

THE COMMUNICATOR



SUMMER 1975

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THE COMMUNICATOR

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EDITORIAL

The Earl Mountbatten Reminiscences

It is apparent from the large number of reader's comments that Earl Mountbatten's reminiscences, as our No 1 Communicator over the past 50 years were thoroughly enjoyed. Nevertheless, it is only fair that I own up and put the record straight by admitting that the four small errors were of an editorial nature. It is no wonder that his Lordship has a reputation of being a man of action and speed. For within 24 hours of publication he had written to me in a courteous and humorous way, pointing out each of these mistakes. Efficiency . . .

The Future of the Magazine

The Magazine depends entirely on its own ability to remain financially solvent. This it strives to achieve by the monies received from advertising and by the magazine sales. With the enemy of inflation our printing costs have risen appreciably and we are no longer breaking even on each edition. The situation would soon become critical and requires remedial action now. Therefore we have been forced to increase the magazine price to 50p starting with the Winter '75 edition.

It is worth remembering that very few Branches can boast their own magazine. How many can you name? "The Communicator" has been with us since the Spring of 1947. Your continued support and acceptance of the necessarily large price increase is more important than ever before if we are to safeguard the future of YOUR magazine.

Appreciations

I would like to thank all the contributors who have helped to make this edition a most interesting one to produce. However, I feel sure that there are more activities going on in the Fleet than the Fleet Section would seem to suggest. What has your ship been doing?

Finally, our retiring treasurer Lt. Cdr. Harry Hellier, leaves us shortly for new greener pastures in HMS *Dryad* and I wish him well in his new job and thank him for his efforts in making the books a delight to audit.



Captain Derek O'Reilly, Royal Navy

Foreword

by

The Captain of the Signal School

I have been extremely fortunate over the years in enjoying a number of appointments in the Signal School and I have developed a deep affection for the Establishment and all that it stands for. I have been able to get to know a large number of people in the Branch and those permanent members of the staff who always so generously welcome one back, I am of course delighted to return this time in Command.

It is true that we live at a time not only of unprecedented change but especially of change that seem to be accelerating daily. Ideas, tastes and practices which hitherto survived several generations are now cast aside within a decade.

Success of course comes to those who master their surrounds and I'm sure that for us this must mean mastering the process of change so that at each stage we can be in the forefront developing the achievements of the past to resolve the problems of today and tomorrow. There is no shortage of difficulties and no one with recent experience of operations or exercises at sea and ashore can doubt that our subject will remain of the utmost significance for many years to come.

I am confident that the Signal School will continue to succeed in supporting the Fleet and providing the men and ideas needed to maintain the lead created by generations of our predecessors and I much look forward to Commanding the Establishment at this important time.

Dur O'Killy

... EQUAL SPEED CHARLIE LONDON

A MASTERPIECE OF FLEET MANOEUVRE

by Commander J. B. Paterson, D.S.C., Royal Navy

Editors note: The author is now the Reverend J. B. Paterson at the Rectory, Glencarse, Perth.

The history of the Battle of Jutland is probably a closed book to most Communicators, and I doubt whether many of us, including the author of this article, until starting some research, could give an account of the circumstances in which Admiral Jellicoe hoisted the famous signal 'Equal Speed Charlie London', which is displayed in the entrance to the Administration Block and is used as our distinctive blazer badge.

The story of the battle makes fascinating reading, and gave rise to endless controversy for many years after the war. The following account is no more than a very brief sketch of the events leading up to the deployment of the main Dreadnought Battle Fleet, which was effected by 'Equal Speed Charlie London'. To those of you who would like to obtain a clearer picture of the whole battle, I would warmly commend Captain Donald Macintyre's book, "Jutland," which gives a most readable survey of the encounter.

MAY 1916

In May 1916, both the British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet were spoiling for a fight. The German Commander, Admiral Scheer knew well that he had insufficient forces to take on the whole British Fleet, and had made plans to lure out the British Battle Cruiser Fleet from Rosyth and deal with it before the Dreadnoughts of the Battle Fleet could come south from Scapa Flow in support.

RADIO INTERCEPT

He did not however, take into account the efficiency of the Admiralty's radio intercept service, and when he made his sailing signal at 3.40 on the afternoon of 30th May, it was duly intercepted and was available in the Admiralty at 5 p.m. The Grand Fleet at Scapa under the Command of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, flying his flag in the *Iron Duke*, and the Battlecruiser Fleet at Rosyth under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, together with the 5th Battle Squadron immediately put to sea to await eventualities.

At 2 p.m. the next day, the Dreadnought Battle Fleet was in Organisation No. 5, Divisions in line ahead disposed abeam to

starboard in the order 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Divisions, screened by the Fourth, Eleventh and Twelfth Flotillas, with cruisers and destroyers some sixteen miles ahead, spread eight miles apart on a line roughly at right angles to the line of advance of the main body. Admiral Beatty's battlecruisers and the 5th Battle Squadron were about 30 miles south-east of the main battle fleet.

FIRST SIGHTING

At 2.20 p.m., the first enemy sighting report was made, and by 4 p.m. Beatty's ships were hotly engaged with the German Battlecruiser Fleet commanded by Admiral Hipper which was some way ahead of Scheer's High Seas Fleet.

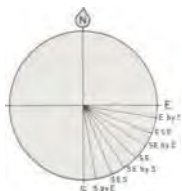
Initially, Admiral Jellicoe received good intelligence of the engagements, but as the battle developed, Beatty's force received heavy damage, and reports came less frequently. By 6 p.m. when Jellicoe was close enough to give full support, he was still ignorant of the exact position of the enemy battlefleet, and could not therefore deploy his ships into battle line. At 6.14 he received the information he needed and at 6.15 he made his deployment signal.

THE MANOEUVRE

The actual signals made during this critical period have been extracted from the official despatches of the battle and are shown in the Table. The actual formation of the battlefleet after each manoeuvre is shown roughly in Diagram 1. (I am sorry if it bears a rather close resemblance to a resultant order problem in a Fleetwork paper). The approximate relative positions of the two main fleets during and after the deployment are shown in Diagrams 2 and 3.

... EQUAL SPEED CHARLIE LONDON ...

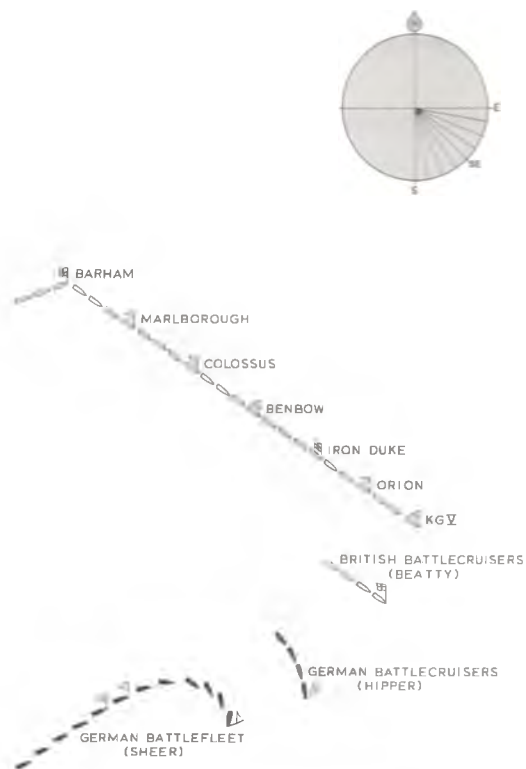
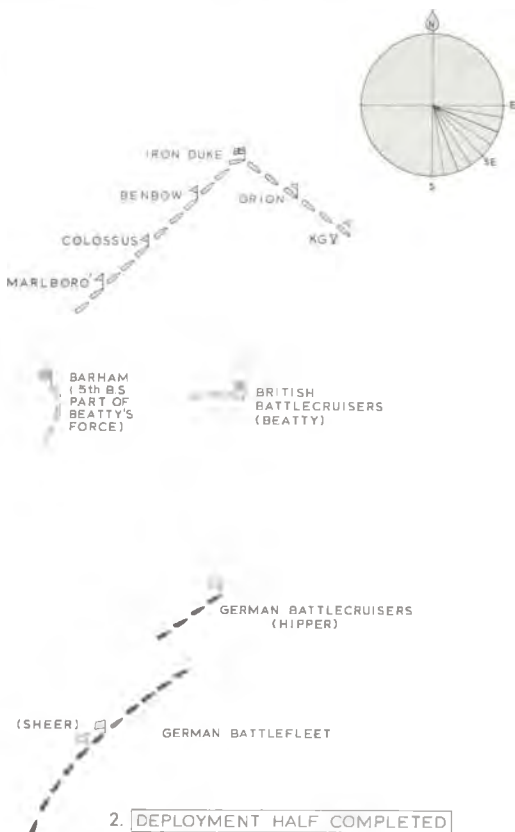
A MASTERPIECE OF FLEET MANOEUVRE



EXTRACT OF SIGNALS EXCHANGED				
TIME	SYSTEM	FROM	TO	MESSAGE
1755	LIGHT	C in C	MARLBOROUGH	WHAT CAN YOU SEE ? REPLY. OUR BATTLECRUISERS BEARING SSW, STEERING EAST, LION LEADING SHIP
1801	LIGHT	C in C	BC BCF	WHERE IS ENEMY'S BF ? REPLY: HAVE SIGHTED ENEMY'S BF BEARING SSW (TOR IRON DUKE 1814)
1802	FLAGS	C in C	GENERAL	ALTER COURSE, LEADING SHIPS TOGETHER REST IN SUCCESSION TO SOUTH. SPEED 18 KNOTS.
1806	FLAGS	C in C	GENERAL	ALTER COURSE, LEADING SHIPS TOGETHER REST IN SUCCESSION TO SE
1806	LIGHT	LION	C in C	ENEMY'S BCs BEARING SE
1810	FLAGS W/T	BARHAM	C in C	ENEMY'S BATTLEFLEET SSE
1815	FLAGS W/T	C in C	GENERAL	THE COLUMN NEAREST SE BY E IS TO ALTER COURSE IN SUCCESSION TO THAT POINT OF THE COMPASS, THE THE REMAINING COLUMNS ALTERING COURSE, LEADING SHIPS TOGETHER THE REST IN SUCCESSION SO AS TO FORM ASTERN OF THAT COLUMN MAINTAINING THE SPEED OF THE FLEET

There was of course a great deal of argument as to whether Admiral Jellicoe should have deployed earlier, and whether he did in fact deploy the best way, Captain Macintyre's assessment is favourable: 'The deployment of the Grand Fleet, in the nick of time and in spite of sparse and inaccurate intelligence, in the manner most perfect to bring a devastating concentration of fire on to a portion of the enemy fleet was a masterpiece of fleet manoeuvre that has rarely been equalled and never excelled'. But there were many historians who felt that Jellicoe missed his chances and should have deployed to the southward thereby engaging the enemy on an opposite course, I think, an impartial study of the facts would tend to support Captain Macintyre's viewpoint.

There is however, one aspect on which all were agreed, and that was the efficiency of the communication departments. Here perhaps I may be allowed to quote the late Commander Holloway H. Frost of the United States. He stated 'We must heartily commend the visual communication system



of the Grand Fleet. We particularly like the laconic wording and the great rapidity with which the despatches were sent from ship to ship. Radio Communication was also very rapid and the errors were kept to a very small percentage. During nearly two years of war, the entire communication system had grown to be very efficient and it is doubtful that it can be equalled even today, despite many technical improvements'.

As to the final outcome of the battle itself, here again there are many conflicting views. there is no doubt that we lost a greater number of ships and men than the Germans, but against this must be set the fact that never again did the German High Seas Fleet venture to sea until its fateful scuttling in Scapa Flow at the end of the war.

References: Battle of Jutland 1916 — official Despatches, H.M.S.O., 1920.

The Battle of Jutland, Holloway H. Frost, Stevens and Brown Ltd., London. 1936.

Jutland, Donald Macintyre, Evans Bros. Ltd., 1957.

EXTENDING THE RANGE OF SHIPS HF BROADBAND AERIALS

by FCRS (RCI) M. J. Challinor, BEM

With the introduction of long range SSB voice circuits, required by changes in communication organisation in 1971, there was a requirement to transmit simultaneously on up to 3 HF frequencies above 12 Mhz. For the majority of ICS ships this was an impossibility, and a decision was made to fit certain ships with an extra ETA. (Whip aerial and base tuner). However, a problem still existed on IKARA fitted Leanders who had had 1 ETA removed, and for this class of ship there were no plans to overcome the problem.

In 1972 I started work trying to solve the problem using HMS *Mercury's* ICS wing. The problem could be solved if the broadband aerial on Leanders and DLGs would cover the required extra frequency band, but all the teaching and handbooks indicated it was not possible to use the aerial outside the range of 3—11.5Mhz.

I considered these aerials must go beyond the quoted frequency range. I then started testing with *Mercury's* broadband transmitting aerial and the results were encouraging. To provide conclusive proof I needed to conduct tests onboard a ship, but this could not be done, because of a restriction on the broadband aerial filters. They would only cover the frequency range 3 - 11.5 Mhz. So I borrowed an 8 - 24Mhz filter from *Mercury's* ICS wing, transported it by car to the

dockyard and wired it into HMS *Hermione's* broadband aerial in place of a 3 - 11.5Mhz filter. I carried out tests to determine the true frequency range of the broadband aerial, and discovered it would tune and radiate satisfactorily from 3 - 20.1Mhz.

The same procedure was then used onboard HMS *Fife* and the frequency range of her broadband aerial covered 3 - 19.7Mhz.

The results of the trials were forwarded to ASWE and DNS by URTS (X section *Mercury*) and it was decided that DLG's and Leanders would have one of the 3 - 11.5Mhz filters replaced by an 8 - 24Mhz filter by A & A action.

The total saving to the Service was estimated at over £100,000.

ICS FREQUENCY SEPARATION

In 1972 I was employed in GT section as the Chief Instructor and when teaching ICS I became concerned about the frequency separation rules for Triple Drive. I could see no reason for any frequency separation when using the system. The main reason for the separation quote in the handbooks, was to protect RF amplifiers connected to the same broadband aerial. ie to



FCRS(RCI) M. J. Challinor BEM is seen here receiving two cheques to the total value of £360 from Captain D. A. P. O'Reilly. The cheque for £250 being awarded from Public Funds (Patents) for Mr. Challinor's work concerning frequency separation and frequency range of Integrated Communications Systems. In addition an award of £110 from the Herbert Lott Naval Trust Fund.

... Our congratulations on a really splendid effort ...

stop one high power amplifier feeding into another. In the triple drive system, although the transmitter is radiating on 3 individual frequencies simultaneously it only employs one broadband amplifier, so there is no need to protect it from itself.

Using *Mercury's* ICS wing I carried out extensive trials and found that triple drive would operate successfully at any separation.

To continue the trial I needed to try it onboard a ship. By this time I had been job changed and I was now working for X Section (Lt. Cdr. Banham XC1, Lt. Prickett XC2).

They were very interested in the trials and offered every encouragement, and it was arranged I could carry out a trial on *HMS Fearless*.

When I explained to the *Fearless* WE and Comms Staff what I intended to do (radiate on triple drive 3 frequencies with 10Khz separation) they thought I was raving mad, but they allowed the use of their equipment. We radiated as indicated with 3 different emissions and the *Devonshire* printed and copied all frequencies successfully.

The results of the trials were passed to ASWE and they confirmed the results.

By this time there were doubts in my mind

whether the 10% on single drive **transmitters** was really necessary. So with a spectrum **analyser** and RF generator I set about **measuring** the bandwidth of a broadband transmitter **filter**. The characteristics of these filters was **not laid down** in any handbook and without this it **would be** foolhardy to attempt to reduce the frequency separation.

When the filter frequency measuring was completed it appeared there was a case for reducing the frequency separation rules.

Again trials were carried out onboard a ship (*HMS Hermione*) witnessed by ASWE, and these trials were successful.

URTS applied to ASWE for the separation rules for ICS ships to be changed to 5%. ASWE agreed to this providing the transmitter power output did not exceed 400 watts.

With the change in the rules it assisted immensely in the production of the **COMPLAN** you now see in **FLCOs**.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Lt. Cdr. W. Briggs, Lt. Cdr. Banham, Lt. W. Prickett, Lt. A. Crandon, 1971/2 WE & Comms Staff of *HMS Hermione*, *Fife*, *Fearless* and *Devonshire*, without their assistance the projects would never have materialised.



Cento Seminar 1975, Above Water Warfare, 3-5 June 1975. UK, USA, Iran, Turkey, Pakistan

ECOLOGY AND COMMUNICATORS

INTRODUCTION

The following article was written by Captain Georgio Porciani, who has just been relieved as the equivalent of DNS in the Italian Navy and has now retired from that service. As a member of the Allied Naval Communication Agency he has been a staunch supporter of the effort to reduce signal traffic to sensible proportions, and this article has already appeared in the Italian Naval magazine 'Revista Marittima'.

Captain R. D. Franklin
Director of Naval Signals.

At first the title may seem strange and arouse the suspicion of the reader, who is only too conscious of the dubious means employed by certain newspapers to capture his attention. It is therefore advisable to give a brief explanation of the two terms.

Ecology can be taken as an example of the frantic activities of our time; we begin by exalting and exaggerating the object of our interest only to end by depreciating and destroying it. The word ecology derives from the Greek word 'oikos', meaning 'home', and together with the suffix 'logy' defines the science that studies the relationship between living things and their environment.

After a long association with the biologists, who write and converse in a very dignified style, ecology, of which most people were ignorant, was suddenly brought to the attention of the general public in connection with pollution problems. And the success of this 'imposter' (to use Kipling's word) has very quickly 'Polluted' it in its turn by association, incorrectly suggesting with their names fields forever green, surging water and the triumph of nature itself.

Oppressed by engines, detergents, central heating and even songs inspired by so-called ecological yearnings, we dump the word ecology on top of the pile of words and definitions that we hear everywhere without paying them any attention. Therefore we will not add to the insults already suffered by ecology, and in this article we will refer to it, if not with the reverence which was accorded it in the past, at least with some knowledge, treating it as a science studying the relationships between living beings (for our purposes the communicators) and their environment.

Communicators transfer information from the sender to the recipient by 'electrical means' (teleprinter, radio etc) in the form of telegrams and messages. Although this defines communicators fairly clearly we should add a few more details to the definition. First of all we must

point out the unceasing nature of their work, since the flood of information and therefore of messages is endless, day and night, throughout holidays, it runs like a river in spate — we will revert to this later on.

The profession of communicators is one that can be readily recognised as true service, in the highest sense of the word. Constant contact between communicators, and the necessity for close collaboration irrespective of language barriers, has created a strong professional link between communicators from all over the world. Australian and European, military and civilian, communicators have become something of an international community, with its own concise and efficient language. Those which mainly concern us are the navy and army communicators, who entirely fit the role. In addition they have some peculiarities of their own which, according to the circumstances, could be viewed as either virtues or defects. If they are clever they do nothing to conceal their occasional indulgence in professional virtues, but if they are less brilliant they can, with a single message sent through the wrong channel stir up more trouble than King Charles did in France.

For a long time they have all but monopolised the posts of Aides-de-Camp and take it as their right to be near commanders. Generally speaking this has not improved their characters. With an air of condescension they handle books which look like a cross between a telephone directory and a table of logarithms and which to the uninitiated, appear absolutely repulsive. They are just as meticulous as hydrographers and have certain harmless fixations with which they upset anyone who requires their services. On the whole they are terrible bores. Years ago an anonymous wit declared that they all had 'cat's whisker crystals' for brains, and, thanks to their hunger for more and more elaborate instruments, our ships are driven to become 'instruments to beat the enemy on all frequencies'. However he did not foresee just how essential they would become in the near

future, with the boom in electronic warfare. Poor soul, he must have been a Gunnery Officer.

Communicators operate in the vast world of users, in other words the people who originate or receive messages. The message the first element in the relation between the communicators and the outside world, is entirely governed by the user. It is the user who decides if and when to use it. The user says to whom it should be addressed, what its priority and content should be and what security classification should be assigned to it. Where messages are concerned all the rights are on the part of the user, whilst the duties are the responsibility of the communicator; indeed it could not be otherwise. What is more, if the user (for arguments sake) decides to telegraph to all recipients that he knows the first canto of the inferno and gives the message the highest security classification, the unfortunate communicator is not in a position, at this stage, to make any objections because, to him, this message is a peremptory order with all the complications relating to priority, security, distribution and textual accuracy. Without prejudice, perhaps at his point we should cast a glance at how the users generally exercise their rights.

It must be pointed out that the decisions the communicators are expected to make with regard to messages run counter to their instincts and therefore cannot be taken correctly without special training. Sending messages is much easier than sending letters and it gives to the writer a pleasant sensation of being relieved of his worries; furthermore it does not confront him with difficult problems regarding syntax; it enables him to put off an unpleasant task to the last moment, or to remedy his forgetfulness. On giving a message to the communicator who is going to send it, one feels an immediate sensation that the message is already in the recipient's hands, whilst when you sign a letter, you cannot help thinking of the bother created for the people around you who will have to carry out the tasks of registering it, stamping it etc. The result of all this is that the number of people choosing the easy way of transferring information by messages is increasing enormously. To some extent this is an inevitable consequence of the speeding up which has taken place in our lives. But we must prevent ourselves reaching the stage which we seem to be approaching, when it is considered perfectly normal to transfer our goods and chattels (precious to us, no doubt, but still just goods and chattels) by a Formula One Ferrari.

Then one must take into account all the unnecessary messages, the traffic in which is increasing all the time: they proliferate like weeds. These messages are fostered by people who do trust other peoples intelligence, or who like to put themselves forward, or, less dramatically, it is due to individual quirks, impatience or just lack of common sense.

Once, during a major exercise, a flotilla of mine-sweepers was carrying out a long and complex operation; because of a mistake made by their Communications Officer they listened to a different channel from the one assigned to them, and received only routine information such as meteorological bulletins, summaries etc — they did not receive one of the many messages addressed to them from the Command ashore amending the orders given before the start of the exercise. During the meeting held at the end of the exercise (which had gone flawlessly) the flotilla commander, on being warmly congratulated on the success of the exercise, felt that it was his duty to express his appreciation for the freedom of movement which had been granted to him and emphasised the unusual and happy circumstance of not receiving any messages whilst at sea.

History does not relate how, and in what obscure post, the Communications Officer in that flotilla ended up, but we are sure it must be a comfort to him to remember the words of the author of the lost messages; these were the same of those of the bishop who was unexpectedly showered with confetti.

This particular episode is, of course, apocryphal; it should be considered purely as an example, and a rather sensational and extreme one at that; however some people might find in it food for thought.

In choosing the degree of precedence for messages, and the number of recipients to whom the messages will have to be sent, compilers stick to the principle '*Melius abundare quam deficere*' ('Better too much than too little'). Seen from the communicators side, the situation looks as if people outside their particular environment have the following firm beliefs: that there are special methods which can be used to send very urgent messages, and that you can load the communication channels to an unlimited degree as the necessity arises (this of course is not true); that precedence is absolute and not relative: this is the same as saying that a traffic jam involving ambulances, travelling at full speed and with sirens wailing, would be easier to disperse than a traffic jam involving normal vehicles. As a matter of fact we believe just the opposite. Finally, they think a message sent to twenty recipients is the same as a message sent to a single recipient (while in reality it amounts to twenty separate messages).

Now for a word or two on the average length of a text, which is unfortunately forever increasing. It is enough to give an example which concerns everyone and which can easily be checked. Let us observe the average user in both his roles of recipient and sender. As a recipient he has developed a surprising ability to synthesise surely and selectively; give him a pile of messages received, however big, and he will go through them without making mistakes, picking up only the essential information in each case, and at the

same time classifying them for interest, urgency, the need for a reply etc. But now let us look at him in his capacity of sender — he is two-faced, wordy and pompous, producing by long and laborious effort missives which, as a recipient, he would assess in an instant and probably consign to the waste-paper basket. Communicators believe that a balancing of the various qualities exhibited in both roles would be very desirable.

After what has been said it is now obvious that all the criticism directed at the system comes from the communicators who firmly desire an improvement in their standard of living, in other words less work. This is true, but there are also other factors to be taken into consideration; in the last 20 years the apparatus of communication and its systems have been developed with great rapidity: this development has reached fantastic proportions and is still improving. It is enough to say that a few years ago the maximum speed of transferring information was 20 words per minute, while today we can send messages five times as fast; furthermore the long coding and decoding operations have been completely automated and, finally, the reliability of communications has increased enormously.

Unfortunately what has not been improved is the ratio between the demand for transferring messages and the ability to satisfy it; as a matter of fact it is unarguably the case that the *numerator* (demand) grows more rapidly than the *denominator* (the capacity of the system). Communicators have much experience of this, but whilst a few years ago this was generally accepted as a cruel but unavoidable fact in more recent times they have begun to study these things systematically, reaching unhappy conclusions.

First: the increase in demand has, in time, developed exponential characteristics — in other words it is just like an avalanche. An exponential increase is, of course, characterised by the fact that over equal periods of time increases occur which are equal to constant fractions of the final amount itself. This is easily appreciated by reference to the avalanche, world population and other things of a similar nature currently undergoing expansion; it is far worse with regard to the number of messages in circulation. We cannot understand why we constantly have to increase the volume of messages to be transferred. Of course we could give some explanation but this would take us into very complicated arguments, therefore we try to explain it in the words of an English communicator who explained this phenomenon somewhat vaguely but nonetheless effectively as a 'law of humanity', and this is good enough for our purposes. Statistics show the concrete existence of this law, and for the moment they do not show any tendency to change.

Second: we can exclude the existence of any technical solution to this problem, at least in the short and medium term. It is generally recognised that the time during which great inventions flared

up has all but passed away. Progress can mostly be quantified in time and with regard to the extent of its success. In our case the future is bound to bring some technical progress but at the same time the demand will increase more rapidly than the present ratio.

Third: in routine periods there are no crises of communication (even though the volume of traffic being dealt with today is well above the saturation point of some time ago) but the margin needed to tackle peak times is heavily reduced. It must be remembered that it is during these times that there is an increased risk of reduced capacity due to damage and enemy action.

What is the communicator's reaction to this worrying situation? They are working around internal solutions, with the intention of energetically improving efficiency and improving the technical standard of their equipment whenever they can; by now, however, there are very few crumbs to be picked up in this area. Regarding the outside world of the users, communicators are studying some authoritative measure with which to tackle the increasing demand. Even this is proving unsuccessful because, for one reason or another, they collide with the sacred principle that the user must be free to initiate all the messages he likes, and the communicator must send them to various destinations in the shortest possible time.

Well, what is to be done? The only solution is to educate the users in the way to use the communicator's services. We are not all in agreement on this, because by doing so we would be putting the communicators in the teacher's position and everybody else in the pupil's desks. We can only look at the way the users exercise their rights, and consequently we are talking more and more of 'educating the user'. In our opinion the problem relates more to the 'participation' of the users in the difficulties inherent in transferring information. We should say that what is needed is an adjustment to the 'impedance' between the two worlds (users and communicators) who are in fact complementary to one another in seeking the same result. It is necessary to modify people's habitual customs and, as we all know, this particular modification is more difficult to achieve than purely technical ones. The difference between the two is analogous to the gulf between sociology and physics, or between psychology and mathematics. While only a few years of well-organised technical efforts were required to put men on the moon it would take half a century to persuade the romans to dispose of their litter in the correct manner.

Finally, we could have dealt with this in more detail and at greater depth; but the fact is that these kind of arguments, if covered in depth, can easily become very boring; it is not claimed that even in its present form it makes for pleasant reading.

One thing is certain: this matter is worthy of serious consideration.



THE COMMUNICATOR MAGAZINE

Guide for Contributors

1. Material for inclusion in "The Communicator" should be addressed to:

The Editor, The Communicator Magazine,
HMS *Mercury*, East Meon, Petersfield,
Hampshire, GU32 1HE.

2. As a general rule despatches should reach the editor by March 1 for inclusion in the 'Spring' edition, July 1 for the 'Summer' edition and by November 1 for inclusion in the 'Winter' edition each year.

3. Contributions as follows are always welcome:

a. Technical articles on communications and connected equipments, on communication procedures and on communication philosophy. Subject matter MUST be Unclassified.

b. Articles, or poems on subjects of general interest, either serious or in lighter vein.

c. Jokes, either in cartoon or written form.

d. Puzzles, problems, etc. (with solutions please).

4. Photographs, diagrams, etc. to illustrate articles can be published only in black and white. This does not exclude the submission of coloured slides and photographs but it does negate the use of colour keys in charts and diagrams. Illustrations of this nature should be clearly annotated on which they refer and, where they depict personalities, the order of ranks, names, initials and decorations. Such material should be carefully packed to avoid damage in transit. Photographs should be as large as possible. They will be returned after publication only if this is specifically requested.

5. When material of any kind is submitted, if it is not original the source must be stated. Permission to reprint should normally be obtained before submission. If this is not possible, as much information as is available should be provided to enable the Editor to apply for such permission.

6. Please remember that your contributions, support and interest are essential to the quality of the magazine.

The Editor

IN MEMORIUM

The Captain and Ship's Company of HMS *Mercury* regret to announce the death of their shipmate Lieutenant Commander D. W. Coggleshall, RN, (rtd) on July 27 1975. He was cremated in St Barnabus Church, Swanmoor, on Wednesday the 30th. The Captain, all senior Officers and a large number of other Officers and Ratings attended the funeral.

YESTERDAY, TODAY OR TOMORROW?

In order to clarify some of the confusion about the meanings of YESTERDAY, TODAY and TOMORROW as used in the "Lyness Daily News".

Putting it very simply — YESTERDAY means yesterday if used in conjunction with BBC news items since these are received last night in which case YESTERDAY means the day before yesterday when in the L.D.N. today, O.K. so far?

In the case of extracts from the U.K. Press this is not true. YESTERDAY in this context means yesterday in the U.K. — its relationship to us really depends on who reads the papers in Northwood and decides which bits to send to us — this is then taped up and sent to London (YESTERDAY still equals yesterday and Today equals Today). By the time the message get through to Whitehall and out to Halifax a new day has overtaken the message so that now YESTERDAY equals the day before Yesterday, Today equals yesterday and Tomorrow becomes today.

O.K. so far?

Then it comes to Lyness and, depending on the Time of Receipt, it may get into today's L.D.N. in which case Yesterday remains equal to the Day before Yesterday, Today equals Yesterday and Tomorrow is still today. But . . . if it arrives too late for today's L.D.N. it gets held over for 24 hours and appears in tomorrow's L.D.N. and now Yesterday equals the Day before the Day before Yesterday, Today equals the day before Yesterday and Tomorrow equals yesterday.

O.K. so far?

Having got that sorted out we come to local items of news — these may be written today printed today and read today, in which case Today means Today. But some items are written the day before yesterday (That's yesterday since this is being typed today but read tomorrow).

O.K. so far?

Now when you cross the Date Line one day gets cancelled when going East to West (or is it West to East?) or added when going West to East (or is it East to West?) then things get *really* complicated . . . and you think YOU have problems?
See You Tomorrow.

ROSM CONVERSION COURSE SM4A



Before . . .



. . . and After

THE BATTLE OF CORONEL

1st NOVEMBER 1914

The service career of Harry William George Spencer, Chief Communications yeoman is given as an introduction to the letter which George Spencer wrote to his wife giving his account of the Battle of Coronel — 1st November 1914. This personal letter has been sent by the family and we are grateful to them for allowing us to print it.

BORN 1875

Born at Bethnal Green, Middlesex 8 Nov 1873 and joined the Navy shortly before his 16th birthday. He was then 5ft 3ins tall, with brown eyes, brown hair, a fair complexion and had a scar on his left elbow. He had worked as a printer. As a Londoner it was natural that he should be in the Chatham port Division and not either of the other two — Portsmouth and Devonport. He went first to HMS *Impregnable*, for long the receiving ship at Chatham for new recruits, on the same day as some 4 other volunteers, having joined as a seaman. A few days later he moved to HMS *Lion*, the Boy's Training ship at Devonport, and must have done well there since he transferred to the signal branch, an opportunity only available to the best trainees. He thus arrived onboard HMS *Duke of Wellington*, which appears to have been a training ship for his new branch.

FIRST SHIP

Spencer's first seagoing ship was the battleship *Thunderer* in the Mediterranean but he very quickly moved to the battleship *Victoria*, flagship of the Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon. He would have been onboard her when she grounded on Snipe Point, Platea on 29 Jan 1892. The ship was lightened by 1,253 tons, temporary bulkheads and cofferdams built and these enabled *Edinburgh* and *Dreadnought* to pull her off on 4 Feb. It is recorded that whilst aground hammocks were never taken out of their daytime stowages. *Victoria* had to be repaired at Malta and was the first ship to enter the then new Hamilton dock.

COLLISION

Victoria resumed her duties in May 1892 but the following year, as a direct result of a manoeuvre ordered by the C-in-C in cir-

cumstances which are well recorded and constitute the most notable accident in the long history of the Royal Navy, was in collision with HMS *Camperdown*, flagship of the Deputy C-in-C and sank with the loss of the Admiral, 22 officers and 336 men. Then, and indeed until after the First World War, the proportion of those who could swim was remarkably low, thus the loss of over half of her complement. However many could not have escaped from below her decks and so Spencer's survival may have been due, not only to being able to swim, but also to being on watch. Since his station would then have been the flag deck he is likely to have played a part in signalling the fatal manoeuvre.

Later service included the battleship *Vengeance*, flagship of a Rear Admiral, when she touched bottom with slight damage 26 June 1905 in Algiers.

RNVR

Spencer signed on for a 12 year Continuous Service Engagement, such an engagement only became effective on the Boy's 18th birthday, at which age he is noted as being 5ft 6ins high. When this engagement expired Spencer signed on to complete time for pension, payable on the 40th birthday. A note on his record states:

'Requisitioned for RNVR and joined same 30/6/13. London division'.

The RNVR, had only started a few years previously and was then finding its feet. Spencer was probably asked to stay on when his engagement expired in November 1913, by which time he was serving in the RNVR drill ship HMS *President*. From there he quickly returned to sea onboard the Armed Merchant Cruiser *Otranto* when war started, he has left his own account of the very notable action in which he fought and was to remain at sea until the end of 1916. He was pensioned as from 2 Aug 14.

THE BATTLE OF CORONEL

1st NOVEMBER 1914

Monday Nov 9th

At Sea
off Monte Video

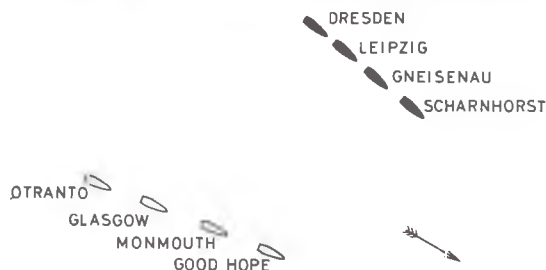
My Own Darling wife x x x x.

Just a few more lines hoping that this will find you in good health and spirits dear, also the children, also that you have got all my letters, the last one I sent by the captain of the collier 'Manston' at Vallenar Roads. I am in good health sweetheart, but have had no mail yet since we left so of course feel a little worried, hoping however that you are alright at home. I expect that you have heard by now of the naval action off the coast of Chile noon Sunday Nov 1st. My god it was awful, on account of our helplessness in the face of a vastly superior force. It seems rough after chasing the enemy all round the coasts of South America going thousands of miles we suddenly find him in company with the two finest cruisers in the German Navy outside those in German harbours. Well old dear, it happened like this. We had been scouring all through the various channels between the Islands off the coast of Chili trying to get information, and pretty dangerous work for this big ship as most of them are badly charted, we had rejoined the *Good Hope*, *Monmouth* and *Glasgow* at Vallenar when we were ordered to Puerto Moutt a small German colony in Chili to get news, we could not obtain any but I expect they telegraphed the enemy that we were there, anyway we left on Saturday morning and picked up *Good Hope* at sea on Sunday noon, the *Monmouth* and *Glasgow* also joined up and we signalled results of our searches to the admiral, at about 2 o'clock the admiral made a signal to say he could hear German wireless very strong and expected that it was ahead, the squadron would therefore spread 15 miles apart and steer N.W. by N. at 10 knots to find them, we then proceeded to spread as follows; at 4-30 we observed smoke off our starboard bow nearest to the land, and reported it to *Glasgow* we both at once altered course towards it, also the *Monmouth*, as we got closer we found that it was two large



armoured cruisers and 2 protected cruisers nearly new ships with the latest guns and armour we at once wirelessly *Good Hope* who had got out of sight by this time and reported them. All ships were then ordered to concentrate on *Glasgow* at that time steering from the enemy, on our Squadron getting together we were ordered to form in Single line ahead in the order of *Good Hope* *Monmouth*, *Glasgow*, *Otranto* at that time we were the nearest to the enemy having the least speed, but we became the rear ship on our forming up. All ships at once prepared for action, our admiral gallantly making towards the enemy as follows:-

We were then going 15 knots and the Admiral increased to 17 knots, we were unable to keep up and finally the Admiral



reduced to 16 knots as we were then going slightly better we told him we could keep station at previous speed, so I believe he must have increased again. The guns in action by the Germans were 12 8.2 and 6.6 inch against our 2 9.2 and 13 6 inch but our 6 inch guns could not reach him so our squadron actually went into action with 2 guns against 12. The guns onboard this ship were outranged altogether we could not lay them on the enemy even at 9000 yards so did not fire on the distance between the squadrons decreasing the second ship (the *Gneisenau*) opened fire with a broadside, it fell just short, and the *Monmouth* immediately returned it but her guns apparently couldn't reach, this was about 10,000 yards. The two leading ships then opened fire and then the action became general at 7-13 p.m. The firing of the German ships was splendid at the beginning. The 2 first broadsides appeared short the third one over and the 4th hit *Good Hope* fair and square just near her foremast 9.2 gun, which was put out of action, only fancy being hit by six 300lb shells. The *Good Hope* caught fire on her forecastle which was at once extinguished, she then caught fire again and it was also put out, she was now being repeatedly hit most of her 6 inch guns were put out of action and then she caught fire aft, this too was put out, the *Monmouth* in the meantime had got repeatedly hit and was on fire on her forecastle and could not put it out, the little *Glasgow* with her 2.6 inch guns carried on splendidly and did not appear to have been hit although it seemed a perfect hail of projectiles fell all around her, as for the *Otranto* she seemed to bear a charmed life a broadside fell just short of us one broadside and several individual shots fell just astern, my word they did whistle after fifteen minutes the fire from our ships began to slacken whilst the German fire seemed to be not so good as when they started, the *Good Hope* was then down by the head and apparently could not steam and on fire, the *Monmouth* badly battered and on fire, the *Glasgow* hit twice, (the *Glasgow* was very low in the water) and *Otranto* not hit at all, in accordance with orders the *Otranto* shaped a course away from the fleet as our guns would not bear and being a small boat of wood cabins would have been a sheet of flame if hit. At 7-40 a big explosion took place on the *Good Hope*, it now became dark and we could not see very well, but the enemy still

continued firing at her although by now the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* had ceased to fire being unable to and I think the *Glasgow* still kept up her 2 six inch fire also the four ships of the enemy were firing at intervals at about 7-50 the *Good Hope* went I think and an explosion on the *Monmouth* at 7-53 the action finished, with result of *Monmouth* and *Good Hope* lost *Glasgow* hit 3 times on water line and 4 men wounded only, *Otranto* no casualties and no hits. We then steamed away to the Westward at full speed and the *Glasgow* to the North West being chased by the enemy, it was a full moon night but at daylight there were no signs of them we continued at full speed first South West and then South encountering heavy gales on our way down, as it was not considered advisable to go through Magellan Straits we carried on to 200 miles South of Cape Horn and had very heavy gales and very big seas, but the ship behaved splendidly we have had nearly a week of head seas or gales, and exceptionally cold, we got in the ice region and passed a large berg to port it was about as high as Buckingham Palace and twice as long, above water goodness knows what under water. We shaped a course for Falkland Islands but received a wireless message to proceed straight to Monte Video where all being well we hope to arrive tomorrow p.m. We have been going full speed about 17 knots half the time and remainder 15½ since Sunday the 1st which is fine steaming. I am very sorry indeed to have to say that it is almost certain that the Admiral and his captains together with their officers and men went down with their ships, but with colours flying. The loss on our side must have been very heavy, I do not know how the Germans fared but think they could not have been badly hit as for a long time we only had one gun against 12. It was terrible while it lasted and I think I shall never forget it. Well darling it has opened my eyes, and while about it dear should by any chance anything happen, I would like you to do your best towards getting my arrears of pension from the Admiralty which ought to have started the same day as I volunteered, get the Minister or the M.P. to advise you. Also do not forget that in that case you are entitled to a pension also the children and that there are various charities connected with the Navy for you and them to apply for. I hope dear you will not think me too mournful but I thought it best to tell you this so that you might know.

INGEBORG SORENSEN



By Courtesy of "Play Boy" magazine



S. V. Fantome

AN EX-COMMUNICATOR

by FCRS Fuller

When HM Yacht *Britannia* arrived in Nassau in February prior to embarking Her Majesty the Queen and HRH The Duke of Edinburgh for their State Visit to Mexico who should be waiting on the jetty to greet us but this immaculately dressed man in white uniform and sporting a very healthy pair of sideburns looking the part of the real sea dog — this turned out to be the ex-CCY, ex-Royal Yachtsman of the 1956 era, and yachting enthusiast, Laurie McCleod whom many I am sure will remember from *Mercury* and *Meon Maid* fame.

He had flown down from Freeport just to see us (and to sample some British ale) and to inform us that he hoped to visit Nassau, in command of S.V. *Fantome*, whilst *Britannia* was still there.

Two days later *Fantome* arrived — a four masted schooner under full sail and making a magnificent sight. *Fantome* (ex-Royal Yacht Squadron) now flying the Panamanian flag is the flagship of Windjammer Cruises — 262 foot luxury schooner of just under 3000 tons — was originally built for the Duke of Westminster as a private floating palace — purchased by the late Mr. Onassis as a wedding gift for Prince Rainier and Princess Grace but never delivered — completely refurbished with private baths, air conditioning and red carpeting. A touch of luxury added to the windjammers 'barefoot' informality.

With a crew of 34 she plies around the Bahamas with 135 passengers on a six day cruises. *Fantome* has no modern aids other than a radio and swinging the lead when approaching an anchorage is a daily occurrence.

Several of us had the pleasure of a visit to

Fantome and what a marvellous old ship she is too — very much filling the role of the perfect vessel for cruising in the West Indies. She also has aboard a very healthy bar! Prior to leaving Laurie escorted us ashore, he being dressed in full kilt and sporran and very much looking the part of the master of *Fantome*.

It was good to see Laurie in such fine fettle and I am sure that all who knew him will join me in wishing him fair winds, tight dressing lines and many happy and successful cruises.

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take for granted
You're the best qualified in the room,
Sometime, when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul:

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to the wrist;
Pull it out; and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how much you'll be missed.

You may splash all you please when you enter,
You can stir up the water galore . . .
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral of this quaint example
Is do the best you can;
Be proud of yourself, but remember,
There is NO indispensable man.



STC DEVONPORT by CRS Leyland

For those outside the Guzz area, and anyone serving on the small number of ships not Devonport based, let me introduce you to 'STC'. The Signal Training Centre (not Special Treatment Centre, that's a rather unpleasant sub-department of the Sick Bay in HMS *Drake*)... we like to be regarded as the Communications 'Corner Shop' situated to the south of the new WRNS blocks (now who's silly?) in the reclaimed end of HMS *Drake*. *Drake* itself is that rapidly changing ex-barracks welfare and amenities centre well worth a visit, for those of you coming to Devonport don't despair, *Drake* is no longer the 'Iron Lady' of the west country complete with rows of swinging hammocks, no heating, no leave and other 'Cornish Nasties', she has changed. Accommodation, Food, Sport you name it, are all first class, together with the best runs ashore money can buy.

OK, fine, what about STC then, well our existence hinges on our service. PJT's RNR courses, Foreign Navies, Technical usage (ICS 1, 640's etc) RN provisionals, all these items can be found at practically no expense upon our shelves. Current "free offers" are, advice, practical help of

all kinds, Instructors, Instructions together with as many 'biffers' as you may need, either on the premises or in the area (via HF). I am sure you will agree that we provide a valuable additional service to supplement the Comms 'supermarket' at Leydene, and that 'Corner Shops' always give a friendly service and personal attention to customers.

On then to the staff, all those of you now lookin' at our photo will no doubt recognise a few of us, anyone crying "is he still there" can be reassured by the fact that draftie has got me in mind.

Our new leader, OIC and keeper of the pheasants is Lt. Baker late of Portlandia, whilst still in the trainers chair is Lt. Kerrison, floor walker and keeper of administration is FCRS Otto Parkes who is soon to leave us for Gibraltar. The rest of the counter staff include CRS(*Ark Royal*) Baker, CRS (technical) Bagnall, CRS(V100) Tyler CRS (Pensions) Ashcroft, to name but a few, as a picture speaks a thousand words I won't go on BUT, the good-looking one is ME ME ME.

To anyone in need in the area let me say please use our first class facilities, and to anyone jealous of us, I say, slap in for this draft, (it's been very good to me), and to anyone with money I say lend me a quid.

We hope to see you in Guzz in the near future.



In The Still Of The Night by Lieut Cdr I. L. D. Lever, Commanding Officer HMS *Forest Moor*

If there is one thing on which all non-watchkeepers are the world's greatest experts it is that of the all night watch or length of watches generally. To hear them pontificating at inspection washups or during inspections one would think that to them had been granted the gift of insight not given to normal mortals. As one who has endured this at the hand of CRAFT, HQDCN and single-Service inspections let me try to explode a myth or two with the benefit of nearly eight years of coal face watchkeeping. It goes without saying that there are few varieties of the art which I have not tried and although this may be a subject which 'experts' will dismiss as always one which is discussed subjectively, I will try to be as objective as possible.

The point which everybody seems to miss is that by and large the length of a watch is immaterial as it is extremely rare that a watch is x hours of unremitting activity. It has its peaks and troughs like any other job and what really counts in terms of efficiency is not how long a man is on the job but how long it is since he last slept. This last is the absolute nub of the matter.

A form of watchkeeping often advocated by inspecting officers is one which has the man starting the all night at 2300 or 2359. What is conveniently over-looked is that in practically every watchkeeping configuration this requires him also to keep the afternoon from 1200 or 1300 to 1700 or 1800. On the not unreasonable basis that he is required to rise at some fairly normal hour in the forenoon, by the time he comes off watch at 0800 the following morning, he will have been awake for about 24 hours — so what, pray, has been gained?

'Ah' say the experts, 'but the later start enables him to catch a hour or two between the afternoon and the all night.' Wrong again. The human body delights in sleeping late in the morning, is very receptive to an hour or two of shut eye in the afternoon, but is remarkably resistant to the same process in the evening. It can be done but it is a most unrewarding experience normally culminating in, at best, up to a hour's fitful sleep just before going on watch.

Apart from any natural reluctance there are more distractions available in the evening — television, beer, games, the family and so on which all militate against the catching of an odd hour or so.

However the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so they say, and the truth of the matter is that whether whether the watchkeeper starts his night watch at 1800, 2000, 2300 or 2359 the sequence of adverse symptoms is the same. Between 0200 and 0400 he will probably experience 'psychological' cold despite the fact that the temperature in the room in which he

works does not vary by more than half a degree. Between 0500 and 0600 is the worse time of the lot when the desire for sleep is almost overwhelming and sometime after 0600 he will become alive again. There will be those who dispute the timing of these events but the sequence is nevertheless correct as far as can be judged from observation and experience.

So what does all this really boil down to? It would appear that in the endeavour to obtain efficiency in fact nothing is achieved at all, indeed if one studies the systems which are advocated, the converse is probably true.

Most systems result in a normal cycle of eight days. During that period a man does 2 evening and 2 night watches which effectively makes his duty 1 night in 2 and let us not have the old cry 'but he gets three days off.' Time off is like income tax; until you get the money you don't pay the tax — until you put the time in you don't get the time off. All watchkeepers do a minimum 42 hour watchkeeping week not counting any other Service requirements and it is a salutary exercise to compare this with the hours put in by daymen — even including duties. Not that this is intended to generate strife between watchkeeping and non-watchkeeping staff or even to make odious comparisons but too often time off is quoted without reference to time on, presumably because for half of his working life the watchkeeper is not normally seen by the non-watchkeeper.

The above might be construed as straying from the point but all the factors are relevant as straying from the point but all the factors are relevant as morale depends at least partly on not feeling to be at an over-whelming disadvantage compared with people of similar standing and earning equivalent pay. In these days when unsocial hours attract extra pay, to be duty effectively one night in two might seem to be highly unsocial. To those who say that, before doing the all night a man is free to relax and pursue his devices, what about the sleep he should be storing up? Hardly a social activity. When all is said and done watchkeeping must involve loss of sleep during normal hours it requires working when the majority are not and of course, the man doing the task should be as efficient and happy as is possible to achieve.

There is no panacea but I believe that much of what is done now in the name of efficiency is totally misplaced and does little or nothing to keep the man doing the job happy, and efficiency and happiness in the job really go hand in hand.

The system which I evolved many years ago for this Station is by no means perfect and certainly there are many places where it would be unworkable due to transport and administrative problems. However for what it is worth I set it down here simply as a topic for thought and discussion:

DAY 1 DAY 2 DAY 3 DAY 4 DAY 5 6 7 8

OFF WATCH	→1800	0800	1800	0800←	→0800	1800←	→0800	1800
ON WATCH	1800←	→0800	1800	0800	0800←	→1800	0800←	→1800

The merits are as follows:

a. The same watch sees the circuits to their night configuration and back to the daytime. Hence continuity is preserved during the normally most difficult times.

b. Before the first night there is an opportunity to sleep in the afternoon and there has been a day's sleep before the second.

c. Out of the eight day cycle the watchkeeper is effectively duty only two and sleeps normally for six. This must improve his overall efficiency and morale.

It is the practice here to provide cold rations to cook during the all night — the watchkeeper having had supper before his watch — and a hot meal is provided before his watch — and a hot meal is provided at midday during the day watch.

As I said before, there is no perfect system and there never will be, but I hope I have said enough to show that it is the problem as a whole which must always be considered and that very often inexperience can lead to fallacious conclusions which defeat manifestly good intentions.

Finally, it has not been my intention to point the finger at any organisation or individual but merely to try to give the point of view which is too seldom heard — the coal face man himself — the watchkeeper.

FROM CHURCHILL FOR CHURCHILL



In the shadow of Sir Winston's statue, Mr. Winston Churchill, MP, yesterday (April 30th) received a cheque for the Churchill Centenary Fund from Commander Mike Sizeland, captain of the fleet submarine HMS "Churchill".

With Commander Sizeland are Chief Radio Supervisor Dave Luce (left) and Leading Radio Operator Bob Jenkins (right) who raised £50 by selling first-day covers when GPO stamps to mark the 100th anniversary of the birth of the statesman were issued.

The only Royal Navy ship ever to bear the name of a British Prime Minister, HMS "Churchill" was launched in December, 1968, by Lady Soames, Sir Winston's daughter.

HMS BRISTOL

The Loneliness of Charity Runners or on the Spot Cross-Country

Starting at 10 minutes past midnight on Wednesday, 5th March, three radio Operators from HMS *Bristol* pounded a lonely $2\frac{1}{2}$ -mile long path, through rainstorms, along Southsea Sea Front, watched initially only by a few couples walking off the effects of late night revels. Dave Varns, Tony Denne, and their standby runner Paul Church — who did a few laps when injury struck — arrived back absolutely exhausted at the ship just before 4 o'clock having completed the 96 miles which was their target. This represents the distance between HMS *Bristol* in Portsmouth and

the Council House in the City of Bristol, and by completing the distance they raised £130 for Bristol Charities supported by the ship from fellow members of the ship's company and civilian friends and relatives who had sponsored them.

The money the runners raised will be added to the money that the ship hopes to raise at a charity football match between the ship and the Bunnies of the Portsmouth Playboy Club, with which the ship is affiliated. The Charities supported then will be the RNLI appeal for a new Bristol Channel Lifeboat, 'The City of Bristol', the Portsmouth Hospital Broadcasting Service, and other Bristol charities. It is hoped that both Portsmouth and Bristol firms will support this charity event.



RO1 Varns



RO1 Denne

THE SEARCH FOR NOAH'S ARK

by 'Research'

Those of you who are students of the Holy Bible will know that in Genesis 8 v 4 it says 'and the ark rested in the seventh month on the seventeenth day of the month upon the mountains of Ararat'. Further on in the same chapter, v.20 it says 'and Noah builded an altar . . .'

However, students of the Holy books of the Muslim faith, the Koran, will know that a similar statement about Noah's Ark exists therein, but it says that the Ark rested upon Mount Judy.

Thus where did Noah's Ark come to rest, for if I can once again appeal to learned students those interested in geography will know that Mount Ararat is in the north east corner of Turkey, very close to the Turkish-Russian border whilst Mount Judy is much further south, toward the border with Syria and Iraq. And so what? If the Ark did exist, would it still be there — whichever mountain it came to rest upon — today? And what about the altar which Noah built?

Taking these historical statements as starting points, there is a certain trend of evidence in favour of searching Mount Ararat for the remains of the Ark. For instance, there are said to exist photographs of the outline of an Ark-like structure, taken by World War II bomber crews. There is also said to be a mining engineer, named Green who, 35 or so years ago, found and photographed the Ark. But, unfortunately, the World War II photographs, if they existed, have now been dispersed and are unobtainable and Green was murdered, shortly after World War II in South America.

But setbacks like these do not deter the determined seeker and various intrepid scientists and engineers are currently aiming to search Mount Ararat, as they have been doing these past few years, in order to prove or disprove the existence of the Ark. Another pointer toward Ararat is that there is a section of the mountain known to the locals (all Kurds) as 'Mount Judy', thus indicating that both the Bible and the Koran may be correct. Finally throughout their history, the Armenians, who lived for centuries in this region have looked upon Ararat as a Holy place. The rationale for this is lost in the sands of time, but must have had some certain origin.

What was the Ark? In present day terms it was a wooden boat, 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and with a window running the whole length of the top of the vessel. Tests conducted on a model show it to be "uncapsizable" and that all the animals onboard would have only taken up one third of the available space. The other two thirds would have been used by Noah and his family and for store rooms and recreation areas. And what of the flood? World wide? Who knows. 17,000 feet deep? So it can be calculated. One year long? So it is said.

Thus, if I have planted the suggestion that there

might be some merit in searching Mount Ararat, and many eminent scientists support this view, why don't we just hop into a helicopter and do it?

There are, unfortunately, many reasons why this is not possible. Mount Ararat is the second largest — not tallest — mountain in the world. Its bulk is enormous and its base measures 500 square miles. It is snow and ice covered throughout the whole year except that for about six weeks from the end of June to mid August, the snow and ice retreat somewhat.

It lies in an earthquake zone and avalanches and huge rock falls are common. But chiefly Ararat lies in a military and diplomatically sensitive area of the world. One can see well into Russia from its summit. Thus, not only is it an enormous and difficult area to search, but permits to do so are difficult to obtain. And even with one, the search time is limited to about six weeks in a good year. There are two favoured search areas for the Ark. Both are in stationary glacier ice areas for much of the ice on Ararat moves and tumbles down and had the Ark been trapped therein it would have disintegrated ages ago.

So far, the scientists of the institute for creative research, San Diego, who are conducting the present series of searches have found nothing conclusive, unless you accept a piece of timber, dated by modern techniques to be of comparable age to the Ark which was skilfully tooled and could be part of a boat hull. However, they have found and photographed a structure which has all the appearance of an altar.

Genesis 8 v.20 maybe? And last year they located a cave, pre Hittite in origin, which it is hoped to dig out this year (1975) provided permission is obtained to climb the mountain again.

That is the story of the search for Noah's Ark. Some reasonable evidence to make the search worthwhile, but it will be a long and difficult task to bring it to a conclusion, one way or another. However, if the Ark is ever found, there is no doubt that, as far as the world's press is concerned, it will receive the same publicity as that given to man's first walk on the Moon.



'PHONE'S BEEN TAPPED AGAIN!'

"PREPARE FOR FLYING"

by Disillusioned

The pipe 'Prepare for Flying' means various things to various people — the Stonnery start to twitch about stores and weights, little men come charging out of the garage driving small yellow vehicles, the F.D.O. reaches for his nerve tonic. The pipe always seems to go at a bad time — either it is just as you get a foaming pint in your hand, or you have just sat down to lunch (why can't aviators eat at a reasonable hour — like us earthbound mortals?) or you may have just sat down (with your trousers round your ankles) to read last week's "Daily Telegraph/Express/Sun" which miraculously appeared shortly after the last 'Prepare for Flying'.

Anyway — Prepare for Flying is the Word.

Up in their electronic kingdom the radio lads are twitching too (but then they're always twitching about something or other) — the reason is quite simple. Every week we are in company with the *Ark*, one of their teams of wizards produces a thing called a 'Serialised Programme' (It is like going to the London Palladium and getting the programme for the Hippodrome at Wigan) and every week it says 'Helo transfers will be conducted on XYZ megabicycles' or words to that effect. Our radio lads, being simple sorts of people, then set up XYZ on the box ready for the helo transfers.

Around about here it tends to get a bit confusing but to keep it as simple as possible, because there might be an R.N. Signal Officer reading this. Our box is capable of tuning to over 1,500 different frequencies but is set up on only ten at a time. The first stage is to decide which ten are the most likely to be used. This is quite a problem since, at the moment we have four kinds of helo buzzing around — *Arks* have a 20 channel set, *Hampshire* has a 12 channel set and *Resource* has 12 too. God knows what *Tartar* has? But in their infinite wisdom (and who are we to query it)

My Lords at E.S.B. only gave us a ten channel set, and this explains why Green Leader looks a bit ragged at the edges — he is not doing his Pools — he is trying to out guess those wizards in *Ark* as to which ten to put on our box.

Some are fairly obvious — how about that XYZ mentioned in the weeks programme — *that* seems a safe bet. Then I suppose Aeronautical Emergency would be a good idea. That's two, eight to go. It is these eight that are tricky — who said 'Why not put all helo frequencies on the box?' — Simple — there are more than eight and it would be nice to be able to speak to those Buccaneers/Phantoms when we are playing at Massey-Fergusons if only to tell them they have sunk the target. So that leaves seven spare slots. Then it might come in handy to talk to *Resource* FLYCO, that leaves six. And the same applies to *Hampshire* FLYCO which leaves five. How about 'Search and Rescue'? — that leaves four to go. Then there is an interesting one called 'Spirited Sam' somewhere in these parts — that's three to go. 'Helo Replenishment' sounds as if we might use it — so that's two to go. These last two are really tricky and usually decided by a pin — on second thoughts it is like doing the Pools, except with Vernons, if you guess wrong you just don't win, whilst in this game you win an irate helo hovering near our tail muttering about why he cannot talk to our F.D.O?

Mind you any right thinking/clean living lad could (and perhaps should) wonder if we will ever need Massey-Ferguson Primary at the same time as we are doing a 'Vertrep'. (Remind me to write to Flight Safety this week-end.) Anyhow, our local genius put his money on 'NO' and lost the lot last night when we needed M-F Primary at the same time as 'Vertrep Primary'. Investigations into this one are continuing. But it all comes back to that weekly statement 'Helo Transfers will be conducted on XYZ' — so far this week we have had two 'Prepare for Flying' and have they used XYZ?

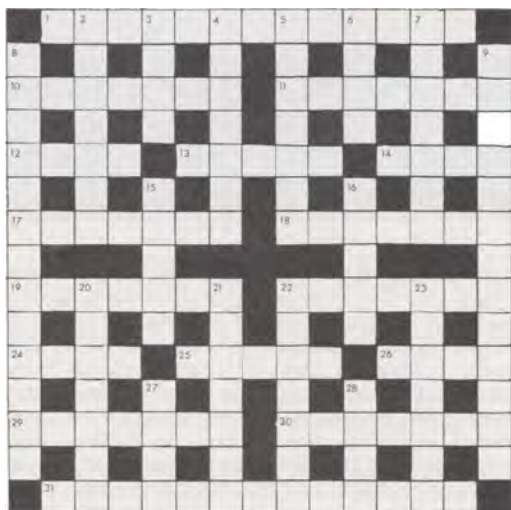
HAVE THEY HELL.

THE DRYING ROOM SENTRY!



SUMMER CROSSWORD

by Ann Jewell



CLUES

Down

2. "Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long. Broad breast, full eye, small head and . . . wide," (Venus and Adonis) (7)
3. A yes is sufficient for the unfledged bird. (4)
4. "I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the . . . of the whole of the rest of the earth," (Walt Whitman) (7)
5. I'm with the money to restrain. (7)
6. One and all are agreed on the region. (4)
7. Waits for slates or tiles. (7)
8. See eight flash past for the German force. (4, 4, 5)
9. Beatty and Jellicoe were among them. (5, 8)
15. As swinging as wayward girls are! (5)
16. Drew a bird in the raffle. (5)
20. (7)
21. Let cuts ruin the ship. (7)
22. Sounds as if you should run, man, to get the robber. (7)
23. (7)
27. Fly from marauding natives. (4)
28. The beer is inside, as a kind man once said. (4)

Across

1. 20dn., 23dn. took part in the Battle of Jutland. (13).
10. Gold coins, tantalising at the time. (7)
11. See the chief peer about the rim. (7)
12. "... 's Reef"; a navigation point of Jutland. (4)
13. So cut out the spying. (5)
14. Bristle about the seat. (4)
17. Joins the tinsels together. (7)

18. If you can see, add a drop to this water. (4, 3)
19. Is slang allowed for communicating? (7)
22. He fed more corn to the stock, and gave them liberty. (7)
24. Hum while you till the soil. (4)
25. This stoat gives a unique ermine — odd! (5)
26. "Forty years on, when . . . and asunder Parted are those who are singing today." (harrow School Song) (4)
29. A hundred and nine were confused in the tent, and put out. (7)
30. Rich Anne left the middle groove. (7)
31. Cuts a terrible path of destruction on the ocean. (6, 7)

(Solution on page 281)

ROSM PROJECT

by CRS SM Tyson

We have now completed 1 year of ROSM Conversion and somewhere out there are 48 ROSM's of all rates who have undergone the transplant; to you all we ask —

- a. Where are you now.
- b. What are the after effects?
- c. How have you been employed, as an all round ROSM or as an EX (G) or EX RP etc?
- d. Has it been worthwhile to you?
- e. Has it been worthwhile to your department?
- f. Any other comments, (that we can print,) please.

Just to settle any doubts held by those who listen to buzzes from the after ends, the ROSM Conversion scheme is here to stay.

The NEW ENTRY ROSM project has now got 4 classes underway which will mean that in October the Submarine Service will start receiving the steady flow of JRO SM's to train up using on job training. These young lads are the future of the Submarine Communication Branch and future standards depend on the class of Submarine they are drafted to and the type of training and employment they receive when they join. How they are employed is the boats decision, but will it be a decision for the good of the boat, or the good of the man? Both, we hope.

The ROSM CAREER Project is still in the planning stages. Provisional Exams and Task books for LRO SM and RS SM are available for those who want to climb the ladder. The first career courses (R2 for LRO SM and R3 for RS SM) commence next year and the first customers for those course will be those who are obtaining a basic date now by taking advantage of the Task book and Provisional system. Of course with the exception of a short cut in the system explained in DCI S198/74 para 65 it is required that to be placed on a Career course you must have converted first.

THE BUTSER HILL ANCIENT FARM RESEARCH PROJECT

by RS I. A. Sullivan

Located on a knoll to the northern face of Butser Hill, and about five miles from HMS *Mercury*, this interesting project has provided a complete change of scene (and some hard work!), for Kelly Squadron and Wrens volunteers. Assistance commenced in January, and each Saturday a crew of about eight or nine embus for Butser Hill Radio Station, and 'walk' down to the site. The return climb however is a pretty daunting prospect. Some details about the Project may be of general interest or indeed of particular interest, should you choose to visit the site when it opens to visitors later this summer.

Thousands of years ago the site was occupied, and much evidence of activity remain, a trackway, ditch and "pillow mound". The purpose of the project is to reconstruct and examine in detail the way of life of our prehistoric ancestors about 300 B.C. The prominent features are the 'Round Houses', one completed, the other currently being thatched. The spacing of upright poles to form the circular base and the support for interlaced split willow or hazel, copies the pattern excavated at Maiden Castle. Clay is mixed with animal hair and straw, the mixture being daubed onto the split saplings to form a "wattle and daub" wall which is cool in summer and warm in winter. This operation requires maximum hands, for the daub quickly sets — and whilst in progress resembles the best of any Chaplin epic. The thatching and daubing has been successful as several 'Exped Bravo' classes from Kelly Squadron will testify, having used the completed round house as a tent to sleep fourteen.

Several plots are under cultivation, and the backbreaking task of weeding them has been undertaken from time to time. These plots not only provide growth and cultivation data, but help to build up a seed bank of rare cereals such as Emmer and Spelt, two species of primitive wheat



Looking north showing fence construction

now thriving in the northern field. The soil here thinly covers a deep layer of chalkstone, in the south of England most of the chalk-lands have been consistently ploughed, deepening the topsoil. Such cultivation has not taken place here. Between the hoe plot and the round houses several storage pits have been dug in which grain has been stored with great success. Each pit is sealed with moist clay and trodden down. An interesting side effect on opening and emptying these pits is the fermentation of the grain at the base and sides, producing alcoholic euphoria in just a few breaths!

Livestock at the site include cattle and sheep each species being the closest surviving relatives to the prehistoric. The cattle are 'long legged' Dexter, and will be trained to draw carts. Eventually it is hoped to employ them in ploughing experiments rather like oxen. 'Soay' sheep are found in the wild state on the St Kilda islands off the northwest coast of Scotland. Their wool is very fine and soft which is plucked rather than shorn each summer. After treatment this wool is then spun into yarn.

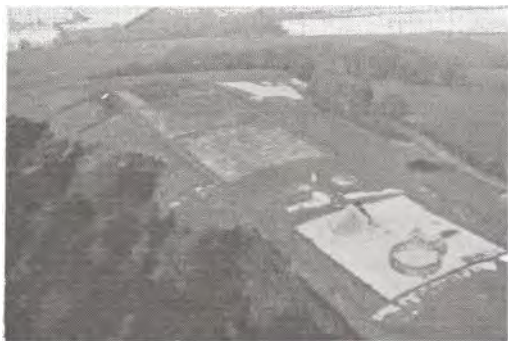
The project has just one full-time Director and an assistant, from the above it can be gathered that any help given is very welcome. So don't wait until it's time to open the grain pits, if you have a Saturday on board come down with us.

DIPLOMA IN MANAGEMENT STUDIES

by Elwyn Jones, MISM, DMS, AAIM

One of the main resettlement problems facing the CRS or CCY leaving the Service at the age of forty is what course or qualification to pursue. There is a tendency for this course to place the person concerned on a course to steer, and so it is important to give it a great deal of consideration. This is especially so with the Supervisor in industry Course, because the details of each man on the Course are circulated around firms in industry and usually most members are offered employment at the end of it.

I found that the visit to Portsmouth was very useful, especially the session with the man from



Aerial view of the Project showing excavation area and the Hoe Plots

the Department of Employment because he put me on to all the Courses available under the Training and Opportunities Scheme (TOPS), the study of which I would advocate to all persons on the resettlement run-down. This man helped a lot in the decision about which Course to take.

The Diploma in Management Studies Course consists of a six-week part one which can be done while still in the Service as the EVT Course allowed, followed by the part two and the project; thus being a total of nineteen weeks in college plus the project in one's own time. In my case I did the DMS in Hatfield Polytechnic in St. Albans from April to December 1974.

The part one of the DMS is an introduction to all the main subject of business management, with specific subjects as follows: general management, statistics, marketing, economics, law, production finance, personnel behavioural studies, and accounting. During the six weeks of part one, the students are sent out into industry one day a week to do a project within a company. Usually this take the form of solving a problem or evaluating one or more options open to a company; and in my case it was with two others to an engineering factory in Ware, to solve a congestion problem in the production control within the fabrication shop. At the end of the project we were required to do a visual presentation to the managing director and his staff. At the end of the part one, there was an examination, but no secret was made of the fact that nobody failed because they want people to come back for part two when the work really starts.

More books have been written about management than many other subjects and the part Two of the Course begins with a large reading list; but doing the course part time or evening there is no problem with reading. Most ex-Service personnel though do the Course full time and it is difficult to find the time to do all the reading that is required. The subjects are covered in great depth and will not be covered here in such a short article; but I will stress that a lot of work is

necessary outside the working hours, and in my case I had to put in a lot in the areas of finance, statistics and accounting. At Hatfield a company model was available in the computer which allowed endless exercises on the management of production, stock control, finance and costing to make students familiar with the basic of accounting and with the feel of running a company. It was a great help to me doing the one-week university courses within my last eighteen months in the Service because they gave me a good grounding in the terminology and in the basic principles of the subjects. These courses are at the universities around the country, sponsored by MOD & open to persons who can be spared. They are published on all the notice boards.

Lastly, the individual project is the test to show that the student has the basic qualities of management, fortified by the knowledge acquired on the course. No help is given by the college unless really necessary; so one has to go out into the commercial world and persuade a Company to give a project, admitting that they have a problem. In my case it was made easy by being a member of the I.S.M. because I already had contacts with men in big companies in West London. This was how I found my project in the production control department of an engineering company, where I had to design a shop-loading system for the factory, to enable the management to know how much work was passing through the factory at any given time.

The acquisition of a DMS is not an end in itself but is an opening into membership of some Institutes and it gives to future employers an indication of the type of man applying and the extent of his knowledge. It is the ideal qualification for the man who wants to keep his options open and who wants to take full advantage of the market for jobs in industry. Although the management of shore wireless stations is very much akin to production control and production management, it is just as easy to concentrate on personnel or other aspects of management after acquiring the DMS.



BIRMINGHAM ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE TRAINING CENTRE

We the Naval presence in the West Midlands, other than the Careers Service, salute you.

For the second time in three editions, there has been time to tell you of the way in which we keep the flag flying, what with the Birmingham Boat Show, our Ship Visit to HMS *Intrepid* recently and intermittent contact (by telephone and runner with forked stick) with our Affiliated Ship who shall remain nameless so that C-in-C Fleet doesn't find out.

Perhaps, this time, our 89 will be persuaded to work, or, perhaps one of the smaller Midlands Training Centres might Guard for us and let us know the result.

The photograph was taken at New Street Station Birmingham, believe it or not at the start of our perilous journey by British Rail charter train (all six carriages — they forgot to unshackle the last three) from Brum to Portsmouth and return on our visit to HMS *Intrepid*.

For our 120 members, including nearly 40 Wrens this was quite an experience and to you

who have this life as the normal scene, we offer you a similar civilian experience at 275 Broad Street Birmingham (telephone number is in the book) should any of your readers find themselves in the City on a Tuesday or Thursday evening. Until you have visited you don't know you have lived.

We held our 25th Anniversary Dinner in the banqueting suite of Birmingham Council House with the Admiral Commanding Reserves Rear-Admiral H. W. E. Hollins, CB as principal guest with the Senior Officer Communications Branch and his three predecessors all present, our guests included Mr. J. Farley FCRS of Yeovilton and that well known Coastguard from Puffin Island Anglesey, Mr. J. Wilcox, both of whom served years of their lives away as Permanent Staff Instructors at the Birmingham Training Centre . . . ah! . . . happy days! Currently putting up with us is none other than that original short, fat, hairy legged Ronald C. Hill just starting his sixth five and thriving (but he'll never last!). Time permitting, look for us in the Winter Edition.

We may have news for you.

Signed: ANON



Members, Birmingham RNR Training Centre

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF GREGOR McBAIN

Bringing a brand new ship into the British Navy is something of an occasion but, when a fleet consists of only half a dozen or so pre-war old faithfuls, the introduction of two brand new modified Leander class frigates is more akin to a historic event.

And so it was, at the beginning of last year the Chilean Navy took possession of P.F.G. *Condell* and sailed her from Yarrow on the Clyde to Portsmouth for normal pre work-up HATs and SATs.

The effect on my life was, to me, something of an event in itself. At 9.30 one morning I was an LRO(G) endeavouring to pass some knowledge on to New Entries in *Mercury* and at mid-day I was a local acting RS (brand new suit, the lot) on board this shiny vessel.

It was while doing my pierhead jump draft routine that the nautical expressions, 'Seen off,' 'Hard luck, Jack' etc, were emitted in my direction and this, with perhaps a fear of the unknown, meant that I stepped over the gangway of *Condell* with more than a little trepidation.

I need not have worried.

The wireless office was a wonder to behold, not a B40 or a Creed in sight (replaced by CJM and Siemens respectively) and with ICS2 throughout, it appeared there would be little problem communicating with the outside world.

Or so I thought, until I realised that the majority of the operators were under the impression they were on board the Star Ship *Enterprise* dealing with the white man's magic, even though they and the maintainers had completed excellent PJTs in *Mercury* and *Collingwood*.

Of course, there were other problems, the language barrier for one, and, for the first few days, a resentment towards me in that I was an unnecessary outside assistance but, a Spanish dictionary, a few *Mercury* type problems and an "Amigo" here and there all helped to smooth the way.

One thing that is apparent throughout the Chilean Navy is that the majority of officers are directly descended from Europeans with surnames to match (the Chilean P.R.O. was Cdr. Smith) and the ratings seem to be of true South American ancestry. This gave the impression of an acute distinction problem but relations between officers and men seemed very good indeed although, on a number of occasions, especially in Portland, there appeared to be a lack of communication between the two which did cause a few upsets now and then.

For the puzzled ships' companies who were tied alongside us, the Chilean day commenced by having the ship's company muster on the flight deck with each division, in turn, saying, "Good morning" to their divisional Fleet Chiefs through to the Commanding Officer. This was completed

by a grand finale when the ship's company, in unison, greeted their ship with, "Beunos Dias, Condell".

The communications (G) complement consisted of a Teniente Primero (SCO), a Suboficial (CRS), 4 Sargentos (R.S.), 4 Cabo Primero (LRO) and 8 Cabo Segundo/Marinero (RO1/RO2) of whom the youngest was twenty two, so it was a pretty high powered staff for a Leander.

As fleetwork was carried out by the O.O.W., the Tactical ratings were not so numerous with two Sargentos, two Cabo Primero and a couple of younger men which is ample to run a flagdeck and an M.S.O. as any 'Bunting' will agree.

The 'W' side of things was dealt with by the Ops room staff, so I was able to steer clear of that land of magical noises and bright shiny lights.

For those of you with complaints about waiting time for higher rate, spare a thought for the Chilean Navy. Promotion is on a time basis and, provided exams have been passed, a man must complete eleven years service to attain LRO equivalent, a further thirteen years for first class P.O. and a total of twenty seven years service to reach CRS. After three years, if he is a good kid, he may be selected to complete a final year as a Suboficial Mayor (Fleet Chief).

When we had communicated direct with Chile on A1, A3J and F1 and talked A3J to a Chilean ship visiting Los Angeles there was great excitement and from then on we never looked back.

The standard of morse operating was good, but I think Fort Southwick and others were baffled by the callsign 'NNNNNND', which is how all Chileans sent CCCD as I could not convince them, not later PFG Lynch, to send a nice flowing letter C.

HATs and SATs on the *Condell* were fraught with technical problems and our Portland work-up was postponed so often I am convinced FOST had



given up hope of ever visiting his land of permanent war.

Because it was new to me, one of the most interesting trials was that carried out on Exocet which was perched port and starboard aft of the flight deck. Because Exocet was on the flight deck there were no mortar wells and the extra space was utilised as senior rates cabin space and the customary Leander 1H Chiefs' mess was used for socialising only, which meant I shared a cabin with only two others.

As Chile is in the region of 7,000 miles from UK there are bound to be a few differences in our Navies and the Chileans, instead of in the evening as we do, bathed and dhobied in the morning. Peculiar, you may think, but try to convince them you are right and they are wrong.

When overseas, matelots the world over like to get in their 'rabbits' for their wives and families and the Chileans were no exception. The standard of 'rabbit' though, may have been a bit exceptional. As consumer goods in Chile are very expensive and hard to come by, eighty percent of the ships' companies shipped home new cars brought mainly from the Continent and, on leaving Portsmouth, every available space including the helicopter hangar was taken up with every imaginable household electrical appliance and everything from luxury carpets to teddy-bears.

One of the highlights of the communications social calendar is the anniversary of the founding of the operations branch, a day for much celebrating and partaking of strong drink — an idea worth adopting?

No less an event is the anniversary of Chilean independence from the Spaniards which was celebrated grand style at anchor near Outer Spit

Buoy.

There was obviously a lot of discussion at a high level but, as far as the daily running of the ship was concerned, there was little difference to the routine. The PFG *Lynch*, the sister ship still under construction on the Clyde, was subjected to strikes, demos etc., but eventually all problems were overcome and things commenced as before.

Portland work-up arrived at last and I feel we acquitted ourselves well and I think even the Portland staff were more than a little impressed by the enthusiasm, efficiency and willingness to learn shown by the Chileans.

On completion of work-up I joined PFG *Lynch* and, this time, my way was eased by the fact that I was introduced to the new ship's company by the Condellians and I settled in fairly quickly.

HATs and SATs, although dogged by even more technical problems, and Portland were much easier for me this time as I knew what to expect and, using the experience gained on *Condell*, I was able to pass even more information on to the *Lynch*.

As in our Navy, there were differences in the ship's companies but I thoroughly enjoyed my time with both of them.

I hope I was able to teach them something, as I certainly gained from them, in experience at my job, a good time socially, an insight into a distant people and, above all, a lot of very good new friends.

Before I go, on behalf of CCCD (*Condell*) and CCLY (*Lynch*), our thanks to Commcen Fort Southwick for their patience and numerous radphone calls, to ships in the dockyard for assistance rendered with Navcomexes and to Portland work-up staff who were extremely helpful and understanding during both work-ups.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

After reading Lord Mountbatten's reminiscences as a Communicator it brought to mind an amusing story which I heard from an old sparker:

"The Fleet had sailed from Malta for a summer cruise to the French Riviera. A young Lieutenant, who expected his wife to meet him at St. Tropez, received a private telegram which read "Unable to travel have had CHILD".

The Lieutenant was frantic and demanded an immediate 'Check and repeat'. When this arrived a different operator was on watch and read, "Unable to travel have had CHILL". Such is the importance of a sparkers job.

*Jim Bloggs,
"Ex Sparker".*

* * * * *

HMS Mercury

Dear Sir,

The reminiscences by the Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma in the Spring edition, which I read with great interest, brings to mind a story which I heard many years ago.

The story goes that a sparker transmitted a signal ordering a destroyer to go to sea but due to a reception error in a carrier both destroyer and carrier went to sea. When investigating this it transpired that the W/T callsigns of these 2 ships were almost identical with one ending with an S and the other H. The carrier's operator had read an H instead of the S. His punishment included disrating to a telegraphist. It was then that the Fleet Wireless Officer (Lord Louis Mountbatten) took up this operator's case by comparing him with a seaman who, in losing a scrubber over the side, was punished by having to pay 3d., whereas the sparker who, in missing a 'dot' in a callsign — which was an easier thing to do than losing a scrubber over the side, was punished extremely severely and would lose hundreds of pounds. We all relished this story and its happy ending.

*J. H. Ellis,
Lieut Cdr. RN.*

* * * * *

12 Leominster Road,
Morden, Surrey, SM4 6HN.

Dear Sir,

I am an ex-Signalman and at present a Petty Officer Instructor attached to the Carlshalton, Sutton and Wallington Unit, Sea Cadet Corps. I have been recommended to write to you by Lt. Cdr G. Froud who works in the Confidential Publications Section at *Mercury* and who at one time (29 years ago now) was my Instructor at the Signal School, HMS *Scotia* at Ayr and also by CRS W. C. Tinkler, the Secretary on the RNCC Association.

I have been in touch with both these gentlemen on a current problem which is taxing my ingenuity. I am the Communications Instructor of my Sea Cadet Unit and although I am obviously very 'communications' minded, you will realize that, basically, I am a 'visual' communicator. My problem is although I am able to teach communications up to and including Sea Cadet Corps Class II Radio Operator standard, I am not qualified to teach to Class I standard, which is mainly technical. The reason I have been in communication with your colleagues at *Mercury* is that I am endeavouring to find either an ex-CRS or RS who lives in my units' locality and who would be willing to give up some spare time to teach my lads the technical aspects of Radio Communications.

I was wondering whether, if through your magazine, I might be able to find a willing 'hand'. I would be most obliged if you could help me in this matter as I feel that the cadets who I instruct are 'losing out' through MY lack of experience and training. Obviously, the person would need to reside in the Carlshalton, Sutton, Wallington, Croydon or Morden area of Surrey, in order to be fairly handy to the Unit. I sincerely hope that you may be able to help me on this matter and would be pleased to hear from you.

Incidentally, is "The Communicator" magazine available to ex-communications ratings? If so, I would be pleased to subscribe and to receive it.

E. W. Maw,

ANY OFFERS?

PO Instructor (SCC) RNR

-- OF COURSE THIS WOULDN'T HURT IF
YOU CAME BEFORE TOT-TIME
MY TOT-TIME THAT IS!



BREAK THROUGH THE LANGUAGE BARRIER WITH

Foreigners used to begin at Calais. Most of them conveniently spoke **our** language. Actually, they still do ... but they're astute enough now to negotiate in their own. To gain every advantage, selling overseas today demands a working command of your potential customers' language.

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Dear Sir,

I am writing to ask for your help over an historical matter of naval communications. It concerns the naval wireless station at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The site of the wireless station is now being developed as a new town and the architect is keen to recognise the historical significance of the place, perhaps by a commemorative plaque. The original buildings are still standing, and are in use as project offices. Naval Historical Branch have produced an artist's impression of the station as designed, but have no information on its use in peace and war. This latter aspect would be of most interest locally, particularly if the part played by St. John's W/T could be said to have made a major contribution to the defeat of the U boat. Perhaps it was also involved in the *Bismarck* action for example?

Any information you can find, perhaps through the columns of "The Communicator", would be much appreciated.

*Captain J. M. Webster, Royal Navy
British Defence Liaison Staff,
British High Commission,
80 Elgin Street, Ottawa,
Ontario, Canada, K1P 5K7*

UK DEFENCE MINISTRY ORDERS STILLITRON LANGUAGE SYSTEMS

The Civilian Training Branch of the Procurement Executive, Ministry of Defence, has placed a substantial order for Stillitron Language-Learning Systems from Stillitron, 72 New Bond



Learning French by the Stillitron System

Street, London W1. Their systems will be used at numerous locations in the UK, mainly for self-instruction by executive, scientific and engineering grades whose work on international collaborative projects will benefit from a knowledge of the language of their foreign partners.

The Stillitron Systems will in some cases be used by personnel with no knowledge of the foreign language being learnt, but in most cases use of the equipment will supplement learning by a variety of other methods, or to brush up existing knowledge.

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FAMOUS SIGNALS

The Flagship was refitting. The remainder of the Battle Cruiser Squadron were being led up to the anchorage by the next Senior Captain who had not had much experience in handling the Squadron. The signal to stop engines was hoisted. When it was hauled down the leading ship did not stop her own engines, and soon began to draw away from the others.

From next astern to Leading ship: WHAT SPEED ARE YOU STOPPED AT PLEASE.

* * * *

This contribution from an ex-Signal Bos'n is typical of the keenness of the signal branch between the wars.

"We were lying at Argostoli with all the Mediterranean Fleet. I was in the *Royal Oak* at the time and there was quite a bit of friendly sniping going on. I had caught *Barham* twice in half an hour before 0930. I then received the following from Fleet Signal Officer:

I HOPE THAT YOUR ADMIRAL IS WELL.

"On investigation I found to my horror that the Admiral's flag was at half mast. I think that is the best one that I was ever caught on".

* * * *

These famous signals are taken from the book *MAKE ANOTHER SIGNAL* by Captain Jackie Broome and published by William Kimber & Co. Limited. *THE COMMUNICATOR* magazine would like to express its appreciation to Captain Broome and the publishers for allowing these and further signals to be produced.

WRNS' CORNER

HMS DAUNTLESS — SOME THOUGHTS FROM A WREN

by WRO2 K. P. Mulhearn

14.30, 4TH March, Reading General Station. A heavily-laden, highly nervous girl joins a group of similar young ladies, destined for HMS *Dauntless*, the WRNS New Entry training establishment.

A brisk P.O. Wren and two accomplices bundle us into a coach and we are driven off into the unknown. It's too late to turn back now, isn't it? Sit back, relax, and pray it won't be, it can't be, so bad.

Twenty minutes later, and we are THERE. Gasps of amazement come from us all as we enter the camp, a cluster of little wooden huts. 'Oh my God, Stalag Luft III!' comes an anonymous voice from behind me, and there is a chorus of mutual consent.

Alighting from the coach into the sharply-barbed drizzle there is military music coming over the tannoy, and a squad of embryo Wrens swings into sight and onto the parade ground. Awestruck silence falls as we are shepherded inside.

The rest of the day is a rather hazy memory: of being rounded up and driven from main deck to slops, to main deck, to cabin. Yet more awestruck silence as we discover the double-bunked cupboards, sorry, cabins that are to be our accommodation for four and a half weeks. I remember the words of Captain Scott: 'God, this is an awful place.' The rain continues to fall, and somehow I find myself asleep in that creaking bunk.

I am wakened at 06.30 next morning by an infernal claxon, a sound I will come to know and loathe over the next few weeks. Time passes. Probationary Wren Mulhearn and her fellow

inmates, sorry, companions of Ajax Division 282 are vaccinated, examined, interrogated, and fitted out with uniform reaching somewhere between mid-calf and ankle; and they tell us that by next week it will be ready to wear.

A week of work ship begins, during which the knees of Ajax Division are hardened by deck polishing and their hands blanched by pan scrubbing. They say that if we can survive this, the rest will be a piece of cake.

Well, come St. Patrick's Day twenty-three more young ladies are enrolled as Wrens, and the orange squash flows like water that night at the NAAFI.

Once in uniform, we begin to feel the first pangs of pre-Kit Muster Anxiety, or Downright Panic, on top of which our P.O. develops a haggard and weary expression, as she begins to despair of our ever making a smart march past for the Passing Out Parade.

However, come the day (appropriately 1st April: let no one accuse MOD of having no sense of ironic humour) and the sun shines (I will repeat that, the sun shines) on Ajax 282, Passed Out Division. P.O. is seen to shed almost overnight that hunted look: we have lived up to expectations.

The last couple of days at *Dauntless* are an anticlimax. Normality returns, in the forms of rain, sub-zero temperatures and, you guessed it, work ship, plus a five mile hike through ankle-deep mud.

Fortunately, all twenty-three members of Ajax 282 survive to see the dawn of that fearful day when we are to go on to Part II training. The future is once again a vast unknown quantity, but we are not alone. One is coming slowly to see the truth behind the recruiting slogan 'the WRNS: a life to leave home for'. Will nine weeks at HMS *Mercury* prove me right?



WRO15-WRO1-WRO2 Courses



**WRNS (CE)
COURSE 1/75**

**3/O Sue Chappell,
3/O Kate Brown,
3/O Issy Kennedy,
2/O Rose Locke,
Course Officer,
3/O Mary Dunk**

EQUAL WORK FOR EQUAL PAY

by LWA 1/75

Upon reading the letter in the July edition of the "Navy News" from the "Disgruntled RO's" of FOST Commcens (who obviously wish to remain anonymous), we all felt prompted to write this article in an effort to defend our self respect.

The main point we all wish to defend is in reply to the remark made about "inadequately trained Wrens" filling the shore drafts close to home. They can't possibly tell us that they never realised when they joined up that they would be expected to go to sea, if they don't want to go to sea, they should have remained civilians. Also Wrens almost certainly existed before they signed on the dotted line . . .

As far as being inadequately trained goes, we

are taught and know all we need to know to be capable of doing our jobs. Fair enough there are other jobs in Commcens we could be trained for, even then, with training the question arises would we be given the opportunity to do it or the responsibility it entailed? There are very few responsibilities given to WRO's, especially when working with our male counterparts. You will probably find nine times out of ten that the job of Router or Crypto Office will be given to an RO1 rather than to a LWRO. How many WRO's are seen in Commcens who become relegated to coffee wetters/big eats/chef/gash hands in general, especially WRO's out of training who are led to believe that these are the reasons for their existence.

Then when they ask the advice of their more experienced male counterparts they receive the

stock reply of "don't — touch — things — you — don't — understand". How are we ever expected to learn anything apart from exactly what we are taught in Basic Training/Advancement at the College of Knowledge?

Reaching *Mercury* on LWRO advancement course we find it is basically a five week refresher course, not our fault. We also find that when we leave here many of us will go back to doing the same types of job we did on leaving here after basic training. Where is the incentive to become leading Wrens? Ask any Wren and the reply is almost certainly to be "for the Money".

Given the chances and the training we all believe we could run a Commcen as well as, if not better than our male counterparts. We all appreciate that it is realised that it is through no fault of our own. We too would like to see the day when WRO's are trained in as much detail as their equivalent RO. It was decided by a unanimous vote that none of us would object to longer and more detailed training, including RCE and maybe even the re-opening of the WRO(M) branch.

All we are asking is for those who complain about the inabilities of WRO's to think first and see whether maybe they can enlighten them before throwing abuse. Then, maybe, we can put an end to the petty arguments, that keep rising about equal work for equal pay. We've now got the pay, just give us a chance to do the work.



"WREN BRANDT?"



'... I've got the most awful ladder ...'

S.V. "SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL"

by L/Wren Wtr (G) L. Stevens

During May I was lucky enough to be given a berth on the Sailing Ship *Sir Winston Churchill* — so on May 5 1975 I set off to Portishead Bristol where I began my sea time.

The crew consisted of 39 girl trainees 5 permanent male crew, but the girls were to do all the hard work as I found out later.

On arrival we were split into three watches, main, fore, mizzen, which consisted of 1 watch officer, 1 male, 1 watch leader and 13 trainees.

We were then given a two minute crash course on how to hoist sails etc, and at 1400 Mon 6 May we were heading for Lundy Island and it was too late to turn back.



It took time to adjust to the watch system but like everything else it soon fell into place.

The weather was moderately calm and life at sea was what I expected it to be, but after four days I took a turn for the worse and had to share my share of sea-sickness, an illness which I do not want to experience again.

Our first run ashore came in Douarnenez, France, sailing then to Cornwall, Alderney and back to Southampton.

Apart from working on the sails we were allocated three days of day work one of which was with the Bosun, painting the ship, scrubbing the deck and if you were lucky enough you would be in the anchor chain locker counting the anchor chain — a very pleasant job.

It is very difficult to put into words what goes on in a sailing ship but if you get the chance, take it. But remember — life at sea in a sailing ship is traditionally one of the hardest that anyone can undertake.

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Fleet Section



CINCFLEET by FCO

FCO. Commander J. C. Appleyard-List
AFCO. Lieutenant Commander M. A. Robinson
DFCO/FEWO. Lieutenant Commander J. M. Ferguson
CRS. R. Harris

When I was a midshipman in the Med Fleet Flagship in 1953/4 the C-in-C was a well known Signal Officer and his Fleet Communications Officer was one Commander Christopher Wake-Walker. I remember very well the charged atmosphere on the bridge on those all-too-rare occasions when the C-in-C could indulge his passion for pirouetting the Fleet, at 25 knots and half standard distance, through well rehearsed gridirons and the like. On one occasion, when it seemed to me that every flag in all four sets of flag lockers was aloft simultaneously, the Admiral turned to me as Midshipman of the Watch and asked what I thought would happen if one of the halyards parted. I looked in vain for a telepathic answer from the Chief Yeoman (who had once allowed me to hid a cannon ball I had half-inched as a gunroom trophy from Heraklion Castle in the V/S store when the heat was on, and to whom I had subsequently taken all my difficult problems) but he hadn't heard the question. So using my initiative I replied, "You'd Court Martial the FCO Sir." The Admiral laughed but the FCO definitely was not amused.

This didn't worry me at the time because all I wanted to do was to learn how to fly Seahawks: that was until the *Glasgow's* diminutive but very friendly CCO, one Mr. Kemp, got through to me in the ship's sickbay after a typical gunroom guest night a year later (someone had reversed the blades before betting me I couldn't stop the fan

with my head I think), that flying was for the birds and that the only civilised career for a young officer in the Andrew was as a Signal Officer.

So here I am some 22 years later the latest in the (now solitary) line of FCO's, contemplating my first piece in "The Communicator" since, as T1 at *Mercury* in 1966, I was moved to burst into print about the need to get with Offsets and Arrangements.

Actually I don't need to contemplate what to write for long because there really is a lot going for Fleet Communications and EW at the moment; this largely due, firstly to the most valuable and dedicated efforts of my predecessor and his, now my, small staff, and secondly to the after effects of last Autumn's Communications Study period at the Maritime Tactical School through which all sorts of unlikely people got to hear of, and support, the need for a basic change in Communications philosophy.

Most important of all is the fact that communications for the first time ever are at the very top of the Navy's list of Tactical Priorities. Everyone, Communicators and non-Communicators alike, realise that for 25 years we have been building ourselves a communication problem, and that it was inevitable that we would end up a hostage to our garrulous procedures and one-net-one-use philosophy — let alone to an enemy whose jammers were already run up at standby. So all users of communications are now

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in the midst of reapplying some discipline to those procedures and we communicators are firming up a streamlined and much less vulnerable tactical Complan.

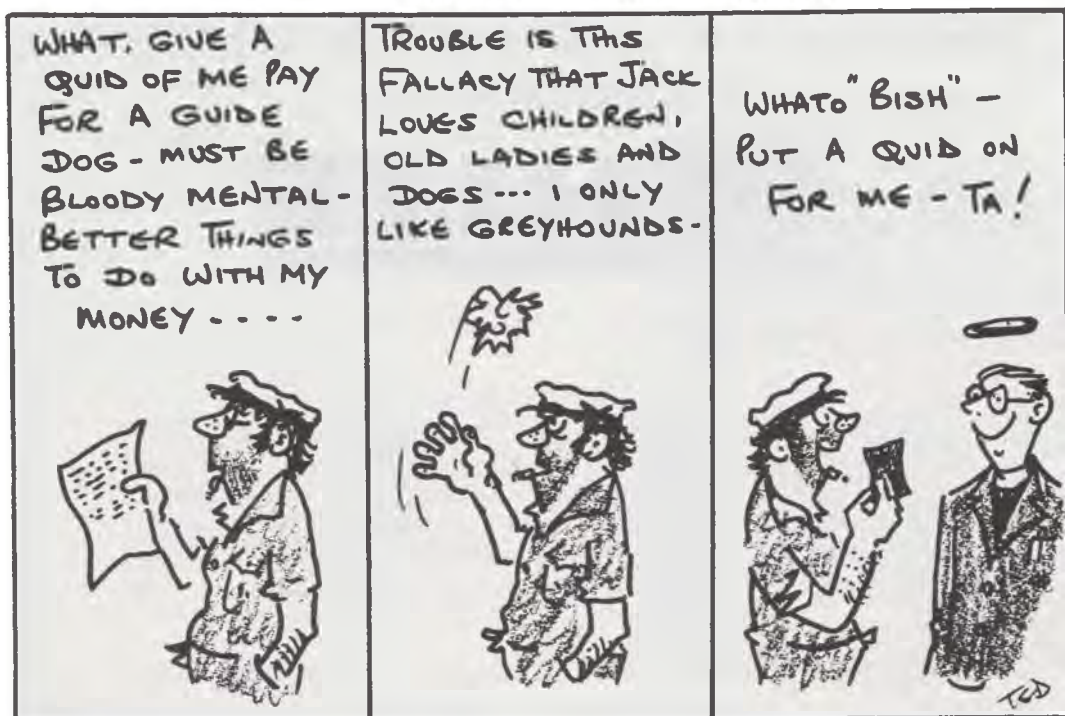
Then there is the emergence of Satcoms as a more widespread feature of Fleet Communications after 5 years of having being limited to only a few heavies. Just in time, one might add, to compensate for the final closing down of our HF radio stations East of Suez. On top of this there is the arrival in quantity of Data Link 10 to inter-connect ships' AIO systems and hence allow one ship to have her computer topped up with an automated air and surface picture from another in company while she maintains silence on her own radars; to the point even of one ship firing her antisubmarine missiles on another's sonar contact.

More readily comprehensible to some are the many changes in the organisation of Communications officer's and rating's structure in the Fleet; and in the management within ships

as the Communicators get used to life in the Communications Group of the Operations Branch. Nowhere is the effect here more pronounced than in the new and greatly added emphasis on continuation (now rather inelegantly referred to as "On Job") training, with its attendant task books now a regular feature of life.

In spite of today's upheavals, of one thing I am quite sure: in 1975 we have every bit as good basic people as the Navy has ever had. But we need a pause to get our bearings and to stabilise. It is my intention over the next couple of years to see that those at sea have a workable and unambiguous framework of communications within which to operate and that everything possible is done at Fleet Staff level to encourage ships to develop and sustain the professionalism necessary to use our communications to the greatest advantage. In other words I'm out to see not only that the Halyard doesn't part, but that everyone can understand the flags . . .

THE CYNIC - WE HOPE!



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'JOCOMEX' ARIADNE STYLE THE MEDITERRANEAN TO WORCESTER

by Lt. C. G. Beard

Those of us who are used to the normal run-of-the-mill 'Jocomex' carried out whilst working-up or weapon training at Portland might be interested to know that 'Jocomex' also work over greater distances.

Ariadne was recently detailed for a 'Jocomex' whilst deployed in the Mediterranean. The Army unit involved was 14 Signal Regiment, who, by their signal address, were thought to be in Macrihanish in Scotland. They turned out to be in Worcester, much to everyone's surprise and none of us quite knows why.

The circuit took about two hours to set up initially but once in, apart from the time it took to change frequencies, it stayed in. *Ariadne* at the time was participating in Nato's Naval On Call Force Mediterranean consisting of four other NATO ships. Equipment and staff were well stretched and the effect of this 'Jocomex' was to provide us with our very own MRL. The co-operation of the Army in accepting all our traffic without a murmur greatly reduced the effort and time required to set watch and pass traffic on ship-shore and took a considerable amount of strain off the 'G' sub-department.

The exercise was scheduled to last 45 hours but once we realised the value of this circuit the obvious thing to do was to ask 14 Sig. Regt. to extend. In spite of the fact that it was a Friday and the weekend loomed large, the request was granted and it was arranged that we keep the circuit in for a further 24 hours until the ship's arrival in La Spezia.

The success of this exercise, which provided 93% traffic availability time, was due largely to the efforts of RS(G) Sykes and LRO(G) Selway, well backed-up by a keen department and the willing co-operation of the Army. 14 Sig. Regt. on one occasion linked the ship's Diving Officer with his mother who lives in Worcester, passing messages back and forth via teleprinter and telephone, and on another occasion provided us with a blow by blow commentary of the European Cup Final, the result of which caused one Able Seaman onboard to burst into tears.

Having been successful with only one 'Jocomex' over the last six months we approached this one with a certain amount of anxiety. In the event this was totally unfounded and the success of it restored our faith in Long-haul inter-Service communications. It leads one to wonder if this form of MRL could be used more often with ships who are on short deployments to the Mediterranean. Our thanks go to 14 Signal Regiment for their splendid co-operation.

HMS BRISTOL

By the time this article goes to print (Editor willing) HMS *Bristol* will once again be back at

sea. At the moment it is being written from the bottom of 15 dock in Portsmouth dockyard. We have just recovered from the effects of our STR fire and are preparing to carry on with our delayed programme, having recovered all the Communicators that we lent out to various needy causes during the last six months.

Of the fire, there is very little to say. At the time it seemed as though it was happening to someone else. In the MCO the only real evidence of the fire was when the door burst open and someone in a fearnought suit covered in smoke grime, gasping for air, croaked, "Give us a fag". The MCO was abandoned at one point, for fear of trapping people below decks: but half an hour later, when a reduced watch was sent below, B11A's were still close up. One effect of the fire was to burn out some of the senior rates bunk spaces and FCRS has to be issued with a survivors kit. The JRO who said he hadn't noticed the difference has since gone on draft.

In the intervening period massive staff changes have taken place, too numerous to mention here. We do welcome all new staff and wish good luck to all those who have left us to continue elsewhere, particularly FCRS Caless (Fort Southwick) and CCY Ford (College of Knowledge).

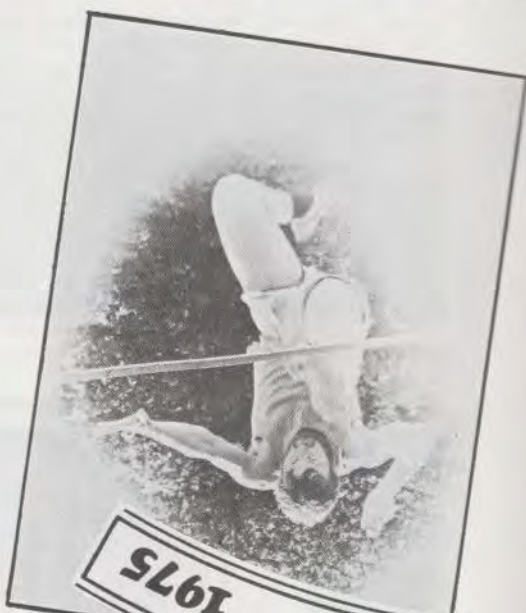
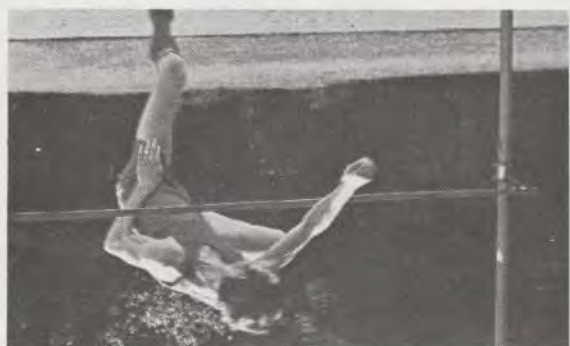
Incidentally, our lone Golly, who wrote our last article, has been rated RS. All ex-Bristol Communicators are invited round to drink his beer (any day that you can find him awake).

Finally may we call your attention to the "Splendiferousness" of the new beginning to the Fleet Section? 'D23? That rings a bell'.
N.B. STR = Steam Turbine Room.

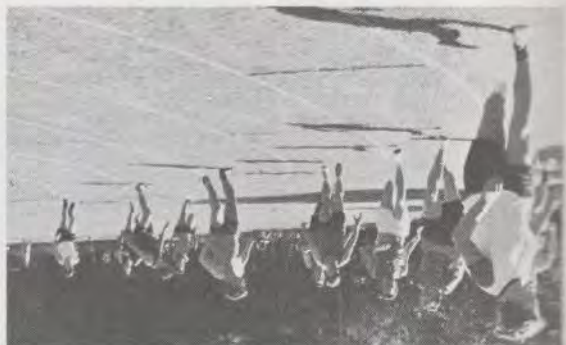
... WELL DONE LAD, STACKS OF
ENTHUSIASM ... AND A NICE
BIG SMILE.







C CHAMPIONSHIPS • 1975





Some of HMS Ark Royal's Communicators seen here in Rio, May 1975

HMS CHICHESTER

by RS Barwick

'WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS'

Scene: Chichester's MCO — sometime in February.

SCO: 'Morning Pots. Your new staff settled in yet?'

RS: 'All four of 'em just finished joining routine.' 'Jolly good. Keep your eye on the two straight from training.'

'Yes sir.'

'They'll be all ready to go for Exercise Seafox then?'

'Yes sir. 'I've got all of today and 1/2 hour in the morning.'

'Jolly good. Er — whats happening tomorrow then?'

'We sail at 0830 for Exercise Seafox. B11F. I/S Ratt, Ship/Shore, in company with *Blake*, *Diomedes*, *Olna* and *Resurgent*; Navcomex's Biffers etc.'

'Yes. Yes I'd better er, jolly good. Oh by the way the flat needs scrubbing out.' (SCO leaves, muttering) — 'I'd better cancel that squash match tomorrow.'

Scene: Blakes's MCO — later in February, CHI's RS to the CRS in Blake.

RS: 'Mornin' Fred. How's things? You look well, nice to see you.'

CRS: 'Whaddoyouwant?'

'Just though I'd pop in to see you mate.'

'Nice to see you too, cheerio.'

'Bit crowded in here innit? I'll gladly take a couple of RO's off your hands for the duration of the exercise. Then I'll have 3 in each watch. Have a cigar.'

'Cheers, got a light? No chance.'

'Remember that time when I did you a sub — and of course that time at Merces when I picked you for football, not forgetting when I took your classes for a day and remembering, don't forget, that time in Pompey when you (censored) and I (censored) . . .

'Well I might just be able to manage a couple of juniors. I'll send them over the morning before we sail. Nice cigars, got any more?'

Scene: Chichester's MCO — a little later in February. (Enter SCO with flourish)

SCO: 'I say Pots, you're just not going to believe this —'

RS: 'What?'

'Sorry?'

'What sir?'

'What — what? Oh! Yes well as I was saying — or was I? Never mind — I was having a quick gin with the SCO of *Blake* and using my natural, and of course, influential charm; and guess what

'What?'
'Sorry?'
'What?'
'Pots, ju'
'About v'
'Now let'
'just talk'
'You sir'
'Good, v'
'saying'
— born'
'I know'
'How?'
'Well —'
'Do you'
'I do sir!
'Sorry?'
'The RO'
'They an'
'Five ho'
'Oh well'
their na'
'No idea'
'Pots, yo'
the Divi

And v'
along wi'
NZ. US
Saturday
Suddenl
WE WERE



'What?'
 'Sorry?'
 'What?'
 'Pots, just what are you talking about?'
 'About what sir?'
 'Now let's get this straight, was it you, who was just talking?'
 'You sir'
 'Good, well then please don't interrupt, as I was saying — with great expertise I have just this day — borrowed two RO's from *Blake*!'
 'I know sir.'
 'How?'
 'Well —'
 'Do you know — you amaze me —'
 'I do sir?'
 'Sorry?'
 'The RO's are onboard sir'
 'They are? When did they join?'
 'Five hours ago'
 'Oh well, that was very good of them, what are their names?'
 'No idea sir.'
 'Pots, you really must switch on, after all, you are the Divisional PO!

And we managed to get through the exercise along with the other 20 odd ships from Australia, NZ, USA, Thailand and the Philippines. 1159 Saturday May 3rd (quiet weekend here I come). Suddenly: A pipe, 'All leave is cancelled' By 1430 we were on our way to R/V with the Danish

merchant ship *Clara Maersk*. This ship has rescued 4,600 refugees from a sinking ship off the Vietnam coast.

HF Comms (good fast morse) was soon established and R/V position agreed. The greatest need of the refugees was medical help. At first light we stopped to transfer the medical teams and supplies over plus RO(2) (T) Leslie Mitchinson with a 634. The medical teams treated thousands of waiting patients. One operation was performed on the freighter and helicopters evacuated others.

We arrived back in Hong Kong at 2000 Sunday 4th May and immediately started to prepare for the visit of HM the Queen and HRH the Duke of Edinburgh. They were onboard for an hour on the evening of 5th May for a buffet supper and to watch the first firework display in Hong Kong for eight years. On the 15th May we sail for our second deployment of the year to Korea and Japan and then it's back to local running, community relations and avoiding the inevitable arch enemy of all mariners — the 'typhoon'.

We welcome CY Hugh Axton to the staff, the first CY to serve on the CHI for a long time, in fact since we became the HK Guardship. I was glad to see him, I was close to getting a couple of grey hairs worrying about flags and things !!!!!

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leave HMS 'Chichester' to attend a Race Meeting at Happy Valley.



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HMS 'Hermes'

HERMTOURS 75

or

A TRIP AROUND THE MUSHROOM FACTORY

by CRS Bloomer

With reference to 'Old Ron's' last article — rhubarb. And here are the lads to prove it. The one in the middle, with the sickly grin, is the SCO. He said that he had to lean on his sword to keep it together. As fine a bunch of stalwarts you've ever seen this side of Sing-Sing. We found the SCO the other day skipping around the office clutching a pack giving details of his relief with a tear in his jaundiced eye. WE all reckon it's because he has got to go and leave us. He says . . . ah, WELL, that's another story.

We heaved ourselves away from the dockyard wall on the 24th of February and sailed for Portland to complete post DED trials and other jolly jaunts. After sneaking back to Devonport and RS Adam's farewell run, we embarked the associated ensemble comprising 42 Commando, 845 Squadron (fresh from their winter ski-ing

holidays), the two Wessex 5's belonging to HRH Prince Charles and numerous members of the brown fraternity. It really was *Hermes* by Appointment. We sailed on the 10th March and, after a leisurely stroll across the Atlantic wound up at Roosevelt Roads, the American naval base at Puerto Rico. Nothing startling apart from the occasional banyan and the not so occasional hooley. COMAW's staff embarked for Exercise 'Rum Punch', complete with FCRS Arbuckle who was immediately seconded to USS *Shreveport* where, it was reliably recorded, he took on the CHIEF Yeomans task. Quite a surprise to him, especially as he thought he was going as an impartial observer (not quite so impartial, we thought, when he staggered back to us one week later complete with enviable sun-tan).

We gathered up our little brood of 5 U.S. ships, 2 RFA's HNLMS *Limburg* and HMS *Gurkha* (at least, we think it was *Gurkha*, we didn't see her all that often), and departed for the exercise area on the 27th March. After a few teething problems, like trying to find out exactly what circuits the U.S. ships were actually on and settling our new boys into the two watch system, things went quite smoothly. With only 22 sparkers and with the inevitably numerous task force circuits to man, we worked into Oakhanger who transferred our signal to the NATO satellite which eventually terminated in SACLANT Commcen at Norfolk, Virginia.

We had a slight language problem trying to tell them about the 'woods' which, it was assumed they felt, meant that we were nestling cosily halfway up a mountain somewhere. Despite being NATO keyed, we felt this circuit to be of tremendous value and were grateful, also, for the exercise minimise in force, which kept signal traffic down to a sane level.

Before we parted forces at the termination, COMAW's staff departed for San Juan and home. We said farewell to Lt. Prickett, the Staff SCO, who right up to boarding his flying machine, was still mumbling about people telling him nothing. We wish him all luck in his next job.

Having parted from our American counterparts, we sailed into Willemstad on the



In the foreground: RFA 'Tideflow', HMS 'Hermes', RFA 'Regent'

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Communications Department — HMS 'Hermes'

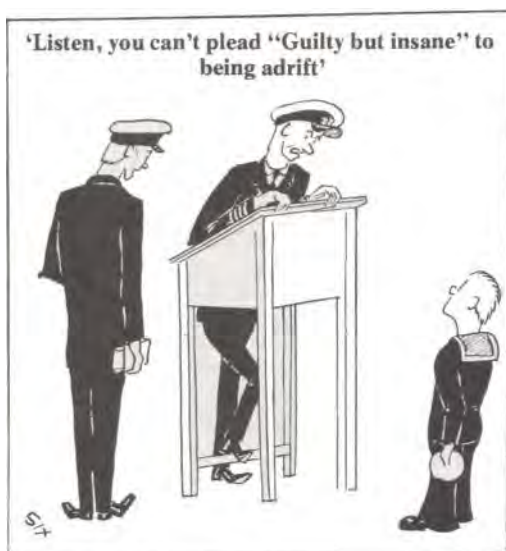
island of Curacao. Life, apparently, has passed this little island by, because, on stepping ashore, it was as though nothing had changed since 1880. Very hot, very dusty and expensive. Nonetheless, the most was made of everything and we are still trying to worm out of LRO Collins exactly how and why he lost his watch.

After a week's respite we had two days at sea for Exercise 'Van Gogh' which was especially for our 'booties'. They were landed ashore, we floated around for a couple of days whilst they 'did their thing' and they were brought back on board. Their landing place was our next port of call, the island of Aruba and Oranjestad. Fiona Richmond was here . . . need I say more? We don't know who made the biggest impact her or us. (You must be joking. SCO) Excellent beaches and lots of barbecues were the order of the day.

Having languished enough in the Caribbean we made tracks for Fort Lauderdale, in Florida. To those of you unlucky enough not to have been there, you really don't know what you have missed. We knew what we were missing, however, namely the SCO. He had, by fair means or foul, become the ship's liaison officer for the visit and from our arrival in the Caribbean was rarely seen on board. When tackled about his improving sun-tan and non-appearances, he shied away and, scuttling down the gangway, was heard to remark something about getting things 'jacked-up for the chaps'. Admittedly, he did this and a wonderful time was had by all. The Americans took the ship's company to heart (and home) with amazing kindness. On sailing, on the 2nd May, we left

more than a few broken hearts behind. In fact, we also left one of our numbers behind. He was spotted rambling up the jetty as the stern was fast disappearing. However, after a trip to 'the man' and invitations to stay on board he felt much better.

We thought a little break now to talk about Communications wouldn't come in amiss. For



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most of the non-exercise time which was, in fact, most of the time anyway, we relied on SRL1C straight into Cyprus and Oakhanger. There were numerous occasions when, for reasons beyond our control (despite what Commcen Whitehall thinks), we had to revert to C11L and ship-shore. Loss of beacon power, receiver instability auto tracking etc. Broadcast was very shaky down in the Caribbean, both C11L and B11A (which we tried in desperation one night) and, consequently, the back-log at Mill Cove was considerable. It was felt that more suitable frequencies could have been made available, in fact, as listed in the Broadcast section of the relevant publication. Mill Cove did exceptionally well in maintaining their sense of priority (and their sanity, did I hear someone whisper?) in routing traffic both to the SRL and C11L whenever they felt we were having problems. Their ship-shore traffic was readily accepted whenever we called.

Anyway, back to the jolly. We sailed a little sadly from Fort Lauderdale, with tugs and pleasure boats blowing their sirens and the huge blocks of flats framing the harbour entrance festooned with banners urging us to stay. Ploughing through some of the roughest weather experienced on the trip about one week later, we wondered where all the sun had gone. We were reduced to 9 knots at one period because of the storm damage being done to the parked vehicles at the for'd end of the flight deck.

I think that that sorted the men from the boys, judging from numerous members leaning over the

side waving at Neptunes Rex. St. John, New Brunswick, saw us off-loading our tame marines thankfully on to the jetty. They stormed the Blue Mountains for the annual exercise and it was reported that the local animal populace will never be the same again. We took the easy route around the corner to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Comguard was eventually sorted out and we closed down for a 3-week maintenance period and to recover from the 'rigours' of the trip to date.

One thing about the Canadians, they live today like there is going to be no tomorrow and certainly saw to it that we looked similarly on life. I leave it to your imaginations exactly how and doing what. After 3 weeks we were glad to escape, believe it. We nipped smartly around the corner, in thick fog, and re-embarked the brown jobs and 845 Squadron. We are at the moment making tracks for Montreal and Quebec — how it does go on. Providing we all stand the pace we should be back in Devonport on June 26th. Lastly, before dashing off to prepare 'grippe' cards, we all thought you might like to see some of those grey floating things called SHIPS. Have a good summer leave, see you next time.

ASIDES

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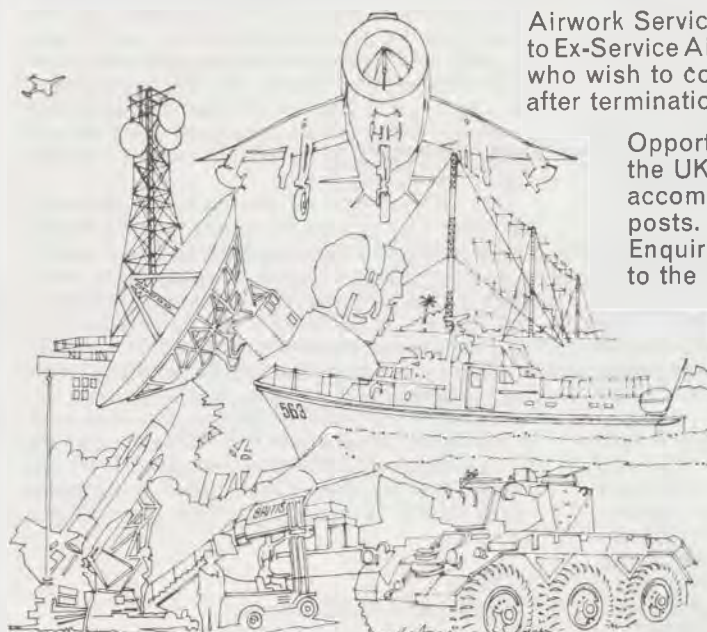
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(The mind boggles, and he was one of ours).

MORE ASIDES

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ANSWER:—

1. Never use ships names always callsigns.
2. Never play on a live circuit.
3. Never leave a safe open and unattended.
4. Never climb masts without observing Radhaz precautions.

(He got 2 marks for trying).

HMS HERMIONE (F5)

By Speedy

With six weeks 'COCPEX' and FOF1's inspection behind us the Communicators of HMS

Hermione are looking forward to a restful AMP in 'Guzz'. The monotony of charging, skirting and rushing periscopes up and down the Firth of Clyde for 12 hours a day weighed heavily on the Tactical Dept. It finally drove RO2(T) 'Ed' Snaith to poetry and CCY Dalby to golf (his handicap being 96 due to the fact that he fell asleep under a tree at the twelfth hole.)

The E.W. Dept has worked unceasingly — painting the flag deck and the bridge wings. FOF1 was very pleased with their efforts despite a heavy fall of soot from the for'ard funnel just before rounds.

On the General side the sparkers are still trying to explain to our SWO(C) why the broadcast was running when the ship was under HF silence. LRO(G) Ross can still be seen going through the last issue of 'The Communicator' with a magnifying glass to see if he can find any more mistakes (See Letters section).

We will shortly be saying goodbye to our D.O. Lt. Talbot who has put in a great deal of effort on our behalf (usually at Captains Defaulters). He has spent most of his time onboard being blinded with science by our three chiefs and carrying out a continuous search for his missing pipes.

In the past few months the ship has visited many exotic far flung places such as Hartlepool and Glasgow and by the time this goes to press we will be alongside Guzz and most of us on summer leave.



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HMS JUPITER

by RS Taylor

Portland! Jocommex! You know the routine, but this must be new to most of us: working duplex with a certain army regiment, the in-leg suddenly blurted out this gem . . .

BT

MY ANTENNAES HAVE JUST BEEN BROUGHT DOWN BY A HERD OF COWS IN MY ANTENNAE FIELD. CAN YOU BEAR WITH US AND ZA12 FOR A FEW MINUTES. BT

Such are the unusual experiences gained as a sea-going Communicator. Perhaps somewhat akin to *Mercury's* pastures green. As we look forward to Middlesbrough and Cowes week (oh the pain!) the end is nigh. Finally the happy 'J' is taking a well-earned rest in the form of a refit.

Portland has recently had the pleasure of our company again which is always good for setting the adrenalin in motion after a few lazy days in ye olde home port. We have been affiliated to the Northern Communication Area of the RNR, enjoying a very successful spell of distant communications with civvy street. For our successors, the system does work, and you can be assured of much enthusiasm from shoreside. A good means of providing your younger members with "live circuit" training, it is well worth the couple of hours each week. Here's to your success — whoever you are.

Now that all good things are coming to an end, the backwaters of *Mercury* are about to receive the new faces of Lt. Webb and myself, as several of you readers prepare to take on the Fighting 60 for the final few days of the commish. So as 'Radio Jupiter' closes, we bid you, come to sea, for the freshest of fresh air, and the saltiest of occupations. Much more fun than that old desk!



HMS NORFOLK

After our very short article in the Spring edition, it was hoped that a more interesting article could be submitted for the Summer issue, but, our trials and tribulations have not helped.

Our travelogue for this term is extremely short. Our O S T time at Portland was 3 days, Rosyth for a JMC and a weeks visit to Newcastle (still to come at time of writing). During our visit to Newcastle, the Institute of Married Men enrolls another member, RO(T) Brian Thompson. Good luck from all the Staff.

On 1st April Norwich Cathedral was re-dedicated in the presence of HM the Queen. HMS *Norfolk* was represented in the shape of SCO, CCY and RO Wincup. (The SCO gets another mention elsewhere in this edition).

We have an honorary member of the Communications Branch onboard, who no doubt will be remembered by many ex-New Entries of 1971/72, in the form of the Padre Hughes.

A number of New Entries who had completed their Part 3 Training and waiting for their first proper draft, had their first taste of life at sea in HMS *Norfolk* during the term. They all learned a great deal not only about communications but also ship husbandry.

The arrival of 5 B13's this term had made the G and T departments a bit top heavy especially the G's now with 8 LRO's. Congratulations to A/LRO's Pete Fearnley, Kenny Cuttle, Winnie Wincup, and Steve Brookes and A/LRO(T) Nick Nicholson.

Amongst the many visitors to the ship was a visit by Mr Frank Judd M.P., who must have thought he was in the House of Commons at Question Time by the number of questions he had thrown at him.

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HMS SALISBURY

by Nobby

Isn't Life Fun?

Before you read this ditt below,
There be a few things I'd like you all to know.
I was detailed off to write this 'Drivia'
So don't blame me if it's full of inconsequential
trivia.

Once upon a time there was a ship. Not a small ship but a great big metal ship with bang-bangs and pop-pops, and everything that didn't move on this ship was painted grey. Not an ordinary grey, or a matt vinal, silky, non-drip, washable, heat resistant grey, but a lovely pealy, lumpy, sticky ship side grey with black numbers on each side.

And on this grey ship we play war games at sea, and some-times a man in a funny suit jumps off the side, but we always catch him. Perhaps he misses his mummy, we have lots and lots of sailors who play the war games with each other, and we have lots of fun.

Lots of things happened when we played war with the shoreside sailors up at Portland. They have funny rules, it was not fair, they won every game we played with them. I remember one day when my friend and me was on the bridge and he was talking to the OPS Room on the walkie-talkie, and my friend who is not as clever as me said, it's good reception on here today, I can hear *Defiance* down in Guzz on my radio . . . My teacher the Yo-Yo dit hit him for being so silly, because he knew it was the tug boat *Confiance*.

Also the same friend was up on the bridge one night way past his bedtime when the officer of the

guard tried to creep up on the ship when nobody was looking, but my friend did see him so he ran away in his boat. Then he started creeping up on the other ships, but my friend was watching him all the time, so he rang up all the other ships on the walkie-talkie in and told them that the nasty man was coming, so they could shout at him to go away, but the nasty man also had a walkie-talkie in his boat and he heard my friend telling the other ships that he was coming so he came back to our ship and was very angry with my friend for telling the others.

We had a signal by flashing light saying a Captain Stewart was coming out to play with us one day, so our Captain and his friends made everything nice and pretty for when he arrived in his boat, when he arrived out captain was not really Captain Stewart, because, Captain Stewart was not really Captain Stewart, he was the Captain's Steward who had been Sick on Shore. My friend was never very good at flashing light.

Eventually we left Portland and went back home to 'Guzz' and had holidays and the sailors painted the ship again and polished the decks all nice and pretty for our long journey to Africa and the Gulf. We are not going to play much war this time but we don't mind, we're all grown-up now.

We have still got our buckets and spades and flags to play with, and our beloved Jimmy said we can all buy rabbits, so we'll save lots of lettuce.

So all in all we are going to have a nice 6 months.

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HMS SCYLLA — LIFE AND TIMES OF A LEADER (CONT.)

by LRO(W) Keith Leadbetter

Since our last appearance in these pages, we've been around a bit, and done a few things, so, bearing in mind an even more impassioned plea than usual from the Fleet Editor, it seems appropriate to bring our story up to date.

Before I go any further, however, I must apologise for the absence of photographs. We did have a remarkably amusing, if only moderately printable set taken by RO1(W) Steve Charters at a football match in Gib (of which more later), but the film snapped, or so he says. Definitely next time, folks. This situation has rather disappointed CCY Alistair Hewitt, who had gone to great trouble to obtain a bowler hat with a windmill on it and a pink balloon on a stick, to provide visual evidence of the effects of frigate leaders on normally sane tactical Communicators.

Anyway, to begin at the top of the tree, Lt. B. T. J. Behets has made good his escape from the Comms dept, if not from the ship, by being promoted to Squadron PWO, and S/Lt. R. M. S. Flint has joined us as CEW, which I'm told is a sort of euphemism for SCO.

The only other personnel change was the arrival of JRO Andy Goodwin from the College of Knowledge, but let's not dwell on that sort of thing too early in this potentially exciting piece.

JMC 751, was duly cracked in February, in the uncharted wasted north of the Orkneys, along with about 5,000 cups of coffee, and enough cigarettes to induce fatal tumours in a full grown elephant. After this, we embarked on a wide-ranging programme of exercises, week-ends in Portsmouth, exercises, courtesy visits, exercises, jollies, and of course, exercises. The reminiscences which follow are not in strict chronological order, and are not in

I HEARD THAT LAB!



any way intended to replace the Pink List.

After JMC, a rather unexpected weekend was spent in the famous jet set holiday suntrap of Greenock, which may have had something to do with the fact that the CCY lives there. There were, predictably, few incidents, apart from the minor human drama when a member of the local populace, somewhat down on his luck, approached one Chris Knott, who was at the time on a sightseeing and postcard trip. On hearing this downtrodden victim of a cruel society utter his plea for financial assistance, Chris replied warmly "Go away" (or words to that effect). At this, the unfortunate turned wretchedly back towards the town, only to double back a few seconds later and wreak violent revenge with an empty wine bottle. Life in the raw?

The visit to Liverpool for the Battle of the Atlantic ceremonies was a good deal less violent. Despite a relatively large number of visits by warships, the locals always seem to find the red carpet, and the RNR joined the local police and others in making it an extremely enjoyable, and not too costly break from the horrors of OST and Portsmouth.

A splendid time was had by the Gollies in pursuing sundry Soviet gentlemen around various parts of the Atlantic. Weather wasn't too painful, and nobody defected in either direction. An attempt was even made to say goodbye to a fearsome looking destroyer which we had accompanied in an immaculate Formation One for about 1,000 miles, but he simply tossed his elegant tail, and merged with the Baltic mists.

During our five day visit to Amsterdam, shopping was brisk, but nobody required



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after-sales service. Many leisurely hours were spent chugging drowsily along the canals of the city on free pleasure cruises thoughtfully provided by the Dutch Navy. A city as large and cosmopolitan as Amsterdam requires more than the five days we were allowed.

Our perennial pastime — chasing after uncooperative submariners, was indulged in again, this time in the Western Med, which at least gave us an opportunity to “unwind” in Gibraltar. It was there, however, that the new, much-vaunted, Comms football team played its first, disastrous fixture — against the seamen. Robbed by the ship’s team of superstars AB(EW) Lucy Lockett, and RO1(T) Mac Macleod, we crashed mightily — to the tune of 5-1, not a little due to the unorthodox goalkeeping methods of the author. The team’s catering manager, RO1(T) Dixie Deans incurred some suspicion over his handling of the team’s half-time alcohol transfusion, and the beer fund will be carefully audited next time.

Also in Gibraltar, the “7-Up Trophy” — our squadron sports shield, was competed for (and won by *Scylla*). As part of this competition, AB(EW) Matthews competed in a “Down the Rock” race (so why should we run up it like everyone else?). His valiant athletic efforts were somewhat hindered by an attempt to include a high-speed forward roll over a cliff in his repertoire, but damage was superficial. Matt has also competed for the Navy in the Modern Pentathlon, which has earned him several strategically timed jollies, to learn vital nautical crafts like horse-riding, and fencing.

As I write, we have just returned from an extremely sociable visit to the French town of Bayonne, although we never did manage to find anyone in the locality who actually ate snails. The

French were very hospitable, and tolerant of our efforts at fluency in their language — and the sun persisted in shining throughout.

The comms mess has also recently acquired a “Bullworker” — a frightening device for increasing fitness, which is nevertheless a lot less daunting than the PTI’s Nazi-style circuit training. Adherents range from the Charles Atlas type (LRO(W) Moor) to the type who’s always removing sand from his face (RO1(G) Clifford) — the next Mr Universe contest is eagerly awaited.

On the shop side, the task book saga continues apace, with, at opposite ends of the scale, RO2(T) Steve Denby enviously eyeing the CCY’s jacket, and AB(EW) Lye attempting to transfer to any branch that will have him. The difficulties of providing OJT have not exactly been relieved, but organising and recording it have been made a good deal easier.

The golly seamen are now becoming thoroughly enmeshed in the mysteries of sailing — even to the extent of being trusted with shiny new rigging sets, which they insist on slinging like John Wayne. For my own part, having signed away my “Communications skills”, I eagerly await any change in status. What about the LRO’s, then, *Centurion*?

The resurgence of V/S seems to become more evident every day, and from the results achieved, justifiably so. Likewise the resurrection of CW, which events quickly proved to have a few years left in it. The arrival of two SETP’s has rendered the broadcast bay a quieter place, despite a determined attempt by JRO Goodwin to amputate two fingers with one. I’m sure he’ll manage next time.

Well, I think that wraps it up for this quarter, except to remind readers that our Comms football



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Old friends are welcome, new ones are sought, and you'll be hearing from us again in three months — honest, editor, we'll have the photos then.



RFA TIDESPRING

by Radio Officer A. A. Weaver

Over the course of many issues, letters to "The Communicator" have mourned the deterioration of the operator, and the lack of training thereof. All these complaints may be justified, but I think some of the reasons are as follows:

In the past the old sparks and bunts took great pride in the finished article i.e. a well laid out, neat signal which the Chief Yeoman dutifully took a copy of to the Captain or Command each morning. The signals were in a standard form of layout, plainly typed and accurate in every respect. Under the new ideas of computerised communications, a signal is auto disted straight off the teleprinter, complete with upper case garbles, misprints and overprints and all additional garbage like routing indicators passing instructions, 'Page two of RBD . . . etc' still on it.

The recent introduction of the MFID's has further added to the shambles with the text composed of the slant signs, pathetic abbreviations, and all this to serve the great god

'Computer'. Hence the loss of pride in the job by the Comms staff. The operator feels 'Hell, what does it matter, I'm not serving my boss now, I'm a slave to a machine'.

Now we turn to plain operating, and regardless of letters by the knowledgeable ones, Morse is, and will be for many years, still very much alive, even though the speed of the FAB has now been so reduced as to make one wonder when or if they have fallen off to sleep, and when working US and Canuck stations we are told to QRS, sometimes down to even 12 wpm.

On CW we are again bugged by the machine, in the ACP 127 procedure is now adopted in the so called interests of speed. A complete fallacy . . . Both stations have to plough laboriously through the idiotic line 7 & 8 routing, which is, or was, to an efficient shore station totally unnecessary . . . but someone in their wisdom programmed the machine and us with it, into accepting this, and of course we did, complacently as with the MFIS. The time taken to send and receive messages in this format, and the risk of error (For the want of a Dit etc . . .) and the resultant pile up on the net far outweighs the time saved and God does it try the patience of the receiving operator at the shore station . . . just ask him.

Let us look now at our books. On the rare occasions when we leave the coasts of the UK, and go further afield, there was a time, when no matter where you went or what situation arose,

when the question was asked 'How do we get hold of so-and-so or who do we send our Logreq to?' the old RS or LHOW if he didn't know at once, knew which book chapter and paragraph to go to find out. It was nearly all in S3, now called RNCP3. Today the 'bible' has been split into so many parts, and after looking in one and gathering that 'Details are given in . . .' another book or pamphlet) and then finding that the so called 'details' are incomplete or totally inaccurate, one is none the wiser.

Recently a big distribution was made of the new FLOC's Vols 1 & II. The only thing this achieved was to alter the size of the book, when an almost uniform size of books for stowage had been arrived at. But . . . the re-printed, new size version, in fancy expensive covers arrived complete with inadequate and inaccurate information, all printed and despatched at great expense, and now JSP202 (another monster) has arrived. So much for the national 'Save it' campaign. Would it not have been more sensible to have 'gone to town' on RNCP3 and get it up to date? At the moment, and for some time, it has contained many obsolete titles of commanders, CINCWF, CANFORCED etc and a host of other inaccuracies and discrepancies. For example, to find details of C13E broadcast times refer to ARLS Vol 111 (If your corrections are up to date) Ignore RNCP3. If you think you can use certain US direct nets who will 'ZOF-T-CHF' forget it . . . they won't. What call sign does Gib



use on LCN for instance? and many other things. Don't look in 'C3'.

The answer to this will no doubt be . . . It's up to the individual ships who find discrepancies in books to send details to CINCFLEET, who will issue a correction. But surely this is up to the Command authority concerned, to scan their sections of the book and act on.

So, if the operator, or RIC can't turn, as of old to his printed font of knowledge he can, one thinks, do as others have done on the past . . . copy what others do, to learn by example. If he does this he will be sadly in error. One has only to see the example of misuse of AIG's by our Lords and masters in the 'big house', a procedure they follow as a result of bad example, and not in accordance with ACP127D Art 205C(1) (a) & (b) or ACP 121 507j last sentence (but there again, ACP100B para 10 (2)j last sentence, of the new JSP202 doesn't conform either). See what I mean about leaping from one book to another and still being wrong?

As for crypto procedure and Technique (an almost forgotten art) the operator must be careful not to follow any examples set him by any of the Crypto Centre ashore thinking 'they must be right' as one junior did, and got 'picked up' by the Army of all people.

So, it's not the operator, or lack of training that is at fault, it's the lack of pride brought about by the impression of working for an inanimate machine, and lack of expertise and knowledge which should be available to be gleaned from books and publications. A DCi was published a while back on the subject of books and that 'All in the Book' was to be the policy. If this is to be, and there is to be a complete re-write and re-think, then I and many others are all in favour.

'RNCP's are only as good as the user cares to make them' I saw quoted in one issue. Doesn't Mercury or MOD use RNCP's then? From some of the procedure I've seen employed it would appear not.

Agreed corrections, could go to the other extreme, as with the pre-exercise OPORDs 'Amend one to umpteen', and the Army's weekly amendments to their version of ACP117 (and what a version . . .), but at least let us get up to date. At the moment there are a lot of CRS's and RS's LH's RO's RO(A)'s who have little note books full of useful hints such as 'When entering so-and-so-area or harbour, try calling so-and-so on . . . khz'. Thus was our knowledge achieved in the old days, so could I suggest that all these gatherers of 'guff' send in their bits and pieces and perhaps the sponsors could gather them all together, put down their cups of tea and bickies for a while and produce a more up to date and informative publication. Remember the old WSI? or is that giving my age away? 'Tis all there boy, look it up' Everything one needed to know for every situation was there, but now . . . For instance when a LRMP aircraft is circling you, do you go to the

'Birdie book' (RNCP4)? If you do you are told to look in CHELIBERLANT of all things. Who thought of that idea. One would naturally think of aircraft and 'C4' as synonymous, not so as it seems. But that is only one case of book scabbling and cross referencing. Believe me, in this automated age, there isn't the time for endless book chasing, especially among us in the RFA, where our basic number of hours MUST be 70 per week, but above this we have to be available to carry out not only our watches, i.e. one man doing the lot, receiving, logging, typing, disting, routing, tuning, taping, sending. There's no RSOW, or Hooky, no REM to fix a snag, when the watch is over — we do our own fixing. From repairs to the main transmitter, the never ending battle obsolete teleprinters, to fixing the Radar, the echo sounder, the ship's telephone, both internal and shore (when we're lucky enough to be in harbour connected to a phone that is), the cinema projector you name it we fix it, if it works by 'Electrickery' it's our perks. On top of this we do our own accounting for telegrams, our own storekeeping, no passing down for the 'Scribes' or Jack Dusty.

With reference to the above 'grind' I must add that luckily we sometimes have able assistance of a 'Signalman' who is usually worth his weight in gold, and can earn himself some well deserved overtime, and in some cases can tune and belt out a signal as good as any RN operator. Perhaps that is because they are, in a lot of cases ex RN and of the 'old school' referred to by past contributors of "The Communicator". Also we do appreciate the assistance given by the base maintenance staffs whenever we are in harbour.

We try our best to co-operate with the fighting arm and ask therefore that they too will try their best to co-operate with us and, remember that the duty watch . . . is by himself . . . and if he seems a little slow in answering, he's making a long arm across the office, or leaping down the ladder from the Commercial 'shack' to get to you.





Commander-in-Chief Naval Home Command, Admiral Sir Derek Empson, KCB, ADC., during his inspection of HMS 'Osprey,' presented a Long Service Medal to 'Tweekers' (Portland Bill Station watch dog) for 15 years faithful service.

LIFE GETS TEDIOUS DON'T IT

The sun comes up and the sun goes down
Ships watches keep coming roun' and roun'
I jest gets up an' I hear pipe down
Life gets tedious don't it.

My chins bewhiskered but I don't care
I aint afigurin' on goin' nowhere
Sub tells me I need to cut my hair
But that's just wasted effort.

The messdeck leaks an the tables lean
I'm gettin' to know what rugged means
Eggs went off so we're living on beans
Just can't depend on nothin'.

Hands to dinner on the dot
I'm calculatin' whether to eat or not
The wheel goes over an I loose the lot
Gets real agravatin' sometimes.

Cockroaches livin' in my drawer
Jest don't know what they do it for
I chase 'em out an kill a score
They're back again come sun up

Grief an misery pains an woes
Cooks an stoppage an so it goes
But we stick it somehow stone the crows
Sure gets tedious don't it.



RNCC SINGAPORE — GONE

by C. R. S. (RCI) S. J. Rayner

It is with regret that I write the last communication to "The Communicator" from this far flung spot. The last threat to withdraw us in 1971 was saved by the formation of ANZUK, but when that disbanded it was the financial climate which finally put the chop on us. The last four Communicators to go will be SCO, Lt. Humphreys, myself, LRO(G) Polley and RO1(G) Stannard; the end of an era which began with gunboat diplomacy at the turn of the century. Our last radio links with the outside world were severed on April 15th. The last vessel to use RATT Ship Shore was HMS *Lowestoft*, while HMS *Mermaid* took the honours on Harbour RATT. Strangely, no one ever admitted to using B11F Re-rads. Our distinguished visitor on the day it all closed was Captain Franklin, D.N.S., whose remarks were not for delicate ears.

There are long faces down in the Village; Sembawang Traders (Berhad) are selling up, but no chance of making a killing on rabbits, inflation has come galloping out here and the Barons of Singapore are no more. SCO maintains in fact, that he was better off in 1966 as a S/Lt — he drew more in dollars per month than he does now as a Lt. and after 2 major pay rises. Such is the life in a blue suit! Gourmet patrons of the Stalls will be interested to hear that they have moved from 'The Trip' to what is coyly called 'The Patio', nevertheless the Makan remains superb and Bobbys still make the finest Nasi Goreng and Mee Hoon this side of the Black Stump; furthermore,

--- AND ALSO OFFICE WRITER, MY MEMO
RE - MEO, WEO, SO, AMEO, DWEO, GO,
NO, TAO, CBO, ATASO, SCO DID NOT
CONCLUDE WITH EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO!



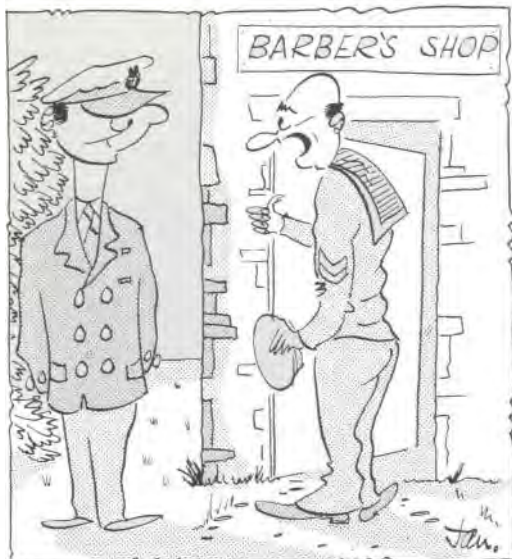
the odd matelot can still be seen meandering his way back to the naval basin in the small hours complete with half a yard of fried egg banjo.

We are still not sure what is to become of HMS *Terror*, (the RN contingent decline to call it Terror Barracks). Buzzes are that it may become a University Campus, or RSAF base, or (more darkly) earmarked for industrial development. Faces and memories will become blurred with time; Speedy still lives and can be sighted streaking from Bar to Bar and Smiley still dispenses the finest Straight and Tops in the FES — Tiger Breweries will feel the pinch when the RN withdraw their financial support.

At the time of writing, the RN Comms Contingent numbers a mere 11, far cries from the days when we could be numbered at a hundred or more, but when Task Group 317.3 leave, the aforementioned to tie up any loose ends. We have just said farewell to HMS *Blake* and company who went onto hand message routines and made us sweat a little on their final visit. They hurt our feelings a bit when they first came out by sitting alongside in Singapore and keeping MRL 9 with Hong Kong, but a quick check proved that traffic originated in Singapore and routed via DCN and MRL was marginally faster than by the cleft stick method at routine collection times.

We closed the RN Commcen a couple of months ago and now hide in a dark corner of the RAF Commcen. Chief Mech Barkley is diligently dismantling our old Empire and returning it all to the U.K. where it is destined for ACR and Copenacre, so a stores note from Singapore in one of the RNR Stations will take some ex-communicators back down memory lane.

Finally, in the year of the Rabbit, may I wish all our readers a KHONG HEE FATT CHOY, and bid you farewell.



'OK, so it's getting thin on top, but who wants fat hair anyway?'

FORT SOUTHWICK by Leading Wren Leggett M.G.

Fort Southwick — what an awe inspiring name! It conjures up all sorts of ideas . . . raging battles, with cannons booming at hairy aliens, rising from the sea and crawling over the land. Perhaps some picture the cavalry coming over the horizon, arriving just in time to save the 'Fort'. Whatever the ideas I'm sure everyone has a different one!

These days there are no cannons booming and the only smoke comes from the operators cigarettes, cannon balls booming, now take the form of a few strong words thrown in here and there when things go wrong! But all is not quiet at the Fort, in fact it is a hive of bustling activity.

As many will know the staff have now emerged from the depths of the underground tunnel and we have a BRAND NEW TARE in a BRAND NEW BUILDING! Hundreds of people *must* have heard of it judging by all the visits we've had since opening! Visits, visits, visits. Anyone who is anyone has visited the 'Fort'. From the highest to the lowest, they have been here. Soon we will be in the Guinness Book of Records (which for the less informed, is not some kind of drink), for being the most visited place!

The faces are changing too. Lt. Wailes is overjoyed at the prospect of his appointment to Naples (I do believe he's been sighted buying sun tan lotion already!). Even some of the stanchions are moving. Fleet Chief Snape has left us to go to sunny Malta, and has been replaced by Mr Caless,

late of *Bristol* and at present trying out his 'wings'. Chief Jones will be going to sea soon in *Scylla* and thence to *Jupiter*. RS Eagles has left us for the *Blake* and RS Clay has gone outside! RS Fisher is still with us but breaks out in cold sweat whenever he sees a draft chit!

Life at the 'Fort' has had its share of amusing events, one of which is the frequent sight of Charlie, our five foot tall cleaner, gazing irately at a big black handmark, high above his head on the freshly painted walls — no knowledge is claimed by anybody, of course. Then there was the time fourteen milk bottles appeared overnight, lined up like soldiers (pardon me, I mean sailors!), . . . once again no-one knows anything. At least we haven't managed to acquire a ghost yet, of which there were many versions in the underground!

"The Fort" stands majestically on the top of Portsdown Hill overlooking busy Portsmouth on one side and the quiet tranquility of Southwick village on the other. During the war Sir Winston Churchill honoured us with his presence in the War Room. But I'm sure if I tell you any more about this fascinating place, nothing else will do but a *visit*, so here I shall end my tale of the Fort on the hill.

COMMEN PLATYPUS by RO1(G) T. L. Hall

Who? Well to enlighten on the above, it's the first Australian Submarine Squadron Base (AUSSUBRON ONE), which is at Neutral Bay, Sydney.



"THIS IS GOING TO BE TENTS!"

There are two UK members on the Staff, LRO(G) Macdonald and myself. We are the spare crew for HMS *Odin* and if required, any of the other four RAN Oberon Class Boats.

The Commcen is kept quite busy running two submarine broadcasts, and is also a major relay station of the Australian TR network. Besides working for HMS *Odin* and the Australian Boats we often have visitors join our broadcasts such as HMS *Warspite* who even graced us with the odd QSL or ZID to make life easier. The equipment here is principally American and as baffling as the ICS System. (CRS Colmer's excellent patience recommended), but the TP's appear to be more reliable than ours. Among other weird and wonderful equipment we have, is a CFA (Standby Broadcast Monitoring), the proverbial B41 being the main receiver for this purpose. The Commcen also ZKA for Sub-Safety and also guard for one or two minor Australian Addressees.

HMS *Odin* is at present detached 'up top' but it might be of interest to know the staff consists of RS 'Jacko' Jackson, LRO(G) 'Doc' Whitney, LRO Griffin and RO2 Peel.

We dare not say too much about the Australian Navy else we'd cause mass emigration. Their pay system works on six grades, and a sparker is on the top grade, enough said.

Non-Comms wise *Platypus* is a small base and runs a very good club. The social life out here is easy to adapt to, B-B-Q's etc. Tho' the weather here despite the official end of summer favours outdoor activities. The rest of the UK Base Staff here, headed by Lt Cdr Claro (SOA) (RN), numbers about 20 and is principally S/M technical ratings.

My regards to all at *Mercury* especially to certain instructors who rather frustratingly took a certain LRO(G) (Q), course through last year with 3 Submariners in it. Never mind, it was the last time anyway.



'ME? USE A THIRTY EIGHT?... I'M
JUST A SMALL THIRTY TWO!

RN COMMCCEN LASCARIS

by LRO (G) Hannah

In 1565 when the Turks were laying siege on this island stronghold their main target, initially, was Fort St. Elmo defended by the Knights of St. John who, after 31 days of constant attack, were eventually worn down and forced to retreat to the bastion of St. Angelo on the other side of Grand Harbour.

Serving with the Turkish army at this time was a Greek soldier who was so impressed by the fight being put up by the Knights that he jumped into the sea and swam across Grand Harbour to join them. He was of great assistance to the Knights, telling them positions of Turkish gun emplacements, disposition of forces etc. This Greek soldier's name was Lascaris.

And so to the present day. Since the last article we have completed a few exercises, including 'Wintex' and the big one that has just finished 'Dawn Patrol 75', in which, no doubt a few of the readers participated.

The SCO is Lt. Cdr. Phillips who along with 3/0 Bird and CRS (RCI) Dave Mahy organise the everyday running of the Commcen, they will be joined shortly by FCRS Snape. FCCY Whitlock has left us, being relieved by FCCY Underwood as Admin Officer whom his ex-mess members I am sure would like to know has settled in. The MSO is ably run by CY Jed Stone and his happy band of assistants.

I can assure our readers that the remainder of the Staff run the Commcen and MSO very competently and any ship visiting us in the near

JUST REMEMBER A FOOL CAN ASK
MORE QUESTIONS THAN A WISE
MAN CAN ANSWER!



future can rest assured that they will be given every assistance available on any problems that they might have.

We are losing a very competent worker from the registry in the name of LRO(G) Joe Ham, and I have to step into his shoes and try to carry on the good work.

Malta, still being able to enjoy relatively low costs for the essentials of life, food and wine, is very much the IN place at the moment for holidays.

The small bars are as ever, still in abundance, whilst most of the modern hotels have restaurants and night clubs open to all. A smooth night out for two costs half as much as UK and lasts until the early hours. The tourist attractions of Mosta and Gozo do tend to get a little crowded in summer but this can always lead to a chance meeting with someone from home. The advantage of course with a Malta draft is that these places can always be left until the winter months if you don't like crowds.

During this recent term, our young lads under training, led by LRO(G) Geoff Harris, embarked upon an exped to the neighbouring island of Gozo.

The code words for the exped read 'Go Gozek 75' and go they did, all squashed into a nondescript Skoda car. Having arrived safely in Ramla Bay, they pitched their tent on the site of an old Roman Villa to be found there. After much toil and clearing of thorn bushes their tent was erected, and there it settled for the next five days.

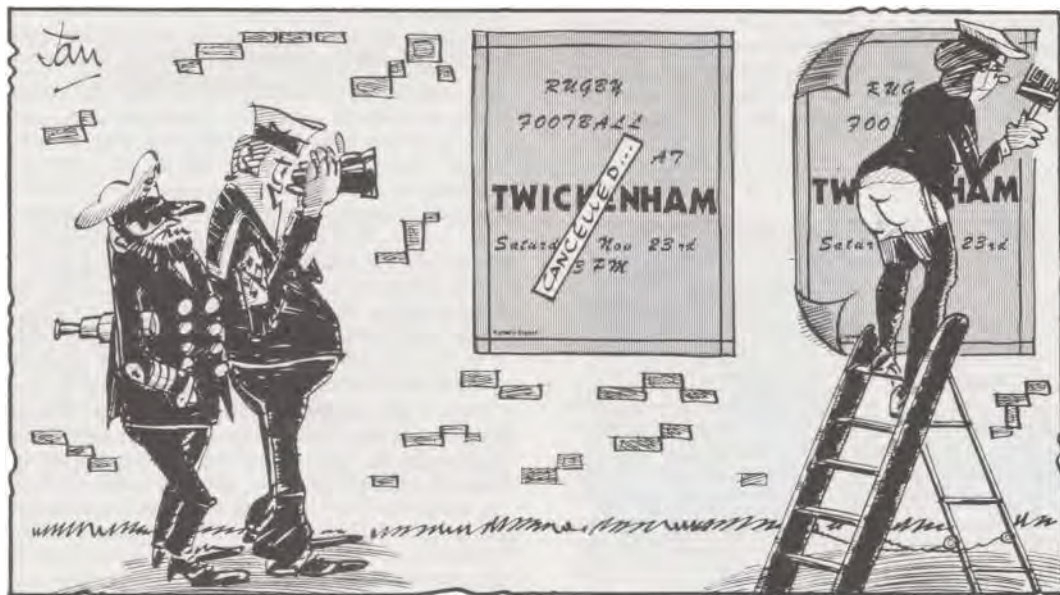
During this time they visited all the places of interest you can find on Gozo. They also managed to record 400 miles on the clock, not bad on an island 9 by 4. Most of the mileage was covered looking for those wonderful places which are indicated in the tourist guide.

One place in particular, Xerri's Grotto, they discovered in the back kitchen of a local house in Naxxar. Having disturbed the children at lunch, they were shown around a small cave full of stalagmites and stalactites.

There were no problems with the cooking, as they had three large boxes of tinned goods, in ten men ration packs, which were devoured in that short space of time, the most popular meal being Chicken Supreme, only because there were 30 tins of it. A few fingers impaled on pussers can spanners and a jelly fish sting under the armpit of RS Grundy were the only injuries sustained and these were fixed with ease by the local resident Marcus Welby.

In all the exped was said to be a huge success and the Juniors came back with sea stories galore, pounding the ears in the Commcen for many days. Alas the Skoda car did not survive the trip so well acquiring a few rattles it never had before, but after consulting his hand book, LRO Harris assures us, all will be well in the near future.

The Communications Staff of 55 are being reduced slowly, and over the next few years this will be another overseas billet to disappear. So if you fancy a couple of years in the sun, apply now, you may be one of the lucky ones.



"LOOK, NO TWICKERS !"



The Squadron said goodbye to Lt.Cdr S. Drake-Wilkes on 29 May at the end of his record 17 months as K1. The new K1, Lt.Cdr J. E. Dykes, has joined the Squadron from two years at sea as a First Lieutenant and wants to know why RO's are not taught paint application.

Lt. J. Wingett has moved up to the K3 chair vacated by Lt. P. Gadsden, and Lt. J. Hildreth has joined the Squadron as K6, relieving S/Lt R. Stephens who has now left the service.

From the high numbers reported in the Spring edition Kelly Squadron is now down to the Summer seasonal low of only 210 men on Course, but there are already clear indications from the recruiters that the Autumn will see us back up to high numbers.

ADVENTURE TRAINING

by Lt J. Wingett

Whilst Exped Alfa and Bravo remain as popular(?) as ever, the high spot of the term was, without doubt, Kelly Squadron's participation in the Ten Tors Expedition. For those who haven't heard of this competition it entails a hike of 45 miles across Dartmoor. As *Mercury* had not previously entered this competition, nothing was left to chance and training started in February for the event in May. Of the original 70 odd volunteers, only five turned up for the first training hike, and these five formed the nucleus of the final team. In all eleven members completed

all the training walks, and it was an unenviable and difficult task to select the six to represent *Mercury*.

The actual competition took place during the weekend of May 16/17 and it was considered prudent to have at least one look at the land beforehand. Accordingly, on the preceding weekend, the team and trainers arrived on Dartmoor. On the following day the team set off, intending to walk 30 miles. The wind blew, the heavens opened, the mist rolled down over the Tors, and within a short space of time the team were hopelessly lost! Put it down to experience.

On the day of the actual competition about 2600 youngsters set off to complete their marches, some hoping to complete 35 miles others with as much as 55 miles in front of them. As the day progressed, worried team managers could be seen hovering around the control hut, awaiting news of their teams. Kellys achieved the fastest time on their route for the first day, and by stop time had already checked in at seven of the ten points. On the following day, after as they put it "a gentle stroll" the team arrived at the final point, second over all on their route and beating a depleted *Raleigh* side by a sprint up the last 200 yards.

Well done the team and a special well done to all the reserves. Thanks must also go to PO PTI Simons for his advice and expertise and a special thank you to RS Walker who kept us so well fed for the weekend. Next year we hope to field more teams and at least one Ships Company and one WRNS team should be out there. Don't leave all the glory to Kelly Squadron!

P.S. There is talk of a 100 mile march in Holland for next June. Any takers?



Team and Reserves — Kelly's, Horne, Perchard, Mountford, Robinson, Jones, Higgins, Evans, English and McVicker

THE BRICKWOOD FIELD GUN COMPETITION — 1975

*In Portsmouth's Smiling City
The Brickwood brewery stands
Known to many a sailor
From this and other lands . . .*

But what other connections has this well known brewery with the Royal Navy.

In 1907 a competition was organised with the Portsmouth Command to find the Establishment which could produce a team of ratings to manipulate a standard field gun and limber through various tests in the shortest time. This was to become an annual event, and the Brewery offered to provide the trophy to the winning establishment. This is a magnificent silver model of the field gun and limber and an outstanding prize indeed for the winning team. Thus the Brickwood Field Gun Competition was born.

The competition is run with 12 pounder 8cw field guns, similar to that used in the Royal Tournament. Each crew consists of 18 men and one trainer. Establishments may enter teams of officers or ratings, all of whom must be borne on

the books of the Establishment which they wish to represent. There are strict rules as to when training may start and when guns may be drawn, but basically there are seven weeks of training prior to the competition, the last three of which may be with the gun. Training is hard and may only take place out of working hours from



'The Run Out'



HMS 'Mercury' Brickwood's Field Gun crew 1975

Monday to Saturday midday. By the time the competition is over each man is fit and in fine fettle.

The physical requirement of all members of the crew is very high. When consideration is given to the weight of the equipment, and the number of crew allowed to attend each piece, a rough standard can be estimated. The complete equipment weighs somewhere in the region of 1 ton. The limber requires four men to lift it, and each wheel weighs 120lbs. Each of these four require to be carried a distance of 10-12 yards twice over in each run. The gun barrel weighs 8cwt and in the first action only three men lift it. The gun carriage adds a further 4cwt to this, giving just over 12cwt which is lifted by six men in the big-lift zone. So, in all, only ten crewmen are actually lifting the main body of equipment, whilst four ratings are manhandling the wheels.

This year HMS *Mercury* entered two teams in the competition. Training was carried out from 1230 to 1300 and a gruelling training period in the evening lasted from 1730 until 1815. Both teams were selected from volunteers from the New Entry Squadron, only one ships company rating surviving the course. All were volunteers, no pressure was applied, in fact many others were turned away. Accidents were few, and limited to minor ones which allowed their recipients to stay with the crew.

During the last week of training both teams went to HMS *Collingwood* for the timed runs. Whereas times hovered around 1 min 35 secs on the *Mercury* track, those recorded at *Collingwood* were very disappointing. We only achieved 1 min 58 secs, the slowest time of the 15 competing teams.

Competition Day fell on Monday, 16th June and the guns were delivered to *Collingwood* at 1600 so that they could be inspected by the judges prior to

the heats. *Mercury* 'A' had been drawn to run in the first heat against four other Establishments and at 1700 the race was on. The first heat was an exciting event with the 'A' crew doing extremely well and qualifying for the final. *Mercury* 'B' were next to perform, a bad "button on" caused them to lose precious seconds and only qualify for the Plate Competition. *Mercury* 'B' team ran again in the Plate heats but did not qualify for the final.

The Brickwood Trophy final was of six teams with the fastest times in the heats. *Mercury* 'A' was drawn in lane 1 and were ready to pull their all.

The team was well in with a fighting chance when the second wheel change failed to go smoothly and, with a wild dash for home, crossed the line in third position. As the results were announced it was found that we had incurred a 3 second penalty and had dropped to sixth position. The winners were the *Collingwood* Officers. Even so, *Mercury* was congratulated by the opposing teams for superb runs and an ebullient team spirit. The high spirits were echoed in *Mercury's* own team song "KING OF THE GUN" (permission of JRO Ellis-Morgan).

Throughout the training period both teams had built up a tremendous spirit of comradeship. Every man pulled his weight to the absolute limit and gave a great deal of his own time to perfect the technique required to give fast times. Although *Mercury* did not return to the Establishment with either trophy they came away with a moral victory, knowing full well they had given their best and beaten teams who were composed of older ratings and experienced field gunners.

Next year we start again. Volunteers will be required to form crews in the same manner as this year. Lessons have been learnt and techniques improved. With luck and good training *Mercury* WILL capture the illusive trophies. Will you help?



Whitbread Tankard. The less said, the better the beer.



KING OF THE GUN

Mercury field gun crew are here,
To do a run for you 1 minute 25,
You should see us boy's drive,
We'll make the fastest time alive,
First to get across the line,
So watch out for us boy's running.

Mercury crew etc.

We're goin a win that cup,
Second isn't good enough,
So watch us running home,
And we'll still be singing along,
Cause we're the boy's who are dressed in blue,
We know exactly what to do,
We're called the Mercury Roughy Tuffies.

Mercury crew etc.

Well we're unlimbering here,
And checking it there.
Changing the wheels,
And firing into the air,
You really should see this crew motor

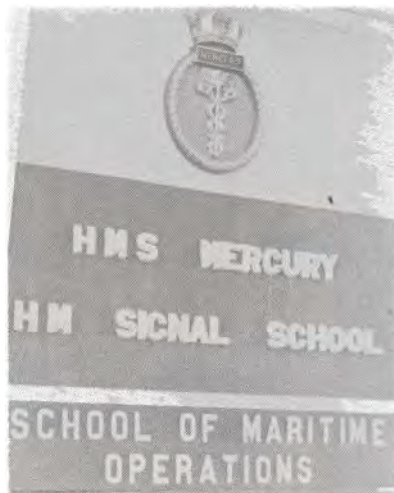
Mercury crew etc.

1st Verse Repeat:
Oh Yea!

TUNE: King of the Road.



'Anyone got a stamp?'



GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

Captain Signal School — Captain D. A. P. O'Reilly
Head of the CEW Faculty — Commander A. H. Dickins
Support Commander — Commander A. G. Rose
Head of Training Support (CEW) — Instructor Commander P. Jewell



Captain R. C. Morgan leaving HMS 'Mercury' on the 17th April 1975, after handing over command of the Signal School to Captain D. A. P. O'Reilly.

WO & CPO's MESS

Since last going to press our social programme has fielded two of the main social events of the year, firstly the Annual Ball at the Wedgewood Rooms, where the C.S.S. and Mrs. O'Reilly honoured us with their presence having only joined *Mercury* that day. It was also very gratifying to see so many of the RNCCA members and their wives, together with those who had made the effort to come from ships to make the evening such a success. Our second major event was Ladies Night held in July, which is more of a 'family' affair and held in the Mess; this too, was a great success.

On the sporting scene we have done very well due to the efforts and enthusiasm of Keith Denning. Winning the inter-Part Sports, and, on Sports Day combining with the Wardroom, won the Athletics Cup convincingly.

At the end of July the annual event of 'The Sea Dad's Trophy' will take place results of which will appear in the next issue.

Brian Adlam, your friendly Mess Manager, will have left us by the time you read this. He is a now publican in the 'Star and Garter' at Southampton (note: no advertising). Some members of the Mess and RNCCA went over to help his launch the opening which was very enjoyable.

Outs: CCY Denning — Cleopatra; FCRS Bernard — Release; FCCY Underwood — St Angelo; FCRS Eilbeck — Release; CMEM Adlam —

Release; CCY Madden — Hampshire; CRS Julian; CCY Slater; CRS Allan — All release; CRS Harris — Dolphin; CCY Bell — Bristol; CPO (Ops)(EW) Lill — Norfolk; CPO (Ops)(EW) Southgate — Dartmouth; CCY Baker — Dartmouth; CRS Shaw — Intrepid.

Ins: FCCY Gilbert; CCY Windsor; CPO (OPS)(EW) Collins; CPO (OPS)(6EW) Lodge; FCRS Gordon; CRS Silk; CRS Moir; CCY Clark; CCY Wood.

PETTY OFFICERS MESS MESS COMMITTEE

President
Manager
Treasurer
Committee

C. Y. Prince
R. S. Grafton
C. Y. Fielder
R. S. Lee
R. S. (W) Faircloth
P. O. Pullen

Since our last edition, you will notice some changes in the above bunch, Ken Grafton taking over the managership from Jim Durrant at the

beginning of this term. Jim has been seconded to Kelly Squadron, following a short spell in Haslar and shortly leaving for the wide blue yonder. The mess presented him with a small gift in appreciation of his good work whilst manager. Good luck Jim.

Another staunch member has bitten the dust, Mike Evans, who, along with Tansy Lee are expecting buttons and draft chits. Many thanks to both of them and welcome to Mick Fielder who has agreed to cook the books for us, without I might add, the use of fingers and toes, as the mess is now the proud owner of a pocket calculator.

Those of you who are joining us shortly and living in, will notice the absence of the tired old washing machine which has been replaced with a new one one to save the washday red hands.

Socially this term the mess kicked off with a Western BAR-B-Q night which went down very well, the only thing left was the carcass of the lamb which was spit roasted, but even that was won as a raffle prize, and taken away to feed half the dogs in Milton Road. Having seen some of the mess members in Western rig it looked like the James Boys were riding again. The next function underway is a Shipwreck Cheese and Wine, by the



CY D. Prince presenting a silver cigarette box to the previous KI on behalf of Kelly Squadron Instructors by the Mess President who is also a Kelly Squadron Instructor.

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MAIN



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Rank and Name

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GOLF

by FCCY J. Fouracre

Since last going to print, our annual fixture between the RN Communicators and the Royal Corps of Signals took place at Aldershot on June 19th. Unfortunately the Brown jobs took us apart on alien soil, to the tune of $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$, but as is very often the case, the company, the food and the weather were very good followed by the golf. After witnessing what the Army have, one can only hope that the *Dryad* project will come somewhere near that standard.

Next year it is our turn to host once again, and will probably be either Liphook, Blackmoor or Hindhead. So please don't be reluctant in putting your name forward. Remember the old adage, if you don't ask you don't get.

On the domestic scene, the Captain's Cup 1975 was contested by 16 golfers from *Mercury*, the final between Lt Cdr Sayce and FCCY Fouracre resulted in the former 'giving' it to the latter at the 20th hole.

Interest in the game appears to be on the increase, and we find that we are able to field some 20 golfers ranging from single figures to many keen 24's. So please, if you are coming to, or passing through the 'College' be sure to contact the Establishment Golf Secretary.

As this will be my last donation to "The Communicator" as the EGS before moving on, may I wish all golfers 'Good Golfing' and keep your 'ead down.

time this goes to press it will be over and done with, with non seagoing personnel well versed on what shipwrecked sailors look like.

In October of next term, it has been decided that we will have a mess Dinner, it will be a precedent, in as much as, it will be the first time that this mess has ever done it. All joiners get No. 1's and Dicky bow ties ready.

The mess has had visits from CINNAVHOME and his C.O.S. for informal chats this term and several interesting points raised. Remember if you have something to say these are the times to hop up and say it over a pint of ale.

The P.T. complex is now open with allocated times for families so remember you can come up for a swim and after a trip to the bar for a dinner time wet with wives and children.

Lastly, a small piece of advertising on behalf of the F/CPO's mess manager CMEM Adlam who is leaving to take over the Star & Garter in Southampton on leaving the Service. He assures us that all are welcome and there will be free beer from 1755 till 1800 except Sundays.

Good luck and good sailing to all of you keeping us safe in our beds and come back soon all is forgiven.

"IS THAT OUR
NEW RADIO
SET?"

"NO SIR, THIS IS THE
WORK FOR IT.
I'VE GOT THE SET
IN ME POCKET"



What a whopper

By FCRS BAILEY



THE SPORTING ASPECT OF ANGLING

by FCRS J. H. Bailey

Few people in the Service realise that angling is a recognised sport in the R.N. and that for a nominal fee of 50p per annum they may join the RN and RM Angling Association, details of which may be obtained from the Club Secretary, The Rev. J. A. Taylor RN, HMS *Daedalus*, Lee-on-Solent, Hants. The Club caters for both Sea and Coarse fishing.

Angling is the most popular sport in Britain today, with well over three million participants. To the non-initiated, fishing may appear to be a matter of attaching a hook to a line and dangling it in the water at the end of a pole then waiting, although this may produce the desired results on occasions, those assuming that this is all that fishing entails will never become consistently successful anglers.

There are various branches covered under the general term "angling", coarse fishing, game fishing, fly, just to mention a few of the fresh water aspects. Under the general heading Sea Fishing we have, beach, boat, wreck and reef, spinning, trolling, ledgering etc. My own specialisation is sea fishing from beach and boat. For the boat enthusiast there is the additional skill of seamanship in being able to launch, transit, locate your nominated mark, and return and recover in safety. Hardly a week goes by during the summer without a boating accident caused by inexperienced boat owners putting to sea without even an elementary knowledge of seamanship and adequate safety equipment and precautions. The sea has no respect for those who treat it with disrespect.

One of the most irritating factors concerning fishing relates to those inevitable "blank" days without a bite, these are unfortunately all too frequent and can be most off-putting for the beginner, but conversely is true. A fishing friend of mine caught 97 plaice in two hours during a two hour outing in a club boat. It is this element of uncertainty that adds to the enjoyment of fishing.

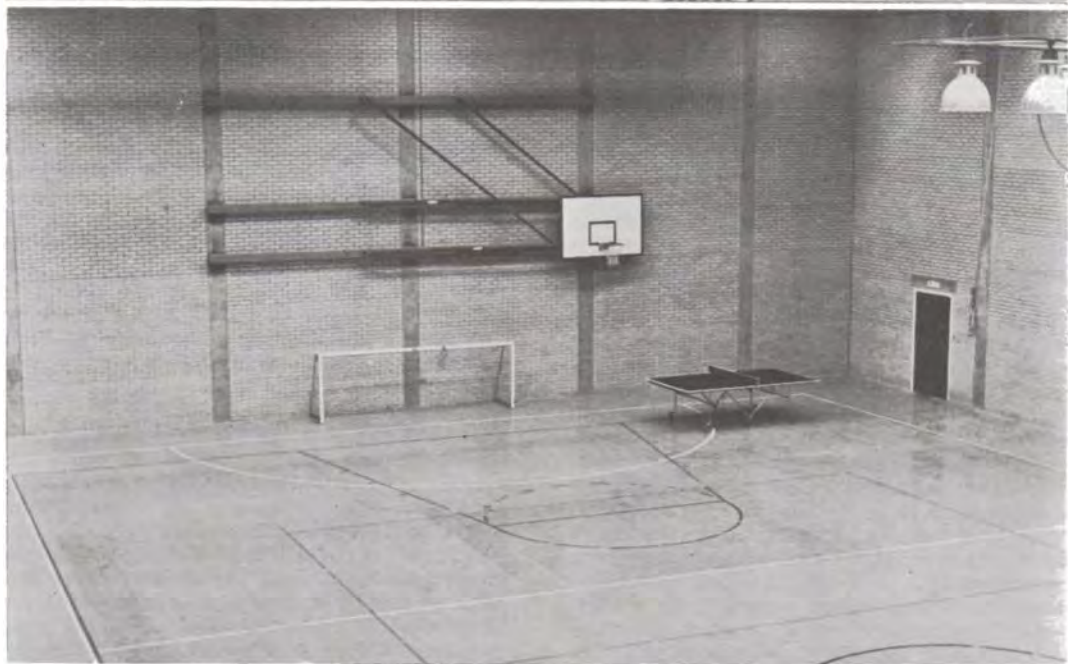
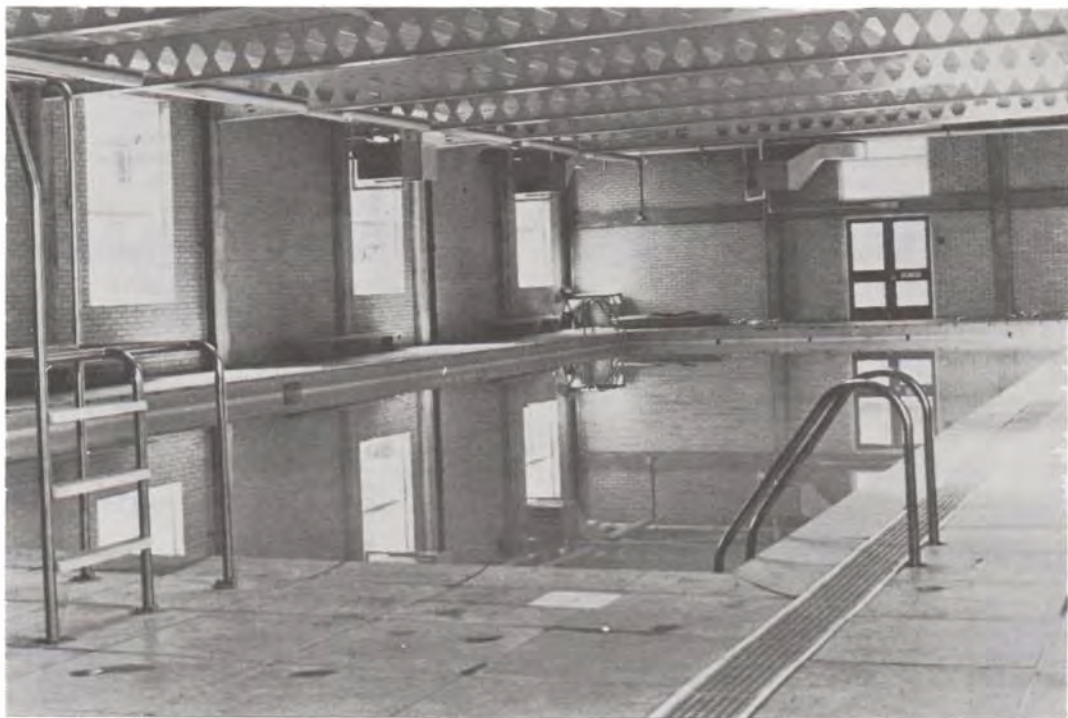
Get Hooked

If you were to ask me what the fascination was regarding my sport I would say it was the natural hunting instinct of man in the attempt to challenge and outwit his quarry in its own environment by utilising knowledge of the species and their indigenous habits, their environment, feeding preferences, seasonal variations, and the type of tackle to be used. All these factors are variables and to a certain extent — predictable. Other factors like the weather play a major role in sea angling, and the old West Country adage "winds from the East, fishing least, winds from the West, fishing best", certainly has a ring of truth about it.

Competitive Fishing

Competitions give the angler a chance of exercising his skill and knowledge, and can be most rewarding. That the same names appear regularly in the prize lists throughout the country is indicative of the skill required to be consistently successful. Undoubtedly the element of luck still plays a big part, but even so, an experienced and knowledgeable angler amongst a group, fishing a "hot spot" will catch more fish than his adjacent inexperienced competitors. There is also the possibility of catching a good fish which breaks

THE CHANGING FACE OF MERCURY



Top: the new Swimming Bath. Below: the new Gymnasium

the club record as I did recently during a Beach Festival. There are at present two R.N. personnel who hold British sea records, the most recent early this year, when S/Lt Ken White smashed the haddock record whilst fishing out from Falmouth. The other is the long standing grey mullet record held by PO Libby, with a fish he caught at Portland in 1952.

The annual RN/RM Sea Angling Championships this year were organised by the Plymouth Command under the auspices of a Communicator, Lt. Cdr Franks, and took place on Wednesday 14th May from Plymouth Breakwater. HMS *Mercury* was represented by COEL Pett, RS Knewitz RS Evans and myself. Although the latter two each caught a pollack, we were unable to get in the charts. Over 130 anglers took part from various ships and establishments throughout the country. The next inter-Services beach championships are to be held at Deal on the 19th November, organised by the R.M. If you are interested in taking part, and you happen to be in HMS *Mercury*, contact me on extension 312.

Expenses

Angling can be relatively inexpensive sport after the initial outlay for equipment, which can be quite costly, especially if you opt for game fishing which can cost up to £600 a year for licence and other fees. Costs can be substantially reduced by digging or providing your own bait for sea fishing — hard work but well worth it.

Mercury Fishing Club

Due to the high turnover rate in HMS *Mercury* it is difficult to form an angling club on any permanent basis but there is a strong fishing fraternity who fish for the establishment in open and Service competitions as organised by the P.T. Staff. In conclusion, if you are interested in fishing and you happen to be drafted to *Mercury*, drop in and find out what is happening on the angling scene.

Q.1. What has 2 wheels and travels along the bottom of the lake at 50 mph?

A A motor pike.

Q.2. What has 3 wheels and travels along the bottom of the lake at 50 mph?

A A motor pike and side carp.

Q.3. What has 4 wheels and travels along the bottom of the lake at 50 mph?

a A motor pike and side carp with a spare eel.

SWIMMING POOL

Service Personnel may use the *Mercury* Swimming Pool for recreation during free swim periods. Personnel using the pool are to be in possession of their Service Identity Card which is

to be produced on entering the Recreation Centre.

Civilians are not to use the Swimming Pool unless they are in possession of a Families Pass. Application for Family Passes is to be made to the Pool Manager. No Family Passes are to be issued unless an Idemnity Form (P.T. 310) is signed by the individual applying or a parent of children under the age of 16 years.

Children under the age of 16 years are always to be accompanied by an adult. Families will not be allowed into the Recreation Centre before the times allocated for families swimming.

No one is allowed into the water unless a P.T.I. or Lifeguard is in attendance on the side of the pool. This may be waived for special cases but only with the P.T.S.O.'s specific permission in each case.

All swimmers must pass through the shower and footbath before entering the water. Anyone who has signs of open sores or other complaints in the form of a rash, etc, will not be allowed to use the pool.

All swimmers are to wear appropriate costumes, no transparent costumes or cut down clothing will be permitted.

RECREATION CENTRE

The Recreation Centre is for the use of Serving Personnel. Dependants may use the Centre only if accompanied by a serving person or if a member of a recognised club. Other Civilians are not allowed to use the centre unless they have received formal approval to do so through the P.T. Officer and personnel have priority in the use of the Centre.

Civilians and dependants attending for approved Family or Club periods will not be admitted into the Recreation Centre until the times laid down for their specific activities.

Children under the age of 16 years must be accompanied by an adult when using the Centre.

Plimsoles or similar footwear and appropriate sports clothing must be worn when using the main playing area.

No gymnastic apparatus is to be used unless under the supervision of a P.T Instructor.



COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whither
Adair, J. M.	Lieut	Neptune
Allen, D. C.	Lieut Cdr	NAVBALTAP (Acting Cdr whta)
Appleyard-List J. C.	Cdr	Warrior (FCO)
Barnes D.	Sub Lieut	Fearless
Bartlett, B. J.	Sub Lieut	Endurance
Bates, F.	Lieut	RAN Exchange
Bates, J. C. C.	Sub Lieut	Transfer to S/M Service
Beattie, J. M.	Cdr	Mercury
Bee, M.	Sub-Lt	Andromeda
Brooks, A.	Lieut	CDCN
Burch, J. A.	Sub-Lt	Apollo
Cherry, D.	Lieut	Whitehall
Clark, C. H.	Sub-Lt	Torquay
Cossins, R. A. P.	Lieut Cdr	Mercury
Craig, R. M.	Sub-Lt	Mercury (SD C Course)
Crichton, C. W.	Lieut-Cdr	Warrior (AFCO)
Davies, M. R.	Sub-Lt	Mercury (SD C Course)
Dempsey, J. K.	Lieut	Mercury
Drake-Wilkes, S.	Lieut-Cdr	Greenwich (RNSC)
Duncan, D. A.	Lieut	Warrior
Freemantle, D. J.	Lieut-Cdr	Juno (Exec Officer)
Findlay, J. M.	Cdr	MOD
Flint, R. M. S.	Sub-Lt	Scylla
Gawley, J. M.	Lieut	Tiger
Habgood, A. G.	Sub-Lt	Hermione
Howell, R.	Lieut-Cdr	Warrior (FEWO)
Hulley, A. R. W.	Lieut	PWO Course
Humphries, R. R.	Lieut	FOCAS
Ingham, D. J.	Sub-Lt	Galatea
Ivol, G. C.	Sub-Lt	Leander
Kettlewell, N. I. C.	Cdr	Brighton (In Command)
Killoran, G.	Sub-Lt	Fox
King, P. J.	Lieut-Cdr	Charybdis (In Command)
Knight, A. E.	Lieut	Mercury
Lang, A.	Lieut-Cdr	Mercury
Larkins, J. L. B.	Cdr	Tamar (Exec Officer)
Lees, P. R.	Cdr	Heron (Exec Officer)
Lemonde, B.	Lieut-Cdr	Warrior
Lloyd, B. D.	Lieut	Pembroke
Luce, P. D.	Lieut-Cdr	Hermes
McLean, T. B.	Lieut	Mercury
Millar, A.	Sub-Lt	Charybdis
Palmer, D. L.	Lieut	Mercury
Park, M. I.	Sub-Lt	Cleopatra
Pearce, J.	Cdr	ASWE
Phillips, C.	Sub-Lt	Mercury (SD C Course)
Pomphrey, A. W.	Lieut	PWO Course
Provost, A. G. M. A.	Cdr	COMIBERLANT
Prickett, W. J.	Lieut	Mercury

Name	Rank	Whither
Reed, G.	Lieut	Fort Southwick Comcen
Richards, M. A. H.	Lieut	ASWE
Rogers, J.	Sub-Lt	Mercury (SD C Course)
Roskill, J. W.	Lieut Cdr	Mercury
Rogers, M. H.	Sub-Lt	Defiance
Salwey, B. D.	Cdr	CINCNAVHOME
Sanderson, J. A.	Lieut-Cdr	Pembroke
Sayce, D. C.	Lieut Cdr	Bristol
Searl, B. M.	Lieut	Bulwark
Singleton, E. C.	Lieut	Warrior
Skinley, M. R.	Lieut	Drake
Smith, C. C.	Lieut	Glamorgan
Smith, J. C.	Sub-Lt	Seahawk
Snow, K.	Lieut	Greenwich (RNSC)
Stenning, M. W.	Sub-Lieut	Mercury (SD C Course)
Straw, H. B.	Lieut-Cdr	Loan Service IIN
Traer, E. W.	Sub-Lieut	Mercury (SD C Course)
Tullis, G. M.	Cdr	Kent (Exec Officer)
Vear, J. L.	Sub-Lt	Mercury (SD C Course)
Whelan, W. L.	Sub-Lt	Mercury (SD C Course)
Whitby-Smith, M. R.	Lieut	Mercury
Whitehead, D.	Cdr	DNS
Williams, T. A.	Sub-Lieut	Mercury (SD C Course)
Wilson, G. S.	Sub-Lieut	Mercury (SD C Course)

PROMOTIONS

To Vice-Admiral:

To Cdr:

To Lieut-Cdr

To Lieut:

To Act Sub-Lt:

Morton, A. S.

Provost, A. G. M. A.

Drake-Wilkes J.; Howell, R.;

Knapp, M.; Pink, C.; Samuel C.

Grimsey, R.; Lennon J.; Beard, C.

Broome, R. H.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS

Cdr P. A. C. Harland OBE

Lt-Cdr D. Dobson, MBE

CRS B. A. Lucas, BEM

RETIREMENTS

Captain, D. V. Morgan, CBE

Captain, R. C. Morgan, ADC

Commander J. Penny

Lieut-Cdr G. C. Clark

Lieut Cdr I. Jarrold

Lieut-Cdr R. A. Shelton-Agar

Lieut Cdr P. E. Stearns OBE

Lieut P. O. Munroe

Lieut J. E. Ridoutt

Lieut P. C. Webber

Sub-Lieut R. J. Stephens

DRAFTING

Only names that have been included in articles from ships and establishments and not printed elsewhere in the magazine are shown here. Reading the FLEET SECTION NEWS will give you the whereabouts of many of your friends. Please forward any drafts you wish shown in our next edition with your article for the Winter 1975 Edition of the magazine. Individuals may write directly to the Editor if they wish.

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

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
Abrahart R. M.	CY	Mercury	Cleverley S. B.	JRO(G)	Scylla	Fox J.	RS(W)	Mercury
Adkins C. C.	RO1(G)	RNLS Tang	Coling K. P.	JRO(T)	Galatea	Fox J. R.	A LRO(W)	Mercury
Albon A. S.	LRO(W)	Leander	Collins D. A.	CRS(W)	Mercury	Fredericks J. S. P.	JRO(G)	Glamorgan
Aldridge J. N.	RO1(T)	Whitehall	Collins M. S.	RO1(G)	Ariadne	French D. K.	LRO(G)	RNLS TQNG
Allan I.	RO2(T)	Hampshire	Collinson P.	CRS	Centurion	French M.	RII(G)	Mercury
Allen K.	CY	Mercury	Cook J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Frost A. L.	RO1(W)	Aurora
Allen R.	JRO(T)	Naiaid	Cooksley	RO2(T)	Ashanti	Frost S. A.	WRN RO	CINCNAV
Allison S. J.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Coombs G. P.	JRO(G)	Hermes			Home
Amis C. D.	RO1(G)	Cincnavhome	Corris B.	WRN RO	Heron	Fuller M. G.	JRO(T)	Ambuscade
Amos G. A.	RO1(W)	Llandaff	Cowen N. A.	JRO(G)	Glamorgan	Gafney D. R.	LRO(G)	Llandaff
Anderson H. C.	JRO(T)	Bristol	Crighton R. G.	LRO(W)	Mercury	Gallacher W. I.	JRO(G)	Hydra
Anderson J. K.	FCRS(S)	Mercury	Croasdale C. M.	WRN RO	Cincfleet	Gandy A. J.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Anderson R. A.	LRO(G)	Lowestoft	Crabtree G.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Gardner M. M.	JRO(T)	Antelope
Andrews J. M.	JRO(T)	Naiaid	Crowley M.	RS	Jupiter	Garrity A. J.	LRO(G)	Whitehall
Anstee C. W.	LRO(W)	RNLS Tang	Curry E.	JRO(G)	Hardy	Gavin C. L.	RS	Bacchante
Archer J.	RO2(G)	Hydra				Gibson M. J.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Arnell A. H.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Dain D.	CCY	Mercury	Gilchrist D. G.	RO1(T)	Eskimo
Arrow M. R.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Daniel C. E. J.	WRN RO	Whitehall	Giles R. T. J.	CY	Ark Royal
Ashley G. W.	RO1(G)	Cincnavhome	Dalladay N. J.	WRN RO	Sea Hawk	Godden K. J. W.	JRO(G)	Herald
Ashton G. N.	JRO(T)	Antrim	Davies G. A.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Goldsmith M.	A RS(S)	RAF Tang
Askew D. M.	RS	Mercury	Davies J. S.	JRO(T)	Glamorgan	Goodall R.	RO2(G)	Oberon
Atkinson P.	JRO(T)	Plymouth	Davies P. S.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	Gooding L. A.	CCY	Bulwark
Ayling M. C.	JRO(T)	London	Defroand J. A.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Goodman J. A.	WRN RO	Whitehall
			Delve P. E.	LRO(S)	RNLS Tang	Goodman D. I.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Baile R. J.	RS(W)	Mercury	Dennis M.	RO1(W)	Danae	Goodwin A. E.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Baker R. J. B.	RO2(G)	Tiger	Denver A. F.	JRO(G)	Sheffield	Gott M. L.	RS	Ark Royal
Balister I.	CCY	Mercury	Dibnah R. F.	LRO(T)	Diomedes	Goulding S.	JS(EW)	Ariadne
Banks K. D.	JRO(G)	Ariadne	Dickins S.	CY	Bulwark	Green A. R.	RS	Intrepid
Barclay M. C.	JRO(T)	Ajax	Dickinson P. J.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Green J. W.	RO2(T)	Mercury
Barnett L. A.	JRO(G)	Antrim	Dillon J. R.	JRO(G)	Fife	Green S. G. F.	JRO(G)	Berwick
Batten F.	CY	Mercury	Dixon R.	A LRO(W)	Mercury	Greenwood P.	JRO(G)	Mercury
Bearcock	RS(W)	Mercury	Dolmor S.	RO2(T)	Bristol	Gregory S.	JRO(G)	Devonshire
Beer C. A.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Downey W. R.	RS	Ajax	Griffin J.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Beesley D.	CRS	Cincfleet	Dudley A. J.	WRN RO	Neptune	Gwin C. M.	RO1(W)	Argonaut
Bentley K. S.	RO2(T)	Hampshire	East M. A.	JRO(G)	London	Haine A. E.	RO1(G)	Euryalus
Bielby S. A.	JRO(T)	Intrepid	Easter A.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Halifax K. P.	JSEW	Juno
Bird F.	R. S.	Mercury	Edgerton I. P.	JNO(G)	Charybdis	Hamilton N.	JRO(T)	London
Birnie D. T.	LRO(T)	Jupiter	Edmonds J. R.	RO1(G)	Apollo	Hampshire I.	JRO	Naiaid
Blauiat R. C.	LRO(G)	London	Emery I. G.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Handbury D. A.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Boulton S. A.	RO1(G)	Dolphin	Emery J.	CRS(W)	GCHQ C'ham	Hancock A. E.	RS	Mercury
Booth T. D.	LRO(G)	95 Cdo	English J. A.	JRO(G)	Glamorgan	Hannigan P. L.	LRO(W)	Mercury
Bott A. J.	JRO(T)	Intrepid	Evans B. S.	JRO(G)	Ark Royal	Hannigan S.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Botteril N. I.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Evans D. J. W.	CCY	Galatea	Harris G.	RO2(G)	Mercury
Bowles D. E.	LRO(G)	Intrepid	Evan J. W. M.	RS	Gurkha	Harris J. E.	A/CRS	Dolphin
Brazier K. A.	RS	Mercury	Evans M. R.	RS	Apollo	Harris K. A.	JRO(G)	Intrepid
Brierley C. G.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Evans R. A.	RS	Mercury	Harries J. D.	RO1(W)	Dolphin
Brown A. C.	JRO(G)	Intrepid	Eveleigh M. D.	JRO(G)	Intrepid	Hart M. R.	LRO(T)	Mercury
Brown A. F.	JRO(G)	Intrepid	Evemy C. E.	LRO(G)	Cincnavhome	Hart S. F.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Brown J. T.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Eves P.	LRO(W)	Mercury	Hartley M. W.	CCY	Mercury
Brown S. C.	JRO(T)	Glamorgan				Hawthorne A. J.	JRO(T)	Intrepid
Brook R. W.	RO2(W)	Mercury	Fairchild P. J.	CY	Ariadne	Heckles J. A.	RO1(G)	Jura
Bruton-Bibney T.	RS	Plymouth	Faircloth W.	RS(W)	Aurora	Hendry J. W.	RO1(W)	Dolphin
Bugg J. A.	LRO(T)	BRNC	Farnes A. J.	CY	Mercury	Herbert A. J. W.	LRO(W)	Mercury
		Dartmouth	Farrington J.	WRN RO	Heron	Hewitt J. T.	JRO(T)	Mercury
Burnham R. T.	RS(W)	Norfolk	Fairweather R.	LRO(G)	Salisbury	Higgit R. K.	JRO(T)	Llandaff
Butt R. J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Fawcett J. P.	CRS	Mercury	Hill C.	JRO(T)	Abdii
Byrne T. J.	JRO(W)	Naiaid	Fail T.	JRO(W)	London	Hill D. J.	LRO(T)	Whitehall
			Felgate M. K.	RA	Excellent	Hill T. C.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Cairns S.	JRO(T)	Leopard	Fewings M. K.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Hindley K. P.	RO1(G)	Cleopatra
Capewell W.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Field D. W.	CY	Mercury	Hirst F. A.	RS(S)	Tangmere
Cassels J. J.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Findlay M. R. W.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Hoare J. L.	WRN RO	Whitehall
Charles R.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Fisher G.	JRO(G)	Antelope	Horrocks K. G.	RO2(G)	London
Chilcott P.	JRO(T)	Devonshire	Fisk R. H. A.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Hoult J. M.	JRO(G)	Naiaid
Church P. A. B.	RO2(G)	Bristol	Fletcher H.	CY	Mercury	Holland T.	RS	Mercury
Clark J. A.	JRO(G)	Ajax	Floyd K.	RO1(G)	Reclaim	Howard G. R.	JRO(G)	Leander
Clarkson I.	LRO	Mercury	Flude G.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Howell C. J.	CY	Arrow
Clayton J. J.	JRO(T)	Intrepid	Flynn P.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Hubbard M.	JRO(T)	London
Clegg P. L. C.	JRO(T)	Glamorgan	Ford R. A.	RO1(G)	Fearless	Huffen B. T.	RO1(T)	Mercury
Clinch S. A.	WRN RO	Neptune	Foster D. R.	RO1(W)	Norfolk	Humphries J. P.	JRO(T)	Achilles
Clements G.	LRO(W)	Mercury	Fouracre B. H.	FCCY	Osprey	Hutchins M. S.	RS	Hydra
			Fowler K. R.	RO1(G)	Revenge	Hutchins R. D.	LRO(T)	Mercury

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
Iggo K. A.	JRO(G)	Eastbourne	Moffat K. N.	JRO(G)	Apollo	Sharratt D. R.	CY	Whitehall
Inwood C. J.	JS EW	Charybdis	Monger R. G.	CRS	Charybdis	Shaw B.	CRS	Intrepid
			Moses P. J.	RO1(T)	Shoulton	Shaw J. C. T.	LRO(W)	Diego Garcia
			Moth A. E.	JRO(W)	Bacchante	Sheppard J.	LRO(W)	RNLS Tang
Jackson A. D.	JRO(G)	Wotton	Morgan-			Shoemaker D. S.	LRO(W)	Achilles
Jackson P.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Davies	WRN RO	Achan Eastlant	Slater J. G.	CY	Enterprise
Jackson P. J.	RO2(G)	Galatea	Myers T. J.	JRO(G)	Diomed	Smallwood L. J.	JRO(T)	Bristol
James D. E.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Nangle E. D.	LRO(T)	Abdiel	Smith K.	RO2(G)	Llandaff
Jenkins J. W.	LRO(T)	Bristol	Nash R. J.	LRO(W)	Whitehall	Smith L. G.	RO1(G)	Leopard
Jeram P.	JS(EW)	Juno	Nolan M. D.	RO1(G)	Cincfleet	Soord A. B.	WRN RO	Heron
Jermyn B.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Norris A. G.	RS	Mercury	Solomon K. W.	RO1(T)	Cleopatra
Jermyn S.	RO1(G)	Mercury	North D. P.	RO2(T)	Mercury	Spiers P. A.	JRO(G)	Penelope
Jobson A. J.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Norris L. P.	JRO(G)	Tiger	Sreedman Y. M.	WRN RO	Neptune
Jones D. L.	RS	Scylla				Steele R. P.	CY	Torquay
Jones E. W.	RS	Blake				Stickels R. W.	LRO(G)	Bulwark
Jones J. A.	RO1(W)	Mercury	O'Callagan M.	LRO(G)	FO Plymouth	Stirling	JRO(T)	London
Jones J.	RO1(G)	Kedleston	O'Leary G. F.	JRO(G)	Exmouth	Still B. J.	JRO(T)	Mercury
Jones M. A.	JS(EW)	Norfolk	Orrah J. M.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	Stuckey A. M.	RO1(T)	Exmouth
Jones M.	CY	Mercury	O'Shea M. E.	JRO(G)	Rothesay			
Josey R.	RS	Berwick	Oxtoby A P.	LRO(W)	Dolphin			
Jones R. D.	RO1(W)	Cleopatra				Tate B.	JRO(G)	Salisbury
Jones T.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Packham B. A.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Taylor N.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Jump J. C.	RO1(W)	Apollo	Page R. P.	LRO(W)	Dolphin	Taylor L.	RS	Mercury
			Pattinson J. N.	JRO(T)	Comnavsouth	Taylor P. J.	JRO(G)	St Angelo
			Paul A.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Terry K.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Kaye S. M.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Payne M. K.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Thom J. M.	LRO(W)	Hampshire
Keenan G. O.	JRO(G)	Ambuscade	Payne P. N.	RO1(G)	Shoulton	Thomson B. I.	JRO(G)	Hampshire
Kelley R. A.	WRN RO	Neptune	Pell G. D. B.	LRO(W)	Mercury	Thomson D. A.	RO1(G)	CTF 345
Kerslake S. C.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Perchard S. P.	JRO(T)	Hampshire	Thomas S. E.	LRO(W)	Mercury
Kibble K. S.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Perkiss W. J.	LRO(T)	Mercury	Thomson G. A.	RO1(W)	Dolphin
Kieran M. J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Peters I. S. F.	LRO(W)	RNLS Tang	Thomas L.	JRO(G)	Charybdis
King A.	LRO(G)	Wasperton	Pickering R. E.	RS	Mercury	Tootill P. J.	JRO(G)	St Angelo
			Pitts K.	LRO(S)	GChQ Chelt	Toyer R. H.	RO1(T)	RNH Haslar
Lamb D.	RO2(G)	Mercury	Porter M. H.	CY	Gurkha	Tully N. S. P.	JRO(G)	Lowestoft
Lane R. G.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Powdrill A. J.	RO1(T)	Eastlant			
Langan M. G.	JRO(G)	Rooke	Powles R. A.	RS	Dolphin	Upton R. N.	JRO(G)	Ariadne
Langley J. R.	WRN RO	Sea Hawk	Punter J. A.	RO1(T)	Mercurv	Utley J. S.	LRO(W)	Cincnavhome
Lee G. P.	RO2(G)	Mercury	Puttick M.	CRS	MOD DNR			
Lee-Hynes	RS(W)	Ajax	Randal J. S.	LRO(W)	Mercury	Varns D. P.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Lloyd J. P.	JS EW	Kent	Reid D. J.	RO1(G)	Eastbourne			
Lewis P. L.	JRO(T)	Intrepid	Reid S. W.	RO2(G)	Cleopatra	Walker C. F. T.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Lodge R.	RS (W)	Mercury	Reilly M. J.	RO1(G)	Dolphin	Walker C. M.	JRO(G)	Hydra
Lohman N. R.	RO1(G)	Lewiston	Rice K. E. Y.	CY	Aurora	Wall D. E.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Loxton G. I.	JRO(T)	Gurkha	Richardson M. A.	CY M	Mercury	Ward M. J.	JRO(T)	Hardy
Lucas B. A.	CRS	Apollo	Richford T. F.	LRO(T)	Blake	Wardle M.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Lyons B.	RO1(G)	Dolphin	Risby K. J.	LRO(T)	Tiger	Welbourn R.	CY	Amazon
			Robson M. E.	LRO(W)	Eskimo	White J.	CY	Blake
Macklin J. D.	LRO(W)	RNLS Tang	Rodulson M.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Wise J.	RO1(G)	Cincfleet
Manley P.	RO1(G)	Wakeful	Rogers D. T. G.	LRO(G)	Comiberlant	Wilkinson M. A.	RO1(W)	Mercury
Martin R. T.	CCY	Tiger	Rowe D. P.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Wilkinson K. W.	LRO(G)	Mercury
Mathews S. A.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Rose J. G.	WRN RO	Neptune	Williams I. R.	LRO(T)	Whitehall
Maundrell K.	WRN RO	Whitehall	Rowlands K. J.	LRO(T)	Ark Royal	Willis A. C.	RO1(G)	Mercury
Mellers G. L.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Ruddle A.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Wilson A. F.	JRO(G)	Intrepid
Middleton K. M.	LRO(G)	Walrus	Rushton N. J.	RO2(G)	Diego Garcia	Wilson J. B.	WRN RO	MOD ACR
Mills E. W.	JRO(W)	Hermione						
McAuliffe P. D.	JRO(G)	Hampshire	Sandall P. J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	Yeo K.	WRN RO	Sechrane
McVicker J. B.	JRO(G)	Hampshire	Sandham A.	RO1(G)	Afcnt	Young A. P.	RS	Seahawk
McGeevor L. M.	RO1(W)	Achilles	Saunders P. S.	RO1(W)	Mercury	Young D.	RS(W)	Mercury
Moir T.	RO1(G)	Mercury	Sears M. N.	RO1(T)	Mercury			



'So you want to have a look at your X-ray photo, eh?'



"DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL POST YOU SOMETHING FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.... I THINK HE SAID, A, MORTEM!"

COMMISSIONING FORECAST

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following details are forecast only, changes well may take place at short notice. Details are given in the order: Ship, Type, Month, Base Port, Commissioning Port, Remarks.*

General Service

<i>Lincoln</i>	..	AD Frigate, August, Chatham, Completes refit for SB Sqdn
<i>Bossington</i>	..	CMH, September, Portsmouth, Gibraltar, Commissions for Sea Service
<i>Lynx</i>	..	AA Frigate, September, Devonport, Completes refit for SB Sqdn
<i>Hecate</i>	..	Survey, October, Devonport, Long refit party at Devonport
<i>London</i>	..	GMD, October, Portsmouth, Sea Service West of Cape
<i>Cleopatra</i>	..	GP Frigate, October, Devonport, Devonport, Sea Service West of Cape
<i>Rhyl</i>	..	AS Frigate, October, Devonport, Gibraltar, Sea Service West of Cape, Ship's company from Jupiter
<i>Jupiter</i>	..	GP Frigate, October, Devonport, Pay off for a refit at Gibraltar. Ship's company transfer to Rhyl.
<i>Argonaut</i>	..	GP Frigate, November, Devonport, Long refit party at Devonport
<i>Minerva</i>	..	GP Frigate, December, Devonport, Long refit at Chatham
<i>Euryalus</i>	..	GP Frigate, December, Devonport, Devonport, Sea Service West of Cape
<i>Aurora</i>	..	GP Frigate, December, Devonport, Chatham, Sea Service West of Cape
<i>Londonderry</i>	..	AS Frigate, January, Portsmouth, Commence major refit at Rosyth
<i>Jupiter</i>	..	GP Frigate, March, Devonport, Gibraltar, Sea Service West of Cape, Ship's company from Scylla
<i>Scylla</i>	..	GP Frigate, April, Devonport, Pay off for refit at Gibraltar. Ship's company transfer to Jupiter
<i>Gavinton</i>	..	CMH, April, Rosyth, Gibraltar, Commissions for Sea Service
<i>Lynx</i>	..	AA Frigate, April, Devonport, Rosyth, Completes refit for SB Sqdn
<i>Juno</i>	..	GP Frigate, May, Chatham, Commence long refit at Portsmouth
<i>Danae</i>	..	GP Frigate, July, Devonport, Commence long refit at Devonport

Submarines

The following are approximations of final manning completion:—

<i>Walrus</i>	Aug 75	<i>Sealion</i>	Jan 76
<i>Churchill</i>	Oct 75	<i>Dreadnought</i>	Apr 76
<i>Opportune</i>	Jan 76	<i>Porpoise</i>	Jun 76

SWIMMING BATH ALLOCATIONS

TEAR OUT AND KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

	0700-0800	0800-0925	0930-1230	1230-1330	1330-1615	1615-1700	1700-1800	1830-1900	1900-2000	2000-2100	2100-2200
MONDAY	BACK'WD SWIMS	CLEANING		FREE SWIM	DIV ACS	FREE SWIM	FAMILIES	FREE SWIM			
TUESDAY	BACK'WD SWIMS	CLEANING		FREE SWIM	DIV ACS	FREE SWIM	WRNS	MERCURY SWIMMING CLUB	CANOE CLUB		
WEDNESDAY	BACK'WD SWIMS	CLEANING		FREE SWIM	DIV ACS	FREE SWIM	FAMILIES	FREE SWIM			
THURSDAY	BACK'WD SWIMS	CLEANING		FREE SWIM	DIV ACS	FREE SWIM	WRNS	FREE SWIM			
FRIDAY	BACK'WD SWIMS	CLEANING		FREE SWIM	DIV ACS	FREE SWIM	FAMILIES				
SATURDAY	CLEANING		0930-1030 CHILDREN FAMILIES & FREE SWIM	CLOSED	1330-1600 FREE SWIM FAMILIES						
SUNDAY	CLOSED		FREE SWIM & FAMILIES	CLOSED	1400-1600 FREE SWIM FAMILIES						

GYMNASIUM ALLOCATIONS

TEAR OUT AND KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

	0830 to 0925	0925 to 1025	1040 to 1135	1140 to 1230	1230 to 1330	1330 to 1420	1430 to 1520	1525 to 1615	1625 to 1700	1700 to 1800	1800 to 1900	1900 to 2000	2000 to 2100	2100 to 2200
MONDAY	P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. STAFF	ORGANISED REC			VOLLEYBALL CLUB		WRNS NETBALL	BADMINTON CLUB		
TUESDAY	P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. STAFF	ORGANIZED REC			BASKETBALL CLUB		REC	LEAGUE BADMINTON		
WEDNESDAY	P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. STAFF	ORGANISED REC			REC		LEAGUE NETBALL		CLOSED	
THURSDAY	P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. STAFF	ORGANISED REC			REC		LEAGUE VOLLEYBALL		CLOSED	
FRIDAY	P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. INSTRUCTION		P.T. STAFF	ORGANISED REC			REC		REC		CLOSED	
SATURDAY	CLOSED		REC 1030-1230		CLOSED	RECREATION 1330-1600			CLOSED					
SUNDAY	CLOSED		REC 1030-1230		CLOSED	RECREATION 1400-1600			CLOSED					

Marconi complete naval communications

ICS 3

Marconi, the major United Kingdom designer and supplier of complete naval communication systems, has been entrusted by the Ministry of Defence (Navy) with the overall responsibility for the design and production of the Royal Navy's new communication system—ICS 3.

Based on an entirely new concept, ICS 3 will give the Royal Navy the most sophisticated,

comprehensive and versatile communication system in the world, providing for transmission, reception, control, supervision and message handling, in a range of basic packages scaled to meet the needs of different classes of ships.

Other Systems

Marconi has also a complete range of conventional s.s.b./i.s.b. naval communication systems capable of meeting the needs of large and small vessels, and is able to assist naval departments and shipbuilders with the planning, fitting and testing of complete ship communication systems.



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Complete civil and military static and mobile communication systems

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