

# THE COMMUNICATOR

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No. 2

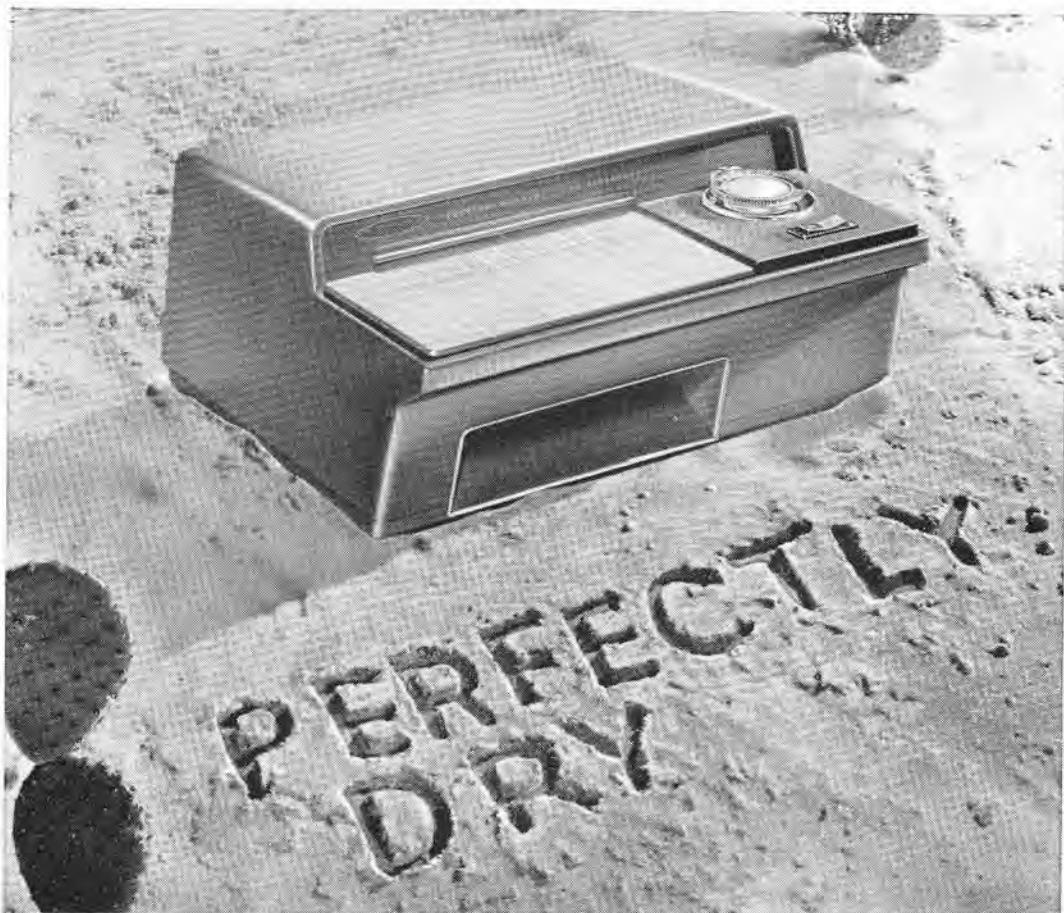
CELER  
ET  
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SUMMER  
1961



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





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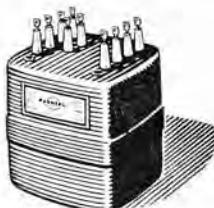
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# THE COMMUNICATOR

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

SUMMER 1961

VOL. 15, No. 2

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*Cover:* Ships of the 108th Minesweeping Squadron in Msida Creek, Malta.

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## EDITORIAL

Being new to the Editorial desk I hope I shall be welcomed with a continuous bombardment of material. There is always room for more cartoons, drawings, photographs and special feature articles. If you know that someone has talent or has been involved in something interesting, get on to him to send a contribution. To try and get a balanced variety of items in an issue I must have plenty of volume to pick from.

Do not wait till the deadline to send in material. The next deadline is 31st October but the Editorial staff (who never close) will welcome entries in September. Finally, double line spacing with an inch margin either side is a great help.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

## D.S.D. REPLIES TO "ALL MOD. CON."

by Captain W. J. Parker, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.

In Searchlight in your Easter edition, "Ex Leading Tel." asks some very pertinent questions, and in particular—"Is the W.T Branch a forgotten Branch" and "Are we thought of by Their Lordships, especially at Naval Estimates time".

First, it is necessary to say that we fully understand and sympathize with these questions, and if it is any consolation, these sort of questions have been, and will continue to be, considered within the Admiralty. However, it must be appreciated that the Board of Admiralty have similar cries from every side; for example, as the speed of aircraft increases, the need for faster naval planes and better radars is raised. So too, with the advent of the nuclear submarine, for better and better A/S detection devices and weapons, not to mention similar pleas for improved gunnery in the form of guided weapons. With a limited budget only so much can be done at a time and it should be appreciated that the Board of Admiralty do the best possible for the good of the Navy as a whole, within this very large restriction.

Having said so much I can already hear you saying "He is just going to tell us the same old story all over again, no money for communications, so we are after all a forgotten Branch". In fact, this is not the case; after very strong representations a few years ago, a large and expensive programme of improvement in communications has been approved, but there are three factors which have to be taken into account:

- (a) First, the development of equipment takes a very long time and so a programme put in hand some time ago won't be seen for a little while yet.
- (b) Secondly that, unlike any other equipment which can be useful and operate on its own,

e.g. a guided missile ship can work with ships fitted with guns, a new communications system is normally no good unless fitted in all ships of a force.

- (c) Thirdly and as a result of (b) above, the ability to use a new communications system requires a long and expensive ship fitting programme spread over quite a number of years.

The gist of this is that something is indeed being done but its effect won't be felt for some time yet. This I know is the "jam tomorrow" answer and you want "jam today". A programme of interim improvements is therefore under consideration at present and will, we hope, be starting in the not too distant future. Unfortunately, the planned fitting dates cannot be given in an Unclassified magazine like this.

So much for the broad programme of new equipment. What about the simpler matters which make so much difference to the Operator, such as the layout of bays in a wireless office and the facilities for a tactical operator on the bridge or flag deck? There is no doubt that, as a Branch, we have fallen behind the times in this respect, largely due to the historical fact that the Trials Section of the old Signal School grew into a large establishment of its own, namely H.M.S. *Mercury II* or A.S.W.E. Portdown. Inevitably, as the years have gone past they have, in their growth, drawn further and further away from purely communication matters, and in particular the user aspects. This is no reflection on A.S.W.E., who have been doing their own job; rather it has been an error on the part of our Branch, which we have not, until recently, fully appreciated. Now we have, as you may know, set up a User Trials and Development Section in H.M.S. *Mercury* which, amongst other things, plans or vets layouts of communication offices on behalf of Signal Division in the Admiralty, from the user point of view.

Again, because of the time it takes to produce drawings, get A's and A's approved and then taken on at refits, the effects of what this Section are doing will only begin to be felt gradually. However, you can rest assured that they are already having a very significant effect.

To summarize then first, the Communication Branch as a whole is by no means a forgotten Branch; secondly, large and expensive programmes are in train to rectify the problems of today and we hope for tomorrow, and possibly the day after tomorrow; and, shortly, we are now taking the user requirements much more into account in our planning, and any ideas you have for such improvements should be fed into the User Trials and Development Section at H.M.S. *Mercury*, who will always welcome visitors.

Last, but by no means least, those sitting in positions to advise the Board have only too recently suffered the problems "Ex Leading Tel." referred to and are doing their best to modify them. Until the

effects of the programmes now underway or being planned can be felt, it is appreciated that you are being asked to deal with communication problems not envisaged when the equipment you have was designed. However, I feel sure that, despite this handicap, you will still shine in relation to other Nations by devoting that extra time and effort to your task, which has always been the hallmark of the R.N. Communicator.

## USER REQUIREMENTS AND TRIALS SECTION

For those who have never heard of it, this section, more commonly known as "X" Section, has its offices near the main gate of *Mercury*, almost opposite the guard room.

If you have ever had a bright idea about improving the layout of your Wireless Office—if you have a crafty system of distribution—if you feel that you know exactly what is wrong with your control layout—then, please keep "X" Section in mind.

Our aim is to inject the Users' point of view into design and layout, and therefore we want to ensure

that we *get* those ideas. With the best will in the world, our efforts will bear little fruit unless we can say "This is a 'User Requirement'."

Senior Ratings returning to *Mercury* from other billets are invited to visit "X" Section if they can give us the benefit of their experience in their recent jobs. Any rating with an idea which might bring about improvement in design or layout is equally invited to come along and air his views.

Remember, no one should criticise unless he is prepared to suggest a better way. For years, Communicators have had no means of trying out "better ways". Now in "X" Section, there *is* that means. We would much rather work on a suggestion from a Communicator than from anyone else.

(See what D.S.D. says on another page.—Ed.).

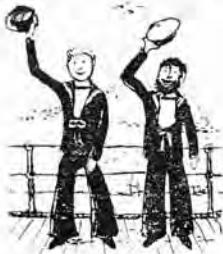
So, if your "Runyon Dorg Ridiculator" looked good enough to replace the present equipment in your MSO—if your Grandmother's method of hanging up bunches of herbs was just the thing for airing bunting in a small space—or if your 20-in. SP could only be trained from the MWO—why not tell us about it?

We will try your idea out for size, seek other opinions and views, and if it looks workable, push along the right lines.



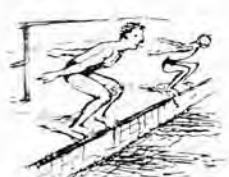
H.M.S. "Bulwark" to assault stations

# We take off our hats to...



Lt. Cdr. W. F. Paterson, R.N.  
on relinquishing the Editorial Chair after 3 years

## BIRTHDAY HONOURS



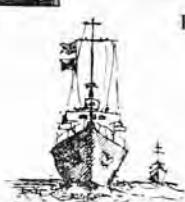
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Capt. N. E. S. Dalrymple-Hamilton  
M.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.



C.R.S. Gray

R. S. J. Cauty



## PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

## SALVAGE

by L.R.O. D. A. Yeates

The cry goes out, "Can we have a sparker for a few days?"—and one of the Navy's numerous small craft is preparing for a trip to sea away from the watchful eye of its base.

This time it was the *Barmond*, about to attempt a salvage operation on a merchant ship, which had run up on a coral reef in the Flores Sea.

C-in-C's staff took a look around, and decided that *Bulwark* would not miss one of their sparkers for a few weeks, so out went the detail, "You are to lend one RO to *Barmond*, etc"—Down the scale it went until finally, "You are to join *Barmond* tomorrow at 0900, collect the necessary gear this afternoon from Naval Base".

0900 found me alongside the *Barmond* at the Boom Depot, Loyang, watching the loading of anchors, cables and wire hawsers necessary for the salvage operation, when a voice boomed, "You must be the sparker, just put your gear in the office, we sail as soon as we get this lot on board." Sure enough, with the last anchor secured on the deck forward, there was a blast on the ship's siren and we had slipped.

As soon as we had cleared Singapore, we were joined by the RFA tug *Encore*, which was to assist in the operation, and take us in tow to conserve the coal which we used as fuel. Thus commenced the five day trip to reach the stranded ship and time to take my bearings.

Except for the officers and an engine room tiffy, the crew were Asian, a mixture of Malayan, Indian, Pakistanis and Chinese. This seemed at first to present a language difficulty, but with Malay as the crew's basic tongue and English for terms such as "springs" the First Lieutenant managed to work the ship without much difficulty. Because of the Asian crew and the ship's limited facilities, I was victualled in the wardroom.

During the five days we were visited by an RAF Shackleton on a routine SAR exercise and after circling the ship a few times she flashed across that the RA members' families were all well in Singapore!

On the fifth day we sighted the *Marine Explorer*, the stranded ship, on an even keel, but with her bows stuck fast on a reef, just off an island called Banawaja in the Postillion group. On arrival we were told that we were sighted long before we were visible on the horizon, apparently floating in the air!

The first move was to try a straight pull, ourselves on one quarter, the tug on the other. This proved a failure, however, which meant that the heavy gear we had brought with us would be needed after all. So securing alongside the stern of the *Marine Explorer*, the salvage officer had words with her

master. After deciding that it would be necessary to jettison much of her cargo from the forward holds, we transferred mechanical grabs for this purpose, then got down to the job of laying the anchors, cables and what have you, which constitute "ground tackles". The idea being that large anchors are laid either side of the stranded ship, then from the anchors, large hawsers lead inboard on to her winches forward via huge tackles. This might sound easy, but, with each anchor weighing five tons and the coral reef rising so steeply that a few yards out it was too deep and a few yards in we would have been aground ourselves, it meant laying and relaying until they held and were in the right position. All this preparation took over a week, and during the spells that we were waiting for tides we secured alongside the *Marine Explorer*'s stern. This had its disadvantages, as we found that the cargo of coal going over the side left a dust cloud floating down on us. On top of that it was decided to top up our own bunkers while we had the opportunity. Life was uncomfortable, to say the least, for a few days. We made a second and unsuccessful attempt at refloating during this period which resulted in even more coal over the side of the *Marine Explorer*.

We were visited regularly by the local Indonesians, in their outrigger canoes, with fresh fish and coconuts. We enquired after bananas and other fresh fruit but we found that the only food we could obtain from them were fish and the coconuts which they grew for the local traders. One day they had a huge ray in the bottom of the canoe, but the Chinese steward would have none of it, "No good fish", he kept saying, so we decided against it!

The third attempt proved successful and slowly and surely she finally slid off the reef, with over a thousand tons of coal on the seabed to mark the spot.

By this time the water tanks were getting low, and we found it necessary to detach *Encore* to the Indonesian port of Macassar to top up. Meanwhile, we set about recovering the ground tackles and the *Marine Explorer* examined her bows for damage. Finding that she only had a small leak forward, and that was under control of the pumps, she declared that she could proceed on her way, and requested an escort for twelve hours to see how things went.

We then set course for Singapore and after the twelve hours *Marine Explorer* decided to proceed alone and, making a better speed than ourselves, she was soon disappearing over the horizon ahead of us.

Later we were joined again by *Encore* who told us that Macassar, where she had topped up with

water, was suffering an epidemic of smallpox and no shore leave was granted. Taking us in tow again, we then made our long way back to Singapore. During this trip our navigator, wishing to check his fix, had me flash across "What is your position, please?" After a considerable pause back came the answer, "200 fathoms ahead of yours". Very helpful!

### H.M.S. CENTAUR by "Buster"

H.M.S. *Centaur* officially commissioned for G.S.C. on 3rd March in the presence of Princess Marina, who had launched the ship. Everyone was delighted she was able to come.

So we commenced a work-up that was destined to be two-and-a-half months of hard work, with the occasional break to recharge our energies. We sailed from Portsmouth on 4th April amid much wailing and groaning from R.A.s as they waved to their families. Our first stop was Plymouth, where each watch had a run ashore, with the exception of those who had slapped in to grow hairy faces. Then it was on to the Med. Gibraltar saw us for a weekend with *Hermes* in company. She then sailed for home as we headed eastwards to commence our work-up. After three days exercise "Junex" with the 1st D.S. *Surprise*, *Ausonia* and numerous R.F.A.'s, we had five days at Barcelona where we were well received and a good time was had by all.

At the time of writing we are cooling our heels in Gibraltar during a two-week self-maintenance period in preparation for going "States Side" for the rest of our "Home Leg".

All-in-all the work-up went very well and none of us has suffered any lasting after effects, and though many flying hours have been put in we remain accident free, except for the loss of one chopper off Malta—happily with no casualties.

It has not been possible to put aside much time for sport since leaving Portsmouth, but during our pre-commissioning refit, even with only half the staff, the Communication soccer team have swept all before them to win the inter-Part Trophy and are still undefeated. In answer to questions as to why a large chunk of the *Mercury* football team should get the same draft chit as Captain Henley and Lt. Collins, we reply that this was entirely coincidental. I do not think it can be truthfully said that we shine in any other sport, although we have the odd representative in most of the ship's teams. R.O.2's Ferguson, Brown, Berry, Singleton, R.S. Ginn and T.O.3 Taylor, usually play a big part in winning matches for the Ship's soccer team which has had a very successful season. This run of events was brought to a painful halt when we were beaten 9-0 by the Barcelona University side, which many rated as good as 3rd Division teams. In Gibraltar we relieved *Hermes* of the two tug-o'-war Carrier Trophies (Royal Marines and Ship's Company).

However, the fix must have been a good one as we sighted Singapore on time, passing the *Marine Explorer* outward bound from Singapore, she flashed across the usual pleasantries and the episode was practically over. All that remained was to secure at the Boom Depot and return to rigours of big ship life.

They retained the soccer trophy, beating us 3-2. This is attributed to the fact that we were not used to the hard pitches. We had previously won the rugger Trophy from *Victorious* in Portsmouth.

During arduous days at sea, the Ship's concert party had laid on two excellent concerts. The second was much the better because of experience gained from the first. There is a great deal of hidden talent in our midst, but none of the Communicators have so far performed, although their shore-side rendering of "Oggieland" has received favourable comment.

Deck hockey! A very sore point with L.T.O. Goodman who had half his chin removed during our one and only game in the Knockout Competition. We do not excel in this line, I suspect it can be put down to "too much shore time". Not surprisingly, the Squadrons seem to be the best at this unrefined pastime.

Communicationwise, the work-up has taught us all a great deal, although naturally enough the accent throughout had concentrated on flying and working-up the deck. During a self-maintenance period in Malta, the "Signal Training Centre" and "Fleet Electronic Warfare Unit" provided us with splendid training facilities. Everything seems to have gone smoothly to date with the branches led by C.C.Y. Mayers and C.R.S. White.

By the time this goes to press, we should (all being well) be back in Pompey enjoying ten days G.S.L., which we reckon we have earned. We also hope that our T.O.3's and R.O.3's will have passed professionally for the Second Class Rate. Then it is off to the Far East for the second part of the commission, which has started well, and we all hope will go on in the same way.

### H.M.S. VICTORIOUS

Should this call be intercepted—we made one at Easter but obviously after Editor Primary had been closed down—we would like to record that as you read this *Victorious* will be about to celebrate the first anniversary of the present commission en route Singapore—Fremantle.

Our first 108 days after leaving U.K. meant no less than 85 spent at sea (this is a peace-time era too) but we are neither boasting nor complaining.

It was 16th August, 1960, when we commenced to count days per month in terms of G.S.C. leave. After much hard labour, cleaning, scrubbing, polishing, rigging aerials and all the things one has to



Communications Staff H.M.S. "Victorious"

accomplish after a refit, the new UHF converted *Victorious* became alive again in September when, with A.S. Portsmouth's blessing, the Channel received us for trials (various). Much to our amazement and dismay, for we were so keen to use our new equipment, the first heavier than air contraptions to survey our broad acres were V.H.F. fitted—our two Type 86Ms were valiant. This was some small consolation in a fevered fortnight when Transmitter Rooms became the natural habitat of C.R.S. and C.R.E., watch and watch pleading with each 603 in turn not to blow any more fuses, nor perform various other mysteries which seem to occur behind those otherwise inoffensive front panels.

Sufficient reward was achieved to allow the work up to begin as planned, and F.O.A.C. came to see fair play. An Indian summer, centred on the Mediterranean, found us taking part in every type of exercise available at the time, "Royal Flush", "Carstex", "Pink Gin" and "Decex". We are indebted to Malta Comcen for their tolerance, as the ionosphere behaved intolerably badly to us and it was at times necessary, but regrettable, that we were obliged to seek more than the odd re-run. Our new and untried staff realised the use of a two watch organisation and came through well enough to spend Christmas with Mum, whilst A.S.W.E. developed an interest in such interference problems as were presented to them—a Scimitar loud and clear on the FM12 for instance.

Bidding farewell, but not forgetting to book a reservation for a future date at PHJ, RA was amended to read G on 20th January, and we paid a not exactly social visit to Cardigan Bay where our pilots were turned loose to show their paces. "Most successful", was the verdict they received, and turning south, ship and squadrons were headed for a future of unknown adventure.

A day in the lee of the Rock where we were joined by *Blackpool* and *Tidereach*, and then the Union Castle route; but flying was the order of the day and night. Welcomed on the station by *Lynx* and *S.A.S. Vrystaat* VICOMPLAN was successfully launched into operation with an exercise which

achieved good results, before carrying out a "Shop Window" which had the local press searching for adjectives, complimentary of course. This was proved when Duncan Dock, and indeed the whole of Capetown spread a welcome more befitting the returning hero than the casual visitor. We thank you, Capetown.

It was here, on board ship for the first time in history, that a new Queen's Colour was presented to the South Atlantic and South American Station in the true setting of Sunday Divisions.

Table Mountain was all too soon a memory, and whilst there was no red carpet treatment in Aden, the more pressing needs of Exercise "Sea Sheikh" kept us busy for a few days. F.O.A.C. left us for *Hermes* but threatened to return at a later date; and turning eastward we transited the A.S.P.G. station. Here we add a word of praise for our colleagues in Ceylon who fought so well to keep us and three other operational carriers supplied with signals when, with their depleted resources, they were also endeavouring to put on a bold front with "Jet 61".

Eastering in Singapore and earthing aerials for the first time provided the first real break, but we were soon to embark F.O.2.F.E.S., and buying our tickets for "Pony Express", entered into the spirit of SEATO for the first time. With four RATT broadcasts being copied simultaneously and always at least one transmitter too few, we reached North Borneo with the feeling that we had done a good job—the U.S. TFC said so too.

Now the fleet which we came to join are enjoying their summer vacation where the sun is always rising, leaving us to suffer the untold horrors of a docking period (not in a home port), but eased by the comforts of *Terror* and Kranji. To our colleagues in the latter who looked after us so well, we render our many thanks. Several members of the staff have taken advantage of the F.E.S. recreational facilities, spending a few days with Army Units, Fexpeds in whalers, pinnaces and M.F.V., whilst the less adventurous types have found rest centres and private accommodation more to their taste. One member, who shall be nameless, though



"Victorious", "Ark Royal" and "Hermes".

apart from rank, commonly known by a three letter title, managed to get himself detailed to spend a few days on duty in the U.K. We immediately called to mind a proverb about an ill wind!

The foreseeable future promises a short excursion to Hong Kong and Subic Bay before returning for a last look at the metropolis of the F.E.S. (we hoped for more of the provinces) before galivanting off to Fremantle. We trust the Test series will have swung in our favour before we reach there.

To R.S. Anstey, whose untiring efforts have aided Aircoms to reach such a high standard of efficiency, we regretfully say, "Farewell", and wish him all luck in anticipation that by the time we "down tools" the branch will have gained another worthy R.C.I.

G.S.

### ARK ROYAL

At present, the ship is high and dry in dock, suffering from the inevitable outbreak of red lead rash and rivets. However, the slow trickle of new blood is beginning to percolate through last commission veins bringing a feeling of pending resurgence.

Swipe me!

Wot I reely mean is that we are neerly ready for

the next commishun . . .

So for those of yoo what have been detailed for the abuv menshunned draught draft ship, heer are a few hints wot mite proove yoosful.

Flog up on yoor spelink . . . its himportant on a flat top.

Flog up on yoor reskue destroyer stashuns . . . their langwage is 'orful if yoo sends them to the rong 'ole.

Lern to lip read . . . when them airy planes start you kant understand wot anyone is sayink . . . and it mite be important like wots favourite for the two-thirty. Develop your pashuns . . . not that kind . . . wot I meen is payshence . . . yoo'l need it cos of all the ladders . . . they dont 'arf wear yoo down going up. Keep 'orf the flight deck or yoo might find yooself suddenly in orbit.

Start prakticing pooting owt yoor sag when yoo hear the words . . . Fewl danger on the flight deck . . . Its surprizing how long one sag will last, which is an advantage, now that the price has gone up. If you dont . . . there is the possibility that yoo will go up too.

Buntungs kultivate your Foxtrot teckneek . . . yoo will use it a lot, but with this kind yoo wont have girls or mewsick to keep yoo interested.

Lern how to decifer the bulkhead markings or yoo wont ever find 6J1 mess which is where yoo get yoor hed down, or 04K, where you wuk . . . wich doesnt matter reely if yoo are a stoker (sorry) mekanikal injuneer.

If yoo are well spoken and eddicated like wot I am you may get chosen to reed the news over the ship's internal TV. sistem wich is a grate honour . . . I wos, and wos very popewlar with them wot never watched it.

Commewnikashun Yoman  
CLIMIE.

### SUMMER COMPETITIONS PRIZE WINNERS

FEATURE . . . L.R.O. D. A. Yeates—  
"SALVAGE"—page 63.

Ldg. Wren Judy Creagh—  
"Scooter Trip to Ronda"—  
page 67.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—No photographic or cartoon prizes were awarded but a second prize was added from the Feature Section. See page 107 for Christmas Competitions.

## 2nd PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

## A SCOOTER TRIP INTO RONDA—SPAIN

Driver—Leading Wren (Communications) JUDY CREAGH  
 Pillion Passenger—Wren (Communications) PAT HIBBETT

Encouraged by "friends" of North Front W.T. "Mobile Unit" in Gibraltar and their morbid descriptions of the hazardous road conditions and mountainous terrain which would be met on passage to Ronda—an old Spanish town lost somewhere in the mountains, Pat and I decided that it had become necessary to show them just how mobile the Wrens' Mobile Unit here could be. Result: on 10th May at about 1300, armed with handbook, first-aid kit and a box of unfamiliar tools, Pat and I secured the luggage, leapt aboard the scooter, and steamed off to the unknown.

Crossing the Gibraltar-Spanish frontier, we informed the guards at the "Aduana" that we had the crown jewels hidden in our hold-all and consequently passed through without even having to untie a single knot.

I had experienced road conditions in Spain previously, and so thought it safe to go over the 30 m.p.h. mark, but climbing out of the fourth pot-hole we realised that the "Intelligence" of our friends at North Front was not without foundation after all. Speed was reduced automatically anyway, as we climbed away from the flat coastal area, winding our way into the more mountainous region. Just outside the tiny mountain village of Gaucin, we stopped for "sarnies", and then continued on our way refreshed.

There was an inescapable feeling of loneliness in the mountains which we both experienced as we approached Ronda, something cold and somehow sad, emphasised by the number of empty-looking shacks guarded by a solitary goat or perhaps inhabited by a large silent family of dark-eyed, poorly dressed children.

We reached Ronda about 1745, having clocked up 65 miles from Gibraltar. Next day we visited the Gorge—famous throughout southern Spain—it was breathtaking. Having heard interesting tales of men being thrown to their deaths far below during an earlier period of Ronda's history, I think Pat was more than a little disappointed to learn that the stories had no basis after all. Worming our way into the Bullring, which, incidentally, is the oldest in Spain, we spent an intriguing hour listening to our friend the guide's interpretation of "what it used to be like."

A gale had blown up during the morning, and during lunch we watched the first spots of rain spatter against the dining-room windows. The manager had already warned us of the steep hills and dangerous road conditions on our route back—a different one from that of our journey to Ronda, so

I was keen to get away in case we should become stranded for the night. After lunch we started on our return journey.

We climbed steadily up into the mountains for the first half hour and then the descent began. For about twenty miles the road followed a continuous "Z"—officially 551 bends, and although at first I enjoyed cornering, the novelty soon wore off. Suddenly, careering round the umpteenth bend, I felt the front steering stiffen. It was all I could do to keep on the road which was unfenced, with a 300 foot drop at one side.

We ground to a stop by a crowd of "hombres" who were clearing a large landslide, and on hands and knees we inspected the scooter with renewed and very genuine interest. One of the workmen pointed to the front wheel—of course, a PUNCTURE! Pat and I looked urgently at our watches, so little time . . . we sat and pondered and, flipping through the pages, found "Changing Front Tyre" in the handbook. I decided, rashly, that we ought to be able to do it ourselves. A lorry drew up beside us, two "hombres" shouting in incomprehensible Spanish—but they could not help. We were beginning to despair when a cream sports car stopped, and to our delight and relief a voice called, "What's up, then—can we help?"—in English too!

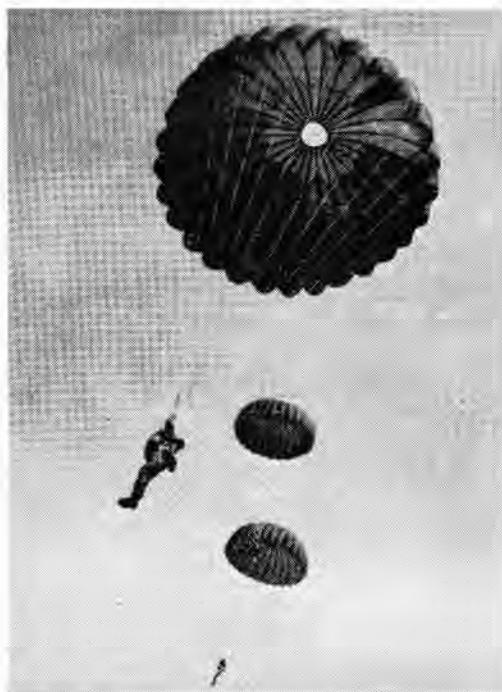
Very soon our luggage was strewn all over the road and our new-found English friends were more than proving their competence, together with two scooterists and a man on a mo-ped, as the spare was exchanged for the front wheel. Cigarettes were handed round as we watched; Pat and I could not help laughing to ourselves when we noticed one of the "hombres" very gallantly trying to study the handbook. As the scooter was upside-down, he obviously thought the book should be read that way too.

One hour later we rejoiced in success. One of the scooterists took my scooter up the road and back to ensure it was safe to ride. The "convoy" which took to the road towards Malaga must have been an amusing sight—heated by the Spanish hombres' lorry, followed by man-on-mo-ped, the two scooterists, Pat and I, with the cream sports car and another lorry bringing up the rear. We eventually said "Goodbye" at San Pedro.

By now it was 8 p.m., and we were behind schedule, the light was as bad as the road, making it difficult to discern shadows from potholes. However, 2145 found us back at the Spanish Gibraltarian Border—exhausted. At last we were back in *Rooke* and staggered up the stairs to our quarters, having enjoyed ourselves immensely.

### 3 AMPHIBIOUS OBSERVATION TROOP, ROYAL ARTILLERY HONG KONG

by R.S. D. P. MCKAY



"A Stick of Three"

Well at last this rather small and widely travelled unit is sending its first contribution to "our magazine" (sorry to see that 95 A.O.R.R.A. our H.Q. in U.K. got in before us—Easter number).

Firstly I would like to tell you what our job in Hong Kong is. We take part in all the S.E.A.T.O. Exercises in the Far East, controlling, or taking part in all the naval gunfire phases of the exercise; we travel quite a bit during a year, in the last twelve months, we have participated in two major exercises, "Sea-Lion" and "Pony Express". (I do not know who dreams up these names, but we suggest the next being called "Mule Train".)

All the ships which have been to Hong Kong know Whitfield Barracks, and we hope that they enjoyed their short stay with us, even though they did not like the R.S. jamming spotting procedure down their throats, all day long, and then, just as a change, taking them out on a small "Manpack" exercise, with 622's and batteries complete on their backs, over some five to seven miles of some of the worst hills in Hong Kong.

Some of the ship's Communication staff, and Captains look twice when the R.S. or one of the

R.O.s go on board for liaison duties, for we turn up in olive greens, boots and gaiters, beret, an assortment of badges and wings on the arm and invariably sporting a set, but I am glad to say that they soon become accustomed to our Navy Army routine and everything works out well in the end.

I hope that this will be the forerunner of many items from 3 A.O.T.R.A.

As for A.F.O. 1385/58, any R.O., L.R.O., or R.S. who thinks he could fit the role should by all means have a go; I was over thirty before I started jumping and I hope that I will be allowed to carry on for a further year or so.

#### THE 6th F.S.

The Squadron (four ships?) sailed from U.K. for the Far East Station on 26th November, 1960, minus *Blackpool* and *Llandaff* who thought better of it and decided (wisely so) to spend Christmas at home first. *Rocket* née *Undine* had just completed her workup the day before sailing.

The Squadron (now two ships), sailed in company with the *Hermes* out via the Med. with plenty of flying exercises on the way, arriving at Colombo in time for Christmas and sailing to reach Singapore on New Year's Eve.

Having now been on the Station for three months with several runs ashore to our credit, Singapore—Subic Bay—Hong Kong, we have finally been joined by our friends in the *Llandaff*, and with luck will have the *Blackpool* with us by late March after accompanying the *Victorious* out via the Cape.

We are at present on our way to take part in "Exercise Jet 62". Afterwards our programme up to July takes us out on S.E.A.T.O. Exercises, then visits to Manila—Hong Kong—and several ports around Japan.

#### F.6.—YARMOUTH

Known to all as *Mercury III*, due to our complement of thirty-one and our keenness in taking part in every exercise, whether at sea or in harbour.

**Quip 1.** Who was the J.R.O. who, when told by the M.S.O. to set watch on H.I.C. (U.H.F.) said to his L.R.O., "If you go and put the 89Q on, I will tune in a B40."?

**Quip 2.** Who was the L.T.O. who, having a signal to go, hopped on to his 20" and spent fifteen minutes or more calling up, with numerous mutterings about those solid ?' & ???"'s on the *Hermes*, during which time an L.R.O. was standing in front of the 20" striking matches, and finally discovered he hadn't switched the power on?

**Quip 3.** Our C.R.S.—C.R.S. Clapson, will be well-known to all, having just completed three RPT three years at *Mercury*.

This is the first tale of the 6th F.S. to the COMMUNICATOR, we hope, and we will endeavour, not to make it the last, exercises permitting.

## CEYLON WEST W/T

by R.S. R. C. Day

"Jet '61" is now history but no doubt the various ships' companies will remember it from one aspect or another. The canteen at Trincomalee? At Ceylon West W/T it will be remembered for two things—both new to this wireless station. The RTT (VR's) and Submarine Broadcasts. Both taught the personnel here something. Patience and fortitude in the face of 150 INT ZDK's within 48 hours of activation of VR's perhaps being the major lessons.

Wesak, the Buddhist annual holy celebration, celebrating the Birth, Enlightenment and Death of Bhudda, occurred on 29th April. This festivity is very similar to our Christmas and is enjoyed by Buddhists in much the same way. Children's parties and decorations and set street illumination pieces which brought thousands to Colombo sight-seeing. Even the poorest peasant sported lighted candles as decorative illumination and made things very pretty and cheering. The Establishment Bhuddas prof. like ten, having a holiday both at Christmas and at Wesak.

When last writing for this magazine, the progress of the *Highflyer's* Go-Kart Klub was in its earliest formative stage with the Karts themselves still tucked away in the NAAFI. Since that time most positive steps to field these miniature monsters have taken place. Assembled and "run-in" with subsequent servicing as a result of "running-in" (to a coconut palm on one occasion), the Go-Karts are now ready and waiting.

One morning we were intrigued to see a most weird looking machine standing on some waste ground not far from the station. Hopes that this was a "Wireless Station Dismantler" (in readiness for next year) were dashed when during the course of the forenoon the machine, as effortlessly as some wives here drink "White Ladies", carved out a first class Go-Kart track. How many "tots" it cost the D.B.S.O. to borrow this wonder machine—a Grader—is not known, but it certainly saved a great deal of back-breaking labour.

Behind the scenes, much paper work has been going on in order to comply with the many rules and regulations, insurances and indemnities, etc., which are necessary for this type of sport.

With the Karts, the track and all safety measures in order, one could expect to witness some racing, but this was not to be. Two days of heavy rain played havoc with the track and drainage became a major problem. Nevertheless, the real enthusiasts are at present tackling this one and the near future should see at *Highflyer* all the excitement of Brands Hatch and Goodwood—in miniature of course.

Whilst the "nannie" draws water from the well, "lady" boils it on an oil stove, and "Master" writes by candlelight complaining to the landlord, our friends across the way at *Jufair* are enjoying the

disgusting luxury of an air conditioned Married Quarter, yet they state (THE COMMUNICATOR Easter Edition) that Ceylon West W/T has never had it so good! Was that the Editor's deliberate mistake?

Factual Footnote: Most bungalows privately rented by Ceylon West W/T personnel have the water supply from a well with an electric pump. In the event of a power failure—a common occurrence—everything in the house goes off.

**Laugh and Tear up bit:** The following conversation took place over the telephone at Kotugoda (Transmitters for Ceylon West W/T) recently:

Phone Rings: "Power House here sah, could you give me the correct time, please?"

"Certainly—E.F. or ZULU?"

"Thank you very much, sah."

Click as receiver is replaced.

## HONG KONG

The year so far, here in Hong Kong, has been quite eventful, both professionally and otherwise. We have been visited by the Chief of Defence Staff whose mind was set at rest by what he saw and heard. He had, he said, been a little apprehensive about visiting Hong Kong, as his was the decision which reduced it to its present state. French, Pakistani and Indonesian Flag Officers have called and we were pleased to welcome *Hermes* for a brief visit.

In March our local sailors of the 120th IMS went off on a long jaunt to Singapore and Borneo, where with the 104th CMS and some American sweepers supported by *Woodbridge Haven*, they carried out a sweeping programme arduous in its hours worked in a warmish climate. The job was an operational one and consisted of sweeping a minefield laid during the last war, so that the timber industry in Borneo could expand and use the waters with safety. The fact that no mines were seen or cut did not alter the fact that it was a worthwhile job. Those of us who stayed behind welcomed them back safe and sound about six weeks later.

The first typhoon of the season has been and gone—named "Alice" by whoever it is who names these skittish females. She was not as "Bloody" as "Mary" of 1960 and although unfortunately claiming two lives, did little damage. At the time we had the greater part of the Far East Fleet home and most of it became part of "Force S" and put to sea to have more room in which to avoid "Alice's" amours. *Hartland Point* and H.M. Submarine *Teredo* however rode out the storm at buoys in the harbour. The former spent one afternoon being missed by the odd ferry and pontoon; she probably had a more hectic time than did F.O.2 FES in *Belfast* at sea with the rest of the ships.

The fleet was scheduled for a stay of about ten days. In some cases this was extended to 16 days due

to bother in S. Korea. Visits to Seoul were cancelled and the C-in-C Far East Station remained in Hong Kong and so for a few days we were guard for "The Flag". We managed to keep up with the flag transfers and everyone knew where everyone else was (no mean feat). Along with the C-in-C's flag there were flying in the harbour the Flag of F.O.2 FES in Belfast and that of the Commander Australian Fleet in H.M.A.S. *Melbourne* together with our own broad pendant. Incidentally, is there another place where the Commodore flies three pendants continuously?

After the fleet had sailed, things soon got back to normal, at least in the M.S.O. The C.R.R. complement still have a full day/night on ship shore and recently have worked ships in the Med. and *Wizard* on her way back to "Guzz" and on the other side of Gib. When they are not busy on SS they seem to spend a fair amount of time clearing Army and R.A.F. traffic as these two Services are "Out of Touch". They are a friendly crowd too, so if you are at Spithead and cannot raise Pompey W/T give "GZO" a shout. Your traffic will be in good hands.

The next visit of interest was that of two Indonesian destroyers, the *Siliwangi* and *Singamangaradja*. The ships themselves seemed quite clean from outboard and very fast, being very low in the water, and are of Russian design. They left here for Vladivostock. The Senior Officer was a Commodore, the C.O.'s were Lieutenant Colonels. It was noticed that they appeared to fly a night ensign while in harbour. Talking of night ensigns; while our fleet was here, all ships rehoisted their ensigns at 2100 daily and floodlit them until sunrise.

*St. Brides Bay* was guardship here on 1st June and to celebrate the "Glorious First" the Commanding Officer invited forty families for a trip to sea. So along with the wife, the writer joined about 40 others on board at 0900 and being in all respects ready (Lifebelt, Seasick Tablets, Tranquillisers) proceeded to sea down the harbour, passing the Indonesians on their way in. Out through Lie-u-mun Pass, and round and about dropping whalers and firing "Ahead Throwing Weapons", etc., etc., meantime getting a large lungful of fresh air. He was also pleased to find out that he had not completely forgotten the morse code. Note to ambitious new entries:—The writer thought he recognised the First Lieutenant (Lt. Cdr. R.N.) and on enquiry found that he did, but the last time he had seen him the First Lieutenant had been a C.C.Y.

On the social side: bowls at the CFC, cricket and soccer in season. The Comms. soccer team beat the sailors, to win the knockout competition. "Banyans" are all pretty well supported when the weather allows. This year it has been particularly contrary, and while some days are beach days, others are strictly for web toes.

## H.M.S. COOK



*Back:* L. R. O. Gamble, R. S. Matthews, L. T. O. Evans.

*Front:* R.O.2 O'Rourke, T.O.2 Stretton, R.O.2 Stanney.

To the entire Communications staff, life aboard one of H.M. Survey ships was a mystery. A lot of it still remains a mystery, although some of it does tend to resemble life in General Service ships. By the time the commission has finished, the V/S boys will need to requalify on things like rotating the axis and such mysteries, while the W/T side will all need to requalify in the Authentication systems and Tape Relay Procedure. Life goes on quite merrily though, the TO2 polishes the brightwork on the bridge, and occasionally exchanges identity with the odd ship here and there, the RO2's scrub out the office and keep single operator watches on the broadcast. A pleasantly lazy life on the whole.

The present commission started on 20th March, 1961, in Singapore, after fifteen months modernisation. After a trial survey up the Eastern coast of Malaya and a trip into the South China sea to test our deep-sea recorders we were ready for our journey back to the South Seas. Except for a two-hour call at Miri (Sarawak) we made our next port of call Port Moresby (New Guinea).

On 13th June at 2100, King Neptune's heralds boarded the ship and informed the Captain that the court of his Most Fishy Majesty would be held on board, and that all those who had not been initiated into the mystic rites were to be presented before his tribunal. Several indictments were then issued by

the Chief of Police, one of them being for the Radio Supervisor. At 0900 on 14th June, King Neptune and Queen Aphrodite were welcomed on board by the Captain and, with their entourage, duly escorted to the fine swimming bath erected on the fo'c'sle. All the Communications staff, with the exception of the LTO, were initiated and now possess a very nice certificate to prove that they have crossed the line.

This commission will take us to Vila in the New Hebrides, Suva in Fiji, and to the Gilbert and Ellis Islands. Our Christmas and New Year rest and refit period will be Auckland in New Zealand. We will return to Singapore in June next year and be waiting to turn over to our reliefs.

A word about the staff:

The department is led by Radio Supervisor Matthews, complete with Amateur Radio Station, and licences to operate same. L.R.O. Gamble joined the ship after having hung up his mountaineering kit at R.N.A.S. Lossiemouth and exchanged it for blue shorts and flipflops (and a beard). RO2 Stanney is now enjoying the comparative calm of the South Seas after a hectic period at Portland W/T. RO2 O'Rourke joins us after spending a busman's holiday in *Decoy*. LTO Evans joined the ship direct from two year's hard graft in the New Entry Divisional Office, *Mercury*, and TO2 Stretton, who will be remembered as the Postmaster-General of St. Budeaux, is his right-hand man.

With these few lines from "The White Ghost of the Pacific" we now leave you for the roar of the breakers over the reef and the swish of grass skirts.

M.J.M.

### H.M.S. ROTHESAY



This, our first contribution to the branch magazine since our "Work up" at Portland in May, 1960, deals with three-quarters of *Rothesay*'s commission, under the command of Commander J. B. D. Miller, R.N. (Ex *Mercury*), on the West Indies Station.

We left U.K. in September 1960 bound for Bermuda, via Azores, the base port of all R.N.

ships on this station. Our first sight of the "Sunny" West Indies was dismal. It was raining.

We spent a couple of days there storing and preparing the ship for her duties of Hurricane Guard ship, which is the primary object for ships of this station. So far we have been quite fortunate as far as the weather is concerned. We have had no bad storms, certainly nowhere near hurricane force. Maybe we will catch it on the final quarter of the commission. Meanwhile an enjoyable time was had at places as big as Vera Cruz (Mexico) or as small as Castries in St. Lucia.

We made world headlines in January when we were concerned with the *Santa Maria* episode. Naturally our Branch was kept busy with incoming and outgoing traffic. A lot of the traffic was from well-known newspapers asking for "exclusives", and offering sums of money for the first photographs of the *Santa Maria*. After a 3-day chase, which was of no avail, we continued our cruise. We could not forget it if we wanted to, we are forever known as the PIRATE-CHASERS.

Although we had been led to expect few opportunities for exercising on this station, we have, in fact, not done too badly, having had exercises with the Canadian, American and Netherlands Navies.

After all the warm weather we had, you can imagine what it was like for us, when we had to go up the East Coast of Canada for Exercise "New Broom Ten", which lasted for ten days, with Canadian and U.S. forces. We, apart from two submarines, were the only R.N. ship in the exercise.

After Halifax we went to U.S.A. to Brunswick, Baltimore and Norfolk. Many were able to get to Washington while the ship was at Baltimore. Nearly all had "Grippos". While in Baltimore the ship was honoured by the visit of a group of distinguished Signal Officers, including Captain W. J. Parker (D.S.D. and former S.N.O.W.I.), Captain R. F. T. Stannard, R.N. (Retd.), Commander J. Rushbrook (B.N.S. Washington), and Commander R. C. M. Morgan (D.S.D.).

On completion of the American cruise we steamed back to Bermuda for the last time. We spent three weeks cleaning the ship from stem to stern in readiness for the forthcoming cruise to South America, where we will be visiting Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Mar del Plata and Salvador. For this cruise we have been relieved, as hurricane guard ship, by *Lynx* from the South Africa and South Atlantic Station.

The ship has excelled itself in sports, but football and cricket were our specialities. The football team has never been beaten by another ship, but has suffered a few defeats at the hands of the islanders. One spectator at Antigua said we were the best they had seen. (We were beaten 4-1.)

The commission has been enjoyable. Young or old, this is one commission we shall never forget.

## ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

A few weeks ago G3BZU realised an ambition in achieving contact with stations in one hundred different countries. Stations recently worked, during better conditions than we have known for some months, include VP3 in Georgetown, British Guiana, EL1 in Liberia, and 9U5 in the Belgian Congo. QSL card confirmation is still awaited for some of the more recent contacts, but we hope to have this soon.

Many members have already taken advantage of the R.N.A.R.S. QSL cards now available in the form of a photograph of *Tiger* with overprinting to order. May we remind you that orders should be despatched to the Hon. Sec. R.N.A.R.S., who will pass them on to the printers, but that cheques should be made payable to the printers and not to the R.N.A.R.S. This helps considerably. Please write for a specimen if you have not yet seen one and wish to do so before placing your order.

Recently we have had letters from New Zealand, Kenya, Canada, and Singapore, giving the latest news, and wish in particular to thank the editors of the East African Amateur Magazine "QTC" and the New Zealand magazine "BREAK IN" for publicising the R.N.A.R.S. Others might like to follow suit? We are yet a young Society, not yet having celebrated our first birthday, and such publicity is invaluable to us.

Blazer lapel badges will shortly be on order. Unfortunately, the manufacturers cannot promise an early delivery and we may have to wait up to three months before they will be available. Full details will be despatched in our next news letter to members. VQ4HE in Nairobi (Marlborough House, 59a, Marlborough Road, Nairobi) has extended a cordial invitation to all Communicators visiting Mombasa who can make the visit up-country to Nairobi. E.T.A. Nairobi should be sent, or contact made through The Manager, Camping Bros. & Vanderwal Ltd., Argyll House, Mombasa. Visiting members of the R.N.A.R.S. will be given a special welcome and can be put up by Mr. John Sainsbury.

Finally, a reminder to all readers that new members are always welcome and that a knowledge of radio is not necessary. The only requirement is a direct connection with the R.N., R.M. or W.R.N.S., so if you are at all interested why not drop a note to the Hon. Sec. R.N.A.R.S., H.M.S. *Mercury*? Full details including the various grades of membership, etc., will then be sent to you completely without obligation.

### AMATEUR RADIO ON THE WEST INDIES STATION H.M.S. ROTHESEY (VP2ST and RSGB BRS22265)

"Hams" finding themselves with a draft to the West Indies, may be interested in hearing something of amateur radio activity out here.

In the Caribbean area, amateur radio is more than just a hobby. In many cases it is the only rapid means of communication between the smaller islands, and in hurricane emergencies is a recognised channel of communication among the islands of the Antilles.

The Antilles Emergency Weather Net meets at 1100Z daily in order to pass the local weather reports to the Net control station in Puerto Rico, which in turn, phones them into the U.S. weather bureau in San Juan. This net is manned by volunteers throughout the Caribbean area from Venezuela through Curacao, Trinidad, Barbados, the Antilles and Puerto Rico.

When first arriving on the station, *Rothesay* monitored the weather net in order to learn something of its organisation and compilation, so that in an emergency there would be no confusion over who was who. With different countries participating in this weather net, regulations are not common to all: you may find one station operating with 10 watts and another with a Kilowatt. Anyone for a phonepatch to Canada? We pass a daily weather report when at sea via the weather net and most stations have no second thoughts about working a non-amateur station, viz., an H.M. ship. However, there were a few occasions when amateur stations queried the legality of such operation on their part, and on the suggestion of various members of the weather net, a licence was obtained, hence the VP2ST call. This was approved by the local Naval Authority, who is very much aware of the necessity for harmonious co-operation between the radio amateurs and the R.N. because of the important part the radio amateurs play in emergency communications in the area.

Once the licence was obtained, the bug bit, and now it is in the blood, so much so that the station is now equipped with a DX40/VFO transmitter and SX71 receiver, all acquired in San Juan. The City and Guilds radio amateur examination papers were sent out to the ship, and soon we hope to be operating under a GM MM call.

Amateurs coming to the West Indies, wishing to operate ashore, can obtain permission by writing to the "Telecommunications Officer, Colonial Secretary's Office" or "Administrator's Office" as the case may be, of the Island to be visited, enclosing a copy of their current licence, and will find the local authorities most helpful.

During our station leave in Bermuda, spent in an army camp, the rig was installed in an observation post on top of a hill. It is surprising what a DX40 will do when fed into a 16 foot length of 22 gauge wire. As VP2ST/VP9 we worked on CW, Russia, France, Germany and Austria, and on Voice most of the U.S., Canada, South and Central America, South Africa, New Zealand, Italy and

Great Britain but we searched in vain for G3BZU.

For amateurs coming to the West Indies and intending to be active we would pass on this advice: bring your own gear—equipment is almost unobtainable, most amateurs here import their own direct from the U.S.

"Junk" boxes are jealously guarded, they are regarded as gold mines by their lucky owners.

Technical know-how is of a very high standard—you are never too old to learn.

Develop a high resistance to RUM, this is essential.

73's

VP2ST & BRS22265  
Jock Bev

## PERSONALITY PIECE

**Mr. David A. Pilley**

Amateur Radio Station G3HLW is owned and operated by R.N.A.R.S. Committee member David A. Pilley at 3, Dacombe Close, Parkstone, Dorset, who first became interested in Amateur Radio in 1945, whilst working as a laboratory assistant at S.R.D.E. His apprenticeship into amateur radio was as an S.W.L. on the 5 metre band with a 2-V-1.

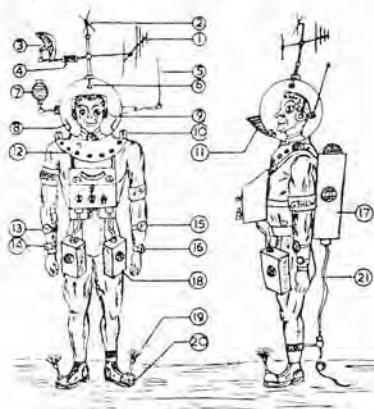
In 1947 he joined the R.N. as an O/Tel at *Excalibur*, and from 1948 kept G3BZU alive, by operating whenever possible, from a wooden hut, where a tennis court now stands. Later on the brick hut on the Broadwalk was used. Early in 1951 he received his A.T. licence, joined the (S) branch and before the end of the year operated from Malta G.C. as ZB1STC and ZB1HLW. Since January 1955 David has had to earn his money the hard way as a Design Engineer (Electrical). However, the R.N. still has a place in his home and the R.N.R. know him as M.F.C.48.

Today his interest in amateur radio is S.S.B. and V.H.F. The present H.F. transmitter is a home constructed 9 mc/s phasing exciter mixing with a



5 to 6 Mc/s V.F.O., giving selected upper or lower sideband to a 2 x 6146 linear P.A. in class AB 1 on all bands from 1.8 to 21 mc/s. The 144 mc/s transmitter is still a conventional A3 type feeding into two 5 element yagi's. The shack, incidentally, is an extension on the garage and was specially built with the bungalow.

The QSL card shown below was drawn especially for mobile activities. The mobile rig is a home constructed 144 mc/s transmitter/receiver fitted under the dash of the car. Although the P.A. is only an EF 91 producing about half a watt, excellent contacts have been made with stations in France and the Channel Islands while underway.



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## SINGLE SIDEBAND (SUPPRESSED CARRIER)

by David A. Pilley (G3HLW)

Single sideband is not something new. Commercially, it has been in use for point-to-point communication since the early '30's, but only in the past 13 years has it been accepted and its many advantages appreciated.

What are these advantages? Briefly 9 d.b. (or 8 times) signal to noise ratio improvement over amplitude modulation operating at the same peak power output. No phase distortion or selective fading. No bulky modulator required. No Carrier Wave to cause heterodyning interference with adjacent stations. Less R.F. spectrum required, as the spectrum required is exactly that of the original audio signal. Minimum T.V.I. problems.

That all sounds very wonderful, so what of the disadvantages? Some complexity of gear, but no more than that of an average receiver. A little more know-how is desirable. Both transmitter and receiver stability must be good. Now are these disadvantages? I think they are necessities, but leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Today there are still thousands of Radio Operators, Engineers, etc., who still believe that the Carrier Wave of an A.M. transmitter varies in amplitude with the applied audio and they can even quote the various oscillograms. If you are one of these you have been misled. The Carrier Wave is there so that the applied audio can beat with it to produce side frequencies (sidebands) on either side of it and when it eventually reaches the Detector stage of the receiver, to demodulate these sidebands and produce audio. In S.S.B. transmitters the carrier wave and one sideband is suppressed and the sidebands made intelligible again by inserting an artificial carrier at the receiver in the form of a b.f.o. or c.i.o. (carrier insertion oscillator). Now you can see one of the advantages, no hundreds of watts of Carrier required, just a b.f.o. producing the odd watt.

Earlier I mentioned complexity, but how complex is an S.S.B. transmitter? Think of a receiver in reverse. In other words follow a standard block diagram of a superhet receiver (with b.f.o.) from A.F. to R.F. and that is about it, with the exception that this would produce double sideband, so a slight design modification is necessary to remove the unwanted sideband. There are today, three types of S.S.B. excitors in use. The Filter, Phasing and Third method, the first two being the more popular.

Handling the receiver correctly is essential. However always remember S.S.B. (A3a) is received the same way as C.W. (A1) and the same rule applies. B.f.o. ON, a.g.c. OFF, A.F. gain at MAX, R.F. gain at MIN, acting as a volume control. Once this is set, only the main tuning and R.F. gain should be adjusted.

You will always find S.S.B. stations operating in abundance around 3,790 kc/s and 14,300 kc/s; their procedure will be snappy and in most cases their conversation extremely interesting. It has been internationally agreed that stations below 10 mc/s use the lower sideband and those above 10 mc/s the upper sideband, so ensure you are listening to the correct sideband.

If you feel you would like more articles on S.S.B. or have any queries on the subject please write to the R.N.A.R.S. We would be only too pleased to provide a regular S.S.B. column for you. (*That is how G3HLW sees it. What do you think?*)

EDITOR).

## H.M.S. LION

by C. Y. Adams



As it is now six months since our last contribution, we think it is time for at least a friendly growl.

Our last few weeks in U.K. proved we do have guns. The Flag of Flag Officer Flotillas Med. was broken in *Lion* before sailing for royal escort duties during the state visit to Italy, and gave us a chance to show our mettle. In the few days before joining the escort, evolutions were the main topic. Who said "rockets galore?" Any suggestions for getting a signalman with a 615 into a seaboat in under 10 seconds, without the aid of wings, will be gratefully accepted. We must also mention a bewildered R.O. who nearly succeeded in tearing a flag locker apart, looking for a distance signal.

Another visit to Gibraltar for three weeks in dry dock, brought our banyan enthusiasts well to the fore. Excellent boat facilities meant swimming parties, and these were well supported. Full advantage was also taken of M.F.V. runs to Cadiz, Malaga and Tangier. To give the staff a change, as many hands as possible were sent to assist both Gibraltar M.S.O. and Windmill Hill Station. We trust they served a useful purpose. Gibraltar also provided the opportunity to further our acquaintance with the sports field. Our previous progress left much to be desired. We are now pleased to announce our hockey team shows great promise—for next season! One cricket match which deserves mention was

against the W.R.A.F., at North Front. Being excellent types, as all Communicators are, our opponents were allowed two innings, and the match declared a draw.

At last we have started our work-up, and must put aside the lesser trivialities. By next month it will probably have been forgotten, but who can tell what the next few weeks have in store? Perhaps a few budding genii will be found, and perhaps not. However, we intend to sharpen our claws, which will also be polished by the time you read our next instalment.

#### PERSONALITY CORNER

To C.Y. Duffy: Sorry that you will not be with us. All "Lion's" wish you a quick recovery.

To R.S. Burling: Congratulations! Every success in the next S.D.'s Course.

To the three R.O. 3's and two T.O.2's who joined us as Juniors, for training: We hope you will carry on the good work as "ex-Lions" in your new ships. A hearty welcome is extended to their successors.

### H.M.S. NARVIK and 5th SUBMARINE DIVISION

During the last year the wind of change in Msida Creek reached gale force. The well-known Malta landmark, *Forth*, has long since disappeared, and been replaced further up the creek by *Narvik*.

*Narvik* is several up from the normal L.S.T., having served the Commodore of the Grapple Squadron as a flagship, and, in fact, on arrival had far more wireless sets than the small staff could cope with. Pronounced a "static" accommodation ship, it was not long before *Narvik* found her way to Genoa and Civitavecchia, on a memorable cruise, which looks like becoming an annual outing.

Further peregrinations have to be made by kind permission of the 108th Minesweeping Squadron, with whom there is a fairly frequent interchange of personnel.

Opportunities for fleetwork are few and far between, but there are many occasions for the linguist to exercise his skills on a wide range of N.A.T.O. visitors, ranging from Greek, Turkish and Italian submariners to Yugoslavian minesweepers, for whom National plain language signals still present certain problems to the MSOist.

Submarine Headquarters Lascaris has not changed much in the last year, but the usual excursions to the tunnel have been brightened by the addition to the staff of R.N.V.R. W.R.N.S. for major exercises.

Personalities have also changed and C.Y. Reid and R.S. Arbuckle have handed over to C.Y. Spratling and R.S. Wall, whose seven children are being trained up to combat the manpower shortage.

Meanwhile the gale of change is abating, and the "Tourist Paradise" of the Mediterranean is settling down to enjoy the delights of the banyan season.

### CALLING ALL SPARKERS

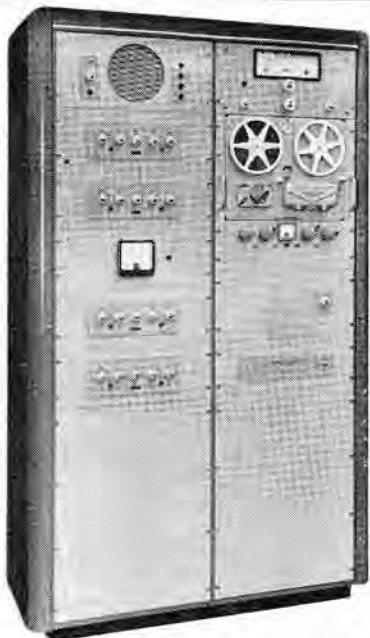
Especially those about to complete their engagement in the R.N.

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## H.M.S. SOLEBAY and 1st D.S.

Past trips by Captain D.I and his Communicators in *Solebay* are nothing compared with our present record.

May 1st found one half of the Med. Fleet (this was *Solebay* and *Saintes*—the other being *Finisterre* and *Camperdown*) heading for Naples to rendezvous with the Royal Yacht *Britannia* in which H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh had come from Sardinia to commence their state visit to Italy. Then it started. A day in Naples, seven hours in Ancona and one day in Venice; we were seeing the world American tourist style! In Venice, we left our precious "Charge" amid a fleet of gondolas, and turned our bows towards Athens, now escorting their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in the Royal Yacht for their visits to war cemeteries administered by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, of which the Duke is President.

At Athens the Squadron was represented at the unveiling of a new War Memorial by an unarmed platoon from *Saintes* and a choir from *Solebay* and *Saintes*, the Guard and Band being provided by the Black Watch. The ceremony was most impressive, and was broadcast. Eye witness reports say it went very well, and the Royal Navy made its usual good impression with its smart drill and bearing—not to mention its sonorous singing!

In the Dardanelles the Duke of Gloucester laid a wreath on the simple but impressive war memorial at Cape Helles, overlooking the battlefield of Gallipoli. He also visited many other cemeteries dotted around the battlefields of that ill-fated campaign of 1915 when British, Australian, New Zealand and French troops attempted to force the Dardanelles. It may be recalled that the Allies needed a route to supply Russia with munitions, and chose the Black Sea route through the narrow Turkish held straits, the Dardanelles. The enterprise was badly managed. Naval bombardment failed to open the straits, and by the time troops were landed to capture the peninsula of Gallipoli it had been strongly fortified. Despite heroic efforts the attempt failed, and the troops were withdrawn in December. The peninsula is now a peaceful resting place for the many thousands lost in the campaign, and we, on behalf of the Commonwealth, duly paid our respects to those gallant men.

On to Istanbul, with its mosques and minarets, the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. Then finally to cosmopolitan Izmir, before returning to Malta. So, in twenty-six days, we had briefly glimpsed Naples, Ancona, Venice, Volos, Chanak, Istanbul and Izmir; we were changing our money with the weather.

After that "Cook's Tour" the VS department have decided to leave their dressing lines permanently rigged. During escort duties both *Saintes* and *Solebay* dressed over-all fourteen times. The

WT department hold the unofficial record for sending the most signals ever to the effect "Where is our mail?" (G.P.O. London can verify). It lagged one port astern until we arrived in Istanbul, then overtook us and went on to Izmir, where we eventually caught up with it. Sighs of relief were heard back in U.K.

We went to Malta for three days—time enough to collect signal pads, typewriter rolls and other communicators' impedimenta.

We sailed with the whole of the Squadron for "Junex", and suddenly rediscovered what communications are! The sparkers feverishly dusted off sets and keys. The buntins searched for, and found, two flag lockers. We all swotted up the Morse code. Arrival in that superb "run ashore" port of Barcelona fortunately put and end to all that. After Barcelona, the Squadron split up again: we hobnobbed with the monied in St. Raphael, and swam in Calvi, Corsica (where I write this). Later on, it will be Naples again, for a grand "steam past" CINCSOUTH, and later still, back to Malta for self maintenance. It is all GO!

Comms-wise, we now probably have the most experienced ship-shore operators at sea; each, and every one can raise GYX anywhere, any time. Up top, the ten inch lamps have never looked so clean, and the flag deck is now one inch higher, from continual painting.

We hope to see all our friends who are UK stanchions sometime in September, when we vacate our billets, and let someone else have a go.

## USCOMSUBREFITRAGRUCLYDE

The Scottish-American challenge to  
LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHCH  
WYRNDRBWYLLSANTISI LIGOGOGOCH?



## PERSONALITIES LEAVING THE SERVICE



**Signal Lieutenant R. T. Hyslop, D.S.M., Royal Navy (Retired)**, recently left the Signal Division in the Admiralty, after fifteen years as a Civil Servant in the same chair as he had occupied for seven years as an Officer on the active list. Robbie Hyslop joined the Royal Navy at Shotley in January, 1912, and retired as a Civil Servant in July, 1961, thus achieving almost fifty years of unbroken Admiralty Service. Many officers and men have cause to be grateful to Robbie for his advice, experience and unfailing helpfulness. He became one of our greatest experts on V.S. and possessed an unrivalled knowledge of the historical aspects of flags, flag signalling and ceremonial matters. Always quiet and unassuming, ever cheerful and willing, Robbie will be missed by the whole Communication Branch, but most of all, by the Signal Division which he has served so faithfully for twenty-two years. He is going to a cottage in Suffolk and we all wish him the contented and peaceful retirement he has earned so well.

### Chief Communication Yeoman S. Bunkin

A well-known figure in the West Country and Devonport-manned ships, retired in July after thirty-two years in the Branch; twenty as a Chief Yeoman. After passing out of *Ganges* as a Signal Boy in 1931, his first ship was the *Cornwall* (Fifth Cruiser Squadron) on the China Station. His last ship was the *Venus* (Captain F. Dartmouth Training Squadron) during the time Captain P. Howes, D.S.C., R.N., was Capt. F.

In the intervening years he saw service on the Yangtse River in the Sino-Japanese War, in the Mediterranean during the Palestine trouble, the Abyssinian conflict and Spanish Civil War. In World War II he served on the Dover Patrol, the Norwegian Campaign, at Dunkirk, Atlantic Convoys and the Pacific.

He served the R.N.B.T. for many years, on committees and also lecturing. We hope this experience will stand him in good stead in his new career with the National Assistance Board.





H.M.S. "Hood"

## FRONT PAGE CHALLENGE

by Lieut. A. E. P. Briggs, R.N.

On March 14th I received a letter, from the Canadian Broadcasting Company, inviting me to appear on Canadian Television (as a survivor of *Hood*) on Tuesday, 21st March, in a programme called "Front Page Challenge".

A little apprehensively I applied for leave. This was granted subject to a report of the visit appearing in the summer number of THE COMMUNICATOR—oh, well!

I presented myself, as instructed, at London Airport at 9 a.m. on Monday, 20th March and 11 a.m. found me cruising at 35,000 feet in a Boeing 707, bound for Toronto via New York, still a little dazed but very, very comfortable.

After a six hour 3,000 miles flight to New York we touched down at La Guardia Airport and I switched to a Viscount for the one and a half hour trip to Toronto. Flying at a mere 16,000 feet, the pilot obligingly descended to 2,000 feet over Niagara Falls to present us with one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

On arrival in Toronto I was met by an agent of C.B.C. and whisked away to a very luxurious hotel, near the studio, where I was instructed to lie low for the night. On Tuesday morning I was again collected, by the same agent, and taken on a tour in a Chevrolet, finishing up at the studio in time for the rehearsal at half-past five.

The studio was a very large room, liberally littered with cameras, microphones, leads and lights of all shapes and sizes. At one end was a large bench affair where the panel would sit. Directly opposite this was the "moderator's" desk and between the two a single swivel type armchair for the challenger, behind which was a 16 mm screen.

There were three challengers taking part in the programme. An old gentleman who took part in the second Riel rebellion in 1885, a 17 year old Canadian running star by the name of Bruce Kidd and myself.

As it was a scheduled half hour programme it meant we had about 10 minutes each. The object of the rehearsal was to show us exactly what was

required. Members of the studio staff took the place of the panel. Immediately after the rehearsal we were taken out to dinner, then back to the studio where we were made up ready for the programme and kept out of sight in a room until the programme actually started.

The panel consisted of three top journalists from leading Canadian newspapers and a Canadian actress. At five to nine they took their seats, the "Live" audience was admitted and the programme was ready to commence. At nine p.m. the first victim, the young runner, was led away and five minutes later I was escorted to the wings to await my ordeal.

On hearing the moderator's "Next challenger, please", I walked into the studio and stood behind the panel so that I could be seen by everyone but not by the panel. The panel were then given four minutes in which to guess who I was. They could ask as many questions as they liked but I was to answer only "Yes" or "No". The moderator remarked that he thought this would be a little difficult for them, but by a simple process of elimination I was discovered in just under three and a half minutes. The questions went something like this:—

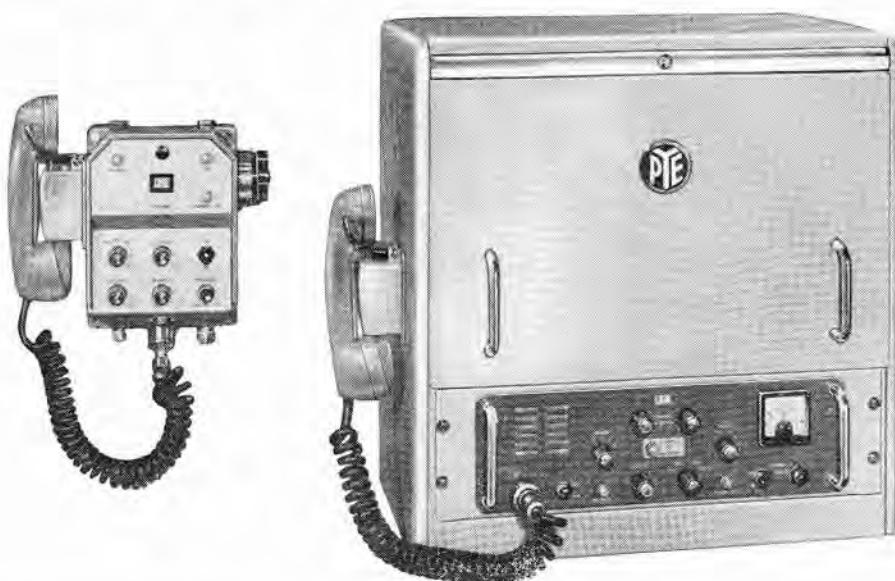
Did this happen recently?	...	...	No
In the last five years?	...	...	No
In the last ten years?	...	...	No
Twenty years?	...	...	Yes
During the war?	...	...	Yes
On Land?	...	...	No
In the air?	...	...	No
Must have been at sea	...	...	Yes
Are you British?	...	...	Yes

etc.

After this there was a break for commercials (30 seconds every ten minutes) during which I was seated in the challenger's chair facing the panel. After the commercials, newspaper headlines of the time were shown on the 16 mm. (*Hood* sinks: three survivors) followed by extracts from the film "Sink the Bismarck" after which the panel asked me a few relevant questions on the incident and I finally, rather thankfully, heard the moderator say, "Thank you very much, Mr. Briggs".



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## SIGNAL DISTRIBUTION OVER THE YEARS

(By one who served as a signal rating in the fleet from 1910-1934)



H.M.S. "Cornwallis"

### H.M.S. CENTAUR 1911 AND H.M.S. CORNWALLIS 1911-1914

In those days the volume of signal traffic was very light in comparison with that of today and the number of officers on the distribution was also small. Signals, not messages, as that term did not come into being until considerably later, were reported direct from the Fore Bridge. Three signal pads, not message forms, were in use, i.e., long pad, short pad and small pad. As far as I can remember, the only use for long pads was at 0230, when "Flag" made "Poldhu". This was about two pages of Press Headings, being the headline news from all the world's newspapers. This was treated as a sort of evolution and made a welcome break during the middle watch. The Flagship or other ship specially detailed to read Poldhu by W/T, would flash the general call at about 0145 and make "Time for cocoa". Then at 0230 came "General—Poldhu" and the two pages of headline news.

Signal pads, all loaded with one carbon, were kept in wooden boxes hanging on the rails of the bridge, so that they were ready for instant use. The small pads were seldom used by anyone other than the C.Y.S. Short pads were the popular size and the ones in normal use, as signals were short and to the point. Different ships had different ideas, of course, but there was a general procedure for dealing with signals. The Yeoman of the Watch was in charge of the bridge and responsible for the general conduct of signalling, distribution, dress and behaviour of men on watch. He never made or read signals unless absolutely necessary. The leading hand of the watch was responsible for reading signals with the third hand (I am talking about Battleships) writing down for him. The second hand took over the reading of any interim signals. Once a signal had been received, it was signed by both

the reader and the writer down and taken to the Yeoman for instructions as to reporting. If urgent, or the Yeoman considered that an officer or officers should see the signal at once, he would write on the signal form such officers as he considered necessary. The carbon copy would go straight to the C.Y.S. for the Captain. The signal would then be shown to the officers concerned by the dayman (duty messenger) or the third hand. When the signal was returned to the bridge, and, if necessary a further list of officers was added, reporting would be continued until complete. The signal was then handed to the Yeoman for signature and finally to the second hand for logging, which meant copying into a log in pencil. The left-hand page of the log was ruled in columns for the details of From, To, Method, Code, Time, Remarks, etc., while the text was written on the right-hand page. The original copy of the signal was then signed by the logist and placed on a file, normally a bit of wire stuck into a piece of wood or lead. The file was cleared by the second hand before being relieved at midnight and the signals rolled up and kept in a box stowed under the table in the wheelhouse. The log was kept on this table or a shelf rigged up in the wheelhouse.

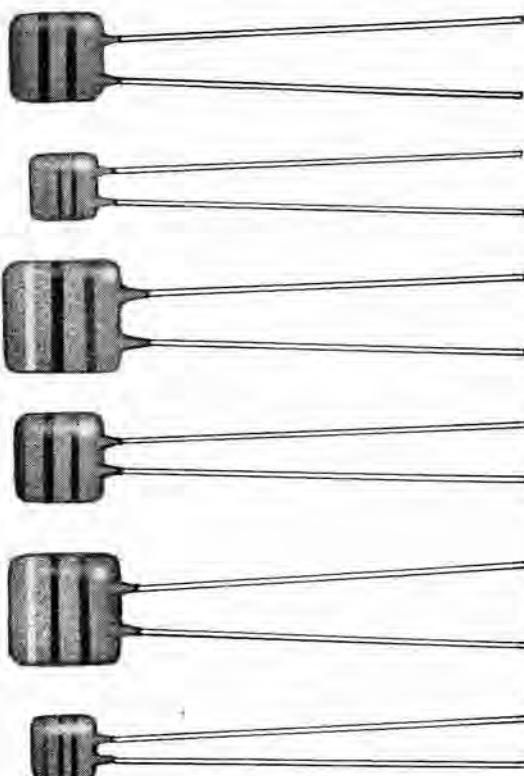
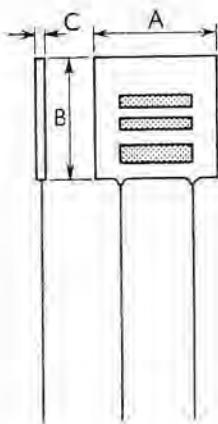
### H.M.S. ALBION (FLAG OF REAR-ADMIRAL DARDANELLES)

Things were somewhat different here, the staff was larger and one leading signalman kept the Admiral's log, more commonly known as the Staff Log, because it contained every signal handled by the staff. These signals were also entered in the ship's logs. I say logs, because two logs were kept, one for even days and one for odd days. This was because the previous day's log was often away in the Staff Office for the forenoon.

### H.M.S. BIRMINGHAM-1918 (FLAG OF FIRST LIGHT CRUISER SQUADRON —VICE-ADMIRAL FERGUSON)

Here came a change and I met the first attempt at message organisation. Because there had been considerable controversy about signals at the Battle of Jutland, the Fore Bridge was altered by removing the steering wheel, compass and telegraphs and a portion built in as a Signal Distributing Office. The S.D.O. staff consisted of four leading signalmen, in four watches, who were responsible for the distribution and disposal of all signals. In addition, one signalman, who was selected for his good writing, worked as a dayman and was responsible for logging all signals. Thus, all responsibility, other than the correct reading and writing down of signals, was transferred from the flagdeck to the leading signalman in charge of the S.D.O. The Yeoman of Signals on the flagdeck remained in overall charge of the watch.

For staff distribution, the staff concerned saw



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10,000	10   10   3	X	GSX 710
25,000	10   10   3	Y	GSY 710
50,000	12   12   3	Y	GSY 712
100,000	15   15   3	Y	GSY 715

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and initialled signals. This brought into use the Admiral's log, which, before I left *Birmingham*, had become the Admiral's Odd and Even logs. The C.Y.S. collected the Captain's signals as frequently as he thought necessary, while the log for the previous day was taken down to the Staff Office by the staff messenger before 0900.

#### H.M.S. HOOD 1921-1922

The Signal Distribution Office had become well established in ships by now and in Hood, we had a very elaborate S.D.O. right down at the bottom of the conning tower. The staff now included a typist for typing all signals. I ran this office for well over a year, and unless I went up of my own accord, there was no real reason why I should visit the flag-deck. We were still writing up the logs, which by now had grown into six and required two logists full time to keep them up to date. I subsequently went back to *Hood* as Yeoman to the Chief of Staff, but the routine of the S.D.O. remained more or less the same, except that two more logs had come into being—Exercise logs. One was kept by the C.P.O. Tel. and the other by the staff Yeoman. At the end of each fleet exercise these logs were sorted out into chronological order of times of origin and then taken up to the Staff Office for the Umpire's plots and records,

some sort of system was suggested using spring-backs. A new instrument also came along at this time, a common enough sight these days, but at that time the Ormig Duplicator was something of an enigma.

We started out by getting together all, or any sort of folder available from the various offices in the ship. Several ideas were worked on, until ultimately a system was worked out which is much the same as is used now. Each day's signals, instead of being rolled together, dated and stowed away, were kept in daily files with a springback for keeping the whole week's chits. The routine was for the "logist" of the first watch on Saturday to be responsible that all daily files were emptied and signals put into weekly files. This routine was followed (not necessarily on Saturday night) at the end of each month, when the whole month's chits were transferred to a large manilla envelope, which was then put into a drawer (specially kept for the purpose) ready for despatch to Deptford R.V.Y. on return to harbour. By the time I left *Rodney*, proper signal files and racks had been fitted in the S.D.O. which, with the typewriter and Ormig Duplicator, brought signal distribution into line with modern requirements.



H.M.S. "Rodney"

#### H.M.S. DANAE AND H.M.S. RODEY (1930-1933)

In *Danae*, it was back to the old routine, just a cubby hole under the flagdeck instead of a nice specially built Signal Distributing Office. Then came *Rodney* in 1933 and it was here that modern methods began to come into use. I may have my facts a little mixed, but I think *Rodney* and *Glorious* in the Home Fleet, and *Queen Elizabeth* and *Courageous* in the Mediterranean Fleet, were ordered to carry out trials of a filing system which has, I believe, been used ever since. In *Rodney* we had to find a method which would do away with the system of writing in Signal Logs, but still provide a suitable means of keeping signals and

#### H.M.S. BERWICK

This brief article is intended only to put us "on the map" and does not aspire to be an account of communications achievement or a catalogue of interesting places visited. There has been little, so far, of either.

We commissioned at Harland and Wolff's yard in Belfast on Wednesday, 30th May, as "leader" of the 5th Frigate Squadron for a G.S.C., Home and Mediterranean.

The commissioning ceremony was notable for the presence of strong contingents from Berwick-upon-Tweed and the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose home depot is in the town.

We have not got going as a squadron yet. *Scarborough* is the only other member commissioned and we look forward to welcoming *Ursa* and *Lowestoft* later in the year.

*Berwick* is still involved in initial trials and calibrations, running from Portsmouth, and is due to start her work-up after the Summer leave.

We are all delighted with the ship which has been beautifully finished, especially the communications mess deck, which is the best of a good selection.

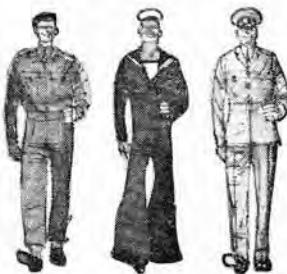
By the time the next edition is due I hope to have some news to relate and would like to say now that any Communicator who finds himself in the Dockyard and would like to see something rather special and up-to-date will be readily welcomed.



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## H.M.S. SEA EAGLE

The Summer Term at this far flung outpost of the U.K. started with a burst of energy with *Undaunted*, *Puma*, *Rhyl*, *Loch Insh*, and R.F.A.'s *Wave Prince* and *Blue Ranger* on the surface, *Artful* and *Tudor* underneath, two whirlybirds from 719 Squadron (*our choppers*) and several Shackletons, to bemuse us. (How difficult it seems to wring a solitary ZZR3 from the stony hearts of those husky sea-borne sparkers who listen to the rhythmic dee dahs of the now fully-fledged ex-members of WRNS Comms (M.) I on C.C.N. and Subex Safety).

R.F.A. *Wave Master* cheerfully requested the loan of telegraphist ratings on arrival. One wonders at the expression of the Radio Officer's face at the reply "Regret all our W/T operators are female".

The Inspection by Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Madden, was carried out at the end of May with no incidents to report from us (much relief). Even our S.D.B. Squadron has deserted us at the moment for a swan around Europe. After Summer leave (that is the period when we all migrate to Britannica to seek the globular object in the sky called sun) we look forward to the building up of the Londonderry Squadron when once more we become a Naval Base for and with ships.

The WRNS are now busy flogging up nautical expressions, up top for upstairs, deck for floor, etc., etc., in anticipation of sea trips.

Footnote. One stalwart Communicator on summing up his impressions of *Sea Eagle* after joining, being rather confused at J.A.S.S., J.A.S.T. and queerly rigged Seamen called Security Division, quoted "This place is JAST JASS and just parties."

OUTS. TO2 Robinson (the cricket team will be sadly depleted) to *Dalrymple*. L.R.O. Lowrie to Civvy Street. He could not get the pliers in his kit bag as he smokes Kensitas. R.S. Gaston to Kranji W/T—with of course C.C.Y. Wilcox to *Ark Royal* (How to become a fish head flag wagger).

INS. R.S. Robson for two years E.V.T. L.R.O. Bourne. He will be playing cricket. L.R.O. Robertson. TO2 Wood. They both play cricket. The emphasis on cricket is solely due to the fact that our total male complement excluding the over 35s, Fifth fives, R.A.s—no excuse, just makes an eleven.

## H.M.S. UNDAUNTED

From the Master Ship Londonderry.

Our job is in conjunction with JASS Londonderry, putting ships through their Anti Submarine paces.

However, for once we have managed to escape from Derry and the prying eyes of the F.B.I. in the shirt factory, who can, in addition to telling you the ship's movements, give you a bar by bar commentary on individual movements. It takes

some explaining as to why you were not duty after all.

Nevertheless, escape we did and joined the Danish, Norwegian and Dutch NATO ships for the Weapon Training Period at Invergordon. The delights of that Scottish haven are no doubt known to many. This was followed by Exercise "Fairwind VI."

"Fairwind" finished, we breathed a sigh of relief, got some sleep and pressed up the number ones in preparation for our arrival in Aarhus. The said number ones of one member of the staff suffered considerably from beachwork at dead of night. Aarhus, a small town, served well as an introduction to Denmark and the joys of Copenhagen which was to be our next visit.

In Copenhagen the promise of Aarhus was realised for a few, but for the majority it turned out just plain expensive with nothing to show for our five days visit but a pair of aching eyeballs and a stiff neck. The Grippos proved very interesting, with the usual number developing a sudden interest in Breweries and Tobacco Factories.

At the time of writing we still have visits to Kristiansand and Oslo ahead of us. In Oslo we await the visit of sixteen Wrens be they British or Norwegian. This visit we are determined to keep "In the Branch". From Oslo we return to Derry where we say goodbye to R.S. Heaton and the L.R.O.

## H.M.S. DUCHESS

Statistics show that we have spent 86 days at sea in less than six months: up to the time of writing we have visited but four ports, namely Portland, Rosyth, Invergordon, and Portsmouth, and we have spent nearly all our time either planning for, washing up, or engaging in Exercise Serials. However, all things (good and bad) have to come to an end, and we are promised two good runs ashore in Aarhus and Sundsvall, before returning to Portsmouth for Summer leave in July.



"Are you the exped party?"

**THERE'S AN**

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This, the fifth commission of the present *Duchess*, got under way on 3rd January, 1961, and as Captain D.S. We soon found that we needed the extra complement of the leader to cope with the amount of traffic that came our way. The squadron at the moment consists of five ships—*Duchess*, *Diamond*, *Diana*, *Crossbow* and *Battleaxe*—but when *Decoy*, *Aigencourt* and *Barrosa* join us next year, we shall probably be calling for reinforcements.

The ship had just completed a two-year refit and we Communicators had our fair share of teething troubles in the early stages. However, most problems sorted themselves out during the long period of sea trials, and we arrived at Portland in March, hoping for the best, and prepared for the worst. There is a long gap in my diary between 6th March and 12th May which suggests that we had a busy time working up. We did. Nevertheless, the work-up was excellent value and we would certainly never have been able to cope with the N.A.T.O. Exercise "Fairwind" the following month without the benefit of the experience gained at Portland.

From Portland to Rosyth, and here at long last we had the chance to clean and paint ship. We certainly needed to. We paraded for Navy Days in the undercoat but emerged, properly dressed, in time to embark The First Lord of the Admiralty at Portland, and show our paces in "Cottage Window".

One final thought: can any other ship claim to have operated seven U.H.F. circuits simultaneously from jury aerials during a major exercise?

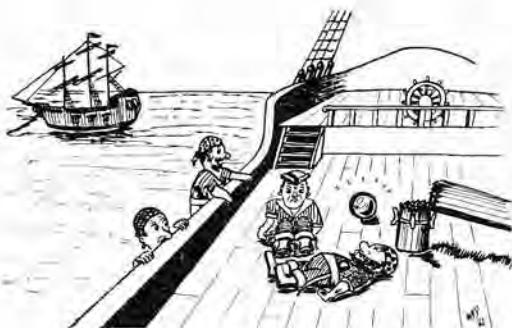
T.W.

### S.T.C. DEVONPORT

Much rain has fallen since our last contribution to the COMMUNICATOR, and it is with hopes of a brighter outlook and a sigh of relief that Routing Line Segregation has not to be applied as this effort is being communicated.

By the time the printers have deciphered this little lot we shall have said "farewell" to our O.I.C. Lt. Salter, and here we extend a hearty "welcome" to Lt. Franks from Leydene. Lt. Salter, we understand, is going to *Mercury* to teach the ethics of communicating as only the West Country knows how. Not wishing to contradict (just politely informing), the "Wise Men came from the East", but, along with the books, that statement has been changed to read "Came from the West".

For two weeks hard labour and 2/6d. into Chieftains' tea boat you can now leave us provisionally passed for the Leading and Petty Officer rate. Three smiling L.R.O.s left 'The' S.T.C. during April muttering something about clever Chinese! Pre-commissioning and refresher courses are still quite the done thing these days. Some twenty R.O.s and T.O.s off *Tiger* were entertained for six weeks prior to Easter Leave. Then, to our amazement we lashed their soccer team up by 6 goals to 2. Yes, at long last the S.T.C. have recorded a win, but in all fairness to the Tigers, they were fielding other teams in inter-part duels at the same time.



"Can we have our ball back please?"

The W.R.N.S. are still hard at it under instruction and will be for some time to come. Somebody has to see they are well informed.

It was with sad regret that C.C.Y. Bunkin left his 'nobody's friend' job in the R.N.B. E.D.O. The Work Study team broke all existing records in arriving at "The time has come" decision. Bribes of a quiet number were thrown aside and he now hides reluctantly behind the mask of V1 at the S.T.C., prior to his next draft to N.A.B. Bristol. We wish Syd, and all the unfortunates at Bristol, the very best of luck.

Various buzzes regarding the future of the Guzz School are going the rounds. The most likely future abode is within the R.N.B. itself, although it would suit us down to the ground if St. Budeaux were re-opened; a feeling voiced repeatedly.

No funny stories to tell except that one of our native C.C.Y.s has 'crazy paved' his front garden. We have concrete evidence!

Just in case you get this question in your Yes/No interlude . . . Routing snags are *not* addressed to "What's my line?", B.B.C., London.

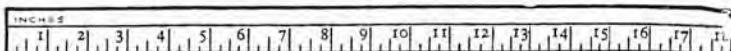
That concludes our effort, except that if we meet bye and bye; remember—not too fast. F.A.C.

### M.H.Q. PLYMOUTH

It seems that many Ships and Establishments have recently been forwarding their first contribution in living memory to our magazine, we, prompted by a deep desire to remind the world to forget us (less traffic), a new issue of biros and a chit from the boss, do likewise.

Firstly, a brief description of our abode. It is a pleasant, modern, light and airy building, vintage 1942, many yards below ground with neon lights blazing through the reinforced concrete, but we survive and are not really complaining. It is cosy in the winter: care to become a cave dweller?

Basically M.H.Q. on a peacetime state, is staffed by Wrens and civilians, the naval element being well outnumbered by the Civil Servants. For a few madly gay weeks each year, we open our doors and the surplus Communicators from all corners of the U.K. pour in to help us fulfil our wartime commitments. At such times we fully realise the value

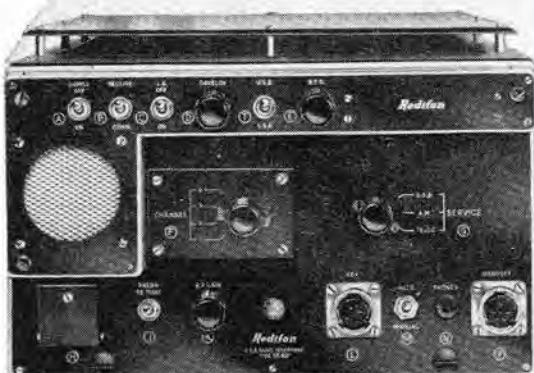


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of having a nucleus of experienced permanent civilian staff, many of whom are ex-Communicators, to guide our newcomers in the intricacies of routeing, tape relay and the way to the canteen.

The uninformed may imagine we house all the naval Communicators they are short of. However, our staff consists of SCO, Lt. Cdr. Lloyd, who can often be seen through the stacks of official packs on his deck, SCO II Lt. Riggs, Referee, Mediator and General Factotum, 3/O Heape, of whom we are justifiably proud, as until quite recently she was a Wren Comm. on our staff, now a temporary, acting and certainly underpaid rose amongst we thorns. In addition to the top brass we have one C.R.S., four R.S.s, two L.R.O.s, four R.O.s and four Wren Communicators. Simple arithmetic will give you an idea of what large watches we can maintain, especially as the L.R.O.s are essentially daymen. But for the good heartedness of the O. i/c S.T.C. and various ships in dockyard hands who help us with supernumeraries from time to time, seasonal leave would be a virtual impossibility without remaining in three watches all year round.

For the last six months or so the M.S.O. and teleprinter sections of M.H.Q. have been receiving the attentions of a Work Study Team, with the result that we have certain innovations in the offing, i.e., signal conveyor belts to save our legs and time, new systems of filing distribution and logging, not to mention a new decor restful to our tired eyes.

Many ships coming to Plymouth arrange visits to M.H.Q. for their communication ratings. Our visitors invariably enjoy the change and chance to look around a comprehensive set up, and we can usually show them something they have never seen before. If you are coming our way and have an afternoon to spare give us fair warning and we will be pleased to see you.

The following incidents must surely touch every Communicator's heart.

1. On CCN; G . . . De MTI INT ZBA K  
De G . . . ZBA PLANNED MAINTENANCE K
2. On CCN; G . . . De MTI INT ZBA K  
De G . . . ZBA ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION K.

## C-IN-C H/F and CINCEASTLANT NORTHWOOD

For those who do not know the geographical location of Northwood, they will find it approximately 12-14 miles west of London, on the Metropolitan Line from Baker Street Station.

Here you will find a four-way N.A.T.O. National Communication set up, as we are the Signal Centre for four different authorities, who all pass their traffic through us. They are: CINCEASTLANT, COMMAIREASTLANT, COMMAIRCHAN and CINC H/F. It may sound a little muddling but so far everything has worked out well. Nearly all

communication work is shared R.A.F./R.N. with the R.N. completely running the M.S.O. for all four authorities and the R.A.F./R.N./U.S.N. running the traffic centre. Although we work at Northwood, our accommodation is far removed, at Uxbridge and West Drayton. One tends to do quite a bit of travelling daily as transport between West Drayton Uxbridge and Northwood is by civilian coach.

We try and keep to Navy routine as much as possible but all agree that the R.A.F. routine allowing a sporting afternoon every Wednesday is the greatest—as can be seen by the number of requests "Chiefy" gets for afternoons off to play soccer or hockey. Actually the R.N. unit is fast developing an above-average soccer team and is always on the look out for new talent from among those "ratings joining".

Items for those who may be drafted to us: bring your civvies—a must. Lockers are provided plus individual wardrobes, giving excellent hanging for suits, coats and burberrys, etc. Sheets and pillow cases are issued with bedding, and much to our delight the R.A.F. change them once a week and dhobey them free of charge. If you are the travelling sailor type and are keen to get about you will find that London is approx. 40 minutes from Uxbridge or West Drayton. Going in the opposite direction there are such attractions as Slough, Windsor and Reading. Many quite pleasant evenings can be spent in close proximity of the camps.

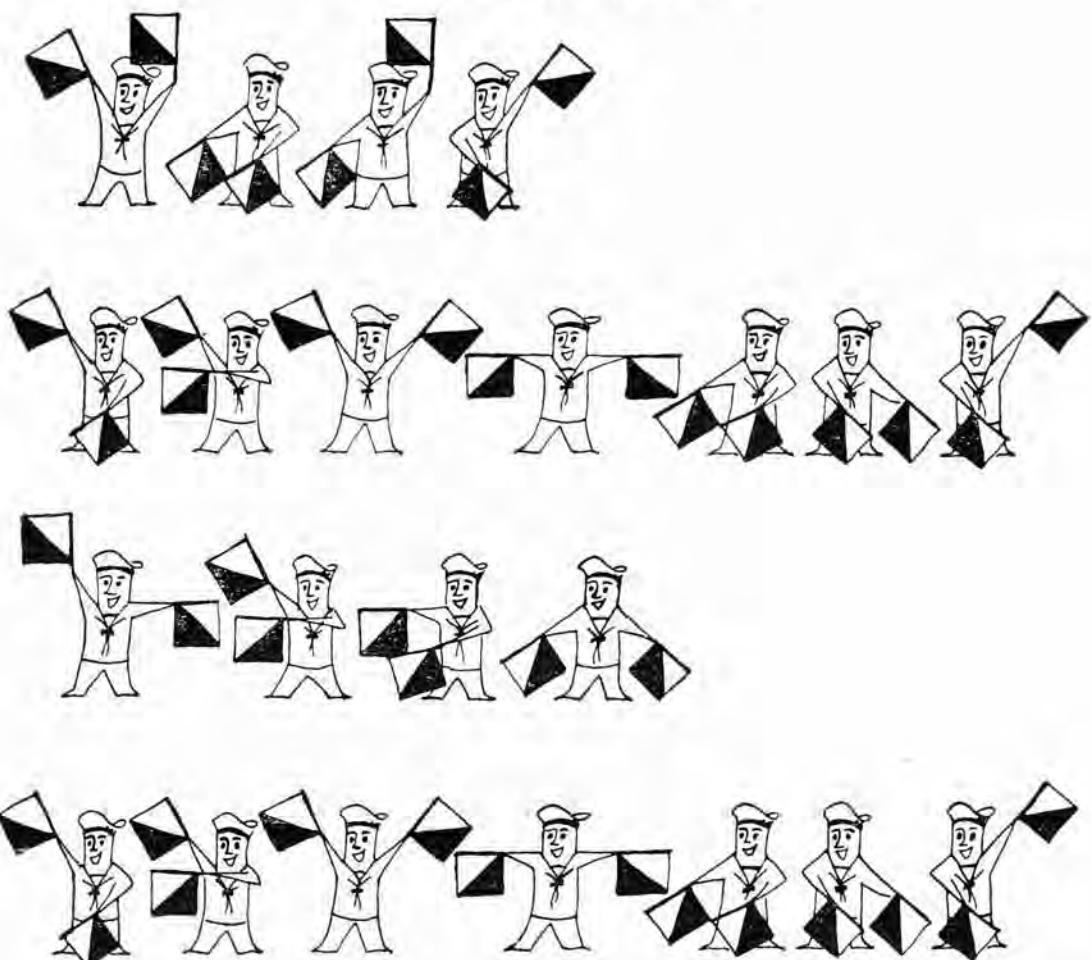
With these few items, you are now "forewarned" as well as "forearmed". Should you be lucky enough (?) to get a draft up here, we hope that these few notes have enlightened you.

## H.M.S. NORTHWOOD H.Q. Reserve Unit of CINCEASTLANT by C.Y. R.A.F. Cull

Greetings from the centre of the "Stockbrokers' Belt" on this, our first appearance in the COMMUNICATOR.

Our Ship's Company is comprised of List 6 R.N.R. (H.Q.) Reserve Personnel, who provide during large scale exercises and times of emergency, a body of locally based trained personnel, to supplement R.N. Communicators in manning Headquarters. We will always welcome any ex-R.N. or W.R.N.S. Communicators living in the vicinity of Northwood, Middlesex, who are interested in joining our happy band. Just in case any civilians read this, we are also interested in them, as a good percentage of us had no naval connections before joining this Unit.

Although we are landlocked in the truest sense, we do manage to obtain the occasional trip to the sea, and recently enjoyed a day in the Solent watching a "Shop-window" rehearsal. Last Easter a successful week-end exercise was carried out in conjunction with our opposite numbers, "The Plotters", and, as usual, although not officially a Communication Exercise, we were "snowed under".



The finest signal a sailor can see is one telling him that Courage and Barclay beers are in the offing. Here are three of them. On this side of the White Cliffs, JOHN COURAGE—the best brew of our time. Away from home, there's BARCLAY'S EXPORT SPARKLING BEER—available

from Naafi and from agents throughout the world. And, wherever you happen to be, there's BARCLAY'S PILSNER LAGER—the coolest drink under the sun. Whether in cans or bottles, Courage and Barclay beers are superbly brewed and conditioned. All hands reach for them!



## COURAGE AND BARCLAY LIMITED

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We are now looking forward to the Fall Exercise, which is the highlight of our year's activities.

Our social life is getting under way, with murmurs "Bar", "Licensing", "Committee", etc., and in the near future results should appear. The Unit is commanded by Commander A. F. Burr, R.N.R., and the Unit Communications Officer is Lt.-Cdr. A. R. Allen, V.R.D., R.N.R.

Will sign off with a quotation by "Stripey", as he drained the last drop from his glass. "Bring on the Reserves, and we'll show them."

### H.M.S. ADAMANT

by C.Y. J. W. Purvis

"June is bursting out all over", at least it appears to be around the 'Flagship' of the Third S.M Squadron. It is the month of F.O. S/M's Inspection and everyone (including the R.A. members) are going bald in an attempt to make the ship presentable—not that we are inferring that the R.A.s do not pull their weight, they do, in fact some of them even come to sea with us. (When we go!)

The Commonwealth Training Week gave *Adamant* a sound reason for visiting Belfast at the beginning of June. We discovered the drink was stronger, the accent much more difficult to understand but the general standard of "having a good time" was the same as anywhere else in the world.

On completion of the forthcoming inspection we sail down the Clyde for Clyde Regatta Week—and then on with our Summer Cruise—a visit to Europe sounds enticing, and an air of expectancy prevails.

The communications staff continues to change almost daily, making one wonder if it is wise to arrange one's life more than two or three weeks ahead.

Lt. R. L. Copp, R.N., our ex S.C.O., is now in his new appointment in Canada, and his relief, Lt. C. R. L. Patten, R.A.N., has taken over Sub-Lt. (SD) (C) Vale has recently joined as our Second A.S.C.O. and to both these officers we extend a hearty Communicator's welcome and wish them happy and contented appointments here.

Our cigar-shaped friends come and go unhindered by either Scotland's inclement weather or the "Polaris Demonstrators" in the next Loch to us—our Squadron remains the same, but the boats are scattered far and wide giving the impression that we are merely a base for visiting submarines!

The Squadron 'Ham' Club has ceased to radiate for a while. A new location for the "shack" is being searched for, and once it is found GM30AE will be on the air again. The lack of activity pleases the ship's TV. fanatics; no interference, and we find life is far more comfortable if we forget to mention that we will be on the air again in the very near future.

En route to Belfast we had a "day of war". Full scale exercises to prepare us for the coming inspection saw the Communicators in two watches and the voice operators working like slaves—but for all that, who can excuse a naive T.O.3 who, when asked for a repetition by one of the submarines came up with

"For the benefit of those who missed it, I say again . . ."? We are renowned for our tact and diplomacy, but how far should one take it? Needless to say his popularity increased by leaps and bounds.

A word of nostalgia for all ex-shipmates. You are not really missing anything. Scotland looks as beautiful as ever, but the ship is an array of "Beware Wet Paint" signs, and every store room door indicates, "No further issues until after F.O. S/M's". Such is the life of those banished to the wilds of the Highlands.

### COMMUNICATOR'S QUERIES (C.Q.)

Questions of general interest that can be answered by the Signal School will be dealt with in this column (short title C.Q.—to emphasise the general nature of the call). If there is something you want to know, drop a line to the Editor, THE COMMUNICATOR, heading your letter C.Q. If for no other use, you will be able, when asked by your S.C.O. what you have to contribute for the Communicator, tell him you have sent in a C.Q. The advantage is that someone else will have to do the work in sorting out the answer. The Editor, however, who is averse to work, would like to make it clear that he will not answer questions by letter nor anonymous questions. If they are publishable they will be published. If not—hard luck!

The first batch of questions received are answered below.

*What are the different training systems for Communication ratings before going to sea in complement billets?*

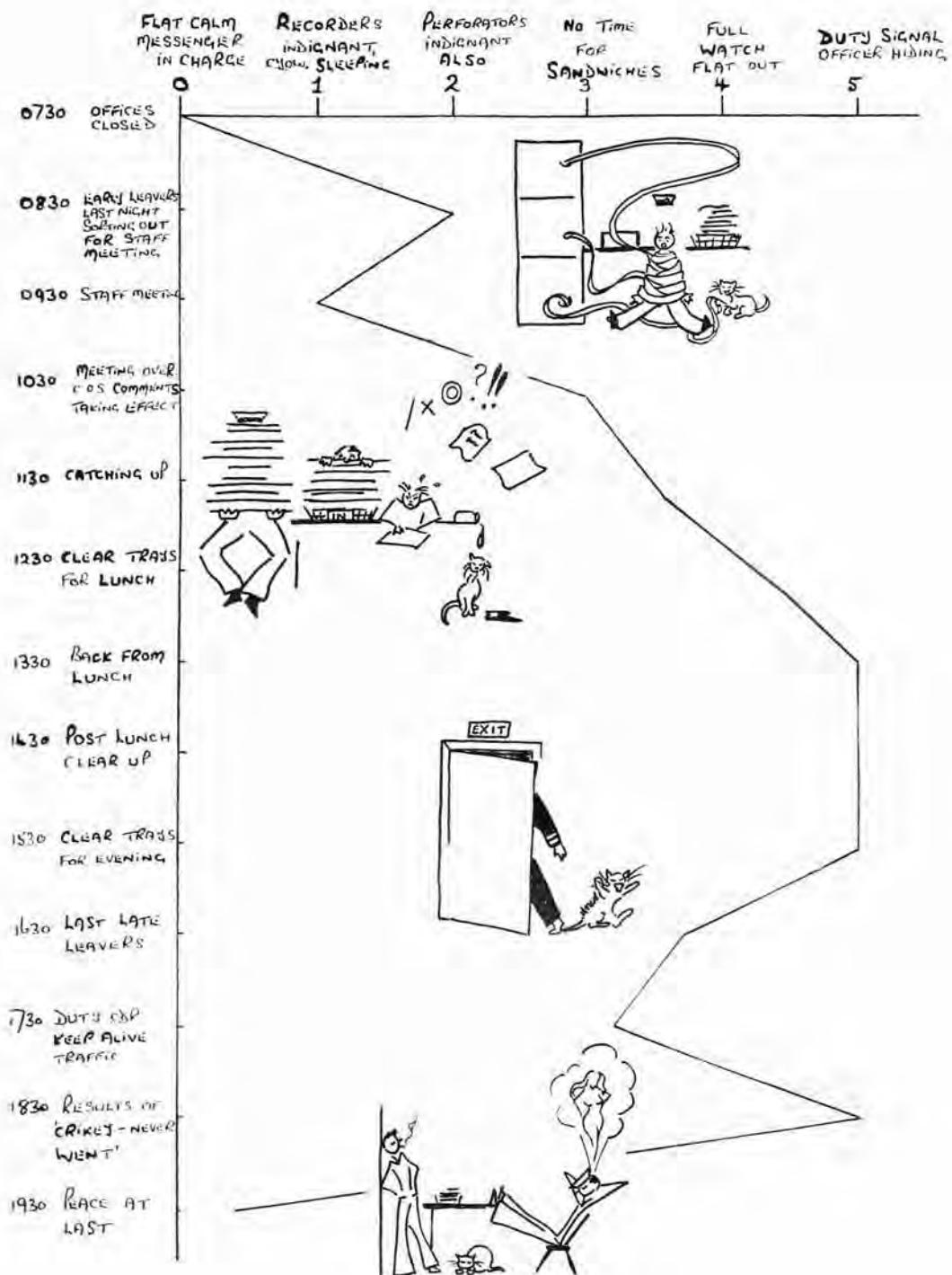
Adult ratings (16½–28) join *Raleigh* for six weeks Part I training. They then come to *Mercury* where the R.O.s do 32 weeks on course and the T.O.s 24 weeks. All ex-*Ganges* ratings of both branches come on to *Mercury* for nine weeks final intensive communication training. Both ex-*Raleigh* and ex-*Ganges* R.O.s can turn over to the R.O.(S) branch nine weeks before leaving *Mercury*. All ratings go to sea as soon as they finish their courses in "additional to complement" billets where it is intended to leave them for six months to gain practical experience. (Incidentally, please see they get worthwhile experience while they are with you.) This is frequently done in ships on the Home Station as they are then more readily available for C.N.D. to move them wherever required for complement billets at the end of this time.

*What building is going on at "Mercury"?*

The Instructional Block, between the Garage and Mountbatten Block is expected to be completed in April, 1962. There will then be a certain amount of re-allocation of huts and all the Siberia Nissen huts and dilapidated Nissen huts in the Furniture Store (old canteen) area will be demolished. Having obtained a generous grant of £2,000 from the Nuffield Trust the cinema is being given an entirely new interior. The work is to be done during August,

## THE COMMUNICATOR

## WHITEHALL WORK STUDIED



## TAPE RELAY PROCEDURE

by Lieut. W. D. Newman, R.N.

The word PROCEDURE in the title immediately conjures up visions of what to many people is the most boring part of any advancement syllabus. However, the inevitable advance of automation in the form of T.A.R.E. meant that steps had to be taken firstly, to ensure that present day procedure laid down in ACP 127B (and its many supplements) should be standardised and as far as possible, internationally agreed without the many variations that exist at present, and secondly, a more positive step, to make sure operators at all stations were using correct procedure and not their own versions of it—"tidy" or otherwise.

Early in the year, a small Procedure Checking Team was set up in the Admiralty, with the task among many others of monitoring all the stations feeding into Whitehall Wireless and presenting a report to each one on mistakes being made: followed by a monthly summary to show each station how it compared with others, Whitehall Wireless was itself included of course.

Results at first were disappointing—I almost said terrifying—but gradually the majority of stations improved and we now have one or two stations clocking in regular 100% results. At the other end of the scale we have stations monitored for certain periods over the last six months which have yet to present us with one, yes *one*, all correct message.

The preliminary work achieved by the team was apparent even more when the Admiralty T.A.R.E. was used and mistakes which operators considered were being picked unnecessarily (i.e., letter shifts which do not show on a page copy) were responsible for much traffic being rejected by the machine, and thrown up at the Supervisor's position, who, therefore, had to make more messages to clear the matter up.

This is not really the place for a detailed analysis of faults, but two points which it seems difficult for operators and tapists to grasp are:

- (a) No matter how small a station you are, or how far away from Whitehall Wireless you are, it is possible your message may pass through T.A.R.E. en route to one of the addressees.
- (b) If you are one of the stations feeding directly into T.A.R.E. it is possible your message, untouched by human hand, may well be in its way out of the equipment while your tape is still feeding through—hence it is no good erasing and correcting All Before Line 4—it is too late. Remember teletypewriters operate at 66.6 w.p.m.; inside a T.A.R.E. messages are processed at up to 83,000 w.p.m.

To conclude this brief summary, those of us who recall the days before 1939 when a single "dit" on a frequency brought down the wrath of C-in-C's operator, know how well that alertness stood us in good stead throughout the bitter years of war. The accent today is further back along the line and

to a wider variety of people, since the tapists may be "sparkers", "buntins", Wrens or civilians. None the less, correct procedure is as important in the years to come when plans for its use on Ship/Shore RATT mature—so for those of you who read the title and said "It won't touch me"—it will. The R.A.F. and R.C.N. are already way ahead of the Royal Navy on their percentages of correctly taped messages, so let us get cracking to catch them up, and when could an "erk" beat a Jolly Jack?

## RADAR AND THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

*The following letter was published in the DAILY TELEGRAPH on 25th April, 1961 and is reproduced by permission of the Editor.*

Sir,

I read with great interest Sir Philip Joubert's review of Sir Charles Snow's "Science and Government", and am in complete agreement with his account of the costly consequences of our bombing policy on the Atlantic battle.

A great deal has been written about the development of the coastal R.D.F. (or radar) chain and its probable decisive influence on the Battle of Britain, but very little has been published about the application of short-wave radar (initially 50-centimetre, then 10-centimetre and finally 3-centimetre) to the war at sea.

In 1940 I was the officer on the Naval Staff responsible for anti-aircraft developments, and as such I sat on a committee of which Admiral Sir James Somerville was the energetic and far-sighted chairman.

After one of its meetings I button-holed Mr. Horton, senior scientist on the staff of the Admiralty Signal School, and said to him something like this: "The future of R.D.F. obviously lies in its possible use as a rangefinder, and that being so it is essential that the antennae should be fitted on gun directors as is done with optical range-finders, and not on top of ships' masts. Can that be done?"

I remember Horton's reply very well: "If it could be done would there be a firm Staff requirement for it?" I replied with an emphatic affirmative, and Horton thereupon asked me to come to the Signal School at Portsmouth in a few days' time to discuss the possibility.

There were precisely five of us at the meeting in the Signal School—Captain Basil Willett, its deputy director, Messrs. Horton and Cole of the school's scientific staff, Commander H. F. Lawson, of the Naval Ordnance Department (who lost his life in the *Prince of Wales*), and myself; and we drew up the requirements for the new radar sets in outline.

Then we had to convince the Naval Ordnance and Naval Construction departments of the need to fit them in our ships, and especially in those under construction, at the highest priority. This, of course,



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MAINTENANCE	813 829B 832A	813 829B 832A	CV26 CV2666 CV788	30 200 200	100 20 - 20 7.5 - 7.5

\*Near equivalent

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produced acute difficulties for the supply departments, since the necessary space had not been allowed for in the original designs: but I remember very well how a senior officer from the N.O.D., when told that the new *King George V* class battleships would require 14 radar sets, exploded with "Roskill, you're mad!" I think that on completion they actually had 21 sets.

The first of the 50-centimetre sets were hand-made by, if memory serves me right, Messrs. Cossor and Messrs. Ferranti, under the supervision of the Signal School, and were produced in an astonishingly short time. Later, at Admiral Somerville's very correct insistence, the tactical set (mainly for anti-submarine use) was given equal priority with the gunnery range-finding sets; and from those small beginnings developed the great family of short-wave naval radars made possible by the development of the cavity magnetron. Those instruments, possibly more than any other single factor, won us the Atlantic battle.

Surely this was as good an example of co-operation between Servicemen and scientists in the naval field as that achieved between Tizard and the Royal Air Force in the field of fighter defence.

I write this letter because I do not believe the staff of the Signal School have ever been given credit for their great share in what was one of the most important developments of the whole war.

Yours faithfully,

S. W. ROSKILL,  
Captain, R.N.

Basingstoke, Hants.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

##### Cartoons by:

- Page 77 Wren J. N. Douglas-Reid.
- Page 85 A.A.I G. L. C. Foster.
- Page 87 Lt-Cdr. W. F. Paterson.
- Page 95 T.O.2 Day.
- Page 107 Lt. M. Ellis.



"He says he doesn't need a relief chief!"

#### THINGS AIN'T WOT THEY USED TO BE

*(Originally performed by a gorgeous bevy of Malta Comcen Wrens—suitably disguised—at the Communicators' Ball).*

We have heard of Plato since we joined with  
NATO—

And things ain't wot they used to be  
We have got new titles and bigger kilocycles.  
Things ain't wot they used to be.  
There used to be sigs, not very fast  
Moving from place to place.  
But now we got Strad—all flashing lights  
The bane of the human race—we hate it.  
Sigs in French we now compree.  
And digs we lived in in Pompey  
Just ain't wot they used to be.

There's Wrens in matelot sweaters and Jacks in  
mohair sweaters,

And things ain't wot they used to be.  
There's sirs with certain cuties and ma'ams with  
special duties.

Things ain't wot they used to be.  
There used to be Sparks doin' his nut  
Out on the good old bay.  
But now we got Wrens—Jenny's on watch,  
Misroute to U.S.A.—she'll miss us.  
Generals were signals we sent,  
Now they're men from Commedcent.  
Things ain't wot they used to be.

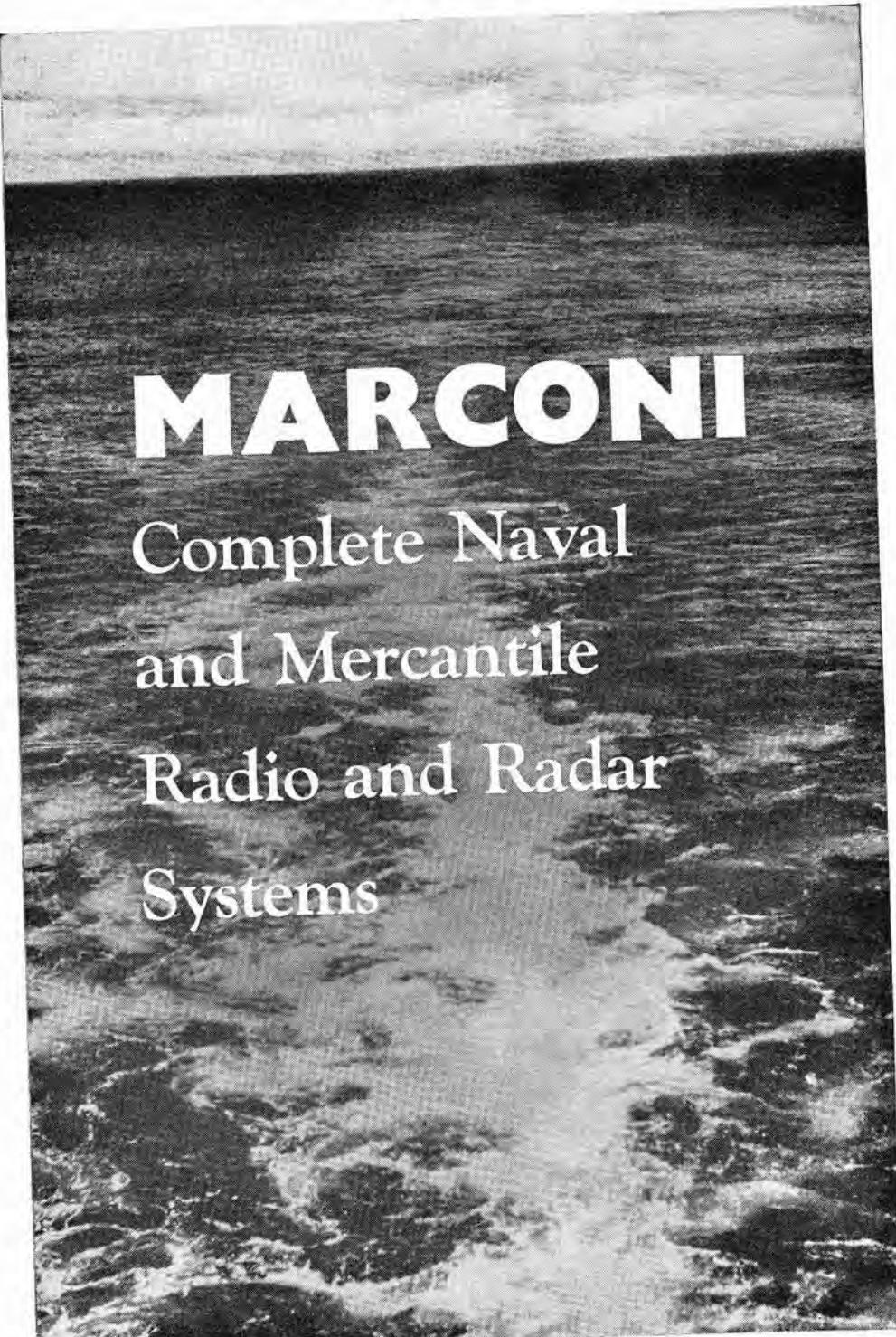
There's squash, a game they're playing and golf's a  
word they're saying,

And things ain't wot they used to be.  
The Wrens are learning judo and Jack is playing  
ludo.

Things ain't wot they used to be.  
There used to be Bunts—waving his hands  
To the great British Fleet,  
But now we've T.O.'s trying to send  
Q.S.L.'s with their feet—we're barefoot.  
Flags once were just red or blue  
Now no one has got a clue.  
Things ain't wot they used to be.

The Greeks no longer have just Greek; French and  
American they speak.

And things ain't wot they used to be.  
Now Naples needs much wider tape  
And Paree has got her S.H.A.P.E.  
Things ain't wot they used to be  
There used to be Pots drawing our tots.  
Keeping right on our tracks  
But now there's two Chiefs and one R.S.  
Trying to swap the racks—(we leave 'em)  
Once Wrens were kept for free,  
Now we're a M.O.D. liability  
And things ain't wot they used to be.



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## THE SIGNAL SCHOOL CREST

by Lt. Cdr W. F. PATERSON, R.N.

*In 1959 this magazine published the story behind the signal Equal Speed Charlie London, which was used as the crest of the Signal School, when it formed part of R.N.B., Portsmouth. It was, or course, the deployment signal of the main battlefleet at Jutland and it has rightly been described as a masterpiece of naval action manoeuvring. There are those who regret that our crest is now the Caduceus of Mercury. Or is it?*

I'll tell thee a story of Jutland,  
The battle which Jellicoe won  
And of Albert the Chief Signal Boatswain,  
Who weren't 'alf a son of a gun.

Now Albert, like many others,  
Used to follow the horses that race  
And some he'd back 'em as winners  
And t'others he'd back for a place.

He had a lovely gold tiepin,  
With which he'd a deal of success  
By plunging in list of the runners,  
Which appear every day in the press.

One day in the M.S.O. painting  
And getting the voice pipes to gleam,  
Fifteen inch shell came through porthole  
And mucked up the Ormig machine.



Now this made our Albert right angry  
And up to bridge he did go  
And respectfully said to the Admiral,  
"Come, let's have a bash at the foe."

For a while Admiral looked very thoughtful.  
But then getting up from his seat,  
Said, "Albert you'd best make a signal,  
To deploy the Main Battlefleet."

Now Albert, when under training,  
Had cut short his course by a week  
And qualified without completing  
All books that manoeuvre the fleet.

He knew all about leaving harbour,  
Destroyer reforming and screens  
And carriers with all their aircraft,  
Which no one at that time had seen.

But regarding Main Battlefleet Tactics,  
He found he was right out of luck.  
He'd only done seventeen chapters  
In the time he had spent with the book.

But showing some of the stuffing,  
That's made Signal Branch in this age,  
He drew out his lovely gold tiepin  
And plunged it into a page.



Equal Speed, Charlie, London.' The signal  
Was pinned down real good and firm,  
But Admiral was just a bit doubtful  
If that was the best way to turn.

He said, "Is direction the best one?"  
"Turn to the West, some would say."  
But Albert was sure of the answer.  
He'd got on a fiver each way.

Now when the battle was over  
And fleet was safely in port,  
T'was best not to mention gold tiepin,  
When Admiral wrote out his report.

But privately said that gold tiepin  
On his Signal Staff was the best,  
So Captain of Signal School ordered,  
That it should be shown in the crest.

So remember, 'tis not the Caduc'us,  
In that crest whenever you look.  
It's Albert's lovely gold tiepin,  
Poised, ready to plunge in the book.



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## SPARKING IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Who has not carried out a bombardment and wondered which left-footed member of the Household Cavalry is on the key at the other end? Who has not listened on five ton during the night, wondering who learned Morse in the Boy Scouts? As for that Shackleton overhead! Well, the quicker we shift to R.A.T.T. the better.

It was with such thoughts in mind that two Officers looked into Morse teaching, as carried out by the other Services, in an endeavour to find out whether they could teach us anything. The surprising answer is that we learnt quite a lot, and were most impressed by all we saw. In this series of articles, we shall try and describe some other Service methods of training to you, in order to clarify their problems.

To make any comparison, one has to start with a standard. The Navy standard chosen was the Adult Entry into *Mercury*, who is turned into a 3rd Class Radio Operator after thirty-two weeks training. He can then read Morse on to a typewriter at 22 WPM, operate a teletypewriter at 30 WPM and has a basic knowledge of other Communication subjects (Organisation, Procedure, Theory and Tech. etc.). Beside this training he is taught how to be a sailor, in the full sense of the word. In short, after thirty-two weeks he is a capable operator, but in need of practical experience.

How does the R.A.F. tackle this job?

The Air Force 'Rating' structure is composed entirely of Trade Groups, from Air Fitters down to Policemen and Drivers. Every Airman is 'slotted' into a Trade Group, roughly dependent on his I.Q., and his wishes. Trade specialisation number eleven is the Air Force Communicator, although the more technically minded can elect to change to Radio Fitter if desired. The raw recruit in Trade Group 11 is now sub-specialised into either a Wireless Operator or a Teleprinter Operator.

The W/T operator is given an 18-week course at the end of which he should be able to send and receive Morse at 18 WPM besides having a basic knowledge of procedure, message handling, theory and Technical. The Teleprinter Operator is trained to type on a teleprinter at 25 WPM in 12 weeks, in addition to being taught procedures, switchboard drill, 'perforating' and message handling. Neither, it will be noted, has any 'opposite subject' knowledge. After this initial training the W/T Op. or T/P Op. is sent into the field to gain experience in this trade. This makes drafting far more difficult than in the Navy, where the R.O.3 should be able to cope with both jobs, and it is not unknown in the Air Force to find a Signal Officer about to start an exercise with an overloaded watch bill of T/P Ops. but no sparkers, or vice versa.

After about six months these basic operators can apply to qualify as a 'Tel II'. If granted, they are

brought back into the R.A.F. Signal School at Compton Bassett in Wiltshire and given a further course in 'opposite subject'. Thus the W/T Op. will be extensively trained in keyboard operating and the T/P Op. similarly trained in Morse sending and receiving. It is worth digressing here to point out that we thought very highly of the trainees' Morse transmitting skill. A great deal of use is made of undulators and one classroom is devoted, with its civilian instructor, to nothing but teaching Morse Transmitting Techniques.

We looked at the Morse and typing exercises with interest and came to the conclusion that the average R.O.3 could eat them. The Airman's MMX consists of two minutes P/L, two minutes letter groups and two minutes figures. No heading, no callsigns, no signs (except for BT), no foreign and no accented letters. An O.D.'s dream of paradise. The T/P exercise is identical with the MMX, with the additional comfort that no case shifting is required. However, in the T/P exercise lasting six minutes, only two errors are permitted. The Tel II is a fair equivalent of the R.O.3 as regards practical skills, but is not so knowledgeable in some other subjects of communications. However, to get this far, the Airman has probably been in the Air Force for about nine months before starting the course. Finally, the experienced Tel II can return to the Signal School to qualify as a Tel I, where he will be required to achieve 22 WPM at Morse, 45 WPM typing PL and 36 WPM at other typing, all of which is done on to a teleprinter. The Tel I and Tel II are only trade group specialisations and do not have any bearing on the shipping of Corporal's or Sergeant's stripes.

Some of the Instructors we met had worked with the Navy (in Cyprus and Malta for instance) and considered their communication product compared very favourably with the Naval equivalent.

So, next time you are working with the Air Force, bear in mind that they have tried just as hard as us to make sparkers out of their men.

## MERCURY AUTOMOBILE CLUB

### GO-KART SECTION

A Go-Kart section has been formed within the *Mercury* Automobile Club. The Club has two Karts and the perimeter of the football pitch at St. James's Park has been allocated to the Club as a track. Apart from a few bumps around the circuit (which it is hoped will be ironed out in the very near future) it is a good course. At the time of writing these notes we have about seventy keen young lads who gather on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings to try their skill and to compete against each other and against the clock. When we get a little more experience in running this section of the Motor Club we anticipate entering a team or two against other naval clubs.

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## GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

### CHIEFS' CHATTER

From the point of view of weather there is no one who would argue with the statement that this is the Summer Term. Sunshine all the way is the order of the day and has meant a frantic digging in old kit bags for tropical shirts as rig of the day. With such weather it is only too obvious that there is a great enthusiasm in the Mess for the great outdoors and the sport to be found there. These range from "Rattler" Morgan having a nightly run on his scooter (mad, gay fool), through tennis, cricket, sailing, car rallies, go-karting to Fred Ballamy telling "Rattler" on his return that he is what has already been said in brackets. Added to these are a few "Midsummer joists" such as Sports Day when the ship was open all day and the Mess was full of members' families having lunch, etc. A grand day was had by all.

It is with great pleasure that we report on our very lavish and fairly well organised barbecue held on the lawn in front of the accommodation on the night of June 22nd; dress was "Tramps" or plain clothes. Any buzzes that "Shady" Lane actually was in plain clothes are without foundation. The dress of lots of the guests was both original and amusing, to such a degree that a host of members were quite unrecognisable until challenged. Once more we extended an invitation to our friends of the RNA at Alton who turned out in rigs appropriate to the occasion. Jim's bar proved to be most popular in plying his home-made wines but it is feared that it was a short lived popularity, from the looks next morning. Large juicy steaks were barbecued at the appropriate hour and a jolly good time was had by all. Next headache, End of Term Ball.

"Vice" Ryder remains the moving force behind the cricket in the Mess and for a gang of old 'uns we do quite well.

Finally, we are sure that you will join your Mess in congratulating CRS "Dolly" Gray on being awarded a very well deserved B.E.M. Our best good wishes to Arthur "The Voice" Lacey on demob. Never shall we hear that golden scream any more prior to Divisions.

INS. Messenger CRS, Drayton CYS (SAN), Ayers CRS, Hare CRS, Morgan CCY, Walker CRS, Jones, D. CRS, Howick CRS, Dixon CCY, Sanders CCY, Rogers CRS, Catchpool CRS, Webster CRS, Taylor CRS, Lavender REA 1, Garrad CRS, Jones CCY, Laws CRS, Jones Shpt., Cox CCY, Manton CPO, Cousins CPO, Broughton Shpt., Knight CPO (CK).

OUTS. Jones CRS Pension, Busby CCY Pension, Wharam CRS Pension, Allen CRS Bulwark, Hotchkiss CRS Pension, Kitchin CCY *Rooke*, Denee CRS Pension, Howick CRS Pension, Dixon

CCY Meon, Cox CCY *Phoenicia*, Stubbs CCY C.N.D., Bullough CCY Pension, Walmsley CCY *Trafalgar*, Petchey CRS *Trafalgar*, Webster CRS Pension, Hodges CREL *Bulwark*, Goater REA 1 *Collingwood*, Wells CPO *Falmouth*, Smith CPO CK) Pension, Lacey CGI Pension.

### P.O.s' PATTER

As another Term nears completion and we learn that this article must be on your Editor's desk in fifteen minutes, numerous heads get speedily together to recall the many events and activities now behind us.

On June 22nd, the presidential chair was taken over by C.Y. Vic Head. R.S. Ken Pitchforth left not only that office but the Service as well. We all wish him well in his civilian job, and thank him sincerely for the good work he has done whilst in the chair. Another committee job turning over is that of Secretary, as C.Y. Terry Bolton looks to civvy street in September. R.S. Baker prepares to do battle with the books. Also we have said farewell to Yeo Jessop to whom we wish the best of luck in the Merchant Fleet as a Welfare Officer.

On the sporting front, cricket of the brighter type is being enjoyed by all. Under the captaincy of R.S. Pitchforth and now of C.Y. Pollard we appear to be hot favourites for the "Ashes". At softball our members found the ball not as soft as stated but have managed to arrive at the semi-finals of the current competition. Whether this is due to our standard of play or the verbatim quoting of the book of rules by P.O. Gellender, no one is quite sure. Sports Day on 14th June saw an excellent turnout of wives and families but a distinct lack of performers on the track and in the field. Despite much hard work and bribery by R.S. Bernard, our only success was P.O. Gellender's effort with the discus.

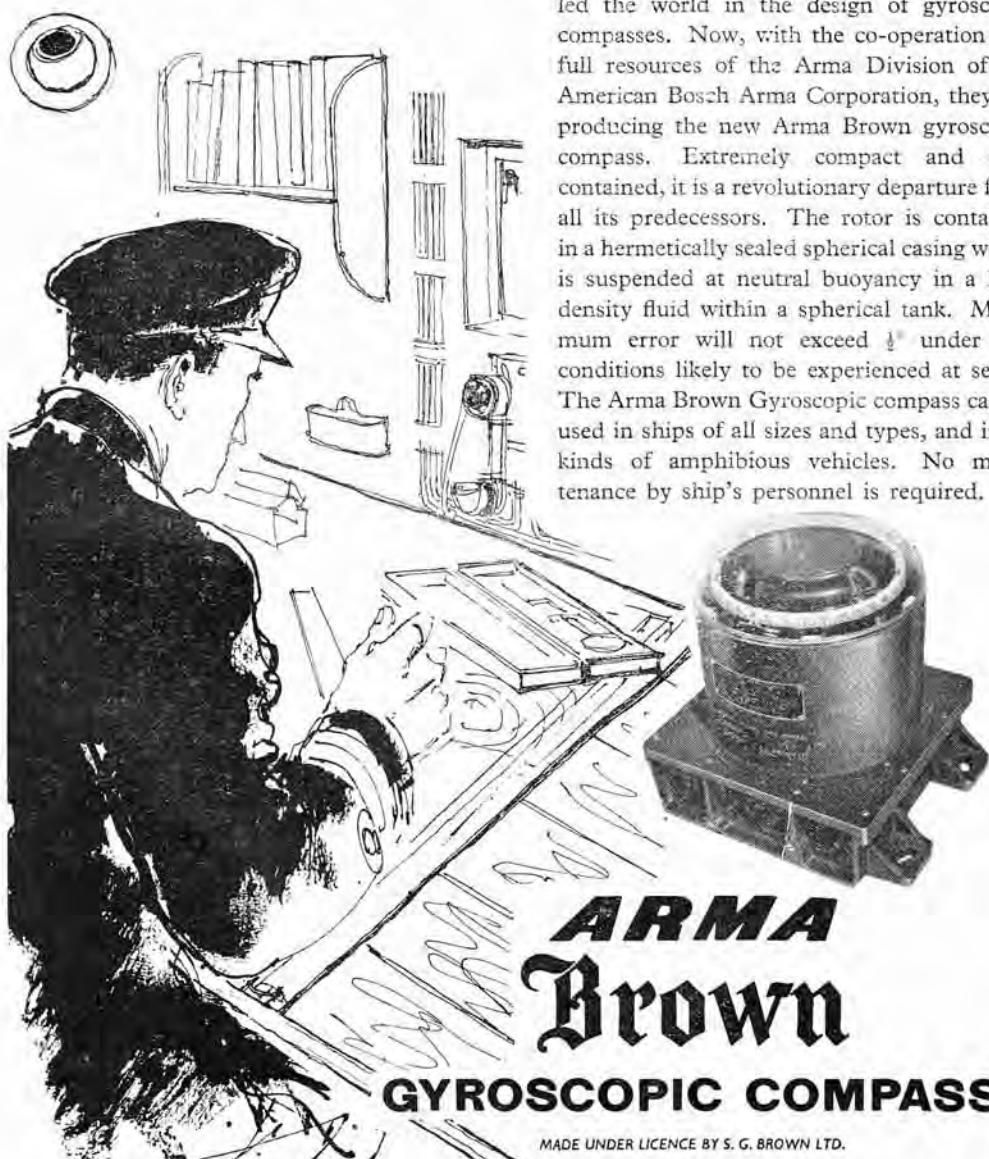
C.Y. O'Brien and C.Y. Bolton provided good sport in the 4 x 110 yards relay, though, the former tripping over his beard and the latter almost losing his way.

Stag nights and Socials, although most enjoyable, we feel need of a lot more support from members, and it is hoped that our end of term Dance/Social on Wednesday, 9th August, will see a bumper turnout of all members, their wives and lady friends.

### SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

An interesting scheme is being undertaken by the Signal School Mess, namely, building sixteen garages between the pig farm and the wood-shed. The buffer's working party is carrying out the whole job from scratch, and finances come from the Signal School Mess. A civilian contractor gave an estimate of £1,500, but the cost using BWP will be in the region of £200. It is rumoured that the first one is

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for the Chief Bosun's Mate's new Jaguar. It appears that the First Lt. either has some very good friends in the timber trade, or is very adept at finding timber. It is hoped they will be completed by the end of July. The garages will be for the sole use of members of the Signal School Mess, virtual members having preference.

We are glad to report that the launderette in the Mountbatten Block basement is now a flourishing concern, and has taken two-thirds of the Signal School's business from the civilian laundry. The main asset is a guaranteed 24-hour service, and for New Entries with kit musters, a 12-hour service. Ironing is not done, however. The service costs 1/6 per bundle, and is non-profit making.

This may interest trippers of the light fantastic. In place of the mid-Term Dance a series of monthly dances was laid on, and had a good following. It is hoped to hold divisional dances next term, so that those of you who have ideas on running dances may exercise their dormant talents. End of term dances will still be held under the present committee.

Once again the Sailors' Operatic and Dramatic Society ventured out on a nature study ramble to the New Forest, but it did not appear to be as popular as previous rambles. It was thought at first that a 32-seater coach would be needed, but only twenty ornithologists attended. They were led by the renowned first tenor L/Sgt. Bigby. It appeared that once again fate intervened, and the coach barely managed to crawl into the "Cat and Fiddle" before the engine seized up through lack of lubrication, a complaint shared by the passengers. The driver only managed to repair the engine when the landlord called "Time".

Sports Day and Open Day held in *Mercury* on 14th June was a great success. The standard was outstanding, and some very good times were recorded, which should stand us in good stead for the inter-Command Championships in July.

Now glad tidings for present and future props of the S.S. Mess bar. At last a move is under way to cool the draught beer. NAAFI has nobly undertaken to solve the problem, and promised early results.

It is not yet known whether the ratings who volunteered for the Brickwood's Trophy Field Gun Crew in *Mercury* are in for the game, or just "big eats" from Pusser. The response for volunteers was very good, and *Mercury* will undoubtedly give an excellent account of itself.

### MERCURY W.R.N.S.

Unlike last Summer, when Leydene spent most of the Term with its head in the clouds and in consequence the Wrens spent most of the time cancelling sports matches, this Term has been extremely busy. Although we have lost our chance to gain the inter-Unit Tennis cup, hopes are high for retaining the Athletics relay cup and also the cup for the highest number of points at the Command meeting. At the trial in May at Portsmouth, W.R.N.S. *Mercury* came first with a margin of 23

points, which was particularly gratifying to the Chief P.T.I. who has spent a great deal of time coaching our team. After surviving the first round of inter-Unit Cricket, thanks to the coaching by C.R.S. Ryder and other members of his Mess, we have drawn *Dauntless* in the second round. Result of this match will not be published!



On Sports Day a selection of 'stokers' dressed in tropical rig, danced the Hornpipe. These "matelots" were Wren Communications Trainees. Wren Iceton, Ship's Company D.S.A., taught them this highly energetic and weight reducing dance in just under a fortnight. She is to be congratulated upon such a good instructional job and also for giving up so much of her spare time. This display is being performed again for the Soberton Church Fete on July 15th regardless of that date being St. Swithin's Day!

The W.R.N.S. Communicators are all very proud that the new Director is an ex-Signal Officer and look forward to seeing her when she comes here to pay her official visit.

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## COME TO THE MATCH

The Lords Taverners will be making another welcome visit to Broad halfpenny Down on September 10th, 1961. The Lords Taverners Cricket Club was formed some ten years ago by stars of the theatrical profession who were interested in cricket and cricketers interested in the stage. The object of the club is to collect money for the National Playing Fields Association.

H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh is the Club's President and twelfth man. He is also President of the National Playing Fields Association. Last year the Lords Taverners handed over a cheque for more than £10,000 to the N.P.F.A. Of this, just over £500 was the result of the Charity match held at Broadhalfpenny Down in September, organised by the Broadhalfpenny Brigands Cricket Club of *Mercury*.

Last year nearly 500 runs were made during the afternoon and part of the game was televised. The spectators (admission free) must have been satisfied, for a collection on the ground brought some £26 into the blanket.

If you are in the area on Sunday, September 10th, perhaps you would care to see the stars of cricket, stage and screen in action. Remember (a) the date—Sunday, 10th September, (b) the place—Broadhalfpenny Down. Bring your families and friends as well. There will be plenty of room on the Down.

## SPORT IN MERCURY

The Spring Term closed with a series of well-supported competitions in the major games, in which Blake won the soccer, Wardroom the rugby and Petty Officers the hockey.

The Winter season had seen *Mercury* in the semi-final of the Navy Cup, in the final of the Charity Cup, which *Ariel* won, but only just, and the winners of the Junior Challenge Cup—all soccer, as if you didn't know. . . .

The Rugby Club had a creditable season, running up to *Dolphin* in the League, but they could not beat *Excellent* in a replay for the Knockout Cup.

The hockey team changed continuously and never really had a chance to settle down, but it fielded a 6-a-side team which reached the semi-final of the Command Knockout.

What of the Summer? The good weather has seen much cricket, and considerably more tennis being played than last year. Jo's Meadow has borne the brunt of play in the inter-part Cricket League, its various wickets causing mounting dismay to batsmen. But now that Sports Day is successfully over, and our athletes fast disappearing into the rarified atmosphere of Command competition, the new Hyden Wood square has been brought into full use. It is considerably better than anything *Mercury* has had before, but several years of attention are required before the grass meets the exacting standards set by our cricketers. And, by

the way, the erection on the far side is not the start of a monorail for the P.T.S.O.'s home to duty travel, but the 120 foot long permanent support for a wooden sight-screen!



**Wren Tyndal – Biscoe winning the Obstacle Race**

On Sports Day, the Athletics Cup was taken away by the New Entry Division with 104 points, closely followed by Blake and Kempfelt with 94 and 92. A large crowd, swollen by parents and families attending Open Day, was attracted to the pole vault, an event staged for the first time, and to the high jump, won by J. R. O. Rowe, who later went on to win this event in the R.N. Junior Championships. The fine setting, full size track and field facilities, and good weather made the afternoon pleasant for everyone, and profitable for a few of us.

Plans for a modern pavilion have now been finalised and it is hoped that construction will start on Hyden Wood this year. It will be single-storied and will incorporate a large room for entertaining visiting teams, in addition to adequate changing and washing facilities.

A 9-hole "chip and putt" golf course has proved popular this Summer; it covers the length of the Broadwalk with par at 3 for each hole.

### Strict Tempo?

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To Rothesay

Coronation Day gun salutes to be co-ordinated as follows. At 1138 watches will be started. After one minut a time check will be given. . . .



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## SERVICE BOATS

This summer two whalers and two dinghies have been obtained for the exclusive use of *Mercury*. They are kept at the Sailing Centre on Whale Island, and are maintained by our boatkeeper, L.R.O. Lake, assisted by the racing whaler's crew, skippered by C.C.Y. Ririe and C.Y. Milligan.

A small nucleus of Wrens has been taking advantage of the weekly sailing lessons arranged by the P.C.S.A. at the Centre; more is the pity that male Communicators have not yet started to enjoy this outdoor sport—apart from a small number who have been racing in almost every team competition organised by the P.C.S.A. Whilst it is too early to give any results, present form indicates that *Mercury* may be well on the map at the prizegiving in September.

One result was quite definite: the Inter-Command 14-ft Dinghy Championships, held in the Gareloch this year. The Claude Barry Trophy was brought home by Portsmouth, with four straight wins. *Mercury* was represented in the team by Lt. Phillips and L.T.O. B. N. C. Smith.

If you want to sail, or learn to sail, come and see P.T.S.O.

*Meon Maid II* was launched just after the Easter leave this year, the intention for the season being that she should not participate in the full Royal Ocean Racing Club programme but should be available for a more varied number of people to go sailing in her either cruising or in shorter coastal aces.

It is too early in the season to say how we are getting on in the various races with a completely new team of regulars, but an excursion to Dartmouth at Whitsun proved very successful. *Meon Maid* won two out of three races and came second in the third. The crew for this race was largely Ship's Company, at least two of whom made their mark in the West Country.

Competition has been made more interesting this season as we have *Electron*, sister craft to *Meon Maid*, in the Portsmouth Command competing against us in most of our races. Dog Watch sailing continues twice weekly when possible, so if you want to sail in this lovely yacht see your sailing representative or Lt.-Cdr. Laing. It may interest non-local yachtsmen to know that there is still a week-end or two in September not booked so far.



"... Yes, but do you tune it in or wave it about?"

## CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS

*Entries must reach the Editor by October 31st*

★ SPECIAL FEATURE	Prize of 3 Guineas
★ PHOTOGRAPH	Prize of 1 Guinea
★ CARTOON	Prize of 1 Guinea

### THE CHRISTMAS EDITION

**ALL CONTRIBUTIONS** must reach the Editor by October 31st, but material is doubly welcome as early as possible — **BULK ORDERS** by December 1st

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## COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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

### APPOINTMENTS

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. N. ALLCOCK ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	R.A.N. Exch.	Mercury
J. C. APPLEYARD-LIST ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F.(H)
J. G. B. ARMSTRONG ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Tangmere	Bulwark
R. M. BAIRD, R.A.N. ...	Lt.	Mercury	2nd F.S.
H. M. BALFOUR ...	Lt.	President	20th F.S.
N. S. D. BARRETT ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	R.A.N. Exch.	Mercury
D. BEASLEY ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Lincoln	Woodbridge Haven
J. M. BEATTIE ...	Lt.	Mercury	5th F.S.
H. J. C. BRIDGER ...	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	C.B.N.S. Washington
E. BRISTOWE, D.S.M. ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	AFMED	Forest Moor
D. E. BROMLEY-MARTIN ...	Captain	J.S.S.C.	Mercury in cmd.
M. P. H. BRYAN ...	Lt.	Belfast	Mercury
C. F. BRYANT ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	8th D.S.	Mercury
B. A. N. BUCKLEY ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Phoenicia	Mercury
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C. ...	Commander	Mercury	EASTLANT
C. K. CALLINS, R.A.N. ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F.(H)
G. D. CARTER ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	3rd F.S.
P. A. CLARKE ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ausonia	S.T.C. Malta
R. COOMBER ...	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Falcon
R. L. COPP ...	Lt.	Adamant	R.C.N. Exch.
A. W. J. CRANDON ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Woodbridge Haven	Mercury
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, C.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	Victory	President
Miss C. EVANS ...	2/O W.R.N.S.	E.N.C.A.	EASTLANT
R. D. FRANKLIN ...	Commander	Mercury	R.N. Staff Course
J. FRANKS ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	S.T.C. Devonport
G. FROUD, D.S.M. ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	S.T.C. Kranji
J. B. GALLAGHER ...	Lt.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exch.
J. S. GEORGE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	5th F.S.	R.A.N. Exch.
W. L. R. E. GILCHRIST ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.A.C.
M. C. GWINNER ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.M.E.
Miss D. HEAPE ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Drake
R. HOLLAND ...	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	7th D.S.
P. N. HOWES, D.S.C. ...	Captain	Mercury in cmd.	Devonshire in cmd.
D. T. HUNT, R.A.N. ...	Lt.	Bermuda	Mercury
K. H. JAY ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F. Med.
H. R. KEATE ...	Commander	Dieppe in cmd.	Victory
L. J. KELAHER, R.A.N. ...	Lt.-Cdr.	2nd F.S.	R.A.N.
The Viscount KELBURN, D.S.C. ...	Rear Admiral	Victory in cmd.	F.O. Malta
P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C. ...	Commander	Victory	Staff of C.-in-C. M.E.
J. T. LORD ...	Lt.	Staff of F.O.F.(H)	Mercury
Miss L. C. MENZIES ...	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Phoenicia
D. C. MITCHELL ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Tyne	Afrikander
D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E. ...	Commander	Drake	D.D.W.R.
R. C. MORGAN ...	Commander	President	C.B.N.S. Washington
D. H. B. NEWSON-SMITH ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of CINCHAN
D. A. P. O'REILLY ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Surprise	Mercury
A. C. O'RIORDAN, D.S.C. ...	Commander	Belfast	Signal Division
J. R. PENNY ...	Lt.	Hermes	Mercury
R. J. PITTS, M.B.E. ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Laymoor	Tangmere
A. M. RALPH ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Tyne	Mercury

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APPOINTMENTS (*continued*)

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
C. W. ROBERTSON	Commander	AFMED	Staff of SACLANT
J. B. RUMBLE	Lt.-Cdr.	R.C.N. Exch.	Ark Royal
A. V. SALTER	Lt. (SD) (C)	S.T.C. Devonport	Mercury
B. D. SALVAGE	Lt.	Mercury	Phoenicia
G. E. SAMSON	Commander	F.C.O., F.E.S.	Mercury
J. A. SANDERSON	Lt.	Mercury	R.N.Z.N. Exch.
M. SANDS	Lt.-Cdr.	7th D.S.	Roebuck
M. D. H. SELLAR	Lt.	Mercury	4th F.S.
T. J. W. SERUEANT	Lt.	AFMED	Devonshire
B. K. SHATTOCK	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	F.C.O. Med.
N. J. J. SKIFF	Lt. Cdr.	Ark Royal	A.S.W.E.
P. D. STEARNS	Lt.-Cdr.	Bermuda	AFMED
K. M. TEARE	Lt.-Cdr.	C.B.N.S. Washington	Mercury
J. R. G. TRECHMAN	Captain	Captain F.4.	President
P. TROUBRIDGE	Lt.-Cdr.	R.N. Tact. Crse.	Mercury
B. R. VALE, R.A.N.	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Broadsword	Adamant
P. WAILES	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Tyne	Ceylon W.T
A. A. WAUGH	Lt.	Mercury	7th D.S.
P. A. WILLIAMS	Lt. (SD) (C)	Forest Moor	Bermuda
D. A. WILSON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Roebuck	Urchin
K. WOLLAN	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Bulwark
M. L. WOOLLCOMBE	Commander	F.C.O. Med.	Signal Division
P. N. WRIGHT, R.N.Z.N.	Lt.	Mercury	Tiger

## PROMOTIONS

## To Admiral

Sir LAURENCE DURLACHER, K.C.B., O.B.E., D.S.C.

## To Rear Admiral

The Viscount KELBURN, D.S.C.

## To Captain

D. V. MORAN, M.B.E.

C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER

## Provisional Selection to Captain

P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C.

## To Commander

W. H. H. MACKILLOP

## Provisional Selection to Commander

J. D. MACPHERSON

R. D. FRANKLIN

B. K. SHATTOCK

G. C. LLOYD

## To Lieutenant-Commander

R. W. KEOGH

H. D. Y. FAULKNER

## To Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)

P. J. COTTLE

B. HANCOCK

## To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

L. ELLISON

F. R. THORPE

A. E. P. BRIGGS

## To A Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)

P. ATKINSON

I. M. FRASER, R.N.Z.N.

T. T. BROGAN

N. G. LODDER

T. E. CLINTON

T. MAWSON

D. D. DAVIES

W. J. PRICKETT

W. H. DAVIES

P. J. STEMBRIDGE

F. G. DENSTEN, R.A.N.

D. T. TAYLOR

PROMOTIONS (*continued*)

## Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

R. ALMOND	(14.2.61)	D. BLACKWELL	(23.4.61)
B. A. HAWKINS	(2.3.61)	D. W. C. FOOTE	(4.5.61)
P. L. O'ROURKE	(28.3.61)	A. T. S. PERRY	(25.5.61)
J. A. ASHWELL	(12.4.61)	W. G. WHARTON	(26.5.61)
F. J. PIGOT	(20.4.61)		

## Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

H. J. SODEN	(1.2.61)	J. MCGILLIVRAY	(26.4.61)
E. PROTHEROE	(20.3.61)	W. W. J. TAYLOR	(7.5.61)
R. N. C. BROOKS	(2.4.61)	J. KELLY	(19.5.61)

## BIRTHDAY HONOURS

G.C.B.	Admiral Sir J. P. L. REID
C.V.O.	Captain N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON
M.B.E.	Lt. (SD) (C) A. WRIGHT
B.E.M.	C.R.S. R. GRAY; R.S. J. L. A. CAUTY

## RETIREMENTS

M. G. CHICHESTER	...	...	...	...	Commander
C. G. BUSH	...	...	...	...	Lt.-Cdr.
P. LA B. WALSH	...	...	...	...	Lt.-Cdr.
P. W. DOLPHIN	...	...	...	...	Lt.-Cdr.
H. F. T. BROWN	...	...	...	...	Comm. Lt. (S.W.S.)

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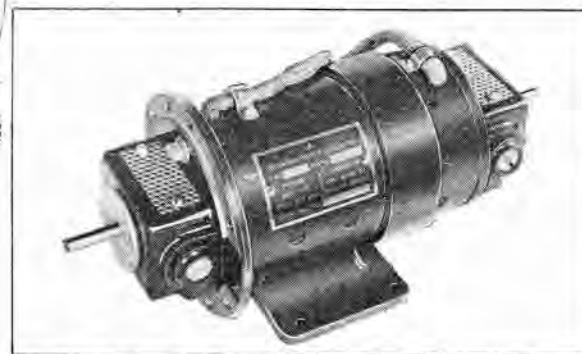


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