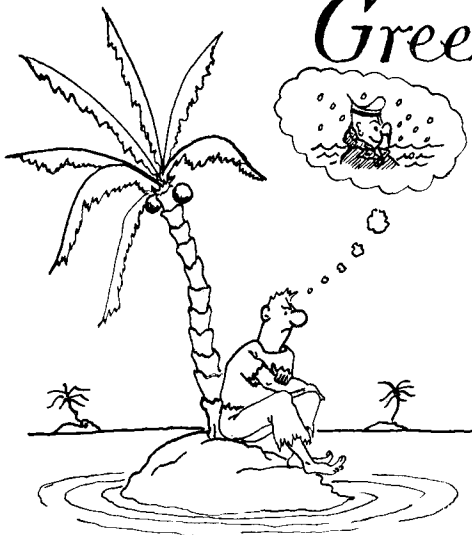




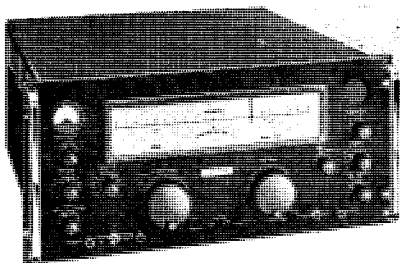
# Seasons Greetings



WHEREVER  
YOU  
MAY BE!



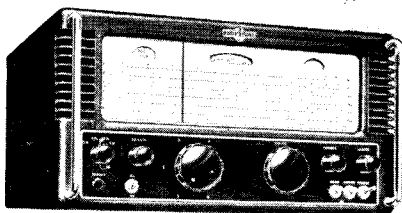
THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
ROYAL NAVY'S  
COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH  
AND THE ROYAL NAVAL  
AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY



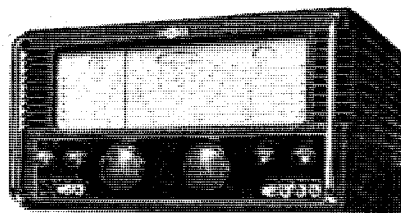
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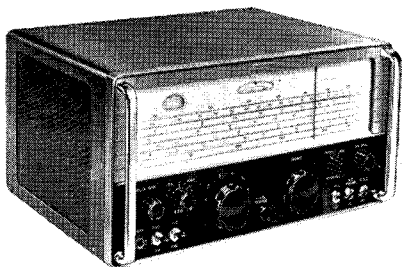
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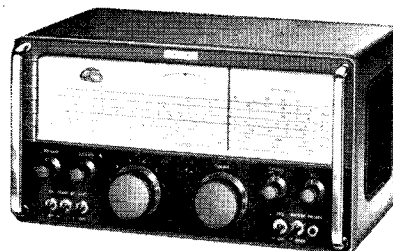
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# THE COMMUNICATOR

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

CHRISTMAS 1963

VOL. 16. No. 6

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PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"



**CAPTAIN D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E., R.N.**

- |      |   |      |                                      |
|------|---|------|--------------------------------------|
| 1944 | Qualified in Signals.                                   | 1950 | Naval Staff Course.                  |
| 1944 | Assault Group S2.                                       | 1951 | Admiralty with D.R.E.                |
| 1944 | S.C.O. and Flag Lieutenant to RANAS (North).            | 1952 | Promoted to Commander.               |
| 1945 | Condor Staff of Commodore Flying Training.              | 1953 | Signal Division.                     |
| 1946 | S.C.O. to D6.   | 1955 | <i>Pomona</i> in Command/RNO Orkney. |
| 1946 | S.C.O. to N.O.I.C. Kure.                                | 1956 | Staff of CINCAFMED.                  |
| 1947 | B.C.O. Hong Kong and Flag Lieutenant to Com. Hong Kong. | 1959 | Commander R.N.B. Chatham.            |
| 1949 | S.C.O. and Flag Lieutenant to CS 2 in <i>Superb</i> .   | 1961 | Promoted to Captain.                 |
|      |   | 1961 | D.D.W.R.                             |
|      |   | 1963 | <i>Mercury</i> in Command.           |

## EDITORIAL

A very Happy Christmas to each and everyone of our readers. This message of good cheer has featured in all the articles and letters sent in, and is herewith repeated under a General Call in order to save space.

In this issue we have again placed all the Ships news on coloured paper.

I would like to draw your attention to a short article which explains in simple terms the working of the new Fleetwork Trainer—a boon to the teaching of Fleetwork—and also to another article on pages 318 and 319 which describes how the User Trial Department (X Section) of *Mercury* follows the progress of a new ship under construction.

Thank you for the interest shown throughout 1963 and may it continue next year, which, I hope, will be a Happy and Prosperous one for you all.

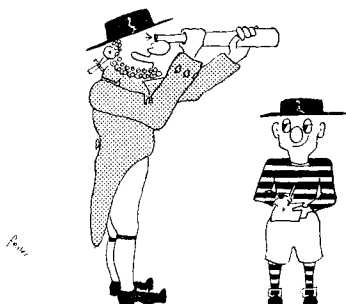
## CSS FAREWELL MESSAGE

It must always be with regret that any Captain of the Signal School finishes his time at Leydene. I am no exception. One of the great pleasures of commanding *Mercury* is the continuing interest in the establishment shown, not only by current members of the Branch, but by so many of those who have belonged to it in the past. For this I am most grateful.

I am, I believe, the last officer graduate of the old Signal School in the R.N. Barracks to hold an appointment on the active list in the Branch and from now on, therefore, responsibility will be in the unfettered hands of the products of Leydene. As the last survivor, I hope I will not be thought presumptuous in offering, on behalf of all those who were trained at Portsmouth, our very best wishes to those in whose hands the job of providing communications for the Fleet now lies.

To those readers who came through K block I would report that the Branch is in good heart and that the mountain-bred Communicators are able and willing to foster and sustain the high reputation which they, from sea-level, did so much to build up.

D. BROMLEY-MARTIN  
CAPTAIN, R.N.



“----- ENGLAND EXP ----- MISS THAT  
ONE ----- EVERY MAN WILL ----- MISS  
THAT ----- SOMETHING ----- DUTY.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I really must write in reply to the letter from *Yarmouth* in the Summer COMMUNICATOR.

Presumably they have forgotten, or were never aware, that the magazine is read by many people who are no longer in the Service.

Whilst we all like to read about interesting runs ashore—and there were several in the last edition—we also like to know what is going on within the Service and at the Signal School.

Unless things are very, very different, even serving Communicators are not aware, from official sources, of the overall pattern at present or for the future. A.F.O's and B.R's are all very well, but they invariably deal only with a specific single subject.

Please keep the magazine well balanced and varied, as it is, and let those of us “outside” have some idea of what is happening “inside”.

Incidentally, I don't know whether I missed it, but I didn't see a report from *Yarmouth* in the Summer edition!

Yours faithfully,

J. R. TOSHILL.

*Re the last sentence—we didn't get one.—EDITOR.*

Dear Sir,

The difficulties you encountered in printing my article “Morskodo” in the Summer edition, were understandable, and I should have borne them in mind when writing. However, the look of dismay on our Yeoman's face while he was trying to read the article gave me the idea that a brief word of explanation might be suitable.

The six letters, c, g, h, j, s and u, which were given with their English equivalents, should of course have had accents, as they did at the end of the article when shown with their Morse symbols (except it should have been a “breve” or short sign on the u). The two suggested signals meaning “What ship where bound” and “This is British Warship . . . Bon Voyage, farewell”, should have read:

KIU SIPO KIEN?

CI BRITA MILITSIPO . . . BONAN VOJAGON—  
and ADIAU

Finally, as there was a small printing error in the Morse symbols themselves, it would perhaps be worth while to reprint them here:

C-.... G-.... H-....  
J-.... S-.... U-....

Yours faithfully,

C. I. McMULLEN,  
Lieutenant R.N.

*Breve's and accents have to be cut and made into a block for printing which is, unfortunately, an expensive process.—EDITOR.*

## WANT TO BUY AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER?

### PRESS ANNOUNCEMENT

BRITAIN'S NEW AIRCRAFT CARRIER, HMS "NEVERSAIL", YESTERDAY LEFT HER BUILDER'S YARD ON THE RIVER CLYDE TO JOIN THE FLEET.

With this country's fairly extensive warship construction programme, this type of announcement is quite common in our national press, particularly with respect to various types of frigates.

What lies behind it?

How are the often conflicting requirements of the many Admiralty departments and divisions co-ordinated so that they eventually result in one of the world's most modern fighting units sailing down the Clyde, to join her sisters in the oceans of the world—a completed, powerful weapon?

The first move started over ten years ago as an association of ideas of the various Naval Staff divisions on the type of ship that would be required to replace the ageing HMS *Ingleclip*. These ideas, co-ordinated by the Director of Tactical and Weapons Policy at the Admiralty, were formulated into a Naval Staff Requirement. Eventually, with the Staff Requirement converted into terms of equipment, the Director General, Ships, at Bath, was able to go to the drawing board and provide an overall picture of the facilities required. This "General Arrangement" was used as guidance in the considerable further development necessary before the outside world knew anything of the project.

So followed many, many months of design; conference after conference to co-ordinate design requirements; approval of that design by the Board of Admiralty, and then came an invitation to ship-builders for tenders.

Towards the end of the construction stage a complicated round of inspections and trials of the weapons systems began. Even during construction some design details had altered to keep up with the ever-changing face of modern requirements.

Then, yesterday, HMS *Neversail* left the Clyde. As a complete fighting unit, she was ready to carry out Sea Acceptance Trials of her weapons systems before taking her place as an operational unit in Her Majesty's Fleet.

**What part does the "User Requirements and Trials Section" play in all this?**

Let us go back those ten years.

The Director, Signal Division, is responsible for formulating the Communications and Electronic Warfare Sections of all Staff Requirements. Working on his behalf, the "XC" and "XE" sub-section staff officers produce and answer many searching questions in order to help complete this task.

How many HF lines will be required at any one time?

CW, Voice or RATT?

SSB? How many channels in one sideband?

What Electronic Warfare equipment?

What about the type and sites of terminal equipment to be employed?

How many aircraft will be airborne at any one time and what will they be doing? What sort of communications equipment is needed to direct them?

The list is never-ending, but eventually a statement is forthcoming in very detailed terms, giving the exact communications facilities needed to enable this vessel which, as yet, is only a dream, to perform her intended role in the fleet of the future.

The next task is to investigate how these facilities can be best provided. This is where the "XM" sub-section staff officers come into the picture.

Decisions must be taken on which equipment can be used to best advantage to fill DSD's requirements. Often, wheels must be put in motion for research and development to be progressed to enable equipment to be modified so that it does fill a particular requirement.

The Staff Requirement can then be converted into a preliminary list of equipment which, it is thought, will be in use all those years hence when the ship will be constructed. From this, after taking many factors into account it is possible to get an idea of the space needed to house the communications facilities. DSD is then able to make his "space bid" to the Director General, Ships.

Allocating the necessary spaces sounds easy enough but it must be remembered that it has to be in the right place and of the right shape. DGS has a difficult task in co-ordinating and sorting into priorities the demands of the various branches of the service which will enable him to produce general drawings of any new project. Conferences are held and reams of paper are passed between departments and 'X' Sections in order to reach an agreeable solution.

After confirmation that allocated spaces are suitable, the "XM" sub-section gets down to detail. Working in conjunction with ASWE, a "Ship Radio Acquaint" is produced. This is a full list of all the equipment necessary to meet the Communications and EW sections of the Staff Requirement.

With this, work on the layouts of each compartment can commence. Hours of juggling are needed to fit all equipment into the spaces provided in a manner that suits all concerned.

User requirements are to the fore throughout these deliberations. Ease of operation, convenient siting, enough working room and provision of adequate internal communications are just some of the factors that must be planned in detail. This sounds easy, but it is a long complicated process with many technical stipulations to be observed for each equipment and position. Ideas are continuously open to change. If you have any bright suggestions that would assist the harassed officers of 'X' Section, they would be only too pleased to hear from you.



Another task undertaken by 'X' Section, at about this time, is to work out the complement of Communications ratings needed to man all the equipment under all conditions of readiness.

Once the design is complete and approved, the contract can be placed and work can commence. 'X' Section activity on this particular project then decreases. But not for long.

Almost as soon as the ship has taken shape, the "XM" officer responsible, together with officers from ASWE, will visit the ship. Their object—to "line out" compartments, thereby ensuring that every detail of the design is followed by the shipbuilder. As work is progressed, further visits are made. Termed "Progress Inspections", these visits are arranged as required to give the shipbuilder any advice that is needed to enable him to satisfy all Admiralty requirements.

Some four to six months before commissioning, when all communications spaces are completed, the same 'X' Section and ASWE Inspecting Officers, who have been concerned from the beginning, go along to carry out the "Installation Inspection". By this time, the Signal Officer and Senior Communications ratings will have joined the ship, and it is at this inspection that they have the opportunity to raise their queries and have minor alterations made to suit them and the ship's convenience.

In the following weeks, testing and tuning of all equipment is carried out by the Weapons Systems Tuning Group. The "Final Installation Inspection"—at which all items that were outstanding at the "Installation Inspection" are checked—is carried out and the Ship's Communicators are given specific tasks to carry out on certain equipments. This usually takes the form of communication with overseas Commonwealth Ship Shore stations in order to test that this equipment meets the required standards.

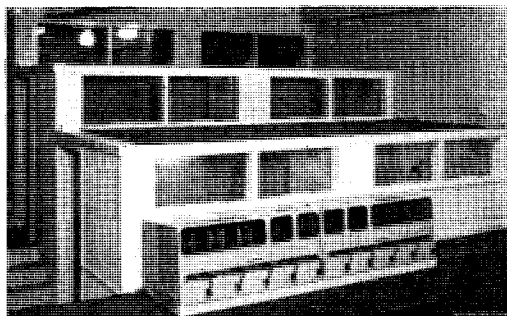
Soon after—and this is where we came in—the new ship leaves her builder's yard to join the Fleet.

Although this is the day that everyone has been waiting for, none of the communications equipment yet belongs to the ship. Extensive trials must take place, during which every item is thoroughly tested to ensure that it meets the rigid standards that are laid down to ensure its efficient operation. Only after these trials have been satisfactorily completed is the equipment handed over to the users.

Some trials are done in harbour during the Harbour Acceptance Trials period. However, for the main part of this phase in the ship's life the 'X' Section and ASWE officers responsible will embark and go to sea in the ship for a few days to put each equipment through its paces under operational conditions.

As each equipment is proved, so the ship is asked to accept it.

When the job is complete the 'X' Section officer concerned returns to his desk in Leydene. To forget about HMS *Neverfail*? Not on your life. While the ship's staff are still finding their way around this ultra modern floating fortress, he is busy helping to make plans for the first refit.



## THE FLEETWORK TRAINER

Since June this year *Mercury* has been operating her up-to-date, never seen before, exciting and instructive Fleetwork Trainer, which cost about £25,000. Using the Trainer we can simulate a force of ships at sea and put them through their paces.

Each of nine cubicles controls the movements of a ship, be it a Carrier, Cruiser or Frigate, and "drives" the vessel up to a speed of 50 knots if necessary (long term planning!). Movement is displayed on a large plot, which is visible to all cubicles, and can be true or relative as required.

The primary aim is to teach Fleetwork to classes under training, e.g., line manoeuvres, changing station, carrier operating, and, more particularly, the forming and re-orienting of all types of screens.

Tactics are also possible, but as everything is visible to all participants there are limitations; nevertheless, submarines can be injected and SAU's despatched. Those mysterious Convoy Search Plans can be seen to be believed.

Each cubicle has a means of communicating with the Ops Room/OOW/Flag deck, and a Tactical net (switchable to SAU) with other ships; therefore, in addition to instruction in Fleetwork, classes are able to practice Voice operating under more realistic conditions.

Ships undergoing refit or working up may apply to use the Trainer but must give plenty of notice of their requirements in order to fit in with *Mercury's* training programme.



## VOLCANO RADIO STATION

by RS A. D. Bowen

This was it! No holding back now! Conjuring up all my reserves of courage, I faded the theme tune of the previous holder of the chair and flicked the turntable switch to bring in my own theme tune. Watching the meter to ensure no overload, I let the theme tune run for thirty seconds and, after fading it out, said, "This is Volcano Radio Station—the Voice of Ascension Island, South Atlantic Ocean, 1600 kilocycles on your radio dial. The time by the Volcano Radio Clock is seven-thirty—(press the button for sound)—time for the "Taff Bowen Show"! and gradually brought back the theme tune. I was on, and on my own!

I was sweating all over and had butterflies in my stomach but I had to press on. Fading the theme music again, I said, "Good evening everyone! Starting off the show tonight we have Ray Charles and 'Born to Lose'." With a flick of the turntable switch the record was on, and I'll never forget that first record. No respite for me however, because I had to remove the theme record, replace it with the second record and then cue it in as soon as the first one had finished. Blood, sweat, toil and tears (nearly) were my lot as I fumbled my way through my first programme, for, as well as introducing records (with the occasional miscue), giving time checks, cracking funnies and thinking what to say next, there were occasional station breaks to upset me.

It was with considerable relief that I said, "The Maid in France", played by Gerard Calvi, brings the 'Taff' Bowen show to a close. Hope you enjoyed it. Tune in again next Sunday at seven-thirty—1600 kilocycles on your radio dial. Over, now, to George Havermahl." And now, I thought, it's George's turn to sweat, but I was wrong as he takes everything in his stride. I wondered if I could ever be as nonchalant as George, as I stowed away the mountain of records that had been played.

Having, at last, finished I went to the Club to soothe my aching head and to face the caustic comments of my critics.

\* \* \* \*

You are probably wondering how an R.S. came to be doing a broadcast from the loneliest commercial radio station in the world? The answer is quite simple! In the best Naval tradition, I had volunteered to fill a vacant spot on the time table, and as I gained confidence I became fairly proficient. 'Volcano Radio' is part of the American Armed Forces Radio and Television Service, and it is staffed and run by employees of Pan American and R.C.A. on Ascension Island—at least, it was until I and then several other members of the Naval Party became aspiring disc jockeys. Operating from 0630—2359 on 1600 Kc/s and with an output of 1,000 watts, the station broadcasts 'canned' shows and music for the entertainment of the Island's population but it has been received as far away as

Sweden. So, if anyone on the South Atlantic Station hears an English voice on this American station, you will know that it is a member of the Communications branch showing his versatility and, one day we may have a 'real swinging' Tactical Primary!

## WHERE DO WE START?

by Chief Wren Conway

Now long ago, in days of yore,  
Communication was by semaphore.  
But times have changed, and now, you see,  
We're completely lost in the world of A.T.

The D.T.N. joined in the race  
And, to make its mark, required a space  
But to show that they were really alive  
They increased the spaces until there were five.

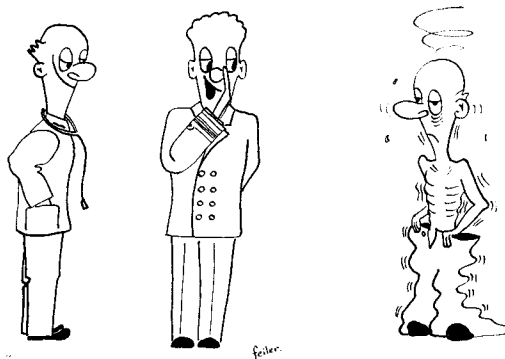
Then a number of T.R.C.'s were created  
So messages had to be segregated  
And Minors and Majors added five letters  
To show their standing to their betters.

This was quite clear for all to see  
But then came STRAD and Oh, dear me!  
The primary was the worst of all  
It needs two Zulu Charlies before the call.

The advent of T.I.'s—another complication  
Which also caused considerable frustration.  
It seems quite simple, but, deary me,  
How difficult it is to choose one from three.

Their Lordships, seated in high places,  
Then invented the function "VV plus Three Spaces".  
This brainchild, from their wee grey cell,  
Has really made our life a Hell!

From September 1st, a date we'll rue,  
Ours is just to DO and UNDO.  
But the day will come when we must die—  
Give our obituary notice the correct T.I.  
So that where we go there'll be SPACES few  
And those Sainly MARKS will be up there too.



"Wants to know if there's any medical objection to him signing on."

## JUNGLE SURVIVAL

by LRO(W) M. A. Muggeridge

Recently RO2(T) Oakley and I, both from *Plymouth*, attended a Jungle Survival course at R.A.F. Changi in Singapore.

The first week of the course consisted of lectures and practical instruction in the various aspects of survival in the jungle. These included finding and sampling jungle fruits, medical precautions against the various animals and insects, and building shelters of various types. The course also included sea survival, parachute ground training and escape and evasion of the enemy. The choice of fruits was particularly difficult because of the similarity between those which are beneficial and those which may prove fatal.

For the Field phase, as the second week is called, we attended a "briefing" and then went by road to the Mersing jungle region in South Eastern Malaya. On arrival at the starting point we formed ourselves into four "crews", with six or seven members to each crew, and then marched for an hour and a half along an old logging track, through thick jungle, to the first camp area. After clearing a space, we made a shelter, called a "Crew Basher", from the natural resources of the jungle. The "Crew Basher" had a sloping roof and a platform, about two feet from the ground, to avoid the dampness given off by the ground at night. We cheated slightly and used nylon cord and our "Bancho" capes, but we could have managed with branches and leaves for the roof, and bark for the binding. Whilst we were so occupied, one of the crew prepared a plain meal and then we turned in.

The second day dawned to many complaints of a sleepless night because the "Basher" was so uncomfortable. Consequently we spent part of the day improving the "Basher" and the camp site. We also carried out a solo navigation exercise, which, though short, was impressive as it showed how easy it is to lose oneself in the jungle, and two members of the course nearly did just that! We had been told that by taking a certain number of paces through the jungle we should reach a path which would lead us back to the camp site. One of the instructors was on the path, checking us as we came out of the jungle, but at the end of the exercise, two people were missing. They had walked twice the distance necessary to reach the path and eventually had realised their mistake and had sufficient sense to retrace half their steps, turn at right angles and move off again. They quickly reached the path and eventually the camp site. Their calm thinking had saved them from a frightening experience.

It was on this second day that our uneasiness towards the jungle began to disappear. Initially we had been reluctant to remove our protective clothing but now we could be seen in shorts and plimsols and we showed little concern for the insects and spike-covered branches. In the evening we even retaliated against the noise of the jungle and had



a sing-song! Happily, this seemed to subdue the animals around us.

On the third day we had a two-and-a-half-hour trek through thick jungle and climbed a pretty steep hill before we formed a new camp. The leading man on this march frequently had to hack a way through the jungle with his Machete, although, at other times, he simply pushed his way through barriers of bushes and vines. Both Oakley and I were pleased when we were complimented on the way we had built our "stretcher" beds. These are made by binding a strip of parachute material round two parallel pieces of wood and then lashing the latter to four posts so that it is raised above the ground, and they are very comfortable—if made correctly! One of the crews managed to catch some catfish but we were not so lucky! One of our party did see a snake taking a swim, and he wasted no time in beating a swift retreat to the camp; we were inclined to disbelieve his story because most snakes quickly move away when humans approach, but when his story was confirmed by another member of the party we accepted it and thereafter went down to the river more warily.

The fourth day saw us on the move again and we had another two-hour march through thick jungle, but at the end of it we had to select separate, individual sites as this was the night when we slept well away from anyone else! Before this however we experienced our first taste of the torrential rain which falls in these areas. We could hear the rain approaching three or four minutes before it actually arrived, which was fortunate for us as we were brewing some coffee! When the time came to turn-in, everyone was apprehensive about the approaching night. We had placed candles around our beds and the sight of them flickering through the trees gave us some comfort, but one by one, they were gradually extinguished and the whole area was plunged into darkness. It was then that we noticed

the noise of the jungle which was deafening! We realised that there were all sorts of animals outside but we imagined that they were approaching us through the darkness. Occasionally, I saw the quick flash of a torch as a neighbour reassured himself that a tiger or some other animal was not about to leap on him! The next morning, one of our party awoke to find his stretcher bed covered in blood—a leech had been gorging on him all night but all that remained were its sucker marks!

The final day arrived and we had to march out. It was the most strenuous march of all and was designed to soften us up before we attempted to filter through a defence system manned by troops. If caught we would have been subjected to various forms of interrogation but this was cancelled because of Malaysia Day Celebrations. The funniest incident on the march out was when descending a muddy, slippery slope and finding a log across the track, one of the party drew back his foot to kick it out of the way but missed the log and scored a “bull’s eye” on the seat of his friend; the latter went flying but, on picking himself up, simply said: “Do you mind?”

Each man was given a twenty-four-hour ration pack containing two small tins of jam, two small packets of rice, a tin of sausages, a packet of tea, coffee, sugar and milk and a packet containing a few sweets, a Mars bar, a bar of plain chocolate and a few ship’s biscuits with a solid fuel cooker and six fuel tablets. These rations were to last us the week so we had to supplement them with some weird concoctions!

On our return to the Jungle Survival School we were de-briefed and presented with certificates and photographs of the Course members, but, more important than these, we realised that fear of the jungle is, to a great extent, unfounded and that as long as one takes proper precautions one can survive under arduous and sometimes dangerous conditions.

## PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

### TELL IT TO THE MARINES ANGLICO

by RS Kersey of 20 Battery R.A.

We had no idea what lay ahead of us during the month that we were to spend with the First Anglico Marine Division in Hawaii, and it was with mixed feelings that we filled in the insurance forms and eventually boarded the big-bellied Hercules aircraft at Kai Tak airport.

We had been briefed by our Battery Commander, Major Francis, that this was to be an observation-cum-learning-cum-exercise trip and, as this particular division did the same type of job as ourselves, we were to take note of their procedures and equipment and we would give them our side of the story by way

of lectures and demonstrations, etc. To help with the latter, we had a hamper containing one of our VHF ground-to-air sets and a new HF set.

The first leg of the journey only took three hours and upon our arrival at Okinawa we discovered that we had arrived several days early! There was no aircraft available to take us any further and so we were billeted with the Marines. A truck arrived at the airport in due course and our party, consisting of two officers, three gunners and three sparkers, piled in to be taken to our quarters. During the stop at the officers’ quarters, our driver, who had a hare-lip, described a group of Okinawan girls, who were crossing from one building to another carrying laundry, as follows: “Their job uth to clean all the roomth”, he said, “and they’ll thleep with you for two buckth if you like”. We were quite surprised and mentioned that it must be rather risky if they were caught in the billets, but he just laughed and said something unprintable.

Luck wasn’t with me the first day—I dropped my cine camera—and had to delve into limited funds for seven dollars to have it repaired.

‘Chow’ was laid on for us and the first meal gave us a laugh that lasted for the remainder of the month. Their foodstuffs look different from ours in presentation and we spent some time picking raw cabbage out of the jelly! It makes one wonder whether it is proper to have jelly with roast, or cabbage with ice-cream! Waffles and syrup was a strange breakfast dish, and a fresh novelty was a one-man cereal packet into which you just poured the milk; the inside had a thin layer of tinfoil. Beverages were various and plentiful at all meals and consisted of coffee, tea (bags) (ugh!), chocolate-strawberry or white milk and two or three fruit juices.

During our initiation to the so-called night-life we saw many hamlets that could have been taken from a Western movie screen, as they had boarded sidewalks, dirt roads and hitching rails—not for horses but for hitching palm trees to—to prevent them falling over. It seems that to earn a living one buys either a pawnshop or a bar, because these are very much in the majority and obviously work hand-in-glove. One of the only places I’ve been to where you can actually choose your own shop to pawn your Burberry!

In the vast American camps, or bases, families run about in normal civilian clothes (have you ever seen your wife in boots and gaiters?) and Bermuda shorts are usually the rig of the day. Besides being about as sexy as a bag of chips they are not to be more than four inches above the knee! This order is posted in all cinemas and bowling alleys. As the Americans are very security and safety conscious one cannot quite make out whether this is for safety reasons or security. Perhaps, for the male it is security and safety for the other type.

We left Okinawa on August 3rd by a DC6. The only drip here was the cramped toilet—to sit on the pan you had one elbow in the waste bin and your

nose in an air vent! Atsugi in Japan was our first refuelling stop and, although it was for only four hours, two naval types whisked us away to the E.M.'s club (Enlisted Men). Everywhere we went, no one seemed to recognise our uniform and they were always surprised that we were neither Australian nor New Zealand etc.

We were always dressed in our best olive green uniforms and when we first entered the E.M.'s club the manager requested that we leave because 'dungarees' were not allowed in the club! We took this with a laugh, because it happened to us before whilst in the Philippines, except that the Gunner concerned suffered an irreparable inferiority complex for days afterwards. War Office please note.

Leaving Atsugi, we continued our journey to Hawaii and made a stop, to refuel, at Midway Island. The Island is very small, and consists of just a runway which must be a nightmare for a pilot landing at night. It was a beautiful sight from the air, surrounded by its protective coral reef, which looked like a duck-egg blue halo, with the darker blue outside the reef. A few hours previous to landing, we had passed the International Date Line and therefore lost a day, or at least part of it.

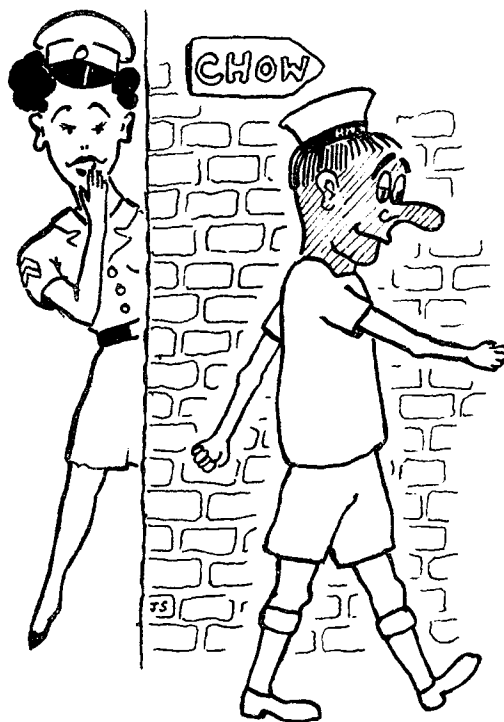
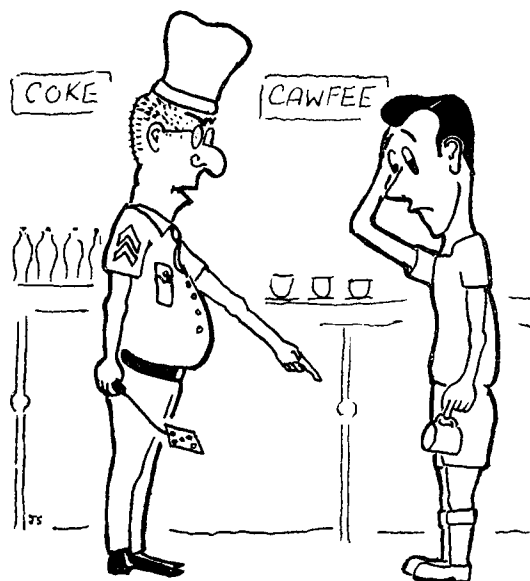
We arrived at Barbers Point, Hawaii, just before midnight and although the hula-hula girls had gone to bed we had 'leis' placed round our necks by officers and sergeants of the First Anglico Marine Corps! This 'Aloha' tradition and ceremony is given to all Hawaii visitors and the publicity men made the most of it with their cameras.

The concept 'to go to Hawaii', is not quite true because the majority of people, although visiting the Hawaiian chain of islands, do not actually stay on Hawaii itself. Honolulu and Waikiki are situated

on the island of Oahu and this is where most of the industry makes money and where the tourists spend it. The island of Hawaii is approximately 100 miles east and slightly south of Oahu.

We had excellent accommodation, and the first morning we were up early for breakfast, and as usual, wore shorts, which caused quite a stir in the dining hall and resulted in us being turned away! The American forces do not wear shorts at any time, even in the hottest climate and, in addition, their shirt sleeves are always turned down—ours are always up! The dining hall episode was soon rectified, but hundreds of pairs of eyes stared at us as we collected our breakfasts.

The ice was soon broken and we quickly made many friends but they always laughed about our shorts and occasionally we would see a woman Marine peeping round a corner for a crafty 'flash'!



The first few days were spent giving and receiving lectures on Forward Air Controlling, Naval Gunfire Support, radio equipment and teaching them to speak English!! It was all very interesting because, although the procedures are similar, some of their methods are quite different from ours. Their opinion of our two specimen sets was very high, especially when performances were proved practically. They had an excellent vehicle-borne set which was about twice the size of an 86M; it has a 1 Kw output from 2 to 30 mc/s and a unique automatic tuning device: the 4 digits of a frequency are set up in 4 windows

and the only tuning required is to press the pressel tit which activates the automatic tuning device. It also has SSB and a facility for teletype operation which makes it a valuable asset in the field and for ship communication at any distance.

Our two exercises with the First Anglico consisted of FAC with aircraft from the Kanehoe airbase and NGS with a cruiser and a destroyer. The target area, about 90 miles from Oahu, was a small island covered in lava dust and housing several goats. We were airlifted by helicopter to Kahoolawe (pro. Kowlarvy) and spent the last of two days there, observing aircraft deliver rockets, cannon and napalm bombs onto graveyards of old vehicles that had been dumped for target practice. The first afternoon we went swimming and the Americans went shooting but, whereas we came back parched they came back with two goats and that evening we enjoyed goat steaks!

Practically every morning was spent visiting people and places and the majority of afternoons we were free to do as we pleased. We visited the USS *Oriskany*, a carrier, and very early one morning we watched the Marines doing 'jumps' from helicopters. Much to everyone's amusement one 'stick' landed in the trees leaving one chap sitting in a crotch, about seventy feet up, and yet another bouncing off the roof of a nearby building.

A complete day was spent with a unit of the USAF, during which time we tested our ground-to-air set with two fighters. The aviators marvelled at the performance of our set on completion of the test; the abilities of their similar type being only fractional.

Going back to Okinawa for a spell—in the Forces Museum, there is a huge, scale model of Okinawa Island covered with a large number of tiny coloured lights. Several times every day a sergeant presents a lecture on the Battle of Okinawa which is extremely interesting, if only to watch the novel way in which it is done. A tape recording of narration and sound effects is coupled with automatic switches and relays which control the lights and, apart from the introduction by the sergeant, you just listen and watch the formations of lights change as the battle progresses—the finale being the Stars and Stripes.

Our pay packets didn't take us very far in Hawaii and this is very understandable when you ask for a beer (small) that costs from 6/- to 10/- depending on the den! Unfortunately the Admiralty and the Army Council differ on rates of pay here, and upon our return to Hong Kong we discovered that our 'pongoes' covered their expenses fairly adequately, whilst we 'matelots' 'dipped out a stinker' and received a mere pittance. Consequently we are slightly bitter about the matter and letters of inquiry have been written. Needless to say we could not afford to drink at this price and with coca-cola at 2/6 a bottle it even made the fiz seem nauseating!

Waikiki beach is a paradise and not just because of the golden sands and the palm trees. The beautiful, half-dressed maidens that adorn the beach easily



outnumber the pebbles and nearly all the musclebosuns have white cream on their noses to prevent sunburn—quite dainty I suppose, if you're prepared to look like a nit!

Towards the end of our stay we again visited the target island of Kahoolawe and we participated this time in NGS work. We used our own HF set for several successful shoots and in the evening our officers squeezed in illumination shoots using our own operator but their TX. After five days on the island we were glad to get back to a shower and scrub the penetrating dust out of clothes and equipment ready for our return to Hong Kong.

The unsurpassable hospitality didn't stop until the last evening so that for the remaining few days we were given barbecue parties and received invitations to the homes of married folks for hamburgers and 'a few for the road'. We didn't depart from all our new found friends until we arrived at Japan, because they were starting an exercise in Korea and early one morning, after many handshakes, they left.

We were taught quite a lot about the Americans in our month and as they seem to know very little about us Britishers, it is a great pity that a lot more inter-Service exchanges could not be made—at least they would learn that England, Scotland and Wales are part of the same island!

## SEND A SIGNAL

by CY M. Wright

Flag Officer Denmark (F.O.D.) had the right idea when, opposing forces under the command of COMGERNORSEA during a recent exercise, he stated in para. 5 of his night intentions the following:—

"5. COMMAND AND SIGNAL. GOD ACTING AS CTF 500."

The results of the exercise are not yet known but F.O.D. (CTF 500) is 6-4 on favourite!

## NATO NAVAL COMMUNICATION COMPETITION

by Lieut. (SD) (C) W. R. Daniels

At the invitation of the Italian Navy, the first NATO Naval Communication Competition was held in Rome from 2-6 July, and the following nations were represented: Belgium; Canada; Germany; Italy; Netherlands; Norway; United Kingdom; U.S.A.

Apart from stimulating the spirit of efficiency through competition, the aim was to give an opportunity for personnel of different NATO countries to meet and discuss the various communications systems and training methods in their particular countries. It was also a reward for outstanding operators, as the time spent in Rome allowed a LWE after the competition, and provision had been made for a conducted tour of places of interest. All personnel were accommodated in the Italian Naval Barracks where the general mess menu provided for the issue of one litre of wine a day, a most popular way of ensuring NATO harmony!

The competition was based on speed and accuracy in flashing light reception, radiotelegraph reception, radiotelegraph transmission and teletypewriter transmission.

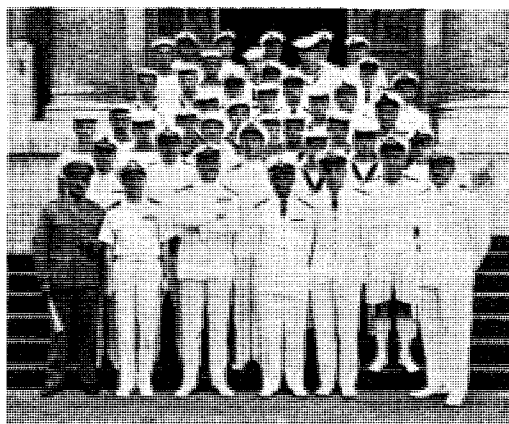
Each NATO nation was invited to send three operators with less than six years service to enter the competition of their choice, the winner of each competition being proclaimed "NATO Naval Communication Champion" for the year in that particular skill. LRO(G) J. A. Burgoyne, LRO(G) I. M. Crozier and LRO(G) J. C. Robertson were selected to represent the Royal Navy and they travelled by air from Malta.

All three were capable of taking part in the four competitions and had typing speeds of about 50 WPM and morse reception and transmitting speeds of over 30 WPM, which was considered a reasonably high standard and we had high hopes of returning with at least one "Championship".

The first two days of the competition were devoted to familiarisation and practice, during which it became clear that the standard of some of the operators (particularly from the Netherlands) was very high and so we decided to drop the flashing light reception and concentrate on the remaining competitions.

The radio telegraph reception competition consisted of 1,200 groups of 5 letters, or 4 figures and a special sign. The operator selected the speed at which he wished to receive over a period of 30 minutes, and operators who did not achieve 98.5% were eliminated from the contest. The same rules applied to the radiotelegraph transmission except that the operator transmitted for 20 minutes.

The teletypewriter transmission competition consisted of 1600 groups of 5 letters, or 4 figures and a



special character or prosign, and the operator typed for 30 minutes, whilst the flashing light reception competition consisted of 75 groups of 5 letters, or 4 figures and a special sign, transmitted automatically by tape at 12 WPM. The winner of the radio telegraph reception and transmission was Radioman P. H. Verschoor of the Netherlands, who received at a speed of 32 WPM and transmitted at 30 WPM. LRO's Crozier and Robertson actually received more groups and LRO Burgoyne transmitted more groups than the winner but they had more mistakes. LRO Burgoyne was the runner-up in the radio telegraph reception competition.

The winner of the teletypewriter transmission was Teleman D. De Ruiter, also of the Netherlands, who typed at about 60 WPM but was in fact capable of typing at 75 WPM. LRO Crozier was placed 4th in this competition.

The flashing light reception was won by Quartier Maitre R. Hoste of Belgium who had 3 elements wrong in 75 groups (375 elements)—a most creditable performance.

The results show that the standard is quite high and in the reception, transmitting and typing competitions it is important that the operator select not necessarily his best speed, but his best speed consistent with accuracy. To drop below 98.5% accuracy means elimination from the contest, and nearly half the competitors failed to reach this standard.

It is hoped to make the competition an annual event with the various NATO Nations taking turns to be hosts. Certainly, the first one was most successful and the competitors had plenty of time to compare the various Navies and the training methods they employ, and also to see Rome at Government expense.

I served on the evaluation groups for the competitions and I was particularly impressed by the high regard which these nations had for the training methods in *Mercury* and, in fact, they looked to *Mercury* to advise their own signal schools.

The venue for the next competition has yet to

be decided but I'm sure the competitors will be made very welcome and will have an opportunity of seeing something of a country they may not have seen before. So, if you are under twenty-four and capable of good practical averages, it might be an idea to gain more experience and hence a chance of selection.

## A MIXED NATO CREW

(Ten reasons by LRO(T) Reilly for not wanting to join)

### NAUSEA

1. By courtesy of the French—Snails for breakfast.
2. By courtesy of the Germans—marching round the quarterdeck, at 07 dubs singing "Fatherland".
3. By courtesy of the Americans—Elvis for breakfast, dinner and tea.
4. Duty Bunting having to hoist four ensigns together at "Colours". Apart from not having enough masts, if he was to report a minute adrift for the ceremony he would finish up with four times the punishment. And talking of punishment, what form would it take? I think it would be as follows:—

Punishment awarded by—

1. German Jaunty—shot at dawn.
2. French Master—nine days negative BB.
3. American Sheriff—ten days stoppage of strawberry ice-cream.

### TENDENCIES

5. By the Americans, to refer to our beloved "Stand Easy" as "Take Five".
6. By the Germans, to interpret our "Hands to dinner", "Hands to tea" as "Hans to dinner", "Hans to tea", etc.
7. By the French, to refer to themselves as matelots.

### OUTRAGES

8. When "Leading Hands of messes for rum" is piped it would probably be followed by a "Schnapp" from the Germans.
9. The American desire to "trade" his ration of coke for a tot.
10. The Frenchman's infinite capacity and his ability to hold more "vin plonk" than Jack.

### THE LAST STRAW

Overhead at Divisions:—

Captain: "What's that mark on your suit, sailor?"

Rating: "That, Sir (or Monsieur or Herr Kapitan), is the remnants of Seaman Third Class Herman F. Shnuckleburgers' chewing gum".

Captain: "A good all-American boy, sharing his gum like that!"

The Captain's name? You've guessed correctly—it was Audie Murphy.

## THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

Signal communications in the Army, just as in the Royal Navy, are the chief medium by which commanders exercise command and control. Communications are an essential function of command and form part of the fighting resources at the disposal of commanders.

There are, however, considerable differences between the communications of the two Services. The Royal Signals are required to provide good communications in a bewildering number of different environments and tactical conditions. The Naval communicator has the advantage that his equipment and personnel are moved for him. In the Army we have got to organise our own moves, administration, locations and protection. In nuclear war we are required to deploy our communication resources at every echelon of command quickly, in support of an ever-changing tactical situation. In the field, a Royal Signals unit consists of large collections of self-contained vehicles and crews to carry out our various radio, line-laying and message carrying roles. Some signals units may have to pack up and move every few hours, day and night, and it is essential that, during these moves, Command and control are not lost by communication failures.

It is often with envy that the field army signalman looks at his naval counterpart, who works well organised watches on heavy sophisticated radio equipments with power to spare. As the army operator shivers in some cheerless hole, with batteries failing, trying to establish contact he thinks of the naval operator in his spotless environment listening to the comforting throb of the ship's generators which can light up a town. All this the Navy has, with fresh, exhilarating ocean breezes thrown in as a bonus.



"Same to you sir - - - Merry Christmas."

Modern war relies increasingly on sophisticated signal equipment at all levels on the battlefield. In addition, the employment of small groups of all



arms, operating over greatly increased distances, emphasises the increased importance of signal communication to commanders. If the standard of operation, maintenance and security of these communications is not of the highest order, the enemy will be materially helped to win the battle and our commanders will be restricted in the full use of their nuclear weapons. Commanders and Staffs must therefore use communications to the maximum advantage as they do other fighting resources. It is the responsibility of signal commanders to advise on how this can best be achieved.

The main responsibilities of the Royal Signals are as follows:—

- (a) The provision and co-ordination of communications down to HQs of units. For this we use radio, line, radio relay (the techniques by which several voice and telegraph channels are passed over a VHF radio beam) and signals despatch services. (SDS—the provision of despatch riders on motor-cycles or in vehicles).
- (b) Provision, installation and maintenance, but not operation, of all land-lines and terminal equipment for the RN and RAF overseas.
- (c) Technical supervision of all army signal communications.
- (d) Unit repair of all signal equipment used by all arms except REME, and field repair of all signal equipment held by Royal Signals units. Unit repairs are those carried out by radio technicians on the spot; field repairs require the use of field workshops, and are more comprehensive than unit repairs. If an equipment cannot be repaired in a field workshop, it is backloaded to a REME base workshop where the heaviest and most extensive types of repair are carried out.
- (e) Advice and help in training signallers of all branches of the Army.
- (f) Technical aspects of “Forces Broadcasting”.
- (g) In war, providing press communications.
- (h) Installation and maintenance of special equipment for operation rooms.
- (i) The Army Strategic network. This is known as COMCAN (Commonwealth Communications Army Network) and is the military equivalent of the Naval World-Wide fixed services.
- (j) Trials of new signal equipment.
- (k) Introduction and development of field automatic data processing systems.

The organisation of Royal Signals units follows the chain of command structure. The Brigade Group Signal Squadron serves the Brigade group, which consists of either three infantry battalions and one armoured regiment or three armoured regiments and one infantry battalion, with supporting arms and services. Two to four Brigade groups come under the command of a Divisional HQ, and divisions in turn are grouped into Corps. In a large field force, a Corps may be placed under command

of a Force HQ or, as in Germany, under an Army Group (Northern Army Group in the case of 1st British Corps).

The Brigade Group Signal Squadron provides radio, some line communications and SDS down to HQs of units; radio and radio relay rear link terminals to higher formation HQ, and establishes a signal centre at Brigade Group GQ.

The Divisional signal regiment provides radio, radio relay and SDS from main to rear Divisional HQs and down to Brigade Group HQs. Signal centres are also established at main and rear Divisional HQs.

The organisation at Corps HQ includes two regiments; the Corps signal regiment and a Corps troops signal regiment. The Corps signal regiment provides radio relay and SDS from main to rear corps HQ, to HQ artillery brigade, to divisional HQs and to units under command. It also provides limited line communications.

The Corps troops signal regiment provides HF and VHF radio communication for Corps HQ and air support, and includes an electronic warfare unit.

Royal Signals has wide responsibilities in peace which are greatly expanded in time of war. A rapid build-up to meet wartime requirements is made possible by the employment of Territorial Army and Army Emergency Reserve Signal Units, many of which specialise in communications fields allied to the normal peace-time employment of the officers and men. Some of these units have a Regular Army increment which assists in the training of the unit, thus keeping skills and techniques up-to-date. Similarly, a great deal of joint training is undertaken with the Royal Navy in such establishments as the Joint Services Amphibious Warfare Centre, on Ship to Shore radio exercises employing Navy and Army radio operators, joint exercises, and such “live” operations as Kuwait where the close co-operation between the Navy, the Army and the RAF made a combined communications system possible.

## SAILING SIGNAL 1830

By the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, etc.

You are hereby required and directed to put to sea in the Sloop you command as soon as she shall be in every respect ready, and to proceed with all convenient expedition to Rio Janeiro to join Rear Admiral Baker Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Ships on the South American Station, from whom you will receive orders for your further proceedings, and under whose command you are to consider yourself from the period of your arrival within the limits of the said station.

On the passage out you are to put into Port Praya, in the Island of St. Jago to communicate

with His Majesty's Consul there, to obtain information whether any piratical acts have been recently committed in that neighbourhood; and if you receive intelligence of any such having occurred you are to take such route, and to adopt such means as, under the intelligence given you, may appear to afford the best chance of your finding the Piratical Vessel.

You are also with the same views, to endeavour to communicate with any vessels you fall in with, in the course of your passage; and particularly to endeavour to come up with and examine any suspicious looking armed small vessels; recollecting however that it is only your having sufficient proof of a vessel having committed a piratical act, that will authorise you detaining or capturing her; and also that if a vessel under French or American Colours persists in declining to bring to for the purpose of allowing you to communicate with her, you are not authorised to oblige her by force to do so, unless the appearance of a vessel showing such Colours should clearly meet the description you may have received of a vessel having committed Piracy in which case, though you may oblige her to submit to examination you are to do so in the least offensive manner you can effect it, and if she prove to be of the Nation professed by her Colours, and not the Piratical vessel of which you had information you are immediately to quit her, without further searching her or molesting her, explaining to the person commanding her the cause of your insisting on visiting her, notwithstanding her Colours.

In the event of your capturing any vessel against which you have sufficient proof of her having committed an act of Piracy, you are to take the whole crew of such vessel into the *Clio*, where you are duly to secure them, and to place a sufficient number of people from the *Clio* into the captured vessel; taking her with you to Rio Janeiro, where such measures will be taken by the Admiral, for sending the whole securely to England for trial, as may under the circumstances be decided best; and you are on your arrival at Rio Janeiro to report to the Admiral, for transmission to our Secretary, a detail of the vessels you speak, and the information you receive on the foregoing subject, from them, and from the Consul to Port Praya, and of your consequent proceedings.

Given under our hands the 10th of July 1830.

Signed. Glockburn  
Glelach

To. James Onslow Esq.

Commander of His Majesty's Sloop *Clio* at Plymouth.

By Command of their Lordships

J. Burrows

*This article has been sent in by Senior Message Handler J. W. L. Deighton who holds the original. It is a far cry from 'Proceed in accordance with previous instructions'.—EDITOR.*

## PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

### COME FALL WITH ME

by P.O. Wren RS Penny Seeger, W.R.N.R.



A few months ago I thought that instead of climbing rocks, which I found rather nerve wracking at times, I would try jumping out of aircraft instead! I can't say that I regret my decision and although I'm not prepared to go into the rival merits of rock climbing and sport parachuting as both in their way are equally enjoyable, I feel that skydiving, to give it its OK name, offers the distinct attraction of newness and uniqueness. Mind you, since that memorable day in May when I first stepped out, somewhat apprehensively, onto the straining wing of a Thrupton Jackaroo, this latest leisure occupation has cost me a cool £70-£80. It's true the shoes that I'm wearing came out of my sister-in-law's dustbin and my dresses are cast-offs from one of her flat-mates, and as for TV sets, my husband and I would both willingly mortgage a lifetime of these for the pleasures of meandering across the skies at 150 m.p.h. On further acquaintance with the "Spaceage Sport" perhaps you will agree.

Although the Russians first started playing with the parachute-sportwise—in the 1930's, it wasn't until a Frenchman named Leo Valentin found that he could actually manoeuvre his body at will while free-falling through space, that parachuting became something more than a lifesaving emergency measure, or a big-kicks circus act. Before Valentin

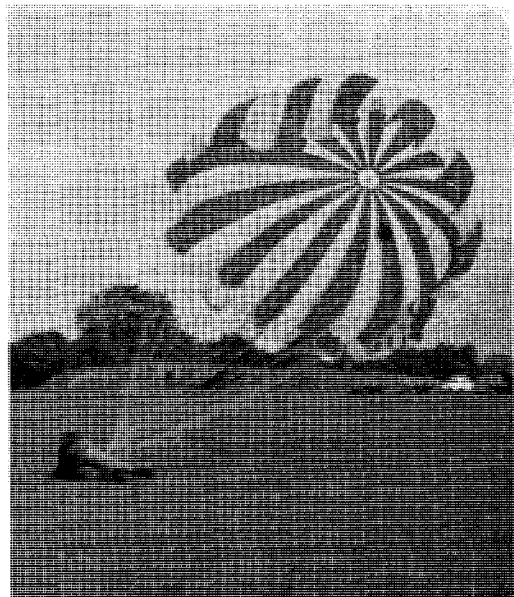
was fatally injured in trying to improve his technique with wooden wings, certain very definite free-fall principles were established and, by the 1950's, bi-annual World Championships were well under way. It was because post-war pioneers had found that the controlled movements of arms and legs and varied positions could enable the Skydiver to turn, roll, loop, or simply to "make ground" across the sky, that the competition potential became really apparent.

Modern Competitive Sport Parachuting, therefore, can now be divided into two distinct phases. The first, which occurs before the parachute is open, is the skydiving and free-fall phase. As soon as the parachutist has left the aircraft, certain set sequences are signalled to him from the ground. He is required to execute these successfully before pulling his ripcord at a pre-arranged height and time. Marks are awarded for style and timing. The second phase is the precision landing phase, in which the object is to land as close as possible to a target on the ground. By modifying the canopy in a variety of ways, a positive forward drift can be built into the parachute. In careful conjunction with wind conditions, the canopy can therefore become a highly steerable piece of equipment and extremely accurate landing results can be obtained. Top competitions are usually decided by inches or feet.

Although initially the sport was the prerogative of France and the Iron Curtain countries, it has by now become far more universal and there is a strong chance of the sport being included in the next Olympic games. The United States were, surprisingly enough, slow to realise the possibilities, but having made a late start, they are now fast making up for it with their customary energy. Not only are there numerous parachute centres across the width of the States, but there is even a hotel with a small DZ attached, on to which you "drop in" for dinner! Even TV is catching the craze and a popular series called "Ripcord" features mid-air gun duels in free-fall! British free-fall activity on the other hand is unfortunately badly hampered by the weather, but an expanding core of enthusiasts is ensuring that even in the U.K. we're keeping "with it" in this latest variation on what to do in off-watch moments.

Most week-ends now find small groups of figures in jeans and SV boots gazing anxiously with screwed-up eyes at the sky, and the increasing number of Landrovers and khaki uniforms suggests an unhealthy interest by our "pongo" colleagues. By sheer weight of numbers, the latter have been able to monopolise our national teams and have even been known to perform at R.N. Air days! However, with one ERA, one REM, four Royal Marines, a P.O. Wren (Reserve) and the possible trump card of the use of R.N. Whirlwind helicopters (???)—civilian aircraft cost the earth—there is a remote chance of us mounting an effective counter offensive, one day.

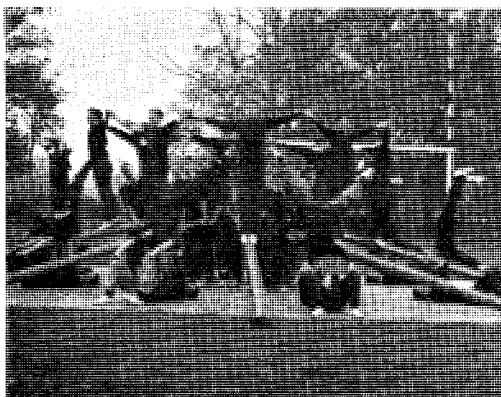
Although the impression gained from the popular press can often suggest that parachutists die like flies



and regularly pile in right, left and centre, the truth is the complete reverse. The sky diving safety record is very good, and a parachute, like a loaded pistol or a powerful car, is as dangerous as the person handling it. Thorough training, watchful supervision and good equipment will result in nothing but pleasure. No beginner will ever start free-falling until he has done at least five "static line" jumps, when a line attached to the aircraft opens the 'chute automatically. Before finally leaving this stage, he must also satisfactorily pull a dummy ripcord without losing body control and stability twice. Before a would-be sport parachutist can even jump, he must obtain a Provisional Permit from the Ministry of Aviation; this has to be countersigned by a recognised British Parachuting Association instructor, who thus guarantees to take full responsibility of initial instruction. The student must stay under the instructor's supervision until he is recommended for a General Permit which is normally awarded when fifteen or twenty free-fall descents have been made.

As I hinted in my opening paragraph, the only real snag to sport parachuting is the cost. Parachutes are usually bought secondhand and average between £15 and £25 for a main, and £10 to £15 for a reserve, depending on your luck. A helmet costs around £4 and instruments will probably run to a total of £4 to £6 depending on the type you use. Parachutes can be hired at most clubs, but at 15/- per descent, so in the long run this is not a good idea. Aircraft hire will vary with the height, but £1 a jump is a good average. This, of course, is where the money really goes but, short of subsidisation, there is little that you can do about this—it is the price that you have to pay for a fascinating and enthralling sport.

# GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY



## BRITISH LEGION FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

By the time you read this article those of you in the Home area will have seen the Display Team on your television sets.

*Mercury* was selected to provide the Royal Naval Display Team for this year's British Legion Festival of Remembrance in the Albert Hall on November 9th. Many difficulties were experienced before the final decision on the type of display was taken. Regrettably the position and size of the arena in relation to the audience, availability and arrangement of equipment, precluded a pure communication display. The final arrangement was one of sequences around logs, each 12 feet long and weighing about 100 pounds.

The training organised by Lieut. A. D. Goldsack, the P.T. Officer, with PO Dearden and L/Sea Wilkinson assisting has, at the time of writing, produced a display we can all be proud of. Forty-eight men from Inglefield Squadron make up the team and cannot be praised too highly for the enthusiasm and keenness with which they have tackled the job.



## SPORT IN MERCURY

### Soccer

The winter season is now in full swing, and the records of both teams to date are:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
<i>Mercury</i> 1st XI	3	3	0	0	24	1	6
<i>Mercury</i> 2nd XI	4	2	0	2	17	15	4

The 1st XI were beaten 4-1 in the 2nd Round of the Charity Cup by *Victory*. It wasn't a very good game; there was lots of excitement but not much football. They are still in the Navy Cup, having beaten *Dolphin* in the first round, 5-1 in a very thrilling match which was anybody's game until the last ten minutes, but then our experience told. In the 2nd round, the team played very well to beat *Ariel* 4-1, and now meet *Collingwood* in the Area Divisional Final.

The 2nd XI were knocked out of the Junior Challenge Cup 2nd round by The Royal Marines; the team fought hard but the "Royals" were that little bit luckier and fitter.

The Inter Part leagues have not yet been completed but it seems that no one will catch the P.O's who are forging ahead in both hockey and soccer, and are as yet, unbeaten.

### Cross Country

Only two fixtures have been completed. The first was against Portsmouth Grammar School; we lost by 10 points but we gained the first place with S/Lt. Cobbold who, unfortunately, will be leaving us very shortly. The second fixture was against *Collingwood*, who can always turn out quite a strong team, and although we gained 2nd and 3rd places through S/Lt. Cobbold and JRO Axton, respectively, this wasn't good enough to win the team event.

The Inter Squadron race was held on the 10th October and was won by the Wardroom who fielded quite a strong team.

### Rugby

Our record to date is as follows:—

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
7	4	1	2	62	53

The team has been playing very well and our good record is mainly due to the fact that we have been able to field almost the same team each week. Unfortunately, both Lieut. Barrett, the Club Secretary and Lieut. Kettlewell are going to new appointments; both have done a tremendous amount of work for the club and we are sorry to lose them. Lieut. Lemonde is our new Secretary and Surg. Lieut. (D) Osborne has relieved Lieut. Kettlewell as Social Secretary.

## Hockey

After several attempts to beat the weather and hold the hockey trials, we finally got under way on 18th September having already played one match! The trials produced a lot of talent and *Mercury* have since developed into a very useful hockey side, and we hope to live up to this early promise. At the time of writing we have lost one game (to *Ariel*) and, excluding the Navy Cup the record to date is as follows:—

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
4	3	0	1	12	6

In the Navy Cup we entered the 2nd round after beating *Sultan* 8-0. Our next fixture in this competition is away to RM Deal, and we are hoping that "Draftie" is kind to us and that our stars are available to play in the remaining Navy Cup games.

## MERCURY CLUB

Since last going to print, the only real changes have been in the committee. CRS Almond is still in the chair, leading us to better things we hope; "Tombola" is now being run by LRO(T) Kemp, CY Patterson having gone to sea. We are all looking forward to the End of Term dances and, let's hope, a better year ahead. We shall try our best to put on some good entertainment for you, so, when you return to *Mercury*, come and give us your support.

## SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

By the time this appears in print there will have been a change of President of the Mess and LRO Littlewood will have vacated the chair to take up his final draft to Gibraltar. LRO Morley will then be in charge and he will be helped by a new Vice-President, who has yet to be detailed!

Structurally, *Mercury* has changed a little since we last met and Cunningham and Somerville blocks have been erected. They should be habitable early next year and are revolutionary for us as they have baths instead of showers.

It has been agreed that we should try to cover and heat our swimming pool and we are now hoping that it will be possible to raise the necessary and large amount of money to do this.

So far the weather has been mild for this pinnacle of Hampshire but members who are joining in the near future should not forget to bring their warm clothes; you'll need 'em!

## CHIEFS CHATTER

As in any mess we are always ready to welcome new members and sad to see old members leave, but one departure which was very unexpected was that of the President, Reg Taylor, with heart trouble, but we are glad to report that he is progressing very well. The resulting vacancy has been filled by CRS Petchey.

This term seems to have flown by. The RNR Instructors have come and gone; it was pleasant to

see the old faces again, and I think they made themselves at home. The NATO Instructors course is well underway as is our RN RCI course. With Christmas just around the corner, we shall have plenty to do with the Children's Party and the Christmas Ball—it seems only a few weeks since the mess enjoyed a successful Summer Ball!

The lounge will have a new look in the New Year with the completion of the decoration and the NAAFI refurnishing, and we hope you'll like it.

That's about all the news for now. We wish all our present, past and future members a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

The traffic list below looks ominous:—

INS: CRS's Wall, Bailey, Hilder, CCY Pollard.

OUTS: CRS's Taylor, Sherriff, Garrad, CCY's Ryrie, Jones, Cull, Anders, O'Brien.

PENSION: CRS's Thompson, Locke, Smith, H. CCY's Cox, Johnson. CHWTR Beamish.

## BRICKWOOD FIELD GUN COMPETITION 1963

Although perhaps the smallest and lightest crew, the team entered by *Mercury* for the 1963 Brickwood Field Gun competition was built for speed and succeeded in winning the Will's trophy for the fastest run of the meeting with a time of 1 min. 29.4 secs. This was very much a team effort and it would be wrong to single out any individual except the number one trainer, CPO GI Berry, whose fire and enthusiasm brought success and culminated in a "cooling off" in the swimming pool without dampening his spirits one iota, as the accompanying photograph shows. We wish him success with the 1964 Portsmouth Command Field Gun Crew.

We also wish to record our thanks to the team, the trainers, the P.T. staff, the Supply and Galley staff and the administrators of all departments in *Mercury* for their unstinted support and hope that with the Wills Trophy already in our possession, we will do even better next year.



## P.O.s PATTER

First we wish to apologise for our non-appearance in the last edition but because of changes in our administration, this duty was overlooked.

The Mess is now in the capable hands of CY Bryden who relieved CCY Pollard on the latter's elevation to the peerage. RS Danny Boon has left for Mauritius and RS(W) "Dixie" Dean has taken over the duties of Vice-President; however, "Dixie" has married recently and is thinking of giving up the job.

The Summer Dance was held in the dining hall and, as a result of strenuous efforts by the dance committee, the lounge was converted into a night club for the occasion. The NAAFI manager provided us with a well stocked bar in the dining hall and this was run by five of our members. The arrangement proved very successful and may be used again in the future.

Negotiations are in progress with NAAFI to have the lounge refurnished and redecorated because, as those of you who have been here recently will know, it is looking rather drab. We are also hoping to organise a social every pay-day; we are hoping to do this in conjunction with the Chiefs and use the respective messes alternately.

In the Inter-part sports leagues we are at the top of both the football and the hockey tables, and both teams have assured us that they have very good prospects of staying there. We have also started a week-end hockey club and have fixtures against various local clubs such as Southsea, Haslemere, etc.; the most spectacular success to date in this new venture was a 3-2 away win against the Esso Refinery at Fawley. Any keen hockey players who are available for week-end matches should contact John Buchanan who is running the team. The Mess had a good turnout for the cross country race but unfortunately the opposition was much too strong for us.

Accommodation has been the President's biggest headache this term. There is a large number of Junior Rates virtualled in the Establishment and some of them occupied the lower half of Inglefield block. The two new accommodation blocks are now nearing completion and we have been promised the first one finished, which will ease the situation, but, in the meantime, if those with drafts to this wilderness would bring their own hammocks and sling them on the Broadwalk, it would be greatly appreciated.

It may be this problem which has caused three of our members, as well as the Vice-President, to enter the "Marriage Stakes" during the past three months; they are RS Harry Julian, RS Mike Baker and CY Hollins. We wish each of them the very best of luck.

As usual, CND has been busy and even the stalwart, PO CK(O) Sherwood has now been banished to *Bulwark*. RS Barry Hart has gone to Civvy Street, to take up a "modern form of speculation", more commonly known as "Bingo". RS

Jimmy Green has also left the Service to become a businessman but, despite his appearance when we last saw him, we were assured that he is not in the employ of Messrs. Bernards!



JOY, daughter of the postmistress at H.M.S. MERCURY and a member of the Bluebell Girls.

## HEARD AT THE PROGRESS REVIEW 1963

The following two 'jokes' were heard at the Progress Review and deserve greater circulation:—

The New HF Portable Type A13 is designed in two versions: a low power one-man version and a high power model which requires two men to carry it. The Royal Marines, *of course*, intend to carry the high power version on one marine's back.

. . . . .

During a recent Joint Warfare Course, there was a long, detailed lecture on the various communication equipments used by the Navy and numbers like 'six-nine-six', 'eighty-nine' and 'six-twenty' were being quoted all too frequently. Eventually a weary Colonel stood up and asked what had happened to the five-twenty-five. No one had heard of this and they asked the Colonel what it was.

"It's just left for Bournemouth and I've missed it!" was the reply.

## H.M.S. AJAX

by CRS Hooper

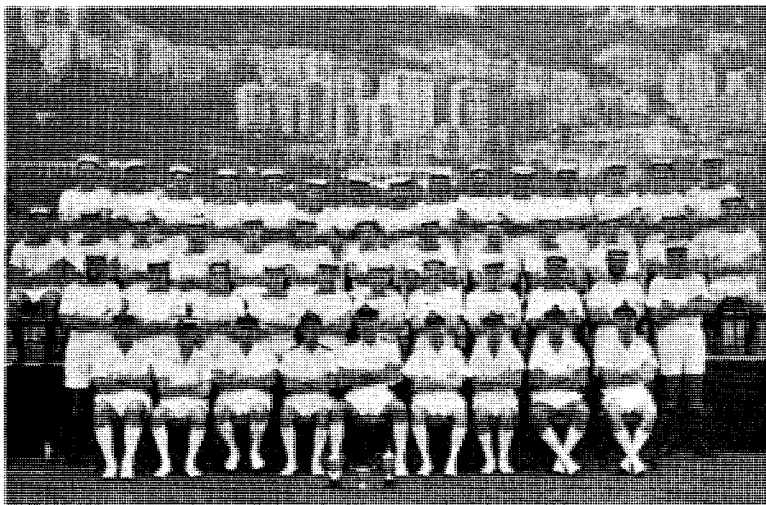
The "Latest of the Leanders" is now well and truly under way and is due to commission on 11th December—a date eagerly looked forward to by most of us. Standing by a ship is all very well, but I think that we would all prefer to get a bit more "with it", and get stuck into our commission, which, incidentally, is a true Foreign Service commission in the Far East.

There are, of course, those who are not so keen and anybody who has stood by a ship in Birkenhead will know the reason why. A good run ashore indeed, for clubs and cabarets are as grains of sands in the desert and the people here really try to make you feel at home.

*Ajax* will be commanded by Captain The Hon. D. P. Seeley, a Signal Officer, so it can be assumed that both the *Ajax* and the 24th E.S., of which we will be Leader, will be well and truly up to the mark with stacks of work to come. Excuses and explanations of "why" and "why not" are going to have to be highly original and maybe even true!

Seriously though, we will be very pleased to have the chance of working with the Navy proper and returning to the fold. We have been to sea for Contractors' Sea Trials and have sailed, under the Red Duster, up and down the Arran measured mile 999 times! The grub was marvellous—smoked salmon with all the trimmings and all that jazz and free beer served by a team of waiters!

Apart from the fact that the civilian wireless ops on board kept topping up our 618 with their own equipment (horrid smell, isn't it?), all went well. We managed to relay an Urgent Radio Telegram for a boat, at sea, under rather difficult conditions, and coped with an injured seaman, etc.—not, I suppose, a great deal, but at least we showed we were trying.



## H.M.S. ALBION

Since our last contribution, we of the *Albion*, otherwise known as the Grey Ghost of the Borneo coast, have spent most of our time engaged in trooping runs between Singapore and Borneo Territories.

After a four-day visit to Penang, we returned to take part in "Fotex 63". This was our first occasion of working with the remainder of the Fleet, as, before this, we were hardly ever in the company of other warships. The exercise started quietly, but with the exit of *Lion*, we suddenly found ourselves flying the flag of FO2 FEF who, with his staff, transferred to us, and we remained Flagship for the rest of Fotex. FOCINCFEF also joined us as a spectator for part of Fotex, and during this period FO2FEF's flag was flown in *Duchess*, even though FO2 and Staff continued to operate from *Albion*. A great deal of valuable experience was gained by the junior members of the staff when they had to cope with the increased traffic. At last however, the exercise finished and wash-up day came round and we received a few bouquets.

Time was then devoted to preparing for the Admiral's inspection which was carried out during the last week of August.

In September, we were able to spend another week in Hong Kong where the good runs ashore go on the same as ever, and then we were back to trooping.

We left S/Lt (SD) (C) Clinton, CY Boon, and RO(G)'s Cowan, Bowden and Adams ashore in Kuching, Sarawak, to help handle the traffic of our detached squadrons, and from what we have heard, their W/T Station (set up over a shop) is doing fine. We are now proceeding westwards—a quick trip to Tobruk is the latest idea to collect replacement helicopters for the R.A.F.! For the benefit of anyone who gets a draft to a Commando Carrier, with its ever-changing programmes and constant buzzes, be prepared to go anywhere and do anything at anytime.

Communications Dept.  
H.M.S. ALBION

## H.M.S. CENTAUR

In June, the bulk of the new ship's company embarked from their establishments (—and quiet numbers). Our hopes for a long period in Dockyard hands faded when the Captain cleared lower deck to tell us that the proposed 18 months refit would be condensed into 6 months and that the ship would commission for General Service at the end of the year. It has been rumoured that several R.A. members were observed burning joss-sticks and conducting a novena, still full of hope!

At the start of the refit, the ship was virtually gutted and the ship's company were evacuated to R.N.B., *Dryad* and Lee on Solent. (The Communications Department provided working parties for the Barracks and the dockside dining hall.) Now, it appears that some semblance of order is emerging from the maelstrom of air-pipes, cables and discarded rubbish, but, communication-wise, it has been business as usual throughout—regardless of the power failures, cramped quarters (Sea Staff Office instead of M.S.O.) and other hazards that have plagued us. We have now reached the stage where instructions (with paint brush and books) are again taking place on board although regular attendances have been made at the Dockyard typing school. Later on we are hoping to undergo tactical and W/T courses at *Mercury* to shake-off the dust of the refit.

Sport has been played regularly each week and the department reached the final of the interpart cricket competition, which was played with great enthusiasm but we were narrowly defeated. We hope to do better in the soccer competition.

## DIDO, “QUEEN OF CARTHAGE”, RETURNS

by LRO G. E. Miles

The first week in May saw the advance party travelling to Glasgow to prepare for the commissioning. At first sight *Dido* gave the impression of a typical “small” ship, but after a quick look around, I was convinced this was not the case. She is fitted with a large MCO, a TR, one UHF and three (yes, three!) EW offices! Who said they were *small* ships?

We were honoured by the presence of the last Captain of our famous predecessor at the commissioning ceremony, and after stirring speeches from Sir Eric Yarrow and our Captain, Commander J. W. D. Cook, R.N., the ship joined the Home Fleet. The gifts we received on commissioning included a set of sports gear for the ship's company and a radiogram for the Wardroom from the builders, Messrs. Yarrows, and a cheque for £20 from Lady Simms which CY Eva accepted on behalf of the ship's company for the purchase of gramophone records.

Our future programme is rather hazy but we hope to join the 21st E.S. for their cruise of the F.E.S. next year. Finally I must relate the following story which I hope will not be typical of the commission:—

“Bridge—Ops Room”.

“Bridge!”

“Small island on the port beam, Sir!”

Nothing unusual in that, you might say, but the island passed us doing ten knots and turned out to be a fishing trawler!



“Shake it clear.”

## PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

### 24th ESCORT SQUADRON

In the six months since the Squadron was formed *Duchess*, *Caesar*, *Barrosa*, *Lincoln* and *H.M.N.Z.S. Otago* have been engaged in a far-flung game of musical chairs, each checking the others' count of the coconuts in odd islands around Aden, the Maldives, Borneo and Sarawak, all of which seem to have lost their aura of romanticism since Maugham wrote his novels and Cook his brochures. Each ship of the Squadron has managed a share of “Good Old Fred” in the Base Cinema at Singapore, and a short rabbit run to the hotspots of “Honkers”—these being the best jollies during the period that South-east Asian politicians have been flexing their muscles. A flag-showing visit for two of the ships has at last come out of the planners' hat, and *Duchess*, with *Otago* in company, recently sailed from Singapore for a jolly in Manila. To give “Smersh” a headache, *Lincoln* joined en route and *Otago* departed for down under, her Maori warriors in tribal dress gathering on her fo'c'sle to stomp out a farewell to “Dad”. We shall all miss her and her fine company.



Not quite the awe-inspiring spectacle of a Coronation Review perhaps, but the strains of "Rule Britannia" could almost be heard around the two ships as they appeared out of the morning mists of Corregidor, ten-breadth ensigns floating lazily in the warm offshore breeze, immaculate crews mustered by divisions on the upper decks, new paint-jobs gleaming and brightwork sparkling as the sun rose. For all the interest taken by the fishermen on the breakwater and their two brothers who were contemplating the murky Manila water from "our" buoy inside the harbour, we might just as well have been salt-caked smokestackers carrying cheap tin trays. Even a twenty-one gun salute, fired as we passed the mole, failed to lift more than one tired head.

First impressions of indifference proved false however. Not long after we had completed our forenoon search for a billet—anchoring, mooring, unmooring, weighing and securing to a buoy in a series of evolutions dictated by helpful signals from our Filipino hosts—the hospitality of the local population became apparent. Millionaire style yachts came alongside offering to lift parties of three and four matelots round the harbour, enabling the grippo-hunters to fashion the first nooses. Invitations to private houses soon came in, some more-than-usual interesting coach trips were laid on, brewery runs were fixed and lists for organised dances were promulgated. Sporting fixtures had long been planned and some of them were hard fought matches whilst others were mere excuses for large scale social encounters over vast quantities of ale. Manila has something for everybody. A city of contrast where Jack can practise all the arts of grey funnel tourism.

Young bloods who love to return on the morning boat to tell the yarn of a "smashing run" which had all the essential ingredients, including being robbed of watch and wallet, losing cap and paybook, being "filled in" and getting a patrol report, are amply catered for in a district which makes even Wanchai look a suitable place for a Sunday School outing now that Bill Holden and Suzie Wong no longer lower the tone of the Le Kwok. For those who prefer less bizarre entertainment and don't mind paying more for their beer, the main boulevard with its American night clubs facing the sea offers the best in sophisticated leisure of that nature. The little Ambassadors who prefer their shore-runs in gym shoes, for quietness, can enjoy the attractive layout of the city's green parks with their open-air art galleries and make the most of the cheapest in the U.S.O., the American counterpart of a Nuffield Club. For the smooth stranglers, the Anglo-American suburbs are full of baronial inhabitants ideally suited and willing to be the victims of "Pusser's con-men".

A week of Manila will leave us bleary-eyed and broke, but with more heart for a renewed round of the islands on the coconut circuit, interspersed, as such cruises are, with the interminable sea exercises

with ships in company. To produce maximum facilities for exercising, a Far East policy of togetherness has developed, making us like Glasgow Policemen—never alone on the longer beats! Readers avid for exercise details, please refer to other reports above, below, in the column to the left or on the page facing, as this reporter has to be on the jetty shortly to look out for a Chevrolet being driven by a Spanish chauffeur. . .

## H.M.S. KENT JOINS THE COUNTY TABLE

This is the first article to THE COMMUNICATOR from the ninth *Kent*, and we hope it is the beginning of a long and happy association. By now, most of you will know what a guided missile destroyer looks like and, from articles previously published in the magazine from *Devonshire* and *Hampshire*, you will know that there isn't a better class of ship in which to serve. *Kent* is slightly different from the other "Counties" in that the superstructure abaft the forward funnel has been re-arranged so that the cross-passage is forward of the mainmast; this adds about seven feet to the height of the forward surface of the mainmast which should, in theory, increase its effectiveness as a broadband transmitting aerial.

The S.C.O. is Lieut. Appleyard-List and his three Chiefs are CRS Gordon Laws, CCY (Farmer) Sanders and CRS(W) Bill Cook. Like *Devonshire* and *Hampshire*, our department is run as a single unit with as many duties as possible being performed equally by everyone.

We commissioned on August 15th at Harland and Wolff's yard in Belfast and everyone on board is agreed on two points: the shipbuilders "did" us very well indeed, and flying to Belfast to commission was much better than spending twenty-four hours doing the trip by rail and ferry. We have just paid our first visit to Chatham, which will be our base port for docking and refits. During our stay there, we re-established many of the traditional ties which existed between the last *Kent* and the County, and we were also able to establish some more personal ones for ourselves . . . (at a dance given for the ship's company in Chatham Town Hall, one young operator was overheard trying to convince a shapely young lass that the (W) after his rate meant that he had sub-specialised in women!). Whilst at Chatham, the ship received many presents, not the least of which was a £150 ribbed silk ensign from "the Fair Maids of Kent"; the ensign is magnificent, but you should have seen the "Fair Maids" who presented it!

Finally, if you haven't already been shown over one of the "Counties" but would like to, just let us know and we'll be pleased to arrange a visit. In the nine weeks since we commissioned, we have had nearly 8,000 visitors on board so you need not be shy!

## LION'S RETURN

by LRO P. Smith

*Lion* has now sailed on her final voyage before returning to England, Home, and Beauty! We have left behind strike torn Singapore, and newly formed Malaysia, in the establishment of which *Lion* took a great part, to sail for Fremantle, in Western Australia.

The Independent State of Malaysia—the amalgamation of Sabah, Sarawak, Brunei, Malaya, and Singapore—came peaceably into being on 16th September, 1963. *Lion* was at Jesselton, Sabah, on the day before the celebrations, to take part in the historic scene of withdrawing the last Governor of Sabah, Sir William Goode. A wonderful acclamation was given by the natives of Sabah, and the European population, who live and work in Sabah, turned out with them, and so a crowd of several thousand cheered us off. A military band played us out, to the delight of ladies in summer frocks and soldiers in immaculate white with striking patches of scarlet on their epaulettes. Farewell Sabah, one-time British North Borneo, and now an independent self-governing member of Malaysia.

In Singapore Island, Malaysia celebrations were spread over three days, and there was much happiness amongst the Asians. But unhappiness was over the horizon in the form of Barisan Sosialis, the neo-Communist Party of Singapore. They, in league with the Unions, called for a general strike, during which *Lion* prevented the essential transport services in the Dockyard from coming to a standstill. But this did not hinder our sailing, as *Victorious* took over our duties as transport drivers.

Our second Inspection of the Commission is over, Admiral Scatchard, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar,

FO2FEF, inspected us and gave us an "Outstanding" recommendation. The actual inspection was almost twenty-four hours shorter than our Malta inspection; even so we were put through our paces. A most startled RO1 was told to jump into the sea with the 629 and to set it up in a life raft, and a quick-thinking (?) CY threw a "Fire" (Smoke flare) over the side from the Flag Deck with a "Not on my Flag Deck you're not!"

Ahead of us lies Fremantle, Gan, Aden, the Mediterranean, where once again we wear the Flag of FOF Med, and home for a well-earned leave for Christmas. We crossed the Equator on the 10th October with the usual aquatic ceremony, complete with King Neptune, His Queen, Daughter, and a retinue of Bears. Neptune's Police were very active but failed to catch any Senior Communication Rates. Our A/SCO, showing a fine example of courage and devotion, led us younger people to our initiation. Who were those RS's who locked themselves in the L.R.R.?

## H.M.S. LLANDAFF

by RO2(T) Walter T. Coates

Shortly after Easter we sailed from Singapore for a final fling in Hong Kong. This of course was appreciated for a variety of reasons by most of the ship's company. We don't think Hong Kong has seen such an array of shipping (grey type) for a long time. Communicators took advantage of an official get-together, politely named a "Communications Smoker". Entertainment in the form of magicians, jugglers, fire-eaters, an enchanting belly dancer (plus our CCY), and the usual pints of San Mig were enjoyed by all and sundry.

JANET MONRO by

By Courtesy of Rank Distributors Ltd.



Inevitably, we were then subdued to a second stint of anti-piracy patrols off Borneo.

After a short, but sweet, stay in Singapore, the day came when we said a "tearful" goodbye to the Far East and arrived home, on the 3rd July via Colombo, Aden, Suez, Malta and Gibraltar. Incidentally, we played havoc with the shipping lanes in the Bay of Biscay, forming up a Bent Line screen. "Llandaff, where are you off to", they said. "Going West, old boy", we replied.

Not long after leave we were hustled into exercises of varying degrees. "Fofex", "Riptide", "Fofex" (again), "Home Fleet Assembly", "Predem" and finally "Unidem". After "Unidem" however, in the company of strange ships, we fled to Londonderry.

After a respite in Portsmouth, the populace of Cardiff are doomed to meet us. This promises to be the best of our runs so far. Our soccer team will play a Cardiff City junior team at Ninian Park, LRO(T) Ferguson to the fore. However, for the lesser highlighters, there are brewery runs, pit stops with beer teas, civic tours with beer teas, and a dance with a beer supper. Needless to say, our stay should be eventful to say the least. That is, as long as our inoculations and passports are up to date. One of the staff has bought a Teach Yourself Welsh book, and Cliff Morgan's Life Story, so he should be one up on the rest of us.

Funny:

From one R.F.A. to another on exercise at Londonderry.

Execute to follow Speed Nuco 12 Unnuco.

Staff:

Lost—S/Lt. Lodder, LRO(G) Beirne.

Present:

<i>Temperance—</i>	<i>"G" Members—</i>
CCY Pilkington	RS Lucas
LRO Ferguson	LRO Taylor
RO2 Coates	RO2 Charles
RO2 Wray	RO2 Girling
RO2 Schulze	RO2 Alderson
RO2 Walker	

*"Weapons"*

RO2 Pluckrose

RO2 Neller

RO2 Bateman

*The Boss:* Lt. R. M. Lawson

Some "Old Boys" now in *Mercury* or around, may be interested to know that Ex-PoTel Ripper was recently promoted to Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (D).

## H.M.S. LOCH KILLISPORT

by 'Willie'

Our first visit of the commission was to the curfew-controlled capital of Sarawak, Kuching. The only highlight during our two weeks stay in Kuching was a "grippo" to a Dyak Long House which amounted to an evening of exchanging sweets, cigarettes and spirits (consumable type) for a hail of salaams and toasts in saké, kava and other

alcoholic concoctions, which led to a Jacks' performance of Malayan National Dancing.

From Kuching our next call was the long awaited one to Hong Kong. The waiting proved well worth while as a beer-soaked, hang-over gathering, three week's binge was had by all. "Posbees" were given a real extraction and the Ship's Office almost ran out of hard cash.

As a form of recuperation, we were lashed up to a two-week anti-piracy patrol in West Borneo, Tawau being our "Home Port" for week-end sport. We landed the S.C.O., Lt. "Basher" Briggs, and RO2 (Oscar) Dwyer as his aide-de-camp to form NLO Tawau and staff. After our patrol we left for a brief stay in "Singers" prior to leaving for Kuching to embark the retiring British Governor and his wife for "QSP'ing" back to Singapore. This was done in the true pussers' fashion with guns firing, sirens blowing and an armada of boats escorting us down river as we left.

Having landed the Governor, we left the Naval Base to take part in exercise "Sea Dovetail" with FO2 FEF and his playmates. The exercise proved to be an interesting experience until we had a steering breakdown while fuelling from *Tideflow*. A couple of senior rates, who shall remain nameless for now, were at a point of 'flag five and two black balls', but we only glanced the *Tideflow's* port side and shed a few splinters for 'ard. On completion of "Dovetail" we returned to the Naval Base thinking we were in for a few runs ashore but this was a misconception as we had to leave in a hurry for the Brylcreem potted Gan. The swimming at Gan is very good as previous dippers will know. At the time of going to press we are still in Gan but 'stokes' is poised for flashing-up, so where next? We'll just wait and see.

On the sport side, LRO's Edmonds and Mills and RO's Flynn and Moffet have been valuable assets to the soccer team while RO's Donnelly and Le Mesurier have been prominent in the rugger team. RO2 Cornwall has played for the hockey team whilst LRO Macleod and RO's Rutherford, Dent and Dwyer have been keen contestants in the more leisurely sports of uckers, crib and "Sergeant Major"!

### FOR HIRE

One Loch Class Frigate—reliable sea runner. Protection racket our speciality, own Torpedo (and Hatchmen) provided. Previous satisfied customers: H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF SARAWAK; MR. ARTHINGTON DAVEY, UK REP MALDIVES. *Enquiries:* Ring Singers LK 628 and ask for 'WILLIE'.

RS to RO3: "Now I have told you all about the FM12 we will have a few questions, now—

(Some questions later).

RS: "—And what sort of aerial system do we use?"

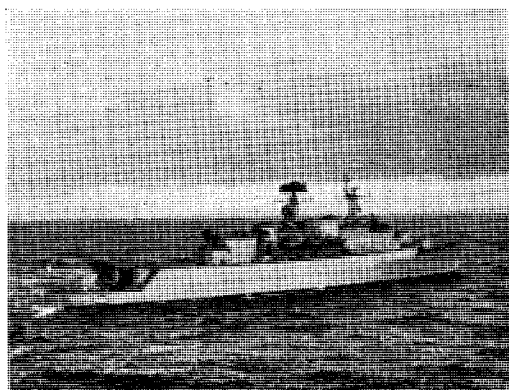
RO3: "Er—the Bellini Tosi system".

RS: "That is correct, and which part of the aerial is longer than the other?"

RO3: "I'm not sure, but I think its the 'Bellini'".

## H.M.S. LONDON

"DOMINE DIRIGE NOS"  
(GOD DIRECT US)  
by RO1(T) Hulbert



*London* is the fourth of the "County" Class to come into service and it is our intention that she will be the best! At the time of writing, she is nearing completion in the Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson shipyard at Wallsend-on-Tyne, but by the time this appears in print we hope to be in commission.

She is very roomy inside and is a big improvement on the old destroyers. The messdecks look comfortable and the bunks have reading lamps! the tables fold away and we will have individual chairs and the decks are covered with vinyl tiles. The dining hall is very spacious and is fitted with a screen, which is lowered from the deckhead, so that it is readily converted into a cinema.

Amongst our new equipment we have a device which will prevent "Bunts" from straining his biceps on the bridge; it is a fog alarm which, at the flick of a switch, causes the sirens to emit five-second blasts every two minutes. There is also an "automatic tea wetter" which, no doubt, will be watch on—stop on!

The MCO, CCR, EWO and UHFO are also roomy and are well laid out. All the pipes and leads have been panelled in so that the offices will be much easier to clean.

At the moment we are very like civilians and we travel to and from work each day in civilian clothes and we work in an office ashore! Security is very strict and special passes are required to enter the shipyard, to get on the ship and to enter the wireless offices. At the entrance of the 'yard there is an iron portcullis which is raised and lowered at will. The ship is about two minutes' walk through the shipyard, and as one rounds a corner, one is confronted by the majestic sight of the ship! *London*, with masses of electric leads and oil pipes winding their way up the sides, across the decks and down the hatches,

where one can find the average British dockyard workman sitting amongst a lot of intricate machinery, drinking tea and "dripping" for more money and shorter hours!

We hope to do well in the sporting world as we have the Navy's goalkeeper, the heavyweight boxing champion and one of the Navy water polo team, so we should do well ashore and afloat and we hope to report some of our successes in the next edition.

## H.M.S. TARTAR

This is the first "dit" from *Tartar*, and we wish to apologise for not sending anything for the last edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR*. Our Captain, having seen the Summer edition of the magazine, received lots of blank stares when he asked "Where is *Tartar's* entry?" However, we have made a move and we hope we are not too late for the Christmas edition.

We commissioned in February and, after the usual sea and acceptance trials, started our work-up at Portland in April. On completion of that gruelling period, we had a week's visit to "Smoke", where we were officially adopted by the Borough of Finchley who had adopted our namesake during the last war. A good time was had by all during our visit.

After having some GSC leave we left U.K. on August 7th and I think we were the first ship to go on the foreign leg of a G.S.C. without knowing in which part of the globe we would be serving! Our immediate future was known and we were involved in "Riptide IV", which was our first major exercise and wasn't too bad. Finally our programme was settled and we headed for the West Indies.

Our first stop was Bermuda but I will not go into the runs ashore as most of you will have heard of them, but we really enjoyed them as we had forgotten what they were like! After a spell on Bahama Patrol and guardship duties we started our cruise of the West Indies. This started with some hurricane relief work in Tobago which had been lashed by hurricane "Flora"; our portables, and our Juniors (U), came in for a lot of heavy work but they stood up to it all right.

With routines with the U.S. Coastguards at Miami, SNOWI, Nassau and the Army in British Guiana and Honduras, we are kept very busy and the younger members have to knuckle down to some hard work. We would like to express our great appreciation of the ship/shore operators in Malta and Cape W/T and the Canadian operators of CFH for all their assistance in clearing our traffic—occasionally we have to choose which one to use and Mauritius sometimes pops up with an eager ZOE. It's good to know that someone is listening out for us!

By the way is it possible to have come sort of pre-commissioning course on operating a telephone exchange similar to the one we have on board? We looked at ours completely mystified, but after several mishaps we have got the hang of it—we think!

## SUBMARINE SPARKS!

from H.M.S. THERMOPYLAE

There are just four of us; the rather shifty-eyed character with bags under his eyes is, we believe, the RS and the rest of us are his three little "Indians". Give POTS his due, though, he can tune into the G.O.S. better than any other sparker we know. The "Indians", who are overworked, undernourished, lacking sleep and, despite submarine pay and hard liars, underpaid, like their job and have assured the Comms. Officer that they do not intend handing in their cards yet!

On passage on the surface, our watchkeeping is much the same as in a surface ship except that we don't have a RATT machine to do the job for us! However, once an exercise starts the job is very different. We receive signals on a V.L.F. broadcast at routine times providing the Captain has brought us close enough to the fresh air to be able to hear it. During working hours, or if we are a few signals light, all four of us (and the tape recorder) are plugged into the B41's and we have a background of last year's "pops" from a tape and odd noises from the intercom, which links us and the radar to the Control Room. After a short time, we are loudly interrupted by the Communications Officer, the Captain and the O.O.W. all asking if the "Routine" has finished as they want to get back to the dark depths away from the eyes of the prowling Shackletons.

Because we don't normally want to give away our position, or even our presence, we send very few signals except Lone Ranger's (L.R.'s)—claiming mighty kills—and occasionally things like: "If you look behind you, you'll see you've missed", to a couple of "Cowboys" who have thundered over the horizon after a "Buzzard" (Shackleton) or a "Hovering Hawk" (Heli) has screeched dived in the spot indicated by the "Wide Prairie Pasture" (W.P.P.)!

At Harbour Stations, one of us—called by the pseudonym "Bunts"—climbs up to the bridge where he is expected to man the aldis, pipe a bosun's call, report which way the propellers have moved, hoist the sea ensign, and be the look-out—a job requiring six pairs of eyes, three pairs of hands and a good memory! When at sea, our sleep is frequently interrupted by the cry "Signalman on the bridge!" This normally occurs when a passing warship cannot read the numbers on the side of the fin and the O.O.W. is busy keeping out of her way! Consequently we are flashed by a ten-inch, followed by a twenty-inch when there is no visible reply, but in fact the warship is usually too far away to read our puny five-inch, or the bridge is untenable and the O.O.W. is peering through the periscope! (That's our excuse, anyway).

Frequently, at the end of a basic Casex we have to surface, even though we may not want to, because the necessary relaxation has not been included in



the Casex signal. The same cry of "Signalman on the bridge" goes up as soon as the upper lid is open, and we find a frigate flashing furiously. Before the water has drained away, and maybe with the sea crashing over the top, we are told to act independently, which is probably just what we have been doing for the previous hour anyway; getting soaked to the skin on such occasions and having no space to dry things is more than a little annoying.

We don't know the first things about flags and semaphore—this isn't surprising if one considers the fact that they were last used to wave the RS into Bighi when his soccer team lost on home ground and caused a nervous breakdown! Similarly, if "they" use code, we are lost because the relevant books have not had the dust removed since the last inspection and then the most junior officer on board last out of Dartmouth, had a pretty good idea what the answer was anyway—mind you, he told the Captain that a quarantine flag aboard a merchantman was an R.P.C. to dinner and, when he saw a C.M.S. with black balls at each yard, that its Captain had given birth to twins!

With all these trials, POTS has frequently been sitting in pavement cafe's drinking his San Miguel, Fix, Biere, Birra or the local hooch in Palma, Cartagena, Valencia, Mahon, Ibiza, Piraeus, Athens, Marseilles, Menton, Ajaccio, Naples, Taranto, Augusta and Gibraltar, but *never* Cisk or Hopleaf as he is married accompanied in Malta!



*By Courtesy of Associated British Elstree*

**MERISA MELL**

## H.M.S. URSA

by RO1(G) T. Scott

Sailing from Devonport on June 17th into the teeth of a nasty gale, we thrashed through to Bermuda to relieve *Whirlwind* who, after a swift but very thorough turnover, steamed off home via New York. Very soon after we had taken the weight, so to speak, *Ursa* topped-up and whistled down to Georgetown B.G. to help quell certain disturbances there, and also to relieve *Caprice*. On arrival alongside, leave was piped and the landing parties dropped their guns sharpish, threw on half blues and literally leapt ashore. Commodities essential to the well-being of nautical gentlemen being fairly inexpensive, a good time was had by all.

Since then we have operated throughout the islands, including a stretch of Bahamas Patrol and a visit to New Orleans. At the moment we are alongside at Key West, with sixteen wires out, waiting patiently for hurricane "Flora" to put in an appearance.

We have been to Key West no less than five times, but had no chance to go ashore. On arrival this afternoon we received copies of the sunset, sunrise and tide tables, so this time we are well and truly in.

The sparkers have been in either three or two watches since we arrived on the Station but we have just been presented with one LRO(G) and three RO2(G)—they were on the forenoon watch at Whitehall on the Sunday and were flying to Nassau on the Monday!

They tell us that they are on Home Port Service. (Isn't it hot out here!) and will soon be back in U.K. We were going to have a photograph taken, for publication in *THE COMMUNICATOR*, but Pots (RS M. J. Perry) reckons that would be fatal, as all the *Mercury* Wrens would surely charter an aircraft to fly out and see if he really is as handsome as that! I forgot to mention that *Ursa* is a very happy ship, with a ship's company of volunteers, although CND did volunteer a few of us!

## U.K. TO B.W.I.

(via BOAC, courtesy of the R.N.)

by LRO Manning (ex-Admiralty)

Last Sunday morn at just gone dawn—  
In fact about six-thirty—  
My telephone rang from the duty man,  
With laughter low and dirty.

"Are your 6's white? 'Cos I've booked your flight.  
Your fate could not be worse.  
Tomorrow night, if all goes right,  
You're going to join the *Ursa*".

"The Comms on there are going spare,  
They're working to the limit.  
They haven't slept, in fact they've wept  
For you to join them in it".

"So you and you, and also you,  
And you to make up four,  
By civvy flight will spend a night  
In the luxury of Nassau".

"Then Wednesday morn., again round dawn,  
After flight, hotels, and dollars.  
You'll join the *Ursa*, feeling worsèr,  
Greeted by their 'wallers'."

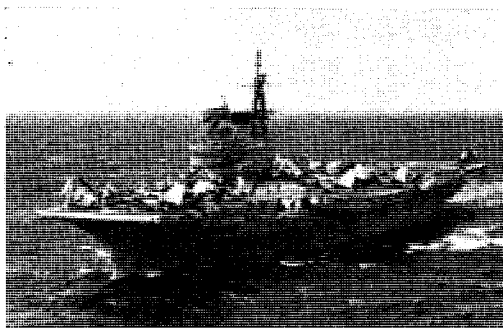
UK's too cold, the ship's too hot,  
The office even hotter.  
We've prickly heat, no bubbly neat,  
And the flies all dodge the swotter!

The sets fall down, Ch. REL's frown,  
And Pots' beard is gnawed.  
In spite of which, although we bitch,  
It's good to be aboard.

But, tho' we're here, with cold, canned beer,  
And fags to serve our pleasure.  
Pray hear my plea, Dear C.N.D.,  
It's just a TEMPORARY measure. (?)

I like to roam so far from home  
To some secluded isthmus,  
But not for long. So I end my song,  
PLEASE, get me home for Christmas!!!

## EPISTLE FROM VICTORIOUS



Then said the Great Lord Sendee unto his servants, "Take thee and fifty of thy kindred away from the house of the false god *Mercury*, and, on the fifth day of the sixth month, present thyself, having already seen my physicians, unto the place which is called Emesjay. There thou wilt find my ship which is called *Victorious*. From that place thou wilt sail to meet my children; Yea! even the Buccaneers, the Vixens and the Wessex, which thou wilt cherish and love, keeping the Great Lords, who dwell in Whitehall, informed of their needs by many many signals. My children will leave thee many times, but will always return.

Then on the fourteenth day of the eighth month, thou wilt leave these shores and go to the East, spreading my word as thou goest, so that they that serve in those far waters knowest that I forget them not.

When thou comest to the place that is called Suez, thou wilt meet more of thy kind, on whom I smile, and the *Hermes*, for that is their name, shall greet thee with great noises and with tinkling cymbals, which will bring forth tears to thine eyes.

"Then", sayest I, "take thee with thy brethren and go to that which is called Aden, but loiter not, for it is a place that I frown upon and is as hot as a fiery furnace, and not the place for the likes of thee. When thou comest to Aden, take thee ashore and play that game called football, which is beloved of me, and play two matches against them that are called Pongoes. But, my servant, win them not, even when thou hearest strange sounds from my servant, who is known to thee as Drunken Duncan, calling for water. For when thou hast lost, yea verily four to nil and even five to one, the Pongoes will cherish thee for thy kindness, and thy cup will be full and overflow. Thou wilt see strange sights of youths with hair upon their faces, but the chiefs among them will smile from their beards. When thou hast tired of play, take thee to sea, and there RAS, and fuel and fly, but do not forget the Lord in the Whitehalls, so send many signals that they knowest what thou doest.

Then thou shalt leave the sands of the desert behind thee, and sail to the East for Singapore, with its nectar of Tiger Tops but dream not, my servant, of runs ashore, for this ship in which thou sailest is beloved of many men; Yea! even those with tunics of Gold and White, who will say, one to another, 'Let us go to sea for is she not too beautiful to rest here?'

And so it came to pass as the Great Lord Sendee had foretold; yea, all of it and more!



ZAP 2—"work duplex"

# SOUND SAFE SIMPLE

\*Money for spending when you go ashore  
on foreign stations

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sixpence each year on every pound you  
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Request to see your Divisional Officer  
NOW to start an allotment to the

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## SNAG SHIFTS

by CY Tunks, Staff of FO2 FEF

Apart from a somewhat indistinguishable photograph in some ancient COMMUNICATOR from the archives, I cannot remember ever having seen an article from the testing ground of the Royal Navy, namely the staff of FO2 Far East Fleet.

There are believed to be one or two sparkers knocking about, but basically the staff consists of the CY and LRO(T) plus four RO's, not forgetting the Flag Lieutenant, who is more "In the know" than one is often led to expect. We work pretty hard. A typically quiet day will begin at 0600 and finish about midnight. Exercises are of course a vastly different matter, working a routine of watch on, stop on. Whilst we realise that this applies to most Communicators, it is very difficult to run an exercise, plan a new one and wash up the last, with the limited staff that we have. However, being staff has its advantages, for you are always fairly close up with what's going on in the Communication world.

The job is classed as an eighteen-months foreign and, as such, is an unaccompanied seagoing draft. I arrived by jackstay at the beginning of "Fotex" after two years ashore at Dolphin and it's fair to say that should any other CY be drafted to a job like this, after a similar period ashore, he would require an extensive course to catch up. I was fortunate that I had a turnover at sea.

We started "Fotex" in *Lion*, but soon the entire staff and baggage was transferred to the *Albion*. This was done in relays using three helicopters. I can assure anyone who hasn't been winched up in a helicopter and then pushed out into space for the descent, that they have an experience coming. From *Albion* we transferred back to *Lion* in Singapore, and thence to *Ark Royal* for a rather splendid trip to Hong Kong. This was marred only by the fact that we had to anchor in Junk Bay and it took an hour to get ashore. Next came a period in Singapore at *Terror* for a welcome three weeks ashore, and now we are on board the *Victorius* en-route for Subic Bay and an exercise with the Americans. The Admiral, Vice-Admiral J. P. Scatchard has, in the last fifteen months, shifted lock stock and barrel a total of seventeen times!

If those of you who are languishing behind desks in Admiralty and *Mercury* should be unfortunate enough to have your day rudely shattered by news of a draft to the Far East, you will find it vastly changed—not always for the better I'm afraid. Apart from the places one visits, which are bound to become more commercialised with each passing year, you are in for a shock.

The Far East Fleet is now the only large gathering of Commonwealth ships to be found in one place. Consequently we find ourselves acting as guinea pigs for the rest of the Communication world. Amongst the requests we get is one from *Mercury* asking for tapes of Tactical Voice for training

purposes and another from Admiralty instructing us to try yet another new ASW common procedure. Although naturally "Agin" new ideas (!) this might work, provided we had boxes of Tactical ratings readily available on an S156!! There is, of course, extra enthusiasm when we join the Americans and have to try and sort out their strange system of communications. From the staff point of view, the continual battle of getting to know people is ever present; no sooner do we settle in, than we're up and off again, much to the relief of whichever ship we happen to be in! Nobody likes the staff and it usually entails a 50% increase in traffic.

However, don't be put off, for although the Far East Fleet does spend most of its time at sea, there are excellent compensations—it's calm!!

Apart from the monsoon season, now upon us, the weather is first class and anyone who isn't a first-rate swimmer and bronzy bronzy by the time he returns home, has only himself to blame, and, there are some fabulous runs ashore which are well within the reach of everyone's pocket.

If any CY fancies himself as a flier, this is the job for him, for he'll find himself up and down in all manner of aircraft when the Admiral suddenly decides to visit. This may take the form of a long haul to Australia or a short one to a ship of the screen. So get your requests in for this interesting job now, and I'll be here to greet the lucky one in December 1964.

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## OFFICIAL SECRETS

ROUTINE 010330Z  
FM NZNB  
TO CS SINGAPORE  
UNCLASSIFIED.  
FOR PVSO. YOUR 280835Z JUN.  
BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF UK TYPE  
SAUSAGES SHOULD BE SIGNALLED OR  
SPECIFICATION DESPATCHED AIRMAIL.  
OTHER TENDERS UNAWARE OF UK  
ARTICLE.

010330Z  
REF. 280835Z—UK TYPE SAUSAGES RE-  
QUIRED.  
UU

RR RBMIGN  
DE RBMI  
BT  
REF YR DITI REFERRING TO MY DITI  
REFERRING TO YOUR DITI  
WHAT DOES COVER MEAN??????  
BT  
18/0050Z

NNNN

## LONDONDERRY COMCEN

The biting wind which howls across *Sea Eagle's* parade ground and comes straight off Lough Foyle is one of the many typical Northern Irish phenomena which beset us in our daily round—even tonight it threatened to tear my books and writing gear from my clutching arms. However, I pressed on and the lights of Londonderry City, on the west bank of the Foyle, seemed to wink facetiously across the dark waters. Night had closed in, and the well-known phrase 'You shouldn't have joined if . . . etc.' echoed in my ears as I entered XMHQ—home of MGK/MHS—for yet another night watch.

Blinking in the strip lighting, which is a feature of so many Comcens, I dumped my gear on a convenient ledge and listened to my 'turnover'. Next item on the agenda, a 'wet' of tea or coffee—entirely dependent upon the financial state of the ever-fluctuating teaboat. Have I only been on watch for thirty minutes? It seems like thirty hours. It's all in the mind, or so I am told.

What is in my mind? "Nothing!" you may have replied, in which case, you are wrong as it is a kaleidoscope of people, places and events. Take for example the latest shock in the C.R.R.; our longest-standing member has received a draft! He has not been forgotten, as we had all assumed. We have a sort of floating staff here; they come in and go out as regular as the tide. Until recently it was considered that the Wrens were the only ones that stayed, but now this idea has received a knock with two recent departures and three new arrivals. New faces, new places—the kaleidoscope whirls on. . . .

The thought of places brings me to Londonderry which sits on the banks of the river Foyle, its rows and rows of terraced houses clinging to the hilly slopes. From the parade ground (where, you will remember, that biting wind howls) most of the city can be seen in its grey entirety; the uniform roofs relieved only by the spires of two cathedrals and the brown tower of the Guildhall. In the distance the hills are greener than usual, caused by a liberal rainfall sprinkling the area with monotonous regularity (another of the phenomena).

Recent events in the communication field have not proved monotonous however. We now have quite a formidable array of equipment which is guaranteed to deter all but the strongest—the writer having, at last, discovered why *Mercury* teaches a mysterious subject known to all as 'A.T.' On the sports field the various strengths of Communicators have been much in evidence, and on the cricket field and in the swimming baths they have run or splashed their way to victory (weather permitting).

A dry spell . . . yes, that reminds me, another wet of coffee would be just fine, thanks very much. What is that I hear, a SHIP on C.C.N.? . . . Now to do some work!

## GIB. COMMS. I.Q.

During August and September, Gibraltar T.V. screened "Who knows?", the equivalent to the U.K. programme "Pencil and Paper". It ran for eight weeks and the final contest was between the two teams who had scored the highest total of points during the contests.

The "Wrens Comms" team took part in the first programme and they remained unbeaten until the fourth week when they went down by three points to "Windy Hill" team. The latter remained undefeated until they met the Wren Comms team again in the final, when the ladies had their revenge and won by three points—the same margin by which they had suffered their earlier defeat! The winners received suitably inscribed trophies from Commander Watson, R.N., the Commanding Officer of *Rooke*.



Among the victims of this combined assault were a team of school teachers, a group of Leeds University students and the Pilot, Navigator and Electronic Officer of a Gibraltar based Shackleton. P.O. Wren Chestnovitch, P.O. Wren Harrison and Wren Cook formed the "Wrens Comms" team and the "Windy Hill" team consisted of CCY Panter CY Hood and CY Constantine.

## MARITIME HEADQUARTERS ROSYTH

by Janes Boys

As the result of two exercises in quick succession and the influx of supernumeraries to swell our watch bill, a greater number of people are now aware of the "different" way of life we lead here.

MHQ Rosyth stands in the grounds of a Royal Air Force Station which is the Headquarters of Number 18 Group, Coastal Command. It is natural, therefore, that we have been sharing a "joint" existence for some time. Our officers mess with those of the RAF, and the ratings, while having their own living spaces, share dining rooms with RAF personnel and are victualled by our sister Service. I believe that the profits in the Sergeants' bar are considerably swollen by the almost voluntary contributions of some well-known naval Communicators! Accommodation is very limited and

we take as many as we can, but ratings drafted *Cochrane* (supernumerary) have to be accommodated in *Cochrane* and consequently have "duty free" privileges.

This situation, where some of the Communication ratings are borne in a base ship, presents some training problems but we try to overcome them by holding training classes whenever exercises are not in progress. The parent ship of the Headquarters Reserve is also in the grounds of the H.Q. and we are able to use its facilities for training purposes, so that if we also have a supernumerary Senior Rate to help out, a fair amount of training can be undertaken.

When the present exercise is completed we intend to hold the second of the new style Fleet Boards. The number of applications so far received is very encouraging, but we hope that all aspiring candidates will take to heart the warnings they have been given. We make no apologies for saying "No Swot—No Pass".

The modernisation of the MHQ is still progressing but, meanwhile, the interim (and very much Joint) Comcen often surprises newcomers—"quarts in pint pots" and so on—but we all agree that the authors of this layout made a splendid effort. Nevertheless, the Comcen is packed into the old L.C.H.Q. The C.W. and RATT bays are sited in what were originally the cubicles for the various Duty Controllers and the passage behind the cubicles. It is rather like an enlarged version of "Monopoly"—if you drop in, you either "buy" the Watch or try to get out before you throw a six! The Main floor resembles platform 1 of Waterloo underground station during the rush hour!

Members of our H.Q.R. Unit spent part of their training fortnight in the Portsmouth area and this included three days at *Mercury*. They were very impressed with everything which they had seen and had been told and particularly by the welcome they received. It was the first time they had undertaken a trip of this kind and their view of the "rest of the branch" helped them and we who train them considerably as was shown in subsequent exercises.

Finally, there is a little "band of braves" who must also be included in this article. They are the crew of North Queensferry Signal Station. N.Q.S.S. is situated under the northern end of the railway bridge and provides a fine view of the new road bridge. The crew live on the station (not railway!) and always have good food to eat. They have their moments, of course, and these include catching the splashes when the railway bridge is being painted at that end, and chasing cows from the edge of the quarry or off the Chief Yeoman's garden. They also have their adventure, as recently publicised when the trio Brown (K), Smith (J) and Hewitt attempted to rescue a kitten which was trapped on a ledge in the quarry—their gravity-defying efforts were thwarted by the local PDSA Inspector who reached the kitten using a canoe!

Recently, the NQSS was involved in one of those telephonic interchanges which are often regarded as being of doubtful origin, but this one really did happen and it went as follows:—

An LRO rang a certain U.S. ship and was answered by an American who said, "Officer of the Deck, Number One messenger speaking".

LRO: "N.Q.S.S. here. I have a gale warning for you".

U.S. Ship: "Just one moment, please". (Pause of two minutes).

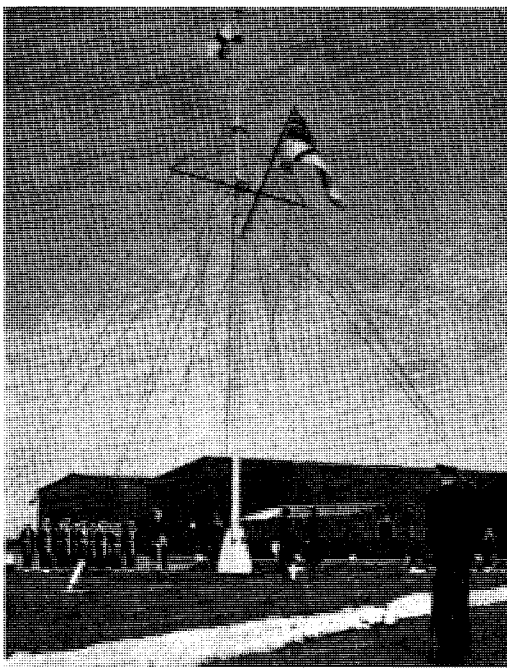
U.S. Ship: "Commander here. What do you have for me?"

Slightly puzzled, the LRO repeats: "I have a gale warning for you, Sir!"

U.S. Commander: "Godammit, man, I was told you had a girl waiting for me".

## FAREWELL

by Sub-Lieutenant K. Reith



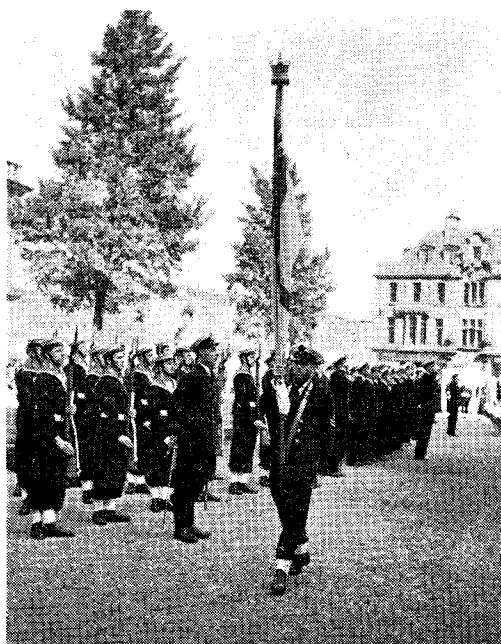
By the time this article appears in print this establishment will have ceased to be Her Majesty's Ship *Sanderling* and the Royal Naval Air Station Abbotsinch will no longer be in existence. It is, perhaps, over-sentimental to say that her passing will be mourned as we are all realistic enough to recognise the necessity for a more compact and streamlined Service, but it is always a little sad when a ship or station which has served so well and faithfully for a considerable number of years should have to be paid off before the end of its useful life. *Sanderling* has served her masters well

and has favoured neither the navy blue of the R.N. nor the lighter blue of the R.A.F., but has given of her utmost in fulfilling all the tasks she has been called upon to do, from the training of Naval Torpedo Crews by the R.A.F. (Oh! the shame of it), in 1932, to the present-day facilities for Gliding schools and model aeroplane clubs. So the flying tradition is being preserved and will continue unbroken for many years after Abbotsinch becomes the new Civil Airport for Glasgow.

The last few months have been particularly busy ones as it is amazing how much work is required to rid oneself of years of accumulated "necessities" which were required to maintain an efficient and well running department and were stowed away in the "might come in handy cupboards". Our numbers have dwindled steadily since August when we ceased to be an operational Flying Station until we are now coping with a skeleton staff (no connection with the cupboards previously mentioned!).

The closure process has been marked by a number of ceremonies, those of most interest to Communicators being when *Sanderling* wore the flag of F.O. Air Home and the laying-up of a White Ensign in Paisley Abbey to mark the association of the Station with the burgh. The first occasion took place on 10th July, the day chosen for the Ceremonial Closure of the Station, when we were given the privilege of wearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir John Hamilton, K.B.E., C.B., and as this was the first and last time an Admiral's flag had been worn in *Sanderling* we provided an extra large colour party of one P.O. Radio Supervisor, one L/Wren Radio Operator and two Wren Radio Operators as can be seen in the accompanying photograph. During that very busy day we had a March Past, Fly Past, Reception for families and friends and a "Beat Retreat" ceremony. I don't intend going into details but I would like to mention that, true to Abbotsinch tradition, the weather did its best to ruin the day and the "Beat Retreat" ceremony had to be held under cover in a hangar. This presented no problem to the Communications Department who quickly triced up a halyard to a convenient girder in the hangar roof and the ensign was duly lowered from there; it probably did not look as decorative as a tall white mast but was just as effective.

A more colourful occasion was the laying-up of a White Ensign in Paisley Abbey on Sunday, 15th September to mark the twenty years association between the Burgh of Paisley and *Sanderling*. After a farewell march through Paisley by the Ship's Company, the Ensign was carried at the Slow March, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne", past the parade, and was accorded the proper marks of respect by the guard at the General Salute and the officers saluting. After a simple service of dedication it was laid to rest in the Abbey. It was a most impressive ceremony, the spirit of which has been captured so well by the accompanying photograph which was taken by a photographer of the *Glasgow Herald*.



*By courtesy of the Glasgow Herald.*

#### Laying up the Ensign in Paisley Abbey.

All that remains to be said now, in this, our final contribution, is good-bye from *Sanderling*, R.N.A.S. Abbotsinch; but, who knows, perhaps we may meet at the terminal building of the new Glasgow Civic Airport, 3 years and 4½ million pounds from now, and be whisked into the bright lights of the city on the proposed mono-railway to while away the time before we continue the journey to our destination.

### LOOK! NO HANDS

The National Research Council of Canada have produced an idea which may make future "Colour Parties" redundant. It might almost be the ultimate in automation in the Communications Branch—it is an automatic flagpole.

A photoelectric cell that is highly sensitive to light has been built into a flagpole. When dawn breaks, a motor opens a case housing a flag, and starts running it up nylon halyards. When it reaches the top of the pole it trips a switch that stops the motor. At dusk the photoelectric cell opens the container again, lowers the flag and closes the lid on it for the night. A tape recorder built into the cell can play either "Retreat" or a gentle roll of drums. All that is needed now is to add the two phrases: "Nine o'clock, Sir!", and "Sunset, Sir!" to the tape.

## R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON



Life continues serenely in our Somerset haven, disturbed only by the occasional roar of the Sea Vixens, Fleet exercises, Admirals inspection and a constant stream of visitors from V.V.I.P's down to—dare I say it?—Wren Radio Operator trainees. The inspection is being conducted as I write, and is now in its second day with a glorious day of evolutions to come tomorrow. We do enjoy ourselves!

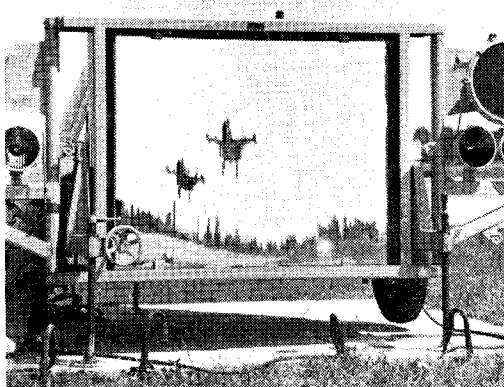
We have had an unusually large number of staff changes in the last few months and the upheaval is due to continue—CRS Ashwell goes to pension at the end of this year and RS Golledge leaves for Mauritius at about the same time. Almost the whole of the male staff has changed, or is due to change, shortly, and the Wrens continue to rotate at an alarming rate. The M.P.B.W. painters working in the P.C.B. have been with us so long now that we regard them as the only permanent members of the staff!



"The rotation of WRENS."

The gardens around the P.C.B. continue to flourish under the skilful care of the CRS and his "volunteer" gardening party, and we received a prize in the local gardens competition this year. Our grateful thanks, for their assistance, to the "manure machines" supplied by the Yeovilton Saddle Club!

A recent "scrumpy and skittles" run to a local hostelry was most successful and we hope to make a habit of this sort of event in the future.



## KIWIS ON THE WING

by RO2 L. A. Hocken, RNZN

Whilst reading the Easter edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, some of us at ZLO were disappointed to find that not one "Flamin' Kiwi" had bothered to give a write up to the boys in the far south and so I hope to rectify this lamentable state of affairs forthwith.

The Yanks think of us as another State of Australia but we feel sure that someone in England knows better, if only as a result of FX 10 trials when we are constantly out of touch! For those who have not encountered this experience, HMNZS *Irirangi* is a radio station (of all things), commissioned (why, we don't know) as a Naval Establishment, and, is situated half way up the Southern slopes of Mount Ruapehu in the centre of North Island. The Maori name "Irirangi" means "Queen of Song" and is taken from the legendary Maori Princess who was noted for both her beauty and her voice of mellow sweetness—some of the voices one hears nowadays are far from mellow and anything but sweet!

The station was built in 1943 as a Combined Services W/T station but, at the end of the war, the RNZAF got the boot and it became known as the Naval W/T Station Waiouru. In October, 1951, the station was commissioned as HMNZS *Irirangi* with pendant flying bravely in SDML 3554. We work Fixed Services with Canberra, Australia, Honolulu and Vancouver and pinch most of the Australian Naval Ship Shore traffic; we also succeed in keeping our own ships, both Naval and Merchant, happy and contented around our own shores.

We are 3,000 ft. above sea level and our weather is fairly easy to forecast—we have a day's rain, followed by a deep freeze, two day's snow and then, if we're lucky, a day to relax in. Recreational activities cover anything from golf (on our own course) to ski-ing and game shooting, but, because we are over eighty miles from any decent sized township, there is a lot of boredom which, together with the weather, explains why we see so many requests for drafts to the F.E.S. and warmer areas.

Finally, what has two wings, two legs, a long beak, a short tail but can't fly?

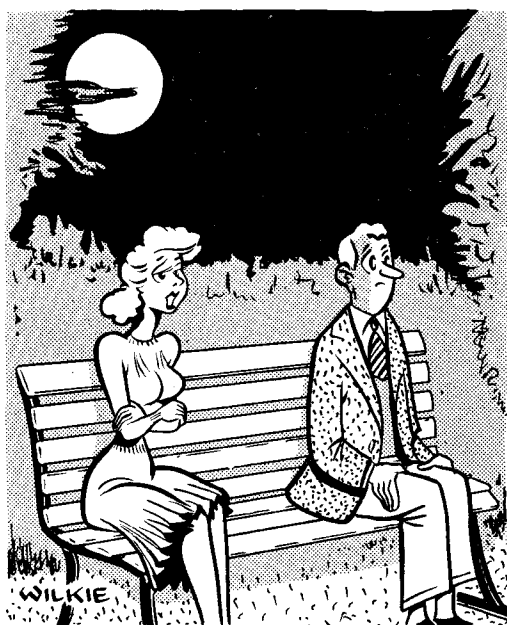
*Editor's Note.* Readers of the Summer edition will have noticed that the Kiwis were included.

## CARTOON COMPETITION

The committee has had great difficulty in choosing the most suitable caption for the cartoon competition. However, after long discussions, the committee finally decided to accept three from the forty-one received, and in the hope of encouraging future enthusiasm, half a guinea is awarded for each of the following:—

- (i) Outward Bounders.
- (ii) Action must now be taken on one or two Salient points.
- (iii) "Sit 'ere," 'e says, "make yourself comfy . . . an' enjoy the view".

EDITOR.



## NAVAL RATING'S "GREAT COURAGE"

The award of the British Empire Medal for Gallantry to 28-years-old Leading Radio Communications Operator Gordon James Stocker—he showed "great courage and resource" states the citation—is announced in the LONDON GAZETTE.

LRO Stocker is now serving on the staff of the Resident Naval Officer at Nassau. Accompanied by an Army Staff Officer he landed by an amphibious aircraft on an island in the Bahamas and assisted in successfully rounding up seven armed Cubans.

LRO Stocker joined the Royal Navy in 1956 and served in the Reserve Fleet at Portsmouth before going to the West Indies in September of last year. His wife is with him in Nassau. His stepfather is licensee of the Greyhound Inn, Stricklandgate, Penrith, where he attended the Boys' National School and the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School and was apprenticed as a joiner.

## THE R.N.R.

The present Royal Naval Reserve was formed in 1957 when the old Royal Naval Reserve, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and the Royal Naval Volunteer Wireless Reserve merged. At the same time, a Headquarters Reserve was established to man the four main Maritime Headquarters.

With a strength of about 5,000 officers and men together with 920 Women's Royal Naval Reservists, the R.N.R. is organised into eleven Divisions, each of which operates from a Sea Training Centre and has a fully operational Coastal Minesweeper attached to it; the latter are manned entirely by R.N.R. officers and men. Affiliated to the Divisions there are a number of Wireless Districts and each District has several Wireless Training Centres.

The Communication strength of the R.N.R. is just over 1,100 and they train on one or two evenings a week and occasionally at week-ends. They also have a fortnight's continuous training each year; this may be carried out in the Signal School at Devonport, in *Mercury*, in a Shore Headquarters during an exercise, or at sea in either an R.N. ship or an R.N.R. C.M.S.

The introduction of the new rating structure in the R.N. has also had its effect in the R.N.R., but because of the limited time available, it was considered to be more efficient if the R.N.R.'s specialised on entry. All are called Radio Operators but they have the following sub-specialisations:—

- (a) (T.C.) for Tactical Communications, and will be trained as signalmen for minesweepers and small craft but will do no typing
- (b) (R.C.) for Radio Communications, and are trained purely and simply as "sparkers" for minesweepers, other ships and certain headquarters.
- (c) (G.C.) for General Communications, and will be trained as A.T. operators for shore headquarters, although they will be able to undergo some sea training in peace-time.

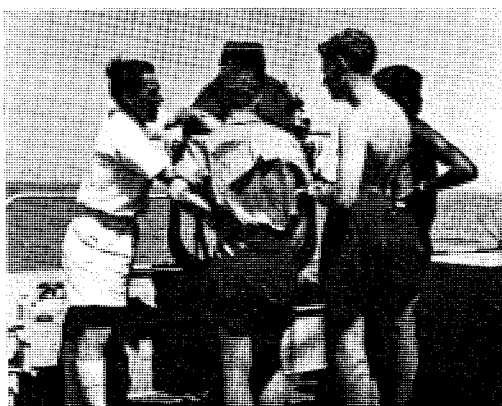
There are Communications ratings of the W.R.N.R. in all the Divisions and in some of the Wireless Training Centres; they are trained as A.T. operators, although some who were originally trained as Morse operators still remain.

The Headquarters Reserves are located at Rosyth, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Northwood (London), and the Reservists who man them live locally and are trained for particular jobs such as T/P operators, Telephone operators, Crypto operators, Radio operators or Message Handlers. At least three more H.Q. Reserves are likely to be formed in the near future.

The Reserves are run by the Admiral Commanding Reserves in Admiralty, and his Staff includes a qualified Communications Officer, an SD(C) Officer and a CRS. About 40 regular Radio Supervisors and Yeomen are spread amongst the Divisions and

Districts and they are employed full time on administration and training.

Last August, the Admiral Commanding Reserves, flying his flag in *Belfast*, took all eleven R.N.R. Coastal Minesweepers on a training cruise to Gibraltar and back. There was also a large number of R.N.R. ratings embarked in *Belfast* for their annual training, and the accompanying photograph shows some of them receiving instruction on the flag deck of *Belfast*.



The R.N.R. values their close links with the Royal Navy and welcomes opportunities to visit ships and to carry out exercises with them and would extend a warm welcome to any ex-R.N. Communicators who are much needed in the R.N.R.

## H.M.S. SCOTIA, ROSYTH

It was a severe shock to all members of the ship's company to hear of the death, in a car accident, of the W.R.N.R. Unit Officer, Second Officer Doris Holdrapp, on 15th October, 1963. During the war she served both as a Wren and as a Wren Officer, and was finally stationed at *Condor*. She was a talented pianist, and knew songs from all branches of the Navy and led the entertainment at *Scotia* functions. Most of the Officers and Wrens attended the funeral service in St. Andrews.

## H.M.S. WESSEX

### R.N.R. Solent Division

We no longer live in a "real ship" as August saw the departure of the old *Wessex* (originally *Erne*), and our faithful ship was sadly towed away, destined for the breaker's yard. Tear-stained faces can still be seen gazing at her across the waters of Portsmouth harbour. Before she left us, however, a lot of the equipment was removed for transfer to our shore headquarters and the S.C.O. now refers to his Communicators as cannibals after seeing them "gutting" the communications department of the ship!

The new HQ building is situated at 50 Berth, Southampton Docks and in the past it has served as the terminal building of Aquila Airways Flying Boat Service and, more recently, as the Armed Forces Embarkation Control. It has been converted magnificently by the Navy Works Department with, as one newspaper described it, "local advice from the R.N.R.!" The facilities of the new HQ are a great improvement on those in the old *Wessex*, and we are the first RNR Division to be equipped with the long-promised RATT, and, what's more, it works! We have even said goodbye to such old faithfuls as the B28 and B29 in exchange for the B40 and B41. Such is progress but, with all these changes, we still have to cope with ACP 100.

The climax of our move was the opening ceremony which was performed by the Chief of the Defence Staff on August 31st. We were also honoured by the presence of the Admiral Commanding Reserves, the Chaplain of the Fleet (whose powers, we suspect, ensured fine weather despite a gloomy forecast) and other distinguished Service and Civil guests as well as wives and families by whose permission the R.N.R. continues to function.



**Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, KG, PC, GCB, GCSI, GCIE, GCVO, DSO, LL.D, DCL, DSC, at the opening ceremony.**

One great advantage of 50 Berth is that *Warsash*, the division's C.M.S., is kept alongside in a tidal berth and is readily available for training on drill nights and can be used for exercises in Southampton Water during the summer months.

On a more domestic note we congratulate RS Cawdell and RS Pomeroy for having recently completed the Corsham Leadership course, and we hope to see them "with their buttons" in the near future. LRO(T) Martin and Mrs. Martin on their first daughter (earmarked for the WRNR) and RO2 Pete Hampton on his nuptials.

Our sad news is that we are to lose our Staff Instructor, RS Peter Budd who departs for Malta

early next year. We extend to him and his wife all our best wishes and we wish to express a real and deep gratitude for all he has done for the Division during his stay here, when life has been at its most trying.

In this mood of change it is noticed that on the "bunting" side, our two CCY's are hanging on, like grim death, to the noble order of crossed flags—they are likely to be the last remaining survivors of this ancient and honoured emblem. They are finding things a little strange, but hope that *Mercury* will hold their hands, and may even find time to loan them the Tactical Teacher.

Not to be outdone by nuptials and births, the Division whose S.C.O. also has the title of C.O. No. 11 Wireless District, has given birth to a wireless unit to be formed at Quay Street, Newport, Isle of Wight, with RS Cawdell as the senior RNR rating. The unit already has three recruits and is anxious to increase in size. The main drill night is Wednesday and Communicators are invited to visit and, if eligible, to join.

Finally it is high time that the fallacies about the RNR (and the old RNVR) were dispelled. True we still try to be gentlemen and sailors but we now have proof of the latter, for, after "Cableway" (a live minesweeping exercise) was completed, CTF 339 made a signal which concluded "After 24 hours shakedown on task, so far as I am concerned you can remove RNR on sleeves and shoulder flashes. They are all the same R.N. It is fair to say that without their splendid support we could not have completed "Cableway" in time".



**"Now knock the telly through the kitchen wall and I'll set fire to anything that's left."**



## LONDON DIVISION R.N.R.

by CRS J. W. E. Kelson

A "newcomer" from the R.N., like me, finds this job very different from the usual because he is dealing with a voluntary, part-time organisation and this necessitates considerable adjustment. Like all things, however, there are compensations and the fact that my billet is midway between Waterloo and Blackfriars bridges and only ten minutes' walk from the West End will, no doubt, be envied by many, but *President* and *Chrysanthemum* are berthed midway between the bridges and I imagine that this draft is the only one in the R.N. which enables one to have a view of both Big Ben and St. Paul's Cathedral!

We are a reasonably active Division and we try to take part in all the various exercises. The Communications complement, including Wrens, is about fifty-five and the instructions given, as in all Reserve Training Centres, are many and varied and occasionally have to compete with the running commentaries given by the Coxswains of the pleasure boats as they pass. Further operational training is given in our two minesweepers, *Thames* and *Isis*, which are berthed at Southampton but are looked after and maintained by the London Division despite a recent article in the *Portsmouth Evening News* to the contrary!

Our drill nights are Tuesdays and Thursdays and we run a broadcast on Mondays. Any R.N. Communicators who are in the London area and are at a loose end are very welcome to visit us on these evenings—our beer is as good as any! Also any "retired" R.N. Communicators who live in this area would be very welcome to our strength as their help and experience would be a great asset.

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## A TWIST OF FATE

by LRO(W) G. Baird

Johnny Harper lay on his bed in the small room he occupied at the Willowtree Boarding house, in Richmond, watching the smoke from his cigarette curl lazily towards the ceiling. Through the open window which overlooked the Thames, floated the sound of children's laughter, and occasionally the harsh hoot from a passing steamer's siren. But Johnny was oblivious of the noise from outside. His mind was intent upon solving the problem which had confronted him since the previous evening. This was no simple problem; indeed its outcome would affect his entire future, and Linda's.

He smiled as his thoughts turned momentarily from the complicated problem of the robbery, to the more pleasant vision of Linda. He had fallen for her the first day they met. He had been trying his hand at fishing (a far cry from his usual occupation), in an attempt to while away the hours of boredom. He had come to Richmond to escape the

over zealous attempts by the police in London to question him in connection with an attempted wages snatch, and, whilst fishing, he noticed the pretty blonde in the blue frock sitting on a bench behind him. She was reading a book and, apparently had noticed him too, for on several occasions he had caught her gazing in his direction. She had always dropped her eyes to her book when she saw him looking at her, but he was interested; and, as it turned out later, so was she.

He had gone across to her on the pretence of asking the time, and had turned on his full charm. In a very short time he had found out that her name was Linda Stevenson, that she worked in Richmond, and that she, too, was bored. They had talked for over an hour, giving each other details of their past lives, and, when they eventually parted, it was on the understanding that they would meet later, for dinner.

It had started so easily, so pleasantly, and they were leaving the next morning for London, to be married. Johnny had asked her the previous evening to marry him, and had also decided to do one last job—a big job that would give him enough money to settle down with Linda, and lead a quiet, comfortable life.

Reluctantly Johnny allowed his thoughts to return to the plans he had made for that evening. He had heard of Mr. Jarrod and his silly superstitions about banks, in his local bar. Before meeting Linda, he had made a habit of going in there each evening for a few drinks, and to listen to the conversations of people who frequented the bar. It was whilst listening to a conversation between two elderly gentlemen one evening, that he overheard them discussing Jarrod, and his fortune. From what they had said, Jarrod apparently had an unusual fear of banks, preferring to hoard his fortune in his home. Johnny had almost whistled in surprise when he heard estimates of Jarrod's wealth being put at over three hundred thousand pounds. That was all Johnny had learnt in the bar, but, on his own, he had accumulated enough facts and information to allow him to work out a complete plan, which, if it worked, would relieve Mr. Jarrod of quite a slice of that three hundred thousand.

A few innocently put questions, and Johnny had found out the Jarrod's address. Then posing as a representative of the electric company, which, he had explained to the butler, was making extensive surveys of electrical appliances used in the district, he had been given a tour of the Jarrod residence. He had learnt everything he needed during that brief tour.

Jarrod lived with his wife, daughter, and elderly mother who was an invalid. There was a butler and a maid. The old lady and the butler had been the only two present when Johnny visited the house. The butler had been most co-operative, unintentionally letting slip valuable information which showed that the Jarrod's were great party lovers, and, when

they went to a party, he, or the maid, had the unpleasant task of remaining at home with the old lady. During his visit Johnny became more and more certain that the money would be distributed around the house in a few cunningly placed safes. Finding the safes was the problem, opening them would be easy.

Having worked out his plan, Johnny had decided to wait until the heat was off in London before he tried anything. It would be necessary for him to return to London immediately after doing the job in order to meet his contacts, who, in addition to taking any jewellery he might have, would also provide him a safe passage to Europe where he could lie low for a few months.

It was then that Linda had entered his life. Johnny had almost forgotten his intended robbery during their first weeks together. It was only when his cash began to run short, that he remembered.

Johnny rose from the bed and crossed to the open window. It was lucky he had not been seeing Linda every evening, or his cash would not have lasted as long as it had. He was secretly glad that she had to work some evenings, although she had declined to tell him where. Johnny felt that she was ashamed of the work she was doing because of the way he had been throwing his money around on her. Anyway, he had told her he was in the used car business, so that just about made things even. Besides, she was leaving her work in the morning to start a new life, not as Linda Stevenson, but as Mrs. Linda Harper.

Johnny glanced at his watch. In three hours he would make his way to St. Margaret's. It was risky not knowing whether the Jarrods were at home or out at some party, but it was a risk he would have to take because he needed the money. Without it, Linda and he would never be well off. Besides he had promised himself that this would be his last job. Once he was married he would say goodbye to the world of crime, and he had even thought of going into the used car business. Johnny's luck had taken a turn for the better since his arrival in Richmond, and it continued when he left for St. Margaret's that evening. He walked by the river to Twickenham Bridge, and it was as he turned into The Avenue, that he received his big break. A large black Humber passed slowly over the bridge, and as Johnny glanced towards it, his heart leapt. The driver was the butler who had admitted him to the Jarrod house several weeks before, and he had time to notice three figures seated in the rear of the car, before it passed on. Johnny continued towards the house, convinced that it was Jarrod and his family he had seen in the car, and his hopes of success soared.

There was no one in sight as Johnny reached the drive leading to the house. He was thankful for the growing darkness, and kept well in the shadow of the trees as he made his way towards the house. As he expected, the rear door was bolted. He moved on into the garden, and crossed the lawn towards the

pantry window. Quickly he examined the small window—it was open. He pulled an old garden seat across and placed it against the wall under the window and was able to squeeze through, although he disliked the idea of dropping 'blind' inside. Fortunately there was nothing to obstruct his landing, and he crossed the small pantry, opened the door, and passed on into the kitchen. It was difficult to see clearly in the darkness, but Johnny was reluctant to use his torch at this stage, because of the uncurtained windows.

Once in the long hall he wasted no time. It had been after nine when he had seen the Jarrods on the bridge. How long they would be away he couldn't say, but he was willing to give himself until eleven; after that he would be in borrowed time.

There were no lights showing downstairs, and Johnny moved quickly into the library, closing the door behind him. The curtains were drawn, so he switched on his powerful torch. The room was vaguely familiar, and he had to spend a few moments shining his torch around to get his bearings. He searched thoroughly, looking in cupboards, drawers, and bookshelves. Patiently he sounded the walls, looking behind paintings and mirrors. Finally he tried the floor, again tapping with his fingers hoping to discover a hidden cavity, but in vain. As silently as he had entered, Johnny left, and moved along the hall, visiting each room on the ground floor in turn. But in every room he drew a blank. Although he had plenty of time, Johnny was beginning to get anxious. He had felt sure the ground-floor rooms would have held, if not the money, then a clue to its whereabouts. But it was a large house, and he had lots of rooms to search yet. The money was not downstairs, which meant it was either upstairs, or buried in the garden—he went upstairs.

He was almost at the top of the staircase when he heard the sound of voices coming from the old lady's room. He stopped and listened, holding his breath. The voices stopped, and Johnny waited anxiously. Perhaps he had guessed wrong. Maybe there was someone else in the house besides the maid and the old woman. Or maybe it hadn't been the Jarrods in that car after all.

As Johnny stood on the staircase, he heard the voices again, followed almost immediately by an orchestra, and he gasped a sigh of relief.

"The ruddy wireless," he muttered, and silently cursed himself for being so nervous, "I'll have to do better than this. I don't want an attack of jitters tonight of all nights."

Pausing at the top of the staircase, Johnny reflected quickly on each room as he remembered it from his previous visit. He eliminated the servants' and old lady's rooms, leaving Jarrod's bedroom, and the daughter's room. He decided on Jarrod's room first. He moved swiftly along the carpeted landing towards the door. Once inside, he paused

and was just about to switch on the torch, when he remembered the curtains.

"Careless! Johnny boy," he said, as he felt his way across to the window. "One more mistake like that and you're finished."

As he was reaching for the curtain cord, it happened! He felt his leg brush against something on the floor, and, too late, he remembered the two large oriental vases standing each side of the bay window. The crash was like a rifle shot in Johnny's ears. In the sudden silence which followed he stood paralysed with fear, gazing at the broken vase. The sound of a door closing in the hall broke his trance. There was a further silence, then he heard the muffled sound of voices. Johnny turned, his body tense and alert. He retraced his steps to the door, and put his ear to the panelling in a vain effort to hear what was being said. The sweat trickled slowly down his forehead, and he was suddenly aware of a dryness in his mouth.

Then, unmistakably, Johnny heard the muffled approach of footsteps on the soft carpet outside. He flattened himself against the wall behind the door and waited, hardly daring to breathe. The footsteps stopped, and a door was opened. Johnny heard the click of a light switch, and knew the maid was in the daughter's bedroom. He glanced around in the darkness of the room. It was a hopeless position. The maid would obviously come to this room next, and she would see him the moment she switched on the light. He could make a run for it, but he would not be able to stop her getting a close look at him, and that was the last thing he wanted. Once the police had his description he was lost. He heard the door being closed further down the passage, and the footsteps shuffling closer. As they approached his door, Johnny suddenly realised what he must do. He wiped his sweating hands on his trousers, drew the heavy torch from his jacket pocket, and waited.

As the room door opened he moved. The maid's head was turned towards the light switch when Johnny swung his torch. It hit her behind the right ear, and as she crumpled unconscious to the floor, Johnny dashed past her into the hall. He was halfway down the staircase before he heard the old lady's voice asking if everything was alright.

When he reached the safety of his room some fifteen minutes later, Johnny made straight for his whiskey bottle, and poured himself a double. Later, as he lay on his bed thinking over what had happened Johnny realised how close he had come to making that fatal slip. Next time he wouldn't be so fortunate. Next time? His thoughts turned to Linda, and he shuddered. There would never be a next time. He had almost lost her tonight, and he could never do that. He would have to tell her the truth, that he was broke; she would understand. He could take a job somewhere, and somehow they would make out, just as long as they were together. With

these thoughts of Linda, and of their meeting next day swirling confusedly in his mind, Johnny eventually drifted into a restless sleep.

It was the insistent hooting of a steamer's siren that awakened Johnny next morning. He leapt from bed and dashed to the sink. It was ten-thirty, and he was to meet Linda at the station by eleven. Hurriedly he washed and shaved, put on a fresh shirt and suit, and left for the station. It was eleven-fifteen when he arrived, but there was no sign of Linda. Johnny was far from being worried. He knew Linda could not always arrive on time. She had often been late before, through something unexpected happening at work. He was thankful in a way that she was late, it would give him time to have a coffee, and think over what to say to her.

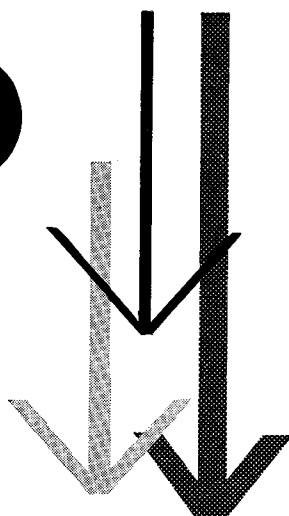
By noon Johnny had finished three cups of coffee and now he was worried. Linda had never been this late before. He decided to wait for her outside the station. It was as he was passing the newspaper stand, by the station entrance, that he caught sight of the headlines. Johnny could not believe his eyes. He grabbed a paper before the startled attendant realised what was happening, and there, on the front page he read:

#### 'MAID DIES AFTER ATTACK'

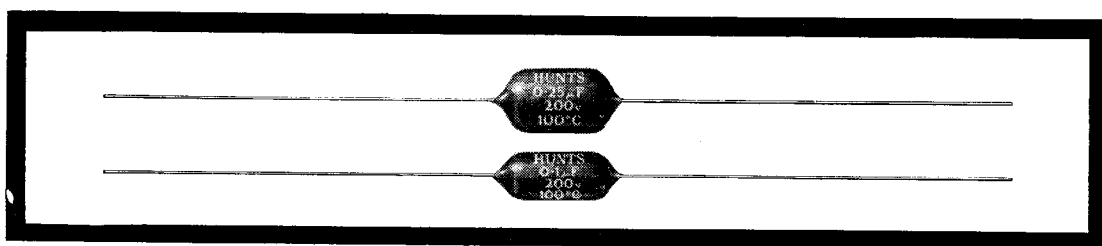
Miss Linda Stevenson, a twenty-one year old maid in the service of wealthy businessman Walter Jarrod, died early this morning from head injuries received when . . .



"No this isn't Baldykins — this is Fuzzy-Wuzzey"



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400	0.025 to 0.5	$\frac{3}{4}$ " to $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{5}{16}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Temperature Range: $-55^{\circ}\text{C}$ to $+100^{\circ}\text{C}$ Capacitance Tolerance $\pm 20\%$ (To order) $\pm 10\%$		

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## A SHORTER HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY

The Greeks invented electricity. They did it by rubbing amber with fur cats. This made the amber attract small particles, and the cat's fur to stand on end. It was only natural really, as the cats did not care much for being rubbed with amber. The Greeks did not do anything else about electricity, as they were busy at the time with a war; and the next to do anything was an Italian called Galvani.

Galvani found a way to make a frog's legs twitch by electricity. Neurotic frogs could twitch alright without Galvani, but nevertheless the discovery was important, and it led Volta to invent his cell. Volta's cell was very useful and very popular, and he made a great deal of money out of it; hence the expression "Volta's Pile". Volta also invented volts, which are the things which push amps around the circuit. Actually amps were not invented until 50 years later, so the volts had to push round on their own for a bit. This gave rise to static electricity. Static electricity is very interesting, but not very useful. It is used mostly for lightning.

After Volta, the electricity business became very brisk. Ampere invented amperes, Ohm invented ohms, Watt invented watts, Milly invented milli-amps and Meg invented megohms, the latter showing the early influence of women on electricity.

The turn of the century was now nigh. It turned after 1799, as predicted, and electricity went along at a great pace. Coulomb invented coulombs, Henry invented henries, Eddy invented eddy currents, Gauss invented geese, Evershed invented Vignoles and Baden Powell invented Boy Scouts. At this stage electricity was getting along nicely

when clerk Maxwell put the whole thing on a mathematical basis and took half the pleasure out of it.

The greatest inventor of all was Faraday; Faraday was sickly as a youth, but he got better, and invented electro-magnetic induction. This enabled electricity to be made in large pieces, and without it we should not have all the benefits of modern civilisation such as transistor wireless sets and atom bombs. Faraday was a prolific inventor and experimenter, and some of his experiments are classics. He conducted the Ice Pail Experiment, the Butterfly Net Experiment, the Faraday Cage Experiment; he also experimented with electricity.

After Faraday, the electricity business flourished and it was not long before people started selling it for money. This took the other half of the pleasure out of it, and gave rise to a vast hierarchy now under the control of administrators and policy makers. These are naturally of much more account than the old fashioned types who only made the electricity.

Nowadays there are two sorts of electricity—DC and AC. DC is a bit old fashioned and goes the same way all the time, but AC comes and goes. It goes mostly in the mornings at about 8 o'clock, just when you need it most! The supply keeps getting better, but the demand gets better as well, so nothing happens. This is called a vicious circle. Vicious circles are very dangerous and can turn into inflationary spirals if not carefully handled.

This is called Economics; Economics is a very difficult subject, and is different altogether from electricity.

# Parmeko

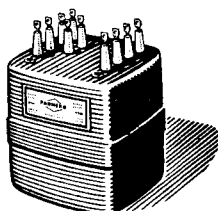
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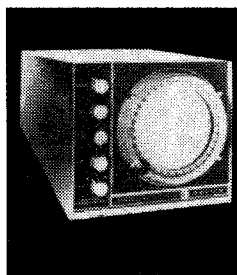
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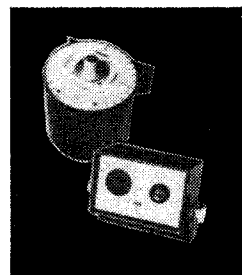
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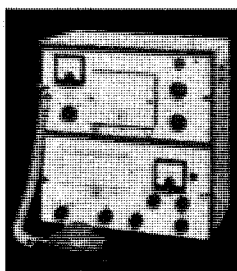
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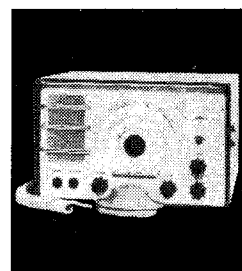
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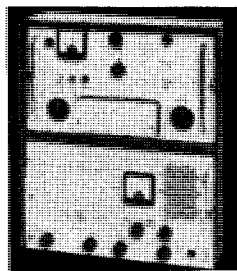
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The Curlew gives a reliable 200 mile transmission. Easy to operate and meets the needs of both commercial and private boat owners. The receiver is provided with marine and broadcast bands and Direction Finding facilities. 6 channels  
Frequency Range: 1.6-3.7 Mc/s



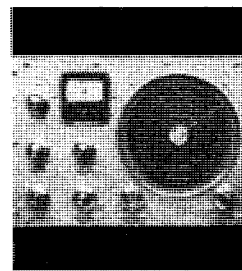
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Designed for the small boat owner. Transistors provides a compact and light weight equipment. Particular attention has been given to ease of installation and operation.  
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Type 340 H 50 watts Aerial Power  
The Nimbus is for larger vessels of up to 500 g.r. tons. It has facilities for Simplex, Duplex and Telegraph working. A frequency range up to 13.5 Mc/s, worldwide coverage and suitable for fixed land communications.  
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## ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

By the time that you will be reading this article the third Annual General Meeting of the society will have been held at the Seymour Hall in London. As this was also the venue of the R.S.G.B. International Radio Communications Exhibition it meant that members could attend both functions with the minimum of discomfort.

For the first year since the formation of the Society we were represented at this show as an exhibitor. The R.N.R. stand was enlarged so that the society could have space for an exhibit centred around a "Special" amateur radio station signing GB3RN. In spite of restrictions in operating times (so that the RSGB AND RAF special stations could also operate) many contacts were made with amateurs in the United Kingdom and Europe on 80 metres and a few DX contacts on 20 metres. Equipment for this station was kindly loaned by K.W. Electronics and Eddystone. Special QSL cards will be circulated through the R.S.G.B. bureau in the near future. The stand was a constant hive of activity during the exhibition and many old-timers were heard discussing the relative merits of Single Side Band and the Poulsen Arc transmitter. Many of our members being either R.N.R. or ex-R.N.R. also kept our friends on the R.N.R. stand busy with their questions and reminiscences. The visitors' book records visits from over three hundred radio amateurs and short-wave listeners (including three ex-WRNS who now hold their own licences). The stand staff: G3JFF, G3MIH, G3SJQ, REM Shearer and RO2 Macpheat were kept busy throughout the exhibition with questions about the H.Q. station, the society and the OZ7BO Electronic Keyer which was used at the exhibition station (lent by G3CSG).

Thirty-six members of the Society were present at the Annual General Meeting—the largest number so far. They heard the *ex officio* member read out the Presidential speech (from Captain D. Bromley-Martin, Captain H.M. Signal School). Due to a previous engagement the President had been unable to attend the meeting. A copy of this address is printed elsewhere in this issue.

Membership of the society stands at 145—an increase of twenty-four since the last A.G.M. The following have joined since the last edition of THE COMMUNICATOR: G3RHW, G3RYZ, G3RJF, G5MR, GM3XO, G3IZH, G3RRX, GW3OJB, G2IM, G3LPN, G2KF, G3PJY, G3NWK, G3MSK, G3MER and SWL's BRS 25653, ISWL G-7847 and A2753. We welcome them to the society and hope

they will find time to drop us a line about their activities.

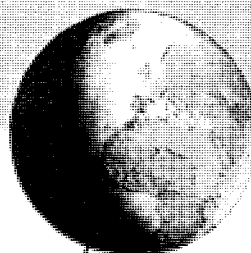
The first overseas chapter of the R.N.A.R.S. has been formed in Australia and is under the management of Surgeon Commander S. J. Lloyd, R.A.N. (VK3AST). It is hoped that under his guidance, and with the co-operation of Australian amateurs who have or had any connections whatsoever with the Royal Australian Navy, this will become a flourishing section of the Society.

Since the announcement of the "Mercury" award in the last edition of THE COMMUNICATOR applications for three have been received. The first certificate went to WIHGT (Boston, Mass.) and the other two have been issued to G2GM (Isle of Wight) and G3BZU. Interest in this certificate is high in amateur radio circles, as was learned at the show, and it is hoped that on completion of a publicity campaign by the awards manager this certificate will gain favour with the world's leading "Sheepskin" hunters.

To date 33 QRQ certificates have been issued—9 of them for the 35 W.P.M. transmission. It is nice to know that this certificate is being much sought after by many radio amateurs. Conditions on 3550 Kc/s make the copying of these transmissions far from easy and full credit goes to those who have so far managed to produce 100% copy. There have been several requests for a 40 WPM transmission and the committee will be looking into this during the current year. In addition to the qualifying run at 2000z, a practice transmission on 1880 Kc/s is now made at 1900z on the same evening. This allows would-be participants in the qualifying transmission to "limber up". Any reports on these transmissions would be appreciated by H.Q. with remarks on readability and usefulness of this particular transmission.

H.Q. manning (always a problem) is now being carried out by three operators—G3LIK, G3SJQ and G3JFF. It is hoped that C.N.D. will be able to draft a few more of the active radio amateurs within the R.N. back to *Mercury* in the not too distant future. The lunchtime skeds are being kept by G3SJQ/G3LIK on 3510 Kc/s whilst the evening transmissions and the Wednesday overseas skeds are being kept on 14050 Kc/s by G3JFF. Three of our more active operators have moved to pastures new. Mac to Admiralty, Ian to *Cassandra* and Joe to *Kent*. The latter hopes to operate as G13RRW/MM very shortly. Two other proposed Maritime Mobile

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stations are awaiting licences, both on the same ship—*Dido*. They are R/S Miles (G3NIR) and LRO Pairman (GM3OQY). Our current Maritime Mobile station onboard *Protector* has now left for Antarctic waters and it is hoped that contact will be made with him as G3RFH/MM on Ten metres or as VP8HF/MM on the other DX bands. Several reports have been received to the effect that he has been in contact with U.K. amateurs on ten metres, but so far no contact with G3BZU.

Now that the new R.N.A.R.S. badge has been accepted we have made arrangements with the printers for members' printed stationery to include this badge. Details of prices are available from H.Q.

At the A.G.M. the Chairman announced the result of the ballot for the 1964 committee. They were:—

*Chairman:* Commander A. J. R. Peglar, R.N., G3ENI.

*Hon. Secretary:* CRS M. J. Matthews, G3JFF.

*Hon. Treasurers:* Lieut. Commander H. M. Balfour, R.N.

*Committee Members:* D. Pilley, Esq., G3HLW; R. Sharpe, Esq., G3AWY; C. Harnwell, Esq., G5NB; Radio Supervisor M. Puttick, G3LIK.

With the end of yet another year in the life of the society we at H.Q. wish to pass on our Christmas greetings to all our members at home and overseas, ashore and afloat. 73's es DX.

## PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

2nd November

I felt very honoured by your invitation to become the first President of the Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society and had great pleasure in accepting. I am only sorry that I am unable to be with you at the Annual General Meeting and that since I am due to leave the Signal School in January, my time in Office will be so short. However, at the request of your Chairman, I have invited my successor, Captain Morgan, to take over as your President and he has asked me to say that he would be delighted.

As you know, as the Captain of the Signal School, I have been watching the progress of the Society with great interest and have been delighted that you have established yourselves in such a short time.

All Communicators recognise only too well the value of a society such as the R.N.A.R.S.—especially those who have been unable to raise a ship-shore station and have cleared urgent traffic through a 'Ham'! I need hardly say how keen we all are that these activities should be encouraged in the Royal Navy and I can assure you that you have the support of many Senior Officials.

Apart from the sense of achievement to its members, the Society's high standards of operating and technical skill have always been an example to the Royal Navy and an encouragement to operators to improve themselves.

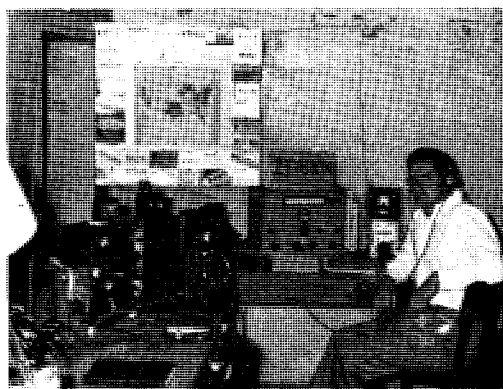
As your President I will continue to watch your

activities with greater interest and feel sure that much good will arise out of the many exchanges of operating signals between R.N.A.R.S. Stations, both afloat and ashore, and Amateurs all over the world. I only hope that you will have more freedom in the use of frequencies in the near future.

Thank you, and the best of luck.

## PERSONALITY PIECE

Sub. Lieut. (SD) (C) D. Davies, R.N.  
G3SJK (ExZD8RN)



David Davies was born in Swansea on 7th July, 1932. His first acquaintance with radio was seeing his father operating a rig which was rack mounted inside a wardrobe. Also, during the lean years that followed the depression, his father used to repair sets to earn a little extra money. He was evacuated to the Rhondda valley during the last war and it was there that he really became interested in the mystic world of radio, and with a couple of friends mastered the Morse Code.

In 1948 David joined the Royal Navy as a Boy Telegraphist passing through the portals of *Ganges* for his initial training—a path taken by most R.N. Communicators when they join up. His first ship was the Battle Class destroyer *St. James*, followed by the battleship *Howe* and the Aircraft Carriers *Indefatigable* and *Implacable*. During his service in the latter, he became interested in naval aviation and was soon to become an Upper Yardsman (Air). While learning to become a pilot he was asked to reconsider his career 'before the R.A.F. ran out of serviceable training aircraft'. Having been bitten by the flying bug, David changed over to the Telegraphist (Air) side and flew in this capacity with the Fleet Air Arm for five years.

On returning to General Service he served as a Radio Supervisor in *Pellew* and *St. Brides Bay* before being selected to become an S.D. Officer.

On completion of the S.D.(C) Course at *Mercury*, Sub.-Lieutenant Davies was appointed to Ascension Island as First Lieutenant of the R.N.W/T Station there. It was there that he was to take up amateur

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radio in earnest. Having been resident on the Island for a few weeks, and subject to a little gentle persuasion from the only resident amateur there (ZD8JP) he made up his mind to get himself the necessary licence to operate his own 'Ham' station.

The licence, issued by the Island Authorities, was a collector's item in itself, and informed him that he was authorised to operate on the International amateur bands under the call ZD8RN.

The rig that was to be used consisted of a CR 100 of rather doubtful vintage, which was obtained from the Cable and Wireless station for a nominal fee, together with an American Command transmitter converted to operate off an A.C. supply.

With a callsign as rare as ZD8 David was soon being kept busy on 14 Mc/s whenever he appeared, especially by the demands of the amateur operators in the U.S.A. At one period it was estimated that some three hundred amateurs from North America were calling him—not counting the innumerable others from Europe, Africa and South America. A great deal of fun was had with this unpretentious rig and before he left Ascension Island contacts had been made from Norway in the North to the Falkland Isles in the South, Japan in the East and California in the West. Not bad for a 25-watt transmitter and a long wire antenna.

On returning to U.K. after a spell of leave, but before being able to get himself on the air from home he was once again sent abroad. This time it was to the Far East and to the State of Brunei where trouble was brewing up. His job as Naval Communications Officer at the Joint Communications centre, with all its allied problems, was made a lot easier by his additional knowledge gained through his hobby.

Having taken the P.M.G. Radio Amateurs Examination successfully, David operates under the callsign G3SJQ. When he calls CQ nowadays there is no mad rush for a QSO—he is just another G3! However, the hobby has lost none of its hold on him. With a Heathkit DX40 transmitter running 60 watts input, the same old vintage CR100 as was used on Ascension Island and a K.W. trap dipole he is making contacts with many amateurs who first met him as ZD8RN. His particular interest is C.W. working and Certificate hunting, but he always has time to 'Ragchew', especially with R.N.A.R.S. members.



George Partridge, G3CED with SM7XY, Founder Member of IHHC in Sweden.

## INTERNATIONAL HAM HOP

I had read much of the IHHC in various Radio Magazines and Journals, so, whilst holidaying on the East coast, I called in to see their President and Founder Member, George "Joystick" Partridge, G3CED who, incidentally, is a member of the RNARS, to learn the history of this wonderful organisation.

To the un-initiated. NO. This is not another dance shortly to be introduced into the Mercury Club. It is an organisation that gives Radio Amateurs throughout the world an opportunity to complete the personal contact that was first started over the air.

Over 600 members in over 50 countries support and use the club, from deep into the outbacks of Australia to the metropolises of the Americas. All with the object of completing the personal contact.

Each member agrees to put up other visiting members for not more than two nights a year. In return he too can use these facilities when travelling anywhere in the world. Whereas commercial tours keep you strictly to the tourist area, members of IHHC see the world as his host knows it. Far more intimate, and with those who have a common interest with you. Travelling expenses are reduced to the minimum and radio is with you all the while.

I asked George how it all began. In early 1956 G3CED had been talking with a number of Radio Amateurs in Germany and they all agreed it should be possible for a Ham to travel using only their amateur friends' homes for accommodation. In the

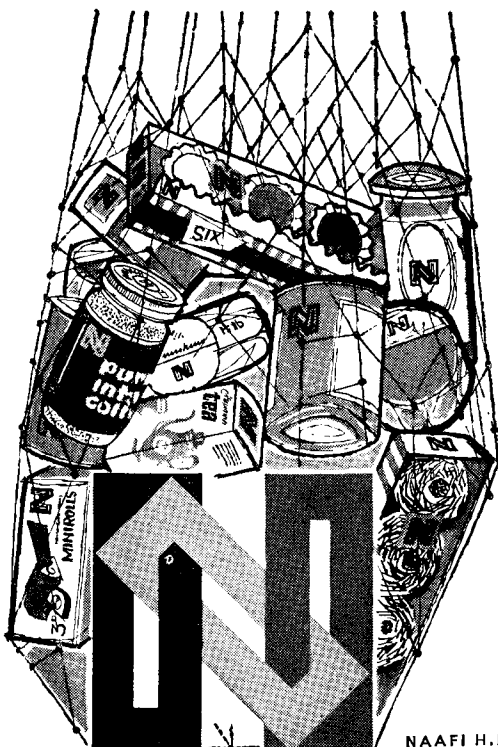
### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RS FEILER, pages 317, 320, 363.  
WILKIE, pages 321, 350, 353.  
Lt. SAUMAREZ, pages 323, 324, 339.  
DARKIE, page 326  
LRO KIME, pages 334, 347, and cover  
ANON page 342.

### PRIZE WINNERS

#### FEATURES

"Tell it to the Marines Anglo"  
page 322  
"Come Fall with me"  
page 328  
24th Escort Squadron  
page 334 (*will the author please contact the editor*).

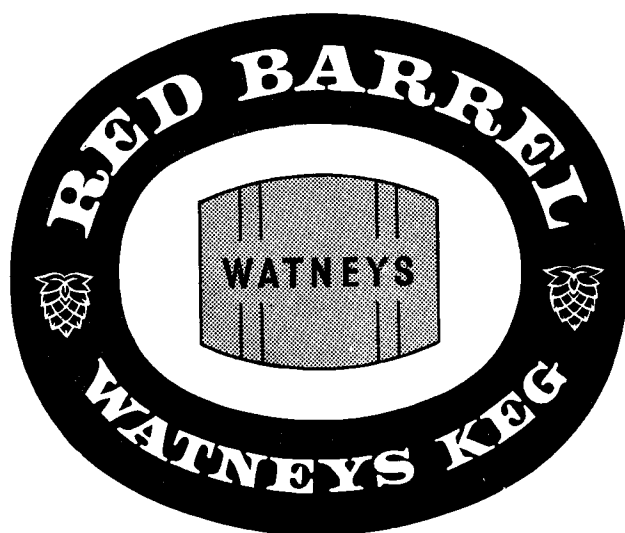


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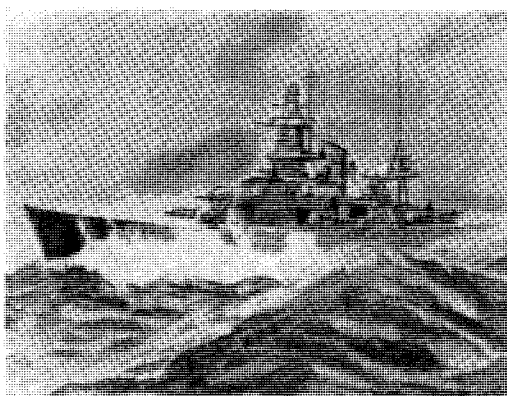
summer of that year C3CED sat astride his 49 c.c. mo-ped and toured the Rhine Valley and Black Forest living only with the friends he had met over the air. It was a tremendous success, so much so that the Ham Hop Club was formed with George acting as Hon. Sec.

Quickly the interest spread outside Europe and, in 1962, the North America Ham Hop Association was born. To-day there are International Representatives in every corner of the earth eager to serve the membership and organise Ham Hops.

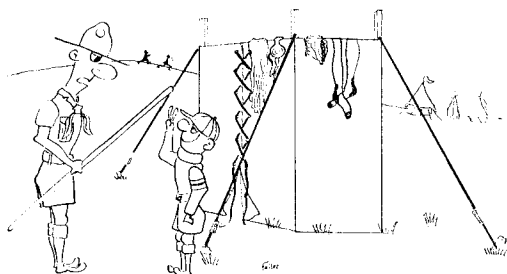
Amongst the newsletters George let me read I found some very interesting stories. One of W6THN. He and his XYL took a typical Ham Hop holiday in the summer of 1960. They hitch-hiked all

the way through England, France, Belgium, Germany and Italy using only IHHC facilities and the round trip cost only £1 a day each. This could have been even less had they not bought so many souvenirs and luxuries. Another story was of VE2BKK, a graduate from Cambridge, who was heading for California, and made it all the way with the help of IHHC.

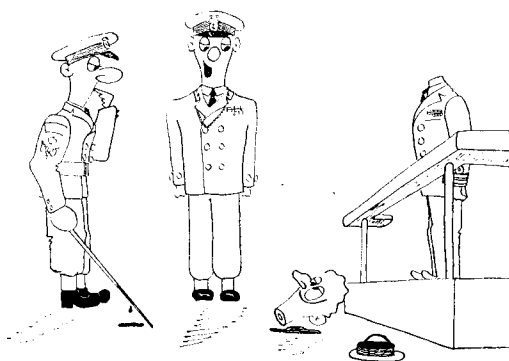
There were many more wonderful stories in these quarterly newsletters, all depicting a story of friendship, but space here is rather limited. However, if you would like to learn more of the IHHC, write to their International Liaison Officer and Treasurer, Jim Coote, 56 Dinsdale Avenue, Kings Estate, Wallsend, Northumberland.—G3HLW.



**H.M.S. NONSUCH**  
Sketch by RO3 Poole



**"The fact that Miss Smith is soaking, does NOT entitle you to witness the automatic changing of the Guide."**



**"Just a little too close that time, P.O."**

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# GR410

## SSB TRANSMITTER/RECEIVER

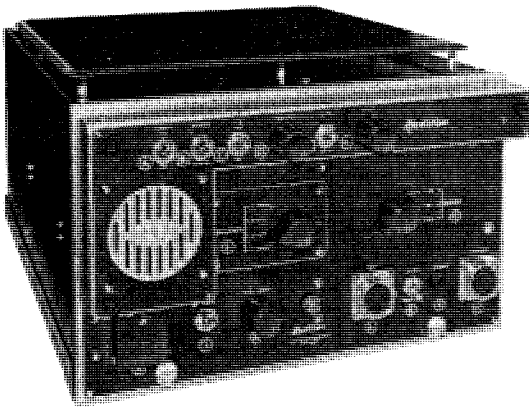
(Service Type C14)

Designed for military, security and commercial applications throughout the world—its use by the British Army is a recommendation in itself.

The GR410 SSB transmitter/receiver is a 100-watt p.e.p. transistorised equipment which provides four crystal-controlled channels in the range 2-16 Mc/s; instant selection of either upper or lower sideband effectively doubles the number of channels available when operating SSB.

The GR410 can be matched into any aerial system. It can also be used with existing a.m. telephony and telegraphy systems as a "replacement" equipment. Its versatility, as a mobile, transportable or fixed station, sets a standard unequalled by other equipments of similar type.

Transistors and semiconductors are extensively used; the power consumption on *receive* is only 7 watts. Interchangeable power units are available; 100/125 V or 200/250 V a.c. 50/60 c/s or transistorised d.c. versions for 12 V or 24 V supplies.

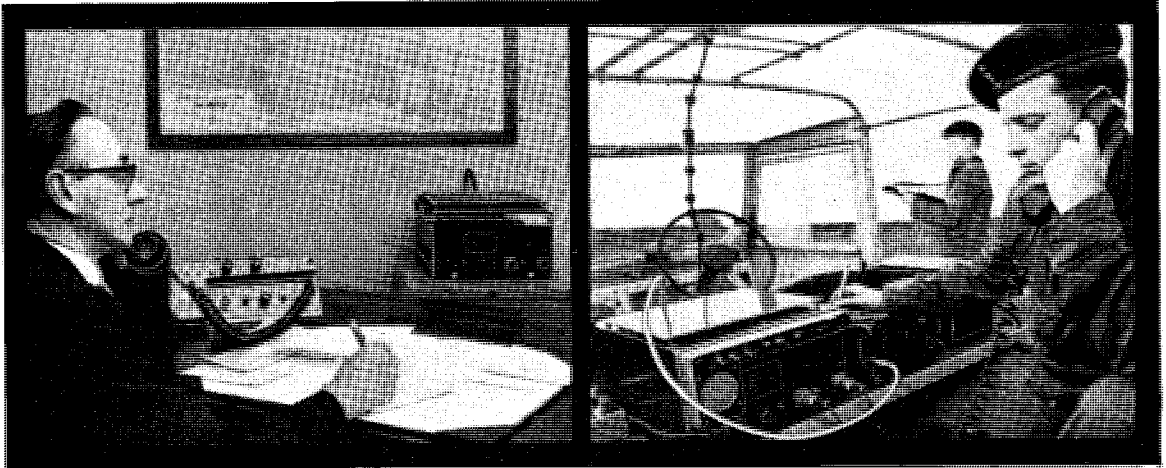


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*GR410 (Service Type C14) being operated as a mobile station*



## ARE YOU IN SYNCHRONY WITH SYNTHESISERS?

This is a technical article but as you will be meeting Synthesisers in the future a few words on how they operate will not go amiss.

The requirements of modern communications techniques demand the utmost accuracy in the frequency determination circuits of transmitters and receivers. The normal type of master oscillator circuits (and V.F.O. and P.C.C.) are not able to provide the accuracy and stability required particularly when the frequency determination circuits have to be capable of providing frequencies over a fairly wide range.

The basis of all frequency synthesisers is a Frequency Standard which is an extremely accurate and stable crystal oscillating at 100 Kc/s feeding into a pulse generator which transforms the 100 Kc/s into short pulses with a repetition frequency of 100 Kc/s. The harmonics of these pulses provide the synchroniser with its frequency source.

The harmonics of the pulses are fed into each stage of the synthesiser which consists of 3 Decade stages. Each stage is similar in operation.

The 100 Kc/s decade consists of a Harmonic Selector Multiplier which develops an output between 3 and 4 Mc/s in 100 Kc/s steps.

The 10 Kc/s decade develops an output between 250 and 350 Kc/s in 10 Kc/s steps via a divider stage.

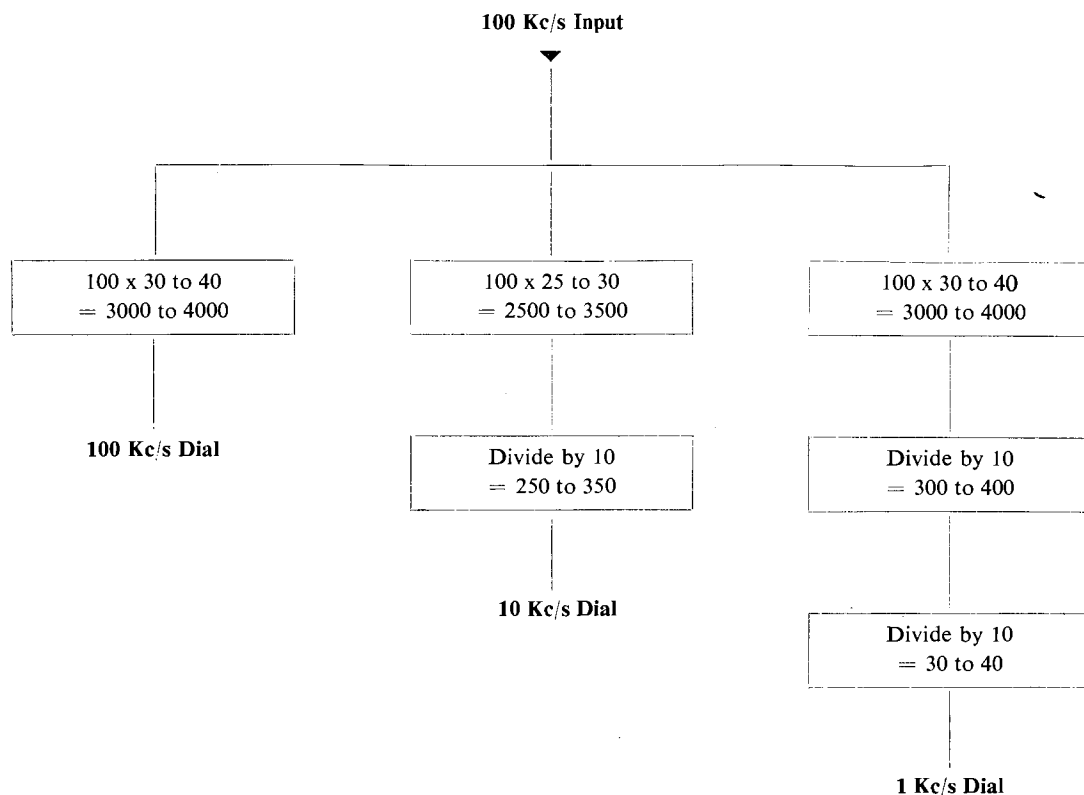
The 1 Kc/s decade gives an output between 3 and 4 Kc/s which is then taken through a divider circuit to give an output between 30 and 40 Kc/s in 1 Kc/s steps.

The output of the 10 Kc/s decade is mixed with the output from a local oscillator to give an output of 30 to 40 Kc/s which is compared with the 30 to 40 Kc/s output from the 1 Kc/s decade. The accuracy of the local oscillator is itself checked against the output of the 100 Kc/s decade so that each stage of the synthesiser is checked against other stages to ensure an accurate final output.

The final output of the Synthesiser 3 to 4 Mc/s is now taken to supply a transmitter with its frequency source or to a receiver to provide an accurate. I.F.

The synthesiser is easily set on its frequency by 3 controls which show the frequency to which it is set.

EXAMPLE:



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**COMPUTER MECHANICS** for the maintenance of computer peripheral equipment including magnetic tape handlers, paper tape equipment and electric typewriters.

**WIREMEN** for prototype sub-assembly layout, wiring and testing of radio and computer type chassis.

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# COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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

## APPOINTMENTS

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. M. ADAIR ... ..	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Capt. F.P.S.
M. F. P. ARCHDECKNE-BUTLER	Lt.	Tenby	Ajax
J. W. ASH, B.E.M. ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Phoenicia	Mercury
P. ATKINSON ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Meon	Mercury
H. S. BENNETT ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	C.I.C.C. (West)	President for D.S.D.
A. J. M. BOURNE ... ..	3/O. W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Drake
H. P. BOYS-STONES ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	Staff of S.N.O.W.I.
P. C. BROOKER ... ..	Commander	President for D.S.D.	S.H.A.P.E.
K. P. BRUCE-GARDYNE...	Lt.	Rothsay	Dartmouth
R. A. COBB ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.S.N.I.	Mauritius
D. W. COGGESHALL ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Fulmar	Eagle
C. S. COLLINS ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Virago	Lion
R. L. COPP ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	R.C.N. Exchange	Ark Royal
D. H. CREMER ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.F. Med.	Mercury
D. D. DAVIES ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	24th E.S.	Mercury
R. DERWENT ... ..	2/O. W.R.N.S.	CINCEASTLANT	Rooke
A. V. M. DIAMOND, M.B.E.	Actg. Captain	President for D.S.D.	Staff of CINCAFMED
J. M. S. EKINS ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Exmouth as 1st Lt.
L. ELLISON ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Lion	Mercury
F. W. C. ENDERS ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Cavendish	Dolphin
M. C. EVELEGH ... ..	Commander	Rooke	Loch Fada in Cmd.
H. D. Y. FAULKNER ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of S.N.O.W.I.	R.N. Staff Course
I. FERGIE-WOODS ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Britannia	Striker in Cmd.
D. J. B. FORSEY ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Tenby	Mercury
G. FROUD, D.S.M. ... ..	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Kranji W/T	Mercury
G. B. GOODWIN... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Dolphin	Mercury
P. W. W. GRAHAM, D.S.C.	Captain	President	President as D.N.I.
I. F. GRANT ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	R.N. Staff Course	Verulam as 1st Lt.
D. W. GREEN ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of S.N.O.N.I.	Staff of C-in-C H.F.
J. T. HEADON ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	S.T.C. Devonport as O.I.C.
D. H. HEAPE ... ..	3/O. W.R.N.S.	Rooke	Mercury
J. B. R. HORNE, D.S.C. ... ..	Commander	S.H.A.P.E.	COMNAV BALTAP
P. A. JENKINS ... ..	3/O. W.R.N.S.	Mercury	CINCEASTLANT
F. A. JUPP ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Whitehall W/T	Falcon
B. H. KENT ... ..	Commander	A.S.W.E.	President
N. I. C. KETTLEWELL ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Britannia
A. J. S. KNOCKER ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of CINCHAN	Staff of C-in-C H.F.
J. L. B. LARKINS ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Brighton	Staff of F.O.S.M.
C. A. LAURENCE ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Centaur
P. R. LEONARD ... ..	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Tenby
P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C. ... ..	Captain	Staff of C-in-C M.E.	Cassandra in Cmd.
A. MACKAY ... ..	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Aisne
M. MURPHY ... ..	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Lowestoft
W. NIPPIERD ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.S.M.	C.I.C.C. (West)
W. T. T. PAKENHAM ... ..	Commander	U.S.A.F. Staff Crse.	C.B.N.S. Washington
W. G. PARKER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	Dartmouth in Cmd.	Ministry of Defence
A. T. C. PERRY ... ..	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Centaur
D. G. PIKE ... ..	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Dido
W. J. PRICKETT ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Capt. F.P.S.	R.N. Unit Tangmere
K. REITH ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Sanderling	Maidstone
M. J. RIVETT-CARNAC ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Dartmouth	Woolaston
J. B. RUMBLE ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Ark Royal	R. N. Staff Course
N.T. J. SKITT ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	Forest Moor in Cmd.
E. S. SPENCER ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.M.E.	Loch Killisport as 1st Lt.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
P. W. SPENCER, D.S.C. ...	... Commander	Terror	Defence Signal Board
B. J. STRAKER ...	... Commander	Malcolm in Cmd.	President for D.S..D
J. TATE ...	... A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Cassandra
K. M. TEARE ...	... Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	C.N.D.
F. R. THORPE ...	... Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Whitehall W/T
C. H. WALKLETT ...	... A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Corunna
M. E. ST. Q. WALL ...	... Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	President for D.S.D.
D. E. WENN ...	... A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Barrosa
E. WILCOCK ...	... A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Agincourt
H. R. WILCOX ...	... Lt. R.C.N.	Sea Eagle	Tenby

## PROMOTIONS

To be promoted Rear Admiral 7.1.64

W. G. PARKER

P. W. W. GRAHAM

Selected for Promotion

To Captain

B. H. KENT

To Commander

H. S. BENNETT

M. E. ST. Q. WALL

N. F. FAWCETT

J. B. RUMBLE

Promoted Lieut. Cdr. (SD) (C)

R. G. HEARN

Promoted to Second Officer W.R.N.S.

Miss R. DERWENT

Miss M. M. JONES

Promoted to Lieut. (SD) (C)

J. VEAL

J. R. EDWARDS

K. SCHOFIELD

N. S. D. BARRETT

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

MACKAY, D. P.	JX 712892	(2/6/63)	LOMAS, R. H.	JX 660348	(22/7/63)
CLARKE, T.	JX 661865	(7/6/63)	KENYON, M. W.	JX 661190	(28/7/63)
HOY, P. W. H.	JX 581986	(10/6/63)	SIMPSON, T. W.	JX 760143	(31/7/63)
O'BRIEN, C. A.	JX 884506	(18/6/63)	MELDRUM, A. C.	JX 760045	(4/8/63)
THOMPSON, N. W.	JX 660523	(18/6/63)	MACDONALD, H.	JX 836899	(7/9/63)
WEEKS, P. J.	JX 660810	(18/6/63)	BIGNELL, D. J.	JX 885107	(9/9/63)
MATTHEWS, M. J.	JX 843014	(18/6/63)	BOON, D. P.	JX 661756	(15/9/63)
BEARE, R. A.	JX 581594	(22/6/63)			

Radio Supervisor (W) to Chief Radio Supervisor (W)

WHITELEY, K. R.	JX 162974	(1/6/63)	O'SHEA, J. M.	JX 839966	(13/8/63)
BEASLEY, T.	JX 871429	(1/7/63)	PARKER, M. E. C.	JX 834138	(1/9/63)

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

WINTLE, J. E.	J 929328	(11/4/63)	FARRAR, J. A.	JX 760154	(31/7/63)
HEDLEY, J. D.	JX 843183	(4/5/63)			

## RETIREMENTS

J. DUNFORD, Commander

J. A. J. JOHNSON, M.B.E., Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)

Viscount KELBURN, C.B., D.S.C., Rear Admiral

D. R. LEWIS, Lt.-Cdr.

E. G. L. NASH, Lt. (SD) (C)

D. H. B. NEWSON-SMITH, Lt.-Cdr.

J. G. REEDER, 2/0 W.R.N.S.

C. C. WAKE-WALKER, Lt.-Cdr.

J. S. WILSON, Lt.-Cdr.

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