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Matthew



THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL 20 - No. 3 WINTER 1970

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THE COMMUNICATOR

PUBLISHED AT HMS 'MERCURY'

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

WINTER 1970

VOL. 20, No. 3

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COMMISSIONING FORECASTS

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

<i>Phoebe</i> ...	GP Frigate, January 28 1971. Recommission (1) (2) Chatham, GSS, Home/WI/Home/Med/Home.
<i>Rothsay</i> ...	A/S Frigate, January 5, 1971. Recommission (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSS, Home/East of Suez.
<i>Brinton</i> ...	Minehunter, January 28, 1971. Recommission (1) Rosyth (2) Bahrain, FS Gulf.
<i>Intrepid</i> ...	LPD, January 10, 1971. Recommission (Phased), (1) Devonport (2) Singapore, FS East of Suez.
<i>Palliser</i> ...	A/S Frigate, January 21, 1971, Commission (1) (2) Portsmouth, HSS.
<i>Fife</i> ...	GMD, February 17, 1971, Recommission (1) (2) Chatham, GSS Home/Med/Home.
<i>Gavinton</i> ...	Minehunter, March 18, 1971. Recommission (1) Rosyth (2) Bahrain, FS Gulf.
<i>Berwick</i> ...	A/S Frigate, March 11, 1971. Commission, (1) Portsmouth (2) Chatham, GSS Home/WI/Home/Med.
<i>Brereton</i> ...	Minehunter, April 12, 1971. Recommission (1) Rosyth (2) Singapore, FS Gulf.
<i>Diomedes</i> ...	GP Frigate, April 1971. Commission (1) (2) Chatham, GSS Home/WI/Home/Med.
<i>Devonshire</i> ...	GMD, May 24, 1971. Commission (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSS Home/Med/Home.
<i>Endurance</i> ...	Ice Patrol Ship, June 1971. Recommission (1) (2) Portsmouth, GSS, Home/SASA.



The October issue of 'Playboy' introduces the magazine's first twin Playmates in the persons of Mary and Madeleine Collinson. Eighteen-year-old and brown-eyed, the identical beauties are natives of Malta, the Mediterranean island, and now reside in London, where they are holding down a career of fashion modelling. True to their genetic make-up, the Collinsons not only look alike but mirror each other's thoughts and opinions. Says Madeleine, 'Talking to one of us is like talking to the other. There's really little difference in the way we think and in the things we like to do'

CONGRATULATIONS

To RS E. R. Lloyd who took first place out of 8 candidates on the 1970 Radio Communication Instructor Qualifying course with a total of 755.5 marks out of a possible 800—the highest marks achieved since records began in 1947.

and to

CCY E. H. Gilbert who took first place out of 8 candidates in the Tactical Communication Instructor Qualifying course with 565 marks out of a possible 600. Both candidates received an award of £10 from the Herbert Lott Naval Trust Fund.

LOVELY LADY PHOTO COMPETITION

HMS *Eagle*'s entry of a photograph of some of their Communicators and some of Liverpool's lovely ladies as published in the spring edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR*, was voted to be the winner of this competition. The £5 prize has been sent to the SCO HMS *Eagle* for presentation to the winner.

BRANCH STRUCTURE

by SORT

Recent editions of *THE COMMUNICATOR* have described the various studies that are in progress into whether certain changes in Communication Branch structures would be desirable.

While quite a lot of work has been completed, the proposals react on each other and on other Branches, and considerable work still remains to be done before any firm recommendations can be made. Briefly, the present situation is:

- a. *Maintainer-Operator*. The implication of introducing a Radio Maintainer-Operator, involving a combination of ROs and REMs, has been studied and appears feasible, and at least from the Communications Branch point of view desirable. Nevertheless the advantages and disadvantages are fairly evenly balanced. A similar study for the RP/REM is now in progress; this is very relevant to our proposals as the same members of the WE branch are involved. It will also be necessary to see whether the other Seaman branches wish to adopt a similar scheme before a final decision is made.
- b. *Combination of (T) and (W) Sub-specialisations*. Initial studies show this to be feasible. Some combination on these lines would probably be essential if we adopt the maintainer-operator idea; otherwise the advantages and disadvantages are more evenly balanced. A decision must await the outcome of the maintainer-operator study.
- c. *Combination of (T), (W) and (RP) Sub-specialisations*. This study is largely complete, and the indications are that a combination of these into one sub-specialisation is not practicable. There might, however, be advantages in forging closer links between the Communication and RP Sub-specialisations, perhaps, for example, by forming a 'Command and Control' Branch.

Again this would depend on the extent to which the maintainer-operator scheme was introduced.

Another study now in progress is aimed at seeing whether the number of ratings trained in CW morse should be reduced. Although there will be a morse requirement for a long time to come, the number of morse trained ROs actually required in a ship is relatively small, and it is wasteful of training time and effort to train all (G) and (W) ratings if this is not actually necessary. The requirement for WROs (M) is also declining.

It is not expected that any radical changes in Branch Structures will be made in the near future, and any changes that are made in due course are likely to be introduced gradually by a process of evolution.

A NEW APPROACH TO TRAINING

by SORT

A large number of readers will have no doubt heard of such phrases as 'Objective Training', 'Terminal Objectives', 'Job Analysis', etc. A great deal has been written on this subject over the past two or three years and various authors have used different jargon. What all this amounts to is 'training a man for the job he is going to do'.

In the past, a syllabus has been written which invariably contained a lot of 'come in handy' knowledge which the student may, or may not, have used. The current approach to the formation of a syllabus for a career course is only to include those things which the student will require in the job for which he is being trained.

A great deal of work in this field has been done in the Communication Branch which has come to fruition in the 1970 revised syllabuses in HMS *Mercury*. Minor changes are being made as more information becomes available. The most positive form of information to enable the right changes to be made is feedback from the fleet. Funnily enough this is the most difficult to obtain.

It was realised, however, that if we were to get our training right it was essential to extract the necessary information from the ships. To do this task it was decided to seek the assistance of the Naval Manpower Utilisation Unit at Haslemere. As a result, a team, headed by CRS Eilbeck, visited a number of ships and interviewed a cross section of

'T' and 'W' ratings, up to and including the Leading Rate. The number they interviewed represented 10 per cent of the various rating levels in the Branch, and the same for 'W'.

The questionnaire given to these ratings covered all the subject headings in RNCP 15 and ratings were invited to say whether they had used the knowledge given to them on course. They were also given the chance to say whether it had been used frequently, seldom, never or only on exercises. This gave a clear indication of whether we were over-teaching or under-teaching when we compared the answers with the standards of knowledge.

This mass of extremely important information pictorially displayed on a chart (2' 6" x 22') is being used to validate and update the current 'capabilities of ratings' and 'standards of knowledge'.

THE HIJACKED JACK

by Lieutenant-Commander J. E. Wallis, RN

It was about 1130 and our VC10, piloted by Captain Goulborn, was on its way from Bahrain to Beirut. I was filling in the arrival card and full of the joys of spring in anticipation of a three weeks' holiday in the Lebanon with my wife. I was barely conscious of a number of feet walking in the direction of the you know what, and dimly aware that I should go there too, when suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of the dividing curtains being flung violently aside and a rapid movement of more feet inside the compartment.

I looked up quickly and found myself, as I was in the front seat, looking up into the barrel of a pistol and an array of grenades slung around the waist of a rapidly-breathing man. There were two of them, young — in the late twenties, and each armed with a pistol and a waistful of hand grenades. It seemed to me to be an odd position — and I wasn't sure of the procedure to be followed on these occasions. Did one, for example, smile and say 'good morning'; offer one's seat — or just do nothing. I did nothing because, being a sailing man, I thought it better to feel which way the wind was going to blow.

At the same time a third highjacker entered the flight deck to take over control of the aircraft. The intercom came to life — 'This is your captain,' and Captain Goulborn, in the cool and calm manner which we later came to recognise as characteristic, continued, 'I am sorry to inform you ladies and gentlemen that there will be some inconvenience . . .' his voice was interrupted by a harsher and agitated voice 'We are not sorry, we are the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and we . . .', the voice droned on to explain the objects of the Front but I do not think any of us followed the speaker as we were much too concerned about our immediate problems.

Unbeknown to the passengers there was a fourth highjacker but this one was to remain a mystery for some time.

We, my wife and I, had boarded the plane at



The Hijacked Jack
Lieut-Comdr J. E. Wallis, RN

Bahrain for our holiday after 16 hot, but not unpleasant, months in Bahrain. That was all we volunteered for — the holiday. But if there is to be an event of national interest it is only right that the three Services should be properly represented. There was Major Potts serving with the Abu Dhabi Defence Force; Sergeant Ernie Hartill of the Royal Air Force, and myself representing the Royal Navy. And who better than a Communicator to represent the senior Service!

We were forced to fly to Beirut to refuel and were warned not to try anything whilst on the ground. We were told that a fourth highjacker was disguised as a passenger and that planned resistance by us would be conveyed to them immediately by their spy. In this event the aircraft would be blown up. We learned later that the fourth highjacker was a young woman — and she sat just behind me!!! After refuelling we took off for another destination and, after landing, remained in the aircraft from Wednesday until Saturday. This period was, to say the least, a very harrowing time. Nevertheless we came to recognise our captors. In my personal experience I found them, individually, to be honourable, courteous — but determined men and women and quite prepared to give their lives for the restoration of their homeland. Their appearance and manners even under the prevailing trying conditions was infinitely preferable to those of some of the younger set seen around the world today.

We were released from the aircraft on Saturday and 17 of us, British, Swiss and German passengers with

five American/Israeli ladies were confined in a reasonably modern house. The 17 men occupied a room about 16ft x 10ft and the ladies in a smaller room and with one connected bathroom and toilet. In the very early stages it was agreed to allocate various duties and by popular vote I got the job of Chief Domestic Cleanliness Adviser, on the basis that being a sailor I must know how to live in, and keep clean, confined spaces! For the first scrub-out I had lots of volunteers (there wasn't much else to do) but the sight of middle-aged businessmen trying to scrub-out without kneeling or, in some cases, hardly bending at the knees, amused at first, and then exasperated me. Later I did it all myself stoutly refusing all their well-meaning offers of assistance. As luck would have it the very day we were moved out of this fairly comfortable abode I had spent at least two hours scrubbing out — and no rounds!

Fortunately my domain did not extend to the heads. When blockages occurred, quite frequently, they were ably dealt with by Eric D'Eye (ex Fleet Air Arm) the VC10 engineer. Needless to say he had a prompt transfer of branch from Air to Sanitary Engineer.

On the evening before the start of the 9-day war 16 of us were transferred to a far less opulent building without the luxury of a bathroom or an indoors toilet. In fact the eight British, six Swiss and two Germans were cooped up in two small adjoining rooms about 9ft square each with a small hole in the wall close to the ceiling which virtually served as our sole means of ventilation. The Swiss room had an iron door which led out into a yard and we had a door which led into an outer room. Both doors were always kept locked at night and for long periods during the day. This was not surprising because I think the outer room was their company headquarters. Next to the outer room was another which was the armoury and filled with weapons of all descriptions; rockets, bazookas, Bren guns, anti-tank mines and other hand weapons from many countries. This room was much too close for my comfort with shells falling in the immediate vicinity but to give our captors their due they used this room for sleeping in during their short off duty periods, presumably we had taken over their normal sleeping space. I was assured that most of the personnel automatic weapons were of Russian origin but I wouldn't know. After all if I had been the least bit interested in that noisy way of life, I would have been a gunner which, thank the Lord, I am not sir! Despite the somewhat meagre rations of food and water they were at all times equally shared between ourselves and our captors.

During this period of our captivity I had many interesting chats with Captain Goulborn — mainly about sailing. He had noted my RNAI tie when I boarded the aircraft at Bahrain and had invited me to the flight deck but alas this was not to be. He turned out to be a very dry and amusing character and our many chats about sailing were, for me, some of the highlights of our two-week incarceration. But in the later stages it was at times difficult to hear each other

speaking above the noise of the shell fire, and the machine gunner on the roof of our dwelling place who constantly disturbed our peace. It goes without saying that the machine gunner was awarded a vulgar service-type nickname. The RAF sergeant, a telegraphist by trade, came from Commcnn Bahrain so I took the opportunity of advising him in a light-hearted manner of how to improve their communications by doing things our way. But I don't think I made much impression. It was interesting to note that our captors listened to the BBC Arabic service which would seem to indicate that the news, good or bad, would be accurately given out by the BBC.

Summing up, the worst moments were:

1. The first few minutes of the hijack and the refuelling stop at Beirut when one false move could have resulted in the blowing up of the aircraft.
2. The last night in the aircraft when the dynamite had already been placed in position and a move by the Jordanian tanks which surrounded the desert would have meant another blow-up. The moment when the Jordanian tanks moved in after the aircraft had been blown up.
3. Those occasions when the salvos fell particularly close, and succeeding salvos came closer and closer to the final one which fell 10 yards away.
4. The last $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before and the actual release by the Jordanians.

The most spectacular moment — the blowing up of the three aircraft which I witnessed.

The most horrific moment — the sight of the complete devastation of the refugee camp when we scampered for safety.

Despite their obvious preoccupation with the battle being fought, and their desperate concern for the safety of their own families, the Jordanians showed us every possible kindness, courtesy, consideration and regard for our safety until the moment we left their country.

The final straw — our armoured car taking us from the Royal Jordanian Staff College to the airport ran into the back of the car leading the convoy giving it a good hefty thump and sending us flying — Oh my nerves!

I conclude by saying that this was an experience I could well do without. But I am very conscious of the plight of others, and fully aware of the really tragic situation of the people involved in this conflict.

THE NATO NAVAL COMMUNICATION TRAINING COMPETITION

by Lieut (SD) (C) C. S. Collins RN, Team Manager

Those of you eager to prove your point that you are the best operator in the Branch, and those SCO's and senior rates keen to see their staff mentioned in lights (with Bravo Zulu inferior of course), are no doubt



THE NATO NAVAL COMMUNICATION TRAINING COMPETITION

Pictured here at the Belgian Naval Signal School—who are they? and what are they doing?

Answer: The Flashing Reception Operators. Note the 'ear muffs', 'cassette recorders', 'sun glasses' and not to forget the 'eye bath' 10 minutes before reading. RO2(T) Brown is eighth from left, rear row

waiting for the publication of the venue and date of the 1971 competition. The venue has now been decided 'Sunny Italy', the scene of the very first NATO competition back in '63. The dates however are not available at the time of going to print but if you plan for late May or early June you will be thereabouts.

Your Italian is not so good you say? who cares! The morse code is international and the senioritas speak the English. Language is a minor problem, the major one is proving, through the RN Preliminary Communication Competition, that you are the best operator at either MKX, MTX, TTX or FRX, this will earn you the accolade of Communicator of the Year (1971) and engrave your name on one of the four tickets to Rome as one of the RN Team representing the UK in the NATO Competition.

Details of the competition are printed in DCI (RN) 966/70 and have been amplified by signals from various commands. It is now up to you, to prove your claim by overwhelming *Mercury* with competition entries. The competition standards are high as you will have seen from the details printed in the Summer edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR* but any challenge to your ability must be a worthy one.

Will your name grace the Honours Roll in the Spring edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR*? Chase up your Chief or Head of Department today for details, keep practising and who knows — YOU may join that elite group en route to Italy; I promise that you will not be disappointed.

NEW LEISURE IN THE FLEET

by CRS Bane

With the introduction of the 2½ year commission, ships' companies are searching for more interesting and pleasurable pastimes in which they can exercise

their higher intelligence level. A game once played by the privileged few, has spread internationally to all—the game of 'Contract Bridge'. Find yourself a partner and enter this fascinating world. A word of warning, do not try and play your own, or your partners self invented system, or you will very quickly lose all your friends on the messdeck, due to never-ending arguments and post hand discussions, which will never be resolved. Learn a good recognised system from one of the many cheap bridge books available ashore. I suggest you start with a system played by most British players called 'ACOL', and when you become more proficient, graduate to more complicated systems like 'BLUE CLUB'.

Already within the Branch a strong interest has been shown, especially by senior rates; and although still very inexperienced, *Mercury* has entered a team in this seasons Portsmouth and District Bridge League (results in the PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS). More recruits are needed, and soon, especially from the younger element. So, if you are a good whist or solo card player, then you, like Omar Sharif, may find the world of contract bridge at your feet, plus all the prestige that accompanies it.

A final point to remember. Contract bridge, like golf, can be an open invitation to good, cheap runs ashore throughout the world.

ROLL ON MY FLIPPIN TWELVE

By three who came back in from the cold

The three of us (see photo) have heard and said ROMFT more times than we have had hot dinners. LRO Davidson reckons that when outside he missed the high standard of cooking and the free issue of Rennies which he got in the Service. But could it be that he, like we two, was only here for the



Left to right: RO1(T) T. Lonsdale,
LRO(W) C. J. Davidson and LRO(G) R. Sprunt

'free beer'. We felt that nothing short of a machine gun on the gangway would have stopped us from going outside at the end of our time, but now, having tasted the dubious pleasures of the 'great unknown', our views of this have changed more than somewhat.

Most matelot drips are about petty rules and discipline in the 'Andrew' but, having experienced life in civvy street, these are mild compared to the rules and discipline which apply in the 'Street'. Jack drips if he has to turn-to for five minutes or so when he is off watch but a police constable (The Fuzz) has to spend two or three hours of his own time each day filling out reports about a Mrs Smith's Tiddles who has failed to return home after a night on the tiles. At the same time he is possibly nursing the wounds he collected the previous Saturday night from an over-excited teenager's bovver boot. Another misapprehension that Jack lives under is that if one is adrift turning to in civvy street one is liable to lose only half an hour's pay, but in practice one may be suspended for a couple of days which makes it just as expensive as the 'Queen's way', if not more so.

One of us worked for a certain security firm whose basic wage was said to be £21 per week but what they did not say was that the week comprised forty hours plus a compulsory seventeen hours overtime in order to earn this amount of money. There was also a chance of more voluntary overtime with the added pleasure of being possibly shot, blinded or clubbed to death.

So if it is time for you to step outside into this mire—where so many people lack the sense of humour typical of the Navy; and where the attitude tends to be 'where's that fag I lent you last week', we suggest you give it a bit more thought as you will have a long way to go to find better conditions of employment than you have got now.



The house that Jack built

Now is the time to start saving.
And the least painful way is by allotment.
There are convenient Naval facilities for
saving through:

S.A.Y.E. (Save As You Earn)

National Savings Bank

Trustee Savings Banks

National Savings Certificates

and a £25,000 prize-winning Premium Bond
could be the one you buy in the
sub post office of a shore establishment.



National Savings

Talk to your Supply Officer about it, or write to
The Secretary, H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
Block B, Government Buildings, London Road,
Stanmore, Middlesex.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sub Lieut (SD) (C) CU Off, RN,
Commcen Whitehall, W1.

Miss Felicity Wiggler,
69 Shady Lane, Purbic.

Dear Miss Wiggler,

I find this letter an extremely difficult one to write, but in view of your letter to me of Friday last (which would not have disgraced Mary Baxter's Problem Page), I feel I must enlighten you on one or two points.

First, your boy friend RO2 Strangler, is *not* my superior officer and is *not* in fact an officer of any sort. Secondly, I was not responsible for having him transferred to RNDQ's, which incidentally stands for Detention Quarters, not Director (Qualifying) School, and yes I know he's done the course before. And lastly, whilst sympathising with you on your condition, I cannot get his course, sorry, sentence, deferred whilst you get married. Incidentally I have Strangler's drafting preference card and special request in front of me and I note that he has asked for any ship, anywhere, as soon as possible.

Thanking you once again for your letter.

Yours faithfully,
CU Off,
Sub Lieut (SD) (C), RN.

for an aspirin. Well, do you know she looked at me as if she'd never heard of a plain old aspirin before, and said she had something better, but as there was a shortage of these sort of tabs (that's what she called them) it would cost me 17/6d, so I gave her the money and 'dropped this tab' (quaint expression isn't it).

Christopher Columbus that was a funny headache pill!!! Seems I got into a lot of trouble that night. You see everybody suddenly turned into bright orange footballs and I had this overwhelming desire to kick them. Well after I'd kicked half a dozen or so they burst into flames which engulfed me completely. That's the last I remember, until I woke up at 3 a.m. with a splitting headache (I didn't dare ask for another of those nasty old aspirins again). I had been taken to this place called a 'trip tent', funny name to call a hospital tent I thought but still . . .

I found everything a bit of a hang-up after this so I caught the next train home and on Tuesday picked up the kids from your Mums. I went to bingo that evening, I didn't win anything, but I had a nice time. Well my love I hope your lads are all enjoying their new watchkeeping system, I think it's awfully clever of you to think up something like that. Maybe we'll be able to see something of you before your next draft, which should be coming up quite soon, shouldn't it? Must go now sweet and wash some nappies,

Your loving wife,
'FINKY' FELICITY

Dear David,

Sorry you were unable to get home for the August leave, but really I suppose it was quite a long journey for you to make all the way to Birmingham, especially as you are kept so busy in London. What do you do for relaxation?

As it happens it was quite fortunate you didn't make it home, as a couple of days beforehand I picked up these two guys in town who were hitching down to the Isle of Wight for the festival. Well, I took them home and gave them something to eat and that, and they persuaded me to go along with them—said it would be easier to hitch with a chick—that's a girl—so I dug out your old number eights, draped some beads round my neck and we hit the road. (I left the kids with your mother, she didn't like the idea very much—can't think why. I told her I was sure you wouldn't mind).

We really had quite a cool time down there in Freshwater, but there certainly were some freaky cats (funny people) there. It was a shame really tho'—they all seemed so poor! Do you know they couldn't even afford to smoke their own cigarettes. They just kept rolling one big fat cigarette and passing it round. (They called it a 'joint') I tried to give away my Number 6, but they said they preferred their own. Ever so sweet don't you think.

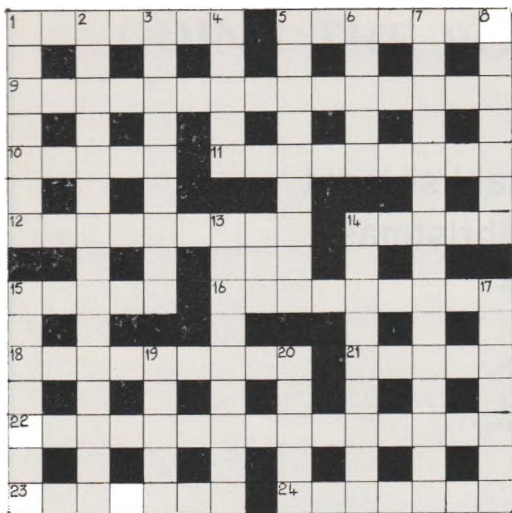
Well, I was really getting quite 'turned on' with all this groovy music and that, but after a couple of days I developed a terrible headache, so I asked this chick

WINTER CROSSWORD

(Solution on page 131)

Across:

1. Break the ice, then fish to the upper limit. (7)
5. What a dish, my dear! French, certainly, with a rag like that. (7)
9. Tools provided? Not in mute trains. (15)
10. I've got no gin to gain some metal. (5)
11. 'The strawberry grows underneath — —, And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best . . .' (Henry V.) (3, 6)
12. I sob a last few tears for the vessels. (4-5)
14. It's connected with a sailor abroad. (5)
15. Get up to air two points of view. (5)
16. Spread out, and tread on the chest without a pause. (9)
18. What a chump—in pain again with that machine. (5-4)
21. Is it mad? Perhaps I must say so. (5)
22. The scrolls as art did have a good viewpoint. (9, 6)
23. What one's dutiful spouse should say. (3, 4)
24. Spoil one good man that way for the religious group. (7)



Down:

1. Credit me with convulsive actions towards these writers. (7)
2. I can see nice figs in amongst the petty things of life. (15)
3. The briar I let out made the smoker excitable. (9)
4. Making a mute plea inside for the whole range. (5)
5. Join the Forces, son, like Edward. (9)
6. 'Nothing to add, then nothing to —. Each beast, each insect, happy in its own.' (Alexander Pope.) (5)
7. Sir let most light in — with profits? (5, 2, 3, 5)
8. Tear around the trap, gaping. (7)
13. Rules, as at school, involve the cause of the trouble. (9)
14. Take that tract, or does this one tempt you? (9)
15. Fish from the anchorage, losing the craze various years later. (7)
17. Of the French trials, enough said — everyone hates them! (7)
19. I even made a fist. (5)
20. Perhaps almost all know this song.

APOLOGIES

The editor apologises for deleting the names of ship's communication staff from some ship articles due to lack of space. For the same reason articles from some of our correspondents have not been included but these will, in most cases, be issued in the next edition.



His savings are piling up —are yours?

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GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY



The Captain
Captain B. H. Kent



The
Training Commander
Commander
J. L. Freeman



The Commander
Commander
N. F. Fawcett

STAFF

IDO	Mr R. R. W. Davies	SOTO	Lt-Cdr B. D. Salwey	NETO	Lt-Cdr S. C. Clark
SA(A)	3/0 D. C. Williams	AEWO	Lieut J. B. Sheridan	OI	Lt-Cdr W. D. Redmond
SA(FT)	Lieut C. S. Collins	AT1	Lt-Cdr D. A. Henderson	SIO	Inst-Cdr G. Emmons
SO(TAC)	Lt-Cdr H. P. H. O'Brien	E1	Lieut A. B. Richardson	T1	Lt-Cdr N. J. Hill-Norton
SORT	Lt-Cdr J. B. Gallagher	F1	Lt-Cdr D. Dobson	TRO	Mr W. C. H. Bugg
SOTA	Lt-Cdr D. W. Coggeshall	J1	Lieut J. M. Benson		

THE LATE MR EDDIE WARE

by the First Lieutenant

Mr Eddie Ware served in *Mercury* for 16 years since 1954 as Head Gardener and Head Groundsman since 1963. He was nearing retirement in the Autumn of 1970 when, in high Summer and in full vigour, he died suddenly of a heart attack.

Eddie was trained as a gardener in private service before the war and learned his work as only a thorough countryman blessed with green fingers could. He was an expert in all forms and departments of flower and shrub culture, he carried a fund of lore and experience in his head all tried and tested and found good. He never ceased to learn his trade and even after a life-

time of practical success still studied other men's ways and books.

During the war he served in the Royal Air Force and rose to the rank of Sergeant. He developed his ideas of leadership in the RAF and came to sound and firmly held conclusions—he was always prepared to tell a man why and if necessary how he should do a job he wanted done. He did not hold with authoritarian methods and was man enough to lead quietly and effectively without them.

After the war he came here to Leydene and later took charge of the gardens and playing fields. While Lady Peel's gardeners left him a magnificent rose garden this bleak chalky hill top is a pretty unpromising site for horticulture. The top soil is thin, the weather hard and wet by turns. His skill and sustained efforts produced remarkable results which

Commended for service at sea

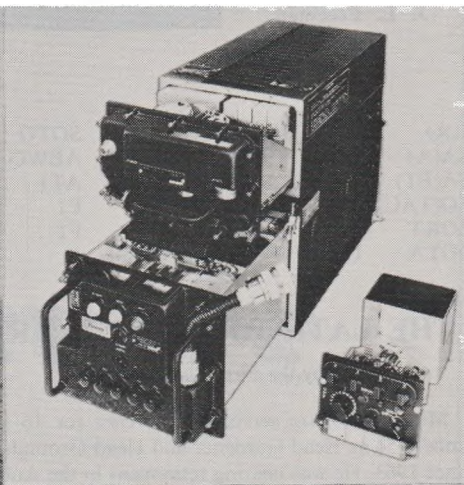
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This UHF transceiver shows its breeding—from many years of Plessey experience in designing high power shipborne and lightweight airborne UHF radio systems.

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The late Mr Eddie Ware with his wife (on his left), and two friends

amaze the knowledgeable visitor. Many a generation of Communicators has cause for gratitude for the acres of tidy lawn, the multitudes of colours and the sound playable pitches which Eddie produced for them to enjoy. In his younger days he was a keen tennis player and maintained an intense interest in the game all his life.

Eddie is greatly missed in *Mercury* and is a sore loss to his family to whom we all extend our sympathy. His gardens and the tradition of service he implanted in his party of loyal helpers will be his memorial on this hill.

THE SWIMMING POOL

by the editor

Six sailors and a Royal Marine of the Grants Committee of the Sailors Fund met recently in London to decide how to spend £185,000. The money was the first instalment of the income of the Sailors Fund which has a capital of £2.7 million received as compensation for the abolition of the rum ration.

Their first decision was a cash grant of £60,000 to all HM ships in commission to be divided amongst ships according to the size of their complement.

Their second decision was to go ahead with capital projects such as improvements to the Trafalgar Club, Portsmouth and other amenities. But of particular concern to HMS *Mercury* is the grant of no less than £24,000 to heat and cover the swimming pool which improvements should be completed by May 1973.

'Their Lordships in their wisdom . . .'

OUR FRIENDS THE GARDENERS

by the editor

The sudden death of Mr Ware, the head gardener, who was very well known and liked by both the naval and civilian staffs who have served in *Mercury* down the years, has made me realise that very little has been recorded in our magazine about the good work done by our gardeners.

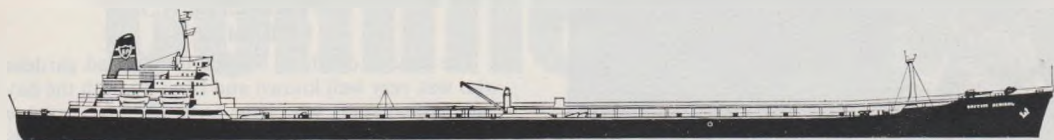
Having been associated with *Mercury* off and on since the first 'commission' in 1941, I would say that the gardens and surrounds have always been unequalled in any naval establishment, thanks to previous groundsmen, and that over the past few years they have never looked better, thanks to the late Mr Ware, and now to his successor Mr Cox, and our present gardeners.

Hitherto the work of the gardeners has been confined to gardens and sports fields but now they also look after roadways. Mr Cox speaks highly of the Communicators who are detailed to assist him and of the general co-operation his men get from the ship's company. He has only one appeal — please, please put empty bottles and tins in the bins provided, and not in the hedges; gardens etc, etc.

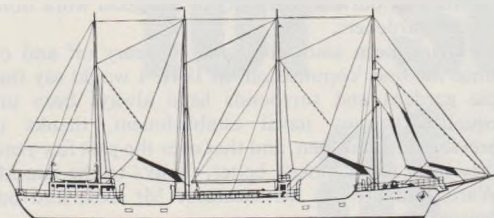


Mr Cox and his Team

Our photo shows left to right: Back Row: Fred Enfield who looks after the Rose Gardens. Ernie Blyth, general work. Jack Norgate, Sports Fields. Alec Weston, the Accommodation gardens. Centre Row: Ernie Chatterley, Greenhouses. Jim Blackman, general work. Front Row: Vic Glover, who operates the Mechanical Road Sweeper. Arthur Cox, Leading Groundsman. Dave Perkins, Tractor Driver.



BRITISH ADMIRAL



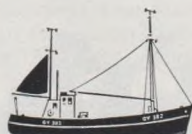
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Training Ship



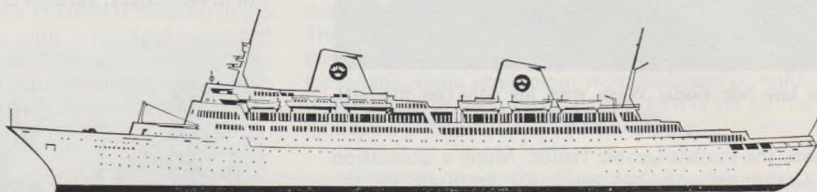
SIR WILLIAM HARDY
Fishery Research



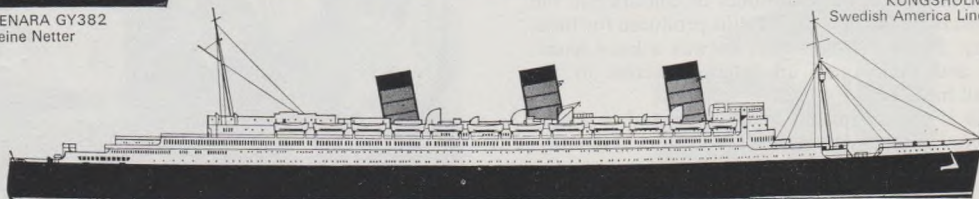
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ANOTHER SPECIAL OCCASION

by the editor

The Rev. John Scott, OBE, QHC, LTh (Chaplain, HMS *Mercury*) officiated at the recent wedding of two of our shipmates — Wren Linda Plumb (nee Williams) and RO1(T) Geoffrey Plumb of HMS *Mercury*.

We publish the photographs because they are about Communicators and also because they are very, very attractive. Our readers will no doubt wish both of them every good fortune and happiness in the future.



THE BRIDE AND GROOM AND THE GUARD OF HONOUR

In the background — the parish church at East Meon. Under the arch — the bride's mother and father (with Dad ex-Royal Navy keeping a weather eye on the proceedings). With the handsome beard — SA Terry Allen HMS *'Mercury'*. Particular note. — The boots — they were never like this at Divisions!!! Very particular note. — What nice smiles.



BRIDESMAIDS AND VIP's

From left to right. Our ever-smiling John Scott, RO2(W) Ron Muir, Gaynor Stevens (cousin of bride), RO2(T) Peter Woodward HMS *'Eagle'* Steward Colin Pavitt, RO2(W) John Kemmvey, Karen Williams (sister) Cook Edward Woods, RO2(W) Barry Jones, Wren Fay Tough, Maureen Plumb (sister of the groom) and AB Mick Magill

THE JOINT RN and RM SADDLE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS 1970

The championships are held at *Dryad*, and this year 16 teams from 13 RN and RM establishments were entered. For the first time since the event started 4 years ago a team from *Mercury* competed.

The competition consists of a riding test and a show jumping course. Starting as rank outsiders *Mercury* swept the board in both the individual and the team events. PO Wren M. T. Ledingham won the prize for the riding test and the individual prize. Lieut D. T. Frost and Comdr H. D. Y. Faulkner came equal 5th in the individual. In the team event *Mercury* scored 241, 13 points ahead of our nearest rivals the *Dryad* 'B' team, and 67 points ahead of the 3rd team.

We are now holders of the Kemble Plate and a number of subsidiary prizes.



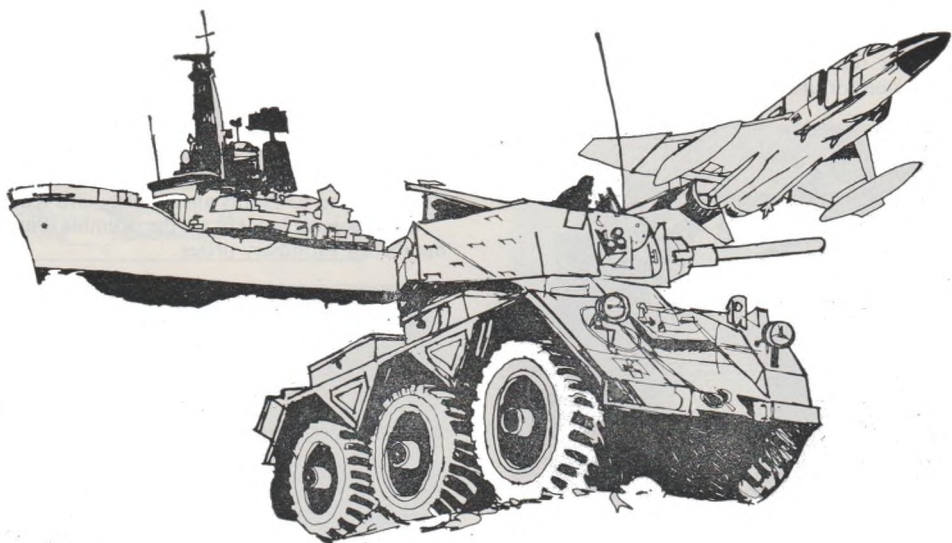
PO Wren M. T. Ledingham.
Winner of the Riding Test and Individual Prizes.

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS

C/O Letter Board,
House of Commons, London SW1

Dear Dennis,

With reference to the picture quiz in the Spring edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR*, which I am sure attracted a lot of interest, I write, albeit belatedly, to assure you of my keen interest in anything to do with the RNCCA. I have little doubt that, having been a 'star' turn on the day in question, my entry will be a



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winning one, but I must disclaim any interest in the prize which I would award to the first SERVING member to join the RNCCA after your closing date of August 1.

The answers you require are:—

- a. Admiral Sir Manley Power as C in C Portsmouth.
- b. Captain J. A. C. Henley, DSC, RN.
- c. Commander S. F. Berthon, RN (and next to him with beard — Commander Mills, Supply Officer, an old ship).
- d. 'F' Section of course.

Leading Section L to R: CCY(TCI) Anders, CY (now Sub Lieut (SD)(C)) Peter Dodsworth and CCY Bud Abbott.

Second Section L to R: CY John Whitehead, CY George Duncan and CY(TCI), now Lieut (SD)(C) Mike D. Y. Phillips.

Chief I/C Platoon: CCY(TCI) E. D. Palfrey.

Other information — The occasion — Commander in Chief Portsmouth's Annual Inspection of *Mercury* on Tuesday 17 May, 1960. An event well remembered by myself as the occasion when, for exercise, signal stations were ordered to be set up to relay a message from C-in-C in *Mercury* to *Vanguard* in Portsmouth harbour. Naval transport was not to be used. Messrs Bernard's van kindly transported two operators and myself with Aldis, batteries, etc to ASWE. Arriving in record time we set up a station on the roof of the building only to find the visibility almost nil. Needless to say the message failed to leave *Mercury* but we were afterwards led to believe that it was 'This message is being sent to prove that VS is not dead'. No comment.

You may be interested to know that in those days F1 was Lieutenant-Commander (SD) (C) John Ellis and F2 Lieutenant-Commander (SD) (C) Gordon Froud.

Although there is little wrong with my memory I found the Summer edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, 1960 most helpful. Rumour has it that we start our Summer Recess on July 24, I hope to see you soon thereafter.

Ted

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across:

1. Ceiling
5. Charger
9. Instrumentation
10. Ingot
11. The nettle
12. Sail-boats
14. About
15. Arise
16. Stretched
18. Chain-pump
21. Admit
22. Orchestra stalls
23. Yes dear
24. Marists

Down:

1. Critics
2. Insignificances
3. Irritable
4. Gamut
5. Confessor
6. Abate
7. Grist to the mills
8. Ringent
13. Assaulter
14. Attractor
15. Anchovy
17. Detests
19. Nieve
20. Psalm

(Editorial — Clue 21 down in the Summer edition should have read: 'He swears it was a fish').

THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS MESS

by CRS D. L. Alderson

The President: D. L. Alderson, CRS

Vice-President: R. H. Lomas, CRS

Secretary/Treasurer: J. N. Hilder, CRS

Mess Committee:

W. G. Bernard, CRS; D. Counihan, CCY

R. G. Smith, CRS(W)

Entertainments Committee:

R. P. Robinson, CHCEL; P. J. Edgell, CRS(W);

D. A. Collins, CRS(W); A. W. Alderson, CRS(W);

D. A. Laybourne, CRS(W)

Once again we find ourselves under extreme pressure from the calendar and the Editor! One hardly realises just how quickly the closing date for these articles seems to come around each term, despite the fact that my own calendar is updated to provide an early warning system. Perhaps it is time that I underwent a Management Course in order to act on a certain planned programme!

The term has so far seen the return from foreign parts of a number of Mess members, which indicates that the full cycle has turned for some, whilst others are left holding the fort.

September 12 saw another successful reunion, this being the second since the RNCCA was formed. A separate article covering this event has been included in the magazine by Mr Bugg, the industrious Secretary of the Association. I would simply like to add that there is still a dearth of RNCCA members who are SERVING Communication Chiefs. It is NOT an 'old comrades' reunion and was never intended to be. Although there are considerable numbers of the elder brethren at these reunions, we also have such a wide variety of age groups that serving members are bound to have something in common with most of the



The Reunion—RNCCA

Left to right: Captain Sir Peter Anson (former Vice-President), Mr E. Palfrey (Chairman), Vice-Admiral Sir John Parker, holding his prize, a bottle of gin (President), CRS Alderson (President, Chief Petty Officers' Mess), Captain B. H. Kent (Vice-President), and Mr W. Bugg (Secretary), in background CCY Lomas.



But Chief Yeomen prefer the mini!

RNCCA members. To all serving members, the message is therefore quite clear—join the RNCCA NOW—you don't have to wait until you retire; you can help to show that unity, loyalty, patriotism and comradeship exists within the Service as well as amongst those who have left it.

The continuing saga of the Sea Dad's Trophy this term resulted in our re-capturing the Peter Anstey Pewter from the Wardroom after an indoor sports night. Whilst we came unstuck generally at table-tennis and drawing the bowls, it was the dart matches that swung the games our way, despite some valiant throwing by G1—where *do* the Wren Officers get their talent of throwing darts from? We had hoped to do something different this time, such as hockey or a soccer match, but by the time a suitable date had been arranged, the dark evenings were fast closing in.

At the end of October another successful Cheese and Wine was held, which was again ably organised and carried out by the ex-buffer—Chief Electrician Robinson who has not only become one of the NCS Brigade but has also changed 'hats'. He now has taken a 'Room with a view' behind a TV camera in

connection with CCTV. He has been away on location for so long looking for sufficient amps to run the equipment and the scriptwriter (CRS Hilder) canvassing Sections for good teaching material, one can only assume that their first production, an award winning 'Commercial for Communications' will no doubt make the BBC's 'Panorama' look like a visual 'Down your Way'!

The redevelopment construction of new buildings and improvements to existing ones continues fast and furious but because of various delaying factors, the art of estimating a completion date for a building project seems the same as in the shipbuilding industry—very hazardous! However, what is certain is that there will be some unavoidable disturbances regarding senior ratings accommodation during January 1971 whilst a new heating system is being installed. Any thoughts therefore of PCT's or self study or any other visits to *Mercury* that involve accommodation should be avoided during that month.

On November 4 the Wardroom very kindly invited a number of the Mess to their cocktail party. It was a splendid occasion very much enjoyed by all who attended, particularly some of the ladies who had heard so much about the stately halls of the Main House but had not actually seen them!

We had our Mess cocktail party on November 19 and, numbers permitting, we hope to invite a fair cross section of the community in addition to a few ex-members and friends who were not able to come to our last dinner dance owing to a restriction on numbers due to space problems.

Our major End of Term dance will be an informal affair at the Clarence Pier Pavilion, Southsea on December 8. Not only does this provide a break for the Committee who organise the term functions, but more important, it is a big enough venue which will enable us to invite an almost unlimited number of guests, which we are unable to do in *Mercury*. My apologies for not having found a suitable donor to write a 'Pen Portrait' for this term—I have however extracted a promise from CHREL Pearson that he will be our pen portrait for the Easter edition.

Finally, our congratulations go to CRS Gordon Laws on his BEM (see photo) and his award of the Clasp to his LS and GC medal by the Captain, *Mercury* (Captain B. H. Kent, RN). A Happy Christmas and a progressive New Year to all our members and ex-members.

The Newcomers: CCY Cooper, CHCEL Wright, CRS Carson, CRS McCarthy, CHRMech Berry, CRS Henderson, CRS Maguire, CRS Hopps, CRS Bailey, CRS Jones, CRS Dykes, CRS Mathews, CPO(CA) Linturn, CRS Netherton, CCY Hunter, CCY Howard, CRS(W) Lowthe.

The Exodus: CCY Betts—IIS Samm, CRS Banwell—FO2 FEF, CRS Jordan—Release, CRS(W) Mortimer—FO2 FEF, CRS Jones—*Mauritius*, CRS Yeo—IIS Zaal, CRS Bradley—CINCNAVHOME, CRS(W) Robinson—*Dryad*, CRS Bavington—*Fife*, CHRMech Fudge—Release, CCY Underwood—*Victory*, CCY Butler—Careers Service, CRS(W)

Pritchard—*Galatea*, CRS Excell—Careers Service, CCY Ward—*Tamar*, CRS West—Release, CRS(W) Palmer—*Euryalus*, CCY Young—FO2 FEF, MEA(H) Guy—Release, CCY Morgan—Release, CRS Heaton—*Glamorgan*, CCY Abbott—St. Angelo, CRS Perry—St. George, CHOEL Redman—Release, CCY Howard—*London*, CRS Edwards—*Andromeda*.



CRS Gordon Laws with wife, son and BEM, after presentation of the medal by Admiral Sir Horace Law in the Great Cabin, HMS 'Victory'

THE RN COMMUNICATION CHIEFS' ASSOCIATION

by the Hon Secretary

With the kind permission of Captain B. H. Kent, RN (Vice-President of the Association) the members of the Association held their second annual re-union in the CPOs' Mess, HMS *Mercury* on Saturday, September 12. Approximately 150 members were welcomed to the Mess by the Mess President (CRS Dennis Alderson) after which, the Chairman of the Association (ex CCY Ted Palfrey) brought members up to date with the latest information. One of the questions it was hoped to settle by a vote was the Association Tie. Sketches of many designs and motifs were available to choose from but on Sunday morning it was apparent that this had been the least of their worries. They were, however, unanimously in favour of the existing Committee being re-elected en bloc (who wouldn't be apart from those concerned).

Later in the evening we were very happy to welcome Admiral Sir John Parker (President of the Association), Captain Kent and our first Honorary Life Vice-President, Captain Sir Peter Anson, who has now left to take up his new appointment as Commander, British Naval Forces, Gulf.

Among the old members present was ex CPO Telegraphist Tom Ives, now a sprightly 79 who had the distinction of being the first President of the Chief Petty Officers' Mess in HMS *Mercury* in 1941 when the Signal School was bombed out of RN Barracks. The Chiefs' Mess in those days was in the main house where the telephone exchange is now situated. Tom also served on the RN Football Association Disciplinary Board. We also had the pleasure of the company of several members of the 1914-1918 RN Telegraphists' Association who are Hon members of the RNCCA, in particular their founder member Mr C. E. Bottle, also a sprightly 79, who travelled some distance, driving his own car to be with us.

We were delighted to enrol several serving members who joined our ranks at this re-union. The Chairman in his remarks mentioned that one of the highlights this year had been the enrolment in one foul swoop of the CCY, CRS and CRS(W) of HMS *Antrim*. (Would other non-member Chief Communicators please note.)

Membership at the moment of going to print is in the region of 250.

Name tallies were provided for members to wear and proved a boon to those who can remember a face but never the name that goes with it.

Several letters of appreciation have been received since the re-union but one of the nicest remarks received was from Captain Sir Peter Anson who said 'but the happy thought is that I shall be able to return and I certainly look on my Honorary Life Vice-Presidency as the happiest legacy of my time as CSS'.

Apart from News Letters things will now quieten down for a time. The next re-union is in September, '71 when we hope to welcome all our members to another very happy evening. Meanwhile, on behalf of the Chairman and members of the Committee 'A Very Happy Christmas To You All'.

ADVERTISERS

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advertisers in this
edition for their support
of our magazine.

RADIO OPERATORS

There will be a number of vacancies in the Composite Signals Organisation for experienced Radio Operators in 1971 and in subsequent years.

Specialist training courses lasting approximately 8 months are held at intervals. Applications are now invited for the course starting in September, 1971.

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23	£1,150 „ „
24	£1,214 „ „
25 (highest age point)	£1,288 „ „

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Excellent conditions and good prospects of promotion. Opportunities for service abroad.

Applicants must normally be under 35 years of age at start of training course, and must have at least 2 years operating experience or PMG qualifications. Preference given to those who also have GCE 'O' level or similar qualifications.

Interviews will be arranged throughout 1971.

Application forms and further particulars from:—

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A MEDAL, BUT NOT FOR CONCHOLOGY!



Pictured here, Radio Supervisor Perry receiving his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal from the Captain of the Signal School, Captain B. H. Kent, Royal Navy at a ceremonial divisions in *Mercury*. RS Perry went to the RN Communication Centre at Mauritius, and it was whilst on this lovely island that he developed a keen interest in Conchology becoming a member of the Royal Naval Diving Club. RS Perry now has a fine collection of sea shells most of which were taken whilst skin diving in the Indian Ocean.

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

by LRO(T) B. F. Wilkinson

This being my first article for *THE COMMUNICATOR*, Drafty having finally caught up with Leo Borrett and sent him to sea, I hope you are not too critical of my efforts. *Mercury* still looks like something left over from the war, half built blocks, piles of bricks, rubble and mud galore and many many trenches, some of which appear in a couple of hours, all designed I suspect to trap the unwary or inebriated.

THE RE-FURBISHED 'TAVERN BAR'

Shown here in the re-furbished 'Tavern Bar' enjoying a quiet 'Pinta' are, right to left, LRO(T) B. F. Wilkinson, the Signal School Mess President, LRO(G) J. H. Ibbotson, who is the Mercury Club Secretary, LRO(G) R. M. Conway, the outgoing Mercury Club Secretary, RO2(W) W. Todd, staunch member of the Buffers Party and RO2(G) M. D. Cutts of the Laundry. Also in the picture, moving pretty fast in true NAAFI style, is Sandra

Their enjoyment of this amenity could, it was generally felt, have been improved if the place had been made a little more homely by the provision of carpets, pictures on the walls and background music. In its present form it was described as being too bare and likened to a Galley or a Messdeck complete with a steam-pipe mural



Actually the new accommodation blocks look quite good from the outside and it is hoped to move into them round about February/March next year, the Wrens moving up from Soberton at about the same time. Accommodation is again stretched to the limit only easing off slightly when the OXP do their sterling work and trot off on one of their jollies. Anson Block is gradually being razed to the ground now that the new NAAFI shop has been completed and is in operation. People still pass through in a continuous stream but a few familiar faces linger on like Terry Waterson, Robby Brierley and other such barrack stanchions.

The Mercury Club is under new management with CCY Burt as Chairman, CY Aldridge as Vice Chairman and LRO(G) Ibbotson (Little Jim) taking over as Secretary from George Conway who has departed for civvy street. The renovation of the Club has been completed and is looking quite smart, except for the new staircase which should be finished before this magazine goes to press. The bar hours have been improved, staying open until 2300 every night and for 50 minutes weekday dinner times, mind you it can never compensate for the loss of the gibber juice, the great dinner time lubricant.

Still *Mercury* has benefited from the loss of it, to the tune of £24,000 for covering and heating the swimming pool. The social side of the club is on the up and up with disco nights every Tuesday with a civvy DJ and dances every Thursday, plus the occasional stag night, with maybe more to come if funds and support are great enough. The Summer end of term dance came off quite well despite a couple of last minute snags, 'Onyx' and 'Harbour Lights' being the groups. The groups for the Christmas Dance on December 17 are 'Sky' and 'Magic Alice'. To finish I'll wish everybody a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

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SHIP-SHORE NEWS

HMS AJAX — END OF COMMISSION

by Lieut J. R. Hance, RN

Since our last contribution to the wisdom of others, the 114 has travelled through numerous oceans and seas, and I hasten to add, a few canals as well. We left our own port of Chatham on December 16 into what may be called unfavourable conditions, but the further south we ventured, stomachs became more stable. The Canary Islands was our first stop with a few of our more adventurous juniors, numbering 11 at the time, being initiated in the art of 'glopupism', to which the majority passed successfully, with the remainder literally left by the wayside. Christmas came with us at sea once again (the only pusser's ship on passage that is) bound for Simonstown, which, after a few punishment returns later, we decided to try our hand at Beira patrol. This passed without incident and we were relieved after 10 days by *Glamorgan*. The Indian Ocean was a long thirsty ride but the 4 hour stop at Gan proved to be very refreshing after which the ship was seen to be carrying out an involuntary short leg zig zag in the general direction of Singapore. Our arrival was a none too joyous event as we were plunged straight into 'Fotex' but all went well and everyone concerned carried out the ceremonial entry into Singapore which took 7½ hours to complete, luckily we were the third ship in. Using Singapore as our base port the ship visited Bangkok, Hong Kong, Subic Bay, Yokosuka and Bunbury (Western Australia), all of which proved to be highly educational in more ways than one (as a younger member of the staff commented 'but she said she loved me', here endeth the lesson).

We left Singapore on September 4 and all looked forward to seeing an English coast but unfortunately we had to pass that little island in the sun again, the one spelt G-A-N, hence more zig-zags. Beira came and went, the only change in routine being a tanker topped up with ballast which, when released chugged merrily into harbour, Hmm! With a final breathing space at Simonstown, Dakar and Gibraltar, the ship entered Chatham on October 30 for leave and a well-earned rest. Christmas over we then returned southwards to Gibraltar for a 3-month period as guardship and managed to visit Malta, Toulon and Tangier whilst keeping in practice with the odd exercise. We returned to UK for the Easter leave period, only to set off once again some 4 weeks later on a 'Round Britain Cruise' where we showed the flag to some 19 ports in 72 days, including Liverpool, Oban, Portree, Hull, Leith and Dundee, however we did manage to get abroad — to Kiel in fact for 'Keilor Woche' where we were joined by some 39 warships of various navies. Not all the time was spent in visits and we did manage to participate in two small exercises off Scotland. Chatham saw

us again for the summer leave period and Navy Days, and after a quick 'foreign' visit to Antwerp at the beginning of September we found ourselves at Portland for two weeks for week 96 and 97 of the *Ajax* work up!

Now the commission has come to an end and at the beginning of October the ship goes into a long refit for conversion so the fighting 114 will not be seen on the high seas for some time — till 1972 anyway.

HMS ALBION

by CY Lennon

We were thinking it was about time THE COMMUNICATOR heard from us . . . so the boss, Lieut Pike, sort of suggested that I get on with it. A lot of water has passed by since we tried to get an article through to you and some good runs have come along during that time together with some hard work. *Mercury* may be interested to know that Wilhelms-haven boasts nicer bacon by far than the Pig Farm, indeed until one has seen this particular 'Pig' one hasn't lived, mark you, you may not be so fond of 'ham sarnies' afterwards. In early September we left Plymouth having embarked the HQ (UK) Commandos and 79 Battery RA and went hell for leather to Cyprus to enable them to have a get together with 42 Cdo and 845 Squadron. After dropping off our passengers we spent an enjoyable SMP in Malta where we renewed acquaintances with our shore-based oppos (note—Marsovin is just as cheap and just as effective). Being sea-going types we got itchy feet and shot back to Cyprus where we re-embarked 845 Squadron, HQ (UK) Commandos and embarked the 42 Commando Group all in preparation for the NATO exercise 'Deep Express'. This was a fairly large scale exercise involving American, Greek, Italian and Turkish forces as well as our own.

During the sea transit phase of the exercise the buntings for a change had their work cut out since all the close range signalling was conducted by flags, flashing light and semaphore (who said it was dead!). Ye Olde Chief Yeoman would have been in his element. I am pleased to say that we held our own with the best of them thanks to good work all round, especially from the youngsters straight from training. The so-called 'deep-end' did not seem to worry them too much thanks to the groundwork in the New Entry section. RS 'Elmer' Evans was loaned to the USS *Pocono* (Comphiblant) for liaison duties for this exercise and found himself beerless, bathless and banned from the broadcast, not bad he says but no zippo's or astronauts' hats. In his place we borrowed 'Mad McCoy' from the OXP *Mercury*, the only member of the staff worried about hi-jacking. Ask him sometime about the 'Greek Monastery of Defence'. In reading that last part about the buntings I don't want you to think that the sparkers are an idle

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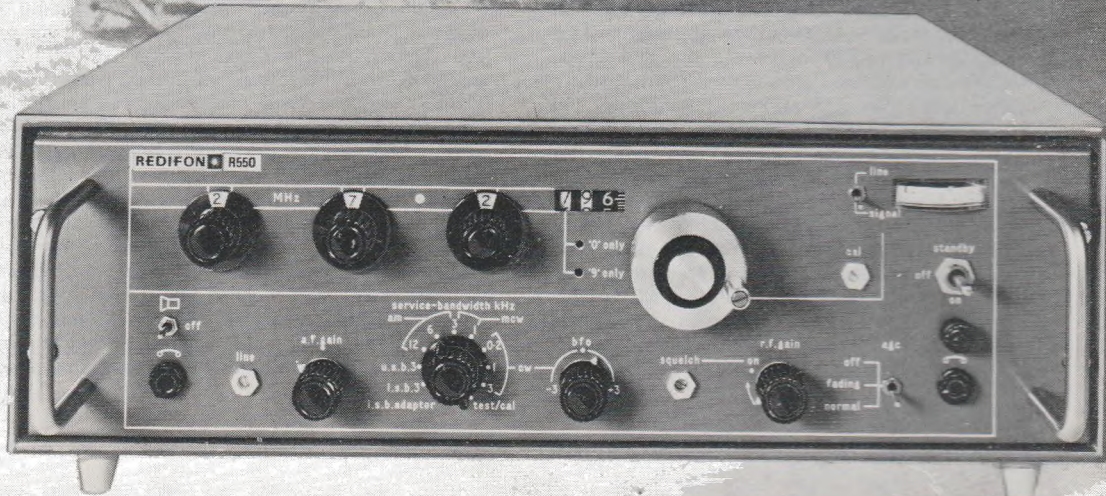
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lot, indeed with MRLs all over the place from Norway to Cyprus they too have had their moments. Our runs ashore have included visits to Wilhelms-haven, Greenock, Limassol and Athens and at present we are in Malta prior to our return to Portsmouth via Corsica and Gibraltar.

During our next period at Portsmouth we complete our recommissioning which commenced in Portsmouth in August, the second party joining us in Malta during our SMP in September. Our outgoing communicators have got themselves more or less what they asked for on their Drafting Preference Cards. On the personalities side our present CCY 'Storno' Baldock is off to *Mercury* in February being relieved by CCY Stone. The Wireless Dept is now in the care of CRS Farley having taken over the reins from CRS Wilcox in August.

To those of you who have left or are leaving shortly we say good luck and thank you, and to the newcomers—welcome. The Communicators of *Albion* would like to take this opportunity of wishing all readers the compliments of the season and all the best for 1971. We would like to see you at any time.

HMS ANDROMEDA

by RO1(T) M. K. Williams

On the occasion of our last article, we were still in that part of the world affectionately known by all matelots as the FES. Singapore to be exact, expectantly preparing for the highlight of the foreign leg . . . a trip to Aussie, but alas, this was not to be. Comings and goings by staff officers soon had the buzzes going round the ship.

'We're going to Mexico for the World Cup'.

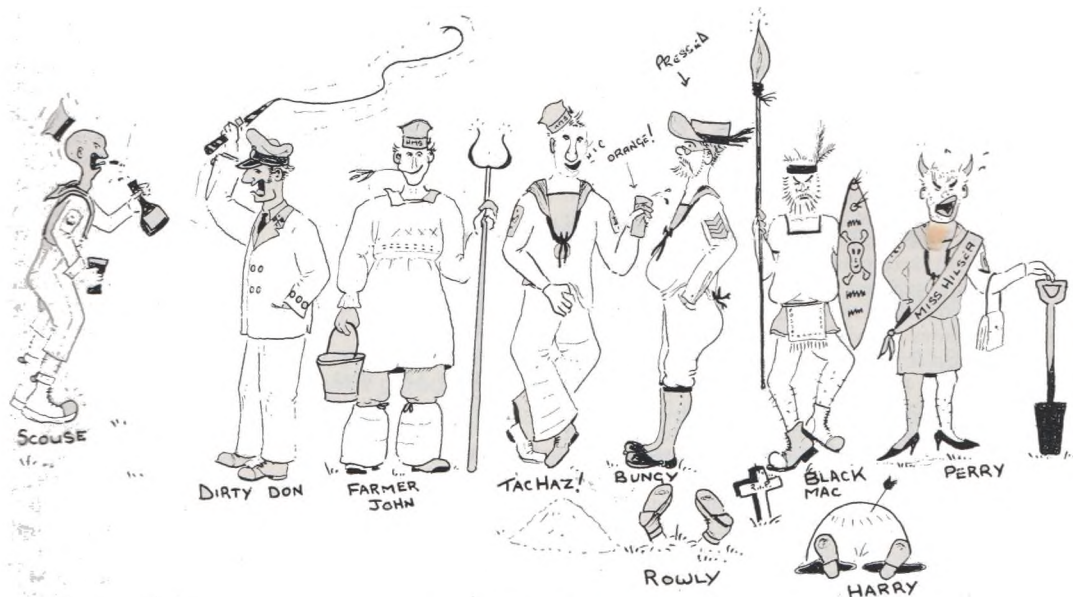
'We're being sent to Vietnam'.

'Extra whacks of Beira'.

'Returning to UK'.

All starting in the vicinity of the wardroom pantry or the galley, and going round the ship in record time. Not even the Communicators, being continuously hounded for confirmation of the latest buzz, had any idea what was afoot. Suspense was brought to a head on hearing the pipe 'Clear lower deck', which brought on an advent of sailors to the flight deck with a speed not seen in *Andromeda* for many moons.

'Gather round chaps', was the prelude to the heartrending news that we were not now going to Aussie, as, for operational reasons, we were being sent to Bahrain, where, incidentally, we were to be joined by two new members of the staff, LRO Jock Napier and LRO McDonald, after losing LRO Tomlinson and LRO Smith to civvy street. Thus began six weeks of sand, sun, and boredom. Memories of such places as the ancient walled town of Muscat, where it is illegal to wear shorts, and if you are about during the hours of darkness, you have to carry a lamp locally known as a 'Buti', to show you are a law abiding citizen. Abu Dhabi where we had a three mile trip by landing craft to get ashore, and Kharg Island, where at least it was possible to get alcoholic beverage of a sort. Our time in the Gulf was eventually brought to a conclusion with a visit to Karachi, where the meaning of poverty was really brought home, and the price of beer was extortionate. Here we said farewell to our SCO Lieut Carter, who was leaving us for the greener pastures of *Mercury*, and welcomed his successor, Lieut D. E. Hiron, RAN, who was to



The 'T' Set (VS Dept)

show his true colours in a future departmental run.

We left Karachi with two weeks at sea and then a visit to the Seychelles to look forward to, but once more, the old *Andromeda* 'Luck' was to rear its ugly head. RFA *Ennerdale*, scheduled to replenish us with fuel and mail, struck an underwater obstruction and sank off Mahe. *Andromeda* was told to proceed at best speed, and arrived at Mahe 24 hours later with enough fuel to fill a teacup. We were to be involved, in the next few days, making echo sounding, diving, and sonar surveys of the seabed and wreck, and making daily oilslick surveys by Helo. All this to be fitted in, between runs ashore, where some poor unfortunates were to return onboard only wearing a towel, or possibly a shirt, and, in addition to losing most articles of their attire, being charged with returning onboard improperly dressed. We eventually handed over the duties of co-ordinating ship to RFA *Stromness*, thus ending a run not soon to be forgotten.

We just had time to squeeze in a quick visit to Mauritius before the dreaded Beira rest cure, which many of us hoped we might miss for the pleasure of Mahe in the Seychelles, but fate once again was not smiling our way. It had been suggested that we paint the ship's side green, but this suggestion would not be looked on kindly by the powers that be. On completion of Beira we visited Port Elizabeth in South Africa, where once again, we were to experience unbeatable hospitality. We also had our departmental run here. This is where the animals of the department came into their own. I would like to take this opportunity of welcoming our new SCO to this small, but exclusive club. A passage round the Cape, and up the coast of Africa to Gibraltar where we spent a weekend, was all we had left before returning to UK on July 30. Our arrival brought further changes to the staff. LRO Clew left us to become a Mr and RO2(W) Hogg was drafted to Lossiemouth. Joining our little band were LRO Leo Borrett (ex SS Mess Pres), RO1 (Farmer John) Rogers, and JROs Rollands, Noble and Shoesmith.

Leave to both watches, and the magic word until Christmas was to be 'Seatime'. Starting with 'Northern Wedding', which saw us in two watches (done it before), the conclusion of which was a PXD in Oslo which boasted three pubs for 28 ships. Next we were to have had a weekend in Aberdeen, but once again we were to experience the good old *Andromeda* 'luck'. Only 30 minutes from going alongside after battling through storm force 10 gales, we received a distress call from *Elsa Risargar*, a small fishing boat 170 miles off Peterhead. This incident cost us 24 hours of our weekend. Monday morning once more saw us at sea on our way to Portland, where we were to spend the next three weeks, before going to the Clyde areas, which brings us to the present time. We are now looking forward to a welcome SMP in Portsmouth starting on October 26 when we will also hold our annual Ship's Company Dance. Then more sea-time before returning to Portsmouth for Christmas leave. Who knows what surprises our Med leg in the

New Year will hold in store for us? I would like to finish with a pearl of wisdom taken from the Bunting's bridge turnover log:

Andromeda and seetime,
convey little when apart,
But when they're said together,
link up like horse and cart.

HMS ASHANTI

by LRO(T) Boynton

This is the first article to appear from *Ashanti* for some considerable time, and we hope to make a more regular contribution. Our staff consists of the following: Lieut Unwin, NO/SCO, RS Hutchins, LRO(G) Nicholas, RO2(G)s Mason, Cree, Connolly, Henderson and Clarke, RO3(G)s McConnachie and Pearce and JRO Sullivan; CY Sandham, LRO(T) Boynton, RO(T)s Bilney and Ward; LRO(W)s Harness and Cavanagh, RO2(W)s MacFarlane and Chappell. RO(T) Quayle left us recently in Mombasa and was flown home for medical reasons (we wish him a quick recovery), and since commissioning we have said good-bye to CY Feek, LRO(T) Wood, RO2(G) Stobbart and Angel, all for a wide variety of reasons. The ship commissioned at Pompey on November 24, 1969, under the command of Captain G. A. F. Bower. *Ashanti* had been in refit for nearly two years by that time and completed a major modernisation. Comms-wise, we're Standard 3B fit, and pretty well off as a result; so far as the rest of the ship's equipment is concerned, we regard ourselves as a Tribal Class Leander, with everything they've got plus a little bit more.

After a few technical set-backs which delayed us quite a bit (well, we tried to explain the snags to the stokers and greenies but they wouldn't listen to us, and Boynton hadn't joined then), we completed our work-up and after another short delay, we sailed for the far flung on August 23. After the inevitable stop at Gibraltar, we visited Tema, near Accra, in Ghana. This was the present *Ashanti*'s first visit to the Ashanti tribe and it turned out to be a never-to-be-forgotten occasion for various reasons. Whilst we were there, two parties went from the ship to visit Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti territory and the seat of the ruler, the Asantehene, and also to the Ashanti goldfields. On the latter visit, our department was represented by LRO(T) Boynton, whose account of the visit will, we hope, be the subject of a separate article. Our next stop was Simonstown, where we arrived a day late due to inclement weather. We stayed for nearly a week, which was enjoyed by all.

We relieved the *Plymouth* and *Chichester* on Beira patrol in company with *Aurora*, taking over MRL5A which proved to be quite an asset. Our spell off Beira was uneventful, apart from a quick dash up to Mombasa for 24 hours to collect some spare parts. After our time was up at Beira, we returned to Mombasa for a two week AMP. We were guard for a number of authorities whilst we were there, and we

took over DCN 208, covered both ways, throughout the period. Mauritius were quick to the fore, and got us working into TARE On-Line, which I'm glad to say went quite well. Mauritius informed us that we were the first ship to work in this way; it was a very interesting experience, and new to most of the staff, who had never had experience of TARE. Throughout the two weeks we were in Mombasa, we worked pretty hard, with hand messages piled up everywhere, the piles being constantly knocked over by 'Maintainers' who swarmed all over the office, the CCR and even the mast, murmuring completely garbled curses and threats and every now and again something like 'Why doesn't someone tell them this is an AMP?'. Never mind; if we've made history then it was worth it.

On return to Beira, *Aurora* left for Singers, leaving us with *Eskimo* (RS Mick Timson), who suggested that we try ISB working on one RATT and one voice circuit. We had been working inter-ship RATT with *Aurora* ever since we'd sailed from Simonstown, so the two circuits were worked ISB with considerable success eventually, after sorting out the snags. The RATT circuit was a very useful Comms liaison net-cum-traffic net, with the advantage of being on-line; the voice circuit was TF/TG Reporting HF. It all took about three hours to set up, but since then we've been using them continuously with no problems. On leaving Beira later this month, we sail for Bunbury,

Western Australia, then exercises and off to Singers for Christmas with a few brief visits here and there just to see that all is well in the Far East before putting on the revs for Pompey. Happy Christmas and a successful New Year to all Communicators, from an Ashanti Tribesman.

HMS BACCHANTE

by Maclew

Hello again from the International Jet Set now lazing in the morning sunshine of Copenhagen. Our last article was written whilst still in the throes of Portland workup which according to FOST was completed 'Very satisfactory'. After a short leave period we sailed to join the Standing Naval Force Atlantic and are now the longest serving ship in the squadron, having seen many ships of other nations come and go. The communications branch have never ceased to be amazed at the amount of work required during exercises (numerous) and indeed even during normal passage. Two broadcasts are the order of the day and on occasions during exercises we have had to keep three. We frequently have to break into two watches (from three) for the sole purpose of participating in 'Navcomex's'. Seriously though, we think we will leave the squadron knowing far more about communications than when we joined, this being an added bonus when compared

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to meeting and working with other nations and making new friends whilst we have been doing it. There are of course other perks, not to mention that the Canadians still draw their tots. (Watch the emigration figures go up.)

The adage 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' applies in this squadron, so occasionally we manage to fit in a visit between exercises. In eight months we have visited places like Wilhelms-haven, Kiel, Frederickshaven, Copenhagen, Antwerp, Plymouth, Lisbon, Gibraltar, the Azores, Bermuda, Norfolk Va, New York, Montreal, Halifax (Nova Scotia), St. Johns (Newfoundland), Hvalforjor, Rosyth, Oslo, Aarhus and that pearl of the Tyne—Newcastle. The department has been well represented on the sports fields of Europe and North America and one time the Comms Mess looked more like the trophy cabinet in the officers cabin flat than a mess-deck. (There is no truth in the rumour that it was opened up as a stately home and admission was charged . . . ??). Our last game of rugby in Copenhagen for the ship fielded a whole back row of Communicators, however there may be some truth in the buzz that they only went for the beer, since the run ashore afterwards will no doubt go down in the annals of Danish history.

We will be losing two of our General department in the near future, RS Jim Rogers and LRO Eddie Crowe. They are being relieved respectively by RS Franklin and LRO Sweeney. This will leave us with a department consisting of RO2s McCready, Satchell, Lancaster and Pollock backed up by RO3s Darby and Henwood. In the EW world are RS (Rocking) Ray Phillimore, LRO 'Z Bed' Burman and RO2s Geer, Thomson, Lines and Scanes, not forgetting RO3s Hambling, Froggatt and Lloyd, all emblems of a well known brand of jam. Holding up both departments are of course 'Bunts' represented by CY (still a bachelor) Jan Egan, LRO (Lew) Lewis, RO2s Macdiarmid and Jenkins and RO3s Lacey, Stewart, Marris and O'Shea. The whole motley crew is led (or pushed) by Lieut K. G. Snow whom we would like to congratulate on his well deserved promotion last April.

By the time this article appears in print we will have been relieved by *Lowestoft* (you lucky people) and will be enjoying a hard earned rest in some place we have only visited once called Pompey; we understand this is to enable us to re-charge our reserves of energy for the next gruelling leg of the commission out to the West Indies. Anyway we would like to wish all the Branch a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Until the next time . . .

HM YACHT BRITANNIA

by CY G. R. King

In January this year HM Yacht *Britannia* set sail for a Royal Tour of New Zealand and Australia. After a passage via Madeira, Barbados and the Panama Canal, the yacht made a brief visit to the Galapagos Islands which are situated on the Equator.

These islands are unique in the birds, iguana and giant tortoise found there and banyan parties spent a few hours exploring the islands. Tahiti, Bora Bora and Fiji were other ports of call before meeting up with HMNZS *Waikato* who was to be the New Zealand escort.

Tuesday March 3 was the day royal duty commenced with the arrival of the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Anne. This was the first major tour outside Great Britain that Princess Anne had embarked in the Royal Yacht and to mark the occasion was duly summoned by the bears at the crossing the line ceremony. Unfortunately, although Prince Charles joined part of the Royal Tour, he was not on board for this ceremony. The Royal Tour of Australia and New Zealand was a wonderful experience for everyone in *Britannia* and few of us will forget the splendid hospitality offered to us in over 40 ports of call. It was not, however, by any means all fun and games and as many ex-yachtsmen will appreciate, it was a very busy time particularly for the Communication Department. The radio department was hard pressed manning numerous waves whilst the VS staff often dressed and undressed ship up to three or four times a day. Added to this, countless flag shifts had to be carried out to keep the 'Court Flags' clear at all times. The Royal Tour ended in Sydney and the yacht remained there for eight days before starting the journey home. This was a very welcome rest period for all concerned.

On return to Portsmouth, Easter leave was granted prior to another short spell of royal duty when Prince Philip was the official starter for the Tall Ships Race. Cowes Week and the Western Isles cruise followed later in the season and in September the Flag Officer Royal Yachts, Rear-Admiral Sir Patrick Morgan, KCVO, CB, DSC retired and the new Flag Officer Royal Yachts, Rear-Admiral R. J. Trowbridge took command for *Britannia*'s other role, an administrative escort for Exercise 'Northern Wedding.' This proved an interesting and rewarding change to our usual duties particularly for the Communication Department.

HMS BULWARK

By MM

Since the summer edition *Bulwark*'s main tasks have been passage home, leave and the commencement of a refit. We completed 'Bersatu Padu' at the end of May and I believe all generally felt that it had been an instructive and well worth while experience. A rotation of operators between the standard naval, joint and military nets helped to broaden our experience although the different procedures still tend to confuse.

After a short visit to Singapore we made our official call to Djakarta flying the flag of COMFEF the culmination of which was a breath-taking display by the ship to senior officers of the Indonesian forces. The embarked force, squadron and flight deck crew excelling themselves. Freemantle, our next port of

call, gave us all a well taken opportunity to make 'whoopie'. The Australians gave us a taste of their renowned hospitality which will be remembered for a long time. The number of telegrams between Perth and the ship indicated that many of the ship's company would be only too pleased to return.

A long haul across the Indian Ocean brought us to Durban for an all too short visit. Once again we were shown how kindly we are regarded by our friends abroad. Between Djakarta and Durban we had the experience of attempting to read three naval broadcasts with varying degrees of success. The Far East B11F and Mauritius B11V were covered whenever possible while we also tuned in to the Australian multi-channel broadcast. All this helped to prevent us having idle hands.

The long journey via Gibraltar to Plymouth was broken up by RASs and back RASs plus a 'Jocomex'. Rather sadly the weather on arrival in Plymouth lived up to the West Country's worst reputation. This however did not last long and people are now returning from FSL looking as brown and as healthy as they did in the tropics. Refits always create problems for Communicators, the difficulty in maintaining practical skills and spending time chipping and painting instead of communicating tend to depress. We have taken this opportunity, with the help of CND and *Mercury* to get a total of 16 ratings on advancement courses in *Mercury*. All of us left on board send seasonal greetings and best wishes for success to those still on course. If they all pass we should end up a very high powered team by the time we sail early next year.

HMS CAVALIER

by LRO(G) W. Ethell

Greetings from the last of the destroyer men, the ultra-sophisticated greyhound of the seas. This being the first of many (we hope) articles to grace your pages in the remaining two years of our commission. At the outset things looked grim with a rather hurried commissioning ceremony in Portsmouth at the wrong time of the year for painting the mast in what must be record breaking time. Scraping snow off, then putting paint on is not to be recommended and does nothing to improve relations with an irate boat's petty officer. There followed a six-week cruise round that fabled playground of FOST's sea riders, we eventually left for better times.

With all three sub-branches held together by that intrepid pair RS Grimsey and CY Batten we commenced some excellent runs on a 'Meet the Navy' cruise, stopping at Falmouth, Llandudno and Liverpool. Numerous exercises later with the buntings showing their mettle running for the COCQ people in the Clyde we had summer leave. A short ferry service for the Lieutenant Governor of Guernsey later found us en-route for yet another excellent jolly in Copenhagen, where the sights are really worth seeing but is all rather expensive. We called at Chatham for Navy Days before a Mayflower weekend in

Plymouth much to the delight of our American cousins. Then the epic making salvage in force ten and eleven winds of the abandoned coaster *St Brandan* much to the delight of our captain's bank manager.

We are at the time of writing at war during a major NATO exercise doing what we think will be the history of this commission, planeguard, exercises and more exercises-planeguard, the reason is probably their Lordships in their infinite wisdom do not trust us to stay on talking terms with them and hope an ICS carrier will help somewhat. Our 89Q will see us through. Well fellow Communicators we must say our fond farewells and hope we see some of you in Malta for Christmas. We, being our leaders which have already been mentioned, myself, LRO(T) Brown, RO2s(G) Horton, Robinson, Jackson and Baldwin, RO2s(T) Rossi, Bird and Harris, RO2s(W) Fleming, Mathews and Payne, RO3(G) Sell, RO3s(T) Abley and Mellors and Juniors 'g' Stride and 't' Lennard.

CLYDE SUBMARINE BASE

Staff: Lieut Cdr Todd (SCO), Lieut J. Adair (OIC Commcen), Lieut I. Jarrold (ASCO), CRS Lillington (Reg CRS), CRS Keeler (Spare Crew CRS), CCY Blackwell (CCY).

Helensburgh was once described as the Scottish equivalent of the Elephant's Graveyard except in Helensburgh it was millionaires who came to die, this no longer applies since MOD Navy came along and built the Clyde Submarine Base 7 miles past it. The base is now fully operational and consequently the Commcen is a very busy spot. In the Commcen we work a Chinese 48, ie, 48 on 24 off, 48 on 72 off. The RSs' in charge at the moment are RS Bilby, Clark, Tyson, Ewins, Brown, McClellan, Batchelor and CY Hewitt. The Commcen is responsible for Comclyde, SM10, SM3, *Neptune*, Royal Naval Polaris School, SSO Faslane, Polexas (our title in the Polaris TWX Network), also various outstations and ship buildings in the numerous Clyde area shipbuilding groups. (Watch out barrack stanchions who are sweating, *Antrim* and *Diomedea* are commissioning shortly.) The normal number of junior rates per watch is about 10, that is if CND is smiling on us and there are sufficient volunteers for this area.

We have recently had installed (in the words of the SCO) the most sophisticated and up-to-date on-line ship-shore set-up in the UK and he has kindly advertised the fact to what seems like ninety per cent of the Western Fleet (the rest are probably refitting) who seem to enjoy snowing us under during the all-night-on. Main culprits will remain anonymous but one was an aircraft carrier and the other was a commando carrier both beginning with the letter 'A'.

Socially, we must come close to having the most modern club, sporting and shopping facilities in the RN. A shopping arcade consisting of a barbers, slops, NAAFI shop, NAAFI tailors, paper shop, Post Office, bank and dry cleaning shop. In addition a fully equipped launderette is now in operation and is

suitably sited beside the 'Hooli Bar' (Stag) to enable the consumption of a pint whilst the dhobeying is churning round. Also available is a Vendepac area which serves hot drinks and pies, cigarettes, etc, on a 24-hour service. *Neptune* is now running its own fish and chip bar where big eats at a reasonable price are available 2100-2359. If you are interested in having a few wets at night both the POs and junior rates have very up-to-date bars and regular dances are arranged about twice a week. There is also a 'Hooli' bar for the males to let their hair down after a trip, rig is pirate, and Sods Operas are about as regular as daily orders. Life up here isn't too bad but things can get rather boring without 'wheels' and the weather leaves much to be desired.

THE DARTMOUTH TRAINING SQUADRON

or

Cruises—Courtesy Grey Funnel Line

Let me immediately disillusion those who have the impression that the Dartmouth Training Squadron is one long swan. On the contrary, the unofficial motto of the squadron is 'Work hard—play hard'. The week is definitely play hard and the weekends speak for themselves as each is spent in a different port.

The aim of the Squadron, consisting at present of *Scarborough* (Captain D), *Eastbourne* and *Tenby*, is to give the cadets from BRNC one term of sea experience, from coastal navigation to jackstay transfers (one per day) and cadet manoeuvres; where the cadets actually 'drive' the ships—very closely watched over I hasten to add. To this end ships' companies are on a reduced basis which tends to make life confusing, particularly when you see TAS ratings manning the guns, gunnery ratings working in the mortar bays and ROs in the TS.

Communication-wise the squadron is fully operational and every endeavour is made to meet the WF Form 10 bogey, with 'Navcomexes' daily and 'Jocomexes' twice a term. However, to ease the load at weekends each ship guards broadcast and ship-shore for other members of the squadron in company when they are squadron guardship. The ships in the squadron work very closely together and in fact work on the same basis as destroyer and frigate squadrons used to in days gone by. Subsequently, the game of 'one-up-manship' is very evident between brother departments in the Squadron.

As this goes to print we will be nearing the end of the Autumn cruise which will have taken us to Gib, Malta, Livorno (where the Leaning Tower doesn't only lean after sampling vino), Dubrovnik (where plum brandy flows most freely) and Las Palmas. We will then spend six weeks in Devonport giving Christmas leave and recharging batteries in preparation for another ten week jaunt starting in January. Contrary to my opening remarks, if it's sun and fun you're after then the DTS is the job for you.

STC DEVONPORT

by the CCY

The Signal Training Centre sends greetings to all readers of *THE COMMUNICATOR* and hope the item and photograph will swell the pages of the Winter edition. As the staff is virtually the same as the Summer report it is not being listed again in this edition. Congratulations are extended to CY Sylvester and CY Chambers for passing the TCIs course. Farewell to RO1(T) Langdon, the STCs loss and *Blake's* gain.

Mayflower year came to an end in September and Plymouth and the West Country returned to normal. The Exhibition Hall built specially for Mayflower remains as a permanent reminder. Approximately 400 telegrams were despatched from a separate stand during the Nautical Exhibition which was extremely well attended each day.

Navy Days followed closely on the heels of the Exhibition and on August 29/30/31 the STC manned a stand in the Drill Shed of *Drake*. Sub Lieut Shotton assisted with the commentary for the river display in the Tamar from *Ark Royal*, the latter acting as a floating platform for visitors to witness the display. Approximately 500 telegrams were despatched from the stand to friends and relatives in sea-going HM ships and RFAs. *Ark Royal* also provided this facility and relayed telegrams from the hangar to the STC stand by teleprinter for onward transmission to Whitehall. Voice communication was maintained for checks. Mention is made of the wall diagrams of flags in use circa 1790 which were used to decorate the stand and provide a contrast between old and new. These were a painstaking work of art carried out by RO1(T) Smith, late of the STC and now in *Euryalus*.

Another Iranian class has departed to Portsmouth, namely the Communicators for INS *Zaal* who completed their course on October 12 (see photo below). The STC closes down from December 18 to January 4 for Christmas leave and we wish all readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE EAGLE SAGA

(Or RNAS Yeovilton Afloat Section)

Here we are again folks as promised bringing the News and Views from your friendly afloat station. I think we must end your curiosity about our football match against the girls of the Bodmin pub.

Well the girls beat us by five goals to one, and of course, we being proper gentlemen let them win so we could win the second round which was carried out on the dance floor later. We would like to take this opportunity of saying that if any young ladies of the naval variety would like to challenge us we would be more than grateful.

We had better start now on the nitty gritty. I got a very hard time from all aboard the *Eagle* (Comms) for not mentioning their names in the last article so I will put a few in each time we send one up, just to keep them off my back. We finally sailed from Plymouth after 70,000 dockyard maties with crowbars



IMPERIAL IRANIAN SHIP 'ZAAL'—COMMUNICATORS

Back row left to right: PO2 Ahyae, PO2 Torkpoor, PO2 Zakizadeh, CPO Shalchi, CCY Lisle and CRS Morris (Royal Navy), CPO Shirvani, PO1 Bakhtiari, PO2 Masooleh, PO2 Ghanizadeh. Front row left to right: PO2 Jebelli, PO2 Seyedi, PO2 Ghadami, PO2 Jorjani, PO2 Sharifi, PO2 Foruzan-Yekta, PO2 Afshar

prised us away from the wall and set off for the deep blue sea, and sailed on a Saturday afternoon making it a very popular day with the RAs who didn't crack up until we came back in, and Tug Wilson was heard to say 'Why couldn't we stay at sea'. Our shake-down was very successful, and we closed down into a war state which brought the total number of watchkeepers to about 30 in each watch. It was like the *Mercury* Mess Presidents office on Divisions Day; every one talking and nowhere to sit. (No offence SSMP). Suddenly it was all over and the 'Big "E"' was making her way back to the cool clear waters of Guzz Dockyard and parking just in front of the smaller and not so heavy *Ark Royal*; funny name! We are now waiting for our future programme which includes work-ups and an ORI.

Which reminds me something which was heard on the flight deck during the childrens party given by the ship's company; JRO— was heard to say, shaking his head slowly from side to side, looking at the children's roundabouts; 'What's the Navy coming to these days'.

This articles personalities are: CY Roberts, LRO Brigham Young, RO1 Bernie West, RO1 Chris Fakes, RO2 Pincher Martin, RO2 Figgy Duff, RO2 Clappers Clapton, RO3 Scouse Barclay, RO3 Skinhead Edwards, JRO Banyan Benyon.

FO2 FEF

by CRS Banwell

With the exit of CRS Mathews from the scene I have been volunteered for the job of sending the seasons news to you. Unfortunately we did not receive any copies of the last COMMUNICATOR so I am

not sure where to take up the threads. However, at the risk of boring you, which I shall probably do anyway, I will carry on from the completion of 'Bersatu Padu'.

After leaving the *Fife* our temporary flagship, at the end of 'Bersatu Padu' we spent a month in *Terror*, where we welcomed LRO Paul Brookman who has relieved RS Ken Armitage. Our one effort at sport proved to be a dismal failure being beaten by the Wrens at hockey. Little happened in Singapore of any consequence until we rejoined *Blake* on July 29. Here things started to happen, although the TOT ceased too. We sailed for Hong Kong but this was a little too ambitious and we had to turn back to Singapore during the first night at sea. The terrible luck that *Blake* had had since leaving UK had not deserted her and we limped back in that morning. Our next try was more successful and we arrived in Hong Kong a few days later, but bad luck had followed us and our three days visit lengthened to three weeks, our trip to Expo 70 was consequently cancelled, although LRO Seago and CRS Mathews flew to Japan to help out in RFA *Tarbatness*. Meanwhile 'back on the ranch' RO2s Berry, Brounger, Greatrex and Harris joined *Tamar* MSO enjoying 48's about.

On August 30 we moved the Flag to RFA *Olmeda*; this was the worst move that we have made, not helped by the *Olmeda* being anchored at Green Island, however, memories of this are now happily dimmed by the excellent accommodation, food and bar (Draught Courage Lager). A quick trip to Singapore, where CRS Banwell relieved CRS Mathews and RO2 Napier relieved RO2 Harris, who now resides at Northwood. After a week our long awaited Pacific cruise began. This has been most enjoyable in spite of the weather not coming up to

expectations. Time off watch has been spent playing deck hockey and swimming in the pool. Our first stop was the island of Gizo (Solomon Group), which proved not to be the South Sea island paradise that everyone expected, one exciting feature being that every time a light was switched on the island's electrical supply fused, though 'Jolly Jack' still managed to have his enjoyable run mainly due to the unbounded hospitality shown to us by the islanders. After a two days steam our next port of call was the island of Honiara, the capital of the Solomon group of islands, this was naturally much bigger, sporting a large white community, mostly made up of Kiwis who spend a two-year tour on the island under a government contract. The entertainment that was laid on by the islands for our visit went down splendidly.

Leaving Honiara we then proceeded to steam slowly through the Solomon Islands on passage to the New Hebrides, where we were to have visited Banks Island but unfortunately due to little up-to-date hydrographic information and a heavy swell it was decided that we were unable to risk anchoring. This decision was also aided by an exciting minute or so when the echo sounder recorded the fact that we were approaching a four fathom bank, which is much too shallow for the ship's draught. *Minerva's* wasp reported that habitation on the island was sparse. A quotation that was passed to us by the *Minerva* from Jack London's 'Cruise of the Shark' summed up our visit to these islands admirably:—

"If I were a king the worst punishment I could inflict on my enemies would be to banish them to the Solomons. On second thought, king or no king, I don't think I'd have the heart to do it".

From here we then made our way to New Zealand, our first stop being a weekend in the Bay of Islands which due to its breathtaking scenery is understandably one of the most popular North Island resorts. Unfortunately on arrival the weather was most inclement, but for those that could pluck up the courage to go ashore after a four mile boat trip in the freezing rain, it was found that the small village of Paihia provided a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. Whilst most of us prepared to rendezvous with *Blackpool* for a RAS, two of our happy band thought it wiser to walk or hitch-hike to Auckland, and rejoin us on arrival. Also waiting patiently on the jetty for us to berth were CCY Young and CRS(W) Mortimer who unfortunately had lost their kit in transit. Auckland itself was found to be rather quiet after ten o'clock in the evening, though the hospitality of the people extended this time considerably. Before sailing for Exercise 'Longex' CRS(W) Baille left for UK and Faslane.

'Longex', an exercise with RN, RAN, RNZN and US ships taking part, was all work and no play but had its amusing scenes. *Waikato* unfortunately had a serious fire, in which no one was hurt. On completion of the exercise we were again guests of Auckland. We had the ship's dance here which was quite a success, the local hospital providing the

members of the opposite sex so necessary on these occasions. Lieut Hunter left at this time to return to his beloved submarines and Lieut Burns takes his place. On the 16th we left Auckland for Sydney, a choppy crossing, but with Sydney at the end no one really minded.

Sydney was reached on October 19 and we berthed at Woolloomoolloo, just outside Garden Island. Vice-Admiral Lewin, who has finished his appointment as FO2 FEF, handed over to his relief Rear-Admiral Williams, when we arrived. We wish him well in his new appointment in MOD.

This brings us up to date with events, and we sail tonight for Fremantle where we change ships once more. To all readers we wish a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

HMS GALATEA — ALIAS THE BLACK PIG

by George

Now we've finished the foreign leg of our comish we thought it was about time we forwarded another article, not from the Chiefs, as last time, but from us, the 'Indians'. We'll start with Christmas '69. Some people may say it was a Christmas to remember, but speaking from the Comms point of view it wasn't memorable at all. In fact hardly any of us can remember a thing about it. What with being virtualled in *Terror* and having 4 Sundays on the trot what can you expect? Anyway the fun and games over, along came 'Janex', which your illustrious reporter missed through being in sickbay with a broken collarbone after diving off his top bunk (good run I was told) which was rather hectic for all, during which we managed to crack our second Chief Tel (we're now trying desperately for the hat trick, but this one has more stamina (PAL?). After 'Janex' came Hong Kong (nuff said!) swiftly followed by Exercise 'Sea Rover', a SEATO abortion off Manila, then Bangkok for 4 days where a number of people were adrift, their brahma of an excuse being 'I didn't get a shake, Sir'. From then on it was downhill all the way. Well anyway, it was after our 5 week summer cruise up and down the Mozambique Channel off a place called Beira.

Now we'll slip a funny in. One of our little ODs (6ft 1 in and 15st) put in a request for a 'consideration' course. When asked what he meant by that he replied 'You know Chief, it used to be called a "suspect" course'. The same OD, having studied the various DCIs and found all the offshoot courses available and being aware of all the extra £ s d they would bring in, promptly requested all of them on one request form! The Captain reckons he will be the only flying, diving, parachuting, linguistic, forward observer to serve in submarines! However the request was not granted as the OD didn't fancy re-engaging for a 9th five to complete the courses.

At the time of writing we've just left Gib for Pompey, with a few sore heads, and leaving behind a

few quid at the Casino. Talking of the Casino, what do you think of a Padre who was asked to leave after descending two flights of stairs via the bannister? A real swinging Bish. Well, as we're preparing to take Pompey apart and have some hard earned, and long awaited, leave, we leave you with these three little words — SAVE OUR TOT.

HMS GLAMORGAN

by LRO Morgans

Our ten-month refit in Guzz is over and we have just finished our first week at sea (RAs wobbling). We have got a trials period now until Christmas with a trip to Gibraltar Casino and Malta Gut in between. Having got through four SCOs, we are well on the way to cracking the fifth, who is Lieut Comdr Sclater. He has shown the strain by taking on a surplus subby (Sub Lieut Ellis) to help him run the department of misfits. During the refit there were loan drafts to Whitehall, Fort Southwick, *Mercury*, Rosyth and RNR Cardiff. LRO Josey was the smoothest during his loan draft to Whitehall, he found himself a wife and has started a craze of 'getting tied up' fanatics which is now sweeping our grot. The next two candidates are Tony Moan and Whacker Payne closely followed by a few more at the beginning of the year.

With this new drafting system already started we are losing RO2s and gaining JRO/RO3s straight from training, in many cases (W) relieving (T)'s to the CCYs moans of 'Bloody Gollies'. Anybody short of ready money can always send CRS(EWI) Polly Perkins a begging letter after his £500 win on the pools. The Comms staff has got a very good football team — Bernie Barnwell, Tony Etchells, Bob Binks, Ginge Watkins, Whacker Payne are regular players for the ship's first team. Anybody interested in a game contact Ginge or Bernie. CRS Netherton, RO2s Tony Etchells, Bob Binks, Buck (DBF) Taylor, Dave Barry and Ron Connor will be leaving us shortly for different drafts around the UK, so beware. Chief Netherton already says 'Got a quiet number lined up at *Mercury*', by the way his relief is CRS Heaton who joins us in November. LRO Paul Sunderland is joining from RS(Q), RO2 Sharp from Rosyth and RO Tuckwell from *Rooke*, so they can look forward to plenty of sea time, but they never need to worry they may move into 'Gobblers Gulch'.

Before I finish this little chit, I would like to wish future and former Glams a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year and plenty of sea time from us all.

HMS GURKHA

by RO2 Crawford aided and abetted by 'Big Ally'

After 2½ years at the tender mercies of Rosyth Dockyard, the 'Gurkhins' are once again poised to make their presence known amongst the fleet. Since commissioning (September 24) we have spent most of our time picking minute pieces of haggis and lumps of porridge from our newly sophisticated

Wireless Office and of course the usual scavengers have been in action, we are blessed with the most professional team of 'rabbitters' ever let loose in a dockyard. With sea-trials and work-up to see us through the winter months, our departure from UK waters in May will not be too long in coming round. It will be a great pity to leave the idyllic Scottish dockyard at Rosyth with its very own kilted band of females and the mysterious brews of McEwans and Youngers Ales. We look forward to Portsmouth and Portland before the New Year, leave from Rosyth and then the work-up OOOOH!!!

Friends and enemies alike are welcome to renew old acquaintances.

HMS HECLA

De Fumo In Flammam—Avoid Simplicity at all costs

by LRO(T) Crane

After the elation the staff felt having found themselves Wrens Pin-up in the last issue, we think it only proper to thank all those who have written, or communicated with us by other means (but why none from the Wrens themselves?). We only regret we are not able to make individual replies to all the various suggestions and requests that have been made. We would like, however, to point out that the majority of your ideas are simply not physically possible.

Since last we put pen to paper, *Hecla* has been completing her survey of the Minches (the strip of water between the Hebrides and the Scottish mainland). We sailed on September 4, and are due to return to Plymouth on October 23. During which time the majority of the staff and ship's company were able to relieve themselves of the pent up emotions attained by the life on board over a thoroughly enjoyable weekend in Liverpool.

It was during this last period at sea that LRO(G) Garrett took over, in addition to his many other duties, the job of Yeoman. The LRO(T) was on an extended leave during which he became a proud father. Which all goes to show that sparkers aren't obsolete after all. We left the RS (Pete McKenna) on Berneray Island, which is inhabited by three light-house keepers and numerous sheep, with the object of reading the tidepole. When we picked him up, a week later, he had a funny contented look on his face. Do you think this was caused by the fresh air??? (Any comments to be addressed 'MCO, HMS *Hecla*'.)

It appears to be only a matter of time now before the GPO takes us on its payroll, lately we seem to have been sending almost as many telegrams as signals. Could it be that 'Someone, somewhere wants an SLT from you?'. We also wish to offer our heartiest congratulations to Lieut P. Kelly, our SCO on his recent promotion. He's not a bad hand, for an (H) officer. With over a month's leave due to us, most of the staff are quietening down a little now. Over the past few weeks tempers have been getting a

little frayed, and this hasn't been helped by 'I don't want to be an RO2' Morley and RO2(G) Lewis, who seems to care more about boxing, guitar playing and weight-lifting than he does about communications.

However, we are now all eagerly looking forward to our arrival in Plymouth which heralds the start of our Winter lay-up period and refit, not forgetting, of course, the leave. This carries us safely through into the New Year when, if all goes as planned, we sail for the foreign leg and the West Indies surveys.

HMS INTREPID

Since our last article *Intrepid* has arrived and has become firmly established on the Far East Station. We had a pleasant trip out, with stops at Casablanca, Cape Town, Mauritius and an unscheduled stop at Seychelles to rescue the Fleet clearance diving team who had been destroying the remains of *Ennerdale*. After a three-week spell in Singapore, we embarked 3 Brigade HQ and 42 Commando for Exercise 'Summer Frolic 6' in Brunei. This was followed by a short stop off in Singapore to drop our Commando friends before we sailed for Chinhae, Korea for a short exercise with the RoK Marines, then on to Peace City (Hiroshima), Japan, for a weeks 'jolly'. After this we sailed for a week in Hong Kong followed by Exercise 'Far Fling' with 40 Commando.

Communication-wise we have settled down after our year in Devonport and are gradually overcoming the various snags, both in equipment and personnel, which inevitably arise when a ship is 'laid off' for a long period. History was made on our trip between Casablanca and Capetown when during our Skynet trials RO1 Ikin passed the first operational signal by this means. Since then, although the system is not fully operational, we have used it a lot for 'live' traffic. An excellent example of its use and versatility was demonstrated during 'Summer Frolic' when, with the co-operation of RNCC Singapore, we used the 'Out' leg as an MRL and the 'In' leg for reception of the broadcast traffic to us. During a complete HF blackout, this link remained in ZBZ5 and enabled us to continue receiving and passing traffic without difficulty. When the system becomes fully operational we confidently expect to do away with conventional broadcast and MRL and rely entirely on this means for communication between the ship and our associated base.

At the moment the ship is well into the 'changeover' period for the staff. We lose about a dozen in mid-October, some more in January, and the rest of the 'old' commission in March. Even Mr *Intrepid*, CRS Johnston, is scheduled to leave the ship when we arrive in Fremantle. After a 27-month tour, he will be relieved by CRS Edmonstone. I have no doubt that CRS Johnston will be in his element in the STC Devonport teaching technical. One good thing about serving on a ship dedicated to 'jointery' is the number of funnies which occur. During a recent typhoon we were regaled with the following pipe 'Hands are to keep clear of the focsle until further notice' followed by 'Attention embarked forces. No one is to go near the

sharp end until further notice'. Then there is the prize-winning example of twisted terminology when the young Army chap heard that the ship had 'Ten cables to go' and thought that the MCO was very busy!

Although we have our laughs at the expense of our 'pongoes', in fact they fit into life onboard very well. Unlike *Fearless*, all the soldiers of 661 Troop (LPD), Royal Signals are fully integrated into the Comms department and work on exactly the same jobs as the sailors. At the moment we have two corporals as LHOWs and two as C & M desk operators. In return, the sailors are trained to man the various Army circuits. Although there are various differences in standards and skills, they have not been an insurmountable obstacle to integration and I am sure that both Services learn a lot from each other.

HMS JUPITER (YE GODS)

Firstly let us apologise for not making the Summer edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, unfortunately we were thrown straight into a small crisis off Trinidad which boosted our normal signal intake and left us all a little short of sleep and breath. The breath was lost dashing round the CCR trying to communicate with the USS *Guadalcanal* from whom we managed to RAS fuel, ice cream, steaks, etc—good on yer Elmer. After many combinations of offsetting we finally managed to communicate by adding point five to the assigned would you believe, luckily our stores just happened to have a crystal ball. Apart from sailing round keeping the peace with sister ship *Sirius*, who according to the POMPEY EVENING NEWS has been doing it all on her own, it takes two to tango. Our other main duty has been Hurricane Relief Ship, on this side we haven't seen action though we came quite close when hurricane 'Dora' did her bit at Martinique. Our staff is amiably led by the SCO Lieut M. Goacher.

We welcome CY Porter who was dragged from the depths of Pitreavie at extremely short notice to join the ship in Bermuda at the beginning of June, and who surely must have been the most surprised Yeoman in the fleet when he received his flight signal from SBC in the middle of August to join in Chaguaramas! Within the tactical department we have our very own version of "The Great Escape" caused when a member of the staff, who shall be nameless, was last seen in Key West heading in the general direction of San Francisco with flowers in his hair. However, he was 'recovered' in New Orleans. The excuse that he was the Liaison Officer for the forthcoming visit did not (R) not wash.

At the time of writing this article we are about to complete the last half of our nine months tour of the West Indies, having just completed a three-week AMP in Trinidad. We have La Guaira (Venezuela) and New Orleans to look forward to. Looking back, we've had our ups and downs, who hasn't. Visits to Barbados, Tortola (much muttering from the CY who missed them both), Bermuda for the yacht race, and

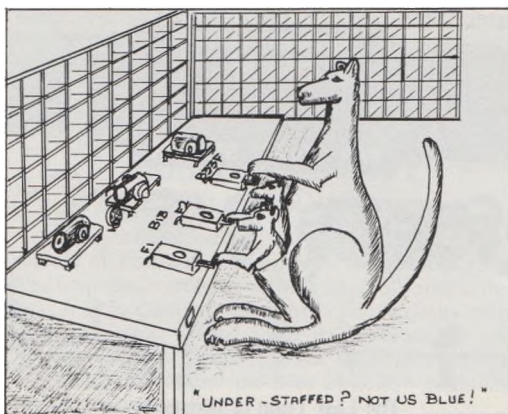
many other small islands. Some excellent grippoes were enjoyed by all. We have numerous sportsmen in the staff, both RS Broome and CY Porter represent the ship at soccer proving that there is bags of life left in them yet, McNally has been a regular in the under-18's soccer team, in fact soccer wise we have a very good Comms team, we await your challenges. RO2s Mulgrew and Annes have both represented the ship at soccer. On the quieter side 'Sharkies' Pardo and Timmins both hooked a couple of man-eaters whilst at anchor off Tortola.

We have also held our own on the Communications side, having now completed two MRL trials, both of which proved invaluable in long distance predictions from this part of the world. Our thanks go out to all at Whitehall who gave their co-operation during some difficult moments. We have during our nine months out here successfully carried out some sixty Radphone calls to UK via our old friends GBC 5/6, thanks Burnham for an excellent service. We cannot forget our old friends who welcomed us to Anguilla, the Army lads there really gave us a great welcome and a very hangoverish weekend was spent by all. We exchanged LRO Scully for one of the Royal Signals Regiment; this went down very well and gave both sides a look at the other's way of life. By the time we are in print we shall either be in, or very close, to Gibraltar where we are spending Xmas as guard ship, we think at last a chance to switch off our two remaining teleprinters, the rest just couldn't stand the pace. We look forward to calling GYU and teleprinters providing it will definitely be QJB4. We close by wishing you all a Very Merry Xmas and Prosperous New Year. We have already received our Xmas box, Stanavforlant for a rest!!!

RN WIRELESS STATION, KRANJI

A visitor to the station after an absence of 12 months or longer would notice many changes, most of which have resulted from the phased withdrawal of the British Services from the Far East. The most noticeable are:

1. The relatively few naval personnel. Our complement is now only 40, almost three-quarters of whom are 'greenies'.
2. The absence of Communication ratings on course resulting from the closure of the Signal Training Centre.
3. All the accommodation blocks have been closed and many have been converted to other use. This includes the wardroom, senior rates mess and the Kranji Klub. Our virtualised members now live in *Terror* and commute daily.
4. New and additional security fences have been erected in the upper camp.
5. As a foretaste of the future, many slouched hats belonging to the Australian Army installation teams are already in evidence. (These



hats are collectors items but are more prized than a matelot's cap and as our 'cobbers from down-under' are renowned for quick reflexes, would-be souvenir hunters are hereby warned.)

Signal Training Centre, Far East Station

The Signal Training Centre was closed operationally on October 1 and this has left a training gap which will be hard to fill whilst there are still ships serving in Far Eastern waters. Since the STC opened just after World War II, it is conservatively estimated that at least 7,000 RN and Commonwealth Communicators attended for courses and examinations and almost all of them enjoyed their stay 'on the hill'. Kranji deservedly earned a reputation, throughout the years, of being a 'home from home' to all Communicators on the Far East Station. The loss not only of the training aspect but of the rest and recuperation facilities that the camp provided with its pleasant setting, clubs, sports facilities and swimming pool, marks the end of an era which may evoke nostalgic memories from ex-Kranji-ites and be missed by those who have been denied the experience.

Earlier in the year, we said farewell to CCY Foster, who joined *Centurion*, RS Colmer bound for *London*, CRS Cowley who headed back to *Mercury* and RS(W) Vickers to go on terminal leave (did he 'sign-on'?). Eventually, for the last three months before the STC closed, the only remaining instructors were CRS Gordon and CY Steele. With the help of CCY Scrivens, on loan from the Fleet Pool, and RMech 1 Hollis, we managed to meet all the bids for courses and examinations until the end but not without considerable flexibility and effort on the part of our own instructors and the invaluable assistance by Communication senior rates from the Fleet for which we were most grateful. Ships joining the station may be pleased to know that a limited practical operator training facility is available whilst they are in Singapore. A classroom has been made available in the naval headquarters and application for its use should be made to the RN Communication Centre. Details are in FECOs.



The Last Team of Instructors

From left to right: RMech1 Hollis, CY Steele, CRS Gordon, CCY Scrivens, LRO(W) Cuddy and Lieut Singleton

On closure of the STC, we were delighted to receive the following signal from our Alma Mater:

'It was in 1933 when the tiger raised its cry,
Kami Berhubong dengan Dunia to the sky.
As the winds of change roared through the ulu,
signal officers and ratings say Bravo Zulu'
to which we replied:

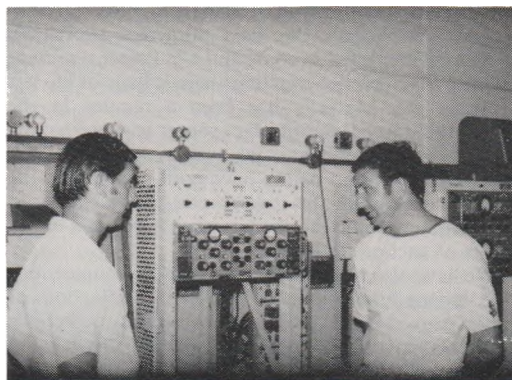
'We thank you on this sad occasion,
for your well timed salutation,
our tiger has but lost a paw.
Be assured he'll keep his roar'

Note: For the uninitiated: The RN Wireless Station Kranji's Malayan motto 'Kami Berhubong dengan dunia' means 'We speak to the world'.

Central Receiving Room (Or where it's at)

The visitor to the station would find little change in the Communicators role in the Central Receiving Room. We leave the latest techniques to our Weapons and Electrical colleagues who engineer the reception of the DCNs, MRL, and RATT Ship/Shore which are then passed by radio relay to RNCC in the dockyard where they are terminated. Our prime function is the running of the Area 8 Commercial Ship Shore and Broadcast Scheme which will continue until late 1971 when we hand the station over to our successors. For our broadcast (B13F, B33F and Area 8), MCCN and Ship Shore answering we key the transmitters of our sister station RN Wireless Station Suara which is situated some ten miles away in the Naval Base.

With the CRS in overall charge, our four watches are each made up of one RS, 1 LRO, 2 RMN LROs (who operate MCCN) and 13 Asian W/T and T/P operators many of whom have worked in Kranji for over 20 years and even, in a few cases, since before the war. Steam radio it may be, but good practical skills are a necessity here in these days of relatively low standards and where else will you get the commercial procedure experience of a station whose area of responsibility extends from Africa to



The Last Exam

From left to right: RS(W) Brooke and LRO(W) Cuddy both of 'Phoebe'

the Western American seaboard? Communicators who have left the CRR this year and whom we wish well in their new jobs are: CRS Bailey to *Mercury*, RS Lovell to Plymouth, RS Baker to *Mercury* and an RCIs course, LROs Robertson and Lister. Ships joining the station are reminded that they are now required (FECO 1801) to carry out an analysis of their communication equipment (COMAL) at least once every four months. Ideally this is best done after an SMP and whilst still in harbour when storage can be given by telephone but if at sea, storage will be given on B13F. A recent service from KD Malaya caused some amusement, but the operator certainly got his message over—'Cancel rpt pse cancel it. Don't send it! Throw it away! Because the originator wants it to be cancelled and he decided not to send it'. 'ZFR' might convey the same meaning but hardly the tone of desperate entreaty.

Sports and Social Activities

The social life of the station has necessarily declined since the various messes were closed and we have now become much more reliant on *Terror*. A recent MFV banyan to Snake Island was a great success and everyone managed to get sunburned despite it being overcast throughout the day and even drizzling from time to time. It is quite untrue to say that we had to rely on our 'Digger' friends to pull us off the beach! Perhaps more accurate are the rumours that the wives, who initially were convulsed watching the antics of the mere males, decided that unless they wished to be stranded until high tide, then they too must lend a hand (who said that it was more than just a hand?). Whatever it was, it was most successful. As we go to press, we are planning a barbecue at the pool with our friends from Suara. It is understood that the water-polo trophy has to be seen to be believed. Despite our reduced numbers, we still managed to regularly turn out three soccer teams (one from the Asian staff). As we have no true seasons, we play week in week out, and in the first nine months

of this year, the first team have played 61 games, winning 38 and drawing 7 with an unbeaten spell in mid year of 26 successive games. Any challenges will be welcomed. Regular players from the Communication Staff include RSs Hodder and Wood, LROs Overton and Pye and the SCO.

The Future

We expect to hand over the station in the Autumn of 1971 to the 9th Signal Regiment representing the Australian/NZ authorities who will have an RAN contingent to take over the purely naval circuits in the CRR. Until we finally haul down the White Ensign we cordially invite all Communicators on the station to pay us a visit if only to see what their next draft might have been but for the 'AXE'.

HMS LEOPARD

Two and a half years before the mast
(Or a CRC Guide to Round the World Tours)

In bidding a fond?, thankful!, farewell to the grey terror of the lake *Leopard*, we considered a final article to THE COMMUNICATOR would not be amiss. Having had an enjoyable pair of Beira patrols, a smallie Bersatoo exercise, an amputation from Hong Kong's friendly, a visit to that jewel of the east Singapore (where alas, Boogis Street was off limits, so we were informed!), a further apprehensive visit to Hong Kong and suddenly the impossible was achieved, the ship actually managed to attain an operational standard equal to the task of crossing the Pacific — Homeward bound . . .

It is now well and truly over for the majority of the communicators on *Leopard* except for some of course, namely RS Baillie and RO3 Sandham (honest we are not laughing). As you may or may not have known depending if you read our last article in THE COMMUNICATOR that we had 15 Junior Rates, plus two Senior Rates, well we managed to whittle that down to 12 Junior Rates, mainly due to exceptionally good runs ashore. The first left us in Hong Kong, not his own fault I must admit, he was carted off to hospital. The second hit his snag in Japan after hitting his head on the fire extinguisher (although we have our doubts that he was hitting something else), the third of our lively band could not bring himself to leave America (lovely country), so we left him there as a sort of liaison for future British warships' visits.

Our trip on the whole after our two whacks of Beira patrol turned out to the full advantage for the whole ship's company. With nine weeks' AMP over in Hong Kong it was farewell to 'Suzies side party' and not forgetting of course 'Any bottles' back to Singapore for a short spell (three weeks), then homeward bound via the following route: first stop Maizuru (Japan) ****, Kagoshima (Japan) ***** (Japan Hamburg) (minus one rating) Midway? Pearl Harbour ***** (near Yahoo) Esquimault (Canada) 'Yahoo'. Vancouver ****, Portland, Oregon ***** (minus another rating), San Diego ****, Manzanillo (Mexico) ** with Balboa, Panama

Canal transit and Bermuda to come before finally reaching Portsmouth on November 5 which is believed to be a good run for 'Rats' . . .

Key: ** Average, *** Not too bad, **** Quite good, ***** Excellent, Yahoo — Unbelievable.

HMS LOWESTOFT

By LRO(G) M. Wilson

At the time of writing this article we are in the middle of Portland workup with three weeks to go. The commission started on May 28, 1970, after a three year refit in Chatham dockyard. The majority of the ship's company joined three days before we commissioned. After completing sea acceptance trials we visited Lowestoft and the Isles of Scilly—both visits proved very interesting.

Fingers crossed our Standard 3B fit has stood up well to all Portland has thrown at us so far. We are joining Stanavforlant in December and early in 1971 we deploy to the West Indies.

HMS MINERVA

by B. Underwood

My last offering was scotched at the starting line by a certain SCO (Lieut Humphreys are you there ??? — you despoiler of picturesque passages — perhaps that ought to be rephrased . . .) however I shall endeavour once more to gain entry into that select literary circle that every contributor to our noble rag enjoys. The 'Min' has been in commission now for two years and due to sea-time, over-work or over-indulgence in the various distractions that have come our way, we really haven't been able to find the time to honour the rag before. (I know you must have heard it all before Ed). The following is a rough guide to the milestones of our past 24 months.

Portland — the inevitable stumbling block, the land of roughers, nervous breakdowns and 'Snips' received us and clasped us to her calloused old bosom with all the affection of a patrolman greeting a long-lost deserter. Our grateful thanks are bestowed on the various ale-houses that helped us through our difficult times (were there any other times there?) in particular, The Breakwater, The Jersey Hotel and The King's Arms.

Anguilla — where we reached the apex of our fighting career. We are at the moment negotiating with the authorities concerned with a view to having the historic battle placed on our battle-honours board. If anyone has any interest in collecting genuine historical relics, the battle ensign actually flown at Anguilla is obtainable from our LRO(T) at the modest price of 30/- or 4 for a fiver! The rest of the West Indies trip was a memorable experience for many, in particular, a photographer from New York, who had apparently never seen anything like us . . .

Earlier this year we became 'Instant Gib-guardship' (a general recall from leave saved many of the lads from becoming fed up at home). No doubt the *Ajax* will remember us cheerfully sallying forth, grateful to

get away from the UK and do her sea-time for her. We, like many before us, tried and failed to drink the Rock dry. We were selected from thousands of applicants to do a stint on Fish Patrol and had the opportunity to further Anglo-Norwegian relationships, many of which were highly successful and promise to be fruitful.

Our next venture onto the high seas is the one currently taking place. We headed into the blue beyond bound for the East, stopping only to enjoy the incomparable and exotic delights available on the Beira Drag-net and to pick up our new SCO at Gan. After which we went to the flesh-pots (everyone describes it as that) of Singapore and flesh-potted in a manner appropriate after 54 days at sea! (we would like to take this opportunity and convey our thanks to the various authorities concerned for their consideration in selecting us for that particular honour, when it was announced that we would be on patrol for just over seven weeks. Squeals of delight were forthcoming from our most hardened of weather-beaten tars and their fawning gratitude was almost embarrassing to behold).

Before I continue I feel I must try and help a couple of our staff who were unfortunate enough to lose articles dear to them. If such a column is printed in THE COMMUNICATOR I would like the following to be inserted:

LOST: One gentleman's Rolex Oyster wrist-watch and one pair gentleman's brown casual shoes (Quite possibly in, or within the surrounding area of — Bugis Street), if found, please return to RO2(W) O'Toole *Minerva*.

Also LOST: One hook and badge — The owner cannot be as explicit as the previous victim as it was whilst wandering around Capetown for four days that they disappeared. RO1(W) Parr would be grateful for any information which may lead to their eventual recovery.

We are now heading for the Land of Grass-skirts and Scrum-caps (New Zealand — peasant! ! !) and have visited a number of islands in the Solomons and New Hebrides group, which in spite of their diminutive dimensions, managed to take their toll of our more social members. After our short stay in Auckland (which, needless to say is awaited with much speculation with regard to the social activities) we go to sea, again, and to keep boredom at bay indulge in the odd exercise or three. From there (wherever that leaves us) we go to Sydney, again a short visit, more exercises (we get bored abnormally quickly apparently). Western Aussie then, has the opportunity to get to know us. A few of us sadly leave what has been our home for two years and depart with heavy hearts for the UK in the large shining birds that are apt to frequent airfields. 'Singers' again for Christmas, and then the long plod home (Beira??), the heart-break of leave and drafts, everyone is getting shore-bases — they're convinced. Our present staff consists of: RS Ken Lee, LRO Om Underwood, RO1's Wilson (Tug), Frank Roberts, RO2's Buck Taylor, Taff

Morgan, Orb Harper and RO3 Munro. Gollies: RS Bill Cotton, LRO Mick McAuliffe, RO1's Bob Parr, Rupert Newett, RO2's Dinny O'Toole, Pete Fox, Lew Lewis — (aquatic scooter rider and demolition expert — 'no, dear, not that kind of demolition expert'. These titles were won though an experience involving a Burn-a-doo Moped's acquaintance with sea-bed and the removal of a small house in Antigua whilst backing in a Minnie-Moke), Tug Willson, Terry Rix and JRO Archie Jamieson. Buntings: CY Bob Edgar, LRO's Jock (got to save a penny or two) Tracey, Bungy Williams, RO2's Fred Mowatt, Dusty Miller, Biff Woolley and Terry Baldwin (Nice . . .). In the hot-seat we have, fresh from Malta and visibly deteriorating the more he settles in and gets to know us, our own Lieut. 'Arry Tate.

A final footnote or two: Is there anybody who can help us with our claim for the shortest war? We reckon Anguilla beat the 6-day war by 5 days 23 hours and 49 minutes (they had trouble starting one of the Gemini's or it would have been quicker) and at the moment we are exchanging reams of correspondence with the GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS to almost no avail, we would be grateful for any support with our campaign. Finally (I really mean it this time), to our companion of many days whilst in the Med — 'Kashin 522, come in please — we are very low on fuel. . . .'

Note to Ed . . . we realise it's a long article but it is probably our first and final one for this comish. Also the broadcast we are reading is even worse than this as regards readability.

HMS MAXTON (MCM6)

We three from the Mighty 'M' greet thee.

LRO(G) 'Mick' Rackham (Electro DA-1-GKL), for those in the know, RO1(G) 'Pincher' Martin (Passed it at last), LRO(T) 'Yeo' Ford (Paint it again, Ford).

Since moving up from 'Singers' to Hong Kong we have lost two of the Squadron, *Houghton* and *Wilkie*, changed the 'Blackfoot' for a switched on 'Red Dragon', and had a smally refit and a few trips — Manila, Brunei and Japan. Oh, and kept a gentle eye on the runs in Hong Kong. The Squadron's job in Hong Kong is partly political ('nuff said) and very much practical as seen in 'Far Fling' our last little exercise. As well as taking part in exercises and perfecting our minehunting (I think Commander 'Jock' Glennie will back us up as the BEST hunter in the RN), we also help out the police if they get any bovver from the occasional Commy gunboat that wanders over. Mick is the squadron sparker, volunteers for all the trips on the other boats, seetime experience he calls it. John Ford keeps an eye on MCM6's signals as well as being Yeo of the Squadron, and Pinch, yes, well, he hands in his notice this time next year, 34 Ganges will meet again, some of us at least.

We leave you, Mick still looking for a spare 640, John looking for his auto flag hoist and a swop draft

(Singapore readers note, any offers?) and Pinch, has anyone ever tried telling Commander Glennie that they joined up as a 'G' when they are speechless on a manoeuvring net, yes, well.

HMS NAIAD

by RS N. Johnson

With our work up under our belt and a week's weapon training completed we are ready to join the Fleet. We completed work up on August 13, and then proceeded direct to Falmouth for a courtesy visit. We were due to leave at 1400 Sunday August 16 for Liverpool (to renew our ties with Blackburn). At 0800 we found ourselves rushing to sea to assist BRNC yacht *Temeraire* in trouble in heavy seas. Having successfully coped with that problem we proceeded to assist the tug *Bustler* to recover her tow on *Zest* which had parted in heavy seas mid-way up the Irish Sea. Having covered the distance from Falmouth to the distressed tug, in what seemed record time, we found our chase was to no avail as the tug had re-connected the tow with the assistance of a chopper from Culdrose. A busy day with the Communicators in two watches (and this on a Sunday?).

We followed this with a successful visit to Blackburn where it was decided to adopt Miss Judith Durham as MISS NAIAD 1970, an offer which the lady accepted. On leaving Liverpool, Portsmouth bound for Families Day we were called upon to assist another yacht in distress off Portland. Mission successful but Families Day started two hours late. Wives say they enjoyed the first MFV trip around the harbour, but by the sixth they were not so keen. However, all is well that ends well. The yacht owner presented the ship's Welfare Fund with a cheque for £100 which the Welfare voted to pass on to the RNLI. The wives enjoyed what was left of Families Day.

We are now heading South for the Far East via Gibraltar, Simonstown and—you've guessed it—a Beira Patrol. We are due in Singapore on Christmas Eve. So fellow Communicators of the Far East Fleet listen out for us, we never close. Regret we have no TP rolls to spare!!

P.S. Our First Lieutenant, Lieut Comdr Shaw (MCD) (TAS) is now an honorary Communicator after having to lower the Jack (rig Mess Undress) when the Duty LRO forgot Sunset would be earlier on Friday night to what it was the Sunday before, an incident for which LRO Killick was awarded the 'Cock of the Week'.

HMS NEPTUNE

This being the first time of writing I think the best thing we can do is to describe our small but growing concern, its purpose and the personnel running it. Our job in life is primarily the running of the work-up side of the submarine service in much the same way as Portland, and secondly, assisting the submarine ROs in continuation training, general communications, EW training and assistance for submarine ROs advancement.

To assist us in these tasks we have, after a fantastic

struggle, managed to acquire two class-rooms on the top floor of the NTD building and have our feet inside a third. In these class-rooms we have, or will have soon, seven teleprinter bays, six voice/morse bays, autoheads and tape recorders. In addition to this we have managed to rabbit a workable UA4 for the EW side and a 619/CAT (old fashioned perhaps but very useful for training purposes). Our staff consists of the following:—

Lieut Cdr B. H. Todd SCO. (He is being relieved soon by Lieut Cdr Sanderson)

Lieut I. Jarrold ASCO.
CRS(W) J. Sked Regulating and Instructing ashore

CRS(G) B. Powell Sea riding

CRS(W) R. Mackay Sea riding (at present on course in *Mercury*)

In addition we have had the assistance of RS Sanderson—now attached to the Torpedo Trials Unit at Coulport, RS Jepson—now off for submarine experience in *Warspite*, and LRO Boultonwood who has just come in from *Repulse* (S). The sea-riding programme entails going to sea on each submarine that joins the Squadron for work-up and tear ourselves away from home twice a year to participate in the combined squadron training periods at Gibraltar and somewhere in Northern Europe. The last one at Gibraltar in August was quite successful. A large part of this success was due to the excellent co-operation provided by Gibraltar Commcen by both male and female members of their staff.

Another small but important job we cater for is to meet any general service or foreign vessels that call in at Faslane for a brief visit. This gives both sides of life the opportunity to discuss any problems that might have arisen whilst in the area. So if you are coming up this way we shall be delighted to hear from you.

HMS NORFOLK

by CRS R. C. Pyke

Following our last article we have steamed a few miles and experienced a few ups and downs, however the end product is beginning to take shape, i.e. we are getting into the swing of things. Since we commissioned in May, we have had trials, trials and more trials and to round it off a 2 week safety work up in Portland. Way back in July by way of a break for the lads we had a jolly in Great Yarmouth where we had to anchor $\frac{3}{4}$ mile off shore, however with the aid of a hut on the jetty and the experienced services of RO2 Hands, Harries and Co, a Comms Centre was set up to assist the general public in communicating with the ship, arranging taxis, boats, Hoolies and in all having a good liaison going. The RNRs from Norwich assisted us in this and a start was born of the affiliation to the RNR SE District. Was it mere coincidence that a bar was nearby and that strange gurglings came over the ether when messages were being passed?? After five days we regrettably

said farewell to Great Yarmouth and back to Portsmouth for a stint alongside the wall, Summer leave and repairs.

To compensate the ship's company the captain decided we needed a rest (who said it was a rest!!) so off to Newcastle, Bremen and Aalborg where gallons and gallons of wine and beer were consumed in the Ratskeller, Brauhaus in Bremen and the Gaslight in Aalborg plus other numerous bars, with German songs being sung with such gusto (or we were PTHD that much). As far as Communications were concerned the ALRS and Pilots Handbooks were a great help, providing us with such complicated manoeuvres as switching from one channel to another on the VHF set, even though some pilots brought their own sets. The RS has decided to open a Western Union Office and make a few phone-calls while on passage. In one day we sent 61 telegrams and made 24 phone-calls—perhaps a post office onboard ships will come one day, meanwhile POTS is endeavouring to hide the telegram log. Back to UK and the dismal outlook of a few months in Portsmouth dockyard, sorting out stationery, courses etc, we find we have very little stuff remaining to get in the way of those that have nothing to do also. We have had a few doing NGS courses at Poole to such an extent that each watch can boast of an NGS team.

All the gollies are in *Mercury* doing promotion courses, CRS(W) doing an EWI course, LRO(W) Powell doing an RS(W) Qualifying course, all RO2(W)s doing LRO(W) 'Q' courses and even the OD(W) doing a refresher course, so we must have the best EW team going, except there still isn't anything for this team to do anyway. Someone managed to get the RS(W) on a 6-week stint at *Royal Arthur* with such cries as 'Get up them hills' and 'Run around that course' he'll come back to us a lot quicker than he went. It's been said that the CRS and RS are going on a management course, the CCY on a divisional course and with a bit of luck we may even get the CRS(W) and SCO on a firefighting course which they managed to slip somehow.

We haven't had much joy with NATO ship-shore stations. We managed to get over the required amount but as far as stations goes, if PBC 36 wasn't around we'd be lost. The Hague can be relied upon to take as much traffic as often as one wishes—only wish others would be as keen. We have managed to do some 'Navcomex's' with success but not much joy with 'Jocomex's'—we are always willing to do something we understand, but when the WT procedure books didn't tally then it fell over to using GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS—who said the longest sausage was 30ft made by 30 Scunthorpe butchers!

Now that sideburns are permitted to the end of the ear, it's amazing how many chaps have emulated the African and hung weights on their ears—or it would appear that's what happens in the mess—in the office it's 'But Chief it's only at the bottom!' Tugging hard with lobe white and bloodless, exposing a rather twisted ear to boot. A few of the staff have completed the questionnaire on how much they actually do in the

Branch and to what extent—so they have saved a lot of instructional time. I bet the end product will be that convoy comms are still with us and radio theory just as strong as ever. Incidentally our CCY says you won't get him in the EWO 'Ops Room this is the EWO, Chief Yeoman speaking, there's a hell of a racket on my spot bearing 180—I think it's a Super Chief'.

Our congratulations to CRS Gordon Laws receiving his BEM—if anyone earned it he did—well done Flapper. RO3(W) Stephenson has been selected to play for the RN at soccer, his first game being against Oxford University AFC. As it is he plays for the ship, you may remember we beat *Mercury* in the 3rd round of the Navy cup in October. Other sporting members of the Department include:—RO2(G) Appleby—Portsmouth Command and Ships soccer, RO2(G) Wellstead—Ships soccer, RO1(T) Wilkinson—Ships rugby team, LRO(G) Fox—Ships rugby team, RO2(G) Griffiths—Ships rugby team (dabbling in hockey), CCY Hulse—Manager ships rugby team, JRO(T) Turnbull—Ships 2nd XI soccer/juniors team, LRO(G) Andrews—Champion blanket scratcher.

Not forgetting our SCO—Lt Comdr Duke who is in the Ships hockey team (anyone for tennis!!!)

Due to CND not sending us enough LROs, we have rated up to Acting Local LRO, two stalwarts in LRO(G) Archie Andrews and LRO(T) Midge Sutherland. They aren't complaining, their predecessors both went outside being relieved by fully fledged RO1s, so good luck to those that deserved it. I think that CY Phillips was after his local acting Chief's rate—he was in his car coming in one morning, fagless as usual, looking for the CCY to run down. He nearly got the CRS in error until he saw the 'Flying Chite Hawk' close up. We've got him out of the way for the time being sending him to *London* for exercise 'Limejug'. He reckons the Admiral needs him to sort out the message handling, having done so in *Norfolk*. He has got everyone to collect their own signals from the MCO and to return copies when actioned, chasing them up if not done so soonest. Another thing he has perfected is to slide the CRS cigarettes out, even though the CRS is looking.

Some of the recently rated RO3s have gone to *Mercury* for an RO2 course/exam which hasn't been too successful—morse and crypto letting them down, however Mottershead made the grade and was rated RO2 on return. I suppose the box will be opened and we'll be getting some more baby communicators, not like Pincher Martin we hope—he paints lino tiles, his kit, himself and anything else going except the thing he's supposed to be painting. We'll have to send him on a ship husbandry course, except we are getting short of hands—two RO2s on the trot and one in Portsmouth Rest Home for sailors. Future prospects look bleak—Portsmouth, Portsmouth and Leave, then Portsmouth, Sea and Workup in March/April/May (Maybe) then Whoopee!!! Portsmouth again.

Overheard in the MCO 'Castle, I thought I told you to scrub the Port passage not the Starboard passage'. By Castle — 'This is the Port passage, we turned round this morning'.

NATO COMMEN KOLSAS NORWAY

by Lieut P. Stembridge

It seems that we failed to meet the deadline for the last edition, so I will endeavour to bring you right up to date. Firstly, a number of changes have taken place and a few more are forecast:

Departures:

Lieut-Comdr W. Nippiard to Norwegian civil life.

2/O Sunley to *Mercury*.

CPO Wren J. Norman to civil life as Mrs Craig.

Arrivals:

Lieut-Comdr C. D. S. Brown.

2/O Puddick.

PO Wren Warner.

Expected Changes:

Captain Sampson vice Captain B. K. Shattock.

CY Dallas vice CCY Green.

Wren M. Kelly to Mrs M. Kauffman (next Spring).

Last Winter was all that it promised to be apart from a drop in the normal snowfall (no pun intended). It was a bit nippy for a few days when the temperature dropped to minus 30 centigrade, but everyone seemed to be too busy skiing to notice it. We had a fair amount of sun during Spring and Summer but it turned very wet towards the end. This Winter promises to be a good one, as we have had our first fall of snow today (October 22). It didn't settle in Oslo but already people are sneaking up to the mountains where there is good ski snow.

Since our last contribution we have survived a number of exercises among which were 'Lovesong' and 'Northern Wedding'. Oslo was taken by storm at the end of 'Northern Wedding' by some 10,000 naval ratings from the North European NATO Nations from 28 ships who took part in the exercise. For those of you who made it to Kolsas, I am pleased to tell you that the Senior NCOs Club has almost recovered and that CCY Haines is still President. Seriously though it was good to meet you on 'Our home ground' and send you on your 'Merry' way. We were hoping to present a very strong reply to 'Jam Stranglers' challenge but we were unable to this time as the photographer had not got a wide enough lens.

One thing we are short of here is a Deck Uckers set. If any ship has one spare we would be very grateful for the canvas 'board', the dice and counters we could make ourselves . . . this is about the only sport we can raise a full team at and stand a chance of beating the other Services/Nations. It should be fun trying to explain the intricacies and finer points of the game to the Americans. On that note I am afraid I must close in order to meet the deadline, so cheerio from CinCNorth till the next edition.

(By the Editor—Can any ship help with a canvas deck uckers board?)

MHQ COMMEN PLYMOUTH

by RS Scott

Contrary to popular belief we do not sit about yaffling oggies all day long. Someone came up on CCN only a short while ago and six of us dived onto the bay to give a 'K'. This commendable enthusiasm resulted in two broken femurs, nine black eyes, numerous lacerations, one u/s morse key, one ship calling Portsmouth instead, several angry greenies and a partridge in a pear tree. Don't call us we'll call you.

The Commcen here in Plymouth is about 10 miles underground, tunnelled out of solid rock. Good fun getting on watch. If you ever come up to see us with snags, queries or welfare problems, bring a bag meal and the name and address of your next of kin. I went downstairs to get some stationery one night and came face to face with a tin hat, Davy lamp, big boots and a dirty great big pair of trousers with a bloke inside called Ivor Jones. When I told him where he was he said 'By damn, now there's a big pit for you' and legged it off to nor nor west, he'll be home for Christmas Mrs Jones.

Just in case the word hasn't got around yet, we have a new leader in the person of Lieut Cobb ex Whitehall, Lieut Binder RCN having handed over and returned to the land of Eskimo Nell. The Commcen itself is undergoing quite substantial improvements with a new piece of equipment being installed daily. I'm pleased to be going on draft, because sure as eggs someone before long will ask what's this new gear for. The new ship-shore Ratt system is working well, we would like more ships making use of it. 'Flag Officer Long Weekends and Cleaning Gear', CRS Weaver, has just left us for civvy street. His relief CRS Keane joins us from *Ajax*, speak softly and carry a big stick. We are now keyed up for Exercise 'Britex', which we hope will be over by the time that 'Aldersons Almanac' alias THE COMMUNICATOR comes out. Happy Christmas from Guzz my 'Andsomes.

HMS SCYLLA

By LRO(G) Duncan

Would you believe: A certain rating (I will change the names to protect the innocent and myself), fell down a hatch on returning from shore one evening in Rosyth and broke his wrist? Very ordinary, I agree. But how about the same rating fracturing his elbow while ashore in Gib? Still very ordinary? But how many blokes do you know that have done it falling off a large, shiny, ceremonial brass cannon? Quite. The fact is, all sorts of weird and wonderful things happen on the *Scylla*. For example, the communication department taking the three-in-one whaler sailing—upside down! Then there is the nameless Golly who asked, 'Where do you find ACP 127 procedure?' Or the faceless one who rushed in the office while we were at sea saying, 'Is there anyone on the Bridge, Rag?'

Since we commissioned on February 14 this year, our programme has been extremely varied. After doing our HATS and SATS, and having found which way was up, we chugged off down to Portland to commence work-up. However, after a slight disagreement with RFA *Grey Rover*, over who should park where (in which we lost our guardrails and davits), we about turned and chugged right back to Guzz to have these welded back on and at the same time did our second harbour week in Guzz dockyard. Anyway, three weeks or so later, after much scratching of heads, pulling of hair, and a certain amount of petulant foot stamping, we somehow found the strength to wave Portland a 'fond' farewell, and proceeded to Guzz to get all the bits we had broken at Portland repaired and to take the families to sea for a day. A tearful goodbye to them and a force 8 families day at Pompey was next, during which everyone bar the families was sea-sick.

HMS *Ganges* was next to be honoured with our presence. A quiet, but enjoyable visit this, marked mainly by the appearance of hordes of greenfly (not juniors), which managed to get in everyone's hair, eyes, ears, mouth and other organs I cannot mention as this would incur the wrath of the censors.

After taking part in a NATO exercise around Scotland, the next notable occasion as far as the comms staff was concerned, was a visit to HMS *Claverhouse*, the RNR HQ at Edinburgh. This was very worthwhile and proved to us all just how seriously the RNR take their work and therefore how much they appreciate the little exercises they do with HM Ships. Then off to our most successful visit so far, to Aberdeen, the city which has adopted us. This was a great run and any thoughts we may have entertained about Scots people being tight were soon dismissed. On sailing from there, the only things we were glad to leave behind were our hangovers.

Next was Plymouth for Navy Days and a spell of leave before sailing for our first foreign—Gibraltar! Here we relinquished the title, 'Leander Class Frigate' for 'Leander Class Tug'. This was for high speed towing trials with *Penelope* in which we established new world records for the longest tow (the tow-rope was a mile long extended), and the fastest tow at 23 knots. And that brings us to our present position, here in Malta. Everyone is busily engaged in re-acquainting themselves with the dubious delights of the 'Gut' at night, and getting the ship ready for Exercise 'Lime Jug 70', which is next on the agenda. On completion of 'Lime Jug', we will be spending a few days in Monte Carlo, before making our way home for Christmas and 24 days leave. Stay tuned for the next thrilling instalment!!!

HMS STUBBINGTON

Comms Department: Topsy the Bunting, Ozzie the Sparker, Legs the Steward (U) (who does the middles).
 Well here we are once again (usual parking place

Vernon), having just returned from cracking the 1st MCM Squadron at *Lochinvar* where we spent one week exercising and one day live sweeping.

Since we changed from Port Service to Home Sea Service in September we have had quite a tight programme, what with two weeks spent between Great Yarmouth and the River Tay in Scotland doing our little bit for 'Northern Wedding', and then a week at *Lochinvar*. Well we will be at this parking meter for a week or so making ourselves nice and sweet ready for a weekend at Jersey with the *Raleigh* guard embarked for Remembrance Day. After this there is nothing much more worth mentioning except for Crimbo leave.

TARTAR SAUCE

by LRO(G) D'Cruz

Since commissioning, we have completed our home leg, and are currently serving the worst part of our foreign, and savouring the delights of the Gulf! At the time of writing our comms staff consists of: Lieut R. G. Hastilow (Navvie cum SCO), with a supporting cast of 'Gs' RS Bartlett, LRO D'Cruz, RO1 Gedling, RO2s Macfarlane, Doyle and Jackson, RO3s Anderson and Wilman. 'Ts' CY Jones, LRO Land, RO2s Manley, New, Short, Thompson and Humphreys. 'Ws' LRO Barry, RO2s Anstee and Richmond.

Since sailing from UK in April, we have visited Gibraltar, St Helena, Simonstown, Mombasa and Karachi. We are just completing the first half of our foreign leg with a spell in the Gulf, but not without first having done our fair share, and more, of the inevitable Beira Patrol. This one turned out to be a six-week cruise, nevertheless, we made the best of it which included winning the famed 'Bucket' three times and retiring undefeated. Without doubt, Mombasa was the best run for us, the comms actually managed to close down and take a few days well deserved rest at 'Silver Sands', and other better known places of rest! Here the youngest member of the staff (well briefed about the Birds and the Bees) on returning from a one-night stand, was heard to say 'Is that all there is to it?' and it is the only time he has asked for a re-run.

The staff boasts of a good, undefeated soccer team (open challenge), three 'withit' members of the ship's 'Pop' group, and the fleet's senior RO3. The big news from the Buntings side, the fleet's senior RO3 is now the fleet's junior RO2(T), from the Sparkers, a buzz that CND is sending out a new box of sparkers to help with our filing system, but there is no truth in this, and finally from the 'Dubs' LRO Barry and RO2 Anstee met their matches at the altar rail, the latter now being a confirmed 'Dad'. As most of our time away has been sea time (CND please note), including a fair spell in the Gulf, we are rather 'browned off' and really looking forward to the second half of our foreign leg, which it is rumoured to include 'Singers' and 'Aussie'. We would like to take this opportunity to wish all you Communicators back home a Happy 'White' Christmas, and to those of you in the Far East we say 'C U there'.

HMS TRIUMPH 1970

by BT

Now that Christmas is upon you folks back in the homeland, some of you will be preparing to come out of hibernation, and checking that the long lost 'whites' are still good for another commish. So we folks out here, preparing to go into hibernation thought we'd give you the buzz on how to survive the big 'T'. If you've never seen Singapore, may we suggest you be prepared to get to like it, as you will probably see stacks of it. Singapore that is, not much else to see.

'Home sweet home' for us has been a converted carrier, whose task is fleet maintenance in the far flung. For those of you joining who are married, well, in our opinion, it's a great draft for the RAs, so do your thing down that aisle fellers!! For the single blokes joining (good on yer), well, we have the occasional trip to keep us going. Hong Kong is our usual hideaway, and we have recently returned from a quick alcoholic 'jolly' to Japan. We even took part in an exercise too, so there is still some life in the old girl yet. As for communications, well we are pretty successful all round. One of that box of juniors mentioned below, has acquired the nickname 'Radhaz', but even with that problem, we get by. (*Triumph* ain't it.) Well, it's not one of yer actual operational ships, is it! We will have completed our inspection during the latter part of this year, yeeuch!!, so all will be switched on when you arrive—I think.

Apart from the juniors, other entertainments for those of you without wives to go home to, inclusive without extra charge, are 'Soifin' on Changi beach (no water, just the beach), and training to be an alcoholic. We are, at present, very proud to say that we have had a reasonably successful Comms football team (Charlton for the Cup . . . Hee!). We united with the S & S for the inter-part league, and have again, enjoyed success, as top team so far. Too much! Staff at present are CRS Parkes, CY Patrick, LROs(G) Robinson, Vaughan and Taylor, LRO(T) Petch, RO2s(G) Eccleston, Nott, Worrall, RO2s(T) Lalebalestier, Wiley, Seaford, Bennett and Hughes, and our box of juniors consists of RO3s Clark, Ferrier, Wood, Hussey, Carrington, Wiggins and Wilson. Our boss at present is the Navigator, Lieut Cdr Pearson.

So, as the 'In' draft chits pile up, and we await the magic word from CND, we would all like to take this opportunity of wishing you all a very Happy Christmas, and a pleasant flight out. That's all . . . BT.

HMS UNDAUNTED

Captain (D) Portland

by RO2(G) Dubell

Well, this term has been much the same as last, in fact has been the same since as far back as 1966, 'Casex's', 'Miscex's', 'Seamex's', 'Flyex's' followed by at least half a dozen 'Navcomex's'—you name it,

we do it 'every day'. First jolly this term was a trip to Den Helder in Holland, which ended in an anticlimax for everybody. En route to Den Helder, we called at Dover to embark 72 RNVR personnel, 34 of whom were of the female variety, but alas when we eventually arrived off the Dutch coast, someone up there decided it was not a good run ashore (or maybe it had something to do with a storm force 9 we bumbled into), whatever it was we ended up floating about in the North Sea all night, returning to Dover the following day, and turning our RNVR friends over to shore side. We claim a first in naval history, by remaining at sea overnight with 34 Wrens onboard. For those whose ego has risen we must point out, the Wrens slept in the wardroom, under the watchful eye of the MAA.

Recently the Fun 53 (F53) sailed into the blue to play an exercise called 'Britex', an annual game not unlike 'Cluedo', only played with English and French ships, plus submarines, strike aircraft and helicopters. This was definitely a fun time for us poor Communicators, as we were receiving more signals in a day than we usually get in a term, but after four days of hectic 1 in 2 watch-keeping we finally ended up in Devonport for a good old scrumpy and oggy run. We've got a Squadron visit to Amsterdam coming up which we are all pleased about, and a week in Newcastle to round the term off, then it's off to Portsmouth for Christmas leave.

HMS ULSTER

by Jok

Here I am again, despite numerous protests about how it's a waste of time my writing our seasonal article, cos not only does our friendly Ed cut out all the good bits, but someone 'up there' has difficulty getting my name right!!!

My rambling account of our latest, unfortunately uneventful term begins by telling you that we are, at the moment, engaged in our annual week-long exercise with our French oppo's (hands across the channel), and all that, for this time we got the services of S(A) Holder, and Cook Jan Pearce, our acting-local, unpaid, jolly gollys, who're doing a great job!!! And when this is finished we get a week in sunny Southsea to put the bits back in place and patch up here and there. However, to reminisce. Just after a few hectic days at Portland, for Daddy D's inspection, we were enthusiastically reading our last entry in your rag, when we found out (with due awe), that we'd been trapped (finally) for Navy Days! Not for us this time, that hiding place in the far corner of 3 Basin, where they usually stick us, covered in camouflage paint, or dockies, or whatever it's called—but there instead in that place in HM Dockyard which just happens to be furthest from both gates! We survived, and were promptly rewarded by having the honour of being host ship to the Japanese Training Squadron; do you know that 'Ah So' rules the Japanese Navy? Anyway, if we'd become any more popular we'd have asked to go to sea!

We didn't ask, but we went anyway, and early September found us in the Clyde, and whilst in Greenock for two days, in 24 abouts, I somehow managed to fail to have one day off. Many thanks First Lieut. Our next step was to Campbeltown, and despite assurances that Andy Stewart was exaggerating, there was still a call for Hands to Bathe! We then had a banyan in the Isle of Skye, which, despite pouring rain, was a roaring success, the fact that wet charcoal makes smokey sausages appeared to be irrelevant to the bloodshot, and a game of something-a-side football was definitely won by *somebody*. When we got to the Orkneys, however, instead of our usual exped over the hills, we found ourselves racing across the North Sea, to provide assistance to a sunken submarine which needed no help and wasn't sunk! However, it did provide a bit of excitement, which resulted in an all-nite-on in the office for the PO Tel and Killick Sparker; and we managed to lose a few stanchions from our gun deck, and other pieces of protruding 'Ulster'. Davy Jones locker must resemble a jackdaw's nest.

From that we had our usual visit to Bergen, which had its usual enthusiasm from the lower deck (nil), so a visit to that northern metropolis of Middlesbrough, with brewery runs starting at 0930 daily, and a pub which very persuasively says 'But it's only 5/- for a double', was the usual roaring success. And apparently Alf, who lost his cherry in Flushing last year, was for some of the time getting experience in the field of love!

Talking of staff, Derek Woodland (PO Tel), has seen the light—and gets more sleep and dishes out due stick *outside* the office, and our killick sparker, Jim Jennings, who has finally had his application granted, and Our Lords up top have decided to take his hard earned 'ackers, so in Feb' he leaves us, for one of those nine-to-five jobs (as in day-running!). That leaves me (Jok), Pete Saward, who, I think, is trying to push me out of my 'best RA in the grot' slot—but not cracking it! Jose Iche, who *still* wants to go to the West Indies; Gareth Price, who *still* hasn't forgotten the 'Bulky Bulwark', and Gary Finch, our friendly skinhead, who's already been mentioned. On the tactical side we are to lose Taff Barton—who's going to become a crusher, Alan (T?) Hale, who's signed on! (wonders will never cease), Taff Morris, lately of H.M. Holiday Quarters, Portsmouth, Puzzle Riddle (his ambition has changed nought), and our brand new baby (P. J. Hornby) bunts was received on board in lieu of Flo' (under 13 and over 30) Forester, who had a crash draft to *Mercury*. And once again we are trying to improve on the navy situation, with a new one coming in November.

HMS VERULAM

by RO1(G) McFadden and RO2(G) Elvidge

The Autumn term of 1970 marks the passing of an old warrior bound to the happy hunting grounds to meet the master. *Verulam* decommissions in December to be reduced to the disposal list for scrapping.



'Ready for Anything'

Left to right, standing: RO2 Elvidge, RO2 Griffiths, Lieut N. R. Essenhigh, RS Appleby, LRO(T) Price, RO2 Hughes, RO2 Broe. Seated: RO2 Gray, RO1 McFadden

After 27 years of service beginning in the latter half of the last war, seeing action in the Arctic and Far East, she ends her days in the service of the Admiralty Underwater Weapons Establishment, Portland. Converted to the role of sonar trials ship in 1959, *Verulam* has steamed nearly one-third of her 450,000 miles in the course of these experiments, visiting the Far East, the Americas and many delightful spots to be found in mid-Atlantic.

When our trials tasks exceed the capabilities of our small numbers we are ably assisted with help from the OXP, *Mercury*. (Our lack of RATT gear sorts out the men from the boys!) The ship's equipment is, in common with the rest of the ship, antique and troublesome but is successfully nursed along to serve us well. As we prepare to return to the fold of the front-line-navy it is sad to think of an old lady like *Verulam* meeting her end ignominiously in a breaker's yard. Our drafts are through and we go our separate ways shortly after Christmas. To RS Dick Hulley we wish the best of luck in his promotion course at St George. All in *Verulam* wish all Communicators a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HMS ZULU

by Tich

Since our last article to THE COMMUNICATOR we have left Rosyth and are now in the sparkers 'paradise' of, wait for it, Portland. We sailed from Rosyth with the families of the ship's company on board for a day at sea which was thoroughly enjoyed by all (by the families that is); it was a bit better than saying goodbye on the jetty. We have just finished our second sea week at the time of writing, it's pretty hectic at the moment but all the goodies have yet to come, in our inspection everybody is looking forward to it of course. Our LRO(T) has now been rated Yeoman and has a draft to *Warrior*, his temporary relief is LRO(T) Hagger who must have thought

COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whither
APPELYARD-LIST, J. C. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Glamorgan
ARCEDECKNE-BUTLER, M. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Rooke
ALLCOCK, J. N. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Cochrane
BROOKER, P. C., OBE ...	Commander	COMIBERLANT
BROOMFIELD, M. A. ...	Lieutenant Commander	ASWE
BARRETT, N. S. D. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	President
BURNS, B. ...	Lieutenant	Flag Lieut to FO2FEF
BENSON, J. M. ...	Lieutenant Commander	NATO HQ Brussels
BRUANS, J. P. G. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Cochrane
CLARK, G. C. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Mercury
COOPER, D. G. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
CRANDON, A. J. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	President
COBB, R. A. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Staff of FO Plymouth
CRADDOCK, J. A. ...	Sub Lieutenant (SD)	Hermes
DREYER, J. C. ...	Commander	Falmouth
DAVIES, J. ...	Lieutenant Commander	COMAF
EMMETT, F. M. ...	Lieutenant	Kellington
ELLIS, M. G. M. W. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Mercury
EDWARDS, E. ...	Lieutenant Commander (SD)	President
EDWARDS, J. R. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
FERGUSON, J. M. ...	Lieutenant	President
FROST, D. T. ...	Lieutenant	Galatea
GOOCH, L. ...	Sub Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
GORDON-ROE ...	Third Officer WRNS	Rooke
HAGGAR, N. W. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
HOLLAND, C. R. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Lynx
HALES, R. G. ...	Sub Lieutenant (SD)	Neptune
JARROLD, I. J. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Neptune
KEMP, N. G. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
KEATE, H. R. ...	Captain	President
LEMONDE, B. E. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Fearless
LARKINS, J. L. B. ...	Commander	SHAPE
LODDER, N. G. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Staff of FO Medway
McKAIG, J. R., CBE ...	Rear-Admiral	FO Plymouth
MORGAN, D. V., MBE ...	Captain	President
MORTON, A. S. ...	Captain	Cochrane
McDERMOTT, J. H. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	President
McDONALD, P. D. ...	Sub Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
McCULLOUGH, E. W. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Drake
MACDONALD, A. N. A. ...	Lieutenant Commander	President
MACKILLIGIN, W. H. M. ...	Commander	SACLANT
ORCHARD, L. W. ...	Lieutenant Commander (SD)	ASWE
PARKER, H. B. ...	Commander	Ashanti
RUMBLE, J. B. ...	Commander	President
SAMPSON, G. E. ...	Captain	CINAFNORTH
STANFORD, P. M. ...	Captain	President
SHATTOCK, B. K. ...	Captain	CINAFNORTH
STOCKTON, M. A. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Mercury
SUNLEY, J. W. F. ...	Second Officer WRNS	Mercury
SANDERSON, J. A. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Neptune
TAYLOR, D. T. ...	Lieutenant (SD)	Blake
TILLEY, A. F. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Daedalus
TODD, B. H. ...	Lieutenant Commander	Warrior

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WAUGH, A. A.	Commander	Rothsay
WINKLESS, W. J.	Lieutenant (SD)	Mercury
WILLIAMS, C. W.	Lieutenant Commander	Staff of FO2 FEF
WILLIAMS, D. C.	Third Officer WRNS	President

PROMOTIONS

To Rear-Admiral

A. S. MORTON

To Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)

D. LARKINS

P. A. LENNON

To Sub Lieutenant (SD) (C)

A. F. CARR

P. G. GADSDEN

L. S. SALT

R. M. WILLIAMS

To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

I. J. JARROLD

J. BYWATER

P. O'D. MUNRO

P. DODSWORTH

J. T. HUDSON

P. FEILER

D. S. COOPER

To Second Officer WRNS

E. A. ROSCOE

RETIREMENTS

Commander H. S. BENNETT

Commander W. L. R. E. GILCHRIST

Lieutenant Commander E. S. SPENCER

Lieutenant Commander W. NIPPIERD

Commander M. J. RIVETT-CARNAC

Commander D. L. SYMS

Lieutenant Commander (SD) W. M. DAWSON

Lieutenant Commander H. P. BOYS-STONES

Lieutenant (SD) D. D. DAVIES

ADVANCEMENTS

To CRS

HARDY, G. T.

923077

DYKES, G. A.

930735

JONES, B.

843986

CARSON, K.

825321

To CCY

DAVIES, J. E.

899613

PATTERSON, M. T.

661732

GOODING, L. A.

938769

WILLIAMS, D. W.

924614

SD (C) COURSE 1970

Sub Lieut (SD) (C) D. J. HILDRETH

J. A. CARRINGTON

A. A. COLMER

J. E. RIDOUTT

B. M. SEARL

E. DAVIS

A. C. KERRISON

L. F. LEVENE

D. A. YEATES

R. C. WHITBY-SMITH

D. J. MATHEWSON RAN

G. LINNING RAN

CLYDE SUBMARINE BASE

WRENS NEWS

In spite of the weather the Wrens are still leading an active social life. They have been busy entertaining the crews of visiting ships, Americans, Canadians and more recently a small NATO force. The Trident Club has been doing a roaring trade. Two hockey matches have been played, one against *Bacchante*, which resulted in a win for the Wrens and one against *Keppel* which was less successful. In recent months two Wrens from the Commcen were married and are now fully occupied as housewives. Wren Woollett is now Mrs Bassindale and Wren Harrison, Mrs May. Both husbands are serving in the 3rd Submarine Squadron.

In August PO Wren Dickinson, Wren Bassindale, Wren Pote and Wren Trott formed part of the 3rd Submarine Squadron Staff who went out to Gibraltar for the Squadron Training Period. Everybody enjoyed themselves and the trip was a success. Many new faces are appearing in the Commcen, the newest ones being L/Wren Smith from *Rooke*, Wren Daglish and Wren Greenall from *Terror* and from *Mercury* Wrens Simmons, Southall, Bentley and Whitehurst who have all settled into our routine. Our latest losses are PO Wren Reed who has gone to Malta, Wren Wood who is now in *Rooke* and Wren Pote who is in Mauritius. No doubt they are all enjoying better weather than we are at the moment, however, we do have the ski-ing season to look forward to by way of compensation.

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DRAFTING

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

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

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
ABBOTT, A. G.	CCY	St. Angelo	DAVIDSON, C. J.	LRO(W)	Mercury
ARTINGSTOLL, G.	LRO(T)	Warrior	DEMAIN, J. P.	JRO(T)	Undaunted
APPLEBY, I. A.	RO2(G)	Mercury	DEWAR, G.	JRO(T)	Glamorgan
ANDERSON, S. M.	RO2(W)	Mercury	DEMAIN-STONE, D. J.	JRO(T)	Galatea
ANDERSON	RO3(G)	Tartar	D'CRUZ	LRO(G)	Tartar
ANDERSON, T. S.	CCY	Ark Royal	EVISON, A. E.	RS(W)	Eagle
ANDERSON, M.	LRO(G)	Cochrane	EVANS, P. W.	RO2(G)	Albion
ATTWOOD, C. F.	RO2(G)	Salisbury	ELLIOTT, G. J.	RO1(G)	Tangmere
ANSTEE	RO2(W)	Tartar	EVES, P.	RO2(W)	Achilles
BARRY	LRO(W)	Tartar	EDWARDS, R. G.	RS	Mercury
BUSH, S. C.	RO2(G)	Mercury	EVES, P. A.	RO1(T)	Norfolk
BEST, B. I.	LRO(G)	Mercury	EMERY, J.	CRS(W)	Mercury
BATCHELOR, R. C.	RS	Neptune	EDWARDS, I. M.	RO2(G)	Dolphin
BAKER, C. B.	RO3(G)	Achilles	EARLY, G. J. P.	JRO(W)	Glamorgan
BYFORD, R. A. S.	JRO(G)	Fearless	ENGLISH, M. L.	RO3(G)	Mercury
BRIGHT, M.	JRO(G)	Fearless			
BURNETT, D.	JRO(G)	Eagle	FIELD, C. F.	LRO(T)	Mercury
BEYNON, J. D.	JRO(G)	Eagle	FLYNN, R. D.	LRO(G)	Mercury
BRAGINTON, C. J.	RO3(W)	Arethusa	FURLONG, A. B.	RO2(T)	Antrim
BRENNAN, N. P.	RO3(T)	Zulu	FARLEY, J. A.	CRS	Albion
BAKER, R.	JRO(T)	Albion	FORBES, B.	RO2(G)	Albion
BURWELL, M. C.	JRO(G)	Llandaff	FARMER, G. P.	RO2(G)	Fife
BARRETT, M. P.	RO3(T)	Albion	FOY, M.	RO2(G)	Jufair
BENNETT, J. C.	RO2(G)	President	FRANCE, M. B.	RO2(W)	Osprey
BREWOOD, A. B.	JRO(W)	Jaguar	FISH, M. A.	RO2(W)	Mercury
BENNETT, I.	JRO(G)	Albion	FIELD, P. J.	RO2(G)	Mercury
BRYANT, J. A.	RO2(G)	Puncheston	FARRELL, R.	RO2(W)	Cochrane
BENNALICK, P. G.	RO3(G)	Glamorgan	FALQUERO, E.	JRO(T)	Salisbury
			FROOM, P. E.	JRO(T)	Achilles
CRAFT, G. C.	RO2(W)	Mercury	FAGAN, W. G.	JRO(T)	Keppel
CROUCH, A. R.	CY	Bulwark	FARNES, A. J.	CY	Tamar
COBB, E. S.	RS(W)	Mercury	FINCH, R. A.	RO2(G)	Heron
CASSIDY, E. P.	RO2(G)	Mercury	FUNNELL, D. E.	RO2(G)	Mercury
CENNINGHAM, P. J.	RO2(G)	Mercury	FRICKER, D. J.	RS	Mercury
COMER, S. W.	RO2(G)	Mercury			
CHAPMAN, W. M. C.	RO2(G)	Mercury	GASTON, R.	RS	Mercury
COPE, K. S. L.	RO2(W)	Mercury	GARDNER, T. L.	RO2(G)	Albion
CASTLE-SMITH, M. P.	RO1(G)	Neptune	GADSDON, A. M.	RO2(T)	Cochrane
CHANDLER, D. G.	RO2(G)	Gurkha	GRAY, M.	LRO(W)	Mercury
CHAMBERS, A. S.	CY	Drake (STC)	GOULD, M.	RO2(W)	Mercury
CONFIELD, R. N.	RS	Exmouth	GANDERTON, A. F. G.	RO2(W)	Charrybdis
CLARKE, J.	LRO(T)	President	GLAZIER, T. C.	LRO(T)	Mercury
CARTER, G. W.	LRO(G)	Cochrane	GALLAGHER, T.	RO2(T)	Mercury
COOK, D. E. R.	JRO(G)	Eagle	GRAFTON, K. E.	RS	Mercury
COLES, P. P.	JRO(T)	Undaunted	GEDLING	RO1(G)	Tartar
CRANSWICK, D. G.	RO3(T)	Euryalus	GREGORY, K. N. D.	JRO(G)	Albion
CARR, A. W.	LRO(W)	Mercury	GREEN, M.	JRO(W)	Dido
CARRINGTON, R. C.	LRO(W)	Mercury	GILLANDERS, R. R.	JRO(W)	Danae
MCURCHLEY, R. E.	JRO(T)	Jaguar	GRUBB, M.	JRO(T)	Fearless
COOPER, J. A.	RO3(T)	Penelope	GEMMELL, J. D.	RO2(T)	Mercury
CAMPION, S. G.	JRO(W)	Eagle	GARNETT, M.	RO2(W)	Mercury
CLEMENTS, D. R.	RO2(G)	Mercury	GALLAGHER, P. M.	RO1(T)	Mercury
			GOLDSMITH, R. I.	LRO(T)	Victory
DOWNEY, D. L.	LRO(G)	Mercury			
DAVIES, R. C.	CCY	Eagle	HOOD, B.	RS(W)	Antrim
DAVIES, J.	CY	Dolphin	HAYES, C. V. D.	LRO(T)	Mercury
DEFF, A. M.	RO2(G)	Eagle	HERMANS, J. R. D.	RO2(G)	Mercury
DEWETTE, C. E.	RO2(G)	Mercury	HAM, J. D.	RO2(G)	Albion
DEMOAGHUE, R.	RO2(W)	Mercury	HAMMOND, P. W. J.	RO2(W)	Mercury
DAVIES, G. A.	RO2(G)	Mercury	HEWITT, J. A.	LRO(T)	Lochinvar
DECKINSON, P. J.	RO2(G)	Mercury	HAYWARD, R. W.	LRO(T)	Wiston
DORSON, G. W.	RO2(T)	Mercury	HARPUR, S. J.	RO2(G)	Eagle
DYERS, G.	CRS	Mercury	HUCKIN, P.	RO2(G)	Jaguar
DAVEY, M. G.	RO2(T)	Undaunted	HAYES, D. C.	RO2(W)	Gurkha
DEBRANT, J. N.	CY	Mercury	HOWELL, C. J.	LRO(T)	Albion
DELVE, P. E.	RO2(G)	President	HIGGINS, B. M.	RO2(G)	Mercury
DOTLE	RO2(G)	Tartar	HUNT, M.	RO2(W)	London
DEANE, R. P.	LRO(W)	Terror	HATCH, J. P.	LRO(W)	Mercury
DODDS, M.	RO2(G)	Terror	HALIFAX, B.	LRO(G)	Warrior
DELLER, R.	RO2(T)	Antrim	HARFIELD, D. L.	LRO(W)	Achilles
DEANE, M.	LRO(G)	Mercury	HUMPHREYS	RO2(T)	Tartar
DODWELL, T. W.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	HALL, T. L.	RO2(G)	Scylla
DANIELS, M. F.	JRO(T)	Achilles	HAY, D.	RO2(W)	Mercury
DEBRANT, P. D.	JRO(G)	Achilles	HALL, W. J.	LRO(W)	Mercury
DANIEL, N. A.	LRO(G)	Reclaim	HEAP, D. W.	RO3(T)	Achilles
DANIELS, P. A.	JRO(T)	Danae	HARRIS, G.	JRO(G)	Vidal

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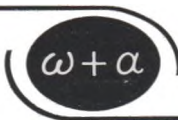
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HOWAT, Q.	RO3(G)	Fearless	MCENTEVY, D.	RO2(G)	Mercury
HERBERT, M. G.	RO2(T)	Mercury	MATHEWS, M. L.	RO(G)	Mercury
HANSBROUGH, M. S.	JRO(G)	Jaguar	MCKENZIE, P.	RO2(G)	Intrepid
HONE, C. C.	RO3(G)	Albion	MARSHALL, A. R.	RO2(G)	Drake
HAILS, D.	RO2(W)	Mercury	MOURNING, J. G.	RO2(G)	Falmouth
HOWS, A. C.	JRO(T)	Blake	MARKS, H. A.	LRO(T)	Lochinvar
HULL, W.	JRO(G)	Abdiel	MCLEOD, D. S.	RO2(G)	Mercury
IBBOTSON, J. H.	LRO(G)	Mercury	MCCONNOCHIE, C. J.	RO3(G)	Achilles
INGLEY, G. D.	LRO(T)	Mercury	MCMANUS, R.	JRO(G)	Achilles
IRWIN-SINGER	JRO(W)	Scylla	MITCHELL, D. J.	JRO(G)	Fearless
			MOTTERSHEAD, P.	RO3(W)	Glamorgan
JOHNSON, C. S.	CRS	President	MOORE, R. B.	JRO(G)	Fearless
JONES, E. A.	LRO(G)	Mercury	MORRIS, P.	JRO(W)	Albion
JONES, A. R.	RO1(G)	St. Angelo	MERCER, A. R.	RO3(T)	Exmouth
JEFFERSON, J. B.	RO1(W)	Eagle	MUNRO, A. R.	RO3(G)	Minerva
JOHNSON, S. P.	LRO(G)	Tangmere	MATHEWS, M. J.	CRS	Mercury
JONES, L. J.	RO1(G)	Tangmere	MUNDAY, J. R. F.	RO2(G)	Malabar
JACKSON, W. B.	LRO(G)	Albion	MIDDLETON, G. H.	CY	President
JONES, A. T.	LRO(G)	Mercury	MCGUINNESS, G. K.	JRO(G)	Danae
JOHNSTONE, J. K.	RO2(T)	Jaguar	MCMANUS, B.	RO2(T)	Keppel
JONES, R.	RO2(T)	Gurkha	MORFORD, A.	RO3(G)	Antrim
JESS, W. J.	LRO(T)	Jaguar	MATHER, T. O.	RO3(G)	Albion
JOHNSON, G. R.	RO2(G)	Intrepid			
JONES, L. A.	RS	Rooke	NASH, J. M.	RO2(G)	Eagle
JACKSON	RO2(G)	Tartar	NEWBOLD, L.	LRO(T)	Warrior
JAMES, D. H.	RO2(G)	Mercury	NOBLE, N. J. S.	RO3(W)	Andromeda
JARRETT, I. C.	JRO(T)	Fearless	NEWLAND, D. J.	JRO(T)	Fearless
JONES, S. P.	JRO(G)	Bulwark	NEW	RO2(T)	Tartar
JACKSON, D.	CY	Mercury	NEWSON, D. J.	RO3(T)	Phoebe
KNILL, L.	LRO(W)	President	PARKER, B. J.	LRO(T)	Undaunted
KAVANAGH, K. A.	RO1(T)	Achilles	PHILBIN, T.	RO2(T)	Hydra
KAYLL, R.	RO2(W)	Terror	PORTER, M. H.	CY	Jupiter
KELLAND, M. J.	RO2(W)	Rothsay	PATTINSON, J. N.	RO2(T)	Antrim
KINGETT, S. C.	RO2(T)	Mercury	PARKES, B. F.	CRS	Triumph
KEELER, M. D.	RO2(T)	Glamorgan	PATTERSON, A. D.	RO2(G)	Scarborough
			PARKER, R. S.	CRS	Eagle
LAND	LRO(T)	Tartar	PERRY, M. F.	RS	Rothsay
LORD, J. W.	LRO(T)	Eskimo	PAGE, L. M.	RO2(T)	Antrim
LYNCH, G. P.	LRO(W)	Ganges	POCOCK, A. T.	RO2(G)	Exmouth
LOCKYER, J. B.	LRO(T)	Warrior	PERRY, R.	RO2(G)	Dolphin
LONG, W. J.	RO2(G)	Neptune	PARFITT, L. K.	RO2(G)	Dolphin
LEVY, R. P.	RS	St. Angelo	PRICE, B. C.	RO2(T)	Intrepid
LANGDON, P. M.	RO2(G)	Norfolk	POSTON, R.	RO1(T)	Naiad
LAWMAN, I. R.	RO2(T)	Wiston	PALMER, D. L.	CRS(W)	Euryalus
LEAHY, M. E. L.	RO2(T)	Puncheston	PRIOR, A. D.	RO2(G)	Mercury
LANGSETH, P.	RO2(G)	Mercury	PEARCE, A. I.	RS	Mercury
LENTON, V. J.	RO2(W)	Intrepid	POTTS, G. J.	RO2(W)	Mauritius
LANGSTAFF, K.	RO2(G)	Mercury	PARKER, C. G.	JRO(G)	Scylla
LUMSDEN, D.	RO2(T)	Mercury	PRITCHARD, D. J.	RO2(T)	Mercury
LOFTUS, T. E.	RO2(G)	Victory	PHILBEY, G. T.	JRO(G)	Antrim
LLOYD, E. R.	RS	Intrepid	PEARSON, A.	JRO(G)	Antrim
LILLINGTON, A. W.	CRS	Neptune			
LANGDON, D. S.	RO1(T)	Blake	ROBERTS, J. T.	CY	Eagle
LEADBETTER, R. G.	RO3(G)	Albion	RENNEBERG, M.	RO2(G)	Antrim
LYSEIGHT, V. S.	RO2(T)	Mercury	ROGERS, J.	RO1(T)	Andromeda
LUCAS, E. R.	LRO(G)	Mercury	RUDD, T. G.	RO1(T)	Antrim
LOWE, R.	LRO(G)	Heron	ROBSON, S.	RO2(G)	Hydra
LONG, I. M.	JRO(T)	Duncan	ROBERTS, O. M.	RO2(G)	Wiston
LORD, P. A.	JRO(W)	Arethusa	RICHARDSON, C. R.	RO2(G)	Bronington
LARSEN, C. J.	LRO(T)	Mercury	RICKWOOD, C. W.	RO2(T)	Mercury
LOOKE, R. J.	RO2(G)	Albion	RUSHEN, J. A. N.	RO2(G)	Mercury
LOCKHART, H. G.	RO3(T)	Gurkha	ROGERS, D. T.	RO2(G)	Mercury
LONG, M.	JRO(T)	Antrim	RUDD, R. J.	RO2(G)	Britannia
LINFORD, S. L.	JRO(T)	Fearless	ROSE, D. R.	RO2(G)	Mercury
			RICHARDSON, N. M.	RO2(G)	Mercury
MACFARLANE	RO2(G)	Tartar	RUSHWORTH, R. J.	LRO(G)	Chichester
MCCLARITY, R. B.	LRO(G)	Mercury	ROGERS, P. V.	LRO(G)	President
MANLEY	RO2(T)	Tartar	RYAN, P. P.	RS	Dolphin
MAC-FALL, G. T.	RO2(G)	Iveston	ROWLANDS, B. R.	JRO(T)	Andromeda
MORTIMER, R. F.	CRS(W)	Terror	RIDDELL, G. A.	JRO(G)	Fearless
MONGER, R. G.	RS	Rooke	ROLLS, S.	JRO(T)	Whitby
MILES, G. E.	RS	Devonshire	RYAN, J. G.	JRO(G)	Scarborough
MARTIN, K. C.	LRO(W)	Mercury	REGAN, P. W.	LRO(W)	Albion
MCMAHON, M.	RO1(T)	St. Angelo	RAYNER, S. J.	RS	Mercury
MAYES, R.	RS	Berwick	RICHARDSON, B. C. R.	RO2(T)	Terror
MARTIN, J.	RS	Mauritius	RICKARD, P. A.	LRO(G)	Victory
MYLES, I. W.	RO2(G)	Albion	REPETTO, G. S.	RO3(G)	Albion
MATHEWS, P. A.	RO2(G)	Mercury	RUCK, R. S.	RO3(G)	Albion
MORGAN, C. E.	RO2(G)	Mercury	REILLY, M. J.	RO3(G)	Antrim
MURPHY, R. M.	RS(W)	Dryad	ROGERS, D. T.	RO2(G)	Mercury
MCREADIE, J. T.	RO2(G)	Yarnton	RYLE, E.	RO2(G)	Dolphin
MOULD, K. E.	RO2(W)	President	RUSHMER, T. G.	RS	Mercury
MCCARTHY, E.	CRS	Mercury	RICHMOND	RO2(W)	Tartar
MCGOWAN, J. P.	RO2(W)	Mercury	RICHARDS, G. K.	RO2(G)	Seahawk
MORRIS, D. S.	CY	Mercury			
MARSHALL, R. A.	RO2(G)	President	SMALL, D. W.	RO2(W)	Antrim
MADDISON, R. A.	RO2(G)	President	STANNARD, M.	CY	Mercury
MCCALL, B. T.	RO2(T)	Mercury	STICKELS, R. W.	RO2(G)	Antrim
MORGAN, C. E.	RO2(G)	Mercury	SILK, E. J.	RS	Mauritius
			SLATER, M.	RO2(T)	Brinton

Name	Rate	Whither	Name	Rate	Whither
SUNDERLAND, P.	LRO(G)	Mercury	STAMP, R. F.	JRO(T)	Minerva
SHAW, A. R. H.	LRO(G)	Cochrane	SOUTH, P. T.	JRO(T)	Antrim
SARGENT, R. S.	LRO(G)	Mauritius	SOUTHAM, R. K.	JRO(W)	Antrim
SMITH, K. L.	RO2(G)	Eagle	SINCLAIR, D.	JRO(T)	Antrim
STRANGE, T. C.	LRO(T)	Gurkha	STRICKLAND, D. E.	RO2(G)	Triumph
STEEL, M. R.	CRS	St Angelo	SHORT, C.	RO2(T)	Mercury
SMITH, M. C.	RO1(T)	Euryalus	SUNDERLAND, P.	LRO(G)	Glamorgan
STEWART, G. A.	RO2(G)	Jaguar	SACKFIELD, J. G.	CY	Mercury
SCOTT, G. H.	RO2(T)	Intrepid	SHORT	RO2(T)	Tartar
SIMMONDS, D. C.	RO2(G)	Mercury			
SMITH, W. V. J.	RS	Mercury	THOMAS, D. E. I.	RO2(G)	Yarmouth
SHUTTLEWORTH, A.	LRO(G)	Mercury	TIMMINGTON, D.	A/LRO(G)	Mercury
SCROGGIE, M.	RO2(G)	Jaguar	TRUMAN, B. N.	LRO(G)	Mercury
SYMONS, C. P.	RO2(W)	Mercury	TAYLOR, M. D.	RO2(T)	Warrior
SMITH, D. G.	RO2(G)	Ark Royal	TOLHURST, M. J.	RO2(T)	Mercury
SCOTT, R. I.	RO2(W)	Achilles	TURNER, D. I.	RO2(T)	Centurion
SADLER, J.	RO2(G)	Mercury	TAYLOR, A. R.	CRS(W)	Mercury
STEPHENSON, J. A. C.	RO3(W)	Norfolk	THORNE, F. J.	RO2(G)	Jufair
STROUT, R. W.	CY	President	TAYLOR, J. L.	RO2(G)	Bulwark
SYLVESTER, R. D.	RS	Drake	TIERNY, T.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SPENCER, T. A.	LRO(W)	President	TURNBULL, J. E.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SWATTEN, D.	LRO(T)	Mercury	TULLOCH, M.	RO2(G)	Antrim
SMITH, S. A.	LRO(G)	Victory	TANNER, T. J.	LRO(T)	Penelope
STONE, K.	LRO(T)	Warrior	TOMLINSON, M.	RO2(T)	FO2 FEF
SYKES, D.	LRO(G)	Heron	TAYLOR, C. F.	RO2(G)	St Angelo
SMITH, C. J. M.	LRO(T)	Centurion	TATTERSALL, T.	LRO(T)	Mercury
STRANNIX, W. F.	RO2(G)	Mercury	TAVERNER, M.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SWEENEY, K. P.	LRO(G)	Bachante	TUBBS, J. W.	LRO(W)	Drake
STONE, T. A.	CCY	Albion	TUCKWELL, A.	RO2(T)	Mercury
SMART, N. M.	CCY	Terror	THOMPSON	RO2(T)	Tartar
SHEARER, A. H.	RO3(T)	Zulu	TOMES, P.	JRO(G)	Galatea
SAUNDERS, P. S.	JRO(W)	Yarmouth	TAIT, J. R.	RO1(G)	Resolution
SKINNER, I. L.	RO3(G)	Yarmouth	TEASDALE, P. A.	JRO(T)	Plymouth
SLATER, D.	RO3(G)	Albion	TAYLOR, D. B. E.	RO2(T)	Mercury
SORENSEN, R. G.	RO3(G)	Undaunted			
SHARPLES, R.	RO3(G)	Wiston	UNWIN, J.	LRO(G)	Mercury
SHARMAN, J. M.	LRO(G)	Phoebe			
SMITH, R. G.	CRS(W)	Andromeda	WARD, P. J.	CCY	Tamar
STRICKLAND, P.	LRO(W)	Fife	WITHERMAN, M. C.	RO2(W)	Terror
SAPSD, A. W.	RO2(T)	Mercury	WARRENDER, N. A.	RO2(T)	Mercury
STAFFORD, P.	RO2(G)	Resolution	WHITE, C. E. T.	A/LRO(G)	Warrior
SMITH, E.	RO2(T)	Intrepid	WOODWORTH, P.	RO2(G)	Dolphin
STEELE, R. H.	CY	Sirius	WILLIAMS, G.	RO2(T)	Eagle
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SHILTON, G. D.	RO1(G)	Gavinton	WHARTON, K. G.	RO2(T)	Warrior
SINGLETON, J.	LRO(G)	Mercury	WESTERN, J. C.	RO2(W)	Glamorgan
SIMPSON, A.	RO2(G)	Caprice	WILKINS, G. J.	RO2(G)	Terror
SELWAY, P. T.	RO2(G)	Brinton	WARRENDER, N. A.	RO2(T)	Terror
SYMMES, L.	RO2(G)	Yarmouth	WARD, M. J.	RO2(G)	Eskimo
SMITH, G. H.	RO2(G)	Cochrane	WRIGHT, A.	RO2(T)	Jaguar
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SMITH, R. C.	RO2(T)	Blake	WEST, A.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SERMON, P. I.	JRO(G)	Jaguar	WALLER, S. J.	LRO(G)	Mercury
SHIELDS, J.	RO2(G)	Neptune	WALSH, I.	LRO(W)	Mercury
STERNE, R. G.	RS	Mercury	WRIGHT, D. J.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SMITH, J. E.	LRO(G)	Terror	WILLETTTS, D. B.	RO2(T)	Mercury
SHORT, J. F.	RO2(T)	Jufair	WOLFE, J. T.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SMITH, B.	RS	Tiger	WHITTLE, L. J.	LRO(W)	Mercury
SULLIVAN, W. R.	JRO(G)	Ashanti	WADE, D.	RO2(G)	Neptune
SHERRINGTON, P. T	RO2(G)	Terror	WINTER, C.	RO2(G)	Bristol
SHEERE, T.	LRO(G)	Dolphin	WOOLACOTT, J.	RO3(T)	Albion
SALLNOM, D. J.	RO2(W)	Cachalot	WHITING, S. B.	LRO(G)	Mercury
STOCKLEY, G. M.	LRO(T)	D—P	WORRELL, G.	RO1(G)	Mercury
SMITH, G. H.	RO2(G)	Fulmar	WALKER, C. A.	RO2(G)	Mercury
SHAWER, R. J.	LRO(T)	Eagle	WILSON, W.	RO3(G)	Aurora
STRIKE, D. P.	RO2(T)	Intrepid	WALKER, M. W.	JRO(T)	Dido
SHIRLEY, B. J.	RO2(T)	Mercury	WILMAN	RO3(G)	Tartar
STRAKER, B.	RO2(W)	Ark Royal			
SMITH, D. R. I.	RO1(G)	Berwick	YOUNG, D.	RO2(W)	Mercury
SALMON, C. G.	LRO(G)	Mercury	YOUNG, M. F.	CCY	FO2 FEF
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