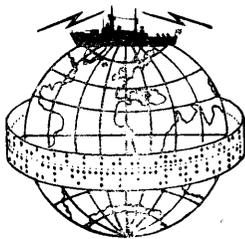


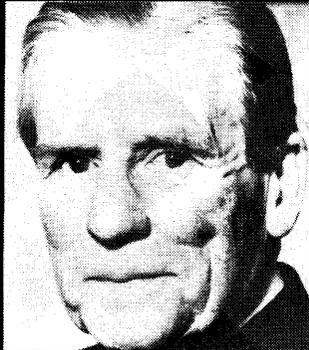
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THE COMMUNICATOR

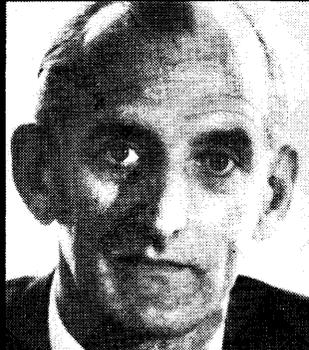


VOL 22 - No 1

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THE COMMUNICATOR

PUBLISHED AT HMS 'MERCURY'

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and the Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society*

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EDITORIAL

On taking over as Editor I should like to record on your behalf our thanks to Lieutenant Commander J. H. Ellis who has done so much for the magazine during nearly seven years in the Editorial chair. In that time he has produced sixteen editions and has set a standard that is both an example and a challenge to his successors. Lieutenant Commander Ellis's professional dedication will be greatly missed.

We welcome Lieutenant H. D. Hellier who has volunteered to take over as the treasurer.

Crisis Deadlines

This edition has been produced during the oil crisis, miners' strike and the resulting three day working week for industry. This has meant meeting much earlier deadlines than is usual and our thanks are given to those contributors who responded so promptly to the Fleet Editor's 'flash' for articles by return of post.

Lower Quality Paper?

On page 8 of this issue a correspondent has suggested that the magazine could be produced on a

lower grade of paper. This idea must have been considered in the past and will perhaps be considered again in the future.

Lower quality paper discolours more quickly than better grades and generally stands up less well to the passage of time. It is therefore worth considering that our magazine is in its way a Journal of Record and that many of our readers regard it as such, preserving and treasuring their copies not so much as an adjunct to a hobby, but as a living history of *their* times in the Service. For this reason a change to cheaper paper would not be made without careful thought.

Changing direction slightly, it is also worth considering that our magazine provides, at a yearly cost of something less than a round of drinks in mixed company, the answer to that question which is inevitably asked by our children (and grandchildren!) — "What was it like in the Royal Navy in *your* day?"

The Royal Naval Reserve

In the last issue the Editor referred to CRS
(Continued on page 3)

CAPTAIN R. D. FRANKLIN, RN
DIRECTOR OF NAVAL SIGNALS



Captain Franklin was born at Instow, North Devon in 1925. He joined the Royal Navy at Dartmouth in 1939 and served at sea during the war in the battleships HMS *Ramillies* and HMS *Valiant*. Moving to destroyers he took part in the North Russian Convoys and in the invasion of Sicily and Northern France.

In 1949 Captain Franklin qualified as a Signal Officer and as a specialist held a series of staff appointments in the Home and Mediterranean Fleets and in the Fleet Air Arm. In 1953/54 he served as the Squadron Communications Officer in the 6th Frigate Squadron. This was followed in 1955/57 by an interesting period in the Persian Gulf as Operations and Intelligence Officer and he also served on the Naval Staff dealing with strategic communications and then had a spell as the First Lieutenant of the Signal School.

As a Commander he commanded an MCM Squadron engaged in clearing old mine fields in the North Sea. From 1962 to 1964 he was the

Training Commander in HMS *Mercury*. He next commanded HMS *Tartar* operating in the West Indies and particularly on the Bahamas patrol. From 1967/69 he was Fleet Communications Officer to C-in-C Far East Fleet.

On promotion to Captain in 1969 Captain Franklin was appointed to the Hague as Defence, Naval and Military Attache. He took command of HMS *Andromeda* in August 1971 and a month later assumed command of the 6th Frigate Squadron which he had left as a lieutenant 17 years before. On leaving this command in December 1972 he spent a year at the Royal College of Defence Studies.

Captain Franklin, his wife, who is Norwegian, two sons and a daughter live in Old Bursledon on the Hamble River in Hampshire.

Captain Franklin is a younger Brother of Trinity House and a member of the British Institute of Management. He was appointed Director of Naval Signals on January 4, 1974.

Tinkler as 'Our Man in the RNR', this has resulted in the RNR article on page 10 of this issue. Lt-Cdr Ellis writes

'ANON is quite right to take me to task about using the term "Our Man in the RNR". What I really meant was that CRS Tinkler was the magazine's link man with the RNR.

The RNR first impressed itself on me during the 1934 combined fleet exercises off Gibraltar when we, in HMS *Velox*, were joined by four RNR Communicators to help us out. They did much more than this for not only were they first class operators, and full of enthusiasm, they made us sad when they left.

They, being Geordies, were also first class pontoon players and I lost most of my week's

pay of eight shillings to them. But I never lost my admiration for the RNR over the next 40 years of Service Lift.

ANON's article seeks our help in the Birmingham Communications Training Centre — there can be no better cause.'

Communicator items

The Editor and Sales Director would like to thank subscribers for their continued support of the magazine by the purchase of 'Communicator items'. It is regretted that because of the paper shortage a brochure could not be included in this edition, however the full range of items is still available and it is hoped that there will be a brochure in the next edition giving an increased range of goods.



The retiring Editor of 'The Communicator', Lt-Cdr J. H. Ellis receiving a memento from Cdr A. H. Dickins

ROUND THE WORLD RACE LEG 1 IN 'ADVENTURE'

by Lt-Cdr J. P. G. Bryans

What a magnificent send-off! The hundreds of boats that turned out for the start were a great boost to our spirits and a fine sight. There was a light ESE'ly filling in from the Channel giving us just enough speed to overcome the appalling lopp caused by the multitude of spectator craft. The months of preparation were nearly over, the minutes ticked away; mouths were dry as the excitement rose. We reached down the line trying to gain some boat speed and make a fast start at the Western end of the line. Large boats, small boats, even rowing boats lined our way as the minutes turned to seconds and we groped our way to the line. The great Southsea cannon announced the start and at 12 noon on September 8, 1973 we were off on our great 'adventure'.

It was a close fetch to Bembridge Ledge and then a spinnaker reach in light airs down Channel. The two *Adventure* Supporters Club boats spurred us on round the buoy and then we were on our own with about 6,500 miles to go.

We worked the boat in three watches of three with the skipper doing the navigation. Two watches worked watch and watch about with the third carrying out maintenance and repairs, doing the cooking, keeping the boat clean and being on call for sail changes. The watches rotated every 24 hours and the system worked well; it ensured that each person did his stint at domestic as well as the usual sailing duties.

The first few days were beset with light airs and fog. We rounded Ushant with visibility down to 400 yards but were heartened to be called up by a passing monster tanker who told us our radar echo was good. We did feel that if this was the case he might have passed more than 400 yards away from us.

Each morning at 9 o'clock we kept a radio schedule with the other yachts taking part. This gave us an opportunity to hear how the others were getting on, and when we felt it was tactically sensible we exchanged positions. A certain amount of spoofing clearly went on and we had to treat with a pinch of salt some of the information we gleaned.

A depression was hovering some 350 miles off Finisterre as we crossed the Bay. This gave us a couple of days of damp SW'ly as we closed the Iberian peninsula but we were able to keep the No 1 genoa up and beat, some 100 miles clear of the coast, towards the South. Chafe became our greatest enemy right from the start and an unceasing watch was kept to guard against it in all its forms. Regular rounds of the upper deck were vital and frequently brought to light something small which if left could have turned into something requiring a major sail repair. We were very conscious that we had to arrive in Cape Town with a boat ready in all respects to face the Southern Ocean and the many thousands of

miles ahead.

Our planned route to the Equator followed the rhumb line leaving Madeira to Starboard, passing through the Canary Islands, close to the East of the Cape Verde Islands and then curving South Eastwards to about 15W on the Equator. The yawls and ketches favoured a more Westerly route to give themselves stronger and more free winds South of the Equator. Our more direct route exploited *Adventure's* close winded capability.

As we beat South, some 100 miles off the Portuguese coast, we were forced to the East of this planned route and off Cape St Vincent, the wind gradually died. This was our first bad patch of calm during the race and the agony of wondering whether those boats to the West still had a good wind was constantly at the front of our minds.

The NE Trades were painfully slow in arriving but at last, on the 10th day out with just over 1,200 miles on the log, the wind filled in from the North and *Adventure* picked up her skirts and headed South at a steady 8½ knots. Our slow progress over the previous few days had been wearing on the nerves. Slating sails in an oily swell get through to the best of people; the relief of a good steady breeze was exquisite. The miles ticked up on the log, the sun came out, flying fish and porpoises appeared, the temperature rose and so did our spirits. Trade wind sailing, in the right direction, must be one of the greatest pleasures!

Navigation in the Trades too was a pleasure and we kept an accurate astro plot of our position at all times. Stars were not easy due to the very hazy atmosphere but the brighter ones together with the planets were workable. Time signals were obtained either from the BBC or 'WWV' and the wrinkle of adding half the height of eye gave good results. There were only five days in the whole passage when it was not possible to obtain some form of position line.

Our first landfall came on the 11th day (September 18) when we sighted the Selvagem Islands which lie some 80 miles north of the Canaries.



A GRAPPLIN.

The Canary current runs strongly in this region and at times gave us an added 15 to 20 miles a day and so we were glad of an accurate fix before passing between Tenerife and Las Palmas.

The days passed more and more quickly as we became more immersed in our routine. Our tinned food arrived on the table with a touch of Cordon Bleu, the bread rose and tasted better, experiments in pastry making succeeded, the radio seemed to work better; and best of all, we were all still speaking to one another. Life was good, and to cap it all the BBC reported us lying 3rd and from our daily radio chatter with other competitors we felt we might be doing even better. *Penduck*, *GB II*, 33 *Export* and *Guia* seemed to be our closest rivals but exactly who was in the lead was anyone's guess but we knew we were in with a good chance.

The Trades remained steady as we curved slowly South and Eastwards towards the Equator and the doldrums. We steered ourselves for a dreary period of calms but as things turned out the dreaded doldrums were almost a non-event. We had two days and a night of light airs, thunder and lightning and the odd tropical downpour and then almost incredibly we emerged into a steady and slowly increasing SSW'ly. Our speed never dropped below 100 miles a day, we had two good fresh water showers and a dhobi session — and that was the doldrums; we could hardly believe our good fortune.

We crossed the Line on the last day of September, went about onto what was going to be the longest port tack any of us had ever done, and headed into the Southern Atlantic Ocean. Almost at once we felt we had entered another world. Somehow the sea felt more empty, the sky less friendly and the wind more threatening. Enormous swells came and went for no apparent reason; even the Trade wind clouds had a sinister look about them.

The Equator not only marked our entry into the South Atlantic but also heralded the onset of the South East Trades which are powered by a large high pressure system straddling the route to Capetown. To follow the direct route would mean beating into the teeth of the Trades. Our plan was to sail South down 15W and to make



A KING PLIN.

whatever Easting we could whenever the wind freed us. We chose 15W as a compromise between sailing the shortest possible distance and giving ourselves a good statistical chance of getting ESE rather than SE winds. The statistics were good and except for the first two days of this stretch we were able to hold our course with sheets eased for maximum boat speed. The next problem was to find out where the centre of the high pressure system lay so that we could skirt round it and not stumble into the middle of it. To this end we read the twice daily weather synopsis broadcast by Capetown Radio and from this fairly sparse information we were able to build up a picture of the movement of the High and to some extent could predict the likely wind directions.

It was off Ascension that we heard of *Penduck's* dis-masting. Our feelings were mixed as by then we knew that the lead was a close thing between the Frenchman and ourselves and we were keyed up to the challenge. Tabarly had chosen a route far to the West of us hoping for strong winds but giving himself a much greater distance to travel. We felt he would have trouble making his Eastings and had great hopes of saving our time; and now we were cheated by his misfortune. This news coincided with one of our 'special dinners' which we had every 10 days — soup, pheasant/grouse and blackberries washed down with *Nuit St George* — and so we drank a toast to our erstwhile adversary and then started worrying about the smaller boats which seemed to be breathing down our necks. It was exciting catching up but it was harrowing being in front!

By October 15 we had crossed the Greenwich meridian and were almost level with Capetown with some 750 miles to go. We had seen some flares ahead during the night and at first light we were pleasantly surprised to see a two masted boat some five miles ahead of us. During the morning radio schedule it became clear that this was *Burton Cutter* and as we had heard on the BBC that she was leading the fleet we began to realise that we were pretty well placed. The excitement, which had always been there, now really gripped us and we strived to push *Adventure* across the last few hundred miles. There even seemed a remote possibility that we could be first boat across the line. And then the wind left us. For five days we lolled about in light airs, sometimes headed, sometimes freed; news came in that the Italian CS and RB was creeping down the African coast, *GB II* had been sighted by a Shackleton and was closing from the West. *Guia* was reporting good winds to the North; everyone seemed to be moving fast except us.

The calms seemed interminable but at last a SE'ly materialised, it headed us but we were moving again. The line honours were not to be ours as Lesley Williams brought *Burton Cutter* into Capetown on *Torranto Day*. The following morning, *Trafalgar Day*, *Table Mountain* loomed out of the mist ahead of us. We had to struggle the

last few miles in the lightest of airs but by mid-afternoon we were there; second over the line and winner by just over three days from our nearest rival. Our reception at the Royal Cape Yacht Club was a great moment for us all and a very moving one. Hundreds of people lined the jetty as we berthed; hooters and sirens sounded a welcome. After 6529 miles, *Adventure* stopped for the first time in 43 days and 10 very proud and happy people went ashore to enjoy the welcome and hospitality of Capetown.

By the Fleet Editor:

The 'Adventure's' Skipper, Lt Cdr Bryans, is as most of you know a Communicator. His background knowledge of communications helped to win the race as he was able to plot the synoptic weather chart from morse transmissions from Capetown (the receiver did not have a BFO but fortunately RF breakthrough provided the answer!). The morse broadcast at 18 wpm was taped and played back in case of difficult reception. Prior to sailing Lt-Cdr Bryans had spent some weeks at 'Pitreavie' buffing up his morse to the merriment of his men — but "he who laughs last . . .". The yacht's radio operator (non morse reading) was a Royal Marine, conveniently deaf in one ear — the ear into which the skipper was shouting!

Prior to sailing the boat carried out a polar diagram check on 2.4/6.8/12 MHz which gave an odd ellipse due to the mast being in the middle and the aerials (twin whips) astern. The REDIFON GR 120 radio (10 watts approximately output) gave sterling service. Radio Telephone calls were made daily to UK via Portishead — the further South the yacht went the better the propagation path, e.g. on 22 MHz in the afternoons. A 'live' appearance' was made on the John Dunn show from half way down the Atlantic.

If a yacht's crew can read morse at 18wpm, and carry on daily radio telephone calls from thousands of miles away — why can't you? Do you have the same professional approach? Do you know your polar diagrams, which frequency to choose, which station to call? Can you make the best use of your equipment?

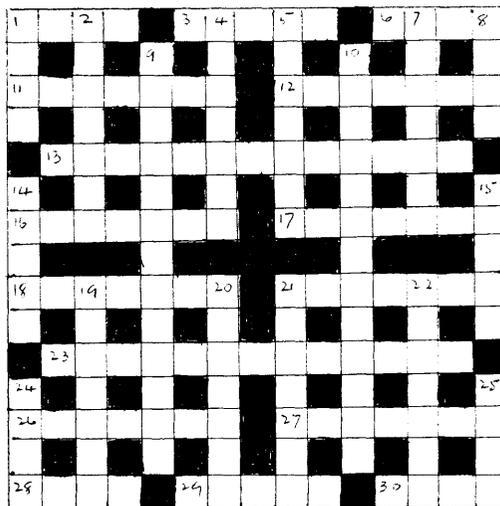
SPRING CROSSWORD

by Ann Jewell

CLUES

Across

1. ' . . . a sharp tongue is the — 29 ac 6 ac that grows keener with constant use.' (Washington Irving) (4)
3. The rights of tenants are obscured frequently. (5)
6. See 1 ac. (4)
11. The part that is steep I'd alter in defiance of all else. (7)
12. Can an ape lift such a bulding? (7)
13. Group 1 dn and 28 ac together for making things. (8, 5)
16. All the flowers are gone — say, what a shame. (6)



- (7).
17. Scenes about the east confused a being. (7)
18. Record a short road and reject others. (7)
21. Cut off a dog-end. (7)
23. Take a ramble upon it beating the bounds. (13)
26. A simple solution pierces the problem. (7)
27. Try smoothing the way in or gin will be needed. (7)
28. Remove the centre. (4)
29. See 1 ac. (5)
30. Ward off endlessly. (4)

Down

1. ' . . . ; the — is gone. And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon' (Antony and Cleopatra) (4)
2. The results of purification? (7)
4. About a hundred fry a hen in a foreign way. (7)
5. To drive, remove 500 from 30 ac and add 28 ac. (7)
7. I'd pop an egg in a pan for a townsman. (7)
8. Allows to hire. (4)
9. An oiled barb and 25 dn are broken down naturally. (13)
10. Show 14 dn with no tram to confuse. (13)
14. Dines alone — mean. (5)
15. Surrounds 50 with 8 dn and reports. (5)
19. Steer around physical education at a greater angle. (7)
20. Lowered the side base, deliberately hiding it. (7)
21. One can come up against, in buildings new or old, lice. (7)
22. I'd one as a coat. (7)
24. 2000, incorporated, used to 22 dn. (4)
25. 'Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously — and sad.' (G. B. Shaw) (4)

(Solution on page 11)

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO COA?

(Comprehensive Occupational Analysis)
by Sub-Lieut R. M. Williams

Most Communicators will remember that in May of last year the Communication Branch was selected to take part in a Job Analysis Trial conducted by the Naval Manpower Utilisation Unit. We were all asked to complete an enormous but comprehensive questionnaire. The questionnaire answered by 80% of the Branch, covered such subjects as job content, equipment and publication usage, Service conditions and a host of other equally important topics.

NMUU wrote an article in the Spring 1973 edition of THE COMMUNICATOR outlining the importance of completing the COA questionnaire as quickly and as accurately as possible, a progress report of the trial appeared in the Summer edition of our magazine. Since May a small NMUU team has been busily collecting questionnaires and converting the answers into binary arithmetic in order to feed raw information into an American computer the store of which contained a Comprehensive Occupational Data Analysis Programme (CODAP).

At last this COA data has been collated and processed in print-out form. The MOD now feels that it is time to feed all the processed information to the various interested authorities. Analysis information relating to Service conditions has been passed directly to the 2nd Sea Lord's team. Data concerning branch structure has been sent to the Director General Naval Manpower and Training and those aspects of the COA that can be applied to communication training has been passed to *Mercury*.

The Training Design Section here in *Mercury*, now holds considerable information concerning the job description and training requirements of the Communicator at sea and ashore. A point worthy of emphasis, is that the information held is based on what you are actually doing and not what we in the Training Establishment believe you are doing.

The COA has revealed some startling facts which hitherto have not been appreciated. For example, a study of the job descriptions of the RO2(G) and RO2(T) in minesweepers has shown that the only task which the 'G' does which is not also carried out by the 'T' is the reception and transmission of morse. Equally all the 'T' tasks undertaken in a MCMV are also carried out by the RO2(G). Training design has now combined Pre-Joining Training for RO's drafted to Minor War Vessels.

The COA is able to highlight trends in certain communication skills and practices. It has been discovered that over 80% of all RO(G)'s use morse and that they do so for 10% of their time. ('I told you so', is probably the cry from the Fleet.) A study group formed as a result of this

information concluded that while work on morse circuits is diminishing it is not diminishing as quickly as it was initially anticipated. Happily it is now firm policy that selected RO2(G)'s and all LRO(G)'s will be further trained in morse to a standard of 16 wpm.

It is also considered that the information held in *Mercury* can be used to influence performance standards and for example could be used to assist with the compilation of a Radio Operator task book. A comparison can be made between the RO3 and RO2. It can therefore be established which tasks are generally undertaken by respective rates and thus which additional tasks the RO3 must be able to complete if he is to be advanced to RO2.

I have named but a few of the ways in which the COA programme can provide valuable information to the Trainer and Policy-maker. Certainly the information which is now available will reduce the time it takes to design an advancement or PJT course.

The trial has been acknowledged a success, so much so that MOD is considering the purchase of such a programme for further branch studies. NMUU has recognised that without the tremendous response, support and contributions made by the Communications Branch the results would have been far less rewarding and the future less encouraging for Job Analysis projects.

It is now intended to ensure that the COA findings are used to influence future structure, policy and training so that we might all benefit from the results of this worthwhile study.



ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

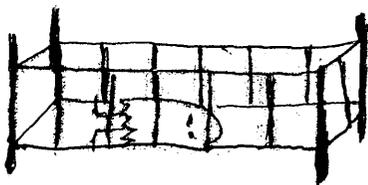
by A. G. Walker

The Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society has been ticking over quite well since we last had an article printed in this magazine. We have steadily gained in strength until now we number some 380 fully licensed members and 56 listening members. We have the Society represented in every part of the world, especially in those places where naval ships are likely to call thus making extra reasons for joining the Society.

During the past year the Society has carried out various activities in the amateur radio world culminating in September with a full week of activity on board HMS *Belfast* from where Society members manned a radio station non-stop as our part in the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary celebrations of the Radio Society of Great Britain. Members of the Society from America and various other places came to London to operate this station which was sited in the admiral's bridge of HMS *Belfast*. The station, call sign GB3RN, contacted 2,537 different amateur stations throughout the world, spreading the gospel. In case you didn't know, the Royal Navy had radio before Marconi became famous. Captain Henry Jackson would have had fame which Marconi now has, if it had not been for the over-carefulness of the Admiralty. (Some things do not change).

During the coming year the Society will be having a rally at HMS *Mercury*, its own stand at Portsmouth Navy Days, another week's activity onboard HMS *Belfast* and other activities of a social nature during the summer months. We shall also be taking part in many amateur radio competitions and activities as we can possibly find the time for throughout the year. Membership of the RNARS can offer you much, much more than you think, so if you are interested contact the secretary in HMS *Mercury*.

The Society would like to see an influx of new blood, especially from the more senior rates of the Communications Branch, but this should not stop any of the new entries from joining. Just look at the Society from this angle; if you are a member of the RNARS, then every run ashore when you are foreign can be UP HOMERS and we can guarantee that no-one will have a better run than your run.



COTTER PLIN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

With regard to FCRS Alderson's letter on page 255 in 1973/4 Winter/Spring edition. I would like to make this reply.

Point taken concerning RNCP 9. However, I still don't agree about opsigs/abbreviations but this is not the medium to continue that discussion.

Yes, I have put forward proposed amendments to various communication publications through the normal channels, however there seems to be a need to speed things up somewhere, as quite often when a change eventually appears it is already out of date.

To continue on another point nearer home why should it be necessary to produce THE COMMUNICATOR magazine on such expensive paper? Both the Royal Naval Saddle Club and the RN Amateur Radio Society manage to produce satisfactory magazines on far cheaper paper, thereby, presumably, cutting down on cost and allowing more space for extra articles, etc.

Yours aye,

LRO(G) D. C. POYNDER
HMS *Mauritius*

Dear Sir,

Through THE COMMUNICATOR may I reply to Mr Alderson's article "The art of VS is dead". While conceding many of the points are worthy of comment, and indeed entirely valid, the reasons must be varied and many. I do not intend to comment on the first part of the article, reference flashing lights and bridgemanhip, there must be many gentlemen of the Tactical Branch who will no doubt wish to take up 'arms' in defence of their own profession.

Is it really any wonder that the professional standard of juniors has declined to such a dangerous level? Just look how their training programmes have been cut back over the years. I am not in any way criticising *Mercury* for this, they have to teach these youngsters x number of subjects in x number of weeks, and when corners are cut off, it only follows that the end result will suffer.

I also agree about it not being uncommon to have over 50% of your staff juniors. The Tactical staff on my present ship reflects just this. Of four ratings complemented two are juniors, borne for training purposes. Mr Alderson is extremely lucky in having a LHOW to sort out their problems, or even do the job themselves. What about the less fortunate ships who don't have the luxury of a LHOW? The young chap then has to do the best he can with his limited knowledge. When mistakes do occur, as they are bound to, the Heads of Departments start getting complaints back. I would say far too many people are expecting far too much from these chaps, bearing in mind their training has been cut down, and I'm sure that many other SCO's and senior rates would agree with this point of view.

Again, I agree with the part of Mr Alderson's article about the Communicator once standing head and shoulders above everyone else, and I agree a major cause is due to all the automated equipment. However, I fail to see what the departure of the Signal Bosun and Warrant Telegraphist has to do with the decline. If they existed today, could the gentlemen instil pride and expertise into people? I doubt it very much, especially when persons under their supervision achieve no satisfaction from their work. They may obtain certain results from, as you say 'Coming down on people with the thunder of the Gods', but surely that attitude is about 20 years out of date. Nowadays there are far more subtle methods one can use.

In my opinion, it is doubtful whether the new Warrant Officer structure will change events a great deal. We are now dealing with a different generation of people, whose whole outlook, ideals, etc. vastly differ from the days Mr Alderson is talking about. Whether this is good or bad, I would not like to comment.

One last point I would like to make, apart from Mr Alderson's opening paragraphs, very little of the subject dealt with VS. The title was misleading to say the least.

RS D. HIDEN
HMS *Matapan*

Mr Alderson's reply to the above is:

Dear Sir,

I was most interested to read RS Hiden's letter. I sympathise with him on the matter of having juniors as part of his complement, without the benefit of a LHOW to oversee them and to cover up for their mistakes. However, I am sure that we are well aware that the content and training time afforded to juniors (and indeed, right up to and including qualifying for RS) has been drastically reduced.

Training directives in general, put out to OJT that which is not possible to teach during part II training. It therefore follows that this 'continuation training' onboard is absolutely vital and an essential part of a ratings career training pattern. The problem is of course, how does one achieve such training onboard, when the student is a member of the watchkeeping system? and his tutor very much tied up with the operational running of the Communications Division?

Add to this the fact that once in harbour, once leave and communal, or other ship duties have been overcome, whatever hands are left for training often have these facilities denied them because the WE department require the equipment for defect rectification or for planned maintenance. Also it must be borne in mind, that the value and the degree of OJT that a junior receives, is almost entirely dependent on the

ship he joins from training. Some ships may be better placed to do OJT effectively, others may not. It is precisely this variable in the continuation training period that we have to overcome. One method which is being currently looked at is the provision of a 'Task Book', similar to that used by Midshipmen under training.

I agree that we do tend to expect far too much from our juniors, particularly when one considers that a junior (in a small ship) is often the last link in the chain of message processing, between an originator and the Captain of his ship seeing a signal! What other juniors have such a responsibility thrust upon them whilst still under OJT? Consider the JMEM. He is allowed to polish and clean various pressure gauges in the engine room, overseen of course by an LMEM. He may even be allowed to take a reading from such instruments, for recording purposes, but again under close supervision from a POME or a CMEA(P). The OJT of the JOEM is similar. He may be allowed to test and replace a domestic fuse under the guidance of an LOEM or above. Neither of course, actually control anything, or if mistakes are made, have anything like the repercussions that result from a JRO's mistake!

My point about the Signal Bosun and Warrant Telegraphist was simply to illustrate that in that era (when communications were not dehumanised by automation) it was these gentlemen, who, albeit in a narrow field as compared with today, were masters of their trade and ensured that their department maintained the very highest standards. Since automation, such pride and dedication that used to be the Communicators password, has now gone; but I agree with RS Hiden, we are dealing with a different generation whose ideals, interests and outlook of his profession are vastly different from the days of the Warrant Telegraphist.

Finally, may I say that the opening paragraphs, and indeed, the title of my article, was not intended to be specifically about VS! The article was simply a continuation of the original article Morse and Motivation. As often happens, an article may be too long for publication in THE COMMUNICATOR; the editor then has the task of retaining a certain balance, and as in this case, decided to split my article into two parts. The editor decided that the natural break point in the article was at that particular paragraph, and I fully appreciate that the title may well have been misleading. However, the two parts should be read in conjunction.

Yours sincerely,
FCRS D. L. ALDERSON

(Editor's note: I doubt whether many technical officers and senior rates would agree with Mr Alderson's comments on the responsibilities of the JMEM and JOEM.)

BIRMINGHAM CTC, RNR

by Anon

Reading the Winter-Spring issue (yes, we in Brummy-Land can manage that skill), it seems THE COMMUNICATOR relies exclusively upon Charlie Tinkler in the 'Big House' as 'our man in the RNR'.

With sincere appreciation of his understanding of the sometimes peculiar ways of your Reserve, it is felt that we should speak for ourselves and, therefore, the Second City now stakes its claim to a few single column inches of your most valuable space.

This is, unashamedly, a recruiting bid for all you Communicators who are seeking 'out' or who have oppo's who have started to taste the sweet life of Civvy Street in the Midlands area and, in particular, the immediate vicinity of Birmingham.

By courtesy of ACR we have a training centre here which, to use the immortal word following our recent inspection, is *vibrant*, and we are ever eager to meet (and enrol for a five year stint), all you Communicators who possibly will feel (dare we say it) lonely and lost when away from your present happy life.

WC or should we say CW, still plays a reasonable part in our activities and with a thriving training centre with, at the last count, 23 talented and charming WRNR's as Communicators helping us all achieve the standards so earnestly striven for in every way, we seek your help. Come and meet us . . . CRS John (Albion) Wilcox is at the end of the 'phone Mondays through Fridays office hours only, plus Tuesdays and Thursdays until chucking out time.

Talking of ships. It seems we manage to put the mockers on our affiliated's. No sooner than we managed to have *Jaguar* shackled to our 89 than she disappears into a long refit period. Not before we managed to invite four of her Communicators to visit us. The party, it seems, was well worth it. Rumour has it that HMS *Plymouth* is coming our way. Hope she manages to get up the 'cut' and moor in Gas Street basin! Look forward to meeting you all! (See Editorial)

LIFE WITH THE PROFESSIONALS

by JRO Benjee Britton without the permission of A/RO2 Taffe Thomas (ex Mercury now the Big 'A') RO3s Gerry Bird, Morris Keane and JRO Stewart

January 21, the birds were singing, the sun shining, but something was wrong — five matelots in fancy dress and sporting heavy rucksacks — yes, something was wrong!

It was us, we idiots, on the start of our journey to Tywyn, the Army Joint Services Mountain Training Centre, North Wales. We had a brilliant start to the journey, we missed the train at Petersfield to London, due to a ticket mix-up (nice one BR!). Due to this we reached our

destination five hours adrift (how many days 9s is that worth?).

We had our first taste of army rations (I'm still trying to forget it), were issued with our kit and bedding, had a welcome lecture, then went to our *billet*, unpacked our gear and met up with our new oppos for the next 18 days. Pongos the lot of them, quite a bunch: Coldstream Guards, Army Catering Corps, Tank Regiment to name a few.

Eventually we slipped into our bunks. Two minutes later, or so it seemed, we were roused out of bed, thrown into our swimming trunks, shown the way to the beach and the Great Beyond, but due to the Hawaii Five-O style waves were deprived of an early morning swim.

The first two days were murder, circuit training, assault courses, cross country, 880 dashes(?) from nine until five, great, I think not, this was to lick us into shape for what we had to cope with during the rest of the course, either that or . . . us, one of the two.

* * *

The activities we undertook were varied and, to say the least, full of experience and adventure. mountain expeds, a 36 hour one with an instructor, and a three day in a group of four: surf canoeing, rock climbing, absailing, (pity you can't go up as quick as you can come down!) orienteering, caving and potholing.

Take the three day exped for example, teams of four let loose over three mountain ranges, The Arrans, Cader and Wun Oear, the instructors back at camp must have had some nerve, (mind you I believe they're a religious lot so they must have prayed hard because we all finished the course).

The three day course covered about 30 miles and the height climbed over the course was close on 1,200 feet, it may not seem much but it felt it on the back of the legs.

Well at least the weather was varied, you could have been in the Arctic, the Gobi Desert and in an Amazon rain storm all in one day.

Rock climbing was good for a laugh, if you don't mind hanging with your life depending on your fingertips and toes plus a bit of string, with the sea crashing below, (just like Rock Hudson in 'The Guns of Navarone') — not bad for a laugh(?).

Surf canoeing, well that was brilliant, that is if you don't mind getting wet, or when the worse comes to the worse emptying out a somewhat submerged canoe.

The assault course was worth getting wet for, after all there were five obstacles with the added attraction of getting soaked if you had the pleasure of losing your grip, or your nerve!

There is so much you could write about the course it could keep THE COMMUNICATOR going for years and my royalties on the same par as Solzhenitsyn so I guess I'd better shut up and get on with my RRXs.

MORSE AND MORSE TRAINING

by Lt-Cdr D. C. Allen

Staff Officer Ratings Training, HMS 'Mercury'

Morse is a subject about which professional Communicators are liable to become emotional—quite rightly for people who pride themselves on their practical skills. This is an attempt to put the present situation in perspective.

As a result of the CODAP study it became clear that the use of morse at sea was not declining at the rate our planners had envisaged a few years back. This has occurred for a number of reasons but principally because the UK Local nets have taken longer to convert to RATT or SSB Voice than was expected.

From April 1972 New Entry G ratings were only trained to 10 words per minute reception. The nationally accepted speed for morse circuits has been reduced to 16 words per minute operating speed since late 1973, although NATO still require 18 words per minute for broadcast reception.

When morse is needed it really is. Thus we must ensure that all ships have a morse capability to suit their requirement. This does not mean that it would be cost-effective to train all G ratings to the higher morse speed but that certain billets at sea will be marked by Drafty as requiring morse expertise, eg.

Shore COMMCONS. DLGs and above—RS's and LRO(G)'s.

Frigates—1 LRO(G) and 2 RO(G)'s.

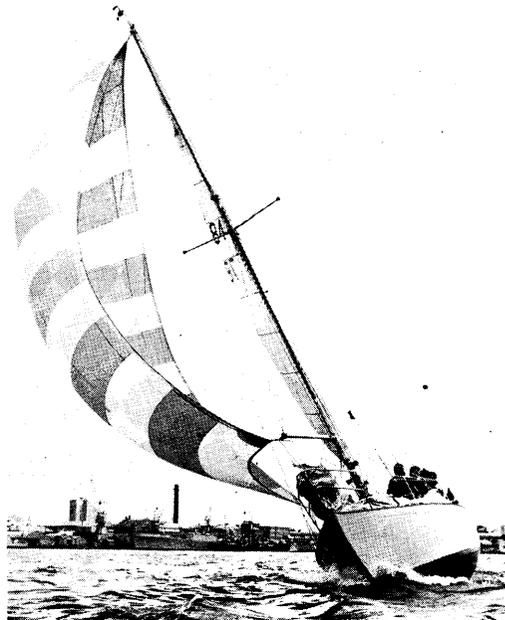
Minor War Vessels—2 RO(G)'s.

To meet this requirement, in May this year 3-week morse PJT's to train RO1's and RO2's drafted to morse billets to the national standard will be started. From September this year, morse training will be an integral part of the longer 13-week LRO(G) Qualifying course.

WORD PLAY

Contributed by Lt L. Gooch

I don't know about you, but I'm pretty bored with the 'quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog'. Admittedly it is shorter than that verse in the bible, Ezra VII 21, which is also supposed to contain every letter in the alphabet. (Actually it doesn't, it lacks a j, the latecomer on the alphabetical scene.) Anyone who tries to compose a sensible line which contains all of the alphabet has his work cut out. You can cheat and leave out an x as in 'pack my bag with five dozen liquor jugs'. It's even easier if you substitute u for v and i for j (which is good genealogy, alphabetically speaking) and come up with 'I, quartz pyx, who fling muck beds'. Terrible isn't it? The only genuine examples I have come across are 'quick wafting zephyrs vex bold jim' and 'waltz, nymph, for quick jigs vex bud'. They don't exactly roll off the tongue either, do they? Oh well, back to that wretched dog.



'Meon Maid III'

MEON MAID III

by Surg Lt-Cdr (D) D. M. Higgs

The 1974 season for our yacht promises to be busier than ever, and there will be ample opportunity for any Communicator who is interested to go sailing. Complete novices are just as welcome as old salts who have rounded the Horn. You can go out for two hours in the Solent in the dogs or for a nine day exped to Brittany and the Channel Islands.

If you are in *Mercury* day sailing and expeds are free. All it will cost is your beer money. For non-*Mercury* personnel the charter fee is £1 a day per person (and pro rata). If you would like to go sailing in a modern, well equipped yacht contact Lt-Cdr. D. C. Allen, HMS *Mercury* (Ext 303).

The only qualification you need is *enthusiasm*.

SPRING CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across

1. Only, 3. Often, 6. Tool, 11. Despite, 12. Fleapit, 13. Producer goods, 16. Nosegay, 17. Essence, 18. Discard, 21. Curtail, 23. Perambulation, 26. Impales, 27. Ironing, 28. Core, 29. Edged, 30. Fend.

Down

1. Odds, 2. Lustres, 4. Frenchy, 5. Enforce, 7. Oppidan, 8. Lets, 9. Biodegradable, 10. Demonstration, 14. Snide, 15. Tells, 19. Steeper, 20. Debased, 21. Collide, 22. Anodise, 24. Zinc, 25. Aged.

GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

Captain Signal School — Captain R. C. Morgan

Training Commander and 2i/c — Commander A. H. Dickens

Support Commander — Commander R. C. Smith

Commander Training Support — Instructor Commander P. Jewell

Staff

CBO	Mr E. Cardy	K1	Lt-Cdr S. Drake-Wilkes	SOTO	Lt-Cdr. T. S. R. Crozier
G1	Lt-Cdr N. J. Allcock	MACO	Lt-Cdr P. A. Lennon	TI	Lt-Cdr F. Rivers
GM1	Lieut D. Jackson	O1	Lt-Cdr B. Johnston, CF	TPO	Lieut J. J. Colmer
IDO	Mr S. J. Higgs	SA(FT)	Lieut C. S. Collins	TRO	Mr H. F. Lehmann
		SORT	Lt-Cdr D. C. Allen	W1	Lieut S. Jackson
		SOTAC	Lt-Cdr T. B. Milford		

CINCNAVHOME INSPECTION OF HMS 'MERCURY'

After inspecting HMS *Mercury* on February 14 CINCNAVHOME made the following signal:

1. *Mercury* had been well prepared for my inspection today and I was generally well satisfied with what I saw.
2. The Guard achieved a good standard in bearing and drill. The appearance of the Ship's Company was up to standard and all platoons tried hard during the March Past.
3. Despite the difficulties caused by new construction, the Establishment and grounds were commendably neat and tidy, internal cleanliness was also good. The internal appearance of living quarters and recreation areas might be improved by imaginative self help.
4. A good inspection.

FLEET CHIEF OFFICERS' AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS MESS

The President: P. Underwood, FCCY

Vice-President: B. H. Fouracre, FCCY

Mess Manager: B. Adlam, CME(M)

Mess Secretary: J. Hilder, CRS.

Entertainments Secretary: J. G. T. Doherty, S/Sgt (YOS)

The deadline for this article is shorter than ever this time. Here we are recovering from a splendid combined Valentines Dance with the PO's Mess, the term six weeks old and it's upon us again.

The inspection by CINCNAVHOME has just been completed and we all seem to have come through it unscathed. Many of the inspecting officers visited the Mess and all were impressed by our new decor. Combining the coffee lounge



The Commander-in-Chief Naval Home Command, Admiral Sir Andrew Lewis, KCB, ADC, inspecting the Guard during his inspection of HMS 'Mercury' on February 14, 1974

and dining hall into a senior ratings area has progressed well and the majority are happy with arrangements. Overall combination of messes will come eventually but not in the foreseeable future due to the layout of present bar areas.

On the social front, things are still swinging, thanks to Jim Doherty and his entertainments committee. The Mess Dinner takes place next week when the silver mentioned in last term's article will be in use for the first time, this is of course providing the Mess Manager can remember the safe combination! On this occasion we are hosting the mess presidents of HMS *Dryad*, HMS *Collingwood* and HMS *Excellent* plus our old friends from Blandford.

We in turn visit Blandford in March in an attempt to regain the Challenge Cup they took from us in October. This is followed by another mess outing to London to see 'The Man Most Likely To' at the Duke of York Theatre. Let's hope inflation does not preclude this type of event from taking place in the future. The term comes to its climax with the official mess dinner in the Wedgewood Rooms, Southsea, on Tuesday, April 9.

I have mentioned only a few of the very good evenings throughout the term, remember we are always pleased to see 'sea riders' and others in the Mess. All that is required to find details of events is a phone call to the mess manager. Next term another RNCCA cocktail party is planned, so come along and meet the old and new faces—you may even pick up a hint or two from the ex-chiefs.

In conclusion I would like to thank all mess members for their support throughout the term. It is good to see so many taking an active part.

PETTY OFFICERS' MESS

by RS Girling

Mess President: RS A. Fox

Mess Manager: CY J. N. Durrant

Mess Secretary: RS J. Cook

Mess Committee: RS J. Sanderson, RS M. R. Evans, RS K. Lee

Entertainments Committee: CY D. Prince, RS R. Goldsmith, RS K. Jones

'Draft chits are like road accidents — they always happen to someone else.'

This being the way of things chez *Mercury*, nothing much has happened out of the ordinary. Some of the stantions have disappeared on draft, but looking round it seems the faces don't change over much. Fred Fox is still in the chair but expects to be moved next door hourly almost: a relief is still awaited.

Social occasions. A few of these have occurred, but not quite as many as regulars would like due to lack of support. Quite the best social for a long time was held in October, when we had a fancy dress dance. A bribe was offered for those turning up in rig. It was quite funny to see how many frustrated drag artists (and/or transvestites) are among us! Winners of the first prize were: 'Male' Dave Muirhead and 'Female' Mrs. Clifford. Dave came as the 'Fairy Queen', which shows how much taste the little people are lacking and Cliff's wife came complete with electric cooker built around her bun—'A bun in the oven'.

The end of term dance held at the Centre Hotel at Southsea was a big success, and although not on the same scale as the previous Christmas at the Guildhall was much enjoyed by all.

This terms event has not yet been finalised,

TCI (Q) January 1974

Standing: CY Pennington, CY Nabbs, CY Morris, CY Denning, CY Pickles, CY Hewitt

Sitting: CCY Gooding, FCCY Fouracre (T2), Lt-Cdr River (TD), CCY (TCI) Dalby (Course Instructor), CCY Roberts



but details are available from the Mess Manager on 228 for those in the area. It will be held during week ending Friday, April 11.

A combined senior rates do was held on February 7 to celebrate St Valentines Day a bit prematurely. Having both messes together in ours did fill the place up for once, instead of the odd outcrop of bodies here and there as is usual at a PO's only occasion. Thanks due to to our brown job oppo Jim Doherty who did a lot of work behind the scenes to put on a very enjoyable do.

Forthcoming events include a cheese and wine party on March 12, when I am informed there won't be much of the former and lots of the latter. This is also a return fixture for the Army at Bordon who we tried to play at darts last term. (Due to a number of reasons we failed. These were briefly Guinness, Tankard, Whisky and booze you will recollect). At least this time imbibing is all that's required, not darts as well.

Also coming up is another Sunday dinner-time family re-union; this is one of those occasions where the wife and kids come and watch Dad. Seriously though, it's a football match in the forenoon followed by a genuine Pussers dinner (yuk!) and then a darts match. The opponents are Lloyds Bank, the sailors' friend.

Well, enough said, please come and visit our country retreat sometime; we always like to see those less fortunate (?) than ourselves. All right then don't!

THE MERCURY CLUB by the Secretary — Jan Creek

Having had the pleasure of being *Mercury* Club secretary for a short period, I thought it was time for me to put paper to typewriter and give everyone a clue on what's happening to *your club*.

This article is in someways a stopgap until I can divulge the full happenings of the reorganisation of Mountbatten third floor penthouse. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking RS Davies (Fort Southwick) for his recent letter, which I hope will be printed along with the new plans in the next edition. Don't think that we are trying to avoid the issue, we are not, but we want to be sure of the facts before going to print.

'What is happening?' well basically the club will be enlarged, another bar added and toilet facilities extended to provide a ladies room. The 'Tavern Bar' will also have its own toilet facilities and the games room will be split into games/Tavern bar extension. More can be told when the red tape has been cut and dried, so bear with us until then.

For our End of Term dance, the big occasion of the term, we expect to have 'Christie', 'Real Thing' and 'Kindness' plus Disco, food and hope everyone will put on their glad rags and have

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a good time. By the way transport can be arranged to pick up on-route to *Mercury*, so all you Communicators away from Mother *Mercury* drop us a line for tickets (usual price) for the next End of Term Dance, which will be held on August 15.

It only remains for me to thank all the Communicators and others who have given us their support during the past two years, we hope you will come back again to see us and support your club.

WREN FOR THE SEASON



Leading Wren Karen Barnes, HMS 'Mercury'

SEA TIME FOR JENNY? by L/Wren F. Howard

In the not too distant future (if the buzz proves true) all you homesick matelots will have no excuse for moaning about Wrens filling your shore billets. Good news? Well, maybe it is for quite a few RA's but what about the rest, Namely the popeye's of the outfit:—Buster Brown, Smudge Smiff, Chalky White, Jimmy Green, Pusser Hill, etc? How do they feel about having Wrens on-board with them?

From what I've heard the general opinion seems to be "the day Jenny slings her hammock next to mine — I'm off!"

Now come on matey's we can't be that bad surely? Even if we're only chief coffee wetters in the MCO we must be of some use! (okay popeye, so you can think of a few more uses— settle down now, let's keep it clean!).



POWA 2/73

**L/W McCluskey, L/W Hartley, L/Dunk, L/W Mitcheson, L/W Arnott, L/W Howard,
L/W Deans, RS Evans (Part B Instructor), L/W Joel, Lt Fields (Course Officer), L/W Dodd,
CY Gillard (Part A Instructor)**

Well, how do we feel about all this? Generally speaking, I don't think the majority of Wrens have strong views one way or the other. If it happens, then we'll have little choice in the matter because by then we shall no doubt be subject to the Discipline Act.

As a member of the last (?) PO Wrens RS course one is left thinking very seriously about the future role of Wren Communicators. If we are destined to float, then we are going to require a lot more training on the ship-board side. How can we possibly obtain this vital training when our courses have been cut down so drastically? How on earth can we have PO Wren RS's who have not passed a qualifying course? The course itself, as we have seen it, is invaluable management wise. The comms side of it is, or should be, quite basic. (If you've read ACP 127 and RNCP 9 cover to cover every night for four years!).

So before we can grab our draft chits from the Chief Wren Jaunty, hows about giving us a PCT first? and a little encouragement from our male counterparts wouldn't go amiss either!

Just one more question — how the hell do you survive on only three cans of beer a day? It doesn't bear thinking about!

**MR J. JAMES
by TAMO**

After 28 years service in the *Mercury* telephone exchange, apart from two days sick leave, Mr John James retired on March 6.

Mr James served in the RAF as a sergeant prior to joining *Mercury* in January 1946. Notwithstanding his transfer to Naval circles he has maintained his interest in flying and is still an active member of the Popular Flying Association.

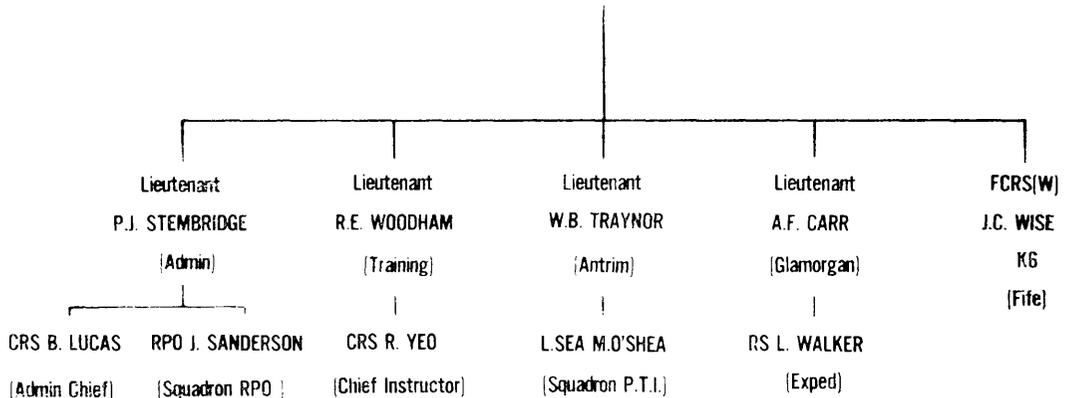
Mr James retirement has meant that the Telephone Exchange staff has had to be reduced by one. As a result of this, the exchange has to close from 2200 to 0730 daily. Present and future members of *Mercury* will undoubtedly miss the excellent service we have all enjoyed for our personal calls at these times. A reduced night service is available at the OOW office which it is hoped will meet requirements as far as possible but it will inevitably mean a reduction of the previous service. If you have been used to receiving personal calls when serving in *Mercury* then it will pay to get to know the new arrangements when you join.

We wish Mr James a very long and happy retirement and express our thanks for his cheerful and loyal service over 27 years and 363 days.

IN AND AROUND KELLY SQUADRON

K1 Lieutenant Commander

S. DRAKE - WILKES

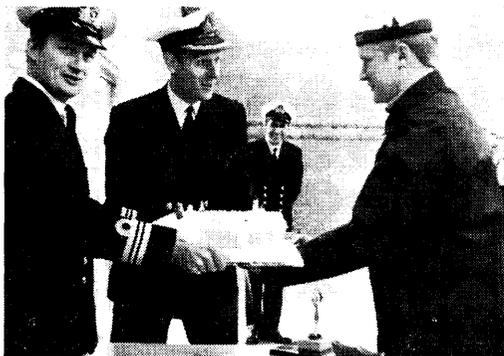


CinCNavHome Inspection

This will have been given more space elsewhere in this edition but a well done must be given especially to the guard who performed very well and to Jackson block for the presentation and standard of their block for the Commander-in-Chief's rounds.

Squadron Rounds Trophy

The Autumn term accommodation rounds points trophy was very fiercely fought for all the way through and ended with a 'sudden death' play-off between Inglefield and Jackson blocks. The Captain was asked to do rounds to ensure fair play; the points trophy being finally awarded to Inglefield together with a cake suitably inscribed.



Award of End of Term cake by Cdr R. S. Smith (Support Commander) and Lt-Cdr W. M. Caswell (last K1), to ROS G. Pontefract block leader of Inglefield Block

Recreation Space

As a result of hard work in the squadron, Somerville block upper floor has been formed into a recreation space for Kellys. Although still a little sparsely furnished it is planned that 5 and 6 messes will have a half-size snooker table each, the upper TV room has a juke box, 7 mess will be darts and 8 mess table tennis, the colour TV remaining in 3 mess. The recreation area fills the need for a central place where Kellys can go for recreation, a place of their own.

Adventurous Training

We have been beset with problems as far as adventurous training is concerned since the end of last term, what with the power crisis and swine disease in the county.

It is hoped that the power crisis will be over next term so that the 'exodus' weekends for each division can be carried out. The area for the 'Exodus' weekends will not be in the New Forest this year, so new fields have to be explored. Even with the power crisis the Exped Alfa's to Longmoor continue and include the popular stroll from Liss back to Leydene.

Sports Report

Kellys continue to have a go at anything and have achieved some creditable results. In December the squadron team finished a close second to *Collingwood* in the inter-establishment Olympiad.

The squadron 1st XV achieved a good win over Bishops Otter College in Chichester. More games are programmed.

The squadron cross country was a hard run event with victory going to A28. Individual results were Rowe 1st, Brent 2nd, Martin 3rd. A fine run by all especially by the invigorated instructors.

Training has just started for the boxing tourna-



Lt W. B. Traynor (PTSO and K4) presenting the Victor Ludorum trophy to RO3 P. G. Cartwright of Glamorgan Division

ment due to be held on March 21. There is a great deal of enthusiasm for this tournament and we should have some good bouts. We are intending to send coaches with spectators to the two Royal Naval rugby matches at Twickenham in March.

In the inter-part knockout competition Glamorgan Division did extremely well ending up as the winners of the basketball and soccer competitions and runners up in rugby, badminton and volleyball. As a result they were presented with a Victor Ludorum trophy for their efforts.

JRO Nock has been selected for the RN youth squad due to go on tour during March.

RN Youth Swimming/Cross Country Competition

A team consisting of JRO's Meyerhoff, Stalker and Stevens represented HMS *Mercury* in the above competition at HMS *Sultan* on January 19



Winners of Kelly Squadron Cross Country (Individual). left to right: K. L. Rowe, 1st; C. H. Brent (2nd) and S. J. Martin (3rd)

and won it. Defeating 12 other teams in the process. Meyerhoff did well to come 3rd in the individual competition.

Loan Drafts

At the time of writing some 60 Kellys are out on loan draft in varying places in UK and abroad. Among the places are Northwood, Pitreavie, Faslane, Fort Southwick, Portland, Gibraltar, Malta and at sea in HM Ships *Bulwark*, *Hermione*, *Dido* and *Ashanti*. It is expected that a further 23 will go to sea this term in HM Ships *Llandaff*, *Hermes* and *Jupiter*.

All reports from those who have had a taste outside Kelly Squadron have said how much they enjoyed the experience. In the case of those loaned to HMS *Ashanti* it gave them a chance to experience the varying moods of the sea and the dangers that it can hold.



The winning team in the Navy's 1st Pentathlon: JRO's Myershoff, Slathes, Stevens and L/S O'Shea

OPERATORS: LEAVING THE NAVY SOON . . . ?

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Outward Bound Courses

A team of five Kellys took advantage of places on a Joint Services Mountain Training Centre Outward Bound Course in late January/early February. These were RO3's Bird, Keane, Thomas and JRO's Britton and Stewart. They all did extremely well on the course and the Commandant in his report said he was most impressed with the attitude and the ability of the team from *Mercury*.

Sail Training Association

A party of nine Kellys spent a fortnight in London assisting the Sail Training Association with the refit of STS *Sir Winston Churchill* and *Malcolm Miller*. Doing this it helps pay for the free berths we are offered by the STA during one of their cruises. In fact we have been offered two berths in STS *Malcolm Miller* from March 25 for two weeks. These places will be filled by a Kelly on-courseman and by JRO Walker who was one of the party assisting with the refits.

MR R. O. C. CLIST by WEO

Mr R. O. C. Clist who celebrated his seventieth birthday on Thursday, February 21, 1974 is a well known personality in Eagle Block, where since 1963 he has maintained the Fleet Work Trainers.

A man of many and varied accomplishments, he served in the Territorial Army from 1922 to 1926, and then in the Royal Engineers during the depression years, retiring as a Staff Sergeant in 1938, and then at the out-break of the war re-joining in the RE's.

As a squad commander he led a bomb disposal squad until 1940 when he was injured, (two of his team were killed), whilst unsuccessfully dealing with a bomb in Murray Road in Portsmouth. He was cited for bravery by the then CinC, Admiral 'Bubbles' James, and invalided, subsequently joining the Admiralty service where he was employed on the construction of the prototype of Radar 271, following it through to sea trials in HMS *Atherstone*. He also instructed ATC cadets at Church Emmanuel College on aircraft electrics.

In 1946 he was released from Admiralty service, and started a small electrical business in Petersfield. By 1948 he had invented an electrical scooter, but although the prototype completed trials satisfactorily (a range of 30 miles with batteries that could be recharged overnight) manufacturing taxation at that time prevented it becoming a commercial success.

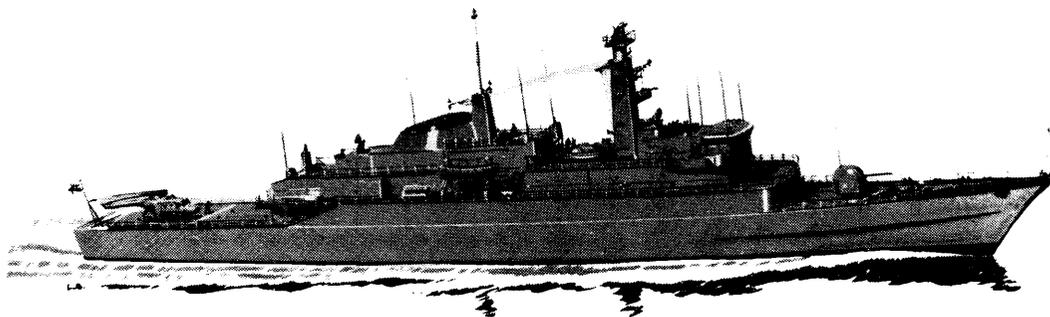
Since 1959 Mr Clist has been employed in *Mercury*, initially with EEM as it was then (later Navy works and MPBW) until 1962 when he transferred to the civilian technical staff where he has since maintained the Fleet Work Trainers.

We wish him many more years of prosperity, and may he long continue to be our most senior citizen.



Fleet Section

Editor: Lt-Cdr A. Banham



CINCFLEET COMMUNICATION STAFF

FCO Commander G. M. Tullis

FEWO Lt-Cdr J. M. N. Ferguson
AFCO Lt-Cdr A. J. Christie

Staff CRS Harriss
Staff RS(W) J. Rooney

CINCFLEET by AFCO

When the Editor reads this I will be in Bandar Abbas helping my Iranian colleagues plan a Persian Gulf exercise. My wife, who never listens to what I say, believes I am in Bangladesh — heavens knows what she thinks I am doing there, but, as any married sailor knows, it's quite pointless trying to explain things to her. FCO, on saying farewell, says it's a good thing for Fleet Communications if I go to Bandar Abbas and I have a fortnight ahead to wonder what he really means by that. One of the spin-offs of the trip is that I will stage through Cyprus and call on our friends who run MRL 8. I resolve to tell them about the 'mensch' in the previous sentence and will attempt to sell them a million copies of *THE COMMUNICATOR* on the strength of it.

Whilst on the subject of MRLs, and the RAF, who run two of them, it is worth mentioning RAF Gan who operate MRL 10. The Communicators there welcome any opportunity of working with RN ships and are delighted to swap personnel for a few days with any ship working with them.

A short article this time, I have a series of slow aircraft to catch shortly. Perhaps short articles provide a balance against, what I call, the Denis A - - - - - v. Charlie T - - - - - war, currently being fought at some length, page wise, in our magazine. I should add that, old friends that we all are, I disagree with most of what they say about the current standards of young Communicators. Viewed, albeit from the ivory tower at Northwood, they appear to be maintain-

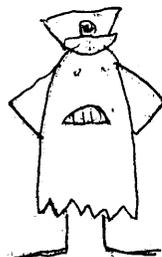
ing the standards I achieved as a Boy Tel 25 years ago and, dare I say it, those of CT and DA at the turn of the century.

Glad to buy a pint for any Communicator passing through Bandar Abbas during the next few weeks.

HMS ANDROMEDA by Paddy Walsh

Although this letter finds us in Amsterdam, it is getting rumoured around the Fleet that *Andromeda*, although Plymouth based, is running from Portland, and any ship which has been there in the last few months may well verify this.

Being Captain F6 (why did I get a leader), we have recently done inspections of two ships in our Squadron, HMS *Plymouth* and HMS *Apollo*, and it was obvious we did more work to two days preparing questions, than the ships did in the



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few hours that they took to sort them out.

The same ships are in company with us at Amsterdam, and judging by the amount of 'Guests' and return calls in the last few days this is being a very good run and we all hope it will be just as good ashore.

Since the Summer the ship has spent most of its time in Home Waters (literally) with a visit to Oslo being our furthest point away from home. So much of our time was spent in Portland that we are all boffed up now and even our latest LRO(G), Joe Sweeney, is beginning to understand our surface World, although still insisting that weekends are days of rest. (Hear, hear). Joe's other half, LRO(G) Nobby Clark hasn't changed much to those that know him, but we are working on that and slowly changing him to our ways, except for watch-bills, say no more.

Our boss S/Lt Burch, known to us as JBW, is 'heavily' supported by CRS Duffy, CCY (TCI) (Staff) Jan Sylvester and CRS(W) Jim Sked. These supported by 8 LROS 4(W) 2(G) 2(T) keep us on our feet, and no wonder as we are almost outnumbered.

Anyone who wonders what COMM-CEN ANDROMEDA is doing on our MCO door is invited by our *only* R02(T) Dave Cranswick to spend a few days in *his* MSO and promises humping the paper alone will keep you fit, and assures us all it was never like this on his last ship.

Our programme for the future will take us up around Scotland, Liverpool, (hope we make it this time), Sweden and Denmark, and yes Portland is squeezed in there somewhere too. (What happened to the West Indies then?).

I would like to finish off by saying many thanks to our ship-shore friends in Portugal (CRS Parry and Staff) who have helped us out so much recently (when Whitehall refused to let us in) and would recommend their efficient service to any sea going ship.

PS—Anyone requiring 100 comms work up questions contact CRS Duffy at the above address.

HMS ANTRIM by ROI Jan Steer

Continuing The Gospel According to St Jan the Sparker.

And so it was that all that was foretold in the ancient scriptures came true and the men who dwelt in the grey steel vessel called *Antrim*, returned to the land of their fathers and they were glad and happy in their hearts, for they had endured all perils sent by their gods of Admiralty, to see once again the faces of their loved ones: life was good and the men revelled in the knowledge that they, the chosen ones, had returned and they swapped stories around the coffee boat and tested each others skill with the most ancient of games, the 'Sun' crossword, that had baffled so many in times gone by. But their happiness was short lived for they had sinned greatly in the eye of the SCO, and it came to pass that

with the rising of the sun the great Chief of Tels, who sitteth on the right hand of the SCO, fell upon them and cursed them greatly for their laziness and lack of zeal, saying 'Oh thee of little faith, get thee off thy backsides and take thyself from this place to a place of labour, there to live out thy days in toil'. And on the morrow the vessel called *Antrim* was cast into a great pit and all the water removed from about her sides and she was beset by hairy green clad men, called 'Docklanders', welding, chipping and sawing, and the men were sore afraid. And on seeing all that had come to pass, the men gathered around their Chief of Tels and begged forgiveness for their sins but he heard them not. And the men wept bitterly and loudly did they wail and mutter from one to another saying 'Behold what manner of man is this who seeketh to put us to work about the ship?' And they were even more afraid. And again the Chief of Tels came upon them saying 'Right you lot, loan drafts'. He had some for *Mercury* and some for Gib and Bermuda and yeah, some even unto ships and leadership courses. And the men trembled greatly in their seaboots and dared even to curse the great god 'Drafty', whose wrath knows no bounds and who rules all lives of them that go down to the sea in ships. And the men laboured and sanded wood and chipped paint and the like while the first of those chosen for the loan drafts departed from that place. And those that remained worked with fear in their hearts, for verily I say unto thee, 'It is written that he who passeth the Killick course must go on the leadership course'. And who would swop a warm bed and/or wife/girl friend/mistress for a tent and a night in the New Forest?

HMS ARGONAUT by LRO(T) J. Kerslake

It has been sometime since an article from HMS *Argonaut* has appeared in THE COMMUNICATOR and so I would like to recap on the 12 months since the start of our last refit in September 1972.

On completion of refit in April last year we carried out the usual trials and then arrived at Portland for our work-up. On completion of work-up came the call to Iceland to protect our pollock, and *Argonaut* earned the nickname of 'HMS Fix it' because of all the repair jobs car-



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ried out by us to certain tugs and trawlers, see NAVY NEWS, July 1973.

On returning to Plymouth just in time to take part in the Seventh Frigate Squadron exercise during which a visit to Brest was made. Then back to Plymouth for a well earned rest and leave period.

After kicking our heels in Plymouth for a few weeks we paid a 'Meet The Navy' visit to Liverpool (phew) and back down to Plymouth to fuel and carry on down to Gibraltar for guardship, during which the ships' Rock Race was held and the Communicators came first overall. Back to Plymouth after three weeks guardship for pre-deployment AMP and leave.

We sailed from Plymouth on January 8 in a force 10 gale with *Scylla* (F7), *Ariadne*, RFA *Olna* to join *Fife* (FOF2 embarked) and *Londonderry* for deployment.

The first leg from Plymouth to Gibraltar was full of exercises to get used to group deployment and iron out any wrinkles, during which some members lost not only their patience but also tempers and some were just downright rude, but as usual the backbone of the department pulled us through and everything turned out all right.

After a quick stop at Gibraltar (first foreign for some younger members of the department), it was full exercise ahead for South Africa where we were to visit Port Elizabeth. We arrived at Port Elizabeth on January 30, where some of the more interpid ratings of the department ventured on a safari to the local elephant park led by the LRO(G). All in all Port Elizabeth was a splendid place and a very good run (hic).

We set sail on February 6 for the Seychelles.

carrying out exercises with the South African forces on the way. At the time of going to print we are transiting the Mozambique Straits and would you believe it, yes exercising.

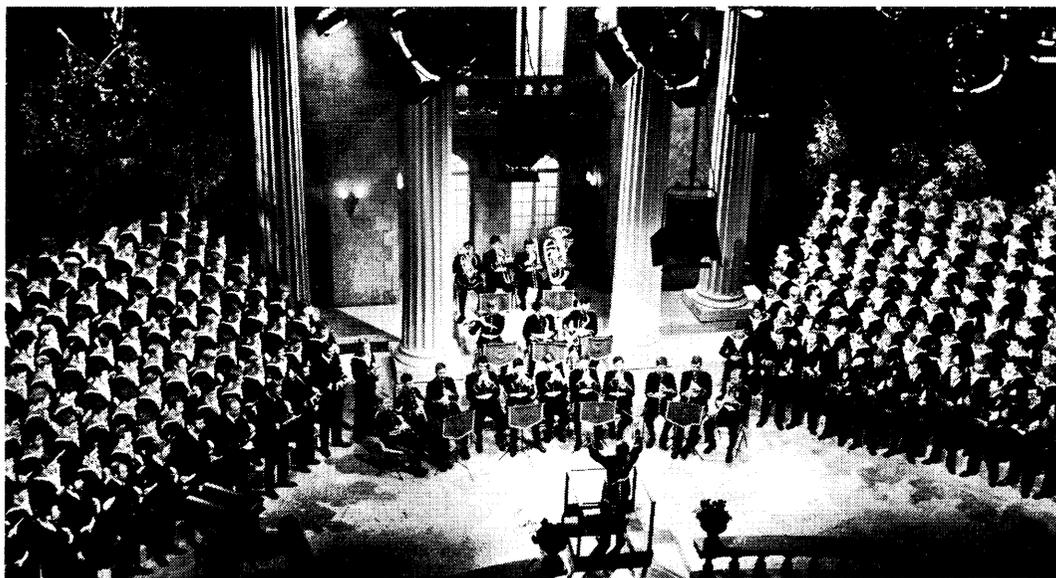
HMS ARK ROYAL

by LRO(T) R. Gray

We have now graduated from the depths of No 10 dock to an afloat position on the outer sea wall. With the weeks rapidly ticking away towards edging past the breakwater everyone is up to their necks in paint and store ship. Regardless of the energy crunch and an acute shortage of toilet rolls we should be leaving Guzz on time.

Most of the department have recovered from the 'windy hammer DT's' and are now able to take part in a wider range of activities. The main relief from 'Refit blues' has been the continuing Freedom of the City of Leeds ceremonies. An invitation by Yorkshire TV for the contingent to participate in 'Stars on Sunday' resulted in a special programme broadcast on Armistice Sunday. Introduced by the inimitable Jess Yates who made reference to AB Mitchell, the only unfortunate lost when the previous *Ark Royal* sunk in November 1941, the programme continued with readings by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Olivier. After the Last Post had been sounded, the *Ark Royal* contingent concluded the programme by singing 'Eternal Father' accompanied by the RM Band. (Had this been a Christmas show we would have sung 'Ark the Heralds Angels sing').

Our budding TV personalities completed their



Part of the Leeds contingent of 'Ark Royal' in 'Stars on Sunday'

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RS Hampton training for 50 mile World Race on the 'roof'

engagement with a ceremony and march past in Leeds in which we exercised our rights of Freedom of Entry together with Army and RAF units who are similarly privileged. With the parade successfully completed a fair time was had by all, though judging by one young lady's comment, 'not you lot again, we've only just got over the last time', the stamina of the inhabitants was beginning to weaken.

For those unable to indulge in the rigours of Leeds there have been numerous loan drafts, courses and sporting fixtures. We can now boast of a fully 'boffed up' team on the problems of corrosion and rust prevention, after umpteen ship's husbandry courses. We are now certified as competent painters (??).

Captain J. R. S. Gerard-Pearse, who assumed command last November, took us through a successful CTT at Dryad. It helped the Buntings and Gollies to blow away a few cobwebs and most certainly helped almost everybody to get reacquainted with old haunts. By the sound of all the suffering at early morning briefings there were plenty of old 'locals' around.

The department's sports programme looks pretty healthy these days. RS Hampton made his way to Christchurch NZ to take part in a special invitation 50 mile race by the World's long distance runners. RS Hampton held the record for the 50 mile race previously.

The race took place on Sunday, February 3, at the end of the Commonwealth Games. Out of the forty competitors RS Hampton held first place for the first thirty six miles and had a ten minute lead over the second runner. He also made faster time on hilly ground over the Marathon distance than did the winner of the Games Marathon over level ground. Making a fast pace to gain a significant lead, he had not taken into account the severity of a sudden heat wave, which had, by 10 a.m., forced the thermometer up to 100° F. Sadly, in an exhausted state and fearing

heat stroke, he then had to pull out. Of those forty runners only six completed the race, which, although won by a New Zealander, left RS Hampton's world record intact by 39 minutes.

The Communications football team is showing promise, remaining unbeaten against the rest of the departmental teams so far. There have also been several successful matches outside the ship such as against RAF Mount Batten. Buoyed by their success they have now brought their own strip and look forward to seeing anyone who fancies a good game.

All in all we've had several opportunities to break up the normal chores of a refit, and in the main everyone has taken advantage of the various jollies, even if the department did feel that any more hikes around Dartmoor would be too active! The majority of the department will be glad to have a change of scenery even if it does look mostly green and lumpy. You may therefore expect our next article to be a little more sailor like.

HMS ASHANTI . . . ALMOST HOME

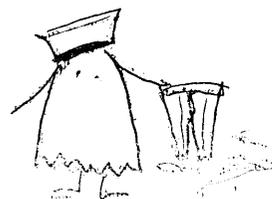
by LRO(W) K. Leadbetter

Now that *Mercury's* own journalistic giants have vindicated themselves by printing our last article, the least we can do is report our progress in the months that have elapsed since it was written.

As my right foot flies over the typewriter keys to produce this article, we are ambling unsteadily through a highly emetic Atlantic swell on our way to Bermuda and a day's fueling stop before heading for home. Our six month Caribbean cruise is all but over, and *Nubian* awaits the mantle of responsibility as the West Indies' top floating cocktail bar.

It's been a fun trip overall, despite a few shaky moments, and the prospect of Pompey Dockyard in the throes of an energy crisis (isn't it always?) are not exactly enthralling. However, the leave we will all be gratefully accepting, offers many delights.

In my last article I was rather uncomplimentary about communications on the West Indies station. This came to the attention of the gentleman responsible for the aforementioned-SNOWT's Staff Ops Officer, Lieut Cdr Adams, who arrived on



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board seeking my blood, and was often to be seen pacing his cabin threatening drafts to *Ark Royal*. RS Colin Baxter claimed that I'd got the wrong end of the stick, being a Golly, and therefore ignorant of such matters — if that's so I wish it was reflected in his watchbill.

Things did pickup a bit during the latter half of the deployment, ship-shore was more workable more often, and the MRL with the Army in Nassau perked up for a while. However, telegrams proved difficult after the eventual demise of the latter circuit, and CIL went through a horrendous period recently — so I still think the area could be better served with communications. It is to be hoped that the massive Caribtrain exercise will expose the inadequacies — they're not crippling, just irritating.

Anyway, enough of shop talk — what have the men involved been doing. Well an AMP in Bermuda provided ample opportunity for sightseeing, sport, and drinking oneself into a stupor — needless to say the Comms Dept managed large amounts of all three. Christmas and New Year were spent on the Island of Barbados, in tropical temperatures, but New Year fell a bit flat due to a beautifully timed strike by hotel bar workers.

On our arrival at Bermuda, we embarked half a dozen JRO's from *Mercury* for sea training, and if the Atlantic follows normal February form, they will be able to observe the sea at close quarters, while dangling over the guardrails. If they survive that, they must face the LRO(T)'s determination to have them six abreast scrubbing the flag deck — have fun kids!

Our return to Pompey will give us a chance to look up old acquaintances, so start stowing your beer. With such earth-shaking events as six weeks in dockyard hands and my draft — not in that order, just over the horizon, this could be the last article I contribute to the magazine from *Ashanti*. Being an editor isn't all that bad, it is?

HMS AURORA by Lt M. J. D. Farrow Flagship to Stanavforlant

This year once again it is the turn of the Royal Navy to provide the Flagship for the STANAVFORLANT, so in mid January HMS *Aurora* (Cdr G. F. Liardet, RN) arrived in San Juan for the turnover from HMS *Jupiter* (*Jupiter* had stood in for us for three weeks after USS *Semmes* had left the Force). We welcomed CSNF (Commodore J. D. E. Fieldhouse, RN) and his staff of five officers (including a Danish SCO) and eight ratings, and then stood by for the heavens to open. *Aurora* was at the end of a two year commission and the staff were a mixture of old stagers and new arrivals, so the first two months were tantamount to a work-up. During that time we were caught on the hop more than once, however things slowly settled into place and the MCO reassumed its air of peace and quiet (hardly ever).

With our multi national force in tow we visited



IS THE ART OF VS DEAD?
Not altogether — as the message flashed by the smiling faces of this cheerful group of 'Aurora' Communicators shows

the following places: Charlotte Amalie (US Virgin Isles), Willemstad (Curacao), Puerto Rico, Charleston, Halifax, Norfolk (for the 20th anniversary of the formation of the SACLANT command), Lisbon (three times), Izmir (Turkey), Athens, Naples, La Spezia, Campbletown, Glasgow, London (where we were visited by HRH Princess Margaret, the First Sea Lord and the Vice Chief of the Naval Staff), Lorient and finally Plymouth (Devon) where we handed over to HMS *Norfolk* at the end of July.

We copied five different NATO broadcasts and worked RATT Ship-Shore or MRL with eight different countries. We changed Complans more times than we care to remember. We encountered many problems, some old and some peculiar to NATO working, not the least of which was our UHF fit of 4 x 692 and 3 x 691, particularly as the WESTLANT COMPLAN and 691 frequencies do not get on together. However, our biggest single problem were the T/Ps. In the earlier months they were constantly breaking down and at one stage we had one out of 13 working (with a constant requirement to have five on the go). However, most of them were swapped for refitted ones in Charleston and we had better luck from then on. The T/P Mech became an honorary MCO fitting. The RN really does need some new T/Ps. I know we all know but one can't help saying it yet again, those of the other ships put us to shame. A final onboard holding of 21 seemed to be enough in the end.

Our time in SNF has been hard work for the whole ship but particularly for the Comms department. Our passage programmes are full of exercises and there is little let up in harbour, nevertheless, we have had a very good run and made many friends from widely different countries.

We have heard from previous incumbents that EW was a non starter in the Force, but that was sorted out and once more interesting exercises

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were introduced, all ships were very keen, although most of them don't have special EW ratings and have to close up sparkers (including the RNLN oddly enough).

There is no doubt that SNF is a viable proposition. The spirit and unity of the Force are impressive (when there is a difference of opinion we all side with SNF rather than whichever national authority it may be). The standard of professionalism and keenness is high and RN ships have to work to keep up. These last six months have broadened our minds and been an education to all onboard. Whatever we may say we were a little sad to hand over our charges to *Norfolk* in July.

We are full of international ideas about Banda Rolls, dressing lines and satellite ship-shore and reckon that 3,000 messages for distribution a month is not too heavy for a Frigate.

Highlight of the Trip

Whilst in Lisbon the watch supervisor was rung up by the RS of the watch at Pitreavie who asked how the broadcast was doing, the W/S gave QSA and ZBZ, but thinking the chap on the phone was Jock Main the T/P mech, in answer to further questions from the RSOW said 'Get your head down Jock, and see me in the morning when you have sobered up', and thereupon promptly replaced the receiver.

HMS BACCHANTE

by RO1(T) Blomley and RO1(T) Heighton

'Crimbo' in Bermuda was indeed a profitable time. Led by our intrepid SCO (being a Scot!) our 'Bermuda T/V and Radio Communications Staff' helped raise many ackers. The unacceptable face of capitalism? Nay! but charitable money for charitable purposes such as the fund for people affected by Spina Bifida — the ship's adopted charity — and charities nominated by the Mayor of Hamilton. It is surprising how the sight of 'Booties' sliding down a 'death' slide aiming for a target in the water, and CPO's carrying out a 15 mile walk or even the sight of sailors taking part in a marathon darts match can draw the crowds. Collectors (it had to be, yes. Communicators dressed in funny hats and other quaint rigs and armed with bins and buckets) did a fine job gathering the cash. One of the collectors, who will remain nameless had such a large bust decorated with the ships pennant numbers (69) he made the front page of the local newspaper.

It didn't seem fair to let the crowd leave without showing them just how strong we lads are, so the SCO, on our behalf and without our knowledge, challenged the whole Island to a tug of war — and I think they all turned up! Equal to the occasion, of course. We secured our end of the rope to the ship's brow. We were holding our own . . . until a rather irate Officer of the Day observed his gangway slowly but surely being hauled along the jetty — in fear

of the safety of the ship, which he expected to come under tow at any minute, he made us undo our seaman-like hitch. It was then that we found out that the opposition were most unfair and had attached their end to a bollard! Devious those civilians!

During the lulls in the merriment, the ship's group entertained from the flightdeck (if Hegg could handle a TP or a morse key like he handles his drums then we'd have no problems). The whole afternoon's entertainment was much appreciated by all who attended. The Governor of Bermuda Sir Edwin Leather and his family came down to the ship on more than one occasion to see how the ship was getting on with its collection. £2100 was collected over a 5-day period.

However to please all of those most unfortunate chaps who had to spend Christmas at home it may cheer you to know that more recently we have been in two watches looking after the Grenada Independence Celebrations and partaking in Fleet exercises; we did get leave in Grenada — until 1800!

Ofting to the world shortage of paper and everything else, see DCI . . . (never could remember numbers) and the fact that the SCO is



THE CHARITY MOB

Front row (l to r): JRO(W) Claffey, RO2(G) Gibson, RO1 'Boobs' Heighton, LRO(W) Newett, RO1(G) Roberts, RO2(G) Martin.

Back row (l to r): RO2(G) Powell, RO2(T) Bibby (Spiv), RO2(W) Saunders, RO1(T) Blomley (Dozey)

Footnote: Any likeness to anything either dead or alive in this photograph is purely co-incidental

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also economy officer (once again I believe it's his nationality which got him the job) this article is quite short. We were given one sheet of foolscap for it and told to be sure and use both sides!

We have about 86 days left on the West Indies station and we're led to believe that about 52 of them will be spent at sea . . . gloom . . . Still the weather is nice when you can get up top to enjoy it and there is always the thought that if we spend some of the money we will be unable to spend ashore on raffle tickets we might win the car or . . . some hopes!

Cheerio again from *Bacchante* — who has just finished off yet another inspection; FOF1's this time. We were, as usual, brilliant.

HMS BLAKE by Lou and Tiny

We have been blessed with the duty of SCOT trials ship, hence this cruise in sunny climes, it was a pity the satellite we were expecting failed to get up into orbit (Mr Spock had a make and mend). Even so when NATO lets us use the satellites available to them it proves itself a good system and traffic is cleared swiftly. RAF Oakhanger not only helps out at the reception end, but also keeps us on the edge of our seats with stirring tales of politics, crime and the dirty pictures printed in the 'Sun' and 'News of the World'.

When not on SCOT we are well catered for by Gib MRL, the only snag there being, every hour or so the Sparkers ask for a bearing of Gib. This all went well until one night watch when a certain dusky LRO(T) and his RO1 oppo were causing their usual havoc on the bridge and the following conversation was heard:

MCO—What do we bear from Gib?

Bridge—Hang on I'll check.

Bunts—Can you give me a bearing from Gib please sir?

OOW—What if we were in Hong Kong, would you still want a bearing?

Bunts—No sir, We'd be on hand message routines . . . !

Such are the small things that keep us sane and happy.

The sunshine here in the West Indies is a welcome break from UK where, before Christmas we carried out our trials and self work-up in the balmy waters of Portland, Loch Eriboll and Scapa Flow. I can honestly say we'll be the last cruiser to fuel from the sheep station of Lyness.

Our SCO is Lt Noel Cartwright who is aided and abetted by S/Lt Dusty Millar, followed not too closely by CCY George Downie, CRS Mick Stubbs, who regulates and receives grey hairs from all concerned. The Gollies are kept in check by RS Ken Evans. As you can guess the comms rates on here are too many to mention (43 souls) but what I can do is to wish LRO(T) Tom Sawyer good luck in his new career in the world of banking, some unkind soul reckons it's a posh

name for a bookie's runner. Also to RO2(W) Gabby Hayes, bonne chance. He is going to become a policeman. Others soon to move on will be LRO(T) Ian Carruthers, who is hoping for a CY's course at the College of Knowledge, otherwise Whitehall will do. CY's Harry Fletcher and Tim Kane will depart for parts unknown (but to those who know them it'll be the lounge of the Park Tavern), CND hasn't yet decided who to bless with LRO (T) Lou Pierre, but no doubt, someone, somewhere will groan when they know he's on his way.

And so to conclude dear little box watchers may we wish all *Blakes* past, present and future health, happiness and wealth, otherwise we are in 3E mess and would dearly love to meet other Comms rates, in their messes preferably.

Parting shot. FOF1's CCY said if I don't mention his name I'll get harder times, so to CCY (TCI) Hickmott . . . Hello!

HMS BULWARK by FCRS A. J. Cokes

Setting: Aruba Netherlands Antilles

Time: Unearthly

Temp: Heavenly

Scenery: Tropical

Players: SCO Lt-Cdr J. T. (Hurricane) Sanders
SCO2 Sub Lt P. (Roll 'er) Threfall and the Communications Staff.

Act One

Enter SCO: Time for the Communicator Article.
Exit SCO2 in a hurry.

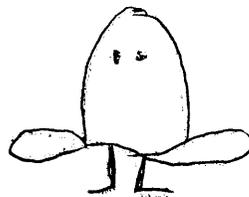
Enter RS Clifford: Had a reminder to get THE COMMUNICATOR Article in early Sir, due to short working week in UK. I passed it ZFH1 to ASCO.

SCO (as ASCO tries to do an SCO2): Please see to it Mr Cokes, I'm just off to the beach.

Interlude

So here I am lumbered. My memory must now condense what has been a busy two months for the 'Rusty B' into a few lines.

Having been delayed sailing from Plymouth by bad weather for 48 hours we eventually left on a Sunday morning followed closely by HMS *Hermes*, the first occasion we are told that there had been two carrier movements in one day from



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Plymouth. On leaving the Sound we parted ways with *Hermes*, she to head North whilst we headed first to Holland to embark the First Amphibious Combat Group of the Royal Netherland Marine Corps, and then Westward for the sunny Caribbean. 72 hours out the weather turned particularly foul during the SCO's morning watch, leaving him the name 'Hurricane' Sanders. We lost 35 feet of catwalk from both bows that morning and the FU1 aerial decided it had been with us long enough and tried very hard to detach itself. That same evening SCO2 decided, during his Dog Watch on the bridge, to see how far he could roll the ship, piling everyone to Port in a welter of beer, broken glasses and cups. No wonder the Dutch Marines fight shy of him. One funny incident occurred during this period. The ship was completely pooped to flight deck level by a freak wave which swept through the Quarter-deck demolishing the Ceremonial bulkhead. Behind this bulkhead the lifebuoy sentry was calmly sitting in an inflated rubber dinghy. He promptly rode the dinghy down the hatch to the senior officers' flat where he abandoned it. Imagine the surprise of Commander (E) when he opened his cabin door to find a dinghy actually floating by.

After some three days the weather abated and we were able to continue our way South, thereby allowing SCO to move to his outer office — namely the flag deck. There is no truth in the rumour that he needs an entry visa on our return to UK, although it is easy to believe.

Our time in the Caribbean has been split between communicating in the normal manner, communicating with our Dutch Marines ashore, and with sunbathing. Fortunately we have had MRLIA direct into Whitehall for the duration of the deployment, without it we feel we would have been stumped. C11L has proved very unreliable in the Southern Caribbean and to date we have managed Ship/Shore once only during an MRL outage. Our sincere thanks to the staff at Whitehall, Forest Moor and Inskip for their unending patience and valuable assistance.

The Fleet Gathering at Virgin Gorda proved interesting, particularly for the number of ZWC messages being passed to and fro by light. Can a record be claimed for having three members of one family (all brothers — all communicators) present at such a gathering in three different ships? I refer to JRO Anderson with one brother present in HMS *Nubian* and another in HMS *Devonshire*.

Tomorrow we head eastwards for Holland to disembark the embarked force and then to Plymouth to start a nine month refit. And thus another chapter closes in the continuing annals of the 'Rusty but Trusty' B.

Act Two: (Late that same evening).

Enter SCO: What progress Mr Cokes?

ASCO: My efforts are on your desk Sir, mail closes in five minutes.

Enter SCO2 and RS Clifford.

RS Clifford: Has THE COMMUNICATOR article gone yet?

Exit ASCO: breathing fire and brimstone.

ASCO (Muttering): I'm going for a pint.

SCO: Assume Mr C got his swim in today. Looks as if it's he that will need the visa.

Curtain

HMS CHAWTON

by Lt-Cdr P. C. Abbott



S/Lt M. J. Bee, S/Lt I. P. Ritchie,
Lt-Cdr P. C. Abbott, Lt P. O'D Munro

I enclose a photo which shows the 'clutch' (or whatever the collective noun is) of Communicators who were serving in *Chawton* during the latter part of 1973. The First Lieut (Lt PO'D Munro, RN) and Sub Lt M. J. Bee, RN and myself (The Captain) were all qualified 'C's. The ships SCO Sub Lt I. P. Ritchie, RN is also in the group.

Chawton is named after the village Chawton just by Alton in Signal country and is a Fishery Protection CMS based on Port Edgar.

Despite all this 'talent' onboard we have had to resort to the old Fishery Protection practice of phoning signals — all grouped up — from a public call box on some deserted part of the coast.

HMS DEVONSHIRE

by WEZ

In response to your urgent appeal I have blown the dust off this typewriter and hereby submit what will be my last article from *Devonshire*, this being caused by my impending draft to the College of Knowledge.

January 14 saw us once again leave our comfortable berth at FLJ, this time for the summer climes of the West Indies. Having met up with our new shepherd in the shape of HMS *Blake* and FOF1 we made an emergency call at Guzz to replace a defective motor in the missile system. The less said about the passage across, the better, to quote a well known phrase we were well and truly 'goffa'd', however, we managed to arrive at Bermuda for mail and to repair the damage.

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we also landed our soccer team and said hello to our friendly neighbourhood Commodore SNOWI.

On then to New Orleans where the jazz fiends had a heyday and the Budweiser, Schlitz and other various brands of Elmer's beer flowed in large quantities. The culture vultures amongst us also had a field day as there were many relics of the days of slave traders, etc, in the French quarter of the city.

After a few days weapon training with *Blake*, RFA *Tidepool* and HNLMS *Drenthe* we joined the Fleet at Virgin Gorda, for those of you who have been there before you will appreciate why 15 ships containing some 5,000 matelots were only granted beach leave on an Island with only four boozers, however we made up for it with a 'sods opera' on the flight deck and other numerous intership activities.

On the 15th all the ships took part in a steam past and cheer ship for the First Sea Lord, before proceeding to the American weapon range off Puerto Rico, where along with HMS *Kent* we parked ourselves on the missile range and fired some missiles.

At present we are alongside in Castries St Lucia improving our suntan for our ETA in Portsmouth on March 29. For those whose draft chit says *Devonshire* OSB will see the ship departing again on May 6 for the Med area followed by a refit.

Finally I would like to say a special TKS OM to the staff in the Commcen at Gibraltar for their patience with us on MRL3, bear with us gents and Slug Dennett as its not easy trying to bend signals round mountains in the West Indies.

LIFE IN FIFE

by CRS(W) D. Dean

Task Group 317.1, you must have heard of it by now, the national press have mentioned it as well as thousands of signals. Well, with FOF2 and his staff firmly embarked in ships of the Task Group we sailed from Portsmouth with HMS *Londonderry* in company meeting up later that day with HM ships *Scylla*, *Argonaut* and *Ariadne*, who had sailed from Plymouth that morning. Later we will be joined by HMS *Danae*, this will bring Task Group 317.1 up to full strength.

Our first port of call was Gibraltar for a week-end. Everyone seemed to let their hair down with the Communicators being well represented at the Casino. However, the emphasis has been on work with 'G', 'T' and 'W' ratings playing a full role in most of the proceedings.

At the risk of sounding 'anchor faced' the younger elements could not wish for a better opportunity to gain experience. Flags have been used, lots of flashing and morse circuits and just about every type of exercise in the book has been carried out.

There are always of course the lighter moments,

two occasions in particular spring to mind. A young RO was asked by the Navigator to take a couple of buckets to the bridge. The young man arrived minutes later at the bridge with two plastic scrubbing out buckets. (In case there is anyone else — buckets is those things we send signals along tubes in). A more senior chap tried for an hour and a half to 'sync' the BIDS in on a test card — funny fella.

Visits since Gibraltar have been to South Africa — Port Elizabeth (great) and the Seychelles Islands. We are now on our way with HMS *Argonaut* to Gan where FOF2 and staff depart, and HMS *Fife* goes on to Singapore for a few days following by a three week AMP at Hong Kong.

Needless to say the Communicators have been kept busy as no doubt they have been through-out the Task Group. In HMS *Fife* however, to keep control and organise we are fairly rich in the form of Lieutenant John Adams, CRS(W) Dean, CCY Smart, CRS Blowman, RS Wilson and last but not least RS(W) Martin. To do all the work and stay in two watches there are lots of stalwarts, LRO's George Moutter, Pusser Hill, Ken Richardson, Goldie Goldfinch, Terry Brannan, Ken Middlecoate, Hacker Andrews and Andy Andrews to name but a few. (There's a 'Greeny' keeps looking over my shoulder so I had better say how much we appreciate all the long hours they put in).

After the AMP the hard work will start again so we are pleased to say that it has eased down to a gallop now. The SCO has no trouble making out his form 10, stacks in the Bogey book. Swapping an RP for a 'W' rating has happened, the 'W' rating doesn't mind the Ops Room, they work there anyway but the RP is wary in the EWO, understandably so.

Talking about sport I think just about everyone on board has had a go at something and the Communicators represent the ship in various activities especially soccer and diving. All the JRO's and RO3's are happy that we are now in calm sunny weather, the buckets have dis-



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HARRY HAWKES

appeared — that's the real kind of bucket.

We are all looking forward to Hong Kong, so the next time you hear or should I say read about life in *Fife* there will no doubt be a few escapes to relate. I wonder how many of you that read this will be in units of the Task Group that relieves us. Don't hesitate to write when you know, we won't volunteer to stay here in your place but we may be able to help with any questions.

FOST CXO

by RS(RCI) Nickerson

Since arriving at Portland in August last year a lot of time has been spent in conversation with senior rates of ships before, during and on completion of their work-up. The most frequent topic to arise from these conversations is the general dissatisfaction with the standard of new arrivals from *Mercury* as morse operators.

Without exception all agree that the time has not yet arrived when we can shelve W/T procedure let alone drop morse reception standards to 11wpm. Although ships will be complemented under the present system with an RO2 of higher standards it is still insufficient. LCN/PXN are still morse circuits and NGS, DWS, JOCOMEX and operational joint comms still employ morse. With the occasional MRL steerage signal and other infrequent requirements morse is still with us and, it would seem, is likely to be for some time. One other point which is raised at Portland possibly more than anywhere else is the frequent requirement to use morse when working with NATO squadrons.

One other off-shoot from the argument to raise the standard of morse training is one which tends to be overlooked, job satisfaction. For a while now Portland has been ordering a W/T procedure exercise once a week, which lasts for three to four hours, for junior and inexperienced operators. The circuit has been available so that these operators can pass drill messages amongst themselves, no complicated procedures, everything straight forward. Also MTX's have been run to a standard varying between 12-16wpm, again for junior operators. Feedback from ships indicates that senior rates are well pleased with the way standards have improved amongst their staffs and it allows much greater scope when planning their watchbills. What is most important is the enthusiasm shown by the junior rates participating. Gone is the nervousness of sitting on a live circuit and the fear of the unknown. They feel a certain pride in being able to pass and receive traffic well on a morse circuit, a feeling which is not so apparent with RATT circuits.

Perhaps morse skills, however basic, will bring back some of the pride in the Branch which appears to be missing at the moment. Job satisfaction is important, could morse help us lower the PVR rate? Not completely maybe, but it could help.

The staff at Portland agree broadly with the personal views expressed above as do a great deal of other Communicators I have spoken to. Is there a case for a change in present policy? (*Editor's note: See the articles on Morse Training and on CODAP which appear elsewhere in this issue.*)

GRENVILLE AT SEA

by EMMO and ME (the LRO(G))

Being one of the oldest ships afloat and playing the role of trials ship at the same time can be a very exasperating business. Readers may remember from our last article that we continually 'manked' over the age of our equipment. The exasperation sets in when we try all these new automated pieces of equipment, prove them a success, then sadly wave bye-bye as they disappear back into the depths of ASWE never to be seen again.

With the arrival of each trial the appearance of *Grenville* has been known to cause some amusement, the sight of our three masts appearing on the horizon has made many a Yeoman thumb frantically through Janes convinced we were the 'Flying Dutchman' of World War 1.

Our latest trial has slightly lowered the tone of the department; Gollies have descended upon us in the shape of Messrs Fawcett, Austin and Howells. Happily they will soon be back amongst their own kind able to instruct fellow Gollies in the art of wielding a 2in paint brush. The flag deck is looking much cleaner these days the Yeoman tells me.

On a more serious tone, with the arrival of a new Captain (F2) we were given four days to prepare for an inspection at Portland. Convinced the man was bluffing we jumped in with both feet and arrived out the other side with a well done. In fact, according to the staff CRS we came out with a 'first', 20 miles on a 635 — GWX QRK 5, RO2 Crosby has since mothered it with loving care and professes it to be better than my 602 anyway. He could be right.

Our latest and last? sojourn has brought us to the sunny Mediterranean. After battling our way through force 11's all the way, we arrived at



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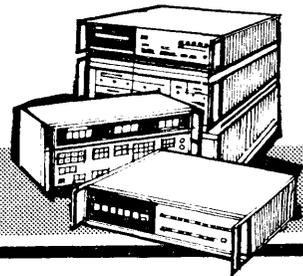
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Gib on February 1. Three hours (and no run ashore) later we were on our way again — next stop Malta. A week alongside transformed us from the 'Grotty G' to the 'pearl of the sea', 'Its amazin what paintin can do' (sung to the tune of a well known TV advert). It was in Malta that the majority of us tasted their first 'Jacks Special' and the general consensus was — Essence! It isn't true though that after five pints you can walk across Grand Harbour back to the ship, as one member of the staff found out. We decided, after receiving a challenge to a darts match, to combine our mess run with the match. After a rather slow start the run turned into a blinder, not only did we win the match, we also won the beer leg! The first time I'm told that Jack's have lost both since *Rodney* and *Hood* were in the Med Fleet. Then 14 mess male voice choir adjourned to Strait Street — nuff said . . .

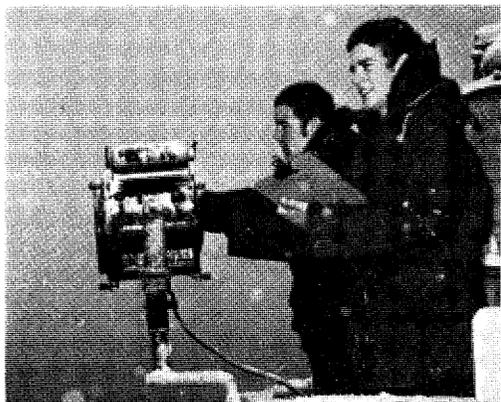
Well that's your lot, specials have been piped (we've got to move to make way for *Tiger* — here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty) . . . Till next time — if there is a next time. All the best from: RS Moir, LRO(G) Morris, RO1(G) Bobby, RO2(G)'s Crosby, Boyall and Dawber, LRO(T) Fleming, RO1(T) Emmerson, RO2(T) Little, RO3(T) Childs and the baby of them all JRO(T) Bird.

HMS HERMES

by FRCS M. J. Matthews

After our introduction to life as an ASW ship, we were now due to try our hand at our 'other' task — that of being a 'commando taxi', or to use the correct parlance an LPH.

Following a brief visit to Rosyth, when the Communications department managed to spend a few hours on the sports pitches or looking around the underground Commcen at Pitreavie, *Hermes* sailed 'North about' for the Isles of Skye. During the night heavy snow started to fall (in November) and by the time we arrived off the



RO2(T)'s Brenthall and Cope using 'One' of their skills during a RAS North of '70 North'

Western Isles we were met with a panorama usually connected with more Northern areas. However the Commandos showed us that they weren't deterred by such weather and soon they were being flown onboard and settled into their mess-decks. Jolly Jack was beginning to realise what it meant to queue up at the canteen for his 'goffers' and wait a little longer for a wash in the morning! However, it didn't last too long and before we knew it the Commandos had flown back ashore to make their way to Arbroath whilst the ship steamed down the Irish Sea and into Devonport for Christmas leave.

It wasn't long after Christmas that we were singled up and ready to sail to our Northern operating area — however, the heavy weather prevailing off the sound made it difficult for either *Bulwark* or us to sail so the RA's had an extra night at home. The next day also looked rather doubtful but it was decided to try and get both ships out, as they both had very tight schedules to meet, and we soon found ourselves heaving around before we had even passed Drakes Island. Once clear of the breakwater we were soon on our way up Channel and back to our 'favourite' Northern port — Rosyth — where as usual the weather did its utmost to prevent us from going alongside. Several members of the staff took the opportunity during the short stay to re-visit the HQR unit (HMS *Scotia*) and rekindle friendships made the previous year! Their crest now adorns the centre of the Fleet and Chief Petty Officer's bar.

On leaving Rosyth we really looked like an LPH, with half the flightdeck taken up with all sorts and sizes of vehicles in a mixed livery of khaki and white, and the main passageways resounding to the noise of an extra 600 odd men. However, their stay was a short one and in record time the Commandos, their vehicles and stores were off-loaded to Elvergardsmenn and *Hermes* steamed rapidly South to Portsmouth for a ten day AMP.

Too soon we were once again saying cheerio to kith and kin (this time for at least six months) and the ship was pointing her bows North to join forces with units of the Norwegian Navy for a series of exercises under the Opcon of Common. Hardly had the exercise started that it was curtailed and ourselves and two Norwegian frigates and *Mohawk* were sent out towards the North Cape to assist in the search for the Hull based trawler *Gaul* which had not been heard of for over four days. The weather was bad and worsened as the search progressed. Two of the frigates had to return to repair storm damage and *Hermes* took a savage pounding whilst assisting in the search of an area between North Cape and Bear Island (a complete area of some eight million square miles eventually being covered). With the able assistance of LRMR aircraft from Bodo we were guided to little patches of flotsam which always turned out to be old trawler buoys or bits of wood, none of which

COMMISSIONING FORECASTS

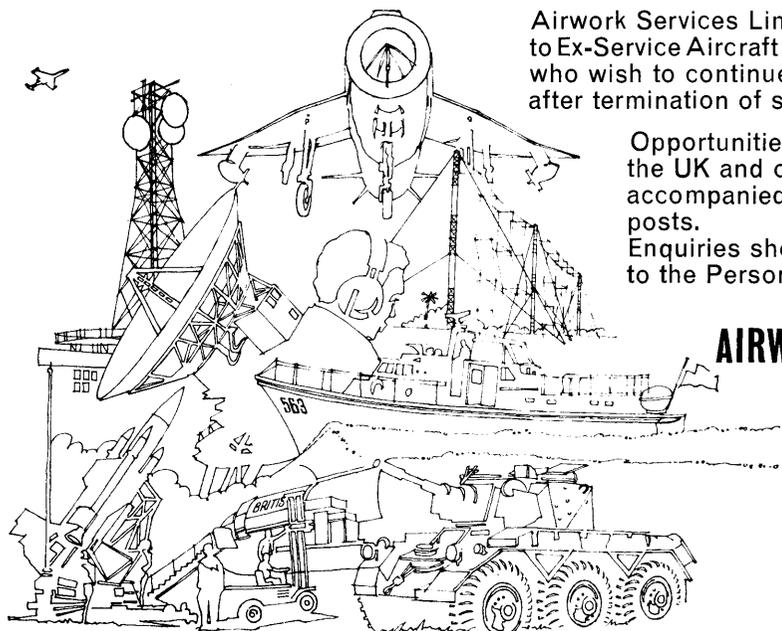
EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following details are forecast only, changes well may take place at short notice. Details are given in the order: Ship, Type, Date if known, Commitment.*

Types of service are as follows:

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GSC	General Service Commission	PS	Port Service

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<i>Berwick</i>	AS Frigate, March, Recommissioning Gibraltar, GSS
<i>Lincoln</i>	AD Frigate, April, Refit Crew at Devonport, PS
<i>Herald</i>	Survey Ship, April, Commissioning Portsmouth, GSS (E of Suez)
<i>Zulu</i>	GP Frigate, May, Trials Crew at Rosyth, PS (Trials)
<i>Galatea</i>	GP Frigate, May, Trials Crew at Devonport, PS (Trials)
<i>Grenville</i>	AS Frigate, May, LR Party at Portsmouth, PS
<i>Penelope</i>	GP Frigate, May, C & M Party at Devonport, PS
<i>Shavington</i>	Mine Sweeper, May, Recommissioning Devonport, HSS
<i>Salisbury</i>	AD Frigate, June, Commissioning Devonport, GSS (Home/E of Suez)
<i>Endurance</i>	Ice Patrol Ship, June, Recommissioning Portsmouth, GSS (Home/SASA)
<i>Lynx</i>	AA Frigate, June, Refit Crew at Rosyth, PS
<i>Galatea</i>	GP Frigate, July, Commissioning Devonport, GSS (Home/E of Suez)
<i>Phoebe</i>	GP Frigate, August, C & M Party at Devonport, PS
<i>Zulu</i>	GP Frigate, August, Commissioning Rosyth, GSS (Home/WI)
<i>Bronington</i>	Mine Hunter, October, Trials Crew at Gibraltar, PS (Trials)
<i>London</i>	GM Destroyer, October, Trials Crew at Portsmouth, PS
<i>Bronington</i>	Mine Hunter, November, Recommissioning Gibraltar, HSS
<i>Hydra</i>	Survey Ship, November, Recommissioning Singapore, FS (E of Suez)
<i>Aurora</i>	GP Frigate, December, Trials Crew at Chatham, PS
<i>Sirius</i>	GP Frigate, January, C & M Party at Chatham, PS
<i>London</i>	GM Destroyer, March, Commissioning Portsmouth, GSS
<i>Aurora</i>	GP Frigate, March, Commissioning Devonport, GSS

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RS Adams and RO3 Davis (both ex Kelly Division 1972) dressed ready to fly ashore for duty in Norway

could be identified as having possibly come from the Gaul. With visibility down to less than a mile in heavy snow storms it was a revelation to see a Nimrod aircraft come scudding out of a snow flurry and disappear into the mirk a few seconds later, and yet know that they could pinpoint such small items as buoys and miscellaneous 'gash' in such awful weather conditions. If there had been any debris left over from the trawler or a liferaft floating around in that wilderness off the North Cape it would almost certainly have been found. However, after five days Common decided that all that could be done had been done and the ships were recalled to territorial waters to 'lick their wounds'. All those onboard felt a sense of frustration in having spent those days searching and having not come up with a result — one way or the other. On getting back into comparative calm, stock was taken of damage to the ship, whip and wire aerials needed some re-newing and the Chippies have got a big order book for repairs when we next get to a Naval yard — all hopes of an early return to Portsmouth have been dashed however!

The next phase of our exercise up here in the Northern Fiords has been to operate with, and support, 45 Commando ashore. The ship has been steaming up and down in an area near Harstadt and although temperatures have been below freezing (it certainly doesn't seem as cold

as it does sometimes in *Mercury*!) the sun has been shining most days and we have been treated to some wonderful scenical views.

Flag Officer Carrier and Amphibious ships (Rear Admiral A. D. Cassidi) flew up to the exercise area to see us at work and to walk around and meet the men that make the ship tick. During his visit he witnessed several helicopter operations both in the Commando and Anti-Summarine role. It was during one of the latter that our squadrons suffered their first loss when a Wessex 5 of 845 squadron, taking part in a Casex with a Norwegian Submarine, crashed into the sea and immediately sank to the bottom. Although rescue craft were on the scene within minutes of the incident there were only a few pieces of the helicopter to be found and there was no trace of the two crew members.

We have another four weeks to go before we withdraw 45 Commando from their winter training area and return them to Arbroath. The ship will then relax for a few days in Hamburg before setting off for Malta and FOCAS inspection. See you next issue from the sunny Mediterranean!

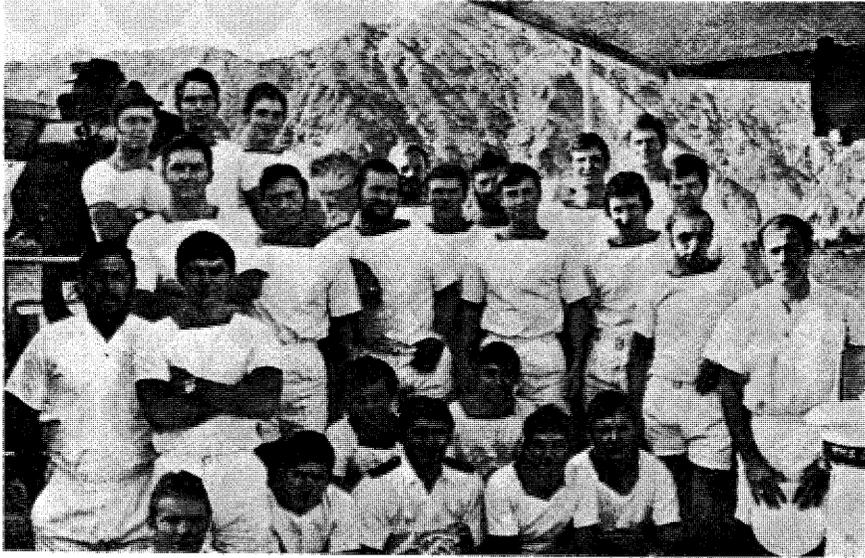
HMS JUPITER

Communicators by Appointment

This week HRH Lieut The Prince of Wales takes over as the SCO of *Jupiter* and our S264s will be endorsed 'By Appointment'. The old — sorry ex SCO Sub-Lieut Jack Case will shortly be spreading alarm and despondency in the Portland areas as A/SCO(S).

Jupiter began her East of Suez deployment last July and until December life was fairly dull with the usual round of Beira Patrols and stints in the Gulf. However, since Christmas our programme has become the envy of all with visits to Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, Hawaii, USA, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico and Bermuda.

Last November *Jupiter* took part in the CENTO exercise 'Midlink' which was held in the Persian Gulf and provided a very interesting time from the point of view of the Communicators. CW broadcast and ship-shore was the order of the day and pre-PWO communications had us racking our brains to remember what CIPP stands for. *Jupiter* was given the task of establishing the first ever CENTO inter-ship RATT circuit and, thanks to the excellent co-operation of our American, Pakistani and Iranian consorts, the experiment was a great success despite problems of equipment incompatibility and the lack of a common procedure. The highlight of the exercise, from our point of view, was when a team from *Jupiter* (the only RN ship in the exercise) won the CENTO Communications Competition in the face of strong competition from the superior numbers of ships from other nations taking part. The team consisted of I.RO's Knocker White and Terry Davies for CW reception; I.RO Joek



'Jupiter's' jubilant Communicators displaying their prize

Stott and RO2 Alec Baxter for flashing light. The team prize was a handsome plaque which now adorns the MCO bulkhead and Knocker White won an individual prize for CW reception.

We in *Jupiter* sadly mourn the loss of our friend RO2 Neil Race who tragically lost his life in a road accident in Brisbane, on January 22, 1974.

HMS LINCOLN by RS Parsons and LRO(T) Orme

As it's such a long time since an article from *Lincoln* appeared in *THE COMMUNICATOR* and we shall shortly be paying off and going our separate ways, it was decided by the SCO (who has just gone into Haslar after a nervous breakdown) that we should make some sort of farewell gesture like writing another article. The RS Golly volunteered to help but he's also gone to Haslar (another nervous breakdown). I can't ask the Yeoman to help because we aren't on speaking terms this week (come to think of it are we ever?).

Well it's been quite a busy time for us all since our last article some six months ago with three periods of Iceland patrol where incidentally we were made honorary members of 'Birds Eye' and 'Findus' for our efforts. Thanks to a certain gunboat nearly demolishing the Receiver Room printability of broadcast was never better. It's amazing what a hefty bang will achieve for a CJA, the CREL still isn't convinced though.

November found *Lincoln* taking part in 'JMC 169,' 'Fofex' and 'Oceanspan'. Most of us agreed the weather was the foulest we had seen for a long time. A tip which may be useful to

some frustrated communications department who find they are having no success on RATT ship-shore from Scapa or the Shetlands, try MTL before you start tearing your hair out. Although it meant blowing the cobwebs off certain pieces of equipment they were most co-operative, for which we thank them. Iberlant also came to our rescue on numerous occasions whilst we were in the North and the First Lieutenant an ex RS (RCI) even cleared a couple of QTC's direct to Portishead. Before that his greatest thrill was a quick burst of FAB, did I say quick?

At present we are in Gibraltar for a spell of Guardship then it's back to the UK getting in a visit to the 'Penzance Spring Festival' where the *Lincoln* Communicators Morris Dancers Ensemble are tipped to walk (or should I say skip) away with all prizes. A return visit to Kolding in Denmark then back to Plymouth in April to pay off and prepare ourselves for fresh and exotic pastures.

THE DEPOT RM, DEAL by A/LWRO D. I. Banks

'Deal? Where's that?' they say.

Well it's a small town on the Kent coast, occupied mainly by Royal Marines it seems. The Depot RM being the basic training centre for junior marines and of course, the Royal Marine School of Music.

'Oh yes, Bootneck wrens!' they say. As though we are completely detached from the Royal Navy. 'But what work is there for communicators?'

Well, we have a small MSO with two teleprinters, a typewriter, a duplicator and a tele-

phone (our contact with Fort Southwick). The complement being a Killick WRO and one — myself and WRO2 Heather Donaldson. The work is negligible (the social life almost worse, although it is, as in many places, only what you make it!)

However, it does have some good points. There is plenty of opportunity for sport and being on the coast, I should imagine it to be very pleasant during the summer months as the countryside in this area is rather pretty. We are also within easy reach of Dover, Folkestone, Margate and Canterbury, all good shopping areas!

Having written this article, I don't feel quite so cut off now from my fellow Communicators and the Navy, and I hope that a few people out there are now saying: 'Oh yes, now I remember Deal!'

NATO COMMCCEN NORTHWOOD

by Lt L. G. Foot

Employment of JRO/RO3's at COMMCCEN Northwood

It has been generally accepted over the years that it is impracticable to give further training to, or usefully employ, JRO/RO3's in shore commcens.

Consequently we were rather dismayed to learn that we are getting 27 JRO/RO3's straight from New Entry training at *Mercury* to assist us with the NATO Autumn exercises. Apart from the problem of having to leave these ratings in charge of circuits to get on with the job without supervision during busy periods, there was an accommodation problem as it was not considered prudent to allow JRO's to live out in lodgings.

There was, however, no option and accommodation was found by moving out some permanent staff and we were left only with the problem of integrating these ratings into the watchbill. We will not pretend that the first weeks were not without incident or that our efficiency did not

fall, but we survived and by the end of the exercises a good number of the JRO/RO3's were doing useful jobs to a very satisfactory standard.

After the exercises, as we were below complement and as CND had no sea billets for many of these juniors, it was agreed that 14 JRO's should remain at Northwood Commccen for approximately six months. All were put watchkeeping and in addition, daily formal instruction was arranged on all aspects of communications (including practicals) together with various 'Jollies', eg. a day at sea in a minesweeper.

Over the past five months these ratings have become competent Commccen communicators, although we have achieved rather high monthly reject totals in HQDCN's monthly reports, but in fairness this is considered only partly due to less experienced operators.

Whilst not recommending that JRO/RO3's should generally be sent to shore Commcens, it is possible for a large Commccen to find a place for small numbers of JRO/RO3's if sea billets are not available, and to find useful employment for them. As we are permanently under complement due to leave, sickness, PJT's, etc, we at Northwood will welcome another batch of JRO's (additional to complement) if CND cannot find sea billets for them. One JRO in the watch is worth any number of unfilled billets for RO2.

HMS TIGER

Communications — Tiger Style

Deployment, that's a rather strange term to be used in the Royal Navy. It has a military and American ring about it. If you permit yourself to feel it, there is even a tinge of adventure and romance in the word. Perhaps it depends upon the books you read — or newspaper — or your imagination. One thing's for sure, it means different things to different people and when you are actually involved in it, that is something else again.



Senior Communication ratings of the Joint Headquarters Northwood entertaining the Commander-in-Chief Fleet in their mess.

L to r: CCY Barnett, GRS Harriss, FCCY Murrell, CCY Hughes, Adml Sir Edward Ashmore, CCY Abbott, CY Fairchild, CY Glendinning, RS Amato and CRS Lawley

'PLAYBOY'S' APRIL PLAYMATE



Well what did deployment mean to the Communicators of HMS *Tiger*. The deployment was for six months out to the Far East returning in time for Christmas 1973 and was the forerunner of group deployment for ships in that area.

The facts of deployment probably came rather harshly to most Communicators — at least at first. For the Tactical operators there was the trying to get used to closing up on voice circuits in the Operations Room and the Bridge; with a bewildering variety of ships names and call signs to use and to recognise from a bewildering variety of background radio static, British, Dutch and other Allied accents, and against a noisy clamour of voices and other noises in the ship, as well as a realisation that this was for real. Ships on the other end of the voices actually moved around and did all sorts of strange things (not all of them meant) as a result of signals passed. It obviously mattered, otherwise 'they' the disembodied voices in the ship wouldn't have nagged and nattered as if everything going wrong was your fault. Then there was the dispiriting awareness of what two watches really means — eat, sleep, wash (sometimes), close-up, come alert, become bored, rarely see daylight and so to bed.

What a life, but it must change sometime. When's the first run ashore? Gib, that might be all right. For other TO's it meant getting used to dealing with a continuous and seemingly undiminished pile of signal messages in the MSO. One heap of messages flowed insistently in from the so-called 'Sparkers' next door in the MCO. Everyone seemed to need everything in a hurry but what can you do with this page of figures, percentages, jumbled letters and £££s@@@! Get a re-run? But they want it now, it's immediate, where has it been; we ('they') should have seen it hours ago. Why didn't you . . . and so it goes on. When the letters are jumbled you try and decipher it — this means putting the lower case letters in for figures and ££'s and then it begins to make a little bit of sense. But this takes time, and we haven't got time. While you are doing this the pile coming in isn't getting any smaller and what's this bloke bringing in — not more messages? These have to go. Why do 'they' always bring them in in a bunch; not one or two but three, five even seven. That's a priority, these are routine, but this one is immediate. Answer the telephone; you haven't seen a signal, what signal, oh all right give him a copy. But that takes time, and the pile is still rising. Who is this one for? Look up the delivery indicator group, give it a distribution. Who should take action? I hope that's right. Look up the reference, we haven't got it. I wonder why not. Roll off the copies, 25 copies, it's a blooming printing press we're running. Put them in the dist folders. Keep that one apart it's secret, and that one — someones having family trouble, and that one — it needs to be rushed around. What times sunset? Have you got the football results? When do you get the news?

Haven't you got rid of that one yet? That should have gone to someone else, muster the books, send someone up to the Flag Deck; do you remember that signal about . . . ; can I send a telegram?; can I make a radio phone call?, put me down for a shake, don't forget to . . .

Meanwhile, in the MCO. What is that busy, and irritating tchat tchat tchat noise? Those are teleprinters (TP's). Spewing out yards of paper and perforated tapes. They'll never last at a speed of 100 words a minute. You're right, they don't last. But that's what 'Greenies' are for. No, they don't watchkeep, but they are there most of the time. Another TP's broken down and another one. No this one is all right it's the auto-tape transmitter, or the TTVF or is it the BID? What's the signal like? It's lousy, noisy and fading. Try another frequency. Down two ladders, walk and squeeze your way along passages up another ladder at the other end of the ship. Tune the receiver, phone the MCO, try again, try another one; it's cycling? send for a 'Greenie'. We've lost MRL, it's back in again, we've lost it again. Get on a broadcast. It's no use either. Try something else; set watch on ship-shore. Another transmitter, another frequency, another twiddle here and a twiddle there, plug in here, and plug out there. are we in sync? What are all these other TP's doing? One is speaking to the ships in company with us. One is allowing them to speak to us. How about that noise over there? That's a morse receiver on loudspeaker for 'Dreaders' our pet whale. We can't put a man on it, because there aren't many who can read morse nowadays and we can't afford a man anyway just to be sitting there waiting for *Dreadnought* to come up. Yes, she comes up any time and her messages must be transmitted quickly while she is near the surface. 'Dreaders' doesn't like being near the surface so she won't wait, she's gone again and still hasn't got that signal. Ah well, it can't matter, what's that — oh it does, I see. What else? Buzz buzz goes the inter-phone — the Ops Room. We can't get through on 'Reporting'. It was all right with two other ships. OK we will check. Down the ladders, down the passages, up the ladder, here we go again. While you're there change the frequency on that transmitter, is it going out? The Ops Room say no Ops Room, buzz buzz, what





SCO and Senior Comms Ratings, Richard Baker. (TV News, etc) and others looking at the good side of deployment whilst in Mauritius

about this 'Reporting'. Never mind that, we can hear the aircraft, but it can't hear us. Why don't you use another transmitter, oh they're all full up? Well take that one off we don't need it (why have it there in the first place — yes it is finished with now). Haven't you fixed 'Reporting' yet? Has that signal gone to the ships? Good, here's another one amending it. Cease transmitting for radio silence. 'but we just got in touch on ship-shore'. No matter, it's war now. But that doesn't stop the messages coming in and going out. How do they go out? It depends where they are going. To ships in company it might go by flashing light or radio voice or even signal flags (rarely these days). Sometimes it will go by morse and other times by hand or helo — we've yet to use a pigeon (although it has been suggested); or it may have to go to UK or Singapore or to a ship off Australia, then it will go by radio teletype. Where ever it has to go there is a route and as long as the right route is put on the message it will get there, but that takes a bit of skill and is always providing that all the circuits and the operators along the way do their thing properly.

If the impression is gained that Communicators work hard, then the message has been passed, if it sounds as if communicating is a wearying task then there is truth in that because communications are at the nerve centre of every activity and the need for them never stops. This need together with the constant pressure to achieve speed, accuracy and security makes it a demanding job. But, these same factors are also the main source of the excitement and the interest that is in the business: it is there, you merely have to be aware of it.

For the record. Well over 40,000 messages were handled during the deployment and of these not more than 100 were subject to mishandling errors, an error rate of less than .3% and the ship was not responsible for all of the errors.

Well that is one view of what a deployment meant to Communicators. There were laughs — but that's another story.

HMS WOTTON

by JRO(G) Stairs

Being the 'first of the few' chosen for small ships, as a six month sea training billet, we thought you might be interested in the value of sea training on a coastal minesweeper.

Each morning at 0800 it's morse biffers, this is followed by general work with other departments, usually one week comm's then one week with other departments. Since joining we have now both gained a fair knowledge of such things as mine-sweeping, splicing, anchoring as well as duty helmsman, not to mention the finer arts of sea sickness.

The programme allows us to work with MEM's, and then the dreaded 'greenies', yes we expect to be allowed into the inner sanctums of the green empire!

Apart from this we undergo Dog Watch instructions and whenever possible man live circuits. Our only regret is that we were not taught morse transmission as it is the major aspect of sweeper communications. The comm's branch consists of the BIG 'C' being one of the last of the long breed of Communicators, sea daddy LRO(G) Emmins, Yeoman Willoughby of Wimbledon Common fame, and of course myself JRO(G) Stairs and RO3(G) Dyke, and not to mention the only four legged communicator in the business Fred Mutley (EW).

Force 8's! 'we eat em'!

RNAS YEOVILTON

by Mr J. A. Farley, FCRS

It could be said that Yeovilton is the main NAS within the Royal Navy, but then I would expect Culdrose, Portland and possibly Lee to disagree with that statement of fact. Yeovilton is situated, dividing the A303 about six miles from Yeovil, surrounded by countryside which should interest those who have had their fill of the Big City.

This COMM-CEN, detached from the main working and living areas of the establishment, provides message distribution facilities for the following signal message addressees. FONAC, NAS Yeovilton, NFSC Yeovilton, and Airworks Yeovilton.

In recent years Yeovilton has changed its role from being primarily a fixed wing station to basically rotary wing, which includes four Wessex Mk V squadrons, some of which are training squadrons. To back up with support for the lads at

sea we have Airworks providing a most important role as the Fleet Requirements Unit as should be recognised by all Communicators.

With the exception of senior rates the Communicators task is purely operating a small TARE Commcen basically working in four watches (48 on, 24 off, 48 on and 72 off) ideal in this time of non-Sunday rail travel. Three quarters of the staff are Wrens, with the remainder being five LRO's and four RO's (any).

Accommodation for male ratings is four to a cabin (all mod cons provided) in a fairly modern building. WRNS accommodation is divided into long dormitories, each containing 12 beds. The WRNS are also offered the following luxuries, two TV rooms, recreational facilities including a piano (for the budding Lynsey De Paul) numerous sewing machines and record players.

For the married men the married quarters waiting time is on the average four to six weeks, with the quarters being situated at Houndstone (six miles) Yeovil (six miles) Ilchester (one mile).

For interesting runs ashore it is advantageous to have a car as the bus service leaves something to be desired, taxis are very expensive but fairly reliable.

MHQ ROSYTH **(Northern Staging/Transit Post)** **by RS I. Bloomer**

As those of you who have bothered to burrow down to our level have found, 'fings' are much the same as usual (unfortunately). The long awaited renovation and extensions have fallen by the way-side and, once more, the RN side of the Commcen resembles a 'Heath-Robinson' nightmare! We are barely able to hold our own against a procession of workmen, cleaning ladies and recalcitrant death watch beetles! The W/T office, or, to give it its more popular name — The Radio Room — is a free gangway for all members of the Headquarters and they take full advantage. Following the path of an outgoing signal from house circuit to SCCN operator is a major expeditionary feat. However, the 'buzz' is that sometime in the near future we will be firmly ensconced in our new abode. Wherein, one hopes, we can maintain a circuit without surreptitious thumps on the receivers and tugs at patching cords (what price an ICS fit?).

Amongst other things that 'went on' last year, we had more than a little interest in the Cod War and kept a daily record of who was doing what and to whom! (Interspersed with JMC's and things). We were all a trifle sad when the whole thing came to a grinding halt because we almost recaptured the halcyon days of yore — 'Give 'em a broadside, Mr Christian' etc. Obviously, having kept Britain's sea-lanes open during this trying period, we were a little put out not to be mentioned in despatches in the New Year's Honours. However, we graciously allowed our SOO (Cdr Thomas) a decoration in our name.

Manning is an unbelievably complex problem in this emporium, with most guys arriving with an 'out' draft chit around their necks. Consequently, maintaining any sort of continuity is a virtual impossibility. (CND please observe.) Having said that, we are always willing to accept *Mercury's* hand-outs, of whom we have amassed quite a few. A bouquet must go to RS Williams for producing a class of 'G' ratings who can read morse code at 15 wpm, and are able to be suitably employed by their respective RSOW's. We are still awaiting, with bated breath, the increase in complement assured us by the Gods 'sometime' in the New Year. One hopes they arrive before we sink further into the 'do-it-yourself' category.

Having reached the personalities section, we cannot go further without mentioning that RS (buy me a drink), now CRS (buy me two drinks) Blowman has gone on draft to the mighty warship *Fife*. On the day he vanished over the bridge, half of Rosyth Dockyard fell into the Forth — or so they say. The Boss Man, Lieut Cdr Bryans, astonished the world (but not us) by bringing the Navy's entry in the Round the World Yacht race, *Adventure*, into Cape Town in the lead. All congratulations to him on a superb effort.

FCCY Duncan (who sometimes can be heard without a telephone — in Portsmouth, that is!) is established firmly as the junior rates Divisional Officer — and don't they know it. Lieut D. Cooper, as well as being Commcen OIC, is general guide and mentor for all and sundry. Rumour has it that he is a keen challenger for the 'Round Britain Car Rally' — in his BRG Racing Viva (50 mph and in top gear). FCRS Edge, as Commcen administrator has his finger on the pulse. The PSTC is always open to ships wanting extra curricular instructions and is manned, as always, by our 'Man at St Marks', CCY(TCI) Trevor Breward. Sometimes abetted by CY Telfer (late of the Queensferry wanderers) and always aided by RS Lewis (Chilean Naval Rep).

Lastly, please, before throwing adverse comments into the post about CCN operators, observe the current standards of morse reception/transmission required by 'G' ratings in the RN. (gawd). And, spare a thought for our antiquated equipment creaking and groaning into action.



PLAIN SOLES

HOLIDAY 74 by Mitch Clifflmore

of the Joint COMM-CEN, MHQ Plymouth

Now that Spring is here, isn't it time you started to think about your next holiday? May we suggest a select holiday resort set in the heart of sunny Devon, with its miles of golden beaches, washed by the gently lapping waves of the dark blue English Channel heated to just the right bathing temperature by the warm flow of the Gulf Stream. Also on hand, for those of you who might like a change from the sea, are the beautiful national parks of Dartmoor, Exmoor and Bodmin Moor. Some of you will already have sampled the delights of the latter, by courtesy of the Grey Funnel Lines guided tours, cunningly disguised as Leading Rates Leadership Courses.

This resort is, of course, Plymouth. And for your working holiday, what better place than the MHQ, Mount Wise.

Why not contact a reputable travel agency (we can recommend 'Drafties', a Portsmouth based subsidiary company of the GFL). Your own DO is probably a representative for this company, and he should be able to furnish you with the suitable brochures and documents. Hurry though, the demand is so high that 'Drafties' can't always guarantee your first choice.

'What about accommodation?' I hear you ask. Single men, or married men holidaying alone, can be accommodated in our beautifully laid out camp, HMS *Drake*. All facilities are provided, cinema, swimming-pool, shopping centre, parade ground, and the usual patrol service, to 'look out' for those who wish to wine and dine until the early hours.

Married couples and their families can choose between one of our holiday villages dotted around Plymouth. Depending on the size of the family, different types of chalet are provided, if and when a vacancy occurs. Or they can arrange their own accommodation, either with a friendly landlady, or in their own holiday villa if a more permanent stay is envisaged. The friendly landlady option is also open to single men, if they are lucky enough to find one who will 'accommodate' them.

Now, what to do while you are here? As this is a working holiday, you will, I'm afraid, have to show yourself now and again at the MHQ. Once again though, you have a choice.

Under our 'Dayman' scheme, your presence is requested for approximately eight hours each day (Monday to Friday only), with the occasional extra few hours as deemed necessary by the management. You will be asked to assist in the general running of the place, and to help out those GFL cruise ships nestling in the picturesque fishing village of Devonport. Of course, this means you will only have the weekends free to enjoy all the scenic beauty of the resort, but every night (well almost) will be free for you to mingle with the local people, and see them relaxing in

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the quaint inns and taverns of the area.

Our other scheme, the 'Watchkeeper', is slightly more unusual, and may take a little getting used to for the inexperienced, but it may appeal to the night owls or insomniacs amongst you. This is shift work on a 48 hour rotation period. Under this scheme you may be employed in the newly modernised air conditioned Naval Radio Room, sending or receiving goodwill messages to or from the GFL ships cruising off the sun drenched coast. Or you may opt for the Tape Relay Centre, where you will work alongside members of the GFL associated company connected with air travel. Here you will deal with messages to or from a wide range of resorts both at home and abroad.

Of course, the management reserve the right to refuse your first (or second) choice, and your appointment will depend a lot on previous experience, and vacancies available.

The management remains unchanged from that listed in the Winter edition of this brochure, except that CRS Kidney has departed for Norfolk Virginia (another winner from Drafties Inc), and has been replaced by CRS Parkin, late of the cruise ship *Intrepid*. The blue coats are far too numerous to mention them all by name, but all join me in saying 'Best wishes to all past, present and future campers'.



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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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

Name	Rank	Whither
ABBOTT, P. C.	Lt-Cdr	SCO to SNOWI
BAAL, Z. M.	Third Officer	Commcen Whitehall
BATES, F.	Lieut	Dryad for PWO course
BIRD, J. M.	Third Officer	FOCAS
BOWER, G. A. F.	Captain	MOD(N) for DGNMT
CASE, J. R.	Sub-Lt	Osprey for staff of FOST
CASWELL, W. M.	Lt-Cdr	MOD(N) DNEds for Language Training
CRAIG, R. M.	A Sub-Lt	Devonshire
CARR, A. F.	Lieut	Dryad for PWO course
DAVIES, J.	Lt-Cdr	President for RN Staff Course Greenwich
EMMETT, F. M.	Lt-Cdr	Antelope as Executive Officer
FULFORD-DOBSON, M.	Commander	FOSNI
GEORGE, C. M.	Third Officer	SHAPE
GRANT, I. F.	Commander	Intrepid as Executive Officer
HEWITT, E. M. G.	Commander	Victory for Divisional Course
HUGHES, I. B.	Lieut	Nurton in Command
JARROLD, I. J.	Lieut	Neptune for SST
KEMP, N. G.	Lieut	President for RN Staff Course Greenwich
KNAPP, M. G. A.	Lieut	President for RN Staff Course Greenwich
LANIGAN, A. J.	Lieut	RAN Exchange
LORD, J. T.	Commander	Antrim as Executive Officer
LUCE, P. D.	Lt-Cdr	Loan to Sultan of Oman's Navy
MACDONALD, M. C.	Superintendent	CINCNAVHOME
ORCHARD, L. W.	Lt-Cdr	Sirius as Executive Officer
PARK,	A/Sub-Lt	Fife
PHILLIPS, M. D. Y.	Lt-Cdr	FO MALTA as SCO
PIDGEON, G. C.	Lieut	Reclaim as First Lieutenant
PLACE, C.	Third Officer	Neptune
POPE, J. E.	Vice Admiral	COS to COMNAVSOUTH
PURVIS, J. W.	Lieut	President for RN Staff Course Greenwich
RIDOUTT, J. E.	Lieut	MOD(N) for DCC
ROGERS, J.	A/Sub-Lt	Excellent for courses
SAMPSON, G. E.	Captain	Sultan for AIB
SHATTOCK, B. K.	Captain	MOD(N) for DNSC
SKITT, N. T. J.	Lt-Cdr	OIC Tangmere
STENNING, M. W.	A/Sub-Lt	Excellent for courses
STRAKER, B. J.	Captain	SNOWI/ISCOM BERMUDA (as Commodore)
SUTERMEISTER, P. R.	Lt-Cdr	Zulu as Executive Officer
THRELFALL,	Sub-Lt	Blake
TRAER, E. W.	A/Sub-Lt	Hermione
TRAILL, C. G.	Commander	MOD(N) for DNOR
VEAR, J. L.	A/Sub-Lt	Excellent for courses
WILLIAMS, T. A.	A/Sub-Lt	Excellent for courses
WINGETT, J.	Sub-Lt	Mercury

HONOURS

CB Rear Admiral Sir Peter ANSON, Bt.
MBE Lieut-Comdr J. VEAL

OBE Commander W. H. M. MACKILLIGAN
BEM FCRS M. J. CHALLINOR

PROMOTIONS

To Captain: M. J. L. FREEMAN (30 Jun 74)

To Lieutenant Commander: G. EVATT
T. MAWSON

To Acting Sub-Lieutenant: J. RODGERS
M. W. STENNING
J. L. VEAR
T. A. WILLIAMS

To Commander: C. W. WILLIAMS (30 Jun 74)

To Lieutenant: R. M. WILLIAMS
M. A. D. MUGGERIDGE
D. CHERRY
J. WINGETT

To Second Officer: L. E. BRAY

Selections for Promotion to Fleet Chief Petty Officer (30 Sep 74)

To FCCY: E. BIGLAND C. R. BRACEY J. D. HOUSTON A. M. HUGHES

To FCRS: G. W. GORDON B. HEATON P. K. SHUTTLEWOOD J. WILCOX

To FCRS(W): A. F. J. COLBOURNE D. DEAN J. R. ROBINSON

To FCRS(S): J. K. ANDERSON

RETIREMENTS

Lieut-Comdr C. R. HOLLAND
Lieut N. W. HAGGER

Lieut L. ELLISON

WALBROOK APPOINTMENTS

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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. Reading the FLEET SECTION NEWS will give you the whereabouts of many of your friends. Please forward any drafts you wish shown in our next edition to your article for the Summer 1974 Edition of the magazine. Individuals may write directly to the Editor if they wish.

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

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
ALBERT A. G.	CCY	Intrepid	CAREY W. H.	RO3(T)	Maidstone	FRASER G. H.	JRO(T)	Leander
BELL B.	RS(W)	Devonshire	CARPENTER S. P.	JRO(G)	Rothesay	FROUD G. J.	LRO(W)	Mercury
ALEXANDER R. M.	RO2(W)	Rhyl	CARTEW G. O.	RO3(G)	Herald	GABRIEL A. M.	RO2(G)	Rhyl
ALLEN T. W.	RO2(G)	Bronington	CASSELLS I. J.	RO2(G)	Wasperton	GAMESBY S.	RO1(G)	Diego Garcia
ALNER K. W.	RS	Antrim	CRAWLEY J.	RO2(G)	Courageous	GAMMACK G. A.	JRO(G)	Ark Royal
ALMS C. D.	RO2(G)	Swiftsure	CHALLINOR M. J.	FCRS	Mercury	GARDNER S. P.	JRO(G)	Ark Royal
AMLIWALA H.	RO3(G)	St Angelo	CHESHIRE M.	RS	Victory	GARDNER T. L.	RO1(G)	Rooke
ANDERSON C.	RO3(T)	Amazon	CLARKSON S. E.	RO3(T)	Fearless	GARNSWORTHY D. J.	LRO(T)	Mercury
ANDERSON R. K.	RO2(W)	Mercury	CLEARIE C. H. C.	JRO(G)	Devonshire	GERSTENBERGER	RO3(G)	Lynx
ANDREW D.	RO1(G)	Resolution	COCKBILL T.	RO2(G)	Dundas	GIBSON V. J.	RO3(G)	Rothesay
ANDREWS C. V.	RO2(G)	Neptune	COLMER D. S.	LRO(W)	St Angelo	GILLARD T. B.	CY	Mercury
ANDREWS O. W. M.	LRO(W)	Ark Royal	CONMAN A. R.	RO3(G)	Dido	GILLINGHAM W. H.	LRO(T)	Mermaid
ANDREWS P. J.	JRO(G)	Rooke	CONNOR R. J.	RO2(G)	Mercury	GILPIN G. P.	RO3(W)	Lowestoft
ANDRITTEL I. J.	JRO(G)	Rooke	COOK P.	RO2(W)	Bacchante	GOODE J. D.	RO2(T)	Jupiter
ANDY H. I.	CY	Whitby	COOKSON E.	LRO(W)	Conqueror	GRAHAM J. W.	RO3(T)	Diomed
ANDY N. R.	JRO(G)	Minerva	COOLING R. E.	LRO(G)	Hermes	GRAY M. S.	LRO(T)	Mercury
			COOMBS B. G. T.	CRS	Mercury	GRAY W. C.	CY	Danae
			COOPER J. P.	RO2(G)	Hardy	GREATREX E. F.	RO3(G)	Brighton
ANNALL J. P.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	COTTLE I. P. R.	RO1(G)	Mercury	GREEN J. W.	RO(T)	Abdiel
			COX G. J.	RO2(G)	Kent	GREEN M.	RO2(W)	Mercury
ANNIE R. J.	CRS(W)	Apollo	CRABB D. W.	RO3(W)	Drake	GREGORY S.	RO3(T)	Norfolk
ANNES C. M.	RO2(G)	Endurance	CRAIG D. W.	JRO(T)	Andromeda	GRIFFITHS C. T.	LRO(W)	Berwick
ANNER D. R.	RO2(G)	Hubberston	CROXALL D. A.	LRO(W)	FO Plymouth			
ANNER R.	RO1(T)	Falmouth	CUTTLE K.	RO2(G)	Norfolk			
ANNES D.	JRO(G)	Abdiel				HAILS D.	LRO(W)	Neptune
ANNOW P. L.	RO1(G)	Grampus	D'CRUZ M. R.	LRO(G)	Tiger	HALES P. A.	RO1(G)	Endurance
ANN T. F.	RO2(G)	Kingfisher	DALBY A.	CCY	Hermione	HALL J. R.	LRO(W)	Brighton
ANNETT P.	CY	Sheffield	DALE M. J.	LRO(G)	Bulwark	HALPIN J. N.	RO1(G)	Anzuk
ANNIE E. A.	RO2(W)	Revenge	DARBY C. J.	RO1(G)	Pembroke	HANCOCK J. A.	RO2(W)	Sirius
ANNOW R. P.	LRO(W)	Ashanti	DAVIES A. G.	RO2(G)	Dido	HARDING O. T.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET
ANNEMAN J. C.	RS(W)	Drake	DAVIS C. G.	LRO(G)	Leander	HARMIN D.	RO2(G)	Mohawk
ANNANDALE R. W.	JRO(G)	Fife	DAVIS C. G.	LRO(G)	Leander	HARRAWAY M. L.	RO3(G)	Glamorgan
ANN P. J.	LRO(G)	Mercury	DAVIS D. K.	JRO(G)	Iuno	HARRIES J. B.	LRO(G)	Devonshire
ANN D. R.	CCY	Solent RNR	DEACON A.	JRO(T)	Rooke	HARRIS G.	RO1(G)	Mercury
ANN D. W.	RO1(G)	Dolphin	DEANS D. G.	RO3(T)	Scylla	HARRISON D.	LRO(G)	Mercury
ANN R. J.	RO2(T)	Bristol	DE HAVILLAND S. P.	JRO(W)	Rooke	HAYDEN A. J.	JRO(T)	Mercury
ANNETT G.	JRO(T)	CINC-FLEET	DENHAM N. J.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	HEALY A. J.	RO2(T)	Apollo
			DENNING K. L.	CY	Mercury	HENDERSON F. A.	JRO(G)	Nubian
ANNETT J. R.	CRS(W)	Mercury	DICKINSON A.	JRO(T)	St Angelo	HEWITT J. A.	CY	Mercury
ANNLEY A. V.	RO2(T)	Mercury	DOAK T.	LRO(T)	Londonderry	HICKS N. J.	RO2(G)	Brighton
ANNY K. M.	RO1(G)	Ark Royal	DONALD W. R.	RO3(G)	Whitby	HIGNETT M. T.	RO2(G)	Eskimo
ANNESWORTH G. E. S.	RO2(G)	Reclaim	DONOGHUE R.	RO1(W)	Mercury	HILL D. R.	RO3(W)	Argonaut
ANN J. D.	RO2(G)	CACHALOT	DOUGLAS J. T.	RO2(T)	Osprey	HILL K. R.	RO1(T)	Tamar
ANNIE M. J.	RO2(G)	Valiant	DUKES S. C.	RO1(G)	Ark Royal	HINDMARCH G.	RO2(G)	Mercury
ANNIE L. J.	LRO(T)	Blake	DYER P.	RO3(G)	Kent	HINDS M. F.	RO2(W)	Ashanti
ANNIE S.	CY	BRNC	DYKES G.	CRS	Fost	HIRD R.	LRO(G)	RNU
								Tangmere
ANNBURN G. A.	CRS(W)	Mercury	EAGER M. J.	RS	Nubian	HOARE M. A. P.	JRO(G)	Rothesay
ANNHAM P. J.	RO3	Ariadne	EASTON S. C.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	HODGSON R. J.	LRO(T)	FOF1
ANNHAM D. L.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET				HOLMES J. L.	JRO(G)	Devonshire
			EASTWOOD A. G.	JRO(G)	Ark Royal	HOLMES J. T.	RO2(G)	Repulse
ANN D. J.	FCRS	Hermes	EDWARDS R. G.	RS	Intrepid	HOOD B.	RS(W)	COMNAV-SOUTH
ANNETT L. W.	LRO(G)	Whitehall	EGAN M. J.	CY	Bacchante	HOOKWAY F. T.	RO1(G)	Ark Royal
ANNES D.	CY	Ark Royal	ELLIOT K. J.	RO1(T)	Mercury	HOPER P. S.	RO3(W)	CINC-FLEET
ANNLEY J. A.	FCRS	FOF2	ELLIS C. A.	LRO(G)	Berwick	HOPPINGTON J. A.	RS	Mercury
ANNSHAW H.	RO2(T)	Amazon	ELLIS P. J.	JRO(G)	Leander	HOTCHKINS M. A.	LRO(W)	Repulse
ANNSEN C. A.	JRO(W)	Rothesay	ELSTON D. S.	LRO(G)	FO Plymouth	HOUGHTON R. B.	CCY	Leander
ANN J. M.	RS(S)	Tangmere	ELVIN D. M.	LRO(G)	Revenge	HOWARD A. C.	JRO(T)	Rooke
						HOWARD S. L.	JRO(W)	Danae
ANNIE D. W.	RO2(T)	Haslar	FALLOWS C.	RO1(G)	Maxton	HAWARTH D. J. H.	JRO(G)	Jupiter
ANNISLEY J. E.	JRO(G)	Scylla	FALDUS M. P.	RS(W)	Minerva	HOWELL C. J.	CY	CINCEAST LANT
ANNKER T.	JRO(T)	Mermaid	FERGUSON-SMITH I.	RO2(W)	Neptune	HOWELLS R. D.	RO3(W)	Londonderry
ANNAN C. A.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	FEWITRELL P. T. C.	RO2(T)	Mercury	HOWES R. W.	LRO(W)	FOF2
			FIELDER M. E.	CY	Mercury	HUGHES D.	LRO(T)	Falmouth
ANNAN C. S.	LRO(T)	Sheffield	FINN S. V.	JRO(W)	Charybdis	HUMPHREYS A.	RO2(W)	Brighton
ANNANE K. P.	JRO(T)	Argonaut	FINNEY G. W.	RO2(T)	Lewiston	HUNT S. P.	RO2(T)	Mercury
ANNANIE R.	LRO(T)	Lincoln	FLAHERTY P.	RO1(G)	Glamorgan	HUNTER J. H. J.	LRO(G)	Monkton
ANNAN P. L. J.	CY	Mohawk	FLINTHAM B. J.	LRO(T)	Gurkha	HUNTWICKS R. J.	CCY	Norfolk
ANNAN J. A.	RO2(G)	Mauritius	FLYNN V. A. H.	RS	Bacchante	HURST J.	JRO(G)	Leander
ANNANING S. M.	RO2(G)	Mercury	FORREST D. L.	JRO(G)	St Angelo			
ANNAN L. G.	RS	Dido	FOWLER D. M.	RO2(T)	Mermaid	ICHE J. M.	RO1(G)	Rooke
ANNAN J.	LRO(T)	Mercury	FOX E. V.	RS	Hecla	IRVINE A. C.	LRO(G)	Glamorgan
ANNAN B.	RO2(G)	Dolphin	FOX M. D.	LRO(G)	Mercury	IRVINE J. L.	RO3(G)	Undaunted
ANNAN K.	RO2(G)	Falmouth	FOX R. A.	LRO(T)	Penelope	IRVING S. L.	RO2(G)	Berwick
ANNAN B. D.	LRO(G)	Resolution						
ANNAN R. J.	RO3(W)	Brighton						
ANNAN R. F.	LRO(T)	Dolphin						

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
JAMES A.	RO2(T)	Mercury	MURPHY D. E. D.	LRO(G)	Mercury	SETTERFIELD A.	RO1(G)	Mercury
JAMES R. C.	RO1(T)	Mercury	MURPHY R. M.	RS(W)	Diomed	SEWRY B. F.	RS	Diego Garcia
JAMIESON A.	RO2(W)	Mercury	MUSKAR A. J.	RO3(G)	Mohawk	SHARMAN P. J. C.	CY	Mercury
JARMAN T.	LRO(W)	Eskimo				SHAW W. J.	JRO(W)	St Angelo
JENKINSON M. L.	JRO(T)	St Angelo				SHEERE B. M.	RO2(G)	FO Plymouth
JOHNSON G.	RO2(G)	Mercury	NABBS B. R.	CY	Mercury	SHUTER E. W.	RO2(G)	Hermes
JOHNSON G. R.	LRO(G)	Mauritius	NADEN A. G.	RO2(W)	Ashanti	SHUTTLEWOOD P. K.	CRS	Norfolk
JOHNSON N. D.	CRS	Mercury	NELSON A. D.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	SIMMONETTE T. P.	RO2(G)	Lynx
JONES C. D.	RO2(T)	Bulwark				SKELT R. P.	LRO	Diego Garcia
JONES E. J.	RO2(G)	Chichester	NEWBY C. H.	LRO(T)	FOF2	SKULL M.	LRO(T)	Tiger
JONES S. J.	CY	Sheffield	NICHOLAS D. G.	RS	RY	SLATER M.	RO2(T)	Rooke
						SMALLER D. W.	RO2(T)	Sheffield
						SMITH D. R. I.	LRO(G)	CINCNAV-HOME
KADER D.	RO1(G)	Mercury	NOBLE N. J. J.	LRO(W)	Cochrane	SMITH H. F.	RO2(G)	Zulu
KEMP M. A.	RO2(G)	Neptune	NORRIS D. W.	LRO(G)	Whitehall	SMITH J. R.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET
KENYON R. A.	RO1(G)	Salisbury	NOXON P.	CY	Ark Royal			
KEWN K. C.	RO3(W)	St Angelo	NUGENT G. M.	RS(W)	Kent			
KING B. A.	LRO(T)	FOF1				SMITH M. J.	LRO(G)	Blake
KIRBY M. H.	LRO(G)	Conqueror	OAKES R. L.	LRO(G)	Tamar	SMITH P.	LRO(G)	Bulwark
KIRRANE H. M.	RO2(G)	Torquay	O'BRIEN P. J.	RO1(G)	Hecla	SMITH P.	RO2(G)	Iveston
KNIGHT R. A.	JRO(W)	Rooke	OVEREND J. L.	RO2(G)	Onslaught	SMITH R. J. W.	LRO(G)	Heate
KNOTTS G. W.	JRO(W)	St Angelo	OWERS G. M.	RO2(T)	Mercury	SOPER A. R.	RO2(T)	FO Plymouth
			OYSTON P.	RO3(W)	Dolphin	SOUTHWAY S.	JRO(T)	Ark Royal
						STANNEY H. R.	RS	Penelope
LALLY D. J.	RO2(G)	RY				STANTON M. J.	RO2(G)	Dido
						STARGATT M. D.	RO2(G)	Neptune
						STEVENSON S. A.	RO3(G)	Tenacity
LANGLEY J.	RO1(G)	Hydra	PAINE R. D.	JRO(G)	Chichester	STEVENSON W. J.	RO3(G)	Blake
LAWSON J.	RO3(T)	Victory	PALMER O. W.	LRO(G)	CINCSEAS-TLANT	STILES W. F.	RO2(T)	Salisbury
LAWSON M. J.	RO2(W)	Mercury	PALMER R.	LRO(T)	Mercury	STOCKER G. P.	RO2(T)	Mercury
LAWSON T. D.	RO3(G)	Penelope	PALMER W. R.	LRO(G)	Mercury	STONE R. E.	LRO(T)	RNU
LEE S. M.	RO3(G)	Mercury	PARKER W. R.	LRO(G)	Mercury			
LEPPARD J.	FCRS	(W) FOF2	PARRY D. R.	RO3(G)	Achilles	STONEHOUSE J. R.	RS(W)	Phoebe
			PARRY S. D.	RO3(G)	Diomed	STURGEON N. J.	LRO(G)	Hermes
			PAYNE M. S.	LRO(W)	Apollo	SUMMERELL N.	JRO(T)	Minerva
LEWIS M. S.	RS	Mercury	PEEL A. J.	LRO(G)	Hampshire			
LEWIS M. T.	LRO(W)	Mercury	PENNINGTON R.	LRO(T)	Mercury			
LITTLE G.	LRO(G)	Kent	PETERS G. R.	CY	Mercury	TAIT J. R.	LRO(G)	Neptune
LLOYD G. F.	LRO(T)	Scylla	PERRY M. F.	LRO(W)	Warspite	TALLENHIRE J. S.	JRO(W)	St Angelo
LOVATT D. N.	RO1(G)	Tamar	PICKLES D. A.	CY	Northumbria	TAVENER C. L.	LRO(G)	Mercury
LOWMAN S.	LRO(G)	Minerva	PIPER E. A.	RO2(G)	Minerva	TAYLOR D. R. F.	RO2(T)	Victory
LUCAS B. A.	CRS	Apollo	PHILLIPS W.	LRO(G)	Gurkha	TAYLOR M. L.	LRO(G)	Hydra
LUDGATE P. J.	RO2(G)	Warspite	POOLER B.	LRO(W)	Renown	TAYLOR P. F.	RO3(T)	Victory
LUKE A. J.	RS(W)	Mercury	POULSON N.	LRO(G)	Mercury	TEASDALE P. A.	RO2(T)	Mercury
			POULTON R. M.	LRO(T)	Mercury	THOMPSON P. N.	RO2(T)	Victory
			PRICE G. C.	RO2(G)	Llandaff	THOMPSON J. B.	LRO(G)	Hermes
MACBETH D.	RO2(G)	Londonderry	PRICE J. H.	RO2(G)	Herald	THORNLEY T. J.	RO2(T)	Mercury
MADDEN C. K. J.	RO2(G)	Londonderry	PRICE R. B.	RO2(G)	Herald	TODD N. R.	JRO(G)	Fife
MADDISON M.	LRO(W)	Neptune	PURDIE M. I.	RO1(G)	Repulse	TOMES P.	RO2(G)	Dolphin
MAJOR R. A.	JRO(T)	St Angelo	PUXTY K. H.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	TURNBULL J. E.	LRO(G)	Cochrane
MALCOLMSON G. A.	JRO(W)	Rooke						
MANSFIELD P. W.	RO2(G)	Neptune						
MARCH H. E.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET						
MARSHALL A. R.	LRO(G)	Mercury	RADFORD C. W.	JRO(G)	Lowestoft	WADE M. J.	LRO(T)	Ark Royal
MARSHALL R. G.	JRO(T)	Chichester	RAE G. W.	RO2(W)	Mercury	WAIN J. W.	RO2(G)	Anzuk
MARTIN J. A.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET	RAINER G.	RO2(W)	Mercury	WAKEMAN C. B.	LRO(G)	Mercury
			RANSCOMBE I. D.	RO1(T)	Haslar	WALDRON F. C.	RS	RNR Curzon
MAYES R.	RS	Tiger	REECE D. H.	RO3(G)	Yarmouth	WALSH P. C.	RO2(T)	Drake
MCANDREW K. R.	JRO(T)	St Angelo	REED K. W.	RO3(T)	Brighton	WARD D. G.	RO2(T)	Lowestoft
MCCAFFERTY J.	JRO(G)	St Angelo	REES D.	RS	Diego Garcia	WARRINER M. J.	LRO(G)	Whitehall
MCCARTHY S. L.	RO2(G)	Repulse	REID S. W.	JRO(G)	Mohawk	WASSELL D.	RO2(G)	Mercury
MCCORMICK P. M.	RO1(G)	Kingfisher	REILLY J. A.	RO2(T)	Shavington	WATKIN D. H.	RS(W)	Lincoln
MCCURRY W. G. H.	LRO(G)	Otus	RHODES D.	JRO(G)	Hermes	WATSON K. C.	LRO(G)	Drake
MCDONALD J.	LRO(G)	Mercury	RICHARDSON N. M.	LRO(G)	RY	WATSON M. F.	RO1(G)	Scimitar
McFETRIDGE J.	RO1(G)	Juno				WATSON S. R.	JRO(G)	Chichester
McKAY J.	JRO(T)	Diomed	RICHMOND C.	RO1(G)	Whitehall	WAY C. T.	RO2(T)	Mercury
McMILLAN H. W. F.	LRO(W)	Amazon	ROBERTS J.	CCY	Mercury	WEBB A. J.	RO2(G)	Neptune
McNIFF G. W.	RO2(T)	STANAV-FORLANT	ROBERTSON W. M.	JRO(G)	Herald	WHEELER A. L.	LRO(G)	Devonshire
			ROBSON L.	CRS	Mercury	WHITE C. E. T.	RS	Glamorgan
MEADOWS B.	RO1(G)	Drake	ROBSON M. A.	RO3(W)	Rooke	WHITE G. H.	RS	Danae
MELVIN J.	RO3(G)	Brinton	ROCKETT L. S.	CY	Ashanti	WHITEHEAD F.	CCY	Fost
MERCER A.	LRO(W)	Bacchante	RODGERS W. D.	RO3(W)	Diomed	WILCOCK J.	LRO(T)	Ark Royal
MILLER B. J.	RO2(W)	Mercury	ROGERS S. M.	RO2(G)	Olympus	WILCOX P.	LRO(G)	Mercury
MILLS B.	JRO(T)	Ark Royal	ROSE A. M.	JRO(W)	Mercury	WILLIAMS A. R.	RO2(W)	Blake
MITCHELL D. M.	RS	Mercury	ROSE D.	JRO(G)	Rooke	WILLIAMS C. J.	RO2(G)	Anzuk
MITCHINSON L.	RO3(T)	Rooke	ROULSTONE W. J.	LRO(T)	Mercury	WILLIAMSON R. E.	CRS	Diego Garcia
MOCK P. J.	RO1(G)	Ark Royal	ROY T. J. P.	RO1(T)	Hecla	WINCHESTER J. J.	LRO(T)	Bristol
MOIR N. A.	RS	Cochrane	RUDDLE A.	LRO(G)	Whitby	WOOD A. M.	RO3(T)	Diomed
MONTGOMERY S. R.	JRO(T)	Bristol	RYAN K.	RO3(G)	Chawton	WOOD I. E.	JRO(W)	Jupiter
MOORE C. R.	JRO(G)	CINC-FLEET				WOODALL D.	RO2(G)	Mercury
						WOODCOCK B. R.	RO1(G)	Kirkliston
MOORE E.	RO1(T)	Leander				WOODWARD P.	LRO(T)	London
MORGANS R.	LRO(W)	Whitehall	SANDERSON E. C.	RS	Bulwark	WYLIE R. D. M.	CY	Dundas
MORLAND R. M.	RO1(G)	Mercury	SAYNOR V. P.	RO2(T)	Mercury			
MORRIS G.	LRO(G)	Amazon	SCOTT R. I.	LRO(W)	Jupiter	YATES S. J.	RO3(T)	Achilles
MORRISON J. D.	LRO(G)	Herald	SEARS M. N.	RO3(T)	Leopard	YEARSLEY F.	JRO(G)	Rooke
MORTON P. S.	LRO(W)	Bristol	SELL R. J.	RO2(G)	Dolphin	YOUNG D.	LRO(W)	Bacchante
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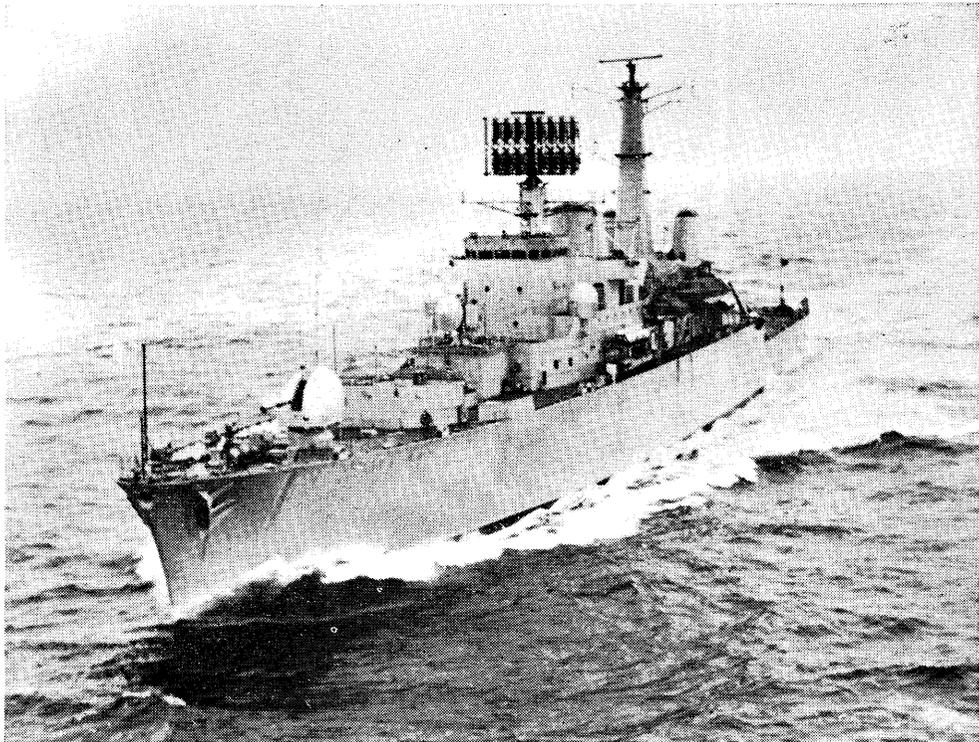
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