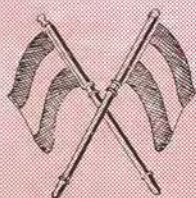


THE COMMUNICATOR

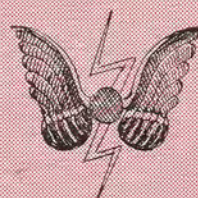


VOL. 14
No. 3

CHRISTMAS
1960



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





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THE COMMUNICATOR

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

CHRISTMAS 1960

VOL. 14. No. 3

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PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"



by courtesy of "The Tatler"

HE WOULD!

"Signal from the First Lord, Sir, wishing us a Happy Christmas!"

by Wing-Commander E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

EDITORIAL

Bankers' Order forms have been included in this issue as it is thought that many will prefer this method of ordering their copies, instead of being reminded each time their subscription runs out. For those who have already paid in advance, forms will be sent with the usual reminders, though there is naturally no objection to paying as before.

Questions have been asked about the layout that is best for contributions, so a word on this would seem appropriate. What your Editor likes, for written material, is double spacing with a one inch margin down each side. This allows room to make the various notations needed to prepare the article for the printer. Communication typewriters should be avoided if possible.

Cartoons should be on white paper in Indian ink. Never use a mapping pen as fine lines may not reproduce. Drawings in pencil have to be redrawn by the Art Editor and as your Editor has had to combine both jobs for this issue, he has not had time to attend to this chore and apologies are made to those who have sent in cartoons, which have not been reproduced for either of the above reasons. Please don't be discouraged as all your efforts are very welcome and we never have enough.

The standard of articles submitted has steadily improved and our thanks go to all contributors, whether volunteers or pressed men, for their efforts. We repeat that an interesting incident, well written with possibly a photograph, is of wider interest than a catalogue of exercises and ports visited.

Keep the good work going as your Magazine needs all the support you can give.

Seasonal greeting to you all and best wishes for 1961.

THE FIFTH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR 1460-1960

by Lt.-Cdr. P. D. Stearns

It probably seems strange to be reading a few words about a famous navigator in a Communications magazine; but the celebrations which were held in Portugal to mark the anniversary of the death of Prince Henry the Navigator, during August last, were

of much interest to those who took part in them.

The highlight of these celebrations was the review on Sunday, 7th August, of ships taking part, by the Presidents of Portugal and Brazil. Thirty-two ships in two long columns steamed close past the Point of Sagres upon which vantage point the Presidents were stationed amidst a dense mass of spectators. As each pair of ships passed the point they manned ship, fired a twenty-one gun salute and cheered.

As the two columns of warships came up to the Point of Sagres a line of seven sailed Training Ships passed in the opposite course to seaward led by the Portuguese *Sagres*. These 'wind ships' made a wonderful spectacle from the time that the pyramids of canvas appeared on the bow until they had fired their salutes and dropped astern. It is most unlikely that many of those who were lucky enough to see this sight will be able to witness its like again.

The force of warships maintained their formation and later on during the afternoon the liner *Vera Cruz* with the Presidents on board approached from astern and steamed between the lines. Once again hands manned and cheered ship as the Presidents passed.

On Monday, 8th August, the ships participating in the celebrations anchored in the Tagus off Lisbon and during the next few days a series of events and entertainments took place which included a March Past, a Gala Bullfight and the unveiling of the newly built Monument of Discoveries.

The R.N. ships present, *Bermuda*, *Wakeful* and *Lynx* sailed from Lisbon a.m. Thursday, 11th August; but before leaving a present of port had been sent on board, which as far as *Bermuda* was concerned, enabled each man on board to take some of this wine home during the subsequent leave period.

It might be of interest to be reminded that in the early summer of 1587 Sir Francis Drake landed by Cape Sagres and took the Castle shortly after he had 'sing'd the King of Spain's Beard'. Drake had, in fact, captured the Castle of Prince Henry the Navigator, which some say was the cradle of all Europe's colonial empires, past, present and to come. He used this conquest for a time as a base from which to harry Spanish shipping in the St. Vincent area.

Prince Henry the Navigator's personality appears to have been that of an ascetic, but the celebrations which marked his fifth centenary can hardly be described as austere.



The sail Training Ships



CAPTAIN W. J. PARKER, O.B.E., D.S.C., ROYAL NAVY

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|------------------------------------|
| 1941 | Qualified in Signals. | 1949 | F.C.O. Mediterranean. |
| 1942 | Flag Lieutenant and S.C.O. to C.S. 18. | 1951 | Signal Division. |
| 1943 | <i>Mercury</i> . | 1952 | <i>Comus</i> in command. |
| 1945 | Flag Lieutenant and S.C.O. to A.C. 11. | 1953 | C.S.O. to F.O. 2 i/c F.E.S. |
| 1945 | Promoted to Lieutenant Commander. | 1954 | Promoted to Captain. |
| 1945 | <i>Tamar</i> . | 1954 | President as D.D.N.R. |
| 1946 | Staff Course. | 1957 | Imperial Defence College. |
| 1947 | <i>Mercury</i> . | 1958 | Senior Naval Officer, West Indies. |
| 1948 | Promoted to Commander. | 1960 | Director of the Signal Division. |

THIS YEAR AT THE RADIO SHOW

by Lt.-Cdr. P. M. Stanford

"As long as you've got the wife properly trained", said the proud young salesman confidentially, "to bring the tea, you can watch it or listen to it all day long and never stir from that chair". This I thought, is technical without tears indeed. And surely at this Radio Show—"the biggest yet" (who, I couldn't help wondering, in this age of progress would dare to stage a show that wasn't, in its line, "the biggest yet")—the technologists have made, in one year, the biggest advances for some time towards the profitable (to them) organisation of your leisure.

The TV set has slimmed and amongst all the features, both technical and decorative, of the new sets, the outstanding one is the short 110" picture tube, which makes the portable telly a reality as opposed to the snare and delusion of previous models, which were about as handy as a Type 612ET. This and the long-awaited "transistor telly", of which two models were on show. A number of sets were fitted with A.P.C.—automatic picture control—by which you avoid having to lean forward and fiddle with the brightness when somebody switches the light on (the wife, for example, bringing that tea). And then of course there was the set of which the salesman was so proud, with fingertip selection available at a remote armchair, with two TV channels or two sound radio (VHF, naturally). Printed circuits were to be seen in many models, and a further feature available in some was complete plug-in units consisting of various circuits identified by a colour code, which facilitates servicing, and enables repair by replacement to be carried out in the home—"without use", said the blurb "of even a soldering iron". This was not intended, however, as an encouragement to the do-it-yourself king, or so I was assured by the solemn representative of a firm who "always advise" that the customer should "consult one of our agents".

The diehards who were selling "steam radio" sets, faced with the problem of attracting the customers' gazes from the hundreds of glittering stands on which shone a continuous stream of "pop" stars from either the B.B.C. or I.T.V. stand, had some interesting things to offer. Transistors these days are, of course, old stuff—however for the first time there appears this year the transistorised VHF/FM set, a little smaller than the others and slightly more expensive. On the subject of transistors, there was an excellent transistor display with a succession of wall-diagrams and an explanation of basic semiconductor principles. This was very well presented, and contained a working model with flashing lights showing how a transistor amplifies.

Nearly all the transistor portables were fitted with a socket for inserting a car aerial. In this connection the G.P.O. display contained a working model showing how such things as car ignition circuits and electric razors, if not properly suppressed, can cause serious interference to the TV picture.

Tape recorders are on the up-and-up. The range of models available was quite remarkable. Prices are moderate, too—and quite clearly it is the intention of the manufacturers that in a very short time the tape recorder should be as much a part of the household's essential furniture as the telly itself. And then we *will* have to be careful what we say. . . .

A complete innovation at the Radio Show was a small prototype radar for the blind. The instrument, held in the hand, projects a narrow beam of high-pitched sound. If the beam strikes an obstruction, pulses are reflected and, mixing with the transmitted sound, produce a change of note which indicates the distance of the obstruction. It is claimed that with experience a blind person can get a fairly good picture of what is around him up to a range of twenty feet. At present the instrument is about the size of a box camera, but the aim is to reduce the production model to the size of an electric torch.

What with the TV sets all flashing toothpaste smiles, and every loudspeaker in the Earls Court, TV and "steam", doing its best to do itself justice, the noise was considerable. It was cloistered calm, however, in comparison with the noise in the piano showroom, where 100 pianos, played by everybody from the infant Winifred Atwell-style prodigy to the less ambitious hammerers of "chopsticks", fought for supremacy.

Here you could buy a bright vermilion baby-grand with a golden pagoda on it, or a cream upright covered in Flopsy Bunnies for the kids, or, if you could pay for them, Clavichords (96 gns.) Virginals (125 gns.) and Spinets (150 gns.).

The Services were all represented, as well as the Police. The R.N. stand presented a mock-up of the bridge of the survey ship *Vidal*, showing much of the electronic gear used in survey work, from depth recorders to range-finders. There was also an example of the D.F. outfit F.U.1, and a RATT broadcast bay which did not appear to be operating. Perhaps the main reason was that there were no Communication personnel in the stand (except the WRNS at their customary task of sending free telegrams to relations and friends in ships at sea): what the people really want to see, one felt, is the bits and pieces going round.

Altogether an interesting show, even if the accent was perhaps too much on the entertainment side—it would have been worthwhile perhaps to see some single side-band or multi-channelling equipment such as has become more and more common in industry. Possibly the only thing the naval Communicator could have got *Mercury* 'X' Section interested in, apart from the jewel-encrusted portable transistor set in black suede studded with 70 real diamonds price 2,000 guineas (plus 3/6d. for the battery), was the non-directional TV aerial for boats—"the picture doesn't fade as the boat alters course". No more horizontal coverage diagram problems. . . .

MAURITIUS W/T STATION

by Lt. A. E. Howell

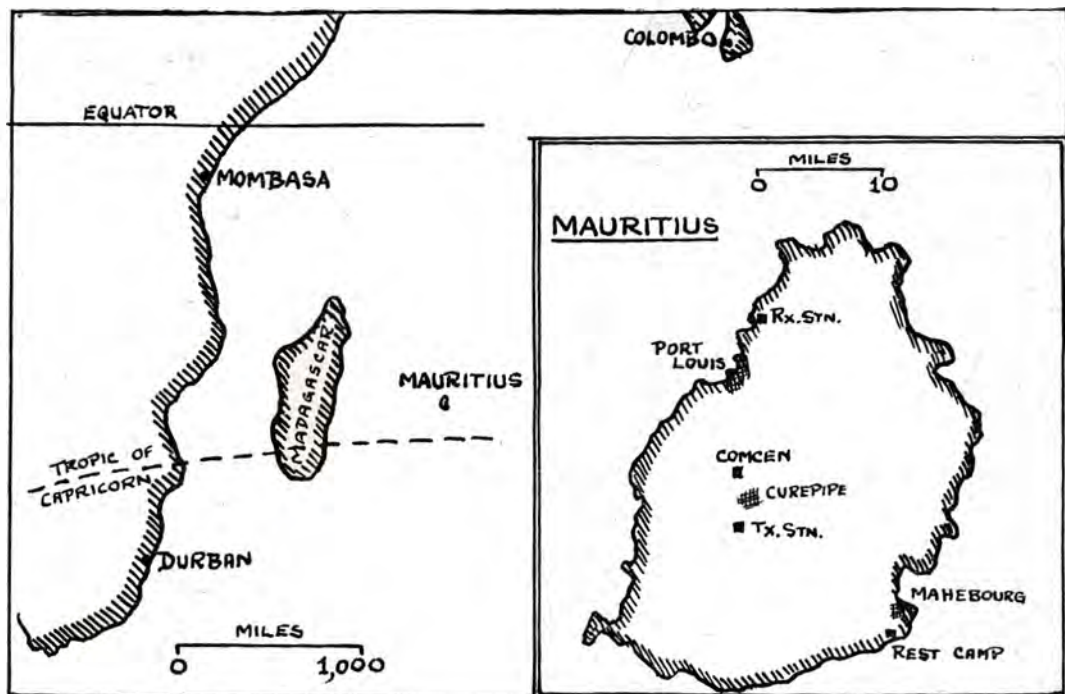
Mauritius W/T Station consists of three separate stations; the Transmitting Station at Bigarra: the Receiving Station at Tombeau Bay, and the Comcen at Vacoas. The latter is of most interest to Communicators because it is here that they will live and work, both married accompanied and single: consequently it is intended to give only a brief description of the other two stations.

Vacoas itself is about thirteen miles south of Port Louis, the capital and about 2,000 feet above sea level. Due to the geographical position of Vacoas the climate has, for the last four months at least, been fairly unpleasant, but we have on odd occasions seen the sun. There are signs that the deluge is ending and the warm weather is expected to set in any day now (beginning of October). During the winter here it gets rather cold and Naval Party 1212 were in blues for about three months. In the evenings cardigans are a necessity. If you are on draft to Mauritius you should keep all your winter woollies and bring them with you.

Vacoas is a small village with lots of Indian and Chinese shops at which you may buy anything. There is a Barclays Bank also with an accommodating manager in case you require a loan to buy a car. It is here that the wives do all their shopping, and, as there is no N.A.A.F.I. they have to pay through the nose. For the benefit of those who will be accompanied, a few words about the cost of living

will not be amiss. Naval Party 1212 have found that the cost of living is very high indeed compared with that in the United Kingdom. We are in receipt of Local Overseas Allowance which is somewhere in the region of a pound a day but we still have great difficulty making our incomes spin out from pay day to pay day. Some of the smaller luxuries which we were able to enjoy in England are out of the question here and we have been unable to save. Imported food costs half as much again as it does in the U.K. Vegetables are cheaper but the variety is poor. Meat is expensive and of fairly doubtful quality. Bread is definitely the world's worst. Fortunately the Station is going to have its own bakery next year, so the majority of the families for the first commission will never taste the local equivalent. Material for dresses, etc., are a little dearer than in the United Kingdom, but ready made or made to measure clothes are expensive. There is, as yet no duty free concession and wines and spirits are pretty much the same as in U.K. Cigarettes are cheaper: fifty Players cost six shillings and sixpence. Second-hand cars are quite a good buy and the prices reasonable but one has to be very careful about what one is buying. It is not customary for Europeans to use the local buses and it is considered that a car is a must for the married accompanied.

Mauritius possesses wonderful beaches and on Sundays there is a general exodus of Europeans to some of the beautiful bays. The Navy are lucky in this respect for they have a private beach and Leave Camp at a place on the south coast of the



island called Le Chaland. Here families may spend their station leave or just go down for the week end or for a day. It has pleasant sleeping accommodation, a bar, and a dining room. The rates are quite reasonable. It is about 20 miles from the Comcen but no doubt there will be a frequent transport service when the R.N. takes over. The nearest good beach to the Comcen area is called Flic en Flac and is only about twelve miles away. This is a pleasant beach but at times it gets overcrowded. About two hundred yards off most of the beaches there is a coral reef which keeps the sharks at bay. Swimming is very pleasant, especially if you have flippers and a mask.

For the remainder of your entertainment you have to rely on either the Navy (and great plans are afoot) or on private entertainment in people's houses. There are plenty of so-called cinemas but they are of the bug hutch type and show only French and Indian films. We have, however a large hall in which we are going to show two films a week. The hall is also available for dances and other social occasions. In addition we have a families' club which was opened on a temporary basis about two months ago. This is proving very popular among the small numbers here at the moment. By next year it will have a full size swimming pool built adjacent to it and the whole thing will be run by the N.A.A.F.I.

Accommodation for the single ratings is in cabins, two to a cabin, and within easy reach of the Comcen and the dining hall. The mess block consists of a dining hall for junior ratings and another for Chief and P.O.s as well as bars and recreation rooms for both. All these are contained in a new building of modern design. The married quarters are built on the station and for ratings there are flats, four to a block. These are also of very modern design and contain every convenience. There are two types, those with three bedrooms and those with two. Approximately 40 of these will be available for naval ratings out of a total of 60, the remainder being for Admiralty civilians, etc. It is expected that about 25% of the flats will have garages. For the benefit of the wives, each rating is entitled to a servant, who can if necessary live in the servants' quarters provided. You lose 3/9 a day of your L.O.A. from the time you employ your servant, and the Navy then looks after their payment.

Children of Primary School age attend the Naval School but for children over this age there are certain difficulties. There are two schools of Grammar School Standard, the Queen Elizabeth College for girls and the Royal College for boys. A good proportion of the lessons are given in French and this sets our children back somewhat. Consequently children attending these schools must have private French lessons. These are given by various local teachers in the evenings and the bills are paid by the Admiralty. If your children have not passed

the eleven plus it is still possible to get them into these schools.

The Comcen is a very large single-storey building, modern and air-conditioned throughout. It is easily the largest and most pleasant Comcen that I have seen anywhere. The layout of equipment has been given the greatest thought and I think it fair to say that the Royal Navy has never had anything like it before. For instance, there are special ship and fixed service rooms, and in these rooms every modern device known to the world of communications is being fitted. One large room is taken up by the STRAD which, I believe, is the largest one fitted anywhere. All reception and transmission is remote and controlled by VHF instead of the conventional cables between stations. The Ship Shore operator can even change over his receiver aerial by remote control.

The receiving station is about 20 miles away and just about at sea level. During the summer this is likely to be very hot but as the building and workshops are air-conditioned this should not worry the watchkeepers. There will be one Radio Operator in each watch at this station. The unpleasant part of this task is having to travel 20 miles there and back to go on watch. There is no living accommodation at either the receiving or transmitting stations and it is not intended that there should be. The living area for all is at Vacoas. The transmitting station is at Bigarra, roughly eight miles away in the opposite direction to the Receiving Station. This will be purely an 'L' empire. It consists of a transmitter hall which is 250 feet long and is really worth seeing. Two of the masts there are 600 feet high. At the time of writing there is a strong team of Marconi men busily fitting transmitters.

The people of Mauritius are made up of French (the minority), so-called French, Creole, Indian, Chinese and a few English. Different categories do not readily mix with each other but all will mix with the English. There is a very strong colour bar here although it is not official policy.

The mail service from U.K. is quite good and letters only take 4 or 5 days by air; although there are only two aircraft a week. Incoming parcels have to go through the local Customs and one usually has to pay something on them.

There is plenty of fishing available here but this is more pleasant if one gets in with one of the locals who owns a boat.

On commission, the station will take over the responsibilities of Ceylon West and will in addition become the major relay station in the Strategic Radio network. All the ship-shore operators will be Mauritians. They have been carefully selected from well over a thousand applicants and have been on course for two months. During this time they have made such progress that the R.N. sparkers will have to look to their laurels. Already some of them can type at over fifty words a minute, their

morse speed is fifteen words a minute, and they have a long time of their course to go yet. There are two classes, one instructed by R.C.I. K. Smith and the other by L.R.O. Lloyd.

Very close to the married quarters is the R.N. Hospital which is staffed by an R.N. Surgeon, an R.N. Obstetrician, and Sisters and Nurses who have already dealt successfully with a number of patients.

Although Naval Party 1212 is roughing it a bit now, by the time the Station commissions it will be a very desirable draft chit indeed. The complement will eventually be about 17 officers and 190 ratings.

The following is a true copy of a letter received in October 1960 from a man who had previously been interviewed for a job as trainee Radio Operator and rejected:

Sir,
 "Since some few months I had taken the greatest interest to reinforce myself in the technical field, for a new desire had burst within me. But alas! That new energy has petered out disappointedly. I do not know what to do and what steps to take. Please help me.

"Sir, in this connection, I shall feel very much grateful if you could kindly do me the favour of brushing my rut out to invigorate me by letting me know whether I am in the waiting list of "Wireless Operators" recruit or not; the fact I was called for a second interview, has inspired me to write you thus, for, my friends who were interviewed on that day had already build their nests there; whereas,

for my part, no answer has reached me yet, Why? I am at a loss to know, Sir, is there anything promising beyond this despair that is burning me night and day? Please out with it.

"Therefore, I hope that you would kindly take my request into consideration and grant it by making me turn a new page.

"With all my anticipated thanks, I close, eagerly awaiting your reply.

Yours, etc."

MERCURY WINS DIVISIONAL FINAL OF THE NAVY CUP

Mercury defeated *Collingwood*, the reigning U.S. League Division I Champions, 2-0 in the Divisional Final of the Navy Cup at the United Services Ground on 15th November. The game was won by determination and fighting team spirit as much as by soccer skill and it would be unfair to single out any one member of the team for special mention. *Collingwood* played excellent football but were not allowed to get into their stride by a keener, fitter side who were cheered to the echo by an enthusiastic crowd of supporters.

Mercury now represent Portsmouth Command in the semi-final for the Navy Cup which may well come back to us after an absence of 10 years. The semi-finals are being played on 18th January and 1st February, so watch out for your Ship's Sports Notices and if you are in the area where *Mercury* are playing, come along and swell the crowd. Support leads to VICTORY.



Back row, left to right: R.S. Hart (Trainer), L.S.A. Bridgewater, P.O. Stretton, L.R.O. Monan, R.S. Wilton, L.R.O. Palethorpe, R.O.3. Brown, Lieut. Coggeshall (Manager).
 Front row: R.O.3. Johnson, L.R.O. Metcalfe, P.O. Lunn, R.O.3. Ferguson, S.B.A. Baker.



FAR EAST

HONG KONG

Whereas we cannot argue with GZP about being the largest foreign shore wireless station we can certainly boast of being the smallest. GZO5 is the sound most frequently emitted from this part of the world, and ship shore is the sole means of our survival and defies our strangulation. We envy GZP's luxury of a bandmaster, also the traffic we hear going to GZP5 and GYL5.

Despite these comparative giants we at GZO invite you, especially those in northern waters, to call us and if you are heard you will find our services are prompt and beyond reproach.

Communicationally, ours is a negative report. However, the future has much to offer and some interesting reports should be forthcoming. Both Tamar and GZO are under constructional changes but we are unable to say at this stage what the changes will entail. The M.S.O./Crypto look forward to the FESPORT visit of the fleet and the increase of work that is expected. Our next report

will tell of any outstanding achievements in the FESPORT programme and will also tell of a similar concentration which I understand will be here for Christmas.

As I have mentioned before, the visits become more frequent and our staff has decreased now to our working quota, R.S.O.W., Killick and one with three L.E.P's in the A.T. room. The M.S.O. and Crypto boast a Yeoman plus one with L.E.P's to carry out the M.S.O. typing duties.

The sporting field offers little as the grounds have only recently opened for the season. We are pleased to report that so far Communicators fill three or four places in each of the *Tamar* sides. Bowls are still the chief sporting-social attraction and through the Summer we saw a sparker take yet another cup. This was R.C.I. Snell who took the highest individual leg in the "Tiger Pairs" competition with a score of 205.

No Comms team is entered for the Gladstone Trophy to be played during the next fortnight as *Tamar* has only been allowed one team. However,



The new R.N. dockyard, Hong Kong. The lines show the recently constructed wall, inside which a new *Tamar* will be built, to the left of the basin. The remainder of the old dockyard will be used for the construction of hotels, living accommodation, offices, and new shopping centre.

there are three Communicators representing *Tamar* and a fourth is the reserve. Followers may remember it was GZO/M.S.O. who wrested this trophy from the fleet last year.

Face changes have been few, C.C.Y. Lampard relieved C.C.Y. Hilton, C.Y. Edge relieved C.Y. Brogan whom we wish well with his course and R.O.2 Smith relieved R.O.2 Froud. After Christmas and by this time next year most of the staff will have repaired to the U.K.

H.M.S. MEON, AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE SQUADRON

A contribution from one of the lesser known units of the Fleet is more than overdue. At least, that is what the S.C.O. hinted to me and here I am taking the hint. "Lesser known" is a term used advisedly, because, since Their Lordships, in their infinite wisdom (sic) changed a nice (accompanied) L.F.S. billet into one of the ever-increasing (unaccompanied) F.S. niches, the name *Meon* appears to have become one of those nasty words. To take sugar entirely off the pill, L.F.S. Malta became F.S. Amphibious Warfare Squadron and don't let anybody fool you, when you get the "chit" you will find yourself based in Aden, under the unified command of British Forces Aden Peninsula, with an Air Marshal as your Commander-in-Chief.

The Squadron is composed of the Leading Ship Headquarters (Small) *Meon*, Landing Ships (Tank) *Dieppe* and *Messina*, Landing Craft (Tank) *Bastion*, *Redoubt* and, very recently, *Parapet*. By the middle of 1961 the birth pangs of the re-organised A.W.S. will be over, when *Dieppe* will have been replaced by *Striker*, and *Anzio* will have made up the number of L.S.T.s to 3. The present working arrangements is that *Meon* and the L.S.T.s are based on Aden and the L.C.T.s on Bahrain.

Our travels thus far make very dull reading; Malta to Aden, Aden to Bahrain and return to Aden via Dubai in the Persian Gulf, where the C.R.S. and C.C.Y. were willing members of the Sheik's luncheon party or "mutton grab", ably supported by the S.C.O. Other Communicators were well to the fore in the football, cricket and water-polo teams, which travelled from Dubai to R.A.F. Shajar, this was the place where the C.C.Y. to his horror, heard one R.A.F. man say to another, "Well, if you had made your signal Priority I would have had it in two days". This to a chap from a station only 50 miles away—pause for thought. We are at present on our way to Mombasa which, from our Aden contact's reports, will more than make up for the dull monotony of life in Aden. *Dieppe* is already there, so perhaps the "ice" is well broken. We return to Aden at the beginning of December in company with *Dieppe* and *Messina*; the latter having joined us from docking in Bombay. A short trip to



(Wanted—one acrobatic, lightweight P.O. for the top leg).

Mukalla and Socotra is planned, followed by Christmas in Aden. Charming thought for you snowbound "Mercurians".

Meon is now officially affiliated to the Royal Corps of Signals. This comes about through the long association of the ship with 601 Signal Troop (Ship) of the Corps. The Troop provide our links with the Army in a landing, as well as providing our "buffer" with valuable working hands, whenever they are embarked. There were no telephone buoys available in Aden until 601 got cracking and did a miniature trans-ocean cable laying job; now, number one buoy is equipped and connected to the Steamer Point exchange. When not embarked, the Troop live in a camp at R.A.F. Khormaksar, which

provides social contacts, so the seagoing "pongoes" are a useful adjunct to our staff and we are proud to be associated, nay, affiliated with them and their old established Corps. I won't say here what the C.R.S. thinks of them, when they pinch one of his broadcast receivers at the wrong propagational moment, there is still a law against obscene publications. The Azure Blue, Dark Green and Navy Blue flag with the "Jimmy" *Mercury* emblazoned upon it, which we fly when entering or leaving harbour with the Troop embarked, is a visible sign of the affiliation.

A bright spot of this draft is that the commission is shortened to 15 months in view of the rigours of service on this station. As we are on a running commission and reliefs will be phased over a 3 month period, the drafting ogre is, even now, busily searching for the following rates to join *Meon* between April and July: 1 C.C.Y., 1 C.Y., 4 L.T.O., 4 T.O., 1 C.R.S., 1 R.S., 4 L.R.O., 4 R.O. and 2 or 3 Juniors for training, on either side. How do you feel?



H.M.S. BELFAST

by L.T.O. Watts

As *Belfast* recommissions on 30th January, 1961 this will be our fourth and final article from the Far East.

At present we are undergoing a three-month refit at Singapore and during this period our Main Signal

Office has been moved ashore into *Terror*. Whilst some of the W/T Department are employed at Kranji, other members of the Communications staff have had periodical trips with some of the station R.F.A.s which have proved very popular one L.T.O. and one L.R.O. even managed to transfer at sea to *Cavalier* of the 8th D.S. and went down to Australia for the second time this year. Others of the staff preferred a quieter leave and went to some of the various leave camps which are spread about Malaya, lower deck leave has, except for the leave camps proved the most popular.

Having been in commission for over 17 months we now only have just under 3 months until our reliefs wend their way out in mid January, and as they have been detailed for sometime now, we are at peace with the world (and Draftie), needless to say, we eagerly await their arrival—a flight home—and the English winter.

Our last article in THE COMMUNICATOR showed *Belfast* in the Indian port of Vishakhapatnam, preparing for exercise "Jet 60", this was followed by our Australian tour which I am very glad to say went very well indeed, and saw the first of the Comms. grippoes going to work, and all the staff thoroughly enjoyed their trip "down under". Visits were paid to Fremantle, Hobart, and Sydney, up through the Great Barrier Reef to Darwin, and from there back to Singapore for exercise "Sealion" (this year's annual full scale S.E.A.T.O. Exercise). On passage to Singapore from Sydney we were in company with the Australian Flagship *Melbourne* plus *Voyager*, *Cavalier* and R.F.A. *Wave Master* carrying out exercises en route.

From Singapore we sailed in company with S.E.A.T.O. Command Forces for Manila and the Philippines for "Sealion". On completion of "Sealion" various units of all forces taking part returned for a weekend in Singapore for Post Exercise Conferences then away again on the Monday morning. Hong Kong (the San Mig Port) was our destination this time for a fleet concentration prior to the visit to Korea, where the Far East Fleet visited Inchon and Chinhae. Then came Japan, that fair flower of the orient, where more resolutions were broken in a day than have been made all commission! One look at those Japanese dolls/dames/ghieshas/babysans, etc. (you got a better word?) and it was duty watch only onboard and "Please Chief may I have a seven beller . . ." We visited Kobe, Tokyo and Sasebo. We liked to think we kept our ends up and lasted the pace although much indebted to that little gremlin P.O.S.B. our saviour. Sasebo was a base port, where American buntings spent all day "chewing the cud", "shooting the breeze," etc., with each other and us if we were caught because once those guys start (hark at me) they'll never let up. On passage back to Hong Kong we took part in more exercises, this time with units of the U.S. 7th Fleet, including U.S.S. *Yorktown*, but had to break off and steam for Okinawa when

our Chinese unofficial barber was taken seriously ill although it produced an occasion for us to test out a real chopper landing on our Quarterdeck, which took place when an American Sikorsky Helicopter from Okinawa Air Base landed to take off the barber. Everything went well, so it was back to Hong Kong and finally Singapore. Here we said farewell to Vice-Admiral Begg, whose flag has flown in *Belfast* since 7th November, 1959, and bade a warm welcome to Rear-Admiral Le Fanu whose flag we had for a short period during "Fotex" and a few days in Hong Kong whilst we were there for our final visit this commission. It is rumoured that we shall not be flagship again until 1961, but are certain that the new commission will do well.

Though the commission is by no means at an end, we find that our active part in the fleet as Communicators is drawing to a close and we would very much like to thank all the ships and shore authorities who have helped us out with stores particularly stationery, which without we should never have been able to cope as Flagship M.S.O.

To all the friends we have made and met in the fleet, the Commonwealth and S.E.A.T.O. ships we say "Good sailing and happy commissions".

We have also seen, since the commencement of our refit, the departure of our S.C.O. (Lt. Cdr. Greig) to U.K. for leave and back to the Far East to Kranji to take over as F.E.W.O. and we wish him every possible success in his new appointment. Whilst on the subject of changes, our A/S.C.O. (Sub.-Lt. McCullough) was promoted to Lieutenant in October, to which we add our sincere congratulations.

We have our paying off pendant (600 feet) ready, but owing to the post refit programme being uncertain, we are at a loss as to when we shall fly it other than the normal last Sunday, but it will always be there for the next commission.

Communications Sport

Although only a small Division compared with others onboard we have acquitted ourselves nobly in nearly all field sports. Soccer of course takes the pride of place with our team holding on to 2nd place in the ship's inter-Divisional soccer league (which by the way has run since we commissioned—we don't play to seasons). Hockey saw Chief Yeoman Lucas selected for the Navy team, a very pleasing honour for us. Mini-hockey under floodlights has now come along and is our latest craze. Water-polo although not so well supported had its stalwart in L.R.O. Bear, who was always after water-polo volunteers . . . Boxing, a not so well patronised sport, but we are proud of L.T.O. Watts who has been an automatic choice for the ship's team. Finally, running, basket ball and cricket have all been participated in by various members of our Herculean Staff—to see them swagger around with bronzed bodies, you'd think they had all been awarded their "Charles Atlas Diplomas . . ."

Naturally we are all waiting for January to come, and we take this opportunity to wish the new commission as happy and busy commission as we have had plus greetings to all other Communicators, home or abroad, on land or sea.

Titbit: Exercise "Fotex"

Junior Seaman on upper deck of *Belfast*, August 1960: "Hi, Hookey, what's this FOTEX mean?"

Leading Seaman: "Oh, it's the New Flag Officer's Training Exercise".

Junior Seaman: "Well I wish he would soon learn his job so that we can pack up and get back to harbour!"

SPORT IN MERCURY

Cricket

The Wardroom won the inter-Divisional Trophy for the third year running, Blake being worthy runners-up after an enjoyable afternoon on the Bat and Ball ground. This was also the scene of our end of season match—a *Mercury* XI v. The Lord's Taverners, on September 12. The *Mercury* side had, as guest players, Lieut. Cdr. G. Tordoff (Somerset), Lieut. Cdr. M. Ainsworth (Worcester) and Colin Inglesby-Mackenzie (Hampshire), who is also an R.N.R. Signal Officer.

The Lord's Taverners lost the toss and fielded (very conveniently for the TV. cameras!) *Mercury* batted well and finished with 240 for 9 wickets, Tordoff having retired with a broken finger.

The Lord's Taverners were not very successful against the bowling of the Ship's openers, Coomber and Gallagher, and at tea their score was 32 for 3. However after the interval, their score so improved by hook, crook and dropped catches, some looked almost deliberate, that they were able to get 241 in the book by the last over. It is whispered that the board was one run behind the book or a tie would have resulted.

However the crowd of over 3,000 thoroughly enjoyed themselves judging by the fact that they threw about £27 into the blanket taken round the boundary by Messrs. Wolf Phillips and Ken Seale.

As a result of the game the National Playing Fields Association will benefit by £500 from the proceeds of a raffle, car-park fees, the collection, and sale of programmes.

Cross Country

In the New Entry Championships, Leopard A team won, R.O. 3. Johnson completing the 3½ miles course in the winning time of 17 minutes. He also won the inter-Divisional Championships by 10 yards from R.O.2. Fuller of Blake Division, whose team were worthy winners of the trophy in a race run in appalling conditions. The ship's team have had varying success but recently they defeated *Dryad* and *Victory* on the Command course, and the Junior team have therefore every prospect of success in the Autumn Championships.

SEA LION AT SATAHIB

by Sub.-Lt. C. F. Bryant

For many, "Sea Lion" was just another exercise in which ships raced from station to station, always at mealtimes, with the roast becoming a pot-mess, but C.R.S. King, Richards, and myself had the rather unique experience of virtually going native in the small Thailand village of Satahib, about 160 miles south of Bangkok.

Our job was to try and teach the Thai wireless operators how to run a hand-operated broadcast, and a ship-shore circuit. Outwardly our results were poor, as the morse was not good, and procedure rather 'unusual' as we had to overcome an enormous language barrier. However, I am sure they learned what is required, and, with some better equipment, supervision and practice they will improve.

Satahib is intended as a Naval base, something on the lines of Portland, and so, first, a little about the Royal Thai Navy. It is a Service controlled virtually by the Army, due to an attempted coup in 1951, so naturally finances are very limited, and to supplement victualling allowance there are several commercial undertakings. For example, near Satahib there is Turtle Island; turtles lay their eggs there, and these are collected by the equivalent of Jack Dusty and used for meals. Similarly the Navy runs the main restaurant and bar in the village, the freezing unit for the fish and in the hills acres of Eucalyptus are farmed. This is all done with the sanction of the Royal Thai Naval Board.

As a Service they have only a few ships operational, but with British and American influence, and American money, they are improving. In fact, they now go to sea! Unfortunately they are terribly overborne with Senior Officers, having something like fifty Flag Officers, and each one has some responsibility. Details of their ships may be found in Jane's, but limitations of equipment made it difficult to communicate with them, and after "Sea Lion" it might be said that at flags and flashing they were quite reasonable, C.W. not so good, and voice, well, if one used A.N.S.B. groups it helped. At this stage I might stress the importance of using A.N.S.B. groups on every possible occasion.

Satahib itself is a picturesque little fishing village nestling inbetween several large hills, and protected to seaward by several small, heavily wooded islands. It has a beautiful beach, over 3 miles of soft white sand, with warm clear waters free of sharks, snakes and holiday crowds. We spent many lovely hours just lying on the edge of the water, letting the waves roll over us, as this was the only way to keep cool in a temperature of 105 degrees plus.

Early in the mornings, on our way to the C.R.R. we watched the fishing fleet unload its catch, huge fish which could only be bought whole for about 4 shillings each, which were packed in ice—made by

the Navy—and put in the buses among the passengers for Bangkok. At lunch time we were able to sit in the Navy's cafe and watch the sea rolling in towards us, bringing with it what little cool breeze there was, and in the evenings we sat on the veranda of our bungalows, and listened to the birds, the roar of the sea and the gay laughter of the village people as they walked along the beach.

There were several attractions in the village. One of these was the market, where there was an abundance of fresh fruit, vegetables and fish, and some rather nice leatherwork. There was also a fair in full swing and here there were games of chance such as throwing cloth balls at old milk tins; also some rather weary looking animals in the small menagerie. There were Thai plays and dances, which were gay colourful affairs, but rather noisy to my English ear; and numerous stalls selling practically anything. Good purchases were Thai silk, which in many places is still hand woven, and the silverware which includes beautiful bowls and chalices.

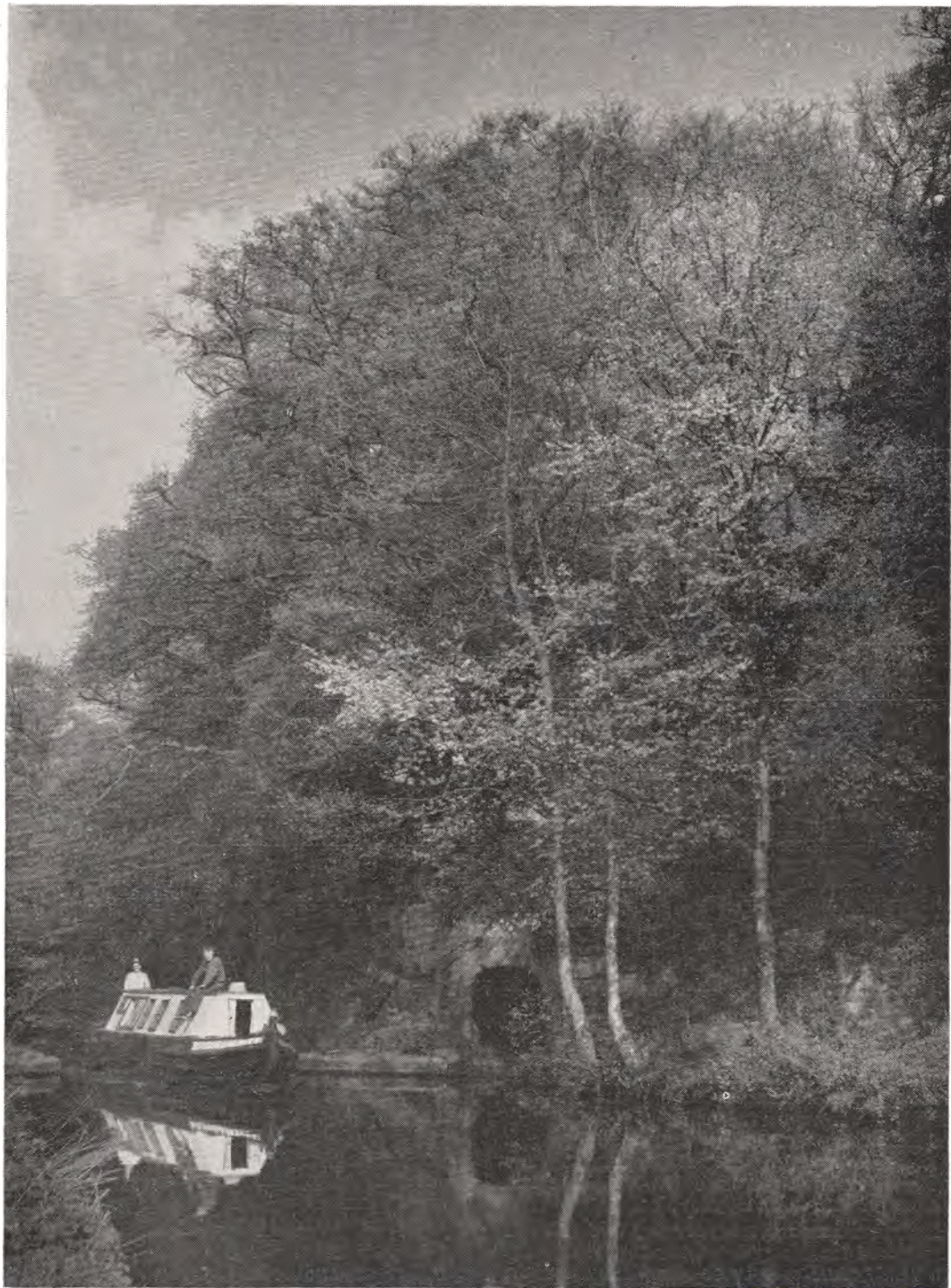
One of the highlights of this festival was the Thai boxing; here every part of the body is a weapon, and it is amazing how much damage an elbow can do to an eye, and the effect of a shin across the solar plexus. The competitors prayed before each bout, and it seemed he whose prayers were most dramatic and longest, won the fight. Needless to say, these young men were extremely fit.

I've talked mainly about the gayer side of life there, but we had to overcome such things as the heat, lack of fresh water, mosquitoes, old and poorly maintained wireless equipment, and trying to teach the Thai operators how to make their call-sign, how often to make it, and that it is rather naughty to switch off the transmitters, and put the receivers on the Thai equivalent of Elvis Presley, when we weren't there. In addition to this the operators had little or no supervision by their own senior rates, and even if they were there, we couldn't make ourselves understood. As a result the bulk of the work fell upon King and Richards who spent long hours in bad conditions battling with these worries.

We lived with the small American unit of U.S.M.A.G. (United States Military Aid Group) and this must be the lowest standard of American living existing, because during the week they lived as frugally as possible, and at week-ends lived rather well in Bangkok. However, they looked after us extremely well and helped us over many hurdles, the most important of these being transport, as they trusted us with their own jeeps.

I would like to thank *Woodbridge Haven* for the many facilities afforded to us, including the offer of baths. We really must have looked scruffy.

PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH



James Brindley on the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal.

DO YOU DRINK?

by Falk

This is it boys, Seetime Without Tears! If you have never voyaged on the canals of Britain as Hornblower once did, believe me, you have never lived. We have reverted to the days of wooden ships and iron men.

Eight innocent bodies set out from Stone (Staffs.) to explore the canal route to Stourport-on-Severn (Worcestershire). Before embarking on the two boats—the *James Brindley* and the *Thomas Telford*—there was a celebration in the local until 1500 after which provisions were loaded aboard (four crates of beer, two bottles of 100% proof Kosher rum, two bottles of whisky, two bottles of gin and various non-alcoholic beverages, mainly for visitors). We then set sail for our next port of call. Minor snags cropped up en route. The *James Brindley* “lost” her reverse gear which entailed calling in the local mechanic who soon had it fixed. The mechanic was then pressed to take a drink, consequently the Kosher rum was broached, and we all agreed that this rum is the nearest approach to neaters obtainable in Civvy Street. The mechanic sailed with us for about four miles doing various repairs until we eventually broke down completely, and the *Thomas Telford* had to tow the *J.B.* to the nearest pub, strictly against canal regulations.

Here we stayed for the night having packed the mechanic off home on the local bus. During the evening it was decided that we should make our own repairs the following forenoon.

At 09.55 repairs were completed.

At the rate of knots (four) we then pressed on to our distant destination, eating up the miles until noon when we discovered that the pubs were open again. In our haste to get alongside only two minor collisions occurred, and only one window was broken. It was then that a system of communication was decided upon.

First of all, a voice net was organised, i.e., shouting from one boat to the other.

Secondly, a modified form of sound signalling was inaugurated, a sort of bargees’ International Code. All letters of the alphabet could be used, the appropriate digits being made by morse on a whistle. “E” indicated a turn to Starboard to approach a pub, while “I” was ditto to Port. “S” indicated that engines were going astern because we had overshot a pub. “B” stuck almost to its proper meaning “Loading petrol or beer (or both)” (usually both). “V” and “W” were left as normal and were often used.

On the voice net, PLRs (pub locating reports) were in frequent use, and a lookout was stationed in the bows of the first boat to give alarm reports when a suitable hostelry hove into sight. The lookout was supplied with a pair of binoculars (12 x 50) and it is surprising how far a “Bass” sign can be seen by a conscientious lookout.

The afternoon and first dog brought no excitement on this day, our second, and by pure luck we managed to tie up alongside a pub at 1930. This was accomplished by various blasts on the whistle, for it must be remembered that both crews had been digging out on the provisions. The pub proved to be rather lively, and closed at the reasonable hour of 2300, quite unofficially of course. All crew members then staggered back to the boats, with the exception of the communicator from the *James Brindley* who was waylaid by some local inhabitants and prevailed upon to sample a crab supper, as well as other amenities. The crab supper soon found its way back into the canal but the other amenities took longer to get rid of.

The third day began with disaster to the canteen boat, the *T.T.* (horrible initials). When moored in an emptying lock, she lay too far back and her rudder caught on the lock sill, leaving her suspended at an acute angle. Happily the rudder was ripped from its pins, so no really serious damage was done, a couple of hours work with a sledge hammer had it back in position of reasonable security. (Note: On arrival back at Stone the boat owner found it hard to agree on this).

By the time the rudder repairs were completed the pubs were open again, so we all retired to the nearest (about 400 yards away) for some well earned refreshment, and to revictual the boats with four crates of beer and necessary fuel, and as an afterthought, some solid food was obtained. By 1530 we were once again on our way, somewhat erratically we must admit, but nevertheless, on our way. It was about this time that we reached one of the most beautiful stretches of the canal, and the weather played up to us. Through rock cuttings, woods and meadows we meandered. The sun shone, a cool breeze blew, the portable radio strummed out popular tunes. There was good food on board, beer, rum, etc., laid on, and two members of each crew could get their heads down for a while. What more could you ask for?

Well, never mind if you’ve thought of something.

By grim determination we sailed for hours without stopping except for locks. Through Kidderminster we swept and on to Stourport arriving there soon after 1800. In good heart we changed into No. 1’s intending to paint the town red. We disembarked in one body and shot into the nearest pub just across the road. It was a good pub.

We shot again at about 2259 accompanied by one drunken off-duty constable, a drunken lock-keeper, and the publican’s wife. She was wise enough not to step aboard either boat, but wished us goodnight and left us to our own devices. Our devices were centred on beer, rum, whisky and gin, plus sandwiches which the cooks had had the foresight to prepare before going ashore.

The party was a fine one. The constable sang the most rude and libellous songs about the police force, the lock keeper told us how he had killed the

largest fish in the canal by ramming it with a horse-drawn barge, this in the days when the canal was a busy commercial waterway. The two crews did their various turns, including an elephant dance which has to be seen to be believed, and all joined vigorously in singing "Maggie May", "Hearts of Oak", "Marching through Georgia", and, as a solo from an ex-Coder, "Butlin's Navy", bringing tears to the eyes of the ex-H.O.s present.

Yes, it was a good party.

But oh! when we woke up! The Commodore (rank obtained through being the hardest drinker present) got us under way at 0930 by the simple expedient of casting off both boats while the crews were still in their respective bunks. With great difficulty we turned round and set off to retrace our course back to Stone.

There is no necessity to tell of the return trip, it would be more or less a repetition. Need I say more?

For the record: Canal cruising boats can be hired from many sources, the best of which are advertised in the booklets published by the British Waterways Commission. These booklets (2/- each) cover practically all the navigable canals and include details of villages, fuelling stations, public houses, shops, telephones, etc., as well as details of locks, maps of the route covered and approximate distances. Boats can be hired for about £15 per week according to season and size of boat required. Boats carry from two to eight or more. Many boats are petrol driven, but diesel propulsion is becoming more favoured.

Canals are not dirty ditches as many people imagine, some of them, in fact, are extremely beautiful. Victualling presents no difficulties providing a little thought is given to it beforehand. The operation of locks is quite simple, and any boat hirer will give instructions to learners. All in all, canal cruising is a first-class holiday, but always have at least two reasonably fit males to handle locks.

WEST INDIES

8th FRIGATE SQUADRON

by R.O.2 Malliff

Let us first introduce four Frigates, with an eight on their funnel. *Troubridge* and *Londonderry*, on the home leg, *Ulster* and *Rothsaw*, on the West Indies leg. Four funnels and not a black top between us. The ships on the West Indies station are under the orders of S.N.O.W.I. and one of the ships wears his broad pendant. The two at home are just two spare frigates.

H.M.S. *Troubridge*

Continuing from the Easter edition, we arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, from Bermuda on a cold and frosty morning in May, to attend the 50th anniversary celebrations of the Royal Canadian Navy. During our stay of five days, most of the Communications Branch accepted the invitation to

visit the R.C.N. Radio Station at Albro Lake. Besides a conducted tour of the station, there was quite a party laid on for us afterwards. It was during this visit that a Canadian sparker asked, "Who makes morse with a hammer fist in *Troubridge*?" Blame junior again I suppose.

On May 21st *Ulster* arrived at Halifax and relieved *Troubridge* of her duties as flagship of S.N.O.W.I. We sailed two days later, on the long, but very much looked forward to passage home. After breaking our journey for a few hours at Ponta del Gada, we arrived at Portsmouth on June 2nd having been on ship broadcast for 364 days 15 minutes.

Our stay in Portsmouth was brief. On 11th June, a families' day was held; relatives and girl friends were taken to sea for the forenoon but the weather was not very kind and the "big eats" were not appreciated by our guests. After disembarking the families, we sailed for Devonport for a refit which was to last a little longer than was at first expected. Devonport was the same as always, it rained most of the time which made swimming through the dockyard a bit of an ordeal. However, we were well taken care of in the Royal Naval Barracks during the period of our refit.

Having had our G.S.C. leave, and the refit completed, we sailed to Portland for a few days trials and came under the eagle eye of F.O.S.T. once more. We were pleased to see Lt. Cdr. Ridley again, our S.C.O. on the West Indies station and now on F.O.S.T.'s staff. It was unanimously agreed that the English Channel in a force 9 is not so inviting as the Caribbean.

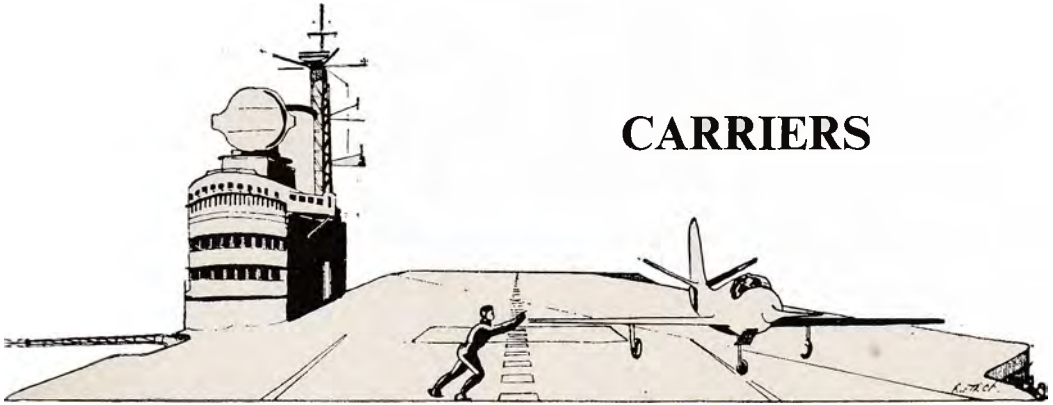
We left Portland to take part in operation "Lime Jug". An operation in which the jug cracked, we lost our limers, and finished up at the Outer Spit buoy Portsmouth, three days ahead of schedule. Nice to see our base port again.

A few weeks at Londonderry will no doubt provide us with plenty of sea time. The whole of November will be spent in that area. We then have two weeks at Portsmouth prior to sailing on 16th December for Icelandic waters, where we shall spend Christmas and the New Year. How lucky can one ship get? It seems that we are not to be allowed to forget "Cod", even on the home station.

After a late Christmas leave, we return to Londonderry, finally returning to Portsmouth on 21st February, to prepare to pay off and recommission on 28th February.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Photos:	Page 101—R. S. Brewster
	Page 109—L.T.O. Watts
Cartoons:	Page 127—A.A.I. Foster
	Pages 129 and 149—L.R.O. Rycroft
	Page 131—Jack Eaton
	Page 155—Wren J. N. Douglas-Reid



CARRIERS

H.M.S. ALBION

Penetrating into the depths of the Far East the name of the good ship *Albion* has been carried to Hong Kong, Korea and Japan; always moving, always flying. When last we wrote to our many readers, the ship had just completed her visit to Japan and was recovering at Singapore, almost in a state of complete exhaustion. Now having partially recovered we would greet all those who are taking an interest in the voyage of *Albion* during her fourth commission.

During the past few months "Expeds" seem to have been in favour with most of the ship's company and the Communications Branch has not been lacking in this respect. On one occasion during our stay at Japan several of the hardier members of the staff were seen leaving the ship equipped for nothing less than an Everest expedition. However, these characters did not proceed much further than the base of Mount Fuji where they were able to set up a base near an American Women's Army Camp. This may have been by chance, but that remains to be seen. Nevertheless, no one can deny that American "compo" rations eaten in the company of one of the fairer sex are far superior to bully beef and biscuits.

It was not long after our return from the Japanese

cruise that *Albion* became Flag Ship of the Far East Fleet, when the staff of F.O.2, Rear-Admiral Le Fanu, arrived onboard. The V/S staff have been very precise in such statements as to the number of Rear-Admiral's flags which have been expended and a letter of commendation is being sent to the chief stoker for the fine effort of his staff at "soot making".

Due to an alteration in the ship's programme it was at this period of the commission that a rather surprised ship's company found themselves once again visiting the Philippines and the seal of Anglo-American relations was taken out of its box once more. This time our visit took us to Subic Bay and being experienced in such matters the Communicators had a very enjoyable time at this American Naval Base. Admittedly carrying out communications exercises during middle and morning watches did not go down too well, but after all everyone needs humouring in one way or another.

Returning to Singapore was becoming almost a habit to *Albion* by this time and on our last trip up to the Naval Base most of our communications staff were looking ahead to the day when we would be coming down river once more and starting our journey towards the setting sun.

During our last stay in Singapore the whole staff were able to meet the members of *Bulwark's* Communications department and as dawn was



breaking one morning the "Albion Tribe" and the "Bulwark Regiment" were seen partaking in a little morning exercise together, in the form of a game of deck hockey (*Albion 2—Bulwark 1*). This sudden desire to play games lasted throughout our stay at Singapore and the departmental football team even went as far as challenging Kranji Wireless Station to a match, this particular game ending in a social evening at the NAAFI.

We cannot take our readers much further on the cruise of the *Albion*. Having left Singapore and crossed the Bay of Bengal the ship has been on a visit to Trincomalee. Anyone who has visited Trincomalee recently will appreciate that there is little enough to do at this great natural harbour. However, the Bridge Wireless Office Staff were under no illusion on this point and in fact were keeping more waves while in Trinco than they were when the ship was at sea.

It is not long now before we are due back in our native country. Meanwhile there are still one of the two exercises to be completed. During the coming weeks *Albion* will be operating with the Pakistan Navy and our base Port for a week or two will be Karachi. Several other allied navies will be taking part in the coming exercises, including the United States Navy and some ships from Iran. When the ship leaves Karachi we will be bound for Mombasa, Aden before at last returning to U.K.

This will probably be the last article from us this commission, as when we return to Portsmouth most of the members of the Branch will be going on their own separate ways. Perhaps in future issues of *THE COMMUNICATOR* we may read an article from *Albion* during her fifth commission, if so, this will indeed cause many memories to return and although such memories may be both happy and sometimes dismal, they will be memories of at least an interesting commission.

H.M.S. BULWARK

by "Nocka"

Since the last edition, a number of interesting and enlightening incidents have occurred. The first came soon after our leaving Singapore for the Gulf; though as it turned out, this was not to be.

Our first call was Mali in the Maldiv Islands where we embarked H.H. the Sultan of the Maldives, and had the privilege of being the first R.N. ship to fly his personal Standard which is one of those rare double flags. With the departure of H.H. we left Colombo and turned our faces Gulfwards. Much to our surprise we found the stokers using the large shovel and the Captain with his foot down hard on the accelerator, this rather displeased the side party, as the recently administered paint now proceeded to disappear astern in large sheets.

Our next call turned out to be Aden, the "green and fertile" market of cameras and transistor radios. Here we embarked a number of Army vehicles and

personnel. The flight deck now resembled a very well packed car park, in fact it was a sight that would have gladdened the heart of any British Legion car park attendant. With this new load added to our 42 Cdo. transport we left for a destination unknown—at least to most of us. The unknown, according to Comanche smoke signals could be anywhere between Mombasa and Capetown; as it turned out it was the former. What was required of us we did not know and still don't for that matter, but without the slightest delay the transport was put ashore and 42 Cdo. were being lifted ashore by 848 Squadron helicopters. At least one U.K. paper got on to this and we hit the headlines with a bang. The effect onboard of these headlines was rather unusual, as by the time we heard of the report in the paper, a number of us had made good friends ashore and were really settling down to the routine of "up homers" and organised coach trips into the Game Reserve. This idyllic existence lasted nearly a month, during which time we met *Loch Insh*; we even managed to do a short exercise with her, which incidentally cost us one motor cutter whilst attempting to return a length of her towing cable. After this episode, and prior to our return to Mombasa, we moved 80 miles north to Malindi and once more put elements of 42 Cdo. ashore, this time from a greater distance off shore. On the completion of this exercise our return to Singapore was in sight. Calling briefly at Aden but missing out Colombo, we arrived here in mid-September ready for a couple of weeks self-maintenance.

Following on from the self-maintenance period we sailed for a further attempt at A/S Operations using helicopters and surface ships. This exercise was conducted in company with H.M.N.Z.S. *Rotoiti*, H.M.A.S. *Vampire*, *Quiberon*, and H.M.S./Ms *Teredo* and *Tactician*, at the conclusion of the brief operation we spent a quiet weekend anchored in Singapore Roads. It was here that we had the undoubted honour of welcoming aboard the 2/2 Gurkha Regiment. Our destination on this trip was North Borneo to provide the Gurkhas with experience of landing from a Commando Carrier. They are fully conversant with the helicopter after 12 years of fighting terrorists in the Malayan jungle, using all forms of transport.

If anyone has ever had their eyes opened it was the Ship's Company during this trip. I don't think anyone has ever met a more cheerful and energetic contingent. They did anything and everything that was asked of them in the same pleasant frame of mind.

Before sailing for this operation our staff was somewhat enlarged by the arrival of one C.R.S., one C.C.Y., one R.S. plus a number of R.O.s and T.O.s from the R.M.N.V.R. for sea experience. I believe we provided them with an insight into Commando Carrier communications, even though we were not required to work at full blast during this exercise.

We now come to a period which, I am sure, will live forever in the minds of those lucky enough to witness it. The Captain gave orders that we should provide a Shore Signal Station whilst at anchor in Usakan Bay, North Borneo. This was duly prepared and under the inspired leadership of R.S. George Armitage, the 'suicide squadron' alias "Armitage Chindits"—L.T.O. Manser, T.O.2 Sherpa Woodhall, T.O.2 Mick Arbon, R.O.2 Mick Bierne and R.O.2 Petrol Can Burgess—hit the beach with instructions to establish a signal position on top of a certain hill. The only snag was that no one had told the Squad just how to get a 612, 622, two Aldis lamps with batteries plus five days' rations, through Borneo jungle and up the side of a 2 in 1 hillside, but to the winner go the laurels. After much hard graft and gallons of perspiration, the squad reached the top carrying sufficient equipment to communicate with the ship. The method of communication was definitely on the shipwreck line, two white "T" shirts lashed to staves cut from the bush, as you can guess the speed of semaphore was not quite standard but nevertheless communication was established, from the hilltop. It might also be worth a mention that the 612 worked. The *Bulwark* 'earthquake party' (exercise) were full of praise for the 'suicide squad' quarters, it seems that these were so lavish that the squad were prepared to spend some Station leave right there in the bush. This however could not be, so the "Chindits" made a tactical withdrawal, only to find that on the run back to the ship the LCA was determined to soak everyone before they arrived alongside.

The remainder of the trip seem quiet after this point except for a few days we spent in the path of hurricane Lola, but thank goodness this undesirable female passed north of us and all we felt was rain—by the bucketful. Lola cost us two days ashore in Manila, but we finally made it for a couple of days. The return to Singapore was made via Uskan Bay and Jesselton, to collect the Gurkhas.

This then brings us up to date save for one major point. Our most recent arrival onboard is F.O.2. F.E.S., who is with us for the Hong Kong run, which to say the least should be enlightening, as the passage is being made under complete electronic silence.

We said farewell to *Albion* whilst at sea; but before sailing a challenge was made and accepted, for deck hockey. The time 0700, the rendezvous the pitch alongside 8 berth in the dockyard. The result, well we lost the game, plus a few inches of skin, but R.S. Joe Starling gained—whilst attempting to dislodge a square yard of concrete and the puck—a rather enlarged somewhat tender big toe on his right foot. Other sport has been rather meagre of late but R.O.2 Macormack and R.O.3 Woodfin have represented the ship at soccer, whilst R.S. Josie Wenn used his willow to great account during our stay in Mombasa. Congratulations to R.O.3 Carr, who climbed Kilimanjaro.

The following is a signal for transmission to "42 Commando Ashore" whilst at Mombasa: For Seagull.

Sunray rear party tied a knot in his handkerchief last night can't remember why. Yr att. invited . . . A.C.P. 121 (C) para. 302.

SEA WAR

by Rear Admiral R. S. Foster-Brown, C.B.

Editor's Note.—The author of this article, who qualified in signals in 1930, has narrated a series on Southern Television during the past three months, devised by Captain J. E. Broome, D.S.C.

I first knew Jackie Broome, the author and deviser of "Sea War", when I did my three years hard in submarines on finishing courses. Later I saw a lot of him in the Western Approaches. When he left the Navy he became Editor of the weekly "Sketch and Bystander", and then got caught up in the film world. He was, among other things, naval adviser for "The Cruel Sea". He always said that when I left the Navy he would have a job for me.

I was not altogether surprised therefore when he approached me last year and asked if I would like to 'narrate' 13 last war battles, which he had persuaded the Rank Organisation to film for television. I said that subject to tests and not finding myself tongue-tied when faced with a barrage of cameras, lights and mikes, I would very much like to have a go.

I did voice and camera tests neither of which were in the least satisfactory to the experts! But nothing would shake the staunch support of Jack Broome—and I got the job.



By permission of Southern Television

Captain Jack Broome with Rear Admiral
Roy Foster-Brown

It was a mammoth task for the Author. For budget reasons the films had to be turned out at the rate of one a fortnight. Broome had to go through thousands of feet of film—British, German and Italian—decide which bits he wanted, have them 'cut' and made up and then write the script. Before ever this was finalised he had to write bits for me 'in vision' since the routine was to film me on Thursday and then for Producer, Author and Narrator to meet the following Friday to view the entire silent film. After this we went through the script in detail in what became known as the "Script Tease" and I was then shut in a silent cabinet to record it. This took place at Denham.

Sound effect, music and commentary were welded on to the film in the Rank Laboratories some weeks later, and I personally have seen only one finished article before transmission on Television.

The Admiralty did everything they could to help and they lent Ranks a large office in Archway Block North. We turned a corner of this into a studio and

here I was filmed once a fortnight. I cannot say it was an ideal studio. Studios are supposed to be sound-proofed. This one was on the fourth floor and its numerous windows looked on to a well the opposite wall of which housed the rooms marked "women" and "men". These seemed to be strangely conducive to whistling and to the clattering of buckets! I cannot tell you how often the reply to "All right for sound?" was "No, sorry severe interference" and often we would go into a repeat. This and the odd 'fluffs' from me—meant a good deal of repeating, which can be very trying and explains maybe why I looked tensed up on occasions.

Have I enjoyed doing it? Yes, I think on the whole I have, though I can't say that I have found it easy. I think to interview or be interviewed on Television is not too difficult in that one can at least be oneself and talk one's own language. But to try to be yourself saying someone else's words learnt by heart and incapable of variation is not the easiest task for an experienced actor—and asking almost too much of a retired Admiral!

PRIZE WINNING CARTOON



"Any spare hands, Buffer?"

HOME STATION



H.M. YACHT BRITANNIA

Since our last contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, which was forwarded from Jamaica during H.R.H. The Princess Royal's tour of the West Indies, we have once again covered more or less the same ground.

On Friday, 6th May, *Britannia* sailed from the Pool of London wearing the personal Standard of H.R.H. The Princess Margaret on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones.

Once in the West Indies everyone enjoyed a long series of Banyan parties interrupted only by the fuelling runs with the R.F.A. *Wave Chief*.

After the honeymoon cruise, we had a brief period of relaxation in Portsmouth before proceeding to Cowes for the Royal Regatta. On this occasion *Britannia* was wearing the personal Standard of H.R.H. Prince Philip, The Duke of Edinburgh. On Wednesday, 3rd August, F.O.F.H. in *Bermuda*, with *Lynx* and *Wakeful* in company passed to seaward of *Britannia* and saluted the standard with 21 guns.

The next commitment of the Royal Yacht was the Royal visit to the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Consequently, we arrived at Cardiff at 0700 on Friday, 5th August, ready for Her Majesty to embark.

The Queen arrived on board at 1145 on the same day and was joined by Their Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales, Princess Anne, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael of Kent.

At 1700 on Saturday 6th, *Britannia* sailed from Cardiff with *Duncan* and *St. David* (R.N.R.) in company to commence the Royal visit.

At 1830, the *St. David* passed up *Britannia*'s starboard side, cheered ship and parted company.

During the next week a mixture of weather was encountered and a concert was held on board which the Royal party graciously patronised. Yeoman Chambers delighted the audience by playing the part of a young American lady who was trying to take the mickey out of a Guardsman on duty outside Buckingham Palace.

The Royal Squadron arrived off Aberdeen at 0600 on Saturday, 13th August and H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip disembarked at 1000.

Duncan was released from Royal escort duties, being helped on her way by "Bravo Xray".

Britannia arrived back at Portsmouth on Monday, 15th August and the ocean complement left us on the 17th October prior to the refit commencing.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them most sincerely for the hard work and help that they have given us during the last ten months.

H.M.S. ADAMANT AND THE
THIRD SUBMARINE
SQUADRON

At the time of writing the Squadron activities are running true to form. Since the last article we have greeted many new faces in the department. Shortly we will be welcoming new boats to the Squadron. We also wish to say au revoir to the 'A' boats who are joining S/M 2 in Plymouth.

Most of our juniors will soon be leaving us for some real sea time; we only hope that our successors will be grateful for the hard graft we have put in. No doubt their vacancies will soon be filled by Shotley; any newcomers will be greeted by an old face—C.R.S. Chapman ex-*Ganges* relieved C.R.S. O'Connell who is now in the midst of an E.V.T. course.

Our annual cruise was spent at Lisbon. *Adamant* with *Rorqual*, *Alliance* and *Thule* in company arrived Lisbon on 13th June. Leave during the stay was very agreeable, work until 1030 and then make and mend with leave—a thing much regretted by some participants. After a few days of this routine plus watchkeeping our younger (?) members took on the appearance of zombies. The weather was extremely hot, more so when you consider our normal climate. One swimming party in particular will remember the results of drinking a few bottles of local brandy and falling asleep in the midday sun. Many of us were still peeling two weeks after our return. The skiffle group entertained the local señoritas one afternoon but were saddened to see Mamas and Papas closely chaperoning the apples of their eyes.

Vanguard arrived at the breakers next door during Summer leave. Through various contacts permission was obtained to visit her. 'Rabbits' not being the word, it took a 7-ton lorry to remove the spoils, the majority of which are being used to modernise the Shore M.S.O.

The Shore M.S.O. (S.O.S./M Clyde) is having a complete D2. On completion there will be three

main compartments consisting of M.S.O. M.W.O./T.Ps, C.Y.O./T.R. and E.W.C. Three 53-ft. Aphis masts have been obtained for receiving aerials and three whips—ex-*Vanguard*—for transmitters. Our eventual aims are a completely self-contained efficient communications centre for S.O.S./M. Clyde in *Adamant's* absence.

In *Adamant* a 57 and an 89 have been modified for FSK working with Pitreavie and on Ship Shore. This has proved a worthwhile venture and greatly assists in clearing the vast amount of administrative traffic when *Adamant* is at sea. Whips are in the process of being fitted.

Prior to "Fallex", *Adamant* paid a short visit to Oban for the Highland Games. *Adamant's* contribution to the games was a tug-of-war and a soccer team; the tug-of-war team lost to the brawny Scots and the soccer team drew in two of four games. During "Fallex" the sparkers were kept very busy and the buntings carried on at a steady pace. On completion *Adamant* paid a very pleasant visit to Portsmouth and gave the locals a chance of a mid-week weekend.

A Squadron Communications dance was held in October at a local hotel. Thanks to the committee it turned out to be a very good social evening. In response to many requests another has been arranged for the end of November.

Among the visiting ships the more prominent in our memories are R.D.N.S. *Aegir*, U.S.S. *Archerfish*, *Fulton*, *Scorpion*, and *Skipjack*. The *Aegir* being the cause of many 'mornings after' amongst the older members of the staff. Overferrik Poul Tomassen (C.C.Y.) may be remembered from his stay in *Mercury* whilst on a V.S.I. course.

GM30AE is at last active and at present there are

15 members in the club. Should we be heard radiating CQs we would welcome a shout from G3BZU or any other naval amateur. Having consumed nearly 300 QSL cards in three weeks it is obvious that we are active seven days a week. Our present aim is 'WAS' having worked 22 states to date. Anybody wishing to QSO just drop the Ham Club Secretary a line and we'll be only too pleased to work you. GM3LVG is a real glutton for punishment, as if R.N.R. exercises are not enough he regularly QSOs on 40 metres as well. R.N.S. exercises are well underway, and we have some good exercises with Dundee, Aberdeen and Glasgow divisions.

Sports have been enjoyed by most during the Summer, there are still the few hardy men partaking of hockey and soccer. A certain Yeoman played a 15-minute each way, 7-aside game for S.O.S./M Clyde and has been wandering around with his right arm in plaster ever since. By the time this article is published we shall be wearing snow shoes or ice skates.

H.M.S. SEA EAGLE

Our last article, in the Summer edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, was written jointly by Lieut. Cdr. Cremer and Sub. Lieut. Briggs as they couldn't talk a volunteer from the staff into doing so; but as we do not want to see them taxing their energies again, "Pots" has decided to have a go.

To begin with, what actually goes on at the "foreign station?" The wireless office in X.M.H.Q. is manned, or should I say "ladies", by Wrens, but there are some males to help out. As you can see from the photograph of the staff, only the good looking ones are sent here.



Our last article told of our equipment but the actual work comes in spasms. During large exercises and when courses come to the Joint A/S School the staff are in three watches; but there are times when 'Derry is forgotten by the Admiralty and then the staff just about ticks along. I think I can say that for the majority we would rather have plenty to do than sit around with crosswords and knitting.

Now getting back to the more delightful side of the staff, the Wrens. We have a flourishing market for marriages and engagements as no doubt the reader can imagine. At least six interpart marriages are taking place somewhere in the future or as far as one can tell. I had thought of listing them but on second thoughts I had better not; one never knows what might happen if the names were unexpectedly seen in this Magazine. With all this intermarrying in the Branch some of us wonder if our C.R.S. or C.C.Y., two very confirmed bachelors, will ever be ensnared, but by the time this article comes to press we will have said goodbye to C.C.Y. Bell, out to civvy street, and welcomed C.C.Y. Wilcox.

As for the (S) Branch, we have L.R.O. Clements leading a competent crew and no doubt doing a very good job of work—but we sometimes wonder what goes on behind the locked door of their office! Unfortunately, they are so secretive that they are not on view in our photograph, which is of the staff in X.M.H.Q. only.

Working in the Joint Anti-Submarine Trainer, but hauled into the X.M.H.Q. for major exercises, we have four other Communicators, C.Y. Johnstone, R.S. Blackwood and Clarke and L.T.O. Harris. Don't ask them anything about communications, but if you want good demolition workers here are the boys. Recently, they have stripped down one complete and never-used J.A.S.S. Trainer.

As regards the Tactical side of the department our numbers are few, our staff in X.M.H.Q. consisting of 1 C.C.Y., 1 L.T.O., 1 T.O.2 and 1 Wren Communicator. Our sole purpose is crypto and although it is usually quiet, during exercises we are stretched to our limits and sometimes beyond. Senior Officer Submarines also has his own Staff Yeoman (don't mention fleetwork) who is a hardened submariner, and as mentioned above, Joint A/S Trainer has a staff of 1 C.Y. and 1 L.T.O., the latter spending his days on the "high seas" in *Rocker*.

In the sporting field we are certainly holding our own. Only recently the Communicators finished second in the inter-part cross country and we have representatives in the Londonderry Services soccer and rugby teams.

To end with a very "Irish" story. We maintain a constant watch on what is called the "Police Net". This is a V.H.F. circuit, with *Sea Eagle* as control, the "out" stations being manned by security patrols at R.N. establishments around 'Derry and the

Ulster Constabulary. A certain policeman on being asked, "How do you hear me" (not quite *Mercury* of course) came back with a real Irish reply, "Clear but indistinct".

H.M.S. GAMBIA

This will be the final edition of our articles in your favourite Magazine. This ship pays off during December—and then, who knows? The buzzes are too numerous regarding the ship's future. The obvious answer is unprintable. So here we go with bringing the readers and stanchions (there must surely be some) up to date with our hard and tedious life in *Gambia*.

We left our readers, on the way back from our foreign leg of a far fetched (reaching) G.S.C. The ship arrived in Portsmouth on July 4th and gave 20 days leave to each watch. We must hold the all-time record for undressing and dressing ship that day. The sequence was: Dress ship, undress ship, dress, dress ship, off ashore and undress . . . ! We were met at Fountain Lake Jetty by a Royal Marine band, harrassed wives and sweethearts, naval tailors, husbands with shotguns, screaming children and somewhere in the crowd there must have been a berthing party and some form of official reception.

Here we lost Yeoman Smith who had already been measured for a bowler hat, and welcomed with open arms, Yeoman Stockwell. He had been away for a two-and-a-half year rest cure before joining, with a N.A.T.O. health resort in Norway.

Leave over we sailed for 'Guzz', just for short weekend to try the scrumpy, and then a slow tour of the Western Islands on our way to Rosyth. In one loch, communications were established with a naval Captain on leave who used wig-wag (remember it?) using a book in lieu of handflags and his caravan as a background. *Gambia* on the ball answered with a ten-inch, no book nor caravan being handy. Before arriving at Rosyth we met other units of the Home Fleet for a short weapon training period.

At Rosyth we embarked the Flag and staff of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Madden and Yeoman Macgilvery then off to "Fallex" and exercises which apart from the usual ups and downs and hashings and rehashings was enjoyed by all. Heard in the vicinity of the Flagdeck:

Flagdeck/Bridge. Have you cleared that signal to *Battleaxe*?

Flagdeck. Affirmative.

Flagdeck/Bridge. Have you cleared that signal to *Battleaxe*? (Voice is now angry).

Flagdeck. I say again, Affirmative.

Bridge. Well get rid of it then!

From "Fallex" we acted as hosts to the U.S.S. *Shangri-La* and U.S.S. *Mitscher* and countless young ladies of questionable repute who all seemed to be on holiday from London. On sailing, the Americans signalled "We shall not be divided". Quite right, as

long as we have grog and they the bigeats. We are a very well fed host ship.

After Southampton came Exercise "Rum Tub". Heard during the exercise on Screen Primary after Screen Commander asked for a Radio Check (S.C.O.s hate words).

12 R 14 R 20 R 45 R

Voice from the deep. "One line correct".

An incident occurred during fuelling in the exercise which must have provided the first occasion that a warship lost its White Ensign to an R.F.A. *Wave Chief's* gyro went and her after jib struck our mainmast taking the White Ensign and various aerials. Much to our amazement jury UHF aerials really do work.

Back to Devonport to have the damage repaired and for F.O.H. to leave for his new appointment as C-in-C. Plymouth. Note for future flagship yeoman. Staff Yeoman should not stand in Oggie queues with ship's Yeoman.

At going to press, we are en-route to Rosyth again for a short self maintenance period and "Glam Gam Final" prior to our visits to Hamburg, Rotterdam and Liverpool. At Liverpool we shall pay our respects to Huddersfield, the town which adopted the ship during the war. Then back to Pompey to pay off. I wonder if the paying off pendant will behave this time.

The commission has been for all a very pleasant and varied one, there have been the periods of intense work but the play has not been lacking. The Communication soccer team has been beaten only once, and then by Kranji in a return match. They took advantage of a time when we were suffering from Singapore Tiger. For facts and figures of the commission we have a nice line in ship's magazines—price 5/- each, any takers? Drafts are rolling in each day but so far none for the staff. So to the place on the hill and Communicators everywhere, we say, "We may drop in any time to see you".

WHITEHALL WIRELESS

by Lieut. W. D. Newman

Once again a little note from the Editor reminds us that the closing date for contributions fast approaches, and we rack our brains here in the heart of the Empire—sorry—Commonwealth, for vital gems of information to pass on to the waiting Communications world.

As foreshadowed in our last contribution, Tape Relay is here with a vengeance. Since its introduction in August we have passed more signals, and lost more friends, than ever before. This entirely new concept, organisation, headache for Communicators—call it what you will—brought such an avalanche of traffic that a certain distinguished communications officer was heard to remark that he had never seen so many signals pile up, even in Whitehall in wartime. In the end we had reluctantly

to impose certain conditions to spread the load a bit, and in so doing have had to thrust more work on the smaller stations, for which we apologise. However the staff here, both male and female are now coping manfully (and womanfully?) with the situation, and we hear a team of Work Study experts are to investigate the running of the Tape Relay Centre, needless to say we wish them the best of luck, since the other beast we kept in the cellar, STRAD, also comes into the reckoning.

Next usual item. Ah yes, Exercises! They come and go, bringing the usual problems. Minimize or no minimize the traffic builds up before and after, as well as during, the actual exercise. Here we must pay a small tribute to the lads of the Home Exercise Pool who visit us from time to time to help in the periods when we need them most. Since the closing of R.N.B. Chatham we have had several of these nomads based here, and their help between exercises has been appreciable. We like to feel that members of the H.X.P. who pass through our system leave here able to tackle most jobs they may be sent on, since they can cover all sides of the communications story from here—A.T., Fixed Services, or Ship Broadcasts. A new departure for Whitehall Wireless was the loan of one complete watch to our neighbours at Northwood for the few weeks over Fallex. We understand they settled down well and spread the methods of Whitehall Wireless through this new Comcen.

Comings and goings? Well, the changes of staff here are so numerous we have sometimes been mistaken for the adjacent Charing Cross Station, hence a list of names is impossible. Let it suffice to say that with our Destroyer complement—nearly all Communicators—we have had what amounts to a one hundred per cent turnover of staff during the first nine months of this year, quite apart from being able to run a Marriages, Births and Retirements column to rival that of the *Daily Telegraph*. Our last article suggested that a draft here for most ratings would only mean a few months stay in London, but efforts are being made, and C.N.D. is nobly co-operating to ensure a slightly longer stay in the great metropolis. This measure, apart we hope from increasing the efficiency of the station, will also assist in such items as married hirings, etc. Sport? Constant watchkeeping and lack of nearby grounds has somewhat handicapped our sporting activities though the soccer team is doing well at the moment. In other fields of recreation, dances, visits to the theatre and a Children's Home Treat to Brighton all filled a place, and it is hoped to get together enough cash plus actors, actresses, producers and so forth to enter again for the Naval Drama Festival.

In conclusion, as we prepare to take the strain of the annual Christmas rush, may we send seasons greetings to all Communicators everywhere—even those few who have never graced Whitehall Wireless with their presence.

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE



Official photograph

H.M.S. Lion entering Portsmouth for the first time in August 1960

H.M.S. LION

Concordant Nomine Facta

One often wonders what sort of article is really required for a Magazine such as THE COMMUNICATOR. In its strictest sense this Magazine is intended to contain chronicles sent in by ships and establishments complemented with Communication ratings. Recently we have been pleased to notice the inclusion of competitive articles, and such efforts have considerably relieved the sometimes boring reading of the personal movements and laudatory comments submitted as items of interest to a rapidly changing, more modernistic-thinking communicator public.

We, your humble servants, do not pretend to possess the capabilities of an Ivor Brown, but we thought the idea of changing the style of writing and its content might be a worthy subject for discussion, or constructive thought.

Being the intelligentsia of the Service, and therefore keen readers, you will all have no doubt read about the unfortunate series of mechanical failures which have bedevilled *Lion* since she commissioned last July. Newspaper items are at times apt to be misleading, and in their extravagance of vague detail confuse and distort the true facts. Admiralty issued a statement to convey adequately the extent of our problems, and indeed this statement was given a full coverage in all leading daily newspapers. We would like to add that *Lion* still has a very healthy roar, and in particular the Communicators are just as happy and the morale just as high as the Royal Navy has come to expect from our versatile Branch.

To testify to the contentedness and alertness of mind, we could for instance mention the kitmusters carried out recently. It really was a sad business for some unfortunates, but with honesty we must have collected some of the most ingenious, most witty, impossible, hilarious, remarkable explanations and excuses that the normally chaotic mind of a minus-kit-man-at-bay can produce, for the variety and sheer scope in terms of reasons, must be quite

unequaled. To some a kitmuster was a bearable necessity, to others it provoked a fear as real as the prospect of a keel-hauling.

Communal duties need a mention in this article, if only to make observation about their particular effect on the trainee member of our staff. We all realised the necessity to amalgamate in the essential domestic duties of a large warship, but what is not so acceptable is the lack of professional accomplishment during the compulsory three month period. During this time the rating is almost totally removed from his communications environment. The practical results obtained during such a period, fully justify the anxiety engendered by lack of practice, which the ratings involved are prone to develop. It is realised that a great deal of research, after similar complaints from *Tiger*, were instituted before this commission, in order to produce a better system of control over communication ratings by Staff authorities and instructors, but it has to be accepted that very little practical difference in approach and availability of ratings has been achieved, at least not until a recent change in duties unwittingly assisted us. A few astute brains got together and deduced that if we could employ our own ratings as M.S.O. messengers and in the telephone exchange as operators, which are considered communal duties, then those so employed are reintroduced into our departmental circle again, and can easily be collected for instruction or practical exercises. It is a pity brains are not our exclusive property.

We would like to write about our progress on the sports field, but in spite of the enthusiasm shown, and a considerable amount of effort produced by the more ancient members of the staff, the results could hardly be classified as exalted. Perhaps a little pressure and persuasion in the appropriate, reluctant pink ears might produce a more energetic display next year. Undoubtedly, our major qualification for physical glory exists in the field of the

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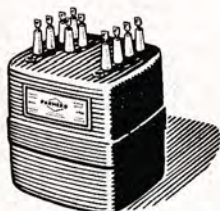
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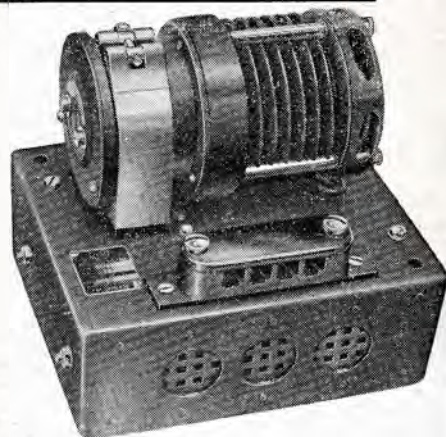
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Exped. A unique, and to some portable bearers, exhausting expedition was organised recently to imbue the younger members of the staff with a sense of initiative and adventure, and to possibly test their rock-an-roll type endurance in a timed battle against nature's damper elements. We aboard, cosily watching the warm grin of our B40s and contemplating stand easy tea, took wagers as to the possibility or hope of losing some members en route. Alas, they all returned, wet, weary, but quite undaunted. Undoubtedly, the behaviour of a *Lion*.

A young fiddle-fingered fellow of the Radio Electrical Branch insists that we mention the good work carried out on our new equipment in the past four months, so under the threat of extinction by electrical means, we now comply. No doubt you are all aware of the numerous routines, supported by masses of multi-ticked maintenance schedule cards, and multitudes of bodies humping around vast loads of test gear that we are told are a necessary part of our life these days. It seems that having saturated the technical workers with almost hourly routines, those in authority were obliged to shower, with benevolent utterances of course, the hard-working Radio Supervisors, with piles of User Maintenance Cards, so increasing yet another societies ulcer production rate. How happy we all were to share such a responsibility with our technically-minded friends. However, having regard to possible recriminations, we hastily add that everything works, or nearly.

Lion is now involved in a 12 to 14 week repair period, so to avoid the customary loafing and instructional problem the majority of the staff are being dispersed to various establishments to enjoy and gain knowledge from their experiences and usual activities. Some ratings have been sent to Eastney Barracks, and some to foster radio communication diplomatic relations with charming Wrens at Portsmouth W/T. How lucky can you get?

Finally, in our normal courteous manner we would like to translate the motto which heads this article, in the hope that at least some of you were curious, or maybe just literate enough to wonder at its meaning. The motto means, "The facts agree with the name" and for all *Lions* so they do. Watch out for our next article, it will be worthy of a *Lion*.

H.M.S. MALCOLM

by "Saltfish"

Malcolm once again on the scene with many more rev's added to the rev' counter since our last entry, and almost a complete change of staff. R. S. Carter now enjoys a blissful existence in the quiet halls of *Mercury* while his relief, R. S. Lomas of Gib. fame, is settling nicely into the old Arctic rut with the jobs of Mess President and i/c S.R.E. thrown in to break the monotony. Earlier in the year two of the staff decided to get married and alas found them-

selves with drafts to far off places—surely a warning to today's youth. Take note of those detailed for *Malcolm*.

A rather busy week was spent in the company of the Portland Squadron at the end of July followed by a welcome week-end in Pompey before heading back to P.E. to clean up and prepare for the Freedom of Grimsby visit. This was the Fish Squadron's highlight of the year and can be summed up in the words of L.T.O. Scudder "Never was so much free beer consumed by so many in so short a time". Grimsby certainly did us proud. A sight that would have gladdened the heart of our *Mercury* G.I. was of Chief Glendenning of the *Duncan* with shoot-stick at the slope proudly leading his contingent through the streets. One member of the staff, no names no Yeoman, has even gone native, and for a few others in the squadron—all roads lead to Grimsby. In Yeo's case it was a walking tour of England via Norwich Hospital. A fine place is Grimsby for invalids!

Dublin followed and much Guinness was quaffed with great gusto. The locals were very friendly indeed and went out of their way to show us the old Irish hospitality which is no fairy tale. The ship's motto is that the sun performs a medical miracle and it is sufficient to quote Captain Fish—"Well done *Malcolm*, you lived up to your motto to the letter".

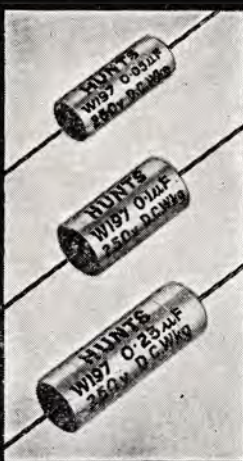
Back on the patrol again after the delight of both



"No thanks, my friend and I don't go out with sailors".

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places seemed like being banished to Siberia but the trawlers soon had us in business. Aid from radar to engines, and bodies to screws, was gladly given at all times. This allowed us to yaffle our cod and halibut in the knowledge that it was well earned. One of the trawlers was overheard to say to another on haven net, "Go to the *Malcolm*—you can depend on them!" We of course, hasten to agree with them. (Volunteers for draft form on orderly queue outside the Executive Office!) After spending over six hours in the company of the T.A.S.I. and a Leading Seaman, sawing a mass of twisted wire from the screw of the Hull trawler *Stella Procyon*, the Yeoman (a shivering block of ice) was heard to remark; "The water is bloody cold". This must be the understatement of the year for this part of the world.

"Rumtub II" came on us with a bang and a lot was learned from it. Both branches were kept busy but for the tactical side it was almost a case of watch on-stop on, more so when flags, lights and voice were used simultaneously.

Draffie take note! The sight of the A/S jobs whipping in and out of the convoy at top speed would settle a lot of the Recruiter's worries if he put it on film and gave it at full dist. Pots and his crew were sighted at various times frantically trying to stuff the escaping T/P paper back into the office. Note to New York:—"Paper supplied on request for ticker-tape welcomes, ready cut".

Now with us alongside at Port Edgar (a sight that's not normally seen, due to *Duncan* and rusty *Russell* always being there!) our inspection looms ahead. So amidst the scene of paint, bluebell and brushes we wish a big welcome to reliefs. The pride of the Fish Squadron awaits you. (You lucky people!)

H.M.S. TYNE

It has been quite a while since we last submitted an article for the Branch's Magazine, and this we all regret.

Tyne has played many roles in the past and now we are playing yet another one. We have taken over as Destroyer and Frigate Maintenance Ship, which leaves us in the happy position of keeping the remainder of the fleet at sea. This role means of course, that we have lost the Second Submarine Squadron, a loss which we much regret, as a friendly liaison had been built up.

After last Christmas leave period, we sailed with the rest of the fleet, for the Spring Cruise and although for several weeks, the staff were over-worked, all did their best and everything seemed to work out smoothly. It was after this series of exercises, that the Agadir tragedy arose, and we were sent down, loaded with stores to assist where possible. A shore wireless link was established on the local airfield, using the 612, with the Union Flag being flown proudly from the whip aerial. After having to lug the set ashore, there are still some J.R.O.s who are not entirely convinced that the set is indeed a transportable. Having done

all that was possible within our scope, we returned to Portsmouth and a three month refit and maintenance period.

During this period, the Comcen was always a hive of activity, with the banging of typewriters, continual ringing of phones, clattering of teleprinter machines and rattle of cups all day long. Both Yeomen and Radio Supervisors were employed as Supervisors, and we don't think the Wireless Staff lost too many signals.

The departure of C.R.S. Sullivan, who has at last hung up his earphones and gone into retirement, was regretted, but C.R.S. Lane has fallen into the breach temporarily. With the staff of F.O.F.H. coming and going all the while, the R.F.A. Pool chaps doing all sorts of odd spells away and occasionally calling in to see us, the loss of many of C. in C. Home Fleet (Admin.)'s staff, plus the invasion of ten or eleven J.R.O.s for sea training, C.R.S. Lane's lot was not to be envied.

Our stay alongside the wall had to come to an end and we all had to try and adjust ourselves to life at sea again. We didn't have long to do this though, for almost straight away, we were engaged in a Weapon's Training Period. With two "IN" broadcasts, our own "OUT" broadcast and of course the usual Voice and C.W. circuits to be manned, life at times got rather hectic. The Juniors, who had to be brought into the watches did very well considering they had only recently completed training, and we will make R.O.s of them yet, even, it is hoped, the brilliant Junior who when told to listen out for a ship on Voice and C.W., plugged in two pairs of earphones and wanted to know where to put the second pair. He was told.

The Fleet then called into Rosyth, where the Fleet canteen did a roaring trade and many of the late Pompey natives, caught the first available train south on the Friday and the last possible one back on Sunday night.

Exercise "Cooltime" was our main contribution to FALLEX, our job being to transport an assault brigade from 41 Commando to Norway, escorted by a Dutch cruiser and an American destroyer.



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The Commandos were made as comfortable as possible, but it is difficult to try and accommodate 600 Royals, even in a ship of this size. In the bad weather, the well deck hardly made the best of dining-rooms, but there were no complaints. Early one morning under the cover of darkness (and rain), we closed the beach and the commando's slid away into the dark, determined to reach their objectives: the attack was on. We moved out and made for one of the many fjords, where we took on another role, that of a Submarine Depot Ship, a role that we are well used to. Being at anchor, it seemed an ideal opportunity to land Sherpa parties and judging from the weird and wonderful rigs some of them went ashore in, we wouldn't wonder if the locals thought that this was another invasion.

Last on the list of recent exercises, were two smaller scale exercises, conducted by S.N.O.N.I., "Rum Tub" (which the Juniors thought should be for the "G" men only) and "Lime Jug". Both of these were quiet by comparison, and the interval between each, was spent at Bangor, where jolly jack cemented good relations with the Irish girls in the usual manner, much to the annoyance of the local male population.

That was the end of another Autumn Cruise and we looked forward to another stay at Portsmouth, with a trip in November to Rotterdam,

wearing the flag of Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet. Many of the staff will be leaving before this trip and we take this opportunity to wish them all the very best in their new jobs.

Before closing, the following was heard from another of our Juniors who had been told to get on 500 kcs. After an hour, the R.S. inspected his log and found "Quiet. Gear Correct" was all that had been logged. Asked why he hadn't been logging anything, he replied, "But that is nothing to do with us Pots, they are all Merchant Ships".

Sherpa Activities

By way of an introduction to the uninitiated, Sherpa Activities consist of getting dressed up in "Pongo" rig, i.e., Army denims, blouse and highly polished (?) boots, securing a rucksack and a four man tent and if possible, a map of the area to be explored.

During Exercise "Swordthrust", Tyne was anchored in Malangen Fjord, Northern Norway, thus providing an excellent opportunity for Sherparing.

R.O.1 Brown, R.O.2 Hardy and myself, equipped with everything from a roll of Government Property, to a solid fuel cooker, set out to explore what turned out to be the most rugged and sparsely populated terrain in the Northern Hemisphere.

Good progress was maintained during that day and by nightfall, we had reached a small village on



"Me and Nobby have been elected Shop Stewards for the mess-deck, Sir."



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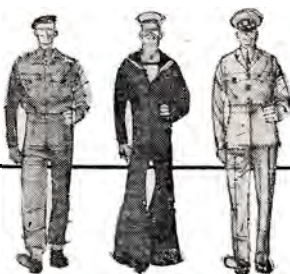
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the shores of the Balsfjord, about 30 miles from Malangen. The language problem was soon overcome, and after suitable liaison had been established with the locals, a site was found, and the tent pitched. We struck camp at ten next morning and began the return journey. We had been on the road for about an hour, when the local milk waggon pulled up, the driver convinced us that he would only be too pleased to take us to within a couple of miles of Malangen, so we embussed, and were treated to a guided tour of the Malangen Peninsular, and we never imagined that the scenery could be so grand.

I can thoroughly recommend this type of activity to anyone, so the next time you find yourself in some remote Fjord, don't hesitate to "Slap in".

R.N.A.S. BRAWDY

Having renewed acquaintance with our parent 'mag' in the last issue, it seems only fair that to prove our allegiance, we should once again seek mention.

It's surprising how many newcomers we get who are taken aback at the location of Brawdy; so for the sake of any would be Air Station Communicators who have ideas of runs ashore in the flourishing towns of South Wales, let me point out that Brawdy is just about as far West as one can go in Wales; the nearest town being Haverfordwest, 12 miles away. Another deterrent is that few manage to survive the "call of the sea" for very long, and have no sooner unpacked their kit bag, than draftie is beckoning them away again.

However, sporting facilities are excellent, and having the S.C.O. as Exped. Officer has its advantages, though, at times, after hearing mutterings from beneath piles of tents, grounds sheets and rucksacks, I'm inclined to believe that the S.C.O. might not agree. Our sporting achievements have not been outstanding, though we did win the Inter-Part Cricket trophy towards the end of last Term. L.R.O. Grafton is an able and consistent member of the Station rifle team which has won a number of trophies this year, while T.O.2 Wright is the regular stand-off half for the Station rugby team and recently was a member of the Home Air Command team that toured the West Country.

This year's Air Day was unfortunately marred by almost incessant rain; nevertheless, many hundreds of people braved the elements, some coming from as far afield as Cardiff and Aberystwyth. Besides an interesting flying programme, visitors were treated to displays of parachuting and fire-fighting, and there were also numerous side-shows and exhibits depicting the work of the various departments of a Naval Air Station, these being almost as informative to us "General Service types" as to the general public.

This Term we are privileged to have at Brawdy, the first ever Indian Navy Air Squadron, who are

training and working up, prior to embarking in their own carrier *Vikrant* (formerly *Hercules*), early next year.

We were almost honoured by a visit from H.R.H. Prince Philip, when he opened the new Esso Terminal at Milford Haven on November 3rd. It was a provisional arrangement that he might come by road from Milford to Brawdy and fly from here to London via Swansea, but due to the weather he went direct from Milford to Swansea to pick up the Royal plane.

For those of you who don't hold "Welshkey" and weren't able to decipher our farewell in the Summer issue, we'll now end in more traditional style: "Cherio till next time".

S.T.C. DEVONPORT

The first step towards our planned return to within the walls of the barracks took place in April when the Gunnery School vacated its site and took up station about five miles to the eastward as the six-inch flies, but nearer twenty by road, at Wembury range. As *Ceres* will not now be moving west from Chatham, the S.T.C. has been provisionally allocated part of the East Battery as its future home but the actual move is still in the dark distance. Probably a few heads will shake or even drop off at the thought of teaching signals in an ex-battery but arrangements have been made to remove all noise makers.

H.M. Ships *Saintes*, *Decoy*, *Llandaff* and *Protector* have recently recommissioned at Devonport and a steady strain has been taken with the various pre-commissioning courses including one of local innovation covering the O.O.W. aspect which we hope will ensure all turn the same way. The reserves are now beginning to flock here from far and wide for their fortnight's refresher courses.

Anyone joining should not be amazed when some gay young things heave into sight, as these are the List H reserves who brush up their typing about twice a week. Needless to say there is no shortage of volunteers for this job, although one not so young Romeo, seems to have the monopoly at present. It was most interesting to note the method of teaching correct angles when a group of Wrens were learning musical semaphore for the Field Gun At Home display. I am sure my instructor used an entirely different approach, but times change.

On 21st June the W.R.N.S. gave a dance in order to celebrate their coming of age '39 to '60 which was well supported by the S.T.C. The years having marched on, your correspondent was forced to admit he was a bit of a 'square' half way through some hectic jive but almost decided to 'hang up his boots' when his partner replied "You're no square, you're a cube".

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PORTLAND COMCEN

by "JAS"

With 2 C.R.S.s, 3 Yeomen, not to mention 3 Communication Officers badgering me, I have been given the task of attempting to subscribe to this edition of our esteemed publication.

We have had a very busy time down here with plenty of work up ships passing through our hands, most of which I think, have passed out successfully.

One incident which seems quite funny now, but at the time caused quite a lot of inconvenience, was when a certain ship, during one of the many communication exercises, transmitted a distress message without the insertion of "drill". The position given was some outlandish place, in the middle of the Arabian desert. The message was picked up by a radio amateur enthusiast somewhere in France and was immediately passed on to the appropriate NATO authority, and as a result of this we were flooded with enquiries from various quarters. At the time, the ship in question was entering harbour and very much afloat.

Since the Flag Officer Sea Training was first appointed, approximately 80 ships have completed a work-up period at Portland, including ships from India, Pakistan, Turkey, Nigeria, Chile and Ceylon. In addition to the rigours of an Admiral's inspection on completion of the work-up period, ships also have a preliminary communication inspection mid-way through the period. All this entails a great deal of hard work on both sides of the breakwater (not of the brewery type), and we hope that ships take their leave of us feeling that they are far better fitted to face the coming commission.

Our staff has this season formed a soccer team, but so far with little success. Out of three games played to date, we have drawn one and lost two. This poor showing may be due to too many night watches or afternoon effect, but we have great hopes for the future.

We have seen a few changes of staff since the last issue. Lt.-Cdr. Goldsmith being relieved by Lt.-Cdr. Ridley, Sub-Lt. Briggs by Lt. Mills, and C.R.S. Jones and C.Y. Starmer in the progress of turning over to C.R.S. Brown and C.Y. Gates. C.C.Y. Warden will shortly be leaving us for the Far East, and his relief will be C.Y. Morris. C.R.S. Jones will be going to pension, and seems to have some difficulty on deciding whether to open a boarding house down here or to start in business with a driving school.

We have just learned that the Drafting Authority seem to be under the impression that a certain C.Y. became a civilian in August of this year, so he is being asked to explain why he is still masquerading as a C.Y., he did in fact, sign on to complete time for pension 18 months ago, so we have come to the conclusion that either "Ernie" has developed an electrical fault or that someone's out tray needs emptying.

STOP PRESS (BY C.R.S.(S)).

As electronic warfare was omitted from the last article from Portland, I was determined not to let it happen on this occasion. This omission was obviously because I, being the only E.W. rating on the staff, spend so much time at sea that the shore bodies seem to forget that there is such a rating.

I wanted to make my presence known so that all the E.W. ratings can forget the idea that the work-up isn't going to effect them. Arrive down here prepared to give of your best and all will be well. Flog up on your Tactical E.W., it really does still exist.

H.M.S. FOREST MOOR

by Lieut. P. A. Williams

A new name to grace the pages of our Magazine.

Forest Moor, the new Wireless Station, situated on the Yorkshire Moors from whence it takes its name, was commissioned on 3rd October, 1960 to replace *Flowerdown* and, if *Forest Moor* remains in commission for as long as *Flowerdown*, then articles for THE COMMUNICATOR will still be submitted in 1990.

The commissioning ceremony, although short, was very impressive and took place before many local dignitaries and the heads of all Service establishments in the area.

The service was conducted by the Reverend J. F. Walmsley, M.A., Royal Navy, in whose Parish we now are, and the first Commanding Officer of *Forest Moor*, Lieut. Cdr. J. A. Shuttleworth, read the commissioning warrant.

In addition to the Mayor and Mayoress of Harrogate and the Chairman of the Ripon and Pately Bridge Rural District Council, we were honoured by the presence of Colonel and Mrs. North (Commandant of the Army Apprentices' School, Harrogate), Group Captain and Mrs. Wickham representing the Air Ministry and Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Wilbur Hamilton, the Commandant of the United States Army Wireless Station situated a mile down the road and our next door neighbours.



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Senior Officers and their wives at the ceremony.



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(nr. Temple Underground Station).

Representatives of various Admiralty departments also attended and it was truly surprising how many Communicators or ex-Communicators found their way north. Our most distinguished guest was Captain I. F. Sommerville, Deputy Director of the Signal Division, and other Communicators or ex-Communicators present included Commander May, Lieut. Cdrs. May, Kilburn, Bennett and Hines. Captain McKaig had intended to be present but unfortunately his return home was delayed. Communicators or ex-Communicators on the staff are Lieut. Cdr. Shuttleworth, the Captain; Lieut. (SD) (C) Williams, the First Lieutenant; and Electrical Lieuts. Evans, Fowler and Norman (all ex-sparkers) so *Mercury* was well represented at the first official ceremony at the latest recruit to the shore Wireless Stations.

Forest Moor is situated some ten miles from Harrogate, on the main Harrogate—Skipton Road, but if you happen to be passing and decide to look us up, don't make a mistake and call on our American neighbours, as you would doubtless make some very odious comparisons when you did eventually arrive at our main gate. Signal Lieut. Cdr. Samuel George Smith, a figure well known to war time Communicators of the west country division—"Smithy" to countless hundreds—would no doubt describe the establishment as "an 'eap of 'uts". He would be just about correct.

Originally *Forest Moor* was an Army Wireless Station which, during world war two, was manned by a special operations section of the A.T.S. In those days the watches consisted of some 25 young ladies and, as a point of interest, Miss Muriel Young of present day television fame was one of the operators concerned.

After the war the station was virtually abandoned by the Army and eventually was purchased by a local farmer. For many years it lay desolate and overgrown, a depressing sight of swinging shutters, broken windows, peeling paintwork and overgrown gardens and approaches. The local farmers used the derelict buildings for storing hay, for sheltering their sheep and cattle—there was even a sheep dip constructed in one of the passage ways—and I hear that some of the buildings were even used at various times for stowing a variety of goods ranging from black market cigarettes to lead removed from buildings without the owner's consent which prompted the local long arm of the law to display rather more than a cursory interest in the place.

In 1956 or thereabouts the Admiralty purchased the camp site for rehabilitation as living quarters, together with a vast area for aerials. A huge building was constructed about a mile from the camp, and this is the Comcentre, an imposing looking affair stuck out in the middle of the Yorkshire Moors. However it does not particularly impress the local populace who refer to it as the green hut down the road and who will not, at present, be convinced that it is not some sort of rocket base.

Navy Works' Department have really worked wonders with the dilapidated buildings and the accommodation is very good indeed, although more than half the camp is still unused and quite uninhabitable, however during the next few years, the entire camp will be rehabilitated and when that happens countless many more Communicators will come and join us out here in the wilds.

At present there are only half a dozen sparkers up here, the station being manned almost exclusively by electricians. The entire complement is about fifty, the majority of whom are watchkeeping, so as yet our sporting activities have been very much curtailed. During the summer a cricket match took place against Inskip W/T and such a fine time was had by all that we have forgotten now whether there was a result or not. Apart from that the only exercise taken has been with the elbow, both at darts and at the local.

The nearest local is some two miles or so away, very aptly named "The Prospect"; this is in the village of Darley. Or there is the "Queen's Head" situated a couple of miles away in the opposite direction at Kettlesing Bottom. Apart from these runs ashore (which are a long walk even if you do run) the nearest centre for anything is in Harrogate, which is about ten miles away.

We have some quarters on site—four officers' and sixteen ratings' houses, and four flats, but before you all rush to change your Drafting Preference Card, they are all occupied and there is a long waiting list.

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

by C.R.S. A. G. Johnson

Good news from Birmingham is that we shall soon be moving to modern premises. For the many Birmingham Communicators in the Royal Navy the address will be: 5th Floor, Smithfield House, Digbeth, Birmingham 5. It is situated near St. Martins in the Bull Ring and opposite the Police Station. Being near the Police Station is not to our disadvantage because we shall overlook them and be able to watch their every move, and such being the case it might well be very much to our advantage for where in the R.N. has Jack this unique position of keeping a watchful eye over the 'Jossman' and his little lot. However, Sparkers of Birmingham, you will always be sure of a welcome if you care to call on us on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday evenings, and also Sunday mornings from 1000 to 1200. Note that we cease work on Sunday forenoons at 1200. We have no beautiful tub with "The Queen—God bless her" inscribed thereon but we do anticipate having a bar with shutters up at the precise hour of

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Cdr. F. H. Humphris with senior communications ratings.

noon on Sunday and available in the evenings when work is done. We have 3 officers and 53 ratings from the Radio Communication and Radio Electrical branch enrolled, and as on board ship where you find an excellent cross section of characters and types, so you will find them amongst the members of Birmingham R.N.R. Wireless Training Centre.

Nottingham R.N.R. have recently moved to new premises at 46 Carrington Street, but are still in the throes of being modernised. Modernisation does not yet, alas, include RATT and Ship A/T, neither do we possess a T/P but we are able to turn out some pretty good C.W. and Voice operators and hope that the Treasury and other factors will allow us to turn out RATT and A/T operators in the not too distant future. Meanwhile members of Birmingham Training Centre are shortly to visit the Army Tape Relay Centre, near Cheltenham to learn as much about Tape Relay as possible in a few hours.

We think it will bear repeating that No. 3 Wire'ess District, R.N.R. has Training Centre Units in Birmingham, Derby, Dunstable, Leicester, Nottingham, Northampton, Nuneaton and Peterborough, and we are proud of being the largest district, geographically and numerically in the whole of the Wireless Reserve. This year we have had Officers and ratings serving at Malta, Gibraltar, in Aircraft Carriers, Cruisers, Frigates, Minelayers, C.M.S.s, at Royal Naval Air Stations, Whitehall W/T, Chatham, Devonport, Scarborough W/T, *Royal Arthur*, *Collingwood*, and, but naturally, *Mercury*.

The following events have taken place during the year. Annual dinners and dances at Birmingham, Leicester and Nottingham. 303 firings at *Gamecock* Barracks, Bramcote, Nuneaton, where, in group firings, the majority put up a very good show according to the Army personnel who were in charge of the range. Nottingham Training Centre has provided Voice Communication nets for the many regattas on the Trent. Northampton has had a window display in the local Electricity Board show

rooms and members of Birmingham and Nuneaton visited Coventry to attend a public meeting addressed by General Lauris Norstad. One needed to be a good voice operator to single out his voice against a background of constant barracking from the 'Ban the Bomb' merchants liberally sprinkled with fascists, fellow travellers and those peculiar 'beatnik' types.

MEON MAID II

The yacht's second season is now over and she is once again safely away for the winter in the Portsmouth Command Sailing Centre. During this 1960 season the boat's programme was to a certain extent decided by her performance in 1959. You will remember that in that year she was a shiny new ocean racing yacht and right from the beginning of the season she began to do so well that it was realised that if the effort could only be sustained there might be a chance of winning the Royal Ocean Racing Club Class Championship. This she duly did, not, unfortunately, outright, but as co-winner with the top civilian boat *Pym*. In the course of this outstandingly successful season she won no less than six other trophies.

She was put away for the winter for her refit and right from the moment she was slipped, ideas of having another go at the championship were developing. The R.O.R.C. class Championship is decided by taking the best four results in R.O.R.C. races during the season so that if a yacht is to have any chance she must be entered for at least six of these. Since the yacht is also a club boat in which over 900 people have sailed in her two seasons afloat, full engagement in the R.O.R.C. programme can put quite a strain on the organisation running her, particularly on its ability to provide good skippers with the necessary pink tickets. Modern ocean racing is extremely expensive and a yacht may have a dozen sails in her wardrobe, some of which may be worn out after only two seasons of use, or at least, if not worn out, then no longer any use for top class ocean racing. Numerous other items contribute to swell the cost, some more or less essential and others that only give an illusion of efficiency but probably are just as influential in giving crews that peculiar brand of confidence necessary to win races.

One quite vital thing which most naval establishments are fortunately able to do free is regular slipping. *Pym*, the yacht which eventually won the R.O.R.C. series, was slipped by her civilian owner before every race for which she was entered, so that the bottom could be scrubbed and painted. This probably cost about £8 a time. Thus, his slipping

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E.E.V. Type	Equivalent Types	Service Type	Filament		Frequency Mc/s §	Anode voltage mx. (kV)	Anode dissipation max. (kW)	Type of cooling
			Voltage (V)	Current (A)				
5867	5867, TY3-250	CV1350	5.0	5.0	100/150	3.0	0.25	Natural to 30 Mc/s
833A	TY4-350, 833A	CV635	10.0	10.0	30	3.0	0.3	Natural
‡ 5762	TY6-5000A, ACT30	CV2383	12.6	29.0	30/220	4.0	0.4	Forced air
BR 161	—	CV2322	9.0	175.0	30/50	6.2	3.0	Forced air
BR 189	—	CV5218	9.0	240.0	5/50	12.0	15.0	Forced air
BR 1122	—	—	6.0	115.0	5/110	15.0	27.0	Forced air
BW 161	—	—	9.0	175.0	30/50	12.0	10.0	Forced air
BW 189	—	—	9.0	240.0	5/50	15.0	30.0	Water
BY 189	—	—	9.0	240.0	5/50	15.0	35.0	Water Vapour
CR 192	6166	—	5.0	175.0	30/220	6.0	10.0	Forced air
6181	6181, CR1101	—	120.0	1.6	900	2.0	2.0	Forced air

§ The lower value indicates the operating frequency at full rating. Operation at higher value is possible with suitable derating

‡ Previously BR 191 B

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bill for the season would be about £50, not counting many other coincidental expenses associated with it.

Meon Maid II is kept at the Sailing Centre and can be slipped there whenever we wish. However, when the yacht first took the water in March this year, there was near disaster. As she was rolling down the slip, six on board and making what is known as a brave sight, there was a break down in communications between those on the slip controlling the operation and those on the brake at the far end of the boat shed. As a result of this the cradle came to a sudden halt, but the boat about 8 tons dead weight, went on. The boat remained in the cradle and was not damaged but she shifted sufficiently to smash the cradle beyond repair. It was fortunate that there was a large tide that day which was just able to float her out of the wreckage—altogether a very worrying day.

Thus it was that the yacht could not be slipped this summer because there was nothing to put her in. We were able to put her against a wall once during the season and careened her a couple of times but by the end of the season her bottom was very dirty and this was seriously effecting her performance.

A new cradle has been made for us by the Fleet Maintenance Unit at *Sultan*. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. This cradle is an all welded affair, a splendid cradle, the envy of everyone at the Sailing Centre and quite the best one down there. The cradle was completed on the day she was hauled out. This operation was performed half an hour before high water on the day before the afloat period of the insurance expired, so the moment she entered her new cradle she was there for the winter and had to fit. This very much to the credit of the shipwrights who made it, that she did fit so well and that no readjustment was necessary.

Meon Maid started her ocean racing programme very well by taking a 2nd in the Lyme Bay race—a very good 2nd only 56 seconds behind *Pym* the winner.

Her next fixture was the Morgan Cup Race, an extraordinary affair with less wind than any of the races last year and that is saying something. In these races, sailed in frustrating calms, the results are usually decided by the tides caught or missed at the marks of the course. In this race *Meon Maid* was unlucky and even if she had finished would probably not have been placed. In the event the race had to be abandoned as one member of the crew had to return to attend a Court Martial.

After this setback, hopes ran high for the Dinard Race. This race is always the most heavily patronised of the season, first because it is the shortest and second because it finishes at Dinard and not at a Home Port. As it happened it was a long, hard race, started in fresh conditions, with a lull in the middle and ending with a blow—and with the wind dead on the nose all the way.

There were over 40 starters in Class III and *Meon Maid* did very well to finish 2nd, our old rival *Pym* again beating us, this time by 25 minutes.

The fourth race of the series was the Channel Race for which unfortunately no skipper from the Signal School could be found. She was put out on charter to an experienced skipper from the Admiralty, who after a good start brought her over the line 9th, a good performance from someone who did not know the boat.

Meon Maid finished her ocean racing season with the Cowes—Corunna, and Corunna—La Rochelle, races. In the Corunna race she won her class and had the gratification of finishing 15 hours ahead of the next boat in her class. The great feature of this race was a gale in the Bay of Biscay and as in the Dinard Race it was her ability to keep thrashing into the gale without exhausting her crew that really counted.

For the return race to La Rochelle an outside skipper had again to be found and his unfamiliarity with the boat undoubtedly contributed to her finishing 11th out of 13. Despite *Pym's* five wins *Meon Maid* would have won the R.O.R.C. class championship had she finished 3rd or higher.

There is no doubt that *Mercury* acquires a great deal of very desirable publicity through the performance of her yacht. There is no doubt either that civilian yachtsmen and the other Services yacht clubs who do go in for this game in a big way expect good performance from naval yachts and nothing pleases them more than to beat us. The new R.A.F. boat *Jethou* run by the Navigation School on Thorney Island had no less than eight starts in R.O.R.C. races this season.

Other successes this season were a 2nd in her class in the Island Sailing Club's Round the Island Race. This is easily the most popular fixture for yachts in the whole season. The numbers entered for this race seem to grow by logarithmic progression and this year 287 boats crossed the line at the start of the 60 mile passage round the Isle of Wight. There was very little wind and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. As so frequently happened the tide profoundly affected the results, one half of the fleet including *Meon Maid* managing to wriggle round the Bridge Buoy before the tide turned.

The annual passage race to Dartmouth for the Dryad Cup was won by *Meon Maid*. This race is held at Whitsun and is intended to draw boats to Dartmouth for the annual regatta there.

Lastly, mention must be made of the Monarch Bowl series, these are round-the-buoy races for Portsmouth Command Yachts. In 1959, *Meon Maid* won every one of the series of six largely because the handicap rules were very much in her favour. This year she was handicapped more heavily and was placed 2nd on points aggregate behind *Sea Victor*, the Barracks yacht.



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GOOD LEAVE, JACK?

by R.O.2. M. A. Nugent

Being stationed ashore in South Africa is unique in one sense: the chances of another draft to the S.A.S.A. station are very remote. That is why I decided to see as much of the country as I could during my fortnight's station leave. If you are a good driver and can afford to buy a car it is comparatively easy. However, as I had neither of those assets, I was left with two options. I either had to spend my leave in or around Capetown, being stationed in the Cape Peninsula, or else to take my chances on hitch-hiking. I chose the latter.

I made my objective Durban. From Capetown, that is a distance of just over a thousand miles. There is a good National road from Capetown to Durban, which takes a more-or-less coastal route. This is known as the Garden-route of South Africa. I estimated that it would take me three or four days to reach Durban and about the same for the return journey. Thus I would be left with about a week in Durban itself. These arrangements seemed satisfactory, and at 0800 on 21st May (after just completing a 48-on) I commenced my leave.

Unfortunately, the weather was against me. I couldn't have got wetter had I tried to swim to Durban.

Obviously, the best way to hitch-hike is in uniform, and I was to learn that this was definitely the case in South Africa.

A very good friend of mine, who may be better known to some of you as R.O.2 Roger Tonkin, and his girl friend, very kindly offered to take me about a hundred miles outside Capetown in the girl friend's car. This was much appreciated as it would give me a good start. It must be understood that to speak of 200 miles in South Africa is like speaking of 50 miles in the U.K. The roads are made for fast driving, and believe me, they see plenty of it.

Unfortunately, the good start I had hoped for was spoilt by mechanical trouble, and instead of being a hundred miles from Capetown by mid-afternoon, as had been planned, I was only about sixty miles away by 4.00 p.m. At this time I bade the loving couple farewell and boarded a Ford Consul bound for Mossel Bay (250 miles from Capetown). Mossel Bay is the most southerly town in the continent of Africa, and I arrived there at 6.30 p.m. As it was dark by then, and still raining, I stayed the night in a small but comfortable hotel.

The next day was warm and sunny. I had a little trouble getting to George, which is a small town about thirty-five miles further on. In fact, it took me three lifts to cover that short distance.

Standing on the outskirts of George, a Volkswagen van approached, slowed, and stopped. A short, thick set little man jumped out and said "Ullo mate, where yer from?", in a crisp cockney dialect. He was a candy-floss machine salesman from Walthamstow, and he took me as far as Port

Elizabeth. That is a distance of approximately 250 miles, and within that distance is some of the most splendid scenery I have ever seen.

We passed through the picturesque town of Knysna, and through the area known as the Wilderness, where fern covered hills descend to the blue sea and salt water lagoons. Then came two magnificent passes. The Grootrivier Pass into which you descend over two thousand feet through a series of hairpin bends, bordered by quite heavy but scenic foliage. Bend after bend, then into first gear for the ascent. The second pass was the Blaauwkrantz Pass, and had much the same characteristics as the previous pass. Further along the road we crossed the Storms River bridge and looked down thousands of feet into the craggy depths of the river itself.

I would be surprised if any place in the world could equal this part of South Africa for scenic grandeur and colourful landscape.

I arrived at the city of Port Elizabeth at 4.00 p.m., where I was invited to stay the night with (or perhaps I should say at the home of) a female pen-friend of mine.

The next day I made an early start, and by mid-day had reached East London, another coastal city, almost 200 miles from Port Elizabeth.

After about half an hour I picked up another lift, going to Umtata. Umtata is the capital of the Transkei, which is a large native reserve. The Transkei is a large area where two of the biggest tribes of natives live: the Xosas (pronounced Kossas, with an emphatic click to the K), and the Pondos. This area derived its name from the river Kei which must be crossed when travelling northwards from the Cape.

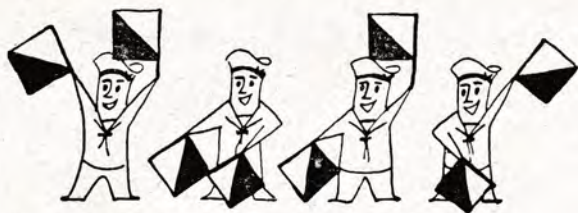
The rolling hills outside East London are covered with Aloe plants (more commonly known as red-hot-poker plants). You can imagine the colourful scene presented by these when they are in full bloom.

Driving further northward you soon come into the native reserves proper. The hills develop a gentler roll, and from the higher points the thousands of native huts can be seen scattered over the landscape. The natives are very primitive. They live in groups of mud huts, called Kraals (pronounced crawls). Their dress consists of a coloured blanket draped over their shoulders. The Xosas are generally known as the Red Blanket people because they all wear a red blanket. I found this part of the journey very interesting, and reached Umtata in mid-afternoon.

I had a wait of forty-five minutes before a farmer gave me a lift to Kokstad, which is just over a hundred miles from Durban. As it was quite late by the time we reached Kokstad the farmer very kindly offered me accommodation for the night at his farm. He gave me a solid meal, comfortable bed, and put me on the road again the next morning.

I managed to get a direct lift from Kokstad to Durban, and was in Durban by 3.00 p.m.

After a few days stay in Durban I was back on



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the road for the return journey. I had a little more difficulty with lifts, but nothing to worry about. My leave expired on a Monday at 0800, and I hit Capetown at noon on the Sunday.

I covered over two thousand miles. I travelled in all sorts of cars, from small Fiats to Chevrolet-Belairs; with all kinds of people, from people who could hardly speak English to Cockneys and Norwegians. I learnt a lot.

It might not be everybody's cup of tea, but I'll remember that trip and the friendship and help I received from so many people for a very long time.



Flag Officer Air (Home) inspecting Divisions.

CHIEF'S CHATTER

The peace and quiet in the Mess due to "Fallex" and "Bomber's", various drafts and leaves has lately been shattered by having two Stores C.P.O. (S)s in the Mess at one time.

The Anglo-American relations that were firmly cemented by the visit of five C.P.O.s to the U.S.S. *Northampton* was very nearly uncemented that same night when the American Chiefs saw the cars they had to travel in to *Mercury*. The American who remarked "Brother, this IS Indian Country", didn't say whether he meant the surrounding district or the fact that his driver appeared to have been scalped. From this operation one of our cars failed to return.

The *Mercury* Car Club Rallies have always been well supported by the Mess and, on odd occasions, Chiefs have even been known to finish the course. It may be significant that the ones that have finished with no troubles have always had male navigators.

C.R.S. Hotchkiss now doubles up his duty as Captain's Cox'n with that of Vice-President. We take it that his occasional trip to London is to make sure that he is right up to date on the *VICE* part of the job.

An additional radiator has been fitted to the heating system in the T.V. Room. It is thought that this may be to attract the ex-T.V.ites who

have reverted to steam radio. Since the T.V. series, "War at Sea" has been on, two of our younger chiefs have applied for the Atlantic Star. If they can stick it to the end of the series they should be alright for the Defence Medal as well.

We are still trying to find out what C.C.Y. Atkinson got up to whilst he was away from *Mercury*. There must have been something, for him to have come back so heavily disguised.

People who come into the Mess, no longer say to the Chief G.I. "Good heavens, Arthur, are you still here?" We find instead that they have a tendency to strike matches or hang their hats on him.

It is rumoured that a certain eggshell blonde, who incidentally has at last clipped his own wings, attributes his perennial youth to his ornithological activities.

The "In's" and "Out's" this term reads like a Naval Directory of Chief Petty Officers. There's not much profit but boy, what a turnover!

IN.—M.A.A. Bentley, Ch. Shpt. Ryan, C.R.S. Room, C.C.Y. Bullough, C.R.S. Trupin, C.P.O. Ck. (O) Clegg, C.C.Y. Bill, S.B.C.P.O. Suter, C.R.S. Sullivan, C.R.S. Sandon, C.R.S. Balsdon, C.R.S. Snowden, C.C.Y. Warden, C.R.S. Hotchkiss, C.R.S. Lawes, C.C.Y. Atkinson, Ch. Mech. Bright, C.C.Y. Young, C.R.S. Ryder.

OUT.—S.B.C.P.O. Horwill, C.R.S. Strong, C.R.S. Room (Pension), C.R.S. Snowden, C.C.Y. Palfrey, S.C.P.O. (S) Baird (Pension), M.A.A. Jackson, C.R.S. White, C.R.S. Stewart, C.C.Y. Young, C.R.S. Tuck, Ch. Shpt Kelly, C.R.S. Slade (Pension), C.R.S. Mackenzie, C.C.Y. Henderson, C.C.Y. Tyler.

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

The routine has altered greatly, whether for the better or the worse I do not know, as things are rather upside down at the time of writing. The old Executive office and Divisional Office have been married into a place of destruction called the Ratings' Control Centre, everyone has a number and by the time he has finished his routine he has a head full of figures including a rum number. What will the Work Study Team think of next? We are calling it the Time and Destruction Organisation, no more walking around with a piece of paper in hand feeling quite confident that no one will pick you up, your joining and drafting routine take approximately fifteen minutes. The Regulating Office has a nice new name "Disciplinary Office".

We held a mid-Term Dance in Mountbatten Block, at which we (the lads in blue) were allowed to wear civilians. This was a great success, with the Committee becoming rather under the weather by the end of the evening. Amongst other things in the entertainment world, we have had impromptu coach trips to places of interest such as the "Duke of Sussex" in Hackney, and the "Cat and Fiddle" in the New Forest (well known to the older members of the mess) these being a great success.

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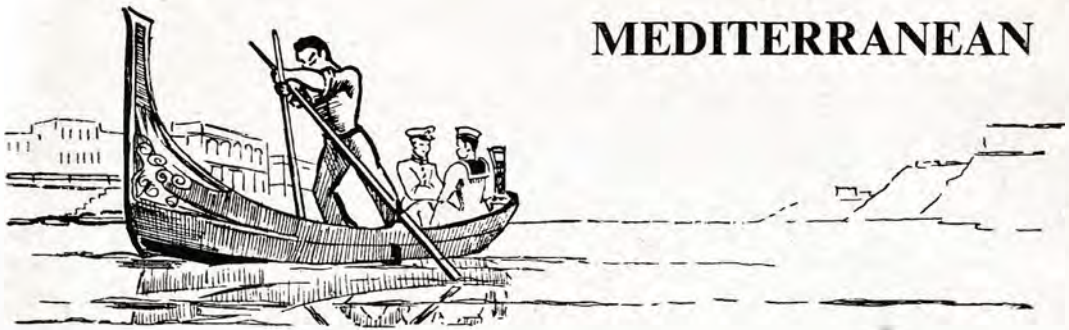
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MEDITERRANEAN

MALTA COMCEN

In this not so far-flung outpost of the Empire lies the Island of Malta, and dug out of the sandstone rock is the place with the intriguing name of Malta Comcen, or M.M.S.O. as our friends at Haslemere still persist in calling it. This is the place where N.A.T.O. and National mix as one and the privileged few, very few, enjoy their duty-free perks.

Although many do not believe it, we of Malta Comcen work hard, carrying out like all Communicators the whole world over, a 25 hour day. Even at Christmas we must work while others play.

Since the last publication of this honourable Magazine we've even proved that there are 13 months in a year by working in 3 watches during "Fallex 60". What an anti-climax! After months of planning, organising, etc., we found our traffic state was no more than usual. Day to day totals varied considerably with a peak of 2572 on 27th September, which was not very startling when it is taken into consideration that we were over the two thousand mark quite often back in May, under normal conditions. This, despite the very hard work of many Reservists, Officers, Ratings and W.R.N.S. too, imploring their circuits to produce signals. We extend to them all our thanks and hope that they enjoyed their holiday as much as we enjoyed their company.

Ship-shore continues with a bang, each watch striving to be at the top for monthly totals and each operator endeavouring to be a ship-shore king. Recent investigations seem to endorse old sailors' yarns that the more badges you have the more signals you get. Our totals are surprising when you consider we *always* allow a ship three calls before offering to QSP.

N.A.T.O. traffic comes and goes, we suppose it eventually gets there but what a weird and wonderful way some signals seem to go about it.

C.R.S. Ryder and R.S. Fuller waved goodbye from the S.S. *Citta di Tunisa* bound for Italy on the first leg of their homeward journey overland. We trust their trip was uneventful (mechanically) and decent (morally). Others, who have left our shores and hop leaf far behind include C.Y. Lockett

(Ganges bound), C.Y. Jones D.R. and Chief Wren Timmouth. Latest arrivals include C.R.S. Manns and R.S. Lawes who have kept our misguided shower up to date on *Mercury's* latest happenings. We hope there are a few willing R.S.s to join our throng as we have many tried and trusty routers and final checkers due to depart for the U.K. in the New Year. Another recent arrival was Chief Wren Conway who has proven that Irish eyes *are* smiling and that women from that fine country, as well as the men, like their liquor, by reopening the C. and P.O.s bar in Whitehall Mansions.

The wind of change has been blowing through the Comcen in recent months and a Comcentre Shop has appeared, under the guidance of the C.C.Y. REG. Sales have fallen off slightly now that it is not quite so hot, and the demand for soft drinks is less, but it is functioning well and proving a paying game as the profits show. The Yeoman in each watch being the local "damager" it is quite a mistake to ask for a signal—but a bottle of Coke—ah! that's different. Another welcome improvement was the altering of one of our paying days to the Friday of pay week, the other being Wednesday, so that payment can be held while personnel are on watch rather than have them come in on their 48 off.

To prove that there is a brighter side to a Communicators' life we reproduce extracts from a couple of signals as received in the Comcen.

FROM COMEDSQUEAST
TO CINCFMED

... 7. SHIPS/AIR VHF COMMUNICATIONS
NOT SATISFACTORY WITH TU 234.3.1 MAX-
IMUM RANGE ACHIEVED BEING 10 INCHES.

FROM F.O.M.
TO ADMIRALTY

... FLYING TOMORROW WEDNESDAY
NIGHT IN OFFICE ...

FROM CINC FES
TO ...

... SHE WILL BE RELEASED AFTER JET PM
14TH MARCH IN TRINCOMALEE CMM
HAVING MAD FOUR DAYS IN HARBOUR PD
With apologies to the originators.



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and Mercantile
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M19

H.M.S. AUSONIA

by Lieut. P. A. Clark

Having pored through countless COMMUNICATORS I see to my horror that *Ausonia* has contributed not at all despite our frantically exciting life as Queen of Lazaretto and maid of all work to the fleet.

I hasten to assure you that we are not the biggest department in the ship—no serried ranks of Radio Supervisors disappear into the middle distance at Divisions, cats cannot be swung in a vaulted Wireless Office, no reference can be made to our L.T.R., U.T.R., B.W.O., or U.H.F.O. (though we can stow our 622 in the Sports Store!) nor can the Yeoman's *Ganges* voice echo through a cathedral-like M.S.O. We are in fact, twelve in number, diminutive beside the packed ranks of O.As, E.As, Blacksmiths, Boilermakers, Plumbers and other weird types whose existence is normally known only through graciousness of A.F.Os and Fleet Canteen Committees.

In such surroundings we stand our ground though at times a strategic withdrawal is necessary, we surrender our 692 to the maws of the repair organisation to be tossed condescendingly a T.G.Y. (R.S. Hooper has hopes of becoming a curator at the Science Museum) and a B28. Reforming we snatch a 691 from under the very noses of the enemy, consolidating our position with the gain of a B 41 D. This however, smells of science fiction and the S.C.O. considers such a heady clime may lead to thoughts of R.A.T.T. and other mutinously modern ideas which are hardly to be encouraged.

At times we go to sea—a reactionary process we realise, but necessary to carry out the time honoured process of dredging tickler tins. While this is in progress we thunder around the Mediterranean, buntings keyed to fever pitch flashing at every ship, however remotely in sight, in order to satisfy the S.C.O's ambition of heading the "Signalling with Merchant Ships" return with the greatest number of ships in the least possible time. One of our claims to fame, we appreciate, is being the sole cause of Broadcast MM—constant—and we glory in the popularity we know is ours at Lascaris.

The fleshpots of Marseilles and Naples claim our attentions but scantily for the call of the Creek is strong. Hours before E.T.A. with both gyros gone and thick mist the natives are to be seen lining the upper deck sniffing their ways towards Marsaxmett while the F.M. 12 works overtime homing us onto the juke box in the Great War Bar. Back to the glamour of Tug Wave and Teleprinter, Fleet Repair signals and fused 89 we subside gratefully and with time honoured ease into the ladylike existence more in keeping with the gracious lady of Lazaretto Creek than the rather sordid business of being a warship.

H.M.S. DUNKIRK

After a Summer sojourn enjoying the somewhat doubtful pleasures of Uncle Henry's, the Troc and the Universal; after blessing the shores of Spain and Tangiers with our presence, after countless hours of bathing; after even more hours spent chipping at the same square of paintwork; after painting with glorious browns (admar) and yellows (chromate), we were all very much surprised to hear that we would be proceeding to sea of all places. And not only to sea, but away from Gib., the happy hunting ground of rabbitters and Wrac chasers, the land of plenty, the land of boiled oil.

We left many regrets, many a fond farewell was spoken, and more than one lonely heart at Gib. still sings "My bonny lies over the oggin . . .". While yet another song is sung by those traders who couldn't get round soon enough after payment, "Just wait till I catch that bunting, I'll kick his rotten ***** in." (Underlined portion received garbled, will be serviced on request).

We have exercised our procedures and techniques with ships from France, Portugal, Italy and Turkey, and have also, according to a usually unreliable source, astounded the fleet with the sheer brilliance of our staff. However the more staid members (squares) do admit that there are still a few snags to be ironed out (preferably with a large size flat-iron). One bunting (I use the term loosely) interpreted that hoist "4th Kp1p2" as meaning: "Absence of military task unit commanders of the miscellaneous fleet", after having finally decided that the Kilo had nothing to do with helicopters. While, sparker-wise, one greenhorn who shall be nameless (and lifeless too, if Pots has his own way), did, on the 32nd ult. ask if he could warm up his tin of soup on "this 'ere 691 oven thing I've 'eard tell of".

We finish our little discourse with the pleasant thought that by the time the next issue of THE COMMUNICATOR appears we shall be near the land of Oggies, and those 'janner birds', whose national anthem has reached the darkest corners of the world.



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CLIMATIC SPECIFICATION — continuous rating -20°C to $+55^{\circ}\text{C}$

Brief Tech. Specification

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Frequency range : 2 - 10 Mc/s.

Channels : 4 crystal controlled spots in any part of the range.

Dimensions : $25^{\circ}\times 21\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\times 14^{\circ}$ deep.

Power supplies : 100-125v or 200-250v AC or transistorised 12 or 24v DC.

Power consumption : 280 VA for 60 watt output.

With all the advantages of single sideband, giving an effective power output of 500 watts double sideband, the GR.400 is still as simple to operate as an ordinary telephone. The first transistorised radiotelephone, this new model further enhances the wide range of Redifon radiotelephones—many thousands of which are in use all over the world.

H.M.S. APHRODITE

Assuming that you have been handed a "draft chit" on which appears the name *Aphrodite*, you will, no doubt, be in a quandary as to what C.N.D. has let you in for. Let me alleviate your worried mind by saying that you are about to be transported to the Eastern Mediterranean in order to fulfil your appointment as a member of the Communication Staff serving Cyprus Comcen.

Aphrodite, whose name was derived from the mythical Goddess of Love and Beauty, is situated within the Sovereign Base Area of Episkopi on the south west coast of the Island. Our ship's company, consisting almost entirely of Communicators (a total of only eighteen senior and junior rates) maintains a continuous four watch system contributing towards the world-wide Naval Communication Network in which we are proud participants.

Restrictions on family passages, imposed during the state of emergency, were lifted some considerable time ago, so if you wish your tour to be an accompanied one, tender an application immediately you arrive and within six to eight weeks of your request being endorsed by the C.O., Admiralty movements will, no doubt, have allocated air passages to your family.

The majority of our R.A.s rent furnished bungalows in Limassol, the second largest town on the Island, fourteen miles from Episkopi. R.N. transport will be provided for journeys to and from work unless, of course, after the first couple of months you have the tendency to "fall by the way-side" in following the paths of the other bloated plutocrats who hide under the title of R.A., the majority of who already sport three-and-a-half litre limousines. Be warned against these fiends; our living-in members bitterly complain of being unable to approach the Comcen from the northern side because of the crowded car-park which undergoes a miraculous transformation scene at 1300 daily.

We lament that the Navy is very much in the minority out here, therefore, our social activities are based on facilities provided by the other two Services; cinemas, amateur theatrical societies, an excellent Educational Centre and the use of messes and clubs for ratings of equivalent ranks are at our disposal. We can, however, boast of two feathers in our caps: the Limassol Sailing Club of which the S.C.O. Lieut. Cdr. R. S. I. Hawkins is Commodore and the all-navy "Aphrodite Club" officially opened by Commodore D. H. R. Bromley, D.S.C., Commodore Cyprus, on Friday 21st October.

It is, with a note of sadness, that we say "Au-revoir and bon voyage" to Sub. Lt. (S.D.) (C) F. D. Rivers who has relinquished his position as Staff Communication Assistant, wishing him good fortune and pleasant sailing with the new Daring Squadron due to commission early in the new year.

H.M.S. TIGER

I'm writing this on a cold wet morning in November, location Devonport. Depression centres over the office, for all the staff have left and gone their separate ways.

Oh, what a dull morning.

The forecast in our last article to THE COMMUNICATOR proved quite correct and events plodded on to the conclusion that is now upon us—everyone gone except the few stalwarts of the retard party. Well, what did happen? What memories will we have of *Tiger's* first commission to foster our old age? What have we learnt?

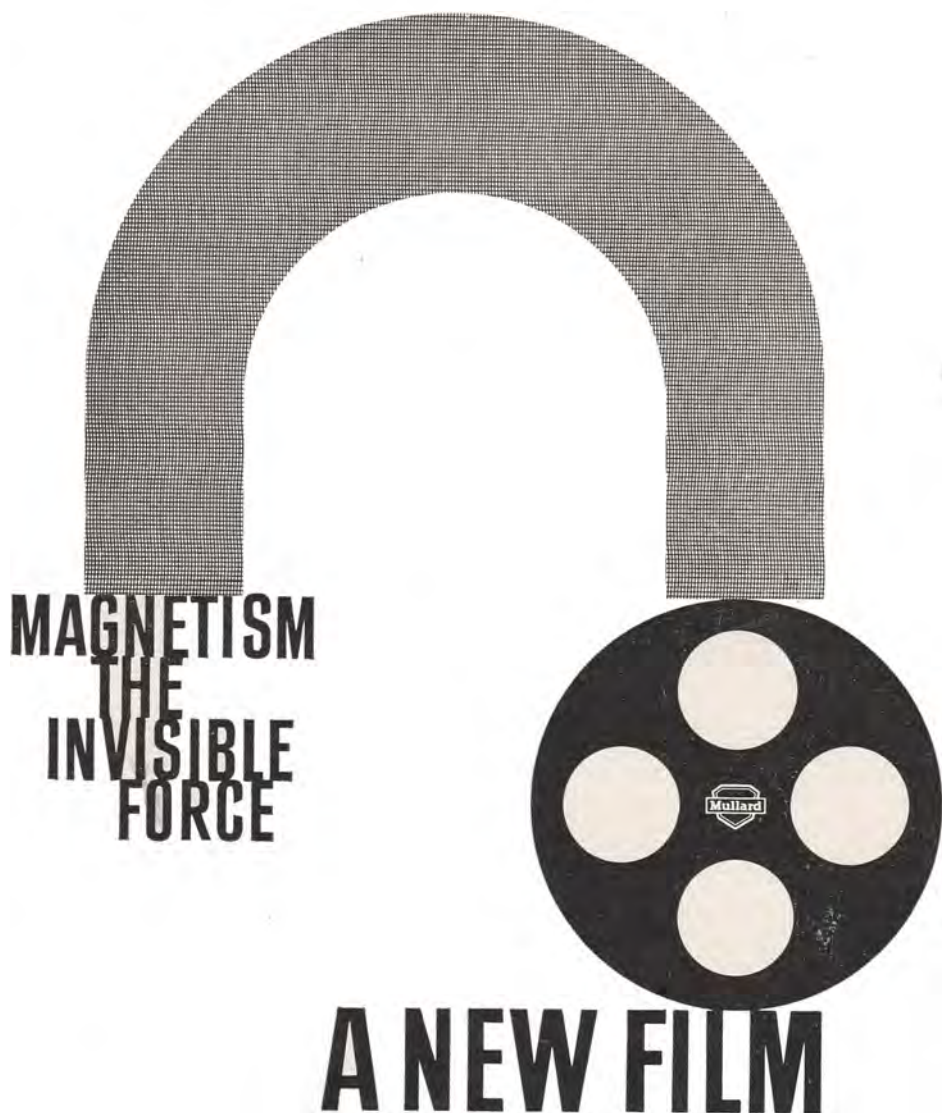
The most obvious thing is that there's really not much wrong with the Communicators of today, or with their training, for our half a dozen John Brown Teddy boys have gained much in experience and maturity and served *Tiger* well. So, in fact, have all the Communicators who have served in *Tiger* for periods ranging from two years to two hours.

A word of thanks, too, to the senior ratings. We refer particularly to C.R.S. "Dolly" Gray and C.C.Y. Alf Bill. These two have been towers of strength, knowing all the answers, tactful and firm—in short, the best of leaders. Their job has been made much easier by the excellent support given them by R.S. Sanders and Hanson and our Yeomen, Jessop, Cooper, Banfield and Hales, all now scattered the length and breadth of the land.

The past few months have gone well to *Tiger's* pattern. Banyans, beating the retreat, guard for everyone on everything, Admiral's Inspection, etc., what can I tell you about them? Our memories will always picture the staff glop runs, admirably organised by Yeo. Cooper. These involved a bus, a pair of swimming trunks and numerous bottles of Marsovin. Strange to relate, no one ever seemed to suffer from a hangover, but, perhaps they kept it to themselves.

The Admiral's Inspection took place around September 15th. There were no snags—none that we were told, anyway—and we think the Admiral was pleased with all he saw. After a very fierce competition, S.C.O. to F.O.F. decided that the U.T.R. took the cake for sparkle, but there really wasn't much in it.

Our final round of cruises took us from Navarino, Mudros and Salonika in the east, to Cartagena, Palma and Gib. in the west, with Venice, Arranci Bay, Ajaccio, Naples, Cannes, Theoule and Palmas Bay thrown in for good measure. It was at Cannes that we were seriously handicapped by not having an ACP on "beating the NATO retreat". Our fluency in Italian and French was not so good with the result that the Jack and the Stars and Stripes won by a tackline. Still, good experience, and now we understand the S.C.O. is volunteering for six months ashore in order to write this ACP. (The A.S.C.O. will no doubt be required to write the U.K. supplement).



Magnets are an essential part of many electronic equipments—including the standard television receiver. In a new general interest film, "The Invisible Force", Mullard have produced a concentrated survey of magnets, their present-day manufacture and their applications. Running for 24 minutes, it is one of a series of films on electronic subjects produced by Mullard, and is available free on loan. All Mullard films are in 16 mm. with sound, and, where it aids the subject, in full colour. They are made with the technical co-operation of leading scientists within and outside the Mullard organisation. A wallet containing details of the full series of Mullard films produced to date will be forwarded on request.

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Mullard



For anyone who's never been there, may we recommend Palma in Majorca for a good run? Many were the tears shed on leaving that place, but who could have luck like the boss. He was sent there almost a week ahead to arrange details of the visit. He did a fine job—even to becoming known as B.N.A. Palma—but did he have to tell us about the lovely Swedish girls? That news came to us in the middle of "Spanex."

He maintained touch with the ship on some frequency by organising himself a transmitter on shore.

From Palma to Gib. in 24 hours and there to exchange jobs with *Bermuda*. They seem to have had a full life this commission. Wearing F.O.F.'s Flag will give them plenty to do, judging from the programme we saw.

We were glad to lose the Flag, for it marked another milestone on the way home, but this apart we were sorry to see them go.

The run from Gib. to "Guzz" was the beginning of the great unwinding. This was made plain then the boss rushed into the M.S.O. one day singing "Chief, Chief". The tone of his voice indicated we'd missed ninety-five signals on the broadcast. The question wasn't half so vital. He said, "How's my budgie off for seed".

There was also the famous remark made by one who shall be nameless "Good oh, I got Disturbance Allowance for shifting from the U.T.R. to Plymouth".

Well, it's over. We'll never again have to worry about Norman's haircut, Fred Morrow's fingers going between the keys of his typewriter, R.S. Sander's latest electronic gadget. No more hideous shrieks at Babsy Baker's latest girl friend or comments on the Cooper Harem.

One last word—it may interest others—even though it may sound dull. Training. We'd have been in a mess without it. We've spent so much time and labour at devising schemes for keeping interest going and it has paid dividends. Our last fling was a 500 question paper on the "True or False" principle. And guess what we found. You still can't get a 100 by guessing.

Before we say au revoir, could we pull the blinds down on Malta Comcen's Poem. This went:—

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,"

Please use the other foot tonight".

Certainly not! We always used our heads!

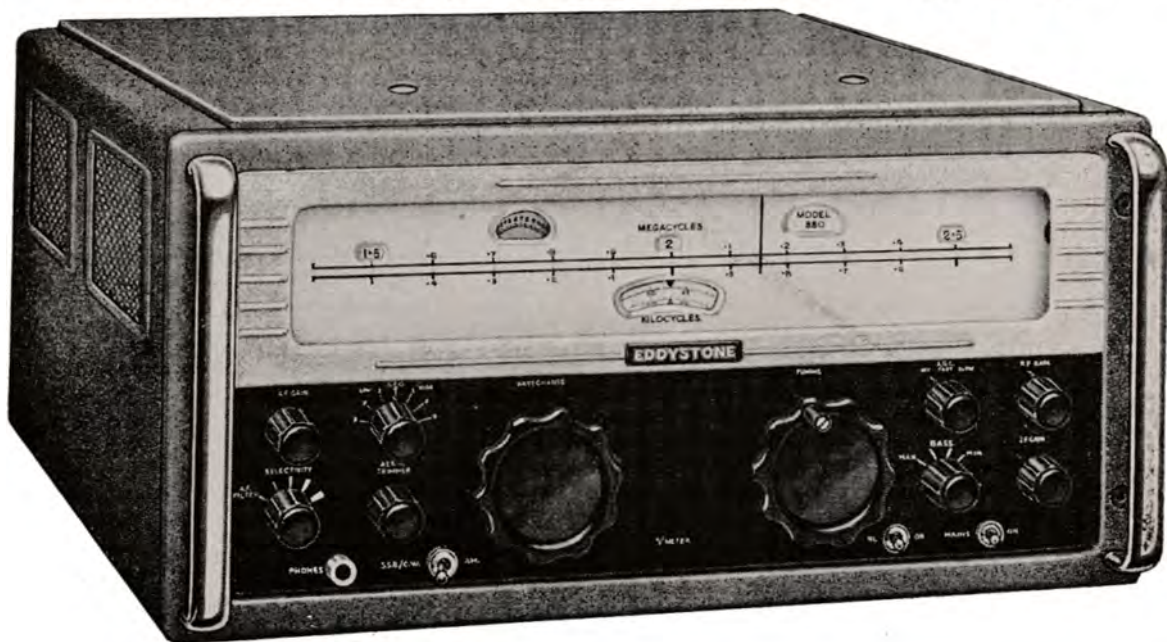
S.T.C. MALTA

Hello there! This is the S.T.C. Malta! We thought we'd begin our article with that bright and breezy greeting because our last donation to the COMMUNICATOR never reached its intended black and white form, which we in S.T.C. believe some Communicators are able to understand, so therefore, we assure those eager followers of our fortunes—we are still here. The old place has had a bit of a face lift here and there, but I think those who have passed through our hands will still recognise it. For those who have yet to visit us, and we hope there will be plenty, we have all buildings and classrooms clearly marked so that you too will recognise it. We have flower beds in profusion, and, by far the most noticeable improvement, the finest tarmac roads in Malta.

Our first thought is for our old boss, Lieut. Cdr. Johnson, whom most of you saw in the last issue. Many congratulations on your decoration.

Those who have been here will no doubt remember the DSEA tank in the main building. That has now gone, so we can no longer train divers

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as a sideline, but we are hoping that within the next couple of weeks it will have become a nice rest room for junior rates, to go with the other facilities we offer, lecture rooms, M.W.O. mock up, a V.S. model room, typing and T.T.Y. rooms, the latter is going to be re-enforced with 6 type 12s shortly, and will be resited.

For those roughing it married accompanied, we offer adequate car parking facilities. Even J.T.S. offers facilities in the form of the Tactical Teacher from time to time and you would be surprised the way our C.C.Ys become competent C.Os of ships with the aid of the L.T.Os courses.

Those are the instructional facilities; now let's have a look at the staff. Our officers number only two, and our instructors, four Chiefs in each department. The officers are interested in you, and the instructors give of their best which we think is a very good best. We are all here to help you in anyway we can and to teach you to use the shoehorn method as opposed to the hammer, although on odd occasions we may have to use both. If you are coming to the Med., your ship will inform us if you are recommended for an advancement course and waiting time is short, so it's up to you, but remember, passing professionally is not all there is to advancement.

For those who may be wondering if our presence here is justified, let me add that in the past nine months, no fewer than 275 officers and ratings have undergone courses at S.T.C. Malta.

7th D.S. and H.M.S. TRAFALGAR

Nearly three months were spent in Bailey's Yard, living in palatial surroundings at Halfar and commuting daily down to the bottom of a dock to contemplate the remains, while sucking at a Coca Cola, thoughtfully provided by a Maltese gentleman at the end of the brow who must by now be in the surtax bracket. At the end of the period *Trafalgar* emerged glistening with fresh paint and with some high class interior decor on the bridge, consisting primarily of a pink motif. In mid-September she rejoined the Mediterranean Fleet. We were just in time to miss "Fallex" and meandered cheerfully about the Malta Practice Areas flying a large "Quebec" while everyone else was busily engaged in tearing around the ocean with a dangerous top weight of exercise orders.

Since then four ships of the Squadron collected together, alas only too briefly, to do a few day's weapon training and then descended upon Tripoli for a four day visit where most of us got well acquainted with the local Army messes and sports teams. The latter included some valiant female cricketers who defeated us after a vigorous match.

On return from Tripoli, *Scorpion* departed for Gibraltar to refit, *Jutland* subsided thankfully into *Ausonia's* arms for a maintenance period and

we suddenly found that *Trafalgar* and *Dunkirk* were the only ships (save C.M.S.s and Submarines) of the Mediterranean Fleet this side of Barcelona where *Tiger* and the Fourth F.S. were having a final fling on their way home.

No wonder we are fast exhausting our stock of flag Romeos.

However, *Bermuda* and the First D.S. will soon be with us in Toulon for another "Medaswex" and broadcast MR, which has until recently been wearing out its call-tape, is beginning to include a few hesitant messages for the Carriers who are rumoured to be very nearly around. All good things come to an end, but it's been nice having the "Gut" to ourselves for a little while.

After Toulon next month, steady; after our *INSPECTION* next week, followed by "Medaswex" at Toulon, we are looking forward to another nearly complete Squadron gathering of four ships in Barcelona before we return to Malta for Christmas.

At anchor in St. Paul's Bay an alert V.S. watch-keeper (actually the C.C.Y.) spotted that we were being called up from a house ashore.

What Ship?

TRAFALGAR.

Thank you, Goodnight.

Who are you?

Andrew Morton, my father is in the Navy.

How old are you?

Ten.

Your morse is very good. Are you a scout?

No, my mother was a leading bunting!

OUR JENNY . . .



"36-20-35, Sir"



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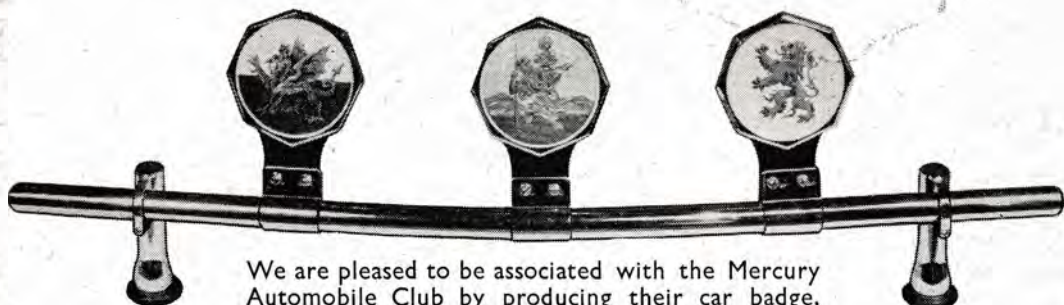
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MERCURY AUTOMOBILE CLUB

Many things have happened since our last article, and now the Club is taking shape. Naturally, many things remain to be done, and most problems are being sorted out as they arise. Firstly, let us say "many thanks" to L.R.O. Steel, our Secretary until leaving for *Ganges*, for the pioneering work he did during his time in office: and a warm welcome to Mr. J. Paice, our new Secretary, who can be contacted at *Mercury's* Telephone Exchange. His experience gained from membership in another Club will, no doubt, prove of benefit to us all.

Membership has increased to almost 50, and although the colder weather has deterred some people, the rally evenings are still well patronised. On October 19th, we held an evening rally in the Bishop's Waltham area in pouring rain, in which our motor cyclists did very well to complete the course. R.S. Barrett was obliged to borrow a question paper from another competitor, as several questions and clues had been washed out on his sheet.

We have now made preliminary arrangements to hire a Clubroom at the "Good Intent", Horndean when we require it, and a social evening is planned for November 17th. Each member is invited to bring along three guests, and we are hoping for a good turn-out.

One of our early members has now left *Mercury*, C.P.O. (S) Baird, and so he joins the ranks of Honorary Members, who are naturally eligible for full and active membership whenever they are in the *Mercury* area again. We are of course, hoping to

see many such members at our social functions, as well as at any rallies they can attend.

This time the photograph of the Club Vehicle Badge did get into the pages, and so you will all know what it is when you see it. A suggestion for lapel badges is in the mill, with the non-vehicle owners in mind, but this will depend on Club finances.



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What you want is
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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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

APPOINTMENTS

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
Sir PETER ANSON, Bart.	... Commander	R.N. Tactical School	Broadsword in command
R. J. ATTRIDGE Lt. (SD) (C)	Flowerdown	C.N.D. Haslemere
D. BEASLEY A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Lincoln
H. S. BENNETT Lt.-Cdr.	Lagos	J.S.A.W.C.
G. A. F. BOWER Cdr.	J.S.S.C.	Walkerton in command
W. G. BRIGGS S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.S.T.	Forth
P. C. BROOKER Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	Signal Division
P. H. BUCKLAND A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Undaunted
R. H. B. BUNTING A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Llandaff
A. C. I. BURNHAM Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.C.R.F.	Mercury
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C. Commander	Signal Division	Staff of CINCEASTLANT
R. G. CAMPBELL Lt. R.C.N.	R.C.N. Svc.	Caesar
E. W. A. COLLINS Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Centaur
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, M.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C. Commander	Britannia	N. & M.A. to U.K. High Com- missioner, Ghana
W. R. DANIELS Lt. (SD) (C)	Forth	S.T.C. Devonport
P. T. EDWARDS Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C. S.A. & S.A.	A.C.R.
P. ELLIS, D.S.M. Lt. (SD) (C)	Flowerdown	Mercury
G. EVATT A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Meon
N. F. FAWCETT Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Berwick
J. FLETCHER S/Lt. (SD) (C)	S.T.C. Devonport	Lochinvar
R. D. FRANKLIN Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.2.F.E.S.	Mercury
M. J. L. FREEMAN Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C.in-C. H.F.	Centaur
J. GOLDSMITH Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.S.T.	Victorious
H. GORMLEY, D.S.M. Lt. (SD) (C)	Dolphin	Mercury
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE Lt.-Cdr.	Centaur	Mercury
I. F. GRANT Lt.	Britannia	Mercury
P. G. M. GREIG Lt.-Cdr.	Belfast	Staff of C-in-C F.E.S.
W. E. HAWKES S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Whitehall W/T	Staff of Cdre. Cyprus
W. J. HEATH Lt. (SD) (C)	Flowerdown	Mercury
R. H. HENSMAN Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of C.in-C. F.E.S.	Mercury
E. L. HYATT Lt. (SD) (C)	Centaur	Dolphin
J. M. JESSOP Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C F.E.S.	Duncan
C. J. J. KEMP, M.B.E. Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Fulmar	R.N.Z.N. Exch. Service
R. W. KEOGH Lt.	Meon	Forth
D. A. LORAM, M.V.O. Commander	J.S.S.C.	Belfast
G. W. LOWDEN Lt.-Cdr.	A.C.R.	Staff of C-in-C H.F.
A. G. MCCRUM Captain	Staff of	Meon in command
CINCAFNORTH			
T. B. McLEAN A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Battleaxe
D. MACINDOE A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Adamant
G. H. MANN Commander	Staff of F.O. Air (Home)	Crossbow in command
P. MARTINEAU Commander	Staff of CINCHAN	R. N. Tactical School
D. T. MILLS Lt. (SD) (C)	Flowerdown	Staff of F.O.S.T.
F. MORRIS Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Whitehall W/T
K. MORTON Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Staff of R.N.O. Aden
E. G. L. NASH Lt. (SD) (C)	S.T.C. Chatham	Whitehall W/T
L. W. ORCHARD A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Belfast
G. REED A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Berwick
L. A. E. SETFORD Lt. (SD) (C)	C.N.D. Haslemere	R. Malayan Navy Loan Svc.
C. M. SEYMOUR Lt. R.C.N.	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth	Reversion to R.C.N.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. A. SHUTTLEWORTH ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Flowerdown in cmd.	Forest Moor W/T in cmd.
Miss V. SIBLEY ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Rooke	Mercury
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	R.N. Tactical Course
P. TROUBRIDGE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Ceylon West W/T in command	Zest
J. VEAL ...	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Roebuck	Staff of C-in-C F.E.S.
Miss J. WATTS-RUSSELL ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Rooke
Miss J. WELLING ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Staff of CINCAFMED
J. S. WILSON ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C.A.S.P.G.	Staff of F.O. Air (Home)
A. R. WOOD ...	Lt.	Mercury	Duchess

PROMOTIONS

To Commandant, W.R.N.S.

Miss J. DAVIES, O.B.E.

To Lieutenant Commander

M. SANDS

A. F. TILLEY

To Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)

R. COOMBER

To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

W. R. DANIELS

E. W. McCULLOUGH

R. A. STANLEY

R. A. THOMPSON

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

W. H. McMINN (31/7/60)

E. HAYWARD (30/8/60)

W. J. C. SULLIVAN (17/8/60)

J. C. BUICK (26/9/60)

C. HOLMES (18/8/60)

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

G. T. RYRIE (1/7/50)

E. D. HEWER (1/9/60)

RETIREMENTS

C. B. BROOKE...	Captain
P. H. DRAYCOTT	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)
R. G. DREYER, M.B.E.	Captain (A.F.O. 1955/57)
E. T. L. DUNSTERVILLE	Captain
Miss S. L. HEPPARD	3/O W.R.N.S. (B.R. 1077 Art. 0320)
Miss S. HARRIS	3/O W.R.N.S. (B.R. 1077 Art. 0320)
G. A. MILWARD, M.B.E.	Commander (A.F.O. 1955/57)
Miss E. M. ROBB	2/O W.R.N.S. (B.R. 1077 Art. 0320)
L. F. TATE	Sub-Lieutenant (SD) (C)
N. J. WAGSTAFF	Captain

PRIZE WINNERS, CHRISTMAS 1960 COMPETITIONS

FEATURE	H.M.S. "LION"—see page 125 (Author please contact Editor)
PHOTOGRAPH	L.R.O. C. PARSONS, R.N.R.—see page 112
CARTOON...	L.R.O. L. R. RYCROFT—see page 118

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IT IS REGRETTED THAT SHORTAGE OF SPACE PREVENTED THE CONCLUSION OF "MALTA TO OXFORD IN 23 DAYS". WE SHALL HOPE TO INCLUDE IT IN THE EASTER 1961 ISSUE.

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