Lieut D. C. Mitchell RN. The correct solution was:

Across: 7. Sweetwort, 8. Cheap, 10. Trembled, 11. Trends, 12. Idle, 13. Crystals, 15. Alcohol, 17. Chanter, 20. Drudgery, 22. Lean, 25. Shiner, 26. Lammiger, 27. Blurt, 28. Annotated.

Down: 1. Aware, 2. Teemed, 3. Twelvemo, 4. Predict, 5. Threaten, 6. Bandleer, 9. Stay, 14. Gloryhole, 16. Ordinary, 18. Halfmoon, 19. Hyaline, 21. Earn, 23. Animal, 24. Fever.

COMMISSIONING FORECAST

Editor's Note: The following details are forecast only, changes may well take place at short notice. Details are given in the order: Ship, type, date if known, commitment, (1) UK Base Port, (2) Place of commissioning, Type of service.

Hydra Survey, August 26, recommission, (1) (2) Chatham, FS Malacca Strait.
Wiston CMS, August 30, recommission 9 MCM, (2) Bahrain, F (ME).
Puncheston .. CMS, September 10, recommission 9 MCM, (2), Bahrain, FS (ME).
Scylla GP Frigate, September 11, Trials Crew (Commission December), Port Service.
Dido GP Frigate, September 15, recommission, (1) (2) Chatham, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Salisbury .. AD Frigate, September 18, trials crew, November 5, commission, (1) (2) Devonport, Port Service
Londonderry AS Frigate, September 25, trials crew at Rosyth, Port Service.
Eacchame .. GP Frigate, September 27, trials crew, January 1970, commission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, Port Service.
Ashanti GP Frigate, October 7, (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Beechampton CMS, October 18, recommission, 9 MCM, (2) Bahrain, FS (ME).
Yarnten .. CMS, October 18, recommission, 9 MCM, (2) Bahrain, FS (ME).
Norfolk .. GMD, October 9, trials crew, July 1970, commission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, Port Service.
Bulwark .. Commando ship, November 5, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, HSS/FS (FE)
Aurora GP Frigate, November 18, recommission, (1) (2) Chatham, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Juno GP Frigate, January 8, recommission, (1) (2) Chatham, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Hecla Survey, January 13, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC North Atlantic/West Indies.
Zulu GP Frigate, January 21, recommission, (1) (2) Rosyth, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Hecate Survey, January 27, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC Home/North Atlantic.
Argonaut .. GP Frigate, January 22, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Brinton M/Hunter, January 28, recommission 9 MCM, (2) Bahrain, FS (ME).
Jaguar AA Frigate, February 5, recommission, (1) (2) Chatham, GSC Home.
Lowestoft .. AS Frigate, February 26, trials crew, April, commission, (1) Chatham, Port Service.
Llandaff .. AD Frigate, February 12, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Fawn Survey, February 12, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC W.I./Home
Fox Survey, February 12, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC W.I./Home.
Danae GP Frigate, March 5, recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Achilles .. GP Frigate, March 12, trials crew, (1) (2) Devonport, Port Service.
Gavington .. M/Hunter, March 18, recommission, (2) Bahrain, FS (ME).
Breerton .. M/Hunter, April 22, recommission, (2) Bahrain, FS (ME).
Naiad GP Frigate, April, recommission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/FE/Home.
Diomedes .. GP Frigate, April, trials crew, (1) Devonport, Port Service, (2) Glasgow (Building)
Gurkha .. GP Frigate, April 22, trials crew (at Rosyth), June, commission, Port Service.

GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS

by CRS D. L. Alderson

The President: D. L. Alderson, CRS

Vice-President: J. V. M. Smart, CCY

Mess Committee:

J. E. Eilbeck, CRS, R. G. Smith, CRS(W)

Entertainments Committee:

D. L. Palmer, CRS(W), R. P. Robinson, CH C EL

Welfare Representative: R. F. Yeo, CRS

By the time this edition of THE COMMUNICATOR is published, we shall once again be at top victualled strength with the comings and goings of NATO classes and RNR refresher courses. We shall have seen the departure of the seven-week Royal Netherlands Navy EW course, the arrival and departure of the NATO B (EW) course comprising French, Federal German Navy, Italian, Belgian and Greek members, plus the Sea Cadet Corps Chiefs and numerous PCT and management classes; it has provided a most varied membership throughout the term. It also provides a most unique spectacle to see the victualled members teaching Italian and Dutch members how to play killer snooker!

As an experiment, we decided to hold a dinner dance in *Mercury* and to invite an outside catering company to come in to decorate the tables, prepare and serve the dinner. Together with the valiant efforts of the Secretary (table plans) and the Buffer (table pushing!), CRS(W) Collins who arranged a seating plan for the Mercury Club and a few other mess members who were pressed into service, the event was a huge success, marred only by the poor results of the photographs that were taken. However, with the lessons learnt in one way or another, I am sure that we can improve on April 11 and produce an even better one next time.

The small arms shooting competition on March 31 and April 1 and 2 in *Mercury* and at Longmoor, produced a fine result for the Chiefs' team, headed by Chief Shipwright Eccles. The team: Chief Shipwright Eccles, CRS Jordon, CRS Randall, CCY Bowden and CCY Izzard, won the *Mercury* gun trophy, the pistol competition and the SLR tile shooting competition. The Chief Shipwright was also the small arms winner and the individual SLR winner. The *Mercury* gun trophy together with the team, the 'Sea Dads Trophy' also together with the team, were duly presented to the mess, both vessels were topped up with a celebration drink and passed round the victors!

The month of May saw us busy again, but this time with the NATO fleet review. We were host establishment to HMS *Dido*, USS *Vesole*, The Netherlands ships *Van Nes* and *Evertson*, the FGN ship *Braunschweig* and the Portuguese ship *Almirante Pereira Da Silva*; all of whom comprised the Standing Naval Force Atlantic. On May 8 the mess entertained about 30 Chiefs from the ships, plus a number of private functions at home. On May 13, 25 Chief and Petty Officers and their wives from *Mercury* were invited to a cocktail party onboard the ships in Portsmouth dockyard. The success of this venture can be measured from the fact that 'plan Bravo' had to be brought into force to get us home, also that on departing, some members were seen with their wives who had lost handbags, whilst others were seen carrying handbags through the dockyard, without their wives! The third party night occurred on May 15 when the Chief and Petty Officers messes combined to give a NATO dance for about 60 Chief and Petty Officers. Almost 300 people attended this dance and both messes were well packed. In addition, the Mercury Club had their NATO dance at the same time



We Give . . .



They Give . . .



Lease Lend !!



NATO NIGHT

and the resultant cacophony of sound produced a high ratio of decibels far too high for the normal person to cope with!

We have had two very interesting meetings in the lounge, at which the Captain has covered a wide variety of subjects from the role of the Royal Navy to the missile gap, and from recruiting problems to naval charities. These have taken the form of a factual address from the Captain, followed by general discussion. These have proved very popular and although they are not designed to provide all the answers, they do promote a great deal of interest and enlarge one's thoughts on the many problems involved.

The *Mercury* sports day and garden fete, although not producing the required number of athletic members, did produce a number of sideshows to help raise funds for the King George's Fund for Sailors. The valiant efforts of members and their wives was most appreciated and it was a most useful exercise which showed up various items which can be improved upon next time. The same fund was also used as a basis for a comic cricket match, which although starting out to be a friendly knock about, developed into a major fund raising event. The *Mercury* Marauders played and beat the Olde Clanfield Yokels by 85 runs to 79.

As to the more serious sporting activities, we have up to now only played one knock out cricket match, at which we beat Kempenfelt by 5 wickets. Our efforts at volleyball were unfortunately dashed into a first game defeat. However, with a swimming gala

and more cricket matches to come, we are hoping for better things. Our next major social event is the Bar-B-Q on July 18, followed by the Chief Communicators Reunion on Saturday, September 13. The return match in the 'Sea Dads Trophy' event will be on October 8, at which we hope to retain the cup.

Regarding the reunion and for those members and ex-members who attended the last one; considerable progress has been made in the formulation of the Association and an article will be found in this section of the magazine, written by Mr Bill Bugg, who, as Hon Secretary, has done a tremendous amount of work in co-ordinating the many aspects involved in forming the Association. Also in this section can be seen the latest in our series of 'Pen Portraits' for the term. The next term's portrait will be by CREA George Whittaker, an ex-Communicator.

Finally our congratulations go to CRS Bignell on his award of the B.E.M.

The Newcomers

CCY Stevens
CRS Kesteven
CRS(W) Lill
CRS(W) Parker
CCY Whitlock
CCY Duncan
CCY Dennis
CCY Fouracre
CRS Harder
CPO Wtr
Hemmings

The Exodus

CRS Bignall—Antrim
CCY Spencer—Glamorgan
CRS(W) Perkins—Glamorgan
CCY Bell—Charybdis
CRS Simpson—Charybdis
CCY Izzard—Release
CCY Whitlock—Scylla
CRE Tucker—Release
CERA Calder—Hermes
CPO WTR Bradshaw—Blake

CRS Turner	CRS(W) Wise—Hermes
CH MECH Robinson	CCY Gilbert—Hermes
CRS(W) Blackwell	CCY Tillett—Caroline
CRE Pearson	CCY Brickell—Release
CCY Evans	CRS(W) Adams—Release
CRS Collinson	CRS Edwards—Brawdy
CRS Houston	CRS(W) Jackson—Charybdis
CRS Coombes	CCY Ellis—Release
CRS Smullen	CCY Rust—Release
CCY MacLeod	CRS Melton—St Angelo
CRS(W) Turley	CRS Matthews—FO2FES
CRS Bavington	CCY Tyrer—FO2FES
CRS Shuker	CRS Saunders—Whitehall
CCY Howell	CCY Smart—Hampshire
	CRS Maddran—Terror

PEN PORTRAIT

CRS (RC1) G. LAWS FROM SPARK TO SATCOMS IN 31 YEARLY LESSONS

On February 7, 1938, Boy 2nd class Gordon Laws slung his first hammock onboard the ex-German liner *Majestic*, which was then functioning as the boys' training ship HMS *Caledonia* at Rosyth. His weekly rate of pay was 5/3d of which 1/- was drawn as pocket money, while the remainder was credited on the ledger against the purchase of slops and to provide a saving to be obtained in cash on reaching age 18. It was while serving in *Caledonia* that he made

his first real contact with naval wireless equipment, when, with a Type 53 on his back, he competed in a form of obstacle whaler race which was officially known as the W/T efficiency competition. In the spring of 1939, as a Boy Telegraphist, he joined the gunnery training ship HMS *Iron Duke* at Portsmouth for a spell of sea training and for what someone fondly described as 'Gunfire Acclimatisation'.

The troopship *Dilwara* provided passage to the China Station in June of that year, where he joined the aircraft carrier HMS *Eagle*. She was fitted with transmitter Type 36 (with spark attachment) and transmitter Type 37. Her principal receiver outfits CI/CJ obtained both HT and LT supplies from lead-acid batteries. Apart from nine single 6-inch guns, her main armament consisted of the Swordfish aircraft of 813 and 824 squadrons. The early days of the war were spent in operations in the Indian Ocean and South Atlantic, but prior to the entry into the war of Italy in 1940, *Eagle* had joined the Eastern Mediterranean Fleet at Alexandria. She was at that time, the only carrier available to the Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Cunningham in *Warspite*). During the actions which followed in the Mediterranean she received the constant attention of the Italian air forces. A short refit in the UK in 1941 resulted in such significant changes as the fitting of Transmitter Types 88, 52 ERT and 4T. Her first superhet receiver, the B50 which was part of the Outfit CAB, went into the 2nd office. The newly fitted aircraft radio beacon Type 72X became the particular responsibility of Leading Telegraphist



As it was in the beginning . . .



. . . is now

Laws, and *Eagle* was now, at last, to operate fighters and so it was that the Swordfish gave way to the Hurricane. *Eagle* was soon back in the 'middle sea', this time operating with Force H from Gibraltar. Operations in early 1942 included 'club runs' where she launched land-based RAF spitfires with one way tickets to beleaguered Malta. In August 1942, *Eagle* joined Force F for operation 'Pedestal' which, had it failed, would have meant the capitulation of Malta and a great victory for Rommel. 'Pedestal' was in fact the most important Malta convoy ever mounted and the name of one ship, the *Ohio*, is significant in the salvation of Malta. Force F consisted of fourteen merchant ships in convoy, two battleships, three aircraft carriers (providing about seventy fighter aircraft), seven cruisers, twenty-five destroyers and eight submarines. A fourth aircraft carrier, the *Furious*, carried out a 'club run' with Spitfires to coincide with 'Pedestal'. On August 14, 1942, the German U73 found her mark with a salvo of four torpedoes and in about seven minutes the *Eagle* had sunk with the loss of some two hundred and sixty men. Leading Telegraphist Laws was picked up by HMS *Lookout*, transferred at sea to HMS *Venomous*, then eventually at Gibraltar to the old carrier HMS *Argus* for return to the UK.

This brought about his first visit to *Mercury* which had taken over from the old signal school in the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth. He recalls a duty watch job known as 'Jim Crow' which involved many a cold night on the roof of the main house keeping a lookout for parachutists. Later that year he found himself aboard the liner *Queen Elizabeth* which was at that time operating as a trans-atlantic 'Monster' (a high speed zig-zag unescorted troopship). He arrived at Baltimore by way of Canada and New Jersey to commission as the Leading Telegraphist, the US built HMLST 406. Transmitter Type TCE 2 and Wave-monitor LM 11 were the delights in this strange type of war vessel. With one trial beaching in Scotland under her belt LST 406 embarked Canadian-manned tanks and sailed for the Mediterranean. Her bow doors opened on a Sicily beach on the first D Day in Europe on July 10, 1943. When operations in Sicily were concluded, LST 406 was sailed to North Africa where she embarked desert veterans of the 51st Highland Division. For them, D Day dawned on a September day in 1943 on a beach at Salerno. The landing and follow up was a bitter slog and its completion gave way to the third D Day when LST 406 beached at Anzio in January, 1944. This bitterly contested beach head was continuously supported from the sea until the armies finally linked up in May, 1944. By the time LST 406 returned to UK, a second 'Hook' had been acquired and PO Tel Laws was drafted ashore for a brief spell before returning to the Mediterranean, this time with the liaison party at the French radio station in Algiers. In June, 1945, he took over as the PO Tel on the 15-inch gun monitor HMS *Abercrombie* which was being made ready to join the Far East Fleet. Having 'flashed up' the main transmitter Type 49 and completed the wiring of the

Captain's sea cabin for its new role as the RCO (Remote Control Office), the W/T department was reported as 'ready for sea'. The surrender of Japan meant the return to UK where *Abercrombie* reduced to reserve.

After about a year in UK, Malta beckoned again, and 1947 to 1949 was spent on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean (FCO—Commander Stannard, FCO 2—Lieut-Comdr Richardson) where his main task was nursing Fixed Service 34 on interrupted carrier keying RATT, reverting at intervals to high speed morse undulator working. There followed a further year in the Mediterranean on the staff of Captain(D) 3. (Captain Durlacher in Command and the SCO was Lieutenant (now Captain) A. S. Morton) in HMS *Troubridge* (Type TBL) and HMS *Saintes* (Type 89Q). Visits to Italy were, by then, a much more agreeable affair! On returning to UK in 1950 he became the sole AT Instructor in *Mercury* under a SWS officer (Mr. Brown) until he took the qualifying course for Wireless Instructor in 1952, together with Lieut-Comdr (SD) (C) Thorpe and CRS Jackie Fisher. He subsequently joined 'T' Section and initially taught transmitters Type 57 DMR, 59D, 60D and the associated CWS (Centralised Wireless System). Rated CPO Tel in January, 1953, he continued in 'T' Section (during which time T1 was Commodore S. F. Berthon) until he joined the Staff of Captain (D) Portsmouth in HMS *Boxer* (Radar and Radio trials ship) in January, 1954. Her main armament consisted of four Type 89Ps and secondary were four TCSSs. She was a chief yeoman's nightmare as regards 'dress ship', due to the existence of five masts which were known as Fore, Main, Mizzen, Jigger and Pole. For the price of a RADHAZ however, his problems could always be reduced to 'mast-head flags only'!

In February, 1955, CPO Tel Laws joined the cruiser HMS *Newfoundland* (all up-dated with 601 series) for a commission on the Far East Station. RS Sterne, now in 'T' Section, was a Boy Tel in *Newfoundland* during that commission which ended in mid 1956. 'T' Section in *Mercury* (TIs were Commander Stanford and Commander Laing) and as Technical and AT instructor at the Signal Training Centre Malta claimed the next few years until he joined HMS *Kent* (SCO was Lieut-Comdr Appleyard-List) in January, 1963. (RS Rooney of 'E' Section was a JRO in *Kent*). She was 'wired for'—but 'not with' ICS and so it was back to 601 series again. *Kent* conducted trials in the Arctic then joined the Far East Fleet during the Malaysian confrontation. On the occasion of the FO2FES inspection (Admiral Sir P. J. Hill-Norton), the Admiral read an eye-catching notice in the MCO which read:

'Of what avail the Aircraft,
The Missile or the Shell?
If communications fail,
The Fleet will go to hell.'

The Admiral surveyed the Chief for what seemed a very long time and then said, 'How right you are'. Relations with the Flag Lieutenant continued to be excellent!

Kent returned to UK in 1965 and CRS Laws then served as President of the Chief Petty Officers mess in *Mercury* until 1966. In July, 1967, he had one day on Pension (it was a Sunday) and then commenced his present NCS engagement as the Integrated Communications System Instructor. He is at present reading about SATCOMS and has discovered that 'Early Bird' is not descriptive of a barmaid who 'warms the bell'! His aim is to write a 'down to earth' paper on SKYNET for the benefit of those radio operators that go down to the sea in ships.

Editor's note:

SHIPS INVOLVED IN OPERATION

'PEDESTAL'

Battleships	—Nelson and Rodney
Aircraft Carriers	—Eagle, Victorious, Indomitable Furious.
Cruisers	—Phoebe, Sirius, Charybdis, Nigeria, Kenya, Manchester and Cairo
Destroyers	—Some 20 destroyers under two Captain (D)s in <i>Ashanti</i> and <i>Laforey</i> .

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

President: LRO(T) M. A. Richardson

'The most successful so far.' That was the general verdict on the end of term dance before main Easter leave. The varying selection of music was supplied by The Alan Brown Set, The Sky and the Teddy Saunders Jazz Band and all in all what with late transport and a bar extension it was a very entertaining and enjoyable evening. The Mercury Club dances have continued on a weekly basis, four shillings on pay week and a two shilling bargain on 'blank week'. These have been popular but the general impression as ever is that the shortage of females is noticeable. LRO (now RS) Grimsey has been the organiser and for any misdeeds he may have committed is now being punished by becoming a New Entry instructor.

Sports Day in conjunction with a fete was held on June 11 and we were lucky enough to have a perfect day with the temperature nearing the eighties. Fine for the spectators but a bit hot I think for the participants. The New Entry Division who were odds-on favourites won overall with Sommerville Squadron (ship's company block) coming in a close second. This occasion was very well attended and Lady Anson was gracious enough to present the prizes. A total of over £222 was raised from the stalls for King George's Fund for Sailors. One would imagine though that more was made by the numerous ice-cream salesmen present as wherever one looked the children were making full use of their amenities. To add to all other attractions we were fortunate enough to be entertained by the Royal Marine Band of the Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

This year *Mercury* has once again entered a crew in the Brickwoods Field Gun Competition. We were

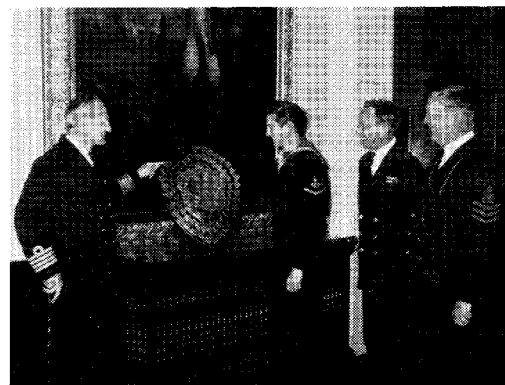
narrowly pipped last year by HMS *Collingwood* when we got a shell stuck in the breech. This year, from what we hear, we stand a good chance of winning with the times we have recently been setting up on our own track. By the time this goes to print Mr. Tom Worden (ex LRO/CY) will be putting his lorries back together again and I'm sure I speak for everyone when I wish him all the very best in 'Civvy St'.

.22 RIFLE CLUB

The year 1969 has been a very successful year for HMS *Mercury's* .22 rifle club. Membership has remained stable and attendance both on club nights and during the lunch hour has been high. Following the winning of the Chevron Shield for 1968 the club was honoured by a visit from the Secretary of the NSRA. Mr Palmer took part in a small presentation ceremony and later dined with Captain Sir Peter Anson, Bt.

In September, 1968, for the first time the rifle club entered the Southampton and District, Division 4 postal League. Information was received in early May this year that the club had not only won the league but had the honour of having the top aggregate scorer for the year. PO GI Byne and myself attended the AGM of the Association and were more than pleased to accept on behalf of the club the Division 4 league Cup and individual spoons. It was also a pleasure to accept for CPO (GI) 'Barny' Luff the tankard and spoon for the highest aggregate of the season. Our congratulations go to him for this achievement.

Now that the fine weather is with us, we have not been slow to take advantage of it. The club entered a team in the Chilcombe Down Open Range Competition on Sunday, June 8, and although they did not come away with the major prizes, certainly made their presence felt. On July 5 and 6 two teams



Captain Sir Peter Anson, Bt, admiring the CHEVRON SHIELD with LRO(G) Williams, Chief Shipwright Eccles and Petty Officer (GI) Byne

have been entered for the Barton Stacey Open Range Competition. Chief Shipwright Eccles leads a strong team consisting of CY Wombell, LRO James and LRO Rawson, whilst the ladies of the club have formed a team consisting of 'Ginge' Pearson, Sue Welton, 'Chatty' Chatterton and Driver Jackie Edwards. The two teams will be under the non-firing captaincy of RS Dewhurst. We wish them all the success.

The Junior membership has slackened slightly, probably due to the draw of the great outdoors. But it is strong enough to provide a team to travel to HMS *Raleigh* on July 26—27 to represent the establishment in the Olympiad.

The club is well on the way in their attempt to retain the Chevron shield this year, and are also attempting to win the Newark shield, which is presented to the Service club qualifying the highest number of pistol marksmen in the year.

RN COMMUNICATION CHIEFS' ASSOCIATION

by W. C. H. Bugg

It is now well known that an annual re-union of past and present Chief Communicators takes place in the mess on the second Saturday in September. This year will be the fifth re-union and they have all been very enjoyable and very well attended. It was suggested last year that an Association of Communication Chief Petty Officers be formed, similar in effect to the GIs and RPIs Associations. In the early part of this year a committee was formed and they have been going into all the details. This committee consists of the President of the mess (CRS Dennis Alderson), the Hon Secretary-Treasurer (CRS Hilder) and five ex-serving members. Ted Palfrey (elected Chairman) and John Maye, both past mess Presidents, Charlie Tinkler, now serving on the staff of ACR (elected Hon Treasurer), Bill Bugg (elected Hon Secretary) and Ken Taylor, all ex members of the mess. This committee has held three meetings and the formation of the Association is well under way. Vice-Admiral Sir John Parker (FO Medway) has accepted their invitation to become President and the Captain HMS *Mercury* has kindly agreed to become Vice President. The aim of the Association is to make possible an opportunity for all those with a common interest to meet annually for a re-union and enable them to keep in touch with one another via a twice yearly newsletter giving news of the Association and its members. It is hoped, at some future date, to arrange a more formal function in addition to the annual re-union, maybe a dinner or something of that nature.

Full Membership: This is open to all serving Communication Chief Petty Officers. Those who left the Service on final discharge as Communication Chief Petty Officers and Officers who were promoted from this rate.

Associate Membership: This is open to all serving

or retired Communication Officers. Any rating who has served in the capacity of a Communication Chief Petty Officer, including RNR ratings and who are not eligible for full membership. Application for Associate Membership must be forwarded, IN WRITING. These will be considered by the committee and will be subject to the full rules of the Association.

Joining Fee: The fee will be £1 with an annual subscription of 10/- payable on September 1. Membership cards will be issued as soon as they become available.

Further information of the Association will be forwarded, on request, by the Hon Secretary, RN Communication Chiefs' Association, Training Records Office, HMS *Mercury*. Applications for Associate Membership and any item of interest for the news-letter should be forwarded to this address. It is hoped that all serving Communication Chief Petty Officers will become members of the Association. If the whereabouts of any ex-serving member of the mess is known please forward his address so that an invitation to the next re-union Saturday September 13 may be sent to him, as well as the above information.



A TRAINEE'S VIEW OF COMMUNICATIONS

by S. M. Welton

WRO(M)1 has completed six weeks of a twenty-six week course at HMS *Mercury* and the hitherto unknown world of communications is slowly being revealed. Perhaps the subject about which we know most is morse receiving. Sitting in a classroom wearing a pair of earphones, more than likely scrawled by a former trainee with such useless information as 'phones, ears for the use of', must, however be far removed from the atmosphere of a wireless officer. Perfect morse, produced from a tape factory and received loudly

and clearly with no interference, must also be very different from manually transmitted morse which may be faint, have interference or be heard at the same time as another message.

Such basic components of communications as broadcasts, ship-shore communications or a coastal common net were undreamt of, by us, six weeks ago. Yet now, we like to believe we could talk reasonably intelligently about them. It is true that we shall answer questions on these subjects in examination papers, but that is a different matter from actually manning a receiving bay on a broadcast or passing messages to ships at sea.

Other aspects of communications are still almost as strange to us as they ever were. It is difficult, for example, to visualise a RATT or voice circuit when one has never set eyes on a teleprinter or spoken into a microphone. In fact, a communications centre is still, to our minds, no more than a series of boxes on a piece of paper, denoting such people as routers, encrypters and filers.

In nine weeks, WRO(M)1, should be displaying to the world the wings that are the badge of a Communicator. It is my opinion, however, that we shall be Communicators only in theory. We shall not fully understand communications until we leave HMS *Mercury* and enter the lofty position of a control tower or the smoky atmosphere of a communications centre.

FUN AND GAMES FOR THE MORSE COURSE

by Wrens O. Pearson (WRO M 1) and
C. Zala (WRO M 2)

As most sparkers discover to their cost, the amount of recreational time available is in proportion to the course, small nevertheless! Come the rare Tuesday afternoon when the magic word 'Games' appears on the timetable, a mass exodus of Burberry-clad WRNS occurs within the precincts of *Mercury*.

Exactly what happens during this time is debatable. One would suppose that 'Divacs' are to be utilised by the WRNS for their pleasure, but, once confronted by the numerous PTIs one discovers that instead of proceeding to the sport of their choice, they are persuaded(?) in numerous ways to perform various 'unusual' activities. Perhaps this explains the increase in numbers attending Sickbay on Monday morning (ignoring the fact that divs. coincide with attendance times). The point remains that if one's idea of enjoyment is to leap around a cross-country course at 'X' mph, then it is all well and good, and those who prefer more relaxing sport should be left to it. We have rapidly come to the conclusion that all PTIs have an inbuilt hatred of rifle shooting, squash and tennis and would prefer to see WRNS participating in rugby and cricket.

The conclusion being that if we are to have sports

at all, then give us WRNS a sporting chance to do something of our preference (cross-country walk?) and earn our undying gratitude.

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by S.T.A.C.

Having read the article from the Wrens at Gib in the last edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR*, we, the Wrens in Mauritius decided to get together and inform the world about life in Mauritius from our point of view. Whilst most of you in UK are having or have had summer leave, we are hoarding our station leave for as long as possible, waiting patiently for our summer between September and April. Although it is now winter out here, it is still warm enough to carry on with our normal activities such as snorkelling, water skiing, expediting (where the lads excel themselves with 'pot mess') and mountain climbing. The night life here is somewhat restricted but this is countered by the frequent dances held in the mess and invites up-homers to the RA's parties. Visiting ships are always made welcome in the mess and we are at present awaiting the arrival of HMS *Albion* at the beginning of July.

During the lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer, we can usually be found at the Royal Naval Beach Club—our very own Blackpool by the sea—sun worshipping or cooling off in the crystal clear waters of an Indian Ocean lagoon. The next few months will see a big change in the Wrens complement here as many of us are due to return to the UK. We look forward to welcoming the chosen few due to relieve us and hope they will enjoy their stay in Mauritius.

BASIC

To the tune of 'Music, Music, Music'
By Morse 6

We'll do anything for you,
Anything you want us to,
AT, Org and GCI
It's Basic, Basic, Basic.

Give me Voice and MTX,
BKX or MMX,
Beats the old routine of sex,
It's Basic, Basic, Basic.

Crypto, we all love Crypto
Plus TTX and WI,
They're the only things for me.

Couple of Codeine everyday,
Keeps you going to sick bay,
With Tonsillitis all the way
It's Basic, Basic, Basic.

Problems, are never problems,
When you've got Sister waiting at the door,
With her green pills by the score.

Jenny Wrens at Mercury,
Spend all day on Matelot's Knee,
They don't go for POC,
That's Basic, Basic, Basic.

Monday, oh fruity Monday,
When you've got Jennys walking out of lunch
With bananas by the bunch.

Then they go back to the 'Towers',
Where they're cleaning all the floors,
That won't take them many hours,
It's Basic, Basic, Basic.

Pinkie, the dear old Pinkie,
When we are feeling down in the dumps
Go down there for pints of scrumps.

We spend all day on AT,
It just don't agree with me,
It's so simple as you'll see,
It's Basic, Basic, Basic.

Oh We'll do anything for you,
Anything you want us to,
Thrill you through and through and through,
It's so Basic. Basic, Basic.

THE UNION JACK CLUB

by Wren Carroll, RE WRO1

A few weeks ago, I and three friends from Soberton Towers decided that a weekend in London would make a pleasant return to the civilian world. We thought we would stay at one of the Service clubs in the city as this seemed the most economical and convenient way of arranging accommodation. I wrote to the Union Jack Club that evening and received a reply several days later confirming our reservation. The fees were very reasonable, bed, breakfast and a hot bath cost only 12/6 each per night.

At six o'clock on Friday evening we arrived at Waterloo, and made our way to Exton Street which, fortunately, was very close to the station, as only Sue had any knowledge of London, other than a tourist's guide book and map. The building itself was impressive from the outside and stood elegantly at right angles to the main street, but our feelings were tinged with apprehension as we pushed open the doors, wondering if those uncomplimentary rumours we had heard would be proved true by experience. Once inside our fears were dispelled, everywhere was 'ship shape' and an air of friendliness prevailed. One of the staff handed us the keys to our rooms and showed us to the first floor. Laurie and I shared one cabin, bearing a plaque 'HMS Repulse, 1941' and Sue and Rhonda the one next door; apparently each room was dedicated to someone, or some aspect of Service life. Inside were two single beds, with matching counterpanes and curtains, a large ward-

robe and cupboard, bedside cabinets, a wash basin, radiator and adequate mirrors and electric lighting for a room twice the size. The window overlooked a small park, which, snow-covered the following morning, looked enchanting.

After unpacking we went down to supper, this meal was served in the dining room between 6 and 9 pm and cost about 5s for a three course meal or individual items could be chosen à la carte, making it possible to have a quick snack before going out for the evening. Lunch consisted of a similar arrangement and breakfast, ready at any time up to 9.45, was 'Mess Deck style'. The food was undoubtedly good, offered a varied choice, and was always hot. Afternoon tea was served in the spacious lounge every day for those staying in and coffee, cigarettes and chocolate machines (much coveted by those at Soberton) were available at all times.

This part of the Service Club catered only for the WRNS, WRAC and WRAF, and provided married quarters for Service and ex-Service families. (Someone with much foresight had accommodated single Service men two streets away.) Apart from the lounge, there was a television room, both with armchairs, a separate lounge for children to play in and make as much noise as they wished under supervision, and a shop, on similar lines to the NAAFI, selling amongst other things trinkets, souvenirs of the capital, and newspapers.

The staff proved most helpful over travel arrangements and found out the telephone number and address of the Nuffield Centre as curiosity impelled us to go there one evening. The centre lies close to Trafalgar Square, and is certainly an attractive place, furnished with lounges, bars and a dance hall, but due to the somewhat undesirable company found within its walls, we would not recommend it to our friends unless accompanied by a devoted 6 ft matelot. However with the underground so close, a fivepenny ticket took us to many of the sights of London, and we found no lack of entertainment. In 48 hours we wandered round several shops in Oxford and Regent Streets, bought a combined ticket for Madame Tussauds, at present featuring a realistic scene of the Battle of Trafalgar, and the Planetarium, the latter being a good grounding for an evening at the cinema watching '2001: A Space Odyssey'. We attended morning service at St Paul's, took a leisurely look at the National Art Gallery and battled our way through an episode of intrigue starring Steve McQueen as 'Bullitt' not to mention the fact that we spent two weeks pay before we knew it had gone.

I feel I must conclude by pointing out the disadvantages of the Club, few as they were; if intending to stay out after midnight a late book had to be signed in advance, and on the morning of departure rooms were to be vacated by 10 am, but the last ruling was modified by the club's baggage room being available throughout the day, along

with the lounge and restaurant.

All considered, the advantages heavily outweigh the faults, we are unanimous in proclaiming it highly satisfactory and shall no doubt return in the near future.

HELLO FM YEO

by Wren M. Ward assisted by Wren C. Rayment

Many will conjure up the image of the MSO Yeovilton as the impregnable walled citadel. No longer is our view restricted to brick walls. Our tolerance of pneumatic drill irritation to 'that Monday morning feeling' has paid off: many changes have occurred to transform a 'run of the mill' and occasionally depressing concern into a 'home from home'. We have a new restroom with red walls—enough to make anyone sleep to avoid the glare; we have the warmest place on the station in the winter—the only problem being that they tend to forget to switch it off—even when the temperature is in the 70's!!! Under the capable supervision of Lieut Lennon, CRS Mathews and PO Wren Gray who are making an all out effort to keep three unruly watches under control and considering the odds they do very well in ensuring that both FONFT (& Staff) and the staff of the Naval Air Station itself get their signals promptly? and accurately?

Free Time? Well, that depends entirely on you. With our divisional officer, Third Officer Jolly, you will be encouraged and can go far with any sporting interest you may have, the swimming gala being the next sporting event on Yeovilton's calendar. We have a large gymnasium which houses a badminton court, trampoline and also has facilities for circuit training. There are also tennis courts, squash courts, rifle shooting amenities, and a heated swimming pool, needless to say, the usual football and hockey pitches are many. As you know we house the transatlantic air race winner—the Phantom—the success of which has caused much excitement in and around Yeovilton, and we must mention a much visited museum which gives details of the history of the Fleet Air Arm.

In our club—the Heron Club—we have a cabaret and discotheque once a week and of course there is the old standby, the Thursday night dance. There are many lovely walks in our area as Yeovilton is right in the heart of 'Zummerzet'; and if walking is not your pleasure you could always ride—or learn to ride at the stables which are attached to the camp—rounding off the evening at one of the four public houses within easy walking distance of the camp—need I say more!!!

BRAWDY—'GATEWAY TO THE WEST'

by 'Les Girls'

Most people who have ever been stationed here at Brawdy will, we hope, agree with us that there is never a dull moment, especially as we are an Air Station taking a very active part in the training of pilots. Noisy! No, it is all in the mind, the fact that the run-

way is only a matter of yards away from the Wrens Quarters is only a minor detail! Now that the summer (Welsh only) is upon us, we Comms ratings take full advantage of some of the beaches that Pembrokeshire provides. Many of us can be found recovering from a 'shattering all night on' down at Newgale. But, alas, we suppose one has to work for a living! During the last few months, the arrivals and departures of our communications staff has been almost as busy as Flight Planning. It is therefore impossible to give a mention to everybody, but we shall try. Since February, we have said goodbye to PO Wren Judy Norman, who we hope is enjoying herself in Oslo. PO Wren Di Mizen, having just returned from Singapore, is now PO Wren of the MSO, L/Wren Jane Rees, it seems, preferred the altar to the MSO and has been relieved by L/Wren Sue Crompton, who has just come back from Mauritius. The other new personnel here include Dot Lathwood also ex-Mauritius and Wrens Kelly, King and Mulholland from *Mercury*. We have also been graced with Wren Sue Barry who has just arrived from Lossiemouth. Handling the Wrens (and the lads) with an iron fist (in a velvet glove of course) is the SCO Lieut D. D. Davies.

RS Dave Allport still runs the coffee boat in the Tower; profits must be good as he has just acquired a car!! Chief Jerry Marden still produces kittens every day, while the lads are, as always, getting paid for doing nothing. Joking aside, the male ratings do have their uses, especially when Captain's rounds are imminent! CND seem to have some use for our lads however—LRO(G) Lewis (Taff) is off to the *Eastbourne*, A/LRO(G) Erwin to the *Malcolm* and RO2(W) Lambert (our Ted) to the *Charybdis*. Our sympathy is sent to Singapore who are shortly to be blessed with L/Wren Jody Rogers and Wren Sue McGovern; to Gibraltar goes Wren Babs Shute; Fort Southwick gets Wren Vera Owen and Yeovilton will be graced by Wren Andy Dyer. As a final gesture, we would like to state that any rumours concerning the exodus of Whitehall W/T to Brawdy when it ceases to be an Air Station, are completely unfounded. By SCO

Heard in Brawdy during a Communications exercise:

Wren A. 'Does anyone know who SUNRAY is?'

LRO 'Isn't it the SCO or something?'

PO Wren 'But I thought his name was KEOGH.'

NEWS FROM HOME

Wren Radio Operators' Advancement

As at the beginning of July, the Advancement roster stood as follows:

To Leading Wren Radio Operator (awaiting course)	100
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To Petty Officer Wren Radio Supervisor (awaiting course)	10
---	---------	----

Advancement courses this term included:

ADVANCEMENT 3/69

Ldg Wrens Standish, Hadley and Forbes, Wrens Bilney, Brown, Cox, Cobley, Dickens, Walker and Owen.

ADVANCEMENT 4/69

Ldg Wrens Gorst and Russell, and Wrens Ledwidge, Brown, Ryan, Roberts, Simpson, Howlett, Bancroft, Holloway, Ostridge and Snowden.



HMS 'MERCURY' WRNS OFFICERS

Front row l to r: Second Officer D. C. Seller (CE), WRNS G1, First Officer V. Reynolds, WRNS Unit Officer, Third Officer J. Havers, CA

Back row l to r: Second Officer H. Scriven, Quarters Officer, Third Officer J. Cooper, Admin and Sports Officer, Third Officer H. M. Kirby, Asst Secretary

FROM FIRESHIP TO RNR HEADQUARTERS

By Grade III (Cryptographer) Brian Baker

The first *Wildfire* was a 64-ton fireship in 1766—she was never used by the Navy and was eventually sold (perhaps the Government was short of money then). Other vessels had the same name until 1828 when RN Barracks, Sheerness, took it. After successive closings and openings the buildings known as HMS *Wildfire* achieved fame during the 1939-45 war. This establishment finally closed down in 1959. In September, 1964, the tunnels which had originally been C-in-C Nore's MHQ at Chatham during the war were recommissioned as HMS *Wildfire*—a unit in the Headquarters RNR.

By taking the entrance from Medway Road, Gillingham (those of you who haunted the Wrennery will know it), you will find us a short distance away from the new married quarters being built on what was once the garden of the C-in-C's residence. Every Thursday evening Service visitors are welcome, in particular, at the bar where frenzied activities continue until closing time. Our Service activities, no less frenzied, involve manning FO Medway's LCHQ for

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NATO and other exercises and for training the Reserve personnel who would help to operate it in time of war. Outside of the training of the unit, interest is kept alive by a fairly active social club. This club organises several dances and visits during the year, all of which attract a large number of the unit's members. Interest in the Navy is kept alive by visits to HM warships in the local Royal Dockyard and visits in some of these ships to various European ports. As can be imagined, these trips are warmly received by members of what is normally a stone frigate. We have also had some successes in competitive sailing, boat pulling and rifle shooting events.

Why not come and see us when you are in our area? Join us when you come outside. Many famous feet have passed our way—Sir Winston Churchill, King George VI, and many others. You might even meet Richard Hicks, who works for the GPO down here, where he has been since 1939 (rumour has it he can't find the way out).

PS—At one time RN Gunnery School, Sheerness, was known as HMS *Wildfire*. Official recognition of the GIs training perhaps!

HEPATITIC HUMOUR

By Lieut W. J. Burling

As a past treasurer and galley-proof editor of THE COMMUNICATOR magazine I was often, together with many other like-minded people, an advocate of article diversification in maintaining the highly readable contents of the magazine. Having just received the Winter 1968 edition and avidly read the magazine from cover to cover in just 1 hour and 43 minutes, I was struck by the increasing professionalism both in presentation and subject matter, and by the sheer humour created by the matelot and the wren even under the most uncomfortable and provocatively trying conditions. It occurred to me that perhaps with a little effort and because I now have at least 24 hours a day of virtual free time, an article enlightening the uninitiated to the fun and games of a hepatic's existence might, despite a slight odour of infective indigestibility, add something to the magazine subject coverage.

It all started when it was discovered that I had somehow contracted infective hepatitis which is a liver disease, so into hospital I was duly despatched to enjoy the required rest and drink cure prescribed for this complaint. Hepatitis is endemic to tropical and sub-tropical climates and it's just hard luck if the infection marches in your direction. As OIC of the Comcen, Movements Officer, etc, there was the usual very orderly panic stricken hand-over of the immediate problems to my colleague, Lieut Wenn, a constant ringing of the telephone from all those who had found out and wanted to remind me not to forget a bill (ha-ha),

to wish me well for the last time, to sympathise with the loss of my RA, or to tell me it was about time I recovered from the Christmas Lark.

The whole procedure was completed in 1½ hours, including a mad scramble around my large wooden colonial style married quarter wondering where the hell my pyjamas had disappeared to (did I ever have any?), and whether hexachlorophene toothpaste would cause complications to my terrible disease. Finally with a grip weighing close on 100 lbs, most of it cordial bottles and Winston Churchill's HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES, Vol III, I tottered over to Hospital Reception. With smiles, and wishes by me that I was anywhere but in the clutches of the medical world, I was quickly escorted to Zymotics, allowed my last bath for weeks and placed in a private room with the luxury of a telephone. The instructions were that I was not to move from my bed and that I must drink at least one glassful of liquid (non-alcoholic — I'll be flung out of the gin club), every half hour together with, of course, the obvious results which were to be noted on a form prescribed for that purpose. This seemed fine until the call of nature arrived and I began to experience the new entrant patient's panic at being caught by the Matron whilst solemnly enthroned on a stainless steel bedpan. The feat requires precise timing to avoid such embarrassments, an asset I very quickly acquired. Let me hastily add that the nursing staff appeared not to notice these things (lovely girls, all of them). I was the only person during such incidents affected in any way.

A hospital routine is of course vitally necessary, especially visits by the medical staff hierarchy. Just before Matron arrives all sheets are finally adjusted to the finest one thousandth of an inch, legs crossed, hair combed and a general expression of bright-eyed, 'it's nice to be here', added to the situation. (Negat bed-pan sit, of course.) Matron's legendary powers and authority really are as evident as films portray, and in this particular instance a pleasant interlude in the otherwise boring morning's proceedings. I enjoyed these moments of attention and the general cossetting that the illness requires, but not some of the less pleasant side effects. Unfortunately my stay was marred by some mouth ulcers which in general distorted my speech — rather like speaking with a mouth full of marbles, one nightingale cheerfully told me. At least this period taught me to answer questions with absolute minimum of words, rather like a Hemingway novel, and left my unfortunate wife with a full hour in which to talk when visiting me, with little or no chance of anything resembling more than an incoherent mumble in reply.

The principal occupation of the hepatic is reading, reading and reading, in that order, the only forbidden words being Yellow or Blood Test. I now know all there is to know about the Taj

Mahal, the American Presidential elections, race riots, Mike Hammer and the New York cops (Mickey Spillane for the uninitiated), what exact liquids are required to fortify a good wine, and the best underclothes for persons anticipating space travel. The secondary occupation is drinking. Two flasks are kept constantly filled by the medical staff who use boiled water contained in an unbelievable variety of bottles. I have seen water poured from a Sunset orange squash bottle, a Yugoslav Riesling bottle, what looked like a large tomato sauce bottle, all of it beautifully cool and destined for a speedy journey. To keep one from becoming too flaccid, or is it placid, and to prevent bed irritations over any area of the body in constant contact with the bed, ie, back, bottom, elbows, heels etc, a twice daily clean with soap and water, methylated spirits and powder is carried out by firm massage in these areas. The entire operation takes about four to five minutes, but the patient enjoys that incredible feeling of well-being one observes from a cat being gently tickled behind the ears. We hepatics, a fairly exclusive group, look forward to such therapeutic treatment with great eagerness and delight.

But perhaps the most important single happening in a hepatic's life occurs every Monday forenoon. On that day a laboratory technician arrives, smiles blandly, says good morning, jabs a thundering great needle into the patient's arm, withdraws a couple of gallons of blood, murmurs 'sorry sir', and departs just as smoothly complete with your blood and his gruesome tool kit. The prelude to this early morning vampirism creates enormous tension despite the painlessness of the operation, but principally because that jugful of blood and the subsequent analysis of its content very largely decides whether or not a patient is fit to leave hospital for the long period of necessary convalescence. Great is the joy of the post-hepatic as he takes leave of his infected friends, and prepares plans for his return to the party throwing fold. (Dress optional — negat anything approaching yellow.)

To me hospitalisation is a completely new experience and therefore from a primary outlook interestingly different, but now becoming unmistakably boring, and requiring a more profound research into that quality called 'a sense of humour'. I know chaps like my immediate colleague Derek Wenn have it, must have it to cope with his additional tasks and still enjoy life, like CRS Cokes the Comcen regulating CRS, so very efficient and hardworking it scares one, yet he invariably produces some witticism as TARE locks in for the third time, and of course the medical staff whose understanding and kindness, carefully blended with an iron discipline, do their utmost to make life inside tolerable and very often funny. After all, that's what humour is all about, isn't it?

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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
ADAMS, B.J.	Lieutenant	Long Course
ADAMS, N. J.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	SD(C) Course
BERTHAR, S. F.	Captain	Victory
BENSON, J.	Lieutenant	FO2FEF
BOOTH, Miss P. M.	3/O	Victory
BOWER, G. A.	Captain	Victory
BRIGGS, A. E.	Lieutenant (SD)	Ganges
BUNTING, R. H.	Lieutenant (SD)	DNS
CAVE, R. F.	Lieutenant	Long Course
CLARKE, P. A.	Lieutenant	Victory
CLARKE, R. T.	Lieut. Commander	C in C Plymouth
CLINTON, T. E.	Lieutenant (SD)	Drake
CREMEN, D. H.	Commander	MOD DGW(N)
CROZIER, T. F.	Lieut. Commander	Fife
DERWENT, Miss R.	2/O	President
DODSWORTH, P.	Sub Lieut. (S)D	Exmouth
DRAKE-WILKES, S.	Lieutenant	Long Course
DREYER, J. C.	Lieut. Commander	Eastbourne (1st Lieut.)
DYKES, J.	Lieut. Commander	HMY Britannia
EDWARDS, P. T.	Lieut. Commander	MOD
EKINS, J. M.	Commander	Keppel in Command
EMMETT, F. M.	Lieutenant (SD)	FOST
FREEMANTLE, D.	Lieut. Commander	Danae
FULFORD-DOBSON, M.	Commander	FOST
GALLAGHER, J. B.	Lieut. Commander	Fearless
GAWLEY, J. M.	Lieutenant (SD)	President
GUNN, D.	Lieut. Commander	Hermes
HAMMER, G. D.	Lieutenant RAN	Long Course
HILL-NORTON, N. J.	Lieutenant	RAN Exchange
HOLLAND, R.	Lieutenant (SD)	Lochinvar
HOOPER, G. E.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Mercury
HUNTER, C. W.	Lieutenant	Long Course
JACKSON, D.	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
JARMAN, J. R.	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
JESSOP, J. M.	Commander	President
KEATE, H. R.	Captain	Dryad
LORIMER, A. H.	Lieut. Commander	Mercury
O'BRIEN, C. A.	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
PORTER, A. H.	Lieutenant (SD)	Warrior
POPE, J.	Rear-Admiral	DNS
POYNTER, D. A.	Captain	Drake (FSL)
PRICKETT, W. J.	Lieutenant (SD)	Fearless
PROVOST, A. G.	Lieutenant	Eastbourne
PUDDICK, Miss N. D.	3/O	Cochrane
RICHARDSON, A. B.	Lieutenant	Long Course
RICHARDS, M. A.	Lieut. Commander (SD)	Dolphin
RIGGS, J. J.	Lieut. Commander (SD)	Warrior
RUSBY, C.	Captain	Tartar
SELLOR, Miss D.	2/O	Mercury
SHOTTON, J.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Hermes
SHACKELL, J.	Lieutenant (SD)	
SMITH, C. C.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Aurora
SNOW, K. G.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Mercury
THOMAS, Miss O. V.	1/O	Condor
THOMPSON, Miss M.	3/O	St Angelo
THORPE, F. R.	Lieut. Commander (SD)	Mercury
THURSTON, Miss D. M.	2/O	Warrior
			Dryad
			Eastbourne
			Hermione
			Mod (DDP(C))
			Mercury
			St Angelo
			Ashanti
			STC Devonport
			Mercury
			RAN Exchange
			Warrior
			DGW (DWES(N))
			Ark Royal
			MOD DNS
			Dolphin
			DNS
			Mercury
			RAN Exchange
			Mercury
			Ass. N. A. Moscow
			COMNAVBALTAP
			MOD (DDPS)
			Whitehall W/T
			Warrior
			COMEDNOREAST
			Mercury
			Mercury
			COMFEF
			Undaunted
			Mercury
			Cochrane
			FOSN1
			FO2FEF
			Ganges
			FO Malta
			MINDEF Malaysia
			Ajax in command
			FO2FEF
			Mercury Adv (SD)
			President (ACR)
			FOFWF
			DNS
			Mercury
			Dartmouth
			Warrior
			Danae
			HQ AF SOUTH
			C in C Plymouth
			C in C South
			Terror (COMFEF)
			Whitehall W/I
			Mercury
			Mercury
			Bacchante
			COMFEF
			President
			Warrior
			Dryad

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TIMPSON, G. M. Lieut. Commander	Jufair	Ark Royal
TULLIS, G. M. Lieut. Commander	Mercury	SNOWI
WEBBER, P. C. Lieutenant (SD)	Dartmouth	Fearless
WHITEHEAD, D. Lieut. Commander	Wakeful in command	Grenville in command
WILTON, A. W. A/Sub Lieut. (SD)	Mercury	STC Devonport
WILLIAMSON, J. K. Lieutenant	Long Course	Charybdis
WISE, T. B. Lieutenant	RAN	Ajax (Exchange)
WOOD, A. R. Commander	MOD (CDCN)	MOD (NMUU)

PROMOTIONS

To Rear-Admiral

J. E. POPE

To Lieut.-Commander (SD)

F. R. THORPE

K. WOLLAN

To Lieutenant (SD)

M. T. HUMPHRIES

J. M. GAWLEY

J. TATE

D. C. SAYCE

S. G. SOLLEY

J. R. T. JARMAN

F. M. EMMETT

P. C. WEBBER

To Commander (Effective Dec.)

I. FERGIE-WOODS

N. I. C. KETTLEWELL

R. W. KEOGH

A. A. WAUGH

To Sub.-Lieutenant (SD)

R. C. WHITBY-SMITH

RETIREMENTS

Commander M. ST Q. WALL

Lieut.-Commander R. J. GREEN

Lieutenant (SD) P. ATKINSON

2/O Miss L. F. LAWSON

COURSES

RN Long Course. 1969

J. T. SANDERS

P. R. SUTERMEISTER

W. M. CASWELL

C. J. CAMPBELL

G. A. WILSON

D. M. HOWARD

B. BURNS

M. A. ROBINSON

P. J. KING

D. T. FROST

Advanced (SD) (C) Course

Lieutenant C. A. O'BRIEN

Lieutenant F. M. EMMETT

Lieutenant D. C. SAYCE

Sub.-Lieut. K. G. SNOW

Sub.-Lieut. J. SHOTTON

Sub.-Lieut. A. W. WILTON

BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST, 1969

BEM

Chief Radio Supervisor D. J. BIGNALL P/JX 885107, HMS *Antrim*

ADVANCEMENTS

TO CRS

BELTON-PERKINS, J. 890290

ROBSON, L. 935573

JULIAN, H. G. 919725

PUTTICK, M. 883013

COLLINSON, P. 918845

CARRINGTON, J. A. 924737

YEATES, D. A. 911954

HOUSTON, J. 936451

COOMBES, B. G. F. 898249

SMULLEN, D. J. 889139

TO CCY

TYRER, E. A. 883409

EVANS, D. J. W. 901673

DENNIS, D. H. 911871

SCRIVENS, W. C. 908945

LEVENE, L. F. 836440

TO CRS(W)

McKAY, R. 978159

TAYLOR, A. R. 980822

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DRAFTING

Only names that have been included in articles ships ships and not printed elsewhere in the magazine are shown here. Please forward any drafts you wish shown in our next edition with your article for the Christmas edition. Individuals may write to the Editor direct if they so desire.

Although every effort is made to ensure that the information in this section is correct, we ask readers not to treat it as authoritative in the strict sense.

Name	Rate	Whence	Whither
ADAMS, W. H.	CRS	Mercury	Juno
ADKINS, C. C.	RO2	Torquay	Mercury
AITKEN, P. M.	RO2	Mercury	Drake
AKERS, B. K.	RS	Mercury	Victory
ALEXANDER, R. L.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
ALDRIDGE, S. L.	LRO	Mercury	Highburton
ALLEY, J. H.	RO2	Diamond	Mercury
ALLISON, S. J.	RO2	Mercury	Heron
ANDERSON, R. K.	RO2	Glamorgan	Mercury
ANDREW, D.	JRO	Mercury	Albion
ANDREWS, O. W.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
ANSELL, B. W.	CRS	Mercury	Juno
APPLEBY, I. C.	RO2	Whitby	Mercury
ARMSTRONG, G. D.	JRO	Mercury	Juno
ASTBURY, M. R.	RO2	Fearless	Mercury
AUSTIN, R. K.	RO2	Plymouth	Mercury
AYLOTT, R. J.	LRO	Mercury	Excellent
BAIN, T. K.	RO2	Mercury	Terror
BAVAGE, C. W.	RO2	Hermes	Mercury
BAXTER, S. C.	RO2	Mercury	Aurora
BAGNALL, K. A.	RS	Mercury	Warrior
BARLOW, P. L.	RO2	Defender	Mercury
BALL, C. C.	RO2	Mercury	Puma
BALL, R. J.	RO2	Mercury	Pembroke
BECKHAM, R. M.	RO2	Mercury	Keppel
BERTRAM, P. M.	RO2	Mercury	Mauritius
BELCHER, P. A.	RS	Mercury	Dryad
BENNETT, R. P.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
BIRD, P.	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
BISSELL, I. J.	RO2	Mercury	Charybdis
BLACKBURN, D. A.	RS	Mercury	Tamar
BOLTON, A. M.	CY	Mercury	Victory
BOLTON, P.	JRO	Mercury	Aurora
BOYALL, R. J.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
BRAMLEY, N.	RS	Mercury	Endurance
BRIMFIELD, T. E.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
BROADBENT, H.	RO1	Victory	Mercury
BROWN, D. W.	RO2	Diana	Mercury
BUNN, R. V.	RO2	Mercury	Llandaff
BUTCHER, B. K.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
BURWOOD, D. L.	RO2	Mercury	Fulmar
CAHILL, B. L.	LRO	Victory	Mercury
CAMERON, S.	LRO	Victory	Mercury
CASEY, T. A.	RO2	Mercury	Hampshire
CLARK, A. G.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
CLARK, D. C.	RO2	Mercury	Neptune
CLARK, P. H.	CY	Mercury	Argonaut
CLEMENTS, P. A.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
COBB, G. N.	RO2	Mercury	Mauritius
CONGDON, M. J.	RO2	Mercury	Drake
COOKE, D. P.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
COLEY, W.	RO2	Mercury	Fulmar
COLLIER, B. T.	RO2	Danae	Mercury
COLLIS, R. C.	LRO	Mercury	Reclaim
COCKER, T. D.	LRO	Victory	Mercury
COSTELLO, D. J.	RO2	Mercury	Whitehall
COTTON, G.	RS	Mercury	Minerva
COWMAN, D. F.	RO2	Mercury	Cochrane
COUPLAND, R.	LRO	Mercury	Bulldog
COUSINS, R. J.	CY	Mercury	Ganges
COUTTS, G. E.	RO2	Mercury	Fulmar
CRANHAM, T. J.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
CROFT, B. M.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
CROUCHER, R. I.	RO1	Mercury	Charybdis
CUDDY, P. A.	LRO	Victory	Mercury
CULVERWELL, P.	RS	Osprey	Mercury
CURRIE, M. O.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
CUTTS, M.	JRO	Mercury	Hermione
DAVIES, G.	RO2	Mercury	Terror
DAVIES, G. A.	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
DAVIES, M. J.	RO2	Decoy	Mercury
DAVIES, M. R.	RS	Mercury	Carpentaria
DAVIS, A. K.	RO2	Hermes	Mercury
DENNET, S. G.	RO2	Malcolm	Mercury
DIBNAH, R. F.	RO2	Aurora	Mercury
DICKIE, A.	RO2	Mercury	Naiad
DOODY, J.	RS	Fellow	Mercury
DRUMMOND, J.	RO2	Drake	Mercury
DREW, D. J.	LRO	Mercury	Hermione

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Pay according to age, e.g. at 19—£915, at 25—£1,189 (highest pay on entry), rising by four annual increments to £1,372.

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Application forms available from:

Recruitment Officer (RT/C),
Government Communications Headquarters,
Oakley, Priors Road,
CHELTENHAM, Glos. GL52 5AJ.

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Name	Rate	Whence	Whither
DUNFORD, J.	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
EDWARDS, N. D.	RO2	Penelope	Mercury
EDWARDS, R. A. J.	RO2	Mercury	Drake
ECCLESTON, K.	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
ELLIOTT, L. E.	RS	Murray	Mercury
EMERY, I. G.	RO2	Mercury	Neptune
EMSON, G.	LRO	Victory	Mercury
EVANS, I. C.	RO2	Mercury	Duncan
EVANS, D. J. W.	CCY	FOFWF	Mercury
EVANS, D. R.	RO1	Mercury	Dolphin
EVES, P.	RO2	Dido	Mercury
FALLOWS, G.	RO2	Mercury	Salisbury
FAWCETT, J. F.	RS	Mercury	Keppel
FECK, N. R.	CY	Mercury	Ashanti
FELLINGHAM, N.	JRO	Mercury	Charybdis
FERNIE, C. G.	RO2	Mercury	Scylla
FITZGERALD, L. A.	RO2	Mohawk	Mercury
FLYNN, A.	RO2	Troubridge	Mercury
FRENCH, D. K.	RO2	Mercury	Whitehall
FRENCH, T. F.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
FRANKLAND, M. P.	RS	Glamorgan	Mercury
FREEMAN, D. K.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
FOULSTON, B. A.	CY	Mercury	CND
GAISFORD, R. F.	LRO	Dolphin	Mercury
GALLAGHER, G. J.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
GARNETT, A. J.	RO2	Kent	Mercury
GARRITY, A. J.	RO2	Zulu	Mercury
GARRETT, J.	RO2	Arethusa	Mercury
GEE, J. E.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
GIDLOW, P. G.	RO2	Mercury	Scylla
GILBERT, E. H.	CCY	Mercury	Hermes
GILLESPIE, M.	RO2	Mercury	Cochrane
GLATTBACK, J. C.	RO2	Mercury	Puma
GLENDENNING, E. W.	LRO	Mercury	Victory
GOODBODY, P. J.	RO2	Murray	Mercury
GORDON, A. J.	RO2	Torquay	Mercury
GREGORY, D. T.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
GREENAWAY, K. G.	CRS	Kent	Mercury
GREEN, J. M.	RO2	Mercury	Intrepid
GREATBATCH, M. J.	RO1	Mercury	Tangmere
GRAY, R. G.	RO2	Mercury	Eastbourne
GODFREY, B.	RS	Dolphin	Mercury
GULDING, A. M.	RO2	Glamorgan	Mercury
HAMILTON, G.	RO2	MERCURY	NEPTUNE
HARTLEY, S.	RO2	Mercury	Whitehall
HART, A. J.	CY	Mercury	Hermes
HARDIKER, R. P.	RO2	Minerva	Mercury
HAYSUM, S. M.	RO2	Cleopatra	Mercury
HAYTON, R.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
HAYES, D. C.	RO2	Cleopatra	Mercury
HEAD, R. I.	RO2	Mercury	Salisbury
HEMMINGS, W. H.	RO2	Zulu	Mercury
HEATH, R. W.	RS	Resolution	Mercury
HICKS, R. F.	RO2	Glamorgan	Mercury
HICKS, B. R.	RO2	Mercury	Drake
HILL, R.	CRS	Dartmouth	Rooke
HILL, B. J.	RO1	Mercury	Dolphin
HOLDEN, M. R.	RO2	Mercury	President
HOWELL, C. J.	RO1	Ulster	Mercury
HOWELL, R. J.	CCY	Tenby	Mercury
HOWES, R. W.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
HOPKINS, G. C.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
HODGKINSON, T. G.	RO2	Fife	Mercury
HUGHES, J. W.	RS	Mercury	Carpentaria
HULLEY, A. R.	RS	Mercury	Verulam
HUNTER, J. H.	RO2	Manxman	Mercury
HUTSON, I. G.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
HUBBARD, M. D.	RO2	Tartar	Mercury
HYDE, P. H.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
INGHAM, C. R.	RO2	Victory	Mercury
ILLING, D. J.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
JACKSON, D.	LRO	Triumph	Mercury
JACKSON, K. G.	CRS	Mercury	Charybdis
JACKSON, T. D.	RO2	Mercury	Neptune
JAMES, D. H.	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
JENNINGS, D. J.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
JOHNSTON, D. R.	RO3	Mercury	Hermione
JOHNSON, G. R.	RO2	Leander	Mercury
JONES, M. C.	RO2	Llandaff	Mercury
JONES, S. G.	RO2	Mercury	Penelope
JORDAN, M. P.	LRO	Mercury	CND
KERR, H. M.	RO2	Mercury	Cochrane
KENNEDY, D. P.	RO2	Grenville	Mercury
KENYON, R. A.	RO1	Mercury	Dolphin
KENT, M. J.	RO3	Mercury	Charybdis
KILLORAN, G.	RS	Mercury	Victory
KIRKWOOD, S. B.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
KIRBY, F. G.	RO3	Mercury	Charybdis
LACEY, D. J.	RO2	Plymouth	Mercury
LANG, G. P.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
LETHBRIDGE, J. A.	RS	Mercury	St. Angelo
LIMMING, D. B.	RO2	Glamorgan	Mercury

Name	Rate	Whence	Whither
LINNESS, A.	JRO	Mercury	Keppel
LOCKE, A. W.	RO2	Mercury	Neptune
LODGE, R.	RS	Glamorgan	Mercury
LORD, J. N.	LRO	Hermes	Mercury
MACBAIN, G. S.	RO2	Mercury	Fulmar
MACLEOD, L. A.	CCY	Victory	Mercury
MACWILLIAM, M. J.	RO2	Mercury	Fulmar
MACKENZIE, J. A.	LRO	Resolution	Mercury
MADDEN, K. J.	CRS	Mercury	Terror
MATHEWS, M. J.	CRS	Mercury	FO2WF
MCCONKEY, J.	LRO	Mercury	Hermes
MCCABE, C. C.	RO2	Mercury	Rapid
MCWALTERS, F. G.	CY	Mercury	Ganges
MELTON, K. A.	CRS	Mercury	St. Angelo
MELVIN, G. D.	RO2	Andromeda	Mercury
MIDDLETON, P.	LRO	Triumph	Mercury
MIDDLETON, K. M.	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
MILNE, W.	LRO	Fulmar	Mercury
MORGAN, B.	RO2	Llandaff	Mercury
MORRISON, T. M.	RO2	Kent	Mercury
MOORE, A. I.	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
MORTON, J. C.	RO2	Mercury	Malcolm
NANGLE, E. D.	RO2	Sirius	Mercury
NEARY, R. V.	RS	Dolphin	Mercury
NEWTON, T. N.	RS	Verulam	Mercury
NOXON, P.	LRO	Tartar	Mercury
OLIVER, K.	RO2	Glamorgan	Mercury
ORME, D. J.	RO2	Mercury	Dundas
OWEN, T. P.	RO2	Juno	Mercury
PAYNE, R. S.	RO2	Mercury	Tamar
PAINTER, R. G.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
PEARSON, J. S.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
PEEL, A. J.	RO2	Mercury	Reclaim
FITTS, K.	RO3	Kent	Mercury
POPE, S. C.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
POUNDS, R.	RO2	Mercury	Endurance
POTTER, E.	RO2	Mercury	Vidal
PRICE, I.	RO2	Cleopatra	Mercury
RICH, E. J.	RO2	Mercury	Vidal
ROBINSON, T. S.	CCY	Troubridge	Mercury
ROONEY, J.	RS	Mercury	Whitehall
ROWLANDS, G. N.	LRO	Mercury	Charybdis
SAUNDERS, I. S.	RO2	Kent	Mercury
SAUNDERS, J. N.	CRS	Mercury	Whitehall
SALEH, A. A.	LRO	Tangmere	Mercury
SAMPSON, T. A.	RO2	Kent	Mercury
SCOTT, J.	RO2	Mercury	Drake
SHEEN, A. I.	RO2	Malcolm	Mercury
SHUKER, A. D.	CRS	Dido	Mercury
SHAW, L. T.	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
SMART, J. V.	RO2	Mercury	Hampshire
SMITH, M. R.	RO2	Mercury	Hampshire
SMITH, M. C.	RO2	Diamond	Mercury
SMITH, R. J.	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
SPALL, R.	RO2	Mercury	Lincoln
SPRUDD, R. J.	RO2	Mercury	Manxman
STEER, J. V.	RO2	Mercury	Drake
STRANGE, T. C.	LRO	Mercury	Victory
ST. QUINTON, A. G.	RO2	Mercury	Victory
SYMONS, C. P.	RO2	Troubridge	Mercury
TAYLOR, L. C.	LRO	Grenville	Mercury
THOMSON, R. J.	RS	Hermes	Mercury
THOMPSON, D. A.	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
THOMAS, P. R.	RO2	Intrepid	Mercury
TILLET, A. R.	CCY	Mercury	Caroline
TIMSON, M. J.	RS	Mercury	Eskimo
TOMLINSON, M.	RO2	Defender	Mercury
TOMLINSON, C. J.	RO2	Scarborough	Mercury
TYRER, E. A.	CCY	Mercury	FO2FEF
UTLEY, J. S.	JRO	Mercury	Charybdis
VAUGHAN, A. R.	JRO	Mercury	Puma
VROON, C.	RO2	Mercury	Whitehall
WARD, K. E.	RO2	Mercury	Ashanti
WATERHOUSE, B. E.	LRO	Mercury	Endurance
WEBB, D. R.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
WHITLOCK, N.	CCY	Mercury	Scylla
WILLIAMS, K. T.	RO2	Mercury	Whitehall
WILLIAMS, W. R.	LRO	Dolphin	Mercury
WITHYMAN, M. C.	RO2	Diamond	Mercury
WISE, J. C.	CRS	Mercury	Hermes
WOODLAND, D.	RS	Britannia	Mercury
YEO, R. F.	CRS	Mercury	Seahawk

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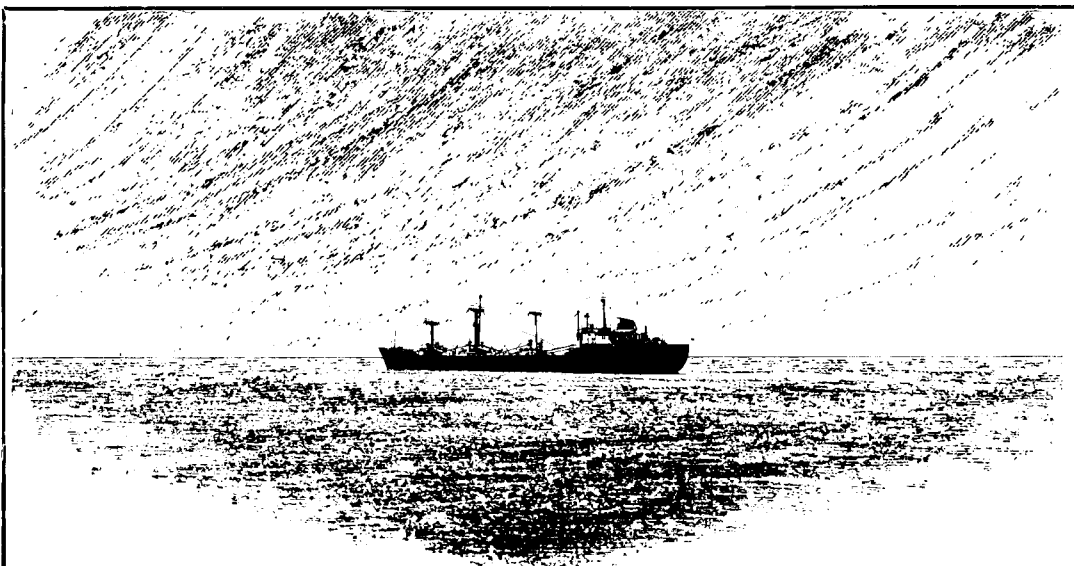
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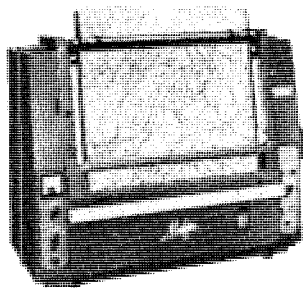


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