

THE COMMUNICATOR



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THE COMMUNICATOR

PUBLISHED AT HMS 'MERCURY'

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

Editor

Lieutenant Commander J.K. Dempsey

Assistant Editor.

Lieutenant R. Humphries

Treasurer.

Lieutenant A. R. Webb

EDITORIAL

Once again there has been an upheaval in the Editorial office. Lieutenants Walklett and Villier have escaped and a new team has been installed, albeit struggling and moaning gently, whilst hanging grimly onto Lt. Webb, the Treasurer, in case he escapes also! To add to our troubles we are now without the most valuable services of Mr. Edgar Sercombe, the Business Production and Advertising Manager who regrettably died at Christmas. Since he was associated with the COMMUNICATOR since its inception in 1947 he provided the continuity and expertise necessary from the Proof reading and correcting of our amateurish efforts to the acquisition of the adverts, which, incidentally covered more than half the expenses of producing the COMMUNICATOR. This job then is not for the weak or ulcer prone, but it looks likely that both conditions will occur in the new team sooner rather than later.

Despite all this gloom there is much to be thankful for, the 'do-it-yourself' magazine has been most ably managed by the departing team as I'm sure you will agree, the past year's issues have proved. The magazine is now printed by our own Royal Marine Printers in Portsmouth, without whom the cost would be absolutely

prohibitive. Thank you Sgt. Cliss and your most helpful and expert team.

As the cover indicates this is the 30th Anniversary of the COMMUNICATOR. It finds itself launched in a welter of change; the EWs have absconded from *Mercury* into the Stygian murk of *Dryad* and we're getting the Navigators in exchange! Captain O'Reilly R.N. has left to serve as the Naval Attache in The Hague, being relieved by Captain J.M. Tait R.N., who, like our Commander, is a TAS specialist.

If it should happen that this issue meets your broad approval we would remind you that it can only hope to fulfil its happy function if it is constantly fed with new material of the best kind. On the other hand, you may think it is a poor show and that you could do better. To you we say 'The remedy lies in your own hands'. Consider yourself co-opted forthwith and provided you produce the right answer we shall gladly make you a Sub-Editor — unpaid and unloved as we are.

We hope you'll find this edition generally humorous in tone and perhaps a little nostalgic: the quotes and howlers have been, to a great extent, taken from the early editions which may also go to prove how little has really changed in our little world.





Edgar Sercombe was born on the 11th September, 1895, the eldest son of the journalist and Aldershot News editor, Mr. E.J.Sercombe. It was not too surprising that the young Edgar joined his father at Gale & Polden, who published the newspaper, but he was apprenticed as a printer and not a journalist. At that time Gale & Polden, were the main printers to the Armed Forces so a considerable knowledge of many facets of Service procedure was absorbed by Edgar before he joined the Army late in the First World War. He served in the Royal Corps of Signals but was invalided after a year's service in France, Rejoining Gale & Polden he aspired to master printer and ultimately became their advertising director.

The Second World War found him unfit for active service but he joined the Home Guard wherein his insistence for exactitude and attention to detail, combined with a rare sense of humour and spirit of comradeship, ensured his rise to the rank of major. In the area his unit was regarded as very efficient and invariably well turned out. He was very proud of his men and they of him as many presentations from those who served under him bear testimony. Following the war, Edgar branched out on his own as a private printing consultant, and master printer, which was something of a gamble, but he need not have worried because very soon many of his old customers sought him out and so he continued with his venture.

In 1947 the Communication Branch decided to produce its own magazine under the title *The Communicator* and, very fortunately for us, consulted Edgar Sercombe who agreed to become our Production Manager. Little did we know then that he would remain so for the next 30 years. My friendship with Edgar started in 1968

when I took over as editor. It did not take me long to appreciate his outstanding qualities, and especially his loyalty to both our Branch and magazine. He was at his best when the magazine was in trouble. At one time, and despite a 3-year period when our magazine absorbed more increases in printing costs than in the previous 23 years of its life, he somehow managed it that *The Communicator* emerged from the crisis with a new lease of life when dozens of other magazines and newspapers, crashed and disappeared from the breakfast tables and lounges of the general public.

His affiliation with the Services was predominant, and with the Royal Navy particularly so. Besides our magazine, the Navy League; Sea Cadet Corps; HMS St. Vincent and the National Defence College, all entrusted their printing and advertising to him. Our photograph shows Mr. Sercombe being presented with the Royal Naval Sailing Association's Burgee plaque as a memento by Captain J D East, RN, Rear Commodore, RNSA, after 20 years' service with their Journal. A similar presentation had been prepared by the Captain, HMS Mercury to mark Mr. Sercombe's 30 years with us but, sadly, he died before the event could take place. Nevertheless, and with Mrs. Sercombe's consent it has been decided to present the ship's badge of *HMS Mercury* to her as a memento of her husband's invaluable assistance to us for such a long time. Although the Captain, *HMS Mercury* wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs. Sercombe immediately after he was informed of her great loss, all C Communicators would, no doubt, wish their magazine to record their expression of sadness and condolence, and also to record their appreciation of Edgar Hudson Sercombe.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

A note to say what a splendid job is being done in keeping the Communicator not only alive, but interesting and well presented. It makes as enjoyable reading as ever, and this clearly largely due to the efforts of you and your staff.

I was interested to see in the latest (Winter) edition a number of signals from MAKE A SIGNAL. Perhaps you would be interested in my own experience, for I actually originated one of the signals.

In 1953 I was a Telegraphist (Air). Having completed the expensive qualifying courses at HMS *Siskin* (now HMS SULTAN), RNAS St. Merryn, and RNAS Eglinton, where I had learned all about aerial navigation, radar and sonobuoys, I was posted to 771 Squadron at Ford. 771 was equipped with Firefly TT4 aircraft and performed the target-towing and other tasks for the Fleet now carried out by the FRADU unit at Yeovilton. I spent a year with the Squadron, target towing from Invergordon to Gibraltar, and a most interesting time it was.

At that time, the Navy still had a reserve fleet. The policy was to mothball ships and, from time to time, to bring a ship out of mothballs crew it and have it fully active in 3 weeks. This happened to HMS *Duchess*, one of the DARING class. She duly appeared at Portland for her Work-up, as it was then known, and it came to my turn to fly down to Portland for her to carry out her Anti-Aircraft shoot with her 4.5"s. For this type of shoot, I always streamed the full 6000feet of wire, on the end of which was a drogue. Despite the length of wire, we in the aircraft could feel every hit on the drogue, so could easily tell how good the ship was. *Duchess* commenced her shoot, and at first all seemed well. After half-an-hour or so, however, a 4.5 suddenly exploded not far from our starboard wing-tip. My pilot and I were slightly miffed. The next shot exploded just aft of us, and rocked us around a bit. The pilot then said, "John, for God's sake do something". So I, by this time even more miffed, simply called *Duchess* by R/T and said, "I'm towing this b..... target, not pushing it!" No sooner had I said that than another shot exploded just aft and cut the wire, 20 feet from the aircraft. With no further wire left, we returned to base.

I understand that later enquiries established that the Target Indication Radar had travelled from the drogue up the wire, and the Blind Safety Officer had not appreciated what was happening. So, although it turned out not to have been my most exciting sortie, at least it

helped to pass the time!

Yours sincerely
J. Marston Gawley
Lt. R.N.

MUSINGS FROM HMS CURACOA

C.S.3. Med Fleet 1929/32

Re the story of the sparker who made a mistake with a callsign and sent a destroyer and a carrier to sea. During that period, I was a sparker on H.M.S. *Carucoa*. One of the cruisers callsign was AB, and one of the carriers callsign was WS and as they were made as a sign, the only way of distinguishing who was who was by the difference in pitch of each ships note on Aux. wave.

Lord Louis Mountbatten was Med Fleet Wireless Officer at that time, and it was his ambition to encourage his Communicators to be second to none in efficiency. He even brought out special operating signals, the X800 series, which were intended for the operator only, pointing outways of improving their morse and procedure.

In those days communicators were dedicated men, who liked to think that they could send and receive morse as good as or better than the next man. Of course in those days morse was the only method of Wireless communication between ships and ships and shore, so this proposed improvement of standards was welcomed by the coms. in general. From this time on, all unauthorised signals such as GM. OM. Tks. etc. were taboo, we must adhere strictly to the W.S.I.

During a middle watch in Grand Harbour one night, on Aux, a cruiser made a signal to a battleship, the BS gave 'R' followed by a DIT the CR made DIT in reply. This was a chummy gesture between operators, it sort of came natural to us. Shortly afterwards Castille, H.Q. of F.W.O. (probably called COMCEN today) called up CR and BS and said report name and rating of operator of watch.

The following day the CR's tel. was in the Captains report, the charge was 'Did make unauthorised signal in as much as he pressed the key for one fifth of a second.'

The Captain cleared lower deck of Comms. and gave said tel. a dressing down in front of all hands. He said "this is the sort of behaviour which almost lost us the Battle of Jutland, any more of this and I will have you thrown out of the branch".

After this, the two tels. were known as the "Dit Ratings".

They both lived to become top rate W/T Operators, in fact, one of them became a morse and procedure Instructor. AR.

FROM THE R.N. TO THE M.N.

BY F.C.R.S. Carpenter

Had you had cause to pass R.N.B. round about lunch time on the 4th March 1974, you'd have noticed a good-looking, young (some unkindly, had been known to refer to him as short, fat, hairy legged) Fleet Chief Sparker, exitin' the R.N. after 25 years, with a satisfied (some said 'stupified') grin on his features, looking at the world through very different eyes.

Civvy Street at last!, Well, almost. One month's terminal leave to get out of the way first, no great problem – and 6 month's semi-retirement on the 'dole' with earnings related supplement, if required.

Plans for the future were somewhat hazy – there were hopes of obtaining a small-holding up and around the Fen country, plenty of which were on the market, but these all depended upon the successful sale of the residence in Gosport. As you will recall, at this time the Property market was over the peak and on the downhill slope from falsehood to normality thence impossibility.

By the time the house had been decorated, re-wired (courtesy of the P.R.V.T. Course), extension built etc., the months were ticking away. We were living quite comfortably on the aforementioned income plus the Pension (tax free whilst unemployed) – had paid off most of the Mortgage with the Gratuity which came with the Pension, so there was no vast outlay; however, it became obvious that come the end of the 6 months, money would have to be worked for by someone, and it became very apparent by ho(m)? in short time.

Having applied for a Government Training Course in Radio and TV Engineering prior to release and been told there was a three year waiting list, that seemed a bit far in the future to solve any immediate problems, but one item they had told me at the time of application had stuck, and this was to the effect that if one jacked up one's own course, it could be adopted under the scheme if approved. "Management" was the cried advice given at all the pre-release and re-settlement courses and interviews. "Cobblers", had invariably been my sotto voce reply, having always had difficulty managing myself and anyone else over five foot three.

At times like this you have to soul-search, and decide what you can and cannot do – I knew I'd never be any good as a P.T.I. and there were very few openings as Chauffer-handyman to a Millionaire Brewer's Nymphomaniac Daughter.

I'd registered on the 'dole as "Radio Operator – Uncertificated" figuring they'd have their work cut out finding me employment in that category. Anyway the thing that caught my eye in the Pompey Evening News one night said "Why not be a Radio Officer in the Merchant Navy?" – it was advertising courses at the Southampton College of Technology. I didn't decide right away that this was the answer to all my pleas, but decided to follow it up in parallel with one or two other ideas. /

The more I investigated the facts the better they became – every shipping line in the world was advertising for R.O.'s and at pretty good salaries and conditions. So I had an interview at the College and was offered an eighteen month 'special' course starting in the September. I applied to have it adopted under the Training Opportunities Scheme (their's is by far and away the best training grant you can get) and this was eventually approved, even though it was six month's longer than they normally accept.

Knowing that as an ex R.N. sparker I wouldn't need anything like 18 months to get a little old P.M.G.1. (M.R.G.C. as it's known), I started off my first term – and was speedily disillusioned!

The class I joined was referred to as the 'Conversion Course' and consisted, but for three of us, of M.N. Radio Officers with old 2nd Class PMG tickets which they were changing to M.R.G.C. via the course and examinations. Of the three odd-men-out, there was an ex-Army Sgt Communicator, a Technician from Industry and S.F.H.L. himself. The Army guy was on Tranquilisers after two weeks, then left after the third; the Industrial guy who was a C & G Final Tech Cert holder, left after two terms. The fact that I stayed on to the bitter end does not denote singularity of purpose or any other virtue on my part, but just illustrates the fact that I was more scared of work than they were!

There are two types of course I discovered; the first where you learn and acquire everlasting (?) knowledge; the second where you are coached intensively to pass a specific exam. I was definitely on the latter – it meant you covered the same ground, but in half the time, so half had to be done in your own time.

The Syllabus with specimen examination papers are available to anyone who is interested, in the old Handbook for Radio Operators, what used to be known as the PMG Handbook in my day and is BR something-or-other, and held by all R.N. Ships and Communication Centres. Suffice it to say the Exams consist of Part 1A and 1B and Part II. Part 1A is entitled "FUNDAMENTALS OF ELECTRICITY AND

RADIOCOMMUNICATIONS" and corresponds to Radio Theory in the Mob.

I decided to do one part at the end of each term, once I'd seen the Syllabus, so as not to put too much strain on the old grey matter – just as well as it happened, as I failed the first exam with ease! However, I covered the same ground the following term, still only flogging for the 1A, and this time more must have stuck because I passed by a tickler paper. This to me, was the highlight of my Career, due to the fact that in spite of much devoted time and teaching on the part of R.N. Instructor Officers during my various Advancement Courses I never really hoisted in theory – one very nice guy who's name I forget, but thanks anyway, would explain a circuit to the Class, and then "Now for Carpenter's benefit, Egbert the Electron starts off here, then goes here etc". In short, Theory was never my favourite subject and to have got it out of the way was a big relief and I was able to get on with the rest of the course without having to confuse the issue with facts!

Part 1B is MARINE RADIOCOMMUNICATIONS and consisted largely of learning the way around a fair amount of circuit diagrams. Having a fairly good though very short-termed, memory; and thanks to the extremely good and repetitive nature of the Instruction ("Now we'll just go over that again for Mr. Carpenter – at least the 'Mr.' was a step forward!), I sat this at the end of the third term and mustered a Pass first time. There was then a ten week leave designed to allow me to forget an entire year's work before embarking on the Part II. However, realising things were within my grasp after all, and as the Grant continued throughout leave, I was able to muster enough stamina to keep fairly flogged up on what Egbert had been doing all these years without a great deal of assistance from me.

Part II is a fairly hefty examination in many parts – papers, practicals, fault-finding, operating and so on. On arrival back at College, we were informed that as there were so many Colleges to be examined (by GPO examiners) they were doing us in eight weeks time! A definite snag when you are planning on 14 weeks, I kid you not. Again, the College Staff responded magnificently to pleas from myself and a couple of other 'thicko's' and arranged a couple of days per week of dog-watch instruction. The significant point being that this is definitely NOT a common practice in civvy street as it is in the R.N., and pupils are not allowed to use Model Rooms without the presence of a Lecturer, so the gent in question was doing us a very big favour indeed, in his own (unpaid) time.

That eight weeks was a blur in my life in which alcohol played definitely no part for once. But I can remember every moment of the two days exams with crystal clarity! Two sections only are worth comment – I went down on the practical fault-finding; everything I touched went promptly to you-know-what. and in the Technical Practical Knowledge paper I got 96% – good old short-termed memory saved the day again. The two exams were linked for marking and so the one offset the other. End result was a shakey pass and so I was duly presented with my Marine Radiocommunications General Certificate and a pile of textbooks and told to go home and "for heaven's sake LEARN some flamin' thing before you come back next term to do the Radar Ticket, 'cos feller, that's difficult!"

So there I was with another eight weeks leave in which to forget it all, and with the Christmas Festive season included, that was dead easy to do. So came January and a 12 week course on something I had as much knowledge of as Fanny Craddock, with exams at the end by the D.T.I. It was the most intensive course I have ever come across in my life; I fervently pray I'll never have to do another similar. The exams consisted of two papers and two 2½ hours practical fault-finding on two different Radars. Theory reared its ugly head again needless to say, but with less pain this time. Instruction was superb and I learned more about Radio Circuitry on that course than in the whole previous 25 years. The startling thing was that Radar is just Radio circuits used in slightly different sequences. End result another shakey pass.

Here I was then in April of this year, back on the dole but this time as Radio Operator – Certificated – though at first I thought he'd written 'Certified'. Whilst my back had been turned (figuratively) during the last 18 months, some burke had gone and ordered a Recession hadn't they? All the world's Shipping Lines were no longer advertising for R.O.'s, even S.F.H.L.'d ones. I applied to some 50 in writing (with c.v.) some 37 bothered to answer – only one offered me an interview, which I accepted with alacrity, as the old earnings related supplement had just stopped with a bang! They weren't conclusive, because at that time we had not received the results of the Radar exam (this came 8 weeks after) and so it was left in the air, and "we'll let you know when you get your results".

When the glad tidings reached me I lost no time in photostating a copy and sending it off – however I heard no more. By this time I was scouring the papers and applying for all sorts of shore jobs in the Technical line and some which weren't (Royal Observer Corps would you

believe?). I'd very soon discovered that the top salary for my qualifications in Industry was at the best going to be about £3,000. By June I'd more or less accepted a job with an American firm, working in Syria fitting VHF into Police cars and the attendant control stations — a good screw £8,000 p.a., but unaccompanied and only two weeks leave per year, which was a distinct disadvantage as far as Missus C was concerned — but needs must when the Devil drives, and he was winning the World Cup at this stage. Before I gave them my final answer I decided to clear up loose end with some other jobs I had outstanding, in the course of which I rang up the Shipping Line which had interviewed me. It turned out that they had never received the copy of my Radar Ticket so production of a duplicate got me on the payroll from July 1st.

You may or may not know, that by D.T.I. regulations, every newly qualified R.O. has to go to sea under supervision for 6 months before he can go solo. Which is the snag from the Firm's point of view — they have to pay me, feed me, transport and repatriate and give me three month's leave before they get any return on their investment — 9 months all told. In a Recession, when there are ships being laid up, and qualified and experienced R.O.'s on the beach that they can use immediately — no way are us new lads going to get a job at sea. It takes a very far sighted view to make it worth while. I don't know the reason I got taken on — right place at the right time possibly? But R.N. sea-time does not count, you may be qualified to sail the Ark Royal round the world as Chief R.S., but no ship over 3,000 tons on your own!

Two weeks leave followed to get kitted out, and on 17th July I left to fly out to the Persian Gulf to join the Turbine Tanker "Altanin". Actually joined her by launch from a place called Ras Al Kaimeh near Dubai at 0440 on the 20th, with first class hotel accommodation on the in the meantime.

Altanin is an intermediate tanker of about 45,000 tons gross and pushes about 90,000 tons of Crude between the Gulf and Thailand at about 14 knots under charter to Shell. Accommodation is superb, each cabin consisting of fitted furniture, formica bulkheads, wardrobe, desk, settee and a large double bed, because ANY officer can bring his missus to sea with him whenever and for as long as he wishes! You pay half her Air Fare there and back, the Firm pays the other half and feeds you both free — the Food is excellent as well. A swimming pool is sited on the back end and is great in equatorial climes. The Public Rooms contain a 24 Hour a day Bar with Duty Free spirits and beer; the usual pub

games like darts etc; a colour video tape recorder and TV set, with tapes of various and plentiful UK TV shows changed regularly: the usual 16mm film projector and a Stereo Tape/Radio Deck. All this for the sole use of twelve Officers!

I frequently fall off me chair laughing and have been know to spill some G and T when they tell me quite seriously that life is hard on Tankers and that I won't half know the difference when I get a Product Carrier!

The normal tour of duty on most ships is four and a half months and leave is granted at the rate of one day for every two days spent under articles, i.e., signed on, not necessarily spent at sea. There isn't much in the way of runs ashore in Tankers; they tend to run from Oil depot to Oil refinery, but I have heard of memorable doings in Bangkok which isn't too far from our Discharge Port. The other ships in the Fleet do a lot better, only three out of twenty are Tankers, so a fair crack of the whip should see an improvement on that score in the future — I have my eye on a Bulk carrier on a steady old charter run from the States to Auckland via Australia and a couple of other places.

Communications, as a chum of mine answered when I described them, DO seem fairly basic.

We are strictly A1, A2 and A3 (doesn't work at the moment — awaiting spares). There is a rumour that this new fangled S.S.B. stuff may be fitted during the dry-docking in Singapore in March. In the meantime, my responsibility whilst on watch is to collect any Cables for us. These come from three different sources viz; the Charterers, Shell in London. The Management, Silver Line in London, and the Owners, Shipping Management S.A.M. who live in Monte Carlo. To achieve this one has to read the Traffic Lists of Portishead GKA and St. Lys FFL a couple of times per day. If the callsign G U R C is mentioned in despatches, then we have the tidy chore of calling on Ship/Shore and collecting the Traffic. They don't broadcast it any more.

On this voyage you can usually only raise either of them in the afternoons from 1500 onwards (local time) and then usually on 16 or 22 Mhz. The Portishead Pacific scheme (A.L.R.S. Vol. 1) makes the problem much easier half way across the Bay of Bengal eastbound, and takes us all the way to Thailand under the Malacca Zone. Calling FFL though, can sometimes be a long winded business — our main transmitter being 600 watts on 5 tun and whatever you can coax out of it at higher frequencies!

The rest of the time is spent on good old 5 tun, making one entry in the log every 10 minutes — none of this "log everything" stunt,

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you'd never get a book read! It is customary (but not compulsory) to communicate with any 5 tun coast station in whose service area you happen to be and give them a TR, which comprises ship's name, position and next port. But as most of our OUTS go to the same places from which we get our INS, we don't have a lot of dealing with the local stations apart from reading their weathers and navigational warnings, which are broadcast anyway. As the voyage nears completion, obviously comms with the next port are desirable. That's usually H.F. as well, same routine, Traffic lists, call and work etc.

The watch consists of eight hours per day; a compulsory forenoon. Two hours continuous between 1800 and 2200, the other two hours may be done at any time in minimum half hour tricks, to suit the ship's routine.

For anyone who enjoys 'old fashioned sparking' as do I, you couldn't wish for a better life, and that's a fact. Handy if you can take the little woman with you to ease the burdens of sea-going, like dhobeying, doing the telegram accounts and other little chores for which they are so superbly qualified; not that there's any restriction, take the big woman if you wish, there's plenty of room! No flannel, my Cabin is larger than the mess in which 27 of us lived and ate, and 13 of us slept on a certain "T" class boat the Pusser gave me the privilege of serving in — come to that, the skipper of the latest 'nuke' wouldn't mind a swop either I'll lay money! I forgot to add that I have my own private shower, loo and washbasin alongside, enter-from the Cabin 'natch.

For anyone who fancies having a go, I would recommend the most important item to get rid of before you start training is the Mortgage. I'm not a Financier so there may be other ways, but I'm sure I couldn't have managed financially as well as I did with thirty to sixty quid or more to find each month even if I'd invested the Gratuity as I was advised. All I do know is that it was a weight off my back I was glad to lose. Secondly, the courses are not really difficult, they're available all over UK at Technical Colleagues — if you've still got time to do in the Pusser, start reading up the Theory and the rest will be a doddle. Anyone having done the R.S. 'Q' should be able to sail through; snag with me was that mine was too far back to recall and I couldn't even spell 'trans-sister'.

FOR SALE: A placid disposition, even temperament, sunny smile, strong sense of humour, and a preference for rum instead of vinegar. Owner changing branches to R.P.O.

COMMUNICATOR EASTER 1947



BREAKING POINT

by RS Alner – GT SECTION (Where else?)

He stood there by the desk, shivering slightly, trying hard not to show how scared he was. His mouth was dry and he could feel his knees beginning to weaken. He knew beyond any doubt that this was it – this was the crunch! This time they were really out to break him. And he also knew there was only one way left to break him, the thing he feared most.

A figure appeared beside him and laid a small card on the desk. He flinched momentarily.

"Watch him," he had been told, "He's a real swine."

Slowly he dragged his eyes from the smiling, sardonic face and forced them to focus on the card. His brain froze. Frantically he looked around for help, but there were only the two of them in the big room. He looked back at the figure, trying not to let the panic show in his eyes. He opened his mouth nothing came out. Passing his dry tongue across his lips he tried again.

"This?" he said.

There was no reply, just an increase in the smile. He didn't need a reply, everything he needed to know was on that card. He picked it up, playing for time. What the hell was he going to do now?

The figure walked away, and from a million miles away he heard him say "It's up to you now".

"Up to me," he thought. "As if I haven't been through enough already". For four hours they had been at him, and that was only today. They had been working on him for weeks. And the questions! Week after week, the same questions over and over again. It wasn't as if he hadn't answered them. He'd told them all he knew; but still the questions kept coming. And all the time he knew that it must inevitably build up to a climax. The climax that he was now going through. All morning they had tried to break and he'd got through that all right, but he knew what they were saving till last. He looked at the card again. If this was supposed to weaken him even further, he thought, it was doing a darned good job.

"Right, let's get on with it." The voice made him jump. He looked up and went cold. All he could see was the one thing he was afraid of. The Needle! Everything else faded into obscurity and the needle seemed to fill the room.

Not yet, his mind screamed, I'm not ready yet. There are so many other things to do first. His actions were dazed and fumbling. The nausea in his stomach was unbearable and he was afraid he was going to be sick. All the time the needle

came nearer. This is it, he thought. There is no way of putting it off any longer. He couldn't stop his knees from shaking or his fingers working. The needle rose, hovered

"Oh God make it quick," he pleaded, "Please make it quick."

The sweat trickled down his forehead and into his eyes, blurring the needle, and his knees were trembling uncontrollably. He couldn't keep his hands still and he felt sure he was going to faint. He took a deep breath. To hell with it, he thought. If I'm going down I'm going down fighting.

..... and the needle fell.

He breathed out, feeling only the sweet, blessed relief of knowing that it was all over. That he didn't have to fight anymore. That whatever they did to him, now or in the future, it could never be as bad as this.

He found himself in another room, sitting down still dazed. From somewhere he had got a cigarette and he was surrounded by a crowd of anxious faces.

'God, you look awful. What was it like?!!

He focussed on the speaker, his head slowing clearing. He smiled and stood up, feeling confident again.

"C & M Desk?" he said. "Piece of cake. Anyway he gave me an easy frequency to tune up!"

COOKS TO THE GALLEY!

(A Signalman's Yard)

In HMS *Ajax* (Battleship of the Old K.G.V. Class), 1921 the V/S department consisted of one CYS, two YEOs, three Leading Sigs. and four Signalmen, one writer.

The galley was run by a Chief Cook, a very excellent Chief Cook, but absolutely devoid of any sense of humour, and a strict disciplinarian – in fact, in the vernacular, "Strictly Pusser's". Not infrequently, the Buntings' Mess suffered scratched-up meals, because the intended dish had arrived at the galley give minutes too late.

During the course of a morning watch one bitter January morning at Constantinople, with snow falling heavily and lying like a thick carpet everywhere, my Leading Hand and I were discussing the Chief Cook. Out of our peeved minds we eventually evolved a scheme to score off this pedant.

Having first pinched my chum's helmet bag (a light cotton affair like a bag with draw strings at the mouth) we proceeded to fill it full of well-frozen snow, packing it down as tightly as possible. We marked it with an appropriately numbered mess tally.

On going off watch at approximately

0805, I called into the galley, passed under the Chief Cook's nose, and yelled out "19 Mess a boiled duff".

"Sling it into that copper," said the Chief Cook eyeing the said duff and noting it on his pad.

Towards noon, as we were a little apprehensive as to the outcome of our actions, a third person was sent along to the galley to fetch the boiled duff. After much ado, the only thing the poor Chief Cook could produce was an empty helmet bag.

The above-mentioned third person had no idea of what had happened and sincerely believed he should have received a boiled duff. On being handed an empty receptacle he really "went to town" and threatened all and sundry with the Quarter Deck.

To finish the story, the Chief Cook apologised most sincerely and made a very nice suet pudding for 19 Mess the following day. I think that pudding tasted even better than a Christmas Pudding.

FAMOUS SIGNALS



NO. THANK. YOU.

A GUEST OF THE ROYAL NAVY

by SSgt (YofS) M Thornton. R.Signals

First of all an apology. To all those readers who fell asleep halfway through my article published in the last communicator, I can plead innocent with justification. My last notes were in fact originally written to provide background information for a certain nameless senior officer's visit to Blandford. When I found to my surprise that I had become a "journalist of note", it was somewhat remarkable that no one involved with publication of the Communicator would admit responsibility when I went in search of my publication fees!

For this issue, with the Editor's permission, I would like to re-cap on my first year as a "POL" (Pongo On Loan) to the Navy in the hope that some of you readers at least may be spurred to submit your own tales from unusual drafts for future editions.

The first sign that my next draft was to be somewhat different from my normal BAOR "up to our necks in mud and bullets" routine was during late 1975, when on a long course at Blandford, the resident CRS on loan to the Royal Signals, John Everett, kept giving me "Navalised" routing problems, where all the rest of my course were involved with the normal (to me) Division/Brigade problems.

Confirmation arrived in November 75 with news that I was the next "volunteer" to fill the post as Yeoman of Signals at HMS *Mercury*. My first reaction was one of sheer terror which soon changed to panic as I rushed around trying to find out about the Navy. Readers must appreciate that at this time my complete knowledge of the Royal Navy consisted of some Airfix plastic ships made many years ago and distant recollections when in the early fifties I had seen HMS *Vanguard* moored half a mile off Hastings sea front!

Countless questions began forming in my mind. Do I need a hammock? Where can I get seasick pills? Is it true what they say about stokers? My feelings of hysteria were calmed somewhat when I learned that *Mercury* is some 20 miles from the sea and that my job was to include teaching Wrens, so I waited with enthusiasm for the day in January 76 when I was to leave the great land of green lorries west of Winchester.

Much homework had still to be done however and it was with some trepidation that I learned that I was to follow quaking in the footsteps of previous stalwarts such as Bill Leech, 64-67, Henry Higgins 67-70, Jim Ross, 70-73, and Jim Doherty 73-76. As it happened I was extremely fortunate in having a long handover/

takeover period from WOII (YofS) Jim Doherty and thanks must be recorded here for the advice and guidance he gave me on my first arrival.

My first surprise upon arrival with my family in the area was the fact that *Mercury* is 600 ft above sea level. I have since learnt that at one time it was only 100 ft above sea level but it has been constantly raised due to the spoil being deposited from the escape tunnels under CCY Partington's cabin and the more recent one under Lt Webb's desk, but no one is supposed to know about that

The great day finally came when I was to report for duty with the RN. My rifle, gas mask and trenchdigging spade were preserved in mothballs for future use and armed only with an ACP 127 and Boots, Large, Highly Bulled I set forth up the hill from Clanfield singing my Corps march "Beyond all Care".

Upon arrival at Dreadnaught block the first object I encountered was a spotty youth with extremely long hair, wearing a blue suit with a strange white plastic model of a manhole cover on his head. This I discovered later was the sentry. Undaunted I pressed on an eventually found my place of employment — GC Section. Here I was welcomed with open arms and cries of "Not another bl—ng brownjob" and "How does he turn round with those boots on?" echoed through the building for the rest of the morning.

My first day with the Navy, I was informed, was to be celebrated with a make and mend. I thought this a little strange as I had gone to great lengths to appear in a shining and immaculate condition and it was slightly confusing for me that the powers that be considered that I needed to spend the afternoon darning my socks. However after a warm welcome in the Chiefs Mess followed by stops for refreshments at the Sun, the Bird In Hand and the Green Dragon I soon learnt the meaning of the phrase!

Another experience which had a definite traumatic effect on my life for a while was the day I was asked to stand in at short notice as instructor in charge of a new entry Wren class and take them to Portsmouth for a Ship Visit. Nothing very exciting you may think, but remember, I had never even been to Portsmouth, let alone take 12-girls around the dockyard.

My instructions were foolproof. They said—Go to the Dockyard, visit HMS *Kent*, catch the ferry to HMS *Dolphin* and visit a submarine, catch a ferry to HMS *Vernon* and get the transport back. We found *Kent* alright and I was made to feel at home in the PO's Mess. The senior rates had been expecting a PO Wren and were only slightly disappointed when I walked in! The

fact that *Kent* had a fire in the MCO that evening is purely coincidental! The next task was to catch a ferry to *Dolphin*. Now to me, a mere layman, a ferry is a large iron object with a red funnel and has "Sealink" emblazoned on its sides, so you can imagine my feelings of disbelief when the QM of *Kent*, on being asked where the ferry was, pointed to a rather scurffy looking motor boat fighting its way through the mountainous surf towards us! To this day I refuse to admit to being the first person to be sea sick in Portsmouth Harbour! We eventually came ashore at *Dolphin* and I staggered on to the jetty feeling as though I had just sailed around Cape Horn. The rest of the day passed without too much incident except for lunchtime when on asking directions to the mess I somehow found myself in the main bar of the Atlantic Club — another terrifying experience! (Readers who feel that "authors licence" has been used here to dramatize the events should contact any ex member of WRO 14/75. For any member of that class reading these notes — thanks for looking after me, ladies!)

There has been many more ship visits since then of course, far too many to tell of in these notes, and the welcome I have been given on each visit has been much appreciated. Particular thanks must go to RS Chadwick of HMS *Rothsay* and his fellow members who dragged me protesting feebly along dark gangways to a tiny cabin somewhere up near the pointed end which turned out to be the PO's Mess and gave me much "hospitality".

One of the biggest problems I have encountered in adapting to the Navy style of life has been that of language. "Splice the Mainbrace" of course needs no translation and I am honoured to report that I was allowed to partake in that custom on the day that the Chiefs and PO's Messes combined here at *Mercury* — easily the best lunchtime HOD's I have ever attended!, but other phrases such as "Hands to Standy" has me baffled! Why you want to give an order to everyone's hands to fall in outside and do drill is beyond me. In fact I had been here for some time before I found out that the last phrase really meant "Knock off for NAAFI Break".

Where I have problems understanding the Naval language, I am sure that many readers must have equal problems understanding my many uniforms, or is it they are just plain rude? When wearing my mess-kit for example, which is my pride and joy, consisting of scarlet mess jacket with black lapels and cuffs, gold rank badges, and worn with bow tie, summerbund and red-striped No. 1 trousers, the number of people who think that I am a waiter is truly amazing. The biggest

problem is during cold weather when I wear my camouflaged combat jacket (Cantseeme suit). People constantly collide with me, explaining as they do "Sorry Staff, I didn't see you there". It does wear a bit thin after the thousandth collision of the day!

Walking around *Mercury*, even without the jacket, has its own experiences. Because I am the only Army representative, I am expected to have that extra bit of zing in my walk and style of saluting etc, which I find, with officers in particular, is a catching habit! One day I remember coming out of Dreadnaught block and approaching from the other direction, at 75 yards range was a certain Lt Cdr. As we approached each other we both visibly smartened our gait until at 10 yards and closing we were marching along like guardsmen. Our arms shot up to the salute as if we were one. "Crunch" went my elbow as it collided with the officer's. We both ended up sitting in the mud laughing at each other and holding our arms!

Of all the experiences I have had living with the Navy, quite the worst must have been my first Ceremonial Divisions, something that none of my predecessors had warned me about. I was told that, because I am tall, I was to be the left marker for the COP's platoon and would lead the whole Signal School on the march past. I arrived on the day absolutely gleaming in ceremonial uniform, red sash, black belt and boots bulled like mirrors all over. To my horror I found that everyone else was wearing shoes. I fell in as left marker and everyone else fell in 10 yards to my right. No one, but no one would stand next to my boots! Eventually we sorted ourselves out and no further incidents happened until it was time for the march past. Now in the army, to do a left turn, you swivel your body at the count of "1", pause for a count of "2, 3", then bend the knee so that the thigh is parallel to the ground and drive the foot downwards, rather different from Navy drill! "Move to the left in threes, left turn" said the Commander. "Swivel, Click" went 800 pairs of shoes. "Squeak, pause 2, 3, CRASH" went 1 pair of size 10 boots as my right foot thundered into the ground at 600 mph, 2 seconds behind everyone else. When you are out to make an impression and find 800 pairs of eyes slowly turning on you, the feeling is pure embarrassment, believe me! The actual march past was next. The Royal Marine band struck up a march at 140 paces to the minute. I am used to marching at "120" so I stepped out to compensate for the faster pace and consequently by the time we arrived at the saluting dais the platoon resembled a high speed caterpillar! They haven't asked me to do left marker

again!

In looking back on my first year in *Mercury* I can say that it has been full of many amusing incidents, coupled with much hard, though enjoyable work. My proudest achievement to date has been the total conversion of GC section to become the only department in the RN that has a morning NAAFI break! (It's 10 minutes longer than Standeasy anyway!) Of my failures, I STILL haven't got my own desk and still haven't got my own classroom with a projector that actually works, but who knows what surprises are in store for me in the next few months? (G1 take note please!)

In one year with the Navy my wife and I have been made to feel at home on all fronts and we have made many friends. I am particularly pleased to meet all my ex LRO(G) and LWA students when out on visits or when they return here. After a hectic first year it remains debateable whether I will survive the full 3 year tour, but I enter into my second year with the RN with much more confidence than I did the first and thanks are due for this to all people of all ranks who have helped me learn of your many strange ways. Nil desperandum!

WHO SAID CHANGE IS INEVITABLE

I have endeavoured to stress the fact that a skilled *operator* (as distinct from technical skill) is not produced by courses of instruction but by several years of nothing but watchkeeping and handling apparatus, and, even at the present time, when the lack of numbers results in Telegraphists spending most of their time with telephones on, the percentage of trustworthy operators is not high. (In "QUEEN ELIZABETH" with a complement of 32 Telegraphists and Leading Telegraphists, I could seldom obtain four reliable auxiliary wave operators (key punchers)).

Survey of Conditions in Telegraphist Branch —
CDR. WYLIE 1933

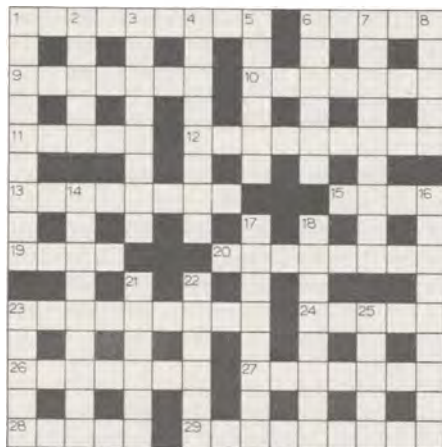
QUOTE 76

'our complan is very flexi-ble, if it doesn't work we change it!

SDC 76 Class Op Ord presentation

SPRING CROSSWORD

by Ann Jewel



3. Marine in repose, dreaming of rulers (8)
4. Creams at once for a pollution-free vehicle! (5-3)
5. Is removed from 10Ac. and a point added for a bird (6)
6. Go south before 11Ac. for the container (6)
7. My drink is rum — beer is yours. I'll repay you later (9)
8. Gym will be about always — a pleasant position to be in (5)
14. So fun and I are extremely wicked (9)
16. The lad treads carefully in such a position (9)
17. "Man in portions can foresee
His own ——— destiny" (Byron) (8)
18. Be sick then, but not in these places (8)
21. Have first about an hour in confession (6)
22. Then think about gravity and take a chessman (6)
23. Taps a few lines out as part of the menu (5)
25. An extra diocese was form to aid communication (5)

Solution page 43

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Maintains sly Rex 'E.S.P. is involved, definitely' (9)
6. The band hides most rapidly (5)
9. The French vagabond in fron may proceed so (7)
10. Fly as if the devil is after you or tamper with it (7)
11. Sooner or later you must modify it (5)
12. The male goes round beating a bell into shape (9)
13. Study city assembled together (8)
15. The song we hear I appreciate (4)
19. Skilful Ted goes about a foot (4)
20. Wait a minute! M.N. ships can be used for defence (8)
23. Maybe a can perch will do (9)
24. About two hundred air their views (5)
26. "The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick, Whom, ———, she disturbs"
(William Cowper) (7)
27. Indeed, men improved things! (7)
28. Well worth having spare seats (5)
29. A book by Poe? Select this one for viewing (9).

DOWN

1. Canter Ned about in a daze (9)
2. "Fame is no ——— that grows on mortal soil"
(Milton) (5)

A CRASH COURSE ON CAR SCRAPPING M.G. MIDGET — R.I.P.

Although we missed that great big tree,
We surely were right out of luck —
Instead I hit the Renault Truck!

"You should drive slower Mate" said he
I look-on, sad and silently,
Thinking of the Pounds I'll spend
Straightening out that nasty Bend.

Not just one wing — the bonnet too,
Bumber, vallance — all askew;
Which list adds up to quite a price
For just one patch of thin black ice.

So — R.A.'s — while on board don't shirk —
And do not rush to leave your work;
For round that corner just might wait
St. Peter at the Pearly Gate!!!!

C.J. Pay
ex M.G.Owner (RO1(W))

Autumn 1947 Long C Course

- Q. Where is the 57 DMR fitted
- A. In the garage and classroom 38.

THE JOSS MAN

No Masters-at-Arms existed in the Royal Navy prior to the year 1694, although for sometime there had been a senior Petty Officer in each ship responsible for the training of gun crews. Over the years he had come to be known as the Master of the Armoury. But on 4th August 1694 the Board of Admiralty decided that the senior lieutenant in each man-of-war should henceforth be known as the First Lieutenant, one of whose tasks should be that of the maintenance of the efficiency and discipline of his ship's company. When the promotion signal was received in the Fleet the name at the top of the list was that of a Lieutenant Henry James, so Lt. James became the very first First Lieutenant (hence "James the First" or "Jimmy the One").

Now although Lt James was an expert seaman and undertook much to increase the training programme, and therefore the efficiency, of his crew, he found that he was hard pressed in his other task of maintaining discipline. This was mainly because the majority of seamen in those days were recruited from the criminal classes; by going off to sea they had escaped the clutches of the law but were now free to carry out their nefarious activities around the messdecks of the Fleet, as a result of which the lower deck was a hotbed of crime. Now Lt. James was quick to realise that the task of maintaining discipline was to require much of his time if he was to carry it out as well as the Board of Admiralty, and of course his Captain, expected of him, so he decided that a responsible Petty Officer should be appointed whose duty it would be to be accountable to the First Lieutenant for the maintenance of good order and naval discipline in the ship.

Looking around his motley crew, Lt. James decided that there was only one man capable of properly fulfilling the job, his Master of the Armoury, whose name was Jeremiah Obadiah Skillett-Sprock. Skillett-Sprock had all the necessary qualifications: he was a huge man, standing six feet seven inches and weighing nearly eighteen stone (between ships he played in the Second Row for Devonport Services and many a Welsh selector cried because he had not been born in Llanelli). He was a handsome man, with curly blond hair and steely blue eyes, and his prodigious strength was known to all (one night in the Crystal Bar in Guzz he was seen to quaff twenty three pints of ale with rum chasers then go to bed with five women, none of whom survived). On top of this he was very intelligent; before answering the call of the sea he had trained as a monk and was therefore able to read and

write, both in English and Latin.

All in all, Skillett-Sprock was the ideal man for the job, and much to the delight of his First Lieutenant entered into his new vocation with the utmost zeal. He was known to the crew by his initials, "J.O.", and hardened criminals would shudder at his approach. "Look out", they would mutter, "here come J.O." breathing a sigh of relief after he had passed them by.

J.O.'s reputation went before him, and whenever he was due to go on draft every ship's company was in great fear that he would join their ship. One thing is sure: whichever ship J.O. did serve in was guaranteed to be a haven of tranquility. Eventually Skillett-Sprock became to be known by all his initials, not just those of his Christian names, so J.O. became J.O.S.S., or "The Joss".

After a long and successful career, The Joss became too old to go to sea and lived out the rest of his days on an NCS engagement as Chief-of-Staff in Pompey DQs. Many years have passed since he went to that great Reg. Office in the sky, and although the Navy has seen many changes, including that of the change in title of Master of the Armoury to Master At Arms, Skillett-Sprock has never been forgotten, and to this day every Master at Arms is proud to be known as The Joss; the only man in each ship who can be entrusted with the maintenance of discipline.

contributed by F.M.A.A. Westgarth HMS Mercury

Editor's Note:

So now you all know with a name like that he must have had at least two fathers.



THE SPACE AGE REQUIREMENT

by FCRS Bailey

DO WE NEED IT?

Hardly a year goes by without a revision of morse training in some aspect or other. The optimum training speed for each course, time required to achieve designated standards, the ways and means, and even the necessity to use morse at all.

Undeniably, this system of communication will be with us for some considerable time to come, this fact is stated with a certain amount of justification. Although now considered only a tertiary system of national military communications in relation to RATT and voice, it does have the distinct advantage of requiring only the simplest of equipments and procedures in order to achieve international communications, overcoming the language barrier by the use of international codes and procedures. Indeed the merchant fleets throughout the world are doing this daily.

In certain cases morse is a much faster system of communications, for example the passing of short urgent messages such as flash enemy reports. These could be cleared by morse before an operator can perforate the signal, let alone carry out the comparatively lengthy procedures to contact the shore station.

RATT LIMITATIONS

Our present sophisticated method of national communication via satellites is most reliable and an excellent system — in peace time, but no one could be so naive as to think that these would be allowed to remain in orbit upon outbreak of hostilities, and so it becomes a case of RATT coming back to earth with its associated problems of susceptibility to jamming, atmospherics, propagation conditions and those endless ship-borne equipment malfunctions, not to mention damage by action. The more sophisticated the equipment the greater the vulnerability to malfunction.

VOICE CIRCUITS

Long range on-line voice circuits are not with us as yet, but the passing of computerised formatted messages could pose many problems as indeed could any long messages.

THE RUSSIAN SYSTEM OF MORSE TRAINING

Having ascertained the continuing requirement for morse, it is of interest to analyse the Russian system of morse training as outlined by Lt. Col. Adamenko of the Soviet Signal Division. In an article written last year he makes several valid points which are worthy of note and abridged below:—

1. It should be noted that not every man is able to become a Radio-telegraph operator
2. **GOOD CO-ORDINATION OF MOTIONS.** Students must not have suffered fractures or dislocation of the hand. The palm of the hand is laid flat on a table and each finger is raised in turned. With forearm motionless and key in hand, the amplitude of hand motion is checked to make sure that it is not less than 1.5 to 2 cms.
3. **ABILITY TO WRITE LEGIBLY AT SPEED.** Student writes different combinations of 5 symbol groups, not less than 20-22 times per minute — legibly.
4. **MUST HAVE A GOOD EAR FOR MUSIC.** Student listens to simple morse symbols, and at the end of the lesson must be able to recognise them (the old R.N. "INT" aptitude test). Lt. Col. Adamenko states that experience shows that it is useless to continue training if, after the first 1 hour lesson a student fails to recognise one signal from another.
5. **THE ADVANCED APTITUDE TEST** Student learns to distinguish between similarly sounding symbols. At the end of each hourly session a test is transmitted at 4 wpm. A student who makes not more than 5 mistakes is considered as having passed the test. During initial training, the trainee is discouraged from counting the dots and dashes as this method becomes difficult and detrimental above 8 wpm.
6. **SEGREGATION BY APTITUDE.** Students are divided into 3 streams depending on their aptitude. These streams are flexible and students may be advanced or retarded according to ability.
7. **PROGRESSION BY PROCEDURE** Having mastered the Morse Code the trainee learns procedure messages. Each member of the class is given a call sign. The instructor transmits a procedure message to one of the class who interprets and transmits the answer.
8. **INCREASING SPEED.** It is considered very important to choose the transmission speed and time intervals between groups. According to experts, an abrupt increase of reception speed during initial training should be avoided as this greatly increases fatigue and the number of mistakes made. The optimum load for one hour should be the reception of 200—300 groups for 2 to 3 hours a day.



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GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY



Captain D.A.P. O REILLY RN on his departure from HMS *Mercury* 18th January 1977

EARLY DAYS AT LEYDENE

For some years prior to the War, the necessity for H.M. Signal School to be a separate establishment, independent of the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, had become apparent, and plans were all prepared for erecting an imposing structure on a site in Stamshaw. The war, however, caused the project to be shelved.

With the commencement of the German air attacks on a large scale in 1940 and 1941 it became necessary to decentralise as many Naval Establishments as possible from the Portsmouth area. The Signal School in common with other portions of the R.N. Barracks, had received damage, and being so situated was an obvious target for further attacks, placing its effective continuance in jeopardy.

The experimental section of the Signal School, predominantly civilian, was transferred to Lythe Hill House, Haslemere, and in June, 1941, Captain G.H. Warner, the then Captain of the Signal School, visited Leydene House and decided that it would meet the requirements of an independent Signal School.

Until bought by the Admiralty, Leydene House, together with an estate of about 10,400 acres, was owned by the late Countess Peel, wife

of the 1st Earl Peel, Viscount Clanfield, who was Secretary of State for India after the first world war, and who died in 1937; Lady Peel died in 1949.

The building of Leydene House was begun in 1911 and, after being suspended during the 1914-1918 war, was finished in 1923.

The house with about eighty acres of land was requisitioned by the Admiralty in 1941; the house, with about 100 acres, being eventually bought in 1949 for £60,000.

An advance party under the direction of Lieutenant A.E. Cullimore was sent out to 'make ready'. Lieutenant Commander the Hon. R. Napier exercised general supervision of planning and Commander J.H.C. Willoughby was later appointed as executive officer.

During the period of preparation, what might have been a portent of things to come occurred with the dropping of a land mine on what is now the miniature rifle range, which gave an obvious shake up to the building. The grounds had, on former air raids been treated to showers of incendiary bombs and a few bomb holes existed as a reminder of the Battle of Britain. Strangely enough, however, the land mine was the last sign of enemy activity in the vicinity.

On August 16th, 1941, the Signal School

commenced to function on its new site, and was commissioned as H.M.S. *Mercury*. 'Mercury' it will be remembered, was in classical mythology the Roman equivalent of the Greek 'Hermes', the messenger of the gods, son of Jupiter and himself a potent deity. He led the souls of the dead to the underworld and was the patron deity of travellers, and of thieves and criminals!

The first contingent of ratings numbered about 300. At this stage 'improvisation' assumed its full significance. The men slept in tents covering the area known as East Camp and their dining rooms were what is now the Wardroom Mess and the Ante-room. Officers made use of the space presently occupied by the course design section. Unfortunately it was a very wet summer, and the discomfort of the tents can be well imagined. Before the Winter, however, Nissen huts had been hastily erected in sufficient numbers to accommodate all personnel, though at that time it meant sleeping 24 ratings in each hut instead of the stipulated 14.

Construction of permanent accommodation began in September of 1950 the first phase being the building of one block of cabins for Chief Petty Officers and five similar houses for other ratings.

AN ODE TO CUBICLE EIGHT

by LRO(T) Ted Maynard

In Trainer East or was it West?
The harrassed staff they do their best
To keep abreast of line ahead
With seven ships the leader red.

Boring on your own in cubicle eight?
Affirmative, with a time – but wait
You've forgotten to remember
The Chief is screaming "Flag November".

Ark majestically crosses wall
Tell-Chief it's obvious. The haul
Out, visual signalling to facilitate
Wearily told "Back in centre eight"

Diversion over, station zero resumed
Wrist slapped, air of hurt assumed
Creaming along, course zero four five
Screen oblivious that you're alive.

Missed a Signal! Panic? Not me
With modern through-the-door primary
Another Ras – well I'll be jiggered
'Twas the very next thing that I'd figured.

Corpen November ten degree steps
Confused silence – then from the depths
"Baker Fig" from Chief in wrath
Eyes a'bulging, mouth afroth.

At last the harbour, our destination
Once more to anchor in formation
With areas hairy all ironed out
Thank you Chiefy and Roger out.

GOLF

A golf match between the RN Communicators and the Royal Signals has been arranged for 7th July, 1977. This is an all-day fixture and will be played at the Aldershot Army Golf course. Victualling will be provided by the Army but competitors will be required to pay their own green fees.

Serving Communications Officers and ratings who would like to be considered for this fixture should forward their details and handicaps to CPO WTR E.G.Wildie, Cash Office, HMS Mercury. Details of the team and further arrangements will then be communicated by 10th June.



SENIOR RATES MESS

by Chief WREN RS(M) Ollie Butler

MESS PRESIDENT FCRS Shuker
VICE PRESIDENT FCRS Gordon
MESS MANAGER CRS Webb
TREASURER CRS Hilder
SECRETARY C/W Butler
COMMITTEE CPO Bell,
CRS(SM) Sanderson,
C/W Antcliff, RS Jones,
CY Abrahart, RS Baxter

A few words now from the FCPO's, CPO's and PO's Mess here at *Mercury*. As mentioned in our last article the amalgamation has taken place and appears to be working well. This, apart from the headaches on the managerial side; when the Mess Manager changed from REMN1 'Bungy' Williams to CRS Chris Webb in a matter of days. No operation was involved, just a pier head jump for Bungy, to the *Avenger*, and no turnover for Chris!! Thank you for your work in the past Bungy and Welcome Chris. Also on the managerial side, history was made by 'yours truly' becoming the first female to be admitted as Assistant Mess Manager. This has been greeted with stunned silences on the telephone, disbelieving glances, and many ribald remarks about the 'Mess Mistress'. I must add that now all are coping well and the next addition to the office need not be the 'swear box' – YET!!

Last term the social activity wound up with an excellent function – the Christmas Draw. S/SGT Thornton, who we thank heartily, worked extremely hard and conned Mess Members into parting with some £622, well done, Mick. This term the Entertainments Committee are working hard on 'Burns Night' (which is to be celebrated in true 'Scotch' fashion), the Valentines Dance and the Folk Country and Western Night, we thank them for their work in the past and the work to come in the future.

Well, that just about sums it up; remember as a Communications Senior Rate in the Fleet, you are an honorary member of the Mess and welcome to any Mess function; just ring the Mess Manager to help with catering or for your social programme.

Wishing you, our readers, a very Happy Easter.

MERCURY 1951

- Q. Write brief notes on Emergency crypto.
A. This would be used on a raft or in a boat after the ship had sunk.
Q. What is meant by Paraphrase?
A. Chopping up the message in two parts thus taking out the most important part.

THE MERCURY CLUB

You've heard of 'Chief's Chatter; you've read 'PO's Patter', but now folks, here it is! The one you've all been waiting for, fasten your safety—belts and extinguish all cigarettes because its time for RATINGS RANTINGS!!!!

Yes readers, at long last your Mercury Club Pres. has been bullied, bribed; cajoled, coerced and finally threatened with a severe reprimand from a ten pound mallet, into setting pen to paper for your edification and entertainment. Yes folks, here you will find a gripping saga of love, lust and the never ending struggle for power which rages on the top floor of Mountbatten block; here you will read of a man, who, aided by only about 40% of the OXP ratings, rules the 'Mercury Club' with all the iron authority of an enraged Larry Grayson. (Well actually its nothing like that at all, but you must admit that it hasn't been boring so far – which is more than can be said for the rest of this article).

Right then, enough of the preamble, lets get on with it. "With one bound he was at her side, she felt his hot breath on her WHOOPS, wrong story, that one comes in the Padre's article.

Now then, let me think, whats happened up here recently? No, I'd better not write about that, if the Commander reads this, I could be out of a job.

I know I'll write about the last Ship's Company Dance, that ought to be safe enough.

On the evening of the 14th December last, a musical entertainment was held in the 'Mercury Club', sherberts and soft drinks were served and the function was attended by a glittering array of well-known 'Mercury' personalities. Foremost amongst these was LRO(T) Stephen Clarkson, who was stunning in a pink, see-through truss, with matching handbag and wellies. (Yes, but I had to go and get changed, nobody told me that dress was going to be informal – LRO Clarkson). Dancing was to the scintillating music of the internationally famous combo, 'Sid Creep and his syncopated Ferret Scratchers', whilst the cabaret turn was ably provided by Madame Vera and her Performing Python.

Unfortunately the evening was slightly marred by the abduction of the python by a group of giggling Wrens, who were last seen taking the helpless creature into their mess for reasons unknown to the author.

Waitresses for the evening were provided by 'Nero's nightclub of Southsea and everyone agreed that these ladies were a highly desirable(!) addition to the proceedings, and I have it on good authority that they remained chaste (or should



CRS(SM) CANSFIELD and JRO MACLEAN of KELLY SQUADRON presenting a cheque for £250 to the Commodore HMS *Nelson* for South Africa Lodge. The money was donated by the Welfare Committee HMS *Mercury* in response to an appeal to assist the RN and RM Childrens Home in Waterlooville.

that be chased) during the entire evening.

Should this article ever fall into the hands of the relevant authority, I would like to take this opportunity of saying that what we want more of, up here in the back of beyond is WOMEN. There just aren't enough to go round at the moment. I think I speak for the majority of the male ratings in 'Mercury' when I point out that dancing with a nice cuddly Wren is infinitely preferable to doing the tango with a killick chef with bad breath and piles.

Anyway, I digress; back to the dance. A bar extension had been granted to 2000, and we all made the most of it; I personally know of a LS(EW) who had THREE halves of shandy. As the evening drew to a close we were treated to forty minutes of risqué jokes and salty sea stories from a Junior Assistant Steward, and a lecture on Byzantine pottery from the Chief Stoker; and then we all had a nice cup of cocoa and went to bed.

"BABES IN THE WOOD"

by PO WREN Wentowrth

Let's do "Babes in the Wood" she said — "She" being Chief PO Wren Ollie Butler, known to 'Lifers' in *Mercury* as the Panto Queen. These words heralded the start of three months hectic rehearsals and rooting out of props, costumes, and hiring of backstage workers.

Loosely set around the original story the main characters were, naturally, called "Jack and Jenny" (played by Carol Stevens and Jill Smith). There was, of course, a "Baddy", The Evil Baron, played by Ken Jones and a "good Fairy" taken on by yours truly. All went well, for us, until Ship's Company night when "Jolly Jack" decided that he would not 'cheer' the goody and 'boo' the baddy but would do exactly the opposite!!! 'Well, that's life'!

Other characters appearing were Lt. Tony Webb and Helen Haigh (THE BADDIES) Frankie Abbott and Elaine Keitch (well we had to have somebody to fall in love with) and a brave performance by Lt. Cdr. Brian Jones as the proverbial DAME in fact he/she played NURSIE!! "Aggie" Pearson played the Baroness Evilheart (Evil Baron's wife) and Jean Bateman and Wendy Poulter were lumbered with the 'Babes' in the final scene. Lawrence Campbell and Julie Martin nagged each other throughout as Lord and Lady Smartheart.

Our grateful thanks to all who helped backstage, a thankless job and hard work too!! Also, for never ending patience, a special 'thanks' to Mrs Peggy Mawson who played the piano so well for us.

All too soon, for me anyway, it was over for another year, leaving just happy memories of laughing children and 'Jolly Jack' joining in the fun. In fact I wouldn't like to take a guess as to who enjoyed it the most.

GC SECTION HMS MERCURY

by SSGT (Yofs) M. Thornton

To celebrate this anniversary edition we thought it quite appropriate that we should grace the hallowed pages with our latest news. To all of you who have searched in vain through copies of recent editions of the Communicator for news from 'GC' we can only offer the excuse that "We were so busy instructing" etc etc.

It is only by virtue of the recent victories in the continuing war with the CPC that a short early term breathing space has been found and I find myself with an unexpected 'session off' so, dear reader, savour this article, we don't know when there will be time for another. (Only joking Bob!).

For those of you too young to have experienced life with GC, I had better explain that we are the ones who teach you communications skill and procedures on PJT's and advancement courses, not to mention our involvement with the Wrens at all levels! (sic)

In case RS's and chiefs throughout the Fleet are now reaching for their telephones in protest at the last paragraph where I mentioned the dreaded word "teach", may I remind you that it was you that signed the Task Books, we merely try and repair the damage, with varying degrees of success.

Having established our function in life I must now tell you how to find us. Enter Dreadnought block and turn left. Head in the general direction of the efficient hum of well oiled machinery. You will now have arrived outside Kelly instructors room. A further ten yards to the end of the corridor and you have found us!

Knock three times and enter, do not dismay if you think at first that you have arrived in the editing room of "Popular Gardening" magazine, it is only RS Whacker Payne doing his lesson plans, or rather browsing through the latest seed catalogues!

A look at the manning strength will show that we are a true joint services lot. As well as RN and WRNS staff we include Army and US Navy personnel on the books. It was rumoured that we were to get an RAF instructor as well, but unfortunately the Defence Cuts forced a compromise and we were sent FCRS Flash Gordon from the Training Plans Office instead. Perhaps not the RAF, but he has been hovering around ever since he arrived! (All libel charges c/o the Editor please.)

Before closing these notes, mention must be made of our famous coffee boat. As countless unfortunate early morning clean ship-ites will

testify, the very sight of our "coffee corner" has been enough to send even the strong stomached in search of "Bags, Paper, Brown" I am glad to report that the situation has now improved since the unfortunate incident where "someone" blew up the kettle.

After the recent Defence Cuts, all work on the new super-cruiser, HMS *Undaunted* was immediately stopped, and the completed parts offered for disposal. GC section managed to complete negotiations for the main boiler and the item was duly purchase and installed. It is a great shining monster with two red eyes that blink on and off as the contents hiss and bubble inside it, a truly daunting beast indeed! The only drawback is that we are fighting a losing battle with ROSM section who insist that the new "Kettle" is really an automatic "dhobi" from a "Nuke". We didn't mind this childish insistence at first, but come to think of it, just lately the coffee has tasted rather of sox 'n' shreddies.....

No magazine article can be complete without mention of the staff. We have a rapid turn over but at the time of writing we consist front office, Lt. Norman Rogers, who tries hard to convince us that his in tray is always empty because he's efficient; 3/O Issy Kennedy, who has just relieved 2/O Grace Fry, gone to see the sun at Gibraltar; FCRS Flash Gordon, settling in after relieving FCRS Bill Bailey, who has actually found a ship big enough to hold his angling gear; CRS Ken Brazier, (he's the one who wears buttons on his pyjama sleeves!). Congratulations on the promotion, Ken; and CRS Ted Tassell who spends his time planning new alterations on his house.

The work farce, sorry, force consists of MPS/Crypto, CRS Norman Bramley, RDP and Bar; Radorg RS Tug Wilson, he also does cross-words and eats chocolate biscuits; WT, RS Pete (LOA) Crayford; MHT, RMC Rod (Gotta fag bud?) Herman, US Navy; Tape Relay, SSgt (Yofs) Mick (Who's pinched my NAAFI Break?) Thornton, R Signals; and RS Stan Unwin. He claims he's no relation to the real one but he certainly talks like him; Gardening, angling and occasionally Tape Relay, RS Whacker Payne; our long suffering PO Wren, Jacqui (Rod's pinched my fags again) McCarthy, and last but certainly not least our resident man in the XWO, CRS Fred Perry. He says he's the only man in Mercury that actually works for his pay. Sometime when he's not away on yet another make and mend I'll have to get him to write about his job!

STOP PRESS. We have just managed to capture our first prisoner from the CPC. RS Ken Jones, who has joined us temporarily before going to COMIBERLANT. Just in case he is a spy we

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WHITEHALL CALLING

Whitehall building tall and grand
Contains a Commcen, Navy manned
Beneath the ground, who cares about weather
Like birds of a feather we stick together

The watchkeeping system is not too bad
Five on three off I think we're mad
The work is most interesting, you're kept on
your toes
But when it's all over, anything goes

Our line is communications, our job a variation
Of typing and taping and of course segregation
There are other jobs but between you and me
We're taught to be reticent, so that's what I'll be.

AN INSIGHT TO COMMCMEN WHITEHALL

Those of you who have served in or have visited Commcen Whitehall in the past, will, to some extent, be aware of the major role this station plays in the Defence Communication Network and the wide range of services we provide for the Fleet at sea.

For the benefit of those readers who have never been to Whitehall, we feel we should explain the main functions of the Commcen as they are today, how they are achieved and the administration and operational organisation.

The Commcen is located in the Citadel adjacent to the Old Admiralty Building in Whitehall. It carries out two main tasks. Firstly, to provide communication facilities for ships on behalf of Commander-in-Chief Fleet, and secondly, to act as a Major Relay Station within the Defence Communication Network.

Until 1967 the Admiralty Terminal message handling organisation was also situated in the Citadel. However, with the re-structuring of the three services under the new titles of Ministry of Defence Navy, Army and Air the Defence Communication Centre London was established in the MOD Main Building and assumed responsibility for message handling for the Ministry of Defence. This fact is still not always fully appreciated and questions or queries relating to MOD originated signal traffic continue to arrive quite frequently in Commcen Whitehall.

The Commcen can be divided into operational areas as follows:

- a. Ship Room
- b. TARE
- c. On-Line Room
- d. Message Handling Room
- e. Systems Control

The Ship Room contains the terminal equipment used to provide the communication facilities required by Commander-in-Chief Fleet in order that he may exercise command and control of ships at sea. A Petty Officer, 5 Leading Radio Operators and 9 Operators form the watch and are tasked with the control and correct operating of equipment in this area, the main facilities are:

- a. Primary Fleet on-Line Broadcast
- b. Primary Fleet Off-Line Broadcast
- c. National and NATO Ship-Shore — Four channels each
- d. Maritime Rear Links
- e. Satellite Rear Links
- f. Satellite Broadcast and Ship-Shore for SCOT fitted ships.

The Radio transmitters associated with HF services are sited at HMS *Inskip* near Blackpool, and the receivers at HMS *Forest Moor* near Harrogate.

Traffic is received in and transmitted from the Ship Room using local TARE terminals except for the Satellite Broadcast and Ship-Shore, both of which operate automatically. The SCOT Broadcast (SCF) is run directly from TARE and monitored 'off the air' for checking purposes, whilst Ship-Shore traffic is processed and fed into TARE by a mini-computer called a Front End Processor (FEP).

The Ship Room also houses the Manual Tape Relay Centre, which is activated in the event of TARE failure. The TRC is manned by existing watch personnel whose normal operation position has become redundant because of the TARE failure eg., TARE TEAM. Training on this system is given every Saturday; on the second Sunday of each month a live exercise is carried out, whilst TARE is taken off for maintenance.

The ATS 102 TARE in Commcen Whitehall is a second generation Electronic Switching System designed and developed by Standard Telephones and Cables Ltd (STC) and by today's computer standards, physically very large. Commissioned in 1967 it was at that time the largest of three similar switching systems, the others being at Boddington and Mauritius. The TARE is capable of terminating up to 108 duplex circuits. Of these 67 are shared between overseas stations and UK authorities, some of which have up to four lines each. The remainder are allocated to Commcen Whitehall services; these include the various TARE terminals in the Ship Room, MHR and TARE itself, Maritime and Satellite Rear Links, SCOTT Broadcast and Ship-shore, and various test, recording and contingency facilities. The monthly TARE transactions average 770,000 messages, a reduction of 140,000 a month on the

1974 totals. This significant reduction can be attributed to the commissioning of AMRAD and Portsmouth computers, both of which have assumed a number of responsibilities originally assigned to Commcen Whitehall.

There are today, six fully automated Switching/Computer Systems directly connected to the Whitehall TARE, these are situated at DCC AMRAD, Boddington, FEP Whitehall Ship-Room, Northwood and at Portsmouth (and more are planned). It is not hard for the average reader to envisage some of the problems confronting Commcen Whitehall; all these automatic systems, with the exception of Boddington, are programmed to carry out an infinitely more sophisticated sequence of events (in keeping with the more modern approach to message handling and Tape Relay procedures of today), which in the main differ significantly from the original requirements of our own ATS 102. They all require that little bit extra from our TARE teams over and above that which we afford other connected stations. Traffic entered into Whitehall TARE without rejection may not be acceptable go AMRAD or Portsmouth computers and will be rejected if the additional constraints of their systems are not met in the initial tape preparation process.

Associated with TARE is the Message File and Retrieval System a PDP-8 computer which records all traffic transmitted by TARE. This traffic is stored on magnetic tapes and can be retrieved and re-run in response to 'Open Number' (ZFX) reporting action by connected stations. Sufficient magnetic tapes are held in Whitehall to store 24 hours worth of traffic.

Control of TARE is carried out by a watch-keeping staff of a Petty Officer, 2 Leading Radio Operators and 2 Operators and is kept functioning by a watch of 2 civilian maintainers.

The On-Line Room as one would expect, contains the necessary cryptographic equipment to provide security both to TARE connected services and the various commitments met by the Ship Room. The watch complement is a Petty Officer, 1 Leading Radio Operator, and 2 Operators.

The Message Handling Room is the terminal position for all traffic addressed to Commcen Whitehall and is also the interface for the services shown below which can be connected to TARE:

RAFAN	Aeronautical warning messages
TELEX	Commercial refile, telegrams
DTN	Dean Hill and New Waltham

It is the RN Routing Cell and Message Refile section for Whitehall Major Relay and it has an associated Off-Line Crypto Room. The TARE reject terminal is also sited in this room which

handles up to 200 rejected messages a day. These duties are carried out by a watch staff of a Petty Officer, 1 Leading Radio Operator and 5 Operators.

In the System Control Room, engineering control of all lines and equipments is exercised by the Watch System Control Officer (WSC) and his staff of a Petty Officer, 1 Leading Radio Electrical Mechanic and 2 Radio Electrical Mechanics. They are responsible for maintaining all the various services in the Commcen; achieving this by monitoring suspect circuits, carrying out checks, fault finding and engineering. The facilities and available manpower in this area are limited and delays can occur on busy days when a number of faults rear their ugly heads simultaneously. In this event faults are dealt with according to their priority. The maintenance of TARE, crypto and terminal equipment is carried out by watchkeeping civilian technicians; the radio equipment is maintained by service personnel and MHR terminal equipment by Post Office engineers.

The watchkeeping organisation is based on a four watch system, an eight day cycle made up of two forty-eight hour periods of duty spread over five days followed by three days off.

Each watch has in its complement a Duty Communications Officer (DCO), (a Lieutenant Communications Specialist), a Watch Systems Control Officer (WSC), (a Lieutenant Weapon and Electrical Specialist), a Chief Radio Supervisor of the Watch, 5 Petty Officers and 32 operators including Leading Radio Operators/Leading Wren Radio Operators.

Accommodation for all WRNS and a number of male junior ratings is provided at Furse House, Queens Gate Terrace, Kensington; the shortage of accommodation requires the majority of ratings to "live out", normally in shared flats in or around London. Ratings who live out draw London Lodging Allowance and the Higher Rate of London Pay over and above their normal salary. Furse House also runs the all rates "President Club" which is open to both accommodated and non-accommodated personnel.

It is hoped this article will have enlightened readers on some of the aspects of Commcen Whitehall. If you are interested in learning more about us please arrange to pay us a visit — you will be most welcome. Preliminary arrangements can be made by telephone to the Operations Officer on MOD 3710 and this will ensure the day is clear.

Reproduced by kind permission of "LONG HAUL"



'Look Jock, this is the third trawler we've checked today, after all it WAS only a ten pence piece you dropped over the side'

OUT OF CONTEXT

Basic research is not the same as development. A crash programme for the latter may be successful; but for the former it is like trying to make nine women pregnant at once in the hope of getting a baby in a month's time

Professor Sir Richard Doll

MANAGEMENT BY OBJECTIVE, CIRCA 1804

Nelson paced the quarterdeck of *Victory*, then turned and faced his officers "Gentlemen", he said, "I've made my decision. We'll stop Napoleon's game by defeating the French and Spanish Fleets off Cadiz".

"Great Sir", said Captain Clog-System of the Management Advisory Section. "We shall have to have a Project Number and a set of Task Books, of course".

"Why?" asked the Admiral.

The Captain explained patiently. "The Project Number will give the whole thing a sense of identity and the Task Books will ensure that every man will know his duty. Now, Sir, what is the Target date?"

"How about 11.30 on October 21 next year?"

"Good" said Clog-System "What would you like for the first step Admiral? Some place to start planning?"

"How about evaluating the strength of the enemy's combined fleet?"

"Well I don't really know Sir. that's kind

of a broad start for a Management Project. May I suggest we start off with some specific object. Let's see, How about making a personality profile on VILLENEUVE?"

Nelson started pacing up and down again. "I don't know Clog-System, I somehow don't think my sailors really care too much about VILLENEUVE's personality."

"Well, Admiral, that isn't really important. If we're going to arrange this battle properly what we have to consider first is the morale of my team who are going to do the Management Plan".

"Sorry", said Nelson, "That was most inconsiderate of me".

Three years later the streets of London are filled with French Grenadiers of the Guards, sightseeing. Beer is banned in all public houses but rough wine is readily available for the odd sou or two. Nelson is now living in HALIFAX Nova Scotia.

"Admiral Sir" says Clog-System "It's time for our monthly Management Report to review the updated version of the Signalman's Task Book. I would also like to cancel Project One concerning VILLENEUVE."

"Who?" says Nelson.

have stopped all work until he leaves. Another notable visitor we have recently played host to is CRS Freddie Fox from HMS *Blake*. For his hard work helping out on instructing, (why did he volunteer to take the Wrens?), his advice, his sense of humour and his disgusting jokes, thanks Fred and good luck in Brunei.

GANGES 1948

- Q. What do you do with a message about whose accuracy of reception you are in doubt?
- A. You put it in a log and wait till you have a reputation.

A TALE OF NORTH CAMP

RO Augustus Slipoff sleepily took over the Guard Duty of North Camp. It was 1 a.m. The moon shed its brilliance from a star-spangled sky in a manner, which on former occasion, had awakened poetic and romantic fancies in Augustus's imagination. Not so, now, however, for the sentry but invited his semi-conscious slumbrous intentions, and with the hope that he would hear the footsteps of any prowler on "Rounds" he made no further resistance to his languorous mood and slept.

1300 B.C. Cadflannel the Briton had incurred the enmity of the Druids and was put to death and buried in the Barrows of the Leydene Hill. The High Priest of the Druids, however, had decreed that his spirit should be doomed to wander in the vicinity of his burial ground for evermore on such nights as the moon shone full.

Now in this year of grace 1977 the spirit encountered the sleeping body of Augustus Slipoff, and without further ado slipped in to take possession. Alas! the spirit had but time to assume a partial resemblance to Augustus, when the august tread of a heavy Officer of the Watch approached and a Petty Officer of the Guard hailed "Sentry". Augustus cum Cadflannel rose to his feet and stared wildly. "What's the matter here?" enquired the O.O.W. But as yet the power of speech had not come to Cadflannel and he mouthed so unintelligibly that the O.O.W. could only suspect a temporary insanity.

"Take him to the Guardroom", directed the O.O.W. for questioning in the morning".

The morning found Cadflannel gazing at his strange surroundings. Soon, the Master-at-Arms, accompanied by escort, arrived and enquired his name. Cadflannel, to whom the

power of modern speech was now gifted, replied, "I am Cadflannel of Venta Belgarum". "And I am Napoleon Bonaparte," replied the M.A.A., "And you can come with me to interview the Officer of the Watch."

Arriving outside the Control Hut, the M.A.A. went inside and said in an undertone to the O.O.W. "Says he's named Cadflannel of some outlandish place . . . there's no such person on our books, and where he got that bristling beard from, I don't know. Says he would like to kill the old sillage horse, which has just passed, and skin him to provide winter garments for himself." "Do not bring him before me", hastily said the O.O.W. "But take him instantly to the doctor." Arriving at the Sick Bay, the M.A.A. entered into the M.O.'s inner sanctum and described as best he could the amazing Cadflannel, and it was not long before the doctor decided that this was what Neuro-Psychiatrists were for. The interview with the N-P took place that same day.

Psychiatrist: "How old are you?"

Cadflannel: "If you mean in present life, but not a full day, but in my previous days with the tribe, many many moon."

Psychiatrist: (soothingly) "Yes, yes, and of what tribe were you?"

Cadflannel: "The tribe of the forest dwellers of the Venta Belgarum".

Psychiatrist: (to his M.A.) "Suffering from Amnesia-inventum. To be humoured in all his wishes and stopped draft for six months."

Back at Leydene Cadflannel was released and immediately took refuge in the shrubbery, but hunger and curiosity asserting itself, soon reappeared armed with a broken bough to serve as club. Then the fun began. His wild and menacing aspect frightened a passing bevy of Wrens into instant flight. The P.O. of the Guard yelled for an armed guard.

From the Guardroom came a telephone call to the O.O.W. requesting the use of the Trailer Pump, and soon Cadflannel, with hoses directing a powerful stream of water on him, and threatened with fixed bayonets, realised that his second time on earth was too precarious for comfort and resolved to vacate the body of Augustus immediately. The exodus of the spirit, however, was so speedy that Augustus, awaking again into life and peering into the dirty pane of his window, found to his horror that his countenance had assumed a rough and savage aspect adorned with a horrible and shaggy beard and beetling eyebrows. Never again could he resume his former normal appearance.

Beware, Sentry, that thou sleepest not!

148 (MEIKTILA) CDO FOB, RA

by ACKO

Since our last article in the summer edition when LRO Deane was reported to have broken his ankle on a 100 foot abseil I can now report he is 100% fit.

He still hasn't done another abseil or parachuted for nine months, is OK but has received numerous white feathers and says can whoever is sending them please keep them coming as he has completed a pillow and has enough for an eiderdown.

RS Vamplew and LRO Jock Innes have returned from Mecca (*Mercury*) full of knowledge on completion of their respective promotion exams, they keep throwing random questions at us like, "Wots the letter 'G' in morse code? and 'Where do you find 'op sigs'?" Ah! the beauty of a keen sparker! RO1 Smudge Smith PW ex *Ark Royal* has joined our ranks and completed his 8 jumps in July. RO1 Tatlock had a few weeks with us but decided it wasn't his cup of tea and returned to 'gens'. We have RO O Donnell MJ and Anderson JW coming to try their luck in January so to them we say welcome and its your round next.

During the past couple of months we have been involved in numerous exercises round the world. We also tested the security of RNAS Yeovilton and Culdrose. As both stations were pre-warned of our coming the places were guarded better than Raquel Welch visiting a stokers mess.

LRO Booth attended a Sport Parachuting freefall course at the Joint Services Parachute Centre Netheravon. He completed 11 descents and achieved a '5 second delay' This is open to all services and to anyone fancying it DCI GEN T32/75 gives all details.

We would like to clarify a couple of points from the article 'The Commando Communicator' in the Summer edition. The draft of a successful applicant is for 5 years. This is because of the extensive training required. The flow diagram was slightly wrong in that on successful completion of the Commando course the rating would attend a parachute selection course at Aldershot (This is where we have 90% failures and the hardest physical course we are required to pass) and not at 148 Battery Poole.

On the 1st November we relinquished our title of 95 Cdo. FOU RA and we now serve under the title of 148 (Meiktila)

Commando Forward Observer Battery RA. (Anyone applying for NGS Acquaint course please note). The main difference is we are now commanded by a Major and not a Colonel and we are part of 29 Commando Regt who are stationed in Plymouth.

We are now busy preparing for a winter warfare exercise in Norway where the sight of a matelot on skis charging down the mountainside is quite common and so is his battle cry of 'MEDIC' !!



"GOT ANY MOUSE-ORGANS?"

RN COMMEN CULDROSE

by RS A Moyle

Once again the most southwesterly COMMEN in the UK applies pen to paper for this the first Edition of the year. We are ruled by LT (take your time) Talma, CRS Dusty (I'm on the wagon) Rhodes, RS(Air station) Moyle, PO Sue (I'm going outside) Compton, PO(TEL) Sheena Cowie and Gayle Willdig. In the last few months we have had our fair share of ratings under training waiting to join their ships, at least they have a fair knowledge of the workings of a Naval Air Station by the time they leave, having amongst other things completed the Shore Station section of their Task Books and undergone the basic fire fighting course.

It is said by some male members of the branch that Wrens have outlived their usefulness,

well, the girls here have proved they are as efficient, in that the COMMCEN was awarded a GOLD COMSTAR in October, we may have another by the summer if all goes well. The training of Wren Telephonist continues, and the loss rate remains low. It is hoped to start a Leading Wren Telephonist Course later this year, a DCI will be issued. We have the Complement Review Team with us at present so everyone is beaver away all day every day.

Spring and summer will soon be with us again, and it will be back to the life of off-watch picnics and beach parties, (after completion of WINTEX 77 of course) such is the compensation for living and working in the English Riviera. So put in your C240's now as we only get the best of the branch, in more than one way.

WANTED: Anyone who has a 635 which can communicate out to a distance of 30 miles, it is a must for our Disaster Exercises and we are fast running out of ideas, as a matter of fact, the SCO is going grey. Suggestions would be appreciated.

Finally to all our friends, hope you are enjoying your new drafts, and to anyone destined to arrive at our brand new main gate, **BRING YOUR WALLET.**

HMS TAMAR

by LROs Slinger Wood and Mickey Ryan

Well after much harassment from the big bad Editor, we have decided to put evil thoughts and bad tidings on paper.

First we achieved another gold COMSTAR award, well whoopee you say! we say two on the trot Jackie Rainbow.

LRO Mickey Ryan and RO1 Nobby Clark have been organising football matches with the opposite sex, tank drivers from up the hill (Army COMMCEN Hong Kong) they won eight players doffed to nil.

We say hello to many new faces, RO1 Mickey Most, CCY G. Downie, LROs A Baxter, D. Davis, and we say goodbye to LRO Mickey Ryan, supergoll G.Potts.

The set up of communications in Hong Kong has been greatly reduced since the closing of RN COMMCEN Hong Kong in December 1975 and for those who have previously worked in *Tamar* MCO you will have a good idea of what's left – the MCO. It consists of a host of V/UHF harbour working CCTS and local running CCTS and HF Radphone. We are linked to UK via JOINT COMMCEN HK. We still have MRL9 but since the lads don't come here very often we seldom use it. There are a total of twelve communicators

here, as follows:

Four watches of Two = 8 + Two dayworkers
= 10 + One RS = 11 + One CCY = 12.

Having just attained namet grade 1, prey continue. Among our duties we carry out Junior operating training to the HKS (Hong Kong Squadron) which is proving a great success, we look forward to the new batch so we can get our teeth into them (only joking new batch.)

There have been swoops with communications rates on sweepers doing monthly deployments etc., RO1 Wright and RO1 Davies recently jolly to the Japan areas. The sports scene here is tremendous with LRO Smith (Smudge) entering an MSO/GREENIE Soccer Eleven into a local friendly league, with great success. On a communications point recently the CCY George Downie and LRO Slinger Wood visited the USS Blue Ridge, for any communicator what an eye-opener she is. Sorry we can't put the details on paper but we strongly recommend a visit if you get the chance, (man she jives).

So from CCY G. Downie, RS J. Singleton, LRO(G) R. Wood, M. Ryan, S. Wilson, D. Davis, LRO(T) M. Smith, A. Baxter, LRO(W) G. Potts, RO1(G) A. Wright, D. Banks, RO1(T) R. Clark G. Davies, we bid a fond farewell to all our loved ones in the UK.

DUFFY TROPHY RNR MANCHESTER

COMMUNICATIONS TRAINING CENTRE

by C.R.S. Bennett, N.Y.

Have you ever had to eat humble pie and try not to lose face, that is my problem. Having said that Manchester CTC would win the Duffy Trophy again this year I threw down a challenge that the Divisions and CTCs of the Northern Communications Area (RNR) took up with a vengeance.

Last year, tactics played no small part in Manchester's win and this year, as trainer, I was beaten at my own game. One member had a bout of colly-wobbles, another had a brainstorm but these excuses notwithstanding we were thrashed and the best team won on the day.

Our congratulations to HMSCalliope (Tyne Division) and we look forward to meeting them again next year. Manchester have been humbled but not humiliated.

RNSS DEVONPORT

Q. How do you make SOS on a bell?

A. Ding ding ding. Dong dong dong, Ding ding ding

SOLENT DIVISION RNR

(HMS WESSEX)

By Sub Lieutenant (Ci) D.J. Belfield, RNR

1976 was a year of change for the Communications Department of HMS *Wessex*; during January the eleven RNR minesweepers were reduced to seven, the new branch scheme of complement was published, the name of our sweeper was changed from *Solent* to *Crofton* and we were to share her with London Division and finally CINNAVHOME assumed overall responsibility for the Reserves from ACR.

In February we participated in Exercise Contact 76A, the RNR National Communications Exercise and acquitted ourselves fairly satisfactory under very difficult circumstances.

March saw the retirement of CCT.H. Pine after forty years service in the RN and RNR, his former ships included *Iron Duke*, *Nelson*, *Formidable*, *Duke of York* and *Vanguard*. Three permanent staff instructors left; CCY D. Bee to Gibraltar, CY D. Thomas to South Wales Division and CRS R. Monger to *Mercury*. They were relieved by CRS Lawley and CY Kemp.

Crofton has completed one of her busiest running seasons which included five periods of continuous training. London Division manned her for Exercise Norminex and a Granada Patrol whilst Solent Division manned her for Vermex, Granada Patrol and Teamwork 76. *Dryad* used her for Navigation training and the Royal Engineers for Diving Training.

The Wrens have been manning Commcens during Nato Exercises at Malta, Gibraltar and Scarborough, whilst six others passed qualifying courses at the S.T.C. HMS *Drake*.

The Department have supplied instructors for RNR Communication training weekends at HMS *Mercury*. These weekends are the only opportunity the RNR has to visit *Mercury* as the majority of our qualifying courses take place at the STC HMS *Drake*.

We are still low on numbers particularly junior rates; we have 7 sparkers, 6 buntings and 8 Wrens on our books. This does occasionally cause problems when manning the Sweeper and we are hoping that the situation will improve next year.

We would be very pleased to see any Communicators from ships visiting Southampton so if you are down our way, call in on any Monday or Thursday evening.

NE SQUADRON MERCURY

Q. What is the meaning of flag Bravo?

A. Eyes front after you pass the saluting base.



Fleet Section



HMS ANTELOPE

This is it, what you've all been waiting for, *Antelopes'* very first article. The ship commissioned June 75, and successfully completed BOST in August 76, currently holding the record for 'out' traffic on TF/TG Broadcast on Inspection Day with a total of 419 messages, any challengers? You are welcome to try!!

Our "Jimmy", Lt Cdr Simon Drake-Wilkes is a Communicator but only comes into the office for hands. The staff is ably headed by S/Lt Mike Stenning and consists of RS Dave Davis, LROGs Roby Robins, Ken Sutton, Jock Downie. RO1's Gary Fisher, Roby Roberts, Stan Stanage, Tug Williams and RO2 Chris Layton. CY Jan Creek, (shortly to leave us to join Port Admiral Devonports staff and to be relieved by CY Tiny Smallman) LROT John Pensent, RO1's Danny Daniels, Slinger (I want to be a Reggie) Woods, Micky G. Gardner and JRO Carley.

In Type 21's we enjoy good living accommodation, but suffer in the fact that our complement is small, and our cleaning commitments large, with the staff in 3 watches most of the time. Sob sob; one Sparker is always employed on Communal duties. Despite the small staff however, we manage to provide a good percentage of *Antelopes'* Sports teams.

We are at present looking forward to a few days in Copenhagen prior to taking part in JMC 764, then its back to good old GUZZ for AMP and Christmas leave, deploying to South America for four months in January in company with *Tiger* and the remainder of the 7th Frigate Squadron.

Up to the present time, nothing outstandingly exciting has happened, but we hope by the next edition of the Communicator, when we will be in warmer climates, we'll have more to write about.

Don't call us, we'll call YOU.

HM YACHT BRITANNIA

by LRO(G) D.G.Smith

A plea from the Editor of the Communicator to make this, the thirtieth anniversary of the Communicator, a 'bumper' edition prompted me to sit down at this early date and start our latest contribution to this 'splendid and worthwhile journal'. After a lengthy liaison with our friendly 'snaps' – LPhot Tom Suddes (ex LRO(G) and RS(Q) 3/73) – we've decided to accompany our article with a number of Suddes-Special-5p a time-photographs which I hope the Editor will find acceptable.

Our Christmas celebrations and New Year festivities were miles apart, literally. Our original sailing date of December 2nd was put back over three weeks enabling us to have Christmas at home. But December 28th inevitably came around and on a typically English winters afternoon we left Royal Yacht moorings at Whale Island and slipped quietly out of Portsmouth Harbour to commence what will be a very busy Jubilee Year.

The New Year celebrations were somewhat different from those we had been enjoying seven days earlier in the comfort of our homes. The ships bell tolled in the New Year in position 34 00N 15 55W, approximately 150 miles north of Madeira, and the ships company welcomed in the Jubilee Year as you might expect!!

New Years Day was spent in Madeira where a number of communicators took advantage of a bus tour of the island. Our westerly push across the Atlantic to Antigua took six days, and our time was taken up with upper deck and indoor sports, in which the Communications Branch more than held its own. The author and LRO Alan Easter were very unfortunate to lose their Scrabble Doubles match against Admiral Janion and Commander Lammiman (PMO) by the narrowest of margins. I'm still not happy that 'eh' is a word!!

Antigua was a package of mixed fortunes. Our berth was extremely handy for easy access to the 'Duty Watch Bar' which was open 24 hours a day (although it seemed longer) and in which Yachtsmen discovered or re-discovered the delights and downfalls of 'Cavalier' rum. This exquisite liquor, resembling cold tea in appearance and avcat in taste, was the making or breaking of a run ashore, and served as a medicinal tranquillizer to those finding it difficult to sleep on their '24 off'!!

A three day crossing of the Caribbean Sea saw us at Cristobal on the morning of January 15th and ready to start our Panama Canal transit. Eight hours later we emerged at the Pacific end of the canal and berthed at Rodman Naval Base. This U.S.N. base is situated in the Canal Zone on the opposite side of the canal to Panama City but don't think that put us off taking the trip across the Thatcher Bridge into that fair city. It was an experience to say the least, and experience which either left you goggle eyed or bleary eyed depending on what the individual was seeking!

At the time of writing we are heading across the Pacific en rout to Papeete, Tahiti, in company with our tanker RFA Grey Rover. Our other port of call before starting Royal Duty is Raratonga which will bring back memories for Yachties of old.

Her Majesty the Queen flies into Pago Pago in Eastern Samoa to embark in Britannia on February 10th and from there we sail on our Royal tour of the South West Pacific, New Zealand and Australia. The tour takes us on to Western Samoa, Tonga and Fiji before New Zealand and what should be a very interesting few weeks. Already offers of hospitality and sport are coming in and I can't see us letting down our good friends on the other side of the world.

Incidentally, we have a very good rugby team onboard which boasts two communicators. We are unbeaten this season and victims include *Intrepid*, *Bulwark*, *London* (twice), *Ashanti*



and our most prized scalp, Portsmouth R.U.F.C. A very tough fixture list lies ahead of us in the coming weeks, commencing with a game in Tahiti and perhaps the most difficult game of the tour against the Fijians.

Our tour of New Zealand takes us to seven ports in a fortnight including Auckland, Dunedin, Napier and Whangarei. This is immediately followed by the Australian programme starting with a visit to Newcastle N.S.W. and followed by calls at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle. It is in Fremantle that Her Majesty the Queen leaves us to fly home at the end of March. Our stay spans five days until April 1st when we sail for home. We are coming back 'the other way' via Diego Garcia and the Suez Canal thus completing a circumnavigation of the globe. The last week in April sees us in Malta for a brief visit and then the final push for home arriving in Portsmouth on May 2nd.

Our stay at home is only a short one as we take in our second Royal Duty of the year in April with a round Britain trip and the Fleet Review at Spithead but more of that in the Summer edition along with our adventures 'down under'.

In conclusion may I just say I hope the winter at home wasn't too severe for you, ours was pretty good!

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY COMMUNICATOR,
HERES TO THE NEXT 30 YEARS!**

P.S. Overheard from a famous member of C Watch whilst experiencing difficulty raising New Zealand on Ship-Shore;
"I know why we can't get him pots, he's over the dateline and got tomorrows boxes in"!!!!!!

H.M.S. BLAKE

by CRS(W) Tim Spencer

There cannot be many ships which have run as long as the Communicator apart from ourselves and our sister ship *Tiger*. We would like to have boasted we had submitted an article for each year, but as Lt. Cdr. Ian Peel our WO(C) points out, he is only twenty eight and even stretching the imagination to a point of exaggeration he can only remember writing twenty five!! This, however, is our third contribution on the trot and the second by yours truly, although as I depart for ASWE in March panic is already rising for another pressed volunteer requiring urgent points to take over writing these articles.

Since our last line we have watched the

Summer go by and the Winter set in from our berth in 'C' lock where our remaining few faithfuls from the deployment days have finally left for greener fields. *Mercury* has kindly opened another box of assortments for us and, although there is very little operational experience to be deemed onboard at the moment, most are able to complete the ABCD section of their Task Book whilst working with HQ1. On one of the weekly trips to *Mercury* one of these new super qualified sparkers was told to muster on the jetty at 0755 with the rest of the lads to collect the transport. His only problem . . . Where is the jetty Chief!!!!???

During the refit *Blakes'* displacement has been amended now that LRO(T) Bill Bowers has finally settled down in the MSO; and talking of Buntings, the Captain has decided that we no longer need any sirens as CCY Stan Dickens will be on the bridge. In fact as many of the Department will agree, we thought the Defence Council had issued DCI 26/77 after visiting Stan just before Christmas.

Only a couple of months to go before water is again allowed to flow underneath our brand new plates and we will be moved out into a tidal berth and Daily Orders will remark on the forthcoming Portland Work Up, HAT's SAT's and Denis Healeys VAT's. Still, the storno's have been on charge and providing they give us a telephone buoy for the Fleet Review we should be able to get by.

We all still look forward to the production of the old magazine and hope that although the children's section has now moved to *Dryad* they will still send their articles for the comedy section.

A happy anniversary and continued success from the Communicators of HMS *Blake*.



HMS CLEOPATRA

by RS(W) Alan Goudy

HMS *Cleopatra* commissioned on November 27th 1975 after an extensive refit, during which time she was converted to become the first Exocet Leander.

The start of 1976 saw CLEO constantly at sea undergoing trials for 'first of class', these included COMALS and calibrations. Our first jolly was to the AUTEC range in the Bahamas. Communications were very steady. Helping out at Andros was the "we go anywhere" *Mercury* OXP. The visits in the States included Bermuda, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale and Freeport.

The most notable event from this trip was the arrival back to Guzz in daylight, on this occasion we did not live up to our nickname, "The Ghost Ship", with which we were christened through coming into Guzz for 5 months in darkness.

After an AMP and leave we sailed for further trials in preparation for ODMA during which time we paid a visit to Pompey for Davy Days. Then the inevitable BOST; our claim to fame was the breaking of the B81T record of over 600 signals sent and received in 5 hours, the previous record being 500. Straight after Portland, a trip to Aberport for the EXOCET firing which was a huge success.

At last a run ashore to Liverpool for 5 days which was extended to 7 days; our grateful thanks to the Engine Room boys, one run ashore which will not be forgotten for some time to come. During the visit we closed to SOPS to enable maximum leave for the Dept, our thanks to COMMEN WHITEHALL for all their help and co-operation.

Our last visit to bring us up to date at Chrimbo was to Hamburg, where our young RO2's found the EROS Centre paradise come true, mind they are still on shillings ten each payday.

Our future programme for '77 is visits to and exercises in the Med with hope of an deployment in the latter end of the year, by which time most the Dept will have gone – so now's the time for your DPC's.

So from the *Cleo* communicators;

SCO Lieut. Mike Park

"G"s CRS Pete Brocklebank, LRO's Dinger Bell, Kev Hindley; RO's Dave Parry, Wobble Seaborne, Elvis Wickens, Yakko Atkinson, Brains Harding, Jessie Yates.

"T"s CCY Keith Denning; LRO's Solly Solomon, Dixie Deans; RO's Gabby Hayes, Loui Bishop, Robby Robinson, Steve Elliott, Polly Perkins.

"W"s CPO Chats Harris; LRO's Fred Fox, Jonah (don't call me Raymond) Jones;

RO's Humps Middleton, Matt Matthews, Sid Coles, Shaun Blake and SEA Mick Downes

May we wish all communicators a Happy Easter

HMS ESKIMO

by Tug Wilson

I suppose the most difficult part of writing an article for the Communicator is the introduction. Having established the required formula – something that enthalls like an Alistair Maclean thriller, combined with a dose of RNCP 14 for our more technical-minded, with just a touch of Enid Blyton for the less intelligent in our midst, you have still to think of an initial impact..... (oh, the problems we authors have to face!!) something to hit them straight in the eye keep them bouncing in their seats and begging for more frequent editions of the Communicator, in the hope that they'll find another enthralling episode of yours truly, (one can but try!).

It would be true to say we have not appeared in print for some time; the last attempt to my knowledge being thrown out of the window (or 'scuttle' as we sailors say) by the SCO cum Navvie, sadly now departed for the ripe pastures of Greenwich, where one hopes his runs are manifold. Which brings me to the staff – I must point out here that I will accept no responsibility for any call rounds that may evolve. At the top, holding the Department together with his mighty knowledge and vast experience (with the help of three excellent Killicks) is Terry Moss, soon to depart, beer-gut and all. (Best of luck for the future). Carrying on down the ladder we have Dave "Gizzits" Lacey, Big Mac Macfarlane, plus one extra who, welcome or not, is myself Tug Wilson. As for the AB's, there's Dave 'Police Records' Puttock, who goes through girlfriends faster than Mac through car repairs and Tony 'Benjy' (after the dog of the same name) Symonds. With a special mention for our pet golly, training to be sparker, Dave 'Nuttty' Nuttall, late of Whitehall and any other shorebase you care to mention. Finally for the 'G' side we have our latest recruits from the home from home to us all, Gary 'Tufty' (his choosing, not ours) Davis, speed typist extraordinaire and Kev 'Drives' Grundy.

Our Tactical department is headed by Smudge Smith G.M., soon to be Chief, congrats. from us all, plus newly arrived Bob Ferguson as LROT. Also Taff Wiltshire and Nick Carter super bunts, and yet more from Costa del Merce in the shape of baby bunts Flem Fleming, co-starring another BIG baby bunts Smudge Smith, no relation to CY I'm told. One cannot forget our Gollies ably led and administered by Robbie 'ZZZ' Robson. Having mentioned already Nutty that concludes the branch, unless *Centurion* know something we don't, hoping to surprise us?

1976 brought the many pleasures and delights of the Caribbean to *Eskimo*, partaking of wine, women and song in sunspots like Brazil, Barbados, Trinidad (with a plane trip to her sister Tobago), Bermuda Portsmouth, Canada and the States, giving many of us the chance to see our namesakes in their natural habitat. Not forgetting the islands abounding in the area, resulting in stax of Banyans, Bar-B-Que's and tropical expeds for the troops. Unfortunately, all good things come to an end and we are now to be found rotting in a corner of Chatham Dockyard, Windies under the bridge, Refit in the foreground, our staff of the deployment scattered far and wide. Our Best Wishes go to Gilly 'Poet Laureate' in Malta, Stev at Whitehall and Yiggy up in Warrior, to name but a few. Also our congratulations to Mick Gladman recently wed in the States. Last, but by no means least, I must give a mench to the latest contribution to the Para's(?) Dooms Anderson, 95 CDO's gain is our loss.

For our future, Work-up? Trials? More Trials? But for those who receive the dreaded Eskimo draft chit, don't immediately slap in your 18 months notice, or apply for a Loan Draft to Netley. We're quite friendly onboard and jollies must come to those who wait!!!!

'One good Leading Signalmen should be detailed for odd jobs - repairing flags etc. He should be the biggest fraud on the staff, for he will come in handy when returning flags, etc. to the dockyard.'

From "Whispers from the Fleet" 1907

WE HAVE OUR TRADITIONS TOO!

We at Gieves and Hawkes may enjoy a sense of history because we dressed the Iron Duke and Nelson, invented the Shako, the cavalry head-dress, were first to make the Solar Topee and have been tailoring uniforms for over two-hundred years, but we're certainly not hidebound!

Each garment—uniform or suit—is cut and tailored by hand to our own exacting standards. We have, after all, built a tradition of success by providing clothes which, for generations, have been accepted as the very best. . . .

Today we not only continue to tailor uniforms and suits to the highest standards, we also offer a fine choice of ready-to-wear clothes. Suits, blazers, trousers, knitwear, shirts, ties and shoes in classical and modern styles, including Britain's largest range of Chester Barrie suits and topcoats, all await you at Savile Row.



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LAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON ONBOARD HMS FEARLESS

by RO1(T) Allison and Richards

Whilst filming for the latest James Bond film, on Sunday 7 November we were involved in a real life drama after intercepting a distress call from the Greek freighter, *Nostos Vasso Athene*.

As boarding party, RO1(T) Keith Allison and myself RO1(T) Nick (Plod) Richards, prepared ourselves for the rescue and after a frantic search for my steaming boots, we arrived in the tank deck for a briefing by the First Lt., Lt. Cdr. Peter Luce, ex SCO from the *Hermes*. Within a few minutes we were onboard a helicopter heading for the ship, trying my hardest to look like Errol Flynn, we were winched on to the stricken freighter foc'sle. The first job was to secure heaving lines from the *Fearless* so that she could come alongside and land fire fighters. This being done we made our way aft to the superstructure which was well ablaze. By now the fire was out of control and rapidly spreading. Keith and a few others started to tich several boxes of lighter fuel and other inflammable items over the side whilst a POMEN and I, armed with hoses, attacked the seat of the fire from a passageway which was full of smoke and flames. It was too hot to go right in to the passageway so we held the flames back from the lighter fuel until firefighters with breathing apparatus arrived to take over. We were aboard the freighter for about four hours, cooling hot points and generally making ourselves useful. Eventually the fire was brought under control, although there were times when we were ready to jump for our lives, after a small burst of small explosions, and the salvage party then took over and set about their hard task of preparing her for towing to a safe anchorage. We arrived back onboard the *Fearless* tired wet and very thoughtful. Looking back, we admit we enjoyed our little escapade and throughout the operation things went smoothly without any injury (apart from my steaming boot which melted a bit). Life in the COMMS Dept has returned to normal, the two intrepid buntings from the *Fearless* have had their day of glory. James Bond and firefighting have long been forgotten although Taff Rees, our CCY, now has his wets shaken never stirred. We've got one more exercise in Den Helder and then its back to GUZZ for a well earned Christmas ' Leave followed by our sunny West Indies cruise.

NE SQUADRON MERCURY

- Q. What is shown by a ship with man overboard?
A Two pulsating black balls.

HMS HERMIONE IT'S GOOD ON HERE SEEN THE PROGRAMME

by RO1(G) Woodrow

After Christmas leave on the 6th January HMS *Hermione* was supposed to go to sea, but never did. Instead it stayed in Plymouth. However, on the Monday 10th January it did go to sea. This time for sunny Portland. The Portland bit is just a clue as to what most of this article is dedicated.

Hermiones article for the winter edition of the communicator never made it. Probably because it was too late in arriving for the print, or it was banned by a board of censors at Mercury. This article however, should get printed due to it arriving in time. By the time the magazine comes out we will have finished our Portland work-up and be somewhere in the Med.

To start things off, the comms department would like to say cheerio and good luck to those who have recently gone on draft. RO1(G) Joe Beresford who is now at commcen Whitehall. RO1(G) Nick Zammit who is now at Fort Southwick. RO1(T) Tony Blackburn who is now at Osprey. RO2(G) Colin Amess (who throws up alot at sea) who is now earning his pay in the submarine service. RO2(G) Foster who provided his services for about a fortnight before getting a draft to *Mercury* and later HMS *Tartar*. Finally JRO(T) Andy Scott who had the misfortune of getting himself drafted to HMS *Ark Royal*.

Getting alongside in Portland harbour on the 14th Jan. after a fairly quiet week at sea, starboard watch went on weekend. On the 15th the main roof was lowered and cleaned, during which time it was blowing a fair old gale, and it was cold. With a gale blowing up like that (force 8 or 9), constant watch had to be kept on VHF CH13 with the ops room at Portland. However, during the middle watch on 16th Jan, the gales ceased and we closed down on channel 13.

The week ahead was filled with all sorts of funnies from FOST, and the dept., was on its toes throughout. NAVCOMEXS' MRXS' FRXS' and RRXS' seemed to take up most of the time. There were lectures, security checks, NBCDXS' operation awkward.... E.T.C. We were unable to participate in the Thrusday night RNR communication exercise due to other commitments, namely an operation awkward. Friday, we had divisions by FOST himself.

After a weekend to port watch, we sailed on Monday 24th Jan. We were now in two watches. Sparkers Butins and Gollies. This sea week consisted of more exercises, most days with FOST staff embarked to keep a beady eye on us,

and to take notes and make a report at the end of the day before they disembarked. We don't crack in the communications branch on the *Hermione*, we just bend a little.

One NAVCOMEX, which was MRL training (Mercury MRL), a question was asked but no answer was received. "What was the name of the duty RO on board the *Bounty* when the crew mutinied"? I wonder if the chief who was turning funny shades of pink knows the answer yet. We'd like to know on here cos' not one of us has got a clue.

Finally, in our previous article which unfortunately never made it, I mentioned a certain RO(T) Dick Blackwell who requested to become a ships muff diver. Well, he's done it again. This time he has just come back from a world deployment aboard the *Hermione*. Meanwhile, the rest of the *Hermione* ships company haven't even left UK waters. It'll be funny if his girlfriend reads this won't it.....



"PLAYED BEFORE....?"

WINTEX TWITCH

Overheard in the early hours of a paper festooned COMMEN during the later stages of a recent WINTEX –

The SCO speaks to his CCY

CCY: Yes Sir

SCO: Yes Sir, what?

CCY: Yes Sir to what you just said!

SCO: What did I say?

CCY: I don't know – what did you say?

SCO: I don't know

HMS KENT

by RO1 Lawson

Since writing our last article concerning the *Kent* the ship has been in refit, and a change of CRSs has occurred over Christmas. We lost Ted Lloyd and gained Terry Fisher. The former prided himself on never being cracked down the middle by any of us, until a certain RO asked if it was true that the chief could peel a grape at twenty yards just by looking at it! Those who have had the good fortune to meet him before might well believe it possible. CRS Fisher endeared himself to the troops at an early stage, by handing out a fiver at the ships company dance for the wets. I don't think we'll get a repeat performance of this generosity now he's sussed us out.

In recent weeks the department has fallen victim to the inevitable madness of refit completion rounds. At one point in the procedure even the SCO was caught chipping paint in the flats, (when the troops were loafing in the mess, of course).

On the credit side (you thought I'd never get round to it didn't you) we had several useful refresher courses at Mercs, a welcome break from refit routine. We also had a large turnover of personnel, with your Taff Davis winning the quote of the year award for his epic comment, 'When does the milkman come alongside'. The lad has ambition though, having an entrant on the mess Gronk board which defies any competition, pity this mag doesn't reprint girly photos. Most of our lads are already seasoned sailors, having had a Commcen or loan draft of some sort before joining *Kent* from training; it's amazing what three months rolling off at Northwood can do for a budding Super Sparx.

The ships programme looks impressive at first glance with some useful trips coming up. The graffiti on the shore-side heads has a meaningful ring to it with the inscription, 'HMS *Kent* has now been officially given to Gibraltar' many of us knowing this as fact not merely fiction. The ship is also taking part in the Fleet Review this coming June, an event that should see old Pompey buzzing once more. Who knows, if the weather is nice the CCY might be able to finish off painting his signal deck, as the one day a month it doesn't rain down here is not enough for the team to do this. A small note before closing must be made to the lady we met on the train from Waterloo last week; the answer to 8 across in the Sun crossword was Kangerallapig not geroomfidumf as we first thought.



LRO Watson, Bailey, LRO Long, Hooker, Simpson, Lambden, Smith, Jacobs, Lawson, Tamsy, Williams, Clayton, LRO Geere, Froggatt, CCY Ross, Lt Lloyd, CYS Fisher, Monks, Schofield, LRO Simmonds, Stalker, Richardson, Darby, Rowe, Davis, Trim, Thorn.

HMS NORFOLK (CSNFL) LRO(G) Cree

I thought that it was about time that readers of the Communicator heard about the *Norfolk* again, and some of our escapades whilst involved as Flag Ship to the Nato Squadron.

We relieved the *Danae* on the 10th May 76 in Weymouth Bay, when the Force was going through an intensive day work up at Portland. At that time the Squadron consisted of six ships, besides ourselves, there was the USS Coontz, HMCS Assiniboine, FGS Bayern, HNLMS Sweets and HNOMS Trondheim.

With Commodore J. Cox RN and his staff embarked we broke into a two watch system, which except for the odd break for AMP or visit, was to last for 135 days. During this period we nearly forgot what National meant and cleared enough Nato Ship Shore traffic (we were Ship Shore guard for the Force) to fulfill our Fleet Form 10 quota for many years to come.

From Portland we went to Rosyth where preparations were made for our first major exercise, the ocean going phase of JMC 762. For this exercise CSNFL was CTG of the Blue forces, so the staff had to learn to cope with a heavy traffic load which gradually built up to an average of two hundred signals being handled a day. On completion of the JMC we returned to Rosyth for the debrief. It was here that we said goodbye to the Assiniboine and welcomed two newcomers to the Force, the Portuguese PNS Almirante Magalhaes Correa and the Danish ship HDMS Peder Skram.

In Amsterdam we were joined by HMCS Huron which now meant that all the Nations who support the Standing Naval Force Atlantic were represented. On leaving Amsterdam the Squadron continued to exercise until we spent a few quiet days in Den Helder in company with the Mine Sweepers and Hunters of the Standing Naval Force Channel. The SNFL (SNiffFfLe) work up carried on during German Operations and finished on the 22nd June at a sea display for the Nato Defence Planning Committee and Military Committee headed by Nato Secretary General, Doctor J. Luns and Admiral Treacher RN. Each part of the Force was represented.

Kiel came next for a four week AMP and a well earned rest. During this time some of the staff took advantage of the air taxi service to London for a week at home, while others spent their leave on various camp sites in and around Kiel. Our only sporting achievement came here also when we surprised everyone, including ourselves, by winning the inter department tug of war, and the barrel of lager that went with it. Unfortunately our next attempt at this competition took place recently in Gibraltar and we failed miserably by being knocked out in the first round.

When the AMP came to an end we reverted back into two watches for Norwegian Operations which included a four day visit to Oslo. During these Operations our modern ICS receivers were made redundant and the B41 and FAZ played a big part in the reception of the Norwegian Broadcast Y21. We had trouble with the HF components and not being fitted with an FTA yet, the B41 was our option for printing the MF

component. On the 2nd of August whilst on passage from Oslo to Harstad the Force was diverted to Scapa Flow, round the North of Scotland, to once again relieve the *Danae*. This time we were in the Atlantic and our task was to shadow the Russian Aircraft Carrier Kiev and her escorts, a Kresta II and a Kashin. For four days the Squadron kept close surveillance while the Russians headed for the North Cape. On completion of this our stay in Harstad was cut to only one day.

Our next port of call was Narvik on the 13th August where the *Bayern* was relieved by FGS Karlsruhe. *Bayern* was joined in transit by the Huron who had to return to Canada for major repairs and was later relieved by HMCS Ottawa.

Crosspollination was a custom among Sniffle ships giving some the opportunity to live and work on other ships for periods of up to a week. Unfortunately due to the work load and the old adage "You can't be spared" this was never possible for the department. Needless to say this only made socialising in harbour on the other ships all the more popular and a few good duty free runs were had by all. Crosspol did eventually touch the department for the five day passage from Ghent to Aalborg when we had Leading Seaman (LRO) Matthews on temporary loan from the Ottawa. I don't think he ever did get over watchkeeping for those five days.

Our return to British waters (and cheap beer) was celebrated by a four day visit to Liverpool and a five day run in Greenock. Between these visits our time was spent Sea Siug and Sea Cat firing to the North West of Ireland. This was all gradually building up to our next major exercise 'TEAMWORK', which kept us busy for the next three weeks. It was in Greenock that our mascot Budgie Bear joined and since that time has been watch on stop on the MCO, making sure that things were running smoothly in his Dad's (CRS) absence. He undoubtedly deserves his made to measure set of eighties and his not quite made to measure steaming boots, and has recently risen to the dizzy heights of killick.

Another AMP was due at the end of Teamwork. This was originally planned to take place in Haakensvern in Norway but due to the size of the dockyard there it would have meant splitting the Force up. Rosyth was the next place tried but it was decided in the end to have it in Portsmouth. The ships company managed to get ten days leave in here before it was off to sea again for the last leg of our tour as Commcen to Comsniffle. This leg consisted of various inter-SNFL exercises and work ups with visits

to Ghent, Aalborg, Copenhagen and finally to Cherbourg where on the 20th November we handed over the Commodore and his staff to the *London*. A Fairwell Sniffle social was held that night in the *Norfolk's* Junior Rates bar and it seemed that a good time was had by all. In the morning with the majority suffering from hangovers we left Nato and became National again.

This was not the last we were to see of the Nato Squadron. When we sailed from Cherbourg we went home to Portsmouth for Christmas leave and stayed there for the best part of a month. We left there on the 20th January for a mini work up in the Portsmouth/Plymouth/Portland areas followed by a rough passage through the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar. From there we sailed for Exercise Locked Gate in which we played, for a most welcome change, the part of an Orange destroyer with *Ajax*. We spent a week in this role generally harrassing the Blue forces which included CSNFL in one Task group and *Tiger* in the other. This enabled us to get our own back on SNFL (!!) and in theory managed to sink quite a few of their ships, including the American aircraft carrier *J F Kennedy*. This exercise took place mainly in the Atlantic but after a one day fuel stop in Gibraltar we are still taking part on passage through the Mediterranean to Italy where a seven day visit to Genoa is on the agenda. While we are there a visit has been proposed to Chiavari Signal School by some members of the staff which will be followed by a tour of the Ligurian Riviera beauty spots. A return visit will be made the following day, explaining our set up to a few Italian Communicators.

Lighter moments have appeared occasionally like the time the killick of the watch asked his Ship Shore operator if he was getting he replied "Not yet, everytime I call him up the B**&£/' takes my frequency off the FAB". Then there was the time a baby bunting who had been working on the upper deck next to the ETB was jokingly told we had been transmitting using that aerial. He went for a shower to wash the radiation off! Another one that comes to mind was when one of the new sparkers was standing on the upper deck. He asked if we could ditch gash. When told yes he proceeded to throw his chewing gum over the side. No names have been mentioned to avoid any embarrassment.

That just about completes this little story of whats been happening to us and we are now looking forward to going back to Portsmouth via a four day stay in Avonmouth to a nine month refit. But not before "Springtrain" with other RN units, and would you believe – SNFL – just can't get away from them. Now all there is left for me to mention is that at the time of writing

this article the department consisted of:—

Lt. C.D. Carter SCO

(G)

CRS(RC1) M.D.Nickerson, RS R.N. Jones (on loan from Mercury Ops pool)

LRO's D.Cree, R. Rowntree, M. Lovatt and M. Nolan.

RO's D. Slater, A. Michaelson, C. Hamilton, E. Baker, J.Reid, M.Foy, M.Parker, S.Merrilees, M.Plume, C. Jewitt, M.Calcott, A.Holtby, A.Wharton and N. Corbishley.

(T)

CCY T.T.Windsor, CY M.J. Browne,

LRO's J. Crane, M.A.Russell and G.McNiff.

RO's P. Morris, M. Lowry, P. Lewis, S.Shotton, I. Rigby, W. Graham, R. Daniels and I. Fox.

(W)

CRS(EW1) J. Lill RS R. Burman.

RO's C.West and D.R.Foster.

HMS NUBIAN

by Lt. Tony Halpin S.C.O.

Quite some time has elapsed since HMS *Nubian* has been able to make any contribution to your magazine. However, in view of your request we are pleased to respond with our contribution, albeit small, and sincerely hope that you receive the support required for your Anniversary 'bumper' issue.

Since HMS *Nubian* returned from the 'Windies' in February 1976 we have been gracing the docks and walls of Rosyth dockyard. Originally, our refit was due to finish on 13th August last year but we are still here and our first anniversary is on Saturday 12th February. A dress ship occasion if ever there was one. As you can well imagine our ship's company is very keen to move on to greener pastures after the hectic and swinging nightlife of downtown Rosyth.

Our Communications department has experienced an almost 100% turnover in personnel since *Nubian* entered refit with nearly all the 'old hands' drafted near and far. We now have a high proportion of young and uninitiated communicators of whom we are confident of becoming the best around. Our Tactical side is led by CY Lou Pierre, while the Generals are under the leadership of RS Dave Ilyart; not forgetting our 'Gollies' with LS(EW) 'Scouse' Yates in charge. Put this gang of 24 together and it results in occasional heartburn for our SCO AND PWO(A) from 'down-under', Lt. Tony Halpin RAN.

Have you heard via the FrOST(?) Grapevine that Comms rates tend to be vulnerable on the subject of NBCD and Fire Fighting? Perhaps then you have also heard that

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Racal Group Services Ltd., a subsidiary of the multi-million-pound Racal Electronics Group, seeks to recruit experienced Technical Authors for the Technical Handbook Division in Wokingham, Berkshire, to prepare:

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our recent lunchtime practical fire hose demonstration in the Wardroom was a real SHOUTING success, thanks to one RO who is needless to say, now in absentia. It was a hell of a time for a demonstration, in fact, it was a hell of a time for a few selected officers including the SCO. All ROs are now receiving training on the proper(?) use of fire hoses and other equipment.

Overhead on the bridge at sea last week:

CY: How do you cancel a flag hoist??

RO(T): Haul it down slowly, Yeo

It seems that the Yeoman did not find that answer satisfactory because what ensued would not get by our censor for printing in the *'Communicator'*.

In conclusion, HMS *Nubian* wishes you every success with all future editions of the *Communicator*. particularly your 'bumper' issue,

HMS PHOEBE THE BEZZIEST GIZZIT SHIP IN THE FLEET BY LRO(W) Crighton

The 'Fighting 42' of 'Warship' fame at present is in the throes of a major refit conversion to a Batch II Leander.

With all pre-commissioning ships undergoing such a refit, the skeleton crew have virtually to start from scratch stocking the ship up to operational standards. Unless you are equipped with a 'GIZZIT KING', the mammoth task of getting stores up to date can be a nightmare. However, our LRO(T), Scouse Iddon, is our saviour in this respect.

The Chippy's Shop and Trafalite Shop in the dockyard have the aforementioned LRO(T) victualled in their respective coffee boats. What stores and gizzits Scouse does not manage to procure, he then does his 'Nomad' bit around the ship's MCO's in Guzz Dockyard. He is that well known now, that on arrival at their respective MCO's, mass hysteria sets in amongst ships communications staffs — almost panic to lock up all their cupboards and portable stateboards. Before long he will soon have alienated himself from every MCO and Bridge complex on every ship around Guzz Dockyard.

Nevertheless, we are almost close up with our store demands and should be ready in time for commissioning in April. Any T's having difficulty acquiring the necessary items, contact Scouse, who undoubtedly can throw some light on the matter.

Our Comms Divisional P.O., R.S.(G) B. Leyland, has the pleasure of knitting together the talents of his present Comms. staff. Already we have had to amend the SIDIS to comply with

our own ship's requirements. The task was deftly handled by LRO's Iddon/Bailey. All that remains to be proven now is that it works into the ships system. RO1(T) Meldrum has now become our fitness training rep as he has just completed an extensive 28 days course in Portsmouth. RO1(G) Ginge Newman, who runs the Refit Office Tea Boat, is badly in need of a training course on how to run it; it must be the only non-profit making tea boat in existence. He doubled up with RO Meldrum as office runner.

Our S.C.O., S/LT Cooper, has the envious task of knocking us into a well-knit team ready for the onslaught at Portland. With all our hidden talents, he should not find it too difficult — however, time will tell.

I shall not let my modesty get the better of me and write paragraph upon paragraph about Your's Truly.

Returning to the theme of GIZZITS: a personal thank you to RS(W) Goudy, LRO(W)s Fox and Jones of F4 Staff, for all their assistance regarding E.W. requirements for HMS *Phoebe*. PST's and Portland here we come.

HMS RECLAIM

by Sub Lieutenant (X)(C) C.I. Hulbert

This bumper edition would not be complete without an article from the most senior of Her Majesty's Ships (by age of course!) Commissioned in 1948, *Reclaim* has never yet payed-off. We are currently finishing a refit in Portsmouth, which it is hoped will give us a further life of five years, until a long overdue replacement is built.

What is *Reclaim* you might ask? She is the Navy's Deep Diving Trials ship, with a capability of reaching most depths on the Continental



Shelf. Weighing in at just over 2000 tons, we have a complement of 8 officers and 84 men, this includes 12 divers and a medical officer specialised in underwater medicine.

The Ship's deep diving system consists of a submersible compression chamber in which two divers are lowered to the sea bed. The chamber carries the necessary oxygen/helium breathing gases, underwater television, underwater lighting and communications system on which the divers and the controller in the ship can talk. On reaching the sea bed one diver swims out to undertake the task required while the other acts as an attendant. On completion of the task the diver returns to the chamber, the bottom door is closed and the chamber is hoisted into the ship with the divers under pressure. On the ship the submersible chamber is then locked onto the top of another chamber in the ship's hold. The divers transfer from the submersible chamber to the main chamber, still under pressure. They then carry out the long process of decompression, which can last for several hours in the comparative comfort of the main chamber.

Reclaim has been involved in a number of historic and important events connected with diving and salvage, the most noteworthy being:—

- 1948 — World deep diving record of 535ft (163 metres) established in Loch Fyne
- 1950 — Search for and location by divers of the sunken submarine *Truculent* in the Thames estuary
- 1951 — Search for and location of the sunken submarine *Affray*, when underwater television was used for the first time
- 1956 — World deep diving record of 600ft (183 metres) established off Norway
- 1966 — Search for, location and recovery of crashed Aer Lingus Viscount aircraft in the Irish Sea.

In addition the ship has also recovered many military aircraft and helicopters that have crashed into the sea at depths down to 400 ft. Recovery helps to find the cause of the crash.

Our communications complement consists of LRO(G)s Dyer and Floyd, RO1(G) Bartram and RO1(T) Jenkin. On the equipment side, their Lordships have seen fit to re-equip us with a 643 and BID 660, and therefore I regret to report the passing of the last 602 afloat. Rumours that the BWO and contents are worth more than the ship, are hotly denied!

Our base port is Portsmouth, where we have the unique honour of being directly administered by Flag Officer Portsmouth. After a re-dedication service in March, we are destined

once again for the cold and lonely Scottish Lochs for further trials. We will of course be at the Review — the only RN ship to appear at both of the Royal Fleet Reviews inspected by Queen Elizabeth II.

HMS SHEFFIELD

Welcome aboard the Type 42 'Guinea Pig' better known as the 'Shiny Sheff' and you'd better believe it baby. You name it, we've done trials on it and still the beat goes on. Still, if it serves it's purpose and gets the rest of the Class on their way, who are we to complain.

Who are those intrepid communicators (but I thought we were on the *Sheffield* Pots!) who man HMS Startrek? Standfast those tearing their hair out trying to access the American satellite. Anyone coming aboard and asking to be taken to our leader would be introduced to S/Lt John (cannot crack me with the Wardroom wine books) Vear who will shortly be leaving us, much to our dismay and greatly to the benefit of HMS *Ambuscade*. His back up team are, CY Trev (have a what) Witcher, RS Pat (never touch it) Preston very ably assisted by the indomitable trio of killicks, LRO(G)'s Joe (Marconi) Ham, Al (can't be bad) Pawsey and LRO(T) Mac (what me panic?) Macmillan. The chamber of horrors reads as follows:— RO1(G)'s Paddy Barrett, John Denyer, the brothers grim Dave and Dicky Holland and Mad Bungy Williams. RO1(T)'s Dicky Bird, Dave (the grin) Eady, Phots Fitzpatrick, Griff Griffiths, Sue Ling and Mitch Mitchell. RO2(G)'s Sir Stanley Baxter, Boggy Brown, Ginge Fearon, Smiley Laudham and Monty Morrell. RO2(T)'s Tony (Jacques Custard) Bone and Big Bungy Williams. And last but by no means least, the newcomer to the fold, JRO Jock Parkinson. By this time the edition hits the streets we will sadly have said farewell to Paddy Barrett, Mad Bungy and Sue Ling who are all bound for HMS *Mercury*. See you again fellers, all being well. May we also extend a warm welcome to the following who will be joining us in the near future: JRO's Churchley, Glennister, Lewis, Myatt and Wadforth. (Those who are about to die, we salute you).

Having said all that, have we really been anywhere or done anything? Spirits did soar earlier in the year (except in the PO's mess where spirits did get sunk) when we heard that a Windies trip was on the cards. We're going. Cancelled. We're going etc.....

Well Friday 28th August finally arrived. After 18 months of trudging through an arduous and constricting trials programme this almost mythical 'Windies trip' had become a reality. After the

formalities of Summer leave, Families Day and farewell runs, it was about turn and head for the sun. On the subject of sunshine, the average matelot has rarely been particularly religious but over the next few days a ship-load of agnostics were to be converted into a most devout denomination of sun worshippers. Come lunch-time or make and mend one would see the ceremonious procession of devotees suitably garbed in nicks and Foster Grants and having annointed themselves with the holy Ambre Solaire would spread the sacred bronzy mat, suitably in line with that yellow Mecca in the sky, and finally place themselves in most suppliant prostration. (they flaked out in the sun).

Anyway, for most of us this was the first proper foreign trip in at least a couple of years and the atmosphere was certainly one of anticipation and controlled excitement. However, we were to find out that we were not throwing ourselves at the mercy of Carribean hurricanes or the Bermuda Triangle, but more so to foreign prices, postal services and an abysmal exchange rate. Nevertheless, these little unsureties were overwhelmingly outweighed by blue sea and white sand and our uncanny habit of straying upon fantastic hospitality. One notable example of which was an invitation in Nassau to a disco aboard the cruise liner tied up next door. All invitations are cordially accepted of course and we found the entertainment to be of a high standard. However, it wasn't attributed totally to the liners' passengers and crew. A little spontaneous ad-lib acrobatics were thrown in by

Big 'Bunting' Bungy. Sitting on the Promenade deck with a charming young lady he decided to play the last of the £7 a week playboys and leant over to commence osculation. Unfortunately he misjudged things, slipped through the guardrails and did a triple summersault, double twist and crossed legged high dive past eight decks (quite a height) into Nassau harbour. Quote from Bungy, "I knew I had fallen but I began to get worried when I hadn't landed after five minutes".

After Bermuda and Nassau we progressed south for even longer stays in La Guaira (Venezula), Montserrat, St. Lucia and Barbados, and a high standard of receptions and goodwill became almost customary. Not only from organised groups such as sports or rugby clubs and local militia but also from families and individuals. Need I say it, all bar none were duly honoured and gripped. Mind you, it wasn't all "you give, we take", the ship went to considerable lengths to reciprocate. The usual cocktail parties and socials were supplemented by childrens' parties with real English pirates, blood donations and even a little quantity surveying in preparation for the resiting of some ancient cannons on Pigeon Island (St. Lucia).

Well, all good things must come to an end (where have I heard that before?) and after five weeks in the sun we hit the road for home. Being trials ship, the future is very unpredictable and, although Longcasts are attempted they can very rarely be relied upon. So for a while we are here (or are we?). Bye till Spring.



SM 2

by T.J.L. Hall

As usual the faces here are changing, but now it's from male to female. WRENS are slowly moving in and learning that submarines mean a lot of behind the scenes work. With WRENS here it also means that 'NATO Standard' or 'White with two' is not understood when they're making coffee, as you're asked if you want milk?

The Squadron is also changing in so much as the 'S' Boats are becoming predominant.

The WRENS made a sales pitch on BBC TV recently, doing Morning Colours, though now its winter and windy we're eagerly awaiting the pipe "Woman overboard".

SM2 is flat out on the training programme for the New ROSM's, which when compiling a Squadron complement brought forth the offer of "Swop you three ROSM's for a tin of Coffee", such is the price of inflation.

Contrary to United States Navy belief we are still SM2/CFM Devonport/Defiance, and as yet not COMSUBGRUTWODEVON ENGLAND.

Now certain wooden spoons can relax, Nobby's off to sea at last.

SOLUTIONS

ACROSS

1. Expressly
6. Strap
9. Trample
10. Falsify
11. Alter
12. Malleable
13. Conurban
15. Aria
19. Deft
20. Muniment
23. Perchance
24. Circa
26. Snoring
27. Emended
28. Asset
29. Telescope

DOWN

1. Entranced
2. Plant
3. Emperors
4. Steam-car
5. Yaffle
6. Salter
7. Reimburse
8. Payee
14. Nefarious
16. Astraddle
17. Funereal
18. Kitchens
21. Shrift
22. Knight
23. Pasta
25. Radio

INSHORE FLOTILLA

L/Tel on voice circuit: I am broadcasting this to you in case your transmitter has fallen over, if you can't hear me give me a flash by light.

"GO POLAR WITH THE ROYAL NAVY"

News from Communications Department HMS/M SOVEREIGN

by R.S. Rose

On our return from Polar Regions I send Best Wishes from the Communication Department, which comprises

Lt. Andy Clarke R.N. S.C.O.

RS Terry (Alex) Rose

LRO Steve Cordall

LRO Golly Stevenson

RO1 Cliff Clifford

ROSM Lee Plume

ROSM Bruce (Baby) Lazell

1976 was a most significant period in *Sovereign's* history. We have taken lead part in the three major events involving submarines.

There were:-

1. Trials at Autec in the Americas
2. Exercise Teamwork, the largest Nato Exercise to date
3. The period taking us to the North Pole.

Sailing in mid-January 1976 we carried out a tight training and trials programme but also managed runs ashore in Port Canaveral and Charleston. We were also able to help in the workup of HMS *Cleopatra* and to use this opportunity to work Underwater Ratt.

On our way home we joined with HMS *Glamorgan* and the rest of FOF2's group and were able to exchange crew members; FOF2's Chief Yeoman thoroughly enjoyed his run with us, and we feel that we all benefited from this type of interchange.

We enjoyed displaying our professional expertise in these complex exercise conditions, and were most happy to avoid the force 10 conditions up top.

The trip to the North Pole was undoubtedly the experience of a lifetime. Technologically, our ability to patrol these vast frozen areas, was most impressive. We felt most privileged to step out onto the 'Top of The World'; we clowned around, played cricket, football and held 'round the world' races. The appearance of the ice cap as we approached the Southern and Eastern edges was quite forbidding. However, when surfacing through the ice, we were amazed by the beauty, and stunned by the silence and remoteness of these areas.

We surfaced several times through areas of relatively thin ice, which are called polynyas. Each time we were surprised to see that the scenery, although still white, was very different from previous areas.



Occasionally we surfaced until our casing was showing above the ice, but on other times, we just pushed the fin through the surface.

Communication at these latitudes had its difficulties. We claim a record of having transmitted above 80°OON, and also note that we improvised by using a kite-carrying wire which was secured to the submarine's fin.

We are proud of the many communication methods available in *Sovereign* and look forward to pushing our frontiers of experience forward into 1977.

HMS ZULU

by LRO(G) G W Bucknall

Well here we are again, I thought it was about time we sent in another article to the COMMUNICATOR MAGAZINE (or rather the SCO Sblt Bell RAN did) as it is just on twelve months since we made these hallowed pages.

To start, we have many newcomers in the department. RO1(G) (Swilly) Winchester takes over from RO1(G) (Scouse) Sleeman who joins Pitreavie in March, RO1(G) (Tim) Lawson replaces RO1(G) (Steve) Patterson who is now filling a billet at Portland Commcen. Two new buntings RO1(T) Moss, now at Nas Portland, and RO1(T) (Doc) Doherty at Northwood. LRO(G) (Mick) Rackham has swapped drafts with LRO(G) (Allan) Fawcett of HMS *Rhyl* and Micks departure saw the end of *Zulu's* era as a Bugkey ship.

There has not been a great deal, worthy of report, since our last article in May 1976. The ship has spent quite some time in Rosyth and we have been doing the usual run of the mill running for a frigate. Time in Gib. and the Med, time in Portland the running of the gauntlet during *Deceval*.

Question..... Has someone installed a huge magnet in Rosyth and who is the stoker who persists in welding us to the wharf everytime we come alongside middle jetty?

Like all comms departments we have our occasional incident that brings on a laugh and tends to ease some of the tension that from time to time, has a habit of building up. One of these episodes perhaps worthy of report is "The Case of the Invisible Ensign".

Duty Bunting... "5 Minutes to Colours Sir"
OOD "Very Good"

One minute to colours
Duty Bunting .. "Colours Sir"
OOD "Pipe the Still"

Duty Bunting... "There's no Ensign Sir"
Captain Two days No 14's AND
Three days death

and to add to the confusion the quarterdeck awning fell down in the middle of all this..... The invisible ensign is now hanging in the centre of the mess square.

Well they say that "time and tide waits for no man" and my time in *Zulu* draws towards its end. Come May I meet the obligation of my draft chit and join the staff of FOSNI's commcen but before leaving the comfort of this billet I have accepted the challenge set by RO1(G) Whitelaw of HMS *Aurora* by selling 46 copies of the Communicator Summer Edition. With this article comes my order for 60 copies. It's a good competition and keeps our Mag in business. Hopefully I've thrown out the challenge.

BRAVO ZULU – ZULU Editor.

DOGGY FLAG

The Frigate *Rothsay*, at present keeping watch over fishermen and oil rigs in the central North Sea, boast an unusual flag incorporating that of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and Snoopy, the dog from the Peanuts cartoon strip.

The R N L I flag results from the contributions of the ship's company to the Institution while Snoopy stems from the First Lieutenant's predilection for red paint in some of the accommodation areas.

This led to his being christened "The Red Baron", another character in the carton – "while I am Snoopy", *Rothsay's* captain, Cdr N. James, admitted.

MERCURY 53 T section

Instructor to NE – "Request a test Transmission"
Reply by NE: – "Request granted"

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	Whither
Barrett, N.S.D.	Lt. Cdr.	CINCNAVHOME
Bartlett, B.J.	Sub-Lt.	Hermes
Beattie, J.M.	Cdr.	DNS
Bee, M.J.	Lieut.	Mercury
Bull, J.	Sub-Lt.	Heron
Bycroft, J.	Sub-Lt.	Ariadne
Cherry, D.	Lieut.	CINCFLEET
Cheshire, M.	A/Sub-Lt.	Maxton
Chettle, D.	A/Sub-Lt.	Walkerton
Christie, W.J.	Lt. Cdr.	Dundas
Clark, C.H.	Sub-Lt.	Active
Cooper, A.J.	Sub-Lt.	Phoebe
Cooper, D.S.	Lieut.	HQ/AE NORTH
Corfield, R.N.	A/Sub-Lt.	Achilles
Davies, B.A.	Lt. Cdr.	Ark Royal
Evatt, G.	Lt. Cdr.	Nelson
Farrow, M.D.J.	Lt. Cdr.	BANDA ABBAS
Ferguson, J.M.	Lt. Cdr.	Fearless
Flint, R.M.S.	Lieut.	COMMCEN Whitehall
Hughes, I.B.	Lt. Cdr.	Dryad
Ivol, G.J.	Lieut.	COMMCEN Whitehall
Jackson, S.	Lt. Cdr.	CINCNAVHOME
Jay, K.H.	Lt. Cdr.	CINCNAVHOME
Killoran, G.	Sub-Lt.	Alacrity
Miss I. Kennedy	3/O WRNS	Mercury
Mitford, T.B.	Lt. Cdr.	FOF2
Pidgeon, G.C.	Act. Lt.Cdr.	FOSNI
Reith, K.	Lieut.	CINCNAVHOME
Watson, J.J.	Lt. Cdr.	MOD DNOT
West, R.J.	Sub-Lt.	Fearless
Wheen, P.A.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Eskimo

PROMOTIONS

Cdr. to Captain	Waugh, A.A.	Lt. Cdr. to Commander
Lt. to Lt. Cdr.	Mowlan, D.J.M. X AWO(C)	Sommervill-Jones, O.D. Wilson, G.A.S.C. Burns, B. Campbell, C.G.H.

RETIREMENTS

Edwards, P.T.	Lt. Cdr.	Evatt, G.	Lt. Cdr.
Thorpe, F.R.	Lt. Cdr.	Greig, P.G.M.	Lt. Cdr.

DRAFTING

Only names that have been included in articles from ships and establishments and not printed elsewhere in the magazine are shown here. Reading the FLEET SECTION NEWS will give you the whereabouts of many of your friends. Please forward any drafts you wish shown in our next edition with your articles for the Summer Edition of the magazine. Individuals may write directly to the Editor if they wish.

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Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
Adams, D.R.	RO2(G)	Devonshire	Chapman, A.	RO1(T)	Zulu
Adams S.	RO2(G)	Rhyl	Carter, J.	JRO(T)	Brighton
Amato, A.M.	RS	Mercury	Coxall, C.C.	A/LRO(T)	Release
Andrews, M.S.	AB(EW)	Mercury (OPS)	Chinn, R.P.	RO(T)	Hermes
Armitage, J.E.	A/LRO(G)	Dolphin	Cosgrave I.T.	RO1(T)	Diomedé
Asher D.	JSEW	Kent	Carden, S.W.	RO2(G)	Kent
Askew, D.A.	CY	Mercury	Carruthers I.	LRO(T)	Mercury
Askew, D.M.	A/RS	Mohawk	Campbell, I.D.	RO2(G)	Charybdis
Atkinson, G.	JRO(G)	Cleopatra	Clark, J.	CY	Mercury
Austin, D.J.	RO1(W)	Diomedé	Chalcraft, G.	LRO(G)	AFNORTH
Bell, R.G.G.	RS(W)	Dryad	Cheer, R.D.	LRO(T)	Mercury
Blackburn D.A.	CRS(W)	Ark Royal	Chambers, K.J.	CY	ACCHAN/EASTLANT
Bradshaw, H.	A/LRO(T)	Whitehall	Cudmore, G.B.	CRS	Mercury
Borrett, L.W.	RS	Mercury	Cockerill, M.	S.E.W	Tiger
Black, M.	RO†	Nubian	Cooke, M.J.	ALMSM	Mercury
Birtwistle, J.W L.	CRS	Release	Calcott, M.A.	RO2(G)	Norfolk
Bailey, J.H.	FCRS	Fife	Childe-Freeman, M.	A/LRO(G)	Plymouth
Biggs E.A.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Daniels, A.W.	SEW	Achilles
Barrett R.D.	JRO(G)	Hermes	Downey, R.S.	RS	Fearless
Brann, G.E.	RO2(G)	Diomedé	Durrant, P.D.	LRO(G)	ACCHAN/EASTLANT
Bartram, R.J.	RO1(T)	CINCNAVHOME	Denham N.J.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Beesley, D.	FCRS	Mercury	Duncan, G.A.	JRO(G)	Tiger
Butler D.K.	RS	Collingwood	Dempsey, P.J.	RO1(G)	Mercury/Release
Barrett R.J.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Dragisic, M.	RO2(W)	Cambridge
Bullen, P.J.	CY	CINCFLEET	Doak, T.	A/CY	Dolphin
Butchers, R.M.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Davis, G.R.	RO2(G)	Eskimo
Bates, J.W.	RO1(G)	Centurion	Davies J.S.	RO1(T)	Antrim
Bevan I.H.	RO2(G)	Mercury	Davies, P.	RO2(G)	Active
Baker K.	RO1(G)	Fife	Daykin, P.M.	LRO(G)	FO PLYMOUTH
Browntree, G.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Daniels, K.P.	JRO(G)	Seahawk
Bell, P.M.	AB(EW)	Mercury	Donnelly, J.I.	RO2(G)	Hermes
Blogg, T.A.	RO1(G)	Bulldog	Duffy, A.	CRS	Release
Bryce, C.	RO1(T)	Leander	Davies G.A.	LRO(G)	Release
Burch, G.	RO1(G)	Andromeda	Derry, I.R.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Burley, R.D.	JRO(G)	Phoebe	Drew, D.J.D.	RS(W)	Mercury
Bookham D.K.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	Edgell, P.J.	CPO(OPS)(EW)	Dryad
Brown, C.A.	RO1(G)	Dolphin	Egsby, M.E.	RS	Mercury
Boyes, A.J.	JRO(G)	Maiad	Eveny, C.E.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Batchelor, R.F.	RO2(G)	Hermes	Eves, P.	LRO(W)	Mercury/Release
Brown, D.	JRO(G)	Jupiter	Evans, D.	LRO(G)	Juno
Brown, J.B.	RO2(G)	Hermes	Eady, D.G.	RO1(T)	Mercury/Release
Barnwell, S.C.	RO2(G)	FOSNI	Epton, R.G.	RO2(G)	Apollo
Bakewell, F.T.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Ellis M.F.	RO2(G)	Devonshire
Burt J.	LRO(G)	Mercury/Release	Edwards, T.D.	RO2(T)	FOST
Botten, L.C.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Emmerson, T.H.	LRO(T)	Mercury (OXP)
Bolt. K.B.	RO1(T)	Ark Royal	Emery, I.G.	LRO(G)	Mercury (OXP)
Benson, R.	RO1(G)	Mercury/Release	Faulds, M.P.	RS(W)	Dryad
Banks, K.C.	JRO2	Dolphin	Fitch, P.J.	RO1(G)	Mercury (OXP)
Bellay, D.W.	JRO2	Dolphin	Foord, W.I.	RS	Ark Royal
Clements, G.P.	LRO(W)	Norfolk	Fewtrell, P.T.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Crichton, R.G.	LRO(W)	Phoebe	Finnigan, I.	RO2(G)	Excellent
Cobb, E.S.	RS(W)	Dryad	Farmer, R.C.	RO2(G)	Echo
Chiddicks C.	PO(EW)	Dryad	Field, D.W.	CY	FO MEDWAY
Colbourne, A.	FCRS(W)	Dryad	Fisher D.M.	RO2(T)	Hermes
Catchpole S.	JS(EW)	Arethusa	Foley, G.	JRO(G)	Diomedé
Clare, R.G.	SEW	Gurkha	Foster, R.R.	FCCY	Release
Campbell G.	JRO(G)	Matapan	Finegan, S.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Craig, A.	SEW	Antrim	Fleming, P.D.	RO1(G)	Sandpiper
Clark A.S.	RO2(G)	Cambridge	Farnan, A.R.	RO1(W)	Andromeda
Craig, D.W.	RO1(T)	Mercury			

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
Fox, M.D.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Knockton, A.F.	SEW	Leander
Findlay, M.R.	LRO(W)	Mercury (OXF)	King, B.A.	LRO(T)	Mercury
Foot, N.	JRO(G)	Falmouth	Kenney, C.P.	JRO(G)	Seahawk
Forester, P.	LRO(G)	9 SIG REGT.	Kessell, M.L.	JRO(G)	Seahawk
Foster, J.W.	LRO(T)	COMIBERLANT	Keane, M.R.W.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Finch, P.	RO2(T)	Hermes	Knight, D.J.	CRS	CINCFLEET
Forrester, G.A.	JRO(G)	FOSNI	Knowles, P.	JRO(T)	Tartar
Foster, J.E.	RO1(G)	W/T Inskip	Kennedy, A.	LRO(T)	Antrim
Finch, G.A.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	Kite, A.D.	RO2(G)	Glamorgan
Fear, K.	JS(EW)	Galatea	Kirby, T.	PO(R)	Mercury
Fraser, J.D.	JS(EW)	Gurkha	Kavanagh, K.A.	A/CY	Mercury
Fox, I.W.	JRO(T)	Norfolk	Kenward, J.A.	RO2(G)	Jupiter
Grass R.H.	CRS	Mercury	Lynch, G.P.	CRS(W)	Dryad
George, P.S.	A/LRO(G)	FO PLYMOUTH	Lewis, A.K.	JRO(G)	Mercury
Goodall, S.J.	JRO(G)	BRNC DARTMOUTH	Lloyd, W.L.	CY	Vernon
Greenwood, P.	A/LRO(G)	Yarmouth	Lawrence, D.L.	RO2(T)	Ark Royal
Garnett, A.J.	LRO(G)	London	Longbone, N.J.	RO2(G)	Seahawk
Griffiths, C.	A/RS(W)	Dryad	Lobley, A.D.	JRO(T)	Hermes
Guinea, W.P.	LS/SM	Conqueror	Ling, C.A.	RO1 (T)	Mercury
Gregory, S.	RO1(G)	Sandpiper	Lacey, M.A.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Grant, P.W.	RO2(G)	Laymoor	Lawrence, R.A.	A/RS(W)	Dryad
Graham, K.W.	AB(EW)	Mercury	Loughlin, A.R.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Gibson, C.C.	A/LRO(G)	Naiad	Lock, D.J.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Greenwood, D.	LRO(G)	Release	Lonsdale, T.	LRO(T)	Mercury
Gledhill, A.W.	RO2(G)	Hermes	Lamb, S.	AB(EW)	Mercury
Garnsworth, D.	A/CY	Mercury (OXF)	Lees, A.	JRO(G)	Hermes
Graham, J.T.	RO2(G)	FOSNI	Liockett, K.E.	AB(EW)	Mercury
Gooding, L.A.	CCY	Release	Lye, E.L.	AB(EW)	Mercury/Release
Gregory, D.T.	RS(W)	Release	Lynas, B.	JS(EW)	Andromeda
Gallagher, W.I.	RO2(G)	FO PLYMOUTH	Liddle, J.G.	JRO(T)	CINCFLEET
Hall, W.J.	RS(W)	Dryad	Lounton, K.W.	RO1(G)	Gurkha
Hutchins, R.D.	LRO(T)	Release	Meyerhoff, C.P.	AB(EW)	Dryad
Hughes, S.M.	RO2(G)	Excellent	Martindale, M.H.	JRO(G)	Ark Royal
Harbinson, J.	CRS	Mercury	Mahy, D.	CRS	Mercury
Hoare, L.S.	JRO(G)	Falmouth	Muscroft, K.J.	JRO(G)	Jaguar
Horton, C.J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	McComb,	A/LRO(T)	Mercury
Hussey, M.V.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Molloy, C.	RO2(G)	Matapan
Harris, G.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Mitchell, A.	RO1(W)	Yarmouth
Hardwick, M.A.	AB(EW)	Fife	Murphy, S.D.	JRO(T)	Hermes
Harding, D.	RS	Maidstone	McIlwaine, R.W.	JRO(G)	Blake
Halifax, B.	RS	RNR SUSSEX	Mackin, J.D.	LRO(W)	Antrim
Hudson, K.W.	JRO(T)	Brighton	Moffatt, W.E.	RO2(G)	Mercury
Hartley, A.	RO1(T)	Hermes	Moody, R.N.	AB(EW)	Mercury
Hayden, P.	RO2(G)	Mercury	Miller, B.	A/RO1(G)	Mercury
Hood, G.K.	RO2(T)	Ariadne	Moore, M.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Hulse, T.N.	CCY	Mercury/Release	Morrison, S.A.	JRO(T)	Abdell
Holbrook, R.J.	RO2(T)	Antrim	Mather, K.B.	RO2(G)	Jupiter
Harvey, R.H.	A/RS	9 SIG REGT	Maskell, A.N.	RO2(T)	Mohawk
Holland, D.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Mackay, I.	LRO(W)	Ariadne
Hunt, S.D.	JRO(G)	Sheffield	Millward, S.J.	RO1(G)	Apollo
Holtby, A.H.	RO2(G)	FOST	Moores, S.	RO(T)	Zulu
Howard, A.C.	RO1(T)	Shoulton	Maybe, S.K.	AB(EW)	Brighton
Hall, A.G.	RS	Mercury	Mann, G.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Hamill, J.E.	RO1(W)	Release	Murphy, D.E.D.	A/RS	FO PLYMOUTH
Hanks, M.R.	A/LRO(T)	Alacrity	Moore, E.	LRO(T)	Cambridge
Harrison, K.J.	RO1(W)	Mercury (OXF)	Maclean, H.A.	JRO(G)	Ark Royal
Hayden, P.	RO2(G)	Dolphin	Mcgahey, R.E.	CRS	Mercury
Henderson, D.M.	JRO2(G)	Gurkha	Mould, D.J.	RO2(G)	London
Isaacs, G.	AB(EW)	Mercury	McGovern, M.	RS(S)	Release
James, D.M.	JRO(T)	Lowestoft	Moody, T.	A/LRO(W)	WHITEHALL
Jackson, M.D.	SEW	Ajax	Mahoney, P.S.	RO1(T)	Mercury/Release
Jenkinson, M.L.	RO2(T)	Matapan	Marquis, D.J.	RO1(T)	Jupiter
Johnson, P.	JRO(G)	Danae	Mackie, J.M.	A/LRO(T)	Release
Jackson, K.	RO1(G)	Mercury	McCarthy, E.	FCRS	Mercury
Jones, K.J.	RS	COMIBERLANT	Murphy, D.E.D.	LRO(G)	Heron
James, R.D.	JS(EW)	Norfolk	Mitchell, F.J.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Jones, A.P.	SEW	Phoebe	Morgan, T.G.	UY	Alacrity
Jardine, A.D.	RO2(G)	Leander	McNally, T.M.	A/RS	Dolphin
Jones, R.N.	RS	BRNC DARTMOUTH	Mairs, G.R.	RO2(T)	Mercury
Jackson, P.	RO1(G)	Release	Noxon, P.	CY	Cinfleet
Johnson, P.	RO2(G)	FOSNI	Nelson, B.A.	RS	Mercury
Jago, J.P.	RO2(T)	Hermes	Nunn, B.C.	SEW	Gurkha
Johnson, N.D.	CRS	Release	Nabbs, B.R.	CCY	Fife

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
Nute, R.A.A.	LRO(T)	Lowestoft	Sadler, G.	JRO(G)	CINCNAVHOME
Napier W.	RS	Eskimo	Steddy, D.	JRO	Egeria
Nickson, G.R.	RO1(G)	Alacrity	Spracklin, K.S.	JS(EW)	Jupiter
Nutty, D.L.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	Stewart, J.P.	RO1(W)	Blake
Nolan, A.L.	RO2(G)	Fosni	Sandford, V.	LRO(G)	Norfolk
Norris, A.G.	CRS	Opposum	Sanderson, S.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Nutley, R.J.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Sharp, P.	RO1(T)	Mercury(OXP)
Nash, R.J.	JS(EW)	Juno	Scott, A.L.	JRO(T)	Hermione
Nicholas, D.G.	RS	Comiberlant	Storer, M.L.	SEW	Rothsay
O'Regan, D.M.	LRO(G)	Diego Garcia	Summers G.F.	CY	Hermes
Owen, D.J.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Sanders R.F.	LS(SM)	Oracle
Oliver, M.K.	LS(SM)	Sceptre	Smith, C.D.	RO2(T)	Eskimo
Owens N.A.	RO1(T)	Tiger	Southway, S.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Owen, C.S.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Stevenson, M.J.	CY	Vernon
O'Brien, L.	JRO(G)	Hermes	Stagpool, L.F.W.D.	RO2(G)	Defiance
O'Shea, P.D.	LRO(T)	Abdiel	Smith, S.G.	JRO(G)	Fearless
Ormerod, V.N.	RO1(T)	Mercury(OXP)	Swann, R.	JRO(G)	Fife
Oxtoby, A.P.	RS(SM)	Mercury	Slark, C.	SEW	Falmouth
Oakden, K.R.	LRO(T)	Apollo	Shuker, A.D.	FCRS	Heron
Power, T.A.	SEW	Apollo	Selby, P.A.	RO2(T)	Arrow
Pierre, L.A.	CY	Nubian	Simons, M.J.	RO2(T)	Hermes
Peacock, W.A.	SEW	Antrim	Seaman, P.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Parr, I.	JRO(G)	Seahawk	Sprunt, R.	CRS	Mercury
Powell, J.M.	JRO(T)	Mohawk	Smith, W.R.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Perkins, G.R.	RO2(T)	Cleopatra	Sharratt, D.R.	CY	Mercury
Peeling, D.J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	SMITH, M.J.	LRO(G)	CINCNAVHOME
Percival, M.A.	RO1(G)	Sabre	Smith, D.P.	JRO	Mercury
Pagan, K.W.	JRO(G)	Devonshire	Thomas, D.E.	RO1(W)	Release
Pollard, P.H.A.	JRO(G)	Birmingham	Thorpe, N.	CK	Release
Pimblott, S.C.	RS	Mercury	Tatlock, A.C.	RO2(G)	Mohawk
Page, B.A.	RO2(G)	Fife	Thompson, P.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Pope, M.	AB(EW)	Blake	Tuddenham T.K.C.	RO(SM)	Swiftsure
Plant, L.D.	LRO(G)	Sealion	Thoms, R.E.	JRO	Dolphin
Pirt, D.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Thornton I.	LRO(G)	Dolphin
Purdy, D.	RO1(G)	Dolphin	Taylor, A.J.	JRO	Dolphin
Pennington, K.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Torrance, T.A.	CRS	RNR Wireless/Mercury
Pollock G.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Underhill, A.	JRO(T)	Hermes
Quinlan, D.J.	RO1(G)	RNAS Portland	Vickers, F.R.A.	LRO(G)	Dolphin
Quinnell, K.R.A.	RS	Fife	Van de Wayer, B.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Roberts V.	JRO(T)	Glamorgan	Whisten, D.A.	RO2(T)	Hermes
Ralph, A.	SEW	Mercury	Warner, P.M.	RO2(T)	Hermes
Rose, T.J.	RS(W)	Mercury	White, M.C.	RO1(G)	Mercury/Release
Romain, G.P.	RO2(T)	Euraylus	Woodroffe, K.W.	RO2(T)	Juno
Rider, M.	RO2(T)	Glamorgan	Wharton, A.P.	RO2(G)	CINCFLEET
Rowe, I.	RO2(T)	Kent	Williams, N.C.	RO2(G)	CINCFLEET
Ryan, K.J.	RO2(T)	Ashanti	Williams, K.D.	RO2(G)	Andromeda
Rhodes, R.G.	RO2(G)	Baccante	Williams, R.L.	REMN	Avenger
Ridler, I.J.	LRO(W)	Devonshire	Williams, S.P.	CK	Mercury
Rawcliffe, G.M.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Wilkinson, M.A.	LS(EW)	Mercury/Release
Rose, B.A.	CRS(W)	Mercury	Wilson, P.E.	CRS	Mercury
Ryan, K.	RO1(G)	Ashanti	Wallington, D.K.	LRO(G)	Acchan/Eastlant
Rhodes D.	RO1(G)	Gavington	Walsh, M.A.	LRO(G)	Mercury/Whitehall
Roberts, I.T.	RO1(G)	Neptune	West, J.W.	LMEM	Mercury
Richards, K.E.	RO1(T)	Mercury(OXP)	Williams, A.R.	RO1(W)	Andromeda
Rossi, D.P.	RO2(G)	Mercury(OXP)	Whitehorn, T.J.	LRO(T)	Andromeda
Roberts, R.	CRS(S)	Diego Garcia	Waugh, A.	CY	Zulu
Rickard, C.D.	RO1(T)	Heron	West, P.J.	LRO(G)	Whitehall
Smith, G.	SEW	Diomede	Wilson, G.	LRO(G)	Neptune
Swaine, R.	RS	Fost	White, D.	REM	Jupiter
Sandford, V.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Wodehouse, MSJEC	RO2(T)	Mercury
Saunders, P.S.	LRO(W)	RAF Tangmere	Warren, R.L.	JRO	Dolphin
Smith, G.G.	LRO(G)	Gib. Commcn	Wilson, R.H.	RS	Revenge
Sharp, M.S.	RS	FO PLYMOUTH	Yates, W.E.	CPO CK	Mercury

OBITUARY

The death occurred on November 17 at his home, 85 Cote Green Road, Marple Bridge, of Lieutenant Frederick Ward Cooper, aged 62. He leaves his wife, son and daughter-in-law.

Born in Compstall, Lt. Cooper attended the Compstall Primary School, leaving at 14 to start work with the Post Office at Marple Bridge as telegraph boy, at the same time attending evening classes at New Mills Grammar School. He joined the RN at the age of 16 and was commissioned in 1945.

During the War he was reported missing but in January 1942 was one of a party of survivors who made their way to Capetown.

Lt. Cooper retired in 1959 having completed 30 years service with the RN and having been mentioned in Dispatches.

On retirement he went to the Army Apprentices College at Sandhurst gaining a supervisory position before retiring on health grounds. His total service for the Armed forces was 43 years.

DAUFMAN

TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS TO THE
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