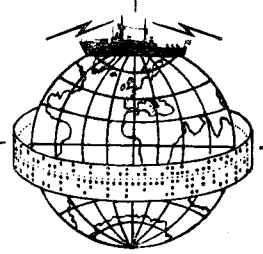
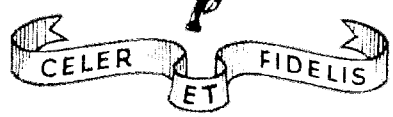


J. G. ...



THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL 19 - No. 2 SUMMER 1968

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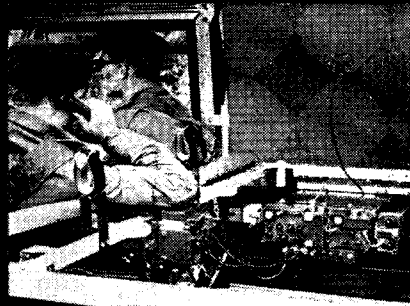
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*The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy
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SUMMER 1968

VOL. 19, No. 2

CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>		<i>page</i>
EDITORIAL	57	RN W/T STATION KRANJI, SINGAPORE— 1939-1942	70
NEW MARINE RADIO RULES	57	ALL IN THE INTERESTS OF ECONOMY	73
21 YEARS AGO	58	COMMISSIONING FORECASTS	74
THE NATO NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS TRAINING COMPETITION	59	GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY	75
A SPARKER PLUGS THE PERISCOPE NAVY	61	WRNS NEWS	78
BOOK REVIEW	62	THE SKY'S THE LIMIT	79
OFFICERS' SWORDS	62	SUMMER CROSSWORD	80
THE SCIENCE OF COMMUNICATIONS	64	NEWS FROM THE RESERVES	81
THE BRICKWOOD FIELD GUN COMPETITION 1968	65	SHIP-SHORE NEWS	87
THAILAND—THE HARD WAY	66	COMMUNICATION GAZETTE	105
YEOMAN, WHY IS THE FLAG DECK NOT MANNED?	67	DRAFTING	109

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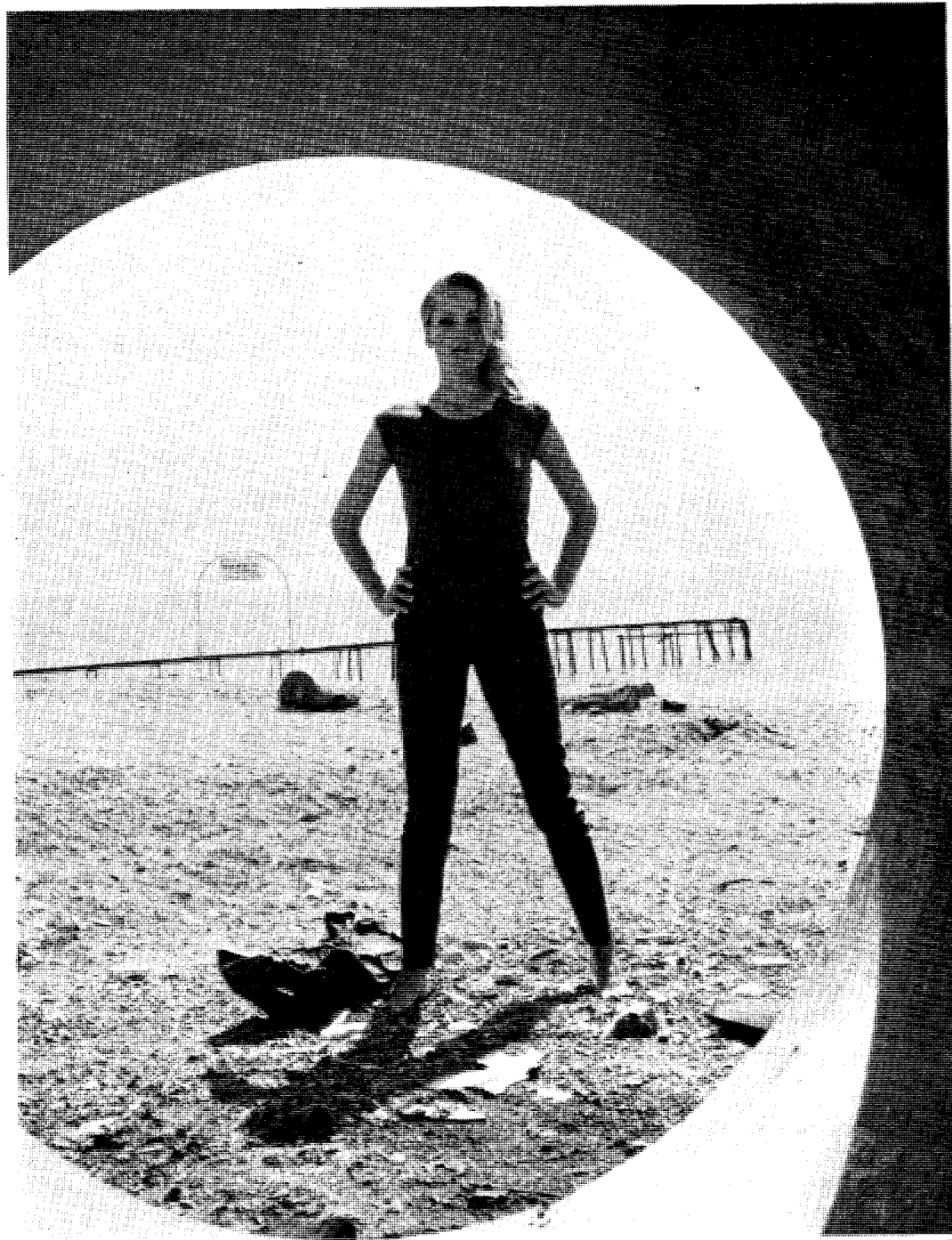
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PIPE DREAM!



Courtesy Warner Pathé

URSULA ANDRESS

EDITORIAL

There is always a sigh of relief when each edition is assembled and we find that there is enough interesting material to hand. This time there is more than usual and some of it leaves openings for comment and discussion. Letters addressed to the Editor are always most welcome.

This really is my last edition as Editor. The new Editor is Lieutenant Commander J. Ellis, RN, to whom I wish the very best of luck and hope that you, the readers, will continue your support in the form of letters and orders.

NEW MARINE RADIO RULES

by Lieutenant Commander G. M. Tullis, RN

The rules for the use of the Frequency Spectrum by radio users are laid down in the international Radio Regulations. These Regulations are agreed by the members of the International Telecommunication Union (ITU) and were last revised at Geneva in 1959. In 1963, a Radio conference was held in Geneva under the auspices of the International Telecommunications Union to obtain agreement and promulgate the regulations for Space Communications. Last year, a further World Administrative Radio Conference (WARC) was again held in Geneva to deal with matters concerning the maritime mobile service. This was the first conference to deal exclusively with maritime radio since the London Convention in 1912. A total of 298 delegates from 70 countries, including the United Kingdom, were in attendance. The maritime mobile service, being one of the oldest radio services of the ITU, accounts for a large proportion of the International Radio Regulations currently in effect. As a result of last year's conference, the 1959 regulations were reviewed and revised extensively, and will have a considerable impact on Naval Communications, particularly in the long term.

Since 1959, the communications position at sea has worsened. The number of ship radio stations in 1960 was 33,000. Today some 40,000 ships are radio equipped, and the available communications channels are very crowded. Moreover, recent years have seen significant changes in the use made of these channels. Radiotelephone has developed greatly for both long and short range working with the introduction of SSB, and VHF equipment respectively.

A number of major issues were under consideration at the conference. Nowadays, over 90 per cent of

British ships over 100 tons gross are VHF fitted. New frequency arrangements for the maritime VHF Band (156-174 MHz) introducing 25 kHz spacing in lieu of the present 50 kHz spacing, and a 25 Watt power level were agreed. Existing equipment, mainly the 689 transceivers, may have to be modified to meet bandwidth limitations imposed by the 25 kHz spacing. These modifications must take place by January 1973. A replacement for the 689 to meet the new standards will be needed before January 1, 1983.

The conference also agreed on the introduction of emergency position indicating radio beacons to operate on 2182 Kc/s. These are, in effect, radio equipped buoys which could be jettisoned from sinking ships and would then send out a signal on which rescuing craft could home by direction-finder. In addition to the 2182 Kc/s emission, these beacons would be permitted to radiate on the aircraft and military rescue service frequencies of 121.5 Mc/s and 243 Mc/s. Two alternative types of beacon will be permitted. One specification is for a relatively low-power transmitter radiating only a single keyed tone of 1300 cycles. The other is for a more sophisticated and higher powered version emitting the full two-tone alarm signal plus special identification including the call sign of the ship to which it belongs. A by-product of agreement on the introduction of these beacons is a resolution addressed to the International Maritime Consultative Organisation recommending the consideration of more extensive watchkeeping on 2182 Kc/s, particularly on 'telegraphy' ships which at present guard only 500 Kc/s for safety purposes and would thus miss hearing a 'Mayday' call even in their immediate vicinity.

The main consideration of the seven week conference was the adaption of the rules to make full use of single sideband in the HF and MF bands. SSB will allow more channels within these bands and help to alleviate the problem of overcrowding. Changing over to SSB will involve the introduction of new equipments into many ships of the merchant fleet and a number of dates have been stipulated. According to these, no new double-sideband installations in ships will be permitted after January 1, 1972, so far as HF equipment is concerned, which includes that covering the band around 2182 Kc/s used by coastal and fishing craft for medium-range communications. All shipborne Voice stations must be converted to single-sideband before January 1, 1978, for HF and January 1, 1982, for MF, since after these dates no double-sideband transmissions from ships will be permitted. Coast stations will cease double-sideband transmissions on HF on January 1, 1973, and on MF on January 1, 1975.

Although it is recognised that manual Morse keying will for many years be the principal method of telegraphy transmission, the conference has made provision for a total of 112 special teleprinter channels in the HF bands between 4 and 22 Mc/s, a small reservation in each of these six bands also being set aside for the Ocean Data Service. This has involved

some reallocation of HF frequencies which will be fully implemented by 1970, and all ship installations will have to conform to stricter tolerances of frequency stability than those currently laid down. Most RN equipment affected by this ruling, however, already conforms to the new standards. Some of the frequencies which are commonly used in RN ships at present will be changed and reallocated.

For the present time, the effect on Naval Communications will not be very noticeable. The Fleet is already equipped with SSB radio which is within the tolerances laid down. However, all future equipment will have to be designed or bought with the new rules very much in mind.

21 YEARS AGO

by CRS Hassell, CPC, RO

'Splice the Mainbrace' was signalled from the battleship *Vanguard* to the cruisers *Diadem* and *Cleopatra* as they steamed up Spithead. *Diadem* and *Cleo* had formed the escort from Freetown to UK when the King and Queen returned from their South Africa visit. 'Splicers' for us boys was a glass of limers.

. . . meanwhile, back at *Mercury*, 'Split' Waterman was sewing suits for sailors. Yes, the same one, only in those days ex Sailmaker Waterman had his own business. He could knock you up a No. 1 suit in two days, and the price . . . 38s. He now manages the business for Daufmans (one of our staid advertisers). Those were the days before zips. Everything except your trousers went over your head, and we really did wear 'blackats'. He recalls how he could never get enough *light* blue jean collars, and customers wanted bellbottoms as wide as possible. Now he says they want *dark* blue jean collars and trousers as narrow as possible.

PO Tel Reuben Rogers, BEM, MBE, was in the chair as PO's Mess President. He retired from the Navy about 1954 and worked up until recently in C-in-C Portsmouth's Commcen. Many who have passed through Fort Southwick will remember him. He has now retired to enjoy both his Naval and Civil Service pensions.

One of the choice 'brown card' jobs in *Mercury* at this time was PO's messman, and a privilege associated with the job was the right to use the Chief and PO's heads. Now this doesn't sound such a big thing, but in those days the only flush toilets in *Mercury* (except the main house) were the three belonging to Chief and PO's. Everywhere else in the camp were batteries of 'Elsan' buckets in whitewashed grottoes. One recalls the 'disposal operative' who fell into the cesspit. Although he didn't come out smelling of violets, he did manage to get sent home on 14 days leave having had a jab.

58

One of the best articles in the 1947 Summer Edition of THE COMMUNICATOR was this one:

FOR EXERCISE

In the days when 'Paddy' Boyle was C-in-C HF, the Home Fleet were kept very much on their toes by competitive exercises like 'Fire a gun', 'All cutters report to flag ship', etc.

Signals to carry out these exercises were received sometimes by V/S—sometimes by W/T. In HMS *Rodney* the very young and untried Signal Officer decided to carry out an internal test to find out where delays in transit might occur and thus take steps to obviate them. With this object in view he proceeded to the Receiving Room one afternoon and gave a chit marked 'For exercise fire a gun' to the Auxiliary Wave Operator, saying, 'You have just received this, carry out the drill.'

The young operator immediately pushed his emergency bell, the Leading Hand of the Watch rushed in, seized the chit, flew out to the Coding Office, frantically rang up the Gunnery Office and bawled out, 'For exercise fire a gun'.

'Excellent!' said the young Signal Officer, 'there's nothing wrong with that organisation!'

But in the Gunnery Office no one knew it was just an internal ship test and the Gunner's Mate, ably assisted by the GOs writer, quickly seized a 3-pounder blank, flew to the nearby saluting gun, loaded, closed the breech and pulled the lanyard. BANG!—went *Rodney's* gun.

'What's all this?' said the Captain who, somewhat startled by the bang, had come quickly on the scene.

'Fire a gun' said the sweating and very proud Gunner's Mate, 'and we are first.'

'That'll show the *Nelson*' said our excited Captain.

Minutes passed by, faces round the gun began to look a bit anxious—then BANG went *Valiant's* gun, faces relaxed.

'My word! what a lead we got' said the relieved Gunner's mate.

Presently the inevitable signal came from the Flag ship.

'*Rodney*, *Valiant* from C-in-C HF. What is the object of the gunnery practice?'

Rodney's reply wasn't so bad, an internal misunderstanding of the words 'For Exercise,' but poor old *Valiant's* excuse didn't hold much water. 'We fired because *Rodney* fired and we thought we had missed the signal.'

MORAL—Young Signal Officers should be very careful how they use the words 'For Exercise'.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editor acknowledges receipt of the following articles but regrets that he has not been able to include them in this edition:

HMS *Fife*, HMS *Yarmouth*, Malta Exped, NE Exped and Mini Bus, Report on Cruise No. 36 of STS *Sir Winston Churchill*, Whitehall Wireless and HMS *Rhyl*.



Seated (l to r): RO2(W) Southall, LRO(G) Duane, Captain Sir Peter Anson, Bt, LRO(G) Bee, RO2(T) Palmer
 Standing (l to r): CRS(W) Perkins, Lieutenant G. Reed

THE NATO NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS TRAINING COMPETITION

by Lieutenant G. Reed, RN

This year's tilt with letters, numerals, special and punctuation signs was the sixth of the series. In 1967 Italy and West Germany split top honours and held the Challenge Cup for Good Communications for six months each. This year the Italian team made sure of being the sole holders of the cup for one year by beating the rest of the field by seven points.

The Italian Navy conceived and proposed the Communications Competition in May 1963 and received immediate support from other NATO navies. Two months later, in July '63, the first meeting of competitors was held in Rome. The following year it was held in *Mercury*; in 1965 the venue was Amsterdam, in 1966 the West German navy played host at Flensburg and in 1967 the competition was staged at HMCS *Stadacona* (Halifax) as part of the Canadian Centennial Celebrations. This year Norway hosted teams from eleven nations at their Haakonsværn Naval Base which is situated approximately 8 miles southwest of Bergen. At 0900 on May 27 Commodore L. R. Lund, Royal Norwegian Navy welcomed competing teams at ceremonial divisions and, against a background of the NATO flag and the National Flags of the nations represented, declared the Sixth NATO Naval Communications Competition open.

The aims of the annual competition are to increase efficiency in communications, exchange views on training systems and methods, foster friendship among operators, and to promote a greater understanding of one another's problems. The meets are sponsored by the Allied Naval Communications Agency (ANCA), a component of the London-based Military Section of NATO. This year eleven nations of the NATO Alliance had representatives in the competition, the greatest number in the six-year history of the event. The ANCA tests, created to foster speed and accuracy in the basic communication skills, kept the contestants under rigorous pressure from May 27 to 31. The tests in all basic skills are of twenty minutes' duration and consist of five character groups which, in the case of morse and flashing light reception, are mixed letters, numerals and signs. The speed of flashing light reception is 12 wpm.

The United Kingdom team left a dull and chilly Newcastle in the Bergen Line's MV *Jupiter* on May 20, arriving in Bergen the following day in warm, sunny weather. Despite Bergen's reputation for very heavy rainfall the weather remained perfect throughout the team's ten-day stay. The days between arrival in Bergen and the commencement of the competition

were spent in installing and testing equipment, warming-up exercises and sightseeing tours of Bergen and the surrounding area. A most enjoyable day was spent touring the fiords in HNoMS *Glint*, *Brann* and *Skjold* of the 22nd Fast Patrol Boat Squadron.

Three trophies are keenly contested during each annual communications competition, the main and most coveted being the 'Challenge Cup for Good Communication'. The events in this challenge are morse reception, morse transmission, teletypewriting transmission and flashing light reception. Competitors read or transmit one exercise each day in their appropriate skill, the average of a competitor's three best exercises being his final result. Participating teams in order of finish were: Italy, Netherlands, Canada, USA, UK, Germany, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France and Turkey. Individual winners were: CT2 Young, USA Morse reception; AB Brooks, Canada, morse transmission; L/Sig Savo, Italy, Teletypewriter transmission; S/Sig Castellano, Italy, flashing light reception.

The United Kingdom team was composed of LRO(G) M. J. Bee, LRO(G) M. C. Duane, RO2(W) R. W. Southall and RO2(T) R. Palmer. They came fourth in teletypewriting, third in morse reception, sixth in morse transmission and eighth in flashing reception respectively, resulting in an overall fifth placing for the Good Communications trophy. LRO Duane put up a most creditable performance. Throughout the five days of the competition he scored one 1st place, two 2nd places and two 3rd places, his average score producing the final third overall placing. His greatest opponent was CT2 Young of the USA team who, for a little mental exercise, reads morse at 46 wpm.

RO2 Southall's sixth position in morse transmitting does not reflect the credit it deserves. He put up a very good performance against some exceedingly strong competition. To win this event a competitor has to make morse like a GNT115 auto transmitter at 24/25 wpm. AB Brooks of Canada, who incidentally made his last and best exercise on an AP580-8558 morse key borrowed from Southall, made almost perfect morse. After evaluating the Canadian competitor's last exercise, CPO Toth of the USA was overheard to remark, 'Not a single mistake. He only 'scratched a U'. One 'scratch' in twenty minutes high speed morse transmitting is no mean feat.

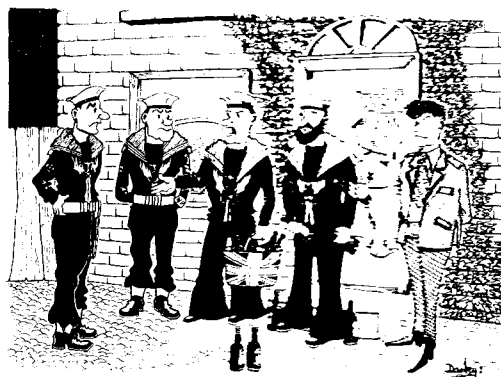
Another feat was performed by Radioman 2nd class Olsen of the United States Navy. He took second place in the teletypewriting event. A very good effort—particularly as he has only seven fingers.

The two remaining trophies at stake in the competition are the cups for the 'Communications Relay' and the 'General Communications Quiz'. In the latter event, conducted along the lines of an objective examination paper containing sixty questions from ACP's 124, 125, 127 and 129, the UK team was placed 5th, being beaten into this position by Canada (1st), Denmark, Norway and the Netherlands.

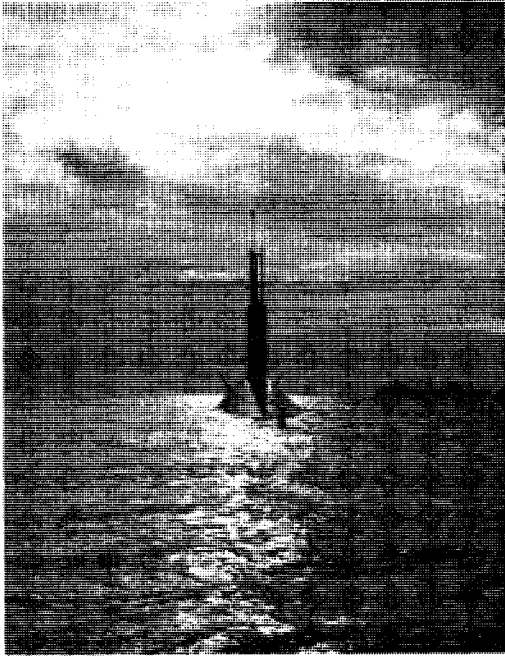
The Communications Relay is a test demanding speed and accuracy in passing a message through

relay points by a combination of CW, directional light and teletypewriting. The end product off the teleprinter is compared with the original transmitted by CW and penalty points awarded for each error and procedure mistake made during the various transmissions. Passing a message accurately and speedily from point A to point E via points B, C and D is what good communications mean. The UK team performed well, making no procedure errors and producing a final copy differing in only two respects from the original. Coupled with a fast time, this earned them first place in the event and a well deserved share of the 'silverware'. The Challenge Cup for Communications Relay, donated by Canada in 1967, is on display in the Mountbatten Block dining hall trophy case until it is fought over again in 1969.

The 1969 NATO Naval Communications Training Competition is still a long way off. Nevertheless, NOW is the time to start brushing up your basic communication skills in readiness for this well worthwhile international event. Details of a national competition, designed to select those most worthy of representing the United Kingdom, will be promulgated by DCI later this year. Entry is open to any male (sorry, Wrens cannot take part) naval operator who has served less than six years in the military services of his country on the day the NATO competition commences. Winners of past competitions are barred from entering again. It is not yet known which country will be host in the 1969 competition but by a process of elimination it would appear to be the turn of Belgium or the United States of America. Those operators wishing to spend ten days abroad next summer are advised to start practising forthwith in order to win a place in the United Kingdom team.



'We just can't believe that they didn't put up beer prices, so we're just buying in case they do'



An artist's envy in light, shadow and silhouette. Her day's work done, the Fleet Submarine 'Dreadnought' surfaces at sunset

A SPARKER PLUGS THE PERISCOPE NAVY

by RS Michael Butcher

Staff of Flag Officer Submarines

Submarine Command in the Royal Navy today has ships which can submerge for two months at a time; with electrolytic gills to inject oxygen, and nuclear reactors capable of two years' driving power. But the submariner is still the same breed; a mentally tough man for a toughly conditioned ship.

Old submariners would not recognise the service conditions and accommodation to which we are now accustomed. Messdecks are compact, with bunks for all members of the crew. 'Hot bunking' is a thing of the past. Each member is issued with a Terylene sleeping bag which is changed approximately every six weeks.

Food is good, with two or sometimes three choices at most meals. The old tale about not being able to wash for long periods is now false, too. Ample hot and cold water is always available, except perhaps in Patrol submarines on a long trip. Slight water rationing may then be introduced.

How long do we go to sea for? This is a question everyone asks. It is a simple one to answer. If you

look at the Naval Movements in the PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS you will usually see submarines going to sea on Monday and returning on Friday. They may only go for the day.

If they are out for a week, a run ashore is often included in one of the South coast ports like Portland, Plymouth and Falmouth. The same sort of running is done in Faslane. In fact, nearly every evening there is a submarine in at Rothesay or Campbeltown for a run ashore. There are some longer trips; eight weeks patrol in a Polaris submarine being the longest. But the ample leave given makes up for this.

As an RO your duties onboard are varied. One RO does the job of 'Bunting' and the bridge is his part of ship. The remainder are spread through the forward part of the boat for cleaning, with the LRO responsible for the office. At sea, cleaning stations last for two hours in the forenoon and an hour in the evening. Other time off watch is your own, and the ritual of 'heads down' in the afternoon is religiously carried out. Other duties involve the RO's as members of the attack team and boarding party. Remember, submarines do not carry spare hands. So everyone has a job to do, no matter what the submarine may be doing.

There is a variety of wireless equipment fitted in submarines: ICS in Polaris and Fleet, and Van der Heem (ICS principle, the envy of the Fleet we imagine) is replacing the old 623 and 619 fits.

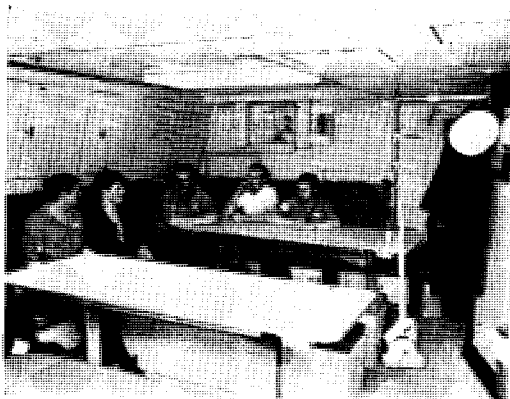
The Submarine Service today is made up of 36 Patrol Submarines (Porpoise and Oberon classes, with a few A and T classes remaining), three Fleet type with three building, and one Polaris with three building or on builders trials. There are also two main bases: HMS *Dolphin* at Gosport, and HMS *Neptune* at Faslane.

HMS *Dolphin* contains the Headquarters of Flag Officer Submarines, Vice-Admiral M. P. Pollock, CB, MVO, DSC; and is the home of the 1st Submarine Squadron. HMS *Neptune* contains the Polaris School and is the home of the 3rd and 10th Submarine Squadrons.

Training for the Submarine Service is done in two parts. The first part is in the Submarine School, HMS *Dolphin*, where you will learn all about the submarine, routine, systems, and such like. You will also do your escape training at this time. To some, at first, escape training might sound rather frightening, but after you have done it, like everyone else, you will have enjoyed it, and will look forward to doing it again.

You will then be drafted to a running submarine for sea training. This lasts for 16 weeks and terminates with an oral examination which, if you pass, will qualify you as a submariner and entitle you to wear the cap tally.

From the time that you pass out at the Submarine School you will be entitled to Submarine pay, which



Headroom, space, and modern amenities. The Junior rates messdeck on a Fleet submarine can get very crowded, but conditions are comparable with a frigate

at the moment is 9/- per day for junior rates and 11/- for senior rates. There is an additional 2/- a day for every complete day spent onboard a submarine. For the married man all drafts to running submarines qualify him for separation allowance.

Leave in the Submarine Service is slightly different to that of General service. We have what is known as 'Cycle Leave' instead of the seasonal leaves. But by this you do not lose. In fact you will probably gain.

Drafting for the Submarine Service is all done in *Dolphin*. As much notice as possible is given of impending drafts, and drafting preference cards are always consulted when people are detailed for drafts. Another advantage of submarine drafting for the married man is that all drafts are accompanied. The Squadrons available are the 1st Squadron at Portsmouth (by far the largest with 15 submarines), 3rd and 10th at Faslane, and the 7th at Singapore.

At present there are still drafts to Australia. But they have their own submarines now so the future is uncertain. It is possible that we will have a crew over there on a loan basis.

There are ample opportunities for you to qualify for a higher rate, and training facilities exist at *Dolphin* and *Neptune* where you will be given every help. Being a submariner, you will find that you get far more responsibilities than your counterpart in General Service. If you live up to these, you will find that the rewards are worthwhile especially regarding promotion.

To conclude, life in the Submarine Service is what you make it. You will be living in a friendly atmosphere where hard work is the order of the day. But the rewards are more than ample. It is said that variety is the spice of life. In the Submarine Service variety is commonplace.

BOOK REVIEW

ROOM 39—by DONALD MCLACHLAN, published by WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON—Price 50/-.

Room 39 was the 'bridge of the Naval Intelligence Division ship' from 1939 until 1945 and from it branched the many tentacles which collected, collated and drew conclusions from the great volume of intelligence material available to the Royal Navy during World War II. Of the many sources of this material, which included air reconnaissance, prisoners-of-war, Naval Attaches in neutral countries and topographical experts, the author places interception, deciphering and reading of high grade enemy signals first in order of reliability and importance.

One of the earliest examples of this importance to both sides was furnished in the spring of 1940, when the German Navy's B Dienst cryptanalysts were able, by their work on the Royal Navy's codes and ciphers, to read between thirty and fifty per cent of the naval traffic and thus estimate accurately the correct dispositions of the Home Fleet.

Again, in March, 1943, B Dienst's success in reading the Atlantic convoy operations cipher led Admiral Doenitz's U-boats to destroy twenty-one Allied ships totalling 140,000 tons in three days, with the loss of only one U-boat. However, in June that year a new system was introduced, which the Germans were never able to break. Then the truth of the axiom 'total intelligence is total corruption' was borne out—Doenitz's complete reliance on the information gained through interception, the greater because of the Luftwaffe's failure to give adequate long-range air reconnaissance, proved the weakest link in his U-boat armour. He was forced to accept their defeat in the Atlantic.

The enormous importance of secure communications and the non-reliance on a single source of information are but two of many conclusions drawn in this most interesting and absorbing history of Naval Intelligence. J.E.T.

OFFICERS' SWORDS

Retired Officers or those retiring shortly, are you turning your sword into a ploughshare?

IF NOT please consider putting it to good use in the Service.

Two Retired Officers have already offered their swords to be presented to newly promoted SD(C) Officers and we are very grateful to them.

If a steady supply of swords can be assured it is the intention to present one to the SD(C) Officer passing top in each course.

Officers who are interested in supporting this plan are requested to write to The Training Commander, HMS *Mercury*, Leydene, Petersfield.

ROOM

39

Naval Intelligence
in Action 1939-45

Donald McLachlan

'Transcends anything that has been written about intelligence in this country before.' – *Daily Telegraph*

'A scholar's enthralling narrative, deeply and widely researched (among people, as well as papers), scrupulously objective, a model of authoritative historical reportage.' – *Sunday Times*

'Mr. McLachlan's excellent book strips away much of the mystique of Intelligence work and shows how much it depends upon a methodical system of collection, analysis, and interpretation of the daily facts and fancies which pour into an Intelligence division in wartime . . . That at the same time he shatters some of our illusions about Intelligence gathering is no bad thing, for the reality is far more impressive than the cloak-and-dagger image which ignorance is apt to foster.' – *Times Literary Supplement*

50s



Weidenfeld & Nicolson

THE SCIENCE OF COMMUNICATIONS

by 'Systems Engineer'

Once upon a time 'communicating' meant 'talking'. 'Long distance communicating' meant 'shouting'. If you were particularly cunning, a Swiss method could be used and this was called 'yodelling'. However, as is always the way, this soon became too slow for the modern pace of life. The scheme that was introduced was to use a form of signal to activate a previously delivered hand message. The classic example of this was the use of beacons to warn of the arrival of the Spanish Armada. Naval Communications Officers, however, advised against the use of beacons in wooden ships.

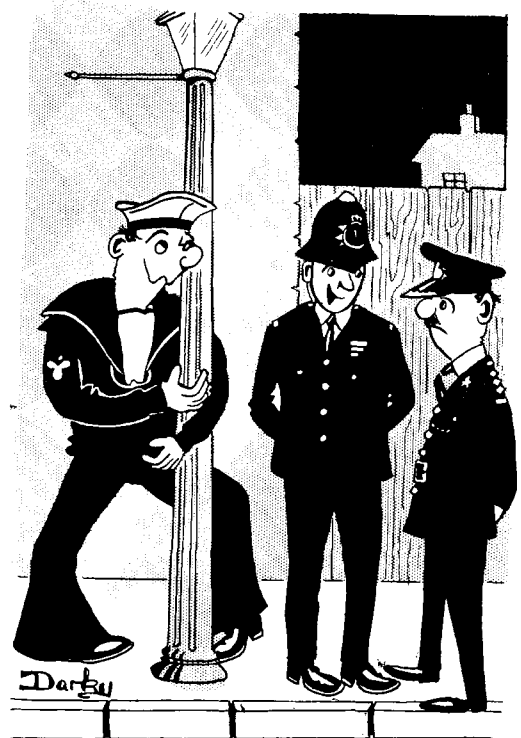
An alternative method was practised at sea. By means of coloured pieces of material, a number of previously determined messages could be passed. Thus was the honoured profession of Yeoman endowed with a significance totally unconnected with beef. The Fleet Signal Book, or at least one of its predecessors, had come into being. An infinite variety of messages could now be passed. Well an almost infinite variety: we are all aware that Nelson did not want to pass his Immortal Message in quite the words he used, but have you ever tried to argue with a Chief Yeoman?

All was now sweetness and light for many, many years. In fact, everything was working so smoothly that people began to start getting worried. Fortunately, in her hour of need, Great Britain can be relied upon to produce the man for the job. Some complete genius read of the scientific experiments of Marconi and his fellows and saw what a death blow to efficient communications they would be. 'If something is working well, complicate it'. With the advent of wireless telegraphy, communications were complicated. With no thought of material reward, but certain that they would profit in moral standing, the electronics technicians worked away introducing complication after complication. Then they made their most dreadful mistake—they went too far. It was all right when it was simply a matter of polishing the brightwork every other Tuesday so that the transmitter kept its self respect and went on working. But somebody thought up 'pentodes' and worse (they are up to transistors now, and not even the inventor believes in them!), and matters reached such a pitch that Pots was forgetting his dots and dashes and thinking about capacitors and the like. It was therefore thought necessary to start a branch of specialists who alone had the time to waste (sorry, I mean the requisite intelligence) to think about inter-electrode capacitance and 'current or electron flow'.

At this point, alas, one of the worst traits of human nature rears its ugly head. Inter-departmental jealousy creeps in. Every SCO wanted to know why the Electrical Officer had a monopoly of complexity. Instead of being delighted, and relaxing and getting back to the basic task of passing simple, intelligible messages from one place to another, they got upset and invented their own complications. I have heard it

rumoured, and quite strongly, that the next series of interpreters examinations will include an optional paper in Signalese. The first to suffer was the 'date-time' group. It used to be an easy group of symbols, eg, 121234Z. But now we have the DIG to cause stage one confusion. Signals used to be read and sent to interested parties, but there is no longer time to do this and the message is distributed according to its DIG. This means that if, when I draft a signal, I make a mistake in the DIG, the right people never see it. Our example DTG now reads: ABC 121234Z. Then someone had a real brainwave: so much time was being lost sorting out where a given signal had got to that one was not sure in which month it had been sent. The full DTG must now read: ABC 121234Z JUL—a most satisfactory 100% increase. And this is just the start; they have their eyes on addresses now. You surely do not think it will be left at mere routing indicators.

The moral of this potted history is quite simple. Left to ourselves, we engineers will get your teleprinter signal (encrypted all the time it is out of your sight) from one place to another at your behest. Please, in return, keep things nice and simple. We are on the same side, you know.



'He said, if I'm not drunk I've wasted three quid trying'

THE BRICKWOOD FIELD GUN COMPETITION 1968

*In Portsmouth fair city
The Brickwood brewery stands,
Known to many a sailor
From this and other lands.*

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

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

The competition is run with 12-pounder 8-cwt field guns, similar to that used in the Royal Tournament. Each crew consists of 18 men and one trainer. Establishments may enter one team of officers and one or two teams of ratings, all of whom must be borne on the books of the Establishment which they wish to represent. There are strict rules as to when training may start and when guns may be drawn, but basically there are seven weeks of training prior to the competition, the last three of which may be with the gun.

Although training may only take place out of working hours from Monday to Saturday midday, by the time the competition is over each man is fit and in fine fettle. Rising at 0600 daily, the crews carry out physical training or gun training until 0730. Training is again carried out from 1200 to 1230, and an extensive training period in the evenings lasts from 1630 until 1830. The physical requirement of all members of the crew is very high. When consideration is given to the weight of the equipment, and the number of crew allowed to attend each piece, a rough standard can be estimated. The complete equipment weighs somewhere in the region of 1½ tons. The limber itself requires four men to lift it, and each wheel weighs 126 lb. Each of these four requires to be carried a distance of 10-12 yards twice over in each run. The gun barrel weighs 8 cwt and in the first action only three men are allowed to lift it. The gun carriage adds a further 5½ cwt to this, giving just over 13 cwt which is lifted by six men in the big lift zone. So, in all, only ten crewmen are actually lifting the main body of equipment, whilst four ratings are man-handling the wheels.

This year HMS *Mercury* entered two teams into the competition. One team was selected from volunteers of the Ship's Company, whilst the other crew came from the New Entry Squadron. All were volunteers, no pressure was applied, in fact many others were turned away. As training progressed the number dwindled through drafting and training

problems. Accidents were few, and limited to minor ones. NE's were accepted with the condition that they maintained their practical standards. Any failures would be returned to normal duty.

During the last week of training, with only six days to go, both teams trained in the evening at HMS *Excellent*. Whereas times hovered around 1 min 45 secs on the *Mercury* track, those recorded at Whale Island were averaging around 1 min 38 secs. In fact the Ship's Company turned in 1 min 33 secs with only four days to go and this compared very favourably with the previous year's winner's time of 1 min 36.9 secs!

Competition Day fell upon Monday, June 24, and the guns were delivered to *Excellent* at 1100 so that they could be inspected by the judges prior to the heats. *Mercury* New Entry Crew had been drawn to run in the first heat against four other Establishments, and at 1700 the race was on. The first heat was an exciting event with the NE Crew going straight into the lead and maintaining it through to the end. They returned a time of 1 min 36.8 secs, three point one secs faster than the previous year's winner. The Ship's Company crew were next to perform, and perform they did. Once again *Mercury* streaked into the lead and came in first with a time of 1 min 35.8 secs, one second faster than the NE's. In fact, HMS *Mercury* had beaten eight other establishments in the first two heats, and the three remaining establishments running in heat three came nowhere near their times.

The final event was to comprise of the five teams recording the fastest time in the heats, except that only one ratings crew from any one establishment would be permitted to run. As *Mercury* held the two fastest times it meant that the NE's crew would have to stand down to comply with this rule. Although disappointed in being excluded from the final, the crew did not lose heart. Their training had paid off well and they were all quite sure that *Mercury* was to win. All the opposition in the final had been beaten fair and square by *Mercury* and it appeared that the



'Have we any English coconuts?'

two trophies, the Brickwood and the Powerful Cup would rest in this Establishment for the next year. But disaster was to strike in the most disheartening way. From the start three crews were neck and neck up to the first action. Here we had an ace up our sleeve, for CY Elliot, who had performed so well in *Mercury* sporting circles was the ammunition number, and with his fast sprints the crew drew ahead. *Mercury* were seconds faster out of the first action and ahead in the second action. With only fifty yards to go and no penalties incurred, the final round of the second action jammed itself in the breach. Although quick to remedy this fault, *Mercury* only managed to pinch into second place to HMS *Collingwood* crew, which had been sucked along with *Mercury's* speed. The winning time was 1 min 34.4 secs, whilst *Mercury* turned in a commendable time of 1 min 39.0 secs.

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

Next year we start again. Volunteers will be required to form a Ship's Company crew in the same manner as this year. Lessons have been learnt and techniques improved. With luck and good training *Mercury* could capture those two elusive trophies. Will you help?

THAILAND — THE HARD WAY

by CRS(W) Turley

It started with a telephone conversation which went something like this:

'Would you like a jolly to Thailand Chief?'

'Where—and when?'

'Thailand—next month.'

'Yes please' (Visions of Bangkok and all its delights).

'Righto then, draw jungle green, sets numerous, one Landrover and I'll leave the rest to you.'

Chief thinks—jungle green in Bangkok! Ye Gods!!

Thus two members of the FEWU from Singapore took part in a SEATO Command Post Exercise in the middle of Thailand earlier this year.

On the appointed date we arrived at RAF Changi complete with jungle green, Landrover with trailer and dhobey bucket plus stomachs rattling with paludrine tablets. Most of the day was spent weighing the vehicles and why the RAF wanted rear axle weights and front axle weights we just don't know, for no sooner had they been loaded onto the Hercules

than the loaders promptly placed about 15 sacks of flour on the bonnet—breaking the rearview mirror in the process.

We eventually arrived at Leong Nok Tha airfield which was made by the Royal Engineers—literally carved out of the wilderness and is complete with concrete runways and hardstanding. The same company of engineers were in the process of building a road for the Thai government.

The part of Thailand where the exercise took place was a long way from the fleshpots of Bangkok—about 600 miles in fact. The area was mainly a rice growing area and as it was the middle of the dry season it was very dusty—you ate it, slept in it—and gave up trying to wash it off. The RN landrover caused a few lifted eyebrows—everything else with wheels was khaki and the Chief (wearing lapel badges in his jungle green) was mistaken for a doctor, Royal Marine and a major in the US Army, in that order.

A word about the Army and RAF communications. Communicators in the RN tend to be a bit 'superior' to our opposite numbers but in my humble estimation, they have us beaten hands down when it comes to mobility.

In a matter of 3 or 4 hours, the RAF had unloaded numerous lorries, connected up the generators, topped up the fridge with Coke and had a forward Commcen in full operation with 8 circuits and all they entail—including MSO distribution. The Army seemed to be just as capable and using two long wheel based Landrovers can swan off into the field and set up an out station with a couple of circuits.

On completion of the first phases of the exercise, when the baddies became the goodies and vice versa, we found ourselves attached to the 1st Australian Signal Regiment—and after delving into the mysteries of Compo rations, the fresh steaks, chops and fresh milk (a rare commodity anywhere in the Far East) went down very nicely. Incidentally, one of the Staff Sergeants turned out to be an ex-PO RP1 who left the Navy in 1956—and in 12 years had completely lost his West Country accent and talked like a Digger born and bred!!

When the exercise finally drew to a close, all those personnel who were returning to Singapore mustered back at Leong Nok Tha and the harassed Operations Officer who was wrestling with the inevitable task of too many passengers and stores and too few aircraft, was delighted when he was informed that we would return by road, this gave him one entire aircraft to play with.

The return journey was a story in itself and turned out to be the highlight of the whole expedition. The complete journey was a shade under 2,000 miles and was accomplished in about 45 hours' driving time—an average of about 42 mph which, considering the state of most of the roads in Thailand, must be a record.

In conclusion, as RN communicators it was a welcome change in the routine—and certainly helped us to understand some of the problems that our counterparts have to face.

YEOMAN, WHY IS THE FLAG DECK NOT MANNED?

by E.Y.C.G.

The paying off pennant has been lowered; a two and half year commission has ended. The ship has covered most of the roles of the Navy today, from operational readiness (off Aden), NATO and national exercises, to goodwill visits including minor exercises with the host nation's navy. The communication 'G' and 'T' subspecialisations were more in 'One-in-Two' watchkeeping than any other department in the ship. Short bursts of one-in-two watchkeeping do not particularly hurt, but it is the tightest union that can be run for any time, and to maintain even this watchkeeping pressure for over a fortnight could mean an increase in careless mistakes due to fatigue. Any prolonged hostility with an increased traffic load therefore could not be taken in our stride in the communication field. I have been checking if the requirement placed on these departments in a ship at the moment can be reduced without affecting the service we give.

The G Subspecialisation

I regret to say that the hardship of one-in-two watchkeeping was inevitable in this sub-branch. Our complement figure was seven RO's 1 or 2(G). Two should have been employed on communal duties, and they were never drafted to us, implementing the DCI that offered others in lieu. Temporary manning standards cut the remaining five down to three, and running a DLG on three is very tight indeed. RO2(U)s learned very fast to fill the vacancies, but experience and the knowledge gained on the subspecialisation course still count. As soon as the number of circuits and the traffic level rose above cruising, the Gs were one-in-two.

The T Subspecialisation

The Tactical branch were one-in-two for an equivalent time, yet this section of the staff were almost up to complement strength. Therefore their case is more seriously at fault if they were required to be in such a tight watchkeeping roster. I believe this hardship exists because the T's commitments include manning both the ancient and modern methods of communications simultaneously, and a sense of pride in the archaic prevents us relaxing the former.

Manning

Every ship will have evolved exactly where Tactical rates and the ROs(U) attached to the branch, watchkeep in a given situation. Each ship knows where they find they must have men, but if four out of five RN escorts had their ROs(T) in one-in-two watchkeeping during a simple weapon-training serialised exercise, the problem of their watchkeeping is not exclusive to this ship or class. If the following paragraphs about manning sound like a DLG, this is so that I can confine myself to first hand experience, not because this is the only class with the problem. The Tactical circuit is the most expensive man power consumer, yet should

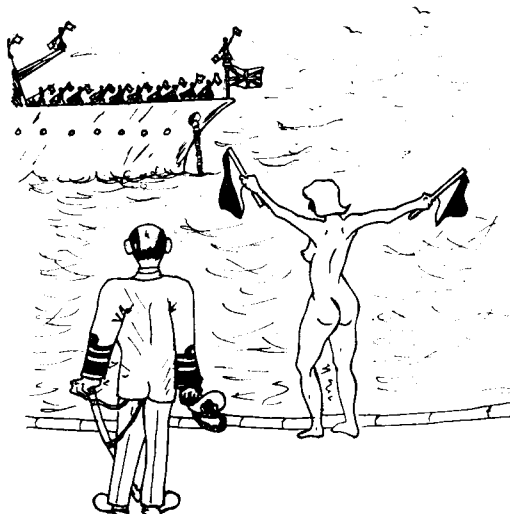
be no target for economy. In any exercise this circuit has to be manned by a voice operator and an operator waiting on the officer in the Ops room and on the bridge. One of these may be displaced by the presence of the Chief Yeoman and the Command, but the system must cope with the Chief Yeoman absent. The OOW and the ORO are too busy, and their link too fragile for manoeuvring information to be passed back and forth between them. Add our message preparation and rush distribution commitment and we are at least one-in-three, add the flag deck and we are one-in-two.

Manning the Flag Deck

Manning the flag deck on anything like a permanent basis is the unnecessary commitment that I believe could be pruned to allow the Tactical branch to watchkeep on more comparative terms with the remainder of the ship's company. The flag deck is manned because Chief Yeoman, SCOs, OOWs, and Commands expect it to be manned, not for the results achieved by the operators up there. Pride keeps it manned, as no ship wishes to appear sloppy by not answering instantly any call. Some originators of signals believe that a signal flashed by light is in some mysterious way different from one sent by voice. One can spend hours in a morning watch before a forenoon's serial setting up and testing half a dozen UHF circuits with the consort, and when all are through loud and clear, and manned, the consort is visual and one is required to flash 'Good Morning, nice to have you with us.' It would make a time and motion study man weep.

The Flag Deck in Radio Silence

Visual signalling remains a necessary art as Emcon policies may dictate that our primary communications are switched off. Manoeuvring a squadron with flags and light is an evolution that should be exercised in



'There you are Daddy, I told you semaphore wasn't dead yet!'

case, or when, this may be required in earnest. If such a practice is being carried out, Tactical operators can be deployed to cope (for instance, the Tactical primary position in the Ops room would be closed down). Manoeuvring by visual signalling methods is a different and exact art, not to be confused with or compared to the time and manpower wastage at present taking place on the flag deck. Nor is the occasional RPC type signal flashed between ship's flag decks any training value for manoeuvring a squadron by visual means.

What do the Flag Deck Team Do?

The actual employment of the operators on the flag deck will depend on the circumstances and setting, but usual tasks are:

- a. Hoists—A ship with a helicopter finds the most used hoists are the shapes required by international law, and flag Kilo. Flag Romeo is next, for replenishments, and Flag Bravo for firings. Very few other signals are flown.
- b. Light—The number of ships in company has a direct bearing on the traffic level: as the OTC's ship of a four or five escort force, I found an average to be one or two classified and four or five unclassified signals per daylight hours. At least half this traffic will have most of the ships in company on the address, so may have to be repeated several times (all round lights lack the carrying power).

Are the Hoists Necessary?

We clearly must obey the rules about hoisting shapes. However, I challenge the requirements to hoist and lower them as a drill movement. We are out to warn other shipping of our intention, but some ships hoist them as the helicopter starts up, some at the wheel order when altering to the flying course, and some ships insist that they are hoisted simultaneously with Kilo (buying up double the hands). The flight deck and the crash boat require some notice of the operation of the helicopter. A communicator can be deployed to hoist the shapes some time during this two minutes' notice, for instance the hand on his way to man the seaboats' portable, and he could lower them on his way back from the seaboat. I do not believe in the necessity to hoist Kilo at all. Ships working closely with us require more exact information, which they receive via Tactical Primary with the appropriate group, that the good book specifies is only to be used by voice. Warships present but not in company receive the same indications as a merchant ship, that ought to be good enough. A helicopter pilot has told me he likes Kilo in case he loses radio contact. We have to have two sets up to him anyway, and he cannot land without indication from the flight deck officer's bats, that are just about as visible as the flag. Nice to have the flag dancing about like a yo-yo, but not a necessity. Kilo should only be used if there is some restriction or failure of UHF communication. Flag Romeo is another pleasant piece of bunting, and Commands do

watch for it on making the approach. The criterion here should be that if we are required to man a special Logistic circuit for the replenishment, this circuit buys up the hand who might hoist Romeo. A RAS requires notice to muster the upper deck party, plenty of notice for us to find a hand if this requirement is forced on us. This argument applies to Flag Bravo for firings, Code Alpha for speed trials and most of the informative hoists occasionally required.

Are the V/S Signals Necessary?

Those signals routed via light because of security restrictions are necessary. The very classification acts against speedy handling in other forms. As I hope will have been made clear by now, I am not advocating closing down the flag deck, only stopping men hanging about there wasting time. When the requirement to pass a classified signal arises, two minutes notice can easily be given by using the group on tactical primary, if the two bridges of the ships are so placed that a visual call would not be seen. The same procedure should be used to indicate that an unclassified signal is about to be passed, but in this case the warning should be to join the calling ship on one of the VHF channels of the 689. Unclassified signals should never be flashed. A signal of any length needs two men at either end, and groans on at about eight words a minute: often the same procedure has to take place more than once so that other addressees receive the signal. I have indicated that I have two operators on the bridge, one on the voice circuit and one waiting on the OOW. The RO waiting receives the OOW's permission, briefs his voice operator to report direct to the OOW for the next minute, picks up the 689, checks that all the addressees are on it and reads out the signal. This transmission is completed faster, needs no repetition to a ship on the other side of the screen, and uses men already closed up both in the sending and receiving ships. The VHF set is ideally placed in the bridges and in MCOs, and lies idle for most of the time. Only RFAs have the sense to use it as the asset to communications that it is. Most European warships are so fitted (only leaving the United States Navy as a V/S headache).

Where from, if wanted?

If there is no-one on the flag deck because there is no-one to spare, how is it that someone can be found if a requirement has been proved for even a small percentage of the time? The answer will depend in part on how long it takes to reach the flag deck from the bridge, the Ops room and MSO. The Chief Yeoman, if he is present, or the senior RO on the bridge is in the best position to judge who can be spared for a limited time. Some flag decks are only seconds away from the bridge, so a simple hoist may be easiest covered by doubling aft from there. A medium length classified signal may require a hand up from the MSO: for some evolutions it may be possible to cut the Ops room staff down to one. I know this system is by no means so tidy as straight watchkeeping, but if it saves a man, it is worth it. You need to run an organisation

that can cope with three times the traffic level in the MSO; that is where the extra men will be required in a crisis, not on the flag deck. Get used to not having him there now, it will be too late to introduce flexible routines when the crunch comes. If our branches' intake is reduced to match the poor recruiting figures published in the national press, we may well be without the man anyway in the not too distant future.

Conclusion

Unless a department is well under complement, we should not have to cover simple, small-time exercises in a one-in-two watchkeeping system. This is not because of the hardship involved, but because such a system leaves us nothing in hand to cover the real increased load that would come with a prolonged period of emergency. The use of flags and visual signals are extravagant in manpower. The few occasions that require a man's presence on the flag deck can be covered if the department get two minutes' notice. An aspect that cannot be covered will be the instantaneous reply to the call of a ship on the quarter or stern. This failure must be accepted, even if it hurts our pride. There will be few such calls if it is understood that to flash a signal that is unclassified is inefficient, as it uses the most men and takes the longest time. It must be accepted that a ship may require notice if being called from astern. We do not deserve better re-engaging figures if we ask long hours of men hanging around in case someone chooses to communicate with us by archaic methods.

AT THE PEARLY GATE

An RS stood at the Pearly Gate,
His face care-worn and old,
He stood before the man of faith,
Requesting admission to the fold.
'What have you done,' St. Peter asked,
'To gain admission here?'
'Been instructing New Entries, Sir,
'For many, many years.'
The Pearly Gate swung open wide,
St. Peter tolled a bell,
'Come in my son and choose your harp,
'You have had enough of hell.'

SPRING CROSSWORD

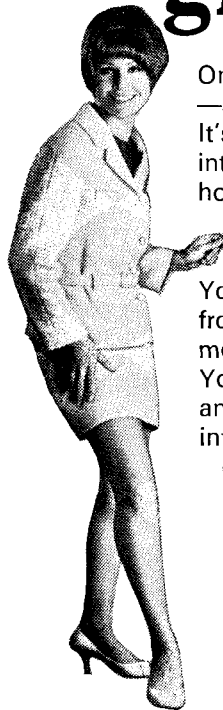
Winner: Lieutenant (CS) R. G. Winning, RN and RM Careers HQ, 27A Broad Street, Birmingham 1.

SOLUTION

Across: 1. Manufactured, 9. Nucleic, 10. Non-suit, 11. Utis, 12. Power, 13. Kiri, 16. Thereby, 17. Nominee, 18. Imports, 21. Juniper, 23. Laud, 24. Place, 25. Yoga, 28. Science, 29. Deplete, 30. Shop stewards.

Down: 1. Machine, 2. Neep, 3. Factory, 4. Concern, 5. Ulna, 6. Elution, 7. Industrialist, 8. Strike breaker, 14. Metre, 15. Among, 19. Prudish, 20. Salient, 21. Jackdaw, 22. Process, 26. Snip, 27. Spur.

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*OR WRITE TO: THE SECRETARY, H.M. FORCES SAVINGS COMMITTEE,
BLOCK B, GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, LONDON ROAD, STANMORE, MIDDX.*

RN W/T STATION, KRANJI, SINGAPORE 1939-42

by Herbert W. Radwell

CHAPTER 4

The Lucky Ones Escape

On the quayside there were several Godowns or Godongs (Warehouses). These were well stocked with all kinds of merchandise and were being patrolled by armed British soldiers. Their duty was to see that there was no looting.

After getting the W/T Station stores unloaded and put onboard, we received orders to embark. No special arrangements had been made to accommodate us. Everything was being done to evacuate us on an emergency basis and we just had to take pot luck.

Down below on the mess deck the shelves were well stocked with tinned foods, chocolates and cigarettes. The cigarettes were the American brands 'Phillip Morris', 'Lucky Strike' and 'Camel' which were all popular brands in Singapore. From this, I surmised that 'Jolly Jack' had played cat and mouse with the guards and looted all this from the Godongs.

HMS *Scout* let go from the quayside in the late afternoon of February 10, 1942. Singapore looked a most pitiful sight from seawards. The whole island was enveloped in a pall of black smoke rising from the burning oil fuel tanks, accompanied by the crashing and flashing of bombs and shells. Despite what the powers that be had tried to have us believe, this outpost of Empire was fast approaching its doom. We remained stoical about our departure. Our feelings, if any, were being sorry for those left on the island to fight to the bitter end.

HMS *Scout* had been ordered to sail for Batavia, Java, where there were some British merchant ships available and ready for the homeward journey. On board there were insufficient cups, plates and cutlery to issue to the evacuees. Myself, I used a bayonet in the triple role of tinopener, knife and fork and eating and drinking direct from tins. We evacuees all slept on the hot steel upper decks, fully clothed, and using our caps as pillows. The ship had been warned of Japanese submarines operating in the Banka Strait. By steering a zig zag course, and with good fortune, she arrived safely at Batavia on February 12, 1942. The previous day, my birthday, I shared the bottle of wine with Kranji staff whilst I received 'sippers' from their tots of rum.

The RC Chaplain, Father Cunningham, had already arrived in Batavia and was at the quayside when we arrived. As I stepped off the gangway he came over and gave me a hug saying, 'Glad to see you are all safe Chief!' and then went around shaking hands with all those he had met before in Singapore. Evacuees then transferred immediately to SS *City of Canterbury*. Having boarded SS *City of Canterbury* I was allotted a four-berth cabin to be shared with three other Chief PO's. Before the ship sailed an RN Paymaster came aboard and exchanged our remaining

Straits currency for sterling. My naval PO savings bank book, together with hundreds of others, had been left behind in Singapore Naval Pay Office. I had memorised its serial number and had recorded it with indelible pencil on my left shoe when I left Kranji. I knew I would have to quote it later when making my claim to savings headquarters.

In company with a few other merchant ships we sailed the same day, down through the Sundra Strait and out into the Indian Ocean bound for Colombo and Bombay. We were escorted by one of our 'E' class destroyers and an RIN sloop. That night I had the best night's sleep I had had for over two months. Three days later, Sunday, February 15, 1942, we learned that Singapore had officially capitulated to the Japanese. The voyage to Colombo was uneventful. The majority of Kranji and Suara W/T Station staff were under the impression that they were UK bound, but after only a few hours in Colombo it transpired that only those who had served in the Far East for over two years were to continue the journey. The rest had to join Colombo W/T Station as this Station now had to combine the duties of Kranji W/T Station.

It was now almost three years since I set sail from Southampton for the Far East. My skin had tanned to the colour of mahogany and at times I began to wonder if I was a native of those parts. It gets one that way after a time, when England and home seem to become a vague memory. Only a few of us who had been away for over two years continued the journey aboard SS *City of Canterbury* up to Bombay. Here we disembarked and were accommodated in a second class hotel not far from the General Hospital and Railway Station.

Our first trip into the town was to find the nearest Post Office and send home 'safe and well' cablegrams. It did not take many nights at this hotel for us to find out that we had uninvited guests, bugs! We felt there would be no justification in complaining about this, after all, we were lucky to be alive and free whilst the thousands of Servicemen left behind in Singapore had otherwise been killed, wounded or taken prisoner. On the second day of our stay at the hotel we were visited by a CPO writer RIN. He had been officially sent to direct us to the Dockyard pay office to receive our pay to date and allowances for the loss of kit. On the way to the Dockyard our guide asked me if I would like a number two serge suit made to measure. 'I can get it made cheaply,' he said. I sensed he was after making some 'cumshaw' for himself, but told him I would like to have one made. After receiving my pay and allowances he took me along to the Dockyard sail loft where Indian tailors sat crossed legged on the floor whilst cutting out and machining suits. Speaking Hindustani, he beckoned one of the tailors over to measure me up. I had lost about a stone in weight since leaving home and asked for allowances to be made as I hoped to put on weight during the journey home. Two days later the CPO writer delivered my suit to the hotel. I asked no questions, paid up and thanked him, and he went on his way.

I had a number one cloth suit made by a naval outfitters in town and also bought a suitcase and warm under clothing in readiness for the homeward journey.

During my stay in Bombay I witnessed the most appalling living conditions I have ever seen anywhere. In this prosperous and busy seaport town there were literally thousands of homeless natives. The pavements at night were impassable in places where these hopeless souls had settled down to sleep. They were on the whole a mixture of rickshaw-coolies, labourers and beggars. In the day time beggars were to be seen in every street. Some of them were deformed and in an advanced state suffering from disease and walking about on all fours in monkey fashion. Some had self-inflicted wounds, uncleansed and swarming with flies. I was to learn it was common practice for beggars in India to sandpaper their shins to encourage infections and gain the sympathy of passers-by. In contrast there were rich Indian merchants driving around in cars with their bejewelled women folk dressed in expensive silk saris.

At the railway station I observed the trains coming and going crammed full of passengers, not only in the carriages but also on the roofs and running boards. Indian railways seemed to me, to use a contradictory phrase, organised chaos.

Many civilian evacuees from Singapore had been accumulating in Bombay awaiting passage back to UK. An enquiry bureau was set up where the names of daily arrivals were posted up in the windows. After a fortnight's stay in Bombay we learnt that passages had been booked for the naval ratings and a large number of civilian evacuees from Singapore aboard the P and O liner *Strathnaver*. On March 14, 1942, the ship sailed out of Bombay. Getting clear of the harbour speed was increased to seventeen knots and so began our zig zag course down to Capetown. Admiralty pattern lifebelts had been issued to the naval ratings as part of our kit whilst we were in Bombay. We wore these around our waist day and night. They were fitted with a rubber nozzle protruding at the front and could be inflated by the mouth if the need arose. The civilian passengers were issued with the ship's lifebelts made of canvas and cork. Little did we know when we set sail that we were to be onboard for five weeks before our journey was ended.

In time of war the Admiralty is responsible for routing Great Britain merchant ships at sea. Their general W/T callsign is GBMS. Messages for these ships are transmitted from Rugby W/T Station on both LF and HF. The merchant ships have therefore to keep a listening watch on Rugby W/T Station to intercept any message which may affect them, particularly if it concerns a change of route.

I was really looking forward to a trip ashore when the ship arrived at Capetown. I had never been down to South Africa before and was hoping that this occasion would afford me the opportunity to visit another country on my already long list. Unfortunately it was not to be. A suspected case of smallpox broke out onboard and therefore all shore leave was cancelled.

At Capetown the ship took on a cargo of copper ingots and then proceeded up the West coast of Africa to Freetown. Again there was no shore leave. There was not much for us to do onboard except walk the decks, eat, drink and sleep. Some of the 'wide boys' got out their crown and anchor boards and collected the cash from the 'mugs' who were foolish enough to gamble with them.

Leaving Freetown our route took us out westwards beyond the Azores, then up the coast of Canada and Newfoundland. We eventually altered course to the east off the coast of Labrador. This route had been dictated by Admiralty and was to keep us clear of the German U-Boats operating in the Atlantic. Maintaining a speed of seventeen knots and zig zagging across the North Atlantic we eventually arrived safely at Glasgow on April 23, 1942. It was now exactly three years and one day since I left Southampton for the Far East.

I and a few other ratings took the night train from Glasgow Central to London and Portsmouth and arrived in RN Barracks a.m. on April 24, 1942. Here we had to undergo a medical check up before receiving payment and proceeding on leave. Strangely enough,



'Amazing, even RO's slap in for Quartermaster when we tie up at this berth'

I met 'Birdie' Chapman, ex HMS *Aphis* gunners yeoman, right then and there in the Sick Bay. 'Hello, Birdie, what are you doing here?' I asked. Smiling all over his face, he replied, 'Oh, I stopped a packet in the chest and shoulder on the *Aphis*, 'How about Frank Arnsworth?' I asked. 'He was killed during the action,' he replied. I observed 'Birdie' was wearing an uncommon medal ribbon which I did not immediately recognise. Pointing to it, I asked, 'What ribbon is that "Birdie"?' 'Oh, it's just another "Gong",' he replied. Checking up later I discovered it was the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal. The records show that there were only 179 of these medals awarded during the two world wars.

My wife and daughter had left Portsmouth and had returned to our home town of Winchester during my long absence, and so, after the medical check-up and drawing some long overdue pay I proceeded to Winchester for a spot of leave. All my relatives and friends were pleased to see me back safe and sound. Then I learned that my second youngest brother (Kenneth Roy Radwell, his initials were in honour of our Father's old Regiment, The Kings Royal Rifles) had been taken prisoner in North Africa and was now in a Prisoner of War camp in Italy. He was serving in the Hon. Artillery Company.

Had it been peace-time I would have been entitled to six weeks' leave after having been abroad for three years. As it was, all I was given was twelve days 'Survivors' leave and then packed off to Ayr, Scotland, to instruct young 'Hostilities only' ratings in the profession of becoming trained Telegraphists R.N.

However, 'Tiadapa', I was one of the lucky ones!

A.R.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A.S.W.E.,

PORTSDOWN.

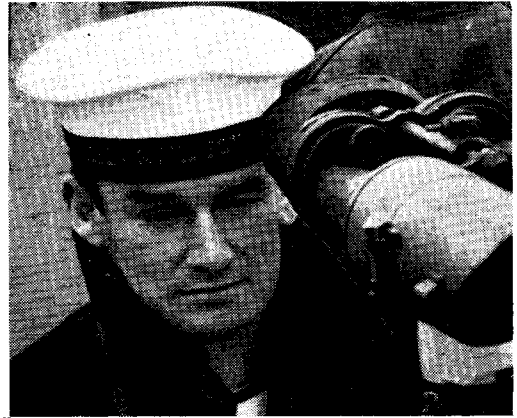
April 24, 1968.

Dear Sir,

I thought you would like to hear of an interesting sequel to my Chapter 3 of story current in THE COMMUNICATOR. Lieutenant Commander R. White, RN (now recently retired) informed me that whilst serving at Kranji W/T Station in 1958 he was in charge of excavations on a site for a new building. During this, he said to me, 'We found the burnt remains of your Confidential Books!' With his experience as a Boy Tel to Lieutenant Commander I did not doubt his word, but as a sporting challenge, I placed a plan of the station in front of him and said 'Show me where?' Without any hesitation he put his finger on the plan and said 'There!' He was spot on! It's a small world!

Yours faithfully,

H. W. RADWELL.

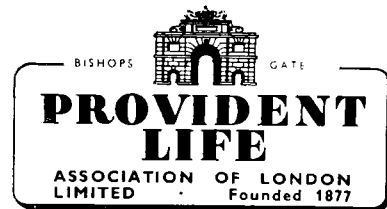


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ALL IN THE INTERESTS OF ECONOMY

At the first meeting of the 'Pay Office Self-Criticism Committee' the following shortcomings were brought to light:

- (a) Loss of manpower during the busy hours of 1000-1030 and 1500-1530.

and

- (b) Absence of Pay Office staff during the establishments stand-easy periods, leading to loss of the personal touch and frayed tempers amongst our customers, e.g., a superior LRO on course visits the pay office to question his pay during stand-easy, the ledger keeper is away drinking coffee, the LRO returns to his class in a furious mood, fails his morse test, falls in his instructor, is disgraced and sent to DQ's, comes out and deserts and is finally discharged SNLR. He is now unemployed and his family is maintained by the British Taxpayer.

Had the ledger keeper been present and reassured the LRO he would surely have passed his exam and some months later been an RS. The imagination boggles at attempting to assess the cost of that writer's coffee to the nation.

DCI 706/67 gives repayment rates for Service personnel employed by civilian firms. Using these rates, the wastage of manpower because the Pay Office staff go away from the office for stand-easy represents a total cost of £1,497 14s 6d per year.

To put these things right it has been decided that in future the Pay Office staff will remain in the office during stand-easy and remain on the job whilst drinking their coffee. To this end it has been necessary to purchase 16 cheap cups at £1 the lot. The expected life of these cups is 2 years which will represent a saving of £2,995 9s 0d (£1,497 14s 6d x 2) not to mention the reduction in defrocked LRO's on the dole.

On the Other Hand

RO3 Greenheart was a very promising New Entry, full of enthusiasm and determined to further himself. He joined his first ship, a Type 14 on Fishery Protection duties, where his overcrowded messdeck was shared with the Electrical ratings and the Writer. His first watch at sea was the afternoon and when he came off, ten minutes late because he had lost a halliard in the howling gale, he could not sit down for his tea because the W . . . r was asleep on the mess stool—sound asleep, as he had been since 1230. As Greenheart stood drinking his tea a messmate staggered into him as the ship rolled, spilling the tea down his shirt. As his spare one was in the wash Greenheart

put on a white front and fifteen minutes later he was ordered to muster his kit for being improperly dressed. At 2345 he was shaken for the Middle Watch. As he moved quickly to get dressed and on watch he was flabbergasted to find his shoes missing. He spent twenty minutes looking for them before borrowing someone else's. Arriving on watch late he subsequently got 3 days No. 9 for being adrift and 3 more for borrowing kit. At 0815 next morning when the W . . . r moved his camp bed the missing shoes were underneath. The next day Greenheart had had the Morning Watch and determined to make up for his previous lapses he was up early and hurried to get on watch. He tripped over the camp bed of the W . . . r knocking himself out and when he came to received 14 days No. 9 for skulking. Eventually he returned to *Mercury* for his Sub Spec course. On his first day he stood in the parade for payment faced by a number of W . . . rs shouting figures and things. There was a query of course and when he went to the Pay Office to sort it out he was asked to wait a minute as the W . . . r was having his coffee. Greenheart went Berserk. Why on earth can't they go to the canteen like everyone else, he said!!



COMMISSIONING FORECASTS

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

Albion Commando Ship, November, recommission, (1) Portsmouth (2) Singapore, FSC East of Suez (FE).
Berry Head .. Maintenance Support, November at Portsmouth.
Caprice Destroyer, Phased December 5 and February, recommission (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Euryalus Frigate, December 16, Recommission (1) (2) Devonport GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Intrepid Assault Ship, December, recommission, (1) Devonport (2) Singapore.
Fife GMD, January, recommission, (1) (2) Chatham, GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Kedleston Minehunter, January, commission, (1) Rosyth (2) Devonport, HSS.
Sirius Frigate, January, recommission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Eagle Aircraft Carrier, January, phased recommission, (1) (2) Devonport, Home/East of Suez (FE).
Ashanti Frigate, January trials, March recommission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/East of Suez (ME).
Galatea Frigate, February, phased recommission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Eskimo Frigate, February, phased recommission, (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Salisbury AD Frigate, February, recommission (1) (2) Devonport GSC Home/East of Suez.
Glamorgan GMD, April, phased recommission, (1) (2) Devonport GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).
Londonderry A/S Frigate, May, commission, (1) Portsmouth (2) Rosyth, GSC Home/East of Suez (FE).

ROYAL FLEET AUXILIARY SERVICE

Many ratings leaving the Service are not aware of the opportunities that exist for them in the R.F.A. Service.

Due to the expansion of this service there is an acute shortage of Signalmen. The qualifications are roughly the same as the qualifications for RO2(T) in the R.N.

If you are interested in joining you should apply for details to:-

The Director of Fuel, Movements and Transport,
Section 4 A,
Empress State Buildings,
LONDON S.W.6.

Telephone number Fulham 1244 Ext. 3021

or to any R.F.A. Agent in one of H.M. Dockyards.

The pay is good and due to shortages of trained men the chances of advancement to Yeoman of Signals are very favourable.

GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

CHIEFS (DO) NATTER

by CRS J. H. D. Buchanan

Someone reminded me to write this article for THE COMMUNICATOR and at the same time said we did not write one for the last edition.

Whenever this sort of thing happens, one always tries to make amends by making an apology—and why should I be different . . . ? Seriously, the reason why we did not write an article for the last edition was because, and many of you already know, the President at the time, Ted Palfry (CCY) was in the process of handing over to his relief (that's me) and amid counting "Napkins, table, white for the use of" (and whoever has four outsize handkerchiefs I would be very grateful for them).

Ted has finally left us for the world outside and has since donned the uniform of an usher of the House of Commons, a job which he seems to be enjoying and would recommend to anyone who may be thinking about taking up similar employment on leaving the Service. The mess presented Ted with an inscribed silver cigarette box and wished him all success in his new venture.

The mess has taken on the appearance of a NATO Club, with Chief Petty Officers from Belgium, Federal Germany, France, Holland, Iran, Norway and Turkey and, I believe, we also have some from Gt. Britain.

On the entertainments side, we held a very successful cocktail party last November. It was, to our knowledge, the first time that an occasion such as this had taken place in *Mercury*, and we hope to hold another one at a later date, probably about November again.

Another new adventure was tried, this time in the form of a Dinner Dance which we held in the Curzon Rooms, Waterlooville. It was an enormous success and was very well supported by mess members and a few ex-members who had asked to come. Our Guest of Honour was Captain McKaig, Captain of the Signal School before taking up his new appointment. It is, once again, hoped to hold another dinner dance—that is, if we can get the secretary/treasurer to agree to the cost . . . ?

The 'SEADADS', it really ought to be called the 'LAND DADS', trophy was competed for this term, the Wardroom being hosts at the Fox and Hounds where a strenuous game of skittles took place. Although throughout the game there was hardly anything between the two scores, finally brawn overcame brain and the Wardroom came out winners—but we shall get our revenge next time. We have yet to think up a suitable challenge but the choice of 'weapons' is ours!

By the time this article goes to press we will have had our Bar-B-Q which we hope will follow the pattern of a previous event which I understand was a tremendous success.

Finally, as far as entertainments are concerned, may I inform you that next term on September 14 we shall be holding the reunion for Ex and Serving Chief Communicators. The usual offer of a limited amount of accommodation stands for those members wishing to make a night of it and if those attending could let the Secretary know as soon as possible it would be very much appreciated, and planning arrangements could then be commenced.

At long last CPO GI Cornelius, the 'Bearded Dwarf' as he has become affectionately known, can no longer use his theme song 'The sea shall not have me' because he has got a draft to a mighty war canoe called *Fife*. After about four years in *Mercury* it is not surprising that 'Drafty' should finally catch up with him and we wish him luck, having been a staunch supporter of the mess for so many years. Hard luck 'Corney' in not winning the Brickwoods Trophy (Command Field Gun Competition) this year. The hard work and encouragement you gave the lads was much appreciated by everyone. Welcome to your relief, *Barnie Luff*; another *Mercury* stalwart?

We have excelled in sports lately (is this because we have a younger element in the mess?). Joe Jordan guided the .22 team to victory in the inter-part .22 competition. Joe, incidentally, is now with the RNR



' . . . and how comes you to vink I a'int an officer?'

at Birmingham and has extended his 'tot' to anyone who is up that way. We also managed to defeat the Wardroom in a hard fought final to take the inter-part hockey cup. Then we were represented in the Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers teams which had a resounding victory in both the *Mercury* Small Arms meeting at Longmoor and the *Mercury* Sports. Currently, we are due to play Jackson division in the final of the Cricket Knockout competition, which, with a bit of luck, we should win.

Normally we would finish off with 'INS' and 'OUTS' but so many have occurred that if anyone is particularly interested in the whereabouts of any members please drop me a line and within reason, I'll be glad to oblige.

To conclude, may I, on behalf of the mess, send our congratulations to Smokey Funnell (CRS) and Den Jones (CRS) on being awarded the BEM. . . . Well Done . . .

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS MATTER

Having taken over the chair just before the end of last term this is my first article and indeed it appears to be the first one from the Signal School Mess for a couple of issues.

Our end of term dance last term was from all counts a great success thanks in no small measure to the efforts of CCY Atkinson and his stalwarts from the Mercury Club Committee and we realised the grand total of over £77 for the Guide Dog for the Blind fund.

The weekly Thursday night dances continue to be well attended and going from strength to strength. Weather permitting we are holding a Bar-B-Q on the Broadwalk on July 18 with music by the Embers and the Time.

Our End of Term Dance this term promises to be an added attraction with the appearance of the Unit 4 plus 2 and for those ancients among us who can jive Max Collies Rhythm Aces, who have made two very popular previous appearances here.

There has been much coming and going this term on the personnel side with what appears to be an increased programme of courses and the accommodation problem could become somewhat acute.

We have just had a spate of good weather which gave many the opportunity to disturb the placid waters of the swimming pool but at the time of writing *Mercury's* personal cloud has descended once again to envelop us all in mist and damp. There is a promise of more good weather to come so maybe summer is not so long gone as we thought.

Well with the Editor breathing down my neck so that he can put this edition to bed I will sign off and to all you sea going types Good Luck and Good Sailing and those of us on Terra Firma Drive Carefully.

OPEN DAY

by Lieutenant (SD)(C) C. D. Carter, RN

New Entry and WRNS Trainees Open Day was held on Saturday, June 8. The unsettled weather did not deter parents, relations and friends of the trainees from coming and 450 turned up.

The most successful demonstrations, as always, were those in which guests could participate. The Fleetwork Trainer was virtually taken over by the guests driving the ships around the ocean, while many tried to learn to touch type in the Videomatic teacher. This year the Laboratory put on a successful demonstration where guests were shown items from simple sound waves to computers, all explained in simple layman's language.

Other demonstrations included EW, a frigate's MCO, Witex, AT and the communicator's practical skills.

Guests were welcomed by the Captain and shown the film 'Make a Signal'.

After a splendid lunch the WRNS Trainees took their guests to Soberton, while the New Entries held their inter-divisional sports in Hyden Wood.

To add to the entertainment the New Entry Brickwoods field gun crew gave a demonstration run and to round off a very pleasant day the Commander-in-Chief's Royal Marine band 'Beat the Retreat'.



'Who locked up last night, Ada?'

NEW ENTRY SQUADRON SPORT

Since the last article appeared many changes have taken place in the New Entry Squadron, notably the disappearance of Anson as a New Entry Division. This affected the sporting programme in as much as there are now only three divisions to take part and Divisional Activity afternoons have suffered.

However, sport has progressed well and some surprising results have been returned. The summer term opened with cricket and athletics taking the major roles. Weekend cricket managed to get off to a flying start but at the time of writing is suffering, alongside other cricket teams throughout the country, from the bad weather.

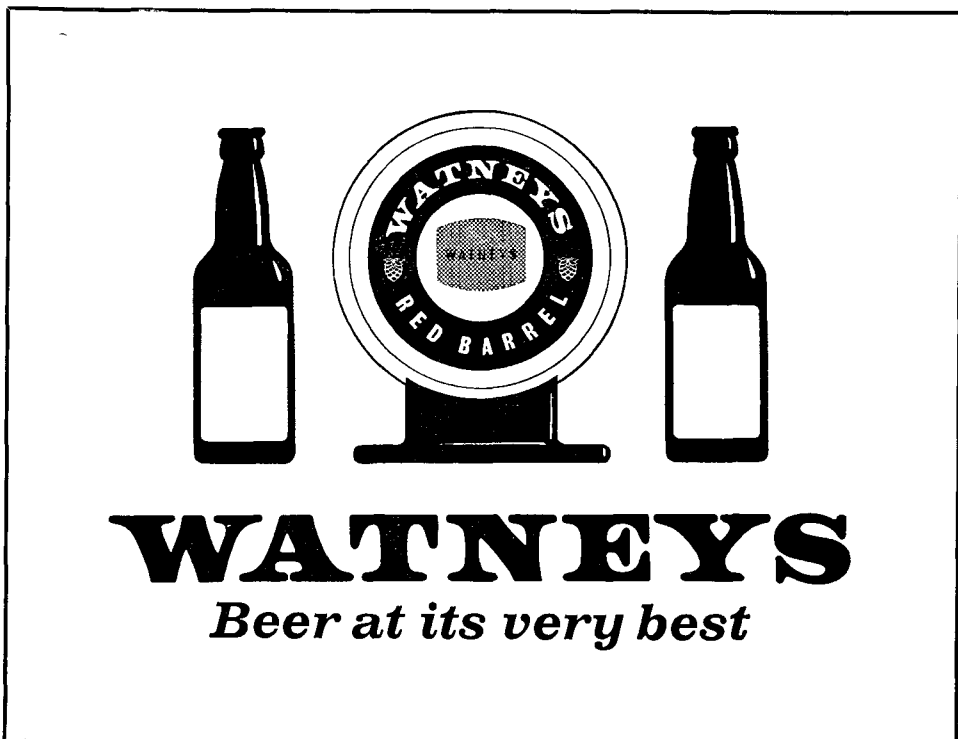
Possibly the most important event of the term has been the New Entry Sports Day held on Parents Open Day. This turned into a most exciting battle between Knowles and Pasco and was only decided in the final event enabling Pasco to carry off the sports trophy by one point. Knowles gained their revenge by beating Pasco by the same one point in the final event of the New Entry Swimming Gala which took place in the *Mercury* pool. This finishing in a down-pour of rain which prevented the Diving Event from taking place.

In the Establishment Sports the New Entry Squadron has done well for itself. Knowles did very

well to come 3rd in the Athletics meeting to the Chief and Petty Officer and Jackson Squadron with Pasco holding comfortable fourth position. However, both were matched against far heavier opponents in the tug-o'-war and failed to get past the first round. Luck has also avoided New Entry Divisions in the softball and volleyball knockout competitions but there has been no lack of volunteers to take part and this is encouraging in itself.

The Athletic Olympiad versus HMS *Raleigh* took place prior to writing and although the adverse weather caused the Athletics to be cancelled, indoor games, such as deck hockey, were played between the two establishments enabling the New Entries to bring the Cock once more back to HMS *Mercury*. Despite the weather all who took part enjoyed the visit immensely.

Sporting facilities in the Establishment continue to be available to all who wish to use them, and new activities are continually being considered. It is up to you to make your wishes known and to make use of the facilities and experience that exist. Only by you making full use of all we have, do we stand a chance of improving them, so do take advantage of the fine weather that is bound to arrive in time and get out into the fresh air taking part in Divisional and Establishment sport. Remember, spectators are as necessary to every game as competitors.



The advertisement features a central logo consisting of a circular emblem with a barrel in the center. The word "WATNEYS" is written in a curved path above the barrel, and "RED BARREL" is written in a curved path below it. The emblem is flanked by two dark beer bottles. Below the logo, the word "WATNEYS" is printed in a large, bold, serif font. Underneath that, the slogan "Beer at its very best" is written in a smaller, italicized serif font.

WRNS NEWS

HMS NEPTUNE WRNS CHATTER

We have not been mentioned in *THE COMMUNICATOR* since arriving here some six months ago, hence we thought it was time to remedy this.

Our complement consists of 3 Ldg Wrens and 18 Wrens, doing various jobs in the comms. world. Shortly a PO Wren will be arriving to take over the regulating side of the Comms WRNS.

Drafts are now beginning to come in for Singapore and Mauritius. Wren Susan Alexander is off to Malta for a 6-week loan draft shortly. One complete watch is lucky enough to be going to Norway for a fortnight at the beginning of September. Yet another watch will be going to Northwood shortly after that, leaving those who remain in 2/3 watches.

Sportwise we are well represented with Ldg Wren Stephen having taken part in the Command Athletics and Badminton. Wren Ruth Ridley represented *Neptune* in the Command Swimming. There is also a keen interest in the newly opened sailing club.

We are soon to lose Ldg Wren Helen Biggs, who has completed her service and Wren Montgomery who leaves the Service to be married.

Among the drafts incoming are Wren Jenny Smith from Singapore and Wren Penelope Gardner from Yeovilton, who have passed their Ldg Wrens course. Wren Marianne Fotheringham is straight from *Mercury* and has settled easily into the routine here.

We are indeed fortunate to be in such a beautiful part of Western Scotland, ideally situated away from Glasgow yet within easy reach should one wish a night's entertainment in the city. For would be volunteers we admit it is a busy place but there is much to enjoy if you make the effort to find it.

DID YOU MARRY A WREN?

Association of Wrens, Waterlooville Branch

If so, here's your chance to get rid of her, for at least one evening per month.

Tell her about the above branch of the Association which is open to all WRNS, WRNR, and QARNNS of ALL ages living within reach of Waterlooville.

Meetings are held in the British Legion Hall, Forest End, Waterlooville (opposite the old Post Office) at 7.30 p.m. on the first Tuesday of each month. They offer an excellent opportunity for:

Talking with, or about, old friends (or ships).

Picking up hints on various subjects from guest speakers.

An evening at the local with NO DRIPS.

This branch is 25 strong at the moment and more than ready to welcome as many new members as possible to ensure its future success.



THEY MET IN ENGLAND WED IN FAR EAST

A meeting in the NAAFI of HMS *Mercury* led to a wedding half a world away in Singapore Dockyard Church on Saturday March 23.

Radio Operator Michael Garnett, aged 20, of Hargraves Street, Colne, was married to WRO Sandra Green, aged 19, who formerly lived at Lower Wokingham Road, Crowthorne, near Reading. Both work in the same watch in the communications centre at the headquarters of the Commander Far East Fleet (Vice-Admiral W. D. O'Brien, CB, DSC).

Officer-in-Charge of the Communications Centre, Lieutenant Commander R. A. Thompson, RN, gave the bride away.

After their honeymoon, the newly weds, who have set up home in Johore Bahru at the Malaysian end of the causeway linking Singapore with the mainland, are back on watch together as husband and wife team in the radio room.

Radio Operator Garnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Garnett, attended Park Secondary Modern School, Colne, and worked as an apprentice engineer before joining the Navy five years ago.

After service in HMS *Maidstone*, he went to the Far East for eighteen months in the destroyer HMS *Barrosa*. He returned to Singapore last October.

It was during advancement training in HMS *Mercury* that he met his wife-to-be, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Green, now retired and living on the Costa Brava, but residents of Crowthorne for thirteen years.

Educated at an Ascot boarding school, she joined the WRNS in May, 1966, and served in the Whitehall Wireless Station before going to Singapore last year.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

by L/Wren G. Evans

I got the idea from a friend, and began to make enquiries about how to join the club. When I had been accepted, I attended instruction with the small club which had been started by HMS *Albion*, at HMS *Terror*. I learnt how to pack parachutes, about winds and control of a parachute, emergency drill for when and if ever my main parachute failed to open and how to land without hurting myself. These are just a few of all the many points a student is required to know before he or she is cleared for her first parachute descent. I attended a few parachute weekends before I actually jumped, just to see how all I had learnt was put into practice and to decide if I could really go through with it. Nothing daunted I carried on and eighteen hours of training later I was at Kluang, our dropping zone in Malaysia, all kitted up and waiting to get into the aircraft, a Cessna 172, which belongs to the Royal Singapore Flying Club.

To begin with a student sky-diver does five or more static-line descents, a descent on which the parachute is opened automatically by a long belt-like strap which is attached to the back of your parachute and to a strong point in the aircraft. Three of these are required to be dummy rip-cord pulls, whereby the student goes through the motions of actually pulling her own rip-cord but in fact it is only a handle not attached in the usual fashion, which is to the pins on the main parachute. If she carries out these to the jump master's satisfaction then she begins free-fall jumps starting with three second delays and graduating to five, then seven and so on, pulling her own rip-cord and thus opening her own 'chute.

On my first jump I had a grin on my face and collectors' prize worth of butterflies in my stomach. Sitting in the aircraft on the way up I had my eyes glued to the altimeter, and my mind racing over all the drills I had been taught on the correct exit of the aircraft. On the run-in over the airfield I could see the bright orange cross, so tiny from 2,600 feet, and then I heard the jumpmaster say 'Position One' . . . I swung my legs out into the slipstream of the propellor and planted them firmly on the step on the wheel leg . . . 'Breaks on, throttle off' . . . 'Position Two' . . . I reached out and clutched hold of the wing strut and pulled myself out of the plane so that I was standing one foot on the wheel and one foot on the step leaning forward into the wind on my hands . . . 'GO'!! Who me?? Then I was falling down in the shape of an arched cross, hands and legs stretched right out grabbing for air, my eyes tight shut, shouting to myself the seconds of fall . . . Just before I had counted four I came up short as my parachute caught the air and opened to check my headlong descent. I pushed my helmet back off my eyes and had a look up to see the most welcome sight in my life . . . my canopy above me, perfectly open and in good working order!

I had a look around before I reached for the guiding

lines to steer myself towards the cross and I thought just what a sensation it was to be floating to earth, in absolute silence—until my jubilation hit me and I kicked my feet together and shouted at no-one in particular just how marvellous it was. Then I had to prepare myself for the landing and was a little surprised to find that I stayed on my feet at contact, then my parachute pulled me over and I had to concentrate on deflating it. The whole descent took only two minutes and a few seconds, but during that time I had put into use more than half of what I had been taught and come off with no more than a fluctuating gauge . . . which raced again when the experienced sky-divers of the club came out to me and shook my hand saying 'Well done, sky-diver,' then I was off to pack for the next one.

Since then I have done two more descents, the highest from 2,800 feet and intend to carry on, injuries permitting. It is an expensive sport, but the satisfaction is tremendous and the better you get, the higher you go, and the more movements you can carry out, such as back loops, controlled turns and linking with another person on the way down. All you need is enthusiasm, determination and a few friends to cheer you on. I have some good friends in our Joint Services Sport Parachute Club, Singapore and I shall be sad to leave them next month, because their help and perseverance have got me a few thousand feet higher in the sky than I had ever thought about . . . and at this rate the sky is going to be the limit for me.



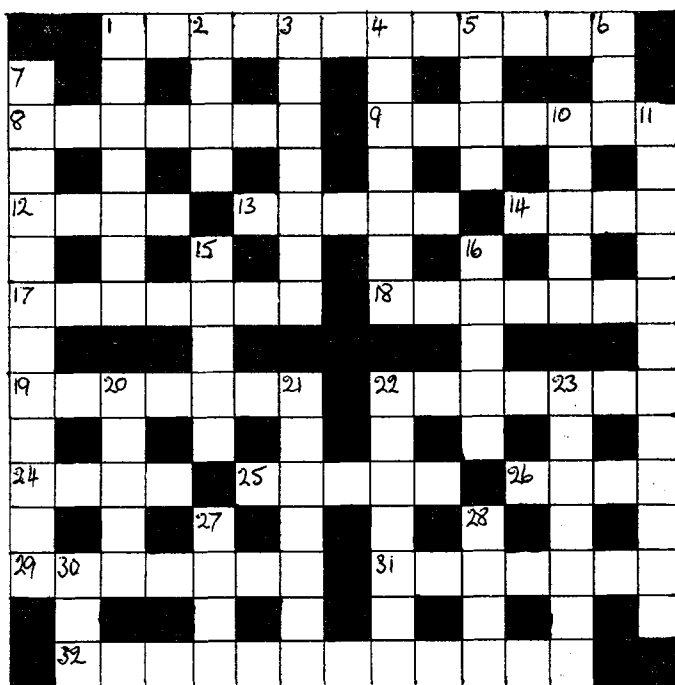
'Ring, don't you remember? You pawned it last night for the stag party booze.'

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GIBRALTAR

by Bridget Cox, WRO

When informed by my Divisional Officer at RNAS Culdrose that if I passed my Overseas Board I would be going to Gibraltar, I was naturally very pleased. The first thoughts that sprung to mind were that I should meet new people, see new places and, above

SUMMER CROSSWORD



by ANN JEWEL

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

CLUES

Across:

1. Here is an aunt with nervous debility. (12)
8. Perhaps such a flow could tear the hill. (7)
9. A 2 dn. does. (7)
12. This is easy for a Spenserian scholar. (4)
13. 'Some way of common —, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
(Richard II). (5)
14. Turned metal blocks daze. (4)
17. Delayed—I mixed with a sailor—dire results! (7)
18. Leave the star out of the theatricals to be moral. (7)
19. The Greeks had a word for this main hall. (7)
22. The limb she has broken has a defect. (7)
24. 'The Rommany chi and the Rommany —,
Shall jaw tasaulor to drab the bawlor,'
(George Borrow). (4)
25. Persistently westward with 12 ac. (5)
26. My own muddled air. (4)
29. Beau starts to gabble—what a chatterer. (7)
31. Tearing around can be displeasing. (7)
32. The lad, he entered the thoroughfare where the old lady lives. (12)

Down:

1. A negative start leads to rather a missing gaie. (7)
2. See 9 ac. (4)
3. Is 13 ac. confusing for such a creature? (7)
4. Pedal quickly—don't dare let go! (7)
5. Watch the fires pyromaniacs light for inspiration. (4)
6. Whichever is correct can be put here. (3)
7. My crest adds point to the remedy. (12)
10. An obsolete telescope. (5)
11. Its ending—lashed by oneself to the mast. (6-6)
15. Brief but shows stamina. (5)
16. A rope to tuck in. (5)
20. 15 dn. —, 16 dn. —, even 10 dn. gives a hint. (5)
21. You need this at the tip of your fingers. (7)
22. One needs a degree for such a manner. (7)
23. Team it with I—or is it me?—anyway, copy that. (7)
27. The stooge easily concealed the bends. (4)
28. Minced oath. (4)
30. After all that the lack of hesitation still puts it behind. (3)

all, sample something that is so often lacking in England, good weather.

Well, I passed my Board. I arrived in Gibraltar five hours later than I should have done because the plane was grounded at Lyneham with hydraulic failure. However, not being an air mechanic, I hadn't the faintest idea what that meant, but gathered that it must have been quite serious for us to be delayed that long. On stepping off the plane at Gibraltar, I was greeted by glorious sunshine and felt not quite 'with it' wearing a thick three-quarter length coat whilst the Wrens who met us were all in sleeveless dresses.

Four other Wrens had travelled from the UK with me and we were taken, not to HMS *Rooke*, but to the WRAF Quarters which are near the airport. We were informed that the Wrens were staying there because the accommodation at *Rooke* was being rebuilt.

Looming down on us is the Rock which stretches practically the whole length of Gibraltar, which itself is only about three miles long. A cable car is provided for those who do not have the energy or inclination the climb up and down the Rock. I must say that the view from the top on a clear day is marvellous. Of course, too, there are the famous apes; I was surprised to find that, in spite of so many people going to see them they are not at all tame.

The local population are of various origins from early Phoenicians and Romans to recent Spanish, Maltese, Moroccan and British arrivals with the Genoese at Catalan Bay forming a comparatively isolated village. The local RN drivers are especially friendly and seemed quite unperturbed at the thought of five Wrens using them as a taxi service to do their joining rounds. The loyal feelings of the Gibraltarians are indicated by red, white and blue gateposts and anti-Spanish slogans painted on many of the walls.

The Commcen, situated within the Rock, looked very official and much bigger than the tiny MSO I had just left, but really the work is practically the same and one doesn't take long to settle down.

On the whole, I think that Gibraltar will be an enjoyable draft, and I hope that I shall enjoy myself in the next fifteen months as much as I did when I was at RNAS Culdrose.

NEWS FROM THE RESERVES

HMS SUSSEX, RNR

Since the last Edition we have moved into our new Headquarters. This is a spacious mansion by comparison with the old Nissen huts, and we are now all up to date with the exception of a few plugs and switches. Between times, we are making a recruiting drive to get ex-Service personnel to swell the Division.

The busy Summer training season has started, and will include visits to Gibraltar, Malta and the Far East; also trips in *Curzon*, with the WRNR week-end to Alderney on June 8.

Before going to press it has been confirmed that Princess Alexandra will be officially opening the new Headquarters on July 6, and the occasion rounded off with a social and dance.

It has been a busy year to date with the change into the new premises and the settling in. Radio Sussex is still off the air, but we hope to be operating again in the near future.

Come and join us for a drink any Monday evening, 'Bangers and Mash' after 2100!

NO. 6 WIRELESS DISTRICT

by CRS Griffiths

At long last, a few words from Swansea.

September, 1967, saw the return of CRS Roger Cannon after his sojourn in the office of the Admiral Commanding Reserves. Outward bound from the RNR to Cardiff Training College to prepare for the teaching profession, CRS Tom Wharam, the best teller of jokes in the RNR. We wish him the best of luck.

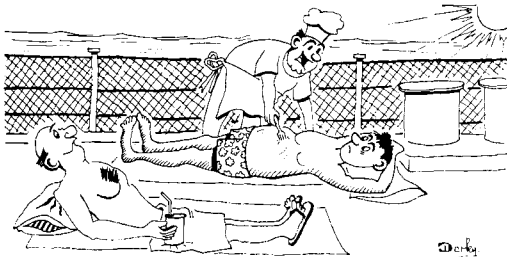
We are a mixed and varied lot here in No 6 district; CRS Franklyn now a motor mech, CRS Griffiths, a Geordie gone wild, a bank manager, LRO Crad James, still the best beer drinker the RN has produced, in charge of boilers at the National Oil Refinery, RO Ken Morgan, the best plasterer (city in guilds) in Swansea.

Our Swansea-based CO Lieutenant Bill Caie a boss in industry and Lieutenant Peter Fulton, our Cardiff-based CO proper, an expert in electronics with the ICI.

Post officers engineers and TV experts just about make up the rest of the mob—enough talent to run *Mercury* no doubt!

Our congratulations to RS Ken Taylor for his success in passing the selection board for Sub-Lieutenant C.—his trousers at the knees are worn pretty thin!

We number about thirty here in Swansea with one of the finest RNR wireless training centres in the country—and an excellent bar.



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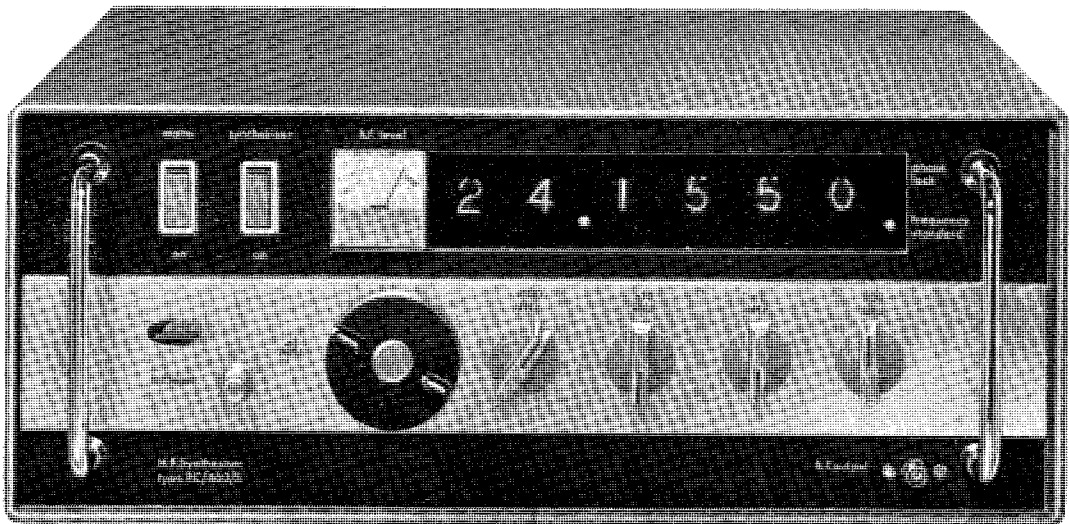


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All RN ships visiting here are always welcome and indeed, many a ships' company has enjoyed our hospitality, the plaques around the bar record their appreciation.

This is but a small contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR but we will have more to say at the end of the year. If any reader recognises any of the bods mentioned by name, we will be pleased to hear from you.



Earl Mountbatten addressing No. 3 Wireless District RNR

A FLYING VISIT

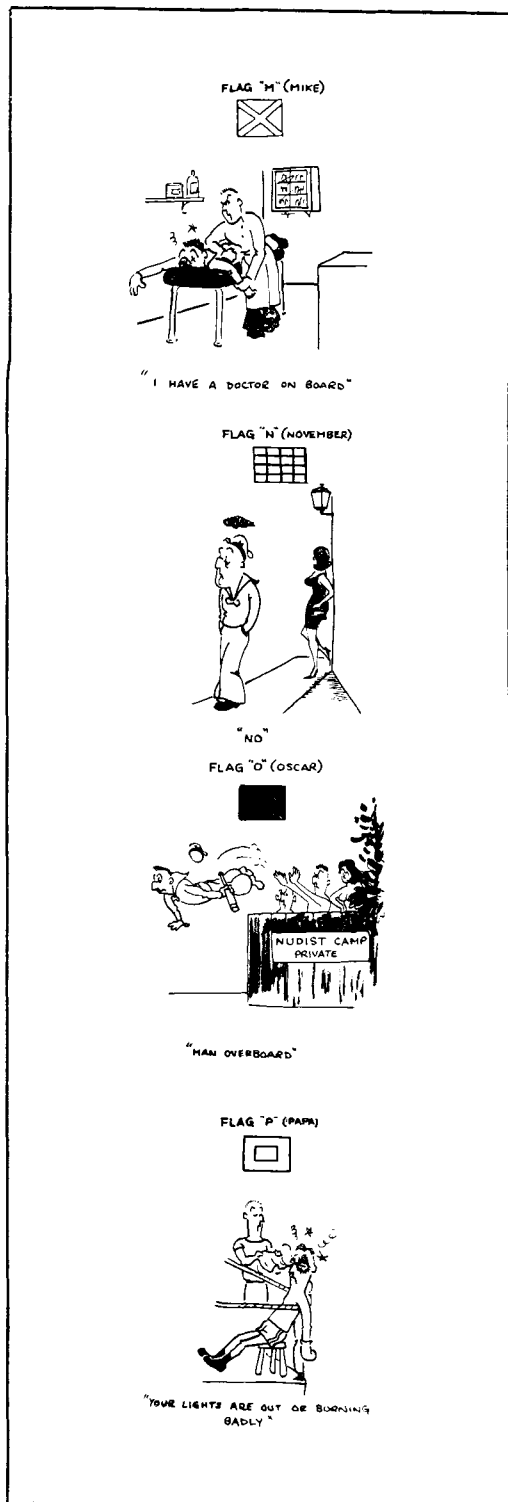
On Sunday, May 5, No 3 Wireless District Royal Naval Reserve was honoured by a visit from Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Interrupting a flight home from Liverpool the Admiral stopped off at the Royal Air Force Station at Gayden in Warwickshire to present the 'Mountbatten Wireless Award' to the District.

With the kind permission of the Station Commander, Group Captain H. King, OBE, RAF, some 120 officers and ratings from all over the Midlands had assembled at Gayden with their guests for the presentation.

On arrival, Earl Mountbatten was met by Group Captain King and Commander G. R. Towle, VRD, RNR, the Commanding Officer No 3 Wireless District, and escorted by them to the parade ground. He then inspected the parade and addressed the assembly before presenting the trophy to Commander Towle.

Afterwards Earl Mountbatten took tea with the 'ships company' before resuming his flight home.

The Mountbatten Wireless Award is presented annually to the most progressive Wireless District in the RNR. It stands about 18 in. high and consists of a silver globe surmounted by a Naval Crown and the figure of Mercury. No 3 Wireless District, the winners for 1967, has about 130 members—Officers, ratings and Wrens—the Training Centres at Nottingham, Northampton, Leicester, Nuneaton, Birmingham, Derby and Dunstable.



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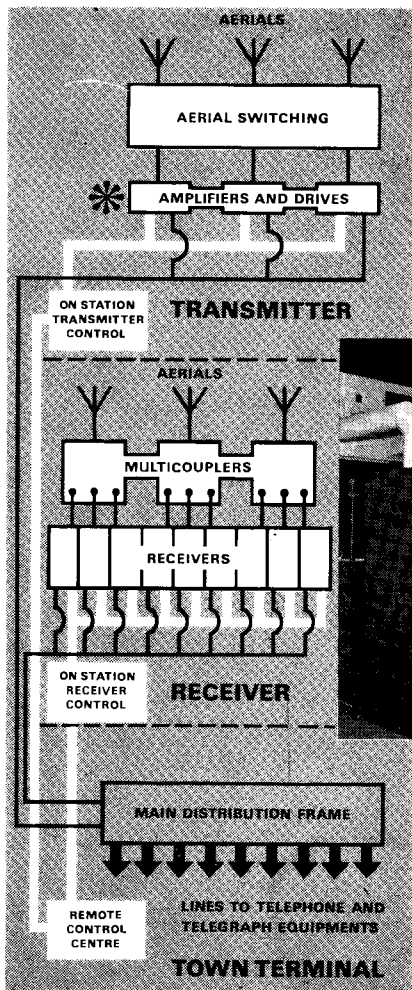
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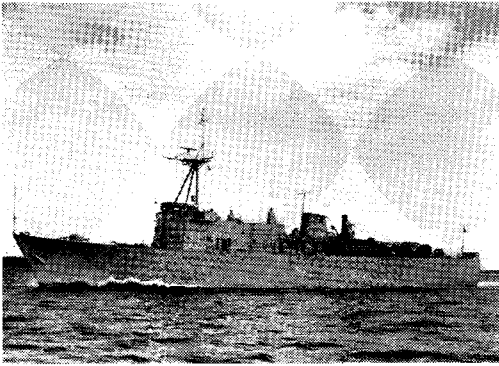
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SHIP-SHORE NEWS



HMS ABDIEL

by LRO(T) Baker and LRO(G) Wright

This is our first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR. Submitted by our staff of 1 LRO(T), 1 RO2(T), 1 LRO(G), 1 RO2(G), 2 RO2(U) and 1 RO2(G) borne for communal duties. We have a standard three mixed system of communications plus a new gadget called SPA (Selective Calling Device), this enables us to dial ships individually or collectively when minesweepers are not keeping a continuous watch. By dialling a combination of numbers we can set off an automatic alarm which rings on the bridge of the minesweeper until the 'sparker' takes up position in his office.

The ship itself is a combination of minelayer and MCM Support Ship, with, we might add, comfortable accommodation. Since commissioning in October we have been involved in several exercises, our latest being a live operation which involved sweeping mines laid off the Dutch coast in the last war. This was a NATO operation involving some 60 ships, in which we handled an average of 80 signals a day. We were alongside in Borkum, an island off the German coast, for 5 weeks and whilst very busy found time to befriend the local population and sample the excellent beer.

Our base port is Port Edgar, for anyone who fancies being RA in Bonnie (?) Scotland, although we have quite a full programme ahead of us which includes a visit to the Mediterranean.

HMS AURORA

by LRO(G) G. R. Butler and RO1(G) S. C. Pimblott

After being in commission for nearly a year we thought that it was about time we submitted an article to our own magazine.

The first three months of the commission were spent doing harbour and sea trials followed by the inevitable Portland Work-up. Although some of us thought this

was a hard time, we had no rest even after work-up as the first weeks after leaving Portland found us doing COQCs in the Clyde. These were interrupted by an unsuccessful search for an aircraft that had crashed in the area which meant many hard hours for the department as we were OTC of the search force.

Christmas found us in Portsmouth and then it was back at sea yet again. This time to Londonderry where we joined up with the NATO Standing Force, who had just formed, for 'Jasssexs'. This was not all work and no play, although no doubt Jass found it so. Londonderry seemed to appeal to the majority of us and was found to be a better run than Belfast which we saw for a weekend, many thanks to HMS *Caroline* for the hospitality afforded to us. Next stop, up the Clyde again and thence down to Chatham to prepare for the foreign leg of our commission.

Sailing on April 2 from Portsmouth, a quick stop at Gibraltar during the riots proved exciting enough prior to the two week trip to Simonstown. On our way we lost our Wasp Helicopter when it ditched 12 miles away from us at night, luckily the pilot and crewman escaped and were found unhurt. As the distance from UK gradually got too much for RATT Broadcast, we had further proof that CW Broadcasts still exist and found ourselves pounding typewriters. The cries of 'But it's morse Pots' fell on deaf ears.

Six days for the ship in Simonstown, six days for the ship's company in Capetown, was long enough for all of us, no one had stamina enough to last at that pace, except perhaps a certain scurry bunting—but no names mentioned.

Five weeks Beira Patrol soon brought us back to earth again with a big bang, but 8 days in Mombasa proved a welcome relief to say the least, and Silver-sands Leave Centre must offer the best facilities this side of Suez.

At the present moment we are back on patrol again but it apparently seems that all is not lost for us, for, after a spell on our assigned station, the Persian Gulf, we are off to the Far East, something which is looked forward to by all of us.

So, until then we wish you many good tot times and many shore bases (CND please take the hint) something our very own canteen manager, 'Buck' Taylor, knows all about—in both instances. Alas, many waves will pass under the ship before the halls of Whitehall echo again to his cries of 'Canteen'.

HMS BULWARK

by CRS J. Morris

Talk about going from the ridiculous to the gorbliney! *Bulwark's* last article was written when cruising off Aden with our cubicles running with sweat, whilst this one has snow-covered mountains and a blizzard for local colour. Methinks (if anyone is interested) I'd better do a little filling-in.

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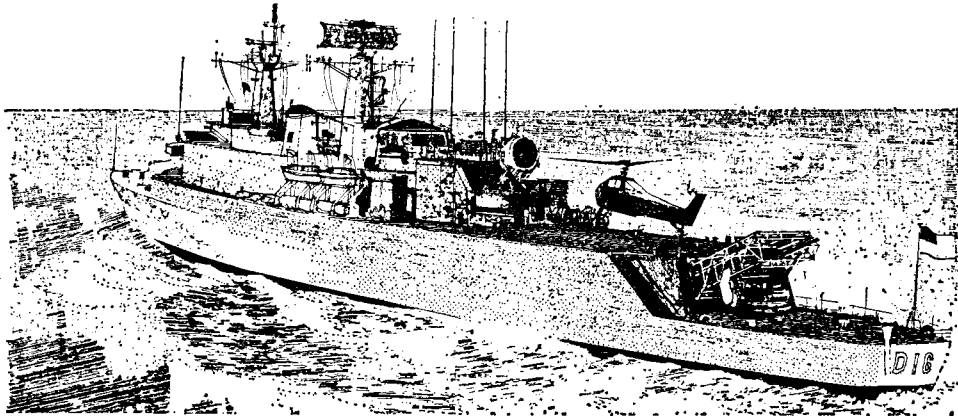
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After 67 days continuously off Aden, we lumbered back into Singapore in the hopes of a good long SMP and—who knows?—the delights of Aussie, NZ or even Honkers. But 'twas not to be. The South Yemenis got a little agitated and someone had to cart 42 Cdo back out there. Unfortunately, our beautifully painted sister ship—who shall be nameless—had a drop of rudder trouble, so guess who went? (The first correct answer received by the Accrington Daily Bugle Fashion Editor will be awarded a reversible rubber duck.) Smacking a mixture of crabfat and Evostik over our rust and tying the engine bits together again, we embarked the trained killers and their appetites in a short 24 hours, and steered a tatty 270 back along our tramlines. Another boring 35 days later we returned to GYL via Gan (QSP'd of course) where it was actually confirmed that we could go home via Durban. Even then, an anti-RN cyclone clobbered us though we sneaked around Malagasy to avoid it, neatly cutting our four-day spree by one day, and we entered harbour with some sorry looking 845 Sqn egg-beaters and a lump of catwalk hanging Judas. Nevertheless, the Lady in White was in her usual good voice, and the brandy mines had been hard at it stocking up for us. What a delightful place that is.

We 'crossed the line' officially on the northbound leg and followed the whoopeddo with a 'Village Fete' on the flightdeck, each department producing its own sideshow. Ours was a horse-racing game, 'barked' by CCY (Honest AL) Butler, and was voted such a success that we were asked to do a full scale production next time the opportunity offered.

And so back to Pompey, a spot of leave, and off again with 45 Cdo and 300 soldiers on this current exercise. We had just cleared the tip of Scotland when a couple of Russian destroyers took neat station on each quarter and escorted us till we entered Norwegian territorial waters. They refused to join in OOW manoeuvres!

Not being a cold weather ship, fings ain't wot they used to be! Snowstorms are most unwelcome, those who in balmier days swopped sub spec from G to T now want to swop back and we are wishing be bought long Johns in Singers instead of all those exotic Natty Nix. RO2 Fraser had to swop his jungle greens for something bulkier when he got a 'pierhead' to land with a MAOT on these picturesque but bleak shores, and off he choppered like a Yeti on a make and mend, muttering threats through his icicles about rufftuff RM Sergeants who went sick so opportunely. The V/S bods are thinking of painting several FPB designs on their 10 in. since they fire the non-violent salvoes whilst the 40 mm crews are blanket-pressing. RO3 Walters was nonplussed when ordered to 'Check, check, check, secure and sponge out' on the bridge intercom!

So we're stuck here on top of the world (Midnight Sun and all that) with the ex-Matchmaker squadron led by *Brighton*, while the Blues and Oranges thump

each other's lugs for a few days, then it's heigh-ho for Guzz, drop the Booties, and a couple of jollies to Rotterdam and Wilhelmshaven, followed by the Western Fleet Inspection and then the long-overdue refit.

The Exercise has so far proved to be the usual 'blood out of a stone' effort—too little equipment and too few bodies for the circuits required. Propagation in these high latitudes is always icky and when in a fjord, sky waves really need to bounce backwards to reach a landrover radio station only five miles away but with a young Everest in between. Anyway, with this being an experiment in operating LPH's in these conditions, flexibility must be the keynote. At least, no one has asked the rag tearers to try the old 'ten-inch-on-a-cloud' gimmick.

Staff changes have been few (Lieutenant Commander Lemonde, of sheep-shearing fame, is still in the cockpit) the one having most impact being the relief of Sub-Lieutenant Gawley by Lieutenant Evatt. Good luck to JMG in getting the draft he wanted(!) and welcome to the new ASCO who—though no slouch in Far Eastern matters—has had to wear his nose-muff these past couple of weeks!

So—like the man said—if you want variety, join an LPH . . . or something. If the CRS who is at present ADC to the Lord Mayor of Devonport wishes to swop, I'll keep the LRR office stamp warm for him.

HMS EURYALUS

by 'Lanc'

'HA SO hello ffrom all on Eulylus'. Our Comms staff has at last been released to the unsuspecting Orient, after very 'educational' visits to Wellington and Auckland.

After sampling some very warm British hospitality at Vila, an Island in the New Hebrides, we arrived in Hong Kong on April 5. It wasn't long before the 'China Fleet Club' and 'Wanchai' became aware of our presence. The US Navy found us attentive listeners to their conversation and usually showed their gratitude in a service-like manner (HIC).

While in Hong Kong we renewed our close liaison with the Lancashire Fusiliers, with various social and sporting activities. The department was well represented in the field with RO2's Lancaster and Foote playing rugby, LRO's Bagg and Harness with RO2's Allsford and Wade, playing water polo, LRO Coombs and RO2 Sturgeon playing hockey and RO2 Peters the ship's goalie.

On arrival in Hong Kong, RO's Pierre and Hotchkins were whipped away by the Gunnery Department for guard training and were put through their paces in preparation for the Queen's Birthday parade. On the actual day the ship anchored in the harbour and fired a gun salute while the guard excelled themselves ashore in front of a large crowd.

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Our stay in Hong Kong was broken up by frequent sorties to sea to assist the local police in their search for illegal immigrants. We left Hong Kong anticipating a month at sea, exercising. Operation Guile, an 'Unterseeboot' exercise went off without too much flap, then we received the 'heartbreaking' news that the big SEATO exercise 'Tamaraw' had been cancelled and we were returning to Hong Kong for a further two weeks.

We finally left Hong Kong on May 27 in company with HMS *Intrepid* who flew the flag of FO2FEF. We left well stocked with 'rabbits' (the China Fleet Club now serve beer in tea cups), and I'm sure many of us will remember Hong Kong for some time to come. (For one reason or another.)

After a gruelling five days in four watches we arrived in Yokohama, Japan. The locals seemed very pleased to see us and when the ship opened to visitors, we had a record 11,260 people on board in one afternoon. Many of our staff took advantage of the opportunity to see some of the local scenery by going on bus tours organised by the Mission To Seamen and despite the high cost of beer we all managed to enjoy ourselves.

At the time of writing we are in the Japanese town of Tsuruga on a five day visit. The people are very friendly and if you can fight your way through the autograph hunters on the jetty there's a good run to be had.

Waiting to welcome us on our arrival in Tsuruga was our new SCO Lieutenant Benson who relieved Lieutenant Commander Layman whom we all wish well in his new appointment. In September we also get a new CRS. 'Jack' West leaves us for pastures new.

FOOTNOTE—We claim to be the only Royal Naval ship who has sent a 'grouper' to an American Coast Guard Cutter, half way round the World.

FOREST MOOR

by LRO(G) R. W. Brown

High on a morainic ridge above the Aire valley we still try to keep the constant flow of the incoming fixed services and UK RATT ship-shore reception for onward relay to Whitehall. The only noticeable change is the absence of the Chief Radio Supervisor's golden labrador (which has been mentioned in previous editions), owing to Chief's near departure to join HMS *Fife*.

Since our last appearance we have had the five CHG's fitted for the synthesised reception of RATT ship-shore. These sets are ideal for ships fitted with frequency standards, but other ships may find it hard to be tuned in if their transmitters are a few KHz off frequency. A new two MHz component has been fitted to the ship-shore to give an even wider range of frequencies from which to choose. Even so, in the short time it has been fitted there has not been very much response to this frequency. It may prove to be

worth your while so why not have a go on two MHz and break this new frequency in, so to speak.

There has been a considerable change of complement owing to the arrival of large new wardrobes (one for each man), which take up a large percentage of the mess space and so cutting down on the number of men borne. It would also appear that there will not be any more LRO's drafted to *Forest Moor* as each remaining one has a draft and all the watchkeeping is being done by RO1's and below. The general pattern of duties for a man coming here is as follows: everybody drafted here over six months usually watchkeeps while the under six month man usually ends up with the buffer's party.

Sport has not been neglected up here either. Football has been played throughout the summer together with cricket. At the end of the season we ended second from bottom in the Harrogate half-day league at football but this did not lower our morale as each match seemed to turn into a fisticuffs followed by numerous pints of bitter. A couple of weeks ago we had the annual bed-race at Knaresborough in which we came in fifth, but owing to a misinterpretation as to the dimensions of the bed we incurred a minute penalty and so we were finally placed ninth. Even so, a good race was run by our lads and quite a few pounds were raised for charity.

FOST

by K.J.R.

Amid plans for a super new Commcen for FOST, the CRS exclaims that the article for the Summer Edition must be in by tomorrow! Pictures of 100 baud typewriters conjuring up instant articles immediately spring to mind but when it comes to the crunch it means shaking the grey matter and scribing with pen and ink.

The past term has been a fairly full one with just enough ships working up to keep the sea riders out of mischief and allow the shore staff the pleasure of an occasional quiet cup of coffee. Reception in the CRR



'... and who's going to arrest me?'

has been disturbed of late due to pneumatic drills and other builders' paraphernalia operating just outside the window, engaged in the construction of the new telephone exchange and laying permanent foundations for a temporary building which will house the new CSO. There ought to be a new sub-meaning for QRN: 1, static; 2, pneumatic drills. We also have to put up with the weekly Riotex held just outside, when the mob yell vociferously for FOST, as shown on TV recently. We hate to think what would happen if the Admiral did turn up in the middle of it all.

In the sports world, the staff have been conspicuous by their absence. This seems to be a common ailment among watchkeepers, they being off watch and are not interested in anything outside of getting up the line, sleeping and pint-raising. A couple of the new arrivals have shown some interest in rifle shooting and we hope their interest is maintained and that they do well at it. CY Haines continues to play cricket for the RN Portland XI; he must be good as he is always asked to play—or perhaps they can't get anyone else?

Old Fostonians may be interested to know that Harry Welch was married on June 29 and we wish the happy couple all the best during Harry's future tour in Malta Commcen. Alex Ashby is also about to take the plunge just prior to leaving us for Civvy Street. Among the many comings and goings here at Portland, we have welcomed the new Flag Lieutenant, Lieutenant Commander Fulford-Dobson, who has now settled in to his office complete with Basset hound tethered to his desk. The question has been put about as to whether this is the Flag Lieutenant's emergency communications system. The CRS is rather glum these days having received a draft to Lossiemouth and he being a native of Somerset! What price preference drafting cards or is drafty using his own map of UK? With the number of draft chits increasing weekly, the whole staff will have been changed during the next few months, so no doubt there will be some fresh faces onboard the ships of Britain's modern Navy.

CRS Oxborough will be leaving us shortly to join *Euryalus* in sunny climes. His place on the sea riding staff will be taken by CRS George, who we bid welcome and trust he has his foul weather kit in order and a good supply of anti-seasick and anti-sleep pills, all necessary requisites of the able sea rider.

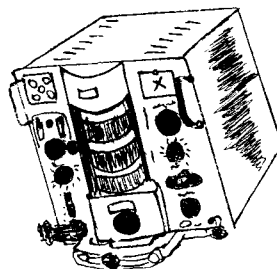
We have no funnies for you this time. This is not because we take life seriously down here all the time; on the contrary, we are often curled up at various incidents but they would lose their hilariousness in the telling. So to bring this little piece to a close, we would like to wish all our friends (yes, we do have some) the very best and hope those who have passed through Portland on work up do not forget everything they learnt here.

HMS GLAMORGAN

by ROI(G) L. Taylor

Having nearly completed our round trip of the USA and Canada, there are many yarns to be spun,
92

though most of them are far from the world of dots, dashes, flags, lights, whistles, sirens and other such paraphernalia. It certainly has been a lot of fun for us all, and we look forward to doing it again. During our stay in Washington, our DO and an RO2 took the seaboard, with a number of sailors, down river to Norfolk, Virginia, their only link with us being a 622. Fortunately, we heard nothing of them. During a spasm of instruction, one of our more junior members was told to draw a block diagram of a superhet receiver. His deep, long, thought terminated thus:

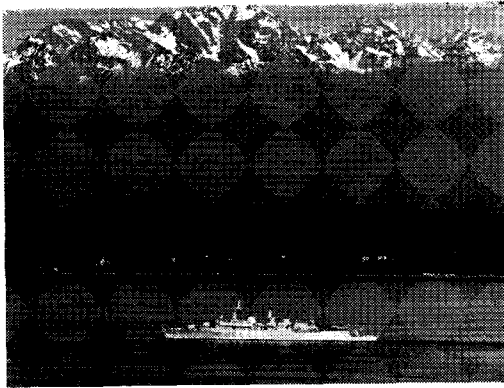


Our sister ship (who shall remain anonymous) has been with us for most of the trip, leaving us for our stay in San Francisco, and since we sailed from the UK we have had pretty good communications with everyone, and everywhere, except her. So patiently we got our heads together and things are looking brighter. During a force ten gale on our way into Washington, 'Chiefy's' chair got broken while being thrown around the office, but luckily we didn't suffer from flying B40's or any other catastrophe. Light were our losses.

During the first evening in Seattle, some of us were the victims of a dance. Much to our dismay it was 'dry' and after each dance we had to cool off with one of yer actual American cokes. This was more than compensated for by the presence of numbers of beautiful girls, so somewhat contrary to unofficial tradition, everyone left sober, but rather elated. Some idiot and his girl did the Charleston on an empty floor with no music. Some kinda fun. The Captain thanked the locals for a warm welcome, and the festivities began. Tea and stickies!

Three others and myself are off to Kranji for the dreaded course in leadership, so we'll have insects and snakes to cope with, as well as the temptation of an open bar at dinner time. Several of the lads fly back home for sub spec courses, which is when we will see some new faces around—again. Keep an eye on drafty—it may be you!

Having been used to the normal down-to-earth addresses commonly used at home we found it a challenge when confronted with such words as CANMARPAC and CANFORCED. Also, the broadcast operators have found themselves working instead of falling asleep. 'Snowed under' has often been the turnover key phrase. So on with our trip. We are about to give Honolulu a taste of British hospi-



HMS 'Glamorgan' entering Puget Sound

tality, and then it's back to work as D2 in the Far East. Care to join us anybody?

Summary of last 2 months:

WASHINGTON — Magnificent; NORFOLK — Rained all the time; JAMAICA — Hectic; PANAMA — Educational; SAN FRANCISCO — Great; VANCOUVER — Beautiful; ESQUIMALT — Too many girls; SEATTLE — Tiring; PEARL HARBOUR — Super.

PS Am very tired.

HMS HAMPSHIRE

by RO2(W) Williams and RO2(W) Eagles

We went, we saw, we conquered; this was our interpretation of Portland where we left a trail of good impressions for FOST and not so good impressions for the shore patrol who still bear the scars to prove it.

Our workup included a trip to Wales which unfortunately was used as a target for our missiles during the day and a target for our unquenchable thirsts at night. The firings proved to be a great success, and success also went to the Fishguard railway service who took RO (Nameless) to Llanelly, at the time, RO (Nameless) was slumbering peacefully in the train waiting for a shake to board the ferry back to the ship which was anchored in Fishguard bay. He was duly rewarded by the Navy who punished him for watchkeeping for British Rail.

During work-up, our SCO, Lieutenant Commander J. P. de H. Saumarez was relieved by Lieutenant R. K. Dibble whose stay is also to be very short, being relieved by Lieutenant Watson who we all hope will take a liking to us and decide to stay. To Lieutenant Watson we offer our condolences and also the message that we're not a really bad shower of lads at all.

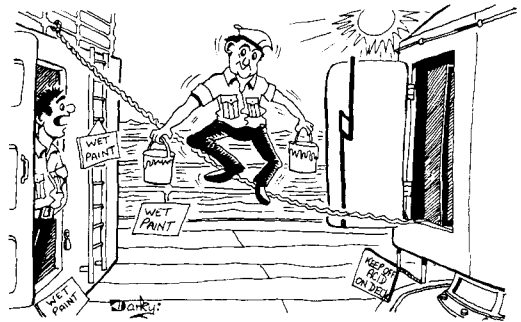
Although our SCO's habitually change, the neatrum drinkers remain the same, namely, CRS(G) Pete Newton, RS(G) Pete Bryant, CCY Pete Royal and RS(W) Ken 'Buffer' Robson. Going down the ladder

we find the lads mess has suffered heavily with drafts to *Mercury*, and what department would be complete without its P7R representatives of which we have had many. To those we wish a speedy recovery and hope they'll be drawing six cigarette coupons a month ASAP.

After Portland came leave and after leave came FOFWF Rear Admiral Compston and his staff, his relief as FOFWF will be Rear Admiral Lewis who joins in the very near future. We hasten to add that these reliefs are due to CND and whoever drafts Flag Officers and not to the ship's company.

Rosyth met us for the first time during Navy Days which after completion left us with the sobering thought of Scapa Flow for ten days, Scapa Flow being renowned for its battles, sport was the order of the day and we proceeded to fight. The outcome of the confrontations between the departments didn't prove successful for one of the comms teams as when they weren't playing they tired themselves out chasing sheep? and hunting down pubs which proved ZUG.

The time for writing finds us doing exercise 'Shop Window' in Pompey where 'Jack' is in his element being able to habitate his favourite bars such as the Mucky Duck every night. We conclude by telling everyone to watch out for the next instalment of 'The Big H's' commission when we return with our exploits in Sweden the land of free love which is next on the agenda.



'Watch it in the turret mate . . . wet paint'

KRANJI WIRELESS

by S/Lt C. H. Walklett, RN

It is always difficult to know where to start when one is asked to prepare an article for *THE COMMUNICATOR*. One knows that the Editor is not keen on 'run ashore' type articles, and bare statistics concerning the number of telegrams handled, etc, make dull reading for all but the most dedicated. Perhaps then a couple of brickbats at, and a bouquet for the magazine will make a good start.

The twenty-first birthday edition was a trifle disappointing. Many of us had hoped for a bumper

edition with more glimpses into the past, a few photographs, and possibly an authoritative article from some far sighted Communicator on how the branch will look in 21 years' time. However, it was not to be.

On the credit side, we are unanimous in our praise for the current series of articles about Kranji. It is most interesting to find out the original functions of some of the buildings and to see how the station has altered through the years. Surely no greater praise for this series of articles can be given than that the Electrical ratings read it too—though we have yet to devise a means whereby they buy their own copy!

Since January there have been a number of changes in personnel. Lieutenant Commander Dawson was relieved by Lieutenant Commander E. G. H. Reubens in January, and then Sub-Lieutenant Miller, relieved by Sub-Lieutenant Walklett in February. Our congratulations to Lieutenant Miller who was promoted in April and is now back in the Far East in HMS *Albion*. Two stalwarts of the STC, CCY Tillet and RS (RCI) Perry have been relieved by CRS (RCI) Bailey and RS Colmer respectively, whilst in the CRR, RS Gooding has made way for RS Waldron.

The social side of Kranji remains 'set fair' with a series of dances, competitions, and visits from ships. Our premier darts teams, captained by LRO(G) Bullement, won the Far East Fleet Darts Competition and thus put a considerable number of noses out of joint in certain sections of *Terror*, who consider the trophy their personal property. If your ship is in Singapore, we look forward to visits from Communicators and can usually accommodate ship's teams in any sport you care to mention.

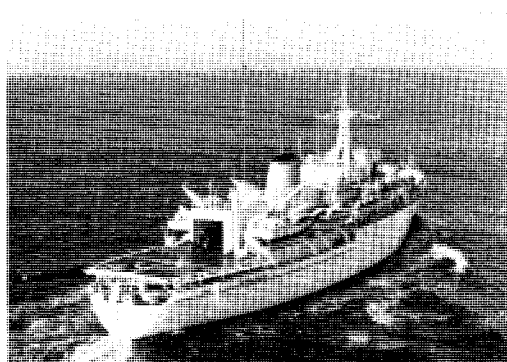
STC Notes. (For SCO's and Senior Ratings.)

The STC continues to run JC and Sub Spec (G) and (T) courses and also carries our Fleet Board and Provisional examination for all three specialisations. In addition, refresher courses, courses for Midshipmen, etc, can also be arranged. If your ship is coming to the Far East, drop the Oi/c, STC a line and he will be only too happy to forward a copy of the STC programme to enable you to plan ahead.

HMS HECLA

Greetings from the 'Survey Navy'. Since commissioning in Devonport on March 8, 1968, we have visited such 'playboy' playgrounds as Lousy Bank, Stornoway, the Isle of Skye and of course Derry. Four-fifths of our time is spent motoring up and down 'lines' to make life safer for the 'Grey Funnel Line'.

Communicators on board consist of Lieutenant Oberman, SCO, RS Sanderson, LRO(T) Fergusson, LRO(G) Cannings, RO2(G) Penrose, RO2(G) Langstaff and RO2 Hermans who is leaving us soon for sub spec course at HMS *Mercury*. Anyone who fancies a draft on board an (H) ship must be prepared to lend a hand at any job on board. Ask Player



HMS 'Hecla'

Malcolmson, late of Hotel Lima, he should know. Everyone drips, of course, but they really enjoy walking around dressed like out-of-work pirates.

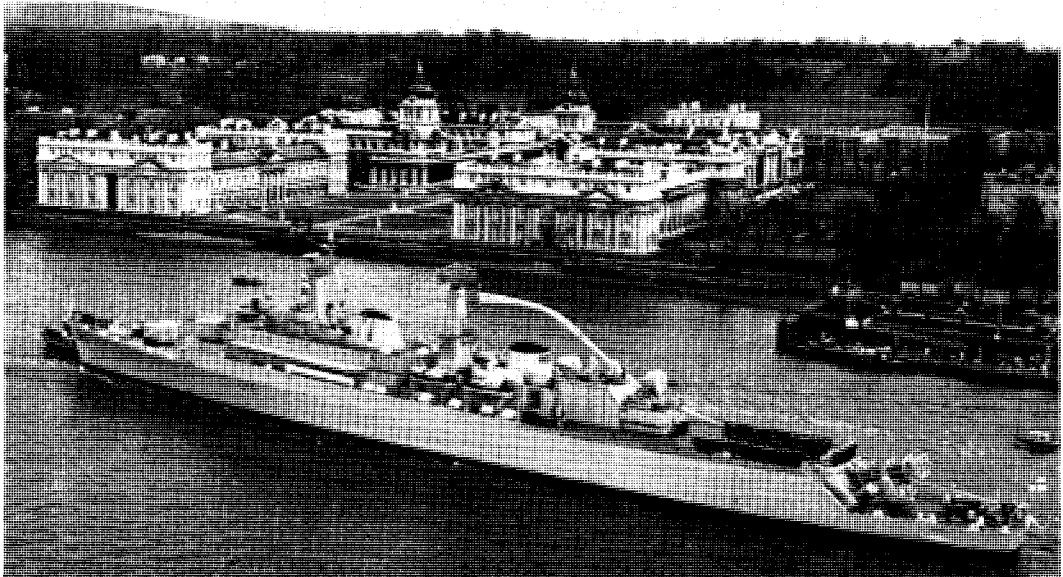
Do, if you see a fat little white ship with a buff funnel at sea (we're never anywhere else) give us an 'AA' and we'll shake the bunting for a chat.

HMS LONDON

Ninety per cent of our Communications staff have changed since the last edition of the magazine. The previous commission's stories are apt to be told as second hand experience. There is pride in the last commission, in the seventy-five thousand miles steamed, in our visits that included Stockholm, Civita Vecchia (near Rome), Athens, Malta, Gibraltar, San Juan, St. Vincent, Barbados, Bermuda, Sundsvall (in the Baltic), Freetown, Simonstown, Aden (as bleak as it is reported to be), Mombasa, Trinidad, two Venezuelan ports, Curacao, Brest and finally London itself. In the latter port no-one wearing our cap ribbon had to buy many of his own drinks, although, come to that, one did not have to in most of the other ports either. The only place where we outstayed our welcome was Portsmouth, where we celebrated the anniversary of the Great Fire of London in our galley whilst alongside Fountain Lake Jetty. This disaster resulted in our missing a visit to Canada that was due to include the Expo 67.

HMS *London* wore the flags of two Commanders-in-Chief, Western Fleet, for short visits (Admiral Frewen and Admiral Bush) and two FOFWF's (Admiral Pollock and Admiral Compston) for longer periods. A previous HMS *London* has the doubtful honour of flying the signal ordering Nelson to retreat, which he is said to have read with his telescope to his blind eye. We hope the handling of our Admiral's signals went a little better.

The new staff find the ship in a state far from the previous flagship *Zenith*. The ship as a whole is on the dockyard operating table, and the wounds are bleeding red lead and admar. Our offices have not escaped, but the improvements now being carried out will be worth the present noisy holocaust and the continuous battle to clear up the mess.



HMS 'London' sailing from her berth opposite the RNC Greenwich, April 1968

RNAS LOSSIEMOUTH

by Fred

Greetings from the Costa del Moray.

The communications department is at the moment in the process of a complete remodernisation—vintage models being replaced by new ones. Both the SCO and CRS are leaving the land of the Jockanese (via the school of English language) after many years and our staff of Wrens has also changed rather rapidly.

We are getting ready for our 'Air Day' (July 13) when we will be able to show the 'Airy Fairies' why we are on an air station—to send air day telegrams.

The term has been very busy at times especially during the visit of *Hermes* in company with *Aisne* and *Otus* when the staff really earned their pay, both the CRR and MSO were going flat out.

Wren Morfett represented the station in the Naval Air Command athletics meeting and came 2nd in the high jump—a good effort from a watchkeeper. Our only other sporting achievement was when one of the ROI's got athlete's foot.

Let anyone who gets a draft to Lossie be warned—the air is potent, even the Yeoman is getting married.

QJB4 AT RN COMMCCN MALTA

by CRS Heaton

For those ships who have tried, and for those ships who may in the future try to use RATT Ship-Shore, it is felt that local knowledge of the system employed here may help alleviate some of the recent difficulties experienced in clearing traffic through GYX.

QJB4 is always available here and we hope ships will take full advantage of it. Unlike UK RATT Ship-Shore, ships are still required to make the initial contact on S/S calling (CW). When shifted to the appropriate 'Series A' our remote receivers at Zebbug will endeavour to print and then remote the signal to the ship room, who have the ultimate responsibility in deciding whether the signal is printable.

Synthesised receivers for the appropriate 6/8/12 MHz 'Series A' frequency being used are set up at all times at Zebbug.

From experience of the past few months the main problems, propagation apart, appear to be, incorrect offsetting by ships, not always using 850 c/s shift, and some lack of experience in the use of the remote reception system recently installed here. If in doubt, RNSO 44/67 is well worth reading.

It is hoped that this little dit will help the seagoing fraternity and that all your QJB4 contacts with GYX will be successful.

MALTA COMMCCN

By Josh

It appears that there has not been an article in THE COMMUNICATOR from this illustrious place for some time. I have therefore been detailed to provide one or suffer the consequences (whatever they are).

The title does not truly reflect the situation as it is at present, a more apt one would be 'The Malta Communication Complex', since from the central position of the Commccn the following positions are regulated and manned:

Malta Commcen—consisting basically of National TRC, NATO TRC, Ship Room, Broadcast Room and Crypto office, and housing such places as the OIC's Office, Divisional Office, Regulating Office (CRS Barbour), and WRNS Regulating Office, (C.Wren Wilesmith). The watch in this area is overseered by a CRS who is known as the Watch Superintendent (i.a.w. ACP 122). (CRS's Banwell, Childs, Heaton and Jones.)

FO Malta's MSO—which is now at the other end of the tunnel, under the general guidance of CCY Whitehead.

St. Angelo MSO—this has moved from their 'lookout' position above Grand Harbour down to the lower levels (some people say to save CCY Hunter from that long walk with all his weight—which everyone knows is considerable—the weight not the walk).

Navsouth SDO—down in Floriana—supervised by an Italian Chief Yeoman but otherwise manned by RN personnel.

All these places come under the control of the Officer-in-Charge Malta Commcen, Lieutenant Commander (SD)(C) D. W. Coggeshall, DSM, who also wears the hat of SCO to Flag Officer Malta. Lieutenant (SD)(C) M. Murphy acts as Principal Cryptographic Officer, Divisional Officer, Security Officer, and—so I have heard—gives an excellent impersonation of Perry Mason when required at the weekly assizes in St. Angelo. Sub-Lieutenant (SD)(C) J. Tate is Transmission Control Officer.

There are many more changes due to take place in the communications set up in this 'Pearl of the Med', all coming under the renowned name of 'Rationalisation' and during the past months there have been many little men (and BIG men) visiting us, measuring and marking, *etc.*, deciding which walls to knock down and where to build new ones. At the moment the stage has been reached where the approval of MOD is awaited before the 'wreckers' can be allowed to start. More information should be available for the next issue.

In addition to the aforementioned offices there are various other billets at present filled by Chief Yeoman—but before those of you sitting in *Mercury* think 'Ah! a nice quiet draft to while away the time', I should inform you that these will become redundant when we return to UK. CCY Lisle resides in the Married Quarters Office in Hamrun, CCY Kennedy acts as PCO's assistant, CCY Duncan in in charge of Stationery Store, Cleaning, and acts as Comms Sports Rep. in the few spare moments he has between his other 'jobs' of Referee, RN Football Manager, RN Sports Team Manager, *etc.*, and CCY Howard is firmly ensconced in the Practical Operators Training Centre. Due to the 'rundown' the CCY complement will unfortunately be reduced to two by early 1969, one in charge of the MSO and one Stores/Training.

Partially due to the rundown, but mostly (we think) due to the prowess of the staff, we have done extremely well sportswise. In the RN Sports Meeting both the Commcen Men's and Ladies' Teams won their

respective trophies, the hockey team won their league and the soccer eleven were placed a close second in their league and are still in the running for the Knockout Cup. Cricket is now under way, and it appears that we should do reasonably well in that. Squash is played regularly by certain members and others take part in the tennis competitions. One other competition we won a trophy in was the Darts League—in which our team became the proud owners of the Wooden Spoon. We have also provided our fair share of members for the Royal Navy Representative Teams. The Commcen is proud of the fact that we have always fielded a team for any type of sport we have been called upon to perform, and any ships visiting Malta in the future can be assured that we will provide fair opposition for any fixtures required.

The Young Ladies amongst us do their part in keeping up the good name of the Commcen and they have become known in various parts of the Mediterranean by their treks whilst on leave through such places as Sicily, Greece, Cyprus, *etc.*

There is a continual change round in personnel as can be expected, and virtually every week a new face appears and an old one disappears. Ex-Malta Commcen Personnel will be pleased to know that our book corrector, Miss Fitt, MBE, is still with us, though many of the other civilians have changed round or been reduced.



'... and what makes you think we're broke?'

We are always pleased to receive visits from the staffs of visiting ships and to show them around the centre. We also try to provide a few facilities for training purposes, but these are very limited although there is a possibility of some improvement in the very near future. We manage to run two Fleetboards a year, with fair results, and we are hoping for greater success in the future now that we have received the Training Aids and Examination papers from 'Mother'.

To conclude this short account I would like to say that any one contemplating a foreign shore draft could do worse than try for Malta—there will very shortly be nowhere else to go anyway—and there are quite good facilities to offer besides the obvious ones like sunshine, and dry land under your feet for awhile. There is also reasonable stability amongst the local population—although just recently there was all the makings of a first class riot in Sliema, caused by two scantily clad females in bikinis parading around the streets in an open car—unfortunately it was during working hours—we missed it ! ! ! ! !

HMS MANXMAN

Since our last report, we have (in all but name) lost our status as an RA ship; having spent about three-quarters of our time at sea.

In March we sailed with three of our minesweepers and one hunter, to Japan, calling at Yokosuka and Kure. Out of mothballs came our blues, long johns and pyjamas; we certainly missed our Singapore weather. The purpose of the visit was to give the Japanese Navy a sales talk on one of our sonar sets, with our hunter giving practical demonstrations. We have since heard from a reliable source (what else!) that the Japanese have now produced a fully transistorised pocket edition. We spent a week in Yokosuka, then proceeded, via the beautiful Inland Sea, to Kure. Many people took advantage of this opportunity to visit the nearby city of Hiroshima; which is now a beautiful, modern tourist attraction! We left Japan in early April and returned to Singapore via Hong Kong.

One week after our return we were away again; this time as the Flag Ship of the Far East Fleet carrying COMFEF and his wife on an official visit to Indonesia. We stopped at Djakarta, Bali (of 'South Pacific' fame) and Sourabaya, where we unloaded our cargo of 20 tons of rice and flour, sent from Singapore to assist flood victims. Our visit was much appreciated by the British Embassy staff, who took several cases of our baked beans, apparently they couldn't be bought at any price in Djakarta!

We arrived back in SNB on May 4 and sailed on the 12th for all that was left of the annual SEATO exercise which had been stopped at the 11th hour. After the exercise we managed two runs ashore in Manila before going to Hong Kong as guard ship.

As usual Hong Kong left nothing to be desired, and we would have all been absolute wrecks if we

had been able to stay any longer than our ten day spell of duty.

Since returning from HK we have had one more exercise; with the Aussies and Malays, in the vicinity of our banyan island, Puala Tioman. Which brings us up to date.

On June 15 we start an essential defects period, continuing until about August 6. After that we have a trip to Bangkok, then another tour of duty in HK as guardship. Then it's home sweet home (in time for Christmas, we hope) via Gan, SA, and Gib. At that time you can expect our final contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, as *Manxman* will be going to join her sisters in the knacker's yard.

LOST AND FOUND

<i>Found</i>	<i>Lost</i>
LRO Jones	CY Ring

We will be losing RO's Bajona and Sansom in August; and RO's Edmonds and Hills in September.

MAURITIUS W/T

by Doyk

Shortly after our last article, the island of Mauritius achieved Independence (the two incidents were entirely unrelated!). The climax of several days of celebrations was the Independence ceremony held on the race course at Port Louis. An extremely colourful ceremony, it featured Chinese and Indian dancers, a police motorcycle display, 'dancing' helicopters from the KSLI, a mini-moke race for a crate of beer (no prizes for guessing who won that!!), guards of honour, and the highlight of the parade, the flag raising ceremony. In the presence of the Prime Minister and Governor-General the new Mauritian flag was raised by a Mauritian officer and the Union Flag lowered for the last time by an HMS *Mauritius* representative—Lieutenant Wenn. A solemn moment for some, but a time of rejoicing for the thousands of Mauritians who attended the ceremony.

After the ceremony things just about went back to normal but the presence of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry served to remind us that things were quite different not too long ago. They are still with us, and we are almost getting used to the resounding thuds of their big boots around our normally sleepy little hamlet!!

We have been very pleased to see some of our ship-borne friends over the past few months, and visits from *Euryalus*, *Tartar*, *Daring*, *Barrosa* and *Warspite* have brightened our existence, apart from the fact that it gives them a chance to see what happens at the business end!

At the moment we are being inspected by a team from HQDCN and preliminary reports look extremely good. If toil, tears and sweat have anything to do with it they should be anyway. The Reg Chief, CRS Cokes, seems to have aged slightly over the past couple of months (I wonder why?), his eagle eye roams non stop over the Commcen, and keeps the

two DO's, Lieutenants Burling and Wenn in the picture on everything, including marriage stakes. (Two in the last few months and a couple more looming up shortly.)

On the personality side, the SCO Lieutenant-Commander Redmond leaves us in a couple of weeks and is in the process of being relieved by Lieutenant-Commander Boyes-Stones. The OIC Commcen, Lieutenant Burling, does 'Movements' as a sideline (or is it the other way round) and the DOIC, Lieutenant Wenn comes to the office in his football boots (well someone has to be Sports Officer). CRS Excell has arrived to take over TARE Chief and RS's Jones E. and Foxton have been replaced by RS's Emberton and Ryan. Our WRNS Communicators brighten the place up and they all seem to thoroughly enjoy their time here, despite being so far from home.

On the sporting scene our soccer team reigns supreme, and having beaten all the visiting ships this year are now second in popularity to Manchester United. We even have a WRNS soccer team who recently beat a visiting US Warship by 9-6 (with a little help from the referee and a few well placed trips, kicks and other foul deeds from our lady players). We can also offer rugby, squash, badminton, archery, water-skiing, golf, tennis, skin diving, hockey and uckers (if you're interested). We even dabble with communications as a sideline!

It's difficult not to finish with 'And so we say farewell from this tropical island' but what else is there? Remember, anytime you visit Mauritius you are always welcome:

When you come here
From far or near
Whether (G) or (T)
A welcome waits
At GZV

SHELLING IN MAURITIUS

by RS P. G. Edwards

If you have never been to Mauritius you might think that collecting shells is a bit way-out and a hobby for children or the aged professors of this world. You would be wrong. In HMS *Mauritius* shelling is indulged in by nearly everyone and if your knowledge of shells is limited to cockles, mussels and 4.5's then you miss half the conversation and a lot of the best 'runs.'

To start shelling as a hobby, you need a few tools of the trade, snorkel and mask, a pair of flippers, a net bag to hold your catch and a stick to poke anything that looks a bit hopeful. Add to this a sprinkling of luck and you're away.

At the beach you desert your friends, who now become your rivals, forget the time, put your head under the water and proceed to poke everything in sight to see if it's a shell in disguise, and turn over every rock you can lift to ensure nothing is hiding

there, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for sea eggs (painful to step on), luffs or scorpion fish (more painful) and stone fish (sometimes lethal). The sea bed around Mauritius abounds in all types of shells and the more knowledgeable talk with aplomb of seven fingers arthritics, spider conches, cowries, mitres, cones, bull mouths, olives and many others, while the novice has a job to recognise coral! The main reason is that in their natural habitat shells resemble anything but shells, and have a nasty habit of disguising themselves as rocks or even burying themselves in the sand and only the movement of the 'liver-in' of the shell (possibly a hermit crab or the very popular thing with no other name but ICKIE!) betrays its presence.

After an hour or two of robbing the sea bed of its treasures you then return and inspect your 'finds'. (Amazing how much smaller they seem in the open air!) With the sweet smell of success in your nostrils and the absolute stench in everyone else's, you are then banished to the garden to extract the inhabitant of your particular shell. There are several ways of doing this from boiling alive to burying them in the garden and letting the ants do it for you. After the 'extraction' the shell is then brushed with a wire brush to remove various miscellaneous crustaceans and brought up to its 'natural' state. A wide variety of colours emerges and the shell makes an attractive addition to your sideboard or cabinet.

Apart from the beauty of the shell as a collector's piece, they can be made into table lamps, cigarette lighters and even adorn key rings. All of which makes shell collecting an interesting and sometimes extremely rewarding hobby.

THE SHELL PEOPLE

by Lieutenant (SD)(C) D. E. Wenn, RN

Early at dawn, with snorkel and mask
and flippers upon his feet,
The RO went diving and looking for shells
and guess what he happened to meet?

When one fathom down in the clear blue sea
a little thing moved neath his feet.
Was it a Mitre, an oyster, a Cone?
Or a large Tiger Cowrie asleep?

A Mitre he thought is a prize indeed
and oysters are tasty things,
But a large Tiger Cowrie, he thought to himself!
(or could it be something that stings?)

So he prodded and poked with his big
shelling stick
And a hermit crab dashed from within
And what was the object he coveted so?
Just an old empty bent Tiger TIN!!!

HMS NEPTUNE

The near completion of this vast modern complex at Faslane on the Gareloch does undoubtedly prove that it is what the Project Team intended it should be, a Naval Base without equal.

The base was built and fitted out as the Clyde Submarine Base and as such it supports a number of submarines other than Polaris, although too often it is inaccurately described as the POLARIS BASE. As it is the intention that all vessels should have the best possible service at all times, 'we never close'. Hence there are no set leave periods. It is vital that good liaison should exist between naval and civilian departments.

Faslane Commcen is as much a part of the support organisation as it is of the Operations room. Responsibilities range from the Naval manned side to the large civilian manned departments and establishments here and in the West of Scotland.

Surface vessels too are well catered for with a berth specially designed to accommodate the majority of the present medium sized surface units. Their Logreqs often read like a major annual storing/refit programme so obviously word has got round about what is available in the way of stores and technical assistance.

Completion of the Sailing Centre in the Autumn will come just in time to allow the dozen or so boats now in use to be laid up in ideal conditions for working on over the winter. Before the end of the year the Sportsdrome will give indoor recreational facilities for swimming, badminton, football and gymnastics comparable only to *Ganges*; but here it's voluntary! A cinema will open within the same complex early in 1969.

Additional building already underway will provide extensions for Junior Rates accommodation and the Wardroom. That planned for the immediate future will take the form of additional floors on main service buildings to provide comprehensive training facilities.

On the Staff we have a fortuitous mixture of professional submariners and general service operators, held in check by the WRNS who form almost half of the staff and provide much of the expertise, particularly in the field of Tape Relay and Crypto. Lieutenant Commander Allen continues to represent us on the managerial side and maintains a high level of respect by appearing often with his 12 bore shotgun. Lieutenant Sanders has given up minesweeping (he heard the squadron were about to seek out live mines) and has taken over as OIC Commcen. CRS Harman has departed to *Onyx*. CRS Hannan has left the Service to join the land of big money ('Other folks', he was heard to remark sadly) with Securicor. CRS Parkins has joined the Workup staff. Chief Yeoman Briggs has joined from *Hermes* RSOW's and RS(W) Taylor, RS's Fox, Smy, Melia and A/RS Griep.

On the nostalgia side, HMS *Sheffield* and HMS *Leviathan* have also left the Service via Metal

Industries, who always wait poised with cutting torches at the ready should any Naval vessel accidentally secure at the wrong berth.

From the opposite shore of the Gareloch could be seen until recently a navy two generations apart: *Sheffield* with her superb lines and days of battle honourably ended and but a short distance from her, *Resolution*, sleekly sinister, yet craving peace.

Recent visitors have included HM The Queen Mother, The Minister of Defence, CINC WF, FOSNI, FOSM, FORY, DNS, CSS. It goes without saying that we are always pleased to add to this distinguished list.

Communicators of visiting ships are always welcome to be shown round the Commcen.

NATO COMMCCEN NORTHWOOD CALLING

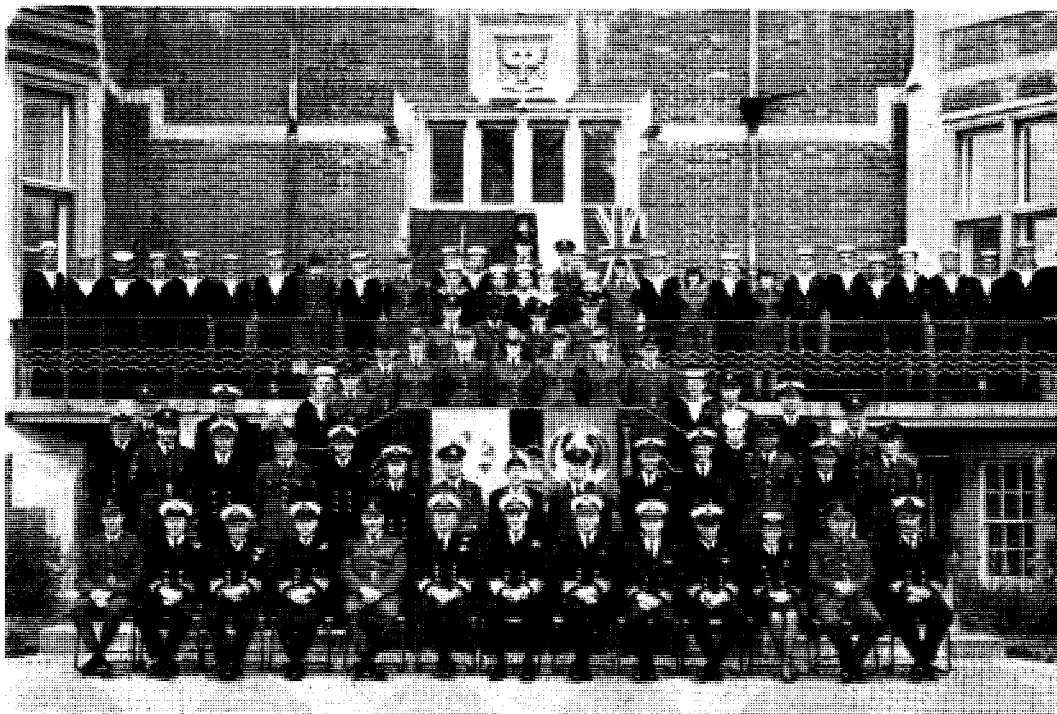
by Lieutenant Commander J. T. Franks (SD)(C) RN

The NATO Commcen, situated in the Headquarters at Northwood, Middx. (approx. 16 miles from Baker Street), serves the NATO Commanders of Channel, Eastlant, Maritime Air Channel and Eastlant. It also serves the National Command of Western Fleet and a small Western Fleet Technical Staff in Portsmouth.

Communications are handled by RN, RAF, and a



'Give us a lift to the Dockyard mate!'



Northwood Commcen Staff

few USN Personnel working in a conventional shore commcen 4 watch system, 48 on 24 off 48 on and 72 off et seq. Because of limited accommodation some of the RN personnel are accommodated at RAF Stanmore. The MSO is manned by British personnel and the TRC is mixed. RN Communicators are posted here on either NATO or National Staff but are not segregated and so work on both National and NATO traffic.

The MSO averages 413.4 signals per day, of which approximately one third are NATO, the remainder National. The TRC handles an average of 2,120 transactions daily. These figures are steadily rising.

During the last year there was a .001 % loss in TRC transactions and .0006% Security Breaches, this we feel is a fair record which we hope to improve.

The WF Oceanographic and Meteorological section is based at this HQ and although they have their own routeing indicator the traffic comes through the TRC and MSO.

In peace time some 22 circuits, connected to such countries as Portugal, France, Holland, Belgium, United States and, of course, the British Isles are in constant use. In emergency, major exercise or war there may be up to 70 circuits in use including CW circuits and Broadcasts.

At the moment the TRC works on torn tape principle but in the not too far distant future we shall be

getting a NATO TARE.

A little about the rest of the HQ. There are approximately 70 Officers on the NATO Staff covering many subjects and nationalities, as we have Dutch, Belgian, Canadian, French, American and British Officers and as we are the host nation the greater part of the staff is British.

The duties are equally shared by all officers, there are three duty officers each day. One is the NATO Duty Staff Officer whose duties are concerned solely with the NATO aspect, another is the Western Fleet Duty Staff Officer, and finally an RAF Officer who is the Maritime Duty Air Controller.

There are numerous plots and never a dull moment, a busy, interesting and varied job.

NATO COMMCCEN NORTHWOOD SIGNING OFF . . .

RNCC SINGAPORE

Much water has flowed under the bridge since our last article, even if it was only three months ago. Some of the ripples and eddies that can be mentioned are divisions by the Fleet Commander, Yeoman Harrison picking up his Chief's rate, the marriage of a line TP operator (Wren Sandra Green) to a DCN 203 operator (RO2 Mike Garnett), the firing of Ldg

Wren McCune and her hiring as Mrs. Henderson (Mrs. Stats 1968) the day the Commcen came third in *Terror* sports (third from the bottom to be exact), the departure for UK of Mrs 'Statistics'—the very popular Mrs. Hounslow—and the time the regulating Chief took a long weekend, much to the relief of the flower power communicators.

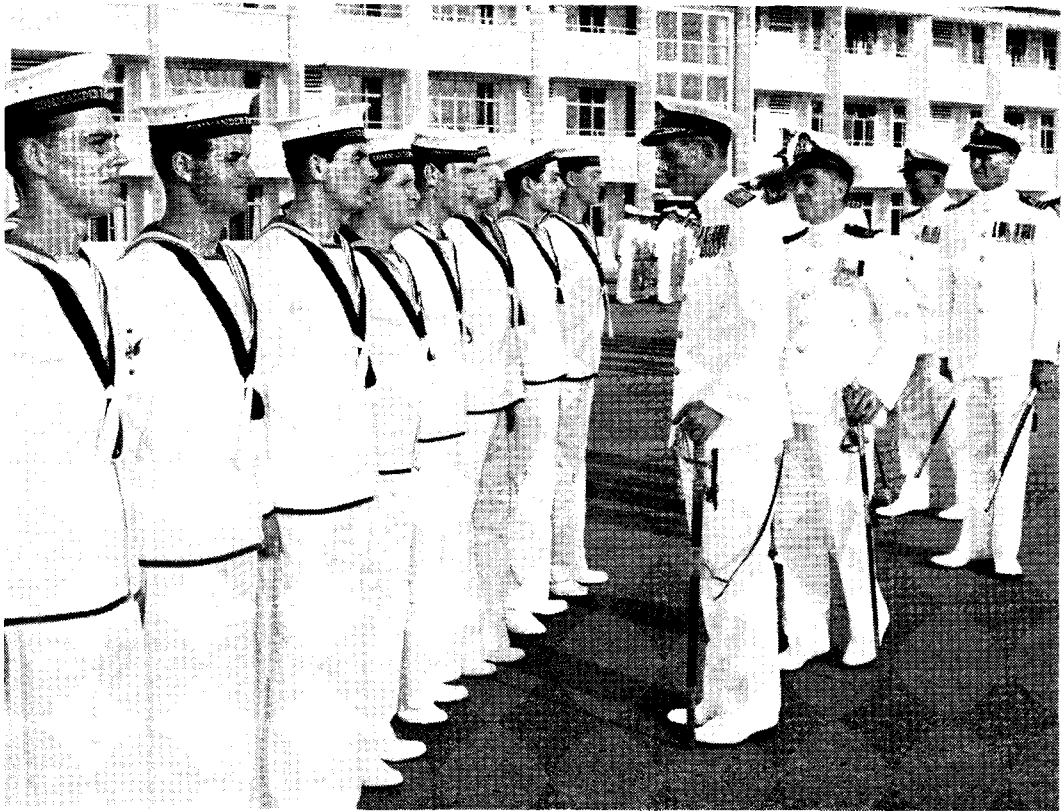
However, as we've got to start somewhere, let's first mention the fact that the Fleet Communication Officer, Commander R. D. Franklin, has now been relieved by Commander H. B. Parker. We wish Captain Franklin (as he will be when you are reading this) every success in the future and we had better warn the routine signals in the dreaded MOD that they had better get a priority move on, or there will be terrible trouble, and to his successor—welcome. We hope the Commcen will cause you no sleepless nights but suspect that it is a forlorn hope.

Sub-Lieutenant Humphreys, the Traffic Officer, will also be missed. His deft ability to fire off a tracer at the drop of a call sign will, no doubt, be well

carried on by his successor, Sub-Lieutenant Cooper, fresh from the rigours of the NE Squadron in *Mercury*. (but Chief—He's on the dist!)

The Fleet Commander's divisions took place on HM Queen's Birthday in *Terror*. 'A' watch did a good job there, as can be seen from the photography. Sub-Lieutenant Walklett's expression was, we think, caused by a passing thought about the present standards of RO2 undergoing specialisation, rather than a comment on the turn out.

Mike Garnett's marriage was well reported, thanks to Mr. Pearce, the FPRO. One story yet to hit the multi million circulation papers is Wren Evans and her sky diving. As if being a watchkeeping Wren in the Commcen isn't hazard enough, this bold young lady has taken up jumping out of aeroplanes. The fact that she wears a parachute is neither here nor there. Good luck, but don't ask us along. And, in passing, good wishes forever to Mike and Sandra. Which reminds us, that LRO Lowe and RO2 Mayall will, likewise, be old married men by the time this



In this picture can be seen, from l to r, RO1 Smallman, LRO(T) Welch, RO3(U) Harries, RO2(T) Ward, RO2(G) Leat, JRO McHale, RO2(W) Smith and REM Boddington, forming part of the Commcen Platoon for the Fleet Commander's Divisions in HMS 'Terror'. Sub-Lieutenant (SD)(C) Walklett is behind Vice-Admiral O'Brien

gets printed. Must be the weather out here! Lots of luck and good wishes.

Other new faces in the Commcen are those of 3/0 Roddis, to relieve 3/0 Lawson, now well entrenched in the dungeons of Whitehall Wireless and Chief Wren Spencer to replace Chief Wren Dales. Both the new 3/0 and Chief have settled in nicely and there was no hitch at all in the smooth running of their 'parts of ship'. But, just for the record, welcome and a happy commission. Au revoir and many thanks to 3/0 Lawson and Chief Dales.

We've got no new gadgets to tell you about this time (someone in UK must have overlooked the fact that the rundown is still three plus years away). But we have, thanks to the CRO at last got RATT ship-shore on the air. And it works a treat—ships' retorts will be accepted in the Christmas edition. However, had we realised a year ago that the final solution would be 'build it yourself' we reckon we could have done that without keeping the ships waiting all this time. Anyway, if any of our readers, or customers ever wish to come up and see our end of it, they will be welcome. (But please bring your own coffee!!)

Talking of visitors reminds us that we saw the Director of Naval Signals (Captain Wake-Walker, RN) and Commander T. M. Laing recently. It was nice to get them down to the 'coal face' and talk shop, and, as if having the Director out here wasn't enough, we had the new Captain of the Fleet, Captain D. V. Morgan around as well. We poor Communicators in Singapore—too many experts around at this moment. But never mind, it's nice to have our little difficulties appreciated by senior officers who have coped with similar problems in the past.

So, until Christmas, farewell from us. We hope, by that time, that the OIC's long promised 2300GH fish and chip van will have put in an appearance, but that, as the saying goes . . . is another story.

HMS TAMAR

Very little can be said about 'Honkers' that the veterans of the fleet do not already know. For those that have not, as yet, tasted its delights, well time will tell. Maybe drafty has it lined up as your next quiet number, so we'll not spoil it for you.

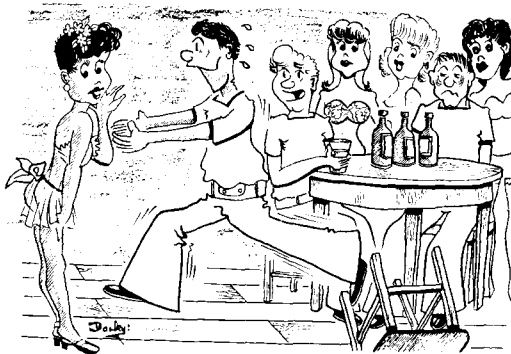
From time to time during their stay on the Far East Station, units of the fleet visit us: providing opportunities of renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. This has the unfortunate drawback as far as we shore based bods are concerned, for increasing our work load: turning a quiet number into a mad house.

Last year was marred by the disturbances: so far this year 'they' have hardly made themselves heard. Apart from a few protest meetings, which have been very orderly, things seem to have returned to normal. It could be that the rather damp summer has had something to do with this. Earlier this month, June 12/13, the race course at Happy Valley could quite easily have been taken for a lake. More than one RA

102

had to abandon his waterlogged car, and take to a very wet 'shanks pony'. Just to improve matters the Royal Observatory say there is more to come.

The comings and goings of our staff are too numerous to mention all by name, none the less we wish 'all the best' to those who have returned to UK to take up new appointments, and hope to see you again. For those about to join our happy band—welcome.



'Don't forget you're married . . . you're married . . . you're . . . forget it'

HMS VERULAM

by RO2(G) Bethell

Having been avid readers of THE COMMUNICATOR for a couple of years, and not read an article on *Verulam*, we decided to remedy things, and write a short note on one of the Navy's last steam driven wireless-wise ships.

The office has an 'Olde Worlde' charm, no fancy RATT broadcast stirs the night watches, just the soothing sound of NL's echoing forlornly in the hope that in someone's memory they can recall the morse code.

However that could be changed in the near future, as we now go into a long refit in Devonport and the grapevine tells us we might even get some Modern Equipment installed.

Unfortunately or fortunately depending which way he looks at it we lose RS Hall who has patiently nursed his forever changing staff into a resemblance of Communicators.

Considering the amount of trials and tribulations that *Verulam* gets through we consider—as always—that we are shortstaffed carrying only 1 RS, LRO Johnston, RO2 Bethell, RO2Fox, RO3 Austin and on the VS side LRO Hughes (Yeoman) ably assisted by RO1 Steele.

However to the Navigators' joy (Lt. Robinson) the job gets done with a minimum number of snags.

It is worth noting that even in this modern world of electronic and up to date wireless equipment, morse is still of paramount importance and sad to say judging by the ZDK's asked for on NL's it appears to be a dying art. So if any RO3 has a draft to *Verulam* remember it's a trials ship with stacks of sea time and is driven by morse.

FLAG OFFICER FLOTILLAS WESTERN FLEET COMMUNICATIONS STAFF

Although our presence onboard any one of our numerous flag ships is not always appreciated, we have decided to reveal that we are, even though we serve under such an auspicious title, mere 'all about' Buntings and Sparkers. Even the SCO will admit, under pressure, that we are not hand picked.

Our job? To handle the traffic generated by eight highly productive staff officers and to supplement the communications department of the various ships in which the Flag is flown.

After being in mothballs for five months on HMS *Bellerophon*, we (much to our dismay) were flown by courtesy of RAF Transport Command to Trinidad to join HMS *London* for the last lap of her return journey from Aden. Leaving behind 'Brum' Folks, in charge of the staff stationery (two gross of weekend request forms).

During the two month cruise, chaos and despondency were created in Trinidad, Caracas, Curacao and in Bermuda during an eight day SMP. A good

time was had by all. Further details can be found in the Sunday newspapers. After being C in C WF's temporary staff for trips to Brest and London, we have now shifted (for more sea time) to HMS *Hampshire*.

We welcome back 'Wiggy' Wiggins who has just returned from a 'jolly' on the *Juno* and say farewell to 'Rag' Evans who will shortly be going on the best leave of all (terminal). We also offer our condolences to 'Brum' Folks who is now doomed for the full thirty months on the 'Starf' under drafty's new scheme.

If you are fortunate to have us onboard we assure you that we are a jolly fine bunch of fellows on the 'stawff'.

HMS WOODLARK

by A/LRO(G) Munns

For those Communicators who have wondered 'what the hell's the Woodlark' I have the answer.

It is an inshore minesweeper (ex HMS *Yaxham*) converted for survey work, based at Plymouth, mainly doing West Coast of England surveys. It has a crew of 18, and being the only Communicator, the duties combine sparker, bunting, postman and general ship's runabout. So for anyone who likes to be his own boss, has plenty of patience, can stand the taunts of the ship's company who hate the sparker because he has the biggest loaf on board, and doesn't get sea-sick above force 3 in a rowing boat, then this is Your draft.

Any letters from old friends will be very welcome and receive replies instantly.



LRO(T) Roger Shea, RO1(G) Brum Folks, LRO(G) Rag Evans, RO2(T) Wiggy Wiggins, CRS Danny Boon, CCY Lofty Harrison, RO1(G) Paul Rogers, RO1(G) Errol Flynn

FOFWF Staff 1968 Communications Complement

ADVERTISEMENTS

The attention of all our readers is drawn to the advertisements appearing in this issue.

In return for their continued support the Editor hopes that you will show your appreciation by dealing with them as the occasion arises.



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COMMUNICATION GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
ARCEDECKNE-BUTLER, M. F. P.	Lieut. Commander	BDS Washington	Britannia
BALFOUR, H. M.	Commander	Mercury	Whitby i/c
BENSON, J. M.	Lieutenant	Long Course	Euryalus
BOOTH, MISS P. M.	3/0	Ce Course	C in C Portsmouth
BOYES-STONES, H. P.	Lieut. Commander	FOST	Mauritius
BRIGGS, W. G.	Lieutenant (SD)	Heron	Eagle
BROWN, C. D. S.	Lieutenant	Long Course	Phoebe
BRUCE-GARDYNE, K. P.	Lieut. Commander	Intrepid	FOAC
BUNTING, R. H. W.	Lieutenant (SD)	Arethusa	DNS
CAHILL, M. J.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Nubian	C in C Portsmouth
COBLEY, C. K. D.	Lieutenant	Long Course	FO2FEF
COOPER, D. G.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Mercury	Terror
DAVIES, J.	Lieutenant	RAN Exchange	London
DAVIS, R. K.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Leander	Mercury
DIBBLE, R. K.	Lieut. Commander	Hampshire	Mercury
DICKENS, A. H.	Commander	MOD	CBNS Washington
DUNCAN, D. A.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Triumph	Dolphin
FIELD, A. E.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Barrosa	Mercury
FRYER, D. W.	Lieut. Commander	Mercury	Intrepid
GAWLEY, J. M.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Bulwark	Whitehall Wireless
GORING, E. Y. C.	Lieut. Commander	London	Mercury
HERBERT, ST. J. H.	Commander	CINC WF	Plymouth i/c
HEWITT, E. M. G.	Commander	COMNAVSOUTH	JSSC
HOOPER, G. S. J.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Bronington	Mercury
JACKSON, S.	Lieutenant (SD)	C in C Portsmouth	Mercury
LAYMAN, C. H.	Lieut. Commander	Euryalus	Hubberston i/c
LENNON, P. A.	Lieutenant (SD)	Albion	Heron
LODDER, N. G.	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury	RCN Exchange
LORD, J. T.	Lieut. Commander	Hardy i/c	Mercury
LUCE, P. D.	Lieutenant	Lond Course	Juno
McDERMOTT, J. H.	Lieutenant (SD)	Wolverton	Mercury
McDONALD, A. N. A.	Lieut. Commander	FOSN1	FOFWF
McKAIG, J. R. CBE	Rear Admiral	CSS	ACNS(OR)
McMULLEN, C. J.	Lieutenant	Long Course	Leander
MILLER, K.	Lieutenant (SD)	STC Kranji	Albion
PARKER, H. B.	Commander	FOST	FCO to COMFEF
PHILLIPS, M. D. Y.	Lieutenant (SD)	Woolaston	Dartington
PROVEST, A. G. M. A.	Lieutenant	Long Course	Eastbourne
RIVETT-CARNAC, M. J.	Commander	Dainty i/c	MOD
RODDIS, MISS J. A.	3/0	Ce Course	COMFEF
ROSCOE, MISS E. A.	3/0	Ce Course	C in C Plymouth
SALWEY, B. D.	Lieut. Commander	Sea Eagle	FO2FEF
SCLATER, E. G. L.	Lieut. Commander	Phoebe	Sea Eagle
SCOTT, REV. J. G. OBE, LTh		Mercury	Sultan
SHELTON-AGAR, R. A.	Lieut. Commander	Manxman	Dido
SOMERVILLE-JONES	Lieutenant	Long Course	Ajax
STACEY, W. L. B.	Lieutenant (SD)	Walkerton	Mercury
SUNLEY, MISS J. W. F.	2/0	President	AFNORTH
TINCKHAM, MISS L. F.	3/0	Ce Course	Mercury
WATSON, J. J.	Lieutenant	Dido	Hampshire
WHITEHEAD, D.	Lieut. Commander	Mercury	Wakeful i/c
WILLIAMS, C. W.	Lieut. Commander	Mercury	RCN Exchange
WITHERS, P.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Mercury	Eagle
WILTON, A. W. R.	Sub Lieut. (SD)	Wilston	Chawton
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To Rear Admiral
J. R. MCKAIG, CBE

To Captain (to date 31.12.68)
P. C. PRINCE
G. C. LLOYD

To Lieutenant (SD)
W. J. PRICKETT, W. H. DAVIS, K. MILLER,
J. H. McDERMOTT, D. G. PIKE, M. A. ROBINSON, W. L. B. STACEY

To Commander (to date 31.12.68)
I. F. GRANT

To Lieut. Commander (SD)
J. FRANKS
J. E. S. WALLIS

RETIREMENTS

Commander L. L. GREY
Lieut. Commander T. W. CLOWES
Lieut. Commander P. H. de MERINDOL
Sub. Lieutenant (SD) W. J. CARTER

Lieutenant (SD) P. G. ELLIS, DSM
Lieutenant (SD) J. T. HEADON, MBE
Lieutenant (SD) G. JUBB

SD COURSE, 1968

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L. GOOCH
M. G. MABLESON
R. C. STYLES

M. S. BAKER
B. D. LLOYD
T. J. PHILLIPS
T. E. TOOCHY RAN

ADVANCEMENTS

TO CRS

PARKINGS, G. F.	883008
RIETZLER, C.	911579
ANSELL, B. W.	858116
EXLEY, G.	865987
BELL, A.	911839
JONES, E.	890075
PYKE, R. C. E.	835896
GOLLEDGE, A.	889327
NETHERTON, C. J.	857238
STEEL, K. M.	905702

TO CCY

COLLINS, M. E.	843468
UNDERWOOD, N. P.	905274
FLOWER, D. W.	899529
HOWELL, R. J.	836437
SPENCER, R.	865051
VERNEY, J. A.	715228
BARTLETT, K.	905488
WOOKHAM, R. E.	921582
WALKER, R. M. T.	838759

TO CRS(W)

McCOOEY, P. J.	898682
PALMER, D. L.	052362

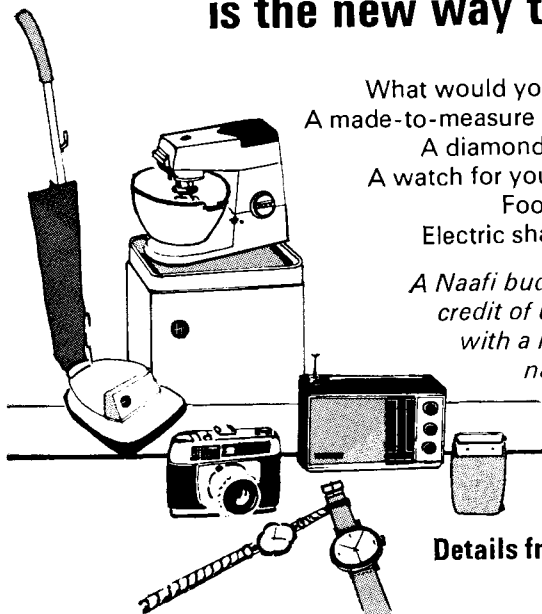
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DRAFTING

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

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

Name	Rate	Whence	Whither
ABBOTT, A. B.	CY	Mercury	Eagle
ABIGAIL, P.	RO2(G)	Protector	Mercury
ALLISON, M.	RO2(G)	Neptune	Shavington
AMEY, A. V.	RO2(G)	Mercury	Goldcrest
ANDERSON, R. K.	RO3	Fearless	Mercury
ANDERSON, J.	RO2	Mercury	London
ANDERSON, J. K.	RS	Mercury	St. Angelo
ANDERSON, S. MC. G.	RO2(W)	Mercury	Minerva
ARNOLD, M.	RO2	Naiaid	Mercury
ANDREWS, O. W. M.	RO2	Galatea	Mercury
ATTOE, D.	RO2	Mercury	Blake
ATTWOOD, C. F.	RO2	Mercury	Tamar
ASTON	RO2	Eagle	Mercury
BATHO, A. G.	LRO(G)	Drake	Mercury
BARRETT	RO2(W)	Mercury	Victory
BEER	A:RS	Mercury	Tamar
BEARD, C. G. R.	CY	Ganges	Mercury
BEASLEY	RO3	Mercury	Rothesay
BELL, G. G.	RO2	Mercury	Tamar
BENNETT	RO2	Protector	Mercury
BOND	RO2	Bulwark	Mercury
BRAMLEY	RS	Mercury	Intrepid
BRITT	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
BRITTON	A/LRO(G)	Warrior	Chawton
BROAD, R. E.	RO2(G)	Whitehall	Wiston
BROADBENT	RO1(T)	Mercury	Glamorgan
BROADLEY	RS	Mercury	Tamar
BRAMLEY, D.	RO1(T)	Forest Moor	Mercury
BROWNIE, R.	RO2	Eastbourne	Albion
BROWN, R. W.	LRO	Forest Moor	Mercury
BUNN	RO2	Mercury	Cleopatra
BURFORD, B. T.	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
BURROWS, P. D.	RO2	Danae	Mercury
BURKE, G. P. J.	A:RS	Malcolm	Mercury
BURWOOD	RO2	Nubian	Mercury
BURGIN	RO2	Relentless	Mercury
BUTTERS	RO2	Nubian	Mercury
BURT	TO2	Mercury	Osprey
BUTLER	RS	Mercury	Phoebe
BUTLER	RO2	Mercury	Mauritius
BUTLER, T. W.	RO2	Leopard	Mercury
CAMPBELL	RO2	Mercury	Relentless
CARVELL	RO2	Mercury	Intrepid
CASEMORE	LRO(T)	Mercury	Wakeful
CASTLE-SMITH	RO2	Mercury	Decoy
CASSIDY	RO2	Arethusa	Mercury
CAVANAGH	RO2	Leopard	Mercury
CHESTER	RO2	Eskimo	Mercury
CHIDDICKS	RO2(W)	Mercury	Kent
CLAYTON	CCY	Mercury	Andromeda
CORBETT	RO2	Mercury	Ajax
CONNOLLY	RO2	Mercury	Juno
CORRAN	RO2	Mercury	Eagle
CRAIG	RO2	Mercury	Osprey
CRONE	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
CORDLE	RO2	Beagle	Mercury
CREASEY	RO3	Mercury	Warrior
CUTHERTON	RO2	Minerva	Mercury
CUTTING	RO2	Mercury	Phoebe
CURRAN	RO2	Mercury	Blake
DAVIE	RO2	Cochrane	Yarmouth
DAVIES	RO2	Mercury	Dolphin
DEACON	RO2	Mercury	Wakeful
DEAN	CRS	Mercury	Sea Eagle
DAVIS	RO2	Daring	Mercury
DANIELS	A LRO	Victory	Mercury
DAWSON	A LRO	Excellent	Mercury
DOAK	RO2	Zest	Mercury
DUNNINGHAN	RO2	Victory	Reclaim
EDWARDS	RO3	Eastbourne	Mercury
EILBECK	CRS	Eagle	Mercury
ELDER	CY	Victory	Mercury
EVANS	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
FAKES	RO2(T)	London	Cochrane
FARLEY	RS RC1	Penelope	Mercury
FALLOON	LRO(T)	Hermes	Drake
FEATHERSTONE	JRO(G)	Mercury	London
FELTHAM	RO2	Eagle	Mercury
FIELDS	RO2(G)	London	Drake
FITZGERALD	RO2	London	Mercury
FORD	A CY	Victory	Mercury
FOSTER	RO2	Aisne	Mercury
FOWLER	JRO(G)	Mercury	London

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FORD	A/LRO(W)	Mercury	London
FOWLER	RO2	London	Mercury
FRANKLAND	RS	Mercury	Glamorgan
GADSON	RO3(T)	Mercury	London
GARRAD	CRS	Mercury	Danae
GLATTBACK	RO2	Argonaut	Mercury
GILBERT	RO1(G)	CINC Portsmouth	London
GIBSON	RO2	Fearless	Mercury
GODWIN	RO2	Hermes	Mercury
GODWER	RO2	Royal Yacht	Mercury
GORMAN	RO1(W)	Whitehall W/T	Albion
GRAHAM	RO2	Whitehall W/T	Endurance
GROVES	RO2	Hermes	Whitehall W/T
GUILDING	RO2	Penelope	Mercury
HAMILTON	RO2	London	Mercury
HAMMOND	RO2(W)	Mercury	London
HAMNET	RO2(G)	Forest Moor	London
HATCHARD	RO3(T)	Mercury	London
HARRIS	LRO(G)	London	Mercury
HAUGHTY	RS	Whitehall	Eagle
HAWKINGS	RO2(G)	Warrior	Yarnton
HARDCASTLE	RO2	Hampshire	Mercury
HARDIKER	RO2	Mercury	Pellew
HARNHAM	RO2	Goldcrest	Mercury
HARRISON	RO2	Barrosa	Mercury
HEATH	RO1(T)	Mercury	Whitehall
HERBERT	RO2(T)	London	Pembroke
HERBERT	RO2(W)	Mercury	Terror
HILLEN	RO2(W)	Mercury	Osprey
HODSON	LRO(T)	Mercury	London
HODSON	RO2(G)	Sea Eagle	Mercury
HOLLINGTON-SAWYER	RO1(W)	Falmouth	Mercury
ILOTT	RO2	Eskimo	Mercury
INGHAM	LRO(W)	Whitby	Mercury
IRVINE	RO2	Brighton	Mercury
IRWIN	RO2	Gurkha	Mercury
JACK	RO1(T)	Mercury	Osprey
JAMES	RO2(T)	Osprey	London
JEFFRIES	RO2(T)	Warrior	Brinton
JONES, D. J.	LRO(G)	Mercury	Intrepid
JONES, M. J.	RO2	Mercury	Warrior
JONES, P. J.	RO2	Mercury	FOAC
KEARSEY	RO2	Troubridge	Mercury
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KIMM	RO2	Zest	Mercury
LANG	RO2	Mercury	Devonshire
LANGDON	RO2	Mercury	FO2 FEF
LEIGH	RO2	Mercury	Keppel
LEWIS	LRO(G)	Mercury	Whitehall
LLOYD	A/CY	Wakeful	Mercury
LIVINGSTONE	RO2	Fearless	Mercury
LOWRY	A/RS(W)	Minerva	Mercury
LOVEDAY	JRO(W)	Mercury	London
LUXFORD	RO2(T)	Dolphin	Albion
MARTIN	RO2	Mercury	Keppel
MCAULIFFE	RO2(W)	London	Drake
MCLEOD	RO2	Mercury	Hermes
MCKENNA	RS	Eastbourne	Mercury
MELL	RO2(G)	Warrior	Wilkeston
MORGAN	CY	Mercury	Fulmar
MORRIS	RO2	Mercury	Eagle
MOSELEY	RO2	London	Mercury
MOONLIGHT	A/RS(G)	Mercury	London
MUNNS	RO2(G)	London	Osprey
NETHERTON	RS	Ganges	Mercury
NEWTON	RS	Mercury	Hardy
NICOLLE	RO2	Hermes	Mercury
NORMAN	RO2	Mercury	Hampshire
NORTH	RO2	Brighton	Mercury
NORTH	RO2	Mercury	London
NOURSE	RO2(T)	Mercury	London
NUGENT	LRO(W)	Mercury	Lincoln
OLDBURY	CY	Fearless	Dolphin
OWEN	RO3(G)	Mercury	London
OVERTON	RO2(G)	Mercury	Undaunted
OXTOBY	RO2	London	Victory
PARSONS	RO2	Phoebe	Mercury
PARSONS	RO2	London	Mercury
PATERSON	RO2	Whitehall	Leverton
PARRY	RO2	Mercury	London
PARKINGSON	RO2(G)	Mercury	London
PAGE	RO2	Mercury	Kent
PEGLAR	RO2	Bulwark	Mercury
PEARSON	RO3(W)	Mercury	London
PLATT	RO2	Mercury	Mauritius
PIKE	RO2(G)	Mercury	Endurance
PINK	RO2	Mercury	Duncan
POWER	RO2(W)	Sea Eagle	London
POWTON	RO2	Mercury	Tamar
POOLEY	RO2	Rhyl	Mercury
POWELL	RO2	Mercury	Nubian
PRICE	RO2(W)	London	Mercury
RANDLE	LRO(W)	London	Mercury

Name	Rate	Whence	Whither
RANDALL	RO2	Mercury	Nubian
REGAN	RO2	Mercury	Terror
REES	RO2(W)	London	Mercury
RENDELL	RO2	Mercury	London
ROBERTS	RO2	Fearless	Mercury
ROBERTS	A/LRO(T)	London	Victory
ROGERS	RO2	Galatea	London
ROOT	LRO(T)	London	Mercury
RHODES	RO2	Mercury	Rooke
RUNDLE, T.	RO2(W)	Glamorgan	Drake
SCOTT	A/RS	Seahawk	Eagle
SIMPSON	RO2	Kent	Mercury
SHEPPARD, C. G.	RO3(G)	Victorious	Glamorgan
SUDDER	RO2	Whitby	Mercury
SIMMONS	RO2(T)	Mercury	London
SMEE	RO1(G)	Mercury	London
SMITH	A/LRO(T)	RNAS Brawdy	London
SOUTHGATE	LRO(W)	London	Mercury
SHOTBOLT	CRS	London	Ganges
SOUTHWELL	RO2	Drake	Mercury
TAYLOR	RO1(G)	Undaunted	Glamorgan
STRIKE	RO2(G)	Mercury	London
TAYLOR	RS(W)	London	Neptune
TIMMINGTON	A/LRO(G)	Neptune	London
TITLEY	RO2(T)	London	Mercury
THOMPSON	LRO	Forestmoor	Mercury
TOCHER	A/LRO	Mercury	Hermes
TREISE	RO2	Mercury	Galatea
TURNER	LRO(G)	Mercury	Osprey
VANCE	RO2	Mercury	St. Angelo
UNDERWOOD	CCY	CINC Portsmouth	London
WARD	RO3(T)	Mercury	London
WARD	CY	Fulmar	Mercury
WATSON	RO2(W)	Mercury	Osprey
WALLACE	RO2(T)	Royal Yacht	Mercury
WHEELER	RO2	Llandaff	Mercury
WHITE	RO2	Minerva	Mercury
WHITEHAOUSE	LRO(G)	London	President
WILLIAMS	RO2	Tourbridge	Mercury
WICKS	JRO(G)	Mercury	London
WOOD	RO2(W)	Mercury	Whitehall W.T
WOODWARD	RO2	London	Mercury
ADAMS	RS	London	Ganges
ANDERSON	RO2(W)	Mercury	London
ANTHONY	RO2(T)	Osprey	London
ASHCROFT	CRS(G)	BRNC Dartmouth	London
BEACH	RO2(W)	Mercury	London
BREMNER	RO2(T)	Neptune	London
BROCKING	A/RS(W)	Cochrane	London
BROWN	RO2(G)	Excellent	London
BLAKER	LRO(T)	London	Goldcrest
BRAYBROOKE	RO2(T)	London	Ganges
BERNAD	RO2	London	Mercury
CAPELLO	RO3(G)	Mercury	Glamorgan
CLOSE	RO3(T)	Mercury	London
COFFIN	JRO(T)	Mercury	London
COLLINS	RO2	London	Mercury
CORNFORD	RO2	London	Mercury
CHAPMAN	RO2(T)	London	Mercury
CRAIG	RO2(G)	London	Drake
CULTON, R. D.	RO2(T)	Mercury	Glamorgan
FOX, A.	RO2(G)	Pitreavie	Glamorgan
IRELAND, J. T.	RO3(G)	Mercury	Glamorgan
GOWER	RO2(W)	Glamorgan	Mercury
KEYS	RO3(T)	Mercury	Glamorgan

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