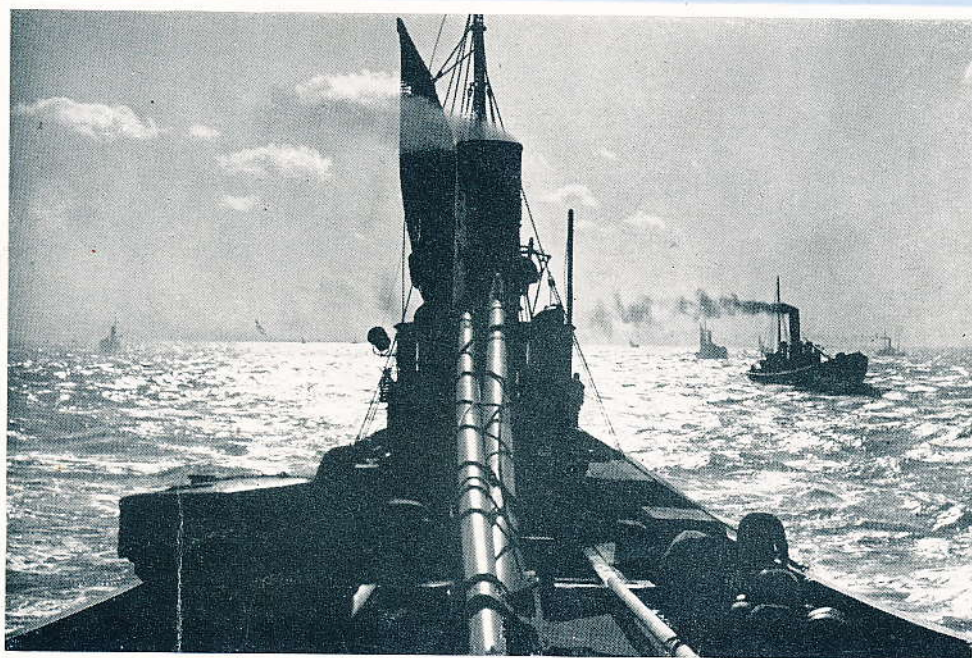


MARCONI *Mariner*



Vol. II. No. 26

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER, 1951

Price 6d.

Journal of
THE MARCONI INTERNATIONAL
MARINE COMMUNICATION CO., LTD.





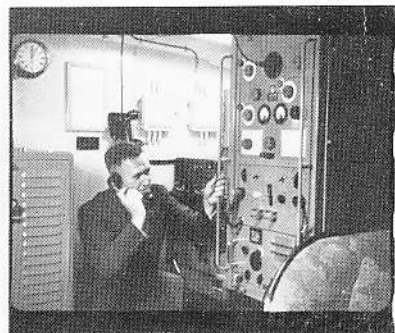
'ELETTRA II' ON TV



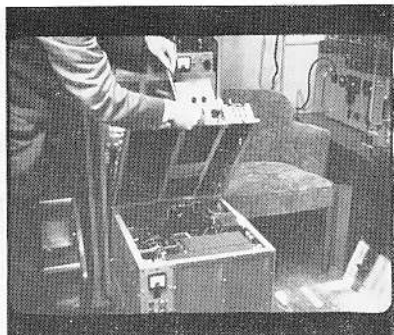
The 'Elettra II' comes alongside



Captain Quick operating the 'Radiolocator IV' marine radar equipment



Mr. R. E. Thomas using the 'Transarctic' telephone/telegraph equipment



The power supply unit of the 'Radiolocator IV' transmitter is shown withdrawn to indicate the accessibility for servicing



An informal shot of 'Joe'—Robbie Van de Velde



Final view of the 'Elettra II' as she moves away from Tower Pier

On the 1st and 2nd August, the British Broadcasting Corporation featured in Television Newsreel the arrival of the 'Elettra II' in London on completion of her Continental cruise. 'Stills' from the newsreel are shown above, and we are indebted to the British Broadcasting Corporation for permission to reproduce these pictures.

MARCONI MARINER

Journal of

THE MARCONI INTERNATIONAL
MARINE COMMUNICATION CO. LTD.

Vol. 11. No. 26

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER, 1951

EDITORIAL

DURING the last few weeks no news has been more anxiously awaited than that concerning the welfare of His Majesty King George. On shore and at sea the news bulletins have created a general anxiety which was followed by awakening relief as a gradual improvement in condition was recorded. A steady and sure return to health is the wish of all.

The radar notes appearing on page 248 are the outcome of actual observations. Are such notes of interest to readers? If so, further contributions on similar lines would be appreciated.

The entrance coupon for our Photographic Competition which closes on the 30th November, 1951, appears in this issue for the last time. Make the most of the opportunity.

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for

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Contributions (with photographs) are invited and should be sent to the Editor.

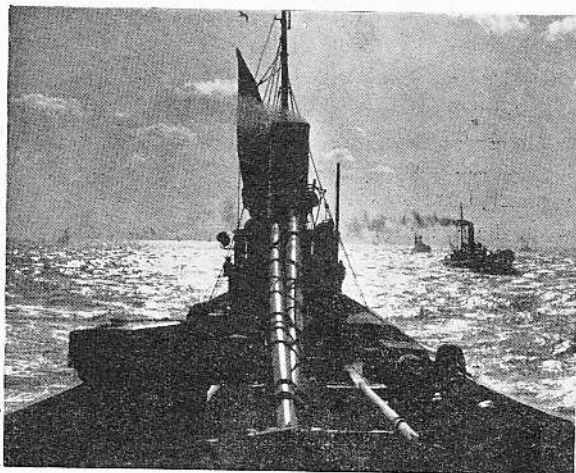
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COVER PICTURE



THE RETURN OF THE HERRING FLEET

NITON Radio of 1908 was a very primitive affair, compared with the same named radio station of to-day. They had, I should say, only one thing in common. Then as now the station was situated on St. Catherine's Point on the extreme south of the Isle of Wight. The apparatus consisted of the usual ten-inch coil with its associated battery of Leyden jars and H.F. transformer or 'jigger', with a key and a 24 volt accumulator battery in the primary circuit. No mains supply being available on the Point, or indeed in the neighbourhood, a small 1½ h.p. oil engine was installed to charge the battery at the necessary intervals of time. Reception was by means of the Magnetic Detector and 'Multiple Tuner', the latter being a well designed and beautifully made instrument, embodying three inductively coupled circuits, each with its inductances adjustable in steps and its condensers continuously adjustable through their capacity ranges, the whole being protected against serial charges by a micrometrically adjustable spark gap. In fact, with the sole exception of the oil engine, the equipment was identical with that to which I had grown accustomed in *Majestic*. If I remember rightly we had no telegraphic connection with the G.P.O. system but handled any traffic between that system and the radio circuits by means of a telephone extension from Niton Post Office.

The equipment was installed in a cold bare stone outhouse of an old farm, the nearest neighbour being the lighthouse some few hundred yards distant. I was fortunate enough to spend my brief spell of duty on the station during the latter half of a very fine summer, but stayed long enough to be able to realize, when the evenings began to draw in that it might be a not too pleasant spot to have to winter in. Even in the summer the journey from Niton village to the station could smack of the adventurous, on moonless nights. One would not dream of attempting the walk down the undercliff pathway, or rough cart track, without a hurricane lantern.

Indeed it seemed a bit of an adventure even to go

to the village from the mainland in those days. The nearest railway station at Whitwell was some three miles from Niton and the occasional traveller was well advised to arrange beforehand for a suitable vehicle to be on hand to meet his train.

Whilst twelve hours of continuous duty on a station where very few communications were affected, and where an entirely negligible amount of telegraphic traffic was handled, could and more often than not did drag themselves out in what seemed interminable monotony, the twenty-four hours spells off duty gave one wonderful opportunities for exploring the Island. And of course this arrangement of watch-keeping meant that each spell of 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. day duty was followed by a 9 p.m. to 9 a.m. night shift. It was the fairest possible arrangement that could have been made to cover a situation where three men were responsible for keeping a continuous night and day watch.

I have often wondered what my journey through life would have been, had I managed to remain on the staff of Niton Radio until the following year, for it was in 1909 that the Postmaster General took the British Wireless Coast Stations under his wing, relieving the Marconi Company of their responsibility. With the stations, the Post Office absorbed such of the staff who were manning them at the time of transfer and who cared to go over. Amongst the men who did so transfer I recall the names of such old-timers as 'Mickey' Henchman, Messrs. Harrison, Morgan, Newman, Prior, Ogilvie and Yelland, and the faces of others whose names have eluded my memory. Many of these pioneers continued for some time on the staffs of the coast stations, but later, as more and more ships were equipped with wireless installations, some of them were transferred to form the nucleus of the Government Wireless Inspecting Department, and later still as their own department expanded, were eventually appointed to higher executive positions at their London Headquarters. Not many of the men I knew are still in service, most of them having entered into well-earned pensioned retirement. It was nice to

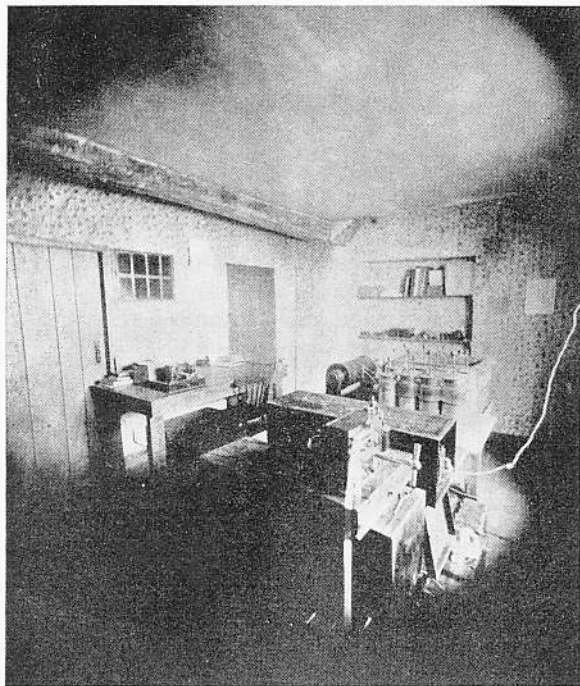
Procès Verbal

The Log of an 'Old Timer'

Part IV

'NITON RADIO' IN EARLY DAYS

have known them in their early sea-going days, and it was a pleasure to remain in harmonious and friendly professional relationship with them through



Niton Radio—1908

the years that followed, when we who stayed with Marconi did the work and they who left the fold saw to it that our work was done in accordance with the Law's requirements.

NEW UNION-CASTLE LINERS

The fitting-out of the 17,300 ton Union-Castle liner *Rhodesia Castle*, built at the Musgrave Yard of Harland and Wolff Ltd., includes the provision of Marconi Marine radio communication equipment and navigational aids, the installation of which has been carried out by the technical staff of the Belfast Depot.

The *Kenya Castle*, also building at the Musgrave Yard will have an identical Marconi Marine installation.

Both vessels will also be fitted with radar and sound-reproducing equipment.

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR THE 1951 'MARCONI MARINER' PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

This competition is open to all Marconi Marine Company's employees—afloat and ashore—and will close on 30th November, 1951. Photographs entered should not have been taken before 1st January, 1951. A special prize will be awarded for the best photograph submitted by seafarers other than a Marine Company's Radio Officer.

Further details follow:—

Subject: A ship, or part of a ship, or alternatively the sea should form part of the picture.

Size of prints, etc.: Optional, but if miniature film is used the print must be an enlargement.

Any number of prints up to six may be sent in by an entrant, and the entry must be accompanied by the following information, in light pencil on the back of each print.

- (a) Name of competitor, official number (where applicable), rank, name of vessel or depot, with a permanent address on the back of each print.
- (b) A title and/or description of each photograph.
- (c) Details of camera, exposure, time of day, and negative stock used.

In addition, an entry coupon as printed below, should be sent in by each competitor.

Competitors requiring the return of their entries should state so, and provide adequate postage and packing, with a 'safe' address.

PRIZES

1st prize	£5 5s. 0d.	} Marconi Marine Radio Officers at sea.
2nd prize	£3 3s. 0d.	
1st prize	£5 5s. 0d.	} Marconi Marine Shore Staff
2nd prize	£3 3s. 0d.	
Special prize	£3 3s. 0d.	{ Seafarers, other than Company's employees.

With the exception of prize winning entries, a fee will be paid in respect of any competitor's photograph which may be reproduced in the MARCONI MARINER.

ENTRY COUPON

(Issue No. 26)

'MARCONI MARINER'
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

'QTP ANTWERP'

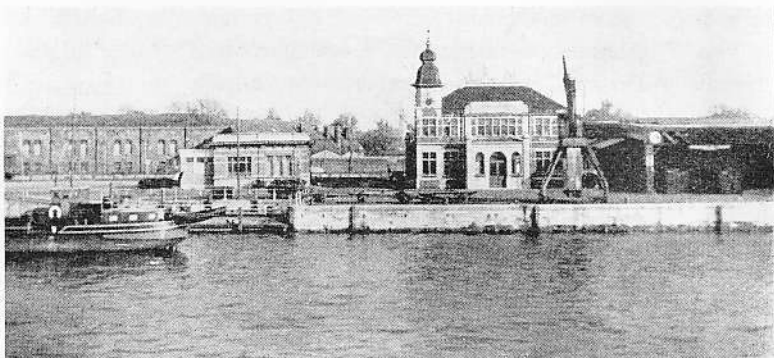
by Radio Officer

K. Wescott Jones

Every Radio Officer will sooner or later visit the Port of Antwerp. It is inevitable, just as one in five of the inhabitants of Western Europe pass through it at least once in a lifetime. The richly historical, bustling city on the River Scheldt is not only Belgium's largest port, it is now the greatest port—as far as tonnage handled is concerned—in the world. During the years between the wars it vied with Rotterdam for the third place, but post-war activity, enterprise, and amazing cargo-handling facilities have given it the lead. With 12,500 ocean going vessels and 95,000 canal craft using the port last year, tonnage figures have soared astronomically, and a glow of opulent satisfaction seems to have spread over Antwerp's changing face.

No one visiting the city, whether for the first or the fiftieth time, can remain indifferent to it. The whole atmosphere of the place savours of rugged individualism, steeped in hard work, business, utilitarian outlook, and common sense. It is essentially a trilingual city, and yet it has its own language which no one beyond its wide boundaries can understand. 'Antwerpese' is the name given to the peculiar dialect spoken there, as broad and distinct a tongue as can be found anywhere, and yet a surprisingly large number of British seamen who have settled in the port have successfully mastered its complexities and wild pronunciation.

Of course, Flemish is the true language of the region, and this is spoken by ninety per cent. of Antwerp residents. Dialect 'Antwerpese' is only really a violent variation of this, used by the natives among themselves, but rarely in the presence of outsiders. When the French were in occupation for a long time in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, their easier, smoother and more fashion-



'Harwich-boat' Terminus in Antwerp, built by the Great Eastern Railway Co. in 1864

able language became accepted among the 'élite' of Antwerp, and spread to most of the middle classes later, until the city became bilingual during the early years of the present century. With the Flemish revival of a few years ago, all the French street names, postal information and other outward signs of the 'foreign' tongue were taken away, although most of the business of the city is still conducted in French and it is spoken exclusively by the higher social strata. The third language is English. One has no need to travel far in the port area, or even into the suburbs of the city, in order to hear English spoken. At least thirty-five per cent. of the 850,000 inhabitants manage to converse with reasonable fluency in it, while another ten per cent. have a working knowledge of the more customary expressions. Some Antwerp people, especially those connected with shipping, are perfectly tri-lingual, and some friends of mine actually manage five languages without a trace of accent in any of them. It is said that possession of the basic Flemish so twists the tongue that it can 'get around the proper pronunciation of any language—except Polish'.

Apparently no foreigners can agree on the name of this great port, with all these language complications. No two countries agree on the spelling or pronunciation. In Flemish, which is the true origin, the name is 'Antwerpen'. We in England come close to this by merely knocking off the last syllable—which is scarcely sounded by the locals anyhow. But Frenchmen call it 'Anvers'; the Spanish 'Amberes', the Greeks 'Antioche' and so on. All of which is very strange, since the name tells the story of the city's

foundation back in the Roman times, and none of these foreign variations retain the essential legend. It seems that when the Romans held the Scheldt, they charged heavy taxes for merchandise using the waterway. This annoyed one particular person who, being a giant, had a fairly reasonable chance of imposing his objections. However, some Roman legions overcame him, put out his eyes, cut off one of his hands, and variously made play with his carcass. An officer with an original turn of mind picked up the giant's hand and said: 'I shall fling this across the river and where it lands a great city shall be built'. He threw the giant's hand over the Scheldt and a statue in front of the great cathedral is supposed to mark the spot where it landed. Now in Flemish, 'Ant' means hand and 'Werpen' is 'throwing'.

To-day, Antwerp presents an architectural blend of ancient and modern, with the mediæval Flemish city clustered around the cathedral and Town Hall, and the new quarters radiating in tree-lined boulevards, busy shopping streets and parks, outwards in fan shape from the riverside. The old glories of fine arts and culture reached in the period 1550 to 1650 are there for all to see and appreciate. The great painters Rubens, Van Dyck, Quinten Metsijs, Jordaens, and many others less well known but equally brilliant, have left their ineradicable mark upon the city. Their best works are displayed in various accessible places—Rubens' beautiful canvasses are in the cathedral, others are in museums and chapels. Rubens' house and studio have very recently been restored to the original Italian Renaissance style, and may be visited every day except Friday. These are conventional tourist

attractions, and no one interested in seeing them will have any difficulty finding the best surviving examples of Antwerp's mediæval art and architecture, as they are all within easy walking distance of one another, but a call at the useful Municipal Information and Publicity Office opposite the Central Station will result in valuable assistance and some descriptive pamphlets—supplied with the compliments of the city.

Europe's most skilful and best known painter of stained glass windows has a house in Antwerp, where he lives part of the year. For the rest of it, he is a near neighbour of mine, in England, and I am fortunate in knowing him—although strangely

enough, mostly as an Antwerp friend. His name is Eugene Yoors, and it is said of his work that he has discovered the secret of the middle ages in that he can paint windows in orange. The preparation of this colour and its application to leaded glass windows is a

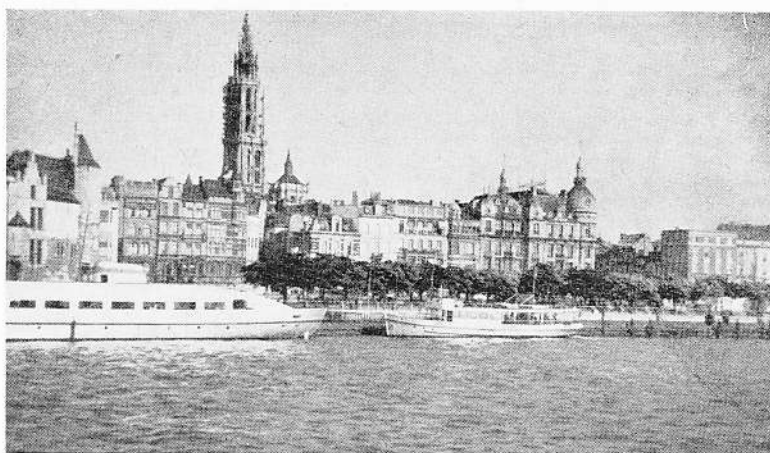


Photo by J. Ciemance

Antwerp waterfront, showing Steen Castle (extreme left), 'Flandria' river-cruising boat and State ferry

work of art in itself, while the result can be quite breathtaking, especially when the sun is shining through it. Eugene Yoors is famous in England for his George Lansbury memorial, but in Belgium he has completed his largest window painting in the world at the Héverlé Chapel, just outside Louvain. This work is 23 metres long and took three years to paint and assemble. Radio Officers who may be in Antwerp with some time to spare can reach Louvain by bus in a little over an hour, or go by electric train to Brussels, changing there for Louvain, which takes about an hour and a quarter, allowing for the change. Héverlé itself is a suburb of Louvain, reached in a few minutes by bus from the station, and the majestic window in question is above the altar in the new chapel.

For those Radio Officers who may be deeply interested in contemporary stained glass work (and I believe quite a few are likely to be) but unable to spare the time or expense to visit Louvain, there is a splendid example of Yoors' work in Antwerp itself. This can be viewed by pre-arrangement at the Chapel of Sint Ludgardis School, near the National Bank, but I understand that any really interested caller will be admitted and shown the windows without previous notice, provided the time chosen for the visit is between 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and especially if this article or its author's name is mentioned.

But Antwerp is not only comprised of art (mediaeval and contemporary) and shipping, huge

part though they do play in the life of the city. One can find an abundant selection of first class restaurants, specializing in French, Flemish and Dutch cooking styles, while there are a few English restaurants, including Bodega's 'Hole

in the Wall', in the Meir—a leading shopping street. Unfortunately, food is decidedly expensive in Belgium, although the preparation, quantity and quality of it is generally superb. With Belgian francs at 140 to the pound, an average lunch or dinner at any top flight restaurants works out at around twenty-five shillings, while an extra good one (which will not be easily forgotten by gourmets of the most particular type) at such places as 'Le Rade' (near the Steen) where the service and style are an education in themselves, not to mention the delicacies brought in from all parts of the continent, might exceed two pounds—without wines. For less discriminating tastes and more modest pockets, the big department stores along the Meir and in the Groenplaats serve lunches at 35 to 40 francs, while a vast number of cafés near the city centre—many

with sidewalk tables—do excellent dinners from 50 francs upwards at any time up to and even after midnight.

Despite all the pleasant parks, ancient fortifications, riverside attractions and other interesting spots in the close vicinity, the city of Antwerp clings to its individuality by quite pugnaciously refusing to run coach tours of the area. Not a single organized trip exists, summer or winter, for Antwerpians, although coaches roll in by the dozen from across the border in Holland, or from Brussels and the coast resorts. Visitors must find their own way about, and perhaps this helps them to appreciate the things they find all the more. Plenty of trams (at 3 francs for a direct

journey and 5 francs for a transfer) co-operate in moving the population, albeit rather slowly and none-too-comfortably, with the assistance of a few trolley buses. Unless Radio Officers are lucky enough to find their ships

berthed at any of the quays along the 3½ miles of Scheldt waterfront, or in the group of 'Town' docks consisting of the Kattendijk, Willemdock, Houtdok, Asia and Kempischdoks, they will be faced with the problem of a long trip into the city with only limited transportation facilities, severely curtailed in the evening. The outer docks have for years been nicknamed the 'Siberia' docks by generations of British seamen, but with the opening of new marine terminals, it is expected that better transport services will soon operate. Meanwhile taxis—expensive enough in the city—are quite prohibitive out to these regions, unless a small party is sharing the cab. There are twelve drydocks in Antwerp, all fairly reasonably situated, wherein a number of British ships complete repairs and overhauls rapidly and efficiently every month.



Magnificent stained glass window (23 metres long) situated above the altar in the chapel at Héverlé (Louvain).
Work by Eugene Yoors.

Photo by courtesy of Eugene Yoors

A visit to the Belgian capital of Brussels is highly desirable for anyone who has more than a couple of days in Antwerp. This only involves a journey of 29 miles by electric train from the Central Station on the line which is the pride and joy of the Belgian National Railways. From 5 a.m. to midnight, express electrics leave at the hour and thirty minutes past the hour from each end, taking only 34 minutes for the run, with an intermediate stop at Malines. Three each way daily omit this stop and complete the run in 25 to 27 minutes, affording an unusually sprightly interesting run across the flat lands of Belgium. Brussels is equally full of art treasures, but this perhaps better known as a 'little Paris', with a notably glamorous 'night life', numerous theatres, cinemas, and other attractions. Despite the comparatively short distance separating Belgium's two main cities, Brussels is completely French in speech and outlook, scoring in many ways over its near rival, yet not quite in interest and individuality.

Architecturally, Antwerp must surely be awarded the decision. There, at the top of the Schoenmarkt, rears the Torengelbouw—Europe's only real skyscraper, 28 storeys high. Built out of surplus profits made by the Belgian Farmers Union in the late nineteen-twenties, this massive office block has thoroughly proved its worth. For a small fee, visitors may ride the lift to the top, where a magnificent view of the city and waterways extending deep into Holland may be obtained—also some excellent filtered coffee. Then there is the beautiful Opera House at the corner of the Kaiserlei and the Italielei, ranked the fifth finest in the world. The Central Station is a masterpiece in itself, while the South Station Tower is the third highest in the city. For three-hundred years, the Cathedral has dominated the city—and it still does, with its 370 foot tower and unusual Russian-style cupolas, and near it are the restored buildings around the ancient Town Hall, the battlemented castle and fortifications along the river front and the historic pilot house. Truly there is meat for the lover of buildings in Antwerp, and when it is remembered that the city was struck by a devastating wave of flying bomb and rocket attacks from October, 1944, until March, 1945, receiving over 1,500 direct hits and consequent

enormous damage from these evil weapons, the rapid and devoted reconstruction work further excites the admiration.

Antwerp Zoo must not be forgotten. One of the largest and best stocked in Europe, there are some remarkable exhibits from the depths of Belgium's rich but solitary Colony, the Congo, including the world's only pigmy chimpanzee in captivity. Nor should one overlook the little Flandria boats, which undertake short trips along the river, downstream to Doel—famous for its mussels—and upstream past the British Railways 'Harwich-Board' berth (something of a tradition in Antwerp, and now reduced to twice-weekly sailings with twelve passengers) to the oil tanks. By frequent ferries, or through the Scheldt tunnels, one can easily reach the 'Kursaal' area of river beach on Dock Corner, better known as Sainte Anne, where there are swimming pools, river bathing (not recommended) and all manner of fairground amusements. This place is very popular on hot summer days, especially as Antwerp retains its individuality even in the matter of climate, when hot days are—in local parlance—'lourde' or heavy and clammy to a degree. Persistent rain is another feature of the local climate, falling from a heavy sky in a very humid atmosphere, while winter sees fogs and a raw chill that makes the Thames variety appear like a tropic paradise by comparison. Nevertheless, the sun does shine on occasions and when it glints on the sleek cars, flag bedecked tall buildings, the myriad masts and funnels, yachts with sails spread to catch the light river breezes, Antwerp takes on an air and sounds a background murmur somehow reminiscent of New York or Sydney and yet utterly unlike any other city in the world.

WORLD'S FIRST WIRELESS COLLEGE

This month sees the 50th Birthday of the first Wireless College in the world. It was opened, on 12th October, 1901, at Frinton-on-Sea, by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. Ltd.

In 1904 it was moved to the Chelmsford Works and, in 1920, was re-established at its present site in Arbour Lane, since when it has become one of the finest wireless technical colleges in the world.

PILOTAGE BY WIRELESS

by Captain J. T. Thomson

(Published with the permission of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, in whose Journal the article originally appeared.)

The prominence which is correctly being given to-day to new methods for fixing the ship's position and to methods which enable the navigator to know his ship's position to within a few yards brings to my mind, by way of contrast, an experience of some years ago.

The gyro compass, direction-finder and echosounder, which twenty years ago were rarely heard of, and which to-day are to be found in all good-class vessels, both large and small, all were very much in the early development stages when the writer, in 1928, after making a number of successive voyages between California and the River Plate via the Magellan Straits, fell in with a 10,000 ton vessel proceeding in the same direction.

It became the usual practice to exchange messages daily giving the position and current experienced, and the procedure continued throughout the voyage, together with brief messages on matters of interest.

In the course of these communications the Captain mentioned that he was without charts of the Straits of Magellan, and enquired whether I could help him, and he was also without sailing directions, and suggested that he would like to follow us through. He had never been through the Straits before, and his officers were in the same position.

The two vessels continued southward, and the distance between us remained constant until south of 35° S. when the heavy swell of the South Pacific was met. The shorter vessel could not keep up, and when nearing Evangelistas the distance had opened to some 200 miles.

The position of our consort had become the topic of conversation between the officers, and it was suggested that possibly instructions could be sent by wireless which would assist her. Accordingly, a message was sent to Captain — advising him that if he had decided to go through the Magellan Straits, then we would endeavour to give him wire-

less instructions, commencing with a long message covering the whole route. He replied that he was most anxious to do so, and would be grateful. Accordingly, a long message was prepared covering the whole 316 miles, giving the tides in the first and second narrows and precautions to take, and from then onwards brief messages were exchanged at short intervals. This procedure was followed until our consort cleared the Sarmiento Bank, when he sent a message advising all clear and many thanks.

My vessel, on account of her deeper draft, had to lighten at Montevideo, Captain — therefore arrived before me, and upon my arrival he was waiting on the wharf to record his appreciation.

I had never met Captain — but had summed him up from his messages to be a navigator of no mean order.

From the information sent to him by wireless he had no doubt improvised his own chart, but information could only have been scanty, and would require great caution and courage of the first order. I was therefore most anxious to meet the man whose outstanding ability had impressed me so much.

He stated that in daily messages before reaching the Straits he found the current data and information agreed so well with his own findings that he gradually built up confidence. He said 'It was quite a triumph when in the Straits to find all things in agreement'.

He, however, must have been anxious at times. One message stated: 'Now stopped off Felix Point, heavy rain and poor visibility', to which we replied: 'Remain stopped until weather clears. Felix Bay Light will be seen intermittently, your drift will be towards Smyth's Channel'. (We had been in a similar position on a previous voyage and I knew what to expect.)

In looking back over this incident I felt that with the Admiralty large scale chart before me it was easy to give the directions, but it was not so easy

for Captain — without the essentials. His messages, however, were an inspiration to me. I felt he was navigating his vessel with the same care and confidence which we would have expected had he been fully equipped with charts and the latest aids to navigation, and any possibility that he might fail in his duty to bring his vessel through in safety never occurred to me.

It has not been my pleasure to meet my friends of this voyage since that date, but I shall always remember him as a careful and competent navigator.

It might be argued that he took a great risk. If I could produce the well balanced wireless messages which I received from him it would be seen that his ship was navigated with no greater risk than mine in possession of all the charts and equipment.

I do not in any way decry those most valuable devices which lighten the burden of the navigator and seamen; on the contrary I would like to see them even more widely used, yet gyro, radar, Loran, Decca, must all give pride of place to personality. It is the man behind who counts most, first, last and all the time; his brain, his will, his skill, his courage, they must count more than all things mechanical, and in the last extremity they are the prime essentials which alone can humanly save the situation.

RETIREMENTS

MR. T. H. F. WILLOUGHBY

The retirement of Mr. T. H. F. Willoughby, Chief Accountant of the Company is announced.

Mr. Willoughby, who has been Chief Accountant during the past fifteen years, joined the organization in 1914, and during the first world war served with the Royal Flying Corps and later the Middlesex Regiment.

It is understood he will continue to represent the Company on



Mr. T. H. F. Willoughby

the employers' side of the Membership Committee of Management of the Merchant Navy Officers' Pension Fund.

MR. S. STANSBRIDGE

After more than forty-five years in the service of the Marconi Marine Company, Mr. Stansbridge, Manager of the Traffic Division, has now retired from that service. He will, however, still be available for consultation, and will act as the Company's representative on the employers' side of the Radio Officers' Panel of the National Maritime Board, the Membership Committee of Management of the Merchant Navy Officers' Pension Fund, and the Marine Wireless Employers' Negotiations Committee.



Mr. S. Stansbridge

Mr. Stansbridge joined the staff at the original wireless station at Seaforth, near Liverpool, in 1906, and was an operative at the Crookhaven Wireless Station some two years before going to sea. During the period 1908 until 1916 he served in many well-known vessels, among them the *Lusitania*, the first *Mauretania*, and the *Adriatic*. Serving for a time as Inspector in Liverpool, he was, in 1919, appointed Superintendent at Hull, and transferred in 1924 to Newcastle, where he served in the same capacity until 1928, when he was placed in charge of traffic and operating at the Company's head office.

SHIP TO SHORE

During 1950 the number of communications between ships and Post Office coast stations was approximately 379,000. Over 753,000 radiotelegrams totalling some 11,850,000 words were exchanged between ship and shore. Radiotelephone calls exceeded 21,510, and 651 messages were received from aircraft. The coast stations dealt with 295 distress calls and 219 medical aid messages.

'DAILY MAIL' CROSS-CHANNEL SWIM

by D. H. Larkins

Once again Marconi Marine provided equipment for the *Daily Mail* Cross-Channel Swim. This year, provision was made to give W/T and radio telephone service to the Press, and took the form of the ubiquitous 'Seagull' equipment for the former, and a 50 watt equipment for the latter.

The installation on the m.v. *Ginasal*, an ex M.L., now refitted to the last word of luxury, was entrusted to Mr. Chalmers of East Ham Depot. Three engineers of Marine Development Group joined the ship at Newhaven, and very soon a firm friendship was built up between all four and the ship's Chief Engineer—Mr.

C. H. Bromley. Many and varied were the requests made of 'Chris'—from the loan of a blow lamp to requesting the ship to be drydocked so that earth plates might be fitted on the wooden hull! Not once were we refused and, consequently, in quite a short space of time, the gear was mounted in the after cabins and in full working trim.

On the Wednesday before the swim was due to commence, we left Newhaven for Dover and spent the trip round busily bonding various vibrating metal structures to earth. We had also been joined by our Radio Officer—Mr. C. Roberts, who had sacrificed approximately over 35,000 tons—from *Mauretania* to the m.v. *Ginasal*—in order to preside over the function. 'Robbie's' stories appeared to be as in little danger of drying up on the 14th day as they were on the first, and were always assured of an appreciative audience!

However, Dover was reached, and contact made with G.N.F. who were to handle the traffic during

the swim. On the Saturday we had our first real sea trial when the swimmers and entourage were taken to Calais. The sea was a little choppy, and very soon the rails were lined! Tests were made with G.N.F. again, and so on the return home in half a gale and only one engine, successful link calls were made, during which the writer had the unique experience of phoning his wife and at the same time hanging on with all hands and feet.

A word of praise must pass to Mr. Chalmers. Not one piece of equipment moved from its place throughout the whole buffeting. Seeing that the equipment had been only temporarily secured

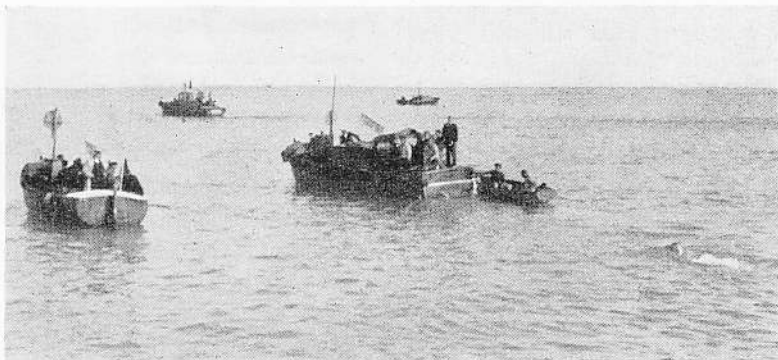


Photo by D. Larkins

The start of the cross-channel race off Cap Griz Nez

in order not to damage the cabin, it was quite a feat.

On Sunday, advantage was taken to pay a visit to North Foreland Radio, where under the guidance of Mr. Gurr a very interesting afternoon was spent inspecting the gear and meeting the people who co-operated so well to make the project a success.

Bad weather held the swim up until Thursday, and at 0330 that morning *Ginasal* left Dover. The sea, by this time, was like a mill pond, and by 0600 the vessel anchored off Cap Griz Nez. We could see the crowds on the beach, and at 0730 a 'Very' light from the shore indicated that the swim had commenced. Soon the swimmers were visible, covered in thick grease, each behind a small boat, and gracefully ploughing through the water. By then the R/T was in brisk demand! An endless stream of Pressmen continually passed into the cabin for link calls to London, and it was not until lunch time that we saw the little armada again, well astern and in two groups, making for Dover.

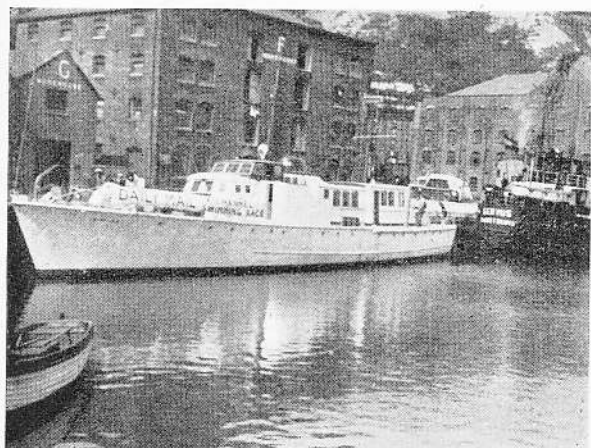


Photo by D. Larkins

'The Daily Mail' radio control vessel—m.v. 'Ginasal'

All through the afternoon nearer and nearer they drew, and by 6 p.m. Dover Harbour was within one mile. The two groups had by now converged, and we could see Marech Hassan Hamad, the Egyptian winner, well-in shore and east of the Harbour. The tide gradually swept him westward, and at 7.42 p.m. he landed at the foot of Shakespeare Cliff.

Out to sea again, to follow the other swimmers in, and at about 9.30 p.m. the final message was sent. After more scouting round we finally docked at 12.15 a.m., and all hands immediately sought to 'get their heads down' after 40 hours.

Thus concluded the race with the satisfaction that the job had been well done.

Many stories could be told of minor adventures and escapades, of a 'ticket' that had to be wetted, the stern rails that 'went for six', the speedboat that was holed in the stern and taken in tow stern first!, and the beer that was found in the bilge—but the temptation must be resisted!

BOOK REVIEW

'ECHO SOUNDING AT SEA'

Many of the shore staff and a number of Radio Officers at sea will know Mr. H. Galway, who has served as an Instructor in Echometer equipment and recently in 'Radiolocator' equipment. Should any not know him, they have only to refer to any recent issue of the MARCONI MARINER to see his photograph—for his likeness has appeared in our magazine for

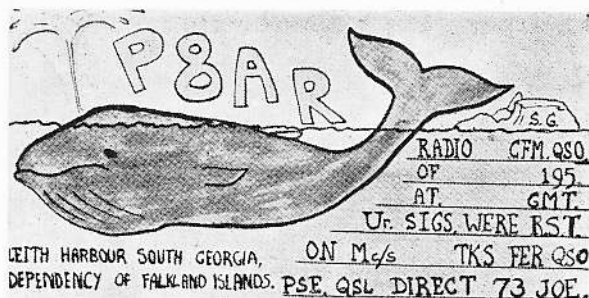
'months and months'. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd. have recently published a text-book by Mr. Galway under the above heading. Dealing in the main with the Hughes and Marconi types of echosounding equipment, it contains a wealth of information relating to the installation, operation and maintenance of the various equipments, most of which is based on practical experience and specialized study. Although like many modern text-books it is not cheap in price, we are confident that to the interested it will prove fair value for the money.

(*Echo Sounding at Sea*—H. Galway. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd.—35s.)

'HAM' CORNER

We are advised that Mr. J. Williams (Salvesens) has two amateur stations, one in this country—call letters GM3FSU—and the other at Leith Harbour, South Georgia, which he operates when his duties take him down South. The call letters for this latter are VP8AR, and there is a very individual QSL card, a reduced replica of which is printed below.

Mr. Williams states that VP8AR when operative, is on the air between 2100 and 0000 G.M.T., but this is dependent on conditions and the pressure of work. He works mostly on 14 Mc/s C.W., but has had good contacts on 7 Mc/s in the early part of the evening using phone. There is little difficulty in contacting North American amateurs, but he rarely



'QSL' Card of VP8AR

obtains communication with the 'G' stations. He attributes this difficulty to the position of his Leith, South Georgia, station, which may be screened against successful signals to and from the U.K.

As we grow older, we find that what at the time seemed to us the absorbing interests and preoccupations which we had taken up, were in reality appetites or passions that had swept over us, until at last we come to see that our life had no more continuity than a pool in the rocks which the tide fills with foam and flotsam, and then empties.

And so the voyage continued . . .

But it is only reference to the scrap log book that brings to life and warms out old memories, the realities of the lonely wastes of the North Sea.

It was the closing of the day, and at 2115 the sun began to set; the westering sun that brings nostalgia for the past, the absent . . . It was a perfect ball of fire illuminating the heavens, sending streaks of gold across the sky.

A trawler silhouetted against the setting sun stood boldly out in black relief.

It was a reminder we were not alone.

This perfect night . . .

A dead flat calm; a whispering zephyr from the north, and the night obstinately refusing to drop its mantle of darkness.

We were increasing our longitude into the land of the midnight sun. Twilight stayed with us throughout the night.

Here and there a seabird appeared; the souls of lost sailors waiting a hundred years on the banks of the Styx before they can be allowed to cross. A lonely wait.

By midnight we had logged 227 miles. Consols were keeping us on our chosen course. We should begin to see the land around breakfast time. At odd intervals a fishing boat showed up. One fisherman held up for admiration an outsize plaice, expecting to lure us alongside him in an exchange of fish for liquor. But for us time was precious and the offer was delicately turned down.

We checked and re-checked our account at regular intervals. We were faced with these completely different sets of rules for this all-important job—

EAST BY NORTH

by

Captain H. Quick, Master of 'Elettra II'

(Continued from previous issue)

*'Then when he saw no threat'ning Tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled skie;
He gave the sign to weigh; we break our sleep;
Forsake the pleasing Shore, and plow the Deep
Toward A Sleepy Coast,
Long infamous for Ships and Sailors lost;
And white with Bones.'*

VIRGIL

striving to justify a theory that old ways are not necessarily the best ways.

Looking down the years, we remember with pain Lunar Navigation, that all engulfing myth, so incorrect that it had lured ships and men to death on honest reefs; navigation, that inexact science which Lecky, the master of all seamen had warned us to beware. Take an ocean liner crammed to suffocation with navigators, who each pass up a chit at noon, madly believing each has the right answer, and who each in turn are informed how wrong they are! Some have even had the ship crossing the Gobi Desert!

And when the long looked for landfall at last appeared, we held our heads in shame at being a mere hundred miles out in our reckoning.

Whom did we blame for these inexactitudes? Secret currents the sailing directions had omitted to include—a peculiar set of tide—the ship's cat, anything and anybody but our own shabby incompetent selves.

The new and more positive system of navigation is here to stay. In our life we have seen navigational aids advance further and further. Men have laughed at these navigational aids, and as with all new ideas, men must laugh and chide and scorn.

But let us not digress . . .

Early morning in the North Sea; bright fresh air resinous with Norway pine and the sea a blue we have all wanted to see. From its depths charged

and counter-charged a school of porpoises beckoning us on toward our goal.

Our excitement had not yet abated.

There was still the landfall.

That most important thing.

Thomas stood in the wheelhouse; there was something on his mind.

Joe had been sent on deck to find the land. It was the cue to start the radar!

Instinctively everyone knew that land was only a few hours away.

But where away?

If one confessed to a little apprehension at this stage, then conceivably it could be forgiven!

We had steamed across the North Sea on nothing more than a 'Seagraph' and a wireless receiver, and if our landfall was a bad one. . . .

Thomas had his face glued to the P.P.I., and in his casual and unemotional manner which is so much a part of him, he turned away and said 'Skipper, have a peep and tell me what you see'.

The screen was a complete blank except for the top centre showing an echo about a quarter of an inch deep, at a range of forty-two miles.

At the same moment, tremendously excited, Joe burst in with the news that the land was right ahead!

And so it was. We all saw it, and we were heading away toward the southernmost tip of Norway, dead on course, dead on time—and almost dead from fatigue.

The job was complete.

We had accomplished the task that had been set

us. There had been great team work, and without sleep, each had toiled to make the crossing the success it had been.

At noon Lindesness Lighthouse was five miles abeam; the 'Visette' was dancing at 280 fathoms—the sun was warm and mellow, streaking the pale water with sapphire. We altered course toward Christiansund, forty miles to the east.

It is a good deep water harbour and easy of access. A house in line with a clump of trees leads clear of

all outlying dangers, and at 1630 they came in line and in we went.

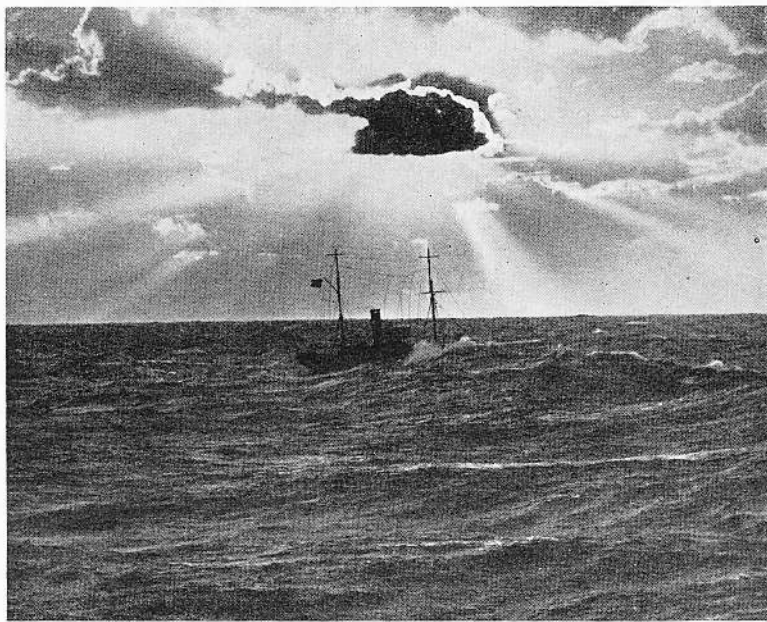
Evening in Christiansund; walking from the harbour jetty, past the kiosk that sold everything, into the fussy, busy town where children were playing on the green; ears almost lopped off by the multitude of cyclists, and then a

Pilsner beer in a café under the trees; blue skies rinsed by the mellowing breeze, red and golden flowers in window boxes.

Back again to the harbour with its bobbing launches, pine trees rearing up like masts, and the groan of tramcars. In the doorways sat families on their wooden chairs, good and patient people.

Gradually the moment of the night came when the ghosts of the dead roam the earth and the leaves shiver, frightening the sleeping birds, and presentiments of loss or victory stir within the dark recesses of our conscience. This then, is the farewell with which the skipper takes leave of his fast fading voyage and the memory of 'East by North'.

From the sea we came and to the sea we must return.



A trawler silhouetted against the setting sun

SAVED BY THE GONG

by H. Roberts

THIS story has nothing to do with pugilism. Boxing is a sport in which I have no interest—to me Joe Louis is just a name. The gong in question was part of the equipment of the s.s. 'F—— S——' on which I had the honour to serve. It was purchased in India by a former Master, with defective hearing, who later became very sensitive about it. The second-hand dealer who sold the gong, said among other things, that it came from a rajah's palace. Full marks to the rajah for getting rid of it! Not only would it warn the deaf but it would wake the dead. Three times a day a rather hefty second steward called Ernie performed on it. He used a kind of drumstick and struck deliberate, ponderous blows. It always reminded me of that little business which precedes the opening of a Rank movie. More about this gong later.

R—— is a charming place. It must have been late afternoon when I found myself ashore there—our ship having docked the previous day. I visited the museum and several picture galleries, with a little light wine in between. Having had a very interesting time I decided I would wend my way back on board, but apparently my sense of direction was all wrong. I seemed to take every turn but the right one, getting more and more mixed up all the time, so that it was quite dark when I first entered that sinister street, altogether out of keeping with the rest of the town. At the corner I read 'Rue de la' The last word was undecipherable but imagination could easily supply it. Dark, gaunt houses lined either side. Flickering lights along the sidewalk only seemed to accentuate the air of foreboding gloom which hung over the place. An uneasy stillness was broken by



the sound of my faltering footsteps. I grew more and more alarmed every minute. What kind of people could dwell in this street? Here, I felt sure, a murder could be committed any day of the week, and that murder's bugbear, disposal of the body, would be made easy—all the neighbours would help!

It was difficult to know what to do, but do something I must. Perhaps it might be advisable to approach one of these forbidding domiciles and, provided the inmates were human, tell them of my predicament. I still had a mille note and several odd hundreds scattered over the person. If the kind lady or gent would . . . ? My cogitation came to an abrupt end. The cause was the noiseless opening of a window opposite. It was the bright square of light which attracted my attention. The effect, in that darkness, was startling. Then the figure of a young lady appeared in the square. I could see that she was making frantic gestures for me to approach.

I approached.

She put her finger to her lips to enjoin silence, then pointed repeatedly to a rainpipe which ran up the side of the house. After a while I concluded that she wished me to ascend. I looked up doubtfully. Climbing has never been my forte. Heights make me dizzy. A fall from a tree at a very early age is, perhaps—but I must not digress further because I am already half way up the rainpipe, and

now . . . I am opposite the window. A final effort lands me in the room. It is a bedroom, there being a bed at the far side. A trifle disconcerting no doubt, but an eyeful of the young lady and all my qualms have vanished. To say that she was just good-looking would be doing her a grave injustice. No words of mine could adequately describe such exquisite beauty! Her head slightly on one side, her hands in the pockets of a long blue robe, she looked at me with such a quaint, quizzical expression that I was entranced. With the old ticker starting to accelerate at a fearful rate, and the blood pressure all anyhow, I knew that I could not possibly venture down that rainpipe before daybreak, and perhaps not even then.

Her voice was musical, soft and low: 'I am glad you are here. I am in a difficult position, and need help', she said earnestly.

I managed to gurgle something about being glad also.

'I am detained here against my will' she went on, 'more or less a prisoner, by my uncle—a bad, bad man.'

'Disgraceful! But the police . . .'

'No good. As things stand he is my lawful guardian, and he is trying to force me into marriage with a man . . .'

'Ah, yes' I broke in, 'an old, old man . . .'

'He's not so old' she pouted delightfully. 'He's young—younger than you are perhaps, but he's a scamp, a cad, a blackguard, and several other things that are unprintable.'

'Well I certainly wouldn't stand for it.'

'Up to the present I have resisted successfully but', she shrugged, 'my uncle is such a big, violent man with enormous strength and an ungovernable temper. It is terrible: sometimes he gets real mad, and then he is in such a rage he is like a tiger. In that mood he would tear you in pieces.'

'Where is he now?' I asked off-hand.

'He's out,' she replied tartly.

'Drinking, I daresay.'

'He does not drink. Gambling is his ruling passion. On the turn of a card he will stake thousands. Flick! and they are gone.'

'But not always. Sometimes, surely . . .'

'He wins. Yes, but not often, although last year he had stacks of money. It is all gone now, however.

His winnings and his own money as well, so he is after mine. If I am forced to marry this man, who is just a toady, and will do anything he is told to do, my uncle will get control of my inheritance—twelve million francs.'

Before I could convert this staggering sum to pounds sterling she had gripped the lapels of my coat, saying with fierce emphasis, 'It must not happen! I can prevent it if you will help me?'

'Willingly. but how?'

She hesitated, then said 'I like you very much. Perhaps, maybe you like me a little bit?'

'A little bit!' I exclaimed. 'That's a gross understatement'. She clasped her hands joyfully. 'So everything is all right', she said. 'You will marry me then he will be powerless.'

I am all for short engagements, youthful marriages and all that, but for a moment this knocked me off balance completely. 'It won't be so easy as all that. There may be difficulties' I said. 'Then there is this tearing up business. You know, a husband in sections isn't much good.'

She drew back with a scornful look. 'So you cannot—you will not help me.' Her voice was cold, lifeless.

The change in her manner alarmed and depressed me. 'You are mistaken . . .' I began.

'You will not marry me,' she persisted. 'You are afraid.'



Panic seized me at the thought of losing her.

'No, it's not that' I cried desperately. 'For Heaven's sake! Don't get me wrong. Listen—I'll marry you any time anywhere, even if you have to sew me together afterwards.'

That banished the frown. She came closer, and said smiling 'Ah, I should have known you would not fail me'. I could feel her arm stealing round my shoulder. 'To-morrow' she murmured; 'I have everything arranged.'

The sound of footsteps on a carpetless stairway is drawing nearer. Her arms tighten. Then . . .

Blong!!!

Ernie is doing his morning act on the gong—outside my door by the sound of it. I groped for a fag and looked at my watch—8 a.m. Meals are to the minute on this hooker so this morning breakfast is out. However, it is a holiday so I will dress leisurely and, later on, go to the Chat Noir where a fellow can have an omelet, rolls and fragrant coffee at any time. Then, after a decent interval, some light wine—the symbol 'XXX' on the label always has me guessing. So, before we part, let me assure you that the foregoing is just fiction; the characters, if any, are imaginary and the use of the first person means absolutely nothing at all. It will, in fact, serve as a warning to young lads against staying ashore late on dark nights and getting lost.

OBITUARIES

COMMANDER F. G. LORING, O.B.E.

We regret to record the passing of Commander F. G. Loring, at Fooks Cray, Kent, on Friday, 7th September, at the age of 82.

Frederick George Loring, the eldest son of Admiral Sir William Loring, K.C.B., entered the Royal Navy in 1882 and, after serving on the Royal Yacht as sub-lieutenant, was a lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Victoria* when she was rammed by H.M.S. *Camperdown* of Tripoli in 1893. Taking an active part in the rescue work of this disaster, he saved two lives, for which he was awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society. He was in charge of shore wireless stations from 1902 to 1908, and was appointed Inspector of Wireless Telegraphy at the

Post Office in 1908. He held this position until his retirement in 1930.

Commander Loring was appointed Admiralty delegate to the International Conference of Wireless Telegraphy in 1906, and during his time at the Post Office was the delegate of that department to the conferences in London in 1912 and in Washington in 1927.

After his retirement, Commander Loring represented the International Marine Radio Company at the International Radio Conferences at Copenhagen in 1931, Madrid in 1932, Lisbon in 1934, Bucharest in 1937, Cairo in 1938 and Stockholm in 1948. He was also Assessor of Wireless Telegraphy for the Board, at the Safety of Life at Sea Conferences in London in 1914 and 1929.

Commander Loring was appointed an Officer of the Order of the British Empire for his services at the Post Office and elected a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers in 1906.

MR. HERBERT ABABO

Mr. Herbert Abao, a director of Irvin and Johnson (South Africa) Ltd., and other subsidiary companies, died at his home in Rhodes Avenue, Mowbray, recently, aged 61.

Mr. Abao was associated with the fishing industry since 1917, when he joined Irvin and Johnson. In 1930 he was appointed secretary, and became a director in 1937, and joint managing director in 1939.

He was chairman of the Fishing Industry Research Institute and of the Fish Processors' Section of the South African Food Canners Council. He was also a past president of the Council, and a member of the Fisheries Development Advisory Council.

RADIO OFFICER R. C. ROBSON, No. 17732

It is with sincere regret that we have to record the death of Radio Officer R. C. Robson, who was knocked down and killed on the Pennsylvania railway track at Woodbridge Station, New Jersey, on 6th August last.

Mr. Robson, who was 18 years of age, was appointed to the Company's seagoing staff on the 18th July, 1950, and was attached to the *British Fame* at the time of his death.

MARINE EQUIPMENT ON SHOW

GRIMSBY AND DISTRICT INDUSTRIES AND TRADES FAIR

Selected items of radio communication equipment and navigational aids, specially suited to the needs of the fishing industry, were on the Marconi Marine stand at this year's Grimsby and District Industries and Trades Fair. The exhibition, held in the



Marconi Marine equipment on exhibition at the Grimsby and District Industries and Trades Fair, 19th to 22nd September, 1951

Augusta Street Barracks, from the 19th to 22nd September, was opened by Admiral Sir Robert L. Burnett, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., LL.B, Chairman of the White Fish Authority.

As the Fair was officially declared open Admiral Sir Robert L. Burnett's speech was recorded and was immediately ready for playing back to him when the official party, led by Alderman J. A. Webster, Mayor of Grimsby, visited the Marconi Marine stand. This recorded ceremony was played back at intervals during the fair for the benefit of later visitors.

Equipment shown on the Company's stand included an 'Oceanspan' transmitter, a 'Valiant' receiver and a 'Seaphone' V.H.F. radio telephony transmitter/receiver. Aids to navigation comprised a 'Lodestone' direction finder and 'Seagraph' and 'Seavisa' echometers. The echometers were incorporated in an animated display which had previously been included in the Festival of Britain Exhibition at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

Alderman Webster, was the first to take advantage

of a novel facility on The Marconi International Marine Communication Company's stand.

A 'Seagull' radiotelephone transmitter/receiver was installed in full operation so that visitors to the Fair could send greetings messages direct to friends and relatives on trawlers at sea.

When the service was opened at 4 p.m. on the 19th September, Alderman Webster sent the first message from the exhibition to all Grimsby trawlers at sea. The call was answered by the *Northern Gem*, owned by the Northern Trawlers Limited. Skipper W. A. Barrell replied using the 'Transarctic' equipment with which the *Northern Gem* is fitted, and Mrs. Barrell was on the Marconi Marine stand to speak to her husband. Mrs. Barrell and her two little daughters, Christine and Anita, spoke to Skipper Barrell, whose vessel was due to dock the same evening.



Christine Barrell, daughter of Skipper W. A. Barrell of the 'Northern Gem', talks to her father at sea through the Marconi Marine 'Seagull' radio telephone equipment forming part of the display on the Marconi Marine Company's stand at the Grimsby and District Industries and Trades Fair. Mrs. Barrell and her youngest daughter Anita also spoke to Skipper Barrell

With the co-operation of the General Post Office, the 'Seagull' was in operation during the four days of the Fair (19th to 22nd September).

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company News

UNDERWATER TELEVISION

Marconi television camera finds missing submarine

IT was with great pride that Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. Ltd. greeted the news that His Majesty's Submarine *Affray*, lost in the English Channel on 16th April, 1951, had first been identified by the use of a Marconi Image Orthicon television camera specially mounted for deep-sea operation.

News of this revolutionary use of Marconi apparatus was released by the Admiralty on 12th September. The report was as follows:

'It can now be stated that H.M. Submarine *Affray* which was lost in the English Channel was first identified by means of under-water television.

Following the loss of the submarine a team of four members of the R.N. Scientific Service worked night and day for three weeks to produce the unit which eventually proved to be of such great service.

Portable TV equipment, similar to that used for outside broadcasting, was obtained from Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, whose prompt co-operation was greatly appreciated.

The Naval Scientists not only had to mount the camera in a specially welded water-tight container

but also had to design and incorporate the various remote controls for operating the set.

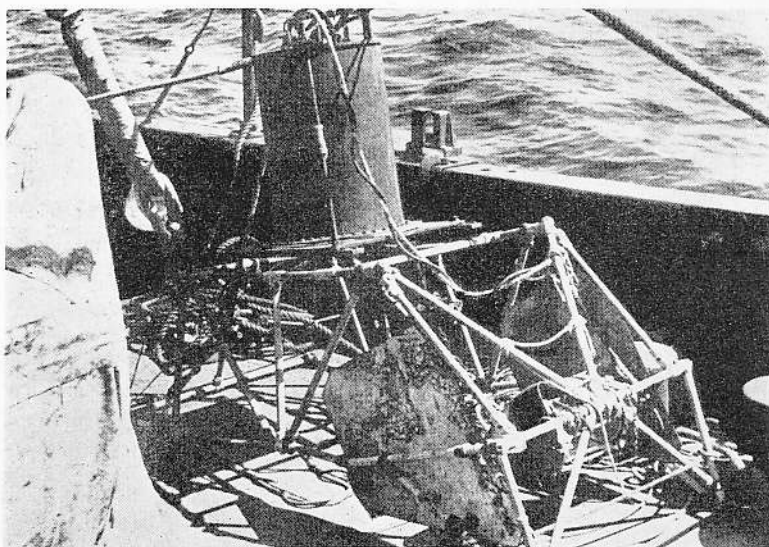
The container had to be set in a specially designed frame along with underwater lighting apparatus which had previously been designed to facilitate the work of under-water photography.

The equipment was taken

as soon as it was completed to the salvage ship *Reclaim* and lowered over the side for testing.

Results proved sufficiently satisfactory to warrant the use of the equipment in the actual search.

The TV equipment had been in use for some weeks before success was achieved. Following location by ASDIC equipment a number of wrecks had been investigated by this means and when there was uncertainty it had proved of great value to the divers particularly in assisting them to be lowered into the best position for surveying or otherwise working on the wrecks.



The complete underwater television apparatus. The camera is contained in the cylindrical section, while underwater lights are situated in the tubular construction below the camera

Early in June, viewers in the Captain's cabin saw various parts of the *Affray* coming into view, and the climax was when they read the name *AFFRAY* on the screen. Some two hours later divers were able to indentify the submarine by normal methods.'

Lt.-Commander J. N. Bathurst, D.S.C., R.N., the Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Reclaim* said, in an interview, that at the first television tests:

'... we were agreeably surprised by the result, and it was almost immediately decided to continue its use as an aid in the search. One of the main advantages was that the television (set) could be used in stronger tidal conditions than the observation chamber which contained a man.'

The *Reclaim's* Commander later said:

'At about mid-day on the 14th June I gave the order from my cabin to lower away and almost immediately saw the rail of the conning tower hatch coming into view on the television screen. It was only necessary for me to give a few further orders for adjustment before the name on the conning tower

was seen on the screen. My first reaction was to shout, 'Yeoman' in order that I could give the Yeoman of Signals a signal for the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, that the search had eventually proved successful. There were about five people, including Naval and scientific personnel in the cabin with me.

As soon as the buzz went round, the whole ship's company was clamouring to see for themselves the evidence of the outcome of their long and arduous efforts.'

The Marconi equipment used by the Admiralty for this momentous undertaking was a normal television outside broadcasting camera chain contained in five 'suitcase' units. Although—by virtue of some of the remarkable broadcasts achieved with similar cameras and equipment—the Marconi cameras have long been recognized as an outstanding contribution to television technique, this latest achievement, deep under the sea, proves conclusively the high sensitivity and adaptability of this British camera.

ACROSS THE CLYDE

The annual swimming race between Gourrock and Dunoon, across the River Clyde, means far more to the Scotsman than the wee drap o' sassenach wa'er between Dover and Calais. Indeed, although it is not as wide as the English Channel the Clyde is a serious, morose, and belligerent stretch of water for swimming in.

This year's race—won by Ian Downie of the

Glasgow Police—served to illustrate the versatility of the stalwarts from our Glasgow Depot.

It had been arranged through Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., and the *Glasgow Citizen*, that Marconi V.H.F. equipment would be used at Gourrock, Dunoon, and on a commentator's launch, in order to relay a full running commentary to the thousands of spectators on either side of the river.

This was a very necessary set-up for, once the swimmers were half a mile out of Gourrock they disappeared (from the spectators view) until the last few hundred yards the other side.

Mr. Dawson's merry men, under the redoubtable touch of Mr. Grinter, went to work.

Friday before the race I went to Gourrock with Mr. Grinter, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Murray. What an unholy day it was too! A slight breeze and much rain, a touch of cold and choppy waves, none of which deterred the Glasgow men. They did full tests from both sides and prepared for the morrow.

Despite the weather they posed nicely for some pictures.

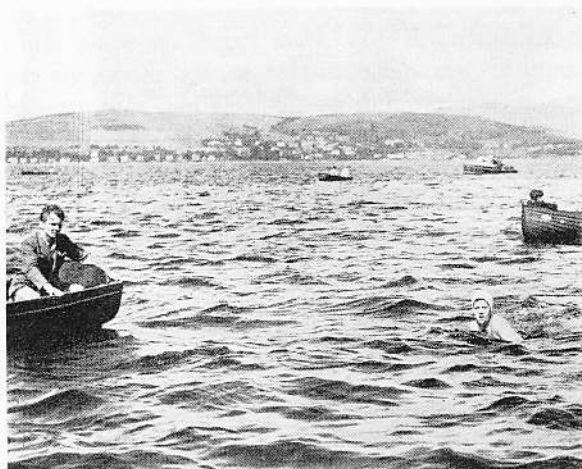
The Saturday started out wet but decided to make amends in the late morning consequently it



P. A. van at Greenock
Mr. C. H. Robertson of Glasgow Depot

was a 'lovely day for a sail' or a swim and the whole race went off perfectly.

All transmitters/receivers worked perfectly, all Marconi men were on their toes and put up a fine show . . . Saturday work too. . . .



'Bobbing up and down like this'—one of the female contestants

A host of congratulations proved the efficiency and worth of the organization which, it turns out, is 'just a part of the Glasgow Depot service'.

Thanks chaps,

V.E.H.

MARCONI EQUIPMENT ON THE AIR

Featured in Exhibition Broadcast

Marconi Marine radio equipment on show in the 'Daylight on Industry' Festival of Britain Exhibition at Liverpool was featured in the French Service of the B.B.C. on the 12th August.

The programme, broadcast in French on short and medium waves, was made by a B.B.C. recording unit under the direction of M. Jean Bacon. In the course of its tour of the exhibition, the unit recorded the taking of radio bearings on the Marconi Marine 'Lodestone' direction-finder, and the operating procedure was explained in French by Mr. G. L. Lister, of the technical staff of the Liverpool Depot.

A recording was made of a 'Seaphone' V.H.F. radiotelephony equipment used by the Company's Depots to communicate with their service vans in the dock areas, of a typical routine reporting call from the Liverpool Depot van to the 'Seaphone' transmitter/receiver which was included in the exhibit and which used the call-sign 'Festival' for the occasion. The van reported that it was on the dock road, bound for Gladstone Dock with equipment for a vessel berthed there.

The programme was repeated on 18th August at 8.15 p.m. on 244 metres (1340 kc/s) in the medium wave band, and on 30.26 metres (9.91 Mc/s), 48.54 metres (6.18 Mc/s) and 41.61 metres (6.18 Mc/s).



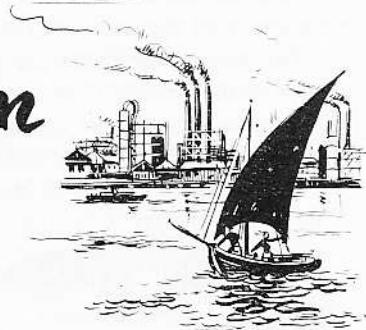
Mr. G. L. Lister (right) of the Liverpool Depot staff, explaining in French, the operating procedure of the 'Lodestone' direction finder. M. Jean Bacon is holding the microphone

Oil may be very useful when it is poured on troubled waters, but it smooths out nothing when it is poured into troubled lands.



- Proceed Abadan

by Radio Officer C. B. Townley



SEAMEN are often wrong in condemning a place that has a lot to commend it, but in their dislike of the Persian Gulf they are unanimous and justified in their opinion.

The seamen who first opened direct trade between Britain and the Persian Gulf when a ship of the East India Company sailed there in 1628 must have thought the same. Possibly, as they sweated in their bunks, or rigged an extra sail in the sun they hoped that they would never see the place again, thinking it best that it should be left entirely to the natives. Little did they realize that the trade route they had started would become one of the busiest in the world, and that the scenes they gazed upon from their wooden ships would become familiar to generations of seamen, each seeing them under improved circumstances.

Originally the wealth of the gulf lay in the carpets, hides and furs obtainable from Persia, and pearls from the Arabian coast. These are still exported, but added to them now is fresh and dried fruit—particularly dates, and rice, opium and wool. Interesting and valuable as they are the whole of these products combined are of secondary importance compared to the main export of the gulf which is petroleum, or oil.

Oil! A prosaic cargo; taken from the bowels of the earth, and transported to every part of it in tankers of every nation. An important cargo; essential for the smooth running of industry and having a direct effect on the life of each one of us. Without it life would come almost to a standstill. What a pity that its source always lies in the most arid parts of the world!

... We had been sailing along the parched coast of southern Arabia. It was, at first, mainly mountainous, and then mainly flat with sandhills for mile upon mile.

The monotony of it all was broken when we saw the wreck of a ship high and dry on the beach. Judging by its tall thin funnel and counter stern it was an old ship that must have piled up many years' ago. The wandering Bedouin who is hostile to strangers and attacks them for plunder will have reduced it by now to a mere shell. Further along the coast there are some high cliffs, which are quite plain to see at all times in good visibility and indicate to the officer on watch the nearness of Ras al Hadd, a low lying cape that marks the entrance to the Gulf of Oman. The village of Al Hadd near this cape is one of mat and mud huts and more pretentious round towers of rough stone; small fishing craft were drawn up onto the beach. Such villages are few and far between and vary little in appearance; the best looking habitation is always the property of the local sheik.

The gulf narrows at the top into a bottleneck and opens out again into the Persian Gulf. The dividing line between them is marked, more or less, by three islands, Great Quoin and Little Quoin, and Gap Island. They are insignificant islands, barren and rocky, but, generally when you have passed them you look forward to seeing them again; for in the hot season, when inward bound, they might be regarded as sentinels standing at the gates of purgatory to which you are condemned for a few days; the sight of them on your return is a sure sign of quick release.

The course takes us in a westerly direction to-

wards the bight at the southern end of the gulf, but we do not pass through it as we veer again to the northwest off the coast of Iran, or Persia.

This bight is probably one of the most interesting parts of the Persian Gulf as the pearl fishery covers the whole area. There, from the first of April to early October, the three fishing seasons follow in quick succession. Most of the maritime population



of the coast is employed on the pearl banks at this time, and in the heights of the season about five-hundred boats may take part. The boats vary in size, the largest being about fifty tons and carrying up to a hundred crew; these are all arabs; the Persians, it seems, have no great liking for the sea.

One can well imagine the disputes that would arise if the fishermen were allowed to compete indiscriminately for the best pearl banks. They would jump at each other's throats at the slightest pretext and there would be more tribal warfare than fishing.

There are, incidentally, two schools of thought with regard to the origin of the pearl. According to one theory it is due to a disease in the oyster. The second theory, which is more general is that it is due to a grain of sand that gets inside the shell causing irritation to the oyster, which then covers it with a smooth coat of pearly matter. Of these theories the first is the most tangible—in view of the fact that so many oysters produce so few pearls, and if correct this disease is the first that has benefited mankind, resulting as it does in this case in the employment of thousands of arabs on the fisheries. Admittedly, they would not be there if it were not for the vanity—or should I say femininity?—of women.

We had been passing ships every day, nearly all of them tankers, loaded down to their marks and outward bound from the gulf ports. Sometimes we were overtaken by faster ships which, like us, rode high in the water. When we dropped anchor near the mouth of the River Shatt al Arab a heavy rain squall came down obscuring all the other ships at anchor from view. Then the squall passed over and visibility improved, and one by one the ships appeared again; to starboard was a smart modern 'Swede', ahead lay a 'Norwegian', to port a 'Greek', and, here and there, British tankers with well-known funnel markings.

Three days had passed since rounding Ras al Hadd, and we lay at anchor for two days before the pilot boarded us one evening.

At 9 p.m. our anchor was away and we were moving towards the buoy that marks the beginning of the Western Channel. It was a night of full moon and the river shone in its beams; the banks were a dim smudge and hardly discernible but indicated with lights flashing continuously. The scene was picturesque, but as such it is about the best that the gulf has to offer. For an hour we proceeded up the quiet river, seeing nothing but the banks on each side, now getting closer together, and a few native craft at anchor for the night. Then quickly there passed three tankers low down in the water with their loads of oil, their engines throbbing, their accommodation a mass of lights, then they were gone and all was still again. Another hour went by before we saw more signs of life. This was at Fao, the traffic control centre. Some red and green lights on a mast indicated the state of the tide and the channel—yes, there was plenty of water and it was all clear. A signal was sent to us on the lamp, 'Draught sixteen feet', we replied, and 'No' to their query as to whether we required a doctor. As we passed Fao, slowly, one could see the dim outlines of low buildings and trees against the lighter shade of the sky; a dredger and many smaller boats lay alongside the bank. The river took a turn to starboard and as we followed it round there came into view the orange-red loom of Abadan, about thirty miles distant. An hour's run beyond Fao, after a turn to port and a second turn to starboard brought us to Kabda—a small loading port with jetties to accom-

modate about three ships. Passing Kabda the river veers to the left and continues in a straight line to Abadan.

By 1 a.m. we were nearing the anchorage where we were to remain overnight. Abadan lay a mile up-river. It looked like nothing more than a huge factory working overtime with its brilliant illuminations and high smoking chimneys. The loom that we saw down-river proved to be caused mainly by a naked flame burning high in the sky, and fed by waste gases from the refinery.

In the wheelhouse the engine-room telegraph was rung to 'dead slow ahead'.

'Steady', said the pilot, 'Steady' echoed the helmsman.

'Slow ahead', the telegraph rang again.

'Hard a'starboard', 'Hard a'starboard' came the echo. Instructions were passed forward over the send-receive equipment as our bow came into the centre of the stream, then:

'Let her go!' The telegraph rang 'full astern', the anchor chain rattled and for a few seconds the ship shuddered. The engine was rung to a stop and the current slowly brought the stern round until we lay in the centre of the stream facing the way we had come.

When I came out on deck at breakfast time that morning we were alongside the jetty and preparations were being made to load the ship. The sun was up and bathing everything in a fierce light; even at that time of day it was quite hot.

On the opposite bank one saw to the right and left, and beyond, a profusion of date palms. They grew over and around the low oblong, sand-coloured dwellings along the bank as if to overwhelm them and hide them from sight. If one looked through binoculars one could see occasionally black-robed figures moving beneath them. Ignore for the moment the tankers at the moorings that hide part of the view and you realize that this is Iran as you imagined it to be—even to the river, now devoid of its glamour, which goes muddily by.

Now turn your back to this and see how nature has been displaced by heavy industry. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Refinery is your view. The horizon is full of tall chimneys, scaffolding, sheds, office buildings, convoluting pipes, and tanks tall and squat shining

in aluminium paint or coloured dark red. In the foreground is a crossroad busy with the traffic of buses, oil-tank trucks, fire trucks, vans and lots of private cars. Immediately below lies the jetty with pipes each side of it, some of them soon to be used in loading the ship. Over all is black smoke and a pungent smell of oil. One feels a sense of urgency about the whole scene. It seems that not a minute must be wasted, as at some pre-determined date the oil wells are due to dry up, and therefore it is best to refine as much oil as possible whilst the supply lasts.

To the right of the refinery is the town of Abadan, so low lying that the silvery tops of storage tanks can be seen beyond it. No doubt, in its mean streets can be found the usual beggars, vendors, pariah dogs and gay dirty children of most eastern towns. But there would be a little more danger here; one would take a greater risk walking through the streets, especially at night, because the inhabitants are not averse to robbing one by force of one's clothes. For his own good a curfew is imposed on the seaman from 6 p.m. to dawn.

If so inclined the seaman would not be deterred from going into the bazaar during the curfew hours, but there is nothing worthwhile to attract him there, and therefore he spends his evening alongside in the canteen, or on the ship—usually on the ship, looking forward to the morrow and sailing day.



The recent oil crisis has put a stop to the loading of tankers at the Anglo-Iranian oil jetties, and is resulting in the shortage of refined oil in many parts of the world.

If the shortage continues the repercussions will affect us all, but at the moment, seamen, taking a purely personal view 'could not care less' if ships were never again ordered to 'proceed Abadan'.

RADAR NOTES

The following notes relate to targets along the southern part of the British Isles and Eire, and have been submitted by Radio Officer Norton.

1. Dover Harbour gives good distinctive echoes, is easily identifiable, and useful for ranging and bearings. With Dover in the picture, little difficulty should arise in picking out such points as Goodwin Light Vessel, Cap Griz Nez and Folkestone Pier.
2. The height (530 feet) on the eastern suburb of Hastings provides good echoes, at 30 miles, over the intervening land at Dungeness when the observing ship is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles off Dover Harbour.
3. Whilst off Dover, and at 16 to 17 miles off Cap Griz Nez, the French coast gives a broken outline to about 26 miles, the most remote echoes being to the westward.
4. Isle of Wight. The south, east and west coasts give a solid 'paint' up to distances of 17 miles.
5. Wolf Rock Lighthouse, when bearing west, showed intermittently at 12 miles, with solid echo at 10 miles.
6. Coast line between Predannack Head and Rill Head (Lizard) showed solid at 25 miles when observing ship is east by south.
7. Scillies. When ship to the eastward, St. Martins gave intermittent echoes at $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles and good echoes at 24 miles (see note below). When approached from the westward St. Martins, St. Agnes and Round Island did not show up until vessel was $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, and coast line did not take shape until nearest land was only 5 miles off. At the same time Seven Stone Light Vessel gave good solid echoes at $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles. (Smooth sea, light southerly wind, fog.)
Approaching from WNWly direction Bishop Rock Lighthouse was picked up at 14 miles, Round Island at 12 miles and Lands End at 22 miles. (Sea moderate, fair, temperature 60 degrees, visibility about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)
8. Cape Cornwall. Indefinite echoes at 21 miles.
9. Morin Shoal Buoy (radar reflector) showed up well at $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Pillar buoys solid at 5 miles, smaller buoys good from 4 to 5 miles. Spar buoys good to 3 miles only.
10. Fastnet. Bearing WNW. Good echoes at 20 miles. When observing ship was south of the southwest coast of Ireland the high land points showed up as separate echoes up to and above 30 miles, and the coastline eastwards from the Fastnet showed as a continuous line at 15 miles. The Fastnet still gave a firm echo at 20 miles when it was bearing 308 degrees true. Toe Head gave a good echo at $20\frac{1}{4}$ miles when bearing 070 degrees.

Weather conditions during observations 1-6 and 10—clear, fine weather, good visibility and smooth to slight sea. Temperature 60/65 degrees. Observation 7, except where stated otherwise, as above. Observation 8—smooth sea, light southerly wind, fog. Air temperature 57 degrees; sea temperature 59 degrees. Observation 9—weather fine and clear.

The scanner height in all cases—78 feet above water level.

A number of reports received recently quote instances of extreme range, particularly in regard to ship targets. These ranges on ships of between 30 and 40 miles were undoubtedly due to super-refraction, and the Meteorological Office report that the conditions existing on the east and south coasts of England between the 13th and 21st July were conducive to super-refraction.

(We shall be glad to receive from Radio Officers any helpful notes similar to the above—Ed.)

Depots' News and Views

ABERDEEN

We wish to congratulate our highly respected colleague Mr. Leslie Sewart on his marriage to Miss Margaret Starkie. Both bride and bridegroom are from Nelson, Lancashire, where the wedding was solemnized earlier in the year, at Rail-way Street Methodist Church. The bride wore a gown of moss crepe, full length veil with head-dress of orange blossom, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. After the reception, which was held at the home of the bride, the happy couple departed for a pleasant honeymoon at Grange-over-Sands. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Sewart returned to Peterhead where they are now living at 18 Mid Street, Buchanhaven. We are extremely pleased to present the accompanying photograph of Leslie and his bride.



Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sewart

Many years ago, King Edward VII had his appendix removed by the surgeons and all the world wondered. 'What's an appendix? never heard of it'. Nevertheless the operation became fashionable. All the best people had it done. To-day it is quite common. We are reminded of this by the prevalence of a condition known as the 'slipped disc' which nobody seems to have heard of until recently. Two of our staff have been on sick leave with this painful condition which involves a cement waistcoat and immobility for long periods. All our rude remarks about 'fixed gaps' and 'cement boxes' did not console them.

We had recently a problem presented to us the solution to which still eludes us. It is now well known that a fishing vessel's echometer is also used as a fish-locator. Recently a skipper returned to the North Sea from fishing off the west coast of Scotland. The 'Seagraph' echometer had shown up herrings perfectly in western waters. To our surprise the skipper declared that in the North Sea the results were not so good. The instrument was absolutely perfect and we are faced with the alternatives:

- (1) Have the fish been more scattered on the east coast even in the shallower waters.
- (2) The habits of the fish vary so much that it is very difficult to get material and reliable evidence.

The field for research into these problems is very wide.

FALMOUTH

Without wanting to appear 'greedy', our first note of interest is that although the m.y. *Elettra II* arrived here on the evening of the 23rd August to stay for one day only for demonstrations, our arch-enemy in these foreign parts (bearing in mind that Cornwall is considered to belong to the rest of England only on account of its being able to hang on by the bridge across the Tamar River) the weather—took the question into its own hands and at the time of writing she is still weatherbound here. However, we were pleased that the weather on the first day of her stay did not prevent our demonstration programme being carried out, and we understand that those who witnessed the demonstrations (B.T.C. Superintendents, Falmouth Towage Co., G. C. Fox, Silley Cox & Co.) were highly impressed. Good work *Elettra II*. Our chief job at the moment is in consoling Commander Crichton, and trying to convince him that we have nothing whatever to do with the Weather Clerk and his devices—nor do we deal in 'Hoo Doo's'.

Since we wrote our last notes items of news which have appeared in the national press recently have directly affected Falmouth area. One was the arrival of the floating dry-dock which had been towed across the Atlantic from Bermuda and is now installed alongside one of the wharves for repairs. Another is that the R.M.S. *Scillonian* (owned by the Isles of Scilly, Steamship Company) which takes passengers, mail and supplies; not to mention large numbers of spring flowers in the season, to and from the Isles, ran aground in dense fog. All the passengers were safely taken off and the vessel refloated on the next full tide. The week-end of the 9th September saw the Missionary ship *Centurion* in Falmouth and we understand that an attempt was made by someone to stow-away in her with the erroneous belief that she was bound for America. The Falmouth Lifeboat has been quite active lately. On one occasion (a Sunday) there was a heavy swell and a message sent in by local Coastguards some distance away reported that a yacht had capsized and some people were clinging to it. Amongst others the Mariner Rep. witnessed the speedy despatch of the lifeboat and watched it out to sea to learn the next day that the 'yacht' was a whale, which was later washed ashore, then towed out to sea and disposed of by explosion.

The work in our area has been mostly routine, but owing to the increased speed at which vessels are now being turned round, and the incidence of Annual leave, with our area of operations somewhat 'scattered' our T.A.'s are finding themselves in need of more than one pair of hands at times. M.T.A. Mr. W. Wilton is at present at Chelmsford on a 'Radiolocator IV' course and not having heard from him we hope that he is not 'in it' further than his ears! Our most interesting fitting lately has been at Brixham where a harbour salvage tug *Aguila* has been built for Chilean owners by Messrs. Philip & Son of Dartmouth and carries all the latest and most up-to-date equipment for harbour salvage work.

Latest nautical term from Falmouth is as overheard in a discussion on the merits of bicycles v. motor cycles; the concluding remark was—'Wal, wot 'ee gotter remember with a 'boike' is 'e's gotter be rowed'.

In glorious summer weather and watched by thousands of people who thronged around Brixham's picturesque

harbour, a notable historic incident in Brixham's history was recalled on 1st August when Prince William of Orange landed to become King of England. This was part of the local Festival of Britain celebrations and recalled William's landing on 5th November, 1688. 'William' on this occasion landed on the Strand near the monument commemorating his original landing and was greeted by various civic delegations, and was met by a direct descendant of the person to greet the original William. The procession headed by two drummer boys and 'William' riding on a white charger and followed by many of the local people, all dressed in period costume, then proceeded through the town to Bolton Cross where the Chairman of the Council greeted them. They then changed to lorries and proceeded to Paignton, Torquay, Kingskerswell and Newton Abbot, following as far as possible the original route. At each place civic receptions were given 'William' and his 'army' of British Legion members, all in period costume, increased. They finally stopped at the castle near Newton Abbott where the original William stayed for a week after landing.

BELFAST

Since our previous notes, the Festival ship, *Campania*, has visited Belfast—completing her stay on 1st September when the local Castlereagh Exhibition also closed down. We are still awaiting the arrival of the Company's yacht *Elettra II*, and we hope to welcome her in the near future.

We record with pleasure recent visits of two old Depot colleagues, Lt.-Cmdr. Jim Tennant, R.N., and Bertie Leatham (Falmouth Depot). Both our friends have joined the 'Benedick Society' since their previous vacations. We wish them all the time-honoured congratulations.

We are glad to learn that the eldest daughter of our colleague Jack Ward is entering Queen's University this term.

The local staff hope that the wife of Bob Williams will soon be well again after her operation and lengthy spell in hospital.

The whale factory vessel *Juan Peron* has completed her sea-trials and is expected to be handed over at an early date.

The fittings of the Union Castle vessels *Rhodesia Castle* and *Good Hope Castle* are nearing completion, and those on the *Port Nelson* and *Eastern Star* are in progress. The former has her scanner at the top of a samson's post on the fo'c'sle head from where our friend, Bill Agnew, is getting a splendid bird's-eye view of the Belfast Lough scenery. The *Eastern Star's* scanner is also in an elevated position on top of the mid-ships mast.

The future fitting programme includes a number of 'Radiolocator IV' equipment.

CARDIFF

A considerable increase in trade is expected to come the way of South Wales ports as a result of the huge steelworks now nearing completion at Margam (Port Talbot) and Trastre. The Margam 'Abbey' works is the largest of its kind in Europe and one great 'shed' extends for three-quarters of a mile under a single roof. An excellent view of these works can be had from the train a mile or so to the eastward of Port Talbot.

Following the reconstruction of Messrs. C. H. Baileys Ltd. dry-dock at Barry this now becomes the largest in South Wales. This £250,000 project will further improve the facilities offered to shipping in this area.

M.T.A. R. E. Thomas is at present enjoying a spell of well earned leave having spent the summer cruising and demonstrating on the Marconi research yacht *Elettra II*.

Recent visitors to the Depot include Mr. E. W. Sharp (late of Swansea, Hong Kong and Southampton) and Mr. H. D. Humphreys (late Chief Inspector Cardiff). Mr. Sharp has of course retired to his native Guernsey, C. I., but Mr. Humphreys is at present Radio Officer of the Currie liner *Lowland*. They both looked remarkably fit—'H.D.', as all here agree, really looks younger every trip he makes.

We were also delighted to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Sanders (Depot Manager East Ham)—who were holidaying in this area. We sincerely hope they both enjoyed their stay at Dunraven Castle.

Messrs. Cory Brothers & Co. Ltd., in addition to their fuel oil importation and distribution business at Barry Dock, are now busy erecting a storage tank farm (on number one mole Barry Dock) to store and re-ship edible oil for the Ministry of Food.

Such was the enterprise and enthusiasm shown by everyone concerned that tanks to store 30,000 tons of edible oil were erected in about four months. The first vessel to arrive was the *Southern Garden*, which discharged some 12,000 tons of whale oil, and others have followed.

Many welcome letters have been received from our colleague M.T.A. W. H. G. Richards, who is still holding the Marconi Flag aloft in South Georgia. We are indeed pleased to learn of Harry's welfare and we look forward to his 'story' on his return to his native Wales.

Rest assured, Harry, we miss you tremendously.

Occasionally we get a trickle of news of our erstwhile colleague Inspector Tom Moriarty who is building a Marconi stronghold at Karachi, Pakistan. It seems he is so busy he cannot find the time to send us the promised photographs and news bulletin.

AVONMOUTH

What with hurricanes and oil fires, Bristol has won some unwelcome notoriety recently. Due to the West Indian hurricane there will, it is reported, be few or no bananas for some months from Jamaica so that the three passenger/banana ships normally based on Bristol, may have to go elsewhere for fruit, which if from non British



Photo by courtesy of the 'Bristol Evening World'

Marconi walkie-talkie equipment was used extensively by the brigades throughout the blaze

islands or the American mainland becomes 'dollar fruit' and normally goes to the Continent.

The oil fire, which broke out in the Regent Oil Compound, was an awe inspiring sight, and the members of the staff who happened to be working at the Walton Bay Signal V.H.F. Station on the Somerset coast, said the resulting smoke and flames looked like the pictures of

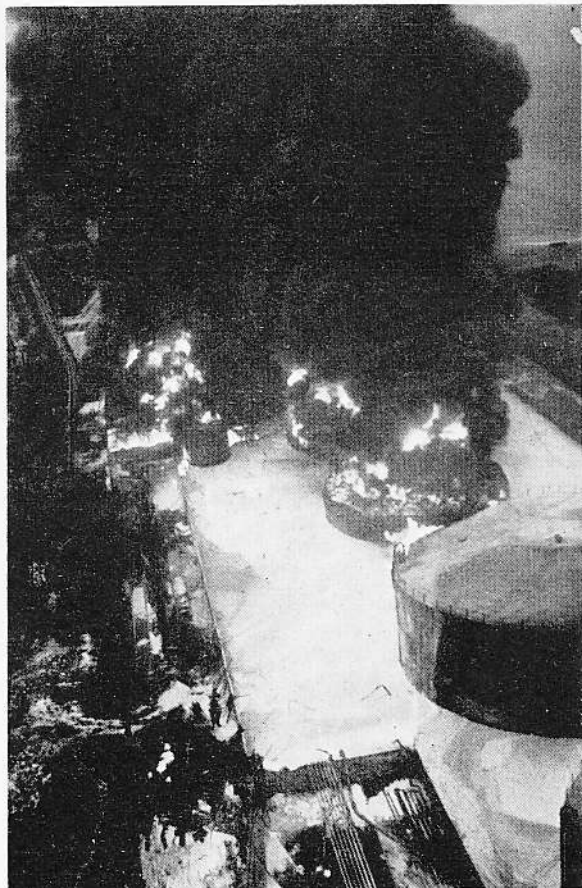


Photo by courtesy of the 'Bristol Evening World'

At the height of the blaze

Bikini, from the distance. The photographs reproduced in these notes gives some idea of the ferocity and strength of the fire. Brigades from all over Southern England helped to subdue the flames, the firemen being assisted by troops and naval ratings. It was due to the hard work and devotion to duty of these men, that the fire was confined to the one compound, otherwise one hesitates to think what might have happened. Marconi walkie-talkie apparatus was used extensively by the fire brigades, and was reported to be a great asset, in efficient and quick communication.

EAST HAM

We are reminded of winter's approach when we see the pleasure steamers *Royal Sovereign*, *Royal Daffodil* and

Queen of the Channel sail up to their hibernating quarters, and before us lies the request 'dismantle gear for lay up'. Is it imagination or do we really feel that nip in the air and smell the evening fog creep up over the Thames.

The summer leave periods are practically over and all hands are beginning to harden up ready for the dark days of November to March. Unfortunately, we are unable to emulate the hibernating habits of the bear, though our tempers frequently approach bruins state.

This month we have pleasure in welcoming to the marble halls of East Ham Mr. S. R. Groser and his colleagues Messrs. L. W. Smith, K. Worrall, R. G. Whitelaw, A. H. Tracey and Miss M. McNamara of M.W.T. V.H.F. Section. They are to be with us for some time and will be involved in the mysteries of V.H.F. on behalf of M.W.T. Co.

The cruise luxury liners *Orcades* and *Chusan* are once more back on their normal run to Australia. We are pleased to see Chief Radio Officer F. W. Miller out of hospital and back on the *Orcades* once more. During his absence, the *Orcades* radio department functioned normally under the care of Mr. F. Griffiths, who has now transferred his affections to the *Dominion Monarch*.

Shore members recently out of dry-dock include our T.M.T.A. F. W. Helmn who has been undergoing medical treatment for the past couple of months. Other news of East Ham is sparse, beyond the existing dock workers' strikes, and threats of strikes—which are never news, we have nothing further to impart this time.

GLASGOW

Since our last notes appeared we have lost the services of Technical Assistant J. H. C. Dalziel, who has been selected for work at Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. We understand that this transfer involves well deserved promotion for Mr. Dalziel, and the good wishes of all members of the staff go with him in his new sphere.

A new complication in servicing work at Glasgow is occasioned by the opening up of the oil port at Finnart on Loch Long. Up to the present, no convenient means of public transport between Glasgow and Finnart exists, and visits to this port occasion great loss of time and considerable expense. Perhaps Radio Officers would note these facts and avoid calling for services or stores at Finnart if these can conveniently be rendered in another area. In particular, it is impossible to rely on heavy stores such as batteries reaching Finnart within the time which the average oil tanker remains there.

The Festival ship *Campania* has just arrived in this area, but not many of the staff have yet had time to visit her. It is gratifying to note, however, that the Marconi S.R.E. continues to give excellent service, and its performance during the opening ceremony by Sir Victor Warren, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, was above criticism. Credit is certainly due to Mr. Shilson for the trouble-free manner in which he continues to keep this installation running.

As we write, the holiday season is drawing to an end. We think we can safely say that the new arrangements for holidays for the outside staff have worked well, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. We would warn the members of our outside staff to prepare at an early date to receive the Holiday List for 1952, since it is an unfortunate fact that bookings for summer holiday accommodation require to be made the preceding winter. This problem is particularly difficult at Scottish holiday resorts owing to the shortness of the summer season in these latitudes and the consequent congestion of holiday resorts during the comparatively short period that they are open.

CALCUTTA

Since our last notes a great deal of water has flown down the Hughli, for the rains which arrived early this year have remained in profusion until well into September.

Work has been heavy, and we have been handicapped by the departure to England in July of Mr. J. Lumsden on a series of extensive courses at Chelmsford. We hope the weather has been favourable, John. The opening of the new port at Khulna, just over the Pakistan border, has increased again our field of activities, and with visits to Chittagong, Vizagapatam, and Cuttack, our staff has on many occasions been greatly reduced.

We have recently had the pleasure of visits from Mr. M. W. Unstead, of the M.W.T., operating at Delhi, and we anticipate completing more VHF links in and around Calcutta in the very near future.

New ships visiting this area in recent months include B.I.S.N. Co.'s new passenger ship the *Santhia*, now on the China Mail service, with Mr. Hunter in charge of the radio department. Also to visit this area for the first time has been Scindia Steam Navigation Co.'s new cargo-passenger ship the *Jalvallah*.

New visitors to the coast in recent months have been Messrs. J. Barry, J. Boyter, A. E. Leeder, A. C. Kerr, W. Brownlie and T. J. Creedon, and they relieved Messrs. A. H. Orr, T. Gaffney, T. Owens, R. Slater, who return home. We are pleased to welcome once more Mr. Humphreys, who was so long on the *Isipingo*. On completion of a radar course Mr. Humphreys has now returned to take over the *Carpentaria* from Mr. K. Millband, who is returning to the U.K. after a spell on the Aussie run. Welcome visitors at intervals have included Mr. R. O. Smith of *Sangola*, Mr. Ormand—*Wo Sang*, Mr. Briggs—*E. Sang*, Mr. Marr—*Tairca*, Mr. Adamson—*Chandpara*, Mr. Pickering—*Inchanga*, and Mr. Lawton on the *Isipingo*, and newcomer, Mr. Leeder, on *Sirdhana*, all these ships being on regular runs with Calcutta as the terminal port.

And so as the monsoon clouds fade into clear blue skies, we look forward to some beautiful September weather before winter gives welcome relief.

GRIMSBY

It is with pleasure we record the occupying of our new Depot premises in Fish Dock Road. The removal from Surtees Street took place during the weekend of 21st/22nd July, 1951 and on Monday morning 23rd July, we were open for business as usual.

The building, which is 'L' shaped consists of offices, stores, workshop, showroom, battery charging and Radio Officer's waiting room. Owing to certain work having to be completed the official opening has been postponed.

It is pleasing to note that the first woman swimmer across the English Channel last August, in the International Channel Swim organized by the *Daily Mail* was Miss Brenda Fisher of Grimsby. On her arrival back in Grimsby, Miss Fisher received a tremendous reception. After a tour of the town there was a civic welcome for her at the Town Hall. This young lady is a secretary to a well known fish merchant, on the Grimsby Fish Docks, and all the main buildings were flying bunting for the occasion.

At Immingham, the motor vessel *Baltavia* which had discharged a cargo of meat, confectionery and newsprint at Hull, caught fire below decks, completely destroying the passengers' cabins. It is understood that the alarm was given by the third engineer, who, noticing smoke ap-

pearing from the companion way sent another man to fetch the fire brigade whilst he went to investigate.

This vessel was awaiting a refit and was to enter the Humber Graving Dock the following day.

At the time of writing these notes the Grimsby and District Industries and Trades Fair was opened by Admiral Sir Robert L. Burnett, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., L.L.D.

It is regretted that we report the sickness of two members of our Technical Staff, Mr. W. M. Coulbeck and Mr. J. Strang.

It is hoped that they will soon be fit again and able to resume duty.

CHELMSFORD

It will be seen elsewhere, that Mr. Stansbridge retired at the end of August. As a mark of esteem, his colleagues of the Traffic Division made a small presentation of a fountain pen with pencil as a memento of many years of happy association. Our best wishes go out to 'S.S.' for many good years and health in his retirement at Southbourne, Hants. We also express our best wishes to 'Tom'



Miss D'Aeth and Miss Lungley before going on to the court to play their final

Willoughby in his retirement, and trust he will find more pleasure in his interest in golf and bowls than in 'noughts and crosses'. Mr. J. H. Reeves, has been appointed Chief Accountant, and Mr. W. Hill has become Deputy Chief Accountant.

The Finals of the Marconi Tennis Tournaments were played in fair weather on the 2nd September.

Miss P. D'Aeth, of the Technical Information and Publicity Division had a very successful weekend. In the Final she beat Miss K. Lungley, of Service Equipment, M.W.T., by the convincing score of 7-5, 6-1. The Mixed Doubles was a much closer and more exciting game. Miss D'Aeth, partnered by Eric Turner, of the Central Drawing Office, beat R. Champion, Radar Development, and Mrs. Cass, Works Progress, by the close score of 9-7, 6-3.

On the 1st September, Miss D'Aeth was also successful in the Restricted Singles organized by the Chelmsford and District Lawn Tennis Federation for players within a twelve-mile radius of Chelmsford. She beat Miss Stokes by 7-5, 6-1, in the Final, which was played on the Marconi courts, by permission of the Marconi's Athletic and Social Club.

The marriage took place at Broomfield Church on 25th August between Miss Patricia Cubitt of Technical Information and Publicity Department, and Mr. Ronald



Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tribe

Tribe, formerly a member of the Traffic Accounts Section, now an employee of the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company.

The bride wore a white satin brocade dress, carried a white prayer-book with a spray of roses, and was attended by two small bridesmaids. The honeymoon was spent at Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Tribe every happiness in their married life.

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. J. T. Marler, on his appointment as Manager of the Operating Division—Marine Company.

Mr. Marler joined the Company's clerical staff at the Dalston Works in 1907, and two years later transferred to Watergate House, which was then the Company's head office.

In 1930 he was appointed Chief of the Operating Section, and became assistance service manager, operating and traffic in 1947.

Mr. Marler will continue to serve on the Radio Officers' Panel of the National Maritime Board, on which he has already represented the company for a number of years.

NEWCASTLE

Once again we have three of the whale factory ships, *Southern Venturer*, *Southern Harvester* and *Balaena* back in the Tyne for overhaul, with the usual spate of work on their W/T gear, etc. On the eve of her departure, the *Balaena* nearly came to grief, a fire broke out aboard the store ship *Bransfield* moored alongside. This assumed serious proportions, but it was possible to have the *Balaena* moved into the river away from the threatened danger.

At the end of September, two members of the Newcastle Depot staff will sever connections with the Marconi Company. Mr. R. Stoker, T.M.T.A., leaves to take up an appointment with The Sperry Gyro Company and Mr. D. Cummings of the stores staff, is leaving the area to take up residence near Edinburgh. We are very sorry to be losing the services of two such old hands, but wish them both every happiness and success in their new ventures.

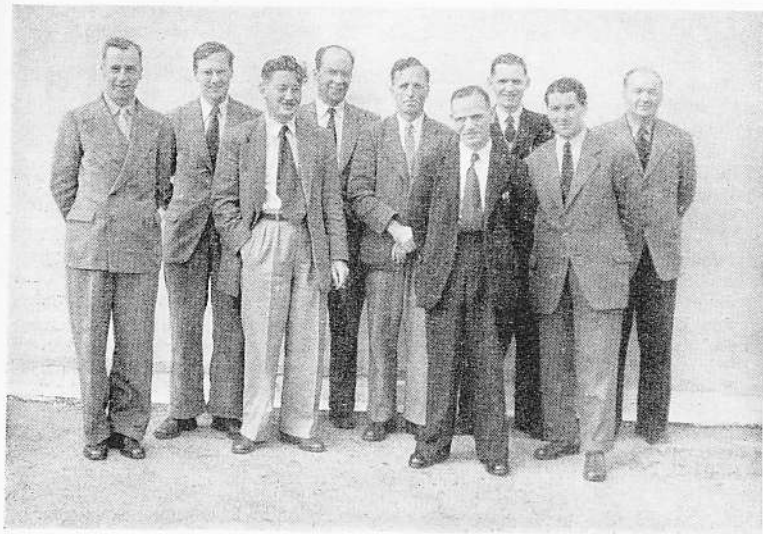
Another fine new collier for the B.E.A. has gone into commission. Named *Brunswick Wharf* and built by Austins of Sunderland, she has the usual 'Transarctic' (duplex) together with 'Reliance' and 'Electra' equipment. Other new ships we have completed, are the *Chakdina* by Swan Hunter for The B.I.S.N. Co., *Wanderer* by Doxfords Sunderland for T. & J. Harrison, *Exedene* by Wm. Gray & Co., for Dene S/S Co., and the *Crispin* built by Pickersgills Sunderland for The Booth Line.

North Shields has been a very popular port for the herring drifters this year. The season has gone on longer than usual and in consequence an augmented staff has been kept hard at it throughout the summer. The boats are beginning to move south now, so that the local Fish Quay will begin to resume its more normal appearance.

The last few weeks have seen a number of visitors to the Depot. Mr. Marler, whom we are pleased to congratulate on his new appointment, visited us to lecture to students at the South Shields Wireless School. Mr. MacDonald, the Deputy Technical Manager and Mr. Dawson from Glasgow were also here for conferences on the *Southern Venturer*. We were very pleased to have the help of Mr. Neighbour from the Accountants Department to assist in our Cashier's Department. We very much enjoyed Mr. Neighbour's company and we trust he likewise enjoyed his spell in the area.

We should like to use this opportunity of wishing a long and happy retirement to Mr. S. Stansbridge, the late chief of the Operating Division. Mr. Stansbridge was Depot Superintendent at Newcastle for many years and was held in high esteem by those who worked under him. The old hands here send their very best wishes.

The V.H.F. team from Chelmsford caught the ear of the local press recently in consequence of their activities at one of the Ashington collieries. In a mining area such as this, their experiments in V.H.F. communication for the N.C.B. are an item of particular interest, and press comment quickly resulted.



'Radiolocator IV' Instruction Course, Chelmsford, July/August, 1951

Left to Right: H. Galway (Instructor), P. Lintzgy (Liverpool), A. J. Locke (Hong Kong), D. B. Clark (Glasgow), J. Lumsden (Calcutta), A. Millson (Hull), H. W. Brunton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), A. G. Asurmendi (Madrid), J. A. Ward (East Ham).

LEITH

It is fitting that we open these notes by offering congratulations to our Senior Shorthand Typist Miss Margaret Sutherland who was married in her native village of Dunbeath, Caithness, and has now become Mrs. Pithie. As her husband is a member of the Edinburgh City Police we feel that another link has been forged between that august body and ourselves.

Most of the staff including the Depot Manager have now returned to duty much refreshed after a spell of summer leave and our M.T.A. N. G. MacDonald has gone to Chelmsford for a course in 'Radiolocator IV'.

Two vessels have lately been added to the list of new tonnage. The first is the m.v. *Kokiri* built at Messrs. Henry Robb's yard to the order of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, and the second, the m.v. *Kimanis* built at the Caledon Yard to the order of the Straits Steamship Company. Both vessels recently left this area for eastern waters.

Maintenance has been fairly brisk in this area during the interval especially with regard to the trawler berths, and the usual spate of weekend visits to outports has kept us busy travelling.

LIVERPOOL

Saturday the 4th August saw the conclusion in Liverpool of the Festival of Britain celebrations, which lasted for three weeks. The City, usually so drab, looked really festive with the main streets decorated; particularly pleasing was the profusion of flower boxes on the windows of all the buildings. The principal theatres put on special entertainments of opera and ballet with world famous artists taking part. The Philharmonic Hall gave concerts by celebrated orchestras, conducted by famous conductors. The ovation that Sir Thomas Beecham received at the end of his performances brought from him witty speeches, and against all precedent, encores. The highlight of the festivities was the 'River Carnival'. This consisted of three firework displays from barges in the river, the like of which has not been seen here before, and were witnessed by over half-a-million people. This Depot had a stand at the Industrial Exhibition, and most of our latest apparatus on display, proved a source of great interest to the continuous flow of visitors who came from all parts of West Lancashire, Cheshire and North Wales. The small boys were a constant source of —delight! to our demonstrators. The Festival of Britain ship *Campania* has arrived at Birkenhead and has become the centre of Festival activities now taking place on the Cheshire side of the Mersey.

Marine Technical Assistant J. H. Graham has resigned from the service of the Company and is making the journey to the United States where he is joining his wife in Baltimore. On his last evening here, Inspector Wotton, on behalf of the assembled company, presented Mr. Graham with a pocket wallet and assured him of the good wishes for his future from all the staff.

Business has been very active in this area of late. The Argentine vessel *Presidente Peron* has completed building at Messrs. Cammell Laird's Yard, Birkenhead, and returned from trials. Our apparatus gave complete satisfaction to all concerned.

Extensive refits have been carried out on the New Zealand Shipping Company's ships *Papanui* and *Pipiriki*. Also at Messrs. Vickers Yard, Barrow-in-Furness, the British Tankers Ltd. new tanker *British Adventure*, has completed fitting, and left for Belfast for dry-docking, thence proceeding to the Clyde for trials.

At the present moment Liverpool Depot's premises are in the hands of interior decorators who are carrying out a beautiful motif of deep cream and sea green and ceilings in delicate white, with a black dividing line. The whole effect is very pleasing to the eye and when we are straight again and pictures back on the walls Radio Officers will feel an added pleasure when reporting back from leave.

The Annual Sports and Flower Show of the English Electric Company took place at their Sports Ground at Kirkby on Saturday the 18th August. Although the weather was not so favourable as in other years, the events were not interfered with by rain. An interesting through viewed the flowers and vegetables exhibition. All the displays were of a high standard, showing the amount of work and care put into their hobby by the exhibitors. The sports events drew a large crowd who gave the contestants enthusiastic encouragement at the display of their athletic prowess. Our contingent thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon.

We regret to say that Mr. Cullen is still on sick leave and although there are no indications of his immediate return to duty we are sure all his friends everywhere will wish him a speedy return to good health.

HULL

Congratulations.

Our hearty congratulations to Radio Officer A. A. Harrison who was married to Miss Beryl Ryder at St. Martin's, Hull, on the 22nd August (see photograph). We also congratulate Radio Operator and Mrs. E. Smith on the arrival of daughter Julie, and Radio Officer and Mrs. D. Holmes on the arrival of David. Never a dull moment.



Mr. and Mrs. A. Harrison

Trawlers and Trawlermen. Some of the larger vessels are now fishing the distant waters of Greenland, and thereby opening up new problems of communication and information. The fishing results are fairly good in spite of the long voyage involved. The Radio Operators of the vessels, with the co-operation of this office and Captain Boutwood of the Hull Trawler Mutual Insurance Company are organizing an ice report service for their mutual benefit. This will be in the interest of all concerned.

We regret to report the resignations of D. L. Crane, H. D. Schofield, R. N. Bhagwanani and E. Adamson, but are most pleased to welcome back to the fold—S. C. Beedie, G. A. Brusby, P. Mattinson and A. Shone.

Depot Staff. Ron. Gleeson from the Clerical Staff has been called upon to strengthen the Royal Air Force and we wish him the best of luck. We welcome John Kirk who was appointed Office Boy on the 17th instant.

The Housing Problem is of great interest to local men, and the indications are that the position is a little easier. Some extent of the problem is indicated in a recent report on war damage—86,715 houses in the City were damaged—4,354 were totally destroyed. Five schools were completely destroyed and 40 rendered unusable.

The Shipping Position—Post War Records. Highly satisfactory for the last few months and the import figures are a post-war record for the period. Some dockers were transferred to Hull from Plymouth and Southampton to meet the rush.

Ellerman's Wilson Line advise that their *Cavallo* recently launched is the first of two vessels of the class for the Medi and Baltic trade. Length 290 ft. breadth 48 ft. 6 in. and a speed of 13 knots. Three holds for general cargo and one for refrigerated cargo and accommodation for 12 passengers. These vessels will be a useful addition to the Continental trade.

NEW YORK

We are continually receiving new evidence of the interdependence of global economics, and in this connection the recent happenings in Persia have had a local repercussion in the re-appearance of British Tanker Company ships in this area, where they had not been seen since the war. Several of the ships have visited New York recently, and we have welcomed the opportunity to demonstrate again that changing to an unfamiliar route does not mean loss of the familiar Marconi service facilities.

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of one of our young Radio Officers, M. R. C. Robson, who at the time of his death was attached to the m.v. *British Fame*. Mr. Robson was struck by a train at Woodbridge, New Jersey, on 6th August, 1951, and was so seriously injured that he died the same day. This tragic termination of a promising young career came as a great shock to all, and our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the relatives and friends in their bereavement.

As this report is written, one of our local cruise liners, the *Queen of Bermuda*, is undergoing her annual lay-up and overhaul. This ship and her companion Furness cruise ship, the *Ocean Monarch*, are kept so busily employed during most of the year that the lay-up period is doubly welcome. It not only affords the staff on board an opportunity for well-earned rest and relaxation but it also allows our technical staff time for more extended overhauls and tests than are possible at other times.

Another of our local Furness ships was in the news recently when the *Fort Townsend*, in one short voyage, towed a disabled vessel to safety and later, with the co-operation of the United States Coast Guard, arranged and carried out a successful appendicitis operation on the high seas. All this, in the middle of the West Indies hurricane season, made for an eventful voyage in which radio, as usual, played an important role.

PORT SAID

At present Port Said is feeling the effect of the prolonged Anglo-Iranian Oil dispute.

This respite has permitted us to grant annual leave to several members of the staff which was most appreciated and enjoyed.

Since our last notes our Technician Mr. Kamal Ragheb Hanna has taken the 'Radiolocator IV' Course and is at the time of writing, receiving extensive training in Sperry Gyro Compass and Gyro Pilot servicing.

Knowing how he dislikes cold weather we hope he will return to Egypt before England shows him how cold it can be.

Recently we had an 'Oceanspan' installation which at this Depot made a very welcome change to our customary quick servicing.

The vessel is trading in local waters and will be a good



Technical Assistant Gad

advertisement since the Radio Officer is highly satisfied and never ceases to sing the praises of his new equipment.

The photograph is of our Technical Assistant Mr. Gad who, when visiting an American ship recently was asked to don the bedouin outfit. He is not thinking of adopting this costume when at work as he finds it difficult to negotiate engine room ladders, etc.

We take this opportunity of wishing our colleagues ashore and afloat a very Happy Christmas and all they wish themselves in the New Year.

SOUTHAMPTON

With the cruising season gradually drawing to a close, we bid farewell to such famous liners as *Orcades*, *Himalaya*, *Chusan* and *Georgic*, that have temporarily been based here for the summer months. We look forward to renewing acquaintanceship with our colleagues serving in these vessels on their next visit to this port. The number of passengers entering the country through 'The Gateway to Britain' has increased tremendously this season and will undoubtedly be reflected in our dollar currency reserves.

A real Empire accasion and day will be well kept on Friday 21st September at Southampton Docks, when according to schedule, the *Stirling Castle* is due from South Africa, the *Canton* sails for India and Hong Kong, the *Canberra* for Canada, the *Dominion Monarch* and *Mataroa* for New Zealand and the *Moreton Bay* for Australia.

The famous Antarctic supply and survey ship *John Biscoe* has arrived at Southampton Docks after an absence of eight months, where she has been engaged in relieving bases in the South Antarctic. Since leaving Southampton in October last, this vessel has travelled 40,000 miles. After overhaul, the *John Biscoe* is due to sail again for the Antarctic in October. This vessel is fitted with our 'Oceanspan' and 'Transarctic' equipment with 'Mercury/Electra' receivers and our 'Oceanic' broadcast equipment. We continue to receive reports on the excellent performance of this installation.

The Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company, known the world over as the P. & O., had the honour to be the first Company to use Southampton Docks, their *Liverpool* of 500 tons and *Tagus* of 750 tons entering the newly opened outer dock in August, 1842.

Two maiden sailings from Southampton which have a link with ships bearing the same names to-day were those of the *Chusan* (600 tons) in May, 1852, and *Himalaya* then the largest ship in the world in January 1854. The appearance of the *Himalaya* at Southampton caused great interest, and crowds flocked to make an inspection of the wondrous triumphs of skill and enterprise displayed in this gigantic steamship. . . . On her maiden voyage, she broke all records between Malta and Alexandria by averaging 12.6 knots. Her tonnage was 3,508, length 340 feet and carried 200 passengers. How diminutive in comparison with her mighty successor of that name.

A steady increase is noticeable in the number of vessels arriving at this port. The opening of the great refinery at Fawley has greatly increased the number of oil tankers handled locally. Modern pumping methods enable these vessels to be 'turned around' in twelve hours and on occasions as many as three or four large tankers are dealt with daily. This keeps us very much on our toes to ensure these vessels sail with their equipment on the top line.

We, among other Depots, have had the pleasure of welcoming *Elettra II* on her visit to this area. Demonstration cruises were arranged on the Solent, and attended by representatives of local shipping firms, the Harbour Authority, Ministry of Transport and the Wireless Training Colleges centred in this area.

Very favourable comment was made on the performance of the equipment so ably demonstrated under sea going conditions.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from our old colleague veteran Mr. E. J. Moore, looking remarkably fit and well after a holiday on the Continent. Naturally the conversation was about the good old days and of old colleagues 'present and past'.

STAFF MOVEMENTS

BOMBAY

B. Bhana (driver) resigned 23rd July, 1951

CALCUTTA

J. Lumsden returned to U.K. for 'Radiolocator' training course.

CARDIFF

A. E. Clarke (M.T.A.) transferred ex East Ham 23rd July, 1951.

EAST HAM

J. M. Milne (radar instructor, demonstrator,) commenced 16th July, 1951.

G. McCubbing (T.M.T.A.) transferred ex Cardiff 23rd July, 1951

GLASGOW

Miss N. Black (shorthand typist) commenced 2nd July, 1951.

Miss J. A. Sutherland (junior clerk) commenced 2nd July, 1951.

J. H. C. Dalziel (T.A.) for transfer to Bahrain Island, 31st July, 1951.

LIVERPOOL

Miss C. McEvoy (typist) resigned 21st July, 1951.

Miss H. M. Caplan (shorthand typist) commenced 25th July, 1951.

NEWCASTLE

W. Roberts (repair man) commenced 16th July, 1951.

W. Simpson (stores labourer) resigned 30th July, 1951.

W. C. Baty (general clerk) resigned 31st July, 1951.

SINGAPORE

I. Chinnasamy (general clerk) commenced 4th July, 1951.

SOUTHAMPTON

Miss I. J. Payne (junior clerk) commenced 2nd July, 1951.

'RADIOLOCATOR IV'

The supply position resulting from the Government programme of rearmament has seriously impeded production of these new equipments. Originally it was anticipated that they would begin to flow from the works production line early this year but the date has now become January 1st, 1952.

In the meantime, several experimental models and a number of pre-production sets have been or are being fitted on various types of vessels and their performances are being carefully watched. Results have been most encouraging.

Typical of the kind of results to be expected of these equipments is a case just reported. One of the pre-production sets fitted on a trawler is in the care of the Wireless Operator who, unfortunately, was unable to join the vessel when on the point of sailing. It so happened that the Skipper who was accustomed to working the set was also having a voyage off. The vessel sailed with nobody on board who could do more than switch the radar on and off and change range. In view of these exceptional conditions it is interesting to read the reports submitted by the Skipper and by our inspector who boarded the trawler on arrival after her 21 days voyage:

Skipper's Report

'This radar has been on continuously for 11½ days and has given marvellous results. I was fishing in thick fog all the time at Bear Island and it gave me a clear picture at 35 miles and worked perfectly all the trip. Thanks.'

Inspector's Report

'Vessel met on her arrival Sunday, September 3rd. Skipper interviewed and he reported Mark IV worked perfectly throughout the trip and had given no trouble whatsoever. No radio operator was carried for period 13th August to 3rd September. Switched on Radar on boarding and perfect picture obtained at quayside.'

RADIO-HOLLAND N.V.

Advice has been received from Radio-Holland that its name has been changed from Nederlandsche Telegraaf Maatschappij, Radio-Holland N.V. to Radio-Holland N.V.



'Hey, Sparks, shove my dhobi in your washing machine'

To 'Marconi Mariner',
Marconi House,
New Street,
Chelmsford, Essex.

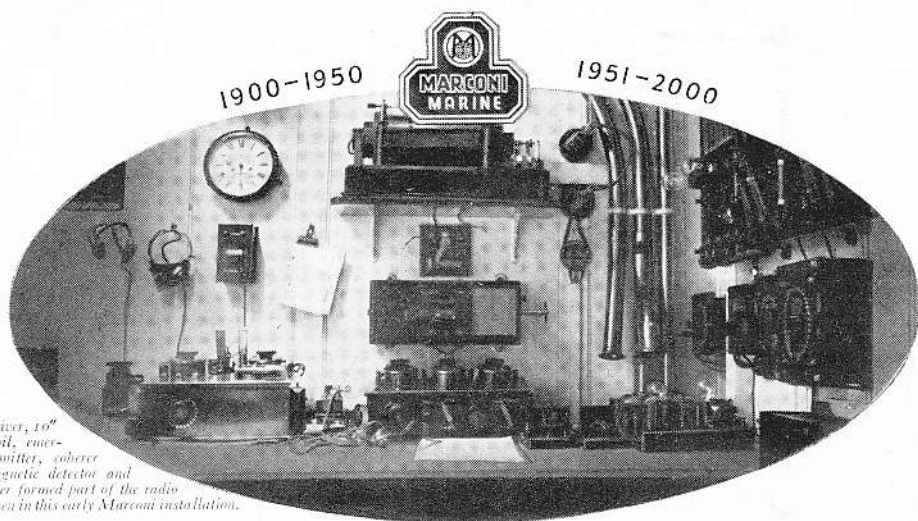
Please enter my subscription for six issues of the 'Marconi Mariner' commencing with issue No.
I enclose 3/6 to cover cost and postage. Please mail to:—

Mr.....

.....

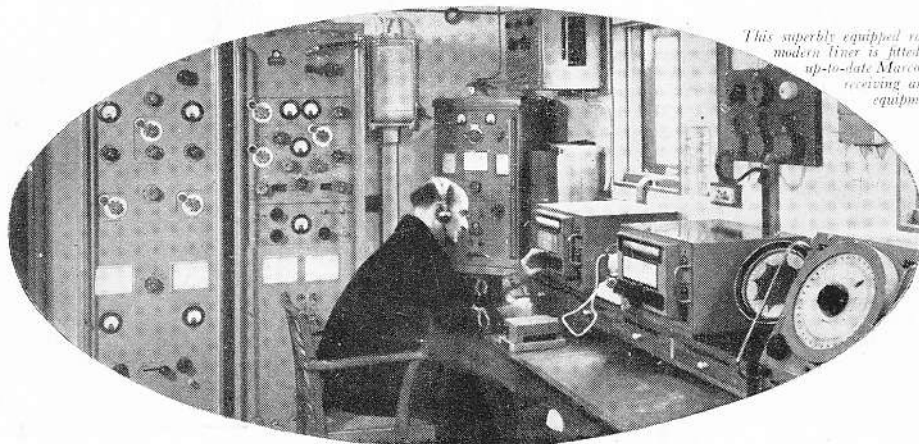
.....

Signature.....



A voice receiver, 10" induction coil, emergency transmitter, coherer receiver, magnetic detector and multiple tuner formed part of the radio equipment used in this early Marconi installation.

YESTERDAY'S ACHIEVEMENT — TOMORROW'S PROGRESS



This superbly equipped radio cabin in a modern liner is fitted with the most up-to-date Marconi transmitting, receiving and navigational equipment.

MARCONI

The earliest Marconi installations are something on which, after fifty years, we reflect with pride. By modern standards they may appear cumbersome, but in their day they represented the very highest achievement. In comparison the modern Marconi equipment is a miracle of ingenuity and compactness, embracing every known refinement in radio for marine communications, as well as

the unique advantages of radar, D/F and other aids to navigation and safety. But there is one factor common to both the old and the new, the technical leadership of Marconi. It is this leadership, tested and proved over five decades, which has always made today an improvement on yesterday and which is a guarantee of continuing Marconi superiority in the years to come.

THE MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION COMPANY LTD

Marconi House, Strand, London, W.C.2 • Telephone: Temple Bar 1577 • Telegrams: Thulium, Estrand, London

RADIO OFFICERS' MOVEMENTS

BELFAST

Adams, A. E.
 Ahern, T. A.
 Arnold, H.
 Buchanan, J.
 Corless, A.
 Cronin, F. P.
 Dalzell, N. S.
 Davidson, K. G.
 Davies, J. W.
 Davis, P.
 Delany, L. J.
 Devine, T. J.
 Driscoll, B.
 Everitt, J.
 Farrelly, M. J.
 Haskayne, R. B.
 Henderson, W. B.
 Hynd, J. L.
 James, J. N.
 Lewis, B. P.
 Lyons, P. G.
 MacClean, I.
 MacDonald, G. C. R.
 McKelvie, A.
 O'Brien, G.
 Smith, J. B.
 Smyth, P. H.
 Uglow, D. R.
 Urquhart, H. C.
 Watt, J. A.
 Williams, W.
 Wilson, T.
 Woods, H.

s.s. Inishowen Head
 „ Loradore
 „ British Adventure
 „ Torr Head
 „ Runa
 „ Bengore Head
 „ Rallus
 „ Baron Yarborough
 „ Esso Cristobal
 „ Winga
 „ Thelma
 „ Partonian
 „ Merton
 „ Meta
 „ Esso Syracuse
 „ Fanad Head
 „ Orsa
 „ Cara
 „ Palayo
 „ Ramore Head
 „ Angus Loch
 „ Dura
 „ Cara
 „ Tarsian
 „ Devonbrook
 „ North Britain
 „ City of Birkenhead
 „ Zinnia
 „ Hendon Hall
 „ Alca
 „ City of Kimberley
 „ Narva
 „ Merton

GLASGOW

Aitchison, A. W. W.
 Appleton, J. E.
 Baldwin, S. C.
 Bardy, R.
 Bowles, F. B.
 Burke, J. P.
 Byrne, J.
 Caldwell, J.
 Cameron, L.
 Clarke, G.
 Cox, J.
 Dalglish, T.
 Divers, E. W.
 Docherty, W. W.
 Driscoll, P.
 Dunnett, G. A. W.
 Eastwood, J. R.
 Glen, D.
 Gracie, S.
 Harley, D.
 Henry, C.
 Herdman, R.
 Holdridge, H.
 Ingram, G. J.
 Jenkin, J. C.
 Johnson, J. S.
 Jones, T. G.
 Lamont, W.
 Levack, A. W. J.
 Limpitlaw, J.
 MacCallum, G. G.

s.s. Sheafmount
 „ Clan Davidson
 „ Chanda
 „ Br. Adventure
 „ Athelbeach
 „ Graiglwtyd
 „ Alhama
 „ Lairdsloch
 „ Lochearn
 „ Cedardale
 „ Granford
 „ Wave Governor
 „ Treglisson
 „ Salacia
 „ Masunda
 „ Lismoria
 „ Glenpark
 „ Baron Forbes
 „ Bishopdale
 „ Shuna
 „ Cape Hawke
 „ Royal Ulsterman
 „ Wolf Creek
 „ Lanarkshire
 „ Trewidden
 „ Lakonia
 „ Clan MacLennan
 „ Baxtergate
 „ Laurentia
 „ Lismoria
 „ Rembrant

McDonald, A.
 MacIndoe, G. L.
 McMahon, P. J.
 Mathieson, J.
 O'Farrell, F. A.
 O'Riordan, W. J.
 Peel, J.
 Rea, J.
 Read, R. B.
 Reynolds, H. A.
 Sargent, A. N.
 Short, J.
 Sutton, L.
 Taylor, E. C.
 Watson, T. G.
 Wright, R. C.

s.s. Clan Sinclair
 „ Aihel Sultan
 „ Marsland
 „ Corinthian
 „ Halizones
 „ Meta
 „ Baron Ailsa
 „ Clan Keith
 „ Dunedin Star
 „ Doris Clunies
 „ Carslogie
 „ Cape Wrath
 „ Cape Rodney
 „ Laurentia
 „ Baron Douglas
 „ Baron Scott

GRIMSBY

Armstrong, E. W.
 Blockley, D. T.
 Burton, R.
 Clark, F. A.
 Carey, T. G.
 Carter, T. J. H.
 Close, J.
 Davidson, H.
 Dees, W. L.
 Dimopoulos, M.
 Dalton, G. T.
 Douglas, J. A.
 Earl, F.
 Foley, J. H.
 Fox, A. J.
 Gordon, G. P.
 Gregory, R. W.
 Hughes, L.
 Hankin, D.
 Hickson, P. R.
 Hutson, H. C.
 Hastie, W.
 Howden, B.
 Hudson, R. P.
 Joys, H.
 Jones, L. J. H.
 Lancaster, B.
 Leadbetter, C.
 Lowson, D.
 Milner, R.
 Morton, J.
 McKillop, J.
 Martin, G. D. D.
 Pougher, H. C.
 Potter, R.
 Pougher, W.
 Robinson, T.
 Rignall, A.
 Rodgers, L.
 Scully, E. M.
 Sisley, G. V.
 Trevett, W. H.
 Turrell, F.
 Wringe, E. J.
 Woolley, V. D.
 Walker, A. H.
 Wilcox, T.
 Williamson, H.
 Youngs, C. J. J.

s.t. Northern Foam
 „ Spurs
 „ Northern Princess
 „ Prince Philip
 „ Northern Isles
 „ King Sol
 „ Thomas Tompion
 „ Hertfordshire
 Leave.
 „ Blae Fell
 „ Alsey
 „ Northern Chief
 „ Boston Fury
 „ Valafell
 „ York City
 „ Woolton
 r.v. Ernest Holt
 s.t. Lincoln City
 „ Burfell
 „ British
 „ Barry Castle
 „ Sletnes
 Standing by
 „ Northern Wave
 „ Neath Castle
 „ Norwich City
 Standing by
 „ Northern Queen
 „ Leicester City
 „ Moorsom
 „ Tunisian
 „ Andanes
 „ Kirkness
 „ Edward East
 „ Northern Gem
 „ Northern Sky
 „ Hargood
 „ Vascama
 „ Visenda
 „ Filey Bay
 „ Laforey
 „ Burke
 „ Viviana
 „ Calvi
 „ Cardiff Castle
 „ Churchill
 „ Huddersfield Town
 „ Patti
 „ Swansea Castle

HULL (Trawler Section)

Atkins, J. E. s.t. *Warwick Deeping*
 Adams, L. G. „ *Kelt*
 Arro, A. „ *Lord Nuffield*
 Butler, J. R. „ *Loch Fleet*
 Black, J. A. „ *Kelt*
 Berry, K. P. „ *Lord Lovat*
 Beasty, J. „ *Arctic Scout*
 Bradshaw, J. J. „ *Howard*
 Beedie, S. C. „ *Loch Tulla*
 Braid, N. A. „ *Loch Oshaig*
 Black, J. A. „ *Balthazar*
 Bull, S. K. „ *Lord Tay*
 Brocklebank, J. „ *Lord Stanhope*
 Boyne, J. D. A. „ *Scalby Wyke*
 Campbell, S. „ *Lord Hotham*
 Conlon, P. J. „ *Stella Canopus*
 Cook, A. „ *St. Ronan*
 Cadman, J. „ *Lord Tedder*
 Cracknell, P. „ *Cape Kanin*
 Callicott, E. J. „ *Lord Cunningham*
 Cracknell, G. „ *Bardia*
 Cunningham, J. „ *Bitzerta*
 Duplock, C. J. W. „ *Norman*
 Dunn, W. E. „ *Arctic Explorer*
 Davies, H. „ *Rossallian*
 Dunn, G. S. „ *Loch Moidart*
 Drewery, E. A. „ *Lord Mountevans*
 Ferens, J. „ *Hugh Walpole*
 Farr, G. W. „ *Onslow*
 Fulcher, A. „ *Loch Inver*
 Goff, G. E. „ *Borella*
 Gillyon, E. „ *Carthusian*
 Gibson, M. „ *Arctic Crusader*
 Hodgson, E. „ *St. Britwin*
 Horth, C. F. S. „ *St. Kenan*
 Hamilton, J. A. „ *Farnella*
 Jagger, J. A. „ *Loch Seaforth*
 Kenneally, P. „ *Anthony Hope*
 Lynch, A. „ *Vian*
 Loades, A. A. „ *Cape Campbell*
 Laing, R. R. N. „ *St. Wistan*
 McAleer, P. „ *Arctic Ranger*
 MacFarlane, J. „ *Marath*
 Maw, K. „ *Imperialist*
 Mattinson, P. „ *Thornwick Bay*
 Moffatt, E. J. „ *Stella Arcturus*
 Neale, A. „ *Lord Fraser*
 Neary, F. „ *Junella*
 O'Brien, D. J. „ *Brontes*
 O'Brien, F. „ *Howard*
 Osborne, G. A. „ *Lord Middleton*
 Pool, C. A. „ *St. Elstan*
 Petrie, G. J. „ *Stella Capella*
 Pinckney, J. A. „ *Kingston Onyx*
 Pool, J. B. „ *Swanella*
 Ramsay, A. „ *Loch Monteith*
 Robinson, H. D. „ *Cape Comorin*
 Robertson, R. M. „ *Esquimaux*
 Richardson, G. „ *St. Leger*
 Sherer, E. G. „ *Cape Duner*
 Smith, E. „ *Cape Warwick*
 Shone, A. „ *Lord Stanhope*
 Temple, E. O. „ *Stavella*
 Verity, D. L. „ *Cayton Bay*
 Weaver, W. „ *St. Matthew*
 Webster, G. „ *Newby Wyke*
 Wray, Ron „ *St. Zeno*
 Willis, N. H. „ *Cordella*
 Wray, Richard „ *Brutus*
 Wilson, C. „ *Cape Campbell*

HULL (Deep Sea)

Brett, M. J. s.s. *Skidby*
 Brennan, E. J. „ *Ronald M. Scobie*
 Bearman, T. W. „ *Rinaldo*
 Berry, T. „ *City of Edinburgh*
 Beynon, W. R. „ *Baltrover*
 Crawley, R. „ *Springdale*
 Conroy, M. F. „ *Polamares*
 Child, C. V. „ *Bruce M.*
 Camm, G. „ *Marengo*
 Carter, J. P. „ *Sacramento*
 Carroll, F. J. „ *Baltavia*
 Darroch, N. „ *Beech Hill*
 Dibble, F. „ *Baltara*
 Devine, J. „ *Cattaro*
 Davis, J. J. „ *Dunelmia*
 Edwards, T. F. „ *Kantara*
 Fenwick, J. K. „ *Vienna*
 Gleisner, H. W. „ *Tinto*
 Goodrum, T. „ *Thistlemuir*
 Goodman, T. V. „ *Consuelo*
 Harrison, A. A. „ *Laguna*
 Hill, R. B. „ *Urbino*
 Holmes, B. G. „ *Baron Elgin*
 Heslop, J. A. „ *Sneaton*
 Holmes, D. „ *Spero*
 Hodgson, N. W. „ *Port Huon*
 Inman, R. H. „ *La Sierra*
 Johns, M. „ *Athel Duke*
 Jenkins, J. „ *Rialto*
 Johnson, F. „ *Domino*
 Kelly, G. J. „ *Trelewan*
 McGill, C. A. „ *Ribera*
 McMurray, A. „ *Runic*
 Milner, J. W. „ *Dago*
 Marchant, E. L. „ *Esso Appalachee*
 Martin, J. „ *Pacheco*
 Mann, M. H. „ *City of Leicester*
 Noonan, D. J. „ *Daghestan*
 Pyburn, J. C. „ *Cleveland*
 Ramsay, J. D. „ *San Virgilio*
 Reynolds, E. J. „ *Wellington Court*
 Rees, E. G. „ *San Felix*
 Robinson, D. „ *Elstree Grange*
 Stronge, T. E. „ *Lord Gladstone*
 Sturdy, H. „ *Bury*
 Teasdale, G. „ *Ayton*
 Thomson, A. I. „ *Harmattan*
 Thwaite, A. R. „ *Corfell*
 Tanner, H. H. „ *Empire Wansbeck*
 Withers, D. „ *Bassano*
 Wilson, D. „ *Palermo*
 Williams, G. A. „ *Volo*
 Williamson, J. „ *Melrose Abbey*
 Wilson, P. W. „ *Sycamore*

LEITH

Cornwell, H. F. F. s.s. *Rutland*
 Crearie, D. W. „ *British Rover*
 Crockett, J. R. „ *Clan Kenneth*
 Davidson, G. M. „ *Transferred Newcastle*
 Doyle, T. „ *Warkworth*
 Fraser, I. M. „ *Transferred Liverpool*
 Greaves, W. P. „ *Cairnavon*
 Greenhalgh, R. „ *Argyll*
 Haig, R. „ *British Glory*
 Haggart, D. „ *St. Magnus*
 Hands, J. „ *Royal Emblem*
 Hall, H. L. „ *Transferred East Ham*
 Haw, B. B. „ *Polam Hill*

Jackson, J. A.
 Kelly, J. G.
 Leeson, D.
 Locke, A. R.
 MacKean, H. L.
 MacNeil, D. S.
 Miller, P. D.
 Morris, R. G.
 Pagan, A.
 Sutherland, G. A.
 Walshe, F. F.
 Wills, W. H.

LIVERPOOL

Allderidge, G. G.
 Anderson, W.
 Allen, A. W.
 Arnold, H.
 Adams, A. M.
 Brown, A.
 Bolland, R. S.
 Bickerstaffe, N.
 Blackwell, J.
 Barrett, R. F.
 Briggs, B.
 Barrett, C.
 Bart, G. A.
 Bennett, W.
 Beverley, W.
 Browne, J.
 Coombs, J. S. J.
 Clayton, D. C.
 Coady, M.
 Clark, J. W.
 Cochlin, J. B.
 Churchman, W. A. C.
 Coverdale, F. E.
 Crane, J.
 Cooper, G.
 Curwen, G. H.
 Charlton, W. B.
 Cooney, O.
 Clarke, B. A.
 Clarke, W. J.
 Collins, M.
 Connolly, E.
 Campbell, A. E.
 Doyle, T.
 Daigleish, T.
 Driscoll, P.
 Devine, W. W.
 Dean, F. K.
 Dean, A. E.
 Devine, C. A.
 Dodds, G. A.
 Deakin, R.
 Davies, W. C.
 Davies, H.
 Donoghue, D.
 Dickson, T. R. L.
 Evans, A. G. T.
 Fitzpatrick, W.
 Fraser, I. M.
 Fenton, N. M.
 Fletcher, S.
 Foley, P.
 Graham, W. G.
 Gerretty, T. H. J.
 Gale, E. J. M.

s.s. *Gardenia*
 „ *Henzee*
 „ Transferred Newcastle
 „ *Hendrik*
 „ Transferred East Ham
 „ *British Fusilier*
 „ *Esso Manchester*
 „ *Uskport*
 „ Transferred Newcastle
 „ *West Hill*
 „ *Dundrum Bay*
 „ *Regent Lion*

s.s. *Lumen*
 „ *Baron Elcho*
 „ *Tamele*
 „ *British Adventure*
 „ *Cape Franklin*
 „ *Brika*
 „ *Cufic*
 „ *Eastwave*
 „ *Lucian*
 „ Radar Course
 „ *North Anglia*
 „ *Hilary*
 „ *Tetela*
 „ *Linguist*
 „ *Firhill*
 „ *Fraser River*
 „ *Industria*
 „ *City of Dieppe*
 „ *Irish Hazel*
 „ *Yamaska*
 „ *Gorjistan*
 „ *British Lord*
 „ *Neaera*
 „ *San Veronica*
 „ *Bencruachan*
 „ *Britannic*
 „ *Doric*
 „ *Indian Shipper*
 „ *Swin.*
 „ *Empress of Canada*
 „ *Fernhurst*
 „ *City of Edinburgh*
 „ Radiolocator Course
 „ *Sheafmount*
 „ *Indian Endeavour*
 „ *Masunda*
 „ *San Velino*
 „ *Bendoran*
 „ *Takoradi Palm*
 „ *Egyptian*
 „ *Akaroa*
 „ *Athel King*
 „ *Defender*
 „ *Reventazon*
 „ *Columbia Star*
 „ *Baron Elcho*
 „ *Mahia*
 „ *Tessmore*
 „ *Peter Dal*
 „ *Prah*
 „ *Tilapa*
 „ *Losada*
 „ *Malmesbury*
 „ *City of Christiania*
 „ *Ionian*

Gibson, W. W.
 Hill, M. C.
 Hill, A.
 Hollis, P.
 Healy, P. B.
 Holderness, J. E.
 Heath, J. A.
 Heenay, J.
 Herlihy, D.
 Hall, J. C.
 Heenay, J.
 Henry, C.
 Hilton, G.
 Hampshire, A. H.
 Hynes, M. N.
 Healy, M. J.
 Hickey, J. J.
 Jones-Roberts, K.
 Jackson, B. D.
 Jameson, C.
 Jones, W. F.
 Kane, J. C.
 Keenan, G. J. V.
 Kenny, J. W.
 Kenny, W. J.
 Long, B. A.
 Lyons, P. G.
 Livingston, A.
 Leatham, R.
 Lambert, L. M.
 Lees, B. S.
 Lee, S. B.
 Leach, C. D.
 Lyons, J. M.
 McCarthy, C.
 McCandlish, M. R.
 McEachran, J.
 McLennan, J.
 McMahon, W.
 MacPherson, J. S.
 McHugh, P.
 McMillan, H.
 McLoughlin, P. J.
 McClelland, G. H.
 McGrath, T. J.
 MacDonald, J. C. R.
 Murphy, A. C.
 Murphy, G. T.
 Murray, G. T.
 Murphy, D. P.
 Moss, A. P.
 Morris, G. W.
 Miller, G. G.
 Murphy, J. D.
 Owens, R.
 O'Gorman, H. M.
 Olden, J.
 O'Brien, W. J.
 O'Sullivan, L. V.
 Palin, B. P.
 Rowse, R. T.
 Ribee, G.
 Rooney, J.
 Roberts, L. H.
 Richardson, D.
 Stewart, L. F. L.
 Sparkes, H. G.
 Sheenan, M. J.
 Smyth, P. H.
 Smallwood, D. J.
 Stewart, R. J.

s.s. *Acera*
 „ *Empress of France*
 „ *City of Derby*
 „ *Parima*
 „ *Biographer*
 „ *City of Cardiff*
 „ *Empress of France*
 „ *City of Lyons*
 „ *Darton*
 „ *Empire Test*
 „ *Darro*
 „ *Corinthian*
 „ *City of Lyons*
 „ *Kittiwake*
 „ *Burmout*
 „ *Langton Grange*
 „ *Sarmiento*
 „ *Chiswick*
 „ *Nova Scotia*
 „ *Tangistan*
 „ *Kenmare*
 „ *Santander*
 „ *Empress of Australia*
 „ *Cara*
 „ *Tamele*
 „ *Assyria*
 „ *Angus Loch*
 „ *Cape Verdi*
 „ *Blairesk*
 „ *Baron Belhaven*
 „ *Tarkna*
 „ *Empire Test*
 „ *Ravenspoint*
 „ *San Velino*
 „ *Monas Queen*
 „ *Royal Star*
 „ *Selector*
 „ *Trevean*
 „ *Nicoya*
 „ *Bencleuch*
 „ *Denis*
 „ *Indian Merchant*
 „ *Goldmouth*
 „ *Spruceland*
 „ *Tamele*
 „ *MacGregor Laird*
 „ *Sunwalt*
 „ *Kirriemoor*
 „ *Dromore*
 „ *Fresno Shark*
 „ *Tarkwa*
 „ *Martita*
 „ *Sea Salvor*
 „ *Grecian*
 „ *Karabagh*
 „ *Radar Course*
 „ *Innisfallen*
 „ *Darro*
 „ *City of Khios*
 „ *Royston Grange*
 „ *Empress of Canada*
 „ *Speaker*
 „ *Granny Suzanne*
 „ *Empress of Canada*
 „ *Anglian*
 „ *San Cipriano*
 „ *Successor*
 „ *Akaroa*
 „ *Dalesman*
 „ *Dahome Palm*
 „ *Pencarrow*

Swann, J. A.
Seward, R. F.
Shipperlee, G. F.
Sullivan, T. D.
Sutherland, H.
Thomas, W.
Thomson, T. A.
Townsend, D. I. J.
Thorn, R. V.
Todd, A. I.
Tuttle, J. J.
Tynan, T. J. A.
Tyner, R. G. H.
Turner, R. H.
Whittaker, G. W.
Wilding, N. W.
Williamson
Webster, A. I.
Walton H.
Watson, R. F. W.
Walters, W. J.
Weston, P. J.
Wood, M. R.
Walsh, W. K.
Walker, B. N.

s.s. *Empress of Australia*
" *Thamesfield*
" *David Livingstone*
" *Sussex Trader*
" *Afghanistan*
" *City of Yokohama*
" *C.I.D.*
" *City of Chicago*
" *Benedick*
" *Baron Candor*
" *British Ambassador*
" *Apapa*
" *St. Margaret*
" *Patrician*
" *Algerian*
" *City of Leicester*
" *Gambia Palm*
" *Athel Duchess*
" *Peter Dal II*
" *Prospector*
" *Empress of Australia*
" *Empress of Scotland*
" *Shirribank*
" *Vanellus*
" *Colonial*

NEWCASTLE

Ainslie, G. D.
Aldridge, E. H.
Alexander, R. A.
Atkin, R.
Baker, F. H.
Barber, I. M. T.
Bennett, V. A.
Birkett, W. B.
Borders, J.
Boughton, L.
Bourke, K. J.
Brown, A.
Campbell, W.
Caughy, S.
Chalmers, A. E.
Charlton R. H.
Connolly, J. K.
Couser, A. V.
Crawley, R.
Crompton, R. C.
Cullinan, V. S.
Curwen, A. J. K.
Davidson, E. M. M.
Davidson, G. M. M.
Davison, R. O.
Dean, F. K.
Devine, D.
Devine, R. A.
Doherty, E.
Evans, G. W.
Fawcett, F.
Fee, J. S.
Fielding, A.
Foley, L. B.
Foster, H.
Fraser, W.
Garrahy, M. J.
Georgiades, J. N.
Goddard, J. P.
Griffiths, D. H.
Harrington, P. J.

s.s. *Barford*
" *Lightfoot*
" *British Rose*
" *Itria*
" *Corbridge*
" *Vivien Louise*
" *British Enterprise*
" *Ayton*
" *British Marquis*
" *Queensland*
" *Chakdina*
" *Saxon Star*
" *Sobo*
" *Baron Fairlie*
" *Cherrywood*
" *Chemawa*
" *Crispin*
" *Neocardia*
" *Springdale*
" *Port Jackson*
" *Effra*
" *Merchant Prince*
" *Fulham IX*
" *Edenglen*
" *Wave Baron*
" *Benledi*
" *Hudson Cape*
" *Garryvale*
" *Hoperange*
" *Esso Saranac*
" *Clan Maclay*
" *Inver*
" *Holmside*
" *La Orilla*
" *British Chancellor*
" *City of Karachi*
" *Kano Palm*
" *Baron Renfrew*
" *Cornmead*
" *British Warrior*
" *Riley*

Hay, L. G.
Hayward T. R.
Hearne, J. D.
Hickey, J. A.
Higgins, W. J.
Jamieson, J.
Johnston, E.
Kenrick, P.
Lawson, T. W.
Lax, K. F.
Leeson, D.
Lewis, H. F.
Lillis, T. J.
Lithgo, L.
Little, W.
Looney, D. M.
MacInnes, K.
McCann, P. K.
McCullagh, N. E.
McHugh, W.
McMahon, E. D.
McNaughton, C. J.
Major, W. H.
Martin, A. G.
Martin, J. C.
Middleton, J. G.
Miller, R.
Morse, D. R.
Murdoch, J. W.
Nolan, H. L. D.
O'Connor, F. J.
O'Mahony, D. J.
Ombler, S. C.
Orr, A. H.
Pagan, A.
Parkes, J. H.
Reynolds, E. J.
Richardson, R. H.
Richmond, P. V.
Sherwood, J. G.
Shorten, J.
Smith, J. B.
Smith, J. J.
Stafford, A. A.
Sturgess, W. C. G.
Swales, G. D.
Teasdale, G.
Thompson, H.
Tidman, L. A.
Todd, D. C.
Trolley, A. E.
Twomey, T. P.
Wallwork, P. J.
Walsh, J.
Whenn, R.
Whitehead, M. H.
Whitehead, T. C.
Willan, R.
Wolstencroft, L. A.
Wright, A.

s.s. *Corglen*
" *King James*
" *City of Chester*
" *Francis Fladgate*
" *Rembrandt*
" *Dewdale*
" *Cairnesk*
" *Cormull*
" *Cairnvalona*
" *Wanderer*
" *Baxtergate*
" *Minster*
" *Mr. Therm*
" *Charles Dickens*
" *Belhaven*
" *Oakhurst*
" *Tavistock*
" *Funecrest*
" *Pine Hill*
" *Wave Emperor*
" *Kentbrook*
" *Fireside*
" *British Statesman*
" *British Princess*
" *Cormain*
" *Cormarsh*
" *Cormoat*
" *Harmatris*
" *San Vulfrano*
" *British Renown*
" *Duke of Athens*
" *Stelling*
" *Zeitoun*
" *Baron Maclay*
" *British Faith*
" *Tielbank*
" *Wellington Court*
" *Scottish Monarch*
" *British Holly*
" *Doris Chumies*
" *Seacrest*
" *Lightfoot*
" *Corminster*
" *Corferry*
" *British Freedom*
" *Darfield*
" *Browns Bay*
" *Chelwood*
" *British Hope*
" *British Energy*
" *Tynemouth*
" *D. L. Harper*
" *Lord Citrine*
" *Caltex Auckland*
" *Marshall*
" *Fireguard*
" *Greathope*
" *Exedene*
" *Crackshot*
" *Brunswick Wharf*

NEW YORK

Campbell, M.
Evans, B. W.
Jenkins, J.
O'Connor, T. A.
Power, M. J.
Yates, G. D.

s.s. *Rialto*
" *British Fame*
" *City of Yokohama*
" *Esso Montevideo*
" *Britannic*
" *Queen of Bermuda*

SOUTHAMPTON

Astley, A.
 Buick, J.
 Buckley, T.
 Bartlett, H. J.
 Baker, G. M.
 Brennan, J. J.
 Cade, A. J.
 Chick, W. H.
 Chapman, D.
 Creighton, G. T.
 Connock, W. A.
 Church, W. A.
 Dennehy, C.
 Douglas, C. R.
 Daly, T. P.
 Downiton, W. R.
 Evans, K. G.
 Edwards, A. F.
 Farrell, R. T.
 Field, J. W.
 FitzGerald, T. D.
 Glen, G. G.
 Garner, J. M.
 Handley, T. W.
 House, F. B.
 Holden, T. F.
 Hughes, A. M.
 Hunt, G.
 Harford, F. V.
 Jennings, T. G. J.
 Knight, A. C.
 Katchen, G. J. N.
 Lott, C. H.
 Lynch, D. M.
 Littlejohn, M. D.
 Matthews, H.
 Madden, W.
 Millington, H. S.

s.s. *John Flanigan*
 „ *Succour*
 „ *Saguaro*
 „ *Easedale*
 „ *Esso Glasgow*
 „ *Regent Tiger*
 „ *Mauretania*
 „ *New Australia*
 „ *Esso Cardiff*
 „ *Dunera*
 „ *Mauretania*
 „ *Esso Purfleet*
 „ *Salvictor*
 „ *Charlton Star*
 „ *Esso Birmingham*
 „ *Isle of Guernsey*
 „ *Mauretania*
 „ *Isle of Sark*
 „ *Asturias*
 „ *British Supremacy*
 „ *St. Patrick*
 „ *Esso Belfast*
 „ *Esso Bedford*
 „ *Asturias*
 „ *Alcantara*
 „ *Empire Medway*
 „ *Dunera*
 „ *Falaise*
 „ *Dominion Monarch*
 „ *Andes*
 „ *Matina*
 „ *Esso Newcastle*
 „ *Empire Medway*
 „ *Edenfield*
 „ *Falaise*
 „ *Atlantis*
 „ *Atlantis*
 „ *Atlantis*

MacRae, A.
 McCorry, B. C.
 Moloney, P.
 McCluskey, A.
 Miller, P. D.
 McCullough, W. J.
 McCarthy, P.
 McCartney, A.
 MacEwan, A. D.
 Matkin, W. O.
 Martin, T. H.
 Owen, E. C.
 O'Dea, H.
 O'Neill, T.
 O'Boyle, C. P.
 Pringle, D.
 Palmer, H. A.
 Privett, D.
 Parkin, R.
 Pennie, J.
 Peters, N. W.
 Rouffignac, W. J.
 Ross, A. M.
 Rosney, P. J.
 Reynolds, P. H.
 Rae, D. L.
 Stokes, P.
 Shippam, A. C.
 Salisbury, J. H.
 Scott, W.
 Smith, R. W.
 Stubbs, T. H.
 Smith, J. H.
 Smith, A.
 Taylor, J.
 Thomson, A. G.
 Tew, P. J.
 Whitelaw, N. J.
 Webster, H. M.

s.s. *Alcantara*
 „ *Asturias*
 „ *Empire Fowey*
 „ *Empire Fowey*
 „ *Esso Manchester*
 „ *Asturias*
 „ *Lucky Star*
 „ *Dunera*
 „ *Wallowa*
 „ *Esso Fawley*
 „ *John Flanigan*
 „ *Charlton Star*
 „ *Cannon Beach*
 „ *Dispenser*
 „ *Hyrkania*
 „ *Empire Orwell*
 „ *New Australia*
 „ *New Australia*
 „ *Steens Mountain*
 „ *Winchester*
 „ *Chantilly*
 „ *Atlantis*
 „ *Golfito*
 „ *Isle of Guernsey*
 „ *Dunera*
 „ *Isle of Sark*
 „ *Cedar Hill*
 „ *Empire Orwell*
 „ *Saucy*
 „ *Empire Fowey*
 „ *Golfito*
 „ *Isle of Jersey*
 „ *Isle of Jersey*
 „ *Corrales*
 „ *Empire Orwell*
 „ *Empire Orwell*
 „ *Andes*
 „ *Mauretania*
 „ *Esso London*